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ENTERTAINMENT

JANUARY 2011

LA DOLCE

**HOLIDAY
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE**

PAM

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RUSSIAN
SPY**

THE INTERVIEW
**FRANK
GEHRY**

**ANNA
CHAPMAN
NUDE**

ISLAMIC EROTICA

FAHRENHEIT 202

2011 CARS **OF THE YEAR**

**THE SHOCKING TRUTH
BEHIND THE BOOK**

BURNED BY THE PENTAGON

WHY THE NFL HATES GAMBLING

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NOTES ON JERSEY SHORE

BY BRET EASTON ELLIS



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Ah, another January—time to do some knee bends, start living within your means and break that addiction to online porn. Manage that and you may have a shot with **Lisa Lampanelli**. In *The Hidden Charms of the Male Luddite*, comedy's "lovable queen of mean" recalls her excitement at meeting a guy who had no laptop or cell phone. Can an off-line relationship work? **Steve Garbarino** spent time off the grid in Cartagena, the latest hot spot for wealthy playboys. In *Wanderlust Colombia*, our writer-at-large explains why the city deserves its reputation for succulent seafood and confident, smoking-hot women. A world away, in Egypt, the bawdy tales of *One Thousand and One Nights* remain so potent after 800 years in print, some clerics are still fighting to have the book banned.

Reza Aslan, author of *No God But God: The Origins, Evolution and Future of Islam* and, most recently, editor of *Tablet & Pen*, an anthology of contemporary Middle Eastern literature, examines in *Erotic Imagination in the Middle East* the colorful history of *Nights* and other explicit works. We'd be happy to spend one night with **Pam Anderson**, who in *Pam: The Naked Truth* shares her hope that "all your bombs be bombshells."

If bombs continue to fall, scan your shortwave dial for a lonely survivalist named Doomgirl. She glimpses the end in *Bomb Shelter Noel*, new fiction from **Thom Jones**. In the *Playboy Interview*, the fearless **Frank Gehry** discusses his greatest designs, including the Guggenheim Museum Bilbao, and why 98 percent of buildings can't be called architecture. It's hard to know how to describe Anna Chapman, the party girl arrested last summer in New York and accused, along with 10 others, of being a Russian agent.

John H. Richardson reveals in *The Spy Who Loved Me* the strange and compelling particulars of the case. Less strange but equally compelling is the case made in *Notes on Jersey Shore* by novelist **Bret Easton Ellis** for a reality-TV drama about people named Snooki and the Situation. If you need a dose of not-reality TV, catch **Chloë Sevigny** on *Big Love*, on which she portrays one of the three wives of a Mormon businessman. The actress shares in *20Q* why she is frustrated with her love life, why there's no sex on the show anymore and the reverb from the indie-film blow job she gave a few years back. But this is no time for regrets. It's 2011—hit the reset button!



Lisa Lampanelli



Steve Garbarino



Reza Aslan

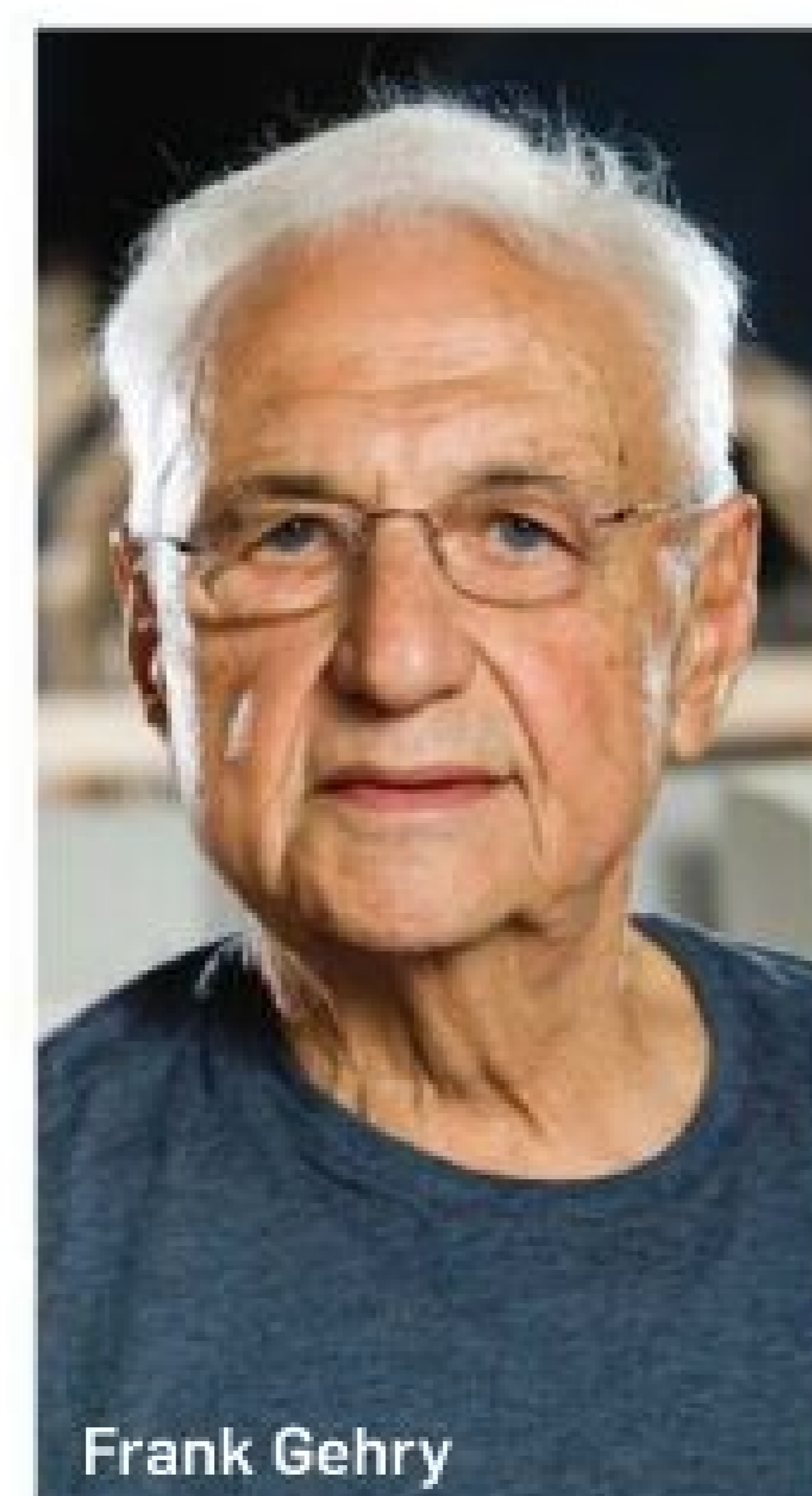


Thom Jones

PLAYBILL



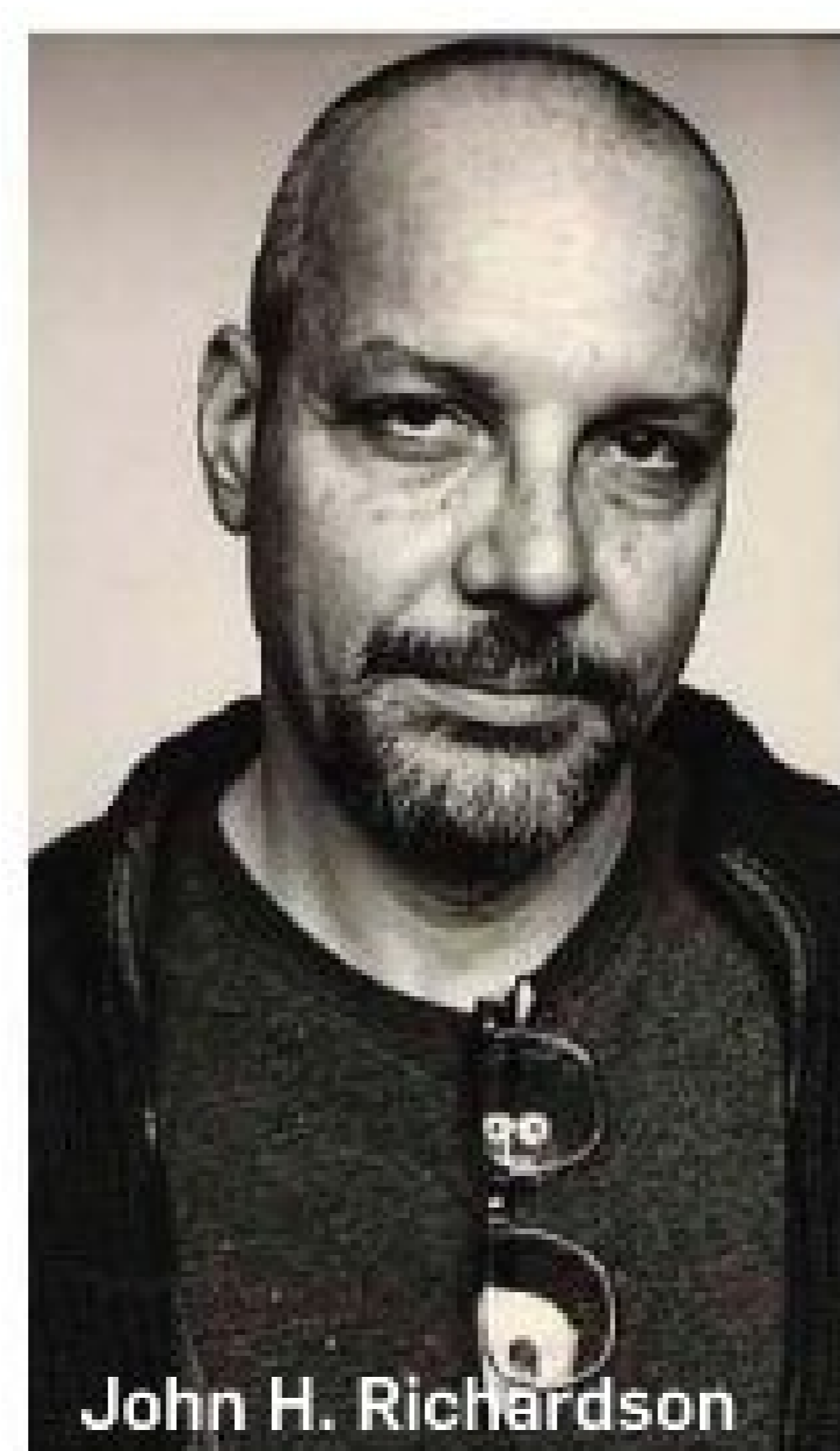
Pam Anderson



Frank Gehry



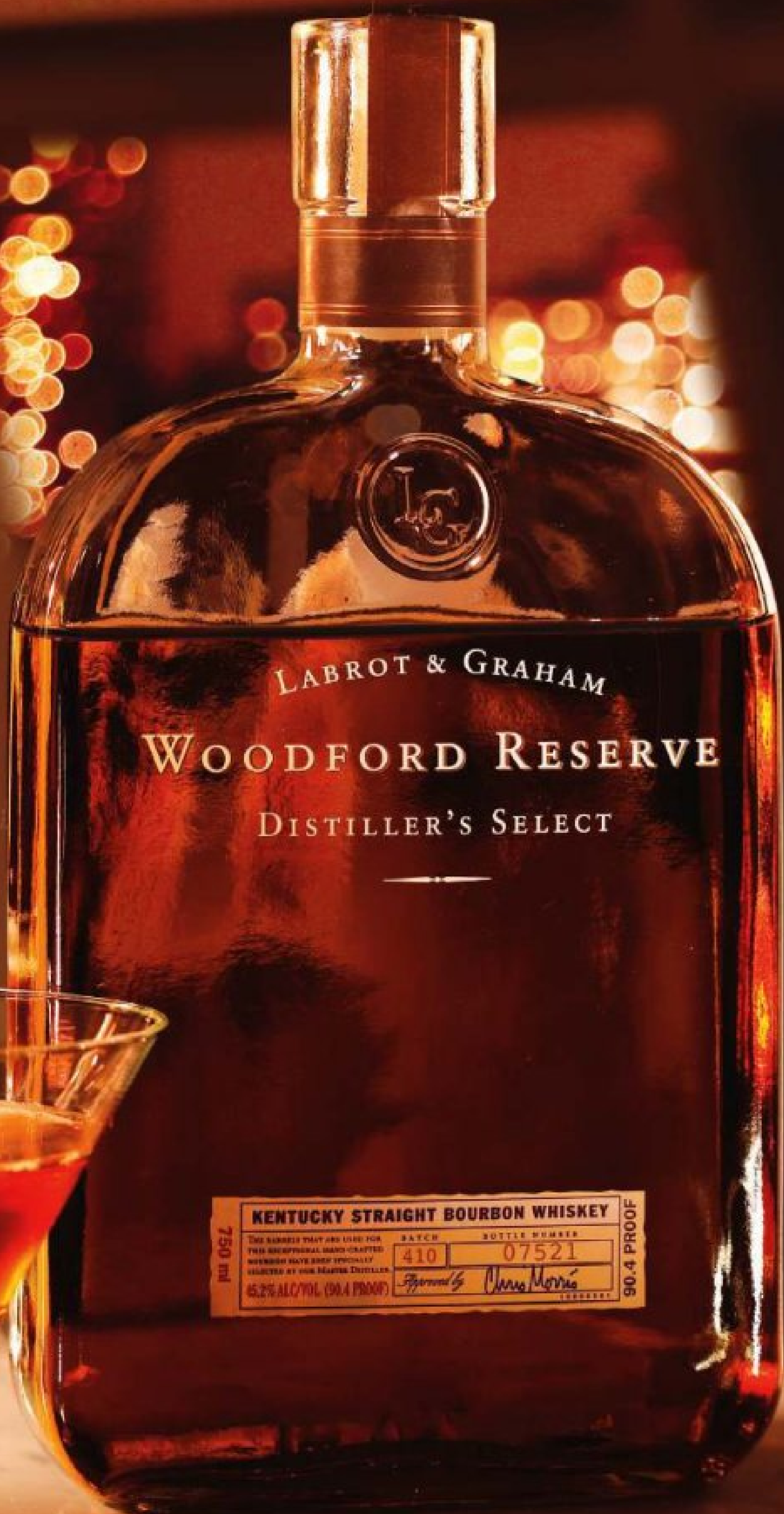
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For her 13th cover, Pamela Anderson channeled another platinum-haired beauty, Anita Ekberg, reenacting for Stephen Wayda the actress's unforgettable Fontana di Trevi romp in *La Dolce Vita*. And while Pamela cavorted in the Mansion pool turned romantic Italian monument, our Rabbit enjoyed the view from his rocky vantage point.

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Hef needs your help. It's time to select the 2011 Playmate of the Year, and it's not going to be an easy decision. Take a look back at last year's 12 gorgeous Centerfolds so you can cast your vote for the fairest of them all.

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THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

PLAYBOY DOES TRON They've never built a circuit that could hold this many sexy models.

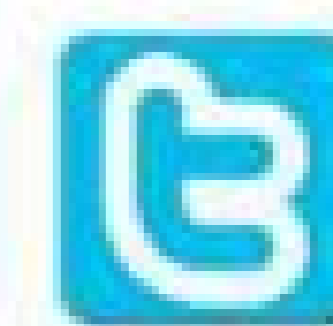
PLAYMATE REVIEW See more photos and videos of the awesome contenders for Playmate of the Year.

THE GAMER NEXT DOOR Jo Garcia weighs in on her favorite games and gadgets of 2010.

THE SMOKING JACKET Bored? Visit Playboy's safe-for-work site (thesmokingjacket.com) for girls, gear and the funniest stuff on the Internet.



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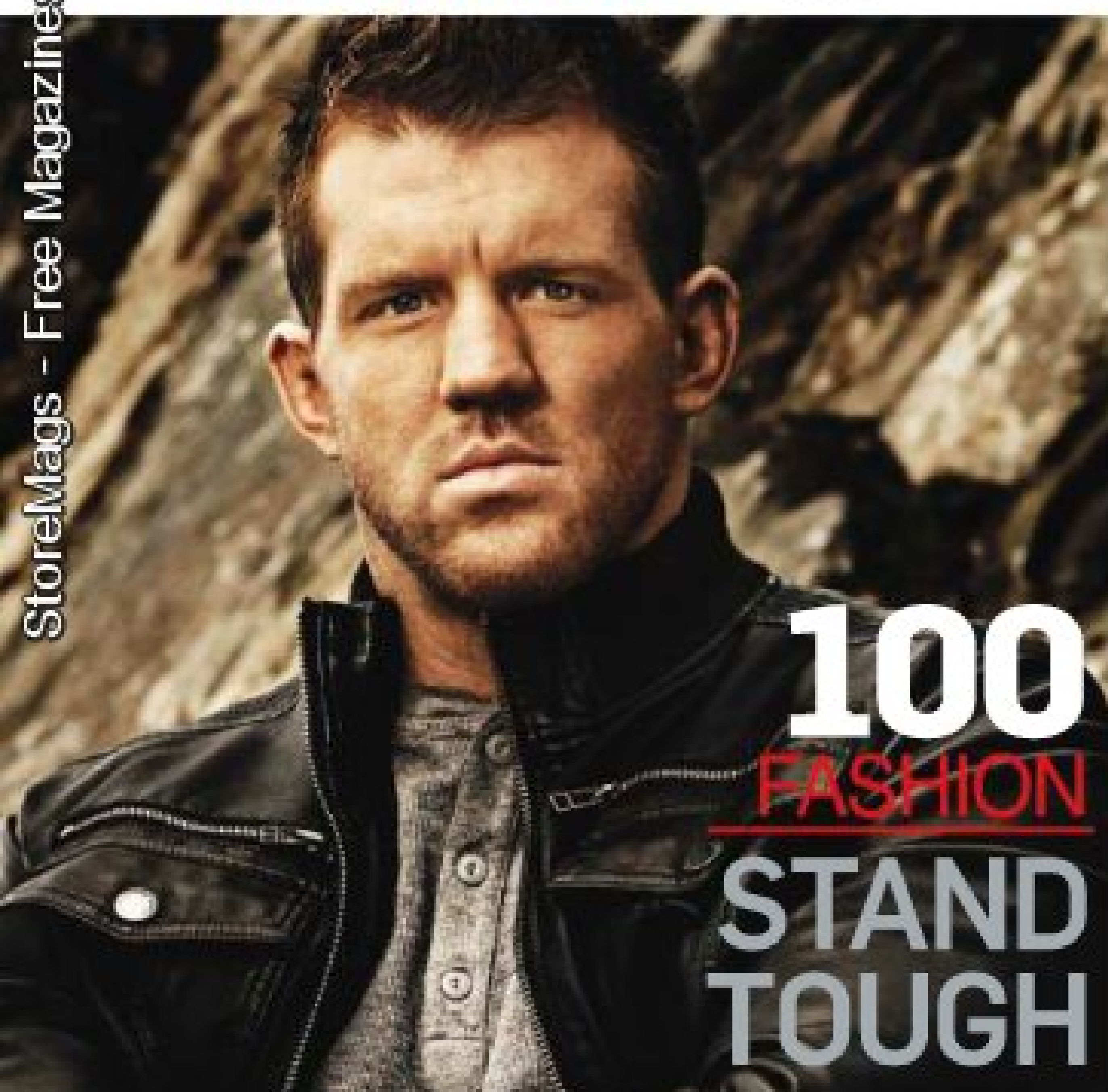
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



CLAIRE SINCLAIR SPARKLES IN THE CRAZY HORSE PARIS REVUE

Joining the likes of Pamela Anderson, Dita Von Teese and Carmen Electra, Miss October 2010 Claire Sinclair guest starred in the *Crazy Horse Paris* revue in Vegas. Hef enjoyed Claire's burlesque performance at the MGM Grand with Anna Sophia Berglund and Crystal Harris. The two most memorable parts of the show were Claire writing on a pair of hot lips and that, at 19, she is the youngest dancer to appear in the world's most celebrated cabaret.



LUCK BE A LADY

You can't spell *Planet Hollywood* without H-O-L-L-Y, and the casino where she stars in *Peepshow* recently rolled out slot machines featuring Holly Madison. The word on the Strip is that gamblers can't keep their hands off Planet Holly.

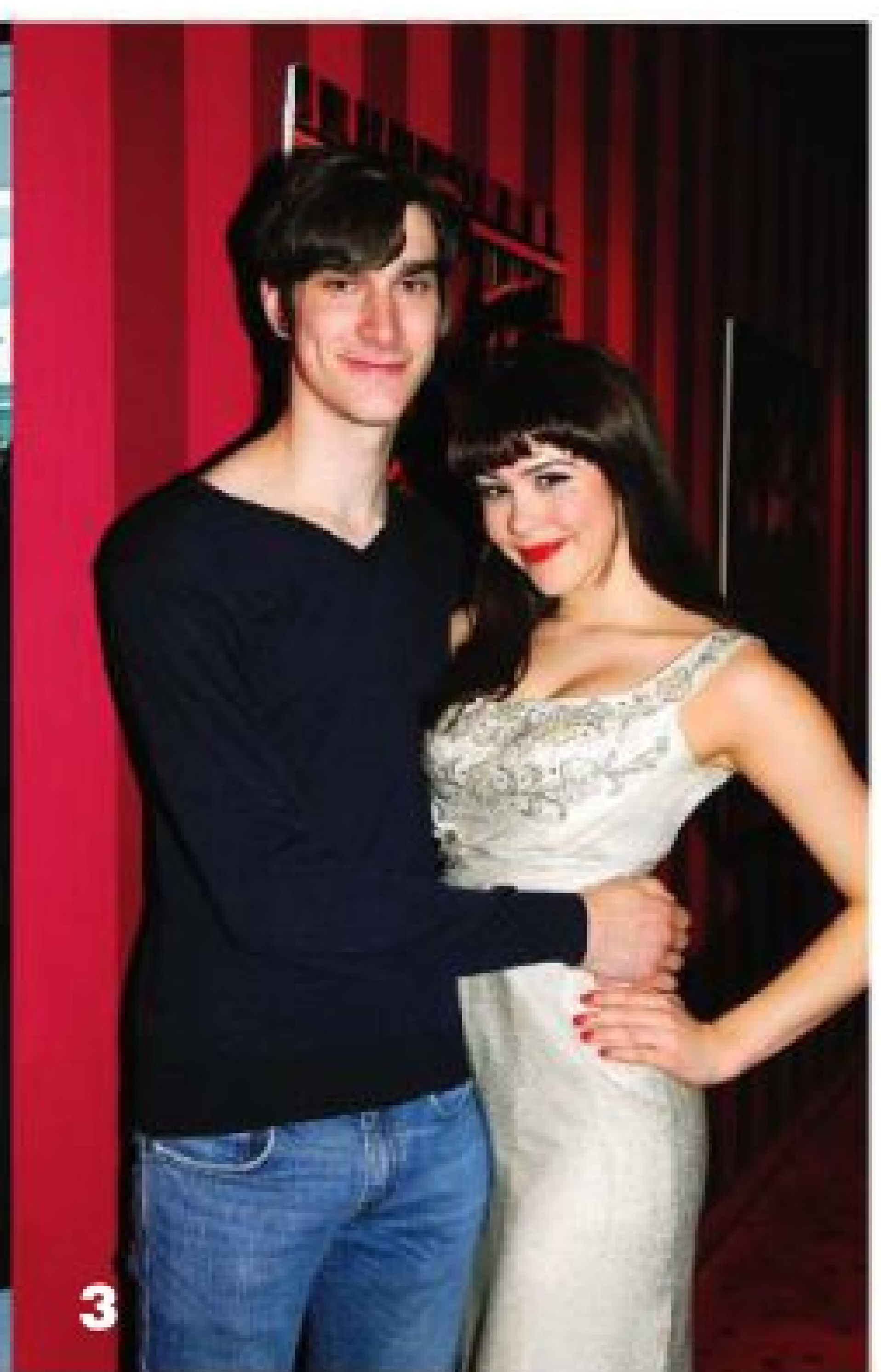


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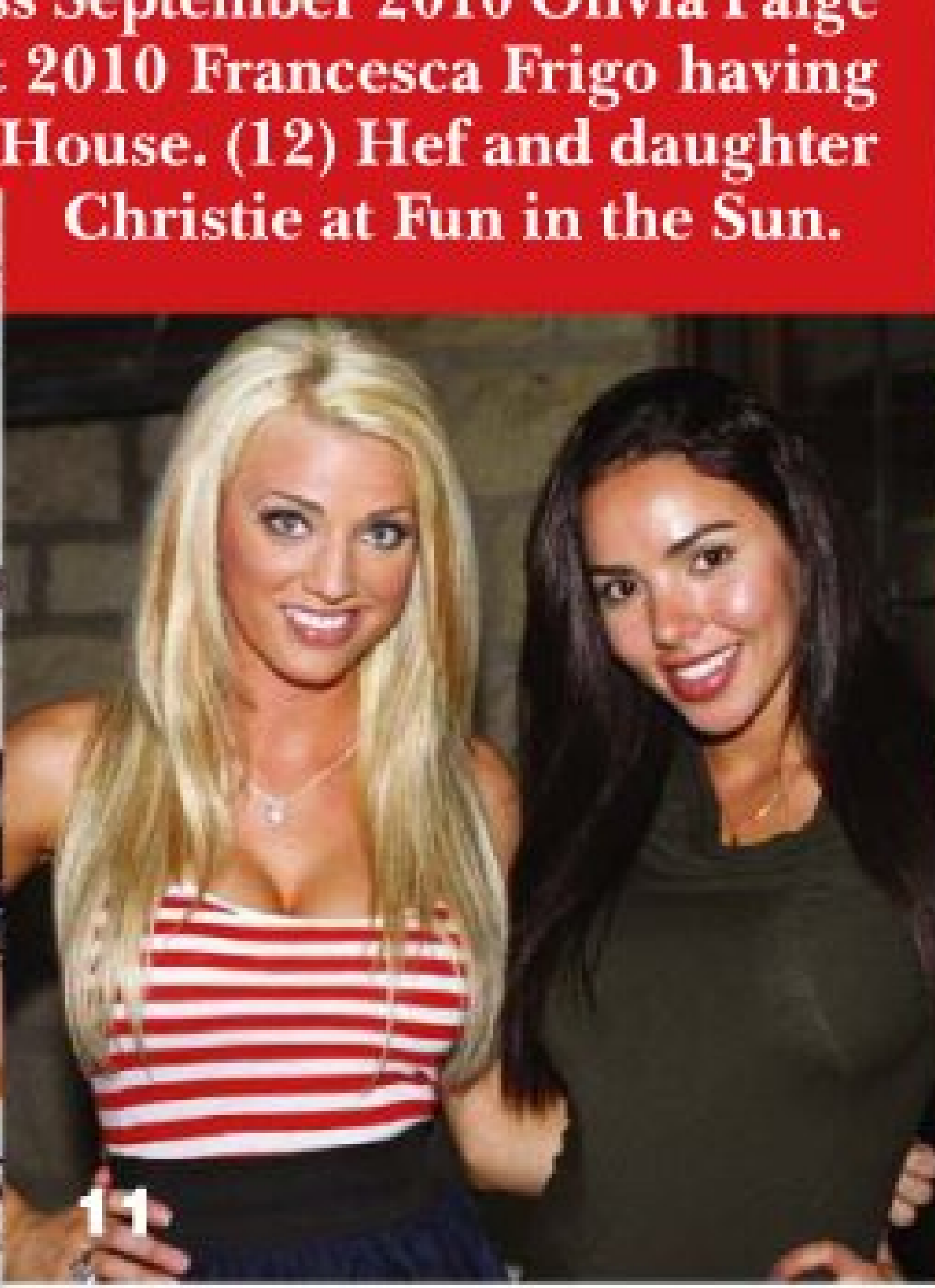
One of Chicago's favorite sons, Hugh Marston Hefner, returned for the city's premiere of the documentary *Hugh Hefner: Playboy, Activist and Rebel*. Hef took in the sold-out screening with director Brigitte Berman, and then—along with Crystal, his brother, Keith, and sons Cooper and Marston—he visited his childhood home. Coincidentally, the week before this homecoming Hef received a dollhouse replica of that home from former girlfriend Holly.



HANGIN' WITH H&F



The Pied Piper of Painted Ladies spends his time with friends, family and Playmates—he is forever in great company. (1) Anna, Hef and Crystal with Bunnies at the Playboy Club in the Palms Hotel Las Vegas. (2) Samantha Crowley, Cooper, Holly and Hef in his spacious suite at the Palms. (3) Marston with girlfriend Claire at the *Crazy Horse Paris* revue. (4) PMOY 1995 Julie Lynn Cialini, Hef and NASCAR bad boy Tony Stewart during Movie Night at the Mansion. (5) Girls Hula-hooping during Fun in the Sun. (6) Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson, the Man and his girlfriend. (7) Brothers Christopher and Kyle Massey of *Zoey 101* and *Dancing With the Stars*, respectively, at the Fourth Annual Leather Meets Lace party at the Mansion. (8) *All My Children's* J.R. Martinez, war veteran Dillon Cannon and Jeremy Piven of *Entourage*. (9) Painted Ladies are works of art. (10) PLAYBOY cover model and WWE Diva Maria Kanellis. (11) Miss September 2010 Olivia Paige and Miss August 2010 Francesca Frigo having fun in the Game House. (12) Hef and daughter Christie at Fun in the Sun.



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THE OTHER KOREAN AUTOMAKER

Thank you for the fascinating account of the career of Kim Jong Ryul, former personal shopper to North Korea's ruling family (*Shopping for a Mad Man*, November). His memoir sheds light on one of the stranger episodes in North Korean history, namely the regime's attempt to counterfeit the Mercedes 190. In 1989, during an exhibition, I was shown hand-built prototypes. Called Pyongyangs, the cars appeared almost identical to the 190, but a cursory look inside the fenders revealed the sheet metal had been clumsily creased, perhaps with hammers. Erik van Ingen Schenau, author of *Automobiles Made in North Korea*, tells me North Korea's leaders tried to copy other luxury cars, with similar results. A former used-car trader who defected in 2004 says the knockoffs he saw had no air-conditioning or heaters and were so poorly sealed that "if you drive out of the city and return, your car will be full of dust. It's like an oil-fueled cart."

Bradley Martin
Nagano, Japan

Martin is author of Under the Loving Care of the Fatherly Leader: North Korea and the Kim Dynasty.

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT

Robert Downey Jr.'s eloquence and intelligence clearly reflect a man who is at peace with himself after having been through hell and surviving (*Playboy Interview*, November). The actor is an example of the human spirit at its best.

Josh Jensen
Orlando, Florida

THAT ELUSIVE JACKET

In "Classic Look of the Month: James Dean" (*After Hours*, September), you identify the actor's iconic red jacket in *Rebel Without a Cause* as a Ben Sherman, but that coat's interior is plaid and the jacket in the film has a white lining. I've also seen claims that the jacket was a MacGregor. Which is right?

Anthony Signoracci
Maplewood, New York

One can hope only to approximate the look, since according to Live Fast, Die Young: The Wild Ride of Making Rebel Without a Cause, the film's costume designer, Moss Mabry, recalls the jacket being custom-made.

MONDAY NIGHT DRAMA

I enjoyed the colorful anecdotes in your report on *Monday Night Football* (*The Biggest Gamble in Sports History*, October) and thought I would add a few of my own: (1) While *MNF* was the first network series to use three announcers to cover professional sports, in 1965 NBC employed Lindsey Nelson, Bud Wilkinson and Terry Brennan to cover college football. (2) In 1991 Alex Karras co-wrote a comic novel called *Tuesday Night Football*, in which an announcer character was "not noted for his keen grasp of current events." Two years later, in his autobiography, Frank Gifford

DEAR PLAYBOY

Low-Rent Rant

Like Adam Carolla, I have been on the receiving end of petty officiousness (*We've Built a Minimum-Wage Gilded Cage*, November). But I also sometimes work as a security guard and find people with money, expensive cars and trophy girlfriends usually believe they have the right to breeze through any door or gate. Many folks who are employed at the low end need the work. They are given instructions, and if they don't follow them precisely, they may lose their jobs, even if a "valued customer" is in the wrong. Carolla should enjoy being a rich white guy and show compassion for those he walked over on the way to the top.

Tony Keene
Oro Station, Ontario



DANIEL ADEL

responded, "All I can say is that Alex has written one more book than he's read." (3) In 2004 Lisa Guerrero lost her job on *MNF* soon after covering the World Figure Skating Championships. Interviewing Michelle Kwan, who finished third, Guerrero said, "You've got to feel good about earning a medal here." Kwan had previously won the championship five times.

Wesley Hyatt
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Hyatt is author of Kicking Off the Week: A History of Monday Night Football on ABC Television, 1970-2005.

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

With regard to the adorable Claire Sinclair (*Vintage Model*, October), how



Timeless beauties: Sinclair and Benton.

did you manage to clone Barbi Benton? And where can I get one?

Paul Newcomb
Staunton, Virginia

DEAR RICH WHITE GUY...

I've never had a laminated all-access pass to anything, so when Adam Carolla

whines about having to walk an extra 200 yards to get in free to the X Games, I'm cheering for the "dick" in the security vest. Like anyone, I despise petty tyrants, but Carolla is the wrong guy to speak for the idiotic injustices real people suffer. I'm calling you out, Carolla: Let me live for a week in your world and I'll return the favor.

John Dacey
Alexandria, Virginia

Carolla's rants never fail to entertain and make me think. If only more politicians were as outspoken about the bullshit society we've become, this country would be back to the days of our ass-kickin' grandfathers in no time. *PLAYBOY* needs to do more to give conservative readers a voice.

Jen Arndt
Rockton, Illinois

Carolla's problem isn't that he doesn't get any respect from the common man but that he doesn't give any. It's like the jackass who followed me to my car after work the other day, asking question after question even though the shop was closed and I needed to be somewhere else. What did he care? I'm just a minimum-wage puke to him. And the guy at the parking lot wants to be civil, but the last 20 guys through the line hassled him about what it cost to park or whined about getting a good spot. The girl at the fast-food joint started out fine too. But after 6,127 consecutive dickheads failed to return her hello, she got so numb she didn't realize when you, supposedly a good guy, showed up. Same with the sister at the fun park. She didn't want to be a cunt, but she has no chance to make any kind of reasonable

Hugh Hefner's Playboy



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

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★LIMITED EDITION OF 1,500★
\$1,300

decision because of the legion of smug middle-manager assholes she works for. That's who Carolla should ream out.

Mark Foley
Kanab, Utah

WHO KILLED JFK?

It is disappointing to find in *PLAYBOY* such nonsense as Hillel Levin's *How the Outfit Killed JFK* (November), which presents the usual suspects and conspiracies. What is not there—in your report or any other source—is a single indisputable fact or defensible evidence to support any of the cockamamie notions of people with too much time on their hands. There have been enough reenactments, tests and scholarship to convince even an original conspiracy believer like me (I swore by Josiah Thompson's *Six Seconds in Dallas*) that this was a murder planned and executed solely by Lee Harvey Oswald.

David Clements
Omaha, Nebraska

While the positions of the assassins in Dealey Plaza make for an entertaining game of *Clue* (the photo by bystander Mary Moorman clearly shows the profile of a shooter behind the picket fence on the grassy knoll), the more important issue is why the president was killed. Given the connection of Oswald to the CIA and Jack Ruby to the Mafia, the evidence points to a coup d'état by CIA officers who believed JFK was taking us on the wrong path when dealing with communism.

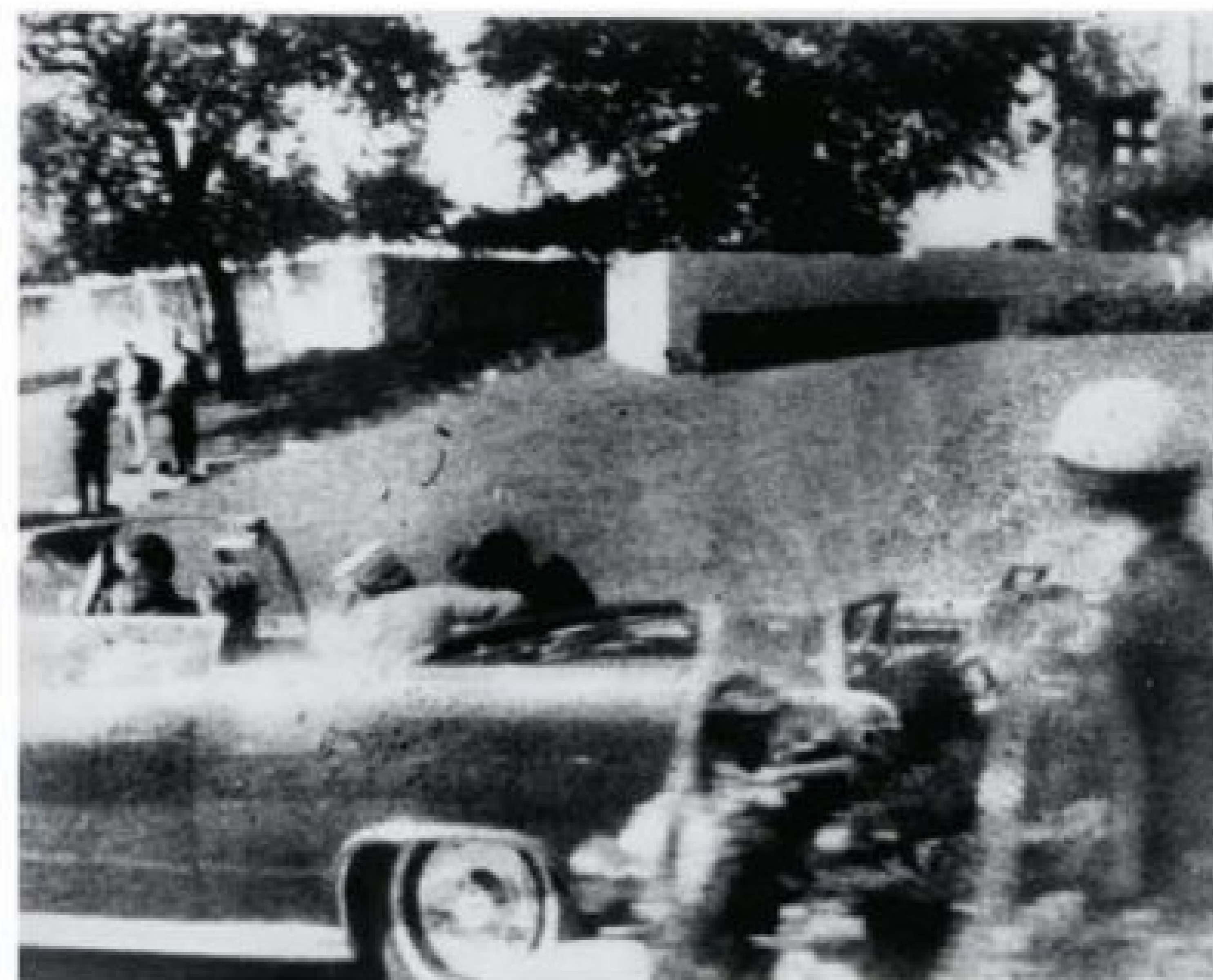
Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

You mention that NBC hired "consultants" to vet a possible show on alleged assassin James Files, but there is much more to that story. The consultant was Edward Epstein, who in turn hired the Jules Kroll detective agency. In 1994 Kroll determined from phone records that Files was in Chicago on the day of the assassination. Confronted about this, Files claimed the person in Chicago was his twin brother and that he (Files) had murdered him shortly after November 22, presumably to keep him quiet. Files's wife said it was Files himself (and not any twin) who was in Chicago, and Kroll established that Files never had a twin. The other trap you fall into is one common on the History Channel. It constantly regales viewers with accounts of UFOs or the Bermuda Triangle, and then after 55 minutes of silliness a sensible voice declares it all to be nonsense. So although Files claims he shot from the grassy knoll, your report admits in the antepenultimate paragraph that autopsy photos and X-rays show Kennedy was not hit from the right front.

John McAdams
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

McAdams, a professor of political science at Marquette University, is author of the forthcoming JFK Assassination Logic (mcadams.posc.mu.edu).

America owes you a debt for reminding our country that the assassination is still an open investigation. But your report has problems. If James Files has repeatedly confessed to being an assassin, why have no charges been brought in Texas or Washington, D.C.? Zack Shelton says he and other FBI retirees agree that the facts don't support the Warren Commission's conclusions. But the primary investigative body for the commission was the FBI, and as you note, the agency stayed as far as possible from new leads. The Outfit has always been blamed, from Giancana to Marcello to Trafficante and now Accardo, because organized crime is amorphous; you can't see it and you can't find it. Files claims Oswald told him of the best escape routes, but then why did Oswald flee by getting on a city bus heading into traffic? The motorcade route was on the front pages, so Jack Ruby's help was not needed with that. Ruby was \$100,000 in debt—how many mobsters file for bankruptcy, as he did? David Ferrie was not a childhood friend of Oswald's. The CIA did not destroy the

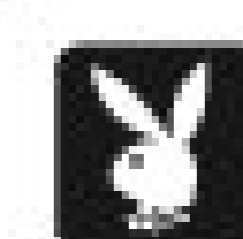


Mary Moorman's 1963 photo from Dallas.

records of Oswald's visit to Mexico, but the photos and the voice were not of the man arrested in Dallas.

Walt Brown
Hillsdale, New Jersey

Brown is editor of JFK/Deep Politics Quarterly (manuscriptservice.com/DPQ). For more on the improbability of Oswald being the lone gunman, and Hillel Levin's sources, see playboy.com/outfit. Briefly, Levin responds: "My article makes clear that Files may have embellished his memories, but the only reason he is part of the discussion is because of the chance comment he made to an associate who, unbeknownst to Files, was an informant for FBI agent Zack Shelton. Nothing Files says discredits all the other evidence gathered by investigators of mob involvement. Files has not been charged because no law enforcement authority has chosen to reopen the investigation of the crime. Oswald's haphazard flight confirms Files's claim that Oswald was not the assassin and was unprepared for the assassination to unfold as it did."



PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

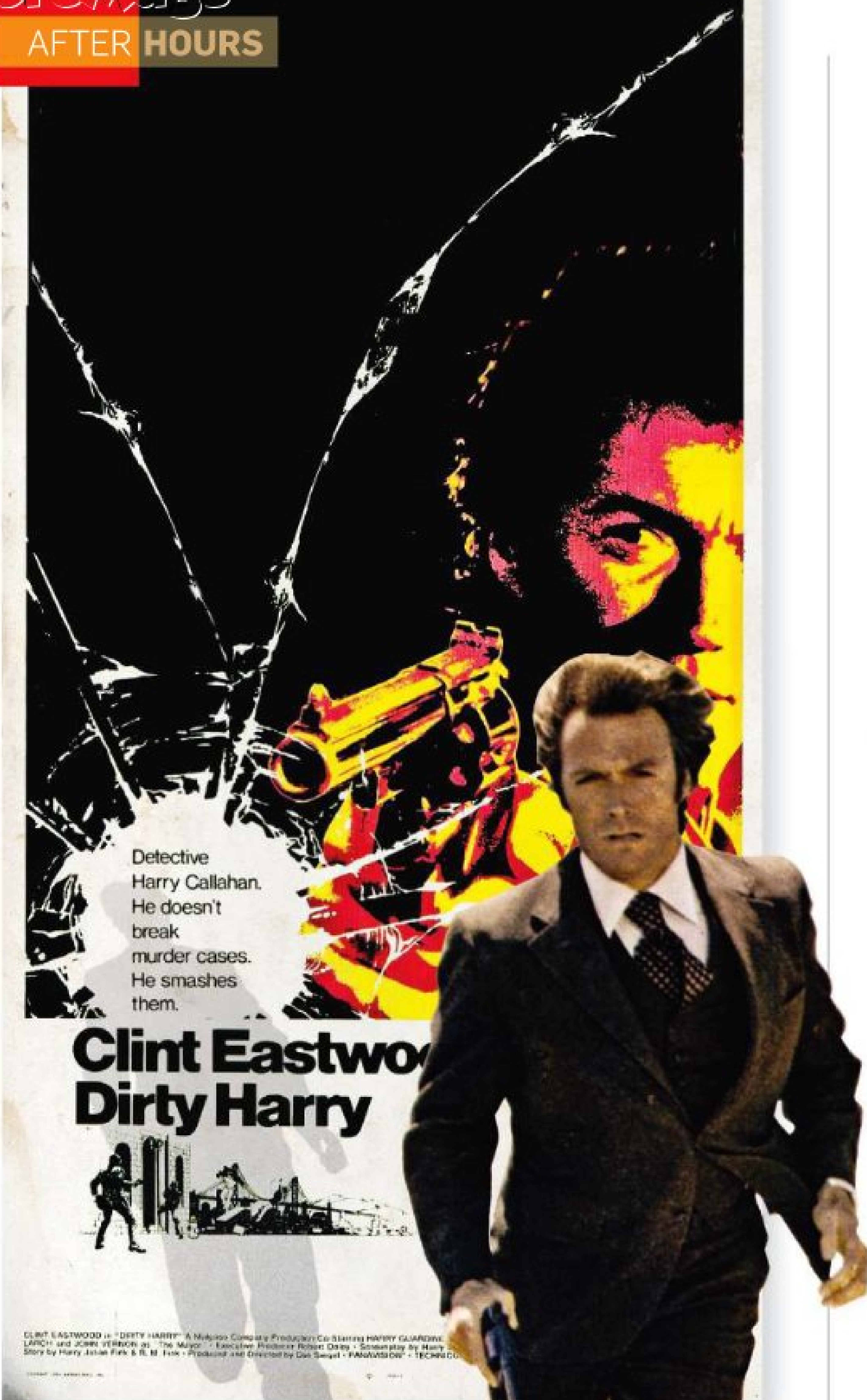
BECOMING ATTRACTION

Chelsea White

You'll never guess who took this photo. None other than the beautiful woman looking back at you—Chelsea White, a 21-year-old British model turned photographer. "I started taking pictures about a year ago," she says. "I went out and bought a \$3,200 camera—after which I thought, I'm going to have to stick with this now! Luckily, I got hooked." In the past 12 months she has shot several 2011 calendars and a slew of magazine covers. Her subjects include U.K. starlets Lauren Pope and Imogen Thomas and 2007 Playmate of the Year Sara Jean Underwood. "I do shoot men, but I feel more comfortable photographing women. The girls feel comfortable with me too, which lets me get more out of them." See more of Chelsea's work at chelseawhite.co.uk.

"I enjoy photographing other women the most."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHELSEA WHITE



The Art of Hospitality A Night at the Museum

Is it a hotel? An art gallery? A monument to South Beach's post-cocaine-cowboy resurrection? The Sagamore Hotel is all three and more. Home of the private Sagamore Collection, the hotel debuts a new exhibit this month: 17 artists in a multisensory extravaganza. Suites from \$415 and up, sagamorehotel.com.

From Russia With Love Happy Birthday, Mr. President

In celebration of Russian prime minister Vladimir Putin's 58th birthday, 12 Moscow State University journo students created this calendar. It provoked a major outcry. Did Putin put the girls up to it to boost his popularity? We wouldn't put anything past the sly ex-KGB man.



FASHION POLICE: For a custom-made three-piece tweed suit like this one (about \$810), enter your measurements at harristweedshop.com and you'll have it in 12 weeks; white cotton twill Davis point-collar shirt (\$90) by Joseph Abboud; flower-print twill silk tie (\$118) by Versace; black leather lace-up Goya Row oxfords with tapered toe (\$110) by Clarks.

Classic Look of the Month Harry Callahan

"I know what you're thinking: Did he fire six shots or only five? Well, to tell you the truth, in all this excitement I've kind of lost track myself. But being this is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world, and would blow your head clean off, you've got to ask yourself one question: 'Do I feel lucky?' Well—do ya, punk?" Happy birthday, *Dirty Harry*—the film turns 40 this year. Though it was a critical success and spurred four sequels, there's nothing terribly unique about it, except Clint Eastwood's brilliance. Cops aren't known for fashion, but the three-piece suit above is tough and timeless. See the caption to re-create your own *Dirty Harry* getup.

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Eric Ripert

The chef at Manhattan's Le Bernardin, Ripert is also a judge on *Top Chef*, the host of *Avec Eric* on PBS, a cookbook author and an all-around cool dude. Here's his edible Rorschach test. Bon appétit.



Food Fetish

Sexual Flavors

Is that a...? It couldn't be, but it sure looks like a... Yep: a delicious female sex organ, a phallus with suggestive sauce and a blatant and beautiful set of edible breasts. "You eat with your eyes," says Eric Ripert, the cheeky chef at the Michelin-starred Le Bernardin, who created these dishes. What you're actually looking at: smoked salmon with crème fraîche topped with osetra caviar, king trumpet mushrooms with sabayon and mini pork buns.

Screen Play

The Ultimate Cyber-Library

Imagine having every PLAYBOY ever published, in one neat library. Now imagine that library shrinking enough to fit in the palm of your hand. Forget the human genome, this is serious technological innovation. The new *Playboy Cover to Cover* hard drive (\$300, playboystore.com) plugs into your computer and offers every issue from 1953 through 2010, with keyword searchability. The women, the words, the legend....



GOT ISSUES? *Playboy Cover to Cover* gets you every issue ever published through 2010. Left: the almost inhumanly sexy Ursula Andress, June 1965 issue.



BARMATE

Christy Ann



IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST BARTENDERS

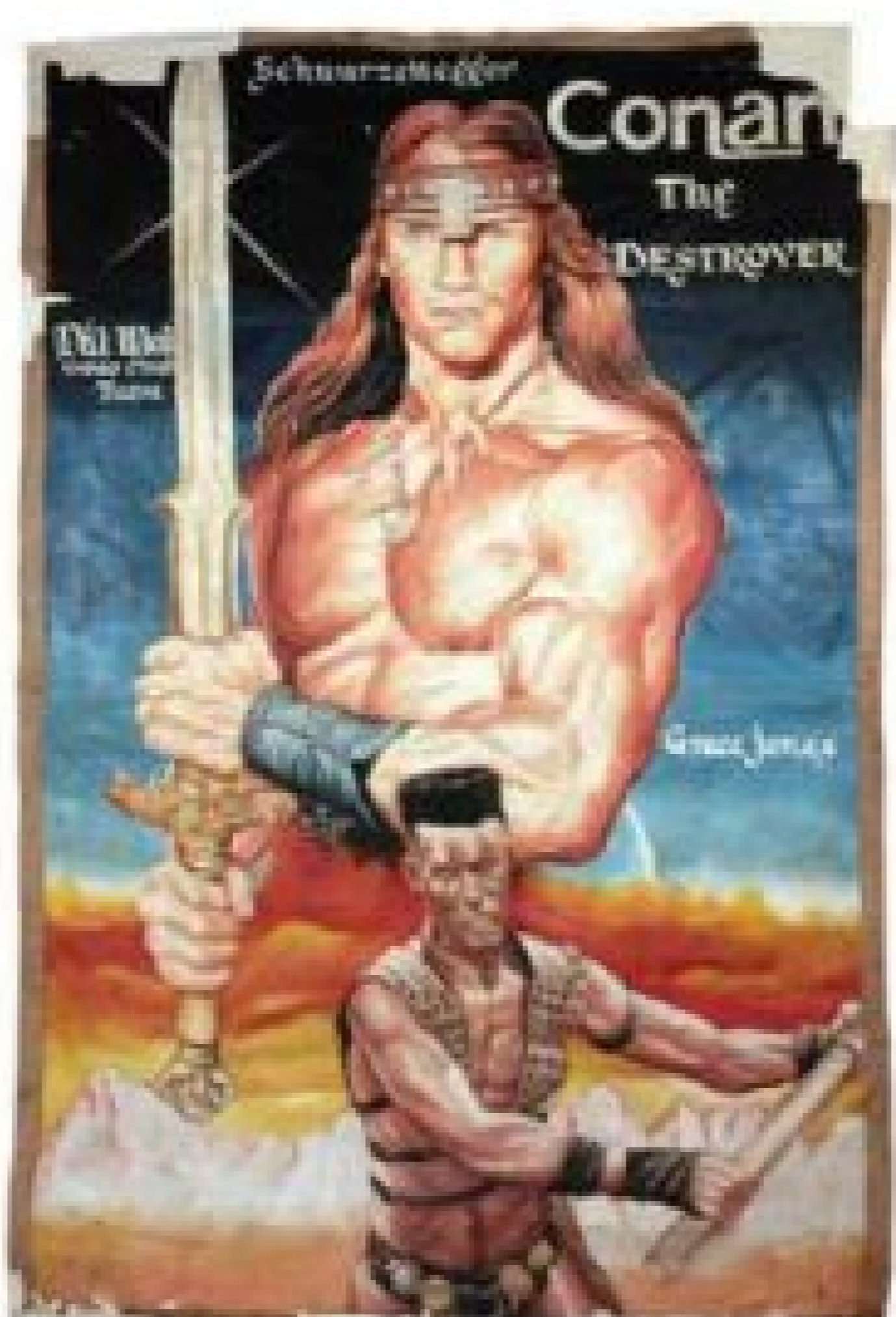
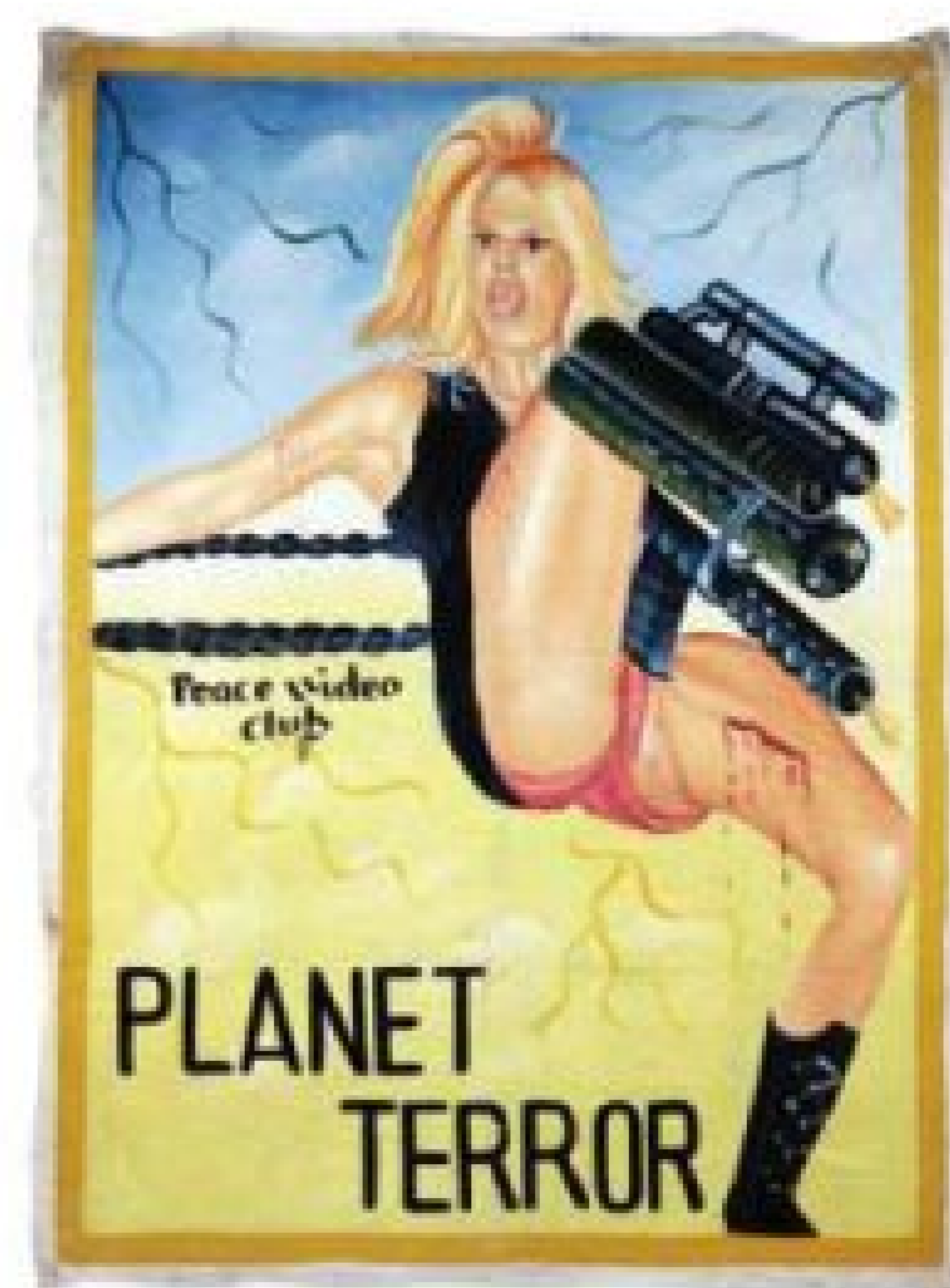
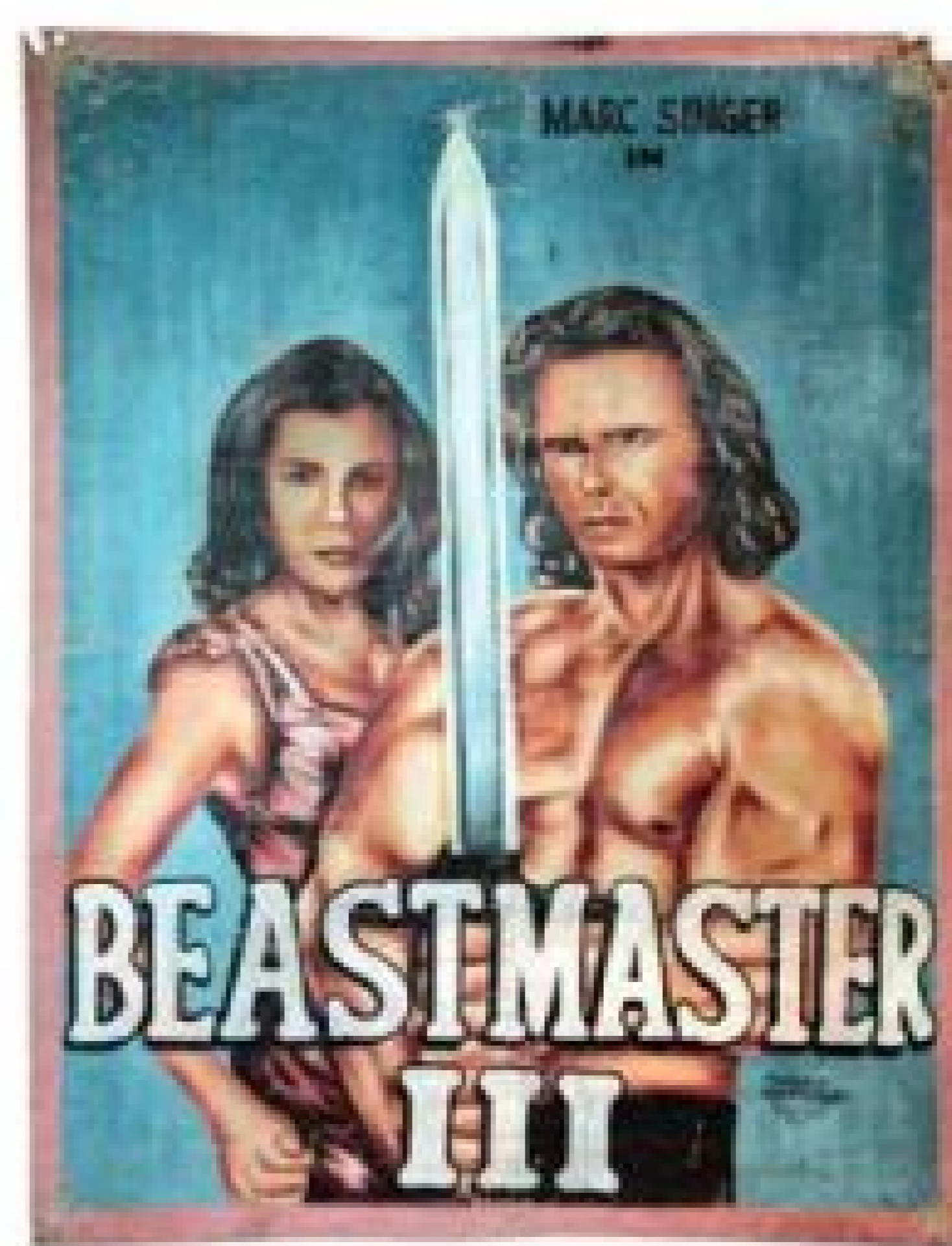
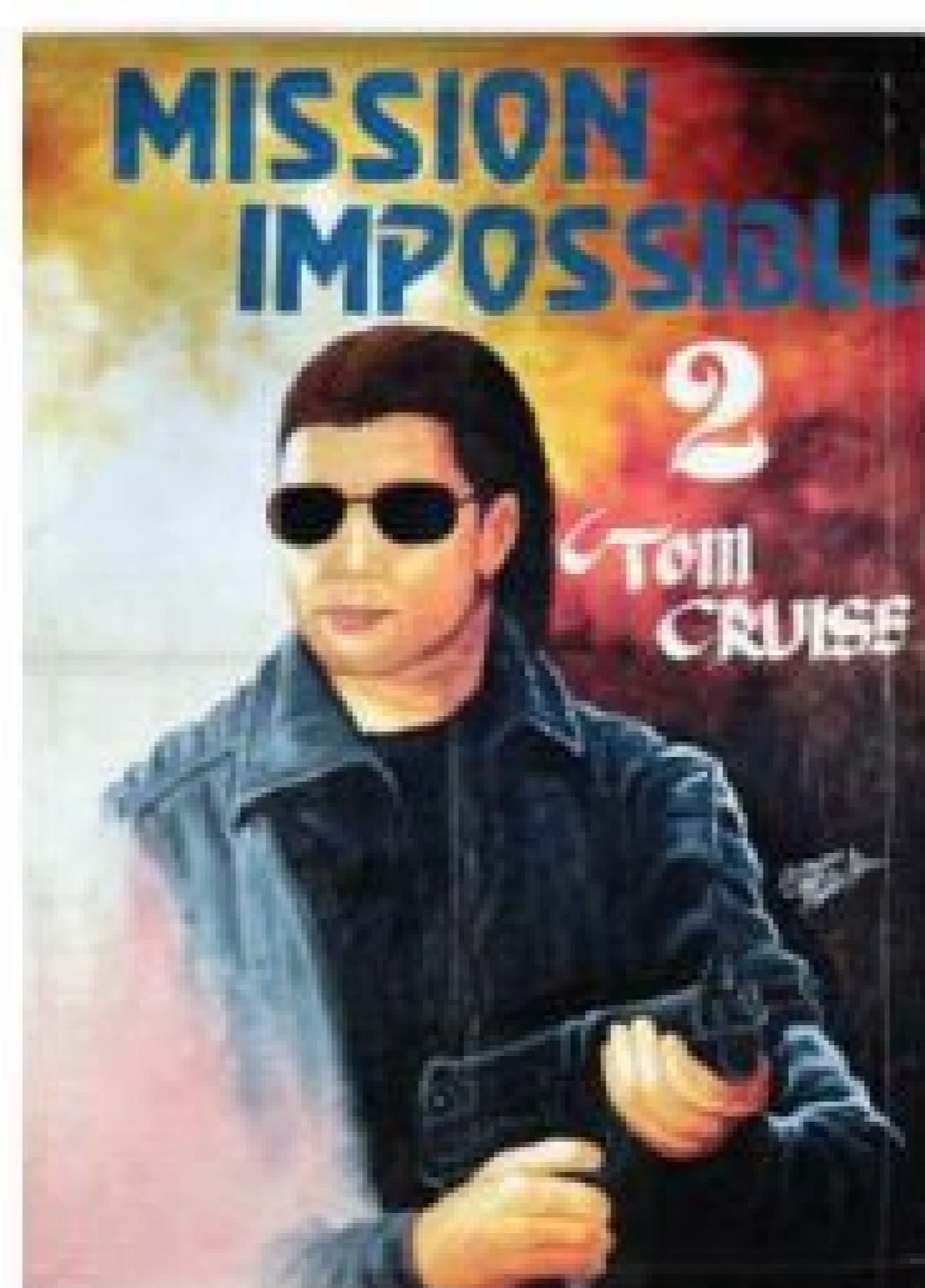
PLAYBOY: Hey there, this place is huge.
CHRISTY: Yeah, Sound-Bar is one of Chicago's biggest nightclubs.
PLAYBOY: Where should we hang?
CHRISTY: It depends on what you're in the mood for. The lower level plays mash-ups and top 40 hits. The main floor is a combination of trance and house music and also where we have our special guest DJs, along with our resident DJs.
PLAYBOY: We couldn't help but notice you have quite the dancer's legs.
CHRISTY: That's from running up and down the stairs in five-inch heels. Trust me, it's a great workout, especially for my butt.
PLAYBOY: We don't want you to have to run around for us. Can we order bottle service?
CHRISTY: Absolutely.
PLAYBOY: We'll take a couple of bottles of Sobieski vodka, please.
CHRISTY: Sure. And whatever mixers you want, we can keep bringing out.
PLAYBOY: We'd love tonic, cranberry and grapefruit juice to start.
CHRISTY: And pineapple. I drink vodka with pineapple, if it's okay with you that I make myself a small one.
PLAYBOY: You can drink on the job?
CHRISTY: We're in a club. We're supposed to have fun!

TIPS ON ORDERING BOTTLE SERVICE

Mixing your own drinks doesn't mean you shouldn't tip. Also, ask for extra glasses in case you meet some thirsty beauties.

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





And Now Playing... Ghana With the Wind

Starting in the 1980s, the film biz in Ghana used to work like this: A guy armed with a VCR, a TV and some tapes would show up in rural villages and charge viewers a few cents to see a film. To promote these "screenings," artists would paint movie posters on flour sacks. Now Chicago-based Primitive has collected the Ghanaian art and put it up for sale. Talk about a conversation piece. Info at beprimitive.com.

WHEELS OF FORTUNE:
This 60-horsepower 1952
356 Cabriolet is the oldest
surviving Porsche in America.



Time Travel Porsche in the Rearview

Why go to work? Why not hunt for treasure in junkyards instead? Celebrating 60 years in North America, Porsche went looking for the first Porsche ever to roll onto U.S. soil. The oldest ride the German company could find: this 1952 356 Cabriolet, originally imported by the great Max Hoffman. One Robert Wilson of Oklahoma City later found it in a junkyard. Score! As you can see, it has been perfectly restored.



Ear Candy All That Jazz

The National Jazz Museum in Harlem recently acquired the legendary Savory Collection: more than 100 hours of live 1930s broadcasts, recorded by a sound engineer, of Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, et al. Most of this material hasn't been heard by the public since the original broadcasts decades ago. Sample the music at jazzmuseuminharlem.org.



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ABSOLUT CREATION

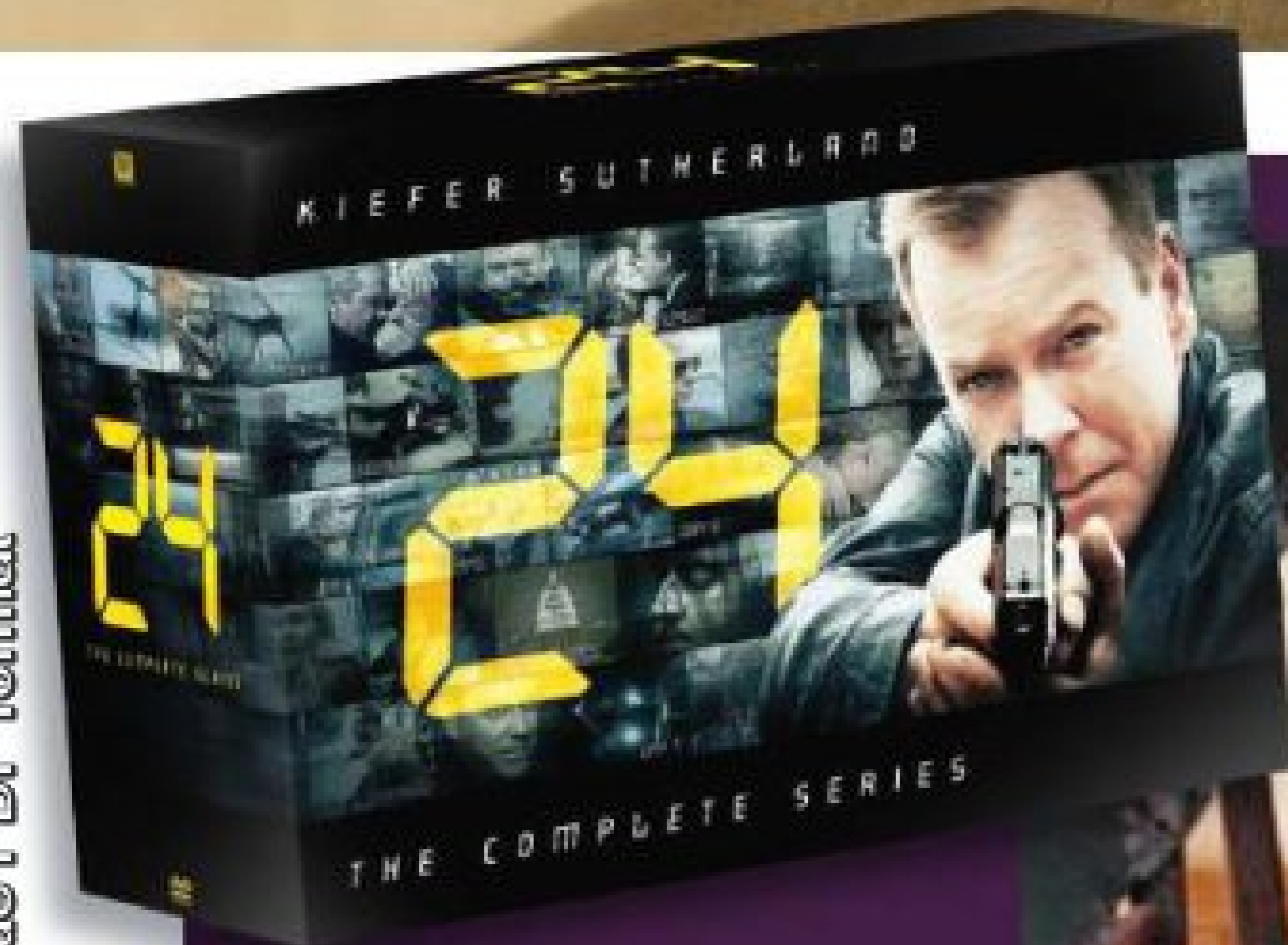
A perfectly mixed cocktail starts with a perfectly mixed vodka.
 The finest Swedish Winter Wheat. No sugars added. Ideal viscosity for mixing.

Cocktails Perfected

Movie of the Month True Grit

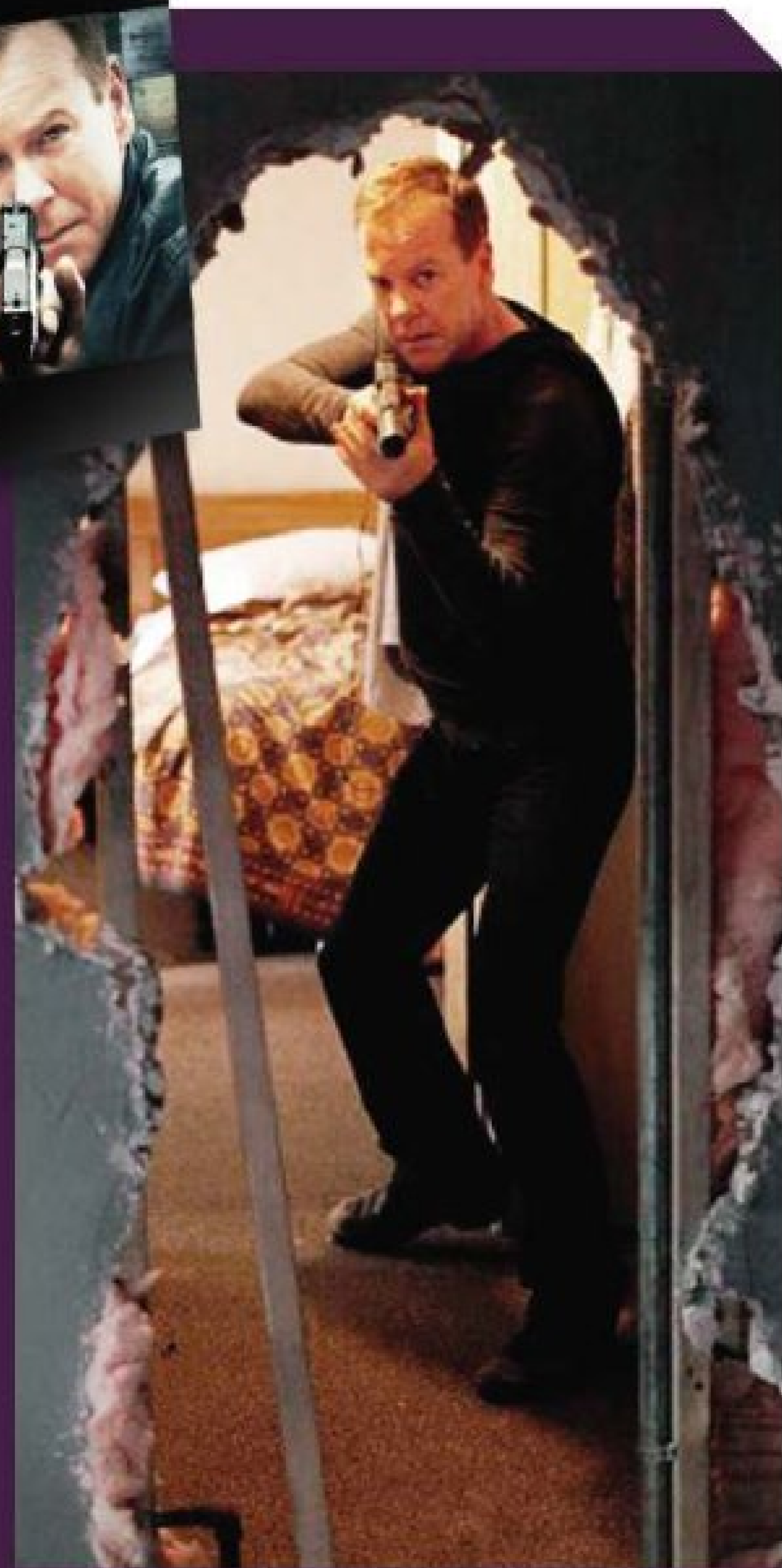
By Stephen Rebello

The Coen brothers are hell-bent on restoring grit to *True Grit*. The writing-directing maestros saddle up to retell the saga of a 14-year-old girl (Hailee Steinfeld) in 1880s America who teams up with a one-eyed marshal (Jeff Bridges) to hunt down her father's killer (Josh Bro-lin). With Matt Damon riding along as a Texas Ranger, it will be darker than the 1969 version that John Wayne rode to Oscar glory. You can expect the Coens to come nearer in spirit to acclaimed novelist Charles Portis's *True Grit*. Ethan Coen has said that he and his brother were attracted to making a film based on the original novel because "it's a lot tougher and more violent than the [original] movie reflects, which is part of what's interesting about it."



DVD of the Month

How long can you hold your breath? That's the challenge presented by Fox's mammoth 56-disc **24: The Complete Series**, a compendium of all eight "days" in Jack Bauer's (Kiefer Sutherland) split-screen world of terrorism and espionage. Early seasons are time capsules of cultural nostalgia (floppy disks!), with the first episode airing a little more than a month after 9/11. Check out how technology and politics change from "day" to "day" over the course of eight seasons. On DVD, 24 moves like a blistering action film without commercials and will have you gasping for air all over again, but you'll have to wait another day to relive Bauer's escapades on Blu-ray. **Best extras:** The two-hour *24: Redemption* special and a bonus disc of parties and profiles. ★★★ —*Buzz McClain*



What's in Your Netflix Queue?



Tony Goldwyn directed *Conviction* with Hilary Swank. Here is what he is waiting for in the mail.
***The Bridge on the River Kwai*:** "How can I not own this and every other film by David Lean?"
***Breaking Bad Season 3*:** "Vince Gilligan is a twisted genius."
***Roman Holiday*:** "I am working on a Broadway version set to Cole Porter music."

Tease Frame

Laura Dern has played a wide range of roles in her career, from brainy heroine (*Jurassic Park*) to clueless social degenerate (*Citizen Ruth*). She gets us "hotter than Georgia asphalt" when she takes a walk on the wild side with director David Lynch, as she does as free spirit Lula Fortune in *Wild at Heart* (pictured) opposite Nicolas Cage. See her next as the wee Fockers' headmistress in *Little Fockers*.



ALL BETS
ARE OFF



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Presents

Seduction Tips



Jaime Faith Edmondson
MISS JANUARY

"I get turned on by big trucks, big men, guys who are athletic, tattooed and who can fix anything!"



Heather Rae Young
MISS FEBRUARY

"I get turned on by a man that I feel a real connection with who is honest, ambitious and compassionate."



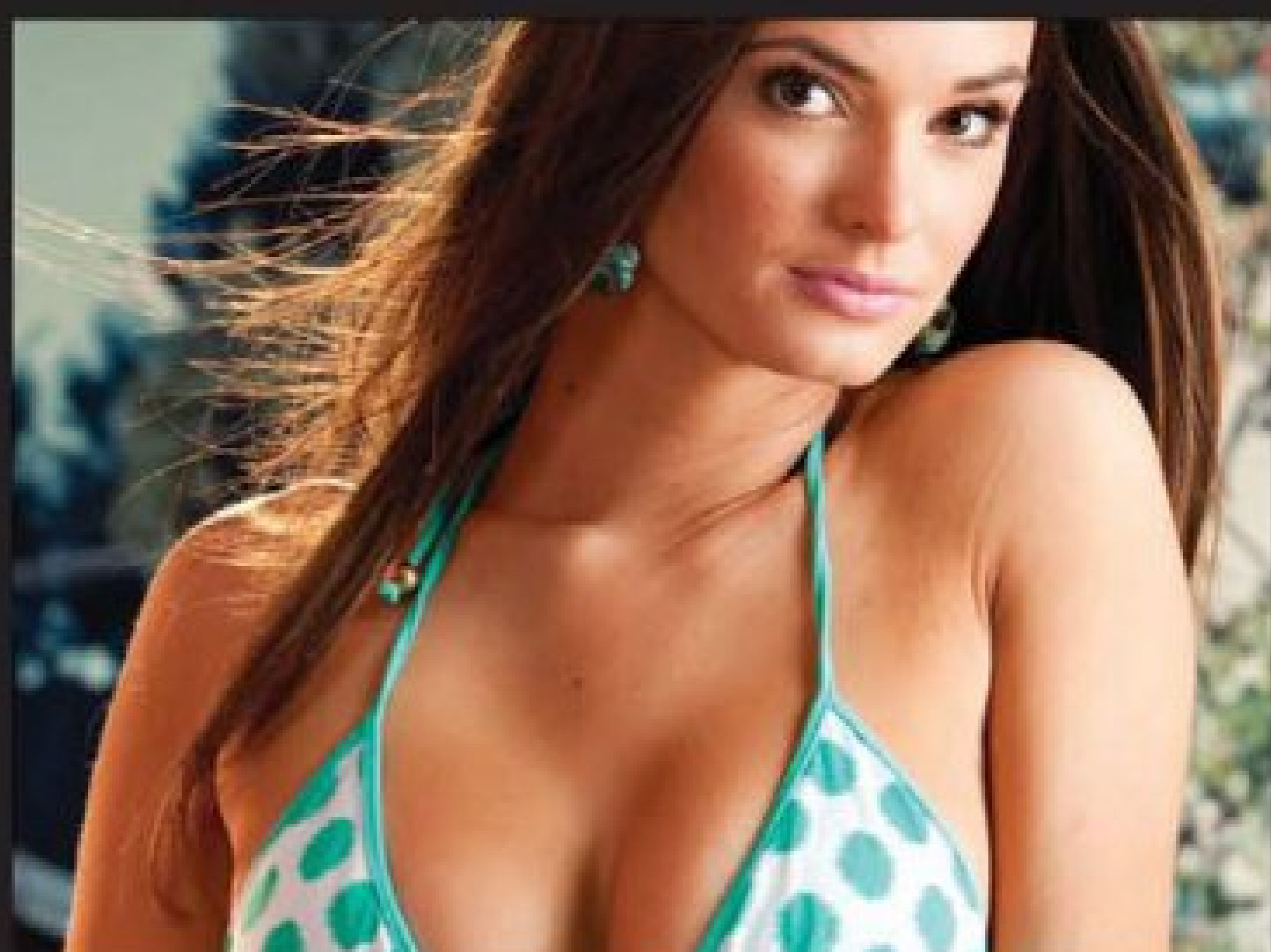
Kyra Milan
MISS MARCH

"My turn-ons are a great smile, confidence, humor, a nice body, consideration and sincerity."



Amy Leigh Andrews
MISS APRIL

"I get turned on by down-to-earth guys who are manly, adventurous, funny, polite, romantic and ambitious."



Kassie Lyn Logsdon
MISS MAY

"I love a man with a great sense of humor. Of course, a nice smile and muscles don't hurt either."



Katie Vernola
MISS JUNE

"Smart, responsible guys with nice smiles and can-do attitudes really turn me on."

PLAYBOY 
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SALUTES THE 2010 PLAYMATES



from
**PLAYBOY'S
2010 PLAYMATES**



Shanna Marie McLaughlin

MISS JULY

"I get turned on by adventurous, spontaneous, athletic guys with a positive, fun-loving attitude. Inspire me."



Francesca Frigo

MISS AUGUST

"It's random, I know, but I love to watch a guy eat a big piece of chocolate cake. Weird, right?"



Olivia Paige

MISS SEPTEMBER

"I get turned on by a hardworking man with a good sense of humor. And nice guns don't hurt."



Claire Sinclair

MISS OCTOBER

"Boyish men who are slightly awkward guys with adorable laughs and eccentricities turn me on."



Shera Bechard

MISS NOVEMBER

"I get turned on by guys who make me laugh so hard I hyperventilate! Also cowboys with facial hair."



Ashley Hobbs

MISS DECEMBER

"Good looks are fine, but to really get me going I need a man who challenges me intellectually."



See exclusive videos of the 2010 Playmates. Just text any of the Playmate images on this page to playboy@agm.tw to get their exclusive videos.

Videos available to the first 125,000 respondents.

Playmate images ©2010 Playboy.

