

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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SEX &
MUSIC
ISSUE

GEORGE
JONES

THE COUNTRY BADASS
HAS NO
REGRETS

HELEN
THOMAS
INTERVIEW

STARRING
HAWAII FIVE-O'S

TARYN
MANNING

NUDE

PLUS: CEE LO
ROBIN THICKE

CHROMEO R. KELLY

BRYAN FERRY

DEADMAU5

2011 SEX STARS

DANCING IN THE STREETS
WILL SELF AT THE LONDON RIOTS

ROCKIN'
MUSCLE
CARS
IN THE PLAYBOY
GARAGE



LA





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PLAYBILL

It happens every spring. April brings showers, which makes us think of that popular 1952 dance number "Singin' in the Rain," which quickly becomes an earworm (google it), which leads us to beg **Rob Tannenbaum** for relief in the form of new music and future classics we can sample to extract it. Our resident music critic delivers in *Playboy's 2011 Music Guide* with a festival of "weird, exciting and/or unexpected" artists, including rapper Jay Electronica, African music legend Fela Kuti, country singer Jamey Johnson, the metal band Suuns and the female trio Girl in a Coma. We're feeling much better. Just as LPs (again, google it) spin around turntables, asteroids orbit the Earth. In *The Great Galactic Gold Rush*, **Steven Kotler** examines what could happen if we manage to mine gold, platinum and other precious metals from huge pieces of rock traveling at astronomical speeds—and what such an influx of wealth would do to our economy. In *The Passenger*, a businesswoman takes a shorter trip with longer consequences. Her dilemma: betray her marriage or betray a missing girl she may or may not have seen on a plane? It's a mesmerizing tale by **Jennifer duBois**, whose debut novel, *A Partial History of Lost Causes*, will be published by Random House next year. You probably recognize **Taryn Manning** from her role as Eminem's ex in the film *8 Mile* or, more recently, as the wild sister of detective Steve McGarrett on *Hawaii Five-0*. But she's also a singer and guitar player who scored a number one club hit and has a new CD coming soon. The gorgeous photos are by **Sheryl Nields**. You'll be equally impressed with the work of **Mick Rock**, who shot Robin Thicke, Chromeo, Cee Lo Green, Bryan Ferry, Deadmau5 and R. Kelly for our annual *Rock the Rabbit* fashion feature. **Rodney Crowell**, the singer, songwriter and author (his new memoir is *Chinaberry Sidewalks*), offers in *Possum* a lyrical profile of the original country-music outlaw, George Jones. Like rebels? You'll be fired up by our *Playboy Interview* with former White House correspondent **Helen Thomas**. She talks about Israel. She talks about the Palestinians. And she talks about how those two subjects mixed got her fired. But she offers no apologies. Nor does **Josh Radnor**, a star of *How I Met Your Mother* and writer and director of the new film *Happythankyoumoreplease*. In *20Q* the Ohio native discusses pushy groupies, his fan letters to other celebrities and why he's no laugh riot. No one is laughing about the riots in France, Egypt and the U.K., but as **Will Self** reports from London, the demonstrations there border on farce. His piece is titled *Dancing in the Streets*, which is also the name of a rather catchy song.



Rob Tannenbaum



Steven Kotler



Jennifer duBois



Taryn Manning and Sheryl Nields



Mick Rock



Rodney Crowell



Helen Thomas



Josh Radnor



Will Self

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Mazda, 2010 GRAND-AM ROLEX GT CHAMPIONS

2010 proved to be a year to remember for Mazda and its MAZDASPEED Motorsports partners. With more Mazdas being road raced on the weekends than any other brand, it's no surprise the eight GT Mazda RX-8 teams helped bring home the Rolex 24 at Daytona, as well as all three Rolex Grand Am GT championships – driver, team, and manufacturer. Standing between Mazda and destiny lay some of the world's best from Porsche GT3s, BMW M6s and Ferrari F430s, but when the brake dust settled the rotary-powered Mazda RX-8s were parked in victory lane.

BY. BEST D AT RPMs.

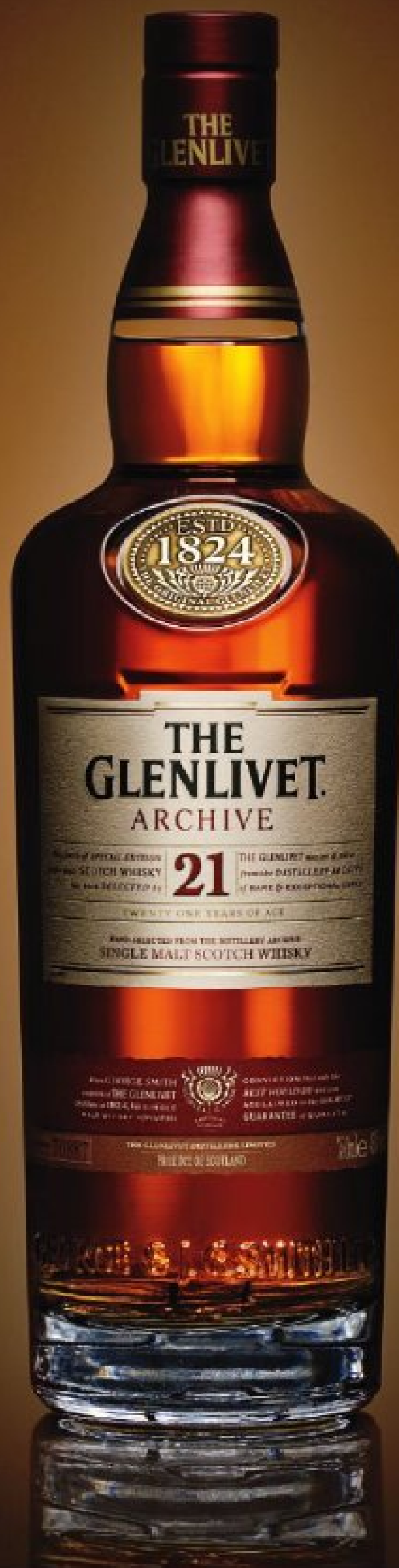
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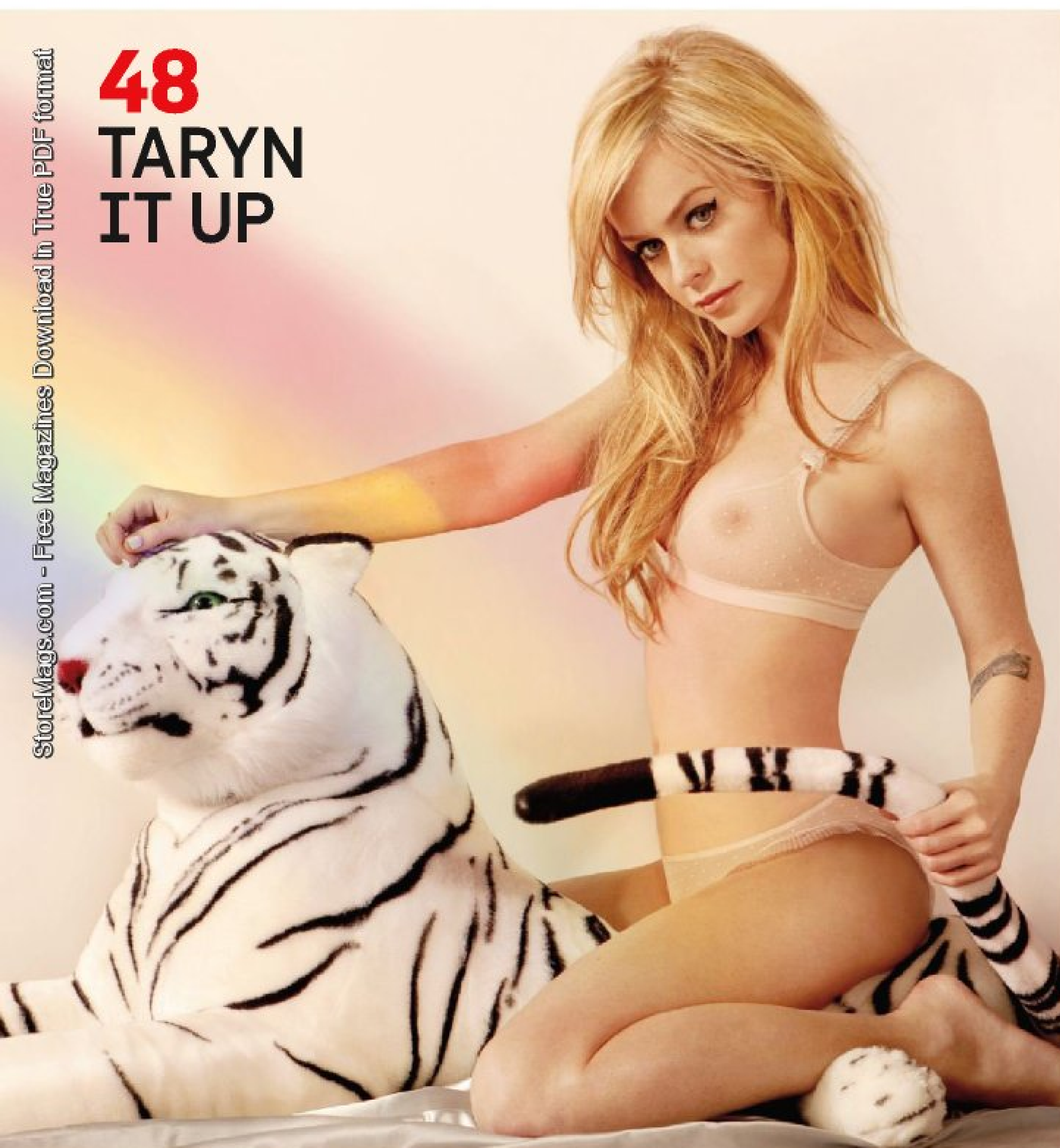
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There's gold in them there skies. Those aren't just rocks orbiting the sun—they're an untapped source of valuable resources that will make some intrepid entrepreneurs rich. **STEVEN KOTLER** explores the soon-to-be-booming business of asteroid mining.



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Her comments about Jews and Israel ended her otherwise lauded career. Now the candid journalist speaks out in her own defense to **DAVID HOCHMAN**.

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A woman faces an excruciating moral dilemma when she realizes she must choose between confessing to an affair and providing information to police. By **JENNIFER DUBOIS**



COVER STORY

She often takes on dark roles—a troubled woman on the run on *Sons of Anarchy*, a reckless free spirit on *Hawaii Five-O*—but in real life Taryn Manning just wants to have fun. The actress and singer showed off her playful side for photographer Sheryl Nields, while our Rabbit discovers there is such a thing as a silver lining.

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THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

ROCK THE RABBIT Watch videos from our rock star fashion shoots with Cee Lo Green, Bryan Ferry, Chromeo, Robin Thicke and more.

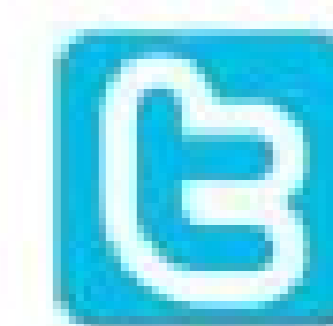
PLAYBOY TV'S ALL-NEW LINEUP Catch free previews of such hot shows as *Badass*, *Playboy's Beach House* and *Swing*.

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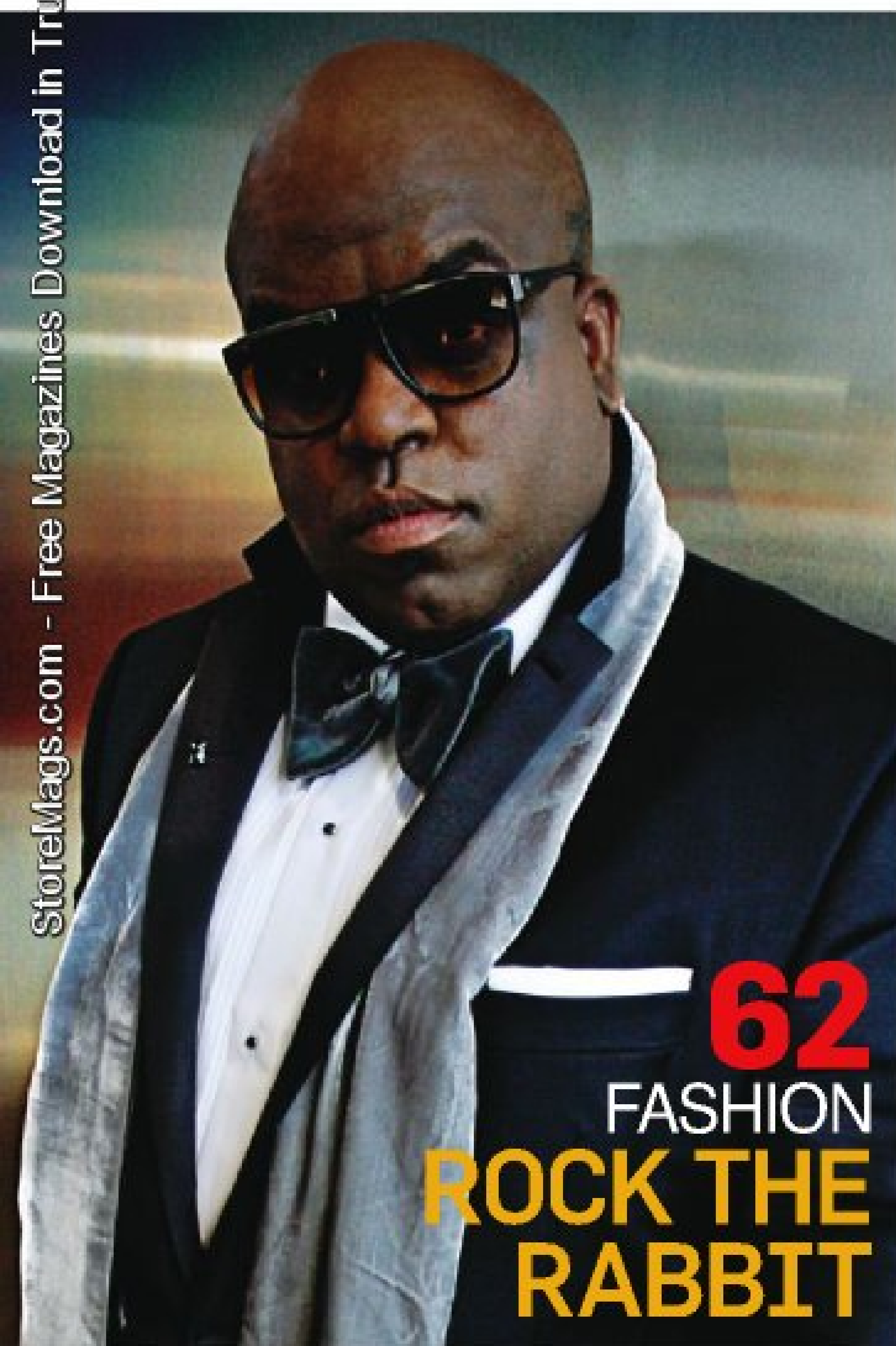
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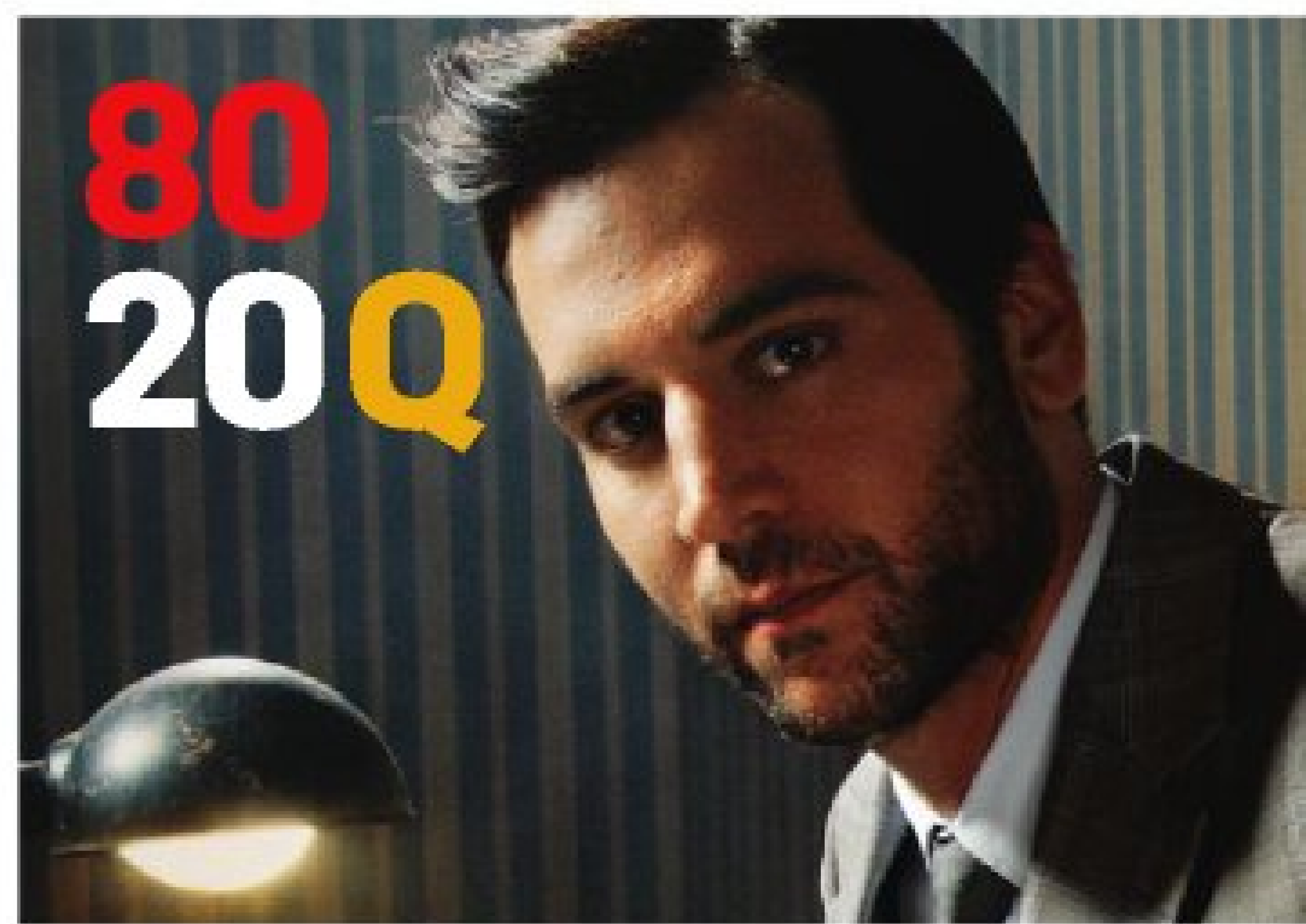
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Mick Rock photographs the bold stylings of Robin Thicke, Bryan Ferry, Cee Lo Green, R. Kelly and other music legends. By **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



HUGH M. HEFNER PROPOSES TO CRYSTAL HARRIS

While opening presents on Christmas Eve, Hef handed Crystal a *Little Mermaid* box with an engagement ring inside and asked for her hand in marriage. She burst into happy tears and, with a flurry of kisses, said yes. Hef announced the surprising news by tweeting, "This is the happiest Christmas in memory." It takes a special girl to woo the world's most famous bachelor, and Hef believes that "Crystal and I have a great deal in common; we really complement each other. We have a wonderful time together, and I love her."



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The Hefner family Christmas at the Playboy Mansion: Hef's young sons, Marston and Cooper, spent Christmas Eve with their father. Hef's future mother-in-law, Lee Lovitt, also shared the happy news.



HEF AND CRYSTAL'S FIRST INTERVIEW AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT Kevin Frazier of *Entertainment Tonight* landed the scoop, interviewing the couple right after they became engaged. About the age difference, Crystal told Frazier she doesn't notice it at all. "If anything, I have to keep up with him!" she said. The ceremony will be an intimate affair at the Mansion, according to Hef. "Something very personal," he said.

HANGIN' WITH H&F



Prior to Christmas, Crystal hosted Gingerbread House Night with Playmates at the Mansion. (1) The gang shows off their Bunny houses. (2) Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill. (3) Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips is quite a homemaker. (4) Hef and Charlie oversee Crystal Harris and Anna Sophia Berglund's progress. (5) Marston constructs a gingerbread manger. (6) Miss March 2009 Jennifer Pershing. (7) Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins returns from taping *I'm a Celebrity...Get Me Out of Here!* in England. (8) Hef and Crystal host baby Hank Baskett and Kendra Wilkinson, also home for the holidays. (9) Miss February 2011 Kylie Johnson and Hef at Movie Night. (10) Misses July and August 2009 Karissa and Kristina Shannon having fun in the Game House. (11) Lauren Compton, Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson and Miss July 2010 Shanna McLaughlin drop by PMW. (12) Hef, Crystal McCahill and Bill Cosby shooting a Playboy Jazz Festival promo. (13) Holly Madison at the Mansion with Hef and Crystal during a taping of *Holly's World*.

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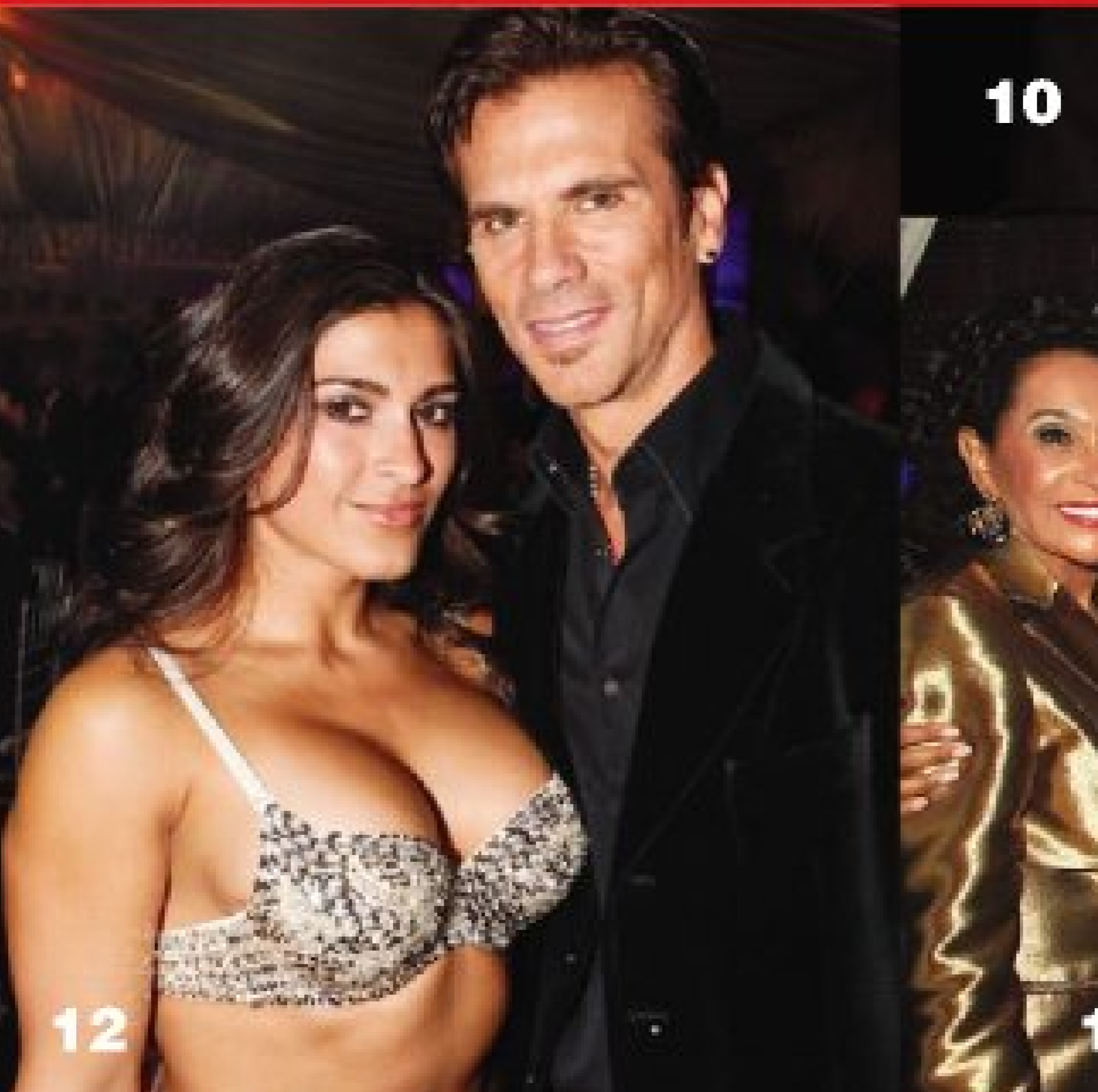
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SWINGIN' IN THE NEW YEAR



Hef ushered in 2011—the Chinese zodiac’s Year of the Rabbit—with friends, family and a bevy of Bunnies. (1) Mr. and soon-to-be Mrs. Playboy. (2) The incredible Lou Ferrigno and wife Carla. (3) Miss July 1997 Daphnee Duplaix is over the moon in the company of Buzz Aldrin. (4) Pinup artist Olivia with husband Joel Beren. (5) Tatum Miranda, Quincy Jones, Hef and Crystal. (6) Samantha Crowley and Cooper Hefner. (7) Kristina Colona, Nick Simmons (son of PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed and Gene Simmons), Marston Hefner (son of PMOY 1989 Kimberly Conrad and Hef) and Miss October 2010 Claire Sinclair. (8) Painted Ladies. (9) Rap group New Boyz and guests. (10) PMOY 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson and Indy car legend Michael Andretti. (11) Hefner and PMOY 1976 Lillian Müller. (12) Lorenzo Lamas and fiancée Shawna Craig. (13) Crystal, Motown’s Berry Gordy Jr., Smokey Robinson, Eske-dar Gobeze and Robinson’s wife, Frances Gladney (far left), really helped make Hugh Hefner’s New Year’s rockin’ Eve.



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WINNERS NEVER QUIT

There is a distinct advantage to being an awful human being in a team sport: You are shielded by the franchise (*Just Win, Baby!*, February). Because the roster is always changing, fans can hate a player but love the team. Athletes such as Tiger Woods who are not on a team face the abuse alone. (Notably, Woods is never booed when he's playing for the U.S. Ryder Cup team.) What A.J. Daulerio's report overlooks is the impact of social media and the 24-hour news cycle. Every move of every star athlete is scrutinized. Sexual assault, cheating on your wife and killing dogs are bad. But should we consider LeBron James's "abandonment" of northeast Ohio as an example of misbehavior? If so, fans and journalists may soon be tweeting about Troy Polamalu jaywalking in downtown Pittsburgh or Dirk Nowitzki declining to sign an autograph. As a fan, I'm more interested in game previews, reviews and the occasional trade rumor.

Adam Earnhardt
Youngstown, Ohio

Earnhardt, a professor of communications at Youngstown State, is author of Judging Athlete Behaviors.

Daulerio says Michael Vick "ordered" dogs to be hanged and drowned, but the quarterback admitted in his plea agreement to taking part in the deaths of at least six pit bulls that had not performed well in "testing sessions." He threw these animals into the ring for shits and giggles. Instead of working on his game in prison he should have spent more time on anger management and his mental health.

Kristen Breitweg
Beverly Hills, Florida

SPY GAMES

Your report on Anna Chapman (*The Spy Who Loved Me*, January) makes me cringe. Not only did you publish low-quality photos taken by an ex-boyfriend looking to make a buck, you promoted the feature on the cover as if it were a pictorial. I'm disappointed.

Michael Plourde
Edmundston, New Brunswick

As a former sales associate and training supervisor, one detail in John H. Richardson's article strikes me as odd. The FBI says it observed Chapman leave a Verizon store in Manhattan and throw a bag into the trash. Inside, agents found a customer agreement with a fake name and address. For Chapman to be able to use a fake address to obtain a phone would require a security override, which is not something a clerk could do. She appears not to have been working alone.

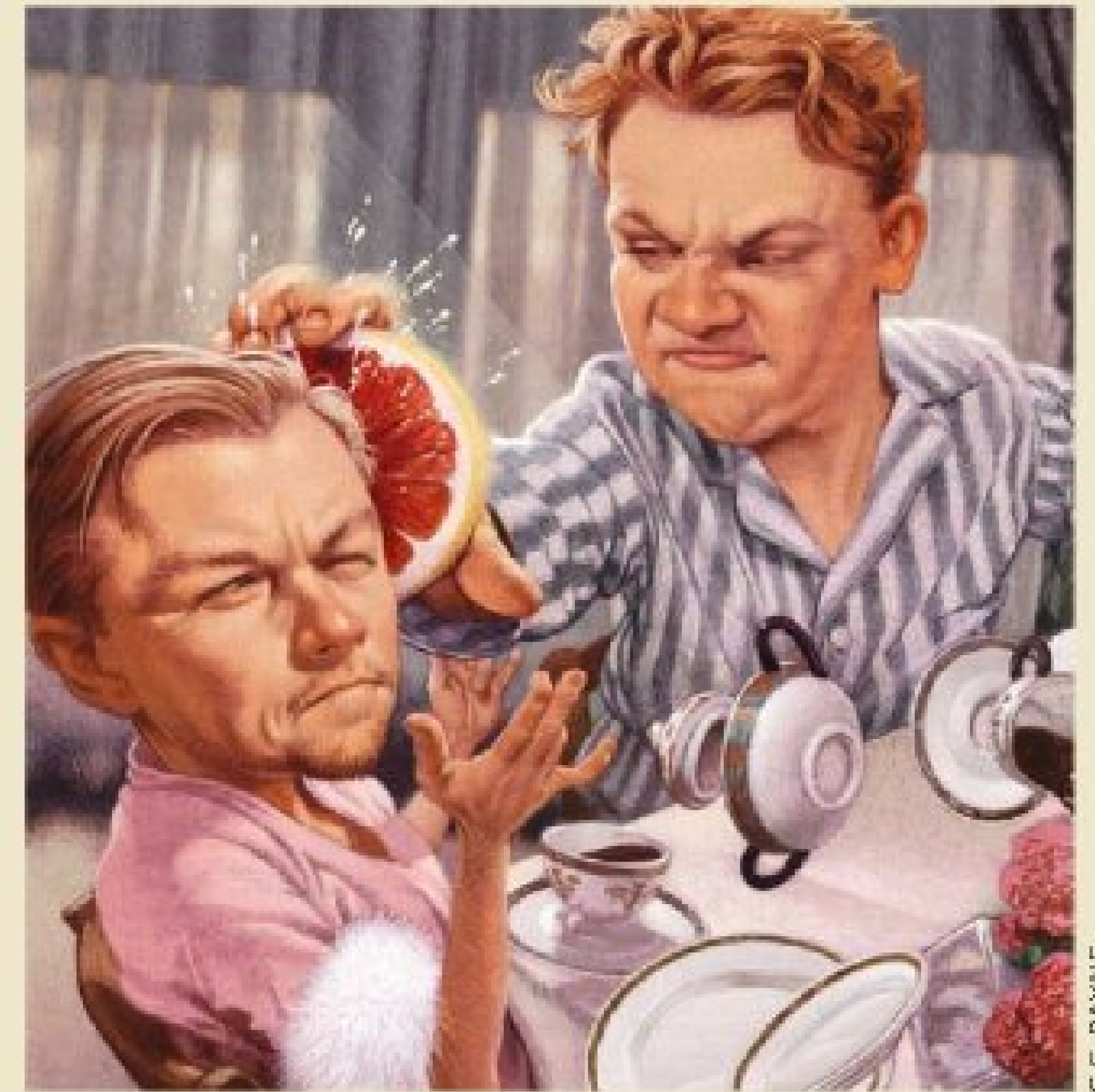
Joseph Ziehm
Lewiston, Maine

Richardson responds: "Having reported on a great many crimes over the years, I would never assume the answer is an elaborate conspiracy.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Tough Guys

Nick Tosches neglects, in *The End of Rico* (February), to fully explore the censorship that tempered the robust gangsters of the early 1930s and reduced Edward G. Robinson to starring in comedies such as *Brother Orchid*, in which he portrays a gangster who sells flowers. The real loss is not the image of James Cagney and his grapefruit but the antiheroes whose anger reflected that of a class-ridden nation; they were bad dudes but had few other choices. To some extent these tough guys shifted to the blaxploitation films of the 1970s, but today *antihero* has become synonymous with disaffected youthful rebellion, e.g., hip-hop, which will never be seen as tough. Finally, the notion that *Scarface* had a Jewish actor, Paul Muni, playing an Italian because of a Jewish plot to associate all organized crime with Italians is ridiculous.



Muni played an Italian because the character is based on Al Capone.

Alan Gansberg
Los Angeles, California

Gansberg is author of Little Caesar: A Biography of Edward G. Robinson.

It's much more likely the computers weren't working, the manager thought she was cute or some other innocent explanation. I doubt Moscow has infiltrated Verizon."

REASONS TO CELEBRATE

Congratulations on the February issue, your best in years. The cover alone is priceless. Please consider giving Tisha Marie of the Lingerie Football League's



Defensive lineman Tisha Marie gives us a rush.

Dallas Desire (*Fantasy Football*) her own pictorial. Move over, Beyoncé!

Ron Shaffer
Beverly, Ohio

Thank you for the wonderful start to the new year. The classic January cover of Pamela Anderson lifts my spirits, and

Kayla Collins (*Kayla Gets Real*, February) melts the icy cold of winter.

David Czuba
Montreal, Quebec

SECOND THOUGHTS

I read *The Middle-Aged Lothario* (January) with some interest. I grew up in a small town in New York where meth and heroin ran rampant. At 25 I know several people who are dead or in rehab for drug and alcohol abuse. Many are parents, and their drug use damaged their kids' lives as well. Martin Deeson assumes that, like him, most users will reach middle age with relatively minor medical and/or legal troubles and that they will have the money and presence of mind to deal with those problems.

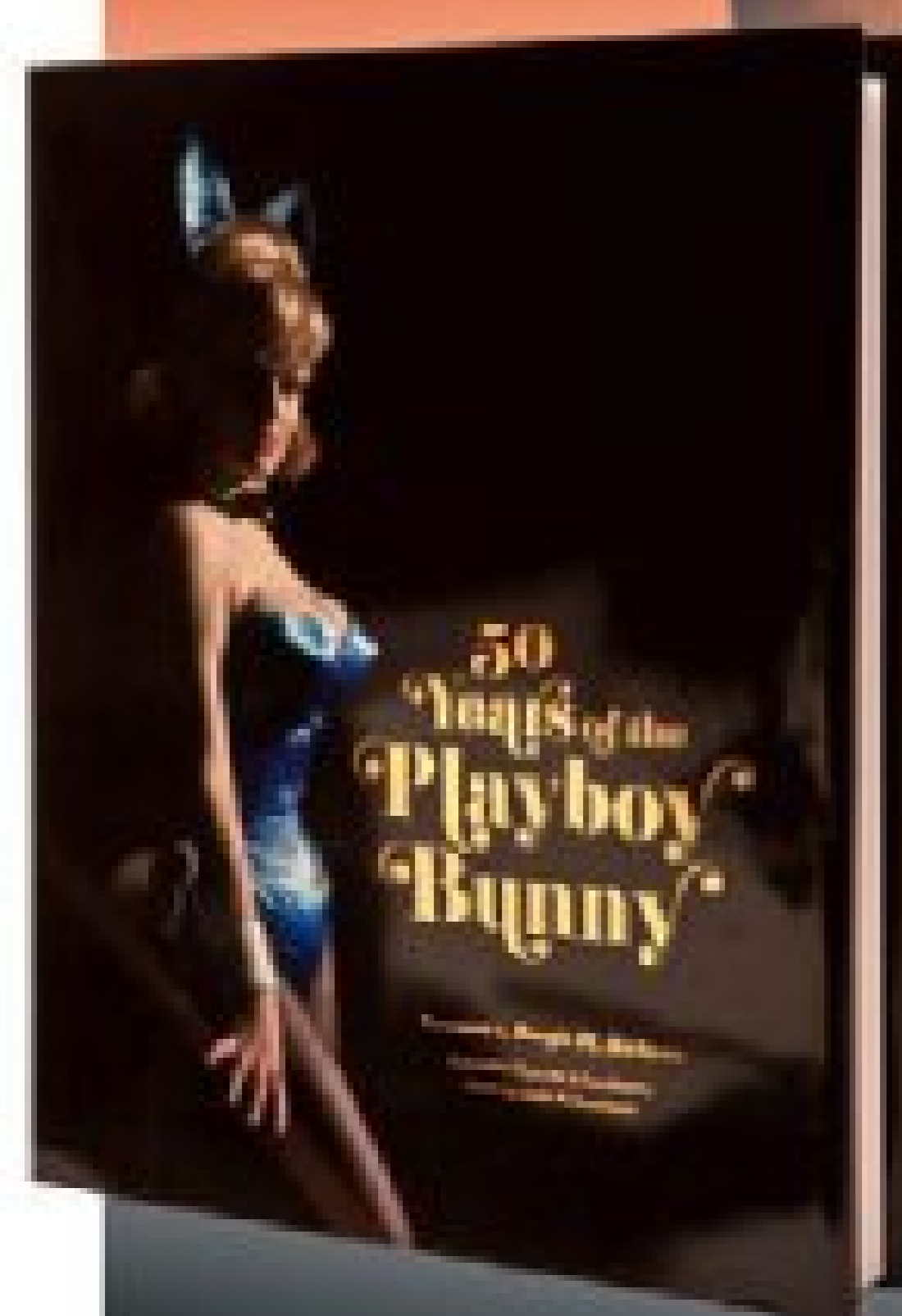
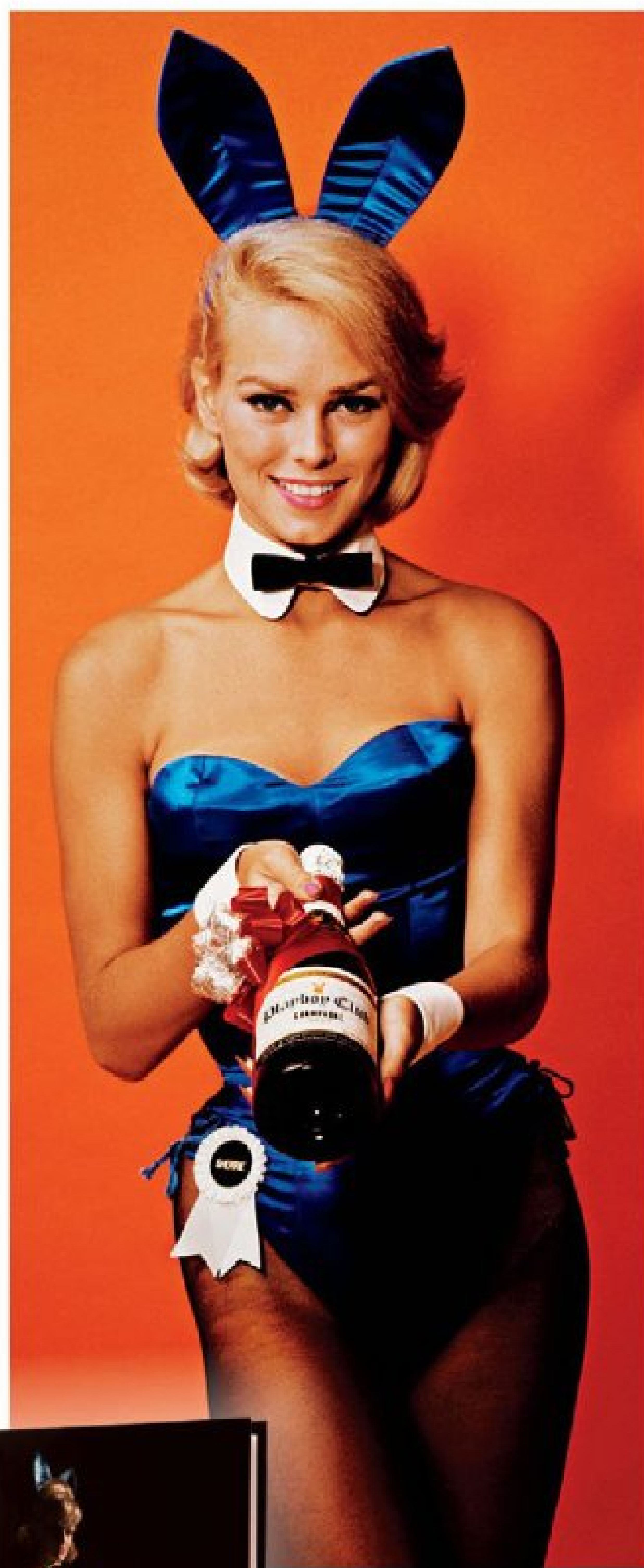
Jessica Stafford
Houston, Texas

GENERAL DISCORD

Bret Easton Ellis's *Notes on Jersey Shore* (January) fired me up. If I wanted to know more about kids who are giving my generation a bad name, I would read my wife's magazines. For Ellis to mention *Jersey Shore* and *The Hills* in the same breath as *Mad Men* and *The Sopranos*, in any context, makes me wonder what he's smoking. In a few months will I be reading in *PLAYBOY* how *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* compares to *Family Guy*?

Peter Kuhnlein
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I adore *PLAYBOY*—I really do—but using a likeness of the Medal of Honor



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)

as a decoration on a fashion spread featuring members of the UFC (*Stand Tough*, January) is disrespectful. Every man and woman I served with in Iraq is tougher than any “ultimate” fighter.

Aaron Gagne
Westminster, Colorado

Now, now—we’re all on the same team. The UFC isn’t responsible for that graphic, and it partners with Spike and the Intrepid Fallen Heroes Fund to support military personnel who have suffered brain injuries (fightforthetroops.com). In addition, UFC fighter Brian Stann, a former marine, is executive director of Hire Heroes (hireheroesusa.org).

CASH FLOW

Welcome to the No Fun League (January) focuses on the efforts of the National Football League to prevent betting on its games and to avoid associations with those who do. So how can Matthew Kredell claim the league and Calvin Ayre, founder of the sports-betting site Bodog, “have made a lot of money off each other”? Certainly Ayre owes much of his wealth to the NFL, but the fact that the league could be making \$700 million from legalized gambling emphasizes that the cash is flowing in one direction.

James Deken
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Kredell responds: “Bodog and other sports books promote interest in every NFL game, even those between losing teams, and that helps the league negotiate lucrative television contracts. For example, DirecTV pays \$1 billion annually to broadcast every Sunday matchup. I’m sure some fans subscribe to NFL Sunday Ticket because they’ve relocated and still want to watch their hometown team, but I’d bet most people who buy access are gamblers or play fantasy football, the watered-down form of betting the NFL supports.”

FORD VS. MAZDA

Cars of the Year 2011 (January) suggests comparing the Mazda2 to the Ford Fiesta. The Fiesta has a 1.6-liter engine (versus 1.5 in the Mazda2), 120 horsepower (versus 100), gets 28 mpg city/37 mpg highway (versus 29/35) and has a base price of \$13,320 (versus \$15,635). I love my new Fiesta, which is lime green like the Mazda2 you showed.

Angela Miller
Castleton, Ontario

NO PANSIES ALLOWED

The End of Rico eloquently pays homage to the only type of man I allow in my fantasies. Down with soft, fluffy protagonists and all their quirky needs and phobias. (I’m looking at you, Michael Cera and Mr. DiCaprio.) Why do I love the real, rugged bad boy over a scrawny, doe-eyed James Bond? He’s a reminder that women can take care of themselves emotionally without a man fawning over every bad mood and worry wrinkle.

Gwendolyn Sheldon
Radford, Virginia

Tosches says Sam Bowden (Gregory Peck) kills Max Cady (Robert Mitchum) in *Cape Fear*. Actually, he does what Cady fears more: He sends him to prison.

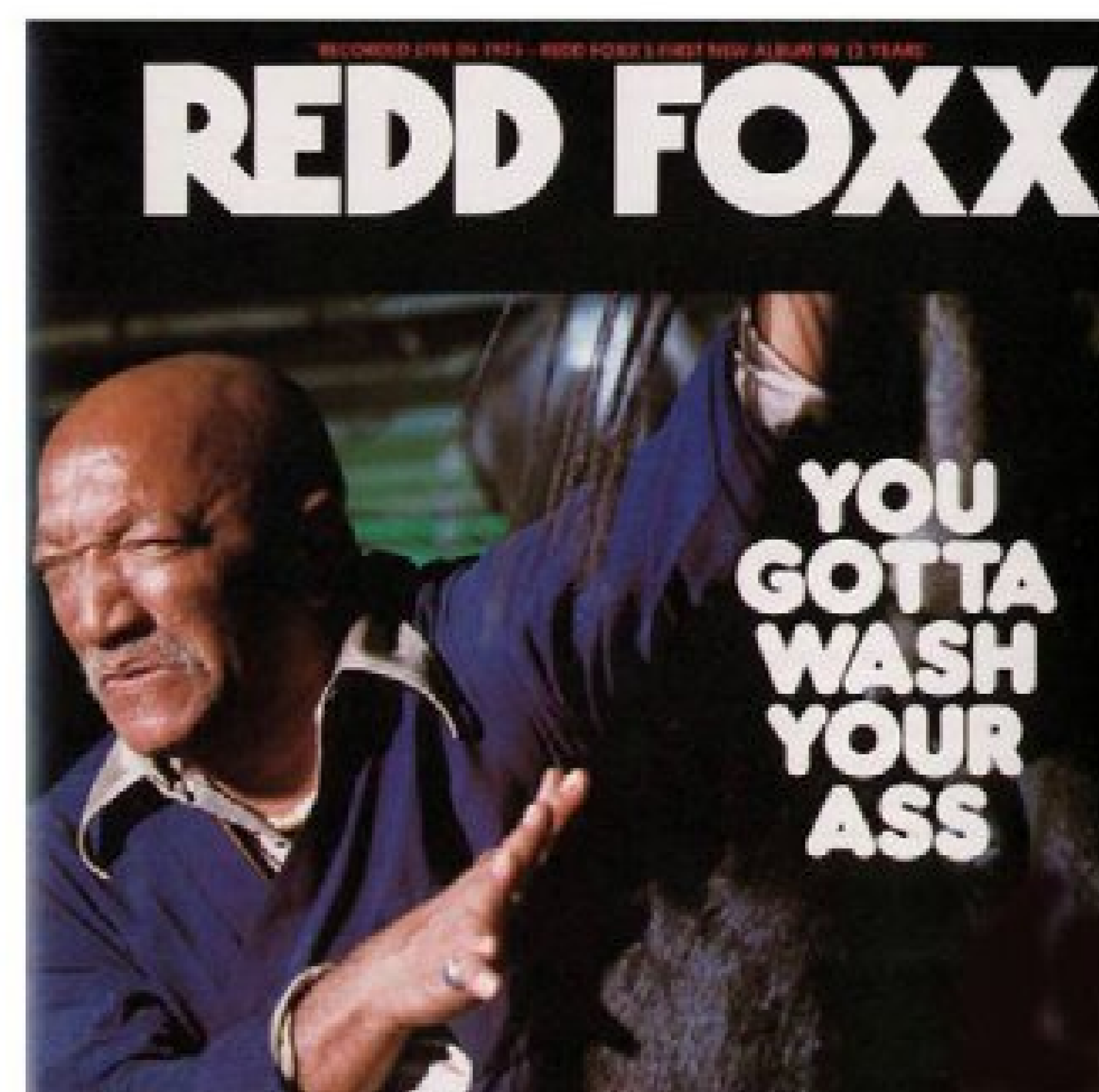
E.S. Waters
North Plainfield, New Jersey

Your piece overlooks Charles Bronson, who stars in countless tough-guy roles, from bare-knuckle boxer in *Hard Times* to architect turned vigilante in *Death Wish*. He even plays a tough melon farmer fighting the mob in *Mr. Majestyk*.

Clint Piesczak
Eastpointe, Michigan

SALTY LANGUAGE

Sometime in the past few decades we erased the line of indecency where *hell* and *damn* no longer stand out and *shit*, *goddamn* and *asshole* have their turn to shine (*A Short History of Swearing: Part Two*, January). I teach middle school and hear things in the halls that would have been censored from a Redd Foxx album. Kids are not being taught that cursing has its place and audience. My wife and I paint masterpieces of vulgarity around the house, especially during Jets and Mets games. But we don’t curse *at* anyone, and we respect the wishes of those we know



Foxx sold an estimated 15 million blue albums.

don’t want to hear it. Our first child is expected in May, and we joke his first sentence will be “It’s about fuckin’ time!” But if he never swears in front of his grandparents, teachers, elders or strangers, we’ll have done our job.

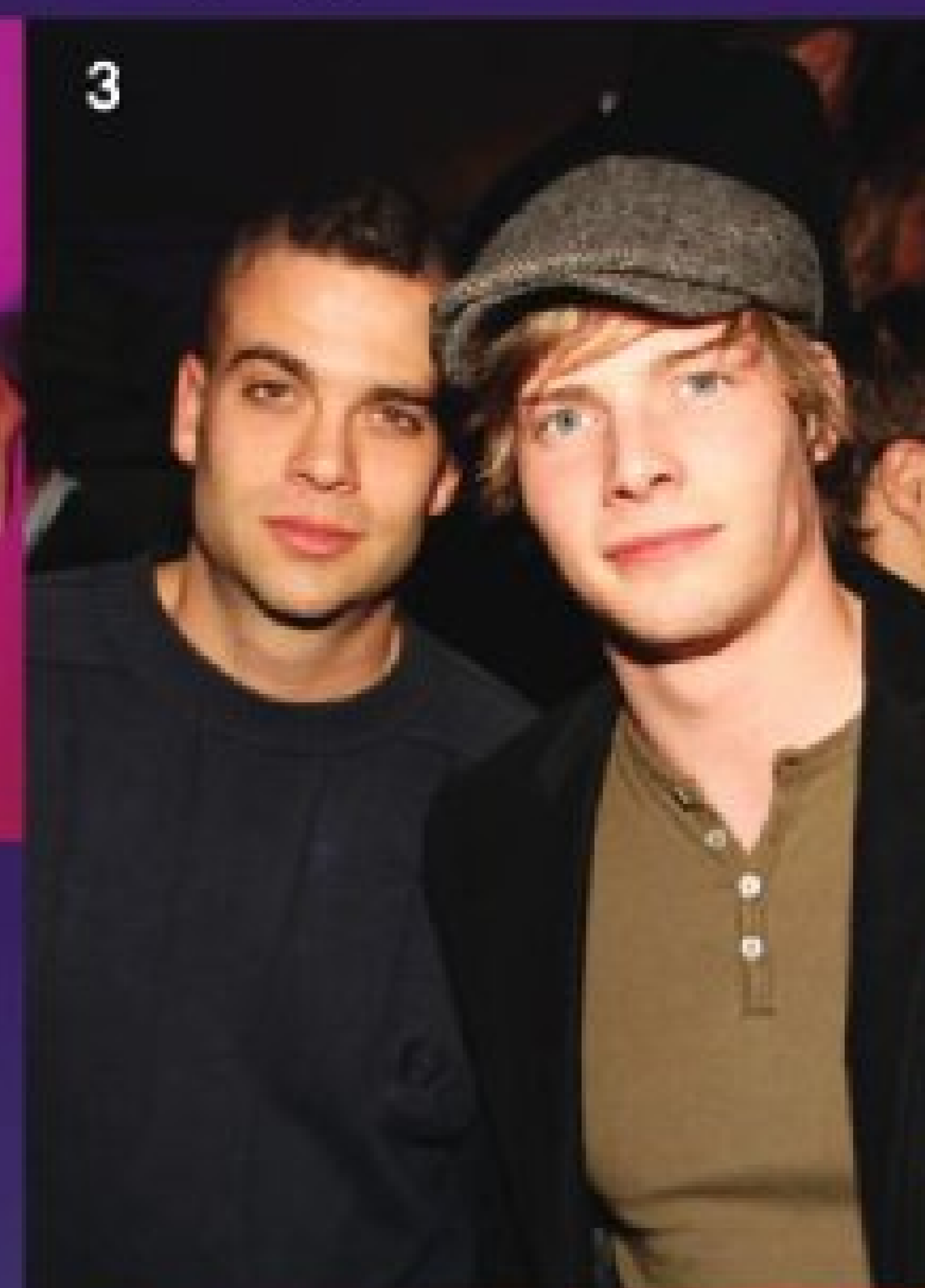
Christopher Barnes
Allentown, Pennsylvania

While you’re right to teach your son some proper fucking manners, you’ll be happy to know he will not have to grow up fearing a ticket. After being sued by the ACLU, the Pennsylvania State Police agreed in January to stop citing people for cussing in public. At the same time, a North Carolina judge struck down the state’s 98-year-old ban on using indecent or profane language within earshot of two or more people after a woman was convicted of telling two cops, “You need to clean up your damn dirty car.”



Playmates, Bunnies, Athletes, Celebrities, and 2500 lucky guests party down before the Big Game!

