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**THE ORIGINAL
BUNNIES**

PLUS

**LAURA
BENANTI**

FROM NBC'S THE PLAYBOY CLUB

**WORLD
EXCLUSIVE!
ITALIAN PM
SILVIO
BERLUSCONI'S
MISTRESS
NUDE**

**GORDON
RAMSAY
20Q**

**NEW WORK BY
PHILIP K. DICK
JOYCE CAROL OATES
MARGARET
ATWOOD
JONATHAN AMES**

**THE INTERVIEW
PAUL RUDD**

**THE GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE
TO HAVING AN AFFAIR
(RULE #1—STAY AWAY
FROM TWITTER)**

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THE LAWS OF PHYSICS.***

***GREAT ENGINEERING
DEFIES THEM.***



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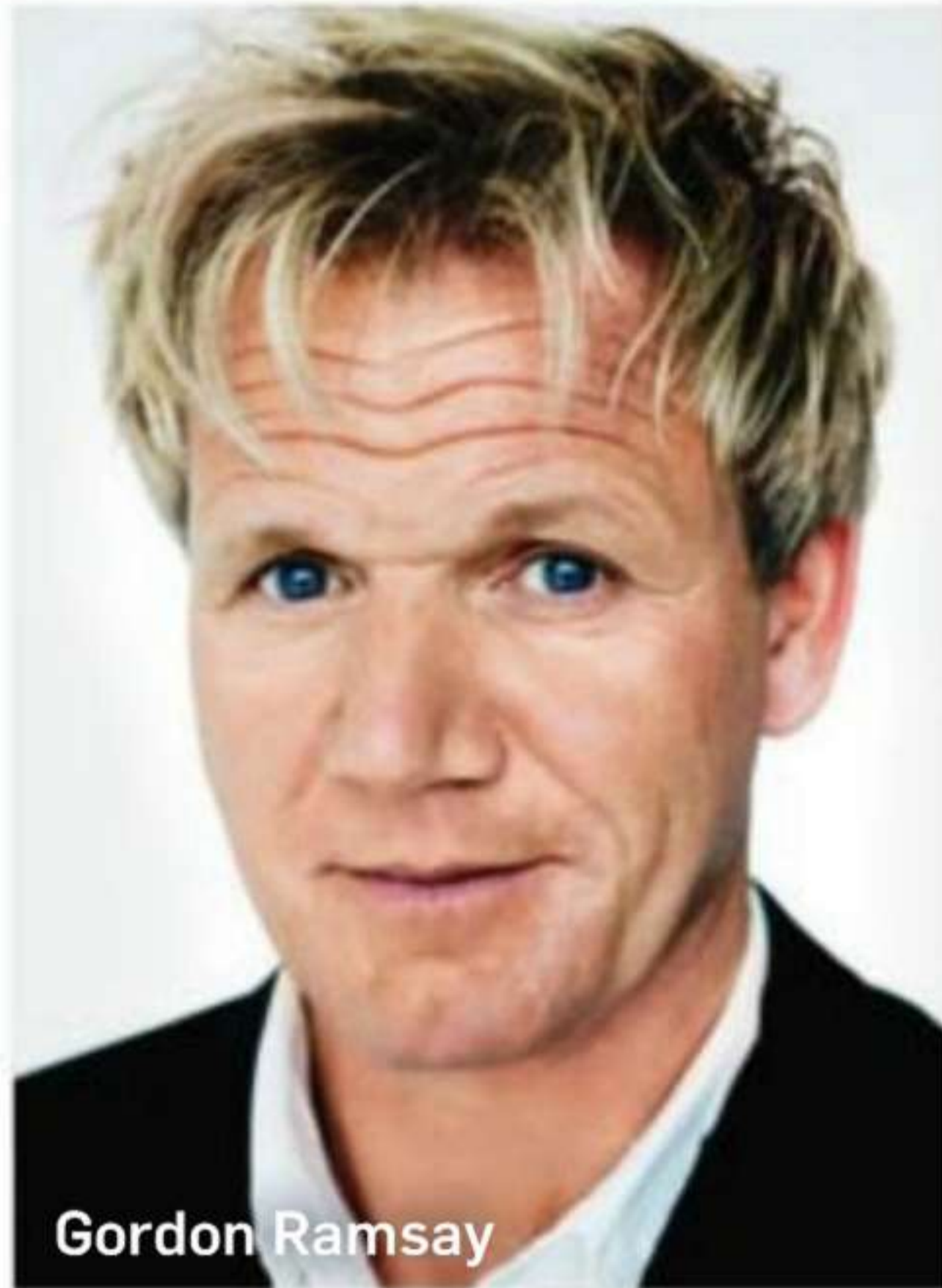


PLAYBILL

Fall has arrived and with it the crisp scent of chilly death. We aren't going to sugarcoat it. Nor does **Joyce Carol Oates**, America's most prolific author and a literary shape-shifter. In *San Quentin* she assumes the voice of a man—a boy, really—who did an awful thing he still doesn't understand and probably never will. The restaurateurs who appear on *Kitchen Nightmares* with **Gordon Ramsay** know the feeling. In *20Q* the volatile chef insists he's not an ass, just passionate about perfection. Cooking, he says, is a lot like sex: "If you want to maximize it, you have to be selfish." We suspect Ramsay's subjects can also relate to the pulp cover art of Margaret Brundage, which often featured innocents being threatened by a fanged creature. In *The Weird Art of Seduction*, Booker Prize winner **Margaret Atwood** shares her appreciation for Brundage's work. Look for Atwood's new collection of essays about sci-fi and speculative fiction, *In Other Worlds*, out this month. Our damsels at the Playboy Clubs put the hot in hot spot. In *The Original Playboy Club Bunnies* we remember the women who inspired the new NBC drama *The Playboy Club* and sit down with one of the show's stars, **Laura Benanti**. After the Russian government approved the opening of the Stalin archives, one document revealed that a commission had been formed in 1929 to examine "Ivanov's proposed interspecies hybridization experiments." In *The Island of Doctor Ivanov* **Rob Magnuson Smith** visits the Sukhumi Primate Center to explore Ilya Ivanov's plans to breed a human-ape soldier. Another frightening but fascinating story is told by Lori Arnold to **Karl Taro Greenfeld** in *Bad, Bad Lori Arnold*. Some have blamed Arnold, whose brother is actor Tom Arnold, for spreading crystal meth throughout the Midwest. At one point she was raking in \$800,000 a month. Arnold cleaned up the hard way—she spent 16 years in prison. Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi has been under legal pressures of his own. Now one of his many lovers, **Evelina Manna**, is seizing her day. Whatever you think of Berlusconi's ethics, our *La Signora* pictorial confirms his great taste in women. Like Evelina, **Paul Rudd** stands out in a crowd. In the *Playboy Interview*, the former bar mitzvah DJ discusses the moves that took him from socially awkward teenager to Hollywood leading man.



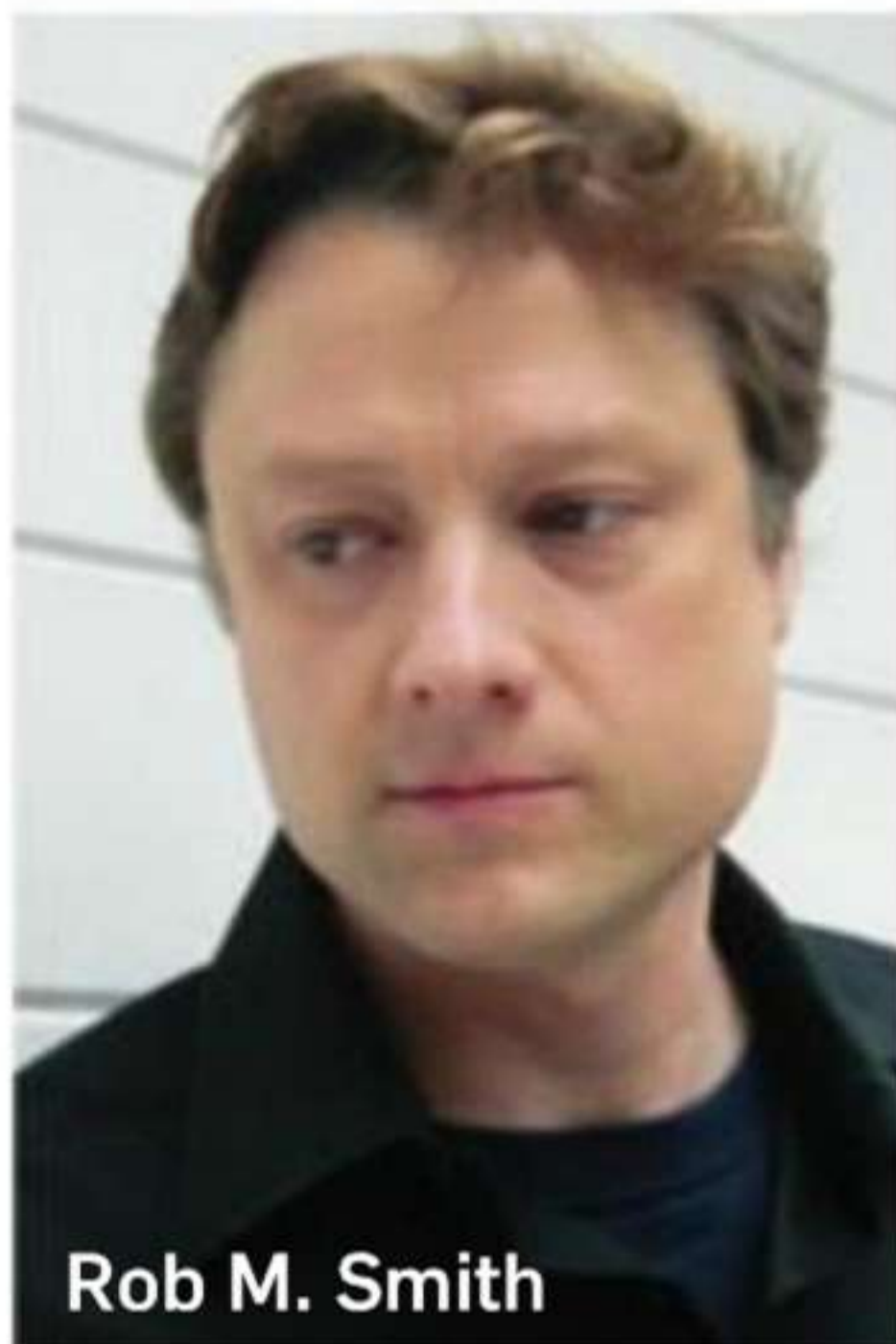
Joyce Carol Oates



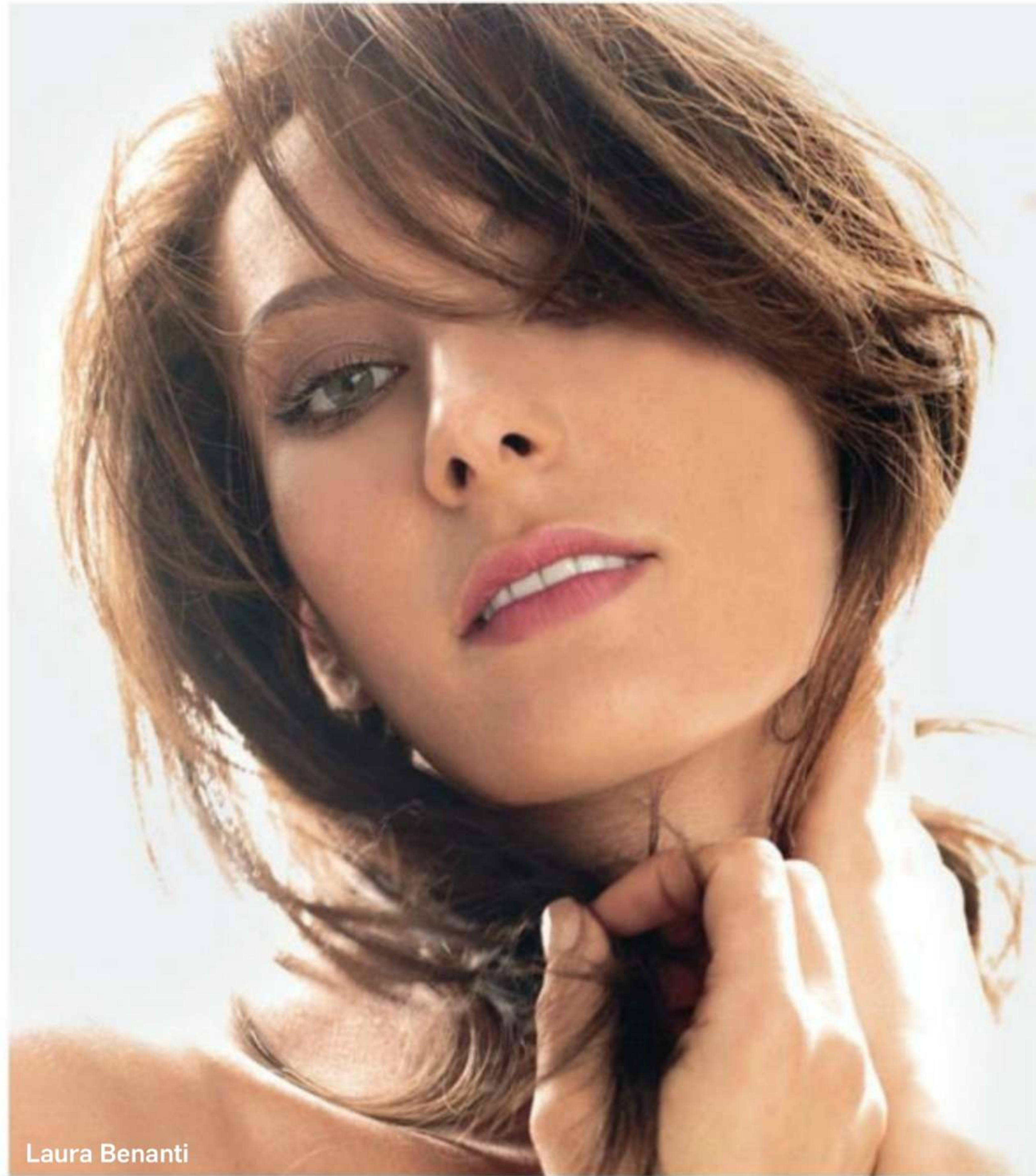
Gordon Ramsay



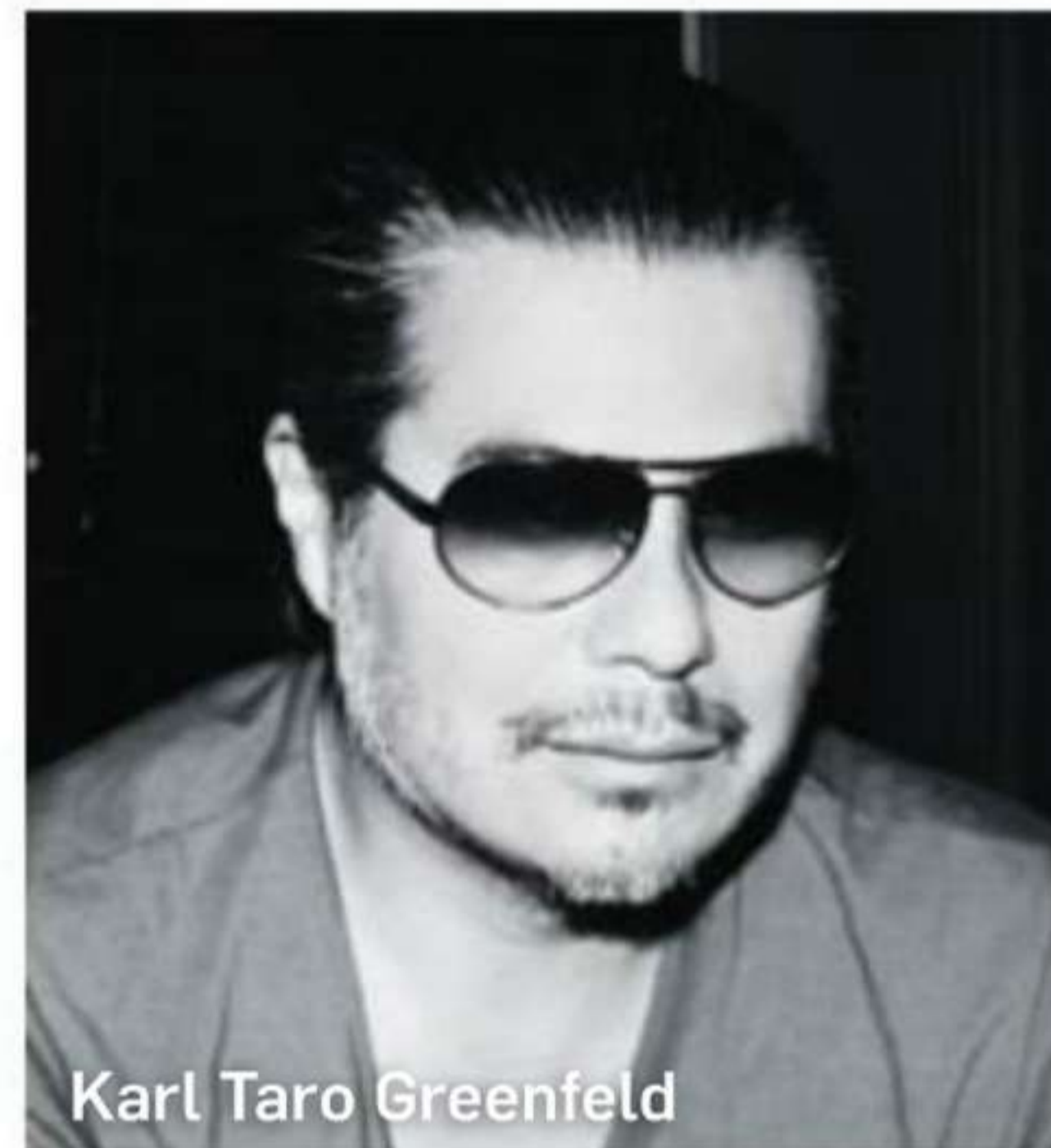
Margaret Atwood



Rob M. Smith



Laura Benanti



Karl Taro Greenfeld



Evelina Manna



Paul Rudd

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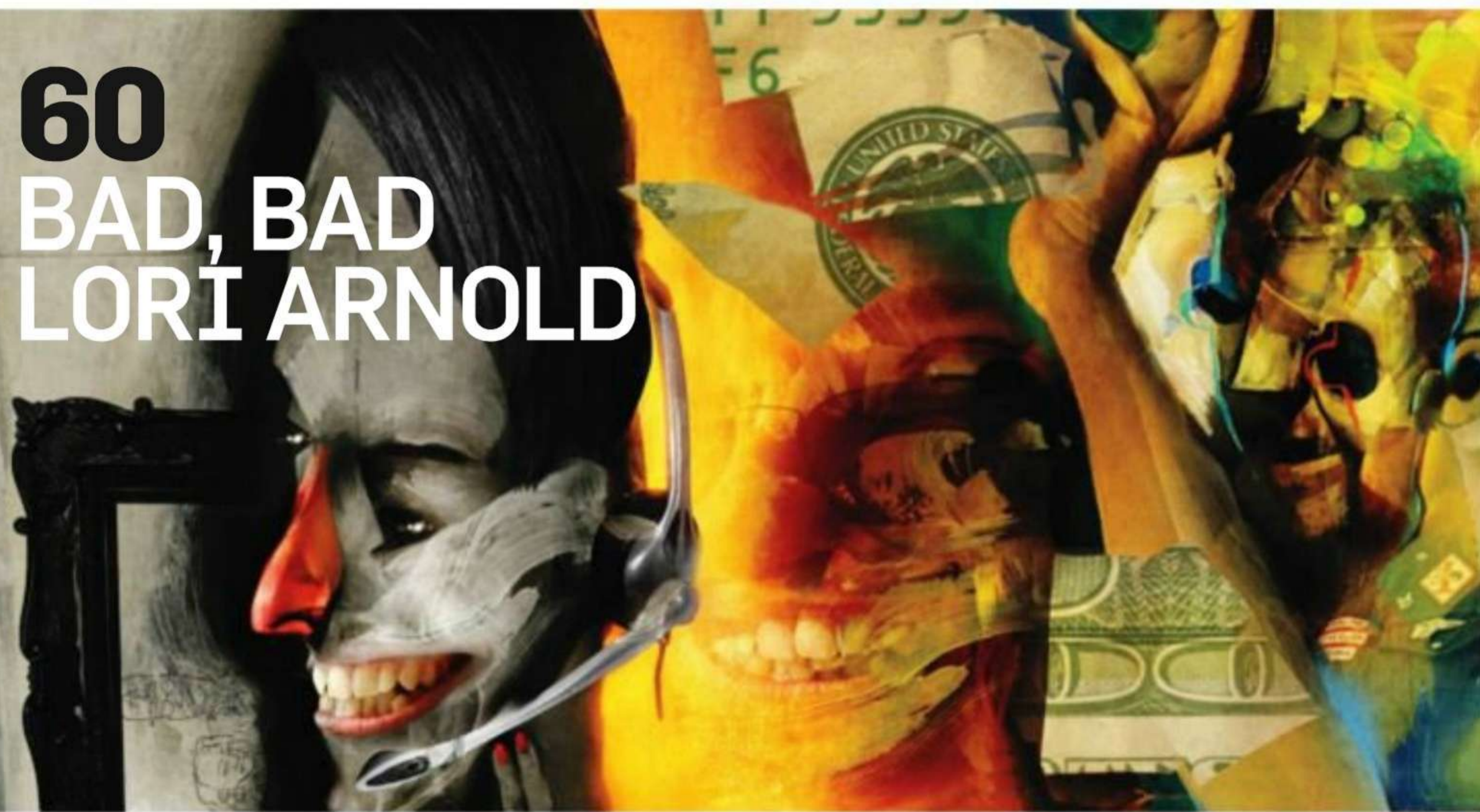
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A long-ago era of Bunnies, mobsters and sexual revolution comes to life on NBC's new drama *The Playboy Club*. Laura Benanti dazzles in the role of Carol-Lynne, the feisty first Bunny at Hef's original Chicago club. The actress slipped into character for photographer Michael Williams, and our Rabbit was stirred by the sight.



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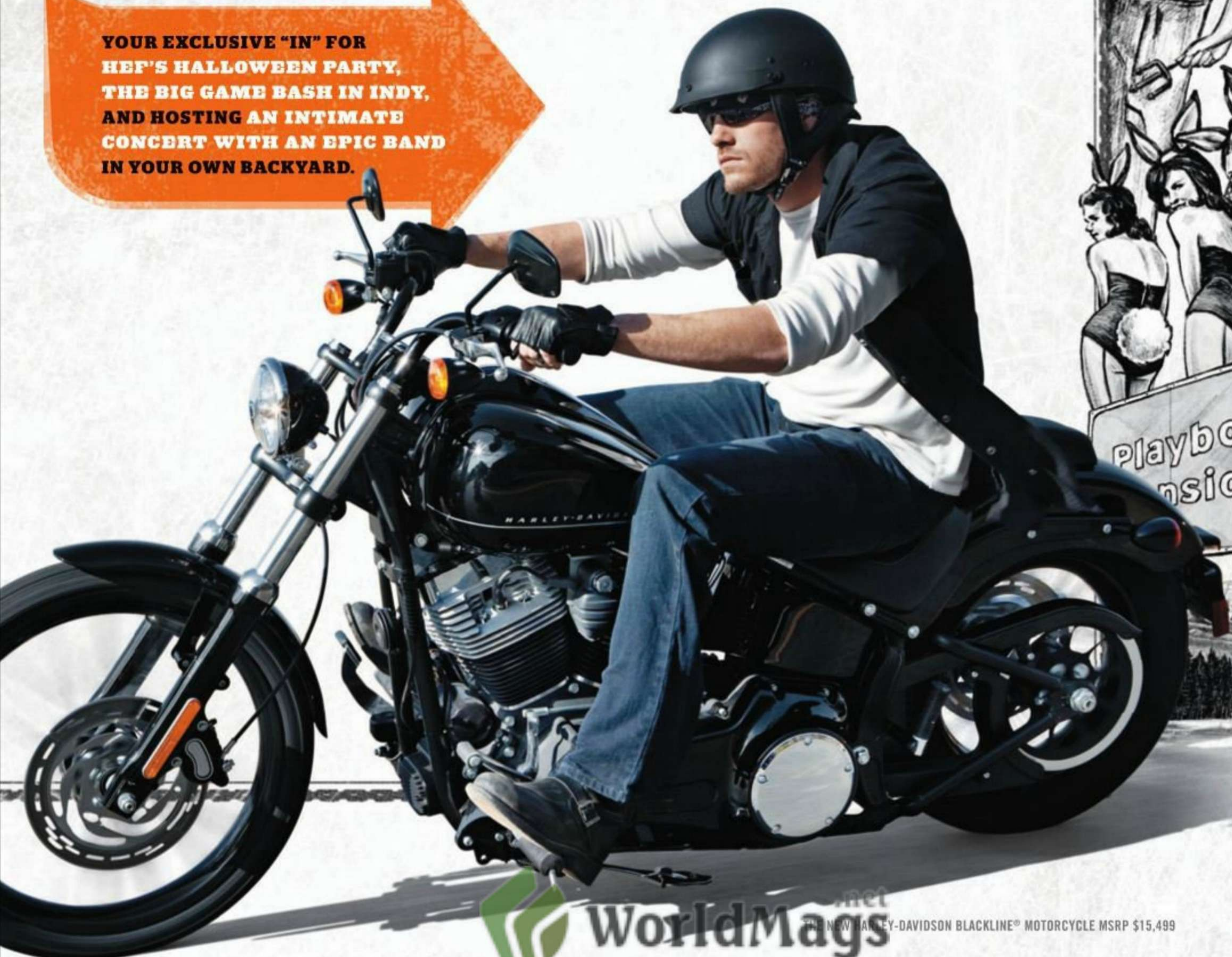
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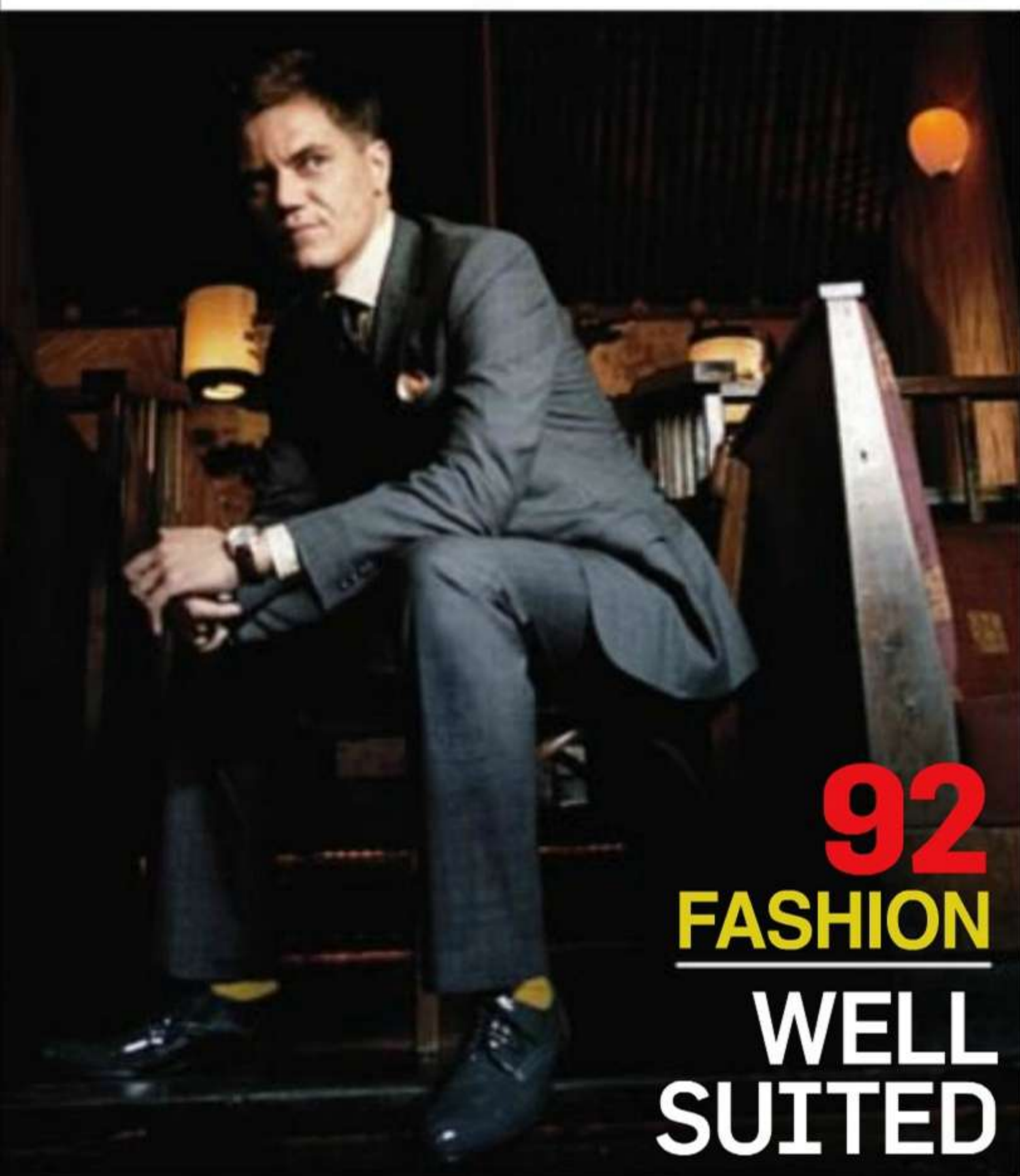
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HARLEY-DAVIDSON PLAYBOY KEY CLUB Sign up for free to see Playmates Heather Rae Young, Jaime Faith Edmondson, Mei-Ling Lam and Jaclyn Swedberg learn to ride!

WORKOUT WEDNESDAYS WITH JAYDE NICOLE Our 2008 Playmate of the Year shows you the hottest moves to get in shape.

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH Lauren Elise, star of Playboy TV's *Playboy Trip Patagonia*, takes a break from globe-trotting to shoot three pictorials and a video.

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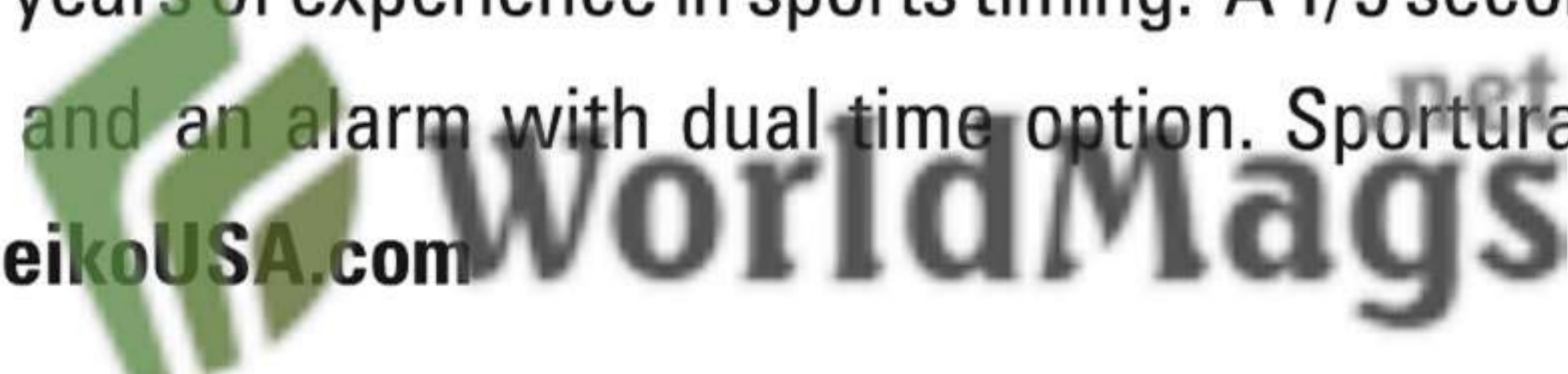
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

THE GIRLS IN THE BAND

Ever the champion of women's rights and lover of jazz, Hef hosted a fund-raiser for *The Girls in the Band*, a documentary he co-produced about the struggles of female jazz musicians from the late 1930s to the present. Among those who attended the prescreening were the legendary Herbie Hancock, alto sax player Roz Cron, director Judy Chaikin and trumpeter Clora Bryant.



HEF REFLECTS ON HIS RUNAWAY BRIDE

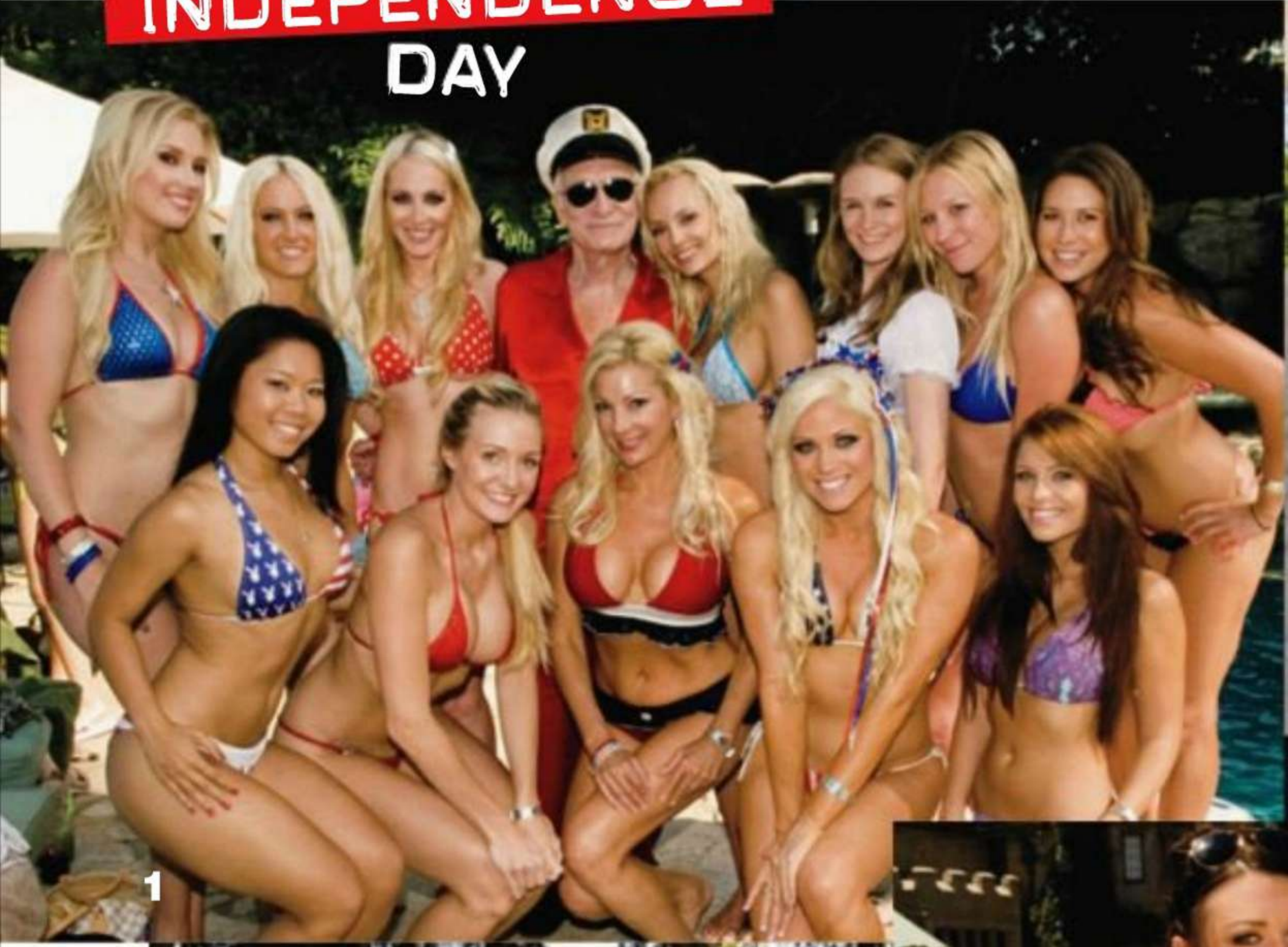
Less than a month after he was supposed to marry Crystal Harris, Hef gave Piers Morgan his first interview since the wedding date to explain why his bride was a no-show. "I woke up and I was single, and I thought that this is the natural way of things," Hef told Morgan and the world. "I ought to be single."



KANDYLAND AT PMW

The Karma Foundation put the "fun" in "fund-raising" when it threw its sixth annual Kandyland party at the Mansion. Proceeds from this year's affair went to Operation USA, an organization that distributes humanitarian aid around the world and has Miss September 1978 Rosanne Katon on its advisory board. Those partying with a purpose included Hef, Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund, dance club legend CeCe Peniston, DJ Paul Oakenfold, Paris Hilton, *ER*'s Shane West with Miss April 1997 and *Dancing With the Stars* champion Kelly Monaco, music video vixen Amber Rose and star of *I Am Number Four* Alex Pettyfer.





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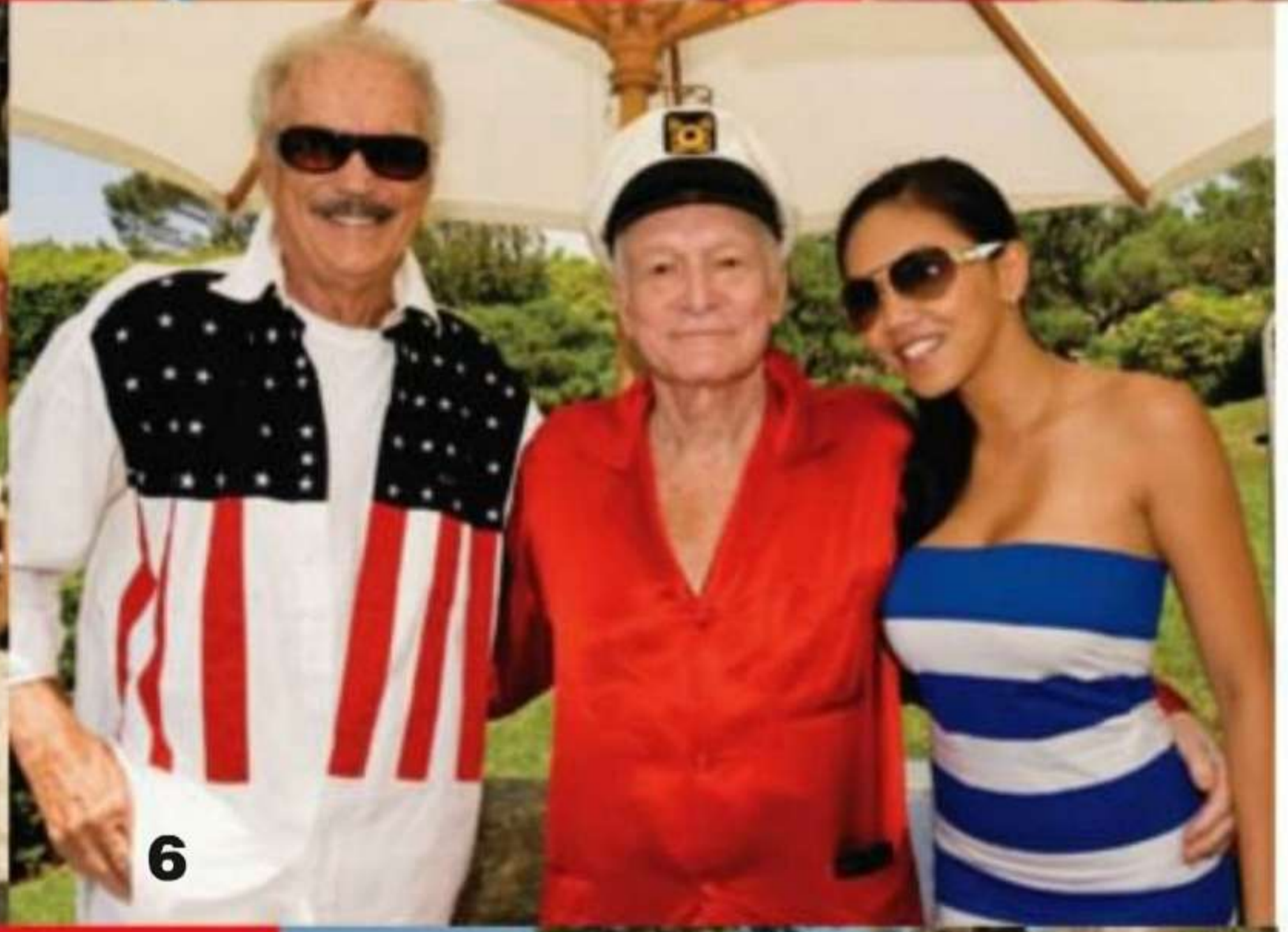
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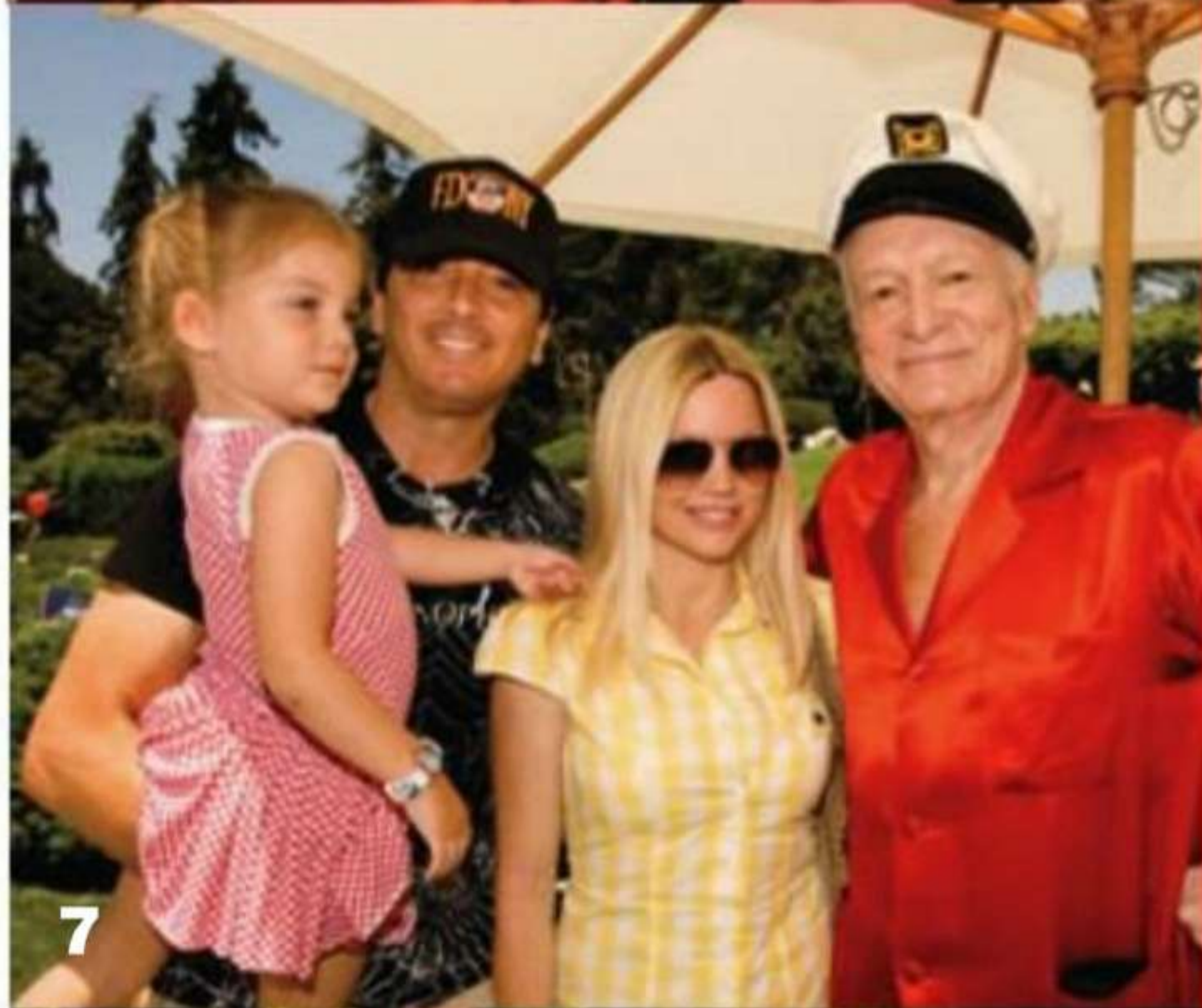
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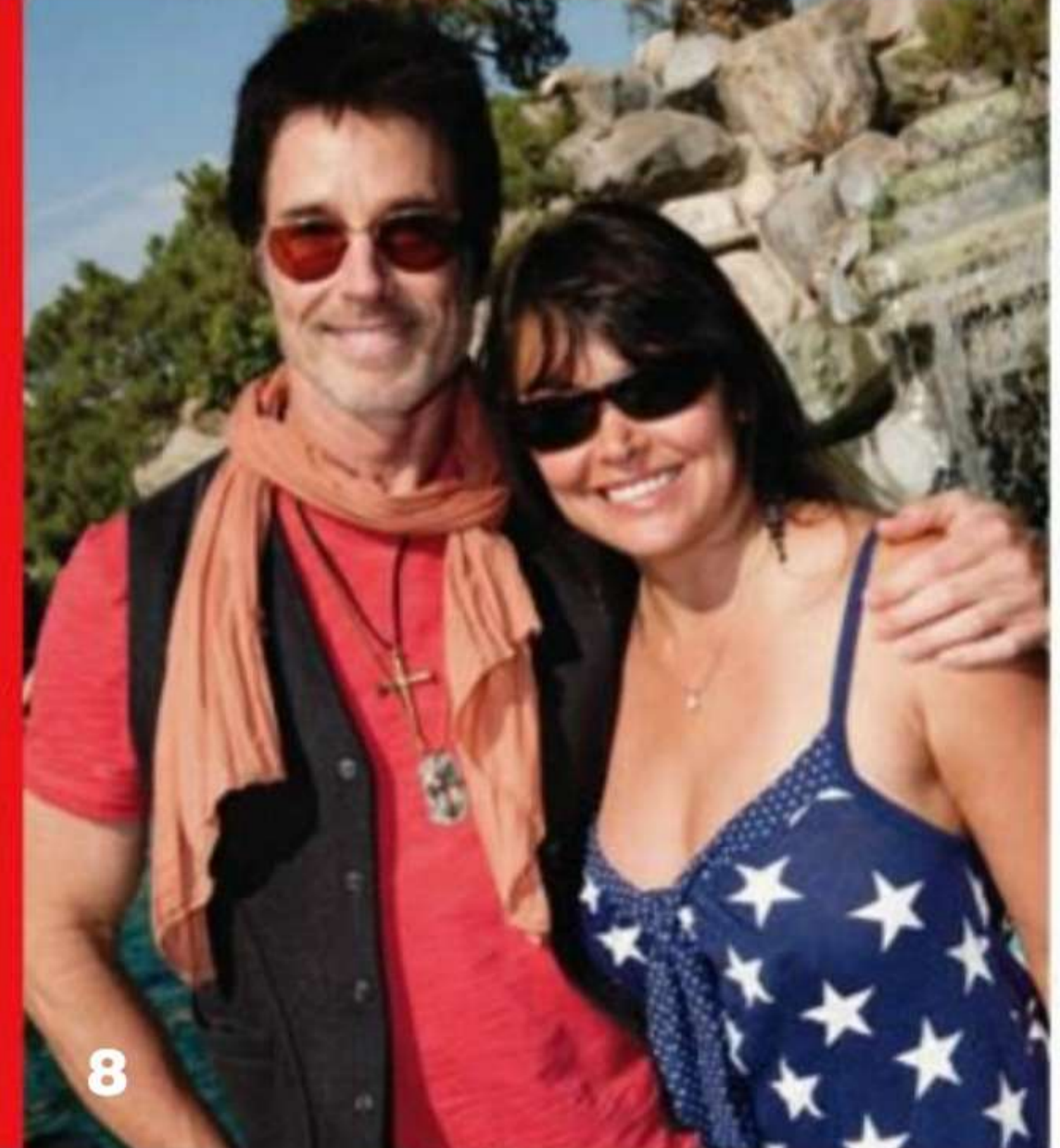


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On the Fourth of July Hef celebrated his and the country's freedom by throwing a party for his friends and girls in star-spangled bikinis. (1) The Man and some sparklers. (2) Bill Maher, Hef and his new girlfriend, Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard. (3) Models Sheridyn Fisher and Addison Miller. (4) Cooper Hefner and father. (5) Upcoming Playmate Rainy Day Jordan. (6) Hef with brother Keith Hefner and his girlfriend, Caya Ukkas. (7) Hef with Scott Baio, his wife, Renee Sloan, and their daughter, Bailey DeLuca Baio. (8) Soap star Ronn Moss and his wife, Miss June 1985 Devin DeVasquez. (9) Cleveland Brown DeAngelo Smith and Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins. (10) Marston Hefner, PMOY 2011 Claire Sinclair, Nick Simmons and Alex Essoe. (11) Miss March 2003 Pennelope Jimenez with Captain America Chris Evans and friends Dan Spink and Andrew Gallery. (12) Two birds of paradise: Claire and a Mansion cockatoo. (13) Hef and Shera watching fireworks. Oh, there are always fireworks at the Mansion.



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HOT AND FAST

Lisa Lampanelli's comparison of booty calls to drive-through windows couldn't be more accurate ("Friends, Benefits and the Art of the Booty Call," *Women*, August). But she fails to mention that a booty call, like the fast food you order at a drive-through, isn't satisfying or healthy, and the price is high for what you get—not to mention every guy out there has had everything on the limited menu. You're more likely to get a mad cow than prime. Not that I would know....

Pat Wilson
Helper, Utah

EVERYWHERE MAN

Thank you for the excellent *Playboy Interview* with James Franco (August). I admire him for taking risks and delving into emotions on screen that some actors would never commit to. Articulate intellectuals are turned on by other intellectuals, so it's no wonder some people dislike his style and projects. Personally, I look forward to everything he does.

Deborah Mattera
Stevensville, Maryland

BRUSHBACK

As a PLAYBOY reader since my first day of college in 1964, I have journeyed with the magazine through all the social and cultural revolutions of the past 47 years. PLAYBOY has always been on the cutting edge of those revolutions, advocating for human rights and social justice. So you can imagine my surprise when a reader in August accused you of taking a "turn to the left" (*Dear Playboy*). What PLAYBOY has this guy been reading? At a time when we face another series of crises perpetrated by conservatives, I urge PLAYBOY to continue its good work.

Bob Adams
Valencia, Pennsylvania

FINDING A REAL JOB

An American city loses jobs to outsourcing (*No Jobs Here*, July). What else is new? To those who rail against Levi Strauss, I'm sure the company's response is simple: "That's capitalism."

Hosea Martin
Chicago, Illinois

It's ironic that in the same issue you examine the historic corruption of labor unions in the film industry (*When the Mob Ruled Hollywood*, July) you publish a report on the demise of the American worker that fails to mention how the greed and corruption of labor unions contributed to that sad development.

Robert Lovell
Plymouth, Minnesota

In his portrayal of Braddock, Pennsylvania and its "authentic partnership" with Levi Strauss, Jesse Pearson does a masterful job of depicting two realities that confront the U.S. economy. First,

DEAR PLAYBOY

Warm Wishes

I am the foreman of an all-male crew that sets up five seasonal High Sierra Camps in Yosemite National Park. They are located one and a half, three, six, seven and 15 miles from any road, store or anything else. I just returned from our first of the year, at Glen Aulin—I ran the five miles out and hitchhiked home. Because we are deep in the forest for long periods, we refer to the assignment as "breakfast, lunch and dudes." Sitting around the campfire the past few nights, we have been discussing *Camp Playboy* (August) and would like to volunteer to set up your next camp, or at least pay a visit.

David Bainbridge
Yosemite, California

Sure—the campers can always use a few extra hands. But where will you sleep?



our industrial and service economies are no longer enough to keep all Americans working. Only a shift to "economic experiences" offers new and lasting job creation. For example, consider what Grant Achatz is doing at Next in Chicago—he sells tickets for the entire dining experience, tax, tips and beverages included, with new themed menus every three months. Further, the marketing of goods and services,



What will be the last product made in America?

and advertising in particular, has largely become a giant phoniness-generating machine, expertly advancing promises of an experience but seldom actually fulfilling those promises. In the case of Levi's, its campaign uses our hollowed-out industrial belt to promote Work Wear jeans to the masses who will never step foot in a factory. Instead of wasting creative talent and budgets on marketing charades, American firms need to invest in the actual practice

of "placemaking." That is, don't turn Braddock into a pop-up advertising backdrop; instead, turn the town, and others like it, into ongoing research-and-development labs for creating experience-based product offerings. And have everyone wear Levi's to that real work.

James Gilmore
Shaker Heights, Ohio

*Gilmore is co-author, with B. Joseph Pine II, of *The Experience Economy and Authenticity: What Consumers Really Want*.*

LAND O' PLENTY

I see PLAYBOY has discovered the beauty of Ukraine, in the form of Playmate Iryna Ivanova (*International Excursion*, August). Having had a chance to visit that wonderful country, I can testify to the splendor of its women. I hope we can see more of them in the magazine.

Charles Wallace
Douglasville, Georgia

BONDING EXPERIENCE

Thanks for the glimpse of Ian Fleming's Jamaican estate (*Goldeneye*, August). Back in the 1960s I "borrowed" my uncle's James Bond books, as well as his issues of PLAYBOY. All these years later I'm still reading Bond and PLAYBOY, and neither has lost a step.

Curtis Ingram
Thomasville, North Carolina

LIFE AFTER CHARLIE

Bree Olson's story is predictable (*Charlie Sheen's Goddess Has Left the Building*, August). A beautiful small-town girl moves from Indiana to California, where people take advantage of her. I hope Olson lands a Hollywood role, but the odds are against



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PLAYBOY

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her. Talented women such as Ginger Lynn have tried to go mainstream but end up returning to porn.

Craig Christon
Wilmington, Ohio

You promise on the August cover to reveal "the secret sex life of Charlie Sheen," but there hasn't been anything secret about his sex life for years.

Bill Ross
Lafayette, Indiana

As a personal trainer, let me say veganism doesn't do a body good. Olson needs to eat more protein and put on some muscle. But it is nice to see a blonde from the Midwest on the cover.

Leslie Ivarson
Huntington Beach, California

I'm not sure why you chose to honor Bree Olson—best anal 2008!—with a cover when I can see her naked in two dozen adult videos. Stay classy, PLAYBOY.

Randall Huyett
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

FAN LETTERS

The July issue is one of the best you've published, especially the *Playboy Interview* with Justin Timberlake, the fiction by Charles Yu (*Yeoman*) and *When the Mob Ruled Hollywood*. And the women aren't bad either.

Brett Gaul
St. Joseph, Missouri

I appreciate the design changes you've made, including the cleaner typography and layouts and the improved *After Hours*. Please keep publishing illustrations like those from Roberto Parada, Alex Zoebisch and Karol Lasia. And I love *British Bunnies* (July). I am a subscriber again!

Fernando Vasconcelos
Recife, Brazil

AMPLE BOUNTY

First Sasha Bonilova (Miss May) and now Iryna Ivanova (Miss August). Your cups runneth over!

Adam Fleitman
Minneapolis, Minnesota

When discussing the most buxom Playmate (*Dear Playboy*, July), the editors describe Bonilova's 36DD bra size as the equivalent of a 41-inch bust. That's misleading. Bust size is a measure of the circumference of the torso across the breasts. That means a larger woman with an A-cup could have a 41-inch bust.

Harvey Cohen
Baltimore, Maryland

Admittedly, it's an imperfect comparison. We tried to measure breast volume, but the Playmates saw the bowl of water and fled.

FROM BOY TO MAN

After reading your Justin Timberlake interview, this 40-something real estate executive, family man and part-time musician is

coming out of the closet as a fan. I've seen almost every episode of *Saturday Night Live* since its first season, and Timberlake's hosting gigs have been as memorable as those of Steve Martin and Alec Baldwin. *Future Sex/Love Sounds*, coupled with his cover of Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah" on the Hope for Haiti Now telethon, has dispelled



Justin Timberlake: Has he only just begun?

any impression he is a boy-band Disney kid. With apologies to President Obama, Timberlake now tops the list of people with whom I would love to play a round of golf, drink a beer and smoke a cigar.

Rick Melchor
Mechanicsville, Virginia

You claim Timberlake's mom came up with the name 'N Sync by using the last letter of the first name of each member. If that's true, where's Lance?

Raymond Best
Albion, Michigan

It's JustiN, ChriS, JoeY, LansteN and JC. And yes, we knew that without looking it up.

LOW BLOWS

Jason Sudeikis has to be the most overrated performer ever to come out of *Saturday Night Live* (20Q, July). His sketches all center on one-liners about genitalia. Even his fake commercials are about products for your genitalia. It seems anybody with an eighth-grade education can write comedy these days.

Michael Plourde
Edmundston, New Brunswick

REUNITED

While serving as a mechanic in the Army motor pool during the Vietnam war, I pinned the Centerfold of Dolly Read (Miss May 1966) to the inside of my toolshed. During the course of my tour she and I were separated. *British Bunnies* helped me reconnect. Thanks for never forgetting the beauties of the past. I haven't.

Bobby DeRosa
Mooresville, North Carolina

Read more letters from vets on page 152.



DANIEL
CRAIG

NAOMI
WATTS

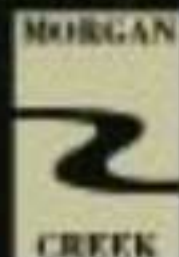
RACHEL
WEISZ

ONCE UPON A TIME
THERE WERE TWO LITTLE GIRLS
WHO LIVED IN A HOUSE.



DREAM HOUSE

JAMES G. ROBINSON PRESENTS A MORGAN CREEK PRODUCTION A BOBKER / KRUGER FILMS PRODUCTION
DANIEL CRAIG NAOMI WATTS RACHEL WEISZ "DREAM HOUSE" MARTON CSOKAS ELIAS KOTEAS CASTING BY AVY KAUFMAN CSA MUSIC BY JOHN DEBNEY
MUSIC SUPERVISOR DAVE JORDAN EDITED BY GLEN SCANTLEBURY BARBARA TULLIVER ACE COSTUME DESIGNER DELPHINE WHITE PRODUCTION DESIGNER CAROL SPIER DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY CALEB DESCHANEL ASC
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RICK NICITA MIKE DRAKE PRODUCED BY DAVID ROBINSON DANIEL BOBKER EHREN KRUGER WRITTEN BY DAVID LOUCKA PRODUCED BY JAMES G. ROBINSON



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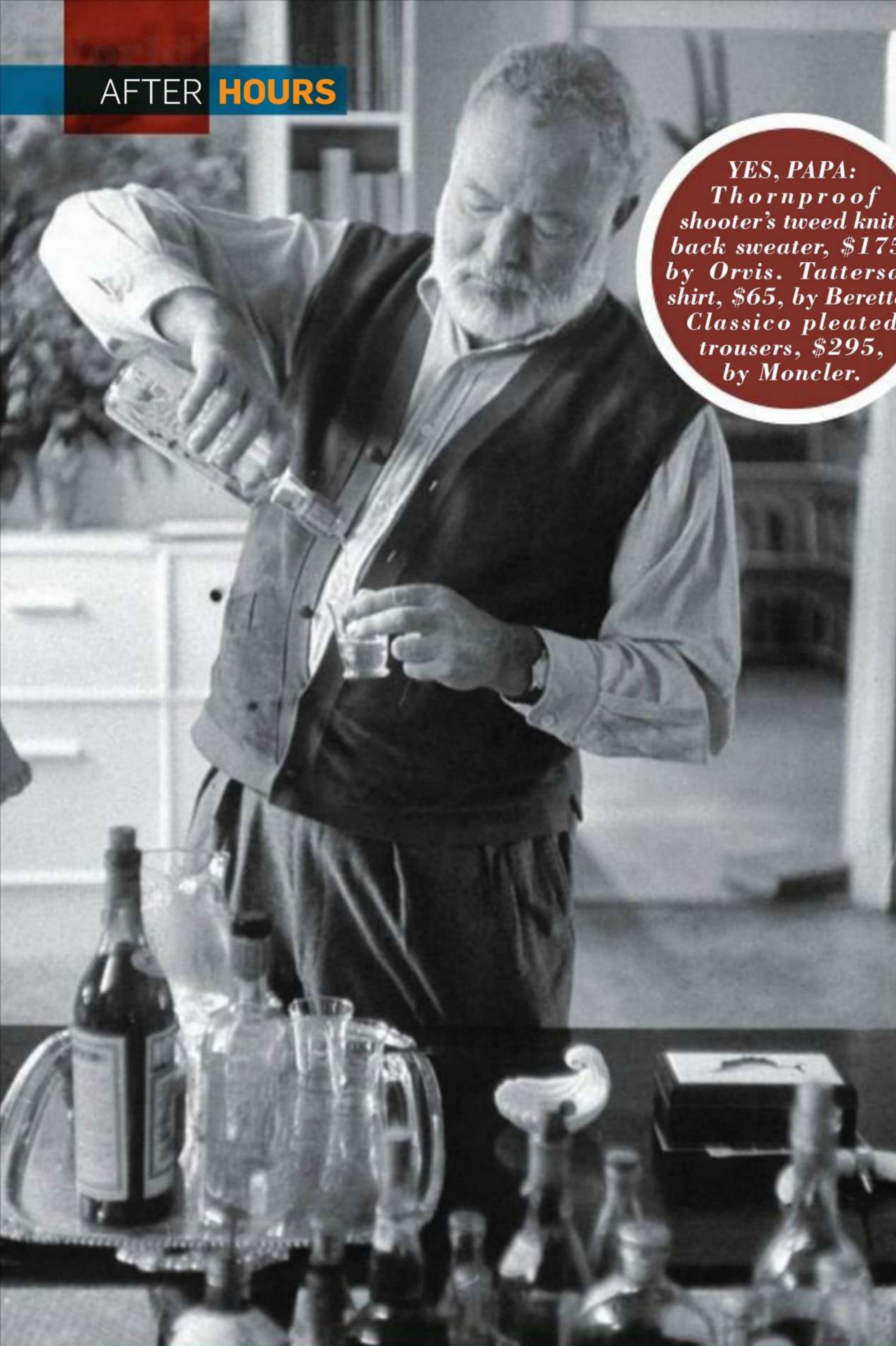


PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

**BECOMING
ATTRACTION**

Agnes Fischer

Germany gave the world Claudia Schiffer, Heidi Klum and now Agnes Fischer. The 25-year-old model became tabloid fodder after being spotted with Ryan Reynolds last March, but she's no stranger to the camera. "I grew up in a tiny village and didn't even know what modeling was, but I sent photos to an agency when I was 17 and booked a job," she says. In the years since, she's been in TV commercials, graced the cover of *Shape* magazine and appeared in a Thirty Seconds to Mars music video. "I'm also learning to act and play guitar, but I plan to model as long as I can, because I love traveling." And we love fine German engineering.



YES, PAPA: Thornproof shooter's tweed knit-back sweater, \$175, by Orvis. Tattersall shirt, \$65, by Beretta. Classico pleated trousers, \$295, by Moncler.

CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

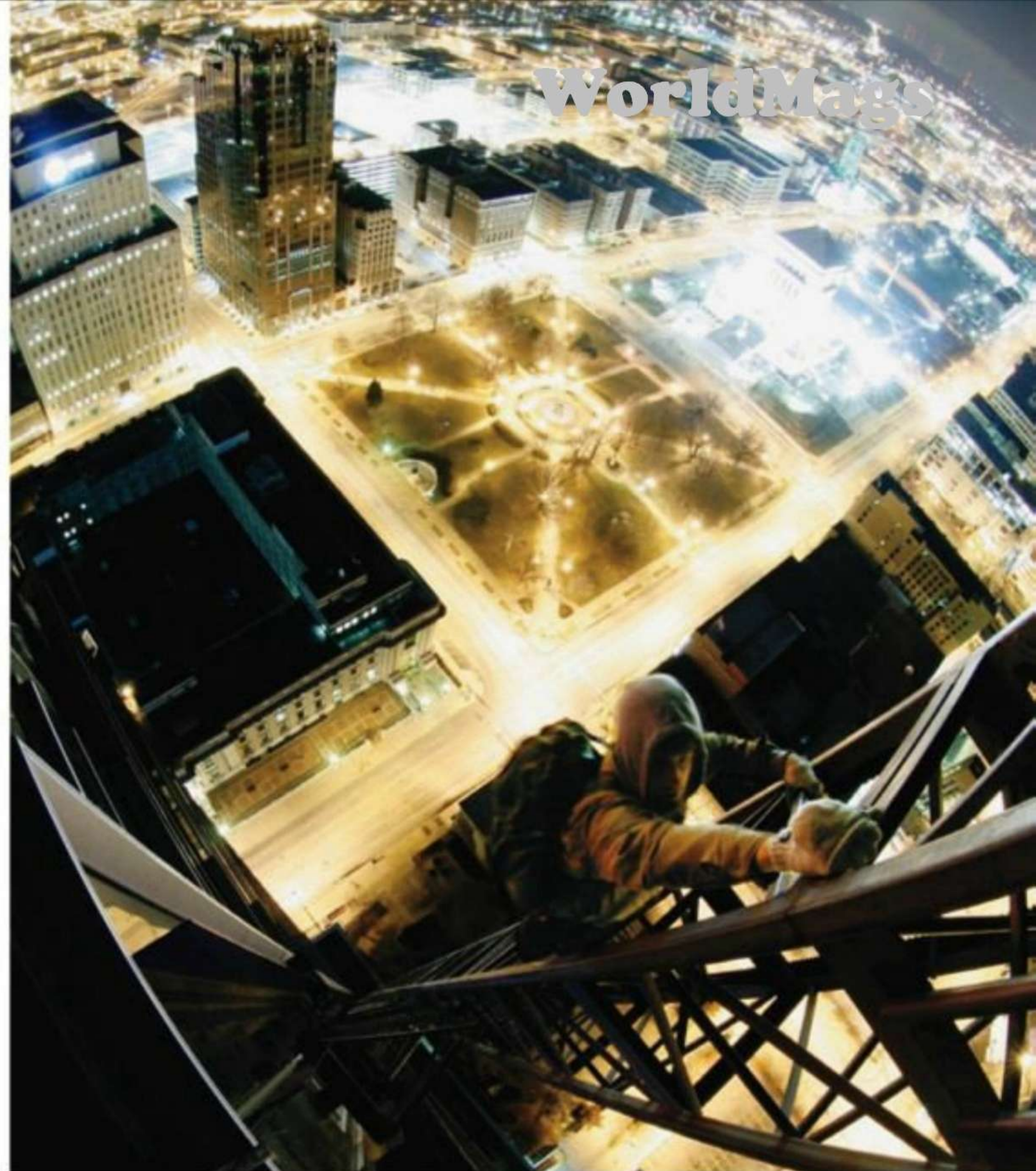
IMPORTANCE OF DRESSING ERNEST

KNOWN FOR HIS SPARTAN prose—that self-conscious yet noble quest for one true sentence—Ernest Hemingway in the bar or on safari was a functionally dapper dresser. The politically incorrect poses might have suggested otherwise—his boot pressed on the head of a lion or his hand clenching a fistful of dollars while he rooted for a bull's demise. But his clothes were the urban outfitter doing it right. He was equipped for a fall in a Venetian puddle outside Harry's Bar or a hunting excursion in the green hills of Africa. On the flip side, his writing uniform suggested respect for his profession: rolled-up oxford sleeves with vest and wool pants. *Focus, focus!* This summer marked the 50th anniversary of his self-inflicted death—duly noted with Duval Street look-alike contests. In addition, a book about his beloved skiff *Pilar*, titled *Hemingway's Boat*, hit bookstores with a proper bang last month. By all means, be the son who also rises in timeless style.

EXPERT APPROVED
GHOST HUNT

Jason Hawes, star of Syfy's *Ghost Hunters*, has been chasing the undead since 1990, when he co-founded the Atlantic Paranormal Society. For amateur paranormal sleuthing, he recommends the Zoom H4n Handy Mobile 4-Track digital recorder (\$299, bhphotovideo.com). "Capturing electronic voice phenomena helps determine an entity's gender, and deciphering accents aids in gauging a nationality," he explains. "You might even hear the reason why the entity has chosen to hang around."

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TRESPASSING • GETTING VERTICAL

REAL-LIFE SPIDER-MAN

Several years ago "Joe," an urban adventurer who refers to himself as a "recreational trespasser," began documenting his nocturnal scaling of U.S. skyscrapers (nopromiseofsafety.com). "If it weren't for my photographs, the property owners would never know I was there," he says. The building above? The 36-story Regions Tower in Indianapolis.