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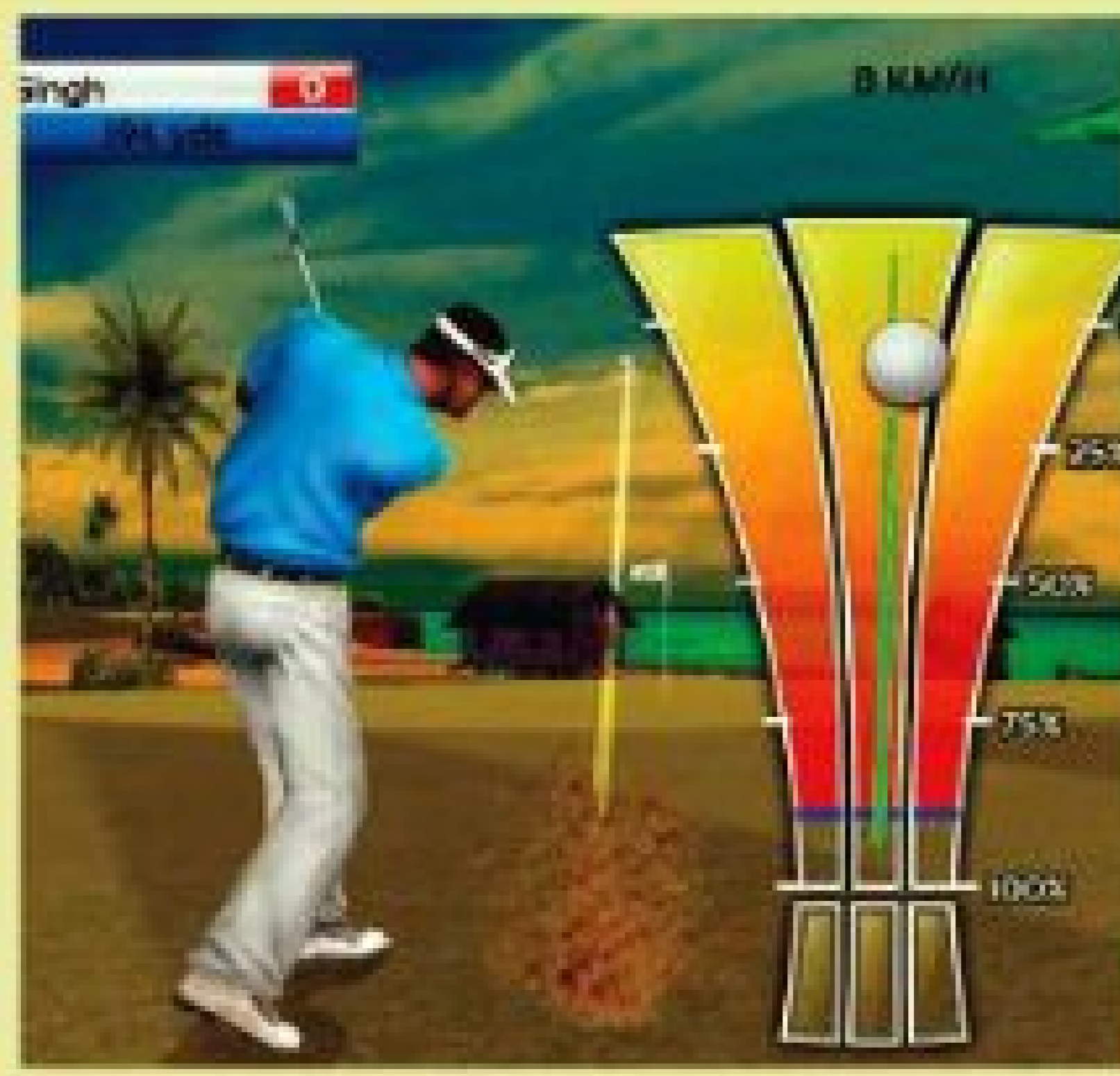
Game of the Month Assassin's Creed Brotherhood

By Jason Buhrmester

Here's a secret about video games: Some of them are really smart. At the front of the class is *Assassin's Creed*, a brilliant historical action series set during the Third Crusade. As Ezio, a master assassin, players navigate the streets of 12th century Italy on stealth missions to kill members of the Knights Templar. *Assassin's Creed: Brotherhood* (360, PS3), the third installment, moves the battle to Rome, where Ezio must scale buildings, don disguises and even parachute to get close enough to his well-protected prey and take them down with poison darts, daggers and other weapons. This time, you can recruit and train assassins and call them in to rain down arrows or pounce on guards while you make your move. **★★★★**



Best iPad Games



Tell her you're reading *The New York Times* while you squeeze in 18 holes on real courses such as Bethpage and Evian, in **Real Golf 2011 HD** (\$6.99).



Angry Birds (\$4.99) sounds ridiculous: Hurl an arsenal of birds at soldier pigs hunkered down in elaborate fortresses. But the megahit is instantly addictive.



Repel waves of hungry undead by planting peashooters and other killer vegetation in **Plants vs. Zombies** (\$9.99), a fast and wild strategy game.

Album of the Month Daft Punk's *Tron*

By Rob Tannenbaum

Even France has nerds. For *Tron: Legacy*, the recent sequel to *Tron*, the early-1980s landmark of emerging computer animation, Parisian music duo Daft Punk has created a new soundtrack. They've got guts: Science-club graduates everywhere are waiting to blog "They've desecrated the original, OMG."

But a band whose songs have included "Robot Rock" and "Digital Love" can't be accused of lacking commitment to futurism. In fact, Daft Punk's machine fetish makes it a successor to Kraftwerk, the German band that first used factory rhythms as a drumbeat.

The *Tron: Legacy* album is a full Hollywood treatment, with epic orchestrations and crashing timpani. There's a twist as well: "Rinzler" and "Derezzed," among other brief tracks, are synthesized and spasmodic, like sonic approximations of the Grid, the cyberspace in which *Tron's* races, battles and intrigue occur. This is the music your computer listens to while you're asleep. **★★★★**



Online News Vevo Rocks

The overgrowth of user-generated content on YouTube obscures like weeds: Search for a Doors video and you may end up watching a clip of a cat dancing to "Light My Fire." We vastly prefer Vevo, which just celebrated its one-year anniversary, as the go-to repository for music videos and live performances. Not a dancing cat to be found.

Taschen Desk Calendar Get a Daily Dose of Playboy in 2011

Enjoy a Playboy moment every day of the year with Taschen's 2011 Playboy Vintage desk calendar. Each tear-off page features a classic photograph or illustration from the pages of PLAYBOY magazine. Thanks to the long-running friendship between Benedikt Taschen and Hugh Hefner, Taschen Books and Playboy have developed a strong partnership over the years.

"I'm a great admirer of Hef and have great respect for him as a publisher and a very strong belief that he is one of the central figures of American cultural and political life," Taschen told the *Los Angeles Times* in late 2009.

The desk calendar is an outgrowth of several collaborative projects between Playboy and Taschen. In ad-



dition to publishing *The Playboy Book: Fifty Years*, Taschen also released *Hugh Hefner's Playboy* in December 2009. The illustrated autobiography features chronological highlights from Playboy's first 25 years, and only 1,500 copies of the collectible six-volume anthology were printed. Each set is signed by Hef and comes with a facsimile copy of the first issue of PLAYBOY from 1953, as well as a piece of Hef's famous silk pajamas. Like *Hugh Hefner's Playboy*, Taschen's 2011 desk calendar features hundreds of historic cartoons and photographs from the first 25 years of the magazine. Available for purchase (\$14) at taschen.com.

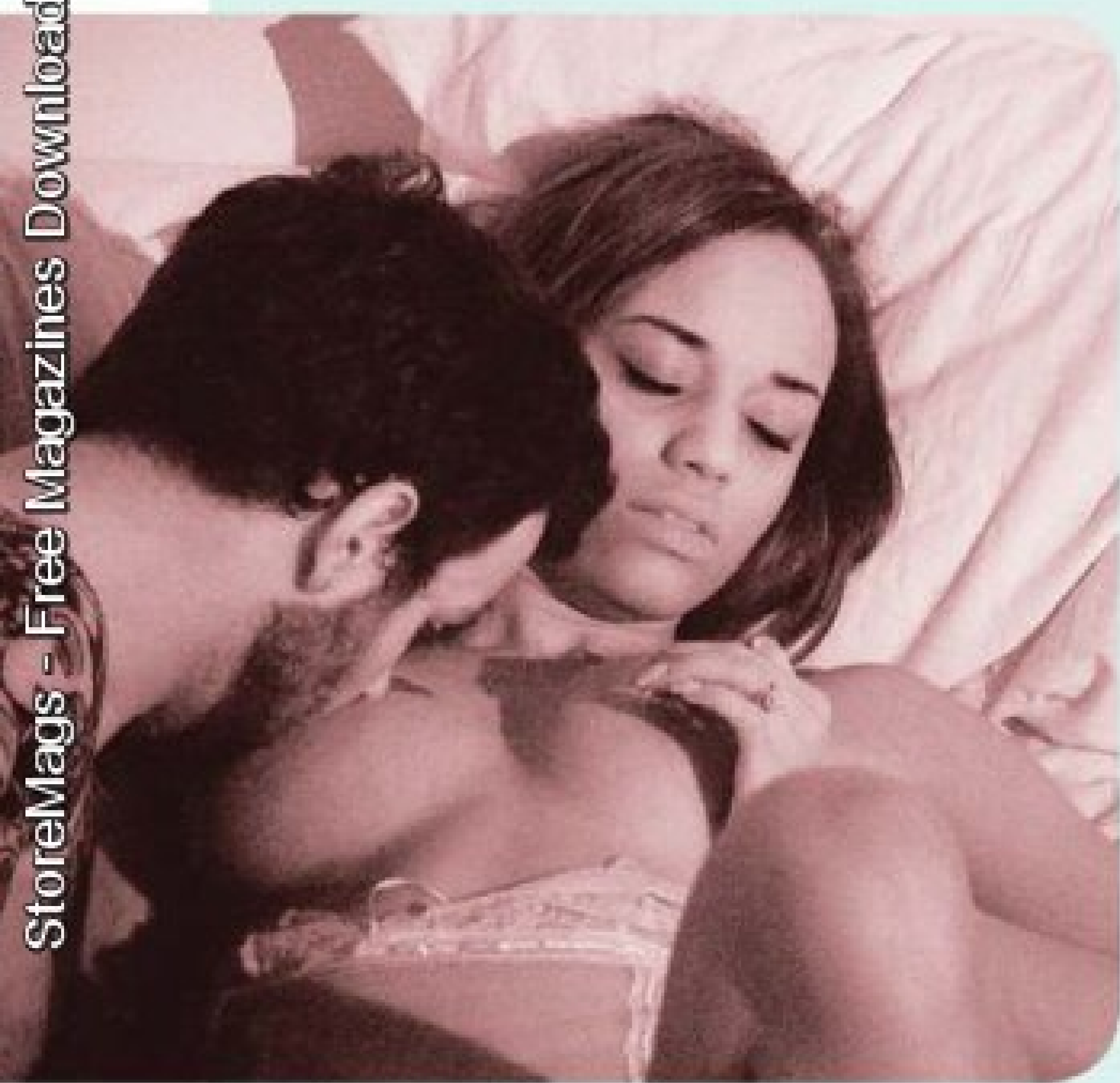


Playboy TV It's Couple Time

Two is almost always better than one—particularly in matters of sex—which is why Playboy TV is introducing "TV for 2" couples programming this month. Whether you are looking for spicy reality TV, candid sex advice or provocative story lines, this brand-new block of shows is guaranteed to turn up the heat and the intimacy on your date night.

Enjoy reality programs such as *Brooklyn Kinda Love* (pictured, premieres Saturday, January 15 at 10 P.M. ET), which follows couples inside and outside the bedroom as they

live their lives in New York City, and *Swing* (premieres Friday, February 11), on which monogamous couples get a first-time two-day pass to "the Lifestyle." Or learn some new tricks and erotic moves from *Playboy's Sex-treme Makeover*. Enjoy these new programs with your wife, your girlfriend or that sexy neighbor you've been texting for months—because it's always more fun to watch Playboy TV when you have someone to keep you company. Visit playboytv.com for more information.



PB Radio 10 Sexy Moments

Throughout the last week of December, *The Playboy Morning Show* on Playboy Radio (Sirius 99/XM 99) will conduct its annual recap of the 10 sexiest

moments of the year. Tune in as funny and irreverent hosts Kevin Klein and Andrea Lowell take a look back at the show's most scintillating guests and events in 2010—from the sexiest tan line pageant at Playboy's Beach House to phone sex with Jenny McCarthy to "Dancing With the Porn Stars." What moment will take top honors and claim the number one spot? There's only one way to find out.

Get Scensual

Whether she's feeling romantic, seductive or mischievous, Playboy has the perfect scent to suit a woman's every mood. This month all three of Playboy's female fragrances—the fresh and flirty Play It Lovely, the exotic and sensual Play It Sexy and the vibrant and edgy Play It Spicy—will be available at U.S. retailers for the first time. Visit playboyfragrances.com for more information.



RAW DATA

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ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

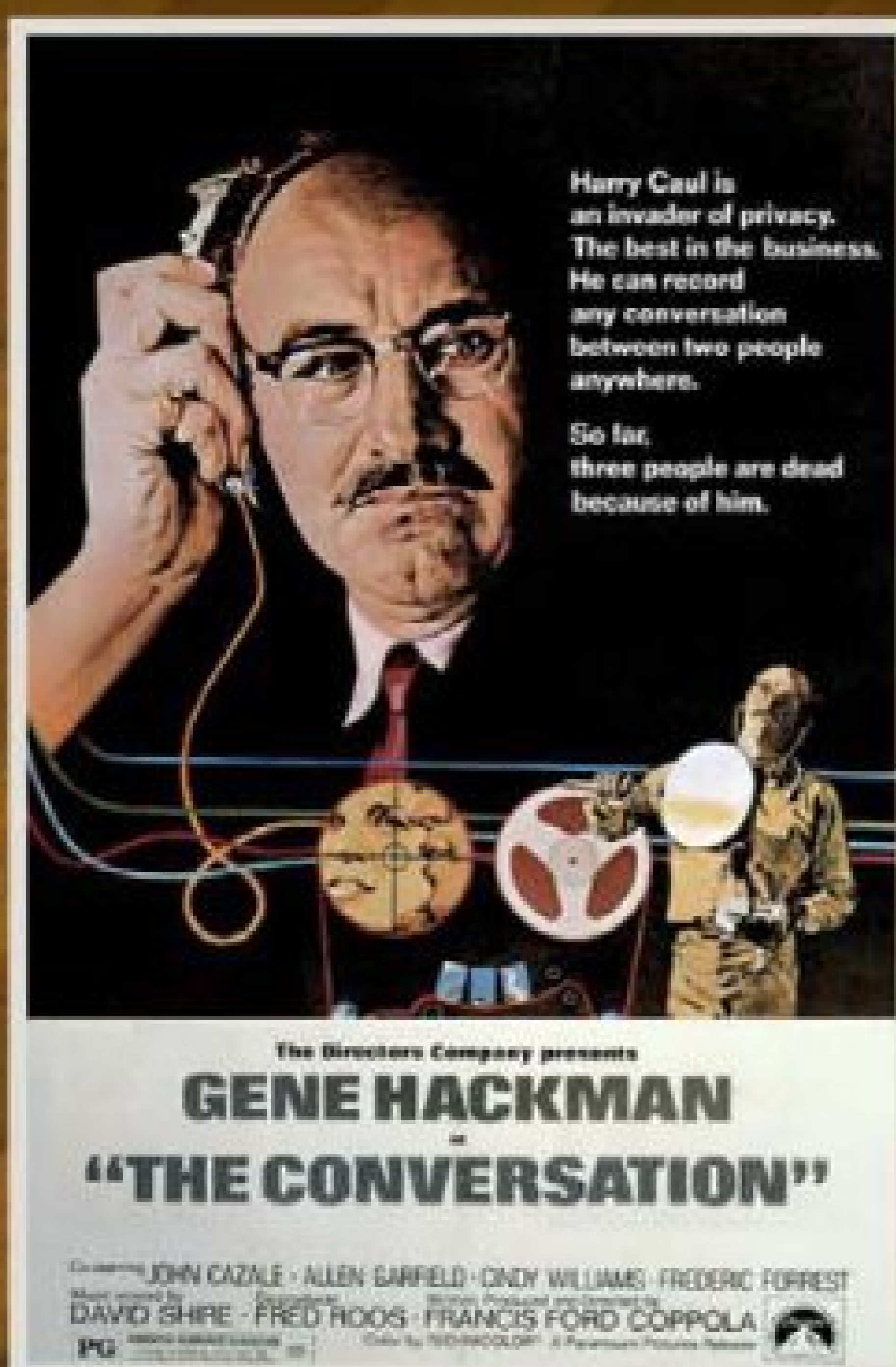
TRAINED SEXOLOGISTS CAN PREDICT A WOMAN'S ORGASMIC HISTORY WITH **80% ACCURACY** BY WATCHING HOW SHE WALKS.



In a survey asking women if they prefer to go **commando** during warm weather, **69%** said yes and admitted to not wearing **panties** during the summer months, **24%** said they would never go out sans **underwear** and **7%** declined to answer.

APPROXIMATELY
30,000

PEOPLE ARE CURRENTLY EMPLOYED JUST TO LISTEN IN ON PHONE CONVERSATIONS AND OTHER FORMS OF COMMUNICATION IN THE U.S.



WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

IN A RECENT POLL ASKING WOMEN TO NAME THEIR FAVORITE BODY PART ON A MAN, **29% SAID SHOULDERS**, **25% SAID GREAT ABS**, **19% SAID BICEPS** AND **27% SAID "THEY WERE TOO LADYLIKE TO SAY."**

THE **5 MOST-PRESCRIBED PSYCHIATRIC DRUGS** IN THE U.S. LAST YEAR (WITH NUMBER OF PRESCRIPTIONS):

XANAX: 44 MILLION	ZOLOFT: 20 MILLION
LEXAPRO: 28 MILLION	PROZAC: 19.5 MILLION
ATIVAN: 26 MILLION	

Prozac® 20mg

COUPLES WHO HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR AN AVERAGE OF 40 YEARS KNOW LESS ABOUT EACH OTHER THAN NEWLY-WEDS.

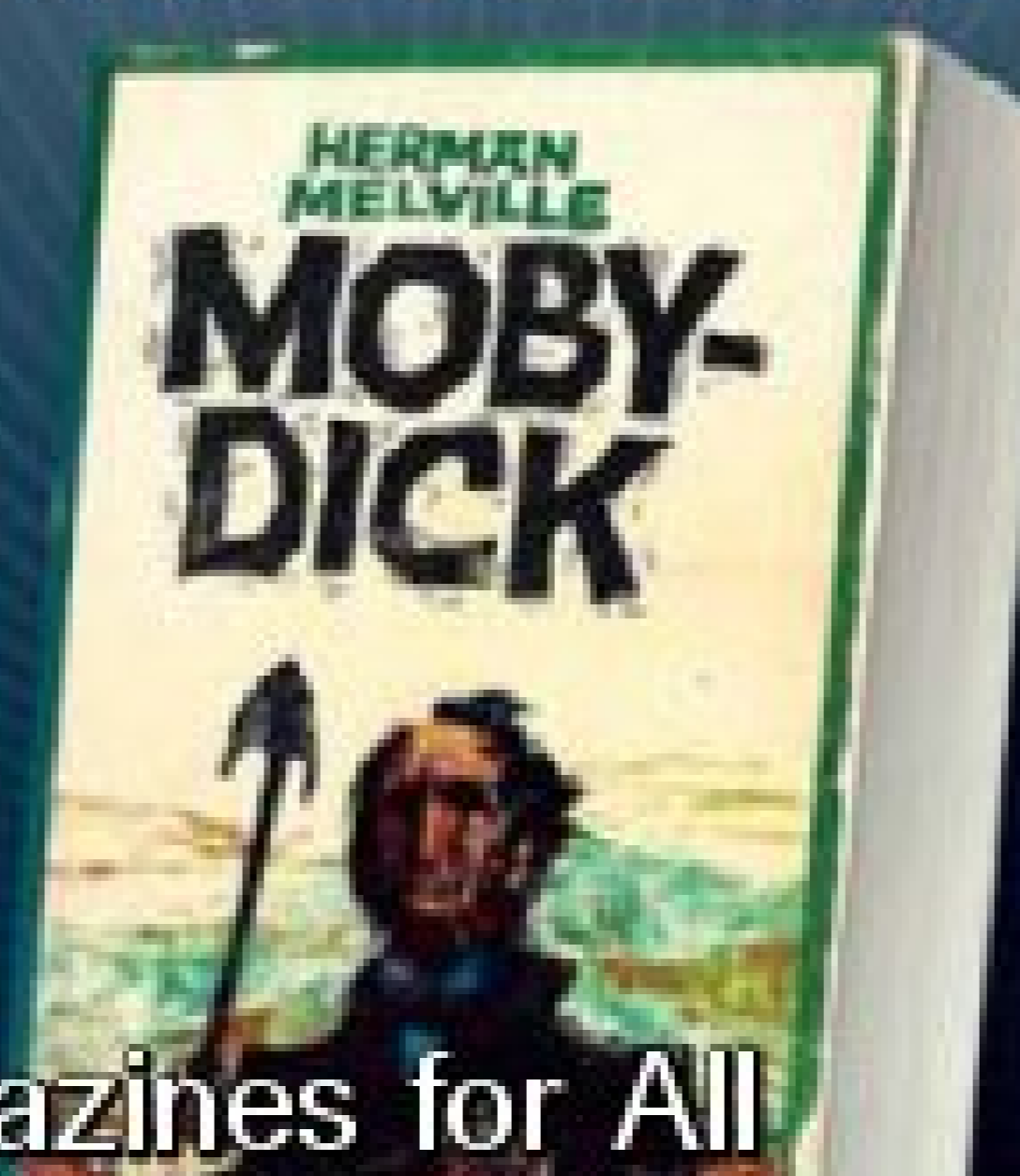


9% OF AMERICAN MEN HAVE RINSED AND REUSED A TOOTHBRUSH AFTER IT HAS FALLEN INTO THE TOILET.

No one in the lower 48 states lives more than **115 miles** from a **McDonald's**.



4% OF AMERICANS BELIEVE THAT **STEPHEN KING**, NOT **HERMAN MELVILLE**, WROTE **MOBY-DICK**.



250+ The number of times *The New York Times* has used the word **hipster** in articles and headlines in the past year.

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The Great Outdoors

Roughing it is for suckers. Discover the Xanadu down under

Paradise lost? Hardly. Cloaked by the oldest living rain forest on the planet, the Daintree Eco Lodge & Spa (daintree-ecolodge.com.au) in northeast Australia offers access to 1,200 square kilometers of natural wonder exactly as God intended. For about \$130 the lodge's private chauffeur will fetch you from nearby Cairns International Airport and wheel you 90 minutes along the vibrant Coral Sea to one of the lodge's 15 tree house-like suites. (A room with a microscreened balcony and private Jacuzzi runs around \$598 a night.) To unwind from your long trek, indulge in a two-hour Signature spa treatment (\$295)—a warm oil massage, total exfoliation

and mud wrap complete with the scents and textures of your choice. To properly fill your stomach, dine at Daintree's Julaymba restaurant, where both the wine list (Australian vintages, naturally) and dishes (e.g., smoked crocodile and wild-hibiscus-scented kangaroo) borrow lots of local flavor. The ambience? A tranquil lagoon that hums with tropical chatter. By day, walk the grounds with an aboriginal guide (\$40) or journey to the Great Barrier Reef (\$200), roughly four hours away by car. And stow this bit of information for a cold mid-January day: Our winter falls during the Australian summer.



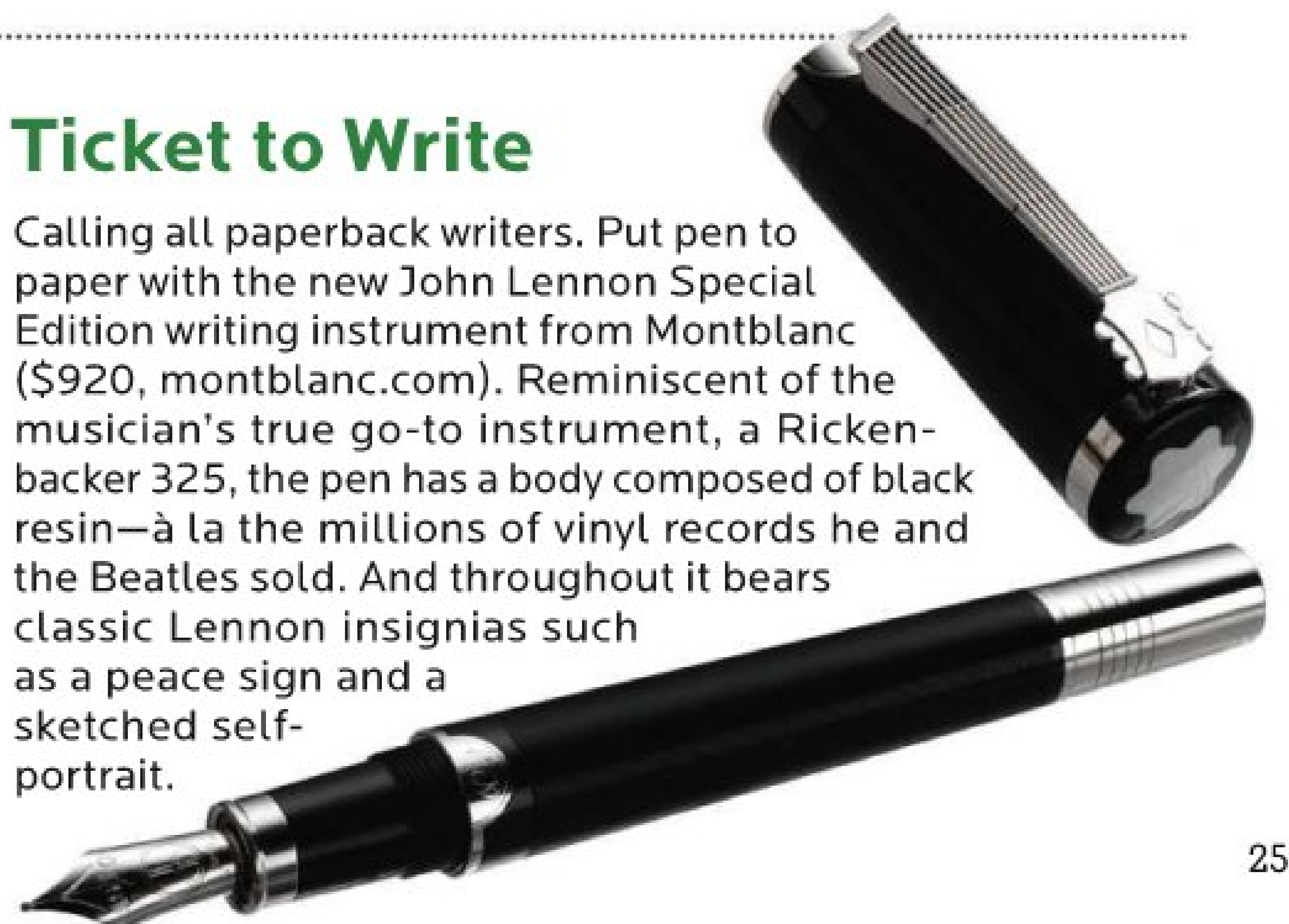
Blades of Glory

Talk about an early influence. Inspired by his Viking heritage, Icelandic craftsman Palli Kristjánsson creates distinctly hefty knives (\$130 to \$10,000, knifemaker.is) that reflect the untamed surroundings of his native land. He fashions holsters from seal and fish skin and constructs handles from reindeer antlers, whale teeth and 12-million-year-old fossilized trees—raw material he collects while hiking in the Icelandic countryside.



Ticket to Write

Calling all paperback writers. Put pen to paper with the new John Lennon Special Edition writing instrument from Montblanc (\$920, montblanc.com). Reminiscent of the musician's true go-to instrument, a Rickenbacker 325, the pen has a body composed of black resin—à la the millions of vinyl records he and the Beatles sold. And throughout it bears classic Lennon insignias such as a peace sign and a sketched self-portrait.



Virtual Vault

Behold a pickpocket's worst nightmare: Dunhill's new biometric wallet (\$825, dunhill.com). Employing Jason Bourne-esque security measures, it opens only by genetic marker—you press on an imprint that recognizes your fingerprint—and sends a warning alarm to your cell via Bluetooth whenever you stray too far from your cash.



Extra Life

Liberate Mario, Luigi and Sonic the Hedgehog from their mothball purgatory. The RetroN 3 gaming system (\$70, hyperkin.com) combines a trio of vintage game platforms (the Nintendo Entertainment System, Super Nintendo and Sega Genesis) into a single console that can play cartridges from each. The original controllers are compatible as well. *Tecmo Bowl, anyone?*

How to Buy a Shark

We're talking about the genuine article—a six-foot-long blacktip reef shark, which stalks the Pacific and Indian oceans. Raising such a sea beast in captivity (a.k.a. your living room) requires an atoll-size floor plan and a flood of scratch. Relatively speaking, the shark itself is a bargain (\$6,000 for a pup); a proper shark pad, however, costs exponentially more. A custom tank from Brooklyn's City Aquarium (cityaquarium.com) starts at \$250,000. Budget another \$5,000 a month for upkeep—City Aquarium makes thrice-weekly house calls to clean the tank and feed the shark fatty marine chow. And clear some space in the basement. A 10,000-gallon enclosure—the suggested starting size—commands 800 square feet just for its mechanical features.



The Sweet Spot

Like Steven Soderbergh and Crock-Pots, liqueurs are best known for their versatility. Take cassis, a black-currant liqueur (\$24, clearcreekdistillery.com). In France they add a splash to a glass of white wine to make kir; we suggest using it to baste a pork roast—great for a holiday meal. For a memorable winter nightcap, sweeten your coffee with Amarula Cream (\$18, amarula.com), a South African liqueur. Or go it alone with a shot of anise sambuca (\$30, averna.it) or a glass of heaven-sent—seriously, it's made by French monks—Chartreuse VEP (\$149, chartreuse.fr). Meanwhile, the walnut-hazelnut Nocello (\$30, toschi.it) is perfect in an Alabama slammer. And even the hippest bartenders can't exist without the ginger *Domaine de Canton* (\$30, domaine-decanton.com) or the elderflower *St-Germain* (\$36, stgermain.fr).

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Industrial Evolution

Welcome to the dawn of the industrial age, home edition. The factory aesthetic has gone residential largely through our interest in city living. Refashioned manufacturing detritus—e.g., a workbench as a coffee table—perfectly complements the exposed brick and ductwork found in converted lofts and other urban dwellings. Ditto for the light fixtures and storage units (lockers, rolling carts, etc.) that once adorned old workshops. While each item is unique, dealers such as Connecticut's Get Back, Inc. (getbackinc.com), New York City's Urban Archaeology (urbanarchaeology.com) and Chicago's Urban Remains (urbanremainschicago.com)—the source for everything displayed here—sell similar salvaged gems. Who knew assembly-line grit could be so homey?

For the wall: a 1930s neon clock (\$2,800) rescued from a Chicago gas station, where it resided during the heyday of the American service station. Roughly 80 years later, it continues to keep perfect time.



For the home office: a Western Electric switchboard operator's swivel chair (\$500)—original woven rattan still intact—and late-19th-century oak drawing table/reading stand (\$575) that adjusts via a faucet-style cast-iron handle and reaches a maximum height of four feet.



For the desk (above): a trio of throwback ashtrays—each of which originated as a sales sample for (left to right) boiler baron Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company (\$150), road-grader pioneer Galion Iron Works (\$175) and engine maker Detroit Diesel (\$250). **For the mantel (right):** an early-20th-century lightbulb display (\$5,600), which hardware stores placed atop their counter-tops or in their storefront windows to show off the beauty and brightness of specific bulbs.



SOME MEN JUST NEED TO BE SLAPPED.



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If you're wearing something that requires you to "tuck" part of your body in to make it work, you probably shouldn't be wearing it. Hit BRUTSlap.com immediately to help you find the error of your ways. Please. For all of us. **BRUTSlap.com**

From the moment I met Bill, on my flight from Tucson to Dallas, I knew he was the perfect man. When most women rattle off a potential mate's must-have qualities, they usually include a decent job, sense of humor, good looks, a tongue with Parkinson's disease. My priorities are always a little different.

"You have no computer and no cell phone—at all?" I asked incredulously.

"Nope," Bill shook his head, smiling.

Bill, it turns out, was a member of the rare species of men known as Homo technophobians. And if he played his cards right with me, he'd soon be Homo erectus.

I moved as close to him as our first-class seats would allow. Bill went on to tell me he was Native American and didn't believe in modern technology. Whoa! A handsome 45-year-old man who didn't have a douchey screen name like machostudd69? A guy who had never heard the words "Your mailbox is full" except when the Sears catalog came? By the time that flight was over, in my mind I was the future Mrs. Dances With Wolves, and I was *this* close to taking out his Little Bighorn right there on the plane.

Why did I get so jazzed at Bill's lack of electronic savvy? The answer is easy: I was fresh out of the craziest relationship of my life, and I was looking for its opposite. My ex, Tommy, was an online playa who used the Net to stimulate his nads. He was the Don Juan of the web, the log-on lothario, the Adonis of AOL.

I never had the feeling Tommy was completely loyal to me. Maybe it was my insecurity, or maybe it was because whenever he heard "You've got mail," he got an erection. In any case, whenever I was with him, I kept one eye on him and the other on his computer. One Saturday morning when Tommy was snoring like an Irishman on March 18, I tiptoed over to his computer and started reading.

There, among a smattering of missives from friends and family, was what I had suspected all along. Endless strings of correspondence with more than a dozen women "friends" who were clearly much more. I mean, I've had lots of friends before, but never once has a "friend" sent me pictures of her snatch. Okay, once, but I immediately deleted



The Hidden CHARMS of the Male LUDDITE

by
Lisa Lampanelli

Barbara Walters from my friends list. But seriously, Tommy's in-box was *full* of—box! And breasts! There were more boobs than the cast of *Jersey Shore*.

Before the advent of computers it used to be if you feared your boyfriend might cheat, you kept him home. Nowadays, that's the worst place he could be. Let me explain: If I'm dating a guy, he usually has quirky looks—more George Costanza than George Clooney. So when he's out, he flirts only with women who are attractive, and Brad Pitt-iful doesn't get far with that type. But online it's a whole different story. Any guy can pretend he still looks like his college rugby photo and suddenly he's the McDreamy of

Match.com. What guy doesn't seem better when you can't smell him?

Don't get me wrong: I'm no prude. Taylor Swift I am not. Flirting is part of life that folks—married or single—can enjoy with no guilt, and checking people out online is not cheating any more than checking people out at the mall is. (Although, if you enjoy masturbating while checking people out, stick to doing it online. Mall security hates that.)

However, banging someone you met online is cheating. If you're in a relationship, turn off the computer and love the one you're with. Remember the grass is always greener when you don't have to hear the sound of her annoying voice.

Tommy's computer protocol was second only to his phone antics. In fact, Tommy may have been the first person to have the Tiger Woods texting plan—even on our dates. And it wasn't as though his texts were work-related. The only "jobs" he was texting about were blow, hand and rim.

Texting on a date, much like exposing your genitals, is inappropriate unless it's a blind date, and by "blind date" I mean the other person is blind. If you're so bored on a date that you find yourself texting, buy yourself a TV dinner and masturbate. I'm not saying you can't peek at your phone to see if someone hotter wants a shot at you, but typing away like a coked-out Lindsay Lohan is just plain rude. The only way your fingers should be working that hard on a date is if your hands are under the table and up my skirt.

I know what you're wondering: Did I marry Bill and live a technology-free life as though we were Amish? No. Bill wasn't just technologically retarded; he was also socially retarded. You'd think a guy without the electronic accoutrements of life would have developed interpersonal skills. But alas, Bill had as many friends in real life as he had on the World Wide Web—none. And he had a personality to match.

In the end, I wound up with a guy who had a computer and a cell phone but who gave me his passwords on our third date. Take your diamonds and flowers and stick them up your twats, bitches. The password is the gift that keeps on giving. And I don't have to live in a tepee.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY TAXALI

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Playmates Prefer

GUYS WHO ARE IN SHAPE

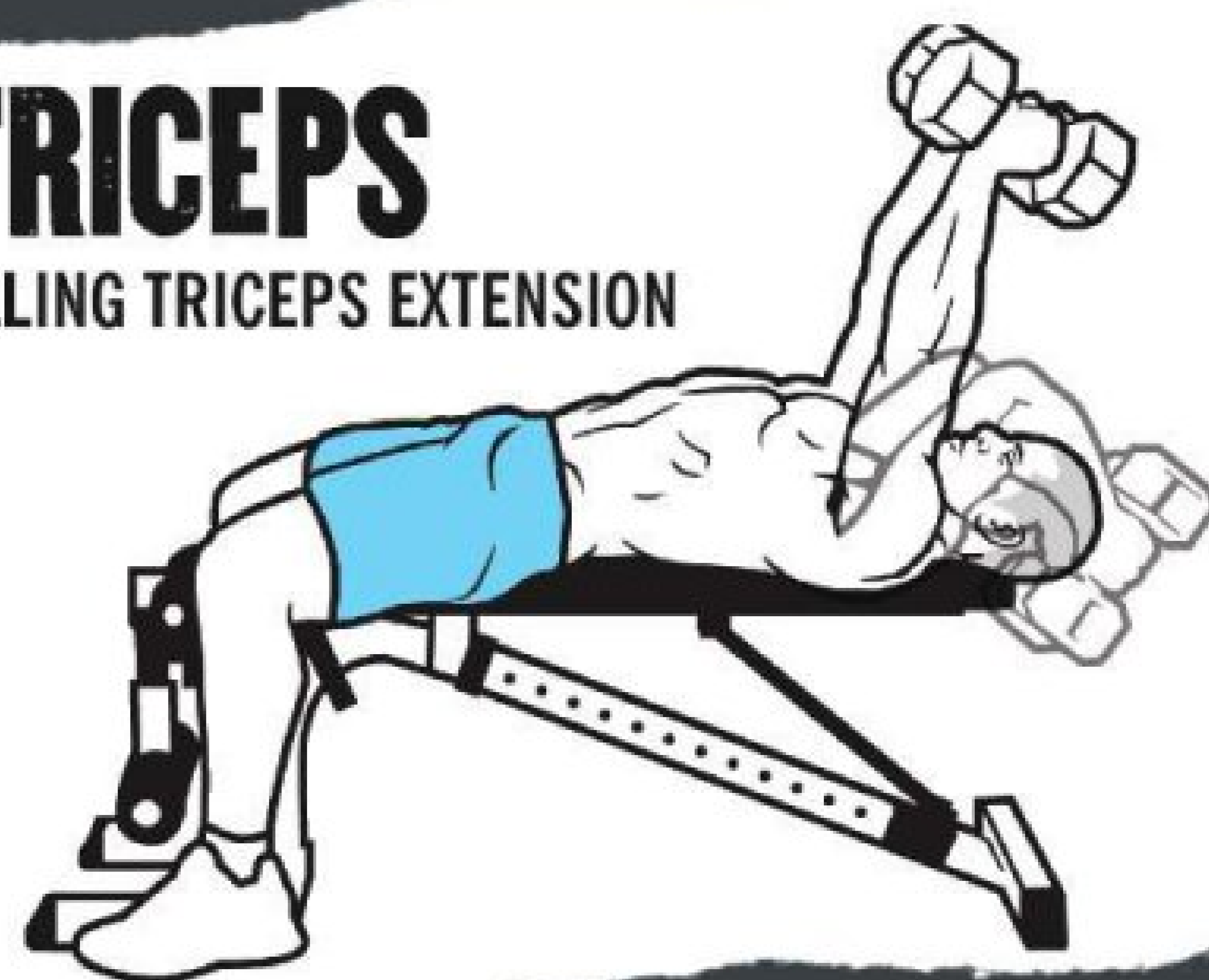
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And you can start by building a body that attracts one. Playmates prefer a man who's in shape, because it projects confidence, drive, and self-respect—if you can take care of yourself, you can take care of her. We polled four gorgeous Playmates to see which body parts they liked best on a man, and then found four of the best exercises to build them up fast. As a bonus, we're going to introduce you to a supplement that helps grow muscle and burn fat, so you'll get even faster results in carving out a body that beautiful women want.



TRICEPS

ROLLING TRICEPS EXTENSION



Hold a dumbbell in each hand and lie back on a bench with your arms locked out above your face. Bend your elbows until the dumbbells touch your shoulders, then "roll" your shoulders back so that your elbows go beside your head and you feel a stretch in your triceps and your back. Reverse the motion by contracting your back and triceps simultaneously to pull your arms forward and lock out your elbows. Perform two to three sets of eight to 12 reps.

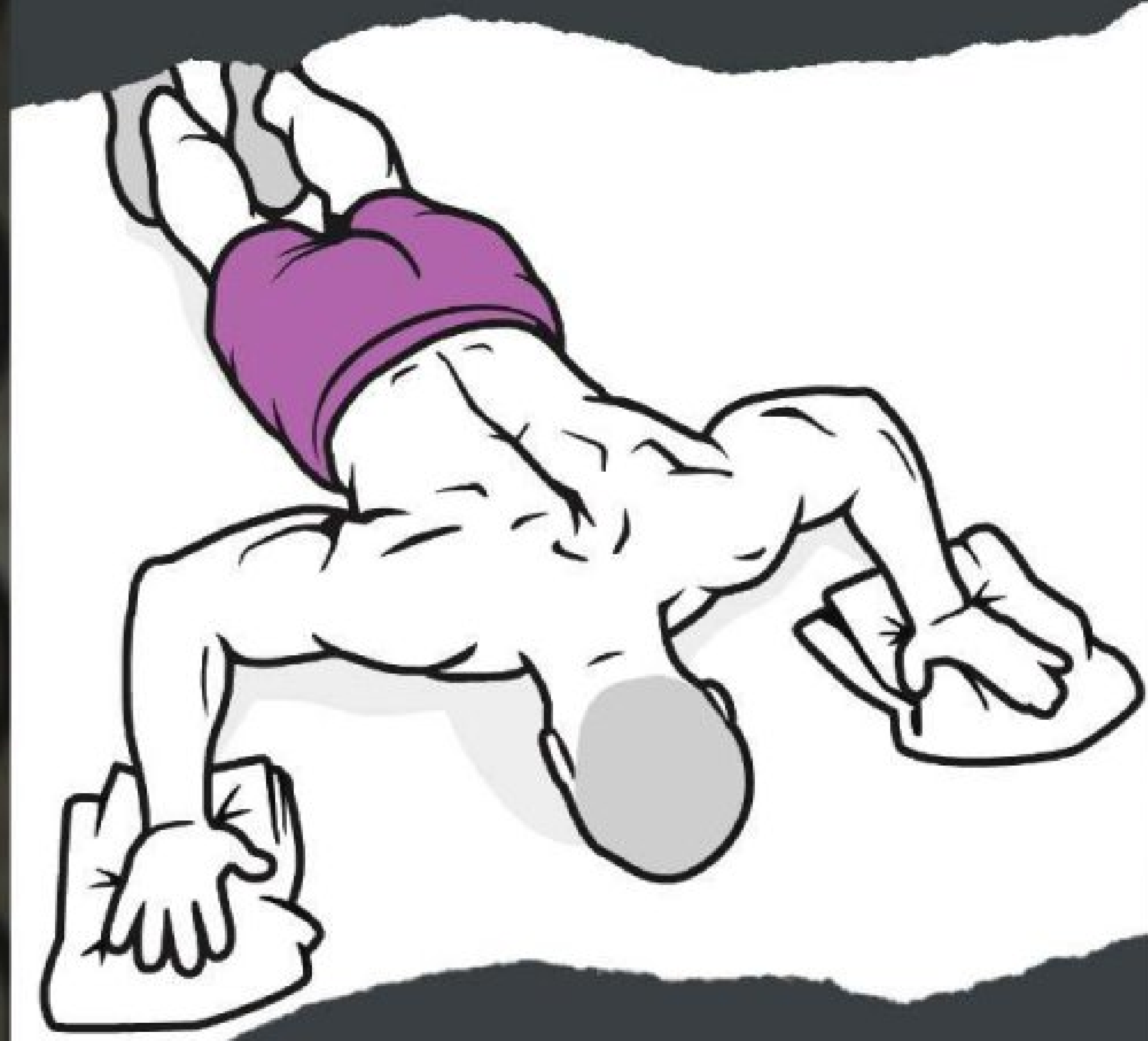
Tip: You can also perform the rolling triceps extension with an EZ-curl bar.

Miss November 2007, Lindsey Wagner on TRICEPS

"I find it so attractive when a guy is playing a sport and he is shooting a puck or taking a shot and you see the cut from his triceps flexing. That is when you know that guy is in shape."



CHEST FLY PUSHUP



Grab a towel in each hand and get into pushup position on a waxed, wooden floor. Begin spreading your arms apart, as if you were opening your arms to hug someone, and lower your chest until it's about an inch above the floor. Bend your elbows as you descend.

Push yourself back up while also pulling your hands together in a fly motion. The instability caused by the slippery floor adds to the challenge. Perform two to four sets of eight to 12 reps.

Tip: If that's too hard, perform the movement with your knees on the floor.

Miss March 2009, Jenn Pershing on CHESTS

"A mans chest shows you that he eats properly and if its lean and defined, you can see the muscles moving when he moves. Super sexy when you are at the pool or beach."



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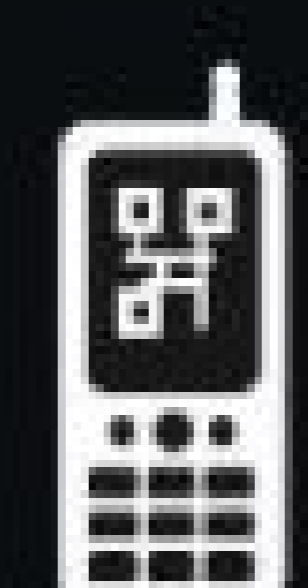
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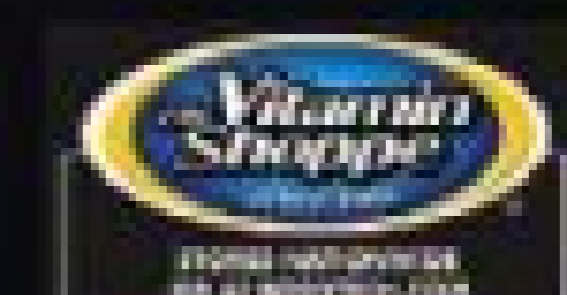
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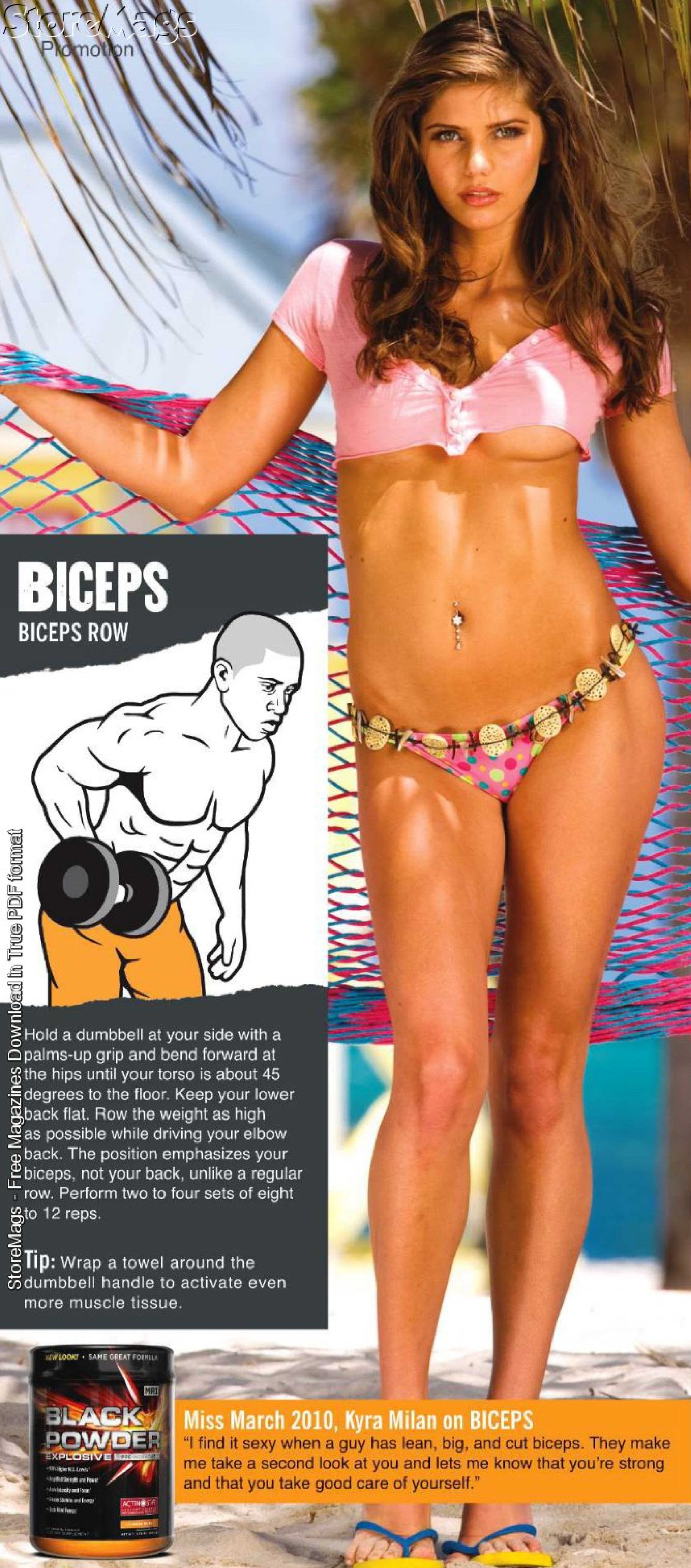


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BICEPS

BICEPS ROW



Hold a dumbbell at your side with a palms-up grip and bend forward at the hips until your torso is about 45 degrees to the floor. Keep your lower back flat. Row the weight as high as possible while driving your elbow back. The position emphasizes your biceps, not your back, unlike a regular row. Perform two to four sets of eight to 12 reps.

Tip: Wrap a towel around the dumbbell handle to activate even more muscle tissue.



Miss March 2010, Kyra Milan on BICEPS

"I find it sexy when a guy has lean, big, and cut biceps. They make me take a second look at you and lets me know that you're strong and that you take good care of yourself."

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The first time I ever got really turned on giving a blow job I was 22, on a date with a man I barely knew but liked a lot. It was night, in a parking lot after a Bad Brains show, and he leaned against the hood of my car while I got on my knees. We could have been strangers—we almost were—and somehow the darkness, the anonymity of the situation liberated me from worrying about doing something wrong or feeling self-conscious. I allowed myself

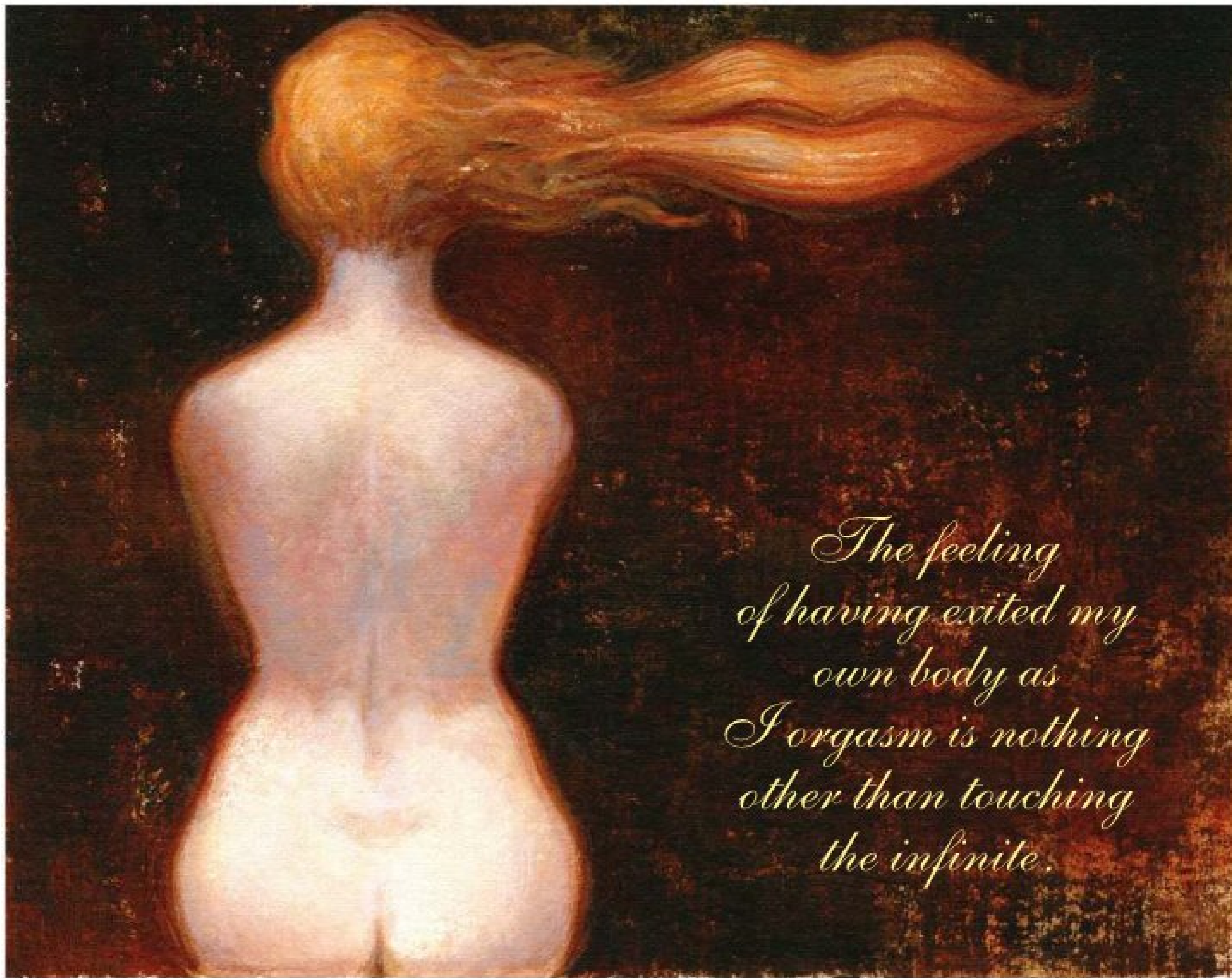
to sink deep into the fantasy of what it must feel like for him—the pressure, the warmth, the wetness. All of a sudden the only thing in the world was that cock and my connection to it.

Before that night I had been wary of the blow job, thought of it as something you “gave” someone, like a gift. Or, occasionally, as something that had to be done as a duty. It was just that I was unsure of cock when I got up close to one; it contained unreadable male mysteries. I might hurt it or maybe just do nothing right. Maybe I looked ridiculous. I didn’t really know what parts of it wanted to be touched, or how. It seemed to be its own creature, almost uncannily separate from the man who owned it. Perhaps simpleminded but authoritarian and judgmental.

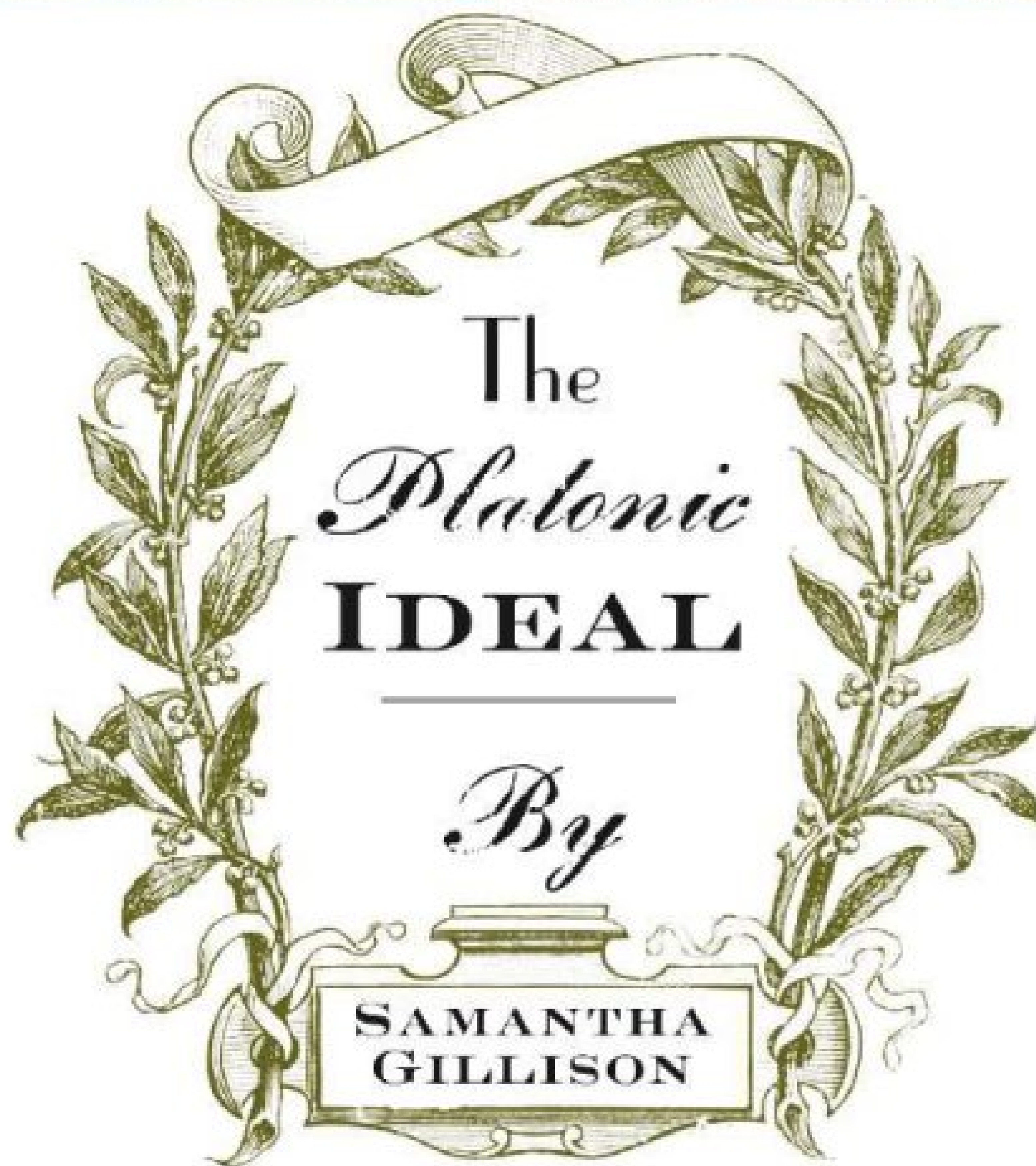
Many of my friends, or at least the ones who talked about fellatio, often described it as something distasteful or as a reward to bestow or even a means of controlling a man. My friends talked about feeling uncomfortable, being alone with a part of your boyfriend that was him but was not him. I understood; there could be something lonely about the act, something that made you feel disconnected from your partner. It was easy to imagine you were just an appendage to masturbation.

But starting that night in the parking lot I began to understand the profound, dirty pleasure of giving blow jobs. It isn’t just that I discovered how much I like being in control, how much I like giving the kind of pleasure that makes someone helpless and how intoxicating it is to be on the receiving end of hurricane-levels of desire. But, that night, it was also the revelation of the particular male smell you get up close with a cock and balls that turned me on in ways that are almost beyond description. It was like being inside sex.

Plato said that human beings can only truly access the Divine through sexual ecstasy, Eros. This has always made so much sense



*The feeling
of having exited my
own body as
I orgasm is nothing
other than touching
the infinite.*



to me. When else are humans as rapt by feeling as when they come and when they touch God? That feeling of connection to the universal, the feeling of having exited my own body as I orgasm is nothing other than touching the infinite.

Yet I have never been able to get close to that Platonic, out-of-my-mind kind of sexual ecstasy unless I can satisfy a primal hunger: Whether in fantasy or reality, I need a connection to another equally raunchy human being. It has always been the case with me, since I was a teenager, that I have to see someone else’s horniness in order to feel horny. What I happily realized on my knees in the parking lot is that an erect cock in my face is among the most blatant ways of experiencing the realness of someone else’s desire I’d ever encountered. And every time, it spurs a response in me, hot and dark as if I am doing something transgressive in the best possible way.

But then there was the time I blew a friend of mine, when I discovered yet a new, more intense level of pleasure waiting for me in the blow job. My friend and I had known each other for years but had never been sexual until one night we wound up drunk, naked in his bed, mumbling about what a bad idea it was. All the awkwardness of being with a new

person was made excruciating by the self-consciousness that I really knew this man—his quirks and peeves—the girls he found attractive, the complex relationship he had with his family and his career. But then a supple communication started between me and his penis as I began to suck, a communication beyond words and much deeper than any we had ever had before.

His cock felt so sexy in my mouth, hard and hot and aching with desire. But I could also feel how much of this man was being revealed to me: his sexuality, his vulnerability, his musky smell.

Soon the connection started to feel like a merging, as though I was experiencing that blow job too. It felt crazy, off-the-charts raunchy, to fantasize that I was not only giving head but getting it. All of a sudden I was overwhelmed by pure animal pleasure. I was so turned on that I came.

Since that night’s discovery I always revel in the double fantasy of giving and receiving. And I honor the wisdom of the old Greek philosophers who pointed out that although the Divine is inscrutable, it is easy to find while sucking on a dick.



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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My father cheated, my friends cheat, and I am ashamed to say I have cheated. I do not want to cheat anymore. Is there a medical procedure to curb my appetites? Would having a testicle removed do anything?—D.S., San Diego, California

Don't remove anything. Research suggests genetics plays a role in men cheating, but it's nothing a concept known as free will can't overcome. In 2008 scientists at the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm found men with one or two copies of a specific gene variant, or allele, had up to twice the risk of experiencing marital dysfunction, including a recent threat of divorce, compared with men carrying no copies. However, about 15 percent of that group of naturally devoted husbands also reported discord, so environmental factors such as religious beliefs and family background certainly play a role. But let's say the research leads to a pill or shot to suppress the adultery instinct. As the novelist Walter Kirn has observed, "The problem with a drug that makes us be good is that being good, when it comes naturally, isn't that big an achievement, morally speaking." In other words, no one admires a eunuch for his self-control. Further, Kirn predicts men "most in need of a monogamy injection would be the least inclined to have one," and that women could "lock down" partners by insisting on an injection before they agree to sex. Even if you could take a pill, he notes, you'd still feel bad—men feel regret when we stray but also when we don't because of all the other women we could be having sex with but aren't.

Last year I didn't serve champagne at our New Year's Eve party because some nitwit who will go unnamed forgot to put it in the refrigerator to chill. We discovered this at 11:30 P.M. I'll be more vigilant this year, but could anything have been done?—J.M., Portland, Oregon

Yes. Place the bottle in an ice bucket or plastic container. Add a layer of ice to the bottom and sprinkle in a few tablespoons of salt. Layer ice and salt until you reach the neck, then add water until it too reaches the neck. Because saltwater freezes at a much lower temperature than freshwater, the bottle should chill in about 10 minutes. This isn't ideal, however, as some feel that "rapid chill" can affect flavor; if you can, allow for 30 to 45 minutes to chill a bottle in ice water. We can also report that French scientists last year calculated the optimal way to pour champagne to preserve the most bubbles. Writing in the Journal of Agricultural and Food Chemistry, researchers found that pouring the bubbly down the

side of an angled glass (the beer-like way of serving) preserved as many as twice the bubbles as pouring it straight into the glass. They also found the warmer the champagne, the more bubbles are lost during the pour. Ideally, they concluded, champagne should be chilled to 39 degrees Fahrenheit.

My wife and I have been trying to have anal intercourse for a few years, without



TINA BERNING

I enjoy nothing more than watching a beautiful woman when she's sound asleep. Actually, what I enjoy more is fondling a woman while she's asleep. The thrill of her lying unconscious with my hands all over her is incredible. This can't be normal. Is there a name for this desire?—M.R., Acworth, Georgia

It's known as somnophilia, sleepysex or sleeping princess syndrome. Your interest is unusual, as a woman's erotic feedback accounts for as much as 99 percent of a typical guy's arousal. Most men who grope a sleeping girlfriend or wife do so with the idea she might wake up horny; depending on the hour, this response occurs far less often than anticipated. Somnophilia is abnormal (and immoral and illegal) only if your partner is actually unconscious rather than playing along. Some somnophilia sites focus on particular scenarios: Sleeping Tushy provides video of anilingus performed on nonresponsive actors, another site features videos that appear to have been shot in the dark, and another is devoted to men simply carrying limp women, à la Creature From the Black Lagoon.

success. We always use lots of lube. We start with rubbing and touching and move to inserting a finger and small toys. My wife enjoys all this. However, when we try to advance to larger toys she feels discomfort, and it takes a long time before she is willing to try again. Is there anything we can use to desensitize the anus?—S.D., Tucson, Arizona

That's the last thing you want to do. "Numbing creams and lotions not only keep you from feeling pleasure, they can mask pain that could be a sign of problems," warns Tristan Taormino, author of The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women. You are pursuing the right strategy here, taking it slow from finger to toy, but Taormino suggests spending more time with smaller toys, using lubes designed for anal play (she recommends Astroglide gel) and continuing to be patient. If your goal is to have anal intercourse, the toys don't have to be that large (no offense). It also sounds as though your wife may need more massaging and foreplay—the more relaxed and turned on a woman is, the easier penetration will be. Finally, we suggest she play with your ass, including penetrating it, which will give you a better feel (literally) for speed and limits when you're in the driver's seat.

In October a reader said his girlfriend had started to "lovingly" grab his crotch through his clothes. I have a similar problem: My girlfriend stares at other men's crotches. I confronted her, but she acted dumbfounded. She works in a place where all the guys wear dress pants. I know from experience that if you look at a man's crotch when he's in slacks you can sometimes see the outline of his penis, including the head and how long it hangs. Is this normal behavior for women?—M.T., Macon, Georgia

While we find it hard to believe your girlfriend is transfixed by other men's genitals, if she looks in a certain direction below a horizontal plane and a man in tight slacks happens to be standing there, what is her crime? Curiosity? Lust? Looking is not touching, sucking or fucking. We suggest you get over this fast before she realizes you're the jealous type. You may also consider the effect of cleavage and camel toes that wander into your field of vision. Should she be worried about that?

Can you wear socks with sandals?—L.S., Camarillo, California

If you need socks, wear shoes. Nevertheless, we are seeing more of this suspect combination,

and even the ancient Romans appear to have worn the two together, based on fibers embedded in the nail of a 2,000-year-old sandal discovered last year by British archaeologists. There may not be a connection, but the Roman empire is no longer around.

In October a reader asked if a person can legally warn oncoming drivers of a speed trap. I have been ticketed twice for flashing my lights. I successfully fought both tickets by arguing "failure to dim" is applicable only during the hours of dusk to dawn or during a blinding snowstorm or rainstorm.—C.J., Huntsville, Alabama
Works for us.

If I see police staking out buildings in a high-crime area, I don't walk down the street with a placard warning burglars. Why didn't you tell the reader to let speeders fend for themselves?—J.P., New Orleans, Louisiana

If burglars saw your sign and went home, wouldn't you be preventing crime?

What is the best strategy to make a car last 200,000 or even 300,000 miles?—L.K., Tampa, Florida

How about 2.8 million? That's what Irv Gordon of Long Island has put on his Volvo P1800 since he bought it new in 1966. He recommends meticulously following the maintenance schedule in the owner's manual. "It was written by the engineers who built the car," he has said. "Who knows better than they do?" He added, "Keeping a quality car on the road for a long time is no great secret but rather an attitude. I treat the car with respect not only when I am driving it but when it has taken me where I want to go." Gordon changes the oil every 3,000 to 3,500 miles, reasoning that "clean oil seems to be the key to longevity," though he pays close attention to every part of the car. "Most people wind up with a car they grow to hate or disrespect and treat like a \$20,000 to \$50,000 piece of junk. They beat on it, slam the doors, rarely if ever clean the car and eat and smoke in the car till it smells like an old movie theater. They decide not to spend any money to service it properly, to the point the car begins to break down and the owner feels it is the car's fault." Then, he says, people go back into debt to repeat the cycle.

A reader wrote in October because he had a hard time overcoming his shyness with women. One strategy that helped me is salsa lessons. I started in a beginner class, where everyone was self-conscious. Now I can walk up to any woman in a salsa club, ask her to dance, get her to dance sexy with me, have her thank me and move on to the next woman.—E.C., Los Angeles, California

A good suggestion. Any activity that lets you meet single women with whom you share an interest gives you an easy method to break the ice. If you take up salsa, a few tips: Show confidence, but don't be a show-off. Make eye contact with your partner, not with the floor. Stock up on breath mints. Because of its sensuality, salsa

can be a challenge for couples; as one dancer observes, "If you take a break from salsa and come back in a year's time, you will see the same people but different couples."

I too am shy. I've found if I'm concentrating only on a woman's measurements, it shows. When I am interested in who she is, what she's done, where she's headed, we have an amazing conversation and I often find out later it could have gone further had I taken a moment to remember why men and women talk at all. Lesson learned. So thank you, PLAYBOY, for helping me step up my game.—R.W., Hampton, Virginia
That's all you.

When my daughter got married, I paid for the reception, which cost \$40,000. I am divorced. Was it appropriate for my ex-wife's boyfriend to wear a tuxedo?—P.H., New York, New York

If he wasn't a groomsman, it was gauche. But forget about it. Why give him or your ex the satisfaction?

I chilled a ton of beer for a party. Now I have a case taking up space in the fridge. Will storing it back at room temp skunk it? My wife needs the space for baby bottles.—P.M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*A baby has to eat. Moving chilled beer to room temperature won't skunk it; that happens with exposure to light. Specifically, light-sensitive molecules in the hops degrade and react with sulfur-rich proteins to produce what chemists call "skunky thiol," so named because it's similar to the compound found in skunk glands. This "light-struck flavor" requires only a few parts of thiol per trillion, which is why most beer is bottled in brown or green glass. In his book *Tasting Beer*, Randy Mosher notes that "one or two trips in and out of a fridge won't kill a beer, but steady temperatures are always preferred over wild swings." He suggests storing beer at 55 to 65 degrees, which means it belongs in the basement.*

My wife thinks I'm selfish for not answering our home phone even though it is always for her. Is she right?—A.B., Deerfield, Illinois

You still have a home phone?

In October the Advisor discussed the symmetry of muscle development in weight training. In my 30 years in sports medicine I've never seen anyone who was, without weight training, symmetrical. Even Playmates, although beautiful in every way, are not the same size right to left. I recommend a method by which maximum weight is determined by the extremity with the least strength. For example, if your left biceps is not as large or as strong as your right, do 10 repetitions of curls with your left arm with as much weight as you can properly lift. Then lift the same weight with your right biceps with the same number of repetitions even if you could do

more. Apply this to every exercise you do. Training like this three times a week for three months will result in equal strength and size.—Dr. John Kauzlarich, Largo, Florida

Thanks for the tips, but we see no need to squash fantasies about Playmate perfection.

Three weeks ago I saw my roommate's girlfriend at a party. We had a few drinks and shared a taxi back to my place. My roommate wasn't home, so we went inside for a few more drinks and ended up sharing grievances and having sex. We've had sex a few times since. Should I tell him?—D.J., Miami, Florida

If you plan to continue having sex, she should tell him. Ideally you will have moved out first.

Everyone talks about getting an earpiece or a Bluetooth for his or her cell phone to avoid getting brain cancer. I'm a 23-year-old professional who carries two phones in the front pockets of my pants. Should I be worried about testicular cancer?—J.H., Kansas City, Missouri

Research at the Cleveland Clinic and elsewhere suggests prolonged exposure of the testicles to a cell phone kept in a front pocket or on a belt clip in talk mode may damage sperm cells, leading to decreased fertility. Cell damage can also potentially lead to tumors. But we'd be much less worried about cancer than about your fashion sense.

I read years ago that swallowing semen helps women prevent sore throats. At least I think I read it, though I may have dreamed it. Am I remembering this correctly?—R.S., Evansville, Indiana

Sounds like a dream. The only thing swallowing semen prevents is pregnancy.

You published a letter in October from a man who wants his wife to "complete" her blow jobs rather than use her hand to finish. Condoms are an option, but I suggest he stock up on flavored lube, preferably one designed for oral sex such as Good Head, which comes in cinnamon, mint, passion fruit, strawberry and wild cherry. Trust me, it works—my wife has been giving me complete blow jobs three or four times a week since we first tried it.—D.C., Gold Canyon, Arizona

Thanks for sharing. Why are we suddenly fantasizing about Carmen Miranda?

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. Listen to the Advisor each week on Sirius/XM 99.



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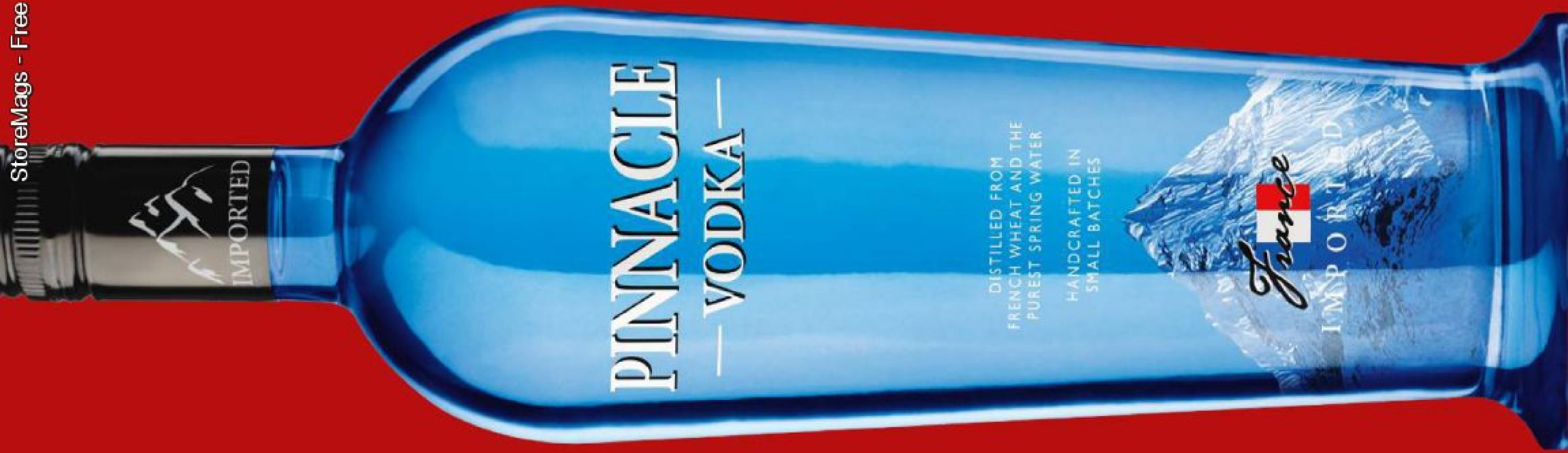
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FRANK GEHRY

A candid conversation with the world's most important architect about why people love good design, why they fear it and how The Simpsons got it wrong

When Philip Johnson, who has been called the godfather of contemporary architecture, first entered the just-completed Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain, he wept. It wasn't the first time Frank Gehry, the building's architect, inspired emotions rarely caused by an edifice. Johnson is just one of many architects and critics who have crowned Gehry the most important architect in the world.

Gehry's hauntingly beautiful, completely original buildings have redefined architecture and transformed cities. Some are made with common materials such as chain-link fences and corrugated metal, on one hand, and on the other, some with sheets of titanium, curving like ocean waves. Like no other architect since Frank Lloyd Wright, Gehry transcends the often-rarefied field to become a celebrity. He hangs out with friends such as Brad Pitt and Bono, for whom he has envisioned pop-up stores for Product Red, a charity that uses its profits to fight AIDS in Africa.

Recently *Vanity Fair* magazine asked 52 of the world's reigning architects and critics to pick the greatest work of architecture built since 1980. The winner by a landslide was Gehry's Guggenheim Museum Bilbao, called by the late *New York Times* architecture critic Herbert Muschamp "the reincarnation of Marilyn Monroe." "Bilbao is truly a signal moment in the architectural

culture," said the Pulitzer Prize-winning critic Paul Goldberger. "The building blazed new trails and became an extraordinary phenomenon. It was one of those rare moments when critics, academics and the general public were all completely united about something." Other famous Gehry buildings include Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, the Jay Pritzker Pavilion in Chicago's Millennium Park, the Experience Music Project museum in Seattle and the magnificent "Dancing House" in Prague. The accolades continue to pour in and Gehry has been given every major award an architect can win. For *PLAYBOY*'s 50th anniversary issue Gehry created the ultimate bachelor pad. A stark contrast to what was the traditional bachelor pad—described by *The New York Times* as "a studio with a duct-taped beanbag chair and a beer-can sculpture"—Gehry's was modern and deconstructivist, with a ceiling over the bed that was a glass-bottom swimming pool.

Gehry, born in Toronto and educated at the University of Southern California's School of Architecture, is currently working on an arts center at Ground Zero in New York City and a new Guggenheim in Abu Dhabi. Other commissions include buildings in Biloxi, Mississippi, Las Vegas and Basel, Switzerland. Though 81, Gehry travels nonstop, jet-setting between his Los Angeles home and construction or potential construction sites throughout the world. Between

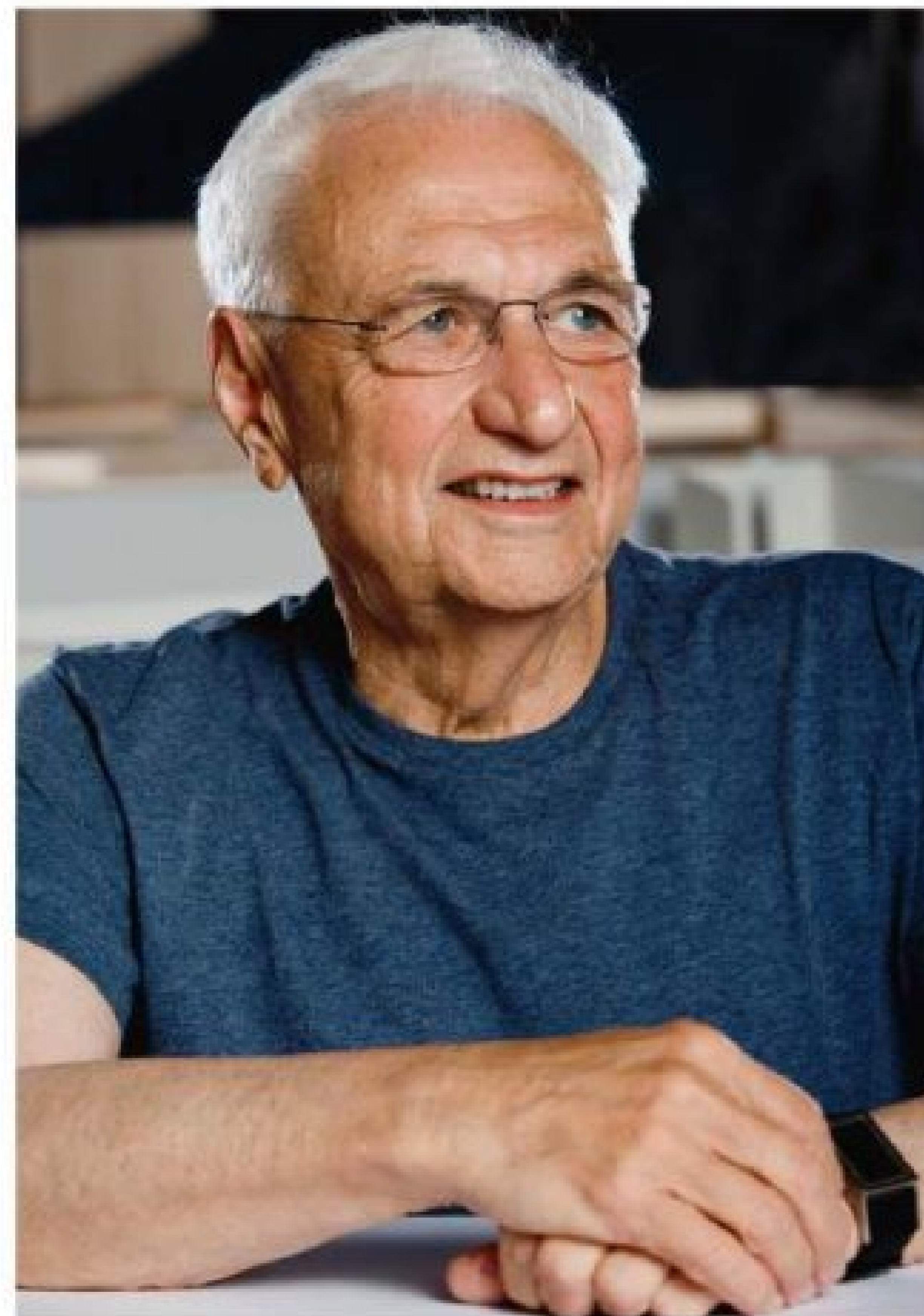
trips, the architect sat down with Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, who has interviewed John Lennon, Fareed Zakaria and Betty Friedan, among others, for us. Sheff reports: "Gehry's firm is located in a former BMW factory that looks like a cross between Epcot Center, a Silicon Valley technology laboratory and a preschool, with rooms crowded with construction materials (building blocks, sheets of metal) and models of buildings from miniature to room size. In *Sketches of Frank Gehry*, a documentary about the architect by Gehry's friend Sydney Pollack, former Guggenheim director Thomas Krens remarks on Gehry's big ego, but in our conversation the architect was surprisingly modest and self-deprecating. He also had a wry sense of humor. Before we began, he said he'd prepared for our interview by reading one I'd conducted in the past—with Jack Nicholson. 'Mostly Nicholson talked about his sex life,' Gehry said. 'I don't want to disappoint you, but I have no sex life.' It turned out fine, as at one point he noted that architecture is all about erections."

PLAYBOY: It's not often that an architect is the subject of a *Playboy Interview*. Does this make you feel like a celebrity?