A "Passport to Playboy" was the most coveted item the weekend of the Big Game, transforming the Bud Light Hotel into a sexy and stylish tribute to current and future Playboy Clubs around the world. Guests were transported to Miami, Macau, Cancun, Vegas and London, and greeted by Playboy Bunny hostesses, sexy models and dancers, retro-cool décor, stunning bar displays, and scrumptious cuisine. Flo Rida and Snoop Dogg performed in the early morning with special guests and tons of celebrity appearances.



PASSPORT to PLAYBOY

at
THE *BUD LIGHT*
HOTEL
February 4, 2011
Dallas, Texas



1. Playmates posing as the big night begins.
2. Snoop Dogg performing some of his biggest hits.
3. Hunter Parrish from Glee and Mark Salling from Weeds strike a pose.
4. A sexy referee showing off a bottle of Pinnacle Vodka.
5. Guests partying through the night.
6. Playboy Playmates strike a pose in 'London'.
7. Playboy Playmates with the brand new Mini Cooper Countryman.
8. Dave Annabel, star of Brothers and Sisters poses with a Playmate.
9. Jared of Subway fame poses with two Playmates.
10. Sexy lifeguards in 'Miami'.
11. Craig Robinson from The Office looks like he's enjoying his night!
12. Playmates pose for the crowd.
13. Phillies first baseman Ryan Howard.
14. Flo Rida performing his high-energy set.
15. Brandon Lloyd, wide receiver for the Denver Broncos.
16. Playmates getting down on the dance floor!



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*Make any time a great time
with the just-right taste of Bud Light.*

IT'S THE SURE SIGN OF A GOOD TIME

HERE WE GO

PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

DJ Cat NYC

People love to hate on female DJs—particularly the pretty ones. But the haters don't bother DJ Cat NYC, because she is truly skilled on the decks. "It can be a challenge because girls are scrutinized more than guys, but I've worked hard to get where I am," she says. Plus, Cat thinks female DJs have some advantages over their male counterparts. "Not only is it cool to see a girl rocking it, but we're really good at understanding what people want to hear. I can look at a room and automatically know what to play to get the crowd off." And whether it's Lindsay Lohan's birthday party or a club in Spain, Cat has one goal: to keep bodies moving. "It's a party—you have to work the crowd and get them excited."



"You have to work the crowd and get them excited."



POT SHOT
 May 2010
 Cyber Girl
 Nikki Mitchell
 is trimmed
 and smokin'.

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4/20
Holy Smoke



It happens at 4:20 P.M. every day in parking lots, dormitories and nursing homes across the country: the stoner happy hour, when smokers light up and blow smoke. Some years ago the 4:20 crowd launched 4/20 (April 20), the international underground pot-smoking holiday. How did the movement start? In 1971 five students in San Rafael, California heard about an abandoned marijuana crop near Point Reyes peninsula. Their plan: to meet at a statue outside school at 4:20 each afternoon, pile into a 1966 Impala, take up and go on a treasure hunt. While no field of green was found, the term *four-20* became their, and the world's, slang for all things cannabis. Where is the biggest party this April 20? The University of Colorado at Boulder, where thousands of stoners will light up in unison at 4:20. Talk about higher education.



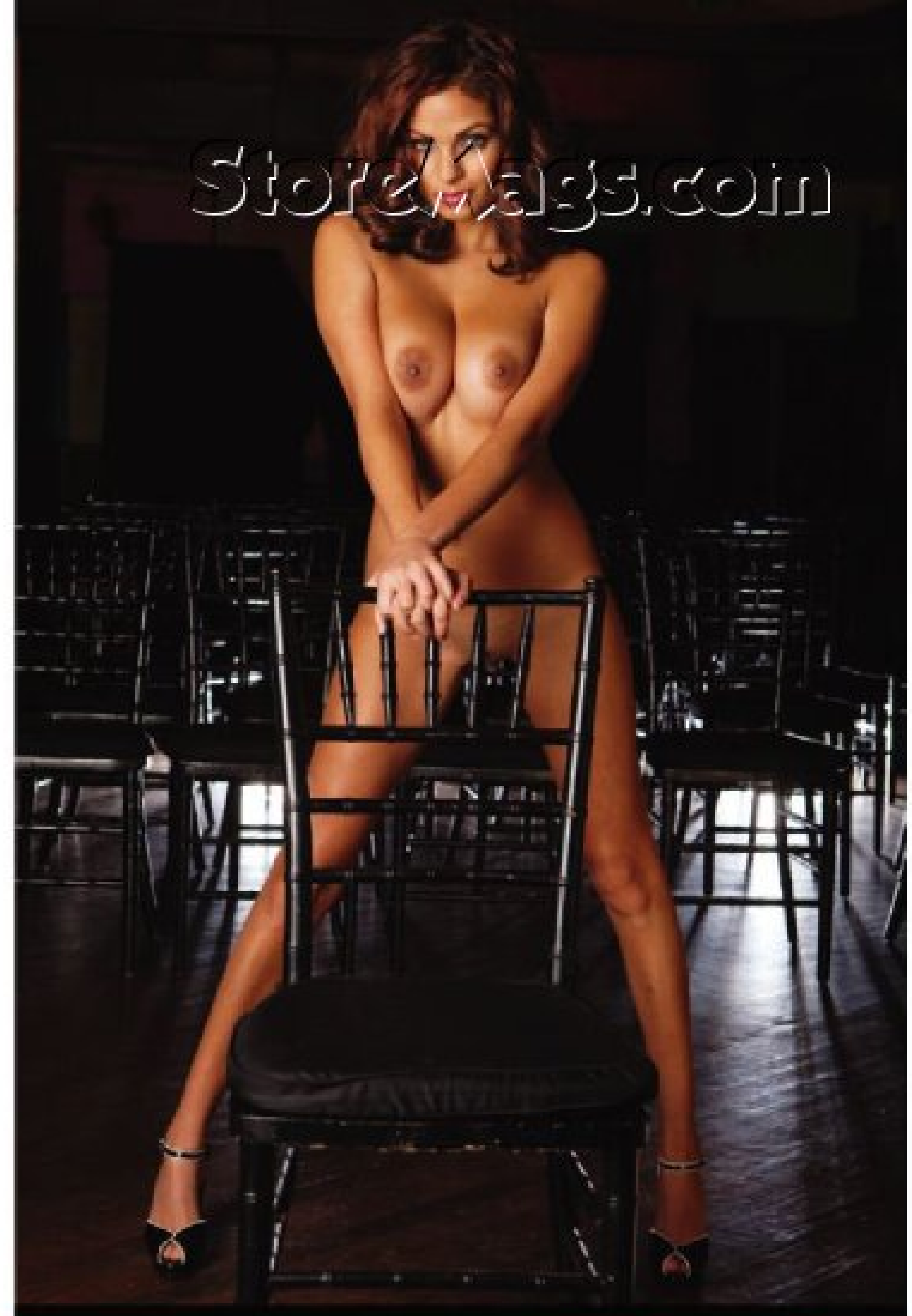
Kick Ash
Fire on the Mountain

Why hike up a recently erupted volcano and risk your neck surfing down its ashy slopes at 50 mph? "Because it is there," to quote the explorer George Mallory, who died trying to summit Everest in 1924. Volcano surfing, also called ash boarding, is the latest on the extreme-sport scene. The place to go is the 1,300-foot-tall Cerro Negro volcano in Nicaragua (pictured); book your trip through bigfootnicaragua.com. Hopefully you'll have better luck than Mallory.

Grand Opening
The House of Cipriani

Since the day in 1931 when Giuseppe Cipriani opened Harry's Bar in Venice—the most glamorous watering hole of its era—the story of Cipriani has unfolded like an epic Edith Wharton novel. Four generations, some guilty pleas for tax evasion and a slew of opulent party spots later, the Cipriani clan is set to open Mr. C Hotel at 1224 South Beverwil Drive in Los Angeles this month (cipriani.com). See you at the bar. Pictured here: the pool at the Cipriani Hotel in Venice.





BARMATE

Laila Rose



IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST BARTENDERS

PLAYBOY: A three-story bar in State College, Pennsylvania. Who would have thought?

LAILA: We have to pack all the thirsty Penn State students in here at the Mezzanine.

PLAYBOY: You need a place this big to employ all these beautiful bartenders.

LAILA: I like to think we have the hottest girls in State College.

PLAYBOY: You dress amazingly.

LAILA: When you have great natural breasts like these and dress revealingly, it helps with the tips.

PLAYBOY: They're certainly not an occupational hazard.

LAILA: Once I was shaking a cocktail and the top of the shaker flew off. The drink went into my contacts and all over my tits. I had sticky boobs the rest of the night.

PLAYBOY: What else should we know about you?

LAILA: Well, I'm a crazy cat lady, I can't dance, and I hate to brag, but I'm on a full academic scholarship to Penn State.

PLAYBOY: What are you studying?

LAILA: Film. I've also studied women in the media. After I researched Josephine Baker, I thought more people should know about her, so I created a drink in her honor. Here are a couple of Josie Bs coming up.

JOSIE B

Fill a pint glass with ice. Add 1½ oz. Bacardi Dragon Berry, ½ oz. Apple Pucker, ½ oz. Watermelon Pucker. Fill with Sierra Mist. Top with splash of cranberry.

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



CHEF TADASHI ONO'S TUNA WITH AVOCADO-WASABI PUREE

2 avocados, pitted, peeled and cut into chunks
1 tbsp. wasabi
1 tbsp. fresh lime juice
1 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. chopped fresh chives
4 half-pound tuna steaks, about ¾-inch thick
½ cup garlic-soy marinade (whisk together ½ cup soy sauce, 8 cloves grated garlic, ¼ cup olive oil, 2 tsp. black pepper)



The Catch

Hot Tuna

The New York Times has called chef Tadashi Ono's cuisine "a natural idiom for culinary poetry." In his new book *The Japanese Grill* (\$25, Ten Speed Press), the man behind New York's Matsuri restaurant delivers his secrets with an eye toward simplicity. Here's his tuna with avocado-wasabi puree, a perfect way to kick off grilling season.

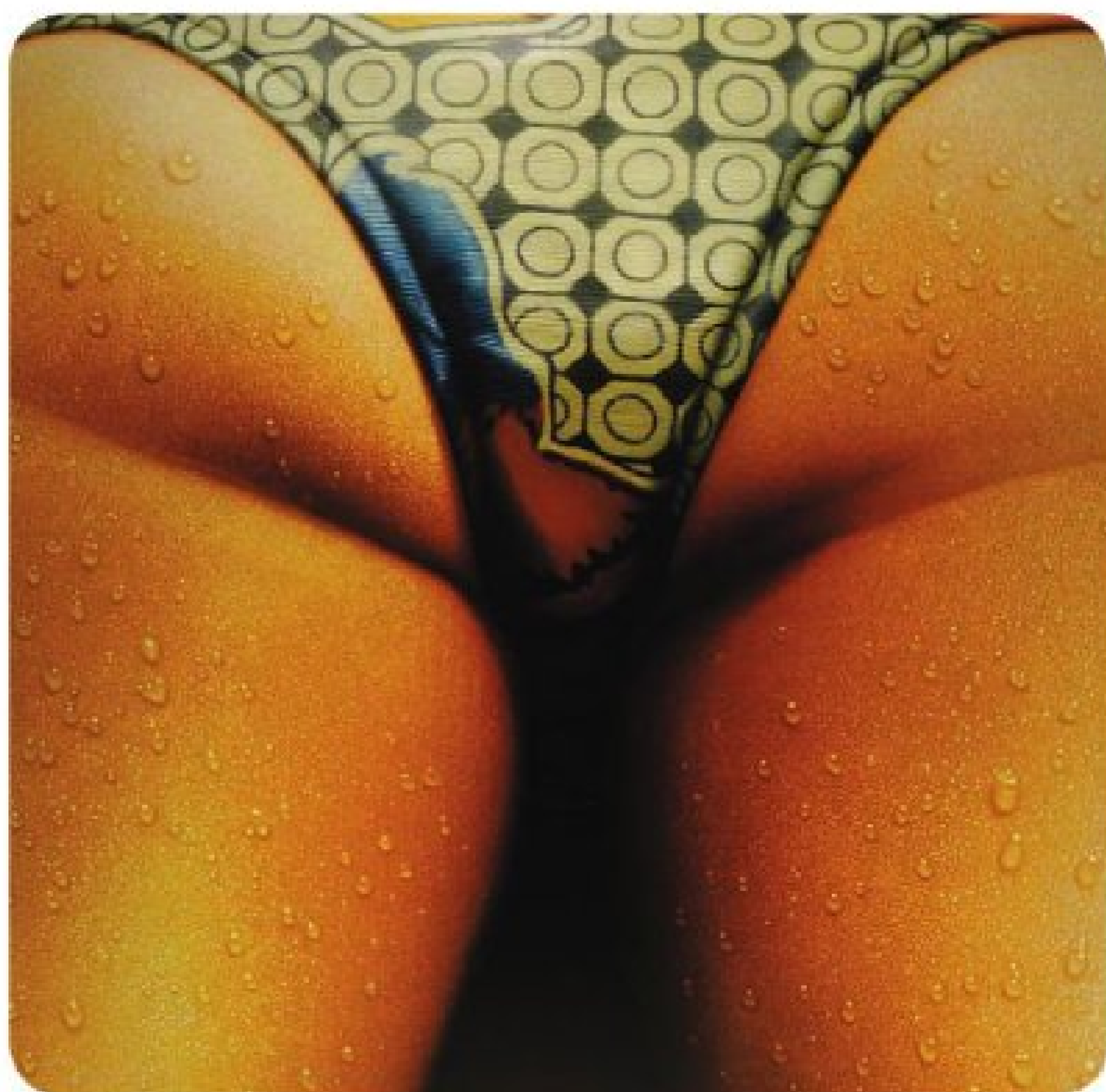
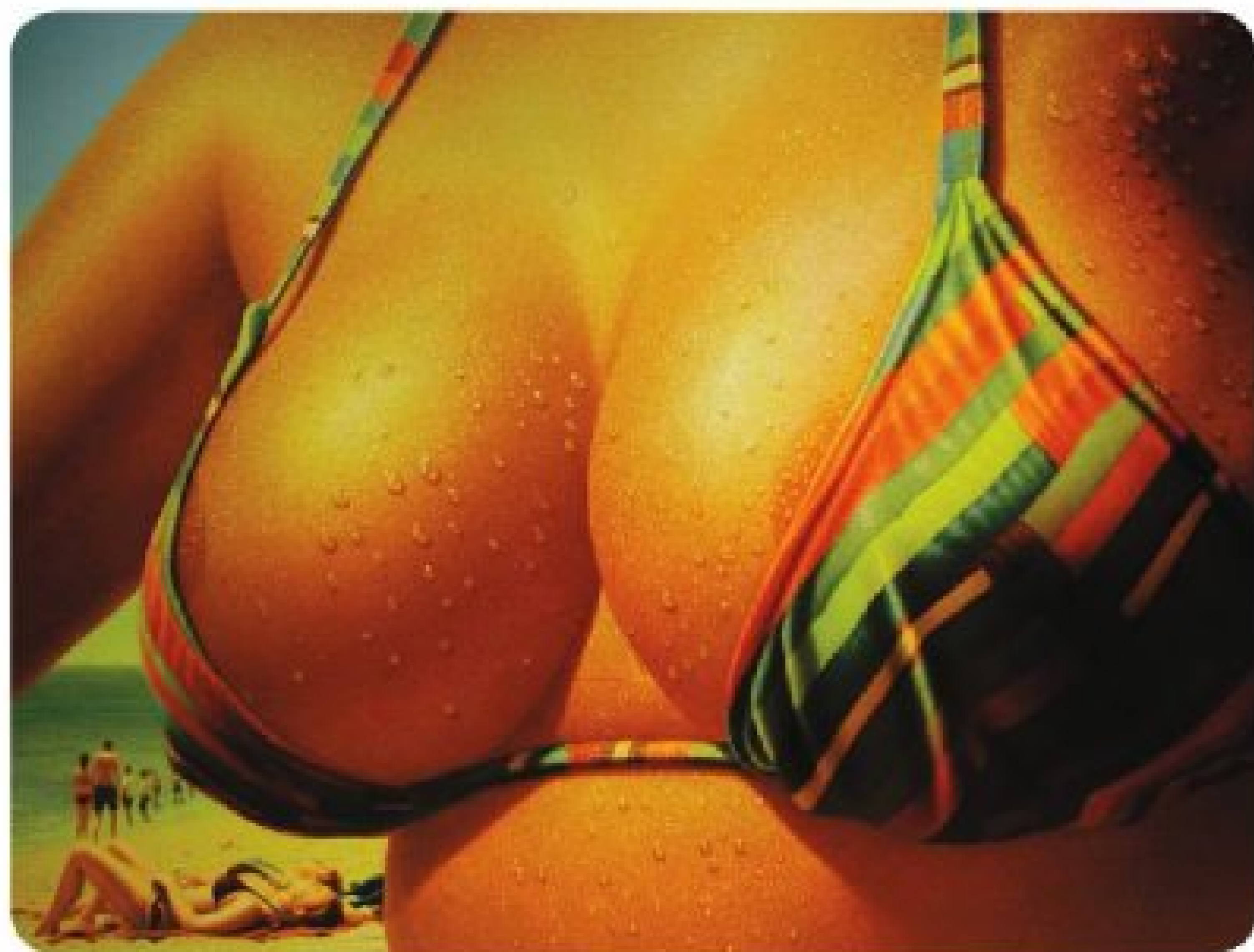


To make the puree, in a bowl mash together all ingredients except the fish and marinade. Pour marinade into separate baking dish. Thoroughly coat fish in marinade on both sides. Preheat grill to medium hot. Brush grate clean and oil well. Grill tuna for two minutes on each side, turning once. The tuna should be rare. Plate the fish, spoon puree on top and serve.



Cannonball Run Tanked Up

In case volcano surfing isn't the thrill you're after (see above left), we bring you another adventure this month: Drive A Tank. The small company located in Kasota, Minnesota invites you to its grounds, where you'll spend a day driving an array of real tanks that have seen combat. After you've gone on a few shakedown runs (at top speed!) and navigated an obstacle course by periscope, you'll drive a tank over not one but two cars, crushing them like Coors cans beneath your boot. Getting tired? Have a coffee. It's time to hit the live firing range so you can shoot machine guns. The full-day program goes for \$699 (beers afterward not included). See the lineup of tanks at driveatank.com.



Bodies of Work A Trip to the Beach With Hilo Chen

As swimsuit season approaches, let us praise 68-year-old Taiwanese American painter Hilo Chen, whose hyperrealistic images of women on the beach leave us amazed and tumescent. Just be careful when you see these paintings in person; they look so real it's hard to keep your paws off the canvas. Pictured from top: *Beach 162*, *Beach 149* and *Beach 165*. Chen is represented by the Bernarducci Meisel Gallery (bernarduccimeisel.com).



Leather Man Biker Chic

The classic leather motorcycle jacket makes a comeback this spring. Schott NYC, the go-to brand, made leathers worn by American pilots in World War II, Brando in *The Wild One* (1953), James Dean at the wheel of his Porsche, the Ramones and Joan Jett onstage, not to mention Springsteen on the cover of *Born to Run*. Shop for yours at schottnyc.com.



(\$590, schottnyc.com).



Mug Shot Wake-Up Call

Some small urban entrepreneurs have taken a stand against corporate coffee juggernauts like Starbucks. Their goal: to make the best cup of artisanal joe in the world. This means beans straight from farms in Africa and South America, roasted in small batches on the premises and ground to order. At Asado in Chicago (asadocoffee.com), Blue Bottle in San Francisco (bluebottlecoffee.net), Zoka in Seattle (zokacoffee.com) and Stumptown in Portland (stumptowncoffee.com), each cup is hand-made to order by slowly stirring hot water into the ground coffee with a spoon. Can't make it there? Order beans and try these elixirs at home.

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Movie of the Month Source Code

By Stephen Rebello

This new techno-thriller casts Jake Gyllenhaal as a decorated soldier who awakens in a stranger's body. As if that weren't trippy enough, Gyllenhaal learns he is part of a government experiment that forces him to keep reliving a commuter-train bombing until he gathers clues to stop a bomber from pulling off a massive attack on Chicago. Co-starring Michelle Monaghan, Vera Farmiga and Jeffrey Wright, the movie has science-fiction fans psyched because its director, Duncan Jones—David Bowie's son—also made *Moon*, one of the best movies of 2009. "Source Code has been compared with things like *Twelve Monkeys*, *Groundhog Day* and *Quantum Leap*, but this is very much an action thriller with a few scientific conceits," says Jones. "The movie has action and the fantastical element, but it's a lot more grounded and humorous than many films in the sci-fi realm."



DVD of the Month Black Swan

This fevered masterwork may well have set a record for the number of *OMGs* and *WTFs* texted during its 108-minute running time. Natalie Portman is beautiful, driven, disciplined and completely out of her mind. Director Darren Aronofsky throws his heroine into a perfect storm of psychosexual anxiety. It starts at home with a repressive stage mom (Barbara Hershey) and a relationship that recalls the toxic mother-daughter pairing in *Carrie*. Along comes a charismatic ballet director (Vincent Cassel), who offers her the big white-swan break but torments her for not being more black swan like the luscious new ballerina (Mila Kunis) just in from the West Coast. Once this real-life doppelgänger arrives, Portman's paranoid hallucinations go Grand Guignol...and *Black Swan* soars. **Best extra:** Both the DVD and BD contain the three-chapter making-of featurette "Metamorphosis." ♣♣♣ —Greg Fagan



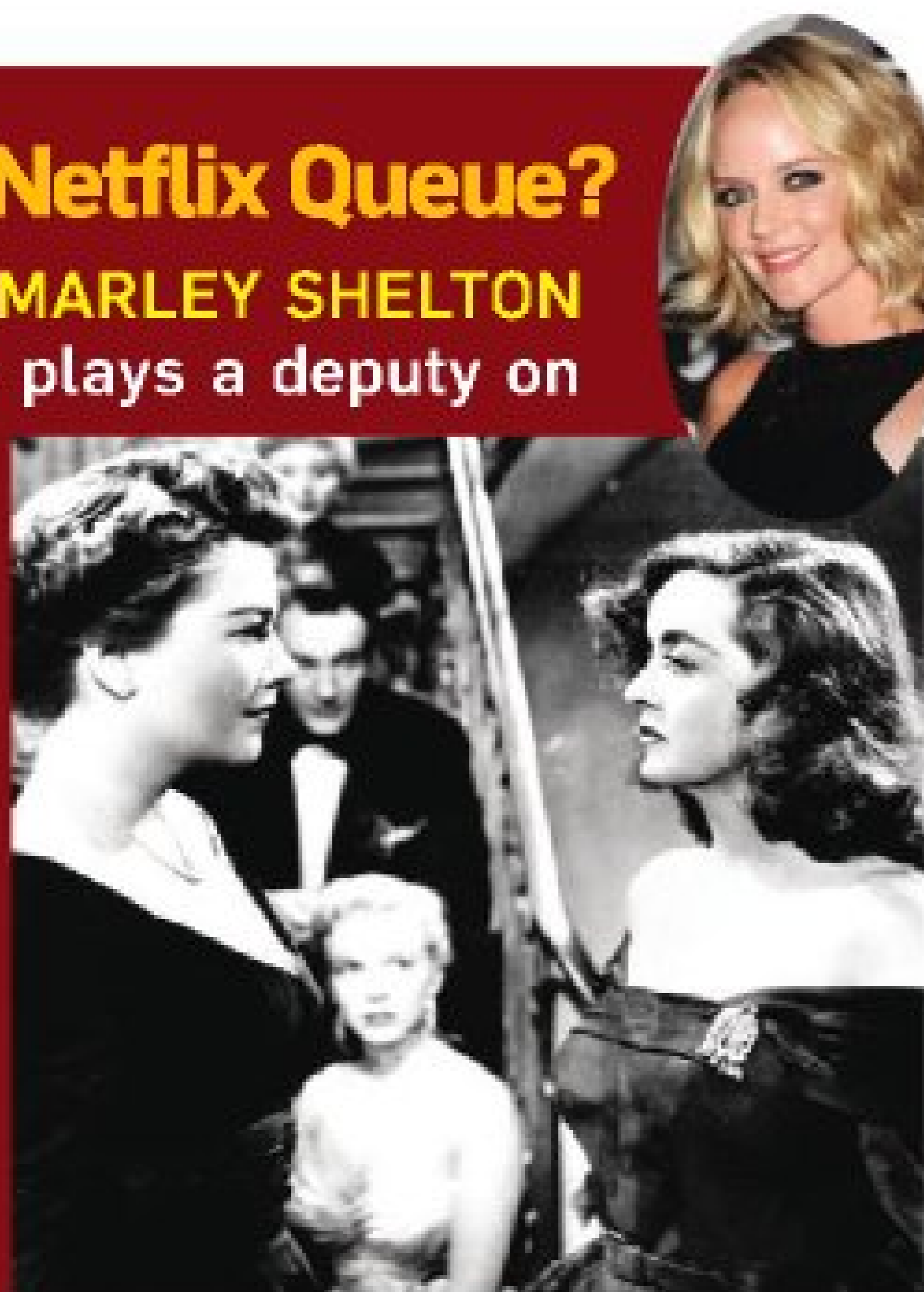
What's in Your Netflix Queue?

These are the discs **MARLEY SHELTON** is waiting for as she plays a deputy on the big screen in *Scream 4*.

A Face in the Crowd: "This wild ride is shockingly prescient."

All About Eve: "I'm always inspired by the great Bette Davis."

Sixteen Candles: "Pure nostalgia. I can quote every line."



Tease Frame

Canadian actress **Neve Campbell** became a 1990s It girl with *Party of Five*, *The Craft* and the *Scream* trilogy. She filmed a hot threesome in *Wild Things* but didn't show audiences her wild things until 2007's *I Really Hate My Job* (pictured). Next, Neve faces *Ghostface* again as scream queen Sidney Prescott in *Scream 4*.





Lord of the Schwings

Leading a band of warriors to battle against the horrid Darkspawn takes guts, cunning and occasionally sex. In *Dragon Age II* (360, PC, PS3), the sequel to the award-winning RPG, you play as Hawke, a legend in the world of Ferelden, who gathers a group of fighters including the badass Aveline and the swashbuckling Isabela. It isn't easy, but woo them with enough clever conversation and elaborate gifts and you can take a break from the ogre slaying for a roll in the sheets.

Game of the Month

Homefront

By Jason Buhrmester



When producers began building *Homefront* (360, PC, PS3) two years ago they had no idea how prescient their story line was: North Korea's Kim Jong Il names as his successor his son Kim Jong Un, who then escalates military action. Sound familiar? In this game, set in 2027, Korea is a superpower occupying Japan, China

and everything west of the Mississippi. As resistance fighter Robert Jacobs, your mission is to disrupt the occupying forces. The standard shooter-game experience is boosted by a sense of desperation as you scavenge for weapons and stage guerrilla missions to take back America one subdivision at a time. 🙌🙌



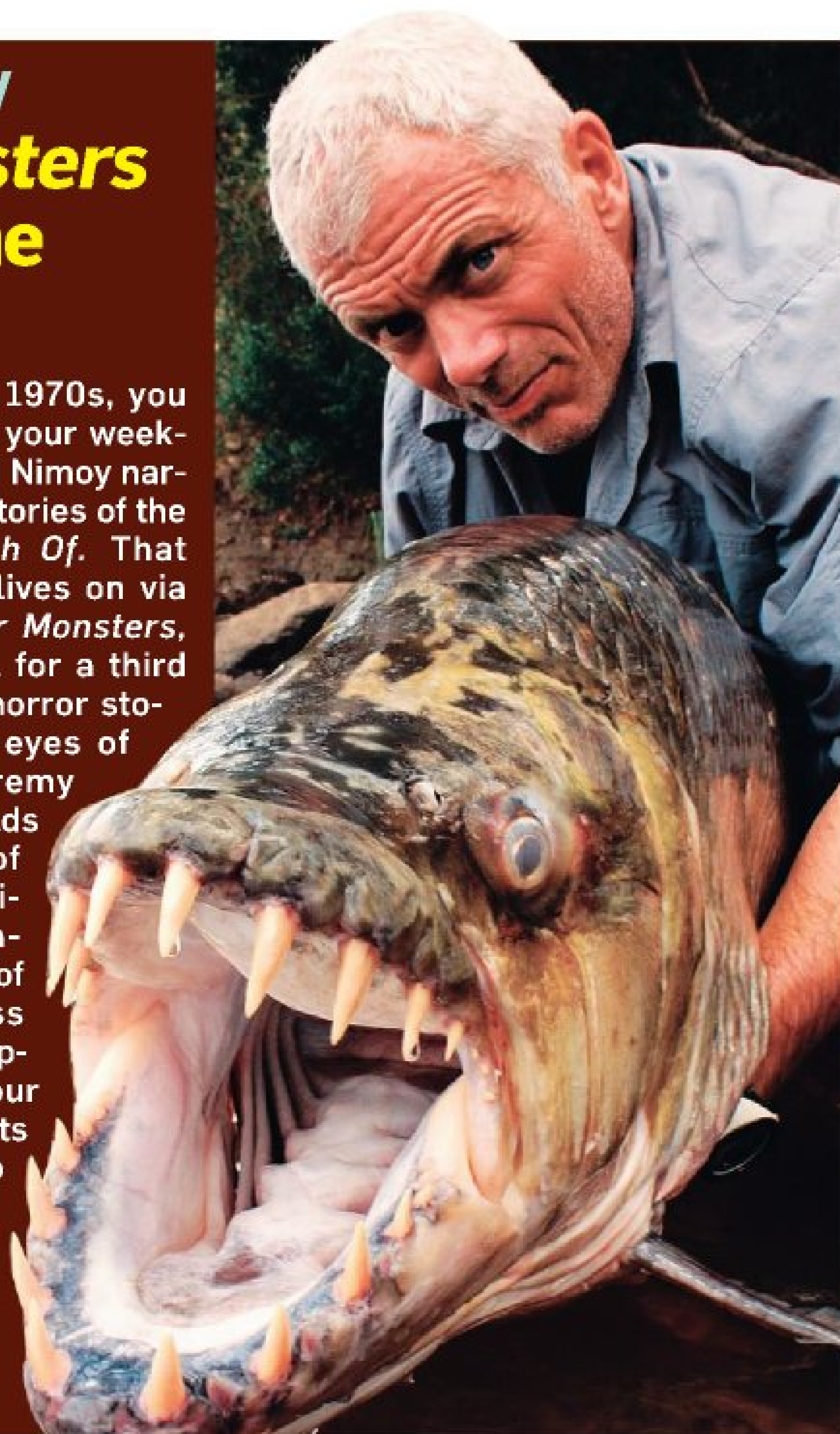
Also in Games

Rising up to the challenge of your rivals is a long journey. In *Fight Night Champion* (360, PS3) the hard-hitting series finally offers a career mode that lets you take an unknown pugilist from small-time boxing clubs to big-time arenas with the best fight mechanics and real-time facial damage around.

Must-Watch TV River Monsters Busts Some Balls

If you grew up in the 1970s, you probably spent part of your weekends watching Leonard Nimoy narrate (potentially) true stories of the bizarre on *In Search Of*. That show's mystical vibe lives on via Animal Planet's *River Monsters*, which returns in April for a third season of freshwater horror stories told through the eyes of "extreme angler" Jeremy Wade. Each hour unfolds like an installment of *CSI*, with Wade investigating evidence of cunning creatures, most of which boast a fondness for human flesh. One upcoming episode has our hero looking into reports of local fishermen who have bled to death after having their dicks bitten off. Suddenly, shark attacks seem not so bad. 🙌🙌🙌

—Joe Adalian



The Killing

AMC has a knack for creating TV shows that turn into addictions: A few hits of *Mad Men* or *The Walking Dead*, and before you know it you find yourself in an internet chat room at two a.m., discussing the most effective means for offing zombies. Now comes *The Killing*, about the investigation of a teen girl's murder and its possible connection to an upcoming city election. We were hoping for a mash-up of *Prime Suspect* and *The Wire*, but the pilot offers only cop-show clichés, heavy-handed dialogue and vague hints of conspiracies. You'd be better off with *Cold Case* reruns. 🙌 —J.A.

Playboy TV

Rachel Perry Is the Host With the Most



VH1's Rachel Perry puts her sarcastic stamp on naughty news, adult film oddities, fetishes gone wrong and other things too taboo for the mainstream, on Playboy TV's new weekly series *The Stash*. We talked to the lovely and entertaining host and got the inside scoop on the show.

PLAYBOY: What can viewers expect?

Perry: It's going to make people laugh. There will be some very funny clips and news bits.

PLAYBOY: What will you cover?

Perry: Porn. Old porn, new porn, strange porn. If you like porn, this show is for you, and if you don't like porn, this show is also for you. Plus, it's family-friendly—as long as everyone in your family is over 18.

PLAYBOY: How did you get this gig?

Perry: It's strange, right? I've been working in television for 10 years and finally I'm in porn! Just kidding. I wanted to do more comedy, and this show is definitely *all* comedy.

PLAYBOY: Will you have guests?

Perry: Absolutely. We already shot the pilot, and our first guest is the star of *Saturday Night Beaver*—she's amazing.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything else we



should know about the show?

Perry: We shoot in front of a live studio audience, so anyone in the L.A. area can come to a taping. There are

going to be giveaways, most of which will be battery-operated in nature.

Series premieres Saturday, March 26, 10 P.M. ET/PT.

Shop With the Bunny

Celebrate the arrival of spring with some retail therapy at the Playboy Store (playboystore.com). And because we love our readers, be sure to use the code **PBMagazine11** to get 15 percent off your order.

Bikini Season Ladies will love Playboy's Vegas Pool Party bikinis with rhinestones, studs and animal prints. Best of all, the bikinis embrace every curve of a woman's body.

Old School Love classic PLAYBOYS? Shop our back-issue archive for your favorites. Plus, check out Playboy's collector guitars, glassware, framed prints and books.

Tying the Knot? The Bridal Bunny carries plenty of sexy lingerie for the big night.



Playboy Digital Meet Miss Social

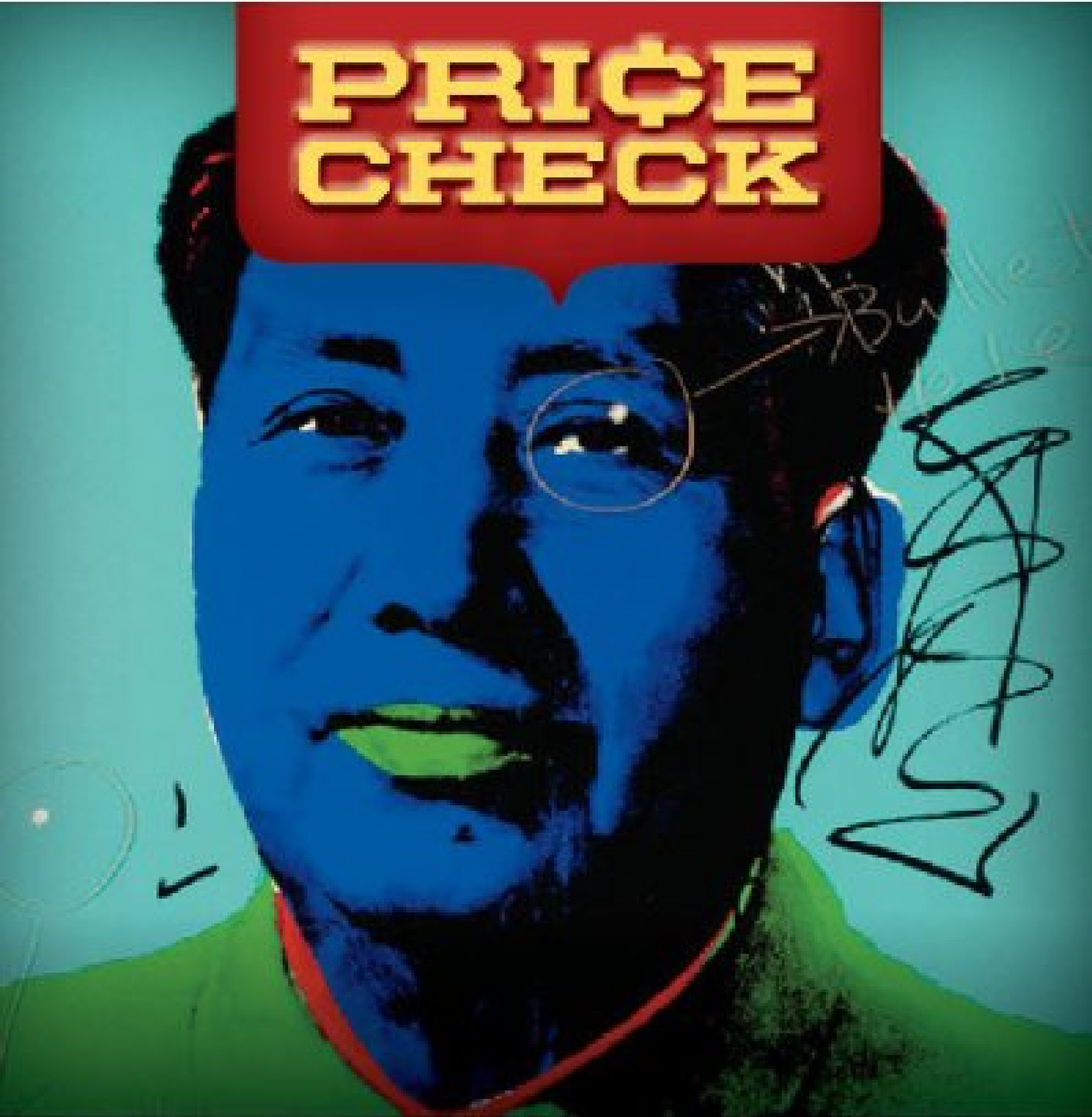
It's a tad ironic that **Cassandra Walker** won the title of Playboy's Miss Social December: The 22-year-old Watertown, New York native wasn't much of a social-media user prior to entering the contest. "My use of it really grew out of this experience," she says. The Miss Social competition is a nonnude-model search that is decided by fans, and Cassandra is the second girl to win the title. Contestants use Facebook and Twitter to drum up votes from family and friends, and Cassandra worked hard on her campaign. "It's funny; I've always said I hate being from a small town, but in this instance I think it helped me tremendously. Everyone knew me and knew what I was trying to do. They were all so supportive and voted for me right and left." These days Cassandra is a social-media pro. She says the key to using it successfully is to be friendly and accessible. "You have to be dedicated, and you need to thank the people who help you," she says. As Miss Social December, Cassandra earns a Playboy photo shoot and a trip to the Playboy Mansion in June. In addition, she'll be featured as a sexy character in Big Point's new video game *Ruined Online*.

"This whole experience has been so exciting and amazing," she says. Visit facebook.com/playboymissocial for more information.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

PRICE CHECK



\$302,500

Price paid at auction for an Andy Warhol portrait of Mao Tse-tung that actor Dennis Hopper shot two bullets through.

UNTIL THE ACLU RECENTLY TOOK THEM TO COURT, PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE WERE ISSUING 750 CITATIONS PER YEAR TO MOTORISTS JUST FOR OBSCENITY: SWEARING AT POLICE OR AT ONE ANOTHER.



WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

WHEN ASKED IF THEY THINK MEN ARE CAPABLE OF BEING FAITHFUL, 78% OF WOMEN SAID YES, 10% SAID THEY DIDN'T KNOW, 10% SAID NO BECAUSE "ALL GUYS WILL CHEAT IF GIVEN THE CHANCE," AND 2% SAID THEY COULD PROBABLY GET A MAN TO "CHANGE HIS MIND" ABOUT WANTING TO CHEAT.

A RECENT STUDY FOUND THAT ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE HAVE SIGNIFICANTLY HIGHER IQS THAN LESS ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE. OF THE 52,000 PEOPLE STUDIED, ATTRACTIVE MEN SCORED 13.6 POINTS ABOVE AVERAGE AND ATTRACTIVE WOMEN SCORED 11.4 POINTS ABOVE AVERAGE.

11.4 POINTS



50%

ON AVERAGE AMERICANS HAVE JUST UNDER 37 HOURS OF LEISURE TIME PER WEEK AND SPEND ABOUT 50% OF IT WATCHING TV.

A HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF PEOPLE IN THE U.S. ATTEND RELIGIOUS SERVICES WEEKLY THAN DO IN THE OFFICIALLY ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF **IRAN.**



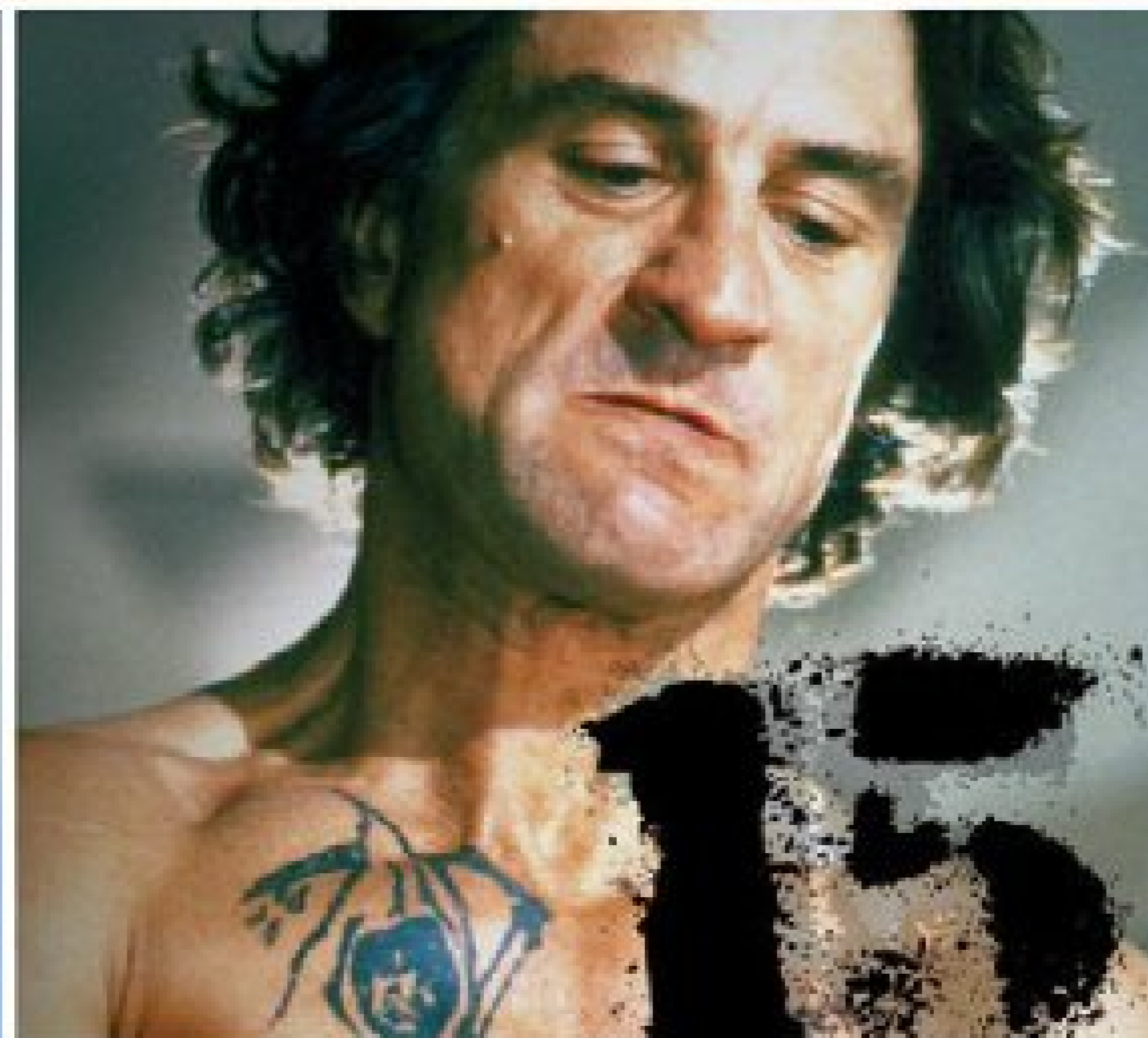
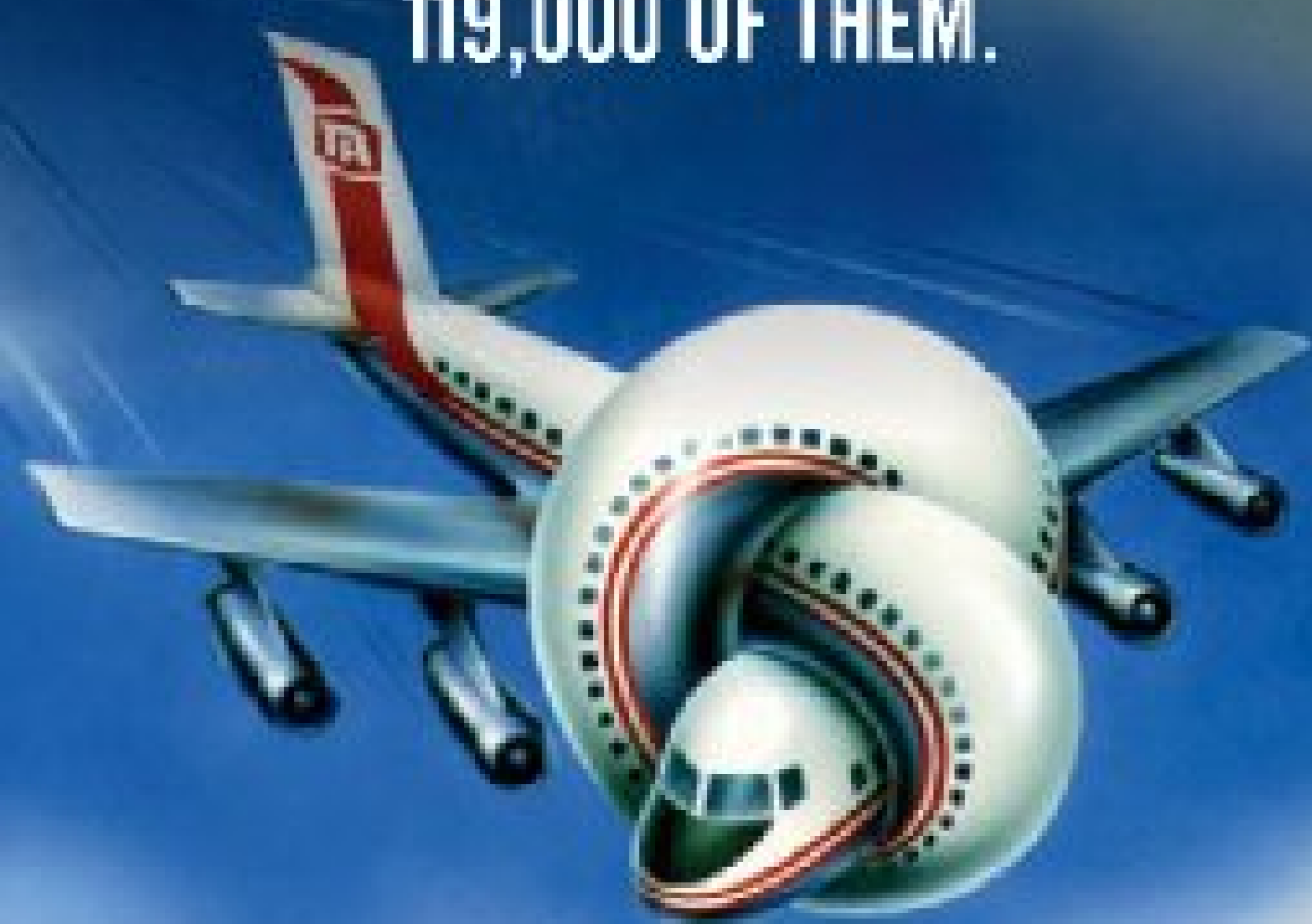
The world's earliest known winery, recently unearthed in Armenia, dates to around **4000 B.C.**



BETWEEN 2000 AND 2010 THE NUMBER OF BILLIONAIRES WORLDWIDE INCREASED BY 705, AND THE NUMBER OF UNDERNOURISHED PEOPLE WORLDWIDE INCREASED BY 68 MILLION.

facebook

THE FAA, WHOSE JOB IT IS TO REGISTER AND KEEP TRACK OF THE 357,000 PERSONAL AND COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT IN THE U.S., DOESN'T ACTUALLY KNOW THE OWNERS OR THE WHEREABOUTS OF AROUND 119,000 OF THEM.



Robert De Niro has died in 15 films—more than any other living lead actor.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

BASED ON THE AVERAGE NUMBER OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS CONSUMED PER PERSON, THE TIPSIEST TOWNS IN THE U.S. ARE, IN ORDER:

- MILWAUKEE
- FARGO
- SAN FRANCISCO
- AUSTIN
- RENO
- BURLINGTON
- OMAHA
- BOSTON
- ANCHORAGE
- SAN DIEGO



ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

EIGHTY-SEVEN CONDOMS ARE USED EACH SECOND ON **VALENTINE'S DAY** IN THE U.S.

FOR THOSE
BOLD
ENOUGH
TO CHOOSE
ON TASTE.

**BOLD
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Turkish Delight

Ain't no party like an Istanbul party

In a land of contradictions, here's the latest: Istanbul, Islam's European outpost, is now the continent's go-to nocturnal retreat. A 10-hour flight from New York City, Istanbul offers an exotic alternative to Prague and other preferred post-Cold War travel destinations. Stow your bags at Hôtel Les Ottomans (from \$1,080, lesottomans.com), a renovated 18th century palace situated on the Bosphorus Strait. For \$470 the concierge staff will pick you up from Atatürk Airport and take you by speedboat to the hotel's private dock. If Ottoman-era opulence isn't your thing, try the more modern Bentley Hotel (from \$275, bentley-hotel.com). Either way, stop in for dinner at Ciya Sofrasi (ciya.com.tr), a leader in the country's culinary movement toward down-home Turkish dishes—e.g.,

lamb stew and stuffed eggplant. Kick off the rest of the evening at 360 Istanbul (360istanbul.com), where the only thing more striking than the women is the view of the city's skyline, which straddles the Europe-Asia divide. From there, jump in a cab to Blackk (blackk.net); the hard beats will keep you out till sunrise. Speaking of morning: Grab a fresh *simit*—the Turkish equivalent of a bagel—from a street vendor to enjoy with your coffee, the national beverage. As for the sights, don't miss the Grand Bazaar (a maze of shops), the Blue Mosque (the standard tourist stop) and Istanbul Modern (the center of the secular art scene). Later, get medieval at the Galata Tower (galatatower.net)—part landmark, part hot spot. The entertainment? A bevy of belly dancers. What a city of beautiful contradictions.



Tough Enough

Go ahead and try to sink the ioSafe Rugged Portable Hard Drive (from \$150, iosafe.com). We fired a shotgun at the aluminum case—hitting it squarely, thank you—without losing a single piece of our data. The one-terabyte hard drive can also withstand a barrel's worth of diesel fuel and the deep end of the neighborhood pool.

Man Bag

Forget about the nylon sacks of your awkward middle-school years. The Will Leather Goods Lennon bag (\$385, leathergoods.com) is the backpack all grown up—handmade from heavy canvas, thick bridle leather and vintage worn-in hardware. You will be the most popular kid at the urban playground.





Men of Letters

Eat it, Twitter. When 140 characters doesn't cut it and you need to communicate in actual complete thoughts and phrases, grab an Icons Greeting Card (\$3.75, oipolloi.com) from the British menswear shop Oi Polloi. Two-tone sketches of Hunter S. Thompson (as his Good Doctor alter ego), Jack Nicholson (as his *Easy Rider* character, George Hanson) and Steve McQueen (as himself) appear on the outside. The inside remains blank for whatever message you want to send. Retweet that.

Club Rules

In the cutthroat world of golf retail, big corporations will do anything to sell you their latest clubs. With its new R11 driver (\$400, taylormadegolf.com), TaylorMade eschews scientific and marketing jumble in favor of a simple idea: The club is bespoke in a mass-market kind of way. The loft, face angle and flight path are all adjustable, so you can get a custom-like club off the shelf at a decent price. In other words, this TaylorMade is tailor-made.



The Gentleman's RV

Rough it? But why? The 2011 Eddie Bauer Airstream travel trailer (\$73,702, airstream.com) brings the best parts of the great indoors (i.e., plasma-screen televisions) to the great outdoors—transforming any gravel campsite into a well-appointed studio apartment. And so even the RV basics—queen-size bed, dinette, pantry, stove and refrigerator—sport an urbane sheen. Maple and soapstone laminates, quilted fabrics and goose-down pillows, anyone? But that doesn't mean it's too fancy to handle the elements. Large Michelin tires ensure that traction is never lost when navigating sloppy rural roads, and the dining area collapses to provide more room to stash action gear such as bikes and kayaks. The nearly 26-foot-long trailer sleeps up to four people, and a standard SUV or pickup truck should suffice to haul it across the country. Go get lost on the open road already.



