

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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20Q
AMBER
HEARD

WHERE HAVE
ALL THE
VIVID
GIRLS
GONE?
THE RISE AND
FALL OF THE
PORN
QUEENS

2011
COLLEGE
FOOTBALL
PREVIEW

STEVE
BUSCEMI
THE INTERVIEW

HOME ALONE WITH
DAISY
LOWE
THE U.K. MODEL
AND
NEXT
BIG
THING

WOULD YOU
LIKE A BOMB
WITH THAT?
WAR
TOURISM
HITS IRAQ

FEAR AND
LOATHING IN
WASILLA
HUNTING THE
NAKED TRUTH
IN PALIN
COUNTRY





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PLAYBILL

How did you spend your summer? Take any trips? **Paula Froelich** vacationed in the sun and sand of Iraq, where she was led on a tense nine-day cultural tour under the auspices of the Iraqi Ministry of Tourism. In *Down and Out in Baghdad* Froelich recounts her bizarre sojourn. "Have fun," an American contractor tells her when she arrives at the Baghdad airport. "Don't get killed." The newly divorced **Mike Sager** found himself adrift in another desert—the Mojave—while tracking down retired porn stars to see how they're handling life and love. Sager recounts in *The Porn Identity* his emotional visits with Kay Taylor Parker, Nina Hartley, Amber Lynn and Asia Carrera. You'll also enjoy the sit-down with our favorite gun-owning atheist actor, **Amber Heard**, who plays Bunny Maureen on the new NBC drama *The Playboy Club*. When we ask in *20Q* if she enjoys wearing the tight Bunny suit, Heard admits it feels "an inch away from death." That's how far almost every character stands



Paula Froelich



Mike Sager

from hell in *Crimes in Southern Indiana*, a bloody tale of betrayal and revenge by **Frank Bill** from his new story collection of the same name. It's about family—just not any family you'd want to be caught dead in. Some haters may feel that way about the Palins of Alaska, but Mercedes Johnston had no choice. Her brother Levi fell for Bristol Palin, and they had a son, and now Johnston is aunt to a political heir. We sent **George Gurley** to the 49th state, where for *Weekend in Wasilla With Mercedes Johnston* he met with locals and listened as his 19-year-old guide, who also posed for us, dished dirt about the mother and grandmother of her toddler nephew.



Martin Deeson

Steve Buscemi doesn't talk smack about anyone, as you'll see in the *Playboy Interview*. The actor made his name in *Reservoir Dogs* and stars as Nucky on HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*. True story: He paid for acting lessons with money from a settlement he received after being hit as a child by a city bus. Buscemi also tells us that he's "more comfortable in his underwear than anywhere else." No, sorry—**Daisy Lowe** told us that, though she looks supremely comfortable at far right and in our pictorial *Home Alone With Daisy Lowe*. (**Martin Deeson**, who accepted our assignment to interview the popular British model, also looks quite content. Who wouldn't be?) Another true story: Seven years ago, at the age of 15, Lowe found out that her father was not the drummer from Supergrass, who raised her, but the lead singer of Bush. Can you tell who Mum hung out with those many summers ago?



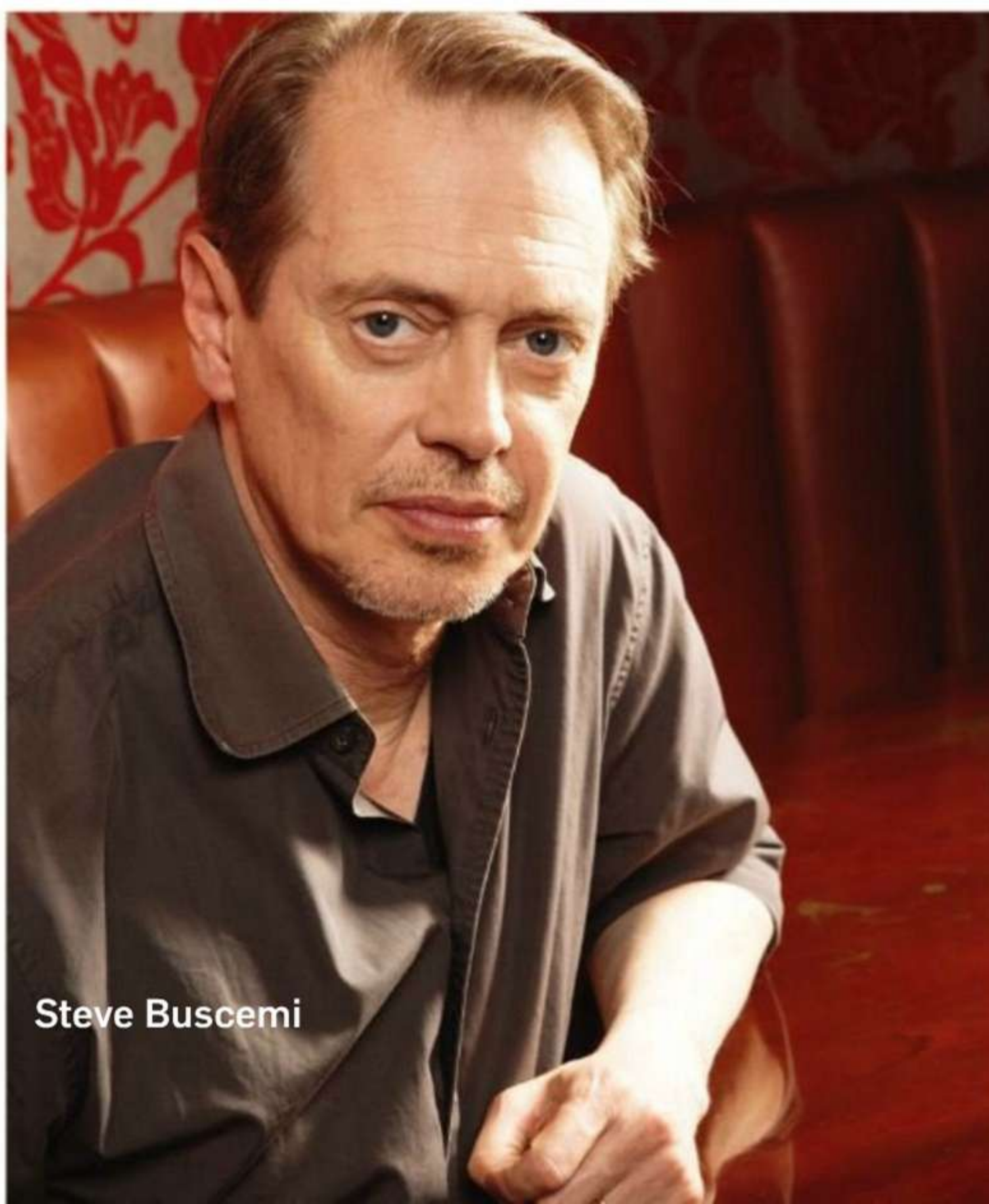
Frank Bill



George Gurley



Amber Heard



Steve Buscemi



Daisy Lowe

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88 CRIMES IN SOUTHERN INDIANA

They say home is where the heart is, but in a small town where drug running, bribery and prostitution are commonplace, family means business, the fatal kind, and a young girl and her grandmother must shed blood to preserve their own. By **FRANK BILL**



COVER STORY

As the daughter of singer-songwriter Pearl Lowe and rocker Gavin Rossdale, Daisy Lowe comes from good stock, no question. The British model kicks off her knickers and shows off her stuff for photographer Tony Kelly in a pictorial that has our Rabbit coming up daisies.



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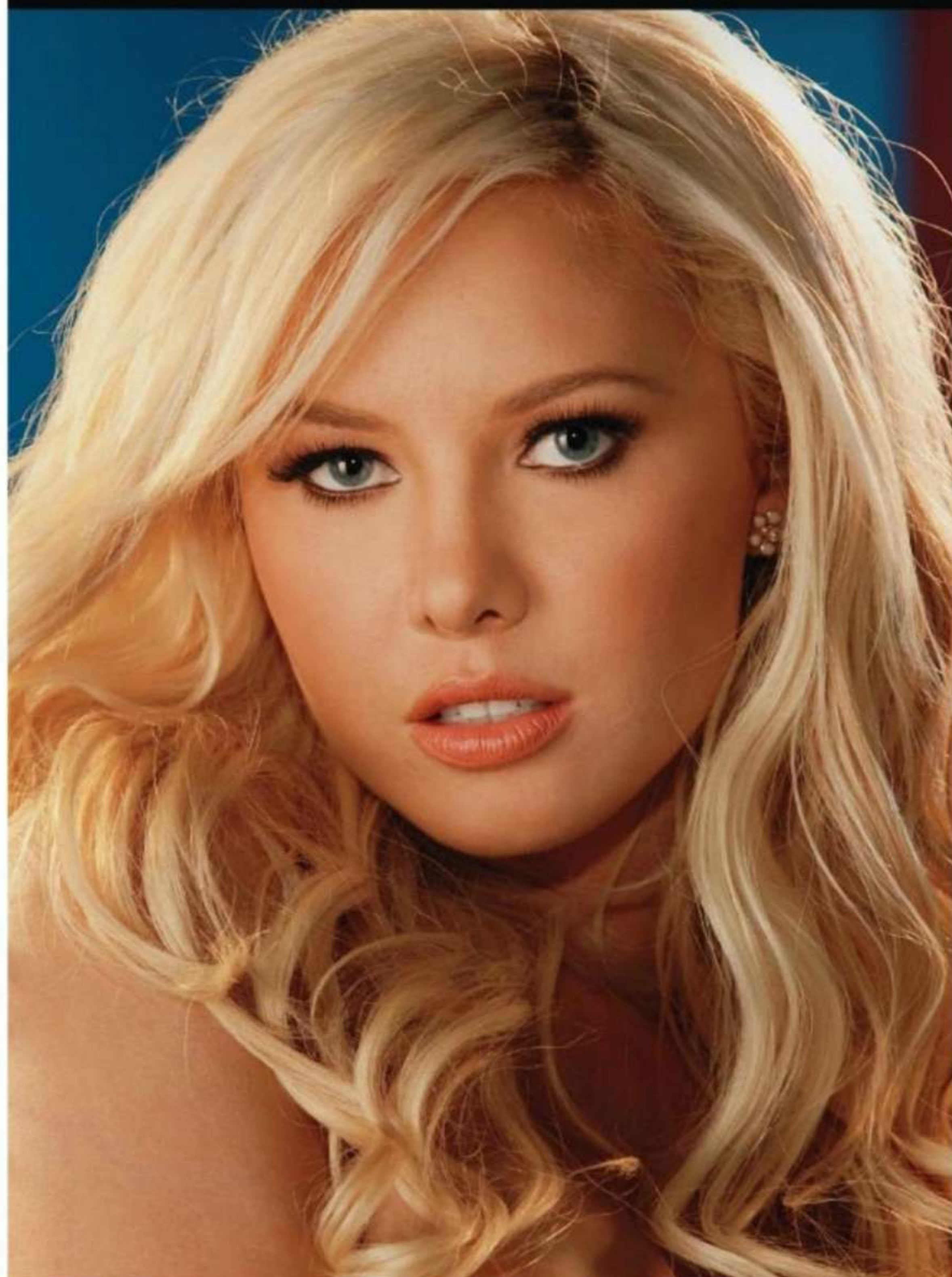
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BACK-TO-SCHOOL BLOWOUT Get a college girl a day for a month!

GET A NIGHTLIFE Playmate Crystal McCahill shows you how to party in her new weekly column.

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



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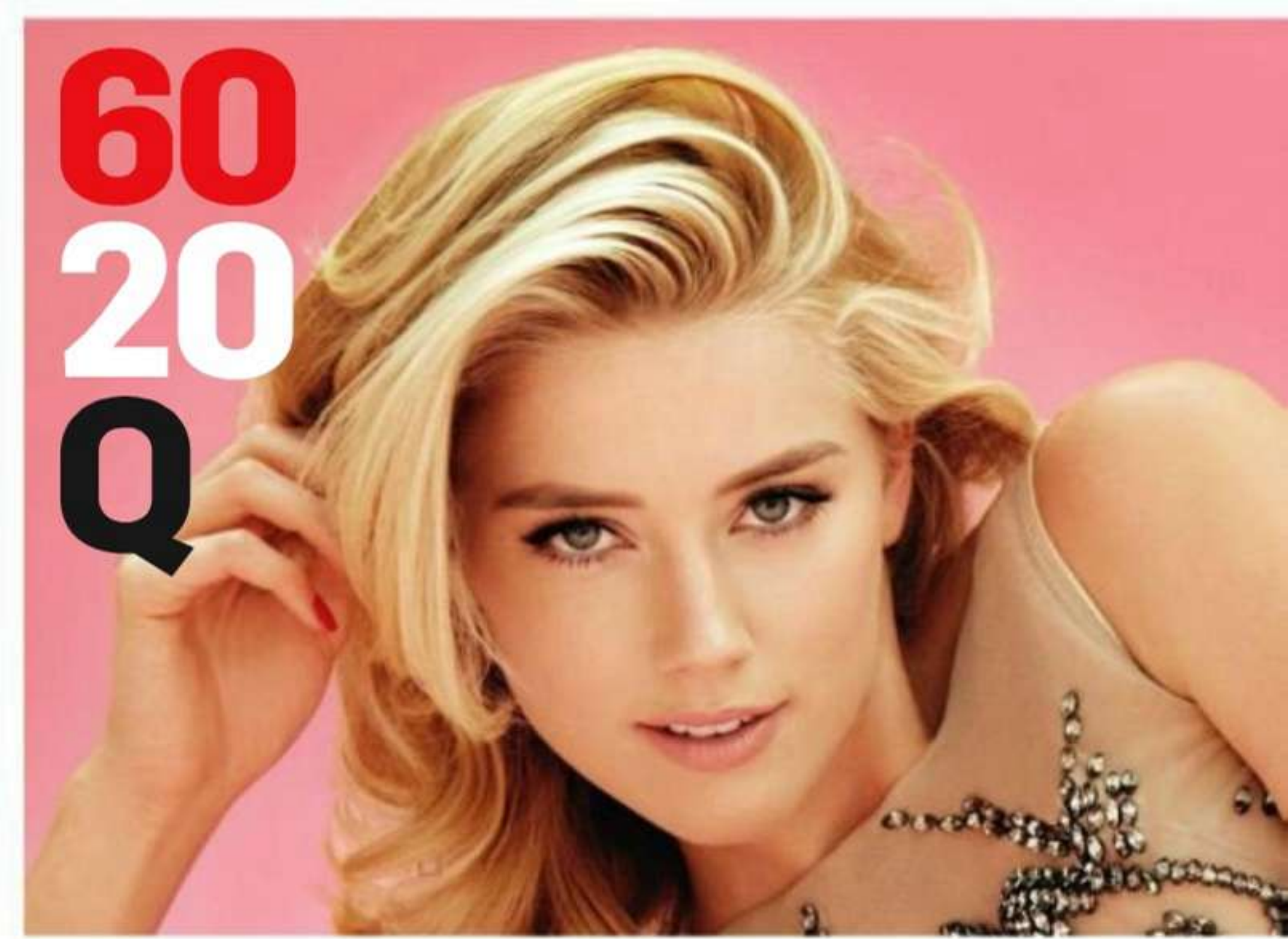
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THE GUY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

Icons like Dean Martin and Peter O'Toole make looking good seem easy. But behind every dapper star lies a host of good products. By **STEVE GARBARINO**

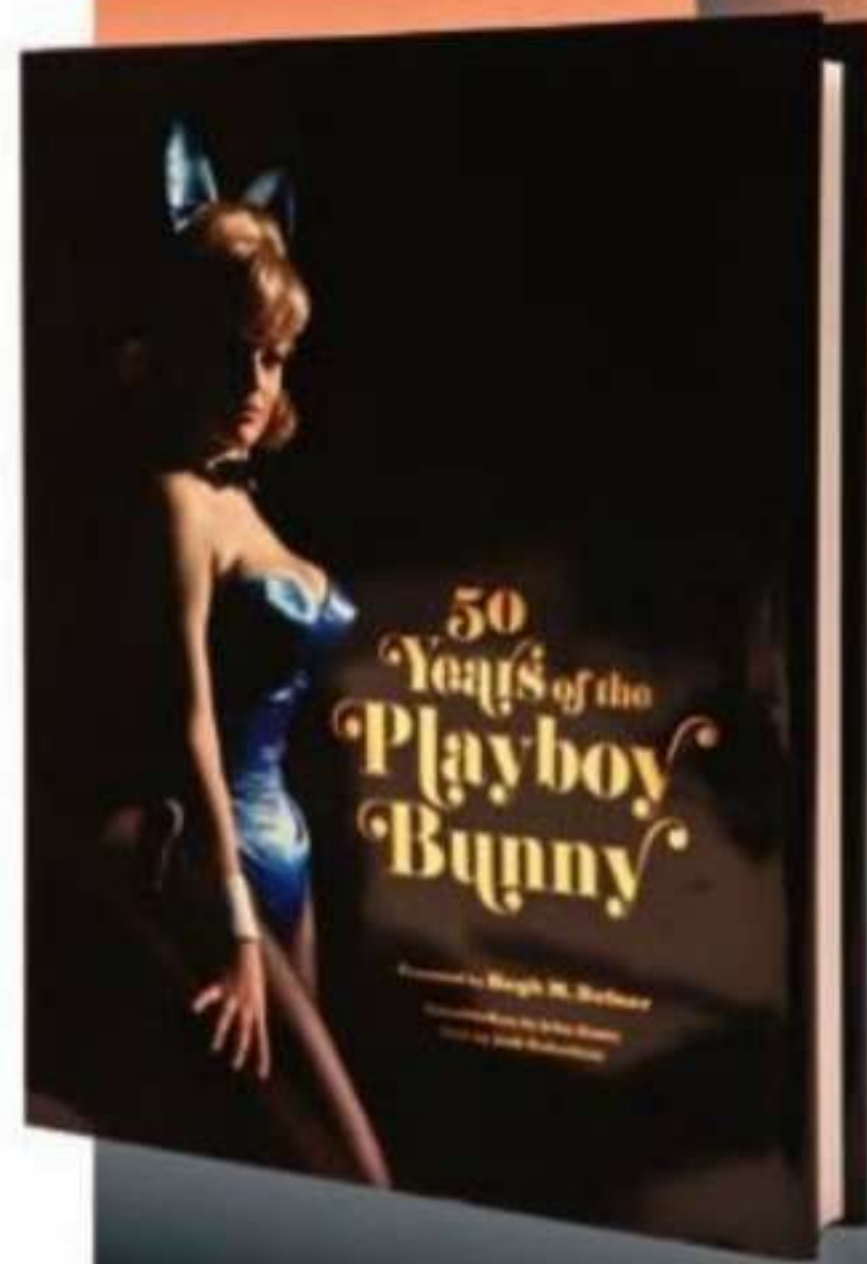


PRESS TO PLAY



PLAYBOY 

FRAGRANCES FOR MEN



50 years of the Playboy Bunny

When Hugh Hefner founded the first Playboy Club in Chicago, he wanted a female waitstaff that would embody the Playboy fantasy. The Playboy Bunny was born, and 50 years later she lives on in our imaginations. With more than 200 amazing photos of classic Bunnies—along with many never-before-seen images—*50 Years of the Playboy Bunny* is the definitive work on a cultural icon. Go to playboy.store.com to order. (176 pages, \$35, Chronicle Books)

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



PLAYBOY CLUB LONDON OPENING

Hef was greeted by a bevy of British Bunnies when he landed in the U.K. to open the Playboy Club London. "People still remember with great fondness the sophistication and romance of the original London club," Hef said. "And there is a retro-chic quality about this club and its Bunnies that will give guests an experience they may have missed the first time around." Among those soaking up the Playboy lifestyle were local social figures Arun Nayar, Patrick Cox, the Hefner clan, Blue's Simon Webbe, PMOY 1973 Marilyn Cole, former Playboy executive Victor Lownes and MMA's Alex Reid.



MANSION SCREENING OF THE PLAYBOY CLUB

The cast of NBC's new drama *The Playboy Club* came to the Mansion for a viewing with the man who started it all. Here is Hef with Eddie Cibrian, who plays the lead character, and his wife, LeAnn Rimes. "It's *Mad Men* with Bunnies," Hef says. "You can't go wrong with that."

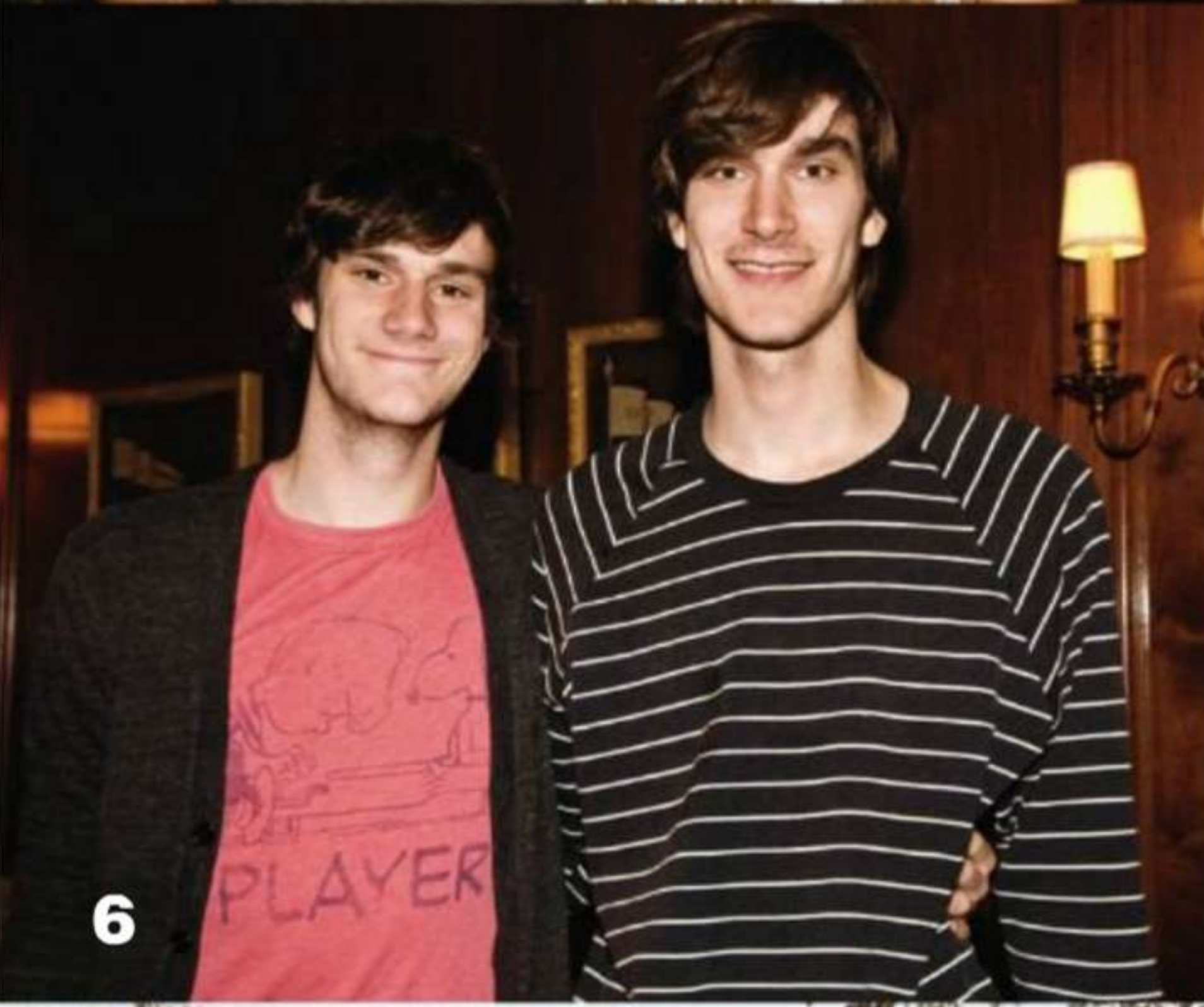
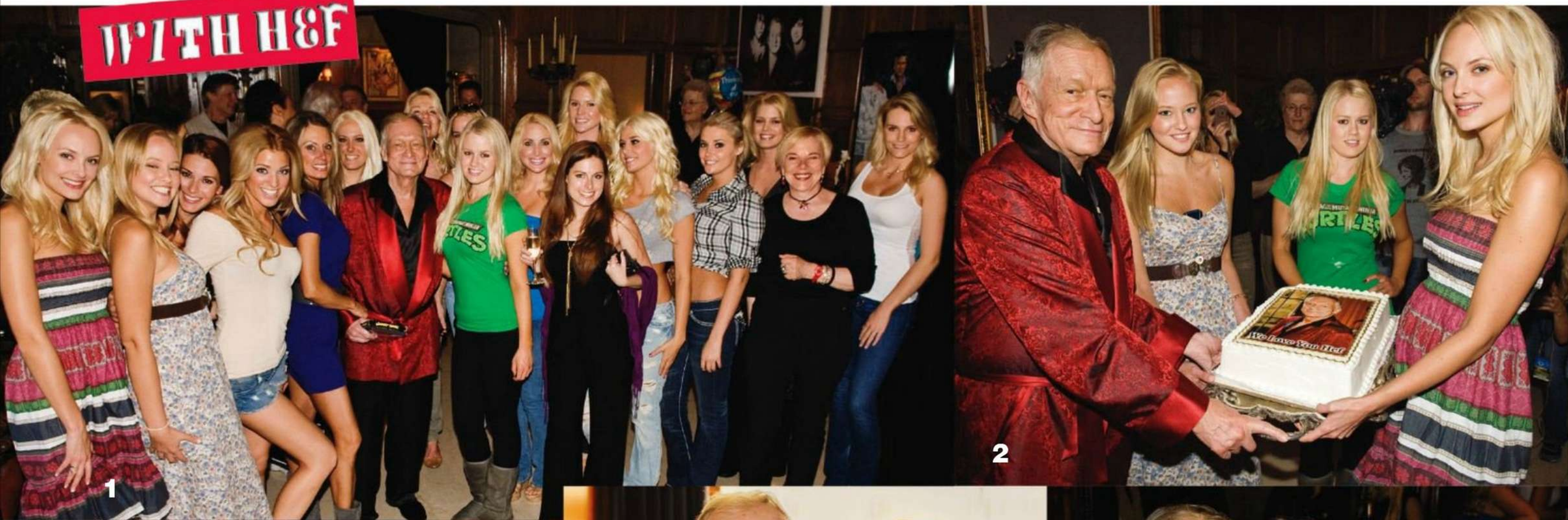


ALL JAZZED UP

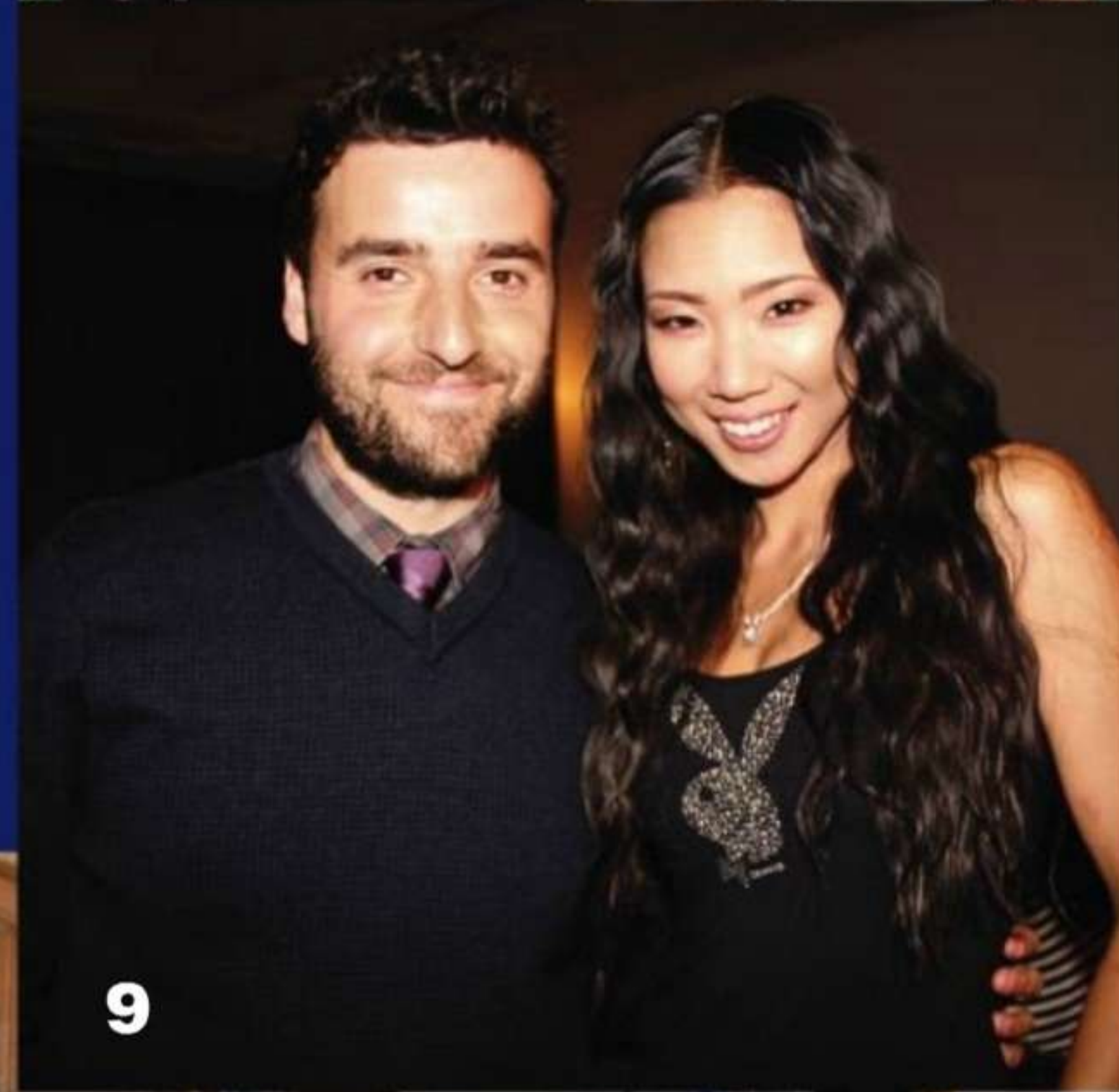
Hef, Jamie Foxx and 35,000 other cool cats jammed the Hollywood Bowl for the 33rd Playboy Jazz Festival. When the Roots (above right) started cooking, they chanted, "The Roots, the Roots, the Roots are on fire!" It was a weekend-long exhibition of a true American art form punctuated by blues guitarist Buddy Guy (above left), Dianne Reeves and "A Night in Treme" by the Rebirth Brass Band.



**HANGIN'
WITH H&F**



There is never a dull moment at the Playboy Mansion, and even when something dramatic befalls PMW, the mood doesn't stay dark for long at the most euphoric place on earth. (1) When Hef let friends and family know that the bride was a no-show, they responded by coming en masse to support him. (2) Playmates Ashley Hobbs, Anna Sophia Berglund and Shera Bechard cheer up Hef with a cake. (3) Kendra Wilkinson and Hank Baskett. (4) Hef and documentarian Brigitte Berman. (5) PMOY 2011 Claire Sinclair and Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson with Hef. (6) Sons Cooper and Marston. (7) Hef's ex-wife PMOY 1989 Kimberley Conrad. (8) The *Playboy Club* screening also brought out Wes Ramsey, who plays Max. (9) Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima with David Krumholtz (Billy Rosen). (10) Hef with executive producer Brian Grazer. (11) The actresses who play Bunnies on the NBC series—Leah Renee Cudmore, Laura Benanti, Jenna Dewan-Tatum and Naturi Naughton—with their real-life counterparts. (12) Also on TV, Lifetime will chronicle Hef's recent breakup, with Holly Madison and Kendra talking about their ex-beau.





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BLOOD IN THE AIR

Stephan Talty's *Shark!* (June) sensationalizes attacks and exaggerates the dangers the animals pose to humans. Tiger sharks are not "ferocious," and sharks in general are not "killers" any more than other apex predators (e.g., lions, leopards, bears). The International Shark Attack File shows only 54 global fatalities between 2000 and 2010. More people die after being attacked by dogs, bees, wasps and snakes. Sharks are most certainly not "pissed off"—attributing emotions to fish is ridiculous. Talty confuses the habits of the oceanic whitetip with that of the virtually harmless whitetip reef shark, the only one of the requiem sharks that can pump water over its gills and lie on the ocean floor. Other requiems like the oceanic whitetip must swim to breathe. But the real corker is the author's observation that these sharks "can put their snouts out of the water to sniff prey thousands of feet away." How could a predator that evolved over 420 million years develop an olfactory system to detect aquatic prey above the water? That's like a wolf tracking prey by sticking its head in a river.

Stephen Leigh

Johannesburg, South Africa

You're right; we mixed up the two whitetips in that instance. But the image of oceanic whitetips poking out of the water to "sniff" the air isn't so far-fetched. In 1994 two Russian biologists reported in the Journal of Ichthyology that the oceanic whitetip, by holding the tip of its snout above the surface, may be able to trap bubbles that contain airborne scents. Similarly, the white shark raises its snout out of the water up to three feet, which it may also do to trap scents.

PUSSY PROBLEM

Can you please tell me why Lisa Lampanelli has such a problem with cats? In March she suggests guys let their girlfriends' cats escape ("How to Be a Mean Boy," *Women*). Then, in June, she claims owning cats makes you less of a man ("My Life as a Sugar Mama," *Women*). What did these beautiful creatures ever do to her? The son of a friend of mine, a very good-looking guy, has a cat he adores. I also know people who have been warned by their cats about burglars and tornadoes. I wonder what PETA spokesperson Pamela Anderson thinks about all this.

Cinzia Moore

Battle Creek, Michigan

HIGHS AND LOWS

I especially enjoyed in your July issue the *Playboy Interview* with Justin Timberlake and the article *How to Go Broke the Nic Cage Way*. The former takes me inside the head of a star who has his shit together, and the latter reveals the foolish spending of a star who has apparently let everything go to shit.

Stephen Saunders

Camillus, New York

DEAR PLAYBOY

About That Wedding

As a longtime subscriber to the magazine, I anticipated seeing "Runaway Bride" on the cover of my July issue, but alas, no sticker. Out of respect for the man we all love and admire, I applied my own. Live and love long, Hef, our hero!

Bob Bennett

Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Florida

For those readers who missed the drama, the editors would like to offer several corrections to the July issue: In fact, Crystal Harris is not Mrs. Crystal Hefner (cover), there have been no "recent nuptials" (Playbill), and the bride did not come (Here Comes the Bride). But don't worry about Hef. As he tweeted (@hughhefner) the Monday after the canceled ritual, "It's the start of a new day, and a new week, and I'm happy to be single."



LIZZY JAGGER

Thanks for the great pictorial of Lizzy Jagger (*She Comes in Colors*, June). As a former two-pack-a-day smoker who has been off the weed for 15 years, I borrowed a nail from my girlfriend and we lit up while viewing the luscious Lizzy with her ciggie. It was a feast for the eyes and a nostalgic feast for my tongue.

Zoltan Takacs

Rio Linda, California

I would enjoy the pictorial more if Jagger didn't have a cigarette in her hand.

Mario Martin

San Diego, California

I'm sure you'll get complaints about Jagger smoking, but I found the images to be positively erotic. They took me back to the time when a cigarette could be used as the ultimate come-hither prop.

Jackie Farren

Castle Dale, Utah

It's refreshing to see Jagger's parents brought her up right.

Tom MacDonald

Perth, Scotland

LAWRENCE O'DONNELL

In his zeal to come up with clever put-downs of superbully Bill O'Reilly, Lawrence O'Donnell alienates his viewers on Long Island by proclaiming it's "not tough-guy territory" (*Playboy Interview*, June). In fact, the island is full of residents who are New York City cops and firefighters, and a Navy Seal who graduated from a local high school has been awarded a posthumous Medal of Honor. Islanders recognize the Fox News buffoonery but prefer that O'Donnell not drag us into the fray.

J.B. McGeever

Stony Brook, New York

O'Donnell isn't as knowledgeable about Republicans as he thinks. Bigwigs such as Ann Coulter and George Will may not go after President Obama about his birthplace for tactical reasons, but that doesn't mean they believe he was born in Hawaii. O'Donnell is wrong about Rush



Mick's daughter and her naughty habit.

I thought I'd seen every erotic mixture a man could dream of, but along comes Jagger with that body and "ataboy" cigarette. Talk about smoking hot.

David Shirley

Stover, Missouri

Limbaugh, too. Rush does apologize, and nicely. He always uses the phrase *from the bottom of my heart*.

Georgia Makiver
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

O'Donnell shows a dire need to be educated about Minnesota politics when he implies former governor Tim Pawlenty is the only Republican presidential candidate who has no negatives. Under Pawlenty's leadership, ranking members of his party invited various Christian clergy to deliver the daily invocation in the legislature. These prayers have included everything from suggestions that the president is a Muslim to the claim that only fundamentalist Christians are true Americans. This "tradition" has continued after Pawlenty. In May, when a fundamentalist ended his prayer by calling for Christians to recognize Jesus as the head of the church, "as every president up until 2008 has acknowledged," the speaker of the house offered an immediate apology.

David Kelly
St. Cloud, Minnesota

SEX STATS

I find it hard to believe, as you report in the *2011 Playboy Sex Survey* (June), that more male readers admit to using a vibrator (80 percent) than watching porn (78 percent). That seems to indicate that 22 percent of them are liars, perhaps because they took the survey with their girlfriend or wife looking over their shoulders.

Nick Royer
Dayton, Ohio

We didn't ask the question of every respondent but only men who said they had used a sex toy. The same is true of the vibrator question. We should have shared that qualification. We were more intrigued by other results, such as the two percent of male and three percent of female readers who said they have never masturbated and the two percent of male and five percent of female readers who claim they have never had a sexual fantasy.

BUSTED IN VEGAS

You report in June's *Raw Data* that the Las Vegas economy went from 14th best in 2007 to fifth worst today. Can you share the source? I'm sure the city fathers would like to keep this development quiet, but after living here the past four years (and 32 years prior to that), I think it sounds about right.

Rob Nichols
Henderson, Nevada

That statistic comes from a report by the Brookings Institution and the London School of Economics. The only cities that fared worse are Dublin, Dubai, Barcelona and Thessaloniki, Greece. We're betting that Las Vegas will recover.

FAN MAIL

I am a gay man who is stricken by the female form, such as the way a woman's arm curves to the softest tip of a finger. I grew up stealing my uncle's magazines,

and though my taste in partners changed, my appreciation for the feminine divine has not. Thank you for inspiring it.

Jay Chague
Salt Lake City, Utah

It's hard to believe 25 years have passed since I first saw your magazine as a teenager. I wrote customer service to renew my subscription when it dawned on me that I should say thanks for practically a lifetime of laughter, literature and ladies.

Andrew Mahoney
Garden City, Kansas

PINUP FANTASIES

Ever since I was a girl I have considered the pinups painted on bombers and walls to be the epitome of what a woman should be—playful, voluptuous, sexy and all the while seemingly innocent. George Petty's flying green witch is the earliest in my memory, and it is still among my favorites. When I first saw Playmate of



George Petty's bewitching vision, circa 1945.

the Year 2011 and pinup-come-to-life Claire Sinclair (June), a girl crush was born—much to my husband's delight.

Molly Hart
Norman, Oklahoma

LEST WE FORGET

I have been reading PLAYBOY for more than 35 years, since I was a teenager living in London. I have a problem getting the magazine here, but once in a while a friend brings a copy from the U.S. or the U.K. It is one of the best men's magazines in the world, covering all topics of interest, including the lovely pictures.

H. Husain
Karachi, Pakistan

I know my name and nationality make it unlikely that I will ever be invited to the U.S., but I dream of entering heaven, and my heaven is the Playboy Mansion.

Abdullah Haddad
Beirut, Lebanon





WHY WORRY
ABOUT CHINA,
WHEN TRADING WITH
POLAND
IS GOING SO WELL?



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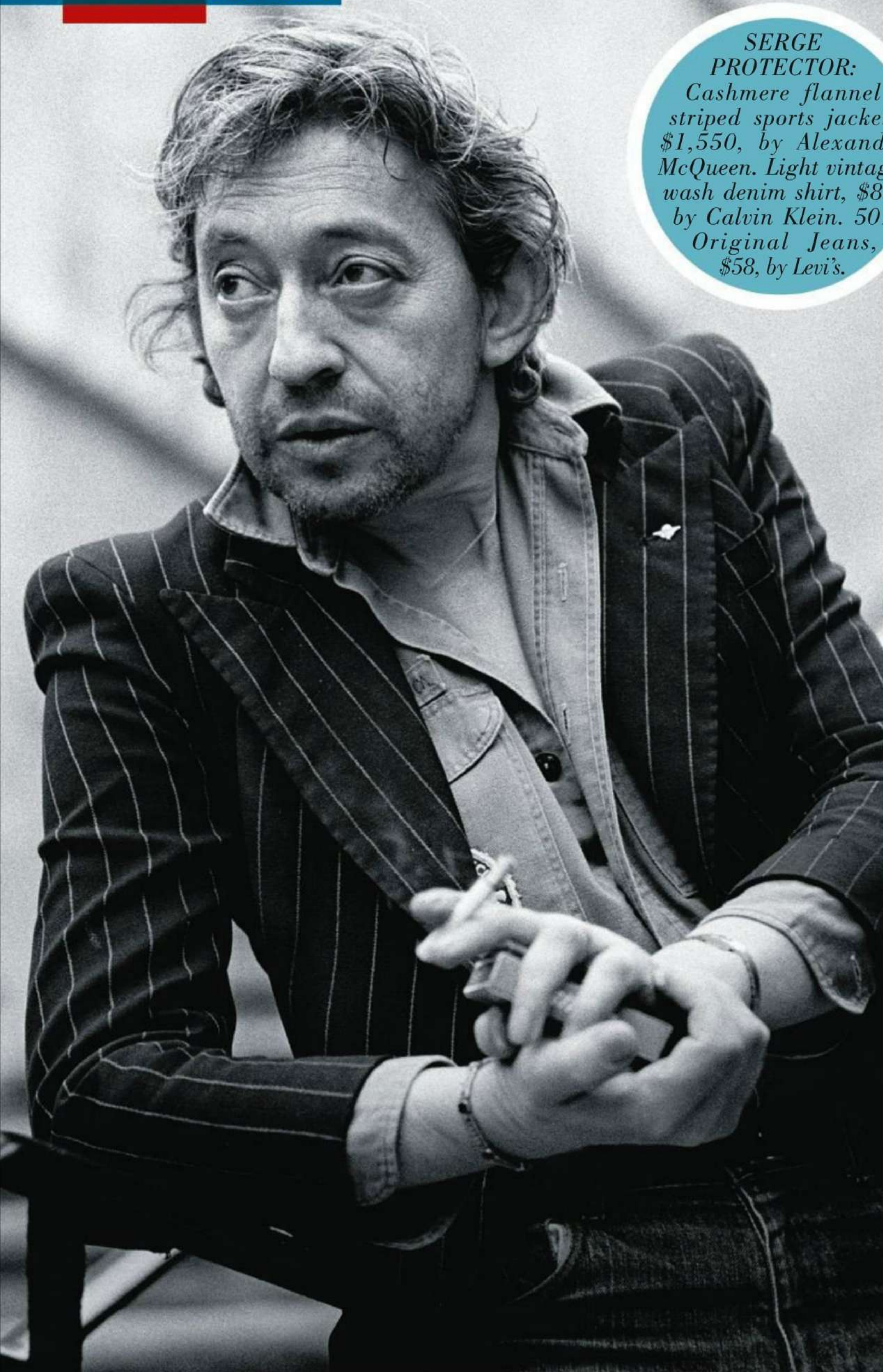
PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Christine Quinn

She has a knack for playing the damsel in distress, but very little stresses Dallas native Christine Quinn. On meeting her grisly demise in this month's *Shark Night 3D*, the actress vows that she "loved getting eaten by a shark because I enjoy blood and gore." That's definitely at odds with her Southern charm. Fact is, the 22-year-old (who also plays an infectious flesh-eater in the movie *Humans Versus Zombies*) embraces the horror genre. "I enjoy the challenge," she says. "Acting as if your life is about to be taken from you is incredibly hard—you're in a constant state of vulnerability and physical duress." By now Christine can likely hold her own, but we'd rescue her from hungry zombies and sharks anytime.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATT WAGEMANN



SERGE PROTECTOR:
Cashmere flannel striped sports jacket, \$1,550, by Alexander McQueen. Light vintage-wash denim shirt, \$80, by Calvin Klein. 501 Original Jeans, \$58, by Levi's.

CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

SUAVE SERGE

NO ONE PERSONIFIED the auteur as French roué better than Serge Gainsbourg, the Jacques of all trades who directed, acted and dabbled in all sorts of musical genres (funk, jazz, electronica), though he is most (in)famous for the ballad "Bonnie and Clyde," his 1968 duet with girlfriend Brigitte Bardot. Never photographed (it seemed) without a Gitanes in hand, Gainsbourg, subject of the new biopic *Gainsbourg: A Heroic Life*, had it all down. A cultivated mess, his look was that of a strutting peacock from the Swingin' London era who had been mugged in an alley brawl. In pin-striped three-piece suits worn with open-collar shirts as winged as a nun's habit, Gainsbourg hid in plain sight when confronted by his era's paparazzi. It turns out they were more interested in his shoulder ornament du jour (Bardot especially, and wife Jane Birkin, at above right) than him. But the cameras did catch him occasionally wearing a denim shirt stuffed under a body-hugging Savile Row suit jacket with ill-matching pants and a silk scarf. For him, unkempt worked, and wrinkled became the new starched.



TROPICS • UNDERWATER DINING

BELOW THE SURFACE

That's no jumbo saltwater tank filled with tropical fish before you; it's actually the ocean. The Sea restaurant at the Anantara Kihavah Villas (kihavah-maldives.anantara.com) in the Maldives sits submerged in the Indian Ocean, allowing you to dine to the sights of the life aquatic.



SEXTYMOLOGY SPANKING

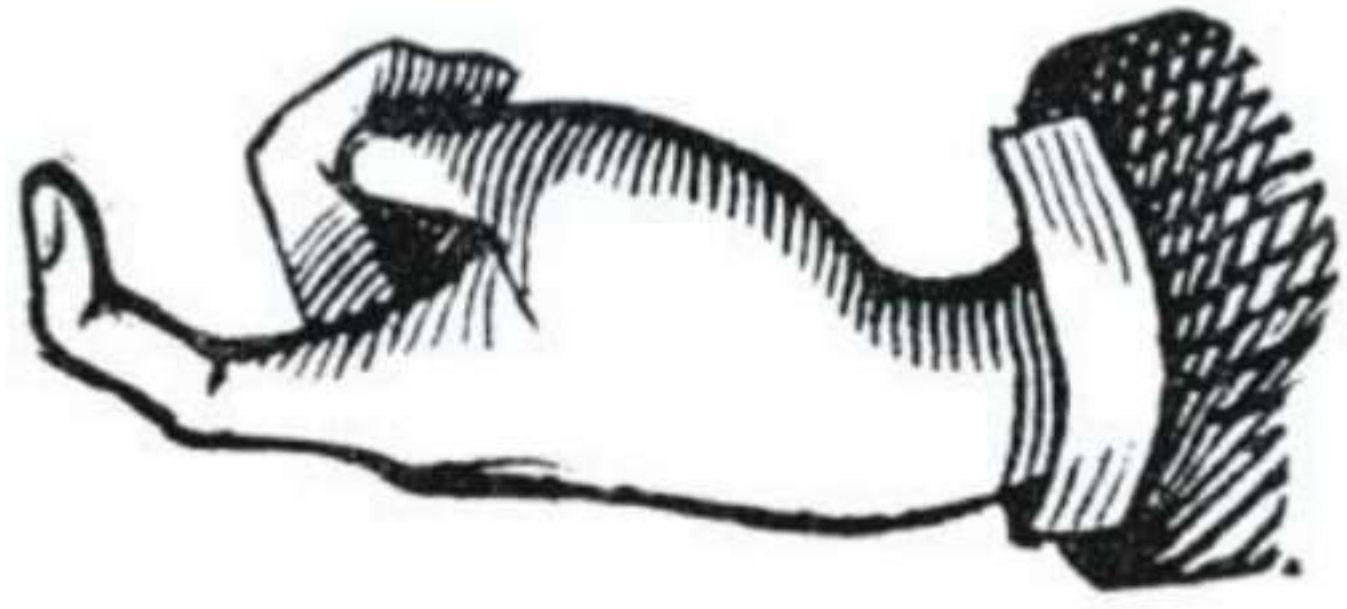
HIT PARADE

There's nothing brand-spanking-new about the openhanded love tap. Scenes depicting sexual spanking appear on the fifth century B.C. Etruscan frescoes in the Tomb of the Floggings in Italy and in the Kama Sutra (circa 200 A.D.). Gloria Brame, a BDSM expert at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, explains, "People have always spanked each other. The true history of sex is that everybody did everything we do today, but their depictions were destroyed because the Catholic Church banned them. Yet somewhere, 10,000 years ago, somebody said, 'Oomph! Ass! Good! Hit harder!'"



BAD MANNERISMS

The surly cousin to the Lonely Planet travel guides, *Rude Hand Gestures of the World*, a new book by Romana Lefevre, ensures that no matter your global locale, your displeasure will be recognized.



HERE, DOGGIE: A variant of “Come hither”—at least in terms of execution—but seduction is far from the intended meaning: “Come here, you lowly dog.”

REGION: THE PHILIPPINES



DICKHEAD: Put your fingers and thumb together in a circle and place your hand near your forehead; you’ve now branded the loudmouth next to you a dickhead.