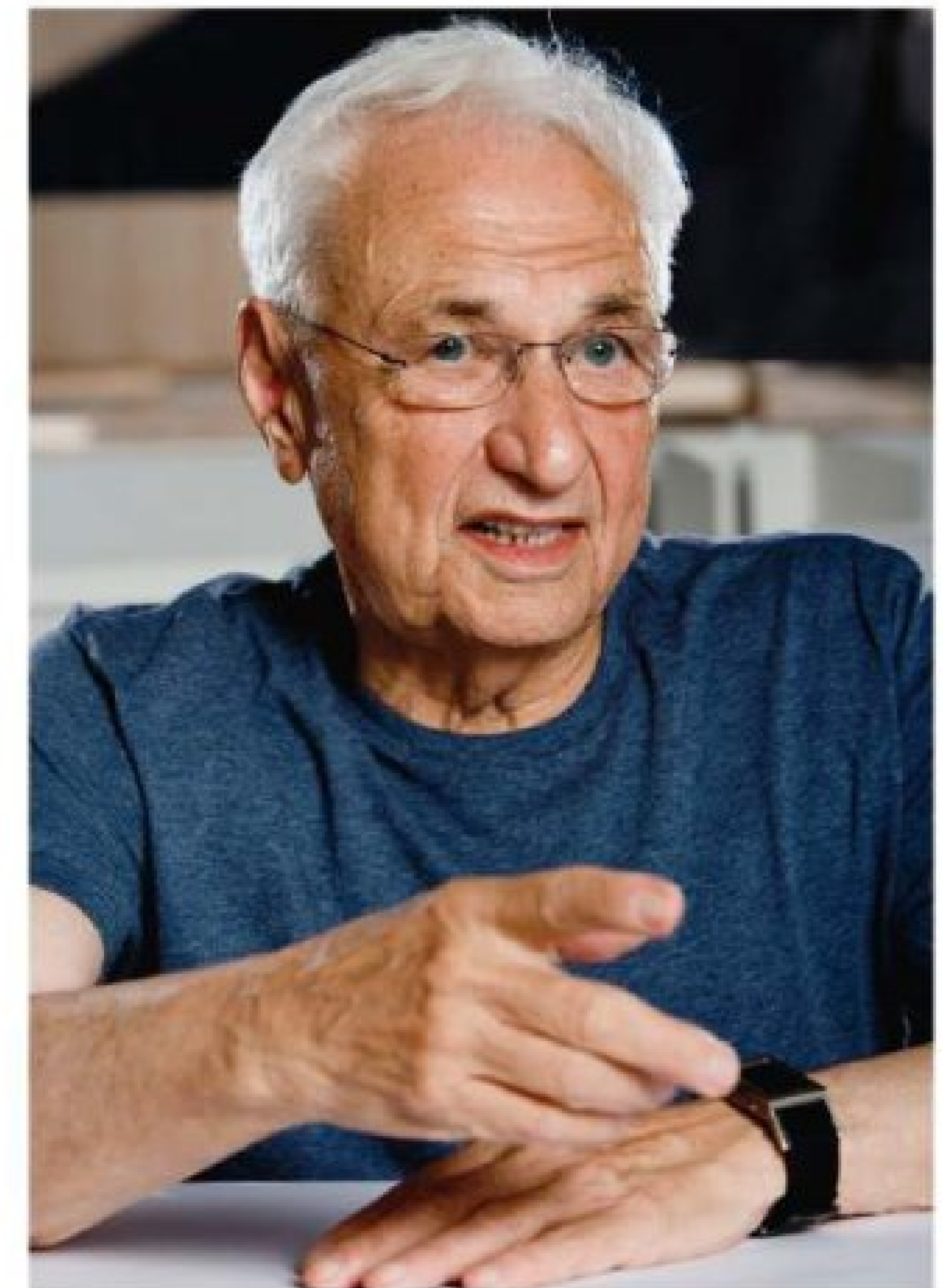
GEHRY: I'm of two minds about doing any interviews these days. It seems a lot of the world is out to play gotcha



"I hate the celebrity architect thing. I just do my work. The press comes up with this stuff and it sticks. I hate the word 'starchitect.' Stuff like that comes from mean-spirited, untalented journalists. It's demeaning."



"Ninety-eight percent of buildings are boxes. We live and work in boxes. Most of what's around us is banal. We live with it. Then when somebody does something different, the push-back is amazing. At first it's new and scary."



"I think people care. If not, why do so many people spend money going on vacations to see architecture? They go to the Parthenon, to Chartres, to the Sydney Opera House. There's something that compels them."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

FRANK GEHRY'S GREATEST HITS

Five creations worth a visit

with me. I guess they always go after people these days. It's sport. Can you imagine being Brad Pitt?

PLAYBOY: As the world's most celebrated architect, wouldn't you expect to be the target of the press and critics?

GEHRY: The thing is, I hate the celebrity architect thing. I just do my work. The press comes up with this stuff and it sticks. I hate the word *starchitect*. Stuff like that comes from mean-spirited, untalented journalists. It's demeaning.

PLAYBOY: And yet ever since Frank Lloyd Wright, a few architects—such as you, Philip Johnson, Rem Koolhaas and a few others—have become as well known.

GEHRY: It's derisive, and once it's said, it sticks. I get introduced all the time, "Here's starchitect Frank Gehry...." My reaction: "What the fuck are you talking about?"

PLAYBOY: From your prominent position, whether as starchitect or architect, how would you sum up the state of architecture in America?

GEHRY: Ninety percent of the buildings we live in and around aren't architecture. No, that's not right—98 percent.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean they aren't architecture?

GEHRY: Ninety-eight percent are boxes, which tells me that a lot of people are in denial. We live and work in boxes. People don't even notice that. Most of what's around us is banal. We live with it. We accept it as inevitable. People say, "This is the world the way it is, and don't bother me." Then when somebody does something different, real architecture, the push-back is amazing. People resist it. At first it's new and scary.

PLAYBOY: Don't your buildings prove the opposite, that people embrace the radically different?

GEHRY: After they're built. Every time, the resistance is enormous. When initially I met with the clients in Bilbao—the people who represented the city—they asked for the Sydney Opera House. That

is, they wanted something that would define Bilbao in the way the Opera House defines Sydney. In my own way I delivered what they asked for. I presented the museum in model form and they loved it and pushed the button to go forward and build it. Immediately there was a vigil in the streets. Steelworkers, dockworkers, other union people and many others all against me created a phalanx with candles. I had to walk through them to go to the formal presentation of the model. There was a threat in the newspaper, "Kill the American architect." I was told not to worry, but believe me, through all the public presentations I stood next to the Basque president. I thought, They're not going to shoot him.

PLAYBOY: What was their point? Why were they holding a vigil?

GEHRY: They didn't want it built. They hated it. They were appalled. They didn't understand it. They didn't want the change it represented. Now that it's built they run over and want their

pictures taken with me. "Señor Gehry, Señor Gehry...!" I should live there. It's a love-in, though they'd probably get tired of me. Before, however, they reacted as if I was taking their city away.

PLAYBOY: Why were people threatened? According to many architects and critics, the Bilbao is the best modern building in the world.

GEHRY: Generally people are afraid. They pretend they aren't; it's part of the denial. We're all part of it. As much as we pretend otherwise, we want what's comfortable, and we're afraid of the different. We're afraid of change. It happened in Los Angeles, too, when the first models of Disney Hall were shown. You should have heard the outcry from the public, critics and press. It was called "broken crockery," "outlandish" and *blah blah blah*. Of course now the feeling is different. The building has helped the Los Angeles Philharmonic, which is one of the few orchestras anywhere that's in the black. The management of the Philharmonic credits a lot of it to the building. But at first people saw the models and drawings and were horrified. It's happened over and over again.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel driving through virtually any city or suburb almost anywhere in America—and increasingly in the world—and passing identical strip malls, condominium complexes, apartments, chain stores, McMansions, big-box stores and tract houses?

GEHRY: "Little boxes on the hillside, little boxes made of ticky-tacky." There's the old song about it. It's a metaphor for what we're being told: "Just stay in the box, kid, don't muddy the water." Parents say it to their kids. Teachers say it. Schools do. And so people become immune to the sameness. I'm in denial just like everybody else. It's so common it's accepted. We can't imagine it any other way. It's dehumanizing, and we don't even notice it. You see it in Korea, you see it in Russia, you see it

THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM IN BILBAO, SPAIN.

THE "DANCING HOUSE" IN PRAGUE.



in China, you see it in India, you see it in Japan.

PLAYBOY: Globalized bad taste?

GEHRY: Globalized *no* taste. It's terrible, and each of those cultures comes with a history of beauty, whether Korea, Russia, China, India or Japan. Everywhere, including America, at least a little bit.

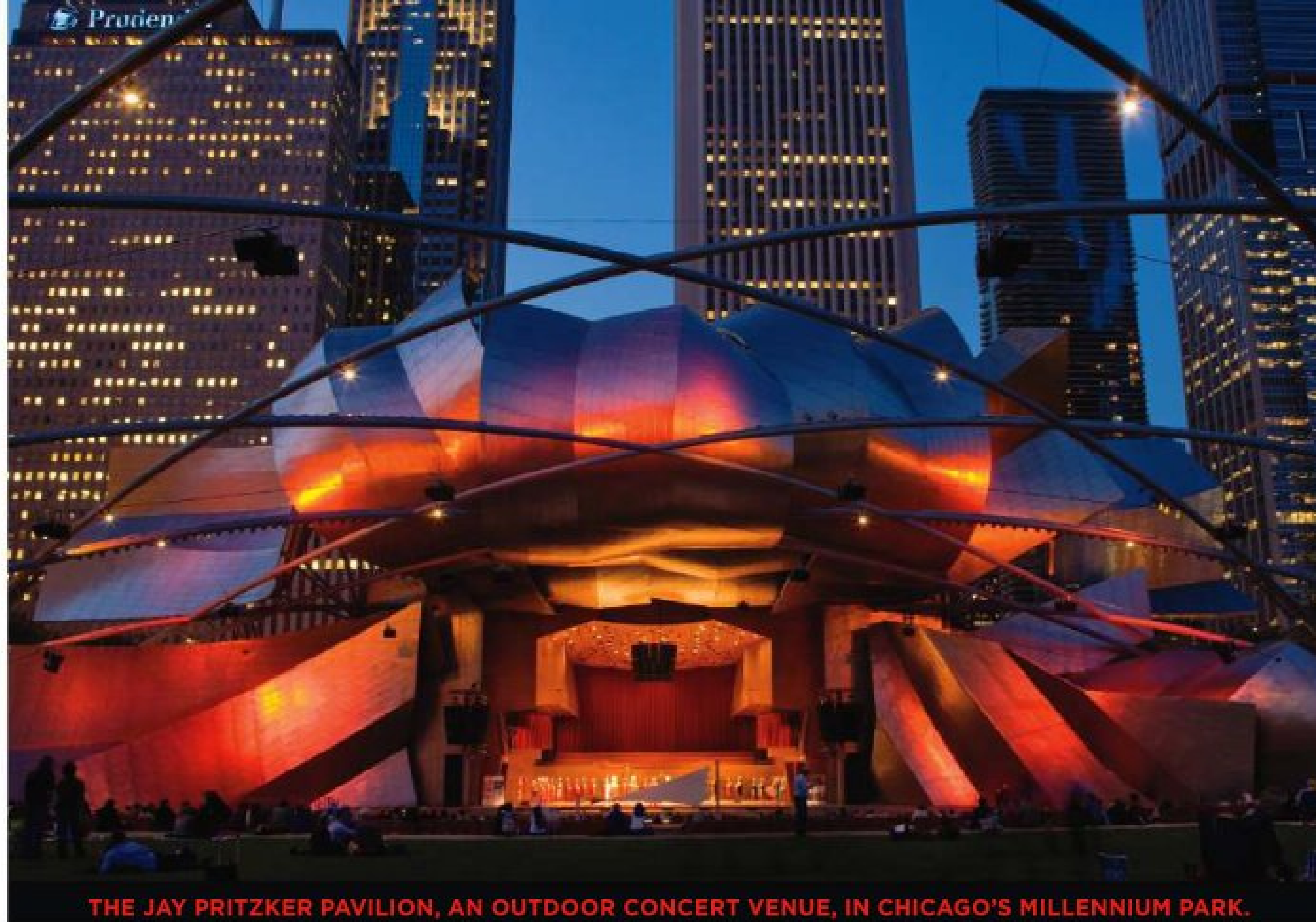
PLAYBOY: But does the sameness come down to no taste or to economics? That is, isn't it simply cheaper to build cookie-cutter buildings and a mass-produced monoculture than distinctive offices, stores, homes and other structures?

GEHRY: I think it has more to do with comfort. You can make the economics work if you want. But in Tokyo, London or Los Angeles people go into McDonald's and the restaurants are identical and people are comfortable. It's unthreatening. They know it, and we like what we know. Look around this room. [*indicates his office, a clutter of drawings, models, stacks of papers, books and photographs*] I've got all my tchotchkes. They make me feel good. It's messy, but it's a controlled mess—my mess. I know where everything is.

PLAYBOY: Sameness may be about comfort, but could it also be that people don't notice or don't care about architecture and design?

GEHRY: I think people care. If not, why do so many people spend money going on vacations to see architecture? They go to the Parthenon, to Chartres, to the Sydney Opera House. They go to Bilbao.

There's something that compels them. People come to see Disney Hall and Millennium Park in Chicago—I should be happy and shut up. So what is it? The general public throughout the world, no matter what their education or background, from all walks of life, go to the Parthenon. It costs them money to get there. They go to Rome, to Milan. They go to see great architecture. Something compels them, and yet we live



THE JAY PRITZKER PAVILION, AN OUTDOOR CONCERT VENUE, IN CHICAGO'S MILLENNIUM PARK.

surrounded by everything *but* great architecture. Why do we stand for it? People are searching for something they don't have in their lives. There's an unfulfilled need. My question is, What creates that need, and why doesn't it translate into more of a demand for better design in our lives?

PLAYBOY: Well? What creates the need?

GEHRY: What creates the need is deeply part of who we are as people. The reason it doesn't translate into a demand for better design in our lives is because of denial. As I said, we don't see the banality, but we accept banality. We accept it as inevitable, and it's not.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it is.

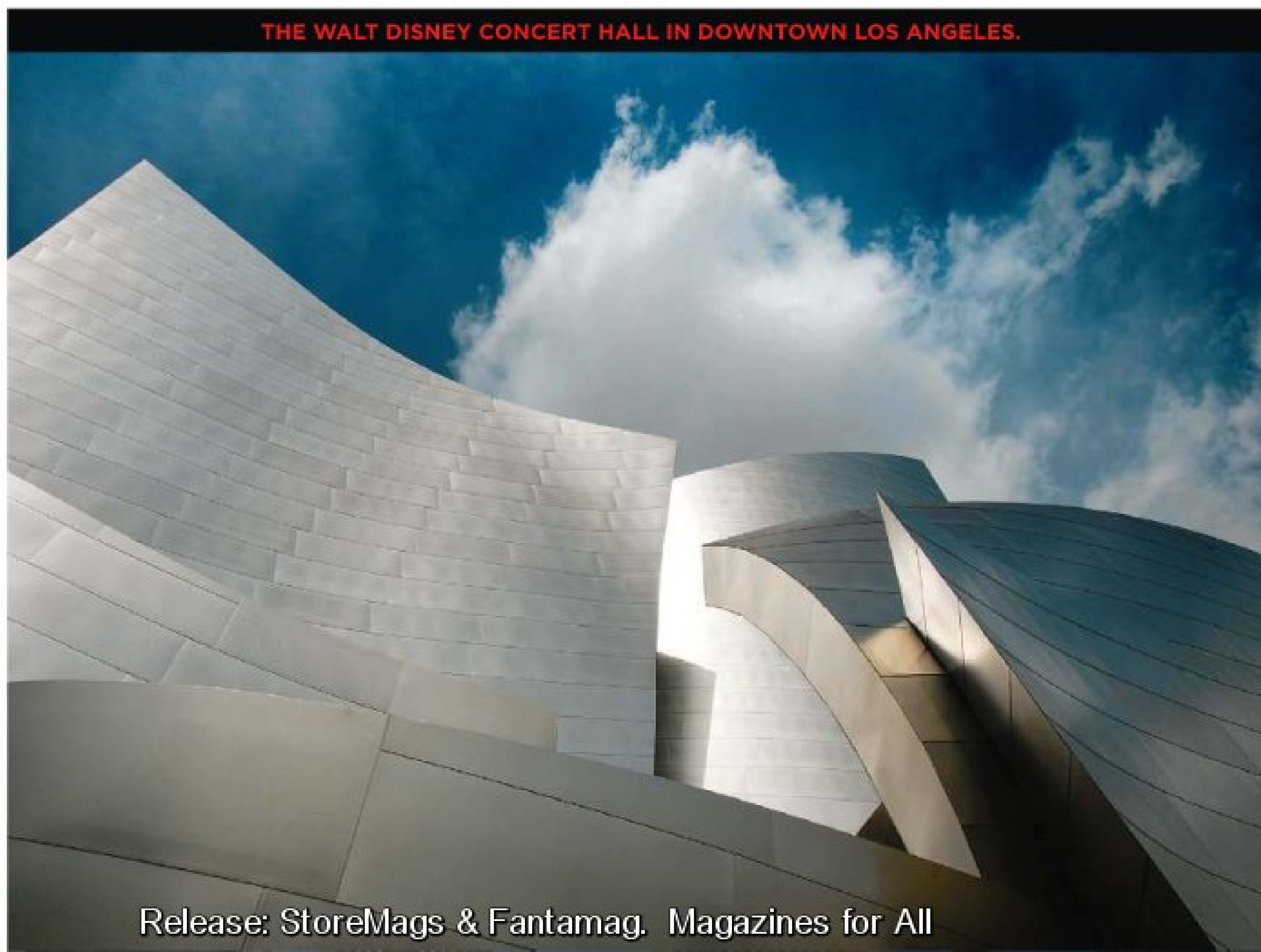
GEHRY: If the general public demanded better, they'd get better, because the marketplace responds to the public's needs and desires.

PLAYBOY: Do we pay a price for accepting the banal?

GEHRY: I think we do, but maybe I'm wrong. We've survived as a species, so maybe it doesn't matter. But maybe we're

and create, whether skyscrapers or sand castles. What's behind the impulse?

GEHRY: There's a drive in us to express ourselves in some way or form. We pick up whatever material is available. It's primitive. Kids see sand on the beach, build something and show their parents: "Look what I did, Mama." It's necessary to us. Some cultures tried to stop people from expressing themselves. In Mao's China, for example, the Communists tried to stop individual expression. For them the payoff was a society of equality. The problem of course is that it didn't work. Ultimately you can't repress individuality, even though you can try. People live and work in uninspiring environments, but look inside those rooms. Look at the painted walls and the decorations. People rebel even in the most controlled office environment in which they're not allowed to do anything. You see the little bulletin board in front of a person's desk with their photos, clippings, cartoons and whatever else.



THE WALT DISNEY CONCERT HALL IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES.

missing something. Guys way back when were drawing in caves, and something was driving them. We have always created—music, literature, art, dance. The art around us—or lack of it—may be a measure of how we're doing as individuals and as a civilization, so maybe we should be worried.

PLAYBOY: Like early man drawing on cave walls, in spite of the boxes we live in and around, people still build

PLAYBOY: Is it elitist to suggest that people need art and architecture? Many people don't have the time to see art or get the education that could help them appreciate it.

GEHRY: It's not elitist to acknowledge that everyone has a unique signature and everyone is different. We're physiologically wired differently. There are many variations on the theme, and the excitement and recognition of that should be

celebrated. It's not about time or education but about individuality. Those who say only artists and architects can create are the ones who are elitist. We should celebrate variety rather than conformity and allow people to express themselves. That we don't is more of our denial. We deny our nature to build and create and then wonder why there is so much alienation and dissatisfaction. Everyone has a desire, if not a need, to use their individual signatures. Whenever people meet to talk about a project, even stuffy old businessmen, they say they want to create something new. Insurance executives go to a retreat and what do they talk about? "How do we make things better?" The experts come in and have everyone free-associate. They even call it play—"Let's play around with this idea." We're wired that way from childhood. Childhood play is nothing more than an expression of our individuality and preparation for human interaction. Everybody's an artist. Unfortunately we don't treat them as such.

PLAYBOY: When you're traveling, do you feel different depending on whether you stay in a beautiful hotel versus a standard Holiday Inn?

GEHRY: Generally people are more impressed with the services and the comfort issues than the design. If there's fruit, you feel welcome. I tend to go to very old-fashioned hotels. I've

stayed in the Philippe Starck hotels with tiny rooms, and I bump into everything. I love his work a lot, but when I go to some of those hotels I come out with black-and-blue marks. There are also places that are so designed they're unlivable. I used to rail against the Farnsworth House by Mies van der Rohe. If you lived in that house and you came home and took your clothes off, where would you put them? You couldn't just throw your coat on the chair; it would spoil the design.

PLAYBOY: Like Mies, some architects plan every detail, including the furniture and art on the walls. Don't you?

GEHRY: I don't. A friend of mine who worked with Mies had the Mies ensemble—a settee, two chairs and a coffee table—in front of the fireplace in his apartment. He'd complain that it wasn't comfortable. I said, "I'll show you what's wrong." I took the settee and pulled it around, put a chair on either side of the fireplace and did this and that. He

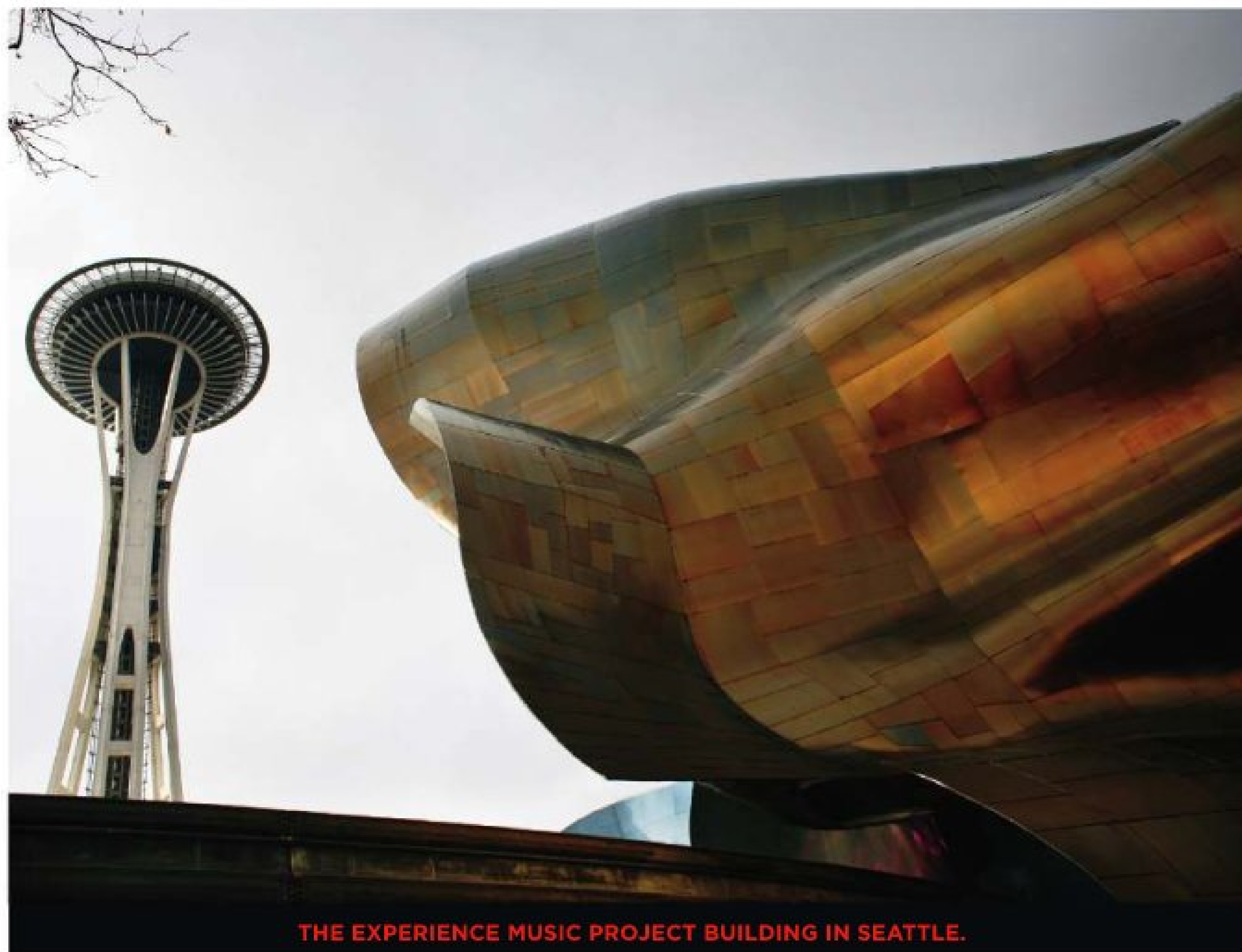
agreed it was so much better. The next time I went it was all put back the way it had been. I asked why, and he said, "That's the way Mies wanted it." Mies was dead by then. I don't think he would have cared.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, how does it feel if someone with terrible taste decorates one of your buildings?

GEHRY: It's up to them. It's why I don't micromanage the interiors. People ask me to and I say no. I don't want to control everything like Mies and Frank Lloyd Wright did. I'll say, "I'm going to design the container and interior spaces. You bring your own stuff to it and make it your own." I don't impose myself in that way.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the charge that your work is about art, not people?

GEHRY: Art is about people. I think the discussion about whether architecture is



THE EXPERIENCE MUSIC PROJECT BUILDING IN SEATTLE.

art or not is lamebrain. Richard Serra, whom I very much respect, has joked that my work is not about art because I put a toilet in it—he called me a plumber. Artists dismiss me as an architect, so I'm not in their box, and architects dismiss me as an artist, so I'm not in their box. I don't know whose box I'm in, and I don't really care. In the Renaissance there wasn't a distinction. Bernini was an artist and he made architecture, and Michelangelo also did some great architecture. The back of Saint Peter's is one of the finest pieces of architecture I've ever seen. The architect Borromini's Quattro Fontane, a little church in Rome, is one of the most beautiful rooms in history.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it annoying to create what you consider a piece of art and then have a client say, "My wife needs a bigger bathroom."

GEHRY: I don't do houses.

PLAYBOY: How about a building when the client asks for changes?

GEHRY: In the Sydney Pollack documentary about me, Tom Krens, the former Guggenheim director, says I have the biggest ego in the world and that it manifests itself when you come to me and say "I don't like this" or "I want a change." He says I relish that because my ego's so big I think I can solve whatever you throw at me and make it even better. I enjoy the interaction and the challenge.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion are your best buildings ones in which you've been given free rein?

GEHRY: No. The best are the result of collaboration with a good client.

PLAYBOY: What about a bad client?

GEHRY: I do my best to choose carefully. If I don't feel that collaboration is going to happen, I say no. Think about it. These projects can involve a five-to-seven-year partnership. If you don't feel comfortable with someone,

you can't get rid of them. I just walked away from a job for that reason. Every one of these projects is an emotional investment, like falling in love. You've got to believe in it and you've got to like the people you work with.

PLAYBOY: After the initial stage of signing on to create a building, is there usually a moment of epiphany when you first envision the overarching design?

GEHRY: I have moments. I do get excited. It happens when I have the idea—the structure,

the form, the body language, the way it fits, the way it deals with the functional elements, with gravity and the realities of construction—and I know it's affordable to the client.

PLAYBOY: What if you come up with an exciting idea that because of engineering or cost is impractical to build?

GEHRY: I'm preprogrammed emotionally and intellectually not to go down blind alleys. I don't waste the time. I automatically edit out whatever's impractical. By the time I get to what I call the candy store, when it all comes together, I know I can do it. The rap on me on the street is the opposite—I'm impractical, I'm more expensive, it's too complicated and I run over budgets, which isn't true. None of that's true and there's plenty of documentation if anybody needs it.

PLAYBOY: From where do the big ideas come? Is it true you saw what became Disney Hall in a crumpled-up piece of paper?

(continued on page 154)

HUGH HEFNER

PLAYBOY, ACTIVIST AND REBEL

A FILM BY ACADEMY AWARD WINNER BRIGITTE BERMAN

**"A REVEALING PORTRAIT
OF THE FREEDOM-FIGHTING MAN
BENEATH THE SILK PAJAMAS."**

— THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

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THE PRIVATE WAR

OF ANTHONY SHAFFER

The shocking [REDACTED] truth behind the Pentagon's [REDACTED] efforts to suppress a [REDACTED] book that strikes at the heart of its [REDACTED] dysfunctional intelligence efforts [REDACTED]

By [REDACTED]

Peter Lance

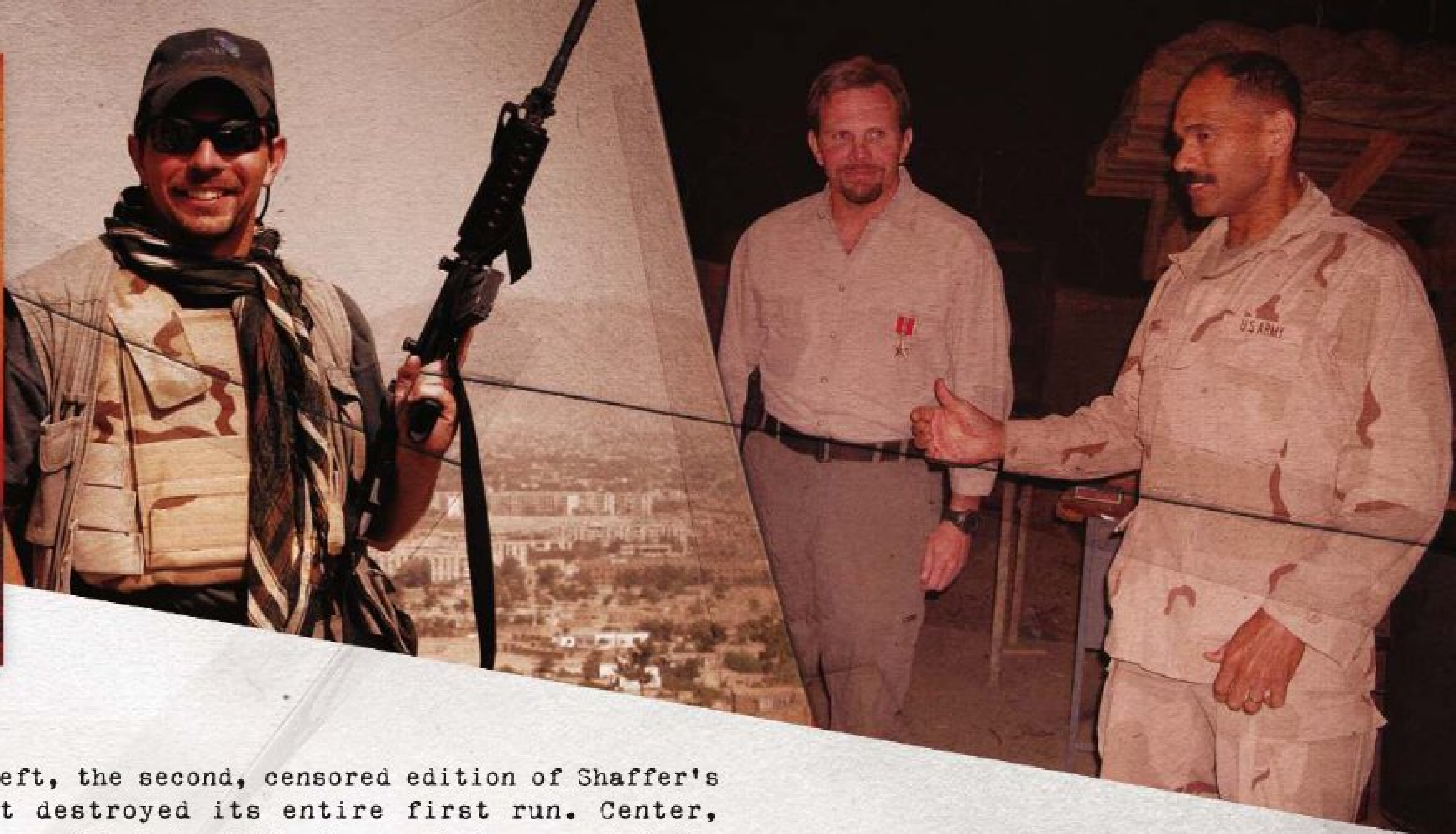
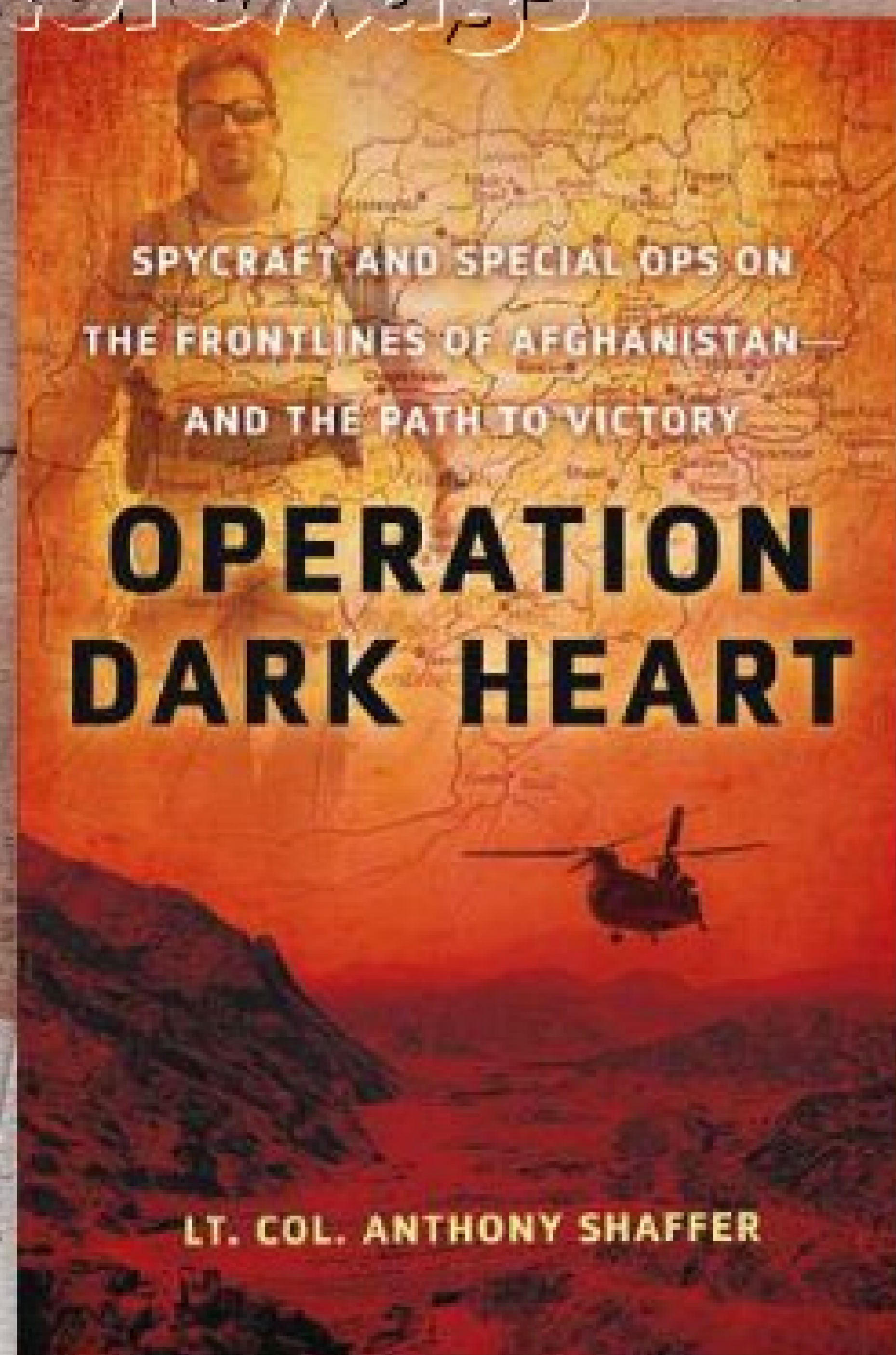
In October 2003 Major Anthony Shaffer was on an MH-47 Chinook helicopter roaring toward a rendezvous with a Ranger assault team near Asadabad, Afghanistan about eight kilometers from the Pakistan border. Wearing 40 pounds of body armor and brandishing an M-4 carbine and an M-11 pistol, Shaffer was hunting Taliban insurgents as part of an aggressive new initiative called Winter Strike. CIA intelligence suggested that a warlord's lieutenants were holed up in a nearby village. Shaffer's mission: capture, kill or spy on any high-value targets he could find.

As he tells it in his riveting new memoir, *Operation Dark Heart*, "In the black bag between my knees was stuffed \$8,000 in \$100 and \$20 bills that my team would need for their change of mission: to go village to village attempting to recruit local informants to provide actionable information for the Rangers to use in pursuit of the terrorists."

But if you bought the book, which shot to number one on Amazon.com in late September, you would find thick black lines obliterating that quote. Why? Because seven months after *Dark Heart* had been cleared by Army censors, the Defense Intelligence Agency suddenly intervened, claiming Shaffer's account of clandestine operations and black-ops programs could "cause serious damage to national security."

Never mind that the book had already been printed. Within weeks, 9,500 copies were shredded, and news of the pulping made front-page headlines in *The New York Times*, launching the book onto its best-sellers list. *Dark Heart* was republished with 256 separate redactions—some covering as much as half a page. Apparently so desperate to ensure that Shaffer's full account of intelligence blunders leading up to 9/11 would never see the light of day, the Department of Defense had shelled out \$47,300

ILLUSTRATION BY KENT WILLIAMS



Cover story: Above left, the second, censored edition of Shaffer's book—the government destroyed its entire first run. Center, Shaffer standing above Kabul in 2003. He was later awarded the Bronze Star in a secret ceremony at Bagram Airfield.

in taxpayer money to destroy the first printing—an act of censorship unprecedented in publishing history.

But what exactly was the DIA trying to protect? A few journalists tried to solve the mystery, but most were stupefied. For example, the Pentagon first claimed that the identities of five undercover operatives would be blown, but that allegation soon proved to be false. The DIA excised the names of two of three centers of Al Qaeda activity that Shaffer's intelligence analyst had identified: The new book mentions only one—Wana, a town on Pakistan's tribal frontier with Afghanistan. However, anyone with a working knowledge of Al Qaeda history could spend five minutes on Google to locate the other two—Quetta, the ancestral home of Ramzi Yousef and Khalid Sheikh Mohammed (the men responsible for both attacks on the World Trade Center); and Peshawar, the base of Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, a Pashtun warlord who helped funnel at least \$600 million in secret CIA arms and funds to the mujahideen rebels fighting the Soviet occupiers.

In *The New York Times*, reporter Scott Shane even puzzled over why the Pentagon censors would redact a reference to the Fort, the widely known nickname for Fort Meade, Maryland, where the National Security Agency is headquartered. At one point in the new stripped-down edition, they went so far as to edit out the letter *s* from the word *she*.

“On their face, these DIA cuts come as ham-handed throwbacks to the Cold War,” Shaffer tells me during our first interview for this piece. “But now that I’ve had a few months to assess, it appears they were much more worried about what the book has come to represent concerning the way the Afghan war has been fought.”

Since 9/11 there has been a running battle—for the most part far from the public eye—between desk jockeys who would conceal mistakes made during the war on terror and field operatives who seek to reveal the truth in hope of fixing a broken intelligence system. For a few extraordinary weeks this struggle finally burst onto the main stage, even if the reasons for the book's butchering were obscured by the blundering desperation of the DIA. Now, thanks to my relationship with Shaffer, we are—for the first time—able to show exactly what had the DIA running scared.

Shaffer's book rips the lid off several stories the bureaucrats wanted to suppress: the role of a program named Able

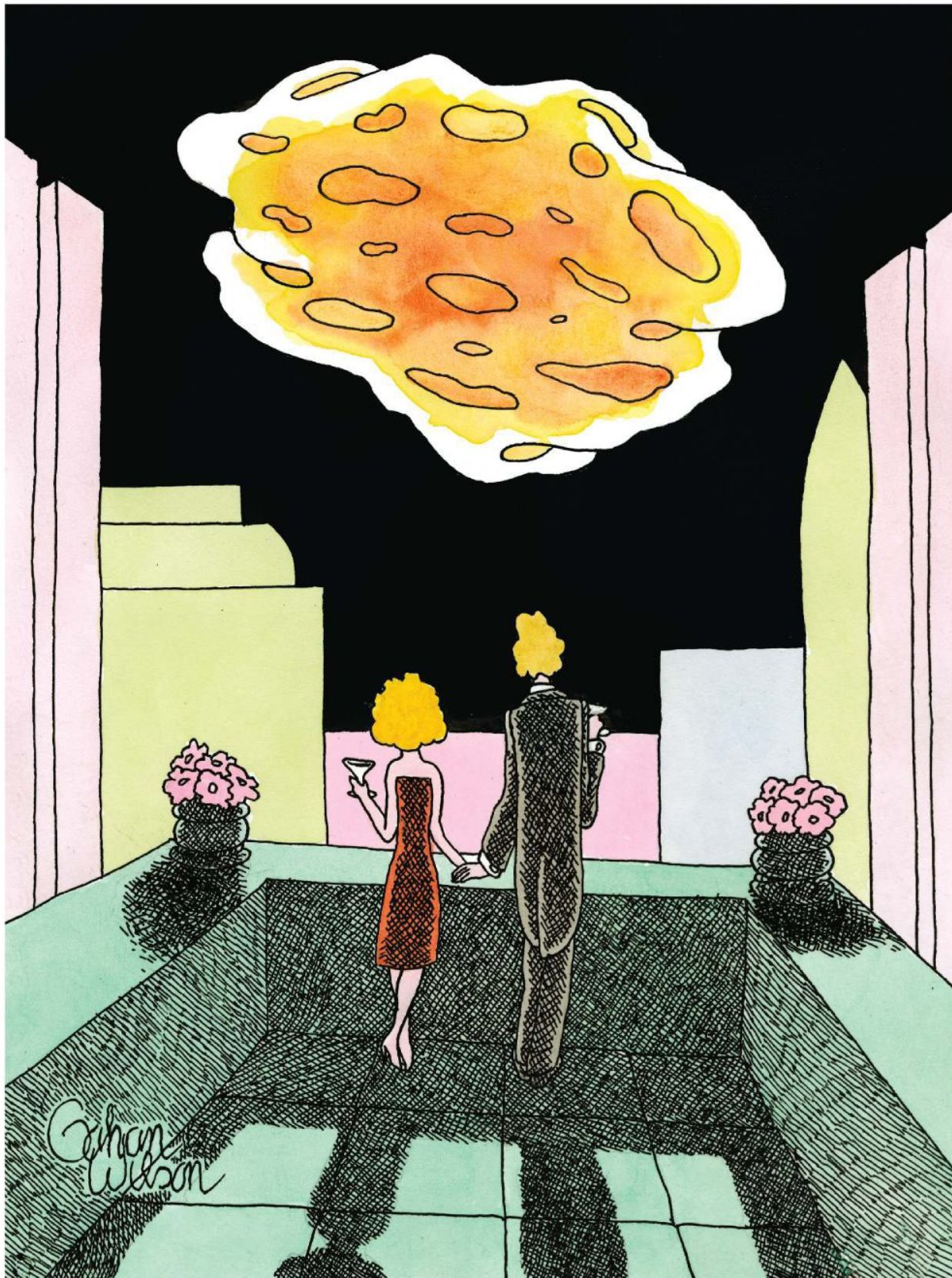
Danger in yielding information that could have uncovered the 9/11 plot; Operation Dark Heart, which could have nabbed Al Qaeda's number two leader; and early indications that Pakistan's spy agency, the Inter-Services Intelligence, or ISI, actively supported the Taliban. These are the incendiary bombs the censors tried to defuse. And this is the real story of Tony Shaffer's book.

I've known Shaffer since 2005, when I devoted multiple chapters of my latest book on counterterrorism (*Triple Cross*) to Able Danger, the hypersecret data-mining operation he was part of in 1999 and 2000. Despite Pentagon denials, Shaffer maintains that Able Danger identified four of the September 11 hijackers who had entered the U.S. months earlier than the 9/11 Commission reported. Shaffer's decision to speak truthfully about Able Danger cost him his security clearance and almost tanked his career (though he was sub-

"Management bosses [redacted] use [redacted] secrecy and national security as a [redacted] smoke screen."

sequently promoted to lieutenant colonel). Now, five years later, Shaffer is again in the Pentagon's crosshairs. In early October I'm roaring around the Beltway in Shaffer's Ford F-150 pickup as he races to one of the 20 media appearances on his schedule. In an eight-hour stretch he'll do 15 radio interviews and show up on Fox News, MSNBC, the BBC and *Russia Today*. But in between greenrooms we have a bonding moment about the nature of secrecy.

“What you discovered when you audited the FBI,” says Shaffer, “is exactly what I learned after 25 years in the military: that the operations people on the ground—the FBI street agents and the DIA officers in the field—get the job done with creative thinking and risk taking, while the management bosses back home ride their desks, keep their heads down and play cover-your-ass at all costs. They're the ones (continued on page 146)



"I just wish our penthouse didn't face the meteor!"



Pam:

THE NAKED TRUTH

Musings from the bed of Pamela

PLUS: MS. ANDERSON'S NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN NUDE PORTFOLIO



A crimson wine from my lips, drips intoxication... The war is over...

The new Sexual Revolution is in direct proportion to our cultural freedom. Political ramifications and... Potentially the lost art form of selfless sensuality... Caring... Letting go—giving with abandon...

We can't let the Beats down... Those and many others set the stage for more raw uncensored prose... A meaningful life...

The youth... The wild that rose up from the ashes. The adults... Living and dead that fought for our rights... Artists... Sweet artists... Hold on... Crazy, the world goes... And goes...

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
TEXT BY PAMELA ANDERSON





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The best we can... Our best isn't good enough—right now our eyes are far-reaching. Technology has blasted images at us from every corner of the world. It's the ones that reach out... Even celebrities, our students, activists, brave ones that mold our lives now. It's a revolution... I know a lot of great Americans with a fine education and big hearts and a willingness to do whatever it takes...

Inspiring. Heart wrenching... Be it hot surfer guys supplying filters—being the conduit—for getting clean water to people in need, no red tape—just doing it, determined... Being on the ground... Pure Warrior style... Giving all they have. Or others... Parts of what they have... To help... We have to rise up and show that these supercool people exist in America. Not just name-calling politicians... Talk about bullies...

Please let's show the good in us... The brilliance... The wonderful... It's abundant—it's just not tapped as it should be... Everyone knows for children to shine... They need support... To be taught/shown a work ethic. And be lifted up... Build confidence. Then... In the struggle and the pain... The honesty of Life... That little nugget of wisdom bubbles up and through... The genius... The crazy wisdom... Born... Bursting out... Being set free... Inventive solutions... Uncontrollable good...

Negativity needs to be passed over. It keeps us down, in fear... Not a creative place; this is just a speed bump. Use money to save people. All the negative ads run by our politicians. Put that money to good use. If we just did that... Put blinders on... Do the right thing... An audience of one... Don't fall into the trappings... Don't follow the norm... Put what you have into schools, our poor people, our needy... Be healthy... Sharing is not bad... People would follow... Guaranteed... We need you... Where are you?... Do it Obama... So many are with you... I can think of many positive parts of now... That you spearheaded... Hope...

I'm just a sex symbol... What do I know... If I feel this... God I hope we all do...

I'm sending love and fire to everyone who reads this... From the innermost vulnerable parts... I beg you... Do something so giving and truthful today. Let's make our voices heard. The great part of America... The children, the young and old... We're here too... We vote and we care. And we aren't negative. We're hopeful and smart.

Sexuality, a gift, our acceptance of people, a trigger, empowering people... No matter who they are or where they are from, religion or sexual preference... Politics are a way of surviving society—to get what we need... For each other. It all goes hand in hand. Be free—get it over with—let ideas hatch in a warm safe place of promise and support... And love... Trust...

May all your bombs be bombshells.





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favorite causes at
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THE DYNAMICS OF SEXUAL ACCELERATION

**BIG PHARMA
WANTS TO
TAKE YOU
FOR A RIDE**

**BY
CHRIS
SWEENEY**

ILLUSTRATION BY
YUKO SHIMIZU



Susan and Brendan had been dating for a month when they decided to spend a weekend together in New York. They had met in Falls Church, Virginia, and while Susan was not completely sold on Brendan, sneaking around the office and having a quickie in the copy room kept her interested. As they unpacked their bags and settled into a dingy hotel on the Lower East Side, the tension that had mounted during their five-hour drive snapped.

The couple dove into bed with the eagerness that accompanies a new relationship. But the much-anticipated session petered out in two minutes, before Susan could even warm up. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" she asked as Brendan rolled off her. This marked at least the fifth time in their relationship that Brendan had ejaculated too quickly for Susan's liking, and despite the fact that he always countered "with a good munch," her patience had peaked. Brendan retreated downstairs for a cigarette, wishing to avoid further interrogation.

Is there something wrong with Brendan? It depends on whom you ask. The prospect of a sex-filled vacation may have put him in a state of anxiety that was manifested in this sexual shortcoming. Or Brendan may be genetically predisposed to have a low ejaculatory threshold, possessing a hypersensitive penis that lets him last only a few minutes. It may be that the cascade of dopamine, serotonin, oxytocin and other neurochemicals is at fault. Some would suggest Brendan's early ejaculation could be linked to how he masturbates or is embedded in his pubescent sexual encounters. Or, of course, there is always the possibility that nothing is wrong with Brendan, that Susan's expectations just don't align with his capabilities for impromptu intercourse.

Susan's postcopulatory inquiry into what the fuck was wrong took Brendan down a notch, and their tryst fizzled out soon after. Men with rapid ejaculation worry their partners will leave them, and the added anxiety just makes the condition worse.

Sex is highly variable. A 2005 study published in *The Journal of Sexual Medicine* used stopwatches to measure intravaginal ejaculation latency, or how long a man lasts from the start of intercourse until ejaculation. The study looked at 500 couples and revealed a median time of 5.4 minutes. The duration of the men—who were recruited from the U.S., the U.K., Turkey, Spain and the Netherlands—ranged from under a minute to about 45 minutes. The average time varied for each country, with the Turks coming first at 3.7 minutes.

Condoms had no impact on the average time, and being circumcised yielded an insignificant benefit. Another study, also published in 2005 in *The Journal of Sexual Medicine*, revealed a median time of 7.3 minutes among 1,380 U.S. men not considered to have ejaculation difficulties. The study also included 207 men considered to be premature ejaculators, who clocked an average time of 1.8 minutes.

Premature ejaculation is a term everyone has heard but few can define beyond the obvious "when a guy comes too early." A taboo looms over the issue, with most conversations relegated to punch lines or dense medical literature. To be fair, before there was ED there was impotence, and that wasn't a choice talking point either.

Determining what constitutes the condition has recently been open to increasing debate. Is it the inability to last more than a predetermined time? Is it not being able to recognize when ejaculation will occur?

The focus on creating a universal definition of primary premature ejaculation is driven in part by the pharmaceutical industry's interest in selling drugs that make a man last longer. Johnson

**"THOU TREACHEROUS,
BASE DESERTER
OF MY FLAME,
FALSE TO MY PASSION,
FATAL TO MY FAME,
THROUGH WHAT MISTAKEN
MAGIC DOST THOU PROVE
SO TRUE TO LEWDNESS,
SO UNTRUE TO LOVE?"**
—JOHN WILMOT,
EARL OF ROCHESTER

& Johnson's drug for early ejaculation, dapoxetine, is approved in a handful of overseas markets under the brand name Priligy. The drug, rejected by the FDA in 2005, has been shown to lead to a threefold increase in duration when taken in a 60-milligram dose about an hour before sex. Dapoxetine is a selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor, as are the antidepressants Prozac and Paxil. A well-known side effect of most SSRIs is delayed ejaculation, leading many doctors to prescribe them to men in need of a few extra thrusts. Using a side effect of a drug to treat a condition for which the drug is not approved is hardly ideal, but no FDA-approved treatment exists.

Shionogi is a Japanese pharmaceutical

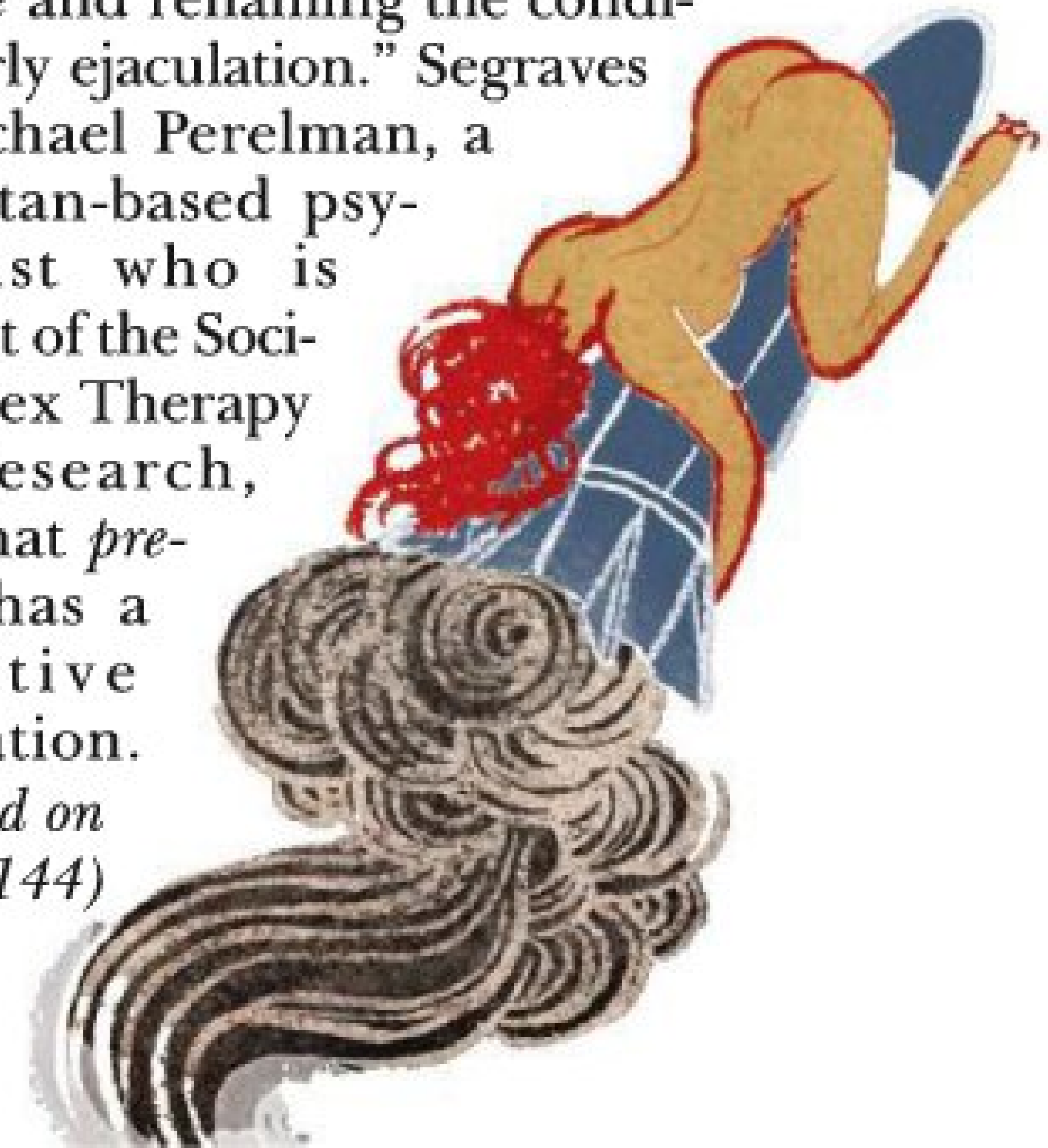
company based in Osaka. It recently wrapped up Phase III studies—the last and largest stage of testing, when a drug is compared with other treatments—on an experimental compound dubbed PSD502. The drug is a combination of the topical anesthetics lidocaine and prilocaine and is sprayed on the head of the penis a few minutes before sex. In studies of about 1,000 men and their female partners, PSD502 prolonged the point of no return from an average of 0.6 minutes to 3.3 minutes. There is nothing novel about using drugs to desensitize the nether regions, but most such drugs are creams, and rubbing cream on the penis of a man who is trying to last longer seems ill-advised. Dr. Donald Manning, Shionogi's chief medical officer, says the spray appears to reduce sensation without numbing the penis—always a good thing if you actually want to enjoy sex—pointing out that fewer than two percent of men who used it reported numbness.

The pharmaceutical industry's interest in serving a vast market of premature ejaculators isn't the only factor behind arguments about how the condition should be defined. *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, the American Psychiatric Association's reference text, is being revised for its fifth edition. Some people have criticized the DSM's current definition of premature ejaculation as being too subjective. The symptoms of PE, according to the fourth edition of the DSM, include "ejaculation with minimal sexual stimulation before, on or shortly after penetration and before the person wishes it."

Dr. Robert Taylor Segraves, professor of psychiatry at Case Western Reserve University and a member of the DSM revision panel, says this definition is so vague any number of people can be diagnosed with a problem. Some studies even classify men who last well beyond five minutes as premature ejaculators. "It sounds kind of meaningless at that point," Segraves says. "We need greater precision."

The draft proposal of the new edition of the DSM recommends dropping *premature* and renaming the condition "early ejaculation." Segraves and Michael Perelman, a Manhattan-based psychologist who is president of the Society for Sex Therapy and Research, agree that *pre-mature* has a pejorative connotation.

(continued on page 144)





"I think you're going to like my New Year's resolution...!"





название / TITLE

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME

фамилия / SURNAME

CHAPMAN

ИМЯ / GIVEN NAME

ANNA

гражданство / NATIONALITY

RUSSIAN FEDERATION

день

23.0

мес

VO



<<<< WHEN THE FBI BUSTED ANNA CHAPMAN IN NEW YORK, SHE WENT FROM SECRET RUSSIAN AGENT TO THE BIGGEST TABLOID STORY IN THE WORLD. AND YET THE TRUTH REMAINS ELUSIVE. WITH EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS AND PICTURES TAKEN BY AN EX-BOYFRIEND, WE TAKE YOU DEEP INSIDE THE SECRET WORLD OF THE ULTIMATE MODERN-DAY FEMME FATALE <<<< BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON <<<<

D

DON'T LOOK AT THE PICTURES yet. Cover them with a hand, avert your eyes, fold the magazine over—because you're facing a philosophical conundrum and even a moral choice, perhaps a definitional decision about the meaning of life. So read the story first, consider the meaning of secrecy and the elusive truth it conceals, and then decide—and God preserve your mortal soul.

She was arrested on a summer Sunday evening in June, and by Tuesday Anna Chapman was the biggest story in the world:

RED HOT BEAUTY SNARED IN RUSSIAN 'ESPIONAGE' SHOCK, screamed the *New York Post*. "A plot straight out of a James Bond flick," the *New York Daily News* wrote. To ABC she was the "SoHo Spy," even though she actually lived in the Wall Street area. In the *Los Angeles Times*, the headline was SULTRY REDHEAD SENSATIONALIZES SPY STORY. And those were sober next to the lurid stories that spread like a strain of gonorrhea from London's Fleet Street to every tabloid in the known universe:

She came from Russia with love...a stunning femme fatale with a license to thrill...double-o heaven.... Sexy Svetlanas, they are glamorous, devious and will do anything—anything—for their country....

What the press was presenting and the

truth were likely as far apart as Russia was from the USA. The public was led to believe that this beautiful woman—28 years old and living the high life in Manhattan nightclubs that wouldn't let most people past their velvet ropes, at that moment trapped in a cell downtown for 23 hours of the day and facing a potential sentence of five years—would trade the secret place between her long lovely legs for the secrets in your encrypted government files. That's right, Jack. She'd fuck for it.



LIBERTY AND JUSTICE <<<< Admitted Russian spy Anna Chapman arrived in America with a work visa last winter.

Obviously, I have issues with this story, so let me lay my cards on the table. My father was a high-ranking CIA officer. I grew up watching people's eyes light up when I told them what the old man did, and I learned in my bones the connections between espionage and voyeurism, the sexual charge of the "undercover" life and its cloak of lies. And the weird thing, I realized in time, is the powerful spiritual need that drives this fascination. That's why God has secret names you aren't supposed to say out loud or even spell with all their letters. It's why priests used to love the sonorous obscurity of the Latin mass, which increased their parishioners' awe and submission through the brilliant manipulative recipe known as "miracle, mystery and authority"—because the authority depends on the mystery. So we all have this Gollum-like hunger for



BODY POLITIC <<<< This photo of Chapman was taken by an ex-boyfriend in London, before she moved to the States. "Everything I remember about her is all positive," said the ex, shocked by the sensation she caused in the press. "She's a really lovely girl!"

BOOMB SHELTER NOEL

**ALL SHE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS
IS TO SURVIVE**

Mickey bought me a goldfish he named Seven Cent. He's got an orange streak along his lateral line running from forehead to tail. His dorsal fin is as black as night and appears to have been chewed. Otherwise he is albino in coloration except for his tail, which is translucent. You can see clear through to the bone. Me personally, I would have named him X-Ray, but you can't judge a book by its color. Seven Cent is a showman, a gifted performer, and he's got some pretty smooth moves.

He swims the perimeter of his little fish tank hugging the side of the glass with one eye, in full presentation for effect, as he swims around in concentric circles with his mouth going open-close, open-close like a normal fish until he begins to pump his gills and then shoots himself skyward, partially breaking the surface, where he executes a well-timed flip, wagging his tail for propulsion, right down to the bottom, where he shakes things loose.

When you are on the Highway to Death, like me, everything is interesting. Everything is important. You see different, taste and smell different; everything has wonder written in it. Things you have done 6 million times seem new, and likewise you run into a seven-cent celebration of life in its otherwise impenetrable glory.

As Doomgirl I host a show called *Bomb Shelter Radio* broadcast at 147.859 MHz. The program is directed to survivalists. Mickey roped me into doing it because I have a pleasantly low voice. It's his radio, and he rigged up an antenna, which bounces radio waves at a communications satellite so the show can be heard worldwide. I play classical music, do some astrology, but the show is mostly about survival.

Mickey taught me a lot of survival stuff and this is what the listeners tune in to hear. I can build an igloo in frozen antarctic (continued on page 156)

BY THOM JONES

ILLUSTRATION BY MATT GROLLER





The reality show has been around in one form or another since the Louds opened up their home on *An American Family* in 1973 on PBS (which should give you an idea of how the genre was once perceived), and it has gone through many evolutions in the culture, now culminating with *Jersey Shore*, which is defining the genre today. But one can't really talk about *Jersey Shore* without taking note of its progenitor and foil: *The Hills*. If *The Hills* was the angsty grande dame of MTV's reality shows, then *Jersey Shore* is its shaggy fun-hearted younger cousin. *Jersey Shore* is an accidental triumph, a minor goof that during its first season became more interesting than most scripted shows. No, it isn't better than *Mad Men* or *30 Rock*, but the pleasures reality shows offer are different from those of scripted shows, though the lines separating them have become increasingly blurred.

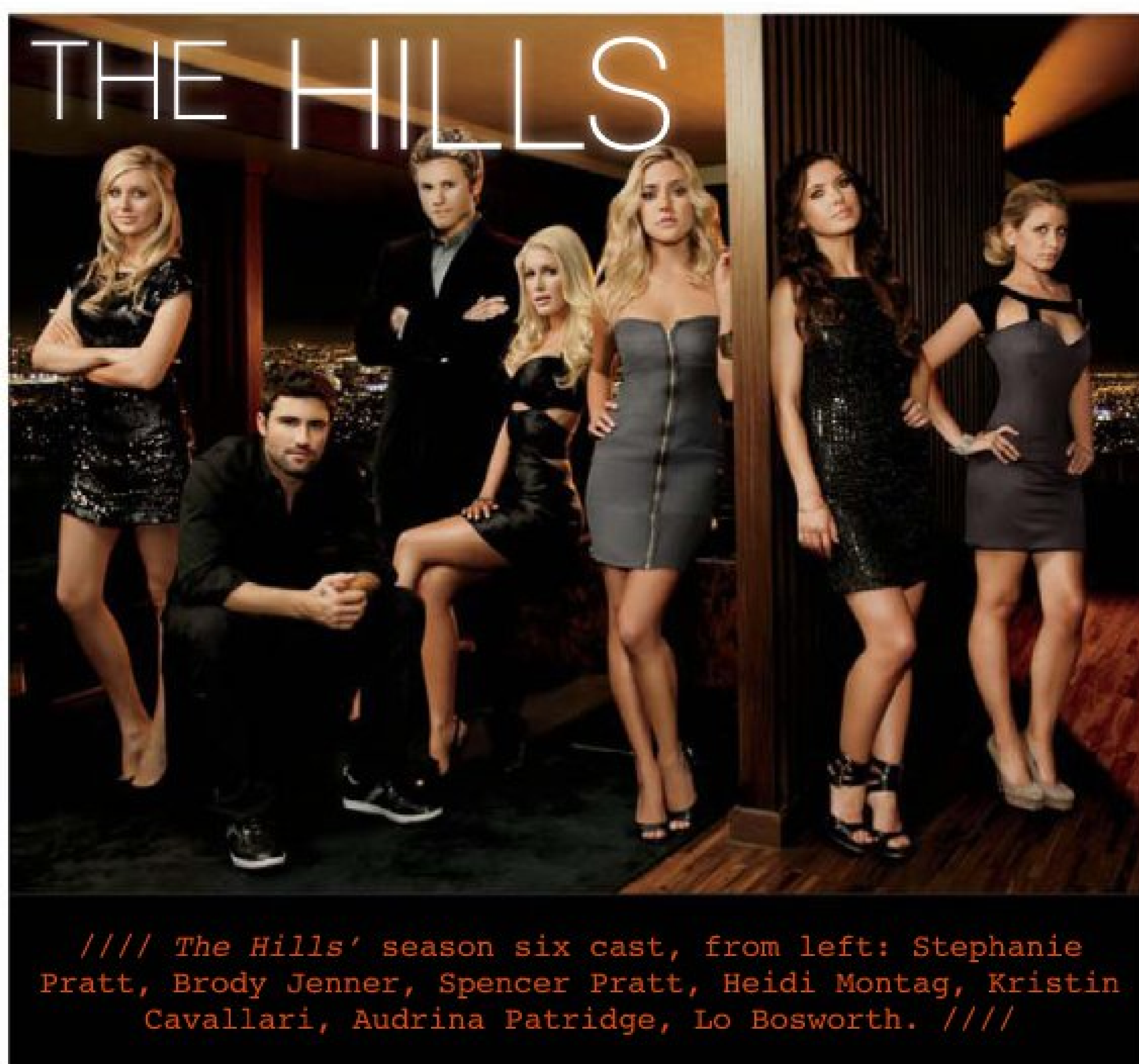
Somewhere between *The Osbournes* (which was pleasingly aimless and rooted in behavior) and *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* (in which all the dialogue and every scene seem scripted) there was a shift in what audiences would accept. We're past the point at which anyone cares whether it's "reality" or just a new genre: reality TV. Viewers now accept the fact that what they're watching is manufactured reality (the game shows

and cooking contests don't count), and when *The Hills* began its reign this wasn't entirely the case, though by the time that show ended everything on *The Hills* seemed much less real in seasons five and six than it did in seasons one, two and three.

If you somehow missed *The Hills* or avoided it because of the facile judgments of too many critics, then you missed one of the great TV series of all time, one that in its novelistic attention to behavior and detail almost ranks with *The Sopranos* and *The Wire* in its ability to capture a world in free-falling breakdown mode (the young, hip L.A. singles scene). The people I know who missed *The Hills* haven't missed *Jersey Shore*—it has gotten so big so quickly that if you're interested in what's going on in the culture

you have to tune in. This wasn't necessarily the case with *The Hills*, which because it seemed so girly probably limited its initial audience.

What distinguished season one of *Jersey Shore* is that despite the mechanical setup, the show felt real when it first aired, and the personalities seemed real, and the whole thing had a casual charm that in reality-TV terms couldn't have been faked. It seemed almost like a throwback (unscripted reality) even though it quickly became the epitome of post-Empire programming. But first let me define Empire: It started in roughly 1945 through 9/11, limping along during the rest of the Bush years until the economy blew up and Obama was elected. Programming shifted to accommodate the cultural needs after the cataclysm—post-Empire: an age of coconut water, the Tea Party, *The Human Centipede* and Shia LaBeouf.



//// *The Hills*' season six cast, from left: Stephanie Pratt, Brody Jenner, Spencer Pratt, Heidi Montag, Kristin Cavallari, Audrina Patridge, Lo Bosworth. ////

*** *Jersey Shore* has become MTV's most popular reality show since *The Hills*, but the two are from very different planets because the cultural moments they were developed in have changed in just about the space of five years. *The Hills* began presenting its characters and their various dramas in a carefully "naturalistic" way, whereas *Jersey Shore* is essentially just a more amped-up *Real World* with a fixed cast. *The Hills* seemed

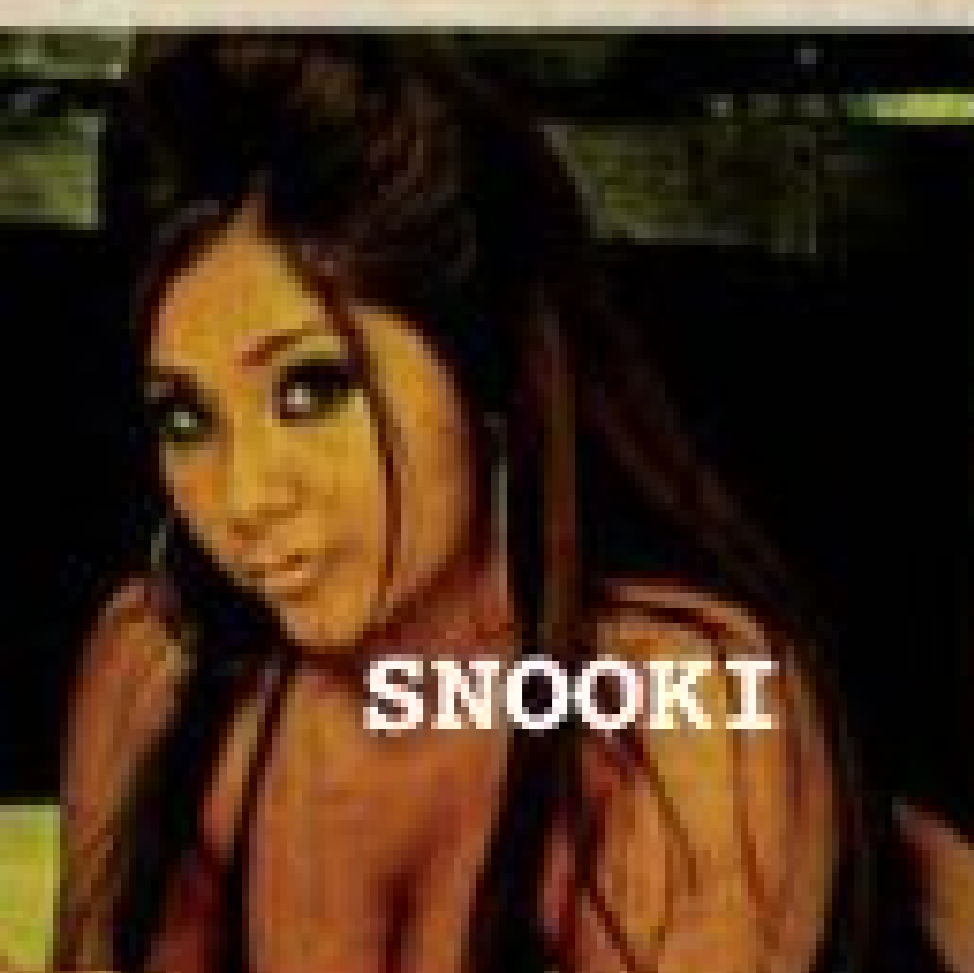
elegantly constructed. It had a vision. Critics who dismissed *The Hills* simply weren't watching it. People who complained about the characters they read about in the tabloids weren't watching the show, which actually humanized vacuous celebrities like Heidi Montag and Spencer Pratt. *The Hills* was about pain, particularly romantic disappointment. The whispered conversations in sun-blasted cafés, the subtitled shout fests in the darkly glamorous clubs lining La Cienega, the heartbreaking close-ups of a face trying to keep itself composed when confronted with rejection—*The Hills* took the mundane realities of its characters and shaped them into something painfully accessible. No matter how unattractive the characters seemed taken out of the context of the show (where they increasingly



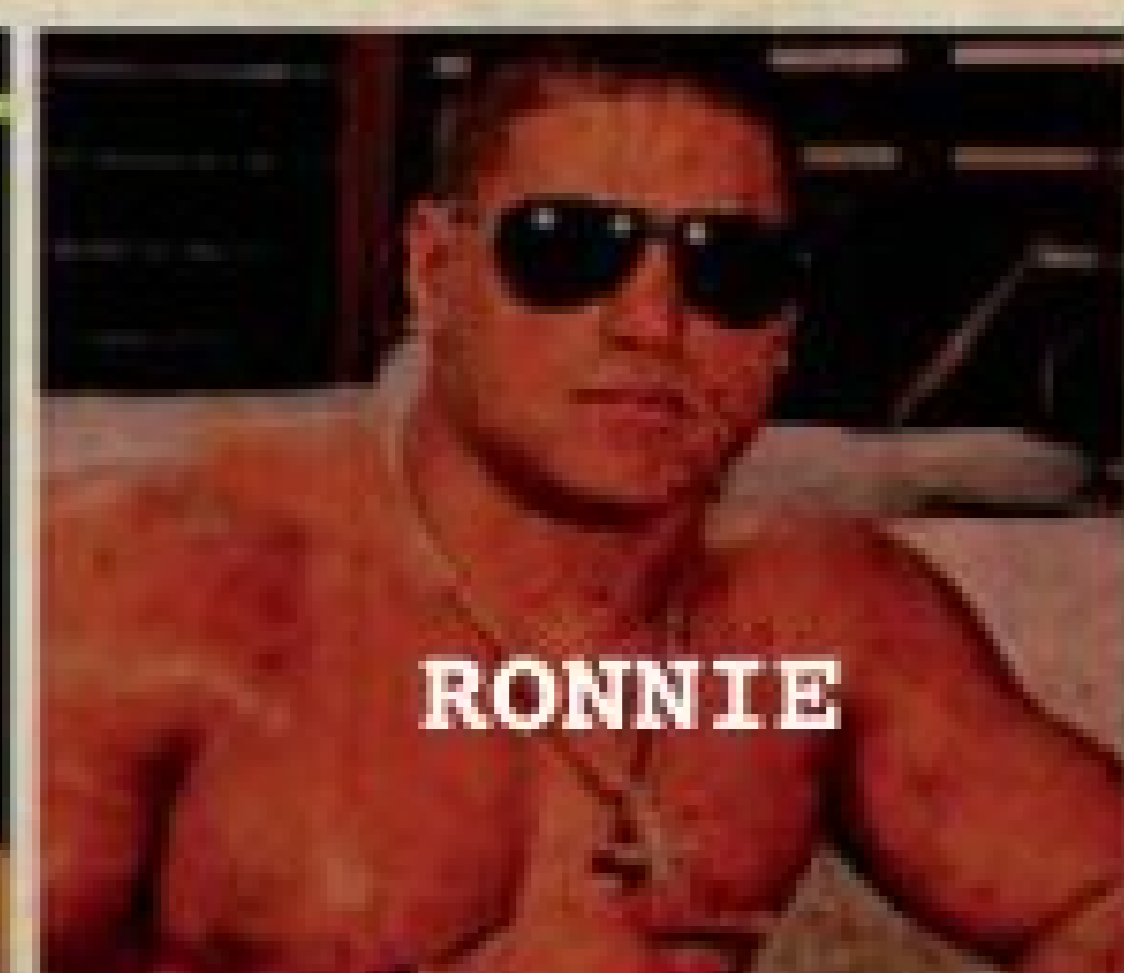
AS SEEN ON TV

*** by Bret Easton Ellis ***
author of AMERICAN PSYCHO and LESS THAN ZERO
NOTES ON JERSEY SHORE

//// On MTV, *The Hills* was the most popular Empire reality show; now, in the post-Empire, *Jersey Shore* reigns ////



SNOOKI



RONNIE



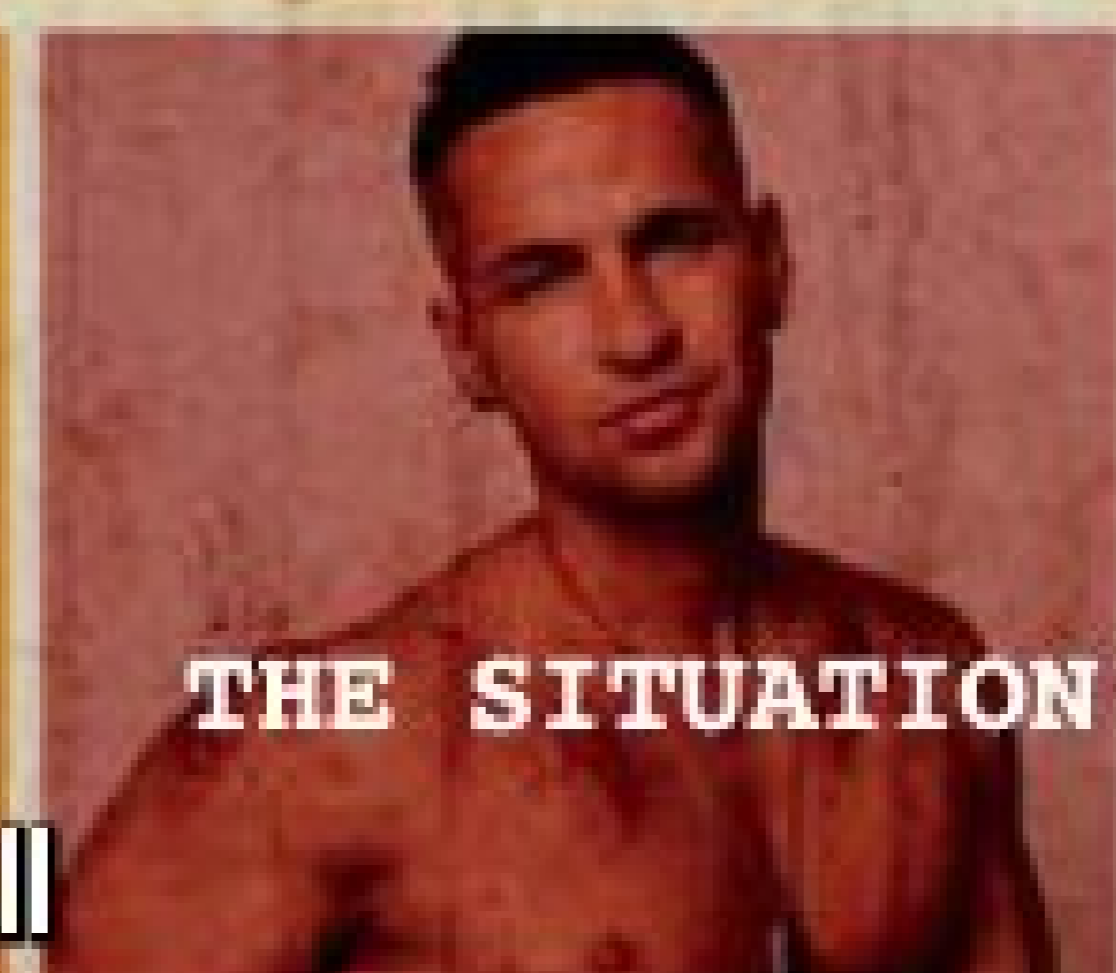
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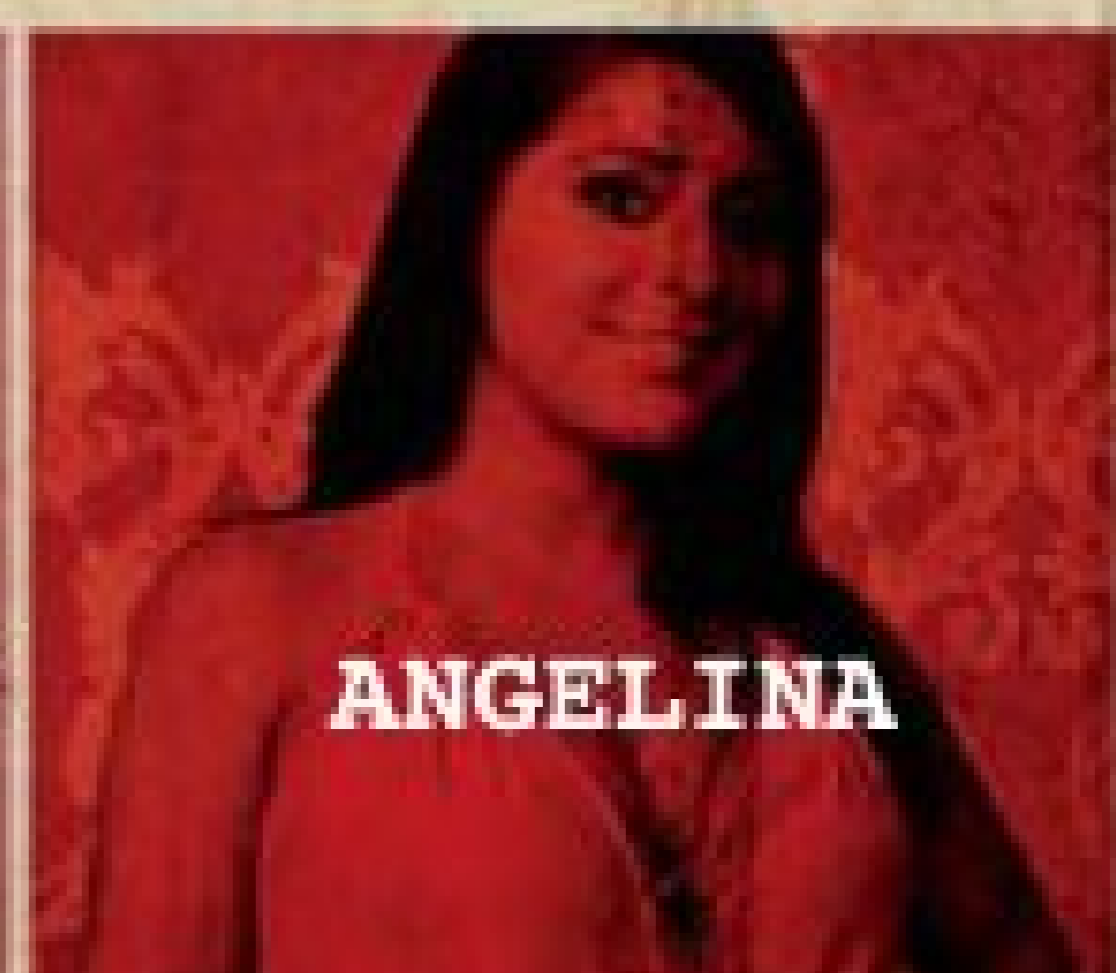
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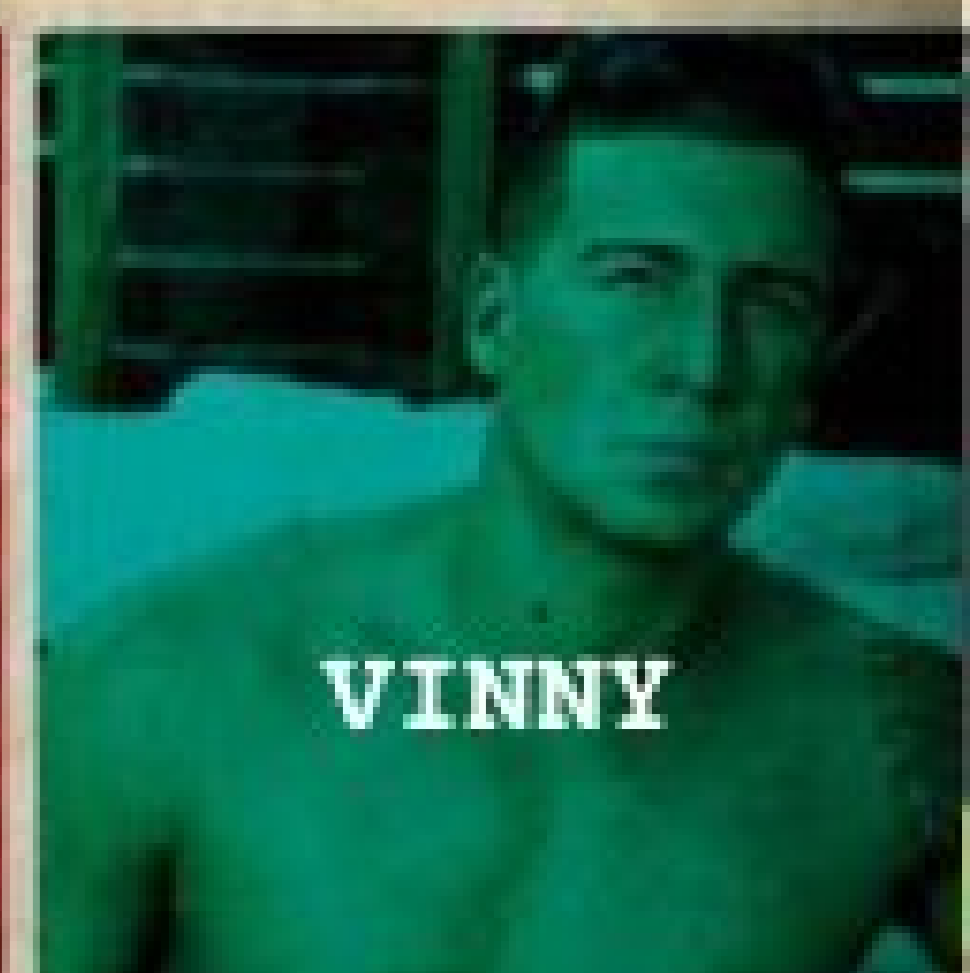
JWOWW



THE SITUATION



ANGELINA



VINNY

strayed from the roles the show had demanded of them), *within* the context of the show they were compelling and vulnerable. There was a tension that kept running through most of the show because it never provided the fake catharsis that so many shows rely on. Friends became enemies, lovers were never reunited, loss hovered everywhere, so little was resolved....