STORY FROM

the DISEASE- of-the- MONTH CLUB

by
**NICK
TOSCHES**



In most mornings I listen to an all-news radio station. After about half an hour the news seems to repeat itself throughout the day and into the next, save for the occasional breaking rape, murder, verdict, storm, stock market or terrorism bite.

If I'm not lying to myself, I listen for the laughs, snorts of disgust and *schadenfreude* it brings—and the commercials. Yes, the commercials. Do I belong to the station's target demographic? If so, I'm in trouble. Big trouble. We all are.

We look back in arrogance on the Dark Ages. We do not see the benighted folly of our own times, lives and minds. Listening to these commercials often brings to mind nothing so much as the medieval nostrum-mongers and provincial coney catchers from which enlightenment is thought to have freed us. This newspeak marketplace says more about us and our culture than all the spin-doctored bites and rapid-fire reports broadcast day in and day out ever could say.

Bell Bed Bugs offers to have its bed-bug dog, Roscoe, sniff out my mattress. The Lichi Super Fruit Diet—move over, pomegranate pushers—promises better health. Hydrolyze will remove the dark circles, bags and wrinkles under my eyes, while Dr. Arthur Perry's Night-Skin invites mesdames to be rid of those brown spots.

I can buy gold “at wholesale prices” from United Gold. There is Debt Management Group, which invites me to visit its offices in Brooklyn—on Coney

Island Avenue, no less, as it turns out—to improve my debt-to-income ratio, while other entities are eager to solve my financial problems for free.

Such solicitations provide only the idlest of entertainment. Even the dulcet but forbidding insinuations of hospitals for “special surgery” are mere overtures. I am a member of the disease-of-the-month club, an aficionado of iatrogenic maladies and the symptoms of the fear that pervades and informs society and the frenzy and frettings of its worker ants. I subscribe to all-fear commercial broadcasting.

It's everywhere. Radio. Television. Print.

That runny nose? No such thing. It's vasomotor rhinitis now. Sound more serious than you thought? No problem. What you need isn't Kleenex. It's Astelin. Get to a doctor for your prescription now.

And that runny nose ain't nothing compared with “brain fog.” If you don't suffer from it, you will. Thank the gods for all-natural Neurostin.

How's your atherosclerosis? That's right, not your arteriosclerosis—your *atherosclerosis*.

Just as you would turn to Mirapex for your RLS, surely you should turn to Spivra for your COPD.

“...if you experience increased gambling, sexual or other intense urges....”

Remember that only a doctor can tell if you've got BPH. And only a doctor can prescribe Flomax for it.

What about—perhaps, along with

brain fog, my favorite—fibromyalgia, that disease no one believes you have? No one except maybe Pfizer, which has a drug for it.

The “real” news intrudes to tell us that some of Nature's Harvest and Organic Harvest organic ground beef is being recalled for *E. coli* contamination.

As a matter of course, I try to stay away from products that include *harvest*, *valley* or *path* in their brand name and are on offer at the local all-natural sugar emporium known as Whole Foods. Sweet indeed is high-fructose fear syrup.

The economy may be shot, but I'm bullish on fear. If only we could invest in it, we'd make out all right. But it's not trademarked or incorporated; it's everywhere, and the big pharmaceutical companies alone are a sucker's bet.

Terrorism works. Terrorism of every kind, from within as well as from without. The amygdala, the brain's fear center, is the true hotbed of terrorism and what the doctors of psychological ills, real and imagined, call comorbidity. Generalized anxiety disorder (GAD)—I can't remember what commercial I got that one from—promises to become an accurate working definition of life itself.

Forget about those suspicious-looking packages on the subway and in your brain. Just take a deep breath, laugh it out and say no to the pharmacopoeia of fear. If that doesn't work, there's always minimally invasive surgery. As the old Hippocratic writings tell us, what drugs do not cure, the knife will. Amen.

People on television are hot. Oh, I know—not everyone. But for every Oprah and Nancy Grace there are a dozen Blake Livelys and Sofia Vergaras. And they're not just hot. They're rich, and you know what that means: They can be really picky.

Realistically, for normal folks, the chances of bagging an actual TV actor are slight—even with chloroform and duct tape. If you want to score with someone who's coming into your living room at night, switch off that television show with the plot, script and actors. It's reality-TV time!

Reality shows are the bedbugs of television—they're everywhere you turn, and after seeing them, you feel slightly dirty. But with reality shows come reality *hos*, and instead of being actors, reality girls are the other *A* word: attainable. In fact, with a new crop of these celebustards popping up every week and returning to "real life" six seconds later, chances are you'll be courting one soon.

But which of these girls is for you? Which will be compatible with you in the sack? We all know reality sucks. But does it swallow? I've studied some of TV's most notorious reality girls so you can dive into this part of the dating pool with your eyes wide open.

Let's start with the crown jewels of the reality-TV world—the Kardashians. First of all, Kim and Khloé love black athletes. So if you're pigmentally challenged, don't bother. These girls spit out professional athletes like baseball players spit out sunflower seeds. On the bright side, if you get one of them, they'll let you leave ESPN on while you're banging them.



The Art of Dating a REALITY REJECT

By Lisa Lampanelli

But think about it: It'd be really awkward to reach into your girl's panties and find an ex-boyfriend's Super Bowl ring. The third K, Kourtney, may be within reach. She likes assholes, so even you might have a shot!

But say you're a nice guy with low self-esteem who can take more abuse than David Hasselhoff's liver. Then Kate Gosselin is the gal for you. Anyone who's seen Kate on TV knows she's such a nag that when

she dies, they could make glue out of her. If you choose to date Kate, you'd better like kids more than Mr. Rogers, Captain Kangaroo and Michael Jackson put together. In short, if you're a Thai sweatshop owner and need eight little pairs of hands, Kate is the lid for your wok.

Got the recreational habits of Charlie Sheen? Well, look no further than Danielle Staub, the craziest of Bravo TV's *Real Housewives of New Jersey*. Danielle is, in one word, wild, and not just with men. She claims to like women, too. And she's going to have free time, since she's left the show. When you're too crazy for the *Real Housewives* franchise, you know you're in trouble.

An interesting subspecies of reality TV is the reality-TV dating show—you know, the shows on which a dozen women scratch and claw for one man's "heart" (or something in a more southerly direction). It

takes a special type of man to date a woman who's appeared on a dating show. That man has to be completely unafraid to go where every man has gone before.

Luckily for you normal guys out there, all

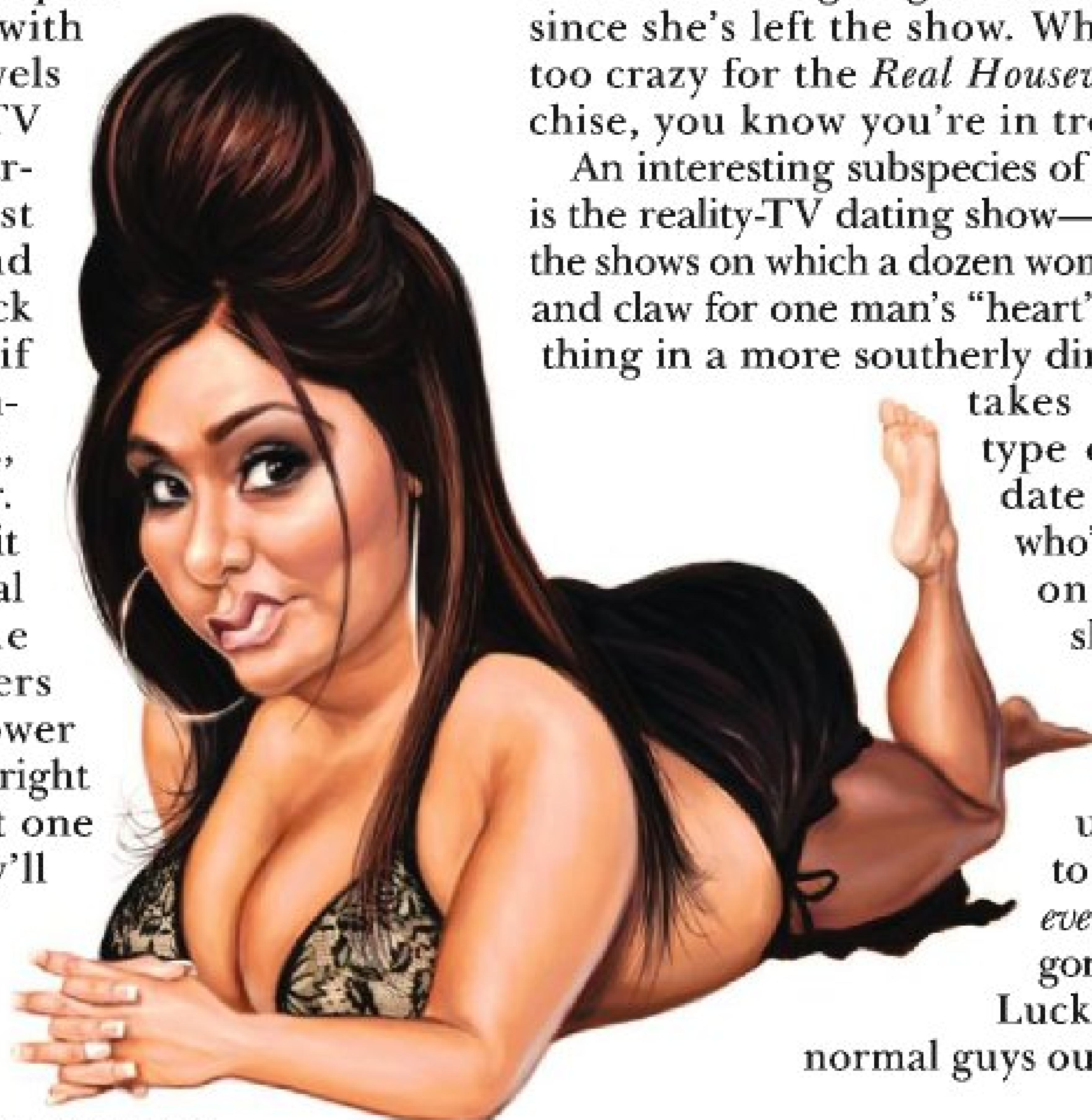
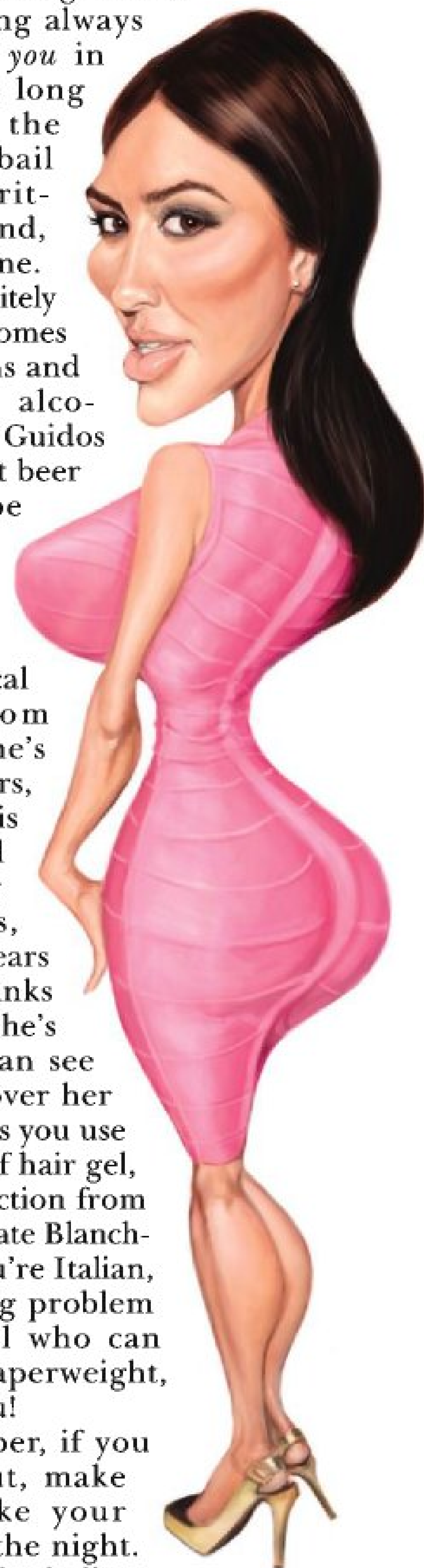
the castoffs from reality-dating shows have already been, well, cast off. They're out there in the dating pool right now.

Take the girls from any one of Bret Michaels's 3,463 reality shows. Long before Bret's brain exploded, he was smart enough to halt his halfhearted search for love on VH1. The beauty of dating one of these bimbos is that they're so desperate to bang a rock star, you don't even have to be a real one to get laid. Just dress like one. Get yourself a clip-on ponytail, a bandanna and a leather jacket from Goodwill, and say you're the bass player from White Lion.

There's something for everyone down at the white high heels—and Ed Hardy vacation paradise *Jersey Shore*. If you like the skanky bridge-and-tunnel type—and who below Exit 6 on the turnpike doesn't?—Sammi's your girl. Sure, she has a big mouth and the evening always ends up with you in a fight, but as long as you have the number of a bail bondsman written on your hand, you'll be just fine.

Last and definitely least—when it comes to height, brains and tolerance for alcohol—is Snooki. Guidos with permanent beer goggles will be gaga for this Cheetos-colored midget. Snooki is literally an optical illusion: From some angles she's cute, from others, Shrek. Snooki is the perfect girl if you like going to sports bars, because she swears like a sailor, drinks like a fish and she's so short you can see all the games over her head. But unless you use seven pounds of hair gel, you'll get less action from Snooki than a Cate Blanchett movie. If you're Italian, have a drinking problem and like a girl who can be used as a paperweight, Snooki's for you!

Just remember, if you ask Snooki out, make sure you make your move early in the night. Because, like the ball on New Year's Eve, she's big and round and falls down around midnight.



PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have developed an allergic reaction to my own semen. Over the past few years, whenever I ejaculate, my eyes water, my nose runs and I sneeze repeatedly. Once I clean up, the attack stops. Is there anything I can do? I hope I'm not the only one, because I don't want the affliction named after me.—S.P., Arlington, Virginia

You're safe. In 2002 Dr. Marcel Waldinger, a sexual psychopharmacologist in the Netherlands, and a colleague gave this relatively rare condition a name: postorgasmic illness syndrome. Earlier this year Waldinger reported the results of a new study involving 45 Dutch men who have adverse reactions to their own semen. The most common symptoms, which almost always appear within 30 minutes of ejaculation, are exhaustion and concentration difficulties, flu-like conditions and/or allergic responses in the eyes and nose. Half the men said these reactions had occurred since the first time they ejaculated as teenagers; the others said they appeared in their 20s or later. Notably, 56 percent of the men reported suffering from lifelong premature ejaculation, but Waldinger says this may be because they have limited sexual experience as a result of the disorder. Waldinger has found POIS can be treated with hyposensitization therapy, in which the man is injected with his own semen in small but gradually increasing amounts, a process that can continue for several years. For more information, visit post-orgasmic-illness-syndrome.com/en.

I want to marry my girlfriend, but her credit is about as bad as it gets. Is there any way we can get married without destroying my nearly perfect credit?—G.M., Augusta, Georgia

Your credit will become entangled only if you open joint accounts or co-sign for a mortgage or other loans, in which case her poor score will present obstacles and raise your interest rates. That isn't a reason not to marry, but it suggests a longer discussion about how you plan to merge your styles and handle shared expenses. (In this case, separate bank accounts seem wise.) You don't want to be put in a situation where, as the responsible money manager, you are overseeing the household finances while attempting to "control" her spending. A study published last year suggests that spendthrifts and tightwads are initially attracted to each other because they see in their partners the qualities they feel are missing in their own



JEREMY ENECIO

I am 23 and have been dating my girlfriend for two years. I love her, but I've also fallen in love with her mother, who is 50 and happily married. I am so comfortable with her I can even talk to her about my sex life with her daughter. She takes me out, we watch movies together, she even gives me money. Should I try to sleep with her? I think about her when I masturbate and sometimes while having sex with my girlfriend. How do I confront her about how I feel so she won't say anything to my girlfriend or my girlfriend's father?—M.A., Youngstown, Ohio

Didn't they make this into a movie? It's always difficult to date two women at once, especially if they're related. Most guys who fantasize about sisters, moms, aunts and other members of the girlfriend support system recognize that 65 percent of their lust rests in the taboo and 25 percent in the unattainable. Don't obsess over the fantasy—examine the reality, which would likely be the destruction of two relationships. Spend less time with Mom and more time with your girlfriend. On a positive note, should you two get something going despite our prudent counsel, your girlfriend will at least be able to spend more time with her dad.

approach to money. That is, spendthrifts wish they had more discipline and tightwads wish they could loosen up. While contrasting spending styles almost always lead to conflict, two spendthrift spouses can also have problems and two tightwads won't have much fun.

My wife has changed. We've been married for 30 years, but three years ago she began to shut me out sexually. She has always been Catholic, but now she is a serious Catholic. Her priest told her that since I'm Methodist, did not get an annulment from my first marriage and did not marry her in a Catholic church, she will go to hell if we have sex. Under these new rules all we can do is exchange a friendly hug or kiss. Neither of us wants a divorce, but is she within her rights? Has she broken the marriage vows? Is our 29-year-old daughter now illegitimate in the eyes of the church? And is there anything I can substitute for my wife's lack of intimate love? I'm only human.—J.G., Dallas, Texas

So now even postmarital sex is a sin? Technically the priest is right—since your first marriage was not annulled, you are not married in the eyes of the church, and therefore sex is forbidden. However, this can be fixed. Contact the marriage tribunal office at the local diocese and ask for the name of a compassionate priest who can guide you through the process of having your first marriage annulled. (It happens more often than you may think.) Once that is taken care of, your wife can ask the bishop for permission to marry a non-Catholic (or even a non-Christian, which is known as a "dispensation from disparity of cult"), and you can be officially united by a priest in a Catholic church. Your daughter's legitimacy depends not on church but civil law, and since you were legally married that's not an issue.

It is my belief and unreputed claim that I and two Canadian women have shattered any previous depth record for human sex by having a ménage à trois at 2,660 feet—just over half a mile—below sea level in the *Idabel*, a tourist submersible that I built, own and pilot.—Karl Stanley, Stanley Submarines, Roatán, Honduras

We've been waiting for a letter like yours since 1999, when we noted that anyone attempting to join the mile-low club would have to do so in a submersible or a South African gold mine, where the sex would be incredibly hot, though not in a good way. Bruce Jones, president of U.S. Submarines (ussubmarines.com), who builds luxury subs for private clients, says a number of the few dozen people in the world who own two- or three-person submersibles have told him

they've had sex while submerged but typically at no more than 1,000 feet. Because some small subs can dive to 20,000 feet and may soon be able to reach 36,000 feet, Jones suspects that within a few months two or three people will become charter members of the mile-low club, if they haven't already. However, until a wealthy submariner makes a public claim, Captain Stanley and his passengers appear to have bragging rights.

Two girlfriends have told me it's not good for them to douche. I'm no doctor, but I can't figure out how rinsing the vagina once a month after a woman has her period does any harm. It's not like their privates smell bad, but I feel better about cunnilingus if I know a woman has douched. Is there any science to support their position, or are they too lazy to stay as clean as possible? And is there any way to bring it up in conversation?—B.L., Beverly Hills, California

You can bring it up to end a conversation, but that's about it. There is no need for a woman to douche; the vagina is one of the most efficient self-cleansing mechanisms ever devised. It's also a finely balanced environment designed to be slightly acidic; acid prevents the yeast that lives there from growing out of control, which will make the vagina unpalatable. And who wants that? Rinsing the center of the world of its healthy bacteria upsets that balance, and if there is an existing infection, douching can push it into the uterus and fallopian tubes.

I have been taking Zoloft for depression and notice it puts a damper on my sex drive. Is there an herb I could use that is safe, or should I ask my doctor for Viagra?—J.T., Rochester, New York

This is a common side effect of many antidepressants, and some people become so discouraged they stop taking their meds. Ask your psychiatrist about putting the edge back with a supplemental dose of Wellbutrin or Remeron or by experimenting with antidepressants that don't have such a pronounced effect on libido such as Luvox, Celexa, Effexor or a drug the FDA approved earlier this year called Vilybyrd. Some men have success with Viagra, Cialis, Levitra or over-the-counter yohimbe, while other patients take brief "drug holidays," a technique pioneered by Dr. Anthony Rothschild, a psychiatrist at the University of Massachusetts Medical School. For a 1995 study he asked 30 depressed patients to take their last dose of the week on Thursday morning and the next dose on Sunday at noon. Patients taking Zoloft or Paxil reported significant improvement in their sex drive and function, but those on Prozac did not, probably because it takes longer to leave the body. The patients also reported no worsening of their depressive symptoms, though getting laid tends to make anyone feel better.

You noted in January that Irv Gordon has put 2.8 million miles on his 1966 Volvo P1800. One fact to keep in mind

is that Gordon had only one mechanic work on the car for its first 35 years. This is of paramount importance because the tech will know what your car needs and can keep track of important maintenance. People who shop around for the best "deals" or rely on coupons wind up being shortchanged. In February you responded to a reader who asked how long to warm up his car. Your answer is spot-on ("the best way to warm up a cold car is to drive it"), but when you start your car, don't turn on the heat or defroster and don't rev the motor. Let the engine idle for a minute, then switch on the heat and drive away gently.—David Solomon, MotorWatch.com, Butler, Maryland

Good advice, thanks. We've decided the best method to warm up a car is to live where it doesn't get cold.

A reader in February wondered if he had a fetish because of his attraction to large breasts. One hypothesis is that breasts became a focal point for men only after humans began walking upright. Perhaps this reader, like most males, is just highly evolved.—J.A., Portsmouth, New Hampshire

*This is exactly the type of brilliant reasoning for which men never get credit. The idea that breasts are bipedal beacons was popularized by Desmond Morris in his 1967 best-seller, *The Naked Ape*. By his telling, early human males fixated on the ass because, like other animals, we penetrated females from behind. Once we started having sex face-to-face, breasts became a stand-in for the booty, complete with simulated butt cheeks (cleavage). In his book *The Mating Mind*, evolutionary psychologist Geoffrey Miller writes, "The manifest sexual appeal of female breasts and buttocks seems subjectively obvious to all heterosexual male humans, and that obviousness is good evidence for these traits having arisen through male mate choice." In other words, breasts exist because men like breasts.*

I live in the Cayman Islands during the winter. My neighbor has invited me for a day trip on his Gulfstream V to attend a Ferrari show in Florida. What gift should I bring? I don't know him well enough to know what he likes, and offering to pay for the fuel seems pointless considering his wealth.—A.M., George Town, Grand Cayman

Two very nice bottles of champagne are appropriate tokens of your appreciation. Offering to chip in for the gas brings to mind far less exotic adventures such as college road trips and predawn car pools.

In January a reader wrote that he and his wife had tried anal intercourse without success. My wife and I had the same problem but solved it with a bullet vibrator. While we're in the rear-entry position, my wife uses the vibe on her clitoris; it's easier to penetrate her when she's aroused. She has orgasms that make her

eyes roll back, and the contractions in her butt feel great around my cock. It's to the point where my anal itch (that sounds bad) has been satisfied, but she continues to "make" me do it.—M.V., Woodbridge, New Jersey

Like the reader in January, my husband and I wanted to experiment with anal. When we started I felt discomfort, but then we switched to Astroglide. I also place an egg vibrator against my clitoris, which relaxes me and is extremely pleasurable.—K.A., Detroit, Michigan

Thanks to you both for the suggestions. Arousal makes everything in life easier.

I'm interested in shaving with a straight razor because I've heard it makes your face as smooth as a baby's butt. What do I need, and how do I apply the blade?—J.R., Boston, Massachusetts

The first thing you will need is patience. "Chances are your first weeks or even months will yield results that are, at best, on par with those of a cartridge or safety razor," writes Lynn Abrams, who has used a straight razor since 1973 after his grandfather treated him to a barbershop shave and who in 2000 founded the online Straight Razor Place. The most important tip for beginners is to make sure your blade is "shave ready," i.e., hand-honed to a sharpness that would startle Sweeney Todd. You'll also need soap or cream, a shaving brush (preferably badger hair) and a leather strop to maintain the edge. "Keep the blade angled at about 30 degrees and use extremely light pressure so the razor is just touching your face," he notes. "Too much angle will cause a cut. Stretching the skin with your free hand is important as well. The principle is not beard elimination but beard reduction—use multiple passes, starting with the grain and then possibly adding across the grain and against the grain. Start by shaving just under the sideburns and slowly expand the area with each shave as you become confident with the razor." For more tips and discussion, visit straightrazorplace.com/srpwiki, or order Abrams's instructional DVD. It runs for three and a half hours, which is not unexpected. You can never know too much about putting a knife to your own throat.

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



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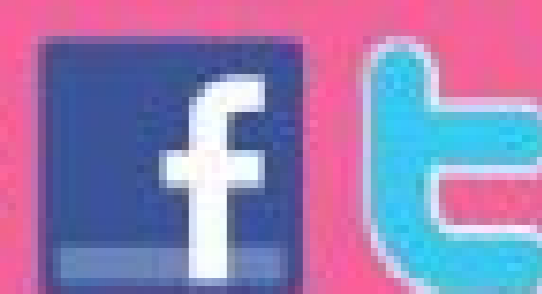
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HELEN THOMAS

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

A candid conversation with the disgraced dean of the White House press corps about her rage against Israel, her sympathy for Palestinians and why she was fired

For more than half a century, Helen Thomas owned the most valuable piece of real estate in the White House briefing room. Her front-row seat at presidential press conferences and its attendant benefits—she was often called on first and usually ended the gatherings with a signature “Thank you, Mr. President”—made her the unofficial dean of the White House press corps. Her bold, irksome questions were like hot poker to 10 U.S. presidents, and her fearless approach rattled press secretaries and set a tone for generations of straight-shooting, badgering reporters.

Last summer, still working full-time at 89, she saw her decades-long career fall to pieces after a two-minute video clip went viral on YouTube. A Long Island rabbi and blogger visiting the White House turned his camera on Thomas on May 27 and asked for “any comments on Israel.” Thomas instantly shot back, “Tell them to get the hell out of Palestine,” adding that the Jews “can go home” to “Poland, Germany and America and everywhere else.” Endless media outrage ensued, prompting Thomas to issue an apology and abruptly “resign” from Hearst Newspapers on June 7. Her speaking agency dropped her, journalism schools and organizations rescinded awards named in her honor and she lost that prized seat in the White House.

Thomas’s comments were not a complete shock to those who follow her. In recent years she practically

scolded presidents and their gatekeepers for favoring Israel. She had previously asked the White House about Israel’s “secret” nuclear arsenal and why President Obama did not condemn last May’s Israeli attacks on the aid flotilla headed for Gaza.

Born August 4, 1920, Thomas herself is of Arab descent. She was the seventh of nine children born in Winchester, Kentucky to Syrian-born emigrants from Tripoli, Lebanon. Her family soon moved to Detroit, where her father ran a grocery store even though he couldn’t read or write in English. News was often a topic around the house, and after college Thomas landed a job as a girl Friday at a Washington, D.C. newspaper toward the end of World War II. That led her to the copy desk and a cub reporter position and eventually to a job covering government bureaucracy for the wire service United Press International. She remained at UPI for much of her career. As White House correspondent from the Kennedy administration on, Thomas had unusual prominence despite standing just under five feet tall.

Famously direct, Thomas was especially forceful with George W. Bush, whom she once called “the worst president in American history.” She was relentless about getting him to explain his decision to go to war in Iraq, asking over and over, “What was your real reason? What was it? Why did you go to war?” His minions promptly moved Thomas to the back row of the briefing room.

Thomas now writes a column for the Falls Church News-Press in Virginia. She still wakes early to read various newspapers delivered to her door, and she’s still out many nights talking politics at favorite D.C. haunts.

Contributing Editor David Hochman got the idea to call Thomas to see if she wanted to talk. “She picked up the phone and said yes immediately,” he says. “I think she really appreciated the opportunity to do a long-format Q&A to express her side of what happened.”

Based in Los Angeles, Hochman flew to Washington to meet Thomas at her apartment near Dupont Circle. They also broke bread at her favorite Palestinian restaurant. “I was curious whether I’d find the ranting woman from the YouTube video,” Hochman says. “She turned out to be a person in full possession of her faculties and impressively articulate. Mostly she was the Thomas the public has known forever: feisty, passionate and not afraid to speak up.” Does Hochman, who is Jewish, believe Thomas is an anti-Semite? “I’ll let the reader decide. But I did think it was amusing when she presented a plate of ham sandwiches and then said, ‘Oh, I hope I haven’t served the wrong thing.’”

PLAYBOY: So is this how you pictured retirement?

THOMAS: I’m not retired! I was fired. In fact,



“I want people to understand why the Palestinians are upset. They are incarcerated and living in an open prison. I say to the Israelis, ‘Get out of people’s homes!’ And why do they send my American tax dollars to perpetuate it?”



“I think Jews are wonderful people. They had to have the most depth. They were leaders in civil rights. They’ve always had the heart for others but not for Arabs, for some reason. I’m not anti-Jewish; I’m anti-Zionist.”



“I’m not retired! I was fired. I’ll die with my boots on. I’m still writing and I’ll continue to write and ask hard questions. I will never bow out of journalism. I knew what I was doing—I was going for broke. You finally get fed up.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN CEDENO

5000/5000.com

I'll die with my boots on. I'm still writing and I'll continue to write and ask hard questions. I will never bow out of journalism.

PLAYBOY: Take us back to the White House courtyard on May 27 when Rabbi David Nesenoff pointed his camera at you and asked for your comments on Israel.

THOMAS: He pulled that thing out like a jackknife. I mean, he started out very nice, introducing me to these two young boys who wanted to be in journalism. He said, "Got any advice? Go for it." I didn't know it was Jewish Heritage Month, which is why he was at the White House and also why he asked "So what do you think of Israel?" That's when I said, "They should get the hell out of Palestine."

PLAYBOY: Did you realize how controversial those words were as you spoke them?

THOMAS: I knew I'd hit the third rail. You cannot say anything about Israel in this country. But I've lived with this cause for many years. Everybody knows my feelings that the Palestinians have been shortchanged in every way. Sure, the Israelis have a right to exist—but where they were born, not to come and take someone else's home. I've had it up to here with the violations against the Palestinians. Why shouldn't I say it? I knew exactly what I was doing—I was going for broke. I had reached the point of no return. You finally get fed up.

PLAYBOY: What was life like in the immediate aftermath as millions started viewing the video on YouTube?

THOMAS: I went into self-imposed house arrest for two weeks. It was a case of "know thyself." Isn't that what Socrates said? I wanted to see if I was remorseful—and I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Did the phone ring off the hook?

THOMAS: No. Nobody called. But I still have some friends in the White House press pool, who reached out to me. I understand they formed Jews for Helen Thomas at one point.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting.

THOMAS: I also heard from Jimmy Carter. He called a few weeks later.

PLAYBOY: He did? What did he say?

THOMAS: Basically he was sympathetic. He talked about the Israelis in the Middle East, the violations. It was very nice of him to call, but I don't want to get him into trouble.

PLAYBOY: His reaction certainly wasn't typical.

THOMAS: No. Every columnist and commentator jumped on me immediately as anti-Semitic. Nobody asked me to explain myself. Nobody said, "What did you really mean?"

PLAYBOY: What did you really mean?

THOMAS: Well, there's no understanding of the Palestinians at all. I mean, they're living there and these people want to come and take their homes and land and water and kill their children and kill them. How many are still under arrest in Israel—never been charged, never been tried, never been convicted? Thousands. Why?

Meanwhile, we keep giving Israel everything. Our government bribes the Israelis by saying, "Please come to the [negotiating] table and we'll give you this and we'll give you that." Obama's last offer to the Israelis was \$22 billion in new fighter planes [*Editor's note: The offer was actually just under \$3 billion*], a veto at the UN for anything pro-Arab or pro-Palestinian and a three-month freeze on the colonization and settlers. I mean, what is this? They gave away the store, just as Reagan and every other president did. Why do you have to bribe people to do the right thing? I don't want my government bribing anybody. I want them demanding. Stop all this aid to Israel when they're killing people!

PLAYBOY: It was your follow-up comment, when you said the Jews should go back to Poland, Germany and America, that really infuriated people.

THOMAS: Well, that immediately evoked the concentration camps. What I meant was they should stay where they are because they're not being persecuted—not since World War II, not since 1945. If they were, we sure would hear about it.

I love the new revolutionary spirit in the Middle East. The power of the people is removing ruthless dictators in Tunisia and Egypt—and that's only the beginning.

Instead, they initiated the Jackson-Vanik law, which said the U.S. would not trade with Russia unless it allowed unlimited Jewish emigration. But it was not immigration to the United States, which would have been fine with me. It was to go to Palestine and uproot these people, throw them out of their homes, which they have done through several wars. That's not fair. I want people to understand why the Palestinians are upset. They are incarcerated and living in an open prison. I say to the Israelis, "Get out of people's homes!" It's unacceptable to have soldiers knocking on a door at three in the morning and saying, "This is my home." And forcing people out of homes they've lived in for centuries? What is this? How can anybody accept it? I mean, Jewish-only roads? Would anyone tolerate something like that in America? White-only roads?

PLAYBOY: You mean Israeli-only roads, not Jewish only, right? [*Editor's note: Israel closes certain roads to Palestinians, but roads are open to all Israeli citizens and to other nationals, regardless of religious background.*]

THOMAS: Israeli-only roads, okay. But it's

more than semantics because the Palestinians are deprived of owning these roads. This is their land. I'm sorry, but we're talking about foreigners who came and said, "God gave this land to us." [Former Israeli prime minister Yitzhak] Rabin said, "Where's the deed?" I mean, come on! Do you know that an Arab Palestinian trying to go home to see his mother has to go through 10 checkpoints and then is held there, while an American tourist can go through right like that? The Palestinian people have to carry their kids to hospitals and are not allowed to drive cars and so forth. What is this? No American Jew would tolerate that sort of treatment here against blacks or anyone else. Why do they allow it over there? And why do they send my American tax dollars to perpetuate it?

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that some Palestinian behavior over the years, including hijacking and the use of suicide bombers, has been wrong and has added to the problem?

THOMAS: In an ideal world passive resistance and world disarmament would be great. Unfortunately we don't live in that world. Of course I don't condone any violence against anyone. But who wouldn't fight for their country? What would any American do if their land was being taken? Remember Pearl Harbor. The Palestinian violence is to protect what little remains of Palestine. The suicide bombers act out of despair and desperation. Three generations of Palestinians have been forced out of their homes—by Israelis—and into refugee camps. And the Israelis are still bulldozing Palestinians' homes in East Jerusalem. Remember, Menachem Begin invented terrorism as his MO—and bragged about it in his first book. That's how Israel was created, aided and abetted by U.S. money and arms. To annex and usurp an occupied people's country is illegal under international law. The Israelis know that, but their superior military force has always prevailed against the indigenous people.

PLAYBOY: What's your reaction to the changes sweeping through the Arab world as throngs of demonstrators take to the streets across the region?

THOMAS: I love the new revolutionary spirit in the Middle East and North Africa. The power of the people is removing ruthless dictators in Tunisia and Egypt—and that's only the beginning. There is no stopping this free new movement. The Arab world is waking up to the possibilities of democratic life and freedom for its people, and I am happy to see this happening in my lifetime.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a personal antipathy toward Jews themselves?

THOMAS: No. I think they're wonderful people. They had to have the most depth. They were leaders in civil rights. They've always had the heart for others but not for Arabs, for some reason. I'm not anti-Jewish; I'm anti-Zionist. I am anti Israel

taking what doesn't belong to it. If you have a home and you're kicked out of that home, you don't come and kick someone else out. Anti-Semite? The Israelis are not even Semites! They're Europeans, and they've come from somewhere else. But even if they were Semites, they would still have no right to usurp other people's land. There are some Israelis with a conscience and a big heart, but unfortunately they are too few.

PLAYBOY: In the wake of your anti-Israel comments, a blogger from *The Atlantic* argued there's really no distinction between anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism. He wrote, "Thomas was fired for saying that the Jews of Israel should move to Europe, where their relatives had been slaughtered in the most devastating act of genocide in history. She believes that once the Jews are evacuated from their ancestral homeland, the world's only Jewish country should be replaced by what would be the world's 23rd Arab country. She believes that Palestinians deserve a country of their own but that the Jews are undeserving of a nation-state in their homeland, which has had a continuous Jewish presence for 3,000 years...."

THOMAS: [Interrupts] Did a Jew write this? [Editor's note: The writer is Jeffrey Goldberg.]

PLAYBOY: "...and has been the location of two previous Jewish states. This sounds like a very anti-Jewish position to me, not merely an anti-Zionist position."

THOMAS: This is a rotten piece. I mean it's absolutely biased and totally—who are these people? Why do they think they're so deserving? The slaughter of Jews stopped with World War II. I had two brothers and many relatives who fought in that war against Hitler. We believed in it. Every American family was in that fight. But they were liberated since then. And yet they carry on the victimization. American people do not know that the Israeli lobbyists have intimidated them into believing every Jew is a persecuted victim forever—while they are victimizing Palestinians.

PLAYBOY: Let's get to something else you said more recently. In a speech in Detroit last December, you told an Arab group, "We are owned by the propagandists against the Arabs. There's no question about that. Congress, the White House and Hollywood, Wall Street, are owned by the Zionists. No question, in my opinion. They put their money where their mouth is. We're being pushed into a wrong direction in every way." Do you stand by that statement?

THOMAS: Yes, I do. I know it was horrendous, but I know it's true. Tell me it's not true and I'll be happy to be contradicted. I'm just saying they're using their power, and they have power in every direction.

PLAYBOY: That stereotype of Jewish control has been around for more than a century. Do you actually think there's a secret Jewish conspiracy at work in this country?

THOMAS: Not a secret. It's very open. What do you mean secret?

PLAYBOY: Well, for instance, explain the connection between Hollywood and what's happening with the Palestinians.

THOMAS: Power over the White House, power over Congress.

PLAYBOY: By way of contributions?

THOMAS: Everybody is in the pocket of the Israeli lobbies, which are funded by wealthy supporters, including those from Hollywood. Same thing with the financial markets. There's total control.

PLAYBOY: Who are you thinking about specifically? Who are the Jews with the most influence?

THOMAS: I'm not going to name names. What, am I going to name the Ponzi guy on Wall Street [Bernard Madoff] or the others? No.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you make the claim that Jews are running the country?

THOMAS: I want you to look at the Congress that just came in. Do you think [New York Democratic senator Charles] Schumer and Lehtinen—whatever her name is—in Florida [Republican representative Ileana Ros-Lehtinen, a strong supporter of Israel] are going to be pro-Arab? No. But they're going to be very

I resent that question! I thoroughly resent it. Why are you interviewing me if I'm crazy? It wouldn't be worth it to you, would it? You should apologize.

influential. Eric Cantor, the majority leader of the Republicans, do you think he's going to be for the Arabs? Hell no! I'm telling you, you cannot get 330 votes in Congress for anything that's pro-Arab. Nothing. If you're not in, you're eased out, just as Senator William Fulbright was in the 1960s [after claiming that millions of tax-deductible dollars from American philanthropies were being sent to Israel and then funneled back to the U.S. for distribution to organizations with pro-Israel positions]. Congressman Paul Findley from a little old rural district in Illinois made the mistake of shaking hands with Yasir Arafat years ago. It ended up costing him his reelection. He later wrote a book called *They Dare to Speak Out* about how impossible it is to have a position in this country that takes on Israel. Maybe there is a handful that can, but in general you cannot speak against any Zionist movement in this country.

PLAYBOY: Do you begrudge people like Steven Spielberg? He created the Shoah Foundation to chronicle the life stories of Holocaust survivors. What's your feeling about him?

THOMAS: There's nothing wrong with remembering it, but why do we have to constantly remember? We're not at fault. I mean, if they're going to put a Holocaust museum in every city in Germany, that's fine with me. But we didn't do this to the Jews. Why do we have to keep paying the price and why do they keep oppressing the Palestinians? Do the Jews ever look at themselves? Why are they always right? Because they have been oppressed throughout history, I know. And they have this persecution. That's true, but they shouldn't use that to dominate.

PLAYBOY: In America you're talking about a relatively small community. Jews make up roughly two percent of the U.S. population. On a worldwide level, the percentage is well under one percent. Those numbers don't exactly spell domination.

THOMAS: I get where you're leading with this. You know damn well the power they have. It isn't the two percent. It's real power when you own the White House, when you own these other places in terms of your political persuasion. Of course they have power. You don't deny that. You're Jewish, aren't you?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

THOMAS: That's what I thought. Well, you know damn well they have power.

PLAYBOY: Why did it take you so long to speak out like this?

THOMAS: It hasn't taken that long. I've told all my friends and so forth. This has been an issue for me since I first came to Washington.

PLAYBOY: You've kept quiet publicly since the 1940s?

THOMAS: It was certainly on my mind back then. The United Nations Partition Plan was being debated at the UN and in the Arab community, and I knew what the Arabs were going through since I have an Arab background. I was part of that community. Like I said, I've never hesitated to tell my views to all my friends. They knew exactly where I stood. But I finally wanted to speak the truth. And I think I'm old enough to get away with it. Well, almost. Not quite.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised that people like David Duke and even Hezbollah came out and said you were courageous and a hero for them?

THOMAS: I don't want to be a hero to anyone. I just want to be me, and I want to tell the truth. I want everyone to accept the truth. It's horrible to say some of my best friends are Jews, but they are and they have been.

PLAYBOY: Don't take this the wrong way, but the question many people have is, Has Helen Thomas lost her mind? You're 90, after all. Do you still have all your faculties?

THOMAS: I resent that question! I thoroughly resent it. Why are you interviewing me if I'm crazy? It wouldn't be worth it to you, would it?

PLAYBOY: It's not an unreasonable question.
THOMAS: I resent it. You should apologize. 133

PLAYBOY: But it's the question everyone wants answered—and you're the one who always tells journalists to ask the hard questions.

THOMAS: They want to know if I'm crazy? You have to be crazy to criticize Israel? You have to be crazy to criticize tyranny? I learned before Hitler that you have to stand up for something. You have to stand up. We always have to take a stand against human tyranny wherever it occurs. *[pauses]* Would you like a Coke or a ginger ale?

PLAYBOY: No, thank you.

THOMAS: We have Diet Coke. Wine?

PLAYBOY: No, we're good.

THOMAS: Scotch?

PLAYBOY: No, thank you. How's your health, by the way?

THOMAS: I'm a little rickety.

PLAYBOY: Do people live a long time in your family?

THOMAS: I had a brother who just died at 100.

PLAYBOY: Wow. How long did your parents live?

THOMAS: Into their 60s. I'd like to live a long life.

PLAYBOY: Do you fear dying?

THOMAS: No, but I'm not ready to go. You never know, though. It's fate.

PLAYBOY: Life is unpredictable, that's for sure.

THOMAS: There's an Arab expression, "Maktub."

PLAYBOY: Which means?

THOMAS: "It is written."

PLAYBOY: Meaning whatever will be will be?

THOMAS: I don't know if I'm that fatalistic, but yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you picture heaven in any way? What would heaven be for you?

THOMAS: I never thought about heaven per se. I think when you're dead, you're dead. If anything happens after that, you just hope you don't go to hell.

PLAYBOY: When people write your obituary—

THOMAS: *[Eyes suddenly fill with tears]* Oh, I know what they're going to say: "anti-Semite."

PLAYBOY: That has to bother you after all your years of hard work.

THOMAS: *[Starts to cry]* I'm a reporter.

PLAYBOY: What's making you emotional?

THOMAS: I'm a reporter. *[sobs]* I know damn well what they're going to say because they have their print, they have their ink. They don't give a damn about the truth. They have to have it their way, and they'll be writing my obituary.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that their job?

THOMAS: Well, I don't want to be treated that way. *[pauses but continues to cry]* I'm sorry. But what am I supposed to do, love every Jew because they want to take Palestine? It's a real cause with me. They should have a conscience and they don't if that's what they're going to do. Is there such a thing as a conscience? I think there is. Stop taking what doesn't belong to you! Stop killing these people. These children

throw stones at them, and they shoot them. Where is the Jewish conscience? I want to know. Have some feeling. They can't just come in and say, "This is my home," knock on the door at three in the morning and have the Israeli military take them out. That's what happens. And that's what happened to the Jews in Germany. Why do they inflict that same pain on people who did nothing to them? *[takes another break to compose herself]*

I sure didn't want to cry. But I do care about people. And I don't care what they write about me. They've already written it. My family will be disappointed in me for crying.

PLAYBOY: We in the public never get to see you cry. Helen Thomas has always been the picture of toughness and strength.

THOMAS: Oh, I've cried all my life. I'm a crybaby. It's not that I'm soft; I just cry at the drop of a hat.

PLAYBOY: Let's shift gears. You have literally had a front-row seat on the presidency. What should the American people know about how the White House really operates?

THOMAS: They don't know how intense

I suppose that's the reason we have the Tea Party. People are unhappy. The trouble is, swinging to the right is dangerous. We end up losing so much in the rush to conservatism.

the pressure from different special interests is on the president and congressmen. Politicians more often than not give in to that pressure. These elected officials are supposed to be doing what we want them to do. But I suppose that's the reason we have the Tea Party. People are unhappy. The trouble is, swinging to the right is always dangerous. We end up losing so much in the rush to conservatism. But even Obama has fallen down that hole. He's pushing a conservative agenda.

PLAYBOY: The right doesn't see Obama that way. How is Obama conservative?

THOMAS: Look at Guantánamo. With a stroke of a pen, the day after Obama took the oath he should have said, "We're getting the hell out of here." Same thing with Iraq and Afghanistan. There's no reason for us to be in a war. "They'll all come here if we don't go there." That is baloney. Go halfway around the world to kill and die? Why? Now the veterans can't get jobs. I see stories every day about soldiers being liberated from Iraq only to end up unemployed. Where is Obama? How can he continue these Bush policies that were so mean and rotten and

unjust? People had this impression that Obama would be a peaceful president, but there he is, as hawkish as any of them. And Hillary Clinton is no liberal either. She put out the word to "capture or kill" for Afghanistan. What would she do that for, really? Capture or kill? What does this mean? I thought, naively perhaps, that she and Obama would bring change, that they would be different. I assumed wrongly that they would be liberal because he's black and she's a woman. It's maddening.

PLAYBOY: Who's the greatest president you've covered?

THOMAS: Well, I think Carter was most impressive from the perspective of pure intellect. He was the smartest, if not the most effectual. A man of bold ideas and great wisdom. But that doesn't mean he was a great president. He wasn't a schmoozer. He didn't know how to do that part of the job.

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, Carter recently said America is ready for its first gay president. Do you think that's true?

THOMAS: Why not? Absolutely. Don't underestimate America.

PLAYBOY: So who was the greatest president you've covered?

THOMAS: I'd say it was a draw. Kennedy and Johnson both impressed me the most for knowing the country, knowing how to legislate and how to get things done and for having monumental ideals. They were presidents who served during remarkable times and lived up to those times.

PLAYBOY: Then there was Richard Nixon. Why didn't you see Watergate coming?

THOMAS: Because we were on the body watch.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

THOMAS: When you're with a wire service, you're always with the president. You're always trailing him; you're always there when he's in public. You don't have time to chase the backstory. I mean, I didn't think Nixon was totally honest, but I didn't know about Watergate per se because when you're following the president you can't go digging.

PLAYBOY: You were the only female print reporter to accompany Nixon on his landmark visit to China in 1972. What's your lasting memory from that trip?

THOMAS: Everything. It was a magnificent trip—eight days when you never wanted to sleep you were so afraid to miss something. Everything was a story: what the Chinese wore, what they ate, even what I ate. I would call my office and say President Nixon was going to meet with so-and-so, and they'd say, "No, wait a minute. We want to know what your room is like and what you're having for breakfast." Every reporter in Washington wanted to be on that trip, but it was very limited.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain your ability to get access like that? Nobody else had the front-row *(continued on page 102)*

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BY STEVEN KOTLER

Brother Guy Consolmagno is 58 years old, with a thick beard, round glasses and an easy manner. The religious garb he wears in public may be misleading. While Consolmagno is a man of the cloth, most of his life has been focused less on God than on the details of God's

THE CELESTIAL SUPERMARKET

WHAT ASTEROIDS ARE WORTH ON THE OPEN MARKET TODAY

ASTEROIDS ARE BIG ROCKS HURLING THROUGH SPACE, PACKED WITH PRECIOUS ORE. CATCHING UP TO ONE DOING MACH 3 ISN'T EASY, BUT MANY EXPERTS BELIEVE THAT WITH TODAY'S TECHNOLOGY IT'S JUST AS EASY TO MINE ASTEROIDS IN DEEP SPACE AS IT IS TO DRILL FOR OIL IN DEEP OCEAN. HOW MUCH WEALTH IS FLOATING AROUND UP THERE? JOIN US ON A TOUR OF THE GREAT SUPERMARKET IN THE SKY.



ROCK STAR NASA landed a probe on 433 Eros, pictured above, in 2001. The asteroid contains, among other things, hundreds of trillions of dollars' worth of platinum.

433 EROS

Named after the Greek god of love, Eros (pictured) is the second-largest near-Earth asteroid. Think of it as a 34-kilometer-long stony eggplant. It's one of the better-studied space rocks. In 2001 NASA's *NEAR Shoemaker* probe landed on Eros and discovered a treasure trove. According to Jeffrey Kargel of the University of Arizona, Eros contains (by today's market value) about \$657 trillion worth of platinum, \$110 trillion of rhodium and \$46 trillion of gold. But, he adds, these numbers are "supremely ridiculous" because any large haul would collapse the market for these metals.

16 PSYCHE

One of the biggest M-type asteroids, 16 Psyche appears—through spectral analysis—to be mostly copper and nickel. Assuming it has an average meteorite composition, 16 Psyche contains 3,170 cubic miles of nickel (worth \$27 million trillion on today's market) and 113 cubic miles of copper (worth \$3.1 quadrillion). Here is another way to look at it: "The amount of highly precious metals on 16 Psyche totals six cubic miles," says Professor Kargel, "which would fill 8,200 Dallas Cowboys stadiums."

2001 FE90

It's 200 meters long, oblong and flying swiftly. FE90, a potentially hazardous asteroid, made its last near-Earth pass in June 2009, enabling scientists to take a close look at it. By Kargel's conservative calculations, FE90 contains about 41,000 kilograms of gold (worth about \$1.8 billion on today's market), 215,000 kilograms of palladium (some \$5.3 billion) and another 1.7 billion kilograms of nickel (about \$41.7 billion). With those numbers, it's no wonder President Obama is committed to landing astronauts on an asteroid by 2025.

creation—specifically those that involve the greater cosmos. Brother Guy, as he prefers, is a staff astronomer at the Vatican Observatory and curator of its meteorite collection. A Vatican astronomer, in common parlance.

Given that Galileo was condemned to life imprisonment for his heliocentric heresy, the idea that the church now employs star watchers says a lot about how far we've come. Brother Guy is one of the world's leading experts on the evolution of small bodies in the solar system, a Ph.D. who has held teaching positions at both Harvard and MIT. In recent years he has become the

conscience for a new industrial frontier that is astronomical in more ways than one—the mining of asteroids for metals and ores.

He first broached the topic in 2008 in a speech given at the Manreza Symposium in Hungary. "On the one hand," he said, "it's great. You've now taken all of this dirty industry off the surface of the earth. On the other hand, you've put a whole lot of people out of work. If you've got a robot doing the mining, why not another robot doing the manufacturing? And now you've just put all of China out of work. What are the ethical implications of this kind of major shift?"

What's shocking is not just that a Vatican astronomer is taking asteroid mining seriously (and yes, asteroid mining requires spaceships to catch rocky orbs moving thousands of miles an hour, mine them for massive amounts of resources and bring them back to Earth). Brother Guy is certain enough of this eventuality in the near future to begin considering the moral dilemma that will result.

While all this may seem far-fetched, in the years surrounding Brother Guy's address, science fiction has turned into science fact. In 2005 the Japanese succeeded in landing a probe on an asteroid

called Itokawa, and last year that probe brought home samples.

"Those samples confirmed we're capable of asteroid mining," says Brother Guy.

What does this mean? According to renowned astronomer John Lewis, University of Arizona professor emeritus and author of the now classic *Mining the Sky*, the amount of money floating up there may exceed \$100 billion for each person currently living on Earth, and experts believe the time will soon arrive for the harvest to begin. As explained by Eric Anderson, co-founder of Space Adventures (the private space tourism company that sent millionaire Dennis Tito to the International Space Station): "All the pieces are in place. We have the technology, we have the market impetus, and we have the will."

Fifty years ago this month the Soviets rocketed the first manned flight into the cosmos. Since that day some of humanity's most ambitious dreams have been realized. We've launched space stations, photographed the deepest crevices of the solar system, even swung a golf club on the moon. The notion of what is possible and what is not changes with every passing year.