BARMATE
WORDS TO DRINK BY

NICOLE JAYE

I DON'T think I've ever heard a good pickup line at my bar, Alibi Cafe in Providence. Maybe I shouldn't have said that—now it sounds like a challenge.

ARE DRUNK girls worse than drunk guys? I don't know. All drunk people love to knock their glasses over, so I'd rather deal with whoever spills the least.

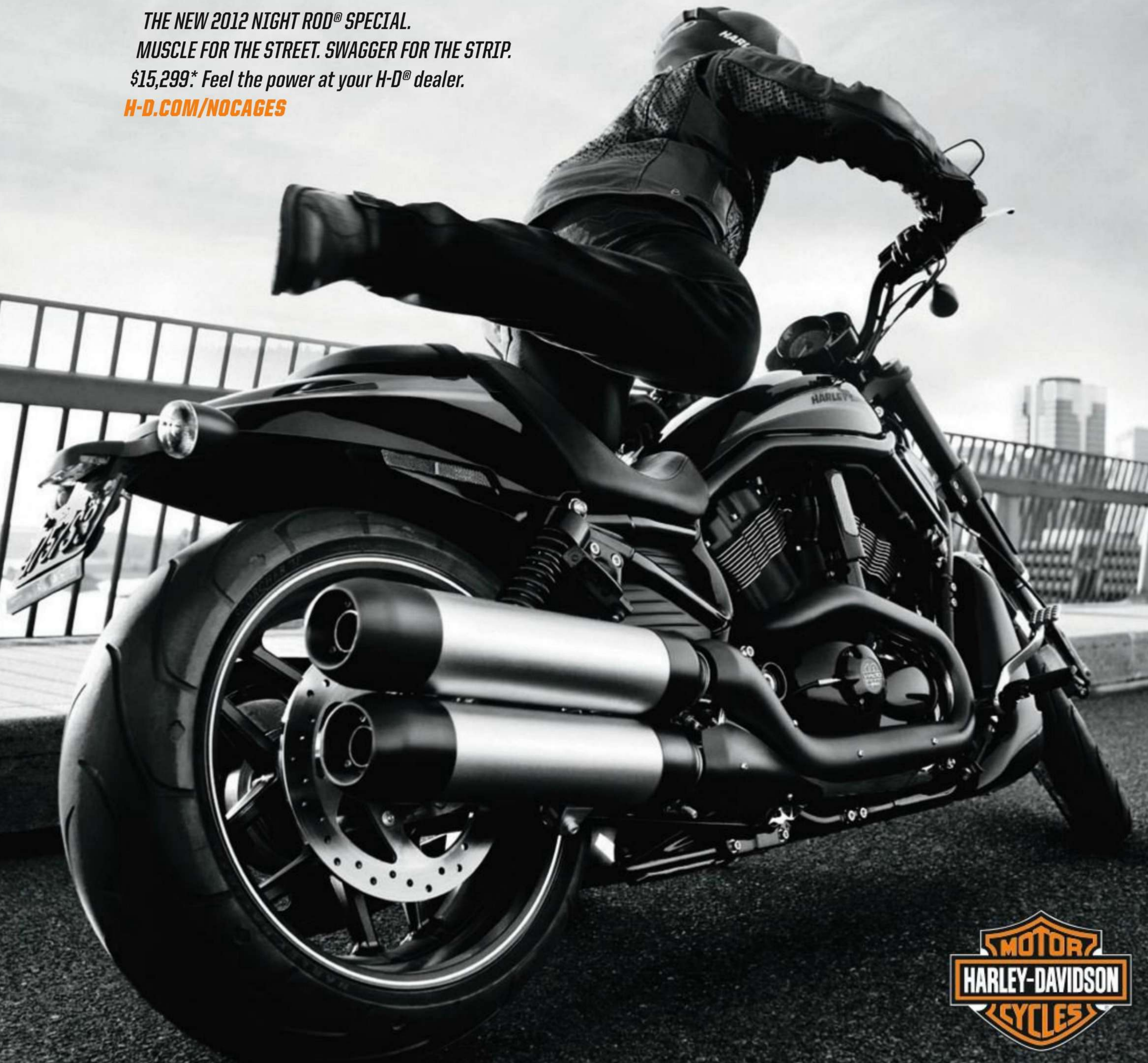
RHODE ISLAND is such a small state that you can't do anything without everyone else hearing about it.

AT MY last job, my best friend and I had a champagne fight. Because our clothes were soaked, we borrowed shirts from two guys and drove home in our underwear. It's a good thing we didn't get pulled over.



THE MEEK INHERIT NOTHING

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METALWORK • MOTORCYCLES

ART MOVEMENT



BEHOLD THE HANDIWORK of Michael Christian Cole (a.k.a. Copper Mike), a Long Island motorcycle artist who custom builds copper-festooned bikes with fellow artisans in New York and Los Angeles.

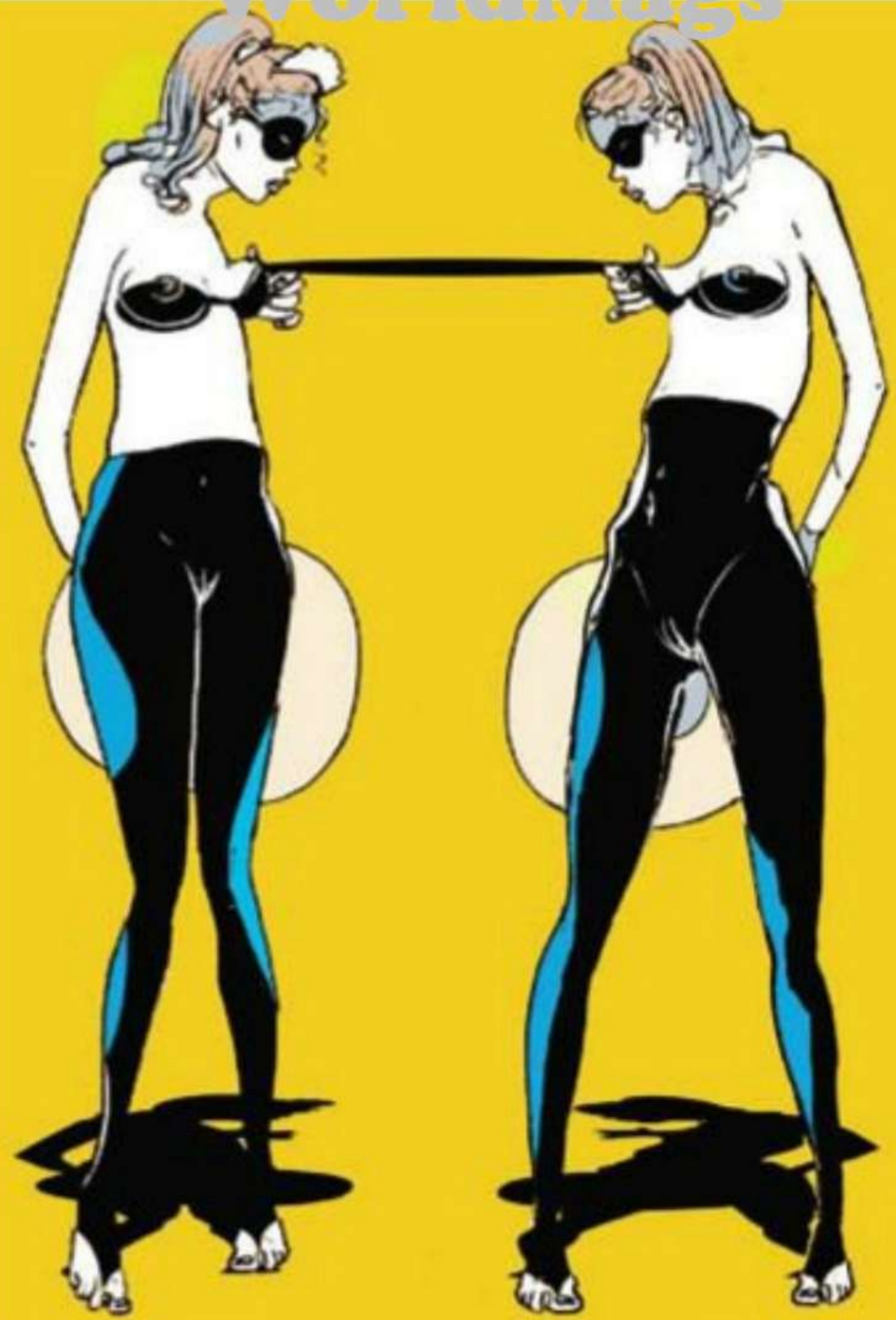


ANNIVERSARY PARTY • WINE

RIPE OLD AGE

Being born Peter Mondavi Jr. has its perks. In 1943, before he was born, his family bought the Charles Krug winery—the oldest vineyard in Napa Valley and the one that launched the whole wine business there. The Mondavis had gotten their first experience making wine during Prohibition. “I got my first paycheck for doing odd jobs in the vineyard when I was eight,” Mondavi says. In college he didn’t study wine making but rather engineering and business. He learned how to make world-class vino “from the school of hard knocks,” doing everything there is to do at his family’s vineyard. Now 53, Mondavi is the proprietor of the Charles Krug winery—which is still family

owned and turns 150 this year. He hosted a bash last month to mark the birthday of the vineyard that started it all in Napa. Guests were treated to live music and rare wines (though not the priceless 1944 vintage Peter Mondavi Sr. has tucked away—his first). Didn’t make the party? Have your own with a 150th anniversary magnum of Charles Krug cabernet (left, \$150), a 2008 vintage squeezed from 100 percent estate-grown grapes. Only 770 cases were made of this fruit-forward yet balanced red. Mondavi Jr. recommends a New York strip to accompany it. Or swing by the winery’s tasting room so you can sip the whole line of Charles Krug wines. Info at charleskrug.com.



ISTVAN BANYAI

NEVER SLEEP • MILWAUKEE

BREW CITY

Thanks to a flood of Teutonic immigrants, Milwaukee overflows with *gemütlichkeit*, a distinctly German sense of friendliness that the city has been perfecting since beer barons such as Joseph Schlitz and Frederick Miller filled the city’s taps with their lagers.

6:45 P.M. Try to time your visit to the Old World Third Street Oktoberfest—or any of Milwaukee’s three other Oktoberfest celebrations. But if you can’t, the Old German Beer Hall (oldgermanbeerhall.com) makes every day feel like Oktoberfest.

7:56 P.M. Pair that Germanic brew with some Germanic grub at Mader’s (madersrestaurant.com). For more than 100 years Milwaukeeans and visiting dignitaries (presidents Kennedy and Reagan among them) have dined on its schnitzel and sauerbraten.

9:32 P.M. Although Schlitz died long ago, you can still imbibe with the city’s other undisputed king—Gambrinus, the patron saint of beer—at Best Place Tavern (bestplacemilwaukee.com). A statue of him lords over the joint, a former Pabst brewery.

12:44 A.M. Much like the infamous competition featured in the comedy *Beerfest*, downing a boot at Von Trier’s (vontriers.com) will test your liver, blood-alcohol level and bladder.

3:37 A.M. You’ve had your fill of barley and hops; now it’s time to recharge. Dial Pizza Shuttle (pizzashuttle.com) and send the delivery guy to the Santiago Calatrava–designed Milwaukee Art Museum (mam.org). The building itself will be closed, but its grounds provide a great spot to watch the sun rise over Lake Michigan.

ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: ALIX MALKA GUESS?©2011

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SEXTYMOLOGY • COSTUMES

HALLOWEEN'S WICKED WEAR

Why do so many women indulge their inner harlot on Halloween with suggestive getups? "Come-hither costumes emerged with commercial costume companies in the early 1900s," explains Adie Nelson, a University of Waterloo sociologist. "Such mass-produced costumes began to reflect different stereotypes of women and their sexuality." But supply exists because of strong demand. Says Nelson, "Women likely find it more flattering to select something that makes them look sexy rather than silly."



MEAT • THE NEW PORK BELLY

GET YOUR GOAT

Despite being a food staple worldwide, goat meat is just now making its way onto American plates—especially at more inventive urban eateries and locally sourced farm-to-table restaurants. Even among locavores, however, the name is obscured—usually listed as *chevon* or *cabrito*—so as not to arouse suspicion. Below, a trio of chefs fluent in goat share how they prepare it.

CABRITO ASADO "Basically it means roast goat," says Rene Ortiz (pictured above), the executive chef at La Condesa in Austin. "After I apply a Mexican epazote spice rub, I slowly cook the goat over an open fire of Texas live oak. Then I wait. A few hours near the flame gives the meat a delicious flavor. It's ideal for tacos with avocado salad and radish salsa."



MILK-BRAISED GOAT CAVATELLI "I like to boil goat shoulder in milk, after which I braise it in the oven for about two hours until it's fork tender," says Chris Cosentino, chef at Incanto in San Francisco. "The curds that form from the milk when it braises mix perfectly with the flavor of the goat. The cavatelli is for texture and ties the dish together."



GOAT RAGU "Because goat is so lean, it lends itself to either quick, light cooking or longer cooking," says Matthew Accarrino, executive chef at SPQR, also in San Francisco. "I do both. I sear it lightly before marinating it in white wine overnight. The following day I braise it in a vegetable stock. Once I pick the meat clean from the bone, I use it in a sauce for pasta."



VICES • THE BRIGHT SIDE

SO BAD IT'S GOOD

New research is proving many age-old assumptions wrong. For instance, pornography has been said to lead to sexual violence, but according to a recent report it may actually reduce such desires. Similarly, last year research revealed that people who drink live longer than those who don't. Two other 2010 studies determined that LSD and ketamine—two powerful hallucinogens—have the potential to alleviate depression, OCD and anxiety. Take that, conventional wisdom.

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A BOLD, NEW BOURBON WITH FLAVOR
UNLOCKED FROM INSIDE THE BARREL WOOD.

— **BOLD** —
CHOICE

UNLEASH
YOUR SPIRIT



BEAM

HIP TO BE SQUARE

These days, plaid may be as ubiquitous as the Kardashians—it's on messenger bags, sports jackets and even the lining of your

boots. But call us purists. We prefer our tartan on our back. That doesn't mean, however, it's just for factory work. You can dress

it up (pairing it with a tie) or dress it down (throwing it over a T-shirt). Either way, you can't go wrong with the shirts below.



Pendleton vintage-fit board shirt (\$105)



Rogue monument plaid cotton shirt (\$145)



Converse One Star Solomon shirt (\$25)

CHECK-ERED PAST



1746–1782: The English crown bans tartans, symbol of the Scottish Highlanders.



1850: Woolrich starts selling the buffalo-check plaid shirt.

1969: Astronaut Alan Bean brings his family's tartan to the moon.

1991: Nirvana gets ultra-grungy in plaid.



2010: Plaid ski jackets hit the slopes.

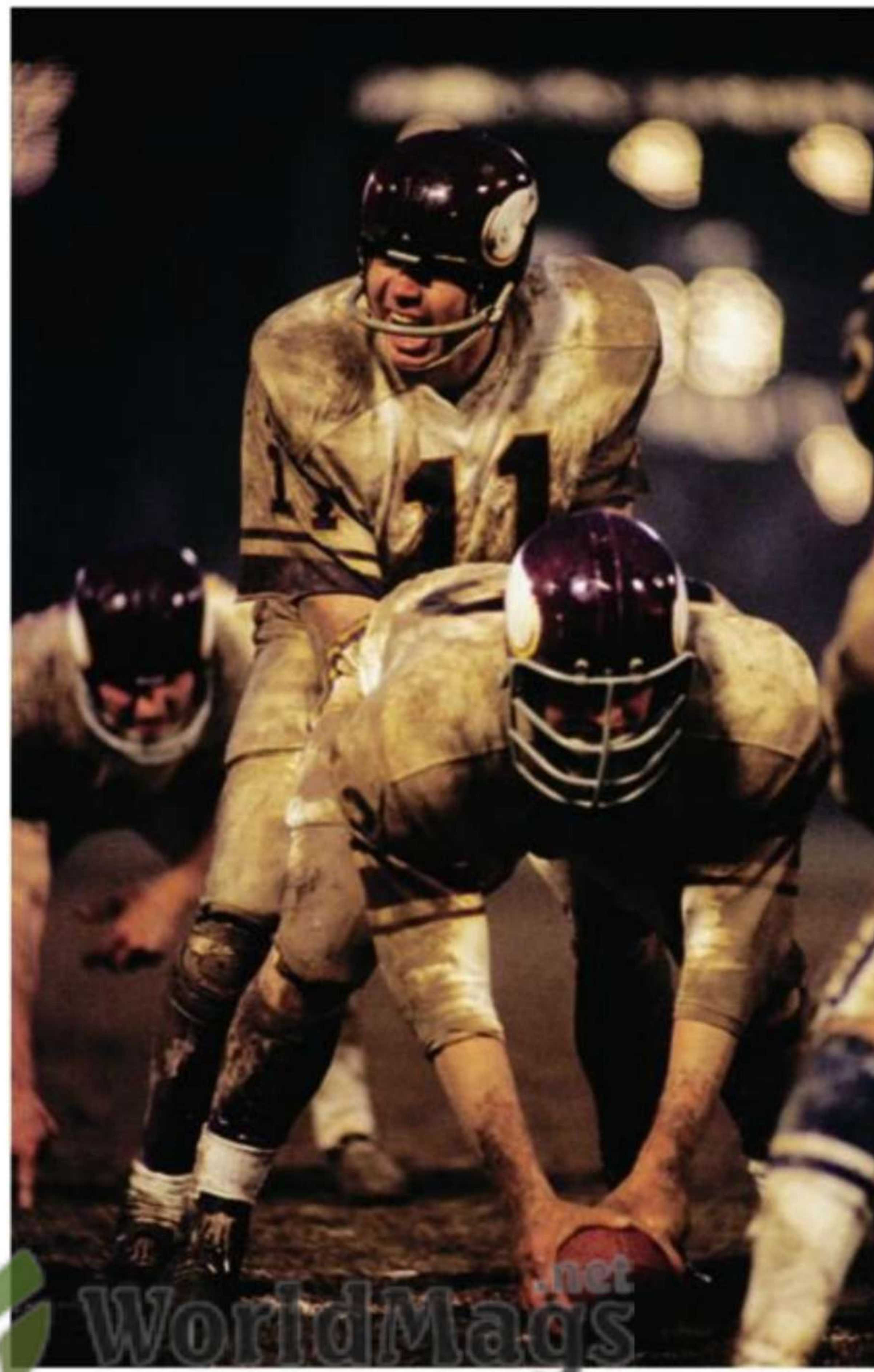


TOMER HANUKA

ART
TOMER HANUKA

PICTURE STORY

Tomer Hanuka's award-winning visual narratives have graced the covers of books, magazines, graphic novels and the Oscar-nominated documentary *Waltz With Bashir*—not to mention the pages of *PLAYBOY*. Gingko Press's collection *Overkill* (\$30, gingkopress.com) captures the breadth of Hanuka's work in one place.



PHOTOGRAPHY
NEIL LEIFER

ACTION SHOTS

The indelible image of Neil Leifer's career may be the one he captured of Muhammad Ali towering over a fallen Sonny Liston. But the wunderkind sports photographer—he shot his first *Sports Illustrated* cover at 19—also found inspiration outside the ring. *Guts and Glory* (\$50, taschen.com), now out in a trade edition, showcases his greatest football photography, including unforgettable images of Joe Namath, Dick Butkus and Jim Brown.

MY FRIEND JOE WAS A REAL ASS. THEN HE TRIED PERT. NOW THAT ASS HAS CLEAN HAIR.

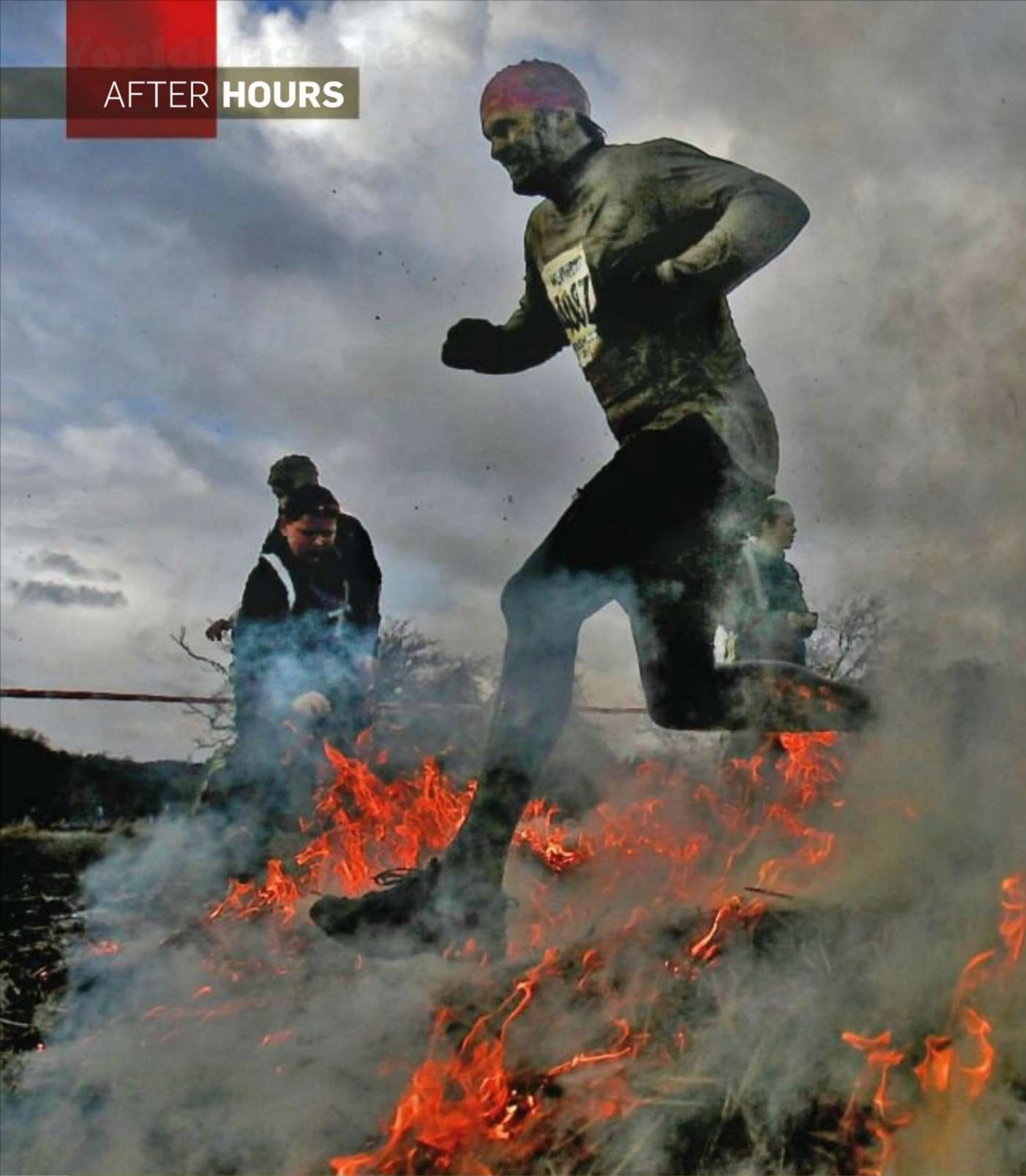
Just because my buddy acts like an ass on the court doesn't mean he has to look like one in public. Pert Plus 2-in-1 does the job. It's shampoo plus conditioner. In. Out. Done. Clean hair that smells good, too. Now, if I could only get him to keep his mouth shut.



DON'T BE AN ANIMAL. USE PERT® PLUS.

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SPORTS • EXTREME RACES

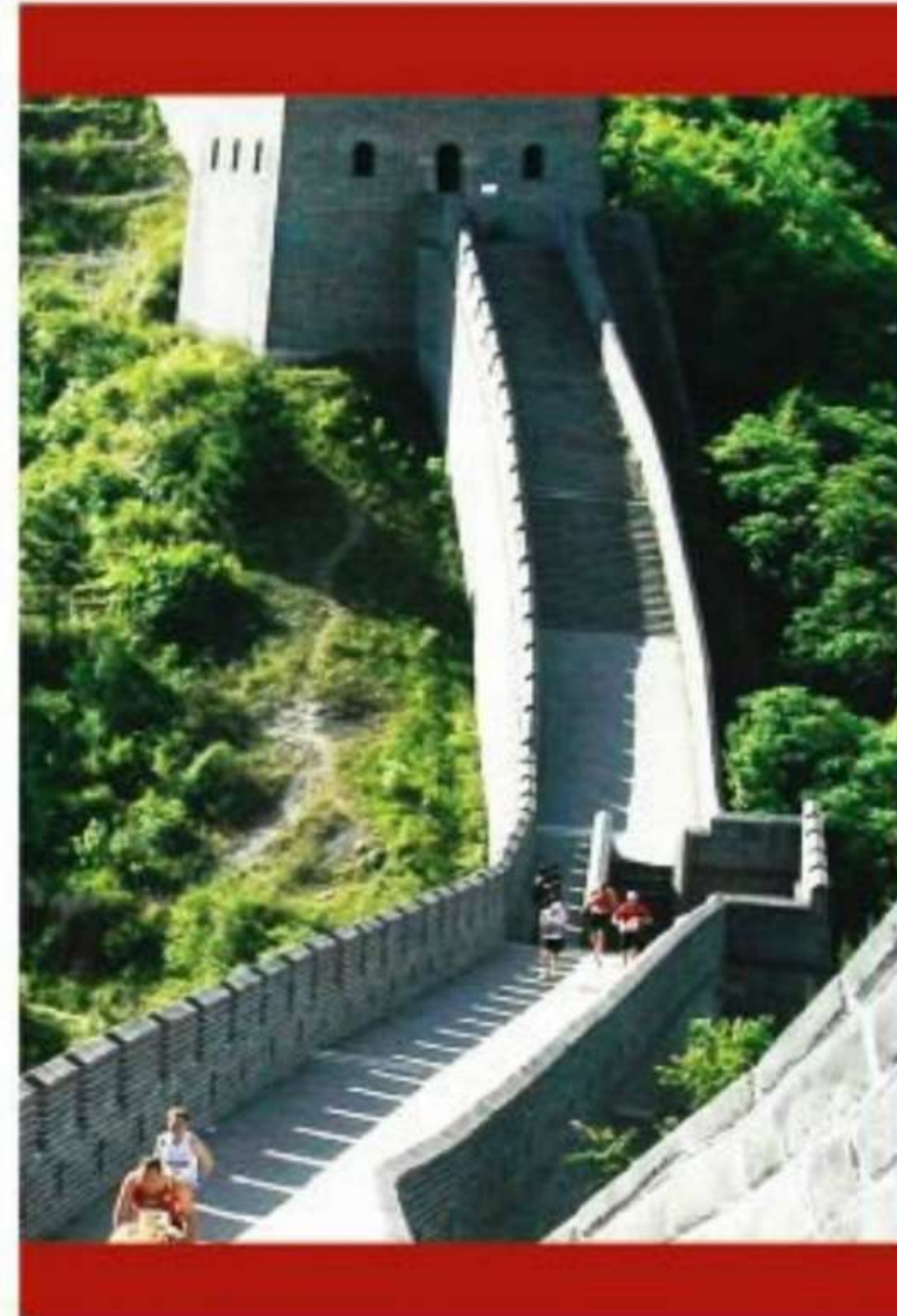
By Mike Thomas

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

There's a reason more than 40,000 people take on the Chicago Marathon each fall: It's flat and thereby finishable. And though Boston's more elite springtime version is much steeper at points, thousands of challengers have successfully hoofed it from Hopkinton, Massachusetts to Beantown's Boylston Street. Don't get the wrong impression; neither of these venerable slogs is a cakewalk. But if you really want to know what you're made of, try the U.K.'s Tough Guy Challenge. Called "the safest most dangerous event in the world," its eight-mile course makes the Ironman Triathlon look like a sack race. Supposedly one third of participants drop out early, and those who do go the distance are battered, burned and bloodied from encounters with slashing barbed wire, tall wooden walls, claustrophobia-inducing tunnels, freezing mud pits and a bed of fire (see above). After viewing photos of the death-defying event, one cyber commenter wrote, "This isn't just mad, it's plain stupid!" Perhaps you agree, in which case here are three other mettle-testing ordeals that fit the bill.



MARATHON DES SABLES If there are footraces in hell, they must be like this 151-mile scorcher across the Sahara in Morocco. During the six-day trot, temperatures can reach 120 degrees. The need to schlep a rucksack filled with supplies (including antivenom pumps for scorpion stings) only makes matters hotter. Just try not to get lost. One runner who went astray was forced to subsist on dead bats. So train well, stay on course and pack some ketchup.



GREAT WALL MARATHON Skateboarding at Stonehenge is frowned upon, and rappelling down the Leaning Tower of Pisa could land you in lockup. But it is permissible to jog along the Great Wall of China. Finishing the Great Wall Marathon isn't easy—the monument's quad-burning stairs (both ascending and descending) number in the thousands—but as the Chinese proverb says, "Do not fear going forward slowly; fear only to stand still."



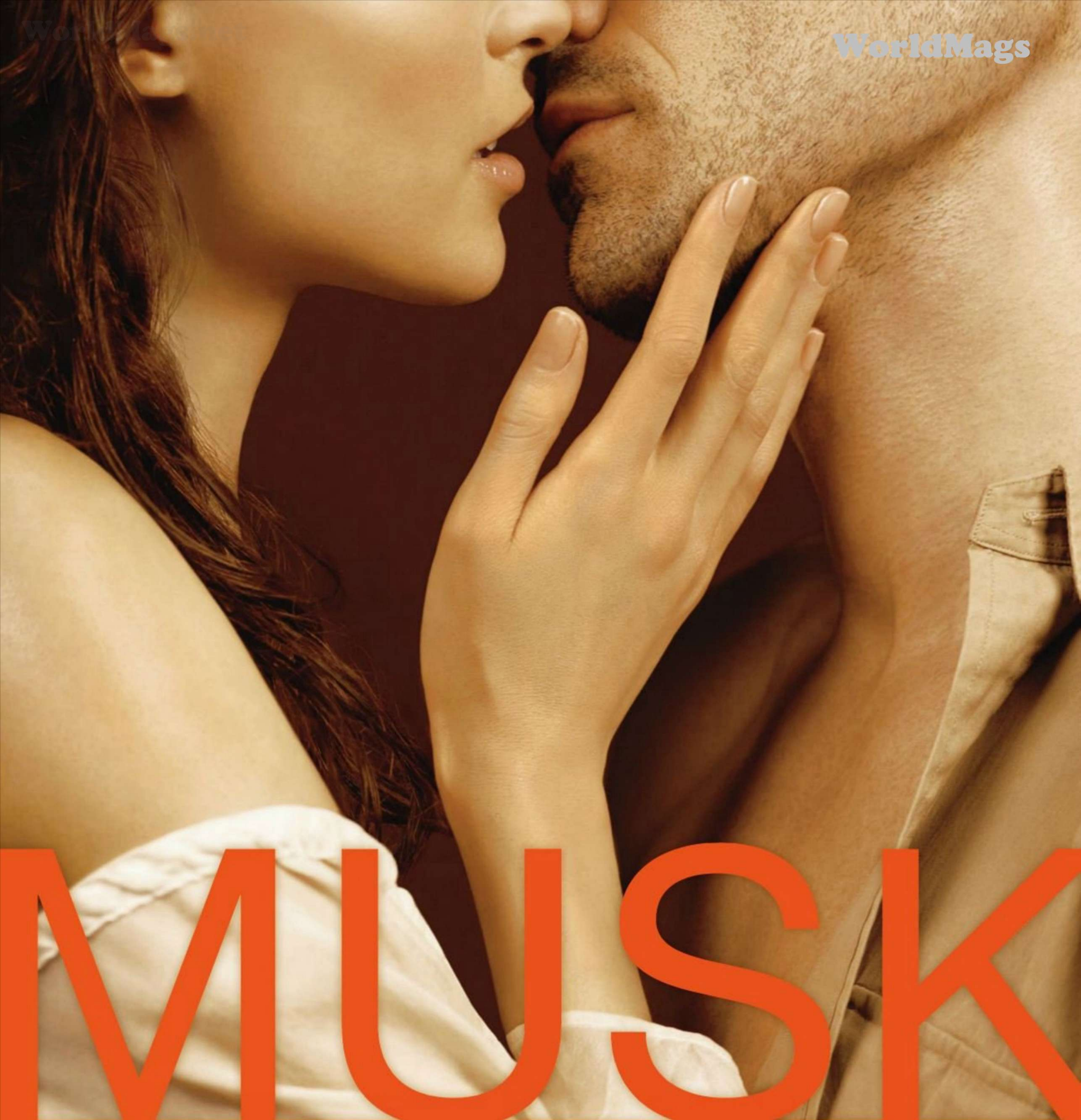
NORTH POLE MARATHON Dress as if your life depends on it—because it does. Although daylight is plentiful, temperatures can hit a frostbite-friendly minus 32 degrees. But here's some heartening news from a past participant: Polar bears are almost nonexistent, and "crevasses in the splintering ice are regularly monitored." Now all you have to do is negotiate a series of ice hillocks and floes without tumbling into the frigid Arctic Ocean, which stands mere feet from the race route. Talk about shrinkage.



FROM THE DIGITAL ARCHIVE • iPLAYBOY

THE BRONSON FILES

How do you loosen the tongue of a taciturn man? Send along novelist Harry Crews, who profiled the notoriously stoic Charles Bronson for our October 1975 issue. "I realized that when Bronson has something he wants to talk about, he is articulate and talks with great animation," Crews wrote. "He just doesn't seem to want to talk much with very many people. And, particularly, he doesn't want to talk to every Tom, Dick and jag-off sent by some newspaper or magazine to interview him. The truth is no more spectacular than this: He doesn't talk when he doesn't want to, and he is hostile only when he has something to be hostile about—which seems to me a damn fine way to be." To read the rest of *Charles Bronson Ain't No Pussycat*, go to iplayboy.com.



MUSK

JÖVAN

It's what attracts
WorldMags





MOVIE OF THE MONTH *Moneyball*'s star batting lineup alone ought to tell you this isn't your typical scrappy underdog sports flick. Starring Brad Pitt, Jonah Hill, Philip Seymour Hoffman and Robin Wright, and directed by Bennett Miller, *Moneyball* is adapted from Michael Lewis's nonfiction best-seller about pro baseball. The film tells how maverick Oakland A's general manager Billy Beane (Pitt) revitalized the team by hiring an economics whiz (Hill) whose cutting-edge statistical analysis helped catapult the team to a 2002 winning season. "You don't want to sound like a jerk when you're talking about a movie in which you're the second lead," says Hill. "But the movie is so emotionally affecting that even someone who isn't a baseball fan can totally dig it, because it's about so many things, like being undervalued and being judged like a book by its cover. I'm so proud of my performance because there's not an ounce of me—or the guy from *Superbad*—in it."

TEASE FRAME

Multihyphenate **Milla Jovovich** wears many hats—actor, musician and model—but we love it when she wears nothing at all. In *Stone* (pictured) she seduces her husband's parole officer (Robert De Niro). See her next as the mischievous M'lady De Winter in *The Three Musketeers*.



BASEBALL TALK WITH JOE BUCK

FIVE FILM HOME RUNS

America's favorite pastime has been depicted thousands of times on the big screen—some films famously strike out, and others knock it clear out of the park. There is no one better to fill out the lineup card on his favorite baseball movies than the voice of the World Series, Fox's **Joe Buck**.

The Pride of the Yankees (pictured): "Gary Cooper captures the nobility of Lou Gehrig. And what other movie classic has Babe Ruth appearing as himself? It has a great script, written about the game in another era, when baseball seemed more pure."

Major League: "It was released the year I started my career in Louisville. If any young announcer doesn't love Bob Uecker as the team's announcer, then something is wrong. I still think of 'Juust a bit outside' whenever someone unleashes one that gets away. Charlie Sheen is believable as Wild Thing—

who knew how that name really fit?"

Field of Dreams: "Sorry. A little sappy, I know, but when the players come out of the corn and Ray plays catch with his dad, even the most hard-hearted guy has to choke them back."

The Bad News Bears: "My mom and dad took me to see it when it came out. I was seven. My first crush was on Tatum O'Neal. I still think she's hot. Walter Matthau is genius as Buttermaker."

The Natural: "This movie is my all-time favorite because Robert Redford is so believable as Roy Hobbs. He is a lefty who really looks like he can hit and pitch. Hollywood never gets that part right. On another note, my body type as a 12-year-old was exactly like the batboy who picks out a winner for Roy after Wonderboy breaks. He made me think I had a chance at an acting career. What happened to him and me?"



DVD OF THE MONTH

SPARTACUS: GODS OF THE ARENA



This bloody good prequel to *Spartacus: Blood and Sand* tells of the charismatic gladiator Gannicus's meteoric rise to champion. Like any celebration of

Roman excess, it revels in sex, splatter and sword swinging. **Best extra:** An exclusive 3-D battle scene on the Blu-ray. ♣♣♣ —Robert B. DeSalvo

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GAMES OF THE MONTH **WorldMags**

GEARS OF WAR 3

By Jason Buhrmester

pounding on a jammed gun, slamming up against a broken wall for cover or taking a chain saw to an enemy, few games feel as visceral as *Gears of War*. In the last installment of the trilogy, *Gears of War 3* (360), Delta Squad leader Marcus Fenix returns, grizzled and graying, to continue battle against the beasts called the Locust and face a new enemy called the Lambent. With civilization in tatters and under attack from towering berserkers and underwater leviathans, everyone joins the fight, including the first playable female characters. Co-op mode lets you and a band of brothers battle through the story together or stand back-to-back and face wave after wave of enemies in Horde Mode. It doesn't end pretty. **★★★★**



Junior knights need not apply for *Dark Souls* (360, PS3), a tough fantasy game loaded with dragons, golems and booby-trapped dungeons. A smart note system allows other players to post tips for conquering what lurks ahead. Read them or pay deadly consequences. **★★★★**

Classic car combat game *Twisted Metal* (PS3) returns with favorites such as Sweet Tooth, the missile-launching ice-cream truck, and new flying modes, including a helicopter, to use as you battle on cliffs and in cities. The 16-player online death derby is the perfect cure for road rage. **★★★★**



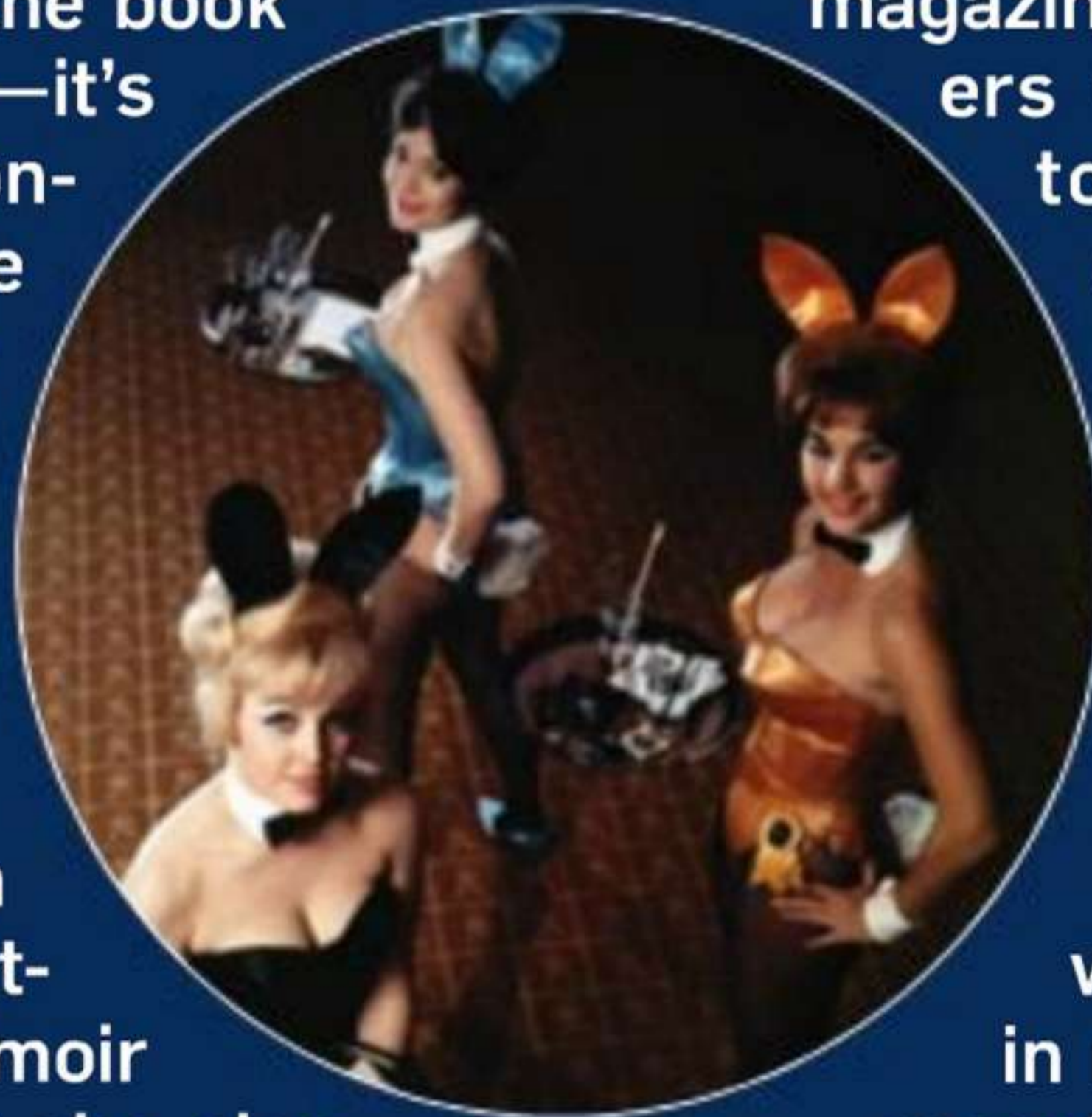
BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE BUNNY YEARS

By J.C. Gabel

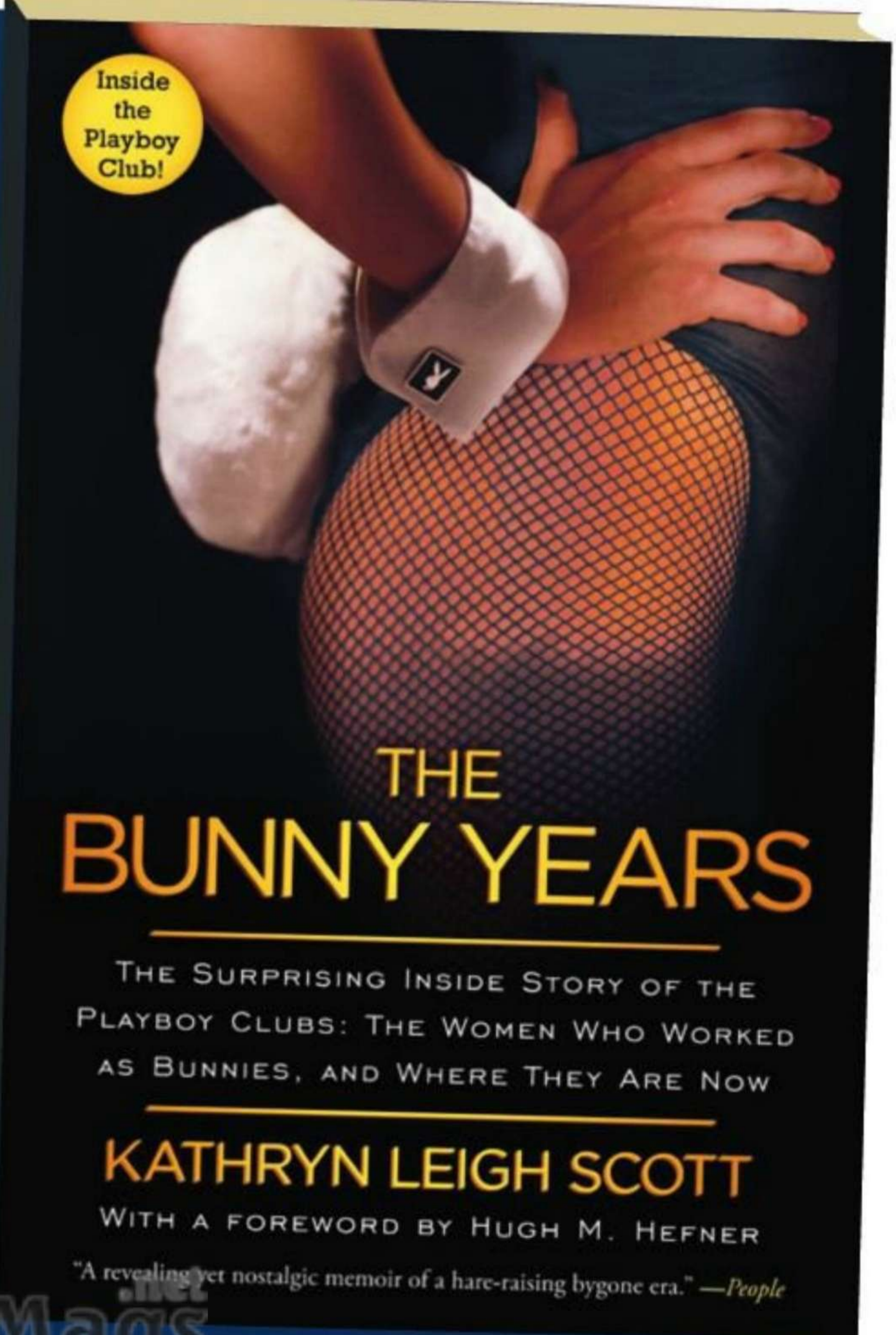
With *The Playboy Club* debuting on NBC, Simon & Schuster has decided to reissue Kathryn Leigh Scott's trailblazing 1998 book, *The Bunny Years*, with a new introduction by Hugh M. Hefner. It's no surprise the book remains popular—it's still the most honest and accurate look at life inside the Playboy Clubs and their impact on everyone involved.

Scott, who "retired her satin ears" in 1966, wanted to write a memoir of her youth, but she also hoped to reframe the debate about the role of the Playboy Bunny in the postfeminist world. She was quick to realize that most of the women working as Bunnies felt liberated and empowered; they were brave enough to break out of the era's stereotypical roles for women as teachers and



housewives, and they earned salaries only men could dream of at the time. She recounts more than 200 first-person tales from former Bunnies including supermodel Lauren Hutton, singer Deborah Harry, journalist and "America's foremost feminist," Gloria Steinem—who went undercover for a misguided 1963 magazine exposé—and others who became doctors, lawyers and executives. Scott is no exception; she went on to become a soap opera star and then a book publisher.

"At the end of my second week, I was holding a check in my hands that represented my wages and tips," Scott writes, "and it was more than my dad earned in a week." That was unheard of in the 1960s, and Scott does a great job celebrating both the adventurous spirit of the pre-feminist feminists who became Bunnies and the clubs' role in launching their careers. **★★★★**



THE BUNNY YEARS

THE SURPRISING INSIDE STORY OF THE PLAYBOY CLUBS: THE WOMEN WHO WORKED AS BUNNIES, AND WHERE THEY ARE NOW

KATHRYN LEIGH SCOTT

WITH A FOREWORD BY HUGH M. HEFNER

"A revealing yet nostalgic memoir of a hare-raising bygone era." —*People*



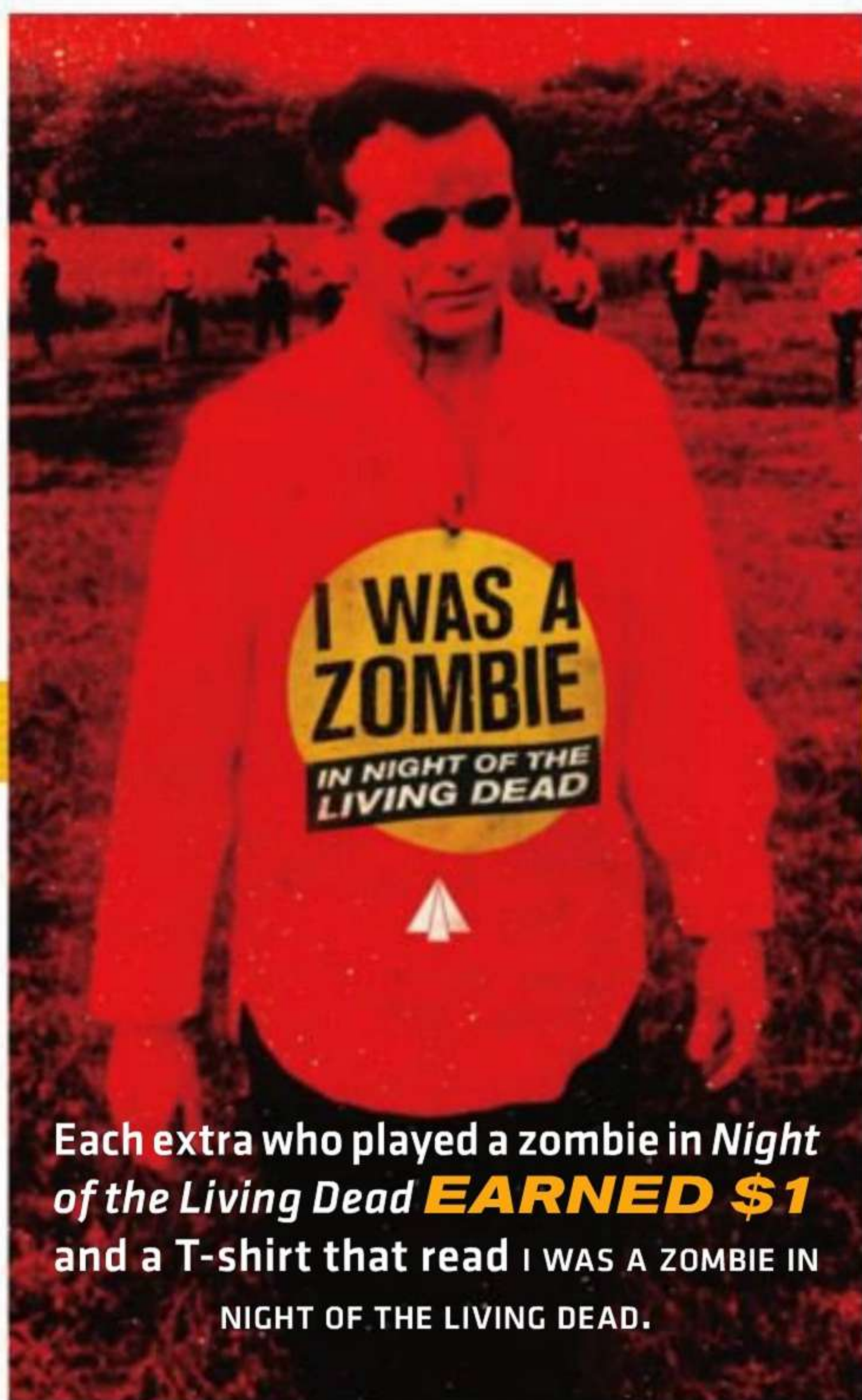
PRESS TO **PLAY**



PLAYBOY

FRAGRANCES FOR MEN

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



THE FIVE STATES THAT EXPERIENCED THE HIGHEST GROWTH BETWEEN 2009 AND 2010 IN RESIDENTS WHO TWEET:



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write a television show for HBO called *Bored to Death*. The lead character of the show, played by Jason Schwartzman, is “Jonathan Ames.” So the character bears my name, but he’s not me, per se. He’s younger and has a full head of hair. He’s also more appealing and less sexually tormented.

His nemesis is a character called Louis Greene, played by John Hodgman. Greene is wildly unkind to Ames. Vicious even. Someone asked me how I write this diabolical character, and I realized that I simply channel my inner self-loathing voice. I am both protagonist *and* antagonist.

I mention this because lately when I sit down to write essays all I’ve been producing are ungenerous remarks directed at myself. What’s happened is that Louis Greene is no longer an inner voice, relegated only to *Bored to Death* scripts. He’s taken over the control room of my mind and has access to my entire PA system.

But the thing is that these remarks, even as they refuse to cohere, have a certain something, and I hate to see them go to waste, which is to say that I admire my own negative thinking. I’m a narcissist who revels in his flaws, loves his pimples and broadcasts to the world his most feeble and deformed qualities.

So I thought I might put down some of these negative false starts, kind of like a series of Nietzschean aphorisms, which is a rather prideful way—befitting a reverse narcissist—to describe such sentiments.

I went to the barbershop. This new fancy place where the old Italian man used to be. I wanted my bald bits of mange-like hair neatened up.

To deal with the haircut, I got stoned. As I sat in the chair, with this lovely girl working on me, I started to laugh at my hideous face. My eyes, with their deep rings, look as appealing as the anus of a frog.

The girl also trimmed my beard. I was looking like an Orthodox rabbi with a liver condition, and after the haircut I looked like a Soviet dissident who had been drinking his wife’s cheap perfume since they couldn’t afford alcohol.

Being around people feels like a lie. So it’s better to be alone. I’ve become all shadow, or nearly all shadow. Seared invisibly down my middle, like the stripe of a depraved skunk, is this terrible shame I feel.

If I’m around a sympathetic person for more than an hour, I start to cry. I can’t maintain my mask. It falls off and I cry. This all comes from my heartbreak last summer.

Ten years ago when I got my heart broken, I developed irritable bowel syndrome. But now instead of diarrhea and having to suddenly run to a toilet and defuse the bomb



I’m a Bearded Lady in a Freak Show

BY JONATHAN AMES

in my gut, I begin to weep. I guess that’s progress. My liquidity is moving up my body, which is nice. It’s less messy.

What could be interesting would be to weep while having diarrhea, as opposed to just feeling disgusted and horrified as one urinates out of one’s asshole. We’re all so alone with our diarrhea. Everyone has such moments of shame on the toilet that no one else knows about. I’ve had hundreds of them.

I’m a sick, deluded, shriveled-cock eunuch. Why do I think these things? This can’t possibly work as the opening to an essay.

But I’d also like to say that I suck as a father, son, friend, citizen, lover and as the anonymous stranger one passes on the street. I don’t think I have any other roles.

Oh, I should also add that my breath is permanently bad and that I have to keep my arms tight to my sides at all times so as to not let loose my body odor, which smells like chicken soup and the sperm of a teenage boy.

I told my friend that this was the last time. The last time I would lend him money, though it’s not really lending since nothing gets paid back. When I first came into money a few years ago, after having been broke for

two decades, I did egoistically delight in helping him out. I felt like the big shot. But now I’ve given him thousands of dollars and it’s gotten out of hand. I tried to give him tough love the other day, telling him that as a man in his 50s he has to learn better how to take care of himself. But who am I to preach? The worm will turn. It always does. I should just give to him until I can’t give anymore and hope that when I’m broke again, he or someone else will be there for me.

My beard is a sham. I’m not a man. I’m a bearded lady in a freak show.

My neighbor, a die-hard Yankees fan, was complaining about Derek Jeter and how he’s really slipping now that he’s 37. I’m 47, and I said, “We’re all Derek Jeter. We’re all getting old and dying. We have to root for him now more than ever.”

I found a line in my journal: “The man slid down the glass pane of his life.” I don’t know when I wrote this, but that’s how I feel. I’m alone. I’m confused. I don’t let anyone get close to me, and it’s all sliding away and I’m not figuring anything out and I’m nearly 50. I give myself such a hard time, but I really don’t want to die. I want to go on hating myself forever.



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Never underestimate your competition. Just ask Demetrius, the unfortunate Greek general who set out to conquer Rhodes in 305 BC. He assumed that a massive force of 40,000 men, a fleet of Aegean pirates and an arsenal of wall-smashing war machines would be enough to crush the tiny Greek island. He was wrong. The Rhodians were tougher than he thought. And so is this watch. If you've always believed that the biggest, baddest watches had to cost big, bad money, the \$79 Stauer *Colossus Hybrid Chronograph* is here to change your mind.

A monument to toughness. The people of Rhodes were ready for Demetrius and repelled his attack. To celebrate, they built the Colossus of Rhodes, a 107-foot bronze and iron giant that towered over the harbor like a ten-story trophy. It warned future invaders that "Rhodes is tougher than you think." You give the same message when you wear the Stauer *Colossus*.

The timepiece that works twice as hard. In designing the *Colossus Hybrid Chronograph*, our instructions to the watchmaker were clear: build it as tough as a battleship and fill it full of surprises. Make it a hybrid, because it should work twice as hard as a regular watch. And make it look like a million bucks, because when you put it on, you should get excited about rolling up your sleeves. Mission accomplished.

A toolbox on your wrist. It will keep you on schedule, but the *Colossus Hybrid* is about much more than time. The imposing case features a rotating gunmetal bezel that frames the silver, black and yellow face. You'll find a battalion of digital displays on the dial arranged behind a pair of luminescent hands and a bold yellow second hand. Powered by a precise

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As most of you, my loyal PLAYBOY readers, know, I got married last year to Jimmy Big Balls. For me to commit to marriage so late in life, I had to love this guy. A lot. In fact, I love everything about Jimmy—except for one thing. No, not the fact that his testicles are so large he has to buy underwear with pleats. The one thing that bugs me about Jimmy is that he won't shut the fuck up.

Please don't misunderstand me. I love talking with Jimmy, and he's one of the most hilarious and entertaining people I know. But there's one subject Jimmy loves to natter on about that I hate to hear about—his past.

When I met Jimmy, I was just about to publish my autobiography, *Chocolate, Please*, which details, among other things, my love of all things, well, chocolate. I warned Jimmy not to read the book because of its descriptive accounts of my relationships with men of the mocha variety, and he was smart enough to take my advice.

Jimmy, on the other hand, regaled me with stories about his ex-girlfriends, his ex-wife, his drinking days, his résumé and his college history. And thanks to these tales of the good, the bad and the ugly, I can no longer enjoy deep-dish pizza (one of his ex's favorite meals), sing along to the Beatles' "Till There Was You" (the wedding song from his first marriage) or watch *Oklahoma!* on TCM (his most recent ex-GF lives in that state). Why? I'll tell you why. Because he can't keep his mouth shut!

Guys, I get it. You've met the girl of your dreams. She's compassionate, understanding and so supportive you feel you can tell her anything. You want to share every aspect of your life with her. Wise up and put your foot on the brake, Dale Earnhardt Jr.! Revealing too much information about your past to your significant other is like having unprotected sex with Courtney Love—just because you *can* doesn't mean you *should*.

It's a slippery slope. Everyone wants honesty in their relationships, but unlike Palestine and Israel, there are definite boundaries. There are plenty of things you should keep your trap shut about, and ex-girlfriends are, of course, the biggie. Sure, you have a past. Just don't tell your girl about it. A woman prefers to believe that your penis just came off the assembly line and she's the first owner. As far as I'm concerned, in my relationship, mine is the first congressional chamber you've ever put your Anthony Weiner in, even though you've probably put up enough numbers for Wilt Chamberlain to say "Damn!"

The only thing worse than talking about an ex is showing your new girl a photo of an ex. Remember, guys: Women aren't wired like you. If your girl shows you a picture of her ex, you're thrilled because



DON'T ASK DON'T TELL

By Lisa Lampanelli

he has a big schnoz or a haircut that makes him look like a pro bowler. Women aren't like that. Show her a photo to prove she's prettier and she goes right to "My tits aren't big enough." Seriously, you could show your girlfriend a photo of Bigfoot and she'd think, If only I could get my arm hair that smooth and silky!

Another way to make your lady's legs close faster than a titty bar in West Hollywood is to tell her what you like done to you in bed by saying "My ex and I used to do that." Whether it's the tongue swirl, the pinkie stab or the old ball squeeze, tell her you saw it in a porno or that it was told to you by a gypsy. If you slip up and tell her your ex and you used to do it, you'll be more likely to get a Lorena Bobbitt than a Cleveland steamer.

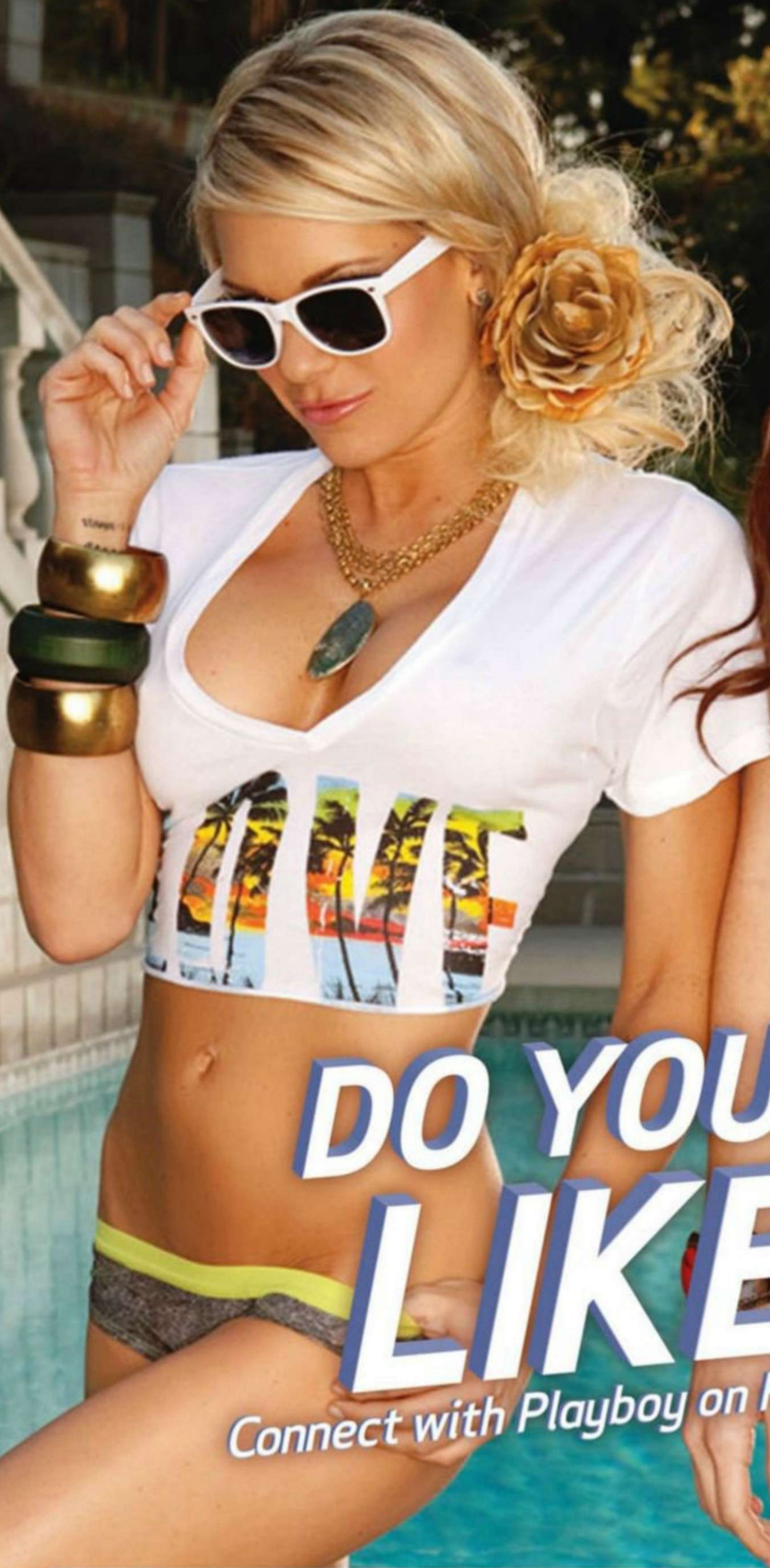
Talking about your past is as ridiculous as Sarah Palin's popularity. If a woman cares enough about you, she's already googled you—extensively. So unless you have an arrest record longer than the Wu-Tang Clan's or are listed on a sex-offender website, you're probably in the clear. And

if you did anything horrific before the web was invented, it's old news. What counts is what you've done lately. I'm sure you're proud of your glory days as a great athlete in high school or backup lead guitarist in a Dokken cover band back in the 1980s, but the explanation for why you're working at McDonald's will fade any past glories.

Do yourself a favor. Grab a pair of scissors, cut out this article and tuck it into your wallet right next to the condom with the 11/09 expiration date on it. The next time you're with a cute girl you're hoping to use that rubber with, take a quick glance at this column before you speak.

As for Jimmy and me, I've put my foot down about him talking about his past. Instead, I allow him to talk only about things that have happened to him since our first date. As far as I'm concerned, page one of the Big Balls history book begins on April 21, 2009. And if he runs out of material, I just let him tell me how skinny and pretty I am.

He knows that the blue balls he saves could be his own.



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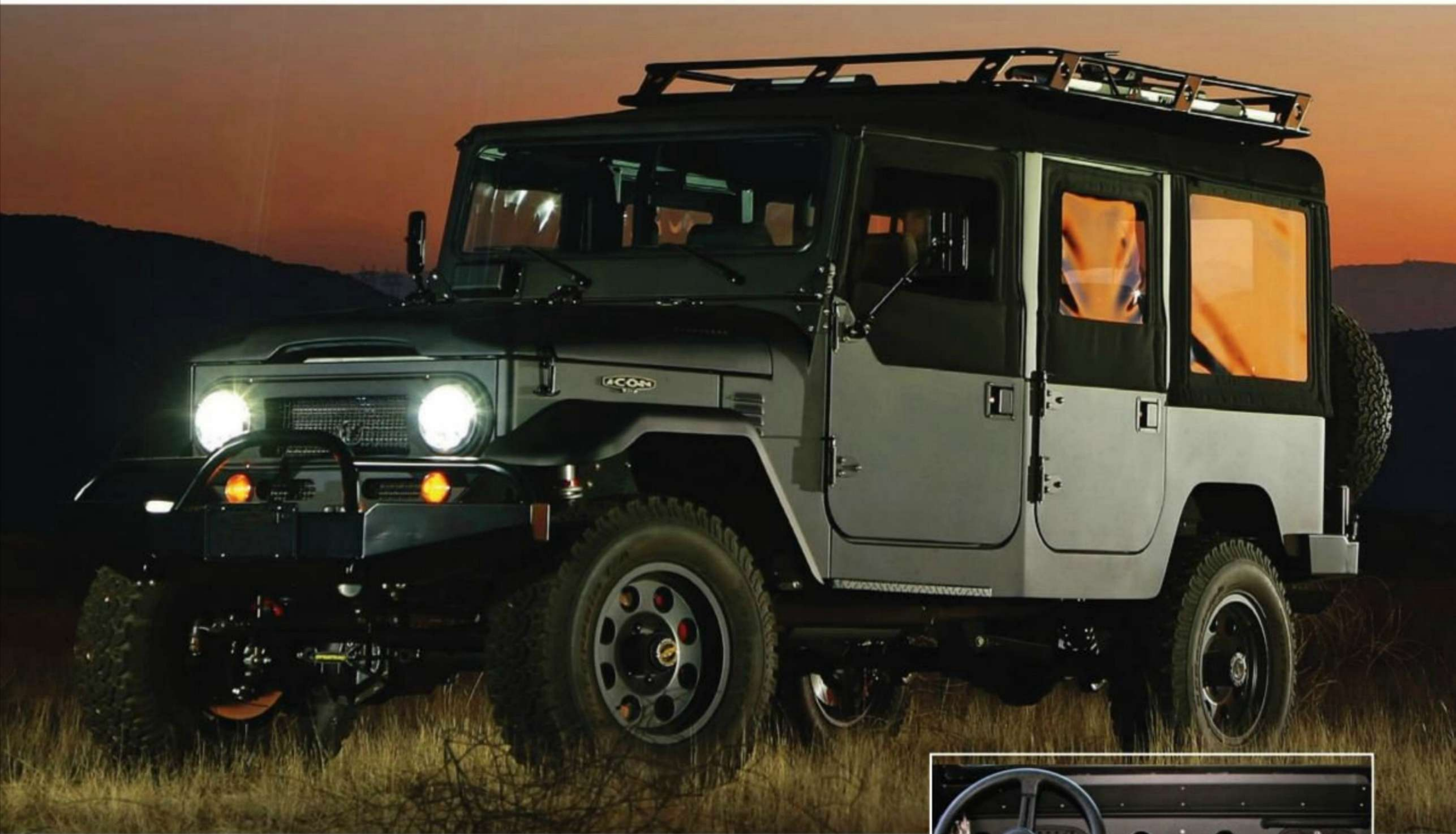


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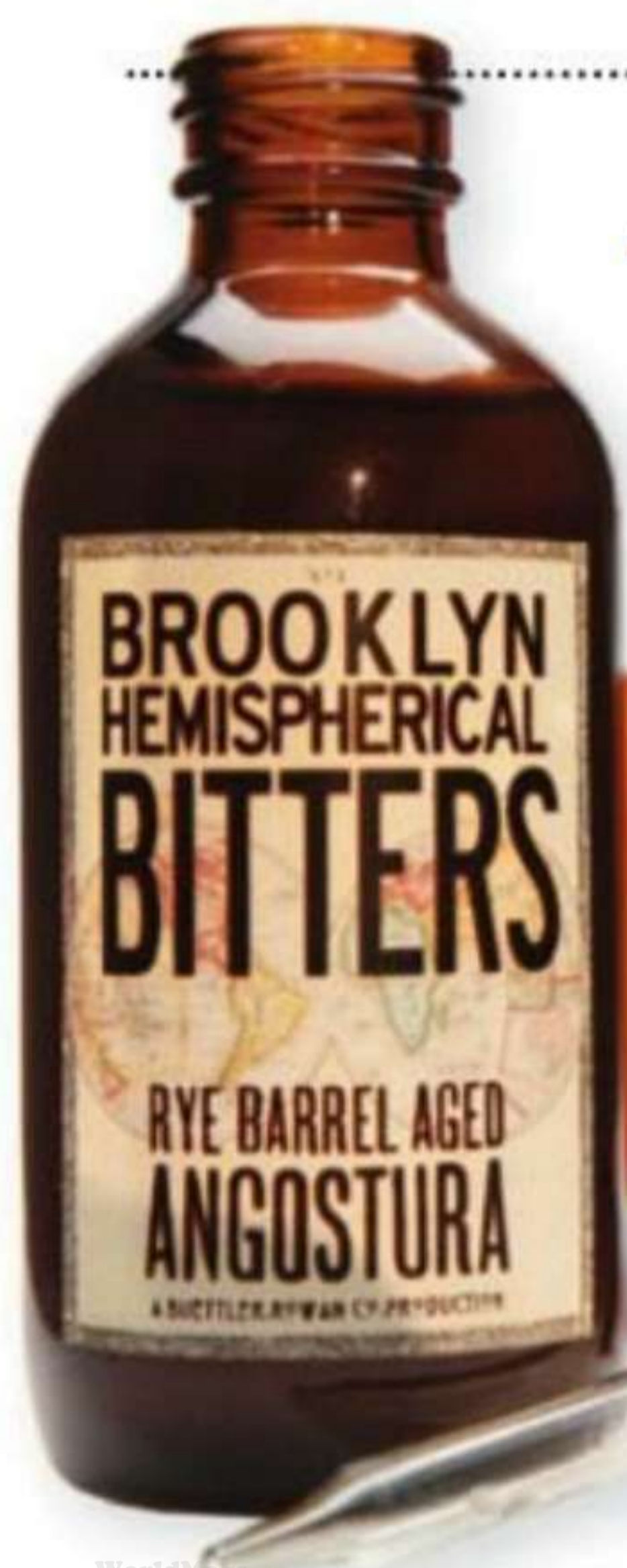
Imagine the car you want to be in when the world ends. Something in your way? Drive over it. Getting chased by a drooling zombie? Hammer the engine and you're gone. That's the visceral impression we got while bombing through Chicago with Jonathan Ward in one of his Icon FJ44s. Ward started Icon, his bespoke truck company, five years ago. He starts with a Toyota FJ chassis, marries it to a Corvette V8 and tricks the rest out according to the customer's wishes. No two are alike. "They're built to order. It starts with a consultation with the client," Ward shouts over the engine's roaring exhaust note. "We take into account everything from the primary user's height and weight to the locales where the car will be driven." The sun visors are the same found in the cockpit of a Learjet. The windshield-frame

latches come from a company that makes heavy-duty latches for meat lockers.