REGION: UNITED KINGDOM



CONCHA: Slip a narrow peace sign around your nostrils and you’re taking the “yo mama” insult to a whole new level by telling the offending party that his or her mother “has dried-up lady parts.”

REGION: CHILE AND ARGENTINA



CUTIS: To insult en masse—e.g., an unpleasant dinner party—make a fist and flick your thumb off your front teeth while exclaiming “Cutta!” Translation: “Screw you and your whole family!”

REGION: PAKISTAN AND INDIA



OKAY: This gesture might mean everything is A-okay in the U.S., but pretty much everywhere else in the world it means “You’re a gigantic asshole.” Nothing lost in translation there.

REGION: RUSSIA, GERMANY, ITALY, GREECE



LAST MEAL • “HOT” DOUG SOHN

THE SAUSAGE KING OF CHICAGO

Done right, cassoulet is the perfect fall meal—an alternative to the more traditional stew of meat and potatoes. I discovered it (more or less) at culinary school. We were studying French foods, and I chose cassoulet because it’s chock-full of encased meats, fat and salt—basically the things I love to cook with. I also love how you can let it simmer forever. Even if you let it sit overnight, the flavors only seem to intensify, as now they really start to come together. And every element possesses a different texture—the sausage casings, the duck meat, the beans.

For a side, I like a pile of my duck fat fries. I started making them myself after I traveled to Bordeaux and ate at La Tupina. It’s a bistro with a cauldron of duck fat bubbling in the corner. There was a table next to it where they were prepping tripe and other stuff to throw into the duck fat. When they pulled the potatoes out, they

seasoned them with salt, black pepper and thyme. I was swooning because they were so unbelievably great. Duck fat is a golden elixir. If you go to a restaurant and they’re cooking a shoe in duck fat, my recommendation would be to order it.

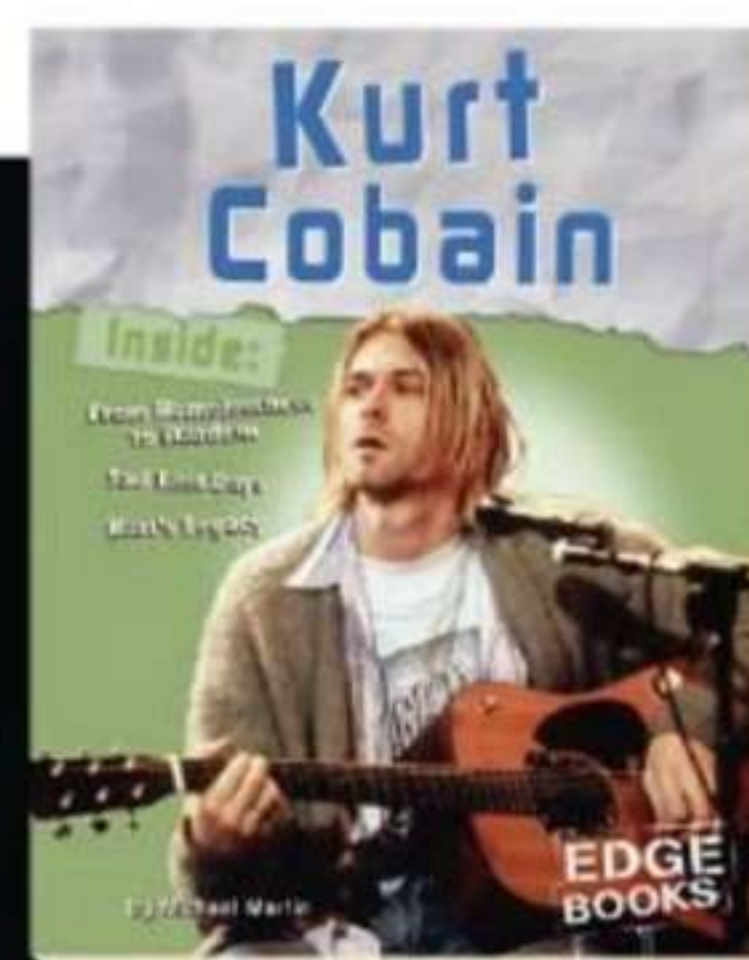
Of course, the meal can’t be completely decadent; it needs to be balanced with something healthy, such as a Cobb salad. Though I guess calling my version of a Cobb salad “healthy” is dubious considering I coat it in creamy garlic or blue cheese dressing. But again, it’s loaded with one of my favorite ingredients—bacon. At some point I know my doctor is going to say, “Enough with the bacon.” But until that time, I’m going to sneak it into as many meals as possible.

Doug Sohn owns the Chicago-based Hot Doug’s (hotdoughs.com), considered by many to serve the best hot dog in the country.

LITERATURE BANNED BOOKS

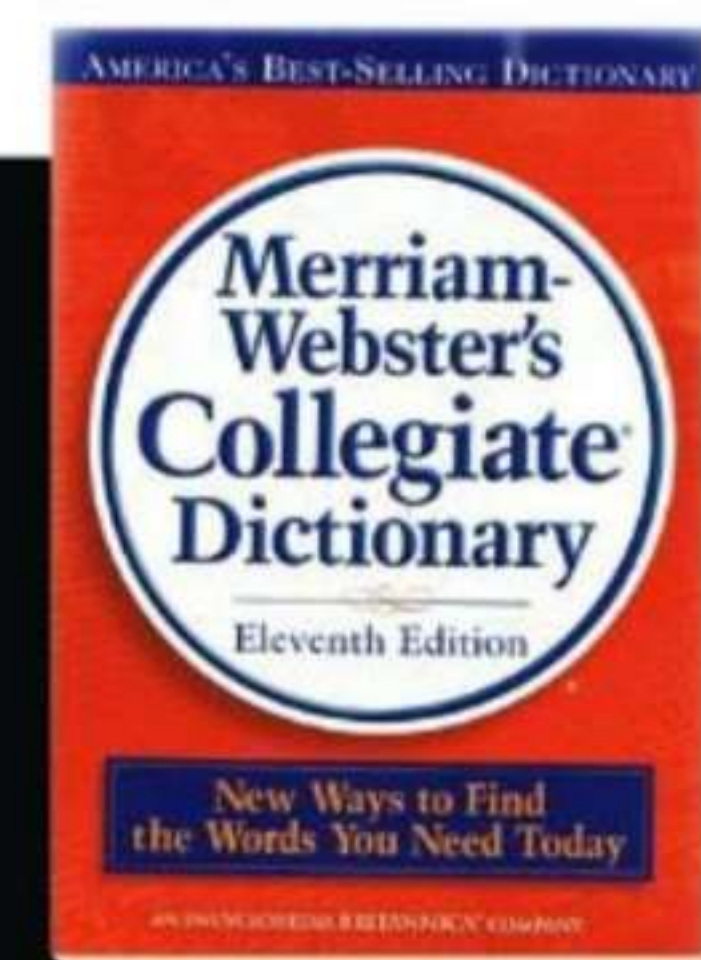
RIGHT TO READ

Each September, a division of the American Library Association celebrates Banned Books Week with its “books challenged” list. Here are three of the more absurd entries and the reasons they offended.



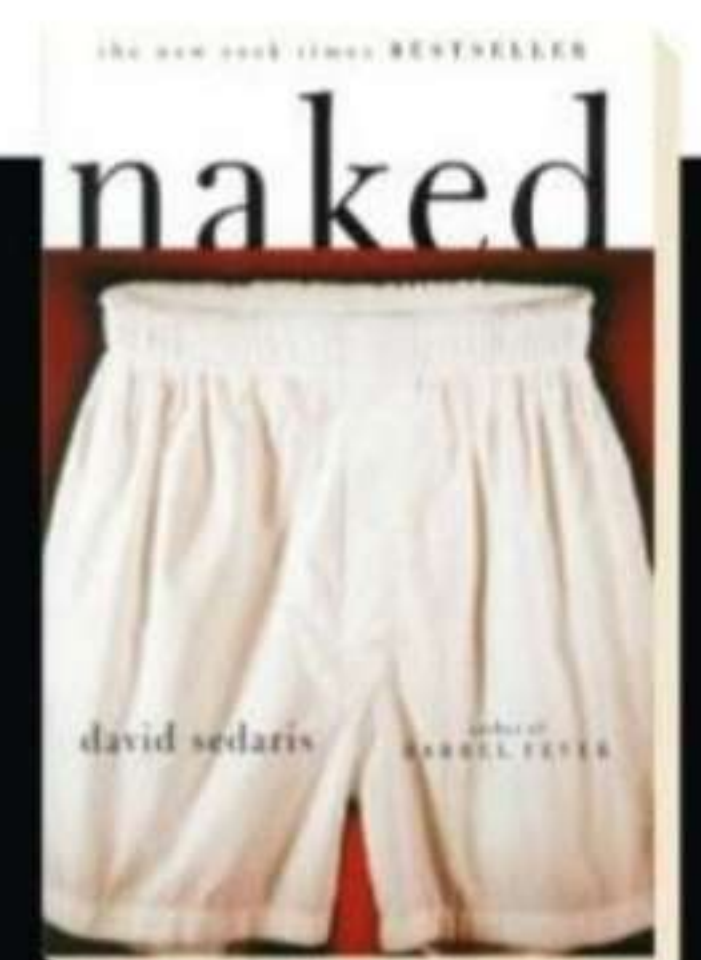
KURT COBAIN BY MICHAEL MARTIN

“Made references to the use of Ritalin as being a precursor to the use of illicit drugs.”



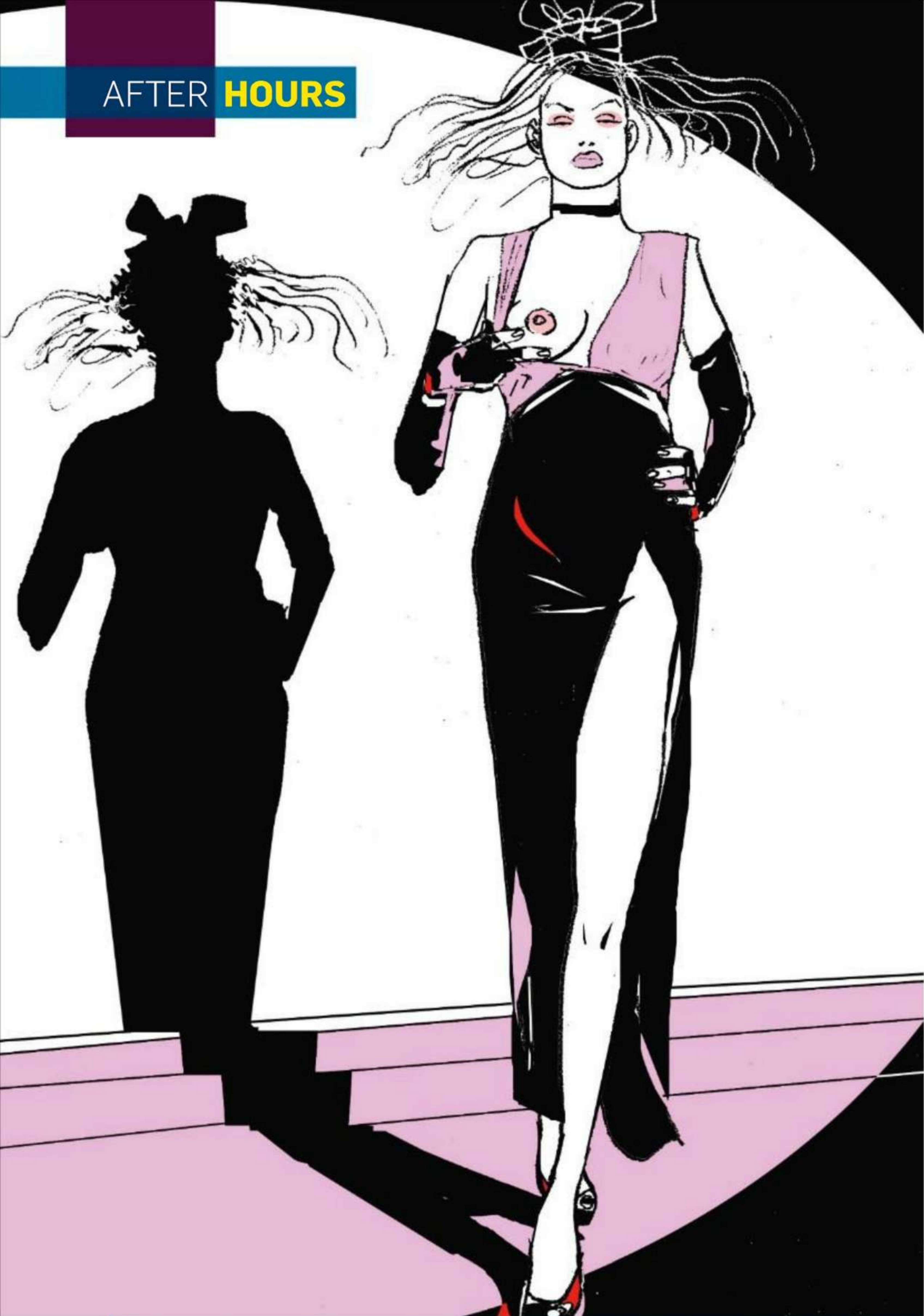
MERRIAM-WEBSTER DICTIONARY

“A parent complained when a child came across the term *oral sex*.”



NAKED BY DAVID SEDARIS

“Dealt with subjects like abortion, cannibalism, homosexuality and drug use.”



NEVER SLEEP • BOULDER

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

Ring in the new academic year at the University of Colorado, Boulder—PLAYBOY's 2011 top party school and a premium blend of college fun and grown-up sophistication.

6:15 P.M. For the full-on college experience, head up to "the Hill," which overlooks the sprawling, beautiful CU campus. It offers all the collegiate essentials—food (try the burgers at the Sink), live music (at the Fox Theatre) and coeds (but of course).

7:03 P.M. Cheeba Chews, the THC equivalent of a Charleston Chew, will cure whatever ails you—with a required prescription, we might add. Available at almost all the city's 50 medicinal-marijuana dispensaries (including Boulder Meds, on the Hill), one quarter of a single Chew will keep you pain-free for about eight hours.

7:41 P.M. Mark Stoddard, the mixologist at the Bitter Bar (a bit of a speakeasy), replicates old-timey cocktails served in vintage glassware. If it's Tuesday, consider staying for the all-night happy hour.

11:13 P.M. Absinthe House draws big crowds of people who love to move to the dance tunes spun by DJs.

4:57 A.M. Stash the last of your drink in a flask and drag yourself to Chautauqua Park, a historic mountain retreat. Pass out at your own risk, however: It doesn't officially open until eight A.M., and wild animals and rangers are rampant.



The Bitter Bar

VOCABULARY • SELF-ESTEEMIA

WORD OF THE MONTH

self-esteemia (noun): The subtle art of being so into yourself—a triple-threat delusion of overconfidence, self-satisfaction and pure hubris—that you're oblivious to the plain-as-day faults everyone else is able to spot the moment they lay eyes on you. Chronic cases: Terrell Owens, fat men who refuse to wear shirts outdoors and Silvio Berlusconi.



FUTURISM
DRINKING

BRAVE NEW BOOZE

Grant Achatz, the visionary chef behind the lauded Chicago-based restaurant Alinea and the brand-new bar Aviary, has always been a stickler for details—right down to the forks, knives and plates. Enter: Martin Kastner, a Prague native who studied blacksmithing in the Czech Republic before taking on the challenge of creating Alinea and Aviary's serviceware. Like Achatz, Kastner is obsessed with melding food and design. His creations for Aviary—three of his avant-garde cocktail glasses are at left—challenge not only our expectations of classic stemware but also how we imbibe generally.

EXPERT APPROVED • PHIL LAAK

GUARANTEED VICTORY

Phil Laak (a.k.a. the Unabomber) holds a World Poker Tour title, a World Series of Poker bracelet and the affections of actress Jennifer Tilly. Want to become a similar species of killer card shark? "Reading books is a pedestrian strategy," says Laak. "Instead, try the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research website [princeton.edu/~pear]. It has theoretical models of the role of consciousness in the establishment of physical reality, which helps you think at the edge of things. That's what makes a great poker player. Or watch the young wizards online. I use Phil Galfond's website Bluefire Poker [bluefirepoker.com]. It's world-class. Expect to watch it 10 hours a week for four months before you feel like a soul-crushing poker machine."

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Each ring is engraved with I LOVE YOU



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BARMATE • WORDS TO DRINK BY

STEFANY ALZATE

BEING A BARTENDER at Glo in Long Island, I hear a ton of pickup lines. If I had a dollar for every time a guy tried to pick me up by telling me he was a millionaire, I'd be able to tell him I was a millionaire too.

I ONCE RECEIVED a \$100 tip for an order that consisted of a bottle of water. So at least I'm doing better than the guys selling water outside the Holland Tunnel.

WHEN I WAS younger I'd get drunk, take my tank top off and walk around in my bra all night.

I'M FROM COLOMBIA, which means I grew up speaking Spanish. Add to that the loud music at Glo, and it's hard for me to hear most of our customers. I don't think they mind, though. I think they secretly like that it gives them an excuse to lean in and brush up against me.

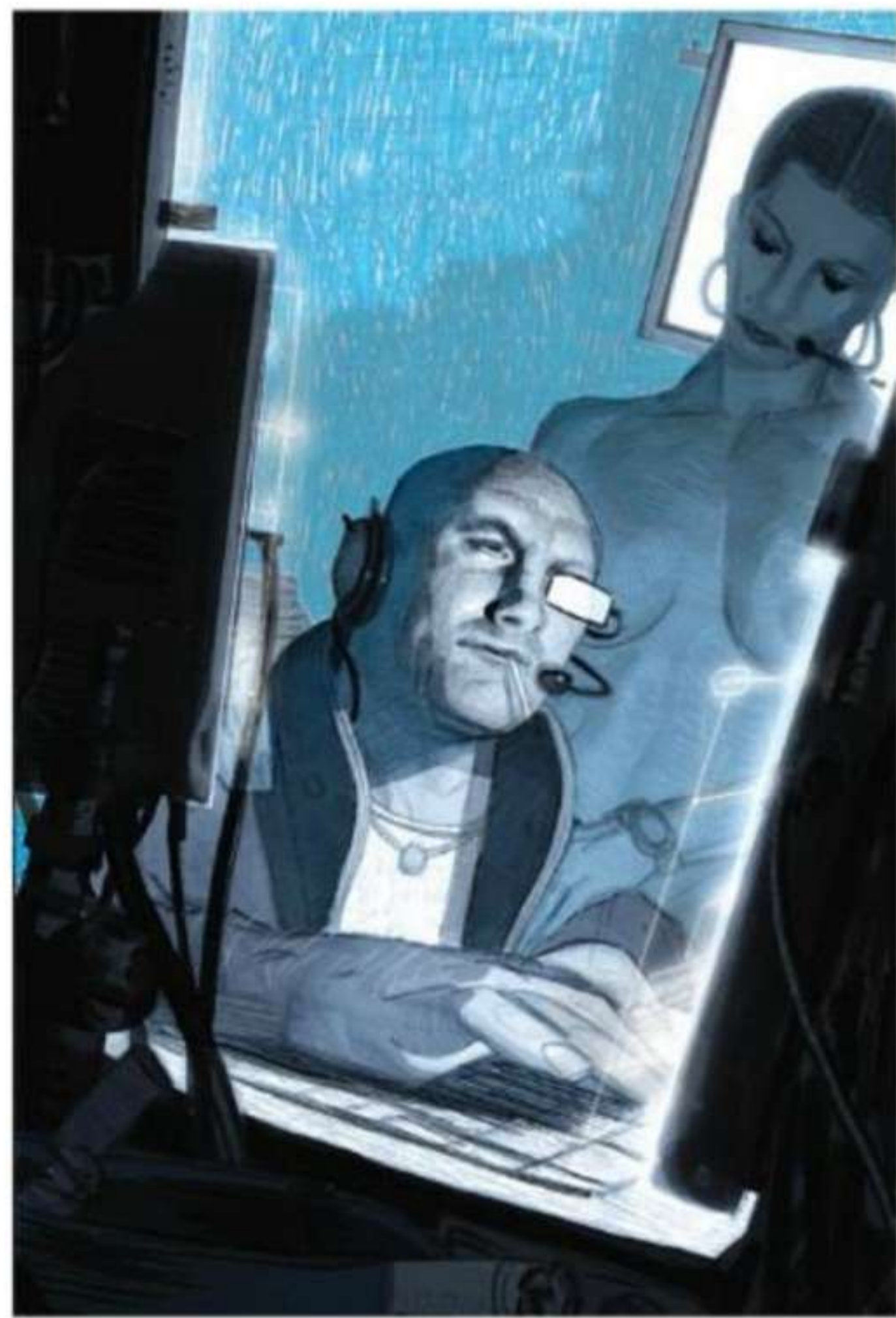


JOBS • HOW TO BECOME...

CAREER ADVICE

NAVY SEAL Don't expect to join the most elite military unit in the world without experiencing serious pain. "You need to be ready mentally and physically because guys die in training," says Richard "Mack" Machowicz, a former Navy Seal and co-host of Spike TV's *Deadliest Warrior*. First comes a 24-week-long Basic Underwater Demolition/Seal course, complete with "Hell Week," five days of continuous training on only four hours of sleep. Next up? Two years of mastering skills such as combat swimming, explosive breaching and free-fall parachuting. Al Qaeda never stood a chance.

ETHICAL HACKER Not all hackers have evil intentions. Cyber crime fighters—the Batman to LulzSec's Joker—help keep U.S. government intelligence, corporate secrets and consumer information safe from those with malicious intent. To distinguish yourself as a "white hat" hacker, you must pass the International Council of Electronic Commerce Consultants Certified Ethical Hacker exam. The test is open to those who complete the council's five-day CEH training course and have two or more years of information-security-related work experience. Who says mild-mannered computer programmers can't be heroes?



SEX-TOY MAKER "While I fantasize for the broader public and my research is having sex, my job still requires basic fundamentals," says Ethan Imboden, founder of Jimmy-jane, the sex-toy equivalent of Apple in terms of function and good looks. Two of those fundamentals: electrical engineering and industrial design, both of which Imboden studied at Johns Hopkins University and the Pratt Institute. "The technical side of engineering is incredibly helpful for what I do," he says, "but the creativity and humanity of art design is what inspires me to develop provocative new products."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS VALLEJO



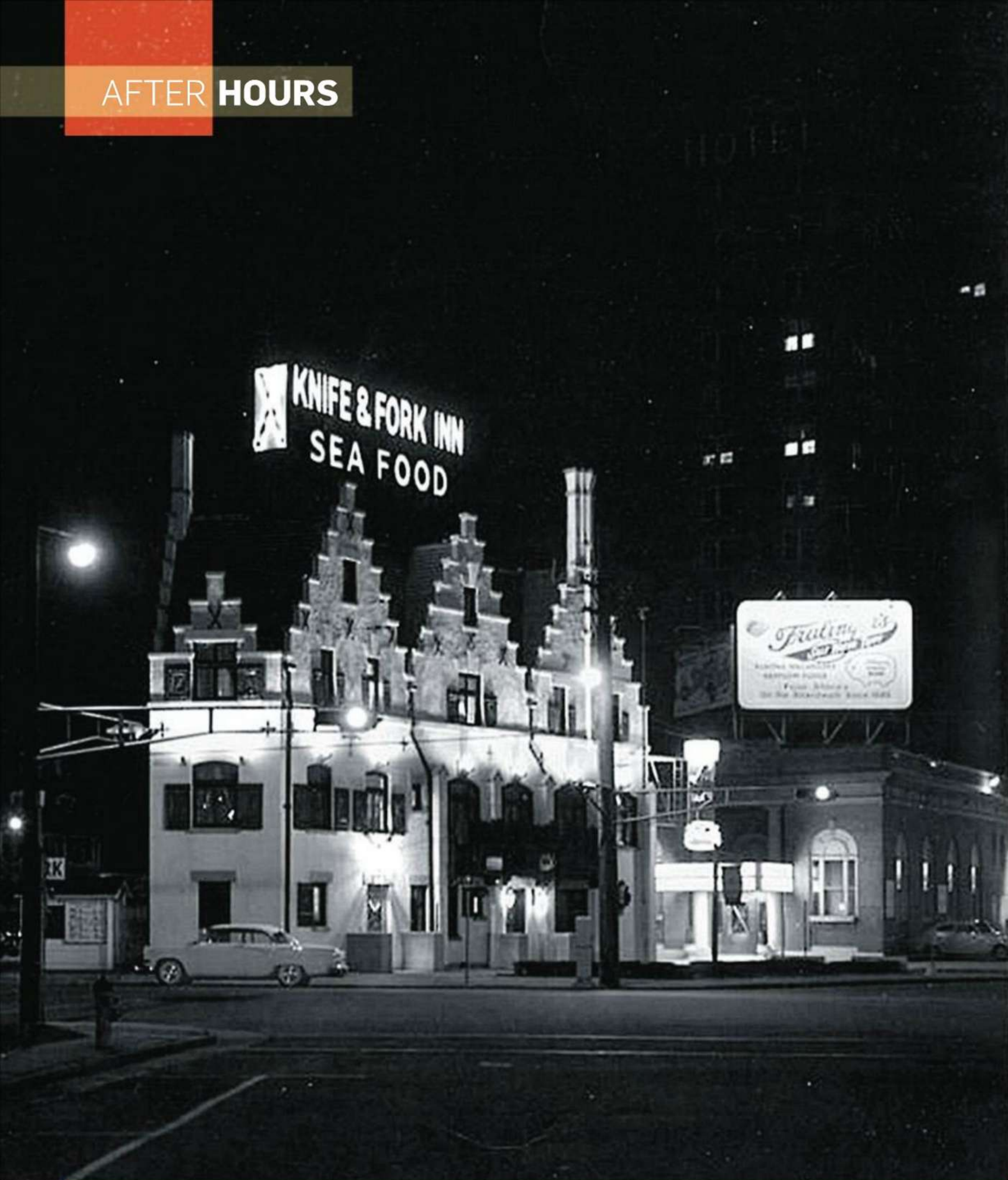
SOUND OFF • FENDER

GET THE AX

Celebrating its 25th anniversary next year, the Fender Custom Shop is the world's most renowned electric-guitar builder. Out of their Corona, California shop, nine craftsmen make perfect reproductions of such legendary instruments as Stevie Ray Vaughan's Number One, Eric Clapton's Blackie and Jimi Hendrix's Woodstock Stratocaster, as well as other limited-production guitars for ordinary players with a dollar and a dream. This month, author Tom Wheeler publishes *The Dream Factory* (\$75, halleonard.com), a coffee-table book with more than 500 pages about Fender's legendary shop. Want a custom six-string masterpiece built for you? Check out fendercustomshop.com.

"Everything has a resonant frequency," says Fender Custom Shop manager Mike Eldred. "I call it a tone bouillabaisse."





IRISH PUB So old that its building was the basis for the hotel pieces in *Monopoly*, this illicit saloon (theirishpub.com) was popular with both Nucky Johnson and Babe Ruth, who imbibed to the sounds of a 1903 piano that's still on-site. Later, the place became the A.C. destination for boxers Mike Tyson, Arturo Gatti and Micky Ward. *On the Waterfront* screenwriter Budd Schulberg, known to down Guinness here until six a.m., once declared, "I would like to spend my last hours on earth at the Irish Pub."



CHEF VOLA'S A 65-seat, cash-only red-sauce joint, Vola's (established 1921) has neither a liquor license nor a listed number. Considered Atlantic City's finest restaurant, it's in the unmarked basement of a former boardinghouse. Sinatra stopped by whenever he was in town and vowed he wanted to be buried with one of its banana cream pies. Getting a table is tough; the wait can run months—unless you convince the longtime owners that you're tight with one of their regulars.



RESORTS Although Sinatra ate at Chef Vola's, he played at Resorts (resortsa.com), housed in the former Haddon Hall, a 680-room hotel that arrived on the boardwalk in 1929. Besides hosting Sinatra's Atlantic City shows and comedian Henny Youngman's bar mitzvah—held, for comic relief, when he was 73—Resorts is now home to Torch, a Nucky Johnson-themed "library" that eschews librarians in favor of bodacious cocktail waitresses who sling single malts, including 36-year-old Glenlivet.

EXCESS • ATLANTIC CITY

By Nick Tamarin

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

Although it plays second fiddle to Las Vegas in America's good-time consciousness, Atlantic City is finally getting its due as a hotbed of debauchery thanks to HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*, the second season of which kicks off this month. But beyond the ability to sin at will, the best reason to visit Atlantic City is the Prohibition-era haunts of the show's main characters, which continue to rock like it's 1929. The place that most evokes the post-Volstead Act years of Steve Buscemi's Nucky Thompson—the television alter ego of gangster-politician Nucky Johnson, the city's de facto king from 1911 until 1941—is the **KNIFE & FORK** (knifeandforkinn.com). Founded as a men's club in 1912, it was the site of whiskey-drenched evenings for major Prohibition players such as Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky and Al Capone. Today visiting high rollers and local politicians stop by to chow down on lobster thermidor (the signature dish) while taking in the dining room's ocean view. Then it's off to a few of the other throwback mainstays on the boardwalk—e.g., the trio listed at right.

TECH • YOUR HEALTH

BODY SHOP

Not surprisingly, there's a piece of technology dedicated to keeping tabs on nearly every part of your body. From head to toe, check out the gear that ensures you won't require spare parts anytime soon—no doctors necessary.



MIND Like Freud, the Zeo Personal Sleep Coach (\$199, myzeo.com) aims to get in your head. Separating deep sleep from fitful sleep, it helps you understand just how much rest you're getting every night.



HEART Meet your new cardiologist: the Withings blood pressure monitor (\$129, withings.com). Designed for the iPhone, the cuff also integrates with Google Health, allowing you to share your daily heart rate with your doctor.



LEGS The ultimate pedometer, Fitbit (\$100, fitbit.com) slips into your pocket and translates steps taken into calories burned and miles traveled. It will then download your mileage wirelessly to your computer.



GUT Also from Withings, the WiFi Body Scale (\$159, withings.com) measures your weight, muscle mass and body mass index and graphs the pounds you've lost or gained on a private website and free iPhone app.

IF YOU SPENT
YEARS TRAPPED
INSIDE THE WALL
OF A BARREL,
YOU'D BE
A LITTLE
INTENSE TOO.

A BOLD, NEW BOURBON WITH FLAVOR
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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

THE DEBT

By Stephen Rebello

The past is dark, twisted and relentless in this political suspense thriller about three honored Mossad agents, played in mid-1960s flashbacks by Sam Worthington, Jessica Chastain and Marton Csokas and, in their 1997 incarnations, by Ciarán Hinds, Helen Mirren and Tom Wilkinson. A remake of a 2007 Israeli movie of the same title, the film revolves around the three operatives' dangerous pursuit of a Nazi butcher long thought dead but living and working in Berlin. "It's a tense movie that creates a sense of panic barely held at bay and characters who are just about to fall off the edge into something terrifying," says director John Madden. "It has lots of action but also a psychological complexity and emotional depth."

DISC-FREE LIFE

STREAM DREAMS

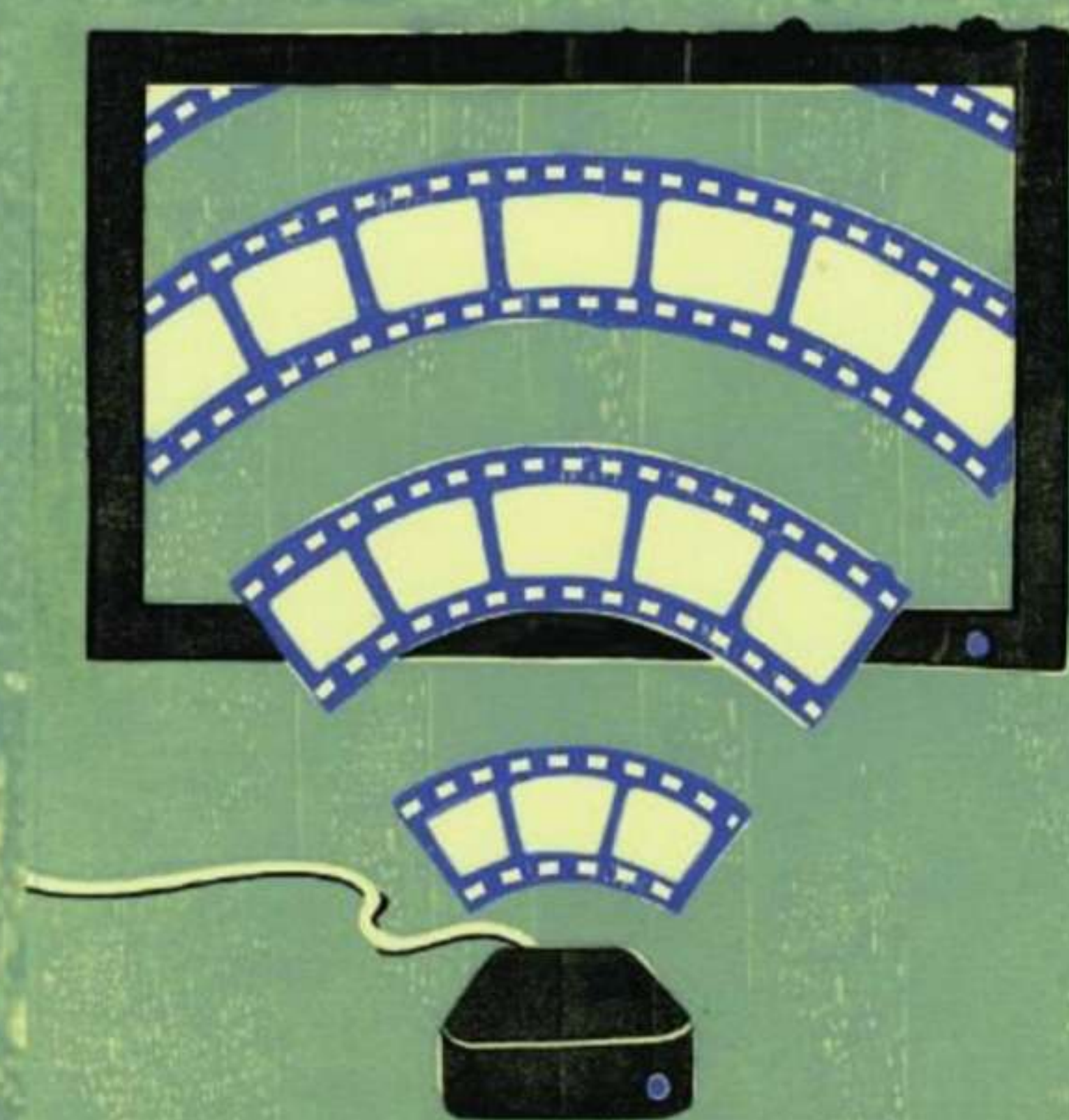
Thanks to online streaming's sudden popularity, the home-video world is doing that paradigm-shift thing again. Why? Streaming a movie can be way more convenient than tromping to a Redbox or waiting for a disc in the mail.

Where do I go to stream?

Your primary options as a streaming viewer—Netflix, iTunes, Amazon, Blockbuster, YouTube, Hulu Plus and Vudu—offer bountiful choices, though each has holes in its catalog that work against any of them being "the choice." The pickings are especially robust among the first four on that list, most of which offer DVD-quality picture and sound as well as a small but growing selection of high-def titles.

So is it all free, like early Napster?

Expect to pay \$3 to \$4 for new film releases, a buck more if you want to see them in high def. TV episodes run \$2 to \$3, less for older selections. Downloading to own costs \$5 to \$20 for films to around \$30 for an entire TV-series season. Netflix and Hulu Plus want to lock you in with a monthly subscription, while iTunes, YouTube, Vudu and others promote by-the-stream usage or ad-supported free usage such as Crackle.



Do I need new gear?

Tapping into the online bounty with your primary television set requires high-speed internet access, as well as a Wi-Fi router if you want to feed the stream wirelessly. Most higher-end HDTVs and Blu-ray players have streaming-service functionality built in, as does the Microsoft Xbox and Sony PS3. If you're not a gamer, try a stand-alone device such as the Apple TV (\$99), one of Roku's three models (\$60 to \$100) or a pricier component with expanded streaming options such as D-Link's Boxee Box (\$199) or Logitech's Revue (\$250).

Cool enough. So what sucks?

Streaming competes directly against the on-demand services that cable and satellite-TV providers offer, and less directly against the movie studios' packaged media. The push-me, pull-you effect delays new releases and underlies various disconnects—HBO is allergic to Netflix; Google won't play ball with Hulu Plus—that rule out one-size-fits-all streaming. You usually have to forgo such disc bonus content as commentaries and featurettes; of significant concern, streaming can also be far more buggy and problematic than disc playback.

Bottom line: Worth a try now, but performance and (especially) options should improve in the years ahead.

—Greg Fagan

BLU-RAY OF THE MONTH

STAR WARS: THE COMPLETE SAGA



That tremor in the Force is the arrival of all six *Star Wars* films on Blu-ray. From the inky black of Darth Vader's helmet to glowing lightsabers

and colorful alien worlds, George Lucas's spacey epic has never looked or sounded better. **Best extras:** An Empire's worth of interviews, featurettes and more. ★★★ —Robert B. DeSalvo



TEASE FRAME

We give **Meredith Giangrande** an A for her intense college-entry exam administered in *Van Wilder: Freshman Year* (pictured). Next she parties like a porn star as Blueberry in *Bucky Larson: Born to Be a Star*.

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WHERE DOWN HOME MEETS DOWNTOWN

A COLOGNE BY TIM MCGRAW



GAME OF THE MONTH
RAGE

By Jason Buhrmester

When it comes to street cred in video games, the high-score holder is John Carmack, the man behind such legendary games as *Wolfenstein*, *Doom* and *Quake*. His latest is *Rage* (360, PC, PS3), a violent shooter set on what's left of Earth after an asteroid collision. As one of the lucky citizens awarded a spot in a life-sustaining pod, you emerge alone to a world overrun with mutants, none of them happy to see you. To survive the mutants and an oppressive military known as the Authority, you'll use weapons such as crossbows, pistols and the wingstick, a deadly boomeranging blade. Creativity is key, and you can customize your dune buggy and build turrets and small bots with scavenged parts. Fight through the wasteland with a buddy in the co-op mode, then take the war online in multiplayer battles, including wild vehicular combat. Carmack is a gaming giant for his graphics, and *Rage* may be the best-looking game this year. This wasteland is gorgeous. 🙃🙃🙃

MUSIC • ALBUM OF THE MONTH

ARCHERS OF LOAF

Here's a new definition of *obscure*: a band that made its network-TV debut 20 years after starting. That's what happened to Archers of Loaf, which re-formed in time for the reissue of its 1993 debut, *Icky Mettle*, and promoted it on NBC's *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*. The music is an unstable racket of pierced guitars and blurred shouts. "There's a chance that things'll get weird," says the first song. Can't say you weren't warned. 🙃🙃🙃

—Rob Tannenbaum



FALL TV PREVIEW

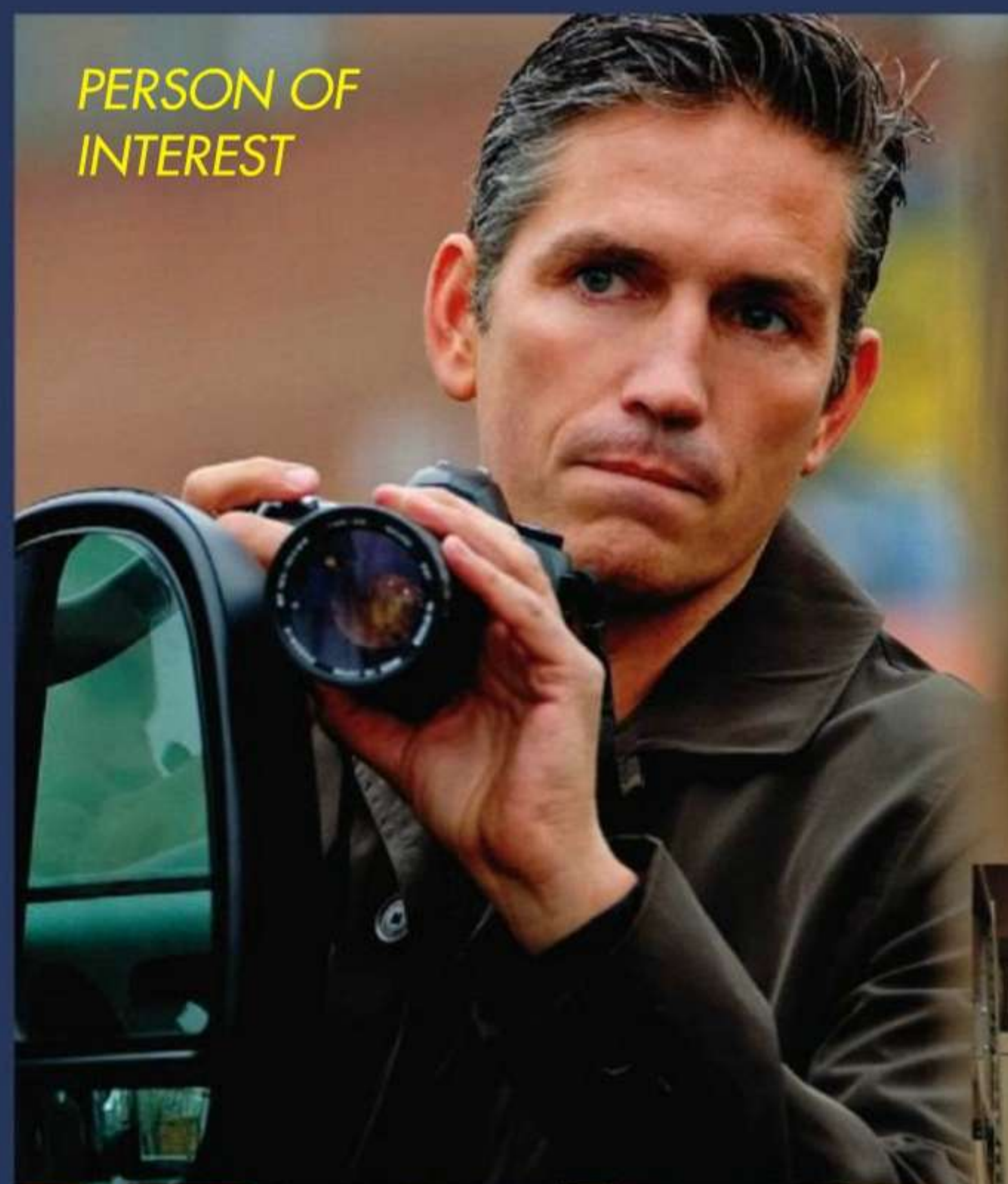
WHAT'S WORTH WATCHING

By Josef Adalian

After a pathetic 2010 season that saw hardly any new hits emerge, the broadcast networks are back at it this fall with a batch of far more promising newcomers—plus the usual turkeys. **DON'T-MISS SHOWS:** Fox's Steven Spielberg-produced *Terra Nova* imagines a world where refugees from the future head back to prehistoric times to start a new civilization. Sounds corny, but the first hour is packed with thrills and plenty of interesting characters. If you prefer to travel to the more recent past, you've got two solid choices: NBC's *The Playboy Club* (a Hef-approved voyage back to the age of the Bunny) or ABC's *Pan Am* (think *Mad Men* meets *The Love Boat* but on a jet). Like mysteries but burned-out on *CSI* and *Law & Order*? J.J. Abrams puts a cool spin on the crime procedural via CBS's *Equalizer*-esque *Person of Interest*, on which Jim Caviezel and *Lost*'s Michael Emerson use a supercomputer to prevent crimes before they happen. Preposterous but somehow compelling. More grounded: NBC's *Prime Suspect*, featuring Maria Bello in the tough detective role made famous by Helen Mirren. Finally, CBS's *2 Broke Girls* is an appealing female buddy comedy that won't make dudes cringe. Much. **DON'T WATCH THESE:** Unless you like your comedies laugh-free and grating, skip Fox's *I Hate My Teenage Daughter* and NBC's *Free Agents*.



