

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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AMERICA'S PRINCESS
INTRODUCING
**MRS. CRYSTAL
HEFNER**

THE INTERVIEW
**JUSTIN
TIMBERLAKE**

HOW TO
GO BROKE
THE **NIC
CAGE**
WAY

**JASON
SUDEIKIS**
20Q

APOCALYPSE CHIC
**THE ULTIMATE
BOMB SHELTER**

THE ORIGINAL
LONDON BUNNIES

THE TWISTED WORLD
OF REALITY TV
**DRUGS
MURDER
SUICIDE**

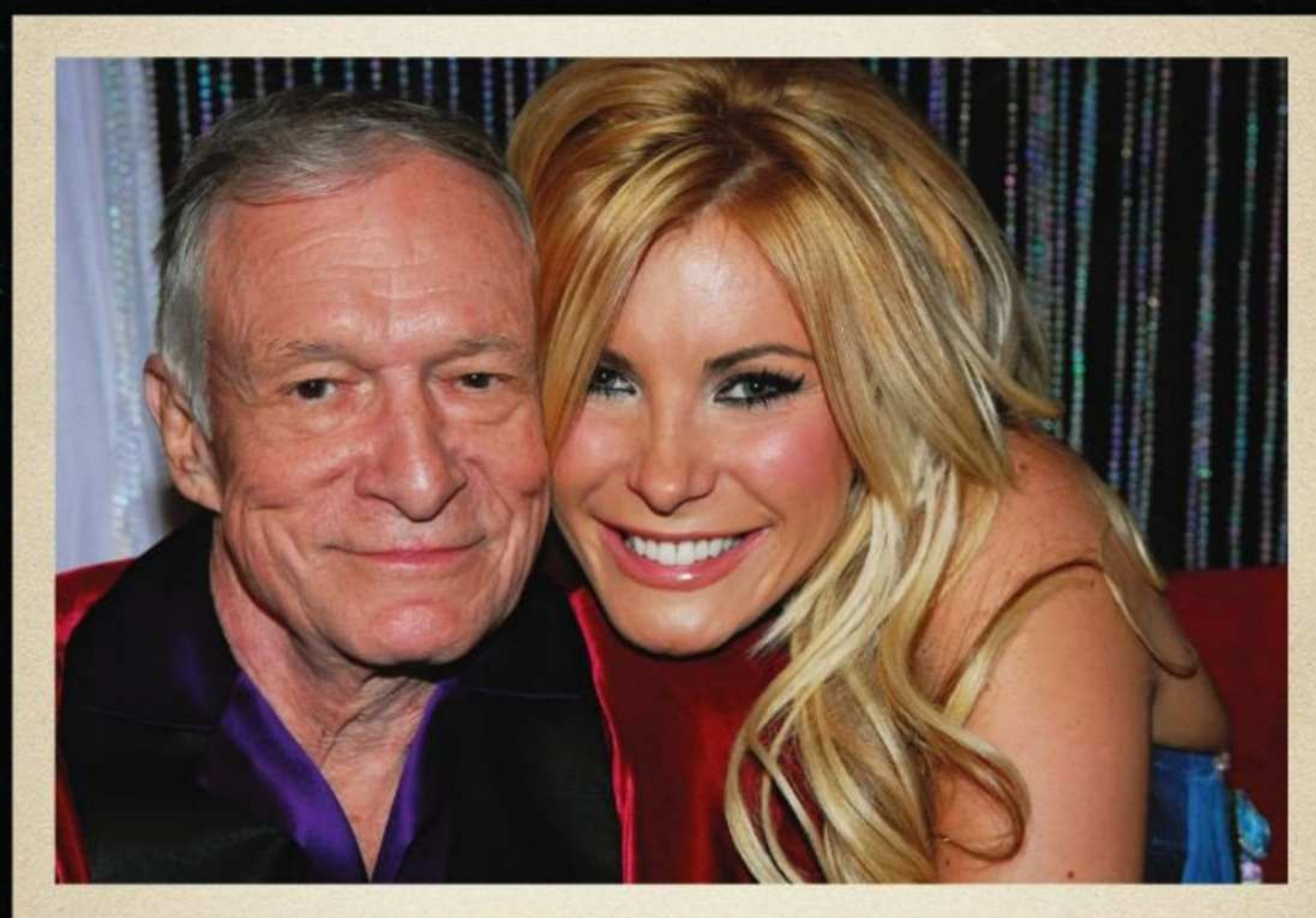


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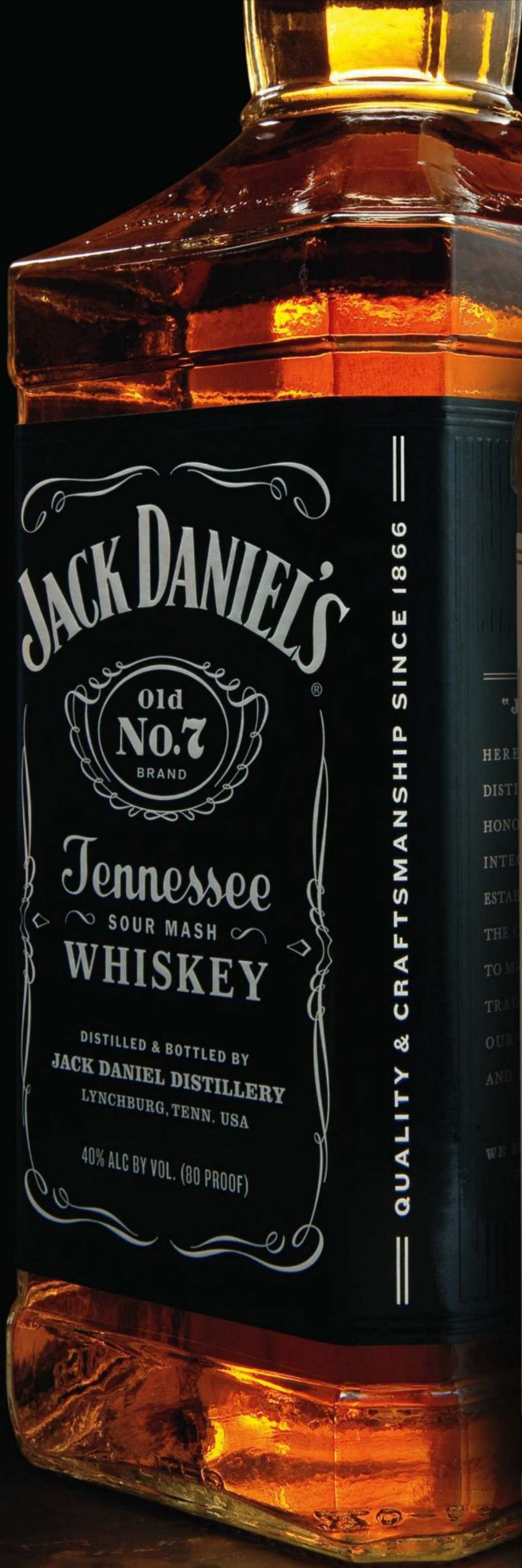
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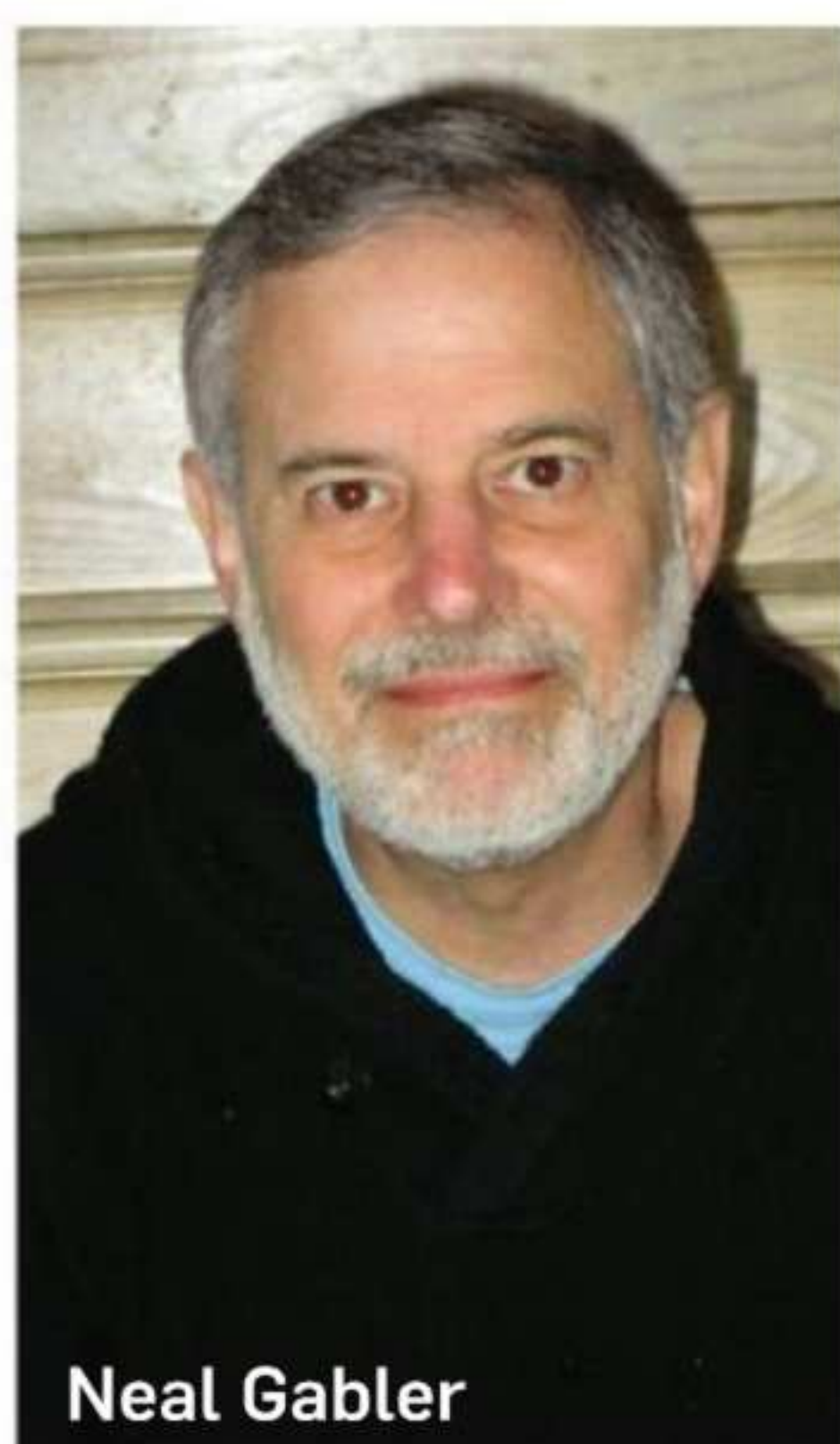
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PLAYBILL

Ah, July. Sun, fun, tans and, if you're lucky, tan lines. And perhaps an occasional hole in one. For *In the Rough*, photographer **Tony Kelly** captures the professional style of a trio of young guns on the PGA Tour, including Dustin Johnson, who agreed without hesitation to jump into a Grand Cypress resort pool for the shot on page 86. "I knew I had one take," says Kelly, "or at least one dry take." Kelly, who received Johnson's soaked spikes as a memento, says he was impressed by the golfer's coordination. "Before he jumped I asked him to remove his TaylorMade cap, and with a flick of the wrist he sent it sailing over the pool and into a chair." If you find that impressive, wait until you read about Willie Bioff, who managed to take over Hollywood in the 1930s through a simple ploy—he gained control of the projectionists' union. Unfortunately, as **Neal Gabler** recounts in *When the Mob Ruled Hollywood*, he had partnered with the Chicago mob. Bioff got what he deserved, as has, more fortunately, a certain magazine editor in chief. Hef's bounty is Playmate **Crystal Harris**. In *Here Comes the Bride*, **Bill Zehme** contemplates their recent nuptials. What do you get a man who now has everything? Or who has tried everything? Yes, we're speaking of **Jason Sudeikis**. The comic actor dishes in *20Q* about dating January Jones and Scarlett Johansson (separately), getting advice from his uncle, George "Cheers" Wendt, and preparing for fake masturbation scenes. No less artificial is the "Ready to Work" campaign created by Levi's, which portrays a gritty American town where the company's products are not made. In *No Jobs Here*, **Jesse Pearson** examines how manufacturing work has become a marketing ploy. Leaping into another harsh pseudo-reality, **Andy Dehnart** of *realityblurred.com* chronicles in *The Curse of Reality TV* the human wreckage of the genre. Talk about living on the edge—how about the lowest-ranking crew member on a spaceship? In his darkly funny *Yeoman*, **Charles Yu**, honored in 2007 as a young writer to watch, imagines the fate of a man forced to outmaneuver death while lost in space. Yu's latest novel is *How to Live Safely in a Science Fictional Universe*. If there's a man you want on your team, it's singer and actor **Justin Timberlake**. You know it will be a fun *Playboy Interview* when our first question begins "Let's start with sex" and the third includes the words *penis sock*—which, if you think about it (which you shouldn't), would create a startling tan line. Happy summer.



Tony Kelly



Neal Gabler



Bill Zehme



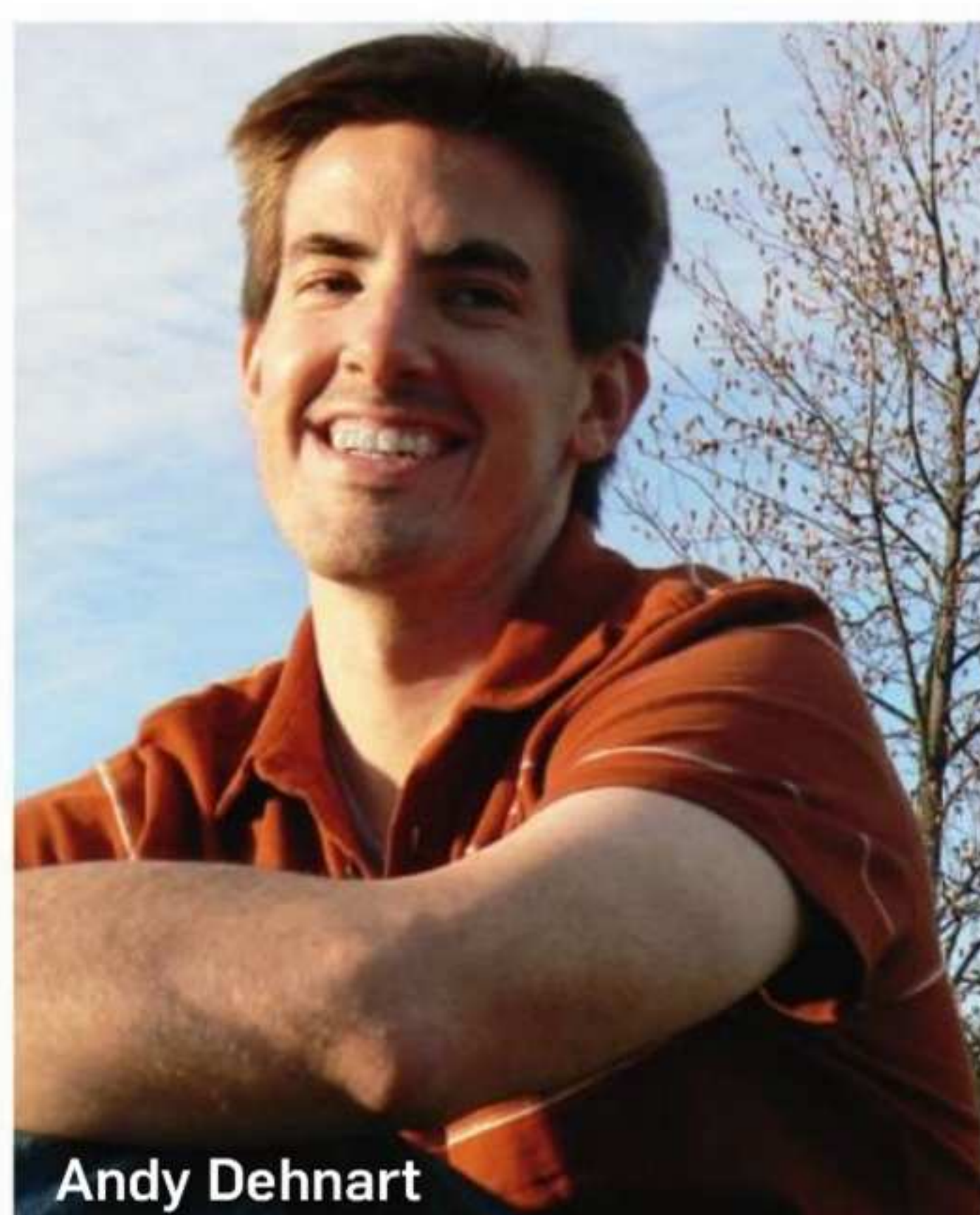
Crystal Harris



Jason Sudeikis



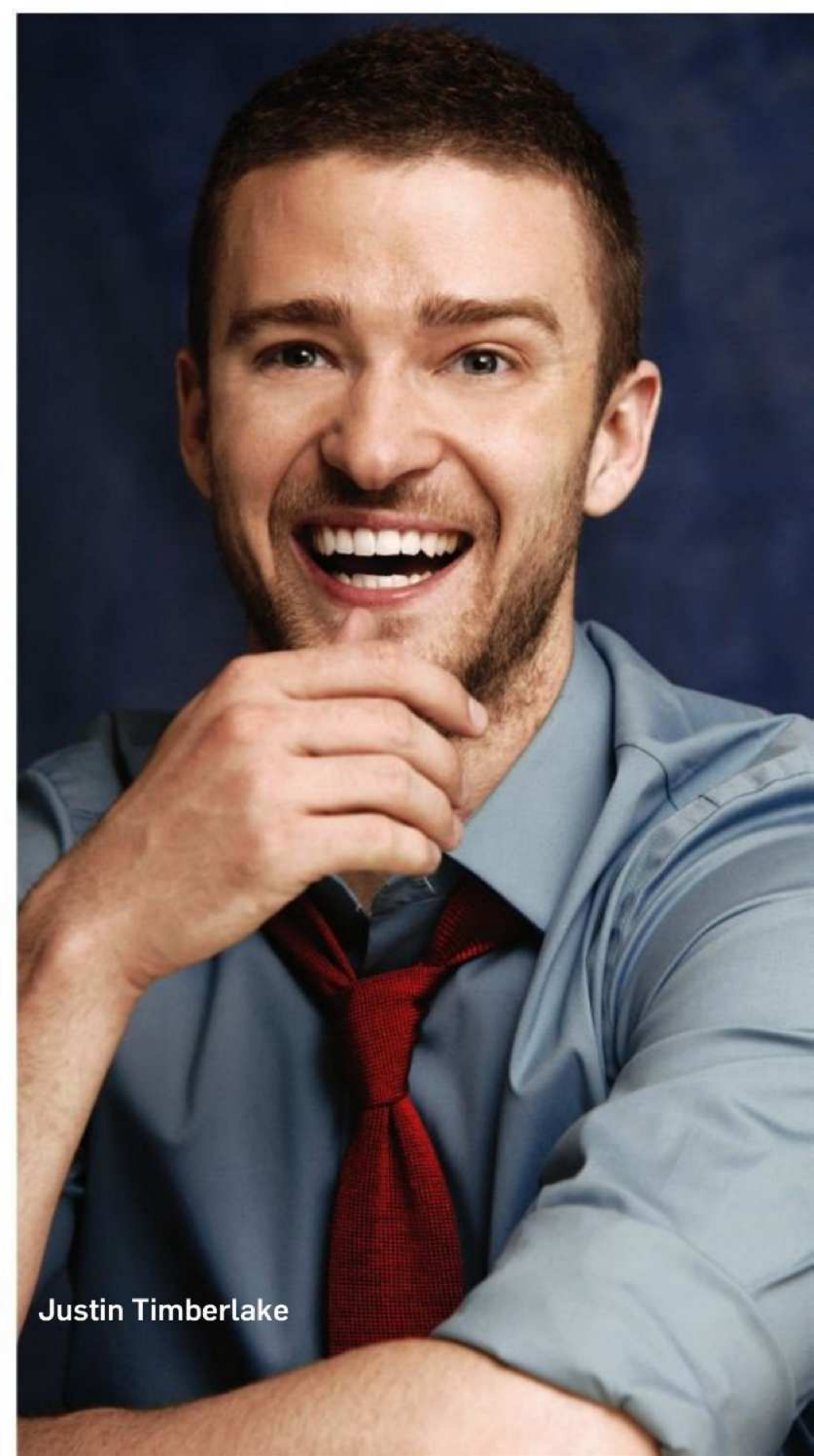
Jesse Pearson



Andy Dehnart



Charles Yu



Justin Timberlake





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PLAYBOY

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WHEN THE MOB RULED HOLLYWOOD

In the 1930s Willie Bioff took control of the projectionists' union and became the undisputed king of Hollywood. **NEAL GABLER** chronicles the rise and fall of the avaricious bully who lorded over Tinseltown—until he made one too many enemies.



94

CRYSTAL HARRIS

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No TV genre leaves more human wreckage in its wake, but who's at fault—the shows themselves or the people they attract? **ANDY DEHNART** investigates.

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The musician, actor and pop culture phenom talks to **DAVID HOCHMAN** about sex scenes with Mila Kunis, his impressive roster of ex-lovers and his thriving movie career.

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80 JASON SUDEIKIS

The funnyman dishes to **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** about *Horrible Bosses*, dating January Jones and sucking Zac Efron's toes.

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58 YEOMAN

The scenario says he must die, but a lowly starship crew member is determined to dodge his crappy fate. By **CHARLES YU**



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Crystal Harris achieved what no one thought possible: She inspired Hef to walk down the aisle one last time. To celebrate, the newly anointed Mrs. Hefner donned her husband's captain's hat—and little else—for a sexy shoot with photographer Stephen Wayda. Meanwhile, our Rabbit hopped aboard and enjoyed a lofty view of the action.

PLAYBOY

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94 HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Crystal Harris is a sight to behold. Discover the many reasons she was able to capture the heart of the world's most famous bachelor.

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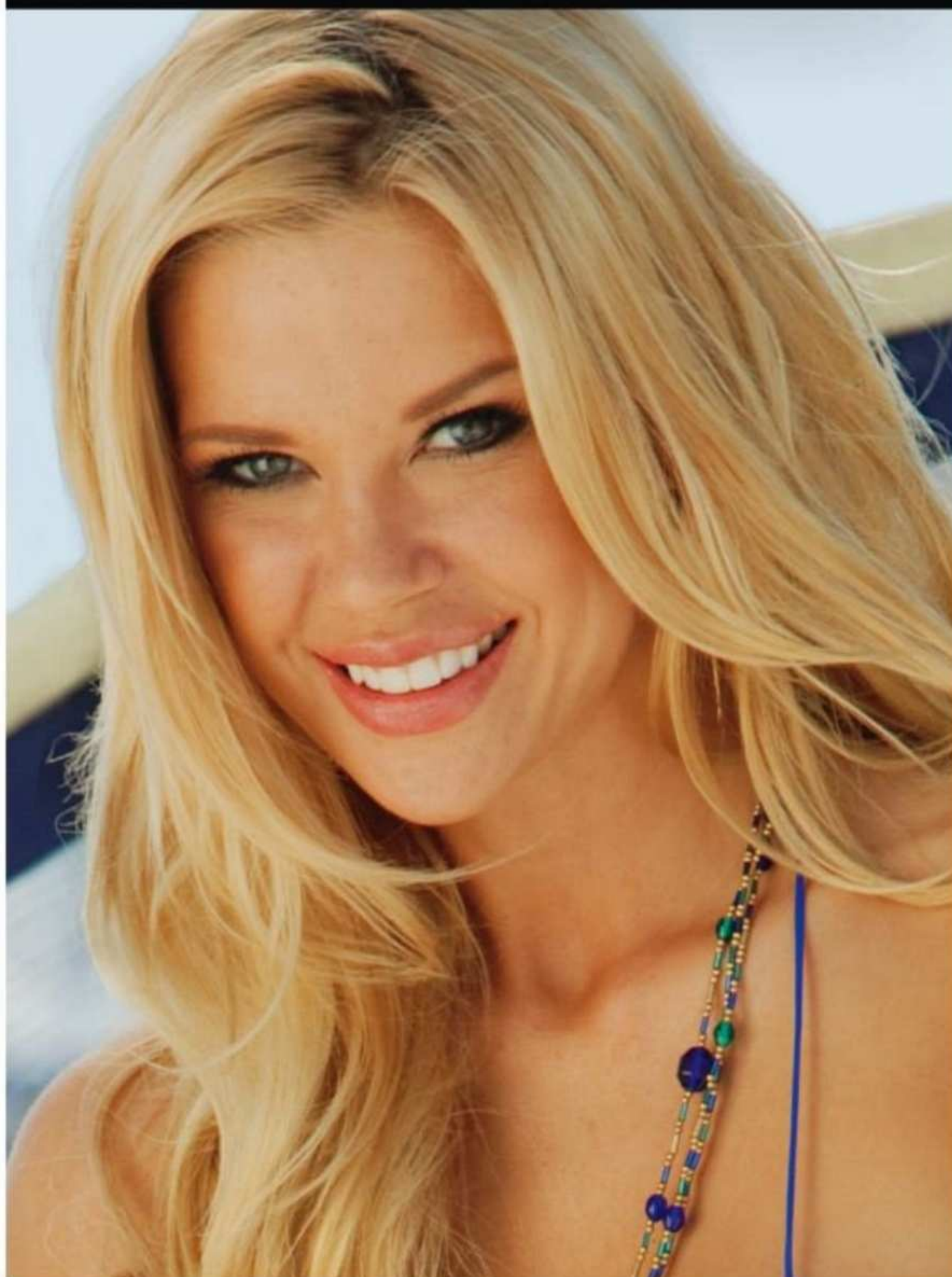
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THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

OUR NEW LOOK Playboy.com has been revamped and redesigned. Check out the newly launched site now.

THE NIGHTLIFE CALENDAR Keep your social life buzzing with the ultimate list of Playboy parties, premieres and fun.

HOT SHOTS Enjoy weekly doses of sizzling viral videos and photos, courtesy of gorgeous Playboy models.

THE SMOKING JACKET Bored? Visit our safe-for-work sister site thesmokingjacket.com for sexy girls, cool gear and daily internet hilarity.



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

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Hef and his son Marston enjoy a joint celebration of their April 9 birthday at the Palms in Vegas; Hef and the Mansion have a cameo in *Hop*.

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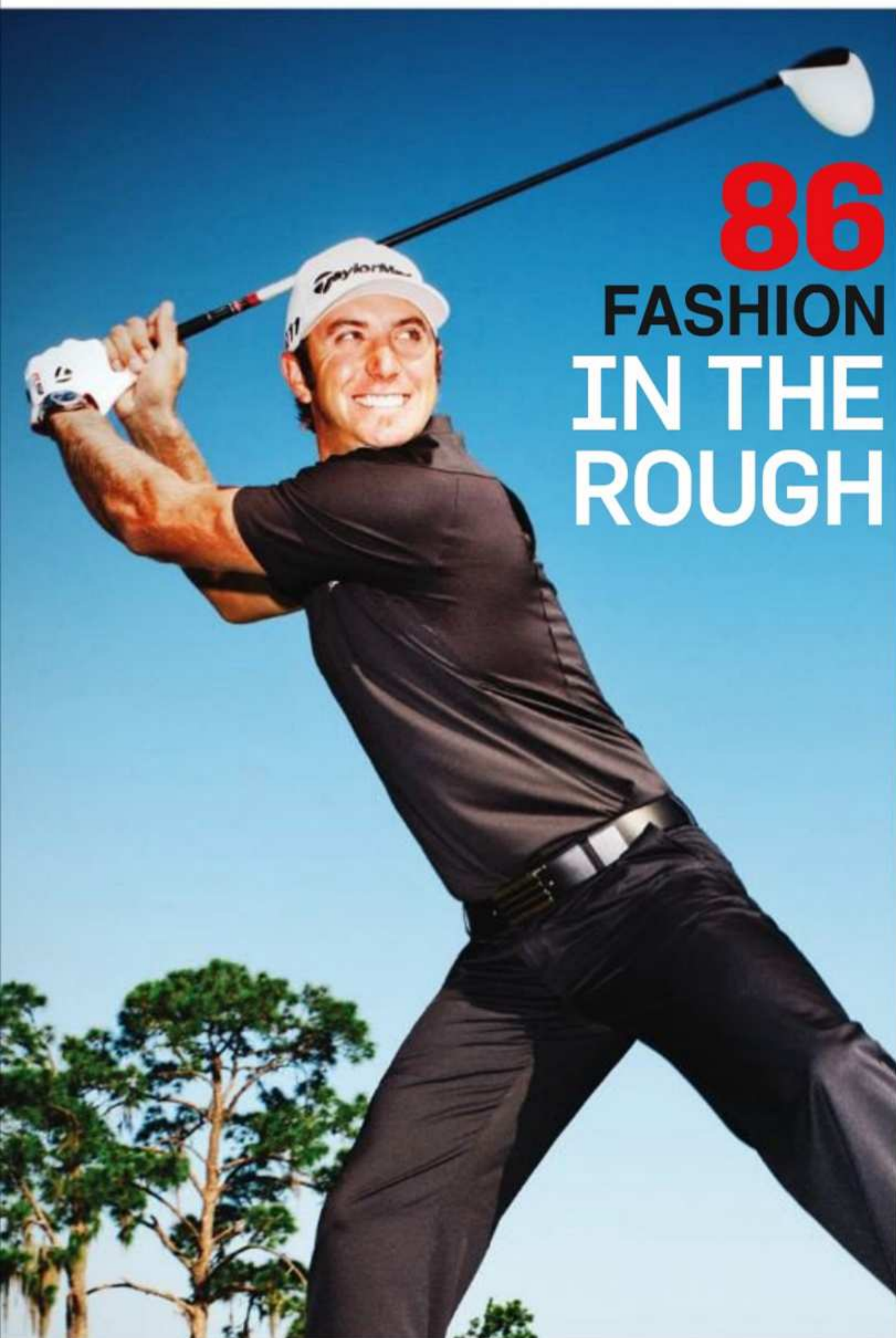
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These are not your father's golf threads. The young mavericks of the PGA Tour sport their hip personal style on the links. By **KENT BLACK**



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Yes No

If yes, when? Less than 1 year Not sure 1-2 years

Do you currently own a motorcycle?

Yes, a _____ (List brand)

No, never owned.

No, but I used to own a _____ (List brand)

When do you expect to make a motorcycle purchase?

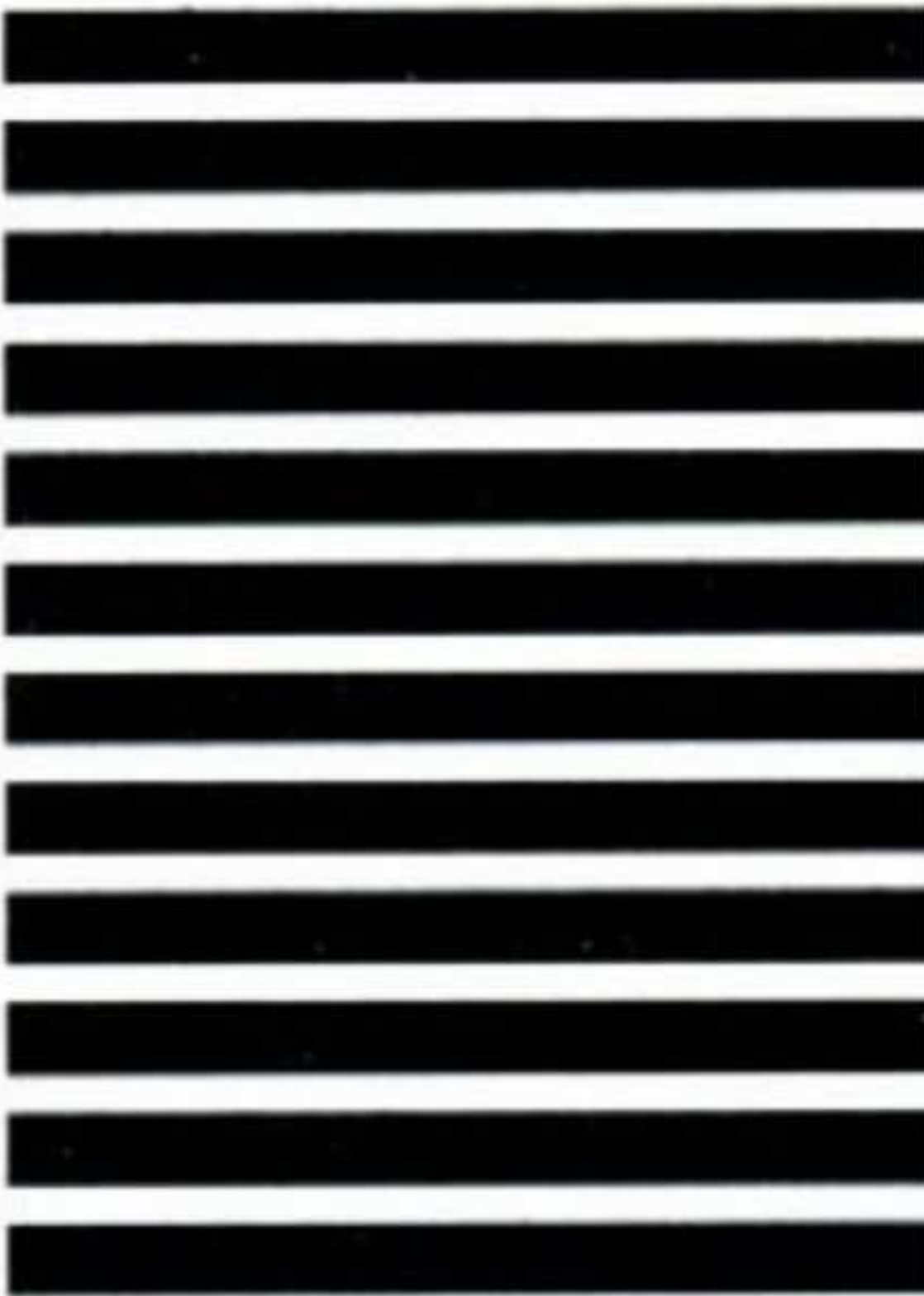
Less than 3 months Over 1 year

3-12 months I don't plan to purchase

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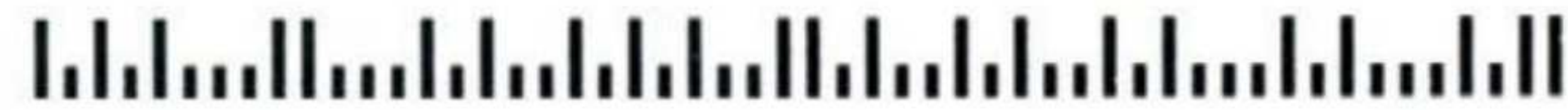
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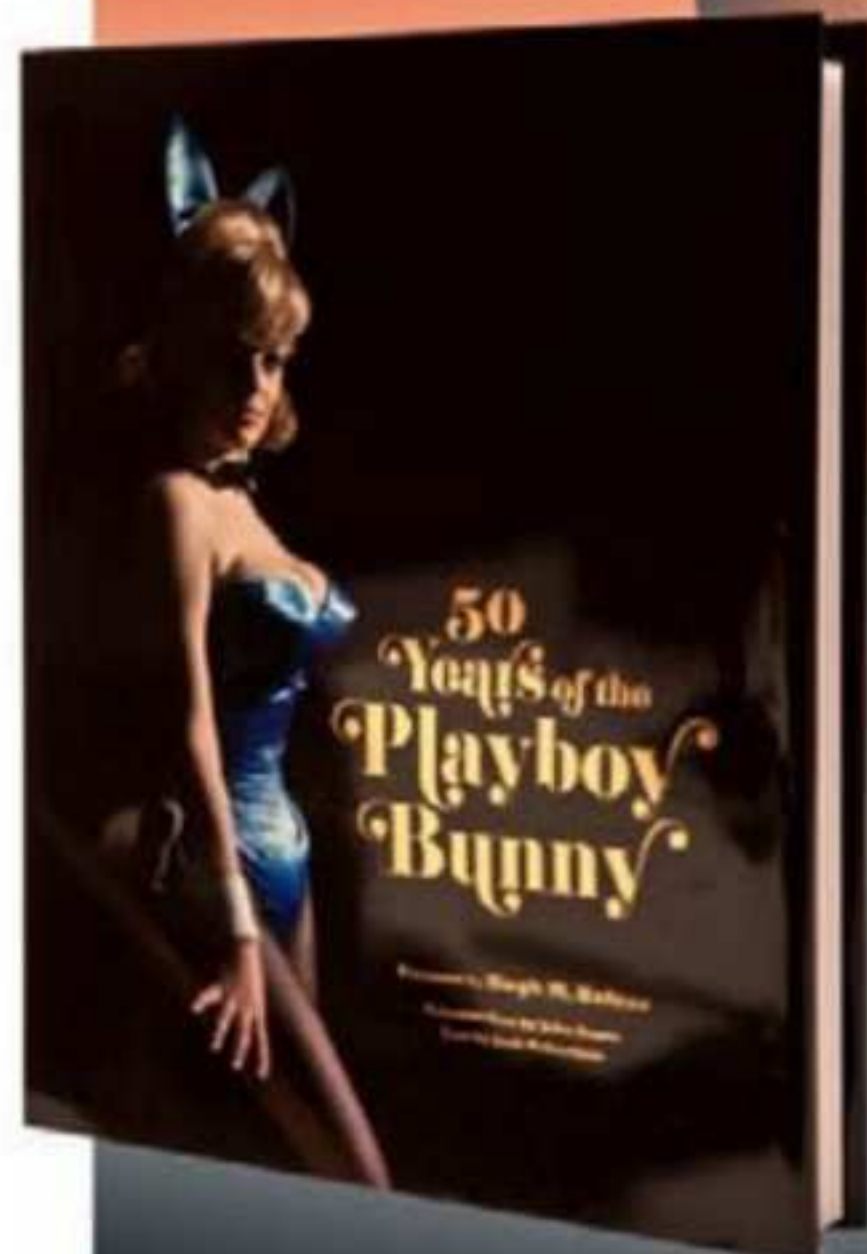
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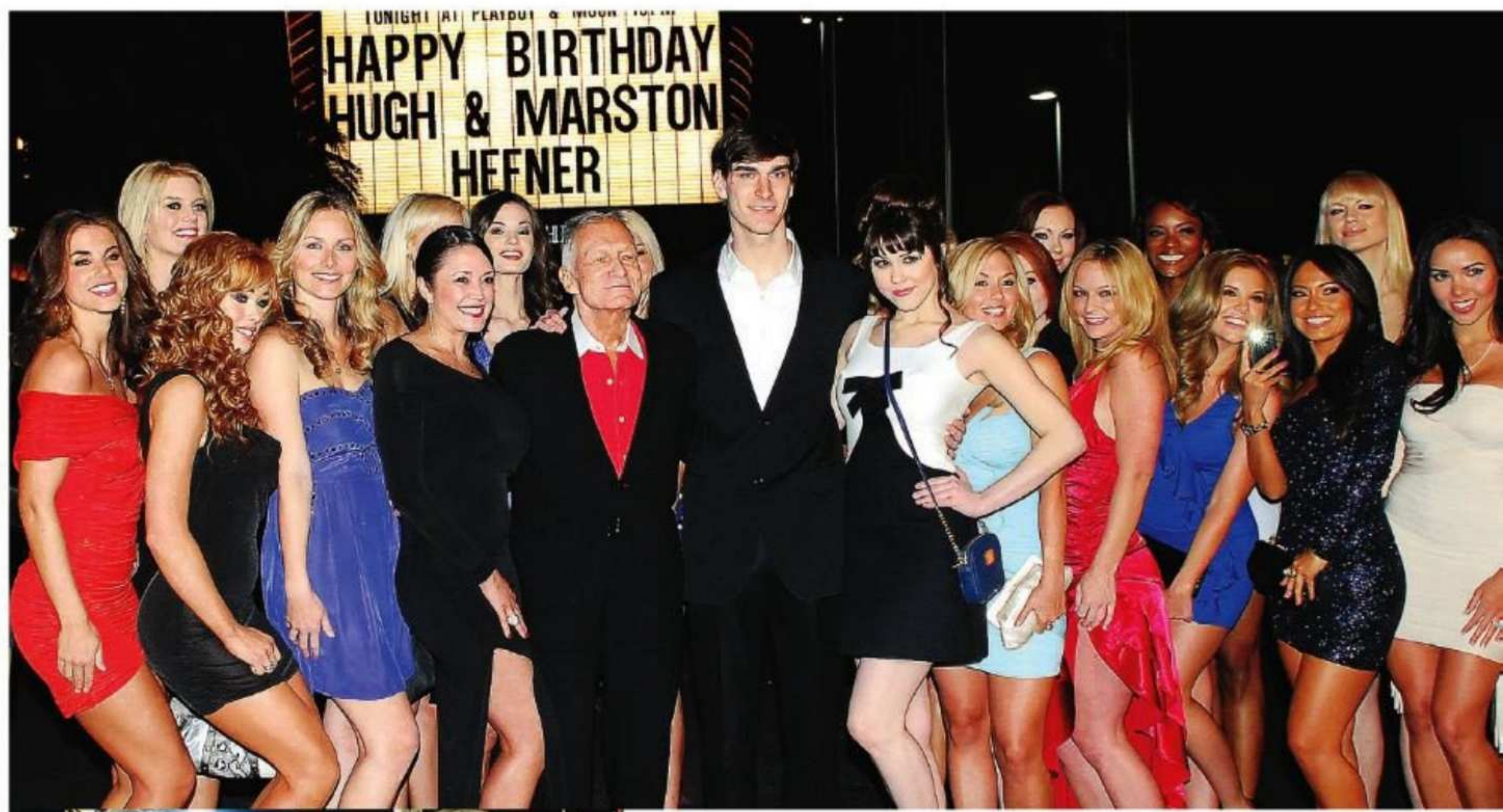
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, HEF

Every year, as time goes by, Hef transforms the Mansion into Rick's Café Américain, dons Bogie's white formal attire and invites friends and family to watch *Casablanca* on the big screen. After the showing his guests enjoy caviar, champagne and birthday cake. Everybody comes to Hef's.



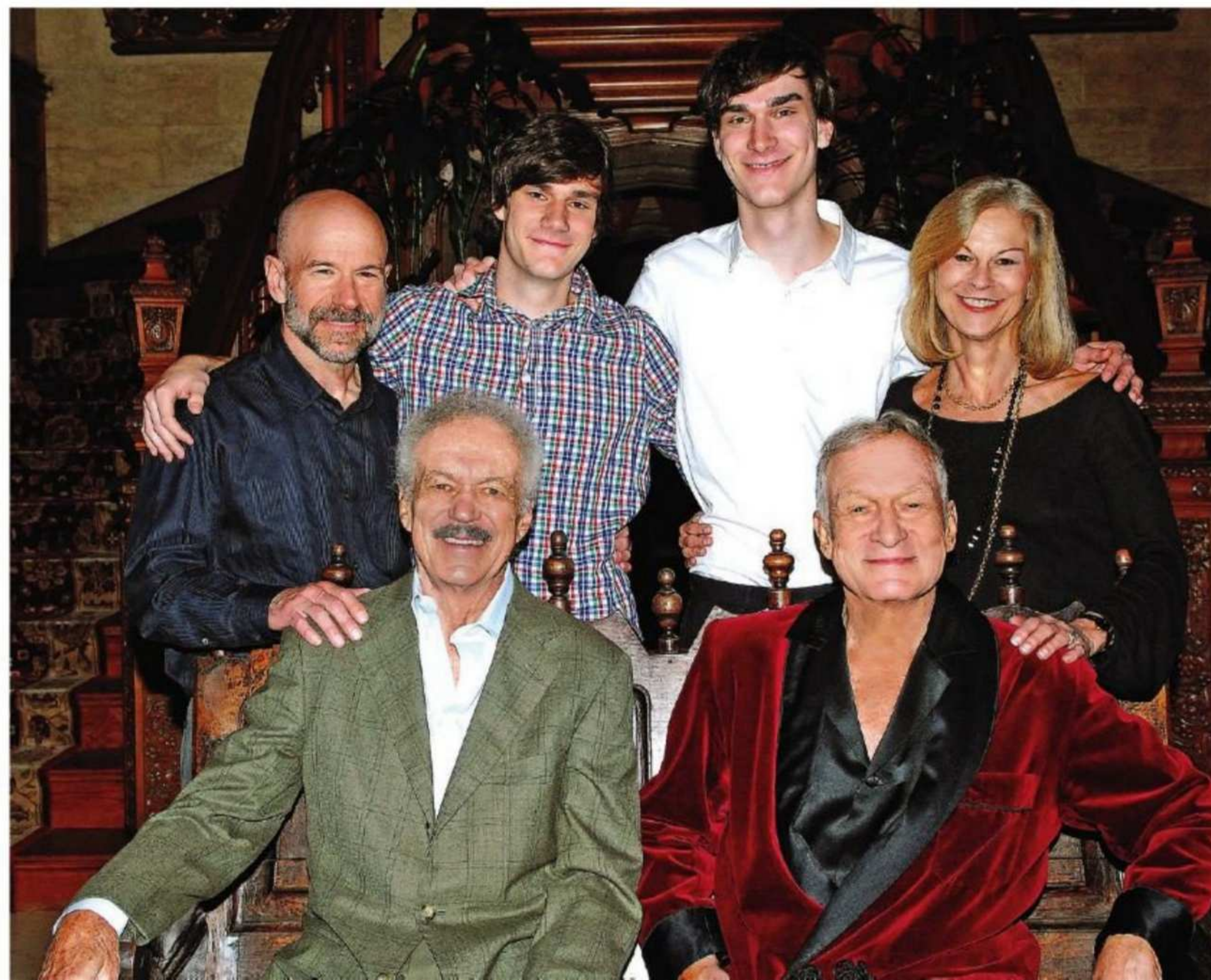
HEF AND MARSTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY IN VEGAS

Hugh and Marston Hefner share more than DNA; they have the same birthday, April 9. This year on the special date Hef celebrated his 85th and Marston his 21st at the Palms in Las Vegas with their significant others (Crystal Harris and Claire Sinclair, respectively), George Maloof, Cooper Hefner and, of course, plenty of Playmates.



FAMILY DINNER

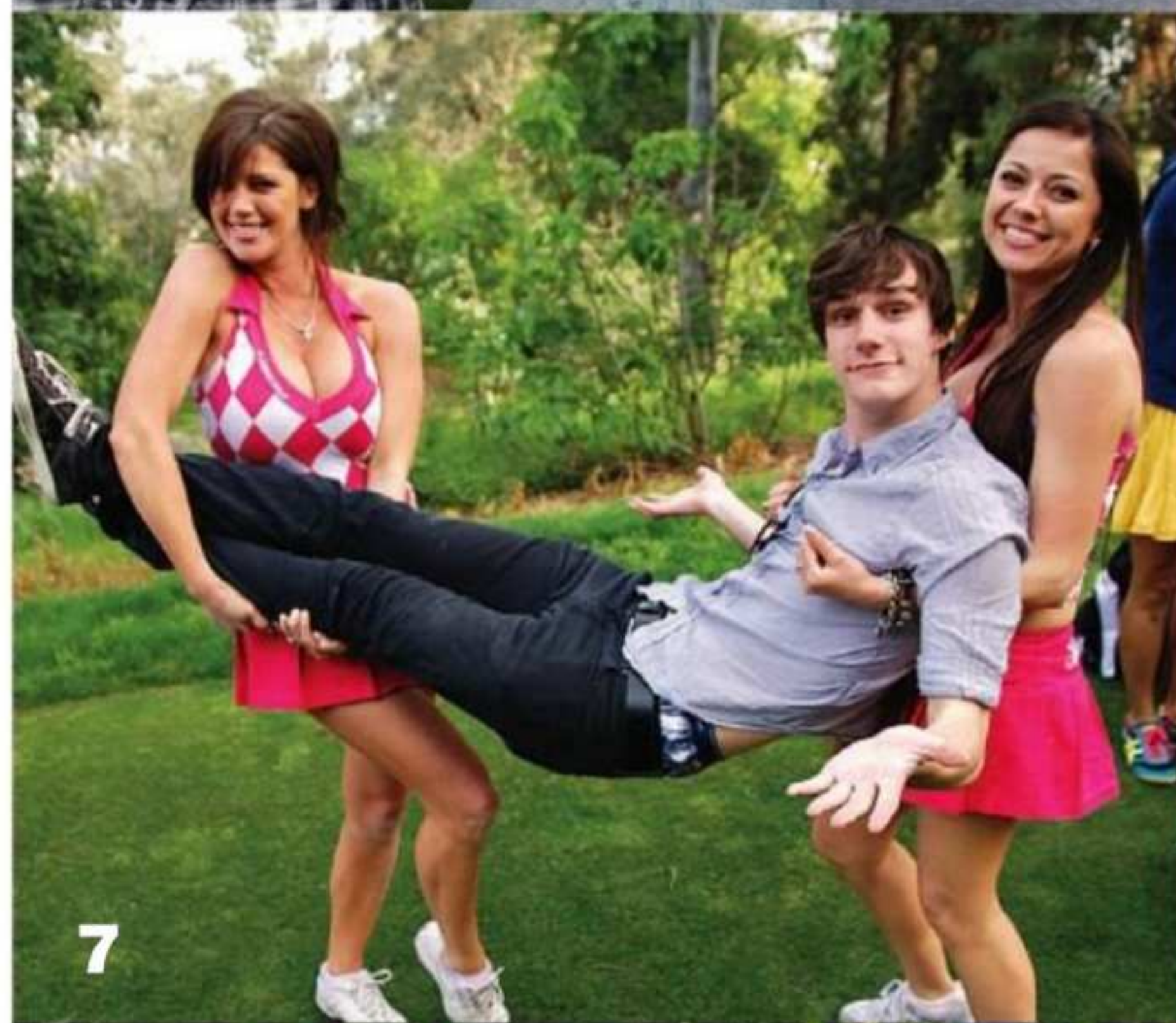
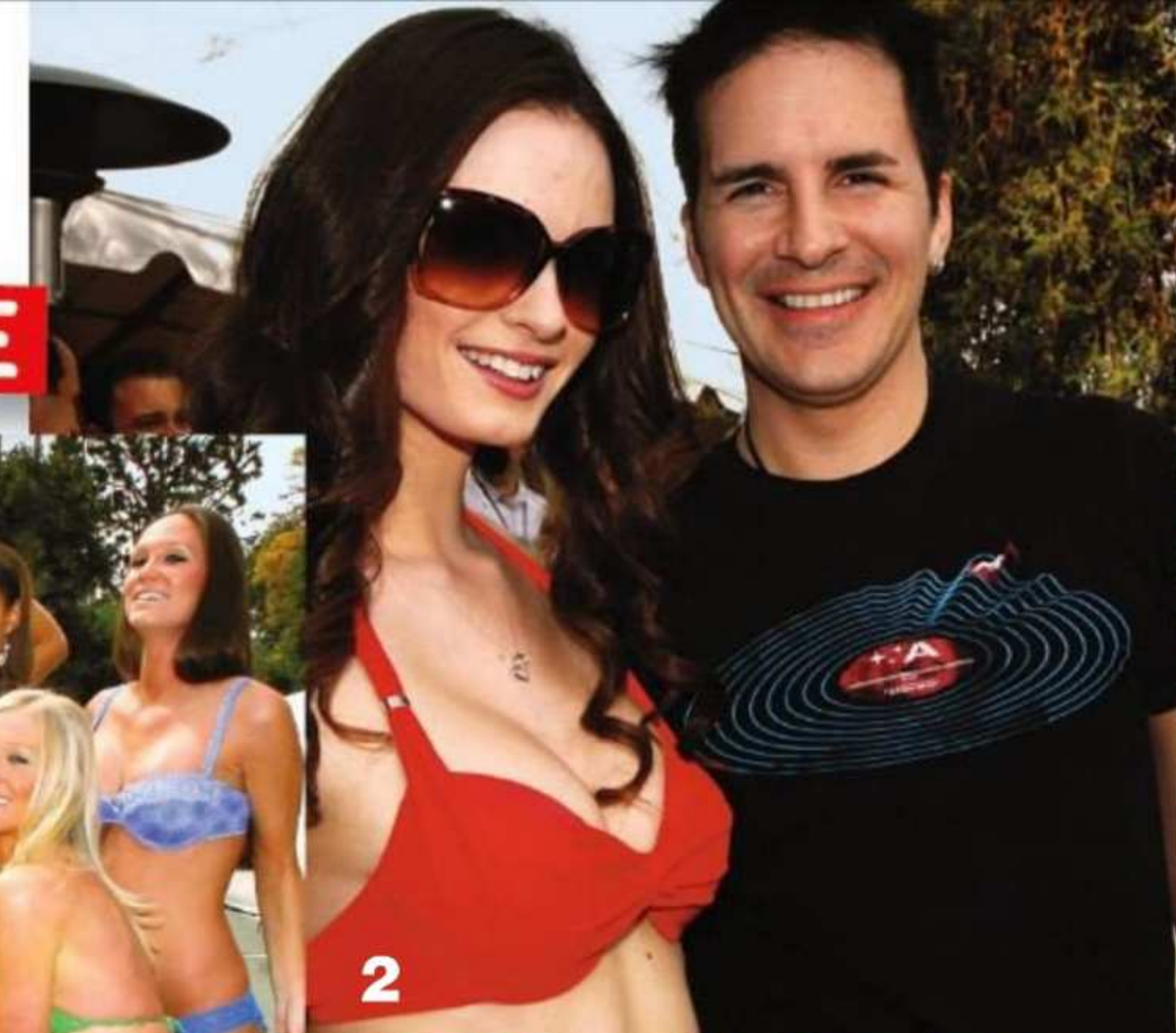
The Hefners all gathered at Playboy Mansion West to celebrate Hugh and Marston's birthday. Hef's daughter, Christie, organized the dinner that brought together her brothers, David, Cooper and Marston, as well as her uncle Keith and her father for the occasion. Here's their happy family portrait.



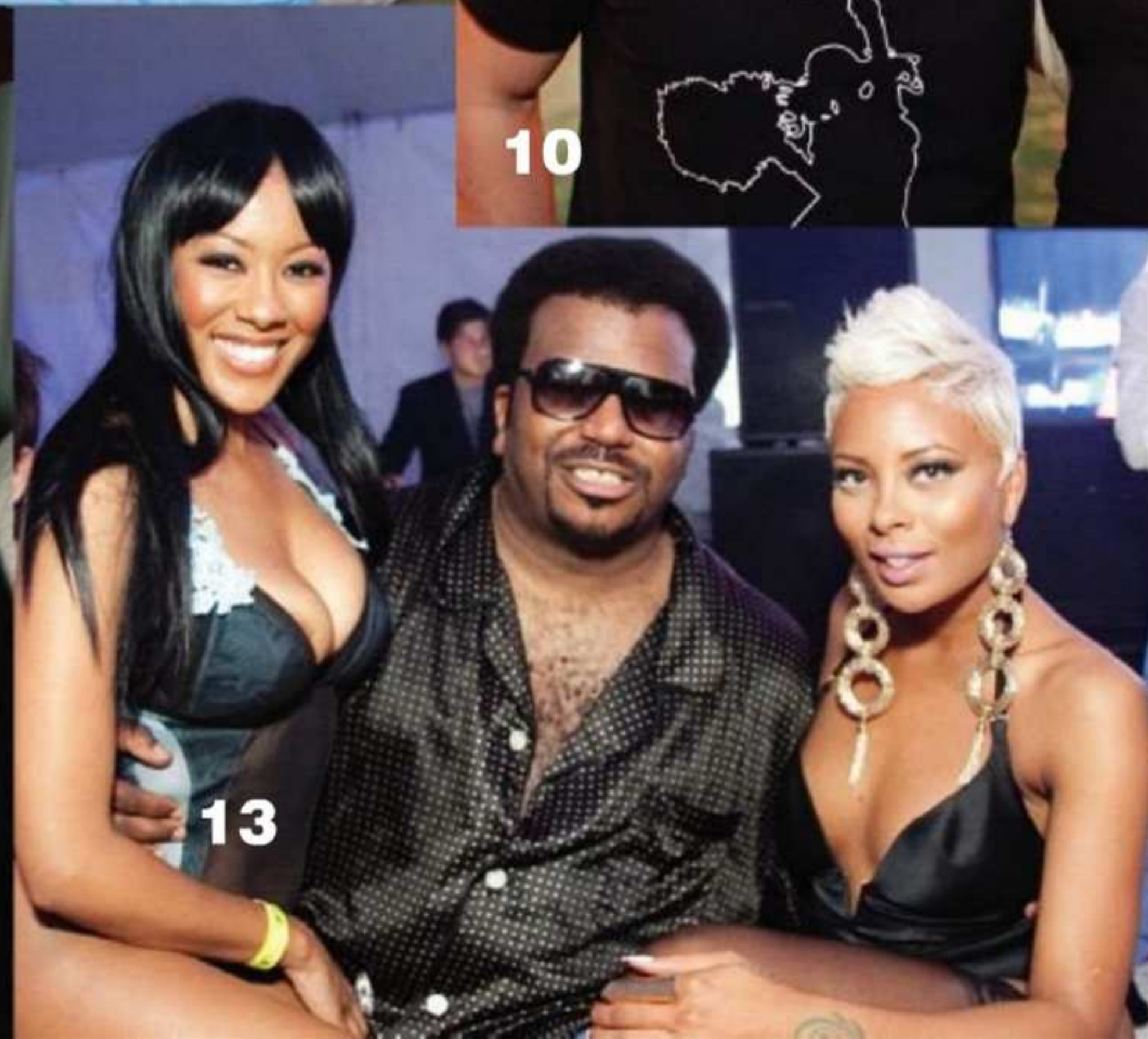
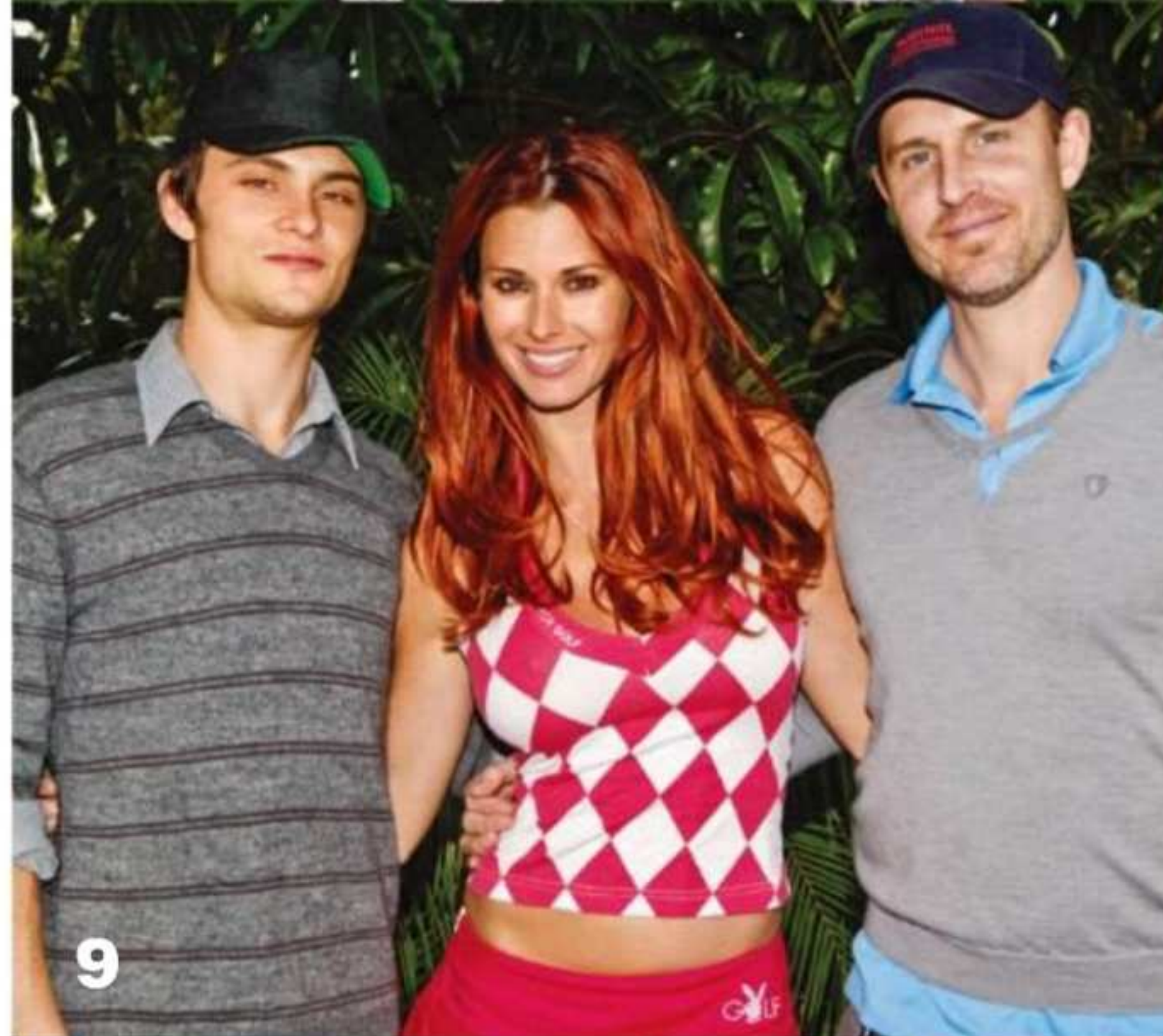
BUNNY HOP

The animated children's movie *Hop* follows E.B. (Russell Brand), a rabbit reluctant to become the Easter Bunny. At one point he finds himself lost in Los Angeles, and after he hears Bunnies live in the Playboy Mansion, he attempts to gain entrance. But for obvious reasons, Hef tells E.B. to hop along.

PLAYBOY GOLF SCRAMBLE



The Playboy Golf Scramble Finals feature birdies, eagles and Bunnies, along with PMW as the clubhouse. (1) Hef gets into the swing of things on finals weekend with Playboy Golf Girls at the Playmate casting call. (2) Funnyman Hal Sparks with Miss May 2010 Kassie Lyn Logsdon. (3) Josh Harris of *Deadliest Catch* with Playmates Amy Leigh Andrews and Crystal McCahill. (4) Country music's Lucas Hoge, Lauren Hays and Scott Lindsey. (5) Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller auctions off her art after a round. (6) Quinton Aaron of *The Blind Side* with PMOY 2009 Ida Ljungqvist and PMOY 2006 Kara Monaco. (7) Cooper gets carried away with Crystal and Pilar Lastra. (8) The NFL's Josh Cribbs and Sedrick Ellis in kilts. (9) Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson with *Skateland* star Shiloh Fernandez and director Anthony Burns. (10) *General Hospital*'s Dominic Zamprogna with Miss July 2002 Lauren Anderson. (11) Painted Ladies. (12) NFL Hall of Famer Warren Moon. (13) Dencye Lawton (*Tyler Perry's House of Payne*), Craig Robinson (*The Office*) and Eva Marcille (*America's Next Top Model* winner). (14) Playboy Golf's Ajay Pathak presents Hef with a leaderboard-size birthday card.



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- REDUCE STRESS ON BACK

DEAR PLAYBOY

EGYPT: NOW WHAT?

The elation of the Egyptian people that Shashank Bengali portrays in *Scenes From a Revolution* (May) reflects the misery they endured under decades of Hosni Mubarak's repressive rule. Egyptians now face the challenge of building a state that will respect basic human rights, starting with the abolition of laws that restrict free speech and association and limit political participation. Unfortunately, members of the ruling Supreme Military Council, all Mubarak-era generals, are having their critics arrested, rushing them through military trials and sentencing them to prison. Most recently the generals targeted blogger Maikel Nabil Sanad, who received a three-year sentence because he dared criticize their leadership. Clearly, there is much work to be done, and the international community must do its part by condemning Egyptian authorities who remain stuck in the dark days of the past.

Sarah Leah Whitson
New York, New York

Whitson directs the Middle East and North Africa division of Human Rights Watch (hrw.org). In a secret trial, Nabil was convicted of "insulting the military establishment" and "spreading false information." The final straw, apparently, was a March post that included the line "The revolution has so far managed to get rid of the dictator but not the dictatorship."

SIZZLING SECRETS

Thank you for *Playboy Gourmand: Rare Beauty* (May). My husband and I love steaks, and I love preparing them artfully. I can't wait to make goose fat potatoes.

P.J. Jenkinson
Chicago, Illinois

A filet mignon "lacks in richness"? I find it tender and tasty. Also, you should never salt a steak to tenderize it, as one chef suggests. Use a tenderizer mallet. To seal in juices and flavor, sear the outside before reducing the temperature.

Cole Canafax
Redwood City, California

I buy PLAYBOY to see beautiful women, not read tips on how to scorch animal flesh. Stick to what you're good at—just because I like nude photos doesn't mean I'm a Neanderthal who eats meat.