****The Hills* premiered at the height of the Bush era in 2006, but the whole thing really began with *Laguna Beach* in 2004, when it only kind of worked—*LB* didn't have a particularly visual style, and given the age of the cast the stakes weren't as high. But *Laguna Beach* was the rough sketch for the style that ultimately made *The Hills* seem startlingly new: You couldn't tell what was real and what was "scripted" because, unlike most reality TV, it was so well made and the "performances" were so natural and subtle. It also removed on-camera interviews commenting on the action, which reinforced the sustained illusion. *The Hills* took its cues from L.A. life and its neurotic protocol about surfaces, while also selling the glamour of being young and rich. Very Empire....

Well, most of the cast of *Jersey Shore* isn't as young and tasty as the beauties of *The Hills*, and they're

definitely nowhere near as rich (though that's changing as I type this). The main complaint from the uninitiated is that *Jersey Shore* is a trash show about trashy people. Yeah, the guidos and guidettes are a mess, but they're basically *kids*. *Jersey Shore* is an ode to youth; it's about looking good and hooking

up in hot tubs, and how much work sucks (selling T-shirts on the boardwalk, scooping gelato) and the drama of it all ("It shouldn't be hard. But it *is* hard. Because it's the *Jersey Shore*"). When I first started watching, it seemed like a train wreck, patched together and desperate, with a serious case of ADD (*The Hills* had pauses that rivaled Pinter's), and then Snooki got punched in the face and everything changed. But for most of season one *Jersey Shore* seemed to blissfully accept what it was: an Italian American parody of *The Real World*. *The Hills* had a sophisticated architecture behind it, it was shimmeringly beautiful,

and there was an elegiac tone throughout. But that was yesterday: *Jersey Shore* has—intentionally? consciously? unconsciously?—avoided all of these things big-time. Very post-Empire....

***Shot in August 2009 in Seaside Heights and aired that December, *Jersey* (continued on page 138)



//// Top: Ronnie defends himself against allegations made in an "anonymous" letter sent to Sammi; bottom: Sammi and JWovw rumble. ////

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//// Above, from left: Angelina, Snooki; top center: the Situation worries he may have mistakenly hooked up with a guy at a club; bottom center: Spencer and Heidi; top right: Lauren Conrad; bottom right: Lo Bosworth. ////



"I think you want to make love now so I won't be horny at the New Year's Eve party...!"



20Q

BY STEPHEN REBELLO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD COLE


CHLOE SEVIGNY

THE *BIG LOVE* STAR AND INDIE DARLING TALKS ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU BAD-MOUTH YOUR HIT SHOW, THE DOWNSIDE OF SEX SCENES AND HOW SHE'S GETTING TIRED OF BOYFRIENDS WHO TEXT INSTEAD OF SHOW UP

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're known for your Oscar-nominated performance as the girlfriend of transgendered Hilary Swank in *Boys Don't Cry*, and last year you won a Golden Globe for playing a sour, scheming polygamous fundamentalist Mormon wife on *Big Love*. You front a hip fashion line, you're a much-photographed club scenester and you've made risky indie films that sometimes involve nudity. But no matter what your accomplishments, some people can't get over that scene in the 2003 flick *The Brown Bunny* in which you give writer-director Vincent Gallo a blow job.

SEVIGNY: What's happened with that is all very complicated. There are a lot of emotions. I'll probably have to go to therapy at some point. But I love Vincent. The film is tragic and beautiful, and I'm proud of it and my performance. I'm sad that people think one way of the movie, but what can you do? I've done many explicit sex scenes, but I'm not that interested in doing any more. I'm more self-aware now and wouldn't be able to be as free, so why even do it?

Q2

PLAYBOY: Sex has been among the more fascinating aspects of *Big Love*, on which you, Jeanne Tripplehorn and Ginnifer Good-

win play wives of Viagra-popping Mormon businessman and political aspirant Bill Paxton. Why has Paxton exposed more skin on the show than any of you three?

SEVIGNY: Bill likes to get his kit off, and he looks great. The first season, my character was aggressive in bed, but that changed by the second and third seasons, and there was no sex on season four. I don't know why, and I was confused by that. This season, aside from some stuff with the teen characters, sex is still on the back burner. And although I have done nudity on the show, the other girls won't do topless. I don't want to be the show's Samantha, like on *Sex and the City*—the only woman who'll do nudity. So I refused to do any more and there was a lot of back-and-forth about it.

Q3

PLAYBOY: The show's plots have always been packed with rivalries, feuds, betrayals and backbiting. Does any of that spill over offscreen?

SEVIGNY: I wish I could do scenes with Jeanne Tripplehorn and Ginnifer Goodwin all the time. We're really tight, and it's always us against the director or the other *(continued on page 162)*



WELCOME TO THE

NO FUN LEAGUE

THE NFL VS. GAMBLING

When it comes to wagering, the real party is being thrown by the online overseas sports books. **WHY NOT HERE?** One reason is the National Football League's weird anti-gambling vendetta

By Matthew Kredell



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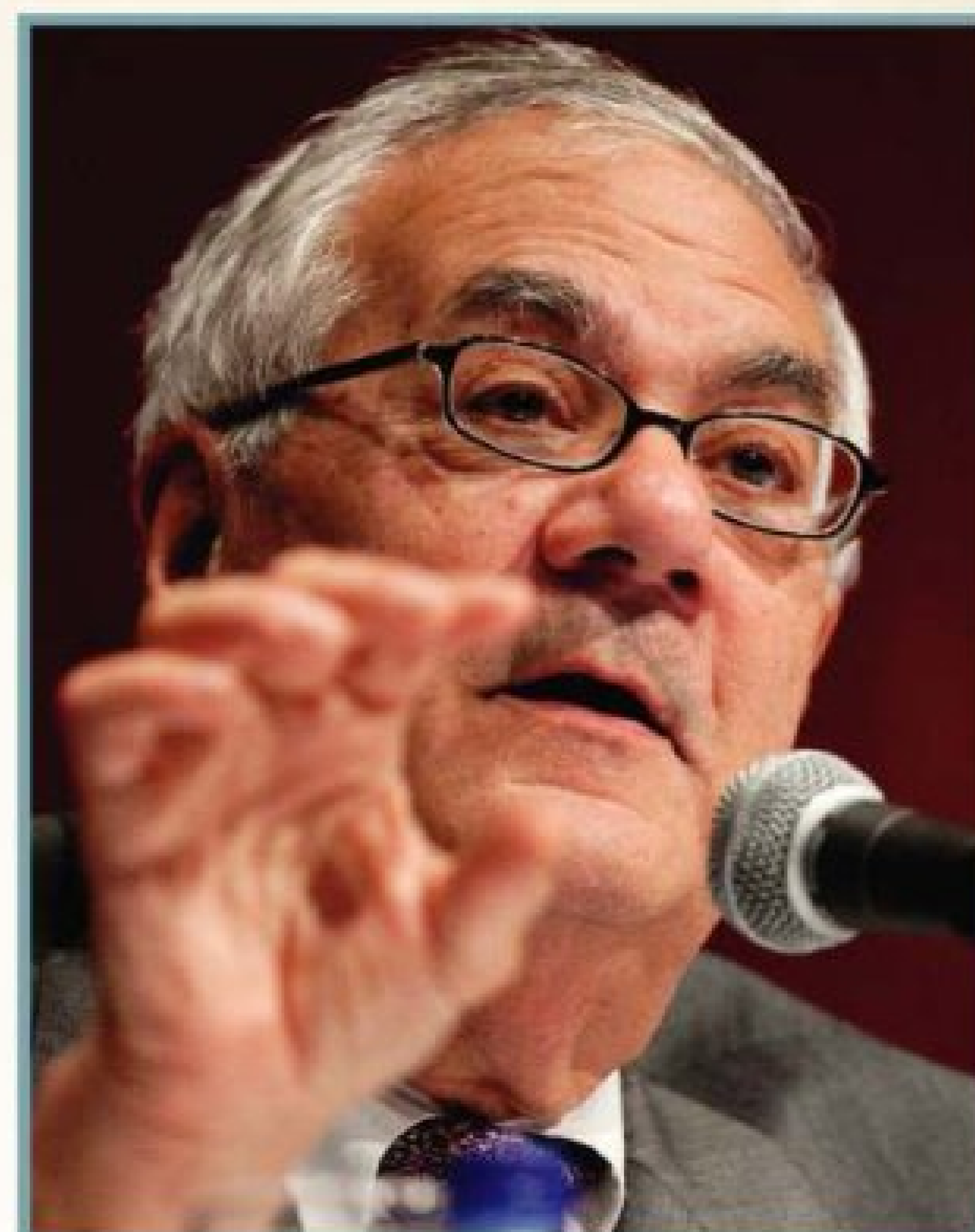
platform emerges from a corner of the vast industrial room, rising over three levels of metal scaffolding to overlook what was once the centerpiece of the Prague sewer system but which now hosts a surreal party with a bizarre mix of postapocalyptic movie characters, statuesque European models, midgets and live pigs.

On the platform stands a man in a black suit and a mask who looks like a combination of Darth Vader and a 19th century scuba diver. He shouts, "I am Blaster!" with a deep rumble, before the tall blonde model chained to his arm reaches over and pulls off his mask to reveal Calvin Ayre. Founder of the popular sports-betting website Bodog.com, Ayre parlayed his outrageous lifestyle and pioneering role in bringing sports

betting to the Internet into becoming the public face of a lucrative but controversial industry. He welcomes his friends from the online-gambling world who are gathered in Prague for one of their regular conferences, concluding his brief remarks by reminding everyone why they are here: "To get fucking drunk!"

This is typical Ayre. It's his 49th birthday, but he's the one throwing the party. Ayre lives the escapist lifestyle about which

ILLUSTRATION BY MARCOS CHIN



Top: Online-gambling baron Calvin Ayre uses his overseas profits to finance a lavish lifestyle. **Above:** Congressman Barney Frank wants to legalize and tax sports betting.

DESPITE THE NFL'S BEST EFFORTS, SPORTS BETTING CAN'T BE STOPPED.

most people fantasize, a combination of James Bond's and Walter Mitty's. Each week is a new adventure in a different city, with a fresh flavor of woman (often two scoops), no expense too great and the threat of danger always looming.

Yet Ayre doesn't enjoy himself unless he can take others along for the ride. For those lucky enough to enter his orbit, his interactively themed parties—this one based on the 1985 cult movie *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*—have a carnival-like atmosphere with visual stimulation in every direction. A cameraman follows him around to document the debauchery for CalvinAyre.com, which viewers follow like a reality show. For the less voyeuristic, Ayre's Bodog brand bottles the excitement and invites people to experience a similar rush through gambling.

Of course, almost everyone gambles. Small wagers scattered throughout the National Football League game slate turn Sunday into a daylong event for friends to grab a beer, gather around the television and have every game provide the thrill of watching the hometown team. Football is the most popular sport for wagering on Bodog.com, which claimed \$320 million in revenue from its online offerings of sports betting, poker and casino games in 2006.

It seems like harmless fun, but the NFL does not approve. Despite millions of fans, many of whom wager on games, the NFL is the staunchest opponent of expanded legalized sports betting in the United States.

Ayre and the NFL have made a lot of money off each other, but they couldn't

be more different. On his online video blog Ayre addresses the topic of whether the industry takes him seriously, particularly because of all his antics. He gives the question a thoughtful response, then the sound of a flush can be heard and the camera pulls away to show him sitting on a toilet with his pants around his ankles.

To many, the NFL has a reputation for taking itself too seriously. When players try to entertain fans with creative touchdown celebrations, they are hit with hefty fines. There's a reason some people think NFL stands for "no fun league."

Sports are entertainment, and millions of people find that a wager makes a game more interesting. In the United Kingdom, where sports betting is legal, fans place bets on their favorite soccer teams inside Premier League stadiums before heading to their seats.

Instead of focusing on fan enjoyment, the NFL is more concerned with integrity issues that either don't exist or are better protected in a legal and regulated environment.

It's clear that, despite the NFL's best efforts, sports betting can't be stopped. Offshore Internet sports betting is thriving, taking in nearly \$500 billion worldwide in wagers annually, compared with the \$2.58 billion bet legally in Nevada sports books in 2008. The NFL's opposition keeps the industry underground, depriving U.S. businesses and governments of their share of the revenue.

"It's like Claude Rains in *Casablanca*: 'I'm shocked, shocked to find that gambling is going on here!'" says Barney Frank, the charismatic Democratic congressman from Massachusetts. "The notion that sports betting isn't already

going on or that the NFL can slow it down is preposterous."

Gambling has gone mainstream. It isn't the shady, Mafia-controlled activity it was for much of the past century. Las Vegas is a resort destination. Lotteries, the ultimate gamble with no element of skill, are run by 41 states. Casino games such as blackjack and slot machines are offered on riverboats, at racetracks and at Indian casinos in 30 states. Thirty-two states sanction betting on horse races. But full sports betting remains legal only in Nevada.

The Internet revolutionized the industry by allowing people to place wagers with a couple of clicks of a mouse from the safety of their home. The successful websites that have emerged are well-run companies with prompt customer service and reliable payouts. No longer do you have to deal with neighborhood bookies who may or may not pay up—and may break your legs if things don't go well. The operations are located in countries where sports betting is legal. In other places in the world these websites are considered legitimate businesses, many of them public companies listed on the London Stock Exchange.

David Stern, commissioner of the National Basketball Association, told *Sports* (continued on page 134)



"I noticed you undressing me with your eyes. How would you like to take a more hands-on approach?"



STAR TURN

Miss January takes center stage

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

For Anna Sophia Berglund it seemed like any other day at the Mansion. As Crystal Harris's closest friend—"It's bizarre. We were born 24 days apart. My mom is from Sweden; hers is from England. Our goals and morals are so similar!"—Anna routinely got sneak peeks of upcoming Playmates from Hef. "He handed me this picture and said, 'Take a look at our next Playmate,'" recalls the SoCal native. Her own test shoot remained far from her mind. "I never thought I'd become a Playmate, but then I flipped the photo and...it was me!" Now Miss January—a dead ringer for Alice Faye, one of Hef's first blonde crushes—hopes to take to the silver screen. "Acting is my passion," the Beverly Hills Playhouse student bubbles. "It helped me get all the way out of my shell." So pop the cork; 2011 couldn't begin on a more beautiful note. "When it turns midnight on New Year's Eve, it will be the best night ever. I'll be like, 'My month is here!' In fact, for the rest of my *life* January will be special."





ANNA BERGLUND



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





Anna So

MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

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phia Berglund

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Anna Sophia BerglundBUST: 34D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 128BIRTH DATE: 4/5/86 BIRTHPLACE: San Pedro, CAAMBITIONS: To make my living as an actress and to start a family one day.TURN-ONS: I have to feel that connection when you just know the love, trust and excitement will always be there.TURNOFFS: A man who's less than a gentleman isn't for me. I can't be with a guy who is not close to his family. These things are crucial to me!FAVORITE BROADWAY SHOW: The Phantom of the Opera.
It seems to get better every time I see it.IDEAL JOB: To be a regular on Saturday Night Live would be a dream come true.2011 TRAVEL PLANS: Aside from traveling for Playboy, I plan on going to Yosemite, New Orleans and Las Vegas.

Photo from
high school.



Pinup shoot with
Robert Alvarado.



My first time at
the Playboy Mansion.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man came home from work one evening and found his wife in their bedroom, packing a suitcase.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm moving to Las Vegas," she said. "I heard that in Vegas I can get \$300 to do what I do with you."

The man pulled out another suitcase and started packing his things.

"Where do you think you're going?" his wife asked.

"Well," he replied, "I have to see how the hell you manage to live on \$600 a year."

Why do men like women in leather? Because they smell like new cars.



A man was having dinner at a friend's home when he noticed that his friend preceded every request to his wife with endearing terms like *honey*, *darling*, *sweetheart* and *pumpkin*. The man was impressed by his friend's effusive displays of affection because he knew the couple had been married more than 50 years. When the wife went into the kitchen to get coffee, the man told his friend, "I think it's wonderful that after all these years you still call your wife by such sweet names."

"The truth is," the friend replied, "I forgot her name 10 years ago."

As the anesthesia wore off after his back surgery, a man slowly opened his eyes and saw his wife sitting by his hospital bed.

"You're so beautiful," he said and promptly fell back asleep.

Since his wife hadn't heard her husband say anything that sweet in years, she decided to stay by his bedside. Half an hour later his eyes fluttered open again, and when he saw her he said, "You're so cute."

"Cute?" she said, unable to hide her disappointment. "What happened to beautiful?"

"The drugs are wearing off," he replied.

What is the definition of *making love*? It's something a woman does while a man is fucking her.

A young couple got married on the spur of the moment in Las Vegas, and when they were checking into a hotel for the night, the husband asked if it would be possible for them to get the honeymoon suite.

"Do you have reservations?" the receptionist asked.

"Only one," the groom replied. "She won't do anal."

There are three stages of sex in a man's life: triweekly, try weekly and try weakly.

A woman walked into a store to return a pair of eyeglasses she had purchased for her husband a week earlier.

"What seems to be the problem with the glasses, ma'am?" the clerk asked.

"I gave these to my husband, but they don't work," she replied. "He's still not seeing things my way."

What is a man's idea of safe sex? A padded headboard.



A man was at a bar, and just as it was about to close he turned to the woman next to him and said, "What would you say to a little oral activity?"

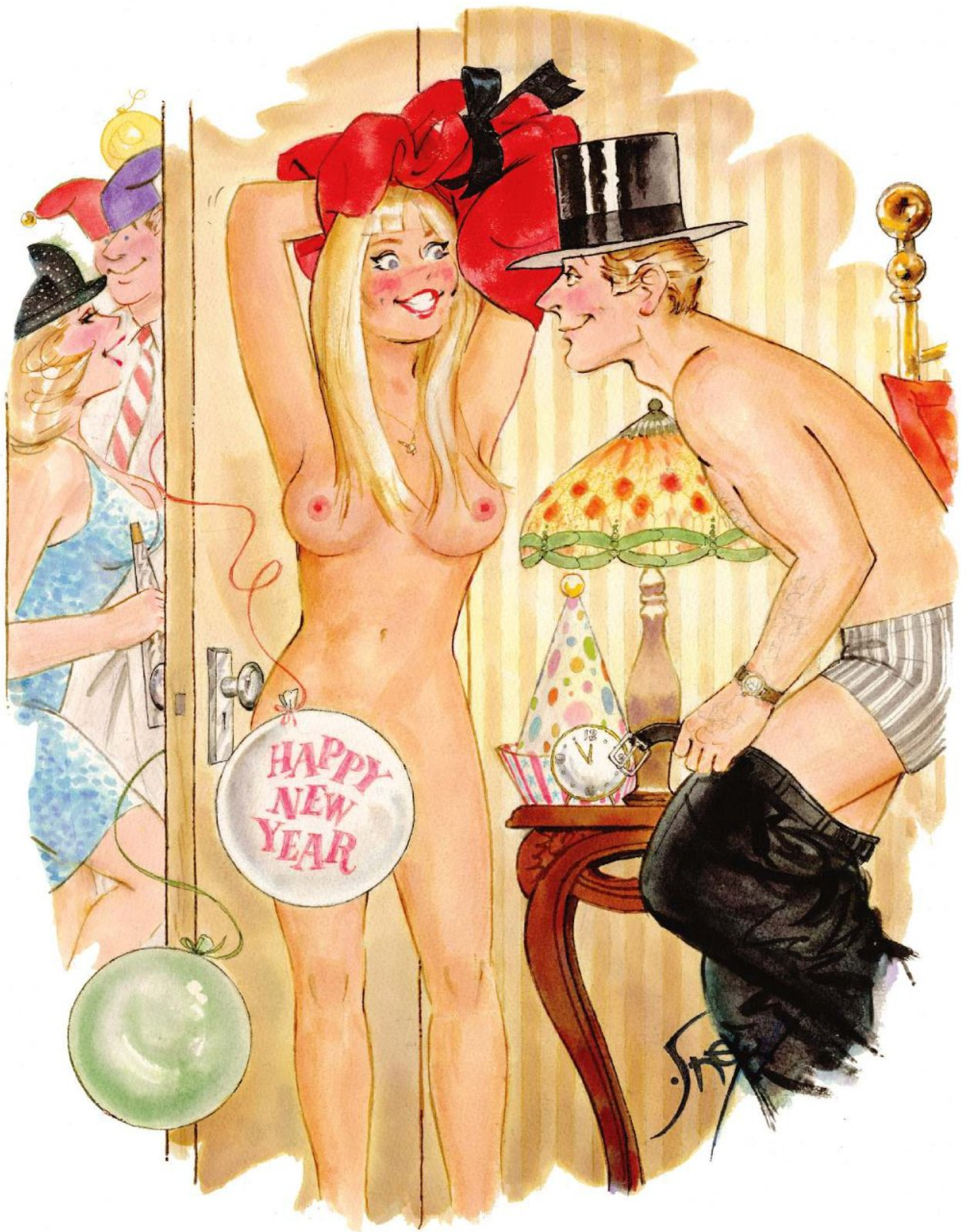
"That all depends," she replied. "Your face or mine?"

Why did the former porn star get fired from his job as a gas station attendant?

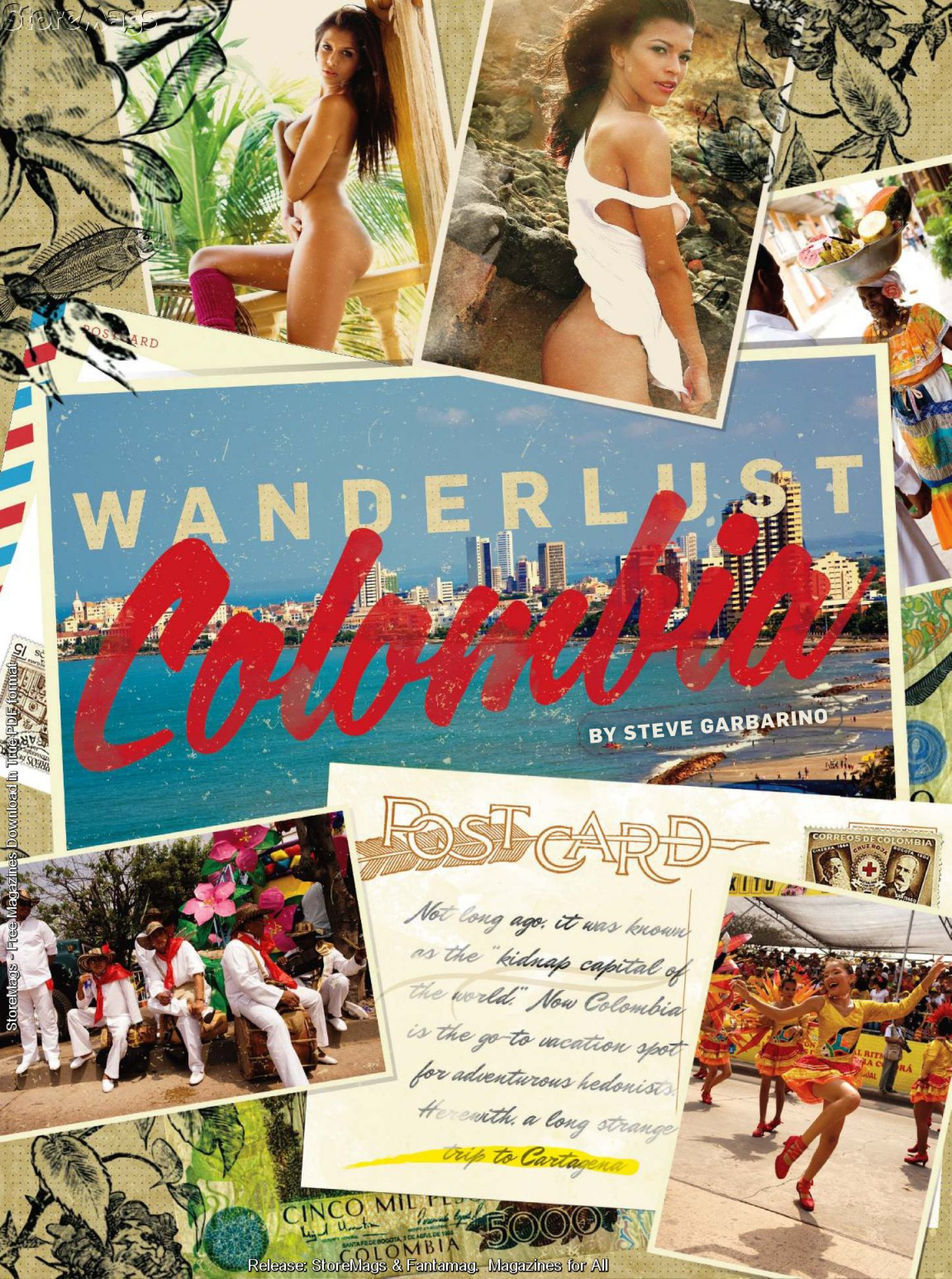
Whenever a tank was almost full, he would pull out the nozzle and spray gas all over the car.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alimony* as the screwing you get for the screwing you got.

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.



"Hurry up, Bobby, my resolution kicks in in five minutes."



WANDERLUST

Colombia

BY STEVE GARBARINO

POSTCARD

Not long ago, it was known as the "kidnap capital of the world." Now Colombia is the go-to vacation spot for adventurous hedonists. Herewith, a long strange trip to Cartagena



CINCO MIL PES
Liquid Umbrina
SANTAFÉ DE BOGOTÁ, 7 DE ABRIL DE 1988
COLOMBIA 5000

Wow! A real live toucan!" Sleep deprived from the flight from hell—napped through 20 hours of layovers, an unscheduled fuel-leak landing in Cali, Colombia, as well as multiple security interrogations and baggage molestations—I almost think I'm hallucinating this Froot Loops-hued curiosity perched benignly beside me. Maybe the trip from New York's JFK, scheduled as a six-hour flight, was worth it after all. You don't get this close to a bona fide South American toucan at a zoo.

The raven-size bird zeros in on my lunch and begins sucking down slices of duckling carpaccio with its eight-inch bill and mantongue: bird-on-bird cannibalism. Waiter? Another drink.

Bizarre, complicated, archaic, that's how it goes here in Cartagena, Colombia—formerly the kidnap capital of the world and now the latest exotic port of call that moneyed jet-setting playboys and their shoulder ornaments have christened the Next Big Thing. Even Bill Clinton comes here.

Turns out that my lunch companion is either Clarita or Mateo, the in-house pets of the circa-1621 Sofitel Santa Clara Hotel, a grandiose yet melancholy former nunnery centered on a cultivated jungle courtyard with splendid 17th century arches designed in the Spanish colonial style that prevails in the city. The hotel rooms look out on the Caribbean Sea and a swimming pool oasis.

A serious gringo with no grasp of Spanish, I am discovering the Cartagena (pronounced carta-HEH-na) I'd been hearing about from my idle-time-and-money friends and other social coasters. The danger, intrigue, romance.... Novelist Gabriel García Márquez—whose pink cubist villa Casa del Escritor shares the hotel's protective ramparts—honed his magic realism here. And you can easily see why. The lore of readily attainable, hangover-free cocaine; the flirty, salsa-shaking local girls (with

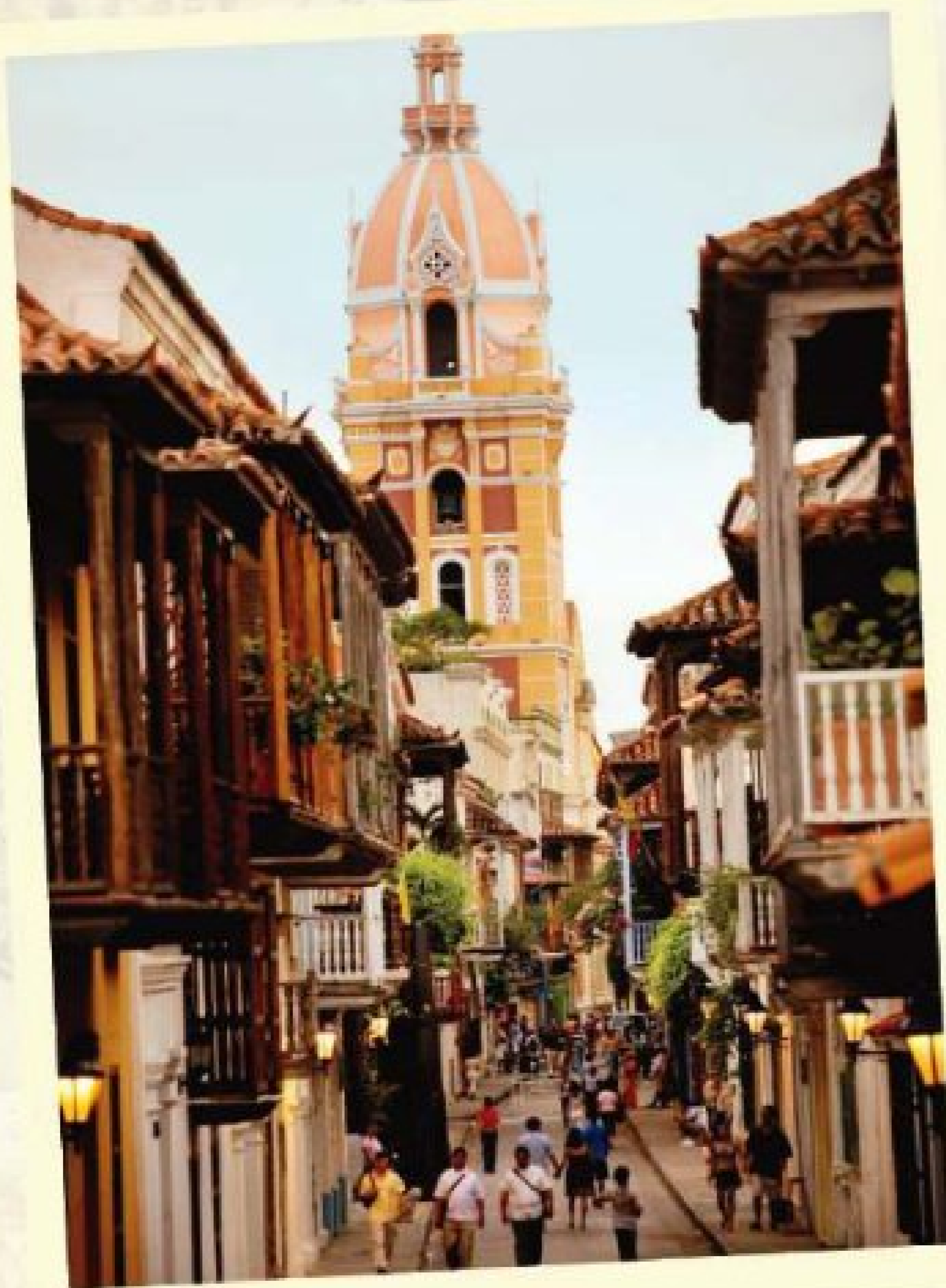
long, shiny brown hair and pert, un-augmented breasts); the general bohemian lay of the land—all of it beckons.

Cartagena was founded in 1533. The entirety of the Old City is surrounded by a five-mile-long stone and rampart wall, lined with phallic iron cannons and built by kidnapped African slaves, assuring the security of what today would have amounted to \$30 trillion worth of silver and gold booty boated over from the giving mines of nearby Peru. Indeed, the entrance to the Old City, Plaza de Los Coches—overshadowed by a gilt-edged clock tower and now the nightly scene of fanciful line dancing, rum drinking and bongo drumming—is the former home of Cartagena's slave market.

The city remains notorious for one decade, the 1980s, when indigent locals made murderous drug lord Pablo Escobar, who once held the number seven spot on *Forbes* magazine's richest top 10, their hero and an international star. Cocaine transformed Cartagena into the wet dream of every Tony Montana in residence. The city, having fallen on tough times, became alive and wired with Rick's Café boîtes where dapper goons spent and shot their wads and, later, turned to kidnapping dumb white couples in search of, you know, the pure shit.

Escobar was gunned down in 1993, but his legend lives on, still active as a flashing travel alert, despite the recent increase in privately protected arrivistes landing in toy-size airplanes for *Vogue* editor weddings and debauched New Year's Eve fetes held within rented 400-year-old villas.

It's a kinder, more gentrified city now, and in the wake of a garish development boom on its Lauderdale-by-the-Sea-like peninsula of Bocagrande, at least 30 converted residential boutique hotels and half a dozen chains have opened, as well as a rejuvenated nightlife scene in the old town. There too a bounty of fledgling Michelin-ready A-list restaurants (they love the word *fusion* here) have sprung open their doors, with kitchens serving garlicky shrimp and fish and gumbo-like stew that even affluent New Yorkers can Zagat-off about.



Café Havana, where the band starts playing around midnight.

Above: Cartagena's Old City.



(1) THE ROSARIO ISLANDS, A DAY TRIP FROM CARTAGENA'S OLD CITY. (2) THE ORIGINAL FORT, BUILT BY THE SPANISH IN 1639. (3) INTERIOR OF CASA POMBO, A LUXE HOTEL IN THE OLD CITY, HOUSED IN A 16TH CENTURY EDIFICE. (4) THE TCHERASSI HOTEL, OWNED BY FASHION DESIGNER SILVIA TCHERASSI. (5) CARNIVAL IN CARTAGENA. (6) DINNER AT LA VITROLA, WHERE A CUBAN BAND PLAYS EVERY NIGHT AT THE DOOR.

Jack (not his real name), a continent-traversing 30-something American investment banker and CEO, arrived here for the first time in 2005. He describes the covertly decadent scene only five years ago as one out of a Lewis Carroll book.

"I went for the first time for my buddy's wedding," he says. He's been back to Cartagena several times now and says the buzz and post-Gatsby *americano* influx keep growing. "When we stayed the first time, there were maybe two boutique hotels. But there were all these big Spanish colonial mansions in the middle of the old part of the city that had been redone and were being rented out for, like, nothing. It was like Paris in its heyday. You wouldn't notice the houses from their modest facades—just this little door on a decrepit old building. And then you'd go through it and there would be this sprawling, opulent home. My friends had rented one and it was fantastic: It had a swimming pool and it was really old and cool. Of course now that it's getting popular it's getting a lot more expensive."

Robert Margolin, a 44-year-old entrepreneur, lived in nearby Bogotá in 2002, and along with his pals he would weekend in Cartagena to "blow off steam."

"I was brought in as an interim CEO of a distressed Colombian cell phone company," the prematurely gray-haired Richard Gere type says. "This was when narcoterrorism and kidnappings were at their peak. Our bodyguards kept most of Colombia off-limits to us. But Cartagena was deemed relatively safe. The city had almost no foreign tourists—or hotels—back then. But there was this growing underground all-night dance-club scene and parties in private courtyards. Think salsa raves, if *rave* is still used, fueled more by *aguardiente* than cocaine. It all felt pretty *louche* and by-invitation-only. But it was clear even then that it was just a matter of time until the city would begin to gentrify and find itself on the international jet-setter's map."

So what's Cartagena really like? You can't make enough comparisons to New Orleans. Both cities are *caliente* as *cojones*—the two Spanish words I know—in the summer months. Both have magnificently weathered but preservation-society-intact Spanish-influenced architecture, Old City Cartagena particularly mirroring the French Quarter's spread. Both boast wrought-iron gates, secret gardens, fountains and courtyards.

Both have their shaggy bougainvillea-filled balconies, patios, squares and decaying edifices. Both take day drinking, good food and hedonism to staggering heights. Both use horses and buggies. Both have days-of-slavery ghosts. Both are devotedly Catholic (and hypocritical for it). Both have sudden downpours. Both welcome con men, bad street art and forlorn mimes. Both draw cash-happy assholes looking to misbehave as they wouldn't in their hometowns. Both have earned, and still earn, their high-crime reputations. And both appear to be some subtropical Emerald City—yellow-brick roads and all—but conceal in their ethereal Old World patina and canary-nattering palms potential bodily injury around every labyrinthine alleyway and Kodak-friendly alcove.

"You hear it from those who've never been before: Hookers and cocaine, that's why you go to Cartagena," says David Liberton, a 23-year-old Manhattan real estate broker and art gallery director, whom I met on the plane. "But the people who have been there know it's an incredible city—the beauty of the buildings, the ancientness of it all, the fresh seafood, the people." One perception that definitely proves true: The women are smoking and not shy. "They're gorgeous," he says. "Dark-haired, European, with the greatest little asses and tits. High heels and minidresses."

"They're gorgeous. Dark-haired, European, with the greatest little asses, high heels and minidresses."

Here's my advice: Fly an American airline, such as Continental, to Cartagena with one stop, in Miami (not Bogotá!), and you're less than three hours away; know Spanish; in advance, find someone who knows someone of great wealth there so you can be a part of the decadent house-party scene; break from the city for day trips by boat to the secluded Rosario Islands. Don't do the volcanic mud baths, don't get lazy and don't be afraid.

I can't say I was unhappy to finally land in Miami. Sitting in an airport bar and waiting for a connecting flight to New York, I smiled and quoted to myself Michael Douglas in the Colombia-set film *Romancing the Stone*: "Angel, you are hell and gone from Cartagena."



MAP BY KARIN FAUTECK

FEAR AND LOATHING in Cartagena

The red-eye guide to Colombia's coastal jewel

Nightlife

THE GETSEMANÍ DISTRICT: Stiletto-heeled club girls run wild in this stretch of bars in the Old City. Late Thursday eves are all about Cuba libres and dancing at El Café Havana. *Corner of Calle Media Luna and Calle del Guerrero, 310-610-2324.* The absolute must-stop: Mister Babilla, a VIP dance club. *8B-137 Centro Calle del Arsenal, 575-664-8616.*

CAFÉ DEL MAR: Order a pitcher of sangria and plop down at the extended tiki bar, which is completely outside and very romantic. The building itself is perched on a 17th century rampart. *Baluarte de Santo Domingo, Centro Histórico, 575-664-6513.*

LA PERLA: The packed but sophisticated bar is all about specialty drinks—a rarity in these parts. *4-42 Calle de Ayoa, Centro Histórico, 575-664-2157.*

TU CANDELA: A pickup palace where everybody is oblivious to protocol at four a.m. *Portal de los Dulces, Centro Histórico, 575-664-8787.*

LA VITROLA: A sentinel guards the Munchkin-level blue door. Inside an Old Havana feel pervades—come for the topflight Carib-Cuban cuisine. Take note, however: Reservations are hard to come by. *2-01 Calle Baloco, Centro Histórico, 575-660-0711.*

LA ENOTECA: The best of the city's plentiful Italian restaurants, La Enoteca is situated in an enclosed courtyard café and offers paper-thin pizza and carpaccio. A Little Italy-style gourmet shop, Vineria Restaurante Delikatessen, adjoins the building. *3-39 Calle San Juan de Dios, 575-664-3806.*

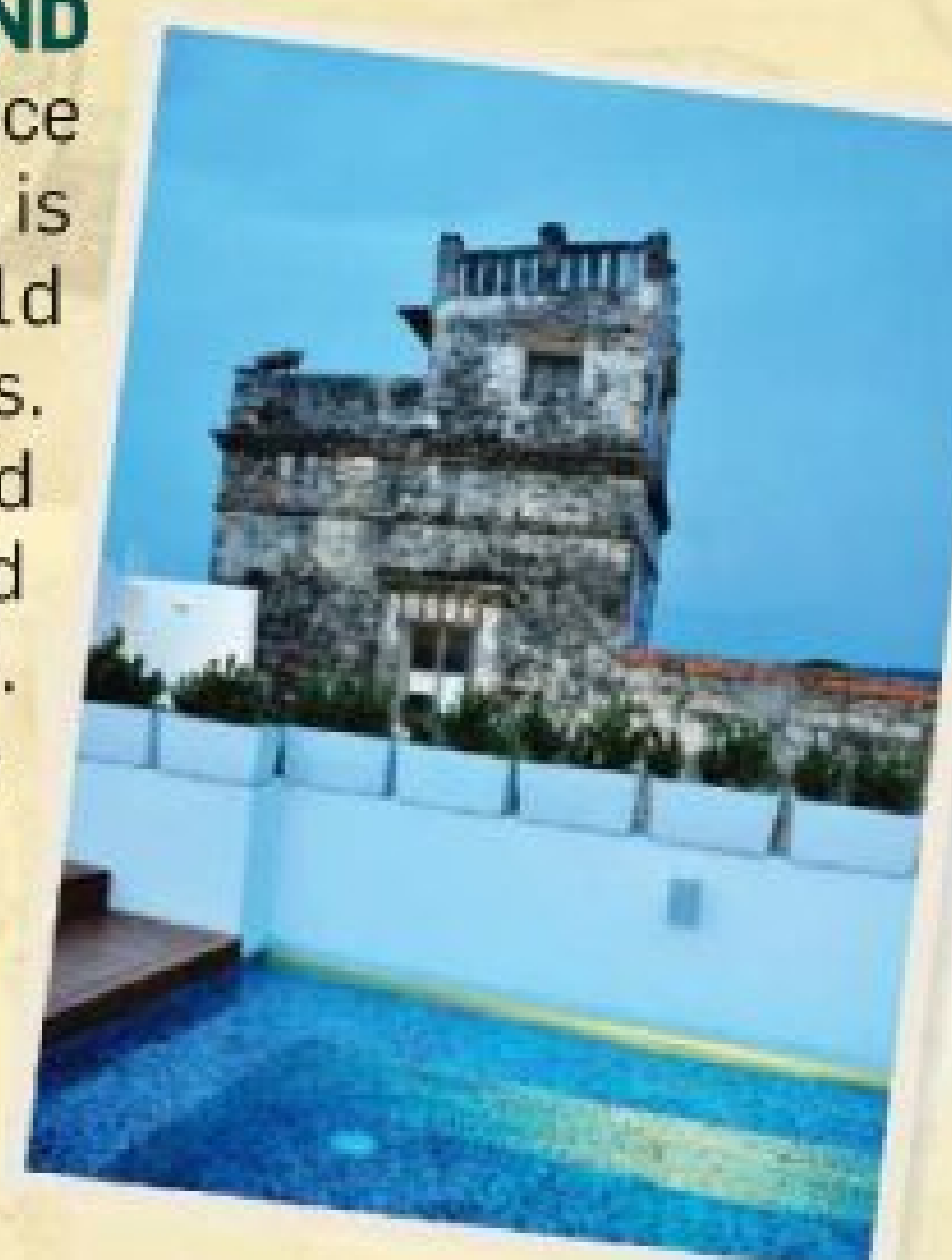
EL PULPITO: The ceviche—a purist thing in Cartagena—is pure gold at El Pulpito, an informal and cheap

newcomer that serves octopus, scallops, shrimp and fish in Styrofoam cups. *36-25 Centro Calle del Cuartel.*

Lodgings

SOFITEL SANTA CLARA: The sprawling 115-room resort's original bones were built in 1621. On the outside, the arched courtyard of this former convent is rain-forest thick with palms and other botanicals. The Sofitel boasts one of the Old City's biggest pools, and the airy cantina bar is the perfect place for a first date. *39-29 Calle del Torno, Barrio San Diego, 575-650-4700.*

TCHERASSI HOTEL AND SPA: A newly opened slice of chic. The pampering is minimalistic sexy: Old City meets Palm Springs. The rooms are housed inside a 250-year-old colonial mansion (right). *6-21 Calle del Sargento Mayor, 575-664-4445.*



CHARLESTON SANTA TERESA: A five-star behemoth in the colonial and republican styles, the Charleston Santa Teresa, in the center of the Old City, was restored to luxury level with its old-school touches intact. The hotel was originally built as a convent, and its rooms face the spiraled tops of cathedrals and clock towers. *31-23 Centro Plaza de Santa Teresa, 575-664-9494.*

Beaches and Views

THE ROSARIO ISLANDS: A nationally protected oasis of 27 islands and islets thick with mangroves, lagoons and tropical forests. The most pristine beaches can be found on Baru Island; for the record, Playa Blanca is the sexiest. Any concierge can arrange a trip—a mere 30 minutes by boat from Cartagena. Do it!

THE SAN FELIPE DE BARAJAS FORTRESS AND LA POPA MONASTERY: Get lost in the Spanish fortress's catacombs and say a prayer for safe travels in the monastery. The view is breathtaking from either of their highest points. You'll see why you came.



HOPS, HYPE, MONEY AND POWER: BROOKLYN BREWERY'S QUEST TO MAKE THE PERFECT BEER

BEER WARS

BY KEVIN COOK

STEVE HINDY SHUT HIS EYES, WAITING for a bullet to hit him. He was helpless, scared. It was 1980. Hindy, an Associated Press correspondent in Beirut, had been patrolling with United Nations peacekeepers when terrorists kidnapped them. The insurgents herded their captives into the basement bathroom of a school. They tortured and killed two of the peacekeepers, and shot and wounded a third as Hindy sat on the floor nearby, the barrel of a Kalashnikov pressed to his temple. Then, without warning, they let him go. Dragging the wounded man to a taxi on the bombed-out street outside, he dreamed of getting home, flipping on a Mets game and cracking open a cold one.

Hindy was a home-brew fan. In the dry Middle East, where Islamic law banned alcohol, Westerners were compelled to learn how to make their own. He picked up the craft from friends in U.S. embassies who smuggled yeast and malt extract by diplomatic pouch. They brewed dark aromatic ales that were nothing like the piss that passed for beer back home. By 1985 he had settled in Brooklyn and broken open the home-brewing kit his overseas co-workers had given him as a going-away present.

"My first batch was a disaster. I was a klutz with the hammer capper," he says. A hammer capper is a tool home brewers use to cap bottles—you place an uncrimped steel cap on a bottle, hammer it down and crimp the cap over the bottle's mouth. "But you have to do it right or you break the bottle. I broke 30 of my first 48 bottles." Cursing the capper, ham-

mering harder, cutting his hands as glass shards flew around his kitchen, he wound up drenched in suds and blood. After years of covering wars he learned beer could be hell too.

Despite that shattering start, Hindy's dream of brewing for friends and, soon enough, paying customers gave birth to one of the most profitable—and critically admired—regional beer makers in the country: Brooklyn Brewery. Craft brewing is booming, and Hindy's tale has all the ingredients of a great story: hops, hype, money, violence and power. Behind it all is the quest to make the perfect beer.

Almost 25 years after its bloody beginning, Brooklyn Brewery welcomed hundreds of beer drinkers to happy hour, a Friday night open house in Williamsburg, a low-rise mecca across the East River from lower Manhattan. Hindy's brewery has helped fuel a Brooklyn renaissance—during the past two decades studio-apartment rents have jumped from \$150 to \$1,500 in neighborhoods along the river; Maggie Gyllenhaal, Peter Sarsgaard, Steve Buscemi and Jonathan Safran Foer all live in Park Slope; and the NBA's Nets plan a controversial move to Brooklyn's downtown in 2012. During the brewery's five-hour happy hour, beeristas served eight different craft brews. Some of the drinkers were wafer-thin with frosted hair and black lipstick—and their girlfriends were equally glam. Wall Streeters mingled with off-duty cops and firemen, T-shirted techies and Long Island girls with low-cut jeans and tramp stamps, sampling a heady new ale called Brooklyn Blast. Hindy's brewery is now a regional powerhouse, selling 115,000 barrels a year, *(continued on page 151)*

TO APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING, IT HELPS TO KNOW THE BASICS

ALE

BEER FERMENTED WARM, AROUND ROOM TEMPERATURE; TYPICALLY FRUITIER OR SPICIER THAN LAGER.



CRAFT BREWERY

A BEERMAKER THAT BREWS THE TRADITIONAL WAY, GENERALLY WITHOUT ADDING RICE OR CORN AS A BARLEY SUBSTITUTE.



BARLEY

WHEAT-LIKE GRAIN WITH HARD SEEDS ON THE STALKS. STEEPING BARLEY IN WATER SOFTENS THE SEEDS INTO MALT.

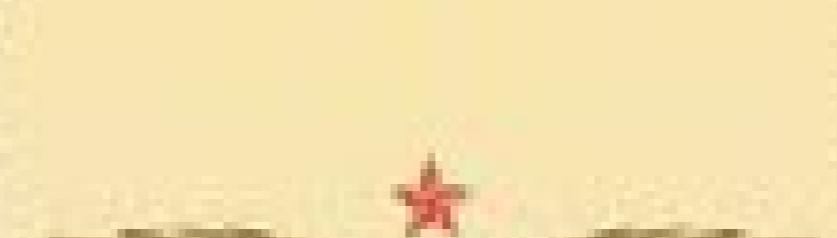
HOPS

FLOWERS SHAPED LIKE MINI PINECONES; THEY PROVIDE BITTERNESS THAT GIVES BEER ITS BITE.



MALT

BARLEY THAT'S BEEN STEEPED IN WATER UNTIL IT SOFTENS AND SPROUTS, THEN DRIED. BARLEY MALT IS THE BASIS OF ALL REAL BEERS.



LAGER

BEER FERMENTED COOL, AROUND 50 DEGREES, AND AGED LONGER THAN ALES (LAGER MEANS "TO STORE")—OFTEN SMOOTHER AND LIGHTER THAN ALES.

MICRO-BREWERY

A BREWER THAT SELLS 15,000 BARRELS (465,000 GALLONS) OR LESS A YEAR.

PILSNER

A CRISP LAGER ORIGINALLY BREWED IN THE TOWN OF PILSEN, BOHEMIA. ONE FAMOUS PILSNER TRACES ITS ROOTS TO A NEARBY VILLAGE, BUDWEIS.



PORTER

DARK ALE, OFTEN SURPRISINGLY LOW IN ALCOHOL; LIGHTER THAN A STOUT.

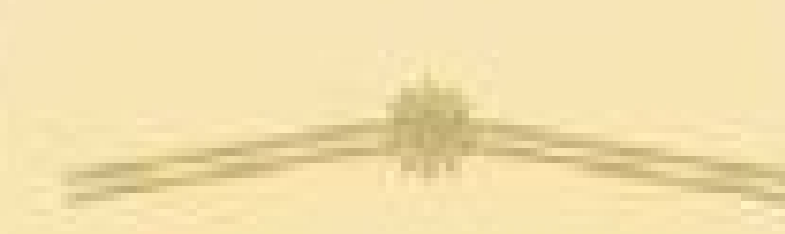


REGIONAL BREWERY

A BREWER THAT SELLS BETWEEN 15,000 AND 2 MILLION BARRELS A YEAR.

STOUT

DARK, CREAMY-HEADED BEER TYPIFIED BY GUINNESS.



YEAST

SINGLE-CELLED FUNGUS THAT CAUSES FERMENTATION. DIFFERENT STRAINS PRODUCE DIFFERENT FLAVORS.



ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX VARANESE



NET CONTENTS 12 FLUID OZ.

666°ST

Hydrogen
1
H
1.0079

Potassium
19
K
39.098

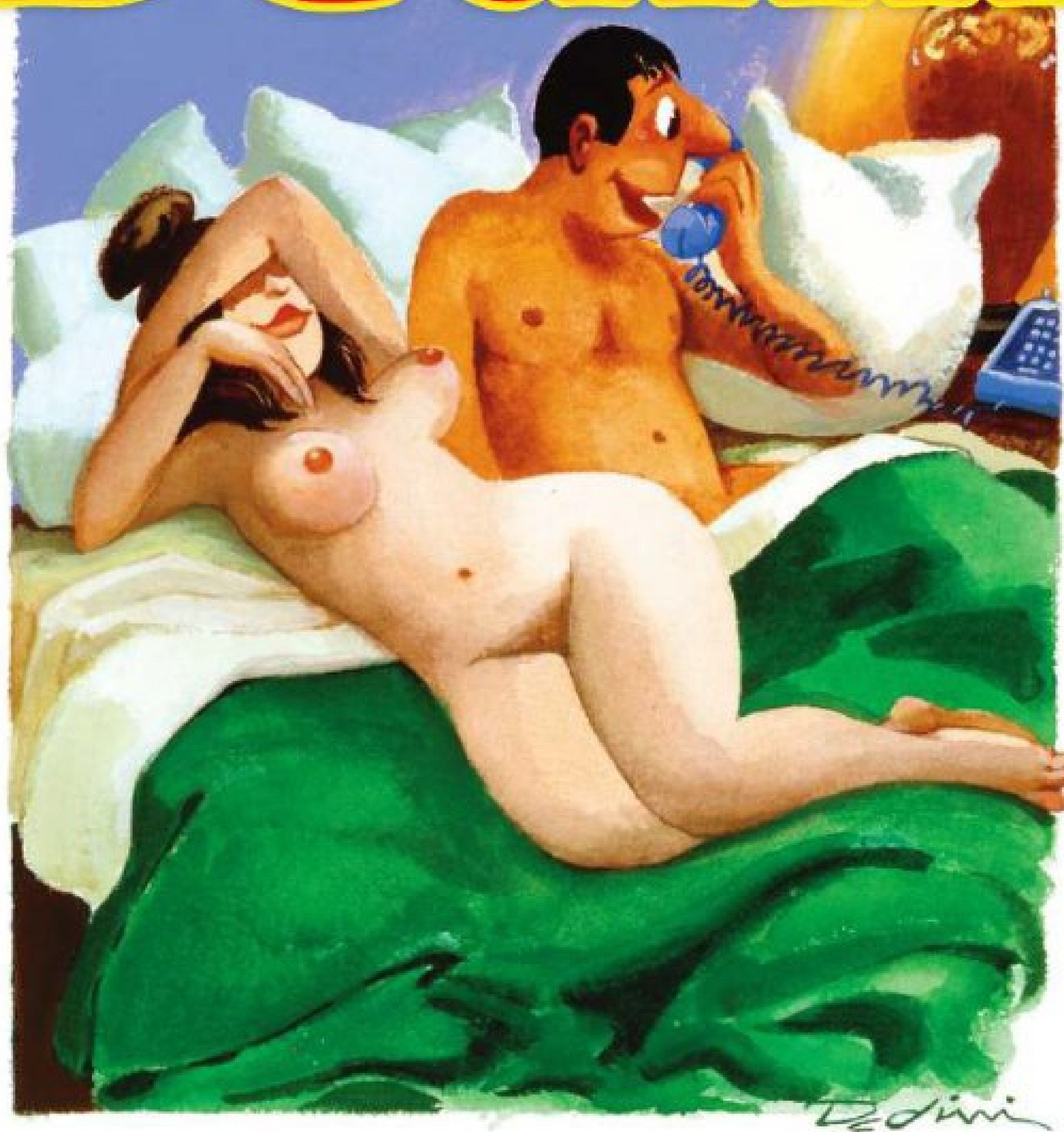
Carbon
6
C
12.011

Sodium
11
Na
22.990

O
16.00

Carbon
6
C
12.011

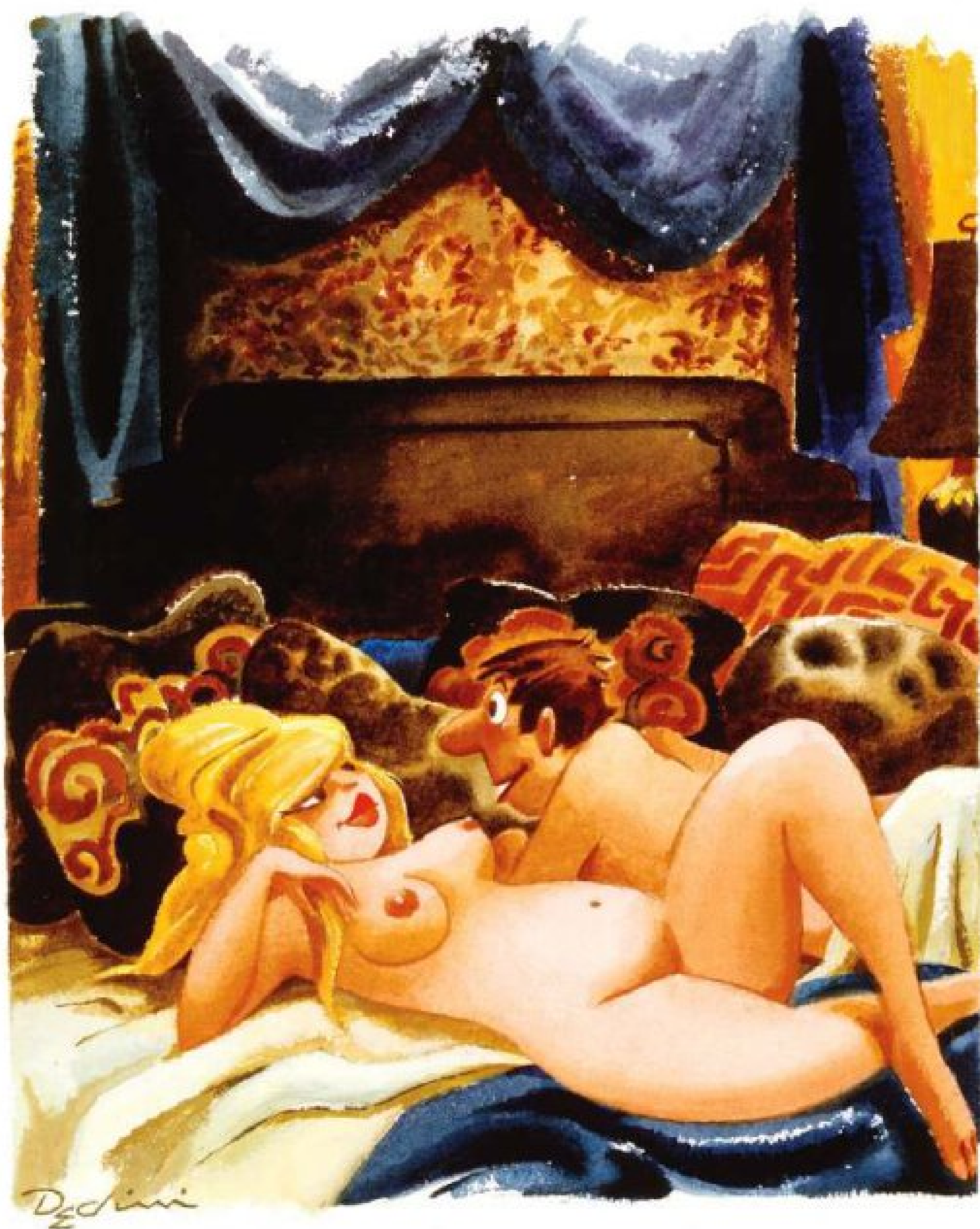
IN BED WITH Dedini



"Of course I love you. I love everybody!"



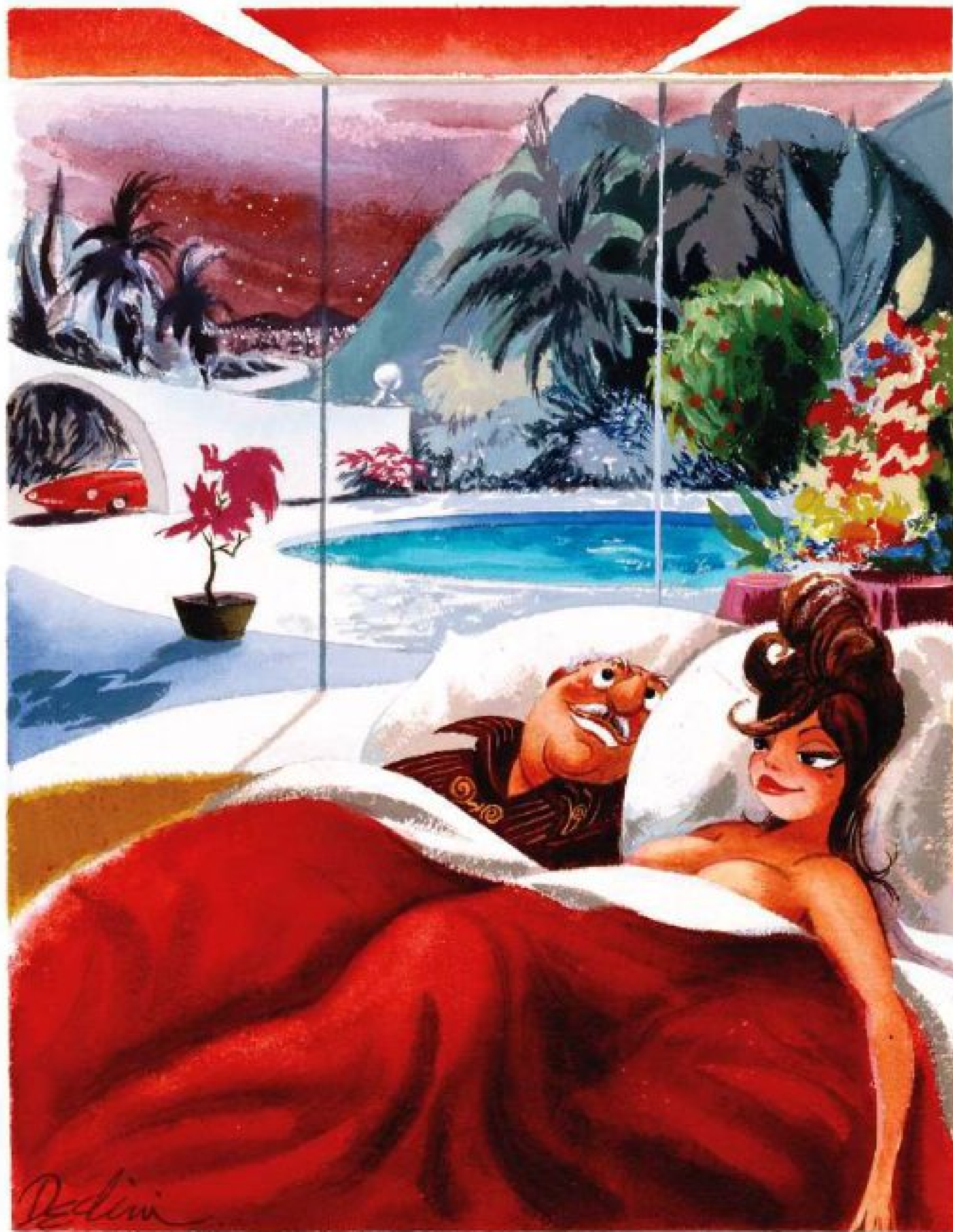
"I love the way you crawl into bed."



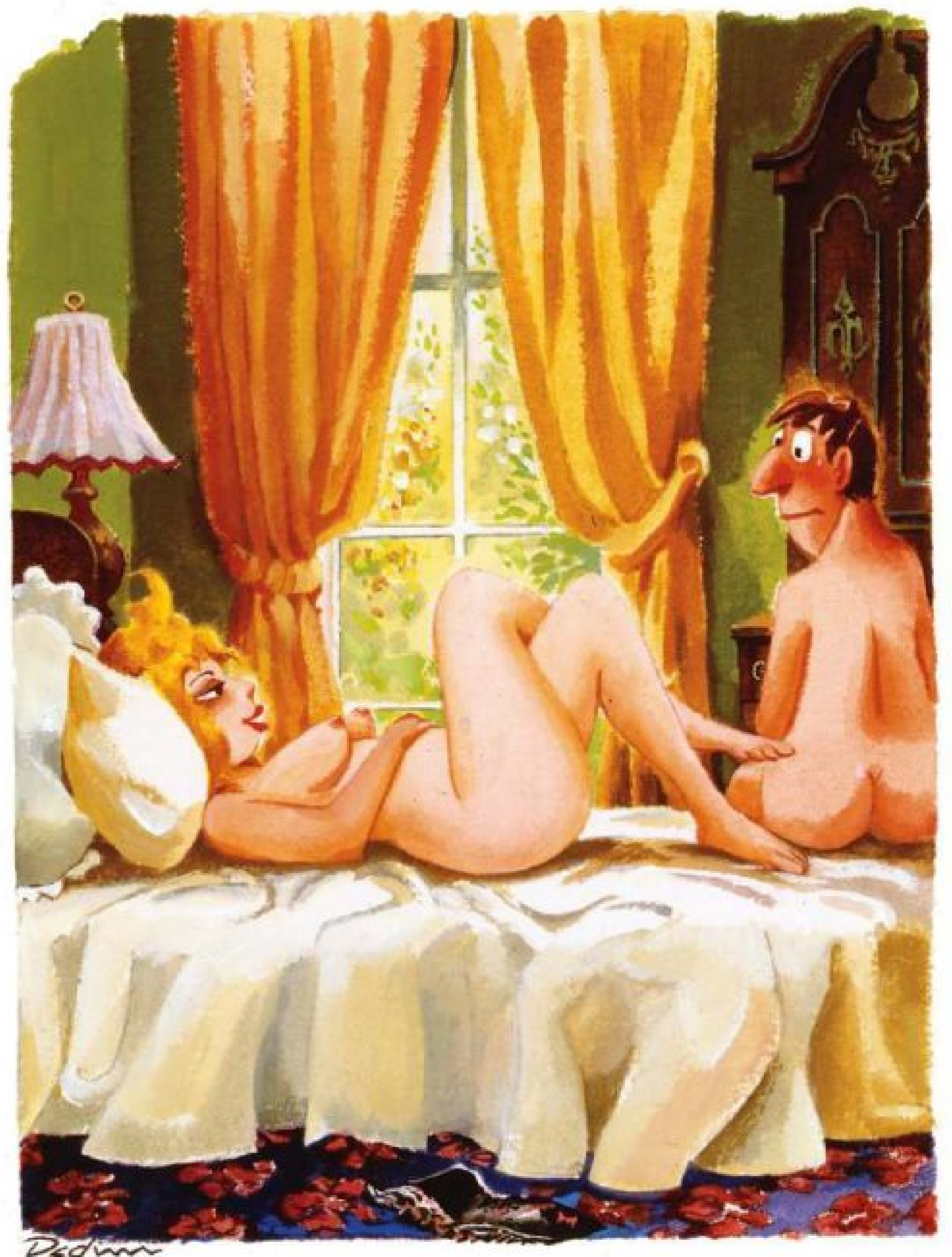
"My wife thinks I'm home cooking."



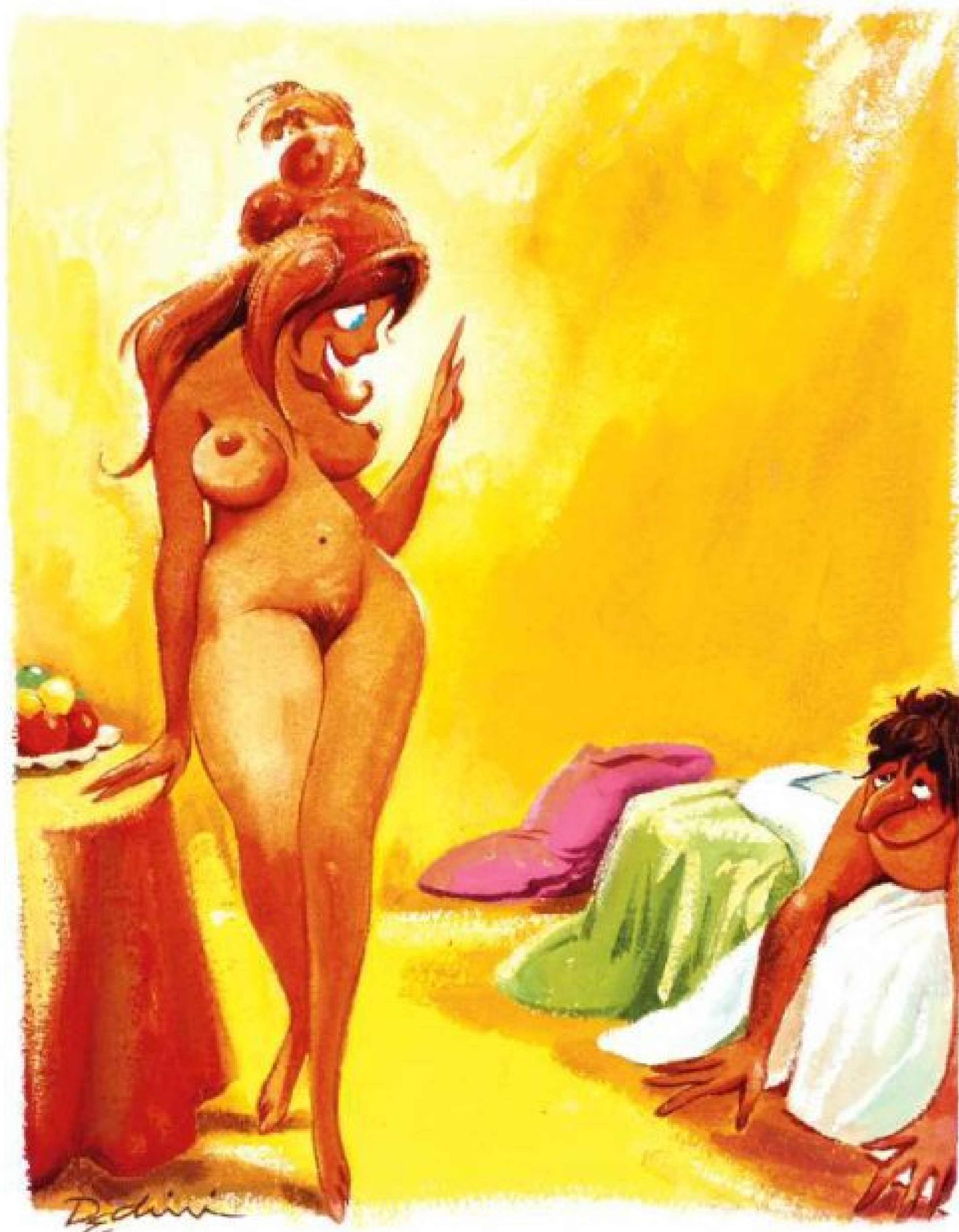
"No, this isn't the moment of truth. You missed it by five minutes."



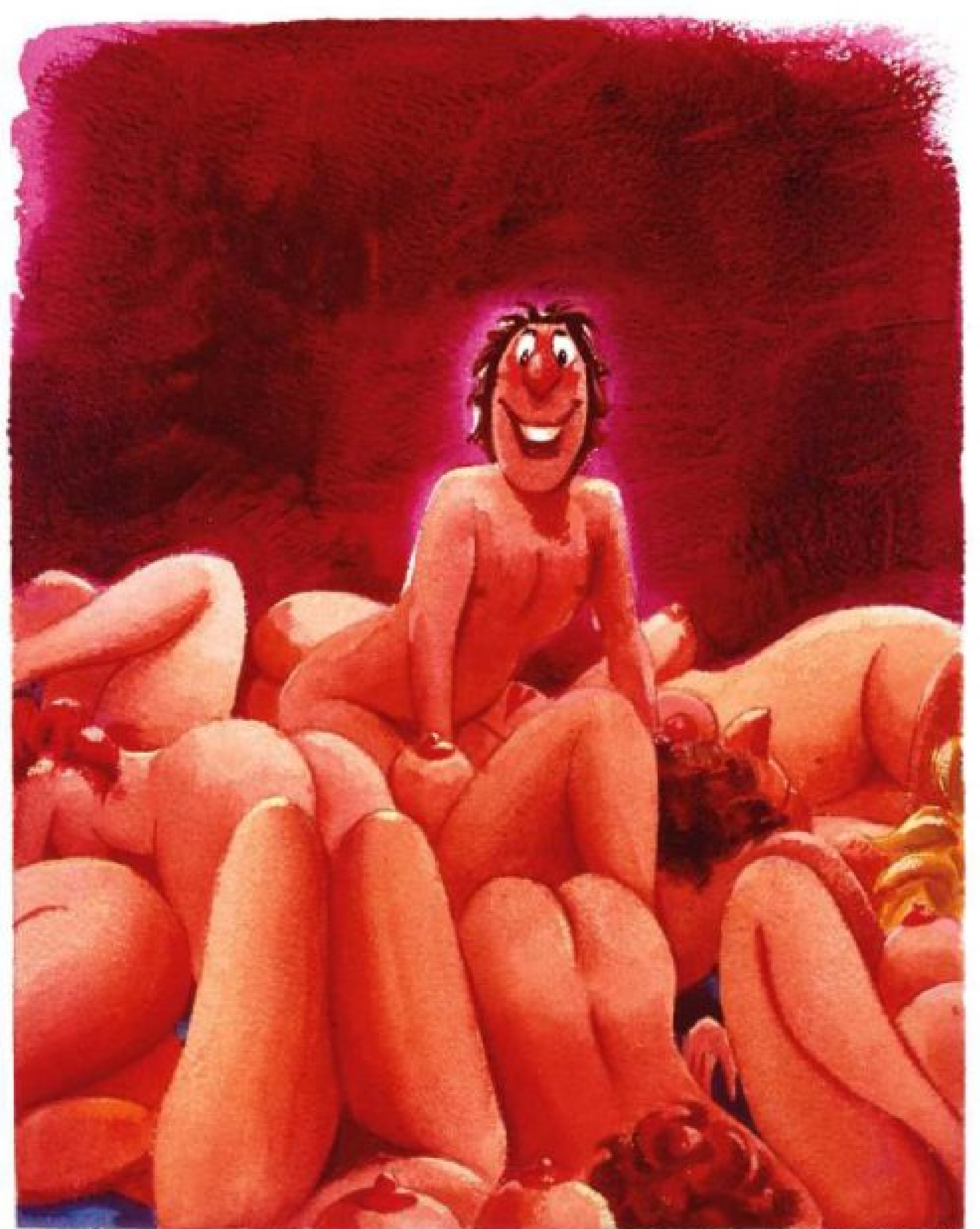
"Do you find moviemaking much different here than in Europe, Miss Lecocq?"



"You've satisfied my immediate needs. Now I feel the kitchen needs painting."



"That's enough guilt-free sex for one day."



"Was it good for all of you, too?"

UFC PHOTOS BY STEVEN LIPPMAN



STILL-LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON

STAND TOUGH

THE BADDEST SPECIES ON THE PLANET—DANA WHITE'S MENACING BAND OF ULTIMATE FIGHTERS—SHOWS THE REST OF US HOW TO LOOK LIKE REAL MEN

UFC

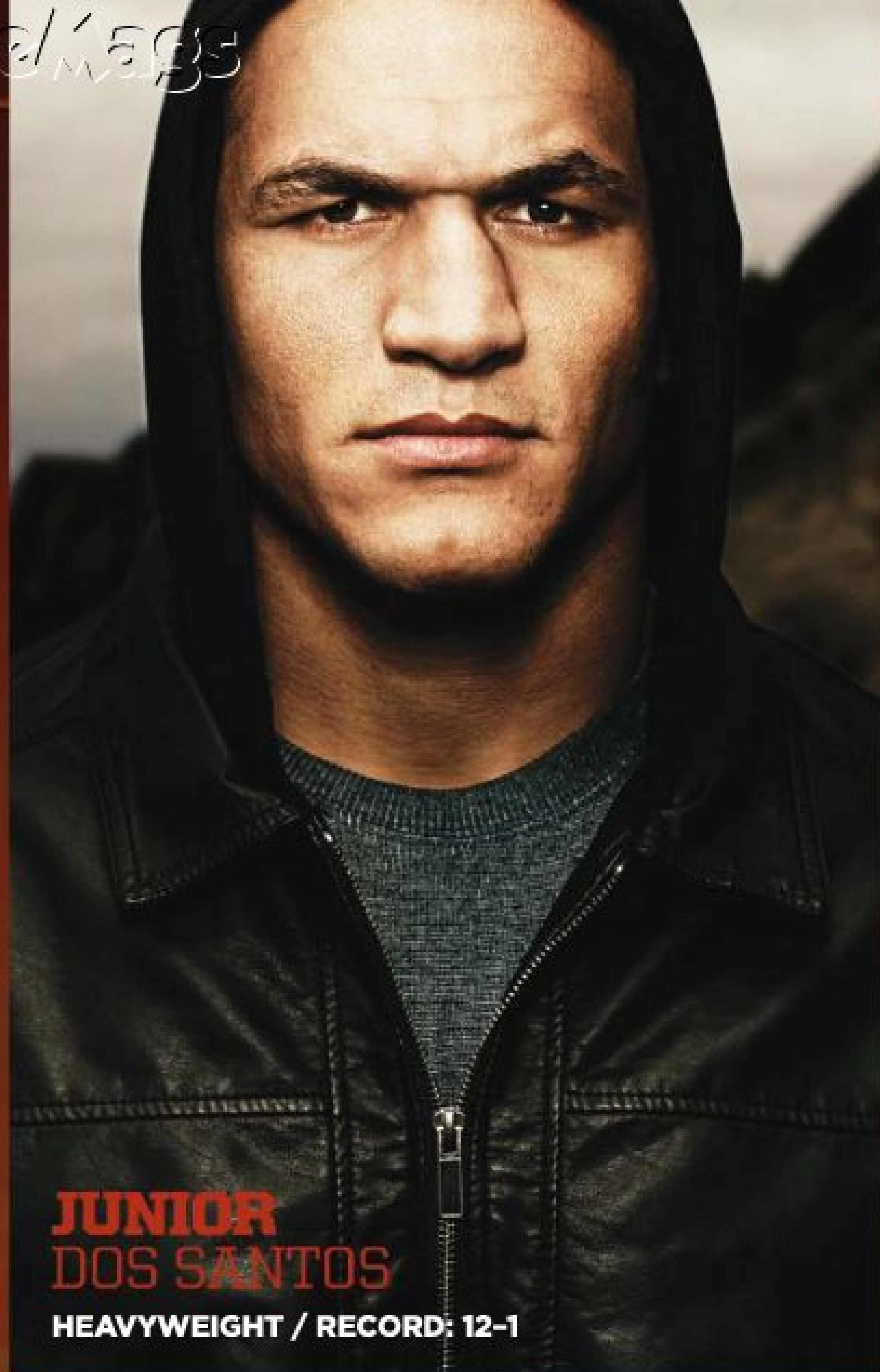


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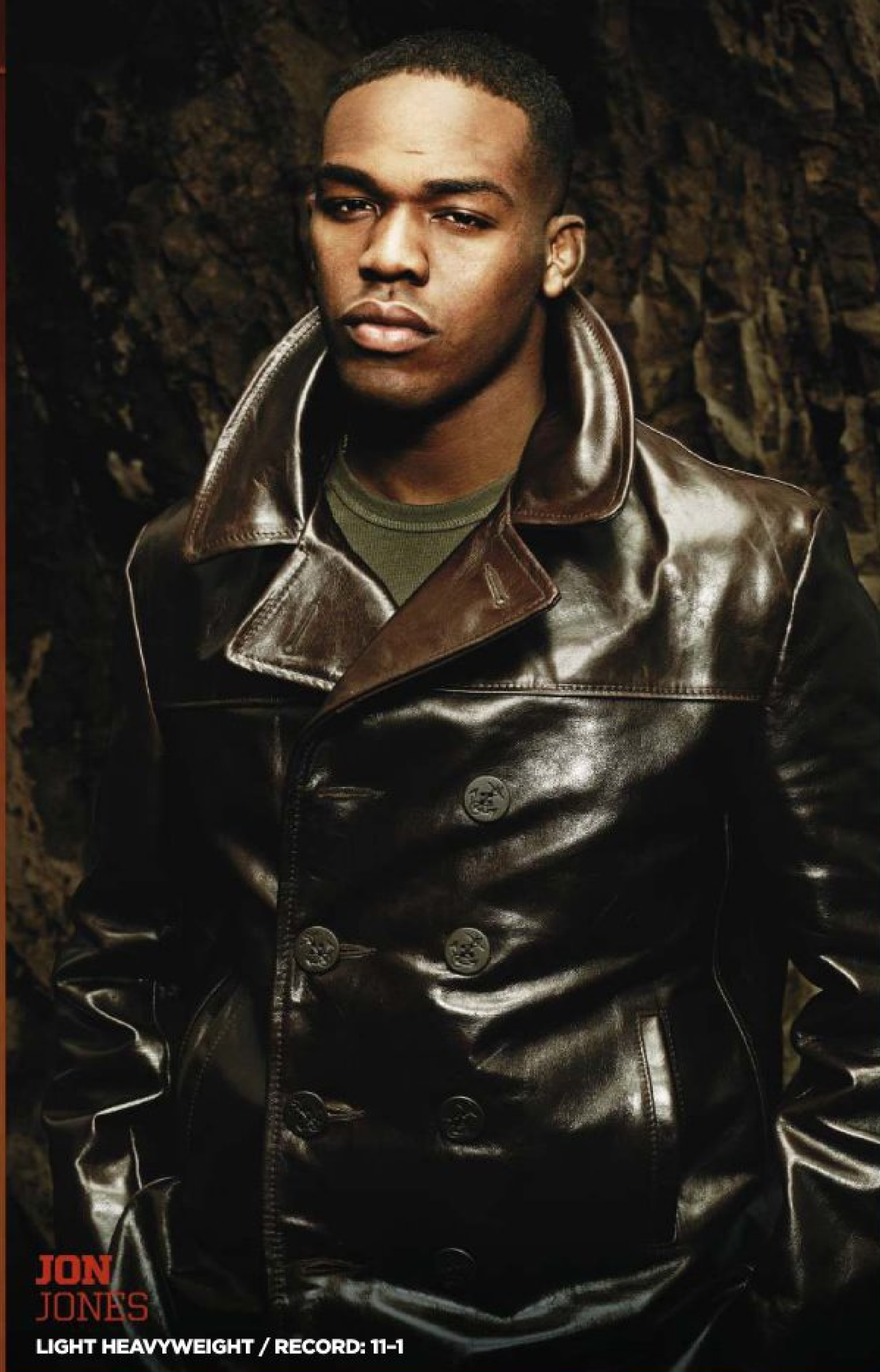
PLAYBOY  FASHION

Want to look tough as nails? Strap these leather jackets to your back—the requisite muscle comes from UFC president Dana White and five of his most fearsome mixed martial artists (from left: Ryan Bader, Junior dos Santos, White, Vitor Belfort, Stephan Bonnar and Jon Jones). And then gear up with matériel worthy of *The Guns of Navarone*. Submission is guaranteed. (White is sporting a leather jacket with side-zip pockets, \$600, by Hugo Boss; T-shirt, \$13, by INC; maroon zip-neck sweater, \$68, by Calvin Klein; pants, \$145, by Hugo Boss; and pull-on boots, \$200, by UGG.)