PAN AM



PERSON OF INTEREST



2 BROKE GIRLS



PRIME SUSPECT



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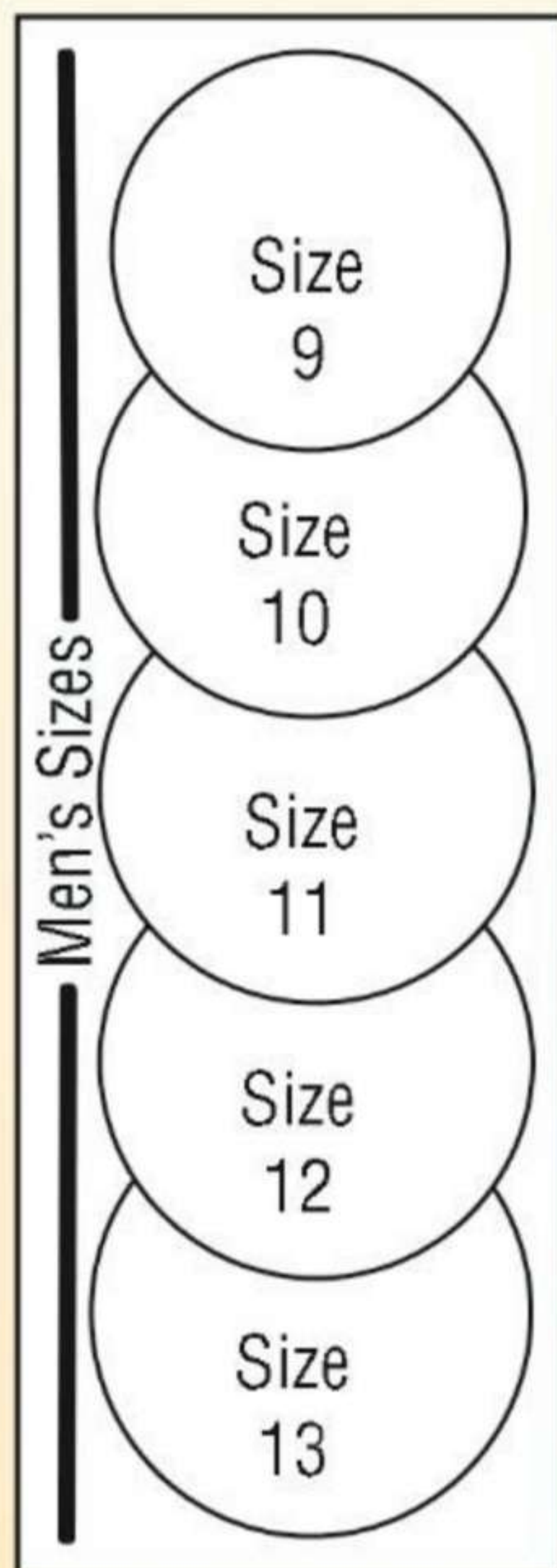
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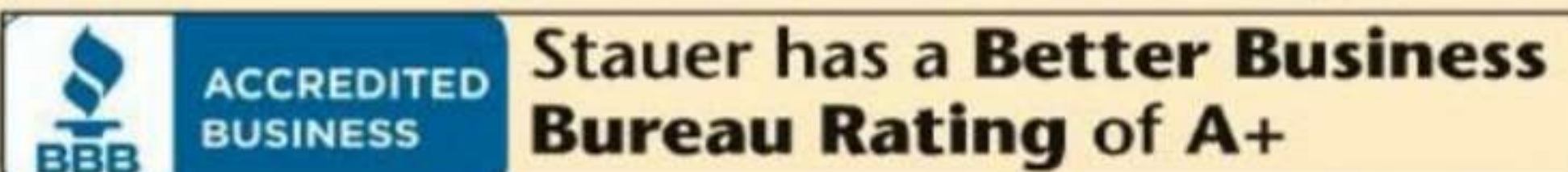
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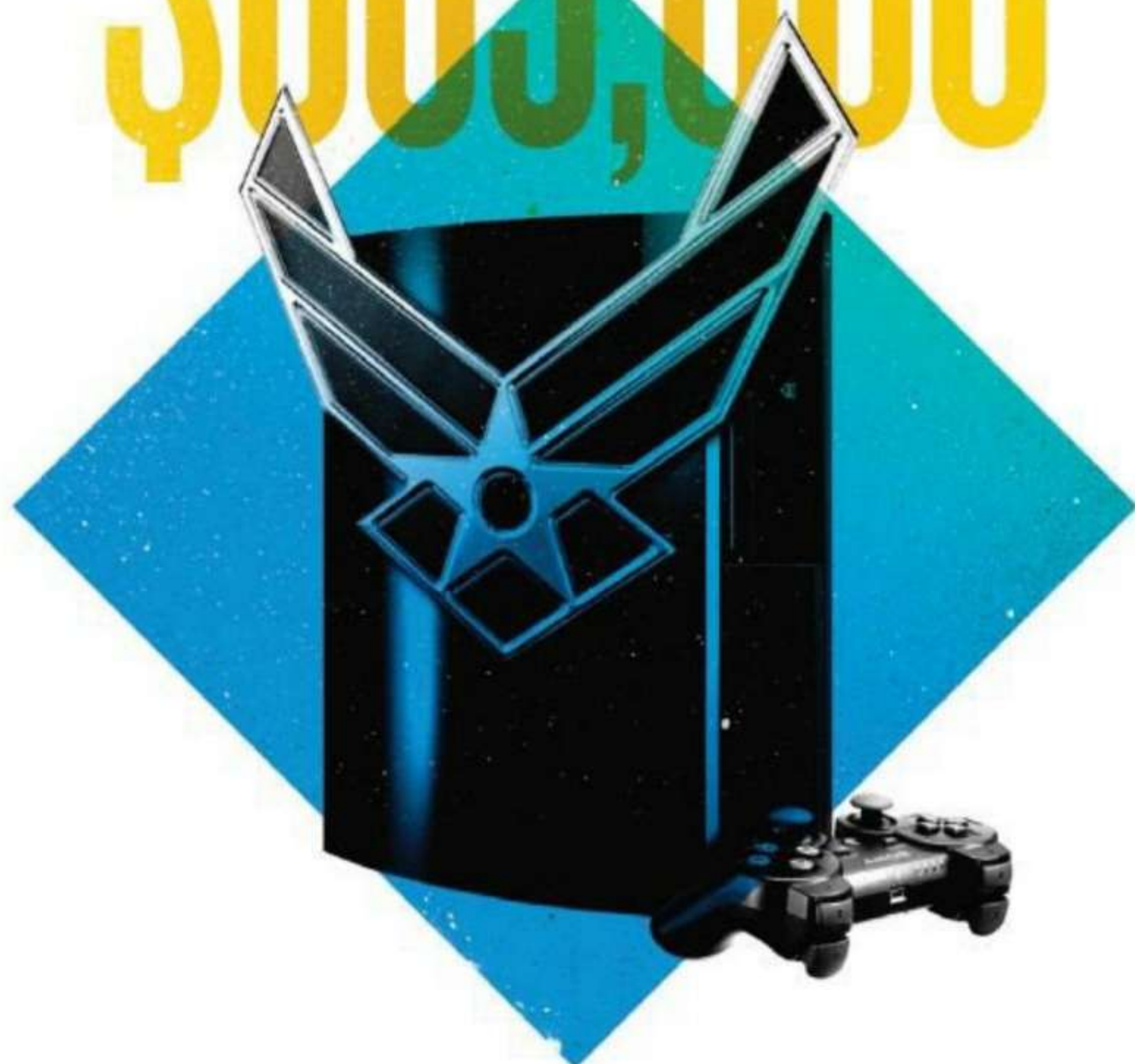


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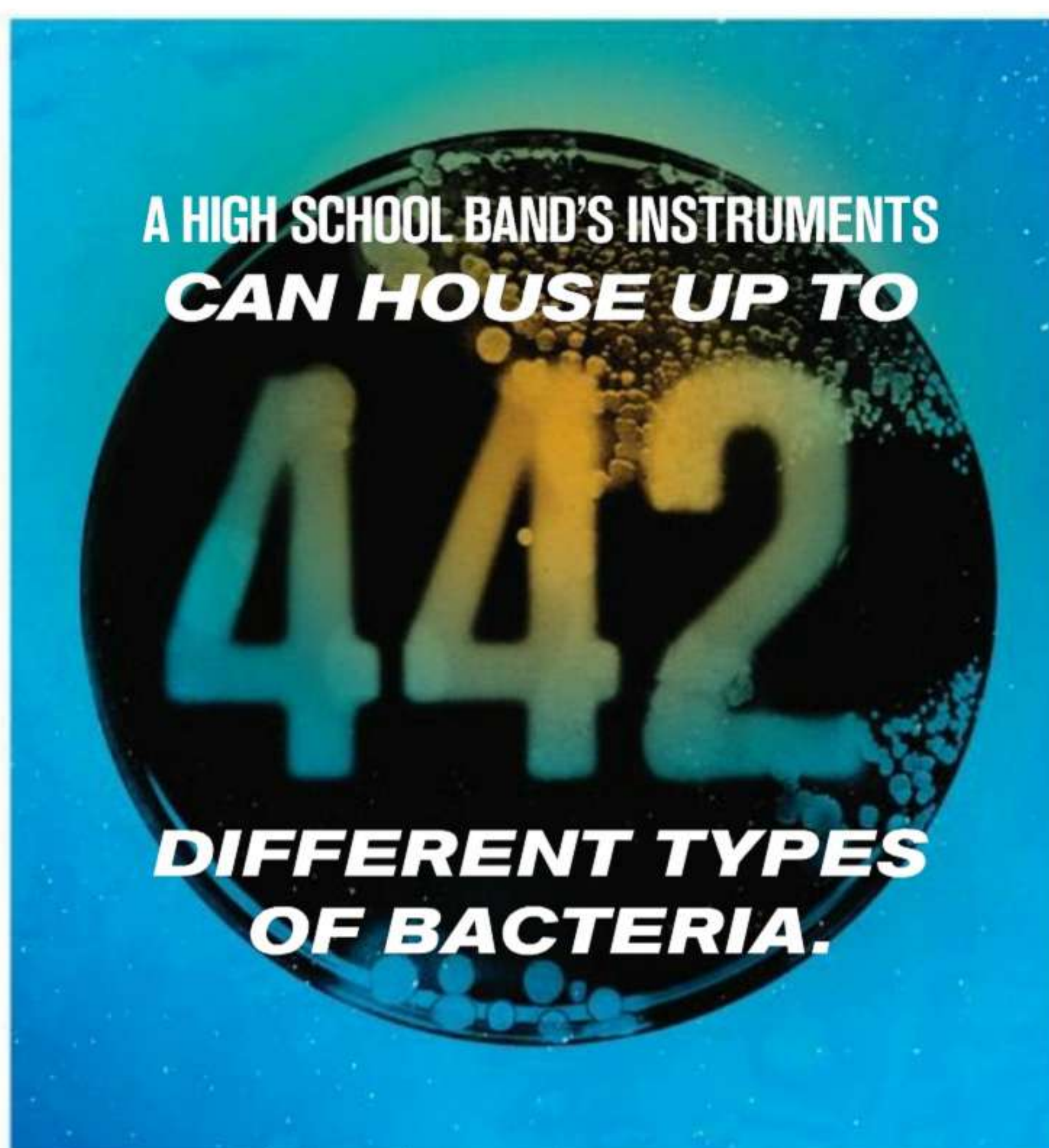


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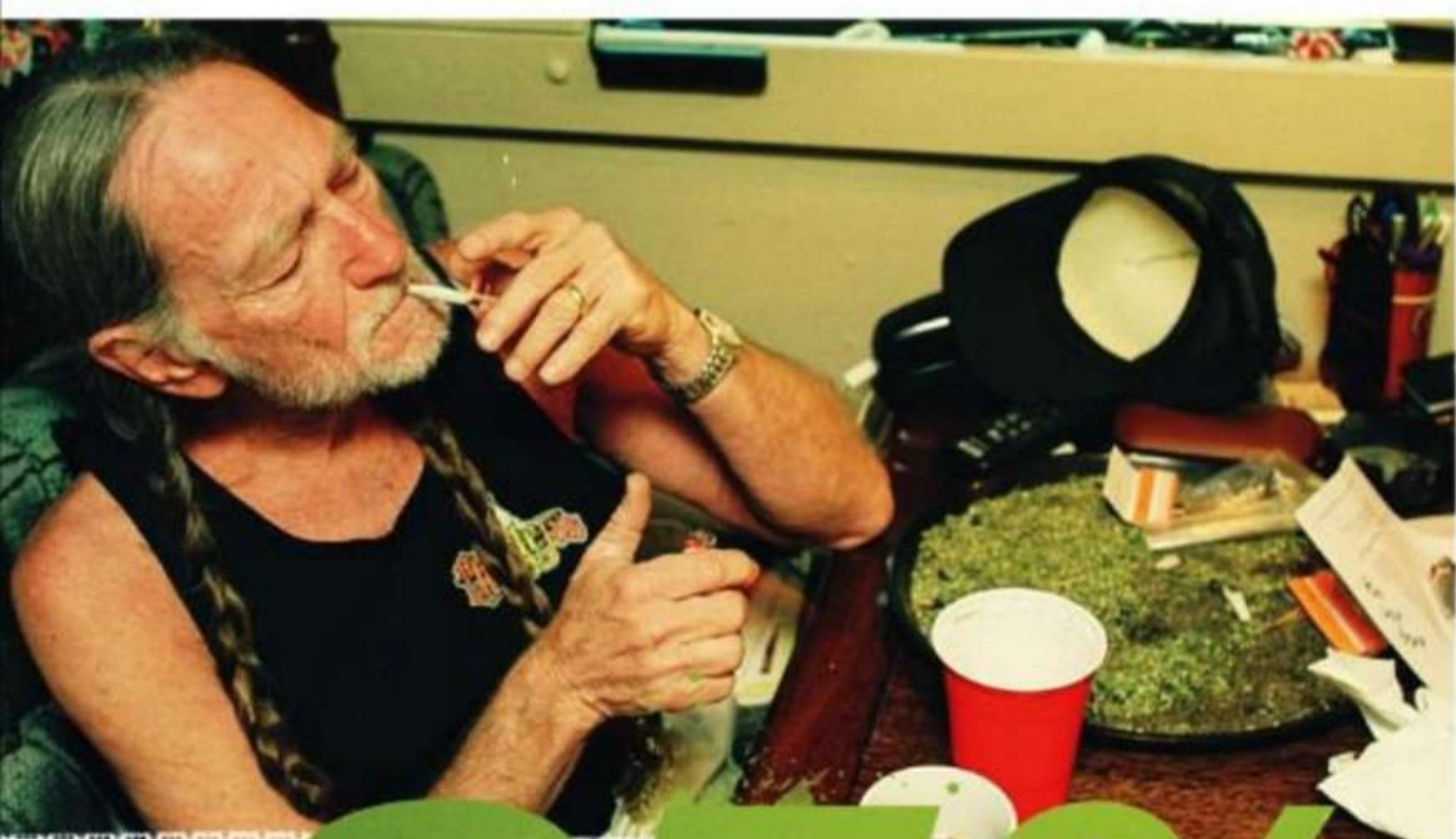
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KILLING MOBY-DICK By Nick Tosches

Like everybody else, I came to Henry Miller through *Tropic of Cancer*. I was about 13, the book had finally been published for the first time in this country, and I boosted a copy of the paperback. It was one of the legendary dirty books, and I had to have it. As I discovered, it wasn't nearly as dirty as my 13-year-old brain, but I loved it, seeing it more and more, as the years passed, for what it was, which was something far more beautiful and freeing than the sum of its delicious dirty words—the “gob of spit in the face of Art,” the “kick in the pants of God” that Miller declared it to be.

Was it a mere man or a demigod in a starlit gutter who had written this book, this key to life and liberation through truth? To find out, I also boosted the September 1964 issue of *PLAYBOY*, with its superb, lengthy interview with Miller.

I made my way through Miller's other books, discovering a soul and voice of

ever-unfolding wonders. I wanted to be a writer, and he and his books inspired me to believe I could be. He was so unlike any writer I had read—a holy illumination that the accepted canon of literature was something to escape from rather than conform to.

One book by Miller I approached with eagerness was *The Books in My Life*. What were the books that influenced a writer who seemed to be without influences? Reading his reflections on the books he held most dear, I found that I had never heard of most of them. And I went on to read none of them. His work had contributed to the strength and courage I needed to make ink of what was within me, and a part of that strength was to know that the books in one life are not the books in another, and one must never feel that they should be.

The books that free us are the books that inform our lives, whether we are writers who write what is worth reading or readers who read what is worth

reading. In this light I now recognize that *Tropic of Cancer* was the first of the important books in my life. This is not to neglect the grade-school picture books that had drawn me into a world that was my true first taste of the magic of books. It is only to acknowledge a novel that opened the watercolor sky of that soft childhood magic to reveal a vaster and deeper magic of dangerous storm-god summonings and transporting lyrical breezes.

As the saying goes with writing or any pursuit: If you can't do it, teach it, and if you can't teach it, criticize it. Miller said, “Criticism means nothing: What one wants is unrestrained passion, fire for fire.” We must close our eyes and ears to all who can't do it, for they are the prison guards.

How long did I suffer through insecurity and indoctrination under the intimidation of these prison guards? Too long. The great American novel was *Moby-Dick*. This was a fundamental precept of literary penology. Yet, try as I did, and as much as I was drawn to Melville and the impossible task he had set himself, I could not read, let alone derive anything of meaning from, this great noble failure of a book. Ultimately I came to feel that prison reform was futile. The guards must be disposed of, the prison torn down. Everyone must discover his own *Moby-Dick*, his own Book of Revelation—not to emulate but to use as dynamite to blow one's way to freedom.

My *Moby-Dick* came to me not long after *Tropic of Cancer* came to me. That book, which woke me and freed me and inspired me, was *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, by Hubert Selby Jr. I was 15 years old, and I knew that if Selby could write what he wrote about in the way he wrote about it, then I could write about what I could write about in the way I could write about it.

Within four years I was writing for money. And I was reading for real, far afield from the prison library whose shelves are stocked by those who cannot do. I want to talk about some of those books, and I will. For the books that give one the strength and courage to write are also the books that give to all the strength and courage to live to the fullest. So I will return to the books in my life, to prison walls and strange explosives, in a column to come.

For now I want to say only that I wish there were for me more books like the two I've mentioned here, like the ones I will talk about later. But I have come to feel that there are not and there will not be. Maybe some books are like our first few loves—romances enhanced by memory, to be relived but never to be regained.

Giovanni was the best I ever had. A handsome, fiery Latino, Giovanni knew when to take it slow and when to rev the engine to get me where I needed to go.

Giovanni was, of course, my driver. That hunky Hispanic knew exactly what I liked—the air-conditioning on 72, my venti decaf latte hot and my pickup time 10 minutes early. Plus he knew his way around New York like Bill Maher knows his way around the Playboy Mansion.

So, as a single woman of roughly Giovanni's age, I couldn't help but wonder if Giovanni could be the man of my dreams. Then I remembered the old adage: Don't shit where you eat. If I were to date or even make out with Giovanni once, the balance of power would fly out the rear power window and mass confusion would reign. Would I get to yell at him about his driving as if we were in a real relationship? After we hooked up, would I have to sit in the front seat instead of the back?

As a single person, I had met men everywhere: comedy clubs where I worked, hotels where I'd stayed, the Waffle House (don't ask; the smell of maple syrup still makes me horny). Certain places are great when it comes to meeting persons of the opposite sex. But there are places where you're not only going to strike out, you're going to look as foolish as Anthony Weiner with a cell phone.

Bars and nightclubs are the traditional places to search for a significant other because they have the two things essential for an easy hookup: dim lighting and booze. A bar with the proper combination of those two can have you getting down and dirty with a Megan Fox look-alike faster than Arnold Schwarzenegger hopping on a housekeeper. The problem with those hookups, however, is that once the Jäger wears off, Megan Fox usually looks a lot more like Redd Foxx.

So what about those places that are normally frowned upon when looking for love? Take work, for example.

One good thing about an office romance is that it's high risk, high reward. You know the company president's hot blonde secretary is off-limits. But when you're nailing her on his desk after hours, there is no better power-point presentation.

Alcoholics Anonymous is another place they tell you not to hook up. I disagree. Other than the pope, only a loser stays sober and abstinent. Plus, if you're in AA, you can't drink, so bar hookups are off the table. Even if you have the willpower to hang out in a bar, you're not picking up anybody after they see you drinking O'Doul's. That's like trying to seduce a chick at a PETA rally while wearing a chinchilla parka.



WHERE TO MEET THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS OR NIGHTMARES

BY LISA LAMPANELLI

The riskiest place to attempt a sexual conquest is a family reunion. (If you live below the Mason-Dixon line, you can stop reading here.) Everyone knows dating a second or third cousin is okay—creepy and desperate maybe, but okay. But when you start screwing first cousins or closer, you can guarantee the offspring will end up on an episode of *Jerry Springer*, appear on *Dog the Bounty Hunter* or become a member of the Westboro Baptist Church—or all three (this is commonly known as the white-trash trifecta).

If you live in an apartment building, knocking boots with someone is as easy as knocking on the door. Screw Domino's! You can have something hot and tasty delivered to your door in 30 seconds or less. But be careful. If things turn sour, a potential stalker is only a few flights of stairs, an elevator ride or a fire escape away. Boiled bunny, anyone?

Funerals are great formal mixers because the women need consoling and everyone looks better in black. At a funeral, a woman's defenses are down and it's only a matter of time before you go all Seal Team 6 down her panties. No need to feel guilty, either. You know what they say: One life ends, another one

begins. It's the circle of life, Simba!

The emergency ward of your local hospital is a terrific pickup joint. She's sick, she's disoriented, she's woozy from Percocet. What better time to ask a lady on a date? Of course she'll say yes, probably because she's so wasted she thinks you're asking if she'd like a chocolate-covered unicorn.

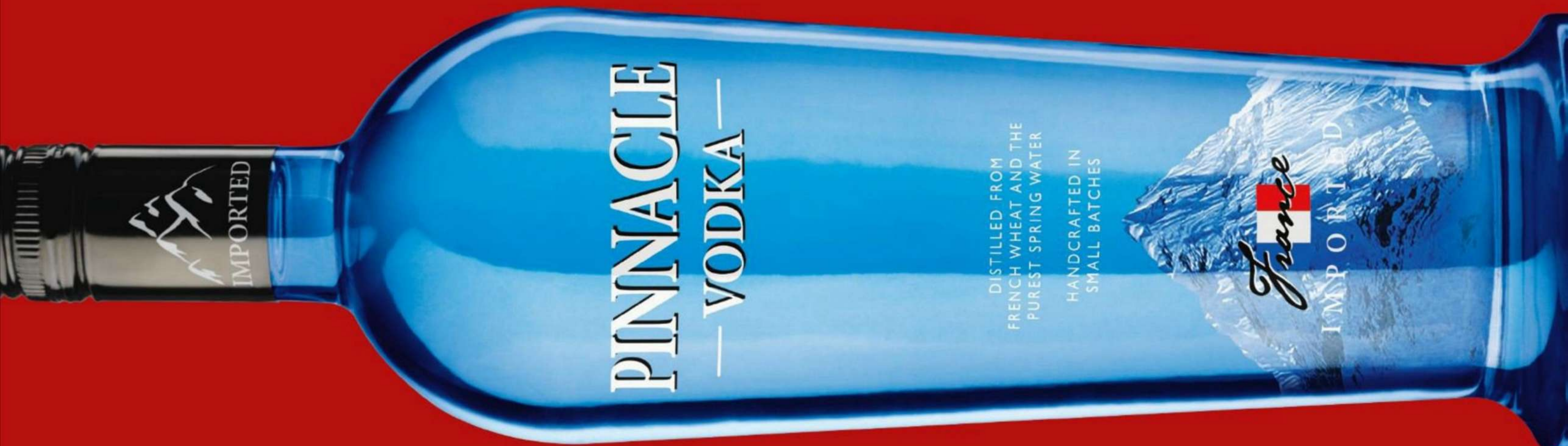
In my opinion, the best captive audience is at the DMV. You already look good because you're getting a new photo, and if you can make a girl laugh after she's been standing in line for four hours, you two will bond like you're on the bow of the *Titanic*.

Of course, you get to the DMV only once every four years, so you may have to look for love in the least appropriate of places.

When it came to my driver Giovanni, I decided to move on. Sure, it's fun to have a hot guy to make out with, but it's way harder to find one who'll drive you around and get your coffee order right. Besides, no one should have to choose between true love and a little extra legroom.



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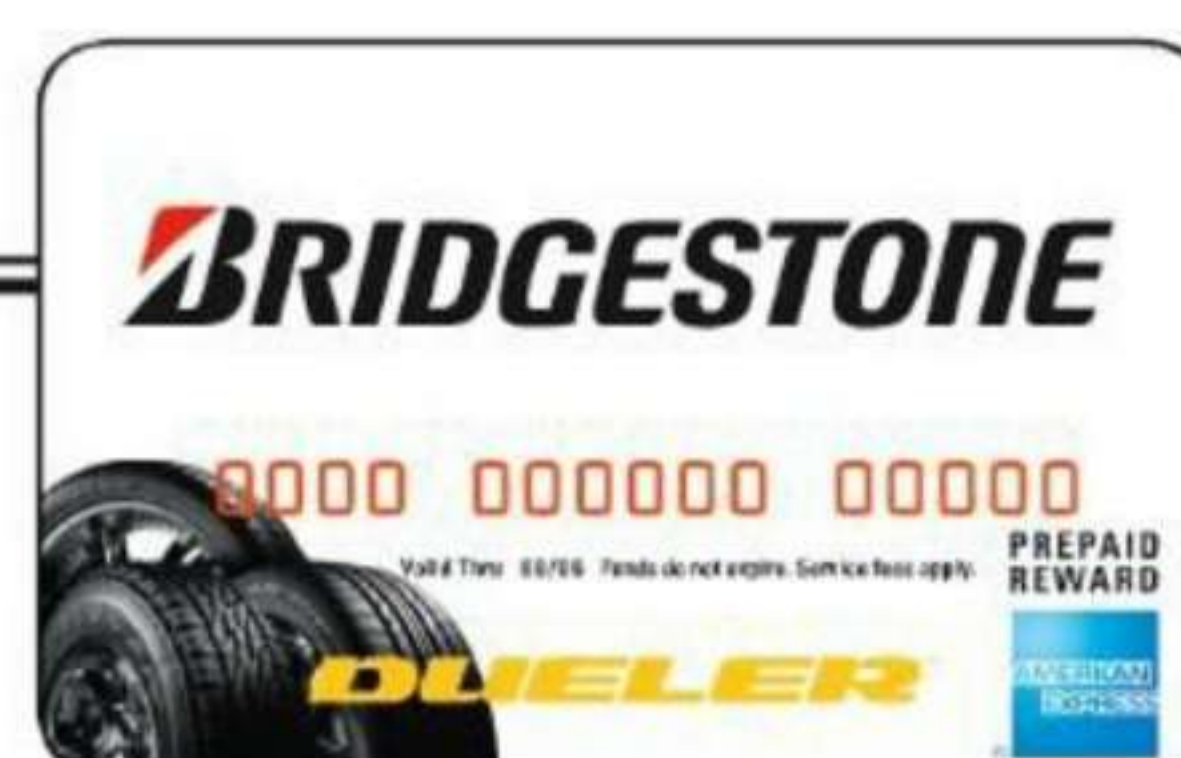
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before you hear the engine's thunder. The package sits on 20-inch lightweight forged-alloy Vulcan wheels with wide Pirelli PZero tires. We went driving (and drifting) in an XKR-S with Mike Cross, Jaguar's chief development engineer. "Every response delay has been minimized in order to give the car a more connected feel," said a wide-eyed Cross, a man not easily pleased. The XKR-S is priced in Bentley territory. But if looks could kill, this Jag's a murderer.



The Rum Diary

To properly toast 100 years of quality rum making, Ron Abuelo, the most popular rum brand in Panama, recently unveiled its limited-batch Centuria (\$130, ronabuelorum.com). Aged in white oak barrels for up to 30 years and packaged in a custom-made wooden box for the seasoned rum drinker, Centuria is a blend of the company's finest rums using its oldest reserves. Though certainly welcome as the luxe marvel of a mixed drink, it is best served neat and sipped slowly.

Bring the Noise

Marshall stacks have been a formidable force in live music since the birth of arena rock. The amplifier giant recently unleashed its Major headphones (\$119, marshallheadphones.com), which are designed to swaddle you in sound for as long as you can handle. Better still, the exterior of the headband bears the same texture and black grittiness as Marshall's signature amps.



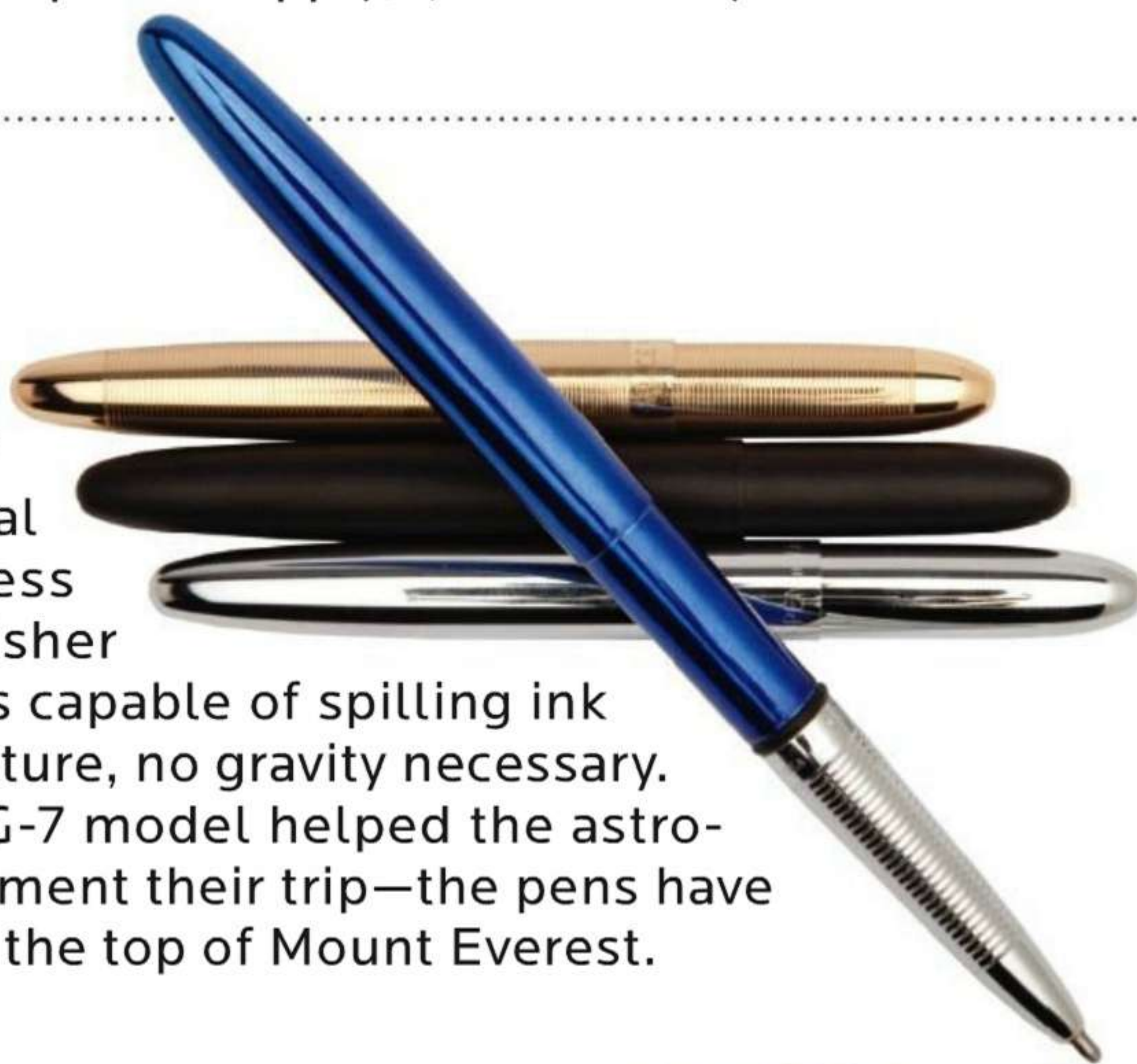


Rise and Shine

Maybe it's nostalgia talking, but the GE Emerson alarm clocks of yore look better on nightstands than any of their modern counterparts. Designer Jonas Damon has created a beechwood alarm dock (\$40, areaware.com) for your iPhone that replicates the earlier aesthetic to a tee, digital display and all, with the help of the Flip Clock app (\$1, itunes.com).

Pens in Space

Jot this down: From the boardroom to the bottom of the ocean to the International Space Station, the timeless line of space pens from Fisher (from \$4, spacepen.com) is capable of spilling ink at any elevation or temperature, no gravity necessary. A favorite of NASA—the AG-7 model helped the astronauts aboard *Apollo 7* document their trip—the pens have also withstood a journey to the top of Mount Everest.



In the Pocket

Few things are closer to you than your wallet. You take it everywhere you go. It holds your money, your identity, your secrets. The Bill Folder from Austrian company Hard Graft (\$129, hardgraft.com) is crafted of a single piece of Italian leather carefully folded and stitched so it will hold six credit cards and your cash. Now, that's money.



Leave It All on the Table

After debuting at the Milan furniture fair in 2008, 11, the foosball table for superrich soccer superfans (the black-and-white table at left starts around \$69,000, 11thegame.com), has gone into limited production worldwide. According to its Dutch manufacturer, the table's grand curvature is a reflection of the architecture of 21st century European sports stadiums. (A replica of the Metrodome it ain't.) The chromed metal players and modern handles round out the post-modern design. Each table, resembling a futuristic bathtub, is handcrafted—as a result, the average delivery time is about three months. The goals illuminate with each score, and your overall tally is also kept by light. Interested parties beware: Only sophisticated foosballers need apply.



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Why, when a woman claims to want sex with no strings attached, does it somehow never work out that way?—C.D., Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Because we're highly advanced, social animals. The stereotype is that women are more easily attached than men and therefore can't as readily have casual sex, no matter what they claim beforehand. But based on the letters we receive, it works both ways. Sometimes love leads to sex, and sometimes sex leads to love. Sex without strings isn't easy to achieve because your brain fights it. The chemicals released during arousal and orgasm include some that work to bind a couple together. That's because both partners' bodies are getting signals that the potential for insemination exists, and nature wants you to stick around to raise any new life that results. This appears to occur even in postmenopausal women and couples who use contraceptives—the highly efficient modern varieties haven't been around long enough for our brains to adapt to their existence. So while people can and do have casual sex, the strings are always there and may knot together no matter what rational agreements exist.

I've always had a sensitive penis, which is great during masturbation but not so much during sex. When I received my first blow job, something happened neither of us expected—I began to urinate when she stimulated the tip of the head. When she asked, "Did you pee in my mouth?" I was embarrassed. Since then I've had little confidence. Years ago I tried an experiment: I masturbated over the bathroom sink and rubbed the tip of my penis with the palm of my hand. The sensation was so extreme I nearly fainted, but I also urinated. What causes this? What is it called? And how will I ever be able to have sex with a woman without disgusting her?—S.K., Dallas, Texas

We'd heard of orgasm-induced incontinence but nothing of the sort that occurs with stimulation of the urethral opening. In 1984 two Japanese researchers found that squeezing the glans, or head, of the penis suppresses the contraction of the bladder, i.e., it keeps you from peeing, probably because nerves in the head connect to the pudendal nerve, which controls the urethral sphincter nearest the bladder. The problem you're having would seem to explain why this reflex evolved. So your signals could be crossed. Dr. Ross Rames, an associate professor of urology at the Medical University of South Carolina, notes some mammals use the reflexive release of urine with

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



TOMER HANUKA

I'm very ticklish, especially on my groin. When my husband begins kissing me there I laugh and lose focus. I don't want to ask him to stop. What can I do?—G.M., Los Angeles, California

*In our experience, you can't tickle a highly aroused woman. Your husband needs to kiss you everywhere else, including your clit, until you're sufficiently wet. That's what a nice guy would do. A naughty guy would use this knowledge to his wicked advantage. In his book *Erotic Tickling*, Michael Moran suggests teasing your partner's inner thighs with long, sweeping strokes of the fingertips or a feather, beginning close to the knees and ending just short of the groin. "This will keep the ticklee wondering when the strokes will elongate to include brushing against the genitals," Moran explains. He also addresses the issue of extreme ticklishness. "The first order of business is relaxation," he writes. Your husband can accomplish that with a massage that includes your inner thighs and groin. "Gentle massage will quiet the nerve endings, and after a while you can try a light caress," Moran says. Can you ask your husband to let us know how it goes?*

genital stimulation to get their newborns to void. "Remnants of that reflex may impact some humans, though I've seen this primarily in men after their prostates have been removed to treat cancer," he says. "Sometimes even the sight of an attractive woman is enough to trigger urine loss in an otherwise continent man." Treatments, he says, include certain decongestants and antidepressants. Another more likely possibility is that the stimulation of the urethral

opening is causing you to release urine that has pooled in the bulbar urethra, located above your scrotum. Before sex, try "double voiding," a technique also useful for men who have urine escape after they leave the urinal. A few moments after you stop peeing, place the fingertips of one hand under the scrotum. While keeping the pressure at the midline, gently but firmly move your fingers toward the base of the penis. Repeat once or twice and you should then be able to expel the renegade pee.

What is the proper way to care for leather shoes? My brother says you should wait three days between wearings so the leather can "rejuvenate." He also says shoes should be polished monthly. He has one pair he claims is eight years old, and they look great. Is there any truth to this?—D.A., Highland Park, Illinois

Makes you want to walk a mile in his shoes, right? Leather shoes, if properly cared for and resoled, can last decades. Some men argue that you should never wear shoes two days in a row so they can regain their relaxed shape after bearing your weight; we suppose that can't hurt. A good shine once a month sounds about right to keep the leather flexible. Cream or paste polishes are better for this because they soak into the leather, though they won't cover scuffs or make the shoe shine as well as wax. Use a cotton swab to get into seams and creases. Top it off with mink oil or a water-based repellent to seal against the elements. If your shoes get wet, let them dry naturally rather than from a heat source, which can crack the leather. Use shoe trees so the leather will keep its form and a shoehorn to keep the back heels from breaking down. Some men have their cobbler add nylon toe and heel taps to save their soles.

I bought a jelq device (the thing with a handle and rollers) for enlarging my penis, but it didn't come with directions. I get the general idea: You place your penis between the rollers and push toward the head. Are the rollers supposed to move?—J.H., Atlanta, Georgia

No. But it hardly matters, because making cock taffy won't add inches. The idea behind jelqing, a.k.a. milking, is that if you tug on your penis enough, it will become significantly longer. How does this occur? The explanation offered by the hucksters who sell the devices and how-to books online is a fantastical version of a concept known as tensegrity. In biology it refers to the ability to change the structure of cells by mechanically altering the tensions that stabilize

their shape and size. The claim here is that if you force more blood into the penis's spongy chambers, the cells will accept more blood or break down, prompting the body to rebuild them stronger and larger. Of course there have been precisely zero studies to test this premise, and even if it's valid, it's hard to believe anyone has seen significant growth in their size or confidence. You'd do better to practice Kegel exercises by squeezing as if stopping the flow of urine, which will strengthen the muscles that put the hard in hard-on. No guy wants to hear this, but there is no sane or scientifically proven method to increase your (most likely totally normal and sufficient) size.

I enjoy a good cigar and pick up a stick or two at a time. I just returned from the Caribbean with a box, so I bought my first humidor. The cigars don't seem to age well in cellophane. Should I remove the wrappers?—A.F., Minnetonka, Minnesota

That's our practice. The cellophane prevents damage during transport, including from insects. But once you have the cigars safely inside a humidor, gently remove the wrappers and let the magic box do its thing. Aaron Sigmond, co-author of *Playboy: The Book of Cigars*, points out that some smokers keep the wrappers on because they fear the oils from naked cigars will intermix and give them all the same homogenous (dull) taste, but that's a risk only if you're not smoking them.

I noted with amusement in the July column that Carolyn Evans, author of *Forty Beads*, felt she wouldn't have the stamina to give her husband 40 straight nights of sex for his 40th birthday. On my 60th birthday I suggested to my wife that she give me 60 straight nights of sex. As I write this, we're well past 800.—R.W., Alpine, California

What a gift! You know you're having great sex when you lose count.

I've been married nine years. My husband was a virgin, so I knew he might want to have sex with other women. I'm okay with that and even join in. A few months ago he told me he doesn't want to be married anymore, though he still wants to live with me. The big issue, he says, is that he doesn't want to answer to anyone; in particular he hates feeling obligated to call if he'll be late or won't be home till morning. If I don't have a problem with him going out, having a good time and sleeping with other women as long as he shares them with me once in a while, why can't our marriage work?—H.M., Seattle, Washington

It can work, but only if you both agree on the ground rules. Your husband is suggesting polyamory—you are together but each have lovers your partner may not know about—but his plan lacks the courtesy even roommates extend to one another. If your husband yearns for freedom, he needs to move out. In fact, that's probably the only way to resolve this conflict. After living on his own, he may understand how good he had it. Not having anyone who cares where you are or when you'll return is okay in the short term but leads to the

worst kind of loneliness. If he doesn't return, well, you did what you could. Asking your husband to check in before he spends the night with another woman is a reasonable request.

I was watching two classic movies starring gentlemen I admire for their cool bravado. In *Las Vegas Story* (1952), Victor Mature wears a button-down collar with a double-breasted suit. In *Ocean's Eleven* (1960), Dean Martin wears a button-down collar with a tux. Are these cinematic sartorial faux pas?—S.G., New York, New York

Yes, unless you happen to be Victor Mature, Dean Martin, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire or another of the classic dressers who managed to make anything look okay—though they often had button-downs with wider collars and longer points than you see today. If you don't have big-screen charisma, avoid the combination. Button-down collars, which Brooks Brothers introduced in the U.S. in 1896, create the most casual look possible in a dress shirt, so they're not well matched with the most formal of suit jackets. (The button-down was designed after the collars British polo players wore to keep the points from flapping during matches.) Button-downs work with an everyday suit or sports jacket, i.e., the kind you wear before dinnertime. Keep in mind that the longer your face, the shorter the points should be and that a button-down collar may sag as the day goes on, which can look sloppy.

My girlfriend and I like to drink beer during sex. While kissing, I might pass her a mouthful of beer or vice versa. Before going down on her I take a gulp, place my lips around her pussy and force the beer into her. She says she likes the cooling and filling sensation. The beer comes back to me, twofold it seems, and sometimes I share it with her. We do this often. She has had no ill effects, but could this alcohol douche cause problems? We would hate to give it up, but I love her too much to chance hurting her.—C.W., Orlando, Florida

We suggest a pint of caution. Any liquid inserted into the vagina may upset the carefully balanced, slightly acidic environment that keeps yeast infections at bay. (A poster at OKCupid put it well: "The vagina is not a Super Bowl party.") The yeast feasts on sugar, so it's especially risky to introduce sweet liquids. Further, over time, alcohol can damage the delicate tissue of the vaginal walls. Finally, be careful about blowing into the vagina, because there is a remote risk of causing an embolism. As you can see, the Advisor is the life of the party.

I read that anything you post online remains there forever and can be recovered by people with the know-how. I uploaded a photo of my wife to a swingers site. Could it resurface years from now to haunt me? Can a hacker retrieve it, or is only the FBI capable of that? How would they search for it if no name is attached?—M.T., Phoenix, Arizona

It's going to haunt you? How about your wife? We hope she's a swinger. We also hope

she knows you posted the image, because if not, hackers and G-men will be the least of your worries. Given the quickening development of facial-recognition technology, we can imagine a day not so far away when consumers will be able to search online for every instance of a particular mug. One fact may delay that reckoning for your wife: If she's smiling, it is harder for current technology to make a match (which explains why some DMVs have a "no-smile" policy—it makes it easier to ferret out drivers who have multiple licenses). Someday people may feel it necessary to post only images that include what has been called "expressive interference," i.e., wild makeup, hair styling and other modifications designed to prevent recognition. In the meantime we should all recognize the immediate lesson: As with vagina keggers, be cautious about what you unleash into the void.

When eating olives, what is the polite way to dispose of the pits?—L.H., Indianapolis, Indiana

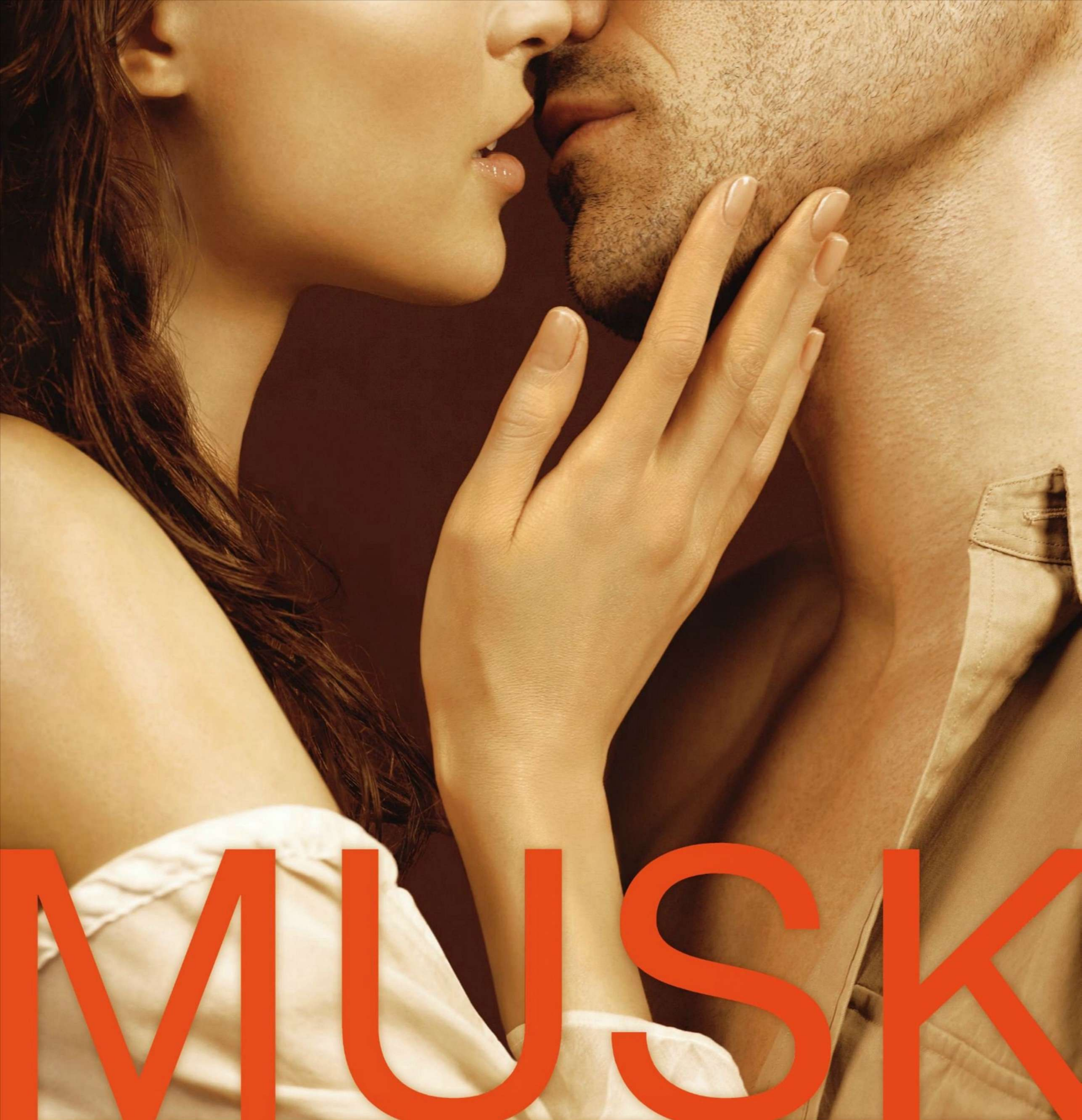
Don't go for distance. The traditional rule is that anything you place in your mouth that's inedible comes out the same way. If you are using a fork to eat a salad that has olives with pits, also use your fork to remove each pit, which you can place back on your plate, on the bread plate or, ideally, in the small dish the host has set out for the purpose. If you are eating olives with your fingers, remove the pit from your mouth with your fingers. These moves are discreet because all a casual observer notices is you apparently taking another bite or having another olive.

I am 28 and attracted to a woman 20 years older. There are two problems: (1) I'm afraid she won't take me seriously because of the age difference, and (2) my divorced father also likes her. How do I proceed in wooing her without offending him? And how can I approach her so she knows I'm sincere about having a physical relationship with her?—M.H., Berlin, New Hampshire

Should you outmaneuver him, we suspect your father will feel a certain pride, because he'll assume you learned your seduction skills from him (where else?). That should temper any hard feelings. Besides, the woman in question is capable of deciding for herself whom she wants to sleep with. You always face the risk of rejection, but we're not sure why she'd find you insincere, especially if she's an experienced cougar. At the least she'll be flattered, and at best she'll be flattered while fucking you.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the *Playboy Advisor*, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. For updates, visit playboyadvisor.com or follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.





JÖVAN

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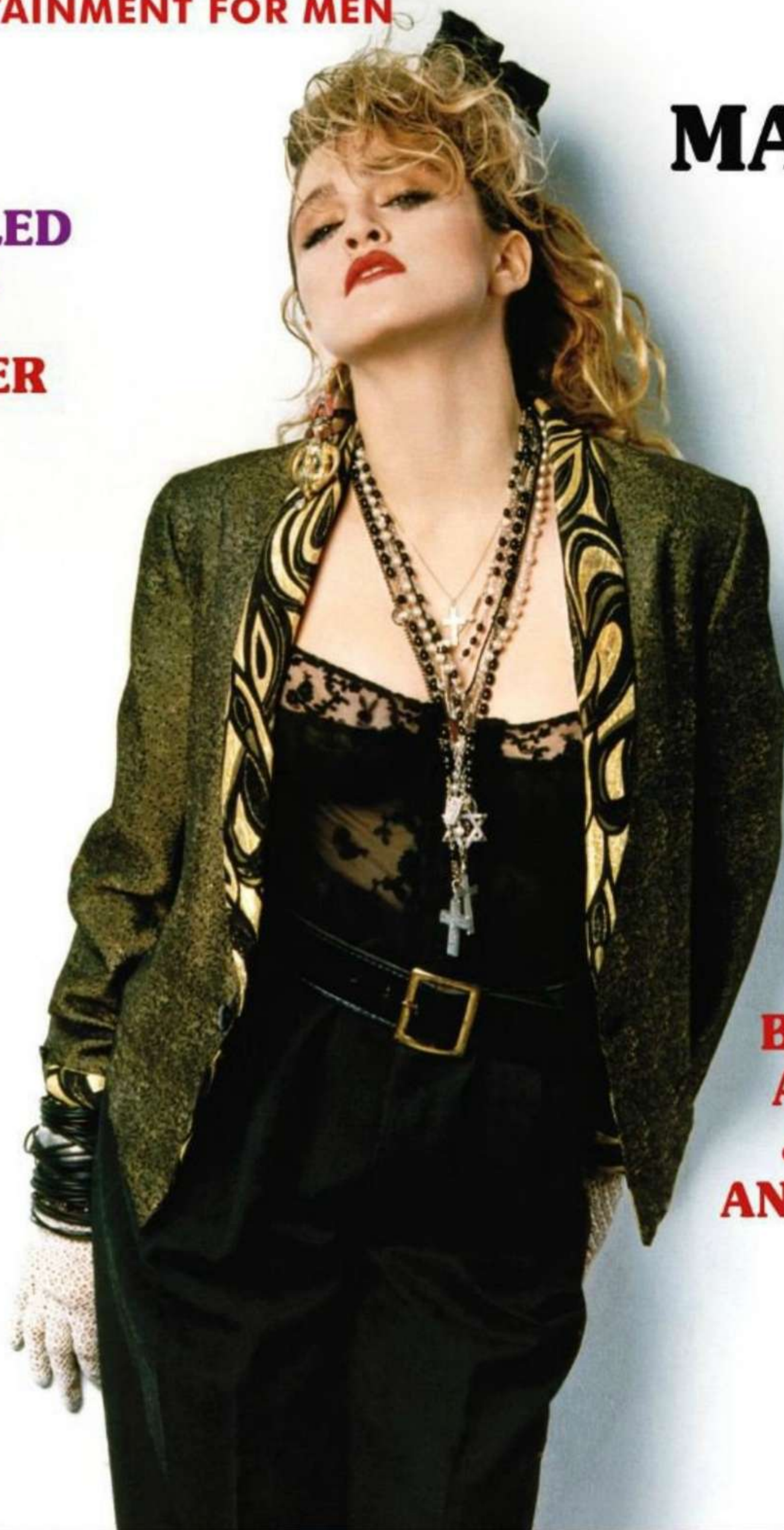


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEVE BUSCEMI

A candid conversation with the Boardwalk Empire star about his days as a stand-up comic, working with Scorsese and Tarantino and his hilariously awkward first kiss

He's been beaten up, shot in the face, betrayed by a hooker ("Well, the little guy, he was kind of funny-looking.... He wasn't circumcised") and fed into a wood chipper—and that was all in *Fargo*, one of 100-plus roles in his quarter-century-long movie career. He's had his skull fractured in a bus crash, gotten hit by a car and been slashed in a bar fight—all in real life. Now everybody's favorite quirky character actor stars on *Boardwalk Empire*, HBO's bid to make a new epic worthy of the bandwidth that brought you *The Sopranos* and *The Wire*. As Enoch "Nucky" Thompson, Steve Buscemi has found a role to sink his snaggly teeth into for the next year or three, an intense, sometimes creepy character who rules the underworld of Atlantic City in the crooked days of Prohibition.

At 53 Buscemi has slithered through several incarnations on his way to a very modern sort of stardom. Long before there was a website devoted to his buggy, unforgettable eyes or a Golden Globe for best actor on his mantel, Buscemi was a Brooklyn kid with a taste for cinematic tough guys—he couldn't peel those bug eyes off the TV when Bogart or Cagney pulled the trigger. Unfortunately, he had no clue how a guy becomes an actor. Buscemi's hardworking father had a back-breaking job with the city, his mom worked at a restaurant, and skinny boy Steve was so shy that the thought of kissing a girl practically gave him a

panic attack. How he got from there to *Reservoir Dogs*, *Pulp Fiction*, *Fargo*, *Con Air*, *The Big Lebowski*, *Armageddon* and a dozen other indelible pictures on his way to *Boardwalk Empire* is one of the more oddball career stories you'll ever hear. For one thing, he used money provided by the city of New York to get his start in acting. He flopped as a comedian, took lousy jobs to pay the rent on a lousy apartment and finally broke through as a gun-toting crook named Mr. Pink. The rest is a strange slice of Hollywood history—with a happy ending back where he began. Today Buscemi lives in Park Slope, Brooklyn with his wife, Jo Andres, a conceptual artist. They have a 20-year-old son, Lucian. When they met, Andres was the more famous one, a choreographer and experimental filmmaker known for her work in New York's avant-garde scene in the 1980s. Now she's often called Mrs. Buscemi. Andres takes that with deadpan humor, once calling herself "president of the chopped liver club."