Kent Stein
Stirling, New Jersey

Should we not write about booze because some readers don't drink? Cars because some don't drive? Sex because some are virgins? That would make no sense.

As a former longtime inspector for the USDA's Food Safety and Inspection Service, I want to offer a clarification. An FSIS inspector checks meat for "wholesomeness" to ensure diseased animals do not enter the food chain. This is mandatory and paid for by taxpayers. Graders from the agency's Agricultural Marketing Service determine if a cut is prime, choice

A Visit With Ernie

Until recently, most of what had been written about Ernie Kovacs highlighted his use of special effects and his penchant for visual humor. But as Jonathan Lethem notes in *Kovacs's Gift* (May), enough material survives and has finally been collected that "the secret needn't be a secret any longer." Instead of watching only fragments, we can now enjoy Kovacs's entire programs, which are like personal visits. His gift was the ability to speak to one person at a time through what he called the "intimate vacuum" of television. Critics focus on Kovacs's connection with viewers because it's hard to explain to the uninitiated why the Nairobi Trio, Mr. Question Man, Martin Krutch, Public Eye or most of Kovacs's other work is funny. As Lethem discovered, it's easier to show them.

Ben Model
New York, New York

Model, who runs erniekovacs.info, was curator for The Ernie Kovacs Collection. Kovacs contributed humorous verse to PLAYBOY in December 1961 (as Ernie Percy



Llewelyn Dovetonsils Kovacs) and December 1962 ("Ode to a Housefly," which begins, "Oh hail to thee, tiny insect so small/Swimming around in my bourbon highball"). In response to a 1972 profile of the comedian, Dan Rowan dismissed the idea that Kovacs's comedy material had any major influence on Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In, citing instead Kovacs's use of innovative editing and camera work.

or select. This is voluntary and paid for by the meat processors.

Donald Ridenour
Essex, Maryland

AMPLE ARGUMENTS

I am troubled by your May cover coronation of Sasha Bonilova as the "most ample Playmate ever." Aren't you forgetting Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers?

William Tricomi
Madison, Wisconsin

Doesn't three of a kind (the DDD dealt to Miss September 2007 Patrice Hollis) beat a pair (the DD dealt to Bonilova)?

Ken Crockett
Austin, Texas

Bonilova's bra size is the equivalent of a 41-inch bust, which is also the measurement of Miss October 1964 Rosemarie Hillcrest. Myers is 39 inches, Loving and Verkaik are each 37 inches and Hollis is 40 inches. So Miss Bonilova is sufficiently ample.



Bonilova (2011) vs. Verkaik (1989): Everyone's a winner.

...Miss January 1979 Candy Loving?
Haresh Shah
Chicago, Illinois

...Miss December 1989 Petra Verkaik?
Jimmie Locke
Melbourne, Florida

SMART SET

I love entertainers as much as the next guy, but given the historic quality and depth of the *Playboy Interview*, it's fantastic to hear from people such as Barney Frank (May), Helen Thomas (April), Deepak Chopra (March) and Frank Gehry (January). Their voices are the ones that always get my attention.

Jim Fisher
Seattle, Washington

HELEN THOMAS

Kudos to former White House reporter Helen Thomas for bringing to light an issue Americans are unable to discuss but that has huge implications for our foreign policy (*Playboy Interview*, April). Last year the Chicago Council on Global Affairs commissioned a poll that found 66 percent of Americans feel we should not take a side in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Fewer than 50 percent say we should come to Israel's aid

Hugh Hefner's Playboy



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

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\$1,300

after an unprovoked attack by a neighbor. Does this make them anti-Semites? No. It means Americans are starting to realize the cost of endless wars and the value of more selective engagement.

Tim de Valroger
Hoboken, New Jersey

Actually, the 2010 numbers from the council's biennial poll represent an eight-point drop since 2004 in the percentage of Americans who believe we shouldn't take sides and an 11-point increase in those who believe we should back Israel.

Thomas suggests Israelis go back to "where they were born, not to come and take someone else's home." By that reasoning 99 percent of humanity needs to go back to...someplace.

Lawrence Freedman
Newport Beach, California

Don't worry, Helen. You're going to heaven. The disrespectful interviewer doesn't understand that the Zionist project happened with the British military in a population that was mostly Arabic for 1,200 years. Freedom and democracy are blossoming in the area despite Israel's destabilizing landgrab.

Al Merkel
Sleepy Eye, Minnesota

Thomas fails to appreciate the importance Israel has to Jews. While Israel is far from perfect, our ability to live in liberty as dignified human beings largely depends on the existence of a country where to be a Jew no longer means being an object of derision and scorn.

Lawrence Rothenberg
West Palm Beach, Florida

It's liberal claptrap to argue, as Thomas does, that we invaded Iraq for oil. If that were true, we wouldn't have invested a dime in schools or medical centers and would be importing Iraqi oil like crazy. Although Thomas was a fixture at the White House, it's obvious she didn't have a clue. She admits as much about presidents Nixon and Clinton. Despite my disapproval of her views, I get a lot from the *Playboy Interview* and always have.

Fritz Ptasynski
Torrance, California

FAN MAIL

Thank you for an excellent April issue. I am thrilled with the poignant fiction from Jennifer duBois (*The Passenger*) and stunned by the beauty of Playmate Jaclyn Swedberg (*Born to Be Wild*). Always much appreciated!

T.W. Robinson
Calgary, Alberta

HEAVY LOAD

In *The Great Galactic Gold Rush* (April), Steven Kotler portrays asteroid mining as an industry that will one day provide untold riches. But this cheery perspective

overlooks a major snag. Although asteroids are loaded with precious metals, they contain hundreds of parts per million. That means any expedition would involve transporting tons of rock back to Earth, because extraction in low gravity would be inefficient and prohibitively expensive. Until we find a way to mine asteroids without having to lug around rocks, the industry won't see profits.

Greg Fish
Columbus, Ohio
Ian O'Neill
Woodland Hills, California

*Fish, of worldofweirdthings.com, and O'Neill, editor of astroengine.com, are co-authors of the forthcoming *Astroeconomics: Making Money From the Vacuum of Space*.*

THE END OF TERRORISM

Representative Barney Frank, whom I admire as a champion of the little guy,



Frank: "The biggest threat now is terrorism."

rightly sees terrorism as a disease that creates holes in our social fabric. But to say "we can't plug every hole" implies there isn't much to be done. Terrorism is war without rules. It is used by the powerful who believe themselves beyond the reach of law. It is used by the weak as they throw themselves against the strong. It is used by the corrupt to terrify. If terrorism is a disease, the treatment is to honor and respect the rule of law, such as in our treatment of terrorism suspects. Torture is terrorism as well.

Jan Stephen Cavanaugh
Wilmington, Delaware

HOLD THAT LINE

Thank you for finally recognizing the University of Central Florida in *Playboy's Top Party Schools* (May). But how can you describe our football team as "unexceptional"? We finished the season ranked in the top 25. The only other school on your list with a ranked team is Wisconsin.

Todd Shoulberg
Palm Bay, Florida





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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

ANASTASIA ASHLEY

With her bronze, taut exterior and her compulsive need for adrenaline, the surf Betty is the modern sea goddess. (The Greeks can have their sirens.) Lately, however, cynics have complained that today's female surfers are better known for their looks than their athletic abilities—they're more Anna Kournikova than Annika Sorenstam. But Anastasia Ashley, the 2010 Women's Pipeline Pro champion, couldn't care less; at competitions she unapologetically prefers bikinis to the traditional wet suit. "By its nature surfing is sexy," she says, "because you do it in your swimsuit. I love the sport because it's both physically demanding and physically appealing. Plus, spending most of my day in a bikini isn't a bad thing."

AFTER HOURS



IN
LIKE FLYNN:
Leather bomber jacket,
\$799, by AllSaints Spital-
fields. Polo shirt, \$70, by
Lacoste. Woven skinny belt,
\$575, by Lanvin. Chinos,
\$125, by Polo Ralph Lau-
ren. Boat shoe, \$75, by
Sperry Top-Sider.

CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

COME SAIL AWAY

WHEN ERROL FLYNN was shopping around his memoir in the 1950s, he wanted to call it *In Like Me*. Instead the title became *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*. Publication, however, remained elusive until shortly after his death, at which time the book became a runaway hit—but of course. In celluloid form the Tasmanian-born devil was famous for donning puffy pirate shirts (1935's *Captain Blood*) and verdant bandit regalia (1938's *The Adventures of Robin Hood*). But in real life Flynn displayed a yachtsman's sartorial bent, inspired by his upbringing among what he termed "seafaring folk." When entertaining on his yacht harbored in Port Antonio, Jamaica, he dressed like a sea captain of industry, sporting shawl-collar sweaters, fisherman's caps, ascots, colorful scarves and khakis. (Socks were verboten.) Luckily, the new heritage movement has preserved Flynn's summer style: Polo and Gant carry cotton shawl-collar cardigans that almost replicate Flynn's own selection. And outfitters such as Filson, ASOS, J. Crew, Duncan Quinn, Aubin & Wills and Baird McNutt provide the scarves, fisherman's caps, chinos and Irish linen button-downs. It's a nautical look as suitable for an island rum run as it is for a landlocked Fourth of July lawn party.



STYLE • TOWELS

BEACH BLANKET NEO-DADAIST

At least for the summer, Jasper Johns has swapped canvas for cotton. Johns, whose career bridges abstract expressionism and pop art, is among several renowned artists (e.g., Yoshitomo Nara) who have designed beach towels for the Art Production Fund, a nonprofit public arts organization in New York City. Each limited-edition work sells online (\$95, artproductionfund.org), at select Standard Hotels and through a partnership with Art Basel Miami.

BARMATE • WORDS TO DRINK BY

HANNAH GAPPA

THE BAR I work at, the Bar in Lincoln, Nebraska, is considered the place you make your last stop of the night. So by the time people get here, they aren't always in their right mind and have a tendency to throw their inhibitions to the wind. Let's just say I have seen my fair share of bare ta-tas.

GROWING UP in Nebraska, I had a pet cow and two pet sheep. They were birthday presents from my grandpa.

IT'S PRETTY obvious how to get on a bartender's good side: Tip early and often. I don't work for free!

YOU CAN tell a lot from a man's drink order. A beer means he's in it for the long haul, a double means he wants to get frisky and a shot means he's ready to party.



GROOM • WAXES

SHINE ON



WAX YOUR WHEELS Speed past that Turtle brand and race directly to Griot's Garage Best of Show Wax (\$20, griotsgarage.com) for a new luster on your sun-blazed auto.



WAX YOUR BOARD Get a grip while hanging 10 with the king of the Mr. Zogs line of Sex Wax (\$2, sexwaxdealer.com). It's not what you think; it's for your surfboard.



WAX YOUR JACKET Let Barbour Wax Thornproof Dressing (\$15, barbour.com) restore your faded-glory cotton and oil-skin jackets and coats—a requirement for stormy summer fishing trips.

WAX YOUR BACK Parissa vows its Men's Full Body Wax Strips (\$12, parissa.com) will keep your front, back and, ahem, below hair-free for weeks, unless you're a Chia Pet.



EAT • THE NEW SUPPER CLUB

TASTE OF THE UNDERGROUND

On a recent Saturday, 35 guests arrive at an unassuming brownstone on a Brooklyn residential street that on this evening doubles as an epicurean sanctuary. In the kitchen, Daniel and Alicia, the evening's co-chefs, outline the six-course menu: arugula soup topped with roe and radish coins, *sous vide* eggs on a bed of roasted-garlic farro and prosciutto, caramelized foie gras with poached pear and so on. "The whole thing takes us 30 hours," says Daniel as Alicia scrutinizes a pan of pork-belly chunks submerged in their own anise-infused fat. "The adrenaline keeps you going."

In the past decade, as the restaurant scene has traded fussy and corporate for artisanal and local, furtive supper clubs have arisen in cities such as Chicago, Paris and New York, the home of Daniel and Alicia's Bite Club. (They won't disclose their last name for fear of the health department; neither works full time in the restaurant industry nor possesses any formal culinary training.) It's the dining equivalent of the underground music scene—but in cramped apartments and with Michelin-worthy cooking instead of grimy

warehouses and clamorous power chords.

The guests find their assigned seats and exchange stories of how they discovered Bite Club. J.B., a Parisian expat, was tipped off by a French newspaper. "You know what to expect in a restaurant—the same thing," he says. "Here you're part of a secret." Entrance is gained via the Bite Club website (nybiteclub.com); after being approved, members receive e-mail invitations to the dinners, which are held two or three times a month in vacant apartments and loaned residences and cost \$70 to \$100 per person.

As the lights lower in the dining room, an expectant hush falls over guests as servers carry out plates of homemade ricotta piped onto beet carpaccio and pecorino-inflected beet ravioli. Within a few minutes the din of conversation ratchets back up, registering increased approval with each course. "I spent years eating at restaurants in Manhattan on a business account," says a rakish man in his 60s as he polishes off a tart of ganache and homemade Nutella. "Those places could be machine-like. This is different; there's passion in the air."

—Alexander Provan

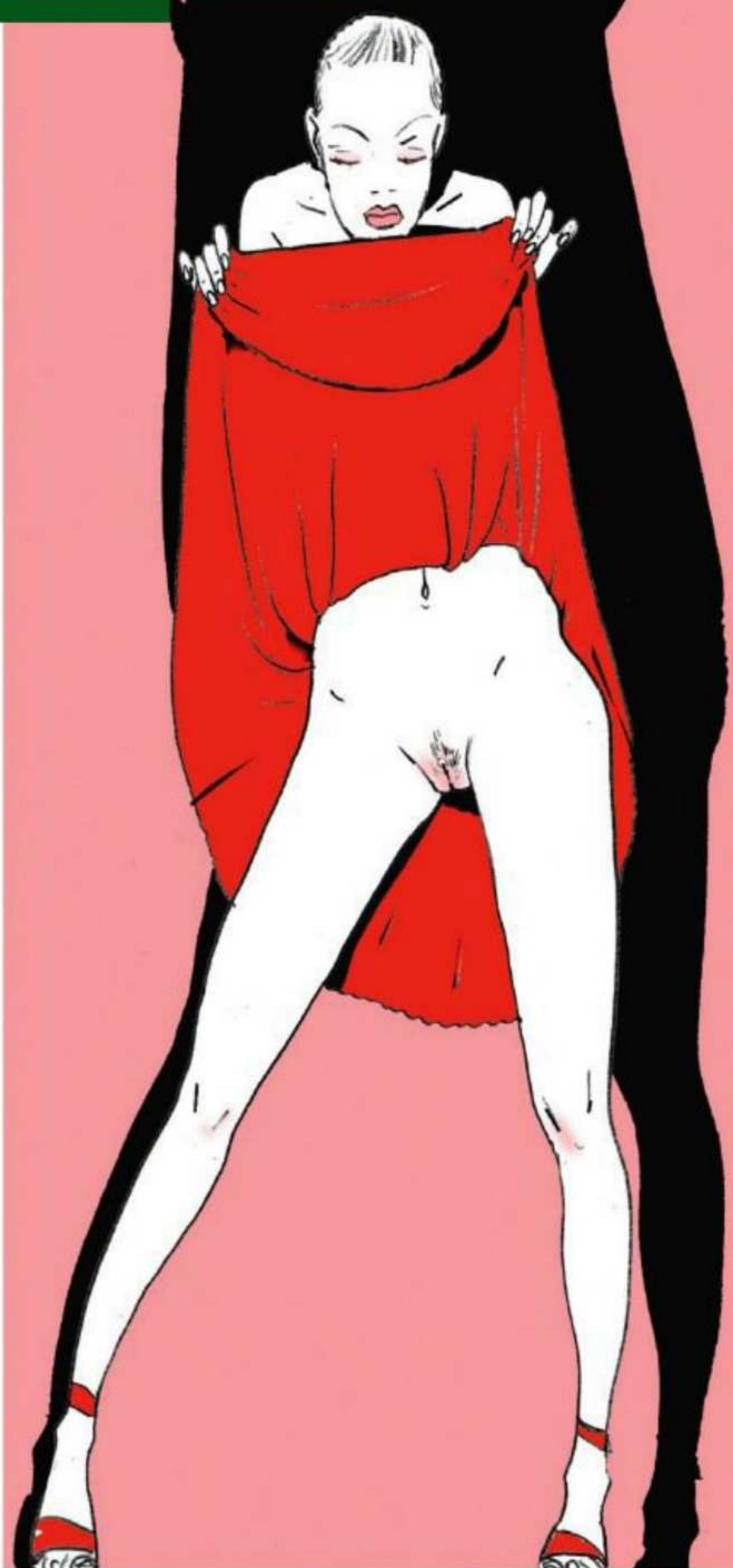
EXPERT APPROVED • MOWERS

THE SODFATHER SPEAKS

Roger Bossard (a.k.a. the Sodfather), builder of many pro sports fields and head groundskeeper for the Chicago White Sox, knows turf like Sinatra knew swing. He suggests ambitious home owners try manicuring their front yards with Toro's Greensmaster 1000 reel mower (\$7,980, toro.com). "If you want to stripe your lawn like we do at U.S. Cellular Field, you need a reel mower. Unlike on typical rotary-blade models, a horizontal bed knife and cylindrical reels cut the grass. It's easy to adjust the bed knife. All it takes is the click of a dial—no wrench or screwdriver necessary. It's expensive, but it's like buying a car—you're paying for a Mercedes."



AFTER HOURS



ISTVAN BANYAI

NEVER SLEEP • WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE DISTRICT AFTER DARK

If you find yourself in Washington, D.C. on a Friday night, leave immediately. Because it's an industry town full of transplants, the city sleeps on weekends. Instead, come back on Tuesday. That's when all the power and influence take to the streets for their spoils.

6:55 P.M. For indigenous cuisine (shellfish) eat where the indigenous peoples (Washingtonians) congregate: Hank's Oyster Bar, a tiny bistro in Dupont Circle that serves large crustaceans.

8:10 P.M. Until recently, the U Street Corridor, situated in a famous African American neighborhood, was the place to be. These days it's the H Street Corridor, which locals swear appeared out of nowhere. Check out the Pug, a pugilist-themed dive bar, and Granville Moore's, a gastro pub known for its selection of Belgian beers and *moules frites*.

10 P.M. Within the District's confines, nobody makes a racket like *The Wire's* Anwan Glover, who on any given night can be found playing go-go music (a blend of funk, R&B and spoken word) with his long-standing group, the Backyard Band.

12 A.M. Republicans are party people too! Exhibits A and B: the Bayou, "D.C.'s Cheers on steroids," according to a Republican strategist cum PLAYBOY fixer; and George, a private list-only nightclub near Georgetown's high-end retail haven.

2 A.M. Jimmy Valentine's Lonely Hearts Club beckons with a faint beacon, illuminated solely by a pink halo. Inside, red-light-district charm dominates, augmented by black-light posters and a phone booth ATM, a necessity as the bar takes only cash.

4:35 A.M. Could they party so freely in Minsk? Nope. Give thanks for our freedom at the Lincoln Memorial, where you may also witness a preferred pastime of adventurous D.C. couples—"monument sex." Patriotism as an aphrodisiac—who knew?

DRINK
MICRODISTILLERIES

AMERICAN SPIRITS

In past years we've noticed a wonderful trend in American industry: a movement away from mass production toward handcrafted products from make-it-or-break entrepreneurs who love what they do. Boats, bikes, beer, fashion. The latest: distilleries tucked into small cities and towns, preparing liquors with handmade pot stills like in the old days. Here are a few faves. If they're not on the shelves at your liquor store, do something about it. From left:

CARIBBEAN RUM...
MADE IN TENNESSEE

Prichard's Crystal Rum, crafted with pure Tennessee springwater and "grade A fancy" Louisiana molasses. (\$25, prichardsdistillery.com)

KENTUCKY WHISKEY...
MADE IN TEXAS

Balcones Baby Blue corn whiskey, made in Waco with the same corn the Hopi Indians raised for centuries. (\$44, balconesdistilling.com)

LONDON DRY GIN...
MADE IN WASHINGTON

Local fly-fishing enthusiasts distill Dry Fly gin in Spokane from Washington wheat and water—nice on the rocks, no vermouth necessary. (\$30, dryflydistilling.com)

SWEET KENTUCKY BOURBON
LIQUEUR...MADE IN TENNESSEE

Honeyed whiskey liqueurs are all the rage. Sweet Lucy Bourbon Based Liqueur, also from Prichard's, hits the spot. (\$25)

FRENCH BRANDY...
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

Cool coastal-grown pinot noir, colombar and sémillon grapes are used to make Osocalis Rare Alambic Brandy. (\$40, osocalis.com)



TURN ON • THE CONNECTED CAR

PARADISE BY THE DASHBOARD LIGHT

GOD FORBID a human being should be so demoralized in this day and age as to be separated from Facebook and Twitter feeds while at the wheel. Alas, some companies—Pioneer,

Ford and Toyota among them—have begun to perfect dashboard systems that allow drivers to stay connected safely while weaving through traffic. A closer look....

RED, WHITE AND PRISON BLUES

Watch yourself, Madison Avenue: It's a federal crime to use the Stars and Stripes for advertising purposes within Washington, D.C.

Keep those Tea Party slogans off the Stars and Stripes. Federal flag code frowns on placing marks, insignia or letters on the original flag design.

Attention all Tulsa-based Targets and anarchists. In Oklahoma you can earn a \$1,000 fine for flying "any red flag or other emblem or banner indicating disloyalty to the government of the United States."

Buy American, won't ya? Minnesota outlaws ownership of any U.S. flag that isn't manufactured domestically. The penalty for possessing the handiwork of a Malaysian factory worker: a \$1,000 fine and 90 days in jail.

Even 146 years after General Robert E. Lee surrendered to Union forces, Georgia still affords the Confederate flag the same protections as Old Glory, meaning it cannot be mutilated, defaced or defiled. Bo and Luke Duke approve!



TASTEMAKER
CHRIS BIANCO

THE WIZARD OF ZA

At Pizzeria Bianco, his Phoenix-based doughy philharmonic, he serves six different pies—including his two favorites, the Marinara (red sauce, oregano, garlic) and the Rosa (red onion, Parmigiano-Reggiano, rosemary, Arizona pistachios). "When people ask, 'Is this Neapolitan pizza?' I respond, 'Neapolitan pizza is made in one place—Naples. Everything else is homage.'" Whatever the inspiration, the end result has been called the best pizza in the country (per his hometown paper *The*

New York Times) and—why stop there?—world (per the Food Network's Jeffrey Steingarten). Not to mention that on certain weekends, Bianco will pack up his locally sourced supplies and head to L.A. to feed his good friend Jimmy Kimmel.

Until recently, Bianco prepared every pizza himself. "It wasn't because I could do it better," he says. "I just didn't know what else to do." He still roams his pizzeria every night—his Einsteinian mane and Bronx brio in full view of diners, who propel much of his whirling mind. "The second year I was open, a father and son would come in every Friday night," he says. "The son might say hi, but the father was super gruff. He'd beeline for the same table, eat pizza and beeline for the door. After six months, I was like, 'Fuck this! I need some love or some sort of reaction!' That's when the epiphany arrived. A short time later the son said to me, 'These nights mean everything to my dad. My mom passed away last year, and your place reminds him of the place they used to go every Friday night for pizza.' I felt like such an asshole. I realized then that I'm just a player in this fucking thing."

I felt like such an asshole. I realized then that I'm just a player in this fucking thing."



PIONEER MODEL AVIC-Z130BT (\$1,200 PLUS INSTALLATION, \$100 TO \$200)

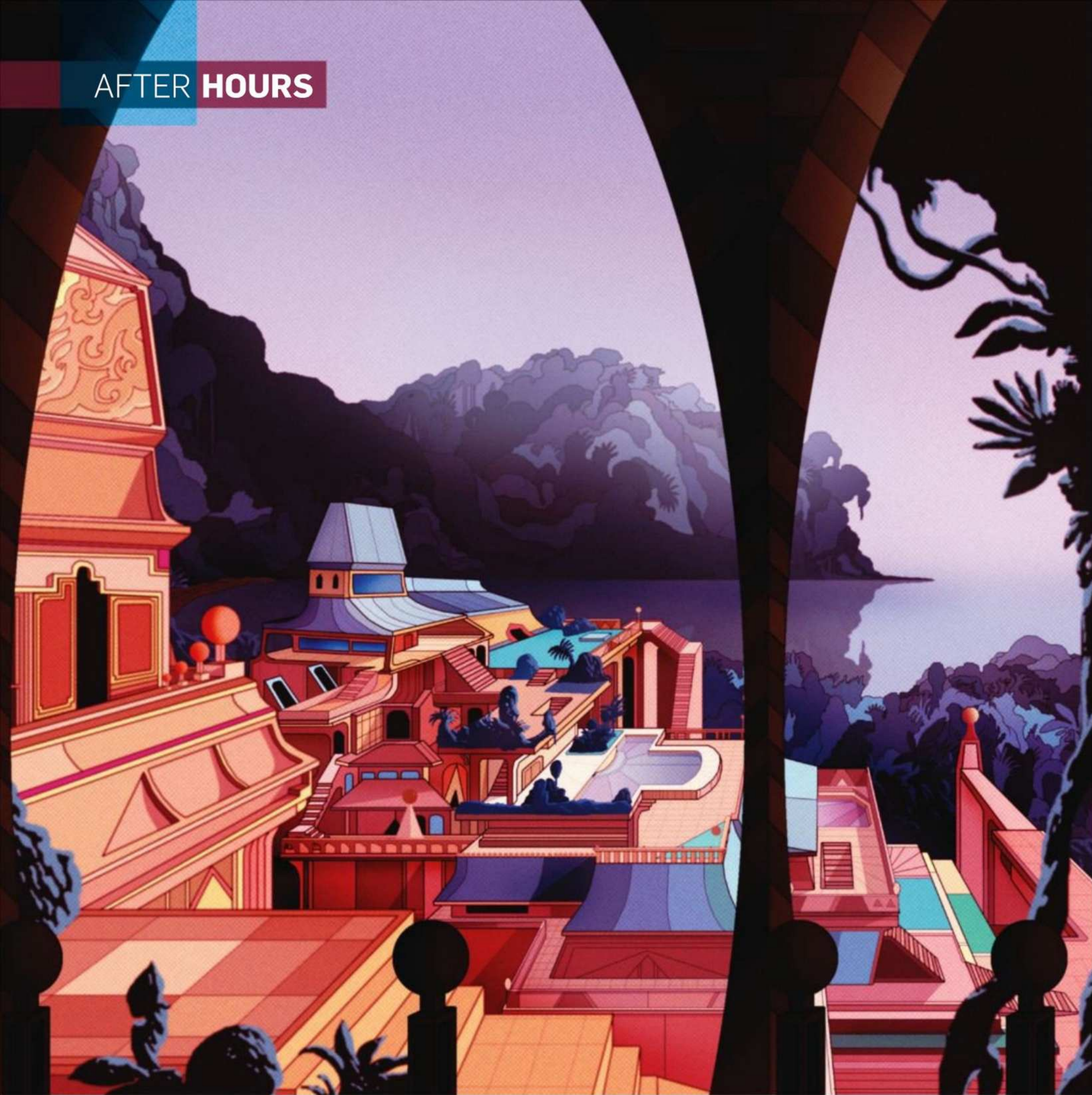
This is the closest we've come to driving KITT—David Hasselhoff's microprocessor-equipped Trans-Am in *Knight Rider*. Pioneer's latest, which you can buy and have installed at select stores nationwide, connects to your smartphone and uses a free app called Aha that turns Facebook and Twitter into radio stations. In short, your car will read recent posts to you as you drive. Hungry? The system has approximately 12 million points of interest plugged in, and you can call one up via voice recognition. Say "Find me Mexican food," and the system will locate the nearest spot, read Yelp reviews and give directions. The AVIC-X930BT model also has a traffic tuner and a DVD system.

FORD'S SYNC APPLINK AND TOYOTA'S ENTUNE MULTIMEDIA SYSTEM (COMES WITH CAR)

Ford and Toyota are ruling the connected-car movement. Ford's Sync AppLink (right), available on Fiestas and Mustangs, allows you to control your smartphone via voice recognition—e.g., you can tune to your favorite Pandora stations by naming them. The system reads incoming tweets, too. Toyota's Entune does much the same, bringing "cloud-based internet control to the vehicle," per a company spokesman. Using Bing, OpenTable and MovieTickets.com, you can get directions, make reservations and buy tickets, all from your car. In the future, expect more voice recognition—more connectivity with your eyes on the road.



AFTER HOURS



KILIAN ENG

EVERYTHING MUST GO!



SKI LODGES In the northern Lake Tahoe area, the median price of vacation homes was down 29 percent from year end 2007 to year end 2010, according to the local Coldwell Banker brokerage. Condo prices were down 40 percent. Likewise, Vail is laden with unsold luxury condos after a trio of hotel-and-residence projects—a Four Seasons and a Ritz-Carlton among them—completed construction late last year.



MEXICAN VILLAS Starwood Capital Group, developer of the Hacienda Beach Club and Residences in Cabo San Lucas, recently reduced prices by 15 percent from peak levels. Hacienda offers homes with top-notch amenities—e.g., infinity-edge pools, a nearby 8,000-square-foot spa and expansive views of Medano Beach and the Sea of Cortez.



CARIBBEAN CONDOS On the island of Anguilla, the newly finished Viceroy resort is offering 61 of its unsold villas and condos at discounts of five to 10 percent from previous prices, listing them now at between \$760,000 and \$7.7 million. Each of the villas has a pool, an outdoor shower shielded by a wall or landscaping, a Kinect for Xbox 360 and access to four restaurants and a spa.

SEXTYMOLOGY • SEX ON THE BEACH

A ROLL IN THE SAND

The 1980s repurposed sex on the beach as a drink, but our innate urge to get it on amid surf and sand started far earlier. "Our ancestors dispersed around the earth 70,000 years ago by following the shorelines out of Africa, which means we've been having sex on the beach since time immemorial," says Christopher Ryan, author of *Sex at Dawn: The Prehistoric Origins of Modern Sexuality*. But it was self-preservation—the ocean served as a strong food source—not the allure of long walks on the beach and spectacular sunsets that motivated early humans to seek out seaside shelter. "Beautiful beaches are inherently erotic, but they're also primordial because they connect us to our primitive rhythms," Ryan adds. And so, heed the call of the tide—it's human nature.



INVEST • SECOND HOMES

STEAL ESTATE

Back in the carefree days of 2007, the five-bedroom penthouse at the Seven Stars Resort overlooking the white sands and turquoise waters of Grace Bay, in the Turks and Caicos Islands, sold for \$4.6 million. In the cold reality of last summer, its debt-laden owner had to dump the 5,600-square-foot space at a discount of nearly 20 percent. The lucky new owners paid \$3.75 million for the penthouse's deluxe kitchen, marble floors and proximity to the resort's spa. "If your price range is \$500,000 to \$2 million, we have several similar options for you," says Nina Siegenthaler, vice president at Sotheby's International Realty in Turks and Caicos, which brokered the sale.

Overall, the price of paradise has fallen, making 2011 an ideal time to buy a vacation home in exotic locales such as the Caribbean. For instance, since 2007, new-home prices in Turks and Caicos have dropped nearly 50 percent, to an average of \$931,667, and resale prices have slid 53 percent, to \$637,500. In many markets, prices fell after the recession decimated the typical pool of all-cash buyers of posh getaways. In a few cases, lenders who seized hotel-and-residence projects from defaulting developers cut prices to clear out inventory. "It will change," says Don Kvingedal, who just bought a place in Cabo San Lucas for a steal. "But for now, I don't think there's ever been a better time to buy." —Kris Hudson

DARK HONEY VS. STONE CHERRY

PLAY YOUR FAVORITES AND VOTE AT
PLAYBOY.COM/7CROWN



AND ENTER THE **7CROWN SWEEPSTAKES**

YOU COULD WIN A TRIP TO THE **PLAYBOY MANSION**
TO HAVE LUNCH WITH A PLAYMATE!

7 CROWN SWEEPSTAKES
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER. OPEN TO LEGAL RESIDENTS OF THE U.S. WHO ARE 25 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. VOID IN CALIFORNIA AND WHEREVER ELSE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN DARK HONEY Blended Whiskey With Real Honey and Natural Flavors. 35.5% Alc/Vol. ©2011 The 7 Crown Distilling Company, Norwalk, CT.
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN STONE CHERRY American Blended Whiskey With Cherry, Citrus and Other Flavors. 35.5% Alc/Vol. ©2011 The 7 Crown Distilling Company, Norwalk, CT.

Please Drink Responsibly.



Movie of the Month Transformers: Dark of the Moon

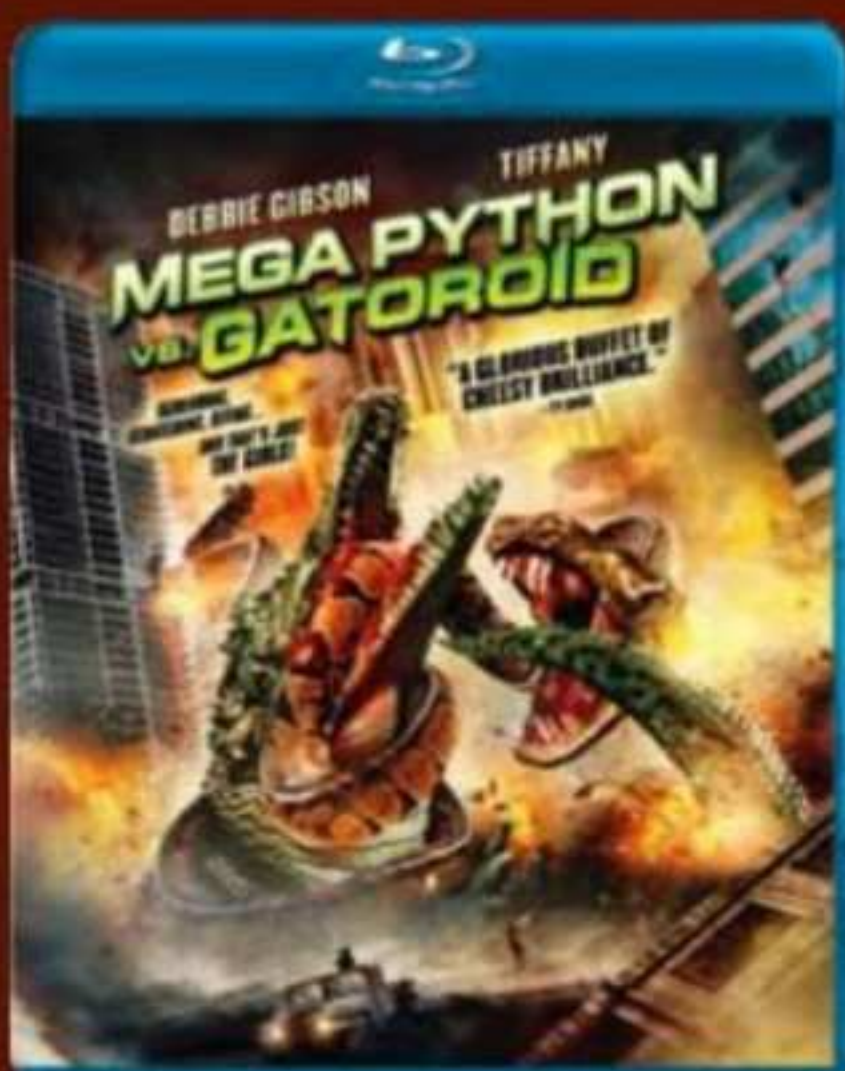
By Stephen Rebello Could *Transformers: Dark of the Moon* be cool enough to atone for 2009's *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen*? Director Michael Bay has said that his "more serious, more adult" 3-D giant robot movie—starring Shia LaBeouf, Josh Duhamel and Tyrese Gibson—gets deeper into the backstory of the bots and rounds out the trilogy "with a killer finish." Duhamel says, "Everything about the last *Transformers*

was rushed because the writers' strike was coming. The new story is more grounded, but there's still enough action. I have a scene with Shia where Decepticons are throwing and whipping us around in the air. We convinced Michael to hook us up to this big winch thing that shot us 100 feet straight up, then you free-fall and get tossed around. Five minutes into it we were like, 'Why the fuck did we want to do this?'"

DVD of the Month Mega Python vs. Gatoroid

SyFy has scored monster ratings with a funny formula: Pit a giant aquatic creature against a self-deprecating celebrity for a hearty serving of meta-cheese. In *Mega Python vs. Gatoroid*, 1980s pop tarts—PLAYBOY models Debbie Gibson and Tiffany play an animal activist and a ranger, respectively, who sharpen their claws on each other as the titular beasts wreak havoc in the Everglades.

The bargain-basement CGI is hilariously awful, but the real treat is watching the former chart rivals toss each other around WWE style. "I think we're alone now," gasps Gibson after her tiff with Tiff. "There doesn't seem to be anyone around," says Tiffany. Perhaps not, but fans of high camp should be. **Best extra:** Interviews with the two leading ladies. (BD) ¥¥½
—Robert B. DeSalvo



What's in Your Netflix Queue?

Here are the discs that **Taryn Manning**, who stars in the drama *The Perfect Age of Rock 'n' Roll*, is waiting for in the mail.

Purple Rain: "You can never get enough old-school Prince. I can remember my mom covering my eyes for the entire concert when I was six years old. I've got to catch up on all the footage I missed."

The Party: "This movie is a go-to flick and is perfect. From the set design to styling to cinematography, it is very mod and sexy."

Girl, Interrupted: "This one is sentimental because it was my first audition in L.A. and my dear friend Brittany Murphy is phenomenal to watch. This is a perfect chick flick, or maybe I can just relate to a bunch of radical girls gone crazy."



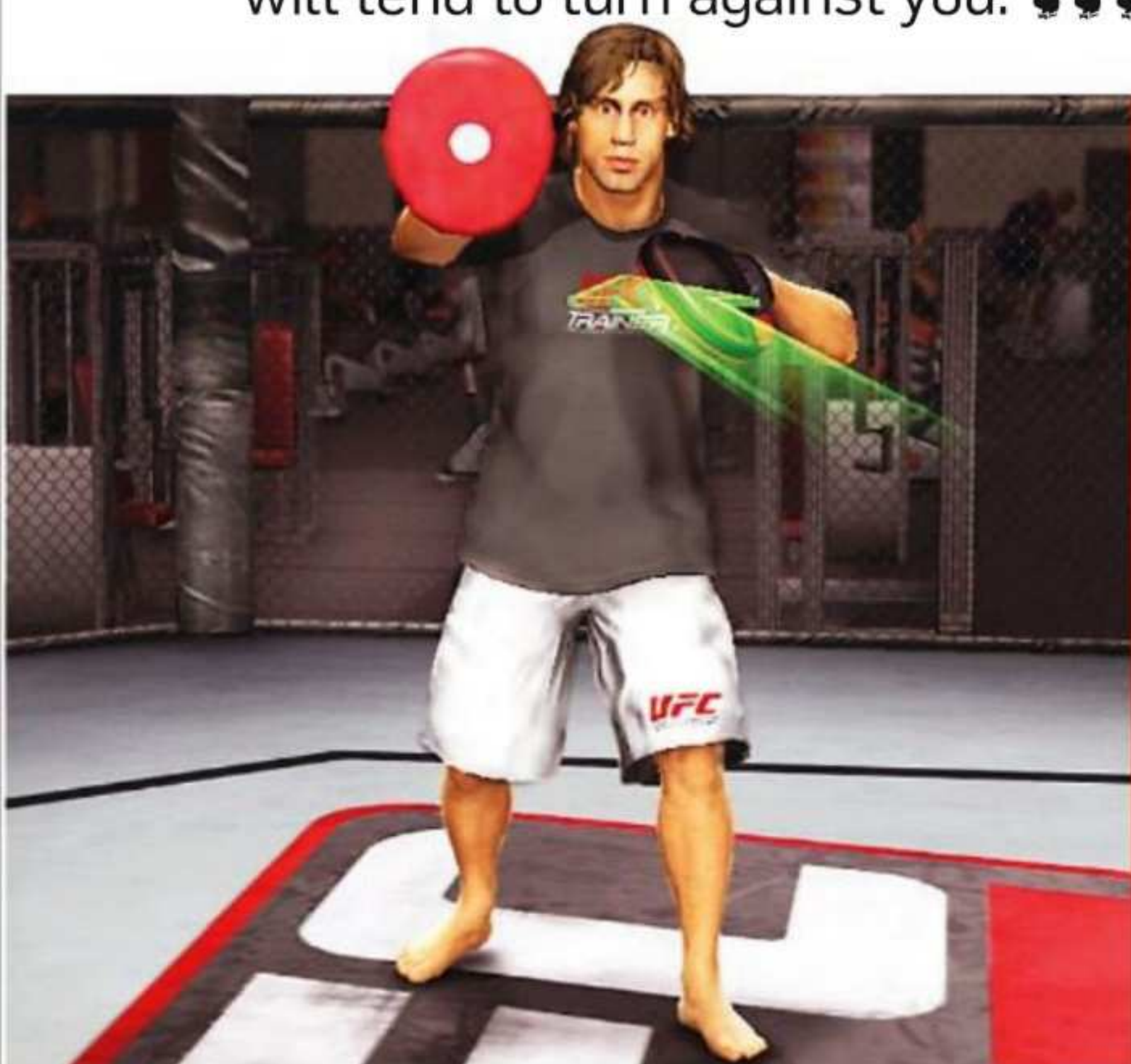
Tease Frame

Vivian Wu was named one of *People* magazine's 50 Most Beautiful People in 1990, three years after her debut in *The Last Emperor*. In 1996's *The Pillow Book* (pictured), Wu wows as a model in search of new cultural pleasures via various lovers. See her beautify *Snow Flower and the Secret Fan* in theaters.

Game of the Month **InFamous 2**

By Jason Buhrmester

When the TV show *Heroes* fizzled, *inFamous* swooped in and saved our love of story lines involving normal folks becoming superheroes. In *inFamous 2* (PS3), Cole, a bike messenger who developed electrical superpowers in the original game, travels to New Marais to unlock the potential of his abilities and face an evil known as the Beast. He finds the city locked down by an antimutant militia and must glide along electric wires, blast lightning bolts and adapt to new powers to reach his goal. With great power comes killer karma, and decisions players make influence the story, making Cole a celebrated hero or hated villain. Rescue police officers and they'll fight alongside Cole, but send a cable car crashing into a militia compound and the people will tend to turn against you. ♣♣♣



Also in gaming...

Mixed martial arts devotees have a term for the sport's flabby fans: *cage potatoes*. Don't be one of them. **UFC Personal Trainer** (360, PS3, Wii) packs 70 exercises from Muay Thai, wrestling and kickboxing into workouts designed by MMA trainers and certified by the National Academy of Sports Medicine. Build a workout or choose a prebuilt program designed to shed pounds or build strength.

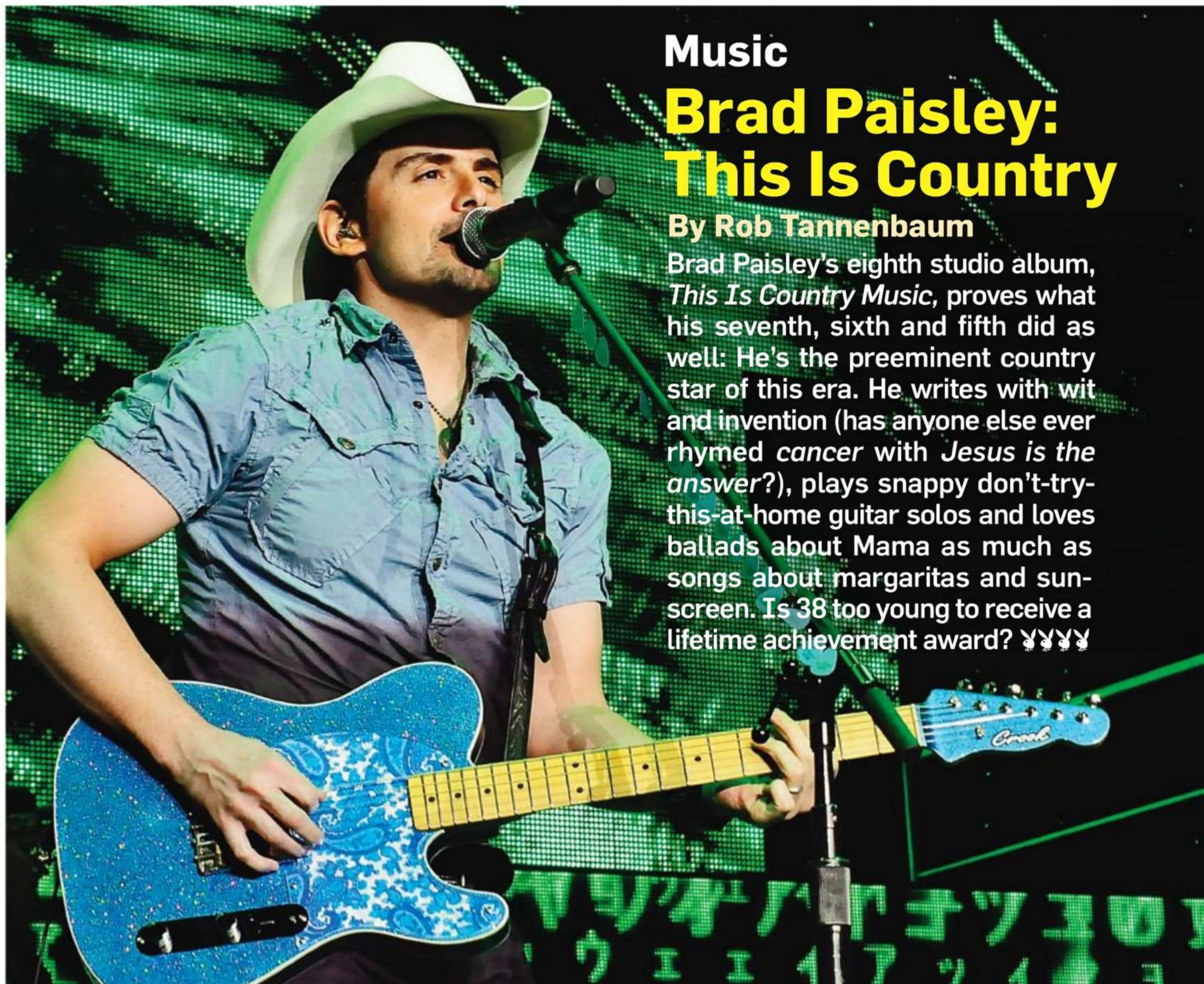


The Dating Game

In *The Dating Game* for Facebook, you build an avatar and play the classic TV show against friends as either a contestant or a panelist. After you finish all three rounds, including "Question and Answer" and "Word Association," each player's identity is revealed. You may find you're more compatible with the new girl in the office than you thought.

Must-Watch TV Spielberg Goes Basic Cable

TNT's newest show stars Noah Wyle as a history nerd leading the resistance against lizard-like Skitters and Transformer-esque Mechs. *Falling Skies* shares the humanity-is-fucked vibe of *The Walking Dead*, but because the executive producer is Steven Spielberg, it's far more hopeful. ♣♣♣ —Josef Adalian



Music

Brad Paisley: This Is Country

By Rob Tannenbaum

Brad Paisley's eighth studio album, *This Is Country Music*, proves what his seventh, sixth and fifth did as well: He's the preeminent country star of this era. He writes with wit and invention (has anyone else ever rhymed *cancer* with *Jesus is the answer?*), plays snappy don't-try-this-at-home guitar solos and loves ballads about Mama as much as songs about margaritas and sunscreen. Is 38 too young to receive a lifetime achievement award? ♣♣♣

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

IN A SURVEY ABOUT THE LOCATION OF LOST REMOTES CONDUCTED BY LOGITECH:

IN THE COUCH

IN THE BATHROOM

IN A DRESSER DRAWER

IN THE FRIDGE/FREEZER

OUTSIDE OR IN THE CAR



49%

8%

8%

4%

2%

ONLY ~5%

of the residents of New York City's Little Italy neighborhood are of Italian descent.

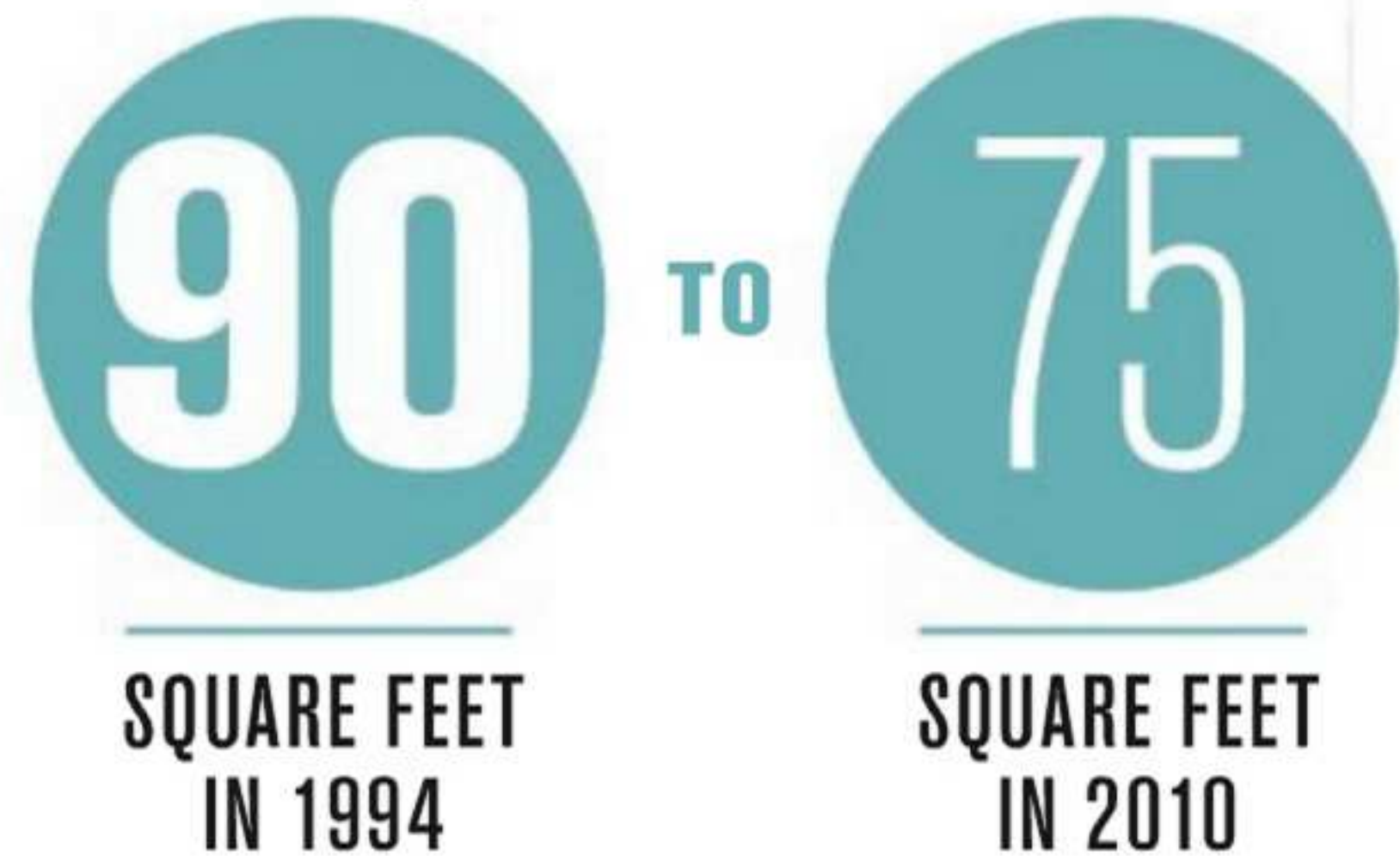


Using a computer program that analyzes writing, a Harvard professor discovered that congressmen spend about **27% OF THEIR TIME** simply taunting one another.



The price of a serving of Baby Gaga—vanilla ice cream made with pasteurized breast milk—sold at London's Covent Garden.

The average office employee's workspace has decreased from



LAST YEAR AMERICAN EAGLE

LOST



BAGS PER 1,000 FLOWN—MORE THAN ANY OTHER AIRLINE.

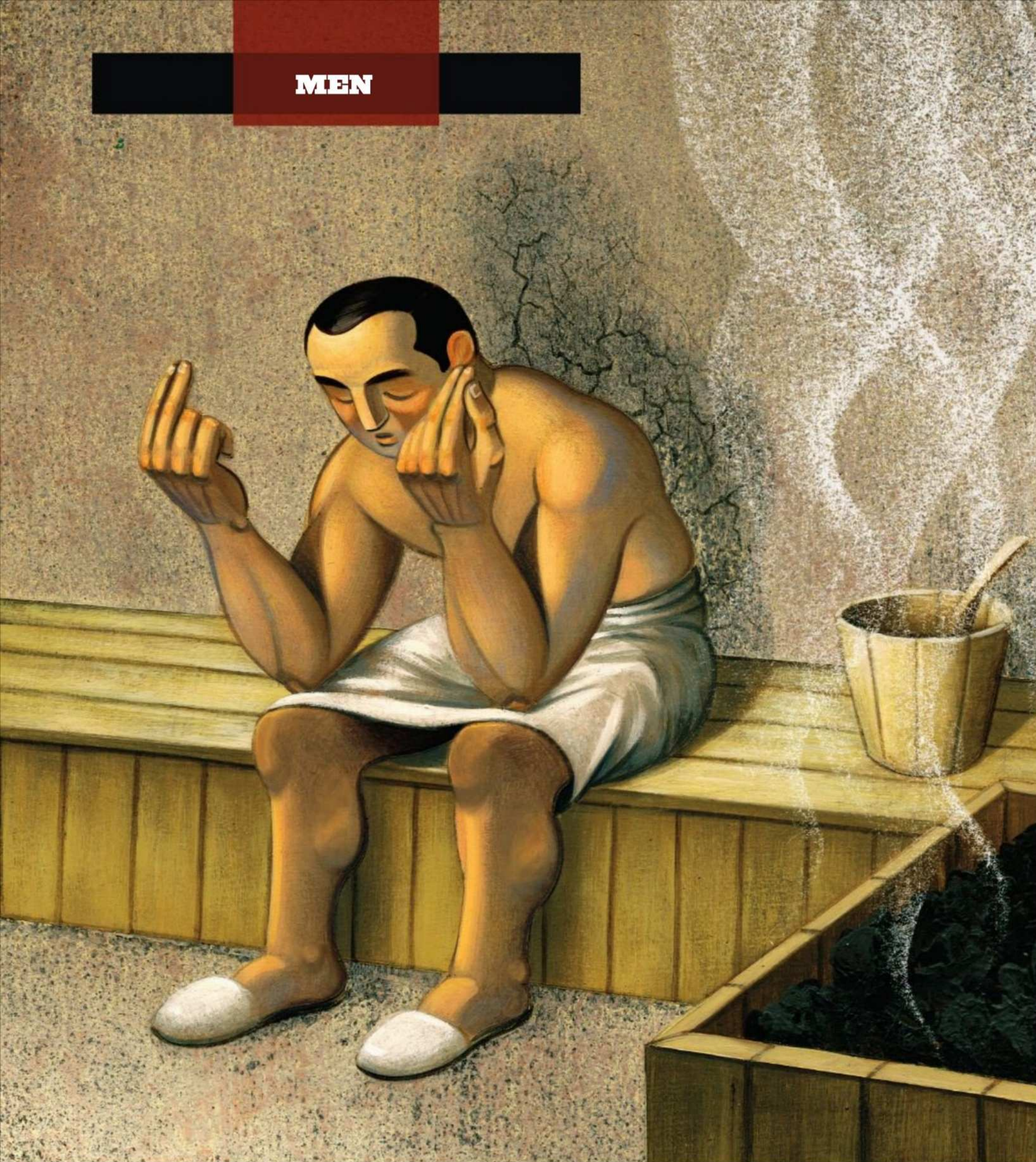
The number of Americans who became **EX-BILLIONAIRES IN 2010:**

17

KNLNGUS

Illinois disallows **AROUND 20** inappropriate vanity plates per week, checked by a crack team of mostly middle-aged women.

THE RECORD FOR THE MOST SURFERS RIDING A SINGLE SURFBOARD SIMULTANEOUSLY IS **47**



THE BATHS

By Jonathan Ames

I go to the Russian Baths in New York City nearly every night of the week. My routine is always the same. I work until about 8:30, at which time I turn on my German-manufactured Volcano marijuana vaporizer. The thing is the size of a small bomb or a nicely designed espresso maker. It takes about five minutes to warm up.

When the machine is ready, I vaporize two large pinches of marijuana. The steamed cannabis fills a balloon-like plastic bag with a cloudy mist the color of an old dog's rheumy eye. The plastic bag has a nipple attached to it, and I suck the pot fog into my person, which takes about a minute.

Then, wearing an iPod, I quickly walk four blocks to Atlantic Avenue, here in Brooklyn. I stand at the corner and wait for a taxi, almost getting killed every night by the fast-moving cars. I remove one earbud, give the taxi driver explicit

directions on how to get to the baths in Manhattan and then put the earbud back in, at which time the marijuana announces itself and I become dreamy and emotional.

We cross the Brooklyn Bridge and head up the FDR, and the East River glistens beautifully. I usually listen to Moby's ambient music, which seems to fit the lonesome, vast city and my own solitary urban life. I am almost always alone.

I get dropped off at Tenth and A and walk half a block to the baths' entrance, above which is a sign declaring that this establishment has been here since 1892. My great-grandfather Nuchum Schwartz, a tailor from Brooklyn with a Jimmy Durante nose, used to come here in the 1930s and 1940s, but I didn't know that when I first started going to the baths a dozen years ago. It's a lovely coincidence—I'm a Jew-bird whose flight pattern is hardwired.

At the front desk, I'm given a locker key. The staff is a mix of Russians and people from the -stan countries. Everyone knows me—this place is my home, my café, my local bar, my everything. I come here to keep my body alive. It's the only healthy thing in my somewhat dissolute life. I don't eat right. I don't exercise. I don't sleep. But I go to the baths.

The coed clientele is as diverse as Amazonian wildlife—Hasidic Jews, real estate agents, tourists, dancers, yoga instructors, old men, beautiful young girls, potheads, heavy drinkers, carpenters and communists. The locker room is ramshackle and gritty, as is the whole establishment. The quarters are tight, like a subway but a spa, which is why I go late, just as the crowd is starting to thin, since the place closes at 10.

There's a sauna, two steam baths, an ice-cold dipping pool, a Turkish room and a Russian room. I only use the Turkish and the Russian, which are the hottest. I always start in the Turkish and go to the topmost bench. It's a wet heat but not steamy, and I lie on my back and begin my routine, which is to pray agnostically, meditate, stretch and screw deep into my mind, because the THC in my blood, when exposed to the intense temperature, flowers wildly and I experience psychotic spiritual phenomena.

I go over my relationships, seeing how I fail people, and I pray to my higher consciousness, hoping to do better. I go through memories, caressing the past in my mind like rubbing a stone, reliving moments of tenderness and sweetness. I miss people. I long for them. I sweat.

From the Turkish room I go to the cave-like Russian room, which provides radiant heat. There's an enormous van-size concrete oven, wooden benches and a cistern of ice water with buckets. The temperature is usually about 185 degrees in there, and on a piece of wood on the floor next to the oven, I do yogic sun salutations. After each salutation, I douse myself repeatedly with buckets of cold water and use those moments of profound physical shock to pray for a girl I loved and still love, hoping that the universe will look after her since I failed to do so.

Then I meditate and get very hot one last time. What I'm doing, essentially, is creating a high-grade fever, forcing the body to flush and cleanse itself. Throughout my routine, I drink water to rehydrate, like a car changing its oil. We come from the sea, we're made mostly of water, and so what I do is change my water daily.

After a violently cold shower, I go to the locker room, lie on a wooden bench and hallucinate. One time I saw a dandelion turn into a tiger's paw. When I leave I feel completely new, and I am not displeased to be alive. This feeling lasts quite awhile, though it does peter out by the next evening, when I have to do it all over again.

Why Your
GIRLFRIEND
 MAKES A LOUSY BEST FRIEND.
 And you do, too ★

I, Lisa Lampanelli, live in constant fear that everyone in my life will die.

Well, that's not exactly true. I live in fear that everyone in my life will die—except my husband, Jimmy. Why do I fear that? Because then all we'd have (gulp) is each other.

Don't get me wrong: I love Jimmy. He's the most decent, loyal, moral human being I've ever met. He's Gandhi with a giant nutsack. And I really love the time we spend together. However, his interests fall into two categories: music and sports. My interests? One category: things gay guys like. Since those things usually involve singing and sparkles and anything pink, Jimmy couldn't be bothered with them. Jimmy's a guy's guy, so there are only two things he likes that are pink (and one of them comes with a baked potato).

Let's be real: If I could've married a gay guy, I would have. Sadly, my dick isn't big enough, and I'm not up for pulling a full-on Chaz Bono. So if everyone in my life, including my legions of gays, were suddenly to go toe up, what would I do? Who would accompany me to *Wicked* for the 15th time? Who would I discuss fine-quality television like *The Real Housewives* and *Project Runway* with? And most important, who would I talk to about Jimmy behind his back?

In other words, who would be my best friend?

In life, in the movies and especially on *Oprah*, we hear men say over and over, "My girlfriend and I are best friends." But should she be? Sure, two people in a relationship share everything, from the last Popsicle in the fridge to bodily fluids—sometimes at the same time—but are there some things a guy can get only from another guy? And are there some things that, as a guy, you'd rather leave to girls and gays?

Here's a fact about any serious relationship: Your significant other should be the person you want to share most of life's moments with. Otherwise, they'd be your insignificant other—or some whore you picked up on Facebook. But you shouldn't feel guilty about wanting to spend time with other dudes. A truly cool chick will understand that there



By Lisa Lampanelli

are some moments when only the company of your buddies will do, no matter how pathetic those brain-damaged slackers may be.

I'm no dainty belle who gets the vapors when things get a bit ribald. In fact, I'll be the first one laughing and looking for a camera when somebody in the room farts and accidentally shits his pants. (Sorry I tagged you in that photo, Mom!) But there are times when a man has to be with other men, and I don't mean in a "bathroom stall at the local rest stop" kind of way.

Unless you've stumbled into a party at RuPaul's house, it's easy to see that men and women are different. And because we're so different, we need time with our own kind. Only another guy can empathize with you as you describe the agony of getting kicked in the balls. And only another woman can empathize with me as I describe why I had to do it.

The quickest way to ruin a relationship is to isolate yourself from your friends. No matter how great your woman is, there are things you just need a guy for. Your boys will enjoy lap dances with you at Juggs & Muggs, back you in the inevitable bar fight and still get up to help you move the next morning.

Besides the friend necessities, there's basic guy bonding every man needs. One is bonding over sports. Most girls like sports about as much as they like an abnormal Pap smear. And even when girls *do* like sports, they will never like sports the way a guy does. Your girl may tune in to the Yankees every now and then, but she'll never watch 35 different games involving four different sports at the same time.

Contrary to popular belief, a dog is not man's best friend; DirecTV is.

This isn't to say there's nothing besides sex that you can share with your girl. Say you want to bitch and whine about the price of gas, your asshole boss or how much your AT&T mobile service sucks. Trust me, none of your guy friends wants to hear about it. But your girl will listen—as long as *The Bachelor* isn't on. And if, God forbid, you need a loving nurse, none of your guy friends is going to make you chicken soup or give you a sponge bath complete with happy ending, much less wipe your ass.

So, guys, remember: Any secure, independent gal doesn't want to watch the UFC any more than you want to watch *27 Dresses*. I would love nothing more than to have Jimmy call a couple of his Neanderthal buddies and knock himself out watching men knock one another out while I meet my girlfriends—most of whom have testicles and live in Greenwich Village—at a Lady Gaga show. As long as he makes sure those jerk-off friends of his don't blow pot hits on my dog, he'll be in the pink!

Of course, this isn't to say you both can't give a little. Just the other night I brought Jimmy to see *Priscilla Queen of the Desert* on Broadway because my gays were busy getting mani-pedis. So, because he's a secure man, Jimmy stepped in as my plus-one. When we got home from the fruitiest experience of his life, Jimmy, of course, needed to reclaim his manhood. So what did he do? He screwed me harder than Charlie Sheen screwed Detroit—while we watched a Yankees game.

Now that's a win-win for everybody!



Raging Bull

At the wheel of the greatest Lambo of all time

As the story goes, 49 years ago an Italian tractor manufacturer named Ferruccio Lamborghini got pissed off when he was forced to wait outside Enzo Ferrari's office for hours. He had come to complain about the Ferrari he'd bought; he left angrier than when he arrived. And so he built his own car that would outdo his nemesis Enzo. It's been a wild ride ever since. Despite the beauty of the Miura and the 207 mph Diablo, it seemed Lamborghini would forever remain in Ferrari's shadow—until now. We've driven the Aventador LP 700-4, the new \$387,000 flagship. Constructed of ultralight carbon fiber, it reflects the company's fresh philosophy that handling trumps top speed. Consider that the mid-engined Aventador will do 217 mph—then imagine

PRICE

\$387,000

HORSEPOWER 690

ZERO TO 62 2.9 seconds

ENGINE 6.5-LITER V12

MPG 9 CITY, 21 HIGHWAY

how it corners. Previous Lambos such as the Countach featured hairy-chested styling both striking and ridiculous. The Aventador is beautifully proportioned. The Audi-sourced interior is gorgeous (and the AC actually works). On the road outside Rome, the beast turned heads. One young blonde waved and yelled, "*Magnifico!*" But on the track, set to Corsa racing mode, this car became Thor's hammer. The all-wheel drive kept the enormous Pirellis glued to the asphalt while the g-forces turned bone to jelly. Thus it appears, after all these years, the late tractor maker's vision has finally become reality. Congratulations, Ferruccio.