Asteroid mining is a dream that has been percolating for some time. It first appeared in the 1890s amid the writings of the great Russian rocket scientist Konstantin Tsiolkovsky—who pioneered steering thrusters, multistage chemical rockets, space suits, space stations, spinning vehicles to produce artificial gravity and, really, many of the ideas in use off-world today. The idea made its mainstream debut in 1932 with the publication of Clifford Simak's short story "The Asteroid of Gold," wherein the brothers Vernon and Vince Drake earn their keep as space miners.

By the early 1940s asteroid mining had become a sci-fi mainstay. A libertarian ethos infused these tales. Miners, usually known as "rock rats," were seen as frontiersmen and asteroids as the new Wild West. This theme progressed until the 1970s and 1980s, when asteroid mining became a hard-right antienvironmental fairy tale—don't worry about using up all the resources on Earth because we can go into space and get more. Outside the space community, this is where things still stand. But inside the community, a tectonic shift has occurred in the past few years.

What bridged the gap was a trilogy of recent space missions. The first was launched by NASA in February 1996. Known as the *Near Earth Asteroid Rendezvous Shoemaker*, this probe became the first unmanned spacecraft to keep up with an asteroid. Asteroids are rocks that orbit the sun. Their size can range from pebbles to small planets. In our solar system the vast majority (continued on page 119)

WHO WON THE SPACE RACE?

FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, THE FIRST MAN ROCKETED INTO THE COSMOS, KICKING THE USA-VS.-RUSSIA SPACE RACE INTO HIGH GEAR. WHO CAME OUT ON TOP? A BOX SCORE

APRIL 12, 1961: Soviet Yuri Gagarin, aboard the *Vostok 1*, becomes the first man in space. "Legs and arms weighed nothing," he reports on return. "Objects were swimming in the cabin.... I could have gone on flying through space forever." Point: USSR

MAY 5, 1961: Aboard the *Freedom 7*, Alan Shepard becomes the first American in space. Before blastoff he utters what is now known as Shepard's Prayer: "Don't fuck up, Shepard." Point: USA

FEBRUARY 20, 1962: John Glenn is the first American to orbit Earth, reaching 17,000 mph. Point: USA

MARCH 18, 1965: Cosmonaut Alexei Leonov conducts the first space walk. *The Los Angeles Times*: "The sight of Leonov turning somersaults dramatizes once again the Soviet Union's substantial lead in manned space flight." Point: USSR

APRIL 23, 1967: When the Soviets' *Soyuz 1* crashes, Vladimir Komarov becomes the first space fatality. Minus point: USSR

JULY 20, 1969: Neil Armstrong steps onto the moon. "That's one small step for man," he says, "one giant leap for mankind." Point: USA

DECEMBER 15, 1970: The Soviet capsule *Venera 7* arrives on Venus, becoming the first man-made object to successfully land on another planet. Point: USSR

FEBRUARY 6, 1971: Alan Shepard becomes the first person to golf on the moon. His shot with a six-iron goes "miles and miles and miles." Point: USA

JULY 17, 1975: When *Apollo 18* (USA) and *Soyuz 19* (USSR) rendezvous, the Cold War superpowers become the first nations to meet in space.

Points: USA and USSR

JULY 20, 1976: NASA's *Viking 1* touches down at Chryse Planitia, becoming the first spacecraft to successfully land and conduct studies on Mars. Point: USA

AUGUST 20, 1977: America's *Voyager 2* blasts off. Its mission: to research the outer planets. It executes the first Uranus (in 1986) and Neptune (1989) flybys. Two points: USA

APRIL 12, 1981: The U.S. launches the first reusable manned space shuttle, *Columbia*. Point: USA

JANUARY 28, 1986: The space shuttle *Challenger* explodes after lifting off from Kennedy Space Center, killing all seven crew members. The disaster is viewed by millions on live television. Minus point: USA

FEBRUARY 20, 1986: The core module of the USSR's *Mir* space station is launched. *Mir* supports human habitation for 14 years. Point: USSR

OCTOBER 6, 1990: In a joint U.S.-European effort, *Ulysses* launches. The probe uses Jupiter's gravitational force to slingshot to the sun, where it begins the most thorough of all heliosphere studies. Point: USA

NOVEMBER 20, 1998: A Russian rocket deploys the first component of the International Space Station, a multinational effort named *Zarya*. Point: Russia

FEBRUARY 12, 2001: NASA's *NEAR Shoemaker* space probe makes the world's first landing on an asteroid, 433 Eros (opposite page). Point: USA

OCTOBER 4, 2004: *SpaceShipOne*, built by genius engineer Burt Rutan, wins the \$10 million Ansari X Prize for the first civilian aircraft in space (two flights in two weeks). Point: USA

FINAL SCORE:

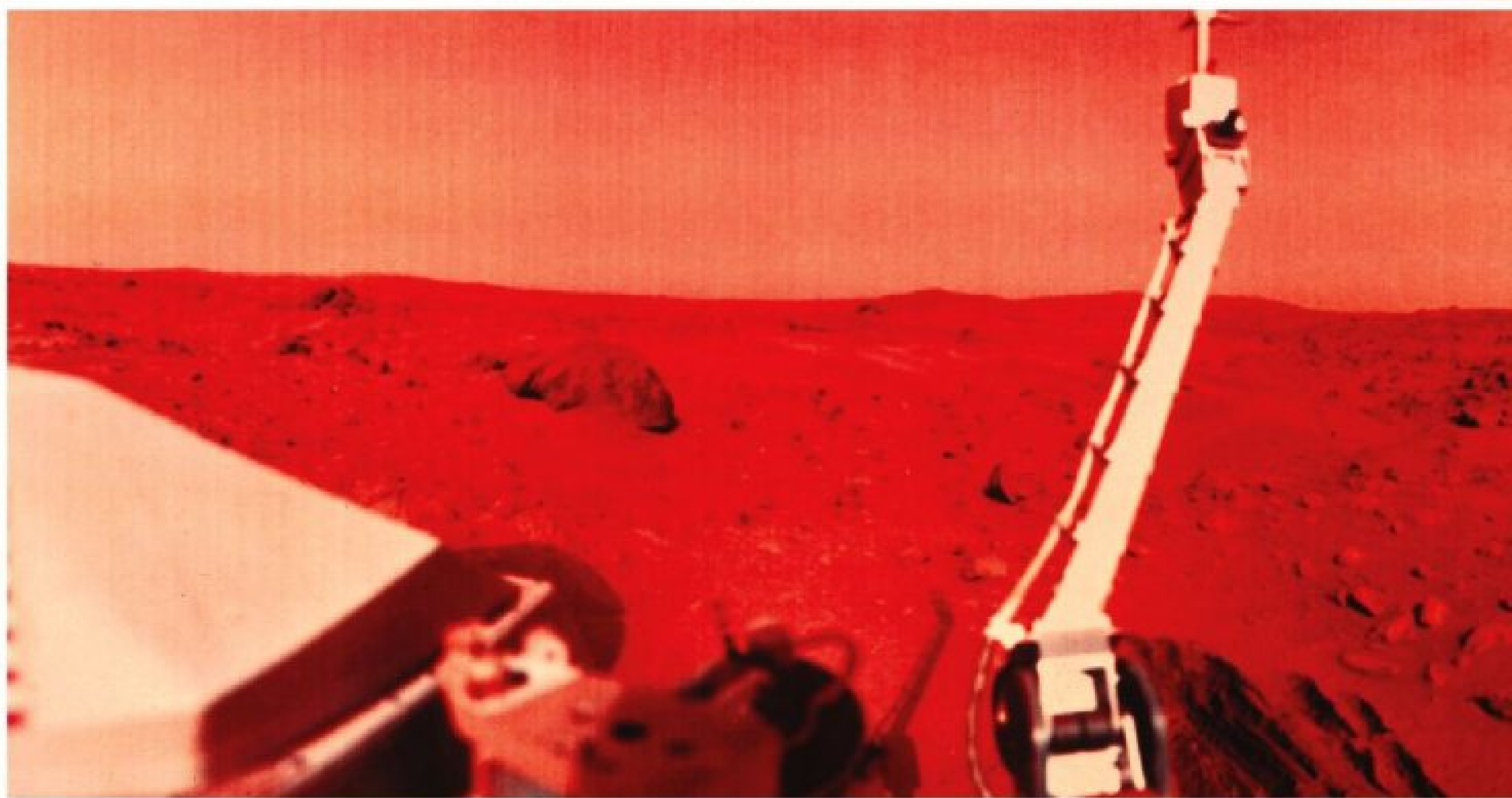
USA 11

RUSSIA 5





50 YEARS IN SPACE



In April 1961, 50 years ago, Yuri Gagarin became the first man to venture into space. A short photo history of humanity's ultimate adventure (clockwise from top left): **GAGARIN** aboard the *Vostok 1* in April 1961. **URANUS** photographed by NASA's *Voyager 2* spacecraft in the mid-1980s; in the foreground is the planet's moon **MIRANDA**. The surface of **MARS** as photographed by the *Viking 1* probe, which landed on the planet in 1976. The shuttle **COLUMBIA**—the first reusable manned spaceship—blasts off on April 12, 1981. Soviet cosmonaut **ALEXEI LEONOV** conducts the first space walk on March 18, 1965. The U.S.'s third trip to the moon took flight on January 31, 1971; this shot shows astronauts **ALAN SHEPARD** (left) and **EDGAR MITCHELL**. To signify post-Cold War unity, the Russians and Americans rendezvous aboard **MIR** space station on June 29, 1995; pictured is American mission commander **ROBERT GIBSON** and Russian mission commander **VLADIMIR DEZHUROV**.



Oliver

"Take off your pants and let's get down to business...!"

Taryn it up

Photography by Sheryl Nields



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Hawaii Five-0's
Taryn Manning is a triple
 threat: actor, singer-songwriter
 and now *Playboy* cover girl. Climb
 inside her secret fantasy retreat
 By Brantley Bardin

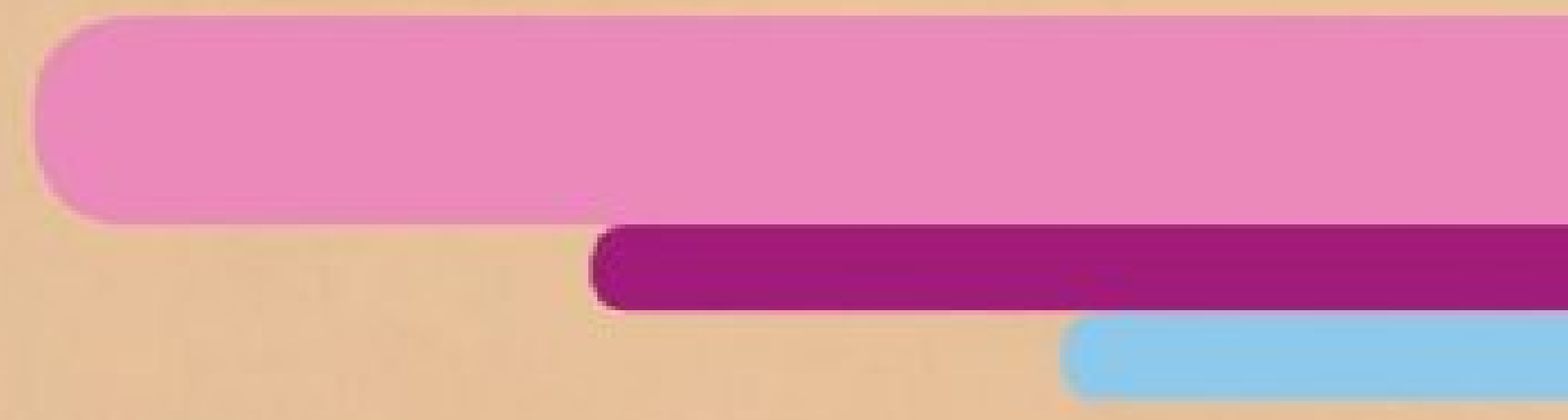
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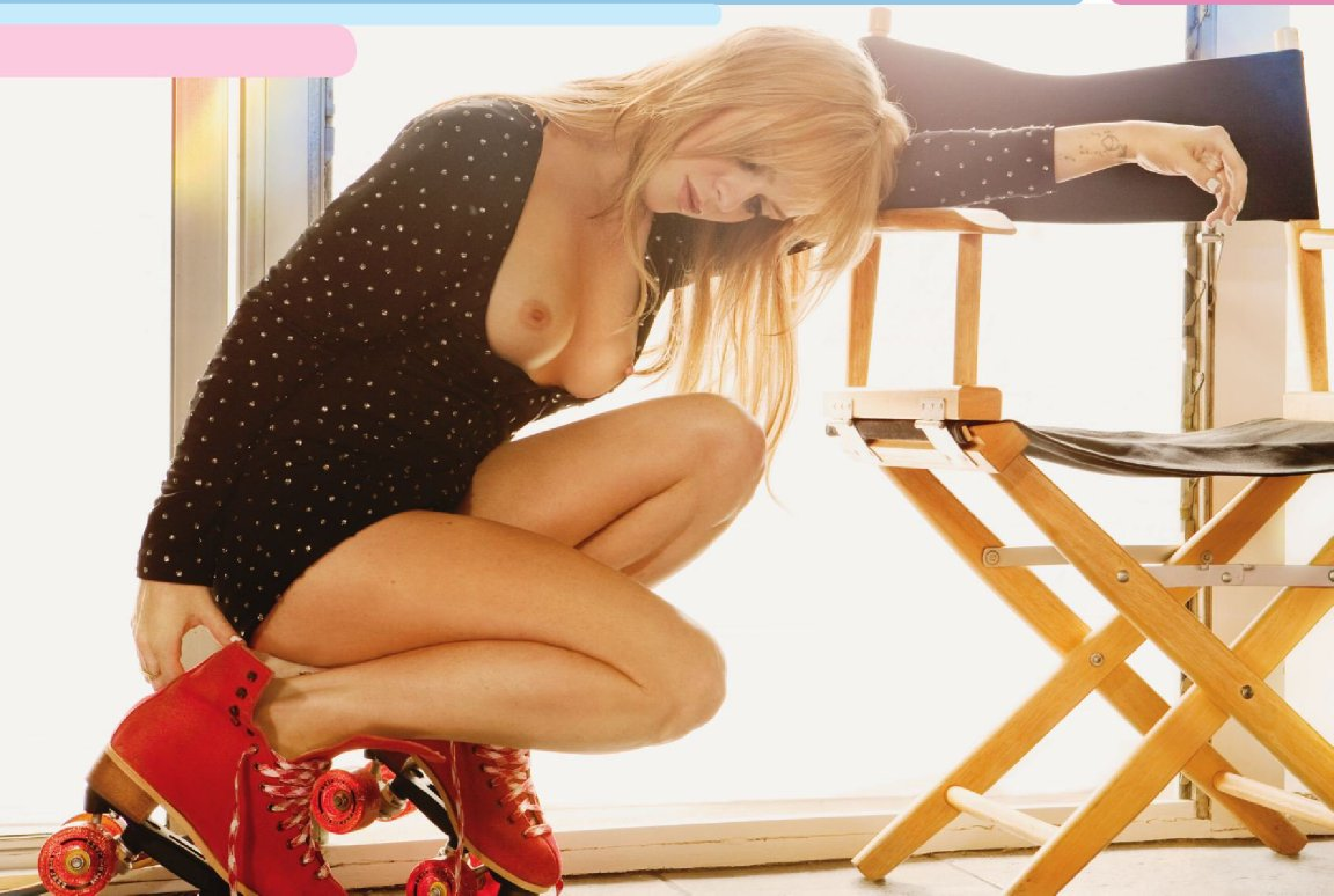
aryn Manning is a media hurricane. Not

a lot of résumés can claim high-profile adventures in acting, singing, dancing, fashion and deejaying. Ask her about life and she'll tell you it's a celebration: "I want to live in light and love and laughter and rainbows!" This is news given that she's known as a dark princess on the big and small screens. Taryn played Eminem's screwed-over ex in *8 Mile*, the crowned hooker in *Hustle & Flow* and more recently a wounded wild child on *Hawaii Five-0*. The 32-year-old wants you to see her lighter side too, so here you have it. Born in Virginia to a musician dad and a dancer mom, Taryn caught the performance bug early. She studied jazz and ballet as a kid and earned a state karate championship while living in Tucson. When she started acting classes she met a certain student named Kirsten Dunst, with whom she later appeared in *Crazy/Beautiful* (the dark princess played a drug-addled mess—quite beautifully). As a singer and songwriter, Taryn launched the electro-pop duo Boomkat with her brother in 2003, scoring a number one dance-club hit with "The Wreckoning." Early this summer she'll release a new CD, currently untitled. "The new music shows off the playful side of me," she says. One track, called "So Talented," aired on *Melrose Place*. Taryn was recently cast as Sandra Good in the feature film *Manson Girls*. As for her sexuality, she says, "I'm not shy about sex. I enjoy being a little out there with a Flip camera sometimes." Hey, life is a celebration. "I want to smile," Taryn says. "I want to be sexy. I want to be a one-woman show."

“I want to be sexy. I want to be a one-woman show.”













THE PASSENGER

BY JENNIFER DUBOIS

THE AFFAIR FELT RIGHT. LIKE SHE'D EARNED IT. SHE HAD NO PLANS TO TELL HER HUSBAND, **TO TELL ANYONE,**

UNTIL SHE SAW SOMEONE ELSE WHO WAS SOMEWHERE SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN—

FAR FROM HOME, HOLDING THE HAND OF THE WRONG MAN

I was waiting for takeoff, lying to my husband on the phone, when I saw you. The plane was bound for San Francisco, routed through Minneapolis, and I'd put my palm over the phone when the flight attendant announced our destination and flying time. Paul thought I was going to Delaware, because that's where I always told him I was going. I don't know why I picked Delaware. It was a joke, I suppose, intended to make him pity me for the unromantic demands of my job. Or maybe it was a sort of silent taunt: Catch me. I dare you. Or maybe it was just a failure of imagination.

One thing I'd like to state up front is that I loved James. I loved him with the kind of lurching, adolescent love that marvels over minor physical imperfections. James had a crater under his breastbone, for example, that I spent hours congratulating him on: To me it was the indentation of some interstellar comet, a mystical cleft the size of an absent palm or heart. Now I recognize that as sentimentality; it was just a flaw in his engineering, and I think they have surgery to correct it. But the point is, I loved him with the kind of love that makes everybody else uncomfortable if you talk about it, which I never did. I never did.

If you'd grown up, you would have understood.

I removed my palm from the phone and heard Paul saying, "What,

DID YOU THINK TO YELL TO ME FOR HELP?
BECAUSE I WOULD HAVE HELPED YOU.
WHATEVER YOU MIGHT THINK NOW,
HOWEVER IT MIGHT LOOK

I WOULD HAVE.

Alice? What?"

"Nothing," I said. "I was just saying they bumped me up to first class."

This was true. It was a promotion due to multiple cancellations. Even I am not so callous that I treat myself to first class for adultery.

"Did you get the insurance thing resolved?" I asked and then held the phone at a slight distance from my ear. I knew Paul would take a long time answering, and I wanted to think about James. At the time, this affair felt absolutely essential. I know now that it wasn't. If I'd lost James, I would have gone on with my job, my marriage, my children. I would have blow-dried my hair, I would have recycled. I'm a multitasker and a modern woman. If I'd lost my entire soul, I don't think anybody else would have even noticed.

Underneath me, the engines began to thrum. I swung my knees forward, just because I could. There was a delicate flute of orange juice before me. The cramped and haggard pedestrian class filed past me, pale and resentful. I tapped the phone back to my ear just as Paul was winding down, just when I knew the circularities of his speech would be drifting into ellipses. I'd spent years paying attention to Paul. It was the only way I got away with everything for so long.

"Hey," I said. "I think they're going to make us turn off our phones in a second."

There was a fresh influx of passengers boarding the plane. They jostled their laptops; they squeezed their heft sideways to avoid confrontation. They cast glazed expressions around the first-class cabin. Paul said, "Okay, Alice." There was a silence and a click, yielding to a deeper silence. And that's when I saw you.

I can say that now: I saw you. You know it's true because it cost me everything to finally say so.

You were a forward on the girls' soccer team, six years old, and I knew you mostly in motion: whirring ponytail and legs, lunging through the mud toward a checkered ball or a vat of orange Gatorade. You had a mother who sat wrapped in coats even in the springtime, who huddled over her coffee, who

never cheered. You were better at soccer than my girls, and I could tell already—even in passing, even casually—that you were a different genus of child than they were: My daughters were bookish, in their preliterate way, deferential to grown-ups and to other girls, eager to please and to be understood. You were unafraid of cleats and second-graders, you pinched occasionally, you didn't always answer direct questions. I've spent a lot of time—more time than is probably healthy—imagining your adult life, and I think you would have been spontaneous, moderately rebellious, sexually assertive. You would have chosen a pragmatic college major, like international finance; you would have been beautiful, fourth-wave feminist, confident, quick to anger, quick to forgive, oriented toward the present. You would have been the kind of woman who can't remember exactly what order the events in her life were in. You would never have kept in touch with ex-boyfriends. You would have traveled to Namibia in your middle age, initiated your own divorce, kept your hair dyed blonde and then brown and then red, even into your 70s. You would never have apologized to anyone for anything, even when you probably should have.

But as well as I know you now, at the time you were just one of the countless little girls who shifted in and out of my daughters' orbit. If I felt anything toward you, it was the vague overarching protectiveness that extends toward all children—maybe punctuated by a sense that you were the one to get wild if fed too much sugar at birthday parties. And because you were so quick on the soccer field, because your mild Nordic features were shared by so many others, because your tiny voice was only one element of a multiphonic chorus of ambient shrieking and giggling and plotting, I couldn't be sure, when you passed by me on the airplane, that it was you.

You were holding the hand of a man in sunglasses—but already I'm saying things that I don't know. Were you holding his hand, or was he holding yours? Was his other hand on your elbow menacingly or protectively? I glimpsed you and felt a momentary disorientation, a minor

dissonant chord of confusion, before looking back again. You were wearing pink, I'm almost sure—although this, too, could be wrong, my mind retroactively coloring your shirt to make you match the police description. When I turned back, you'd moved past. You were obscured by the gathering shapes of luggage, the impatient throbbing of people at their worst. You were still a little girl, but from the back, you could have been anyone's little girl. You could have easily been that man's little girl.

And there is the context to consider: We were filing into a plane bound for San Francisco, leaving from Minneapolis, when you lived in Arlington, Massachusetts. You were not screaming. The man was holding your hand, and I had never met your father. I saw you from the front for a fraction of a second—less than the length of a car crash or an orgasm. From behind, you had the dimensions and coloring and uniform of any child in America. By the time I turned all the way around, you were gone.

Maybe you had the same sort of thinking, if you saw me. Did you recognize me and then talk yourself out of the recognition, in your child way, as you disappeared toward the back of the airplane, the upholstery scraping your knees as you climbed into your seat, the airplane heaving itself into the air, the man beside you taking your hand and the landscape becoming the inky etching of a child's handprint on a wall? Did you think to yell to me for help? Because I would have helped you. Whatever you might think now, however it might look. I would have.

At the time, I thought about it enough to think: *That girl looks like Sarah.* It was notable how much you looked like Sarah. But I did not think: *That is Sarah.* If I did, if there was a judder of absolute prelingual certainty, it was like knowledge of the universe imparted by a hallucination or an acid trip or a nightmare: It disappeared as soon as it was subject to memory, to context. Any thought that ticker-taped through my mind at the time went like this: *That girl looks like Sarah.* You can roll back the tape. You can check the records. (continued on page 107)



"You found my erogenous zone the first day. Ten years after my marriage, my husband is still looking...!"

20

— PLAYBOY'S —

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— 15 —

PEOPLE

AND

TRENDS

THAT KEEP US
HYPED ABOUT MUSIC

BY ROB TANNENBAUM

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



OH LAND

The stylish Nanna Øland Fabricius is ballet's gift to rock

She looks like a 1970s supermodel—Cheryl Tiegs but with a hint of Viking ancestry—and the glamour doesn't stop there. Nanna Øland Fabricius, a.k.a. Oh Land, was a ballerina with the Royal Academy in Denmark until a back injury grounded her. Fittingly, the music she now makes is very *Black Swan* in its sense of drama. *Oh Land*, her new album, mixes electronic beats and her soft, unpredictable singing, which has already saddled her with comparisons to Björk. For a peek at Fabricius's *Alice in Wonderland* love of the kooky and fantastical, look up her "Sun of a Gun" video.



GIRL IN A COMA

GOTHY, GIRLIE & TATTOOED

A big-time musician we know—someone who has written hit songs, been nominated for a Grammy and played Madison Square Garden—swears by the roots-rock group Girl in a Coma. Nina Diaz, the singer and guitarist in this south Texas trio of female Mexican Americans, was only 17 when Joan Jett signed the group to her label. Gothy, girlie and generously tattooed, Diaz sings about savvy untamed girls "running away to the city" and living without regret. She wields an unmistakable voice—think Roy Orbison in red lipstick and black eyeliner—that's as brazen and sensuous as the heroines of her songs.

@DISCOGRAPHIES

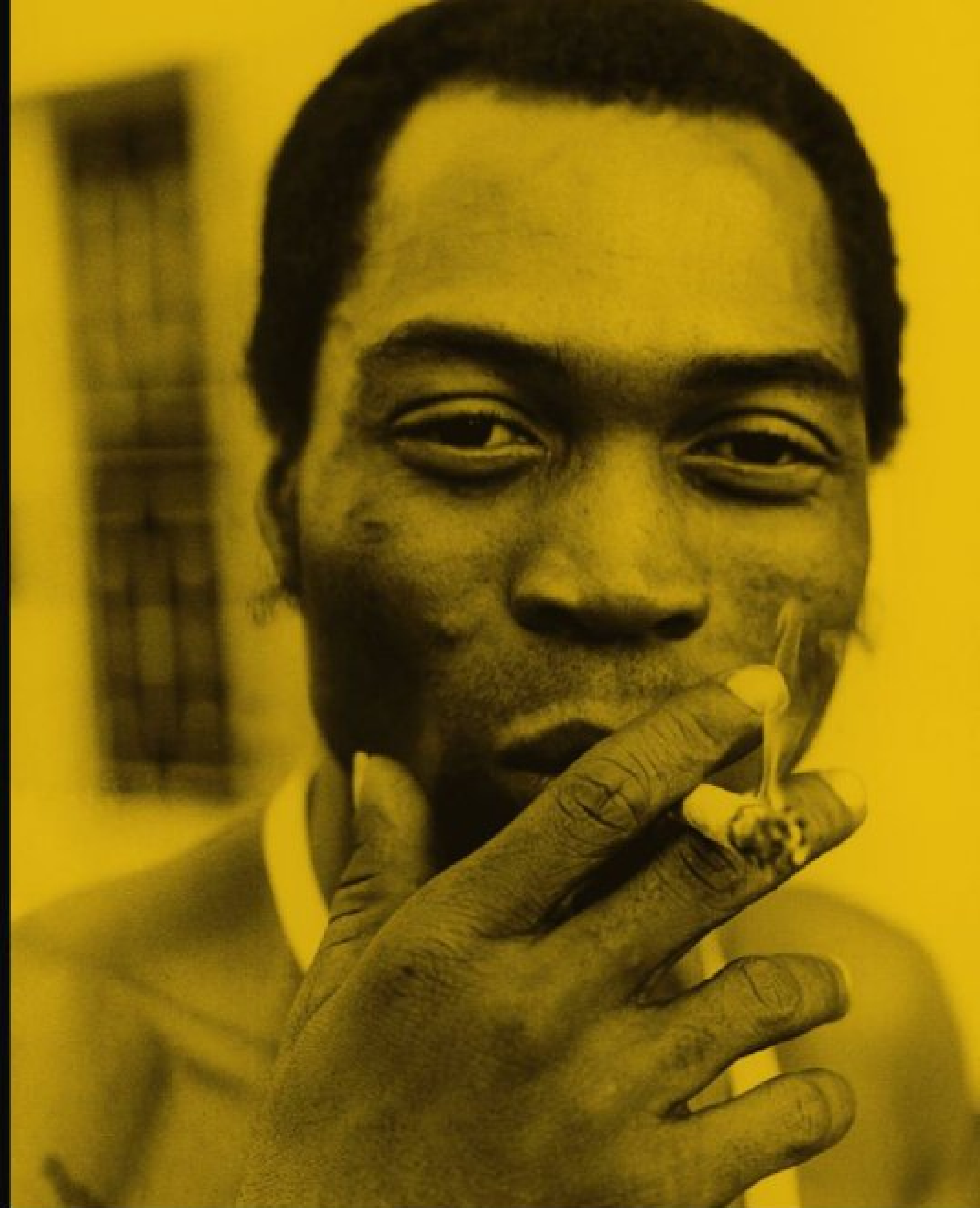
A witty Twitter account run by an anonymous rock critic who, with great accuracy but little mercy, assesses the entire career of an illustrious act, from Paul McCartney to Kanye West, in 140 characters or fewer.



ROBYN

SWEDISH OVERACHIEVER

What did you accomplish in 2010? The singer Robyn released three CDs, each full of tricky electronic beats and a defiant hip-hop attitude you would not expect from a resident of Sweden. Bonus: On "U Should Know Better" she coaxes a great guest spot out of Snoop Dogg, who has been coasting on his rep for years.



FELA KUTI

African Music Legend

Before he died, in 1997, this ferocious singer, saxophonist and militant—not only one of Africa's greatest musicians but one of the greatest rock stars ever—had released only a dozen or so records in the U.S. That oversight was remedied recently when 45 Fela albums were issued in short order. In his music, an African outgrowth of funk and jazz, you can hear the tumult of Fela's life and personality—he was married to as many as 27 women, smoked weed like it was oxygen and defied a succession of Nigerian dictators, one of whom ordered a raid on Fela's compound that resulted in the death of his mother after police threw her from a window.



HEIDECKER & WOOD

Fans of *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!*, you'll have your loyalty tested by *Starting From Nowhere*, a CD by Tim Heidecker and Davin Wood. Do you love Tim and Eric enough to buy an album of falsetto 1970s soft rock that sounds like Kenny Loggins bidding for a comeback?



StoreMag35.com

SUUNS

HAPPY, WEIRD and CANADIAN

We know only a few facts about Suuns—they're from Montreal and are signed to the cool label Secretly Canadian, home of other oddball alt bands we endorse, including Yeasayer and Here We Go Magic—and we plan to keep it that way. The songs on *Zeroes QC* are full of drones,

explosions and unfathomable lyrics such as "Don't you be yourself, you are someone else" that sound like bad advice. Their music seems to blur and smear, and knowing a Wikipedia of facts about Suuns would flatten our joy in imagining how they became so happy and weird.



the BAD PLUS

JAZZ TRIO TAKES A BIG STEP

There isn't much room in jazz for gimmickry, and that's how the Bad Plus struck us initially: Starting with its 2001 debut, this trio of piano, bass and drums interspersed original compositions with covers of songs by Abba, Nirvana, Blondie, Black Sabbath, Tears for Fears, Yes, the Bee Gees and Rush. (Its version of "Tom Sawyer" at least spares us the high-pitched vocals.) By doing away with covers, the Bad Plus's latest CD, *Never Stop*, lets us focus on the restless,

rolling exchanges, which borrow emphatic tricks from arena rock and film music, cheekily claiming them as part of the jazz tradition. Also, pianist Ethan Iverson maintains a blog, *Do the Math*, on which he writes provocatively on a range of topics, from books (he loves noir writer Donald E. Westlake) to pop music (he likens Kanye West to Stieg Larsson). As with the best bloggers, Iverson leaves you wondering why your friends aren't this interesting and passionate.

WANDA JACKSON

JACK WHITE RESURRECTS A ROCKABILLY LEGEND



She and Elvis Presley "were boyfriend and girlfriend," according to Wanda Jackson's quaint phrase. This was 1955, just after Jackson's high school graduation, when she toured Alabama, Arkansas and western Texas with a not-yet-famous Presley. Encouraged by Elvis, Jackson—now enjoying renewed attention thanks to a comeback album, *The Party Ain't Over*, curated by Jack White—accelerated from country to hotted-up rockabilly like the cock-teasing "Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad" and "Let's Have a Party," becoming the first female rock-and-roll singer. Long after Presley's death, his ex still proudly quotes a review that termed her "a nice lady with a dirty voice."

JANELLE MONÁE R&B GREAT

In the 1970s great R&B acts such as Labelle and Funkadelic looked and acted as if they'd been teleported from a distant galaxy far funkier than our own. Janelle Monáe is the proud daughter of this legacy. On *The ArchAndroid* she tells the story of an outlaw droid named Cindy who in the 28th century has violated the law by falling in love with a human, and the music explodes with her theatricality. Monáe is wearing a big pair of crazy pants and she's worth following closely.



DIMEADOZEN(dot)ORG

DimeADozen.org can be addictive. The website, meticulously stocked and patrolled by more than 100,000 registered users, hosts a searchable inventory of about 40,000 concert recordings. The sound quality is reliably fantastic, and bands can opt out of having their shows listed,

« A CROSS BETWEEN A BACKSTAGE PASS AND A TIME MACHINE »

which is why you won't find live material from Prince, the Allman Brothers or Nirvana. Despite those killjoys, there's more great music than you could ever listen to: Miles Davis in 1970, Neil Young in 1986, Charlie Parker in 1951, Cream in 2005, Elvis in 1976 and on and on.



JAMEY JOHNSON

COUNTRY ORIGINAL

The long hair, the unkempt beard, the black guitar strap with his first name embroidered in leather—take one look and you know Jamey Johnson is a throwback. Actually, more than that, he's like a country music caveman excavated intact from an Alabama ice sheet. A lot of country stars give lip service to tradition, then skip off to the mall. But Johnson revisits the genre's history of grisly subject matter, including drugs, boozing, whoring and vengeance. "Poor Man Blues," from his recent album *The Guitar Song*, is about a remorseless guy who seems to have murdered the rich jerk who stole his girl. Johnson's songs have a gravity that's gone rare in Southern music. And there's no better song about women than his "Women."



JAY ELECTRONICA

In the iTunes store you'll find only two Jay Electronica songs. The output seems paltry coming from a guy who has been hailed since 2008 as the next great rapper. He's not unproductive, though, just enigmatic; rather than release a full-length CD, he prefers to hide his songs across the internet like a squirrel hides nuts. On the great "Exhibit C," half his iTunes output, Jay name-drops Nas and Diddy and says that both these luminaries have urged him to release more music. A minute or so later he rhymes his name with *Hanukkah*. It quickly becomes clear he'd rather stay in the shadows than come into the spotlight. Topics range from the visceral (he grew up in New Orleans and rues what has become of the city) to the fantastical (he likes to talk about UFOs). In November Electronica was signed by Jay-Z's Roc Nation label. Normally this would point toward an album being released in 2011, but things are rarely normal with Electronica—singer Erykah Badu, with whom he has a child, says, "I wouldn't even call him a person." In the meantime, google "Jay Electronica discography" to find links to the dozens of fragments and ideas he's released so far.

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SLEIGH BELLS

INDIE ROCK from BROOKLYN

Tattooed fourth-grade teacher Alexis Krauss met guitarist Derek Miller thanks to her pushy mom, who announced "My daughter sings!" when Miller waited on their table at a Brooklyn restaurant. It was like *Gypsy* recast for the Pitchfork era. The duo's cute name, like their CD title, *Treats*, is partly deceptive; their music is a shuddering sweet clamor, like a cheerleader wielding a chain saw through a GameStop store. And they've been noticed by Beyoncé, who has recorded with Miller for her next album.

JAZZ from ABROAD

An American art form goes global

Want to hear real alternative music? Try jazz. A century after Buddy Bolden blew his horn, this peculiarly American musical form carries on in surprising fashion. Europeans are keeping the music alive today. The most intriguing jazz is no longer released by stateside companies; it's on Portuguese or Spanish labels. Lisbon-based Clean Feed Records has made a name as an artist-friendly label that cranks out some of the most innovative jazz heard in years. Check out three recent Clean Feed releases: Tim Berne's *Insomnia*, Matt Bauder's *Day in Pictures* and *Deluxe* from Chris Lightcap's Bigmouth, all of which take ensemble playing to new levels. "Jazz is very much alive," says Clean Feed head Pedro Costa, "played and supported only by real people who really care about it. It's a movement of musicians."
—Leopold Froehlich



Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

PLAYBOY  FASHION

WE ASKED A FEW OF MUSIC'S BIGGEST ACTS TO SHOW HOW THEY MAKE FASHION WORK—ONSTAGE AND OFF.

IT'S STYLE MEETS STAR POWER

FASHION BY
JENNIFER
RYAN JONES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICK
ROCK

TEXT BY
ROB
TANNENBAUM

ROBIN THICKE

ROCK THE RABBIT

▶ "My basic sense of style is all-black Johnny Cash. Black makes me feel badder than I am. I had a dog, and I would always end up with dog hair on my clothes, so I'm big on lint brushes. You don't want to go on *Oprah* shedding."

▶ Sports jacket, \$2,395, and striped shirt, \$325, by **ERMEGILDO ZEGNA COUTURE**. Jewelry, Thicke's own.



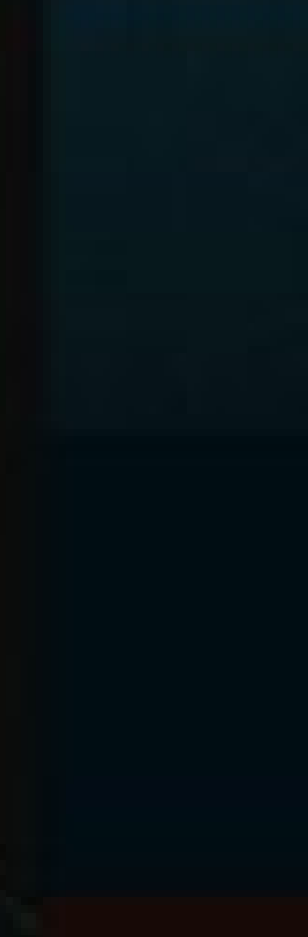
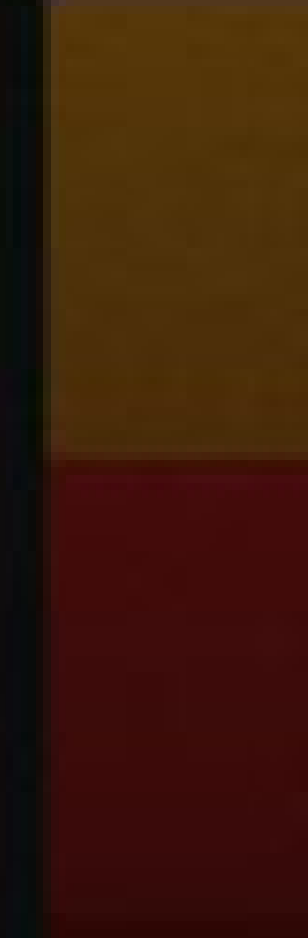
▶ "We're two dudes with distinct styles," says Dave 1. "I'm a tall skinny kid with glasses and a Jew face, and P-Thugg looks like the guy who robbed a bodega. As a musician you have to be in costume. I don't like bands that don't dress up. Maybe it works for Dave Matthews, but that ain't sexy."

▶ **DAVID MACKLOVITCH** (left):

Black suit, \$2,400, and skinny tie, \$180, by **DIOR HOMME**. Shirt, \$180, by **A.P.C.** Hat, \$54, from **NEW YORK HAT COMPANY**. Wayfarer sunglasses, \$145, by **RAY-BAN**.

▶ **PATRICK GEMAYEL** (right):

Jacket, \$495, and trousers, \$225, by **JACK VICTOR**. Shirt, \$105, by **HUGO BOSS**. Hat, \$54, from **NEW YORK HAT COMPANY**. Wayfarer sunglasses, \$145, by **RAY-BAN**. Skinny tie, \$40, from **EXPRESS**.



► Suit, \$550, by **CALVIN KLEIN**. Shirt, \$395, from **ROCHESTER BIG & TALL**. Vintage Dior sunglasses, \$395, from **SILVER LINING OPTICIANS, NYC**. Vintage bow tie from **PALACE COSTUME, L.A.** Velvet scarf, \$30, by **H&M**. Pocket square, \$105, by **RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL**. Studded shoes, \$1,475, by **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN**.

► "I grew up with images of Elton John, Sly Stone and David Bowie. It was as if these people had fallen from Mars. It feels natural for me to assume the position for our generation. The wildest thing I've ever worn in my career was a wedding dress. That's proof I am one bad motherfucker."

BRYAN FERRY

► Custom suit by **ANDERSON & SHEPPARD**. French-cuff shirt, \$438, by **CHARVET**. Tie, \$162, by **RUBINACCI**. Cuff links from **S.J. PHILLIPS LTD.**, Ferry's own.

► "It's a shame we don't pilfer the past more, like 18th century costume and stuff like that. There used to be more fantasy and costume in men's clothes. A few plumed hats and thigh boots would be great now, wouldn't it?"





▶ Leather snap-front shirt jacket, \$520, and slim jeans, \$200, by **G-STAR RAW**. Crewneck shirt, \$95, by **CALVIN KLEIN**. Black sneakers, \$65, by **PUMA**. Jewelry from **DOUBLE CROSS BY TRAVIS WALKER**, Deadmau5's own.

▶ "I know a lot about made-to-measure suits because I created a software application for bespoke tailors when I worked in IT. More than 57 measurements are required to have a suit fit you well. A really good tailor will get right up in your crotch with a tape measure, I guarantee you."

R. KELLY

▶ "I write three or four songs a day. Sometimes I go in my closet and change clothes throughout the day, depending on what kind of song I'm writing. That's how important fashion is to me."

▶ Suit, \$1,595, by **DOLCE & GABBANA**. Shirt, \$125, by **HUGO BOSS**. Street Neat Wayfarer Ray-Ban sunglasses, \$495, from **SILVER LINING OPTICIANS, NYC**. Bow tie, \$180, by **BOTTEGA VENETA**. Cuff links, \$115, by **PAUL SMITH**.



BORN TO BE WILD

MISS APRIL IS
PLAYBOY TV'S
RESIDENT
BADASS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN
WAYDA

Jaclyn Swedberg has dodged mortar fire while playing war games in the Mojave Desert. She has sped around in a rally car like Danica Patrick. And she has hung 10 in the ocean blue au naturel. "I've decided that anything I have the opportunity to try, I'm going to try," says our Miss April, whose daredevil exploits have been captured by Playboy TV cameras for the show *Badass*, a naked nod to Johnny Knoxville and his merry band of pranksters. (Jaclyn will soon be found rappelling down treacherous mountains for Playboy TV's new summer series *Playboy*

Trip Patagonia, which follows four up-for-anything femmes in Argentina.) And yet Jaclyn, a southern California girl two years away from a degree in broadcast journalism, still appreciates life's quieter moments. "At home I'm reserved," she says. "My favorite things to do are read and bake peanut butter cookies. If I'm feeling adventurous, I'll make a carrot cake." In fact, she considers posing for the pictures before you her most daring feat. "Appearing in the magazine not only made me shed my clothes but also allowed me to shed my shy exterior for good. I'm going to give this everything I've got!"



Miss April Jaclyn Swedberg takes to the streets on her Harley-Davidson Dyna Low Rider from EagleRider (eaglerider.com).

Harley-Davidson









MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Release: StoreMags & FantaMag





Maxwell Sweetberry

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jaclyn Swedberg

BUST: 34D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 106

BIRTH DATE: 8/14/90 BIRTHPLACE: San Pedro, CA

AMBITIONS: To use my new status as Miss April to jump-start my dreams of broadcast journalism.

TURN-ONS: It's such a cliché but it actually turns me on big-time when a guy makes me laugh!

TURNOFFS: I love men with beautiful skin, so please don't give me any grief about using the products I will buy you - you will be... REWARDED!! :)

A WARNING: Be sure you have good manners, because if you don't, the reward program STOPS.

READ THIS: I'm an avid reader and have been happy yet terrified to discover the thrilling works of Jack Kilborn. His Afraid made me very afraid indeed.

BLATANT PLUG: I'm not a badass but I'll become one if you don't watch my Playboy TV shows. Okay?!



Get rid of those bangs, Jaclyn!



All made up for my birthday.



My first trip to Paris!





MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Storetags.com

Jackie Swickberg

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An electrical fire caused a man's barn to burn down one night, so the next day his wife called their insurance company to file a claim.

"We had that barn insured for \$50,000 and I want the money," she told the agent.

"Now hold on a minute," the agent replied. "Insurance doesn't work like that. An independent adjuster will assess the value of what was insured, and then we'll provide you with a new barn of similar worth."

After a long pause the wife replied, "If that's how it works, then I want to cancel the life insurance policy I have on my husband."

Sex between two women can be wonderful, provided you get between them.



One evening a man walked into a bar and proceeded to order one martini after another. With each one he would remove the olives and place them in a jar he had brought with him. When the jar was filled with olives and every martini had been consumed, the man got up and prepared to leave.

"Excuse me, sir," a patron said. "I have to ask because I'm so curious—what are you going to do with all of those?"

"Take them home to my wife," the man replied. "She sent me out for a jar of olives."

What happened to the man who took Viagra, Levitra and Cialis all at the same time? He had a hard attack.

One evening when he was working late, a business executive managed to persuade his secretary to bend over the back of the leather couch in his office and allow him to have sex with her. When he finally arrived home later that night, his wife was waiting up for him.

"And just where have you been all night?" she asked.

"At the office," he replied, "working like a dog."

Why are men with pierced ears better prepared for marriage? Because they've experienced pain and purchased jewelry.

What is the best thing about a nudist wedding? It's easy to see who the best man is.

One afternoon a professor of mathematics sent an e-mail to his wife that said, "Overall I am happy with you as a wife, but as a man I have certain needs, and given that you are 54 years old now, you are no longer able to satisfy those needs. Subsequently, I will be spending the evening at a hotel with my 18-year-old teaching assistant. I hope you understand. I still love you and I will be home by midnight."

In response, his wife sent him an e-mail that said, "I received your e-mail and I understand. I too will be at a hotel tonight—with our 18-year-old pool boy. And being the brilliant mathematician that you are, you will surely realize that 18 goes into 54 many more times than 54 goes into 18, so please don't bother to wait up."

Why are sperm donations more expensive than blood donations? Because they are handmade.



One afternoon a doctor was giving a lecture on healthy eating habits to the residents of a local nursing home.

"Most of the material we put into our stomachs is terrible," he explained. "Red meat is awful for you, soda corrodes your stomach lining, Chinese food is loaded with MSG and fast food is high in fat and sugar. However, there is one type of food that is particularly dangerous, and all of us have eaten it at one time or another. Can anyone here tell me what food causes the most grief and suffering for years after eating it?"

After several seconds of quiet, a 75-year-old man in the front row raised his hand and said, "Wedding cake."

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 was wondering when you'd show up."

StoreMags.com

20Q

BY STEPHEN REBELLO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHIAS CLAMER



JOSH RADNOR

• • • • •

THE *HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER* STAR GETS SERIOUS ABOUT COMEDY, HIS FANS AND CONFRONTING HIS INNER DEMONS

• • • • •

Q1

PLAYBOY: Most people know you from *How I Met Your Mother*, the TV series on which a 2030 voice-over version of your character, Ted Mosby, shows his kids, in flashbacks, the highs and lows of searching for the love of his life. Do fans ever confuse Josh Radnor with your character?

RADNOR: Demographically, Ted Mosby is not all that different from me. Just by happenstance one of the show's creators is from Shaker Heights, Ohio. I grew up in Columbus and wear a lot of Ohio State T-shirts. When people see me around, some of them probably get that sense like "I know him" or "I went to high school with that guy." I get this strange vertigo when I meet people *(continued on page 120)*

Vintage THUNDER

ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING EXPERTS ON CLASSIC CARS PICKS A FLEET OF HIS FAVORITES

BY KEN GROSS | ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETIENNE CARIGNAN

As the saying goes, you only go around once. So you might as well go in style—at speed in the car of your dreams. Judging by the high-flying bids at RM, Gooding & Company and Barrett-Jackson's recent auctions, when it comes to smart investing the vintage car market has outperformed many blue-chip stocks in recent years. What would you rather own, anyway, a certificate from General Electric or a 1964 Shelby Cobra, Wimbledon white with blue racing stripes? All of these mid-century classics in the PLAYBOY fantasy garage top 40 years of age, yet they offer performance, looks and road-handling agility. There are no sophisticated electronics, air bags or antilock brakes. These cars will test your mettle. For \$55,000 to 100 grand—and more for one special splurge (the BMW below)—you'll get an appreciating asset. Travel back to an era when sports and muscle cars were honest, visceral and guaranteed to turn heads.

1956–1959 ➔

BMW 507 Roadster \$720,000



This BMW's proud front wings sweep rearward with the dash of a destroyer's hull. Arguably more a boulevardier than a serious race-bred sports car, the 507 was designed by an independent consultant, Count Albrecht Goertz (who penned the Datsun 240Z) and was offered in limited numbers for just three years. Its competition was the legendary Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwing. With just 254 units produced, the 507 was rarer than the Gullwing, then and now. Its pushrod 3.2-liter V8 (up to 165 bhp) was the first production V8 with an aluminum block and heads. At a then lofty \$9,000, the 507

was double the price of a contemporary Cadillac and more expensive than a Gullwing. BMW's advertising for the car showed a gentleman in a white dinner jacket inviting an elegant woman to go for a spin. It made no mention of the fact that this sleek roadster could nip at 140 mph. Today, 56 years after the 507's debut, the car's slim silhouette, cinched waist, arced fenders and dramatically raked windscreen all spell elegance and adventure. It's estimated that 240 BMW 507s exist today. Hit the lottery and the price tag (\$720,000 to \$900,000) will seem like a bargain for one of motoring's immortals.

All pricing from Hagerty's Cars That Matter.



1961–1968 ➔
JAGUAR E-TYPE SERIES 1 COUPE \$65,000

The E-Type (called the XKE in North America) catapulted Britain's Jaguar into the modern era. It appeared just before the Beatles; one might say it launched the British invasion. Toiling in the precomputer era, British aerodynamicist Malcolm Sayer painstakingly devised the thousands of mathematical calculations necessary to model the E-Type's 150 mph shape. At the time, *Car and Driver* called it "the car we'd most like to own of any we've tested." With a stiletto-like silhouette, it had specifications to match, such as fully independent suspension, a tightly drawn monocoque

body shell and a snarling 265 bhp, three-carburetor, twin-cam 3.8-liter six-cylinder, paired with a four-speed manual and disc brakes adapted from Jaguar's Le Mans-winning D-Type. Sure-footed and tractable, the E-Type hammered contemporary rivals and rocketed Jag from an "interesting" specialist sports-car purveyor to world-class competitor. The best, simplest and most beautiful E-Type was the Series 1. Just \$5,900 new, a decent coupe will run you \$65,000 and up today. Add \$25,000 to \$30,000 for the convertible. Jaguar has never built a better-looking model.

When Pontiac's rising star John DeLorean shoehorned a 389-cid V8 into a lowly Tempest, ignoring GM's edict on engine displacement in midsize cars (330 cid was tops), the muscle car was born. The GTO appeared in 1964—the same year as the Ford Mustang. With its 325 bhp engine and four-barrel carburetor, the GTO started at around \$3,000 and came as a hardtop, sports coupe or convertible. After testers blazed a 4.6-second zero to 60 in a juke-up Bobcat GTO, sales spiked. Today, tri-power first-year GTO hardtops go for \$60,000 to \$75,000. Watch out: Not all of them were heavily optioned road racers. Counterfeiters often add the good stuff; an original bill of sale is key.

1964 ▼
**PONTIAC TEMPEST
 LE MANS GTO** \$60,000



▼ **1955–1957**
CHEVY BEL AIR NOMAD
 \$100,500



Chevrolet introduced its cult-favorite Nomad—a two-door wagon on a Bel Air platform—in January 1954 at New York's Waldorf-Astoria hotel. By 1957, for about \$3,500, you could order a Nomad with all of Chevy's go-fast goodies, such as a 283-cid fuel-injected V8 and a close-ratio three-speed manual. The engine's 283 bhp marked the first time an American over-the-counter power plant offered one horsepower per cubic inch. Management decided to emasculate the Nomad in 1958, making it a four-door. Bad news for enthusiasts, good news for collectors. Expect to drop about \$100,500 for a "fuelie" two-door. Throw your surfboard in the back and head for the beach.

↓ **1963**

CORVETTE STING RAY

\$55,000



Chevrolet launched the first Corvette Sting Ray for 1963. Its fuel-injected V8 transformed a boulevard cruiser into a tiger and confirmed the Corvette's status as a world-class sports car contender. The Sting Ray's rivalry with the Shelby Cobra, which appeared the same year, is heralded as one of the most exciting in American racing history. The unique rear window, divided by a sculpted rib, lasted one year, which is why this Vette is so sought after. Split-window coupes with a 327-cid 300 bhp engine were

1969-1973 ➔

FERRARI DINO 246 GT \$100,000



Curvaceous and catlike, Ferrari's diminutive Dino 246 GT never came with a Ferrari badge. Named for Enzo Ferrari's late son, it was sold through Ferrari dealers and advertised as "almost a Ferrari." The car cut a dashing figure on ABC's 1971-1972 show *The Persuaders!* as the hip ride of international playboy Danny Wilde (Tony Curtis). At the time, it was revolutionary thanks to a transversely mid-mounted 195 bhp four-cam

2.4-liter V6, with three Weber carburetors, a five-speed all-synchromesh gearbox...the list goes on. It came in two versions: a GT coupe and a GTS convertible with a lift-off "Targa top." The coupe (originally \$14,500) is by far the prettier, with a beautifully curved roofline and flying-buttress rear corners. Figure on \$100,000 for a GT, 50 percent more for a GTS. Either way, you have the essence of a 1960s Ferrari in a delightful package.