We sent **Kevin Cook** to meet Buscemi at a bar on New York's West Side. Cook is something of an expert on tough guys; he's also written a book about America's greatest con man, *Titanic Thompson: The Man Who Bet on Everything*. "I've followed Buscemi since *Reservoir Dogs*," Cook says. "In fact, Quentin Tarantino showed me a rough of the film before it came out, way back in 1992. He pointed to Buscemi on the

screen and said, 'That guy beat me out of a part I wrote for myself!' Buscemi was almost unknown at the time, but he was so good that Tarantino stepped aside and gave him the role that got his career going full-speed.

"He showed up alone for our talk at a pub on Hudson Street—no publicist or entourage, just Buscemi in a plain brown shirt, a patch of graying stubble on his chin, squinting in noonday sun that made him shield his sunken eyes. 'How ya doin'?' I'm Steve,' he said. After a quick handshake we ducked inside."

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, is it pronounced Bu-semmy, or is it Steve Bu-shemmy?

BUSCEMI: I say Bu-semmy. I don't mind Bu-shemmy, though. That's the correct Sicilian pronunciation, from the old country. That's probably the way it was originally. But I grew up in Brooklyn and Valley Stream, New York, and we said Bu-semmy. That's what we say in my house, but I'll answer to either one.

PLAYBOY: People get confused about it.

BUSCEMI: They do. A woman called my hotel one time, asking for me, and the clerk kept correcting her. "You mean Mr. Bu-shemmy," he said. "It's pronounced Bu-shemmy." Finally she said, "Can I just talk to my husband?"



"There wasn't much crossover between the jocks and the theater kids at my high school, and I was with the jocks. I played soccer and wrestled. But by senior year, I didn't care what anybody else thought. I took an acting class."



"Somehow I passed an audition at the Improv. I started hanging out there. Stand-up is so hard. I didn't like the aloneness of it. Finally I thought, I'm never going to be Jerry Seinfeld, so why am I up here?"



"Different actors do sex scenes differently. I'm very modest. I've always got something on, and I don't get aroused. I'm still shy on that subject. My motivation for going into the movies was definitely not the sex scenes."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

PLAYBOY: Now that *Boardwalk Empire's* starting its second season, what's in store for your character, Nucky?

BUSCEMI: Where's Nucky headed? Well, the first season ended with Nucky's brother and Jimmy Darmody—Michael Pitt's character—both dissatisfied with how Nucky was running things. So without giving too much away, I'd say we'll see Nucky facing more challenges this season. He's vulnerable.

PLAYBOY: Is there a big season finale coming? Kill or be killed?

BUSCEMI: I couldn't tell you if I knew. I honestly have no idea where the story's going. Today I'm going to our read-through of this year's sixth episode, and after that I don't know what's going to happen. And that works for me, you know? Because which of us knows what's going to happen in life? Every day is new. That's part of the fun of doing a series that's written so well—it keeps surprising you. For me *Boardwalk Empire* is like shooting your favorite movie again and again. We have the same intensity this season but some new characters. You're going to meet Bugsy Siegel, another big name from the 1920s.

PLAYBOY: You're giving years of your life to *Boardwalk Empire*. What drew you to it?

BUSCEMI: I love the place and the period. My dad grew up in the 1930s, a little after *Boardwalk* happens, and he went to Atlantic City as a kid. He remembers those times before the casinos, when it was more like a playground, like a big Coney Island. He was shocked when he watched the show and saw how much underworld stuff was going on—Prohibition and the beginnings of organized crime.

PLAYBOY: Everything from *The Godfather* to *Goodfellas* to *The Sopranos* grew out of that time. The real Mob, too—Murder Inc., gun molls and corpses in the river. And cool hats.

BUSCEMI: I've taken more interest in the clothes I wear because of playing Nucky. I like the hats, the suits with the carnation in the lapel. The wardrobe helps me know who he is.

PLAYBOY: He's the county treasurer—not much of a title, but he pretty much

controls Atlantic City. He's got two mistresses, his thumb in every pie and some murders on his conscience, if he has one. Is Nucky a good guy or a bad guy?

BUSCEMI: I can't judge him. He's trying to do the best he can for himself, his loved ones and the city. Probably himself first. But he shares the wealth. Nucky definitely enjoys his position and wants to keep it, and he's willing to do some questionable things to maintain his power, to go down some dark roads.

PLAYBOY: But power corrupts. Isn't that what the show's about, finding out how far down those dark roads Nucky's willing to go?

BUSCEMI: We'll see. It's also about the start of modern times. There are no cell phones or TV, and yet it still feels mod-

PLAYBOY: Okay, beyond the power, violence, cool hats and Paz de la Huerta naked, why watch *Boardwalk Empire*?

BUSCEMI: How about the filming and writing? The scripts are brilliant. The shots are cinematic. We never rush to finish a scene. If there's not enough time to do a scene right, we'll do it the next day. Wait and get it right. And the writing is incredible, starting with Terence Winter, who was one of the great writers on *The Sopranos*. Everything's top-notch. That's why I hope we do this show for years and years.

PLAYBOY: Martin Scorsese directed the pilot. Had you worked together before?

BUSCEMI: Yeah, it must have been 1987. I auditioned for *The Last Temptation of Christ*. I was up for an apostle and read for Marty three times. He'd have you read the scene and then improvise.

PLAYBOY: Improvise an apostle? Were you saying "What up, Jesus?"

BUSCEMI: He wanted us to get into it. "Don't worry about the language," he said.

PLAYBOY: So you're like, "Fuck the Romans"?

BUSCEMI: It was fun, but I didn't get the part. He told me, "Steve, if there was a 13th apostle, the role would be yours." A couple of years later Marty cast me in *New York Stories*, so I felt I'd gotten him in small doses by the time he directed the *Boardwalk* pilot, which was great, very filmic. You know, this sort of series would have been impossible before cable. There's always been great television, going back to the early days

of live TV, but I feel we're in the second golden age of television now, and HBO has been at the forefront. You had *The Sopranos* and *The Wire*, and before that *The Larry Sanders Show* was a breakthrough. It's an honor to be part of something like that.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't do *Boardwalk Empire* for the honor.

BUSCEMI: No, I was thinking, What a relief to have a steady job!

PLAYBOY: How much clout do you have on the set? Do you ever say, "No, Nucky wouldn't say this"?

BUSCEMI: No. If there's something in the script that I don't understand I'll say, "Help me out here. Why am I doing this?" I'll never forget the time David Chase, who created *The Sopranos*, was

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ern. Characters like Nucky and Arnold Rothstein—

PLAYBOY: "The Brain" from New York, the first modern crime boss—

BUSCEMI: Yeah, Nucky and Rothstein were on the cutting edge of modern times. Things were about to get a lot more complicated.

PLAYBOY: How much of Nucky is you?

BUSCEMI: I guess he's a hybrid of me and the character on the page. In a way I feel he's me, but sometimes he surprises me.

PLAYBOY: He has people killed. You've killed and gotten killed on screen dozens of times. If you had to, could you pull the trigger in real life?

BUSCEMI: Come on, I'm pretending! Besides, I don't own a gun.

working with an actor and the actor said, "I don't feel my character would do that." Chase's reply was "Who said it's *your* character?" Tim Van Patten, who's directed several of our episodes, knows how to deal with us. Last season Kelly Macdonald and I were rehearsing a heavy scene. I'm telling Kelly about my wife's suicide and the death of our child, and at the most intense moment, when she sits down, Kelly sits on a fart machine Tim planted there. Later he said, "I can't believe I did that to you guys," but it was kind of wonderful. It relaxed us. Kelly was a great sport about it, and they got me later when I sat down at my desk. Fart machines on set—you can't beat 'em.

PLAYBOY: You directed "Pine Barrens," one of the most popular and funniest *Sopranos* episodes. In that one a Russian, a deer and a shoe get shot.

BUSCEMI: Directing gave me a lot of anxiety. It still does. There's so much you're responsible for, it can get overwhelming. The fun part is working with the crew and the actors. When I'm directing, I feel as if I get to play every scene with all the actors. But it doesn't come easy. My first day directing on *Sopranos* was a scene with James Gandolfini, and I knew him only from watching the show. Jimmy's such a great actor—I felt really intimidated. I was going over to tell him something and felt like I was talking to Tony Soprano so I'd better be careful how I said it. After I got over that it went fine.

PLAYBOY: You also directed the 1996 movie *Trees Lounge*, about a drunk slacker who drives an ice-cream truck. Where'd you get that idea?

BUSCEMI: It was sort of my life. At 19 I was truly directionless, living with my parents. I was driving an ice-cream truck and working at a gas station. There's nothing wrong with those jobs—it's hard work. But my boss at the gas station was grooming me to be a mechanic, and that's not what I wanted. The drinking age was 18 then, so I spent every night hanging out with my friends in bars, drinking.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Brooklyn and in working-class Valley Stream, Long Island. What did your parents do?

BUSCEMI: My mom worked at Howard Johnson's. She was a hostess. Dad was a trash collector.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever find anything valuable? You hear about watches and diamond rings.

BUSCEMI: Well, let me say we never lacked gifts at Christmas. I'm kidding. He wasn't someone who brought his work home with him, if you know what I mean. He did teach me to drive when he took me to work—I drove sanitation department vehicles.

PLAYBOY: You had a run-in with another city vehicle.

BUSCEMI: Yeah, I was four years old. I ran out into the street and got hit by a Brooklyn city bus. It knocked me down and fractured my skull. Luckily it was

winter, so I had a lot of clothes on and the padding probably saved me. Then a few years later, when I was eight, I chased a ball into the street and got hit by a car. That wasn't as severe. I'm just lucky, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Other than getting run over, how was your childhood?

BUSCEMI: [Laughs] Those were isolated incidents! Basically I had fun. I had three brothers. We lived near my dad's three sisters and their kids, and we all played together. We watched TV. We argued about who was better, Mickey Mantle or Roger Maris. We played punchball, which is sidewalk baseball. You use a rubber ball, a Spalden, and instead of pitching, you hold the ball up, haul off and punch it.

PLAYBOY: Was it a rough neighborhood?

BUSCEMI: Rough-ish. There were some tough kids around. One time I got my bike stolen while I was riding it. This older boy stopped me and said, "Hey, can I try your bike? I'll bring it right back." I was like, "Umm, no?" But he was bigger and stronger. I let him ride it. Off he goes, and I never saw that bike again.

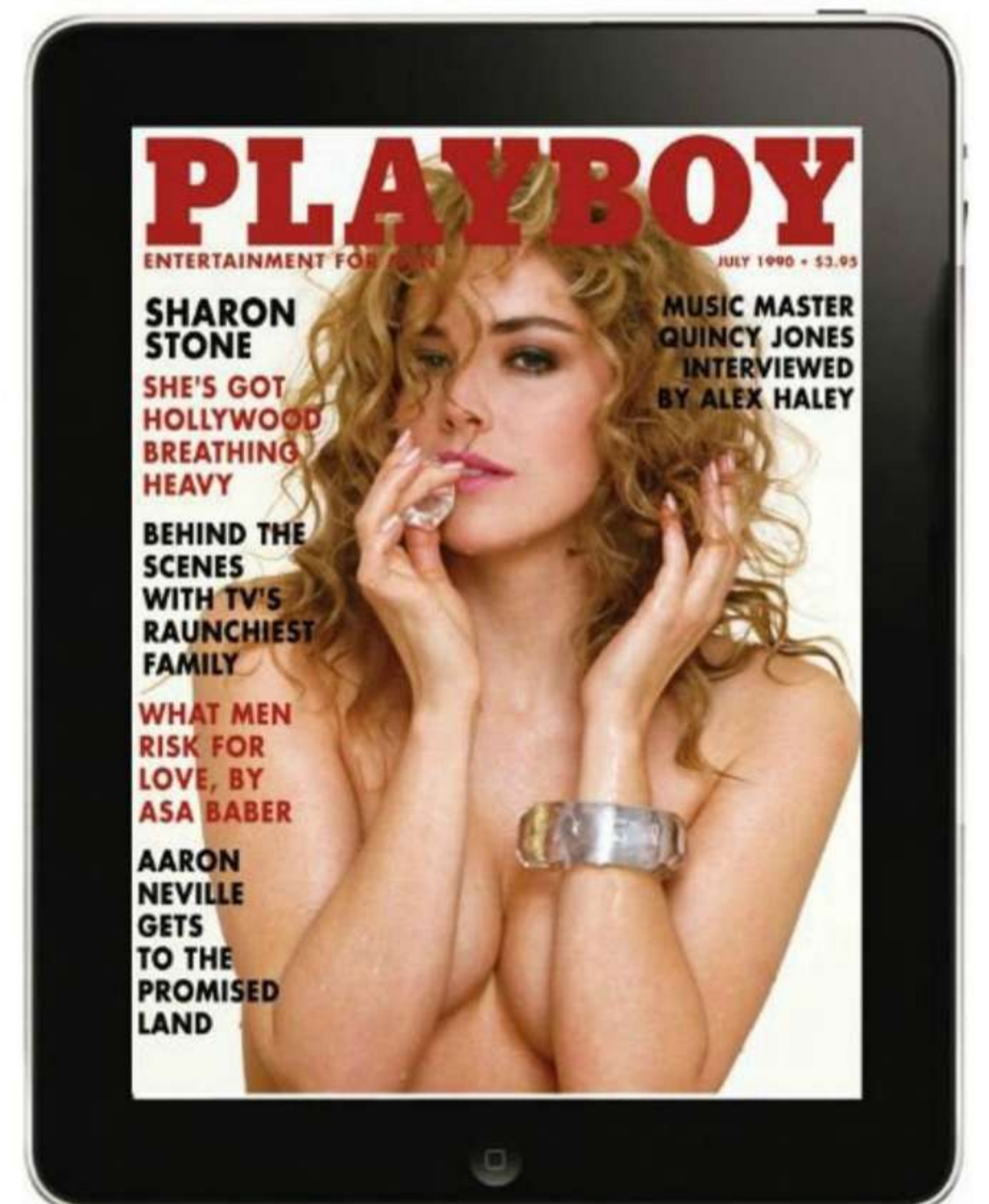
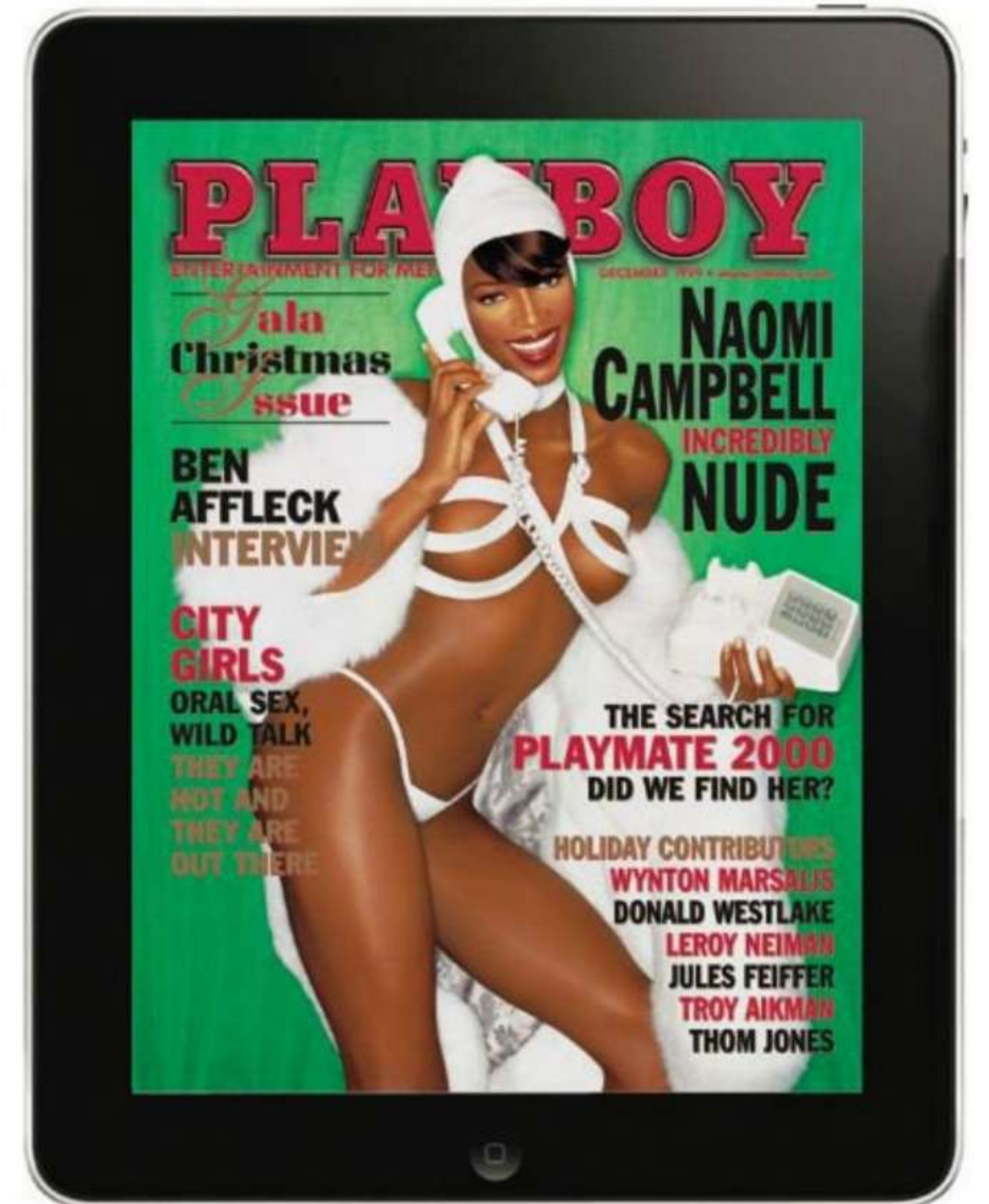
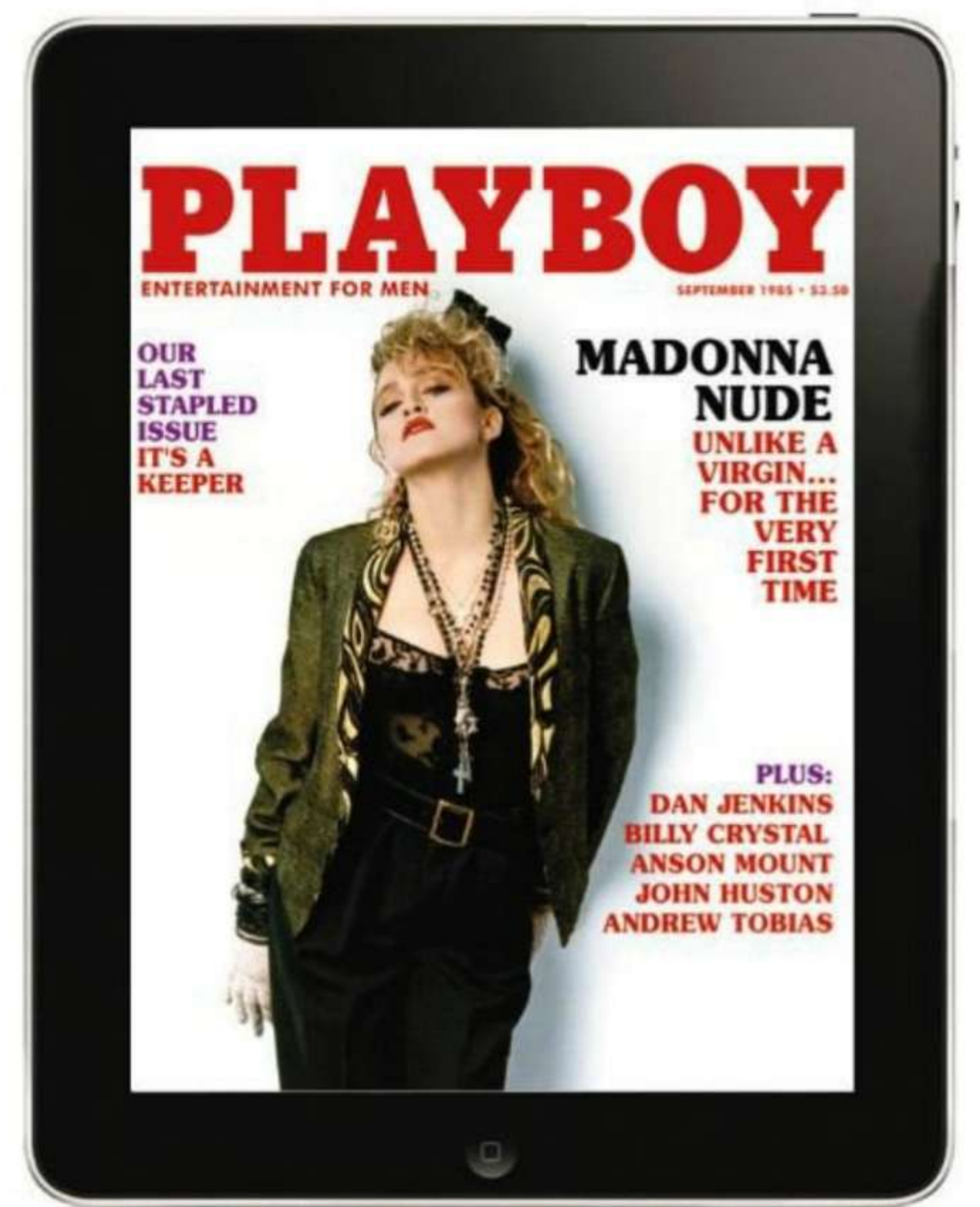
When we moved to Valley Stream, right next to Queens, it was like the countryside compared to Brooklyn. You had the freedom to be a kid out on the streets, nobody stealing your bicycle—and going home to watch the Million Dollar Movie on TV. I loved the Little Rascals, the Three Stooges, James Cagney. And the Dead End Kids! Later on they made the Bowery Boys comedies, but they were still the Little Tough Guys I recognized from Brooklyn. They went on to make a movie with Cagney, *Angels With Dirty Faces*. My brothers and I just loved the Dead End Kids. But we'd watch whatever was on TV. I've never forgotten the sexy credit sequence of *Bye Bye Birdie*, with Ann-Margret. That had a lasting effect on me. That was a motivator to get into movies—to meet Ann-Margret. I still haven't met her.

PLAYBOY: What other movies moved you?

BUSCEMI: Much later I got a job as a movie-theater usher and saw *Dog Day Afternoon* over and over. I was amazed seeing John Cazale and realizing he was the same guy from *The Godfather*, seeing how different Al Pacino could be from his character in *The Godfather*. That movie really opened my eyes. Until then I'd never imagined being in films—you had to be a *movie star* like Cagney or Bogart, and that sure wasn't me. But seeing how Sidney Lumet captured the scary New York of the 1970s in *Dog Day Afternoon*, that was huge. It was gritty and real, and I thought, That's the type of acting I want to do...or maybe the type I *could* do.

PLAYBOY: You make being a movie usher sound like fun.

BUSCEMI: Well, I liked *Dog Day*, the sheer energy of it and the surprises. Charles Durning's performance was amazing.



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PLAYBOY: He played the NYPD detective.

BUSCEMI: Yeah, and at one point he says the wrong thing and goes back to correct himself. Watch the movie—if that was done on purpose, it was really brilliant, but I bet it wasn't. Lumet gave his actors a lot of freedom, and he'd leave stuff in, unexpected stuff. It felt like Lumet just let it happen and kept it.

PLAYBOY: What else did you see when you were an usher?

BUSCEMI: There was Lina Wertmüller's *Swept Away*....

PLAYBOY: Sex on the beach.

BUSCEMI: But it was really long, mostly talk, and I didn't understand it. *The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams*—that was another one I could have skipped.

PLAYBOY: What were your ushering duties? Did you break up kissing couples?

BUSCEMI: I'd never do that. Yeah, I carried a flashlight and was supposed to maintain order in the theater, but it's a minimum-wage job. I wasn't busting heads. I'd get my friends into the movie for free, maybe get them some candy and popcorn.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile you're dreaming of being an actor. Wasn't that a little girlish for the crowd you ran with?

BUSCEMI: There wasn't much crossover between the jocks and the theater kids at my high school, and I was with the jocks. I played soccer and wrestled. But by senior year, I didn't care what anybody else thought. I took an acting class and tried out for the school play, *Fiddler on the Roof*. I wasn't Tevye. I had no lines at all. I was a canopy holder and a bottle dancer, one of the guys who dance with bottles on top of their hats.

PLAYBOY: You could balance a bottle on your head?

BUSCEMI: Of course not. Nobody can. You Velcro the bottle to your hat.

PLAYBOY: Who had more sex at your school, the jocks or the theater kids?

BUSCEMI: Don't ask me. I was singing in the choir. Sex was such a mystery. I was really, really shy in that department. My first kiss—I was 16, and maybe she'd had too much to drink, because a moment after we kissed, she threw up on my shoes.

PLAYBOY: It's not the usual movie-star background.

BUSCEMI: I don't know. I've met a lot of actors who were kind of like that. I remember my son once asked me, "Did you ever, like, kiss in high school?" And I told him this long drawn-out story of how shy I was, how I finally got a girlfriend but she broke up with me because I was too shy to try to kiss her, and then I had another girlfriend but still couldn't figure out kissing. The technique was always a big obstacle in my head, like, How do you kiss? Where does your chin go? Forget about anything *beyond* kissing—first base was a total mystery to me.

So I'm telling my son this long story, and he listens patiently until he finally

realizes where I'm going with it, and he says, "Dad, no—did you like Kiss in high school? Kiss, the band!" And I was, "Oh yeah, Kiss...they were good."

PLAYBOY: Don't tell us you made it through high school a virgin.

BUSCEMI: I did. I thought, I guess it'll happen eventually. It wasn't just about sex for me—I was always in love with a girl who had a boyfriend, and she didn't want me.

PLAYBOY: She's kicking herself now. How did you go from usher and bottle dancer to movie star?

BUSCEMI: When I was 18 I got a settlement from the city for the bus that hit me when I was little—\$6,000. I used it to pay tuition at Lee Strasberg Theatre and Film Institute in Manhattan. It's safe to say I was the only one paying his way with money from a bus-crash settlement.

Acting classes seemed weird at first. We did sense-memory exercises: Pretend you're holding a cup of coffee. You're supposed to feel the cup in your hand and actually smell the coffee. There was a shower exercise: Feel the water hitting your body. If my Long Island friends had

The regulars were Jerry Seinfeld and Paul Reiser. Larry David was the MC. By the time I got on, it'd be three in the morning, with 10 people in the audience.

been there, I would have been too embarrassed to try that stuff, but the other students were up for it, so I thought, I guess this is how you be an actor.

PLAYBOY: Were you still living with your parents?

BUSCEMI: Yeah, but a guy in my class had a little apartment in the East Village. He was leaving town for a while and asked if I wanted to sublet his place for the summer, \$100 a month. And I said no. The idea was too scary. Then one night I was sitting in my bedroom in the attic of my parents' house and it hit me: This is what you have been waiting for, to be where everybody's doing what you want to do. I called the guy back desperately and got the apartment. That got me into the city. And it was so lucky, because looking for an apartment in Manhattan on my own...I don't think I could have done it. The idea was that terrifying to me.

PLAYBOY: What year was that?

BUSCEMI: The summer of 1978. I was 19. It was supposed to be just for the summer, but I ended up staying. The apartment was this classic little hellhole with a loft bed and a bathtub in the kitchen. I shared

it with a thriving population of mice, bedbugs and roaches. You put a plank of plywood over the bathtub, there's your kitchen table. It was highs and lows, exciting times when I thought I might make a living as an actor and times of feeling overwhelmed and wanting to go home.

PLAYBOY: At some point you ditched your virginity.

BUSCEMI: I was 20.

PLAYBOY: You're in New York in 1978. Everyone's throwing themselves at each other.

BUSCEMI: Not at me.

PLAYBOY: But those were disco days, people humping on street corners—

BUSCEMI: I'm still too shy to describe it, but things got...easier.

PLAYBOY: Did you start to get acting roles?

BUSCEMI: No, but I loved it anyway. It was such a fertile time to be in the East Village, with so many interesting people trying new things. John Lurie was a musician, and he started making movies. Painters made music. There was so much experimentation that everything seemed okay. I met actors and performance artists like Rockets Redglare and Fiona Templeton. Fiona had a show called *You—The City*. Actors would take audience members on a tour—uptown, downtown, Times Square—then hand them off to another actor doing a different monologue. I did it as an actor *and* as an audience member, and the great thing was, you never knew who the next guide would be. It could be anybody. Suddenly it felt like all of Times Square was part of the piece we were doing.

PLAYBOY: So that's how you became an actor.

BUSCEMI: No, I was a cocktail waiter first, at King Tut's Wah Wah Hut in the East Village. And a firefighter. It was a long time before I got acting roles. In the meantime my acting-class friend came back, and we shared his tiny apartment. I had a lot of angels helping me out in those days. My roommate was a great New York character—he was into Kerouac and gave me books to read. But he had substance-abuse problems, and he was a thief. I'd cash my fire-department checks and stick the money in my top drawer, and he stole it—\$600, an enormous sum. That's half a year's rent. And like the kid who stole my bike, I never saw him again. But I was kind of relieved. He skipped with my money and never came back, so that's what it cost to get rid of him, \$600.

PLAYBOY: Did you like being a firefighter?

BUSCEMI: I worked for Engine 55 in Little Italy when I was trying to get acting jobs. We would sleep barracks style and jump up and ride the pole when the alarm went off. The fire pole is still the fastest way to get downstairs. We'd go to loft jobs and restaurant jobs—you call it a job, not a fire—and there was no such thing as a routine job. You might get one that *(continued on page 104)*



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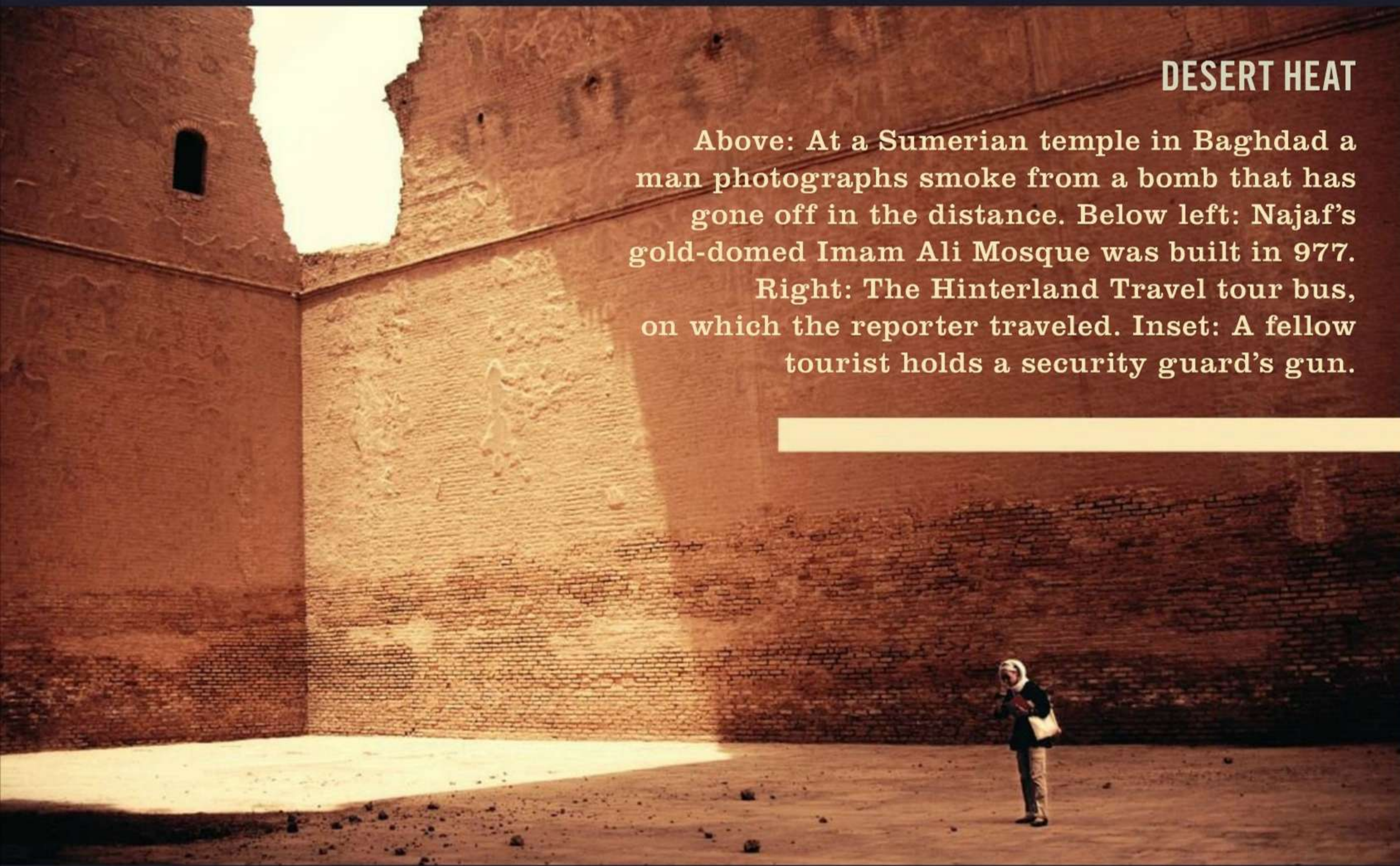
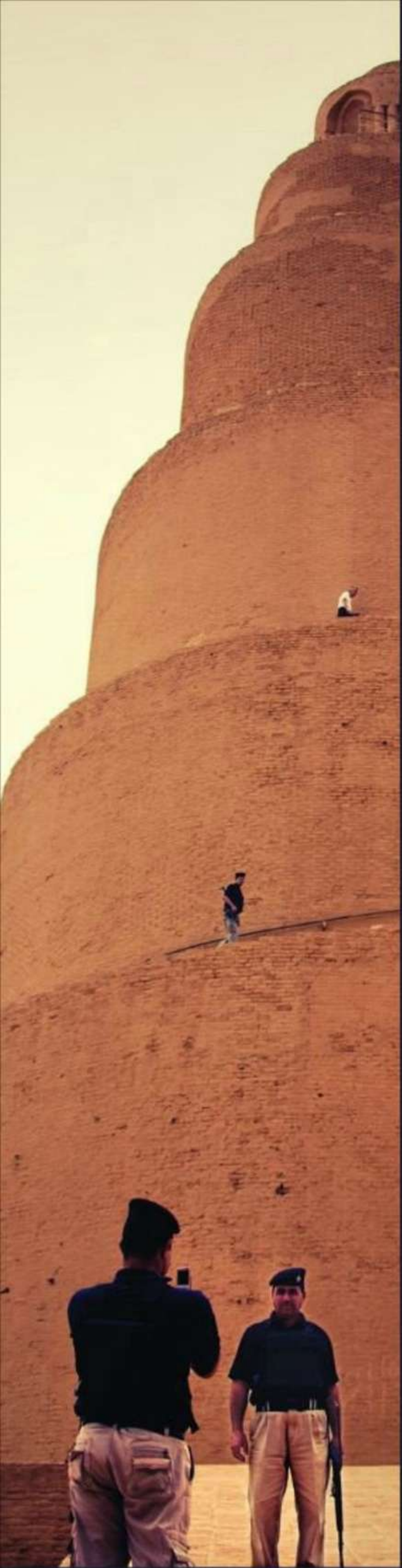
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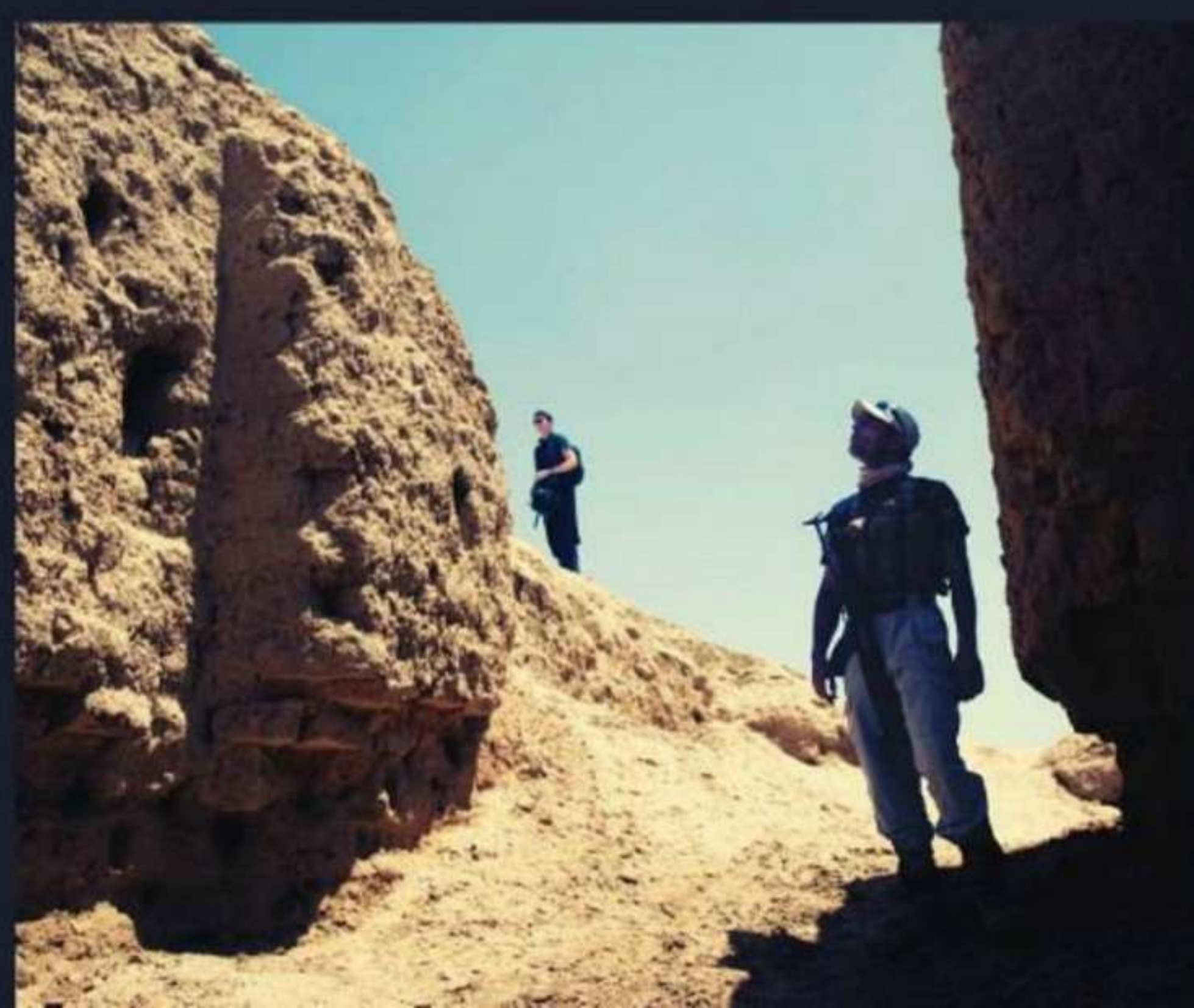
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DESERT HEAT

Above: At a Sumerian temple in Baghdad a man photographs smoke from a bomb that has gone off in the distance. Below left: Najaf's gold-domed Imam Ali Mosque was built in 977. Right: The Hinterland Travel tour bus, on which the reporter traveled. Inset: A fellow tourist holds a security guard's gun.





THANKS TO A \$1 BILLION-PLUS WINDFALL FOR IRAQ'S WOBBLY

Ministry of Tourism, vacationers are trickling into Baghdad for the first time in years.
With bombs bursting in air, PLAYBOY takes the desert by storm

DOWN AND OUT IN

BAGHDAD

Story by

PAULA FROELICH

Photography by

KAMARAN NAJM



ON MAY 15, 2011, as four rockets exploded outside Baghdad, one near the U.S. Army base, a group of 17 mostly middle-aged tourists lingered in various states of disarray in Baghdad International Airport's passport control area for four hours as their visas were processed. Tempers started to fray.

"GEOFFREY! GEOFFREY!" How much longer?" Margaret, a retired British PR director, asked the tour leader, Geoff Hann, an easily disconcerted man in his 70s who resembled a yard gnome, complete with long curling eyebrows and potbelly.



TAKE YOUR SEAT

On the road from Baghdad to Babylon.

Geoff—the man behind the British tourist company Hinterland Travel, specializing in trips to Iraq—had a comb-over that acted as a barometer for his nerves. It started in the morning neatly plastered on the right side

and by sunset ended up flopped over completely, hanging precariously from his left ear.

"We could be touring Baghdad. Instead we're just sitting here," said Peter, a Welsh librarian who had a habit of pointing out the obvious. "It's just *mildly* ridiculous."

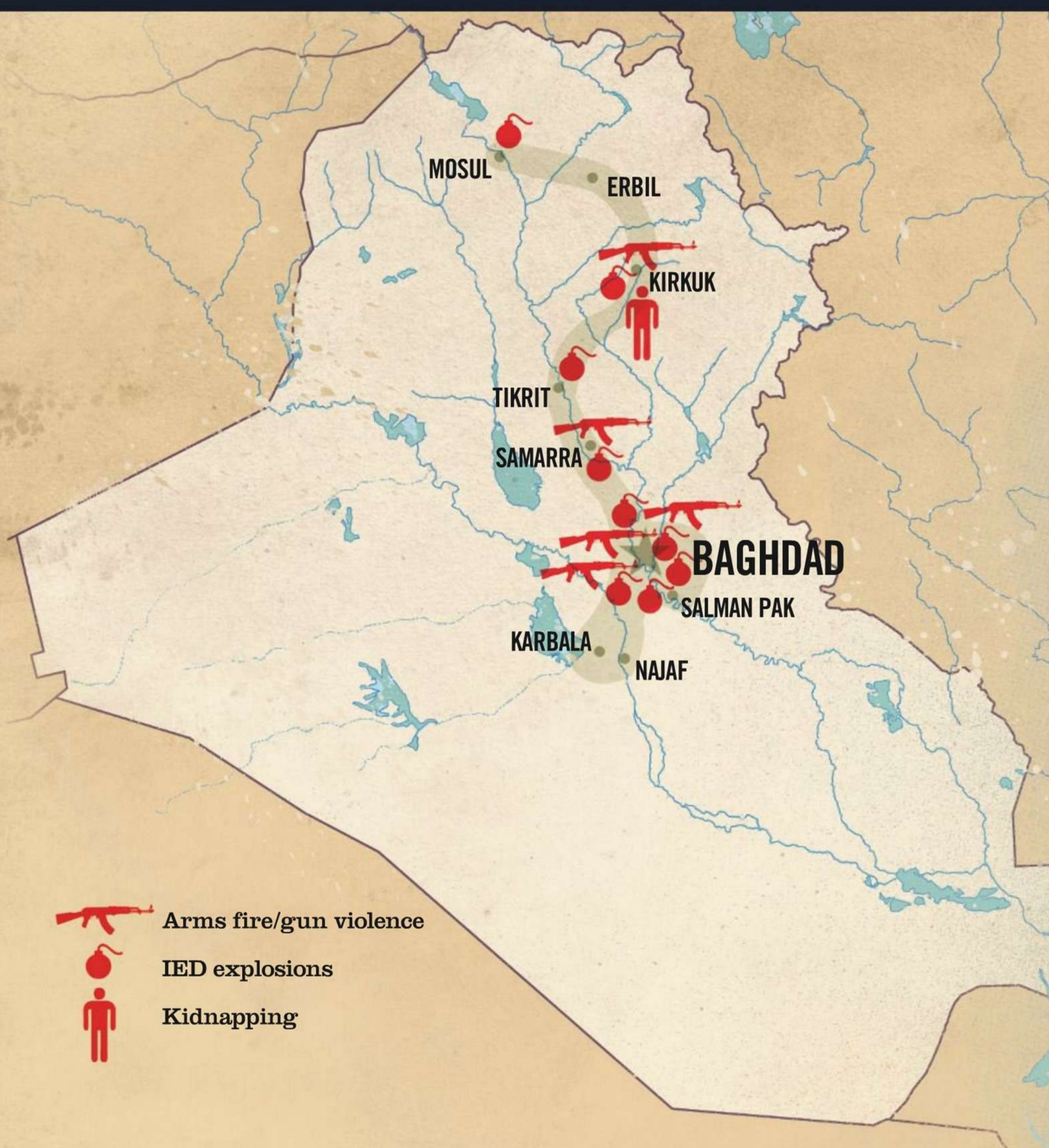
"Just hold your horses! Patience! Patience!" Geoff sputtered, his hair starting to frazzle. He looked over at me accusingly. "Some people booked last minute."

Justine, a New Zealand-born lawyer, nattered away. "As they say in New York, 'Whatevah!'"

Geoff had another distraction: Tina, a dyed-blond Robin Byrd doppelgänger with pendulous breasts and teeth straight out of the British book of smiles. The two were already acquainted.




"Jeffreh," Tina cooed in a Yorkshire accent, "do something," inspiring her knight in short shirtsleeves to spring into action. He picked up his phone and screamed at someone at the Ministry of Tourism, "I'm *very* angry! I *will* leave! I will! Do you hear me?"

Tina, excited by Geoff's display of strength, removed her



BLOW BY BLOW

As the writer ventured through Iraq with tourism company Hinterland Travel, bombs and shootings felled dozens around her. Here's a day-by-day itinerary with excerpts from official UN Security Reports

-  Arms fire/gun violence
-  IED explosions
-  Kidnapping



FINDING RELIGION

Above: The writer in Karbala, “trying desperately to cover every piece of my hair except my eyebrows.” Right: A man crawls on his elbows toward the shrine of Imam Husayn in the same city.



cardigan to reveal her huge rack crammed into a tight yellow tank top—just as a religious tour group from Iran entered.

An African American contractor sitting next to me said, “You’re here as a tourist? With these guys? That shit is crazy.” He pointed to a sign that read **ENTRY VISA: \$82** and said, “It was \$2 in January. Damn, I fucking hate this country.” He started laughing. “Anyway, have fun. Don’t get killed,” he said and walked off, visa in hand.



Shortly after the Iraq civil war ended, in 2008, while the stink of improvised explosive devices still smoldered and the Iraqi economy wheezed, NGO wonks, USAID, special interest groups

and the Iraqi government concocted a brilliant idea: Spur private-sector growth and employment by making the country a tourist destination. After all, driving through Iraq is like taking a tour of the Old Testament. It’s home to Nebuchadnezzar’s Babylon, the Ziggurat of Ur, Nimrud’s famed acropolis and the 5,000-year-old Assyrian capital of Ashur. It’s where the Code of Hammurabi was written. Its geography marks the heart of the Fertile Crescent, the most ancient of all human civilizations.

The group of optimistic visionaries came up with a PR slogan for the country: “Explore Civilization of Life.” And as nothing beckons tourists like a Ferris wheel, it was announced with fanfare to the international press that the city would build a wheel, dubbed the Baghdad Eye, that would be taller

MAY 15 > Arrived at the Uruk Hotel in the Karradah section of Baghdad. Walked around the Karradah market with security guards. Visited Kadhimain Shrine, built in 1515. Dinner at a kebab shop. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** Small-arms fire kills one in northwestern Baghdad. Gunmen broke into a civilian house in al-Dhura village west of Baghdad—three killed, four injured.

MAY 16 > Whole day in Baghdad. Went to Saray Souk, the main market, and 13th century Mustansiriya University. Visited the Iraqi National Museum, then rode the Ferris wheel in Zawra Park. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** Small-arms fire and two improvised explosive devices kill four Iraqi policemen in Baghdad. One other IED in Baghdad injures four, including three foreign nationals.

MAY 17 > Drove to Samarra. Saw the spires and a palace built by Saddam Hussein. Drove through Kirkuk to the Avesta Hotel in Erbil. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** Armed opposition groups attack U.S. forces in Kirkuk and Samarra. IED injures two southwest of Kirkuk.