Looking Sharp

The EvoWood S557 pocketknife (\$150, wengerna.com), from Swiss Army knife standard-bearer Wenger, boasts an arsenal of sharp, pointy implements that would make Edward Scissorhands salivate. A few such gizmos: blade, pliers, wire crimper, nail cleaner, corkscrew, can opener and screwdriver.

All the while, its masculine walnut handle elevates it far beyond child's play.

Driving Us Mod

Historically, Anglo-Italian relations have been checkered (see Henry VIII and *Geordie Shore*, the U.K. version of *Jersey Shore*). But when the English mods of the 1960s wanted cool threads, they donned the duds of Milan—a trend continued today by British Heritage Helmets (\$250, heritagehelmets.com), the official headgear of the classic Lambretta Italian scooters.



MANTRACK

BEACH GEAR

Sea Monster

Behold the most powerful personal watercraft on Earth. Kawasaki's Jet Ski Ultra 300X (\$14,500, kawasaki.com) pulls 300 hp and has a maximum thrust of 1,769 pounds from a supercharged 1.5-liter engine. That's nearly double the horsepower of a base Honda Accord. We tested this monster in Bimini, and we can't remember the last time we had something so furious between our legs. Bonus: electronic cruise control, electric trim control and, for motoring out of a crowded harbor, an automatic no-wake setting.



The Time Aquatic

Any good shipmate knows timing is everything when it comes to nautical navigation. Tissot, the Swiss watch company, recently launched seven versions of its water-resistant Sailing-Touch series (\$1,095, tissotshop.com).

How to Surf With the Pros

Whether you're the best surfer at your local beach or looking to get your feet wet, this is the summer to make it happen. For an easy trip, San Diego's Paskowitz Surf Camp (paskowitz.com) is the oldest surf school in the U.S. For a more ambitious outing, Costa Rica is the place for all levels to go, and the Safari Surf School (safariurfschool.com) has been rated

the best around by none other than *National Geographic*. While you're there, you'll want the school's surf program director, Candice "Storm" Hague, to be your teacher; google her and you'll see why. Now, say you're looking for something more extreme. We recommend Billabong Fantasy Camps (billabongcamps.com). Not only does it book group trips to the

best waves in the world, it also brings pros like Taj Burrow, Shane Dorian and Donavon Frankenreiter to serve as coaches. After that? You and Mick are going to wing on over to London and jam with the Stones!



Sun Charged

Harnessing energy from the sun is nothing new, but in a post-digital age, powering batteries for mobile devices such as the iPhone and iPod has become a tricky dilemma for users on the go. Enter Soulra (\$199, etonsoulra.com), created by Eton, an innovative solar-powered sound system for the beach or pool that wraps your gadget in a splash-proof enclosure.

Digital Cover-Up

The tablet may allow you to multi-task like never before, but the device is useless if it's exposed to the elements. Luckily, Tunewear has you covered with its cool Waterwear carrying case (\$40, tunewear.com), allowing you access to the touch screen using a locking mechanism that includes zippers, Velcro and snaps.



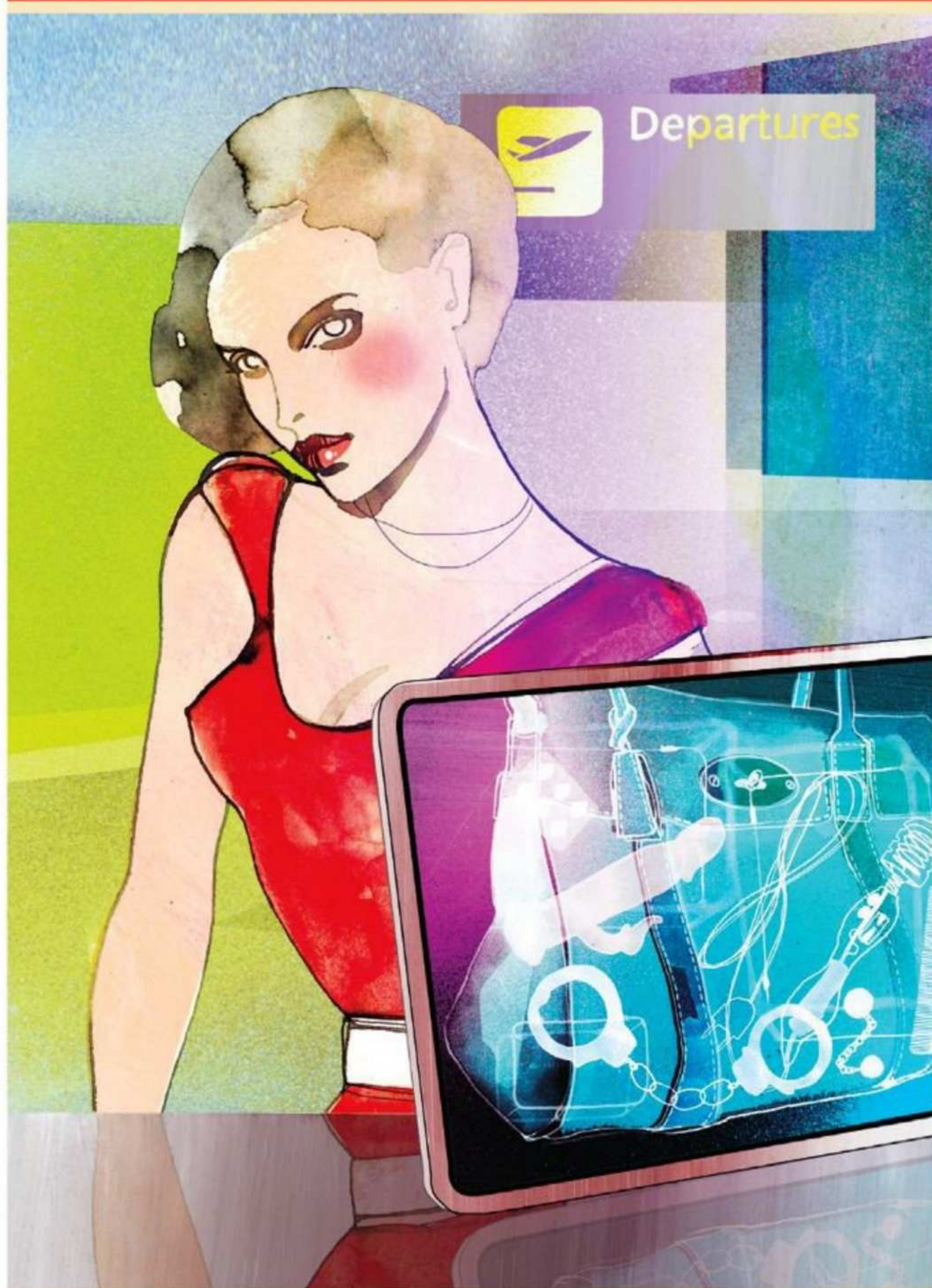
PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My cousin and I have been life-long friends, but over the past few years I have found myself becoming increasingly attracted to her. As much as I wanted to act on these feelings, I knew I couldn't because of the taboo, and I didn't want to risk the friendship. Then a few weeks ago she confessed she feels the same way about me. After weighing the positives and negatives we agreed to have a secret relationship. Do you have any guidance?—J.W., Raleigh, North Carolina

You have our blessing. You won't be able to keep this secret, and why should you? Although dalliances among first cousins are relatively common, family members and friends are sure to lecture you based on objections both moral and practical. But the relationship isn't "incest"—outside the U.S. most of the world's cultures allow cousins to marry, the Bible doesn't forbid the relationship and such prominent people as Albert Einstein and Charles Darwin married their first cousins. Further, while the risk of birth defects among children of "consanguineous couples" is higher than in the general population, it's not nearly as dramatic as the myths that took hold in the U.S. during the 19th century. (It's hard to generalize, because much depends on each individual's genetic makeup.) Enough cousins date and marry to support a comprehensive website, at cousincouples.com, though the relationships are still taboo enough (and, in the case of marriage, illegal in 25 states) that its founders remain anonymous.

Please take this question seriously. Can you have sex with a ghost? I have a friend who insists the spirit of her dead husband visited her in the night.—K.T., Indianapolis, Indiana

There are many possible explanations for what your friend experienced, including a waking dream, and the least likely is a visit from her deceased spouse. The notion that the dead can satisfy the living dates at least to the Middle Ages, when virtuous women reported being brought to climax while alone at night by incubi (demons who attack men are succubi). One priest sent to rescue a 20-year-old maiden noted she "seemed rather to be afraid of being delivered," and Chaucer observed that the incidents became less common after visits by wandering friars who specialized in assisting lonely wives. Besides religious guilt, chicanery also may be involved. In 1976 a medium from Florida, M. Lamar Keene, co-wrote a confessional in which he explained the deceit behind instances of "astral necrophilia." He recalled



How can my wife and I transport vibrators through airport security without raising red flags? We don't want them confiscated because they look like bombs.—P.B., Cleveland, Ohio

Don't worry about this when flying domestic. (Overseas is another matter if you're traveling to the Middle East or other places where sex toys are illegal.) Any TSA screener who has been on the job for more than a day has encountered an adult toy—one poll found as many as 23 percent of women had taken a vibrator on vacation, including 36 percent of women age 44 or older. And that survey was done six years ago, long before vibrators began appearing next to the condoms in chain drugstores. The best strategy is to place toys in a checked bag after removing the batteries or placing rechargeable vibes in the "locked" position. Never fly with toys that can be mistaken for weapons, such as whips or bondage gear—send those ahead. If you have only a carry-on, think small. A number of vibes are designed to be discreet, such as those that look like lipstick cases or bath toys. If an officer asks you to identify the device, call it a handheld massager. Don't volunteer anything about your explosive orgasms.

a colleague who boasted of being "a whore in the séance room if the occasion arises" and noted some clients who were led to believe a spirit could draw ectoplasm from the medium to produce—always in pitch darkness—the body of a dead spouse or lover. The client would have intercourse with this body and find it satisfyingly solid and responsive. Keene

narcissism, subclinical psychopathy and Machiavellianism. "Subclinical" refers to "normal" narcissists, people who tend to feel little guilt or shame. Normal psychopaths are people who have high levels of impulsivity and thrill seeking and low empathy for others. And normal Machiavellianists are charmers and exploiters with little willingness

said he was filling in for a female colleague when a customer asked him to produce her late husband for sex. It turned out the other medium had been penetrating the woman in the dark with a dildo. Keene also recalled a psychic who would masturbate while his "spirit guide" extracted from female clients lurid details of their sex lives. It's great work if you can find it.

My wife and I are debating the etiquette of tipping her hairdresser, who is also the owner. She used to charge \$85 and my wife would leave \$100. She raised her rate to \$100 and my wife still leaves \$100 but feels guilty. I argue five bills is still appropriate, even if it now technically doesn't include a tip. My understanding is that tipping is unnecessary under these circumstances.—Z.P., San Francisco, California

*What circumstances? Inflation? It doesn't matter if the person providing the service owns the business—would you not tip the proprietor of a bar who serves your drinks? The taxi driver who holds title to his cab? The dominatrix who owns the dungeon? As with everything, when the price goes up, so too does the gratuity. "If you can't afford to tip the workers at a salon or day spa, then you can't afford to go there," argues Steve Dublanica, a former waiter who surveys the tipping world in his book *Keep the Change*. The standard is also 15 to 20 percent for a barber, plus a holiday tip equal to the price of a cut.*

A woman rejected me after our second date because she said she found me "too feminine." I am 35, tall, athletic and straight. Yet even in high school I was bullied about being gay. Should I start acting like an asshole?—J.O., Palo Alto, California

*You don't fit some random woman's stereotype of masculinity. So what? While the opposite of someone who is "too feminine" isn't an asshole, the latter doesn't do as well as you think, at least not in the long term. An interesting study in the *European Journal of Personality* looked at what psychologists call "the dark triad"—subclinical*

to help people in need. After studying 224 students at New Mexico State, the researchers found those who scored highest on the dark-triad traits also had more sex partners and liked it that way. People with dark-triad traits aren't as successful in long-term relationships, because one must give as well as take. But in the moment they appear self-assured and mysterious, which is effective for pickups. Our advice is to carry on with your well-adjusted life.

My husband and I argue every month about whether we can recycle your magazine. He says you can't recycle "smut" because someone has to sort the recycling. I say it's a magazine and you can always recycle magazines. What's your verdict?—V.B., San Diego, California

We don't know about smut, but you can recycle PLAYBOY as you would any lesser magazine. In fact, one reader tells us he put out his newspapers and magazines with an issue of PLAYBOY on top and "for the first time in three years, the trashman brought the emptied bin up the driveway almost to my garage. Usually he tosses it on the grass." Two weeks later the reader put the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue on top and the bin went back on the grass.

What percentage of women shave their pubic hair today compared with 10 years ago? Also, what do most men prefer? For me, less is better.—D.D., Macon, Georgia

Hard to say in either case. Clearly more women are coming clean now. A survey of 2,451 women by researchers at Indiana University found that 21 percent of women age 18 to 24 are typically hair free, 38 percent go bare sometimes and 29 percent trim. With each subsequent age group, less hair is removed less often. Women who go bare are more likely to receive cunnilingus, to be in a long-term relationship but not married and to score higher on measures of genital self-image and sexual function. The scientists note, "Art and artifacts suggest that women in ancient Egypt and classical Greece may have removed some or all of their pubic hair (in Greece, by plucking or singeing with a lamp) and that groomed pubic hair may have been considered a feature of women's sexual attractiveness." Could it be, the researchers ask, that women who remove their hair do so because they are more easily aroused? Further study is needed. Are men more willing to perform cunnilingus on a bald or trimmed vulva? Or are women, like men, simply taking cues from hard-core porn, in which everyone is bald because it's the equivalent of "Down in front!"? The least likely explanation, we think, is one offered in a separate report by one of the Indiana authors, in which she concluded after counting pubes in 54 years of PLAYBOY that the 21st century man is driving this trend with his inappropriate lust for prepubescent Barbie dolls. Here's a less provocative explanation: The vulva is a work of art. Some people like a clear view; others prefer what they grew up with. There's no wrong answer.

My fiancé says he wants me to instigate sex when I'm in the mood, but I'm shy and have never done that. Do you have any suggestions?—A.G., Colby, Kansas

*How about beads? In her book *Forty Beads*, Carolyn Evans proposes couples revive their sex lives with a handful of beads and a bowl. When her husband turned 40, Evans promised him 40 straight nights of sex. But she worried she wouldn't have the stamina and came up with an alternative: She gave him 40 beads and told him that when he wanted sex, he could drop a bead in a bowl on her bedside table and he'd get lucky within 24 hours. She also created three "nudge" cards so that if she felt horny she could ask him to bead her. Why does this work? Because instead of the sex-on-demand method, in which the partner with the higher drive usually ends up frustrated and angry, it's what Evans calls a request for "sex as soon as reasonably possible." If all goes well, the bead catcher will come to see a newly dropped bead as a sign she's going to get lucky, too. In your situation it's a way for your fiancé to request that you instigate. You decide when and how to redeem the bead, and the anticipation will be arousing for all involved. (Simple instigation method: Follow him into the shower.) What happens when the bowl is full? You return the beads and start over. You can make your own kit or buy one at fortybeads.com.*

I have met many women through online dating sites, including a woman I have been seeing exclusively for the past two months. We go out twice a week, talk on the phone every day and have a great sex life. But she still visits the site where we met, despite my objections. Am I being jealous? Or being used? Or what?—M.M., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The good news is your lover isn't lying to you, and the bad news is she doesn't feel the need to lie to you. You're not being used—that would be the case only if she were screening prospects covertly. (Many people apparently do; 42 percent of the respondents in the 2011 Playboy/Harris reader poll who have used dating sites said they have done so while already in a relationship, which we suppose is like searching online for software updates.) If you want an exclusive relationship you should check the site as well, to find someone else. You may beat her to it.

When should you replace your shaving brush—when it starts shedding hairs or when the brush becomes too soft and flexible?—B.C., Frederick, Maryland

You should expect to lose hairs on a new brush. But if it has become too soft and flexible, it means you're breaking bristles by applying too much pressure to create lather. Take it easy. It's also a good idea to rinse and dry your brush after every use, and don't use it to wipe out the sink. Experienced shavers don't replace their brushes so much as upgrade them or add new ones to the collection. If you're a beginner, the experts at shaving101.com recommend buying a brush for \$30 to \$50 until you gain experience. You don't want to ruin a \$300 or \$600 investment—it's not fair to the badger.

What is the difference between rosé and blush wine?—J.H., Columbus, Ohio

Rosé is Old World and usually dry, and blush is New World and often sweet. Traditional rosé is made by fermenting red grapes and their skins for hours rather than days or weeks, which accounts for the pink color. Alternatively, immature wine is "bled," a process known as saignée. Rosés, which are served chilled, are great for hot days, light lunches, Sunday brunch and cooking. Many wine lovers believe the best rosés originate in Provence, and the best known are probably Tevel from the Rhône Valley and rosé d'Anjou from the Loire Valley. Domaine Tempier is considered one of the noblest. Blush is a more recent imagining. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, during a white-wine shortage, California producers began to use the zinfandel grape to make a rosé they called "white" zinfandel. This and other sweet pink American wines were marketed as blush to distinguish them. That has led to the perception that traditional rosé is also sweet. The controversy of late is whether you can make a rosé by blending a little red with a lot of white. In 2009 the European Union proposed allowing rosé to be made this way on the continent, but the French went nuts. That has nothing to do with us, of course, and U.S. winemakers have always been allowed to blend.

Is there such a thing as an exclusive friends-with-benefits relationship? I have a male friend I have sex with, but I don't want a relationship in which I have to answer to anyone else. At the same time, I get jealous easily and am concerned about the health risks of not knowing who else he's sleeping with. If either of us meets someone we're more interested in, I'm fine with ending it, plain and simple, no hard feelings. But until then I don't want to have to deal with a third party. What is man-speak for "I'm down to fuck whenever as long as it's just the two of us"?—C.R., Santa Barbara, California

That can't be translated into man-speak, but it's known generally as the first year of marriage. It's good that you recognize the risks of this arrangement—many people choose to ignore them, especially the STDs—but you also must accept them. Your fuck buddy may agree to your rules, but why would you believe him? It will be difficult if not impossible to reconcile casual and conditional when another woman who also isn't his girlfriend is unzipping his pants.

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 via our website at playboyadvisor.com.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

A candid conversation with the actor-singer about his new life as a movie star, growing up famous, making people laugh and, oh yes, those amazing girlfriends

Argue all you want, but the case can be made that next to, say, George Clooney (and, okay, Keith Richards), Justin Timberlake is the coolest dude on the planet. The handprints on his bedroom wall alone could seal the deal; he has opened his man cave to Britney Spears, Fergie, Alyssa Milano, Cameron Diaz, Jessica Biel and, if the rumor mill serves, Scarlett Johansson and Olivia Wilde.

Timberlake does okay in other departments, too. As a singer, he has earned six Grammy Awards and sold more than 17 million albums as a solo artist and more than 60 million worldwide from his days with 'N Sync. He is a popular guest host on Saturday Night Live (his "Dick in a Box" video with SNL's Andy Samberg landed an Emmy and more than 100 million views online) and a favorite on Late Night With Jimmy Fallon. Timberlake is a tequila drinker and weed enthusiast and has a six handicap in golf. He drives fast cars, runs a successful clothing company and, frankly, looks better than you probably ever will. He can dance, too.

Then there's the exploding movie career. In last year's *The Social Network* Timberlake embodies the jittery distractedness of Facebook nation as Napster co-creator Sean Parker. He has two big film comedies this summer—*Bad Teacher*, opposite Diaz, which opened in June, and the sex romp *Friends With Benefits*, opposite Mila Kunis, a few weeks later. This fall

he'll appear in the sci-fi thriller *Now*, a movie about switching off the aging gene.

Not that Timberlake himself could have packed much more into his 30 years. Growing up in suburban Millington, Tennessee, just outside Memphis, he sang in the Baptist church where his father, Randall, was choir director. His parents divorced when he was three, but his mom, Lynn Harless, helped choreograph a career that took Timberlake from *Star Search* to *The Mickey Mouse Club* to the boy band 'N Sync (Harless named the band using the last letter of each band member's first name). Later Timberlake reinvented himself as a grown-up solo artist with such soulful pop albums as *Justified* and *FutureSex/LoveSounds*.

Contributing Editor David Hochman sat down with Timberlake at the Chateau Marmont hotel in Hollywood and saw him again backstage at a TV talk show. "What's cool about Justin is he's famous just for being Justin Timberlake," says Hochman, who recently interviewed Helen Thomas for PLAYBOY. "He does many, many things and does them all well. When you meet him, you know how it must have felt to meet the young Elvis or Sinatra."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with sex. Your new movie, *Friends With Benefits*, has lots of it. What was it like letting it all hang out?

TIMBERLAKE: I'd be lying if I said it wasn't completely awkward. I couldn't tell you the number of people in the crew watching me and my bare ass, but it was a lot. The producers and I agreed we would shoot a big chunk of the movie before we got down to the sex scenes, which was a good idea. That allowed Mila and me time to get comfortable. It wasn't that I didn't want to go all out for this. In fact, when they first gave me the script, this was a PG-13 movie. I didn't think it was funny enough. I said I didn't know how you could have a movie called *Friends With Benefits* without embracing the "benefits" part.

PLAYBOY: You and Mila certainly look as though you're enjoying each other's company.

TIMBERLAKE: You have to, and we did. We just wanted it to be funny, but we wanted it to look real, too. Most of the sex scenes are actually played for laughs, and she's such a gifted comedian. There's a whole scene in which I have to pee during sex, and it gets into how tough that is and how women just don't understand the completely different parts men have. That was a lot of fun to shoot, but a lot of the time it was just me making a fool of myself.



"I think people sometimes don't pay enough attention to what they do. I've done well, but the reason is pretty simple: I've worked my ass off. The toughest thing a performer can do is make it look as if it comes easy."



"People keep asking me when a new song or album is coming out, and I don't know what to say. Music is not my focus right now. It may be someday. It could happen next month or next year, but right now it's not where it's at for me."



"My favorite thing in the world was to make people sing—until I made people laugh. Then that became my favorite thing in the world. SNL gave me a place to do that. I think it made people notice me in a different way."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

You can't be shy with comedy even when you're standing there naked.

PLAYBOY: Was there a penis sock involved?

TIMBERLAKE: You wear the proper ornaments, yeah. But I'm used to it. I shot a pretty explicit sex scene with Christina Ricci in *Black Snake Moan*. It's totally weird, but you just jump in and do these things. You rock out.

PLAYBOY: The big question *Friends With Benefits* raises is whether men and women can have sex without getting emotionally involved. Is that possible?

TIMBERLAKE: God, I'm the worst person to ask about that. I don't know. I don't think I've ever had that type of relationship. I get hooked on every level when I get close to someone. If you build enough chemistry to want to be intimate like that, someone's going to catch feelings, and usually it happens quickly.

PLAYBOY: Your other big summer movie, *Bad Teacher*, co-stars your ex-girlfriend Cameron Diaz. What were the feelings there?

TIMBERLAKE: It sounds complicated to everybody else, but it wasn't to us. Honestly, the only thing I was worried about before I said yes to that movie was being asked that question. I knew at some point we'd have to promote the film and people would say, "Oh my God, that's so weird that you two dated for four years." I don't know what else to say except the truth, which is that we're friends. We don't talk to each other all the time, but we respect each other, and on some level we'll always love each other—but in our new capacity as friends. I think the world of her. We did have one very funny scene in *Bad Teacher*. If you haven't seen it, I won't say too much about it. I'll go out on a limb and say it is the most unique dry hump-you'll ever see in a film.

PLAYBOY: If you do a quick Google search on the women in your life, you come upon a litany of grand theories. A fling with Johansson was supposedly the reason you broke up with Cameron Diaz. Mila Kunis was supposedly the reason you broke up with Jessica Biel. Others insist it was Olivia Wilde. Care to set the record straight?

TIMBERLAKE: None of it's true, so I shouldn't even dignify it with an answer. The thing is, I'm not going to sacrifice my friendships with people who are my co-stars I meet in the business. I'm not going to avoid spending time with people because someone who doesn't know me makes assumptions about what's going on. That's bullshit. I don't know who sits around behind a computer screen making the shit up, but at a certain point you just have to shut it off. I can't look at the stuff anymore. My life is not on the internet. My life is right here, right now.

PLAYBOY: But it's no secret you've had a string of high-profile relationships. Wouldn't it just be easier sometimes to have a relationship with, like, the girl from the dry cleaners or something?

TIMBERLAKE: Technically, I guess. But you can't help who you have feelings for. If

you turn it off because someone is famous, then you're being unfair to yourself. You could walk down each of those roads and find pros and cons. The girl from the dry cleaners is not going to understand how I feel about the work schedule and pressures I have. You probably gravitate toward people who understand your scenario. At the end of the day you just want someone who gets you, who can be a friend. That's kind of the point of *Friends With Benefits*. As corny as it sounds, the "friends" part counts just as much as the "benefits" part, if not more.

PLAYBOY: By the way, how many sit-ups does a guy have to do a day to look like you do in those *Friends With Benefits* nude scenes?

TIMBERLAKE: I did go on a diet for that movie, which mostly came down to not drinking as much beer. And you know, beer is good, so that was hard. I'm pretty thin anyway, but I didn't want to look like a meathead. I was like, I'm about to be 30, and I'm going to be naked on camera. If I'm going to do this, I'm going to train pretty hard. In the end, I just did more cardio, and I pumped up the stuff

Honestly, when you're making a movie, you never say, "Oh, this one's going to suck and go straight to video." You think you're doing the best work you can do.

I already do throughout the year, such as playing sports. I like basketball and golf and snowboarding, and I do them pretty fucking intensely.

PLAYBOY: Do you do anything half-assed?

TIMBERLAKE: I think people sometimes don't pay enough attention to what they do. I've done well, but the reason is pretty simple: I've worked my ass off. Anything I've done well has taken many, many hours of preparation. And then the trick, of course, is making that work look invisible. The toughest thing a performer can do is make it look as if it comes easy. You have to devote yourself 100 percent when you're figuring stuff out, whether it's with sports or music—or movies, which has been the main focus for me lately.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself more of an actor than a musician at this stage of your career?

TIMBERLAKE: I feel like a rookie in the movie business, that's for sure. Maybe a little bit of an outsider, too, since I came to it from music. But I think that's fair. I don't know that I've done a huge body of work that would warrant my not feeling like that. Then again, this past year has

certainly opened up a new chapter as far as acting, and I'm grateful for that.

PLAYBOY: How much do you think your *Saturday Night Live* appearances helped pave the way for your movie career? Your hosting gig in May was your fourth, and many of your sketches have gone viral.

TIMBERLAKE: Let me put it this way: My favorite thing in the world was to make people sing—until I made people laugh. Then that became my favorite thing in the world. *SNL* gave me a place to do that, and all my experiences there have been tremendous. I think it made people notice me in a different way. When you have a sketch that catches fire or goes viral, people go, "Okay, I can see him doing other things besides music."

PLAYBOY: You made a bunch of not-so-great movies earlier in your career. How did you go from those straight-to-video duds to the caliber of movies you're making now?

TIMBERLAKE: Honestly, when you're making a movie, you never say, "Oh, this one's going to suck and go straight to video." When you're in it, you think you're doing the best work you can do. You're surrounded by people who are working hard. Everybody's hopeful. It's only a year later when you realize, Wait, what was that exactly? If anything shifted for me, though, it was the realization of how important it is to work with smart people. That takes a lot of the guesswork out. Just being in the room with David Fincher and Aaron Sorkin for my first reading for *The Social Network*, I knew things would be different—even though I felt I had totally botched the audition. I botch a lot of auditions. But the next thing I knew I was on the set. It was surreal. This may sound strange, but I don't have aspirations to be a movie star. I make movies because I enjoy the creative process. Just to work with people like Fincher and Sorkin or to trade lines with great actors has been more surreal than anything I've accomplished in my music career.

PLAYBOY: That's saying a lot. You've had a pretty surreal music career. It's been five years since you recorded an album. Do you ever miss making music?

TIMBERLAKE: You go through these spurts when you miss it. In a perfect world I'd love to be able to involve myself in music and films as they come and go. But I'm always writing music, always thinking about ideas for songs.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an album's worth of music hidden away somewhere?

TIMBERLAKE: No. I don't have a single song ready to go. People keep asking me when a new song or album is coming out, and I don't know what to say. Music is not my focus right now. It may be someday. It could happen next month or next year, but right now it's not where it's at for me.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry the audience may not be there if you wait too long? We certainly saw that happen with your old friend Christina Aguilera last year.

TIMBERLAKE: Maybe it's blissful ignorance, but I don't relate a time frame with what

I do. If it's time to make another album, it's time to make another album. It may never be time—who knows? You should watch the documentary *Still Bill*.

PLAYBOY: That's the Bill Withers documentary, right?

TIMBERLAKE: Yeah, and I've never watched anything else that made me feel someone was speaking not just to me but for me. He puts into words exactly how I feel about music. People asked Bill Withers all the time, "Why did you stop doing music?" Which is what I get asked all the time too. He said, "I don't know what to say, because I didn't stop doing music. I just started doing something else." He also quoted Thoreau: "The mass of men live lives of quiet desperation." Only Bill added, "I want to know what it feels like for my desperation to get louder."

PLAYBOY: What does that mean to you?

TIMBERLAKE: Well, I relate to that because it means you need inspiration, you need to hear something loud inside yourself before you can create anything. Unfortunately, the business of music is what taints an artist's desire to make music. I don't want to paint a picture of being jaded, because I love making music. I honestly love it. But there is a level where making music becomes a total life-sucking commitment. For instance, to do an album and a tour, you have to be absolutely certain that whatever you have to say is from the heart, because you're going to say it a thousand times—and on nights when you don't feel like performing. You need to feel inspiration to get to a level where you're performing like that. But I haven't felt that level of conviction the past few years. And without that conviction it's crazy to put yourself out there.

PLAYBOY: Is there a scenario in which you would ever sing an 'N Sync song again in public?

TIMBERLAKE: I don't think so. It would have to be a really special scenario. I still talk to the guys occasionally. I probably talk to Joey [Fatone] and Chris [Kirkpatrick] more than J.C. [Chasez] and Lance [Bass]. I'd say I text back and forth with Joey once a month.

PLAYBOY: Off the top of your head, what's the wildest moment you recall from 'N Sync's heyday?

TIMBERLAKE: Man, I could tell you a thousand stories. I remember girls running after the buses in the hundreds. We'd do an open-air festival in Germany and there'd be 60,000 people there. We'd finish playing, the band would be putting the gear up, and we would be trying to do a quick out, which is what they call it when you leave the stage before the band stops playing. We'd get on the bus and there would be 250 to 400 girls waiting to run after us. I distinctly remember Joey Fatone singing the theme song from *The Goonies* while this particular pack of girls was running. It was just crazy.

PLAYBOY: What was it like being 17, 18 and having 400 girls chasing you?

TIMBERLAKE: I hate to disappoint you, but I was the youngest one in the group, so the other guys were getting more of that action, and they were protective of me. I think I was the one who cared about what we were doing onstage. My role was, we'd come offstage every night and get a DVD of the show, just like an athlete watching tape from a game. We'd get on the bus, and I'd go, "Okay, here's what we did right; here's what we did wrong," and we'd fix it for the next day. But yeah, the girl stuff definitely was a heavy part of it, and it would play with your mind. I remember looking down once—we were playing Madison Square Garden for an HBO special—and this girl put her arm out. She had a mural of me tattooed along her whole arm. I just remember looking at it and thinking, Holy shit, that's never going to come off.

It was a time: the concerts, the fans, the music. Plus, it wasn't just us. It was that whole factory we came out of—us, the Backstreet Boys and Britney—we were all together. It was bigger than any one of us and bigger than any of the groups. Everybody was selling a gazillion records at the same time. You couldn't keep what we were doing on the shelves. It was bigger than bubblegum. Sometimes I think back on the time we did five nights at Giants Stadium. That was the moment I just looked around and thought, There's nowhere for this to go but down. It's never going to get bigger than this.

PLAYBOY: What's the secret to commanding a very large crowd?

TIMBERLAKE: It's not about commanding them. It's about bringing them toward you. It's your job to make everyone in the audience feel as though he or she is in your living room. When I'm onstage it's my mission to make people feel comfortable, not feel in awe. I want them to feel as though they're singing and performing with me. Even if I'm on a stage, the audience should feel as if they're on the same level with me.

PLAYBOY: Your first two solo albums sold more than 8 million copies each and basically made you the biggest pop sensation on Earth. What was driving you?

TIMBERLAKE: The first half of my 20s I felt I had to achieve, achieve, achieve. I think a lot of men do this. I'm not saying just because I turned 30 I don't battle with this. I still battle with it. But in my 20s I had to do everything. I needed everybody to understand me and respect what I was doing. I remember putting out my second album [2006's *FutureSex/LoveSounds*]. When I put out the first song, "SexyBack," radio thought I was a joke. I couldn't let that go, so I started calling radio program directors. I'm pretty tenacious like that. I was like, "This is my record. Give it a chance." There wasn't any of my signature falsetto or anything. I'd say, "I know it

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doesn't sound like me, but just please give the record a two-week period or even a one-week period. Just let the music get out there. If the callback is good, keep playing it." I was that relentless.

During the second half of my 20s I started to ask myself, What am I doing? What have I built, and how do I continue that for the next 10 years? For some reason, in the past year I've done so much work I feel as though it's backfired. I'm looking around now and I'm like, Where am I running? I've been running so hard for so long. I've seen the inside of more arenas than your average basketball player. Like I said, I've had that experience on tour sometimes when I think, I don't feel like going onstage. I have no energy right now. I'm sick, I barely have a voice. But you do it anyway. You feel obligated to go out because all those people showed up. You end up performing. But at some point in my life I wish I had learned to say no. From the beginning of my career, I was a guy who said yes all the time to everything.

PLAYBOY: What were you like as a kid?

TIMBERLAKE: I grew up in a small town, and because I started working when I was 10, I was kind of looked at as more of an oddity. I would sing at the talent shows at schools and go around town doing different things, but it was more like, "That kid's a freak." You hear a lot of stories about child prodigies, child actors or people whose parents pushed them really hard. But I was the one begging for the stage. That made me kind of stand out in good ways and in weird ways. Not a lot of 10-year-old Caucasian kids were running around Millington, Tennessee, singing Stevie Wonder and Al Green songs, which were the songs I felt most connected to.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting. If you listen to your voice when you sing and when you speak, you sometimes sound black. You've got so much soul the NAACP nominated you for an Image Award this year for *The Social Network*. Do you ever feel as though there's a black guy trapped inside you waiting to come out?

TIMBERLAKE: Dude, I'm not touching that shit with a 10-foot pole! All I can tell you is I grew up in the South, where everything's just a little bit thicker. The accents are thicker, the air's thicker.

PLAYBOY: But clearly you have an affinity for black music and black culture. How else to explain the pitch-perfect "History of Rap" routine you did with Jimmy Fallon last year?

TIMBERLAKE: That's the music of our generation, man. We were impersonating those rappers. We weren't trying to be black. Listen, you're touching on a deep issue for me. It's bringing up stuff from my childhood. I grew up near the town where Martin Luther King was assassinated. It has always been a very segregated place. When I was a kid people would ask me what I hated most, and I would always say racism. It always

comes up, and it always came up regarding my style of performing. I wasn't cool with the white kids because they thought I wanted to be black. And I wasn't cool with the black kids because they thought I wanted to be black. So I was looked at as a traitor and an intruder or an imposter. I had to find solace in just being me.

PLAYBOY: As 11-year-old "Justin Randall," you rocked *Star Search* with a twangy country number. Did you cry when you lost?

TIMBERLAKE: No. It was just a TV show. I got there and they said, "This is the song you're singing and this is the outfit you're wearing." I knew what the score was. I'm sure *American Idol* is the same way.

PLAYBOY: How do you think you would have done on *Idol*?

TIMBERLAKE: Probably not very well. I grew up with a voice that was different. It seems the point of *American Idol* is to find singers who fit America's mold of what a talented person should be. That bothers me. I don't know whose place it is to tell somebody he or she is good or not. Everybody is just different. It shouldn't be a contest.

PLAYBOY: What was in the water on the set of *The All New Mickey Mouse Club* that

I can't picture my life five years down the line, let alone 20 or 50. I'd like to be able to ski down a hill or snowboard when I'm 65. I'd like to be more patient by then.

turned so many of those Mouseketeers into stars?

TIMBERLAKE: A really good casting director, I'd say. What's funny is I didn't know at the time that the people around me would go on to so many great things. The exception was Christina Aguilera. She was the prodigy. She could sing better than the adults who had huge deals at the time. We always felt she was going to become Whitney Houston or Mariah Carey or whoever she wanted to be. And also Ryan Gosling. I thought he had charisma that was just beaming, which has turned out to serve him really well as an actor. Even now I still root for that family of actors. I still love to see people from those days making good on their talent. It's a special connection.

PLAYBOY: Any moments of debauchery from those Disney days you can share?

TIMBERLAKE: It was silly stuff mostly. We weren't into anything too dangerous. Ryan and I were partners in crime on that show, and I remember one time we skipped school, took a golf cart and rode to the *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids* set. We got milk shakes. Those are the kinds of badassess we were.

PLAYBOY: You've talked openly about using drugs, smoking marijuana. Are you still a pot smoker?

TIMBERLAKE: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Is it a creativity booster? I read you were stoned for much of the time you made *Justified*.

TIMBERLAKE: The only thing pot does for me is it gets me to stop thinking. Sometimes I have a brain that needs to be turned off. Some people are just better high.

PLAYBOY: You put MTV's *Punk'd* on the map. In the first episode Ashton Kutcher's team pretended to be government agents seizing all your property, including your dog, because of unpaid income taxes. You nearly cried and ended up calling your mom. Is it true you were stoned at the time?

TIMBERLAKE: Yeah. I actually stopped smoking pot for nine to 10 months after that. I was so stoned. If you ask my friends, if they're honest they would probably say that's the only way to get me as dizzy as I was. What you didn't see from the episode, because it was a 45-minute affair cut down to 10 minutes, was me showing up and being like, "What the fuck are you people doing on my property? Get the fuck off my property! Get the fuck out of here!" Then they started rattling off my parents' address, and I was like, "Holy shit. Hold on a second." I mean, everybody was got good on that show—me probably the best.

PLAYBOY: One of the standout moments of that episode was when you called your mom practically in tears. You've said before that you two are best friends and that you "grew up together." A shrink would have a field day with those comments.

TIMBERLAKE: Sure, I can see how that could raise some eyebrows. I mean, it's not meant to be taken literally. I don't think we grew up together, but we're still close. I just turned 30, and I think you get to a point where you start to separate things. You sit there and go, Here are the things about my parents that are in my blood and here's what has come from experience. I'm more conscious about breaking the chain. My mom has a lot of determination, and I think I got that from her, which is great. But as I said, I think I took it too far and it made me miss out on some things.

PLAYBOY: Like having a childhood?

TIMBERLAKE: Not the childhood stuff so much.

PLAYBOY: Going to college?

TIMBERLAKE: It's more like whatever it is you find out about yourself in college. I never got the experience of sitting back at that age and saying, What do I actually want to do right now? Because, again, I was already committed—to a band, to an album, to a tour, whatever. I've thought about this a lot recently. Maybe I'm too much of an open book for things like this, but you're catching me at a moment when this is what I'm learning most. For years I was constantly chasing, chasing, chasing. Then I thought, Well, maybe I'm actually running from something rather than chasing something. Maybe something is

chasing me and I'm trying to get away from it. Who knows? Whatever it is, I feel I'm just getting to a point in my life where I'm looking around, going, There's a lot to enjoy if I can just sit still, actually stop and take more time. That's what I'm trying to do this year. I did four movies in a row and finished the fourth—the movie *Now*—on my birthday. Ever since, I've been retreating, doing nothing, listening to music, enjoying myself, playing golf.

PLAYBOY: Of course, even your golf game has type A written all over it. You could have taken lessons at a public driving range, but instead you hired Tiger Woods's former coach, Butch Harmon. Any tips to share with the weekend golfer?

TIMBERLAKE: Butch's whole approach is that it's way better to have a short swing that gives an accurate shot than to try to put the ball in. He would make me practice hitting 30 or 50 balls with a six iron just to get used to hitting low punch shots. Half swing, swing low, don't even finish the swing. When I showed up, I was scooping the ball up with great big swings because I thought that's how you get the ball into the air. Using shorter swings lets the club do what it was made to do.

PLAYBOY: If you could be guaranteed 100 percent anonymity for one day, what would you do?

TIMBERLAKE: Oh God, probably just go for a walk somewhere. I'd go walk around Paris or Rome. Or if I was really anonymous, maybe I'd do

something outrageous like commit arson or rob someone or find all those fuckers who wait outside my house and go outside their houses and stalk them. A day of anonymity would be cool, though. Just to go to a store and not be hassled.

PLAYBOY: How many times a day do random strangers ask if you're bringing sexy back?

TIMBERLAKE: It happens all the time. I can tell what's sticky in my repertoire by the comments I get when I walk through the streets of New York. For a year or so after that song came out, all I got were "Sexy-Back" comments. After "Dick in a Box," it was UPS guys coming up to me with "Dick in a Box" jokes. Or people wanting to

friend me on Facebook after the Facebook movie. You can complain about it, but to me it's flattering. It means something I did touched people enough for them to respond that way. Even if it happens 20 times a day, you have to be okay with it. The alternative is nobody talking about you, and that's certainly not good.

PLAYBOY: You've also influenced people with your fashion choices, including your clothing line, William Rast. You wear a certain hat or sneaker and suddenly everyone's wearing it. Does that ever feel weird?

TIMBERLAKE: I don't think about my influence on stuff like that too much. I see a lot of young guys dressing more like I should have been dressing when I was their age. Robert Pattinson dresses prop-

may disappear one day?

TIMBERLAKE: Not today. Maybe I will tomorrow, but I'm good now.

PLAYBOY: That must feel pretty solid.

TIMBERLAKE: It makes me feel as though I'm on the right path, definitely.

PLAYBOY: What do you splurge on? Do you shop for private jets on the weekend?

TIMBERLAKE: I haven't bought a plane. I'm not a splurger, really. I have some cars. I have three Audis. I have a Q7, which is just an SUV. I have a sedan and an R8, which looks supercool, but I never drive it. I used to spend money on shoes, but in the past three years a lot of my money has gone into interior design. I have a place in New York. I redid my house in Los Angeles, which was not cheap. A lot of money

goes into art and interior design. My friends saw it when it was finally done, and they definitely oohed and aahed.

PLAYBOY: Okay, let's play a quick round of Awkward or Awesome. Ready?

TIMBERLAKE: Let's do it.

PLAYBOY: The Kardashians.

TIMBERLAKE: Awkward.

PLAYBOY: Charlie Sheen.

TIMBERLAKE: Awesomely awkward.

PLAYBOY: *Jersey Shore*.

TIMBERLAKE: Awkward in an awesome way. I've never seen the show, but I met them backstage at the MTV awards and they were this fearsome group, storming around the hallway. That looked pretty awesome.

PLAYBOY: Lady Gaga.

TIMBERLAKE: Okay, let's talk about Lady

Gaga for a minute. She's a force. Beyond awesome. I mean, she's legitimately talented. I'd love to see her come out with another record a couple of years from now that's completely different, maybe something Tori Amos could do. If I were Lady Gaga, I'd do whatever I wanted, which it looks like she's doing. She's just plain old good. But I don't know what the future holds for her. Her sound is so big. She's got the outfits and she shocks you, but you kind of wonder how an act that big stays around forever. That's why I'm curious to see her mix it up a little. I think she'll continue to make interesting music.

PLAYBOY: How would your career be different if you were starting out now? The

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erly. He's more adept than I was. But I don't know. I don't think there's been one specific person other than Sinatra who has influenced my style.

PLAYBOY: Any particular fashion regrets?

TIMBERLAKE: God, I feel I've gone to therapy just to erase some of them. The cornrows I wore with 'N Sync. That was pretty bad. Britney and I wore matching denim outfits [to the 2001 American Music Awards]. Yeah, another bad choice. I'd probably pay good money to get some of those pictures off the internet.

PLAYBOY: Some people, no matter how rich they are, secretly worry all their money could be taken away tomorrow. Do you ever worry your good fortune

entertainment industry has gone through so many changes. Do you think about that?

TIMBERLAKE: I don't think too much about how my career would be different, but things have definitely changed. Certainly in the music business they have. I started when people were buying CDs. I watched the whole thing transform. I talk about that with my friends a lot. It's such a completely different industry now.

PLAYBOY: If you're a performer today, you don't need the studios. You can get your music or movies or comedy out there on YouTube and make things happen yourself.

TIMBERLAKE: Well, the hardest part for any young performer is to develop what you have. So yeah, with a great video, you can be seen by a couple of million people on YouTube. But if your iron strikes really hot, really fast and you're not ready for it, then you're basically fucked. From the public's standpoint, it's great. You get to see all this untapped talent. But in a way, I think we're still in the car-crash phase of this whole sensation. People like to watch weird shit on YouTube. They like to see car crashes. It's the same way with music. Some of the stuff that comes up is car-crash music, if you know what I mean. There's not as much legitimate talent because a lot of it is driven by this need to get stuff out there quickly. You gain wisdom about yourself and what you feel comfortable putting out only by developing slowly.

PLAYBOY: Justin Bieber seems to have done okay for a guy who started off as a musical car crash, so to speak.

TIMBERLAKE: Justin's great. He's obviously a talented kid. I just hope he has a good support system, because I think back on myself wearing the cornrows. It's awkward growing up in front of the public. Justin's probably dealing with that on some level now. Somebody like Usher mentoring him is great because Usher is somebody who's had a lot of ups and not a down that I can remember. He'll teach him that you can't just ride this out. You need to have somewhere to go. You need to have a plan, and somebody like Justin Bieber should be thinking about that right now. Otherwise, before you know it, there's going to be some kid who's younger than you. We just live in that age.

PLAYBOY: The public is not very kind to the aging pop star. Have you seen the dance-off video going around the internet between Old Britney and New Britney? It shows performances from her early days intercut with performances now. It's not pretty.

TIMBERLAKE: The internet is a cruel place. What a fucked-up thing to do.

PLAYBOY: She's had a pretty rough time the past few years.

TIMBERLAKE: I don't have too much to say about her situation. I can't remember the last conversation I had with her. But this thing that happens online bothers me—these anonymous commenters. People think they can say anything and

it doesn't matter to people. I'd love to see the people who comment about Britney online say those things to her face, because they couldn't. Also, in Britney's defense, if you pulled up a video I did from 2003, I couldn't do the shit I did then either.

PLAYBOY: But you've continued to attempt things that you haven't done before.

TIMBERLAKE: I owe it to myself to do things that inspire me and not do things I don't like.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty simple formula.

TIMBERLAKE: That's how you do great work. I look at people like Prince, who, to me, is the greatest musician who has ever lived. He keeps producing, keeps writing, keeps making unbelievable music—all because he's true to his passion.

PLAYBOY: Have you spent time with him?

TIMBERLAKE: I have, and it was like hanging with the Ghost of Christmas Future. Everything he says, every note he sings, it's just like, man, that guy is so far ahead of the rest of us. One of my best experiences onstage was at his house during a party. Somebody came up to me and said, "Prince would love if you could sing something with the band." I said okay. I

*I look at people like Prince,
who, to me, is the greatest
musician who has ever lived.
He keeps making unbelievable
music—all because he's
true to his passion.*

was kind of drunk, so I was like, "Let's do the Stones." Then we did "Miss You."

PLAYBOY: Hopefully it went better than the time you sang "Miss You" with the Stones onstage. The video of that 2003 Toronto benefit concert made us cringe a little.

TIMBERLAKE: That was terrible. I mean, I got beer cans thrown at me the whole fucking day. That was the most humiliated I ever felt as a musician. Imagine, you get a call from Mick Jagger. "I'd really like you to come and do the Stars for SARS benefit." You say, "Of course." Then you get there and the bill is the Stones, AC/DC, the Guess Who. I said, "Is there no one else here in my genre? This could be bad." I remember saying to my band, "Hey, guys, I don't know what's going to happen, so just brace yourselves." And it was worse than I expected. My set was four songs, 15 minutes, and it was literally raining beer cans and glass bottles the whole time from 500,000 people who wanted to see AC/DC and not my sorry ass.

PLAYBOY: What music is blowing you away these days?

TIMBERLAKE: I like the album the Strokes put out this year. That's the first thing that

comes to mind. Trent Reznor constantly blows me away. I can't stop listening to *The Social Network* score. He's just a genius. Anything Jack White does. Every time he does something I'll be there, front and center, ready to buy it. I'm not the biggest fan of popular music right now. I really like *The King of Limbs*, the Radiohead eight-song set. It sounds like Thom Yorke has been deejaying more because some of it feels that way. There's a song on there called "Separator." It's like, put that song on, get in the car and stop thinking. Radiohead has the ability to make you feel you're cramped up in a closet and then, all of a sudden, you burst out into an open wheat field and everything turns sepia or something.

PLAYBOY: What about in movies? Who would you like to work with?

TIMBERLAKE: It would be fun to do something with Ryan Gosling because we've known each other since we were 10. Picking movies is more than hiring actors. Who's going to be leading the ship? Who's the director? What is the script saying? What story are we telling?

PLAYBOY: Do you have a dream project in the back of your mind?

TIMBERLAKE: Not really. I know the movies I love, and I'd like to make movies like them. *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, *E.T.*, *The Goonies*, *Reds*, *The Music Man*. Seeing *Fight Club* changed the way I watch movies. It was so much smarter than anything I'd ever seen before, which is why working with David Fincher was such a bucket-list move. Making movies that can touch people the way any of those films did would be all I could hope for.

PLAYBOY: Why do some celebrities crack and fade and others, like you, just keep on keeping on? Have you figured that out?

TIMBERLAKE: I don't know, but I can speculate if you'd like me to.

PLAYBOY: Yes, please.

TIMBERLAKE: I'm not sure it'll be anywhere even close to accurate. I think it's about process. If you care about the process of what you're doing, you can care about the actual work. You'll stick around. The other thing is, you always need to be learning something new. In whatever I've done, I've always looked at myself as a beginner. Hopefully I can continue to do that for the next 30 years as I grow into an older man.

PLAYBOY: What kind of old man do you want to be?

TIMBERLAKE: That's so hard to say. I can't picture my life five years down the line, let alone 20 or 50. I know I want to be physically active. My [step]father always said he wanted to live long enough to golf his age, and I think that's a worthy goal. I'd like to be able to ski down a hill or snowboard when I'm 65. Personally, I'd like to be more patient and perhaps learn to sit still by then. Mostly I hope I can still connect with people, still have new experiences, still make an impact on the world.





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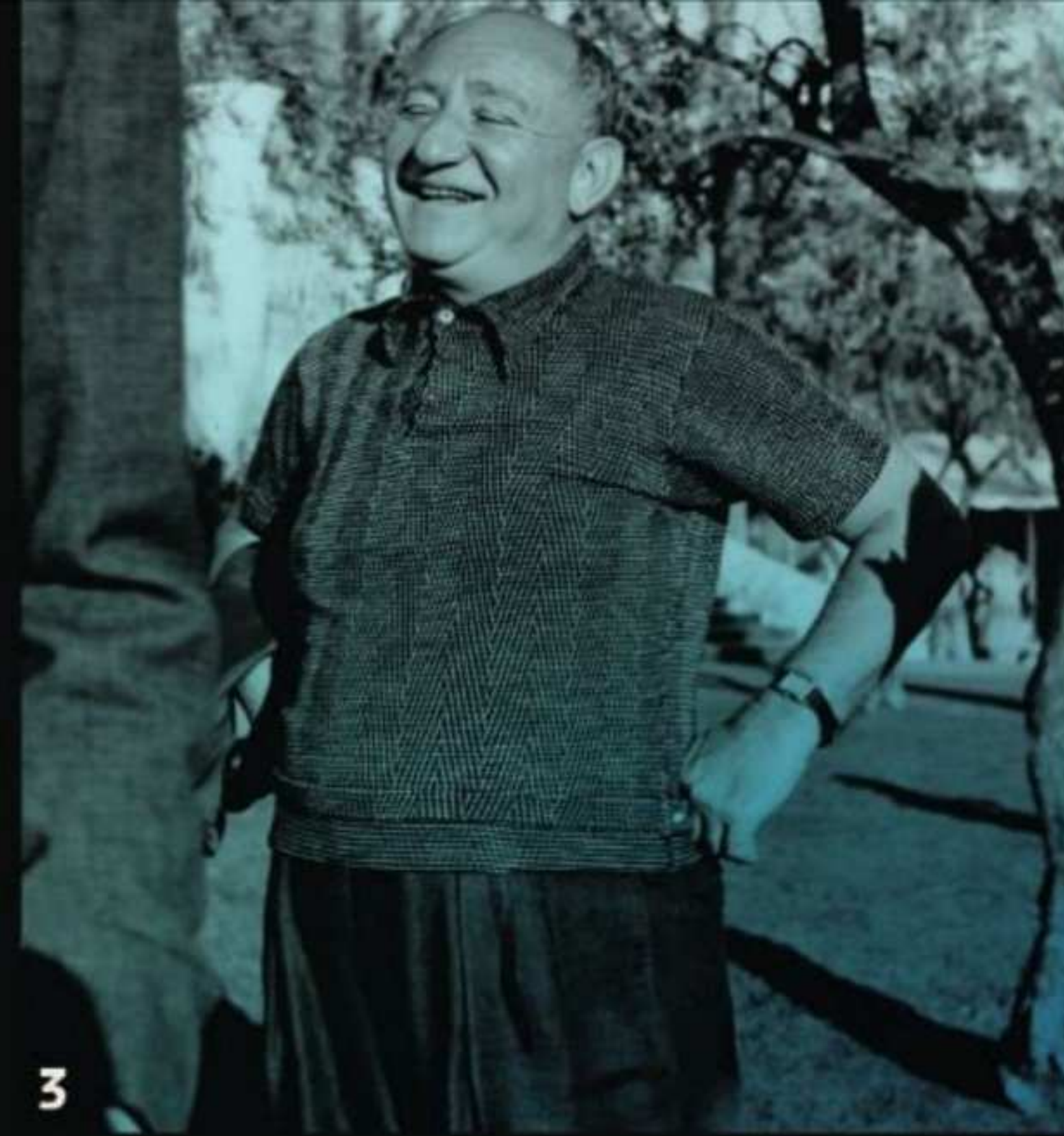
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TAKE OVER A UNION. WILLIE BIOFF DID.

HE GOT RICH ^{AND} THEN GOT MURDERED

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1. Willie Bioff parlayed his control of the projectionists' union into unprecedented power in Hollywood. 2. Bioff was killed by a gangland car bomb in 1955. 3. Joseph Schenck, a movie-studio titan who worked both with and against Bioff. 4. Bioff's Chicago-based colleague Frank Nitti shot himself in 1943 as the feds closed in. 5. Nitti in happier times in 1925. 6. Bioff hung out with stars, visiting the set of *Each Dawn I Die* and telling George Raft he was thinking of dropping a klieg light on Jimmy Cagney's head. Raft never knew why.

THE BOMB

On November 4, 1955 William Nelson, a short, stocky 55-year-old retiree who dabbled in stocks and bonds, left his suburban Phoenix tract home, waved good-bye to his wife, slid into his 1953 Ford pickup truck, turned on the ignition and was immediately blown through the top of the cab by a blast so powerful it ripped the door and roof off the nearby garage and rattled windows as far as a mile away. Nelson, with his worn pentagonal wire-rim spectacles and baggy jowls, had looked like a milquetoast, and according to his neighbors, he had lived among them for years without incident—an unobtrusive and quiet man. But Maricopa County sheriff L.C. Boles and his investigator Lieutenant Ralph Edmundson, who were assigned the case, nevertheless called the murder a “revenge killing” and said they were collecting leads from Los Angeles, Chicago and New York.

That's because Nelson wasn't a retiree who dabbled in stocks and bonds, and he was anything but a milquetoast. He wasn't even William Nelson. The name of the man whose limbs were scattered over the property was Willie Bioff (appropriately pronounced “buy off”), and in the 1930s he was the undisputed king of Hollywood—the man who terrified everyone in the film industry, from the lowliest stagehands to the most exalted actors to the studio heads themselves. Once, when Bioff arrived at the MGM gate and a guard there didn't recognize him, he phoned MGM vice president Eddie Mannix and ordered him to come down and tell the guard

who Bioff was. Mannix complied. When Bioff built a new house that befit his stature as Hollywood's monarch, he told Columbia Pictures executive Leo Spitz that he expected the studio to pay for the furnishings. It did. When he declared to studio executives that he had decided he wanted even more power, he joked that they “jumped like scared cats. I guess I'm their bogeyman.”

He was that and more. To the Hollywood moguls, most of them Eastern European Jewish immigrants who aggressively promoted the American dream in their films for fear their adopted country might reject them as aliens, this bumpkin, himself an Eastern European Jew, was the American nightmare. He was cocky, defiant, ostentatious, full of braggadocio and bluster, and happily illiterate—an eccentric out of Damon Runyon but with bloody, bloody hands. Willie Bioff was the king of Hollywood because he was the Capone outfit's operative in Hollywood. And he was the Capone outfit's operative in Hollywood because he had found the secret of how to siphon money from the studios' coffers—millions of dollars that flowed from the moguls through him and to the mob, with Bioff taking his cut. Had he been given the time, he later said, he would have owned a 50 percent stake in the studios. As it was, he all but ran them—for a while.

THE BEGINNING

He lied. He lied about his name even before he became William Nelson. He was variously Morris Bloffsky, Morris Bioff, William Berg, Harry or Henry Martin and Mr. Bronson. He lied about

his age. He was variously born in 1886 or 1899—or one of several years in between. He lied about his place of birth, saying he came to the States with his Russian Jewish parents when he was five or that he had been born in Chicago, where he grew up. As he later told it, lying or not, his mother died when he was eight, he left school after the third grade and six years later his father threw him out on the streets to fend for himself. By some accounts, he became a childhood pimp, charging boys a dime to fondle girls he paid with 10-cent candy. When one girl refused, young Willie allegedly said, “It's a dime's worth of acid in the face.” Among other things, he became a petty thief, stealing hams from Swift & Co. and, despite his kosher upbringing, eating them. (“An empty belly ain't got no religion,” he would tell a reporter.) Scarcely out of his teens he ran a Chicago brothel, where, police reported, one of his girls serviced 13 men in a single day for a payment of \$29. Of this period of his life he would say discreetly, “I peddled papers, run errands and so on, and met a lot of people.”

One of the people he met was Jerry Leahy, the Chicago agent for the Teamsters Union, for whom Bioff served as driver while Leahy made “collections”—the tribute businesses paid to avoid union strife. In time Bioff himself was making collections, strong-arming the kosher chicken dealers to organize their workers. It was during this activity in 1932 that he ran into a union agent named George E. Browne who was organizing the gentile chicken dealers. Thus began a partnership that would panic Hollywood. (continued on page 120)



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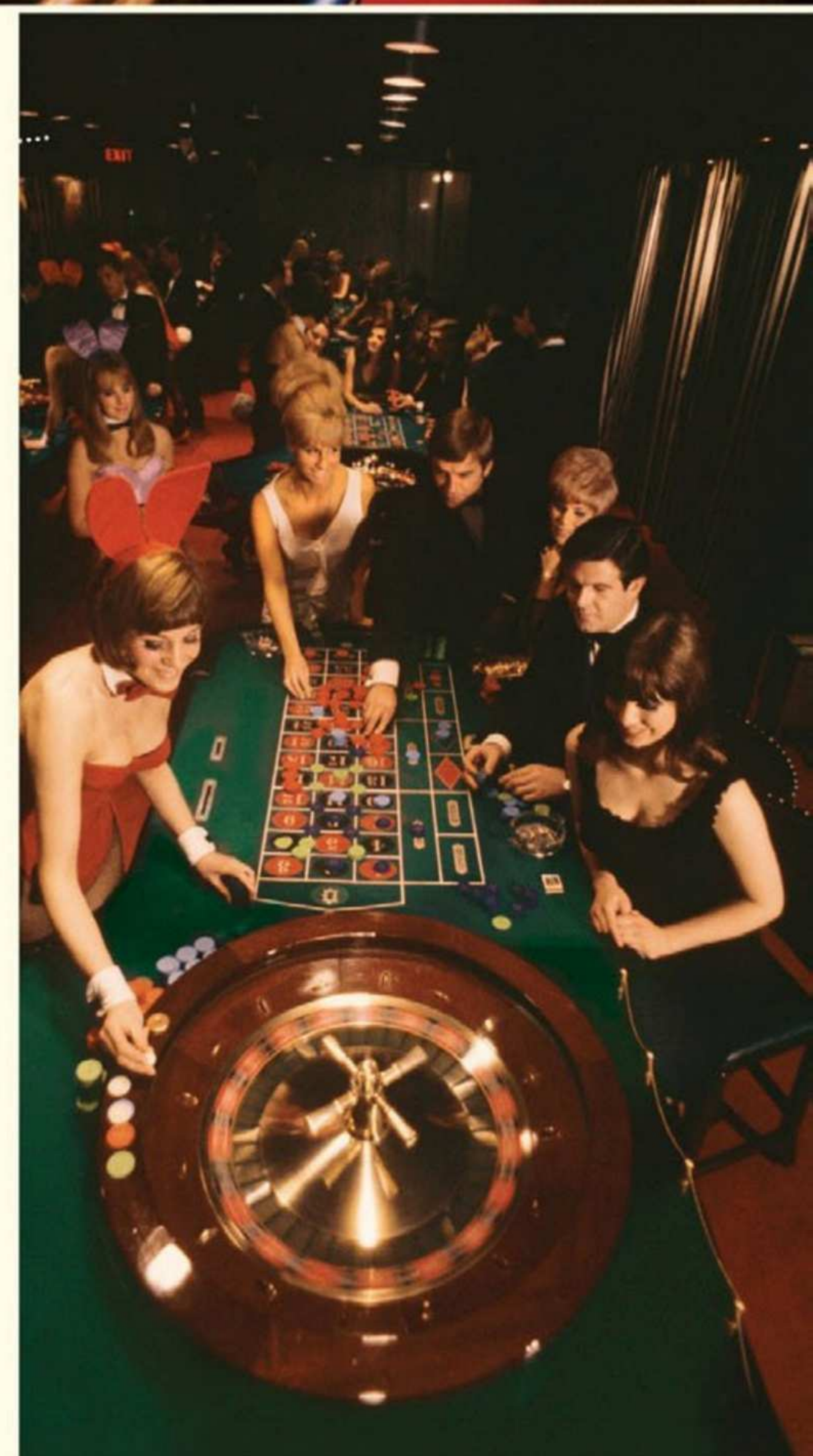


BRITISH BUNNIES

THIS MONTH, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 30 YEARS, A PLAYBOY CLUB IN LONDON WILL SWING OPEN ITS DOORS. IN HONOR, WE LOOK BACK AT THE BUNNIES OF YORE

tep into the Playroom,” the brochure said, “and the wonderful world of Playboy is yours!” That was in the 1960s, when the first of 41 Playboy Clubs opened. The idea riveted both men and women. Suddenly Hugh Hefner’s vision that readers found in the magazine—the good life, the sexual revolution—became three-dimensional space you could walk into and instantly become a part of. The first club opened in Chicago in 1960, and soon there were clubs all over the world, including four in Japan. While the last of the original clubs closed 20 years ago, their aura has never ceased to fascinate. And recently they’ve begun to reopen—first in Las Vegas in 2006, then in

Macao and Cancún in 2010 and finally this month in London, the epicenter of European nightlife. The original London club, on Park Lane, was one of the most successful Playboy Clubs. On any given night you might have spotted Sean Connery, Ursula Andress, Peter Sellers, Roman Polanski. And so it will be again today, with a contemporary spin. The new club (playboyclublondon.com), in Mayfair, has a restaurant, cocktail bar, casino and private gaming lounge. Most exciting is the iconic Bunny’s return to Europe. In honor of the new group of elegant women we recruited from across the globe, we’re taking these pages to revisit our favorite London Bunnies from the heyday. Who better to kick off the party than timeless beauty Dolly Read?



Top: Bunnies lay their cards on the table at the London club. Above: Shall we take a spin? This scene at the London club originally appeared in the December 1966 issue.