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES



JUNIOR DOS SANTOS
HEAVYWEIGHT / RECORD: 12-1



JON JONES
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT / RECORD: 11-1



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A WILD BUNCH What are these leather heads wearing? Junior dos Santos is in a **HOODED JACKET (\$100)** BY J. FERRAR, **CREW-NECK (\$18)** BY AMERICAN RAG, **PANTS (\$50)** BY TOMMY HILFIGER and **BOOTS (\$110)** BY GIANT; Jon Jones is in a **PEACOCK (\$480)** BY SCHOTT NYC, **SHIRT (\$15)** BY AMERICAN RAG, **KHAKIS (\$40)** BY TOMMY HILFIGER and **BOOTS (\$200)** BY UGG. Next, try these ass kickers on for size: **LACE-UP BOOTS (\$248)** and **DISTRESSED BOOTS (\$258)** BY THE FRYE COMPANY. Because even Allied commandos—cue *The Guns of Navarone* (bottom left)—require a change of clothes and a bottle of Lagavulin, always keep the following handy: **WINE/BOOZE BOX (\$60)** BY ISLE OF MAN; **ARMY TOTE (\$300)** and **MESSENGER BAG (\$325)** BY WILL LEATHER GOODS.





**VITOR
BELFORT**

MIDDLEWEIGHT / RECORD: 19-8



YOUNG GUN The Brazilian-born Belfort, a former light-heavyweight champion, won his first UFC match at the age of 19, making him the youngest fighter ever to leave the Octagon victorious. Hence his nickname—the Phenom. **LEATHER JACKET (\$258)** BY PARC 81, **PLAID SHIRT (\$69)** BY BUFFALO DAVID BITTON, **PANTS (\$40)** BY ELIE TAHARI, **BELT (\$40)** and **BOOTS (\$149)** BY LANDS' END.



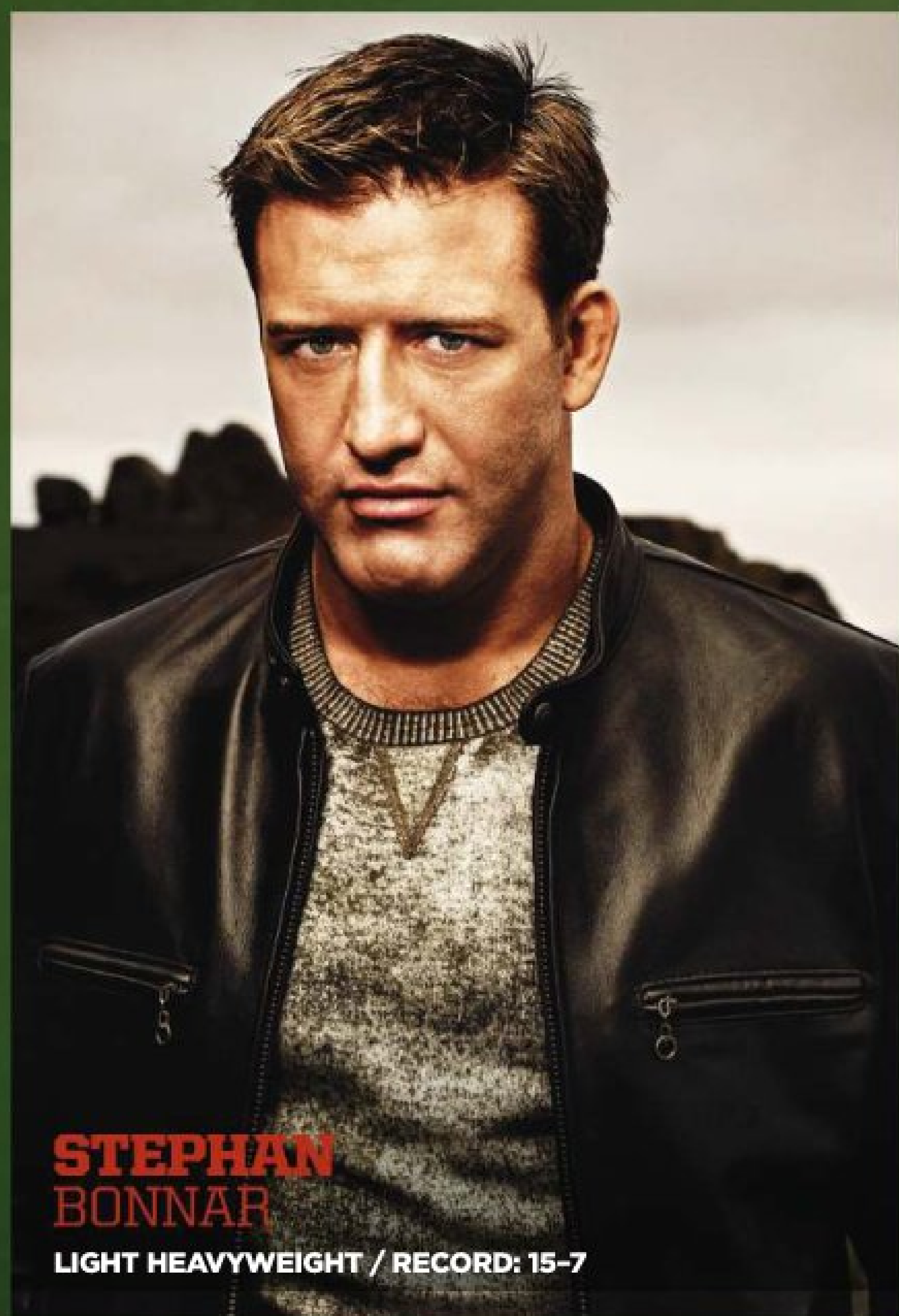
For winter warriors: **WOOL BERET (\$15)** FROM ARMYNAVYSALES.COM and **KNIT CAP (\$30)** BY GOORIN BROTHERS. Meanwhile, for desert dwellers (clockwise from left): **SHADES (\$135)** BY D&G; **WHITE-AND-GOLD AVIATORS (\$190)** and **SILVER-AND-BLACK AVIATORS (\$190)** BY RAY-BAN.



Punctuality demonstrates a strength in discipline (from left): **MILITARY FIELD WATCH (\$20) FROM IMS-PLUS**, **VINTAGE ARMY FIELD WATCH (\$150) BY TIMEX** and **USN BUREAU OF SHIPS NAVY COMBAT MILITARY WRISTWATCH (\$65) FROM IMS-PLUS**.



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STEPHAN BONNAR

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT / RECORD: 15-7

KILLER B'S Bonnar is a scholar of sinew. **JACKET (\$480) BY SCHOTT NYC**, **CREWNECK (\$79) BY BUFFALO DAVID BITTON**, **PANTS (\$50) BY LANDS' END** and **BOOTS (\$140) BY HARLEY-DAVIDSON**. Bader is an expert in triumphalism. **JACKET (\$70) BY LEGENDARY GOODS FROM PACSUN.COM**, **HENLEY (\$35) BY LANDS' END CANVAS**, **PANTS (\$195) BY ARMANI JEANS** and **BOOTS (\$240) BY HARLEY-DAVIDSON**.

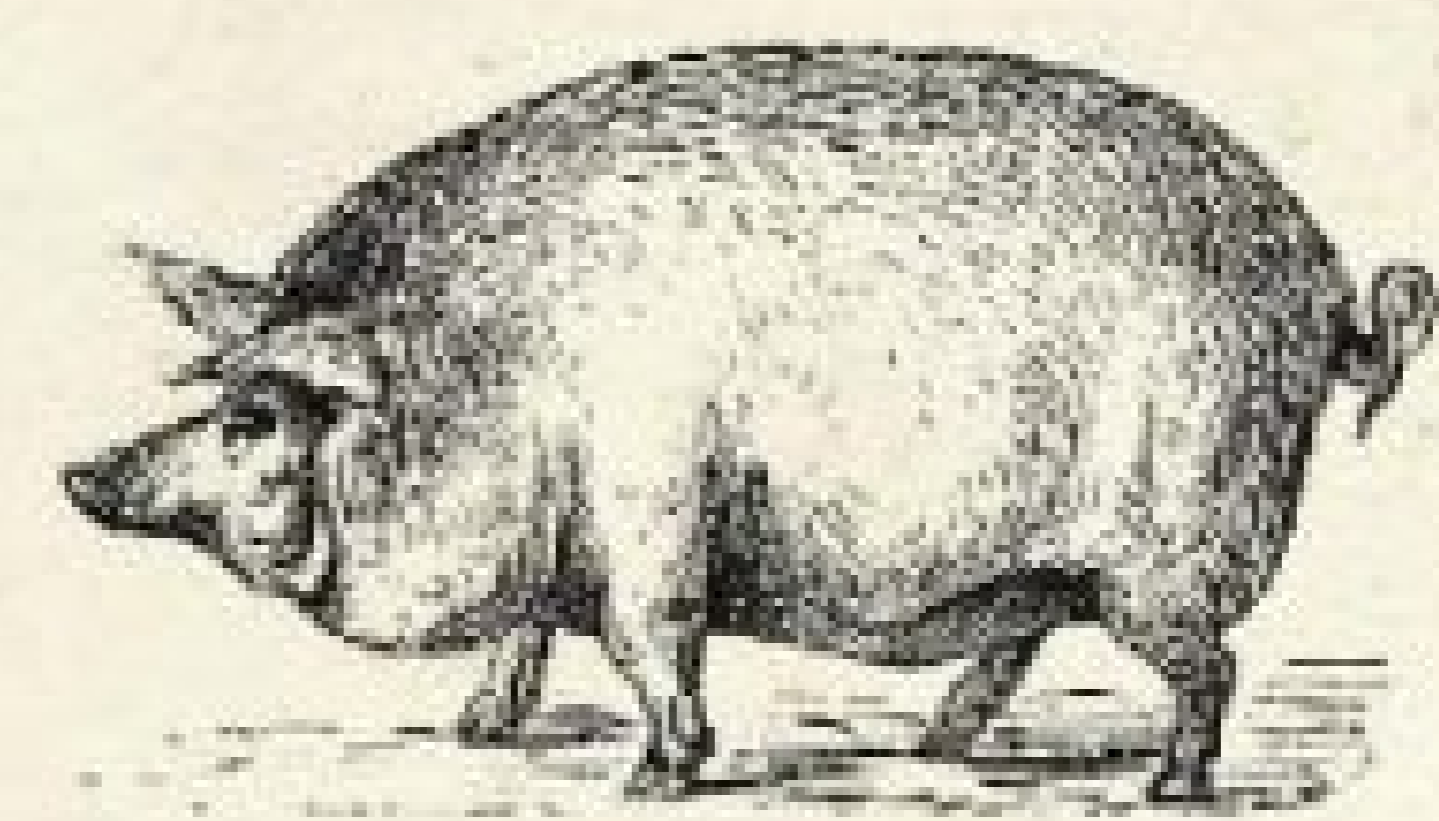
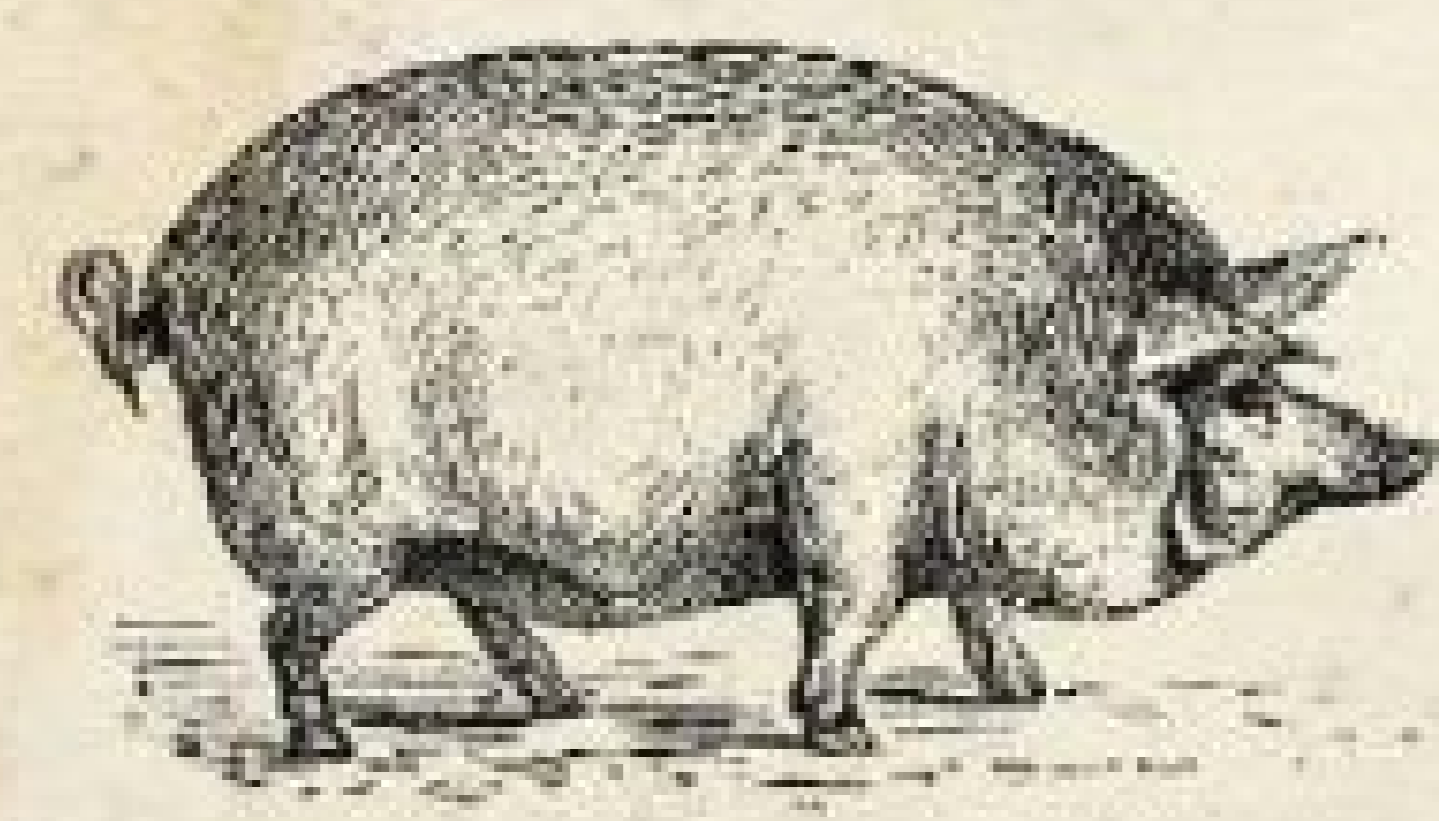
RYAN BADER

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT / RECORD: 13-0



A SHORT HISTORY SWEARING

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
PART TWO
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



THE PHILOSOPHY



PROFANITY

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
BY RUTH WAJNRYB
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

WORDS ONCE CONSIDERED FILTHY ARE NOW
QUAINT, AND ONCE-ACCEPTABLE LANGUAGE IS
NOW FORBIDDEN. ~~THE~~ NEXT INSTALLMENT—
50 YEARS LATER—OF OUR LOOK AT THE NEW
VULGARITY

WHEN INTRODUCING PRESIDENT BARACK

Obama before the signing of the health care reform legislation last year, Vice President Joe Biden was a model of decorum. "Ladies and gentlemen, the president of the United States of America, Barack Obama," he told the Democratic caucus and—because the event was broadcast live—the American people. It wasn't until the congratulatory hug that Biden's language became more casual. "This is a big fucking deal," he whispered to Obama, just audible enough to be picked up by a microphone. And so a private moment—a fact quickly lost in the following tumult—was transformed into a public slip of the tongue.

Within moments the chattering classes were airing their opinions on civility, language standards and public morality. "Introducing our super upper-class Vice President Joe the Biden,"

one YouTube user mocked via a personally recut version of the event, using the utterance as evidence as to why Biden and Obama are unfit for the White House. "I'm pretty certain Biden's flippant language qualifies as impure, improper, obscene, foolish and coarse," a blogger at the Christian website Revelife opined. "That's not a cultural thing—not in the eyes of God—so can we please stop calling it that?" (For its part the Obama administration made light of Biden's mishap; in fact, Obama's campaign arm, Organizing for America, celebrated the gaffe by printing T-shirts commemorating it.) In particular, the foremost concern about public profanity usually involves the nefarious effect it will have on young children. "CBS intentionally chose to insert an expletive into the actual name of a show," the Parents Television Council has complained about the network's new sitcom *##*! My Dad Says*. "Despite its claim that the word will be bleeped, it is just CBS's latest demonstration of its contempt for families and the public."

At various times during these recent brouhahas—Biden's "big fucking deal," Senator Carl Levin's liberal use of the word *shitty* during an April Senate hearing, the hundred or so free-flying "fucks" during the June MTV movie awards, football coach Rex Ryan's frequent motivational



"fucks" on HBO's documentary series *Hard Knocks: Training Camp With the New York Jets*—the media will seek out scholarly opinion. They interview linguists, such as Harvard University's Steven Pinker, who invariably provide sober and reasonable statements about the function of swearing in today's world. Some tend to be more sociolinguistic in orientation; others are decidedly neurolinguistic, drawing pictures of the brain; yet others make cross-cultural comments about how different societies swear. Whatever roads these linguists travel, their impact on the public debate is limp—perhaps because their scholarly comments come too late or perhaps because their viewpoints are too reasonable for an excitable public.

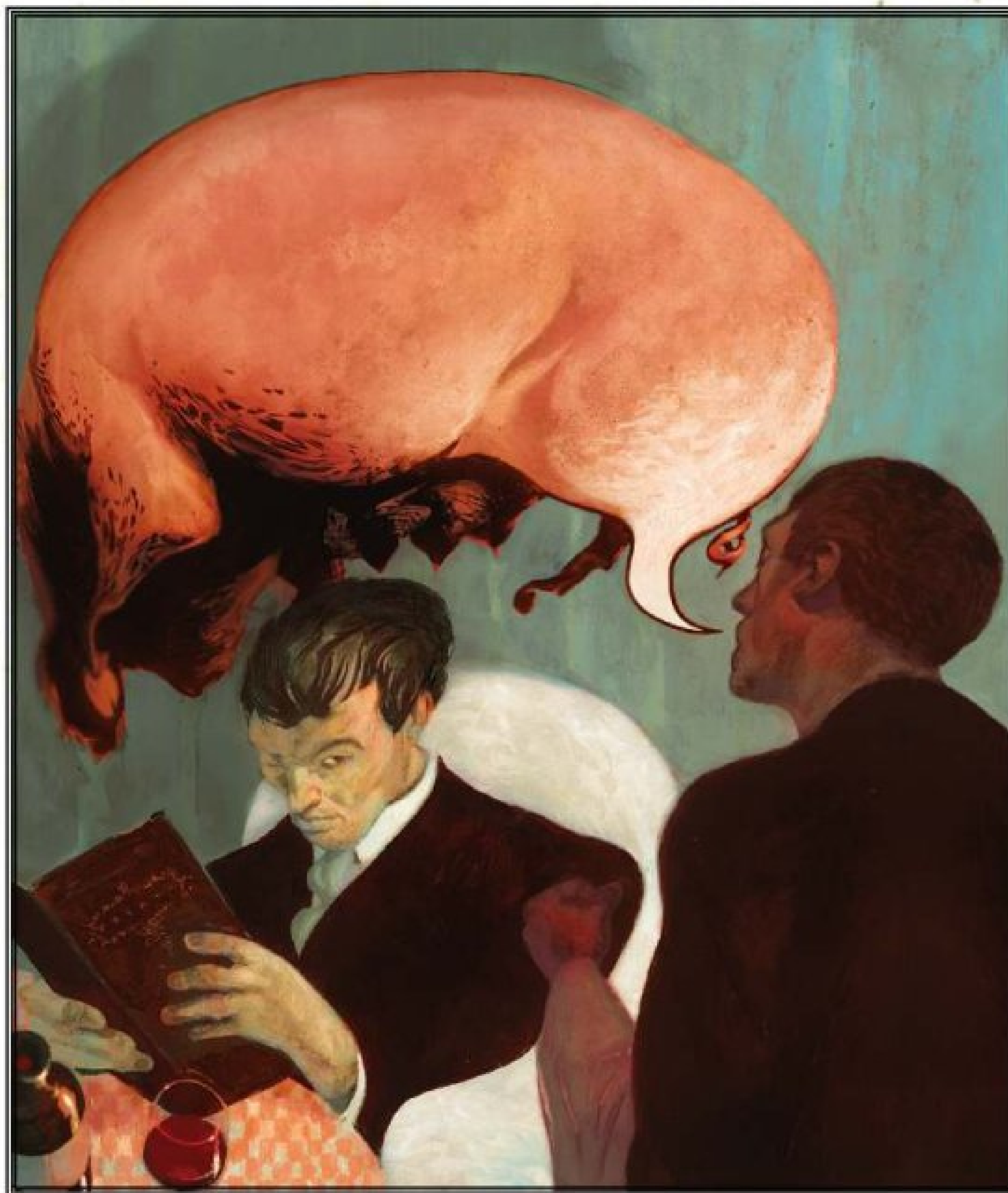
Of course, few would deny that the historic health care legislation was a big deal. Even a big fucking deal. Some may argue the only thing about the incident that didn't need to be

a big fucking deal was the big fucking uproar that ensued. (Eventually Biden took to *The View* to provide an official, quaint-as-can-be apology. "I was just thankful my mother couldn't hear or see it," he offered to Elisabeth Hasselbeck.) After all, everyone does it—swear, I mean, or be obscene, profane or blasphemous. To differing degrees and under different provocations and in different settings, with different kinds of people and employing different epithets—but we all swear.

If I may, a metaphor: In matters of profanity, I am often reminded of a lovely wall a stonemason once built in my garden. He was an old-fashioned craftsman, and I enjoyed watching him work. I noticed he drilled

holes in the wall at symmetrical points across its length. "Why?" I asked, ignorant of stonework. "To allow for the release of pressure and natural movement," he responded.

Now, many years later, I'm thinking the same thing as I contemplate incidents of public profanity that have been quickly followed by hyped-up public reaction, sometimes led by public officials, always fueled by media attention. When Bono said "This is really, really fucking brilliant" live on NBC during the 2003 Golden Globe Awards, the FCC chose not to penalize NBC, initially deeming that particular *fuck* more in the nature of an intensifying adjective (actually, it was an adverb) rather than a word used to



describe an indecent act. A few months earlier former California Republican representative Doug Ose tried to introduce the Clean Airwaves Act, intended as a broadcast ban on the so-called seven dirty words (*shit, piss, fuck, cunt, asshole, cocksucker* and *motherfucker*), making Ose and his proposed legislation easy marks for those inclined to satire. Linguist Geoffrey Nunberg, for example, mocked it as “a law that would make it a punishable offense to read its own text over the airwaves.”

Both the Bono blurt and Ose’s proposed law represent holes in the wall to allow for “the release of pressure and natural movement”—not in stone but in society. I’m also thinking of a wider social and political equilibrium—what it takes to create it and what it takes to upset it. Is there a connection? (Mark Twain once recommended that every house have a room to swear in. His reasoning: “It’s dangerous to have to repress an emotion like that.”)

To understand profanity better or, more precisely, to understand our attitudes and responses to profanity, we need perspective and insight. So for the moment let’s leave aside any particular contemporary instance of the public *fuck, shit* or *cunt* and investigate its history. When we do so, we discover that a *fuck* dropped today is not the same as a *fuck* dropped 10, 50 or 100 years ago. In the same vein, we find that before the Middle Ages words for body parts and bodily functions were perfectly acceptable. In fact, *cunt* was a respectable medical term used in medical books—e.g., a 15th century science text includes the passage “In women the neck of the bladder is short and is made fast to the cunte.” Likewise, historical records confirm the existence of a street named Gropecuntlane in 13th century London. No big deal there.

Let me start with the fact that swearing has been with us since the beginning of time. I can easily imagine Adam saying, as

Eve reached over to pluck the apple, “No! Not the apple! Anything but the *fucking* apple!” Similarly, different eras have produced different epithets, and this itself is a function of who holds power. More generally, swearing calls on the resources of taboo language—words deemed so powerful they are almost magical. These words vary according to society and change over time. Today in court we swear on the Bible. But in biblical times it was common to swear allegiance on the king’s testicles (not literally I presume), while the ancient Greeks and Romans preferred to use deities and former rulers. A cursory skim of human history allows us to see that how a person swears is neither accidental nor idiosyncratic but intimately, inexorably and irretrievably connected to what’s going on at the time.

To wit, from the fifth to the 15th centuries the one unifying feature was the absolute power of the Roman Catholic Church. In short, the guys in the robes were the ones with the clout. They had exclusive control over the day’s ruling technology (i.e., literacy), which helped them convince everyone else to do the work, pay the taxes and fight the battles. Better yet, the clergy retained the keys to the kingdom of God, an awesome power given that life after death was universally deemed the only life worth living. In this context it is easy to see how the Catholic Church would want to hang on to the right to damn—that is, to banish someone (anyone) to an afterlife of hell. Highlighting the taboo on religious epithets, Pinker has written that the clergy’s proscriptions against taking the Lord’s name in vain were motivated by concerns about “diluting the brand,” which after all was the bedrock of its status and livelihood. Throughout this period, swearing—from damning to blasphemy—was tantamount to pissing on the clergy’s rights.

This is not to say that people back (continued on page 159)

AN ENDURING CURSE

BY JESSE SHEIDLOWER

These are interesting times for *fuck*. Despite an effort by the FCC to crack down on the word, it is now more common at all levels of society. For instance, when Philadelphia Phillies second baseman Chase Utley proudly called his team “world fucking champions!” before live television cameras after the 2008 World Series, a reporter was unable to find anyone in the stadium who thought Utley had done anything wrong.

Let’s get one thing straight: It is the figurative, not the literal, uses of *fuck* that are becoming okay. Maybe in the near future a professor who talks about “a really fucking hard quiz” would not raise eyebrows, but a professor who wonders “who got fucked at the fraternity party yesterday” most certainly would. That is because the potency of the word derives from its association with sex. But the bigger reason we still regard *fuck* as the mother of all swear words is that it is so common. (*Cunt* and *nigger* are of more limited application and therefore will never become widespread enough to be as broadly offensive as *fuck*.)

What does that mean for the future of *fuck*? That it has a good one. As Ruth Wajnryb points out, in the hierarchy of profanity, sexual and scatological words are being replaced by terms of direct offense, especially with regard to racial and ethnic groups. But these words can’t take over from *fuck* because they are applicable to only one situ-

ation. Thus, even as *fuck* has become more acceptable since World War II, the number of its uses has exploded. Choosing only the most common examples, from the 1970s we have *BFD; Bumfuck, Egypt; fan-fucking-tastic; fuck buddy* and *fuckwad*. The 1980s gave us the *F-bomb, fuck toy* and *WTF*, and the 1990s provided *bumblefuck, MILF* and *OMFG*.

There are more examples from this past decade, but it’s too early to say which of them will fully catch on. However, a few things are likely. There will be more abbreviations incorporating an *F*, partly because people will use them on cell phones or other devices on which it’s a PITFA (you know, “pain in the fucking ass”) to type. There will also be more expressions referring to dislikable people, because we will always need more of these (e.g., *fuck-bitch*). Similarly, there will be more expressions denoting frustration or annoyance (e.g., *fuckity*). And there will be fewer literal sexual compounds, with the possible exception of joking ones, because the main sexual uses already exist.

All the while, *fuck* will continue to have a taboo around it for at least a few more decades. There will still be loud complaints when it appears on television or in movies, and we will still tell our children it is not an okay word to use—just as my 10-year-old daughter knows that even *hell* is not something she is allowed to say openly. It is not possible even to guess what will ultimately take its place, but for the near term, *fuck* seems secure.

Thank fuckin’ God.





"Irene, do you remember that threesome I was talking about?"

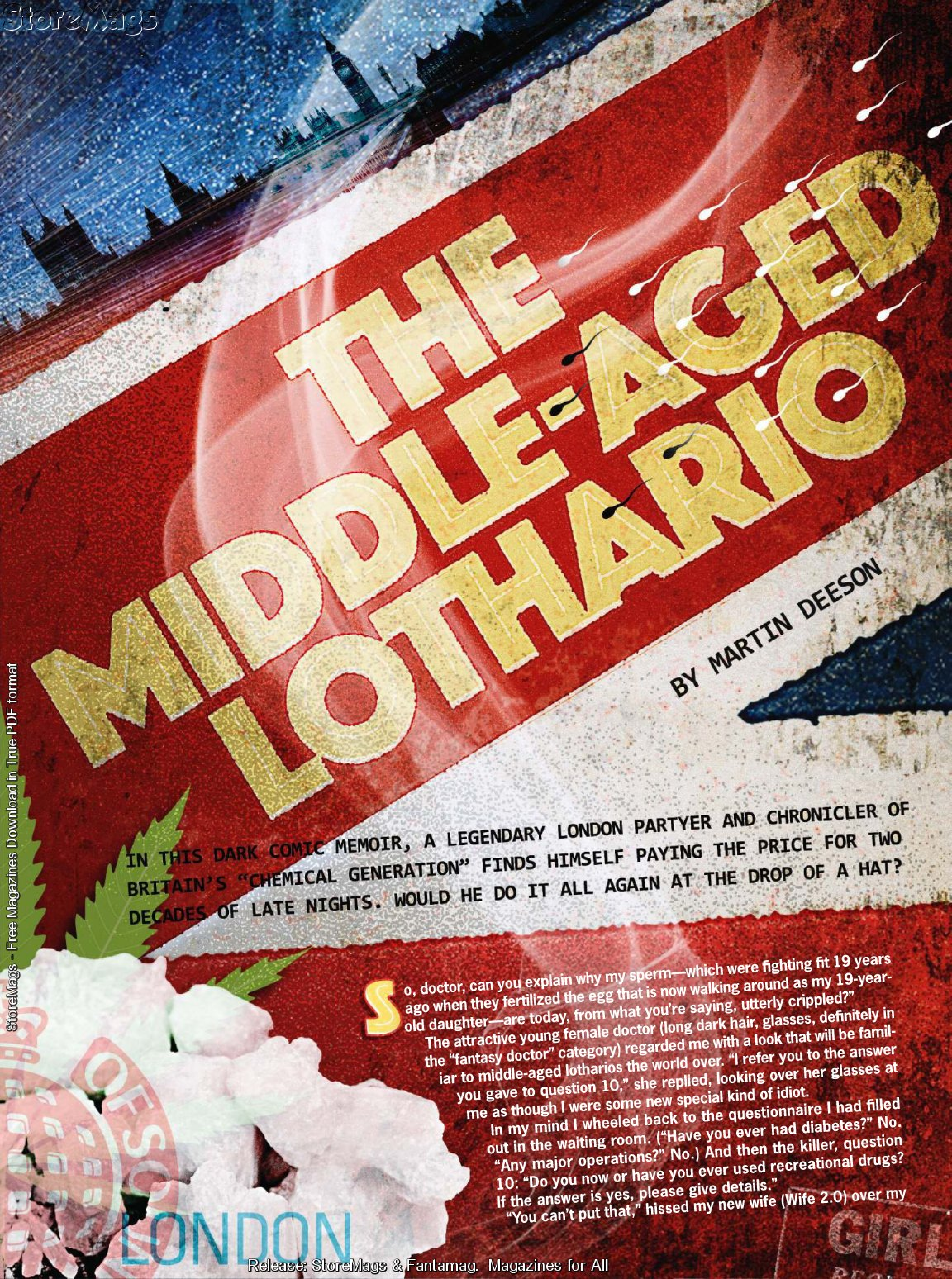


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Ilastonbury

DER



MIDDLE-AGED LOTHARIOS

BY MARTIN DEESON

IN THIS DARK COMIC MEMOIR, A LEGENDARY LONDON PARTYER AND CHRONICLER OF BRITAIN'S "CHEMICAL GENERATION" FINDS HIMSELF PAYING THE PRICE FOR TWO DECADES OF LATE NIGHTS. WOULD HE DO IT ALL AGAIN AT THE DROP OF A HAT?

So, doctor, can you explain why my sperm—which were fighting fit 19 years ago when they fertilized the egg that is now walking around as my 19-year-old daughter—are today, from what you're saying, utterly crippled? The attractive young female doctor (long dark hair, glasses, definitely in the "fantasy doctor" category) regarded me with a look that will be familiar to middle-aged lotharios the world over. "I refer you to the answer you gave to question 10," she replied, looking over her glasses at me as though I were some new special kind of idiot. In my mind I wheeled back to the questionnaire I had filled out in the waiting room. ("Have you ever had diabetes?" No. "Any major operations?" No.) And then the killer, question 10: "Do you now or have you ever used recreational drugs? If the answer is yes, please give details." "You can't put that," hissed my new wife (Wife 2.0) over my

LONDON

GIRL
BOY

shoulder as she read what I had considered a tame answer ("Yes. Occasional use of marijuana and cocaine"). I thought to myself, But I didn't say anything about the speed. Or the ecstasy, ketamine, LSD, prescription tranquilizers, the couple of times I tried heroin, laughing gas, crack cocaine or a dozen other dabbings. "But, babe," I hissed back to Wife 2.0, "there's no point in lying to a doctor we're going to pay thousands of dollars to. We're not in school...."

When I was first married, 22 years ago (to Wife 1.0), I was, by today's standards, a little crazy. My first wife gave me a silver box with the word *drugs* engraved on it as a wedding present. Toward the end of our tempestuous three-year marriage, she fell pregnant and the best thing that ever happened to me, happened: My daughter was born. Unfortunately, the arguments got worse, and so I was soon, and remain to this day, a devoted weekend dad.

For the next 15 years I lived the life of a London journalist. It was the 1990s, and almost the entire population of England under the age of 40 was high on cocaine and ecstasy. Cigarettes were smoked and livers were enlarged, and what became known as Britain's "chemical generation" pushed on into a new century. Like the children of the 1960s we had a movement that we defined and that defined us—they called it "the new lad." It was about soccer and birds and bands like Oasis and Blur. The magazine I worked for, *Loaded*, took its name from a sample from the Peter Fonda film *The Wild Angels*: "We wanna be free. We wanna be free to do what we wanna do.... And we wanna get loaded." It was the magazine "for men who should know better" and one (some might say) that came to define my generation in Britain. My role as editor-at-large was to travel the world, get smashed and write about it.

I would spend half the month in exotic locations getting high and the remaining two weeks trying to hit a deadline on a comedown with chemical assistance. Backstage was my playroom, the world's hotel rooms were my workplace, and I spent my nights going in and out of toilet stalls in London's bars as though stuck in a permanently revolving door.

Then the movement died. At the age of 40 I married again. My wife is younger and we still party, but we also do wholesome

stuff. We moved out of the city; we got a dog. And after a couple of years Wife 2.0 wanted to breed. Since child number one is 19 years old and works with friends in the music industry, I agreed it was time for a nice new child, one who was all clean and not covered in tattoos.

The trouble was that after 19 years of enjoying the finer things in life my sperm have gone from being Michael Phelps to being, well, Michael Phelps after 200,000 bong hits.

So now the sexy young doctor was looking over her glasses, telling us we would have to undergo IVF if we wanted baby 2.0—and it was going to be expensive, and it wasn't guaranteed to work. The look on the doctor's face said it all. It was time for my comeuppance. Our meeting left me where all middle-aged lotharios must go: to the mirror with some questions. Was the life I led worth it? If I went back in time, would I do things differently? Would I be able to fix the situation? Turns out, my sperm were only the beginning of my problems.



My generation's heroes have always been brilliant hell-raisers: William S. Burroughs, Hunter S. Thompson, Charles Bukowski, Keith Moon. But how many of them could have been as brilliant if they hadn't cut loose from time to time? At least that's how I used to think when I was dabbing my speed every day and smoking my spliff to knock me out at night with a smile on my face and a half-finished assignment on the typewriter.

But you can't go on living your life like one of your heroes when all your heroes either checked out early or went mad. Not when you're married again and someone has offered you a chance at a second act in life—a stab at happiness.

A week after the appointment at the fertility clinic and I'm sitting in the dentist's chair of the ironically named London Smile Clinic. Ironic because at that point my smile qualified as only the memory of a smile, the place a smile used to be, like a desecrated cemetery where all the tombstones have been knocked over by a marauding tank. It was, in the memorable words of an ex-girlfriend, a smile "so bad it would make Americans scream." The London Smile Clinic is run by a dentist who is so kind and unflappable you can't help but wish he had been there throughout your childhood.

"Your tooth enamel seems pockmarked with tiny holes," said the dentist, looking perplexed, "as if caused by something acidic. Do you drink a lot of fruit juice late at night?"

"Nope."

"Or a lot of fizzy drinks?"

"Nope."

"Of course, coke will do that to your teeth too."

"Like I say, I don't like sugary drinks."

The dentist raised an eyebrow....

"Oh...you mean coke coke?"

And then I blurted it out: Perhaps the reason my teeth had started to crumble was because of the 12 months of taking methamphetamine every day in my early 20s. The year of living speedily. Apparently it sucks out the calcium and encourages bacteria, hence the gorgeous phenomenon known as "meth mouth." But I didn't know this then.... I had heard snorting drugs was bad for your nose. I'd been told it was better to dab methamphetamine (that is, rub a

I COULD HEAR SOMEONE SHOUTING. LOUDLY. AND I WAS ALONE. THEN I REALIZED IT WAS ME. SHOUTING. LOUDLY. TO MYSELF. WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF SPEED PSYCHOSIS.

little speed along your gum line), which I did maybe, ooh, half a dozen times a day.

Then the subsequent decade of coke snorting in the 1990s had destroyed my teeth in its own little way—by drilling holes in the enamel. Cocaine trickles down the back of your nose and makes the inside of your mouth highly acidic.

Who knew? I guess we all did. But more important, who listened?

The dentist told me the mouth-fixing business might take up to a year of bone grafts and implants and veneers. The kind man with hair poking out of his nostrils asked me a question: "Didn't your father ever give you any good advice? Didn't he teach you that good or bad decisions always have consequences?" I looked at him with his concerned and professional demeanor, his framed diplomas on the wall, and I thought, I wish you had been my dad.

To his question I replied, "The only advice my father ever gave me was this—and I can remember him holding out his wallet full of store cards as he did so—'Never pay for anything today if you can get away with paying for it tomorrow.'" This, I have since discovered, was not great advice.

"Did all this dabbling in cocaine and amphetamines and heavy drinking ever lead to depression?" asked the dentist.

Good question, doc. Lying in the chair, I recalled the summer of 1988. The second summer of love, we called it. Ecstasy, speed and the rave scene had taken the country by surprise, and I was the perfect age (23) to ride the wave. Late one night I found myself walking down a London residential street, aware I could hear someone shouting. Loudly. And I was alone. Then I realized it was me. Shouting. Loudly. To myself. Welcome to the world of speed psychosis.

As I was a nice middle-class boy, this was enough of a shock to make me stop taking the meth right away. But for the next decade I suffered a sense of worthlessness



and insecurity, a sensation I never fully kicked. It was, I found out, textbook for middle-aged lotharios.

"No," I lied to the kind dentist. "Depression? Me? Never."



So now I faced the conclusion that a prolonged taste for drugs and booze may have (a) wrecked my sperm, (b) wrecked my teeth and (c) wrecked my happiness. But I still couldn't answer the question: Would I do it all again at the drop of a hat?

One by one I had to put the pieces back together. And it would begin with a smile.

I would like to say that my year of appointments at the London Smile Clinic was a breeze. It wasn't. Four hours into appointment three I found myself lying in a chair, wide awake, with a grown man kneeling on my chest, yanking bits of bone out of my face. I'd also like to say that having your drug-destroyed teeth replaced with new shiny ones wasn't painful—but it was. Afterward, there was nothing that would touch the ache apart from half a bottle of vodka and some over-the-counter codeine. (This being the U.K., it is virtually impossible to get decent painkillers unless you're a matter of hours from shuffling off this mortal coil.)

After almost a year, it was done. Where once there had been pegs, there now stood molars. Where before a simile for degradation, now a smile.

As for my happiness, it turns out doing methamphetamine with great consistency fucks up the sheaths of the nerves in your brain and that in turn interferes with the brain's ability to hold on to serotonin. But there's a cure. Fish oil will help the brain reverse the damage. I've now taken 5,000 to 6,000 milligrams a day for three years, and it's no exaggeration to say that I feel like a new man. Or a new lothario.

And finally, there's the sperm issue. When you are infertile everyone has the answer. Coconut yogurt, pineapple.... In the end I cut back on the partying and went with acupuncture. Gerad Kite, at the fashionable Kite Clinic on London's New Bond Street, is credited with miracles in the areas of addiction and infertility. For a man with my problems, it was a twofer I couldn't resist.

Kite explained that sperm are a snapshot (albeit a wet and salty snapshot) of a man's state of health three months before the day he jizzes. Had a big night out? In three months' time the healthy sperm you

would have produced that day will turn up wonky and rubbish.

Now, I am clearly a sucker for anything exotic, but I have to say I have never felt better than I have since being treated by Gerad Kite. The old compulsive behavior is slipping away and my energy levels have gone sky-high.

And then came the moment of truth: Wife 2.0 and I chose Copenhagen to try to have a baby. We chose Denmark for several reasons: First, it was a third of the price of having the procedure done in London. Second, I was hoping they'd have better-quality porno. And third, it was a third of the price of having the procedure done in London.

On a Saturday morning an egg was removed from my wife and I made my deposit into a plastic receptacle. Sadly, it didn't work, but we're carrying on. When I phoned the clinic to ask when we could try again, I couldn't help asking, "Er... how were my sperm?"

After an agonizing moment, the voice on the line said, "Perfect. We washed up 12 million sperm...and got 12 million good ones."



All of which gets me to my point: If I could go back, would I do anything differently? Not really. Maybe I'd do less speed and coke. But I would do some. Why? Because the benefits outweigh the costs. Telling me when I was 20 or 30 that partying might lead to a lousy smile and sperm count wouldn't have worked. Life is too short for that kind of thinking. Like most people, I've waved friends off one night only to get a call the next morning saying they died in a car wreck. Life can be short and brutal, or life can be long and hard. And who doesn't need a drink and a smoke now and again to cope with that idea?

By the time you read this there may be another little Deeson on this planet with a genetic predisposition for risk-taking, a person who will ignore all the health warnings. I do hope so, for I wouldn't want to give birth to some careful tyke who wasn't prepared to risk a little damage for a night he or she will never forget.



AGE INAPPROPRIATE

JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE HIT YOUR 40s DOESN'T MEAN YOU NEED TO SLOW DOWN. JUST ASK THIS GRAY-HAIRED SWORDSMAN—THE GREATEST MIDDLE-AGED LOTHARIO OF ALL TIME

PORFIRIO RUBIROSА (1909–1965) was known during his lifetime as a legendary womanizer and raconteur, a glamour king whose hard-partying ways bordered on the sinister. A Dominican diplomat, he was romantically linked to Marilyn Monroe and Joan Crawford in his early years. A race car driver and polo player, Rubi (as he was known) possessed a legendary sex organ. Doris Duke, one of his five wives and one of the richest women in the world, claimed it was "six inches in circumference... much like the last foot of a Louisville Slugger baseball bat." When Rubi hit middle age and it was time to slow down, he stepped on the accelerator instead. At 44 he married the millionairess Barbara Hutton. Meanwhile, he maintained an affair with Zsa Zsa Gabor—even on his honeymoon. Seventy-five days into the marriage with Hutton, he divorced her and walked away with millions. After liaisons with Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth, he married the French actress Odile Rodin; he was 47, she was 19. In his 50s, after a night of partying with the Rat Pack, Rubi famously told Sammy Davis Jr., "Your profession is being an entertainer. Mine is being a playboy." Rubi died at 56 while speeding through Paris in his Ferrari after a night celebrating his victory at the Coupe de France polo tournament. To this day the legend of his "sword" remains. In France, where he spent much of his life, extra-large pepper mills are referred to as Rubirosas.

MAN ABOUT TOWN: A Dominican diplomat and sportsman, Rubirosa was said to have had affairs with Dolores del Río, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Gardner, Rita Hayworth, Veronica Lake, Kim Novak, Eva Perón, Zsa Zsa Gabor (pictured above and at right) and a host of other notable beauties.



CARS of the Y

BY KEN GROSS *and* THE EDITORS OF *PLAYBOY*

THINK of these next six pages as the epic story of the rebirth of one of the most high-profile industries in the world. Forced into historic bailouts and layoffs and stunned by the economy, the car business imploded in 2008 and 2009. After too many high-profile recalls, even Toyota was cowed. A year later, the industry has rebounded, offering giddy customers endless amounts of speed, game-changing green technology and pure pulchritude. Domestics have shed old-school thinking and stale brands (we'll miss you, Mercury). New models are leaner, and with the addition of more hybrid and plug-in engines some autos have morphed into electrical appliances. Gone are the urban cowboys who bought pickups for style points. European and Japanese luxury nameplates must stare down a serious threat from Korea. And while alternative fuel is clearly the future, internal combustion engines aren't dead yet. The auto spectrum is stretched, from wonderfully engineered fuel sippers to 500-plus-horsepower four-door rockets packed with new technology. By September 2010 sales in the U.S. were up 29 percent over the same month a year earlier and still climbing. If you're seeking style, exhilarating performance and efficiency, there is a ride out there for you. *PLAYBOY* has piloted everything new on four wheels, and this year's crop of machines has driven us crazy. Here are our picks for the best in 2011.



BEST HYBRID
HONDA CR-Z

PRICE
\$19,200*

HORSEPOWER 122
ZERO TO 60 9.5 SECONDS

ENGINE 1.5-LITER I4 HYBRID WITH ELECTRIC MOTOR
MPG 31 CITY, 37 HIGHWAY

*After federal tax credit.

HONDA BRINGS forth the first hybrid sports car, and it works. Picture this: You're driving along the interstate at a steady 75 mph. The green leaf icons on the left side of the dash and the multiple mpg meters on the right indicate you're getting, oh, 93 miles to the gallon. Suddenly the navi tells you there's traffic ahead and instructs you to exit in half a mile. In a nanosecond you shift from green to sport driving. The suspension resets, the torque curves change and the transmission goes to higher shift points. You take the cloverleaf exit like Michael Schumacher at the Hungaroring. For the next 45 minutes you get to exercise a serious two-seat hatchback sports coupe that has ample room for you, the girlfriend and a weekend's worth of gear. It's all bolted to machinery that has genius at its heart. If you are an information junkie, you can't help being seduced by the CR-Z—it tells you everything. It's also great looking and it stops women in their tracks.

YEAR

2011

BEST SPORTS SEDAN ▶ **PRICE** ▶
 ASTON MARTIN RAPIDE \$199,950

HORSEPOWER 470
ZERO TO 60 5.0 SECONDS

ENGINE 5.9-LITER DOHC V12
MPG 13 CITY, 20 HIGHWAY



ASTON MARTIN'S Rapide is the most seductive four-door ever designed. Once behind the wheel, you'll have no idea this is a sedan. The low-slung Aston's steering is nigh on perfect; the engine purrs until takeoff, then its clever exhaust-bypass valves open and the resulting roar will raise the hair on your neck. Find a curvy road (like the ones we enjoyed outside Valencia), pin the throttle and feel your eyeballs hit the back of your skull. The stats: a six-speed 48-valve V12, top whack of 188 mph. You get a 1,000-watt Bang & Olufsen stereo, a Jaeger-LeCoultre transponder watch that locks and unlocks the doors and all the buttery leather the most venerable of British carmakers can muster.





BEST SPORTS COUPE CADILLAC CTS-V	PRICE \$62,020	HORSEPOWER 556	ENGINE 6.2-LITER SUPERCHARGED V8
		ZERO TO 60 3.9 SECONDS	MPG 14 CITY, 19 HIGHWAY

WHEN CADILLAC can build a car this good, we needn't worry about General Motors' survival. Developed

at Germany's Nürburgring, the most challenging racetrack in the world, this razor-edged hardtop is so far removed from plushy fat Cads of yore, it's hard to believe it comes from the same manufacturer. The refined angular styling defines and distinguishes Cadillac, and all those laps at the Nürburgring paid off. You sit very low in this coupe. Vision is diminished a bit by the chopped windows and flying-buttress rear pillars, but if that's the price of style, we'll pay it. On the road, the sheer power—556 hp, 551 foot-pounds of torque—is intoxicating. For a beast with an engine this big, cornering remains precise. You'll go looking for Porsches to embarrass, but the word is out on the CTS-V, so you won't find many challengers.

How to Drive a Formula One Car

Your chance to pilot the ultimate racing machine

By A.J. Baime

A Formula One car is the world's most heralded mechanical athlete, the brainchild of the finest engineers working at the top level of international speed competition. Driving one of these machines is like making love to Marilyn Monroe or walking on the moon—one of those things on every man's bucket list that will never get crossed off. Or will it? On a bright Sunday in September, eight other

disciples of the adrenaline gods and I arrived at Monticello Motor Club's 4.1-mile track, where the Jersey-based company World Class Driving was holding its Formula One Experience (\$6,995, worldclassdriving.com). An Arrow A18 Formula One car awaited. After signing Bible-thick blocks of legal disclaimers, we got to pilot the car through the track's sweeping curves and elevation changes. About the



BEST CONVERTIBLE PORSCHE BOXSTER SPYDER	PRICE \$61,200	HORSEPOWER 320	ENGINE 3.4-LITER DOHC FLAT 6
		ZERO TO 60 4.9 SECONDS	MPG 20 CITY, 29 HIGHWAY

THE CHOICE for best convertible came down to two candidates: Ford's brilliant new five-liter Mustang GT, a whole lot of car for under

\$36,000, and the car you see here. Why go with Porsche? Let us get you up to speed: The classic German carmaker took its brilliant Boxster convertible and made it even better. The first thing you notice is the restyled deck with gorgeous aero humps that resemble a lovely woman's cleavage. Porsche engineers hoovered everything they could to cut weight; the Spyder is 176 pounds lighter than the Boxster S. There's carbon fiber galore (we love the carbon-fiber-backed sport seats) and a smaller gas tank, and things like radio, cup holders and air-conditioning don't come standard. On the road, you get what you'd expect from Porsche: the familiar snarl of the mid-mounted direct-injected six-cylinder and all-around thoroughbred performance. Opt for the Sports Chrono package and you'll get the PDK seven-speed transmission.



THIRTY-FIVE highway mpg in a sharp little package with plenty of room for four for under 16 grand? We're sold. The Mazda2 melds perky yet purposeful styling with a firm chassis, decent handling and a dollop of *zoom-zoom* Miata spirit. One hundred horsepower may not sound like much, but when you flog every one of those horses, the fun quotient soars. The base model is cheap and cheerful, but for a few more bucks the Touring package includes 15-inch alloys, fog lamps, a tail spoiler and chrome exhaust tips. Either way this is a great city car, second car or starter car. We spun ours around Montreal, as well as through rush-hour traffic in Manhattan, and found it entertaining, easy on the eye and even easier to park. We liked the five-speed stick better than the four-speed automatic. Compare the Mazda2 to the Fiesta, Fit and Versa. In some cases you'll pay more for a comparably equipped mini four-door hatch; in no case will you find more energy and élan.

BEST BANG FOR THE BUCK
MAZDA2

PRICE
\$15,635

HORSEPOWER 100
ZERO TO 60 9.1 SECONDS

ENGINE 1.5-LITER DOHC I4
MPG 29 CITY, 35 HIGHWAY

Arrow: 720 hp, 220 mph top speed, zero to 100 in about five seconds. The car placed second at the 1997 Hungarian Grand Prix, in the hands of world champion Damon Hill. It was the real thing. The first "customer" was the CEO of a defense-contracting outfit who had spent a lot of time in Iraq. He stalled a few times (normal, given the idiosyncratic clutch), then spun off the track. The second driver

stalled a few times, then spun off the track. When it was my turn I climbed into the cockpit wearing full-body fireproof coveralls and a helmet. Once strapped in, I lay horizontally as if in a coffin, the belts so tight across I could barely breathe. No stalling for this guy. On the track I let those 720 horses go, only to hear mortality

speak to me over the glorious hellcat roar of the engine. Which gets us to the point. What's it like to drive a Formula One car? Probably like having sex with Marilyn Monroe: a timeless inimitable thrill and yet a deeply humbling experience. To get the most out of that machine would require a man with bigger balls and a hell of a lot more skill.



SUVS GET a bad rap. They're oversized and inefficient, and most owners never use their off-road capabilities. But a Swiss Army knife of a truck that'll go anywhere is like a home generator—when you need it you really need it. For decades Britain's Range Rover set the luxury off-road standard, but Jeep keeps inching up. Spec Overland when you order your new Grand Cherokee and you'll get it all: air suspension, Selec-Terrain dial-a-drive for everything from gravel to ice slopes, hill descent control and hill start assist, even an altimeter built into the nav system. The Quadra-Trac II 4WD can stretch ground clearance from 8.5 to 12.2 inches, so jagged boulders are easy prey. Towing three and a half tons? No sweat. You could pay five to 10 grand more for a Land Rover LR4 (a wonderful vehicle, by the way), but why not save the dough? This is the first Grand Cherokee that duplicates the heft, feel and ambience of Britain's best—and it's got a Hemi.

BEST SUV
JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE

PRICE
\$41,900

HORSEPOWER 360
ZERO TO 60 7.3 SECONDS

ENGINE 3.6-LITER V6
MPG 13 CITY, 19 HIGHWAY

The Alt-Fuel Revolution

Highly anticipated plug-ins finally hit the highway



BEST COMMUTER
NISSAN LEAF

PRICE
\$25,280*

HORSEPOWER 107
ZERO TO 60 10 SECONDS

ENGINE FULLY ELECTRIC
MPG UP TO 100 MILES PER CHARGE

SOON

The battery-powered automotive revolution is upon us. Nissan's tiny Leaf is the first affordable full-electric plug-in that drives like a sprightly coupe. Power is delivered via 48 lithium-ion batteries laid out beneath the cockpit. The car has no pistons or gears. Its range is limited to around 100 miles (less if you've got a heavy foot), and an overnight recharge will show up as about \$3 on your power bill. It's a delightful commuter ride for four full-size adults—just don't plan any long trips. But for \$8,000 more, you can have it all. On a single charge, Chevy's long-anticipated Volt sedan travels up to 50 miles with its plug-in electric motor, and

enough there will be coin-operated quick-charge plug-in outlets in every gas station in every town.



BEST PLUG-IN
CHEVROLET VOLT

PRICE
\$33,500*

HORSEPOWER 150
ZERO TO 60 8.5 SECONDS

ENGINE ELECTRIC PLUS 1.4-LITER I4
MPG 300 MILES FULL TANK/CHARGE

its quiet, efficient gas engine powers an onboard generator, eliminating range anxiety. The Volt can do 300 miles without a fill-up or a charge. Surprisingly agile, with a 100 mph top speed, it can be

your only car. With an average driver it will consume about 2,520 kilowatt hours annually, about as much as a water heater. We also got our hands on Mitsubishi's i MiEV, which launches later this year. Fully electric, it rides like a car, not a golf cart on steroids. The i MiEV gets up to 75 miles on a charge, can keep up with highway traffic and plugs in like a toaster—there is no learning curve. When you see one of these babies rolling through your town in 2011, it may be time to take a ride to your nearest Mitsubishi dealer. Time will tell if our electric grid can handle this new wave of plug-ins, but the Leaf, Volt and i MiEV prove these cars are feasible and fun.

*After federal tax credit.



MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
HYUNDAI EQUUS

PRICE
\$64,500

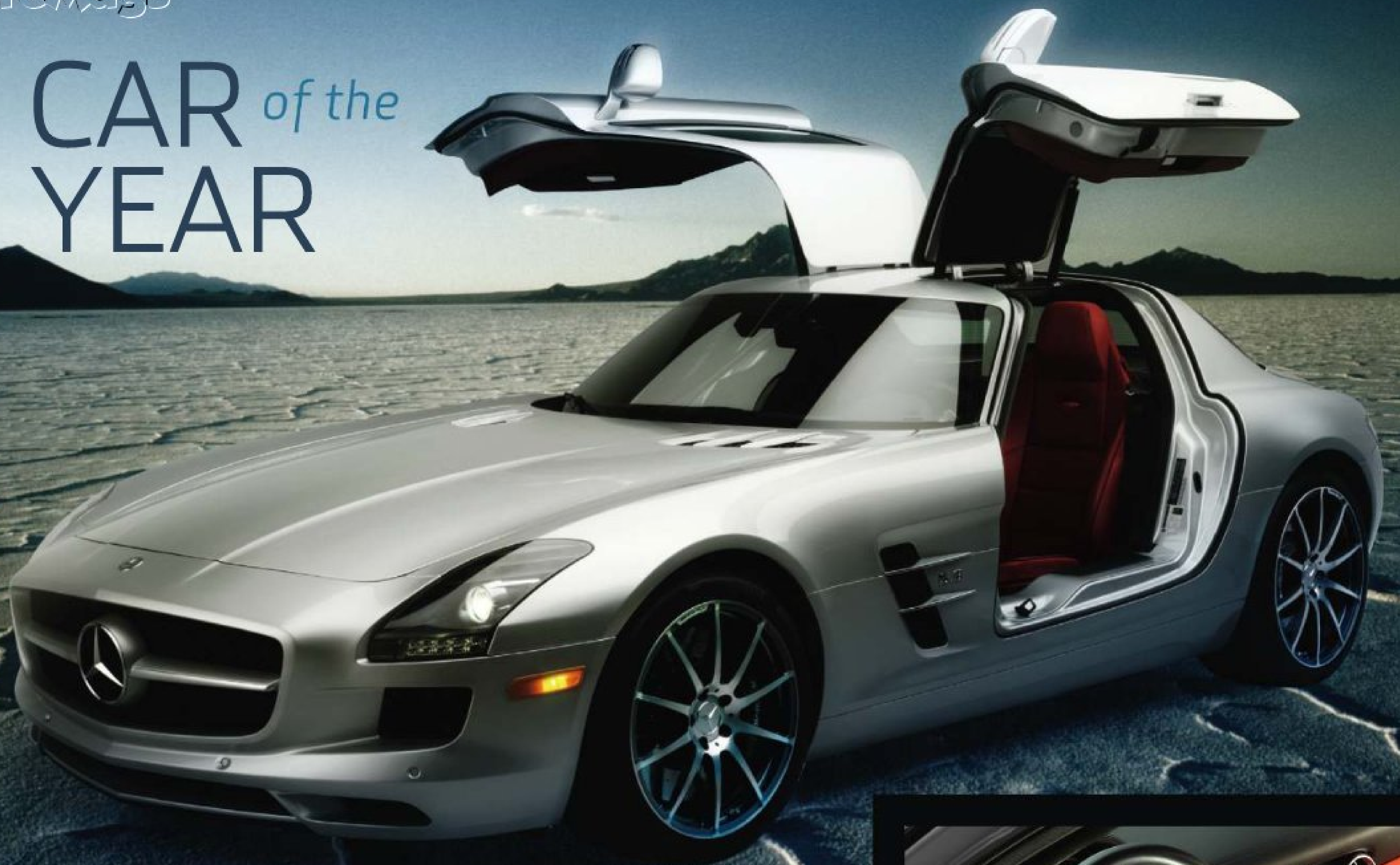
HORSEPOWER 385
ZERO TO 60 6.5 SECONDS

ENGINE 4.6-LITER DOHC V8
MPG 16 CITY, 24 HIGHWAY

REMEMBER WHEN the Lexus LS400 appeared 20-plus years ago? Mercedes-Benz and BMW watched in horror as Japan's first serious luxury

car ate their lunch. Here we go again, only now the Koreans are sticking it to the Japanese. Hyundai's Equus was designed to compete against the best Lexus and the Germans have to offer—for about 20 grand less. And damned if it doesn't. Nearly every amenity and technical feature is standard: parking assistance, power reclining/massaging seats that rival a Maybach's, a cornering camera (on the "ultimate" option), auto-leveling HID headlights, a 32-valve V8 that runs on premium or regular (with a minor loss of seven hp), a ZF six-speed automatic with Shiftronic manual mode and every safety feature imaginable. Okay, the styling's derivative. But the drive? Hurling along California's coastal Cabrillo Highway, diving in and out of turns, the Equus was unflappable, quick and confident. We're impressed, and you will be too.

CAR *of the* YEAR



MERCEDES-BENZ SLS AMG



The new SLS AMG perfectly marries the gullwing's original 1950s DNA with modern performance. Of course the doors open upward, only now the windows also roll up and down. The cockpit is royal yet businesslike, the steering incredibly precise, the seven-speed manumatic hyperquick and silky smooth. This is a vehicle that wants to be luxuriated in, with a throttle that begs to be pounded.

CAR OF THE YEAR
MERCEDES-BENZ SLS AMG

PRICE
\$183,000

HORSEPOWER 563
ZERO TO 60 3.7 SECONDS

ENGINE 6.3-LITER DOHC V8
MPG 14 CITY, 20 HIGHWAY

IN 1954, after proving itself in international road racing, Mercedes-Benz introduced a sports coupe that took the world by storm: the 300SL gullwing, soon to be one of the most iconic automobiles of all time. The last gullwing was built in 1957; surviving examples fetch more than half a million dollars. Enthusiasts begged for a modern-day gullwing, and here it is. The new version—built with M-B's high-performance subsidiary AMG—benefits from decades of innovation, yet it's true to its inspiration. And what a road warrior it is. We tore out of foggy Half Moon Bay in California to the Laguna Seca racetrack. We didn't hit the SLS's 197 mph top speed, but we juked through the track's famed corkscrew, nailing the toughest turns. The car matched power with elegance and poise. As a techno marvel, the front mid-engine new-gen SLS possesses an aluminum space frame, a lightweight alloy body, sophisticated double-wishbone suspension on all four corners, optional carbon-ceramic brakes and limitless V8 power hooked to a dual-clutch seven-speed transaxle. Not to mention an undeniable, unmistakable presence. The classic 300SL lives on in this extraordinary reincarnation. That's why the Mercedes-Benz SLS AMG is PLAYBOY's 2011 Car of the Year.



EROTIC

IMAGINATION IN THE MIDDLE EAST

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BY REZA ASLAN

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TODAY THE REGION
IS ASSOCIATED WITH
UNFORGIVING STRICTURE
BUT ITS LITERATURE
RECALLS A PAST OF
SENSUAL ABANDON



The letter from Egypt's most esteemed religious scholars—old gray men in turbans who act as the country's moral compass—was provocatively addressed: “To the Boys of the Brothels,” it began. Never mind that there is no such thing as a brothel in modern-day Egypt. Their message, issued earlier this year, was clear: A pernicious piece of erotic literature had infiltrated Egypt's borders, its contents so vile, so lecherous and obscene,

that it threatened to “destroy our youth and spread vice” throughout the country. The book's publication was “offensive to public decency.” It had to be banned before it caused “ruin and catastrophe.” Its publishers should be thrown in prison for disseminating pornography.

What trashy piece of “literotica” were these Muslim clerics talking about? Was it the newest Harlequin romance or (heaven forbid!) the latest issue of PLAYBOY? No, what they were trying to ban is a thousand-year-old epic that

PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY YASMINA ALAOU AND MARCO GUERRA



is widely viewed as the cornerstone of Middle Eastern literature—the most celebrated piece of writing the Muslim world has ever produced: *One Thousand and One Nights*.

This was not the first time a Muslim country tried to ban the book (it is already banned in Iran), a fact that may strike some Western readers as a bit odd. After all, most Americans think of *One Thousand and One Nights* as a children's book featuring a cast of delightful Disney-like characters such as Ali Baba, Sinbad and Aladdin and his magic lamp (characters that, ironically, were not part of the original collection of stories).

But the truth is that those antique turbaned men in Egypt were right about one thing: *One Thousand and One Nights* is a raunchy, bawdy burlesque brimming with penis jokes, horny harem girls, threesomes, foursomes and even a bit of bestiality thrown in for good measure. It is by no means the only famous example of "Muslim erotica"; on the contrary, the Middle East has a long tradition of erotic literature, from the classic 15th century work *The Perfumed Garden* to Salwa al-Neimi's 2009 novel *The Proof of the Honey*, which chronicles the sexual awakening of a young Arab woman. But it is by far the most infamous.

One Thousand and One Nights revolves around the story of a tyrannical Persian king named Shahryar who, upon discovering his wife's infidelity, flies into an unquenchable murderous rage. Convinced that all women are harlots who cannot be trusted, the king instructs his vizier to gather all the virgins in his kingdom and bring them to him one by one—night after night—so he can marry them, have sex with them and then murder them in their wedding beds the following morning. The king's bloodletting goes on for many months until pretty much the only virgin left in the kingdom is the vizier's own daughter, the stunningly beautiful Scheherazade, who,



despite her father's objections, offers herself to the king as his next virgin sacrifice.

On their wedding night, before the king has a chance to deflower her, Scheherazade decides to tell him a story. Yet rather than finish the story, she tells the king that he must wait until morning to find out what happens. The next night she finishes the previous night's story only to immediately start a new one, which she again promises to conclude the following night. And

so it goes: a new, unfinished story night after night—for 1,001 nights—until the king is so transfixed by Scheherazade's cleverness, her loyalty and love that he forswears violence against women forever and makes her his queen.

As seductive as the story of Shahryar and Scheherazade may be it is not what makes *One Thousand and One Nights* such a delicious piece of erotic literature. Rather it is the individual tales that Scheherazade tells the king, stories such as "Ali With the Large Member," a hilarious satire about penis size, or "The Caliph Harun Al-Rashid and the Three Slave Girls," in which the three women fight with one another over control of the caliph's penis. These derive from a collection of popular Arabic, Persian and Indian folktales

that an anonymous hand inserted into the master tale of Shahryar and Scheherazade some time around the 10th century A.D. Over the next few centuries, as the book was furtively passed around the Muslim world, gaining both fame and infamy for its vulgarity, more stories were gradually added to the original collection. The earliest complete manuscript we have can be traced back to about the 15th century.

Westerners first became aware of *One Thousand and One Nights* through a French translation by the archaeologist and noted orientalist Antoine Galland in 1704. Galland's chaste translation of the book (he left out most of the juicy parts) was an instant sensation and a huge best-seller in France. But it



ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS IS A RAUNCHY, BAWDY BURLESQUE.





"You forgot the bib again, doctor."

wasn't until the book was rediscovered and translated into English almost 200 years later by the famed Victorian explorer Sir Richard Francis Burton that the image of the Middle East as an exotic and erotic place filled with forbidden delights was permanently fixed in the minds of Westerners.

Born in England in 1821, Burton was anything but a man of his time. A sexual deviant and an unapologetic libertine who proudly boasted of having violated every one of the Ten Commandments, Burton was a proponent of women's rights, especially their sexual rights, and spoke so matter-of-factly about homosexuality that his fellow Englishmen—who called him “that devil Burton”—apparently assumed that he was himself gay (he wasn't).

Everything about Burton shocked the Victorians. He was an outspoken advocate of polygamy and an enthusiastic patron of prostitutes, though he never left his long-suffering and utterly devoted wife, Isabel. Although he received acclaim as an avid explorer with significant discoveries to his credit (he was the first European to discover Lake Tanganyika in Africa, the world's second-largest freshwater lake), he was perhaps better known by his colleagues for a logbook he kept of penis sizes he had measured in every region of the world he visited.

Yet it was Burton's obsession with Islam and the Middle East that made him notorious throughout Europe. Muslim culture offered Burton everything that Victorian England seemed to lack: sexual promiscuity, easily procurable drugs (Burton was an opium addict and alcoholic) and a steady supply of cheap prostitutes (he contracted syphilis from a whore in Cairo). Burton was not the only European obsessed with an overly eroticized image of the region. The French novelist Gustave Flaubert was also an avowed Islamophile who wrote vividly about his sexual encounters in the Middle East. In one memorable passage recounting his tryst with an Egyptian dancer, he wrote that her vagina “felt like rolls of velvet” and that his night with her was “one long, infinitely intense reverie.”

Europeans were especially infatuated with the concept of the harem in Muslim culture. It did not matter that most of the salacious stories they'd hear about harem life, particularly those written by the British diplomat Paul Rycout, were often absurdly exaggerated (weeklong orgies? sex with fish?). Tales about the sexual revelry that took place in these cloistered gardens and the highly sexualized paintings that often accompanied them—women sprawled naked on divans, feeding grapes to satiated men—launched a wave of sexual tourism to the Middle East.

That wave continued straight into the 20th century, with writers like the American expatriate Paul Bowles, who spent more than 50 years in Morocco, and the brilliant author William S. Burroughs, whose fiction was heavily influenced by his heroin-fueled forays in Tangier with

a never-ending supply of supple young boys, picking up where their European counterparts left off. Yet none of these Western aficionados of the Middle East were so utterly fascinated or thoroughly committed to the notion of “the sexualized Muslim” as Sir Richard Burton.



Burton was no tourist. He wanted to *be* Muslim. He was one of the first Englishmen to make the annual Muslim pilgrimage, or hajj, to Mecca, disguising himself as a Muslim traveler and so totally immersing himself in the proper Islamic rituals and behavior that he even had himself circumcised in order to avoid any possibility of detection (draw your own conclusions on that one). Burton's account of his journey to Mecca made him the most famous man in England. But it seems also to have genuinely affected him on a personal and spiritual level. Afterward, he referred to himself as a Sufi and began prancing around in a green turban—the sign that he had performed the hajj.

Frustrated by the false sexual modesty of his own society, Burton saw in Muslim culture an avenue for promoting the

*It is no exaggeration
to say that Burton viewed
the erotic literature he
found in the Muslim world
as a kind of sex manual
for Westerners.*

sexual and legal liberation of English women. “The legal status of womankind in Al-Islam is exceptionally high,” Burton wrote, “a fact of which Europe has often been assured, although the truth has not even yet penetrated into the popular brain.” Considering the image that most Westerners have of Muslim women as oppressed and marginalized by their societies, this may seem a remarkable comment. But remember that in Victorian England women could neither vote nor hold office. Until 1870 married women could not own or handle their own property. Unlike Muslim women at the time, British women could not divorce their husbands, not even in cases of adultery unless the adultery was compounded with cruelty or bigamy.

Burton hoped to use the scintillating literature he came across in his journeys through the Middle East to expose Victorian England to the sexual freedom he found among Muslims and to educate British men about their sexual responsibilities to the opposite sex. He was particularly enamored with a 15th century manuscript by a Tunisian scholar named Muhammad al-Nafzawi titled *The Perfumed Garden*, which

offered a slew of advice about sexual technique through individual stories inspired by those in *One Thousand and One Nights*.

The Perfumed Garden openly described such things as bestiality and pederasty (sexual relations between an older man and an adolescent boy), taboos that would have been absolutely scandalous in Victorian England. Burton devoured the book, discovering in its description of sexual relations “a kind of animated conflict” whose arena “resembles the head of a lion. It is called vulva. Oh! How many men's deaths lie at her door? Amongst them how many heroes!”

Burton completed an English translation of *The Perfumed Garden* in about 1886 that included graphic illustrations of clitorectomies and circumcisions. But the book proved too much for his Victorian readers, and his wife dutifully burned the manuscript after his death.

Burton had more luck with his translation of *One Thousand and One Nights*. He was aware of Galland's French translation but was annoyed that Galland had removed all the sexual stories that Burton, who was fluent in Arabic, knew were such an integral part of the book. So he set out to create what he considered to be a more authentic (read, more erotic) version for an English audience.

At first, Burton marketed his translation as “a book for men and students of Muslim society,” but it is no exaggeration to say that Burton viewed the erotic literature he found in the Muslim world as a kind of sex manual for Westerners and in particular as a guide to pleasuring women. “Moslems,” Burton wrote, “study the art and mystery of satisfying the physical woman...a branch of the knowledge tree which our modern education grossly neglects, thereby entailing untold miseries upon individuals, families and generations.” He liked to say that “the English have the finest women in Europe and least know how to use them.” It was as though by portraying the sexual habits of Middle Easterners he was trying to provoke the passions of his countrymen while providing them with an alternative view of male-female relations that, in his mind, was far more progressive than that offered by Victorian society.

As he no doubt expected, the release of his translation of *One Thousand and One Nights* caused a scandal in England. Critics said the book was an “injury to public morals.” The *Edinburgh Review* called Burton's translation an “appalling collection of degrading customs and statistics of vice.” Another newspaper said it was a “morally filthy book.” The *Pall Mall Gazette's* headline read PANTAGRUELISM OR PORNOGRAPHY?

Regardless, the book was a huge success. The original subscribers quickly bought the first thousand copies, making Burton an easy £10,000 (a princely sum at the time). Demand was so intense that he published a supplemental copy of *One Thousand and One Nights*, which also quickly sold out. The popularity throughout
(concluded on page 153)

PLAYBOY'S *Playmate* REVIEW



A heavenly refresher on the women who made 2010 stunning



Hey, you! Yes, you! Hef needs your help to make an important decision: Who should he crown as the 2011 Playmate of the Year? The winner will join a pantheon of beauties that includes Shannon Tweed (1982), Jenny McCarthy (1994) and Hope Dworaczyk (2010). The following 10 pages of photos—the most scintillating campaign literature ever assembled—are designed to properly inform your vote. For moving pictures of each candidate, be sure to watch Playboy TV's *Playmate Review 2010* special, which runs through December and January. Cast your ballot at playboy.com or via text message. Power to the people!

Pick your PMOY at playboy.com/vote. Or for \$1.99, text the two-digit code that appears under your choice to PLBOY (75269) and receive her wallpaper for your phone. Message and data rates may apply.*

MISS JANUARY—01

MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS MAY—05

MISS JUNE—06

MISS JULY—07



MISS AUGUST—08

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS DECEMBER—12

*Available on AT&T, Sprint, Verizon, Cellular One, Virgin and Cricket wireless networks. A \$1.99 charge will appear on your wireless bill or be deducted from your prepaid balance for each wallpaper you download; standard or other text-messaging charges may apply. See terms and conditions at playboymobile.com/terms.



Miss September
OLIVIA PAIGE

Just like *Legally Blonde's* Elle Woods, Olivia is a sucker for all things pink (paging Hello Kitty) and girly (cupcake-print sheets adorn her bed). But underestimate her as a stereotypical blonde at your peril. "Playmates aren't ditzy blondes," she declares. "We're the smartest blondes you know." Not to mention charity-minded. Olivia has spent the past few months helping needy neighbors in northeastern New York and hopes to start raising awareness for Autism Speaks, a national advocacy organization. "I've really transformed over the past year. Being a Playmate has made me appreciate the little things more than ever before."

Miss January
JAIME FAITH EDMONDSON

Since becoming the decade's first Playmate, Jaime, a redheaded pistol whose résumé boasts stints as an *Amazing Race* contestant, a Miami Dolphins cheerleader and a police officer, has continued to blaze. She starred on E!'s *Bunny House*, wowed in Trace Adkins's video "This Ain't No Love Song" and graced a Stoli ad campaign headlined by Hef. Still, she would like to cross one other accomplishment off her bucket list—becoming PMOY. To improve her chances, Jaime purposefully squeezed herself between Playmates of the Year Kara Monaco and Ida Ljungqvist during the Stoli shoot. "I was thinking, Rub some luck my way!"





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*Miss March***KYRA MILAN**

"I love being a sex symbol!" Kyra exclaims. But of course! After all, sex is among her favorite subjects. One memorable line from her Data Sheet: "I like—and am not the least bit ashamed of—having sex in random places."

"When my issue came out," she says, "everyone back home told me, 'That sex stuff was so *you!*'" A Salvador Dalí fanatic, Kyra will soon major in art history at the University of South Florida. But she would put school on hold for a certain annual honor that she desires. "I'm considerate, polite and a lot of fun—I want PMOY so badly!" How can such unfettered adorability be denied?

*Miss June***KATIE VERNOLA**

"The first time I was even on a surfboard was for my PLAYBOY pictorial," bubbles Katie, a Kate Hudson doppelgänger whom we dubbed our Little Surfer Girl. "Oh well, whatever works!" These days she is attempting another new recreational pursuit on our behalf—comedy. On the Playboy Comedy Tour she fully unleashes her giddy, giggly inner Hudson. "The MC puts me on the spot by asking the crowd to imagine me running down the beach with my boobs bouncing.

The audience loves it, and I sign magazines and take pictures with them afterward. It's a two-for-one treat."

*Miss July***SHANNA MARIE MCLAUGHLIN**

How is this for a hyphenate? Model-entrepreneur. "Who knew that coming to California from Florida would give me all of this?" marvels Shanna, who by winning Playboy TV's *Playboy Shootout* earned a chance to test for Playmate. "To move to L.A. and model nude was over-the-top, but I took the leap and never looked back." Today she juggles her events company, Tiki Bash, with her Playboy obligations—including appearances at Playboy golf tournaments. If she wins PMOY, Shanna will pledge \$25,000 of her earnings to establish a scholarship fund for women. Cue her next pursuit: philanthropy.





Miss August

FRANCESCA FRIGO

"I knew everything that has happened would happen," says our prescient and wildly exuberant Miss August. The rough translation: She was sure, even as a budding Latin spitfire growing up in a Venezuelan beach town, one day she would move on to bigger playgrounds such as her beloved Miami. "It's like a magnet. I always have to go back." What she didn't forecast was the reaction to the turn-on listed on her Data Sheet ("I love to watch a guy eat a big piece of chocolate cake"). "Wherever I go, even during radio interviews, guys say, 'Do you know what I'm doing right now? I'm eating a huge piece of chocolate cake!'"

Miss December

ASHLEY HOBBS

The perfect finale to a smashing year of Playmates? Miss December—our boogie-boarding, sun-venerating pearl of the Hawaiian islands. A voracious reader in pursuit of a communications degree, Ashley is taking a semester off to live in L.A. and tend to her Playmate duties. However, she says, "you can take the girl from the island, but you can't take the island out of the girl. My heart is always in Hawaii." Wherever she is, she still aims to set sail with an educational agenda. "What's sexier than an ambitious, voluptuous woman who can look hot and have a brain? That's what I want to show the world."





Miss November
SHERA BECHARD

"I am just beginning my Playmate experience," Sheri told us when we last spoke with the serene-on-the-outside, fiery-on-the-inside French Canadian beauty. "But already it has helped me get some of the things I've always wanted. For example, I recently met my favorite musical artist, the French electronic pop musician Vitalic. It was funny; he was more shy about meeting me than I was about meeting him." Ah, the power of the Playmate over mortal men. But fear not: Sheri wields her influence sweetly. "I don't have a big ego, and I'm shy and quirky. Yet I think people *like* that about me."

Miss May
KASSIE LYN LOGSDON

When Heather Rae Young (a.k.a. Miss February) called her high school friend Kassie and urged her to pose for *PLAYBOY*, she initially declined. The reason? Our nature-worshipping Miss May was content to live and hike amid the splendor of the San Bernardino Mountains. Thankfully, however, she eventually had a change of heart. "It blows my mind—I still can't believe I'm a Playmate!" But don't worry, she hasn't forgotten her small-town roots. "I've become a mad dork about sewing," explains Kassie. "You have to find interesting ways to keep yourself busy when you live in the mountains!"

Miss April
AMY LEIGH ANDREWS

A Georgia native, Amy doesn't loll on some honeysuckle-enveloped veranda waiting for fate to rule. No way. Amy willed her Playmate dream into a reality by writing Holly Madison a personal appeal. "I have the feminist view that a woman's body should be celebrated," she says. With her mind set on a broadcast journalism career—"Nevertheless, people are forever asking, 'Did you move to L.A. to become an actress?'"—Amy says she's keeping her fingers crossed about becoming PMOY. In the meantime, "I've been loving life. Being Miss April is everything I imagined and more."



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Miss February

HEATHER RAE YOUNG

Our valentine, Heather, came down from the San Bernardino Mountains for the magazine's 55th anniversary casting call and—*zing!*—arrows flew. Now, fittingly, she dons a red Bunny suit at Mansion parties. "I do represent the month of love," she says. Heather recently signed with a commercial and theatrical agency to guide her modeling and acting careers. She's quick to add, "Becoming a Playmate is such an honor that I feel as though I've *already* made it." As for winning PMOY: "I would bring a lot of joy and happiness to PLAYBOY followers because I always make sure to bring along a lot of...love."