"The idea," says Ward as we weave through traffic, "was to continue the design ethic of the original Land Cruiser with all modern components. The Icon is designed to last for decades, and you can beat the piss out of it." So far Ward has sold nearly 80 trucks; customers include celebrities and Fortune 500 CEOs. The FJ44, pictured, ranges from \$135,000 to \$190,000. Interested? Go to icon4x4.com.



The Icon's custom cockpit



A Bitters Taste

Bitters used to be the hidden ingredient that perfectly balanced a Manhattan. But today—in

the era of artisanal booze—it's taking a star turn of its own.

Exhibit A: Brooklyn Hemispherical Bitters (\$20, brooklynbitters.com), which hand-crafts eight delectable varieties of the dowdy distillation—rhubarb, Meyer lemon, and sriracha among them.

When It Was a Game

Adorn the museum wing of your man cave with Riddell's throwback football helmets (\$260, riddell.com). From the Tampa Bay Buccaneers' Creamsicle "Buccaneer Bruce" atrocity of the 1970s to the original 1960 headgear of the Boston Patriots (right), each tells the story of a sport growing into its role as the national pastime.





Got the Time?

If you're the type to leave your watch behind on a hotel nightstand, Timex has you covered. Its Easy Reader (\$35, timex.com) is equally easy on the wallet.

Call Waiting

Who cares if you mistakenly abandon your BlackBerry in a cab? For \$50 with a new AT&T contract, the HTC Status (att.com/wireless) brings to bear all the usual smartphone capabilities—a camera, access to e-mail, Facebook functionality and apps galore.



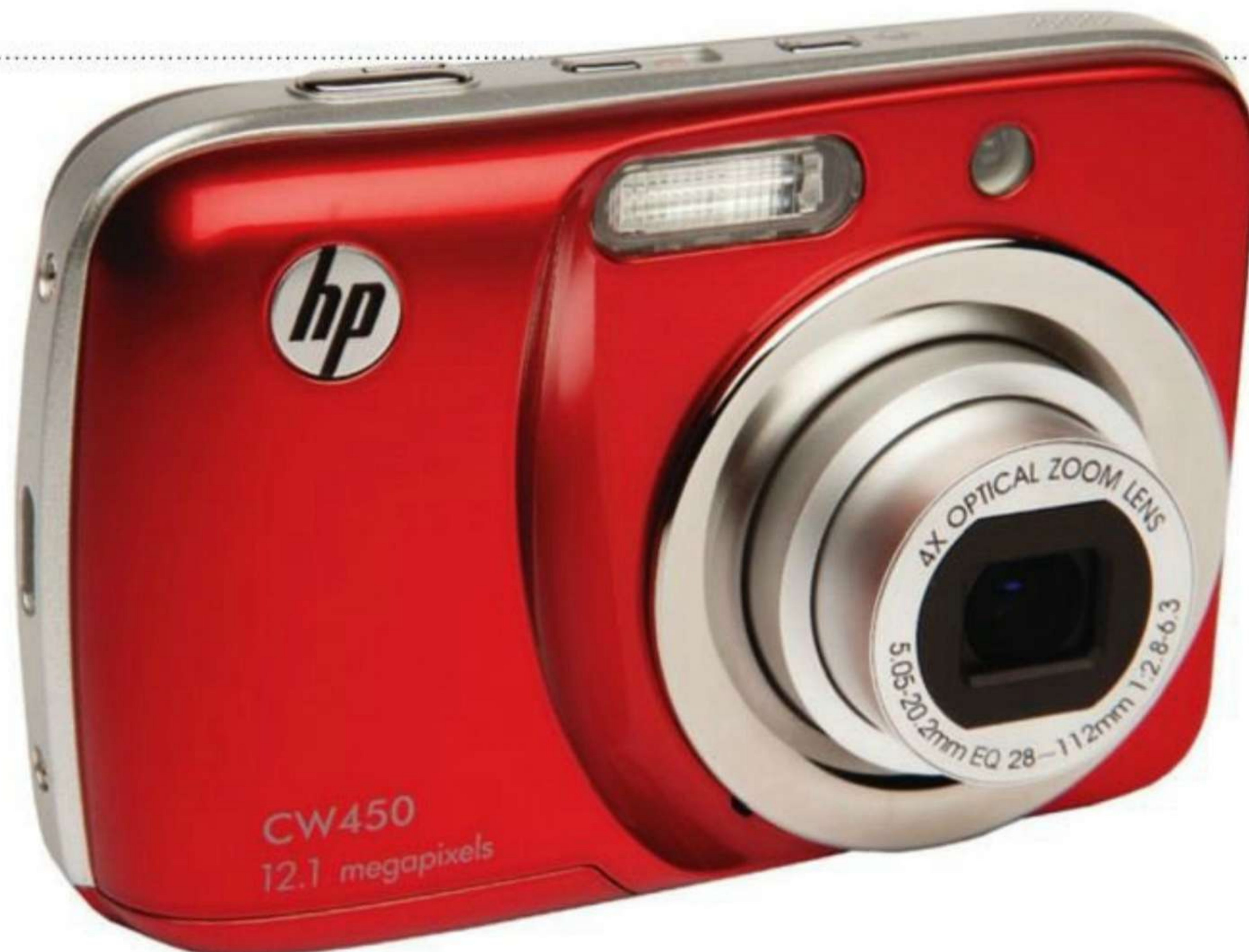
In the Bag

You arrive in Tahiti, head to baggage claim and—whoa!—the airline has lost your luggage. But don't sweat; you didn't spend a bundle. The sturdy and attractive U.S. Traveler four-piece luggage set (\$100, bedbathandbeyond.com) costs only a single benjamin.



Eye Spy

We've all done it: You sit down to eat lunch over midday drinks, and you forget your shades on the table after paying the bill, never to see them again. Soothe your forgetfulness with the Original Pilot sunglasses from AO Eyewear (\$74, aoeyewear.com). They save on cash but don't skimp on style.

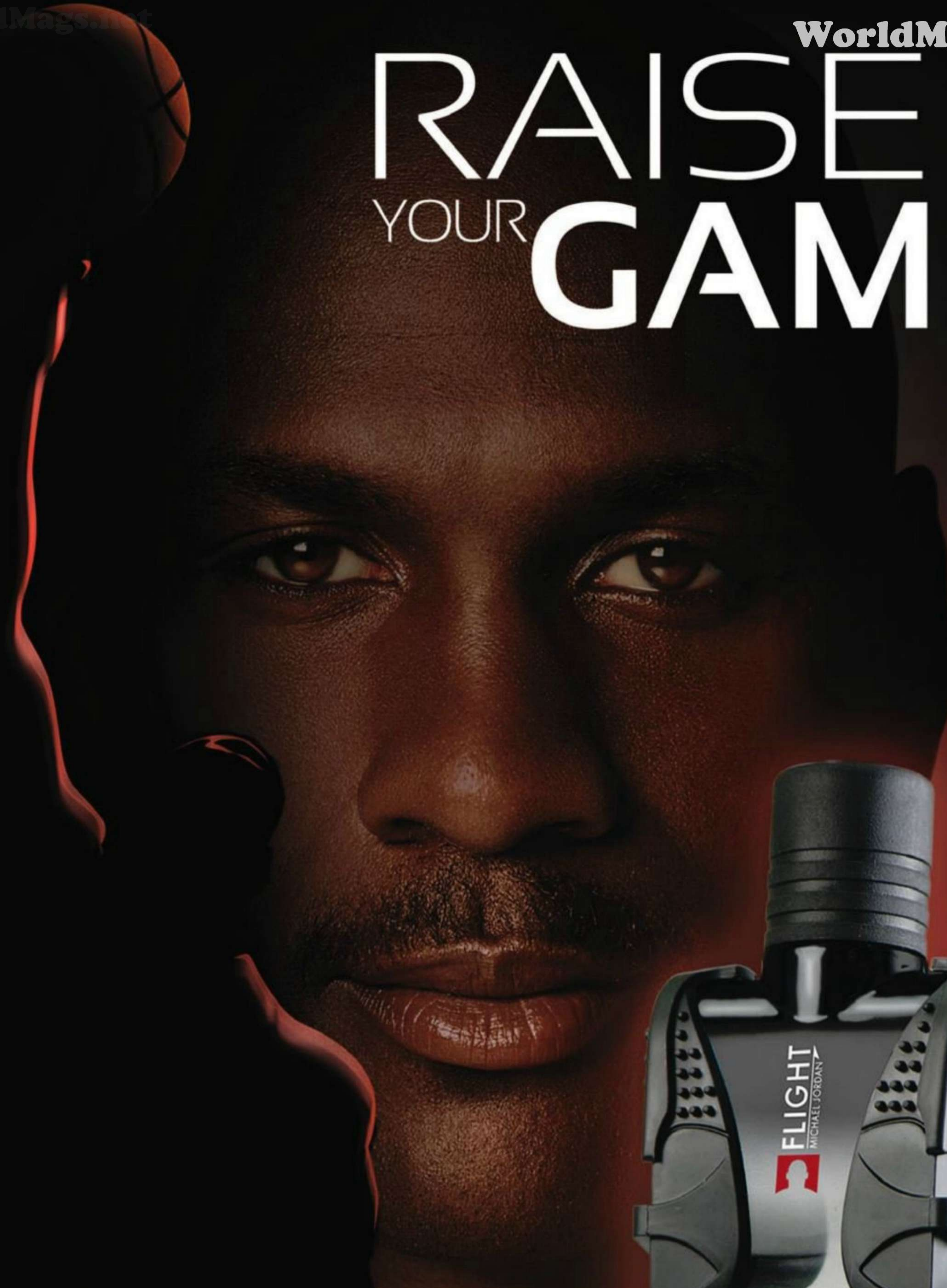


Memories in a Flash

It's not you, it's your camera that has a way of misplacing itself, especially amid the bustle of vacation. Luckily, the HP CW450 digital camera (\$63, shopping.hp.com) won't consume too many traveler's checks. All the while, it offers everything you need to preserve your memories forever.



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BECAUSE FIT
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My fiancée and I have decided not to have children. We don't bring it up in conversation, but when people with kids find out, they attack our position as if it were a threat. Why do parents feel they have the right to tell us we should reproduce?—A.S., Des Moines, Iowa

They recognize quality genes when they see them. As psychologist Ellen Walker points out in her book *Complete Without Kids*, members of any social minority (e.g., childless couples, atheists, nonrecyclers, libertarians) will have moments when they feel misunderstood. You could turn every conversation starter about your status into a lecture on population control, the meaning of the sexual revolution and people who shouldn't have children but do, or you could follow Walker's advice and say, "I decided not to have children, and I'm comfortable with that," before graciously adding, "But tell me about your kids." If an activist breeder challenges your decision, don't take it personally, says Karen Foster, author of *No Way Baby!* (karenfoster.net), in which she refutes the most common criticisms of the child-free. "An aggressive reaction can usually be explained by the fact that misery loves company," she argues. "You opted out of parenthood, and often a parent is thinking, Why didn't I think of that? It's not acceptable to admit it, but a lot of parents have regrets. People who give speeches about how their kids are the greatest thing that ever happened to them sound like they're trying to convince themselves." If you're in the mood for debate, ask your interrogator why he or she reproduced, especially now that reliable birth control and cultural norms make it optional. (Twenty percent of women in their 40s don't have children, and not one of them is considered a spinster.) Parents almost always have a harder time explaining why they had kids than nonparents do when explaining why they chose not to.

On mornings after I drink beer, my nose runs a lot. Is this caused by the beer, or is it a coincidence?—C.S., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

It may be a mild allergic reaction to an ingredient in the beer, most likely the barley or hops. (Allergic reactions to brewer's yeast are apparently less common.) If your symptoms become more pronounced, or if you're curious, have a dermatologist conduct a skin-prick test. Or see if you have the same reaction to gluten-free beer. It could be worse: A Dutch dermatologist once treated a 30-year-old woman with a beer allergy so severe her face became swollen and itchy whenever she entered

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



TOMER HANUKA

My girlfriend admires the body painting on PLAYBOY models such as those shown at Halloween parties at the Mansion. She is considering having this done and going to a party with me. Does she need to be shaved? Does it hurt? How long does it take? How do you get the paint off?—J.L., Folsom, California

Washing the paint off is the best part. We asked Mark Frazier of FrazierArts.com, who covers the women for our parties and pictorials, for his advice. He uses alcohol-based paints that won't run when the models sweat. But because it's applied with an airbrush and must be removed with rubbing alcohol, it's not practical for casual use. Instead, your best option is to buy body paint in cake form and apply it with sponges. That's what clowns and face painters do, so supplies are easy to find online. If your girlfriend plans to make a public appearance, her chances of being detained diminish if she's wearing a G-string and her nipples are covered with pasties or surgical tape to the point that she has what Frazier calls "Barbie boobs." Your penis should also be covered, even if you paint a zipper on it. Trust us on that one.

a bar. If her husband kissed her after drinking beer, her mouth would become red and itchy within minutes. The doctor didn't investigate what in the brew caused this response, but one of his other patients with a similar reaction was allergic to malt. In a more recent case, a man would break out in hives and lose consciousness after drinking wheat beer but had no reaction to lagers.

I slept with my husband's best friend's wife. My husband is fine with it. His friend is not. I thought most men would be happy if their wives had a girlfriend. Am I wrong?—D.E., Seattle, Washington

You may be right about men in general, but you're dealing with only two of them. When initiating an affair, it's always risky to seek permission after the fact. In this case it was a split decision—based on his reaction, you didn't cheat on your husband, but your girlfriend made a cuckold of hers.

How do you cook a steak so it's pink from edge to edge but has a brown crust?—K.T., Baltimore, Maryland

The secret is *sous vide*, which is French for "under vacuum." As Chris Young, Maxime Bilet and Nathan Myhrvold explain in their six-volume, 2,438-page *Modernist Cuisine: The Art and Science of Cooking*, the trick is to cook the meat while it's vacuum sealed. To approximate this at home, place each steak in a BPA-free zip-closure bag with any seasonings and remove as much air as possible. Use low or medium heat to bring the water to 1.8 degrees Fahrenheit hotter than the recommended core temperature. *Modernist Cuisine* contains a chart with optimal temperatures for various cuts. As an example, for a rare rib eye, cook until the core reaches 129 degrees according to your digital probe thermometer. If you prefer medium rare, the core should be 133 degrees, and for medium it should be 140. The thicker the steak, the longer this will take, but most cuts require 30 minutes to an hour. The cooked meat will appear gray, but that's normal. To brown the surface, sweep a butane torch over the serving side or place the steak in a metal non-Teflon pan coated with a high-temperature oil for about 20 seconds. The pan should be hot enough that it's just about to smoke.

My wife asked me to name something on my bucket list. I said I'd like to take a cruise. She said she wanted a gang bang. I have never been concerned about her cheating, but now I'm not so sure. Is it normal for a woman to want a gang

bang?—B.K., Minersville, Pennsylvania

You want a boat; your wife wants a train. Don't freak out and make your courageous spouse regret being honest with you about her fantasies. Women are as randy as men but spend their lives being discouraged from expressing their desires for fear they will be dismissed as sluts. If your wife dreams of being "taken" by several men at once, why

would you assume she would organize such an event without your consent and participation? You may never be comfortable with turning this fantasy into a reality, but you can use it to your advantage in the bedroom by weaving her a tale of multiple seduction, with dildos as stand-ins. We'd also want to know what else is on that naughty list of hers.

During sex my wife likes to be tied with her hands behind her back, but her bottom is so large we're not able to get her wrists together. Do you have any suggestions?—R.L., St. Louis, Missouri

You've discovered one of the challenges of bootyliciousness. The easiest solution is leather cuffs that are attached with a series of quick links with or without a short chain so the length can be adjusted. Several pairs of handcuffs linked together also work but make it difficult for a bottom to lie comfortably on her back. If you prefer rope, use two or three six-to-12-foot lengths and obi knots, which are the type used to secure the belts on martial arts uniforms. "Apply an obi-knot cuff to the bottom's left wrist, then bring her arm behind her back, bending her elbow as far upward as she can reasonably tolerate," explains Jay Wiseman in his Erotic Bondage Handbook. "Separate the two tails, then run one tail over the bottom's right shoulder and the other under her right armpit. Dress the tails and tie them together. Repeat this process for the right wrist." If your bottom is able to wriggle free, despite the threat of punishment, Wiseman outlines in his book a few refinements to tighten the bonds of love.

Is there any way to repair small scratches on your car without taking it to a body shop?—R.L., Arlington, Virginia

If the scratches are tiny, start with the finest grade of rubbing compound, preferably applied with an electric buffer. If you're lucky, the scratch isn't a scratch but rubber, plastic or paint that comes off easily. If the scratch has penetrated the clear coat but not the paint or metal, sand down the surrounding paint with ultrafine 2,000-to-3,000-grit wet/dry sandpaper to the level of the scratch. This can be tricky, however, so it's a good idea to have a body shop take a look first. If you sand too far you may end up having to reapply the clear coat or repaint the panel. One trick is to fill the scratch with shoe polish of a contrasting color; when it disappears, stop sanding. Once you've finished, polish out the sanding scratches with rubbing compound.

This may be a dumb question, but can you get an STD from masturbating?—M.S., Katy, Texas

No. That's what's so great about it! Although, on further reflection, we suppose a communal sex toy could do you in. In a case reported in Genitourinary Medicine, a skipper contracted gonorrhea from a sex doll he found in the bed of the ship's engineer, who had left in a hurry after ejaculating into it to attend to engine trouble. So avoid doing that.

I am 20 and my girlfriend is 19. We have been dating for nine months. Over the

weekend she asked to use my laptop to check her e-mail. I said sure but told her my computer would store her password. Her angry reaction surprised me because she has my password and it's no big deal. I told her that while I didn't want to rummage through her e-mail, the fact that she doesn't trust me with something as simple as an e-mail password makes me suspicious. Am I invading her privacy, or should this give me reason to believe something is amiss?—H.P., Miami, Florida

There's nothing simple about an e-mail password, even among the faithful. Why did you give up yours?

My girlfriend of two years broke up with me. Because we're still friends, she asks me to do favors such as walk her dog, pick her up at the airport, sign for packages, etc. I can't say no. What should I do?—M.J., Portland, Oregon

Friendship is possible among ex-lovers but usually requires a cooling-off period that lasts months if not years—and two new relationships. We like what Dr. Alex Lickerman, a contributor to Psychology Today, wrote about the suffocating nature of what happens in the meantime, which he describes as "the good-guy contract." After being dumped 20 years ago by the first woman he loved, Lickerman found he couldn't refuse her frequent requests for favors, even recording television shows for her. He describes the implied contract this way: "I agree to be nice to you, to advise you, to sacrifice for you—and in return you agree to believe that I am wise, compassionate and excellent as a human being in every way. And, most important, you like me." The fallacy is that by continuing to fulfill the obligations of a boyfriend, your ex will again fulfill hers, and the relationship will be restored. Lickerman eventually found his backbone and voided the contract not only with his ex but also with other friends he realized were part of his life only because their presence boosted his self-esteem. As he learned, you have to be able to disappoint people. Genuine friends are the ones who stick around even when that happens.

I am a 41-year-old woman diagnosed with female sexual aversion disorder. My husband is five years younger and has a healthy sex drive. I haven't been able to find information online. Can you help me before my happy marriage isn't so happy?—L.C., Las Vegas, Nevada

The person who diagnosed you couldn't tell you anything about it? We're suspicious. As defined by the American Psychiatric Association, a woman with female sexual aversion disorder experiences extreme anxiety or disgust at the idea of having genital contact with a partner. But many psychologists argue that this is not a stand-alone dysfunction but an oft overlooked complication of social anxiety, panic disorder or obsessive-compulsive disorder. It may originate in a traumatic experience such as sexual abuse, but most therapists believe it has to be reinforced, if only by the patient convincing herself that sex will cause an attack. The condition may also be related to vaginismus,

which is an involuntary muscle spasm that makes penetration painful. One step down on the psychiatric scale is hypoactive sexual desire disorder, which is when a person is distressed by a lack of fantasies or libido. (This diagnosis and female sexual aversion disorder may soon be merged into sexual interest/arousal disorder.) If your horny husband is happily married to you, we have a hard time believing you suffer from sexual aversion disorder. More likely you have the same problem that frustrates millions of long-term couples—boredom. And the remedy for that is to quit looking for excuses. Make some appointments for sex, share some fantasies, buy some toys. Don't feel like you have to be turned on to initiate or accept an invitation; for many women, the arousal comes only after the touching begins.

I have hair all over. Are you aware of a long-term method to get rid of it? I've tried shaving and waxing, but the hair returns. I swim a lot, so I'm perhaps overly aware of it.—N.S., Danville, Illinois

You often hear of techniques that supposedly provide "permanent hair removal," but the only place that seems to occur is—oh, cruel irony—the top of a man's head. Waxing is your best option, though shaving your back may be less daunting with an extender such as the Razorba (razorba.com). Laser hair removal will keep the fur off longer, especially if you're light skinned with dark hair, but it's expensive, credible information about its long-term safety and effectiveness is lacking, and the hair may grow back. Electrolysis is also a possibility but too painful and tedious for large areas.

I have been attracted to a friend since high school. Two years ago I told her how I felt. She gave me the lame excuse that she didn't want to ruin our friendship if it didn't work out. We are great for each other, but I don't think she realizes it. How do I prove to her we should be together?—C.J., Muncie, Indiana

You don't. You aren't solving a math theorem or applying for a job. Your muse may come to realize you are the guy for her, but we doubt it. And that epiphany certainly isn't going to happen unless you go away. Besides, can you be friends with a woman you're pursuing? Don't get caught up in a good-guy contract. Not only is it a waste of your youth, but you may overlook a woman who finds the risk of losing you as a friend less daunting than not having you as a boyfriend.

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 to advisor@playboy.com. For updates, visit playboyadvisor.com and follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL RUDD

A candid conversation with the comic goofball turned leading man (or vice versa) about the hipness of AOL, his hatred of cars and turning insecurity into stardom

Comedy has never been an art form that rewards beauty or self-confidence. The greatest comic actors—such as Woody Allen, Ricky Gervais, Charlie Chaplin and Will Ferrell—are less-than-stunning physical specimens who wear their insecurities on their sleeves. And then there are the anomalies, like Paul Rudd. With his boyish good looks and charming personality he seems like somebody who should have the world wrapped around his finger. And yet few actors working today are as believable at portraying what it feels like to be painfully self-conscious and socially awkward.

Rudd's movie career has run the gamut of human insecurities. There was the 2005 comedy hit *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, in which Rudd played an electronics store employee struggling to forget, or maybe win back, a cheating ex-girlfriend. In 2007's *Knocked Up* he was a frustrated husband and father acutely aware of the freedoms he'd lost, at one point announcing at a restaurant, "Isn't it weird, though, when you have a kid and all your dreams and hopes go right out the window?" And in the 2009 comedy *I Love You, Man*, he was a real estate agent clumsily trying to connect with a male friend.

Director David Wain, who has cast Rudd in several of his films over the past decade—from the 2001 cult comedy *Wet Hot American*

Summer to his next feature, *Wanderlust*—believes the dichotomy between Rudd's pretty-boy exterior and his not so easily concealed insecurity is a large part of the actor's appeal. "Paul Rudd is a handsome leading man," Wain admits. "But in his deepest core he's still the dorky suburban Jewish bar mitzvah DJ he was as a teenager."

Wain isn't being hyperbolic. Rudd actually did earn a living in the early 1990s as an MC and DJ for bar and bat mitzvahs across southern California, sometimes performing under the stage name Donnie the Dweeb. But the suburban kid from Overland Park, Kansas—he was born in Passaic, New Jersey but moved to Kansas at the age of 10 with his father, Michael, a sales manager for TWA, and mother, Gloria—had bigger plans than just hosting parties for Jewish teenagers. One of his first films was the 1995 comedy *Clueless*.

After *Clueless*, Rudd's acting work came in essentially two speeds: cute or crude. He was either the nonthreatening, mildly quirky boy crush in movies like *The Object of My Affection* and *200 Cigarettes* and on TV shows like *Friends*. Or he was the handsome guy not afraid to make a spectacle of himself in comedies like *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy* and *Wet Hot American Summer*. He eventually made the transition to leading man, and his track record has been hit (*Role*

Models and I Love You, Man) and miss (*How Do You Know* and *Dinner for Schmucks*). Soon he'll try again, with *Wanderlust*, in which he and Jennifer Aniston star as a New York couple trying to reinvent themselves at a hippie commune in rural Georgia.

Eric Spitznagel, who has interviewed Tina Fey and Steve Carell for *PLAYBOY*, caught up with Rudd at the Chateau Marmont in West Hollywood. He reports: "Rudd and I spent most of an afternoon at the Marmont's outdoor restaurant, where we consumed four full pots of coffee in rapid succession. Rudd also enjoyed some scrambled eggs with extra bacon and claimed that the artery-clogging meal was a direct order from director Judd Apatow, who apparently wants Rudd to 'pack on some pounds' for an upcoming movie. For a man who jokes as often as Rudd, it can be difficult to tell when he's just pulling your leg. But he did scarf down an awful lot of bacon."

PLAYBOY: You seriously have to gain weight for a movie role?

RUDD: I know, it's weird. It's the opposite of what the studios normally want or what other directors want. But it's different with Judd. He always says, every time we work together, that he wants me to gain weight. He says, "I like a fat Rudd."



"There's nothing I find more revolting than when some 22-year-old singer thanks the fans and says he's doing it for them. Fucking liar. You're not doing this for your fans. You're doing this to put food on the table."



"I have been naked in a lot of my movies. There's something inherently funny about the naked male body, particularly mine. Ryan Reynolds, sure, it makes sense why he'd strip down. I shouldn't be allowed to."



"When my wife was pregnant, she got upset with me because I didn't read the baby books. But what's the worst that can happen? It's not as though if I didn't read the books our son wouldn't have been born."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

PLAYBOY: Is that because it makes you look more human?

RUDD: I don't know. Maybe. I just like the excuse to eat bacon. I don't have far to go anyway. My gut just needs that little extra bit.

PLAYBOY: And this is a typical request from Apatow?

RUDD: Oh absolutely. There's a line in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* when my character tells Steve Carell what it's like to have your heart broken and how you're constantly gaining and losing weight. I improvised that line because, before we started shooting the movie, I took Judd's request to put on weight maybe a little too far. And the studio said, "You're a fat ass. Lose some weight." So during the course of the movie I tried to drop a few pounds.

PLAYBOY: That could cause a continuity problem.

RUDD: A huge problem. And I figured my weight is going to fluctuate anyway. If I mention it in a scene, maybe that'll cover my bases and justify why I'm 10 pounds heavier in some scenes and 10 pounds lighter in others.

PLAYBOY: Is the new film you're doing with Apatow, currently called *This Is Forty*, a sequel to *Knocked Up*?

RUDD: It's not really a sequel. It's more like a spin-off. It's about Pete and Debbie, the couple Leslie Mann and I play in the first movie, with the same kids. We've been in rehearsals for about six months, reading through scenes and improvising some ideas.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever feel as though you're doing therapy for Apatow?

RUDD: How do you mean?

PLAYBOY: Your fictional wife is played by Judd's actual wife, Leslie Mann, and your fictional kids are played by his actual daughters, Iris and Maude. It's as though he's making these movies to examine his own marriage under a microscope.

RUDD: There's a reason it seems as though he's doing that. And that's because he absolutely is. We're both doing it. It was the same thing in *Knocked Up*. A lot of stuff in that movie was right out of my life and right out of Judd's life. Judd asked me to write down things from my marriage, and we'd use that in improvisations.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

RUDD: Well, when my wife was pregnant, she got upset with me because I didn't read the baby books. She looked at that, understandably, as a hostile gesture. But I had an argument in my defense. What did the cavemen do without *What to Expect When You're Expecting*? You know what I mean? It's all bullshit. I was like, "It'll be fine. We don't need to go to birthing classes or any of that nonsense." What's the worst that can happen? It's not as though if I didn't read the books and go to the classes our son wouldn't have been born.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you became friends with Apatow because of a mutual love of Steve Martin?

RUDD: Here's what happened: I was at a

dinner party with a group of people, and we were talking about fake names—you know, how it's difficult to come up with a really great fake name. It's a specific type of gift. You don't want to go too far into the silly, and you don't want to go too far into the banal. I always thought one of the funniest names ever was Gern Blanston, which came from a Steve Martin routine on one of his early records.

PLAYBOY: *Comedy Is Not Pretty!*

RUDD: Yeah, that's the one. So I brought up Gern Blanston, and a woman at the table said, "Oh my God, that's what Judd Apatow's e-mail address means." It turned out his address was GernBlanston@aol.com. I thought, Wow, that's a very cool, arcane reference.

PLAYBOY: Before you finish that story, a quick side question: Why do so many comics have AOL addresses? Steve Carell has an AOL address, as do Tina Fey and Sarah Silverman. What about you?

RUDD: I'm AOL.

PLAYBOY: Why is that? Is it a coincidence that almost everybody in comedy is still on AOL?

RUDD: That's a good question. I never

I've had varying degrees of helplessness and shame and anger throughout my life. I'm really glad it doesn't go away, because I've learned to capitalize on that feeling.

thought about it. I finally got a Gmail account, but I never use it. I like AOL because it's so embarrassing. People look at you as if you're a fossil. Which you are. But I enjoy that embarrassment. I like being on the outside. Having an AOL address is like wearing Ocean Pacific shorts. It's so uncool that it's cool.

PLAYBOY: Anyway, sorry—you were saying about Apatow?

RUDD: So I have his e-mail address, and I don't know him, but I'm a fan of *Freaks and Geeks*. When I got home from the dinner party that night, I wrote him a short note congratulating him on a great choice in e-mail names. And he wrote back right away because he was impressed I knew who Gern Blanston was. Actually, the first thing he said to me was "Cool, now maybe I can get some free tickets to Neil LaBute plays." Because at the time that was the main thing I'd been doing.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take before you met him in person?

RUDD: About a year. We e-mailed each other for a long time. I wasn't actually in the same room with him until I auditioned for *Anchorman*. And walking in there and

seeing him was weird. It felt as though I was meeting my Asian pen pal. I really wanted to make a great first impression.

PLAYBOY: It probably didn't help that you'd grown some muttonchops and a mustache.

RUDD: [Laughs] Yeah, that was pretty great. I wanted to do something special for the role. I was working on *Friends* that week, so I was able to raid the show's wardrobe department. I don't normally dress up for an audition to try to impress the director unless it's something I really want and I think dressing up might help. The wardrobe supervisor on *Friends* helped me find this horrible polyester suit, and I had enough time before the audition to grow a mustache and the chops. It wasn't fully grown in, but it was enough to give them the general idea.

PLAYBOY: You've never been afraid to use your own body for a joke, whether it's growing a mustache or getting naked.

RUDD: I have been naked in a lot of my movies. There's something inherently funny about the naked male body, particularly mine. Ryan Reynolds, sure, it makes sense why he'd strip down. But not me. I shouldn't be allowed to.

PLAYBOY: But you keep your clothes on in *Wanderlust*.

RUDD: Is that surprising?

PLAYBOY: Well, the movie does take place at a hippie commune, and there is male nudity.

RUDD: I was actually pretty thankful I got to keep my pants on for this one. I'm a big fan of movie nudity. A male ass shot is the cheapest and best laugh ever. But it's mortifying to do. When I showed my butt in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, all I could think was, This is going to be up on all those big screens. I was very self-conscious about doing it. But I also have a desperate and deep-seated need to be accepted and liked to make up for my massive insecurities.

PLAYBOY: Aside from worrying about the finished product, you don't mind getting naked for a film crew?

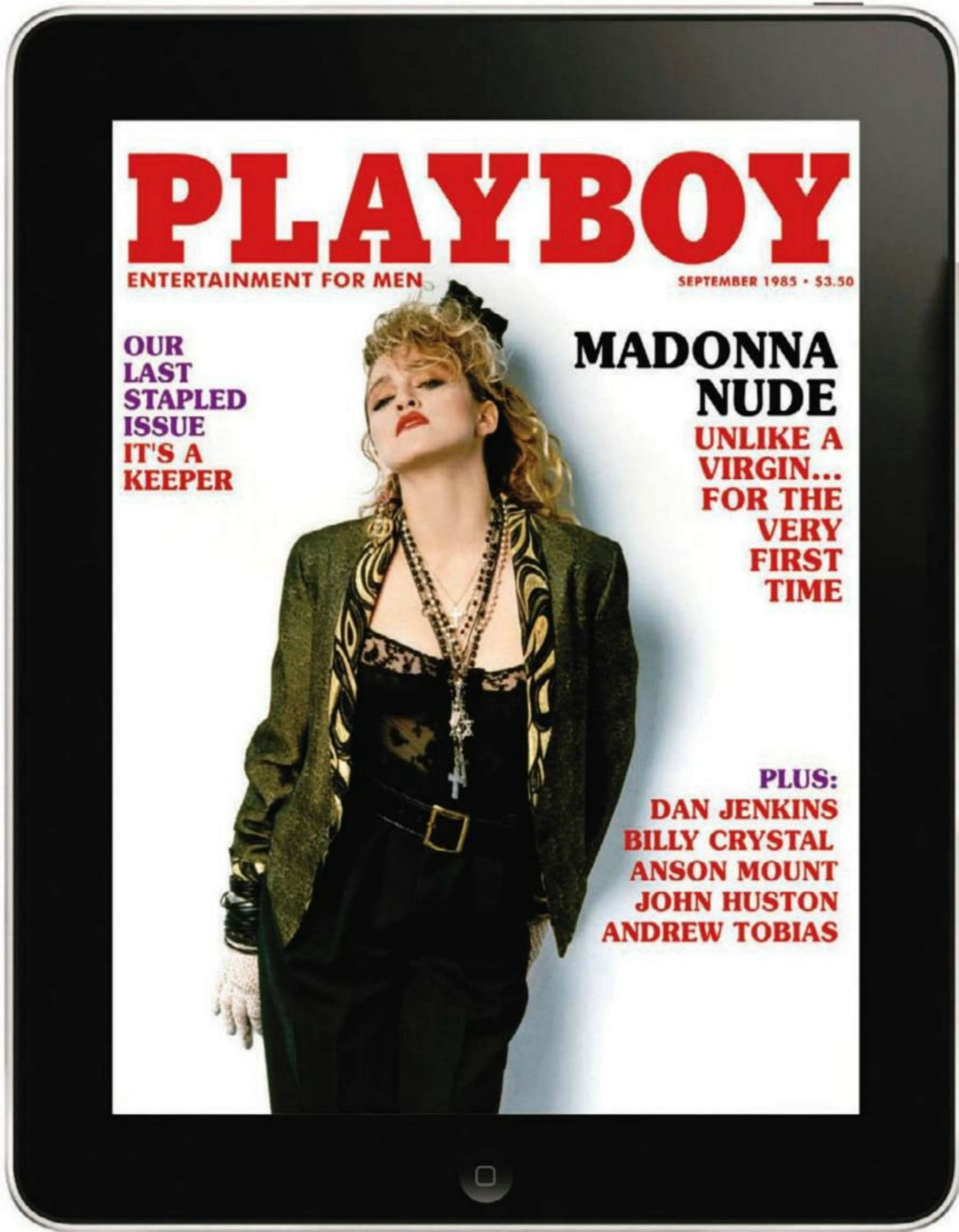
RUDD: I don't mind it, but I do feel bad for them. There's that scene in *Our Idiot Brother* where I'm naked and getting painted from the side, and because of the angle of the shot, our soundman—who was a guest soundman, by the way, and not even our regular guy—had an unfortunate view. He was holding up the boom mike and standing right in front of me. My legs were spread, and he was pretty much staring at my hairy taint.

PLAYBOY: The poor guy.

RUDD: I felt so bad for him. I could tell by his expression that he was pretty bummed out. Afterward I was like, "Sorry about that, man." I don't think he forgave me.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned having massive insecurities. Are you being coy, or do you actually have insecurities?

RUDD: Are you kidding me? I'm riddled with insecurity. My entire career exists because of insecurity.



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PLAYBOY: You honestly believe that?

RUDD: Of course I do. Why would anyone be an actor if he or she weren't insecure? That's why anybody pursues this kind of work. I remember when my sister was born and I was insecure because I wasn't getting all the attention anymore. I think you can draw a straight line from that to my entire acting career.

PLAYBOY: Some actors claim they do it for the love of the craft.

RUDD: I hear that all the time, and it's such horseshit. That's such a lie. There's nothing I find more revolting than when I'm watching *American Idol* and some 22-year-old singer thanks the fans and says he's doing it for them. "I'm doing it for you guys!" Fucking liar. You're not doing this for your fans. You're doing this because you want to put food on the table for your family, and you want to be loved by strangers so your self-loathing isn't as rampant.

PLAYBOY: You seem very neurotic for someone who grew up in Kansas.

RUDD: I've lived all over the place. My dad worked for TWA, so we were constantly moving. We moved to Kansas the first time when I was five, then left when I was six and a half or seven and moved to Anaheim. We were in California for three years and then moved back to Kansas. My parents have been there ever since.

PLAYBOY: Did Kansas feel like home?

RUDD: Not at the time. I was Jewish in a not very Jewish part of town, going to a not very Jewish school. My parents were European—my dad and mom were both born in London, and my dad grew up in New York. I always felt a little out of place. I didn't have a lot in common with the other kids. I'd ask them, "Where are you from?" And they'd say, "Here. What do you mean? I'm from here." [laughs] It was very much a high school football, *Friday Night Lights* scene, which I think it is in a lot of the country. I was not the *Friday Night Lights* kind of athlete, though I loved football, and I loved the Steelers.

PLAYBOY: The Pittsburgh Steelers? But you lived in Kansas.

RUDD: I started following them when I lived in California. My dad never gave a shit about sports. Once the Dodgers left Brooklyn he was like, "Fuck sports." But he worked with a guy who was from Pittsburgh, and he loved the Steelers. He took me to a game when the Steelers played the Los Angeles Rams, and I got caught up in the excitement of it. All of a sudden rooting for the Steelers became my thing. To this day, if I need to remember a number, I'll associate it with a 1970s Steelers player. It's my mnemonic system.

PLAYBOY: Is that a joke, or have you actually done that?

RUDD: That's entirely true. On the day I met my wife, I asked her for her phone number, and I'll never forget this: The last four digits were 1764. I was like, "Oh, that's easy. Brian Sipe, Steve Furness."

Brian Sipe was a quarterback for the Cleveland Browns, but his number was 17. And Furness, of course, was number 64.

PLAYBOY: In a way, you were letting her know in advance exactly what kind of guy she was getting involved with.

RUDD: Exactly. She was like, "What the fuck are you talking about?" The fact that she went out with me anyway says a lot about her. She knew I was a big Steelers fan and a big nerd. In fact, you want to know how much of a Steelers nerd I am? I once made a player entirely out of Legos. I made a Lego version of Craig Colquitt, the Steelers punter.

PLAYBOY: Was he your favorite player?

RUDD: No, John Stallworth was my favorite. But Colquitt was number five, and I had only enough black pieces to do a five. It was pretty good, if I may say so myself. I made a lot of things out of Legos when I was a kid, but this was my *pièce de résistance*. I did it when I was 10, and when I left home after high school, my mom kept it. When people would come over, she'd show it to them. It survived for 30 years. Just a few years ago I was in Kansas City after my dad passed away,

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and I found out the punter for the Kansas City Chiefs, Dustin Colquitt, lives across the street.

PLAYBOY: Any relation to Craig Colquitt?

RUDD: Dustin is Craig's son. So my mom invited him over, and I brought out the Lego statue to show him. I was like, "Hey, look what I made when I was 10. I was really into your dad." I think he was a little freaked out at first, but then he was like, "My dad's coming to town in a few weeks. He's got to see this." I had to fly back to New York, but I was like, "Sure, bring him over. I'd be honored." But a few days later my mother was moving some things around and accidentally bumped the Lego Craig Colquitt, and it shattered all over the floor. So Craig never got a chance to see it.

PLAYBOY: You must have been devastated.

RUDD: No, I thought it was hilarious. My mother was destroyed. She still feels guilty about it. She'll probably burst into tears when she reads this. But I had no emotional attachment to it at all. I just enjoyed the irony that it survived for so many years, all those moves around the country, and just when Craig Colquitt

was going to come over and see it, *crash*, it's all over.

PLAYBOY: Were you the class clown in high school?

RUDD: I wanted to be, but I wasn't always good at it. I was definitely into telling jokes and trying to make people laugh as a way of dealing with my insecurities. Once I was driving in my Jeep with somebody, and I thought it'd be hilarious if I jumped out of the car in the middle of our conversation and then ran next to it, continuing to talk as if nothing was wrong. But it didn't work out so well. [laughs] I ended up slicing my hands open pretty badly. I almost killed myself, and I didn't even get a laugh. The girl in the car with me was just horrified.

PLAYBOY: When you're playing a character who's less than socially graceful, do you ever draw on a painful memory from your youth, a specific time or place when you felt uncomfortable in your own skin?

RUDD: Sure, yeah, I've done that.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example?

RUDD: Oh God, there were so many. Before you even finished that question, some memory just became unlocked in my brain. I was at a football game—this may have been in junior high or my freshman year of high school. I had the great fortune of having puberty hit me like a Mack truck, where overnight my hair curled up like Hall and Oates's. My skin went bananas and I had acne all over the place. My mom told me not to pick at my zits because if I did they'd scar over. So I didn't touch them, and I was very self-conscious about it. One night I was at a party, and there was this girl I had a major crush on. She was part of a social clique I couldn't get anywhere near because I was so unpopular. I knew people had been making jokes about my zit, so I started joking about it too. I wanted them to think I didn't care, that this huge megazit on my face was no big deal to me. And this other girl, one of the leaders of the clique, said, "Oh, Paul is just looking for attention, like he always does." She just belittled me in front of everybody, including the girl I liked.

PLAYBOY: Did you say anything in your defense?

RUDD: Not at all. I just laughed. But inside, of course, I was distraught. I went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror and was like, "Fuck it!" I just squooshed the zit and pus squirted everywhere. The way I felt in that moment is the same feeling I've had in varying degrees throughout my life. It's helplessness and shame and anger.

PLAYBOY: Does it go away?

RUDD: It doesn't. And in some cases I'm really glad it doesn't go away, because, at least for me, I've learned to capitalize on that feeling. I've devoted my entire acting career to reproducing and dwelling on that feeling. Every character I've played is just a variation of that kid with a zit he's terrified of popping.

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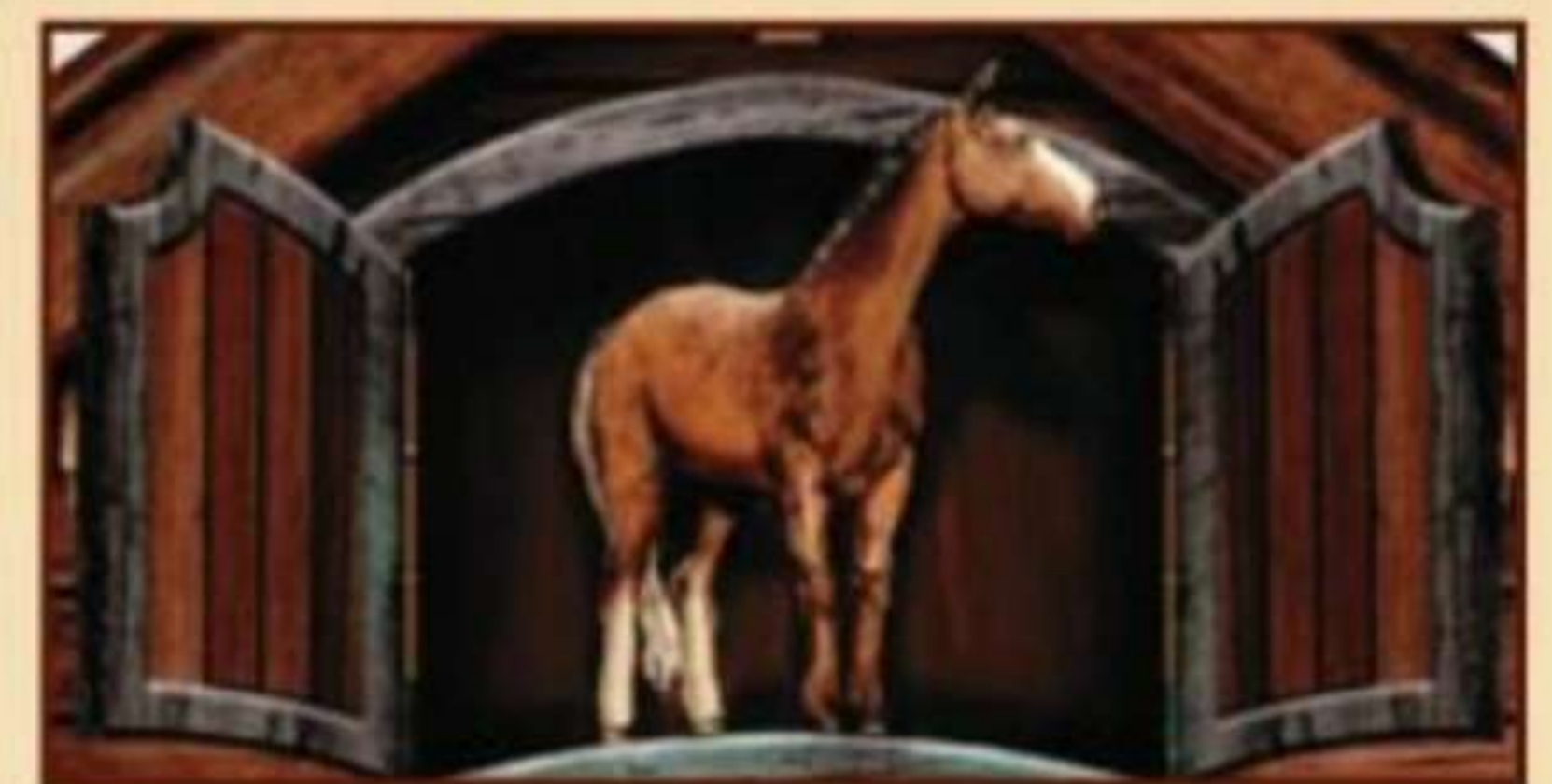
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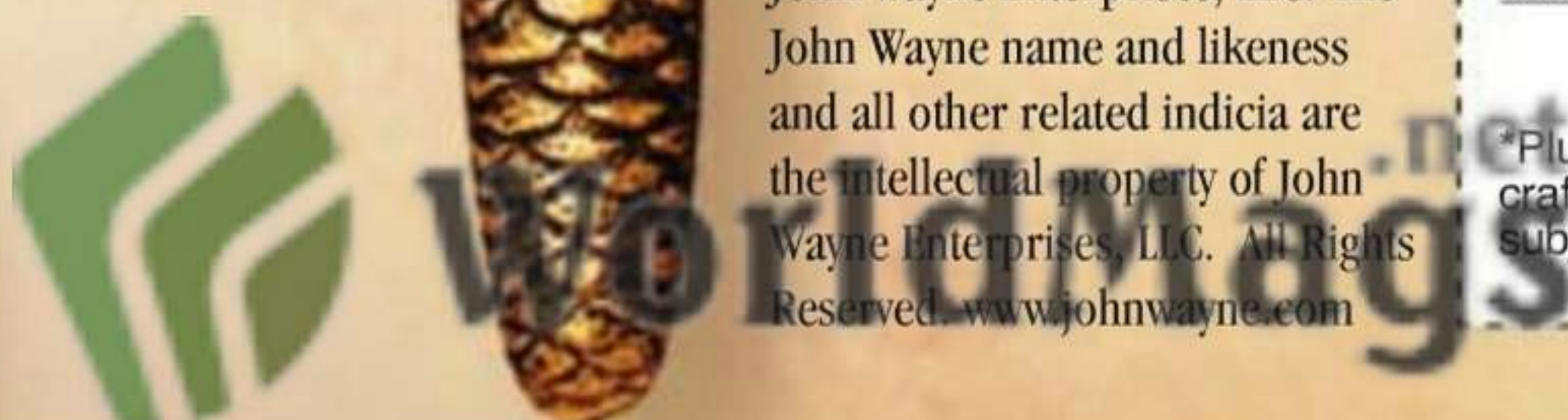
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PLAYBOY: Did you feel like that awkward kid when you visited President Obama at the White House a few years ago?

RUDD: Oh man, completely. I sweated through a sports coat, which I'm pretty sure is the first time I've ever done that. Nothing about that was planned. I was in Washington, D.C. to shoot *How Do You Know*, and Reese Witherspoon and I were taking a tour of the White House. All of a sudden we were taken into some room, and then a door opened and there was Obama. I'd never seen Reese get flustered, but when he asked her who else was in the movie, she was like, "Jack Nicholson and me and Owen...Owen...Owen..." And I shouted, "Wilson!" Like it was a party game or something. She forgot his name for a second. And then he made a joke to me, which I completely missed.

PLAYBOY: What was the joke?

RUDD: He asked about my character in *How Do You Know*, and I told him I'm a guy who gets into some hot water, and though his intentions are good he gets indicted by the government for possible violations. And Obama says, "Oh, so you're playing a congressman." And I was like, "No, actually I work for my dad in this corporation." I'm trying to explain, and Obama interrupts me and says, "It was a joke." I just felt so stupid. Of course it was a joke, and it's actually a pretty good one. I'm normally pretty good at catching them. If you're not the fucking president of the United States, I can usually identify when you're joking.

PLAYBOY: You didn't set out to be a comic actor. Wasn't your original goal to be a Shakespearean actor?

RUDD: That was the plan. Maybe not exclusively Shakespeare, but definitely serious theater. I was pretty focused. One of my first acting roles in college was in an experimental version of *Macbeth*.

PLAYBOY: Experimental how?

RUDD: There were two *Macbeths*. Some other guy played the bad *Macbeth* and I played the good *Macbeth*. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: That seems unnecessarily confusing.

RUDD: Oh, confusing was the least of it. It was incredibly stupid and pretentious and awful, and I loved it. The director was one of those guys who didn't wear shoes, and he wanted to do something fascinating and explosive. At the time, it seemed so cool to me. I was 18, maybe 19, that age when everything seems incredible. "Holy shit, you're telling me you can set *Hamlet* in Vietnam?" It's that moment in your life when you realize the world is so much bigger than you imagined.

PLAYBOY: Was it around this time that you started working as a DJ?

RUDD: Yeah, I think so. I did it only occasionally, at this 1950s-themed bar in Kansas City. I had long hair like Michael Hutchence, the guy from INXS, and I refused to cut it. So my bosses made me wear an Elvis pompadour wig every time I worked. It was jet-black and cheap, and over time

it got frizzy and didn't look like a pompadour at all. When I moved to Los Angeles, one of the guys who also deejayed at the Kansas City bar was working for a company called You Should Be Dancing, and he got me a job. I spent my weekends doing bar mitzvahs and keeping 16-year-olds psyched about MC Hammer.

PLAYBOY: You became famous on the bar mitzvah circuit for something called the Donnie the Dweeb dance.

RUDD: Oh Jesus. That happened after an oppressively long day. I had two bar mitzvahs in one day, the first in Santa Barbara and the other in Thousand Oaks. With all the traveling involved, it was like an 18-hour day. Somewhere around the middle of the second bar mitzvah, I was on the dance floor with these kids, and I guess I just cracked. I couldn't take it anymore. I got so slaphappy that I started dancing spastically, kind of mocking the whole thing just to entertain myself. But the kids thought it was funny, and the following week I was at another bar mitzvah and some kids came up to me and said, "Hey, you're the guy who does the dork dance." And I was like, "I don't know what you're

*I had the great fortune
of puberty hitting me like
a Mack truck, where over-
night my hair curled up
like Hall and Oates's and
my skin went bananas.*

talking about." And they said, "Last week at so-and-so's bar mitzvah, you did this dance." They went to my boss and begged him to make me do it. And my boss was like, "Look, man, you have to do it." So I went out there and he got on the microphone and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Donnie the Dweeb!" He gave me a name.

PLAYBOY: What exactly happened during this dance?

RUDD: I don't know how to describe it without offending many groups of people. It was a combination of...let's just say some mental disabilities and physical ailments. The full front of negative stereotypes. With socks pulled up. It's pretty much a metaphor for how I felt about the zit in high school. I was putting on a show for everyone while inside I felt like Coco in *Fame*, taking my shirt off and showing my breasts for a director. That's how I felt about it. It became kind of a recurring theme for me.

PLAYBOY: Why did you give up being a bar mitzvah DJ? Did it happen only when your acting career finally took off?

RUDD: No, it was long before that. I

had some friends coming to town, and we were going out to the Magic Castle. I told my boss a month in advance, "I need Saturday night off." But then the weekend came, and I ended up getting requested for this girl's party. She really wanted Donnie the Dweeb. So my boss said to me, "Can you just stop by and do the dance? I'll give you \$25 and you can get out of there."

PLAYBOY: Did you do it?

RUDD: I did. And I brought along my friends. One of them was Joe Buck, who went on to become a play-by-play announcer for Fox Sports. And the other was Jon Hamm.

PLAYBOY: From *Mad Men*?

RUDD: Yeah, both these guys I've known since I was a teenager. They came into town, and I said, "Before we go to the Magic Castle, we need to swing by this party. I just have to do this one quick thing." So we went, and they had no idea what I was doing. They knew I was a DJ for parties, but they had no clue how bad it had gotten. My boss saw my friends, and he said, "I'll introduce Paul, and you guys can come in as his henchmen"—I guess because they were wearing suits.

PLAYBOY: Wait, hold on. You, Jon Hamm and Joe Buck were all in suits?

RUDD: We had to be, because there's a dress code at the Magic Castle. So Jon and Joe came out and they were standing to the side, and I pulled the bat mitzvah girl from the audience and put her in a chair in the center of an empty dance floor. And in front of hundreds of guests and family members, I essentially gave this teenage girl a retarded lap dance.

PLAYBOY: Wow. That sounds—

RUDD: Disturbing?

PLAYBOY: That's one word to describe it.

RUDD: It's the only word! But at this point, I'd become numb to it. After it was all over I walked over to my friends and said, "Okay, guys, let's go." Very casual. We went out to the lobby and—I'll never forget this—Joe Buck looked at me with the most confused expression on his face. He said with utter earnestness and sincerity, "What the fuck just happened in there?" And at that moment, the reality of what I'd been doing with my life came crashing down. I answered him the only way I could. I said, "I honestly don't know." The next day I gave my notice. I quit. I never deejayed again.

PLAYBOY: Even without the DJ job you weren't particularly happy in Los Angeles.

RUDD: I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: You once claimed you had a meltdown in the mid-1990s. What happened?

RUDD: It was a series of things coming down on me all at once. I got a job on this TV show called *Wild Oats*, and it made me skittish. I kept asking myself, "What if it's a hit? I'll have to keep doing it for seven years." The audition was fun, because we got to improvise and goof around, and it felt as though it could be okay. But I got cold feet. My hand was literally shaking

as I signed the contract. Even though I needed the money and I was lucky to be a working actor, I was 24 and precious. This is where acting and youth really screw with you. I wanted to do theater. I wanted to do cool indie movies.

PLAYBOY: It got so frustrating that you painted obscenities on the walls of your apartment.

RUDD: Yeah, but that was just a product of age. It seems so romantic to paint on your walls and feel like a tortured artist when really you're just a whiner. I'd write things like "Fuck this, fuck that." I wrote about all the things that were getting to me. This was around the time of the Northridge earthquake, in 1994, I think, which was traumatic for me. It happened in the middle of the night, and it spooked me so much that for the next few months I was constantly feeling earthquakes. I'd be in the middle of a conversation with somebody and I'd say, "Did you feel that?" And they would say, "No. What are you talking about?" It was a weird thing. I just didn't feel sure-footed anymore. A bunch of traumas happened to me in a short time. A friend of mine was killed in an awful car accident, and then I got mugged. It was right around the time we were shooting *Chueless*. I was in the parking lot of Jerry's Deli, and the guy was like, "You don't think it's a real gun?" He shot it at me, and I could feel the breeze from the bullet next to my head.

PLAYBOY: Did it seem Los Angeles was telling you to get out?

RUDD: Wait, it gets better. I got into five car accidents in just one week.

PLAYBOY: Five car accidents? How is that possible?

RUDD: Two of them happened when my car was parked. I wasn't even driving at the time. It really did seem like a weird cosmic message from the universe. I'm not somebody who lives my life based on cosmic anything, but it did feel like, "Oh yeah, I get it. Message received, universe."

PLAYBOY: Why move to New York?

RUDD: Because in New York you don't need a car. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: That can't be the only reason.

RUDD: I lived there as a kid. I was born just across the bridge, so it was familiar to me. I've always felt safer in New York than in Los Angeles, as weird as that sounds. I don't want to be surrounded by the industry all the time, and that's what you get in Los Angeles. Not long after I moved to New York I was cast in this play called *The Last Night of Ballyhoo*, and I remember walking to rehearsal, holding my script and some coffee, and I just felt so...sane.

PLAYBOY: You have a son, Jack, who is six, and a daughter, who's one and a half. Have they seen your movies?

RUDD: Oh God no. Not yet. But honestly, they're just not curious. Jack doesn't have any interest. I think because of home videos and YouTube, it just doesn't seem that special. He hasn't figured out the distinction

between seeing himself in a video and what I do. He's starting to now. Before, if somebody approached me on the street, it was confusing to him. He'd say, "Do you know that person?" And I'd tell him no, and he'd say, "Well, how do they know your name?" Now he gets it. He's like, "Oh, they know you from the movies."

PLAYBOY: Your movies are not exactly family friendly. There's lots of cursing and sexual scenarios. When your kids are old enough to watch what their dad does for a living, will you be tolerant when they start swearing?

RUDD: I don't know. I definitely make an effort not to use profanity when I'm around them, but sometimes I do. And when it happens, I just tell them not to do it. I think my job as a parent is to confuse my kids as much as possible. [laughs] It's hard, though. When Jack swears, I laugh every time. And I know it's the wrong reaction to have.

PLAYBOY: It's certainly not going to discourage him.

RUDD: I know, I know. It blurs the line between father and son. I've had many moments when I'm laughing with him at the most puerile stuff. Yesterday I was picking him up and then throwing him onto his bed, and he kept kicking me in the nuts. One time he hit me so hard that I said, "Dude, you just totally nailed me in the penis. Right on the tip." He laughed and was like, "In the triangle?" I started laughing and said, "Yeah, that's it." And then he was like, "Right in the roof of the house?" I just died.

PLAYBOY: So your son's become a guy friend?

RUDD: That's it exactly! He's a dude I want to hang out with. There's no parenting book I can refer to when my kid just starts making hilarious jokes about the tip of a dick being like the roof of a house. All I can do is laugh and give him a high five and say, "Nice one." My son's always been bizarre and funny. For a year he was obsessed with sprinkler heads. And between the ages of three and five he would dress only in a suit. He wouldn't leave the house without wearing a coat and tie and dress pants. I remember thinking, This is my dream kid.

PLAYBOY: How did Jack come to have an Irish pub named after him?

RUDD: [Laughs] He actually has two. The first one was built by his grandfather. Around the time Jack was born, my parents moved into a new house in suburban Kansas City. And my father was a very handy man. He could build homes. He could do anything. He had this unfinished basement, and he said, "I'm going to build an Irish pub down there, and I'm going to call it Sullivan's." Which is Jack's middle name.

PLAYBOY: Is that a family name?

RUDD: Not at all. Nobody in my family is Irish. But my father was a huge lover of Ireland. He used to travel over there all the time. Thus the Irish pub. He had all



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these rules about it. It was going to have Guinness and good beers and no Coors Light. There would be single malts and high-end whiskeys and nothing with an umbrella in it. On the shelf behind the bar he'd have Jameson and Glenlivet and [the baby formula] Similac. He always said, "Jack is the proprietor. He's the owner." The only thing he asked of me was a picture of Jack that he could have sepia toned and made to look like an old photograph to put above the bar.

PLAYBOY: Did you help him build it?

RUDD: No, it was a complete secret. He never sent me pictures, never gave me updates. I just knew he was working on it, putting in plumbing and electricity and everything. And after a year he said, "It's done. Come back to Kansas and bring Jack. I want you to see it."

PLAYBOY: Was it as amazing as you imagined?

RUDD: It was better. My dad was really good at building stuff, but this was his masterpiece. I went down to the basement and...I don't even know how to describe it. It's like there was an old Irish pub already there that somebody had built a home on top of. He had Guinness on draft and incredible historical paraphernalia on the walls. My dad was a history fanatic and collected all sorts of weird things. There was a framed invitation to FAO Schwarz to attend the grand opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. An old New York City police uniform from the late 1800s. A 1936 Olympics document signed by Hitler. Being Jews, we're all obsessed with Hitler. No Irish pub is complete without some Nazi paraphernalia on the walls.

PLAYBOY: When did the second pub happen?

RUDD: Well, I told my dad that if I ever bought a house, now that I'd seen what he'd done, I'd need to have a pub in it. So when Julie and I decided to buy a place in upstate New York, the first thing I looked for was whether it had a basement with enough room to build a pub. We found one in Rhinebeck, and right away I started working on my own basement pub. My father was going to come out and we were going to do it together, but then he was diagnosed with cancer. Over the course of a year I hired somebody and built another version of Sullivan's, which I called Sullivan's East.

PLAYBOY: How does it compare with the original?

RUDD: I must say, I improved on it. It's a little bigger, and I learned a lot of things from my father. He told me, "If I had it to do over again, I'd make sure to do this and this." The only thing I feel was a lost opportunity was that I didn't put in a urinal. But it's still got some great things I'm really proud of. There are markers in the bathroom so people can write horrible things all over the walls.

PLAYBOY: Did your dad live long enough to see it?

RUDD: [Pauses] He didn't, no. [pauses] It's funny, the original Sullivan's was a tribute to my son, and Sullivan's East has become a shrine to my father. My sister had a son, and his full name is Henry Sullivan Arnold. She gave him the middle name Sullivan so he could be co-owner of the pub. [laughs] She and her husband didn't want Henry to grow up not feeling a part of the family business.

PLAYBOY: Have your friends and co-workers seen the pub?

RUDD: Oh yeah, everybody I've worked with has been there. There have been a few live fantasy football drafts, a few poker weekends, a few karaoke parties.

PLAYBOY: Karaoke is especially popular among comics, isn't it?

RUDD: Wildly popular. [Wanderlust director] David Wain is a big fan of karaoke. As are Joe Truglio, Ken Marino, all those guys from *Wet Hot American Summer*.

PLAYBOY: Why is that? Is it like AOL e-mail addresses—it's so uncool that it's cool?

RUDD: [Laughs] That may be part of it. When comics get together to do karaoke, it's not like anybody is trying to be funny. At the same time, nobody is taking it too seriously. It's hard to explain.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite karaoke song?

RUDD: Not at all. That's a rookie move. I had a karaoke song 10 years ago. Now I like to do ones I've never done before.

PLAYBOY: So what do you look for in a karaoke song? Does it need to be in your vocal range or something more challenging?

RUDD: A lot of these decisions are made based on who I'm 'raoking with. And please spell 'raoking correctly: without the *k* and *a* and with an apostrophe. Everyone I know refers to it as 'raoking. And yes, I do realize how pathetic that sounds.

PLAYBOY: Don't apologize.

RUDD: Oh, I'm not. Not at all. That's just the way it is. If I'm in Los Angeles for a day or two, I'll call Joe Trigly, and we'll go 'raoking. That's just my social scene now. A few weeks ago I was out in L.A., and Joe and his girlfriend, Beth, and I got a private room. Joe and I like to give each other some surprises. You've got to go deep in the book and find something the other person hasn't heard.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

RUDD: The last time I went 'raoking, Joe did "The Worst That Could Happen" by Johnny Maestro and the Brooklyn Bridge. It's an impossible song to sing, but it's incredible. It's kind of unintentionally sexist, but it's just incredible. When you find a song like that, it's like hitting oil. The first question we always ask before going to a new 'raoking place is "How's the book?" We don't want a standard book. [laughs] You want to talk about socially awkward? Come to a 'raoking session with a bunch of comics. That's where you're going to see the magic happen.



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BAD, BAD LORI ARNOLD

BY LORI ARNOLD *as told to* KARL TARO GREENFELD

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU SINGLE-HANDEDLY START THE METH EPIDEMIC? WHEN THINGS ARE GOING WELL, YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY ANYTHING—A RANCH, A PLANE, AN UNDERGROUND LAB. **THERE ARE ENDLESS SUPPLIES OF DRUGS,** WEIRD SEX, BIKERS AND, IF YOUR BIG BROTHER IS TOM ARNOLD, YOU GET TO HANG WITH CELEBRITIES. BUT THERE'S ALSO THE RAID BY THE COPS, THE TWO STINTS IN PRISON AND REENTERING THE REAL WORLD WITH NOTHING. **ONE OF AMERICA'S BIGGEST DEALERS TELLS THE STORY OF HER RISE AND FALL**



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE MCKEAN

WorldMags.net



SCENES FROM A METH DEALER'S LIFE (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT): Young Lori with her mother in 1975, days before her teenage wedding. Lori and her second husband, Floyd, take their son, Josh, on his first Harley ride in 1981. Lori in 1989 at her ranch, chopping up a few lines of meth. Her big brother, comedian Tom Arnold, visits Lori in prison. Gun-toting Floyd in 1984. Floyd and his fellow bikers in the early 1970s.

1. SOUTH PHOENIX IS QUIET, AND I'M UP EARLY, drinking coffee at a round kitchen table, staring out the window at morning sunlight, unfinished yard, empty pool. My husband, John Woten, and I are working on getting the yard planted and filling that pool. I try to convince myself that's the fun part of my new life, the exciting part, working on the yard, the pool. I gather my keys, step out into the morning heat already in the 90s, walk over the dead brown grass, slide into my six-year-old Ford Taurus bought off Craigslist and drive to work.