The Last Detail

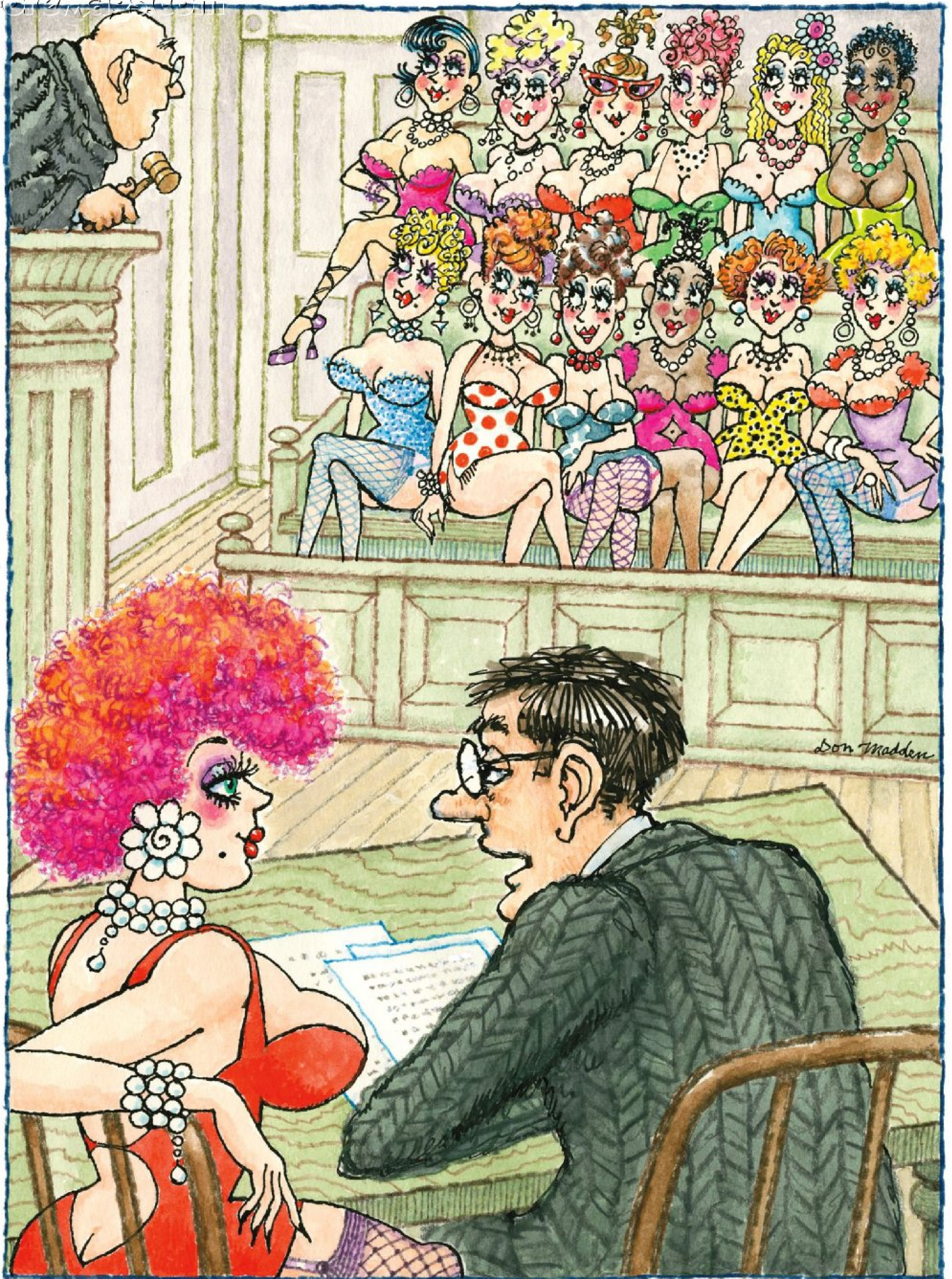
Many car owners subscribe to the rules of yesteryear's gentleman driver: You are the pilot of your automobile, and you pay others to care for it. Whether or not you fall into that camp, we embrace the Saturday driveway ritual. This requires music, sunshine and a sixer, plus our picks of the best car-care products out there

OIL: If you pump premium gas, it's best to use the finest motor oil as well. A synthetic juice like SynPower from Valvoline is designed to beat the heat and the engine damage it causes. If you've got a high-mileage classic, stick with the brand's MaxLife, which stops transmission leaks. If you prefer two wheels over four, feed your superbike EX5 Synthetic Ester 4T from Bel-Ray. The company specializes in motorcycle racing, and this oil is designed to max out horsepower.

RUBBER: Your tires are the only parts of the car that actually touch the asphalt. Bridgestone offers excellent rubber for all seasons, from its snow-and-ice-minded Blizzak series to its smoking performance Potenza hoops. The Potenza RE960 offers a unique mix of all season and high performance—so you can run hard in dry weather or hurricanes.

CLEANUP: Like any skin, your automobile's needs protection from the elements. No need to spend \$37,000 on a jar of Brough & Howarth's car wax (really). Your local car parts store will have Turtle Wax's Carnauba Cleaner

Wax, which features superhard, durable stuff from a rare Brazilian tree. For the interior, detailers prefer Meguiar's Gold Class Dash & Trim Foam Protectant, which both cleans and saves plastic dashboards from the sun. Leather trim and seats need their own care: You'll want a soft, nonglaring surface, as produced by Mothers Reflections Advanced Leather Care. When you're washing your ride, use a sheepskin wash mitt rather than a sponge, and be sure to start from the top down. It's the best way to enjoy the curves when you're not on the move.

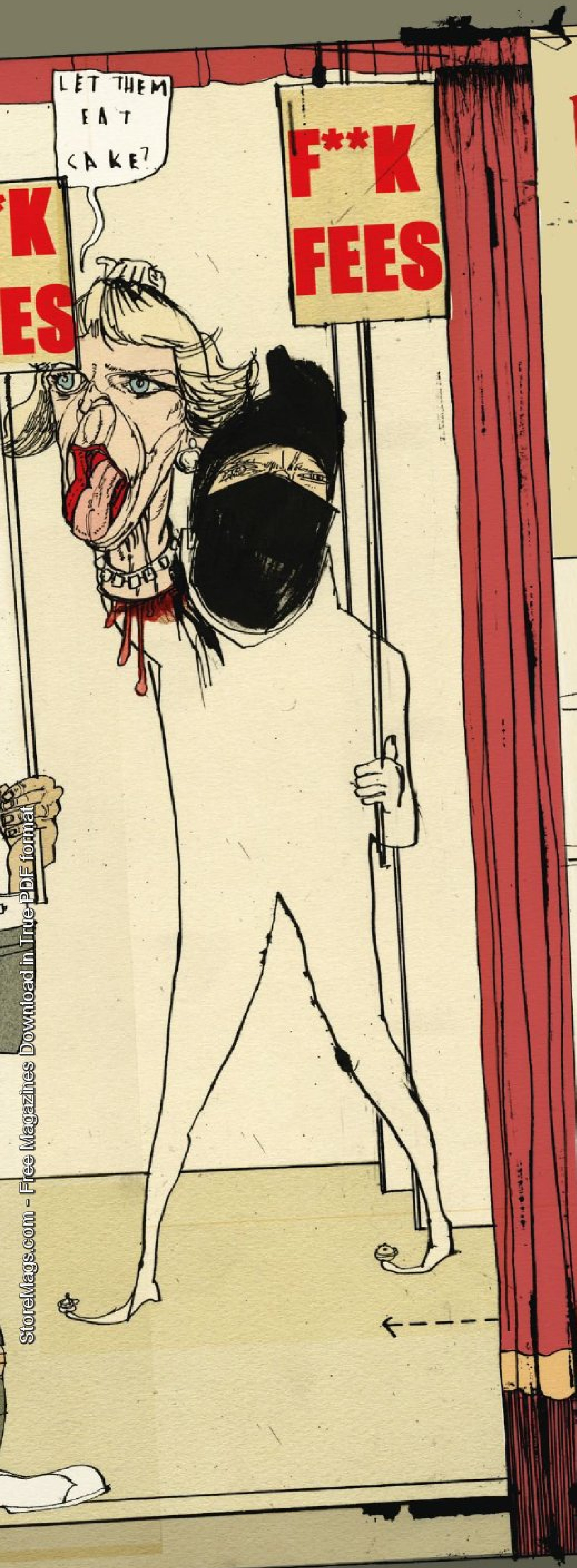


"It was a hard fight, but I finally got you a jury of your peers."

ACT: 2. SCENE 3



F**
FE



DANKING IN THE STREETS

There's something very rock-and-roll about a riot.
STREET PROTESTS IN EUROPE WERE ALL THE RAGE THIS PAST WINTER. WHEN MATTERS GOT OUT OF HAND IN LONDON, OUR STREET-FIGHTING MAN WAS THERE TO CELEBRATE

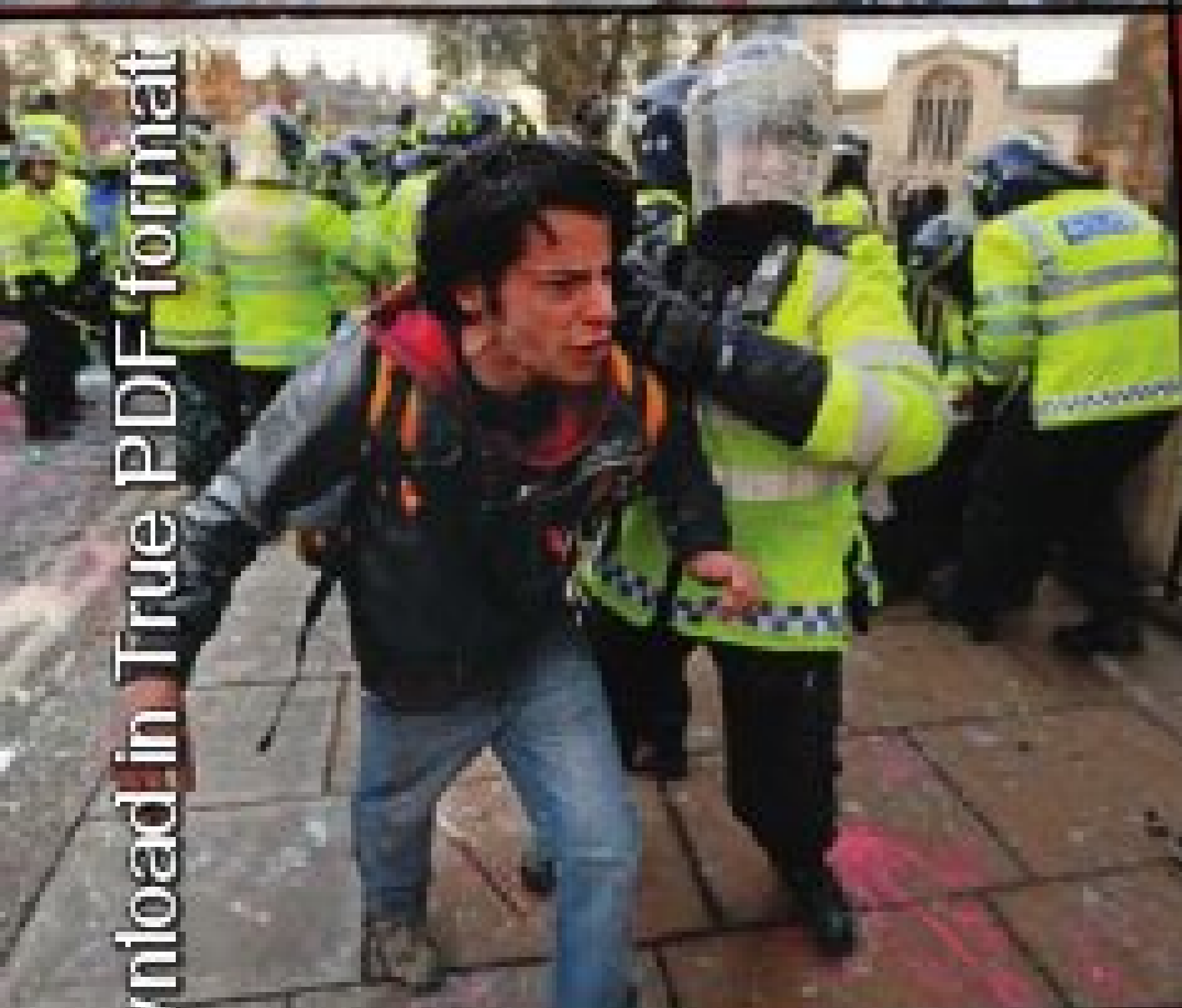
By Will Self

Are you gonna be our Norman Mailer?" a man on Malet Street, central London, asked me around noon on December 9 of last year. "I'm sorry?" I queried, not sure I'd heard him right, given the cacophony enveloping us—horns tootling, drums booming, adolescent voices chanting—and my own advancing years. "Are you gonna be our Norman Mailer?" the fellow reiterated. "You know, get yourself arrested the way he did on the Pentagon march in 1967? We could really do with a high-profile arrest to further the cause."

"I'm not actually here to further the cause," I replied, taking in the thickets of placards proclaiming RESIST THE COALITION with an airy wave. "I'm here to report on the demonstration." Actually, I was being disingenuous. I did have some sympathy with the cause, which was to oppose time-tabled British government legislation that would increase the cost of a college education nearly threefold. And while I wasn't interested in the demo per se, I was on Malet Street, immediately below the foursquare Stalinist bulk of the University of London's Senate House (the building that inspired George Orwell's Ministry of Truth in 1984), in order to report to you, dear reader, on the riot I was pretty certain was imminent.

Not a healthy attitude, really, waking up on a fine winter's day and positively hoping large-scale civil unrest breaks out. It occurred to me, as I packed camera and notebook in a sensible jacket, that I was like an urban version of those wackos who chase tornadoes across the Midwest. I wasn't the only one spoiling for a fight that morning; the students and their hangers-on were

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID HUGHES



*"My name is called disturbance,
I'll shout and scream and kill the king,
I'll rail at all his servants.
What can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock-and-roll band?
Because in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street-fighting man."*
—THE ROLLING STONES

PHOTOS:
LONDON,
NOVEMBER
AND
DECEMBER
2010



definitely up for it, and even the police couldn't have been immune to the adrenalized atmosphere as they zipped up their navy-blue jumpsuits, laced their giant black *bovver* boots and strapped their two-foot-long truncheons to their belts. After all, being a British bobby is mostly a thanklessly dull task—there's precious little graft, car chases are necessarily a stop-start affair due to the tininess of the territory and you don't even get to carry a gun (unless you belong to the Royalty Protection squad or certain squads of the Metropolitan Police). Under such circumstances, the prospect of a day away from the desk, hanging out with your mates and cracking a few heads must seem pretty inviting.

For myself, I hadn't intended to whistle for a horseman of the apocalypse to come and take a dump on my patch—he just kind of trotted across. In October it had been the French who were revolting, taking to the streets in the hundreds of thousands to protest the minimum retirement age going up to 62. In the time-honored way, these *manifestations* quickly turned nasty, and soon enough the barricades were up and the Molotov cocktails were being chucked.

Say what you will about the French—they know how to have a riot; their latter-day Communards look so *comme il faut* in denim blousons with urine-soaked cotton scarves tied around their mouths to filter the impressionistic swirl of tear gas. As for the French riot police with their *RoboCop*-style contoured black-rubber body armor and their coffin-shape Plexiglas shields, their fastidiousness—before, during and *après* any head cracking—amply confirms a (French) friend's contention that the reason there has never been a big gay rights movement in France is because all Frenchmen are gay (or at least pretty damn camp). I liked

the idea of getting mixed up in these *événements* not, you understand, because I'm a slaving violence groupie but simply because even the most committed armchair anarchist likes getting out once in a while—a bit like the British bobby.

And besides, in Europe at least, rioting looks like the shape of things to come as nation after nation topples into the black hole of a Standard & Poor's triple-B credit rating. True, a European riot doesn't measure up to a stateside one. There is no National Guard shooting looters on sight and no guns on the revolting side at all; even the Greek rioters—for all their undoubted ferocity—have simply dreadful taste in street fashion. As for the British rioters *de nos jours*, the preceding month had seen two unexpected outbreaks of fisticuffs during the student demonstrations, the first when a posse broke away from the main march and invaded the headquarters of the ruling Conservative Party.

There had been much fulminating in the media as to how this could have happened and why the police weren't ready for it. The conspiracy theorists argue that the police allowed it deliberately. Given that they are facing swingeing cuts in their budget, what better way to ensure their manpower isn't reduced than ushering in the public-order breakdown? Personally I'm a far greater believer in what we Brits term *cock-up* than in conspiracy, but even I found it a little fishy the way that, during the second big student demo, the rioters conveniently got hold of a police van and smashed its windows right beside the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The Cenotaph is a memorial to the British dead of two world wars and as such is the state holy of holies—for such a profanation to occur was as if Abbie Hoffman had succeeded in levitating the Pentagon.

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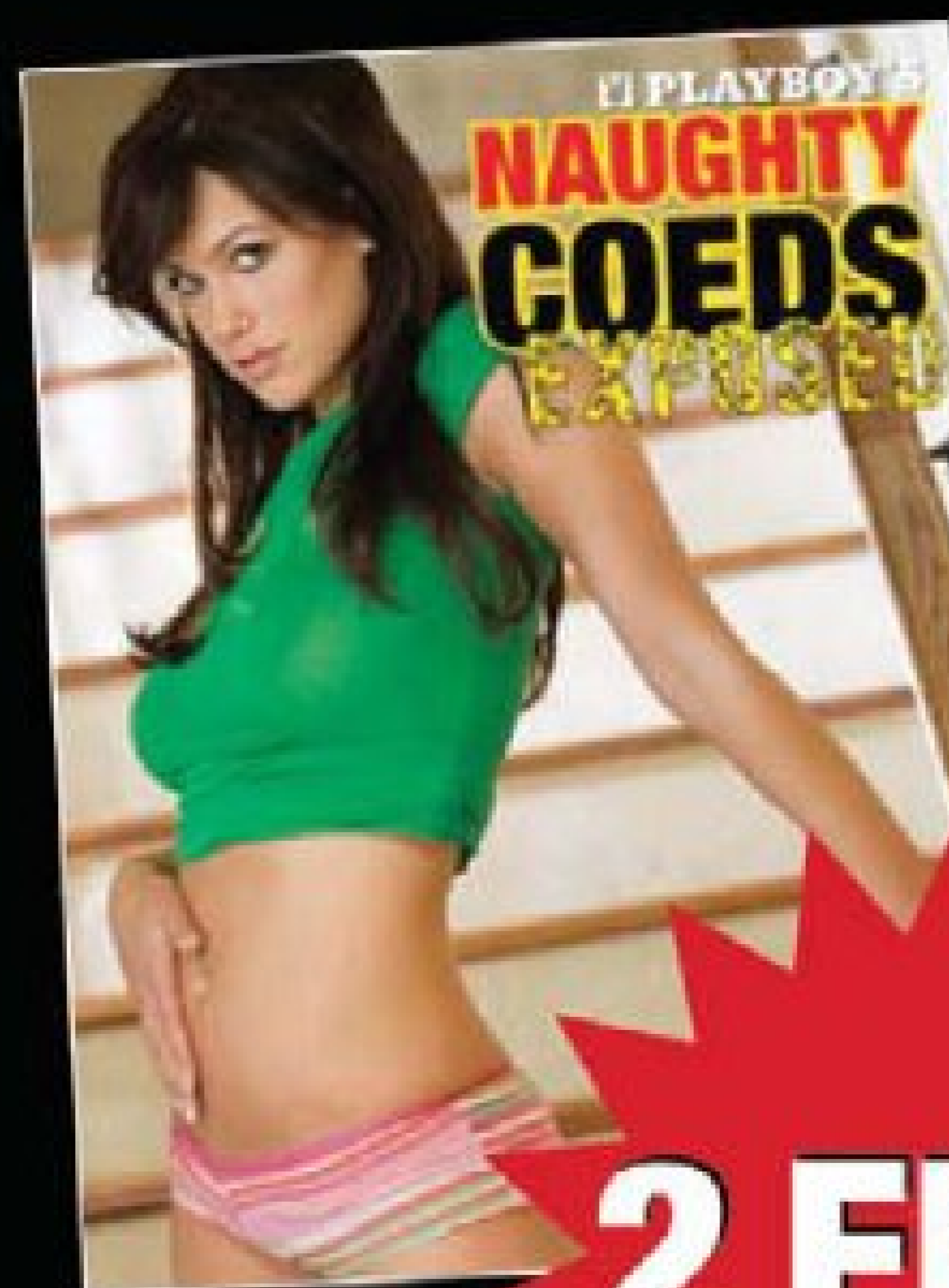
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YOU'LL MISS IT!

This is your **LAST ISSUE** of
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RENEW NOW



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Still, on that sunny morning in December the Metropolitan Police didn't look as if they'd learned their lesson. True, they were out in force, lining the street in their fluorescent yellow jackets, blue riot helmets dangling ready at their sides, but when I eavesdropped on their radio chatter it was clear they were speedily being outpaced by the columns of demonstrators converging on Parliament Square. The reason for this became apparent as soon as the column I was embedded in moved off from Malet Street.

I'm a veteran of the big British political demos of the early 1980s, the Liverpool dockers' strike in the 1990s and the miners' strikes, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and assorted antiracist marches. In those days the nat-

objection to peaceful protests, and they were sure the majority of demonstrators concurred, the day had spiraled out of control because of the malign influence of elements one Conservative member of Parliament (who really should have known better) laughably described as "professional anarchists."

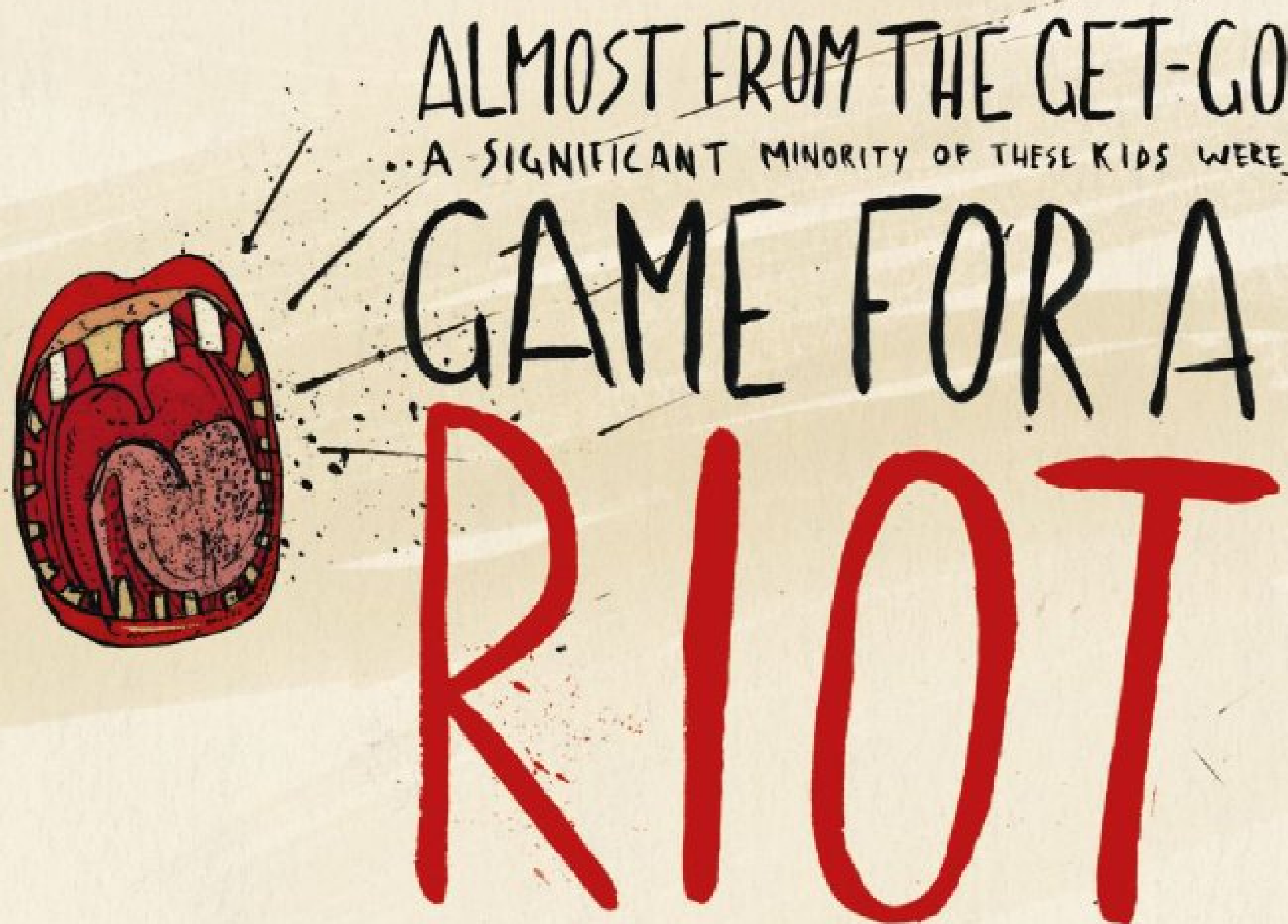
I was there, and this was arrant nonsense. Almost from the start a significant minority of these kids were game for a riot: masked to prevent police photographers getting a shot of them, buzzing and brandishing the sticks of their placards. One was sporting a *V for Vendetta* mask, and lo and behold a couple of hours later I saw him stoking the flames of a bonfire of burning benches in Parliament Square, looking for all the world

parading through the streets to see murderers executed at Tyburn or stoning the hated Duke of Wellington's carriage (he was known as the Iron Duke not by reason of his military prowess but because he had to have iron shutters on the windows of his house), the London mob has always been a self-consciously theatrical affair—and these kids, a motley crowd of middle-class students and multiracial tearaways from the inner London burbs, were gripped by the transcendent spirit of the place.

When I reached Parliament Square, after diverting into Soho for a spot of lunch—middle age has its prerogatives—I discovered that they'd fully assimilated their part. The march had meant to skirt the Palace of Westminster and go on to the Embankment by the River Thames, but the kids had instead smashed through the barriers cordoning off the square of grass and taken possession of it. Someone had dragged up a shopping cart loaded with a big sound system, which was blasting out dubstep, the specifically London genre of grimy, bass-infused dance music. A duo of lithe young Emma Goldmans in tight ski pants were gyrating in the roadway beneath the hefty bronze of Churchill, while elsewhere in the square other kids were spraying graffiti tags on the plinths of Lincoln, Disraeli, Lloyd George and all the other avatars of democracy. Overhead police and media choppers *rat-a-tat-tatted*.

You don't have to be an armchair anarchist to appreciate how such a scene could drive an already exhilarated mob into a frenzy: the gothic flutings of the Mother of Parliaments, within which the legislators at that very moment were debating their fate; the blanched sepulcher of Westminster Cathedral, within which are buried a millenium's worth of British monarchs; to the east the neoclassical facade of the Treasury building; and, feebly attempting to protect it all, the thin blue-and-yellow lines of riot police. I strolled around the grassy plot admiring the dishabille of civic pride: the dancing kids, the burning benches, the roiling and moiling of the senselessly disaffected. Then I stepped over to the thin blue line of helmeted and shielded cops lined up in front of Parliament and asked, "Is it okay if I come through this way?"

"If you don't mind, sir," said one of the police, gesturing toward the junction of Whitehall and Westminster Bridge, "it would be better if you go through over there." *Sir? Sir!* What a very British affair this was, such a polite civil disturbance. It reminded me of the Poll Tax riot of 1990, which had effectively ended Margaret Thatcher's premiership. On that afternoon, being in an apolitical phase, I'd gone unawares into the West End to see a movie and stepped out of the tube at *(concluded on page 115)*



urally sluggish pace of the pot-smoking, beer-drenched Brit left was further damned by the carrying of enormous and ornate banners—at best such processions would move at a leaden-footed mile an hour. But these students, leavened by still younger pupils furious at the abolition of their Education Maintenance Allowance, scampered along like a load of ravers jitterbugging on ecstasy—which in a way they were. In no time at all we'd whipped round Russell Square and reached High Holborn.

Later, when the hurly-burly was done and the heir to the throne's Rolls-Royce had been attacked on Regent Street and the windows of the Treasury and the Supreme Court had been broken and mounted police had been dragged from their mounts and all of Parliament Square had descended into a lurid saturnalia worthy of Hieronymus Bosch, assorted pillars of the state stepped forward to plaint that while they had no


like some devilish little imp. Marches of this kind normally have a route determined by negotiation between organizers and police, but in this case the students' official representatives—the National Union of Students—had backed down, and in their stead were Soviet-style committees of "elected" stewards. When I asked one of them what the route was he didn't even know. All of this is by way of explaining how pathetically the authorities misjudged the situation; unlike previous antiglobalization rallies in London, this one had no anarchist ringleaders who could have been preemptively arrested—just a load of teenagers playing the role of the mob on London's timeless stage.

Peter Ackroyd in his magisterial *London: the Biography* typifies the London mob as the real agent of the city's evolution through the ages. Whether baying for the execution of Charles I outside the Banqueting House in Whitehall,

IPBBSUM

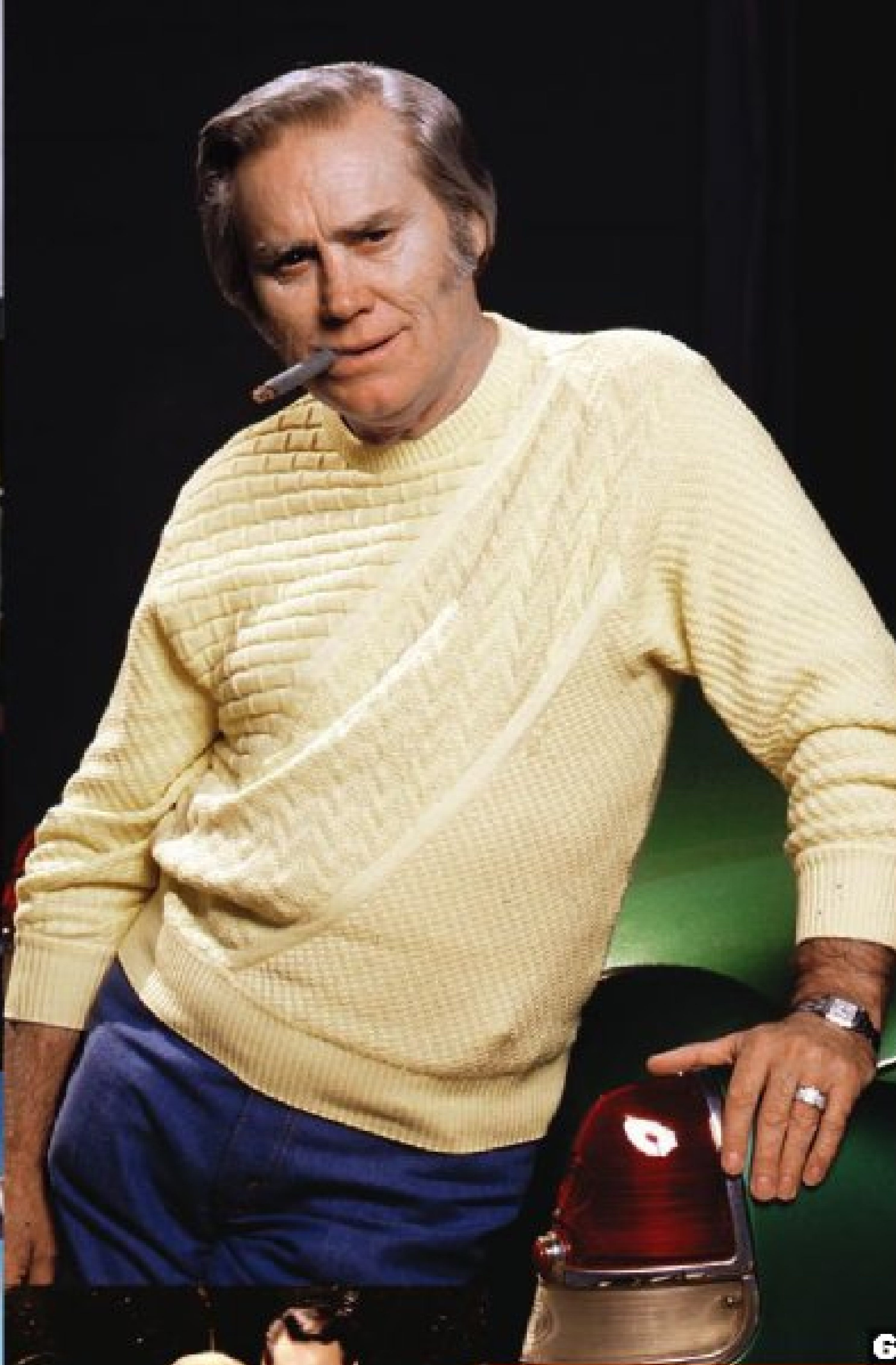
GEORGE JONES CAME OUT OF THE BIG THICKET OF EAST TEXAS TO ALTER THE COURSE OF AMERICAN MUSIC. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE ULTIMATE OUTLAW

BY RODNEY CROWELL

PLAYBOY  PROFILE

To frame George Jones's rightful place in the country music pantheon, ask any rock-and-roll star to rank the greatest country recording artists of the past 75 years. Hank Williams, Johnny Cash and George Jones will top every list. Williams and Cash are known as the Hill-billy Shakespeare and the Man in Black, respectively. But Jones, who may be the greatest heartbreak balladeer ever, was saddled with the disparaging epithet No Show Jones.



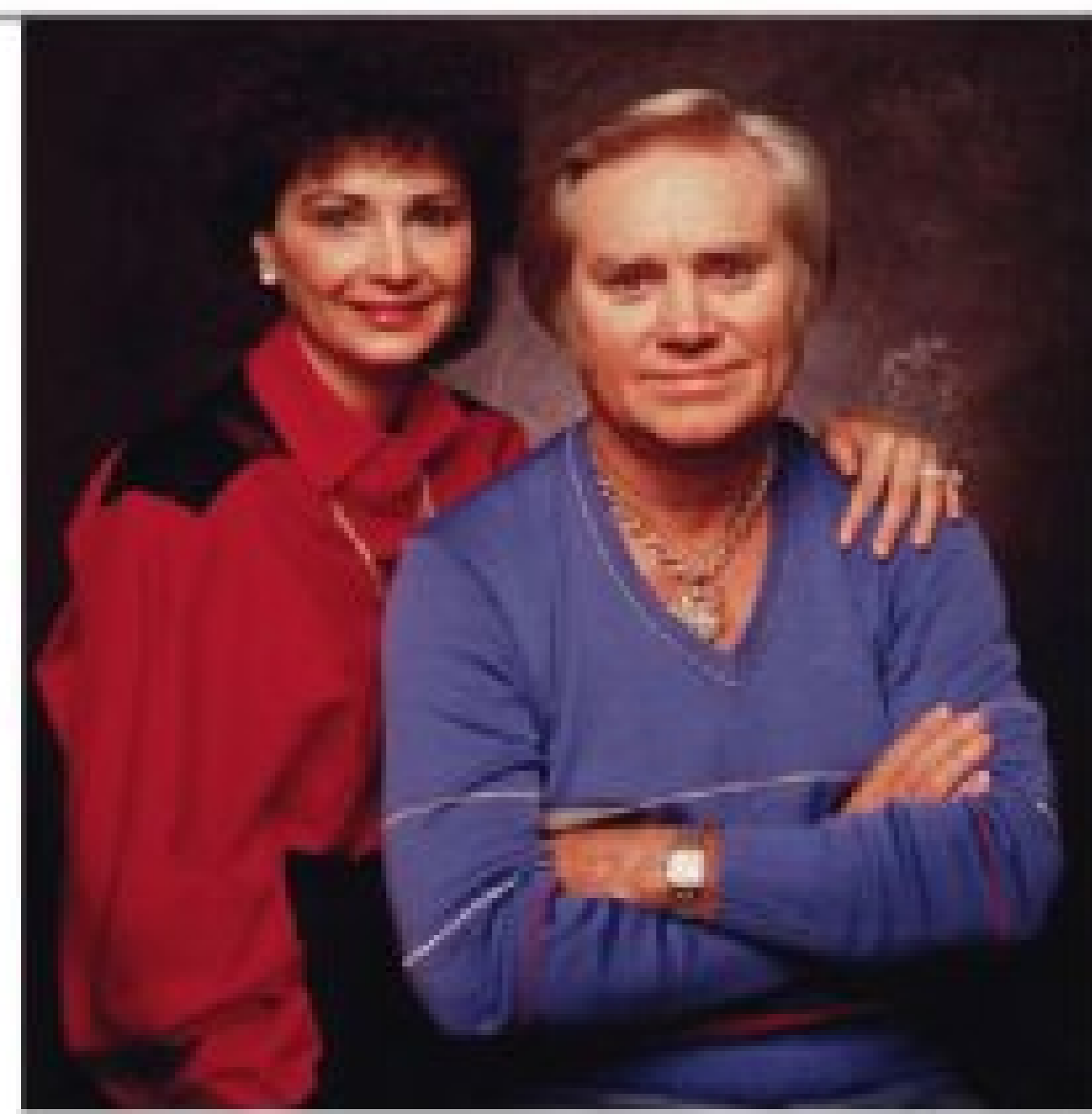


GEORGE JONES

THE GREATEST COUNTRY SINGER OF ALL TIME

(1) Jones with his fine early-1960s band, which included Johnny Paycheck (second from right). (2) In trouble with the law. (3) Two of his top-selling albums. (4) Performing at the Grand Ole Opry in 2001 with Garth Brooks. (5) At the 1991 Country Music Awards with Barbara Mandrell. (6) Nashville nobility, as photographed by Jim McGuire. (7) With his third wife, Tammy Wynette. (8) No Show Jones in action. (9) Possum and Wynette.

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Each man battled various demons in public, Williams the least successfully of the three. But it was Jones's superstar status that hard drinking and drugging eclipsed the most. Although those in the know rank Jones's vocal skills alongside those of the likes of Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin, most of America remains unaware of the man's artistic relevance.

I recently took a drive out to George and his wife Nancy's mansion on a manicured hill south of Nashville and found the couple the epitome of graciousness—he a spry 79-year-old wearing a pair of running shoes and she the smart, beautiful and protective woman behind the man. I've known Mr. Jones professionally since 1977, yet it wasn't until I sat with him in his private study on a cold day this past January that I witnessed firsthand the depth of

his intelligence, humility, humor and honesty. The man is fearless.

For my money, the four greatest performers to come out of east Texas are George "Possum" Jones, Lightnin' Hopkins, Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top and Buck Owens.

I've always had the feeling Buck rubbed George the wrong way. "Not really," George says when I ask him about Buck, but then he changes his mind. "Well, he did. I love Buck—don't get me wrong—but he kind of had a big head. He'd do just enough bragging that you could read between the lines. Buck was Buck, and, my God, if you've got success,

brag a little bit. Ain't nobody else going to do it for you. We were on tour together once. Of course Buck had more hits going at the time than I did. I'd get a few drinks and have fun with him. One night I carried it a little too far. It was up in Seattle. I told him, 'Buck, don't you think you ought to let me close one of these shows every now and then?' 'Oh, George,' he says, 'we couldn't do that, because I'm starring on the show.' I said, 'Tonight, if you don't let me close it, I'm going to do every one of your songs. I ain't going to do one of mine.' I started off that way and got a little worried onstage. I thought, You know something? They're going to start throwing rotten tomatoes at me pretty soon. I calmed it down after four songs.

"It seemed more like family back in those days. Now everybody is off by themselves. The managers and record companies (continued on page 116)





"You should feel honored—I usually don't do requests."

PLAYBOY'S SEXIEST CELEBRITIES

BY JOSH ROBERTSON

WE ARE NOW IN A FULL-BLOWN
GOLDEN AGE OF CELEBRITY
SEXINESS

It's 2011 and our ideas about what's sexy have never been more mature, so to speak. We're not going to give you any of this 40-is-the-new-20 bullshit. Twenty is 20, and it's a damn fine age to be. But it seems that today's 20-somethings (you know who they are) are more sexualized than sexy. Sex appeal is projected onto them, whereas a 30-year-old babe is a woman who knows what she's doing. She's worldly, smart, confident. She owns it.

It is no coincidence that the perennial siren of this bunch—arguably the sexiest woman on the planet—turned 30 this year. There she was on the cover of *People* magazine in November, flashing bedroom eyes at the camera, with the incongruous caption KIM KARDASHIAN AT 30: I THOUGHT I'D BE MARRIED BY NOW.

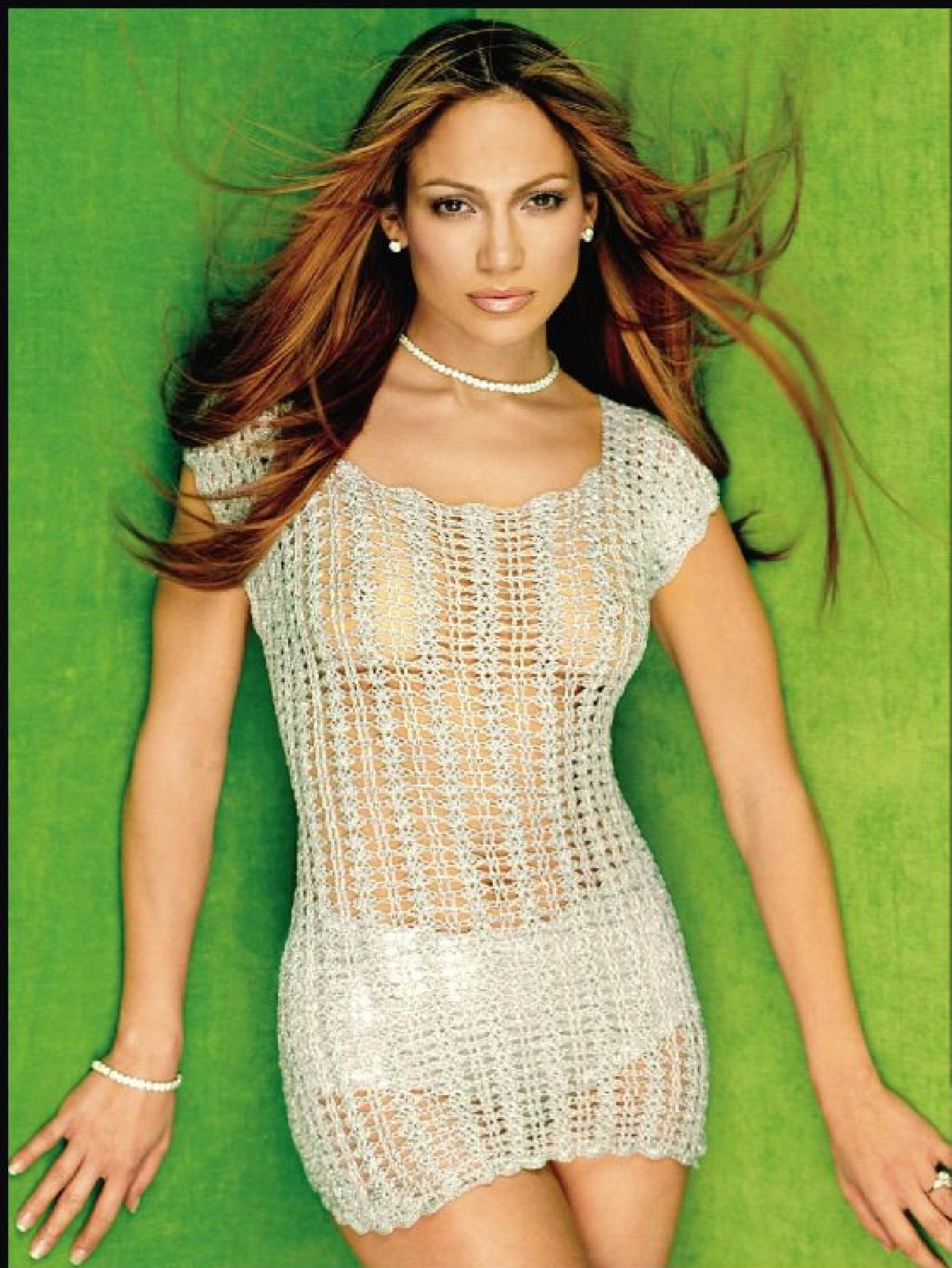
Michelle Williams is 30. Jessica Simpson is 30. Jessica Alba turns 30 this month, Natalie





Opposite page, top: In *Black Swan*, Natalie Portman is both perfectly elegant and scary hot. Bottom: Her 3-D Playmate of the Year pic brought Hope Dworaczyk into your living room. Now she's with *Celebrity Apprentice*. This page, clockwise from above: Beach blonde Sophie Monk got her start in an all-girl pop act called Bardot; Tara Reid is on a roll since her comeback PLAYBOY pictorial; Brooke Burke was well suited to write a book called *The Naked Mom*; as Sookie Stackhouse on *True Blood*, Anna Paquin is TV's most suckable babe.





Clockwise from left: NFL housewife Kendra Wilkinson continues to rule reality TV with *Kendra*; Oscar winner Halle Berry turns an unreal 45 this year; the 2010 World Cup gave us the curse of *vuvuzelas* and the glory of South African models such as Candice Boucher; fight fans scored Arianny Celeste's *PLAYBOY* pictorial a TKO; Sasha Grey is a star who once did porn; Jennifer Lopez continues to make husband Marc Anthony look like the luckiest hombre alive.



Portman turns 30 in June and Beyoncé hits it in September. Sophie Monk and Kelly Brook are already 31. Anna Paquin is 28 and getting sexier by the year, if you ask us.

Take another look at this trend and you'll agree that we've reached a golden age of the MILF. The women who were on our mind at the end of the 20th century (when the word *MILF* first surfaced) are still fueling fantasies 11 years into the 21st. Angelina Jolie first blew us away as the hot heroin-addict supermodel Gia in 1998; she's now 35 and on top of the world. Brooke Burke is knocking on the door of 40. J. Lo is 41, Pamela Anderson is 43 and Halle Berry is 44. (Halle looks better at 44 than she did at 24, for crying out loud.) Each has had kids. For yesterday's sex symbols, age and motherhood may have been setbacks; today we know that sex appeal is a marathon, not a sprint.

As you peruse this year's installment of *Playboy's Sexiest Celebrities*, you may find a new face or two. But for the most part you'll enjoy a certain intimacy with these shocking beauties. You've gotten to know them over the years on the big and small screens and in the pages of this magazine. They exude the radiance of experienced women who remain on top of their game. Sit back and enjoy their company.





Clockwise from top left: Kelly Brook, the most desired woman in Britain, grew her American fan base with her first topless pictorial; Michelle Williams will portray Marilyn Monroe on the silver screen; Holly Madison

wows 'em in Sin City as the star of *Peepshow*; Beyoncé has grown up since her *Destiny's* Childhood; Amber Heard has admitted to liking girls as much as we do; gorgeous Kim Kardashian brings up the rear.





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Clockwise from top left: Pamela Anderson is still the ultimate blonde; Jenni "JWoww" Farley is *Shore* something; Angelina Jolie, still stunning; Playmate Claire Sinclair channels pinup pulchritude; Crystal Harris hooked Hef, line and sinker; Christina Hendricks drives us mad on *Mad Men*; Megan Fox on the red carpet; there's no taming Olivia Wilde; the recently single Scarlett Johansson.



HELEN THOMAS

(continued from page 40)

spot at the White House as long as you did or got to ask the first question at press conferences. What was your secret?

THOMAS: I thought it was my due, actually. *[laughs]* I worked hard. And while I've always felt privileged to go to the White House, I felt this was what I was supposed to do, which is ask hard questions. So many people outside the White House gates wonder what's going on in there. When I walk in or out, they always ask, "Is the president there? Is he working?" You want to just say, "Come in. It's your house. This is your house." *[points to plate of ham sandwiches]* Here, have a sandwich.

PLAYBOY: No, thank you. Did you go into journalism because you wanted to make a difference?

THOMAS: Hell no. I got into it because I am very nosy, very curious, and because I thought it was a great profession. It's an education every day to be in journalism, and it's given me a great life.

PLAYBOY: Were you the kid in the front row at school, asking questions the teacher didn't want to hear?

THOMAS: No. That came later. I was afraid of authority as a kid. I certainly wasn't going to challenge teachers. But I had great parents who taught me never to be seen as less than anyone else. My mother and father couldn't read or write English, but they were very involved with their friends in talking politics. We were thrilled when my father made a check mark for Roosevelt to be elected. He was a proud man. He ran a small grocery and fed our whole ethnic neighborhood in Detroit—Italians on one side, Germans on the other, everybody hungry. It's the classic immigrant story, but they were more liberated than most. They always told me I didn't need to get married or have children to be successful. That was unusual in those days and still is. And I saw from an early age that women weren't being treated right, weren't getting opportunities. I wanted to be a newspaperwoman, and I got on the high school paper. I worked on the college paper at Wayne State University and loved it. When I came to Washington I got a job as a copy-boy, running for coffee, cutting copy. This was during World War II. Soon enough, I was covering politics. Perhaps there was some element of wanting to do good. I saw what was happening with blacks, civil rights and everything else. Something had to be done in our country, by God, and I was going to help any way I could.

PLAYBOY: What's your earliest memory of being at the White House?

THOMAS: I sort of assigned myself to the White House. I went to cover the Kennedy family on Inauguration Day. I covered men, women, children, animals, everything that moved in the Kennedy White House. I was like the woman who came to dinner; I never left. After the inauguration, UPI said, "Okay, Thomas,

you're assigned." It was a three-person staff: Merriman Smith, Alvin Spivak and myself. Merriman Smith was the brilliant reporter who won the Pulitzer in Dallas the day Kennedy was killed.

PLAYBOY: Where were you that day?

THOMAS: I was getting ready to go on a vacation and was in a fancy restaurant on Connecticut Avenue in D.C. with someone from Jackie's office and an AP reporter and rival who was my closest friend. We ordered lunch and I heard a radio. It sounded like a sporting event, football maybe. But I thought, It's Friday; how strange. So I went over to listen, and that's when I heard "Kennedy's been shot." We all shot out of that restaurant and left Jackie's staff with the bill. The AP girl ran to her office and I ran to mine. I walked in and they said, "You're on vacation." I said, "No, I'm not." They said, "Okay. Get in a cab and go to Andrews Air Force Base. You're going to Dallas." It was assumed that Kennedy was still alive. By the time I was in the cab, it was formally announced that he was dead.

PLAYBOY: So you stayed in Washington?

THOMAS: I stayed at Andrews and waited there until *Air Force One* came in with the body. I saw Jackie and the pink suit and the blood. I was brokenhearted like everyone else. Kennedy was as brilliant as he was charming, and I had a wonderful personal relationship and rapport with him. He teased me a lot. I remember on St. Patrick's Day one year JFK came over to the press pool, and I said, "It's a great day for the Irish, Mr. President." And he said, "Well, what are you doing here, Helen?" I mean, his wit was that quick.

PLAYBOY: What was it like being inside the White House during that time?

THOMAS: The days after the assassination were surreal. Jackie hadn't yet moved out of the White House and LBJ hadn't yet moved in, so every day we were going to LBJ's home and talking to him in the motorcade. It's funny thinking about it now. Today Biden rides by like a monarch with all sirens blaring. He has eight outriders, two scout cars and I don't know how many police trailing in the back. LBJ demanded total silence for his motorcade around town and into the White House.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about Joe Biden?

THOMAS: It was Cheney who started it, I think. That was his MO. Now, there was a vice president. *[laughs]* The idea that he could have been president. I think Cheney is diabolical. How much money has he made from Halliburton? Now they're all in hiding, he and his men. They've all slipped away into corporate life, universities or think tanks.

But getting back to LBJ, he used to do these moving press conferences, which was especially hard since I was in heels and would be falling this way and that trying to keep up with him. He had this habit of whispering, so we had to stay close. On walks around the South Lawn he would let his hair down. We were privileged

because we were getting what was really on his mind. Then he'd say, "You know, this is all off the record." Well, none of us thought it was off the record. We knew, whatever he was trying to tell us, that he wanted the story out but not attributed to him. We'd have to go and find the information on our own. It was quite a study in press relations. You had to work hard not to be manipulated.

PLAYBOY: You certainly never had a problem asking hard questions. George W. Bush moved you to the back of the briefing room to get you off his back.