Miss October

CLAIRE SINCLAIR

Before Claire Sinclair there was Clairissa Irene, a Tarantino-loving, book-devouring Angeleno hipster who caught the eye of our go-to pinup artist Olivia De Berardinis. But then—holy mother of Bettie Page!—Olivia helped devise her kicky new name ("Crazy!"), Hef selected her as Miss October and moved her into the Bunny House ("Insane!"), and Marston Hefner became her boyfriend ("It's nice and convenient; he lives right across the street!"). "It sounds cheesy, but it's a dream," she says, revved up and reeling. "There is no way anyone could have told me this was my future. But it's a blast."

Go to playboy.com/pmoy2011
for definitive behind-the-scenes
video—and more.

GAMBLING

(continued from page 78)

Illustrated he saw nationally legalized sports betting as a “possibility” that “may be a huge opportunity.”

“It has been a matter of league policy to answer that question ‘no,’” Stern said. “But I think that that league policy was formulated at a time when gambling was far less widespread—even legally.”

About 2,500 people from the world of online gambling are attending the iGaming Super Show in Prague, but only 300 are lucky enough to get an invitation to Ayre’s party. As long as they survive the absinthe bar with their memories of the night intact, they won’t soon forget the spectacle.

Ayre spent more than \$250,000 to set up his own version of *Thunderdome*’s Bartertown, one of the first settlements formed by survivors of a nuclear war that has destroyed modern civilization. Holding the party inside a more than 100-year-old sewage-cleaning station that ceased operations in the 1960s gives guests the feeling of being transported to a crude industrial community. Attendees mingle among intimidating Czech men dressed in attire from the movie, a cross between Gothic and gladiator. A midget rides around perched on the shoulder harness of a man in a costume, identical to the one worn by Ayre, to form Master Blaster, the two-person ruler of Bartertown.

Of course Ayre takes a few liberties with his theme. No beautiful models roam the movie’s Bartertown wasteland. In the party’s expansive main room, however, women dance provocatively in skimpy two-piece outfits on five platforms, one woman’s figure silhouetted behind a white screen. At the far end of the room flame jugglers light up the first two levels of the metal scaffolding, and a DJ stands ominously at the top level, 30 feet up, with a large fan inside the wall slowly rotating behind him. Above the dance floor partygoers joust *American Gladiator*-style while swinging on bungee cords that hang from the ceiling.

Ayre spends most of his time with close friends in a secluded corner next to a bar on the upper level, above the Thunderdome, allowing his guests to experience the outlandish activities below. Around two A.M. he hops into a white stretch Hummer limousine and takes the afterparty to some of Prague’s famous strip clubs.

The NFL maintains that the expansion of legal sports betting could lead to corruption or the perception by fans that a bad call or a dropped pass at the end of a game could have been intentional.

“We want our fans to know that the play on the field is the highest level of sport and not something that can potentially be corrupted and scripted,” says Brian McCarthy, vice president of communications for the

NFL. “If fans begin to question that, we begin to lose the value of the sport.”

Other leagues also take an official stance against sports betting, but the NFL is the only one that employs lobbyists to actively oppose it. The NFL spent \$1.3 million on lobbying in 2009, with gambling a marquee issue. That’s more than twice the combined amount spent by major league baseball and the NBA, neither of which reported gambling as an area of lobbying interest that year.

Fans are more loyal and resilient than the NFL gives them credit for. History shows that when it comes to sports, fans will forgive anything. In 2007 the NBA was hit with the sort of betting scandal the NFL fears. An FBI investigation alleged that Tim Donaghy, a 13-year-veteran referee, provided inside information to bookies, bet on games he officiated and made calls affecting the point spread. (Donaghy would plead guilty to the first two charges, but he denies the third.) The NBA didn’t lose any value as a result of the scandal. Television viewership of the league increased in following years, and game seven of the last NBA finals, between the Lakers and the Celtics, was the league’s most-watched championship game in a dozen seasons. And not even the realization that steroid use marred an entire era of baseball has ended America’s love affair with that game.

The NFL should be familiar with the generous nature of fans to overlook misconduct. The *San Diego Union-Tribune*, which keeps an online database of arrests and citations more serious than speeding tickets that involve NFL players, has documented more than 500 incidents since 2000. Given the league’s failure to keep its players out of trouble, many proponents of legalized gambling are angered when the NFL pulls the integrity card and takes a holier-than-thou attitude toward gambling.

“Gambling is not the ruination of their sport,” says Peter Schwartzkopf, a Democratic legislator in Delaware who is upset the NFL blocked the state’s plan to offer single-game NFL wagers through its state lottery and three racetrack casinos. “I don’t understand it. You have little old Delaware trying to balance the damn budget, and then you have a big organization like the NFL, when it has all its fricking problems that have nothing to do with Delaware, and it wants to talk about image and integrity. It should clean up its own act—the drug use, the shootings, all kinds of things going on on a yearly basis. I don’t even know who is in jail right now.”

Delaware is one of four states—Montana, Nevada and Oregon are the others—with a grandfathered exemption to the 1992 Professional and Amateur Sports Protection Act, which bans the solicitation of sports bets. Delaware governor Jack Markell thought that gave the state the right to offer NFL wagers. The NFL sought the support of the other major professional leagues and the National Collegiate Athletic Association and filed a lawsuit to block

the plan. The U.S. Third Circuit Court of Appeals ruled the state was limited to offering parlay bets, in this case wagers on three or more teams, because that is what the state offered in 1976. Delaware went ahead with the parlay system, and it generated \$1.6 million for the state’s general fund for the 2009 season. Brian Selander, spokesman for Markell, says the NFL opposition is depriving Delaware of nearly \$12 million a year.

What corruption did the NFL prevent? Legalized sports betting in Delaware, with its \$3,000 maximum bet, poses no threat of compromising games. People have been making six-figure bets through underground channels for decades and the NFL has functioned just fine.

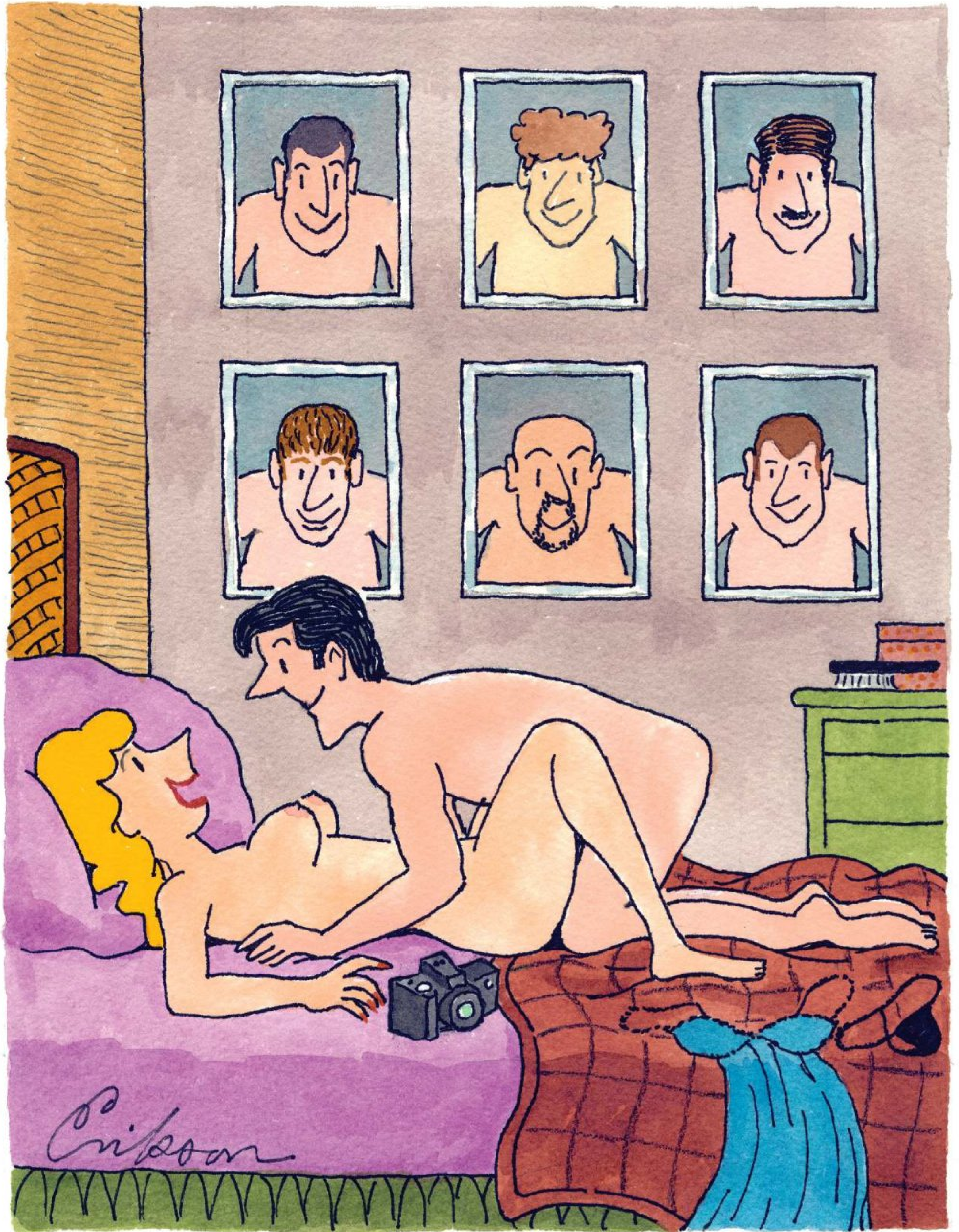
In the league’s 90-year history no case of a game being fixed has been documented. There have been a few scandals involving players betting on their own team or on other games. In 1946, two decades before the first Super Bowl, New York Giants quarterback Frank Filchock and running back Merle Hapes were disciplined for having discussions with gamblers who wanted to fix that year’s NFL championship game. But that conspiracy was outed before the game took place.

“If the NFL can survive illegal gambling, it could certainly survive the legal form,” says Roxy Roxborough, a retired oddsmaker and former NFL contact who set the betting line used by Las Vegas sports books and printed in newspapers throughout the country for most of the 1980s and 1990s.

In 1994 the Canadian-born Ayre was living modestly in Vancouver. He had \$10,000 in his bank account, a heavily financed home and sports car and a business—a small tech center with early Internet capabilities—which he eventually sold for \$200,000. A dozen years later he was on the cover of *Forbes* magazine’s billionaire issue.

Ayre developed Internet sports-betting software and sold it to people who had been taking bets over the phone in Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic. It wasn’t until 2000 that he decided he could operate the websites better himself. What separated Bodog from Ayre’s previous clients, who all went out of business, was that Bodog was more than a betting site. Ayre turned it into a lifestyle, a brand that had personality and sold gambling as entertainment. He made himself the public image of the company, modeling his strategy after those of Richard Branson, Sean “Diddy” Combs, Hugh Hefner, Paris Hilton and Donald Trump.

“People laugh because I include Paris Hilton, but she belongs in that group,” Ayre says. “She is her own brand, the Paris Hilton brand. Everyone else on that list has a product he or she is selling. As hard as it is to understand, apparently being a prick is good for real estate. I don’t get that one, but it works for Donald. The others are more obvious. Hef has the



"That was world-class, Ed. Now, hold it right there for a second."

lifestyle, Branson's the adventurer, Diddy's Mr. Fucking Hip-Hop Lifestyle, and Paris is the fucking embodiment of lifestyle. So I just said, 'No one is doing anything similar in our industry. I think I can pull it off.'

He swears it's not an act. He merely lifted the curtain and showed the world the hard-partying, model-filled life he was already living. Eating lunch on the patio outside Prague's Hotel Kings Court, where he has the royal suite, Ayre is constantly distracted by the Czech women walking by. "People sometimes ask me if I want Viagra," Ayre says with a laugh. "I need the opposite of Viagra. I need a pill that is like a bucket of cold water."



Simple economics make it unfeasible for an NFL game to be compromised today. To properly fix a game would require bribing at least the quarterback, and it would have to be a player solidified in the starting position enough not to be benched in the middle of the game for poor performance. The average salary of the top 15 quarterbacks by passer rating was \$11.4 million in 2009. Considering that being caught throwing a game would end a player's career and jeopardize all future earnings, a quarterback could not be offered enough money to make a fix worthwhile. Referees are a more likely mark, but instant replay helps keep them in check.

The NFL deserves credit for its remarkable record in avoiding betting scandals and its vigilance in protecting the game's integrity. In addition to educating its players and personnel of the danger, the league made contacts with people like Roxborough inside the betting industry.

"We have security personnel who range from former FBI agents to NCAA investigators to a whole host of contacts within the legal system," McCarthy says. "We have contacts in Las Vegas who monitor the line and alert us to any peculiar activity, and have for decades."

But with less than one percent of the world's sports betting taking place in Las Vegas, that isn't enough anymore. The NFL isn't protecting its game by ignoring the off-shore websites. As the NFL knows from its contacts in Vegas, sports books have a similar interest in ensuring the integrity of the games. People won't place bets if they think the lines are being manipulated through cheating.

Technological advancements allow these online sports books to analyze trends in betting activity and reveal suspicious patterns in real time. To prevent frauds from being carried out across sites, some companies work together. The European Sports Security Association is a group of 13 sports-betting websites, licensed and regulated in the U.K., that share information with one another and notify leagues of any problems. ESSA has partnership agreements with all the major leagues in Europe and with the National Hockey League and Major League Soccer in the U.S. to provide information, free of charge, about any questionable activity. If the U.S. approved Internet sports betting, it could regulate the industry to ensure all websites work together to prevent fraudulent activity.

"It's strange to forbid something that's happening every day," says Mathieu Moreuil, head of European public policy for the Premier League, the international league closest in stature to the NFL. "It's on the Internet. It exists. We have to embrace it and tackle the issues brought up by it."

The Premier League partners with online operators to take bets through team websites and serve as team sponsors, profiting from people's desire to bet on its games. The increased sports betting hasn't hurt the league's integrity. The Premier League, which formed in 1992, has never had a case of match fixing.

The NFL could be missing out on as much as \$700 million a year because of its stance against sports betting. A gambling industry insider estimates that the average NFL team could make \$10 million to \$20 million a year through partnerships with betting companies, with the most popular teams potentially getting much more. The league itself could make \$100 million by incorporating betting on the NFL website and selling picture rights to online sports books. That money could go to good causes such as integrity protection, youth football programs and improving the pensions and health care for retired players.

If sports betting were legalized, the gambling industry would change dramatically. U.S. casino giants such as Harrah's are bound to get involved.

While sites like Bodog make hundreds of millions of dollars and aren't required to give Uncle Sam a dime, the owners actually want to be licensed, regulated and taxed. They want to work with and have a positive impact on the sports leagues. Clive Hawkwood, head of a European trade group called the Remote Gambling Association, says that all 19 of his sports-betting members want to be licensed in the U.S. None of the RGA companies currently operates in the country. Many of them left the U.S. market after Congress passed the Unlawful Internet Gambling Enforcement Act in 2006.

The NFL played a role in enacting the bill, which attempts to cut the flow of money between U.S. financial institutions and off-shore gambling sites. After receiving a carve-out for the watered-down form of sports betting known as fantasy football, the NFL led the corporate lobbying in support of the bill. Then-Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist controversially attached the legislation to a completely unrelated Security and Accountability for Every Port Act that was guaranteed to pass on the final day before the legislature broke for the year. Martin Gold and Bill Wichterman of the lobbying firm Covington & Burling, which handles issues for the NFL, were former senior aides

to Frist. In naming Gold one of the city's top 50 lobbyists the following year, the D.C. magazine *The Washingtonian* called him the strategist behind the measure. The legislation proved unpopular with bank executives, who didn't see it as their job to police the industry, and the regulations stalled. Wichterman left Covington & Burling to work as a special assistant to President Bush and helped push the regulations through just before Bush left office.

Though the UIGEA couldn't stop sports-betting websites from taking bets from the U.S., the publicly owned companies took it as a sign that the government was becoming hostile to the industry and withdrew from the country as a precaution. Private companies, most based in Costa Rica and Antigua, continue to serve U.S. residents.

Ayre responded to the legislation by overhauling his business plan. He stopped operating Bodog directly, instead licensing the Bodog brand and technology to others. Alwyn Morris, a former Olympic gold medalist for Canada who, as a Mohawk Indian, believes he has the right to offer online gambling from the Kahnawake Mohawk Territory in Quebec, took over the U.S. operation. Similar licensing deals make Bodog available for the first time in Europe (along with Canada) and Asia.



If sports betting were legalized in the U.S., the gambling industry would change dramatically. U.S. casino giants such as Harrah's are bound to get involved, and other U.S.-based companies would follow. Most of the larger foreign companies have decided lawful access to the U.S. is worth the risk and are lobbying for their sites to get the same recognition in the U.S. as they do in the U.K.

"Being able to gain lawful entry into the U.S. market would have a real multiplier effect on the value of their companies," says Joe Brennan Jr., chairman of the Interactive Media Entertainment and Gaming Association, which lobbies on behalf of member websites for the legalization of Internet gambling. "Companies that can have Visa, MasterCard and American Express on their sites have a huge advantage over sites that don't. Sites not licensed will probably wither and die."

Congressman Frank is leading the push on Capitol Hill for licensed and regulated Internet gambling. His Internet Gambling Regulation, Consumer Protection and Enforcement Act made progress in 2010, advancing through the House Financial Services Committee in July. However, thanks to the NFL, sports betting isn't along for the ride.

Frank's original version of the bill, introduced in 2007, included sports betting. NFL lobbyists were quick to bang on his door, shouting of corruption. He doesn't understand their argument against legal sports betting.

"If someone is willing to break the law enough to bribe a player," Frank asks, "don't you think he'd break the law enough to make a bet?"

Frank gave in to the NFL's pressure, removing sports betting from subsequent versions of the bill to focus on poker and

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casino games. Before the bill passed through the committee, an amendment added wording to explicitly indicate that no licensee shall accept wagers on sporting events. McCarthy says the NFL is pleased with the addition and no longer opposes the bill.

A congressional study showed Frank's bill could generate \$42 billion over 10 years for federal and state governments. It's a nice chunk of change but not close to what sports betting would generate. The Internet sports-betting industry is nearly as large as online poker and casino games combined.

Ayre still embraces a jet-setting lifestyle, rarely spending more than a week or two in one place. He calls his beachfront property on the Caribbean island of Antigua his home but has not stepped foot on it in more than six months. In addition to Prague, he has been to Scotland, London, Canada, France, Germany, Bulgaria and parts of the Middle East and Asia in the first half of 2010. He still owns the Bodog compound in Costa Rica, which he modeled after the Playboy Mansion as his brand property, though he hasn't spent much time there since the Costa Rican police raided it during a party in 2006.

Ayre used to do much of his partying in the U.S., making regular visits to Los Angeles, Las Vegas and Miami, but that stopped after David Carruthers, CEO of the now-defunct online-gambling company Bet On Sports, was arrested in July 2006 while changing planes at the Dallas/Fort Worth International Airport on his way from London to Costa Rica. The Scotland-born Carruthers, who was one of the most outspoken advocates of online-gambling regulation, spent three years in federal custody under house arrest before he pleaded guilty

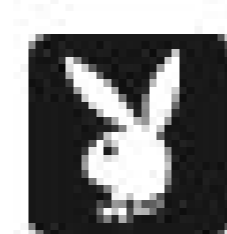
to one count of racketeering conspiracy and received a 33-month sentence, which he is serving in a Missouri prison.

The arrest, which Frank called "one of the most Stalinist things I've ever seen my government do," put a scare in industry leaders. Like Ayre, they won't set foot in the U.S. Unlike Ayre, they try not to draw attention to themselves. Several Internet sports-betting executives declined to speak to PLAYBOY for this article.

Ayre believes he will someday be able to return safely to the U.S. The latest battleground for sports betting is in New Jersey, where State Senator Raymond Lesniak filed a federal lawsuit challenging the Professional and Amateur Sports Protection Act as unconstitutional for its different treatment of the states. Lesniak wants sports betting to boost Atlantic City's struggling casinos and help with New Jersey's budget deficit. Overturning the federal ban would open it up for all states to offer sports betting, from casinos to online venues. The NFL is leading the fight against the efforts in New Jersey.

"If the NFL ever got real, I think Congress would react quickly to repeal the federal ban," Lesniak says. "The NFL is a powerful organization and has a lot of money. Members of Congress, Democrats and Republicans, are not willing to take it on."

While Lesniak tries to face off against the Goliath of sports leagues, it will be business as usual for the Internet sports-betting industry. Ayre is already planning his 50th birthday party, again in Prague, and is promising it will be "the biggest and craziest fucking party our industry will ever see in our lifetime."



JERSEY SHORE

(continued from page 72)

Shore: Season One was about the giddiness of summer and of being young and getting drunk and creeping and the attendant bragging rights. Unlike *The Hills* it could also be funny as hell. (Think of it as *Goodfellas* for the YA set.) It had a big adorable cast that made the kids on *The Hills* seem like WASP zombies. If *The Hills* was a Jane Austen novel reset in Aughties L.A., then *Jersey Shore: Season One* was about the guys and their issues: lad drama about friendships and self-esteem and girls.

The smush captains with the overwaxed eyebrows of *Jersey Shore* just want to have fun (Paul DelVecchio—DJ Pauly D—with his hyena grin kept stressing this), and in season one they're sexier than the girls. Compared with Brody, Spencer and Justin Bobby—who entered tortured, complicated relationships with girls while maintaining their surface cool—the guys on *Jersey Shore* just wanna gym, tan, laundry (GTL!) and, of course, creep—except for hulking, neurotic Ronnie, who didn't go to the shore to fall in love but ended up in a tight relationship with husky-voiced Sammi. The player is Mike Sorrentino, a.k.a. the Situation, and if you don't know why he's called that by now then you're probably not reading this. The oldest at 30, Pauly D is his amiable wingman with the pierced penis. This is never glimpsed because the show, despite the massive alcohol intake and all the bedroom antics, is strenuously PG-13, with only glimpses of smoking—MTV never shows people taking drugs or using steroids. Vinny, the youngest guido, seemed at first, oddly enough, the show's moral compass, the responsible one, the Lauren Conrad, and then we're told at one point in season two by Snooki after the two have hooked up how well-hung he is. The guys on *Jersey Shore* are nicer than the guys on *The Hills* (clearly no one likes to fuck with girls by pitting them against one another the way Brody Jenner does), and certainly Pauly D and the Situation are preferable to Brody and Justin Bobby—douchey, perhaps, but aware of the douchiness, which kind of makes all the difference. Unlike the guys on *The Hills*, they have a code based in the machismo they cultivate and exude in some metaverse of Italian chivalry: not quite gentlemen but certainly not the pretty L.A. boys who play sadistic mind games with the girls they're involved with (Justin Bobby/Audrina, hello?). Self-proclaimed guidette Nicole Polizzi (a.k.a. Snooki) holds her own with the dudes with her cutie-pie deadpan charisma. (Snooki has more natural charm than most movie stars her age. That's not a freaky compliment—it's just a fact.) Everybody's wasted, but they're all endearing, and the constant asides ("This is crazy, yo!" to wannabe vet tech Snooki's heartfelt "I save animals. That's what I do.") become their own kind of whacked-out poetry.

The Empire vibe that loomed over *The Hills* was chilled-out and luxe, but in the post-Empire you find the Situation flexing his abs to get people to buy gelato: And we're



"This one is a husband doll. You wind it up and it runs off with a younger doll."

now front row in the carnival of the unapologetic hustle. And then there's the epitome of post-Empire trauma that put the show on the map: The gang is hanging at the Beachcomber Bar and Grill, and Snooki, hunting gorillas and juiceheads, gets punched in the face by a drunk who is neither. (This man, Brad Ferro, a New York City schoolteacher, should be getting residuals.) And yeah, Ronnie beats up two guys he says were asking for it, and Sammi has painful self-esteem issues, but everyone's bounce-back time is high, and the girls on this show...eat! And the guys do...the cooking! And the big moment near the end of season one isn't a girl throwing away a job opportunity for a loser guy (which *The Hills* played for all the drama it possibly could in its studiously casual way) but a make-out session in a Jacuzzi between *Jersey Shore*'s two biggest stars: the Situation and Snooki. But in this post-Empire world Mike can barely even kiss Snooki, though the camera and the editing keep wishing he would. But no, he stops the proceedings to have a cigarette break while Snooki lolls drunkenly in the hot tub....

Reality TV is almost entirely dependent on stressing "personality." And early on in season two it's apparent that Nicole "plays" Snooki just as Mike "plays" the Situation. By the very nature of the show they're assigned parts and characters to play and they're encouraged to play them in a way that's both natural and dramatic—and they get better at it as the show moves forward. So, in a sense, what seemed real now seems manipulated. (What gave *The Hills* so much of its tension was Lauren refusing to play this game.) And if you cut a sequence of Ronnie deciding *not* to creep on Sammi and you strike a certain music cue, you're already presenting a fixed vision of Ronnie and the choice he's made. The cliff-hanger of the first show is that Snooki might leave (of course we know she won't, and if she does, so what?), but cue the soaring piano music as Snooki decides to stay, and whoa, she's made the right choice, the show decides for us.

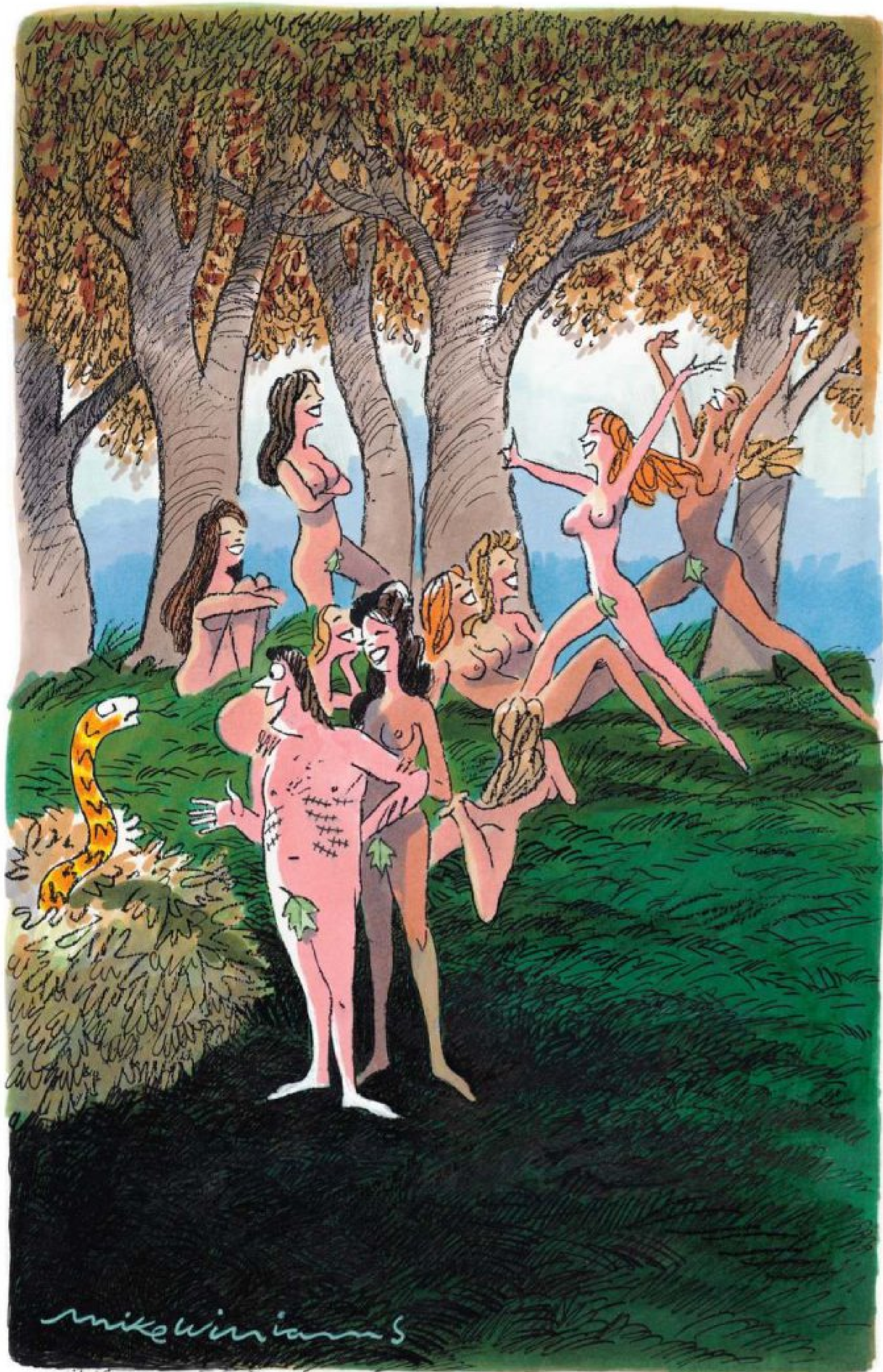
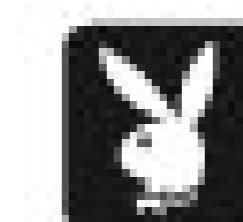
In season two—and this always seems to happen—the girls have taken over and pushed the guys to the side. The show has moved into dramatic hyperdrive and the entire cast is less inhibited in front of the camera: They know now. Everyone's different. Everyone is more self-conscious. Most of them look better than they did in season one. That authenticity—that verve—is now over before it began. But what else are they supposed to do? *The Hills* was an affair, and *Jersey Shore* was supposed to be just a fling. No one knew it would become the most riveting soap opera on TV. And the cast has to live up to it. Yes, Vinny looks hot in season two, which makes him, in the hall of mirrors that is reality TV, both less and more interesting....

Still, the "dialogue" in both seasons one and two is totally pungent—screenwriters, take note. It's the best romantic comedy about young people that Hollywood can't make anymore. They're funny. They've got heart. They're drunk most of the time

(they take cabs or walk), but they remain lost and sweet. (In season one they made the kids on *The Hills* look so glazed that they're like something out of an Antonioni movie.) *Jersey Shore* jumps the shark in season two when Snooki and JWovw type up the letter to Sammi describing Ronnie's transgressions—and suddenly we're thrown into doubting whether this would ever have happened if the cameras weren't rolling. Despite the many debates among friends over this, I guess I'm still watching.... If it's a choice between Ronnie and Sammi's wake-up to breakup or, um, *Treme*, well, give me

the shock value of Vinny hooking up with Angelina in season two any day.

When you're tired of the nihilism of *Mad Men* (*Jersey Shore*'s second-season debut easily beat *Mad Men*'s fourth-season premiere) or the rapid-fire wit of *30 Rock*, then come watch the Ferris wheel glowing against the night sky lit up by fireworks on *Jersey Shore: Season Three*. You're a fool if you get pissed off at *Jersey Shore* and its success. Come on, guys, *that* attitude? So Empire....



"I was actually amazed at just how few ribs one really requires for an average day-to-day existence."

SPY

(continued from page 67)

five months tracking her. On a Wednesday in the middle of March, they saw her go to a Barnes & Noble on Greenwich and Warren streets. She took out her laptop and powered it up. Shortly after, Russian Government Official #1 walked by the bookstore with a briefcase in his hand.

Again the signal jumped between them.

On April 7, 2010, another Wednesday, they tracked Russian Government Official #1 from the moment he left his office in midtown Manhattan. This time, though, the Russian suddenly stopped and turned around. An FBI agent performing the surveillance later noted, "It appeared that Russian Government Official #1 noticed the presence of the surveillance team and returned to his office."

They had better luck two Wednesdays later. And again two weeks later. And a month after that. And the following week.

Finally, the FBI was ready to mount a sting. At 11 A.M. on June 26, an agent called Anna Chapman, saying in Russian that he worked at the Russian consulate and that they had to meet in person right away so he could give her something.

She called him an hour and a half later. Today was tough, she said. She was in Connecticut with a friend. How about tomorrow?

If necessary, the FBI man said. They agreed to meet the next morning.

Half an hour later, she called again. She'd be there.

They met at a downtown coffee shop late in the afternoon. They began conversing in Russian, but the FBI agent suggested that they switch to English so as not to draw attention. "Tell me," he asked, "how is everything? How are you doing?"

"Everything is cool apart from connection," she answered. But she was already suspicious. "I just need to get some more information about you before I can talk."

"I work in the same department as you, but I work here in the consulate."

Chapman's response—if there was one—does not appear in the FBI's report.

"My name is Roman," the man said. "My name is Roman. I work in the consulate."

Again the FBI report doesn't note any response, but the FBI man kept slinging the con: "There is a situation that I need your help with tomorrow...."

A third time, no response was recorded in the report.

"I know you are going back to Moscow in two weeks," he continued in a blatant effort to establish his bona fides. Even in the report, he sounds nervous. "So, ah, when you go back they will sit down with you and talk officially about your work, your performance. Ah, but, for now I just wanted to see how you are doing, how everything is going, and then I have a task for you to do tomorrow."

A fourth time, no response is recorded in the report.

"This is not like the Wednesdays with the notebooks," the FBI man continued. "This is different. It is the next step. You are ready for the next step? Okay?"

"Okay," she said.

He told her there was a person who was "just like you," except that this person, also a woman, was using a false name and needed a new passport. He handed her a forged passport. So the job was simple—just meet her tomorrow at 11 A.M. and hand over the passport. "Understand?"

"Okay," Anna said.

"This is what I mean by the next step, because this is not laptop to laptop, this is person to person. Are you ready for this step?"

"Shit, of course."



Looks pretty bad for Anna Chapman, doesn't it? Secret meetings, undercover Wi-Fi, handling a forged passport. It got worse. The FBI man told her to arrive at a different location with a magazine in her hand and wait for the woman to approach her. "She will tell you, 'Excuse me, but haven't we met in California last summer?' And you will say to her, 'No, I think it was the Hamptons.'"

"The Hamptons?"

"The Hamptons, and that is it."

Next, she was to return to the coffee shop and glue a postage stamp to a city map on display. "Then I will check it and I will know that everything is okay," said the undercover agent.

He asked her to repeat the instructions, which she did very well: "Okay, tomorrow at 11, I am going to be sitting at one of the benches, she is going to ask me if she saw me in California. I am going to say 'No, it was in the Hamptons.' I will take the documents, tell her to sign. I will hold the journal, this is how she will recognize me, and I go back and put the stamp."

But something was bothering her. "You're positive no one is watching?" she asked.

"You know how long it took me to get here? Three hours. So here I am comfortable."

The FBI agent believed that Chapman understood this to mean he took three hours to travel the handful of blocks between his office and the coffee shop because he was using circuitous "surveillance detection routes" to shake off anyone who might be following him.

He finished with one last attempt to reassure her. "Your colleagues back in Moscow, they know you are doing a good job, and they will tell you this when they see you. So keep it up."



But here's the thing—she didn't buy it. Maybe he asked too many questions. Maybe he didn't act Russian enough. Maybe she wondered why she had to physically hand the passport over when it would have been safer just to hide it under a rock.

An hour following the meeting, Chapman was surveilled weaving in and out of stores in Brooklyn—first a CVS, then a Verizon store, then a Rite Aid, then back to the Verizon store, all of which struck the FBI as excellent evidence of circuitous surveillance detection routes. When she left the Verizon store and threw a shopping bag in the trash, they dug out the bag and found some international calling cards, a cell

phone charger and a cell phone customer agreement in the name of "Irine Kutsov" of "99 Fake Street."

The FBI man could draw only one conclusion: "I believe that her use of a false name and address in the customer agreement form, as well as her throwing of the cell phone charger, suggest that Chapman was seeking to use the Motorola cell phone only temporarily so as to avoid detection of her conversations."

Whom did she call?

Had to be Moscow, investigators reasoned. And what did Moscow tell her?

Well, that was obvious—just look at her behavior the next morning. At 11 A.M. sharp an FBI team was waiting for her to show up with the passport and make the drop. By noon they knew they had blown it. The sharpest minds in American counter-intelligence had been outsmarted by a 28-year-old party girl.

Anna Chapman had disappeared.



Chapman had arrived in the U.S. about six months earlier and seems to have spent most of her time penetrating the world of Manhattan nightclubs and middle-aged horndogs from New Jersey. But the FBI insisted she was part of something called the "illegals program"—which included 10 other Russian spies that the FBI was also tracking in the U.S. for many years. These spies used false names and high-tech spy stuff such as "steganography," a method of inserting coded messages into seemingly ordinary images. The FBI had even found images on public websites that, when decoded, really did read like something from John le Carré:

"You were sent to USA for long-term service trip. Your education, bank accounts, car, house, etc.—all these serve one goal: fulfill your main mission, i.e., to search and develop ties in policy-making circles and send intels to C."

But now Chapman was on the loose. The day she failed to show up for the sting, federal agents up and down the Eastern seaboard rushed to arrest the sleepers, a startling development that could have had a serious impact on U.S. relations with Russia at a time when the two superpowers were wrestling with such knotty issues as sanctions against Iran. But only the boring old *New York Times* actually covered the story like a serious geopolitical scandal; to everyone else, it was Chapman and 10 other suspects.

And oh, what fun it was! Bloggers posted pics of her, passed on lurid stories and sniffed out her profiles on LinkedIn and Facebook, which had more than 90 pictures that looked like...well, ordinary tourist photos. Her love of nightclubs struck many as deeply suspicious. At London hot spots such as Annabel's and Boujis she allegedly struck up an acquaintance with a billionaire named Vincent Tchenguiz and may also have met Sir Philip Green, owner of some of the U.K.'s largest retailers. This soon became evidence that she "mingled with the cream of British society." Which led to even more ominous speculations. "Stunning redhead Anna" was fixated with princes William and Harry and attempted

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to scheme her way into their social circle, according to the *Mirror*.

Her friends had a lot to say too, though few of them gave their names and many contradicted one another. She was "flirtatious" and "sexually aggressive" and had "an IQ of 162" but was also just "ordinary," quite frankly. A male model named Dennis Hirdt said she was "an expert at using her femininity to get information."

On her Facebook account, one status update seemed particularly suspicious:

"When you speak the truth, you don't have to remember it."



In the midst of all this, the investigative reporters went to work and discovered that Chapman's "cover story" was...well, true. She did get married to a shaggy-haired British student named Alex Chapman at 20, did get a job at Barclays Bank, did land a job as an assistant to a hedge-fund executive named Nicholas Camilleri.

Digging deeper, they discovered that Chapman was the daughter of a Russian diplomat. They confirmed the economics degree she earned at the Peoples' Friendship University in Moscow. From such evidence they concluded her family had "groomed her for the good life"—a splendid motive for a woman who "had a courtesan's expertise in bed."

The most devastating account came from her ex-husband, Alex Chapman, who told his story to *The Daily Telegraph*. "When I saw that she had been arrested on suspicion of spying," he said, "it didn't come as much of a surprise, to be honest."

In his telling to various news outlets, their story started as a beautiful romance. They locked eyes at a rave in London, she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, they talked all night and he married her within six months. They lived together in London and all was bliss until she began having secretive meetings with people she referred to as "her Russian friends."

Suddenly she began to change. Although she had never cared much for Americans, often making fun of their accents while watching TV, she seemed to develop an overnight obsession with moving to America. Also, she became greedy. She started bragging about meeting influential people. She confessed that her "scary" father had actually been a senior member of the KGB. And she would do anything for her daddy.

Finally she divorced Alex Chapman and went to America, where she dated rich older men and seemed to come into possession of lots of cash with her real estate website—evidence, the ex-husband said, that "at some point, someone had pumped a lot of money into it."

So yeah, she was probably a spy. "It made sense because of all her erratic behavior, all these high-society people she was going on about. When I told my mother, she said, 'I knew it!'"

A few days after the *Telegraph* interview, Alex Chapman gave a strikingly different interview to the endlessly sordid *News of the World*: "The sex was great, and she had this incredible body.... We also experimented

with sex toys.... I found her Russian accent such a turn-on...."

Now that's the stuff! Nipple clamps! The mile high club! A Persian prince with a Lamborghini! A mysterious dude named Sergei who—wait for it—had a U.S. green card.

Not only that, but she "loved James Bond movies."

In journalism this is called a "second-day lead," the soft stuff that comes after the hard news. But this time, it was all anyone wanted to hear.



In the intelligence world, HUMINT has all the glamour. That's "human intelligence"—as opposed to significantly less glamorous SIGINT, or signals intelligence, which includes everything from eye-in-the-sky satellites to code breaking. But the least romantic of all intelligence is OSINT, which is open-source intelligence that comes from excitement-free activities such as reading local newspapers. The punch line is that more useful knowledge probably comes from OSINT than all the others put together. For example:

(a) When the Berlin Wall fell, in 1989, we learned that teenagers who smuggled blue

*The sharpest minds
in American counter-
intelligence had been
outsmarted by a 28-year-old
party girl. Anna Chapman
had disappeared.*

jeans and Velvet Underground LPs across the Iron Curtain knew more about the internal strength of the Soviet Union than all the geniuses of MI5 and the CIA.

(b) When my father was spying on North Vietnam, he was acutely aware from the beginning (though his superiors were never convinced) that a glance at the map told more than all the Viet Cong tortured in the prisons of Saigon could tell. All you had to do was look at that endless and indefensible border with Cambodia to know that South Vietnam was doomed. Not only was the truth lying on the surface, but our obsession with secrecy actually turned the glaringly obvious into a secret.

Why do we keep doing this? Because the magic of espionage is based in the thrill of betrayal. In Winston Churchill's famous phrase, espionage is the "bodyguard of lies" that secures our dull safety, and spies are the Nietzschean supermen empowered to cross our borders and break our laws—the body in the bodyguard. No wonder their actual bodies become the locus of our fascination. And that's why virtually everyone associated with the Chapman case chose to ignore the odd OSINT details that should have made them stop and reconsider.

In London, for example, Chapman was

hanging out with millionaires and apparently proceeding nicely in her penetration of the royal family. So why would a real spy give all that up to run a real estate website?

And what about her father, who got promoted from story to story until he became a part of Vladimir Putin's inner circle? If he was such a formidable Russian spy, why was he posted to backwaters like Kenya?

And what about the skepticism of the handful of real friends Chapman had, the ones who were not bitter ex-husbands or greed heads selling their stories to tabloids? "She was just an ordinary girl," said Camilleri, the hedge-fund tycoon who hired her as his assistant. "She's simply not some Mata Hari," said Alex Chapman's father. "She can't be. She's just an ordinary girl. It just doesn't add up."

And what about all the "evidence" dredged up by the tabloids? Was she really going out to fancy nightclubs to penetrate "the cream of British society," or was she like a billion other young women who like to go out to flirt and dance? Did she really use her looks to get noticed by future high-level targets, or was she perhaps not the only hot-looking girl in the history of the world to thrust herself into the company of rich men? Did she really have "a courtesan's expertise in bed," or was she just an ordinary young human who liked to screw?



"I'm always happy to reminisce about Miss Chapman," Robert Baum told me when I asked for his side of the story. A stocky, gray-haired former prosecutor, he has been a defense attorney for more than 30 years. He took Chapman's case on a random assignment from the court. But as he researched it, Baum was struck by all the details everyone else overlooked.

"Her factual charge was very different from most of the other sleepers'. She never used a false name; she was here only a short time; she was here legally with a visa and applied to get it extended; she was never seen meeting face-to-face with any agent of the Russian government; she never received any money from anyone. In addition, she had a legitimate business, which I checked out."

But in the news, her real estate business was valued at \$2 million. Where did she get the money?

Actually, Baum said, that number was her own estimation. "She felt it was worth that amount because it had established business with set customers."

In other words, this hardened Mata Hari was actually so naive, she provided one of the more damning pieces of evidence herself.

"But the key thing about Miss Chapman's case," Baum continued, "was this: She was asked to meet with someone who was said to be from the Russian consulate, and she met with him, and he asked her to do something illegal, which was to deliver a false passport to another agent. And rather than do that, within 24 hours she walked into a police station and said, 'Someone gave me this.' I'd try the case on that fact alone."

Baum sounded genuinely fond of her. She

was smart, he said, well-educated, seemed to be open and honest. And she was very sensitive. "She definitely was not tough. She was upset and confused and concerned about the charges just like anybody else—what could happen to me, what are the consequences? She was concerned about her family, how they were going to take it, and asked me to contact some of her friends to make sure they were okay."

Baum sets up a hypothetical scenario: Suppose officials from the Russian consulate called and asked her to keep track of her observations of New York. How could she refuse? This may not make sense to an American, but a Russian in a foreign country may not feel so blasé about blowing off the people who controlled her passport, especially so soon after another Russian expatriate was killed in London by an exotic poison widely attributed to agents of the Russian intelligence service. According to Baum, when she got to the meeting and saw the man was someone she'd never seen before, she thought he was actually some Russian mobster who was trying to put the arm on her. She was afraid to disagree with anything he said.

So what about all that fancy spy stuff, the laptops with the Wi-Fi link? "We argued that had nothing to do with Russian secrets or spying," Baum says. "In court, I said, 'I challenge the government to say exactly what was in those communications that affected national security. They could not and did not.'"

So why did she plead guilty? I mean, come on—isn't that the ultimate revelation, the end point of all Bond movies?

Here Baum was on awkward terrain. "I can tell you I know Miss Chapman pleaded guilty, and I'm not saying she lied. But she was held in a cell for 23 hours a day with no TV and no newspaper. Her only visitor was me, and I saw her through a glass partition. The thought of having that continue for six months to a year while she was awaiting trial was unbearable."

Every evening for the 11 days she was held, Baum went to see her and spent hours talking about the case and the possibilities and then just chatting about life. She was "surprised and shocked" by the media's obsession with her and especially by the snapshots sold by her ex-husband.

For Baum, the final exculpatory detail came after Chapman left that meeting with the FBI man. Yes, she did make phone calls to Moscow, but they were calls for help. "She spoke to her father, and her father told her to go to the police."

Which she did, the next day. She walked into a random New York precinct house and turned in the illegal passport.

The biggest hole in the prosecution's argument was that she made the call to Moscow because she knew she had been caught, Baum said. "If she knew she had been caught, she flees the country. She doesn't go back to Connecticut for the night and then come back to New York in the morning and go straight to the police station."

No reporter bothered to write this, which left Baum furious. Then we traded her back to the Russians as part of the biggest spy swap since the Cold War. Even the vice president of the United States couldn't resist a

saucy quip: "Let me make it clear, it wasn't my idea to send her back."

With that it was over, the mystery tied up with a ribbon. Chapman turned down the TV offers in favor of a bank job in Moscow. And no one bothered to ask why the prosecution based its case on edited tapes, so we never got a chance to hear her actual voice and judge for ourselves whether she was eager and cold or just a terrified young woman trapped in a role we wrote for her.



And so we arrive at these pictures. They were provided to PLAYBOY by one of Chapman's ex-boyfriends, a cheerful young fellow who said he wished to remain nameless because he was afraid Chapman's father might come after him. "You can say we met in Africa," he told me. "I was playing in a club called the Matrix, and she was just hanging around. In the end, we just caught eyes."

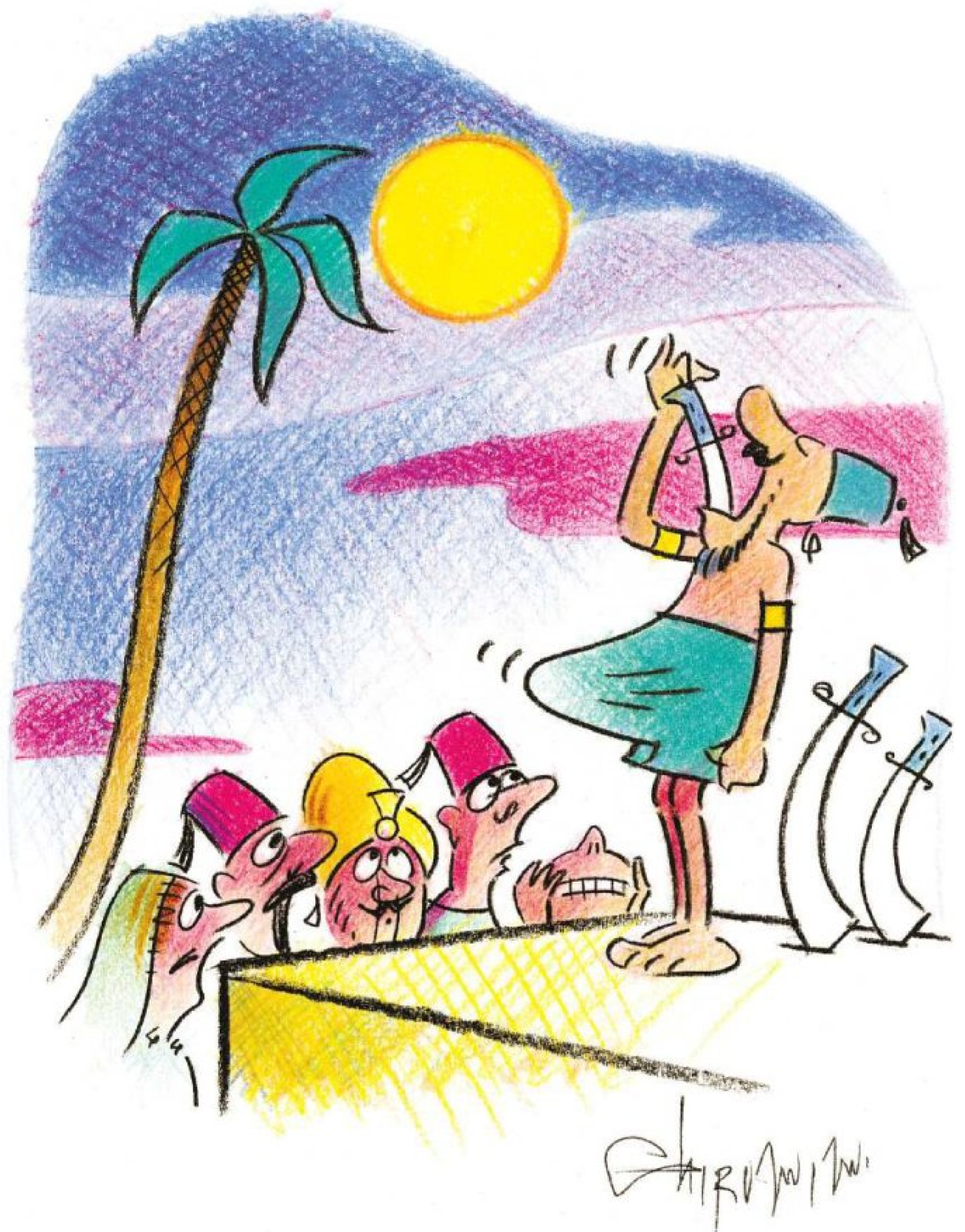
She was just 19, but she was already mysterious, he said. She was unpredictable. She was hungry for new experiences. They

shared a kiss in Africa, then she came to visit him in England. She loved to go out clubbing, loved to flirt, loved the high life and didn't seem to care a damn about politics. She never said no to anything.

Selling the photos? The ex-boyfriend feels a little bad about that.

About the spying, he's not sure what to believe. Maybe she got caught up in something she didn't want to do. Because honestly, some of the things he's read in the papers don't add up. "I mean, because everything I remember about her is all positive.... She's a really lovely girl."

And that's the real secret these pictures reveal, the only solid and clean thing in this whole story—a lovely young girl at ease in her skin, eager and open, concealing nothing, reveling in her beauty without vanity or conceit, the truth right there on the beautiful surface. No mystery, no secrets. And when you tell the truth, as she herself told us, you don't have to remember the lies.



SEXUAL DYNAMICS

(continued from page 62)

However, Perelman—who also serves as a consultant for pharmaceutical companies—predicts that in the future it will likely be known as PE, just as erectile dysfunction is now called ED.

A few years back, Plethora Solutions, a U.K.-based drug firm, awarded an unrestricted grant to the International Society for Sexual Medicine to explore the evidence. A crew of 21 leaders ranging in specialties from psychiatry to neurourology met in Amsterdam in 2007 to prepare a diagnostic blueprint for men who ejaculate too quickly. After wading through the data, the leaders emerged with what is now considered to be the gold-standard definition. The ISSM's definition regards the dysfunction as "ejaculation which always or nearly always occurs prior to or within about one minute of vaginal penetration," rather than simply before a person wishes it to occur.

The ISSM, like the *DSM*, takes into account the strain that PE can place on a man, his partner and their relationship. But it is the one-minute benchmark—the quantitative end point—that may prove vital in bringing PE drugs to our prescription-hungry nation.

Plethora Solutions' decision to give the ISSM a grant for a definition was not just a gesture of goodwill. Plethora developed the above-mentioned ejaculation-delaying spray, PSD502, and licensed it to Sciele Pharma, which was later acquired by Shionogi. Should Shionogi succeed in becoming the first company to have an FDA-approved drug for premature ejaculation, Plethora could see a windfall in royalties. Manning, Shionogi's head medical officer, says the company used the one-minute benchmark in the data it collected, as well as aspects of control and distress. In fact, data from the study show that men who were given the drug ranked significantly higher on a scale of ejaculatory control than men given a placebo.

Shionogi and J&J—which is analyzing its own dapoxetine data for a potential FDA resubmission—aren't the only drugmakers who hope to crack this market. Sarah Terry, president of biomedical data provider Life Science Analytics, says about 20 players are looking to get in. GlaxoSmithKline is among them, with two drugs in development: one designed to inhibit oxytocin and the other an SSRI. Both are in Phase II testing, when scientists determine if a proposed medication is actually associated with a therapeutic benefit.

Premature ejaculation is attractive to drug companies because it represents an entirely new market at a time when they need to replenish their pipelines with new compounds. Big Pharma is hurtling toward a patent cliff, and generic companies are ready to pounce on the opportunity to churn out cheaper versions of Lipitor and Viagra, which come off patent in 2011 and 2012. Terry says that between 2008 and 2014, \$113 billion worth of drugs will have their patents expire.

The potential of a drug for premature ejaculation dwarfs that of an erectile-dysfunction drug. Estimates vary—mainly because of the definition issue and trouble in designing studies—but between 20 and 30 percent of the population could be considered premature ejaculators.

One market study, from Datamonitor, estimates that in 2010 the U.S. population of early ejaculators between the ages of 20 and 59 was 25.8 million, compared with 9.5 million men in need of boner drugs. And that doesn't include overseas markets. "I think the FDA is ultimately willing to approve a drug for premature ejaculation," Terry says. "The challenge at this stage is just defining what that actually means."

In the days of King Charles II, the last Spanish Habsburg ruler and one of the most regal premature ejaculators on record, sexual dysfunctions were the product of witchcraft. Innovative treatments included exorcisms and urinating through your wedding ring or the keyhole of the church where you were married. Fast forward to the early 20th century and you'll come across a sea of erotic snake oil, including an arsenic-containing elixir in Dr. Frank Miller's 1913 tome, *Domestic Medical Practice*. In the late 1950s, in the wake of Kinsey came the work of William Masters and Virginia Johnson, better known as Masters and Johnson. The duo developed the still popular squeeze technique to prolong sex, which, as its name implies, involves putting a stranglehold on the head of the penis before ejaculation. Studies have demonstrated its efficacy, but evidence suggests that without regular upkeep the positive effects wear off. Also, it can be awkward to ask someone you're sleeping with for the first time to put your dick in a death grip.

"Masters couldn't do any analysis—he didn't have any funding—so what he did was hire prostitutes to observe them, interview them, identify how they had sex and what the sexual issues of their lives were," says Dr. Irwin Goldstein, director of sexual medicine at Alvarado Hospital in San Diego. Goldstein, who was an acquaintance of Masters's, notes that the atmosphere surrounding sexual research was so restrictive in the early days of his work that Masters struggled to get medical texts about female reproductive anatomy. "The thing is, prostitutes saw a lot of men who were anxious and stressed, so his formulations were made on bad observations because of biased population. It was their theory, which is perpetuated even in 2010, that 90-plus percent of all sexual problems are due to psychological issues: anxiety, humiliation, fear, depression."

Goldstein is editor-in-chief of *The Journal of Sexual Medicine* (and also a drug company consultant). For more than 20 years he was funded by the National Institutes of Health to study sexual function and dysfunction. He is highly critical of those who believe such disorders are rooted solely in psychology. When he tells you about a man who can't watch his wife strip down without ejaculating all over himself or about a 28-year-old guy who hasn't had an erection for more than a decade because of a damaged artery, you learn how debilitating sexual dysfunction can be.

For Goldstein, the work of a Baylor University urologist, F. Brantley Scott, was the catalyst that took the treatment of sexual dysfunction from the head doctors and brought it into the medical field. "It had to end up in a physician's hands to progress along medical thinking and diagnostics," he explains. Scott, who died in a plane crash in 1991, played an instrumental role in developing the inflatable penile prosthesis, which has been used to treat tens of

thousands of patients. The development of this surgically implanted device transformed the landscape of research and opened the field of sexual medicine. "Premature ejaculation, Viagra, orgasm dysfunction, all this stuff ended up in the field of urology," says Goldstein.

By now pharmaceutical engineers have studied the effects on ejaculation of an array of drugs—including neuroleptics, tricyclic antidepressants, opioid agonists, phosphodiesterase inhibitors, sympatholytics and SSRIs. Beyond drugs, modern researchers have tested rings that wrap around the penis, behavioral techniques such as the stop-start approach and even virtual-reality programs intended to help men explore their sexual development for events that might have influenced their ejaculatory reflex. Much remains to be learned about the mechanisms of ejaculation, but research bolsters the notion that it is rooted in neurochemical interactions.

"There are people who need help, and we have to be sensitive to their needs and not be rigid," says Goldstein, who directs patients to buy dapoxetine from online pharmacies in foreign countries—a process no more complicated than ordering a book from Amazon.com.

Numerous challenges loom over the success of any drug, and for one that extends intercourse the most significant factors will be pricing and perception. "Because premature ejaculation is in such a broad range of patients and doesn't have a correlation with age, it is actually much more in line with a lifestyle drug," says Terry of Life Science Analytics. "Because it will be a lifestyle drug, it won't be reimbursed by health insurance. People will have to pay out of pocket for it."

Getting men to schedule an appointment to talk about an ostensibly embarrassing disorder and then persuading them to cough up money for treatment will require a costly display of advertising acumen. The battle over direct-to-consumer advertising is nothing new, with one side considering it patient education and the other considering it a tool of deception. Such drug ads are almost exclusive to the U.S., coming to the airwaves only in the 1990s. The stakes are now huge: Pfizer recruited the likes of Bob Dole, Rafael Palmeiro and NASCAR driver Mark Martin to pitch Viagra. Eli Lilly's ad for Cialis that features a couple in separate bathtubs gazing toward the horizon has been cited by Nielsen as one of the most remembered commercials. As the erection market grew and competition increased, the ads became more risqué, sparking complaints and FDA warnings that the drugs were being hawked as party pills. It is unclear how American households will respond when copywriters start churning out euphemisms for *ejaculate*, but chances are there will be some uproar. Any opposition to such ads will give pause to drug companies and research institutes contemplating new ventures in sexual health.

But advertising is essential for any premature ejaculation drug. "We looked at the examples of Viagra, Levitra and Cialis as a benchmark for the impact of direct-to-consumer advertising," says Terry. "What we found qualitatively is that, after the launch of Viagra, the marketing of each subsequent product expanded the opportunity of those drugs by nearly 15 to 20 percent each. The amount of marketing out there continued to push the population base that much each time." A similar pattern will

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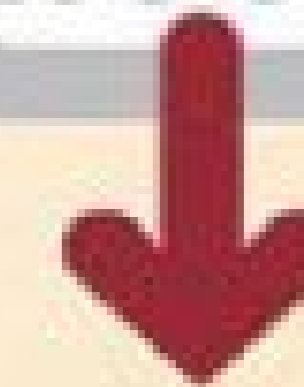
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presumably emerge with premature ejaculation drugs. The market will swell by millions with each additional approval letter the FDA mails.

Some experts see the real problem as the imposition of normative structures on what is a variable phenomenon. Dr. Leonore Tiefer, associate professor of psychiatry at New York University, is in the vanguard of this movement. Tiefer doesn't conceal her intention to undermine the quantification of sexual function. She admits that a drug to delay ejaculation can be useful to some but says there is no such thing as premature ejaculation, and efforts to create drugs to treat it are disingenuous. Sex, Tiefer says, is more like dancing than digestion.

"Fundamentally, being fat or thin is a matter of live variation throughout history and culture," she says. "The same thing is true of coming quickly or not, having a hard erection when you're 60 or not, wanting to have intercourse when you're 60 or not. There's a great deal of variability. To try to stuff it into some simple-minded bottom line is to deny the reality of sex."

Michael Perelman, the New York psychologist, says ejaculatory latency is just another human characteristic, similar to blue eyes, best plotted along a skewed distribution curve. He would like to see the definition of premature ejaculation divided into four categories of severity: when a man can't enter the vagina,

when sex lasts less than a minute, when sex lasts one to two minutes and when it lasts two to four minutes. Perelman reasons that the average physician will see people who consider themselves to be suffering from premature ejaculation who last more than one minute but not as long as they would like to.

Remember that Brendan was nearing two minutes that night in New York. We don't know if he ever felt in control, but distress certainly reared its head. No doctor can fully answer Susan's question as to what the fuck was wrong with Brendan, and no drug can address the underlying factors that determine how long he lasts on any given occasion.

If Brendan had popped a pill that night, would he have been treating a disease or just enhancing an aspect of everyday life? Our regulatory system is designed to weigh the risks and benefits of drugs used to treat defined diseases, not to improve our lifestyles. But the line between treatment and enhancement is now more blurred than ever.

"Such uses of pharmaceuticals pose challenges for us as a country," says Perelman. "The challenge is always greater when we talk about sex."

Big Pharma isn't going to shy away from this conversation. It's adept at dictating what's good and what's bad and what is normal and what isn't. Ejaculation won't be an exception.



ANTHONY SHAFFER

(continued from page 50)

who move up the food chain, and they use secrecy and national security as a smoke screen to cover up their f..." He stops himself.

Shaffer, a boyish-looking 48, was a leader of Boy Scout Troop 859 in Springfield, Virginia and rarely swears. So he uses the word *screwups*. But it's clear what he means.

"This is true in all the three-letter bureaucracies," he says. "The Agency, the Bureau, the DIA, NSA. Once you're a headquarters animal, the promotions come faster and you live to play the political game. It's easier to support a failed policy than to create a new one, so you justify bad operations even if it means putting good men and women in uniform at risk."

I told a similar story about the FBI in *Triple Cross*. Then I spent 20 months fighting U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald, who tried to kill the paperback edition (I believe) because of my revelations about his tenure directing the Bin Laden squad in the FBI's New York office. Shaffer was so incensed by that censorship campaign that he spoke at the National Press Club launch of the paperback in 2009. Now he has given me insights into his war over *Dark Heart* that haven't appeared in any of the media since the scandal erupted.

Sun Tzu said it best more than 2,000 years ago. He who is victorious in war needs two things: the strongest army and the best spies. Tony Shaffer is the rare breed that embodies both disciplines: A Bronze Star winner for the Army, he was also trained in clandestine operations at the CIA's legendary "Farm," Camp Peary, Virginia. Thus, he's a soldier and a spy, operating programs, he says, that were "so black we couldn't talk about the existence of the operations on any computer network, even at the top secret level."

In Afghanistan his *nom de guerre* was Chris Stryker, a pseudonym based on a character in a John Wayne film. Now, as he thinks back to when he was chasing the Taliban in 2003, he writes, "To maintain concentration, I literally had to take a step outside myself. This is Chris playing me in a movie, I told myself. It was a way of detaching to get over the shock of what just happened."

Based 40 miles north of Kabul, he got along well with the FBI agents who were engaged in the Taliban hunt, but he still regarded the CIA types as independents, nicknaming them the Klingons—reluctant members of the *Star Trek* federation.

"They remained insular," Shaffer later wrote in a journal he kept, "with their own separate fleet of warships, their own separate way of doing things, refusing to be 'integrated' into the rest of Starfleet." As such, Shaffer mistrusted the CIA and felt apprehensive that its agents would share intelligence with Pakistan's Taliban-friendly ISI.

His worst fears would be realized during the planning stages of the aborted mission he calls *Dark Heart*. Riding with me now in his pickup, Shaffer flashes back to it: "It never came out in the book, because they made me lose it, but if Operation *Dark Heart* hadn't been stopped, we might have broken the back of Al Qaeda."



"It's okay. We're engaged."

Though the magnitude of the mission is impossible to decipher in the book's current censored form, we can now give the story its proper treatment. It boils down to a brilliantly crafted mission Shaffer designed that—if it had been allowed to run as is—would have made headlines rivaling those about the book's pulping. Save for a decision by an Army general, Operation Dark Heart may well have led to the capture of Osama bin Laden's right-hand man, Dr. Ayman al-Zawahiri.

The original edition of Shaffer's manuscript, which I obtained, told of a savvy female analyst who in 2003 had stumbled on "the Al Qaeda hotel," a hornet's nest of Taliban and high-value target activity in Wana, Pakistan. Shaffer quickly mapped out a mission to penetrate the location using a combination of informants, spies, electronic intel and psychological operations. It was the kind of bold, multidisciplinary action that marked his career. But it involved a cross-border move and the unilateral restriction of intelligence from the CIA. Shaffer feared the agency would leak the operation to the ISI, and, as he writes, "once the Paks knew, the Taliban would find out."

After getting the mission approved by Lieutenant General John Vines, chief of Task Force-180, Shaffer had to clear it with Lieutenant General David Barno, who had just taken over as commander of the combined coalition forces. Sitting stone-faced following a briefing by Shaffer and Colonel John Ritchie, a senior intelligence officer, Barno not only nixed the mission but naively suggested that Shaffer share his information with the Pakistanis.

Reacting with shock, Shaffer and Ritchie informed the general that a female ISI agent had been rolled up during a Taliban raid. Not only had NSA traffic analysis confirmed her links to the enemy, "she was being processed to move to Guantánamo." But according to Shaffer, Barno was unimpressed, describing the woman as "an exception...probably a rogue."

As Shaffer's jaw dropped, Ritchie jumped in. "What Major Shaffer is telling you is absolutely true. There is solid intelligence that the Pakistani intelligence service is at best compromised and at worst a co-conspirator with the Taliban."

But as Shaffer tells it, "General Barno shrugged it off. 'I don't care,' he said. 'We've

got to give the Pakistanis a chance to pull their own weight.' His chest seemed to puff up as he sat forward to emphasize his point. 'I see myself as a General MacArthur type of commander. It is my job to use all the capabilities I have as the combined forces chief.'" Shaffer continued to argue to the point of insubordination, but Barno put his foot down.

And with that, Operation Dark Heart was effectively dead. Shaffer later speculated that "someone on the U.S. side" passed the intelligence on Wana to the CIA.

Cut to months later. When Pakistani forces engaged the Taliban in the bloody battle of Wana, leaving dozens dead, the media reported the forces had surrounded a high-value target believed to be al-Zawahiri.

Then suddenly, Shaffer writes, "most, if not all, of the Al Qaeda-allied foreign mil-

Shaffer's account, asking for his response. He never got back to me. At this point he may have little to fear. The first three quarters of a page in that chapter are blacked out, and there are six other redactions.

Back in a greenroom at the Fox News bureau in D.C., Shaffer shakes his head when he thinks about it. "My hope now is that with these revelations in the PLAYBOY piece and the lawsuit that my lawyer is going to file against the Pentagon, the full story can come out."

Still, despite the cuts in the book, much of the tradecraft and action of Shaffer's six months in Afghanistan still shine through. Take, for example, his 90-mile-an-hour convoys from Bagram Airfield to Kabul, particularly the episode in which his team is delayed after

a chilling roadside IED explosion. Then there's the *Mission Impossible*-like penetration of the Afghanistan Post Telephone and Telegraph Company, where a gutsy target-exploitation analyst downloads "100 percent of the entire country's phone infrastructure" while Shaffer holds off a dozen locals wielding AK-47s. There are even some late-night sexcapades as Shaffer connects with Sergeant Kate Reese, a young Natalie Portman look-alike who rode shotgun on his convoy team. For obvious reasons, Shaffer changed her real name—one of the few redactions he made on his own.

But there are other sections of edition two that you need edition one to understand, such as Shaffer and an FBI agent's two-day interrogation of Arash Ghaffari. An Afghan U.S. citizen, Ghaffari was caught

with his brother bringing \$65,000 in cash into Afghanistan from Iran. They were suspected of smuggling the money for the Taliban. Shaffer devotes two chapters to the grilling of Ghaffari at a base near the city of Gardez.

Eventually they broke him using a mix of trickery and guile—rather than resorting to an "enhanced interrogation technique" such as waterboarding, which Shaffer insists rarely works. Ghaffari revealed the existence of a possible sleeper cell in Virginia, where he lived. But in the sanitized edition of *Dark Heart*, the \$65,000, the location (Gardez) and any references to Virginia and to Ghaffari's citizenship are blacked out.

That sequence took on new meaning with a front-page *New York Times* story in late October that reports how Iran has been funneling millions of dollars to President Hamid

Cheers to a Sexy New Year



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itants fighting alongside local tribesmen escaped. Goddamn it, I thought. We had it right. We had suspected a Tier One HVT—someone at the level of al-Zawahiri—because of the patterns of activity and communications in Wana. If we were right about Wana, I was betting we were also right about the identification of Quetta and Peshawar as the other two key safe havens. The Paks had let him escape. Probably deliberately."

In that sentence the words *communications*, *Quetta* and *Peshawar* were redacted. "Since the world knows that those two Pakistani cities are the centers of gravity for Bin Laden," says Shaffer, "my guess is that the DIA forced the cuts to minimize this incredibly bad call on a mission that might have led to the capture of Al Qaeda's number two."

I contacted Barno and sent him the text of

Karzai's chief of staff—money designed to “drive a wedge between the Afghans and their American and NATO benefactors.”

Still, despite the best efforts of the Pentagon to edit Shaffer's story, the most damaging incident in his Afghan tour comes through with shocking clarity: the meeting he had at Bagram Airfield in fall 2003 with Philip Zelikow, executive director of the 9/11 Commission. It was an encounter that would prove to be Shaffer's undoing.



In 1999 General Peter Schoomaker, head of the U.S. Special Operations Command, had asked that Shaffer be “read into” Able Danger, a groundbreaking data-mining project aimed at collecting global intelligence on Al Qaeda. “Able Danger had a dual purpose,” says Shaffer. “After the African embassy bombings, it was clear to the Pentagon that Al Qaeda was our new enemy and that eventually we would have boots on the ground against them. So the idea was to identify their members and take them out. The operation wasn't called Able Fun or Able Picnic. It was Able Danger because we needed to get these guys before they could get us again.”

Based at Fort Belvoir, Virginia (known as “spook central”), the operations officer was a decorated U.S. Navy captain named Scott Phillipott. “You would ask them to look at Khalid Sheikh Mohammed,” says Shaffer, “and these search engines would scour the Internet, looking for any number of open-source databases, from credit-reporting agencies to court records and news stories. Once a known KSM associate was found, they'd go through the same process for him.” One analyst later describes it to me as “Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon on steroids.”

Told to “start with the words *Al Qaeda* and go,” the data crunchers began an initial harvest in December 1999. The data grew fast and exponentially, and before long it amounted to 2.5 terabytes—equal to about 12 percent of all printed pages in the Library of Congress. Within months, Shaffer says, Able Danger had uncovered some astonishing information. “We identified lead 9/11 hijacker Mohamed Atta, in addition to Marwan al-Shehhi, who flew UA 175 into the south tower of the Trade Center, and two of the muscle hijackers aboard AA 77, which hit the Pentagon.”

The Able Danger data was so significant that ex-FBI director Louis Freeh later wrote that if shared with other agencies, the findings “could have potentially prevented 9/11.” But by April 2000 Department of Defense lawyers told personnel involved with the Able Danger project that this vast amount of open-source data may have violated Executive Order 12333, designed to prevent the Pentagon from indefinitely storing files on American citizens. As a result, the 2.5 terabytes were ordered destroyed.

“Imagine,” said then-congressman Curt Weldon of Pennsylvania, the number-two-ranking Republican on the House Armed Services Committee, in 2006. “You've got the names of four of the hijackers in the spring of 2000, almost a year and a half before the 9/11 attacks, and then it gets destroyed. Well, there was no legal justification for it whatsoever.”

As the DIA liaison to Able Danger, Shaffer

had pushed hard in 2000 to share what had been found on the four hijackers. However, lawyers from the Special Operations Command canceled three scheduled meetings he had set up with the FBI.

Once Zelikow and the 9/11 Commission staff showed up in Afghanistan in 2003, Shaffer was anxious to share his experience with them. “I wanted to make sure that what was broken in the system got fixed,” he says. “So I talked for a little more than an hour, going through the operation: who was involved, how we executed it, our intent to talk to the FBI and the destruction of the data. After I got done, there was stunned silence in the room. It was pretty clear that these 9/11 investigators had never heard about Able Danger.”

After the briefing Zelikow gave Shaffer his business card and urged him to contact his staff for a follow-up meeting once he got back stateside. In early January 2004, Shaffer called one of Zelikow's assistants.

“I told him I had copies of the Able Danger documents. I had tracked them down at my DIA office: two boxes of material, a leather briefcase where I kept the most sensitive docs, three large charts, including one with a photo of Mohamed Atta, and smaller charts rolled up in a tube. I told him I was willing to bring it

“The report trashes the reputations of officers who had the courage to describe important work they were doing to track Al Qaeda prior to 9/11.”

all over if he wanted it.” The assistant thanked Shaffer and told him they'd get back to him. As Shaffer later tells it in *Dark Heart*, “I had no way of knowing what I'd just unleashed.”



Within months Shaffer, to his surprise, found himself the object of a DIA investigation.

First it was alleged that Shaffer, who had been awarded a Bronze Star in Afghanistan for his service against the Taliban, had unduly received a Defense Meritorious Service Medal for the Able Danger operation, among other work.

“The second allegation was that I misused a government phone to the tune of \$67 and some odd cents,” says Shaffer. The third charge seemed even more specious. “They said I filed a false voucher claiming local mileage to go to a staff college course at Fort Dix, New Jersey. But the records showed that I *did* go to the course and I graduated,” says Shaffer. “The total cost was \$180.”

In point of fact, Shaffer is so scrupulous that he hired a former *Washington Post* reporter to make sure every intelligence reference in *Dark Heart* could be found in the open-source media. But those three petty charges were indicative of just how far forces in the Pentagon seemed willing to go to discredit him.

In spring 2004, after returning from Afghanistan, Shaffer walked back into DIA headquarters in Clarendon, Virginia, expecting to get back to work. But when he met with an Army sergeant at the front door to exchange his “Chris Stryker” credentials for his security pass, he was stopped. Minutes later, after being led into a sixth-floor office, Shaffer was summarily fired.

Stripped of his security clearance, he was escorted out of the building and denied access to his office, where he'd left those volatile Able Danger files. “It was all over,” writes Shaffer in *Dark Heart*. “My career and my days as a clandestine officer were finished. Even if the accusations didn't match the severity of the punishment.... This was a death sentence.”

It wasn't until July 2005 that Shaffer began to suspect why he'd lost his clearance. “When I talked to Representative Weldon about our Able Danger findings,” says Shaffer, “his office heard back from the DIA that all my files—the link charts, the documents confirming what we'd found—were now missing. There wasn't a word about the operation in the entire 604-page 9/11 Commission Report. As far as Zelikow and company were concerned, Able Danger didn't exist.” From then on the DIA did whatever it could to turn Shaffer from Jack Bauer into Fox Mulder.



A month later, in August 2005, the story of the Army's secret data-mining operation, the rejection of its findings by the 9/11 Commission and Shaffer's involvement broke in a spectacular series of stories in *The New York Times*. A month after that the Pentagon prevented Shaffer, Navy captain Phillipott and other Able Danger operatives from testifying before a Senate Judiciary Committee hearing. That prompted then-committee chair Senator Arlen Specter to charge that the muzzling might have amounted to an “obstruction of the committee's activities.”

A year later the Department of Defense's inspector general issued a report telling the Able Danger story a different way. “We concluded that prior to September 11, 2001, Able Danger team members did not identify Mohamed Atta or any other 9/11 hijackers,” the report stated. It concluded that “DIA officials did not reprise against LTC Shaffer, in either his civilian or military capacity, for making disclosures regarding Able Danger.”

Reaction from Weldon was swift: “The Department of Defense IG cherry-picked testimony from witnesses in an effort to minimize the historical importance of the Able Danger effort,” said Weldon. “The report trashes the reputations of military officers who had the courage to step forward and put their necks on the line to describe important work they were doing to track Al Qaeda prior to 9/11.”

But soon, Weldon himself would pay a price for his unbridled support of Able Danger. On October 13, 2006, while facing the first serious challenge to his congressional seat in years, word leaked to the media that Weldon, a Republican, was being investigated by the Bush Department of Justice for allegedly trading his political influence for lucrative lobbying and consulting contracts for his daughter Karen.

Three days later FBI agents raided Karen's home and five other locations of Weldon associates in Pennsylvania and Florida. Two days

after that *The Washington Post* reported that a grand jury had been impaneled as part of the investigation.

In the November election, Weldon lost to former Navy admiral Joe Sestak, who, ironically, defeated Specter in the Democratic primary for Senate in 2010 after Specter switched parties last year. On July 17, 2007, the *Post* reported that as of that spring federal investigators were still examining Weldon's official actions taken on behalf of his daughter's lobbying clients.

Stemming from the same Department of Justice investigation, Russ Caso, a former Weldon aide, pleaded guilty in December 2007 after reportedly failing to disclose \$19,000 in income that his wife received for doing work for a nonprofit company tied to Weldon. In an interview for this piece, Caso insisted all these lobbying-related charges were politically motivated by "forces in the government that wanted to punish Curt for having the guts to back Tony [Shaffer] and tell the truth about Able Danger."

Charges were never filed against Weldon himself. "But you have to wonder about the timing," says Mike Kasper, a computer programmer who runs abledangerblog.com. "The Justice Department in the administration of his own party takes the preemptive action that costs him his seat. Weldon was so powerful that he was in line to become chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. Now, post-Able Danger, he was out."

As a measure of the ongoing power of the government to control the Able Danger debate, Weldon declined to be interviewed for this piece. "Curt is still scared they'll come after him," says ex-aide Caso. As for the Pentagon, in a statement released to *PLAYBOY*, a spokesperson insisted the latest move against Shaffer's book "has nothing to do with Lieutenant Colonel Shaffer's Able Danger claims, all of which were investigated by the DoD's inspector general and found to be without merit."

But the credibility of the inspector general's report can now be measured against declassified evidence I've obtained regarding Shaffer's career and competence. In assessing Shaffer's involvement in Able Danger, the inspector general described him as "a delivery boy" who was "minimally qualified."

However, Shaffer's Officer Evaluation Report, dated February 2003, confirms he was "responsible for worldwide spying, assessing and developing clandestine agents via bilateral and unilateral platforms in direct support of CENTCOM, SOCOM and GWOT [Global War on Terror], providing oversight of all aspects of [operating base] Alpha activities...and...collection platforms located in CONUS [Continental United States]."

In 1998 Shaffer was singled out by Lieutenant General Patrick Hughes, the then-DIA director, for demonstrating "extraordinary knowledge, skill and ability." A year and a half later Brigadier General Robert Harding, the DIA's director of operations, commended him for the "outstanding support provided to the Joint Special Operations Command."

And when it came to his performance in Afghanistan, the narrative in support of his Bronze Star said, "Major Shaffer is an outstanding intelligence collection officer whose

skill, leadership, tireless efforts and unfailing dedication were instrumental to the success of Task Force-180's mission." His actions contributed, said the narrative, "to the killing or capture of more than 100 Taliban fighters." Hardly the work of a delivery boy.

Further, as I thought about it, I realized how fundamentally flawed the DIA's logic was in its criticism of Shaffer: He was a product of the government's most rigorous training and intelligence programs, a trusted asset in which the Department of Defense had made a huge financial investment. If Shaffer was nothing more than a misguided errand boy, what does that say about everyone else at the Pentagon?

But by the time he went public about Able Danger, in 2005, Shaffer had lost both of his rabbis at the top of the DIA. Hughes and Harding had retired, and as his immediate boss in Afghanistan, Colonel Jose Olivero, told me, "Somebody at the DIA clearly had it in for this man." Four years later, fired from the DIA and with his security clearance pulled, Shaffer was unable to get any comparable intelligence work; his last resort was to tell his story. Little did he know it would prove to be his most controversial mission yet.

"I visited St. Martin's Press in February 2009," says Shaffer, "and showed them the journal I had kept in Afghanistan. Thomas Dunne, who runs a division there, was taken by it, along with a video I'd done of my photographs called *The Real War*. He signed me on the spot. Since I am still an officer in the Army Reserve, I was acutely aware I had a duty to clear the manuscript with my immediate chain of command, and as a former intelligence officer I went out of my way to make sure there was nothing in the book that couldn't be confirmed by open-source material—in other words, it wasn't classified."

On January 4, 2010 Shaffer got a letter from his immediate Army boss, who wrote that "based on this review, I interpose no objection on legal or operational security grounds for the publication of your book." It's significant that this colonel, who asked not to be identified in this piece, has a civilian job with the Director of National Intelligence. "As such, he has access to top secret systems in his day job," says Shaffer. "It made him uniquely qualified to sign off on the book."

Approval in hand, St. Martin's set August 31 as the pub date for *Dark Heart*. The initial print run was set at 9,500 copies, indicating modest sales expectations. Then on August 6, less than a month before publication, after the first edition had been printed and shipped to a warehouse for distribution, the DIA weighed in with a threatening letter: "The U.S. Special Forces Command, the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency have determined that the manuscript contains classified information concerning their activities. In the case of NSA, this includes information classified at the top secret level." Charging potential "serious damage" to national security, the letter from Ronald Burgess Jr., director of the DIA, requested that the Army revoke its approval and order Shaffer to formally submit the manuscript for a new review.

"But that was nothing compared to what happened next," says Shaffer's lawyer, Mark



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Zaid. "On August 16, three officials from the Pentagon, including David Ridlon, the senior human intelligence official, showed up at St. Martin's office in New York."

"Ridlon told my publisher flat out that he had found the names of five operatives in the book who were undercover," says Shaffer. The implication was clear: If the book was distributed, their lives might be at risk. "Keep in mind," says Zaid, "that the entire Valerie Plame scandal was over the release of a single non-official cover's name. This was Plamegate times five."

At the time Shaffer got the news, he was in uniform, driving to a week's Reserve duty at Fort Lee, Virginia. "I'm in my truck heading through Fredericksburg," he says, "when I literally pull into a gas station and get on a conference call with Mark, Thomas Dunne, St. Martin's attorney and John Sargent, the CEO of Macmillan [St. Martin's parent company]."