I sit in a cubicle, one of a dozen. I have photos tacked on the partition board: my son, Josh Stockdall; my husband, John; my brother Chris Arnold; and my older brother, the comedian and actor Tom Arnold. I drink my coffee and make my telemarketing calls. "This is Lori with Image Incentives," I tell whoever answers. "Your name came to my attention as someone who inquired about working from home. Is that something you're still interested in?"

They either say "That depends" or "No," or they hang up on me. I make 300 calls a day. I make \$10 an hour plus commissions.

I used to make \$800,000 a month selling crystal meth. I've read that I am responsible for the meth epidemic in the American Midwest, that I'm the crankster gangster who introduced the drug to a whole swath of white trash America. One writer said I created "the very concept of industrialized meth in places like rural Iowa."

I don't know about that.

But I tell myself, always, I'm not going back; I'm not going back. But

damn if I don't think about it, that life, the fun I had, the freedom I felt and the feeling, during those years when we were really rolling, when the money and drugs were flowing, when we owned the cars and racehorses and airplanes, when even the *legit* businesses that I set up to launder the money were all *making* money, that goddamn it, life was just meant to be like that: fun all the time. But now?

I don't have a lot of options, with my criminal record. Who wants to hire a 51-year-old felon?

"Hi, this is Lori with Image Incentives...."

2.

"Drug dealer" isn't something a 10-year-old girl answers when the teacher asks the class what they want to be when they grow up. It's not even something a 20-year-old girl admits to herself when that's what she is. It's something you become gradually. But I know this: For me, it started because I liked to get high, and I was getting high from the age of 13. My big brother, Tom, a year older than me, used to drink Budweiser and Mad Dog 20/20, but he was a jock and wasn't into the drugs like I was. This was in Ottumwa, Iowa in the mid-1970s. Everyone was smoking grass and drinking, and kids were even doing it with their parents. Everybody wanted to get loaded. The town seemed to have been in economic decline since before I was born. Ottumwa straddles the Des Moines River, and in good times barges filled with coal had been toted up that river to Des Moines. But by the 1970s the strip mines were stripped. There

were a couple of foundries outside town and a meatpacking plant in town. The highest-paying jobs back then were \$10 an hour. Nobody was rich. Everybody was white. Our idea of international cuisine was Taco Bell.

3.

I was physically mature—all breasts and hips—when I was 13. We were living in a four-bedroom ranch-style house on Elm Street in northern Ottumwa. My mom had left home—she wound up marrying six times—and my dad, Jack Arnold, had taken up with the lady next door, Ruth. She had two kids, and we all ended up moving in together. It was cramped, but once I got over resenting Ruth for taking my mom's place, it was fun. But I was already staying out late and raising hell, and it wouldn't have mattered if we'd had a dozen bedrooms and 40 acres, because I wasn't staying home. I was wearing big bell-bottom flared Levi's with glitter on them and a low-cut Dr. Hook T-shirt to show off my cleavage. In one summer I went from being a straight-A student in sixth grade to screwing 23-year-old Bobby Roberts in the back of his GTO, blue with white interior. Bobby was a good-looking guy with brown hair, green eyes and a mustache. He was stocky and prone to fight—the first in a series of men I loved who had a violent streak.

4.

The first time me and Bobby did it, when I pulled my pants up before he drove me home, his tube sock got caught up in the back of (continued on page 134)



©1993

"A clear conscience is usually the sign of a poor memory."





TEXT BY
MARTIN DEESON

LA SIGNORA

WHEN YOU'RE THE SECRET MISTRESS OF ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER SILVIO BERLUSCONI, LIFE IS A GAME OF SEX, JEALOUSY AND POWER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TONY KELLY



There's something about Italian women. Even the policewomen are drop-dead sexy. At their best, Italian women ooze glamour and class. And Evelina Manna is Italian womanhood at its most

seductive and also its most dangerous. She has the kind of curves a saint or even a head of state could fall for—and that's exactly what happened. For four years she was Italian prime minister Silvio

Berlusconi's mistress, and it was by all accounts a fiery affair. "When things are real between a man and a woman, then they are strong, yes?" she says while sitting in the restaurant at her Rome

ABOVE: ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER SILVIO BERLUSCONI'S SEXUAL PROWESS HAS BECOME THE STUFF OF LEGEND IN THE EUROPEAN PRESS.





hotel, which overlooks the Vatican. "There will be much shouting." And much of everything else.

It was back in 2005 that Evelina met Berlusconi, the bad boy of Italian politics, the 118th richest man in the world (with a personal fortune estimated at \$7.8 billion), the prime minister of Italy three times in the past 17 years. He has become known the world over as the man who held notorious "bunga bunga" parties at his villas, where up to 20 girls would cavort—often in the nude, pole dancing and more—for the 75-year-old and his cronies. For a politician, Berlusconi's gaffes are colossal: congratulating President Obama on his "suntan" and telling a group of Wall Street traders that of all the reasons to invest in Italy, the most important is that "we have the most beautiful secretaries in the world."

Berlusconi's sexual liaisons have become the stuff of legend. His wife (at the time) has even called him "sick" in the press. He is also a deeply embattled figure, currently facing three court cases for bribery, corruption and allegedly paying an underage Moroccan belly dancer known as Ruby the Heart Stealer for sex.

It's no surprise when you meet Evelina Manna—model, film actress and now film producer—why she caught the prime minister's eye. And why for a couple of years before the bunga bungas started she was his full-time mistress.

"Six years ago I was promoting *Alexander*, a film in which I had a part," she recalls, "and I did an interview in an Italian magazine. They had taken beautiful pictures of me, very intellectual, black and white. Naked, yes, but artistic. In the interview they asked me who was my ideal man. I said, 'Someone with the intelligence of JFK Jr., the
(text concluded on page 124)







"IT IS HARD TO FIND A
MAN WHO CAN FOLLOW THE
PRIME MINISTER OF ITALY
INTO MY BEDROOM."

SAN QUENTIN

CAN YOU KILL AND STILL BE INNOCENT?

How you kill a person, he is asking.
How a person *die*, he is asking.
What it mean—*kill, die*—he is asking.

Enrolled in Intro Biology to seek *why*.

His name is unpronounceable—*Quogh*. He is five feet one inch tall. He can't weigh more than 100 pounds. He is not a scrappy featherweight with swift lethal child-fists like rock, he is a slight bald boy with a curved back. His face is a patina of scars and blemishes and his minnow-eyes are shy behind his black plastic glasses that fit his narrow head wrongly. Smiling eager in Intro Biology to show how serious he is, saying, How is a person *die*, how that happen. Is like an animal maybe but *why*.

He thinks of this all the time he says. Like wake or sleep or in-between. Some-kind voice saying to him *How you did this thing, how this happen, you!*

And she your old sister she be good to you.

SAN QUENTIN: where you never meant to do what you don't remember you were accused of doing so long ago it almost doesn't matter where you were when it was claimed you'd done what you were accused of doing which of course—you swear—you hadn't done, or not in exactly that way, and not at that time.

"Prisoners use the outdoor

urinals, against the facility walls. Do not look in their direction."

They wear long-sleeved white T-shirts beneath short-sleeved blue shirts with **PRISONER** in white letters on the back. They wear blue sweatpants and at the waist in white letters **CDCR** and on the left pant leg in vertical white letters



and all of their clothing loose-fitting as pajamas.

There is something in his mouth that causes his words to emerge contorted and bright with spittle. There is something in his throat that stammers like a small frog in spasm. The minnow-eyes glimmer and dart. He is a diligent student, he will read slowly and in silence pushing his stubby forefinger along lines of print. He will hunch his shoulders close to photocopied pages from **LIFE: THE SCIENCE OF BIOLOGY** which is a massive textbook too dangerous to bring into the facility.

There comes a squint into the ruined boy's-face. There comes a look of intense fear but determination. With a plastic spoon he

BY JOYCE CAROL OATES





HE WONDERS IF THE LIVE THING BE LIKE FIRE THAT IT BE BLOWN OUT AND GONE OR IF THE LIVE THING BE LIKE HOLINESS THAT IT NOT BE KILLED BUT TAKEN UP TO HEAVEN.

“dissects” a sheep brain in the biology lab. Under the instructor’s guidance, he and eight other inmate-students. The “dissection” is clumsy. The sheep brain resembles chewy leather. His lab partner has a dark face like erosion and dreadlock hair to his shoulders. He is explaining he is not sure he had ever seen a *live* sheep—maybe pictures, when he be boy in school in San Jose. He is saying why does a *live thing* stop being *live*—what makes a live thing be dead. One minute and then the other—and be *dead*.

He wonders if the *live thing* be like fire that it be blown out and gone or if the *live thing* be like Holiness that it not be killed but taken up to Heaven.

He has question is easier for a thing to *live* than to *die*—like weed? Like cockroach?

There are 10 inmate-students registered in Intro Biology but always each week one will fail to come to class. Yet never Quogh—he is the most eager student.

Never can you really understand what Quogh is saying. Yet you nod, smile and nod for you are weak in such ways.

You have learned Quogh has enrolled in Intro Biology before. Several times it may have been. For he is not so young as he appears, for he appears scarcely more than 16. So small, and his back curved so you feel sorry for him but also exasperation and impatience for he speaks slowly and with difficulty and with a look of wonderment—How is possible, a thing *die*? What is it mean, *take a thing life from it—how?*

He is a “lifer”—60 years to life.

Each class is three hours. Three hours!

In San Quentin, time passes slow as backed-up drains.

In San Quentin, murderers dressed like a softball team.

San Quen-tin, voluptuous sound!

San Quen-tin, a hard caress.

Each class he is grimmer, broke-back like an upright snake and staring with minnow-eyes at the instructor. Shy and clumsy unless he is resentful and furious with the plastic spoon, that cracks between his stubby fingers with a startling little *crack!* that draws the other inmate-students’ eyes to him.

Is a split plastic spoon now a weapon. You will wonder.

Your heart cringes. Such wonderment, you keep out of your eyes.

Wants badly to know, it is all the God damn fuckin wish he has to know, how you can kill a person *living*, how does a person *die*. For does the person who die say to herself it is *all right now* to die, she is sick tired fed up and *to die*, or is it the other way—it is the one

who kill who is the cause. *Tryin to figure this out, there is some answer to this to be known.*

Through the semester he stares at the lecturer, and at the blackboard where the lecturer scribbles words with colored chalk. At lab time the others in **PRISONER** clothing avoid little Quogh like you avoid a little mangy sick dog that might suddenly yip and bury ugly yellow teeth in your ankle. Wants so bad to figure these facts but the weeks pass, the dry cold winter season is past and it is spring and the sun blinding just outside the Quonset-hut classroom where the prisoners go singly to use the outdoor urinals glimpsed from behind the white horizontal bar **PRISONER** across the back of the blue shirt for nowhere is **PRISONER** to be avoided, you have made of yourself a ridiculous sight, no one dares laugh.

And now it is ending. And now, it is the last week. He has not passed Intro Biology—(again)—for he has not done most of the work and what work he has handed in is incomprehensible like a child’s scribbling in pencil on sheets of torn and curiously soiled paper. Yet he is not angry with the instructor, or does not give that impression. He is sad, he is anguished-seeming not angry, his blemished face contorted as if in the pain of actual thought *saying* he think about it all the time but don’t know *more* than ever—what it *is*.

Still I am not given up. I have 60 year yet, to figure out.



Why there be spiders there—these place I am put. They said, she is not a lit girl any longer & Mam say, she my lit girl.

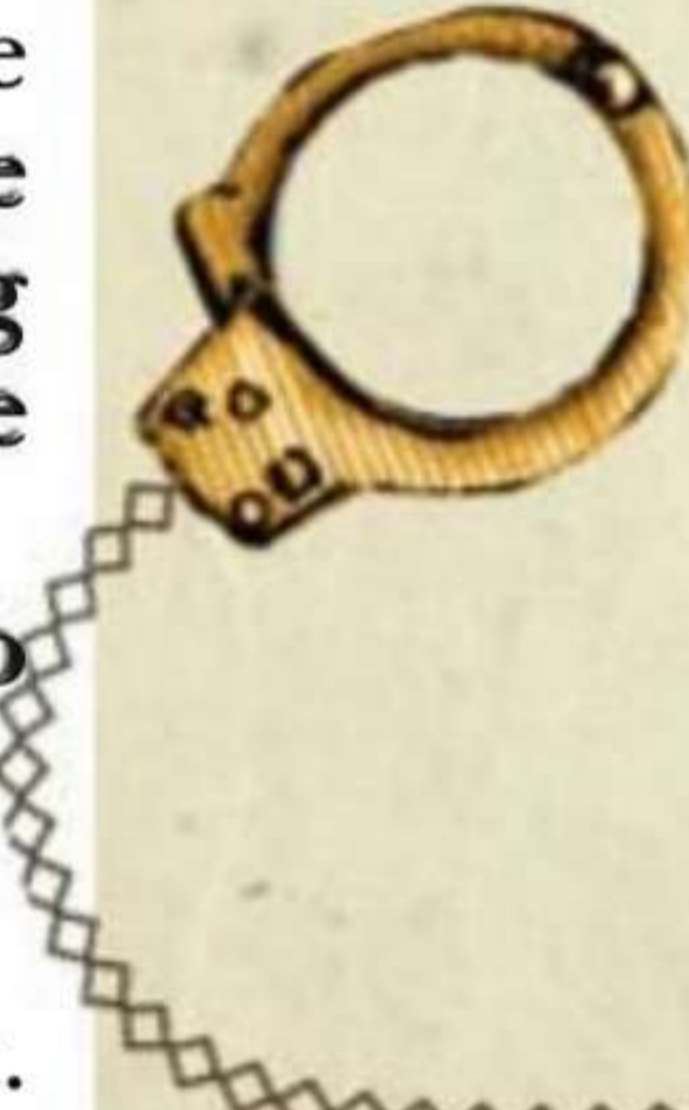
She also my lit girl til I am deadandgone.

She be my old sister from before my daddy live with us.

They said, It is best thing for she, & for you to be a part. You are sugar-blood-dibetees. You are fat. For she be fat lady, in the family-court place we be waiting by the chairs, & some boy say nasty-like, Yo that lady so fat—man she is fat. So they laugh. & one say, Oh—*her*. & they look at me where I am waiting. I am face like head, too big face.

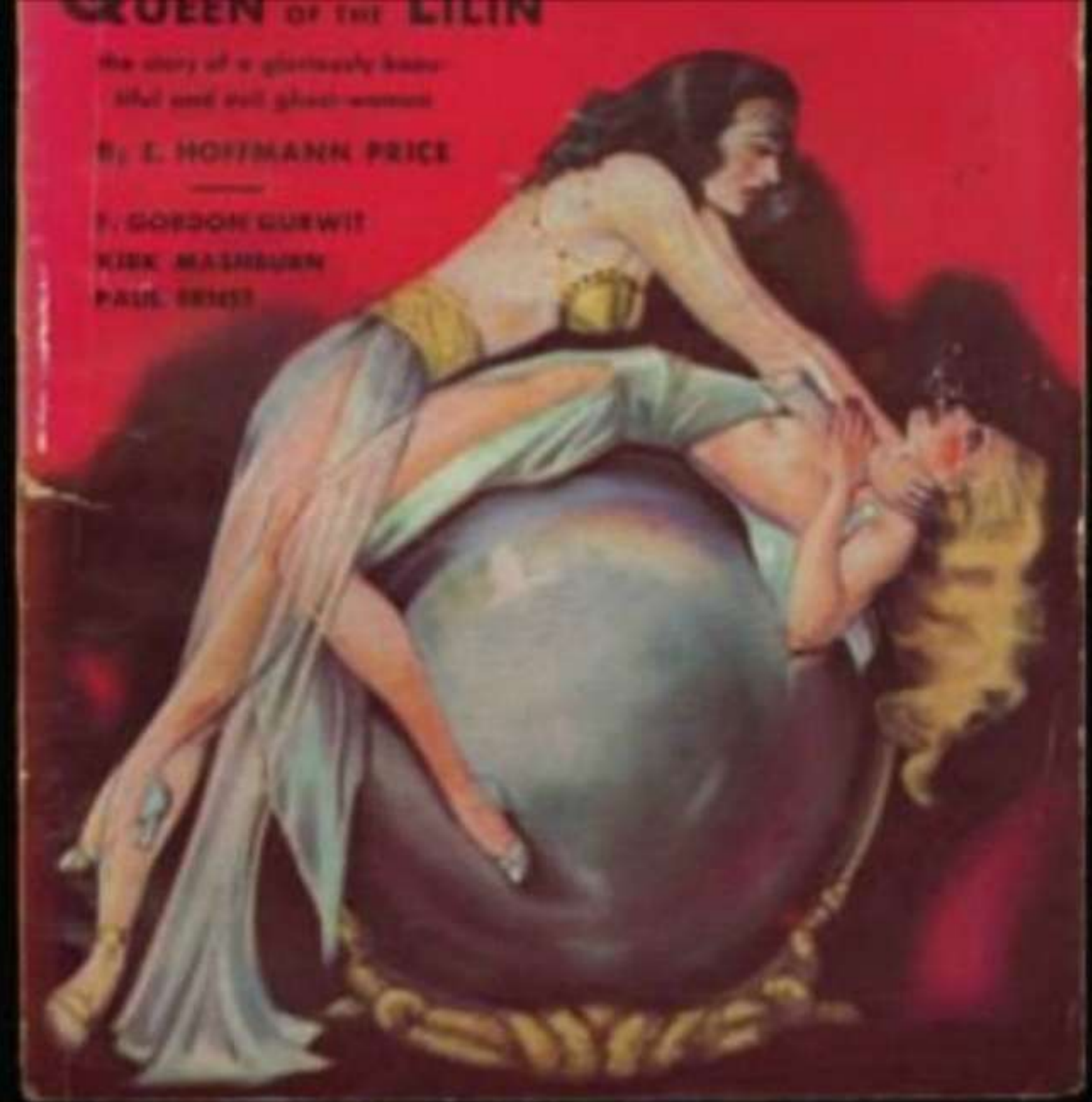
Like a faucet turned on—hot. & no one to turn it back. The thing that was in my hand, that came to hurt her, she too fat to take breath. I was shamed, my old sister so fat they laugh at us, and Mam like to say, they both my lit babies.

Finly when it was over, they came for me—the light was bright & their voices loud & they say *What did you do! What did you do!* & it was never explained to me either, all those years ago.





"I don't need a costume. I'm the invisible woman."



16th Year of Publication

THE

WEIRD ART

25c

's Mark
QUICK
amilton
nette Herron

SEDUCTION

OF

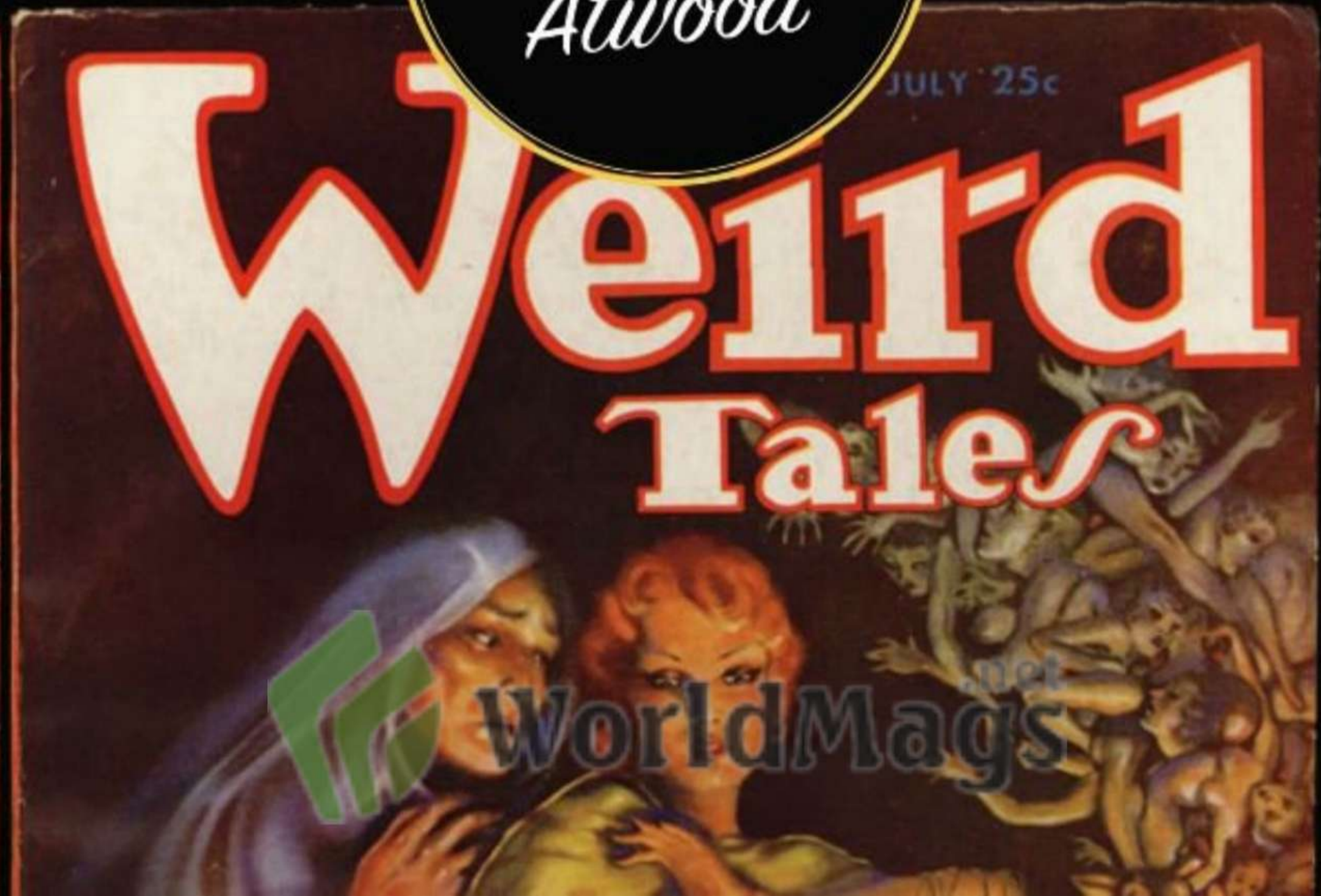
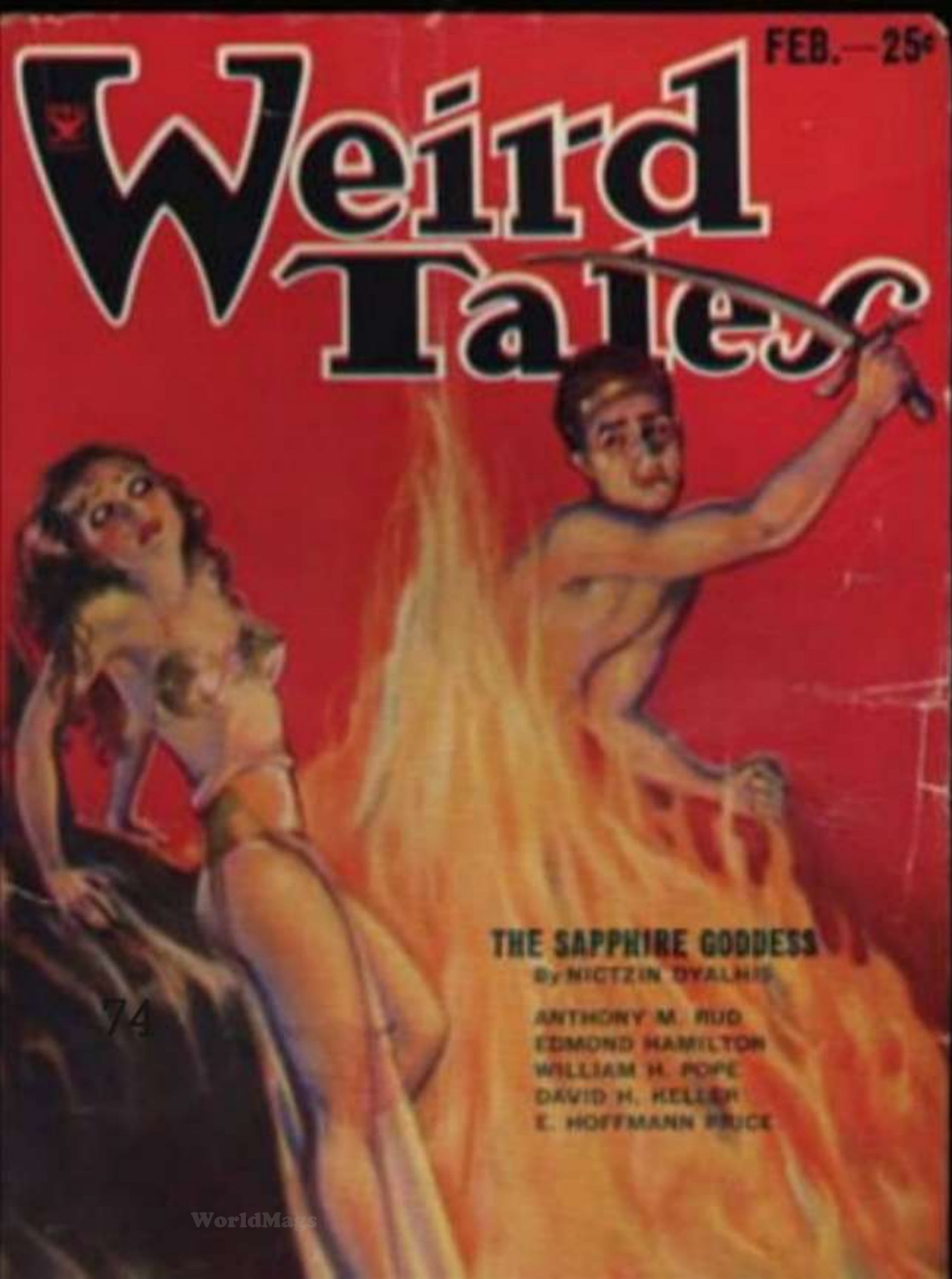
BEYOND THE PHOENIX

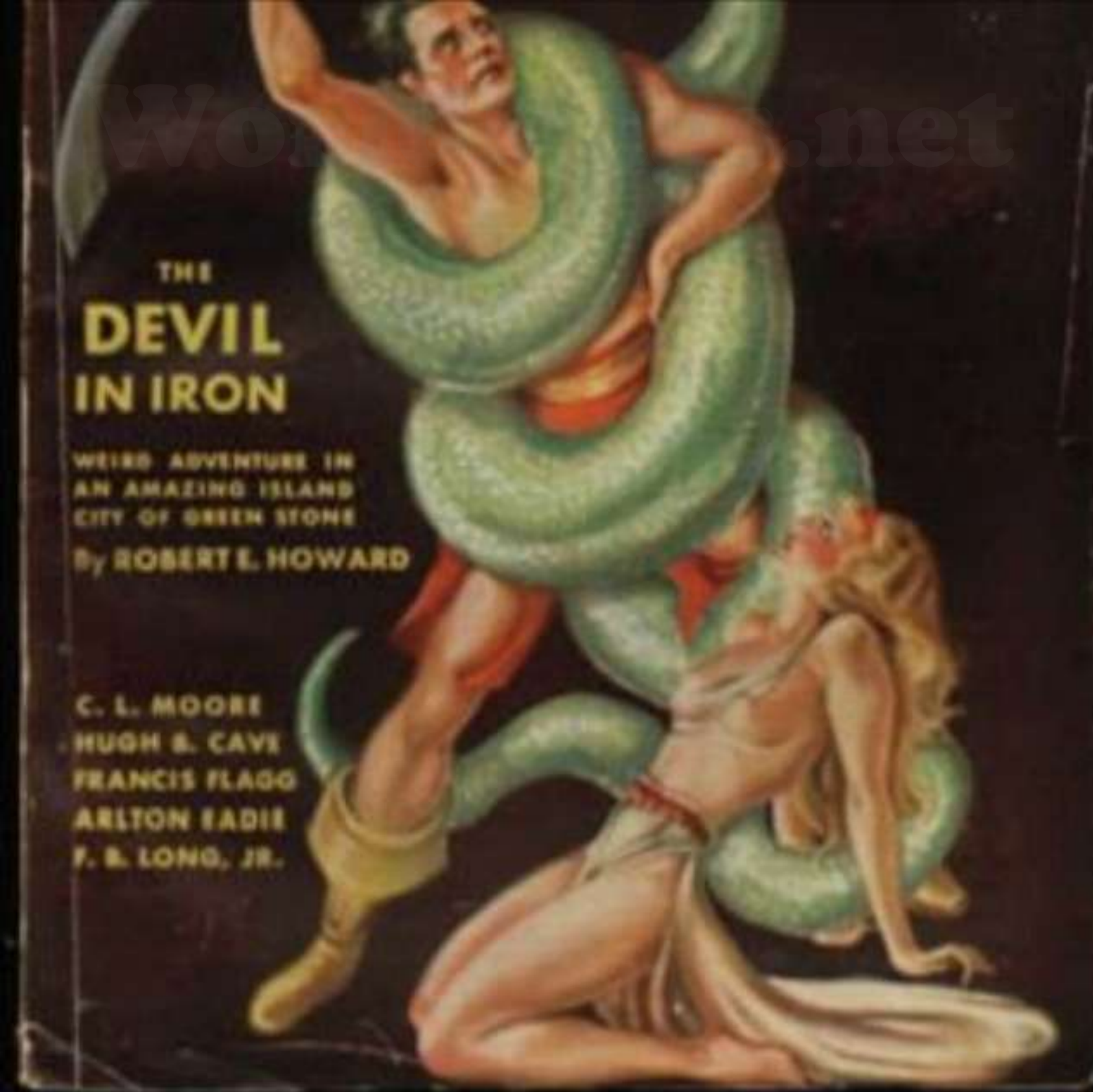
a tale of sorcery and thrilling action
By HENRY KUTTNER

BY
*Margaret
Atwood*

CLUTCHING HANDS OF DEATH

By HAROLD WARD





Weird Tales

PRINTED IN CANADA

SHADOWS IN ZAMBOULA

stark horror in the sinister house of Aram Baksh

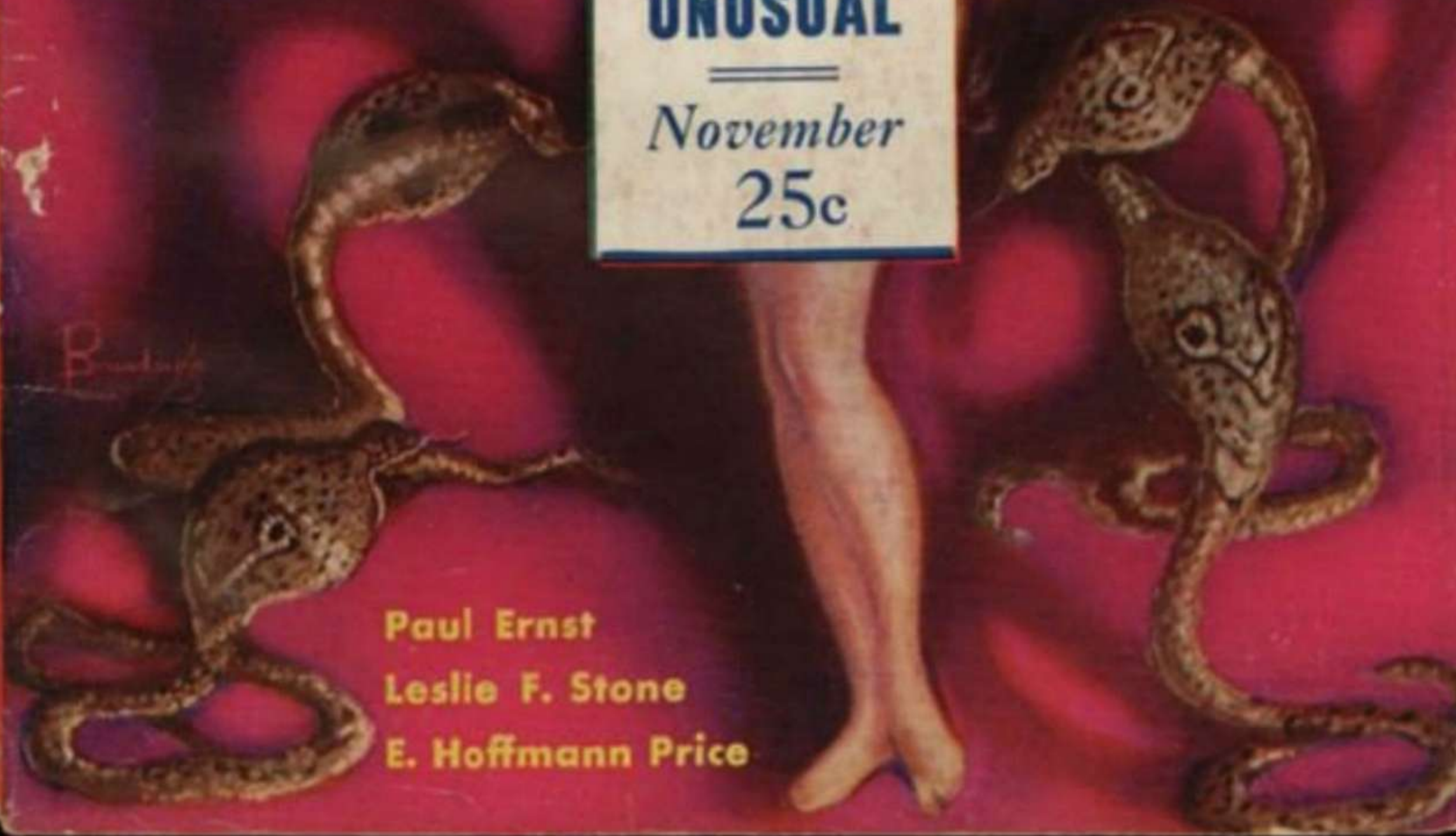
by ROBERT E. HOWARD



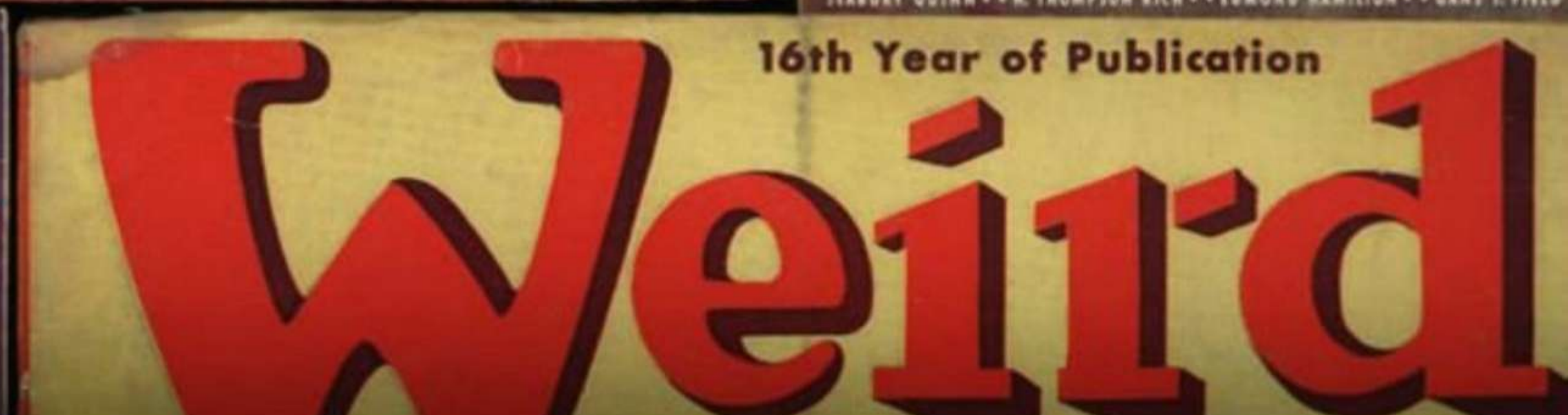
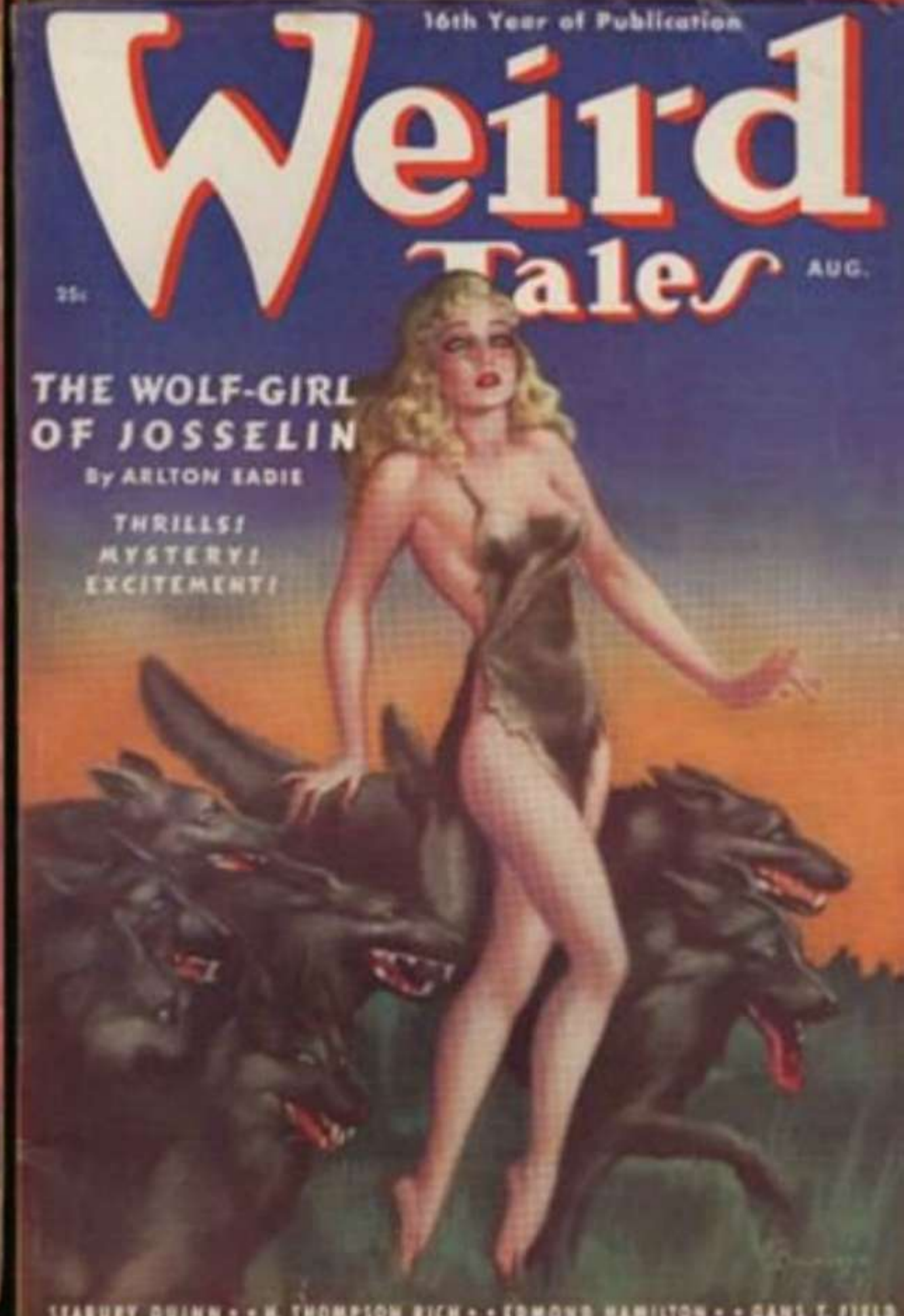
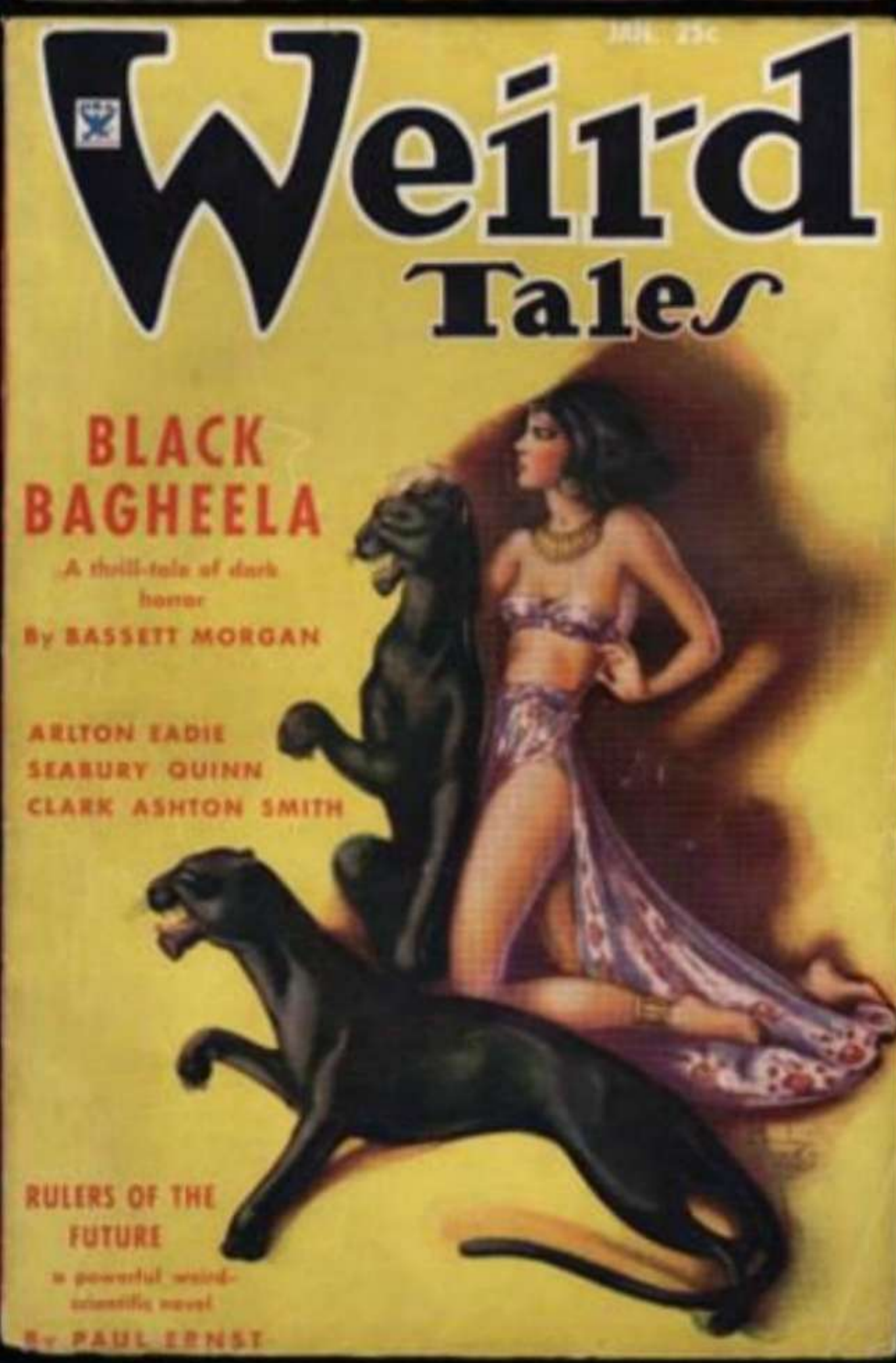
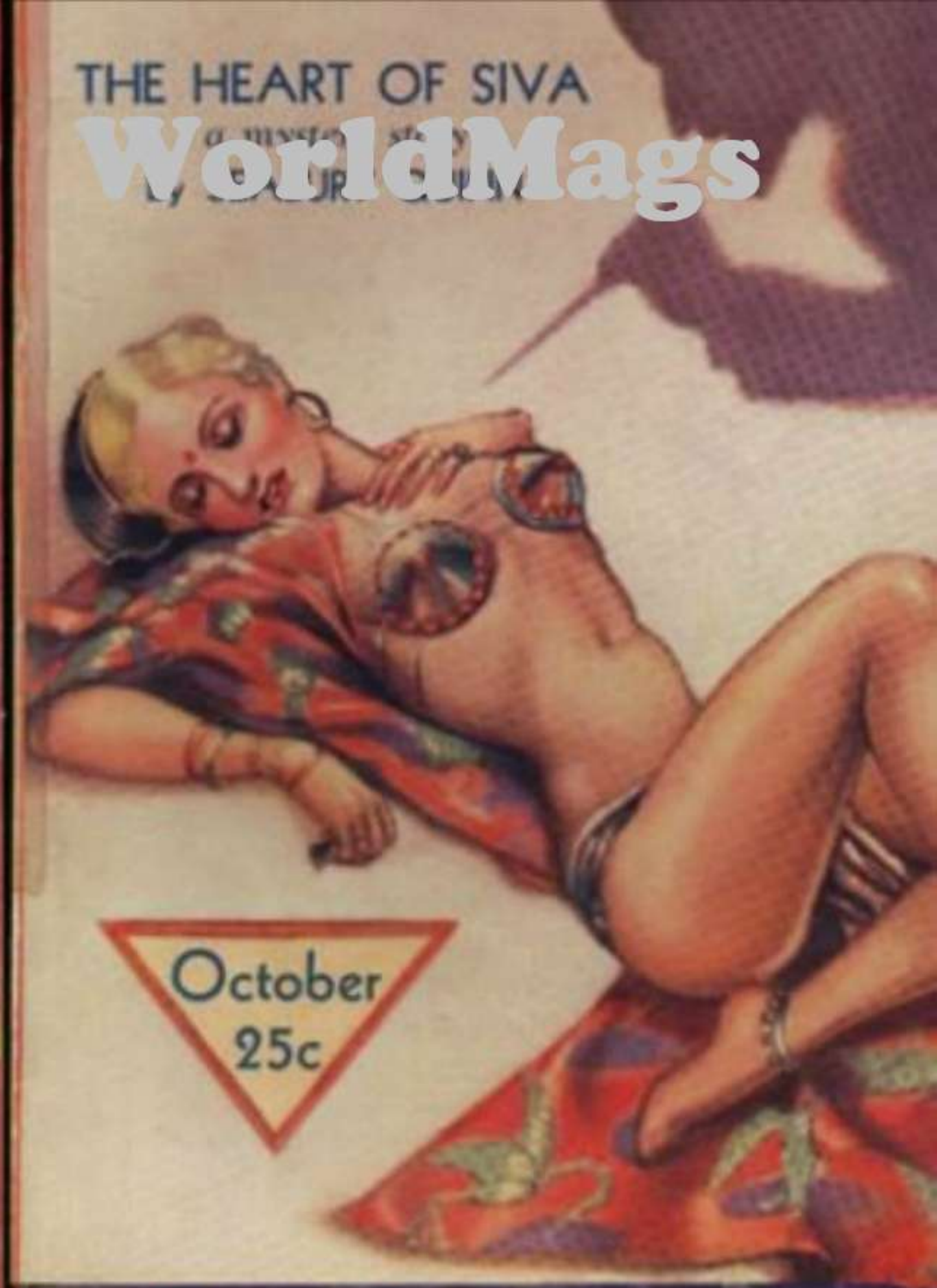
DOCTOR SATAN spreads icy terror in Detroit

"THE CONSUMING FLAME"

MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL
November 25c




Paul Ernst
Leslie F. Stone
E. Hoffmann Price



The most daring **FEMALE PULP ARTIST**

OF THE 1930s AND 1940s *illustrated*

JUST HOW **DANGEROUS** THE PINUP COULD BE




"...YOU COULD HAVE A PACK OF *nude women* WHO'VE BEEN DEAD FOR 3,000 YEARS,

WITH LITHE, CURVACEOUS FIGURES, RUBY-RED LIPS, AZURE HAIR

in a foam of tumbled curls AND *eyes like snake-filled pits....*

I COULD THROW IN SOME SACRIFICIAL VIRGINS AS WELL, WITH METAL BREASTPLATES AND SILVER ANKLE CHAINS AND DIAPHANOUS VESTMENTS. AND A PACK OF RAVENING WOLVES, EXTRA.... POPULAR ON THE COVERS—THEY'LL WRITHE ALL OVER A FELLOW, THEY HAVE TO BE BEATEN OFF WITH RIFLE BUTTS."

THESE WORDS appear in my 2000 novel, *The Blind Assassin*. They're spoken by Alex Thomas, who's a writer of pulp magazine fiction in the 1930s. He's not writing at this moment in the novel, however: He's picking up a girl in a park. His initial method is storytelling, always a good thing to know something about, whichever role you're playing. If you're the pickup artist, it's as well to be able to tell a good story or two, and if you're the target, you need to be able to determine if you've heard them before.

The fictional Alex Thomas got his beautiful vamps and their adornments straight off the covers of *Weird Tales*, definitely the sort of magazine he'd have wanted to publish in. In the 1930s and 1940s, *Weird Tales* published, well, weird tales: fantasy, horror and sci-fi of the bug-eyed monster variety. Its covers were in lurid color, lovingly drawn in pastels by Margaret Brundage—the only female pulp cover artist of her era—who was fresh from a career as a fashion designer and illustrator.

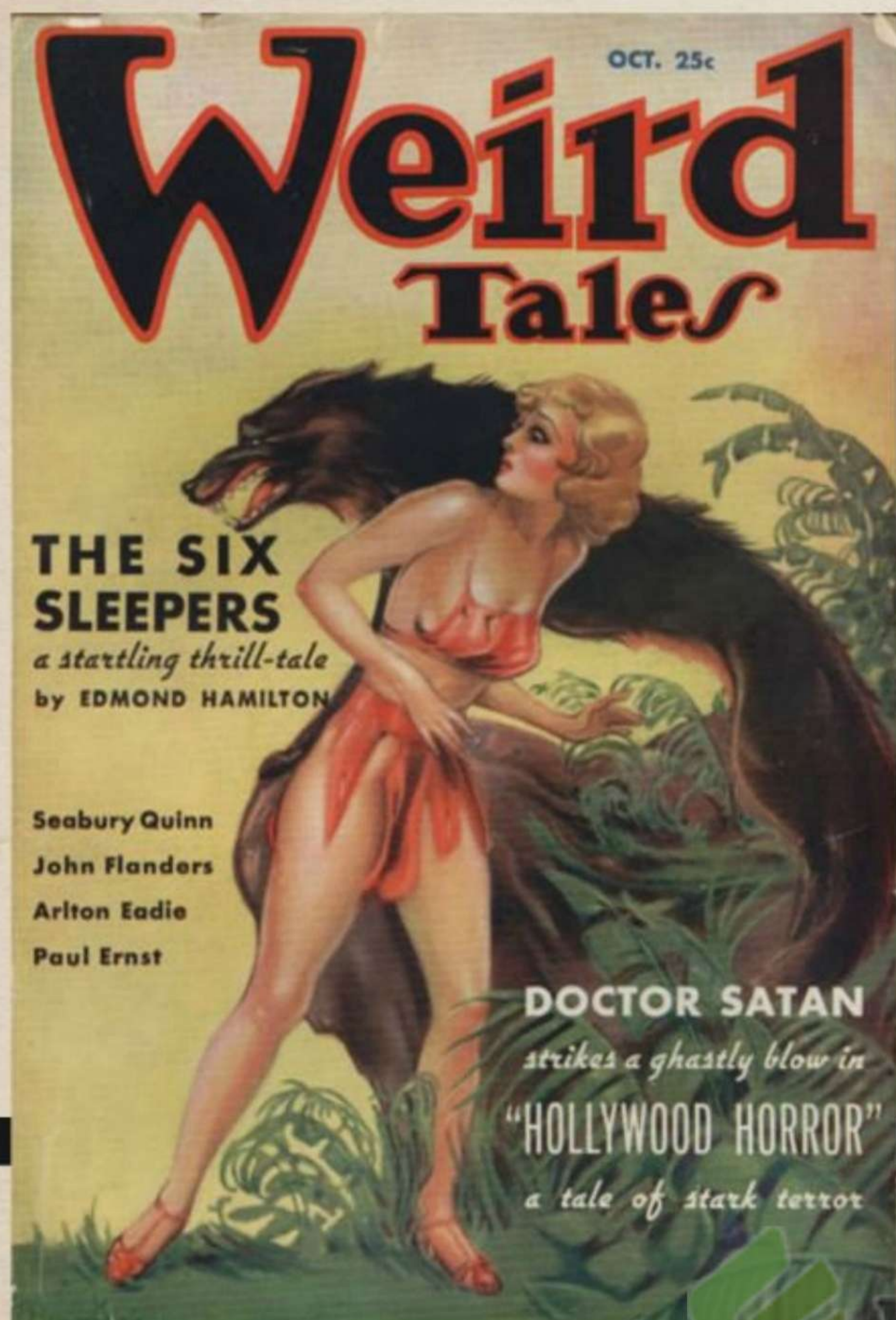
Brundage specialized in vicious or threatened young women, sometimes totally nude but otherwise dressed in colorful and revealing outfits involving metal brassieres, translucent veils and ankle chains both decorative and functional, often accessorized with whips and shackles. Large fanged animals are a recurring motif: The Brundage women have equivocal relationships, not only with wolves but also with other charismatic carnivores. Sometimes the women appear frightened by their dangerous friends, but they may also stride forth, alpha females leading the pack.

The Brundage covers run from 1933 through the early 1940s, making them a perfect source for my invention Alex

Thomas, so it's clear where Alex got his clichés. But—looking back at these clichés now—I wonder where I myself got them. I wasn't born when Brundage was creating most of her covers, yet her subject matter seems very familiar to me. When you're a child, you soak up images like a sponge. It doesn't matter to you where they come from. In those timeless years between infancy and, say, seven, what is has always been: In that way, children inhabit the realm of myth.

In the 1940s, when I was a comic-generation kid, there were certain things we all knew. We took it as a given that children could make friends with wolf packs and might even be raised by them; these packs would rush to their aid in times of peril. I had my own imaginary pack of this kind and therefore was not alarmed by Al Capp's Wolf Gal of the popular 1940s cartoon strip *Li'l Abner*. Wolf Gal must have been the first Brundage-like carnivorous pinup I ever saw. She had white hair and fierce white eyebrows, she most likely ate men, she was scantily dressed, and like all the members of Capp's harem of eccentric glamour gals (stunners such as Stupefyin' Jones, Appassionata Von Climax and the mud-covered pig fancier Moonbeam McSwine) she was what was once called "bountifully endowed." "Hubba hubba," men said in those days: a term obscure in origin but most likely a variant of *hübsche*, a German word for "beautiful."

Books and characters in books, pictures and elements of pictures—they all have families and ancestors, just like people. What generated Wolf Gal? Probably Brundage's wolf gals of *Weird Tales*, which—I'd bet—Capp would have read, and drawn from. Was their grandparent Kipling's *Jungle Book*, in which the wolf-raised child is a boy? Did these clawed lovelies devolve from the high art of the late 19th century, so fond of depicting



Fanged beasts were a recurring motif in Brundage's *Weird Tales* work, as shown here on the October 1935 cover.



Brundage could exploit and subvert images of female vulnerability, sometimes doing both on one cover, as this September 1935 issue shows.

femmes fatales paired with animals to show how animalistic they were underneath? Or does the line stretch way back, to folklore and tales of lycanthropy, or even further back, to times when animals were thought to assume human form at will?

The enduring popularity of werewolf stories must be based on something, and that something may be close to a wish. Was Brundage, unknown to herself, drawing early versions of that trope of female freedom, women who run with the wolves? Bram Stoker, the author of *Dracula*, was neither the first nor the last to supply seductive women with canine teeth somewhat larger than is generally desirable in a girlfriend. (It's to be noted that Wolf Gal has no Mr. Wolf Gal, and we strongly suspect that Wolf Gal—like some furry Turandot or a female spider—has been the death of all lovelorn aspirants to her hand, or paw.)

Then there are the women in the twin tinnies—those two shiny cups, attached to the torso with fine chain link—that abound in Brundage's oeuvre. Richard Wolinsky co-authored and edited a manuscript called *The Girl in the Brass Brassiere: An Oral History of Science Fiction 1920–1950*, a title that acknowledges the ubiquity of the trope in early 20th century sci-fi and fantasy, but like everything else pictorial, this item of clothing had its visual predecessors.

The message borne by the hard-but-soft frontage is mixed. One part of it derives from orientalism. Before moving to *Weird Tales*, Brundage drew covers for another pulp, *Oriental Stories*. In the exotic maidens she portrays, Brundage was lifting from a rich vein of 19th century Victorian orientalist painting, some of it purporting to depict such things as harems and slave-girl markets but some of it purely imaginative, inspired by the hugely influential *A Thousand and One Nights*. This iteration

of the metal bra—nonfunctional, skimpy and bejeweled—invokes bondage and/or other depravities. Robert E. Howard of Conan the Barbarian fame—a frequent contributor to *Weird Tales*—was quite keen on both slave girls and depravities, and used the Brundage dress code. In *The Blind Assassin* I based Alex Thomas's writhing women with eyes like snake-filled pits on simple-hearted Conan's encounters with the uncanny seductresses of the corrupt, decaying cities through which he marauds.

Brassiere advertisements from the 1940s and 1950s hint at the second part of the twin-tinnie lineage: impermeability. Maidenform was just one of the brands featuring blindingly white bras with concentric circles of stitching that suggested armor. Their ads that coupled a state of undress with public activities—"I dreamed I was a private eye in my Maidenform bra"; "I dreamed I was a lady editor in my Maidenform bra"—presented the bra less as an aid to seduction than as a guarantee of security and, combined with the name, of chastity. Athena, the maiden goddess, with her shield and spear and her helmet, is perhaps a distant relative.

A closer relative is the Valkyrie, a virgin demigoddess from Norse mythology whose job was to gather up dead warrior-heroes and cart them off to Odin's banquet hall. Richard Wagner brought the Valkyries to the opera stage in his Ring Cycle, but to a 1940s and 1950s audience they were more familiar as the parody conception of what a Wagnerian soprano should look like: large metal brassiere or corset, long braids, helmet complete

with Viking-fantasy wings. Sure enough, there's Bugs Bunny in the 1957 cartoon "What's Opera, Doc?," cross-dressing as the Valkyrie Brünhilde, with orange-winged helmet and two tiny brass cups stuck on his chest.

Wonder Woman, the comic-book heroine who first appeared in 1941, doesn't have the full metal jacket, but she does have enough shiny stuff on her front to indicate her lineage. She too is related to the virgin goddesses—the chaste moon goddess Artemis, in her case. Supergirls of all kinds, good and bad, are generally unmarried: Wonder Soccer Mom, amazing though she may be in real life, somehow doesn't quite fit the image.

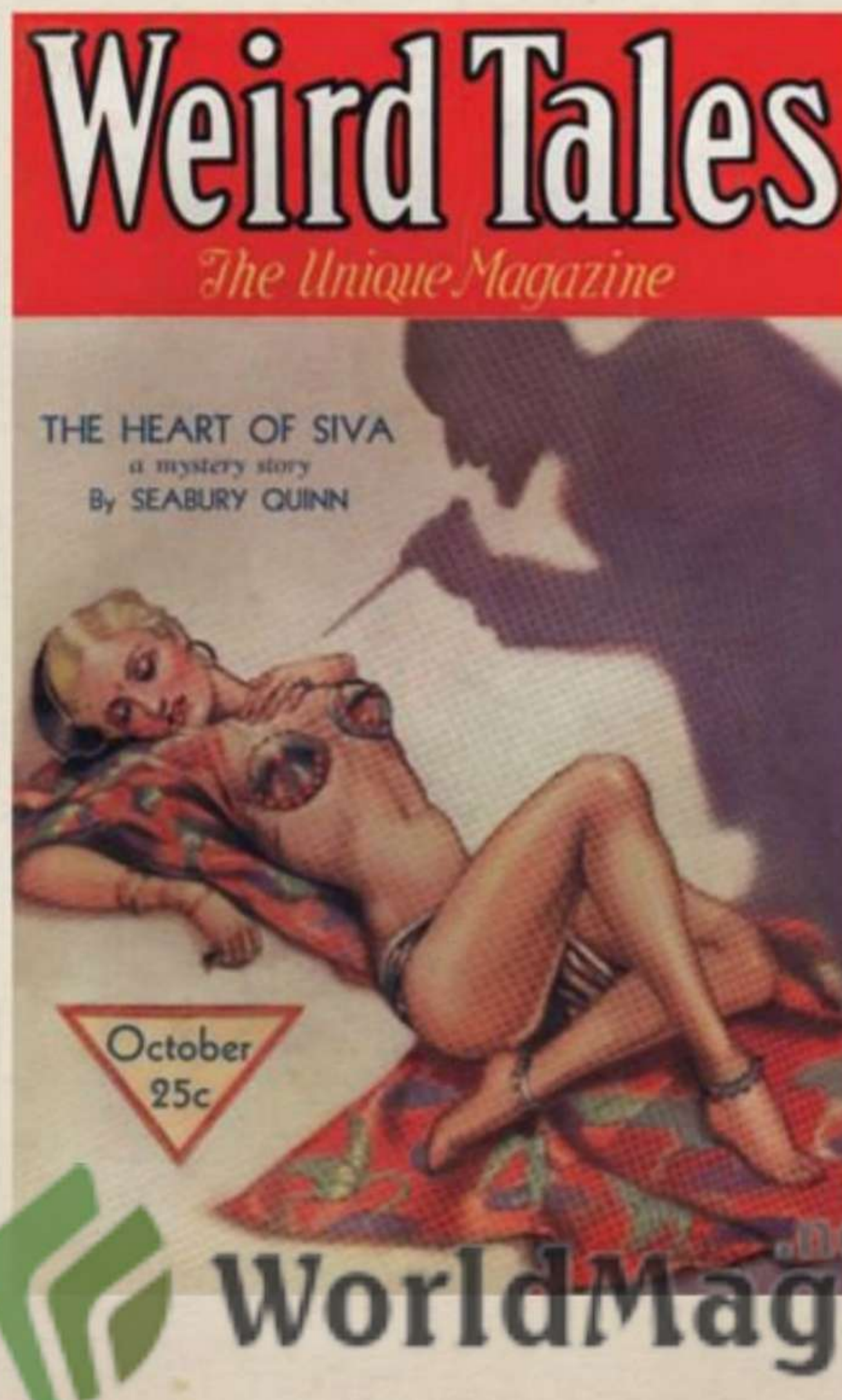
The metal bra was capable of carrying two simultaneous undermeanings: vulnerability, especially when it was flimsily attached to a girl with big scared eyes; or strength and staunch resistance, when the "breastplates," as they were called in the pulps, were more substantial and their wearer looked determined. Brundage sometimes tried for both at once: a girl in a brass brassiere and little else, with big scared eyes, tiptoeing forward with fear but determination, anklets quivering, to unlock some handsome fellow from a cage.

The "low art" of one age often cribs from the "high art" of the preceding one, and "high art" just as frequently borrows from the most vulgar elements of its own times. The *Lady Chatterley* porno-trial wars were fought over whether or not several words you could see scribbled on a wash-room wall every day had the right to be written inside something that purported to be "literature." The *Weird Tales* covers of the 1930s are just one example of the way cultural memes transmit themselves, taking their meaning in part from their context, and from our own knowledge of it. Thus, from Wagner's ultraserious Valkyries to Brundage's equivocal brass bras to Maidenform's faux-naive undergarments to Bugs Bunny's skimpy travesties and finally to Madonna's witty pop-show quotation of the entire tradition. And from the wolf women of myth and folklore to Brundage's wolf girls to Al Capp's gloss on them in his *L'il Abner* Wolf Gal to me as child reader and finally to my invention, Alex Thomas.

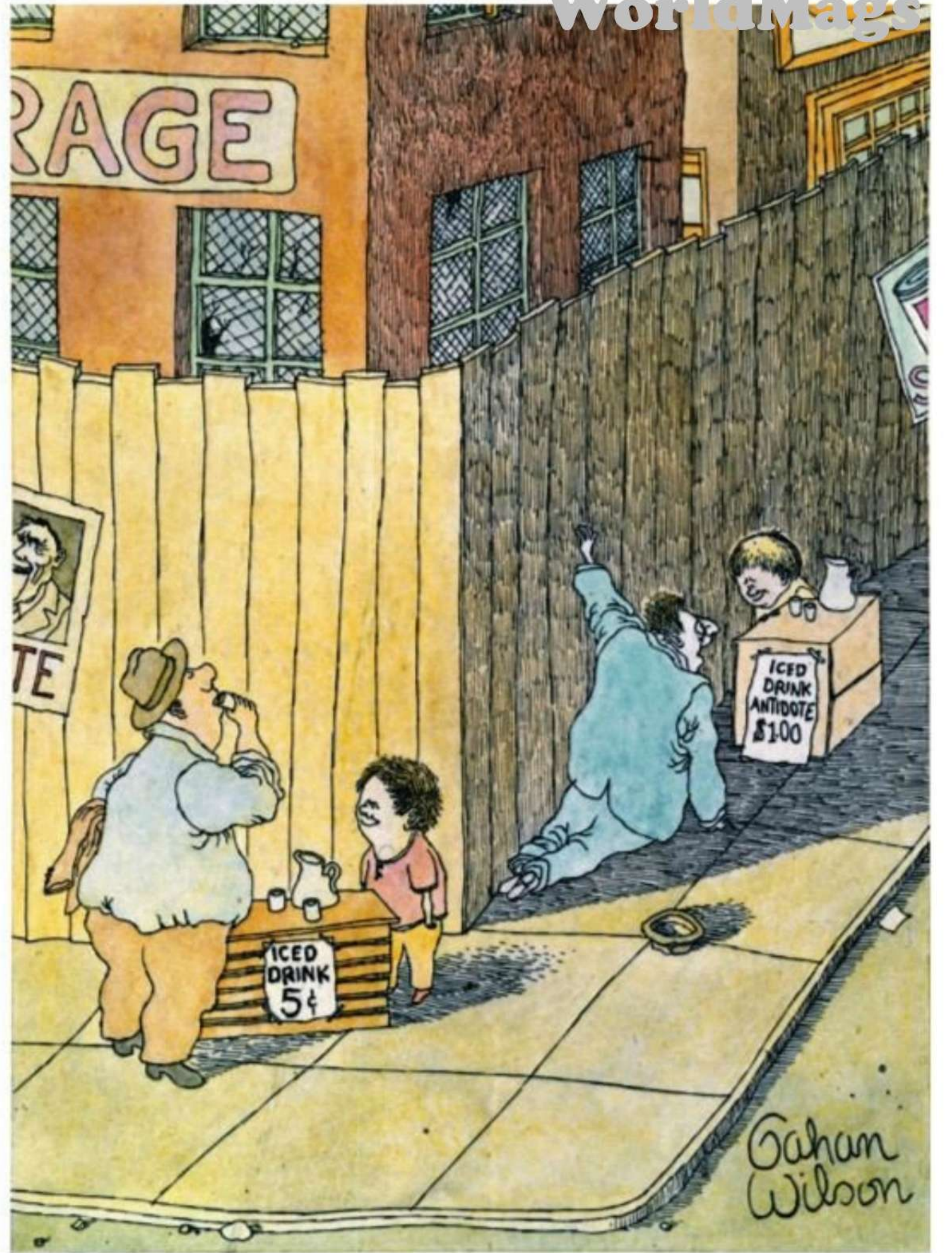
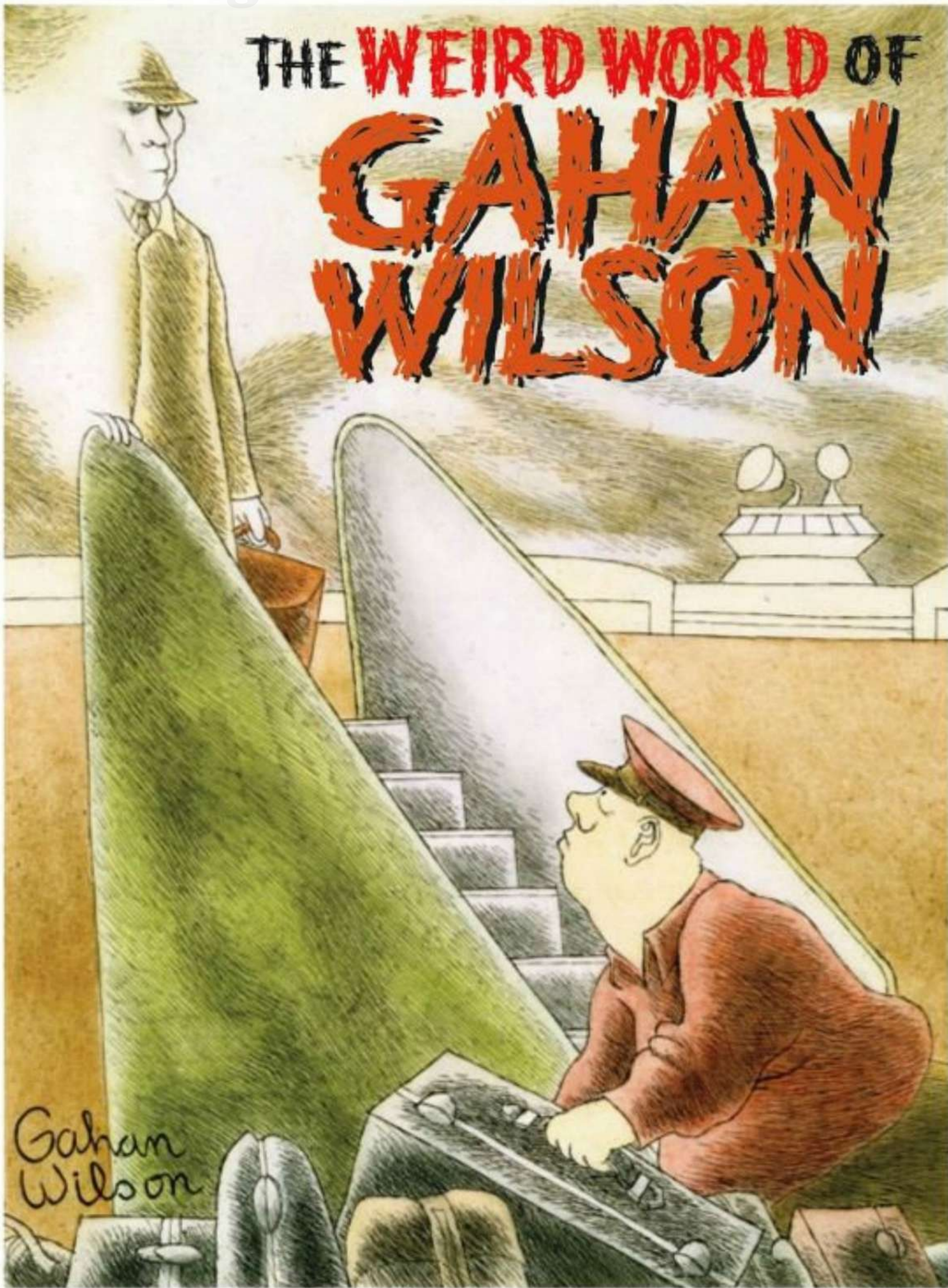
Alex is using *Weird Tales* pulp schlock as foreplay. He knows it's schlock, and the girl he's seducing knows it as well, but that's part of the attraction, for her as well as for him. "I don't think I could fob those off on you," he says of the depraved women and the maidens in sexual peril he's conjuring up for her. "Lurid isn't your style."