MISS MAY 1966
DOLLY READ

Britain's first Bunny turned Playmate, Dolly Read, went on to star in the 1970 Russ Meyer romp *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. When approached to pose in the magazine by staff photographer Pompeo Posar, Dolly thought it was "a smashing good idea."



CLAIRE SLATER

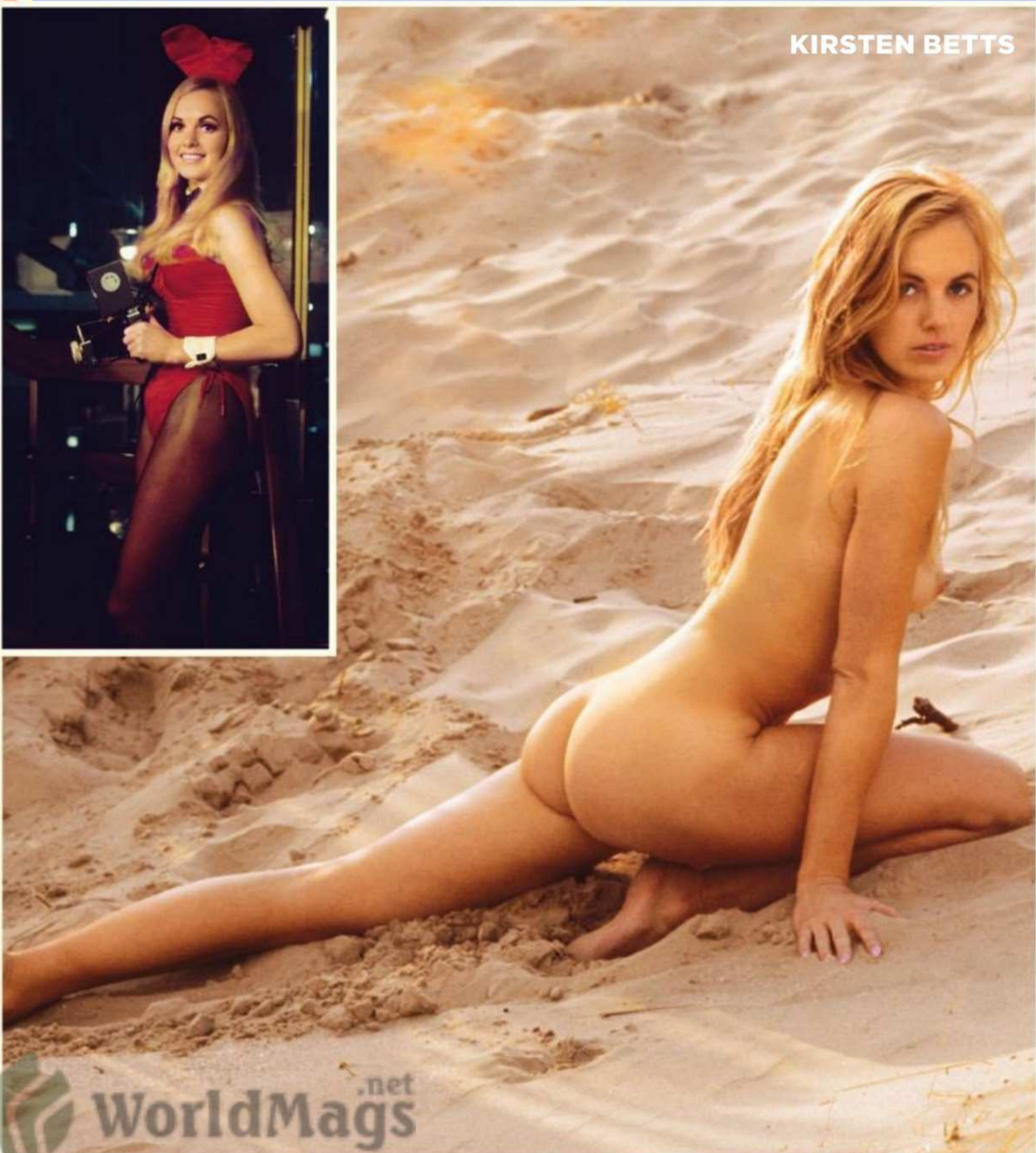


ADRIA AUNG

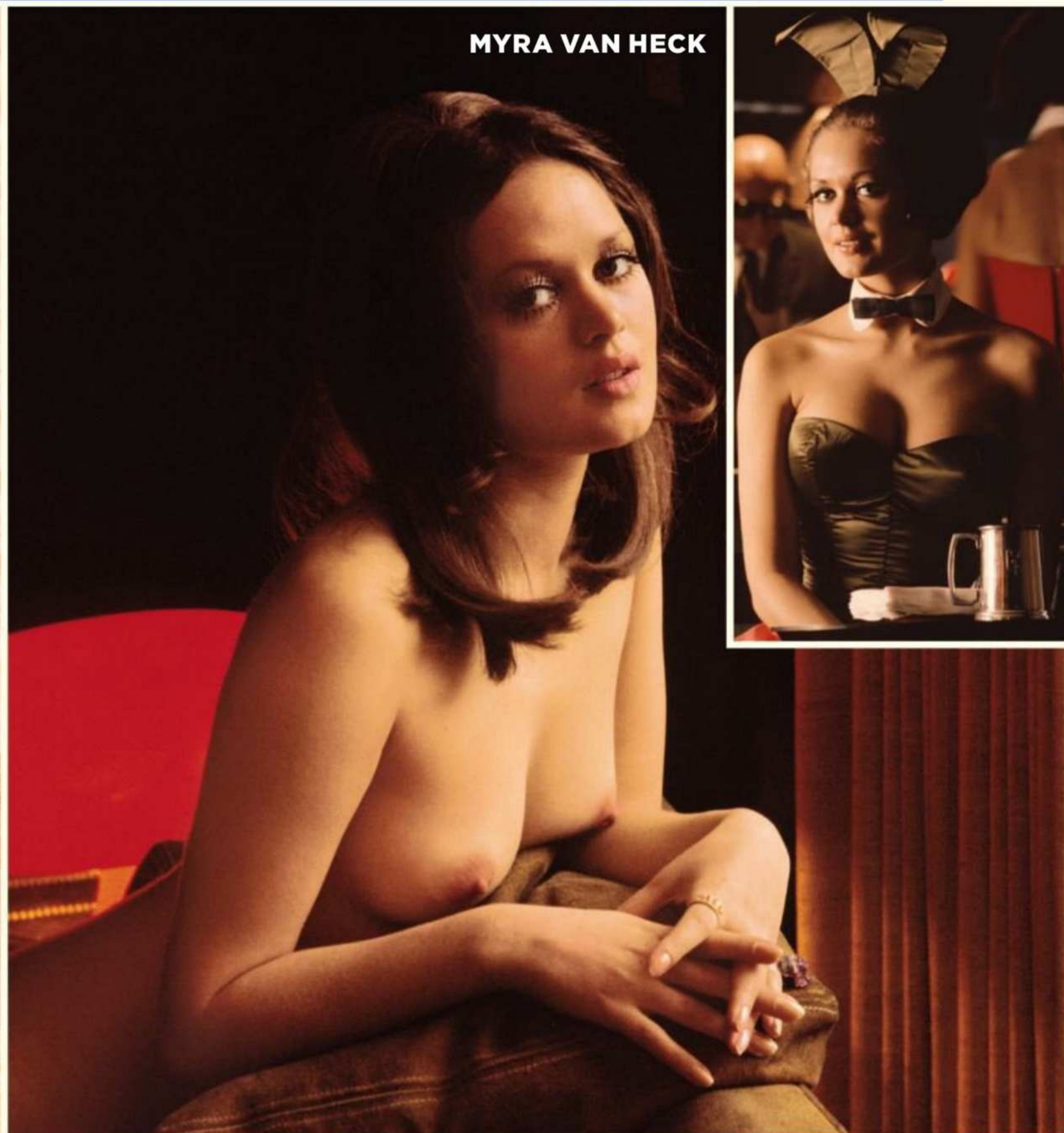


This page, clockwise from top left: Claire was the athletic type. Born in Malta, she liked dancing, skiing and riding. Exotic Adria hailed from Myanmar. Although she loved to shop for clothes, she also loved not wearing any. Myra's ideal man was the King of Cool, Steve McQueen (who starred in *Bullitt* and *The Thomas Crown Affair* the year these shots were taken). Here's some great advice from Kirsten, who came to London from Denmark: "Love every day, learn every day."

KIRSTEN BETTS



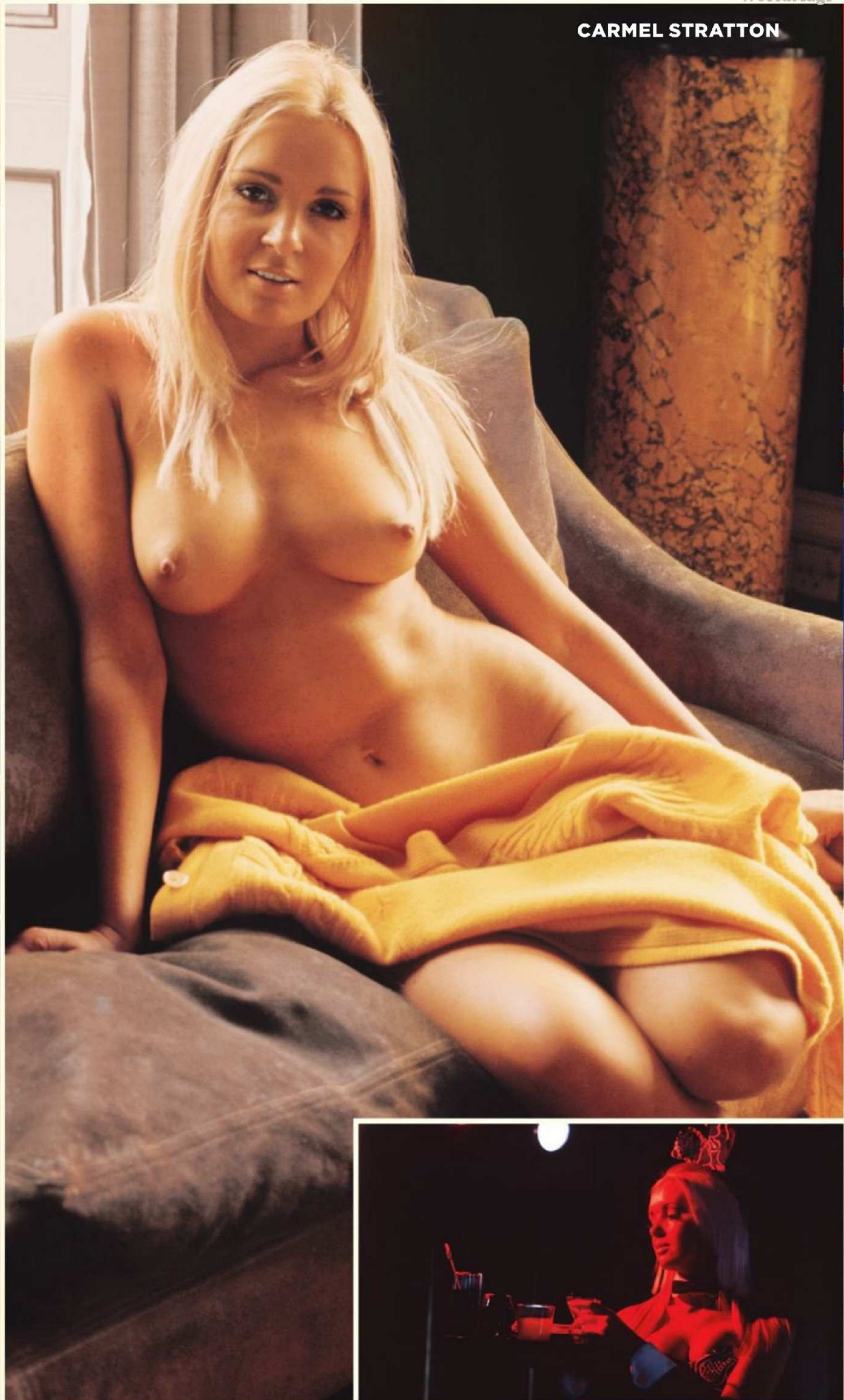
MYRA VAN HECK



ELIZABETH FLOWER



CARMEL STRATTON



JENNY COLLIE

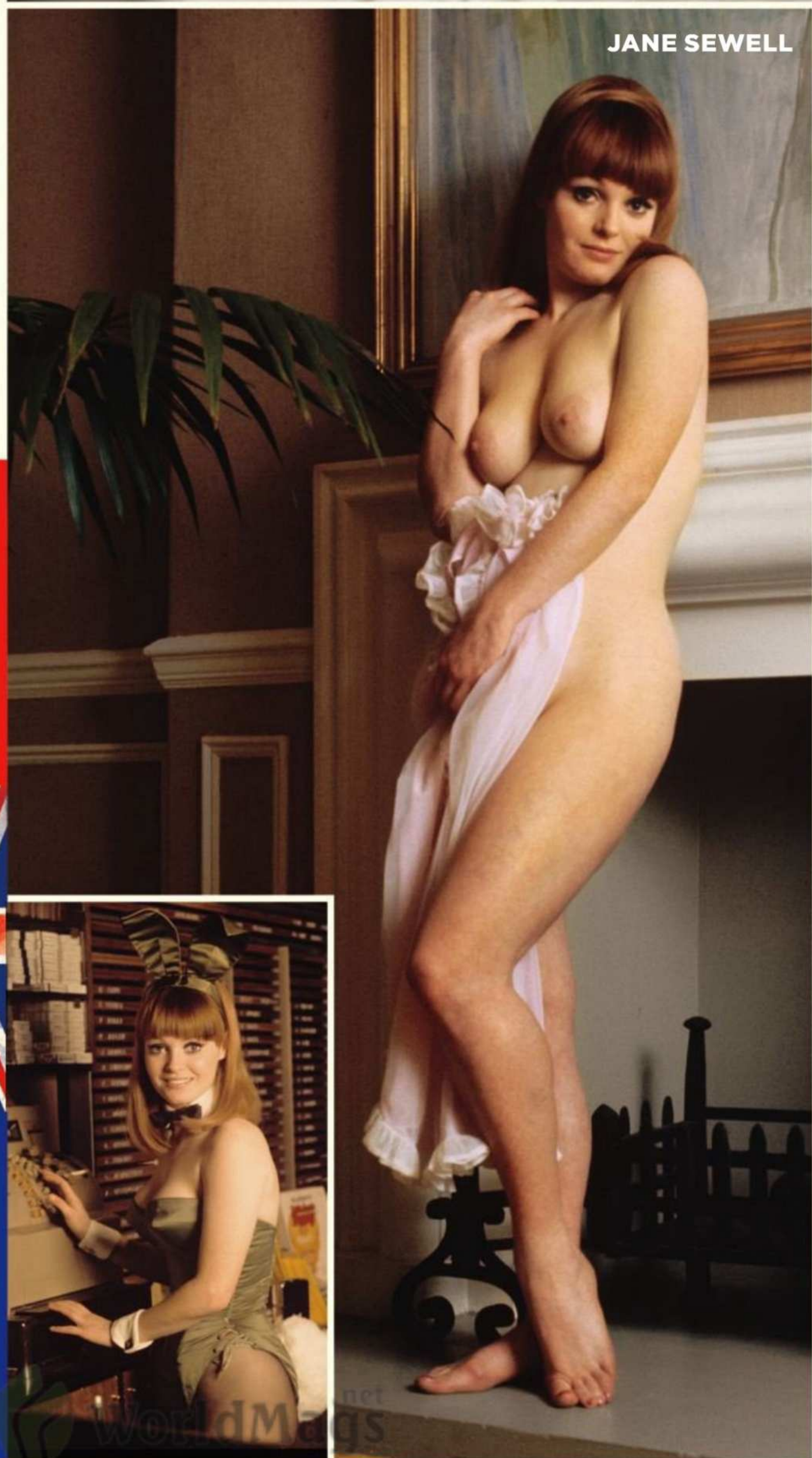


This page, clockwise from top left: Elizabeth was a proper debutante. "My parents are titled," she explained. Her father was also the chairman of Flowers Brewery, founded in 1831. Carmel, who came to London from Australia, loved fast cars. She can take us for a ride anytime. Jenny looks hot and wet in her bubble bath—good clean fun. When not in the tub, she played a mean game of tennis.

KATHLEEN BASCOMBE



JANE SEWELL



ANNE WORRALL



This page, clockwise from top: Kathleen had a thing about bugs; she hated spiders, but she loved the Beatles. A London native, she did some of her schooling in a convent. Anne, who was Miss Central London in 1968, said her least favorite thing in the world was getting out of bed. Our sentiments exactly. Jane had worked with the Royal Ballet before she became a London Bunny. Here she demonstrates her grace and poise.





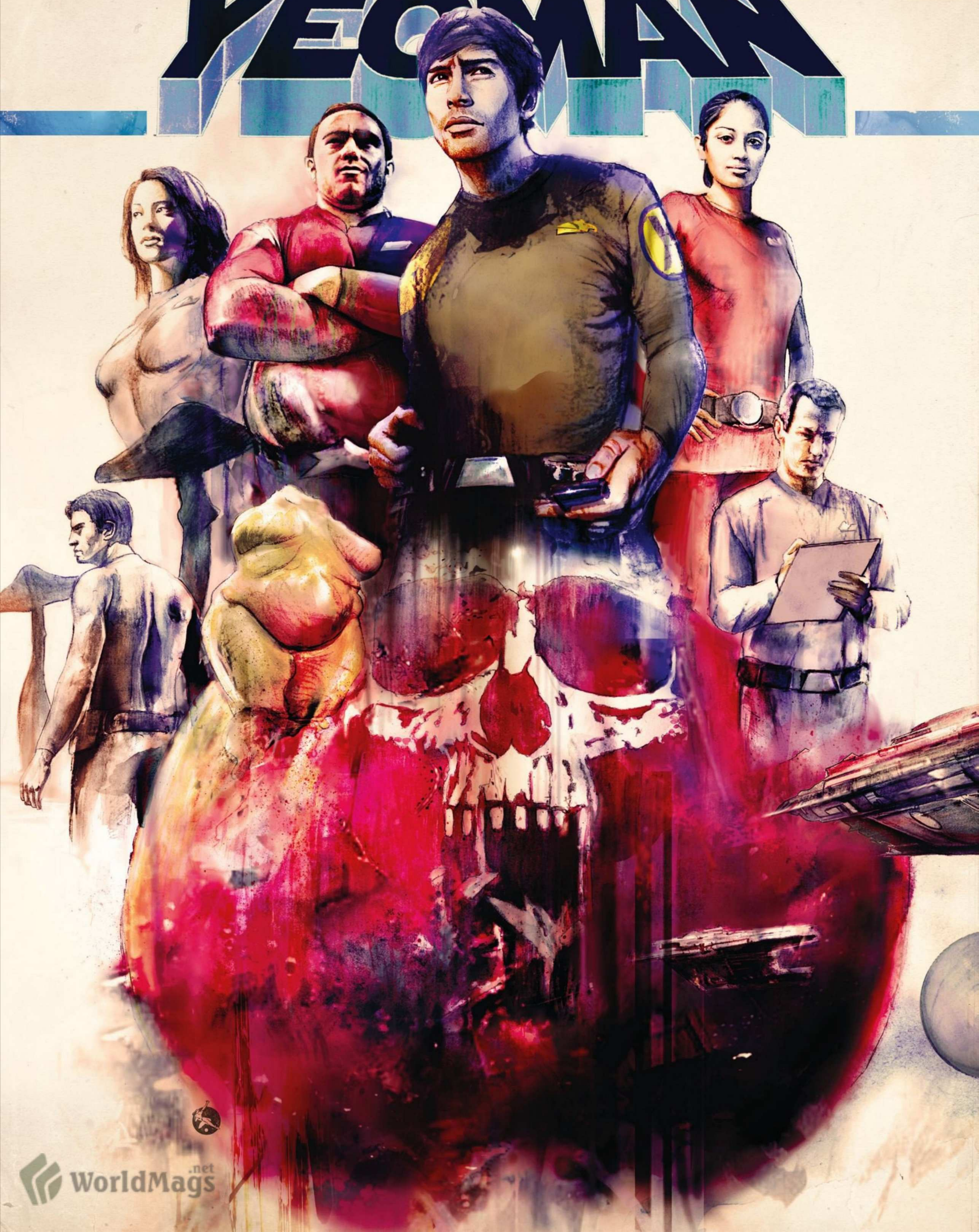
Magnificent Marilyn worked her way up the Playboy empire. She started as a door Bunny, greeting keyholders at the London club in 1970. Then she became the club's public relations officer, and by 1972 she was Miss January.



See more Club Bunnies
at playboy.com/bunnies.

BY CHARLES YU

KEOMAN



THE LOWEST-RANKING MEMBER

of the away team to a new planet, he can expect to be **SPACE-MONSTER MEAT** or prey to **FLESH-EATING GOO.**

IN SHORT, HE'S DOOMED.

Can he outsmart the script?

WE REACHED THE FINAL FRONTIER TODAY.

Again.

No one wants to be the first to say it out loud, so it's one of those things where we have cake and beer and everyone mouth-smiles at one another while our eyes are all *Does anyone even know what is going on anymore?* As in, *This is cool, for real it is, but seriously, what the hell?* I'm on the observation deck looking at it. The last world. Am

I excited? Sure I am. I'm excited. Even if this is the 17th time we've been here. I guess technically we're still searching, but lately, to be honest, it has started to feel less like searching and a bit more like wandering.

MONDAY:

Monday mornings they announce the crew members for the week's away team, and it's always the same: captain, the XO, the medic, the Security Chief, the ethnographer and an unnamed yeoman.

This week's yeoman: me.

Also: The yeoman always dies.

Here's what I don't get: Why six? Why not five? Week in and week out they send six of us down knowing, *knowing*, only five will come back. What's so special about six? Is it because there are six spots in the transporter bay? Really. That's it. We can't just let that spot go empty. We can't let that spot go empty, but we have the holographic casino running all day and night. I mean, really? We can't just stick some equipment in there? An extra bag of food, maybe, or an empty sack

for moon rocks. Some extra toilet paper. For God's sake, anything.

Galactic HR assigns me a Coping Specialist.

We meet over breakfast in the non-officers' mess.

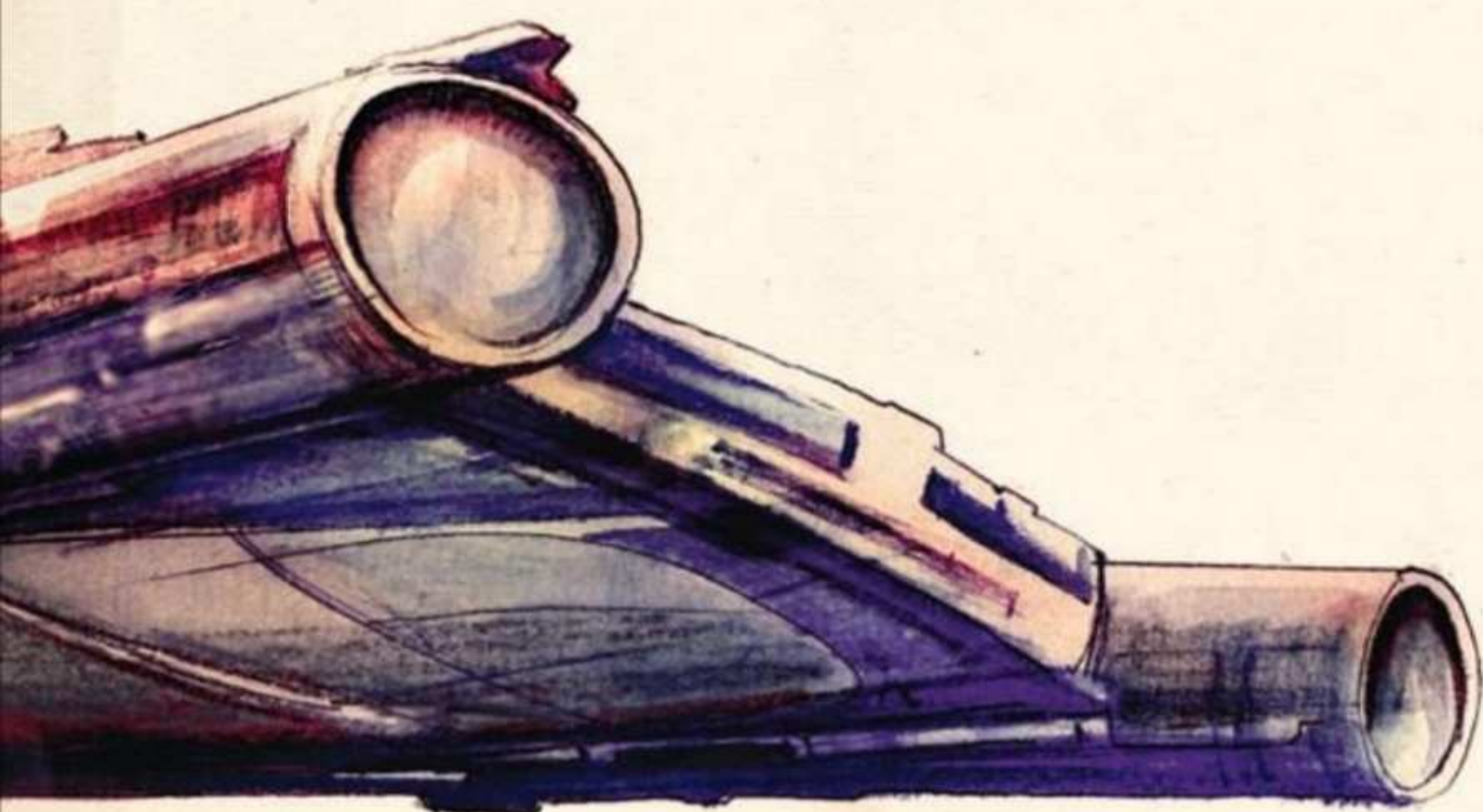
He orders a Denver omelet, a bowl of cereal with two percent milk, an English muffin, grapefruit juice, coffee and a Yoo-hoo.

"You should have something," he says. "Breakfast is the most important meal of the day."

"How old are you?"

He says he's 12, but if I had to put money on it, he's 10, 10 and a half, tops. Galactic starts them young, while they're still optimistic, then trains them in a plot simulator that reenacts old TV episodes. They think all problems can be resolved in an hour, including commercial breaks.

"Anything you want to talk to me about?" he says with his mouth open. He stuffs a forkful of scrambled egg and bell pepper in there.



"I'm good," I say.
"Suit yourself."

I watch him eat way too much, way too fast. When he's done, he wraps his English muffin in a napkin for later and hands me his card, tells me to call him if the whole meaningless-death thing starts to bum me out.

"Or if you start to experience fear-

running her hand over the horizon of her pregnant belly.

"There's a small insurance policy," I say. "I got a packet from human resources. Let me go get it."

When I come back into the room with the folder, she's putting on her coat.

"Um?" I say.

"This is bullshit. We're not living off of

it. They're management. Soft and comfortable. People have been whispering that the captain's Lycra has been looking a bit tight around the middle ever since they instituted free soft-serve in the officers' dining quarters. It's hard not to notice.

As we're dematerializing, the captain starts in with the monologue.

You can tell when he's going to start with this nonsense because he sucks in his stomach a little. Then he touches his chin and checks his hair a couple of times. And then he gets that off-into-infinity look. *It's the Age of Science Fiction*, he says. Everyone avoids eye contact.

He always does this in the transporter because we're not allowed to move during molecular calibration.

He says, *We have reached the point where our knowledge of the world now exceeds our ability to believe it, to believe what we are seeing, to believe what we are able to do.* He has a way of speaking in italics. He says, *What we are capable of has caught up to and surpassed our intuition about what should be possible. We have surpassed ourselves.* And even though I've heard this monologue 5,000 times over the ship's speakers, and even though I know it was written by the ship's speechwriter, I can't help but feel just a little inspired, to remember just a little bit of what I felt looking at the poster in the recruiting office that day when I signed up for duty, imagining what it would be like to explore the universe.

And then we rematerialize on yet another world populated by sentient goo, and there's green glop everywhere, and it's oozing, which is how the glop procreates, and in the process of oozing, it makes a kind of groaning sound, and overall the whole planet smells like sulfur and even though it's hard, I try to remember that each and every place in the cosmos is an opportunity for discovery and that each and every life-form is a treasure and a marvel and a wonder, and I take out my Life-form Analyzer so *(continued on page 127)*

"IT'S THE AGE OF SCIENCE FICTION," HE SAYS. "WHAT WE ARE CAPABLE OF HAS SURPASSED OUR INTUITION ABOUT WHAT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE."

of-death symptoms," he says. I ask him what a fear-of-death symptom might be. He thinks about it for a second.

"Pretty much just fear," he tells me. "Also extreme fear."

"Here's the thing," I start to say. I want to tell him that I'm married, that in less than three months I'll be a father, that dying this week would really throw a wrench into our family planning. I want to say all of it, but for some reason I can't bring myself to say it. He wouldn't care anyway. So instead, I tell him he has a little piece of ham on his shirt.

"Score," he says and pops it into his mouth.

Over dinner that night, I try to figure out how to explain it to my wife.

"I'm probably going to die later this week."

"So, no movie night?"

"I'm serious."

"So am I. I've been looking forward to seeing that one."

"The away team. They posted the list this morning. I'm on it."

She puts her fork down and doesn't say anything for a while, just sits there

a death benefit." This isn't how she talks usually, but then again, she's 28 weeks pregnant. She is not messing around. "I'm going to see the captain."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," I say. "You can't do that. You're not even wearing pants."

"You are not dying for this shitty job," she says, and she's right. It hurts to admit it, because this was my dream job when I was a kid. "I love you, but yeah, I said it. Your job sucks. This sucks. Living in a converted closet sucks. You even kind of suck. The only thing that doesn't suck is this baby that we are going to have."

"Okay," I say. "I'll talk to him."

That night I lie awake, staring out into the cosmic background radiation, listening to my wife snore, feeling the heat rising off of her skin, trying to figure out what I could possibly say to the captain that would make him think I'm worth saving.

TUESDAY:

We're in the transporter bay. We beam down. Such a weird feeling. I wonder if anyone else is as excited as I am, but then I realize how dumb that is. Of course they aren't. They do this three times a week, and they're all bored of



Dean Yeagle

“Oh, Harry, I thought you’d be happy to find that your wife and your mistress get along so well!”



HOW TO GO BROKE THE NIC CAGE WAY

IT TAKES A LOT OF PLANNING AND THOUGHT TO LOSE A GIGANTIC FORTUNE AND SQUANDER A GREAT CAREER. HEREWITH, 21 FOOLPROOF STEPS TO DO BOTH, AS DEMONSTRATED BY CAGE HIMSELF

BY STEVEN CHEAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ZOHAR LAZAR



ONCE UPON A TIME, **NICOLAS CAGE** WAS THE TOAST OF HOLLYWOOD. AS SUCH, HE AMASSED A FORTUNE. THEN THINGS WENT WRONG. TERRIBLY WRONG. DECISIONS WERE MADE. BAD DECISIONS. HOW BAD? BAD ENOUGH TO TRANSFORM A ONETIME OSCAR-WINNING ACTOR INTO CRITIC KRYPTONITE. BAD ENOUGH THAT A MAN WORTH A STUTTER-INDUCING FORTUNE COULD WIPE OUT HIS BANK ACCOUNTS AS IF HE WERE ANGRY WITH MONEY ITSELF. HEREWITH WE DISSECT THE DISASTER—21 STEPS THAT, IF FOLLOWED CAREFULLY, WILL SEND YOU SPIRALING DOWN YOUR OWN PERSONAL PSYCHEDELIC RABBIT HOLE.

Dare police to arrest you.

In April 2011, while in New Orleans filming his latest movie, *Medallion*, a “very drunk” Cage was witnessed screaming at, and allegedly assaulting, his wife, Alice. When police arrived on the scene, they told the couple to go home, to which Cage replied, “Why don’t you just arrest me?” The police repeated their suggestion. Cage then repeated his. Hours later, Cage was bailed out of jail by Dog the Bounty Hunter. Cage’s wife refused to press charges.

Collect shrunken heads.

Some people who’ve seen Cage’s collection say it consists only of animal heads, but others swear the heads appear to be human in origin. Either way, importing any type of shrunken head is not the world’s cheapest hobby.



INVEST IN COMIC BOOKS.

Cage has owned (and sold) millions of dollars’ worth of comic books—400 titles in all. But three of them—including the first Superman appearance (worth \$1.5 million) and the first Batman appearance—were stolen. (The Superman comic was recovered 11 years later.)

Destroy Your Career, Part 1:

Star in *Season of the Witch*, a movie that prompted one critic to ask, “Did either Cage or [director Dominic] Sena even bother reading Bragi F. Schut’s patchwork script before adjusting the wig, flicking on the camera and cashing the paychecks?” The \$40 million medieval pic earned \$10.6 million during its opening weekend and went on to gross a meager \$24.8 million stateside.

Buy a Bel Air mansion for \$6.5 million.

Take out six loans against it worth \$18 million. Make sure to decorate the house in a manner alternately described

as “frat house bordello” and “Gothic mausoleum,” only to watch it fall into foreclosure and sell at auction for \$10.5 million.

Throw a Christmas party that guest Jay Leno will refer to as the greatest he’s ever attended.

Serve the finest shellfish from a buffet table carved out of ice. Have 10-foot-tall nutcracker men stationed by the front gate. Hire lighting professionals to showcase your collectible cars parked in the driveway. Pay a production crew to blow fake snow. Receive so many presents that you forget about the gifted pony, which is seen roaming your property the following morning. Cost: lost in the hangover haze.



Buy too many animals. At one time or another Cage has owned purebred dogs, rare birds, lizards, saltwater sharks, an octopus and a pair of albino king cobras (along with the accompanying antidote serum). But why stick with living creatures? Taking it to the next level, he outbid Leonardo DiCaprio on a 67-million-year-old dinosaur skull at a 2007 auction. Cost: \$276,000.

Destroy Your Career, Part 2: Star in *Bangkok Dangerous*,

a remake of a classic Thai thriller. One critic described the film as “dimly lit, emotionally empty and devoid of thrills.... It’s never close to good, and it can’t even get bad right.” Opening during the slowest movie weekend in five years—“We lucked out,” noted the studio’s VP of distribution about the lack of competition—the film still lost \$2.5 million at the box office.

Buy cars at a rate of one a month.

Cage has owned as many as 50 collectible cars, which necessitated the services of a full-time mechanic and a hangar at Santa Monica Airport. His fleet has included nine Rolls-Royces, a \$500,000 Lamborghini Miura SVJ formerly owned by the shah of Iran, a 1955 Jaguar D-Type and a Bentley with custom cabinetry and a bar.

Spend \$8.5 million on a 14,300-square-foot Las Vegas estate equipped with a screening room, an elevator and a 16-car subterranean garage. Watch it fall into foreclosure and sell for \$4.95 million. Loss: \$3.55 million.

Spend \$15.7 million on a 12-bedroom, 27-acre Rhode Island estate complete with tennis court, billiard room, library, conservatory, fish pond and views of the Atlantic. Put it on the market. Wait. Slash the price. Wait. Repeat. Finally sell it, in April 2011, for \$6.2 million. Loss: \$9.5 million.

Buy a “natural work of art from outer space.” Join the ranks of Steven Spielberg, Yo-Yo Ma and James Taylor and buy into the Macovich Collection, the greatest treasure

trove of aesthetic iron meteorites the world has ever known. Select specimens carry a price tag of \$100,000 or more.

Buy multiple castles. In 2006 Cage purchased a 28-room 11th century castle situated on 395 acres in Etzelwang, Germany. He then sold it for roughly the purchase price of \$2.3 million—after spending \$4 million on improvements. Then he spent \$7.8 million on 18th century Midford Castle in Bath, England, which he eventually unloaded for \$5 million. Loss: \$6.8 million.

Own a flotilla of yachts. Cage has owned as many as four of them—one docked in each of the following locales: the Caribbean, the Mediterranean, Newport Beach, California and Rhode Island. To help settle his debts he had to sell two of the vessels, including *Sarita Si*, a 130-foot Italian-built motor yacht capable of accommodating a dozen guests on its three decks.

Buy (and lose) more real estate—this time, two properties at once. Cage picked up two vacant lots situated side by side and covering hundreds of acres in Malibu, California. Owing close



DESTROY YOUR CAREER, PART 3:

STAR IN *GHOST RIDER*. While the superhero action picture is among Cage’s most profitable in years—grossing nearly \$230 million worldwide and spawning a forthcoming sequel—it did significant damage to his rep with critics, one of whom said, “It’s fascinating to watch an actor who thinks he’s in a good film when he’s really in a bad one.”

to \$9 million on the properties, he watched them go to auction for a minimum bid of \$10 million. No buyers showed, so the bank took the land back. The same day, his Bel Air mansion went into foreclosure.

Already own a house in the Caribbean? Buy an island in the Caribbean.

In 2004 Cage purchased a luxurious house on Paradise Island in the Bahamas. Two years later he picked up undeveloped 40-acre Leaf Cay island, complete with sandy beaches, tropical palms and a freshwater pond. Cost: \$3 million.

Owe millions in back taxes and penalties.

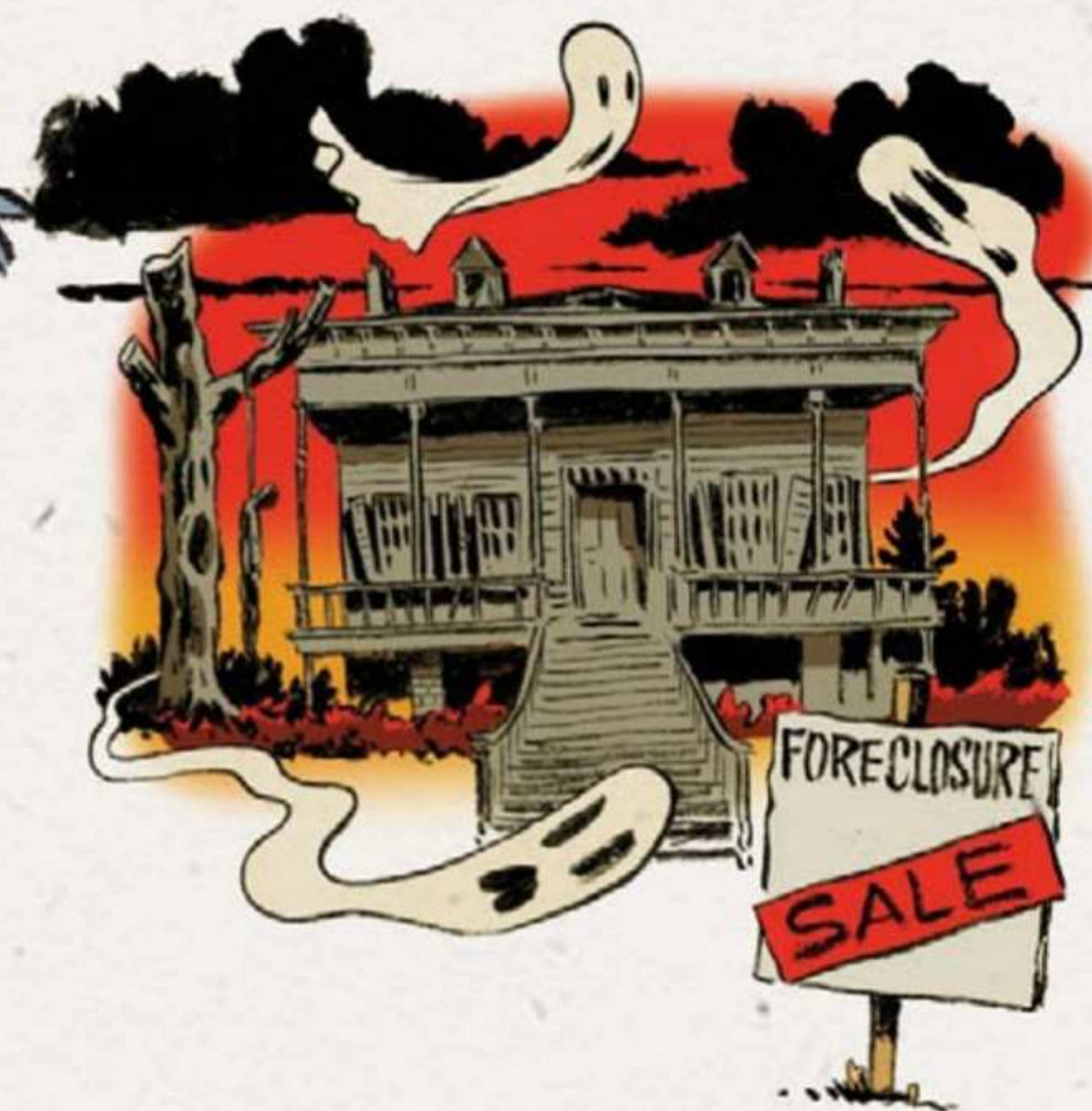
Beginning in 2009 Cage found himself deeply in debt to the IRS, including having a \$6.3 million lien placed on his real estate holdings for taxes owed from 2002 to 2004 and an additional lien of \$6.7 million for unpaid 2008 taxes.

Destroy Your Career, Part 4: Star in *8MM*

a mere five years after winning your best actor Oscar. The psychological thriller provoked one critic to write, “Those foolhardy enough to place themselves at the mercy of *8MM* can expect the following emotions: disgust and revulsion, then anger, followed by a profound and disheartening sadness.” The film earned \$36 million domestically—on a \$40 million budget.

Buy and lose more homes, this time in New Orleans.

In 2005 Cage spent \$3.45 million on a house in the Garden District that was once owned by novelist Anne Rice. Shortly thereafter he put down another \$3.45 million on a French Quarter Creole mansion widely considered to be the most famous haunted house in the city. On the hook for \$5.5 million in mortgage payments, not to mention \$150,000 in property taxes, he lost both houses to foreclosure in fall 2009.



If financial planning isn’t your forte, concentrate on the type of planning that makes sense in the long run. Finally—very finally—purchase a nine-foot-tall pyramid-shaped tomb to serve as your eternal resting place, in a New Orleans cemetery. After all that spending, you’ve earned a nice long break.



PLAYBOY PAD

APOCALYPSE CHIC

REFINED AND PRIVATE, CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING A NUCLEAR STRIKE—STEP INSIDE THE ULTIMATE 21ST CENTURY VACATION HOME

In June 1962, the United States Air Force completed construction on a dozen Atlas F nuclear-missile silos outside the town of Plattsburgh in upstate New York. It was the height of the Cold War, and President Kennedy would soon order the missile teams (continued on page 66)

WINGING IT Who needs highway traffic? The Silohome has its own private airport. A hangar sits on the far end of the runway.

PLANE AND SIMPLE The silver bird you see here is a 1946 Ercoupe.

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556TH STRATEGIC MISSILE SQUADRON
 Plattsburgh Air Force Base, New York

1 - 30 September 1963
 (Unclassified Title)

62715

Prepared by:
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 PLATTSBURGH AIR FORCE BASE, NEW YORK

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 Colonel USAF
 Commander

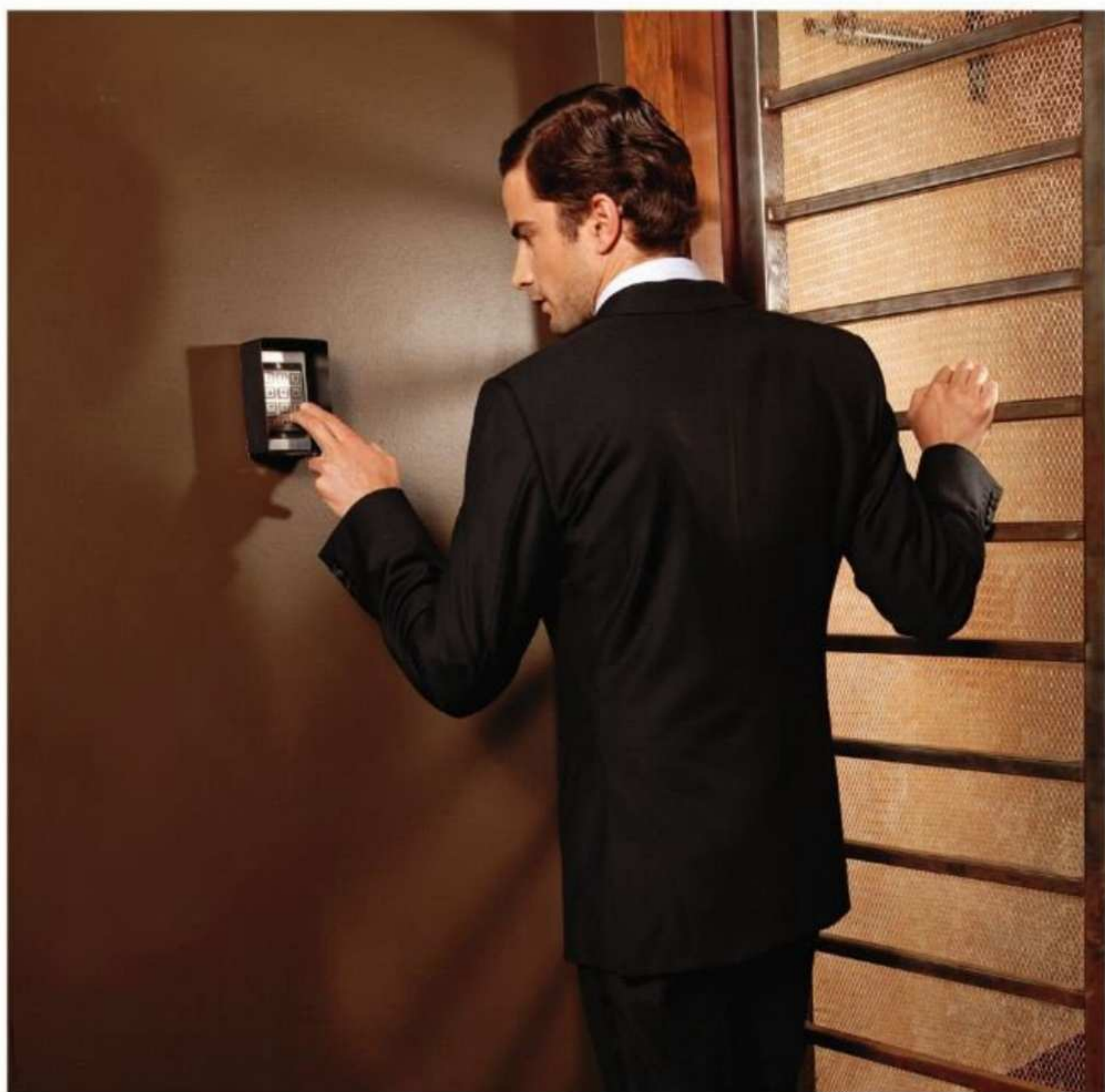
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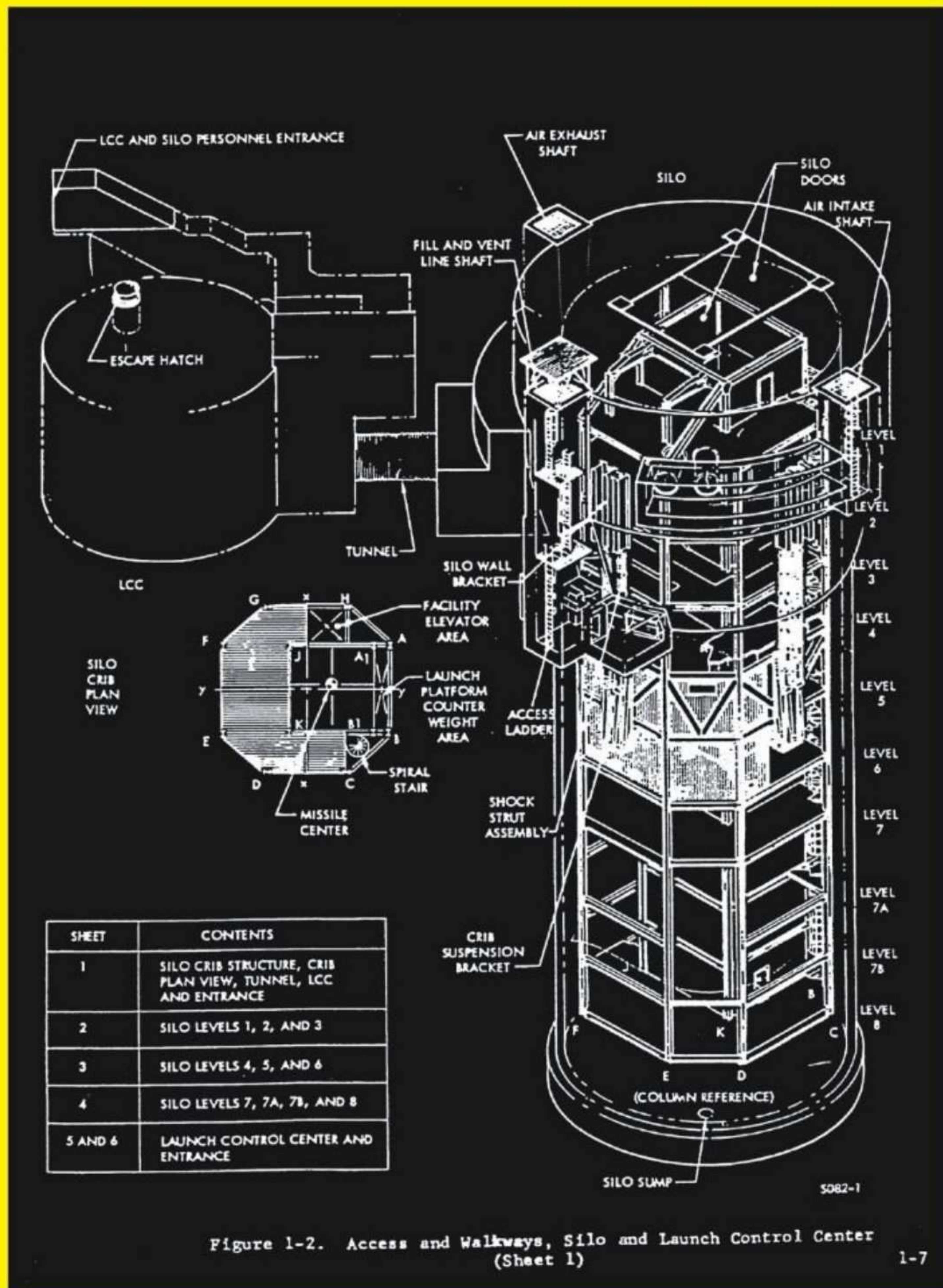
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TOP SECRET A keypad (above) opens the door that leads from the upstairs living space into the secret underground playroom-bomb shelter.

SUCH A NIGHT The main living space (below) resembles a private mountain getaway with room to spread out and large windows that look out on the Adirondacks.



BOOM TOWN

The military specs outline the Atlas F missile's silo (above) and launch-control center (top left). The missile itself carried a type W-38 thermonuclear warhead that yielded about 3.8 million tons of TNT—more than 250 times as powerful as the “Little Boy” bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1945.



on alert. Atlas missiles were the first ICBMs to be stored in vertical silos, which were 174 feet deep and 54 feet wide, with two concrete doors on top weighing 180,000 pounds each. Just three



years later, due to rapidly advancing weapons technology, the missiles were decommissioned and disposed of, leaving the silos to decay like stab wounds in the earth.

Jump forward to 1989. An investor named Gregory Gibbons stumbled on one of these silo sites and purchased the 100-plus acres for \$50,000. "It was a wreck when I bought it," he says. "I wanted to salvage something and do the G.I. Joe thing." Gibbons called his cousin Bruce Francisco, a builder, who flew up to check the place out.

"Everything was overgrown, and the silo was full of 3 million gallons of water and sludge," Francisco remembers. "I thought, What do you do with something like that?" They decided to build a home on top of the silo and a luxurious bomb shelter beneath. Says Francisco, "It was the craziest thing I ever did."

First they pumped out the silo. They built the house and laid out a private airport. Then they turned the underground missile-control room into a bomb shelter—man cave. "It was like raising the *Titanic*," Francisco says of the job.

Today you enter through the main house, which is roughly 20 minutes from Lake Placid's ski slopes. Three flights underground and beyond two bank-vault-like doors sits the old circular control room—about 2,300 square feet of space that can withstand a nuclear strike. There's electricity. With the heat off, it remains 58 degrees Fahrenheit no matter the weather. The silo itself is down another concrete corridor, still unfinished.

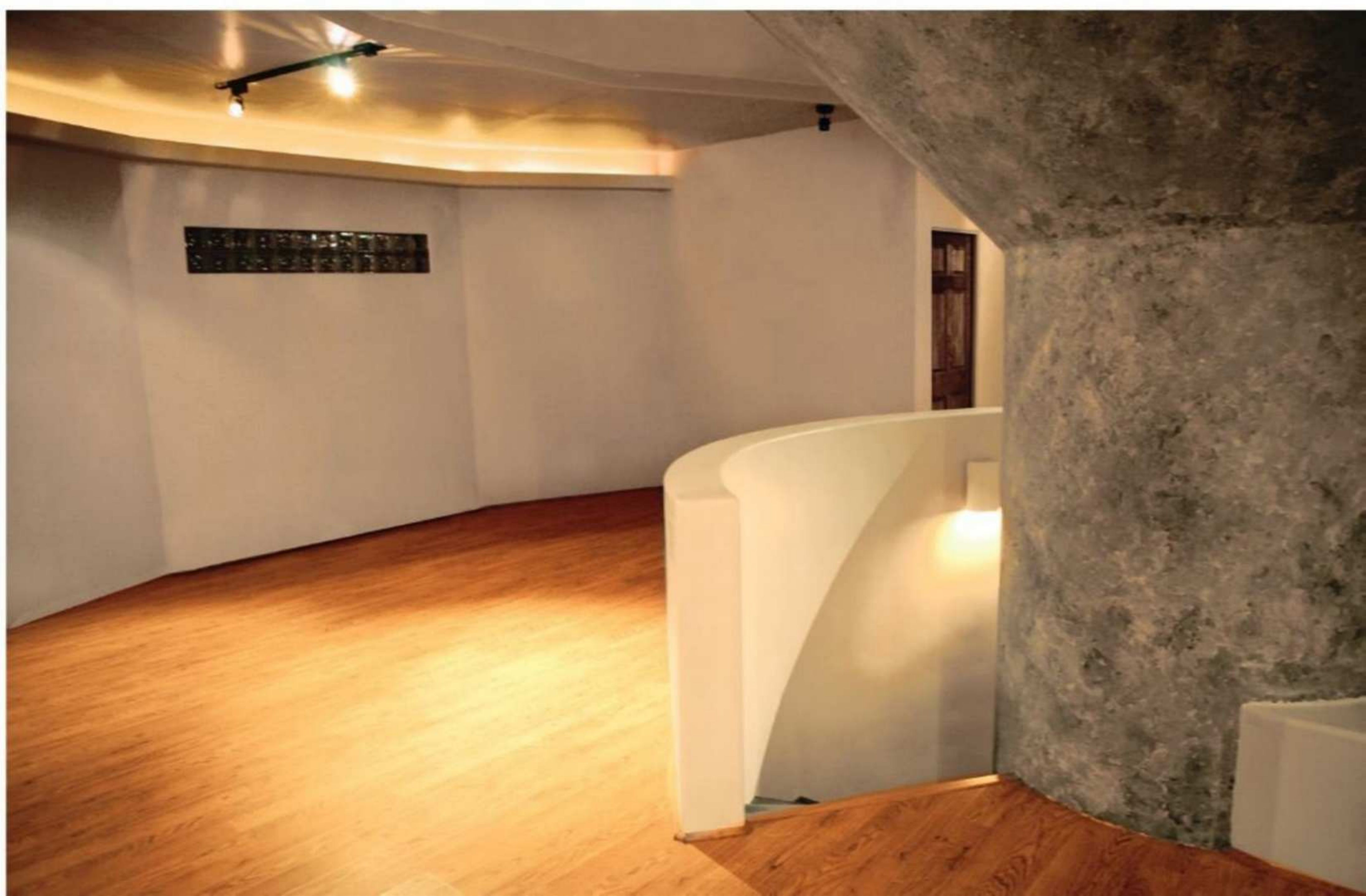
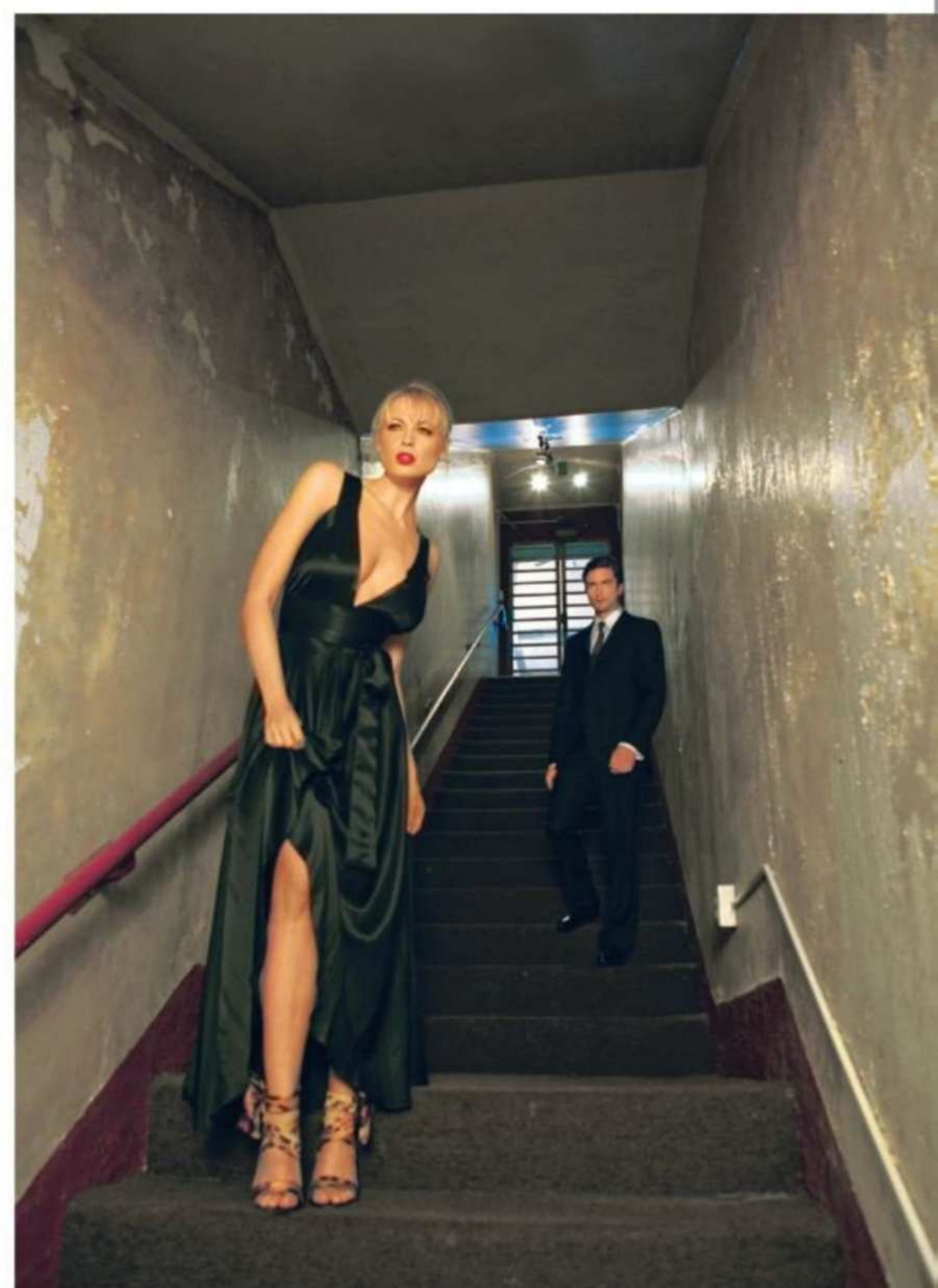
The "Silo-home" is currently for sale for \$4.6 million (silohome.com), not so much when you consider that when hell freezes over you'll be sitting pretty in your cave at a cool 58 degrees.



DOWNWARD SPIRAL The original staircases built by the military still exist. From the house, stairs (right and above) lead underground to two vault doors (above left). These massive doors lead into the original circular launch-control room (below).

MAN CAVE According to the military literature, the Atlas F launch-control center "is a cylindrical structure 40 feet in diameter and six and a half feet below grade." This entire area is built on shock absorbers, an air-suspension system made to "absorb ground shock"—in other words, a nuclear strike. The launch-control room had everything humans would need to survive underground for some time: office, battery room, communications equipment, medical supplies, toilet, kitchen and mess. Now the area is set up for a different kind of subsistence.

THE LIGHT OF DAY Francisco and Gibbons designed a lighting system that mimics sunlight, even though the rooms are underground. The bathtub (below left) sits by a window lit from behind.





Gimme Shelter

HOW TO BUILD A SERIOUS SAFE HAVEN IN YOUR BACKYARD

By Jason Harper

Between terrorist threats and the disaster in Japan, it's no surprise the backyard bomb shelter—that Cold War standby—is popular again. Texas-based Radius Engineering (bomb-shelter.net) sells prefabricated dome-shaped pods that get buried underground with a door and a tube-like entry. Made from fiberglass, the pods come in different sizes and models; Radius has been selling them at a rate of 100 to 200 a year. The base RC 8 model, for example, comes with a diesel fuel tank and generator, an air-filtration system, AC, a bathroom with shower, toilet and sink, an external septic system and a food-prep area. It'll house eight in tight quarters for up to six months. "This is the most extreme shelter on the planet," says Radius founder Walton McCarthy, who has been in business since 1978. "But it's also very comfortable. There are lights—you don't get that basement feeling." He says units can be installed in a backyard over a weekend without a building

permit. As for provisions, D.J. MacLean, co-owner of undergroundbombshelter.com, a company that helps people build DIY shelters, recommends at least a three-month supply of food. "One person can actually survive for three months on only 100 six-ounce cans of tuna, three gallons of canola oil and 20 pounds of rice," he says. Also stock a five-gallon bucket and garbage bags, one to two gallons of water per person per day, a medical kit, drugs, a light source with spare batteries, potassium iodide/iodate tablets, a manual can opener, clothing and bedding. If you're looking for something less intrusive than a full underground shelter, there is another option: a tent. Seriously. MacLean's site sells a \$9,500 tent that uses air filters and a blower to help protect against chemical, biological and nuclear particles. It fits up to six and takes 15 minutes to assemble. Would sitting in a tent for a month with no bathroom be a drag? Yep. But hey, it's not the end of the world.

BOMBS AWAY The unfinished silo itself (above middle and right), which once held a missile capable of annihilating an average city's downtown, is reached through a concrete and steel corridor (above left) that's 50

feet long and eight feet in diameter. Thick "blast doors" seal off the silo. **KILLING TIME** It's quiet and secluded in the bomb shelter (below)—the perfect place to concentrate or enjoy a romantic interlude.



AMERICAN DREAM

Let the fireworks begin with Miss July

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





Ask Jessa Hinton where she sees herself in five years and this sexy cannonball of all-American entrepreneurial energy nearly explodes. “I will own my own clothing line, host a major television program and publish my autobiography,” she vows. Some empirical evidence that our 27-year-old Miss July will deliver on those promises: By the age of 14 she was juggling acting and modeling assignments while simultaneously earning a high school diploma and helping raise her six younger siblings. “I lived on ramen noodles, did my homework on the way to auditions and put my sisters and brothers to bed every night. It was hard, but it taught me to believe that anything is possible.” Already Jessa has taken over her adopted hometown of Las Vegas. “Holly Madison just tweeted me, saying that she saw three billboards of me up in Vegas as the face of one of the hottest lounges in town,” she says proudly. Jessa, a former Bunny at the Palms Playboy Club, also doubles as a hostess for Victory Poker and Top Rank, a boxing promotions company run by pugilism impresario Bob Arum. “Gigs have been blowing up like fireworks throughout the past year. And now, to top it off, I’m Miss July! I want to use this opportunity to do it all. See that beautiful yacht I’m posing with in my pictorial? It will be mine someday.”