THOMAS: Actually, it was Ari Fleischer, the number one liar in the White House. He didn't like that I was asking too many mean questions about where the Israelis were getting their arms and whatnot. So I got pushed to the back. But the first opportunity I had to challenge Bush, I did.

PLAYBOY: You asked him a bold question in 2006. You said, "Your decision to invade Iraq has caused the deaths of thousands of Americans and Iraqis, wounds of Americans and Iraqis for a lifetime. Every reason given, publicly at least, has turned out not to be true. My question is, Why did you really want to go to war?" He danced around the answer. Did you have an answer in mind when you asked that question? What do you think has driven America's involvement in these recent wars?

THOMAS: You tell me.

PLAYBOY: No, you tell us.

THOMAS: Well, no president has ever told the truth about why we're there. I think oil has a lot to do with it. I think there's an Israel connection. Our government feels compelled to protect Israel. With Bush, some people say it was George Jr. avenging for Daddy. At least Bush's father understood what war was about. He had been in war. He was more cautious. He certainly lined up the Arab countries to support fighting the invasion of Kuwait. The Bush family has always been rich people in search of a job, but George Sr. had been head of the CIA and chairman of the Republican National Committee. He knew politics and he knew foreign policy, but he didn't give any of that to his son. Dubya was a hip-shooter. If you look at the Downing Street Memo from 2002, you see the chief of British intelligence had come here just before George W. Bush's invasion of Iraq. It concludes that the president simply was determined to go to war and that he wanted to fix the facts to do it. But there were no facts. We just went to war for no reason.

PLAYBOY: So you never believed the line that the world would be "a safer place" without Saddam Hussein?

THOMAS: I think it was wrong to hang Saddam Hussein. He should have been put before an international court for war crimes and everything else. But for us to just bypass the law and have him hanged was wrong. Not that the press called the president on it. The press rallied around the flag on that one.



"Whoa—they weren't supposed to do that until Act 3, Scene 2!"

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PLAYBOY: Who's your most trusted news source, by the way?

THOMAS: Nobody, really. I like the liberal press. I like E.J. Dionne Jr. in *The Washington Post*. I like Sam Donaldson. I believe he's an honest man. I loved Walter Cronkite. I certainly loved Ed Murrow. But I don't see replicas around.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Fox News?

THOMAS: I don't watch Fox and I don't follow Fox.

PLAYBOY: Not even Glenn Beck?

THOMAS: Who?

PLAYBOY: Glenn Beck. He's on Fox.

THOMAS: No, don't know him.

PLAYBOY: Do you know who Bill O'Reilly is?

THOMAS: Yes, I do. He sent me flowers after insulting me for something or other.

PLAYBOY: Is anyone asking the tough questions about Israel?

THOMAS: We're still not getting the full story on Israel. I asked both President Obama at a news conference and Hillary if they knew of any nations in the Middle East that had nuclear weapons. Obama danced around it and said, "I don't want to speculate." Hillary said, "Oh, Helen, you're cute" or something to that effect. She laughed it off.

PLAYBOY: Why would our government remain quiet if Israel had nukes?

THOMAS: Years ago we made a pact with Golda Meir never to say it. In her era, they would never say it, and they can't say it now because they can't tell Iran and all these other countries that they have nukes. That's my opinion. Our government won't tell the truth, and neither will the Israelis. Everyone knows, but I can't write "Everyone knows." You have to attribute it to somebody. Again, you don't see these stories in the news. You have to go to a magazine like *The Nation* or the offbeat

press to find out what is really happening. They don't say that in *The New York Times*.

PLAYBOY: Or we can get our news from comedians like Jon Stewart. What's your take on him?

THOMAS: I don't know. He called me anti-Semitic. What is this crap? Anti-Semitic? What is he?

PLAYBOY: What about Bill Maher?

THOMAS: I like Bill Maher. Remember when he said the 9/11 bombers were not cowards? He lost his job temporarily, but he was right: Anybody who flies an airplane into a building isn't a coward. That was too logical for people, though. You can't be that honest. [laughs] It's like the Japanese kamikazes in World War II. They were diabolical, flying right into ships, but they certainly weren't cowards. There are two sides to every story. I guess the trouble is certain stories just don't sell newspapers.

PLAYBOY: Nothing's selling newspapers these days.

THOMAS: And it's a tragedy. I still like a newspaper in my hand. I get *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* outside the door every morning and run to them. I like the print press. You don't get anything in depth anymore without a newspaper. Everything is a headline, a sound bite. I worry about young people really getting to know what's going on in our world.

PLAYBOY: How much time do you spend online?

THOMAS: Uh-uh. I'm a paper-and-pencil person. I probably should look at Facebook and Huffington Post and these other things, but I don't. Everyone with a laptop thinks they're a journalist and everyone with a camera thinks they're a news photographer. Where are the standards? How can we

get back to the ethics and standards of journalism? There's no editing, no oversight. It's just thrown to the wind. I'm afraid of what's happening.

PLAYBOY: But you can't deny the power of the web. Look at WikiLeaks. What did you think of those diplomatic revelations?

THOMAS: I think it's great. It's important to reveal what's going on behind the scenes. We wouldn't have known half this stuff without this information, and it's going to change everything as far as diplomacy. It's hard to believe we didn't know some of this stuff before. Maybe I should have been digging into these things myself. I'm probably not a good reporter. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: By the way, did you ever see Marilyn Monroe backstage at the White House?

THOMAS: [Laughs] Now these are the questions I like, not the ones that make me cry. No, I never saw Marilyn. But I saw a lot.

PLAYBOY: What about Monica Lewinsky? Was there talk in the pressroom that Bill Clinton was having sex with someone before that news got out?

THOMAS: There's always talk, but I never assume anything. That's the first law of journalism. Your mother says she loves you, check it out. So no, I didn't suspect.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised?

THOMAS: No. I knew how women liked Clinton very much.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's the public's right to know what's happening in the president's private life?

THOMAS: Absolutely. We need to know everything a president's up to. He's on our time, on our payroll. He's a public servant.

PLAYBOY: Were you all aware that President Reagan was taking naps in the White House when he should have been at meetings?

THOMAS: We knew he fell asleep a lot. But I still feel he was making the decisions, even if some of them weren't great. Ketchup was a vegetable on the school lunch program. I think Reagan was so conservative, he really believed people could pull themselves up without any government assistance, get out of wherever they were to find a job and so forth. That created a real underclass in this country. But there were also things I liked about Reagan. He began to bend toward the Soviet Union. It was Nancy who pushed him on that. She convinced him to go to Russia to see for himself that these people were real. That began a whole transformation personally for Reagan. He saw that the Russians laughed and cried and were human. After he came back from meeting Gorbachev for the first time, I said to him, "Mr. President, to think that if you had gone to Moscow 10 or 20 years ago, you might have found out back then that they laugh, they cry, they're human." "Nope," he said. "They're the ones who've changed."

PLAYBOY: How much was Nancy Reagan controlling things behind the scenes?

THOMAS: Nancy certainly was important and powerful, but I think it's because their marriage was so close. Everybody liked Reagan, but he wasn't particularly connected to anyone aside from Nancy. It was morning in America and all that jazz, but you never got the feeling he was warm. He'd rather be alone with his wife up in the family quarters.



"Not now, Tom, Howard's trying to tell me something."



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PLAYBOY: Press secretaries are paid to obscure the truth, are they not?

THOMAS: [Laughs] Tell me about it. But we had a few good ones. I loved Pierre Salinger—loved his joie de vivre, his intelligence, his wit—though he was really the first press secretary to attempt to control the press. He exerted tremendous influence in shifting the story to places he wanted it to go. Bill Moyers tried to do the same, and I had to fight him on it. I once accused him of not being honest and he said, “Well, I might shade the truth a little.” Shade the truth? There’s no room for shading the truth in journalism. What’s funny is that so many of these guys ended up working in journalism. Look at George Stephanopoulos. He’s Mr. Journalism now, which is ironic because he started closing the door to the press secretary’s office his first week on the job. “Journalists keep out!”

PLAYBOY: It sounds like he wasn’t your favorite gatekeeper.

THOMAS: I was very unhappy with him when he came to the White House. Dee Dee Myers was the press secretary under Clinton, but Stephanopoulos was head of communications and he kept forcing her out of the way and taking over. He ran the office with tight control, and since he made the mistake of wanting his briefings to be on TV, I kept asking, “Why have a press secretary if we can’t freely go and ask them private questions?” And it was heard from coast to coast. He didn’t treat us civilly. But then immediately after he’s out of the White House, he wants to go into our profession. It’s like he couldn’t stand being out of the limelight. I mean, why should George Stephanopoulos have been a great journalist? Well, he’s not, in my book. The way he treated us. I don’t want to sound like I hold a grudge, but you do have a memory for certain personalities.

PLAYBOY: Has there ever been an honest press secretary?

THOMAS: Jerry terHorst. He lasted one month. He was President Ford’s press secretary. He had covered Ford in Washington. He had been here for 29 years as a reporter from the Grand Rapids paper and then *The Detroit News*. He understood the press. But he was incapable of

lying, and he quit when Ford pardoned Nixon, on the very day. He couldn’t take it. Poor Jerry Ford. He just wasn’t ready to be president. He had prepared himself to be Speaker of the House and stepped into those shoes okay, but he just wasn’t equipped for the big job. We saw that Betty Ford struggled too, of course.

PLAYBOY: You and Douglas Cornell, a White House correspondent for rival Associated Press, were married for 11 years before he died, in 1982. Did you ever regret not having children?

THOMAS: Well, until Doug, boyfriends weren’t exactly beating down the door, so I had a clear path to be a reporter. I worried about having children, actually, what it would have meant for them to have someone working all the time. I know I should have done it, but I feel I didn’t miss anything. Can I get you some wine?

PLAYBOY: It’s still pretty early in the day. No thanks. By the way, is it true what they say about political journalists being big drinkers?

THOMAS: It used to be. Not so much anymore.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever a drinker?

THOMAS: I don’t think I’m a heavy drinker, but I like to drink.

PLAYBOY: What’s your beverage of choice?

THOMAS: Scotch. On the rocks. I like wine, too, and I like vodka and tonic. [laughs] With lots of limes. Sure you don’t want something?

PLAYBOY: No, thank you. Do you miss being at the White House every day?

THOMAS: Of course I do. There’s nothing to replace being there as a reporter with your eyes and your ears. You see things. You’re not always in the know, but you get the atmosphere and so forth. I’ve had a great career.

PLAYBOY: What’s your hope for the future?

THOMAS: On a political level, I hope for disarmament. Billions and billions are being spent every week on the war in Afghanistan. We have 700 military bases around the world. What do you think it costs to keep that war machine running? It’s not working. I thought Obama would be for peace, but he’s not. There are no

peacemakers left. There’s no antiwar movement to speak of. America just keeps going, keeps fighting, keeps spending. I want the killing to stop.

PLAYBOY: How would you like to be remembered?

THOMAS: As the person who asked why. That’s what I want as my epitaph: “Why?” It’s always been my favorite question, even though it rarely gets answered. As I said before, because of what happened recently, people are going to remember me a certain way. The truth is, I don’t hate anybody. I care deeply about people. I care for the poor, the sick, the lame, the harmed, those who’ve been treated unjustly. I like the fact that you asked me if I’m nuts. People think you’re nuts if you take a stand in this life. I’ve always cared about what happens in the world, and I think what the Israelis are doing is wrong. We have to care about our fellow man, and we don’t. Somehow we’ve lost that sense. It’s become almost a sin to care. But we are all God’s children, right? [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

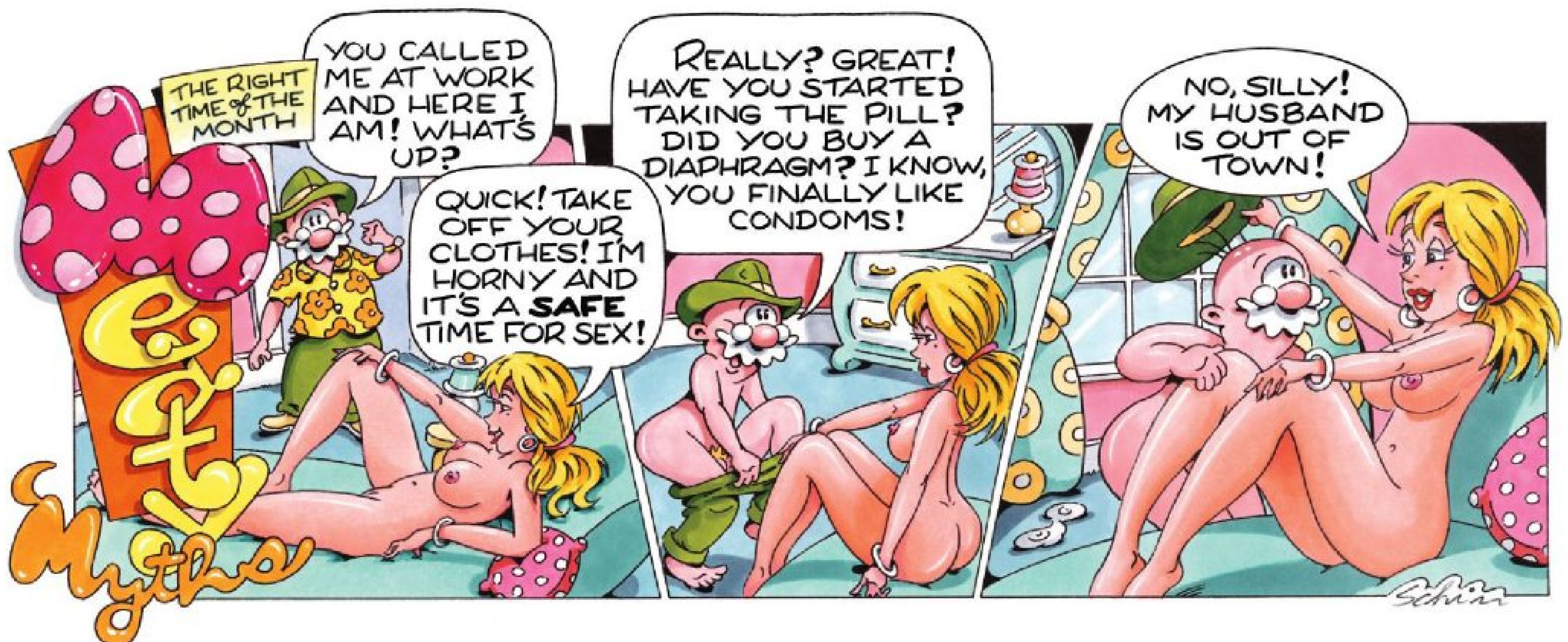
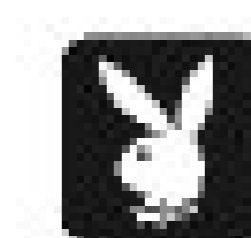
THOMAS: Who knows? I was raised Greek Orthodox, but I never understood what was going on. In college I moved away from religion, and then when I went to work I would go to church with the president. I’d pray to whatever god the president prayed to. I prayed to all of them—just in case. Now I just pray in hopes that something good will happen. I pray to whoever the gods may be.

PLAYBOY: That makes sense. One last thing: I heard you once say journalists shouldn’t say thank you after an interview with a politician. But you famously said “Thank you, Mr. President” for almost 50 years.

THOMAS: I was following a tradition. My old colleague Merriman Smith was the one who invented the phrase during the Truman era. After that, whoever was the senior reporter at a news conference would say it. That was my role for many years. It’s okay to say thank you.

PLAYBOY: Well, thank you, Ms. Thomas.

THOMAS: Thank you.



THE PASSENGER

(continued from page 56)

And if there was a slight queasiness behind my heart for the beginning of the trip, I chalked it up to my general nervousness about flying that's only grown worse as I've gotten older. Something about taking airplanes to commit deadly sin seems like asking for trouble, even to a lapsed Catholic. I held my breath and waited, as I always do, for the plane to explode during takeoff; when it didn't, and we'd risen through the cloud wisps, and the ground below us had turned to cells on a slide, I fell asleep. At some point, I considered going back to the bathroom in coach—to say hello to you, if it was you—but then I remembered that there was a better bathroom in first class, and the thought of tripping over a hundred tired travelers to get back to yours made my little mystery seem dreamy and ridiculous. I worried about plane crashes, after all. I took the girls to the doctor for poison ivy.

James met me at the exit and we whirred into our weekend. San Francisco glinted before us. We crested hills and let the car drive itself on inertia, on gravity. We kissed at lights like teenagers, like idiot children who don't know what they're doing.

I'm convinced now that marriage is a doomed institution. It doesn't matter how interesting a person is when you get married; by the end, the two of you are melded into an autonomic nervous system that squirms and flinches as one.

Paul tolerated me, humored me and probably loved me, by any conventional definition of the word. But he'd long since stopped trying to get to know me any better—which I realize sounds ridiculous. After 11 years of marriage, what more could he want to know? What kind of an ego would demand further scrutiny? But what I mean is, James assumed I was still learning, that I had opinions worth uncovering and challenging, that I was unfinished. I know that, in a marriage, James's interest in me would have retreated and slipped over the horizon; our great arguments and conversations would have shrunk to a technical, military shorthand; the space between us would have shifted to become unendurably small and also unbridgeable. But as it was, we weren't married. And in those

days—although it's hard for me to remember now—I was still attractive. My husband wasn't blind to miss this. But to notice me consistently would have been like marveling daily over the mechanical accomplishments of your own eyeball.

So that last weekend in San Francisco marked the end of many things for me: the bigger, more dramatic things, of course, but also the small thing of being asked a question by a man who was actually listening to the answer.

"What's the worst thing you've ever done?" James asked me that last weekend. We were still in the time of these cerebral, sophomoric questions, and maybe I should be grateful, always, that we never got much further. We had gone to see the sea lions bark at us down near the water, I remem-

too, and thought for the first time that his hair was dark and yours was light. But then I thought of recessive genes, of statistics, of sanity, and I turned my attention to my book. The plane rumbled and rose and we threw ourselves at the mercy of fate and mechanics. We landed in Boston 30 minutes early, and I was home in time to wash the girls' uniforms.

It was Wednesday night, the day before your soccer practice, that we got the call. It was Ellen Larson who called—it would be her, of course: She was one of these miraculous women who manage to work, reproduce at a breathtaking rate, do cutesy domestic crafts and involve themselves heavily in other people's lives, all at the same time—

and she spoke to Paul. I was working on briefs in the study. It was a short call and not too late at night, but something about the ring of the phone made me jump. When Paul came into the study and closed the door behind him, I refused to look at him. I pretended to be finishing a sentence, but I wasn't writing anything. I could feel my rib cage come unhinged, I could hear my heart flap sloppily away. I hadn't thought about you that week, not consciously, not in language that could be recorded or remembered. But when Paul came into my study, looking gray-faced and rational, I knew. I am telling you now: I knew.

"What's wrong?" I said, because there was no point in pretending something wasn't wrong.

He took a stack of my papers off the footrest and placed them carefully on the floor—and there was more ominous foreshadowing in that gesture as in anything I've ever seen. Paul's not generally a careful placer of things, and I've found that, in messy people, attention to detail arises mostly in times of biblical catastrophe.

"Paul," I said. "What's happened?"

"You know Sarah Neelan, from the girls' soccer," he said. I'm not sure if it was said as a question or a statement, because when he said your name there was a bridge collapse inside my skull—cars were sucked into rushing water, things caught fire and feathery ashes flew like bats through the night air.

"Yes," I said. "What?" I saw your split-second face. I saw the turn of your anonymous shoulder.



ber; we watched their elephantine shapes cast feral shadows on the ground. "This," I said. "Of course." The sea lions made amateur oboe sounds and sprayed oceanic mist out of their whiskers. James threaded his fingers through mine and we walked back to his apartment, where we had sex on the kitchen floor. I put my hand on the half-moon on his chest and felt grateful for the gaps between us, for the space that made space travel possible.

I didn't think about you that weekend until I was back on the airplane on Sunday afternoon, squinting against the light coming off the runway. In the beleaguered churn of passengers I suddenly remembered your pink sweater, the dappled trill of your bouncing blonde ponytail. And I remembered the man,

"She's gone missing," he said, and there was an apology in his voice—both for the horror of the news but also for the drama of the statement: Television has left us with no language for disaster that doesn't feel a little cheesy, a little canned. Paul winced. "She's been gone since Friday morning, Ellen Larson said."

"Why didn't they tell us earlier?" It's fair to say I wailed this. Paul looked startled and adjusted his glasses.

"Well," he said. "Ellen says there's some messy domestic situation. The parents are divorced, and there was talk it might have been the father. It probably is the father. But they haven't found him yet, and they thought they would by now, so—they decided to sound the alarm. You know. Just in case." Paul closed his eyes for a moment. I knew he was thinking about what *just in case* might entail. I knew he was thinking about our daughters, about swing sets into dusk, about all the just-in-case precautions we'd probably overlooked and skipped in our safe neighborhood, in our untroubled lives.

My vision started disappearing from the outside in and Paul's voice became a dull buzz, and I remarked with some detachment that I was probably starting to pass out.

When I came to, Paul had water and a look of mild concern. I knew he was thinking that this news was too much for me—that the idea of a harmed child had made me short-circuit and that I was more fragile and fearful in my advancing age than he'd originally thought. I let him think so.

"Alice," he said. He leaned forward. "We shouldn't tell the girls yet."

"I know," I said. I thought about standing up but didn't. Paul squeezed my hand dryly. A lesser man might have said that everything would be okay.

That night, I paced furiously and thought. I tried to gauge how much I thought, really, that the girl I'd seen had been you. I tried to re-remember the face of the girl I'd seen on the plane, but you'd dissolved by then into your discrete components: I could attest that the girl on the plane had been a blonde, soft-featured, five or six or seven, with a general appearance of upkeep and nourishment and middle-class attention. When I tried to see your actual face, though, all that came back at me was hallucination. Either the photo image of Sarah Neelan in her soccer uniform superimposed itself over the

face of the girl on the plane or the girl on the plane's face disappeared into a surrealistic vagueness. I could not reconjure the image of the actual girl no matter how hard I tried, no matter how hard I squinted my eyes and clawed at the cobwebs in my mind. You were gone.

So then I tried to remember what I'd thought at the time. If I'd really thought it was you at the time, I would have done something. I'm a good and sane person. If I'd seen you, I would have gone back to you to investigate.

On the other side of the ledger, unarticulated and unconscious, was this: I wasn't on a plane to San Francisco. I was on a plane to Delaware. Being on a plane to San Francisco is the end of my marriage, the end of my family. And also, I inferred disaster from missed phone calls, from chronic headaches, from turbulence. And also, if you were with your father, you were safe. And also, if you were not with your father, it was probably too late.

I didn't think these things out loud, not even in my own head. But I know they were there, squatting darkly on the scale. The price of having seen you and saying nothing was monstrous, cataclysmic, unthinkable and unforgivable. But there was a price, too, of not having seen you and saying something.

I resolved that if you were not back by the next day, I would say something. I would go to whoever kept track of these things and say, Look. I don't know if I saw her, but I might have seen her, and this is where. Take my marriage, take my children. Take my whole life. I would. It was worth it. No matter the cost, no matter the disaster. I was going to tell. I was. I was.

But I didn't, and this is why: They found your father.

It was Thursday, six days after the day I saw you, maybe, on the plane. I drove the girls to camp and I remember the morning as feeling almost apocalyptically beautiful. It was muggy and pre-thunderstorm; the trees cast wheeling green shadows on the ground. I felt a sort of frantic joy underneath my horror. It seemed to be the last morning of the world, and suddenly previously unseen beauties were appearing, hemorrhaging and flying away.

Natalie was four and had little legs that kicked endlessly at the seat of whoever was unlucky enough to sit in front of her. Sam was six and engaged in tuneless, low-grade humming whenever she wasn't speaking. She hummed through questions, and that morning I insisted on asking the girls a series of horrible, escalating questions—hoping, I guess, that they would reveal something that would absolve me.

"Hey, Sam," I said. "You know that friend of yours? Sarah N. from soccer?" Sam was humming the theme from *Winnie the Pooh*. Natalie was kicking in arrhythmic, exuberant bursts. "Nat," I said. "Please stop kicking."

"She's not our friend," said Sam, taking a breath. "She pinches," said Natalie. "She pinches and she doesn't pass in soccer."

"She doesn't pass to *you*," said Sam. "She



"He could have been great if he wasn't so short."

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doesn't pass to you because you're a baby and you score in the wrong goal."

"Only once," said Natalie, although it had happened more than once. She gave the felt of the seat a savage, unrelenting kick. Sam resumed her artless humming. "Anyway," said Natalie. "I think she stopped soccer."

"I'm glad," said Sam.

"Stop it," I said suddenly. I knew my voice had taken on the curdled, terrifying quality of an adult who is too upset to yell. In the rearview mirror, the girls looked stricken. "You girls need to be nice," I croaked.

"Okay, Mom," they chimed. They were so obliging, my girls, so eager to make things right.

"I need to ask you girls something," I said, while I had their attention and fear.

"Okay," they whispered.

"Have you girls ever seen Sarah N.'s dad? Has he ever come to your soccer games?"

They were silent for a moment. Nat issued a thoughtful, reflective tap to the seat.

"No," said Sam.

"No?" I said. "Think, guys. Has a man ever come to watch her? Pick her up?"

"I don't think so," said Sam, sounding less sure.

"Yes," said Natalie. "Remember, Sam? He brought balloons."

"No," said Sam. "That wasn't her dad. He just gave her a balloon."

"I think it was her dad," said Natalie confidently.

"I think it was Alyssa's dad," said Sam.

"Alyssa already has a dad," said Natalie.

"It was her other dad," said Sam.

"Ladies," I said. "Do you know where Sarah N.'s dad lives? Like, has she ever mentioned going to California to visit him, maybe?"

They were quiet again. "California, Mom?" said Nat in a small voice. "Is that in Massachusetts?"

"No, dummy," said Sam. "It's another state, on another ocean. Don't you know anything?"

"Samantha," I said. She hummed defiantly. "Cut it out."

"We don't know about her dad, Mom," said Sam. "Why?"

We turned down the gravel road to their camp, the car wheels making flinty crunching on the ground. The wind was starting to pick up.

"It's gonna rain, guys," I said. "Wear your coats."

"Mom," said Sam sharply. "Why are you asking?"

"Go on," I said. "You're going to be late

to camp." And so Sam cast me a dark look and Nat gave me a wet kiss and they were out, their little shapes becoming anonymous and so, so small as they disappeared down the lane.

At work that day I ignored my meetings and waited for them to find or not find you. I sent all my calls to voice mail, which I then checked frantically. I didn't open the door. I didn't go to lunch. What I did was take out Q-tips and clean the dust out from between the keys of my computer. Then I took Kleenex to the molding along the wall. Then I sat under my desk and tried to think about how it had come to this.

The great silences between Paul and me had probably begun when Sam was a toddler, when it was easy not to notice—between the tantrums and the giggle fits and the miraculous acquisition of language and the careful video documentation of it all—that there were days, weeks, without adult conversation, without moments of honesty or sexuality or illumination. When Nat was born, Paul and I officially became co-ringleaders of a small domestic circus. We threw cues to each other, trusted each other with the nets and the trapdoors and the trick coffins. But after our work was done, we wanted nothing more than to retreat to separate tents. Leaving the other alone was the greatest kindness, the greatest act of love, that either of us could muster.

I met James at a coffee shop—on the heels of some pickup line that's too predictable to think about now but at the time felt like the height of romantic intrigue—and, as one does, I told myself that it would only be the once. The fissures between Paul and me were so great that I didn't think I was breaking anything intact. But I respected our marriage as a social institution, as a child-rearing unit. I told myself I didn't want something ongoing and corrosive, something that could make Paul hate me and make our children know it.

But then, I told myself lots of things.

I kept seeing James, and the rest is just cliché, I suppose. But whatever you're imagining, be a little more charitable. There was the marriage, yes—but clearly that isn't my biggest problem, my greatest moral offense. I was just being pragmatic, trying to live with my obligations and have a small, secret happiness and avoid creating massive disruption or pain. It was utilitarian, it was modern and it was very, very common. When it's done by powerful men, it's almost charming, it's almost humanizing. We all agree that we were a classier and better people when we let it go without media scrutiny.

If you want to know the truth, then, there are times I'm mad at you. That sounds terrible, I know, and that's because it is. But sometimes, I can't help it; I can't help thinking that if you'd been different—if you'd been more like my girls, for example, and you'd actually listened to your mother, and you'd actually followed the rules—this never would have happened to us.

When I blinked, you were inside my eyelids. You lived there, perpetually



"I can always count on my wife to rain on my parade!"

half turning away from me; your ponytail bobbed, your sweater flashed bright through the thicket of dun-colored adult clothing. From what I'd seen of you on the plane, I told myself, I couldn't have picked you out of a lineup. I couldn't have recognized you in a yearbook picture. I couldn't have identified your body.

When Paul called, I called him back so quickly I interrupted his voice mail to me. "What is it?" I said desperately, as though he'd just woken me up for the sixth time in a row to tell me about his dreams.

"Alice," Paul said. Even though the children were at camp, he was whispering. "They found Sarah's father."

Suddenly, I was seized with a lunging, childish hope. It was the kind of hope that kept Sam believing in Santa Claus even after she'd caught us putting out the toys; it was the kind of hope that prompted Nat to keep looking for our disappeared, definitely dead cat a year after he'd gone missing. "Okay," I said.

"He's being escorted back here by the cops. He says he doesn't know anything about it but, you know. He's probably got her with relatives or something."

"Okay."

"This whole thing's really got you shaken up, huh?" Paul's voice had dropped a register. He had adopted the competent compassion he used on the children, the kind that led him to furrow under their beds looking for monsters and to catch small spiders in his bare hands. He would always make Nat and Sam look for the monsters along with him, because, as he said, any monster technically belongs to the girl whose bed it lives under. He'd make them look at the spiders in the light, under magnifying glasses, until the girls would stop seeing terror and start seeing evolution.

"I guess," I said. "It's just so shocking." That was the worst part, maybe: lying to Paul about it. I don't know why that got me; lying to Paul was like a hobby, like a Tourette tic. Maybe it was the use of the word *shocking*. That wasn't like me—it was so shrill and tinged with secret fascination. It was like turning my head away from you all over again.

"Well," said Paul, and I could see him adjusting his glasses and straightening up. "We don't know anything for sure, but I bet everything will be okay."

Paul. He always hedged his bets. He was a man of modest expectations, of reasonable

hopes for his life and mine. He didn't want so wildly much in life that he shouldn't have gotten it.

But I said something wrong earlier, and you probably already know it. Lying to Paul was not the worst part.



They already had a search under way, in the woods out behind the soccer field. People were going through it arm in arm with flashlights and cadaver dogs. There were police. There were volunteers. The men of the community were there, united in the grim satisfaction of rising to meet a horrific challenge. The women were out with sandwiches and coffees. They'd wrapped your mother in a blanket, and she sat shaking and shaking until she

between my hand and her shoulder; my hand was not doing her shoulder any good. It hung there, strange and intrusive, limp with its own uselessness.

"Susan," I said. "I am so, I am so, so sorry."

Your mother and I, we had not been friends, if you want the truth. We'd chaperoned you all together a few times, and we quickly understood that we would never really like each other. There was a brief dispute on politics—so archaic now, so pointless—but it was the kind of dispute that leaves you civil and agreeing to disagree and glad to live in a democracy but knowing that there is no possible universe in which you and this new opponent will ever, ever be friends. Your worlds exist on different planes, your moral schemas are fundamentally at odds. You do not share the premises that would lead to constructive engagement. The one thing I liked about your mother is that she saw this as clearly as I did, and afterward we were always as polite as the circumstances demanded and as distant as the circumstances allowed.

But still: This was different. This was what counted.

"I'm sorry," I said again, and this time she seemed to hear me.

"Sorry?" Her eyes were large and seemed to quiver slightly in their sockets. "What are you sorry for?" Her voice was tight and high.

"I'm just—I'm sorry that—this is happening," I said. There was a moment, maybe, when I thought that she might have guessed—that she'd looked through me

somehow and seen the worst thing inside that there was to see. But then the feeling scaled back, and I felt the marginal calm that comes from temporary escape—even if you're still erasing your footprints in the river, even if you're still running. Of course she hadn't seen. Of course she didn't know.

"I just can't imagine," I said. Although I could. I had.

"It's fine. They're going to find her," she said. "It's fine."

"Yes," I said. "Of course."

Just so you know, here are some things I would have traded in to tell about you: my life's savings, my bone marrow, my kidney, both my degrees, a decade of my life, assuming a normal life expectancy. For these, if these were on the table, I would

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spilled her coffee all over her blanket. That made everybody feel better, because it gave the women something to do—find a new coffee, find a new blanket—and that was a good thing. When they found your father they called off the search for the night, since it was almost dusk, and when you are looking for a person in a field there is not as much of a hurry to find them there.

I went over to her, your mother. I wanted to see if I could see you in her, if her face would unlock some certainty in me that I couldn't provoke by myself. She looked wan. She looked shattered. She did not look like the little girl on the plane, or any little girl, for that matter.

I put my hand on her shoulder, which felt unnatural. There was no relationship

have told about you. Even if I wasn't sure. Even if I was wrong.

"They will," your mother said. "It's my fucking ex. This is a custody stunt. It's embarrassing."

"Is it? It is?" I said it greedily, wanting to hear more. I wished I'd agreed with her on guns, on abortion, on apocalyptic sinning of the gays, just so that she would take me into her confidence right now and tell me with certainty that this was, in fact, the work of her fucking ex.

"It is," she said. "Just between you and me"—she leaned in, and this was how I knew her judgment was compromised, that she wanted to posit anything, just between her and me—"all this is just for show." She waved her arms at the stands of white pines, the men muttering in dense clumps, the women packing up the orange travel mugs. "All this is just to let him know I'm fucking serious. That he can't dick with me on this, you know?"

"Yeah," I said, "I know." And then there were women descending upon her again, swaddling her in further layers

of donated blankets—blue 1970s-style afghans and hand-me-down quilts and purple fleece blankets purchased from outdoor-living magazines, suitable for arctic camping—and she stood up, her face breaking, and she started to cry.

I called James that night, from the bathroom off my study. I turned on the water in the bathtub all the way, let it gallop in environmentally irresponsible cascades. I had been putting off calling him because I knew what he would say.

"I saw a girl who went missing," I said, as soon as he picked up the phone.

"What? Alice? You what?"

"There was a girl on the plane out to San Francisco. I saw her. It was a girl my girls know. Now she's missing. James, I'm saying, I saw her on the plane."

There was a pause for translation.

"You're sure?" said James.

"No," I said. "No." All of a sudden I felt crazily angry. This was like asking a cancer patient if there was any chance—any

chance—that the tumor on the slide was a trick of photography. It was like asking if some soldier missing in Vietnam might be still wandering the jungles and drinking the rain.

"No, I'm not fucking sure," I said. "How can you be sure about something like that?"

There was another pause, and I knew that James was using a trick on me I've seen him use on other people: pausing to make them hear themselves if he thinks they've said something asinine.

"Well," he said. "Did you see her or not?"

"I don't know," I said miserably. "It was a girl who looked like her. I remember thinking how much it looked like her."

"Did you say anything to her at the time?"

"No," I said. "I told myself it wasn't her."

"Alice," said James, and his voice adopted a faint patronizing sheen. "I'm sure if you'd really seen her, you would have noticed."

Some men think women don't hear condescension, like dogs don't see color. In retrospect, I suspect that this is when I lost him.

"You're just shaken up," he said. "You're just worried about your own kids. You probably need some rest."

"I have to go," I said. "I'm wasting the water." But in fact I kept sitting there on the side of the bathtub, letting the water fill up the tub faster than it could drain, contemplating the costs of flooding the whole house.

Afterward I went and sat at the foot of the girls' beds. They looked so different, sleeping. With their eyes closed and their hair tossed frenziedly around and their little mouths hanging half open, with their inward expressions and shadowed features, they weren't quite their waking selves. They were symbolic of my children. They were nocturnal stand-ins.

In their worst nightmares, the ones that woke them up and brought them weeping into our bed, there were bears in the backyard, snakes in the living room.

I sat up all night and waited for the call saying that your father didn't really have you, that that theory had been a mistake. It came in the early morning, before the girls were up. The morning light was the wretched color it always is when it comes before you've managed to sleep. Reams of mist came hissing up from the ground, as though all the long-dead ghosts had decided together to give a standing ovation.

It was Ellen Larson—again—and Paul picked up first—again—but I sat with the phone in the study, shivering in my nightgown, and heard Ellen Larson say that camp was canceled and soccer was canceled and most civic activities of the day were canceled because they'd found security videotape of Sarah Neelan with a strange man at Logan Airport from last Friday. I hung up.

I put on my shoes, and I put on a bra and jeans, and I left on the nightgown, and I put on a fleece to cover it up. It was cold even though it was summer; winter couldn't stand to let you forget that it would someday be back to try to kill you. I took out frozen waffles for the girls and left them



"Before you leave, fairy godmother, could you make sure my prince charming has a big penis...."

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PLAYBOY on the counter. Paul could toast them later, when the girls woke up.

I drove down Route Two, watching Boston materialize in the distance—its arcs and humps and jagged edges making it look first like a beached whale and then a modest spaceship and then a city. I turned off at the Arlington police station, I left the car running and I walked in through the front door with my nightgown hanging halfway out the back of my jeans.

The police station was quiet, the waiting area leaking enfeebled light. The front room was spackled with a few listless individuals in moments of bad luck and poor decisions, although I couldn't help but think that none of them—not the drunks or the drug users or the petty thieves—had had worse luck, had made worse decisions, than I had. I walked up to the front desk where a woman sat chewing gum aggressively.

"Ma'am," she said. "Can I help you?"

"I saw her," I said. "I saw Sarah Neelan."

The woman raised her eyebrows. She knew who Sarah Neelan was. Sarah Neelan had been the biggest thing to happen to the Arlington Police Department since the midnight arrival of the British. The woman snapped her gum.

"And where did you see Sarah Neelan?" she said.

"I saw her on a plane to San Francisco."

I could have said I saw her at Logan, I realize. But then they wouldn't have known where to look for what was left.

"And when was this?"

"Last Friday," I said. "On a plane to San Francisco last Friday."

The woman disappeared for a moment and returned with another cop—this one with a frown-shaped mustache and an enormous barrel chest—who led me into a room. The woman stayed standing. The man sat down and passed me a cup of water.

"So," the man said mildly, as though we were discussing events that had happened a

long time ago and were of no immediate consequence. "You say you saw Sarah Neelan?"

"I think I did," I said. The floor went sideways and the man's face started to fade, but all of a sudden I could see you more clearly than I ever had before: your particular arrangement of features, the specificity that makes us know a person from a distance, or out of context, or many years later, that makes us know it when we run into our college roommate in South America or our kindergarten teacher at a strip club. I hadn't seen you clearly, maybe, not exactly. But I'd known you, and I'd known I'd known you, and now I would have to live with it.

"I think I did," I said. "Oh my God. I really think I did."

Imagination is like memory. We can't know for sure, but we can guess.

You were taken on your way home from soccer, since your mother was late picking you up, and you were mad at her for being late, and you lived two blocks away. You ran away in your cleats while the coaches were dealing with a bee sting.

He was driving by on the empty gravel road. He'd been doing business in the city. That much we know. We don't think he had ever done this before. There is no evidence that he had. It was just something he'd always been meaning to do. That's why he took you with him on the plane, which was reckless on his part. After all, somebody could have seen you.

You were mad at your mother, and you were looking for an adventure. If you'd grown older, you would have hiked the Appalachian Trail by yourself.

You landed in San Francisco, and you filed out with the man beside you—after the security guards had waved me away and I'd already started defiling my marriage in a rental car.

You were taken to a house and then a basement. Evil things were done to you,

and they think some of them were done to you before you were killed. You don't need me to go into details. You don't need me to remind you.

Afterward you were thrown in a field. He threw himself off the Golden Gate Bridge, which was another thing he'd always been meaning to do.

They found him weeks later, bloated and distorted, a soggy and inarticulate note in his pocket. The relevant message was: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

They had already found and identified you—matching your baby teeth to the records from your pediatric dentist. You were on your way home the day after I staggered into the police station.

It was resolved fairly quickly after that, but I did have to go in a few more times to issue formal statements. Your mother knew the details, of course, and then Ellen Larson knew the details, and so Paul would have known the details even if I hadn't decided to tell him. But I did tell him—I told him everything—and I expected him to scream at me, throw a plate at me, divorce me. I expected him to ask me how I could have done such a thing. But now I look back, and I realize that he already had his answer.

He stayed. He made coffee every morning. He said nothing. Except that every day for the rest of our marriage, everything—every look, every gesture—said this: I am doing the right thing.

My girls got older. They went away to college. They grew up into women who are smart and morally self-righteous and curt with me on the telephone. You, of course, stayed six forever, and you are the only one who still listens to me.

Once the girls left, I went out to San Francisco. I didn't go to be with James. No person could be worth the sacrifice I'd made for this person. But I liked the city, and I liked being where you last were, and I liked being where I last was, too—because in a way, it felt as though we'd both been dismembered here and rendered unrecognizable to ourselves. This is where we last stood upright and walked whole.

I wrote a letter to your mother, but it came back unread. It was a mess of a letter anyway—digressive, self-pitying, self-rationalizing. But the relevant message was: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I volunteer here and donate canned goods and give blood every eight weeks, but I'm not trying to make it up to you. I wouldn't presume to try.

Eventually, in your long life, you would have come here—on business, maybe, or with a man you loved—and you would have gone down to the water, like everyone does. I stand there sometimes and wait for you. The ocean turns colors. The sea lions honk and rear. And I think about how these are different sea lions from the ones I watched with James all those years ago—those sea lions are dead now, breaking apart deep in the ocean, bleeding into salt—but you'd never be able to tell the difference.



DANCING IN THE STREETS

(continued from page 89)

Leicester Square, straight into the melee. The police had just lost control of the situation and were retreating up Charing Cross Road in a makeshift testudo, riot shields held overhead to protect themselves from a hail of bottles, stones and scaffolding poles. But what was still more deranging were the drinkers outside the Porcupine pub, standing within feet of the battle, smoking and clutching their pints while pointing out the finer points of the action. A mounted policeman herded us noncombatants back toward Leicester Square, saying quite calmly, "If you don't mind, ladies and gentlemen...."

It was this theatricality that I could see unfolding before my eyes as I went through the police line and walked casually beside Parliament. I had effectively stepped into the wings of the theater, and here were the big-booted ballerinas awaiting their call: police helping one another on and off with their kit, reporters cross-legged on the ground, tapping copy into their laptops, and farther along, drawn up in front of the medieval Jewel Tower, those iron-shod principal dancers, a mounted squad. The cavalry charge is to the British riot what tear gas and water cannons are to the continental European gig, and when I saw the horsemen—who had a peculiarly centaur-like appearance

due to the fluorescent yellows worn by both the cops and their mounts—I realized things were about to escalate.

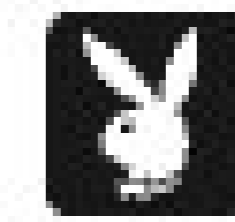
Further confirmation came from the volleys of flares, fireworks and other projectiles that I could now see were being thrown at the northwestern corner of the square. Clearly the police were intent on kettling the demonstrators, a tactic used in recent years whereby the mob is surrounded and temporarily imprisoned for hours. I worked my way round behind the Abbey and up through Smith Square and gained Victoria Street at the point where the missiles were being thrown, in time to see another mounted squad surge into the rioters, who parted like a ragged cloth.

This charge of the heavy brigade was the point at which the Metropolitan Police definitively lost control of the situation. Later armchair analysts said the "professional anarchists" used Google Maps to locate squads of police and outmaneuver them; this may or may not be true, but in my experience the average London teenager is handier with an iPhone than any paid-up agitator. Suffice to say that in the next few hours the armies of the night fanned out across central London, marauding gangs heading up into the West End to smash the windows of department stores and generally run amok. And into the midst of all this came the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Cornwall in their Roller, en route for—you couldn't make this