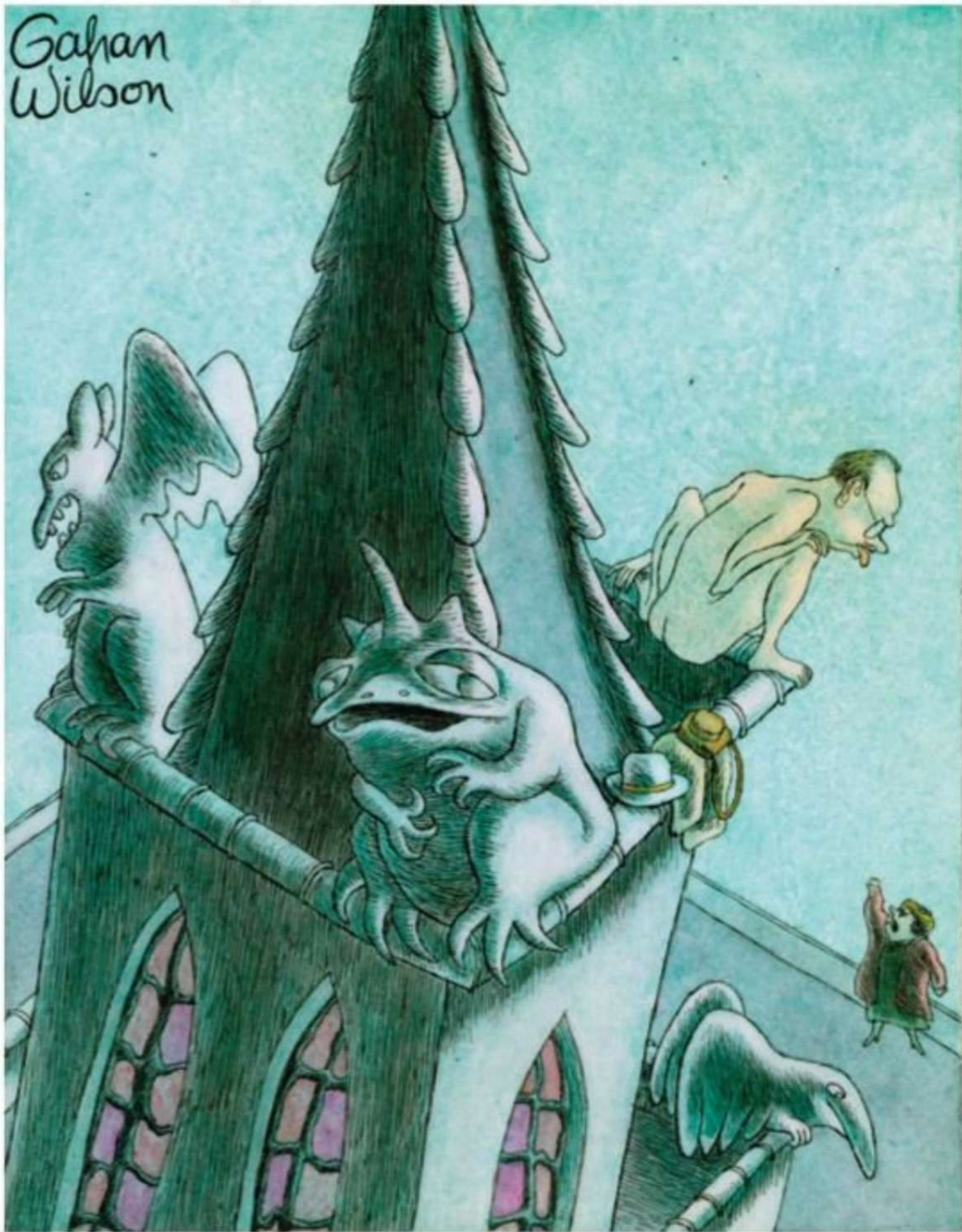
"You never know," the girl replies. "I might like them."

And so she does.

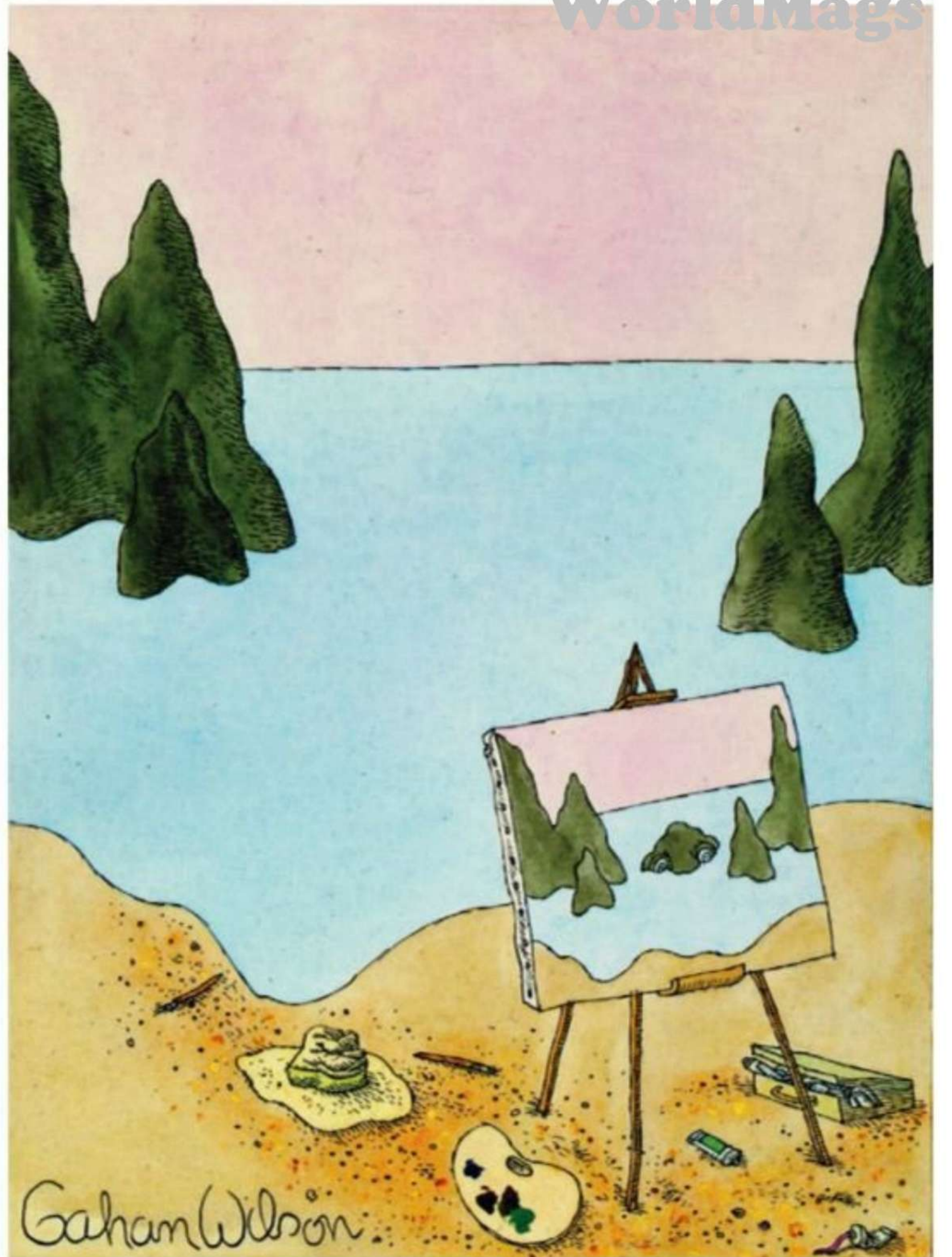


Special thanks to the Toronto Public Library for assistance with the images.





"Harvey! You come down here this instant!!"



Gahan Wilson



Gahan Wilson

"I couldn't say—I'm a stranger here myself."



Gahan Wilson



UP IN THE AIR

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT FOR MISS OCTOBER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Try topping Amanda Cerny's unconditional ardor for all life has to offer: Our Miss October earned a first-degree black belt in karate at the age of 11, pulled straight A's while running varsity track in high school and then commemorated her 18th birthday by, as pictured above, free-falling at 120 mph. "It was crazy loud when I jumped out of the plane, but it got silent and beautiful after the rip cord was pulled. It feels as though you're floating. It was amazing. Then again, I'm kind of a thrill junkie—I want to bungee jump and white-water raft, too. Honestly, I want to do everything I can think of!" Amanda's lust for life has also helped determine her current career path; the 20-year-old is just a year shy of earning a degree in international affairs from Florida State University. "I figured since I love to travel so much, why not learn about



international business?" she says. "My classes are really cool. For instance, last semester I took religious ethics, where I learned about the different religions and cultures throughout the world." This past summer Amanda jetted her joie de vivre abroad to Spain, Germany and France. "I was dying to go because I'd never been to Europe before. I love to explore and have a great time." After all, the pursuit of good times is her life's mission. "One of my favorite quotes is from Dr. Seuss," she explains with an adorable bow-lipped smile. "It goes, 'If you never did, you should. These things are fun, and fun is good.'" She bursts into laughter. "Fun is important! I don't want to be the person who says, 'That would be a nice thing to do' and then never does it. I want to have a life where I can say, 'I did that, and it was awesome!'"







PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS OCTOBER







Omamoda Jerry

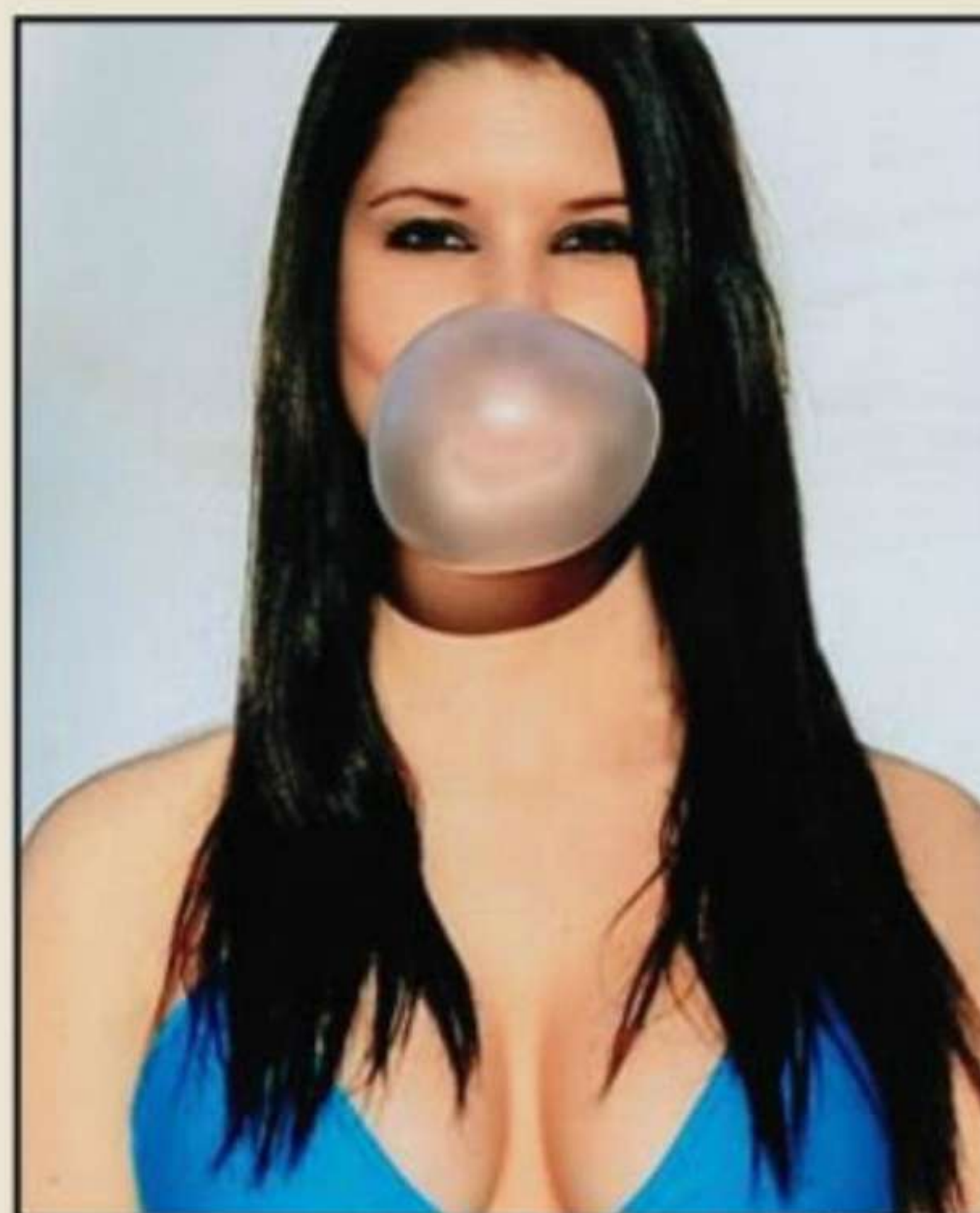


See more of Miss October
at club.playboy.com.

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Amanda CernyBUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125BIRTH DATE: 6-26-91 BIRTHPLACE: Pittsburgh, PAAMBITIONS: To use my Playmate status as a platform to help promote and rebuild Haiti.TURN-ONS: Thoughtful, masculine gentlemen - and if they possess a sexy foreign accent, all the better!TURNOFFS: Guys who think they are always better than everyone else - undeserved cockiness is a major FAIL.SEXY IS: A confident woman who is kind to others and maintains a positive outlook on life. She just may be the sexiest woman alive.FAVE ACTRESSES: Cameron Diaz for her spunkiness, Julia Roberts for her class and Angelina Jolie for her badassness.FOOD OBSESSION: Apples and peanut butter. ♡

Yearbook pic.



Playing with bubbles.



Chess at the Mansion.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One morning a man woke up, discovered he had a red ring around the base of his penis and immediately headed to the nearest emergency room. At the hospital a nurse examined him and said, "Don't worry, I have just the thing for this." She left the room, came back with her purse and pulled out a package of tow-elettes. She then proceeded to use one of the towelettes to wipe away the red mark.

"That was easy!" the man exclaimed. "What were you using?"

"Makeup remover," the nurse replied. "You had lipstick on your dick."

Have you heard about the blonde lesbian? She likes men.



A lonely woman checked into a resort and decided to call one of the numbers she'd seen advertising male escort services and sensual massages. She flipped through the phone book, found an ad with a picture of a particularly strapping young man and called the number.

"Hello?" a male voice answered. "How may I help you?"

"I hear you give a great massage, and I'd really like to experience one," the woman said. "Well, actually, I should just be straight with you. I'm in town, I'm all alone and what I really want is sex. I want it hard, I want it hot, and I want it now. Bring implements, toys, rubber, leather, whips—everything you've got in your bag of tricks. We'll go hot and heavy all night. Tie me up and cover me in chocolate syrup and whipped cream. I want to do it all. How does that sound?"

"That sounds great," the man replied, "but you need to press nine for an outside line."

During the first year of marriage, the man speaks and the woman listens. During the second year of marriage, the woman speaks and the man listens. And during the third year, the husband and wife both speak at the same time, and the neighbors listen.

One evening a man was playing poker at his friend's house when he dropped a card on the floor. When he bent down to pick it up, he looked across the table and noticed his friend's wife had her legs open and had no panties on. Embarrassed, the man went to the kitchen to get some water. To his surprise, his friend's wife followed him.

"Did you like what you saw?" she asked.

"Yes, actually, I did," he replied.

"Well, you can get some of that for \$500," the woman said.

The man said he was interested, and his friend's wife told him to come back the next afternoon because her husband would be at work. The following day he went to his friend's house, had sex with his friend's wife, paid her and went home. Later that evening the man's friend arrived home from work and asked his wife if his friend had come by.

"Why, yes, he did come over," she replied nervously. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, good," her husband said. "He came by my job this morning and asked me if he could borrow \$500 until this evening, and he said he would leave the money with you."



Shelley Neiman

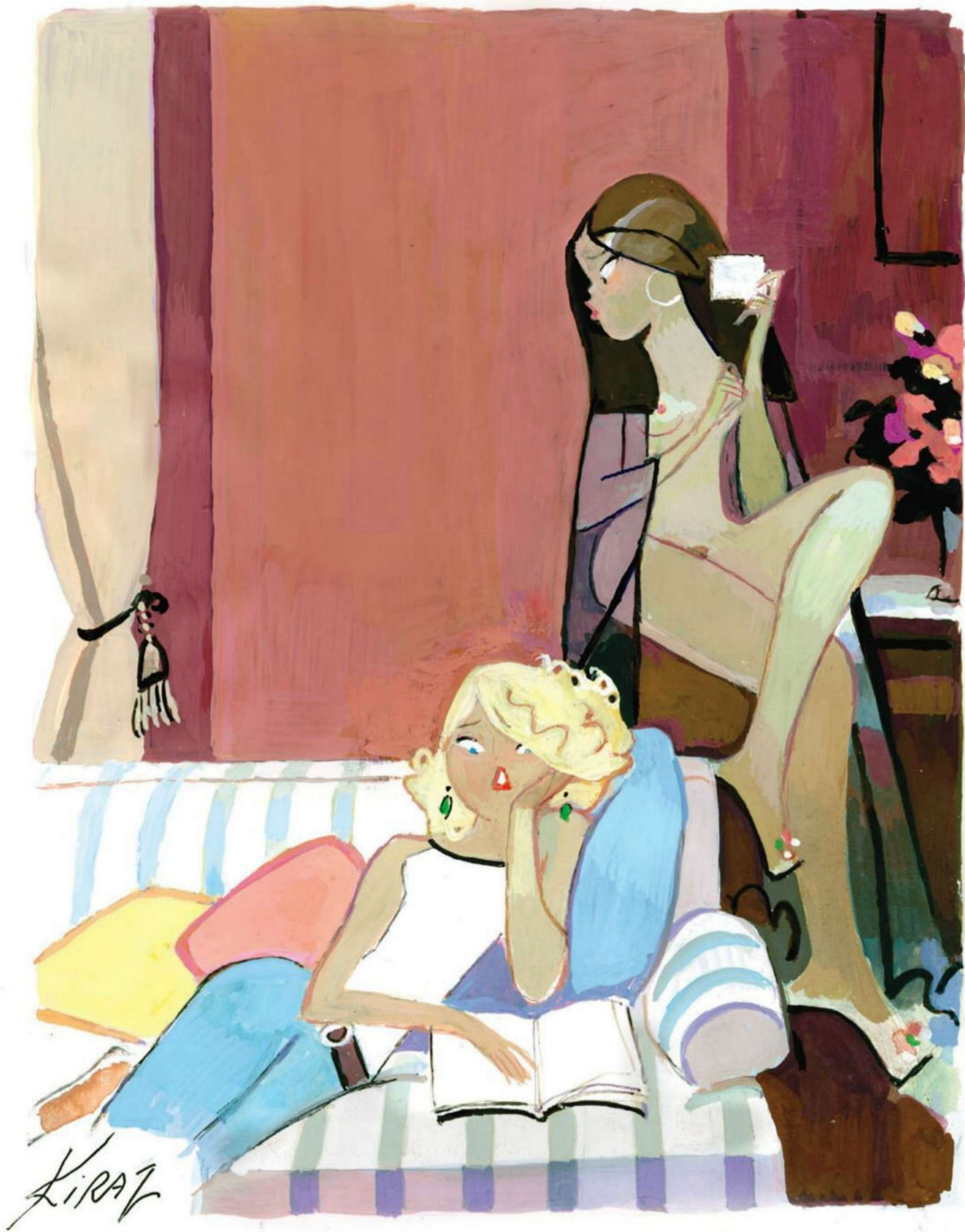
Did you hear about the flasher who considered retiring? He decided to stick it out for one more year.

In a recent survey, 1,000 married men were asked why they enjoy blow jobs. Two percent said they like the warm, moist sensation, three percent said it makes for the best foreplay and 95 percent said they simply like the peace and quiet.

What are three words you never want to hear when you're making love?

"Honey, I'm home!"

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.



"I want to have it all, but if that isn't practical, I'd settle for a threesome."

Plaid sports jacket, \$4,600, and check shirt, \$490, by **DOMENICO VACCA**.
Knit tie, \$79, by **J. PRESS**.

WELL SUITED

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY CLINCH
TEXT BY STEVE GARBARINO

PLAYBOY FASHION

BOARDWALK EMPIRE'S **MICHAEL SHANNON** SHOWS OFF THE SHARPEST THREADS OF THE FALL SEASON





Suit, \$1,484, and pocket square, \$70, by **PAUL STUART**. Check shirt, \$342, by **DUNCAN QUINN**. Tie, \$295, by **DOMENICO VACCA**. Watch, \$1,795, by **FREDERIQUE CONSTANT**. Socks, \$7, by **WE LOVE COLORS**. Shoes by **MARC JACOBS**, stylist's own.

MICHAEL SHANNON OFF THE CUFF

In a memorable episode of HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*, bootlegging's worst nightmare, Nelson Van Alden—played by the stage, television and Oscar-nominated film actor Michael Shannon—pans his gaze down to one of his government revenue agents' feet, pans back up to the man's eyes and murmurs with an accusatory smile, "I do notice you're wearing new wing-tips." Read: How could the guy afford such nice shoes on a fed's salary?

"They were on discount," says the fed. "I got 'em at Driscoll's." Shannon's character isn't buying it, and soon after, he "accidentally" drowns the cowering peon in a baptism gone wrong.

Tough town, Atlantic City.

Style plays a critical part in the social fabric of the speakeasy-era *Boardwalk Empire*, says Shannon, 37. A red carnation in a pin-striped lapel can forecast bloodshed, and shoes can both make and "make" the man, divulging who's a mob boss and who's a bottom-feeder.

For Shannon's Van Alden, it's all about the 1920s-style suits and hats, says the Lexington, Kentucky-born, Chicago-trained actor. "I have no credibility when I'm rehearsing my

scenes in my street clothes," he says. "But once I'm in full costume, and I pull the brim of my custom-designed slate-gray hat down—not quite a fedora, as its bill is wide enough to be a Pilgrim hat—then everyone goes, 'Oh yeah, that's Van Alden!' I pull it down over my eyes before every take. It's kind of a religious object, adding to the mystery of the character."

The son of an attorney mother and an accounting-professor father, Shannon admits to having an oversize head ("Huge," he says, "uncoverable"). He didn't

develop a strong sense of style until he started attending red-carpet events. Wearing designer tuxedos and suits—he favors Calvin Klein—"gives you that feeling of confidence, that maybe you are in fact a worthwhile

human being," he jokes. "Of course, at the end of the day, it's who you are as a person that matters." Most of the time he's a khakis and T-shirt guy, and he has a "fetish" for a certain kind of sock: "These Muji reused-yarn socks that are like pieced-together scraps," he says. "They have about 15 colors in them."

Next up for Shannon: a turn as the villainous General Zod in the upcoming *Superman* adaptation *Man of Steel*. In 1980's *Superman II*, Terence Stamp plays the character with a campy, androgynous look. But

according to Shannon, in *Man of Steel* Zod wears classic military. "He's not a supervillain," he says. "He's a general, fighting for the interests of Krypton, which has fallen apart. Now he's trying to reestablish his city. The

style was dictated purely by his military standing—nothing ostentatious."

Like another mercurially great film and stage actor, Christopher Walken, Shannon says that when people approach him on the street they're "really nice and usually say, 'You're so good at being crazy. I really hate your character.' It's mostly backhanded compliments but all in good will." And as with Walken, you can't read Shannon's cards, either on or off the screen. Although the 1920s flapper-era *Boardwalk Empire* has brought him national and critical attention, when he's asked what decade had the coolest style, the answer is not exactly what you'd think.

"I have a particular romantic longing for late-1970s New York City," says Shannon. "I'm sure it would be different if I had lived in Manhattan then. The socioeconomic environment was terrible. But when you see photos of the crowds at CBGB, there's an awe to it all, an appreciation of it that I have. Nobody had money, but everyone looked like they were having a blast."

That's the ticket: Keep them guessing...and keep the big head in check.




Striped suit, \$3,900, by **DOMENICO VACCA**. Shirt, \$160, by **THOMAS PINK**. Tie, \$125, by **J. PRESS**. Lapel pin, \$109, by **PAUL STUART**. Watch, \$1,650, by **FREDERIQUE CONSTANT**.



Suit, \$1,092, and tie, \$80, by **HUGO BOSS**. Shirt, \$98, by **J. PRESS**. Pocket square, \$70, by **PAUL STUART**.

Striped suit, \$1,584, and pocket square, \$70, by **PAUL STUART**.
Shirt, \$130, and tie, \$105, by **THOMAS PINK**.



FREDRIC JAMESON EULOGIZED HIM AS THE SHAKESPEARE OF SCIENCE FICTION, AND URSULA LE GUIN CHRISTENED HIM OUR "HOMEGROWN BORGES." HE IS THE AUTHOR OF MORE THAN 100 STORIES AND 44 NOVELS. THE FILM ADAPTATIONS OF HIS WORK, INCLUDING *BLADE RUNNER*, *MINORITY REPORT* AND *THE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU*, HAVE GENERATED CLOSE TO A BILLION DOLLARS AT THE BOX OFFICE. IN HIS LAST BOOK, A COLLECTION OF LETTERS, JOURNAL ENTRIES AND GRAPHS, HE PROVES HIMSELF TO BE ALL THE THINGS HE'S BEEN CHARGED WITH—A SELF-DESCRIBED "FICTIONALIZING PHILOSOPHER," A MADMAN AND A MYSTIC

THE EXEGETESIS

OF PHILIP K. DICK





THE FOLLOWING LETTER BY AMERICAN novelist Philip K. Dick to literary critic Peter Fitting represents a single inkling, passing in the night, among many thousands. It is part of a vast compilation of accounts of his own visionary experiences and insights that Dick committed to paper between the years 1974 and 1982. The topics—apart from suffering, pity, the nature of the universe and the

essence of tragedy—include three-eyed aliens; robots made of DNA; ancient and suppressed Christian cults that in their essential beliefs forecast the deep truths of Marxist theory; time travel; radios that continue playing after you unplug them from the wall; and how the true nature of the universe may be discerned, variously, in the writings of the ancient philosopher Parmenides, in (continued on page 128)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JARED RYDER

HOW *to* RUN a MISTRESS *there's* A RIGHT WAY *AND* A WRONG WAY TO CONDUCT AN AFFAIR *of the* HEART

We're

not telling you not to be monogamous. When monogamy works, it's great. However, having more than one lover, or a girlfriend on the side, is nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, it can be a source of pride, confidence and hedonistic fulfillment—as long as you don't brag about it. (We're assuming your significant other is not French and you do not have the green light to fool around.) In fact, that's the first rule. You should be prepared to take your secrets to the grave. If you're going to do it, keep your mouth shut. Also, no

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GUIDO ARGENTINI



whining. If stepping out of your relationship or marriage gives you the guilts or feeds your stress or makes you question your commitment to the biggest and best thing in your life (that would be your wife, family or girlfriend), quit right now. It's not for you.

Keeping a mistress does not mean having an affair that leads to the end of your primary relationship. That's something else; that's lame. Guys who justify that type of confusion and hurt are what we call the faithful adulterers. It's messy and childish. It's the no-man's-land between fidelity and having a second (or third) woman to love in your life.

KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING *and why you're doing it:* Trust us on this one, because you're going to be asked—by the women who have seduced you and the women you're trying to seduce. It goes like this: You are perfectly happy with what you have. You just want more. You want a quick little staycation from your routine. You want sex, an occasional taste of strange. You want her perfect body, her lovely face, her attention, her intelligence. You have everything you need; that's why she was attracted to you in the first place. Your confidence, your charm, your money, your ability to manage a stable relationship—they're what you have to offer. To blow that up would turn you into something else—and she wouldn't want that. You love your wife. Your wife is perfect. In fact, she'd love your wife too! They'd be fast friends. Half of you is your wife; if she weren't part of your life, you'd be half as appealing. Your wife knows what kind of guy you are—not that she wants to hear the slightest whiff about an affair—and she's proud of it. A man (and most probably a woman) can love two different people at the same time, in entirely different contexts. You do, in fact, love your mistress. You talk with her about things you don't talk about with anyone else.

You've spent a huge portion of your adult life learning about and loving women. To think you're going to just stop flirting and seducing on a dime (or an altar) is too much to ask of a guy like you. Why? Because you're selfish, and you want more.

KNOW WHO YOU ARE: Once you get that part straight, you can be as gracious and giving as you like; in fact, you must be. Be accessible. Be prepared to talk. Affairs are 90 percent phone calls and 10 percent sex. So be patient, chat it up, and when it's time for sex, make it count.

CHOOSE YOUR MISTRESS, *and let your mistress choose you:* If you want to have the random fuck every six months with a one-night stand, you're playing a dangerous game—and running a high risk of getting caught, a high risk of bedding a crazy woman, a high risk of pissing someone off and offending the pussy goddess. There's

WE ARE ALL CAPABLE OF LOVING *more than* ONE PERSON DURING OUR LIFETIME.

also a high risk of picking up something you don't want to bring home and share. So who are we looking for? Someone you trust. Someone you can manage not to piss off so she won't want to go ballistic and ruin your world. The good news is that just about any good-looking woman who knows her way around the bedroom wants to be someone's mistress at least once in her life. It's a common fantasy, and you want to exploit it. That is, every woman except single women between the ages of 27 and 35. Those women are on a mission to get married and have kids. They're not going to waste time having fun. They're done with that. They want to start on the rest of their lives, God bless them. Don't get in the way of their goals.

On the one hand, that leaves young women who want the novelty of being taken care of from time to time. Don't get possessive or ask too many questions about their whereabouts. On the flip side, women over the age of 35 are past pretension. They've kept themselves looking good for a reason and are ready for someone to appreciate their hard-won physique and Pilates-honed stamina for balling. Just don't let them get possessive.

These are crass generalities, yet they're also true. But just because they're true and sound like they're coming from the mouth of a pig doesn't mean you can't believe them. You can believe them and be the person you should be—someone who is not a pig, someone who would rather hang out with girls than play cards and drink beer with the boys. Most honest women won't argue with this.

Also, we're not talking about how to get laid. We assume you know how to do that—if you have one strong relationship and are thinking about another, you shouldn't need tips. You're not pursuing anyone; you're content to let your next girlfriend come and find you. You're not Casanova. You're not trying to fool anyone into fucking you. This is not about mental manipulation. If you want to wear down the defenses of a 31-year-old who knows she shouldn't (continued on page 132)

TWEET DISCREET

FIVE THINGS TO CONSIDER ON TWITTER

THE DM IS ESSENTIAL. It stands for "direct message" and is the equivalent of a Facebook message: Wall posts and tweets are public, but DMs are not. Anything you want only the intended recipient to see—like, say, indiscreet pictures sent to a lover—should be relegated to DMs instead of your timeline.

DON'T TWEET WHAT YOU CAN TEXT. It's a public website, and you wouldn't put your text messages online, would you? Twitter is for networking, not for your nightly back-and-forth with that Amazon in accounting. If you delete a tweet, it won't necessarily disappear from the internet. This is doubly so for pictures, which are hosted by third-party sites.

GO PRIVATE, WITH RESERVATIONS. The best way to prevent prying eyes from reading unscrupulous tweets is to go private. This protects your 140-character missives from anyone you don't want reading them. Be warned: Anyone with access to your timeline can take a screenshot. Nothing is private on the internet.

TURN OFF PHONE NOTIFICATIONS (AND E-MAILS, TOO). If you use Twitter on your phone, by default the application will send you a text alert whenever you're tweeted. Turn this option off to avoid embarrassment. Similarly, you can never fully ensure the security of your e-mail account, and Twitter e-mails you every time you receive a message. Cover your bases and sleep with peace of mind.

KEEP TABS ON YOURSELF. Search your name and Twitter handle to find out who's mentioning you on the service. It's not narcissistic, it's smart: Know what people are saying about you and you can put out fires before they get out of control.



"It's no use, your highness. I'm too short for the six, and you're too tall for the nine!"

20Q

BY DAVID HOCHMAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MULLER

GORDON RAMSAY

TV'S OMNIPRESENT AND FOULMOUTHED CHEF GETS MAD AT OVERCOOKED
ARTICHOKES, LAZY SOMMELIERS, DINERS WHO ARE TOO SHY
TO COMPLAIN, OVERWEIGHT COLLEAGUES, DRUG ADDICTS AND ANYONE
DUMB ENOUGH TO INVITE HIM TO A DINNER PARTY

Q1

PLAYBOY: Don't take this the wrong way, but are you really an asshole or do you just play one on TV?

RAMSAY: Listen, I'm a passionate guy, and sometimes that gets misconstrued. When something's good in my opinion, there's praise. When something's shit, people get told. The pressure inside a professional kitchen is tremendous. It's not rocket science, but you have to fucking keep up. I'm not saying there's no clever editing going on. For a show like *Hell's Kitchen* we shoot 110 hours to get 42 minutes. It's not all going to be happy-go-lucky chef Gordon coming on to demonstrate how to dress a salad. I'm the happiest chef in the world when things are going right. But when it's going tits up and my name's on the door or I'm standing there conducting the kitchen on TV, there's no way on Earth I'm sending out crap, and contestants shouldn't either.

Q2

PLAYBOY: But is the best solution to call someone a "fucking donkey" for overcooking artichokes?

RAMSAY: You're asking the wrong person. It's an industry

language, and it's my language in the kitchen. If my wife overcooks artichokes or burns a pizza, do I turn around and call her a stupid bitch? Of course not. But when I'm standing there—whether it's on *MasterChef* or *Hell's Kitchen*—and a quarter-million-dollar prize is being offered, and you've got some jerk who can't cook an artichoke and wants to call himself an executive chef at a four-star hotel somewhere, you can bet I'm going to take the piss out of him.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Has anyone actually hit you?

RAMSAY: There was a situation years back on an early season of *Hell's Kitchen* in London. A lady had had too much to drink and was showing off and went to punch me. But no. I have a black belt in karate. I love boxing. I can look out for myself. Do I want to fight? No. Let's finish cooking first. We'll fight after. Do I really come across that angry?

Q4

PLAYBOY: Sometimes. Don't you watch your shows?

RAMSAY: Never. I don't want to get (continued on page 126)





O'BRIEN

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS AGO,
THE SOVIETS TRIED TO CREATE
THE PERFECT SOLDIER BY
BREEDING APES WITH HUMANS.
IS IT POSSIBLE THEY SUCCEEDED?

THE ISLAND OF DOCTOR IVANOV

BY ROB MAGNUSON SMITH

In her office overlooking the Black Sea, within the bullet-ridden campus of the Sukhumi Primate Center, Dr. Anna Djokova waves me over to a chair. She's elderly and smells of soap. On her desk is a miniature Abkhazian flag.

"Can you tell me what you're researching, Doctor?"

"Bulimia, anorexia. I am interested in the monkeys' brains when they are made to have eating disorders. I look at the prefrontal lobe, the neocortex—"

A sound comes from the lower floors of the building—little fists banging against metal. Djokova looks out the window. On the hillside, palm trees brush against a statue of Ivan Pavlov petting a dog. This facility (also known as the Institute of Experimental Pathology and Therapy) is the brainchild of Ilya Ivanov, a biologist renowned for crossbreeding a donkey with a zebra and an antelope with a cow. In the 1920s Joseph Stalin reportedly directed Ivanov to create a new race of human-ape hybrids that would serve the Soviet Union as soldier workers. I'm here on the shores of the Black Sea, inside the renegade Republic of Abkhazia, to find out if Ivanov succeeded. Only I don't quite know how to ask.

"I understand you also work in astrophysics?"

Djokova's mouth tightens. "I am low on the necessary specimens, young male ones. The healthy infants, when they are born, are sent to Russia."

Below, the banging gets louder. It's the rhesus monkeys. I saw them earlier in their holding room, a row of metal boxes waiting to be wheeled into the lab.

"Why do the males go to Russia?"

"For the Mars mission. To be trained for the capsule."

Djokova opens a drawer in her desk. She hands me a photo of a macaque in a diaper. The monkey is flat on its



In Sukhumi, the monkey was revered as a Soviet hero.

stomach, but its arms and legs are in the air. It looks like a skydiver in free fall. "The specifications of muscle failure at zero gravity were developed here in my lab," Djokova says.

I look closer at the photo. The diaper is fastened to an operating table. Electrodes cover the monkey's shaved scalp.

"My findings are widely acknowledged. But now we have no more money for this kind of research."



My journey to the subtropics of the Russian riviera began in Moscow. Ever since Abkhazia attempted to break away from the Republic of Georgia in 1989, the Georgian government has responded with bombs, blockades and diplomatic damage control. Land crossings are restricted. The airport in Sukhumi, Abkhazia's capital, is still under construction after being shelled to rubble. Visitors to the region typically travel from Moscow through the Russian resort city of Sochi, where the 2014 Olympics will be held, and then take a bus to the border.

In 1993, as its war with Georgia approached a stalemate, Abkhazia turned to the north for protection. Russia eventually obliged, with a few conditions: military bases, property rights for its security officials, first dibs

on oil in the sea. Abkhazia is now a de facto state recognized only by Russia, Venezuela, Nicaragua and the Pacific island nation of Nauru. A top U.S. State Department analyst told me the enclave has become a haven for the illegal weapons trade. "It should be safe enough," the analyst assured me, "if you're interested only in monkeys."

In April it was still snowing at Moscow's Domodedovo airport. My flight to Sochi held plenty of oil executives. They were young, tall and extremely rich. A few wives and girlfriends—detached ice queens with long legs and dia-

monds in their ears and nostrils—wore expressions of infinite boredom.

In Sochi the airplane door opened to humidity and the smell of the sea. It was just past midnight. My taxi sped along Lenin Street between corridors of palm trees. The Olympics has transformed the city into a honeycomb of construction sites, running around the clock under floodlights. At my hotel, the bartender looked like a Vegas croupier. He'd just started his shift, he told me. After fixing my cocktail, he made a tray of espressos. I thought I was alone at the bar, but I turned to find the lobby filling with prostitutes who had timed their arrival with the landing of our plane.

The next morning I boarded a bus for Abkhazia. Back on Lenin Street, daylight revealed the construction—tourist lodges shaped like ski chalets, a theme park featuring a gigantic luge. On the horizon, the Caucasus lay dusted with snow. A few hours later I was the only remaining passenger on the bus. The driver dropped me at a rusting metal bridge. A welcome banner read REPUBLIC OF ABKHAZIA. It was the kind of banner you'd see advertising a carnival or an artichoke festival. On the other side of the bridge I entered a trailer, where a young woman stamped my passport. My next bus stopped often for crossing cows. On the road, columns of Abkhazians returned (continued on page 120)



"Thanks, but I'm not waiting to use the equipment. I find I can raise my heart rate considerably just sitting here!"





Bunny Number One

Laura Benanti is not a real Playboy Bunny. But she plays one on TV

Laura Benanti is one tough Bunny Mother. The Tony Award-winning actress has long been a Broadway darling, but this fall she shines on the new prime-time drama *The Playboy Club* as Carol-Lynne—the shrewd and enterprising original Playboy Bunny at the Chicago club in 1961, who fights for a managerial position when she is pushed aside for younger newcomers such as Bunny Maureen (Amber Heard). “There’s a major love triangle between me, Maureen and Nick [Eddie Cibrian],” Laura divulges. “My character says a lot of sassy, snappy things, because let’s face it, she’s a bit of an undercover bitch.” To prepare for her role as “unwitting feminist” Carol-Lynne, Laura did her research. “I was intrigued to discover how much the girls loved working at the club and what a progressive person Hef was,” she says. Another pleasant surprise? Her Bunny costume. “I was nervous about putting it on, but it’s sexy and adorable and somehow makes every woman look beautiful. It’s kind of awesome.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHAEL WILLIAMS



THE ORIGINAL PLAYBOY CLUB BUNNIES

A SURVEY OF THE WOMEN WHO WORKED IN THE CLUB THAT CHANGED THE WORLD



The Chicago Playboy Club opened for business in the winter of 1960, just as American society was embarking on a period of profound transformation. Sexual and social mores were about to change in dramatic ways, and the Playboy Club would lead the way. Within two years it had 300,000 keyholders. With five floors of entertainment, the club appealed to men and women ready to embrace change. In creating an environment that represented the spirit of PLAYBOY magazine, Hugh Hefner had once again tapped into the zeitgeist for the American male.



KAREN CHRISTY

She came north from Texas to work the Playboy Club and won Hef's heart.



LINDA GAMBLE



CHRISTA SPECK

The club's most conspicuous feature was the Bunnies—those incredible women who worked as waitresses and hostesses but who served more as avatars of sexuality. "The main thrust of our creativity," wrote Hefner, "was to bring the pages of PLAYBOY to life."

PAMELA ANNE GORDON

MANSION POOL PARTY

CHINA LEE





CLAUDIA JENNINGS
Miss November 1969 modeled
a Bunny costume in 1971.



CONNIE MASON

Miss June 1963 served beverages in the Playmate Bar.



“Not many people are aware of it,” wrote Art Buchwald in 1962, “but Chicago has become the sex-symbol capital of the United States.” Bunnies were encouraged to be sexual figures but were forbidden to see patrons after hours—or even give out their phone numbers. “If any of our girls dates a customer,” Hefner told the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*, “she gets fired.”



AVIS KIMBLE

Miss November 1962 also ran her own boutique.



BRANDY JOHNSTON

Ms. Johnston was known in Chicago as "the finest Brandy this side of France."





JENNIFER JACKSON

Miss March 1965—
along with her twin
sister, Janis—kept heads
spinning in the club.



JOYCE NIZZARI

Miss December 1958 served food in the Chicago club.



The Bunny was a prefeminist feminist, a sexy, liberated and independent woman. "It seemed every great-looking woman in town wanted to be a Bunny," wrote John Dante, who worked as a club bartender. "They were the reason why the club was packed."

The fourth floor of the Chicago Playboy Mansion was converted into a Bunny dormitory, much to the delight of discerning neighbors.

ELKE HELLMAN





KAI BRENDLINGER

Kai was called "a model embodiment of Chicago Bunnyhood."



LANNIE BALCOM



SHARON ROGERS



PILLOW FIGHT





CAROL IMHOF

Miss December 1970 also worked as a Chi-town Bunny.

IVANOV

(continued from page 106)

on foot from the Russian border, dragging hand trucks loaded with rice. I was finally nearing Sukhumi, where Soviet scientists tried to create the missing link.

In Mikhail Bulgakov's satirical novel *Heart of a Dog*, a surgeon implants human testicles into a mongrel from the streets of Moscow. After the operation, the creature sheds his fur, stands on two legs and barks the rhetoric of Stalin. "Oh, the marvelous confirmation of the theory of evolution!" the surgeon's assistant exclaims.

Bulgakov wrote his novel in 1925. The next year, the primate center started taking shape. Reports of experiments involving human-chimpanzee hybrids in the Soviet Union had been circulating in émigré newspapers since the late 1920s, but few observers took them seriously. The rumors persisted, fueled by an ambiguous 1926 memo from the Politburo ordering the creation of a "living war machine." Stalin was purported to have told Ivanov, the nation's leading animal-breeding scientist, "I want a new invincible human being, insensitive to pain, resistant and indifferent about the quality of the food they eat."

Since the breakup of the Soviet Union, the Russian government has gradually approved the publication of previously classified Stalin-era archives. One document revealed a special commission created in 1929 to evaluate "Ivanov's proposed anthropoid interspecies hybridization experiments." Did Ivanov really conduct these experiments? If so, what methods did he use—and what were the results?

Sukhumi's "monkey sanctuary," as the locals now call it, rises above Abkhazia's capital at the top of a winding road lined with eucalyptus trees. A crumbling stone staircase leads to a neoclassical entrance hall, its windows shattered, its walls cratered with shrapnel. The Russian government, no doubt aware of the research facility's condition, offers only a minimal subsidy. Many employees report to work without pay. Over the past 20 years, the primate center has doubled as a zoo to help pay its bills. A woman sells bags of orange slices beside a sign that reads DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS.

After paying the entrance fee, you step through a small museum. Stuffed chimpanzees, baboons and macaques occupy the display cases. On the wall, a diorama shows an evolutionary tree with humans and chimps on the uppermost branch, just above orangutans, gorillas and bonobos. (We share 98.4 percent of our DNA with chimpanzees.) Photos show Nikita Khrushchev and Ho Chi Minh grinning beside the monkey cages. During the primate center's glory days, scientists in Abkhazia conducted groundbreaking research on leukemia, radiation and the biological effects of space travel. The largest display features a tribute to Yerasha and Dryoma, rhesus monkeys

that were launched into space for 13 days. Dryoma earned medals for his service and retired to Havana as Mikhail Gorbachev's personal gift to Fidel Castro. Meanwhile, you have to look hard for any trace of Ivanov in the institute's museum. His black-and-white photograph occupies the bottom shelf of a corner cabinet, together with his manual on artificial insemination.

In the mid-1920s the Soviet Union embarked on a campaign of radical scientific experimentation to transform one of the world's most primitive agricultural countries into a leading research center for plants and animals. Biologists developed new hybrids of vegetables and grains, many still in use today. Livestock farmers, invited to suggest areas for future research, complained of unproductive hens and brood mares failing to conceive. Could anything be done?

Ivanov, son of a treasury official, studied physiology at Kharkov University and trained in the laboratory of Ivan Pavlov. He was the first Russian to institutionalize genetic experimentation and began selective breeding in stud farms. By his 30s he had developed his own artificial insemination methods, which involved a spermicidal sponge and catheter. He'd also gained an international reputation by creating previously unseen hybrids.

Outside the primate center museum I caught up with senior technical scientist Nona Aiba. She was making her way to the monkey cages. Like most of the staff, Aiba works the occasional shift as a guide. A family visiting from Moscow—a young couple with two boys—hurried along beside her. The mother carried a box of biscuits, the father a bag of orange slices. We came into a courtyard, where cages formed a semicircle. At the first enclosure, macaques came leaping to the bars.

The boys screamed with delight. They placed biscuits and orange slices into the monkeys' outstretched palms. I took the opportunity to ask Aiba a few questions.

"Can you tell me anything about Ilya Ivanov?"

Aiba smirked. "His research is no longer a secret," she said. A crucifix hung from her neck. "But we do not like to talk about him."

I held my voice steady. "Did he manage to inseminate any chimps? Or maybe humans?"

More macaques scaled the front of the cage. Four-digit numbers were tattooed on their chests in blue ink. On a ledge, the older macaques huddled together. A smaller male screeched for a biscuit and was elbowed aside. He climbed to the top of the cage, positioned his ass between the bars and aimed his shit at a stray dog.

Aiba directed our conversation to the war with Georgia. During the worst days of the blockade, there had been little food for humans, let alone animals. The most dedicated staffers kept the sanctuary going. "For two years," Aiba said, "we were given only a loaf of bread for our weekly salary. You cannot imagine how difficult this was."

Some monkeys were released into the woods, where, it was hoped, they'd fend for themselves. Most were never seen again. A few returned to the edges of the sanctuary and waited for the humans to come back. These survivors and their offspring make up the current population of the center—nearly 400 rhesus monkeys, other macaques and baboons, traumatized from the war and diseased from inbreeding.

Aiba steered us to the center of the courtyard, where a statue of a female baboon looks out toward the Black Sea. The animal it commemorates lived to the age of 40. She had given birth to 207 babies with multiple partners. Across the former Soviet Union, absurd monuments are as plentiful as potatoes—but in front of the giant baboon mother, even the tourists from Moscow stopped and smiled. "It is the largest monkey statue in the world," Aiba said.

The real baboons waited quietly in the distance. Baboons are much bigger than macaques and possess an unnerving stare. The first cage held an isolated female with bloated red genitalia. As we approached, she rubbed the front of her face across the metal bars, back and forth, with a noise so loud it was hard to hear anything else. In an adjacent cage, six males started to hoot and grunt. The oldest was clearly in control. He had shoulder-length silver hair, and he sat on his hands in the center of the cement floor, surrounded by feces. One of the younger males was grooming him.

"This one we call the Professor," Aiba said. "He got his name after we had to let the animals go. When the hardest fighting was over and we were finally able to come back, we found a lot of bodies—on the steps, at the bottoms of the palm trees. Most had starved, but some had been shot by Georgian soldiers. We carried the dead to the crematorium. In the library, we found the Professor. He probably smelled something in the old bindings. He was sitting at a desk with an open book, and he looked as though he was reading."

By now the Professor had eaten almost all the food. Each time a treat came into the cage, he bit and scratched the other baboons until they retreated. Even though he had a mouthful of oranges and biscuits, and another pile of food at his feet, the other baboons cowered in the corner.

"The last time I went into the Professor's cage," Aiba said, "he attacked me, too."

I wandered off in the direction of the crematorium. The primate center was even more depressing than I'd imagined. I couldn't look into the monkeys' eyes, and it bothered me that I didn't know why. The crematorium is a low gray building with a brick chimney. It waits, fittingly, at the end of a charred road. I passed a gutted passenger van, its seats burned to the metal. The monkey cages thinned out. A family of rhesus-macaques labeled MULATTOES, seemingly forgotten, had been placed on the road to the crematorium. One of the males rushed to the bars with a semi-erect penis. He stuck it through and rubbed himself while holding out his other hand for a treat.



"On second thought, maybe you can come in for a while."

Nearby, under a palm tree, a woman in a long dress and silk scarves chatted with a female member of the kitchen staff. The first woman, Dr. Saida Anua, had worked in the primate center before the war. She had been chief endocrinologist in the radiation lab.

I must have looked dejected, or just lost. Anua suggested she accompany me to the crematorium.

An elderly worker pushed a handcart toward us. He recognized Anua, and they inquired after each other's families. I noticed his cart contained EEG paper—a thick stack of it, with a spidery trail of ink where the electrodes had registered their data. After saying good-bye, the worker pushed his cart back across the rubble, into a building without windows or doors.

"They are trying to rebuild," Anua said cheerily as we kept walking. "Still conducting their research. Perhaps the Americans can help with funding?"

"I'm only here to find out about Ilya Ivanov," I said. We'd reached the entrance to the crematorium, but I no longer wanted to go inside.

Anua put her hands on her hips. "The crossbreeding? Why do you want to know about that?"

"I thought the story might be interesting."

Anua laughed. "Well, you won't find any records of Ivanov here." She pointed to a cluster of buildings in the hills. "The volunteers supposedly lived up there, along with a gynecologist. Nothing came of it."

She studied me awhile, then opened her purse. On a scrap of paper she wrote down an address in Moscow. "Here. This is where all our records were taken, right after the Soviet Union broke apart. At this place you will find Dr. Ivanov's files."

The five-story headquarters of the Central State Archive, Moscow Oblast dominates a city

block around the corner from a surprisingly decent Uzbek restaurant. An armed security guard sits at a booth inside the door. After I was cleared to enter, I asked the clerk for the Ivanov file. She brought me a box labeled COLLECTION 837, DOSSIER 1 and told me to find a desk in the crowded reading room.

On October 24, 1924, Ilya Ivanov delivered a professionally disastrous research proposal, which would lead ultimately to his exile. Using his techniques of artificial insemination, he would attempt to create a human-primate hybrid. I found no evidence of any military involvement in his research. Ivanov, along with his backers, hoped to establish evolutionary theory, bring credit to Soviet science and provide an alternative model for humankind.

The official response to his proposal was enthusiastic. Lev Fridrichson, a representative of the Commissariat of Agriculture, said Ivanov's experiments would deliver "a decisive blow to the religious teachings and may aptly be used in our propaganda and in our struggle for the liberation of working people from the power of the Church." The Soviet Academy believed a hybrid would "provide extraordinarily interesting evidence for a better understanding of the problem of the origin of man." Ivanov also met with the Pasteur Institute, which had already begun to use apes as models for the study of syphilis, at its outpost in Guinea.

Ivanov initially tried to produce a hybrid by injecting human semen into female primates. Accompanied by his 22-year-old son, Ilya Ilich, he set up operations in the botanical gardens of Camayenne, near the capital of French Guinea. The colonial governor had been briefed on Ivanov's plans. He deployed officers to help catch chimps and orangutans and keep the experiments secret.

Ivanov's subjects were carefully chosen—two female chimps named Babette

and Syvette. Ivanov constructed elaborate restraining nets and tested various doses of sleeping gas. He fed Babette and Syvette well, waited until after they'd had their periods and transferred them to smaller cages, with nets twined around their bodies. Then, after administering mild doses of sleeping gas (Ivanov believed females needed to be at least semiconscious to conceive), he injected them with the semen of an unidentified human donor. According to his diary, this process was dangerous. The father-and-son team, whenever entering the cages, carried loaded Brownings. During one examination, the chimps fought back with bites so severe, Ilya had to be taken to the hospital.

Word of the experiments spread to the U.S. The Ku Klux Klan sent Ivanov a threatening letter, insisting his research sullied the human race. Detroit lawyer Howell S. England promised to raise \$100,000, presumably in the hope that positive results would stimulate broader interest in atheism. Robert Yerkes, president of the American Psychological Association and eventual founder of the first primate lab in the U.S., at Yale, declared Ivanov a pioneer. "The effort to create an ideally suitable laboratory chimpanzee," Yerkes wrote, "may prove useful to those who are seeking an ideal for mankind." (He would later design his research facility after the Sukhumi Primate Center and gain a \$500,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. A handful of scientists, some of whom have remained anonymous, claim Yerkes definitely created a human-chimpanzee hybrid in his lab and euthanized the infant to avoid the ethical ramifications of its existence.)

In Africa, Ivanov failed to impregnate any primates. He blamed a number of factors—an outbreak of dysentery, inferior equipment, not enough docile animals. He decided to switch gears and inject chimp semen into women. This method had the advantage of safety because the primates did not have to be alive. "It is enough to use testes," Ivanov wrote, "quickly cut after the animal's death." He tried to recruit native women as paid subjects but received only refusals. One hospital in Conakry, administered by the French, offered its assistance—and in the early months of 1927 Ivanov began to identify patients of African origin who had no idea they were being considered for his experiments. But before the project got under way, the local governor impeded its progress, citing a concern for informed consent. Frustrated and running out of funds, Ivanov blamed a "backward" African culture. He sought female subjects who were willing, Russian and white. The Communist Academy agreed to fund his research in Abkhazia.

The Commission on Interspecific Hybridization of Primates hoped Ivanov would "attract the participation of women... whose interest would be of idealistic and not of monetary nature." Remarkably, the commission was right. (Others have reported that political prisoners were used as subjects, but I found no basis for this.) Many women wrote to Ivanov, asking if they could assist in the eradication of the Christian "bourgeois" family.

There were also desperate cases. As I sat in the archives room with Ivanov's letters, I



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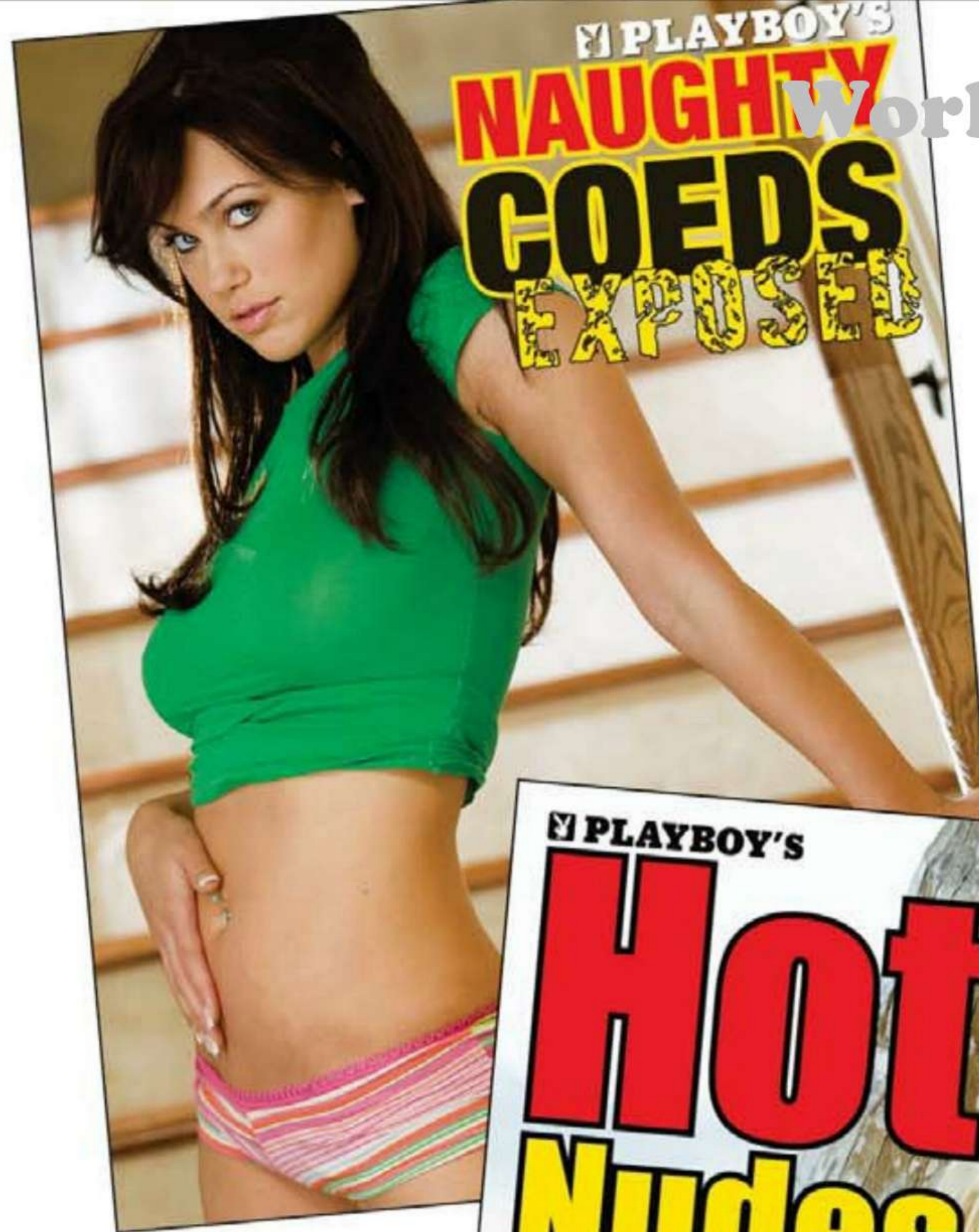
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glanced at the elderly women beside me. What eventually happened to his volunteers? “My request is to involve me in your experiment,” one woman from Leningrad wrote. “The idea to serve science infused me with determination to address you, and I implore you not to refuse me.” She even made a case for her fertility, noting she had once been pregnant and “had the pregnancy terminated.” Ivanov promised to keep her informed of when he’d need her services: “The experiments in Sukhumi will be made without doubt.”

On July 1, 1927 Ivanov and son left Africa. They brought with them two gorillas, 13 chimps (including Babette and Syvette) and a 26-year-old orangutan named Tarzan, among others. The orangutan represented Ivanov’s greatest hope. Using microscopic analysis, he had determined that Tarzan’s semen contained the most viable spermatozoa of all his primates.

Though I found no proof that Stalin directed Ivanov’s activities, he almost certainly would have authorized them. In today’s money, Ivanov received more than \$250,000 in support, and the Soviet government honored the primate center with a title: “The Order of the Red Banner of Labor Scientific and Research Institute of Experimental Pathology and Therapy of the Academy of Medical Sciences.”

Almost immediately, things went wrong. Syvette died in her shipping crate. More monkeys died en route or shortly after arrival. Additional African primates were captured, crated and shipped. Ivanov’s human volunteers were ready—they agreed to abstain from sex, maintain absolute secrecy and, with one-year contracts, live in complete isolation with gynecologist O.O. Topchiyeva, a daughter of one of Ivanov’s friends. The file holds no information on the insemination attempts, but the year apparently passed without positive results. Then Tarzan died of a brain hemorrhage. Ivanov ordered five more young adult chimpanzees. These arrived (alive) in the summer of 1930, but Ivanov would not have long to experiment with them. He was arrested that winter.

Public failure in the Soviet Union during Stalin’s reign often meant exile and death. Strangely, Ivanov’s diaries do not indicate any fear of arrest, even though many of his allies at the academy were disappearing. Ivanov was accused of various counterrevolutionary activities—including “using a defective catheter”—and was exiled to five years in the desolate Kazakh Republic. His chief accuser succeeded him in many of his responsibilities, and without explanation, all hybrid experiments came to a halt. There is no further record of his female volunteers. Less than two years later, Ivanov died of a stroke. Meanwhile, down in Abkhazia, researchers put the monkeys to use in biomedical experiments. Sukhumi would become the model for all future primate labs on the planet.

Over the past century our approach to our closest animal relative has evolved dramatically. Ilya Ivanov might have failed to produce his hybrid, but he risked his reputation—and his life—in the cause of his unusual campaign. Why does he matter? And why should we be resistant to the notion of a

human-chimp cross? Scientists have created many hybrids. Tangelos are commonplace. In the animal world, there are now ligers. The first in vitro baby was born in 1978, amid accusations of Frankenstein science; since then about 4 million IVF babies have been born, and a developer of the procedure has been awarded a Nobel Prize. If we tinker with almost every aspect of life—cloning, grafting and splicing genes to suit our needs—why should the human species be sacrosanct? Is our revulsion to a Homo sapiens hybrid simply a product of Judeo-Christian beliefs?

These questions pestered me as I carried the Ivanov file back to the archives clerk. She returned the box to a wall of records spanning hundreds of years of Russian science, and I realized I didn’t need more data—I needed wisdom. Mary Midgley came to mind. England’s preeminent moral philosopher, Midgley studied with Ludwig Wittgenstein and has written dozens of books and articles on subjects ranging from evolution to wickedness, including one of the most discussed examinations of human nature, *Beast and Man*. On my way back from Russia, I joined her for lunch at her home in Newcastle.

I told Midgley about Ivanov’s hybrid experiments, my trip to Abkhazia and what I had learned at the archives. I asked her what she thought of the scientific attempt to redraw the boundaries of our species. Midgley said nothing as she stirred our soup. At 92, she’s still publishing. Drafts of future papers lay scattered around the house.

“I seem to remember this hybrid question,” Midgley finally said. Her eyes—playful, restless, bright blue—flickered in my direction. “It was Desmond Morris who claimed that only for superstitious reasons are we protesting. And I remember thinking exactly what I think now: that he was absolutely wrong. We simply shouldn’t try to create such a thing.”

“Why not?”

“Because it would spend its entire life thinking of itself as an experimental subject. What is the use?”

“To create something new? To investigate

the nature of humanity?”

“But why fabricate new animals? We haven’t finished understanding the ones we’ve got.”

I squirmed in my chair, recalling my days as a philosophy undergraduate. I peered at a photograph of a meerkat taped to Midgley’s cupboard. “Well—what about proving evolution?”

“Evolution has been doing jolly well on its own. I don’t think any experimental animal changes that. Anyway, no creature should be treated as a thing—and the more like us it is, the less we should try. Darwin had it right. He said ‘damnable and detestable curiosity’ should never be the basis for experimentation.”

With that, Midgley brought over our tomato soup. We sat across from each other at her kitchen table, unfolded our napkins and turned our conversation to fruit flies.

Maybe philosophers and novelists should be paid more heed. Near the end of Bulgakov’s *Heart of a Dog*, as the sadistic mongrel-man brings ruin to those who created him, the surgeon laments, “That’s what happens...when the investigator, instead of feeling his way and moving parallel to nature, forces the question and tries to raise the curtain.”

When Ilya Ivanov arrived in the hills of Sukhumi in 1927, he carried the means and determination to build the world’s first colony of human-chimp hybrids. Since then, primates of one kind or another have procreated within his facility. It is not inconceivable for humans and primates to breed. However, humans have 23 pairs of chromosomes, and chimps have 24. Any surviving offspring would probably be burdened with abnormalities. The hybrids would be unable to reproduce (like mules)—but if they were systematically “back-crossed” with more humans, an emerging species might gradually bear children.

Today, most scientists know that primate reproduction requires more than simple artificial insemination. In order to conceive in captivity, chimpanzees need caressing,



sensitive handling and affection from their captors. Is it possible that Ivanov's hybridization methods took a more intimate turn?

Both male and female volunteers offered to take part in Ivanov's research. Eman Fridman, former chief of informational analysis at Sukhumi, recently wrote that elderly residents at the primate center, long after Ivanov's death, "asserted 'authoritatively' the existence of certain 'fools who slept with the monkeys.'" Whatever happened, Ivanov was not the only employee at Sukhumi to face arrest. Scientist P.F. Zdrodofsky was thrown in jail, as were a departmental director, two midlevel employees and a man named Feldman who built one of the laboratory wings.

On my final afternoon at the primate center, I came across a badly damaged building with a bicycle parked by an open door. Anua had told me that some members of the staff resided at the center. A few were rumored to be related to Ivanov's original staffers. The structure I discovered had holes where the windows should have been. Part of the roof had fallen

in, and a tree grew out of the top floor. The heat and humidity can make Abkhazia feel like a jungle, but when I came through the door of this building, I felt a chill.

It was damp and dark inside. There was an overpowering smell of mold. A long black cord was stretched along the floor, where a lightbulb hung over a workbench. A pile of fresh wood shavings lay beneath a handsaw. On a shelf were carpentry tools and what appeared to be Christmas tree ornaments. A mug of tea, still steaming, stood beside some pencil drawings. I started to have the uncomfortable sensation of being watched. I walked quickly to the door and back onto the road leading to the museum. After a few steps, I stopped and looked over my shoulder. On the top floor of the building, sticking out of the window holes, were two dark-haired heads turned in my direction. The heads seemed human, but I confess I didn't look at them for long.



EVELINA

(continued from page 66)

passion of Che Guevara and the cunning of Silvio Berlusconi."

Sometime after, Evelina's phone rang. It was Berlusconi's secretary: "I am calling from the office of the prime minister." "I said, 'Yes, and I'm Mother Teresa!'" Evelina says. But it was no joke.

They met for tea in Berlusconi's Rome apartment, and the attraction was immediate. "I was totally in love after I left his apartment the first time," Evelina says. "Of course, power is an aphrodisiac in any field." The next day she went with Berlusconi to lunch at his villa in Sardinia. "It was a beautiful day, much more romantic. We had lunch. It was a light fish lunch. He eats very healthily. He is 75. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't take drugs. Just women! In Italy it is very common to have the 'women disease.' It's not just Berlusconi. After lunch that day, let's just say we were together."