Shaffer says, "The publishers couldn't have been more supportive. Sargent told me, 'We're going to give the Pentagon a very short deadline to turn this around,' but he made sure they knew St. Martin's didn't believe the book violated national security, and they were prepared, if necessary, to ship every copy of the first edition sitting in the warehouse."

Within days Shaffer was back at the Pentagon listening to complaints from the CIA, NSA and DIA about material he believed was unclassified. "But out of an abundance of caution, we agreed to make changes," he says. "At first the Pentagon demanded 18 'surgical edits,' but as the days passed, it soon turned into more than 250."

In a series of meetings, Shaffer struggled with the Department of Defense censors, who demanded the excision of a series of terms, names and locations that were readily available via open sources. "They took out all references to SIGINT," says Shaffer. "It means 'signals intelligence,' and you can find it in any Tom Clancy novel. They refused to let me identify Camp Peary, the CIA's Farm, where I did my training."

The Pentagon censors went to almost comical lengths, demanding that *The Sands of Iwo Jima*, the John Wayne movie that spawned Shaffer's cover name, be stricken. And as the vetting went on it became clear to Shaffer that the original charge regarding the

five names was specious. "I confronted Dave Ridlon on that allegation," says Shaffer, "and he admitted to me that he really didn't know if they were undercover or not."

In response, the Pentagon's statement to PLAYBOY asserts, "The DoD representatives who met with...the publisher on August 16 did not specifically identify anyone 'undercover,' because neither of the publisher's two representatives was cleared to receive classified information."

One of the five names was Jose Olivero, Shaffer's boss in Afghanistan, who is now a civilian worker for the Army. "I gave Tony permission to use my name," Olivero tells me. "But in the end, they insisted he change it. Now in the book I'm known as Juan Negro."

As a measure of the DIA's animus toward Shaffer, Olivero told me he'd been contacted by an official who actually questioned whether he'd signed Shaffer's Bronze Star nomination. "That's when it seemed to me that they were after him," says Olivero.

The Pentagon's decision to pulp the first edition turned *Dark Heart* into a publishing phenomenon. From the moment the story broke on page one of *The New York Times*, the day before the ninth anniversary of 9/11, the book ignited a firestorm of interest. One first edition reportedly sold on eBay for \$2,000. After St. Martin's outflanked the Pentagon by rushing the second edition to press, sales exploded. The book hit number seven on the *Times*' best-seller list two weeks after its release. It's now in its fifth printing.

More than a page-turning war memoir, *Dark Heart* is an indictment of failed policies spanning the administrations of Clinton, Bush and Obama. During his Afghan mission, Shaffer based his tactics on three now-undeniable conclusions about Afghanistan: The ISI is in league with the Taliban, the only effective military strategy is to fight the Taliban in their Pakistani safe havens, and the ultimate solution to the longest war in U.S. history is a Northern Ireland-like peace process.

"Every single one of those points has now been adopted by the White House," says Zaid, Shaffer's lawyer. "They're all in the first edition of *Dark Heart*, but many are blacked out in the second. How many U.S. lives might have been saved if this strategy had been followed

in 2003? That's a question I don't think the DIA wanted the public to consider."

As to the Pentagon's purported objective—protecting national security—the fact that 60 to 70 advance copies of the first edition were mailed to reviewers and reporters prior to the demand for a second review ensured that the book-pulping plan would backfire.

"Any effort to selectively censor the manuscript at this late date would actually tend to highlight those sections of the text agencies believed were sensitive, not conceal them," says Steven Aftergood, who runs a project on government secrecy for the Federation of American Scientists.

Still, the Pentagon had a temporary victory. The redacted edition of *Dark Heart* lacks much of the color of Shaffer's original. Consider this passage from the highly edited edition:

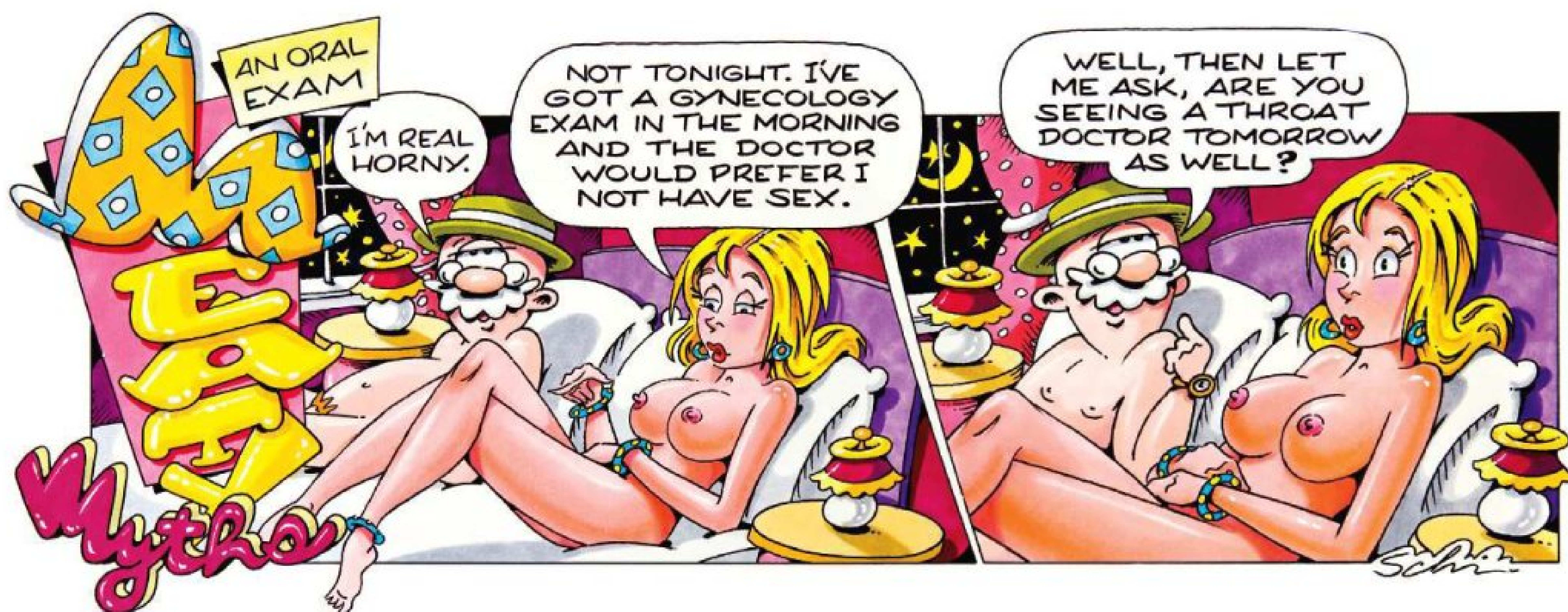
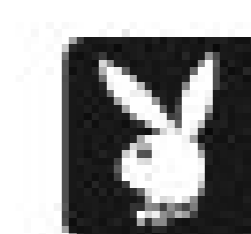
"I always wanted to be a spook. Black ops—the most top secret class of clandestine operations—became my specialty for 16 of my 25 years as an intelligence officer. ██████████

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As this piece hits newsstands, Shaffer's attorney has gone to federal court with a lawsuit so the original edition can be republished. If that happens, you'll be able to read what was under that redaction:

"During my time in the field, I had more than 40 different aliases. I posed as a stunt man, an arms dealer, a writer, the hard-charging owner of a business out to make a buck by doing deals with bad guys and a few other less-savory occupations. On one assignment, I had four different identities." As a final litmus test on the validity of that cut, readers can ponder whether anything in that sentence would violate national security.

Until the Pentagon had the supremely bad judgment to underestimate this warrior-spy it had spent 25 years training, Shaffer's book had lacked a happy ending. Now, with its metaphorical book burning, the Department of Defense has given Shaffer his last act and—as he cashes his royalty checks—the last laugh as well.



BEER WARS

(continued from page 96)

narrowing the gap between Brooklyn and Budweiser one satisfied drinker at a time.

The music filtered upstairs to Hindy's office. Amid tax forms, order forms and best-beer trophies on his desk sat a different sort of trophy, a chunk of burnt metal.

"Oh, that? That's shrapnel from a rocket that blew up in front of my house," he said. "A souvenir of my last day in Beirut."

●

Hindy's timing was better than his hammer capping. When he launched his brewery, in the mid-1980s, the microbrew movement was starting to pick up steam.

The buzz started after Fritz Maytag bought San Francisco's creaky, nearly century-old Anchor Brewing Company. Anchor Brewing dated back to the California gold rush of the mid-1800s, when steamships from Boston carried ice 15,000 miles around South America to California, where ice was precious. Anchor couldn't afford enough ice to ferment its beer cold, a part of the process called lagering, so it warm-brewed a highly carbonated beer that released a mighty hiss when the wooden barrels were tapped. Anchor Steam! In 1971 Maytag, heir to the Maytag washing-machine fortune, introduced a modern steam beer that was darker and richer than mass-market lagers like Bud, Pabst Blue Ribbon and Miller Lite.

Three hours away in Chico, California, bike-shop owner Ken Grossman began brewing a tart, crisp ale in his garage in 1979. Grossman's Sierra Nevada Pale Ale, made with yeast from New Jersey's legendary Ballantine Brewery, may be the most influential beer since Budweiser. Even rival brewers tip their hammer cappers to Sierra Nevada. But Grossman was a maverick who had no interest in marketing his product. That left the field open for a big thinker.

Jim Koch was a sixth-generation scion of brewing royalty. The Koch brewery had been a St. Louis institution until a local rival, Anheuser-Busch, steamrolled it. Koch entered the regional brewery scene in the early 1980s, with a Harvard business degree and a lager formula his great-grandfather had used. He brewed and bottled his beer in Pittsburgh, but since "Pittsburgh Lager" sounded like motor oil he named it after his favorite college town. Koch gave his toasty lager a mascot, too. Samuel Adams Boston Lager had nothing to do with the "brewer patriot" on the bottle (the real Sam Adams did as much brewing as the Budweiser Clydesdales), but that wasn't the point. The wiggled Whig on the label was a symbol like Bass Ale's red triangle, the world's oldest (and first) trademark, and like the real Sam he symbolized something revolutionary: the idea that with the right marketing a spicy, malty, full-flavored beer could get American drinkers' attention.

●

Samuel Adams Boston Lager hit the streets of the Northeast in 1985. It was soon selling 50,000 barrels a year, less than half a percent of the big brands' sales but enough to spur

Hindy and his partner, banker Tom Potter, to start fomenting a revolt of their own.

First they hired an old hand, Bill Moeller, as brewmaster. "For 35 years brewery owners had told me to make beer cheaper and faster," says Moeller, 84. "Then these guys hire me and say, 'Make the best damn beer you can.'" The result, Brooklyn Lager, came from a recipe Moeller found in the yellowed notebooks of his grandfather, a pre-Prohibition brewer. Brooklyn Lager was even richer than Boston Lager, surpassing Samuel Adams in the pursuit of hoppiness. It was dry-hopped, which means Moeller flung extra hops into the mix as it aged. Hops are the bitter, tangy flower clusters of the hop plant. Shaped like little pinecones, they are related to cannabis, which is why pot smokers of the 1940s were called hop-heads. Moeller let his brew age for four to six weeks, twice as long as Budweiser. "I used 100 percent barley malt," he says. "You can cut corners by using rice and corn instead, like Anheuser-Busch, and save 30 to 40 percent on your costs. Most drinkers won't notice, but the smart ones will, and there are more and more smart drinkers out there."

Brooklyn Lager still accounts for more than half the brewery's sales. "We never cut corners," says Moeller, who takes particular umbrage at the claims of the big brands on TV. Coors uses pure Rocky Mountain water? Well, of course—the pale fizz insiders call Colorado Kool-Aid can't claim much taste, "so they say it's refreshing. Like water." As for Budweiser's boasts about beechwood aging: "They put beechwood chips in the tank and say it adds flavor. But they brew so much beer so fast—how much flavor makes it into the bottle?"

Moeller likes seeing the industry giants imitate craft brewers. He thinks it proves he's on the right side of history. "Have you tried Budweiser American Ale? It's pretty good, but timid. They make so many millions of barrels, they have to make common-denominator beer."

Even with a booming demand, craft beer still accounts for only a fraction of the market. Brooklyn Brewery's 115,000 barrels a year looks puny next to Samuel Adams's nearly 2 million barrels, but they're both dwarfed by Budweiser's 100 million. In 2010 microbrewers (those selling less than 15,000 barrels a year) and regional brewers (up to 2 million barrels) will account for just over five percent of U.S. beer sales. That's up from less than one percent in the 1980s but still a drop in the bucket compared with the twist-top brigade. Bud Light accounts for 16 percent of the U.S. market—more than double the total of all craft beers. Bud Light is America's favorite, followed by Bud, Miller Lite and Coors Light.

Hindy compares beer drinkers to the wine fanciers of 20 years ago. "They're just learning the difference between quality and crap, like I did," he says. "I used to wonder why an ice-cold beer tasted worse when you got to the bottom of the glass. It's because the beer at the bottom's not as cold, so you can really taste it." He and Moeller swore they'd make lager that was good to the last drop.

By the 1990s they were established enough to attract the attention of the local mob. One day half a dozen thick-necked men darkened

Hindy's door. Their trench-coated boss waved away Hindy's talk about hops, barley, Beirut and how glad he was to be back home in Brooklyn. "Yeah, yeah, enough of this bullshit," the capo said. "We're here for one thing. J-O-B-S." No-show jobs, he meant. Plus protection money.

Hindy refused. "I couldn't afford to pay you even if I wanted," he said. "So will you close me down? You'd cost people their jobs and hurt Brooklyn."

The boss grabbed Hindy's crotch. He squeezed. "We'll hurt *you*," he said.

Hindy took a breath, flashing back to his hostage days, trying not to show how scared he was. The mobster stood up, shoved him and laughed.

"Just kidding!" he bellowed. The brewer must have passed some sort of taste test, because the local muscle never bothered him again.

Months later, Hindy googled the capo and found he was in prison for racketeering. "He gave me a pass and it helped us survive. But he might not want me to say so—he'd look soft," Hindy says. "I hope he doesn't read this story."

●

The road to profitability was paved with broken bottles. For one thing, distributors were used to selling beer for cut-rate prices: \$12 a case or less. Brooklyn Lager sold for \$20. "You'll never get an old-timer to sell a box of beer for \$20," one industry veteran says. So Brooklyn Brewery hired young salespeople who had never moved cases of Bud, Schlitz or Miller. The company mantra: "Hire virgins!"

The newbies' inexperience showed. They were famous for backing trucks up to and through delivery bays. "I can't tell you how many overhead doors we destroyed," Hindy says. His drivers racked up \$50,000 in parking tickets in a single year. One took out a liquor-store awning. Another left the back of his truck open, so when he rounded a corner hundreds of bottles spilled out, bouncing, bursting in plumes of suds. Bystanders found a few intact bottles in the gutter and took them home. Hindy grabbed a mop and helped clean up the mess.

"Then we got robbed." The brewery was and still is in a crime-ridden, bars-on-windows part of Williamsburg. One morning he heard screaming outside his office. Three guys with guns had grabbed a salesman. Hindy flashed back to Beirut again. He took a breath, stepped out and said, "I'm the guy you want."

The leader said, "Open the safe!"

But Hindy was the boss; he never opened the safe. "I don't know the combination."

"Don't fuck with me, man!"

In this life-or-death version of *The Office*, Pam was the only one who knew the combination. But Pam, the office manager, was hiding under her desk.

The gunman dragged her out. "Open the safe!"

With a pistol pressed to her temple, Pam said, "Not until you get that gun away from my head." He backed off, she clicked the right numbers, and the thieves made off with \$30,000 in cash.

After that, Hindy spent thousands on 151

cameras, buzzers and other security equipment. Today you can't enter without buzzing in and announcing your business. Except during happy hour, when thirsty Williamsburg has the run of the place.

Brooklyn Brewery built buzz without ads or market research. Hindy had seen advertising flop: The Israeli brewer Tempo Beer Industries spent \$3 million on ads trying to break into the New York market and sold 300 cases of its Maccabee beer. That left the brewer's marketing director pulling his hair, saying, "Three million bucks and we sold 300 cases."

Instead, Hindy networked. He got to know the quirky members of the New York City Homebrewers Guild, beer nerds who loved yeast and hops as much as he did. One local character, Garrett Oliver, strode into a 1987 guild meeting wearing a cape and knee-high buckled boots and carrying a home-brewed raspberry stout with a parchment label sealed with wax and a red ribbon. "I'd never seen a more elegant bottle," Hindy recalls.

Oliver wasn't shy. "I'm on a mission from God," the 24-year-old brewer said. Known as the best of the best, he was young, gifted and, almost alone in beerdom, black. During a stint managing rock bands he'd persuaded the Ramones to quit trashing a hotel room long enough to go bowling. That plan ended when Joey Ramone began hurling bowling balls at the ceiling. Oliver segued to a posh New York law firm, where he ran the office for two former U.S. secretaries of state. "But beer was my passion," Oliver says. "Touring England and France with bands, I'd learned to love the real thing. Over there, beer tasted like food. So why did American beer taste

like yellow fizz? I was determined to find out. And I found out that if you want to understand beer, you need a little history."

Beer is as old as civilization. The world's oldest recipe tells how to turn bread, water, dates and spices into fermented brew. When humans gave up the hunter-gatherer life to grow crops, they made more than bread. "Many of the first grains farmed were barley. It's hard to make bread from barley," Oliver says, "but easy to make beer." More than 4,000 years ago the Sumerians worshipped Ninkasi, goddess of beer. During the reign of lawgiver Hammurabi, Babylonian rules and regulations kept tavern keepers honest: The penalty for overcharging beer drinkers was death.

The Pilgrims planned to found an American colony near modern-day New York but found themselves off course near Plymouth Rock. "We could not take time for further search," reads the *Mayflower's* log, "our victuals being much spent, especially our Beere." In those days drinking water crawled with germs that caused epidemics, but alcohol killed the germs. In 1639 the headmaster of Harvard, Nathaniel Eaton, got fired for failing to provide enough beer for the students, among other things. And that wasn't the worst of it: Beer-scrimper Eaton also economized by slinging goat dung into the students' pudding.

A century ago the U.S. was home to amber waves of lagers and ales that hit the nose with strong scents and the tongue with the tang of hops, malt, yeast and spices. Then came Prohibition—American sharia. From 1920 to 1933, with alcohol illegal, a generation of Americans grew up with soft drinks: sweet, bubbly colas, root beers and ginger ales. When Prohibition ended they barely

remembered the dark, toasty ales their fathers had loved. They preferred weaker, thinner beer. American taste buds had been tamed by soda pop.

But Prohibition had no significant effect in Europe. Over there, Oliver sampled stout that was as thick and muddy as river water. He tried hefeweizen tangy with melon and cloves, and India pale ale, a style born during the British empire's heyday, when the potent ale fermented belowdecks, sloshing in kegs on the eight-month sea voyage from London to Calcutta. "When I got home I couldn't drink fizz anymore," he says. "Put me in a fishing boat all day, I still wouldn't drink a Bud Light."

Oliver's mission to reboot American beer got a boost when Hindy made him Moeller's successor as brewmaster—the first black brewmaster at a major U.S. brewery. When Oliver spoke to all-white crowds at industry meetings, he wouldn't have been surprised if some in the audience expected him to start rapping. When he went to meet businessmen for the first time, they would reach for his (white) assistant's hand and say, "Garrett, great to meet you!"

He'd clear his throat. "I'm Garrett."

Before long they all knew Garrett Oliver. He was the alchemist who tweaked Brooklyn Lager, the brewery's flagship brand, now considered one of the country's best beers. Since then Oliver has turned Hindy's Williamsburg brew house into one of the capitals of the craft-beer movement, with an ever-morphing list of perennials, seasonals and special editions.

"Brooklyn Brewery got so good the giants tried to squash them," says industry expert John Bergmann. When bigger brewers barred distributors from selling their product, the Brooklynites mastered that side of the business, too. "They wouldn't be squashed, and just look at them now."

This summer Hindy's occasional golf partner Mayor Michael Bloomberg declared July Good Beer Month in New York. Brooklyn Brewery's no giant yet—the latest sales figures put it 27th among U.S. brewers—but it's a big fish in New York. The brand was featured at Good Beer at BAM, an event that drew a large crowd to the Brooklyn Academy of Music for a night of food and drink. On the menu: gourmet pickles and hush puppies, pulled-pork sliders, rabbit terrine, beef cheeks with caramelized turnips, flower-petal quesadillas and 25 beers, from Brooklyn Lager to Boon Kriek, a Belgian lambic infused with cherries.

"Here's the real stuff!" cried bullet-headed salesman Brian Duck, waving a ruby-red flagon of Boon Kriek. The stuff tastes like the spawn of Dr Pepper and Stella. Shouting over music, talk and general sloshing, Duck described silos of fermenting cherries at the Boon farm in Belgium. Before there was time to ask what that must smell like, a buzz filled the room: Garrett Oliver had arrived. The celebrity brewer, dressed in a white summer shirt and straw hat, fist-bumped fans who called his name. Looking over a horde of adventurous tasters, he flashed his lopsided grin. He said it was "fitting and cool" that this event could happen here. "A



"Now look straight ahead while we check your peripheral vision."

hundred years ago there were 48 breweries in Brooklyn. As late as the 1960s, 10 percent of American beer was brewed within a few miles of here. And then it was gone—till we brought it back.”

Home brewer Brad Hillman watched Oliver go by. “Garrett’s great,” he said. “He’s part of why American brewing is going so awesome, leading the world.” Now younger men like Hillman, a moonlighting bartender, are taking the next step. Hillman’s Madcap Ale, brewed five gallons at a time on his kitchen stove, features a wild yeast other brewers think of as a weed. “It adds tartness and a touch of funk, but if it gets away from you it’ll contaminate everything—barrels and aprons and stainless steel tanks.”

“Right,” said Oliver, sipping a Madcap, clearly pleased by its provenance. “If this stuff gets loose you’ll need guys in hazmat suits.”

Later, Oliver swung back the steel door of his brewery. His cavernous, brick-walled brew house smelled of malt and hops, like the first tart sniff you get when you pop a bottle cap. Frost-covered pipes carried coolant from the roof, 30 feet up, to stainless steel vats where heat and yeast transform grain, spices and water into beer. “A brewer of the 1890s would recognize most of what we do here,” he said, lifting the hatch on a vat. Inside, the mash—a pre-beer that resembles oatmeal—steamed and bubbled. This mash will become a musky IPA, one of his specialty brews. When Oliver became brewmaster, the Brooklyn Brewery made only two kinds of beer. Now there are more than 20, including a pumpkin ale, a Buzz Bomb made with wild honey, a rousing Intensified Coffee Stout and an even fiercer stout called Black Ops that’s almost 12 percent alcohol.

His favorite? “They’re all my babies,” he said. “Come over here, I’ve got a new one.”

Passing a pile of 25-kilogram bags of imported English malt, he greeted a calico cat.

“Hello, Monster.”

Monster is the Brooklyn Brewery mascot, scourge of local mice and happy-hour greeter on Friday nights, when he sits by the door enjoying scratches from visitors. One sign of the brewery’s rising profile is that Monster has his own Facebook page (Dislikes: paparazzi, stupid-ass dogs; favorite music: Cat Power), with 811 friends and counting.

Oliver entered the empty hall where hundreds of drinkers would soon be sampling his babies. It was quiet, lights low. He stepped behind the bar, drew an inch of lemon suds from a tap and swirled his glass. “You swirl it to coat the inside. Evaporation presents the aromatics.”

This was Sorachi Ace, a summer brew made with rare Japanese hops now grown on a single farm in Oregon. He shut his eyes when he sipped it.

“We grew up with fake food—cheese in plastic slices, bread that’s sponge in a bag, industrial beer,” he said. “But things are changing. Consumers are way ahead of supermarkets and restaurants in terms of beer sophistication. We’re on the brink of a golden age.”

MIDDLE EAST

(continued from page 122)

England of the book—and, indeed, of the man who translated it—could no longer be ignored. In 1886, “that devil Burton” was even knighted by Queen Victoria herself.

How things have changed since then. Today, not even the most passionate enthusiast of the Middle East would consider the region to be the font of sexual wisdom and eroticism that Westerners like Burton, Flaubert or even Burroughs once did. It is the West that is viewed as a place of sexual laxity, while the perception of the Middle East is of a place of austerity and forced chastity.

Of course, the region still produces some of the most vibrant literature in the world, boasting two recent Nobel Prize winners, the Egyptian Naguib Mahfouz and the Turkish novelist Orhan Pamuk. Both men, like many of their contemporaries, have written frequently and openly about sexual relations between men and women, and both, also like many of their contemporaries, have been criticized and condemned by their religious and political authorities (Mahfouz barely escaped an assassination attempt and Pamuk has had his books burned by zealots in Turkey).

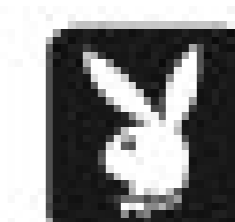
Meanwhile, a new generation of writers—such as the Iraqi poet Saadi Youssef and the Lebanese-born Joumana Haddad, whose Arab cultural magazine *Jasad*, or “Body,” has caused a sensation throughout the

region for its highly sexualized content—are reviving the Middle East’s erotic literary tradition. Add to this a host of contemporary novels such as Abduh Wazin’s *Garden of the Senses*, Leila Marouane’s *The Sexual Life of an Islamist in Paris* and Rajaa Alsanea’s *Girls of Riyadh*, which has been called a Saudi Arabian *Sex and the City*, and it is clear that erotica is still very much alive and well in the region.

Still, one cannot ignore the irony that 125 years after Burton used *One Thousand and One Nights* as a tool of sexual liberation in England, the British read and study the book in public schools, while in the Middle East religious leaders persist in their attempts to have it banned. At least in the case of Egypt, that attempt seems doomed to fail.

After the Egyptian clerics tried to prosecute the publisher of a new Arabic version of *One Thousand and One Nights* under a draconian obscenity law, the Arab Network for Human Rights Information and the Egyptian Writers’ Union leapt to the book’s defense. Thanks to their efforts, the Egyptian public prosecutor threw out the legal case against the book and Egyptians were able to continue reading a text that so indelibly defined their culture for hundreds of years.

As for the new version of *One Thousand and One Nights* that the Egyptian clerics were so scandalized by—it sold out within weeks of its release.



“Move over, you two. We’d like to ring in the New Year too!”

FRANK GEHRY

(continued from page 46)

GEHRY: That's mythology. I wish I could do that, but it's not true. That's from *The Simpsons*. On the show I crumple up a letter and there's the concert hall they asked me to design. If only it were that easy. The Disney Hall was never a crumpled piece of paper. The fact is I'm an opportunist. I'll take materials around me, materials on my table, and work with them as I'm searching for an idea that works.

PLAYBOY: What was the biggest challenge designing Disney Hall?

GEHRY: I spent a lot of time with musicians and learned how often they're frustrated in these rooms because they can't hear one another. That was one challenge. Another was performer-audience connection. Shakespeare said it: "All the world's a stage. And all the men and women merely players..." *blah blah blah*. Both the audience and the performer want that connection. I've experienced it myself giving lectures in various auditoriums. If the room is friendly to a relationship between lecturer and audience, you feel everything—the tension, the appreciation. I think the audience feels it too. I carefully analyzed the halls that work for musicians and audiences and those that don't, and spent a lot of time talking to musicians and people who make up the audience. As a result I designed Disney Hall to be extremely intimate, with an intense connection between performers and audience. It was challenging for many reasons, including how difficult it is to build anything these days.

PLAYBOY: Why is it difficult these days?

GEHRY: When you were a kid, if you went to the Montreal Forum or a hockey game at Maple Leaf Gardens, which I did, there was a great feeling. The new stadiums don't have it. Why don't they have it? Building codes.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with building codes?

GEHRY: The safety requirements, which are necessary, spread everything out and push people farther and farther away from the stage and from each other. That's a big part of the problem.

PLAYBOY: How did you solve it for the Disney Hall?

GEHRY: I compressed the space but found ways to include the required exits and accessibility and everything else. I convinced the clients it was worth it even though we wound up with fewer seats than they originally wanted. The plan was for 2,500 seats; I finally got in 2,265. I made it all work without compromising intimacy. In fact, the few complaints I got were about that very issue. Some people find it too tight and feel threatened by that kind of closeness. I'm sorry about that, but we've found places they can sit where it isn't a problem. Otherwise people—musicians and audience—respond to the intimacy. We worked with acousticians, of course. We made a one-to-10 model of the space. We took out the oxygen and replaced it with nitrogen—that allows for the purest sound because it's less obstructive to sound waves. A Mozart sonata was played. It was another part of the process of fine-tuning, all of which resulted not only in the design

of the space, including the risers on which the orchestra sits and a million other things, but also acoustic changes. It was all incredibly complex. It's not just about crumpling a piece of paper. And it had to fit the budget, which it did.

PLAYBOY: When a building as complex as that is completed, are you sort of amazed that you pulled it off?

GEHRY: I am.

PLAYBOY: And proud?

GEHRY: It takes three or four years before I get there. My first reaction is, "Oh my God, what have I done to these people?"

PLAYBOY: Do you sometimes wish you could have another go, that you could improve on a design?

GEHRY: Every time.

PLAYBOY: Which of your buildings is your favorite?

GEHRY: That's like asking which of your kids is your favorite. Even if I had one I wouldn't say.

PLAYBOY: But are you particularly proud of the most famous ones—the Bilbao, Disney Hall, your original Santa Monica home?

GEHRY: There are the obvious ones, but I'm also terribly proud of others. One that comes to mind is the Maggie's Centre in Scotland, which I did pro bono.

PLAYBOY: Which are your favorite buildings designed by other architects?

GEHRY: The easy one is the chapel by Corbusier at Ronchamp in France. One of my unsung heroes is Erich Mendelsohn. I met him when I was a student and he was a cranky old man and very unpleasant. But if you go to his Einstein Tower in Potsdam, Germany you see an enormous intellect at work with a language that was personal and new. It has a sense of urban design and of theater and procession I hadn't seen before. His drawings are expressive and beautiful. If he'd had the computers we have now, everything I've done he would have done before me. I would have had to figure out something else.

PLAYBOY: What newer buildings do you like?

GEHRY: At first I didn't cotton to Mies's Lake Shore Drive towers in Chicago, but when I went there and saw how they come down on the slab of one-and-seven-eighths-inch-thick travertine, I turned around. I think that was an incredible statement of modesty and power, not resorting to the usual pedestals and the other aggressive things modernists do. It was so subtle, understated and powerful as hell. Rem Koolhaas certainly achieved an incredible piece of sculpture in the CCTV tower in Beijing. Also in Beijing, of course the Bird's Nest stadium [built for the Olympics] by Herzog & de Meuron. I like a lot of young people, such as Zaha Hadid, who did the MAXXI Museum in Rome. They're finding their way, and I have great respect for them.

PLAYBOY: After years of debate and revision, what's your opinion of the Freedom Tower that will go up at Ground Zero in New York City?

GEHRY: I don't know. It's probably going to be okay.

PLAYBOY: We thought that 9/11 would have stopped what seemed to be a perpetual competition for the world's tallest building, but skyscrapers keep getting taller.

GEHRY: Yes, the race continues in a way.

My tallest is the Beekman in New York; it's being finished now. The client said that at 76 stories it is the tallest apartment building in New York, and I said, "Why don't we make it two stories shorter so it's not, because if Trump hears that, he'll try to beat it, and I don't want to bother him." Already somebody's doing a taller one. It's a hilarious thing about erections....

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of the current world's tallest building, the Burj Khalifa in Dubai?

GEHRY: It's big. When you get up to the top there's no space.

PLAYBOY: Though buildings are getting taller, did the destruction of the World Trade Center change architecture in other ways? Is it looked at as an anomaly, or do architects and engineers now take into consideration the possibility of a similar attack?

GEHRY: You have to pay attention to it. I would certainly raise that issue with the structural engineers I deal with. Everybody takes it into account. It's now possible to do a lot better with engineering.

PLAYBOY: What's changed?

GEHRY: Everything—design and technology and materials—has changed since the World Trade Center was built. A lot of it has to do with computers, which allow us to be far more efficient as well as structurally sound.

PLAYBOY: Exactly how have computers changed architecture?

GEHRY: They allow architects to remain parental instead of being marginalized by the contractors and managers.

PLAYBOY: How are architects marginalized?

GEHRY: Until now, you hired an architect and they designed a building you liked. You put it out to bid to contractors, and the bid comes in high. You don't have the money. What do you do? You turn to the contractor, who begins telling you how to cut costs. The contractor becomes parental and the architect becomes infantilized. The contractor, who doesn't know why these shapes are the way they are, attacks anything that's different and says, "Look, do this and do that and we'll fix the budget." With computers we can work everything out from the beginning. For example, the Disney Hall models were presented to the board in my offices some years ago. The contractor, who was well-known to the board members, came to the meeting. The board oohed and aahed over the model and loved it, then they turned to the contractor and said, "What do you think?" This guy, in my office, in front of them and in front of me, said, "Looks great, but you can't build it." I was ready for him. I'd made a 20-foot-long, 12-foot-high mock-up of all the hard parts of the building. It was in the parking lot. We all went outside, and the contractor looked at it in front of the board said, "I didn't understand what you meant. Of course I can build that." I was playing gotcha. We were able to build it because computers demystify the complex, giving you more freedom. Before we built anything we worked it all out on computers until we knew exactly what would and wouldn't work and how much it would cost. Architects are back in control, even though people still love to tell us what won't work. They've always done it—they

told Frank Lloyd Wright, too.

PLAYBOY: What did they tell Wright he couldn't do?

GEHRY: He was always searching for and testing new materials. He wanted to use a new kind of concrete blocks for the Ennis House in Los Angeles, for example. He was told they couldn't be built. He ignored the intelligentsia and made them himself, and they lasted about 50 years. After that amount of time they failed, but they were fixable. The building's an icon, but he built it for people who lived in it and loved it. They were long gone when the blocks failed.

PLAYBOY: After the destruction of the World Trade Center, do you feel responsible for the soundness of the materials and safety of your buildings?

GEHRY: The materials had nothing to do with the collapse of the towers, but yes. With our engineers and consultants we're responsible to make sure things aren't only beautiful but safe. When I teach at school and see these kids coming through, I look at them and say, "You're walking into a bloody cannon and you'd better start looking at the realities. If you're serious about being an architect, you've got to learn how to take responsibility." It's not fluff. You have to do every detail on every bloody piece of the building. You have to know how the engineering works. You have to know how the fittings go together. You have to master the mechanical, electrical, acoustical—everything.

PLAYBOY: After all these years, why do you still teach aspiring architects?

GEHRY: I love it. You feel as if you can make a difference in someone's life. When I start my class I ask the students to write their signatures on pieces of paper and put them on a table. I have them look at them, and I point out, "They're all different, aren't they? That's you, that's you, that's you, that's you." I say, "That's what you have to find in architecture. You have to find your signature. When you find it, you're the only expert on it. People can say they like it or don't like it. They can argue about it, but it's yours." In one class the students had to build a model of a concert hall in Istanbul for the West-Eastern Divan Orchestra. It was a theoretical assignment. A brilliant and talented young lady from Iran knew the region, knew the history and knew the culture. She designed a building that contained all she knew. It was too rigid. I suggested that she had to find her signature in the building and not try to create it for other people. One night at her apartment she had a dinner party for the class, and for dessert she'd made a meringue. It was beautiful. She said that whenever she became stressed or freaked out with work she'd cook. She loved it and derived great joy from it. I said, "That's where you have to look for your inspiration. Don't separate the rest of your life—who you are, what you love—from your work." The meringue was the result of her passion. I said, "Your concert hall is in there." Her final project not only worked, it was beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Do architecture schools inspire people to, as you describe it, have their own signatures?

GEHRY: Sometimes, but it should begin much earlier with arts education in the American school system, which is sadly deficient. When

I was a child I could do math and art, so I had left- and right-brain capabilities. But I've seen my children, who are more right-brained, struggling. My son was told he wouldn't make it to college, but he dogged it through and ended up being accepted by 10 major art schools after the high school advisor said, "Please don't apply. You're going to be disappointed." That kid's an artist now. Generally in our world, whether in architecture or almost anywhere else, we devalue the artist, and schools at whatever level shut people down. A 14-year-old girl was in a high school class I visited. Her mother worked, and this girl had to take care of a baby. She was completely shut down, insecure and self-deprecatory. She'd hide in the corner and wouldn't say anything. I had the students make a city. I got them a bunch of boxes full of chicken wire, trash and other materials. She sat in the corner and didn't do much. I noticed and decided to give her a box, paintbrushes and paints, and I asked her to paint it. We put the box in the final model, and everybody saw how beautiful it was and told her. It brings a tear to my eye to think about that moment. She became the class artist and changed before my eyes. Her confidence, her sense of possibilities. There are thousands of kids like that.

PLAYBOY: In your life, did you have an equivalent teacher who was encouraging and inspiring?

GEHRY: The ceramics teacher who sent me to architecture class. I was in night school, taking art classes. I was 18 or 19. The teacher was building a house by a well-known Californian modernist architect, Raphael Soriano. I guess something I was doing or saying resonated with him, because he took me to see that house.

PLAYBOY: Is architecture something you had thought about before in your life? Growing up were you aware of architecture?

GEHRY: Not very much.

PLAYBOY: What was your childhood home like? Were your parents involved in the arts?

GEHRY: My mother was interested in classical music. She studied violin when she was a kid. She took me to concerts. She also took me to art museums. She'd taken me to the Art Gallery of Ontario, which I coincidentally ended up remodeling. I used to go to the lectures at the University of Toronto on Friday night, which was date night. I attended a lecture by a gray-haired old man from Finland, who later I discovered was the architect Alvar Aalto. I was very moved. I wasn't interested in architecture, but it was a moving thing I've never forgotten. Meanwhile my father was in the slot machine and pinball machine business until they were declared illegal in Canada. He didn't have an education. He failed and he got sick. His brother picked him up and brought him to California, because that's what they did to people who were sick. I came to California and became a truck driver.

PLAYBOY: How did you get from truck driving to architecture?

GEHRY: I got into architecture school at USC and then did graduate work at Harvard in city planning. When people condemn me for designing iconic buildings in cities and not having an idea what a city is, they haven't done their homework. I started in urban

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design and city planning. It's just that when I got out of school there wasn't much of a market for that. There still isn't.

PLAYBOY: When you decided on architecture, did you know what type you wanted to do?

GEHRY: I'm a do-gooder liberal. That's why you go into architecture—at least I did—to do things for people. I think most of us are idealists. You start out that way, anyway. I didn't have any interest in doing rich people's homes. I still don't.

PLAYBOY: And yet you've done many.

GEHRY: Not lately. I stopped. In the early days I had to do them.

PLAYBOY: Everything changed for you when you built your own home in Santa Monica, famously made with chain-link fences and corrugated metal. What inspired you to use those materials?

GEHRY: It goes back to what we were talking about earlier: denial. Here we are surrounded by material that's being manufactured in unimaginable quantities worldwide and is used everywhere. I don't like it, no one likes it, and yet it's pervasive. We don't even see it. I noticed and started finding ways to beautify it. I wanted to take the curse off the material. It's also why I made cardboard furniture. Cardboard is another material that's ubiquitous and everybody hates, yet when I made furniture with it everybody loved it. In the art world Robert Rauschenberg had been combining common materials that people thought was art and beautiful, and it was. If he could do that, I could emulate him.

PLAYBOY: More than 30 years before the green-architecture movement, you were recycling materials. The most dramatic recent change in architecture follows that model. In the age of global warming, it's the trend toward environmentally responsible design. Why then did you criticize LEED [Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design] certification of buildings that meet green standards?

GEHRY: What I said is that what's being done, while it makes everybody feel good, isn't enough to meet the needs of the problem. I'm concerned about it. China is building cities for a 20 to 40 percent increase in population. India is quickly growing. The carbon footprints of that and other development around the world are overwhelming. The issues are bigger than LEED. It's a world problem and has to be solved politically. Many people put a green button on their collar and feel good, just like a lot of people put an American flag on their lapels and feel patriotic. It's not enough. I'm not dismissing it. I've been concerned about these issues since the 1960s. There have been many articles that say we've been exemplary regarding these issues. We've been doing environmentally responsible architecture for years. My house from 1978 would probably get LEED Platinum. For years good architects were dealing with environmentally responsible design—materials, energy efficiency, all that—before it became a trend. Frank Lloyd Wright always did. I just don't think it's enough to solve this monumental problem. We have to do more.

PLAYBOY: Earlier you mentioned that the people who commissioned the Bilbao said they wanted a Sydney Opera House, which meant they wanted a building that would become an icon and a symbol for the city. The Guggenheim accomplished that for Bilbao, and now many cities want what has been named the Bilbao effect. Is transformation of a place a lot to ask of architecture?

GEHRY: It's not new. The Bilbao effect is the Parthenon effect, the Chartres Cathedral effect, the Notre Dame effect. The press labeled it the Bilbao effect; I didn't name it. It's not new that architecture can profoundly affect a place, sometimes transform it. Architecture and any art can transform a person, even save someone. It can for children—for anyone. It still does for me.



"Really abominable...how was it for you?"

NOEL

(continued from page 68)

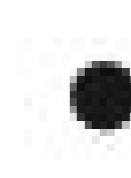
wastes or a cozy tropical shelter poised to withstand apocalyptic tornadoes and hurricanes. I can read a compass, hunt, fish, forage edible roots high in vitamin C, and I have helped Mickey construct our bomb shelter, which is A1 deluxe.



Watching *Seven Cent I* sometimes feel like I'm drifting through the icy rings of Saturn, sight unseen, far far away, safe and secure amid grains, flakes and pieces of smashed comets. Chunks of rock the size of trucks are there, to be sure, but mostly it's snow and ice. Who knows? I feel like those odd people reading your fortune at the carnival when I begin to speculate on things unknown. When I told this to Madame Rosa she threw back her Roma head and laughed like a hyena. Madame Rosa is a tarot reader with advanced paranormal skills. She asked me, "What's your blood sugar? Ten?"

I am a type I diabetic with hypoglycemic unawareness. Because of this I'm on a first-name basis with every paramedic in town. "Laura! Laura! Can you hear me?"

You wake up with an IV in your arm, totally spaced. Every coma I have is different. When I have a rock-bottom seizure I come out of it feeling pretty good. It's the light stuff that contains the most terror. They are the realm of the Bone Crusher and his dancing Salvador Dalí demons. You come out of those ice-cold and soaking wet. I follow my diet religiously, eat in a timely fashion and test my blood sugar on the hour. People think you just go around like a reckless fool. "Here comes that dopey girl with her big bag of Halloween candy."



Last night in the warm glow of my Aladdin kerosene lantern down in the bomb shelter, I was reading about a family in Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia. Ulaanbaatar is the coldest capital city on the planet but only three percent of the population over the age of 20 is diabetic. Three percent in a world where eight percent is average! Many of the rural population of Mongolia, the prosperous ones anyhow, live in snazzy yurts. The people of Ulaanbaatar eat mutton dumplings, tinned herring and cabbages. They smoke L&M cigarettes. Ulaanbaatar is like any other city except for the extreme cold.



At the Dialysis Center some of the day patients brought in a Christmas tree. Someone wrote, "Christmas is just around the corner," on the green chalkboard at the well-lit entryway. Dixie Platte picked up a piece of chalk before a treatment and added, "Have a Holly Jolly Christmas!"

Dixie is one year and seven months older than me, like that makes her the final word on subjective topics. Dixie is a lap dancer at the Zebra Club. She says the dialysis fistula planted under her wrist looks like a 1965 portable phone from Botswana. Dixie gets by on a cadre of older customers who don't look at her wrists.

A dialysis fistula is a special tract placed under the skin of the forearm connecting

an artery and vein to provide access to a dialysis machine. Without the surgically implanted fistula, a patient's blood vessels would quickly break down altogether.

A few people on the midnight-to-four-A.M. shift still have jobs. They will sleep, read, maybe engage in a little lighthearted banter while the techs hook us up. Occasionally someone will have a mini nervous breakdown. Some of the dementia patients are screamers. There is an adjunct room in the back, but you can hear them anyhow. You wonder why they never get hoarse.

Mickey and I used to drive to the hospital emergency room on Friday and Saturday nights as well as nights of the full moon since there are so many drunken automobile and motorcycle accidents, and drive-by shootings, random shootings, knifings, etc.

This is how Mickey got his new pancreas and kidney, from a 25-year-old man, blood type O, cause of death unknown. Mickey wanted me to get them but the man's organs were too big, or I'm just a little shrimp. I didn't know it at the time but a donated organ has to fit or it won't work right. Mickey takes prednisone so his immune system doesn't destroy the new kidney and pancreas. He's got a swollen face, but apart from the pills, he's cured. He tells me over and over that he wishes I got the cure, not him. He said he would die to save me. He said he will protect me from any harm that might befall me and that I'm the only person he can trust.

When I turn 17 we are driving to South Carolina and getting married. Dixie helped me pick out lingerie to wear on my wedding night. When we were at the laundromat she told me that my underwear was too "utilitarian." Personally I think her thongs, bustiers and other sexy garments are uncomfortable looking. She badgered me into buying a black ruffled petticoat. It's not the kind of thing any girl in Ulaanbaatar would ever put on.

I can fell an edible crow with a blowgun or drop a hefty vulture with a boomerang. I can practically start a fire under water. Ha-ha. Additionally I can handle .50 caliber machine guns, crush a villain's trachea or knife him through the heart even though I don't like seeing people get hurt.

Hen Pierson sits in the geri chair across from my own. He has been on dialysis 19 years interspersed with two short-lived transplants. He was diabetic at 12, BP 150/95 mm Hg. His albumin-creatinine ratio (ACR) at 3.4 is better than my own.

Hen is 64. His brother was thrown in prison for murder, and while he sat many a long year in his death row cell, the weight of his crimes weighed heavily upon him. Hen asked his brother for a kidney but his brother wrote back, "Why should I give you a kidney? Nobody ever gave me anything worth having."

A week later Convict Pierson, age 57, was stabbed to death in the prison infirmary. Madame Rosa said she knew this was going to happen. "It was plain as day."

She said she was glad it happened. I think her lumbago puts her in a bad mood sometimes. She is not a mean person. I have seen her read the Bible from time to time.

Hen came to treatment looking pretty down after the incident at the prison. He wanted the kidney, sure, but he loved his brother and he was always loaning him money or paying off lawyers, money he could have spent on himself.

He was wearing a suit that looked three sizes too big on him. He removed his jacket and rolled up the sleeve of his left arm, exposing his arterial fistula.

The dialysis technicians were coming down the line, hooking everyone up, but when they got to Hen's chair, I heard a terrible scuffling of shoes against the tile as Hen stumbled out of his chair and started to fall. The clinic nurse hurried down the aisle and helped him gain his balance. "Are you okay, Mr. Pierson?"

Hen's face was white with fear. "I'm done," he said. "I'm just going to go home."

The long room fell dead with silence. When Hen realized he was the center of attention, he tried to put a good face on things and said, "I want to thank everyone for being a pal for so many years. I sincerely wish you all the best."

Hen approached my geri chair, where I lay with my lower lip trembling. I was crying big tears, snot coming out of my nose, choking. I just couldn't control my feelings. I was so ashamed. I didn't want him to feel still worse.

*I can fell an edible crow
with a blowgun or drop
a hefty vulture with a
boomerang. I can crush a
villain's trachea or knife
him through the heart.*

It felt like someone stuck a spoon in my heart and twisted it. Hen always looked after me. He knew me since I was little. We were solid. He gave me a hug and said, "Don't you worry about a thing, sugar britches. Everything is going to be all right."

I said the same stupid thing to him I always said after dialysis. "See you later, alligator."

The ultrafilters on my machine took three liters of water out of me after that. I can't urinate; the machine does it for me. Losing all that water at one go is a shock to your body. I had cramps, my knees hurt and I itched everywhere, but I put on my winter coat and staggered to the bus stop. Dixie and Vera T. Bailey, who is slightly retarded but nice, offered me a ride home. I should have taken it. I should have gone back to the clinic. People actually get angry with you if you don't ask for a stupid ride. They all seemed like mechanical people to me. Machines and robots like the damn Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz*, who was so fake he wrecked everything in that movie. What a bozo.

The next day Mickey and I bought a four-gallon BiOrb aquarium at the Goodwill. It

looks just like a crystal ball. It came with a filter, bubblers, air stone and magnetic algae cleaner. It was just too cool for words. I was so happy, I couldn't wait to get home and fill it.

Mickey said, "Looks like Seven Cent got him a \$55 crib."

I hugged Mickey and kissed him until some Goodwill shoppers told us to "Go get a room."

"We don't need a room, what we need is a mortgage," Mickey said.

Ha-ha.

The BiOrb was the talk of treatment; at the clinic, 12 midnight to four A.M. I went on and on about it. Finally Dixie said, "Most of the stuff you get for Christmas is crap you don't want, just stuff you have to get rid of, a used piano or something. An anvil."

Ha-ha.

A young man named Jerome now sits in Hen's geri chair. He's tall, thin and good-looking, from New York City. He's got a crush on Dixie and won't leave her alone. Dixie told him to zip his lip, but it only heightened his ardor. Pretty soon Dixie has a big crush on Jerome, and listening to their crazy infatuation talk was almost scary. They begin to sound like mental patients in their heated excitement. By that I mean they can be talking about normal everyday stuff and something insane will pop out like a jack-in-the-box. *Pow!*

Dixie started in with a story she read in the *National Examiner* about an ostrich that swam from Nelson Mandela's prison island to Cape Town, South Africa.

"Why would an ostrich go to the trouble?" I said.

Dixie said, "I don't know. To pull rickshaws or have chariot races. They got the legs for it."

Jerome said, "An ostrich is no more than a giant chicken, too heavy to swim or fly. All they can do is the 50-yard dash."

Normal non-in-love people don't talk at length about things no one else cares about, fighting over nothing. Mickey is the love of my life, but I have never broken into this sort of gibberish pining over him.

"Jerome, you are just an ignorant fool," Dixie said. "All you do is lay over there acting gangster. You should go back to New York City and live in the hood again."

"I was starting to like you, but now I have changed my mind," Jerome said.

Dixie lay back in her chair. She said, "I'm right and you know it."

I used a commonsense voice with levelheaded humor and said, "Let me get this straight, jobless ostrich braves howling winds, tenebrous currents in search of work, ha-ha—"

Jerome wheeled on me in a fury. "Why don't you just shut the fuck up? You aren't funny. You think you are but you aren't. I am not gonna lay here for four hours three times a week, 12 hours total not including the fucking goddamn Mickey Mouse of coming and going only to get ha-ha'ed to death by you."

Super Huge Hudson, a dialysis technician and martial artist, came thumping down the aisle on his size-14 feet. He pinched a muscle on Jerome's neck, paralyzing him. "I don't want to hear another word out of you, Jerome, ever again, so long as you live. Do you follow? I am back there at my desk trying to read *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*, and I don't want to hear

another word come out of your filthy mouth.”

Jerome didn't so much as say "Ouch," but later I could hear him sniffing. What was he thinking about? This fresh humiliation? The rigors of dialysis?

I felt bad for him, I who cried bitter tears across the aisle from him over Hen Pierson, who was never coming back. Hen walked out with a clear mind. He knew without dialysis he had a week, maybe 10 days.

One night when Super Huge Hudson was out sick, I was lying in my geri chair, half flaked, and I could hear Jerome crying again. I said, "Jerome, I know that normally you are a nice person—"

"No I'm not!" he shouted back. He leaped forward at me with such blinding speed I thought he would rip the tubes to the fistula loose. Instead he half toppled his machine, screaming, "If I could get away with it, I would kill you right now, today!"

Dixie looked over and said, "Put a lid on it, dorkhead. You aren't supposed to talk. Jesus H."

I spoke to Jerome in low confidential tones, "Down deep inside you are a nice person, Jerome. Down deep you are wonderful and I love you."

None of what I said was true, but why hit someone when they are down? I was freezing cold. It felt like a Jack Frost crew of half-inch Eskimos had infiltrated my machine with sacks of dry ice over their shoulders. My blood sugar was so low that I fainted amid a room of fellow sufferers. Dixie said, "That's the third time this month."

The skies cleared and it got colder. I went back to the Goodwill store, where I saw a coat that wasn't too bad. More importantly it was lined with sheepskin. Like some hand-me-down from Cinderella. I like a coat with loose sleeves. I wear long sleeves even in the

summer to hide my fistula. For knock-around activities I wrap an Ace bandage around it.

Damn! Look at the lovely bride wearing a black ruffle petticoat with a large conspicuous fistula bulging out of her arm. Isn't she lovely? Ha-ha.

I was at the bus stop and along comes Hannes Smit, another type 1 diabetic, and he's back to drinking again. He's on the list for his third kidney. He won't get one; he's 62 years old. He was some kind of part-time janitor.

"You live in a dangerous neighborhood," he said. "Let me walk you home."

"Naw, the bus is good." Hannes said the whole world would end before dawn, and being gay, could he fuck me since he never had sex with a woman before? Tell me what chick hasn't heard that come-on a thousand times?

We were on a long desolate street inhabited by empty shops and failed restaurants. Down the road I watched the approach of the yellow Union Street bus, bumping and squealing along on a leaf-spring suspension and razor-thin drum brakes, its headlights imperceptible.

I hopped on and moved to a seat with an open window. Outside Hannes was having an argument with the parking meter I had been hanging on to moments before. At least I knew that it was a parking meter.

I wanted the bus to get going but the driver sat behind the wheel trying to light a wet stub of a cigar, and outside Hannes had now turned his vitriol on a fire hydrant. Hannes wasn't right in his mind from a stroke he had. Once he split his pants and I saw he was wearing aluminum foil underwear.

Mickey and me live kind of far out, and when I got off the bus the sidewalks were extra slick. I unlocked the iron gate surrounding the house and struggled up the

incline to the front door. I could hear the low rumble of the diesel generator.

There were three access portals to the shelter, all sealed with blast-proof doors. There was one in the basement, another in Mickey's shed and the third out in the field covered with thorny blackberry bushes. Mickey called it "hiding in plain sight."

He was down in the basement shoring up a section of a narrow tunnel. He crawled out and wiped the grime off his face and hands with a clean rag. He was sweating in spite of the cold.

I asked him why he had the generator going.

"Air movement," he said. "I just put in a backup filter. Now we got two."

A strong current of air came out from the tunnel, which was constructed with a lot of 90-degree turns designed to block the forward path of nuclear radiation.

"As long as the generator is going," I said, "I'll go do 20 minutes of my show. I don't feel like it, but I'll do it anyway."

"Have you sketched out a script?"

I shook my head no. "I know what I'm going to do." He shrugged his shoulders. I knew he wanted to get back to his project. I went to the radio shack, where I had a hidden six-pack of lime Diet Coke. I had been sneaking one too many only to pay the piper on the ultrafilters. Back at the bus stop I swore up and down I would never do such a thing again. But I was so thirsty I guzzled an entire can and opened another.

I put on the radio headset and adjusted the microphone.

"Good evening all and sundry. Welcome to another fabulous hour of *Bomb Shelter Radio*. This is Doomgirl and you are dialed in at 147.859 MHz. Hang on to your hats; this is going to be a truly fantastic show."

The words coming out of my mouth were hollow, but I pressed on. "I'm sort of rattling things off the top of my head, but there is this young man, Jerome. I wish to dedicate tonight's show to Jerome. I hope you are okay, buddy. I just want to tell you that you are not alone in thinking your stalwart plans will only vaporize and disappear in the weak rays of light. I have Mickey and Seven Cent and all you out there listening, but can someone tell me why life is so hard?"

"I want to ask about loneliness and tears, about frustration, lots of frustration, about my head exploding, about how I ache for love, unconditional love that will last and last, about how hopeless I feel no matter how much I know, of how I will die soon, about how I have so few friends, about all the bad things I've done, about how afraid I am of dying in pain, about how I am such a disappointment to those who love me, about how slow I am, about blood coming out of me, about the places I go and don't come back from, and really, Jerome, for all this the only thing I have to offer is the first tune of the evening, from Waltz in C-sharp Minor, op. 64, by Frédéric Chopin, the man who wrote poems with the piano, who wrote for Saturn's icy rings and Ulaanbaatar, for Madame Rosa and beautiful Hen and Dixie in her thongs, here we go. I love you all out there in Radioland. Stay warm. Merry Christmas."



"My biggest regret is I only fucked my way to the middle."



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SWEARING

(continued from page 106)

then refrained from profanity. By no means. In fact, the power of profanity can be calculated by the number of euphemisms and synonyms that grow up around the stigmatized word. As history professor Geoffrey Hughes, the author of *Swearing: A Social History of Foul Language, Oaths and Profanity in English*, has shown, taboo words have generated thousands of near-equivalents. Thus, while the graphic use of *shit*, *ass* or *fuck* may be disallowed, comparable words are necessary to replicate their expressive quality—what's called semantic approximation. For example, to avoid using *fucking* as an intensifying adverb or adjective, *frigging* is often used. Everyone knows you mean *fucking*, and yet you manage to achieve seemingly irreconcilable goals—to express a near-fucking intensity but also to gain brownie points through the discretion displayed in your choice of a euphemism. We're social animals after all; a modicum of obsequiousness must be shown to social niceties.

As the church lost its grip on power, so too did it begin to lose its monopoly on the prerogative to damn. The result? Everyone began to say—with increasing impunity—the words that for so long had been the exclusive sway of the clergy. Of course, it didn't happen overnight. If the march of modernity began with the two big revolutions of the 18th century—the American Revolution, which overthrew a foreign tyrant, and the French Revolution, which overthrew a domestic one—then it took at least several centuries for the afterlife to lose its potency. Still, the more “hell” and “damnation” that went on in the colloquial parlance of ordinary folk, the more their fizz was diluted.

But no worries—profanity would continue to evolve. During the Victorian age the big no-no's of sex, body parts and bodily function—as well as of parentage and lineage (consider the once-devastating social connotations of the word *bastard*)—stepped into the breach left by religion. Same function, same effect, but different taboos. In fact, one way to interpret the outrage that accompanies Biden-like outbursts is to see them as the last vestiges of Victorian suppression, albeit in softer tones.

Now, a quick word about the word *cunt*: My thesis—that the currency of particular taboo language points toward the locus of contemporary power—also applies to women, who have long been the target of male verbal abuse. Even before a male-dominated church took over from a male-dominated Roman Empire, women were the underdogs, somehow surviving within intensely patriarchal societies where they could be owned as chattel, bought and sold at will and treated abysmally.

It is hardly surprising that as the lowlifes in society women had verbal abuse heaped upon them. But what is astounding is the level of viciousness that accompanied that abuse. One explanation is that women, despite their lowly status, were needed, and in that need resided power. Stay with me now: Within the relatively nonnegotiable domains of sexuality

and procreation, women have always had something men want—an immediate outlet for their sexual urges and a long-range vehicle for their projected lineage. How else can we account for the vituperation that accompanies *cunt* when used as a term of abuse—especially in contrast with the rather limp (pun intended) range of abusive terms women have to choose from (*prick*, *dickhead*, *asshole*), none of which come close to the cargo of evil that *cunt* carries.

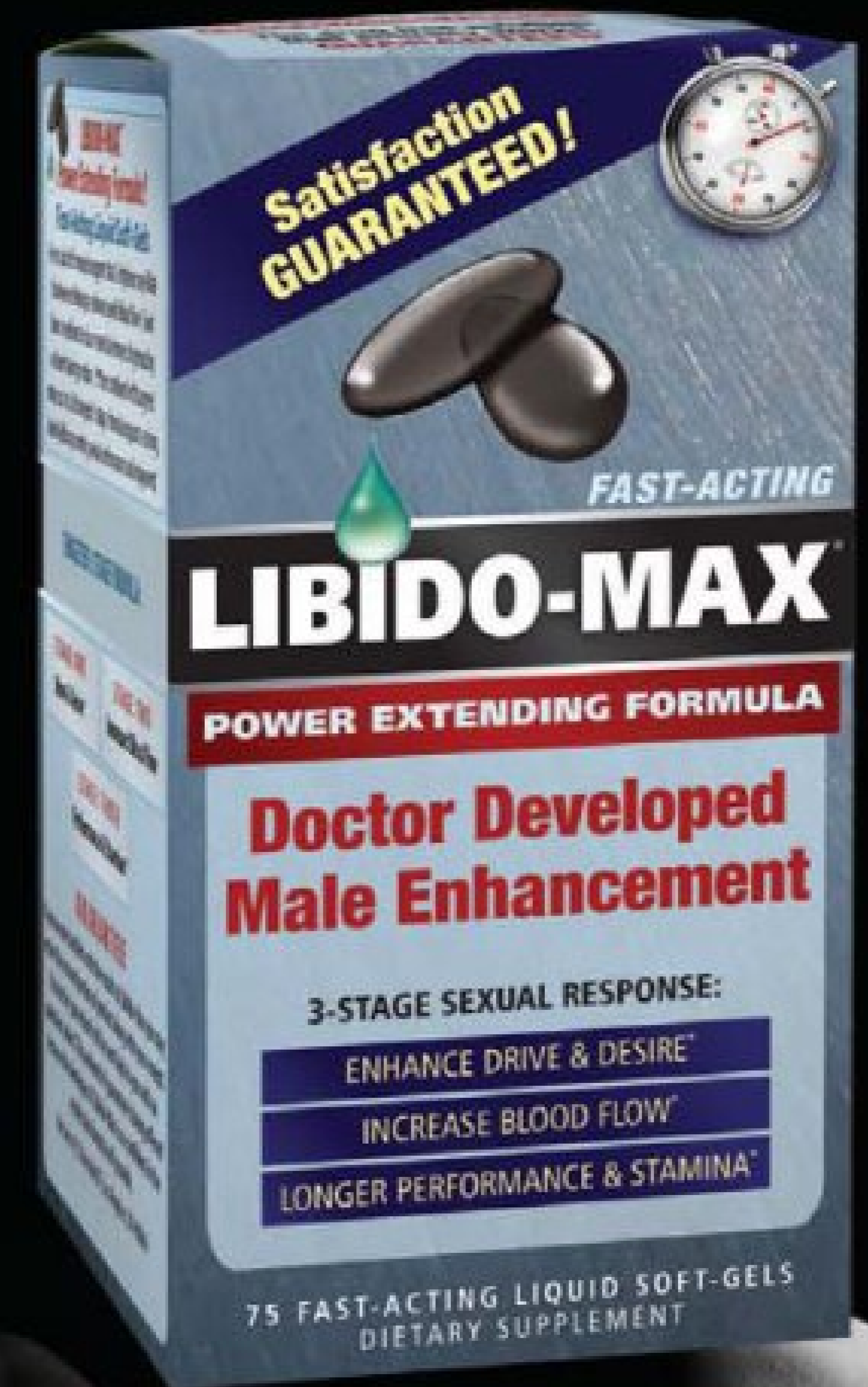
Granted, *cunt* (and its translations) is not invariant across languages and societies. Even across the English-speaking world it varies in intensity. And despite the fact that the French and Italian equivalents lack the force of the English *cunt*, the backbone of swearing in Latin cultures remains the direct or indirect attack on women—i.e., the classic *son of a bitch* (*hijo de puta*). In many societies you simply cannot go lower than to cast aspersions on someone's mother. Your enemy cannot be just a shithead; he must be a shitty son of a bitch. Or he is a mother-fucker, which some commentators think wins the grand prize because in a single swoop it deprecates the sanctity of family through the obscenity of an unnatural sex act.

The next big change in profanity came with the so-called sexual liberation that started in the late 1950s. Whatever the causes and catalysts—the pill, television, the growing affluence of postwar America—it hastened the demise of tight-lipped Victorian priggishness. Overnight (well, over several decades) it seemed that the vault holding all the terms for carnality—including bodily form, function and products—were released. If today we believe *fuck*, *cunt* and *shit* have lost a good deal of their bedazzlement, this is the outcome of the dilution process that began after the Victorian age ended and continues apace today. These changes were apparent at a recent Australian rugby league disciplinary hearing during which a player on trial for having sprayed the word *fuck* liberally at the referee was cleared to resume play. The final ruling determined that while some behaviors are considered detrimental to the league, swearing is not one of them—not when, as the player's defense counsel stipulated, you can turn the television on any evening and hear comparable language. In other words, no big fucking deal.

But as one taboo passes, another emerges. For some 200 years individual morality as an all-encompassing social ideology has reigned supreme, with its own underbelly of select dirty words. Today it has given way to another ideology—the entitlement of minority groups to be accorded the same rights as the majority. We might see this as the most recent development in the 250-year march toward enlightenment, which included the right to national self-determination, the abolition of slavery and female enfranchisement. Now it applies to groups as varied as ethnic minorities, homosexuals, people with disabilities, the unemployed and the homeless. Included here too are women, despite their numerical status, still burdened by a patriarchal history of less than equal, whether we're talking about the right to vote, the right to equal pay for equal work or the right to

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make decisions about their own bodies. The proliferation of the *-ist* suffix (*racist, sexist, ageist*) to describe people who use offensive language against such groups tells the story. Emerging as a social force in the 1980s and furthered by the unfortunately labeled political correctness movement, demeaning epithets for minority groups moved into the vanguard of new taboos. Again in Australian sport, this time cricket, a player was suspended for calling opposing Sri Lankan players "black cunts." Tellingly, it was the word *black* that gave the abuse its particular vehemence. If he had merely used *cunt*, he might have gotten away with it.

The contrast in attitude toward sexually offensive terms on the one hand and discriminatory and demeaning terms on the other is illustrated by the stances adopted by the White House regarding notoriously foulmouthed former chief of staff Rahm Emanuel. About a year ago Obama said, "Of course, for Rahm every day is a swearing-in ceremony." Last year, when *The Wall Street Journal* reported that Emanuel had referred to an idea for an ad about health care reform presented by his fellow liberals as "fucking retarded," he was pilloried by all, to the point that he was obliged to apologize, pledging to ban the *R* word from his lexicon. Using a demeaning word for the mentally challenged was as low as you could go, and Emanuel was not getting away with it.

America's sweetheart Jennifer Aniston earned equal scorn for flippantly uttering the *R* word on *Live With Regis and Kelly*. (Regis: "You're playing dress up!" Aniston: "Yes, I play dress up! I do it for a living, like a retard!") "Frankly, someone in her position ought to know better," a representative of an advocacy group for those with developmental and intellectual disabilities told *Us Weekly*. "She is using language that is offensive to a large segment of the population in this country. We estimate that there are probably in excess of 5 million people in the country with intellectual disabilities, and when you think about all of them, their family members and friends, you're talking about tens of millions of people who find the use of that term to be really offensive. Every time folks hear that word, it kind of reminds them of all the discrimination and oppression they've experienced in their lives. Even if it wasn't intended to insult them, that is the effect of it."

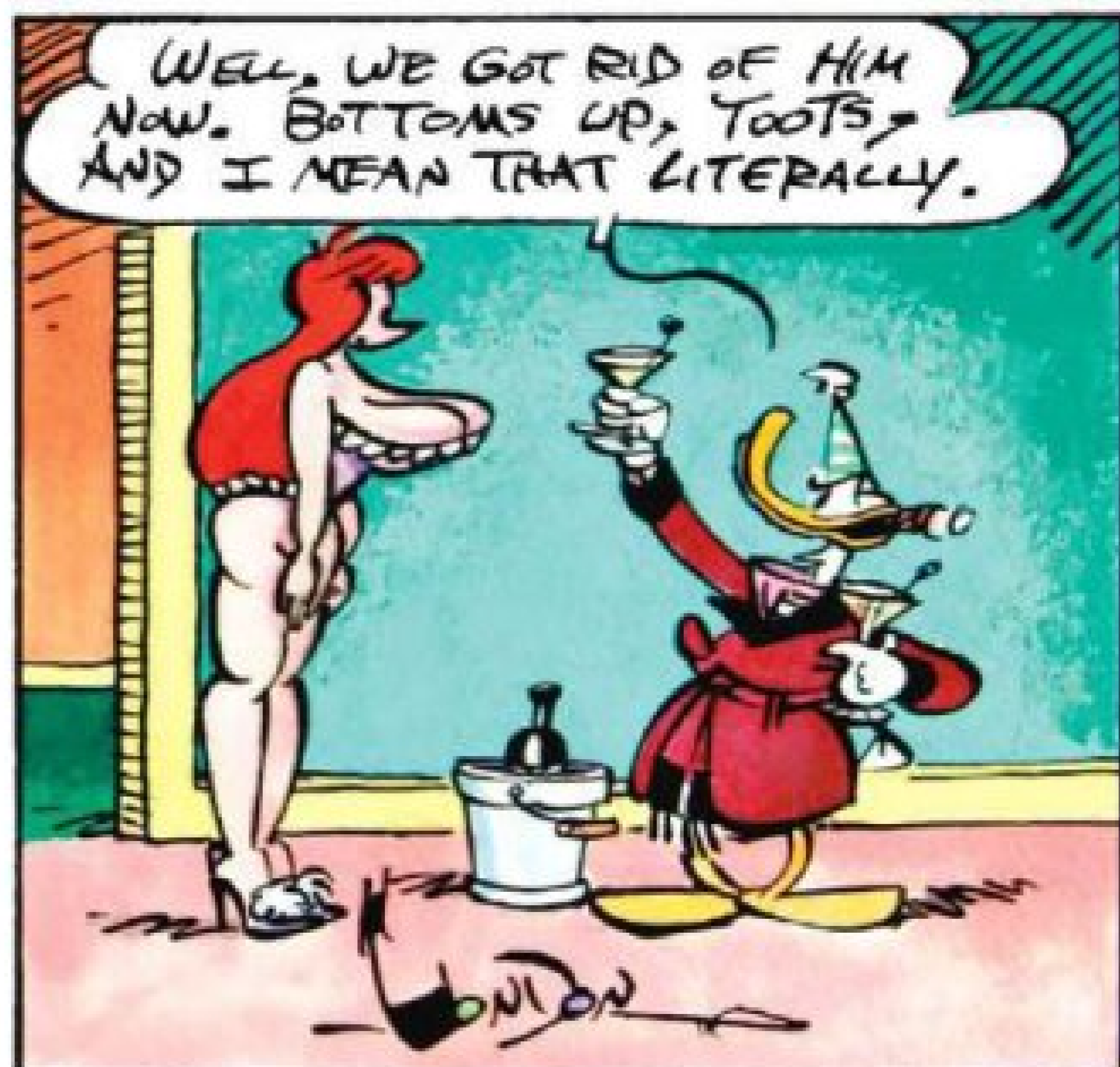
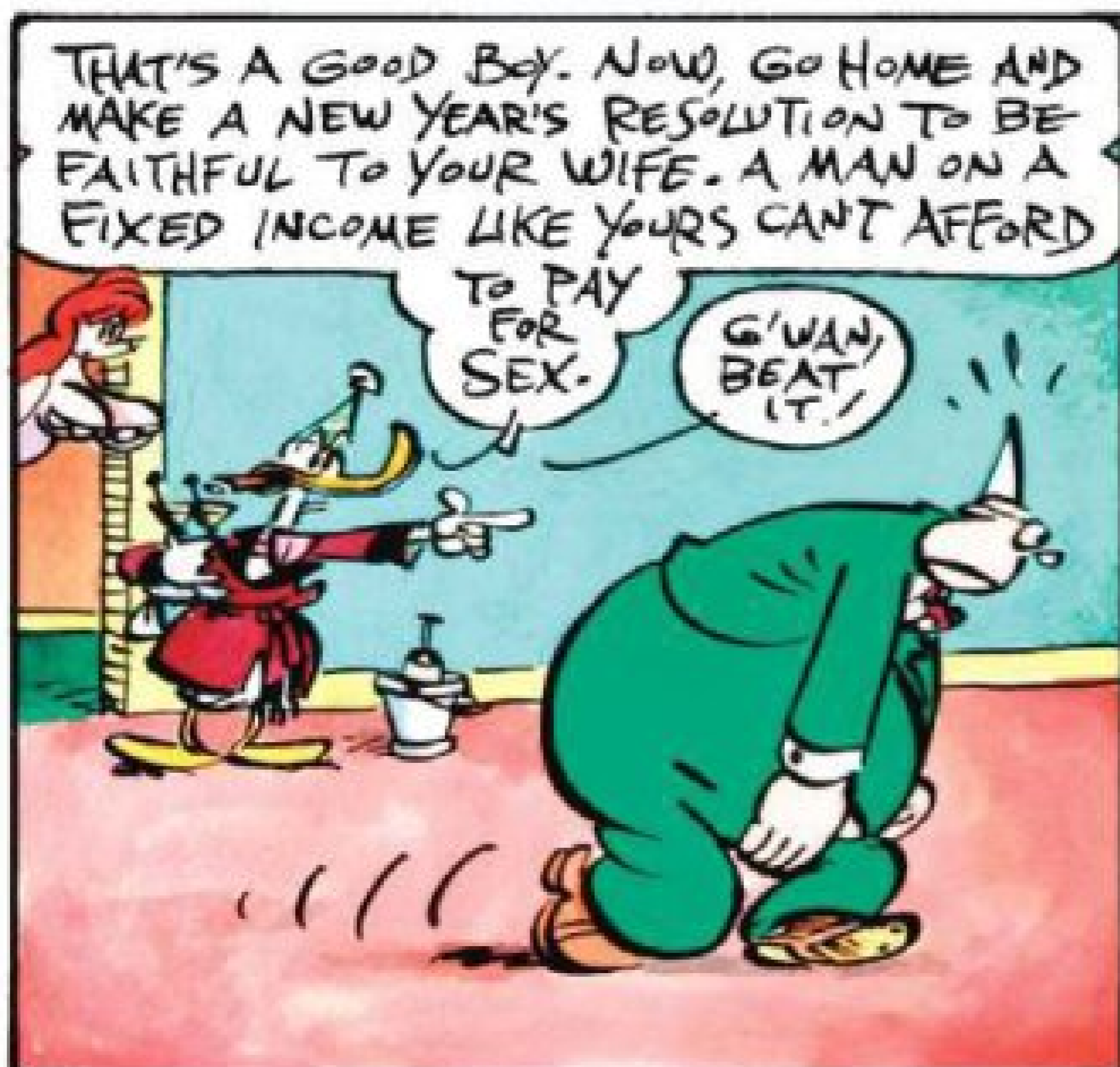
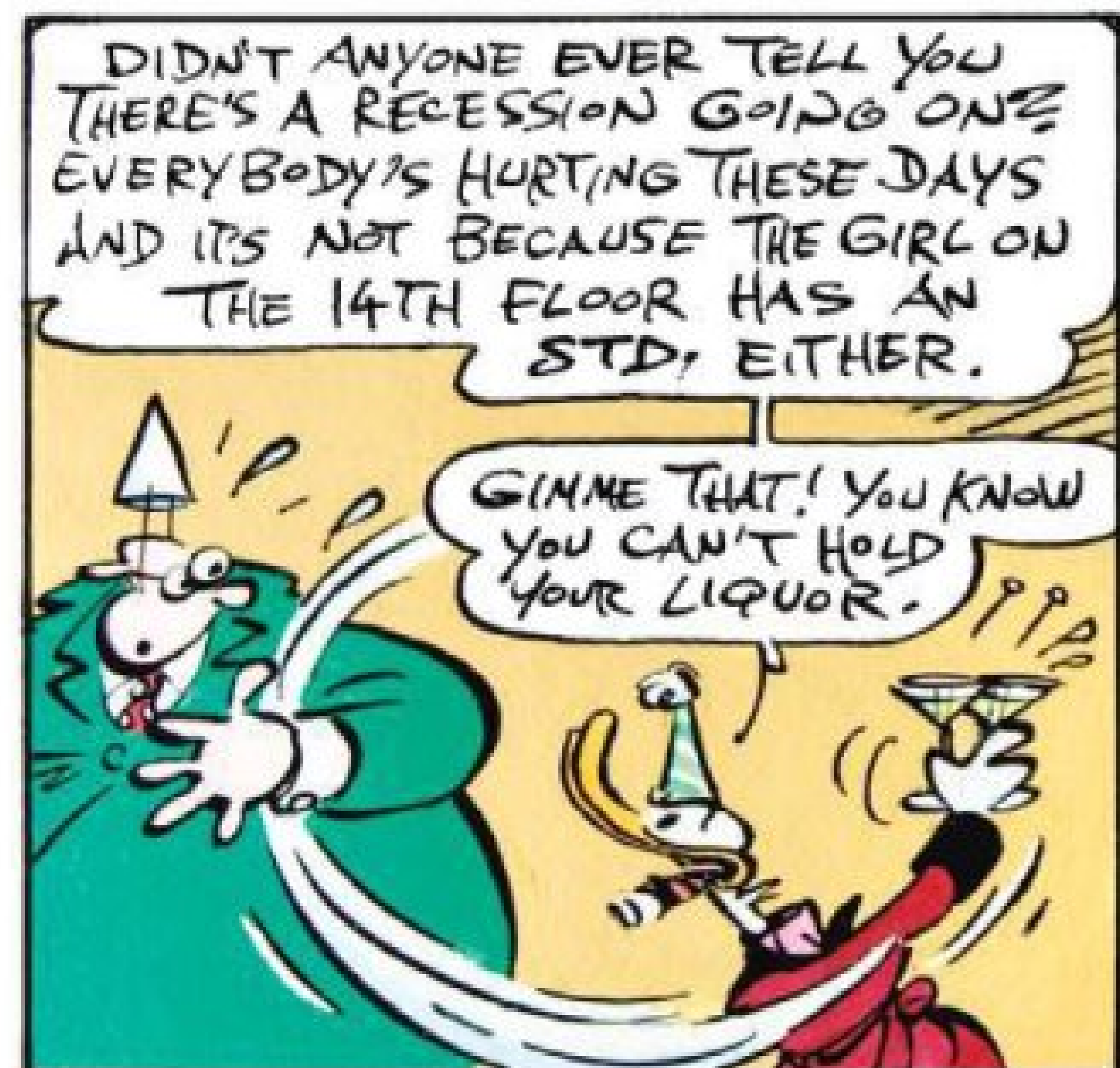
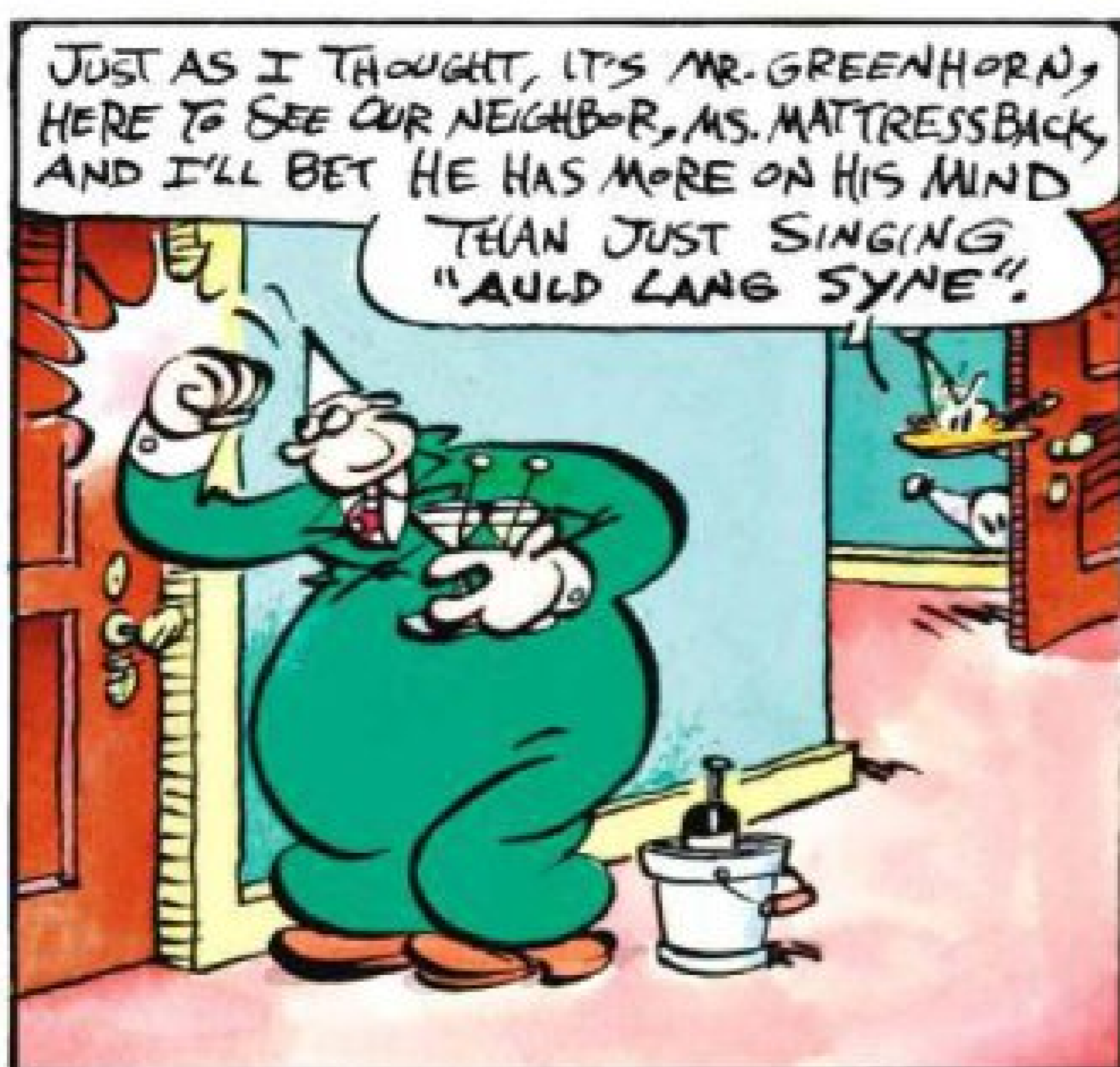
A similar outrage ensued this past June when *Newsweek* contributor Julia Reed described Obama on CNN as "out of his cotton-picking mind." While she didn't use the highly taboo *N* word, the semantic trail that connects "cotton picking" to the atrocity of plantation slavery is close enough to the surface of contemporary American life for Reed's comment to be widely construed and condemned as a racial slur. Richard Dooling makes the point that after centuries of

hegemony, *fuck* has been downgraded in status. "Finally, hatred is more dangerous than sex," he writes in his book *Blue Streak: Swearing, Free Speech and Sexual Harassment*. Certainly national radio personalities Don Imus and Laura Schlessinger would agree with Dooling. Both of their broadcast careers were seriously tarnished after they sent racially insensitive language across the airwaves. Imus called the Rutgers University women's basketball team "nappy-headed hos," and Schlessinger berated an African American caller with the phrase *nigger, nigger, nigger*. "I was attempting to make a philosophical point," Schlessinger claimed.