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



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

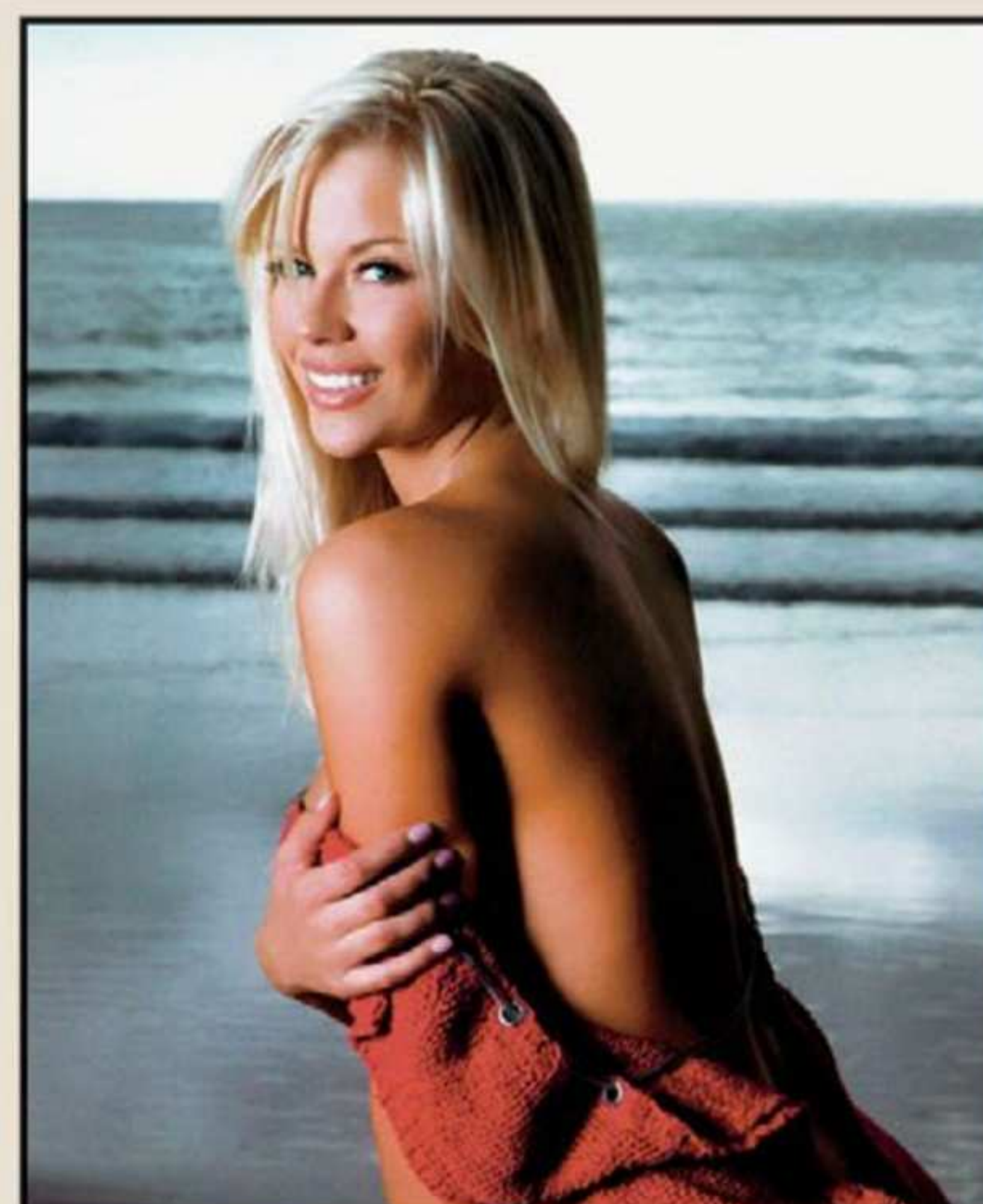
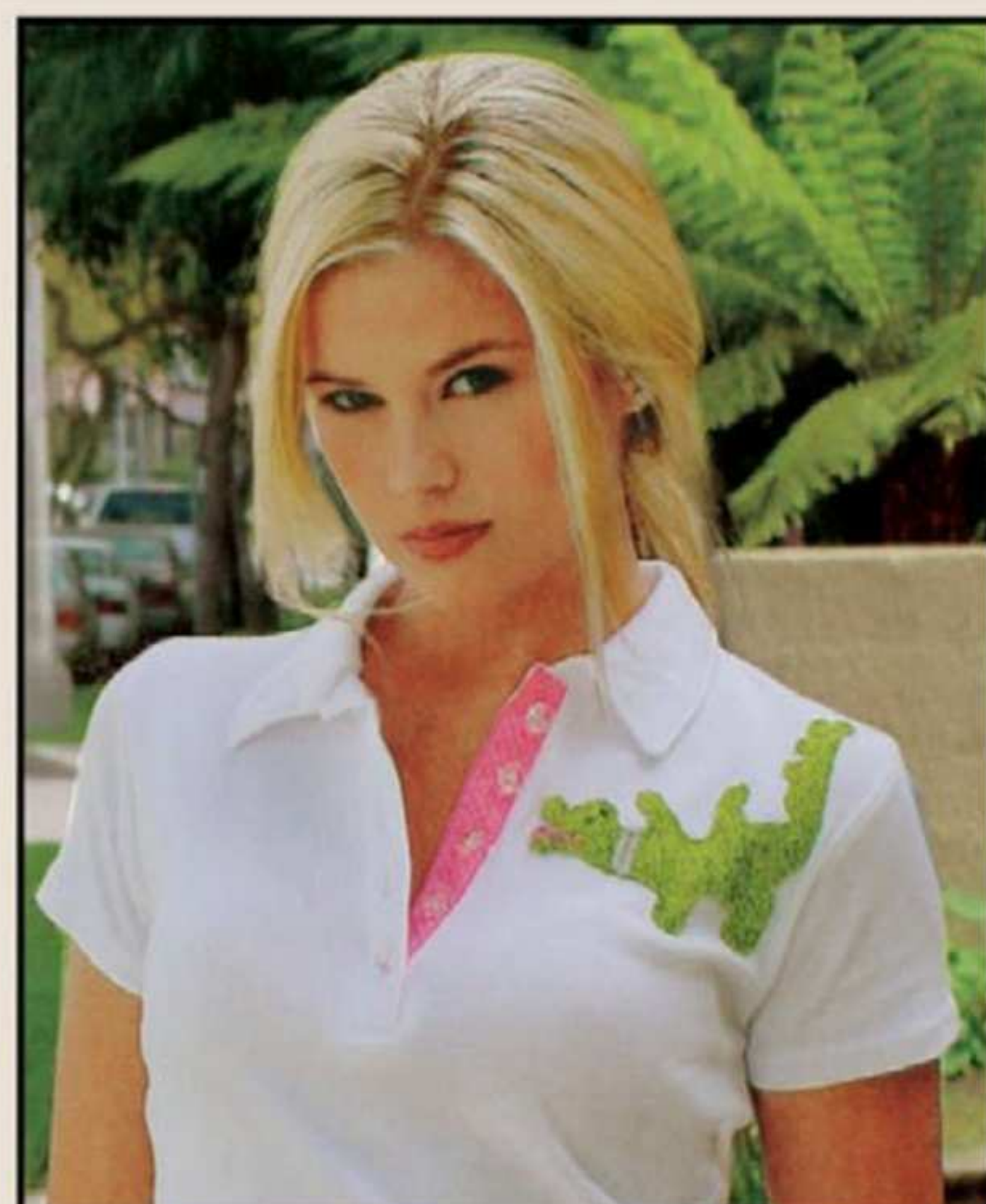






Jessica Hinton

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jessa HintonBUST: 34 D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 34HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 116BIRTH DATE: 4-10-84 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles, CAAMBITIONS: To be a household name—a global brand—
with my own TV shows and fashion lines.TURN-ONS: Toned stomachs and firm butts on
men and women. Yes, I am bisexual.TURNOFFS: Bad breath and a bad attitude. You
can be cocky, boys, but have something
to back it up with and brag about!BRING IT ON: Bungee jumping, four-wheeling, sky diving,
race car driving, surfing—anything to do with an
adrenaline rush, I'm the first one in.SEX APPEAL: I love curves!!! Nice boobs and
voluptuous hips.MY DREAM TOY: A pink 1967 Corvette with white
interior and pink lining.

An early modeling gig.

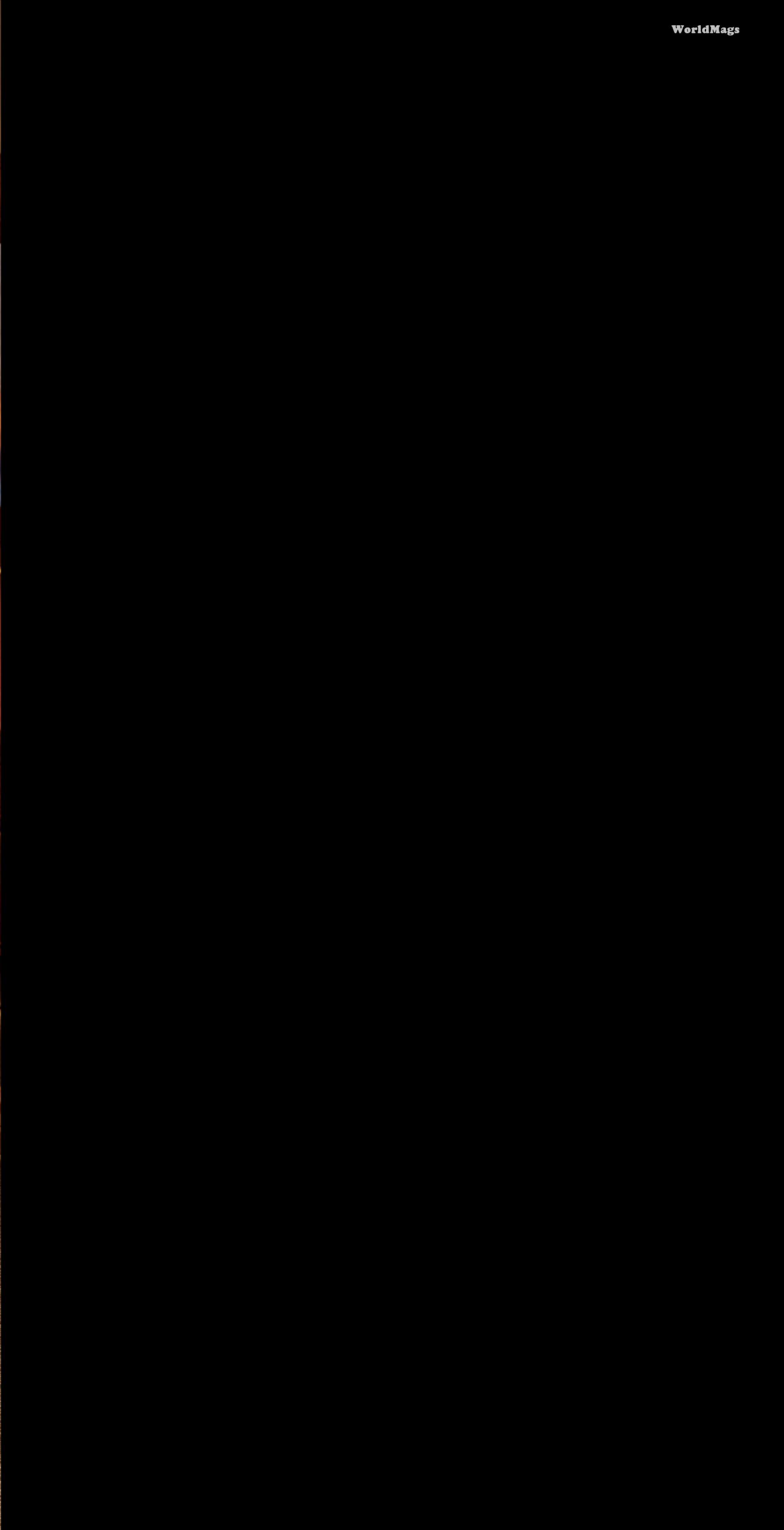
My first head shot. A happy Jessa.



Jessa Hinton

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three women were changing in the women's locker room of their country club when a naked man came in wearing a bag over his head. He ran past them, allowing each to get a good look at his cock, and then he ran out.

"Well, that certainly wasn't my husband," the first woman said.

The second woman said, "It wasn't my husband either."

"Of course he wasn't," the third woman said. "That man wasn't even a member of this club."

How do you make your girlfriend scream while you're having sex? Call her and tell her.



A man went to see a psychiatrist because he was having problems with his sex life. The psychiatrist asked him a lot of questions but couldn't get a clear idea about the cause of the man's problems. Finally the doctor asked, "Do you ever watch your wife's face while you're having sex?"

"Well, yes," the man replied. "I did once."

"And how did she look?" the doctor asked.

"She looked extremely angry," he answered.

Pleased at finally making some progress, the psychiatrist said, "That's very interesting, and I think we should explore this further. You said you have seen your wife's face only once during sex, which seems unusual. How did you happen to see her face that one time?"

"Well," the man replied, "I looked over and she was watching us through the window."

A man and a woman were dining in an expensive restaurant when the man suddenly slid underneath their table. The woman didn't seem to notice and behaved as though nothing had happened, so a waiter walked over and said, "Excuse me, ma'am, but I think your husband just slid under your table."

"No, he didn't," the woman replied. "He actually just walked in."

What is the difference between a golf ball and a G-spot? A man will spend 30 minutes looking for a golf ball.

One afternoon a police officer noticed an attractive blonde walking down the street with her blouse open and one of her breasts fully exposed. He approached her and told her he could arrest her for indecent exposure.

"How am I guilty of indecent exposure?" the blonde asked.

"Because," the police officer said, "your entire breast is visible."

"Oh no!" the blonde exclaimed when she glanced down at her chest. "I must have left my baby on the bus!"

One evening at a bar two gynecologists were discussing unusual cases they had seen recently in their offices.

"Why, just last week a woman came to see me and her clitoris was like a melon!" the first doctor exclaimed.

"That's impossible," the second doctor said. "If her clitoris was the size of a melon, she wouldn't be able to walk."

"I was talking about the flavor," the first doctor replied.



A husband and wife were dining out together when the wife noticed that her husband kept staring at an attractive woman who was sitting at the bar throwing back drink after drink.

"Do you know that woman?" she asked.

"Yes," her husband replied. "She's an ex-girlfriend. She started drinking after we broke up, and apparently she hasn't been sober since."

"Good lord!" his wife exclaimed. "Who'd have thought a person could celebrate for that long?"

Awakening the morning after an orgy, the god of war was stretching sleepily when he noticed a lovely Valkyrie standing in the doorway.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm Thor."


"You're thor?" she replied. "I'm tho thor I can hardly pith."

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.



"Sit on my face, I'll guess your weight."

20Q

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND


JASON SUDEIKIS

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE'S LATEST TRANSPLANT TO THE BIG SCREEN COMES CLEAN ABOUT HIS CINEMATIC MASTURBATION TECHNIQUES, DATING SCARLETT JOHANSSON AND JANUARY JONES (BUT NOT BETTY WHITE), AND HOW HE ENDED UP MARRYING JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE, KISSING JON HAMM AND SUCKING ZAC EFRON'S TOES

Q1

PLAYBOY: Your new movie, *Horrible Bosses*, is about three friends who conspire to kill their employers. Can you recommend a way to deal with an oppressive boss that doesn't involve murder?

SUDEIKIS: Honestly, no. That's probably the best way to go. No, no, I'm kidding; that's a terrible idea. I would recommend quitting your job before murdering anyone. Or voice your frustrations and see if some adjustments can be made. Murdering your boss should be step four at the earliest.

Q2

PLAYBOY: What about you personally? Are you capable of killing another human being?

SUDEIKIS: Probably not, though I find myself having flashes of anger at perfect strangers, like when somebody talks too loudly in front of me at a concert. I've worked with a couple of producers I wouldn't mind pushing down a flight of stairs or taking a swing at old-school Bill Murray style. I get as pissed as anybody does. But murder? No, I couldn't go that far. I'm going to answer these questions honestly, for fear of having them in print. If I ever accidentally nudge someone off a bridge, I don't want a lawyer saying, "Look, he said right here in this interview that he'd commit murder."

Q3

PLAYBOY: Colin Farrell, who plays your horrible boss in *Horrible Bosses*, has a ridiculous comb-over in the movie. Did you make a similar physical transformation for your role?

SUDEIKIS: I have a tan—that's weird for me. That was the extent of my character work. The film takes place in L.A., and people are a lot healthier there. Here's a guy who goes hiking every now and then with a lady friend, and the sun hits his face. You know how sun works, right? Probably the hardest part of doing this movie was matching my skin tone when I came back to do reshoots, because I'd been living in New York in the middle of winter and my complexion was like typing paper. They had to put a ton of makeup on me to give the impression of healthy skin. There's a specific brand of makeup they used that I think is literally called Healthy Glow.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You also have a small part in the upcoming sketch-comedy film *Movie 43*, playing Batman. How does *(continued on page 112)*



EVERYBODY'S WORK IS EQUALLY IMPORTANT

WORK HERE SINCE 1973. FOR THOSE WHO MEND WHAT CALLS FOR AND BUILD WHAT'S THEIRS TO BUILD, MADE SH FOR THE NEW WORK. GO FORTH

NO JOBS HERE

THINNED OUT
BY DECADES OF OUTSOURCING,
THE AMERICAN
FACTORY WORKER IS ON
THE BRINK OF
EXTINCTION.
BUT HE STILL THRIVES IN ONE PLACE:
THE IMAGINATIONS OF
LEVI'S ADMEN

BY JESSE PEARSON



ILLUSTRATION BY KAROL LASIA



WE ARE ALL WORKERS

WE ARE ALL WORKERS

WE ARE ALL WORKERS



WE ARE ALL
WORKERS

WE ARE ALL
WORKERS

WE ARE ALL
WORKERS

WE ARE ALL
WORKERS

WE ARE ALL
WORKERS



On Tuesday, July 10, 1934, Harry Pearson, my great-grandfather, reported for work at the U.S. Steel mill in Homestead, Pennsylvania. At about 10:40 A.M., Harry, an emigrant from the industrial town of Workington, in northern England, began to cross a walkway 14 feet above the shop floor. A pipe burst next to him, engulfing him in a scalding cloud of steam and knocking him to the ground. His head and back took the brunt of the fall. His skull was badly broken. Twelve hours later, having never regained consciousness, he died. He was 54.

Not long afterward, my grandfather, Allan Pearson, dropped out of high school to start at the Homestead mill as an apprentice on an open-hearth furnace—a 400-ton brick abyss that instantly liquefies metal. The company gave him the job as compensation for his father's death. After serving in the Navy during World War II, Allan transferred to the newly opened U.S. Steel Fairless Works facility in suburban Philadelphia, 300 miles east of Homestead. He remained employed there until his retirement 30 years later. Most of the men in my family worked at the same mill—including my other grandfather and three of my uncles. I am the first male Pearson to make a living doing something other than hard physical labor. This makes me both grateful (steelwork is hell) and ashamed (I have it easy). Not that I could be a steelworker today anyway. The Fairless Works facility—a plant that once employed tens of thousands of people—now employs roughly 80 men. And a shopping mall currently sits where the Homestead mill once was.

Imagine the contemporary American steel industry as a mortally wounded giant that stretches the length of the rust belt. It's the colossus of Pittsburgh, greater Philadelphia and Baltimore. It's not quite dead, but it's doomed. The automobile and garment industries lie alongside it. But as manufacturing work disappears, the worker does not—as the country's high rate of unemployment can attest. Blue-collar towns such as Fairless Hills, my birthplace, originally developed to house Fairless Works employees, have transformed into villages with closed-circuit economies: Work at Target to eat at Chili's; work at Chili's to shop at Target.

Today the American industrial worker seems to exist primarily as an abstraction. And so he is manipulated in abstract ways. Case in point: Levi's "Ready to Work" ad campaign. Announced in June 2010, its mission, per corporate press release, is



Clockwise from top: The U.S. Steel plant in Braddock, Pennsylvania; Braddock mayor John Fetterman; Levi's interpretation of Braddock.

to "empower and inspire workers everywhere." I first noticed the campaign last summer when I spotted a billboard bearing a photo shot in the deep, crisp aesthetic of Depression-era photographer Walker Evans. In it attractive young men wear Levi's apparel and stand in a field. A Levi's logo sits in the lower left-hand corner. On the right side of the image, in an old-timey font, is the encomium "Everybody's work is equally important." Below that, cryptically, is the name of a town: Braddock, Pennsylvania—a down-trodden Pittsburgh suburb.

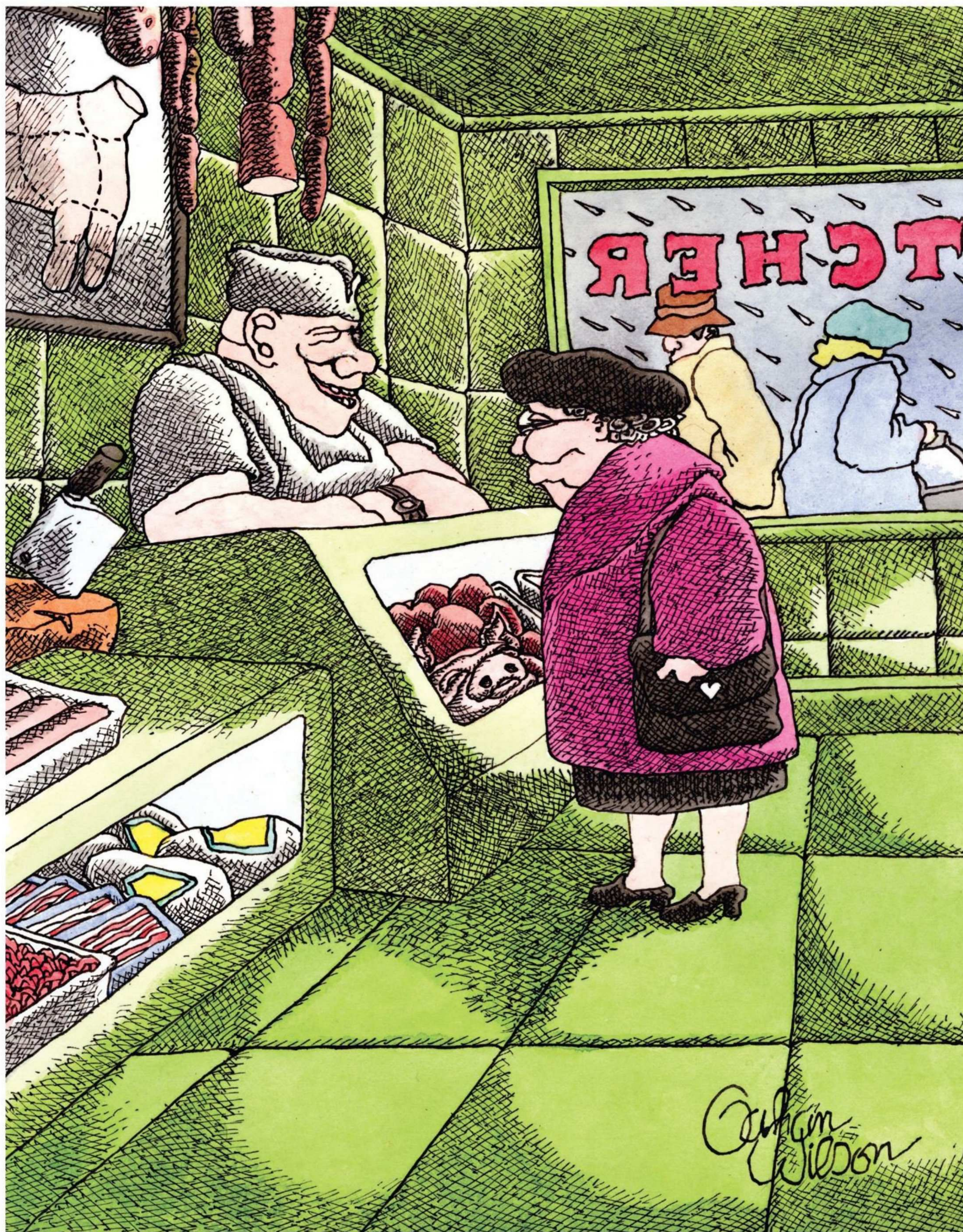
Other ads in the campaign played on the same theme and look—black-and-white photographs of stylish young people in Braddock, diffidently performing work-ish tasks. One featured a tattooed, carefully coiffed man in a jean jacket with the sleeves rolled up, digging in the ground with a shovel at night. The taglines were vaguely unionist platitudes (e.g., "We are all workers" and "Everybody's work is equally important"). The TV spots, lushly shot by John Hillcoat, director of *The Road*, and photographer Melodie McDaniel, offered more of the same.

At first glance it may have seemed as though the ads were celebrating the fact that Levi's had started producing jeans in Braddock, Homestead's next-door neighbor and home of a still-functioning U.S. Steel plant. I thought so, at least. But that's

far from the case. Save for some items, including an expensive line made in conjunction with Brooks Brothers, Levi's manufactures the majority of its products in foreign countries. The "Ready to Work" campaign stems not from Levi's solidarity with the working class but from a partnership with Braddock's current mayor, John Fetterman, a tattooed iconoclast who has been featured everywhere from *Rolling Stone* to *The Colbert Report*.

When manufacturing "work" becomes a marketing ploy, the blue-collar worker truly is fucked. For generations, American industry created—and devoured—the lives of steelworkers, automakers and garment makers. If manufacturing had been a war, these people were the cannon fodder. And now Levi's has colonized their struggle. I recently went to Braddock to see it without the filter of Levi's deceptively nostalgic imagery. When stripped of the sepia haze of the print ads and the saccharine music of the television commercials, it's a different place. Then I went home to Fairless Hills and talked to two of my uncles about their service to the steel industry. I wanted to revisit the foundations on which Levi's has built its campaign—the real American worker.

At my grandmother's house in Fairless Hills, I wave (continued on page 106)



"Everyone tells me your husband was delicious, Mrs. Haskins!"

FASHION BY JENNIFER
RYAN JONES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TONY KELLY

TEXT BY KENT BLACK



DUSTIN JOHNSON Since turning pro in 2007, Johnson—a six-foot-four 27-year-old South Carolina native—has won twice at Pebble Beach and taken the PGA Tour by storm. Golf's next-gen swingers "all have their own style," he says. He's known for the white

ForMotion color-block polo with Coolmax Energy, \$80, ClimaCool three-stripe pants, \$80, and Trophy belt, \$60, by **ADIDAS GOLF**. Targa glove, \$15, by **TAYLORMADE**. Golf shoes, \$250, by **ADIPURE**.

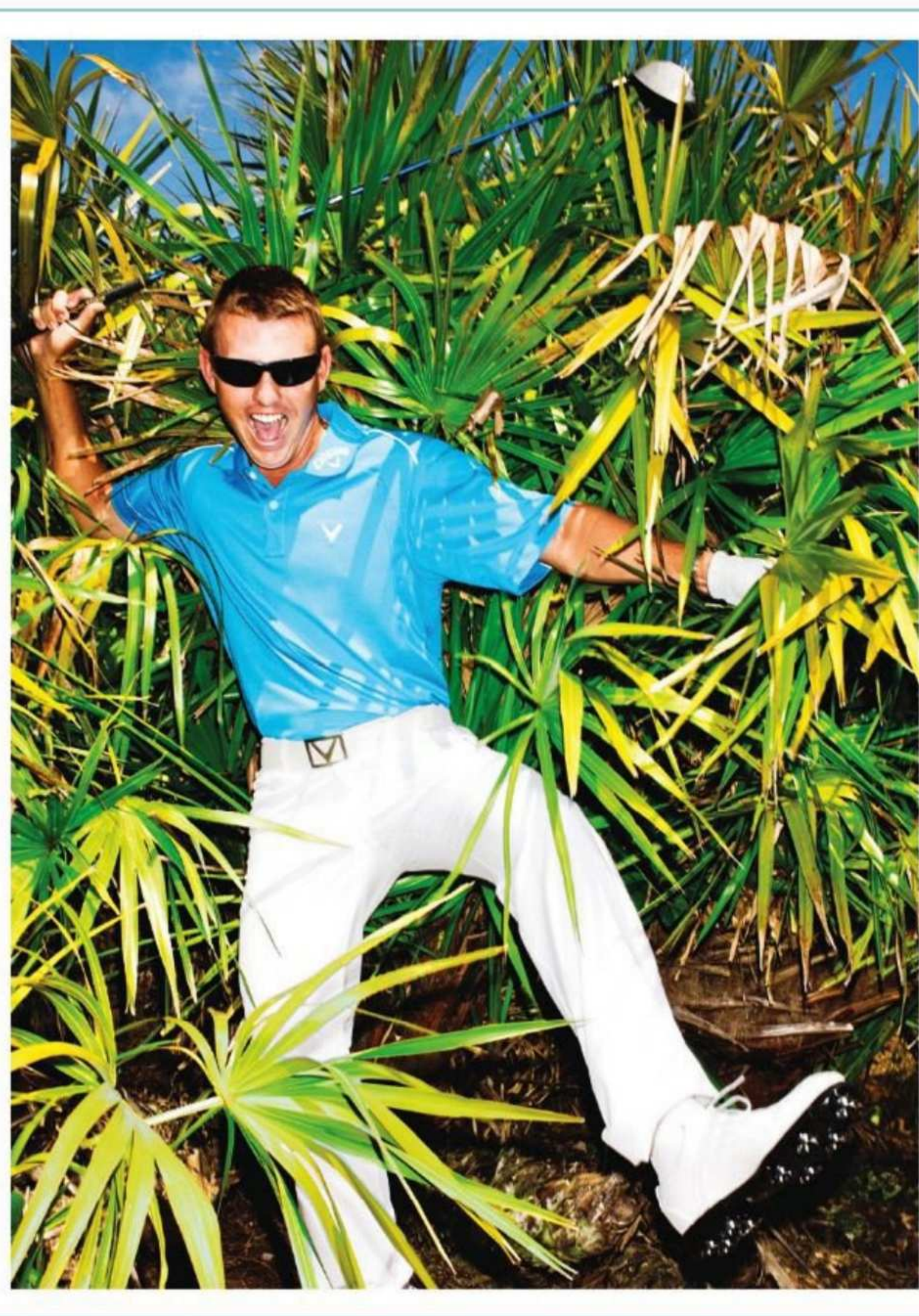
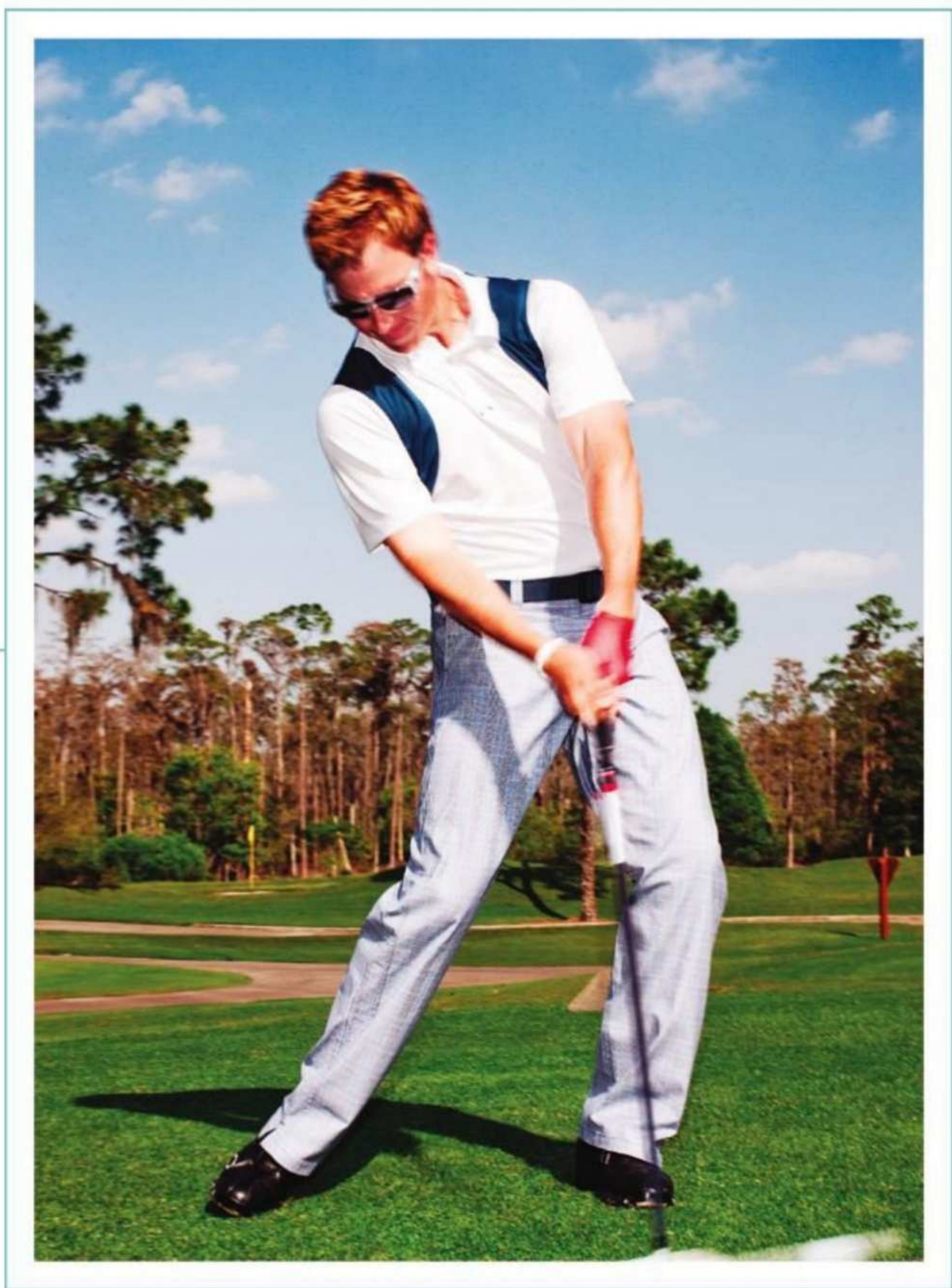
IN THE ROUGH

YOUNG GUNS BRING STYLE AND SWAGGER TO THE PGA TOUR



5 FT. 1.5 M.

4 FT 10 M



RICKY BARNES “When I turned pro I knew there was an opportunity to show off my personality on and off the golf course,” says Barnes, the 30-year-old son of a former New England Patriots punter.

DEREK LAMELY The tour’s younger players are more aggressive, says Lamely, a 31-year-old Midwesterner. “If you want to win, you have to take chances.” Lamely stole the Puerto Rico Open as a PGA Tour rookie in 2010.

ABOVE LEFT: Conduct polo, \$65, Swagger pants, \$75, Dispatch sunglasses, \$130, Tech web belt, \$25, and Superdrive golf shoes, \$130, by **OAKLEY**. **ABOVE RIGHT:** Chev polo, \$60, Chev five-pocket pants, \$75, Octane sunglasses, \$95, tour authentic glove, \$17, belt, \$60, socks, \$9, FT Chev Blucher golf shoes, \$230, and RAZR Hawk Tour driver, \$399, by **CALLAWAY**.



BARNES The Californian is known on the PGA Tour for his Wilson painter’s cap and the insane 36 holes he played at the 2009 U.S. Open when he shot an eight under 132 to lead the field. Unfortunately his partial collapse in the last round left him tied for second.

Patch striped polo, \$45, Take pants, \$75, Jupiter New Era hat, \$30, Dispatch sunglasses, \$130, Eclipse belt, \$60, and Superdrive golf shoes, \$130, by **OAKLEY**. Clubs by **WILSON**.



JOHNSON “I’ve moved into a more high-fashion look from my Abercrombie days,” says Johnson. His biggest moment on the tour came at last year’s PGA Championship at Wisconsin’s Whistling Straits. Going into the 18th, he had a one-stroke lead. He grounded his club in a bunker and got penalized two strokes, thus losing the tournament. D’oh!



ForMotion vented polo, \$80, flat-front pants, \$80, and Trophy belt, \$60, by **ADIDAS GOLF**. Targa glove, \$15, hat, \$25, and R11 driver, \$399, by **TAYLORMADE**. Golf shoes, \$250, by **ADIPURE**.





THE CURSE OF REALITY TV

BY
ANDY
DEHNART

PEOPLE GO ON TV TO BECOME STARS. THE REAL RESULT IS OFTEN SOMETHING ELSE

From the first days of reality TV—narrative, character-driven storytelling that uses real people and real lives as its subject matter—the genre has left a trail of human wreckage. Its stars have been arrested for DUI, assault, drug possession, sex with minors and domestic violence. An MTV *Road Rules* alum and *Challenge* cast member who was arrested for public urination later smeared the walls of his jail cell with his own feces and then bragged about his misbehavior on Twitter. *Survivor*'s first winner is in prison—again—for tax evasion, the same charge a recent *Big Brother* winner eventually pled guilty to, in addition to possession with attempt to distribute oxycodone as part of a drug ring the government says he funded using his \$500,000 prize from the CBS reality series.

Another *Big Brother* contestant morphed into a hard-core gay porn star, and he's not alone. Familiar faces show up in adult films with surprising regularity. The first celebrity reality-TV show took cameras into the home of Ozzy and Sharon Osbourne for MTV's *The Osbournes*. Two of their kids went to rehab for drug addiction, and Sharon went on to appear on other reality series, including VH1's *Rock of Love: Charm School*, which ended with an out-of-court settlement following Sharon's physical confrontation with a cast member, a woman who got her own series, which featured her dating millionaires and which was pulled off the air because one of them killed his wife and later committed suicide.



His death was one in a series of suicides that received media attention in 2009 because the dead people had all once appeared on reality-TV shows.

These are just a few examples. Eleven years since reality programming came to prime-time network television in the United States, thousands of people have been featured on unscripted series across nearly every channel. Does reality TV attract or prey on people who are more likely to engage in horrific or illegal behavior? Does the experience send once-sane people down a path that ends in jail, where they proudly shit in their hands? Or does it attract media attention because these people are now familiar to us or worked on familiar shows, like the co-creator of *Pimp My Ride* and former *Survivor* producer who was arrested for murdering his wife in Mexico? What are the consequences of bonding with people we get to know on TV, of commercialized voyeurism?

While tens of thousands of people regularly apply for a chance at fame and new experiences, some who have appeared on television have publicly and privately complained of its impact. "I don't think the cast or the producers knew what we were getting into that first season of *The Real World*," executive producer and co-creator Jonathan Murray explains. Nineteen years after his MTV series debuted and defined reality television, it's difficult to recall a time when real people's lives were not prime-time entertainment. That first group of seven, he says, "had no way of knowing how exhausting it is to have a camera on you 24-7."

And they certainly had no way of knowing what it would look like once they saw fragments of their lives in half-hour episodes.

The retracted red-and-white-striped awning on the former Woolworth's in Wildwood, New Jersey is tattered, but inside everything is perfect—except no one can go inside.

Inside is Randyland. Randyland is a maze of fascinating things, including Fascination games, an early-1900s combination of Skee-Ball and bingo. And in between rows of old pinball machines are many more games, including boardwalk games, handcrafted and patented by Randy Senna, in which players shoot water at a urinal or toilet that has a mechanically flapping lid.

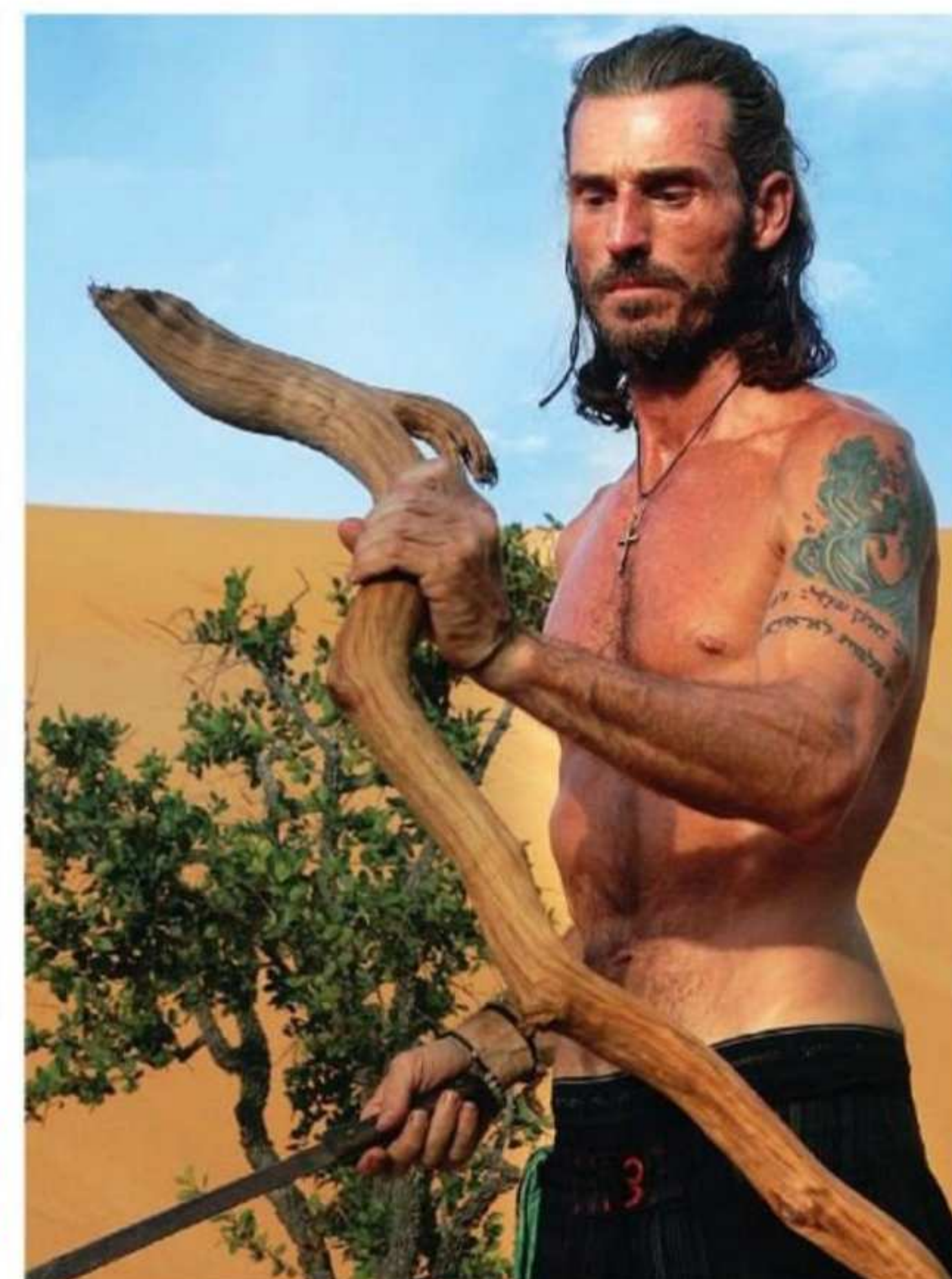
And there's Randy. Not just the one Randy Senna but hundreds of Randy facsimiles: mannequins with blue eyes open with childlike wonder, plastic curls of brown hair and faces frozen in wide smiles. Some are just heads peering quietly out of ice cream cases or perched amid Enchanted Tiki Room memorabilia from Walt Disney World, where Senna once worked. Many of the Randyquins wear his old Disney costumes, their name tags still attached.

I'm inside only because a TV crew is here to film Senna (the human one) for the A&E reality-TV show *Hoarders*, which debuted on the cable network in 2009 to record ratings, probably because it featured a refrigerator full of gag-inducing liquefied rotten

food that its owner wanted to keep because she thought it was fine. On a typical episode, two people whose hoards have created some kind of crisis, such as the threat of eviction, get help from an organizer and a team of workers who help clear the mess while a psychologist works with the hoarders to deal with the emotions that inevitably arise. It is obvious, as many of the *Hoarders* crew will say during my three days there, that hoarders' brains work differently than ours. These reality-show cast members are mentally ill, and *Hoarders* illustrates that visually and viscerally. If someone says he loves cats but his cats are dead and petrified in the shape of the box they died in, something is very wrong.

Unlike other spaces that have been featured on the show, Randyland has no dead animals and no animal or human feces. There is just Senna and, behind a never-opened door, his parents, who have declined to be included in the five-day production. Upstairs, above the (continued on page 115)

DOES REALITY TV SEND PEOPLE DOWN A PATH THAT ENDS IN JAIL?



FROM LEFT: MATT PAXTON CLEANS UP ON *HOARDERS*. SHARON OSBOURNE WAS SLAPPED WITH A LAWSUIT OVER A REALITY-TV BRAWL. DR. DREW PINSKY (LEFT) AND ANDY DICK FROM *SOBER HOUSE*. BEN "COACH" WADE BECAME THE *SURVIVOR* CONTESTANT EVERYONE LOVED TO HATE.



“Our marriage is over, Bernie. I told you if you called again I’d contact my attorney—hang on, he’s right here!”

Go ahead and laugh. (What? Shall we start with the one about how this wedding, from the outset, already had the traditional “something old, something new” parts covered?

Oh, there’s plenty more material—hang on!) But really, it’s okay—just laugh. Because I promise you this much: The newlyweds—privately, publicly, knowingly, lovingly—have been laughing right along with you. Avows the officially sanctioned Lady of the Mansion, with simple off-hand insight that solves the riddle at hand quickly and pretty profoundly, “We’re both like kids.” Further, “We just laugh—at the littlest things, the silliest things. He even giggles like a little kid. We have the best time together no matter what we’re doing. I mean, we love putting on our PJs, curling up and watching murder mysteries and *The Bachelor*—all kinds of fun stuff. I’m happier now than I’ve ever been in my life.” Specifically, this comes from the lustrous, warmhearted, exuberant, unaffected, devoted, innately musical, very human and, yes, freshly pronounced Mrs. Crystal Harris Hefner.

(Okay—if we may just pause here: That legally appended surname does register a mild jolt—how could it not, right? But happily surprising epilogues seem never to cease in Hefnerian lore, so... welcome to the latest! As he insists, with Crystal clarity, natch, “I saved the best for last.”)

But it’s irrefutably true, as are they. “The truth of the matter,” echoes her legendary new husband, “is we’re soul mates.” Indeed, all unrelenting jokes aside (you know, like, “Back when he bought the 3.5-carat diamond engagement ring, it was still a lump of coal”), she is in fact the Chosen One—who, as you perhaps may have heard, landed in life six decades and 20 calendar days after the groom made his own historic grand entrance on Earth. (He: April 9, 1926. She: April 29, 1986.

TEXT BY

Bill Zehme

Here Comes THE BRIDE

WE NOW PRONOUNCE HEF
AND MISS DECEMBER 2009
HUSBAND AND WIFE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY

Stephen
Wayda



& SONS



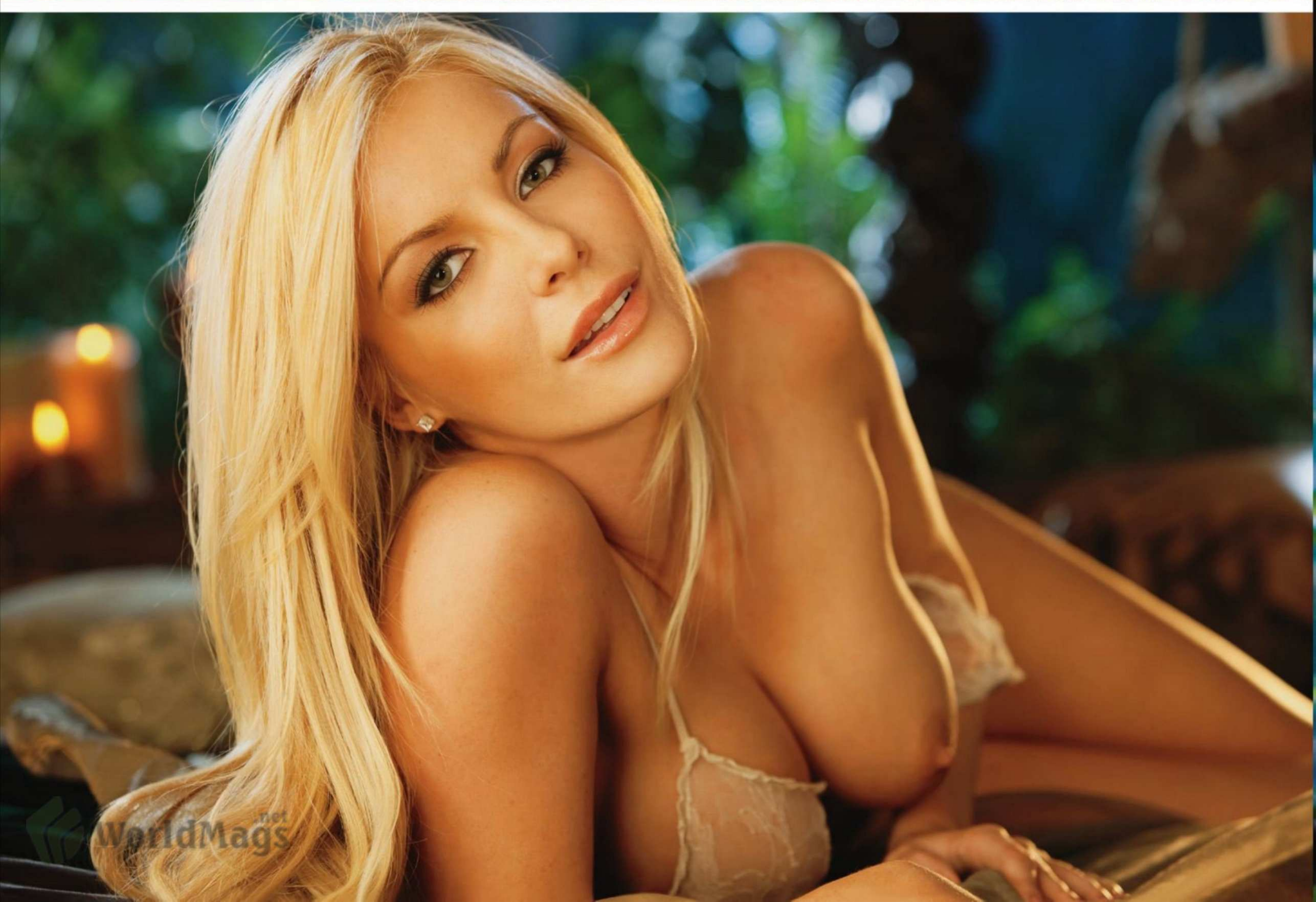




They: So dismissive of any generational divide that, last year, she transformed him into a mad iPadding "Twitterbug" — his coinage—who tweets day and night, unloading pointed, spontaneous Hef-blurbs like "You fall in love with a person, not an age." Or "My first marriage was with a woman my own age when I was 23. I've grown older, but the age of my women hasn't." Or "It's ironic that living with three young girls prompted a hit TV show but marrying one prompts humor. Age is still just a number.") Absurdities, of course, are never lost on these two. Mirth actually makes them whole—it's been part of their magic. It's what they do. It's why their strangely logical (trust me on that) and dependably cozy union felt pure and steadfast from initial meeting onward. Cue flashback here (to refresh): When his eyes first fell upon her—albeit when she was cinched up as a saucy French maid at the 2008 Playboy Mansion Halloween bash—he merely (and somehow *safely*) saw his future, whereupon he mouthed a single word in her distant direction (*you*), and quite suddenly, within moments, she was ensconced at his side, sharing impossibly easy rapport. "It was as if I already knew him," she recalls, still agog at their instant companionable chemistry. (That they were both college psych majors no doubt inevitably further fueled the kismet—she, in her uncompleted last semester at San Diego State; he, well, he was class of 1949 at the University of Illinois, but still....)

"I just couldn't imagine spending the rest of my years with anyone else," declared the groom a few scant weeks after word of their Christmas Eve engagement shook the world (and/or had much of the world shaking its head, if a bit too reflexively). "It just doesn't get better than this. I mean, we *laugh a lot*," attests Hef, "and that's what it's all about." And what *that* is all about he had articulated most succinctly last year, on-screen in Oscar-winning filmmaker Brigitte Berman's documentary *Hugh Hefner: Playboy, Activist and Rebel*: "Relationships with younger women are key to my connection to my own childhood," said the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up (so as to champion universal open-minded freedoms in a deadly restrictive society, et al.). "So my life is always continually filled with young women—and young women's *laughter*. And it is what keeps me alive." When Berman happened to film those comments many months earlier, the most (text continued on page 104)









See more of Crystal at
playboy.com/crystal.

"I'M HAPPIER NOW THAN EVER," SAYS HEF.

constant and familiar laughs in his latter-day life (female-wise) had gone missing; although imperceptible to the camera, he'd briefly become a somewhat forlorn Hef in search of heart-fluttering romantic recovery (i.e., step-bouncing renewal), which—from his hep-and-hallowed high school years onward—remains his preferred perpetual state of being. “If he wasn't in love, he felt incomplete and unhappy,” confirmed an old classmate pal of that wide-eyed and dreamy late-teen period—itsself the formative sacred time warp that Hef (with iron-clad resolve) has never psychologically quite abandoned, very much to his financial gain.

But the Mansion, at that juncture, had recently lost the rather famed frolicsome laughter of his original *Girls Next Door*—the telegenic Holly-Bridget-Kendra love triumvirate whose live-in Hef World adventures drew excellent ratings across five seasons for the E! network (even lately prompting unfortunate rebroadcasts of those past-life episodes some three years after the ladies departed the premises). Holly Madison (a.k.a. Girlfriend Number One), of course, had clearly been the only Real Relationship throughout, and though they quietly if unsuccessfully worked to fulfill her dream of making children together (“I was willing, yeah,” he now admits, somewhat less enthused in retrospect, having already sired four full-grown extraordinary offspring by two wives), she nevertheless drifted toward other pursuits. (Among them would be her own Las Vegas-based E! reality series, *Holly's World*.) But because their protracted unraveling took place off camera—“You really can't judge reality by reality TV,” quoth Hef—he found himself launching corrective tweets of piqued clarification soon after begging Crystal's troth: “Back when Holly was here, I was still in a failed marriage & I wasn't anxious to repeat the mistake.” “I was still married, & had no thought of remarrying, when Holly decided to split for Vegas.” “I didn't dump Holly.... She left me....” “I think Crystal will be the exception or I wouldn't take the plunge again.” “Crystal is the one girlfriend, since the end of my marriage, that Kimberley [the second former Mrs. Hugh M. Hefner] & my boys really like. Which says a lot for Crystal.” Also, much to the relief of those who know him best, there came this firm assertion: “Life at the Mansion will remain unchanged after Crystal & I get married.”

That last volley especially resonated in sly allusion to how his previous bride, PMOY 1989 Kimberley Conrad (who was 26 when he took her hand in July 1989), had enforced a strict choke hold on Mansion life as he (and most humans) knew it. (For starters, no unattached females allowed?) “Kimberley was anxious to change my life,” he avers, which has famously thrived on regimented

socializing rituals such as Movie Nights, Midsummer Night's Dream parties, gin rummy nights, open-door policies afforded to friends old and new, etc.—none of which was her thrill. “And that *isn't*,” he stresses, “what this is all about with Crystal.” (Concurs the new missus, “I don't want to hide Hef away. I love being around the people who make him happy and who he wants to be around.”) But what he had projected onto marrying Kimberley was imagined as a soothing idealized coda to the 1980s—his rockiest decade to date, both personally and professionally, which left him feeling far less vital at the age of 63 than he does today. (Theirs, by the way, was also a union that shook the world—or, as *People* magazine's cover headline screeched at the time, HOLY MATRIMONY! before further adding, NEXT WEEK: HELL FREEZES OVER). Says Hef, “Kimberley was perceived by me as kind of a safe harbor, which turned out not to be so.” Still, they made two fine sons, Marston and Cooper, before she fled the marriage after nearly nine years (during which, please note, he had been the faithful one). By early 1998 she and the boys had moved into a stately

“With Crystal, it's the security of knowing who you're going to be with a year from now—somebody who doesn't want to change me at all.”

home he had acquired for them directly adjacent to the Mansion property for the sake of parental continuity—via proximity. Per similar continuity, it wasn't until March 2010 that their all-but-interminable legal separation finally ended in divorce. “Because the boys were still living with her [when not away, in recent years, at college], she'd convinced me there was no particular motivation for getting a divorce,” he says with a hapless shrug. Nonetheless, within months after her leaving, he had exultantly revived his fabled Mansion bacchanals and had begun gathering serial posses of blonde girlfriends, who flanked him in gaudy giggling packs. “Complicated, yes,” he told *LA Weekly* last year, “though not as complicated sometimes as one wife.”

Then again, as he elaborated to me not long ago, “of course it obviously depends on *who* that one wife is.” With this one—whom he permanently moved into his vastly cluttered Master's Quarters a month after they met (“We're messy together!” he chirps) and whose soft genuine retro glow not only made her (no preferential bias, he swears) Miss December 2009 but also the adorably

authentic focal point of the sixth season of the reconfigured *Girls Next Door* (sharing screen time with the now vanquished twins Kristina and Karissa Shannon)—he knows he found “the right girl at the right time.” Of his blushing bride, he says, “She's somebody everybody loves. With Crystal, it's a relationship that isn't just a safe harbor; it's the security of knowing who you're going to be with a year from now—somebody who doesn't want to change me at all, who loves me the way I am. This is for continuity in my life and a devotion to each other in the sense that I won't be suddenly disappearing off the scene. Quite the contrary, it'll be more of the celebration continuing.”

For certain, she's become a lifetime subscriber to his passion for continuity and the inarguable logic of just letting Hef be Hef: “I love going out with him—in public, to events, wherever—and helping him to continue growing his legend. I'm not like, ‘Get over here. Stay in here. Don't go there.’” Indeed, in her early Mansion tenure, she absorbed great slabs of his legacy by assisting in his famous scrapbook attic rooms (which burst with more than 2,400 volumes ongoing, all illustrative of the Hefnerian life march). “She has a wonderful knowledge of what came before,” he says, beaming. Even so, as a connubial courtesy, he recently offered to remove the panoply of lingerie—intimate souvenirs of bountiful conquests past—dangling from the chandelier above their bed. “And she said, ‘No, no, leave them up,’” he marvels. “That'll give you a clue as to the kind of person she is.” (Clearly touched by the gesture, she also told me, “Really, I don't care. I'm used to it. I don't even notice them.”) She even identifies newfound symbolic connections—which are, in his parlance, “magic”—sometimes before he does. For instance, his proposing marriage in December to the previous year's Miss December, which also was the month *PLAYBOY* debuted on newsstands nearly (yes, I'm afraid so) six decades earlier, thus begetting his enduring empire. (“It all started with December!” she enthuses.) Moreover, conceived in England by British parents—though born in Lake Havasu City, Arizona, where the London Bridge had been reconstructed—she then returned with them to the U.K. for a handful of years (her father had already launched a well-regarded singing career there) that engendered in her an English accent, long faded after the family relocated to San Diego, as well as a genetic burning desire to become a recording artist (casing the footsteps of her beloved dad, who died 13 years ago). Upon learning this, Hef instigated the cherished two-hour, four-times-weekly singing lessons she takes from Seth Riggs, vocal coach to the gods (including Michael Jackson). So thus would come further “magic” early this June—weeks before the wedding—when she performed her first dance single, “Club Queen,” at the premiere of the new



“Well, that’s what you get for having to be on top all the time!”

Playboy Club London. (“And all of this is happening in the Chinese Year of the Rabbit,” says Hef, extra gleefully, without even having to utter the word *magic*.)

“I never thought I’d fall for a man who is Hef’s age,” she has said, quite understandably. “Day-to-day life, I don’t notice his age. It isn’t a factor to me.” Or else she will just laughingly blurt, “I mean, it’s *Hef!* It’s not like there’s a *number!*” (This age-is-but-a-number mantra tends to spill almost robotically from anyone regularly in his midst—largely because, as editors here will attest, his quicksilver sharpness kind of miraculously dictates it.) But what won her heart from the get-go, she says, is his sense of humor. Which suggests why he could so giddily approve her starring in the recent Funny or Die website commercial spoof as pitch girl for Crystal Harris’s Age-Gap Cheat Sheet iPhone app—wherein, according to the script, she feigns panic before introducing her solution device: “Ack! My fiancé is 60 years older than me and I don’t understand his references! Well, now you can end the confusion.... When your 85-year-old fiancé or one of his still-living friends makes a reference you don’t understand, simply type in the reference and the explanation is ready within seconds!” She then demonstrates—before-and-after style—by mistaking *Casablanca* for some dish possibly containing a dairy product rather than what it is: her man’s favorite film of all time. (Her iPhone app quickly advises her, upon mention of the title, to simply say, “Here’s lookin’ at you, kid!”—which, in fact, is also her man’s favorite line ever uttered on-screen.)

Of course, Crystal Hefner knows well her *Casablanca* from her dairy dishes—having beheld the Humphrey Bogart classic a few times already while snuggled up against her mate (he screens it for friends in period costume each year on his birthday weekend), with plenty more viewings to come. (Pertinent premarital Hef tweet: “When a girl goes with me she gets an education in classic films, among other things.”) He fancies such experiences (or reexperiences) as something more profound than solely a student-teacher dynamic—explaining it several months ago to *The New York Times Magazine* as “something wonderful...the rediscovery.... It permits you to see the things you love with a fresh eye, makes them exciting again.” With his young bride he fully anticipates this freshness and wonder for the rest of his years, mathematics be damned. “It reminds me a little bit of Bogart and [Lauren] Bacall—another May-December relationship,” he has said. “But Bogart was reluctant about getting married [to the much younger woman], and Peter Lorre said, ‘What are you going to do with these last years? Are you going to spend them alone or with the girl you love?’” Here, however, even Hef couldn’t resist pondering the unfair damned math of it all, before delivering his own triumphant punch line: “This one probably will be setting some kind of record, though. It’s more January-December.”

Anyway, may the laughs keep coming. And moreover: Here’s looking at you, kids.



“If tonight wasn’t ‘All You Can Eat Night,’ they should have done a better job of guarding the food on the other tables.”

JOBS

(continued from page 84)

a black refrigerator magnet around the outside edge of my uncle Jeff’s left eye. I’m trying to find a scrap of steel that was embedded in his face in an accident at the Fairless Works mill in the 1980s. “Up a little more, closer to the eye,” he advises.

“Found it!” I exclaim.

The skin above Jeff’s cheekbone reaches out and touches the magnet. During his 30 years at the mill, Jeff suffered a series of mishaps that beat up his body. He once took a steel spall, a fine piece of feathered shrapnel, to the throat. “They got me to the hospital and took it out,” he tells me. “I had six weeks of recovery time, and they gave me \$6,000 for the scar. The neck doesn’t pay as much as the face, and you need a scar to get paid. I think your family got \$10,000 if you died.”

The phone rings. Jeff picks it up, speaks quietly, waits, speaks again and hangs up. A 59-year-old divorced father of two, he is currently living at my grandmother’s under house arrest for drunk driving. The county-run house-arrest enforcement machine was calling to confirm that he hasn’t absconded. It robo-dials him at random times throughout the day. “They make me repeat a phrase back to them—either ‘The eagle has landed,’ ‘Bell invented the telephone’ or ‘The sun rises in the east.’” He tells me how his son recently called and fooled him with a computer-generated voice that said, “This is Bucks County. Repeat this sentence after me....” It then read out the entire Gettysburg Address.

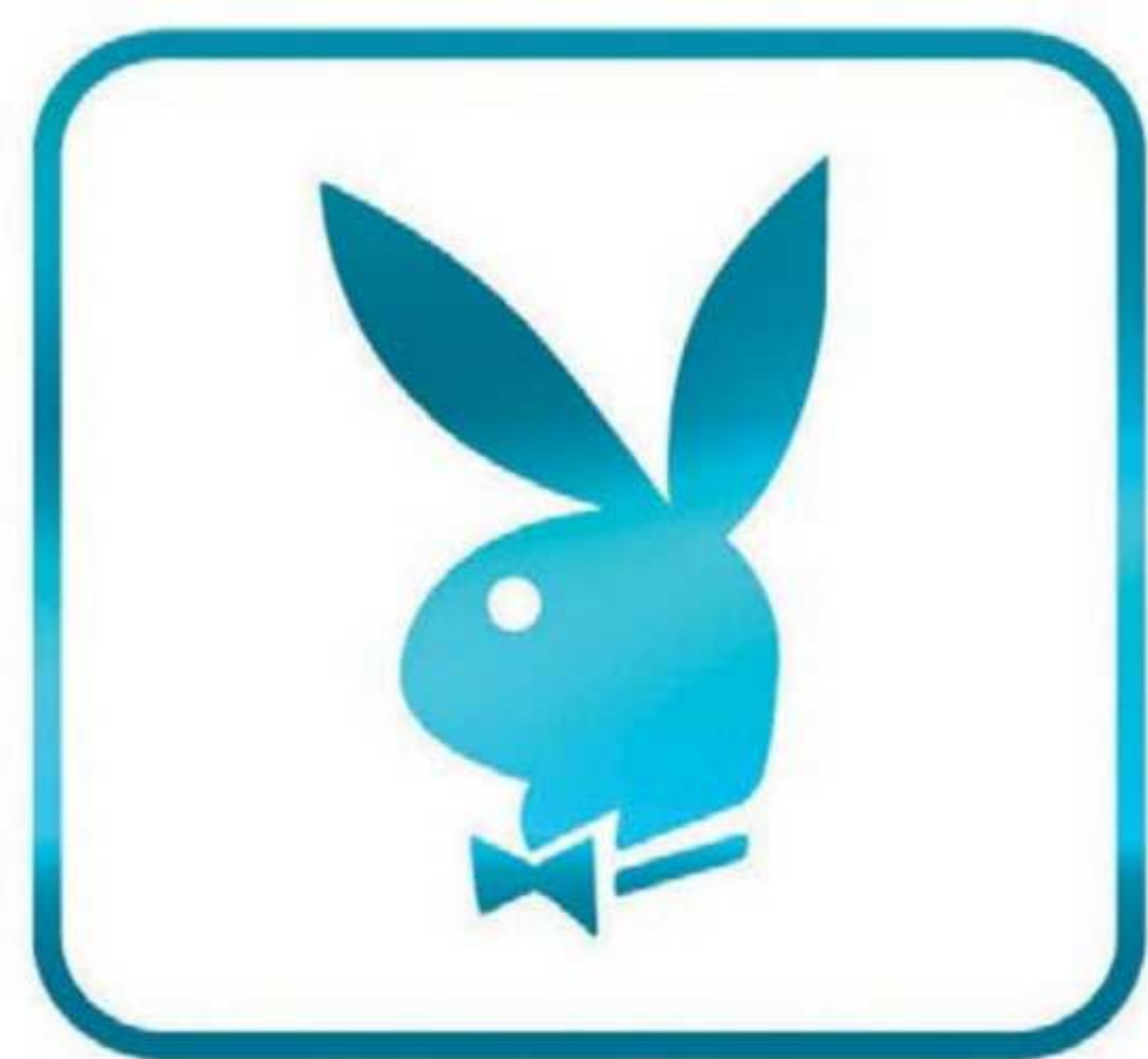
Jeff himself is a master of the practical joke. When I was six, he subjected me to an elaborate prank that preyed on my fear of Max von Sydow as Ming the Merciless in the movie *Flash Gordon*. He plugged a microphone into his suitcase-size VCR, and at the end of the film, when Ming may or may not be dead, he overdubbed his own voice, doing an uncanny Von Sydow: “I’m not dead, Jesse. I’m coming to get you.” Jeff also kept a ceramic cobra from Pier 1 Imports inside a wicker basket next to his front door and collected gag toys—foam rocks and obnoxious laugh boxes—from Spencer’s Gifts.