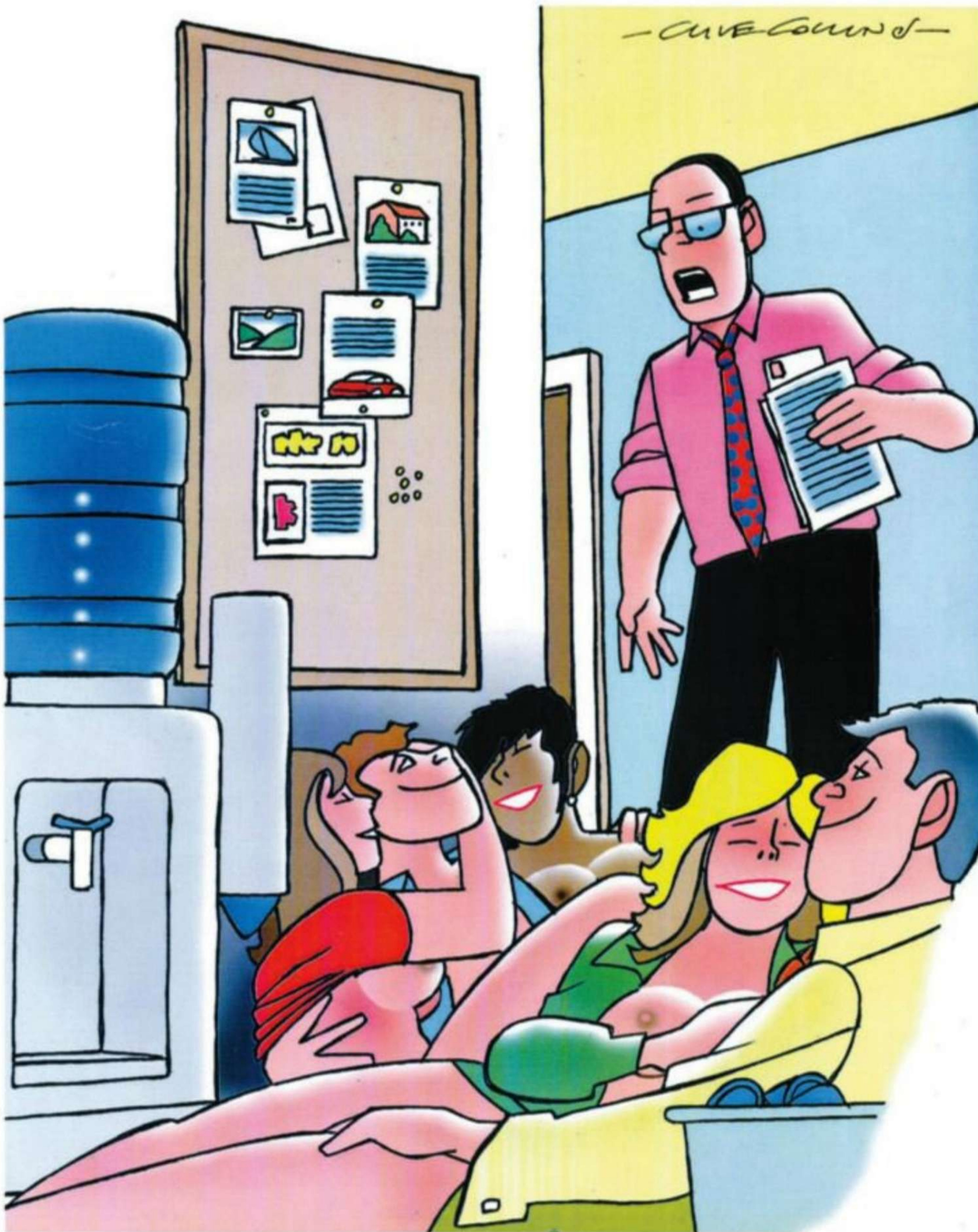
And how were things that first time in the bedroom? "It was fantastic!" says Evelina. "He is a man. Very male. It is the fantasy of journalists to imagine he is into crazy stuff. It is true that when there is love, you can do a lot. But we had a beautiful relationship. It was clean."

Is Berlusconi still capable of performing six times a night, as his personal physician has said in the Italian press? Says Evelina, "It depends on the woman."

Evelina insists on calling the affair her "love story." And it persisted, even though Berlusconi was married at the time. "I was a proper girlfriend," she says. "I remember when I was seeing him during the political campaigns of 2006 and 2008. He would come back to his apartment in Rome and his jacket pockets would be full of pieces of paper with the telephone numbers of women who had put them in there. He was proud of the fact that women had been slipping their phone numbers into his pockets all day. He is quite a vain person, so he likes the attention.

"One time I got so jealous," she continues. "I was screaming and shouting and scribbling on the mirror with lipstick, I was so crazy. He walked out of my apartment, and after a few minutes I decided to chase him. I ran out into the street, but I couldn't see his car anywhere. So I jumped on my Vespa motorbike and was driving around the streets really fast looking for him. Then I saw his big presidential limousine in the distance. I drove as fast as I could over the cobblestone streets until I caught up with the car, and I started banging on the windows with both fists. Berlusconi rolled down the window and said, 'Evelina, you must not be so jealous.'"

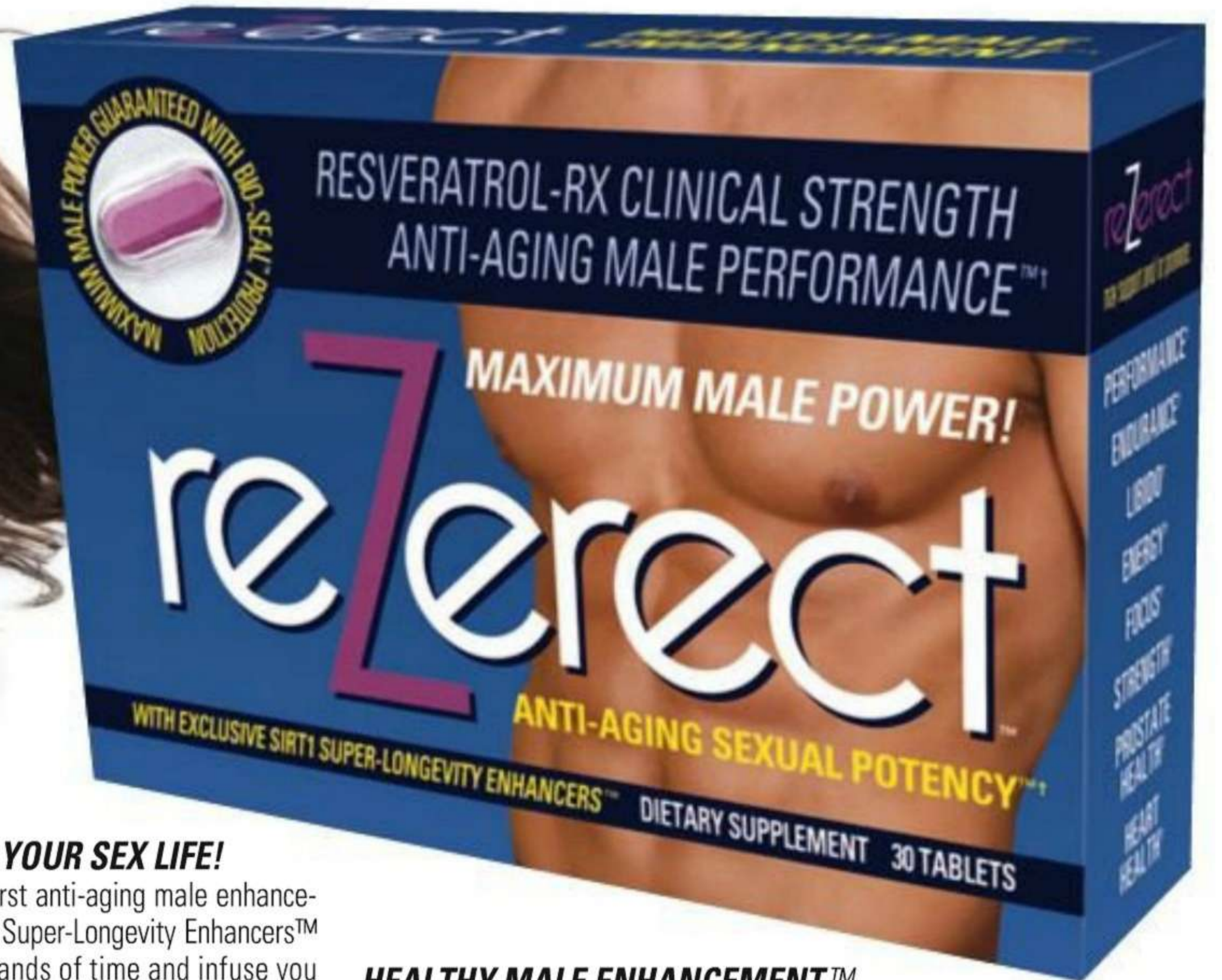
Then one day the affair came to an end, in 2009. Berlusconi was going through a divorce. His mother had died, and the bunga bunga parties started. And Evelina went her own way, soldiering on with her career. "I haven't yet met another man like that," she says. Then she states the obvious: "It is hard to find a man who can follow the prime minister of Italy, Silvio Berlusconi, into my bedroom."



"Good grief! Doesn't anyone gather round the water cooler just to gossip anymore?"

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RAMSAY

(continued from page 102)

self-obsessed and start thinking about putting makeup on and watching the way I walk. "Oh, did I really say that?" Fuck it. It is what it is. I'd rather watch *Deadliest Catch* or go out for dinner.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What's something a restaurant owner never wants a customer to know?

RAMSAY: That customers should complain more. You know, food is expensive nowadays, and these fucking sommeliers come along with their thousand-page wine list and practically throw it in your lap. They know customers will be intimidated and buy something overpriced. I say you should always put *them* on the spot: "Come back to me with a red wine at \$30 or \$40. Come back to me with a choice. Don't give me an encyclopedia I have to bury my head in for 20 minutes while I'm trying to entertain guests. That's your job."

Q6

PLAYBOY: Aren't you and Mario Batali supposedly in some kind of feud after he called your cooking outdated and you called him Fanta Pants?

RAMSAY: That's cow shit. People fuel that

crap because they want to see me go on *Iron Chef* against him.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Would you ever go on *Iron Chef America*?

RAMSAY: Would I go on? [pauses] Yeah, I think I would, to be honest. Definitely. Would I lose? Put it this way: Give me one ingredient or five ingredients, and give those same ingredients to 10 chefs from around the world. I fucking guarantee I will come up with the best dish across those ingredients, hands down. Everything I've ever learned from a culinary perspective has come from getting knocked down and fighting my way back. You brush yourself off and come right back swinging, right back with a better recipe or presentation. I'd win *Iron Chef*, guaranteed.

Q8

PLAYBOY: How do you not weigh 300 pounds?

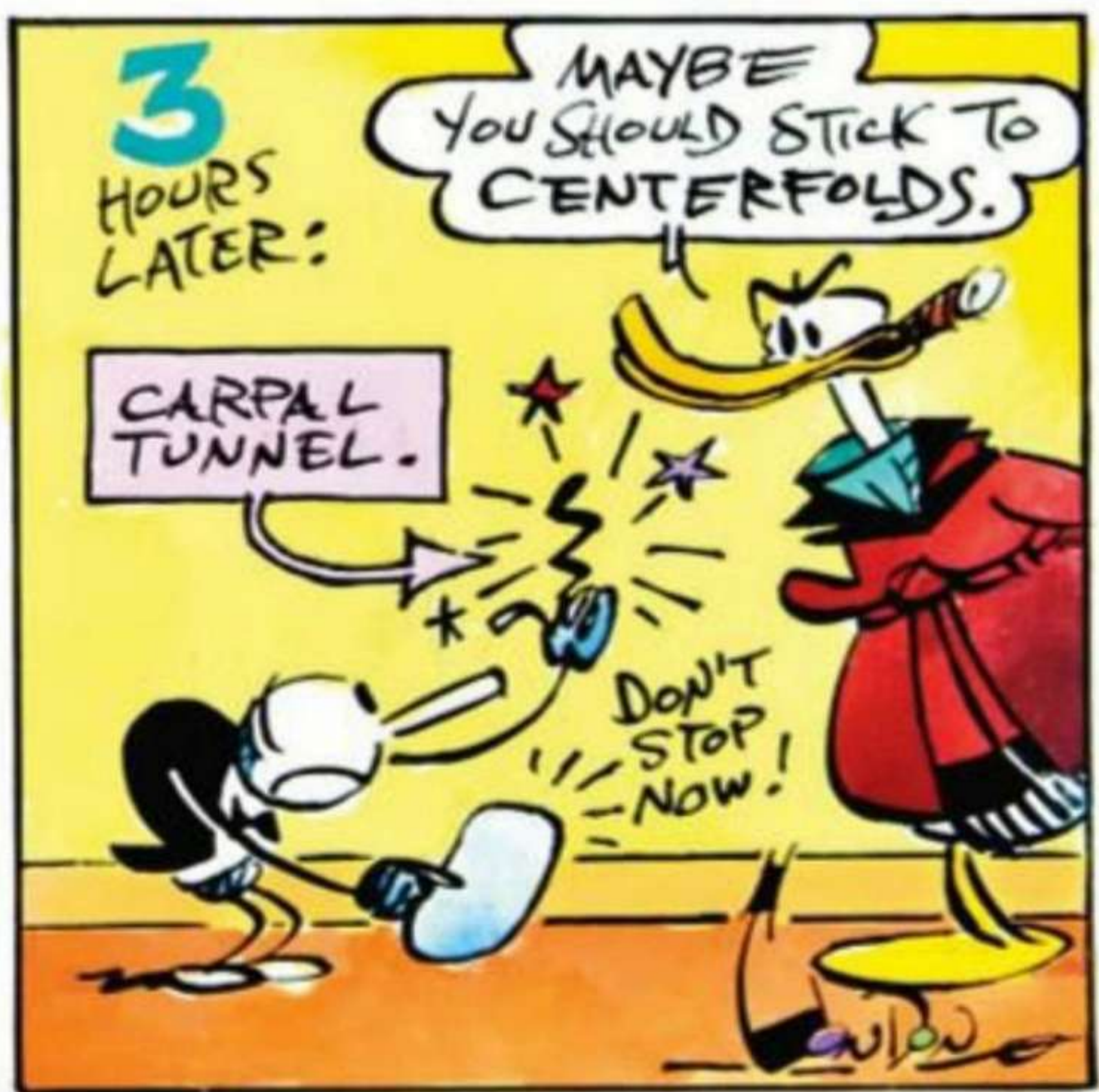
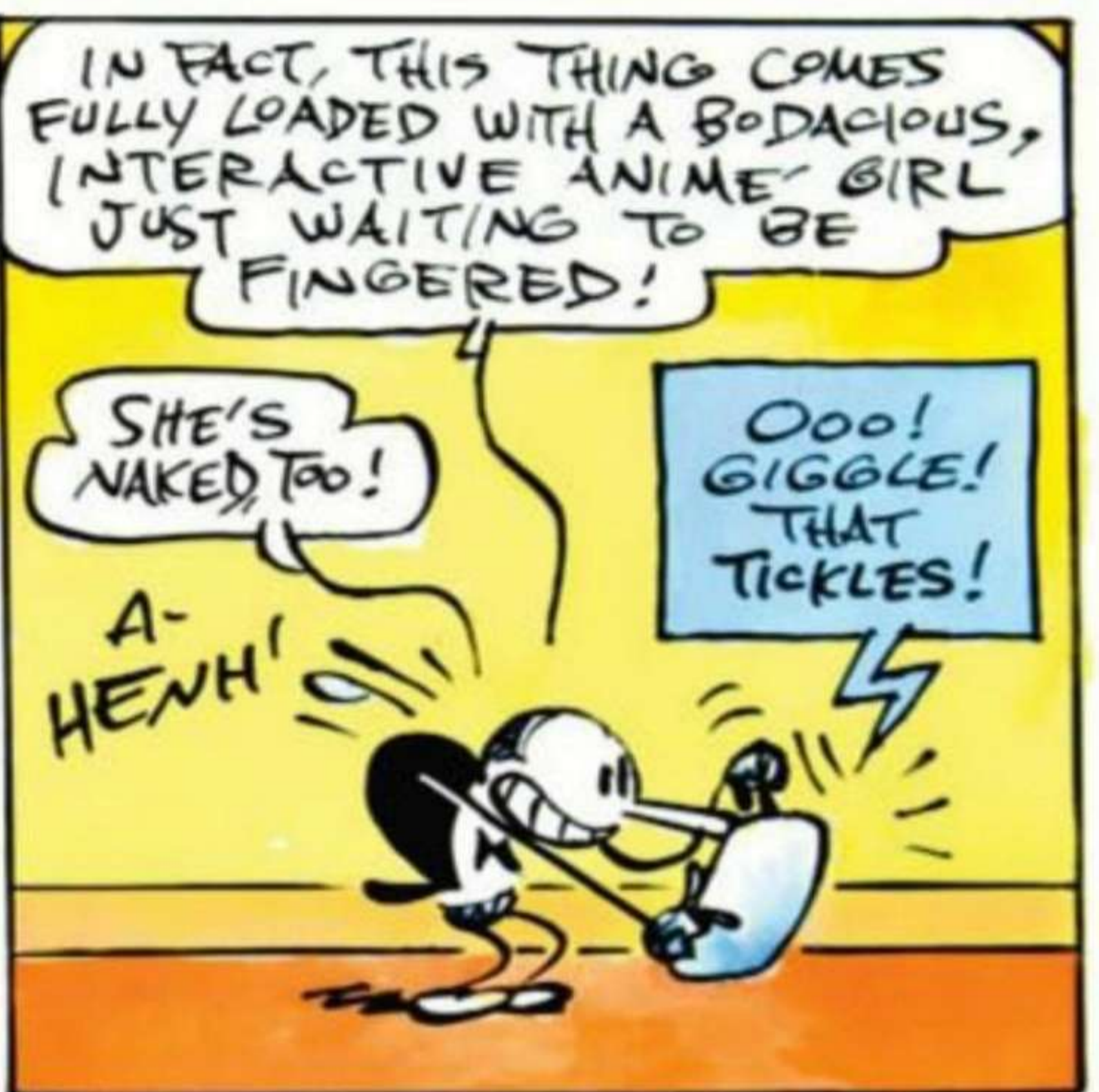
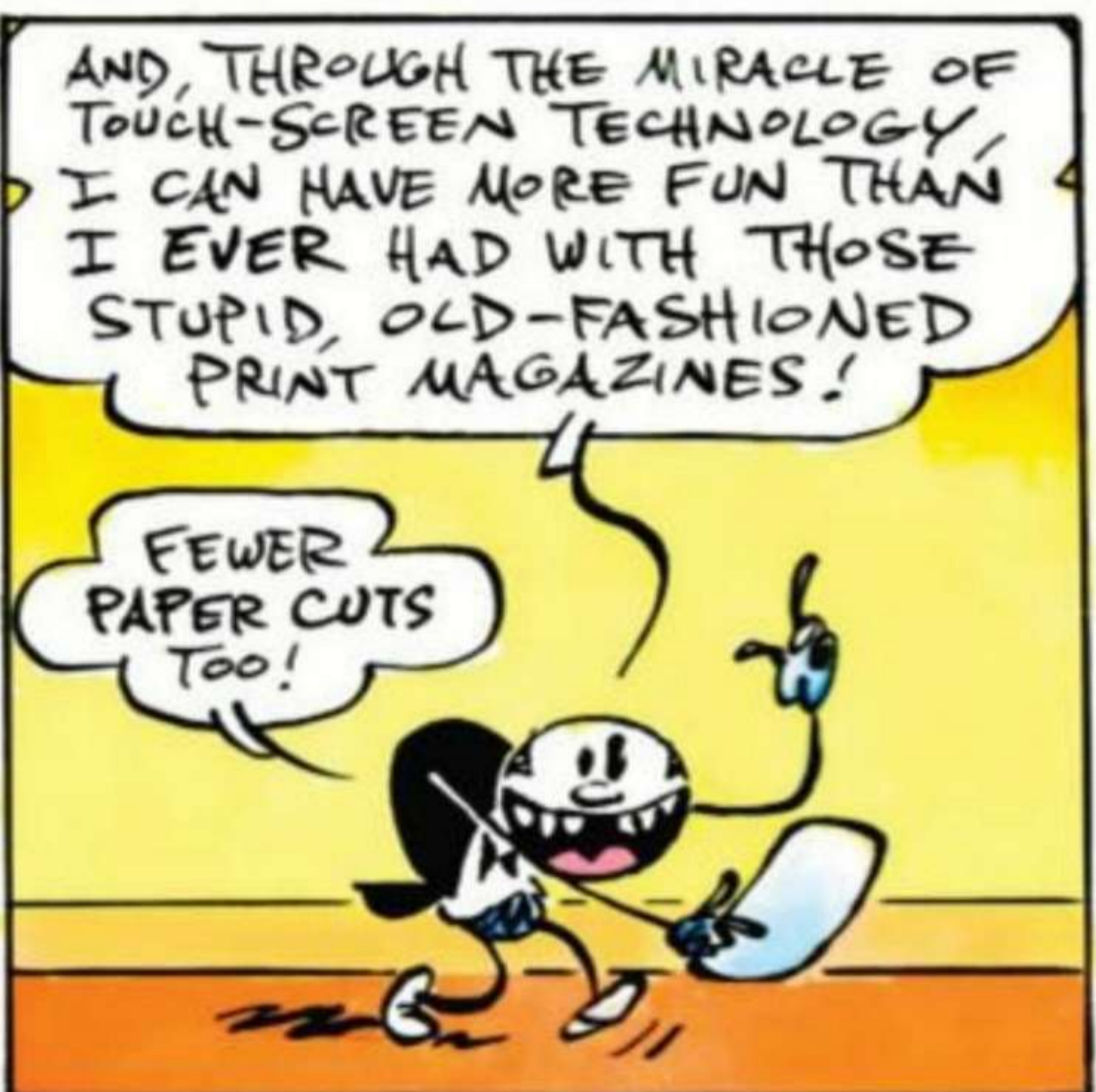
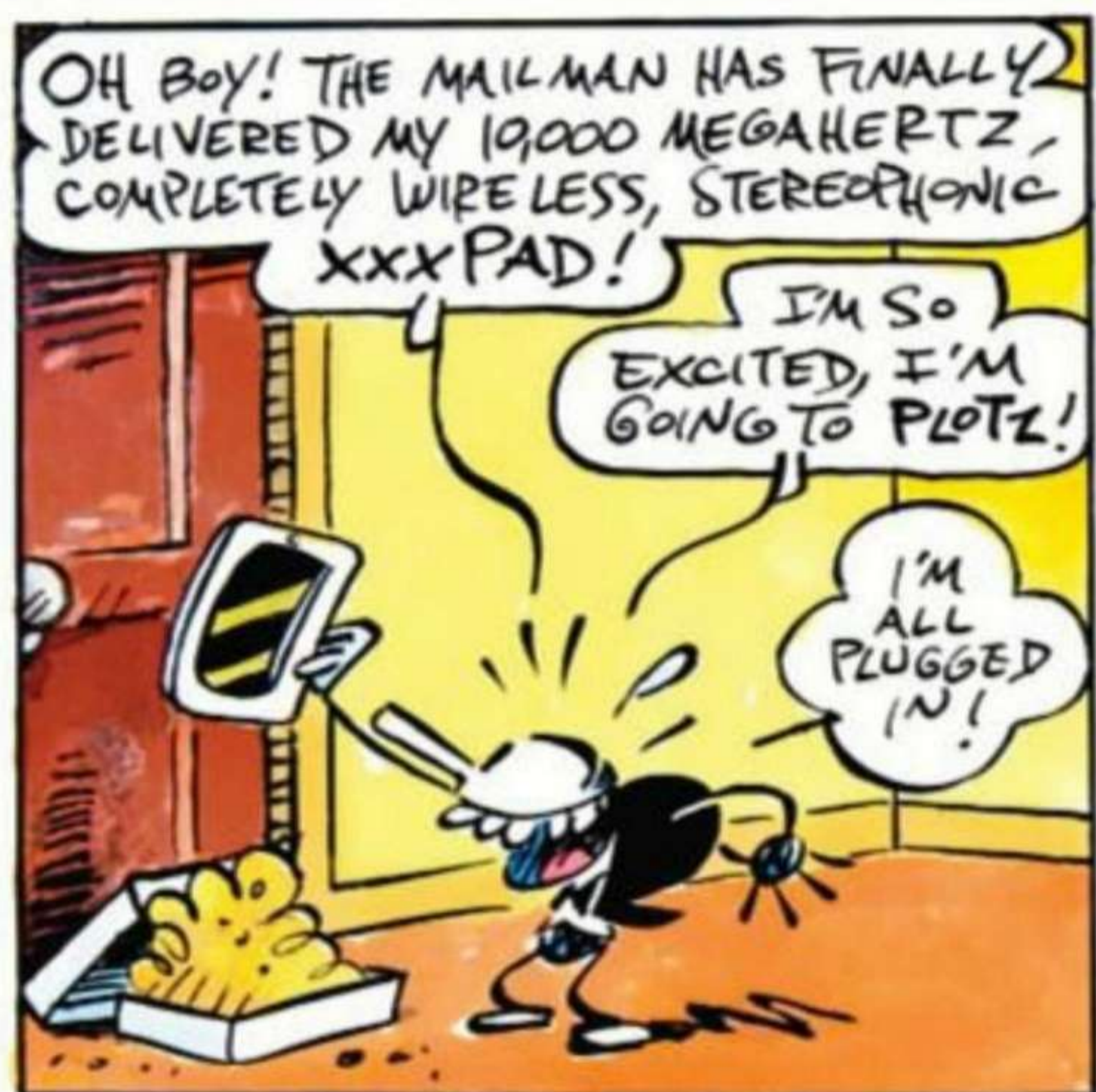
RAMSAY: I like the Chinese ethic of eating four or five small bowls a day. I don't think chefs should be fat. I was a fat chef once. I think it's the most disgusting trait for any chef to walk into a dining room at 450 pounds and expect people to eat his or her food. My father died of a heart attack at the age of 53. I've never smoked in my life. I love keeping fit. I don't like sitting around.

Q10

PLAYBOY: But your restaurant customers pay a lot of money to have a meal by Gordon Ramsay. Aren't they entitled to a meal by Gordon Ramsay?

RAMSAY: I've been listening to that shit for the past 30 years. If you buy an Armani suit, you don't ask if Giorgio stitched it himself. Did Hugo Boss personally make that T-shirt? When I bought my Ferrari 458, I didn't ask Enzo to put the fucking wheels on so I can go 222 miles an hour. No way. Give me a fucking break.

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



Q11

PLAYBOY: You like Ferraris?

RAMSAY: I love Ferraris, Lamborghinis, Maseratis. I love the precision and the speed. But you can get into trouble. I was in my brand-new Maserati GranTurismo the other day and turned down the wrong side of the road. I thought I was back in England. The LAPD is suddenly on my ass with flashing lights. I get out of the car, and the cop goes crazy, pulling his gun out. "Get back in the car!" It's half past midnight, and I've got no ID on me. He's going bananas thinking I stole the fucking Maserati. A bunch of girls from a pizza place come outside and start going, "Hey, chef Ramsay, we love you!" The cop's like, "Who are you?" I say, "Chef Ramsay," and I have my life back again.

Q12

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though it was a little tougher getting out of trouble in Costa Rica this year.

RAMSAY: Yeah, that was a little bit hairy. I was doing a documentary on the illegal shark fin trade. Shark fin tastes like nothing, but it's a sign of wealth and power in Asia to have it in your soup. It's a billion-dollar industry built on pure arrogance. The fishmongers have these armed guards patrolling fortress-like towers, so we tried to get in but ran into a guard. Our cameraman fell over, they poured petrol all over my hair and neck and tried to set us on fire. One stupid chef with a documentary crew was never going to stop these assholes from decimating this population of fish, but I thought, Why the hell not try? It's like drugs or anything else. If you don't take a stand, who will?

Q13

PLAYBOY: Anthony Bourdain has written about rampant drug use among chefs. What's your experience with drugs?

RAMSAY: I've never touched a drug in my life. Watching my father drink himself into a stupor and become an alcoholic and watching my brother turn into a heroin addict, I always ran from it. I lost a chef to cocaine once. We had another chef from *Kitchen Nightmares* last year who jumped off a bridge. How you handle pressure in life is different from person to person. It's so unfair to generalize or criticize. Do chefs need cocaine to handle the pressure? Far from it. It's not rock and roll. It's cooking, for fuck's sake.

Q14

PLAYBOY: By the way, do your friends panic when you come over for a dinner party?

RAMSAY: I hate dinner parties. Hate them. I really try not to go—mostly because I can't sit there and pretend everything's delicious when it's not. The food is so often shit. It's just too hard to be diplomatic.

Q15

PLAYBOY: What's one simple thing everyone can do to cook better?

RAMSAY: Use a blindfold. I teach my chefs in an unorthodox manner. My chefs rarely sit down and eat what they've just cooked, so I like to blindfold them. It's amazing. It creates this level of intimacy with the food. All the senses start to rev up and you begin to salivate and

get excited. There's a level of temptation, of expectation. Do it for a month when you sit down to a meal, and your mouth, your tongue, your senses will be so much more connected to flavor. The palate opens itself to pleasure.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You make it sound so erotic.

RAMSAY: Cooking is a lot like sex, actually. If you want to maximize it, you have to be selfish. You have to be the biggest selfish bastard ever to wear a chef's jacket. I'm selfish for great flavors and for perfection of the experience, and I think that's what makes me a great fucking chef. There's also something quite sexy about confidence, and that's such a big fucking part of being a chef. Confidence but also subtlety, control, awareness, heat, execution, visual impact, hunger, satisfaction. Absolutely, cooking is like sex. Fuck yeah.

Q17

PLAYBOY: What is it with you and the word *fuck*?

RAMSAY: It's a beautiful word. When you tell someone to fuck off, it really is "Get out or disappear." Straight to the point. And don't kid yourself. Everybody uses it. The queen swears, for God's sake. People have to stop being prudish.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Your hair—shouldn't it be more age appropriate?

RAMSAY: I'm going gray, so using a little color has been my one concession to vanity. Then again, I look at Rod Stewart at fucking 66 years of age playing like there's no tomorrow and producing babies, and he still plays with his hair. Why shouldn't I? I don't think I'm pampered, but I do take care of myself and how I look. Am I plucking my eyebrows? No. Am I having a manicure? No. Do I sit in the fucking sun bed? No. My hair is where I draw the line.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You nearly became a professional soccer player. How would your life have been different?

RAMSAY: That was a long time ago, when I was 17. I loved it and was good at it. But even if I had gone all the way, I'd be long gone by now, retired and on the shelf. I suppose I might be a player-coach nowadays. I'm a great teacher, and I enjoy teaching. But I'm glad I got injured and ended up turning to cooking. It was an accident but the happiest one of my life.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Would it bother you to be remembered as TV's screaming chef?

RAMSAY: I don't think about that stuff, to be honest. I'm the same guy I've always been and always will be. I'm no different than I was 10 years ago. I have the same values. Of course, I have to do voice-overs now, but I'm fortunate that everything I do revolves around what I love most, and that's food. If I'm remembered as someone who got to do what he loved and did it as well as anyone on the planet, then fucking hell, I'll take that.

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PHILIP K. DICK

(continued from page 97)

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, in Julian Jaynes's *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind* and in Robert Altman's film *Three Women*.

Dick came to call this writing his "Exegesis." The process of its production was frantic, obsessive and, it may be fair to say, involuntary. The creation of *The Exegesis* was an act of human survival in the face of a life-altering crisis both intellectual and emotional: the crisis of *revelation*. No matter how resistant we may find ourselves to this ancient and unfashionable notion, to approach *The Exegesis* from any angle at all a reader must first accept that the subject is revelation, a revelation that came to the person of Philip K. Dick in February and March of 1974 and subsequently demanded, for the remainder of Dick's days on Earth, to be understood.

The attempt eventually came to cover more than 8,000 sheets of paper, largely handwritten. Dick often wrote through the night, running an idea through its paces over as many as a hundred sheets in a sleepless night or series of nights. These episodes—feats—of superhuman writing are astonishing to contemplate; they impressed even an established graphomaniacal writer

like Dick, who'd once written seven novels in a single year. Their fundamental themes come as no surprise. The body of work that has established Dick's reputation—his 40-odd realist and surrealist novels, including *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (the basis for the film *Blade Runner*), *A Scanner Darkly*, *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said* and the Hugo Award-winning *The Man in the High Castle*, written between 1952 and his death in 1982—concerns itself with questions like "What is it to be human?" and "What is the nature of the universe?"

Dick increasingly came to view his earlier writings—specifically his science fiction novels of the 1960s—as an intricate and unconscious precursor to his visionary insights. Thus he began to use these, as much as any ancient text or the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, as a source for his investigations. Never, to our knowledge, has a novelist borne down with such eccentric concentration on his own oeuvre, seeking to crack its code as if his life depended on it. The writing in these pages represents, perhaps above all, a laboratory of *interpretation*, in the most absolute and open-ended sense of the word. When Dick began to write and publish novels based on the visionary material unearthed in *The Exegesis* he commenced interpreting those as well. So, as these writings accumulated, they also became self-

referential: *The Exegesis* is a study of, among other things, itself, and his letter to Fitting provides a fascinating sample of that exhaustive and otherworldly study.

—Jonathan Lethem and Pamela Jackson

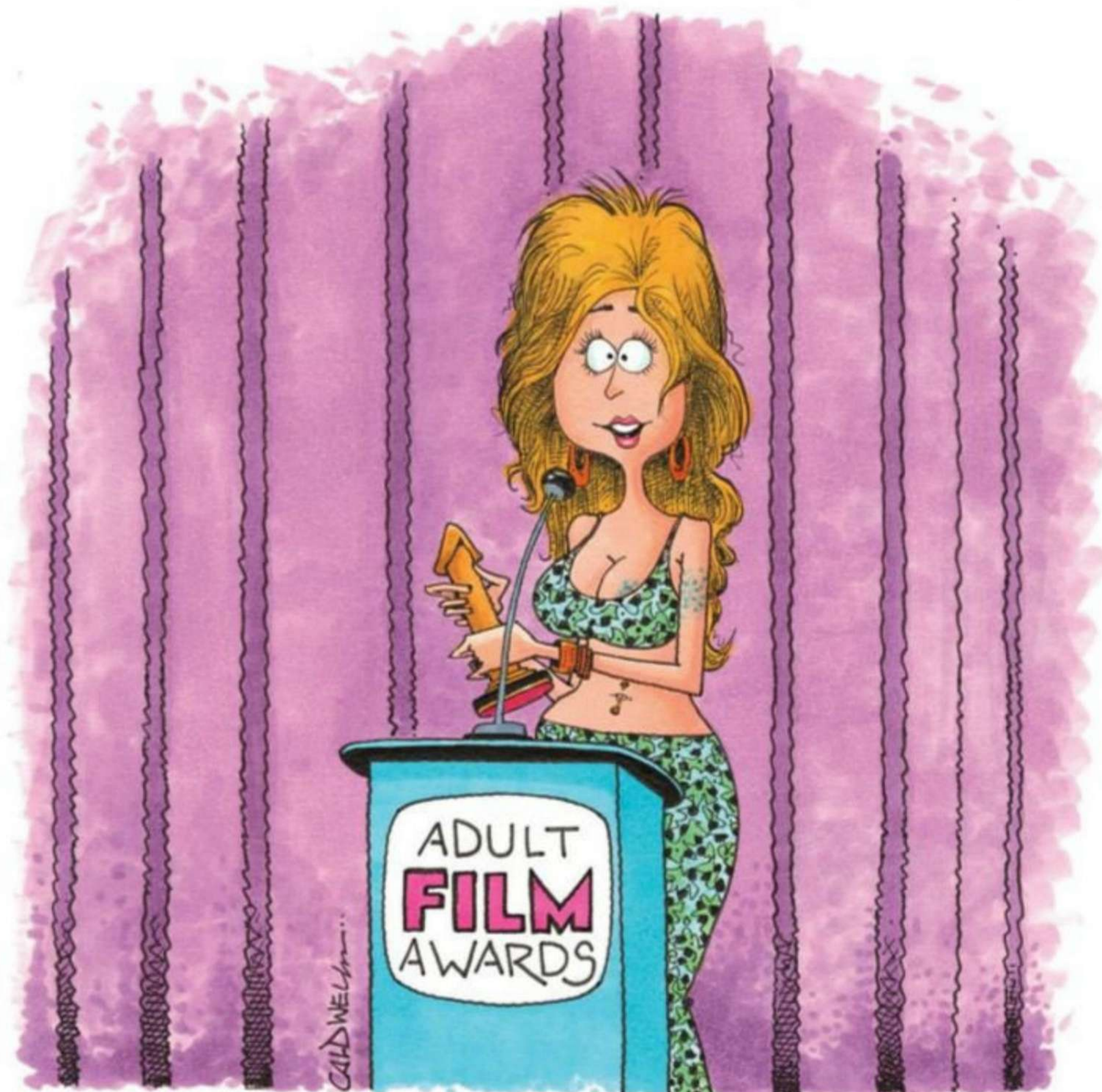
Letter to Peter Fitting—June 28, 1974

Dear Peter,

In regards to some of the intellectual, theoretical subjects all of us discussed the day you and your friends were here to visit, I recall in particular my statement to you (which I believe you got on your tape, too) that "the universe is moving backward," a rather odd statement on the face of it I admit. What I meant by that is something which at the time I could not really express, having had an experience, several in fact, but not having the *terms*. Now, by having read further, I have some sort of terms, and would like to describe some of my personal experience using, in a pragmatic way, the concept of tachyons, which are supposed to be particles of cosmic origin (I am quoting Arthur Koestler) which fly faster than light and consequently in a reversed time direction. "They would thus," Koestler says, "carry information from the future into our present, as light and X-rays from distant galaxies carry information from the remote past of the universe into our now and here. In the light of these developments, we can no longer exclude on a priori grounds the theoretical possibility of precognitive phenomena." And so forth (*Harper's*, July 1974).

I had been for several months experimenting with something I read about while doing research on the brain, in particular in new discoveries on split-brain phenomena, for my novel *A Scanner Darkly*; I had come across the fact that the brain can transduce external fields of both high and low frequency providing that the thermal factor is quite low. Also, I had read about which vitamins in megadosages can improve neural firing and produce vastly increased brain efficiency. I began attempting, on the basis of what I knew, to bring on both the hemispheres of my own brain using the recipe for megadoses of the water soluble vitamins; at the same time I tried again and again to exclude the ordinary external electrical fields that we customarily tune into: man-made fields, which we consider "signal," and at the same time I tried to directly transduce what we usually think of as "noise," in particular weak natural electrical fields.

One night I found myself flooded with colored graphics which resembled the non-objective paintings of Kandinsky and Klee, thousands of them one after the other, so fast as to resemble "flash cut" used in movie work. This went on for eight hours. Each picture was balanced, had excellent harmony and possessed idiomatic style—that of a well-known nonobjective artist. I could not account for what I was seeing (this took place in the dark, and was evidently phosphene activity within my eyes, but the source of the stimulation of the phosphenes was



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P L A Y B O Y an enigma to me at the time), but I was certain that those tens of thousands of lovely, balanced, quite professional and aesthetic harmonious graphics could not be originating within my own mind or brain. I have no facility with graphics, and besides, there were too many of them; even Picasso, whose style predominated for over an hour, never actually painted so many, although he very likely saw that many in his own head.

In later studies about the brain I learned of an inhibiting brain fluid called GABA, which when its effect drops drastically, which is to say when an external stimulus causes disinhibition and firing of a programmed sequence up to then inhibited, such colored graphics are often experienced. So I concluded that massive—unique in my life, in fact—disinhibition had taken place, although I could not identify the external stimulus, nor comprehend the programmed or engrammed sequences. At the same time (in the days following) I found myself possessed with enormous energy and did a lot of unusual things. This, in fact, is what probably raised my blood pressure so much that my doctor had to hospitalize me. I was constantly active, and in new ways. This tends to confirm the theory of massive disinhibition and unusual neural firing along hitherto unusual neural pathways, perhaps an entire hemisphere of the brain held in readiness until then—I did not know for what.

All this may have been induced by the huge doses of water soluble vitamins I took, gram after gram of vitamin C, for instance. But I doubt it. At the same time as I experienced the release of psychic energy (to use Esther Harding's phrase, picked up by Jung), I became conscious of pathic language directed at me from all creatures, and finally, as it spread—and this is the point I'm getting at—from the direction of the sky, especially at night. I had a keen intuition that information

of some kind was arriving at us all, in fact bombarding us, from sidereal space.

For a time I imagined that an ESP experiment had somehow by accident involved me: the long-range transmission of graphics. I wrote to a lab in Leningrad and told them about my experience, having at the time the feeling that the point of origin of these signals was far distant, and hence in the USSR. Now I believe the point of origin was even farther: I think that I somehow for a short time transduced tachyon bombardment, which comes to us constantly, and which animals utilize to engram them into performing what we call "instinctive actions." I had been consciously trying to transduce external weak fields, which I know to be possible, and I know that when this is done successfully that the brain's efficiency is increased; however, I had no preconception of what fields I might transduce—except that I felt they would be natural and not man-made—and what information, if any, they might contain. I was hoping only for increased neural efficiency. I got more: actual information about the future, for during the next three months, almost each night, during sleep I was receiving information in the form of printouts: words and sentences, letters and names and numbers—sometimes whole pages, sometimes in the form of writing paper and holographic writing, sometimes oddly, in the form of a baby's cereal box on which all sorts of quite meaningful information was written and typed, and finally galley proofs held up for me to read which I was told in my dream "contained prophecies about the future," and during the last two weeks a huge book, again and again, with page after page of printed lines.

Without the tachyon theory I would lack any kind of scientific formulation, and would have to declare that "God has shown me the sacred tablets in which the future is written"

and so forth, as did our forefathers, back in the deserts of Israel under the sky as they tended their sleeping flocks. Koestler also points out that according to modern theory the universe is moving from chaos to form; therefore tachyon bombardment would contain information which expressed a greater degree of gestalt than similar information about the present; it would, to us at this time continuum, seem more living, more animated by a conscious spirit, to us giving rise to the concept of God. This would definitely give rise to the idea of purpose, in particular purpose lying in the future. Thus we now have a scientific method of considering the notion of teleology, I think, which is why I am writing you now, to express this, my own sense of final causes, as we discussed that day.

Much of this printed-out information arriving in dreams has had a teaching, shaping and directing quality; it tends to inform and guide me, and make me aware of what I should do. It literally educates me, and I'm sure each small creature, each bug and plant and animal and fish, has the same sense of it. I've watched my cat, now, as he sits out on the sundeck at night; he is beyond doubt considering the sidereal world above him and not moving objects below—when he comes in the house an hour or two later he seems modified, as if he has been taught during that period and knows it. I think this happens to us all but I managed consciously to transduce above the threshold of awareness, which is unusual but not unique, and became aware of this constant natural and normal process which shapes all life from the future, as Koestler describes. It is often described as the "Divine Plan," or better yet "Continual Creation." Any such terms will do, but I regard it for my purpose as a continual informational printout from the future which directs us all, not in the coercive sense that the past does, but experienced—and rightly so—as volition. As, so to speak, free will. This term sounds right to me each morning when I wake up and reflect on the pages of print I've seen during the night; I am not forced to do what the information brings to my attention; I am free to consider it, digest and understand it, and, with its assistance, act on it.

For well over two months I was convinced that the Holy Spirit, which is to say God, was directing me, and in a sense this is true; it is a matter of semantics: at one time these would have been the only terms we had available to us; we would have talked about a divine vision and so forth. What I think now is that more modern terms can be better applied; the future is more coherent than the present, more animate and purposeful, and in a real sense, wiser. It *knows* more, and some of this knowledge gets transmitted back to us by what seems to be a purely natural phenomenon. We are being talked to, by a very informed Entity: that of all creating as it lies ahead of us in time.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

From The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick, edited by Jonathan Lethem and Pamela Jackson, available from Houghton Mifflin Harcourt in November.



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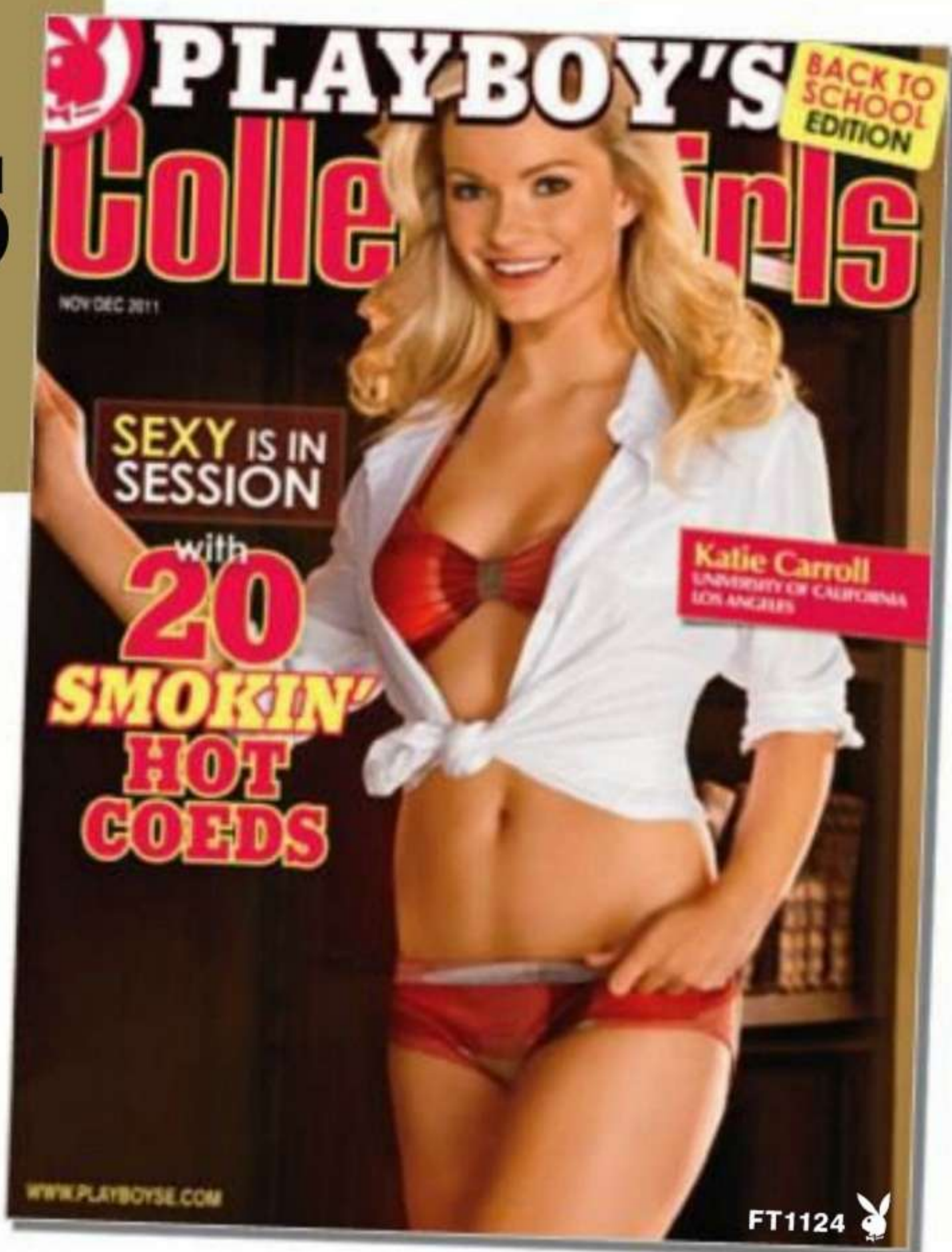
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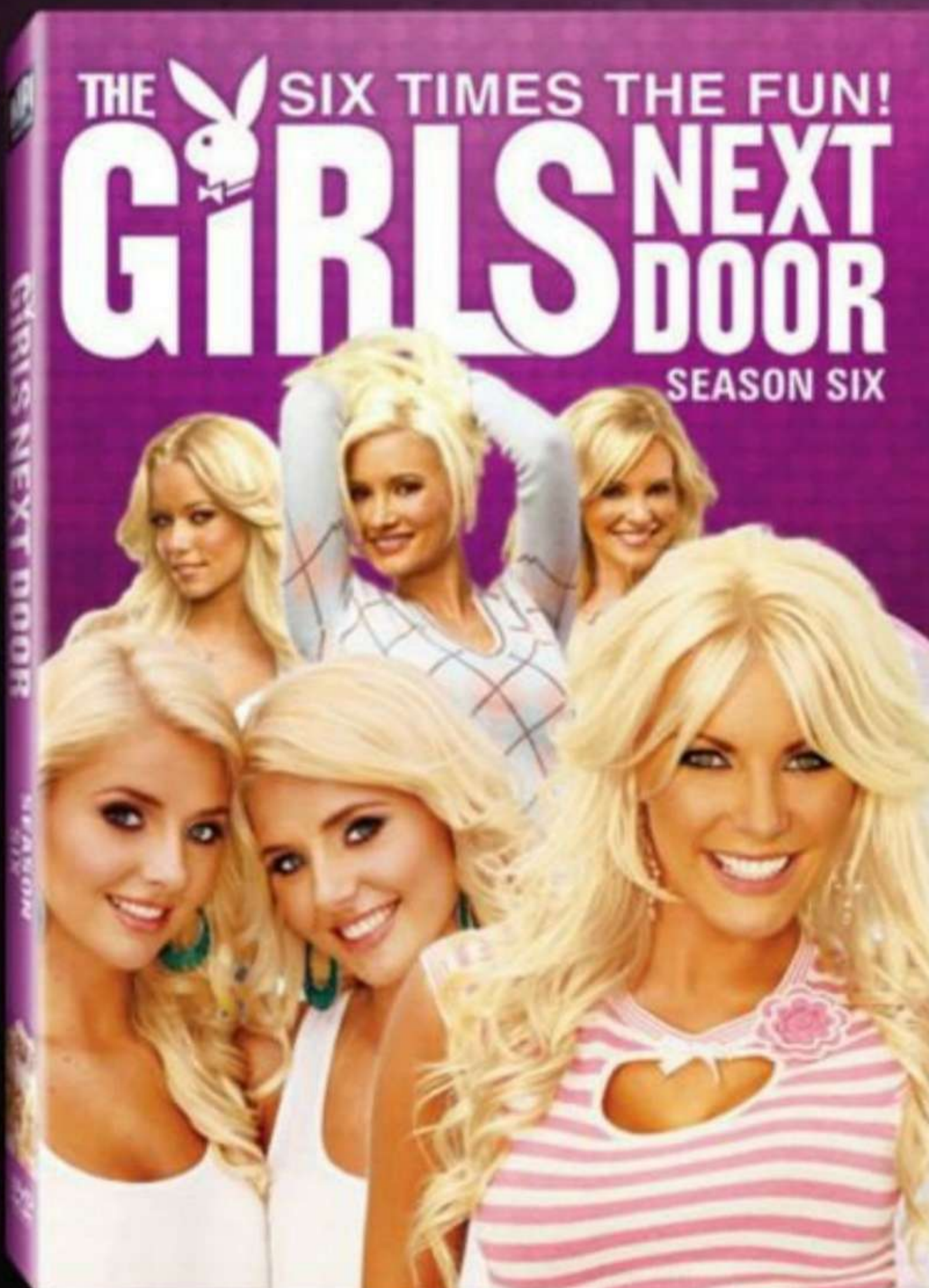
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MISTRESS

(continued from page 100)

be with you but you're so damn persistent, be our guest. Eventually, you'll be looking at a whole lot of heartache. To a gentleman, that kind of fuckery isn't cool.

Develop a lifestyle in which you maintain a degree of independence and control over your time and money: You'll need a steady job or income, your own finances, a flexible schedule, the means to travel and different sets of friends and acquaintances. If you're in your mid-20s and messing around with someone your own age, then she's not really your mistress and you don't really have to do much other than be nice and honest.

You must always be honest: Tell her you are never going to break up with your wife or fiancée. You may have to explain yourself more than once, especially if she's unattached. Be patient. She'll often have to explain it to her best friend, and what sounds right when you're together may get lost in translation when she has to repeat it. Do you love her? It may well come to that. Remember what that love is, and keep it in context. We are all capable of loving more than one person in our lifetime—or at the same time (your parents, your kids, your wife). Would you continue to love your mistress if there were no obstacles? Would your love grow? It's possible, but you and she will never find out, which is why you must be gentle but disciplined about boundaries. These are the terms. She can always opt out. If the relationship becomes emotionally detrimental to either of you, it must end.

Married mistresses are best: If her marriage is relatively benign or stable, the biggest challenge to you both will be scheduling. On the flip side, the advantage of single women is their availability. But eventually a single woman will move on to a full-time boyfriend, so enjoy it while you can.

Don't shit where you eat: We're all familiar with the phrase. Not only should you avoid intra-office stupidity, you must be diligent about keeping your relationship beyond detection by co-workers. No phone calls from her at the office and probably none to her either. Do not bring her to office parties or to drinks with the crew after work. Most important, do not use your company e-mail. We heard about a man who had his company e-mails frozen and searched because of a lawsuit. One day he met the law clerk in charge of sifting through them. "So," our friend asked, "you have access to all my e-mails?" "Yeah," the clerk said with a goofy grin. "Some interesting stuff there, I'd imagine," our friend said. "Sure is!" the clerk said. Be more careful than our foolish friend.

Stay away from Facebook: When she asks if you are on it or active, just shrug. Say you're not the kind of person to share too much and you're short on time. Chances are she'll volunteer that she won't post anything revealing about your situation. Never blow up about any indiscretions she may make (like posting a picture of you). Say something like "I'm not opposed to it emotionally. I'm just concerned that someone may see it and we may have to cool things a bit until suspicion dies down." She'll always opt to

maintain access rather than continue to maneuver to make your relationship more official. She may occasionally yearn for you to break up your marriage and be with her. Talk about it, and go back to square one.

Cell phones, texting and sexting—an unscientific approach: As stated earlier, be leery of e-mail. Everything you read in the press tells you that e-mails are forever. It turns out texts are too—but we'd rather take our chances with texts. E-mails are too intertwined with our work; they can be read and screened for a variety of reasons. Here are the advantages of texts over e-mails and phone calls: If you have unlimited texting as part of your phone plan (get unlimited texting!) the numbers are more difficult to access. Sure, you say, phone calls don't always show up on your bills, either. But did you know that the numbers from your phone calls and texts can be accessed online if someone goes into your account and searches for recent activity? Even though your wireless company tells you it logs the calls forever, the numbers are hard to find after a month. But for those 30 days, you are vulnerable.

Say your spouse is suspicious. She sees 40-minute calls to a number she doesn't recognize. She may do some digging—like surreptitiously grabbing your cell phone to look at your call history. Ha! You've got her there—you've eliminated the calls to your leggy lovely on the side. Wrong move: The absence of that particular number while all the others are still there will arouse her suspicion even more. So will clearing your call history. Who does that when they're not cheating? It may motivate her to find out more. Most online phone number searches won't yield much—almost everyone keeps his or her cell phone information private and out of phone books. But for a low monthly price some outfits will provide all the data she needs on a suspect number. Or worse yet, she can just dial the number and unleash hell. Don't rely on technology to keep you in the clear. That said, we like the CATE (Call and Text Eraser) app for Android, which was developed by a police officer. It intercepts texts and phone calls from your lover and hides them. The only way to access the intercepted calls and messages is to use your phone to open the application, which is password protected.

More phone talk: You can lock your phone, but that's also suspect. The goal here is to be sneaky but transparent. Have lots of names and numbers in your directory, and make them all cryptic—use the names of the places where your friends (and girlfriends) work instead of their personal names. And keep your phone calls short. You can be more adventurous with texting—get as nasty as you want to be. Hell, send her pictures of your johnson (leave your face out of it) when she sends you pictures of her freshly groomed kitty (it's going to happen; it always does). Is there risk involved? Sure, but only among the crazy folk—and a crazy will get you no matter how careful you are. You'll have only yourself to blame for not sussing that out. Just make sure you're vigilant about immediately erasing all texts, sent and received.

Yes, you can be a dick: Does she text or call at odd hours? That is verboten. It's your only rule and must be strictly enforced.

Spy phones: Too nerve-racking to engage in steady phone maintenance? Too much sharing when it comes to phone plans and bills? You can do what the gangsters do: Go to a deli or cheap electronics outfit and buy an inexpensive phone with a one-month plan built in. She can get one too. Just be sure to stash it someplace safe.

Stay busy: Keep your co-workers at a distance from your close family and friends. It's best if you have a third set of acquaintances—clients or business associates, friends from a softball league or continuing-education program. You need to be out one night a week, rotating among the groups, to give yourself some cover. Make sure the nights you're with your mistress are not late nights or nights when you're hard to find. Daytime trysts are even better; it's easier to explain time out of the office to your boss than weird absences to your wife.

Never see your girlfriend on weekends: Those are for family. Also, try this: Every time you do something fun with your girlfriend—a concert, a great restaurant, a little vacation explained away as a work trip—do the same with your wife. After all, she's your original partner in fun.

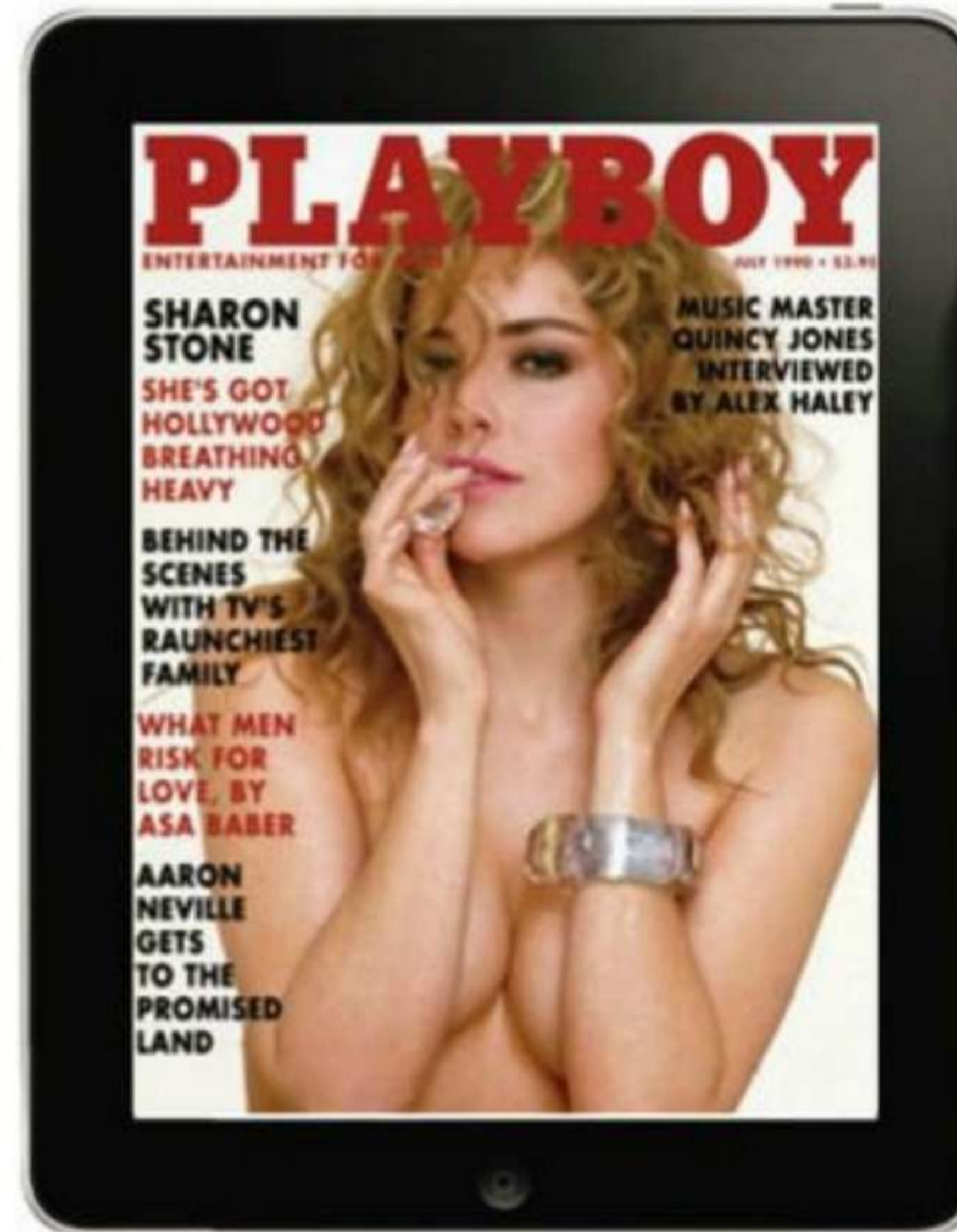
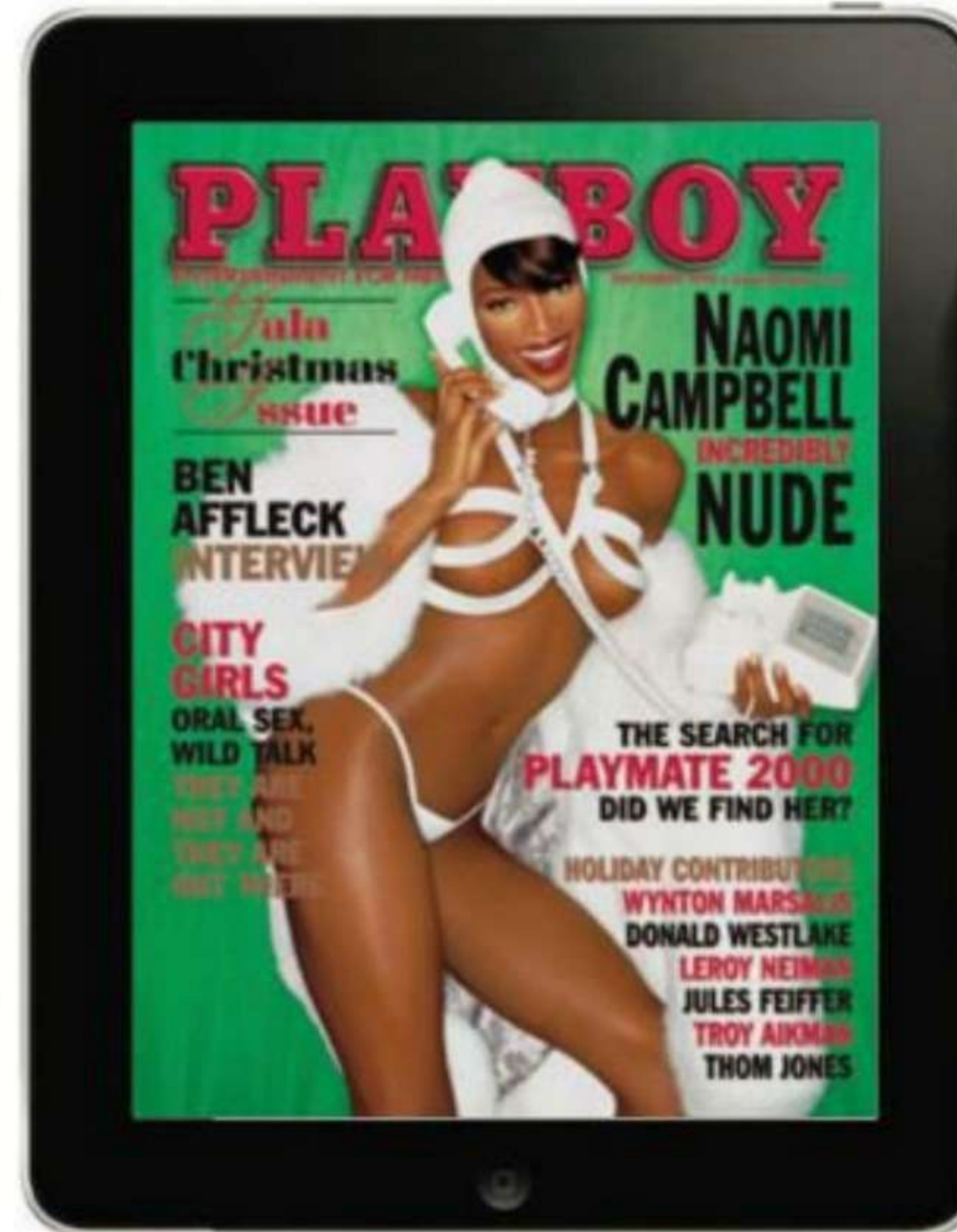
Ideally, you have an expense account: Which means you have a work-related credit card with charges completely separate from the running of the household and therefore not necessary to show to your wife. You mustn't steal from work or take money from your family beyond what you have budgeted in the past for your own good time (your wife should have the same amount of money to spend and equal autonomy; not only is it fair but it allows her to make expenditures she can hide from you, too).

Online ticketing: Ah, Priceline.com, boon to passionate couples in need of temporary shelter. What great deals! The day before your sexathon, set a price and search for luxury hotels. They have great bars, they're romantic or trendy and always ready for illicit behavior, and the desk clerks will recognize you as one of a steady stream of guests bent on messing up the sheets, buying a dirty movie on LodgeNet and leaving sometime after midnight. The saucy ones will ask, "Do you have any luggage?"

You'll meet one or two of her friends: She'll swear at first that she won't tell anyone, but she will—usually to brag about the sex. It's always about the sex. Because of the good sex, her friend will give a conditional endorsement of the affair, which for you is important in keeping the relationship happy and light. Her friend will want to meet you because she wants to have great sex too—not necessarily with you but someone like you. First, though, she needs to know what to look for.

Which is why you're well-dressed: An expensive watch means you're not stressed about money. Great shoes in good condition are signs of authority and your ability to shoulder responsibility and take care of things (signs of a daddy figure). Clean fingers, skin and general grooming are a must. And when you make your move, an expensive and unique scent will make her succumb to a surge of pheromones.

Gifts: You must be careful with gifts. You want to show appreciation and love, but you also want to maintain boundaries and limit expectations. Gifts are emotional and hence



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unpredictable. If you pay for all meals, drinks and hotels, she'll generally overlook a lack of gifts. But as time goes on, you will be on the hook. Jewelry is a good one for single women—as long as you steer clear of rings. Don't get her any housewares or home items: Domestication is not an option here. For that reason, avoid things for the both of you to share. You should probably avoid lingerie. She's your mistress; that's her department. You run the risk of offending by being too tacky, salacious or a poor judge of her body with the wrong undergarments. (Shopping for lingerie together, however, is a different story.) Beachy vacation-oriented stuff is cool—think sarong. And a big yes to vibrators! Start innocently, with a bullet vibe, then move on to dildos and butt plugs as she reveals more about how she likes to get down. High-end perfume (think Tom Ford or Frederic Malle) is also great: lavish but not too personal.

Vacations and holidays: Talking about vacations is much better than actually pulling them off. Make no promises. The danger of vacationing together is that it may illustrate how well you get along as a couple when you have relatively unlimited time to share. But of course you'd get along! Just remind her how you must stick to your limits and how vacations aren't real. When it comes to major holidays, again, family comes first. Do not do anything foolish around Christmas. Meet her for drinks a week before, give her a small token, promise a larger gift when you get together after. Generally, the week between Christmas and New Year's will provide plenty of opportunity to get together—with a great meal, maybe a nice hotel—and plenty of opportunity to shower her with affection. Plus, if you're crafty, you can even pick up a lavish gift for her (a

shearling coat perhaps—furriers offer their best deals after Christmas) at half price.

Don't loan any money you need returned: She may call it a loan, but it's not. So don't loan too much. Be generous and don't dun her. Warning: Never pay her rent. We knew a young woman who had a two-year affair with her boss. They shared an apartment; he swore he'd break up with his wife any minute. When his wife finally got clued in and told the mistress he'd never leave, this heartbroken girl turned vengeful, lawyered up (she left their mutual employer during the affair to keep things quiet and missed out on raises, etc.) and put her former sugar daddy on the hook for \$100,000. Bad driving, dude! So there it is. Don't fuck up.

Be prepared to get caught: Man up. Realize what you're risking. Your whole world may turn upside down. Or it may not. When or if it happens, behave honorably. You never meant to hurt anyone. What you're counting on is your resiliency—that no matter how complicated life gets or how great a challenge you may face (turning 60 percent of your fundage over to your ex-wife), you will just bear down and beat the problem. Never lose your confidence. Cover your tracks. Deny what you can. But know when the end is near, and don't be hurtful. Also, there's no insurance against this happening. One of the worst things you can do is to try unilaterally to clean the slate and bring a world of agony to your wife by making a spur-of-the-moment confession. Your wife didn't do anything to deserve being told you've been stepping out or that unspoken problems between the two of you led you to act this way. She did nothing wrong.

You're just selfish, and you like to fuck.



LORI ARNOLD

(continued from page 62)

my jeans, hanging down the belt loops and over my butt.

"Where you been?" my dad asked when I got home.

"Out with Bobby."

"Then what's this?" He grabbed that sock.