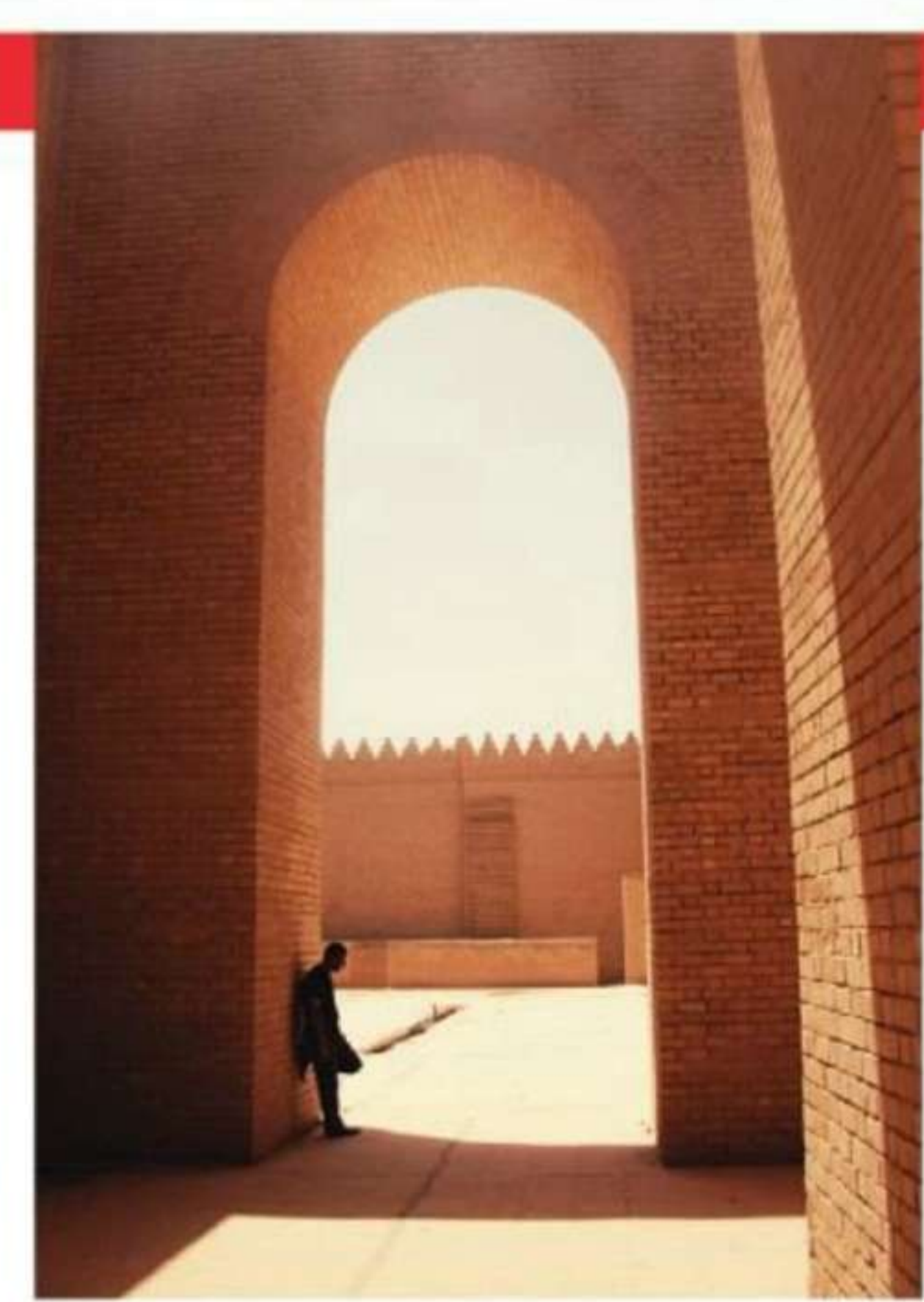
MAY 18 > Drove from Erbil into the desert. Visited Nimrud’s palace (ninth century B.C.), and the Mar Mattai monastery near Mosul, where Christian refugees were living in a shantytown. Back to Kirkuk for the night. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** An IED east of Mosul injures an Iraqi policeman. Five other IEDs detonate in Baghdad; no injuries reported.

MAY 19 > Drove through Kirkuk (saw the tomb of Noah from the bus), then through the desert to Tikrit, then Ashur. Then back to Baghdad, hitting 159 police checkpoints. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** Five IEDs explode in Baghdad and Kirkuk—27 killed, 87 injured. A Kurdish national is kidnapped in Kirkuk. Another kidnap victim is found dead in the same city.

MAY 20 > Drove from Baghdad south to the town of Salman Pak, site of a military complex where Saddam Hussein based his chemical-weapons program. Back to Baghdad, where we toured a sheik’s home. Dinner on the Tigris River on Abu Nawas Street. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** Two small-arms-fire attacks in Baghdad—two killed, two injured. Three IEDs explode in Baghdad; no serious injuries.

MAY 21 > Baghdad to Babylon and Borsippa, then to the tomb of Ezekiel. Ended up in Karbala—visited Imam Husayn’s shrine, one of the world’s oldest mosques, which dates back to the seventh century. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** Two IEDs explode in Baghdad, injuring two Iraqi Security Forces.

MAY 22 > Drove from Karbala to Najaf to visit Imam Ali’s shrine, a major holy site for Shiites. Quick stop in Kufa, then back to Baghdad’s Uruk Hotel. **UN SECURITY REPORT:** At least 12 IEDs in Baghdad kill 12 and injure nearly 60, all Iraqi civilians and police officers.



DOG DAYS IN IRAQ

Clockwise from top left: A man stands outside the ruins of Borsippa, a city that thrived 2,000 years before the birth of Christ; a courtyard in Samarra where members of Al Qaeda reportedly hang out; an arch that was part of Saddam Hussein's attempt to rebuild the ancient city of Babylon, in hopes of luring tourists; the writer with armed security guards in Ashur.



than the London Eye. It would have a view of the entire city. There would even be an amusement park and a zoo built around the Eye, named Sinbad Land. All would be happily housed in West Baghdad's Zawra Park, conveniently situated next door to the Green Zone.

The Ministry of Tourism dropped \$500 million on the project. Despite some concerns over whether it was prudent to build a Ferris wheel within sniper-shot range of the American embassy, ground was broken.

And thus Baghdad came under siege from a new and uniquely sinister lot: tourists.

There are certain rules to abide by when traveling in the Middle East, where a woman's worth is counted in cattle and she is considered either a virgin, married or a slut. Chief among these rules: Cover your arms, cover your legs and cover your hair. In fact, just to be safe, cover everything. A glimpse of thigh is a money shot over there. Cleavage is practically pay-per-view.

Other, non-gender-specific rules when traveling in a "troubled" area include:

Don't make a scene. Don't draw attention to yourself. Remember to be respectful of religion. Don't wander off alone, due to high kidnapping rates. Do not pilfer from archeological sites. And never use your hotel prayer mat, found in most rooms, as a rag to mop up a leaking toilet.

All these rules were about to be broken

"Okay. Everyone back on the bus. Now! WE HAVE TO LEAVE. QUICKLY!"

as our group headed heart-of-darkness-like into the desert and its cruel sun.

As we waited for our visas in the airport, Geoff—now leading his third group of the year into Baghdad—grew more addled. The interpreter from the Ministry of Tourism who usually accompanied him was "called away unexpectedly" and replaced

with Mohammed, an anxious, sweaty man with a Saddam mustache and pompadoured jet-black hair. Mohammed wore a uniform of pleated chinos and golf shirt and carried a briefcase at all times, like a 1965 insurance salesman. He claimed to have been an interpreter for the Americans at some point. God help them if he was; the few times he was brought in to decipher what locals were saying, his interpretation varied from sort of correct to not even close. (Example: A man with scars all over his body talked to me for five minutes. Mohammed's interpretation: "He says welcome!" Actual interpretation: "Look at my scars. I got these in an attack while I was working for the Americans. Can you help me get to America to get medical help? I'm in constant pain.")

This was Mohammed's first tourist rodeo. He was in for a rough ride.

An hour later our group of sightseers boarded our chariot: a decrepit blue-and-white bus with multicolored carpeting covering the seats and air-conditioning that felt like an old man blowing softly over a bowl of *(continued on page 100)*



“It’s a formal affair but not that formal...!”



WEEKEND *in*
WASILLA
with **MERCEDE
JOHNSTON**

**SEX, DRUGS AND GUNS
IN THE HEART OF
MOOSE COUNTRY.**

**THE ONETIME POTENTIAL
PALIN SISTER-IN-LAW
TELLS ALL**

TEXT BY GEORGE GURLEY

Photography by Stephen Wayda

I came here to take the pulse of Wasilla and to discover the truth about its most famous citizen. I feared the small-town rubes would spot me as a cheechako (Alaskan for “newcomer”). I feared subzero williwaws and clouds of bloodsucking insects. I was terrified of encountering a moose, billed as the most dangerous animal in North America.

Sure enough, when I walked into the Mug-Shot Saloon I was ridiculed by the regulars—middle-aged men with enormous heads, thick necks and linebacker shoulders—for using ChapStick. They made degrading jokes about my long johns and Ugg boots. They chided me for overuse of the word *dude*. They referred to their ultra-Republican, family-friendly saloon, where the worship of Sarah Palin is rivaled only by a devotion to God, as “the only gay bar in town.”

But when I asked one patron what had brought him to Wasilla, I acquired an instant friend. I was besieged by welcomes, with offers to take me bear hunting and ice fishing. People smothered me with testimonials about the wonders of life in Alaska.

I asked the cabbie who drove me from the Mug-Shot back to my motel that first night if there was anything



SARAH PALIN WITH MERCEDE AND TRIPP.





See more of Mercede at
playboy.com/mercede.

bad about Wasilla. He fell silent. Then he said, cryptically, that there was good and evil in Wasilla—and not much middle ground. I remembered a blog I'd read, written by the 19-year-old sister of Levi Johnston, the young man who'd become famous for having gotten Bristol Palin, Sarah's daughter, great with child and for having made a politically charged appearance with the Palins at the Republican National Convention in 2008.

Since May 2010, Mercede "Sadie" Johnston had been waging a war of words to "expose the truth" about the Palins and to defend her own family, the alleged victims of harassment, setups, conspiracies, vandalism and the attentions of the Secret Service. I wondered if the war between the Palins and Johnstons was the subtext of the cabdriver's dark comments.

Sadie has committed to be my guide in Wasilla. I realize this arrangement almost guarantees attracting the wrath of Sarah Palin herself, a formidable polemicist who could summon thugs to silence me. My thoughts are probably already being monitored by cold-blooded assassins.

She shows up at the Grand View Inn for our interview the next morning. The dash of her VW is decorated with a picture of her nephew, Tripp, at five months. Sadie laments having missed so much of his life—his first crawl, first walk, first words. "The second I found out Bristol was pregnant, I went to Anchorage and spent more than a thousand dollars on baby clothes," she says. Since then she's been pretty much excluded from Tripp's life. "I never knew I could love someone so much until the day he was born," she says.

We head to Evangelo's restaurant. I tell the waitress I'd like to sit in a corner, away from the window. Sadie reassures me I have nothing to fear from eavesdroppers—or snipers. "You're completely safe, I promise. I haven't told anybody you're here, so you're good."

PLAYBOY: Can you say something about your character?

SADIE: I've always been independent. I've always put family first. I can take

care of myself. If my plane crashed and I ended up in the middle of nowhere, I know how to catch a fish, cook it, feed myself, build a fire, shelter.

PLAYBOY: What's life like in Wasilla for you now?

SADIE: It's hard to get a job in this town because of the Palins. That's one of the worst things to come of this whole ordeal. I've worked since I was 13 years old. People say, "Oh, Mercede Johnston, I don't know if people are going to come in if she works here." Or, "We love the Palins, so we're not going to hire her."

PLAYBOY: What was it like when Sarah Palin came on the national scene?

SADIE: I was working in a coffee shop, and reporters would show up or wait

a booth she leaves to take a call from her mother, who's sick with chronic pain, scurvy and "literally everything you can think of," having undergone some 30 surgeries in the past decade. She's also on probation for selling pain pills to a local miscreant who later ratted her out.

The night before, Sadie went to bed at three A.M., slept two hours, made breakfast, then took her mom to see her probation officer. Taking care of her mother, who can't leave her house more than four hours a week without permission, is a full-time job. As a result, Sadie is stuck in "Silla" for the time being.

Sadie takes me on a tour of the town. We drive by Lowe's, the

Brown Jug liquor store, Oriental Massage, Walgreens, Pizza Hut, Dairy Queen, the movie theater where Levi went on his first date, the armed forces recruiting center, Arctic Ink (one of several tattoo parlors), Wasilla Lake, Radio Shack, Señor Taco, Safeway, Chimo Guns, Mocha Moose and Wasilla High School. Small-town Wasilla is a hive of entangled relationships: Bristol Palin is dating Sadie's ex-beau Gino. Sadie can hang out with her old friend Paige now that Paige has broken up with James, who is Track Palin's good buddy.

Sadie claims to have received "hundreds" of threats from Bristol's friends and supporters—to vandalize her car, ruin her reputation, beat her up. "Bristol won't be friends with anyone who's friends with me," she says. "And the same goes for Track and Willow. Piper's too young, thank God, but that's how all of them are."

Sadie has a lot to say about Bristol. "Everything is about her, her, her," she says. "She has to have her own way. She'll be supersweet and then she turns into the most evil person I've ever known." The last time they met, in the parking lot of Target, "she flipped me off. She doesn't like me having a voice."

PLAYBOY: What's Bristol into?

SADIE: Um, stealing her parents' credit cards to order clothes. Literally. And chasing after men and partying.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you and Bristol will ever patch things up?

SADIE: I tried (continued on page 108)



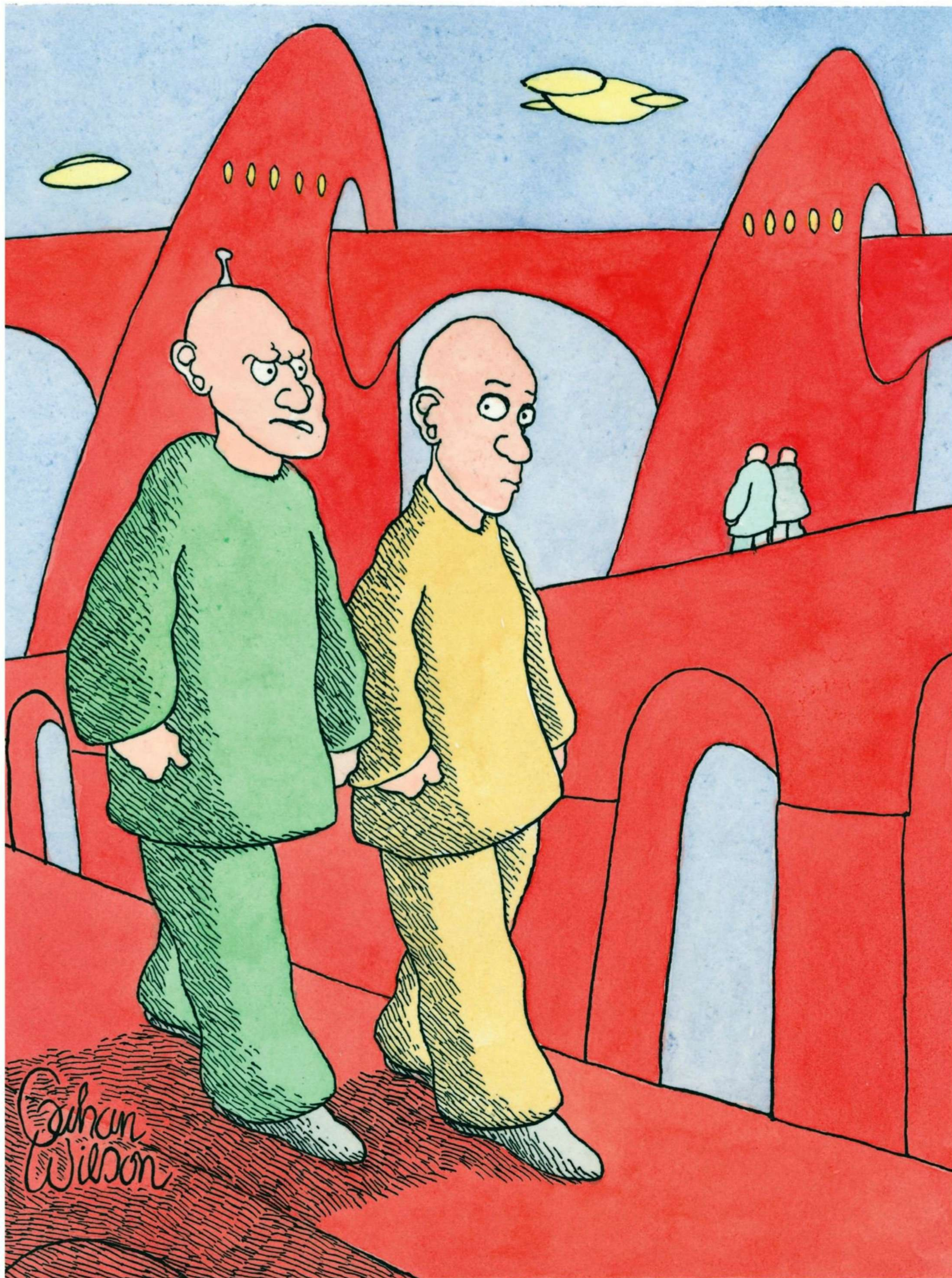
Two patrons at the Mug-Shot in Wasilla, Alaska watch in dismay as Barack Obama delivers his acceptance speech in 2008.

outside for me. There were 70 reporters camped outside my house, videotaping 24-7. Some of them were extremely rude, yelling questions and obscenities to get a response.

PLAYBOY: How did it make you feel?

SADIE: We didn't ask for this. Not once did Sarah contact us and say, "Is this okay?" She literally took Levi from a hunting trip and flew him to the Republican convention. He didn't have a choice. I don't blame John McCain—this is all Sarah Palin. She didn't have to announce on stage that Bristol was pregnant. She doesn't care, as long as she's going to the top. But it's screwed my whole family up. Levi was a prop, and once they didn't need him he was out the door.

Sadie has a relaxed vibe and style, equal parts feminine and tomboy. She's wearing a dark sweater, black jeans, a shell necklace and rings on both hands. Seconds after settling into



"If I'd known it would be obsolete so quickly, I would never have had this cell phone implanted in my skull!"



Mezcal

By
KENT BLACK



A TOAST *to the* SPIRIT
of REVOLUTIONARIES, GROWN *in the*
WILD MOUNTAINS *of* MEXICO



Mezcal

—the oldest spirit in North America, with the most maligned reputation—is on the verge of becoming the new sophisticated sipper in your local bar. As Juan Beckmann Sr., president of Jose Cuervo tequila, reportedly told friends at a dinner in Mexico last year, “Mezcal is the future.” Country singer Toby Keith just launched a brand, Wild Shot. One of Coca-Cola’s bottling partners is spending about \$55 million on a new mezcal distillery. For ages, the fine mezcals distilled in the mountains of Oaxaca, Mexico, never left the villages where they were made. For the



first time, entrepreneurs are bringing these high-quality mezcals to the States. Fueled by shots and wanderlust, we headed to sunbaked Oaxaca with Ron Cooper, owner of Del Maguey, the first international exporter of single-village mezcals (launched 16 years ago). Our goal: to see how they are distilled and sip them with the artisans who make them at high altitudes according to centuries-old traditions. As we headed through rustic barrios and wild vistas, villagers eyed us. We were gringos in a white Cherokee, about as inconspicuous as Mormon missionaries in Mecca. Did we find what we were hunting for? And then some. For the full story of our adventures see playboy.com/mezcal. Meanwhile, here’s a 101 with our favorite bottles available in the States.



FINE LIQUORS LIKE THESE SHOULD be sipped straight or on the rocks. From left: Mijes *joven* (\$57; see below for an explanation of terms). Heaps of smoke balanced with bitter orange and vanilla. You can smell a shot from across the room. Del Maguey Minero single-village mezcal (\$70): From mountain agave grown at 5,500 feet in the village of Minero, this is an outstanding *joven*. Hints of smoke, citrus and earth. Ilegal Mezcal *añejo* (\$120): The

MEZCALs of OAXACA

name is a gimmick, the liquor is not. Surprisingly light-bodied for a spirit aged for one year. Tobacco and vanilla notes burst on the tongue, with a long, easy finish. Los Nahuales *reposado* (\$65): Imagine a mezcal mellowed like a young cognac. Los Amantes (“The Lovers”) *joven* (\$50): Hearty structure, delicate flavor, sweet finish. Scorpion five-year-old *añejo* (\$180): It’s like drinking gold velvet. Enjoy with a bold cigar. Yep, that’s a real scorpion in there.

“A GREAT THUNDERBOLT STRUCK A MAGUEY and TORE OUT the PLANT’S HEART, SETTING it ALIGHT. ASTONISHED, MEN SAW an AROMATIC NECTAR APPEARING DEEP INSIDE. THEY DRANK it WITH FEAR and REVERENCE, ACCEPTING it as a GIFT FROM the GODS.”
—ancient Mexican legend

TO BE DEEMED MEZCAL, A LIQUOR must be made from one of a number of different varieties of a plant called maguey (or agave). Tequila can be made only of *blue* agave. The *mezcalero* (mezcal maker) takes the *piña*, the heart of the agave plant, and buries it underground, clambake style, with layers of embers for three days to a month, depending on his taste. (Tequila, in contrast, is

The JUICE

made of *steamed* agave.) The roasted agave is crushed and left to ferment with water in large casks. Once the fermentation is complete, the mash is fed in small batches into a pot still. Often-times the liquor is distilled twice for purity. It’s bottled clear and unaged (*joven*, or “young”), aged for two to 11 months in charred oak barrels (*reposado*, or “rested”) or for a year or longer (*añejo*, or “old”).



THE STAR OF NBC'S NEW SHOW *THE PLAYBOY CLUB* EMBRACES HER INNER BUNNY, DRIVES FAST, SHOOTS STRAIGHT, OPENS UP ABOUT HER PERSONAL LIFE AND TALKS ABOUT WHY IT'S GREAT FOR A WOMAN TO HAVE SOME CURVES

20Q

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY AMANDA DE CADENET



Amber Heard



Q1

PLAYBOY: You play Maureen, a Playboy Bunny, on the new NBC drama *The Playboy Club*. Now that you've spent time in the Bunny suit, you can tell us: Is it really that uncomfortable?

HEARD: It feels about an inch away from death. If it got any tighter, we wouldn't be able to sit upright. I'm serious—it's that intense. But it looks great when you're

wearing it. Actually, you know what I really love about the Playboy Bunny outfit? It's all about a woman's silhouette. Whatever happened to that? Back in the 1960s it was fine to have curves. Do you know how happy I am that I get to keep some of my curves? For once I don't have to starve myself.

Q2

PLAYBOY: There's a real Playboy Club at the Palms in Las Vegas. If this acting thing doesn't work out, would you consider working there as a waitress?

HEARD: Oh please. [laughs] No, not so much, though I have nothing but respect for the women who did. Back then it was not an option for women to go out and earn money and support themselves. Marriage was the best and most practical option. What I like about *The Playboy Club* is that it's about women who were being independent and earning as much as their fathers. It was their chance to live their own life, to do whatever they wanted on their own terms. The feminist movement is often clouded by Gloria Steinem's perspective, but to deny women their sexuality is just as chauvinistic. The women who worked at the Playboy Clubs were using sexuality to their advantage.

Q3

PLAYBOY: You've been naked an awful lot in your movies. Do you have to psych yourself up for a nude scene, or is it no big deal?

HEARD: I approach all my movies with an open mind and a willingness to dive in and do what's asked of me. But a lot of the nudity in my early movies was out of necessity. When I came to Hollywood, I didn't know anybody. I didn't have any connections. I did what a lot of people have to do in the real world and just worked from the bottom up. And that meant taking a lot of roles as the girl at the party who loses her shirt. But now I'm doing things I find artistically and emotionally fulfilling. I'm not opposed to nude scenes if they're appropriate. I'm not against them morally, but I personally no longer find movie nudity to be worth my while. That may change in the future. I'm keeping an open mind, as always, because that's what you have to do.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Even when you're not naked in movies, you're at least seminaked. Your Daisy Duke shorts in *Drive Angry 3D*, for instance, left little to the imagination. Is it true those shorts came from your own closet?

HEARD: Yes, that is true. Those were my shorts. I don't know if I'm proud of that, but they were. I've had shorts like that for a very long time. I can't remember a time in my life when I didn't have them.

I remember when my Daisy Dukes fit me in a different way. When I was younger and a little slimmer, they were baggy and not so revealing.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're co-starring with Johnny Depp in the upcoming film *The Rum Diary*, which is about, among other things, the dread of growing old before your time. Can you empathize? You're only 25. Do you feel over-the-hill?

HEARD: Well, of course. Hollywood actresses age in dog years. I'm 25 to the rest of the world, but I'm about 48 in actress years. I'm just around the corner from my midlife crisis. I don't know if you've heard, but Hollywood can be a draining industry.

Q6

PLAYBOY: *The Rum Diary* is based on a novel by Hunter S. Thompson, who had a legendary appetite for drugs. To stay true to his spirit, did you partake in recreational drugs during filming?

HEARD: Not at all. Trying to film a movie on a diet is hard enough; I can't imagine how it would be on drugs. I stayed true to his spirit in other ways. I kept his book in the pocket of my cast chair the entire time we were filming. That made me feel connected to the bigger picture, of our goal to do justice to a wonderful piece of literature and a legend.

Q7

PLAYBOY: You did most of your own stunts in *Drive Angry*, and you've admitted you're kind of a reckless driver. Just how bad is your driving record?

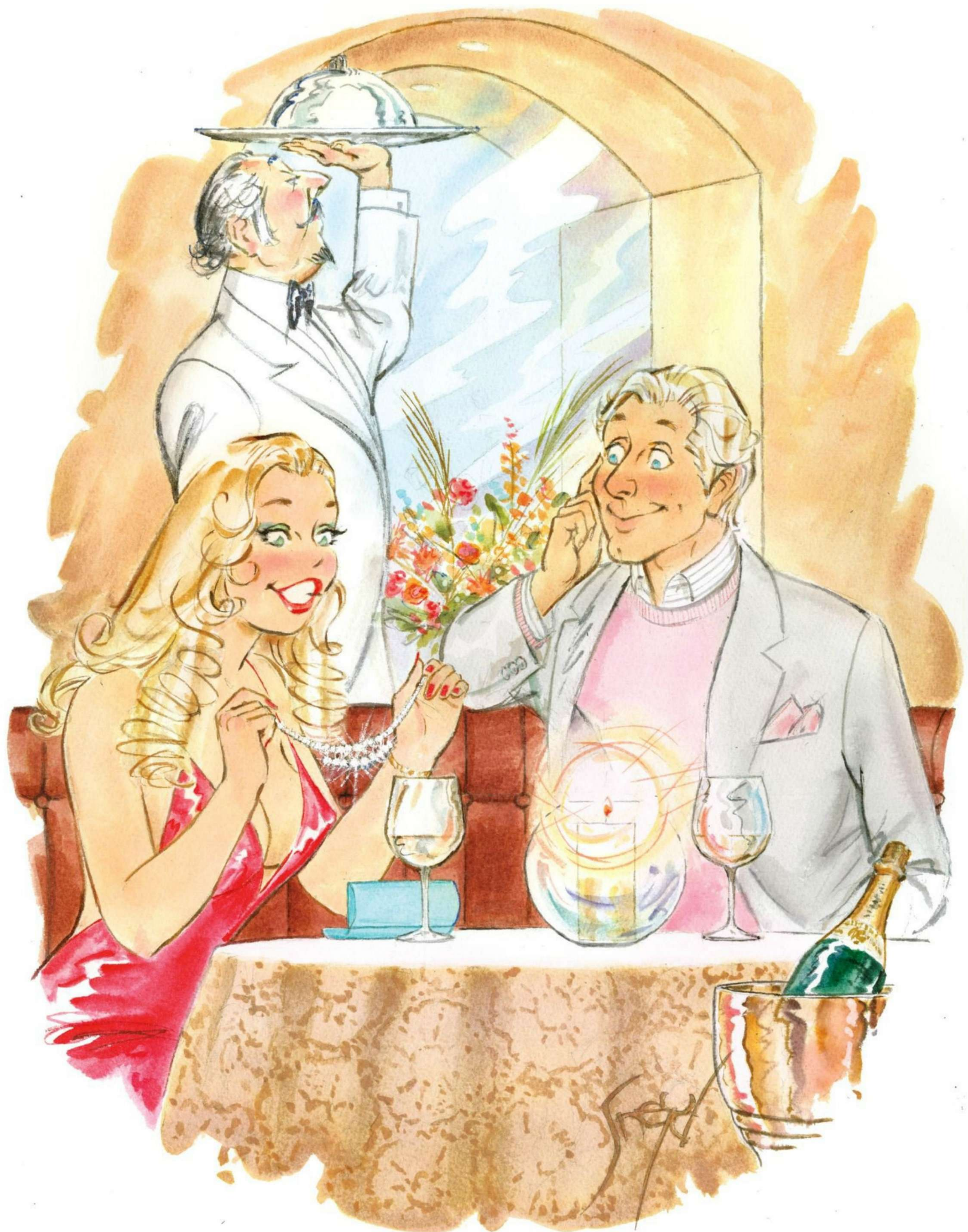
HEARD: It's pitiful. It's not something I'm proud of, and I'm trying hard to learn how to drive better. I grew up driving old pickup trucks on the ranch with my dad, and I still find myself driving as if I'm out in an open field, except I'm in L.A., on La Cienega in the middle of rush-hour traffic. When I was preparing for *Drive Angry* the stunt coordinator took me out to the parking lot to show me how to spin out and fishtail and do all the things you're not supposed to know how to do. After two seconds of being a passenger in my car, he realized it was an exercise in futility—because I had that shit down.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You were born and raised in Austin. How
(continued on page 107)



"The show is about women who were being independent."



"If this is your idea of foreplay, I like it!"



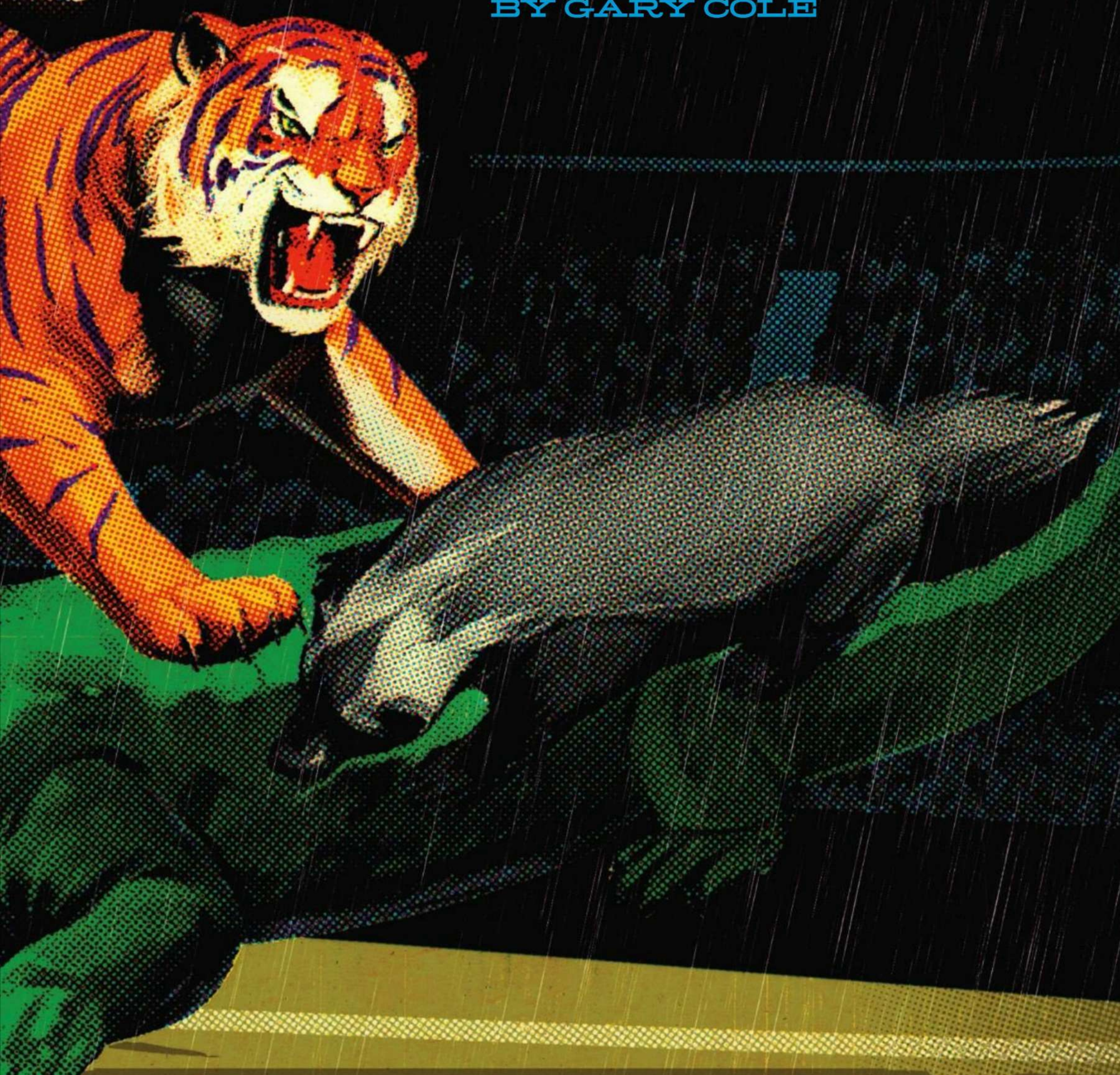
PLAYBOY'S

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

2011

THE TEAMS AND TALENTS TO WATCH
THIS COLLEGE FOOTBALL SEASON

BY GARY COLE



TOP 25

1. OKLAHOMA 12-0
2. BOISE STATE 12-0
3. OREGON 11-1
4. STANFORD 11-1
5. LSU 10-2
6. ALABAMA 10-2
7. OKLAHOMA STATE 10-2
8. SOUTH CAROLINA 10-2
9. FLORIDA STATE 10-2
10. TCU 10-2
11. MICHIGAN STATE 10-2
12. TEXAS A&M 9-3
13. NEBRASKA 9-3
14. AUBURN 9-3
15. VIRGINIA TECH 9-3
16. NOTRE DAME 9-3
17. MISSOURI 9-3
18. MISSISSIPPI STATE 8-4
19. WISCONSIN 8-4
20. ARKANSAS 8-4
21. FLORIDA 8-4
22. ARIZONA STATE 8-4
23. TEXAS 8-4
24. NORTHWESTERN 8-4
25. GEORGIA 8-4

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



**Oregon Ducks
running back
LaMichael James**

Moving into his junior season, James has already run for more than 3,000 yards. He was the top rusher in the nation last year, finishing third in the Heisman voting. Here he breaks a tackle during last year's national championship game.

Even before taking office, President Obama publicly pondered college football's Bowl Championship Series. "I'm fed up with these computer rankings and this and that and the other," he said. "Get eight teams, the top eight teams right at the end. You got a playoff. Decide on a national champion." Not exactly Lincolnesque, but he made his point.

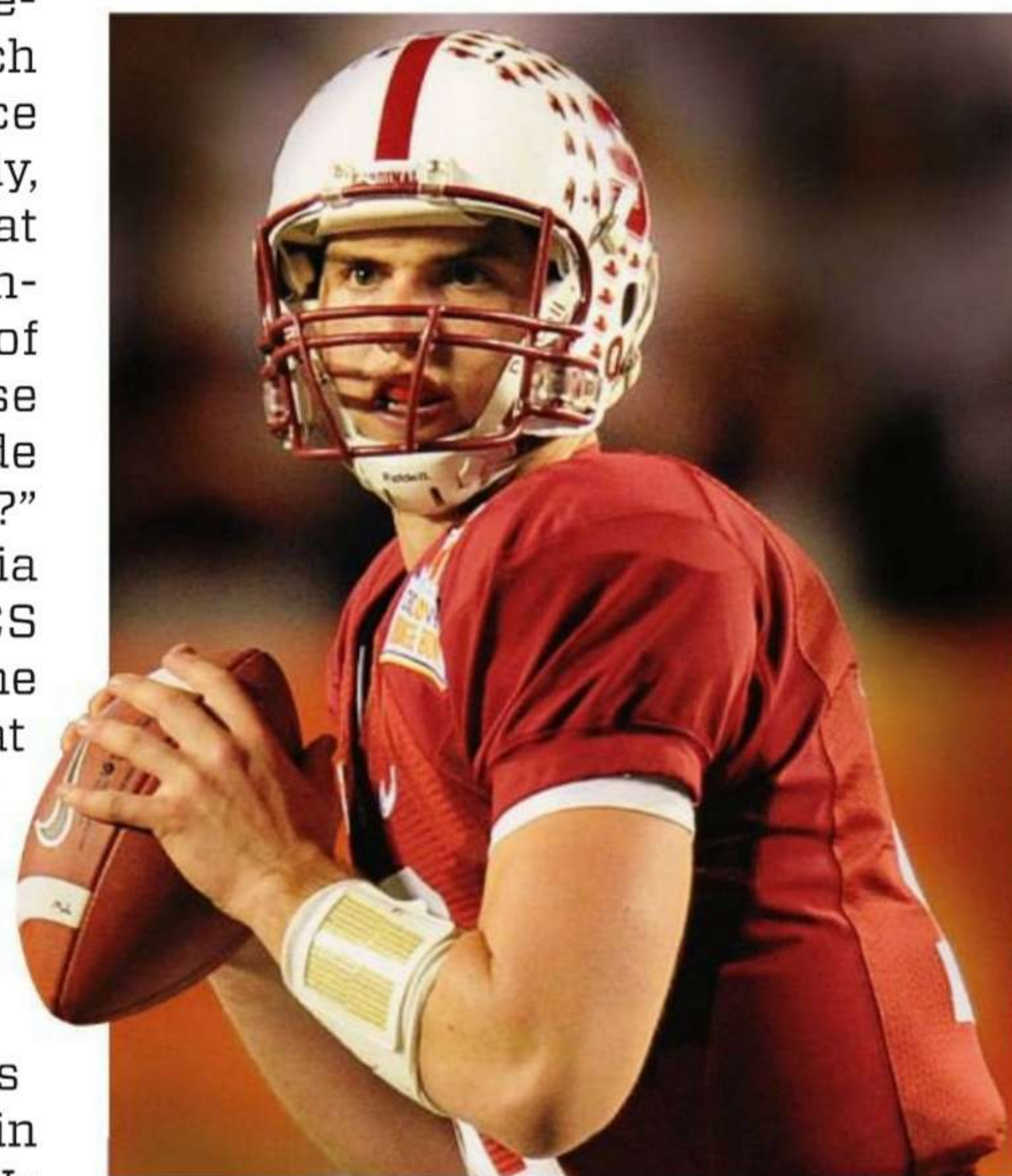
Now even Republicans are lining up to help rid the nation of the incomprehensible BCS. Utah senator Orrin Hatch has called for a Department of Justice investigation. He told reporters, "Frankly, there's an arrogance about the BCS that just drives me nuts." Former representative Neil Abercrombie, Democrat of Hawaii, chimed in: "Who elected these NCAA people? Who are they to decide who competes for the championship?" Congressmen from Idaho and Georgia voiced their displeasure with the BCS when the Boise State Broncos and the Georgia Bulldogs were denied shots at the national championship. Former University of Utah president Michael K. Young summed it up neatly: "Championships should be decided by competition, not conspiracy."

While the BCS continues to defend its turf, Obama is likely to bring it up again during his 2012 reelection campaign. We hope he does. But for now, enough politics: Let's take a look at the best teams as we kick off the 2011 season.

1. OKLAHOMA

With Nebraska gone to the Big Ten and Texas seemingly vulnerable, there's no reason to believe the Sooners will be

stopped from winning their fifth Big 12 title in the past six years and marching into the BCS championship as the number one team in the nation. Eighteen starters return from last year's 12-2 squad, including quarterback Landry Jones and Playboy All America receiver Ryan Broyles. Expect Roy Finch to step in for departed 1,000-yard rusher DeMarco Murray. **PREDICTION: 12-0**



**Stanford Cardinal
quarterback
Andrew Luck**

Luck has been called the best NFL quarterback prospect ever. Though he would almost certainly have gone first in the 2011 draft, he's returning to Stanford for his junior year. In two seasons he has a QB rating of 158.5.

2. BOISE STATE

The Broncos ranked second in the nation in offense and fourth in defense last season. Moving to the Mountain West Conference this year will provide some upgraded competition, plus there's a season-opening game against Georgia in Atlanta. If the Broncos get past the Bulldogs and the TCU Horned Frogs toward the end of the season, they could finally get a shot at their first national title game. Fourteen starters return from last year's 12-1 team, including senior QB Kellen Moore, who led the Broncs to an overall 38-2 record in the past three seasons and has passed for 10,867 yards and 99 touchdowns. **PREDICTION: 12-0**

3. OREGON

The only team Oregon couldn't beat last season was Auburn in the BCS championship game (22-19). And that had an awful lot to do with Auburn quarterback Cam Newton, who went on to become the number one pick in the NFL draft. Ducks quarterback Darron Thomas is back after totaling more than 3,000 yards of offense last year. LaMichael James, Playboy All America and a Heisman Trophy finalist, is back too. Coach Chip Kelly's dazzling option-spread attack will again be the game plan. With all that offense, where's the vulnerability? On defense, where five of last season's front seven have to be replaced. **PREDICTION: 11-1**

4. STANFORD

The Cardinal lost coach Jim Harbaugh to the San Francisco 49ers in the off-season. However, what it didn't lose was

Playboy All America quarterback Andrew Luck, who in all likelihood passed up a chance to be the number one pick in this year's NFL draft so he could come back to school. Also returning: Playboy All America tackle Jonathan Martin and guard David DeCastro. The selection of David Shaw, Stanford's offensive coordinator for the past four years, as coach should make the transition easier. **PREDICTION: 11-1**

5. LSU

The Tigers won 11 games last year without the benefit of a strong passing attack. They did it with a combination of rushing and a tenacious defense led by cornerback Patrick Peterson. With nine returnees, the offense will again rely on the running game. Peterson left early for the NFL, but coach Les Miles has seven starters back on defense, plus a boatload of talented underclassmen ready to make their mark. LSU's opener against Oregon on September 3 at Cowboys Stadium in Texas will provide a supreme early test. **PREDICTION: 10-2**

6. ALABAMA

Most teams wouldn't bounce back after losing players like quarterback Greg McElroy, running back Mark Ingram (a Heisman winner) and wide receiver Julio Jones—all now in the NFL. But then most teams don't have coach Nick Saban gathering blue-chip talent by the bushel. Playboy All America running back Trent Richardson is a worthy successor to Ingram, while A.J. McCarron looks likely to take over for McElroy under center. Bama's offensive line returns nearly intact, and the defense returns all but one starter. The devastation from the tornado that hit Tuscaloosa will provide the Tide with extra motivation to succeed. **PREDICTION: 10-2**



Oklahoma Sooners wide receiver
Ryan Broyles

A consensus All-American and finalist for the Biletnikoff Award last year, Broyles enters his senior season.

7. OKLAHOMA STATE

Evidently Mama let some of her good football-playing sons grow up to be Cowboys. Oklahoma State's lineup features Playboy All America Justin Blackmon, who won last year's Biletnikoff Award as the best receiver in the nation. Good receivers need good quarterbacks; senior Brandon Weeden was named first-team All-Big 12 last year. There are 14 other returning starters and high expectations. The last regular-season game on December 3 against Oklahoma promises to be a corker. **PREDICTION: 10-2**

8. SOUTH CAROLINA

Coach Steve Spurrier has finally pushed the level of South Carolina football from good to great. The Gamecocks won the Eastern Division of the SEC last season and promise to be even better this year. Playboy All America wide receiver Alshon Jeffery, formidable quarterback Stephen Garcia, running back Marcus Lattimore (National Freshman of the Year last season) and Playboy All America cornerback Stephon Gilmore will be all over the highlight reels. **PREDICTION: 10-2**

9. FLORIDA STATE

While the departure of longtime coach Bobby Bowden may have been an emotional blow to some die-hard Seminole fans, there's little doubt that successor Jimbo Fisher has improved team discipline and injected new energy into the recruiting process. There are swarms of good players on this team, especially Playboy All America defensive end Brandon Jenkins. Nearly everyone returns on offense except graduated quarterback Christian Ponder. His role falls to redshirt junior E.J. Manuel. Fisher expects him to be up to the challenge. **PREDICTION: 10-2**

10. TCU

Gary Patterson, last year's Playboy Coach of the Year, has lots of holes to fill if the Horned Frogs are to make their fifth top 10 finish in the past seven years. However, Patterson has demonstrated the ability to reload while continuing to win. Sophomore Casey Pachall will take over for Andy Dalton at quarterback. Both sides of the line will miss big bodies, especially offensive tackle Marcus Cannon. The good news is that Playboy All America linebacker Tank Carder decided to return for his senior season after breaking up what would have been a game-tying two-point pass play in TCU's win over Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl. **PREDICTION: 10-2**

FOR MORE PIGSKIN PREVIEW GO TO www.com/pigskin.

★ THE 2011 ★ PLAYBOY PRESEASON ALL AMERICA ★ TEAM ★



QUARTERBACK
ANDREW LUCK—STANFORD
6'4", 235, junior



RUNNING BACKS
TRENT RICHARDSON—ALABAMA
5'11", 224, junior
LAMICHAEL JAMES—OREGON
5'9", 185, junior



WIDE RECEIVERS
RYAN BROYLES—OKLAHOMA
5'11", 187, senior
JUSTIN BLACKMON—OKLAHOMA STATE
6'1", 210, junior
ALSHON JEFFERY—SOUTH CAROLINA
6'4", 233, junior



CENTER
MIKE BREWSTER—OHIO STATE
6'5", 305, senior



OFFENSIVE LINEMEN
SEANTREL HENDERSON—MIAMI
6'8", 345, sophomore
RILEY REIFF—IOWA
6'6", 300, junior
MATT KALIL—USC
6'7", 295, junior
JONATHAN MARTIN—STANFORD
6'6", 304, junior



DEFENSIVE LINEMEN
QUINTON COPLES—NORTH CAROLINA
6'6", 275, senior
JARED CRICK—NEBRASKA
6'6", 285, senior
BRANDON JENKINS—FLORIDA STATE
6'3", 258, junior
JEREL WORTHY—MICHIGAN STATE
6'3", 305, junior



LINEBACKERS
TANK CARDER—TCU
6'3", 237, senior
VONTAZE BURFICT—ARIZONA STATE
6'3", 252, junior
LUKE KUECHLY—BOSTON COLLEGE
6'3", 235, junior



DEFENSIVE BACKS
JAYRON HOSLEY—VIRGINIA TECH
5'10", 170, junior
CHASE MINNIFIELD—VIRGINIA
6'0", 185, senior
STEPHON GILMORE—SOUTH CAROLINA
6'1", 194, junior
MARK BARRON—ALABAMA
6'2", 218, senior



KICK RETURNER
JAMES RODGERS—OREGON STATE
5'7", 188, senior



PLACEKICKER
DAVID RUFFER—NOTRE DAME
6'1", 176, grad student



PUNTER
DREW BUTLER—GEORGIA
6'2", 214, senior

ALL-PURPOSE PLAYER
CLIFF HARRIS—OREGON
5'11", 165, junior

COACH OF THE YEAR
STEVE SPURRIER—SOUTH CAROLINA

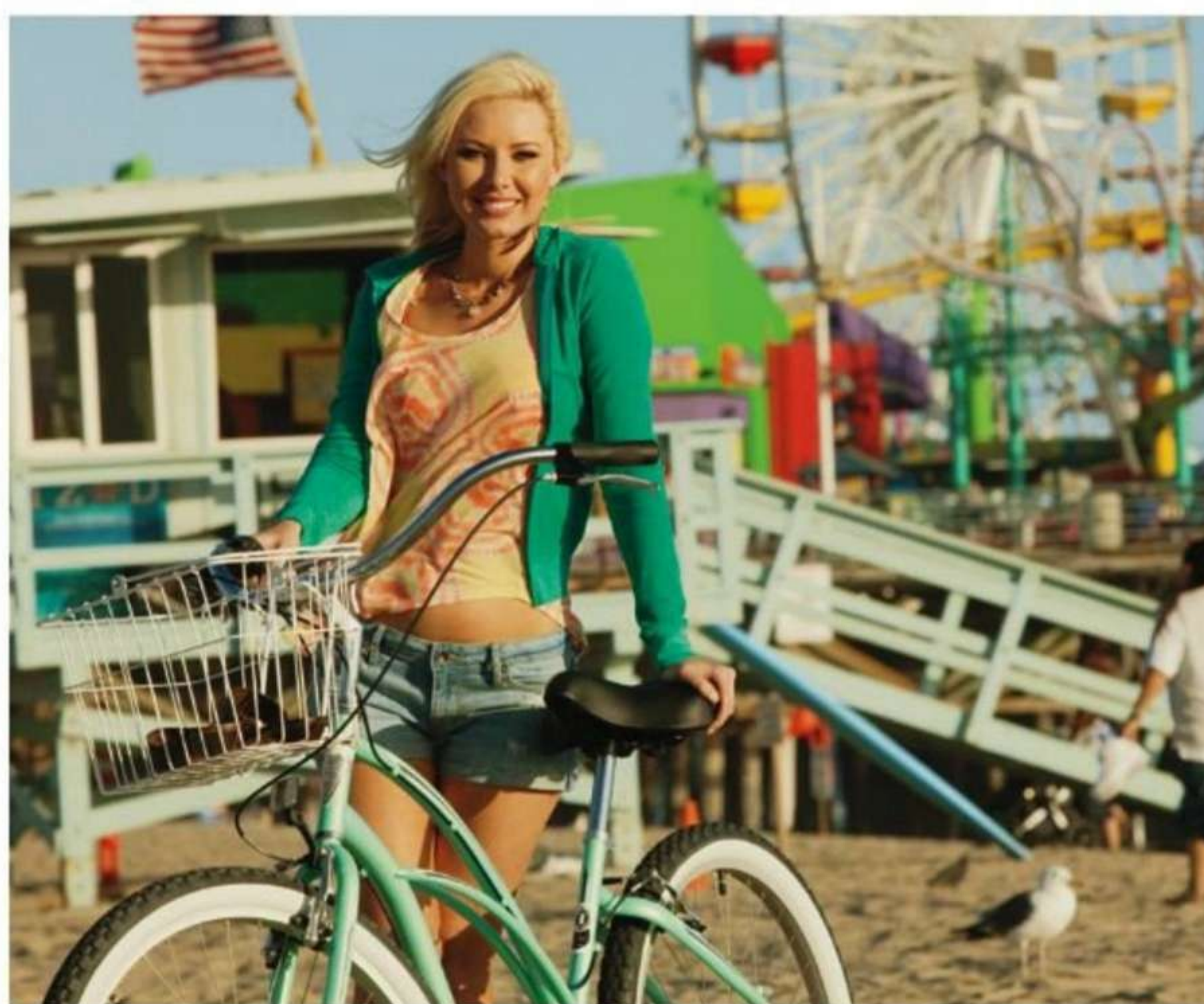
ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE
KELLEN MOORE—BOISE STATE
6', 191, senior



little miss sunshine

Make it an endless summer with Miss September

A few months ago, one of Tiffany Toth's Facebook fans wished that someone would construct a beachside billboard of the sun-kissed 25-year-old so that after gazing upon her blonde image he would be able to dive straight into the ocean to cool off. What he didn't realize is that the billboard is completely unnecessary. "I love the beach, so I hang out there as much as possible," says the Orange County native and full-time model and makeup artist. "It's how I grew up. I always went to the beach with friends, laid out in the sun and rode Jet Skis and bicycles. I still look forward to those summer nights



photography by Stephen Wayda

when the sun goes down and you start a bonfire, have a drink and make s'mores." But fans of the former Playboy Cyber Girl don't stop with requests for gigantic signage. "They're always e-mailing me the same thing: 'You need to be a Playmate!'" It was a goal Tiffany shared. "Ever since I can remember, I've had this fascination with PLAYBOY. I collected the magazine and idolized the Playmates. I would even imitate their hair and makeup. And now, here I am! Everything is exactly how I imagined it. In real life I hate high heels, and look, in my pictorial I'm barefoot on the beach! It's totally me, and I couldn't be happier about it."