He was 16 when he took his first job at the Fairless Works canteen, the on-site cafeteria where he would sometimes serve cheeseburgers to my grandfather at lunchtime. Four years later, he started doing real mill work. “The first time I went to the open hearths, they sent a gang of about 20 of us. Half the guys quit the first day. It was a violent place. You’ve got all kinds of explosions from when they tap a furnace with dynamite. There’s molten steel shooting everywhere. One of my first days a mold blew up while it was getting capped and took a guy named Danny’s head off. He was 19.”

“Did you ever think about quitting?” I ask.

“No. I thought, Here’s a job I can have right now. And at that point it looked like the industry had a future. Taking it seemed like the smart thing to do.”

Jeff recalls the proliferation of Japanese steel as an early omen of the industry’s



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demise. "The Japanese steel industry was subsidized by the Japanese government, so they made more steel than they could use. They'd sell it to American companies for way less than U.S. Steel could afford to charge." Layoffs began in the late 1970s, and Jeff's life throughout the 1980s, 1990s and 2000s became a mix of irregular plant stints, unemployment checks and second jobs. Currently he has been out of work since December 2008. He keeps his résumé up on Career-Builder anyway. On the day of my visit, he is contemplating a job offer from a mini-mill in South Carolina. "If I take it," he says, "I'm going to have to get an apartment close to the mill and make a deal for a ride with somebody I work with because my license is suspended. Either way, I know I won't be drinking scotch anymore. Strictly beer."

After a while, he stands up from my grandmother's couch and paces around her small living room. "I miss the work. I was talking

to an old friend from the mill about it this morning. If they didn't shut down, we'd still be there. I'd have 40 years now. I thought I had a job forever; a whole town of people did. You wonder what might have happened if they hadn't closed. I would have a job and a family and be able to go on vacation. You know, normal stuff."

It takes me five minutes to drive from the folksy mosaic welcome sign at one end of Braddock to the Edgar Thomson U.S. Steel facility at the other end. The Edgar Thomson plant was Andrew Carnegie's first steel mill. Carnegie, a Scottish immigrant, started as a messenger at a telegraph company, but he died as one of America's richest men. He built the network of mills and factories that ushered in the age of steel, and he started it all in Braddock in 1875. At its height, in the 1920s, Braddock was home

to 20,000 people. Today its population tops out around 3,000. But it wasn't the death of the steel industry that depopulated Braddock; it was success. As mill workers made livable wages, they moved to neighboring towns rather than live in the shadow of their workplace. Without the worker population, all the attendant businesses—cafés, groceries, boutiques—withered away.

I find Braddock desolate. Vacant lots outnumber standing buildings. On my first day in town, the local University of Pittsburgh Medical Center, Braddock's hospital, is being demolished. The handful of businesses that continue to operate on Braddock Avenue—a meat market, a tire shop, a Family Dollar store—have the feel of wilderness outposts.

After J.P. Morgan bought Carnegie's empire from him at the start of the 20th century, Carnegie devoted his life to philanthropy. A good hunk of his money went to building more than 1,600 public libraries throughout the country. Naturally, the first such Carnegie library was built in Braddock, just down the street from the Edgar Thomson plant. I park my car alongside it. Across the street and down an alley, I locate the home of Mayor John Fetterman—a tastefully renovated, warmly lit warehouse space. His wife greets me and ushers me upstairs. Fetterman is sitting on a brown leather couch with his toddler son, Karl, on his lap. He is six feet eight inches tall and clad in a black T-shirt, blue sweatpants and mud boots. Braddock's zip code is tattooed down one of his arms, and the dates of the murders that have occurred in Braddock on his watch—five altogether—are tattooed on the other, along with the Nine Inch Nails lyric "I will make you hurt."

Fetterman already knows that I'm mainly interested in the Levi's ads. Without much prompting, we begin talking about them. I ask him why no steelworkers appear in the campaign. "I have a good contact at the steelworkers' union, but he politely declined [to take part]." (His contact, Wayne Donato, with whom Fetterman had previously collaborated on a noble yet stillborn effort to use American steel to build wind turbines, will later tell me, "Levi's doesn't make a stitch of jeans in the United States, so I was apprehensive.") Fetterman readily admits that both he and the self-styled mavericks at Levi's ad agency, Wieden + Kennedy, acknowledged at the start that Levi's outsourcing could be an issue. "It was like, is it insurmountable? Obviously we decided that we wanted to continue."

Now that the partnership has ripened, Fetterman doesn't suffer its critics gladly. When the blog Boring Pittsburgh scolded, "Braddock doesn't need misleading ads about them. They need jobs," Fetterman accused the site of laziness and cowardice. "These bloggers seem to lose the irony that they're typing these critiques on foreign-made computers, sitting on foreign-made chairs," Fetterman tells me. "I don't get the contradiction. Anybody who wants to be critical of the campaign should answer the question, 'What have you done for Braddock?' Levi's came at it from a completely honorable perspective."

"The difference," I point out, "is that not every domestic company that manufactures



"To think that just three hours ago all you were was a phone number on a men's room wall."

overseas is making ads that laud the American worker.”

“I know for a fact that Levi’s would like to have its production based in the United States, but it gets difficult,” he responds.

“Did the idea of manufacturing jeans in Braddock ever come up?”

“It’s come up numerous times,” Fetterman says. (Levi’s will later tell me unequivocally that the company never considered making jeans in Braddock.) “I joke with Levi’s that we want to be the Jared to their Subway. To me, this collaboration felt like the first salvo in a huge conversation about how we can begin to move production back to the United States. There’s the simplistic critique, ‘Don’t they get the glaring irony in talking about the American worker when all of their products are made overseas?’ Of course

that’s a consideration. But when you add up the fact that they’re a tiny voice in the overall mass exodus of American jobs, and you also consider what they’ve done for this community...” He gestures toward the windows at the far side of the room and finishes his thought, “Should I have said no and had that building collapse on my head?”

He is referring to the former First Presbyterian Church, which sits between his home and the library. The building has just undergone an extensive renovation thanks in part to the \$1.5 million Levi’s gave to the people of Braddock, via the mayor, for their participation in the “Ready to Work” campaign. Fetterman plans to use the church as a gathering place for local kids and for art shows and concerts.

(He also allocated Levi’s funds to the library and an urban garden. He saw no personal gain for his participation in the ads.)

Because the mayor is due to appear live on CNBC soon, we head downstairs to his truck. After a stop for lunch at the only functioning restaurant in town, we drive to a parking lot that sits directly uphill from the wreckage of the hospital. A local videography outfit, contracted to film the interview with Fetterman, sets up in the cold drizzle. An old woman sitting on the porch of her house watches suspiciously as the mayor is outfitted with a headset mike. The broadcast begins. I hear only Fetterman’s side of the conversation. “They’ve been nothing but ethical and decent and generous with the community,” he says about Levi’s. There’s a pause as the anchor asks another question.

“Braddock has been in perpetual twilight for decades,” Fetterman answers. “I think we’re starting to emerge from that, but by no means are we healthy or secure—financially or otherwise.”

At Fetterman’s invitation I spend the night at a local convent that has been converted into a hostel. It sits directly across the street from the Edgar Thomson steel mill. I watch through my room’s window as trucks bring cargoes of red, sparking steel out into the night. A venting tower shoots pure flame into the sky. I think about Levi’s, Braddock and money. Levi’s reported net revenue of \$4.4 billion last year, which was a seven percent increase over the previous year. In its 2010 annual report, Levi’s claims an advertising and promotional budget of \$328 million. Braddock received less than

of my mom’s sister. It’s a route he can complete with his eyes closed, a 15-minute drive he undertook every day, barring layoffs, for more than four decades. We get as far as the front gate, where a guard doozily sits in a booth. The former mill site has more or less given way to different independent firms, and access to the grounds is limited. While circling the plant on pitted roads bordered with orange detour signs, Joe tells me about his start in steel.

“I wasn’t much of a student,” he laughs. “My father was dead set on me going to Catholic school, but I got kicked out. Then I went to public school and got involved in the electric shop. My teacher had a connection at U.S. Steel and told us he could get us apprenticeships. I applied and they said, ‘You’re in!’ I began as a mechanic in

cold-reduction maintenance, which was the armpit of the plant. It was hot, greasy and dirty. Nobody wanted to work in that shop because the pickle lines were there—that’s where the steel goes into an acidic bath to get the excess garbage off of it. The fumes were bad. Everyone told me, ‘Don’t sign up there!’ But I was taught to sign anything. You can always say no later. Before that I had no idea what I wanted to do, so I took the first thing that was offered to me. A lot of my friends went to the steel mill too, right out of high school. This was 1973.”

Thirteen years later, Joe temporarily quit the mill. The steelworkers’ union and U.S. Steel were battling over wages and contracts, and a lockout seemed imminent. Joe said fuck it,

put his pension money into a retirement fund and moved to North Carolina to work on his uncle’s fishing boat. When I visited him there as a kid, we ate fried Spam in his dockside trailer, and he bought me a blue T-shirt with a drawing of the sun setting behind palm trees and the slogan LIFE’S A BEACH. He seemed calmer and more cheerful there. Eventually, however, the fishing work disappeared, and he returned to Fairless Hills.

“I found out the mill was hiring again. I figured, What have I got to lose? I put in an application and got hired back—right into the same department. I even had the same badge number. Nothing changed. I picked up right where I left off.” But his second stint in steel was less a career and more a war of attrition. He bounced from department to department, kept on longer than other men



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I realize it would be impossible for John Fetterman to provide a measured opinion of Levi’s intentions. He will do anything to help his town. On and off the record, he’s going to remain loyal because he’s the captain of a sunken ship. He’s at the bottom of the sea trying to winch his enterprise, bit by bit, toward the surface again. If Levi’s is a means to get closer to sunlight, so be it. Braddock has nothing else to offer and no reason not to sell it for cheap. And what good was authenticity—whatever that is—doing for the town anyway?

Later that week I return to Fairless Hills and take a ride out to the Fairless Works plant with my uncle Joe, the 56-year-old husband

because his advanced skill as a millwright made him valuable to the few shops that were still open. By 1999, he says, “the writing was on the wall. There was nothing but empty buildings, one right after the other. You’d drive into work through acres of parking lots with less and less cars in them every day.” With actual mill work almost nonexistent, Joe filled any other position that came up. If Fairless Works needed a tractor driver, he’d drive tractors. “All of the specialty shops were closing down, and it became anything to hold on to your job. Then they told us, ‘Okay, guys, this is the end.’”

And it was, until it wasn’t. “I was collecting unemployment when I heard that the only shop they’d kept open was looking for people. I had to work for U.S. Steel for three more years before I could collect my pension. I wanted it to be over, so I put my name in. And that’s where I finished.”

Currently Joe works doing maintenance on fitness equipment, traveling up and down the East Coast, fixing cardio machines at colleges and gyms. Although he likes the job, he hopes he can leave it soon to start a contracting business with a friend. In any event, he needs more money. He’s the father of three, two of whom are college age, and he is about to become a grandfather. He has a mortgage, car payments and plenty of household expenses, which, he says, his U.S. Steel pension doesn’t begin to cover.

Thirty minutes after I leave Fetterman’s side, he sends me an e-mail. “Levi’s is pleased to speak with you,” he writes. “You’ll probably hear from them if you haven’t already.” Up until this point, my numerous requests to speak with Levi’s representatives have been politely met with exhortations to speak with Fetterman instead. But now I have been granted a telephonic audience with Doug Sweeny, Levi’s vice president of global marketing. Soon after returning home from Braddock, I reach him at Levi’s corporate headquarters in San Francisco. (As this issue was going to press, Sweeny decided to leave Levi’s to become president of a San Francisco-based ad agency.) As the interview begins, Sweeny’s disembodied voice introduces me to “Kelly,” a spectral presence that I assume is part of Levi’s legal team. “Kelly,” Sweeny says, “will be sitting in.”

I begin by asking Sweeny to tell me about the ideas behind the Braddock campaign. “It’s a marketing platform that we use for the brand in the Americas; it’s about reconnecting Levi’s to its authentic self and roots,” he explains. “The Levi’s Work Wear line was originally made for workers, miners and gold diggers more than 150 years ago. We re-created it as a line for the new work of today. We went to our advertising agency, Wieden + Kennedy, and said, ‘Here’s what we want to do for the year from a marketing standpoint, and here’s the product line we want to talk about.’ They came back to us with this idea of partnering with Braddock and John Fetterman and helping in some way to put this town back to work, which we thought was a powerful idea—and, frankly, a bit scary. So we jumped on a plane—myself, one of the guys from Wieden and our creative director—and met with John. We were incredibly inspired by the people, the town and the resiliency. We came off the plane feeling like, Wow! This could be a true and authentic partnership.”

Sensing that “authenticity” will be a recurring theme, I decide to start counting the number of times Sweeny says “authentic” or other words that mean the same thing in context—e.g., “real” and “true.” Thus prepared, I ask my next question: “One of the main taglines for the campaign is ‘We are all workers.’ Can you parse that for me?”

“A hallmark of Levi’s is the democracy of the product. It’s one of the most democratic brands. Presidents wear it, day laborers wear it and college kids wear it. The Work Wear line speaks to that idea. And also, this sort of civic-minded aspect is at the heart of the brand. Some of the first money Levi Strauss made from his business, he donated to a local charity in San Francisco that we still donate to today. So it’s very much a core truth [1].”

“In press releases you’ve referred to a ‘new generation of pioneers’ and said that Braddock faces a ‘new frontier.’ What does that mean?”

“We want to be true [2] to what the Levi’s brand is all about. Strauss himself was a pioneer, coming across the country to start a dry-goods company. I think John Fetterman is a new pioneer. It’s a pretty formidable challenge that he’s got in front of him. One of the first times I met him, he said, ‘Success isn’t guaranteed in Braddock.’ That was a key part of the authenticity [3] and realness

[4] we got out of John. Pioneers are all about forging into the unknown.”

“Some of Braddock’s residents might be offended by the idea that their town is a ‘frontier,’” I respond. “Their families have lived there for generations.”

“We mean it in a more forward-looking way. It’s an urban frontier, but it’s meant to evoke the future, not the past, and we spun it that way.”

One of Levi’s Braddock commercials borrows heavily from Terrence Malick’s *Days of Heaven* and John Ford’s *The Searchers*. It was directed by Australian John Hillcoat, who also used parts of Braddock as a stand-in for the total devastation of society when he shot *The Road* there. In Hillcoat’s ad, we see images meant to signify morning in Braddock. Over a soundtrack of Wagner, a child’s voice delivers a bewildering monologue: “A long time ago, things got broken here. People got sad and left. Maybe the world breaks on purpose so we can have work to do.” As a summary of deindustrialization, it leaves something to be desired.

“But the commercials have this pervasive Depression-era look,” I tell Sweeny. “There are campfires by the train tracks and people sleeping outside. If it’s about the future, why those references?”

“I think there’s a realness [5] and an authenticity [6] to it. I think there was some inspiration taken from that, but ultimately we wanted to reflect truth [7] in what we were representing, which was out there in that community.”

“But the real Braddock is nowhere near as beautiful as Levi’s portrays it.”

“What we wanted to capture was the town’s hopefulness. All of the scenes feature real [8] people in their real [9] homes, bedrooms or kitchens.”

This isn’t quite true. When I was in town, Braddock native and documentary filmmaker Tony Buba showed me a video he took of a set that was constructed outside his mother’s house. In his footage there’s a fake front door and awning, artfully distressed for that weathered Braddock look, plopped in the middle of a local street. In multiple takes, a lanky young man, the likes of which I didn’t see when I was in Braddock, strolls out from the facade and plaintively leans against the door frame, at which point a camera mounted on a dune buggy launches out from behind him, down





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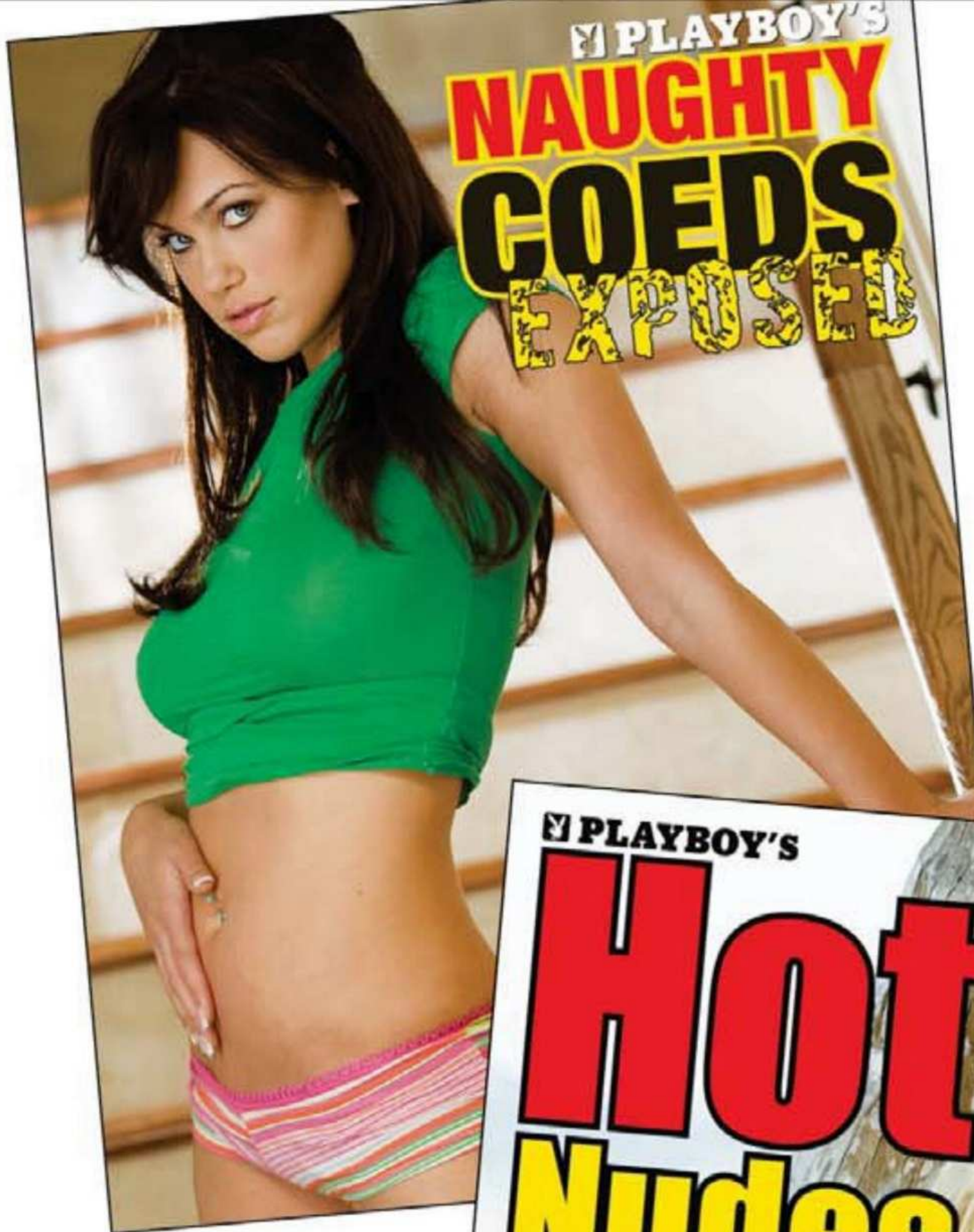
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the road and away. Levi's used this shot as the climax of the ad. The idea is, I suppose, that Braddockians are so full of hope that they are taking flight. To me it seemed to signify a desperate desire to escape Braddock. And though it's technically true that only citizens of Braddock were cast in the ads, it wasn't as egalitarian as it sounds. Levi's carefully cast from a small pool of locals and from a group of young artistic types who—inspired by the cheap rent and large spaces—have moved to town and form the most model-like of Braddock's native youth. So while they aren't with Ford or Elite, everyone in the campaign is still thin and beautiful.

"In a press release about the campaign," I say to Sweeny, "there's a quote from you about 'engaging in meaningful conversations around real work.' At another point you mention a new generation of 'real workers.' I'm wondering what 'real' means to you in these instances."

"The idea was to highlight the workers who are making the future to their liking and to show people who are physically working on the town [as well as] more of the creative-oriented class who are artists or musicians, or people who are creating companies out of ideas. That was the spirit of it—to use Braddock as illustrative of what is going on across the country."

"Has the idea of manufacturing in Braddock come up?"

"It never did. The focus was how do we help in a small way. What made sense to us was this idea of a community center where people could gather. The idea of building a manufacturing facility there wasn't something that we thought was realistic for where Braddock is today. But we do manufacture clothing in the United States. Now, [those products] are at the more premium end of our line. American workers are paid good benefits and pretty nice salaries, so it's more expensive to manufacture jeans in America."

"Can you tell me the percentage of Levi's that are made in America?"

Sweeny stops to consult with Kelly. "Kelly was shaking her head," he responds. "The answer is no, we can't."

"I'm gathering it's small."

"It's a small percentage of our line."

"For me, there's a disconnect when you're celebrating the spirit of American work, but you've shut down your domestic factories and laid off your American workers and the majority of your jeans are made overseas."

Sweeny's voice takes on a tone of conciliatory regret. "I'm going to go back to what we were trying to do and not focus on that. We have a workwear line that's true [10] to what the brand has always created: trucker jackets, 501s and 505s. We thought it was a powerful marketing idea to partner with a town in a real [11] way that wasn't gratuitous or false."

"But when you have images of people in classic workwear in a town that still has a functioning steel mill in it, what's being evoked is blue-collar work, right?"

Sweeny's response: "We're defining work in a broad, broad way."

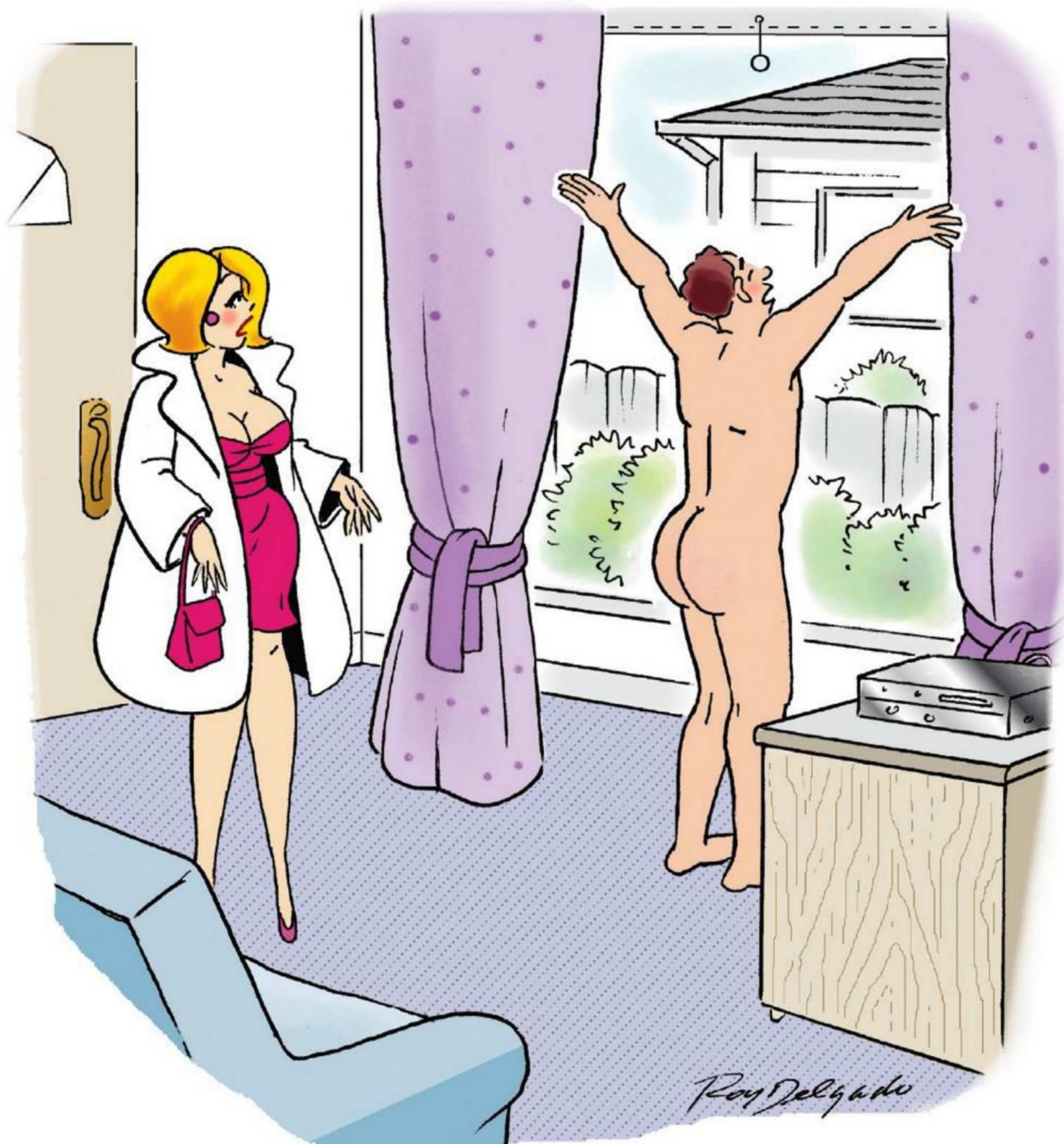
who saw their livelihoods disappear because their industry was outsourced, just as Levi's has outsourced its work. When it says, "We are all workers," does Levi's speak for the Americans whose work it took away? Does it speak for my uncles? It can't give a real-life American worker a job in a factory, but it can invoke the idea of the worker in its ads? Maybe it could pay my uncle Jeff to pose solemnly for a photo in front of a closed mill, slap a slogan on it and sell some jeans.

I call my uncle Joe and ask him what brand of jeans he wears. He consults with his wife, Pam, who buys them for him. "Lee," he says. He tells me that he and Pam struggle to buy American. They've been looking for American-made silverware for weeks now. "You have no idea how much trouble we're having trying to find anything made in the USA," he says. I ask my uncle Jeff who makes his jeans. His girlfriend picks them out, he answers, and they're Levi's. He's surprised. He tells me he's indifferent to brands; he'll wear whatever is easiest to find. "But I'm ready to buy myself some new jeans," he says, "and they won't be Levi's."

Multiple off-the-record sources had told me Levi's was planning a concert series in Braddock this summer at the site of an abandoned, rusting industrial furnace. I check in one last time with Mayor Fetterman to see

where the project stands. It turns out Bruce Springsteen has declined to take part. "I got the [rejection] e-mail on my iPhone," Fetterman writes to me, "and then I immediately removed my entire catalog of Springsteen from it. I lost a hero. He made millions singing about towns and regions like ours, yet he couldn't find a single afternoon to play on the site of an abandoned steel mill with 100 percent of the proceeds going to a worthy philanthropic cause."

Fetterman forwards me the e-mail from Springsteen's people, and I see that the request came from Levi's, and the "no" came back via Levi's. I could have ventured a guess to Fetterman that Springsteen didn't want to get involved with Levi's, not Braddock. But I don't. He's got enough to be angry about. His town, once the epicenter of big American steel, is full of ruins, much like Rome. And as Rome's final indignity was to be sacked by the Visigoths, maybe Levi's is a horde invading Braddock—an army of marketers converting history into mythology. They want to rein in the ghost of the worker—the ghosts of my ancestors—and dress them in 501s and jean jackets. Today, it appears, the American working class is worth more to Levi's dead than alive.



"Henry, pull down the shade...people may think I married you for your money!"

My great-grandfather, who died for the steel industry, was a worker. My grandfathers were workers. My uncles are workers

SUDEIKIS

(continued from page 80)

your Batman compare with the Batman of other actors who've played the role, such as George Clooney and Michael Keaton?

SUDEIKIS: My Batman was a little bit less handsome than Clooney's, a little bit louder than Michael Keaton's and probably the closest to Val Kilmer's Batman as anybody's seen in years. But it was a ridiculous amount of fun to do. Our scene is about Batman cock-blocking Robin, played by Justin Long, at a speed-dating thing. It's the closest to me screwing around after a pitcher of beer on an empty stomach as anything I've ever done in a movie.

Q5

PLAYBOY: In the Farrelly Brothers comedy *Hall Pass*, you have a memorable scene in which you masturbate in a car while listening to Air Supply. How do you think it compares with the classics of movie masturbation, like *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* and *There's Something About Mary*?

SUDEIKIS: One key difference is that I was really doing it. That wasn't a part of the script; it was just something I was doing during a break in shooting. They were doing a lighting setup and they caught me. We're actually in litigation for that whole scene.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Were you inspired by all the masturbators who've gone before you?

SUDEIKIS: Here's a little movie-magic fun fact for you. I did all my research for that scene by going on Chatroulette, that website where guys masturbate for strangers. My moves in *Hall Pass* are an amalgamation of, I don't know, maybe 20,000 different dudes. I took the facial expressions from SexHog22; I took the hand motions from

GrizzlyBearDong. Those guys really know what they're doing.

Q7

PLAYBOY: *Hall Pass* also introduced us to the phrase *spank bank*, a mental inventory of fantasy images. What's in your spank bank?

SUDEIKIS: My mom got my dad a PLAYBOY subscription as a wedding gift way back in 1969, so I grew up in a house where PLAYBOY was readily available. I have a strong face and name recognition for Playmates between the late 1980s and early 1990s, and a lot of those images are still floating around up there in my head. If you showed me 100 faces of pretty naked ladies from that period, I could point out which 12 of them were actual Playmates. I could name nine of them at least. I could pick Wendy Hamilton, Miss December 1991, out of a lineup. But then again, I could also do this for Big Eight basketball players from the same time frame, so it's not completely directed at masturbating.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You've played Floyd, one of Liz Lemon's many boyfriends on *30 Rock*. Explain why you make better boyfriend material than Jon Hamm or Matt Damon.

SUDEIKIS: God, I can't. I would make the exact opposite argument, that I don't in any way make a better boyfriend. I mean, come on, we all just want her and Jack Donaghy [played by Alec Baldwin], to get together, right? When I first got the job on *30 Rock*, it wasn't a huge show yet. It was just a fun thing to do, and it was before the show started winning all those awards. When it started to get successful, I said, "It's a good thing I got the part when I did. If they were casting the show now, they'd probably get Matt Damon to play her boyfriend." And lo and behold, not long after that, Matt Damon comes on the show

and plays her boyfriend. So if this acting thing doesn't work out I'll always have a career as a casting director to fall back on.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You got married to this month's interview subject, Justin Timberlake, on the animated sitcom *The Cleveland Show*. How's that relationship working out?

SUDEIKIS: Well, I'll be honest. With Justin and me, he's been an absent lover. He's busy being the best at everything. If it's not singing and dancing, it's golfing and being in a shit ton of movies. I can't wait to vote for him for president when he turns 35. But on a personal level, it's not working out between us. I never see the guy. We're never in the same town. Hopefully we can have a heart-to-heart. It's something we have to air out before it's picked up by the media.

Q10

PLAYBOY: That's something you have some experience with. You've been romantically linked with actresses Jennifer Aniston, January Jones and Scarlett Johansson. Would it be easier to ask which Hollywood actresses you haven't slept with?

SUDEIKIS: I think I missed my opportunity with Betty White. She got too big too soon on the second go-around. There was a whole chunk of time between *Golden Girls* and that Snickers commercial when I could've made something happen. Now I can't get near her.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Is it more difficult to date because of the prying eyes of the tabloids?

SUDEIKIS: No, I don't think so. I think it has less to do with me than with the ladies. Tabloids in general are more about the ladies than the fellas. There are exceptions, like Brad Pitt and Tom Cruise, but of the nine or so people who are usually on the covers of those magazines, seven of them are women. I haven't seen a picture of me standing next to anyone who doesn't have an IMDB page. It doesn't matter to me if someone is in movies or on TV or not. Nice people are nice people. Pretty people are pretty people.

Q12

PLAYBOY: While you were dating January Jones last summer, you went on George Lopez's talk show and joked that you'd seen her naked, which she later denied, adding, "Nor will he after those comments." In hindsight, do you have any regrets?

SUDEIKIS: The bummer of that whole situation is she made a joke right back at me and nobody got it. Nobody gave her credit for what I thought was a pretty good zinger. I was like, "Come on, now. Let the gal have some fun."

Q13

PLAYBOY: You come from a large Lithuanian family. Although you have only two sisters, you have 25 cousins. Is there a condom shortage in the family?

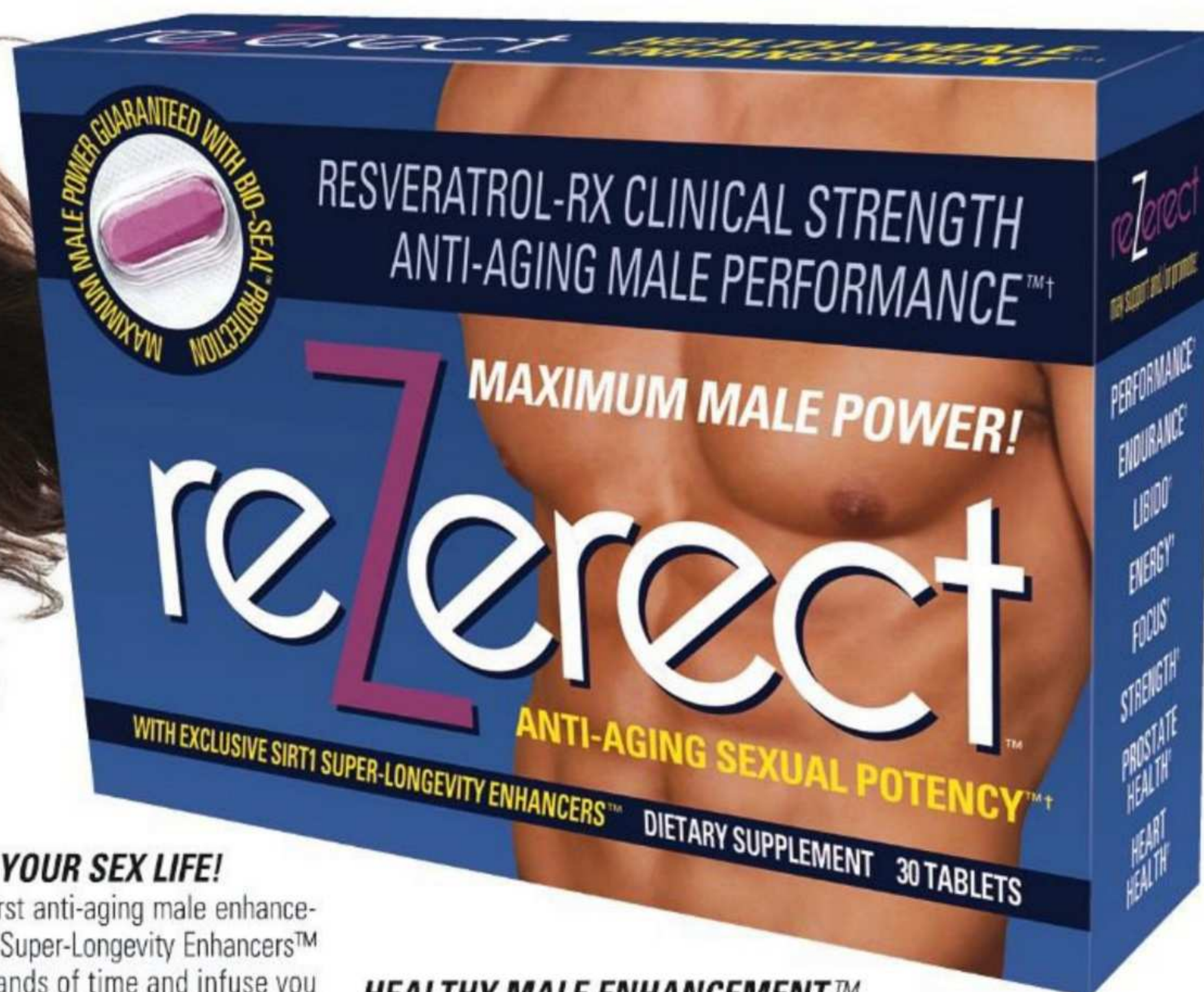
SUDEIKIS: That's actually on the Wendt side, my mother's side. They just love to hump, I guess. I don't know the exact number now, but I think some of the cousins are having



"Elm and Oak? The streets were named after trees that were here before the developers cut them down."

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kids. One of them has four kids, which is crazy to me. On the Sudeikis side it may be down to just my father. I guess I'm the last one who can carry on the Sudeikis name. But I don't know if I have anything left in the tank. I wasted so much of it in the early 1990s on those PLAYBOYS, my tank might be empty. Do you guys provide a doctor so I can answer this accurately?

Q14

PLAYBOY: Your uncle is George Wendt, who famously played Norm on the classic sitcom *Cheers*. Has he given you any career advice? SUDEIKIS: He's always been very encouraging, but there was no *Tuesdays With Morrie* kind of relationship between us. He didn't take me to the park to explain comic timing. "Watch these dogs play, kid. See how playful they are. That's what you need to bring to your work." There was nothing like that. He was just a good example that being an actor was a viable option. The advice he gave me, and I say this jokingly,

was "Get on one of the best sitcoms of all time and then ride it out."

Q15

PLAYBOY: You're a big University of Kansas basketball fan. Are you just a spectator, or can you play some hoops?

SUDEIKIS: I played in high school and then at community college for a year and a half. Knowing what I know about myself, it was a form of acting. I was always showboating. I threw a lot of behind-the-back and no-look passes, like Magic Johnson or Pete Maravich. Those are the guys I really enjoyed watching, who had such flashy ways of playing. I was the goofy white kid on a team full of black guys. I was very much like Jim Carrey on *In Living Color*.

Q16

PLAYBOY: As a small-town boy from Overland Park, Kansas, did you have culture shock when you moved to New York City?

SUDEIKIS: It could've been worse. I got to

live in Chicago, Amsterdam and Las Vegas before I got to New York. And it's not as if I grew up on a farm. It was a suburb of Kansas City. But New York is definitely an adjustment. It helps to have a built-in social group before you arrive. And a job, obviously—this place is expensive as shit.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You've worked on *Saturday Night Live* for the past eight years, so you're familiar with the building. Is 30 Rockefeller Center filled with secret chutes and hidden doors?

SUDEIKIS: Oh yeah, there's stuff everywhere. On the eighth floor there's a chute made entirely of brick, almost like an elevator shaft that doesn't have an elevator. You can look straight up and see the sky. People used to go out there and smoke all the time. Now alarms go off. There's a sign that says WATCH YOUR HEAD over stage left of the studio, and somebody wrote "Farley" on the bottom of it because I guess Chris Farley used to always hit his head when he ran off stage for a quick change. There are little secrets everywhere if you know where to look for them.

Q18

PLAYBOY: The postshow parties at *Saturday Night Live* are notorious for being outrageous drug-fueled affairs. Are they as wild in 2011 as they were back in John Belushi and Bill Murray's day?

SUDEIKIS: It's not that juvenile anymore. These days it goes much deeper. It's more about white-collar crime. There's definitely some money laundering going on at those parties, and some identity theft. It comes from a very different place now. It's all about the benjamins. But we do know how to party. There's a lot of dancing, a lot of people doing the macarena and singing "Mambo No. 5," people drinking Zima and screwing around. It's the best party in town. [*bursts into laughter*]

Q19

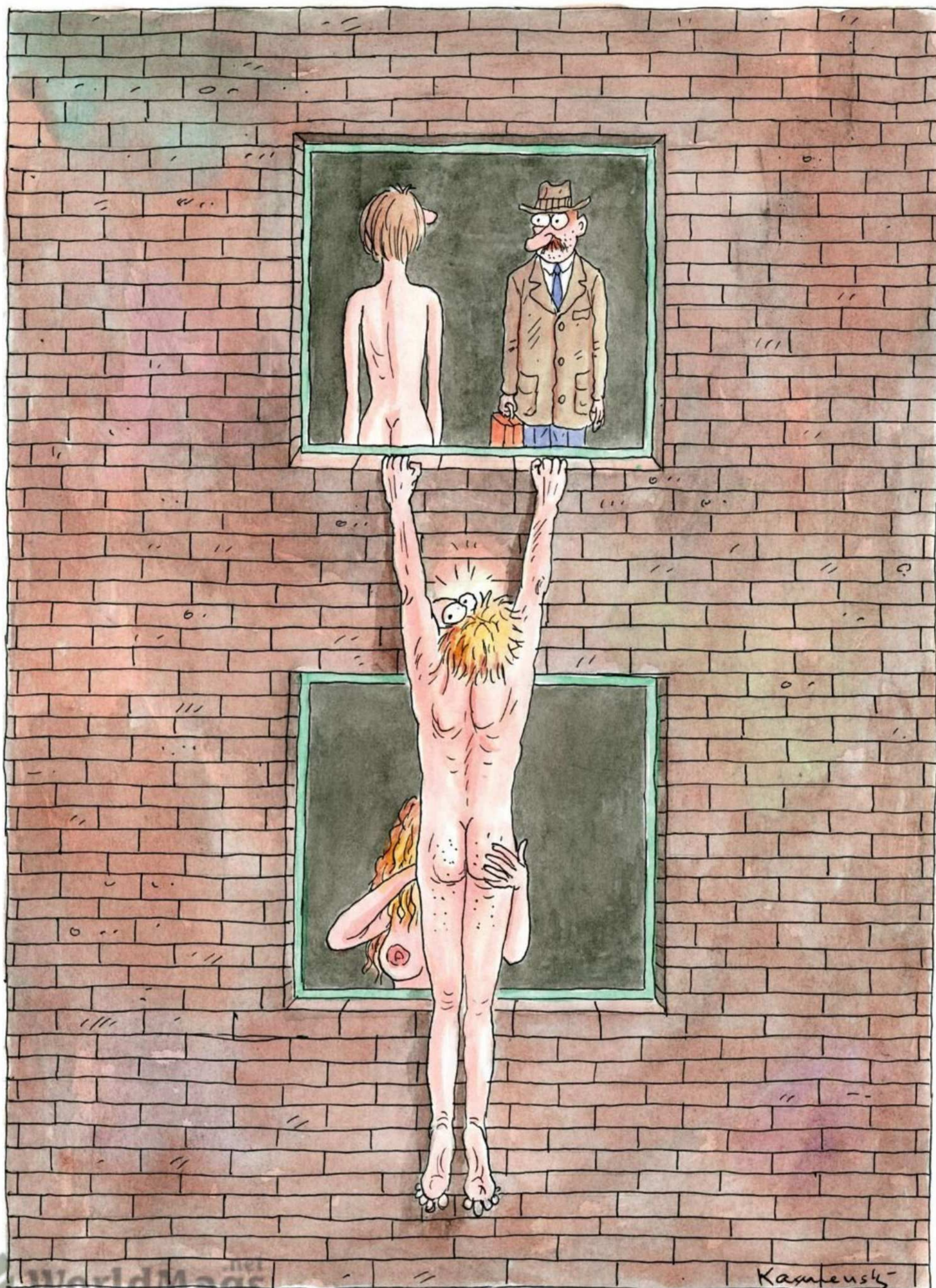
PLAYBOY: On *SNL* you've kissed Jon Hamm and put Zac Efron's foot in your mouth. Which was a more pleasant experience?

SUDEIKIS: Well, they're both equally hairy. At this point it's up to them to decide. I don't want to choose favorites. But I will say that Efron's foot was a delight. All those Disney kids have real clean feet. I'm not a dummy. I'm going to put only a real clean foot in my mouth. And I'll tell you what, it tasted a lot like Ben Kingsley's foot.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You do a hilarious impression of Vice President Joe Biden. Have you ever gotten a reaction from the real Biden?

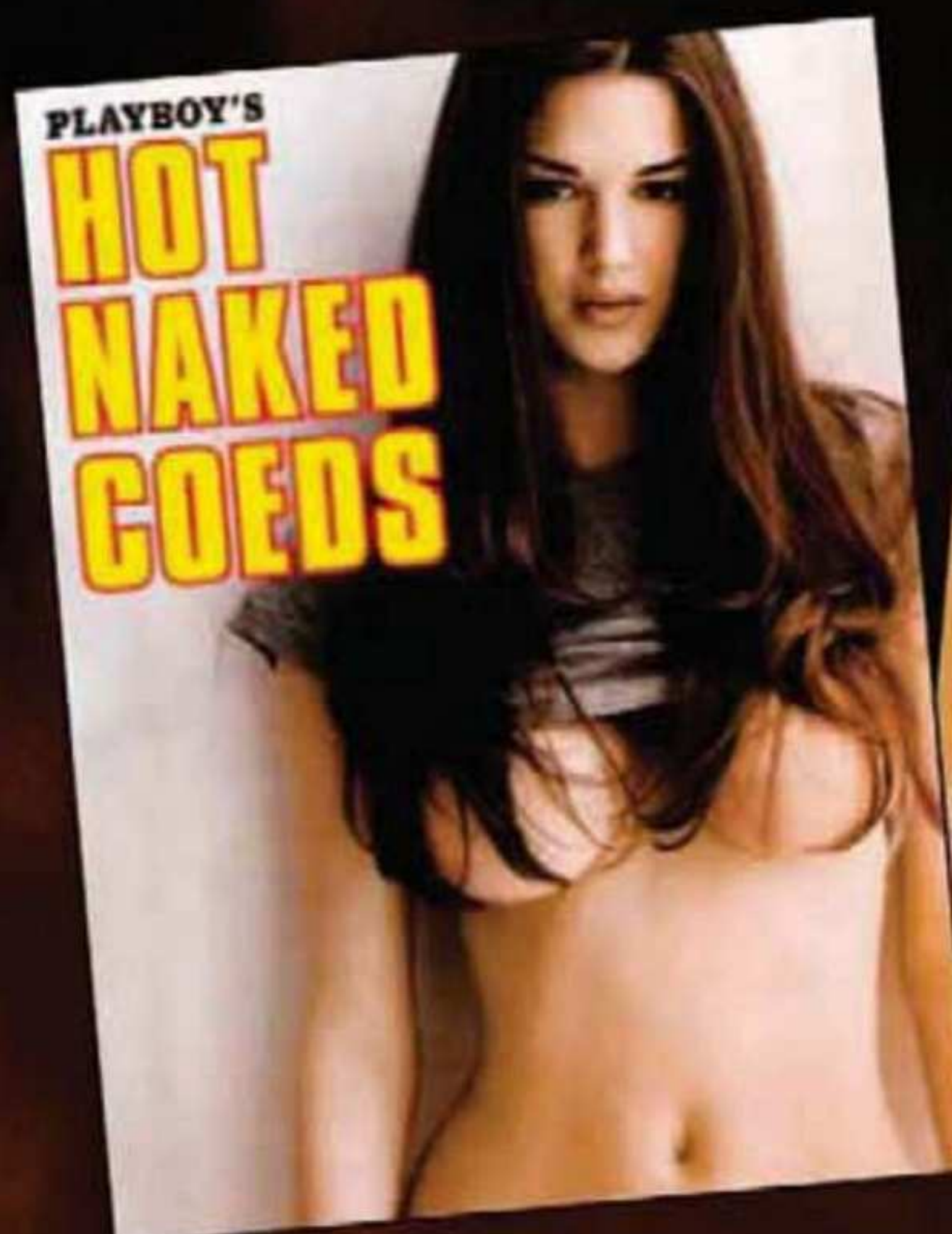
SUDEIKIS: I've never met him, but I did get to watch a video of him watching me do him, which was surreal. He was laughing, so I guess he liked it. My father got to meet him when he was campaigning back in 2008. In fact, he introduced himself as "the father of the guy who plays you on *SNL*." He actually had a pretty funny joke. He said to Biden, "I have to tell you, sir, you do the best impression of my son I've ever seen."



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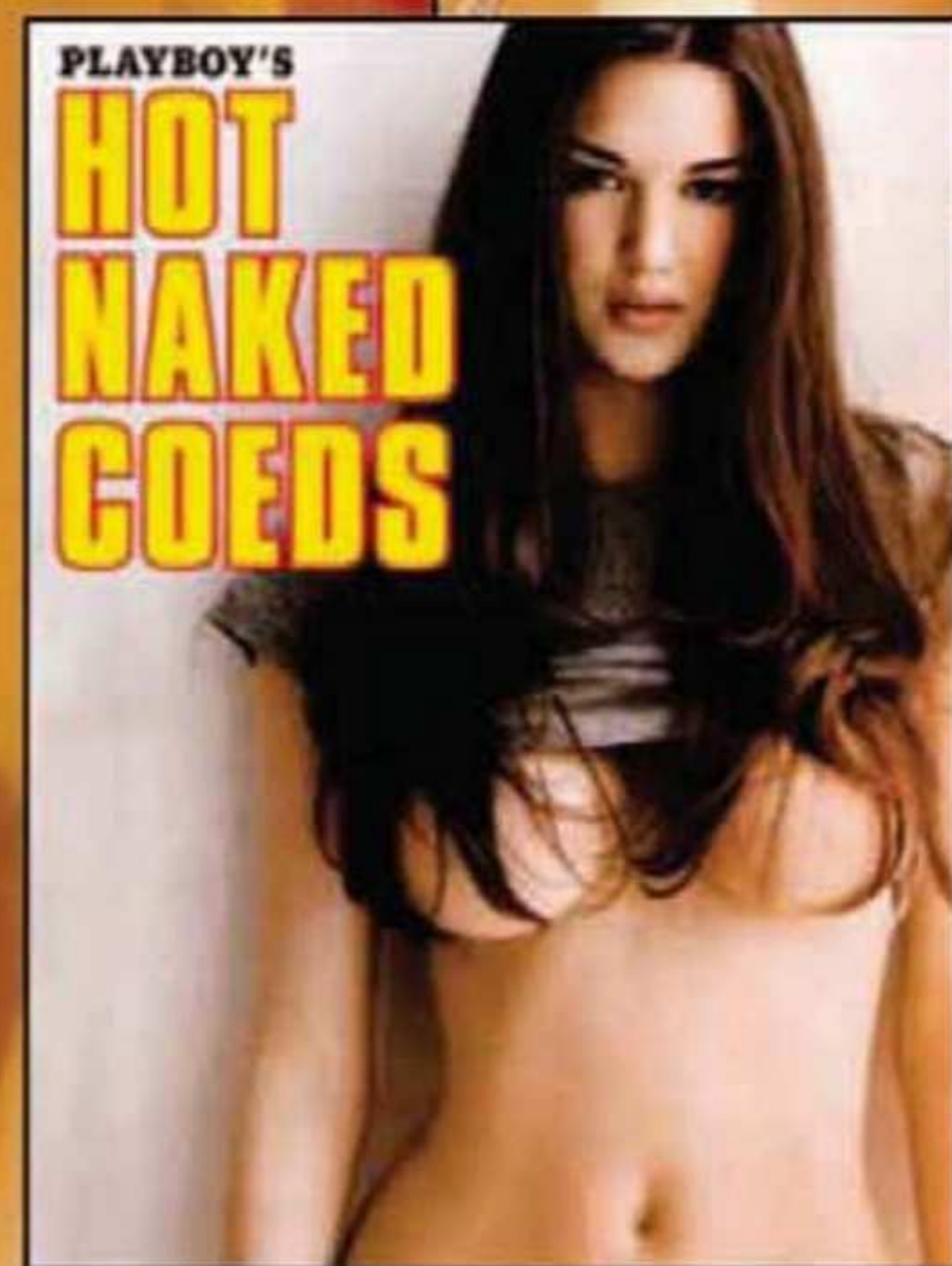
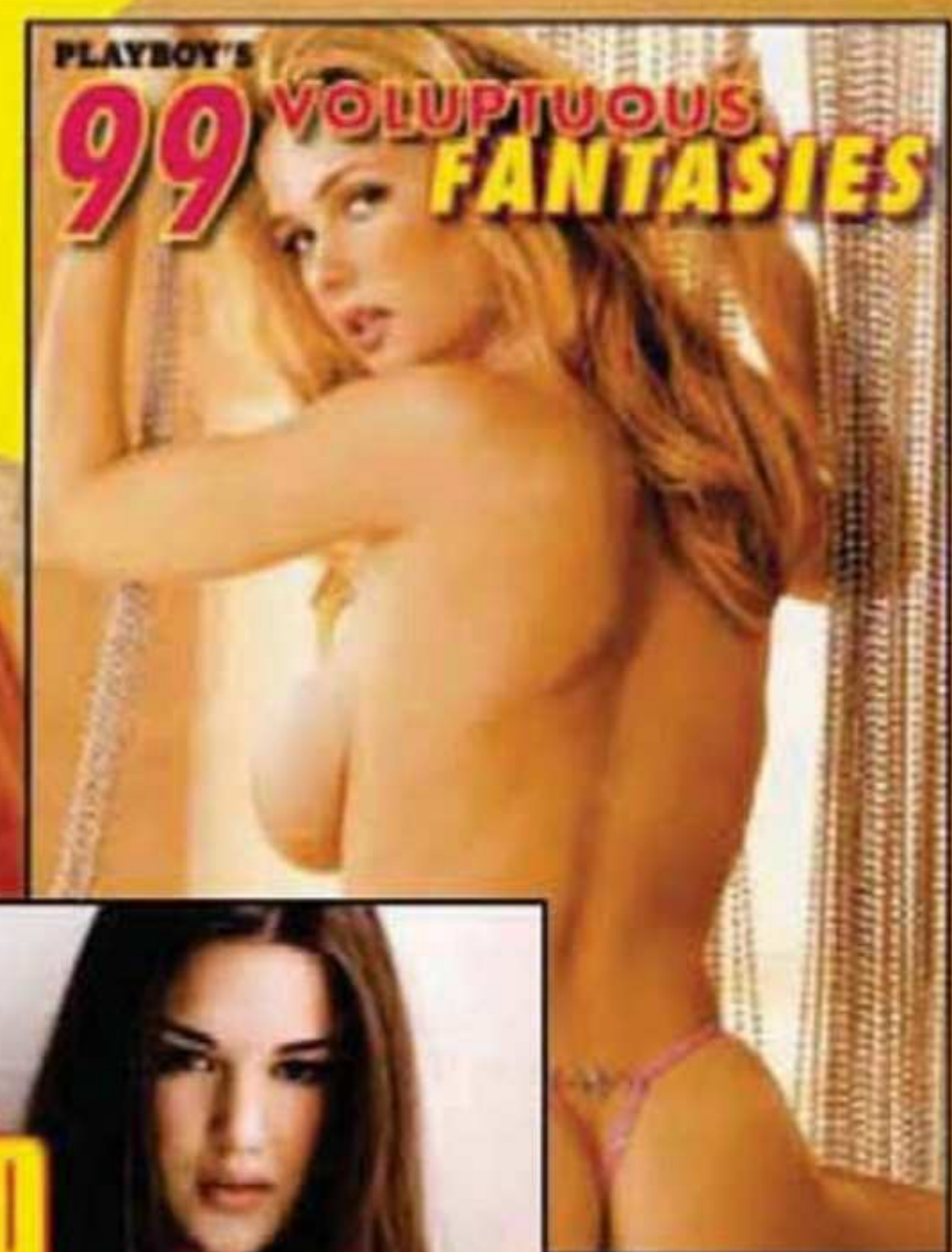
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REALITY TV

(continued from page 92)

museum-like presentation of Randyland, its storage—the hoard of antique games, piles of stained napkins, Priority Mail boxes, batteries, scattered quarters, buckets of tokens and box after box of VHS tapes. There are also slices of birthday cake, still under the plastic dome that protected the full cake in the grocery store, and a collection of Senna's own hair, saved from haircuts past.

Like so many people featured on this show, Senna does not think he is a hoarder.

The possibility of a horrific outcome haunts reality TV. The first person voted off *Expedition Robinson*, the Swedish series that gave *Survivor* its format, threw himself in front of a train before the show ever aired because he worried about public humiliation. When producer Mark Burnett brought the format to the U.S. in 2000, his team turned to a psychologist, Gene Ondrusek, to help prevent a similar outcome. “We will put people through some potentially demeaning, degrading, stressful, humiliating experiences,” Ondrusek says producers told him. “They wished to not have someone who was psychologically vulnerable or fragile be damaged by that process.”

After signing a contract and consenting in writing to every possible outcome, including disease and death, potential contestants on many shows are now subject to medical exams, psychological testing and background checks. That is “so it’s clear they’re going to be able to handle the situation,” says Bravo executive vice president Andy Cohen.

The industry’s pursuit of compelling characters and stories has led some shows to cast people who may not be able to handle it, such as those who are in the middle of once-private crises. Alan Keck, a psychologist who practices in the Orlando area, says, “The harm for a lot of folks in that kind of position is that they’re already psychologically vulnerable.” Still, like the B-list celebrities who get paid and receive free treatment (never mind the attention they crave) on VH1’s *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew*, people willingly sign up. “There are some addicts who are pretty narcissistic and who love that kind of attention,” Keck says. “That doesn’t mean it’s necessarily good for them.” They will be affected to varying degrees. “To somebody with a good, strong ego it may not be a big deal. But most of these people don’t have good, strong egos. They’re already suffering. And this is just one more addition to that.”

On one episode of *Hoarders* the young son of a hoarder broke down and cried when he realized the show’s crew was leaving. Reality-show producer Chris Cowan says cast members can experience “a form of postpartum depression” when the show ends, because the attention evaporates and they are faced with watching the show and dealing with the fallout.

“I went through a lot, man,” Ben Wade tells me. “I really feel like they damaged me, and if I weren’t a Christian, I’d be screwed, man.”

Wade is a delusional liar. At least, that was the consensus when he first appeared on *Survivor* in 2009. I’ve been covering reality TV for 12 years and publicly called him “impossibly arrogant” and a “liarface idiot douche,” and those were some of the nicer things people wrote about him. We first met in Brazil before the 39-day production of *Survivor*’s 18th season began, when I was on location to interview contestants and observe the first episode. He went by the nickname Coach, compared himself to Jesus and told his college soccer team that he was being tested for brain cancer. After my interview was published, someone posted on a fan message board, “Ben needs to go DIAF”—that’s “die in a fire.” He soon became the most infamous reality-TV show contestant in the country, thanks to his over-the-top personality and the nonstop attention editors gave him. He called himself the Dragon Slayer and claimed to hold the world record for the longest solo kayak ocean expedition, a claim the editor of *Canoe & Kayak Magazine* disputed. He told fantastic stories, including one about his escape after being kidnapped and tortured by Pygmies while kayaking on the Amazon. He was ridiculed, on the show and off.

Day and night on reality-TV shows, cast members are pushed physically and mentally. Often sleep-deprived, they’re cut off from friends, family and the outside world, then asked to do things they wouldn’t do in real life. *Survivor*, with its \$1 million prize, is a simple game complicated by starvation and exposure to the elements, and the experience is brutally real, with the exception of inconsequential cheats: During challenges, helicopter shots are of stand-ins, for example. In Brazil, Wade’s weight dropped from 205 pounds to 149 pounds as he participated in challenges that tested physical strength and mental acuity, all while competing to outlast fellow competitors in votes that took place every three days. He also had to answer producers’ interview questions. “When you’re out there, audience members are the producers, and you want to please them,” he says. But pleasing them turned him into a joke.

During his second season, filmed just a few months after his first season aired, Wade broke down. “I was like, ‘Fuck you, man. You know what I did in Brazil. You know I was honorable. I didn’t do anything wrong. I didn’t hurt anybody. Fuck you for making an ass out of me. I’m out of here.’” The threat to quit, he says, wasn’t serious.

Later, Wade will tell me, “I had a good coaching career, and for that to be pissed away like that [snaps fingers] because they wanted their ratings to be good was not fair.” He was fired from his coaching job at Southwest Baptist University for essentially disappearing for six weeks to be on the show, which he said was because producers threatened to sue him, invoking the contract’s \$5 million penalty, if he revealed where he was really going. When prospective *Survivor* cast members sign the 32-page contract and nine-page rule book, initialing each page, they agree to be inflicted with “severe mental stress,” allow the network to register websites using their

name, “not defame, disparage or cast in an unfavorable light” CBS or Mark Burnett Productions and never write a book about their experiences. They also agree to the fact that the television program may reveal things “of a personal, private, intimate, surprising, defamatory, disparaging, embarrassing or unfavorable nature that may be factual and/or fictional” and that may expose them to “public ridicule, humiliation or condemnation.”

It is a fairly typical contract. “Few contestants read their contracts or have a lawyer read it,” Marc Marcuse says. “You’re going to be on fucking TV. It could say, ‘Give me your firstborn child,’ and they’d sign it. They want fame.” Marcuse would know: After appearing on NBC’s *Average Joe* he started working as a booking agent for reality-TV stars. Is it possible to make an informed decision about the consequences of page after page of legalese—especially if you’re in a crisis or mentally ill? “No, which is why I handed my contract to a lawyer, and my lawyer said, ‘I would never sign this contract,’” Marcuse says. “And I did anyway.”

At first Randy Senna rejected *Hoarders* because he didn’t like the contract Seattle-based Screaming Flea Productions wanted him to sign. His countercontract detailed the “moving services” that would be performed and asked, among other things, for the production company to essentially agree to its own terms and allow its crew to be filmed. Producers did not agree, and the episode was called off.

But Matt Paxton persuaded him to do it anyway.

Paxton is 35; he looks older on TV but younger in person. He sometimes swears, mentions the importance of his religious faith but doesn’t get specific, rejects friendships with people who don’t support gay marriage and lives in Virginia. In his 20s Paxton went from working as a Federal Reserve analyst to getting beaten up by a bookie after becoming addicted to gambling. In 2008 he was ready to close his business, Clutter Cleaner, which emptied out foreclosed houses and, occasionally, the homes of hoarders, because he could no longer afford rent and his wife was pregnant. Paxton had to beg Verizon not to cut off his cell phone service. The producers of *Hoarders* were looking for messy houses to clean and were referred to Paxton. A week later he was on location, being filmed cleaning a house in Alabama. The show had found one of its go-to stars. His lack of a filter and his humor make him the person most willing to call the show’s hoarders on their shit. Now, because he is on television, he can pay his rent but cannot go to the grocery store during the middle of the day. And recently a stranger rang his doorbell to see if he was there, terrifying his wife.

About six weeks before filming, Paxton visited Senna, spending a 10-hour day touring the space and talking to him over lunch. Senna was ambivalent. He and Paxton talked four or five times a day for several weeks. Paxton persuaded him to say yes, to let people into his maze of artifacts, all of which mean something to Senna. It wasn’t

an easy decision. Senna likes control, but being on *Hoarders* means giving that up.

Ben Wade's anger toward *Survivor* appears and fades like the snow tumbling through the well-spaced evergreens that line the drive to the small church where he preaches. Anger has become recognition, resignation or both. "I'm not upset about it at all. In fact, I'm really glad they did it—it was just really hard to live with," he says.

"My friends were doubting me. They were like, 'Maybe he hasn't done anything. Maybe he can't play the trumpet like he says he can. Maybe he is a fucking liar that sat on a beach and pretended like he kayaked the Amazon but didn't.'"

"That's the power of editing," I say. Editors have the challenging task of turning hours of boring film into compelling entertainment by assembling footage. And by selecting what to include and then juxtaposing those images, they have a lot of power. On the show, the sequence in which

Wade tells the story of being kidnapped and tortured before escaping from indigenous people was edited for time (of course), drama (music enhanced his story) and humiliation (his tribe mates were shown looking bored and, in private interviews filmed later but spliced in, doubting his story). As pressure to produce attention- and ratings-grabbing series increases, producers and editors have privately complained to me that networks sometimes demand more, leading some editors to construct sentences from fragments—essentially allowing a show to write its own script and cast members to complain later of misrepresentation (information that fans salivate over because it adds an extra dimension to the reality they've come to know).