I was still buzzed, but I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to say. I was 13, and even I knew that was young for what I'd been doing. But I wasn't going to change. Tom had already moved across town to live with my mom and her husband, Kenny. Tom had long hair and was one of the coolest kids in school. He was playing drums then, and Kenny was playing guitar and letting Tom play drums with him in his bar band. I told Dad, "I'm following Tom. I'm moving in with Mom."

5.

Mom had permed dark hair, real sharp features, big brown eyes, a short, well-shaped nose and pursed lips. She was always wise-cracking and joking, and every guy in town knew her because of her looks and personality. She lived over on Clay Street, closer to my junior high school—not that I would be going there much—and life at her house was a party. She was waitressing and bartending at a few places, making good money in tips, and Kenny had a job at John Deere. There were always people over, drinking and smoking grass.

I used to drink beer with my mom, and she got me a few shifts helping her out at the Elks Lodge or working banquets at the Holiday Inn. When I got tired she would give me half a diet pill, a Preludin. That's a drug they don't prescribe anymore because so many people were getting addicted to it, even shooting it up, and my mom was giving it to me when I was 12, 13. But that's because she was getting it from her doctor, so she figured, How could it be bad? When I took that stuff my shift went by in a happy blur.

I was also sniffing paint, getting high in front of the school more than I was going into the school. Then I just dropped out. Tom used to dog me out for doing drugs. He didn't like anybody doing drugs. I was hanging out with the stoner kids smoking dope. But since Tom was a popular kid in school, it helped being known as Tom Arnold's sister. I knew he would always be there for me, support me, whatever, but he was already busy with other stuff, playing in bands, and he was the class clown. Looking back it's easy to say, "Oh, Tom Arnold, he was always headed somewhere. He wasn't going to stay in Ottumwa forever." But that's not how it was, because when you're in a town like Ottumwa, there doesn't seem to be anywhere to go, anywhere to even dream of going. It's like everybody you ever knew was still there. Or maybe they left town to join the service or to drive trucks, but they all came back.

6.

I was still seeing Bobby Roberts. I had told my parents he was 18 so they wouldn't freak





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P L A Y B O Y out about the age difference. But Bobby already had kids and was getting divorced, and one day there was a notice about it in the paper, and my mom read it and slapped me so hard she knocked me over. She said I couldn't go out with him, but I snuck out to the skating rink to meet him, and then Kenny drove out and found us and said to Bobby, "You can either leave her alone or marry her." And I couldn't believe it when Bobby said, "Fine, we'll get married."

What? I'm 14 years old and marriage had never crossed my mind. I wasn't pregnant or anything. I wasn't even sure what Bobby did for a living, something to do with fixing trucks—or maybe fixing something that fixed trucks.

We had our blood tests and, a few weeks later, after my 15th birthday, drove down to Lancaster, Missouri to get married. It was a quick ceremony, just my mom, Bobby and me, and afterward we went across the street to a bar to get drunk.

We rented a little one-bedroom apartment in Ottumwa with a Murphy bed in it, and my mom gave us a love seat and a table and chairs. The first night we were there Bobby went out with his friends to get drunk. I found a job at Mr. Quick Hamburgers and then switched over to a truck stop out at Southgate, short-order grilling and pouring coffee. The truck stop was about 12 miles outside of town, and if Bobby didn't pick me up I had to walk home. One night, Bobby and his friends were over watching a Muhammad Ali fight on TV when Bobby walked into the kitchen and began joking around, shadowboxing at me. He started lightly punching me in the arm and slapping me. All of a sudden, he punched me in the face. I covered up and cowered against the wall. That was the first time he hit me.

We were always broke. Bobby picked up occasional work repairing hydraulic jacks, but we depended on what I could make at the truck stop. We were getting by on maybe \$100 a week, and most of that Bobby would spend drinking. I was 16, working the night shift, making barely enough to get by, and then one night an old man named Tex came in and offered me \$50 if I would go to bed with him. Now, \$50 was a lot of money, but I told him to forget it.

When Bobby came to pick me up, I told him about it and he said I should have taken it, because we could use the money. I couldn't believe it. The next night I took the money and told Tex to come back when I ended my shift at two A.M., but Bobby picked me up at 11. The next night Tex came in shouting and saying I stole his money. The boss was there, and I told her I didn't know what this old crazy guy was talking about. The manager called the police, and when they came I stuck to my story.

The manager fired me anyway, saying she didn't need that kind of commotion.

7.

It was Tom who picked me up after Bobby beat me up again. I had burned a pot of beans, and Bobby began smacking me around. I had already caught him in bed with our 12-year-old neighbor, so I was mad as hell for plenty of reasons. I called my mom, and Tom answered and said he would come and get me, and he did, loading my stuff into his car and taking me back to Mom's.

We went to the bar that night.

I was 16. I got my first divorce. I paid for it myself.

I thought about going back to school, but I had dropped out in the eighth grade, and how could I go back to the eighth grade after having been married? They started me in 10th grade, but I was already working behind the bar over at the Horseshoe Strip Club and drinking and partying and hanging out with all kinds of older guys, so I dropped out again and passed my GED.

8.

In Ottumwa in the late 1970s, members of the Grim Reaper motorcycle gang were like the rock stars of our town. The local chapter had been started by guys who had served in the Special Forces in Vietnam. The Reapers had long hair, wore leather and denim and rode Harleys; we didn't have any mafia in Ottumwa, but we did have the Reapers. The Reapers had money, guns, drugs; they used to have shoot-outs in bars.

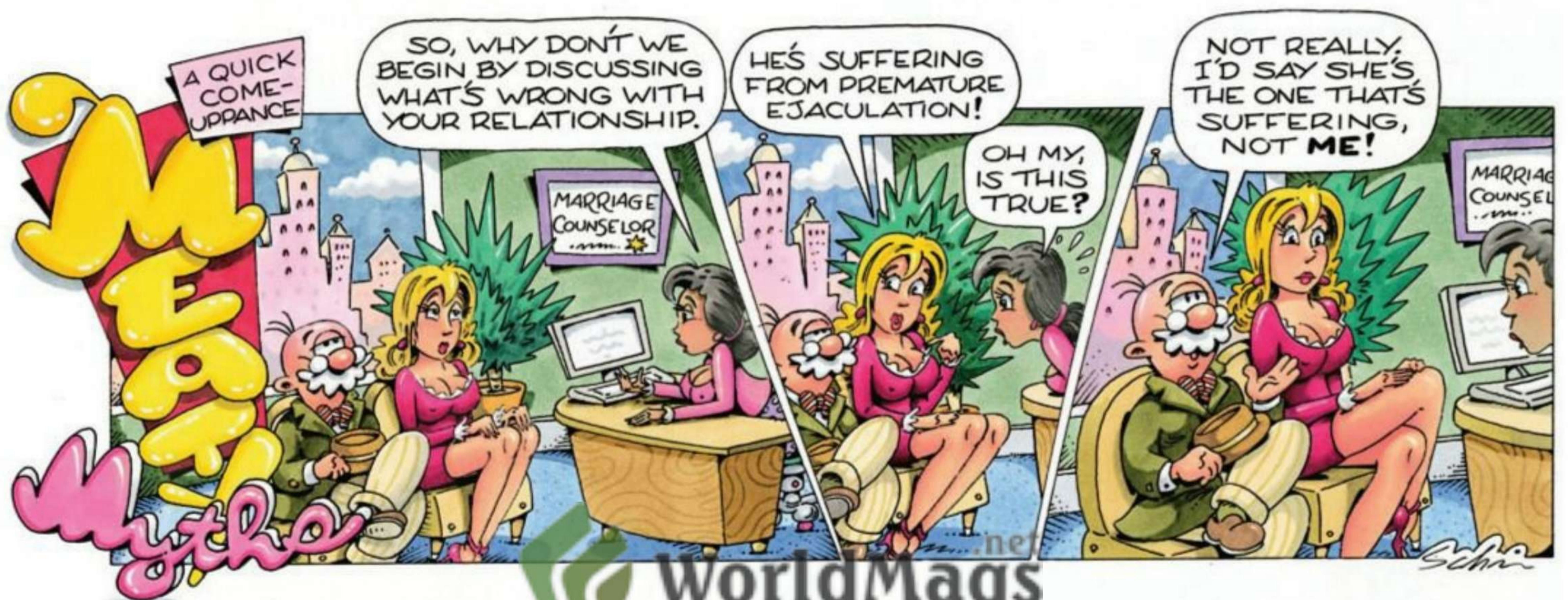
The president of the local chapter was a guy named Floyd Stockdall, a.k.a. Sin, a.k.a. the Big Reaper, who had also served in Vietnam. He had long hair, a full beard and a

skinny cruel face like an angry Jesus. He commanded respect. He could clean up a bar by himself. He didn't really do drugs, but he would sell them. He used to deal coke, speed and grass. But every time he drank whiskey, he would have flashbacks: His eyes would glaze over, he would get these migraines and he would just start whaling on people. Everyone knew Floyd Sin.

And everyone was afraid of him.

When I met him, he was selling speed pills out of a big old pickle jar. He'd bring them down from Des Moines and we'd stick them in a freezer behind the bar. He had Christmas trees, white crosses, black beauties, pink hearts. They weren't that strong; you needed a handful to stay up all night. I started hanging around with Floyd, and when his car broke down I gave him a ride up to Des Moines to score in this old Galaxie 500 my mom had bought for me. I met some of his other biker buddies up there. I walked into this house with him, and they were doing coke, and there was like \$100,000 on the table, and I thought it was the most glamorous thing I'd ever seen, these bikers doing coke and bullshitting and all this money.

I mean, I was 19, I had barely been out of Ottumwa. Nobody I knew had ever left Iowa except maybe to cross the border into Missouri. I didn't have one idea of what I was supposed to do with my life. My brother Tom had already gone off to the University of Iowa and was heading up to Minnesota to work on his stand-up comedy routine. He said all my boyfriends were a bunch of greasy bikers, and I could tell he was leaving Ottumwa behind, leaving me behind. You can't give Tom enough credit for doing what he did, for finding his voice, for pursuing a dream, any dream. I mean, we didn't have many dreams in Ottumwa, or not many that lasted past waking up sober. My life then was blank days doing nothing, then working at the bar and partying all night. If you lived in Ottumwa, that was all there was. There didn't seem any reason to do much else. This city was the pit of the recession. Everyone was broke and looking for a little something to take the edge off. That's what the Reapers were doing, just providing a little diversion for folks who desperately needed it.



9.

Floyd and I shacked up in a little tar-paper house on stilts by the Des Moines River. We got married May 17, 1980. Our honeymoon consisted of passing out on the couch. I got pregnant with Josh, and Floyd retired from being the president of the gang and said he was going to find straight work winterizing people's houses. I had a hard labor, 57 hours straight, and had to spend that time in a state-run hospital for pregnant women because we didn't have any money or insurance. Floyd drove up to the delivery room, but he didn't stay because he had a headache and a bad hangover.

Floyd was collecting some unemployment money, and he gave me a budget of \$50 a week for everything we needed: food, diapers, clothes. To have an extra \$20 would be a miracle. I could get cigarettes, maybe some steak. But we didn't ever have it.

Our cabin was freezing in the winter, so cold that even with a woodstove in the tiny living room you couldn't feel your feet or hands, and with a kerosene stove under the house the pipes still froze. In the spring you could hear the ice cracking on the river, like hunting-rifle shots, and then the river would swell up so fast you had to grab everything you could and run or you'd be flooded in.

Between freezing and flooding, I was stuck out there, 20 miles from town, smoking dope and raising my baby boy. Floyd was gone, looking for work now that he wasn't dealing drugs anymore, and when he would come back, I just prayed he hadn't been drinking.

One night he came back from the bar, walked in the door and said, "How many do you want?"

"How many what?" I asked.

"Bullets," he said.

Oh no, I thought, he's drunk.

He went into the bedroom and started loading a rifle.

I'm thinking this is bad, so I grab Josh and go running out of the house and hide behind the car. I kept my head down because I knew he would shoot at me.

"Come on, Floyd, don't shoot."

And he started calling me a gook. He was having some kind of flashback.

He chased me around, then shot at me, bullets bouncing off the car. "Oh my God," I shouted, "you hit Josh."

He hadn't, but my lie made him stop.

Then I ran off to our neighbors about a half a mile away.

By the time the cops came, Floyd had calmed down and was sitting in the kitchen drinking coffee.

"What's going on, Floyd?"

He said nothing, but I had already told them he was shooting at me, and they handcuffed him, put him in the car and brought him to jail. I read in the paper that he was going to be charged with attempted murder, and I was like, Oh no, he's going to kill me now.

When I refused to press charges they let him go.

10.

There was this numbing sameness to our days, to our lives. Once in a while I would

dare peek at the future, try to imagine life past the next week or month, and I couldn't see anything new; I could only imagine this cycle of being broke, of being scared, of never leaving, just going on forever into the future. And that's what happened for most people in Ottumwa, for most of the girls I went to school with, for my family—you were stuck there, feet trapped in the mud with the river rising. You felt as if you couldn't take a step to save yourself. What was the point?

11.

The cabin by the river was beautiful in late spring and summer, the fertile earth was green with thick grass and orange wildflowers, the cornstalks were bursting up behind us, and you couldn't even smell the chicken coops up the hill. There were boats on the river, and you could toss a line in from the shore and catch a bass or a perch. In the good seasons you'd forget all about the cold and the flood, and I could let Josh run around on the lawn or play by the picnic table. Even Floyd, at least during the day, before he'd had a few, would be smiling and happy.

One night Floyd's brother Mike came down from Brooklyn, Iowa and we were having a few beers inside the cabin, and he asked, "Say, have you ever tried crystal meth?"

I thought he was talking about a type of speed tablet that was always around, but he pulled out a little glassine envelope of powder and chopped it up, and about 10 minutes later I was like, "Woooooh." All of a sudden the doldrums were gone. The neighbors came over and had some, and a few minutes later we were all cleaning out our yard, then cleaning out their yard.

Mike gave me a gram and showed me how to cut envelopes out of glossy magazines to make little quarter-gram bundles. He said, "If you go down to the bar, have a beer or whatever; just see if anyone wants any of this."

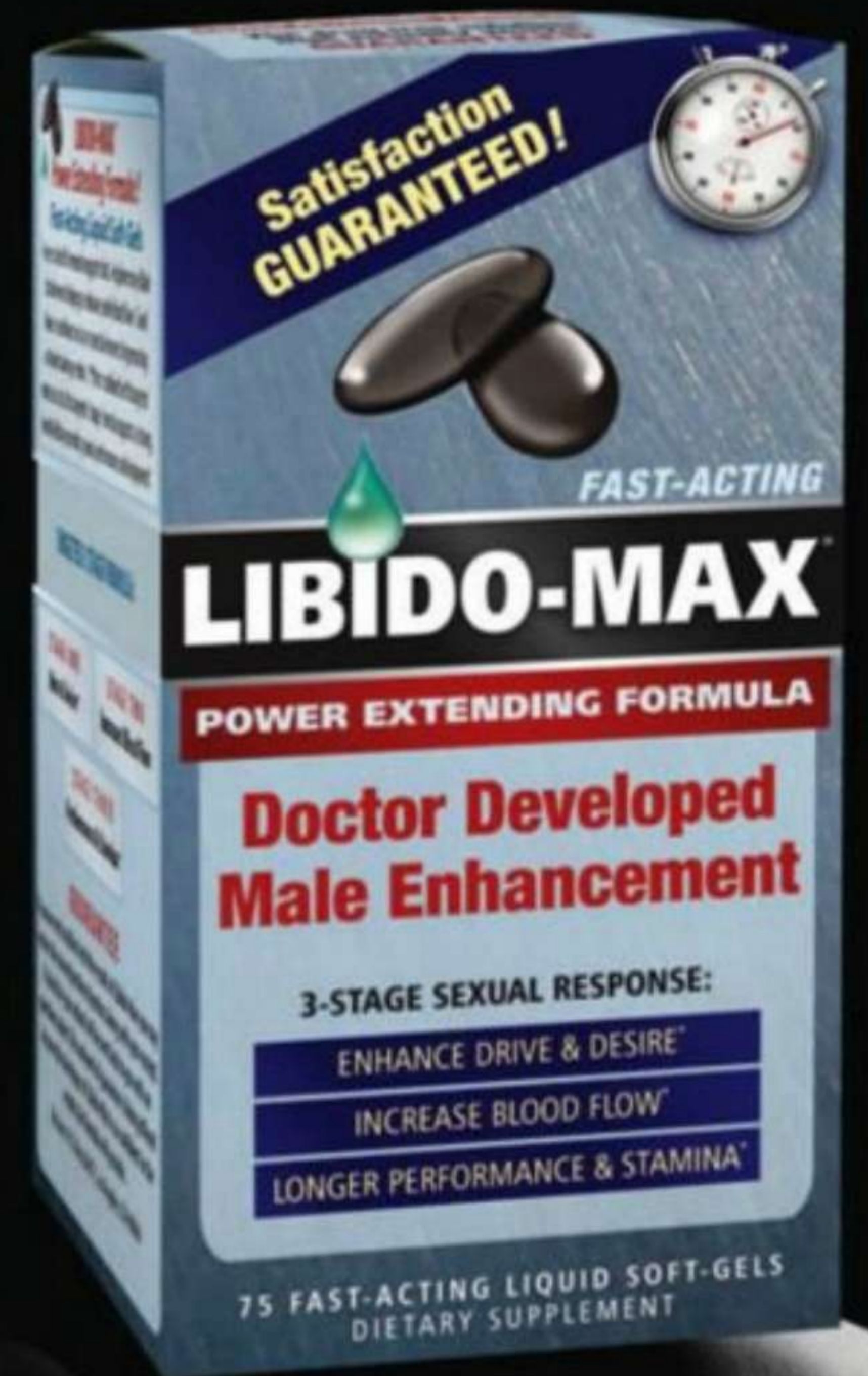
There may have been Ottumwans who had tried crystal before, just as I'm sure there were Iowans who'd had it. But when I went down to Union Station Bar, it was pretty dead before I began giving out lines, and it was obvious no one there had ever tried it before, because within a few minutes everyone in the place was drinking and dancing and singing along to a Judas Priest song on the jukebox. It was the best time any of us had had in a long time. I sold everything in 15 minutes and made \$75—it had been months since I'd had any spending money—and I made the whole town a happier place. That's how I saw it.

The next day I called Mike, and he brought us down two eight balls, three and a half grams each, and I went back down to Union Station Bar and sold all of that within a few minutes. It was pretty obvious this stuff was easy to sell. Everyone wanted more of it. I liked having a little bit of money in my pocket, and it got me out of the house and away from Floyd.

Within a week I was making \$200 to \$300 a night, selling an eight ball and then a quarter ounce every day. I told Mike I needed more. I needed a few ounces, maybe a quarter pound at a time. Mike was getting sick of

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P L A Y B O Y running down here every other day, and he said the guy he was scoring from had heard of the legendary Floyd and wouldn't mind coming down and meeting him in person.

Steve J. pulled up to our shabby-ass cabin in a white Corvette. I walked out on the porch. "Hey, nice car!"

Steve nodded, looked me over, tossed up the keys and said, "Here, it's yours."

He handed me a quarter pound of meth. "Pay me when you get the money, honey."

I was able to whack up a quarter pound in a weekend. People in Ottumwa needed something—anything—and crystal meth was it. I was paying about \$1,000 for an ounce and could turn that over for \$2,800. Four ounces in a quarter pound meant more than \$7,000 profit in a weekend. That was just the beginning.

12.

It turned out living in a cabin in the middle of nowhere had its advantages, as no one paid any attention to how many cars were

coming and going up our little dirt road. And being Floyd's old lady was a blessing. You didn't want to mess with the Big Reaper, and everybody assumed he was behind this business. The truth was, he had a terrible head for figures and didn't like crystal meth himself. It had a strange effect on him; it slowed him down instead of speeding him up. Like those kids today with attention deficit disorder they give Ritalin to, Floyd would do a line and just stand there, frozen in a spot, staring straight ahead. He hated the way it slowed him down. But just his name ensured that I was getting paid and supplied and that no one ever fucked with us.

If anyone was slow in paying or tried to short us on a deal, all I had to say was "Well, let me talk to Floyd about that."

And then they would be all, "No, no, don't tell Floyd," and they'd come up with the money or the drugs somehow.

There were people coming to the house all day and night, wanting grams, quarter grams. I was getting so busy I realized I

needed to cut out the retail and sell only ounces, or maybe quarter ounces, to a few friends so I could deal only quarter pounds and pounds. I set up a few friends—girls I knew from the bars, some of Floyd's biker buddies—with ounces so they could sell smaller amounts. I had bartenders working in town who could sell grams, guys working out at some of the foundries, even other moms at school. But our place still became a regular party place, with people there all hours, and I loved being the center of attention. What was great was, if Floyd had enough money he was happy to stay fishing on the river or working on one of his new cars. I was snorting every day and awake all the time, which suited my disposition. With crystal meth I could be up all night partying and still fix Josh breakfast and drive him to school. On the way there people would see my Corvette and flag me down. One day Josh asked me, "Mama, how come we're selling bags of tea?" I had to laugh and tell him, "Because everyone seems to love tea."

13.

I was starting to hold a lot of cash, \$10,000 to \$30,000 at a time, and had to hide it behind the wallboard in the bedroom while I waited for Steve to come back with more supply.

Steve was bringing down pounds, but I was going through that in a weekend selling through my network, and they were branching out into neighboring towns, and he couldn't keep up with the demand. He had to go back and forth to California to get it, so I asked him if he would hook us up with his connection out there. Through the Reapers, Floyd was also able to find another connection in Arizona, a fellow named Jose who had his own labs. I decided I would send Floyd out there in our new Ford Thunderbird to see if we could secure more quantity. He drove out to Chula Vista, by San Diego, and came back with five pounds of some of the best meth we had ever had. His next trip was to Arizona, and the quality was just as good. The problem was always supply. The demand was steady, like a current you could feel. The whole town was tweaking, and I could move two pounds a week.

14.

I'm always having to explain how, during the 1980s, meth was higher quality than the stuff that later wiped out American towns. The cooks back then could secure genuine phenyl-2-propanone, a chemical that reduced to pure methamphetamine. P2P, as it was called, was eventually made a Schedule II controlled substance, but it was around in quantity and allowed for large-scale cooking of high-quality, purer meth. This was the good stuff. These days the meth made by cooking down ephedrine, a chemical from cold tablets, is a dirty, low-yield product and very poisonous. Cookers can manufacture maybe four pounds of low-grade stuff if they don't purify it, which nobody does. But it's cheap and you don't need drums of P2P, which nobody can get anymore.

The kids today are snorting and smoking a nastier drug than we were using back then. I'm not making excuses for what I did or sold; I'm just stating a fact.



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15.

We paid \$10,000 per pound. I could turn a pound for \$42,000. I had so much cash I started burying it out behind the house at night.

16.

I bought the Union Station Bar so we could put some of our cash into a legitimate business.

We remodeled the place. There was wood paneling on the walls, two pillars down the middle, a long, varnished maple bar, a pool table, shuffleboard, darts, video games and a little bandstand where groups played on the weekends. The place looked great when we opened in 1987, and because of the traffic my drug business brought in, it was an instant success. I renamed it the Wild Side.

17.

We had a code set up: You call me and say, "You want to go out for pizza?"

And I would say, "What time?"

"Two o'clock." That meant two pounds.

"Are you going to wash your car today?" you would ask.

"At four o'clock."

So we would meet at the car wash at four o'clock, and while we were having our cars washed I would sell you two pounds of meth.

18.

Tom would occasionally come down with his buddies from Minnesota. He was doing stand-up comedy there on the weekends, to earn money for college. They would come down to the Wild Side once in a while, and I would hook them up with a little meth. But for Tom, back then, it was more recreational. He was more of a cokehead anyway. But one weekend up in Minnesota he entered a contest, and whoever won got to introduce this famous comic, Roseanne Barr. Tom won, did his routine and introduced her, and she really liked what she heard and asked him to come write for her. She was married to her first husband; she already had kids, and she was doing *The Tonight Show* and *Late Night With David Letterman*. I remember the first time he brought her down to Ottumwa, she fit right in. She'd grown up with very little, just like us. I could tell she was more than just a friend of Tom's.

19.

We were sending runners out every other week to pick up a few pounds at a time. If we used the same car every trip, that would start to arouse suspicion. We needed a wider range of vehicles, and at that point I was looking for another legitimate business, so I bought a used-car lot. That way Floyd or another of the drivers could always take a different, clean vehicle out West.

Then I saw a ranch advertised in the paper. I went out and decided I wanted it. Rolling Hills Ranch was made for horses, and Floyd loved horses. I figured if we had horses then Floyd would be happy. I bought the place: 144 acres in south Ottumwa with a huge farmhouse and outbuildings for machinery and equipment. There were rolling hills in the back and a 40-acre hay field.



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P L A Y B O Y We built a barn and stables, space for 50, 60 horses, and then we began going to horse auctions. Floyd bought a few riding horses, no big deal, but then we met a fellow who had a quarter horse for sale, a beautiful brown mare named Iris Crimson Mooner. When we bought it the owner told us he had already paid the dues to run a stakes race down in Prairie Meadows that week. Our first quarter horse, and it wins! We were hooked. Floyd began looking for horses all over the Midwest, and he began buying all kinds of quarter horses. Lady of Intent, Mack Everett, Iris Blue Missy, they all won stakes races.

20.

Our horses won enough stakes races so it looked like a legitimate business. The only problem with laundering drug money through a horse-racing operation is that if you're not careful, it will eat up every meth dollar you make. We were going through at least \$100,000 a month on the horses.

I began spending my nights doing the paperwork. Every receipt had to be logged and marked, and I tried to account for every

dollar. The car lot, the bar, the horse operation, all the vehicles and the boats, the horses—I was making sure every penny of it looked legit. I began buying houses, little rental houses all over town. I would buy them on time, then rent them out to friends who were eligible for Section 8 money from the government. The checks were sent directly to me. It was a great business, profitable and a way to hide plenty of cash because of all the expenses you could put against the houses. I eventually owned 18 properties around town. And every year I made sure I paid the IRS its piece. I knew that was the easiest way to get popped, so I kept the books clean.

No matter how loaded I was or how many nights I'd stayed awake, I always made Josh breakfast, got him to school and was there waiting for him when the bus stopped down the road. Sometimes I would have to race past the school bus on the way out of town in my Jaguar to get there, but I would always make it.

We were going through three to five pounds a week, and Floyd was busy with the horses. Even if he did a West Coast run every week, which was impossible, we

still wouldn't have enough supply. It was too taxing for us. All the legitimate businesses were starting to eat up so much cash that I could send out only \$200,000 at a time. A nuclear power plant was going up outside of town, and the Pioneer Seed Company built a factory, and more than a few of these guys were doing double shifts on my stuff, then staying out and partying all night.

There was always demand, always. By now our dealers had buddies in Nebraska, Minnesota and Missouri.

I needed more than 10 pounds a month.

21.

We flew a chemist out to Iowa. He told us what lab equipment and chemicals to order, and we had them shipped to us at the car lot. It cost me \$50,000, all of it ordered through pharmaceutical catalogs. This guy didn't even do meth. The only time he would do it was after he cooked a batch, when he would shoot up to make sure it wouldn't kill you. It was like his seal of approval. We had him cook us a test batch.

One line and I knew he was our chemist.

22.

Floyd bulldozed a furrow out in the back 40, and we hauled a camper up there and basically buried it and then laid camouflage netting on top. We thought it was invisible. The whole lab was in there—the glassware, the big self-enclosed computerized cooker with dials all over it, the tubes and charcoal filters. The chemist would be out there for three days at a time, day and night, sleeping on the ground next to the lab. That's how long it took to cook a batch. We could do 20 pounds a month now, and the cost was down to \$2,000 a pound.

A good month would mean we moved that 20 pounds; at about \$42,000 a pound that meant during our best months we were netting \$800,000. Our meth was so good and pure that pretty soon we had the guys from California coming to us.

23.

Tom by then was working on *Roseanne* and was even a character on the show. They were an item already, no matter what he might have thought about her looks. (I told him that for \$50 million, or whatever she's worth, I'd fuck her.) She was trying to get pregnant, and they didn't know Tom had a low sperm count. So Roseanne would hop down to Iowa City to get her in vitro treatments.

They had a yacht out in Rathbun, and they began buying up a lot of property. We even took a flight in Roseanne's private jet. Tom knew I was dealing—hell, how could he not? But by then he was already doing a lot of coke himself, so he wasn't in a position to lecture me.

Look at how crazy his life was: engaged to Roseanne, doing too much blow, making millions. Just crazy in a different way than mine. We're both, somehow, like our mom. Talkative, fun-loving people who can't shut off our brains or our mouths.

24.

I kept the little cabin by the river. I went out there once in a while and walked around. I



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P L A Y B O Y thought about that river rising, how frightened I had been, how fast the water came up while I was holding my baby and how I would be frightened my feet would stick there, held fast by the mud. How I had worried I would never get away.

I'd left the place exactly as it was. Josh's baby pictures on the wall, the old dishes in the cabinets, the empty beer cans piled in a pyramid. I would go back there and remember how it was.

One day I drove back there and saw a smoldering black pile. It had burned to the ground.

25.

By 1990 we couldn't find any more drums of P2P. That meant we couldn't make any more of the good stuff. The problem was nationwide; even our old connections in California and Arizona were no longer able to produce high-grade meth. This was when the next wave of the epidemic really began sweeping America—low-grade, low-priced speed that strings you out.

I wish I could say I never touched the low-quality stuff, never sold it. But when that was all we could get, we had no choice. It made you spacey, and for the first time I

felt I was hooked on it instead of just enjoying a good long buzz. This was the stuff that made you pick at your skin, left people walking around with sores and blisters. Everyone was paranoid and getting suspicious of one another. A few years of staying awake all the time will do that to you. People started getting tweaky. You could drive all over southeastern Iowa and there were always people up partying.

I would go over to my friend Donna's house, and I would be like, "You see that helicopter?"

Donna would nod. "Hell yeah, I'm seeing them all the time."

I would think, Damn, there are helicopters flying around all the time.

I was doing an eight ball a day. We were used to walking around in the flow, feeling good for so long, and then this. Okay, maybe it was a slow leak, like a steady leak. But then, with the bad stuff, it turned into a blowout.

But I still needed to sell. We had to keep finding pounds, even pounds of low quality, just to keep the ranch and the horses and all the businesses going. I met a Mexican named Juan who was sweet on me. Floyd was never home, always out at the tracks. He didn't notice we were running out of

meth, and if we ran out of meth we would run out of money. I knew Juan had the hots for me, and I would use that to get him to drive up with a pound or two of meth. But it was getting harder and harder to get any quality stuff, so sometimes we just had to buy, sell and do the low-grade nose-burning stuff.

Those strange vehicles following me? Those helicopters? That's the kind of shit you imagine when you're on the low grade, right?

26.

I was on Bluegrass Road bringing a few ounces to town in the black truck when I saw two dozen highway patrol vehicles—unmarked cars with huge antennas out the back—and vans and trucks all speeding down the highway in the opposite direction.

I called Floyd and told him I'd seen a convoy of cops pass by and to be on the lookout.

The feds surrounded the place. They came up the roads; they even came over the hills. Floyd said there were about 60 of them. They kept Floyd and all the guys who worked for us locked up all day while they tore the place apart. They ripped up that nice furniture and tore it apart, just destroyed our house and the ranch. They found a pound and a half of meth, a pound of pot we had forgotten about, 44 guns and about \$23,000 in cash.

I had been hiding out in town all day as soon as I heard we were getting busted. And we weren't the only ones. They were hitting all our friends. They had been following us for over a year and knew everyone in our little network.

When I called home that night, Floyd answered.

"They left."

"What?" I asked.

"They took the dope and the guns and the cash and took off."

"Without arresting anyone?"

"Nope."

"What the hell?"

I called my brother Tom, and he recommended a good lawyer.

Plenty of people we knew had been arrested by local cops. Nobody had dealt with the feds. The lawyer told me what they were doing was gathering material for an indictment.

I figured I had kept my books clean, that all my businesses looked legit, so they couldn't get me for dealing. My lawyer called the DEA and told them I was willing to turn myself in. They said they weren't interested. I began thinking, Hell, maybe they don't have anything on us. Maybe we're in the clear.

I knew I was lying to myself. I never stopped dealing or using. I kept telling myself, One more deal.

27.

Pretty soon all our friends were getting busted or getting subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury. They were all asking what to do. If they lied on the stand, they'd get five years. I called my lawyer and asked what to do. He said there was nothing I could do.

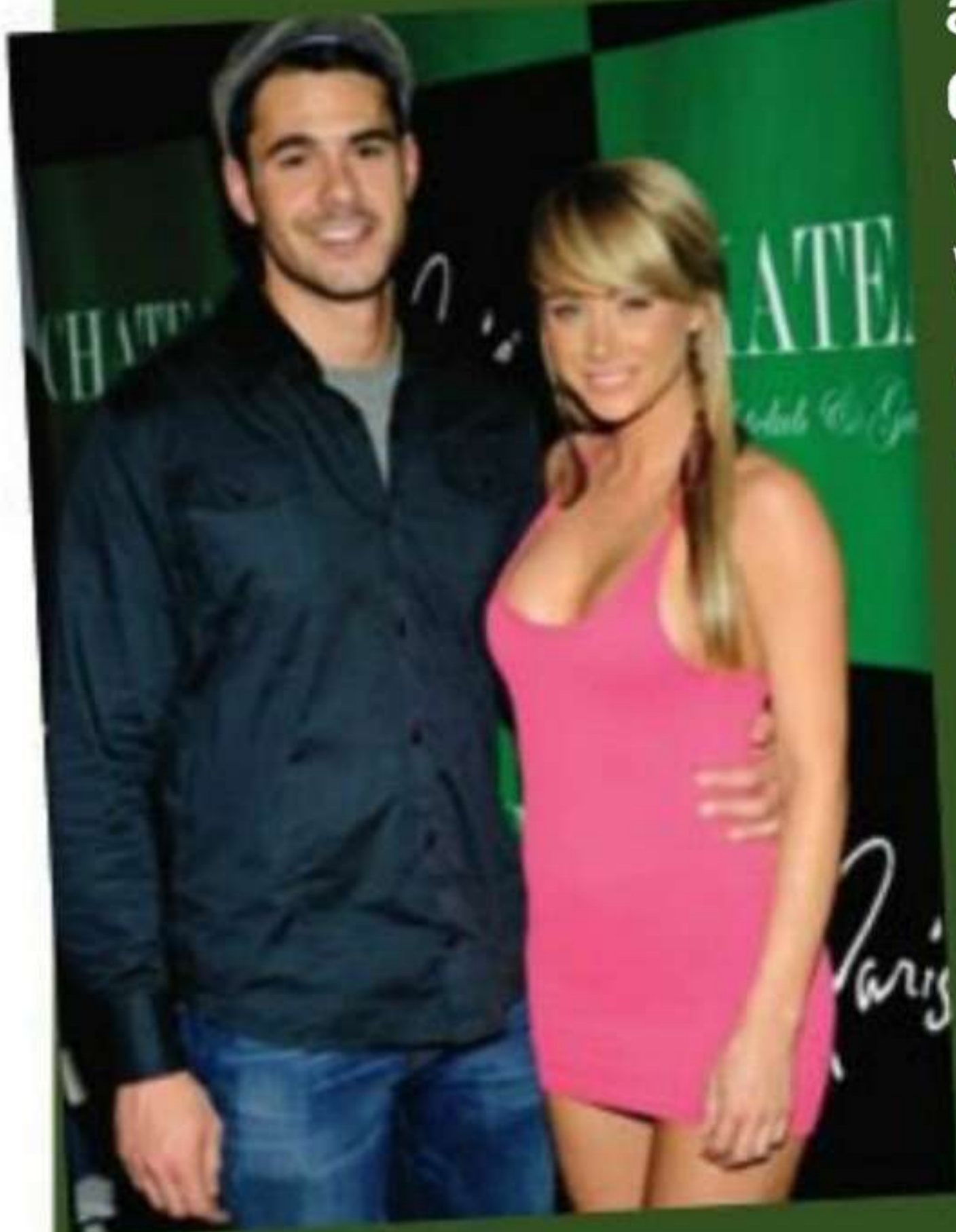
I know what badass drug dealers are supposed to do in this situation: Kill everyone



"Whoa! Hold on there, sport! I'm not into that whole body-piercing scene!"

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

What are PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** and actor Jayson Blair doing at Charlie Sheen's event at Chateau Nightclub & Gardens at the Paris Las Vegas? Duh, winning! We'll give credit where credit is due—Mr. Sheen can make a saccharine sitcom successful, hurl a fastball and throw one hell of a party. Sara Jean lived it up prior to unleashing her cosplay outfits on the crowd at San Diego's Comic-Con International. In the days leading up to the



convention, she flaunted her Padmé Amidala (Natalie Portman's character in *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*) outfit on G4's *The Feed* and also broadcast from the event dressed as her own creation, Bustice.... At a different convention with a similar crowd, PMOY 2011 **Claire Sinclair** and boyfriend Marston Hefner walked the red carpet at the E3 (Electronic Entertainment Expo) launch at Suede in Los Angeles. Claire tweeted a photo from the event with a caption stating she was with "the biggest gamer I know." We're guessing it wasn't just a reference to the Uno games Marston plays at the Mansion. It's



good to see a new generation of Hefner exhibiting a passion for recreation.... If you like your rum on the rocks with a Playmate kiss, you should have been at Marquee Nightclub at the Cosmopolitan of Las Vegas on June 15. PMOY 2009 **Ida Ljungqvist** wore her Bunny costume to Bacardi's Like It Live party, which drew such celebs as Cee Lo Green, Blink-182's Travis Barker and the Beastie Boys' Mix Master Mike.... This year cities all over the globe got the opportunity to experience Hef's Midsummer Night's Dream Party. Here's a postcard of PMOY 2006 **Kara Monaco**, Miss July 2010 **Shanna Marie McLaughlin**, Miss July 2002 **Lauren Anderson** and Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** sent from Lima, Peru.

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Dating advice from Miss January 1994 **Anna-Marie Goddard**: "A guy came up to me at Target, said I looked nice and asked me out. I love the straightforwardness! I'm married, so I had to decline. But hey, even though he wasn't all that cute, his attitude totally would have won me over."



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY **DARREN MCMULLEN**

—host, NBC'S *Love in the Wild*



"When I was finally old enough to buy my own PLAYBOYS it was the era of the legendary **Pamela Anderson**, Miss February 1990. What a star! She has graced the PLAYBOY cover 13 times and once leapt across a couch to kiss me mid-interview. More important, she managed to make a show starring David Hasselhoff a hit. The only other thing able to do that was KITT—and that was a talking car, for God's sake!"



AJ GETS RACY AT THE BRICKYARD

We're glad the NFL season is a go, but Miss May 2008 AJ Alexander insists we watch NASCAR. The Indiana native makes a compelling ambassador for a sport we thought was all crashes and left turns. The daughter of a go-kart track owner, AJ grew up a drive away from the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the Brickyard. This year she was slated once again to host the Brickyard Beach Bash, an annual July event at which she and Indiana station RadioNOW transform the Brickyard 400's Turn 3 into a shore party replete with sand, pools, beer, a DJ and a bikini contest. Of course, we can't help but worry that her presence makes it difficult for drivers to keep their eyes on the road.



JESS.A: TOSH ON A WIRE

Daniel Tosh recently enlisted the help of Miss July 2011 Jessa Hinton for a skit on his Comedy Central show *Tosh.0*. The comedian attempts to wow Jessa with his bedroom prowess by using a "sex zip line" to propel himself toward her. Not surprisingly, he experiences some technical difficulties on his way to the intended target. Hint: It's not the zip line that malfunctions.



DID YOU KNOW ?

Miss January 2009 **Dasha Astafieva** judged a Ukrainian beauty pageant sponsored by AnastasiaDate.com.

Kiss frontman Gene Simmons proposed to his longtime lover PMOY 1982 **Shannon Tweed** on the finale of *Family Jewels*.

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who might snitch. Well, I guess I'm not a badass drug dealer.

Besides, what do you do when they subpoena 106 people? You can't kill them all.

28.

I didn't sleep much. I felt like I hadn't slept in a month. But one night, just before dawn, I fell into a delicious, deep sleep. I had been up so long I finally crashed.

I woke up with a gun to my forehead. I looked over and Floyd was on the floor, and there were half a dozen cops sitting on him and cuffing him.

"What do you want?" I asked. I was so tired, I just wanted to go back to sleep.

This guy was literally sitting on me. I look up; he was skinny with thinning brown hair, a mustache. "You know damn well what I want."

I'm not wearing anything but my underwear. The cop climbs off of me and hands me a tracksuit lying on the floor. I get dressed in front of two dozen cops, all wearing different jackets: FBI, ATF, DEA.

"Damn, all those letters," I said. "Where's AC/DC?"

"Here," one of the cops hands me my glasses.

I shake my head. "Don't need those to see where I'm going."

29.

When they were leading me downstairs, I heard some of the cops shouting that someone was making a run for it. I knew it was my son, Josh.

"No, no!" I began shouting. I thought they were going to shoot my boy.

They had arrested 11 of us. They thought Floyd was the big fish. When they realized Floyd didn't know much, they tried to get me to somehow implicate my brother. Tom was never involved in the meth. They ended up charging me with continuing a criminal enterprise, two counts of money laundering, illegal possession of firearms, two counts of manufacturing, distribution and possession.

I didn't have a criminal record. I'd heard of friends who had gotten arrested, even with a pound of meth, and they would get a year. I figured I'd get a year, a year and a half.

Then my lawyer told me they were asking for life. "And with the feds, when they say life they mean you won't get out until you die."

They were holding me in the Story County jail.

I remember when Josh first visited me, I told him I'd be out soon.

30.

Tom and Roseanne came to town. Tom was trying to get clean by then. Roseanne had said she wouldn't marry him unless he stopped doing coke. He was actually straightening out his life and would become famous as a guy who helped other people in Hollywood get sober and stay clean.

They put up \$400,000 cash for my bail. I was thinking, Finally, after a few weeks, I'm going to get out. But they took me back to the county jail. The FBI said they had found a hit list back at the ranch, DEA agent's names and their license plates. It wasn't a hit list, it was a list of DEA vehicles that a friend of mine who worked at a

garage had collected so we could keep track of them. But I was deemed a threat and denied bail.

The feds wanted to make a case against Tom and Roseanne. They kept saying Tommy was involved, even showed photos of me on Roseanne's jet with her two Cuban pilots standing there, as if this was all part of some big drug conspiracy.

There was nothing there.

The last time I saw Floyd was when they let us out into the basketball court at county jail. The guys could open their windows and yell at us. I felt sorrier for Floyd than I did for myself. When you see somebody who was that big in everybody's eyes confined to a box.

My lawyer told me if I pleaded guilty I would do 25 years. They read off my charges at the federal courthouse in Des Moines. After each one, I said, "Guilty."

31.

I called my son and told him I'd gotten 25 years.

He hung up on me.

32.

I did a total of 16 years in prison.

33.

I like the heat of Phoenix. It feels like a fresh start. I'm not supposed to drink or take any drugs. So far, I've been good. I've had a beer or two, but I've been keeping clean. And I'm a good worker, the best at my firm. It turns out I'm almost as good at selling people on starting their own online businesses as I was at slinging meth. I'm the top seller almost every week.

I've known my husband, John, since we were kids. He'd always liked me, and when I got out of prison this last time, then transferred to a halfway house in Arizona, he called me and asked if I wanted a ride on his Harley. He was driving long-haul trucks back then, and he had a job out here. I've always liked bikes.

He's a good influence—quiet, steady, and he was never into the meth.

Floyd died at Leavenworth in 2004. I never saw him again.

My son, Josh, still lives in Ottumwa. He's getting his teaching certificate and plans to be a basketball coach. We talk all the time and share everything. Tom and Roseanne were a huge help when I was in prison. They paid for Josh to go to military school and looked after him. Big bro came through for me again.

I talk to Tom all the time. He's also stayed clean. He visited me in Alderson Federal Prison a few years back and gave a little talk to all the girls about staying off drugs.

I remember when this book *Methland* came out, about the meth epidemic and my part in it. Tom was doing stand-up, and he thought he would read some of the book and riff about us and what I had been up to. But as he read it, he said, "Damn it, this sounds more like Lori saved the economy of Iowa instead of ruining it."

I remember Tom telling me that and thinking, Yeah, but I didn't save myself.





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PLAYMATE NEWS

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SASCKYA PORTO IS BOTH PRETTY AND PROLIFIC

Miss December 2007 Sasckya Porto has been everywhere recently, including a Tennessee field for country star Jacob Lyda's music video "I'm Doing Alright." "God knows I love New York, but the people there are so busy that it makes it hard to share conversations, hugs, kisses and love with them," the former Miss Brazil says. Subsequently, Sasckya really took to life in the South. "In Nashville people are very warm," she says. "The guys joke and the girls laugh a lot—it's a good time." Sasckya also lent her charm and amazing body to photo shoots for Obsessive's sexy lingerie line, and she plays a woman enamoured of a sharp-dressed man in a television commercial for American clothier Todd Shelton. "I'm blessed with what I've accomplished, and I don't take it for granted," she says. "I'm fortunate to have my looks because I've built my life with them."

Jacob Lyda music video.



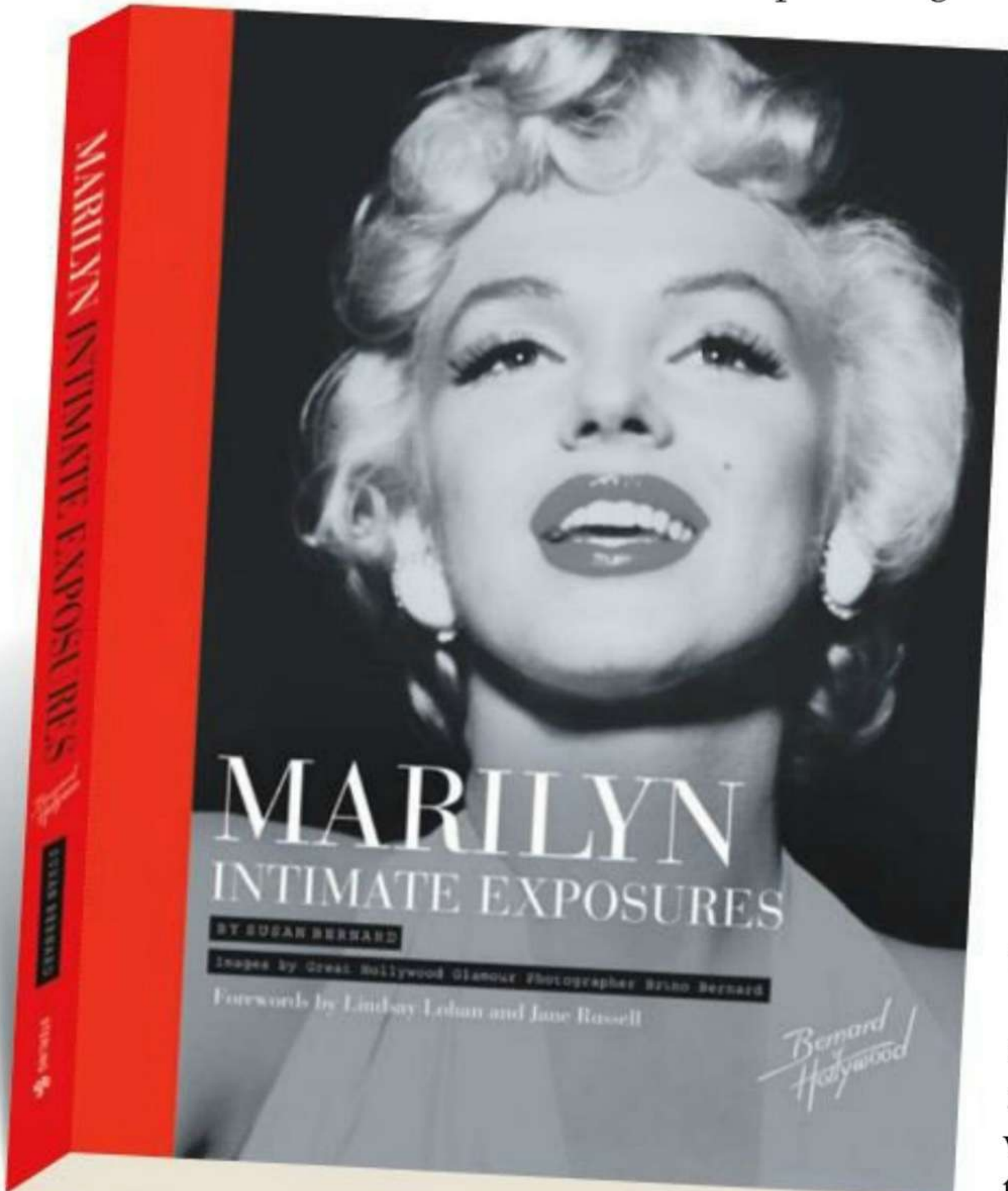
Todd Shelton fashion.



Obsessive lingerie campaign.

MISS DECEMBER 1966 ON MISS DECEMBER 1953

Next year marks the 50th anniversary of the passing of America's biggest sex symbol, Miss December 1953 Marilyn Monroe. To honor her legacy, Miss December 1966 Susan Bernard is publishing *Marilyn: Intimate Exposures*, a lush book that chronicles the making of our brightest star. "I wanted to celebrate her life and etch out the mythology of Marilyn in the narrative," Susan says. She uses photographs and journal entries from her father, Bruno—the renowned Bernard of Hollywood—into whose studio walked a girl named Norma Jeane in 1946. Jane Russell and Lindsay Lohan also give their thoughts in forewords. "We keep looking for another Marilyn Monroe," Susan says, "but we'll never see anything like her again."



FLASHBACK



Five years ago this month Miss October 2006 **Jordan Monroe**—related to Marilyn only through the Playmate sorority—went from Cornhusker to Centerfold. When her issue hit newsstands, the University of Nebraska junior gave an interview to student newspaper *The Daily Nebraskan*, in which she was asked, "In five years do you see yourself as a real estate agent or a model?" Jordan replied, "I actually want to do both." Since then, she's gotten a new smoldering look as a blonde and accomplished what she set her sights on.

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 ?

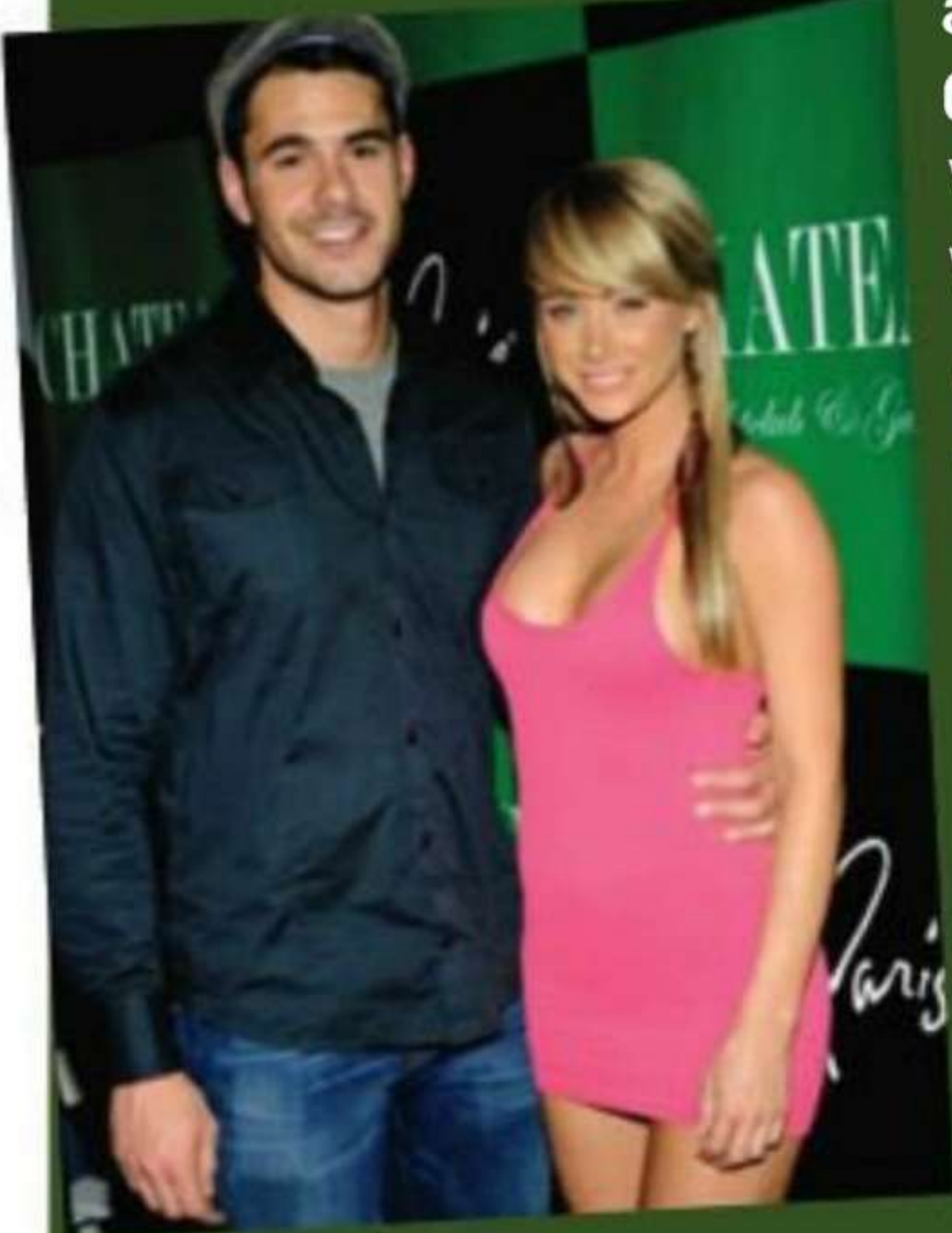
As of press time PMOY 1993 **Anna Nicole Smith's** former Los Angeles mansion is on the market for \$1.75 million.

Miss November 1974 **Bebe Buell**, a singer and Liv Tyler's mom, **net** Jenny Craig helped her lose 30 pounds.

In Sirius XM's Fantasy Football Draft, past champ Miss August 2004 **Pilar Lastra** chose Andre Johnson for her first pick.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

What are PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** and actor Jayson Blair doing at Charlie Sheen's event at Chateau Nightclub & Gardens at the Paris Las Vegas? Duh, winning! We'll give credit where credit is due—Mr. Sheen can make a saccharine sitcom successful, hurl a fastball and throw one hell of a party. Sara Jean lived it up prior to unleashing her cosplay outfits on the crowd at San Diego's Comic-Con International. In the days leading up to the



convention, she flaunted her Padmé Amidala (Natalie Portman's character in *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*) outfit on G4's *The Feed* and also broadcast from the event dressed as her own creation, Bustice.... At a different convention with a similar crowd, PMOY 2011 **Claire Sinclair** and boyfriend Marston Hefner walked the red carpet at the E3 (Electronic Entertainment Expo) launch at Suede in Los Angeles. Claire tweeted a photo from the event with a caption stating she was with "the biggest gamer I know." We're guessing it wasn't just a reference to the Uno games Marston plays at the Mansion. It's



good to see a new generation of Hefner exhibiting a passion for recreation.... If you like your rum on the rocks with a Playmate kiss, you should have been at Marquee Nightclub at the Cosmopolitan of Las Vegas on June 15. PMOY 2009 **Ida Ljungqvist** wore her Bunny costume to Bacardi's Like It Live party, which drew such celebs as Cee Lo Green, Blink-182's Travis Barker and the Beastie Boys' Mix Master Mike.... This year cities all over the globe got the opportunity to experience Hef's Midsummer Night's Dream Party. Here's a postcard of PMOY 2006 **Kara Monaco**, Miss July 2010 **Shanna Marie McLaughlin**, Miss July 2002 **Lauren Anderson** and Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** sent from Lima, Peru.



Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** sent from Lima, Peru.



Dating advice from Miss January 1994 **Anna-Marie Goddard**: "A guy came up to me at Target, said I looked nice and asked me out. I love the straightforwardness! I'm married, so I had to decline. But hey, even though he wasn't all that cute, his attitude totally would have won me over."



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY **DARREN MCMULLEN**

—host, NBC'S *Love in the Wild*



"When I was finally old enough to buy my own PLAYBOYS it was the era of the legendary **Pamela Anderson**, Miss February 1990. What a star! She has graced the PLAYBOY cover 13 times and once leapt across a couch to kiss me mid-interview. More important, she managed to make a show starring David Hasselhoff a hit. The only other thing able to do that was KITT—and that was a talking car, for God's sake!"



AJ GETS RACY AT THE BRICKYARD

We're glad the NFL season is a go, but Miss May 2008 AJ Alexander insists we watch NASCAR. The Indiana native makes a compelling ambassador for a sport we thought was all crashes and left turns. The daughter of a go-kart track owner, AJ grew up a drive away from the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the Brickyard. This year she was slated once again to host the Brickyard Beach Bash, an annual July event at which she and Indiana station RadioNOW transform the Brickyard 400's Turn 3 into a shore party replete with sand, pools, beer, a DJ and a bikini contest. Of course, we can't help but worry that her presence makes it difficult for drivers to keep their eyes on the road.



JESS.A: TOSH ON A WIRE

Daniel Tosh recently enlisted the help of Miss July 2011 Jessa Hinton for a skit on his Comedy Central show *Tosh.0*. The comedian attempts to wow Jessa with his bedroom prowess by using a "sex zip line" to propel himself toward her. Not surprisingly, he experiences some technical difficulties on his way to the intended target. Hint: It's not the zip line that malfunctions.



DID YOU KNOW ?

Miss January 2009 **Dasha Astafieva** judged a Ukrainian beauty pageant sponsored by AnastasiaDate.com.

Kiss frontman Gene Simmons proposed to his longtime lover PMOY 1982 **Shannon Tweed** on the finale of *Family Jewels*.

PLAYBOY FORUM

THE PRICE IS NOT RIGHT

THE U.S. SPENDS TOO MUCH MONEY TO FIGHT TERRORISM

BY JOHN MUELLER AND MARK G. STEWART

Are we safer?" This has been the common question posed to evaluate the effectiveness of the increase in homeland security expenditures since 9/11. It is, however, the wrong question to ask. Of course we are "safer"—posting a single security guard at one building enhances safety, however microscopically.

The correct question is "Are we spending wisely?" At present rates, the average American's chance of being killed by a terrorist is about one in 3.5 million per year. How much more should we pay to make that even lower? We have already paid a lot. Leaving out international expenditures such as those attending the terrorism-related (or terrorism-determined) wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the increase in spending on domestic homeland security over the past decade exceeds \$1 trillion.

But the money we've spent isn't the problem—though it's troublesome. The problem is that we've spent \$1 trillion without subjecting it to standard cost-benefit methods routinely applied to other haz-

ards such as earthquakes and hurricanes. If anything, the Department of Homeland Security has gone out of its way to ignore calls to conduct risk assessments. For instance, in 2010, the Government Accountability Office declared that it would be "important" for Homeland Security to conduct a cost-benefit analysis of full-body scanners at airports, yet to date no such study appears to have been conducted.

GAO also requested that Homeland Security conduct a full cost-benefit analysis of the expensive process of scanning every U.S.-bound shipping container. To do so would require the dedicated work of a few skilled analysts for up to a year. But Homeland Security replied that while it agreed that such a study would help "frame the discussion

to better inform Congress," to carry it out "would place significant burdens on agency resources."

In general, Homeland Security's risk assessment seems to be a process of identifying a potential source of harm and then trying to do something about it without evaluating whether the new measures reduce risk sufficiently to justify their costs. Or as one analyst puts it, "Security trumps economics." One

might darkly suspect this is the case because if the costs of protection from unlikely threats were sensibly calculated following standard procedures, it would be revealed that vast amounts of money have been misspent. To wit: Using the same risk and cost-effectiveness analyses Homeland Security applies to dealing with and planning for natural disasters,

we found that to be deemed cost-effective the increased expenditures on security measures since 9/11 would have to deter, foil or prevent up to 1,667 otherwise successful attacks per year roughly like the one attempted in Times Square in 2010. That's more than four attacks per day.

To be fair, politicians and bureaucrats do face considerable political pressure on the terrorism issue. The public has difficulty with probabilities when emotions are involved; it also has a tendency to become preoccupied with low-probability, high-consequence events—e.g., the detonation of a sizable nuclear device in midtown Manhattan. But that doesn't relieve elected and appointed officials of their duty to make decisions about spending large quantities of public moneys in a responsible manner. Nor does it relieve them of their responsibility to inform the public honestly about the rather limited risk that terrorism presents.

By our count, New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg is the only politician to openly put the threat presented



by terrorism into context. In 2007 he pointed out that an individual has a greater chance of being hit by lightning than of being killed by a terrorist. "There are a lot of threats to you in the world," he said. "You can't sit there and worry about everything. Get a life." It's worth noting that the political backlash to his outburst was nonexistent; in fact, two years later, he won a third term as mayor. It's also worth noting that the United Kingdom spends half as much as the United States on homeland security—proportionately at least. The same goes for Canada and Australia. Yet politicians and bureaucrats there don't seem to suffer threats to their positions because of it.

Moreover, though domestic political pressures may force actions and expenditures that are unwise, they usually don't precisely dictate the level of action and expenditure. And so while the public demands something be done about terrorism, nothing in that demand specifically requires removing shoes in airport security lines, requiring passports



An airport fingerprint scanner.

to enter Canada or turning a large number of buildings into fortresses. Further, history demonstrates that overreaction to terrorism isn't required—a particularly salient lesson because by far the most cost-effective counterterrorism measure is to avoid overreacting. Consider the two instances of terrorism that killed the most Americans pre-9/11: the 1983 suicide bombing in Lebanon that took the lives of 241 marines and the December 1988 bombing of a Pan Am airliner over Lockerbie, Scotland in which 189 Americans perished. President Ronald Reagan responded to the Lebanon bombing by bringing home the remaining American troops there and making a few speeches. The official response to the Pan Am bombing, beyond seeking compensation for the victims, was to apply meticulous police work in an effort to apprehend the perpetrators—a cautious, even laid-back approach that proved to be perfectly acceptable politically. For the most part, dedicated police work also defined the responses to the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center, the 2001 anthrax attacks and the 2005 London Underground bombing.

In the end, all our counterterrorism strategies should follow such calm, methodical and, yes, cost-effective actions. Because when we give in to fear and spend resources irrationally on regulations that save lives at a high cost, we forgo the opportunity to spend those same resources on regulations and processes that can save more lives at an equal—or lower—cost. So let's take some of that irrational counterterrorism funding and reinvest it in a wide range of more cost-effective risk-reduction programs such as flood protection, vaccination and vehicle and road safety that would result in far more significant benefits to society.

*John Mueller, a political science professor at Ohio State University, and Mark G. Stewart, a civil engineering professor at the University of Newcastle in Australia, are authors of *Terror, Security and Money: Balancing the Risks, Benefits and Costs of Homeland Security*.*

SACRED COW

ONE THING WASHINGTON CAN AGREE ON: HANDS OFF MILITARY SPENDING

BY JOHN PETKOVIC

Partisan bickering. Political gridlock. Right versus left. Our politicians can't agree on anything. These phrases accompany any and all political debate in Washington, D.C. We heard them endlessly during last summer's debt-ceiling deal. But there's no disagreement when it comes to one part of our federal budget: military spending. A quarter of every dollar Washington spends goes to defense. Such spending has increased without interruption since 1998. In 13 years the Pentagon's budget has more than doubled. From 2001 to 2009 it increased 70 percent, from \$412 billion to \$699 billion.

When people talk about Washington being out of control, they shouldn't talk about taxpayer dollars being allocated to most domestic programs. Transportation represents just two percent of our total federal budget; education only three percent. Even welfare—that *bête noire* of the budget hounds—amounts to roughly half of what we spend on defense.

We spend five times more on defense than any other country. The runner-up, China, spends \$119 billion annually. The Chinese economy bears far less of a burden when it comes to military spending—2.1 percent of its gross domestic product compared with 4.8 percent for the United States.

Our Cold War nemesis spends \$58.7 billion annually on military. That's less than a tenth of what we pony up. But our 13-year run of increases trumps any period when the U.S. was defending itself against the Soviet Union and the Chinese.

In 1961, in the middle of the Cold War, President Dwight Eisenhower warned of the military-industrial complex: the monetary relationships between Congress, the military and companies that benefit from making weapons. Lobbying by those companies is part of getting business done; the defense industry is armed with one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington. The sector has 1,050 lobbyists representing nearly 375 clients, according to the Center for Responsive Politics. In 2010 alone, defense lobbyists spent \$145.9 million on our politicians. Nearly \$24 million was contributed in 2008 to campaigns of political candidates.



Money was evenly split between members of both parties, according to the Center for Responsive Politics reports. And during the 2010 cycle, Democrats received 54 percent. So it's little wonder that the only calls for meaningful cuts in defense have come from the fringes of the political spectrum—from pacifists and libertarians. Any talk about fiscal responsibility is met with charges of not being patriotic or not supporting our troops.

Even when defense spending declined during the post-Cold War 1990s there was no discussion about bringing

FORUM

home U.S. troops stationed in Europe. Instead, both parties embraced the idea of expanding NATO eastward. Meanwhile, Germany spends \$45.2 billion on defense—a mere 1.3 percent of its GDP.

The embrace of defense spending goes beyond money and power. The Department of Defense employs 450,000 people overseas. So which politician is about to call for job cuts when the unemployment rate hovers around nine percent?

Liberals have long been sensitive to Republican charges of being weak on defense. Those charges only increased

The proposed cuts offered in the debt-ceiling deal don't even refer to the current defense budget but rather to a Congressional Budget Office baseline projection—which assumes an annual increase in defense spending of two percent. So is it the paycheck or the raise that might get cut? The cuts also refer, vaguely, to all “security” spending—which goes beyond Pentagon spending to include departments such as State and Homeland Security.

The big cuts would take place if a congressional “super-committee” doesn't agree on overall budget cutbacks of



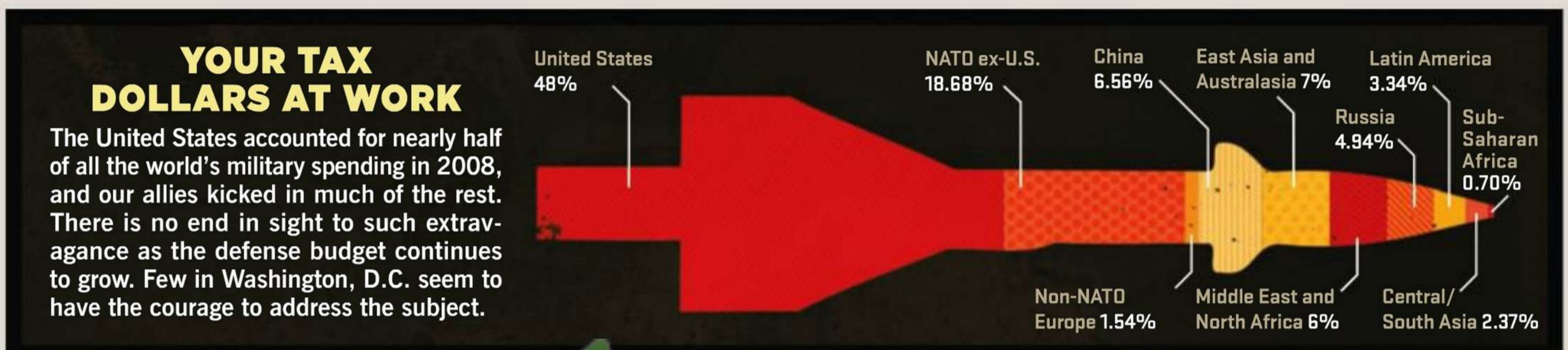
The F-35B fighter costs about \$150 million a plane. Don't worry, though—there's always more money for bombs.

with the debt-ceiling deal. Republican presidential candidates Newt Gingrich and Mitt Romney made it a campaign issue by attacking President Barack Obama for being “irresponsible” with national defense. Tea Partyer Michele Bachmann has demanded that the “government live within its means”—except, it seems, when it comes to the defense budget. Bachmann was joined by Obama's own defense secretary, Leon Panetta, who called the proposed cuts in the military “completely unacceptable.” Senator Joe Lieberman agreed, urging that we cut Social Security and Medicare to keep defense funding at current levels. “We can't protect these entitlements and also have the national defense we need to protect us in a dangerous world,” Lieberman said. In order to keep the Pentagon happy, Lieberman and Republican senator Tom Coburn sponsored a bill that would raise Medicare eligibility to the age of 67.

\$1.5 trillion. Failure to do so would lead to automatic cuts that would affect the military by \$600 billion.

In an analysis, Christopher Preble of the libertarian Cato Institute sees little pain ahead for the military—and not only because the cuts are vague and will likely never fully materialize. Even a 15 percent cut in military spending would return the defense budget only to 2007 levels, according to Preble, and America would still account for more than 40 percent of the military spending on Earth. “The Pentagon's budget has more than doubled over the past decade,” writes Preble, “and current projections call for the Pentagon to receive more than \$6 trillion from U.S. taxpayers through 2021.”