LIFE GUARD



RESCUE







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

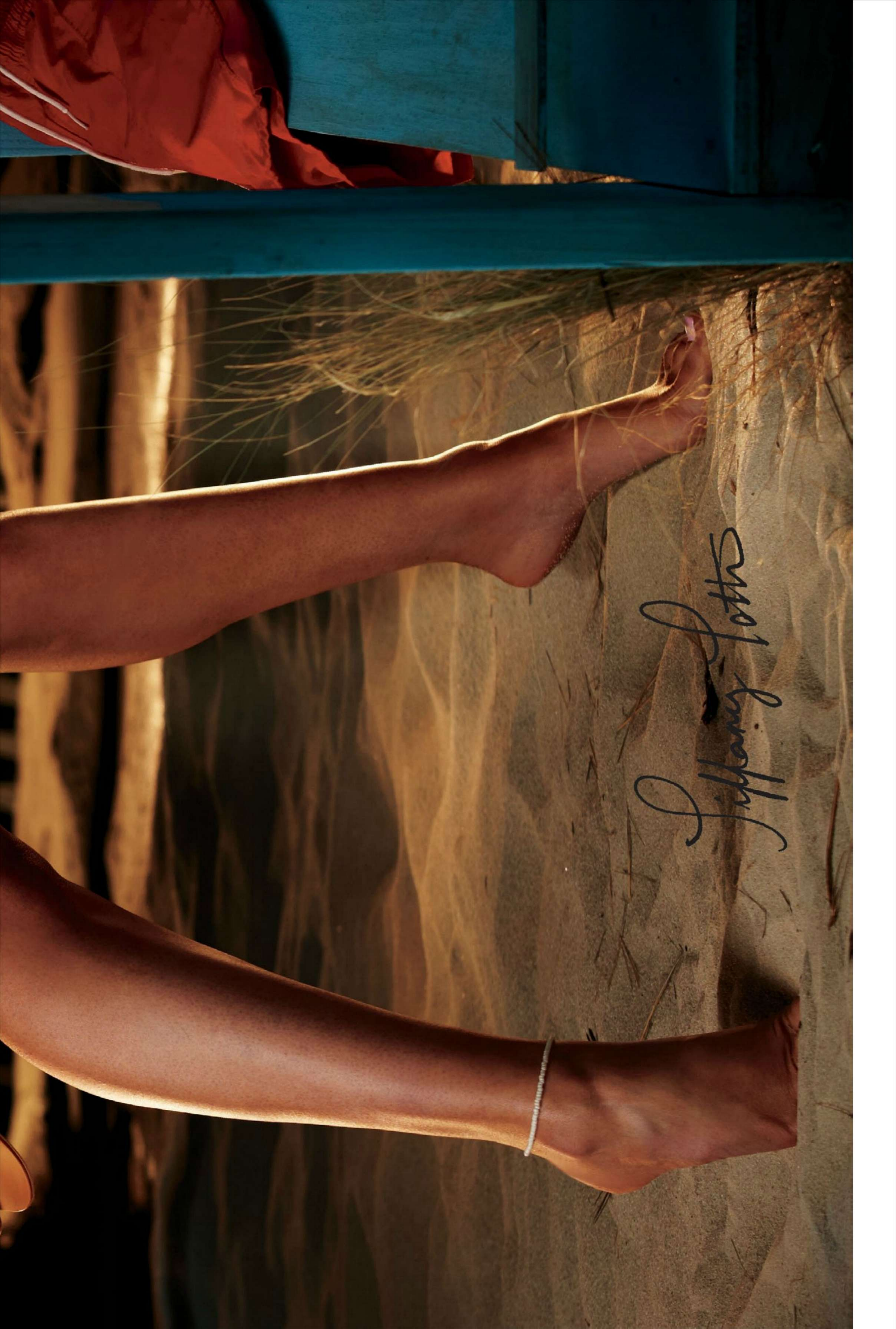


MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Jiffany Jotts

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: TIFFANY TOTH

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 3/28/86 BIRTHPLACE: ANAHEIM, CA

AMBITIONS: TO KEEP WORKING AS A MAKEUP ARTIST AND ONE DAY OPEN MY OWN BAKERY.

TURN-ONS: CONFIDENT, FUNNY MEN WHO DON'T GET JEALOUS. OH-AND A MAN IN UNIFORM!

TURNOFFS: FLASHY GUYS WHO BRAG ABOUT HOW MUCH MONEY THEY MAKE AND CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT STATUS. I AM NOT IMPRESSED!

SOMETHING I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: MY LITTLE DEVIL OF A DOG, MARLEY, WHO SEEMS TO THINK THAT COUCHES, SHOES AND MAKEUP BRUSHES ARE HIS CHEW TOYS. BUT I LOVE HIM ANYWAY!

FAVE TV SHOW: I'M OBSESSED WITH DEXTER, SO PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT WHILE IT'S ON!

THREE WORDS THAT SUM ME UP: FUN, MOTIVATED AND CARING.



REDHEADED CHEERLEADER.



AT THE FAIR WITH THE COWS!



A BUNNY IN TRAINING.



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

LIFE GUARD



Loth

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How do you know when your mistress has gained too much weight? She fits into your wife's clothes.

One night a biker picked up a beautiful woman at a biker bar. When they arrived at her place, the woman pulled off his pants and was sorely disappointed to discover he had a very small cock.

"Who do you plan on pleasing with this little thing?" she asked.

Kissing her once again, the biker replied, "Me!"

What did the left testicle say to the right one? "The guy in the middle is a dick."



A woman was at home one afternoon when she heard a knock on the door. She opened it and found a strange man standing on her front step.

"Lady, do you have a vagina?" he asked.

Horrified, she slammed the door in his face. The next morning, someone knocked on her door, and when she answered it, the same man was standing on her front step.

"Do you have a vagina?" he asked again.

She slammed the door in the man's face again, and when her husband got home she told him everything that had happened.

The husband said, "Tomorrow I'll stay home, and if he knocks on the door again, answer it. If he asks you if you have a vagina, just say yes, and then I'll pop out from behind you and tell him off."

The next day there was a knock on the door, and when the wife opened it she found the same man standing there once again.

"Lady, do you have a vagina?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I do."

"Wonderful," the man said. "Then please tell your husband to stop fucking my wife."

One evening a dapper 95-year-old man walked into an upscale bar and immediately spotted an attractive woman seated by herself. After sauntering over and sitting on the bar stool beside her, he said, "Hello, beautiful. Do I come here often?"

One morning a husband and wife were eating breakfast together when the wife said, "You know, our new neighbor told me that she and her husband have sex every day. Why can't you do that?"

"Honey," her husband replied, "I barely know the woman."

Why do so many women fake orgasms? Because so many men fake foreplay.

Daddy," a little boy said to his father one day, "how much does it cost to get married?"

"I don't know, son," the father replied. "I'm still paying."

After examining a woman who had been rushed into the emergency room, the doctor went out to the waiting room to speak to the woman's husband.

"I have to be honest with you," the doctor said to the husband. "I didn't like what I saw."

"Neither did I, doc," the man replied. "But she's great in the sack and really good with the kids."



How do you make a lesbian like you? Don't be a dick.

A woman went to see her therapist and told him she was having a problem with her husband.

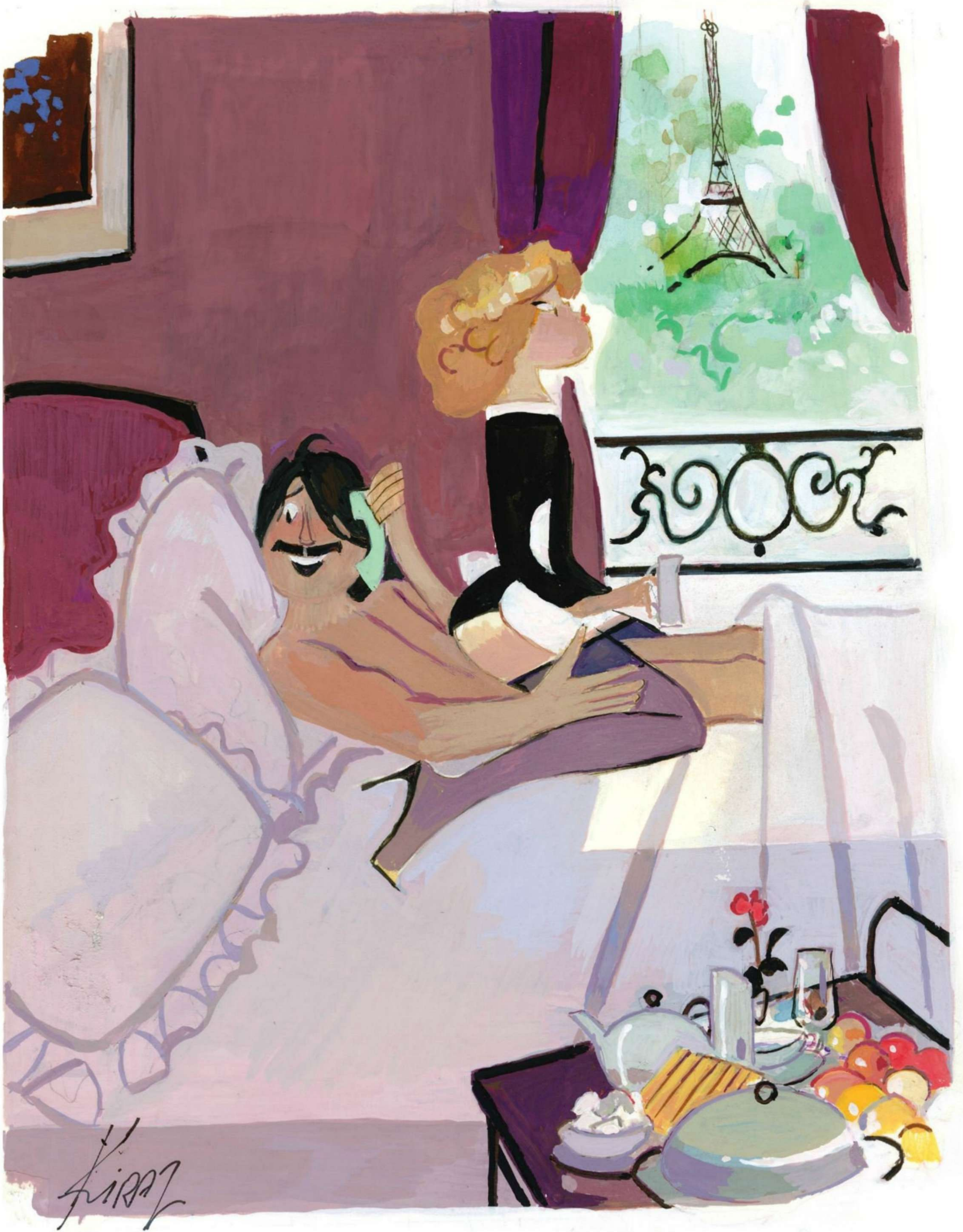
"Every time we're in bed and he climaxes, he lets out this earsplitting yell," she said.

"That's completely natural," the therapist replied. "I'd hardly call that a problem."

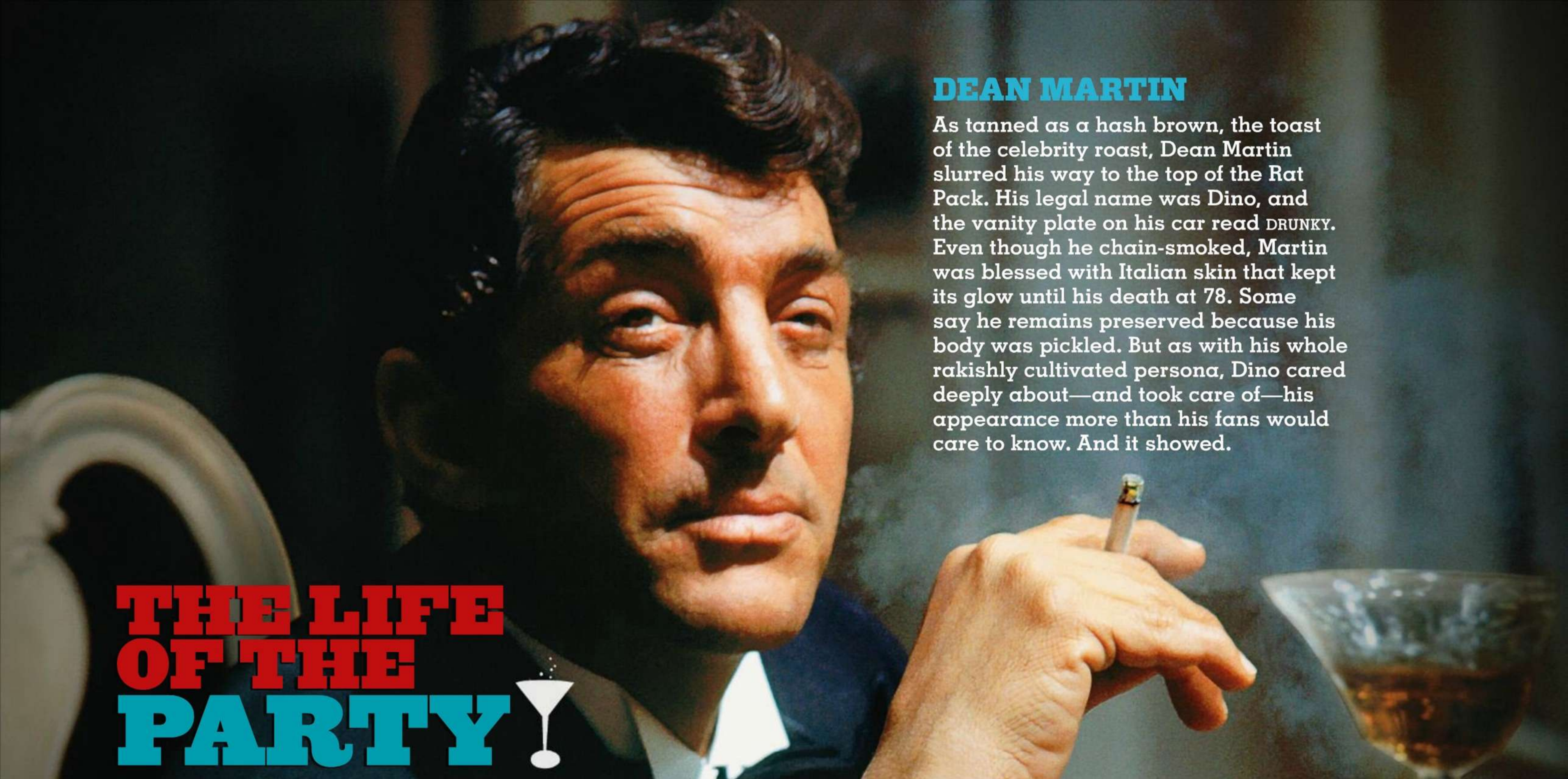
"It's a problem," she said, "because it wakes me up every night."

What do a lawyer and a prostitute have in common? Both are paid to get you off.

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.



"You were right, honey. The continental breakfast in Paris is simply delicious."



DEAN MARTIN

As tanned as a hash brown, the toast of the celebrity roast, Dean Martin slurred his way to the top of the Rat Pack. His legal name was Dino, and the vanity plate on his car read DRUNKY. Even though he chain-smoked, Martin was blessed with Italian skin that kept its glow until his death at 78. Some say he remains preserved because his body was pickled. But as with his whole rakishly cultivated persona, Dino cared deeply about—and took care of—his appearance more than his fans would care to know. And it showed.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

THE GUY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

REFERENCING GREAT HOLLYWOOD LEADING MEN, WE SELECT THE PREEMINENT PRIMERS FOR YOUR SPECIFIC NEEDS



TAKE THE EDGE OFF

Had a late night? You may benefit from a bloody mary as part of your grooming routine. This is the original as it first appeared in the U.S., at New York's St. Regis Hotel in 1934.

2 oz. vodka
4 to 5 oz. tomato juice
3 to 4 dashes Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce
2 to 4 dashes Tabasco sauce
½ tsp. celery salt
pinch of black pepper
pinch of white pepper
juice of ½ lemon

Pour vodka over ice in a glass. Shake other ingredients with ice and strain over vodka. The original garnish was a lemon slice, but you can make a buffet if you like.



1

4



2



3

1 La Fresh Instant Body Soother peppermint wipes, \$5. 2 Aubrey Organics Men's Stock North Woods face scrub, \$9. 3 Axe Downpour shampoo, refreshing mint, \$5. 4 Borba Age Defying Eye Crème Concentrate, \$21. 5 Portland General Store Whiskey No. 006 eau de toilette, \$68. 6 Lab Series Skincare for Men MAX LS Overnight Renewal Serum, \$55. 7 Nivea for Men Energizing Face Scrub, \$7. 8 Sadick Dermatology Group PM Rejuvenation Cream, \$38.

5



6



7



8





CLINIQUE
skin supplies
for men

anti-fatigue
cooling eye gel
gel yeux rafraîchissant
anti-fatigue

- 1 Binaca breath drops, \$2 for a pack of three. 2 Anthony Inside Libido dietary supplement, \$40. 3 ck one shock for him, \$50. 4 John Varvatos Star USA eau de toilette, \$70. 5 Jack Black Intense Therapy lip balm, SPF 25 with natural mint and shea butter, \$7.50. 6 Connected Kenneth Cole Reaction fragrance, \$68. 7 American Crew Forming Cream, \$16. 8 Neutrogena Men Triple Protect Face Lotion, SPF 20, \$7. 9 Clinique Skin Supplies for Men Anti-Fatigue Cooling Eye Gel, \$26.

MARCELLO MASTROIANNI

The great Casanova of Italian New Wave cinema, Marcello Mastroianni—pictured here in Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* (1960)—prowled Rome's paparazzi-crazed alleys and spirited parties, where he entranced innumerable *belle ragazze*. The idea: Never let 'em see you sweat. His paramours, including Faye Dunaway and Anita Ekberg, certainly never did.



"AS TO THE DECEIT PERPETRATED UPON WOMEN, LET IT PASS, FOR, WHEN LOVE IS IN THE WAY, MEN AND WOMEN AS A GENERAL RULE DUPE EACH OTHER."

—GIACOMO CASANOVA

THE MAN
ON THE
PROWL 

PETER O'TOOLE

A complex fellow with indelible style who traversed the globe with the Royal Navy before he found Shakespeare, Peter O'Toole (pictured here in 1969's *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*) personified the well-kempt journeyman. With today's grooming products, you can strut this kind of suave effortlessly.



THE GLOBE-TROTTER



TRAVEL IN STYLE

Tips for looking your best on the go, courtesy of the great bespoke tailor Duncan Quinn of New York and London.

(1) Rock the mohair suit. Nothing travels like it.

(2) Drink enough water to drown a fish while you're flying.

(3) Hit the restroom before you land: toothbrush, face toner, moisturizer.

(4) Slide on a fresh shirt and socks.

(5) Give the air hostess a cheeky wink, a smile and a thank you. Exit like a rock star.



1 L'Oréal Paris Studio Line Overworked Hair Putty, \$5. **2** Colgate Wisp Plus Whitening portable mini toothbrush in cool mint, \$8. **3** The Real Shaving Co.'s Ultimate Shave Kit, includes daily facial scrub, pre-shave self-heating face mask, shave cream and post-shave daily soothing balm, \$12. **4 & 6** Anthony Sport for Men Good to Go Portables Kit, includes foaming face wash, scrub, shave cream, after-shave repair, lip balm and hand cream, all in TSA-approved sizing, \$20. **5** Zip-Around travel kit by Victorinox, \$58. **7** Bausch & Lomb Sight Savers contact lens case, \$2. **8** Johnson & Johnson Reach mint waxed dental floss, \$3.





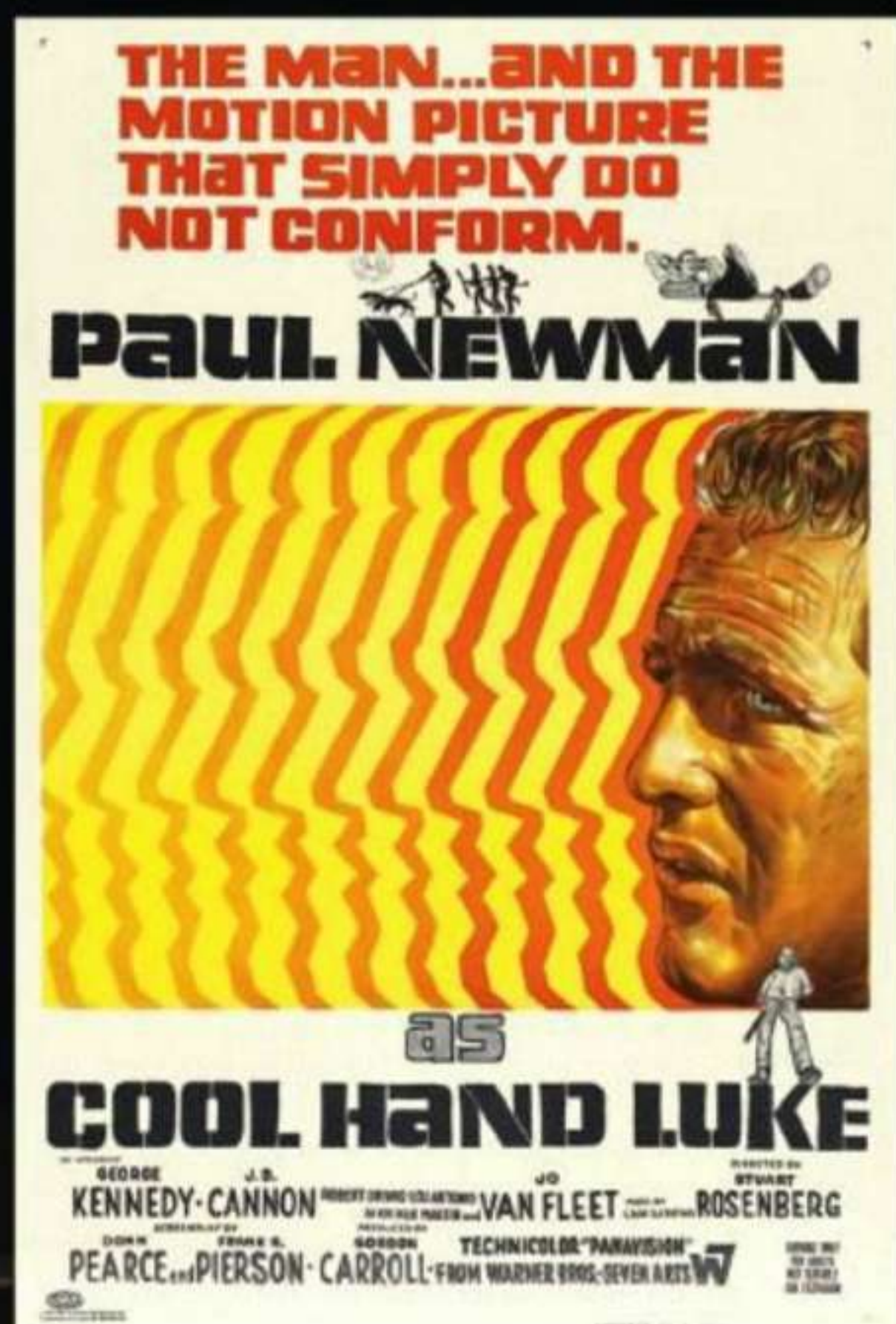
1 Old Spice High Endurance Pure Sport deodorant, \$3.50. **2** Göt2b inPLAY Spiking Putty, \$6. **3** Proactiv Solution cleansing soap bar, \$4. **4** Gold Bond powder, \$3. **5** Schick Xtreme3 Fitstyle disposable razor, \$7. **6** Edge Shave Gel for sensitive skin, \$3.50. **7** Blistex Lip Medex lip moisturizer, \$2.50. **8** Mederma scar gel, \$20.

PAUL NEWMAN

Steve McQueen gets all the sartorial attention... just as Paul Newman would have had it. He was the true King of Cool, and his unspoken mantra should have been "Be yourself, even if it means getting into a brawl." Newman's integrity never showed through more than in the 1967 prison drama *Cool Hand Luke*. He was a man's man. Today's rejuvenating skin products he'd likely shrug off. But you're not Paul Newman. And getting hit—by the sun or by a fist—leaves its toll.



THE FIGHTER



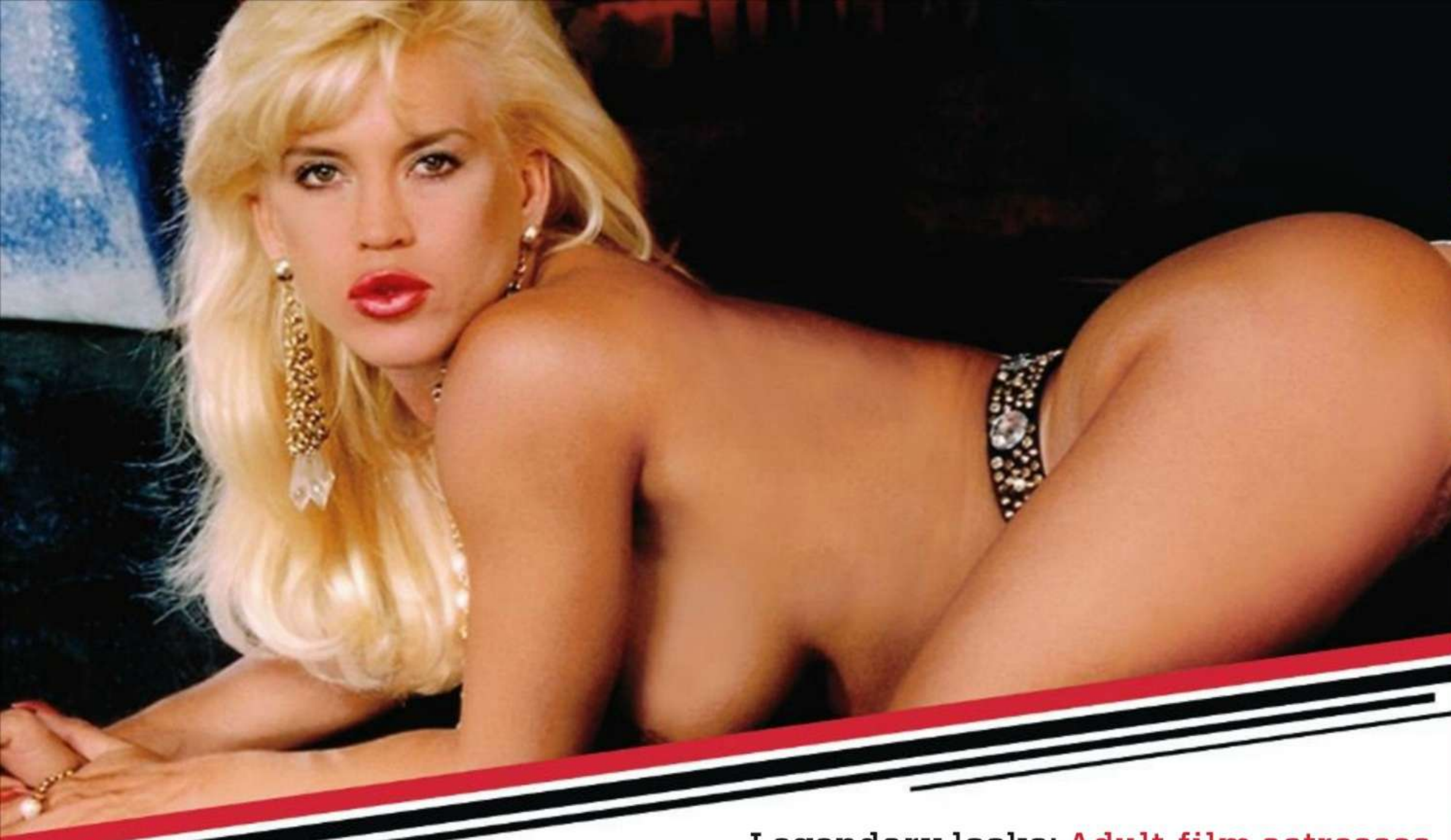




THE
PORN
IDENTITY
X X X

They were the last of their era: the goddesses of the porn industry, gorgeous starlets with crossover appeal, legions of fans and magnificent bank accounts. But now, two decades later, the sun has set on their careers. Where have all the porn stars gone?

BY MIKE SAGER



Legendary looks: Adult-film actresses (from left) Amber Lynn, Asia Carrera and Nina Hartley in the heyday of their careers, which happened to coincide with the heyday of the porn industry.

I AM SOMEWHERE around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the Motrin finally kicks in—the electric pain scorching down the back of my leg settles to a dull burn; once again I can feel my foot on the gas pedal. The ache in my heart is another matter. I remind myself to breathe.

Three hours down, four to go, the best car my money can lease. The sky is big, blue and cloudless. The atmosphere is fragrant. My tunes are cranked, an inspiring anthem by the artist Milez called “We Have Hope.” I’ve played it six or seven times already, or maybe 10. It might have something to do with the message of the song. Or it might have something to do with the fact that Milez is my son—it’s something he recorded at the conclusion of a long holiday weekend in the house that used to belong to him and his family but now just belongs to him and his dad.

That I’ve left this particular part of my mission for last now seems prophetic. But then again, everything about this assignment has been weirdly synchronistic. There I was, suffering through the latter stages of a painful divorce, a middle-aged man facing single life after 20 years with the same woman. A recovering cuckold, damaged goods, the male animal at his lowest. My ego was fractured; my money was earmarked for oblivion. A tornado of anger and resentment and powerlessness swirled through my inner space, turning everything gritty and gray. All these motherfuckers with their hands in my pants, massaging my misery, waiting for their gusher to come in.

For months now I’ve felt as if I’ve been operating on safe mode—dull and slow and monochromatic. I wander through my house, going from room to room. I don’t know what the hell I’m doing. Putting scissors away. Emptying trash. Folding laundry. Making lunch. Changing passwords. Worrying about the future—college for my son, retirement

for me. Retirement! I always imagined I’d grow old with her—in some ways, to be honest, the scenario didn’t thrill me. At least now I get to sleep in the whole bed by myself. She used to take up three quarters of the damn thing, which was kind of metaphorical for my life with her—me sleeping on the itty-bitty edge of the big antique bed that had been in my family for 90 years.

And then, serendipitously, an e-mail arrived from the venerable Rabbit. They wanted to hire me—to track down retired porn stars.

You’re fucking kidding me, right?

At high noon the Mojave Desert shimmers in all directions. Twisted Joshua trees stand here and there like prickly, gawking townfolk, stooped and wringing their hands, bearing silent witness to my tortured thoughts. There is snow on the mountaintops; sculpted ridges and balancing rocks landscape the middle distance—a tribute to nature’s powerful and uncluttered sense of color and design. The intro to “We Have Hope” starts up again. I sing along with the chorus. I do have hope.

From the beginning it was clear that Asia Carrera was the golden ticket in this X-rated lottery. Half German, half Japanese, multiorgasmic, she was a child prodigy who played piano at Carnegie Hall twice before the age of 15—and then ran screaming to the dark side to escape the expectations of her overbearing parents. (Tiger moms, take note: This is what can happen when you push too hard.)

In her films Carrera is forever captured as she was in her prime: five feet eight inches tall, with geisha girl eyes, six-pack abs, a cheerleader’s well-muscled ass, which, incidentally, she never gave away on film until she co-produced, co-directed, wrote the script and owned the rights. She appears to orgasm easily and often—in

the throes of passion she is often moved to laugh. There is an aw-shucks quality to her afterglow. I’m not sure I’ve ever witnessed a porn princess—or anyone, for that matter—who appears to actually enjoy fucking more than Carrera.

There was only one problem.

She was said to be living in seclusion in southern Utah. Nobody in the industry had seen or spoken to her in years.

Eventually I found an e-mail address for her. We struck up a halting correspondence. She was friendly, but I couldn’t get her to commit. Time short, I forced the issue: “Looking forward to seeing you next week!” I typed.

“You sure we can’t do this by e-mail?”

“In person is better.”

“C’mon, nobody ever won a Pulitzer for talking to porn stars.”

“Look, I’m just a guy whose wife cheated and left. I’m sure I’m more scared of you than you are of me. I’ll be gentle if you will.”

And then—no reply.

Shit! In my state of emotional disarray had I revealed too much?

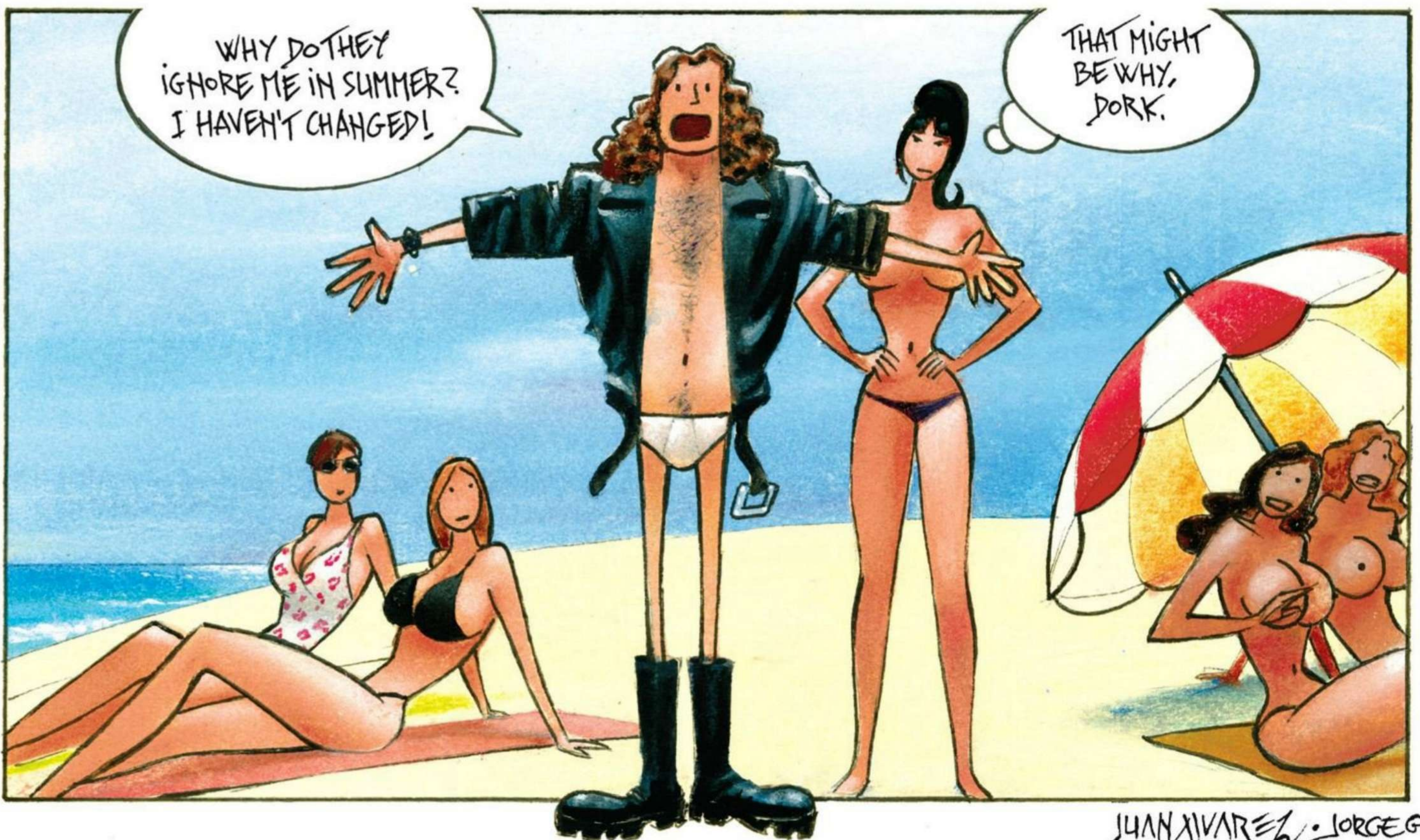
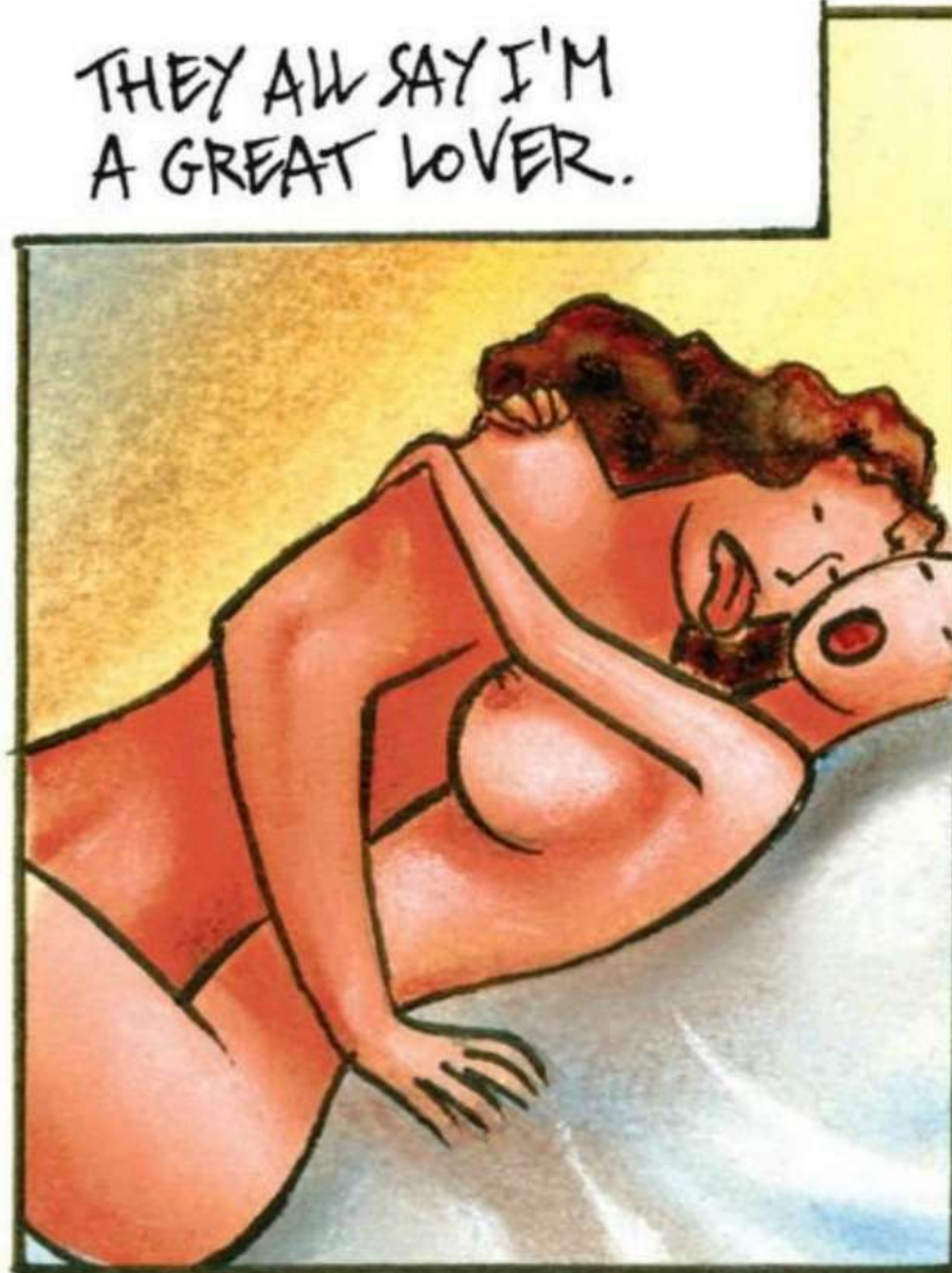
Twenty-four hours later she finally reconnected. “Wow, I had a dream that we hooked up, NOT kidding. Then I woke up and asked myself, ‘Where the heck did THAT come from? The guy’s married!’ And now you tell me your wife has left you? Oh no! LOL!”

LOL, indeed.

My journey had begun the month before with a visit to Kay Taylor Parker, best remembered for her highly charged incest scenes in the 1980 classic *Taboo*.

A busty redhead, she was known in her day as the prude of porn. With her British accent and air of innocence, she seemed a little too proper to be in fuck films, despite her 38DDs. She was 33 years old when she entered the biz. Workshop trained as a thespian, she was looking more (continued on page 112)

Rock Bottom

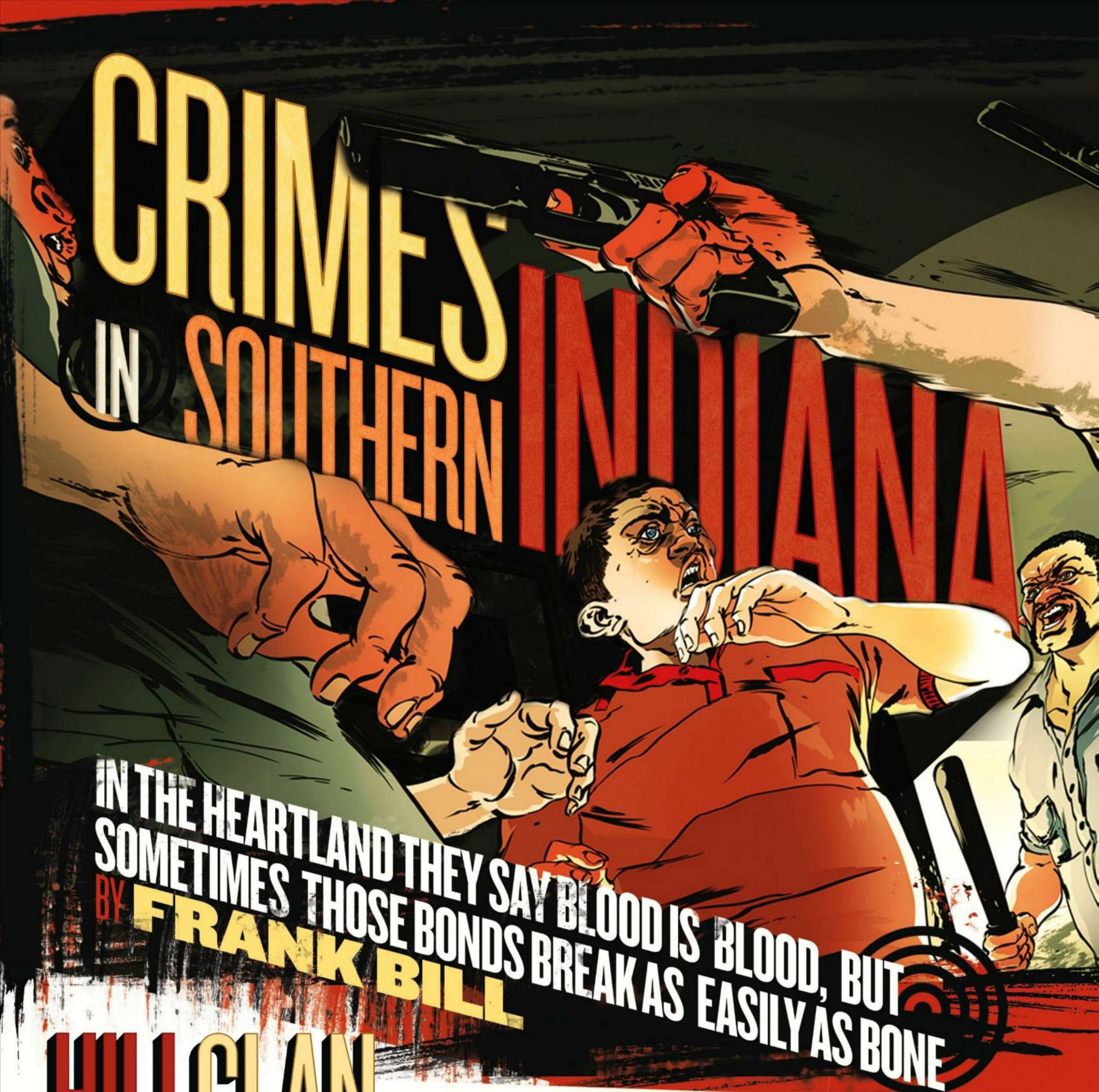


CRIMES

IN

SOUTHERN

INDIANA



IN THE HEARTLAND THEY SAY BLOOD IS BLOOD, BUT
SOMETIMES THOSE BONDS BREAK AS EASILY AS BONE
BY FRANK BILL

HILL CLAN CROSS

Pitchfork and Darnel burst through the scuffed motel door like two barrels of buckshot. Using the daisy-patterned bed to divide the dealers from the buyers, Pitchfork buried a .45-caliber Colt into Karl's peat moss unibrow with his right hand. Separated Irvine's green eyes with the sawed-off 12 gauge in his left, pushed the two young men, kin both, away from the mattress, stopped

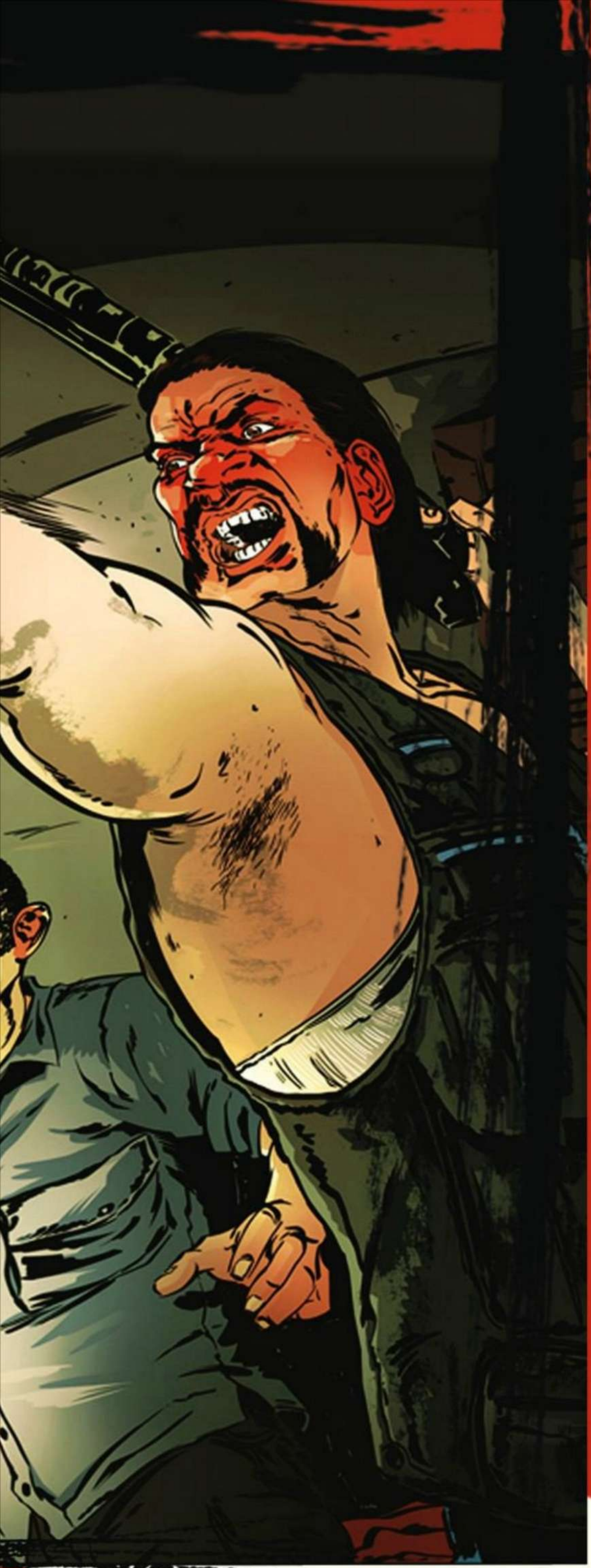
them at a wall painted by nicotine and shouted, "Drop the rucks, Karl!"

Karl's towline arms contorted and dropped the two heavy military backpacks to the carpet. Irvine stood with his chest rising and falling in a hyperventilated rush. Sounding like a southern Indiana hick, he said, "This here is our deal."

Behind Pitchfork, big brother Darnel kicked shut the motel door and corralled the two buyers to the right of the bed, into the nightstand, slapped a leather blackjack down onto Dodo Kirby's widow's peak. Helped his knees discover the cigarette-holed carpet. Dodo's little brother Uhl stepped forward, his checkered

teeth of bad dental mouthed, "What the shit, man, you can't—" Darnel obliged Uhl with the blackjack. Mashed his nose into his lips. Slid the blackjack into his bibs, pulled a small coil of fence wire from his other pocket. Shook his head and said, "Can't what? We never gave the go for this deal. We's taking back what's ours."