Still, producers have only so much footage to work with, and Marcuse tells me, "I've known well over 1,000 reality people over the course of the years I've been doing this, and I represent more than 400. I can count on one hand the people for whom it was the editing. Is it the editing, or is it really that they're not self-aware?"

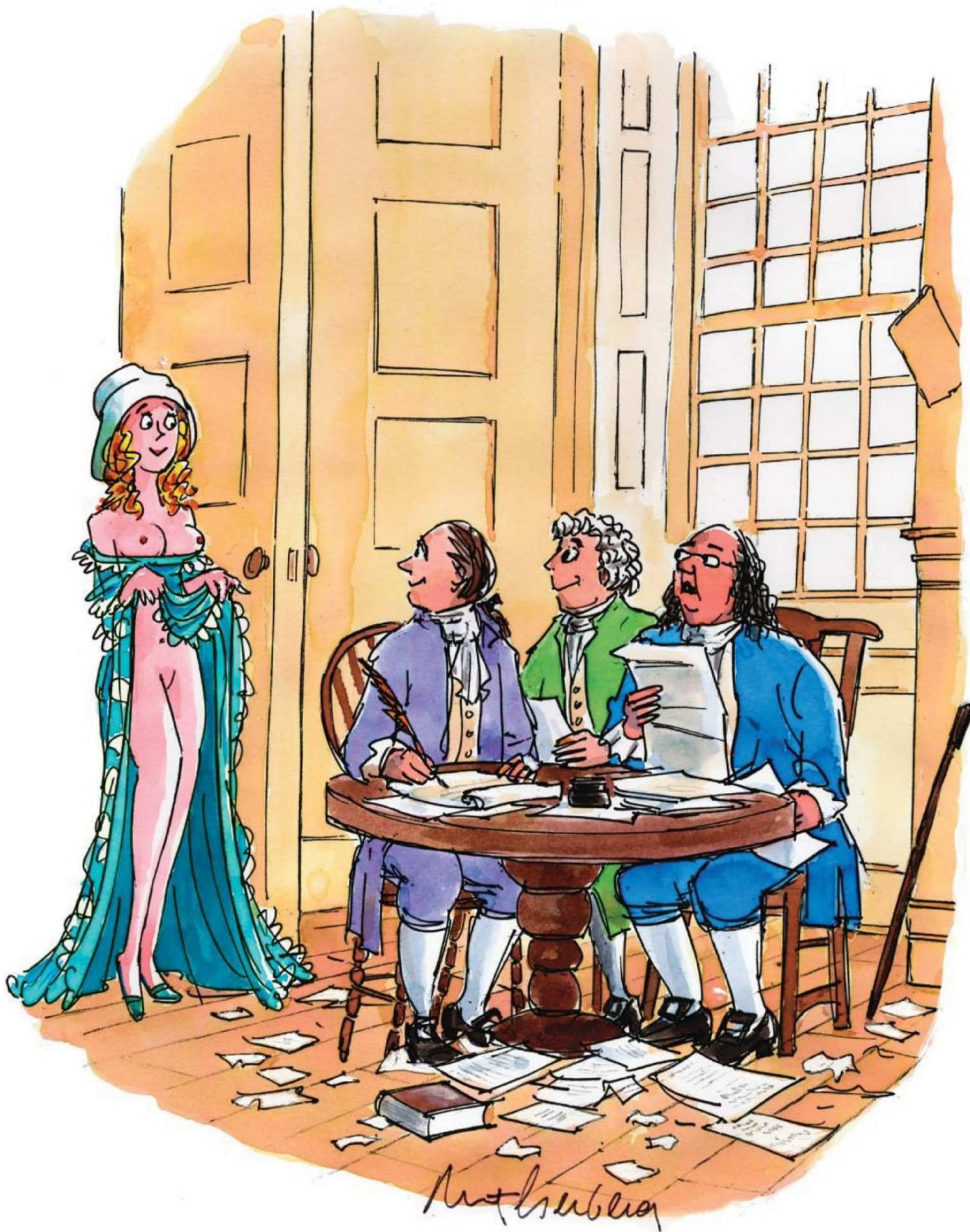
Maybe both. "I did it to myself too," Wade says. "I was so psyched to go into the game that I put on this whole facade, like I am the man, I am the *coach*. And that is a part of my personality I have to fight."

Producer Cowan says he tells cast members that "cameras and shows are kindest to those who are just letting themselves be themselves. If you try to control the impression of your personality or who you are, what your image is, in the end you're going to be unhappy. Because the camera doesn't get to see all the nuances in your head. It sees only your actions."

Wade never locks the door to his house, which, like his personality, is an eclectic, complicated mix. Fragments of *Survivor* are everywhere: on the bar, shot glasses from his two seasons; cast photos; a newspaper article about a charity event appearance, framed and leaning against the wall of the guest bedroom I stayed in. (Yes, I called him a "liarface idiot douche" in public and yes, he still invited me to be his houseguest.) An alcove off the dining room overlooks Susanville, California, where the high desert and mountains meet, and in front of the windows, on a table, sit a flatscreen, a computer keyboard and a musical keyboard. It's here that Wade composes, sometimes not moving for 12 hours, not even to take a bathroom break. He rents out his basement to four soccer players, who interact with him as though he were their older brother, borrowing his clothes and jokingly calling him an asshole.

Everyone in town who knows Wade seems to adore him, from his friends to the little kids who seek his autograph (he signs "Dragon Slayer") to the senior citizens who call him "maestro" in the lobby of the church where the pews are filled with hundreds of residents to hear a Susanville Symphony Society concert. There, a back room is packed with people and sound. More than 50 musicians—some teenagers, others professionals from Reno; some paid, others volunteers—fall quiet to listen to Wade, their conductor, who, in 2003, two years after coming to Susanville and transforming the women's soccer program at the community college into a success, merged local quintets and became the group's reluctant, and eventually professionally trained, conductor and composer.

Sometime after *Survivor*, while he was wading in the shallow pool of postfame fame-seeking that so many attention-drenched reality-TV show cast members dive into—he was offered his own dating series similar to *The Bachelor*—Wade moved back to Susanville so he wouldn't become a "whoremonger." Wade later says, "I'm not fuckin' faking everybody. I must really care. I'm not narcissistic. I could fool a couple of people, but I'm certainly not going to fool an entire town." For all the hell television put him through by exploiting his personality, his frustration is nearly always followed by appreciation: for the opportunities it opened up, for the experiences and for the personal growth. "Without question, the producers take advantage of you. It's what you sign up for," he says. "You've got



to flip the coin and say, 'Thank you, guys, for doing this, for honoring me with your edit, because you made me into an iconic figure for that season.' I guess you gotta take the good with the bad."

On a Saturday in late March, the bad is about to start for Randy Senna. Day laborers Paxton hired are moving pinball machines from the storage space above Randyland to a truck, ready to be transported to a new location. Almost every episode of *Hoarders* includes a psychologist who helps the hoarder process the emotions that arise from the crew's work, and therapist Suzanne Chabaud has noticed boxes of videocassettes.

"If you outlive the point at which your things will become valuable, what happens?" she asks Senna in her light New Orleans drawl, her head tilted back to look up at him through her glasses. "You're gone, and the VHS will still be thrown into the trash."

As Pat Barnes, the episode's producer, looks at a handheld monitor that allows her to instantly switch between the two camera shots, Senna says, "The legend of Randy will continue forever, and those who will have the treasures of the Randy archives will thank their lucky stars that I saved all these treasures." The workers move Senna's original baby carriage, along with old Pepsi cups, fading and cracked and still in plastic bags.

There are many types of reality shows, from competitions to fly-on-the-wall documentary series, but they all share DNA from MTV's *The Real World*. Followed by an entourage of camera operators, sound engineers and producers, cast members are placed in atypical, high-stress environments—whether a house or a beach on which they play a game for \$1 million—and asked constantly to explain and justify their behavior in on-camera interviews. Some shows are carefully orchestrated, with producers setting up artificial situations and then filming what happens, but the very best ones, such as Discovery's *Deadliest Catch* or Animal Planet's *Whale Wars*, merely observe real life.

Hoarders is somewhere in between, because the intervention wouldn't have happened without the show. Cameras aren't always on, and producers let the therapist and organizer do their work. Barnes frequently checks in with Paxton about what he plans to do next. Sometimes filming interrupts work, for a pull-aside conversation with Paxton, Chabaud or Senna, or for a scene like the one now being filmed, in which they talk to Senna about his hoarding. In the same cheery tone, Senna repeats the themes of his collection's contribution to humanity.

"You're using objects. Other people might use words," Chabaud says.

Reality-television producers and the networks that air their shows are conscious of their impact because the well-being of their cast members is, at the very least, good business. "Broadcast networks are incredibly conscious of weighing the risks," producer Cowan tells me, describing "significant risk-management protocols," including having mental health professionals on location. Cowan has produced shows such

as *Joe Millionaire* and, most recently, Fox's *Mobbed*—shows that involve some kind of deception, and from the moment a format is conceived, he says, "you deal with the potential consequences of whether or not you're going to be injurious to somebody or exploit someone for the sake of entertainment. It's a fine line." It's also flexible. Cowan says, "The cable world is more cavalier in what it'll do and the chances it'll take."

Bravo created a new subgenre of reality TV when it debuted *Project Runway* in 2004. "We try to protect them and us every way we can before they wind up going on camera," Andy Cohen, the cable network's executive vice president, tells me. "Overwhelmingly, in the many, many seasons [of competitive reality shows that feature creative professionals], our success rate is very high when it comes to ensuring that we cast people who are able to handle the process." He adds, "It is grueling; we all agree with that. It's in our interest to showcase these people, because we're invested in their success."

The Real World creator Jonathan Murray says cast members are savvier now and "know what they're getting themselves into," though producers remind them that they have to "be prepared that anything in their life could end up on the show. We developed this application that was 28 pages long, which asked every intimate detail, and we said, 'If you're uncomfortable talking about any of this, you probably shouldn't do this show.'" Murray adds, "You don't know what's going to happen." Over the course of his show's 25 seasons, real life has happened, from pregnancy to death.

Paxton actually cares about Senna. That's despite the conflict brewing this morning in the empty space Senna has rented for an antiques arcade, where Paxton discovers a massive 30-foot, two-piece boardwalk horse-racing game in which players roll balls up ramps and into red, blue and yellow holes to make their plastic horses run, trot or walk to a stuffed animal or other prize. All 10 of Paxton's day laborers, using dollies, are barely able to roll the 10,000-pound top half. It's impossible to see how either of the two 30-foot pieces will make the S-turn and go down two short sets of stairs. Paxton says, "I started to get really mad at him. And then my labor guys said, 'That guy's crazy!' I said, 'Don't call Randy crazy! That guy's my man.' I started sticking up for him."

I ask if he thinks Senna is mentally ill. "Yes, Randy has a disease. Absolutely. He does not have the same brain as you and I," Paxton says. "I think he was just weird and made fun of and never had a chance to make friends from a very early age."

A full-fledged fight between friends develops when Paxton discovers Senna moved half the game by himself while the crew was at lunch. Senna leans on its end as the two men get more and more agitated. "You did not show me this or that monstrosity," Paxton says, cameras hovering a few feet away.

"I described it all in the e-mails back and forth," Senna insists. "But the bottom line is you didn't hire professional people who are movers."



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The argument builds in intensity as it circles the same issues for more than 25 minutes. "I feel hurt and betrayed," Senna says, choking up. He insists he did tell Paxton and thinks he's being set up because five days of production have resulted in only a portion of his hoard being moved, and now Senna's going to be humiliated on TV and have little work done.

Paxton is so pissed he yells at Chabaud when Barnes indicates the therapist should join in the conversation. "I want you to wait a second," Paxton barks. "I need to talk. Both of you need to not talk. Randy, look at me. Please do not condescend to me." Chabaud shuffles away. "You and I have made a commitment to each other, as friends, to finish this job. I will stay no matter what, except if you talk down to me," Paxton says.

Senna knows this fight is the obvious climax of the episode: "This part of the show will ruin the show."

Paxton disagrees. "People need to see that friends are able to argue and move forward," he says.

Little of the fight will make it on the air, particularly Senna's claims about his deal with producers, which Paxton attributes to Senna wanting to feel in control, common among hoarders. But it may actually have been therapeutic. Earlier Chabaud told me, "There are some situations where the person is so impervious to any kind of intervention that the camera actually serves as a tool to get them to come out because they may be really angry." A lot of work for *Hoarders*, here and on other shoots, takes place off camera or never airs, including conversations among therapists, hoarders and their family members. As a result, Chabaud says, "I have never left a show without feeling there was some healing."

Paxton echoes this. "I would not be doing this if we were not helping. If we didn't offer that aftercare, this would absolutely be cruel, because then you're not giving them the chance to get better." Besides paying for the cleanup to alleviate whatever crisis exists and, if necessary, making emergency repairs, producers offer therapy and continued work

with an organizer. The money can't be used for anything else, though sometimes it pays for family members to get counseling. A dedicated staff member now coordinates aftercare, researching therapists and following up with the hoarder a few days after the cameras leave. The goal is to have therapy start immediately because, as series producer George Butts says, "it can be traumatic for them when the shows air." He adds, "Unfortunately, we can't force them to take mental health therapy."

He estimates that fewer than half actually do.

Senna expects to be among the majority of hoarders who reject aftercare. "I don't believe in any way, shape or form I need therapy. There's nothing wrong with me," he says, his jacket flecked with sawdust from his lunchtime work yesterday, his black, graying hair unraveling from its wavy curls.

"I'm strong enough to deal with the emotional stress because, again, I knew this was going to happen when I went into it," he says. He has, from the very beginning, expected the worst. "They blew that all out of proportion in order to create conflict," he says. "I felt very betrayed, very hurt. I felt they were my friends, and they came in and literally put me in a corner, and I didn't think that was fair."

Senna takes a breath as his eyes dampen and his mouth quivers. "I'm more surprised that they sold me out, because I thought I had won them over. I'm not mentally ill, but I'm sure that will appear at the front of the show, that hoarding is a mental disorder. So they're going to label me from the beginning."

Senna is hopeful, though. "Maybe the producers will look at themselves and say, 'Well, gee, maybe sometimes we're doing more harm than we think.'" He brings up aftercare. "They know they're causing emotional stress in these people's lives. You've left these people in a clean house but in an emotionally empty spot."

Senna, as Paxton constantly points out on camera and off, is most likely smarter than the rest of us, even rewiring the lift gate on the faulty truck Paxton rented. So why would Senna agree to this? Why expose himself to the world, to the pain, when he could have just hired professional movers himself? "Nobody in their right mind should sign that contract," Senna says. "Nobody. And I am smart enough to know I shouldn't have signed it, but...."

"But you did," I say.

While we talk upstairs, the production team gathers around a glass-covered game that holds boxes of bobbleheads. Team members are concerned about Senna and the public's eventual perception of him—a remarkable conversation for a reality-TV crew to have. They ask, "How can we present Randy in a positive light today?" Chabaud tells me this outside Randyland's front doors, where she's wrapped in a full-length black coat and smoking a cigarette.

I ask about Senna's concerns about how he'll be portrayed. "That's a responsibility he has to take: that he applied for a show that portrays mental illnesses," she says. "Even if there's a personal price they have to pay for seeing themselves on TV, they



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have to realize they're doing something for the good, and I try to instill that before I leave." *Hoarders* has brought the disease of hoarding to the attention of hoarders, family members and even mental-health professionals and has intervened in about 80 hoarders' lives.

But can kids who appear on camera, victims of their parents' illness, take that same responsibility? "I'm not trying to justify everything, but if I sense there's something about that child that may cause them problems after the show, I work with them and give them some tools before I leave," Chabaud says. "And I really think they have more tools after I leave than before I came. Many of them were teased anyway, but they didn't have the tools to deal with it."

As for the boy who cried when the crew left, he was filmed for a follow-up episode. Chabaud says, "After kids saw the show they teased him about sleeping in his mom's bed. I said, 'Well, how do you deal with that?' He said, 'I need to tell people out there that when you're raised in a home that's hoarded, sometimes you have to do things that are not normal, and kids need to know it's not their fault.' And that was—wow! That was so powerful. I almost cried. It's not their fault."

Upstairs, as our conversation ends, Senna pulls folded pieces of paper from his pocket and has me read aloud passages from an e-mail message that proves he was right and Paxton was wrong, which Paxton later readily admits. All that pushing, challenging, yelling—unnecessary but genuine. Minutes after I leave, Paxton smashes his hand in the freight elevator doors and goes to the hospital. In his absence Senna is forced to lead Paxton's crew, and together they move the rest of the game down the stairs. Cameras roll, and soon editors will compress five

days of footage into an episode that will be watched, discussed and judged by millions.

Forty years ago the Loud family let cameras into their lives for *An American Family* on PBS, showing us the possibilities and perils of turning life into entertainment. Despite the constructed nature of this kind of television, the entire production is usually invisible, which is both necessary for compelling TV and part of the overwhelming lack of transparency. Cast members on some shows have been told to restrict their comments during interviews to what has aired, even if that doesn't reflect their reality. On CBS's *Big Brother*, raw footage of an interview with a contestant leaked onto YouTube and showed a producer flirting heavily with a cast member, readying her for his questions; her answers would later be spliced into footage from events the contestant was discussing.

That's why the media and critics often reduce the final product to oversimplified terms: Fake. Manipulated. But reality is messier. For a long time Ben Wade talked about how he created a character on *Survivor* so the person on TV wasn't fully him. It wasn't. It couldn't possibly be. Watch YouTube to see how excruciatingly boring people are without editors. Entertainment takes skill, like that of the crew who will introduce Senna to the world.

"For people like myself and Dr. Chabaud, we really care. We're here to help," Paxton says. "A&E's just there to make a TV show; it doesn't really care either way what happens. Obviously it wants the person to get help, but its ultimate goal is to just film what happens. That's a scary thing when you combine mental illness with entertainment."



"They're harnessing all the hot air in Washington."

THE MOB

(continued from page 50)

The two new partners couldn't have been more dissimilar. Where Bioff was colorful, Browne was nondescript. His most identifiable characteristic was that he began drinking beer in the morning and didn't stop until he hit his bed at night. (Bioff, later asked to confirm if Browne actually drank 100 bottles of beer a day, quipped, "If you won't hold me to 100, it might have been 101; it might have been 70.") But if Browne was weaving drunkenly through life, he was actually a man of minor prominence in Chicago at the time he and Bioff met. Browne's chicken organizing was a sideline to his main profession as the business agent of the local chapter of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, or IATSE, the union that represented everyone from stagehands to projectionists to technicians in both theater and film. Browne always claimed he was legit until he met Bioff. It was Bioff, he said, who hatched the plan that would lead them to the Capone gang.

As Bioff told it, it was 1932 or 1933 and he was now working for Browne's union as his personal representative. At the time, 250 of the union's 400 members were out of work, so the local set up a soup kitchen. For Browne, it may have been a gesture of concern, but Bioff saw opportunity in the philanthropy. Bioff had made a great discovery: Whoever controlled the projectionists controlled Hollywood, and IATSE controlled the projectionists. So he brought Chicago theater magnate Barney Balaban to the hospital room where Browne was convalescing from an illness and asked for a donation to the soup kitchen in lieu of restoring pay cuts to his projectionists. Actually, Bioff warned Balaban to make the donation or else suffer a strike that would close his theaters. Balaban gave \$20,000—\$300 of which Bioff and Browne immediately skimmed so they could celebrate by drinking and gambling at the Club 100. (Bioff later said that they did buy a few cases of canned goods for the soup kitchen with the \$20,000.) The club, however, just happened to be managed by Nick Circella—alias Nick Dean, alias Nickelodeon—who was a Capone soldier, and Circella got to wondering what these two bottom-feeders were doing with so much money. Bioff and Browne, unable to keep their mouths shut, bragged to Circella about how they had forced Balaban to give them the loot. The next day Frank Rio, one of Al Capone's chief lieutenants, arranged to meet Browne, ordered him into the car and demanded a 50 percent cut of whatever he and Bioff were able to extort from Balaban.

And so began the first shakedown scheme. Bioff soon met with an executive of the Balaban and Katz theater chain and insisted that the chain add a second projectionist to each booth. The executive howled that this would be prohibitively expensive and ultimately bankrupt the company. To which Bioff quipped, "You'll have two men or else. If that is going to kill Grandma, Grandma is going to die." But there *was* an option, Bioff added. Balaban and Katz could make a payoff to him. Balaban chose the payoff. Soon Bioff and Browne were raking in \$100,000

from Chicago exhibitors, which prompted Frank Rio and Frank Nitti, Capone's successor after Capone was sent to prison for income tax evasion, to hold another meeting—this one at a downtown Chicago hotel. The mob now demanded two thirds of the take from Bioff and Browne or else. As Bioff later deadpanned, he thought it better not to discover the “or else.”

The mob's greed, however, wasn't slaked. In 1932 Browne had run for president of the national IATSE and been defeated. Now that Nitti saw how much money he could rake in from the movie industry just by intimidating the theater owners in a single city, he decided not to let that verdict stand. Nitti convened a meeting at the Riverside, Illinois home of mob enforcer Harry Hochstein and laid out the strategy. Nitti wanted to know which locals had opposed Browne in 1932. Browne mentioned New York City, New Jersey, Cleveland and St. Louis. Nitti told him there would be no problem. He would make certain these locals lined up behind him thanks to his “connections.”

In June 1934, IATSE gathered for its national convention in Louisville, and affable George E. Browne once again stood for the presidency. To assist his candidacy, a delegation of mobsters arrived from Chicago and ordered a complete media lock-down. Just before the vote, half a dozen men tapping white canes entered the hall—the blind men's tool evidently a warning of what would happen to delegates who opposed Browne. He won. When members of one local complained of vote rigging, Bioff, who upon Browne's election had immediately been appointed the president's new special representative, arranged to have a gang of longshoremen rough them up.

But not everyone was amenable to Browne's ascension, so now began the months of the long knives. When Tommy Maloy, the boss of Chicago Local 110 of the Motion Picture Operators Union, bridled at yielding power to the newcomers, he was shot and killed while cruising in his car on the Outer Drive. (In recounting the incident to an FBI agent, Capone would wink that Maloy had had a traffic accident.) When a man named Clyde Ostenberg threatened to start a rival union to organize projectionists, Bioff, according to Ostenberg's bodyguard, warned him to desist. Ostenberg was later gunned down. So was a union organizer

named Louie Alterie. When Bioff suspected union goon Fred “Bugs” Blacker, so nicknamed because he would release bedbugs in uncooperative theaters, of double-dealing, Bioff had him murdered. It was a tribute to Bioff's incorrigibility that when a rival union circulated fliers accusing Bioff of these crimes, he hired the PR man who had distributed them.

By the end of 1935, with their rivals dispatched, Browne and Bioff controlled IATSE. Now it was just a matter of time before IATSE would control Hollywood.

THE TAKEOVER

As Bioff would later describe it, he was merely Browne's assistant, at a salary of \$22,000 a year. “Me? I ain't an important guy. I work only for our president, George

realized they could collect even more largesse if they represented not only projectionists but virtually all the employees in Hollywood itself. Unfortunately for Bioff, IATSE had staged a disastrous strike in 1933 during which it withdrew from the Basic Studio Agreement between labor and the studios. As a result, its Hollywood membership had dwindled to 150 from 6,000. So the first thing IATSE had to do was enlarge its membership.

For this, Bioff needed the connivance of the studios. Some time in late 1934 or early 1935 he and Browne met with Patrick Casey, the labor liaison for the Hollywood producers, and floated an idea. He proposed that the Chicago projectionists strike on some flimsy pretext. The producers would then meet with Bioff and Browne in an “emer-

gency” session to settle the strike, and in the process they would recognize IATSE again. To make the deal sweeter, the producers would also give it a “closed shop” agreement, meaning it would be the sole bargaining agent for most of the technicians in Hollywood. Other unions were understandably apoplectic at this deal, but they reluctantly went along because Bioff paid them off and because they too feared the “or else.”

It was, Bioff said, a eureka moment for him. He realized the plan they had hatched after Louisville to make IATSE the main bargaining agent had worked better than they could possibly have imagined. He had one stick to keep the studios in line via the projectionists, and now with his control of their own labor force he had another.

But Bioff had even grander ambitions than doing a little skimming from union dues or getting a few kickbacks for saving the studios money. He would go to the source of the big money, to Hollywood itself, where there were millions more dollars to be wrung from the timorous studios. And Bioff had an idea of how to do it. So he headed West.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

After all the events of 1935—the murders, the extortion, the consolidation of his power within the unions, the Basic Studio Agreement that gave him his opening to parlay that power—pudgy Willie Bioff, who once said he could lift with one arm any man, met Nicholas Schenck, arguably the most powerful figure in the film hierarchy, armed with his new plan, which was

Too Hot to Handle



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E. Browne,” he told a reporter. “I do what I'm told to do and go where I'm sent.” But like so much else that Bioff said, this wasn't true, and he privately boasted that he was the real power and Browne was just a figurehead. In fact, the vainglorious Bioff quickly instituted a pay cut for his union's members, then had the studios kick back their savings to him, which he distributed to himself and the mob, and he instituted a two percent levy on members' wages, which accumulated to \$1.5 million more for himself, Browne and their Mafia partners.

Originally the idea was simply to use the projectionists they now represented across the country to launch a national version of the shakedown scheme Bioff had deployed so successfully in Chicago, and the mob was satisfied with the take. But Bioff quickly

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simplicity itself. Schenck was, like Bioff, a Russian Jewish immigrant who, with his older brother Joseph, had opened a pharmacy in New York before moving into the amusement park business, where he caught the attention of Marcus Loew. Loew was the head of Loew's, the parent company of MGM. When Loew died in 1927, Nick Schenck assumed control of Loew's empire. Schenck was gruff, unsophisticated and bullying, but when Bioff met him in Schenck's New York office in April 1936, the two, as Bioff put it, exchanged pleasantries for a minute before Bioff issued his demand: He wanted \$2 million or he would pull the projectionists from every movie theater in the United States. "I want you to know I elected Browne president, and I am his boss. He is to do whatever I want him to do. Now your industry is a prosperous industry, and I must get \$2 million out of it," Schenck would later quote Bioff as saying, adding that Bioff said if he pulled the projectionists, "In two or three weeks there will be no motion-picture industry. It will be destroyed." Schenck remonstrated that even with the lax accounting practices of Hollywood, he would have a hard time raising \$2 million in a single stash. So Bioff halved his demand and agreed to take the money in increments of \$50,000 and \$100,000. Thus did Bioff and, through him the remnants of the Capone gang, turn Hollywood into their personal bank.

By the time he moved to Hollywood later that year he was in the shakedown business full time and on a much larger scale. He went from studio head to studio head, demanding money in return for his promise that IATSE wouldn't strike. Soon he wasn't going to them; they were coming to his hotel room. The other moguls followed Nick Schenck's lead, handing Bioff bundles of cash, always cash, in plain brown wrappers—bundles he would stuff into his jacket pocket. In time the main conduit of the graft would be Nick's brother, Joe Schenck, easily the more popular of the Schencks and the chief executive of 20th Century Fox. As Bioff described it, he would sit in Joe's office munching apples while Joe doled out the money that was now, for efficiency's sake, often funneled through him from the other studios. Bioff was blithe about it all. "The boys in Chicago were expecting a Christmas present," he casually told Harry Warner at the end of 1937. They got one in more bundles of cash, which Bioff fanned on his bed to count.

But Bioff had one more scam up his sleeve. It was actually Nick Schenck who suggested that Bioff become the sales agent for DuPont, which manufactured raw film stock, and take a seven percent commission. Schenck then ordered Louis B. Mayer to buy half of MGM's film stock from Bioff, even though Kodak had been supplying the stock for years and the studios had been perfectly satisfied. Bioff agreed...as long as DuPont didn't tell his Capone gang liaison, Johnny Rosselli. Then Bioff gave the ultimatum to the other studio heads, and they all began buying DuPont's raw film, sending more than \$150,000 in "commissions" Bioff's way.

They said they didn't have a choice. They paid to pacify the union, and they

paid because they were afraid of what Bioff and his mob friends might do to them if they didn't. Schenck said that after debating whether to meet Bioff's demands, he reached a decision when a bomb was found under the roof of a Loew's theater, and he recalled Bioff's threat to MGM head Louis B. Mayer, the previous king of Hollywood, that "there was no room for both of them in this world." Harry Warner said that when he hesitated to give in to yet another of Bioff's requests for money, he hired himself two bodyguards before finally deciding to pay up. Actor George Raft remembered a visit Bioff paid to the set of *Each Dawn I Die* on the Warner Bros. lot when Bioff was muscling the studio. As Raft told it, Bioff eyed Raft's co-star Jimmy Cagney "with obvious dislike," stared at the klieg lights above Cagney and exchanged glances with the mobsters who accompanied the union boss. Later, Raft said, Bioff told him they were going to drop the light on Cagney but decided not to because they liked Raft. Raft never knew Bioff's motive.

Bioff was both blunt and cavalier about his power over the moguls. He described his negotiating technique this way: "You get in a room with them, and they start yelling and hollering about how they're being held up and robbed. That goes on and on. Me, I'm a busy man and don't get too much sleep. I always go to sleep when that roaring starts. After a while it dies down, and the quiet wakes me up. And I say, 'All right, gentlemen, do we get the money?'" He always did.

But even as Bioff was threatening and extorting them, the moguls had an odd symbiosis with their nemesis because, in the final analysis, he protected them. In 1939 a group of disgruntled workers was attempting to oust IATSE as its union; when the National Labor Relations Board granted the workers the right to hold an election to determine who would represent them, producers met with Bioff across a long table, with both sides in obvious panic. "IATSE better win," Bioff told the assembled group. "You're damned right it must. You've got to win," Joe Schenck seconded. Of course, Bioff did, partly through intimidation, partly through making sure the members were temporarily taken care of. He defeated John L. Lewis, the legendary beetle-browed almighty head of the United Mine Workers, who supported and financed the opposing United Studio Technicians Guild, by a vote of 4,460 to 1,967. In effect, Willie Bioff had become not only Hollywood's new king; he had become its very own Huey Long, a populist dictator.

THE BACKLASH

As it turned out, Bioff loved the power as much as he loved the money, which contributed to his undoing. He would enter local union meetings flanked by two armed mob goons and announce that the national officers had taken over. Or he would sit in the studio heads' offices and make suggestions on the casting of pictures with his feet up on their desks, then demand his bags of cash. The executives all "dance to my music," he would boast while they quaked. And he loved the style of Hollywood. He now took to dressing in flashy tailor-made Western

suits that he thought were fashionable. And he carried a special gold-plated, diamond-studded union card in his wallet, a symbol of what made it all possible.

But just as his power was cresting, the king of Hollywood did two things he would come to regret. The first came when he saw 80 acres in the San Fernando Valley and decided he wanted to build a house there. Bioff already had the money for the ranch—\$100,000—from his various scams in Hollywood, but he was afraid that if he bought the house himself, the Internal Revenue Service would ask where he had gotten the resources since everyone knew Bioff didn't make nearly enough money from his salary to buy land and build a mansion—at least not legally and on the books. So Bioff asked Joe Schenck for a \$100,000 loan to cover his tracks, with the understanding that Bioff would pay back the loan immediately. Schenck balked, not because he didn't want to give Bioff whatever Bioff wanted but because he was afraid a direct transfer of cash from a studio head to the top union leader in Hollywood would clearly seem suspicious. Bioff was unmoved by that explanation. He wanted his house. So Schenck and Bioff devised a plan.

Schenck had his nephew, J. Arthur Stebbins, loan Bioff the \$100,000, with

Schenck guaranteeing the loan. Meanwhile, Bioff agreed to pay back the \$100,000 to Stebbins, and he did so secretly while leaving the note in force so the government didn't know Bioff had the money from his own stash.

Bioff then built his ranch, which he named the Laurie A., after his beloved wife, the daughter of a Chicago furniture-store owner. The centerpiece of the mansion was a massive library with expensive first editions—ironic for a man who had less than a third grade education. Sitting in his library in his mansion and wearing his loud bespoke suits, Willie Bioff, like the immigrant Jewish moguls from whom he extorted his money, must have thought he had arrived.

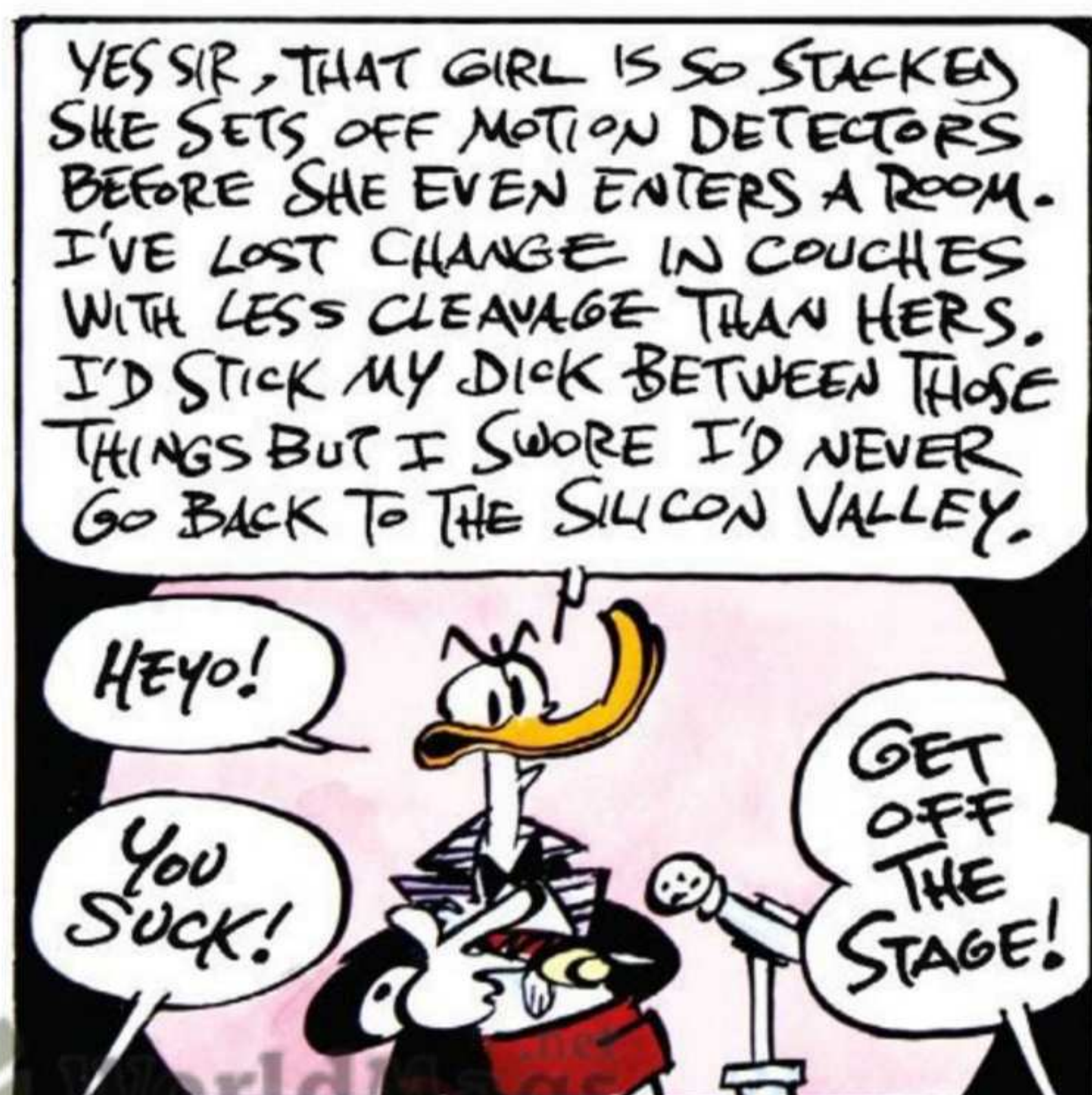
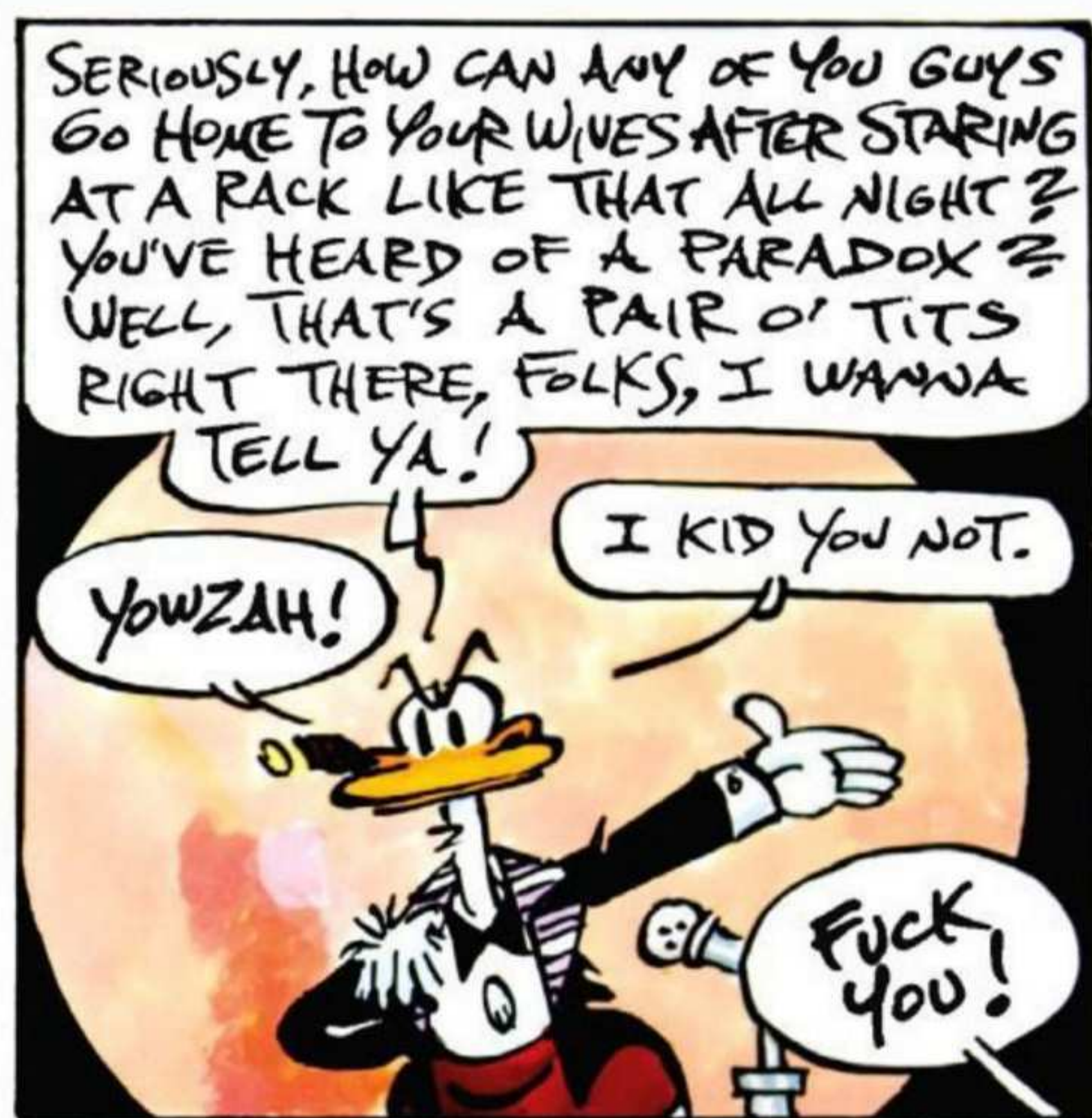
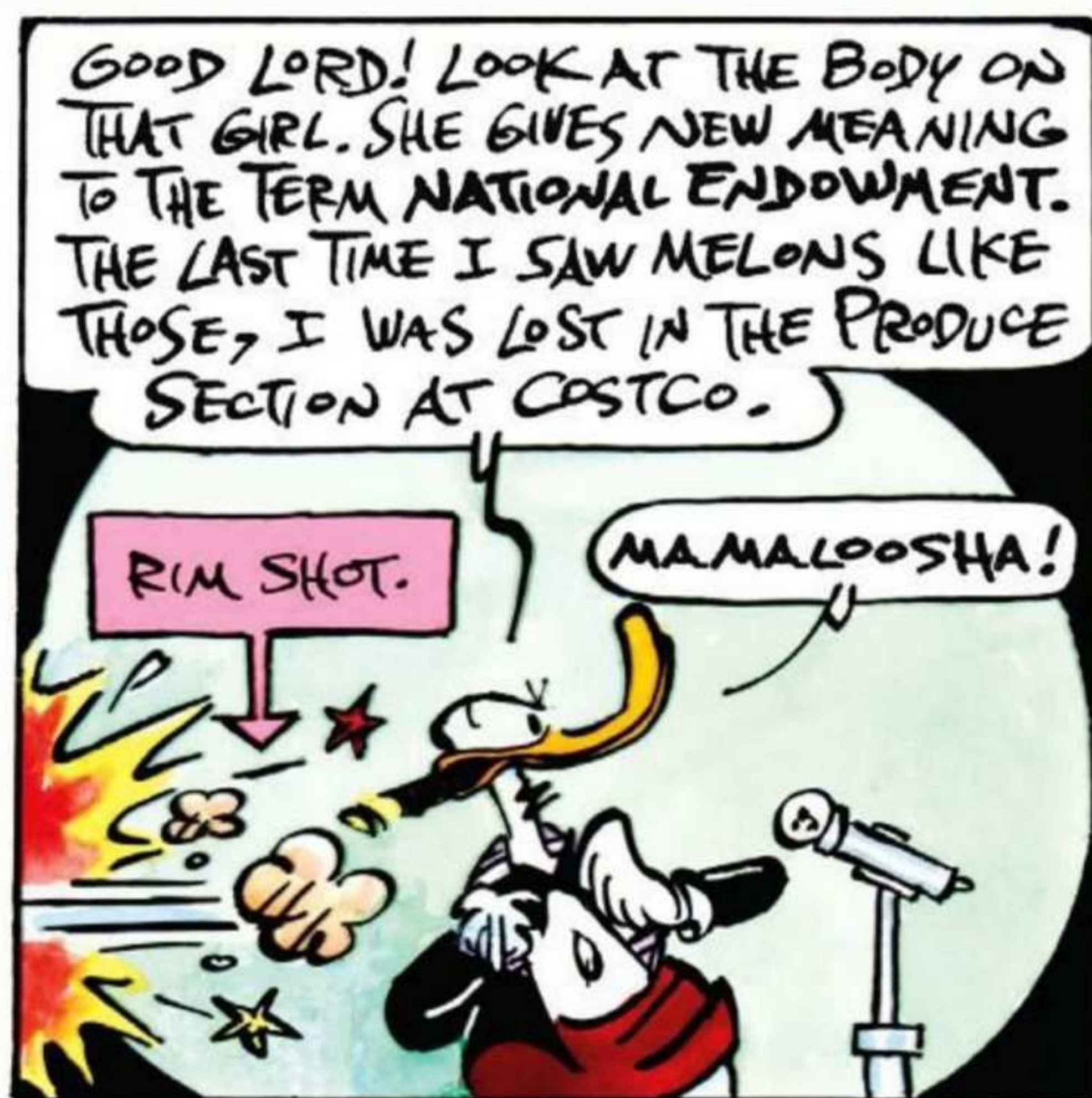
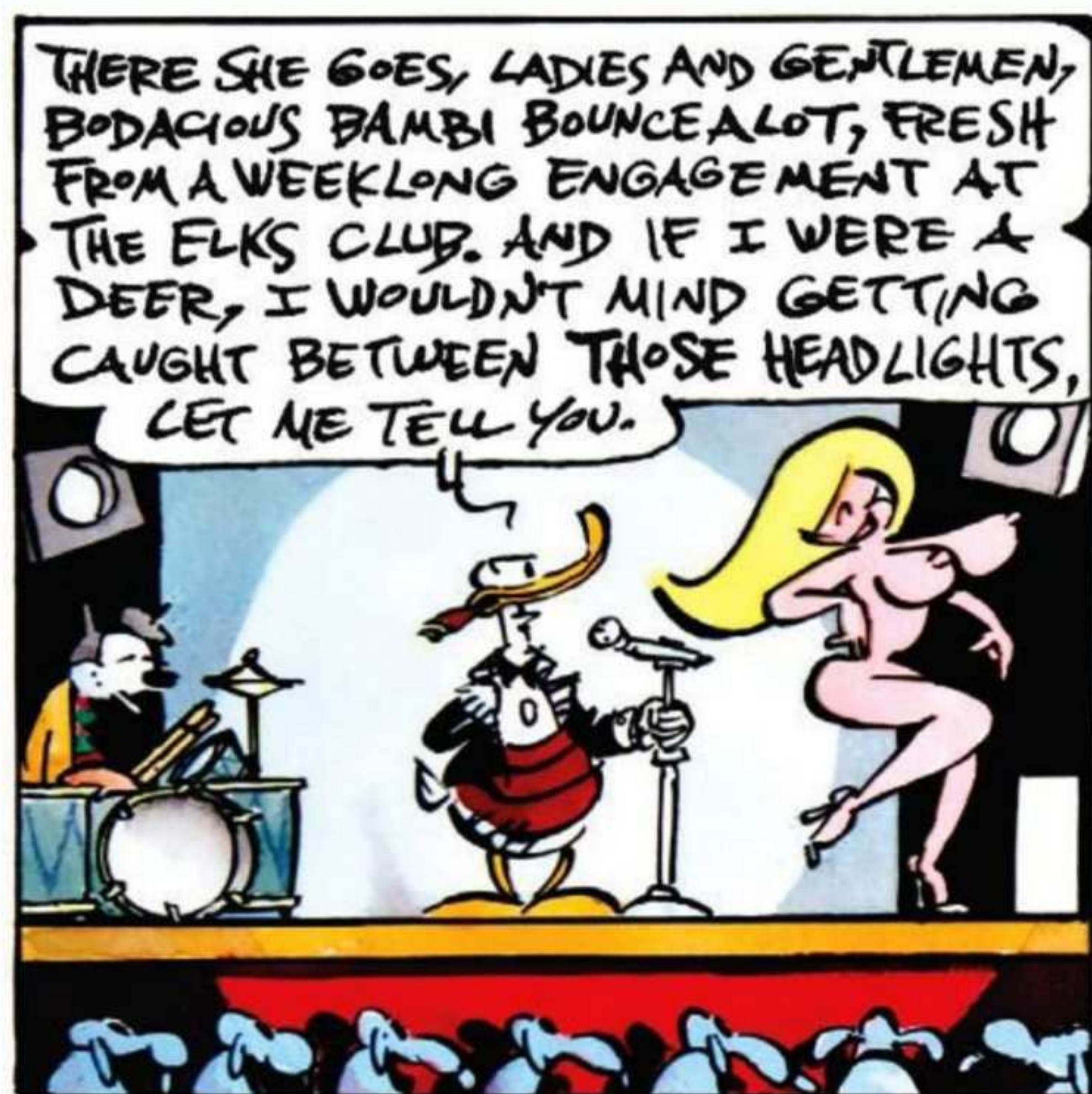
But there was a catch. The effect of the transaction that financed Bioff's palace was that Joe Schenck, by guaranteeing the \$100,000, seemed to have \$100,000 on which he had not paid taxes. That was Schenck's (and Bioff's) first mistake. When a brave IATSE dissident got wind of the "loan," Bioff felt compelled to announce his resignation from the union—though it was only an announcement, not a fact.

Bioff's second mistake was lusting to take over one of the few unions in Hollywood he didn't control: the Screen Actors Guild. Dumpy little Bioff liked the star-studded glamour of the SAG as much as he liked the

glamour of his ranch. SAG, however, didn't like Bioff. Of course he didn't let that deter him. Instead Bioff showed up uninvited to a negotiating session between SAG and MGM production head Louis B. Mayer at Mayer's lavish Santa Monica beach house and so frightened Mayer and the other executives with his appearance that they quickly acceded to SAG's wishes.

Bioff may have thought this would endear him to the actors and bring them into his fold. He was wrong. Bioff's announcement that IATSE was going to lay claim to SAG, the Writers Guild and the Directors Guild only made him the target of more opprobrium in Hollywood, especially when he granted a charter to a SAG splinter group as a way to usurp the union. In November 1939, after Bioff's victory over John L. Lewis, *Daily Variety* editor Arthur Ungar began running editorials warning of Bioff's pernicious influence on the industry. (Ungar asked for and received a bodyguard from the Los Angeles Police Department.) More significant, that same month, popular syndicated columnist Westbrook Pegler, a journalistic firebrand, began running his own series about Mafia infiltration into the unions, and he singled out Willie Bioff as Exhibit A, hammering away at Bioff's disreputable past and mob ties. At the same time, a group of disgruntled

Dirty Duck ^{by Bobby London}



left-wing unionists who thought Bioff was too cozy with the studio heads and who feared his mob connections began its own counteroffensive, forming a group called the White Rats to challenge Bioff's power. For the first time since his arrival in Hollywood in 1935, nearly five years earlier, Willie Bioff was under siege.

The prime mover against him, however, was actor Robert Montgomery, the sturdy Republican leader of SAG. Terrified that Bioff and his friends might actually succeed in taking over his union, Montgomery had been tipped by an informant, possibly a bookkeeper, that something might be amiss with Bioff's loan from J. Arthur Stebbins. Working with the White Rats, Montgomery somehow got hold of Stebbins's check to Bioff and notified Attorney General Frank Murphy, who was under increasing pressure from Pegler's columns to do something about Bioff. Alerted that he was being investigated, Schenck called Bioff to his office and recommended that he go away for a while. Bioff declined the offer.

Meanwhile, Pegler had dredged up an old pandering conviction of Bioff's from Chicago and discovered that he had served only a few days of his six-month sentence before jumping bail. Bioff was arrested for this infraction on the very day he was to sit down with the producers to discuss how to stave off another projectionists' strike, and he insisted he was the victim of plutocrats. "Maybe I have been doing too much for the working man," he told reporters as he flew to Chicago to appear at a hearing on the pandering charge. Eventually, he was forced to serve the remainder of his sentence.

While all this was going on, the attorney general's investigation of the Schenck loan proceeded. Tracing the money proved a slow, painstaking process, taking more than a year of poring over accounting records and ledgers, but in the end Murphy dispatched a special assistant, Charles Carr, to Hollywood to determine if the undeclared \$100,000 had been a payoff to Bioff. Carr impaneled a grand jury, which wound up indicting not Bioff but Joe Schenck for income tax evasion.

Schenck stood trial in New York federal court in the spring of 1941, some six months after Bioff had been released from prison in Chicago. It was a star-studded prosecution. Among his character witnesses were Chico and Harpo Marx and Charlie Chaplin. Nevertheless, Schenck was convicted and sentenced to three years in prison. In hopes of lessening his sentence, he decided to cooperate with the authorities trying to nab Bioff and admitted that Bioff had been extorting money from the industry for years. (He also told Murphy that Bioff was worth every cent he paid him and more.) For his cooperation, his sentence was reduced to 13 months, and he would serve only four of those. Now it was Bioff's turn.

THE TRIALS

Five weeks after Schenck's conviction, Bioff was finally indicted for extortion along with George Browne and Nick Circella, who promptly went on the lam. "I never extorted a dime from anybody," Bioff growled. In fact, on the very day the indictment was handed down, Bioff was in

Hollywood up to his usual tricks. A rival union, the Conference of Studio Unions, headed by Herbert Sorrell, a former stevedore who was almost as stiff-backed as Bioff, was trying to organize the notoriously union-averse Walt Disney Studio and had authorized a strike. Bioff, trying to weasel his way into the situation, struck a deal with Disney by which he agreed to settle the issue, even though his own union wasn't involved, then had his henchmen approach the union leaders outside a rally, order them into a car and essentially kidnap them to Bioff's San Fernando Valley ranch, where Walt's brother, Roy, and several other Disney executives were waiting. Bioff told them that if the strikers signed with IATSE they would be back at work in the morning with raises. And he offered the strike leaders a \$50 bonus and time off whenever they wanted it. The leaders refused, aghast that Walt would have brought the notorious racketeer into their consultations.

Bioff and Browne went to trial in New York in October 1941, with the Schenck brothers as the primary witnesses against them. Bioff took the stand in his own defense, chipper, blasé and as defiant as ever. While in prison serving his pandering sentence, he had come up with an explanation for why he received money from the moguls. He insisted he never extorted money, that he was in fact only helping the Schencks, who had told him they were being sandbagged by various state legislatures that were passing laws inimical to the interests of the film industry and that in order to fight these forces, they needed lots of money, which they asked Bioff to collect from other executives and then ferry across the country because the money couldn't be shown on their books. Bioff, being the nice fellow he was, actually did them a favor. And that's how, he said, he came into the bundles of cash.

The jury believed saturnine Joe Schenck rather than shifty Willie Bioff, and Bioff and his nominal boss, George Browne, were both convicted. It took the jurors less than two hours of deliberation. Browne's eyes welled with tears when the verdict was read, but Bioff just sat there benignly, stroking a scar on his chin. "If these racketeers, these Chicago hoodlums, can get to a place where they can cast their shadows on the lives of 125,000 American workers [the total membership of IATSE] and their families," the presiding judge told the jury in commendation, "it constitutes in my mind, gentlemen, a national scandal." Browne and Bioff were fined \$30,000 and sentenced to eight and 10 years, respectively, in federal prison.

And that could have been the end of the Willie Bioff saga if he hadn't had what he called a jailhouse conversion shortly after the attack against Pearl Harbor, prompting him to petition the court for his release so he could fight and, failing that, telling the court he was willing to cooperate with the federal authorities in convicting the Chicago mobsters to whom Bioff had sent—or at least was supposed to have sent—two thirds of what he extorted. The truth, as Bioff advised another potential witness, was that the feds already had the goods



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on the Capone gang extortion scheme and “don’t you go to jail for anybody.”

Now terrified, the mob had Louis “the Butcher” Buchalter transferred to Bioff’s cell block so he could kill Bioff before he could testify, but Bioff was tipped off and told the prosecutor. Foiled, the mob next demanded that Nitti himself do the honors since he had been responsible for bringing Bioff into the outfit. Nitti never got the chance. On March 19, 1943, the New York U.S. attorney Matthias Correa brought indictments against eight members of the old Capone gang—including Johnny Rosselli, Bioff’s L.A. contact, and Frank Nitti—for having skimmed or extorted \$2.5 million from Hollywood. Nitti avoided trial by putting a gun to his head and pulling the trigger alongside a railroad track near his home in Riverside, Illinois in full view of a trainload of passengers.

At trial Bioff was the star witness. In nine and a half days of testimony, he told the story of how the mob, worried about Pegler’s denunciations of Nick Circella, had ordered Circella to cut his ties with IATSE lest the union be connected to the mob and how he had said he would quit IATSE if Circella was forced to leave. For which he was advised that the only way anyone left the business with the mob was “feet first.” He confessed that he had “lied and lied and lied” and that he was now prepared to tell the truth, though there didn’t seem to be much soul-searching in his testimony. He called himself “ruthless” in the pursuit of money and a “low uncouth person...a despicable man.” He recounted the story of how he had demanded the two projectionists per booth, and then, when asked by the prosecutor if two men were necessary, he said, “To be honest with you, I was never inside a booth. I wouldn’t know.” He

described how he had asked a local union leader to up his demands to the employers to apply pressure on them and how he then cut a deal with the frightened employers for a \$150,000 payoff. He crowed that he could get a raise for himself any time he wanted and “I wouldn’t have had to ask Browne.” And he joked that while the Chicago mob had thought it was getting its two-thirds cut of his action, he was actually cheating them. “That’s one spot I beat them, but I understand they intend to sue me,” he joked.

For once Bioff was convincing. On December 22, 1943, after 81 witnesses and 750,000 words of testimony, the seven defendants were found guilty of extortion. Like Bioff, they received 10-year sentences. Reports cited Bioff as the primary reason for the verdict. Just like that, the Capone gang was out of the movie business.

RETIREMENT

Exactly one year after the verdict, Willie Bioff and George E. Browne, who had collapsed during his testimony at the Capone gang trial, were released from the federal prison at Sandstone, Minnesota. The announcement came two days after a federal appeals court upheld the convictions of the seven Chicago mobsters against whom Bioff had testified. In issuing his parole order, Judge Knox said Bioff and Browne would be “permitted to live quietly, anonymously and safe from retribution by their former associates.”

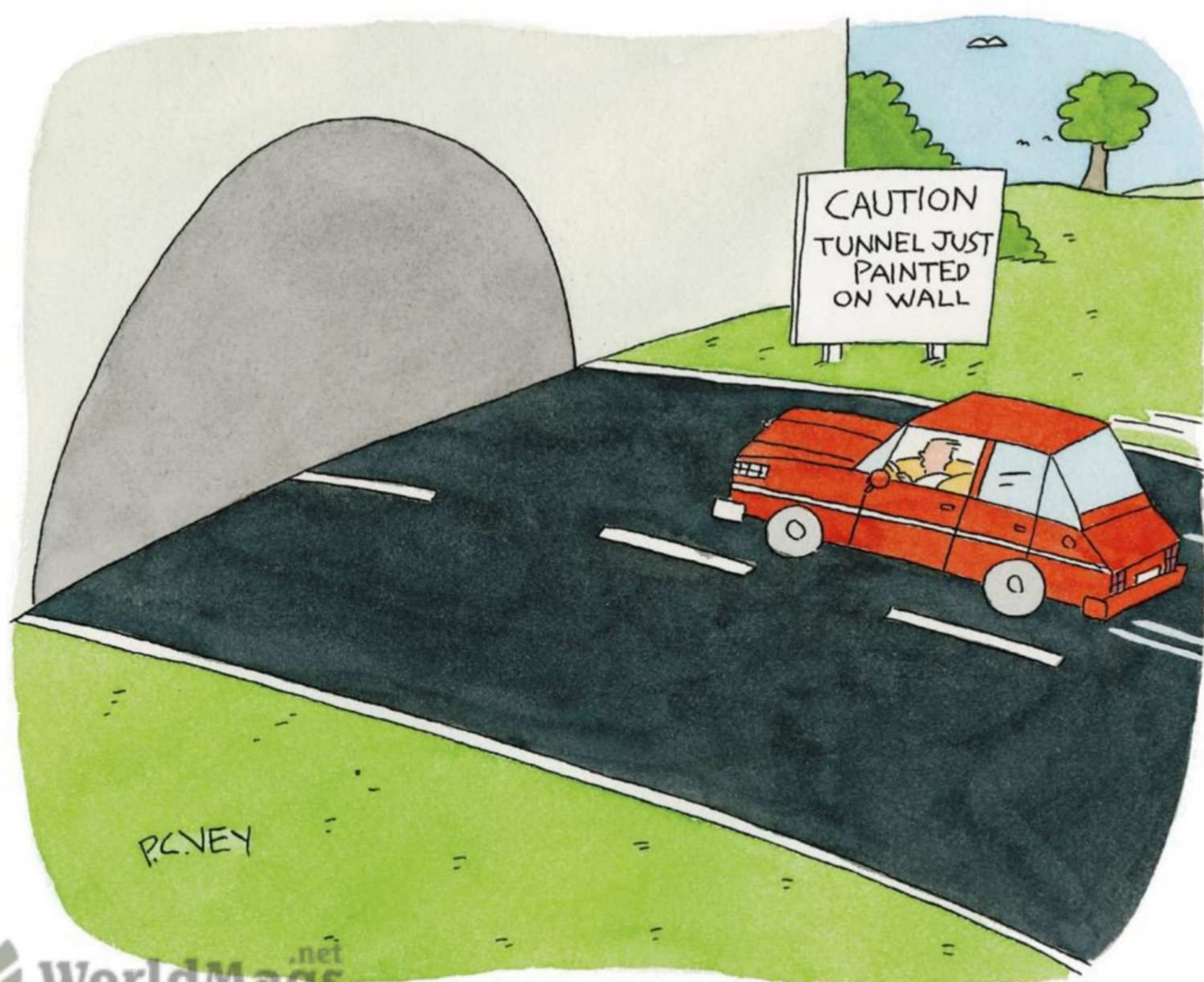
But quietly and anonymously did not describe how Willie Bioff had ever lived, and he wasn’t about to change. He returned to Hollywood, where he was welcomed with open arms by the studio heads. By one account, he sashayed through the industry’s favored watering holes with a starlet

on each arm, though this may have been decoration since Bioff was always faithful to his wife and she was deeply devoted to him. According to other accounts, he began dabbling in union politics again, though IATSE, at its 1948 convention, completely severed its ties with him by formally voting him out of the organization.

At least that is what he was doing when four of the Capone defendants were released from prison in 1947—after the sudden and highly suspicious intervention of several Truman Justice Department attorneys with ties to the Missouri mob. Still, Bioff seemed unconcerned. With his nemeses out, he and wife Laurie retreated to Arizona, where he assumed the alias William Nelson, the surname his wife’s maiden name. Even then Bioff had a hard time receding. He relocated to Las Vegas for a time, working under manager Gus Greenbaum as a social director at the mob-owned Riviera Casino—hardly the place to be inconspicuous. When he returned to Arizona, the onetime terror of Hollywood, now posing as a retired businessman, got involved in Republican politics, befriending conservative Barry Goldwater, a 1952 GOP candidate for U.S. senator, who later professed to have absolutely no idea who William Nelson really was. Bioff raised funds for Goldwater, traveled on Goldwater’s campaign plane, even went into business briefly with Goldwater’s nephew. William Nelson was now part of the white-shoe Republican establishment.

Despite the thin hedge of “William Nelson,” Bioff must have thought bygones were bygones, that his testimony was ancient history, that all had been forgiven. Obviously it wasn’t. Though his murder was never solved—“We have to learn a lot about Bioff we didn’t know,” Maricopa County policeman Ralph Edmundson said at the time—someone obviously still harbored bitter memories, bitter enough to blow Bioff 25 feet out of the roof of his pickup.

And so Willie Bioff disappeared. His estate was estimated at \$60,000, less than his yearly take from a single studio during his heyday, and an auction of the paintings and sculptures he had proudly collected fetched next to nothing. But authorities did find one vestige of Bioff’s glory years: At the time of the explosion, Bioff had been wearing a seven-carat diamond ring that had blown clear off his finger and was later recovered. It was the kind of gaudy trinket Bioff would have loved. Then again, it was the kind of thing his marks among the Hollywood moguls would have loved too. And that may have been the point of Bioff’s sojourn there. In Hollywood, the dream and nightmare, America’s romance with illusion and her romance with power, her soft idealism and her hard pragmatism all commingled until it was hard to tell the difference between them. Willie Bioff may have appeared to be the darkness that encroached on Hollywood’s bright light, but in the end he was just another ambitious immigrant trying to live out his country’s high promise.



YEOMAN

(continued from page 60)

that we can catalog this wondrous, marvelous, slimy goop.

On the surface, we look to the captain for a plan.

"Meet back here in an hour?" he says, shrugging his shoulders. "Just throwing it out there."

Everyone mumbles agreement and wanders off. The medic heads for the lip of a nearby crater formation, pretending to look at readings on his handheld. The Security Chief says he's going for a run. The XO is working on her résumé. She should have her own ship and everyone knows it. Instead she's stuck as number two for the booziest captain in the fleet.

The captain strolls off, practicing a new monologue he thought up in the shower this morning.

That leaves the ethnographer and me. She doesn't look thrilled.

"Lieutenant Issa," she says, a little stiff. She says she's going to head over to a nearby cave and see if she can learn anything about the mating process. "You can follow me if you want," she says.

I watch Issa collect slime samples for a while, with a very serious look on her face, but that gets boring, so I wander over toward a nearby rock formation. There are weird noises coming from behind it. I look back at Issa to see if she hears it too, but she's focused on her work, so I keep going toward the noise. As I get closer, I hear what sounds like the captain, in distress.

"Sir?" I say, walking around to behind the rock—and wow. Not what I expected to see.

The captain jumps up. Actually, he sort of jumps up and back and off of whatever he was crouching over, and now he's standing, flushed, with a wild look in his eyes and a fistful of goop in each hand. Next to him is what appears to be a little sculpture that the captain has formed with his hands, out of goo. A little goo-person.

"You didn't see anything, yeoman," he says, but not in a menacing, abuse-of-rank way. Even now, getting caught doing whatever it was he was doing, he's charming. I guess that's why he's captain.

"Let's keep this between us dudes," he says and winks at me. I say "yes, sir" and try not to think too hard about what the captain was getting ready to do.

WEDNESDAY:

Another mission today. Another chance for random death. I don't think it'll happen just yet, still a little early in the week, but who knows? Yeomen have died on Wednesdays. Hell, yeomen have died on Mondays. We die. It's the job. It's actually in the job description, so I can't say I wasn't warned.

Duties and responsibilities, Yeoman, Second Class:

- Assist in collection of soil and vegetation samples.

- Be prepared to die for no good reason.