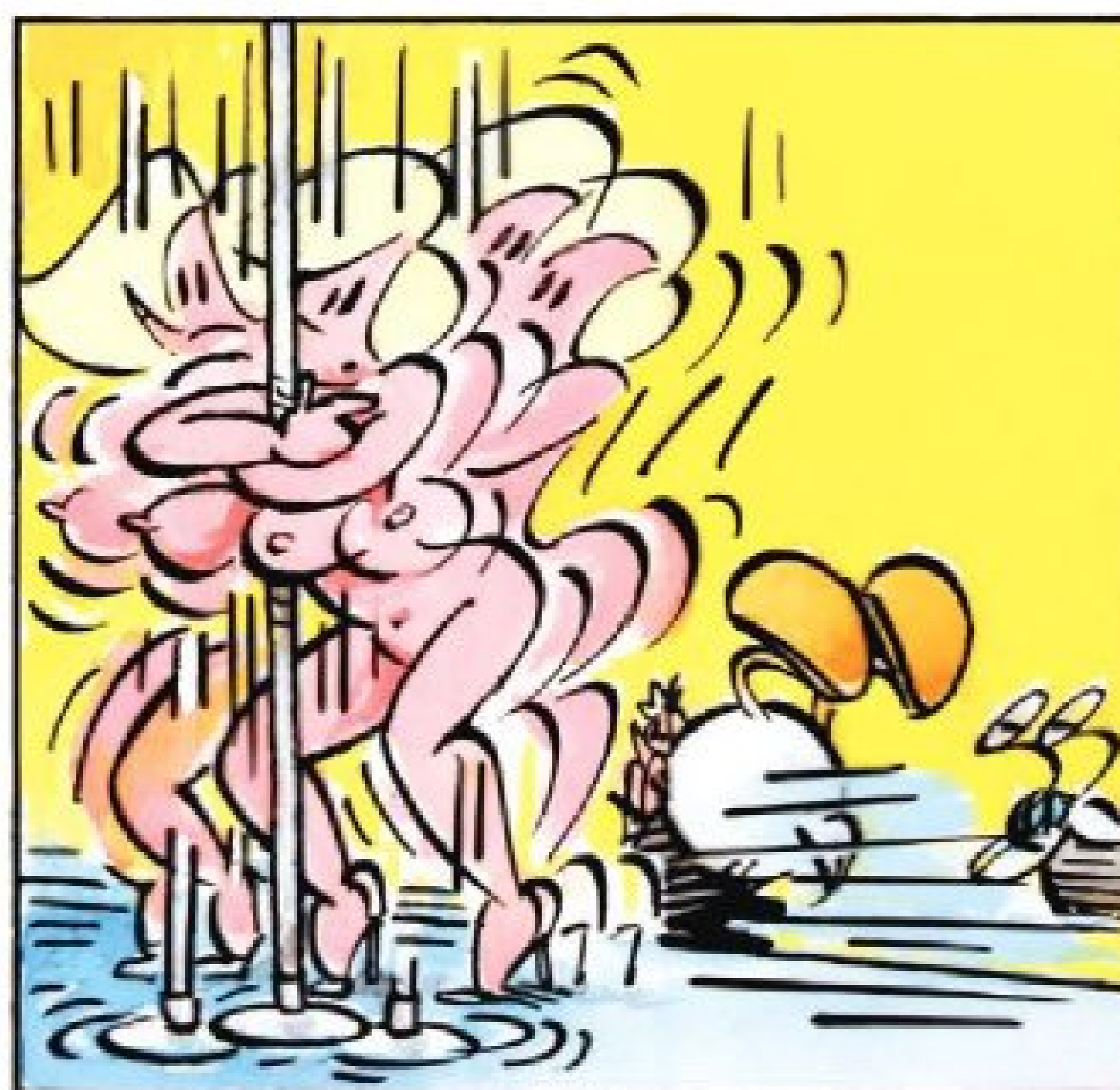
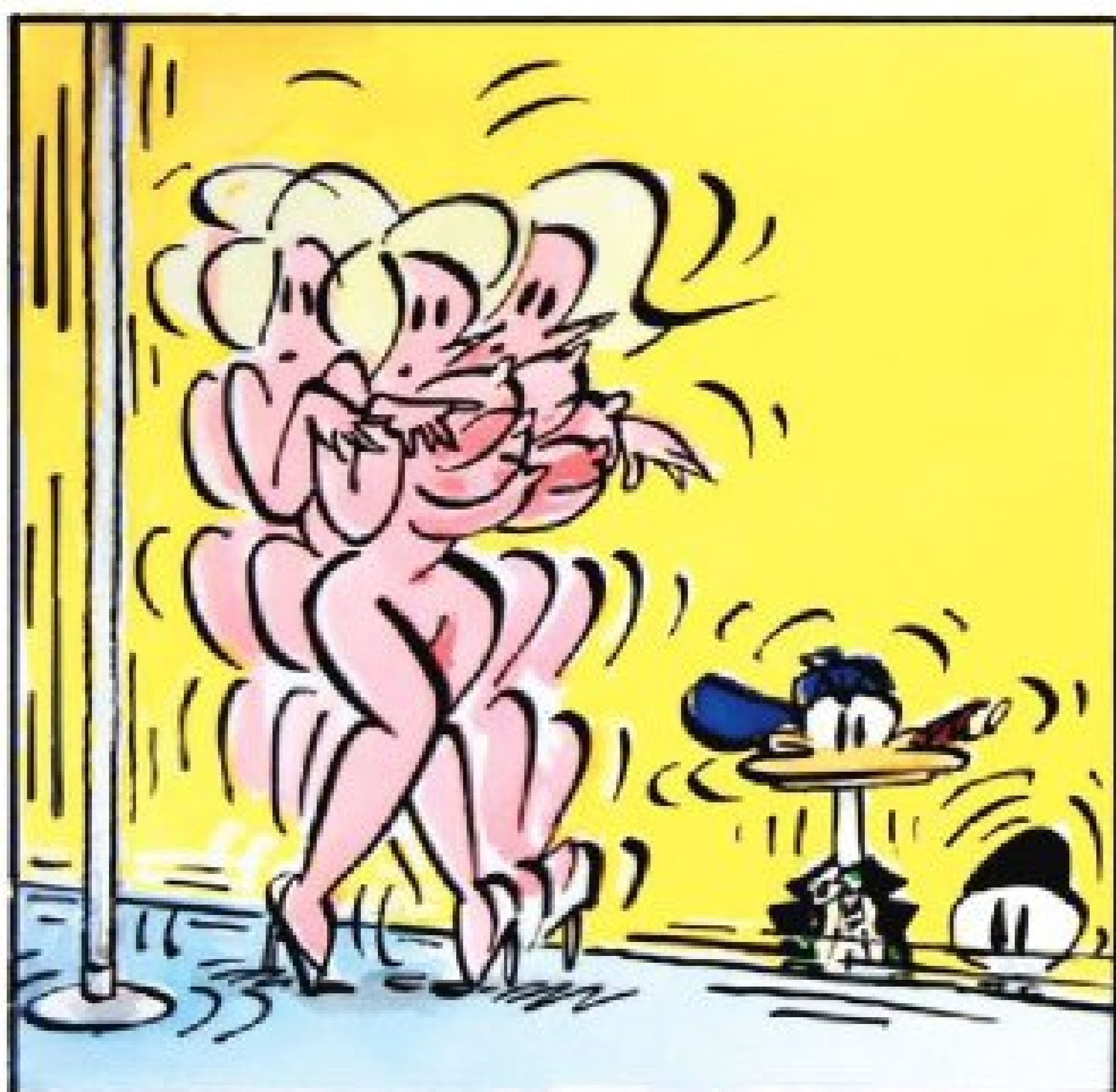
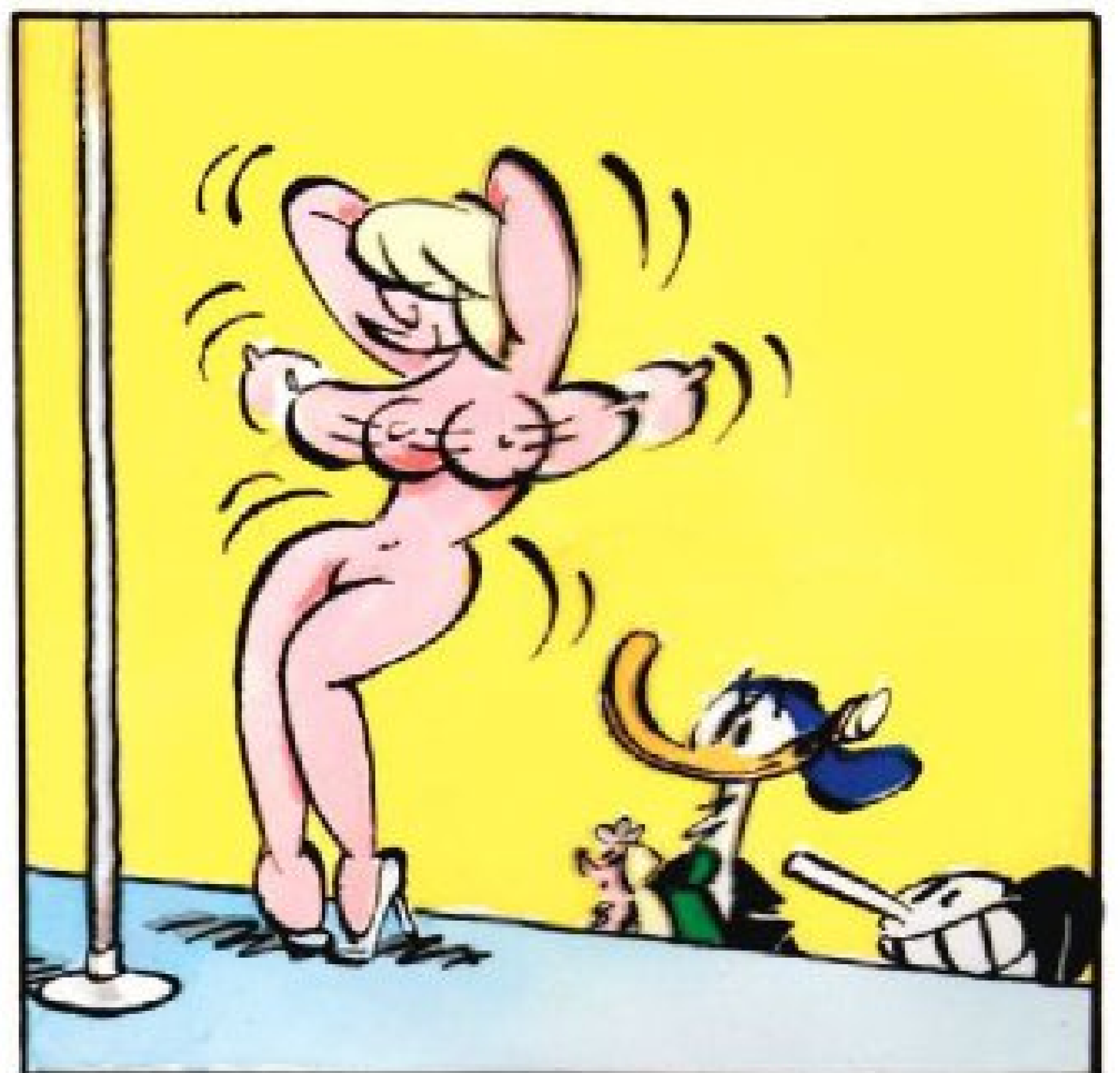
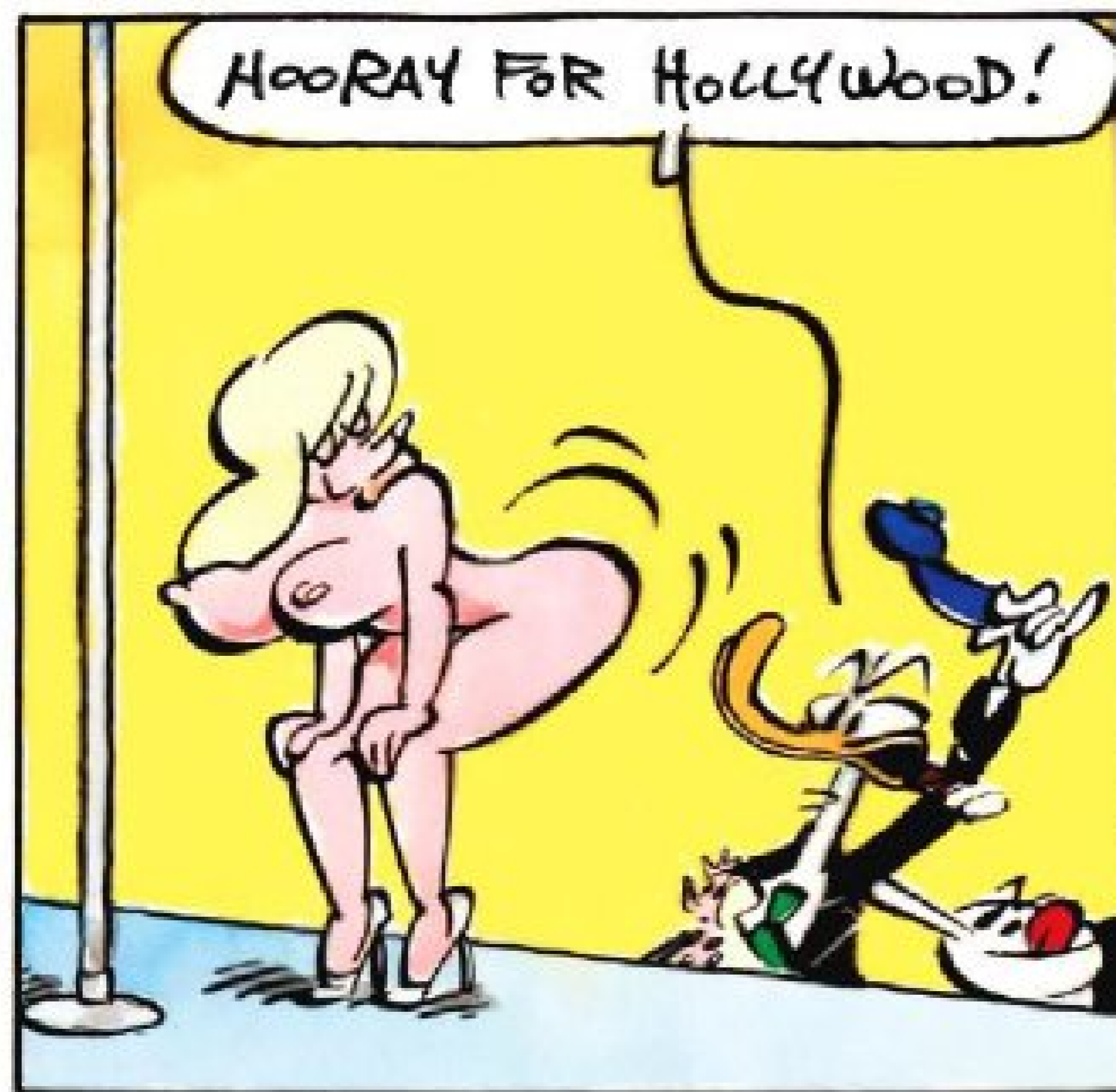
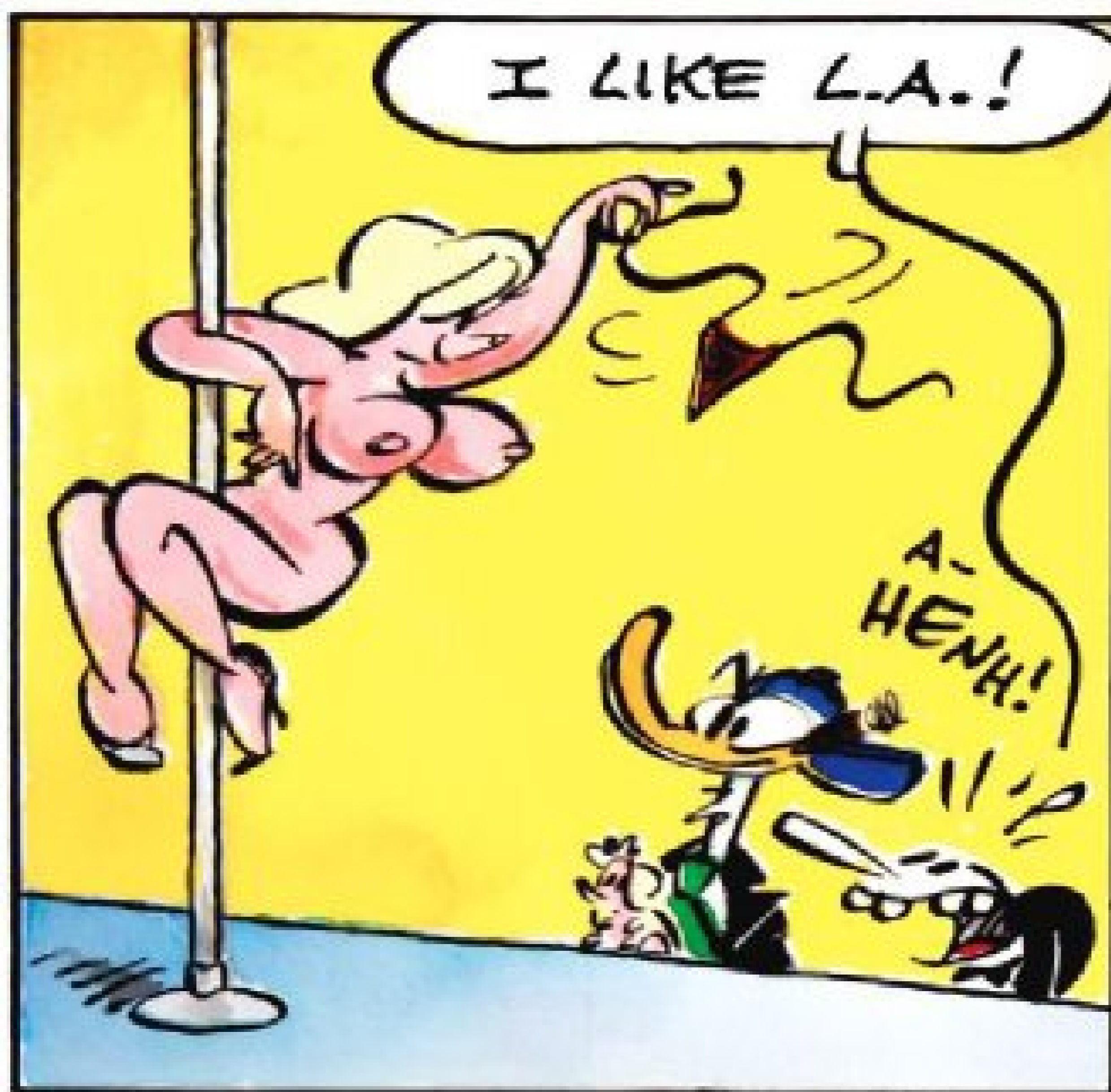
up—the Royal Variety Performance.

This, a hangover from the British vaudeville tradition, consists of cheesy popular turns entertaining their doubtless ennui-drenched majesties. But before the prince and his swain could get there they were surrounded by a mob on Regent Street that bayed "Off with their heads!" while kicking the car, splashing it with paint and eventually breaking one of its windows. It was a fitting culmination to a theatrical day that also saw the rioters remaining in Parliament Square smashing the windows of Her Majesty's Treasury while chanting "We want our money back!" That the son of Pink Floyd guitarist David Gilmour was among those climbing atop the Cenotaph only helped to make the whole topsy-turvy riot that much more Alician.

But a wonderland contemporary Britain is not; something has happened in the past decade not only to make these kids disaffected but to inure them to all but the most stagy of impulses. When the curtain finally fell that night, London hospitals were full of the injured from all sides. As for any Norman Mailer-ish impulses I may have had, they were safely contained: I was tucked up at home, watching the aftermath on the box. After all, it's one thing to take up arms against a conspiracy, but battling a cock-up is the lowest form of farce.



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



POSSUM

(continued from page 92)

are very strict with the artists today. It's a business now. They don't want you hanging out with this or that person. They take over your life. I told them they could kiss my you know what, because I do what I want when I'm off, and I'm going to do what I want when I'm on."

It was a cold, close December evening when the dense fog, which had blanketed the southeast Texas coastline from Beaumont to Beeville for days, made crossing the 12-mile stretch of Farm Road 2100, between Huffman and Humble, an exercise in insanity. "All socked in," the locals said, referring to the weather conditions, and folks in their right mind were staying put. I, on the other hand, being 16 and indestructible, had no fear of this or any other highway.

"This here's nothing in the world but head-on-collision weather," Lester Ressler told me when I requested the loan of his truck for the night, splattering Beech-Nut tobacco juice into his ever-present Folgers coffee can. This leathery cattleman had recently assumed a fatherly role in my tetherless existence.

"It's only drunks and peckerwoods would want to get out in that mess, and it don't take no law degree to know which one of 'em you're fixing to light out of here as. Hellfire, son, I'd as soon talk to a mule as I would a fool all het up over some split-tail. You go on and take the truck over to Humble, see that gal if you want to, but don't come whining to me when you wind up dead out yonder in a ditch."

Such were the cultural conventions in 1966, characterized by an illogical mix of stern truth and poetic whimsy: With romance on the horizon, a few feet of flatland visibility amounted to a mountain vista. So, in accordance with the times, without a

valid driver's license or any experience of driving in the soup, I eased Lester's rusted-out half-ton Dodge onto the road and an hour later was knocking, unscathed, on Roxy Clayton's door.

I'd met her the Saturday before, when the Arbitrators, a band I'd left home to join the previous spring, played the Humble sock hop for the second and last time. Up there on the rec-hall bandstand, I couldn't take my eyes off the 1960s-hip girl dancing all the slow songs with the same lanky cowboy. During a break, while I was pretending not to wrestle with the paralyzing truth that I was profoundly graceless without a guitar in my hands, she strolled over and casually introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Roxy," she announced. "Your band does a good job aping the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. And your other singer sounds pretty good on the Beach Boys' slow songs." Then she paused, which I read as a command to pay close attention. "But the country music y'all play is some of the worst I've ever heard. I live just a couple of blocks from here, so why don't you drop by the house sometime and listen to my George Jones records? You won't be sorry you did."

When I was growing up in East Houston, the only place my parents would even consider dining out was the Prince's drive-in a few blocks from Navigation Boulevard. I ask George what he would order if he could go to Prince's today. "I'd probably get a beer and talk to that second wife I had," he says. "I believe that's where I met my boys' mother, Shirley Corley. She was a carhop. I saw her up there one day and thought she was awful cute. I ordered a beer and left her a big tip. It was everything I had in my pocket. The next time I came back she couldn't wait to serve me because I tipped her so good. She was from Temple, Texas. She was working in Houston and staying with two or three other girls in an apartment, which I never did see.

I just didn't wait but about two weeks and I married her."

The truthful rejoinder that I loved George Jones and had loved him ever since hearing "Why Baby Why" on the radio—and that I kept a stack of his LPs next to my cot in a band member's bedroom—presented itself instantly, but despite an intense desire to hold up my as yet speechless end of the conversation by any means possible, I squelched the urge to identify myself as a fan. This admission might lead to an unwanted discussion that would reveal to my future paramour that the Arbitrators weren't keen on aping anything that came out of Nashville. Any disclosure of the band's policy on country music—at the time favoring such novelty songs as "I've Got a Tiger by the Tail" and "Act Naturally," recorded on the West Coast—would, I was convinced, render her invitation obsolete.

"When?" I asked timidly.

"Friday," she said, sticking a slip of paper with her address and phone number into my jacket pocket. "My boyfriend's up in the bareback, riding at the Aldine rodeo."

Johnny Cash once told me he and George Jones wrote "Why Baby Why" in the backseat of a car on their way to a show. He said George was dog drunk and Johnny was flying high on speed. According to his story, George sobered up and recorded the song, but Johnny never had the nerve to remind George the two of them had written it together. I'm not sure Johnny had the right song, but I ask George about it. "'Why Baby Why' was written with a guy from my hometown, Darrell Edwards," says George. "It was his idea, and I more or less put the melody to it and maybe a word or two here and there, so we split the song. I think Johnny confused it with 'You Gotta Be My Baby.' I was at Johnny's house on Tutwiler Avenue in Memphis when he had his first hits. We went shopping. He bought a white sports coat, but I don't remember ever seeing him wear it. I sat down on the couch with a guitar and was singing him a little bit of 'You Gotta Be My Baby,' and he helped me write it."

Festooned in rock-and-roll regalia—black slacks, white shirt, blue corduroy jacket and drenched in English Leather cologne—I was greeted by Roxy Clayton's mother and led into the living room, a sanctum of soft light and exotic fabric that bestowed the feel of an artist's salon or perhaps a bordello. Positioned against the far wall, where you'd expect to find the family television set, was a walnut stereo console bookended by records of every genre. By the front window stood a perfectly proportioned Christmas tree. I accepted the offer of a hot Dr Pepper and settled in.

Presently Roxy popped through the door, bare-foot and radiantly casual in tight blue jeans and a pink cashmere sweater. "I knew the weather wouldn't hold you back," she said, flashing a smile more dazzling than 10 Christmas trees, and then launched into a two-and-a-half-hour tutorial on her "favorite singer in the world."

From behind the stereo's sliding door she produced her collection of George Jones records, from hi-fi albums to 45s. She eased the needle onto a first-run pressing of "Why Baby Why" and essentially willed me to grasp the rascally humor that made the record as sizzling on the 30th play as it was on the first. I could have said I knew the song well, having



played it as an 11-year-old drummer in my daddy's honky-tonk band, but I construed that the evening's romantic payoff lay more in what she wanted me to hear than in anything I might volunteer.

Next she spun an album version of "You Gotta Be My Baby," pronouncing it a worthy follow-up to "Why Baby Why" and praising both as being at least as good as Chuck Berry's "Maybellene" and "Johnny B. Goode." This girl knew her music.

Performers will tell you George Jones ranks alongside the greatest pure vocalists of the past 90 years. I ask him what he thinks about his legacy.

"I'm satisfied up to a point," he says. "I didn't take my work that serious. If I had paid more attention when I recorded so many of my songs, I would have done a better job. I think I did better on some album stuff. A lot of times you had to learn the song on the set. You can't feel it at all until you sing it a few times, so I quit doing that. I tried to do an album with Willie Nelson, and they didn't allow us time to get together so I could go over songs and discuss how to do them. He started singing a song I heard my daddy sing when I was a kid. But hell, I didn't know the other songs. We did two or three together and I told him, 'Willie, I know you're used to doing things like this, which is fine, but I can't do that. I've got to learn and know a song before I can sing it. You got to have the feeling with you.'"

I ask George which he regrets more: the choices he made as a performer and the records he made, or some of the things he was known for—like having too much fun, getting drunk and getting into trouble. "A lot of times I'd get maybe a little too far gone in the middle of an album session," he says. "I could have done a better job on a lot of stuff I did. Most of the time it's just another song. I wish I would have taken as much patience with each and every one of the songs as I should have. We all have little things we look back on and realize we made some mistakes. It's a touchy thing once you get older and realize it's too late to go back and do them over."

I sensed, rightly, that we were coming up on her favorite period in Jones's still-young career when she held close to her bosom a compilation of his late-1950s and early-1960s songs, starting with "Color of the Blues" and ending with "Things Have Gone to Pieces." And the legendary hillbilly singer from Kountze, Texas, whose music I thought I knew as well as any country or rock-and-roll singer's, was transformed, by the cutest girl I could imagine, into a crew-cut heartthrob who, with the sound of his voice and her 15-year-old devotion to it, turned broken windows and burned-out light-bulbs into gut-wrenching tragedies.

With my own eyes I saw the glistening mist behind hers when, during "The Window Up Above," he crooned, "For last night he held you tightly and you didn't even shove; this is true for I've been watching you from the window up above," and how I ached to hold her close and swear on my grandmother's grave that I would do everything in my power to see that Roxy Clayton never knew hurt so deep.

Declaring "White Lightning" and "The Race Is On" necessary to the overall pacing of our musical journey, Roxy used the up-tempo numbers to slip out to the kitchen for more hot Dr Pepper and Fritos pie. She was back on the couch in time to pronounce "She Thinks I Still Care" the greatest country song ever written—and Jones's performance of it stronger than anything Hank Williams or Lefty Frizzell had ever managed to achieve—so I was hardly surprised when she played the record six times running.

George and I talk about his musical influences, after Hank Williams. "When I started hearing country music—it was the only music, really—it was on the Opry," he says. "I lived in east Texas, and it was always Roy Acuff and Bill Monroe. I was kind of bluegrass oriented and still am, with Alison Krauss and some of those. If you get to studying Jimmie Rodgers, some of his yodeling was just as sad as any words the story could tell. Hank Snow is another one. Being in the same business, sometimes you don't realize the genuineness of people, their authenticity. You take them for granted because you know them so well. I couldn't get into Elvis at all, but now I see his greatness. I listen to his gospel songs especially. It's the same with Hank Snow. A lot of people know he played the guitar, but it's hard for them to realize how much talent he had. The man could pick a song. I always got tied up so much in the heart-and-soul feeling of a melody that I'd lose what the words meant. The words might have meant nothing, and therefore it wasn't a hit. Melodies I got. I get *too* into melodies. But a good ballad without a good melody ain't going to work."

Around 10:30 Mrs. Clayton poked her head in the doorway and, motioning for her daughter to turn down the music, said, "Roxy, we can't let this boy go back out in that fog tonight. When y'all get through in here, make him a pallet on the sofa." And to me she confided, "That girl loves George Jones. Watch out she don't keep you up all night playing his records."

"Night, Mom," Roxy said, her faux sarcasm a playful dismissal of this forewarning. Once she turned the volume so sensually low that I could have sworn every light in the room dimmed accordingly, the evening's ambiance shifted from a quasi-romantic music-appreciation class to something far more intimate. Electricity ran down through my head and up through my feet, with the currents meeting half a dozen vertebrae south of my solar plexus, which required some repositioning inside my black slacks.

With George Jones crooning quietly, I struggled to stay focused as Roxy shared with me the secrets of a heart so big and so wounded—starting with her absentee father and ending with the lanky cowboy—that only "The King of Broken Hearts" (the title of Jim Lauderdale's excellent homage) could have provided the soundtrack for its unburdening. Well past two o'clock she thanked me for listening to her woes and rummaged around in the hall closet for clean sheets, a blanket and a pillow. And then, just before pulling the plug on her favorite singer after eight straight hours, Roxy Clayton kissed me sweetly on the mouth. "Sleep tight," she said and disappeared up the stairs.

Bobby Bare once told me that in every town there's a fresh set of drunks who can't wait

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to get drunk with George Jones. The only thing is, poor old George has to go on to the next town the next night and do it all over again. I ask him if it was hard to live up to everybody's expectations.

"No, it wasn't that hard," he says, laughing. "We loved the music so much we just lost track of the right way. But we were having fun, enjoying ourselves too much."

I lay there on the sofa and, in the light of the Christmas tree, pondered my situation. Not divulging that I had more than a passing knowledge of George Jones's music was, I decided, less dishonest than inspired. The evening's arc had been almost entirely Roxy's creation, and I was certain this led to its tender conclusion. Sleep claimed me just before another gray dawn deigned to fog up the windows.

I ask George when he had the most fun in his career. The question seems to stump him for a moment. "I never did realize having the hits," he says. "I never thought about it that much. I loved to hunt the songs and sing, but I never thought how serious it was as a job. I always looked at it more as something I loved to do—and, my God, I found out I could get paid for it, too. I loved something Waylon said: Don't come to Nashville looking for glory and expecting big things and money and dollar signs. You have to care. You got to love it; you got to live it. You don't come thinking about all the fantastic parties and glory and money and fun you can have. You come with one thing on your mind: You want to sing."

Three hours later I was being treated by Mrs. Clayton to the first french toast I'd ever eaten, and praising every mouthful. That is, until the world's most enthralling George Jones fan padded sleepily into the kitchen, poured a cup of coffee and added two spoonfuls of sugar. Plopping down in the chair opposite mine, the previous night's enchantress tucked both knees

under her chin, twice declined her mother's offer of a breakfast identical to mine and proceeded, with fork in hand, to pillage my plate. Satisfied that she'd filched all the most syrupy morsels, Roxy lifted her eyes to meet mine. "How about it, Mr. Arbitrator? After last night, y'all gonna learn to play any George Jones songs?"

"Our next practice session," I affirmed truthfully.

Back in 1969 I attended a package show at the George Jones ranch in Vidor, Texas. Lefty Frizzell, Merle Haggard and Buck Owens played, and George topped the bill. There was a flatbed trailer positioned at the end of George's rodeo arena, and right off the bat Lefty came out in his cowboy suit with a big J-200 Gibson, drunk as a skunk. He fell off the front of the stage and smashed his guitar. ("Broke it all to pieces," says George.) I loved every minute of it. I ask George if anybody made money on the show. "I don't think so," he says. "But everybody had a lot of fun. It wasn't organized good, because I didn't know much about rodeo. The shows didn't last long, just maybe one or two Sundays."

"Well, I'll swan, look here at what the dogs drug up," Lester said when I forked over his truck keys. "They ain't nothin' like the first time you lay out all night with a dry cow" (ranch-hand parlance for a prolonged sexual encounter). "I reckon you need to come on in the kitchen, see if we can't find you something or another to eat." After I'd filled him in on the high points—including Mrs. Clayton's french toast—he turned contemplative and stared out the window into the fog. But there eventually came the obligatory spurt of Beech-Nut into the Folgers can. "I kindly wish I'd of gone on over to Humble myself and listen at George Jones warble, maybe even dance around the room a time or two with that gal's mama. And I dang sure would of done it if I hadn't of known my wife would quit me cold for going off over yonder without draggin' her with me. Why, they ain't a woman alive in this world that loves listening to

that old boy sing more than Betty Jo Ressler. Except maybe the one that turned your brain to lard."

I tell George the way I grew up was that Saturday night was for drinking and Sunday morning was for praying it off. "Oh my goodness," he says. I ask if he had that Saturday night–Sunday morning thing going on. "I had it Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," he says. "I just about had them all. Once you got going, you had to have a drink to even get the day started. We can laugh at it now, thank goodness, but there's nothing funny about it. It was funny to watch it, as long as it ain't you having to suffer."

The privilege of romancing Roxy Clayton came but once in my life. Less than a month after the great fog of 1966 finally lifted, the Future Farmers of America's regional talent contest was held in the Humble High School auditorium. After a mediocre performance by the Arbitrators (Crosby High's entry), Roxy's lanky cowboy made it known he didn't care for my rendition of "You Gotta Be My Baby"—nor, I might add, did the judges—and that my offending his sensibilities merited old-fashioned fisticuffs out in the parking lot.

We wrestled around for less than a minute, during which he missed with a couple of roundhouse rights and I ripped a hole in his snap-button Western shirt. Then a couple of guys stepped in and the whole thing fizzled out. Roxy, having laid low during the skirmish, stepped out from the shadows. "Don't pay any attention to him," she said, admonishing the lanky cowboy even as she was reassuring him with a pair of batted eyelashes. "George Jones is some big boots to fill, and you did a good job trying. Just keep on singing. I like you a lot, but my place is with him." The next thing I knew, she and the lanky cowboy were pulling away in his pickup and "We Must Have Been Out of Our Minds," the George Jones and Melba Montgomery duet, came blasting out of the dashboard radio.

I ask George how much money he's blown in his life on cars, whiskey, cocaine and women. "There's no telling," he says, and then he says it again. "It's said I flushed \$3,000 down the commode at Gilley's in Houston, but that's not true. I ain't never been that sick or drunk to throw \$3,000 away. We did a lot of stupid things, but looking back on it now, you just thank God he let us live through it all and we can still laugh about it a little." George leads a quieter life these days. "We quit smoking and drinking, and we quit all that mess almost 15 years ago," he says. "I found out what the real living in life is all about. Nancy and I are very happy. She's my wife now."

I'm hard-pressed now to recall a single word of Roxy Clayton's late-night confessions—whether her father was away at work or gone forever from her life, if the lanky cowboy could ever lay claim to any real place in her heart—yet I remember clearly her soft voice posing with the slight hint of a sexy rasp a question that has remained with me for more than four decades: "So why don't you drop by the house sometime and listen to my George Jones records?" And she was right: I wasn't sorry I did.



"Is this test going to be written or oral?"



(continued from page 45)

are found 100 million to 400 million miles away, hurtling through the gap between Jupiter and Mars. Most of the 40,000 asteroids cataloged belong to this asteroid belt.

In 2000 *NEAR Shoemaker* combined a well-crafted hibernation period (to conserve energy) with an Earth-swing-by gravity assist and two carefully controlled thruster burns to catch the second-largest near-Earth asteroid in mid-stride—433 Eros, a celestial body named for the Greek god of love, measuring 34 kilometers long and moving about 2,200 mph. *Shoemaker* spent a year orbiting Eros. NASA ended its mission in 2001 after landing the probe on the asteroid's surface.

The agency went a step further when it launched *Stardust*. In 2004 the ship rendezvoused with the 2.5-mile-wide comet Wild 2 at about 13,600 mph. Once *Stardust* caught up to Wild 2, it used a specially designed particle collector to take samples of comet dust. Its return capsule brought those samples back to Earth in 2006. The seven-year, 3-billion-mile round-trip "went like clockwork," according to one of the *Stardust* project managers.

The most impressive mission to date is the Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency's *Hayabusa* probe. In September 2005 *Hayabusa* chased down asteroid Itokawa and spent two months analyzing its shape, topography, color, composition and density before landing on it in November. There it used a robotic arm to scrape the surface and gather samples. On June 13, 2010 *Hayabusa* returned to Earth, making a parachute landing in southern Australia. The spaceship burned up as it was breaking into the atmosphere, but a heat-shielded capsule brought the samples back intact.

Unlike Earth, asteroids need only be scraped for resources, meaning ships could land, establish anchor, then robotically dig in and collect before returning home (most likely by ion power). "The earth has been chemically processed, so our mineral wealth is found only in certain regions, and many of those regions are deep underground," explains Brother Guy. "Asteroids, though, are homogenous. What's on the surface is below the surface. You don't have to dig, you can scrape—and that's exactly what *Hayabusa* did."

All that is needed now is an angel investor willing to gamble billions on a mining mission in space; experts believe it is only a matter of time before one comes along.

"Asteroid mining is about working robotically in a very faraway, very harsh and extreme environment," says X Prize Foundation CEO and co-founder of Space Adventures Peter Diamandis. "Well, Shell found the first deep oil deposit in the 1980s—beneath thousands of feet of water and rock. That's a very faraway, harsh and extreme environment. At the time Shell found the oil, no one alive knew how to drill at those depths. We didn't have the necessary robotics, and we didn't have the

artificial-intelligence systems to drive those robotics. But oil was precious enough that Shell placed a multibillion-dollar bet. This means that today, right now, we have companies willing and able to place multibillion-dollar bets on high-risk robotically run resource-extraction missions, which is asteroid mining to a tee."

"You need to examine the facts," says Anderson. "No laws of physics need to be reconfigured to mine an asteroid. There are no technology gaps. Truthfully, building a North Sea oil platform is comparable."

And the payoff? "Earth is a tiny crumb in a supermarket of resources," Diamandis says. "I've said for a long time the very first trillionaire on Earth will be the person who figures out how to mine an asteroid and open up that supermarket."

It all comes down to the numbers. Scientists are able to predict what is in an asteroid by using spectral analysis (examining the light that an asteroid absorbs) and by comparing it with meteorites, pieces of asteroids and other heavenly bodies that have fallen to Earth. Brother Guy has examined the value of a typical S-class (S unofficially means "stony," thus about 10 percent metal). By his calculations an average-size S-class asteroid contains about 1 billion metric tons of iron, or as much as is currently mined on Earth each year. The total value of this haul sits in the high trillions. And that's only one type of asteroid. There are also M-class asteroids, with M unofficially signifying metallic. Iron is the most abundant metal found in asteroids, but they also contain nickel, gold, cobalt and—perhaps the biggest find—all the platinum group metals.

"In human history," says Anderson, "all the platinum that's been mined on Earth would fit in a tractor trailer. Platinum has excellent technological properties. It's a great conductor. But at \$2,000 a troy ounce we really can't build new industries around it."

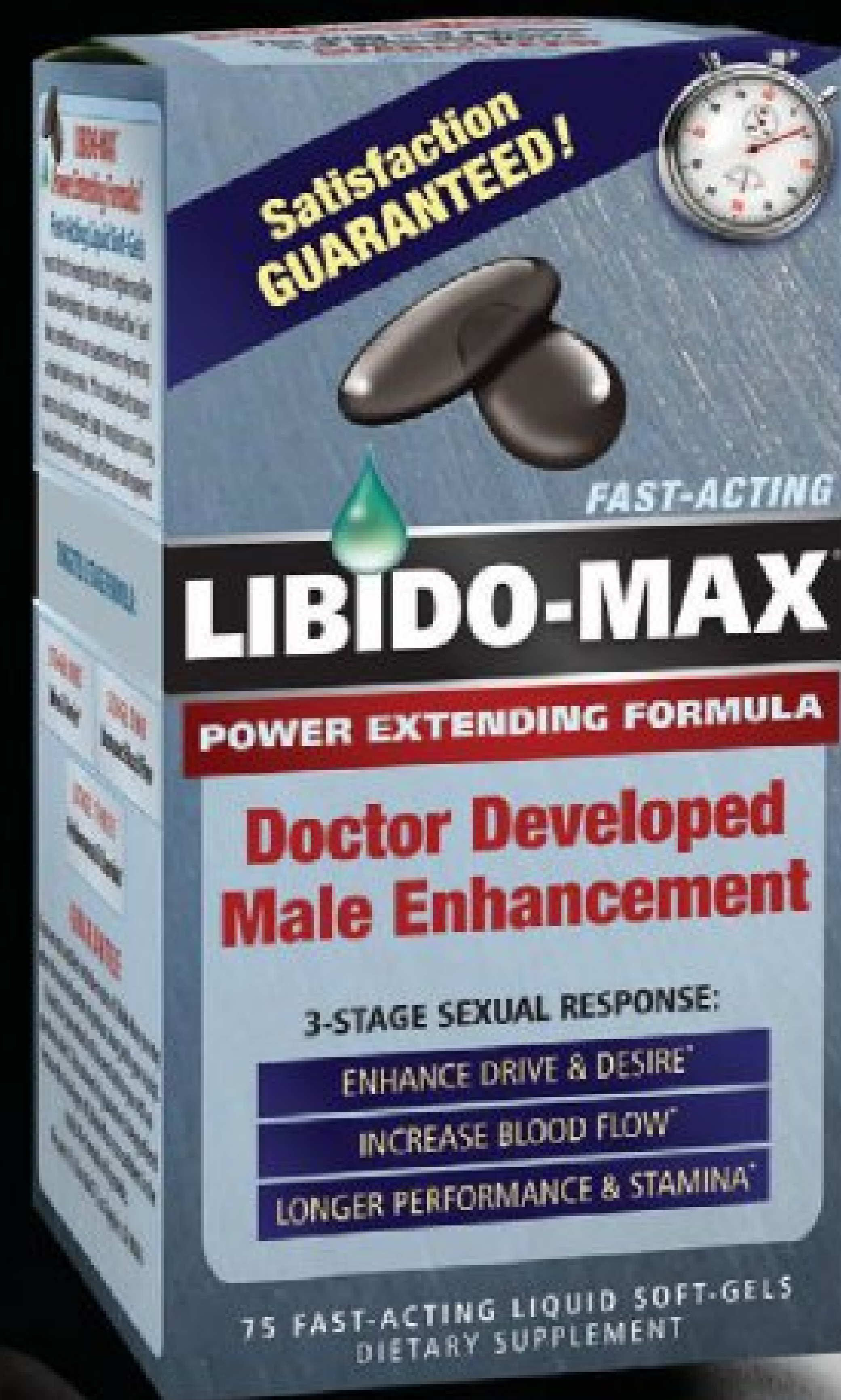
The amount of platinum in 433 Eros—an asteroid that's a good candidate to be mined, since NASA has already landed a probe on it—is worth roughly \$657 trillion by today's market value (see "The Celestial Supermarket" on page 44). Asteroids contain iridium (used in LCDs and flat-screen TVs), tantalum (cell phones), phosphorous (fertilizer), gallium, hafnium, zinc—all plentiful in space and sparse on Earth.

The University of Arizona's John Lewis points out that as we get better at the technology, we could also learn to mine gas giants like Uranus for their quantities of helium-3. "What do we do with our 10 tons of helium-3 when we get back to Earth?" writes Lewis in *Mining the Sky*. "The market value of that amount of helium-3 is set by the amount of energy it can produce when used in a helium-3/deuterium fusion reactor. That cash value is \$160 billion. That means helium-3 is worth 1,000 times its weight in gold or platinum. Here is surely the most valuable raw material in the solar system, well worth the cost of transportation back to Earth."

The final piece of this puzzle comes with mapping all the near-Earth asteroids—an

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ongoing international effort to avert disaster. This effort began after a crater was discovered in the 1970s. Scientists learned it was caused by an asteroid with a 10-kilometer diameter that hit Earth 65 million years ago and may have killed off the dinosaurs. By the early 1990s scientists realized a one-kilometer-diameter rock could jeopardize a significant portion of the human race, and even more alarming, rocks that size crash into Earth once every 500,000 years or so. Which is when almost everyone in the space field decided it would be good to figure out where all those rocks are lurking and what their trajectories are.

Thus began the great asteroid hunt of the Aughts. In the past decade researchers, using a variety of telescope technologies, have attempted to locate at least 90 percent of the large near-Earth asteroids—those more than one kilometer in diameter. We've discovered no species-ending impacts in our near future, and there have been other gains as well.

"All this mapping can be used for mining," says Erik Asphaug, professor of planetary science at the University of California, Santa Cruz. "Sure, we're trying to save the world from a catastrophic event, but along the way we've drawn up a pretty good prospector's map of our solar system."

What will this concept look like in our lifetime? President Obama wants to land astronauts on an asteroid by 2025. Teams at NASA are at work, so a government-sponsored first step is not out of the question. Diamandis believes big energy companies—the ones that built North Sea oil platforms—will in 15 to 25 years have staked claims on near-Earth asteroids and have pilot programs under way. Eric Anderson thinks we're five to 10 years away from our first asteroid-mining mission, while Jeffrey Kargel, a University of Arizona geologist, predicts a longer wait.

"Profitable commercial development of extraterrestrial resources may begin mid-century and fundamentally shape Earth's economy before this century is out," Kargel says.

The gold isn't the only thing fueling our space-rock fire. In the past few years NASA has firmly committed itself to the establishment of off-world colonies. "Visiting an asteroid is a fantastic stepping-stone to Mars," says Derek Sears, professor of space and planetary science at the University of Arkansas. "You can test out the hardware and the human behavior." A trip to Mars will take three years; a trip to an asteroid passing close to Earth is a few months' voyage.

Even more important to our off-world plans is water. "Most aerospace engineers feel water is the real key to off-world colonies," says Sears. "Carrying water out of a gravity well is extremely expensive. But there is a whole class of asteroids that are 25 percent water. We call them mud balls. A ship could stop off at an asteroid on the way to a space colony and tank up on water. There's no cost. Just warm up a chunk and off you go."

Once we're actually mining asteroids, look out. Huge global economic shifts tend to cause problems, and significant generation of new wealth can bring out the worst in humanity. Which is why a Vatican astronomer is already mulling over the topic.

"This is truly a disruptive technology," says Brother Guy. "Certainly in the long run, whether you're talking about wealth creation or taking mining—one of the most environmentally damaging industries—off-world, everyone is better off. Frankly, in the long run the upside is so big it's almost utopian. But in the short run there will most definitely be some consequences."



"He's writing a romance novel."

JOSH RADNOR

(continued from page 81)

who watch the show. I don't know them, yet they feel familiar with me.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Has that familiarity ever translated into female fans wanting to know you in a personal way?

RADNOR: There's something really ugly about women who want to be with you just because they saw you in a movie or on a show. I was out one night and this girl left her friends at their table to come over and ask me if I was on *How I Met Your Mother*. I said I was, and she rejoined her friends, who just kept staring, so I went over and shook some hands. Later a guy handed me a note from this girl that read, "Josh, do you want to sleep with me tonight?" It had this box where I could check yes or no. I turned bright red and said, "Uh, I have a girlfriend"—which I didn't at the time.

Q3

PLAYBOY: So you don't take up those offers?

RADNOR: If I check yes on that box, I'm reinforcing a part of myself I don't want to reinforce—the part that needs adoration from someone every night. Every actor has an insecure, damaged part of himself, or he wouldn't be doing it. I'm trying to heal some of that damaged stuff. Quitting drinking helps cut down on your idiotic decision-making, so that's been a nice shift.

Q4

PLAYBOY: How did you realize you needed to knock off drinking?

RADNOR: I started to get some unambiguous signs from the universe that it was time to get my drinking under control. I didn't go into a program or anything like that; I just stopped. I've had a glass of wine here and there, but I don't enjoy it anymore. I took a hard look at what it was bringing into my life and what it was keeping me from.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What has been your favorite fan interaction so far?

RADNOR: I was in this little town on Majorca where I stayed for about five days. I met a 22-year-old kid whose father had died and left him the owner of the only local bar. This kid had never been off the island and was such a crazy fan of the show. He couldn't believe I was in his bar. He said, "I love your show because it's all a flashback of an older person's memories of the best times of his life. It makes me realize I'm living what will be my best memories and I need to enjoy that more." Sometimes you lose sight of why you're doing something, but what a cool, interesting legacy for the show to have.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Is that why, except for your having dated Lindsay Price, you've mostly avoided showing up in the press hitting cool clubs and dating a series of beautiful women?

RADNOR: I have an allergy to that sort of social life. New York and L.A. have a lot of beautiful women, but in New York that



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beautiful woman will be reading a book. That, to me, is intensely sexy. If I was going to live in L.A., it would be on the condition that I not sell my soul in order to do that. I deliberately moved to a house that felt away from everything—until a girl from *The Hills* moved next door. The paparazzi were always there and I kept wishing they'd leave. Then she moved away.

Q7

PLAYBOY: How do you explain the staying power of *How I Met Your Mother* despite its roller-coaster ratings?

RADNOR: A lot of articles have been written about why we watch these "friend families" on TV. The people on them become your extended family on some level, which I guess is a little creepy. [laughs]

Q8

PLAYBOY: Your co-star Jason Segel has made high-profile movies. Neil Patrick Harris has done movies, Broadway and hosted the Emmy and Tony awards. Is it tough playing the show's straight man in such a quirky, funny cast?

RADNOR: It's been interesting trying to find the goofiness of Ted but also keep him grounded. No disrespect to Neil or Jason, whom I have immense respect for, but they've done things outside the show that are absolutely in their wheelhouse. That's what they want to do and they've created those opportunities. I wanted to make a movie that I wrote, and I also wanted to write a book.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your writing-directing debut movie, *Happythankyoumoreplease*, stars Malin Akerman, Kate Mara and Zoe Kazan as friends of your character, a not always likable aspiring New York novelist who's unable to commit and who carries out a misguided act of altruism that involves a lost kid. What made you want to do it?

RADNOR: The film's central idea of letting yourself be loved and having gratitude isn't something I've seen before. It moved me and said something to me. My character isn't Josef Mengele, but I liked playing a more dangerous character who is still basically a good guy. From experience, I knew the feel of people living without a lot of money in New York, stumbling around in their relationships, and I eventually decided to direct it—which wasn't my initial plan—because I wanted to guard the tone of it. The best depiction of New York I've ever seen in a movie in terms of class issues is Peter Hedges's movie *Pieces of April*. I wrote him a fan letter, and if he ever reads this, he did not write me back. [laughs]

Q10

PLAYBOY: Which other famous people have you written to?

RADNOR: I wrote Tony Kushner years ago because I was so moved by a book of his essays, and he wrote back and came to see me in a play. I know Sarah Silverman a little bit socially, but I wrote her a letter after reading her memoir, which was so hilarious and touching.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Are you worried your movie could get overlooked because it isn't pessimistic and negative like some of our most-praised films today?

RADNOR: When *Variety* reported that my movie had won the audience award at Sundance, it kicked it to the curb and referred to it as a "sitcom-style comedy" because I'm on a sitcom. That's just lazy. I thought, Wow, that writer has not seen the movie. The people in the movie have legitimate problems, and they learn to shift their perspective and find grace in the middle of those problems. I'm not a negativity denier, but if negativity comes in, just say hello—don't fix it a cocktail and ask it to stay.

Q12

PLAYBOY: So you'd rather accentuate the positive?

RADNOR: A bunch of people at dinner the other night were talking about some TV program about women who go crazy and kill their husbands. I was silent, and maybe I'm a lousy dinner guest, but I said, "I don't understand why we're talking about this. There's just as much great stuff happening in the world as dark and horrible stuff." I feel if you're watering a garden, are you watering the weeds or are you watering something more interesting?

Q13

PLAYBOY: People who know you as a funny guy on a TV show may read this interview and wonder where that funny guy went.

RADNOR: That character is not me. The more distance I've gotten over the past five or six years, the more I feel I've grown and changed, the easier it's been to play this character because it doesn't feel like me at all. I don't watch the show much anymore. I have a TV, but I don't know how to turn it on.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Would your high school friends be surprised at how your life and career are turning out?

RADNOR: It's probably shocking to see someone you grew up with end up in movies or on TV, but it's not like I was some übernerd who turned into an action star. I was class president, swim team captain and editor of the school paper. I'm still really tight with a lot of high school people.

Q15

PLAYBOY: In 2002 you co-starred with Alicia Silverstone in the stage version of *The Graduate*. She is a vegan and an animal rights advocate; you're apparently allergic to cats and dogs. How did you two gel?

RADNOR: I found I was not allergic to Alicia Silverstone, if that's what you're asking. I accidentally read the book she gave me, *The Food Revolution* by John Robbins, and that turned me into a vegetarian for about two years. Sorry, though, Alicia; I fell off the wagon.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You mentioned on a talk show that you were writing a book, and it sounded autobiographical. Being a fairly young actor, do you figure that some people may prejudge the

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book as narcissistic, let alone premature? RADNOR: After I showed my movie at the San Francisco International Film Festival, a guy raised his hand and said, "I'm curious if in any of the feedback for this film, you've heard that it's narcissistic or self-indulgent?" And I went, "Not until right now." A narcissistic piece is something an audience can't appreciate because it starts and ends with the person who created it, with no generosity of spirit in it. Making a movie or writing a book is like telling a story around a campfire. If you want to sit around this campfire and hear this particular story, you're welcome to. If not, there are other campfires.

Q17

PLAYBOY: So what's cooking at your campfire? RADNOR: I've been a little evasive talking about this book because it's not uncontroversial in some ways. I've been writing it for about three years. It will be out this fall. It's memoir-adjacent, a linked series of essays about things that have happened to me these past few years that have been revelatory and kind of amazing. Meditation is a big part of it, which I've been doing for about six and a half years. Let's say I won't be going on the *Today* show to do a five-minute clip. It's just too complicated to talk about in a sound-bite way.

Q18

PLAYBOY: What would your critical, analytical TV-series character make of this book? RADNOR: I hope you can appreciate there's this whole other part of my life so much more amazing, exciting and thrilling than Hollywood that I had to write about. It dwarfs anything else. It's made me realize, in the truest way, what the mystics talked about—that earthly material pleasures crumble and provide no sustainable bliss. They provide an adrenaline rush of acquisition and then they're gone and you just get more depressed. Maybe a lot of people don't want to hear that because they're like, "Fuck you, guy on TV, telling me money doesn't matter."

Q19

PLAYBOY: When did you last take a big physical risk? RADNOR: I'm not all that physically courageous. Maybe it's Judaism or something, but flinging my body into peril is not my idea of a good time. After seeing *127 Hours* I was like, "Oh no, I can never go hiking again. I don't even want to go for a run."

Q20

PLAYBOY: What's on your immediate must-do list? RADNOR: I wrote the script for my next movie in four months, and that's a direction I want to head in. I also hope my performance in *Happythankyoumoreplease* opens more acting doors. There's something about this business that's rigged to keep you always dissatisfied; then I think how it's statistically impossible to make a living as an actor, yet I've been doing it for a long time. By any standard, I have been blessed. Sometimes you just have to stop, take a breath and say, "Where I am is pretty great."



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PLAYMATE NEWS



GONE FISHING

It's not surprising Miss November 1996 Ulrika Ericsson (holding fish tail) and Peter Miller hit it off the moment they met. Miller is a three-time World Sailfish Champion, and Ulrika grew up in a Swedish fishing village. Now they're hooking viewers with their shared passion for the sport on the Versus show *Bass 2 Billfish*, a reality series that Miller hosts and Ulrika has appeared on.

POKER FACE

Check out this three of a kind. In December, Miss May 2006 Alison Waite (left), Miss July 2002 Lauren Anderson and Miss February 1999 Stacy Marie Fuson participated in the third annual All In for CP charity poker tournament, which raises money for people suffering from cerebral palsy. Their poker tips? "Don't be afraid to play if you have a decent hand," Lauren advises. "You can't win big if you fold every time." "Confidence is key," Alison adds. Whatever their strategy, it seemed to work. "When I take guys out, they can't believe a Playmate can actually play poker," Stacy says. "And I do take guys out!"

FLASHBACK

Forty-five years ago this month we introduced you to Miss April 1966 **Karla Conway**. Although the California-reared beach babe definitely had a Gidget quality, she also possessed a deep passion for art. Today Karla works under the name Sachi and lives in an artists' community in Holualoa, on the Big Island of Hawaii. There, she paints everything from sea turtles and dolphins to Jimi Hendrix and the Beatles. Collectors of her work include Oprah Winfrey, Yoko Ono and former vice president Al Gore. See Karla's work at sachiart.com.



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 ?

Holly's World cameras captured Miss October 2010 **Claire Sinclair**'s star turn with the Crazy Horse Paris dancers.

Miss February 1986 **Julie McCullough** and *Family Ties* actor Marc Price formed the Beauty and the Dweeb comedy tour.

Last year *Coed* mag said Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** was googled more often than Hillary Clinton.

According to *Glamour*, **74 percent** of men would rather be stuck in an elevator with a Playmate than an elevator technician.



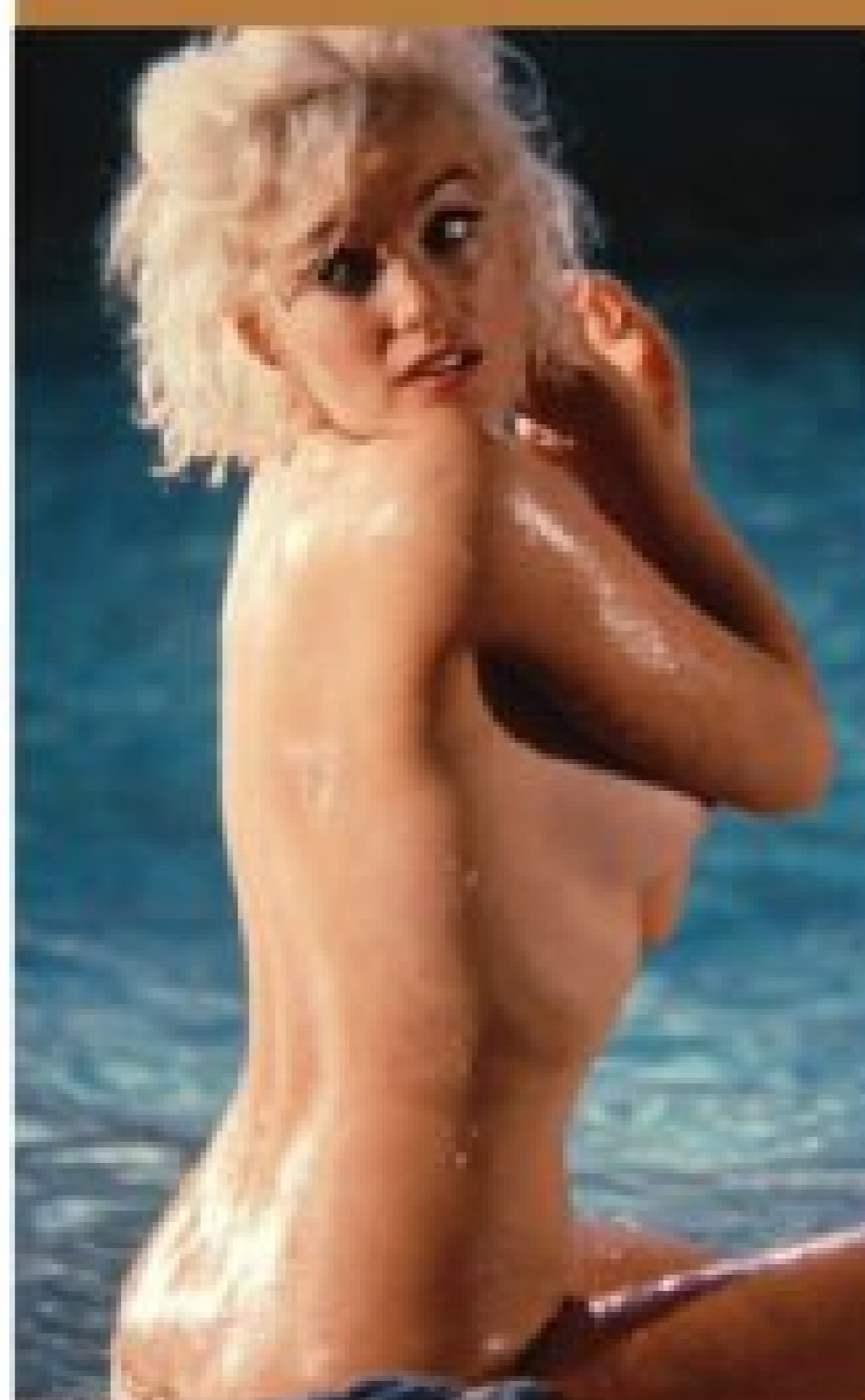
MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY JACK MCGEE

—actor, *The Fighter*



"I've worked with several Centerfolds throughout my career, but I dare not single any of them out. I'm a lover, not a fighter! The original Playmate, **Marilyn Monroe**, holds



a special place in my heart, however. When I first saw her pictorial I was an impressionable Bronx kid, singing backup for the Rascals and dreaming of a career in Hollywood. Marilyn seemed to embody the same things I was feeling at the time—innocence, hope and yearning for glamour."