Pitchfork and Darnel had found several of their storage drums coming up short in the weight department after it'd been scaled for a customer who'd rescaled it and was none too happy. They'd had their suspicions of who'd skimmed the dope, considering the hands to be trusted were a select few. They passed the word to Harrison County sheriff



Elmo Sig, who'd been on their payroll for the past 10 years. Letting them use the only motel in town to do their trade. The man also gave the DEA leads in other counties, detoured their noses out of his own. Sig had his own eyes and ears running through the surrounding counties who went by the alias AK. AK delivered some chatter that he'd overheard about two 20-somethings with some primo weed. Needed to turn it to cash quick. Wanted to set up a deal at the same motel where they'd watched Darnel and Pitchfork make theirs.

Darnel knelt down. Pushed a knee into Uhl's blue flannel spine. Started weaving tight circle eights with the wire around Uhl's wrists. Pulled a pair of snips from his back pocket. Cut the wire.

Sweat bathed the garden of red and pus-white acne bumps across Karl's forehead as he yelled, "We helped harvest, dry, weigh and package them crops when you all was busy! We deserve a piece of the profit."

Pitchfork's briar-scarred right arm pulled the Colt away from Karl's brow an inch. Thudded the barrel back into his forehead. Karl whimpered.

Pitchfork told the boy, "You deserve what you earn."

Behind Pitchfork on the other side of the bed, Darnel finished with Dodo's wrists. Stood up. Told Karl, "You'd been a smear on your mama's leg I hadn't wanted me a boy to carry on my line."

Darnel stepped toward Karl and Irvine. Said, "Turn around. Tired of lookin' at all your stupid." Karl and Irvine turned, faced the yellowing wall. Pitchfork slid the Colt into his waist. Held the sawed-off down at his side. Shook his bone-shaved skull, told the boys, "Two shit birds didn't even check the parkin' lot for extra men. This time a night they coulda rushed you like we did. Hell, we's sittin' over off in the shadows in the '68."

Karl turned to Irvine and said, "Told you we shoulda checked the damn lot."

Pitchfork stepped away from the boys, watched Darnel coil the wire over and under Irvine's wrists, and Darnel asked Irvine, "Who vouched for these two scrotums?"

From the other side of the room Karl whimpered, "Eugene Lillpop."

Darnel laughed his carburetor laugh. "That inbred shit has got one hand in his pants, the other up his mama's skirt. His word ain't worth the bearing grease he lubes his palm with."

From the floor, with hair matted to his face, lips swollen and turning purple, Uhl talked in his toughest tone. "Son of a bitches best let us be. Know who our ol' man is?"

Pitchfork stood disgusted by Uhl's question. "Sure I know backstabbin' Able Kirby. Shoulda been buried beneath an outhouse for rattin' out Willie Dodson years back. Course you all run in a different county. Shit like that don't fly round here. Your kind is used for fertilizer."

Uhl coughed and protested, "Our daddy's a good man. Didn't never rat Willie out."

Darnel finished with Karl's wrists. Put the wire and snips back in his pocket. Grabbed the two rucks Karl carried in. Slung one over each shoulder. Smelled that honey-thick odor. Told Uhl, "Son, I know for a fact it was your ol' man 'cause Willie worked for me. Crossed counties to meet with your daddy and some of his people way down in Orange Holler. When the shit went down your daddy walked away clean as cotton."

Pitchfork laid the sawed-off on the floor. Opened Uhl and Dodo's ruck. Reached in and dug through the bundles of bills, all benjamins banded around identical-sized blank cutouts on the bottoms. Then he felt the weight of steel, pulled out two nickel-plated .38 revolvers. Looked at the boys and said, "You two dick stains didn't even

check to see if they's packin' heat or the right amount of cash? Fuckin' greenies."

Darnel dug his hands into Karl and Irvine's hair. Told them, "Could at least used a different motel room or another county. Don't matter no way. You two got a lesson to learn." Then he guided them to the door by their greasy heads of hair. Opened it.

Pitchfork put the two .38s back in the leather ruck. Slung it over his shoulder. Grabbed the sawed-off. Pulled Dodo to his feet. Then Uhl, who begged, "Let us go. We won't say shit."

Pitchfork stared through Uhl and questioned, "Keys?" Confused, Uhl said, "Keys?" "Mother-fucker, how'd you get that rape van out yonder, hot-wire it?" Uhl stuttered, "Ffff front pocket." Pitchfork patted his front, pulled the van keys from them, sneered and told Uhl, "And we know you ain't gonna say shit 'cause where we gonna take you, won't nobody hear a word."

Darnel loaded Uhl, Dodo and the ruck of bills into Irvine and Karl's Impala. Pitchfork loaded their boys and the rucks of marijuana in the bed of his '68. Left Uhl and Dodo's van with the keys in the ignition, payment beneath the driver's seat for Sheriff Elmo to scrap over at Medford Malone's Salvage Yard. Then they drove to the Hill Clan Cross Cemetery. A place where bad deals were undone and buried deep.

The two vehicles were silent except for the crack and pop of night air cooling the engine blocks. Headlights from the Impala and '68 Chevy outlined the profiles of Dodo and Uhl. Their features distorted and turning darker with the night. Blood began to dry like ink in the sun. The shovels they'd used to dig the eight-by-eight grave left their hands unsteady at their sides as they stood looking down into their handiwork.

Pitchfork stood behind Uhl and Dodo. The .45 pressed into one head. The sawed-off into the other. Karl and Irvine knelt off to the left, taking in the three silhouettes. Behind them, Darnel made his cigarette cherry with a final inhale as he flicked it to the ground and told Pitchfork, "It's time."

Pitchfork asked the two buyers, "How old you say you was?"

Dodo slobbered, "We didn't." Hoped the nightmare would end, they'd be released, he said, "I's 35, Uhl's—"

Pitchfork cut him off. "Well, leasts you ain't gotta worry about cancer or achin' bones like your mama." Then he squeezed the .45's trigger. Dodo's face exploded into the beams of light, disappeared into the air. His body thudded forward into the grave.

With Uhl's ears ringing, his pants crotch spread with warm fear as he screamed, "No, no! Oh God, please! Please!"

Pitchfork said, "Ain't you the whiniest chickenshit I ever did hear."

Darnel said, "His ol' man was the same way, don't you remember that time over at Galloway's fish fry? Grabbed Galloway's

daughter's ass. Got all teary-eyed when Galloway was gonna stomp him into meal."

Pitchfork said, "Sure I remember. Galloway's daughter was only 14 at the time." Pitchfork told Uhl, "Your ol' man's a sick son of a bitch."

Uhl's face contorted, if skin could chatter, his would have, and he said, "Let me go. I can pay triple."

Pitchfork growled, "With what? You knock over an armored vehicle?" Shook his head, "Ain't just about money. It's about blood."

From behind Karl and Irvine, Darnel said, "These two boys need to know they can't steal their own kin's means to provide. Two of you was packin' heat, I know you'd have done somethin' just like this to them in that motel room we hadn't showed up. Tonight everyone's got a lesson to be learned."

Karl and Irvine watched with their faces damp. Their wrists free but aching from the wire that had cut into their skin.

Uhl's weakness turned brave as he spun around, knocked the sawed-off out of Pitchfork's left hand. Only to have the .45 add another split of pain to his head. Uhl fell flat and mumbled, "You bastard." Pitchfork pressed his boot down into Uhl's neck. Pointed the pistol at his head, said, "Didn't think you had any fight in you, kinda impressed." Then he pulled the trigger. Uhl's head dissolved across the soil. Pitchfork slid the .45 into his waist, knelt down and rolled Uhl and Dodo's bodies into the grave.

New tears warmed Karl and Irvine's cheeks. Pitchfork stepped away from the grave and sat on a vehicle's hood.

Darnel's hands gripped Karl and Irvine's sweaty hair. Pulled them to their feet. The boys' insides tightened. While their minds burned with a revelation: Never steal from your father and uncle's harvest to sell on the side, 'cause in the end blood is blood.

Stopping the boys in front of the grave, Darnel reached into his pocket and gripped the Colt. Raised it. Dropped Irvine. Then Karl, in quick succession. Listened to them hit the bottom of the grave.

To Darnel's right, Pitchfork leaned off the car hood and asked, "Think they broke anything?"

Darnel shoved the blackjack into his pocket, turned and walked over to Pitchfork, said, "Hope they did."

The '68's door squeaked. Pitchfork reached inside, pulled a couple of iced bottles of Falls City from a Styrofoam cooler. Handed one to Darnel, asked, "How long you think it'll take fore they wake up?"

Darnel pulled a red chipped Swiss Army knife from his pocket, used the bottle opener, "Don't know, but we got plenty beer till they do."

Taking the opener from Darnel, Pitchfork said, "Just hope they learned their lesson."

Darnel turned the bottle of beer up, crystallized foam burned his throat like acid as he swallowed and said, "Yeah, I'd hate we had to kill our only two boys."



THESE OLD BONES

It was as if God himself had shot the son of a bitch from the sky. But the good Lord had done no such thing to Able Kirby.

His body lay facedown. Ears still ringing from the small-caliber gunfire that dotted his upper back, chest and gut. Blood drew a wet path behind his work boots. Leading all the way to the flaked wooden screen door of the house from which Able'd stumbled.

He pressed his palms into uneven earth. Steadied himself. Tried to push his chest up as if doing a push-up, only to fall flat. Smelling cinder and soil and sifting all the bad he'd done.

He'd burnt his father's home for insurance money. Shot Ester MacCullum's dog dead in front of him for a debt he owed. Forced himself upon Needle Galloway's 14-year-old daughter. Opened Nelson Anderson's skull in the Leavenworth Tavern with a hammer for saying he'd ratted out Willie Dodson on a cross-county dope deal, even though he did for the local law.

And today he'd sold his granddaughter, Knee High Audry, to the Hill Clan to whore out. Needing the extra cash to help pay for his wife Josephine's cancer medications. Yeah, he thought, I's a son of a bitch.

Josephine stood in the kitchen smelling the spoiling of her skin that hung loose and gray like dry rotted curtains on a rusted rod, wishing she'd stopped Able before it got this far.

Thinking of how she lay in bed, night after night, listening to him worm from beneath the cloth, cross the floor, the cry of hinges to the bedroom where their granddaughter slept. Jo'd work her way out of bed, inhaling hard and grunting, and Able'd be in the kitchen getting a sip of beer by the time she passed Knee High's bedroom and made it to the kitchen. Seeing her, Able'd say, "Couldn't sleep, needed me a swallow." That's why she began sleeping with the Ruger beneath her pillow. A .22-caliber pistol she'd wielded to remove varmint and snake from the chicken house and garden. Knowing she'd grown too weak to physically do damage.

Over the years Jo pretended not to notice Able eyeing the young and their female parts that'd taken shape. He started with Knee High while she prepared supper, did dishes, fed the chickens and gathered eggs. Jo'd questioned him about staring, and he'd told her, "She's just become womanized awful quick-like. Remember a time when you's that pretty?"

His tone had bore a lump of disgust in Jo's gut, making these comparisons of the flesh. Then came the rumors about Galloway's daughter.

Fearing the answer, Jo questioned Able about the girl. He didn't deny his actions. Paraded them. "Shit you think, woman, girl like that, man such as myself. She was lookin' to me first. I's just offering is all. You bein' the shape you're in, man's got needs you can't meet."

Thirty-five years of matrimony and his words carved into the bone, panging worse than her cancer. With age, the man had molded into a sickness she'd ignored far too long, didn't know how to deal with. And moments before, Able'd come into the bedroom with his chicken-neck face.

Laying a small brown sack loaded with crumpled bills on the bed. His crusted sight, a wilted cellophane glow. Their granddaughter had supposedly ridden to town with him to run an errand, and Jo asked, "Where's Knee High?"

Standing, Able rubbed his palms together, sweat spit from his brow. He tongued his lips. Looked Josephine in the eye, said, "Hear me out, Jo. You and me been strugglin' here with your cancer meds and the boys disappearin'. Knee High needed to put more of her fair share in the coin jar. So, I lent her for cash to Pitchfork and Darnel to help pay for your meds. Didn't see no other way round it."

Josephine's jaundiced eyes cleared. She pulled out the Ruger, fingered the trigger and buried a round in his belly.

Should have done this long ago, she thought, could have protected her own. Her mind wondered about consequence for a split second, too late, and realized this was his and her consequence. Short of breath, propping up her old bones with what was left of her muscle, Jo quipped, "No other way around it? Oh, they's ways around it, only I waited too long for direction."

Able tried to stand but hit the bedroom's hardwood in shock. Stumbled to his feet. Josephine fired a round into his shoulder. Then his chest. Able fell into the dresser, screaming. "Crazy ol' bitch!" He turned away with his hand pressed into the wet heat of his belly, the other steadying him into the next room.

Josephine's feet found her unlaced boots, disregarded the folding wheelchair leaned against the wall. She wheeled her oxygen tank into the next room where Able's body fell into the living room wall. She lined up the pistol with his head, her grip unsteady as her vision. She pulled the trigger. "Shit!" he squealed. Another circle of red formed through his white T-shirt with the wall guiding him into another room.

Now she balanced herself on the silver oxygen tank's wheeled frame. Inhaled air from the clear tube that forked into her nostrils and to the fire-extinguisher-size tank and asked herself how Able could sell their 14-year-old

granddaughter to the Hill Clan like livestock. Sell Knee High to the likes of two cutthroats: Pitchfork and Darnel Crase.

Able and she had just lost their two sons, Dodo and Uhl, Knee High's daddy. They'd run off, always up to no good. Left the house late one evening months ago. Never returned. Neglecting responsibility. Leaving Able and her to raise Audry. Who'd now be forced to offer her teenage self to wasted feed sacks of broke-down men for Hill Clan gain.

Josephine steadied her sunken yellow eyes. Squeezing the handgrip of the Ruger in her

right hand, knowing in the back of her mind she needed to get out that damn door and end Able's sickness for good before it ended her.

One of the shots bounced around inside Able till it severed a nerve, caused his legs to lose their use.



Behind him he heard the creak of the screen door. Lungs shuddering for air. Wheels and boots scraping the ground. Josephine's voice, "Hope you find the good Lord's soil comfortin' 'cause that's the only comfort you gonna get."

Trying to contract the muscles of his legs Able's body broke out in cold. He gritted his teeth. Blinking tears from his eyes, "Damn it, Jo, hold on. We need that money. Once you's better we'd buy 'er back."

Josephine's movements grew in pitch till her syllables towered over the top of Able, "Buy 'er back? She's our grandchild. A human bein'.

Unlike yourself." Able dug at the soil, twisted his neck, made out Josephine's outline, and he begged, "Help me, Jo, can't even feel——"

Tiny flashes of fire erupted around what Able believed to be Josephine. His mouth moved but his words went unheard as blackness drove out all feeling in his body. Josephine stood with the gun empty. Brass shells scattered around her. Seeing no movement from Able. Knowing he was dead. That she'd ended the sickness she'd ignored far too long, but she'd no idea how to get Knee High back home.

ALL THE AWFUL

One of the man's hands gripped Audry's wrists above her head. Forced them to the ground. She bucked her pelvis up. Wanted him off of her. The other hand groped the breasts beneath her soiled wifebeater. Her eyes clenched. Held tears. The man's tobacco-stained lips and bourbon breath dragged against her neck.

"Like that...don't you?"

The man's name was Melvin. He had the scent of chicken swelled in three days of hundred-degree heat. He'd paid 400 crumpled bills to the Hill Clan for two hours with Knee High Audry.

Knee High lay between the rows of corn that shadowed across her goat-milk complexion. Unwashed shoulder-length hair the hue of burnt tires fanned out in matted clumps. Melvin grunted, Knee High's thoughts darted to how her ride with Able to run an errand had been detoured to seeing men about money in another county. Where a man named Darnel laughed, told Able, "Ain't you a taste of treason. Sell out your two boys, this girl's daddy and uncle, to Sheriff Sig.

Now you's passin' your granddaughter to us. Shit, you've pretty much snitched out half the county for Sig."

Able nodded, said, "Need money, cancer meds ain't cheap for the wife."

Darnel passed a sack to Able and told him, "Neither is your taste for the booze."

Knee High watched Able thumb through the dung-colored sack of bills. Trying to decipher Darnel's words, not realizing what was transpiring, her brain ignited with confusion and anger. Her daddy and uncle Dodo had run off. The only speech she could muster wasn't to Able, it (continued on page 119)



home alone with Daisy Lowe

A raging-hot A-list U.K. model with a rock-and-roll pedigree, Daisy Lowe stages her own intimate British invasion

Daisy Lowe is a study in contrasts: radiant without a hint of conceit, understated yet colossally famous in Britain and in fashion circles. She is a model who has strutted for Chanel, Burberry and Vivienne Westwood. She has appeared in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and on catwalks all over the world. She is the progeny of rock stardom who has sexed up any number of music videos. For years she modeled for London's Agent Provocateur—the hottest lingerie line on earth—which fit her perfectly.

"I'm more comfortable in my underwear than anywhere else," Daisy says, laughing. "You don't have to worry about how to dress your shape. It's just there."

Sitting in a coffee shop in London's Primrose Hill

photography by
Tony Kelly
article by
Martin Deeson

Right: Daisy (left) and Catherine McNeil get traction in the 2010 Pirelli calendar, shot by Terry Richardson.



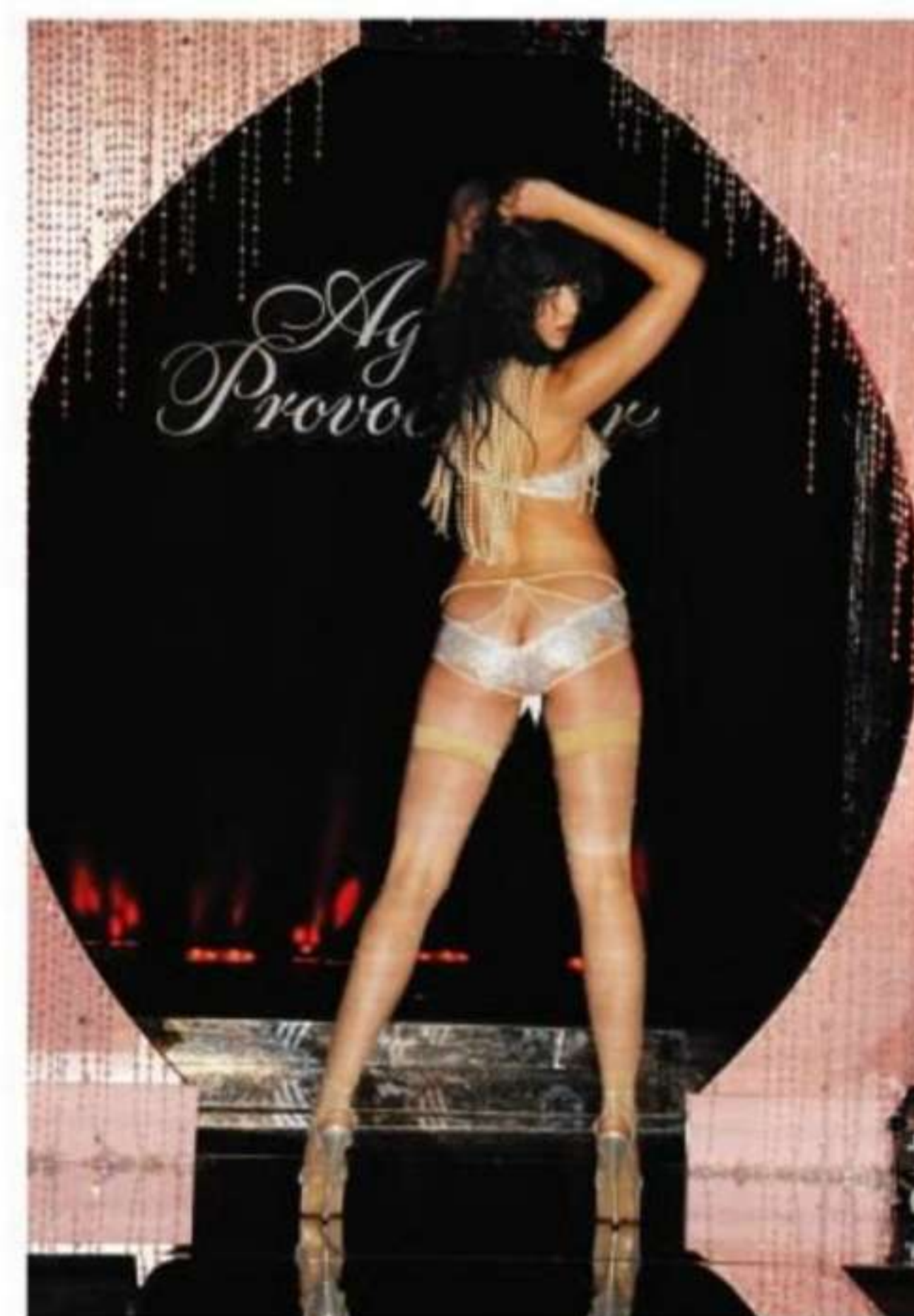




neighborhood, Daisy, 22, is disorientingly hot and not overly clothed. She's like a purple elephant in the room. No one can keep their eyes off her—not the men, not the women, not the waitress. Daisy starts to tell the story of how her life in the public eye began. It goes all the way back.

Her mother, the English singer-songwriter turned fashion designer Pearl Lowe, started a relationship with Danny Goffey, the drummer from the 1990s Britpop band Supergrass (they

later married). Their home became the party house for the London music scene. When Daisy was a kid, the Gallagher brothers from Oasis, Kate Moss, Liv Tyler and actors Jude Law and Sienna Miller were regular houseguests.



Daisy modeling lingerie for Agent Provocateur.

“It was chaotic and brilliant and fun,” Daisy recalls. “And crazy!”

Pearl Lowe's book about her partying years at the heart of the British music scene—*All That Glitters*—is subtitled *Living on the Dark Side of Rock and Roll*. It details her swan dive into heroin and cocaine addiction.





“She was very good at hiding it from me,” Daisy says. “I had no idea. When it comes to drugs I just think, Cool, thanks for learning that lesson for me, Mom, because I don’t want to have to learn it myself.”

Daisy got her first professional gig at the age of two; she appeared in a video for the band Curiosity Killed the Cat. At 15, she found out that the man she had always assumed was her father was not her real dad. Daisy confronted her mother, who admitted to a one-night affair with Daisy’s godfather, Gavin Rossdale, the lead singer of Bush. By the time the DNA tests were in and showed that Rossdale was indeed her father, the Bush frontman was married to Gwen Stefani.

“It was really hard for them,” Daisy says. “My whole life I thought my father was someone different. But Gavin and Gwen are really good people, and I value so much the time we get together. After seven years we’ve worked out how to be a family. I guess you can’t deny my rock-and-roll heritage! Both my parents—or all four of them—have done well in the music scene.”

“I’ve grown up with rock and roll, but that’s not who I am,” Daisy continues. “People think *rock chick* is code for ‘parties hard’—but I don’t. In reality I’m a homebody. I love going to bed at midnight—apart from when I’m in Paris for fashion shows. Then I can’t help going out until four in the morning. There’s something in the air in Paris that drives me crazy.”

So what’s next for Daisy? “I did a burlesque show the night before I flew out to L.A. for the PLAYBOY shoot,” she says. “That was fun. I like being creative, and I guess I’ll just go where the wind takes me.” Humble and yet larger than life, she’s a study in contrasts indeed. “It’s flattering that men think I can be sexy,” she says. “I would like it if taking my clothes off made other women feel they can do the same.”





“I guess I’ll go where the wind takes me.”



See more of Daisy at
playboy.com/daisy.

BAGHDAD

(continued from page 50)

ice. The dashboard was covered in Bubble Wrap and red-and-black-striped faux fur. In front of the driver, Ahmad, was a huge crack in the windshield, as if someone had thrown a rock at his head. Geoff, still rattled, announced to the bus, "Everyone, please. Now, I must stress that you cannot take pictures of police or police checkpoints. You will be arrested and your cameras confiscated."

Here's the thing about police checkpoints: There are many in Iraq. We went through 159 one day. Everyone with a gun is in charge, unless, of course, no one is. One foreign passport must be presented (preferably not an American one), calls must be made, and eventually you will be allowed to pass. Average wait time at a checkpoint if you are stopped: 20 minutes to two hours, depending on the mood or the amount of female skin exposed that day.

At the first checkpoint we hit, Tobias, a 31-year-old German computer engineer who claimed to travel to "dangerous places and get pictures of myself jumping off famous things," moaned, "I need pictures of *zee* checkpoint for color! It is local flavor!" His camera clicked away.

The first impression of Baghdad: Tensions are very high. The city retains some of its former glory despite the signs of sectarian violence. Barbed wire surrounds blue-domed mosques, and concrete bomb walls encompass almost any building that still has intact windows. Kebab shops, clothing stores and furniture outlets selling that special brand of Iraqi elegance line the streets in between tanks and troops. The whole city could use a Valium and a tab of ecstasy.

When we arrived at the Iraqi National Museum we were refused entry. According to Geoff, "The Ministry of Culture says the museum is such a mess they don't want to let us in. But I was there a month ago and it was a mess then, too!" We went around to the front to take a few shots of the Assyrian sculptures in the entryway, encircled by bomb walls and sandbags.

Within moments we were surrounded by six policemen armed to the teeth, pointing their guns and screaming at us to stop taking pictures.

One of our assigned security guards said, "All is okay. No problem."

Geoff pleaded, "Please stop"—*click*—"taking pictures." *Click, click*. "Now!" *Click*. "Immediately...."

Justine: "Ooh! That man's pointing a gun at us!" *Click*. "He looks really mad!" *Click, click*.

Geoff: "I mean it." *Click*. "Put the camera away!" *Click, click, click*.

Official papers were produced, but the police weren't satisfied. All six started making calls. Ten minutes later Geoff announced, "Okay. Everyone back on the bus. Now! We have to leave. Quickly!"

Mohammed, standing uselessly, had sweat through his shirt and was clutching his briefcase like a security blanket.

Later, at Mustansiriya University, near

Saray Souk, the historic downtown market, a group of angry policemen started shouting and pointing at us. Someone had taken a picture of the Central Bank—another no-no.

"Whose camera do we smash?" one policeman yelled.

"I will stomp on them all!" another cried.

Several minutes later we were hustled outside and back onto the bus.

By the third day Mohammed had finally figured out I was a reporter and asked, "You will write nice propaganda for Iraq? You will do advertisement, yes? We don't have time, but Iraq has nice wax museum."

"Wax museum?" I said, confused. "Like Madame Tussauds?"

"Huh?"

"Famous people in wax?"

"No, cities and historic scenes made out of wax!" Mohammed grinned.

"But what happens when the power goes off? Doesn't it melt?"

"They use air-cooling system!" Mohammed said proudly.

"But what about when the power is down? It's down all the time here."

"Yes! Air cooling!"

"Forget it."

One reason I wanted to visit Iraq, besides my being a history buff: I knew the January 2012 deadline for U.S. troops to pull out was looming—when the country will, most likely, fall into chaos again. The Sadrists—a religious political movement based mainly among the Shia population—have threatened to go all sorts of crazy if the American troops don't leave by the promised deadline. According to a pal involved with Operation New Dawn, "If we leave, the Iraqis are screwed. If we don't, *we* are screwed."

In June the Maliki government announced it would "invite" the U.S. to stay longer. No one got a comment from Muqtada al-Sadr, the Sadrist leader. But while I was in Iraq, the violence escalated. Maliki, upon "winning" the election earlier in the year (despite widespread claims of vote rigging), gave himself a 100-day deadline to clean up corruption in the government. Meanwhile, \$6.6 billion earmarked for reconstruction had gone "missing." Our trip fell at the tail end of Maliki's 100-day empty promise—further angering insurgents, who were starting to blow shit up.

As our group traipsed over the dusty remains of an ancient Sumerian temple, a large explosion went off just over a mile away. Black smoke filled a section of blue sky; one woman in our group looked at the ominous cloud and optimistically said, "It's probably just someone burning garbage. You know, they *do* that over here."

It wasn't garbage.

On the way to the relatively safe environs of Erbil, via Samarra—the town where a mosque was bombed in 2006, sparking a two-year-long civil war, and where Al Qaeda in Iraq likes to hang out—we passed through Kirkuk and picked up heavily armed police escorts. They guided us into a gas station hidden behind thick cement

walls. As Ahmad filled up the tank a few men approached the bus, staring at Justine's bare arms dangling out the window. They started shouting and pointing. More men drew near.

"Oh, they want to take my *pic-chah!*" Justine cooed, posing. One of our guards with a machine gun and a face mask started beating the men back.

"Well," someone huffed, "that's not very nice, is it?"

"He seems *awfully* nervous," someone else said. "And so *sweaty*—maybe he should take off that face mask."

Our guard slammed our windows shut and yelled at another policeman, who rushed onto the bus, yelling at Mohammed, who turned to Geoff, who finally realized Justine was wearing a tank top and said, "Put on a shirt! Now!"

"Oh, ha-ha-ha!" she said, laughing and pulling a shawl over her arms. "I'm quite the Jezebel!"

Two days later we passed through Kirkuk again, picking up another security detail. This time, instead of just getting gas and leaving town, the bus ambled down some small side roads as Geoff pointed out the tomb of Noah (he of the Ark) and other bullet-marked significant sites.

As we made our way through the desert to the archeological site of Ashur, news came that a series of bombs had gone off at the Kirkuk police station, blocks from where we'd been earlier that morning, killing 27 and wounding more than 80.

Despite the threat of violence, a clearer picture of Iraq started to come into focus. While I was roaming the ruins at Ashur, the ancient Assyrian capital on the banks of the Tigris River, I began to feel very small. Although the ruins are a UNESCO-designated site, they are barely touched by archeological hands, and as I walked over ancient bones trapped in the earth, past cuneiform-stamped pottery, 5,000-year-old marble railway tracks and bits of ornately carved buildings peeking out of the ground, I started to feel like a character in the Old Testament.

This city and its ziggurat were once the center of the human universe—where the roots of our own civilization were formed. Now it lies untouched under dirt and sand. The little that has been dug up has been carted away, but most of it is undiscovered and for the most part forgotten. My adopted hometown of New York City and its Empire State Building faded into a distant memory covered by this all-powerful force of wind, sea and sand.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Tobias jumping on the ziggurat while a policeman crushed a jar fragment with his boot.

After we left Ashur we enjoyed a two-night respite in the safety of the wheat-green mountains of Erbil in Kurdistan. I escaped the roach motel the Ministry of Tourism had put us in—where the sheets had cigarette burns and the carpet looked as if it would have walked away on its own had it not been tacked down—and went for drinks at the five-star Rotana Hotel, five minutes



"You never want to have sex when I want to."

away. An Air Force colonel looked at me with bug-eyes and said, "Wow. That's crazy. Kirkuk? Tikrit? Mosul? Wow. Um...."

Unlike in the rest of Iraq, there were no bombed-out windows in Erbil, which sported blocks of new construction, women with no head scarves and cleared areas for housing developments. Optimists had even deposited an American-style two-car-garage home in the middle of the city, promising a future development full of such comfy houses. Kurdistan is currently the only region in Iraq that allows single-visa touring. As an American, you can look around alone. However, if hiking in the hills on the Iraq-Iran border, be wary of Iranian police who beckon saying they just want to chat—10 feet over there, which just happens to be on the Iranian side of the border. That's the local Erbil account of what happened to the two U.S. hikers now held prisoner in Iran.

On a day trip from Erbil to a picturesque monastery perched on a mountain outside Mosul, we passed a shotgun-blasted sign surrounded by sandbags and bomb walls that read UNITED TOWARDS PROSPERITY. People on the bus started to grumble.

"Can we stop? I'd like a photograph."

"If we go much farther we won't get the right shot."

Geoff talked to Mohammed, who talked to our armed-guard escorts via walkie-talkie. We started to slow down.

"Oh, wait—can we go about a kilometer farther? That would be better."

"You've seen one monastery you've seen them all."

"They built monasteries high up so they could be closer to God."

Mohammed put his head in his hands and started rocking back and forth.

At the monastery lived several Christian families who had fled persecution in Mosul and Baghdad. One of the families lit up upon realizing I was American. They took me out on a rocky hilltop to see a cave where monks used to sleep a thousand years ago and where the view extended for miles.

"Beautiful, yes?" the daughter asked. "We love you!"

Nowhere in Iraq can you get a better sense of Saddam-era design than in his hometown of Tikrit or his palace at Babylon. Lining the roads in between date palms and goatherd shacks are mansions combining four or five architectural styles (Mediterranean! Chinese pagoda! Concrete phantasma!), all dipped in the baroque splendor of marble and gilt. Most of it has been stripped by looters, but in Saddam's Babylonian residence you can still get the gist of his vision—even with graffiti lining the walls: DOUN [*sic*] USA! and IRAQ NOT LIV [*sic*] USA! Meanwhile, from the 100-degree heat and the insufficient air-conditioning system, the bus was starting to smell like a gym locker, and food was scarce. On the seven-hour drive back to Baghdad, Tobias lost it and started fuming, "Where is my lunch? Where is my dinner?"

In Karbala, one of the holiest cities in the Shia religion (along with Najaf), Tina refused to wear a burka. At the barricaded entrance to the old city, as we were surrounded by 25 policemen demanding that the women burka up, Tina screeched, "How dare you! This is even more Shia than Iran. Get away from me, fascists! They always pick on me. I'm sick of it." She stormed off into the inner city, with several policemen and Geoff trailing helplessly in her wake.

"She's nuts," someone said.

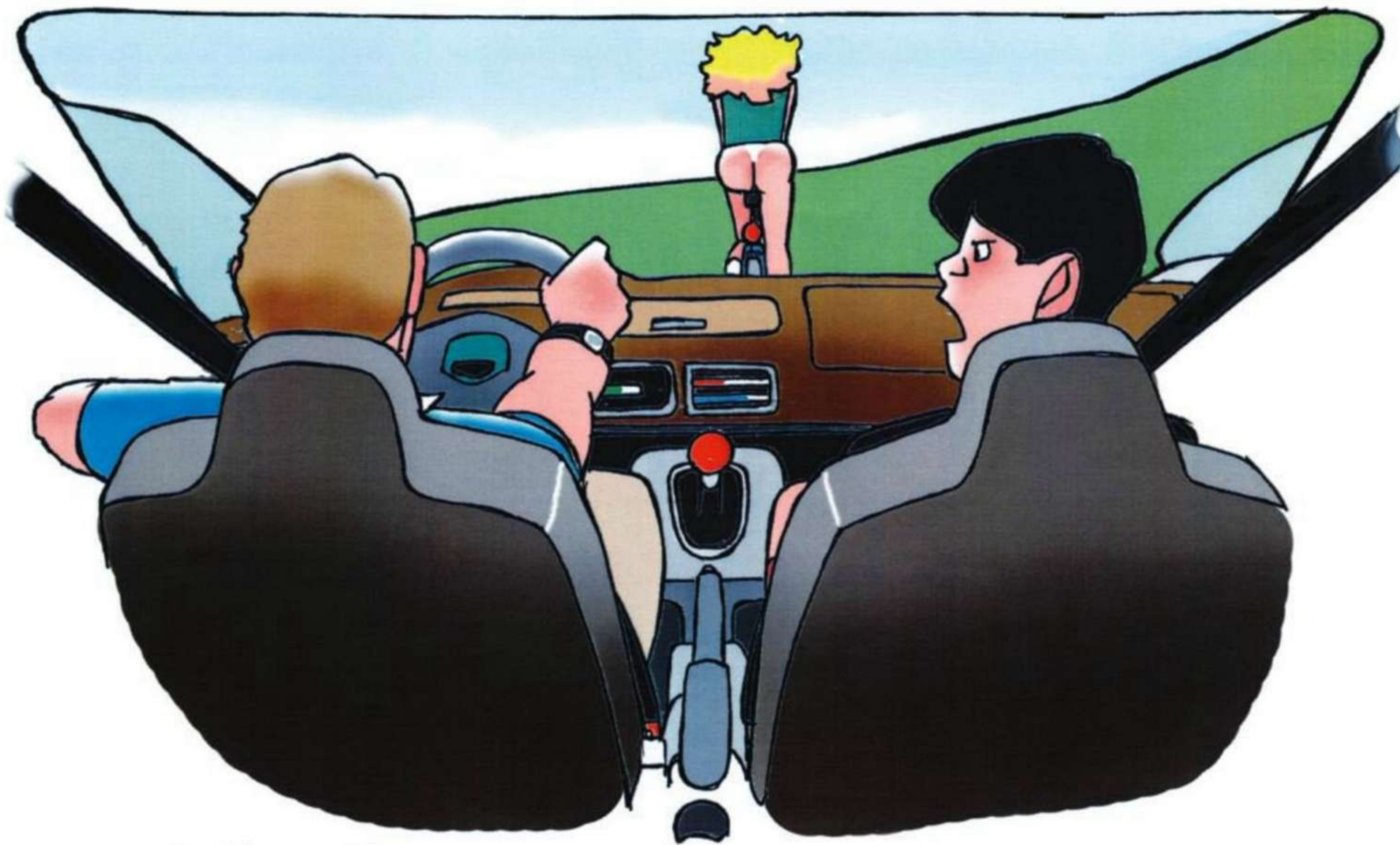
Crowds of angry men started following us.

"Maybe she doesn't realize there were several kidnappings and assassinations here recently," someone else said.

Tina eventually capitulated, but she shook with rage as she entered the shrine of Imam Husayn—the second-most-holy site for Shias. Moments later Justine, whose burka had started to slip, announced, "I was being followed by a *nuttah*, so I just walked right up to him and said, 'Hey, you, *nuttah*! Get away from me!'"

"Way to keep a low profile," someone muttered.

"I'm out of here," my Kurdish photographer said.



—DAVE COVERLY—

Unfortunately Geoff had forgotten to tell us we weren't allowed in the inner sanctum of the shrine. So, further incensing the inhabitants, several women wandered in. Some took pictures, and just as a revolt was brewing, several men from the mosque whisked us into a room and locked the door behind them.

Another tour member took this opportunity to snap a picture of Tina in her shroud, prompting her to lift her veil and shriek, "How dare you take my picture without asking! Delete that immediately! Now!"

"I can't. Ha-ha-ha—it's not digital."

The men from the mosque shrank back and started whispering. Three more men entered the room and again locked the door. We were surrounded.

"Geoff, I think we should go," I said.

"Yes, perhaps that's a good idea," he said nervously.

But how? We were trapped. It was at this moment that I became acquainted with the emotion of pure terror. These men were going to take us to jail. I was going to have my face on the front page of *The New York Times* under the headline DUMB ASS TOURS IRAQ WITH EXPOSED ANKLES!

Geoff sprang into action. He talked his way through, and we quickly departed—safe but disturbed. Who would've known this gnome with his curling eyebrows would end up the hero of our story? We left the mosque and were escorted back to our hotel. I needed whiskey, and quickly.

An ashen-faced Stephen, a West Hollywood librarian who has traveled the world over, whispered, "I survived Somalia, but I'm going to be killed in Iraq."

After my nine-day tour ended, back home in New York I received a postscript. Anya (not her real name), a member of our group still on the tour, caused a kerfuffle. She reportedly used a hotel prayer mat in Basra as a rag to sop up a leaky toilet, which led to a lot of shouting by the outraged hotel staff and an immediate departure from the city. Then some eagle-eyed guards at an archeological site near Ur claimed to witness a tourist with Hinterland Travel pilfering a small 4,500-year-old statue. The guards reported the alleged theft to their headquarters, which called the Ministry of Tourism, which called a panicky Mohammed, who in turn questioned Geoff, who denied everything. Guards—who'd been informed of the alleged theft—insisted on searching every piece of luggage inside and outside the bus and patting down the men in the 110-degree heat.

As the report goes, a frantic Geoff started to remove his clothes. As he ripped open his shirt he screamed, "We have nothing to *hide*!" Tina then got into the act and demanded the guards search the women, too—thrusting her chesticles into their faces, crying, "Go on, then. Do it! Search me, why don't you?" No statue was ever found. Shortly thereafter, an "Iraqi film crew" started following the bus, documenting its every move.

On the way to the airport Justine continued taking pictures of checkpoints and policemen, prompting Geoff to say, "Put your fucking *click*—camera away." *Click*. "Now!" *Click, click*.





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STEVE BUSCEMI

(continued from page 44)

sounded exactly like a hundred others, and then it would turn into life and death. I never got into a life-or-death situation, but I was a good cleaner. I mopped up the firehouse, cleaned toilets, scrubbed pots and pans and tried out for acting jobs in my off hours.

PLAYBOY: Stand-up comedy, too.

BUSCEMI: Don't ask me how, but somehow I passed an audition at the Improv. I started hanging out there, watching the other acts. The regulars at the time were Jerry Seinfeld, Paul Reiser, Gilbert Gottfried, Joe Piscopo. Larry David was the MC. By the time I got on, if ever, it'd be three in the morning, with maybe 10 people in the audience.

PLAYBOY: What kind of material did you do?

BUSCEMI: I didn't have my own voice, so I copied different styles, basically stealing from everybody. One night I was about to go on when Paul Reiser came in, so he got the spot. He killed, and then I went up and bombed. Years later I kind of got him back: I played a subway-token-booth clerk on *Mad About You*, going off on Paul about how he ruined my life. Stand-up is so hard. I didn't like the aloneness of it. Finally I thought, I'm never going to be Jerry Seinfeld, so why am I up here?

PLAYBOY: Why were you up there if you hated it?

BUSCEMI: I thought it might get me on TV. How else was I going to break into show business? Growing up watching TV, I never imagined I could act in films. But the comedy clubs—you could audition and write your own material, it didn't cost anything, and the guys who did well got cast

in sitcoms. That was my dream, a supporting role in a sitcom.

PLAYBOY: Were there nights you killed at the Improv?

BUSCEMI: I don't know about "killed." My best audience was guys I worked with when I spent some time as a furniture mover.

PLAYBOY: A bunch of furniture movers at the Improv?

BUSCEMI: They'd come to see me and I'd do insult comedy, riff on them like Don Rickles. I did that with the firefighters, too. One time we had a party at a bar and I stood on a stool, making fun of all the Brooklyn firefighters who showed up, riffing on how animalistic they were as opposed to the more refined firefighters of Manhattan. That didn't go over so well. One of them grabbed me and dragged me off the bar stool. He was about to beat the hell out of me when my buddies jumped in and told him I was one of them. Which surprised the guy, since I didn't look the part.

PLAYBOY: When did you start getting acting roles?

BUSCEMI: TV came first. Don Johnson and Willie Nelson roughed me up on *Miami Vice*. That was in 1986. They wanted information from my character—we called him Rickles. Now, I can throw a good fake punch, but so could they. Later in the show Willie used me as a human shield when he was getting shot at. Willie's got a good grip—he gave me a deep bruise on my arm where he grabbed me, take after take.

PLAYBOY: You've been beaten up and killed so many times on screen. Which was the grossest?

BUSCEMI: On *Tales From the Crypt* I played a guy involved with an Agent Orange—y chemical. My body literally rots. They've got me in this prosthetic full-body rotting-

guy suit, and then I get shot. They had me squibbed up with 12 to 15 little explosives. Those things sting! So now I'm rotting and shot to pieces. I've died a lot in films, but one time I actually got to drive. You hardly ever really drive in a movie, but Gus Van Sant wanted me to crash a van in *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. I'm driving Uma Thurman down an alley and crash into garbage. That was fun. Then I got cut completely out of the movie.

PLAYBOY: What was your strangest audition?

BUSCEMI: My agent sent me to meet the director Chris Columbus—

PLAYBOY: He made *Home Alone* and *Mrs. Doubtfire*.

BUSCEMI: Yeah, and I found myself talking to a plump fellow with an Italian accent who knew nothing about me and was confused about how I got the meeting. I said, "Excuse me, are you Chris Columbus?" He looked at me incredulously and said, "What? Me, Chris Columbus? The movie I am directing is *Christopher Columbus*!" Needless to say, I got a new agent.

PLAYBOY: In 1992 *Reservoir Dogs* made you semifamous.

BUSCEMI: That was a high-energy shoot. We all loved the script, loved our characters and loved working with Quentin Tarantino, a first-time filmmaker with all this contagious enthusiasm. Harvey Keitel is special too. We rehearsed for two weeks, like a play, and it was a great learning experience for me to watch Harvey work. Quentin would give him a direction: "You're angry here." And Harvey would say, "I don't know if I'm angry. Let's see." He'd usually give Quentin what he was looking for, but he'd take his own route to get there.

PLAYBOY: What did you pick up from Keitel?

BUSCEMI: You learn by example. Just because the script says, "Mr. White walks in angry," it's not necessarily so.

PLAYBOY: What's something else another actor taught you?

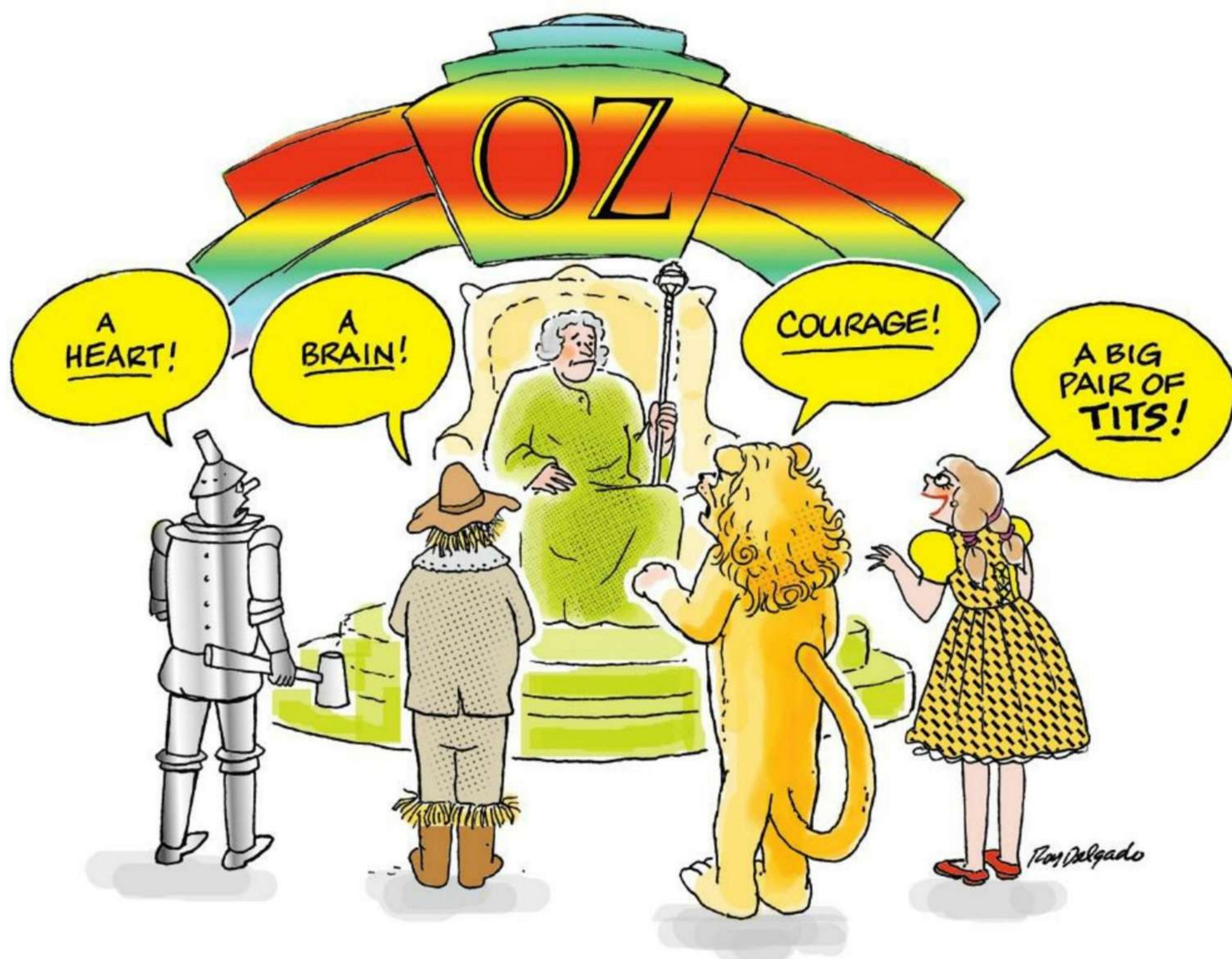
BUSCEMI: Years ago I was onstage, in a comedy sketch with a partner of mine, Mark Boone Jr. I didn't like the material and was commenting on it with my performance—making fun of it almost. Boone took it seriously, played it straight and came off great, while I was really awful. That was a lesson.

PLAYBOY: You played Mr. Pink in *Reservoir Dogs*, a character Tarantino wrote for himself. He said your audition blew him away, so he gave up the part.

BUSCEMI: I also heard his casting director saw a taped audition I did for another movie, a Neil Simon comedy, of all things. Quentin saw it, and he liked my vintage clothes and slicked-back hair. He thought I looked like a criminal.

PLAYBOY: In 1998 you were in North Carolina to shoot *Domestic Disturbance* with Vince Vaughn. Late one night you were in a bar, and a guy accused Vaughn of flirting with his girl. You guys wound up fighting. One guy had a hunting knife in his boot, and you got slashed in the head and neck. What happened?

BUSCEMI: Too much alcohol got consumed that night—by everybody, me included. They were local people; we were outsiders.