We beam down and split up. I tag along with Issa again. She collects samples. I try to assist her.

"What are you doing?" she says.

"Trying to assist you?"

"Please stop."

"Look, I know you actually have a role to play. The thing is, I don't. I'm the yeoman, and I know you're kind of new as an officer, so I don't know if you know what being yeoman means in terms of my situation and all, but if you don't let me pretend to be helping you, I don't know what's going to happen to me."

Issa looks over at the XO, who seems to be sort of watching me, trying to figure out if I'm actually doing anything.

"All right," Issa says. "Pick that thing up and sort of wave it around in this general area."

I tell her thanks.

We work for a while in silence, or rather, she works and I pretend to work, and it feels good, having a job to do, a purpose, even if it is a fake purpose.

It's late when we get back. We go through the ion scrub and then debrief, and by the time I get back to my quarters, it's past two in the morning. My wife's in bed. I slip off my uniform, slide under the thin blanket and drape my arm over her hip.

"Did you talk to him yet?" she says without looking at me.

I don't say anything.

"You're just going to let this happen. To yourself. To us, to your kid."

"What am I supposed to say?"

"How about 'Hey, captain, I don't feel like dying for no reason this week. You cool with that? Everyone cool with that?'"

"It's not like, you know, official. It's not like they're planning for me to die," I say, but even as I'm saying it, I'm remembering the slightly crazed look I saw in the captain's eyes yesterday, playing with his goo-woman, and I get a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach.

THURSDAY:

Today's world is a wet one, filled with vapor-based life-forms. One breath of the atmosphere will cause you to know the answer to every question you have ever asked yourself. Where am I? Why did I do that? Was I right? Do they like me? Do I deserve love? Am I going to heaven? Why do I keep doing this? An answer for every question. All the answers at once. Not a pleasant fate, so we all put on our gas masks. No one really wants to know the whole truth.

And, of course, there's goo. The captain seems to visit only places with goo these days.

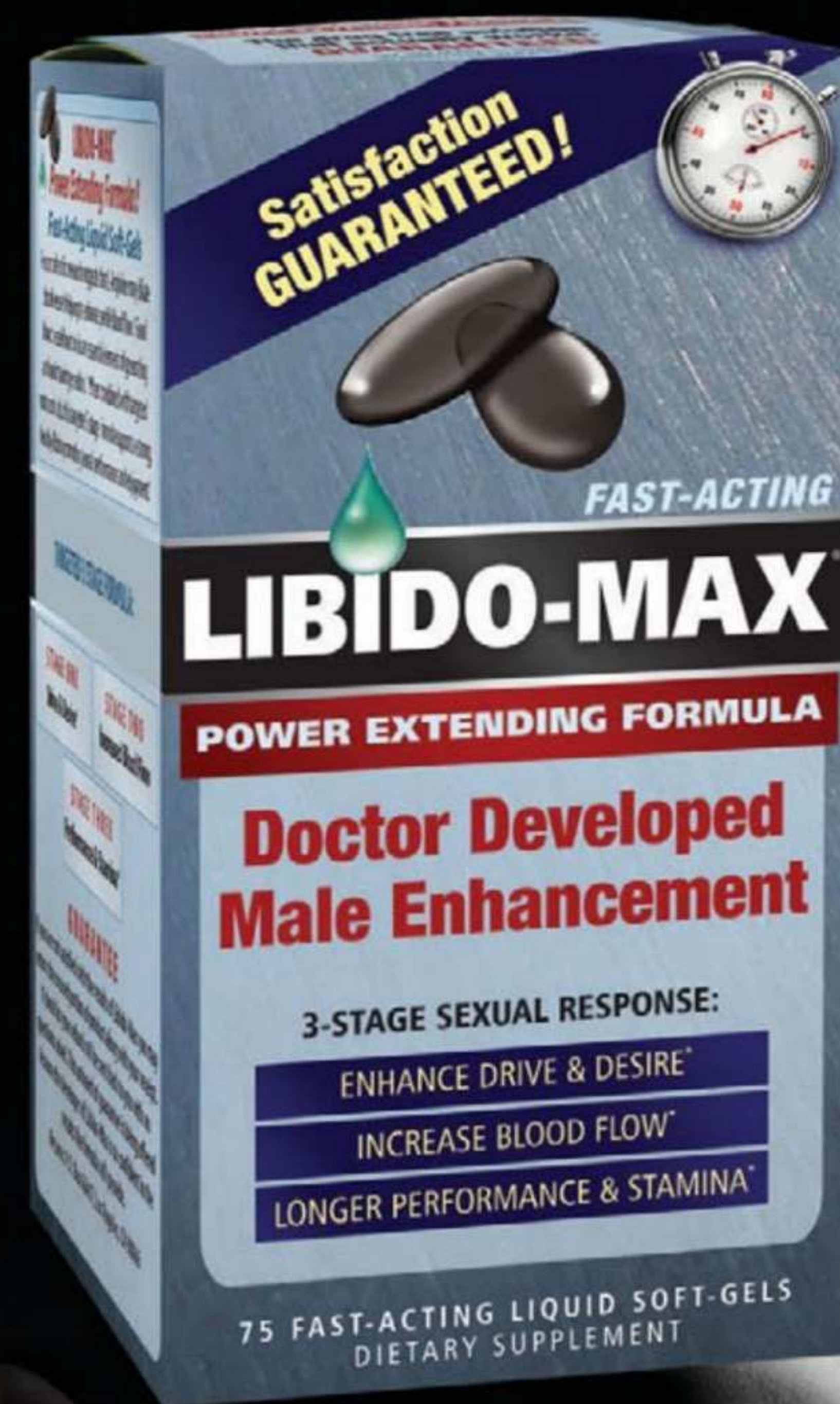
I wait all morning for a good moment, but the XO is still watching me, so I have to pretend to be studying the environment. I make a face that I think of as Hmm, This Life-Form Is Super Interesting.

After lunch, I get my chance. Everyone is taking a smoke (concluded on page 130)

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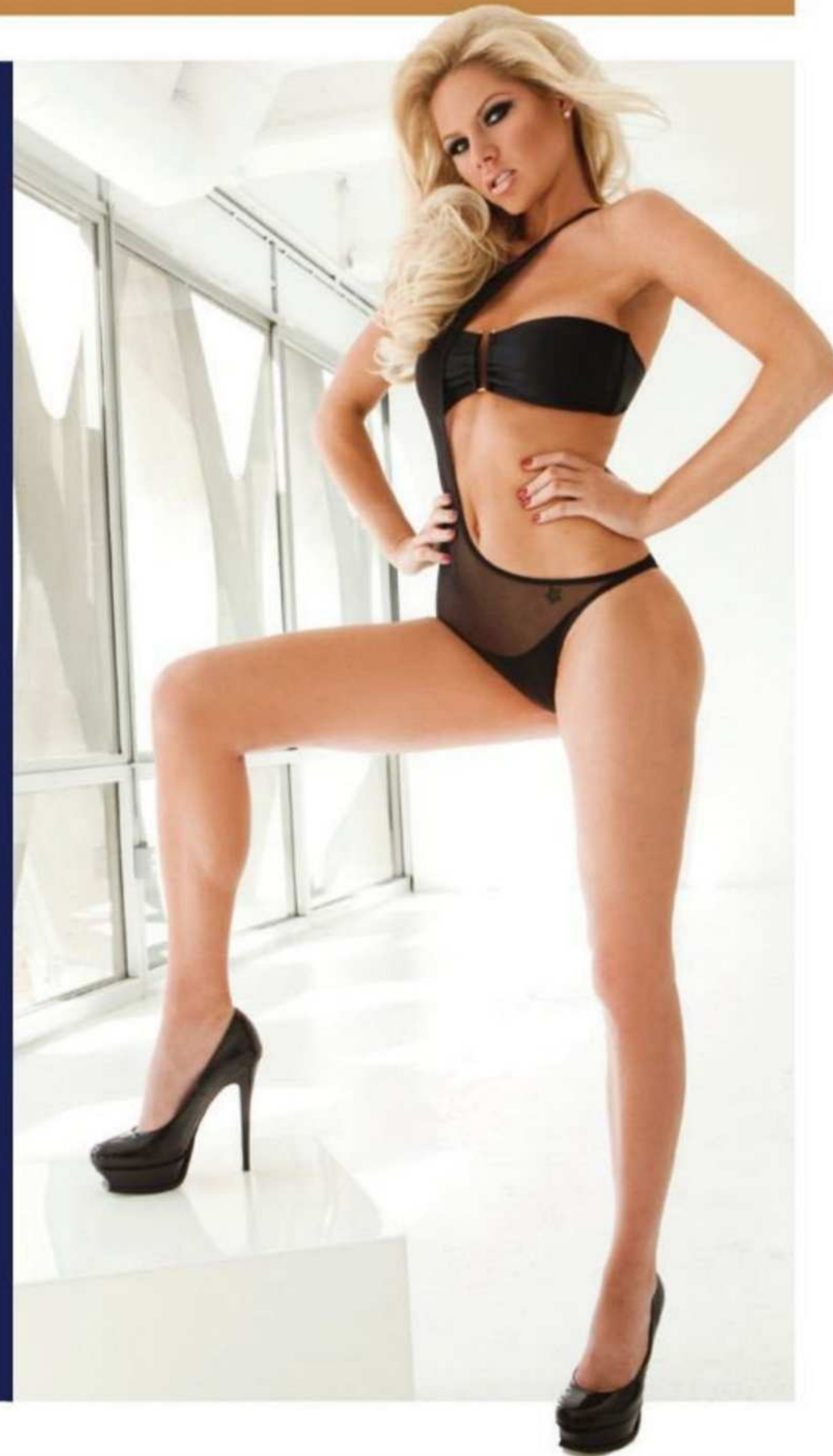


PLAYMATE NEWS



BEACHY KEEN: TWO PLAYMATES RELEASE SEXY SWIM LINES

Ladies, do you want to look like a Playmate on the beach? Guys, would you like your woman to feel like a Centerfold in a swimsuit? Well, you're in luck. Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins and Miss March 2011 Ashley Mattingly have both jumped into the pool of bathing-suit fashion. After modeling for Avante Swim last year, Kayla expressed interest in creating her own swimwear line, which led her to design three suits for the label under the moniker Sweet. Kayla says the Brits deemed one of her suits, Rockstar (left), to be too hot for TV when she was on the U.K. reality-TV show *I'm a Celebrity...Get Me Out of Here!* Ashley, meanwhile, is spokesmodel for and part owner of the equally sexy label *Femme Noir Swingerie*, which marries the sensuality of lingerie with the functionality of swimsuits. We approve of anything that incorporates lingerie.



PETA NAMES LILLIAN MÜLLER SEXIEST VEGETARIAN OVER 50

Miss August 1975 Lillian Müller has earned many accolades—including being named PMOY in 1976—but she'll need to clear one more spot on her trophy shelf. The 59-year-old Playmate beat out hundreds of nominees for the title of PETA's Sexiest Vegetarian Over 50. Lillian has been a vegetarian for more than 30 years and currently eats mostly raw and vegan foods. "She's living proof that going vegan is a great way to protect your health, boost your energy and ramp up your sex appeal at any age," says PETA's Tracy Reiman. Lillian agrees. "I am in better physical condition than I was when I started this way of life," she says. "It takes time to grow young!"

FLASHBACK



Lynne Austin burst onto the scene 25 years ago this month as Miss July 1986. She was named the original Hooters Girl, and it takes a very special lady to stand out in that pool of talent. With her wit and 35-inch bust she became an instant favorite with PLAYBOY fans. She also appeared on a *Married With Children* episode aptly titled "Her Cups Runneth Over." Lynne has continued to work with Hooters and even co-hosts the *Hooters Nation Morning Show* weekdays on the radio in Tampa.

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 ?

Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** has a regular role on Iris Bahr's satirical HDNet series *Svetlana*.

Miss January 2010 **Jaime Faith Edmondson** threw out the first pitch for the Florida Marlins at Sun Life Stadium.

Miss June 2011 **Mei-Ling Lam** is the first Playmate to have been born in Maine. She was Miss Teen Maine in 2001.



Miss February 2009 **Jessica Burciaga** needn't be wooed with fancy verse. "No poem can be sweeter than a simple 'I love you,'" she says.

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

—PLAYBOY pinup artist whose new book, *Malibu Cheesecake*, is out now

"I can't pick my favorite Playmate—it'd be like choosing between children! I've painted more than 20 of them, and they've all inspired my art in unique ways. But I suppose the Playmate I most identify with is Miss January 1955 **Bettie Page**.



Copyright Bunny Yeager

I started painting her in 1977 and have since done more than 50 pinup portraits of her. Bettie had a solid, curvy body with a small waist. Her black bangs were her signature, but it was the joy and excitement she exuded that captured me."

A LOVELY LITTLE SURPRISE

While playing Rockstar Games' *L.A. Noire* we noticed that the smoldering hot Doris West looked familiar. It turns out Miss August 1998 Angela Little plays digital Doris, who inhabits a glamorous but shady 1940s Los Angeles protected by detective Cole Phelps—portrayed by *Mad Men*'s Aaron Staton (inset). Angela also shares billing with Robert Loggia in *The Great Fight* and *True Blood*'s Tara Buck in *The Life Zone*, two feature films set for release this year.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

As if she needed further validation, PMOY 2010 **Hope Dworaczyk** was invited to the 2011 Beautiful People Party hosted by *Paper* magazine and Guess. But Hope has more than just her looks going for her, as demonstrated by her lengthy tenure on *The Celebrity Apprentice*. The savvy brunette was the 10th contestant axed by the show's lead personality, Donald Trump. "I don't think I could have done anything differently to stay in the game. I am who I am, and I'm not going to scream or have these wars. It's cool to be fired by Trump."... Miss February 1986 **Julie McCullough**, a.k.a. the Funny Bunny, ran into Chewbacca at Super Megafest in Massachusetts. Although the Wookiee speaks only in guttural growls, he was able to convey his affection for Julie quite clearly. Watch your back, R2-D2.... Miss September 1986 **Rebekka Armstrong** reveled in a moment of unadulterated joy after she completed the 2010 Honolulu Marathon. In addition to achieving a monumental personal goal, Rebekka also supported a cause near and dear to her heart: HIV and AIDS awareness.



Rebekka, who has HIV, helped raise more than \$600,000 for AIDS Project Los Angeles. She finished the 26.2-mile course in six hours and 26 minutes.... Miss February 2008 **Michelle McLaughlin** is now Mrs. F.P. Santangelo. The couple wed last fall in Hawaii in an intimate gathering of 28 people, including PLAYBOY model Dana Diccillo and F.P.'s former MLB teammates Eric Byrnes, Shane Andrews and Rick Schu. Despite the small guest list, the wedding wasn't exactly stress-free—as evidenced by Michelle's account: "F.P. was a broadcaster for the San Francisco Giants, and since they were in the World Series, it was possible that if the Series went to Game 7, it would've forced us to change the wedding date. Luckily, the Giants pulled off their World Series win in Game 5, and F.P. and I were even able to be a part of the parade. It was amazing."



BUSTICE IS SERVED

Forget Superman—the world now has Bustice! PMOY 2007 Sara Jean Underwood unleashed the sexy new superhero in a G4 *Attack of the Show* short. The well-endowed heroine fights crime and aids citizens in distress, sans special powers, cars or gadgets. She simply uses her two weapons of mass seduction to "bust" criminals. In other news, crime is on the rise.



PMOY 2011 **Claire Sinclair**'s weakness is potatoes. "Hash browns, french fries... potatoes just make everything better."

Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima** appeared at an event for Japan's rebuilding efforts that featured Jeff Garlin and Too Short.

DID YOU KNOW ?

YEOMAN

(continued from page 127)

break except for the Security Chief, who is doing yoga. The captain tells everyone he's going to take a leak and wanders off behind a grove of 20-foot mushrooms. I wait a couple of minutes, then I follow him back there.

"Hey hey, look who it is," he says.

"Captain, I need to ask you something."

"Of course. Anything for my buddy. Assuming you've kept your mouth shut. Have you? Of course you have. Look at you, you lump," he says. And I'm thinking, *He's calling me a lump?* I've got four inches on him, easy, although admittedly that's not saying much. I could definitely kick the captain's ass—or probably, definitely probably.

"Okay, sorry, that was mean. What do you want, man? Make it quick. This goo isn't going to make love to itself."

I watch him play with the goopy substance, sculpting and forming it into what I assume is a shape that he finds attractive.

"It's Thursday."

"Yeah, so?"

"I'm the yeoman."

"Ah, yes," he says. He stops what he's doing and turns to look at me. "You want to know why you have to die."

"Yeah. Uh, yes. I mean, yes. Sir."

"Look, I'm not saying I'm happy about it. Or that I like it. I'm just saying, you know, it makes for a more interesting report. If stuff happens. As you can see," he says, gesturing toward his goopy girlfriend, "it's really freaking boring out here. And if central command ever realizes that, they'll cut my budget and I'll end up sitting behind a desk. So I need stuff to happen."

"I get that stuff has to happen. But, with all due respect, sir, I don't know if you know this, but my wife and I, we're expecting."

"Oh, boo hoo. What am I going to do, kill Issa? Have you seen her? She's superhot. Kill my medic? Then how would I get my Vicodin, silly? You're the yeoman, dude. Do your job and die."

FRIDAY:

No mission today, so in the morning I go down into Records. I find the quietest corner and ask the computer to pull up files on "Deaths, Weird."

Three-hundred seventy-one weird deaths come up, and they're all yeomen. Yeoman Rhee died on XR-11uu7S, a water planet. Died of thirst. Drowned. Died of thirst while drowning, which doesn't sound suspicious at all. The ship's log says the captain made a grab over the side of the raft, but sources close to the incident report that it "wasn't much of a grab." Yeoman Allen died of Leuchin fungus that got ahold of her mind, and she wouldn't get back into the transporter area. At least according to the official report. As the ship pulled away, her mind was being eaten by the fungus, each of her memories being stored forever in a fat cell of the creature, to be replayed forever in an endless loop. I read for hours, into the evening, and they're all like that. Plausibly random-sounding deaths that the captain could not have foreseen or prevented that,

on further inspection, sound like exactly the kind of thing that would be cool to report in a captain's log.

•

I tell my wife what the records say. She just looks out the porthole and doesn't say anything. We both understand what I have to do. I've got to find a way to avoid dying, but if I actually manage to do that, we don't know what would happen to her. She's got to get off the ship tonight.

We eat dinner from the replicator in silence. I start to do the dishes, but she says why bother. I help her pack a small suitcase. She's not mad at me anymore, she's way past that, but the fact that she's not crying is more than a little surprising. Sort of troubling.

Walking through the ship, we try to act casual, like we're on our way to the medical bay for an appointment. When we get to the right place, we look around briefly and then duck into the cramped area where trash is held before it gets ejected out into space. We find an empty shuttle pod and I help her in. I try to give her one final kiss, but she just looks at me, so disappointed, and slaps my face gently.

"I'm not going to die, okay?" I say. "I'll find you somehow."

"I love you," she says. "But you're an idiot."

We hear someone coming and she shuts the hatch and I press the eject button, and then she's gone.

SATURDAY:

It's a weird place to be. I'm not even mad about it anymore. I get it. This is my role.

We beam down safely and I breathe a little sigh of relief. At least it's not the transporter.

We do our usual thing, and by 3:30 in the afternoon the thought is starting to creep into my head. Maybe. Maybe I'm the one, the only yeoman to ever survive his whole week on the away team. Maybe I'm not just another yeoman after all. It would be so easy to find out. I could take off this mask, breathe in this atmosphere, and in an instant I would know. Maybe it is my destiny to make history. If only I weren't so afraid of finding out what I really am, afraid of what the answer might be.

Around 6:15, the captain gathers us up, gives us a little parable about what we learned here. The thought is definitely in my head now, but I don't even want to entertain it. More time goes by, and I'm thinking, Here I am. I'm still here with 15 minutes left.

It's eight minutes to seven when the captain says it.

"You," he says to me. Still doesn't know my name. I wonder if I even have a name.

"Captain," I say.

"I need your help collecting some samples," he says. "Over there."

Everyone tries to pretend they don't know what's happening, but as I'm walking away, I look back and catch them watching us with grim looks on their faces.

We walk for a while. Far enough away so that, presumably, the rest of the team won't be able to hear whatever horrible thing is going to happen to me. "Over there, behind

that huge space-thingy." He actually calls it a space-thingy.

"You're like not even trying anymore," I say.

We go around the huge space-thingy and there, standing in front of us, is my wife, in all of her full-bellied glory, next to the shuttle pod I put her in yesterday.

"You, wha, how, uh?" I say. "You flew that thing?"

"Ugh, sometimes I can't believe I married you," she says. "The on-board computer, dummy. Hello? Technology? You don't even have to know how to do anything anymore to have your own ship." She looks at the captain. "Isn't that right, chubs?"

The captain has a look in his eyes, half terrified, half in love with her, and I have to admit, she does look pretty incredible. I'm not sure if it's the light of the six moons or some molecular effect caused by the composition of this planet, but she is literally glowing, and for half a second I suspect that I might have married and reproduced with an alien goddess.

"What's going on here?" I say, and it starts to dawn on me.

"Yesterday, when I was in Records, you——"

"Went to see the captain, yeah. We struck a deal. I told him I'd prefer that my husband not die by himself on an empty planet," she says. "And he clearly doesn't want to be captain anymore."

"It's a win-win," the captain says, getting into the trash pod. "Your wife's a smart woman."

"What are we going to tell the crew?" I say.

"Trust me, you lump. The crew is not going to care."

SUNDAY (AND BEYOND):

In the end, the official report listed the cause of the captain's demise as "Death by Space-Thingy." An inquiry was made by internal affairs at central command, but that was quickly wrapped up when it became clear that all the crew members' stories were consistent. *Yeah, man, the space-thingy just totally came up and got him.* The captain got to live out the rest of his years alone, on that planet, humping a pile of alien goop or whatever it is he wanted to do. The ship's officers voted to give my wife a commendation, which she gladly accepted, and a job offer, which she declined. (Although, as a favor to her, they did make me Yeoman, First Class, which came with a new uniform and a little more in the paycheck every week, just enough to cover movie night.) We had a party to celebrate our new captain, the former XO, and as usual there was cake and beer, but it was different because, for the first time in a long time, we felt like we were searching again. In her first official action as our new captain, she admitted that we were totally lost, which everyone knew but the previous captain had been unwilling to admit, and she said that our new destination was home, wherever that might be, and we all agreed that it was as mysterious and noble a pursuit as any, and we all set our sights that way, hoping it would still be there if and when we found it.



PLAYBOY FORUM

FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS NOT ALL AMERICANS ENJOY SEXUAL FREEDOM

BY CHRISTINA KAHRL

More than 40 years after the Stonewall riots, you may think our struggles for sexual freedom are over. But that's not the case. Transsexual activists are now fighting to achieve full equality, just as other minorities have fought for their rights throughout history. When it comes to sexual rights, the transgender community too frequently gets overlooked. On a demographic level, this may be understandable: While one in every 10 or 20 Americans is gay, lesbian or bisexual, there's only one transsexual for every 10,000 births. But as a matter of principle, demographics are no defense—these are the birthrights of transsexuals as citizens and as human beings.

The recent repeal of “don't ask, don't tell” is one example: Patriotic trans people who want to serve in the military are pointedly left out of the reform. That echoes the appalling decision to chuck transsexual Americans from one version of the Employment Non-Discrimination Act of 2007. Purported allies of transsexual Americans excluded them from a critical piece of legislation. (In fairness, transsexuals were protected in 2009's Hate Crimes Prevention Act.)

This cynical bit of gamesmanship is made all the worse by poverty and the employment discrimination many transsexuals suffer. The recent National Transgender Discrimination Survey documented that trans folk are four times more likely than the average American to wind up below the poverty line and twice as likely to be unemployed. Predictably, these numbers get worse when you talk about transgender Americans of color.

Our patchwork of laws certainly wasn't created with the concerns of trans men and women in mind. Take something as simple as a trip to the bathroom. For transsexuals it can be a cause of conflict, harassment or even incarceration. In Illinois, as a result of the passage of the human rights ordinance of 2005, trans people use the restroom that reflects their gender identity. That doesn't stop them from being harassed, but it has inspired activists in Chicago to start the T-Friendly Bathrooms Initiative. Instead of

protesting against businesses and organizations that do the wrong thing, the goal is to give credit to companies that treat transsexuals with dignity. People get credit for observing the law—a brand of everyday courage in citizenship that, unfortunately, we can't take for granted.

Confusion over how to cope with gender identity and documentation takes other forms, leading in some cases to discrimination. In fall 2009, proprietors of a gay-owned Chicago-area nightclub popular

among transgender women said they would begin barring from entry anyone whose ID or driver's license didn't match his or her presentation. The claim was that

the measure was intended to curb prostitution and underage drinking by teens “disguised and using their sister's ID.” But curbing prostitution is a matter for local law enforcement, and the claim of underage drinking was ridiculous in the absence of examples. Protest-

ers challenged the policy and documented that it wasn't merely illegal but was being capriciously enforced. One trans man from out of state whose driver's license read “F” but whose photo reflected his day-to-day life as a guy with a crew cut was barred from entering the club dressed as a woman—i.e., showing up dressed appropriately for the gender he'd been born into. He went back to his car, changed into a pair of jeans and a T-shirt and—using the same document that identified him as someone born female—was let in. Legal rights organizations and local politicians made it clear the club was violating Illinois's human rights ordinance. Before matters progressed, the club quietly dropped the policy, but the precedent is unsettling. If a supposedly LGBT-friendly business was discriminating against transgender people, what's to stop others from doing the same?

Recent recommendations from the Illinois Department of Public Health could make it difficult for transsexuals to change the gender designation on their birth certificate. It could require trans men and women to have specific surgeries, all of them expensive but not all of



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them necessary, and all of them infrequently covered by health insurance for those lucky few who are insured. If you happen to be transgender, you would have to pay \$20,000 or more to define the basis of your citizenship. As a matter of public policy, the government assigns the out-of-pocket expense to a community that usually can't afford the bill, which results in a basic injustice: Rights as citizens are only for those who can afford to pay for them. And if an individual has a health problem that would make having any of the procedures impossible because of the risks associated with the surgery, then, well, that person may be permanently screwed.

While it would be nice to get government out of the business of what's in your pants or mine, the pressing concern for transsexuals is their inability to change their birth certificate. This prevents them from doing things most people take for granted—like getting married or reconciling their employment history under another name and gender. Gender is reflected in your Social Security number. The hope is that this is a matter of bureaucratic ignorance of the issues, since transsexuals are so thinly spread on the ground in the first place, and that public health departments, encouraged by supportive state and local politicians and activists, will listen and learn.

Institutional ignorance can resemble outright bigotry, however. In the past year Chicago Police Department officers have harassed transgender citizens, particularly women of color, on the city's streets. Officers sometimes grope "suspects" to "determine their gender" during stops and searches,

often merely for being transgender in an upscale neighborhood. There's also the question of how the city treats its incarcerated trans citizens. Trans women can get locked up with men, where they're at risk for rape or other abuse. If they're jailed, they can be denied access to medical care. Last fall an HIV-positive trans woman who had been tossed into Cook County jail had her life and health put at risk because she was denied the basic medical care she needs to survive.



Nobody should have to worry about being profiled, least of all because of gender identity. Activists in Chicago have been pushing the police to change how they observe the rights of trans citizens, and Cook County's jail has subsequently adopted these changes, but progress with the city remains to be achieved.

In the trans community you learn fast that your civil rights can't be taken for granted. While the fight for transgender Americans' rights has made considerable headway in the past four decades, the battles fought daily in our neighborhoods, cities and states serve as reminders that those of us who were born trans are still being treated as second-class citizens in ways that the majority of Americans—straight, gay or lesbian, allied or opposed—would find inconceivable.

Our rights are your rights, and our need for the same life, liberty and pursuit of happiness is no different or any less than our faith in this nation's promise. If we have to work to guarantee those rights, you can be sure we appreciate them that much more.

Christina Kahrl is a writer and editor for ESPN.com and a board director of Equality Illinois.



A transgender woman at work: All men are created equal.

OLD FEARS

AFRAID OF RENEWED HARASSMENT, MANY LGBT SENIORS RETURN TO THE CLOSET

BY JEFF KREHELY

For most of her adult life, 64-year-old Denise Bonenfant lived as an openly gay woman. She spent half those years—more than three decades—in a loving relationship with her partner, Sunny Toscano, who died in 2007 from cancer and heart disease. But as Toscano grew sicker and she and Bonenfant witnessed a close friend being denied access to her dying partner by estranged family members, they decided to go back into the closet, telling Toscano's doctors and nurses that they were sisters. "I fought so hard to get out of the closet," Bonenfant explained to the gay rights organization SAGE as part of its 2011 policy brief "LGBT Older Adults and Reauthorization of the Older Americans Act." "But nobody was going to keep us away from each other."

Bonenfant's experience is hardly atypical. As baby boomers age, so too does the first generation of LGBT people who pioneered an open lifestyle. There are about 1.5 million lesbian, gay and bisexual seniors in the U.S. today—a total that's expected to double in the next 20 years. (It's difficult to estimate the number of transgender seniors.)

NONE OF THEM IS AFFORDED the same rights as their heterosexual counterparts because many federal and state safety-net programs are based on the presumption of a marriage between two straight people. For example, Social Security provides extra benefits and the estate-tax laws provide tax exemptions to opposite-sex spouses. But only five states and Washington, D.C. allow same-sex couples to marry, and even then, the Defense of Marriage Act prevents the federal government from recognizing these unions. Additionally, policies that regulate hospital visitation, medical decision making and inheritance rights prioritize blood and legal relatives over longtime partners and friends. For her part, Bonenfant was unable to cover Toscano's medical expenses through her insurance policy. Instead, they used their savings and credit cards to pay hospital bills, leaving

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Bonenfant nearly broke upon Toscano's death—a common outcome for older same-sex couples since so many laws treat them as legal strangers.

THEN THERE ARE THE SOCIAL STIGMAS, which are still pervasive despite the gains the gay rights movement has made in the past 40 years. Whether they lived openly or not, today's LGBT seniors came of age at a time when their relationships and core identities were declared illegal, called immoral and considered a national security risk. Basically, they can't shake the fear that comes with growing up in yesterday's hostile environment. As such, according to the MetLife Mature Market Institute, almost 20 percent of lesbian and gay baby boomers aren't confident that health care professionals will treat them with respect and dignity as they age. Another study, published by the *Journal of Homosexuality*, found that one third of gays and lesbians assume they will need to hide their sexual orientation if they move into a retirement home.

Finally, further research by the Lesbian and Gay Aging Issues Network shows that about two thirds of Area Agencies on Aging, the local organizations that deliver services to the country's seniors, provide no training related to LGBT seniors for their staff, and less than 10 percent

provide targeted services to LGBT adults. Not surprisingly, many older gays and lesbians reported feeling anxious about seeking services through their AAA.

THE ANECDOTAL EVIDENCE seems to confirm these concerns. "I had home attendants who wouldn't wash me because they said they're not homos," 70-year-old Myron Gold explained in the SAGE policy brief. "I even had an aide who wouldn't walk me around the park because he was upset that he would be perceived as gay if he was holding on to my hand."

Such treatment is of particular concern because compared with straight or non-transgender seniors, older LGBT people are more likely to be single, childless and estranged from biological family

members. In other words, they are more likely to be dependent on professional caregivers to provide emotional and physical support as well as basic needs as they age. And so, LGBT seniors often

DISAPPROVING HEALTH AIDES QUOTED FROM THE BIBLE TO LGBT CLIENTS.

go to great lengths to hide their sexual orientation and gender identity. This re-closeting involves throwing away LGBT-related books and movies, hiding

MEYER ADDS that she's heard stories about home health aides who, on learning the sexual orientation of their patient, quoted passages from the Bible to express their disapproval. She also cites a recent case of a transgender woman with Alzheimer's disease at a long-term care facility whose staff refused to respect the woman's gender identity. "Instead, they would dress her in men's clothing—a daily occurrence that was incredibly distressing for a woman already struggling with day-to-day cognitive functioning," says Meyer. At the most extreme, some transgender people have reversed their transitions because they were afraid caregivers—especially those in nursing homes and hospitals—would harass (or assault) them if they discovered their gender identity.

The biggest fear is that LGBT seniors

who are wary of how caregivers might interact with them will eschew needed medical services, causing health problems to go undiagnosed until they are untreatable. To say nothing of how pushing away longtime friends and loved ones could exacerbate feelings of isolation and loneliness—something many older people struggle with already, regardless of sexual orientation or gender identity.

AS WITH EVERYTHING ELSE, no cure-all will solve these problems. That

said, marriage equality would help address many of the legal inequities facing LGBT seniors by allowing same-sex couples access to Social Security benefits, family medical leave and spousal impoverishment protections under Medicaid. Additionally, staff and volunteers at any facility or program that receives public funding and provides services to elders—whether hospitals, nursing homes or senior centers—should be required to undergo annual cultural-competency training that is LGBT-inclusive.

Navigating end-of-life care and facing death are excruciating experiences. Our laws and health care practices shouldn't make things even tougher for gays and lesbians.



Gay seniors worry that their caregivers will discriminate against them.

pictures of partners and asking significant others to leave home when caregivers are present. When receiving care at a retirement home or hospital, many LGBT seniors discourage their partners and/or LGBT friends from visiting because they're afraid being outed will lead to discrimination and harassment by staff or other patients. "They do so to ensure that they will receive the appropriate health care," says Hilary Meyer, director of the National Resource Center on LGBT Aging. Of the assisted-living facilities in her area, Bonenfant told SAGE researchers, "They're all very nice straight people, but I'm no more going to go in there and say, 'Hi, I'm a lesbian' than I'm going to jump off the roof of my house."

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READER RESPONSE

BROKEN CHINA

After reading Ted Fishman's "Chairman Wow" (May), I am almost ready to move to Beijing. Wow, indeed. Who wouldn't want to live in a place



Assembling American cameras in China.

where the leaders get everything right and make the people richer, smarter and happier? I hesitate only because I'm not sure Fishman has given me the full story about China. When he lauds corruption as pushing growth rather than thwarting it, for example, he's not wrong, but he is committing a serious sin of omission. Corruption also drives China to boast some of the worst environmental pollution and degradation standards in the world. It leads to seriously contaminated food—cadmium-infused rice, pork laced with toxic chemicals and nitrite-tainted milk, which recently caused the death of three children. When Fishman cites the economic benefits of China's one-child policy and system of migrant labor, he ignores the less attractive consequences: one of the highest rates of female infanticide and suicide on the globe. If everyone in China is so happy, why does Beijing confront more than 100,000 protests annually, imprison anyone who challenges its legitimacy and spend as much money on domestic public security as on defense? I agree with Fishman that the U.S. has to get its economic act together, but overstating the allure of China—for Chinese citizens or the rest of the world—isn't the way to do it.

Elizabeth Economy
New York, New York

Economy, a fellow and director of Asia Studies at the Council on Foreign Relations, is author of The River Runs Black: The Environmental Challenges to China's Future. She blogs at Asia Unbound.

TIT AND TAT

Mitch Nelson's nipple-grid cover is a clever idea (*Reader Response*, March). Along with creating censorship buzz, it might convince people that a female nipple is nothing to get worked up about, even if it appears during a Super Bowl broadcast. As the Playboy Advisor has said, "Seeing a tit never hurt anyone."

Matthew Wade
Lafayette, Indiana

Decades ago a Milwaukee newspaper addressed the question of why a male nipple could be displayed while a female nipple could not. It published a photo of a hairless torso cropped at the neck and navel, with the caption "Is this obscene?" There was enormous outrage. The next day the paper published the uncropped photo, revealing it to be Johnny Weissmuller portraying Tarzan. I don't know if it's true, but I've always liked that story.

C.P. Hall
Brookfield, Illinois

JUST A PLANT

I'm 64 years old, healthy and happy. I grew up in rural New Jersey, in the heart of Revolutionary War country. I was a Boy Scout, attended Sunday school, performed in the school band, joined the gun club and married at the age of 18. Yet for my entire adult life I have been declared a criminal and an enemy in the war on drugs because I like to smoke a plant. A plant! And pol-



A California activist argues for legalization.

iticians want me to vote? There are lots of other issues to vote on, but none of them matter a whit if you're sitting in jail. Politics is the hand the magician wants his audience to be watching.

Bob Thatcher
Los Angeles, California

DEBTORS' PRISON

Last year *USA Today*, citing an investigation by the *Star Tribune* in Minneapolis, reported "a growing number of debtors are finding themselves locked up over unpaid balances." It added, "Though it's not illegal to be in debt, collectors are resorting to stronger tactics during the recession." If it's not illegal to be in debt, how can they be arresting people?

Michael Novak
Aurora, Illinois

Although the last debtors' prison in the U.S. closed in the late 19th century, a tally by The Wall Street Journal found more than a third of the states allow people to be jailed for missing court dates or ignoring court orders related to their debts. Typically a private collection service will purchase delinquent accounts from credit card companies and other firms and attempt to collect the money, plus fees. If a borrower ignores these efforts, the agency can ask a judge



Hogarth's Rake had some debts (1735).

to order payments. If a debtor ignores this order, misses payments or skips a hearing, he or she can be arrested. In Minnesota, arrest warrants for debtors have jumped 60 percent in the past four years; debtors there have been arrested for owing as little as \$85, though the median is \$3,512. In Hennepin County, bail is often set at the amount owed. One consumer advocate told the Star Tribune, "My suspicion is that the debt-collection industry does not want the world to know these arrests are happening, because the practice would be widely condemned." Another issue is child support. In Georgia, advocates have filed suit hoping to force the state to provide public defenders to indigent parents. Many parents are jailed for refusing to pay or concealing income, but many others are simply broke.

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT



Look Before You Tweet

Be careful what you type in those 140 spaces or you may face a “twibel” suit (Twitter + libel). In March Courtney Love agreed to pay \$430,000 to settle a defamation suit for alleging in tweets that a former business partner was a drug pusher and prostitute. According to press reports, the singer’s lawyers had planned to present an insanity defense, arguing Twitter provides such instant gratification that users post without considering the consequences. A week after Love’s settlement, a court in Cardiff issued what is believed to be the first tweet damages in the U.K. A judge ordered a town councilman to pay £53,000 (about \$86,000) after he tweeted on election day that police had removed his opponent from a polling station. A man had been removed, but it wasn’t his rival. The tweeter went on to win by 160 votes. Tweet lawsuits date back at least two years—in 2009 a Chicago realty firm sued a renter after she told her 20 followers the landlord apparently thought “sleeping in a moldy apartment” is okay. That same year, in Fayetteville, Arkansas, a company ordered to pay \$12.6 million in a civil suit asked for a new trial because a juror had posted “Oh and nobody buy Stoam. It’s bad mojo and they’ll probably cease to exist, now that their wallet is \$12m lighter.”

Bosom Buddies

SAN FRANCISCO—The National Organization for Women filed criminal complaints against a number of Hooters restaurants, arguing they are sexually oriented businesses that can’t legally serve minors. The chain—which has a children’s menu, provides high chairs and sells kids’ T-shirts that read FUTURE HOOTERS GIRL—insists it “does not market itself to families,” though “they do patronize the restaurants.” At the same time, NOW charges, Hooters says it shouldn’t be required to provide protection to employees from sexual harassment because servers know they will be working in a sexually charged environment.

Straight Talk

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN—A graduate student studying counseling at Eastern Michigan University sued the school for religious discrimination after it expelled her for refusing to meet with a gay student. Julea Ward, a self-described “Orthodox Christian,” says she cannot affirm any behavior that “goes

against what the Bible says” when offering relationship advice. EMU counters that according to the therapy profession’s ethical standards, “counselors are not to allow their personal values to intrude into their professional work.”

Open and Shut

U.S. companies provide much of the filtering technology used by Middle Eastern and North African regimes to censor the internet, according to a report by the OpenNet Initiative. Meanwhile, the State Department has spent more than \$20 million to help activists in the Middle East circumvent internet filters.

Guaranteed Results

BUCHAREST—Romanian legislators are considering a bill that would fine or imprison witches and fortune-tellers whose predictions do not come true. The proposal would require witches to obtain work permits and provide receipts. One witch said government officials shouldn’t blame her

for poor results. Instead, “they should condemn the cards.”

Shot in the Dark

Acting on a tip from the U.S. Border Patrol, the Mexican military seized a metal-framed catapult mounted on a trailer and powered with thick elastic. Surveillance cameras caught smugglers attempting to pull down the beam, presumably to test the device before they began hurling packs of marijuana over the fence near Naco, Arizona.





The Sea Was Angry That Day, My Friends

COURTENEY COX, who once played Jerry Seinfeld's girlfriend on *Seinfeld*, is now rumored to be dating her *Cougar Town* co-star JOSH HOPKINS. They are denying the romance, but when the two were on vacation together in St. Barts, the paparazzi caught Cox with her top off and Hopkins with his pants down.

SPLASH NEWS

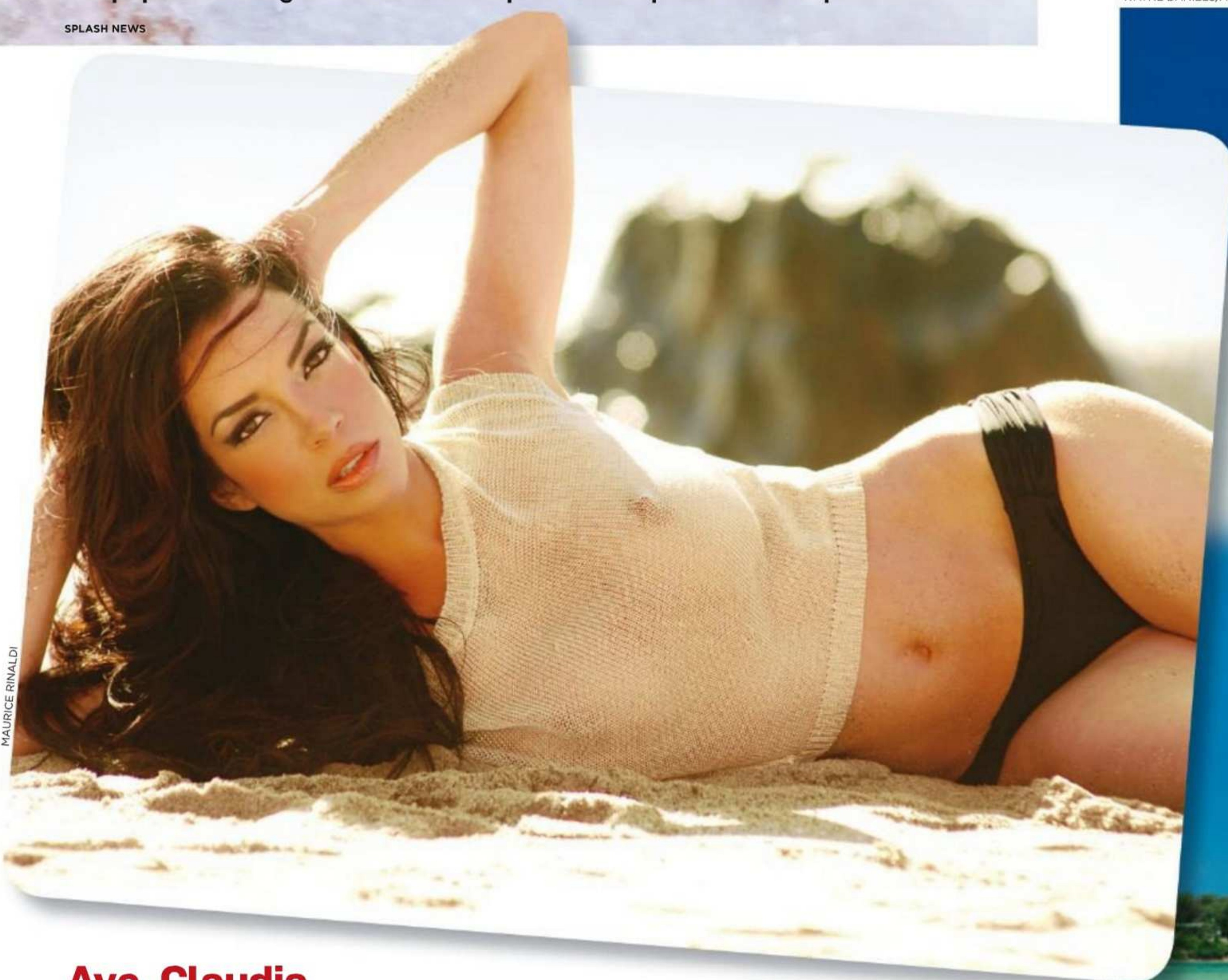
Czech Mate

From our Czech Republic edition comes Centerfold MARKETKA BELONOHA. Some quick data she offered up: favorite movie, *Mrs. Doubtfire*; favorite flower, tulip; favorite housework, ironing.



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MAURICE RINALDI

Aye, Claudia

This striking figure is CLAUDIA SALINAS, a part Mexican, part Russian model, ballerina and actress. She grew up south of the border but is trying to make it in America. So far she has appeared in *Crossing Over*, an ad for Bud Light and your dreams.

Full-Bodied Blonde

In the U.S. we have low-carb beers called Ultra, but in Australia they have Skinny Blonde. In our commercials a guy is riding a bike; Skinny Blonde has SUZETTE EDWARDS.



Nicki Minaj: Hers Might Be Bigger Than Yours

Outrageous hip-hop diva NICKI MINAJ loves to titillate the masses, as demonstrated during her performance in Buffalo for the "I Am Still Music" tour when the sassy singer toyed with herself and her audience.



JEROME DAVIS/LONDON ENTERTAINMENT/SPLASH NEWS

Milla Jovovich Plays Peekaboo

In March MILLA JOVOVICH attended the Gorby 80 gala at London's Royal Albert Hall to celebrate the 80th birthday of former Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. Apparently the actress-model likes to keep abreast of key political players from her native country.



PACIFICCASTNEWS.COM

Vintage Princess Jasmin

Model, artist and aspiring designer JASMIN RODRIGUEZ, a.k.a. Vintage Vandalizm, is passionate about fashion and pinup culture. Although she won't pose nude, we're grateful she doesn't have any restrictions on posing in tiny lace panties.



GEN NISHINO



From Russia With Love

You might recognize PLAYBOY Russia's Playmate of the Year 2009 INNA POPENKO from the sizzling *Coming to America* international pictorial that ran in our April 2009 issue. Here's hoping she returns to the U.S. soon—and often.



DISCOVER WHY RACHEL OBERLIN IS NO MERE MORTAL.

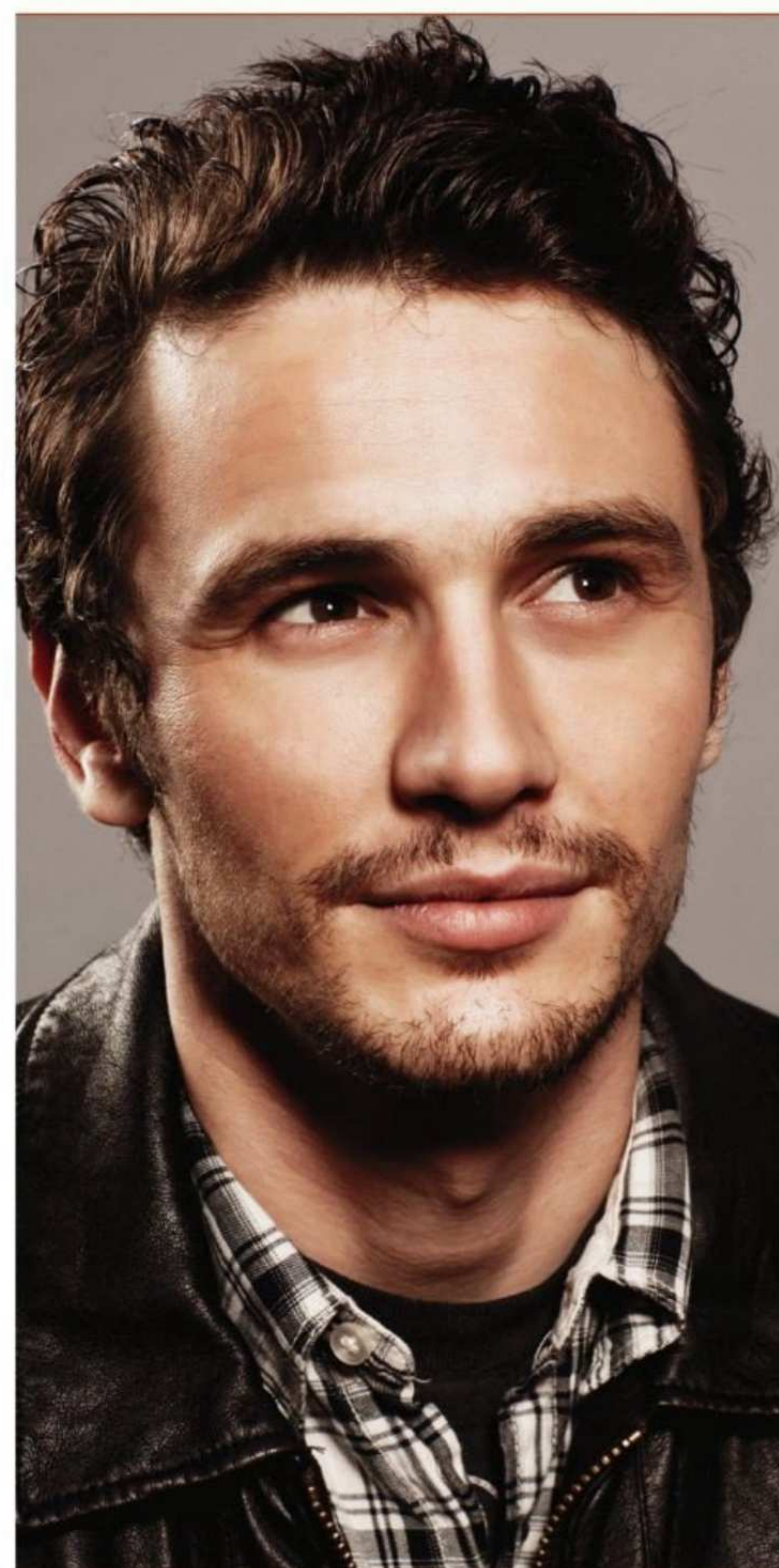


FAILED STATES: IS OUR WORLD DOOMED?



BRYAN CRANSTON ONLY PLAYS A METH COOK ON TV.

NEXT MONTH



JAMES FRANCO: WEIRD, WILD AND WILLING TO DO ANYTHING.

CAMP PLAYBOY—WHO SAYS SUMMER CAMP IS ONLY FOR KIDS? BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ABOUND IN OUR SEXY ADULT CAMPGROUND.

BRYAN CRANSTON—IN 20Q THE *BREAKING BAD* STAR TALKS TO **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ABOUT PENIS SQUIRT-GUN PRANKS, LEARNING TO MAKE METH AND TRAUMATIZING JULIA ROBERTS WITH HIS COCK SOCK.

RACHEL OBERLIN—IT TAKES A SPECIAL WOMAN TO LIVE WITH A TIGER-BLOODED WARLOCK. CHARLIE SHEEN'S FORMER GODDESS PROVES HER DIVINE MONIKER IS WELL-DESERVED.

FAILED STATES—CLIMATE CHANGE IS UPON US, AND FOOD SCARCITY IN IMPOVERISHED AREAS THREATENS OUR PLANET'S STABILITY. CAN WE PREVENT THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION? MACARTHUR FELLOW AND EARTH POLICY INSTITUTE FOUNDER **LESTER BROWN** SAYS YES.

ROMANCE—IN NEW FICTION BY **CHUCK PALAHNIUK** AN AVERAGE JOE IS THRILLED TO DATE A GIRL WHO IS WAY OUT OF HIS LEAGUE—EVEN IF SHE ISN'T QUITE RIGHT IN THE HEAD.

LIVE NUDE MODELS—WHEN YOU GROW UP WATCHING YOUR FATHER PAINT NUDE MODELS, THE NAKED FEMALE FORM BECOMES EVERYDAY SCENERY. **JONATHAN LETHEM** EXPLAINS WHY IT'S THE BODIES YOU CAN'T SEE THAT ARE THE MOST ALLURING.

IS THE WORLD FINALLY READY FOR REGGIE WATTS?—HE'S A COMEDIC GENIUS OBSESSED WITH TIME TRAVEL, OATMEAL FROM 1866 AND FINDING THE PERFECT LOOPER PEDAL. **ANTHONY BOZZA** GETS TO KNOW THE MAN UNDER THE GIANT AFRO.

SHOCK VALUE—TODAY'S HORROR AUDIENCES EXPECT GRATUITOUS SEX AND GORE, BUT GRAPHIC VIOLENCE WASN'T ALWAYS THE NORM. *NEW YORK TIMES* THEATER WRITER **JASON ZINOMAN** REVEALS HOW ECCENTRIC OUTSIDERS LIKE WES CRAVEN AND SEAN CUNNINGHAM REINVENTED THE GENRE.

JAMES FRANCO—IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THE ACTOR OPENS UP TO **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT LINDSAY LOHAN, WACKY PERFORMANCE ART AND THAT INFAMOUS OSCAR-HOSTING GIG.

GOLDENEYE—THE JAMAICAN BEACH ESTATE WHERE **IAN FLEMING** PENNED THE ADVENTURES OF THE WORLD'S MOST ICONIC SPY IS NOW A LUXURY RESORT. TAKE A TOUR OF THE TROPICAL PARADISE WHERE THE 007 MAGIC HAPPENED.

AFTER MIDNIGHT—THE REAL FUN HAPPENS WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN. WE TELL YOU HOW TO GET INTO MEMORABLE LATE-NIGHT DEBAUCHERY IN 10 HAPPENING U.S. CITIES.

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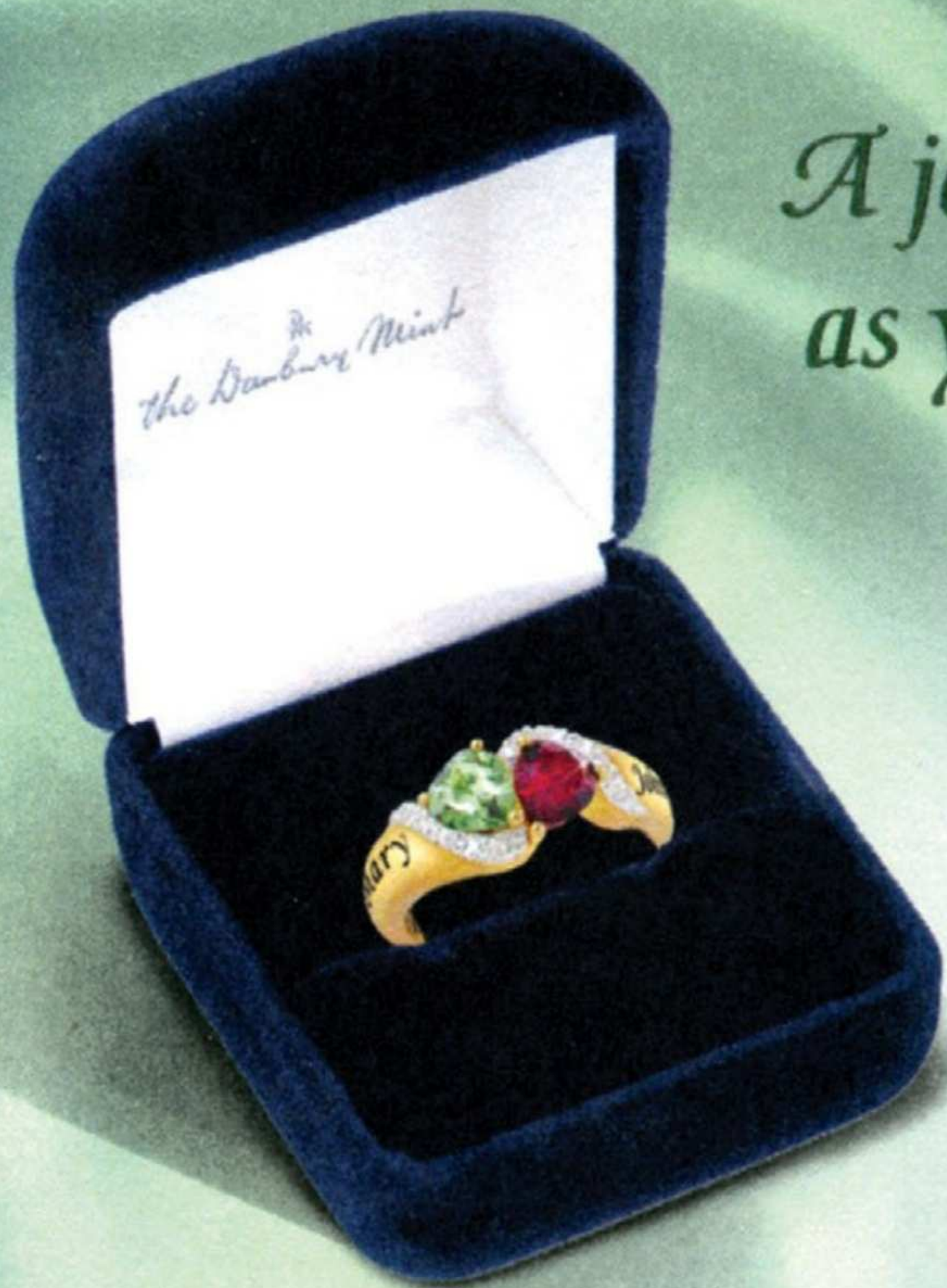
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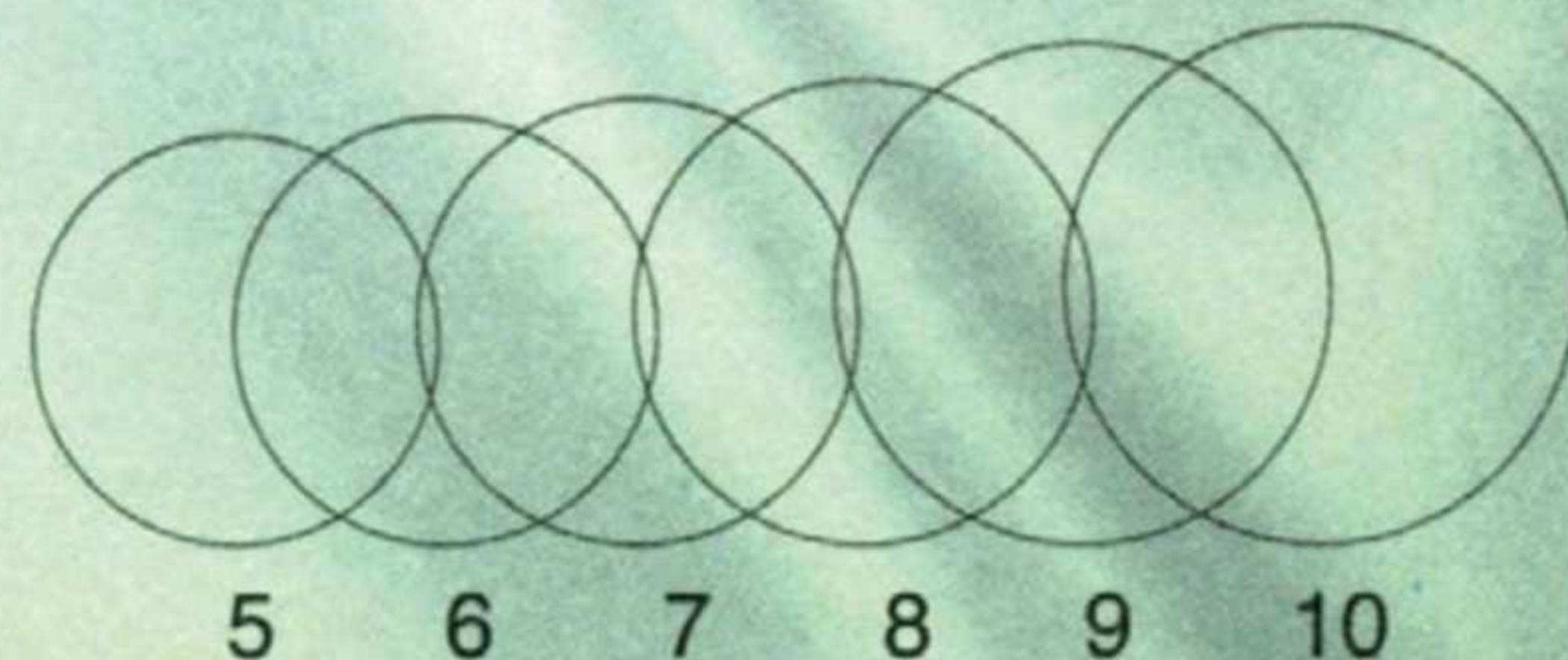
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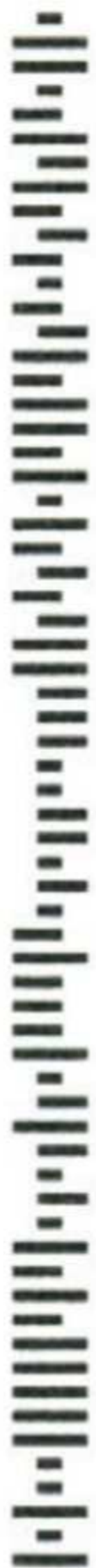
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CIGARETTES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

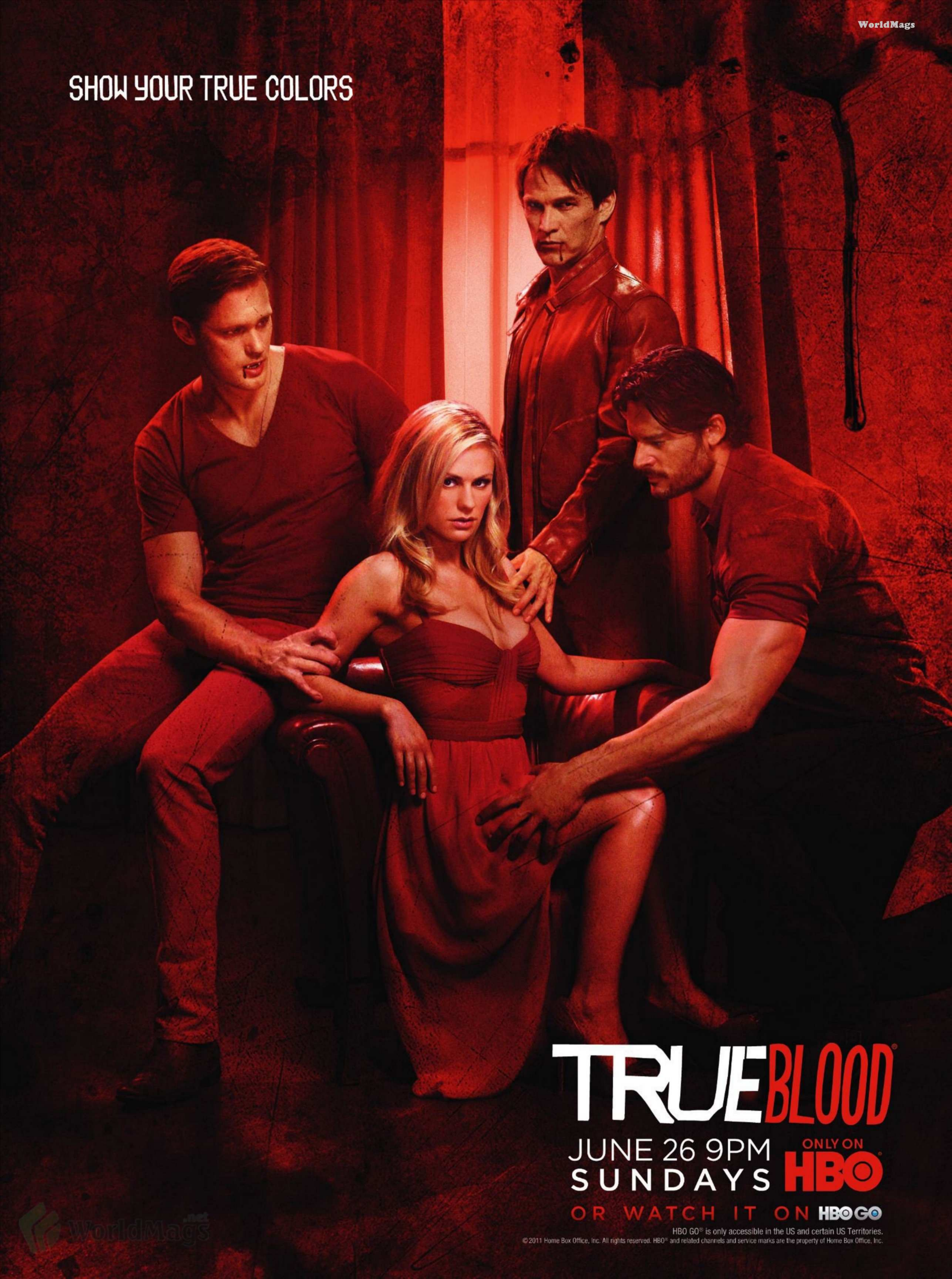


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