HEAVENLY BODY

Remember that calendar photo of Miss August 1967 DeDe Lind we told you about a while back—the one that made its way into space during the *Apollo 12* lunar mission? Well, it sold at an auction of space memorabilia for about \$21,000, a significant increase from the starting bid of \$1,000. (The auction house listed the photo's condition as "normal wear, as one would expect from an object that made the approximately 475,000-mile round-trip journey to the moon and back.") Needless to say, DeDe is over the moon about the sale: "What an honor! I can't believe my calendar photo brought in so much money. Maybe it was the yellow bow in my hair. I still have the bow! Perhaps I can auction it off, too."



STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

Miss July 2003 Marketa Janska will figure prominently on the new OWN docu-series *The O'Neals*. The show stars actor Ryan O'Neal and his Oscar-winning daughter, Tatum O'Neal, and chronicles their reconciliation after 25 years of estrangement. Marketa, who is Tatum's assistant, will log major screen time and promises serious fireworks. "There is a lot of drama," she says.



PMOY 2004 **Carmella DeCesare** (now Garcia) co-founded a foundation that benefits the Ronald McDonald House.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Playmate of the Year 2008 **Jayde Nicole** certainly knows how to celebrate her birthday. The party started at Stingaree in San Diego on February 11—her actual birth date is a week later, on February 19—and continued with additional bashes at the Colony in L.A. and Sky in suburban Chicago. She wrapped up her celebration with a final fete at Haze in Las Vegas. Jayde has made a second home of sorts in Sin City, where she tangled with the city's reigning belle Holly Madison—a tussle that can be seen on the new season of *Holly's World*.... British men certainly seem



to fancy Miss August 2008 **Kayla Collins**. The *I'm a Celebrity...Get Me Out of Here!* contestant has recently been linked with both Chelsea footballer Ashley Cole and reality star Mark



Wright (above right). "I love English boys," she told *Zoo* magazine. "U.S. boys are down the pan for me."... Double congratulations to Misses December 2008 **Jennifer** and **Natalie Campbell**. Natalie was married in June, and her twin sister, Jennifer, gave birth to her first child a little after midnight on September 18. The healthy baby boy weighed seven pounds, eight ounces. "My husband and I are excited and loving every minute with our new bundle of joy," the new mother told us.... Since her breakup with actor Jim Carrey, Playmate of the Year 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** has had no shortage of eager suitors. Sports attorney Paul Krepelka (at right, with Jenny on New Year's Eve) seems to be her current squeeze. "We've been on a few dates and have been hanging out," Krepelka told the British paper *Daily Mail*. "We're taking things slow and keeping it low-key, but Jenny is a really nice girl." Damn straight.



PMOY 1997 **Victoria Silvstedt's** autobiography, *Les Secrets de Victoria*, was published in France.

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Kylie Johnson, Miss February 2011
Discovered September 2010 at a Toronto Casting Call

PLAYBOY FORUM

CLOSING THE DEAL

PRESIDENT OBAMA CAN LEARN A FEW LESSONS FROM FDR

BY STEPHEN DUNCOMBE

A month before the 2010 elections, *The New York Times* printed an article about a tax cut enacted by the Obama administration. Under provisions of the Recovery Act of 2009, 95 percent of Americans paid lower taxes, up to \$400 less for individuals and up to \$800 less for married couples. It was the perfect Democratic ammunition to counter the Republican war cry for lower taxes. The problem: No one had heard of it. According to a *New York Times*/CBS News Poll, fewer than one in 10 Americans knew anything about the tax cut; half those surveyed thought their rates had stayed the same, and a third believed their taxes had actually increased.

A CNN reporter asked the president about the seemingly negative response to the Recovery Act, the health care reform bill and nearly every other piece of legislation his administration had passed. Obama, characteristically cool, commented that his administration was so busy working on policies that “we did not always think about making sure we were advertising properly what was going on.”

A cynic might argue that the Obama administration and the Democratic Congress have done little that warrants advertising. Indeed, a website called *What the Fuck Has Obama Done So Far?* seems to beg for the simple answer: not much. But a quick glance at this site, which lists legislation enacted in the past two years, suggests exactly the opposite: Obama and crew have been busy. They’ve increased funding to national parks and forests by 10 percent, expanded Pell grants to help students pay for college, signed a financial-reform law that regulates Wall Street—the list goes on. Even a jaded ex-Obama supporter like myself was impressed. How could I—and most of the country—not know any of this?

Obama is no slouch when it comes to persuasion, as evidenced by his election campaign. It employed social media effectively, mobilized artists like Will.i.am and Shepard Fairey, and produced “American Stories, American Solutions,” a prime-time propaganda infomercial that rivals the work of Leni Riefenstahl. Obama even turned controversies to his advantage. When his former minister Jeremiah Wright was exposed making inflammatory racial remarks, Obama transformed the media firestorm into an inspirational discussion about race. And after a particularly bruising debate with Hillary Clinton, he stood in front of his supporters and, with a

subtle move borrowed from Jay-Z, brushed imaginary dirt off his shoulders, sweeping Clinton into the electoral dustbin.

The problem is that while the president is a master at marketing himself, when it comes to his policies and programs he just can’t close the deal with the American public.

Obama could take a cue from another Democratic president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Faced with far worse economic and social conditions than today’s, a far more conservative ideology regarding the role of the federal government and a

far more hostile press, Roosevelt’s New Deal administration changed the way Americans thought about their government.

It started at the top, with FDR mobilizing the then new medium of radio to patiently explain to the American public, through a series of popular fireside chats, what his plans were and why they were good for the country. The new federal agencies then publicized their own programs. The Resettlement Administration, which became the Farm Security Administration, hired the best photographers in the country to document the everyday people who would benefit from the agency’s efforts (FSA images such as Dorothea Lange’s *Migrant Mother* still rank among the best-known photographs in the world). The Works Progress Administration created a series of initiatives that put artists to work, resulting in an explosion of public art that served as visible reminders of the government and what it can do. In one particularly imaginative gesture, the Bonneville Power Administration hired folksinger Woody

Guthrie to write songs glorifying the federally funded hydroelectric dams being built on the Columbia River.

Taken as a whole, these efforts provided a new vision of what America could be. Through the haunting documentary photos of farmworkers commissioned by the FSA and the phantasmagoric WPA murals of common men and women building the country, a new picture of America was fashioned. After the Gilded Age and the Roaring Twenties, when robber barons and financiers ruled the country and celebrities saturated the media (sound familiar?), America under the New Deal was being reimagined as a place where, as Woody Guthrie famously sang, “This land is your land, this land is my land.”

It’s true that we live in a different world than we did in the 1930s. We live in the Oprah era, when we’d rather hear about the adverse upbringings of politicians than about the poverty



PRIVACY 2.0

TAKE OUR CRASH COURSE IN DISAPPEARING

BY FRANK M. AHEARN

programs and health care reforms they support. Then there's the media. Fox News is openly hostile to Democratic initiatives, and the liberal media's timid "objectivity" makes them indifferent allies. Finally, there's the wonkish elitism of the Democrats, who seem to think they don't need to advertise their accomplishments since everyone should be as well-informed and well-educated as themselves. What, doesn't everyone read the *Congressional Record*?

But explanations are poor excuses, and there's much that Obama can learn from FDR about how to better sell his policies to the American public. To start, he could mobilize the social-media networks he assembled throughout his campaign, encouraging his supporters to express themselves creatively on his behalf and trusting that their diversity of responses—what



In 1935 WPA artists work on a public mural for Central Park.

was called "snowflake activism" during the presidential contest—will provide sometimes superior, and certainly more, narratives and images than any singular effort controlled by the White House. Next he needs to ramp up spending on the arts, targeted toward public art, having faith that a flowering of culture by a largely liberal creative class will provide a supportive backdrop for his politics. And as FDR did, Obama must spend more money on public works. Unlike the stimulus check or tax rebate that arrives in the mailbox to be spent on a new coat or flat-screen TV, these projects provide public, visible evidence of government action.

Most important, Obama needs to become artist in chief, telling stories and sketching pictures of a new America. FDR's administration understood that proposing policy and passing legislation mean little if you don't also create and communicate a national image in which these political acts appear to fit naturally and make sense logically. As Proverbs 29:18 puts it, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." If Obama continues to ignore the necessity of creative communications, his presidency and his party will likely perish first.

Stephen Duncombe is author of Dream: Re-Imagining Progressive Politics in an Age of Fantasy.

In our increasingly digitized world, here's the most important thing you need to know: Although privacy violations are often thought to take place behind the scenes, it is actually the information you voluntarily offer—whether to Facebook or your cable company—that leads to loss of privacy. I

by erasing or altering the data that third parties have on you before someone decides to use it against you.

There is a group of people I call the unknowing. I have extracted their information. A job seeker posts his opinion on a religious message board and in turn loses a prospective job at a



know because I've spent most of my life working as a skip tracer, tracking down people who don't want to be found, for lawyers, tabloids and even the highest bidder. On the flip side, I've also helped people vanish into thin air.

I pick apart the little things in a person's life to gradually make my way into the larger things: Social Security number, credit cards and more. Personal information is a dangerous tool, and it has never been more readily available. However, you can easily dissuade most pursuers with a few preventive techniques. Even if your goal isn't to disappear, you should take precautions

pharmaceutical company. All it takes is an online search and the company finds that his idealistic opinions are unsuitable for their corporate environment. A woman illegally collecting disability payments posts on a Madonna fan site. She receives a letter explaining that she has won a contest to take part in a video for her idol. She shows up and dances for the camera—only to be arrested a week later for disability fraud. These are the unknowing. The stories are endless—and so are the opportunities to use your information against you.

The fight to regain your privacy involves three strategies: misinformation,

disinformation and reformation. Depending on your goal—whether it's to evade a meddling ex-wife or skip town and start over—you may not need to use all the methods. But knowing what you have at your disposal is a powerful asset.

Misinformation entails locating all the data known about you and deleting it. Run your name on various search engines. It's important to search for sites that may have your name misspelled, so trick it out with a typo or two. Also try running it with your city, phone number or zip code attached. When you find your information, contact the relevant businesses and ask them to remove the content. If they ask why, a little white lie never hurts. Be sure to tackle social-networking sites that list your family, friends, alumni and employment. These are huge danger zones.

Take a look at the services to which you subscribe. Cable companies retrieve your account by phone number, as do utility companies. Some systems will read off your street address. Ever order a pizza and see your phone number, name and address on the box label? Call the business and get that information erased. When asked for my contact info, I like to use the number made famous by Tommy Tutone: 867-5309.

Disinformation is about confusing your pursuers. You can deliberately plant false information about yourself and create a misleading trail to throw someone off your path. This is my favorite part of helping people disappear, and it's where I get the most creative. On your phone, cable and utility bills, do

a little variation on your name. Tell the customer service representative your name is Dan instead of Don. Also, don't forget to forward your final bills to far-away places after you disconnect.

If you're looking to go deep off the radar, create a new, imaginary life for yourself. Tweet that you are moving to Chicago, use Photoshop to create images of yourself at Wrigley Field, then start a blog documenting your

PERSONAL INFORMATION IS A DANGEROUS TOOL, AND IT HAS NEVER BEEN MORE READILY AVAILABLE.

bogus move. Anyone hunting you will focus their attention on the Windy City while you sip mai tais on the Baja peninsula. Get a debit card from a bank, put a few bucks in the account and send it to a buddy in another city. Have him use the card at supermarkets and local watering holes. If your account is compromised, a pursuer will see charges in a city you are nowhere near.

The final act of privacy is reformation, which is getting from point A to point B without being traced. The goal is to become a virtual individual, with no connection to anything physical. Prepaid phones, which can be obtained

at any electronics store, are excellent tools in the disappearing trade. Register yours under the name Wile E. Coyote with any area code you want. For added security, never dial direct. Use a prepaid calling card.

If you need to send e-mail, wander the streets and pick up internet service for free. Communicate with a trusted recipient by using a shared e-mail account you both have the password for. Write your "e-mails" to each other by using the drafts format. Do not hit SEND; just save your correspondence. The recipient then reads your message and answers in the same draft document.

For expenditures, rely on prepaid cards that can be purchased over the counter with no name attached and loaded with funds via the cashier. You can also purchase a prepaid credit card by mail and load it with cash at various retail locations. (Warning: Sometimes they ask for an identifier such as your Social Security number.)

The methods I suggest here are in no way comprehensive. The more creative you are, the better. We live in a society in which technology is being developed quicker than we can imagine, and our information is a precious resource for others. Timothy Leary once told us to "turn on, tune in, drop out." Today it's all about friending, tweeting, texting and blogging: anything to be a part of that third society that asks us to supply our digital DNA. A little forethought goes a long way.

Frank M. Ahearn is co-author of How to Disappear.

DISAPPEARING TRICKS

It's hard to protect your privacy and deflect pursuers without outside help. Luckily, a burgeoning privacy industry offers services that seem as if they're straight out of an espionage movie. Begin with these resources:

Intelius

This public-records business consolidates nearly every piece of information about you, from your average salary to the names of your relatives. A crucial step in protecting your privacy is understanding how others see you, and Intelius is an indispensable tool for that. Intelius.com

Guerrilla Mail

This excellent service offers disposable e-mail addresses that automatically expire after one hour and can no longer be accessed. For everyday use, Guerrilla Mail is invaluable if you want to avoid spam after signing up for services you plan to use only once. Guerrillamail.com



Private Mail Drop

If you must receive snail mail, avoid opening a mailbox with the United States Postal Service. Instead, rely on a mail drop at a private business such as Mail Boxes Etc. Skip tracers have a hard time cracking a privately owned mail drop.

Spoofcard

What an amazing little trick! With Spoofcard, you can record your calls, alter the sound of your voice and program your phone to display any number you want on the recipient's caller ID. State laws may prohibit some offered services, so double-check first. Spoofcard.com

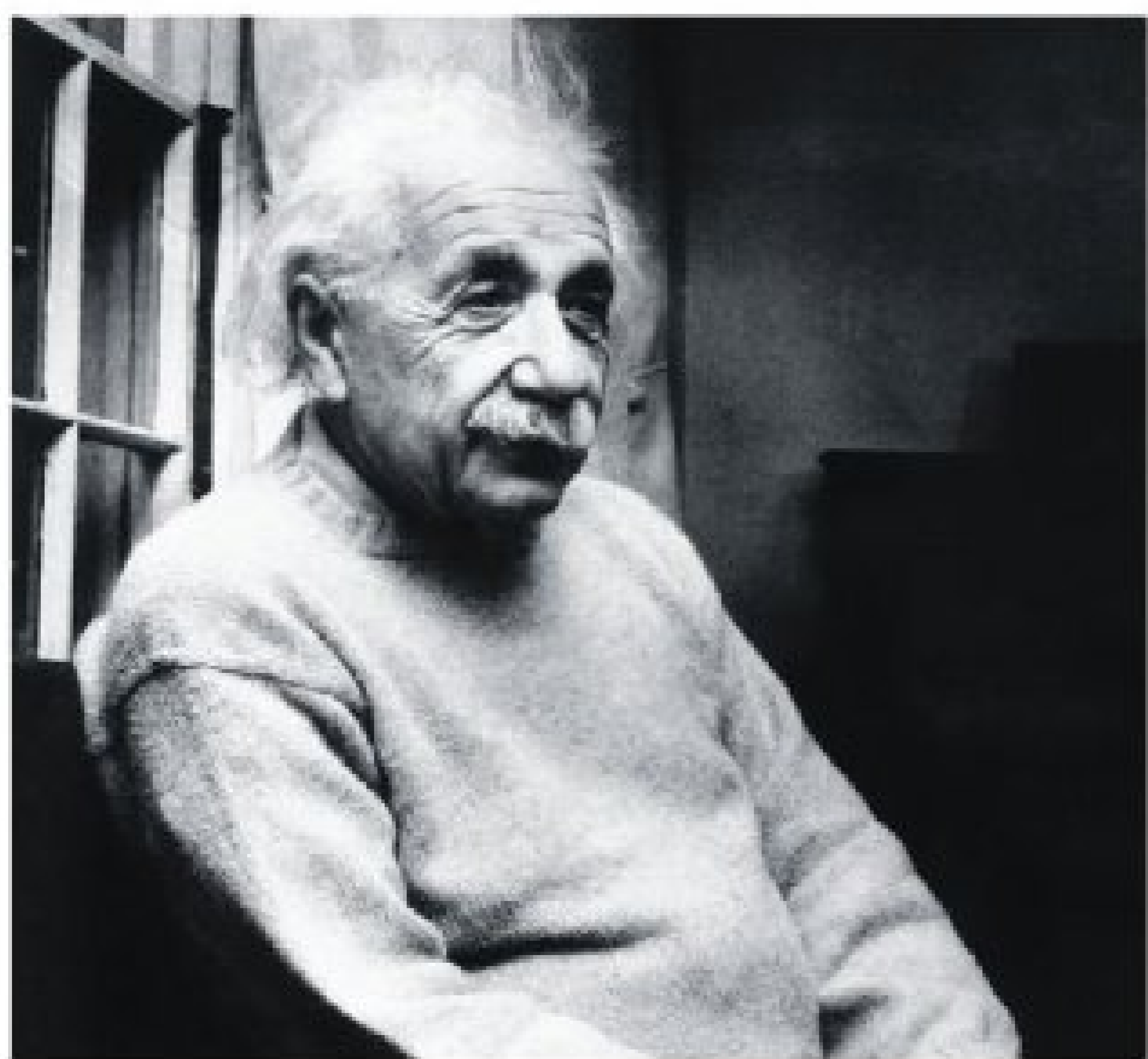
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READER RESPONSE

AGE BEFORE WISDOM

Susan Jacoby, in "The Folly of Age" (February), challenges the "myth" of the wisdom of old age by promoting the opposing stereotype that the healthy old are "exactly who they were in earlier adult life, only more so." Yet new research has found that the aging brain retains its neuroplasticity, meaning it can still learn and grow, especially in stimulating environments. Furthermore, starting at about the age of 50, people's self-rated well-being improves progressively. We've found that postmenopausal women usually have positive feelings



Albert Einstein at 75: still pretty smart.

about aging and sexual satisfaction even if they are in declining health and are less sexually active. Normal aging is typically associated with compassion, altruism, self-knowledge and tolerance of divergent value systems—all components of wisdom. Impulsivity, antisocial behavior and substance abuse decline in later life. And according to a University of Michigan study, social reasoning (i.e., considering multiple perspectives, accepting compromise and recognizing the limits of knowledge) improves as we age. As Nobel laureate Eric Kandel, now 81, has said, "I think I do science better than I did when I was younger. In science, judgment is so important, and I now have a better understanding of which problems are important and which aren't." The wisdom of age is not universal, but it is not a myth, either.

Dr. Dilip Jeste
La Jolla, California

Jeste is director of the Sam and Rose Stein Institute for Research on Aging and a professor of psychiatry and neurosciences at the University of California at San Diego.

SAME AS IT EVER WAS

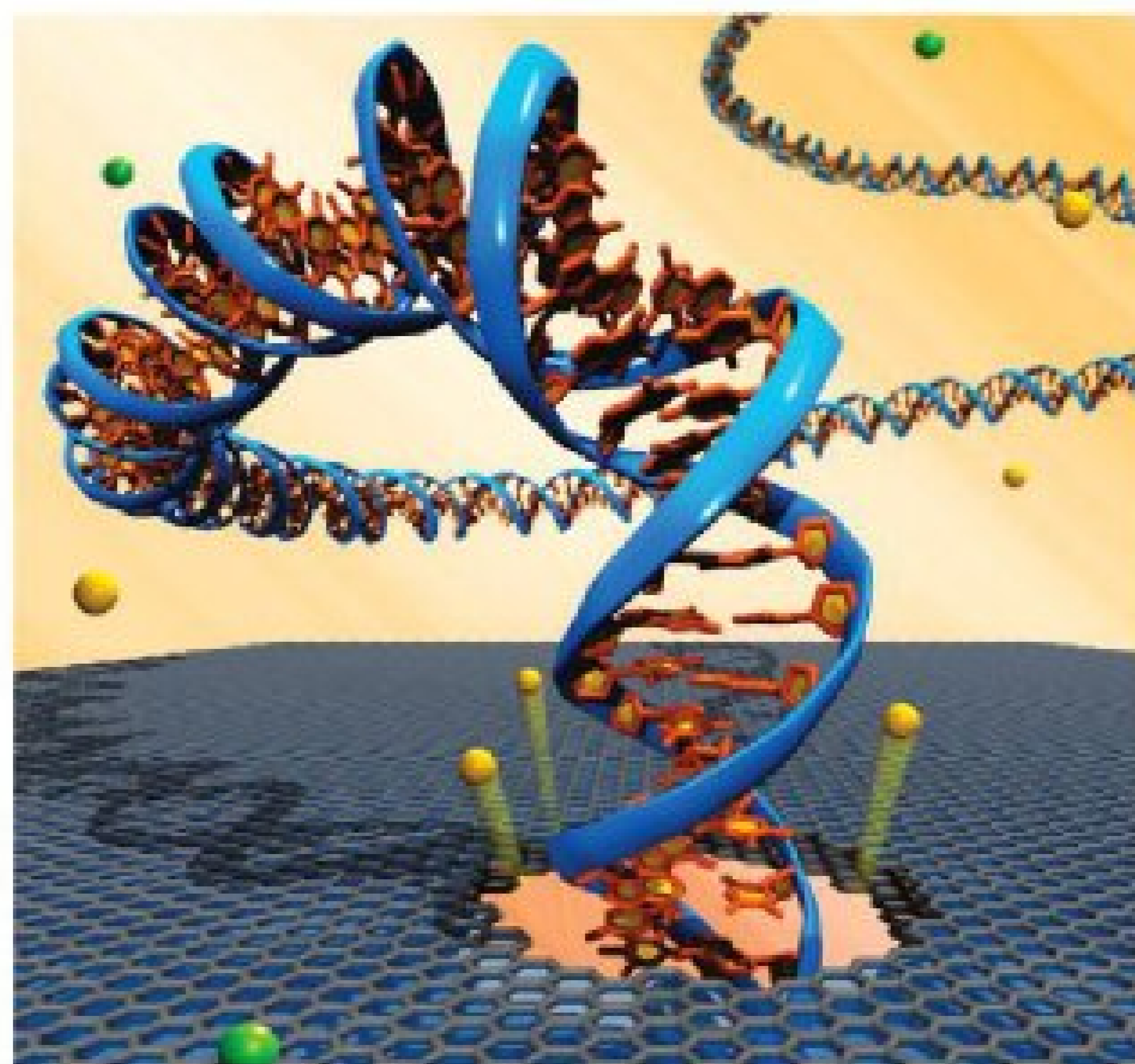
I have made it a mission to read every issue of PLAYBOY past and present. I just

finished the August 1962 issue and was struck by a Dan Wakefield commentary titled "The Prodigal Powers of Pot," which provides a rational and sane outlook on repealing marijuana laws. It reminded me of your coverage of the recent California proposition to legalize marijuana. You were ahead of your time in 1962 and continue to be ahead of our time in 2011.

Brett Lambert
Edmonton, Alberta

DNA QUICKIES

In December's *Newsfront* you reported on the ability of police to track down suspects using DNA from family members ("Relative Guilt"). The ACLU warns that the technique "has the potential to invade the privacy of a lot of people." That's an understatement. Scientists are working on ways to quickly and cheaply sequence DNA, including by using nanotechnology that could potentially read the 3 billion bases on a DNA strand by passing it through a single-atom-thick graphene sheet. This would cut the processing time from weeks to seconds and surely bring about the day when all newborns are "registered" so those who later commit crimes can be identified. This is not an original idea; an episode of *Star Trek: Enterprise* reveals that the Vulcans record the DNA of their newborns for



A DNA strand passes through nanopores.

this purpose. A registry would have the potential to make the world a safer place in one area—by stopping killers before they become serial killers.

Robert Schreib Jr.
Toms River, New Jersey

INSIDER EDUCATION

I am 21 years old and four years into a 10-year sentence for attempted murder. I am taking correspondence courses to earn a college degree, which I pay for

out of my pocket. Is there any practical value to receiving a degree while in prison? My prison buddies tell me I'm



Minnesota prisoners hit the textbooks.

a sucker and that the life of a criminal isn't so bad as long as "next time" you plan your crimes better and are smart enough not to get caught.

Paul Henderson
Jackson, Michigan

I've been in prison long enough to remember when inmates could still receive Pell grants for tuition and books, and prisoners of all races and religions crowded tables to study. We saw outside the fences. Today our prison library doesn't have any textbooks, only novels. I know many people argue that with limited resources, society shouldn't give tuition money to prisoners. But it's cheaper than building prisons.

Johnny Ray Longworth
Ely, Nevada

Prisoners have not been able to receive Pell grants, which are given to low-income students, since 1994, when Congress excluded them. Today college courses are available to only about five percent of inmates, though studies have found prisoners who earn degrees have a recidivism rate far below the average and educating convicts is much less expensive than locking them back up. By one estimate California could save \$536 million annually by pardoning a nonviolent 10 percent of its 168,000 prisoners and giving them four-year scholarships. In the meantime, the National Prisoner Resource List includes programs that mail donated books to prisoners. Inmates can write Lucy Parsons Bookstore, 1306 Hancock Street, Suite 100, Quincy, Massachusetts 02169 (stamps are welcome but not required) or ask a friend or relative to print and mail a copy from prisonbookprogram.org.

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**It's the Ink, Not the Canvas**

HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA—After a four-year legal battle, the owner of a tattoo studio in nearby Gardena won the right to expand into this beach community, which had effectively barred tattoo parlors as potential health hazards. Johnny Anderson (left) argued the ban violated his First Amendment rights as an artist. A federal appeals court agreed, ruling tattoos are a “purely expressive activity” protected by the Constitution. Hermosa Beach officials decided not to press the issue and instead amended its zoning laws. Anderson, who owns a popular tattoo studio called Yer Cheat’n Heart, sued the city in 2006. He lost the first round when a lower court ruled tattoo artists are not protected by the First Amendment because they only convey ideas or messages chosen by customers. But the appeals court discarded that reasoning, saying that tattooing is akin to writing or painting rather than to an activity such as burning a draft card, which may or may not be the expression of an idea. Further, it noted, “the tattoo cannot be created without the tattooing process any more than the Declaration of Independence could have been created without a goose quill, foolscap and ink.” Anderson said he is “ecstatic” about the decision. “I want to give glory to God,” he said. “He broke down this wall for me.”

Peanut Patrol

CHARDON, OHIO—There’s a new K-9 in town—a Chihuahua-rat terrier mix named Midge. The Geauga County sheriff began training the six-pound mutt to sniff out drugs when he read about suspects who had sued after their homes were damaged by Labradors or German shepherds.



Drug dogs are now also available to citizens. In Catonsville, Maryland a new firm allows the parents of teenagers to rent the animals for \$200 an hour to search their homes.

Dangerous Drugs

LONDON—A group of scientists rated 20 recreational drugs for their potential physical, psychological and social damage and concluded alcohol is by far the most harmful, followed by heroin, crack, meth, cocaine,

tobacco, amphetamines and marijuana. Ecstasy, LSD and mushrooms appear at the bottom of the list. The researchers said their ranking, published in *The Lancet*, is designed to provide “guidance to policy makers in health, policing and social care.”

Your E-Mail Has Rights

CINCINNATI—A federal court affirmed that police need a search warrant to seize e-mail stored at internet service providers. The case involves Steven Warshak, whose company sold a bogus penis-enlargement pill called Enzyte. During a fraud investigation federal agents told Warshak’s ISP to keep copies of his e-mails, a stash that eventually included 27,000 messages. The court ruled the agents should have obtained a warrant, just as they would have needed one to intercept a letter.

Sex and Violence

WASECA, MINNESOTA—Prosecutors charged a 37-year-old man with filling a vibrator with

gunpowder, BBs and buckshot with the hope it would explode inside his ex-girlfriend. Bomb-squad technicians dismantled the device. In Gurnee, Illinois, meanwhile, an officer arrested a 56-year-old woman he says threatened him with a “clear, rigid feminine pleasure device” pulled from her dresser drawer. The officer had gone with the woman to her apartment so she could get cash to pay a restaurant bill. She claims self defense, saying he startled her.

Red-Light District

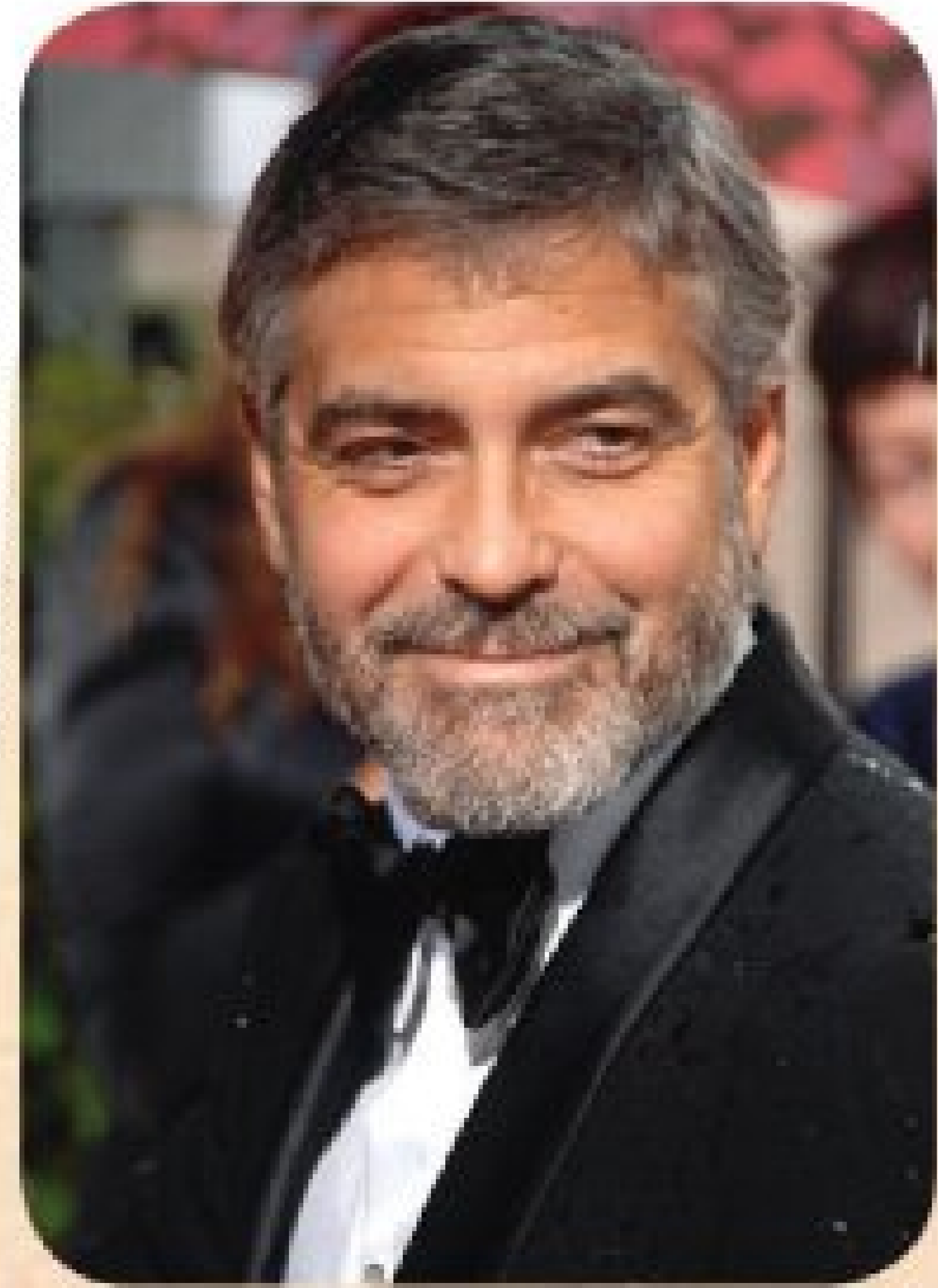
PRAGUE—Frustrated by speeders, police in several Czech towns have erected cut-outs along the road of a policewoman in a miniskirt. One mayor insisted it is the officer’s uniform, not her legs, that causes drivers to slow down.



Best Supporting Actress

Italian model ELISABETTA CANALIS has appeared in *Virgin Territory* (we've never seen it) and *Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo* (wish we'd never seen it).

Her latest role is as George Clooney's main squeeze. So much for staring at goats.



SPLASH NEWS

Red Fox

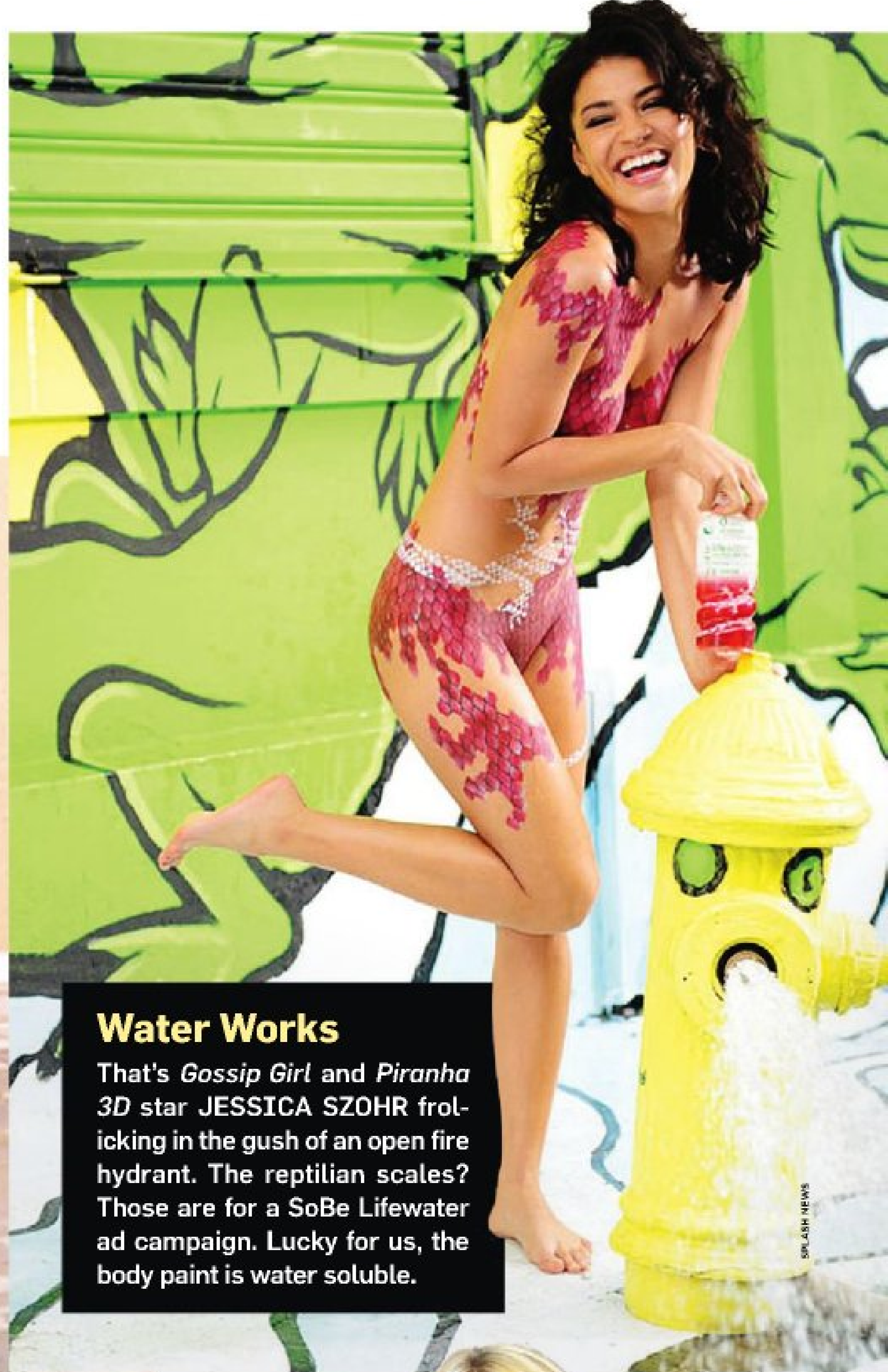
In the age-old Ginger versus Mary Ann debate—better known as Would You Rather: Blondes or Redheads Edition—we'll answer RIHANNA. The songstress dyed her locks before hosting a New Year's Eve party at Pure Night Club in Las Vegas.



SPLASH NEWS

Water Works

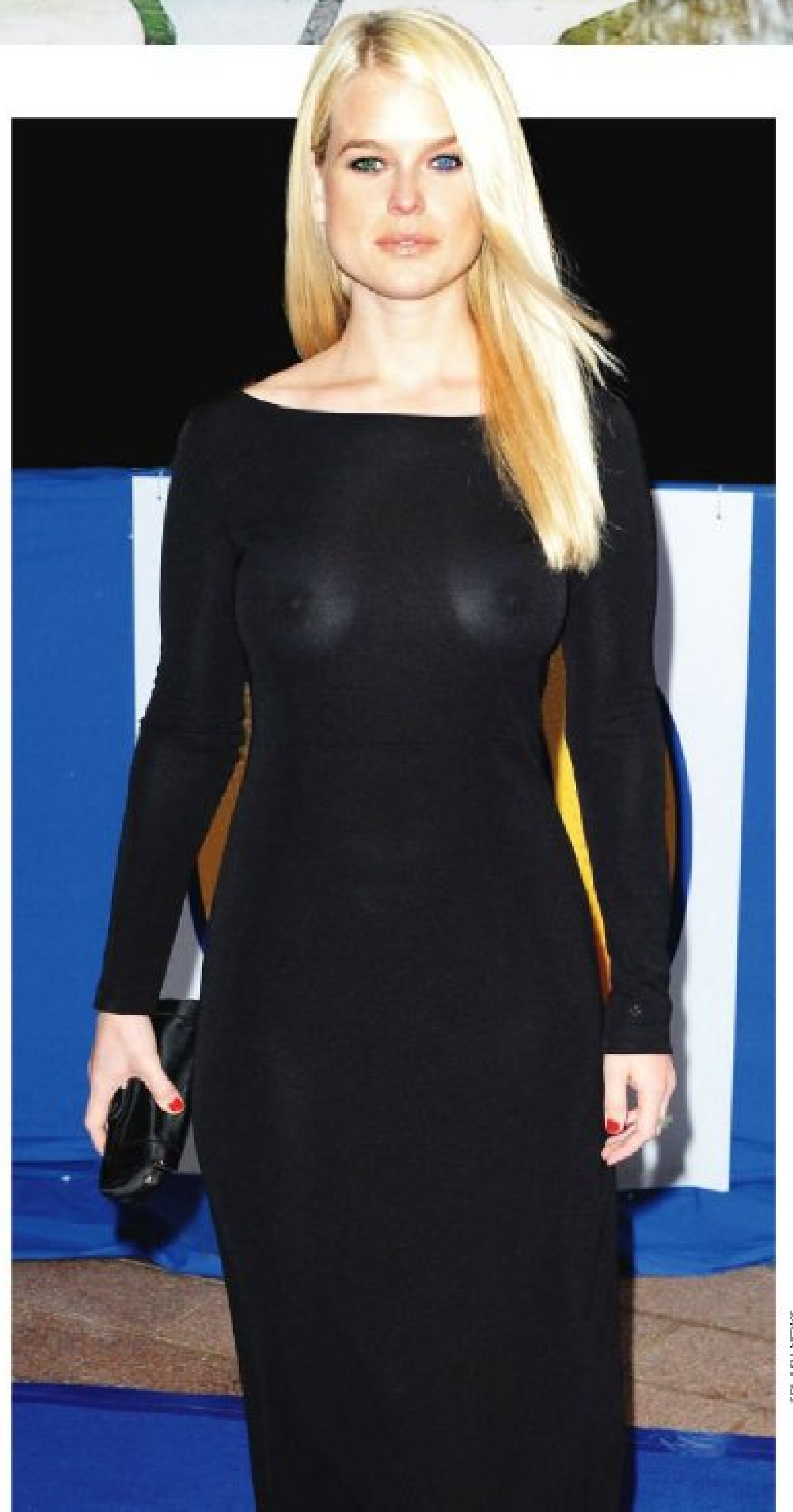
That's *Gossip Girl* and *Piranha 3D* star JESSICA SZOHR frolicking in the gush of an open fire hydrant. The reptilian scales? Those are for a SoBe Lifewater ad campaign. Lucky for us, the body paint is water soluble.



SPLASH NEWS

Mismatch Game

You may recognize British actress ALICE EVE from the comedy *She's Out of My League*. But did you also recognize her mismatched pair? Remove thy mind from the gutter. One of her eyes is blue and the other is green.



SPLASH NEWS

I Heart Hungary

Watch your back, paprika—leggy model **ORSOLYA** is about to become Hungary's best-known export. And though her native country is landlocked, she looks quite at home on the beach.

APIX SYNDICATION



DAVIDE FANTO

Clowning Around

Before getting an office job on *Mad Men*, **CHRISTINA HENDRICKS** (far right, a.k.a. Joan Holloway) worked as a **PLAYBOY** model, greatly enhancing a July 1999 cocktail feature. What's with the clown? Speedos were a fad in the 1990s.

STEVE TORRES



Time and Again

Here's another look at **VANESSA GOOD-MANSON**, who first worked her way into our hearts as a Painted Lady at the Mansion and then on *Playboy TV's Beach House*. What can we say? We like lots of exposure.



Sandy Bottoms

Ace Access Hollywood correspondent **MARIA MENOUNOS** does a great job holding down the evening slot for NBC affiliates across the country. However, holding back the killer waves of Miami Beach appears to give her trouble.



MF PHOTO ©2



MAY'S SECRET COVER GIRL HAS A FEW SERIOUS MOVES.



JAMES O'KEEFE: HIDDEN-CAMERA PROVOCATEUR.



BATTER UP: THE NATIONAL PASTIME IS BACK.



ED HELMS: WHEN NERDY WHITE GUYS GO WILD.

GUESS WHO—WE CAN'T DIVULGE THE NAME OF THE STAR WHO SHEDS HER CLOTHES IN OUR MAY ISSUE, BUT HERE'S A HINT: SHE SPENDS A LOT OF TIME IN THE ARMS OF CELEBRITIES.

BARBARELLA REDUX—WE SALUTE THE SEXY SCI-FI CLASSIC WITH A TANTALIZING OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD PICTORIAL.

WHO DOES JAMES O'KEEFE THINK HE IS?—IS THE YOUNG RIGHT-WING AGITATOR WHO BROUGHT DOWN ACORN A BOY WONDER OR SCOURGE OF MODERN POLITICS? **JORDAN LIEBERMAN** GETS TO THE HEART OF THE MAN BEHIND THE HIDDEN CAMERAS.

SOCRATES'S PUBLICIST—WHAT IF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHILOSOPHER HAD HIRED A PUBLICIST? COMEDIAN **DEMETRI MARTIN** IMAGINES HOW IT WOULD HAVE PLAYED OUT.

LETTER FROM JAKARTA—PUBLISHING AN INDONESIAN *PLAYBOY*, EVEN ONE WITH NO NUDITY, WAS A RISKY VENTURE. JUST ASK ITS EDITOR, **ERWIN ARNADA**, WHO WAS TRIED FOR INDECENCY. HE EXPLAINS FROM PRISON HOW IT ALL FELL APART.

KOVACS'S GIFT—ERNIE KOVACS WAS ONE OF A KIND. NATIONAL BOOK CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD WINNER **JONATHAN LETHEM** TIPS HIS HAT TO THE ECCENTRIC AND INFLUENTIAL FUNNYMAN.

PLAYBOY'S TOP PARTY SCHOOLS 2011—OUR ANNUAL GUIDE TO THE MOST HAPPENING INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING.

ED HELMS—IN *20Q*, THE ACTOR DISHES TO **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ABOUT POPPING HIS SEX-SCENE CHERRY WITH SIGOURNEY WEAVER, HIS NUT-CAM SECRETS AND *THE HANGOVER 2*.

2011 PLAYBOY SEX POLL—HAVE YOU EVER HAD SEX WITH TWO PEOPLE ON THE SAME DAY? TAKEN EROTIC PICTURES WITH YOUR PHONE? WE ASKED THESE QUESTIONS AND OTHERS. SEE THE RESULTS AND FIND OUT HOW EVERYONE IS GETTING OFF.

BASEBALL PREVIEW—IT'S FINALLY TIME TO PLAY BALL. TIM "THE FREAK" LINCECUM SHOWS **KEVIN COOK** WHAT IT'S LIKE TO PITCH FOR A WORLD SERIES WINNER, AND **TRACY RINGOLSBY** PREDICTS WHICH TEAMS WILL HIT IT OUT OF THE PARK IN 2011.

BARNEY FRANK—IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* AMERICA'S ONLY LEFT-HANDED GAY JEWISH CONGRESSMAN OPENS UP TO **DAVID SHEFF** ABOUT HIS UNCONVENTIONAL POLITICAL CAREER.

CARCASSONNE—IN NEW FICTION BY BRITISH AUTHOR AND THREE-TIME BOOKER PRIZE NOMINEE **JULIAN BARNES**, A MAN PONDS THE SECRET TO SUCCESSFUL LOVE.

PLAYBOY GOURMAND: STEAK—IT'S THE DINNER OF CHAMPIONS. WE TELL YOU HOW TO SERVE THE ULTIMATE SLAB OF MEAT.

PLUS—FIND YOUR PERFECT SCENT WITH OUR GUIDE TO MEN'S FRAGRANCES, AND MISS MAY **SASHA BONILOVA**.

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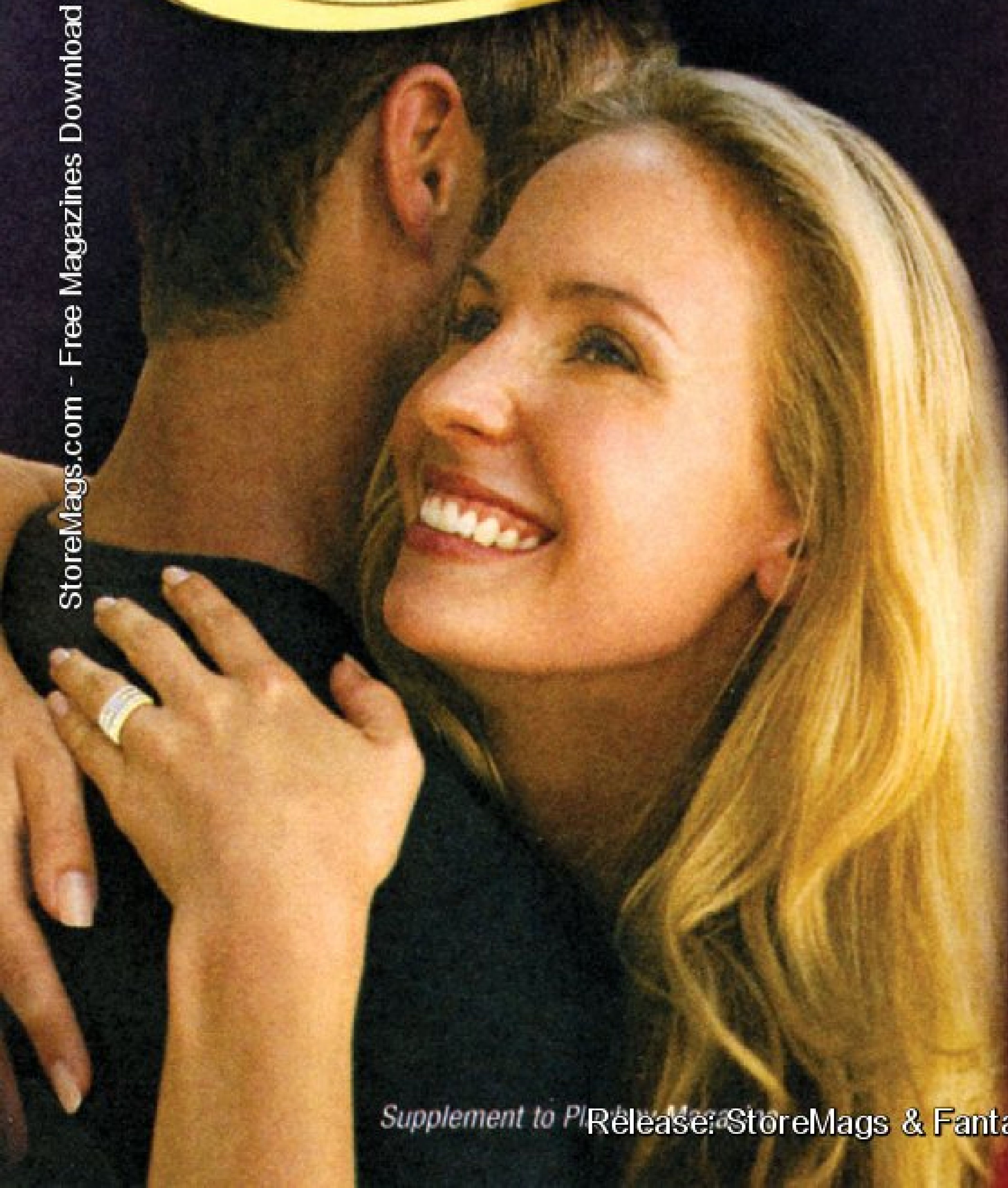
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Rings shown actual size.

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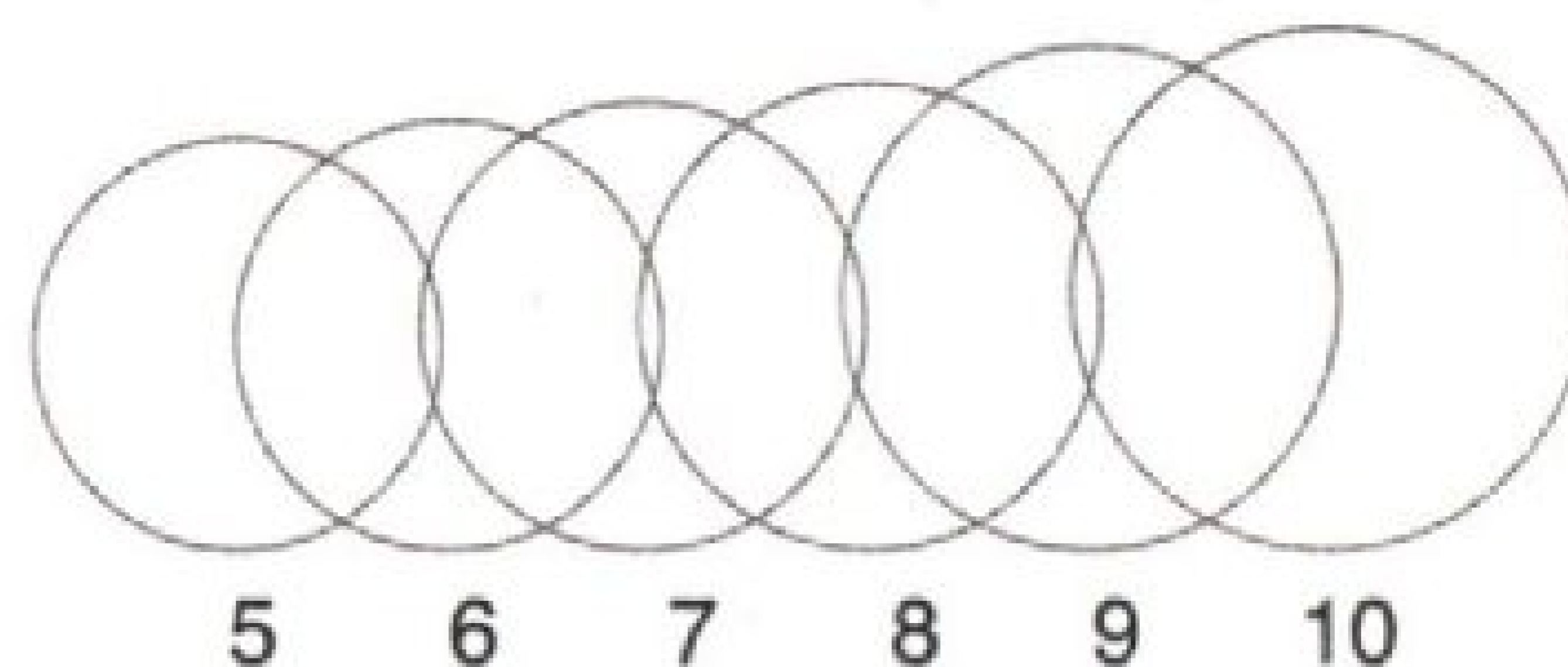
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