These are the new epithets. They are not exactly profane, but they fit under the umbrella of disparaging others. The ignominy that accompanies their use cements them as the new taboos. Such terms once had full impunity. Now they range in impact from the insensitive to the abusive, punishable by hate-crime legislation. Considering that we live in a postcolonial world whose hallmarks are mass cultural contact, migration and demographic diversity, it is not just Emanuel who needs to curb his tongue. As this new ideology grows stronger, we can expect it increasingly to pop up in public. And every time, chances are it will be a big fucking deal.



Dirty Duck ^{by Bobby London}



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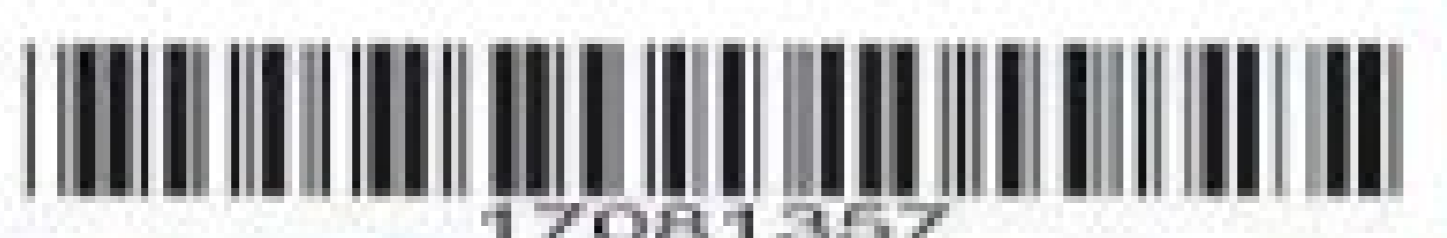


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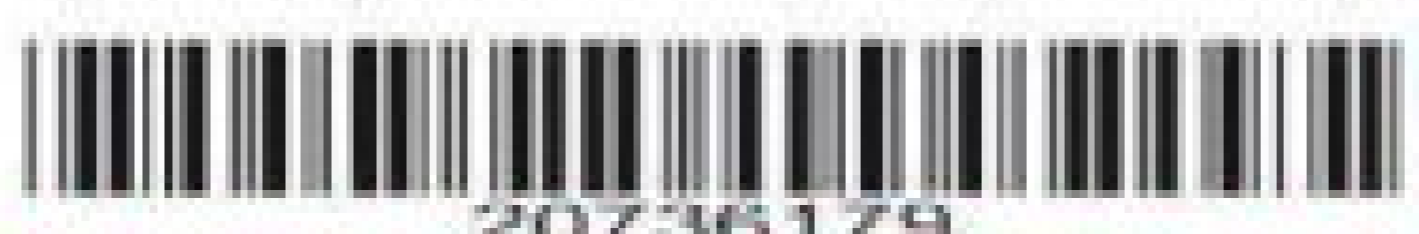
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CHLOË SEVIGNY

(continued from page 75)

actors. Bill is professional, very boyish, very charming. I think being just "the stupid actor" on the show is sometimes hard for him because he's not directing, and he's a great director. His movie *Frailty* is a spooky psychological thriller.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You once told a reporter that a previous season of *Big Love* was "awful" and played like a "telenovela." Now that the show is in its last season, do you regret that?

SEVIGNY: I got into a lot of trouble. It was a huge thing on the Internet. Yeah, I got a little talking-to. [laughs] I don't want to bite the hand that feeds me. I loved being on the show; I love my character and my co-stars. The whole experience has been great. I just felt it was a weaker season than others. I shouldn't have said it. I don't want to offend anybody.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What can you say about the upcoming season to give hope to fans who may have agreed with you?

SEVIGNY: The writers are concentrating a lot more this year on the politics within the family. For viewers who keep asking why Bill and the family keep getting away with everything they do, this season the characters start having to face consequences. Since HBO said that viewers respond to how conservative my character is, she becomes stricter and more conservative. They're dressing me like Hillary Clinton in the 1980s.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Has the show's polyamorous theme made you reevaluate real-life relationships?

SEVIGNY: Just being around Jeanne Tripplehorn has, because she has a beautiful marriage, a wonderful husband and child. That's something I aspire to after seeing someone with that lifestyle. I want a guy who is masculine, good with his hands and able to build stuff and who has survival skills. Facial hair is a big turn-on. Most of the kids I hang out with in New York are hipster arty types, but I like a stronger, more physically imposing man—like a lumberjack. I'm also into a little hair pulling. I like boys to be aggressive and allow me to be a little aggressive back.

Q7

PLAYBOY: What type of guys have you been seeing recently?

SEVIGNY: I'm dating, but I'm starting to feel a little discouraged, actually. I've been texting for a year with a couple of guys, without ever going on a date with them. The other day I got a text from a boy, but it wasn't hot. I mean, if you're going to text me every day, you haven't seen me for months and you're trying to seduce me, you'd better spice up that text and make it more exciting than "How was your day? I hope you're having a beautiful one." Sadly, I haven't been doing a lot of kissing lately.

Q8

PLAYBOY: If a guy isn't living up to your standards of seduction, how do you heat things up?

SEVIGNY: It's so stupid, but putting on red lipstick, having a martini and getting a flirt on always makes me feel great. I have crushes on everybody. I'm always flirting with the personal assistants on the *Big Love* set, boys and girls. I'm open to all ages, all economic backgrounds at this point. I've kissed only two actors in my whole life. People would hate me so much more if I dated a celebrity.

Q9

PLAYBOY: What's your pick for the most sensual place to make love?

SEVIGNY: Nature is the best aphrodisiac. I get turned on in the woods or on the shore, like at a beach house, or where you're isolated. Risky situations don't excite me at all, though. I feel inhibited. It's harder for me to get excited and let go if I'm afraid of someone hearing me or if there's a roommate nearby.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Having grown up in conservative, wealthy Darien, Connecticut, how would an edgy indie-movie icon advise would-be cool teens growing up in similar environments?

SEVIGNY: The kids I grew up with were into going to Ivy League schools and playing field hockey and lacrosse. I'd encourage poor children like me to go into Manhattan and broaden their horizons as much as possible, which is what I did as a teenager.

Q11

PLAYBOY: What were you leaving behind when you went on those weekend escapes?

SEVIGNY: I was kind of a depressed teenager. I pierced my nose, and my parents thought, Why is she desecrating her body? But they encouraged me to go into Manhattan, make my own clothes, dress the way I wanted and do all the weirdo things I was into. My mom found my bong, which she and my father confiscated and strongly discouraged. There was regular teenage drama at home but nothing extraordinary. I was into hippie culture, but I was pretty responsible and open with my parents.

Q12

PLAYBOY: How big into hippiedom were you?

SEVIGNY: Enough to have a Volkswagen bus decorated with batik curtains, which is so embarrassing. I'd drive it with my girlfriends up to Burlington, Vermont for the weekend. Looking back, I can't believe my dad let me do that, but he was so sweet, always saying there is much more good in the world than bad. I was pretty smart and could read people easily, but I had friends who were attracted to skeezy bad boys. I'd always say, "No, he's not coming in the bus with us. He's got to sleep outside." I was the voice of reason.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Did drugs play much of a role in your liberation?

SEVIGNY: It wasn't like I was a big druggie; it was just kind of a side thing, something that

went hand in hand with me falling in with that crowd, the rejects. I don't think I ever bought anything; it was just sort of there.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Were you interested in acting early on?

SEVIGNY: I went to summer theater camp every year and was in a lot of plays with Topher Grace, who is four years younger than I am and also from Darien. He says he has tapes of those shows, which makes sense because he is very organized and type A. When I was eight or nine I did a couple of local commercials and catalog modeling. Acting was something I aspired to, but in high school I lost all aspiration. I took drama, but I didn't get along with the teacher. Senior year they were doing *West Side Story*, and I had a shaved head at the time so I auditioned to play one of the gang boys. I didn't get a part, so I was just like, whatever.

Q15

PLAYBOY: In a 1994 Jay McInerney *New Yorker* article you were crowned the "It girl" and "the coolest girl in the world." Did having style help or hurt?

SEVIGNY: I guess it helped more than anything else. I'm glad I grew up during the last vestige of cool, in the 1990s, when everything wasn't blogged and on the Interwebs, when things were more on the downlow and underground. I guess I am stylish, but I would rather have people come up and say "I really liked your performance in this or that" than "I really like the way you dress." That irks me. Anyway, the term *It girl* gets used too loosely.

Q16

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

SEVIGNY: Today the term is used to describe, say, Peaches Geldof—a girl who doesn't do anything but is just sort of around. The original *It girl* was the 1920s movie star Clara Bow; then, in the 1960s, with Edie Sedgwick and Warhol, *It girls* turned into socialites, ladies of leisure—people who had "it" just for being "fabulous." But Edie was just a rich drug addict, and when I got called the *It girl* everyone thought I was that too. I looked like a junkie because it was the 1990s and grunge was the fashion. But I felt I was doing stuff, not just being a socialite.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Did any interesting sexual propositions come your way after playing Hilary Swank's girlfriend in *Boys Don't Cry* or Michelle Williams's motorcycle-riding lover on *If These Walls Could Talk 2*?

SEVIGNY: By the time of *Boys Don't Cry* I had already spoken in interviews about my sexual experimenting as a young person. It sure seems that I have a pretty strong lesbian fan base because when I'm out, everybody responds to those films. I get letters. Last year I got a weird note on my car: "If you're bored, me too. Let's meet. Your new neighbor," signed with the person's initials. It's kind of creepy. Does this person see me in my rented backyard, smoking and lonely?

Q18

PLAYBOY: What vibe do you get from fans

when you meet them?

SEVIGNY: I always feel nobody likes me. When I see people on the street looking at me, I get really shy, as if they think I look ugly, but then it always turns out positive. I used to be paranoid I was going to get heckled, and of course that's never happened. Last year I was at a fun dance party in a downtown L.A. club where it's drinking and dancing and you're sweaty and hot. These kids I thought were cool superfans wanted to take pictures with me, but they turned around and sold the photos. I never saw the pictures, but people told me I looked drunk. The next day, everyone was calling me, like, "What were you doing last night? You're on TMZ."

Q19

PLAYBOY: What about your colleagues in the industry? Do they like you?

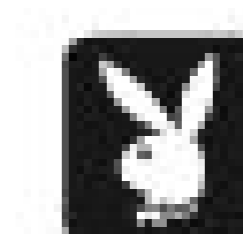
SEVIGNY: I've never even been nominated for

an Emmy, goddamn it. There's no justice. [laughs] Actually, the Golden Globe felt like a little bit of justice, a real confidence booster, having never felt embraced by the industry. It wasn't a Sally Field thing—"You like me! You really like me!"—more like, "Yeah, good. I showed them."

Q20

PLAYBOY: Now that *Big Love* is coming to an end, what's next on your professional and personal agendas?

SEVIGNY: I can get back to work in pictures. I have a new indie movie with Jena Malone, called *The Wait*, that I think could go places. On the personal side, I'd like to find someone to procreate with—as sexy as that sounds. If you're out and about and fit the description, come up and say hi. I won't bite. Well, maybe a little, if you're lucky.



"I don't think he's going to jump after all...that's the ladies' room!"

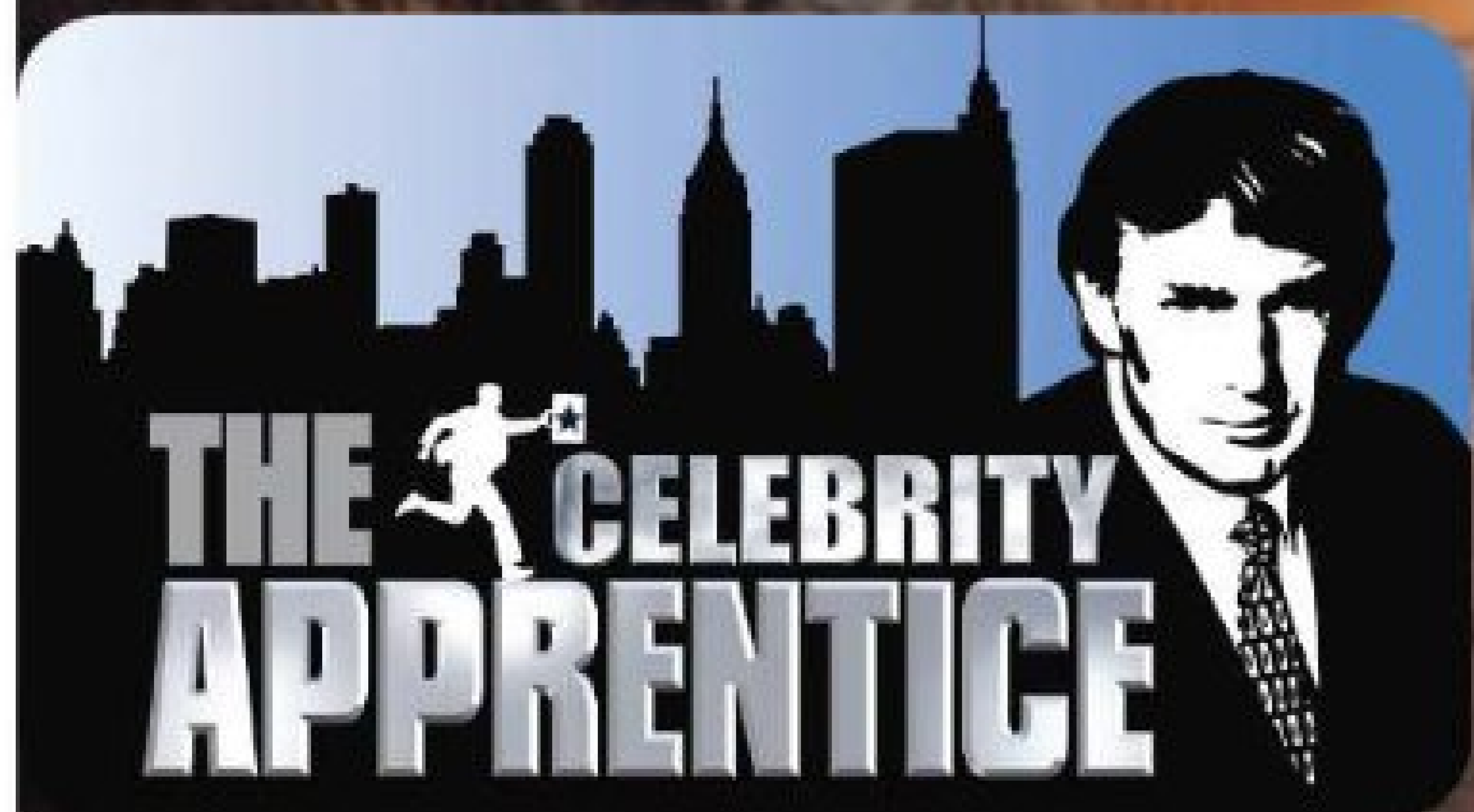


PLAYMATE NEWS



HOPE FOR HIRE

Like fellow Playmates of the Year Brande Roderick and Tiffany Fallon, PMOY 2010 Hope Dworaczyk will attempt to impress Donald Trump as a contestant on the upcoming season of *Celebrity Apprentice*. Her competition will include musician Meat Loaf, retired baseball slugger Jose Canseco, actress Marlee Matlin, former teen idol David Cassidy and songstress Dionne Warwick, among others. While Brande and Tiffany gave it their all, ultimately neither was hired. Do we finally have a winner?



DESIGNING WOMAN

Miss September 1994 Kelly Gallagher (now Wearstler) really knows how to light up a room. Since posing for the magazine she has won numerous accolades for her work as an interior designer. *The New York Times* has described her aesthetic as “arch and theatrical but never quite kitsch,” and Bravo selected her to serve as a judge on its reality series *Top Design* (below). In October, in fact, the *Times* asked her to curate a collection of 10 photos from its archive for purchase at its online store (nytstore.com).



FLASHBACK



Fifteen years ago **Victoria Fuller** brightened our pages as Miss January 1996, after which the Santa Barbara sun goddess appeared on *Married... With Children*, *The Man Show* and *Dr. Phil*. Her biggest television success, however, came in 2005 when she and her husband, Jonathan Baker, competed on the sixth season of the Emmy-winning reality series *The Amazing Race*. An accomplished painter—many of her works hang in the Bunny House—she is now focused on raising her four-year-old daughter, Trease.

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

DID YOU KNOW ?

CNN.com named Miss November 2005 **Raquel Gibson** its Lovely Lady of the Day for Wednesday, November 3.

Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** donated her modeling fee for this issue's cover to Waves for Water.

Miss August 2008 **Kayla Collins** joined the cast of the British reality series *I'm a Celebrity...Get Me out of Here!*



Newly single PMOY 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** likes to keep her dating options open—and that includes fellow females: “Being around another naked woman, something is going to happen. So yeah, I’ve played around.”

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY ROBERT GOSSETT

—actor, TNT’s *The Closer*



“The first Playmate I fell in love with was Miss April 1973 **Julie Woodson**, who was also the first black Playmate I’d ever seen. I was 18 years old at the time and had just moved into a new apartment, where Julie’s Centerfold counted as my sole piece of artwork. Because the apartment was so small, I hung it in the bathroom—the perfect place for her photo since I could share it with my roommates, who of course were also art lovers!”

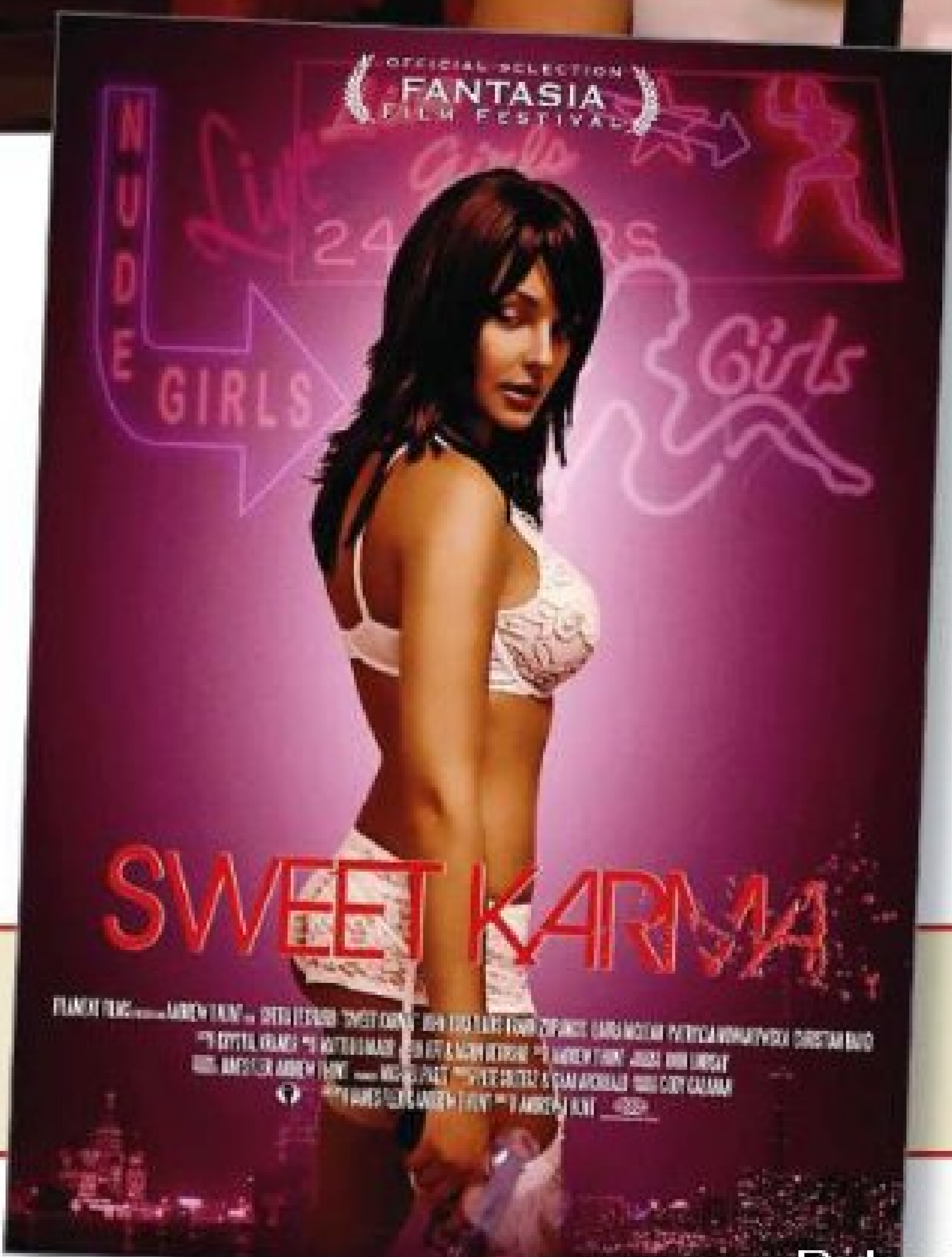


EXTRA! EXTRA!

Here’s some celebrity news of our own: Miss May 2006 **Alison Waite**, a longtime semiregular contributor to the entertainment-news show *Extra*, will now be filing dispatches five days a week. As the program’s Las Vegas correspondent, she will continue to report from the Planet Hollywood Resort & Casino—the home of the Extra Lounge. (Special in-house *Extra* programming also runs throughout the hotel.) Alison’s beat? The star-studded parties therein and man-on-the-Strip interviews.



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SCENE-STEALER

We first told you about Miss November 2010 **Shera Bechard**’s film *Sweet Karma* a few issues back. But her superb performance begs the question, will she act again? “If I could do the right role justice,” she says. “I’ve turned down a couple of roles because I didn’t feel I was good enough. I think if you can’t do something right, you shouldn’t do it at all.”

Miss August 2001 **Jennifer Walcott** has endorsed **Mustache Madness**, which raises funds for cancer research.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Talk about lady luck. In October, Miss January 2010 **Jaime Faith Edmondson** brought her smile and green Bunny suit to the Seminole Casino in Coconut Creek, Florida for a fortuitous meet-and-greet with its male clientele.... Around the same time, the paparazzi spotted Miss May 1996 **Shauna Sand** taking her daughters pumpkin picking at the Mr. Bones Pumpkin Patch in West Hollywood—the scene of the sexy photo below.... On Halloween, Miss July 2007 **Tiffany Selby** helped



host a party for women’s shoemaker Chinese Laundry at the MyHouse nightclub in Hollywood. Her in-house support system? None other than Hef and Miss December 2009 **Crystal Harris**.... Miss November 2009 **Kelley Thompson** checked in with us just days after she gave birth to her first child: “I wanted to share the news that **Ryan Jace Thompson** was born on August 24, 2010. He weighs eight pounds, nine ounces and is 22 and a quarter inches long.



Everything went very well and quick. We are all healthy and great!”... Last fall Miss March 2009 **Jennifer Pershing** served as a Playboy ambassador to Asia. In her official capacity she visited Taiwan, South Korea and Japan—all in an effort to promote Playboy TV networks in those countries. She also found time to purchase a few mementos to commemorate her trip—namely a kimono (below) and Asian art—as well as share a Twitpic of her Japanese accommodations. “One hotel room in Japan,” she tweeted. “You can see the living room, living space and bathroom door in the one photo.”



Miss July 2008 **Laura Croft** marked National Nachos Day on November 6 by noshing on the chips at Hussong’s Cantina in Las Vegas.

DID YOU KNOW ?



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PLAYBOY FORUM

PRIVACY, PLEASE

HOW FACEBOOK JEOPARDIZES YOUR PRIVATE LIFE

BY LORI ANDREWS

A few summers ago two University of Illinois students spent an evening barhopping. In between stops, one of them urinated behind a bush. Campus police spotted him, but he was able to slip away. A cop did question the student's friend, who claimed he didn't know the fleeing drinker. But when the officer later looked on the friend's Facebook page, he discovered that wasn't exactly true—the two students were indeed friends (or Facebook friends at least). Long story short: The urinator was fined \$145; his friend faced a heavier penalty (\$195) for obstruction of justice.

As we begin to live parallel lives on the web, our privacy rights are slipping away. Colleges and companies routinely search Facebook and Twitter to determine whether to admit students or hire employees. According to a 2009 Harris poll, 35 percent of employers have rejected job applicants because of information gleaned from social networks—the person may have dressed provocatively in photos, written about drinking or complained about past employers, co-workers or clients. A 16-year-old girl was fired from a U.K. marketing firm for writing on Facebook that her job was boring, even though the company's name wasn't mentioned. And when workers at a New Jersey restaurant established a password-protected MySpace page to grouse about their employer, their online complaints cost them their jobs.

Insurers, too, seek access to social-media posts. In New Jersey, the parents of two teenage girls sued Horizon Blue Cross Blue Shield for coverage of medical expenses related to eating disorders. Horizon argued that the disorders were due to emotional and social pressures, not a medical condition. The judge granted Horizon's request for access to the girls' "writings" related to eating disorders on social-networking sites. The case was settled when Horizon granted broader coverage. But in other instances, a legal order to expose social-network information may cause plaintiffs to drop a case to avoid the emotional distress of having their most private thoughts made public.

When the founding fathers drafted the Constitution, they sought to protect people's privacy in their homes. And as new technologies have emerged, the Supreme Court has continued to value privacy. In 1967, after cops placed a wiretap on an L.A. phone booth and recorded a local man calling Boston and Miami bookies, the Supreme Court protected his

privacy, enunciating a legal test that is still used today: Did the person have an "expectation of privacy"?

But what is our expectation of privacy in the era of social media? In 2009 a California appellate court declared "no reasonable person would have had an expectation of privacy" for a social-network post. But courts are abdicating their responsibility to protect privacy when they come to such a conclusion. This is like saying we shouldn't have laws against Peeping Toms since, if you own a house with windows, anyone can look in. By defining the expectation of privacy as an objective matter (all

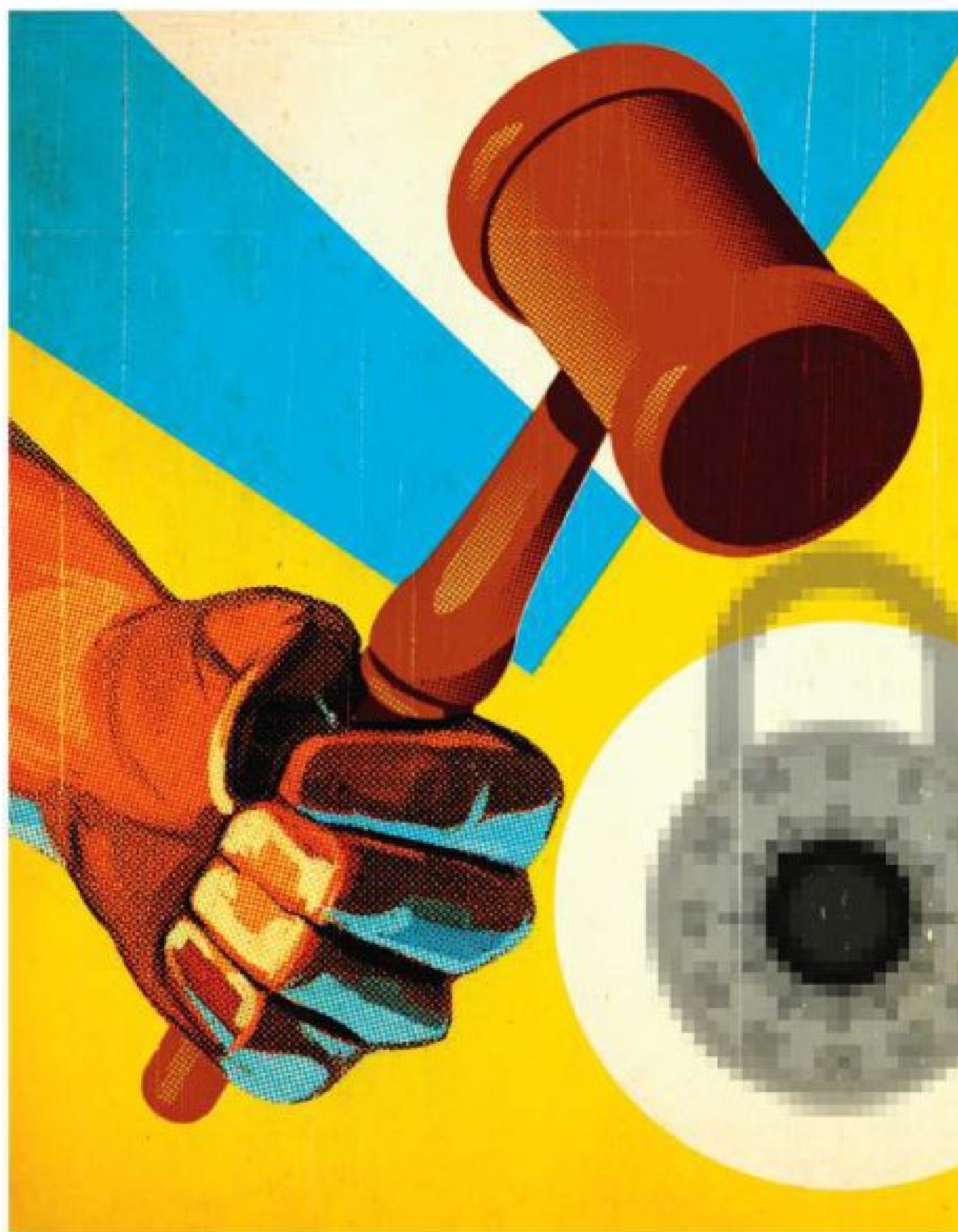
digital information is accessible by someone), the courts have failed to recognize that people often believe their postings are available only to their friends.

What can be done to ensure that people who join social networks have as much privacy protection as people who enter phone booths? Here are my suggestions:

Courts and legislatures need to recognize the importance of privacy. Disclosure of private posts and e-mails can be emotionally devastating. When a college student briefly posted a derogatory poem about her hometown on her MySpace page, the high school principal gave the poem to the local newspaper, which published it under the student's name. Her family received death threats and had to abandon their business. While the court refused to acknowledge the girl's privacy rights, it did say she might have a legal claim for intentional infliction of emotional distress.

People should be able to control their privacy settings. About 25 percent of Facebook users employ privacy settings, but many others may just not know how. And some privacy choices are thwarted when a social network changes its protocols. A 2009 complaint filed by the Electronic Privacy Information Center with the Federal Trade Commission shows the harm that occurred when Facebook changed its policy so that lists of friends and affiliations were designated as public information no longer subject to users' privacy controls. In Iran, authorities questioned or detained the Facebook "friends" of Tehran's U.S.-based critics. Facebook subsequently reversed its policy and now allows users to control the privacy of their friends list. To protect against such abuses, privacy settings should be designed so people have to "opt in" to wider dissemination rather than having to "opt out."

Fake friending to obtain information should be forbidden.



TAVIS COBURN

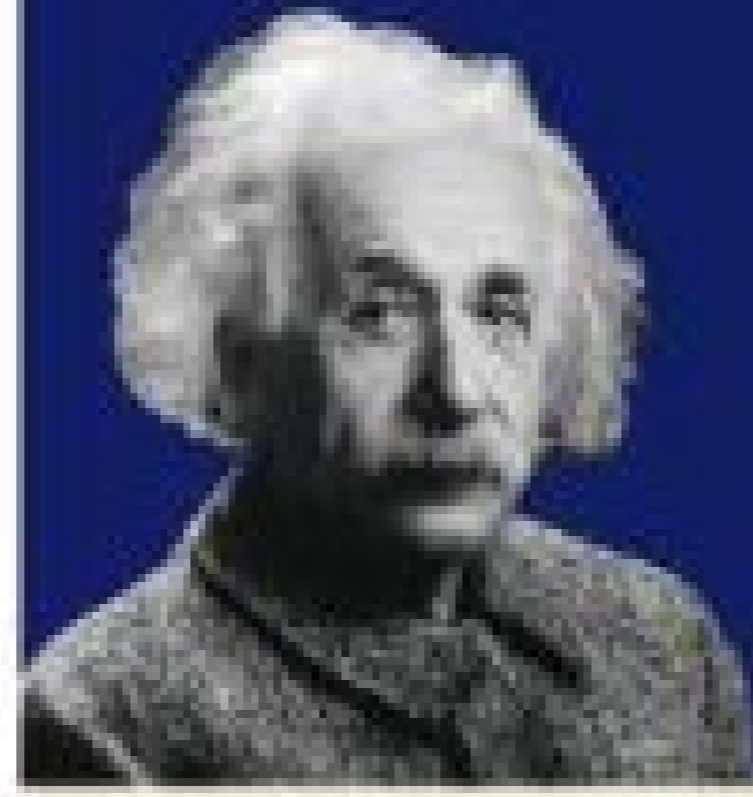
The California legislature recently passed an “e-personation” ban, making it a crime to impersonate someone within a social-media network. In 2009 the Philadelphia Bar Association’s Professional Guidance Committee concluded that lawyers can’t ask other people to “friend” a witness to gather evidence to impeach the witness. The committee was adamant that it didn’t matter if the person was willing to accede to all friend requests: “Deception is deception, regardless of the victim’s wariness in her interactions on the Internet and susceptibility to being deceived.” A lawyer claimed that fake friending was no different from videotaping a plaintiff in a personal-injury case to show she wasn’t really injured. The committee disagreed, considering social networks to be a private space. While lawyers may be able to videotape a witness in public, fake friending would be like posing as a utility worker and using a hidden camera to film someone inside her home.

Employers and insurers should be forbidden from using social-network information. In the U.K., insurers want to raise home-insurance rates for people who merely *possess* a Facebook page because thieves—including a robbery ring in New Hampshire—use posts about vacations as a guide for break-ins. In contrast, proposed legislation in Germany would restrict the use of social media by employers so they can’t deny employment or promotion based on social-network postings.

If judges don’t correctly apply existing privacy doctrines to social networks, new laws should be enacted. When Robert Bork was nominated for the Supreme Court in 1987, *Washington City Paper* attempted to discredit him by publishing his movie-rental records. In response, Congress passed a law protecting the privacy of such information. The bill’s sponsor, Vermont Democratic senator Patrick Leahy, noted that privacy protections are needed in “an era of interactive television cables, the growth of computer checking and checkout counters, of security systems and telephones, all lodged together in computers.” If what I rent from Netflix can remain a secret, then the more intimate information about my political affiliation, workplace woes and opinions about friends should be even better protected.

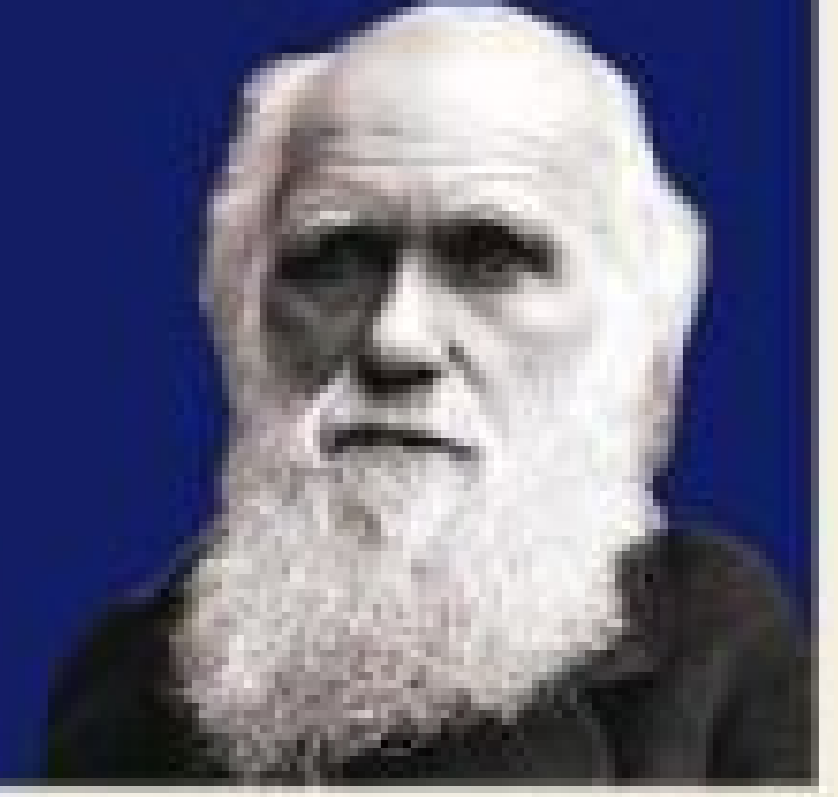
Court decisions on the use of social-media information test the boundaries of privacy and free speech—and raise emotional issues of stigmatization, betrayal and discrimination. If we don’t act quickly, our long-revered tradition of privacy will soon be as antiquated as the Commodore 64.

Lori Andrews is a law professor at Chicago-Kent College of Law, where she directs the Institute for Science, Law and Technology.



THE BORN-AGAIN SCIENTIST

SPIRITUALITY COMES TO THE LAB



BY CHRIS MOONEY

Peter Doherty may seem like an odd choice for a speaker at the 2009 Council for a Parliament of the World’s Religions, a giant interfaith conference held every five or so years. After all, the 1996 Nobel laureate in medicine isn’t religious *per se*. He attended a Methodist church growing up, but he now describes himself as an agnostic. Nor has Doherty’s career in immunology—capped by the discovery of how our immune system recognizes cells infested with viruses—left much time for sustained interaction with religious believers. Nevertheless, Doherty describes himself as “spiritual.”

In fact, Doherty is among a growing number of nonreligious researchers who view scientific inquiry itself as a spiritual quest—a trend that has the potential to dramatically upend the idea that science and religion must be in conflict. Rice University sociologist Elaine Howard Ecklund recently surveyed nearly 1,700 scientists at top U.S. universities about their beliefs. Her most surprising finding was a prevalence of spirituality detached from traditional religion—20 percent of the scientists fit this category. These researchers would appear to be surfing the same “spirituality revolution” sweeping society more generally: In an April survey of 1,200 Americans ages 18 to 29—the so-called millennials—72 percent said they were “really more spiritual than religious.”

TO BE SURE, spirituality can be a slippery term. We usually define it on an individual level and outside any formal religious context. For instance, spiritual

scientists tend to view the world differently than most Americans who embrace the label—and who are often interested in angels, demons and mix-and-match religious eclecticism.

WHEN SCIENTISTS feel spiritual it often has more to do with a glorious feeling that comes with contemplating the natural world or the universe—a feeling made all the more intense by scientists’ capacity to peer beneath the surface of things and achieve a deeper understanding. Spiritual physicists feel

mystical, even spooked, that their equations can describe verifiable occurrences on the quantum scale; spiritual biologists, meanwhile, marvel at the intricate interconnectedness of nature. Says Doherty, “Spiritual experience for a religious person can manifest as the infinite wonder of God. In a scientist it can

manifest as the infinite wonder of the creation and the world around us—and how this has come about and how extraordinary it is.”

But can scientists who say they are awestruck by nature and moved by their research really relate to more traditional religious spiritual experiences, à la those reported by saints? Aren’t “awe” and “wonder” nondescript notions that add emotional embroidery to the brute facts of the universe? Perhaps not. Feelings of awe, wonder and mystery recur in the context of human quests for deeper understanding or revelation. In his 1917 work *The Idea of the Holy*, German theologian Rudolf Otto singled out a sense of awe as a key characteristic of our encounters with what he termed the “numinous”—an overwhelming power or presence beyond ourselves.



Science can unleash this feeling too. Just sit in a darkened room and look at nebula pictures from the Hubble Space Telescope, as University of Rochester astrophysicist Adam Frank describes doing in his book *The Constant Fire: Beyond the Science vs. Religion Debate*. "Scientists are not the only ones who catch their collective breath before these pictures," he writes. "The momentary hush and the gasp that follows are involuntary."

TODAY'S SPIRITUAL scientists even have a patron saint: Albert Einstein, who spoke of his "cosmic religious feeling" and his "feeling of awe at the scheme that is manifested in the material universe." Einstein saw no reason to believe in a personal God or the supernatural. But he called himself a "deeply religious nonbeliever" because of the reverence he felt when contemplating the intricacy and mystery of the universe and trying to understand it. Knowledge, in the Einsteinian worldview, thus becomes the new sacred. It is the dearest thing we have.

You may argue that Charles Darwin was another spiritual leader of modern science. While he ultimately concluded he would have to remain an agnostic with respect to God, Darwin expressed great wonder at the diversity and interconnectedness of nature. Take this passage from *The Voyage of the Beagle*:

"AMONG THE SCENES which are deeply impressed on my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Tierra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature: No one can stand in these solitudes unmoved and not

feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body."

As Darwin biographer James Moore has put it, Darwin's scientific creed was that "great things are caused by little things." Or as Darwin opined, "We are all netted together." He finished *The Origin of Species* on a powerfully spiritual note: "There is grandeur in this view of life with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved."

SO YOU COULD SAY that today Einstein and Darwin serve as scientific and

Indeed, scientists now demonstrate that the spiritual experience itself likely emerges from our biology. According to researchers who are studying the human brain during meditation and those contemplating our evolutionary origins, it looks as though spirituality may be hardwired into our bodies, physically proving that the spiritual experience is universal and shared.

SCIENCE IS ALSO the core basis for helping to preserve the conditions in which such spiritual experiences can occur. The scientific spirituality of people such as Peter Doherty today engenders a new quest—to save the planet. (The title of his panel at the Parliament of the World's Religions: "Science and Spirituality: Building

New Partnership to Heal the Earth.") And on this count Doherty has impressive company. In his book *The Creation*, celebrated Harvard biologist E.O. Wilson makes a spiritual appeal to religious believers for help in preserving the diversity of species on Earth. Similarly, other scientists have reached out to religious audiences to find allies in the fight against climate change and for environmental protections.

THERE IS, after

all, a common interest between scientists and believers: Secular or otherwise, we cannot have spiritual experiences without an Earth to have them on. "Whether you believe all life reflects the operation of evolution or God's good grace, our responsibility to future generations is to ensure that the creation is preserved in all its magnificence," says Doherty. "That will happen only if those who live by science and/or by faith can work together in an atmosphere of mutual tolerance and respect."

Chris Mooney is author of The Republican War on Science and Unscientific America.



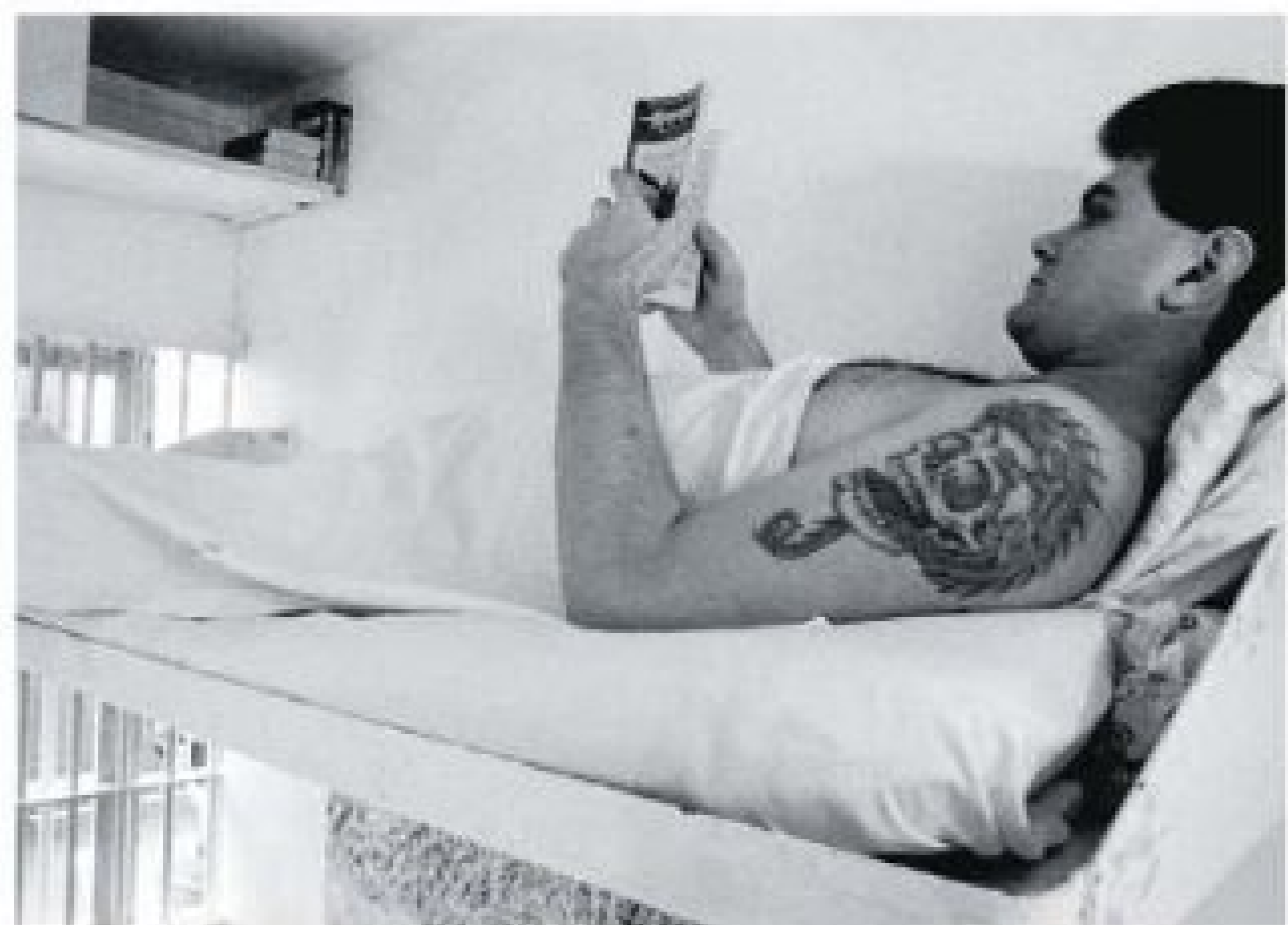
spiritual exemplars—speaking to successive generations of researchers not only intellectually through their most famous theories but also emotionally through their writings. Therefore, rather than vanquishing religion, modern science might have helped to unleash the human spirit and free it from traditional religious constraints.

The result? At least for some, the need for spiritual fulfillment can now be satisfied outside the context of supernatural creeds. And the sacred, which is the object of the spiritual quest, can now be found in nature and in a search for an understanding of it.

READER RESPONSE

ERRORS IN JUDGMENT

Death penalty foes such as sociology professor Michael Radelet can sound intelligent (*Reader Response*, September), but what do you do with monsters such



Cameron Todd Willingham on death row.

as Steven Hayes and Joshua Komisarjevsky, who tortured the Petit family in Cheshire, Connecticut in 2007, before murdering Jennifer Hawke-Petit and her two daughters, Hayley, 17, and Michaela, 11?

Eric Liegot

Southington, Connecticut

No one is shedding tears for psychopaths. But what do you do about the more difficult cases, such as that of Cameron Todd Willingham, who was executed by the state of Texas in 2004 after being convicted of setting a fire that killed his three children? He refused to plead guilty in exchange for a life sentence and is now thought to have been innocent. (The Death Penalty Information Center says there is strong evidence that at least seven other executed prisoners were wrongly convicted.) What do you do with a case like that of Teresa Lewis, the borderline-retarded woman who was executed in September by the state of Virginia? She was convicted of hiring two men to murder her husband and stepson for insurance money; the killers, who defense attorneys say talked Lewis into the plot, received life sentences. Life gets complicated when the state decides who will die.

Radelet decries the death penalty and the gas chamber in particular, arguing the condemned experience “intense fear, panic and terror.” But that’s also what murder victims experience, which is why 65 percent of Americans, including me, support capital punishment.

Carlo Cofield

Benwood, West Virginia

According to a 2006 Gallup poll, when given an alternative, more Americans support life in prison with no possibility of parole (48 percent) than support the death penalty (47 percent).

VOTE FOR MARY JANE

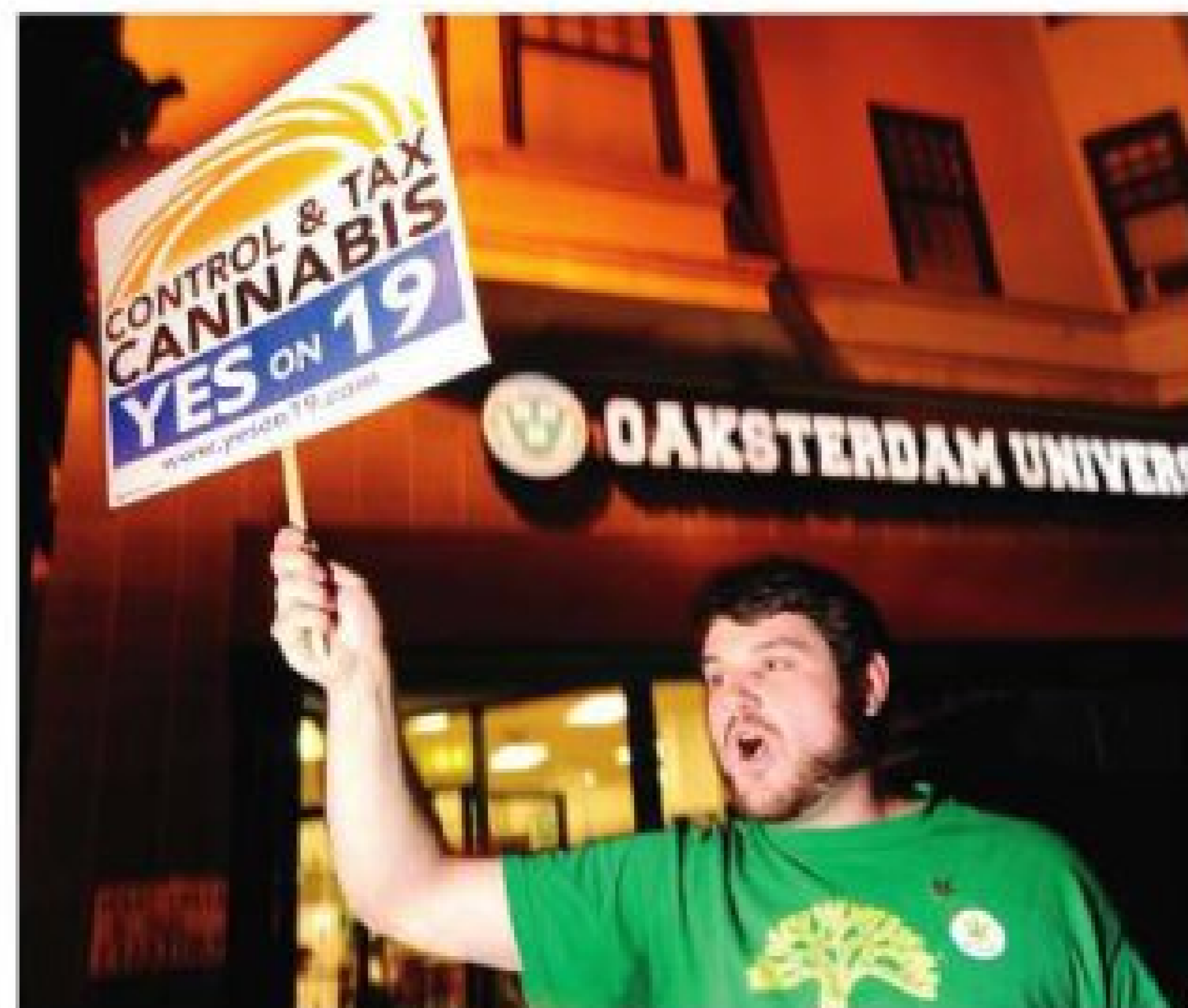
While generating new revenue is one reason to end decades of failed marijuana prohibition, stopping mass arrests of low-level offenders is a better one (“California’s Joint Session,” October). It’s commonly thought that marijuana is already essentially legal in California and not widely policed elsewhere. In fact, police arrest more than 750,000 people in the U.S. each year for possession of small amounts of marijuana, accounting for nearly half of drug arrests. At the heart of this arrest epidemic are profound racial disparities. African Americans are arrested for possession at multiple times the rate of whites, even though young blacks consume marijuana at lower rates than young whites. Being arrested for possession creates a public record that can lead to loss of employment, student aid, child custody, subsidized housing, voting privileges, adoption rights and certain welfare benefits such as food stamps. Legalizing marijuana will end a massive waste of law enforcement resources. It’s also a civil rights priority.

Stephen Gutwillig

Los Angeles, California

Gutwillig is the California state director of the Drug Policy Alliance (drugpolicy.org).

As a pro-pot resident of Oklahoma, which has the toughest marijuana regulations and penalties in the country,



Proposition 19 failed, but the fight continues.

I often feel like an outcast. So you can imagine the high I got from reading the October *Forum*. I agree with Paul Krassner, who in “California’s Joint Session” notes the insanity of America’s priorities. Anyone with minimal knowledge of or personal experience with marijuana knows that it is ridiculous to treat it as a dangerous drug comparable to cocaine or heroin. And

as Mark Kleiman writes in “Blowing Smoke,” it would be liberating for our government to lift the ban on what he rightly considers the world’s safest recreational intoxicant. But would commercialization of cannabis do more harm than good? As *PLAYBOY* readers know, to enjoy the greatest and simplest pleasures in life you sometimes have to combat the closed-minded majority to be accepted, savored and, eventually, celebrated.

Bonnie Burgess

Ponca City, Oklahoma

The fight to end marijuana prohibition is not limited to California. Medical



The 1938 film hoped to be a weed killer.

marijuana laws exist in 14 states and D.C. and as I write this are being considered in a dozen more. Public opinion is quickly moving away from “reefer madness” and toward a system of taxing and regulating marijuana like alcohol—a legal drug that’s far more harmful than marijuana but can also be used responsibly. In the next few years there will be serious efforts to pass ballot measures to create legal markets in Colorado, Washington, Oregon and other states. Even some legislatures, including those in Rhode Island and New Hampshire, have considered bills and created commissions to study marijuana regulation. As more states enact sensible reforms, the federal government will need to reexamine its own failed policies. Prohibition’s days are numbered.

Mike Meno

Washington, D.C.

Meno is director of communications for the Marijuana Policy Project (mpp.org).

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**Jesus Saves**

MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS—After two men stopped their car facing the wrong way on a street that leads to the Cook County Sheriff's Department, officers went to investigate. In the trunk they found 50 kilograms of cocaine worth \$19.4 million. What tipped them off? Besides the traffic violation, the fact both men appeared nervous and the driver not having a license, officers noticed a statue on the center console of Jesus Malverde, the 19th century "narco saint" to whom Mexican traffickers pray for protection from police. Malverde, who historians doubt existed (he's likely an amalgam of two bandits from the state of Sinaloa), has a reputation as a Mexican Robin Hood. He was supposedly martyred by government agents in 1909. Numerous legends have arisen about him: that he was a tailor, construction worker or railroad hand, turned to crime after his parents died of hunger, was betrayed by a friend for 10,000 pesos and died of gangrene from an arrow wound. Malverde's first miracle, legend says, was to locate a lost cow. His most recent, apparently, did not involve saving two bungling smugglers near Chicago.

Pop Icons

MOSCOW—A judge convicted two curators of inciting religious and ethnic hatred with a 2007 exhibit at the Sakharov Museum called Forbidden Art. It included an advertisement with Jesus, McDonald's golden arches and the words *This is my body*; an icon of the Virgin Mary made of caviar; a work called *Chechen Marilyn*, which shows a veiled woman with her

dress billowing up; and a painting of Jesus with the head of Mickey Mouse. Prosecutors filed charges following a complaint from the Russian Orthodox Church. The judge fined the men but did not send them to jail.

Death, Taxes and Fees

LIVONIA, MICHIGAN—City officials announced they may start charging residents a one

percent administrative fee to collect, process and distribute property taxes. The Michigan Treasury Department says 75 percent of the 1,800 municipalities that collect property taxes already charge a collection fee.

The Nose of Freedom

CLAYTON, NORTH CAROLINA—A federal judge ordered Clayton High administrators to readmit a freshman who had been suspended four times for refusing to remove her nose stud. The student and her mother, who say they are members of the Church of Body Modification (uscobm.com), argue the stud is a religious symbol that should be exempted from the school dress code.

Happy Hours

AMERSFOORT, THE NETHERLANDS—A clinic for homeless alcoholics has taken a novel approach to the problem of binge drinking. Centrum Maliebaan, which opened in 2009, allows patients to consume enough booze to maintain a "light buzz," i.e., five liters of beer a day with at least an hour

between each pint. This keeps their heads clear, says the center's director, so they are better able to receive treatment.

Best Legs Forward

PARIS—Following the passage of a law that starting in 2011 will forbid women from wearing full head coverings, two college students took to the street in niqabs, shorts and heels. Calling themselves the Niqabitches, the women posted a film online of their visits to government buildings. They said they were not trying to insult Muslims but to protest the government dictating what people can wear.



The Hoff's Special Lady

Meet ANOUSKA DE GEORGIU, a British socialite and singer who is now dating David Hasselhoff. What's that deafening noise? The wailing of fräuleins throughout Germany.

Fangs for the Memories

Fifteen months ago WERONIKA ŻURKOWSKA bared her fangs for a vampire-themed PLAYBOY pictorial. Strangely, it appears she hasn't aged in the ensuing months. Coincidence? We think not.

Forget Me Now

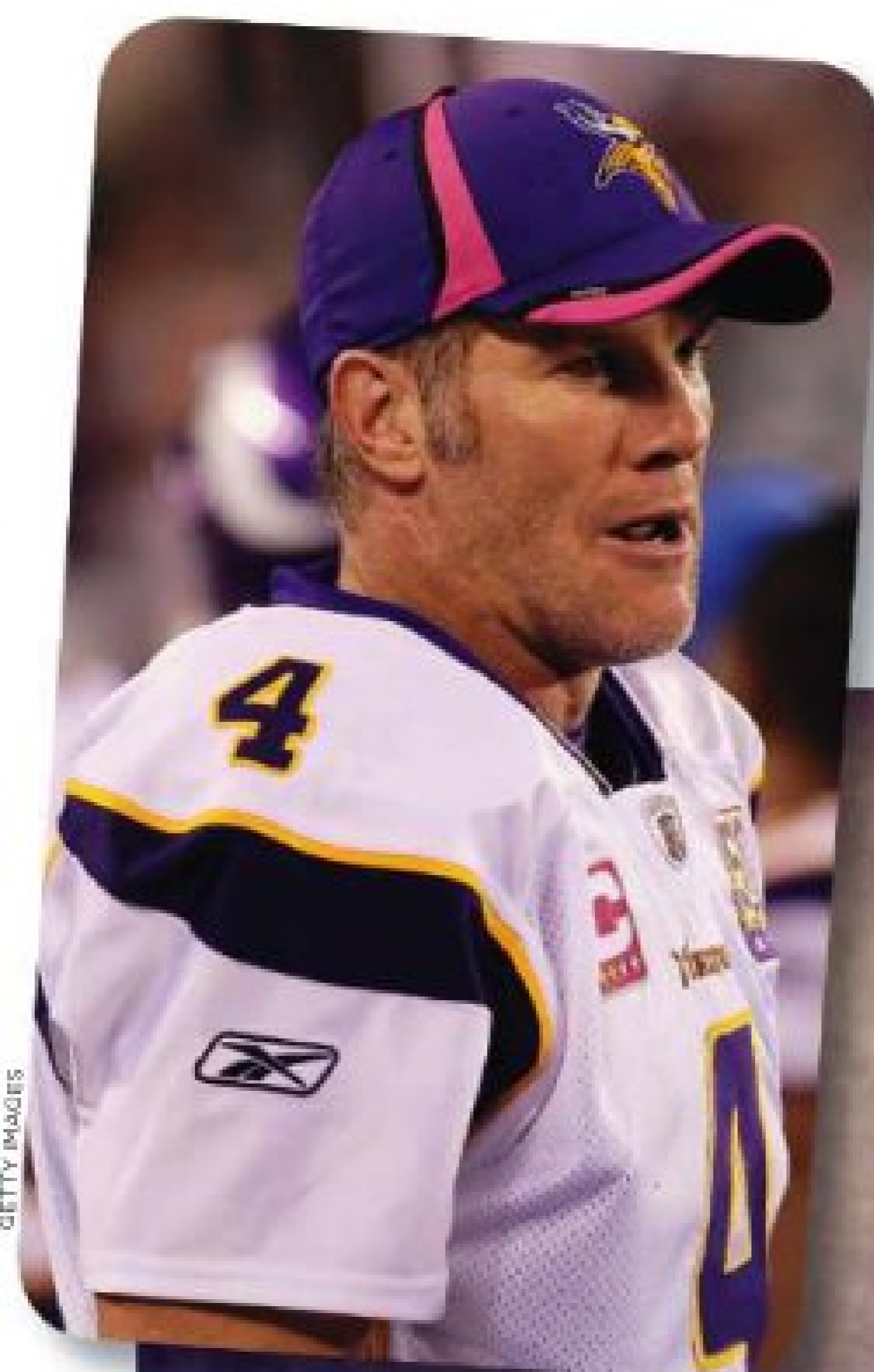
Let us forever banish from your memory the supposed image of Brett Favre's red zone with this PLAYBOY archives photo of a topless JENN STERGER, the recipient of Favre's alleged below-the-belt self-portrait. You're welcome.

Panty Hose—Beyond the Legs

The sartorial portfolio of Dino Alves, a Portuguese designer, has led some to call him a "fashion troublemaker." But after seeing the sheer garments in his 2011 spring-summer collection, we prefer to call him a fashion genius.

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GETTY IMAGES



Colwyn RAYES



RAFAEL MARCHANT/REUTERS/LANDOV

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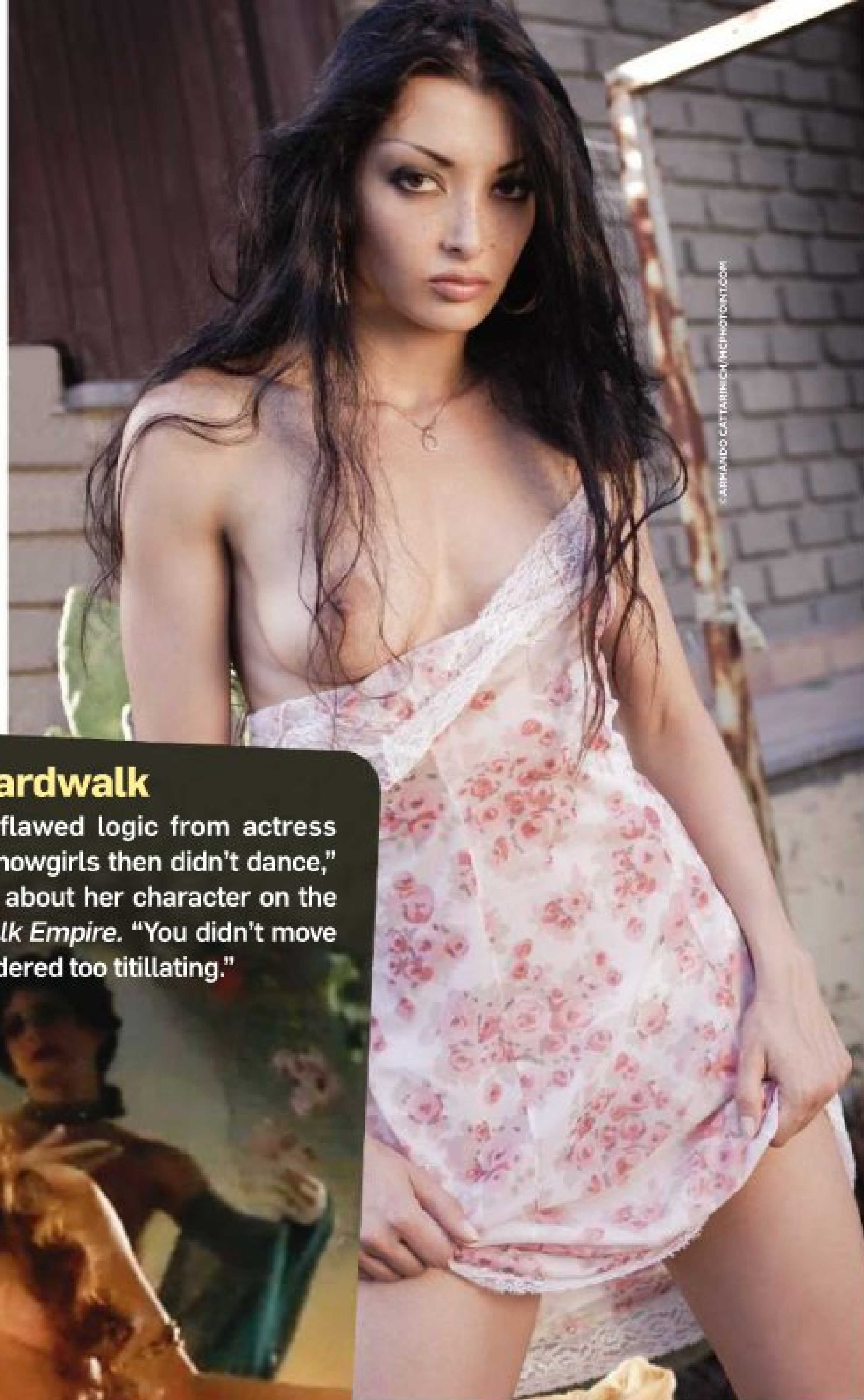


In Lindsay We Trust

Exhibit 25,798 that LINDSAY LOHAN frequently leaves the house sans bra. In her defense, it draws attention away from the jorts and porkpie hat.

When in Rome...

Where is the craziest place Italian beauty VALENTINA CAMMAROTA has been in flagrante delicto? "It may seem incredible," she has admitted, "but it was on the balcony of the Roman Colosseum."



Under the Boardwalk

Here's wonderfully flawed logic from actress GRETCHEN MOL: "Showgirls then didn't dance," she told nymag.com about her character on the HBO series *Boardwalk Empire*. "You didn't move because it was considered too titillating."



Her Wicker Ways

After we saw this photo of British model GEMMA HILES we ordered a subdivision's worth of wicker and rattan furniture. And guess what—we love it!



JENN STERGER QUARTERBACKS OUR YEAR IN SEX.



KEEPING UP WITH LAMAR ODOM.



AZIZ ANSARI: HE'S GOT JOKES.

NEXT MONTH



THE LFL: THEY PUT THE SKIN IN PIGSKIN.

THE YEAR IN SEX—FROM PROVOCATIVE ADS TO SHOCKING TELL-ALLS, WE HAVE IT COVERED. A ROUNDUP OF THE MOST SALACIOUS PEOPLE, MOMENTS AND HAPPENINGS OF 2010.

NARCO AMERICANO—WHEN A U.S. EMBASSY EMPLOYEE AND HER HUSBAND WERE GUNNED DOWN LAST YEAR IN JUÁREZ, THE MESSAGE CAME IN LOUD AND CLEAR: VIOLENT DRUG CARTELS HOLD NO ONE SACRED IN MEXICO'S BLOODY NARCOTICS WAR.

THE NHL ENFORCER—HE WAS THE LAST OF HIS BREED, A HOCKEY PLAYER WHOSE MAIN OBJECTIVE WAS TO PROTECT HIS TEAMMATES, NOT SCORE GOALS. **KEVIN COOK** LOOKS BACK AT THE TROUBLED LIFE AND TIMES OF BOB PROBERT.

AZIZ ANSARI—IN *20Q* THE OUTRAGEOUS FUNNYMAN CHATS WITH **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ABOUT LIFE AS AN INDIAN REDNECK, HIS MANIACAL OBSESSION WITH FACIAL HAIR AND SUBMITTING PENIS DRAWINGS FOR NETWORK APPROVAL.

THE GAME OF HEARTS—FROM ELEGANT HOTEL SUITES TO TASTY BUBBLY, OUR COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO DELIVERING A HEART-MELTING FULL-COURT PRESS THIS VALENTINE'S DAY.

LISA GLEAVE—*DEAL OR NO DEAL*'S AUSSIE VIXEN CHANNELS BRIGITTE BARDOT FROM *...AND GOD CREATED WOMAN* IN A SEDUCTIVE PICTORIAL.

LAMAR ODOM—IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*, THE LAKERS STAR TALKS TO **JASON BUHRMESTER** ABOUT SEX TAPES, KEEPING UP WITH KHLOÉ KARDASHIAN AND WHY HE'S COOL WITH BEING THE MOST UNSELFISH NBA PLAYER ON THE COURT.

LINGERIE FOOTBALL LEAGUE—HUT, HUT, HIKE! THEY'RE RIPPED, THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL AND THEY'RE NOT AFRAID TO TACKLE ONE ANOTHER. MEET THE SASSY WOMEN OF THE LFL.

THE END OF RICO—WHERE HAVE ALL THE TOUGH GUYS GONE? TODAY'S LEADING MEN ARE AN EPICENE BUNCH, SISSIFIED BY POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND SOCIETY'S PRE-OCCUPATION WITH PRETTY FACES. **NICK TOSCHES** RECALLS THE TOUGH-AS-NAILS GUYS OF HOLLYWOOD'S PAST.

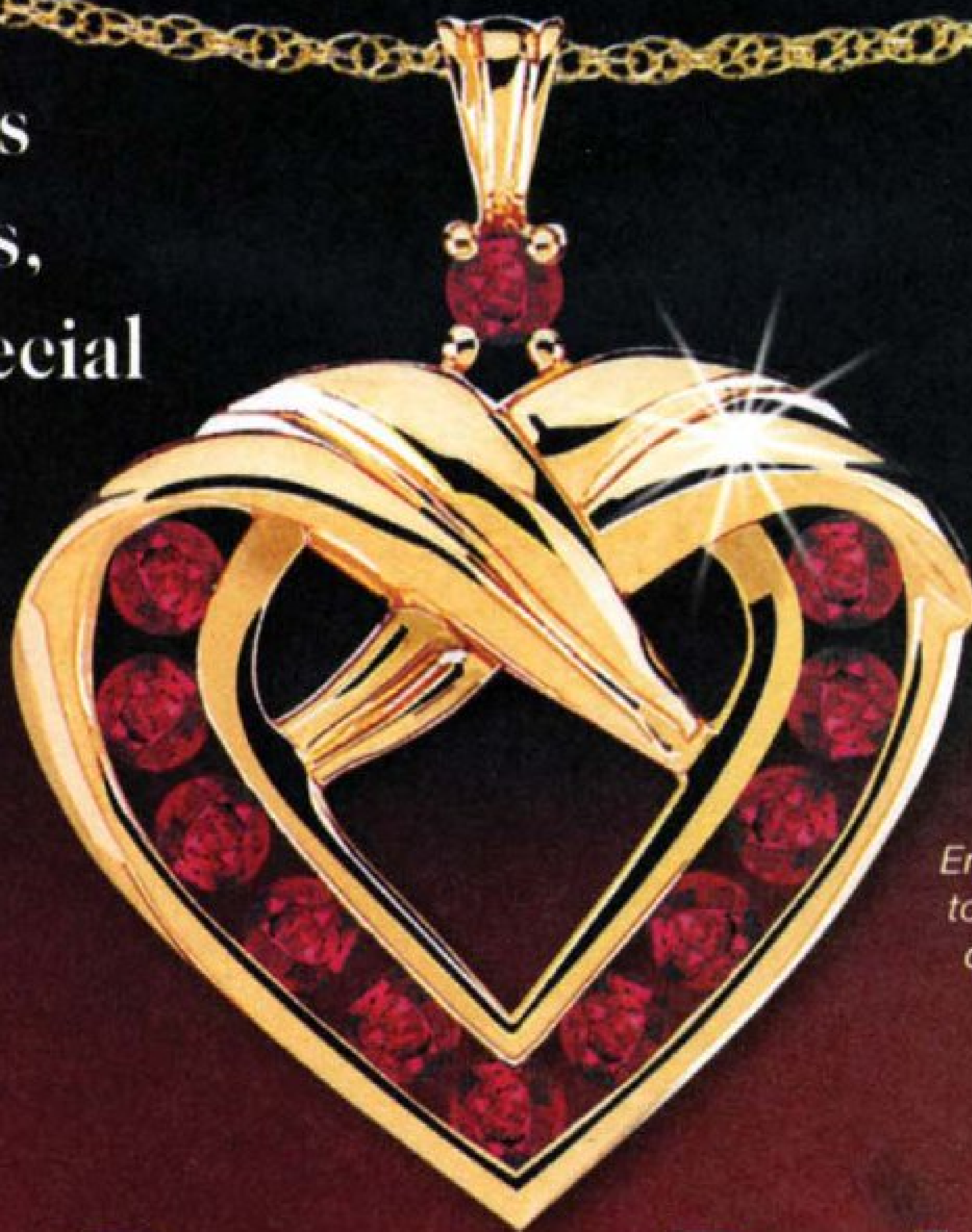
UNTITLED CRIME STORY—IN NEW FICTION FROM *DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS* AUTHOR **WALTER MOSLEY**, TWO MEN SNATCH MILLIONS AND ALMOST GET AWAY WITH MURDER IN A HEIST, BUT IN THE END KARMA CATCHES THEM BY SURPRISE.

ALPINE CHIC—BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO PUT THE FREEZE ON YOUR GOOD FASHION SENSE. LOOK GREAT AND STAY TOASTY WITH STYLISH YET UTILITARIAN WINTER WEATHER GEAR.

PLUS—MISS FEBRUARY **KYLIE JOHNSON**.

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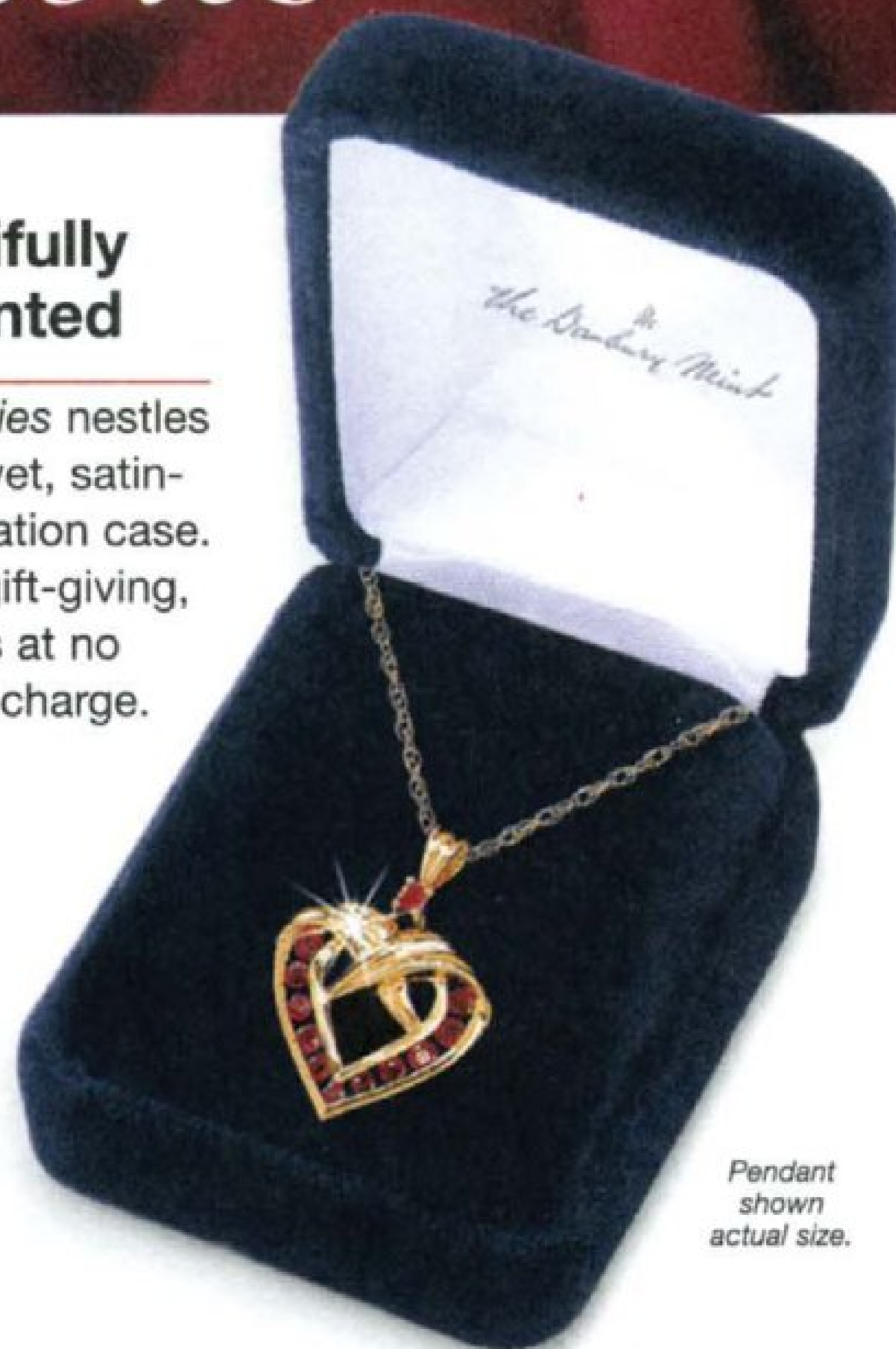


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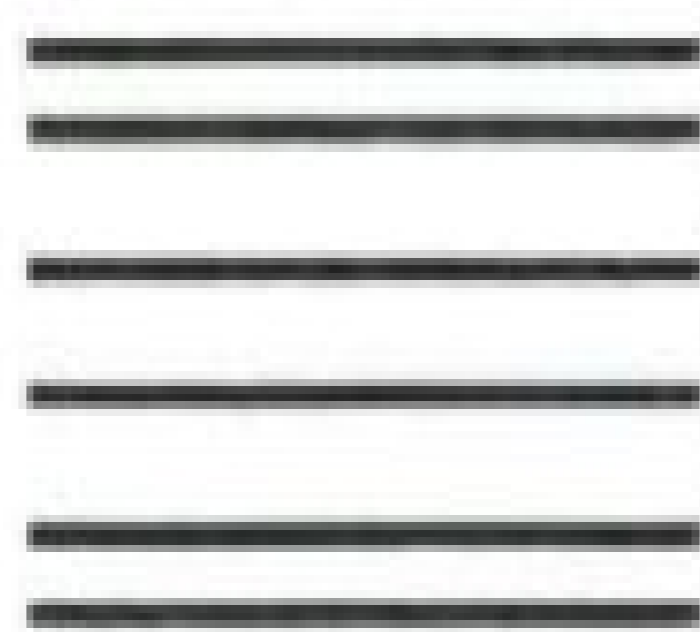
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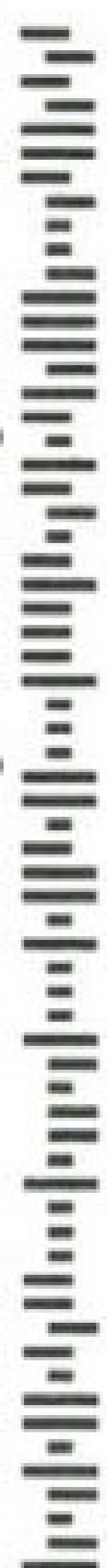
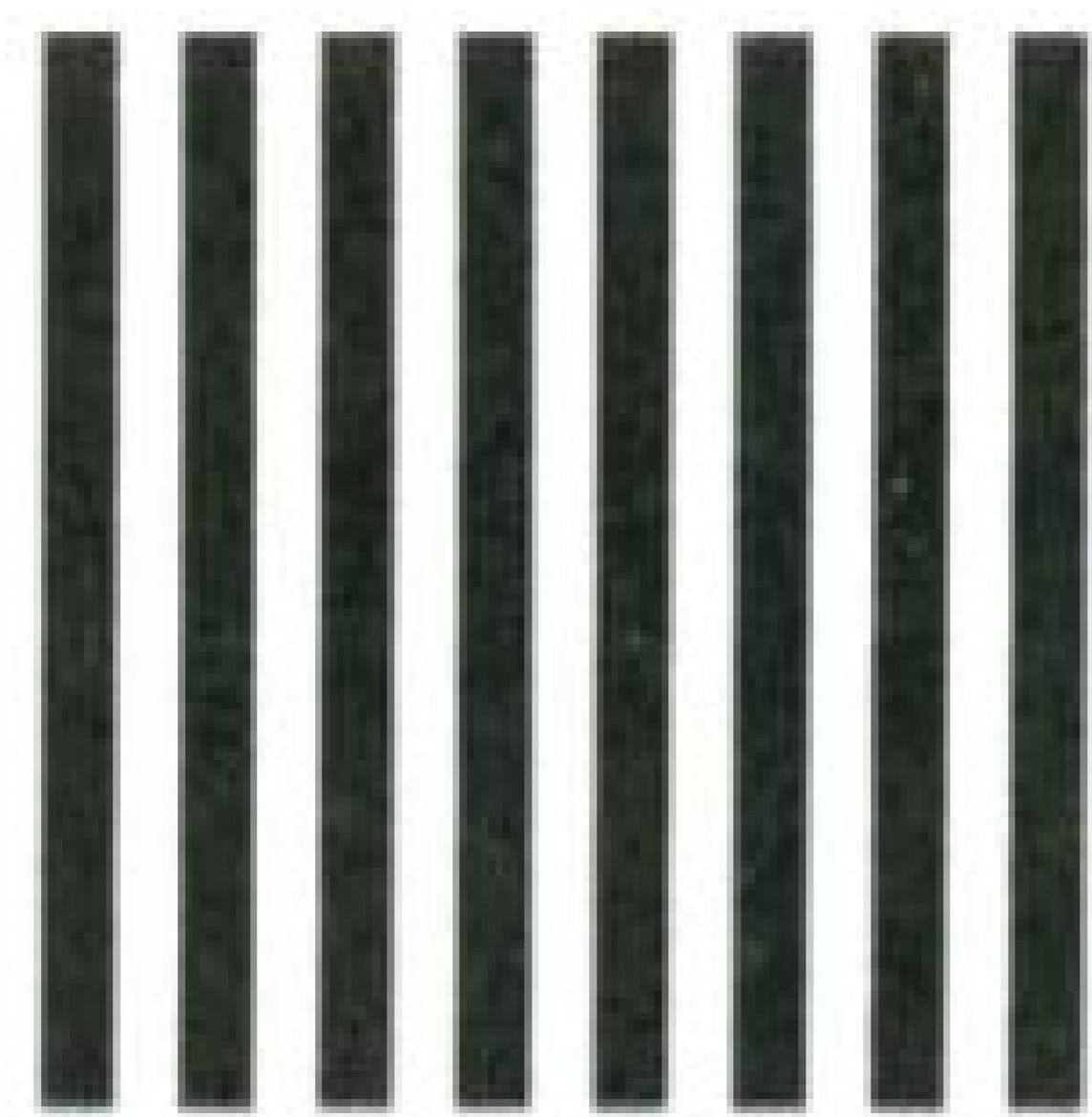
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