And nobody talks about what missions, allies and possible wars we can jettison. There's a reason for that. What politician in Washington has the courage to take a stand against our military-industrial complex?



Source: International Institute for Strategic Studies, *The Military Balance 2010*

READER RESPONSE

FLYING WITH WEED

I will be flying to New York and want to take a small amount of medical marijuana. Where is it least likely to be detected—in my checked luggage,



Lisa Kirkman demonstrates her vaporizer.

my carry-on or on my person? I don't actually smoke; I ingest, so I will bring edibles or pills. Am I crazy to try?

Name withheld

Long Beach, California

Maybe. If security officers from the Transportation Security Administration discover marijuana at a checkpoint or in your luggage, in whatever amount and in whatever form, they are obligated to contact the local police, who decide whether to arrest you and/or confiscate the weed. Officers called to the scene in California, and particularly in the San Francisco Bay area, are likely to be sympathetic if you have the proper documentation and are carrying less than eight ounces. If they say you can board the plane, the TSA allows it. But by that time you've been hassled and delayed. More important, an okay from the SFPD doesn't provide any protection if you land in a less progressive state—including New York—and somehow get caught. Although New York is one of 13 states that penalize first-offense possession of tiny amounts (in this case, up to 0.88 ounces) with a fine (\$100), possessing 0.88 to two ounces carries a \$500 fine and up to three months in jail. And if you "openly display" your contraband, the violation becomes a misdemeanor. In June an activist used a vaporizer to inhale her medical marijuana without incident while flying from Calgary to Toronto. "I wasn't breaking any laws," says Lisa Kirkman. "If you can use an inhaler on the plane there's no reason why I can't use my vaporizer."

PLAYBOY AT WAR

My water heater burst over the weekend, which is bad enough, but I stored

my PLAYBOY collection in the same closet. I lost 72 beautiful women in an instant, including the issues I carried in my ALICE pack for six months in 1991 during the first Gulf war. The Saudis didn't care what we had; they just didn't want to see it. My March 1987 issue had been signed by Playmate Marina Baker when I met her in the U.K. years ago. I also lost the first issue I bought in 1978 when I turned 18. I still remember being nervous when I asked the clerk for it.

Jack Driggers

Monroe, North Carolina

I arrived in Vietnam as a 21-year-old in April 1966. The marine I replaced gave me a copy of the February 1966 issue. I hung the Centerfold of Melinda Windsor in my area as a good-luck charm. During my time in country, there were a few situations in which I was lucky or good or both. Each time I thanked God and Melinda. Letters from stateside and copies of PLAYBOY were great distractions. I once received a letter addressed to "a marine in Vietnam" from Lannie Balcom. We exchanged several letters, but it wasn't until years later that I found out she had been Miss August 1965. I have always wanted to thank her and Melinda.

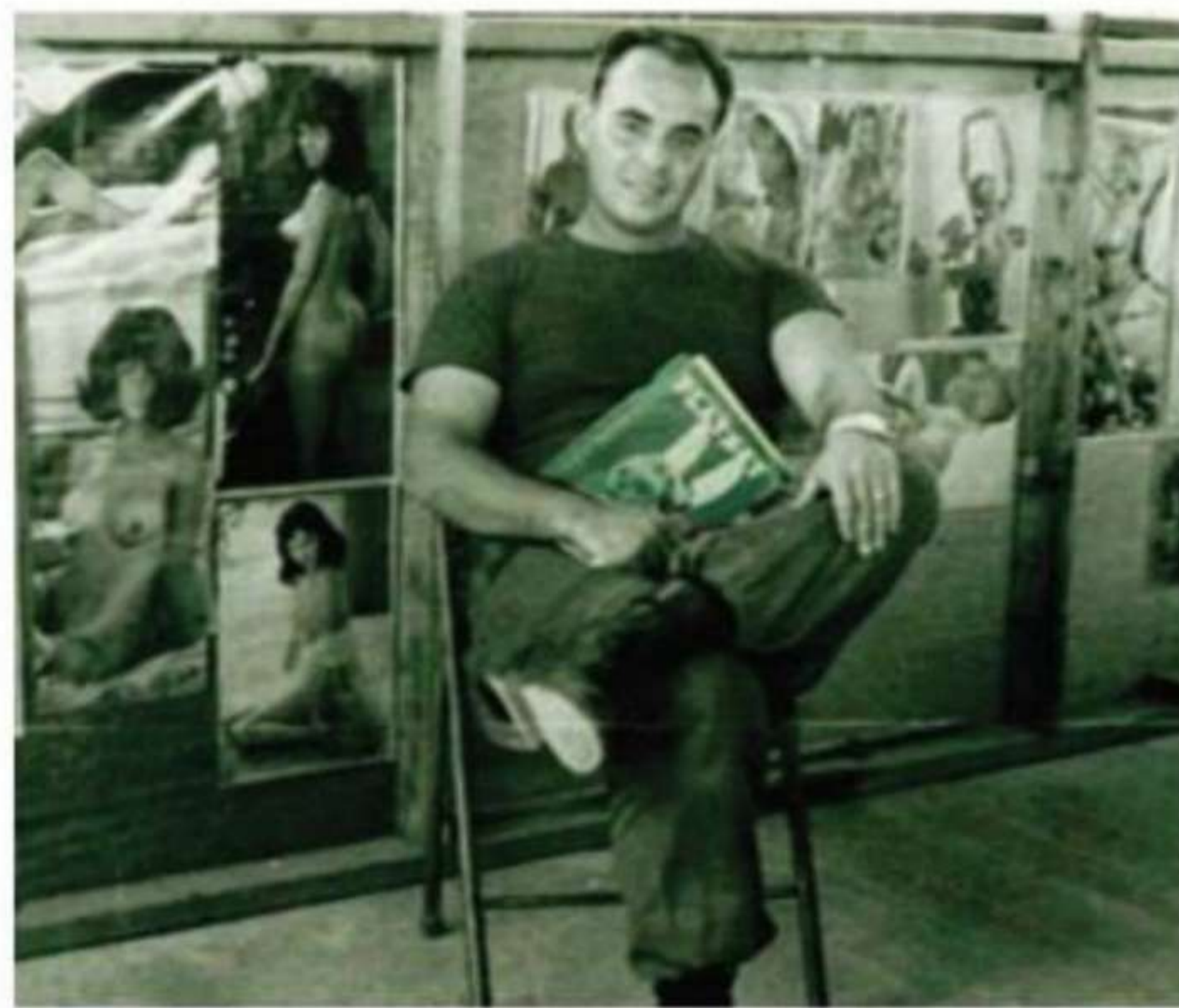
Kenneth Butler

Missoula, Montana

Tell me this is not a grand photograph [below], taken in 1966 of my father, Thomas Minardo, while he was serving in Vietnam. Your magazine got many men through the war.

Darrel Minardo

San Antonio, Texas



Relaxing with the support staff, 1966.

After seven months in Iraq, I got word to go home. I packed up all my stuff, including a healthy stack of PLAYBOYS that had been sent to me as morale boosters.

That kind of material was not allowed, so I tried to do my duty by removing them from the country. Unfortunately the customs guys didn't see it that way and confiscated the issues. For some reason I think they ended up in their can and not in the amnesty box.

Ryan Stauffer

Oak Harbor, Washington

I find it sad that a commanding officer in Iraq or Afghanistan would punish a subordinate caught with a copy of PLAYBOY, as you have discussed in *Reader*



Why they fight, Afghanistan, 2007.

Response. When my father worked at Bath Iron Works, a Navy commanding officer there would spy on his men and dock the pay of those who didn't salute. Anyone who tries to censor soldiers' reading material reminds me of that CO, doing double duty to burn his own men.

Joseph Ziehm

Lewiston, Maine

SECRET IDENTITY

In "Fight for Your Rights" (July), you write, "Gender is reflected in your Social Security number." How so?

Gregory Corarito

Hollywood, Florida

Gender is not encoded in the number; the only information you can glean from those issued before June 25, 2011 (when new numbers began being randomized) is the geographic area or state in which it was issued, reflected in the first three digits. However, when an employer needs to verify with the Social Security Administration the identity of a new hire, it submits his or her number with name, birth date and gender. The information must match, which creates difficulties if a person doesn't want to reveal a gender change to an employer but is unable to update the SSA data.

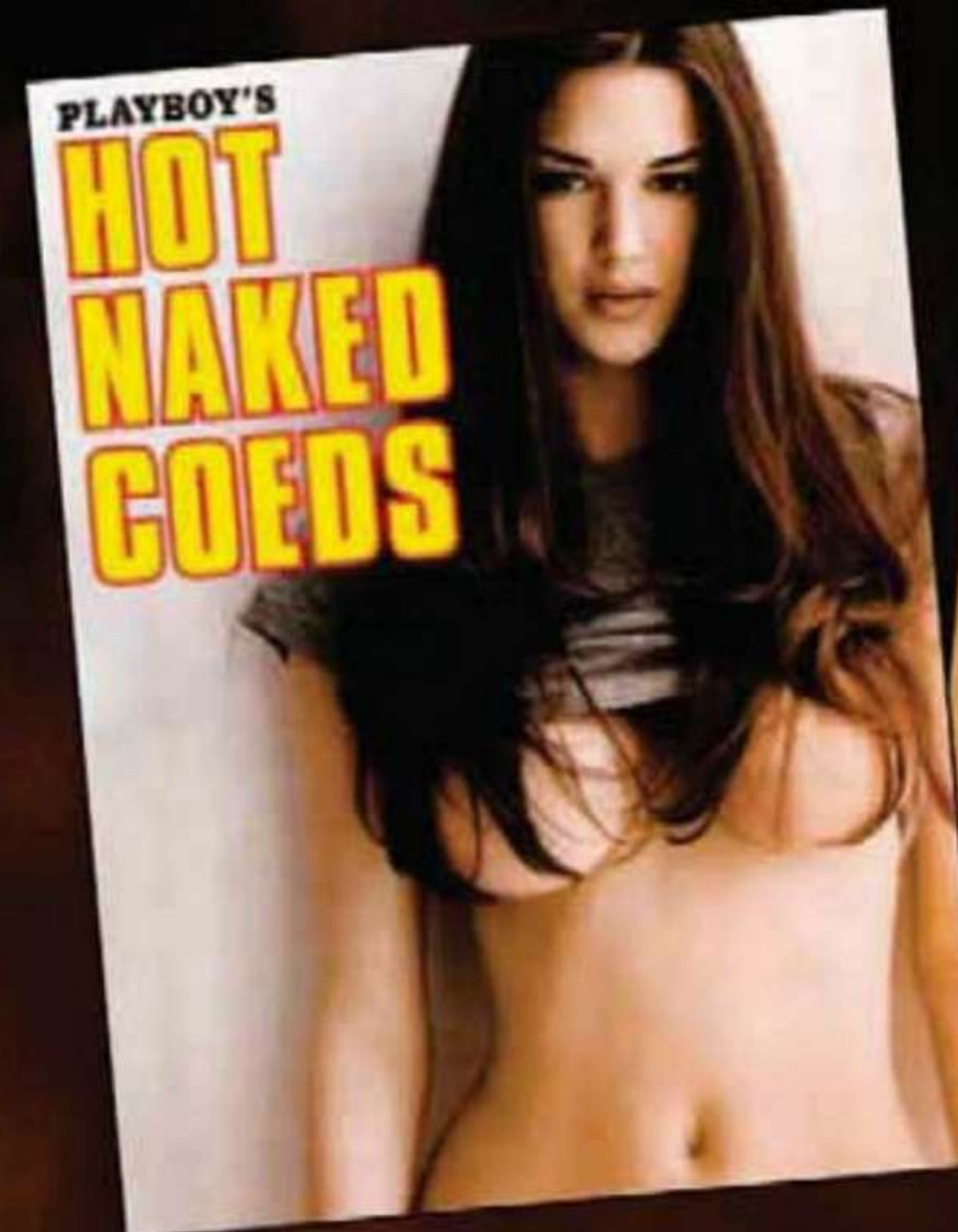
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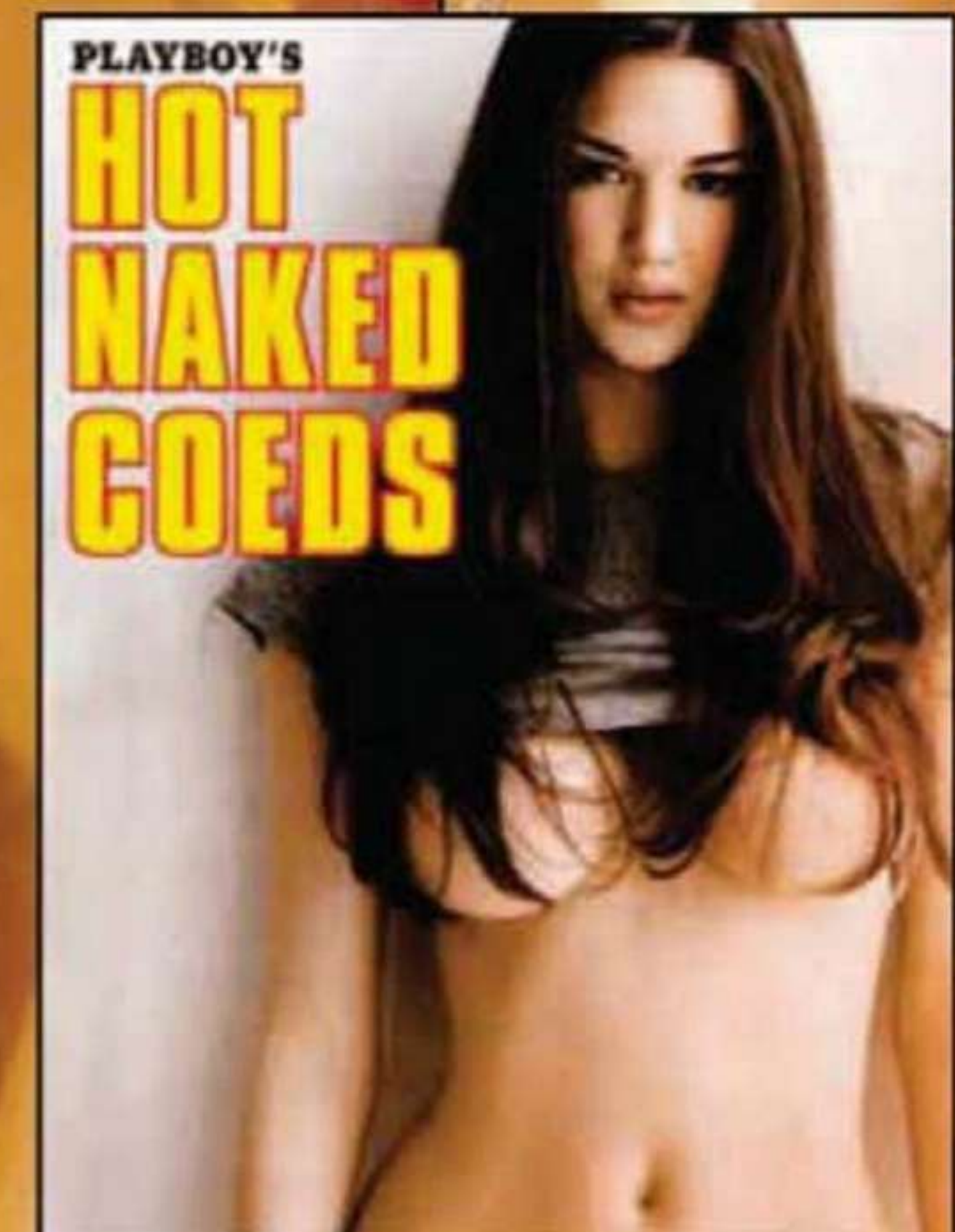
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NEWSFRONT



Playboy Editor Freed

JAKARTA, INDONESIA—The nation's Supreme Court reversed its conviction of former PLAYBOY Indonesia editor Erwin Arnada on charges of public indecency, freeing him from prison nine months into a two-year sentence. Arnada, 48, left Cipinang State Penitentiary displaying his release letter. Arnada had been acquitted at trial in 2007 but learned last year that the Supreme Court had overturned the verdict and ordered him jailed. Soon after the first issue of PLAYBOY Indonesia appeared, in 2006, the editor and his staff were harassed and attacked by members of the Islamic Defenders Front, who demanded that Arnada be arrested. Although the magazine contained neither nudity nor sexually explicit content, Islamic fundamentalists saw the introduction of the brand as a threat to their 14th century values. Arnada said the first few days in prison were "the hardest of my life. I never thought I could be in prison simply for publishing a magazine." He spent his time writing books and screenplays. The title of the first book he plans to publish, a memoir, translates as *Midnight in a Nonsense Country*.

A Touch of Salt

PORTLAND, OREGON—The city water bureau spent \$36,000 draining a reservoir after a surveillance camera caught a man peeing into it. Health officials said half a pint of urine diluted in 7.8 million gallons of drinking water posed no risk, and the bureau administrator admitted that when the reservoirs are drained for cleaning,



workers routinely find animal carcasses and garbage such as paint cans, spent fireworks and pooper scooper bags. Still, he defended the decision. "This is different," he said. "Do you want to drink pee?"

Freedom in the Fine Print

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK—Oswind David had served nearly five years of an 18-year sentence for first-degree assault when he noticed something unusual in the district attorney's response to his latest motion. Buried deep in the document, prosecutors revealed that six months before the trial, a judge had thrown out the charges, which stemmed from a fight. Rather than concede the point, prosecutors argued David should remain in prison because the jury probably would have convicted him of a lesser charge. A judge found that nonsensical and released David on bail.

Creative Creep

FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA—Police arrested a 20-year-old computer technician on charges he installed webcam spyware on the laptops of female classmates at his evangelical college. He was caught after a victim's father noticed a message had popped up on her screen: "You should fix your internal sensor soon. If unsure of

what to do, try putting your laptop near hot steam." That instruction prompted many women to take their laptops into the bathroom while they showered.

What Might Have Been

ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO—A state judge ordered a man to remove a billboard that



shows him holding the outline of an infant and accuses his now ex-girlfriend of having an abortion without his knowledge. The woman took Greg Fultz, 36, to court for harassment; her friends say she had a miscarriage, which Fultz disputes.



J. Lo's Hanging Fruit

Sans bra and double-sided tape on the set of German show *Wetten Dass* ("Let's Make a Bet"), JENNIFER LOPEZ's breast finally stole attention from her butt.

JR/MONOCROME/STARMAXINC.COM



It's Showtime for Cynthia Nixon

CYNTHIA NIXON is a lesbian in real life, but she never seems to play one on TV. The actress stripped down for a romp with David Eigenberg in the film version of *Sex and the City*, and she bared all for another lusty tryst with a male co-star in season two of Showtime's *The Big C*. We admire her devotion to her craft.



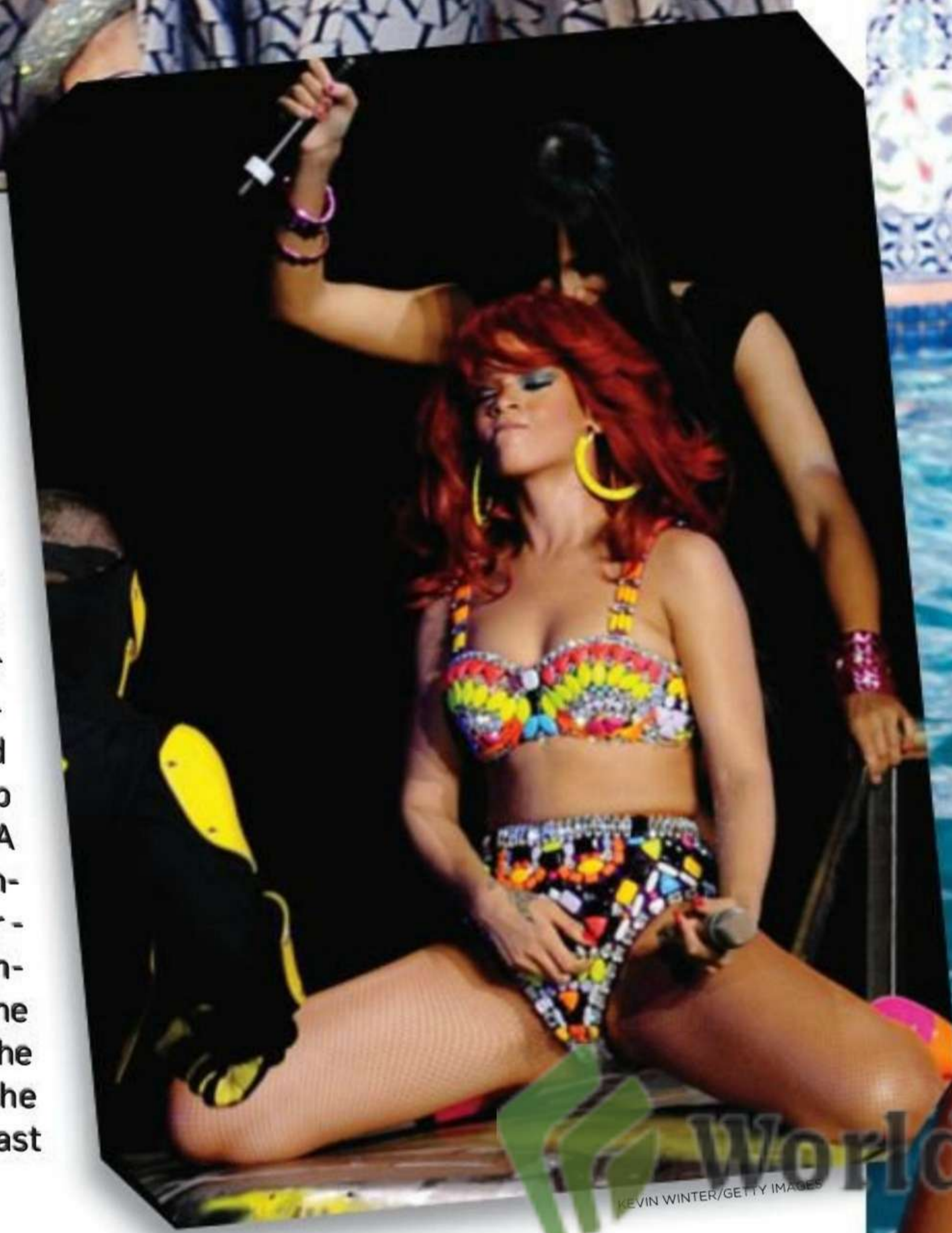
Awesome Aussie

Voluptuous stunner from down under CAMILLE POLLETT was named Miss Bondi in 2009. The Sydney native is also a staple of Australian men's magazines—mainly because her curves make men want to yell "Crikey!"

WAYNE DANIELS/PICTESK

Down and Dirty

During her concert at the Staples Center in Los Angeles, sassy and unabashed pop diva RIHANNA gave this touching performance, demonstrating that she does feel like the only girl in the world—or at least in the room.



Good Golly, Miss Mollie

MOLLIE KING (of U.K. girl group the Saturdays) revealed herself to be a perky morning person as she left London's ITV studios following her appearance on the network's early news and lifestyle shows *Daybreak* and *Lorraine*.



SPLASHNEWS.COM



©RUNE HELLESTAD/CORBIS

Bootylicious

During BEYONCÉ's performance at the Glastonbury Festival in June, fans clamored to get as close to center stage as possible—but it was her backup dancers who enjoyed the best view.

When Pop Icons Pop Out

Remember when the Spice Girls broke onto the scene in 1996 with the strength of five Justin Biebers? Well, 15 years later, 39-year-old Ginger Spice GERI HALLIWELL is still turning heads.



INFPHOTO.COM

Poland's Lovely Little Mermaid

Polish model LUIZA HRYNIEWICZ won gold in the Junior European Swimming Championships, so we called to congratulate her on her spectacular form.



LUKASZ MARCINIAK

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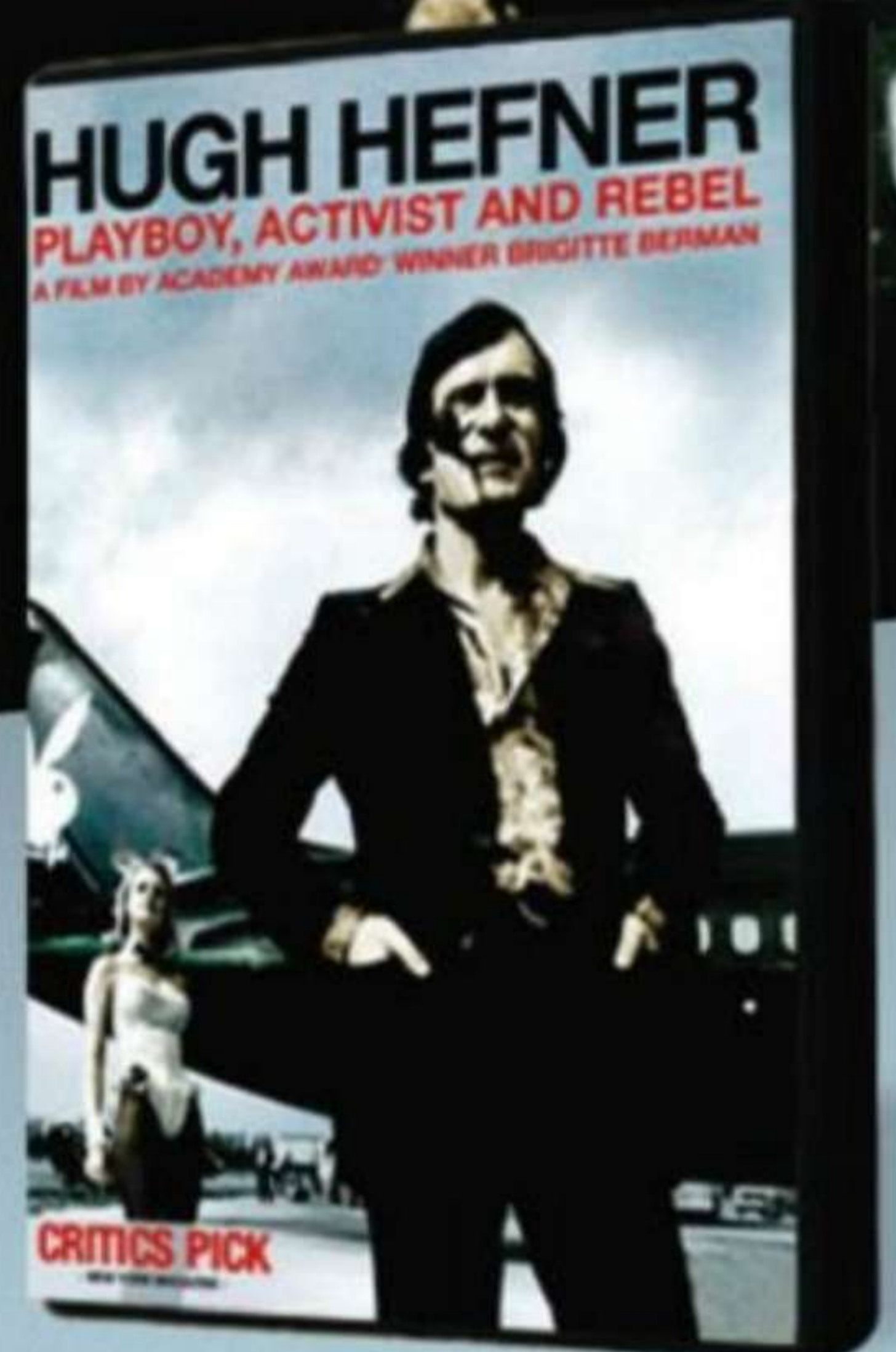
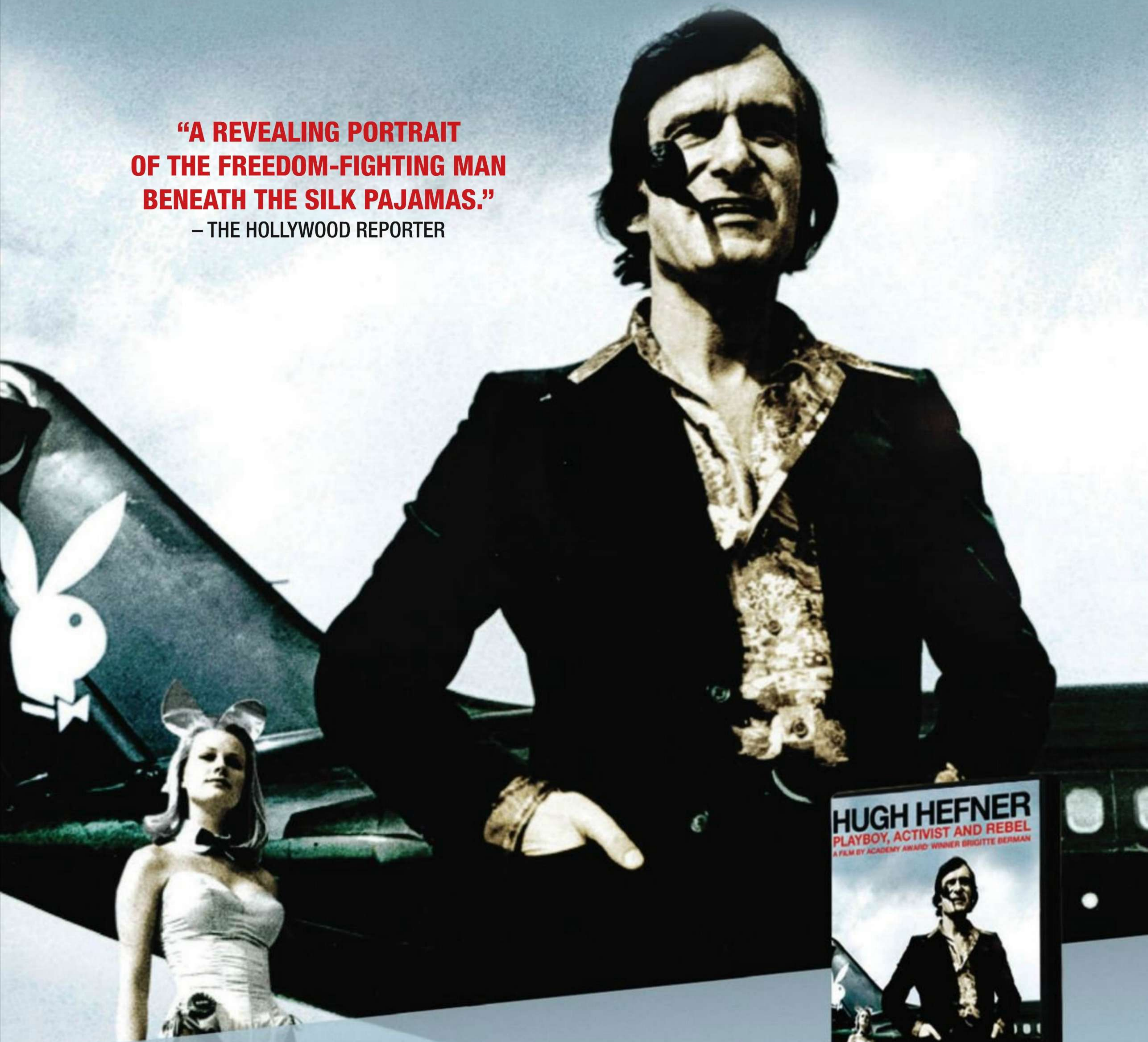
HUGH HEFNER

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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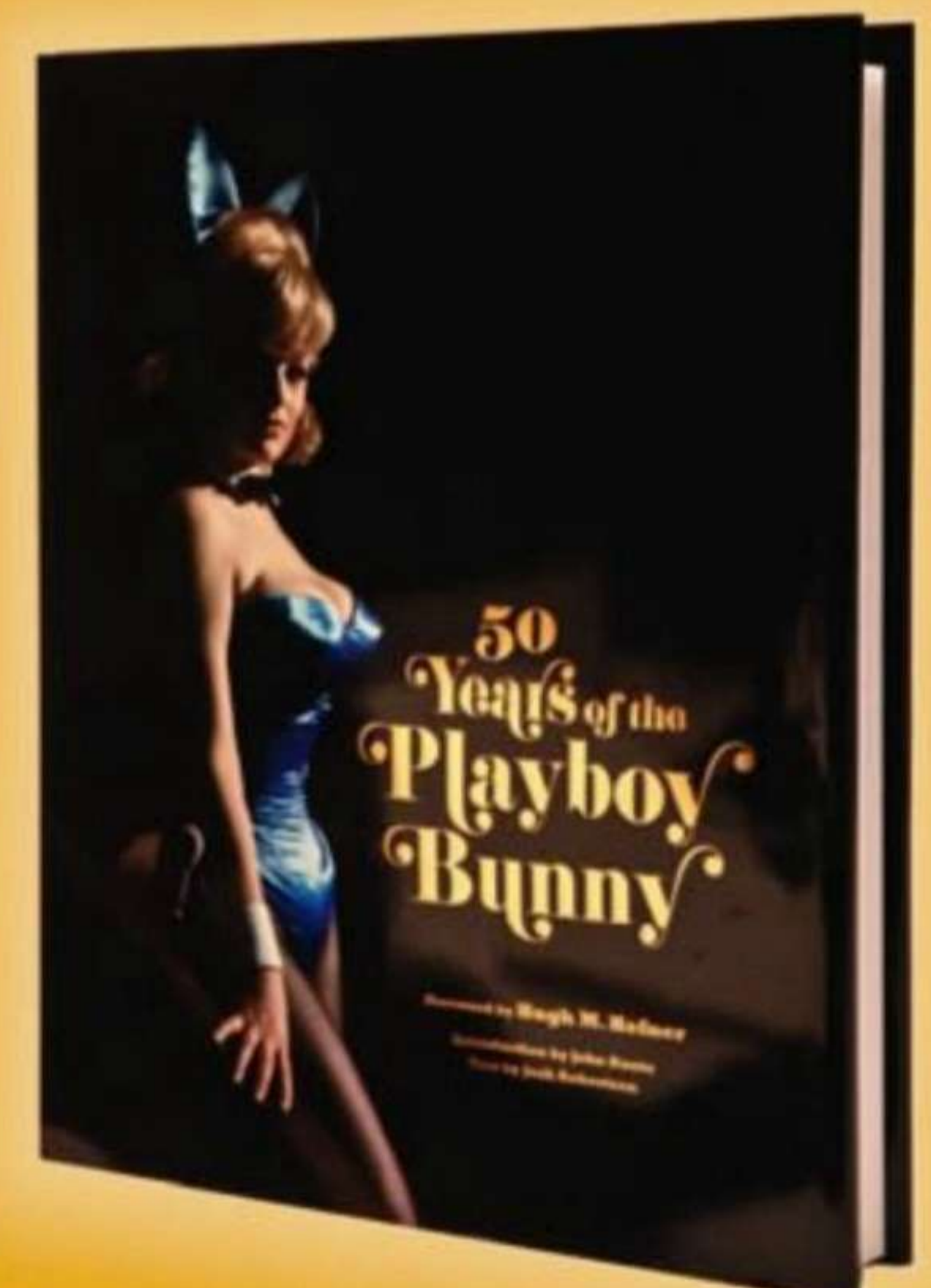
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50 years of the Playboy Bunny

When Hugh Hefner founded the first Playboy Club in Chicago, he wanted a female waitstaff that would embody the Playboy fantasy. The Playboy Bunny was born, and 50 years later she lives on in our imaginations. With more than 200 amazing photos of classic Bunnies—along with many never-before-seen images—*50 Years of the Playboy Bunny* is the definitive work on a cultural icon. Go to playboy.store.com to order. (176 pages, \$35, Chronicle Books)



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SILA ŞAHIN IS A TRUE TURKISH DELIGHT.



GIRLS OF THE SEC: TAKE A TOUR OF THE BEST STUDENT BODIES IN THE SOUTHEAST.

RASHIDA JONES—IN 20Q THE *PARKS AND RECREATION* STAR TALKS TO **DAVID HOCHMAN** ABOUT HANGING OUT WITH FRANK SINATRA AND MILES DAVIS, DOING DRIVE-BY SUPER-SOAKINGS WITH MICHAEL JACKSON AND WHY SHE SECRETLY DESIRES TO SHOP IN THE BUFF AT AN APPLE STORE.

GIRLS OF THE SEC—OUR ROUNDUP OF EXQUISITE SOUTHEASTERN BELLES WILL HAVE YOU WHISTLING DIXIE AND LONGING FOR A DOSE OF THAT LEGENDARY SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.

HACKERS—THESE OUTLAWS OF THE NERD WORLD AREN'T THE TIMID GEEKS PEOPLE ASSUME THEY ARE, AND THE MOTIVATION BEHIND THEIR CYBER ASSAULTS CAN RANGE FROM INNOCUOUS (PLAYING A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE) TO NEFARIOUS (ESPIONAGE AND INTERNATIONAL WARFARE). **NOAH SHACHTMAN** BREAKS DOWN FOUR DIFFERENT TYPES OF INTERNET MISCHIEF.

THE PLAYBOY PAD: DORM ROOM—WANT TO BECOME THE VAN WILDER OF YOUR SCHOOL? THIS FULLY OUTFITTED COLLEGE ABODE WILL HAVE YOU RULING YOUR CAMPUS IN NO TIME.

SIR RICHARD BURTON—HE WAS AN AVID TRAVELER, PROLIFIC WRITER AND BRILLIANT LINGUIST, BUT HIS RELENTLESS FASCINATION WITH SEXUALITY AND EROTICA LED HIS VICTORIAN CONTEMPORARIES TO OSTRACIZE HIM. HISTORIAN **TURTLE BUNBURY** EXAMINES THE SCANDALOUS, ADVENTURE-FILLED LIFE OF EUROPE'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL AND ECCENTRIC EXPLORER.

MANNY PACQUIAO—BOXER, SOCIAL ICON OR POLITICIAN? THE MAN CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTERS IN THE WORLD HAPPENS TO BE ALL THREE. **KEVIN COOK** SPENDS TIME WITH THE 10-TIME WORLD CHAMPION IN THE PHILIPPINES AND IN THE U.S.—AND WATCHES FROM BEHIND THE SCENES AS THE BOXING LEGEND PREPARES FOR HIS EPIC NOVEMBER FIGHT IN SIN CITY.

SILA ŞAHIN—SHE CAUSED AN UPROAR AMONG CONSERVATIVE MUSLIMS AND WAS SHUNNED BY HER OWN FAMILY AFTER APPEARING IN THE MAY 2011 ISSUE OF *PLAYBOY* GERMANY, BUT THE MODEL STILL HAS NO REGRETS. NOW THE TURKISH BEAUTY ONCE AGAIN DISPLAYS THE BODY SHE WAS TAUGHT TO HIDE.

HOT DAMN—ALL PETE WANTS TO DO IS PICK UP HIS SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK, BUT WHAT STARTS AS A SIMPLE TRIP TO THE MAILBOX ENDS IN A STRANGE SCENARIO AND AN UNLIKELY PARTNERSHIP. BY 2011 COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER **MARTHA STALLMAN**.

SLOUCHING, LURCHING AND SALIVATING TOWARD BETHLEHEM—AT ZOMBCON PEOPLE CELEBRATE LIFE BY PRETENDING TO BE DEAD. *FIGHT CLUB* AUTHOR **CHUCK PALAHNIUK** TRAVELS TO SEATTLE TO DOCUMENT WHAT HAPPENS AT THIS GHOULISH, UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTION.

PLUS—FIND YOUR PERFECT SCENT WITH OUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO NEW FALL FRAGRANCES, AND MISS NOVEMBER **CIARA PRICE**.



Welcome Club

To The  Club



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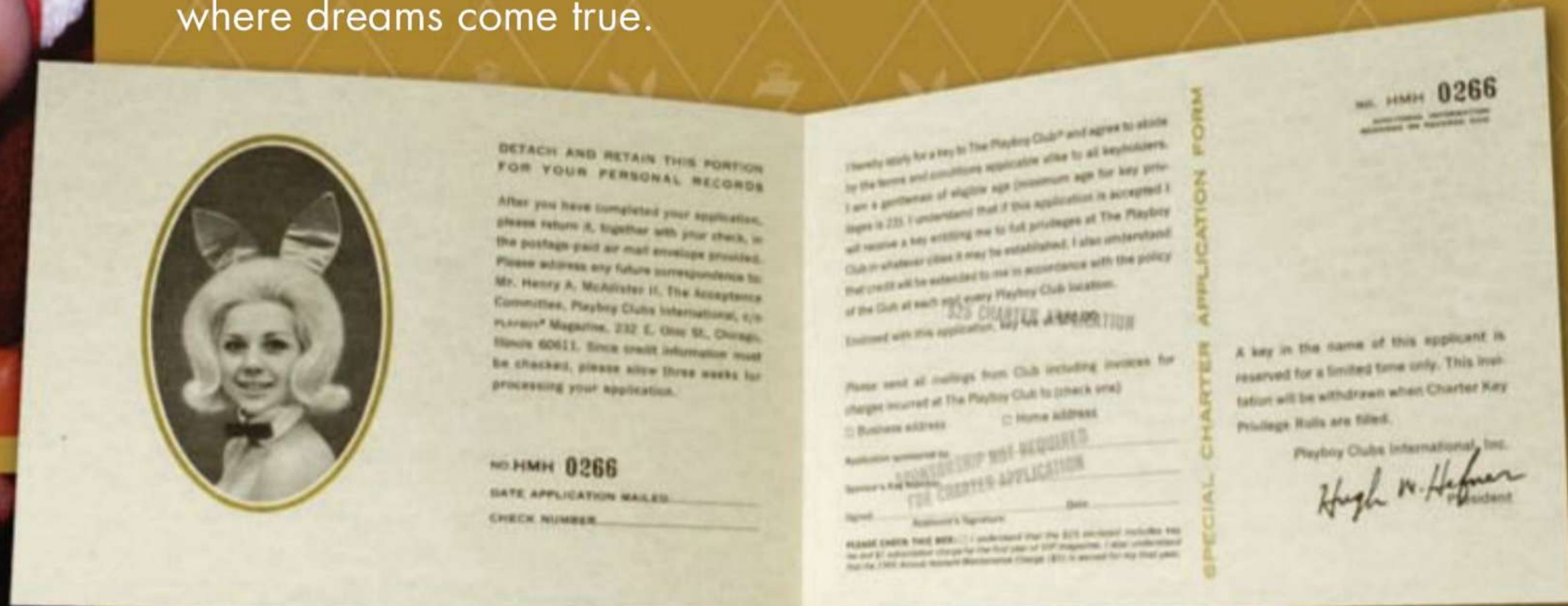
SEAGRAM'S® 7 CROWN **DARK HONEY** AND SEAGRAM'S® 7 CROWN **STONE CHERRY**®



THE Key



TO CREATE AN ICON requires a certain chemistry, a collaboration between artist and audience. In 1960, *Playboy* magazine reached a million readers a month. American males were familiar with the lifestyle celebrated in the magazine. They reveled in the fantasy, the combination of impeccable style, taste, humor and quality—the essentials of what was known as the good life. These men were hungry for something more. Hugh Hefner wanted to make the fantasy real, to give the world of *Playboy* a street address, to make a destination where dreams come true.



THE PLAYBOY CLUB would be a place where the women were beautiful, the food was gourmet, the drinks were top shelf and the entertainment was top notch. In the first year, more than 50,000 men had paid the \$25 initiation fee to become lifetime keyholders. Chicago was conquered—and the world awaited.



BROUGHT TO YOU BY SEAGRAM'S® 7 CROWN **DARK HONEY**

TO THE *Good Life*



THERE WERE FOUR ROOMS in the club available to the members: The Living Room, the Playmate Bar, the Library and the Penthouse. The lobby was the center of the action. A member coming in from Walton Street for the first time had to be surprised by all of the sound and activity. The first person to meet him was the Door Bunny. If it was his first visit, she would introduce him to a tuxedoed manager, who would explain the club's various offerings. From the lobby, reservations could be made for the two showrooms, which each had three shows every night, or for the Living Room. However, these rooms were usually filled, and unless you had made reservations early in the day, the Playmate Bar would serve as your waiting room.

DOWN TO LIVINGROOM

UP TO PENTHOUSE



ENTER TO WIN A TRIP TO RING IN THE NEW YEAR AT THE **PLAYBOY CLUB LAS VEGAS**
WWW.PLAYBOY.COM/7CROWN

Drinks at the Club

After crossing the lobby, a member would descend a small flight of stairs to a room 45 feet long by 30 feet wide—**THE PLAYMATE BAR**—which was illuminated with backlit Centerfolds. Behind the bar were five bartenders who worked at breakneck speed pouring, shaking and mixing drinks, and punching up bar checks. No matter how hard they worked, they never could seem to get ahead of the demand.



Arrayed along the back wall of the **LIVING ROOM** was as fine a buffet as could be found in any expensive restaurant in Chicago. You could eat all you wanted from this lavish display for only \$1.50—or “a buck and a half,” a phrase coined for the price of all food and drinks.



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Perspective Black Diamond Ring



The inside of the band features our signature gallery for the ultimate in comfort.

See reverse side for details.

the Danbury Mint

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
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YES! Reserve the *Perspective Black Diamond Ring* as described in this announcement.

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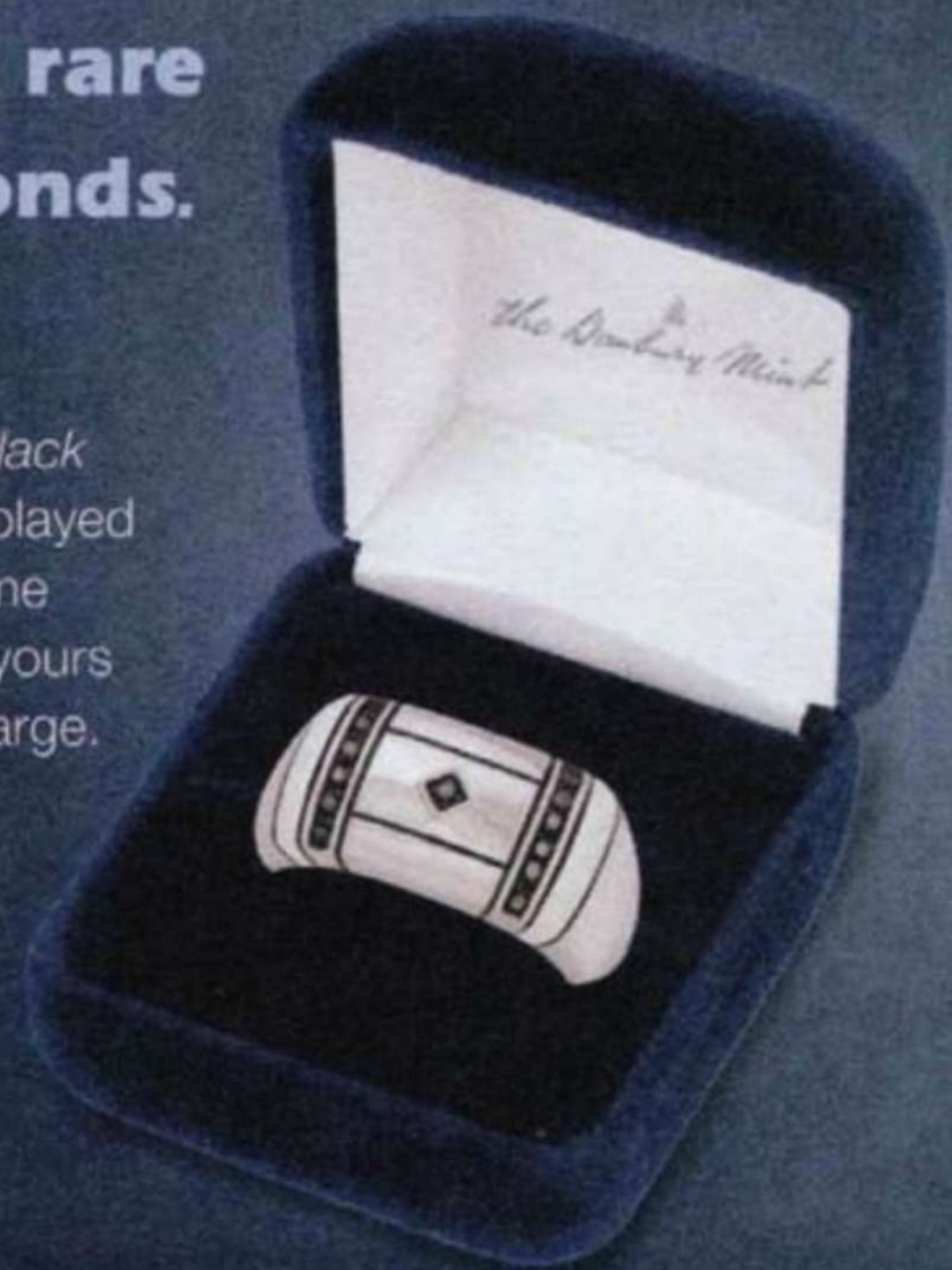
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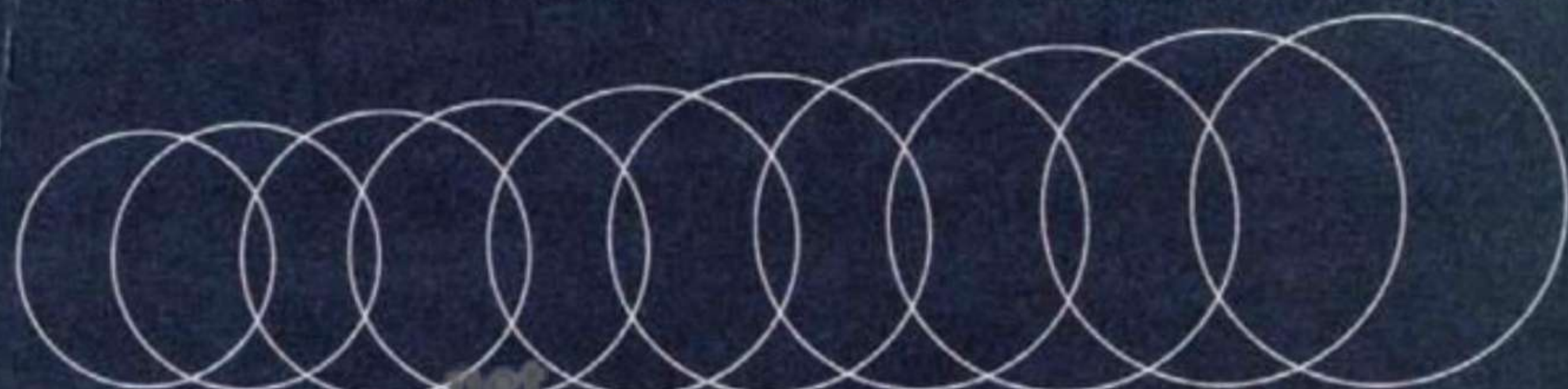
**A distinctive
men's ring
showcasing rare
black diamonds.**

The *Perspective Black Diamond Ring* is displayed within a handsome presentation case, yours at no additional charge.

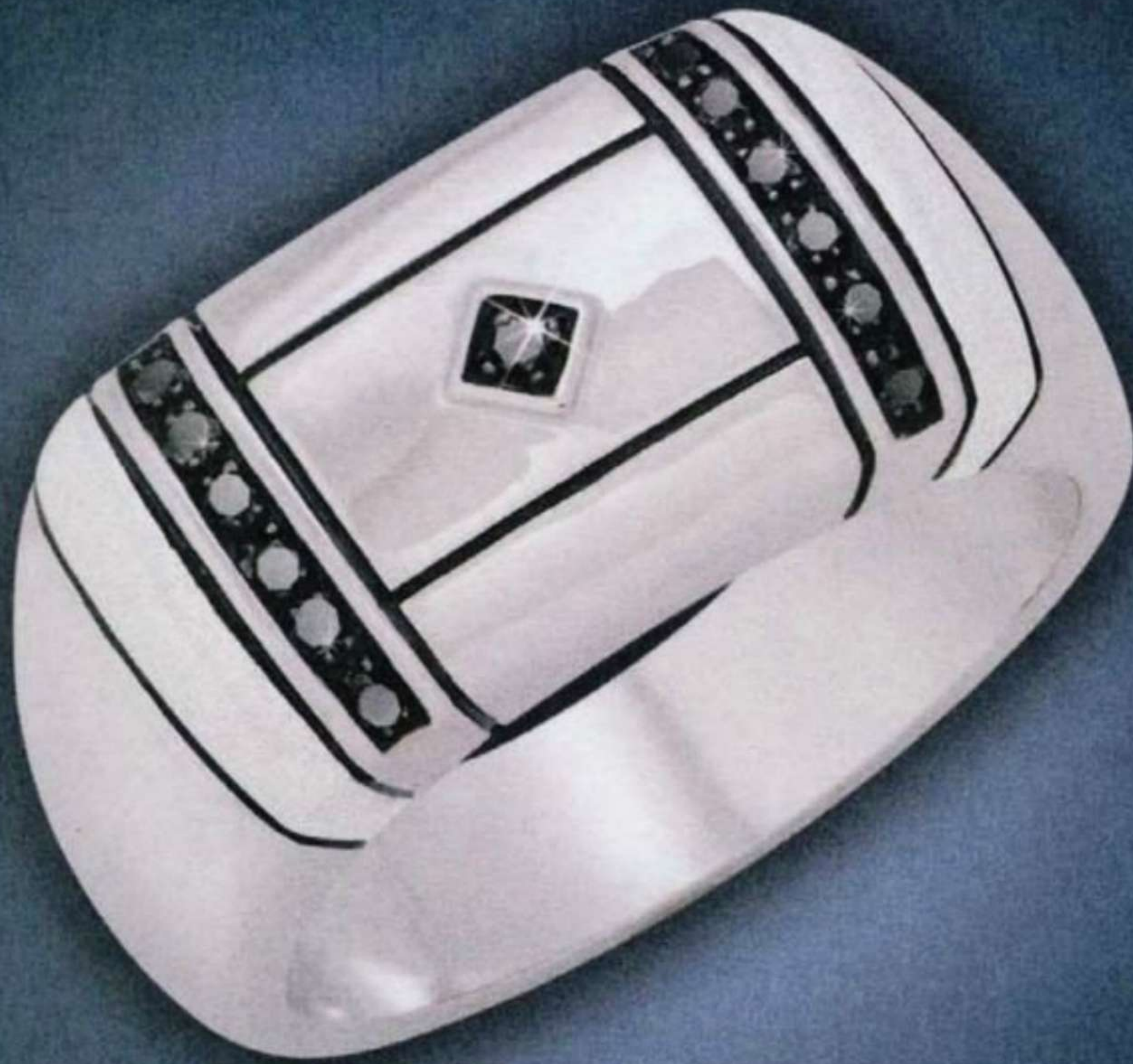
Ring shown
actual size.



To find ring size, match a circle with the **inside** of a ring (a band works best for measuring).



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For the man of vision...

Perspective Black Diamond Ring

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

**A stylish men's ring
set with glittering black diamonds.**

The man of character sees his path through life clearly, knowing the way instinctively. His wisdom and vision enable him to bring a balanced perspective to every situation. Now, the Danbury Mint is pleased to present a handsome ring perfectly suited to such a man...the *Perspective Black Diamond Ring*.

Outstanding craftsmanship.

A rare black diamond in a diamond-shaped setting sits center stage on this ring, with two bold rows of six black diamonds on either side. The inside of the rhodium-plated band features our signature gallery for the ultimate in comfort. The ring is available in whole sizes from size 7 through 16.

**A remarkable value;
satisfaction guaranteed!**

The *Perspective Black Diamond Ring* can be yours for \$99 plus \$7.50 shipping and service, payable in three monthly installments of \$35.50. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If not delighted with the ring, simply return it within 90 days for replacement or refund.

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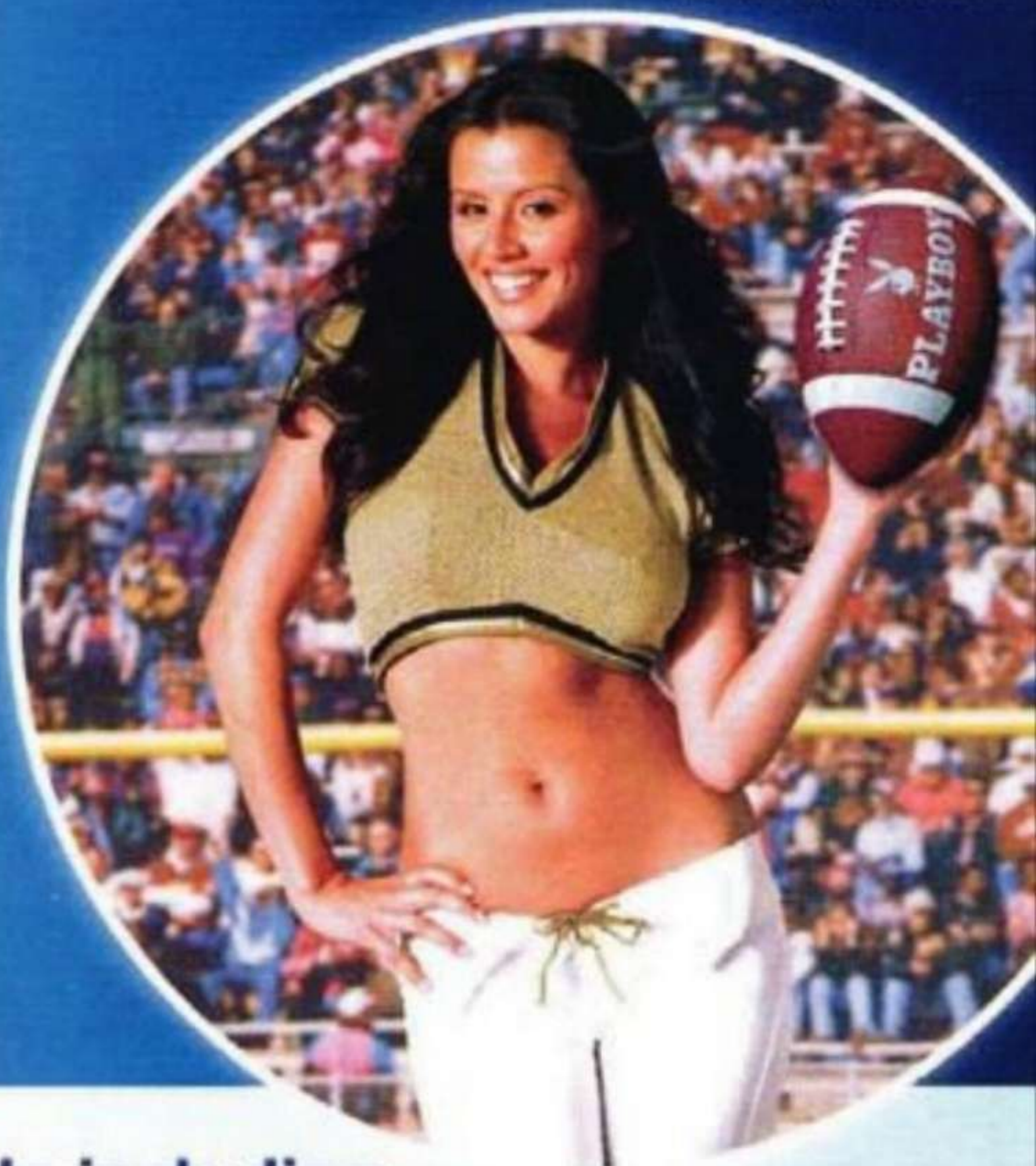
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The CHOICE™ package

Over **150** channels including local channels*



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FREE SHOWTIME
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EVERY PACKAGE INCLUDES:

- WORRY-FREE SIGNAL RELIABILITY
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mo.
After rebate.

FOR 12 MONTHS*
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Over **210** channels including local channels*

+2 FREE Upgrades
HD DVR & HD Receiver
Additional fees required.

+FREE HD Access*
Ask how.



For 3 months*
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HBO SHOWTIME
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Over \$130 value!

NOW INCLUDED
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After rebate.

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mo.
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Over **225** channels including local channels*

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Switch in minutes!
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***BILL CREDIT/PROGRAMMING OFFER:** IF BY THE END OF PROMOTIONAL PRICE PERIOD(S) CUSTOMER DOES NOT CONTACT DIRECTV TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL AUTOMATICALLY CONTINUE AT THE THEN-PREVAILING RATES. Free SHOWTIME for 3 months, a value of \$38.97. Free HBO, Starz, SHOWTIME and Cinemax for 3 months, a value of \$135. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMING OFFER PER ACCOUNT. Featured package names and prices: CHOICE \$69.99/mo.; CHOICE XTRA \$65.99/mo. CHOICE ULTIMATE \$70.99/mo. Prices include a \$26 bill credit for CHOICE Package (\$31 for CHOICE ULTIMATE Package or above) for 12 months after rebate, plus an additional \$5 with online rebate and consent to email alerts. Eligibility based on ZIP code. Upon DIRECTV System activation, customer will receive rebate redemption instructions (included in customer's first DIRECTV bill, a separate mailing, or, in the state of New York, from retailer) and must comply with the terms of the instructions. In order to receive \$31 monthly credits, (\$36 for CHOICE ULTIMATE Package or above), customer must submit rebate online (valid email address required) and consent to email alerts prior to rebate redemption. Rebate begins up to 8 weeks after receipt of rebate submission online or by phone. Duration of promotional price varies based on redemption date. +FREE HD OFFER: Includes access to HD channels associated with your programming package. To be eligible for Free HD you must activate and maintain the CHOICE XTRA Package or higher and enrollment in Auto Bill Pay. Also requires at least one (1) HD Receiver and activation of HD Access.

****2011 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER:** New customers taking CHOICE XTRA and above will be automatically enrolled in 2011 NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost. 2011 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$334.95. NFL SUNDAY TICKET will automatically continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season. Subscriptions cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscriptions fees cannot be refunded. Blackout rules and conditions apply and are based on customer's service address. Actual number of games varies by market. Programming consists of all Sunday games broadcast on FOX and CBS at 1pm and 4pm ET. However, games broadcast by your local FOX or CBS affiliate will not be available in NFL SUNDAY TICKET. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription is required to order NFL SUNDAY TICKET To-Go. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers. In certain markets, programming/pricing may vary.

****2-YR. LEASE AGREEMENT:** EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH. Must maintain 24 consecutive months of your DIRECTV programming package. DVR service \$7/mo. required for DVR and HD DVR lease. HD Access fee \$10/mo. required for HD Receiver and HD DVR. No lease fee for only 1 receiver. Lease fee for first 2 receivers \$6/mo.; additional receiver leases \$6/mo. each. **NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF \$150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT IS LEASED AND MUST BE RETURNED TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com OR CALL 1-800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS.** Advanced receiver instant rebate requires activation of the CHOICE XTRA Package or above; MAS ULTRA or above (for DVR Receiver, OPTIMO MAS Package or above); Jadeworld; or any qualifying international service bundle, which shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package (valued at \$39.99/mo.). Second advanced receiver offer requires activation of an HD DVR as the first free receiver upgrade and subscription to Whole-Home DVR service (\$3/mo.). Additional advanced receiver upgrades available for a charge. **INSTALLATION:** Standard professional installation in up to 4 rooms only. Custom installation extra.

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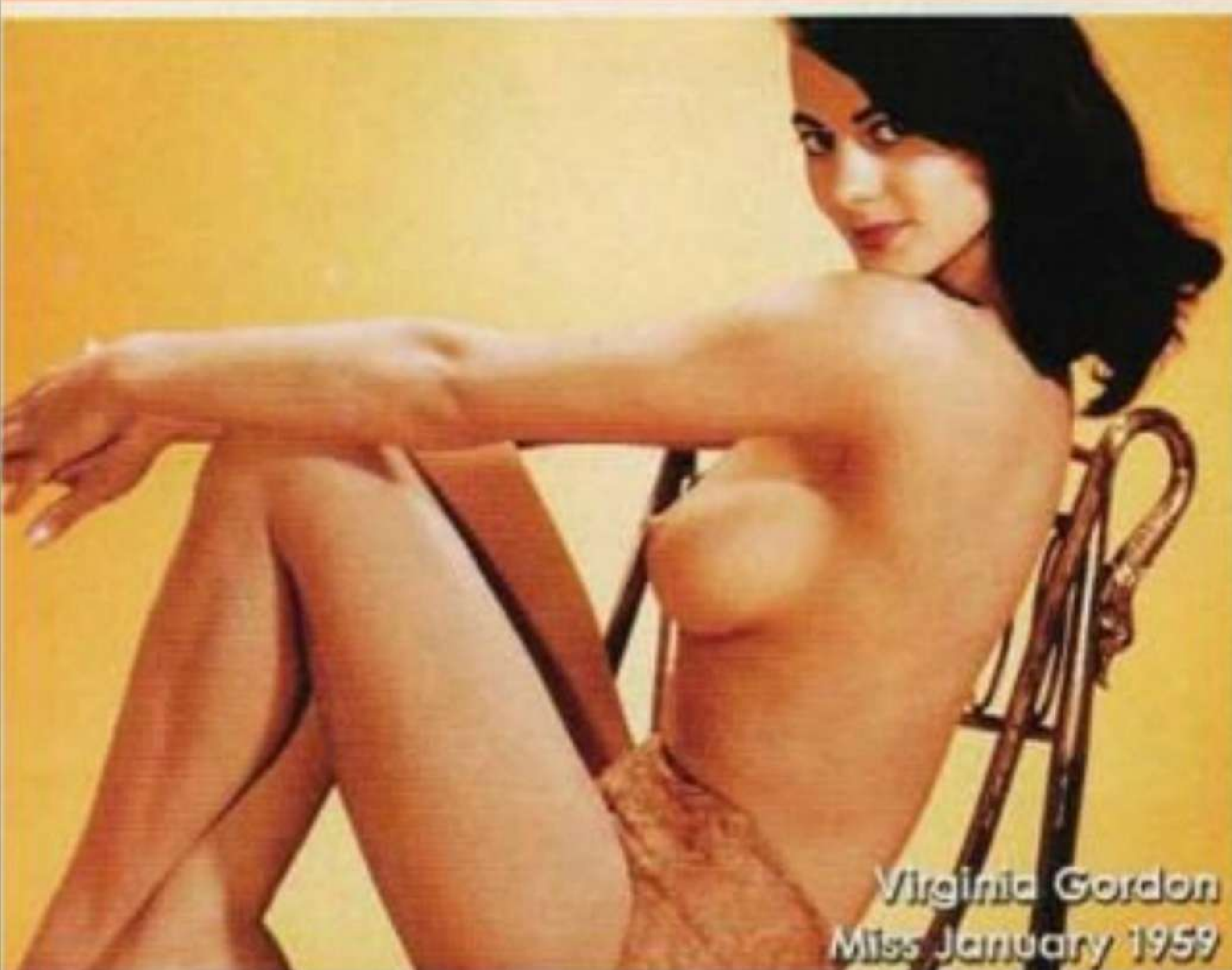
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Karina Smirnoff
Dancing With the Stars



Olivia Paige
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SUPPLEMENT TO PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

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The Bunny

There is little doubt that the greatest reason for the success of the Chicago club was the female staff—**THE BUNNIES**. In January 1960 provocative advertisements began to appear in Chicago newspapers soliciting "beautiful, charming and refined young ladies, waitressing experience unnecessary." One pitch read, in part: "Ask yourself: 'How would I look in this costume?' If the answer is 'Terrific!' then you are one of the girls we want for **THE PLAYBOY CLUB**."



"Bunny Dip".....When a Bunny sets napkins or drinks on the far end of a table, she does not awkwardly reach across the table -- she does the "Bunny Dip." This keeps her tray away from the patrons and enables her to give graceful, stylized service. The "Bunny Dip" is performed by arching the back as much as possible, then bending the knees to whatever degree is necessary. Raise the left heel as you bend the knees.



THE BUNNY became an American classic, an instantly recognizable symbol, a shorthand for sexy, liberated and independent. The women considered it a great job. They would work it full- or part-time, it was glamorous and fun, and they made a lot of money. They were, of course, what the Playboy Club was all about.



Playboy Bunny Manual



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DARK HONEY VS. STONE CHERRY

PLAY YOUR FAVORITES AND VOTE AT
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AND ENTER THE



LAS VEGAS SWEEPSTAKES

YOU COULD WIN A TRIP TO RING IN THE NEW YEAR AT THE
PLAYBOY CLUB LAS VEGAS

LUCKY 7 LAS VEGAS SWEEPSTAKES
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER. OPEN TO LEGAL RESIDENTS OF THE U.S. WHO ARE 25 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. VOID IN CALIFORNIA AND WHEREVER ELSE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW. This Contest begins at 12:01 a.m. EST on September 20, 2011, and ends at 11:59:59 p.m. EST on November 30 2011. For official rules, how to enter, and prize descriptions, www.playboy.com/7crown Sponsor: Diageo Americas, Inc., 801 Main Avenue, Norwalk, CT 06851.

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