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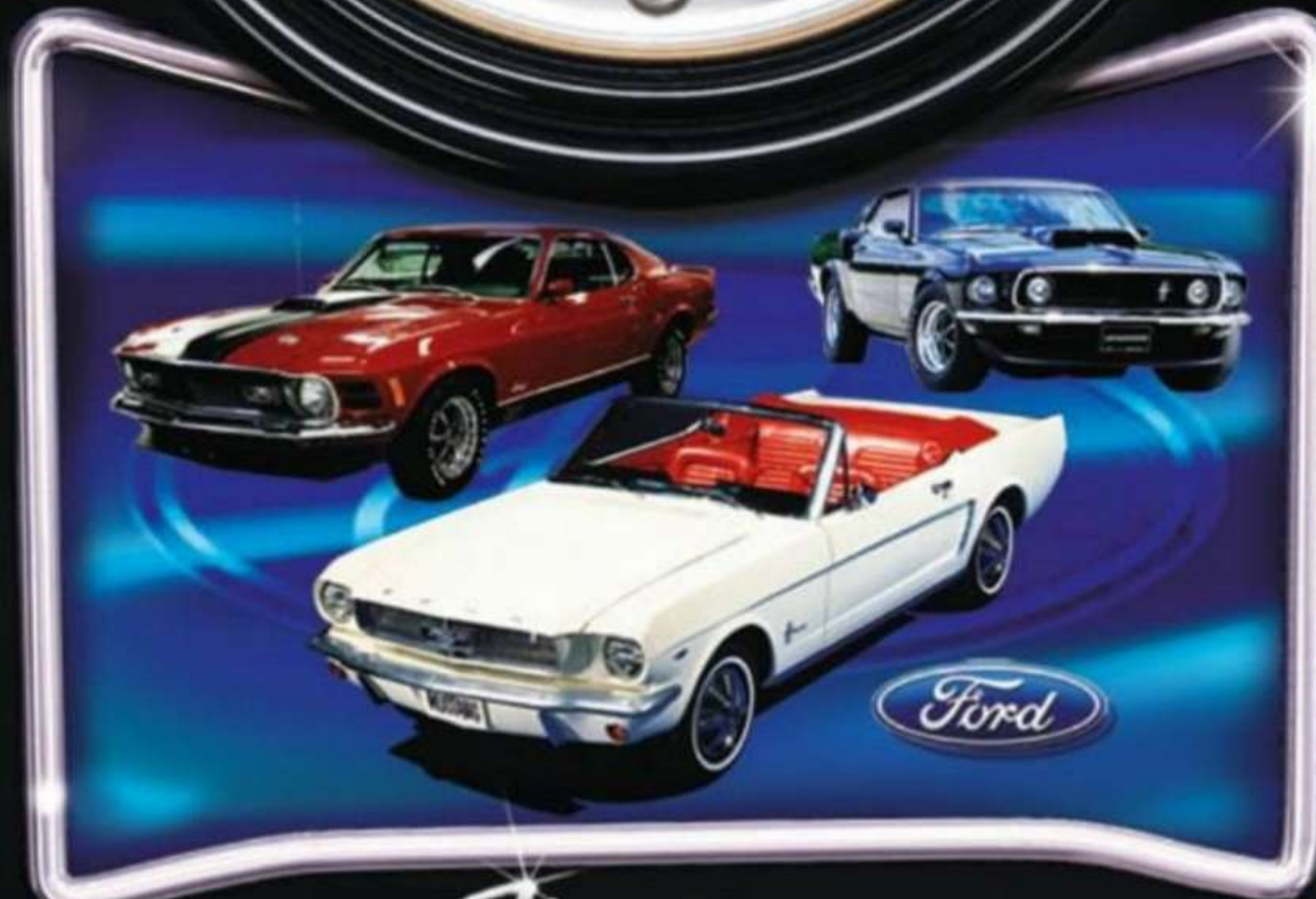
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I don't remember what was said or how it started. I only know that if I hadn't been drinking, I would not have gotten into any trouble. I had a plastic surgeon stitch me up and went on from there.

PLAYBOY: A lot of actors get their teeth fixed, but yours are still natural.

BUSCEMI: I've had dentists offer their help. But hey, it's too late for me to get braces.

PLAYBOY: One of your best recent roles—until the character got blown away—was Tony Blundetto, the ex-con cousin on *The Sopranos*.

BUSCEMI: I loved that part. The guy was studying to be a masseur, trying to make it in the real world. He didn't want to go back into the life with Tony Soprano, even though that would be more comfortable. I thought it was great to show how hard it is to be an ex-convict, which is why a lot of them self-destruct.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn how to give a massage?

BUSCEMI: Nah, I've gotten enough of them—I faked it.

PLAYBOY: How about faking orgasms? One of your mistresses on *Boardwalk Empire* is Paz de la Huerta, who specializes in nude scenes.

BUSCEMI: I'd rather not do sex scenes. It's really surreal.

PLAYBOY: Is there a protocol for guys? She's writhing naked on top of you. If you're in character, should you be aroused, or would that be unprofessional?

BUSCEMI: I wouldn't think it would be the professional thing to do, no. Different actors do sex scenes differently. I'm very modest. I've always got something on, and I don't get aroused. I'm still shy on that subject. My motivation for going into the movies was definitely not the sex scenes, unless you're counting Ann-Margret in *Bye Bye Birdie*.

PLAYBOY: Did you have other crushes growing up?

BUSCEMI: Mary Ann and Ginger on *Gilligan's Island*. My brothers and I argued about who was better looking, Mary Ann or Ginger. I liked them both. And Patty Duke and Marlo Thomas.

PLAYBOY: The TV dream girls of the 1960s.

BUSCEMI: I used to send away for autographed pictures. I actually got one of Marlo Thomas, and I've still got it. While I never met Ann-Margret, I have met Marlo, and I told her about the picture. She was probably embarrassed, but she took it well.

PLAYBOY: Fame must be tricky for a shy guy. Do you enjoy it?

BUSCEMI: My dad's happy for me—I like seeing that. He and my mom used to come to the dingiest basements to see me perform. They never had an inkling I'd make movies for a living. When I first got into films, Dad wanted to learn about the business, so he subscribed to *Variety*. He's the one who told me, "Steve, Miramax is going to be bought by Disney." When he saw how little interest I had in the business side of the industry, he let his subscription go.

PLAYBOY: You get invited to celebrity weddings—Paul McCartney's, for one, and Elvis Costello and Diana Krall.

BUSCEMI: Yeah, I never danced in high school, so now I like dancing at weddings. They had great bands at both of those weddings.

PLAYBOY: What kind of gift did you get Diana Krall?

BUSCEMI: An Elvis Costello album.

PLAYBOY: You also hosted *Saturday Night Live*.

BUSCEMI: That was like *The Sopranos* in a way, because I'd always watched the show. I was a fan, so doing a skit with Will Ferrell was a little like directing Jimmy Gandolfini. It's intimidating. In one of my favorite sketches I didn't have any lines; I'm just watching Will.

PLAYBOY: There's a story that your wife, the artist Jo Andres, once saw a poster with your picture on it in the East Village and said, "That's the guy I'm going to marry."

BUSCEMI: Not marry. Snag. She said, "I'm going to snag that guy." But when we met, she didn't realize I was the guy on the poster. When we got to my apartment, she saw the same poster and said, "That's you!"

PLAYBOY: Have you seen the website Chicks With Steve Buscemeyes? They Photoshop your eyes onto beautiful women: Angelina Jolie, Paris Hilton, Fergie, Scarlett Johansson.

BUSCEMI: It's very weird.

PLAYBOY: You've checked it out?

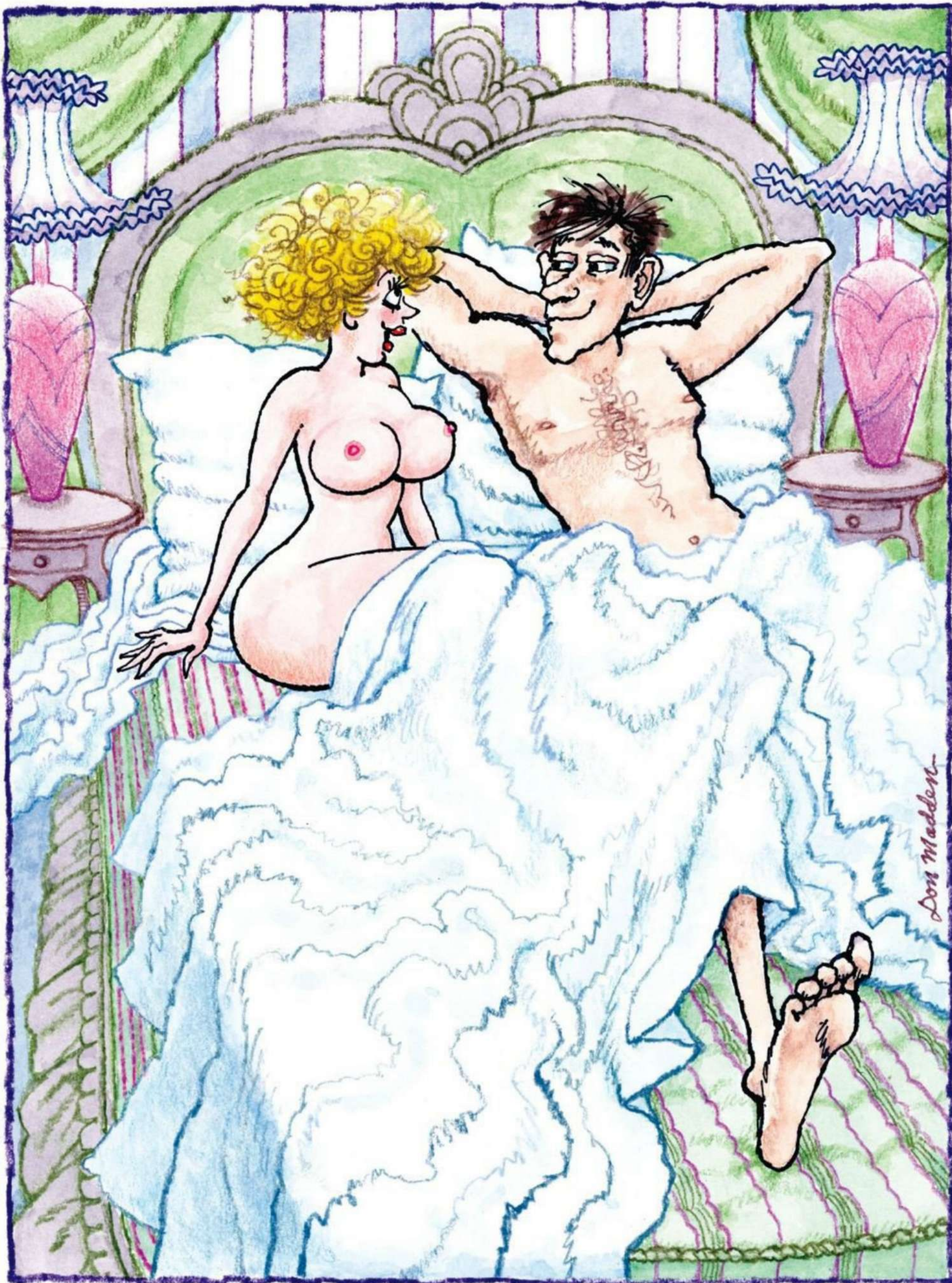
BUSCEMI: I wasn't googling it or anything. My friends told me about it.

PLAYBOY: There's Kristen Stewart, Miley Cyrus, Snooki...is it like looking in a mirror?

BUSCEMI: Not exactly. It's strange; there's no other word for it. To all those ladies, I have to say I'm sorry. But it is funny.

PLAYBOY: Snooki might look better. It's a good thing your wife didn't see that. Maybe she would have fallen for her.

BUSCEMI: True. But there was no web then. Fortunately we met before the internet existed.



"I'm so glad you explained how if I didn't go to bed with you the terrorists would win."



Amber Heard

(continued from page 62)

stereotypically Texan was your upbringing? Did your entire family wear cowboy hats and holsters and own at least one oil rig?

HEARD: I have successfully avoided being stereotyped into a specific category. I've worked hard at that, and I'm proud of not being easily lumped into anybody's preconceived notions or expectations. Look at me: I'm pretty confusing. That said, I do have an oil rig in my backyard.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You're kidding, obviously, but you do own a .357 Magnum, right?

HEARD: Well, I am my father's daughter. Growing up it was not up to me. I was his hunting and fishing buddy, so I've been shooting my whole life. My dad used to take me and my younger sister, Whitney, to the firing range, and he'd stand behind us as we'd shoot. We were tiny girls—only about 10 years old at the time—so when we'd pull the trigger the recoil would send us flying backward. But he'd stand behind us and make sure we were safe. I've been around responsible gun ownership my whole life.

Q10

PLAYBOY: As an adult gun owner, how often do you get a chance to shoot? Do you go to a firing range or just keep it hidden next to your bed and hope somebody breaks in?

HEARD: I do not hope somebody breaks in. However, if they did, I pity them. I pity the fool that breaks into my house. Once in a while I'll try to go to an indoor gun range here in L.A. Otherwise I make it out to Texas at least a few times a year to go hunting with my dad. I go to spend time with him and for the ride, because he hunts on horseback, and it's the only time I get to ride horses in an open field. But I don't shoot anything. I could never kill an animal. My dad does all the hunting, and he eats everything he kills.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Did you name your dog Pistol after a gun or because it sounds intimidating?

HEARD: I named her Pistol because Killer was taken by somebody I knew. I love it, because she's a teacup Yorkie and she's two pounds, and it's a ridiculous name for a ridiculous dog. Trust me, her name isn't intimidating anybody.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You're a certified lifeguard. Have you ever saved anybody's life, and if so, have you done so while running in slow motion, *Baywatch* style?

HEARD: When I run on the beach, it's always in slow motion. That's just how I roll. No, I'm kidding, but I was a lifeguard. It was my summer job growing up, and I never saved anyone. I never had to, thank goodness. The other lifeguards and I didn't do much of anything. We just sat around and got tan.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You went to a Catholic high school but dropped out when you were just 16. Did you leave because of the religion or the uniform?

HEARD: It was a great education but a stifling experience for me as an individual. For as long as I can remember I've been the kind of person who goes against the grain and questions authority, and that doesn't make for an ideal religious follower. I always felt like an outcast at school. I had good friends but none I truly related to. I lost my best friend in a car accident when I was 16, and as you can imagine, it was incredibly tough. But that wasn't the reason I left school. I'd already been on this path toward questioning religion and questioning my place within it. I had always been a reader and a skeptic, so when I was old enough to break away from organized religion, it just came naturally.

Q14

PLAYBOY: How did you justify that to your family? Or were they okay with your dropping out of both high school and Catholicism?

HEARD: The two things were separate. I didn't drop out of school; I placed out. I took correspondence courses and ended up graduating early. I did everything I could to get the hell out of there. By the time I was 17 I was on my way to Hollywood and didn't look back. My family is supportive now, but like any adult guardian of a 17-year-old daughter, they were not thrilled with my plan to run off to L.A. to make it as an actress. Even a somewhat function-

ing parent would think that was a bad idea. Lucky for me I didn't listen to them.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You're an avowed atheist, which can be a controversial stance. A lot of people think atheism is an attack on religion. Can you argue in defense of your beliefs?

HEARD: I can definitely make an argument for atheism. I was very educated in scripture and dogma and the church, particularly the Catholic Church. I could not possibly know that I disagreed with religion unless I knew what I was disagreeing with. I'm not saying this is the only way to be or that it's how everybody should live. Some of my best friends here in L.A. are devoutly religious people. I'm completely supportive and interested in people doing their own thing. That's a motto I try to live by, and I hope that's how other people treat me. Live and let live.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You were briefly a model before becoming an actress. Do you have any favorite modeling moves, such as a sultry over-the-shoulder glare or a hand-on-the-hip thrust?

HEARD: My go-to modeling move was called "Be hungry." That was it. You just stand there and be hungry. And that's all I have to say about the modeling industry.

Q17

PLAYBOY: We find it odd that you keep mentioning your weight. Is there a fun-house mirror in your bedroom or something? Because honestly, it doesn't look as though



"I think somebody is trying to kill me."

you could afford to lose a single pound.
HEARD: That's sweet. Do you want to come and live with me and say that to me every day? Like most girls, I constantly have to watch my weight, because if I didn't, my curves would get ahead of me. I naturally have some curves, like most women—unfortunately just not like most women in Hollywood. I'm considered curvy only in Hollywood. It's a weird town. Just as we were discussing with age, it's the same with weight. Every pound for a woman in the real world is seven pounds for an actress. I don't want to play into the perception that all women should look like 14-year-old boys. I don't want to add to that pressure for young girls. But in Hollywood there is a constant pressure to look a certain way.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Your first lead role was in a horror movie called *All the Boys Love Mandy Lane*. What's the secret to a convincing horror movie scream?

HEARD: It's like anything else in acting: You just have to believe it. And depending on the movie, that's not too difficult to do. I remember showing up for my first day on *Mandy Lane* and being all excited because I thought it would be so glamorous and amazing. But then for my first scene they dumped a bucket of fake blood and mud on me. And I was thinking, Oh, so this is what it's about, huh? This is the Hollywood glitz and glamour I've been hearing about? I don't know if you've ever been covered in fake blood, but it's terrible. It's sticky and smelly, and when it dries, it pulls on all the little hairs on your arms. I don't recommend it. It's the modern-day

equivalent of being tarred and feathered.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You came out of the closet last December, sharing details of your relationship with photographer Tasya Van Ree. As a Hollywood sex symbol, did you notice that the announcement had any effect on your career?

HEARD: First of all, to say I came out implies that I was once in. Let me be straight about that—no pun intended [*laughs*—I never came out from anywhere. I've always lived my life the way I've wanted and have been honest with myself and everyone around me. It didn't really affect anything in my career. I don't think the producers and directors I've worked with care one way or another. The only frustrating part has been all the media attention. For someone like me who prefers to keep her life as private as possible, it has been disconcerting to have to define so much about myself. I don't want to be labeled as one thing or another. In the past I've had successful relationships with men, and now I'm in this successful relationship with a woman. When it comes to love I am totally open. And I don't want to be put into a category, as in "I'm this" or "I'm that."

Q20

PLAYBOY: Gay marriage continues to be a contentious issue. If it ever becomes legal, would you be the first in line to get married to Tasya?

HEARD: It's an important issue, and I'm fighting for the right to get married. [*pauses*] For other people.



WASILLA

(continued from page 56)

to make amends and say I'm sorry. I know I've done wrong and said some things. She's done and said things too. But we're adults, and for this little boy we need to at least be civil with each other. We don't have to hang out or be friends. But she'll just say, "F you. Don't contact me ever again."

PLAYBOY: What do you think of her abstinence campaign?

SADIE: I think it's really messed up. She's preaching to all these young children.

PLAYBOY: What's Bristol's personality like?

SADIE: A psycho. A sociopath. She doesn't think anything she could do or does is wrong. She needs help, really, because obviously her mental insecurities are bad.

PLAYBOY: Is Bristol pretty?

SADIE: I don't think she's ugly. She's just kind of average, plain. I think Willow's prettier than Bristol.

PLAYBOY: Is Bristol smart?

SADIE: I think she has average intelligence. She portrays that she's more intelligent than she is.

PLAYBOY: How mean is she?

SADIE: Honestly, she is the meanest person. I didn't know someone could be so vindictive and evil. I'm not saying that because I don't like her; it's just all the stuff she's done.

PLAYBOY: What was the text message Bristol sent you a couple of Valentine's Days ago?

SADIE: "I hope it was worth it having Lenisha [one of Levi's exes] at your house 'cause you're never gonna fucking see your nephew again, bitch."

PLAYBOY: And she sent one to your mother, too?

SADIE: "I can't believe you would let that fucking bitch in your house. You stupid bitch. You are such a messed-up mother. I hope you and your chaotic family have a good life." That really hurt my mom.

PLAYBOY: And also one to Levi?

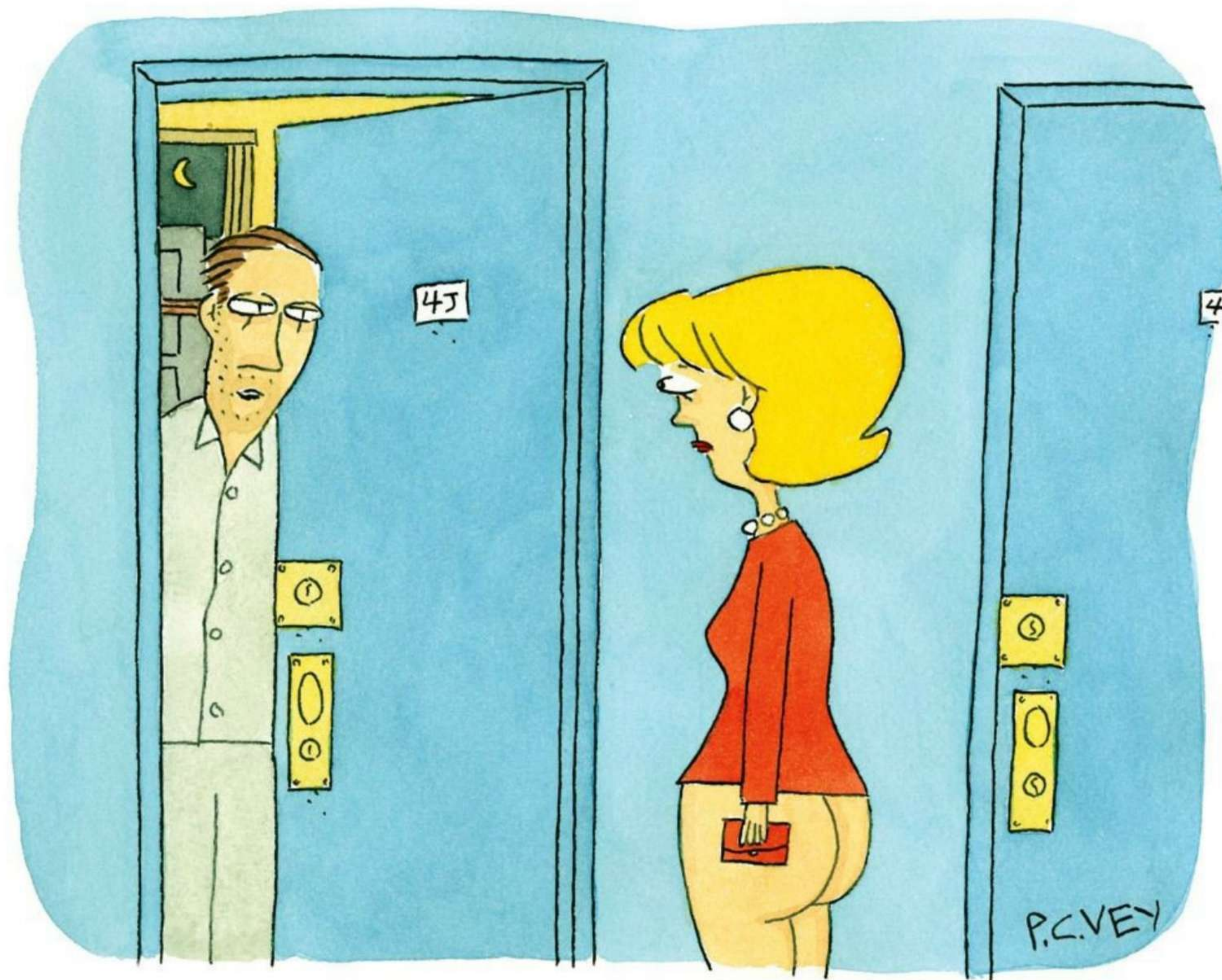
SADIE: "Ever since the moment I found out I was pregnant, I prayed to God you weren't the father."



By my third day I've hidden my Chap-Stick at the motel, shed my long johns and established myself as a regular at the Mug-Shot, situated right off Parks Highway. In the gravel parking lot is a Chevy Silverado with a bumper sticker: ANNOY A LIBERAL: WORK HARD AND BE HAPPY.

The bar dates back to 1962. The airport was right behind it and pilots would make "emergency landings" for drinks before taking off again. It had a reputation for operating a warehouse on the second floor. It went out of business because there was "too much fucking overhead," according to the standing joke. In the old days you could order a beer with or without a bag of coke taped to the bottom of the bottle or score some Matanuska Thunderfuck, a legendary, now extinct, strain of marijuana.

"Everybody you talk to here has a damn story. It's crazy," bartender Dana Rush tells me one afternoon. Fox News is on



"You can come in and have a look around, but I don't think you left your skirt here."

a big screen with the sound off, and the jukebox is spitting out country and classic rock. When a Blue Oyster Cult song comes on, one joker calls for “more cowbell!”

A bear of a man sitting on a bar stool actually answers to that name. “I’m Bear,” he says, extending a paw. Bear, 55, grew up in Oregon and moved here in 2007 after getting a divorce. He’s an avid hunter, shoots elk and moose—but not bear. “For one thing, I don’t like the meat. Plus, I love the bear.” What’s an ideal day like for him? “Going to the fucking lake. Sitting in my fucking lounge chair. And fucking fishing.” What’s his take on Sarah Palin? “Who?” he responds. “Over it. I don’t like the chick myself. She’s too plastic.” But she’s sexy, right? “Fuck, no! I’d rather pork my old lady than have to look at her.” Then Bear gives me a searching look and muses that I look kind of like a nerd.

Steve, who claims to be half Native American, pronounces me a cheechako. Another man comes to my defense. “Anyone in this fucking bar right now is a fucking Alaskan,” says Mike. Barroom pronouncements fly around: “There are no Democrats hardly allowed in here.” “Liberalism is a disease; it’s ruining this country.” “Everything I’m against, they’re for.” “Is there something wrong about our Constitution and what our founding fathers wrote?” “Canada can kiss my ass because they got fucking rules. Fuck Canada!”

“You know what Wasilla means, don’t you?” asks Annemarie, a dreamy middle-aged hippie chick. “‘All I saw,’ backward.” Which means? “You went there and you saw what you saw.” I ponder that Zen statement, waiting for enlightenment.

At some point all conversations return to Sarah Palin. Someone trying to get my attention makes the incredible claim to have snorted coke with her at the Mug-Shot and points to the very spot on the bar where said lines were cut up. The same regular assures me that “Ted Stevens did more for the state than all the Sarah Palins ever could.”

I tell one woman about an article I read that called their hometown a “shithole.” She admits there isn’t much to say about Wasilla. “We have a movie theater, a Blockbuster, a couple of strip malls,” she says. “But if you talk to any person here, they’re not here because they want malls or an IMAX theater or to go to a Hollywood premiere. There’s not a lot to do compared to Denver or Minneapolis. People are here because they want to be.”

PLAYBOY: Here’s something from your blog: “I’m not afraid of the Palins. And yeah maybe it is me up against the huge army of Palin supporters, but really what else can they take from me? Nothing. In the end the truth shall prevail.”

SADIE: The truth about the Palins will come out. People will eventually start putting things together, and they’ll realize who they really are. Bristol’s pregnancy wasn’t unexpected, an accident. She and Levi planned it. They were trying to conceive for months. Sarah says she met me

only once. That’s the biggest lie I ever heard. I played hockey with Track when I was like four years old. We went on hockey tournaments together.

PLAYBOY: So you want people in Wasilla to reveal what they know?

SADIE: If everybody who truly knew the Palins would speak up, people would not still think Sarah’s a good person. But they’re afraid to because the Palins have so much money they could do almost anything. Actually some people tried to go to the media and get their story out, but they were afraid. The trouble Track would get into. He would do a lot of drugs. He did OxyContin and mostly cocaine. He didn’t choose to go into the Army; he went there because his mom made him, to get him out of the way so when she was at the convention they wouldn’t know he does drugs and would think he was a patriot. It’s a front. It was all to get her son out of the way so it didn’t ruin her reputation.

PLAYBOY: What percentage of Wasillans can’t stand Sarah Palin?

SADIE: I would say 70 percent.

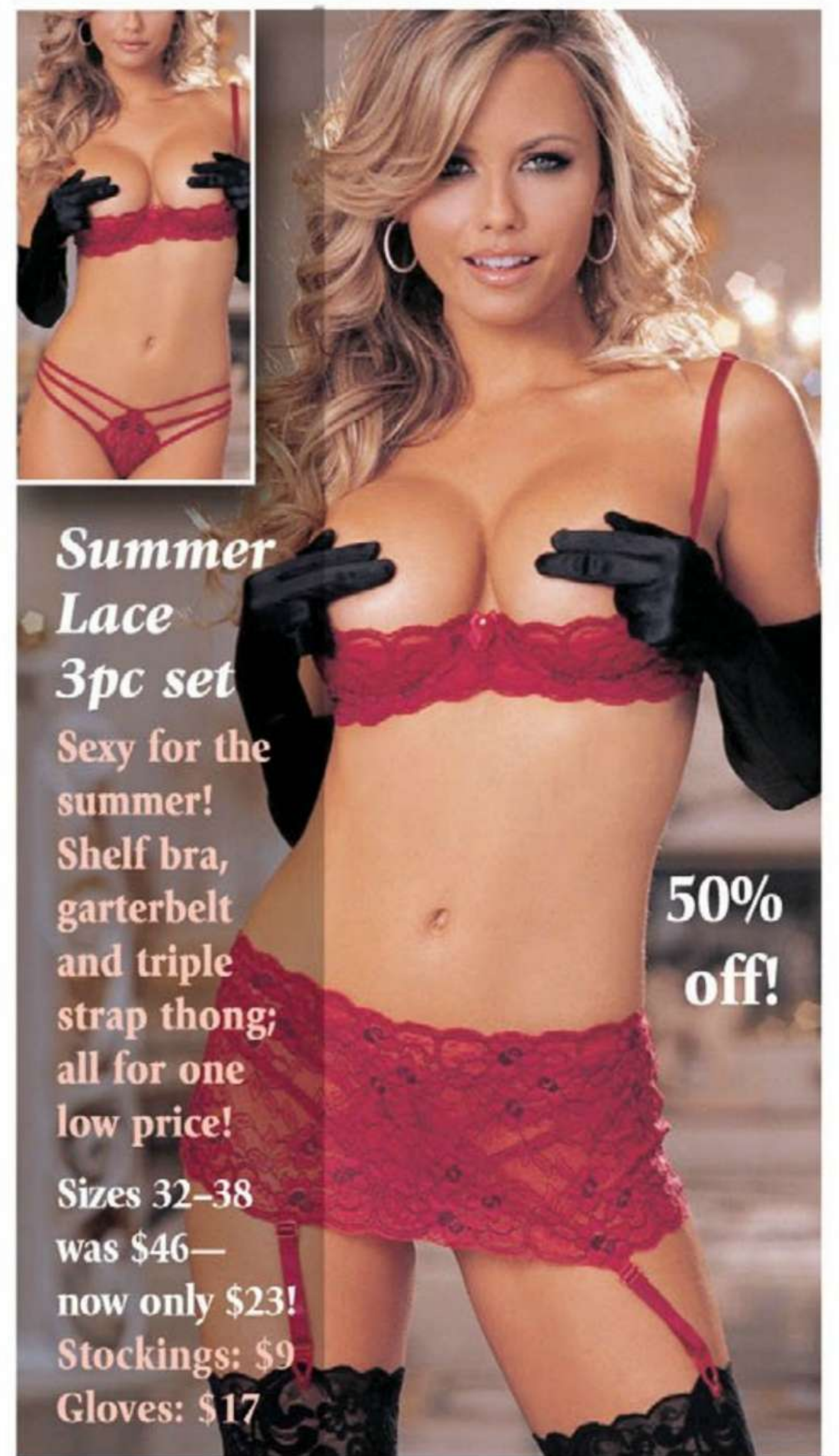
The next afternoon at the Mug-Shot, I meet Tom Abbe, who offers to show me the vast wilderness just beyond Wasilla’s city limits. He’s stocky, ursine, a man’s man and soft-spoken until we’ve had a few more drinks and he’s confirmed with my fiancée in Brooklyn that I’m for real. Tom, who works on the pipeline, has two free days. He bombards me with options. “You ever been in a snow buggy? You want to go ice fishing? Come on, you want to go? Two hours. Done deal. You’re not gay are you?”

We agree to meet the next morning, but it’s too windy for ice fishing. Tom is going to take me to Willow instead. Willow is unspoiled, like Wasilla was two decades ago. We have breakfast at IHOP. Then we’re off to the country in his Chevy truck.

“This is Alaska,” Tom announces when we’re 10 minutes out of town. A bald eagle flies past. Up ahead looms Mount McKinley. (Tom calls it that, in defiance of the prevailing name, Mount Denali.) After spotting a moose on the side of the road, he stops so I can snap a cell phone pic and suggests keeping a safe distance unless I want to get trampled to death.

Tom’s cabin is at the end of a gated community in Willow. Eventually he and his wife, Carol, will retire there. He makes sure everything’s secure: an American flag and an Alaskan flag on the wall. In the kitchen, a sign announcing that Martha Stewart doesn’t live here. Last year Tom spotted a bear outside the cabin, grabbed his rifle, shot the bear and skinned out the hide, which is now on his living-room floor.

Sadie’s friend Paige Hardy shows up at the Trout House restaurant on Parks Highway. They have known each other since elementary school but had to stop talking when Paige began dating James,



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who is good friends with Track Palin. After Paige and James broke up last fall, Sadie and she started hanging out a lot. **PAIGE:** I've witnessed their cruelty and negativity and how they think they're Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie. She preaches about how family is first, but family isn't first in her household. I witnessed it firsthand. My ex-boyfriend is best friends with her son, so I was over there pretty frequently.

PLAYBOY: What about Bristol?

PAIGE: All those nasty things Bristol says about Sadie, none of them are true. Yeah, we've all done stupid stuff in our high school years; we've all partied. But Bristol's not innocent. There are privately owned videos of her making out with guys.

SADIE: I have some stuff.

PAIGE: We could call up multiple guys right now who would probably send us naked pictures of her. I think a lot of them are scared. My ex-boyfriend claimed to be having a thing with her just recently.

SADIE: Just recently, while she was supposed to be dating my ex-boyfriend Gino.

PAIGE: She's scandalous. She's not classy whatsoever.

PLAYBOY: Is Bristol pretty?

PAIGE: She's plain. I think she tries to be classy, but honestly, enough MAC makeup in the world can't make her—my mom has this theory she's had a boob job.

SADIE: Yeah, she's had two.

PAIGE: She has giant boobs.

SADIE: She's had numerous surgeries on her face, her chin twice or three times.

Does that chin look like Jay Leno or what? Before Tripp was born she had liposuction here and liposuction elsewhere—where, I'm not supposed to say because Levi made me promise. And she had something else done after Tripp was born.

PAIGE: The Palins are not very nice. They're really stuck up. The last week me and my ex were together we went to Iron Dog, the snowmobile race that Todd races in. Willow showed up and was giving everyone the nastiest looks.

Verne Rupright is mayor of Wasilla. He describes the Palins as "just regular Wasilla people, no different than anybody else." He doesn't see Sarah often these days. "I've seen Todd and Bristol around before she went on *Dancing With the Stars* and moved to Arizona, I guess." His daughter went to school with Willow.

We're sitting in his conference room in City Hall. Mayor Rupright, a rugged 60-year-old who resembles Rip Torn, has been busy dealing with the budget. But he has some time to talk. "The interesting thing about Alaska is that you either love it or you hate it," he says, adding that you may come to Alaska and leave it twice, but the third time you come back, you're never leaving again.

Rupright, who grew up in North Boston, first came here a year before serving in Vietnam. He's worked on the pipeline, raised cattle and been a corrections officer and a criminal defense attorney. When he moved from Anchorage to Wasilla in

1983, it was a town of 3,000. Today there are 11,000 residents.

Asked about Levi Johnston's plan to run against him for the office of mayor, Rupright doesn't have much to say except that he knew Levi's grandmother. ("I think it would be wise for him to get a high school diploma and keep his clothes on. The voters like that," he told *Entertainment Tonight* in 2010.)

PLAYBOY: Does Todd Palin call the shots?

SADIE: No. Oh my gosh, no. He's so whipped.

PLAYBOY: Was Levi blinded by love and the Palins' manipulation of him?

SADIE: Absolutely. Levi was whipped like Todd, because Bristol is very manipulative. She'd use sex to get her way on many things.

PLAYBOY: Do you have anything positive to say about Sarah Palin?

SADIE: She looks younger on TV and in magazines. She looks good with makeup on, and she's in good shape for her age. But looks aren't anything. They'll fade, so she has nothing.

PLAYBOY: What kind of president would Sarah be?

SADIE: I think she'd have had a mental breakdown if she was elected. As governor she quit on us. What does that say about her? Is she prepared to govern the whole country? Absolutely not. She can't even answer Katie Couric's questions.

PLAYBOY: What about Sarah's Mama Grizzly thing?

SADIE: Retarded.

PLAYBOY: Is Sarah a good mother?

SADIE: No. She's never there for them. She doesn't make her kids go to school. She'd rather parade them around and put on a show at book signings or conventions.

PLAYBOY: What was the deal with Bristol and Levi's brief reengagement?

SADIE: I don't think Bristol wanted to be with him whatsoever, not at all. It was all about her using her body to get Levi to retract his statements, and it worked.

PLAYBOY: Did Sarah have anything to do with the rapprochement?

SADIE: Everything. *Ev-er-y-thing*. It was all planned. They only wanted them back together so they could control Levi, have him say he lied so no one would believe what he said and no one would believe Levi again. That's bull crap. Everyone who knows Levi knows everything he said was true and then some. [Editor's note: In 2010 Levi told *People* magazine, "Last year, after Bristol and I broke up, I was unhappy and a little angry. Unfortunately, against my better judgment, I publicly said things about the Palins that were not completely true."]

It's my last night. Roger Erdmann understands my reluctance to leave. "Where do you see people hitchhiking in America other than Alaska?" asks the cabdriver and Desert Storm veteran. "Here we do it all the time, but not down in the Lower 48. Everybody helps everybody out."

Pulling into the Mug-Shot, Roger begs me to keep Wasilla a secret. "Don't tell



"This is the best double date I've ever been on!"

everybody about Alaska. Let them keep thinking it's dark and 60 below." He promises to return at midnight, and if I'm not outside he'll come find me.

Inside the bar are three Steves, who all give me shit for staying home the night before. For one thing, the famous Fletch brothers strutted around in their thongs. "Oh, we had fucking fun, dude. That was one of the best days of the bar in a long time. You really missed out. So your pussy was hurting?"

When "Afternoon Delight" comes on, Steves Newman, Kenison and Harvey start calling another guy in our group "Ron Burgundy" and making Ron Jeremy jokes. I haven't officially met Ron Taber, an unusually enormous regular who looks like he could pop all of our heads like zits. But he's mellow, nursing a 32-ounce mug of Coors Light.

Ron arrived here from Oregon in 1980, bounced at a strip bar and worked in construction until an injury forced him into blissful retirement. Now at 50 he can do whatever he wants. "That's a beautiful thing about Alaska: We can do what we fucking want here." He doesn't think much of Sarah Palin's liberal detractors: "They're trying to take our country down, trying to make us join the European Union. They think they're saving the fucking world by breaking our country. This country is blessed by God, period."

The White Stripes are on the jukebox, then Green Day. A group of young people sits in the corner. Tony Jensen, 21, is

a lifelong resident of Wasilla and never wants to leave. He's eager to tell the world why: "The air here is just crisp and clean and fresh all the time. There's more jobs up here than there are people. I've been to California, Texas, Florida, *dude*, Arkansas. This place is awesome. Even the cops are nice. They'll smile at you, man. I had a cop pull me over once, and she asked how I was doing. Everybody who comes here will move here, and everybody who moves away comes back. The pot is amazing; the people are friendly. In Wasilla the women are great. I've never heard of my friends having any STDs, AIDS, herpes, genital warts—I'm serious."

"There is chlamydia, though," his pretty sister, Sasha, interjects. "It's actually the chlamydia capital of Alaska."

"I have heard of chlamydia," Tony replies. "But only a couple of really low, bottom-feeder people."

The siblings attend community college and live in the taxidermy-filled house their father built. Tony makes \$18 an hour working construction on the pipeline. "Seriously, up on the slope there are people who live down in Florida and come up here because there's not enough people to fill the jobs. Dude, jobs are so easy to get here. I swear I've had like 20 jobs."

Sasha advises him to pipe down, then is forced to confess that she made 40 grand before tips waitressing at Jalapeños last year.

"I want people to move up here!" Tony roars. "It's no bullshit. Dude, I got one thing to say: You catch a fish in the

After "Wouldn't It Be Nice" comes on, I ask Tony to describe a perfect day here. "I wake up, the sun's shining, the air is fresh, I hop on my four-wheeler, I ride around the block like 10 times, I smoke a fat bowl, drive into town, see all my friends, go to the bar, see my parents, hop on their boat, go fishing. I do whatever I want, dude. Total freedom. This is the last frontier, the last place you can go and have a chance to be someone and do something with yourself."

"You can smoke in this bar," says Sasha.

"You can have pot plants in your house and it's a misdemeanor," says Tony. "They won't even send you to jail. You can have four ounces in your house and they can't even take it from you. We got mining and logging, oil—there are so many

gold mines and oil companies you can work for. Wasilla's the last land of opportunity."

"Like a Rolling Stone" is playing now. Tony admits that less than five hours of sunlight in the wintertime is a downside, but tanning, exercise and snowboarding can help with cabin fever. "I can't find anything wrong with Wasilla," he decides. "Rent's a little expensive, but it's nothing like New York."

There is only one thing about Wasilla Tony won't say anything nice about: "Dude, I have no faith in Sarah anymore, just because she quit. Forget all the ignorance, all the dumb shit—she's not smart. She doesn't know world history." Aside from Bear, Tony is the only hard-core Palin detractor I've met

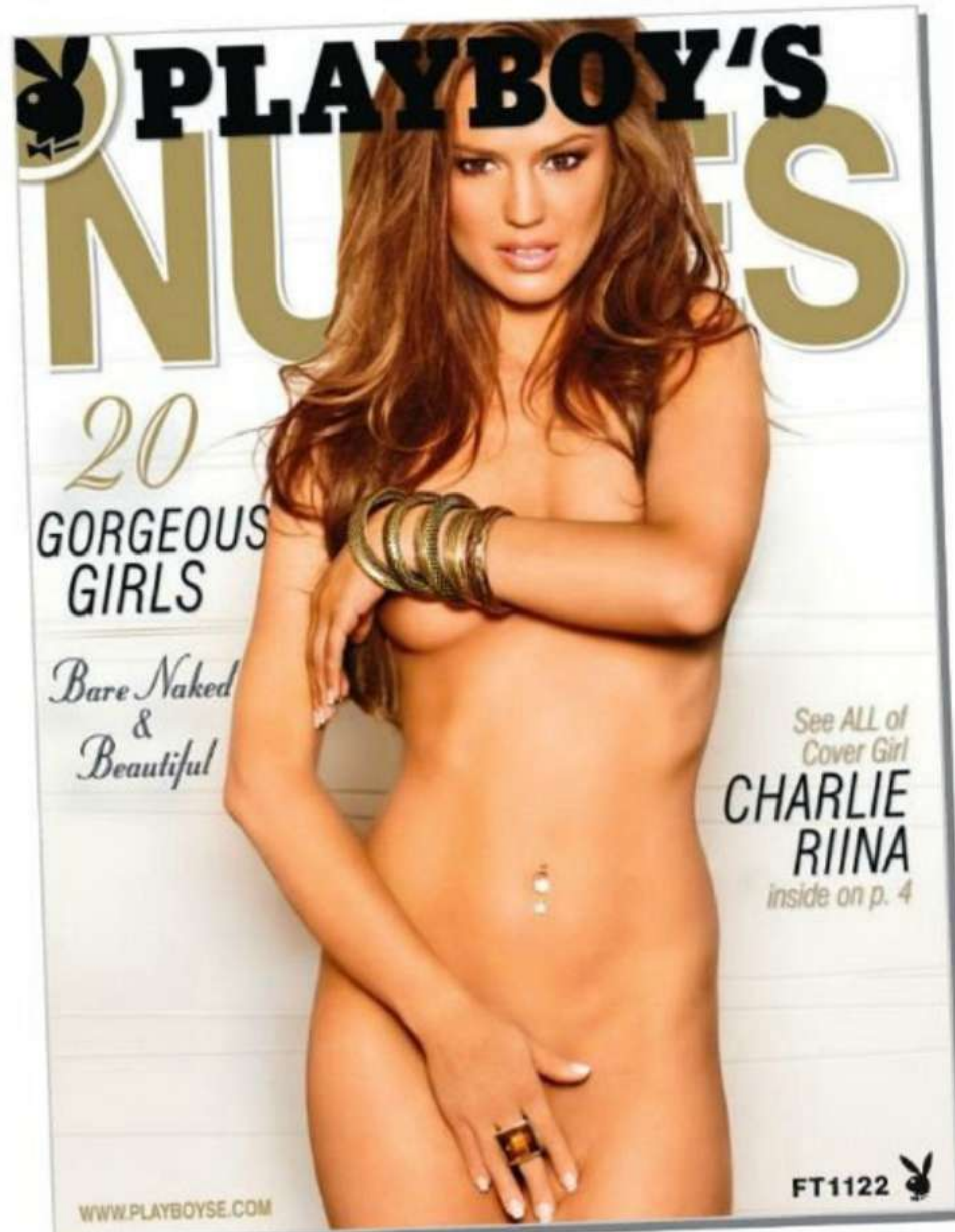
after four days and nights at the Mug-Shot. "She's a total idiot. Dude, she's over; she's done with."

"Tony, you're cut off now," says Dana, the bartender. So am I. The cabbie—my new friend Roger—is here just as he'd promised, at midnight. "All the good people in America are going to hear this shit, read this magazine and come up here," Tony says. "And we're just going to have more people, dude, for the melting pot. There's plenty of room. I have yet to find a better place in this world that I want to be."

So this is definitely not a shithole?

"Anchorage is a shithole, dude. Wasilla is where it's at."

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Lower 48, you don't even know if you got it hooked. Up here, you catch a fish and it's trying to pull you out of the boat. You catch a 30-pound halibut and it's starting to tip the boat."

He tells me about the dividends the state pays its 700,000 citizens. "Yeah, they're just like, 'Come to our state and we'll give you \$2,000 a year.' One year, it was \$3,200 they just gave to everybody in the whole fucking state!" After Sasha notes that the educational system is really great, too, I wonder if this is a put-on. How can two kids be this excited about their hometown? It's almost un-American.

"Because I have seen the other places, and they're horrible," Tony says.

"They suck. They're terrible. They're concrete jungles," Sasha concurs.



PORN IDENTITY

(continued from page 86)

for the acting opportunity than for the sex.

Parker came to prominence at a time when X-rated movies were as much political statement as erotic entertainment—actors took care to leave their clothes in a convenient pile lest the cops raid the set. During this era of bushy dialogue and pubes, Parker's films were shown in old theaters: often ornate and patronized primarily by adventurous couples and men in overcoats, everyone well spaced among the seats.

In all, Parker starred in fewer than 100 movies in this lifetime, which has thus far spanned 67 years. She is aware, she says, of having lived at least 182 other incarnations since her first arrival on Earth, as a female scientist in ancient Atlantis, a Star Being sent to this planet to help usher in the God-ing through Fourth Dimensional Ascension. For this latter distinction she has been called the Shirley MacLaine of porn.

On day two of my visit, Parker had just concluded my Body Touch session. (She earns her living today as a spiritual practitioner.) I'd reclined on my back on a massage table, covered by a sheet, my arms exposed. She'd spoken out loud, seemingly asking questions of, and getting answers from, a higher source, pushing and poking at the meat of my forearm as if working a keyboard or a set of switches—I got the sense she was going through a sort of table of contents of my life.

There was something about my leaving my girlfriend to go to college at 18. There was something about my choosing to work nights instead of days to further my career—further confounding the same tortured relationship. There was something about my bedroom—specifically about the bed. It had belonged to my grandparents on my mother's side. They'd slept in it together for more than 60 years. Later, I'd had it lovingly enlarged by a craftsman. In the last throes of my marriage, my wife had woken up one morning and launched into a tirade about the bed and how she hated it. Not yet aware of the true cause of her apparent mania, I thought nothing of following her wishes posthaste. With the help of my son and an electric drill, the bed was dismantled and garaged.

Parker focused on the bed, working the keyboard of my forearm, mumbling to her higher source. At last she found it. My soul splinter. There'd been a rape six generations ago on my mother's side, in the old country, Eastern Europe. A splinter of my soul had detached and crossed over. I was incomplete.

She tapped my forehead with her fingertips, a maneuver of healing, she explained. Tap, tap, tap.

We sat on the couch afterward. I was drinking water as prescribed. The room was decorated with geodes, wind chimes and potted plants; we were attended by a number of vocal cats. Through the open, sun-filled window came the scent of sea air. The day before, within a few minutes of our first hellos, we were sitting on the sofa when she experienced a ringing sensation in her right ear. She paused to confer with a force above—I believe it was the spirit of her mentor, Aaron. There was a nurturing vibe about her; I think she felt okay about me, too. We shared our stories.

Now she wanted to know my birth date. She looked me up in a volume called *Love Cards*.

"You're a nine of clubs," she announced brightly. She handed me the book. "Read out loud."

"Humanitarianism, higher law, universal love, selfishness..." I looked at her questioningly. "What does *dissipation* mean in this context?"

Perplexed, she consulted an alternate guide, a stapled set of papers. "Very successful as writers," she read. "May be subject to hampering home conditions."

"Got that right," I said ruefully. "What about my love life?" At this point my dry spell had reached a personal record.

She consulted the pages, the book. She looked at me mournfully. "Perhaps you have some other things to do first."

"How big a part has sex played in your life?" I asked.

"I haven't had sex in six years. Even longer before that."

I looked surprised, I suppose. She is still attractive for a woman in her seventh decade. And there are still legions of fans.

"I've come to the realization that sex isn't all it's made out to be. Like everything, it's the spirit that's important. Whether we're self-pleasuring or interfacing with

somebody else, at a core level it's really about a union with God. Or the divine. Or the creator. Or Fred—whatever we want to call that energy.

"Sex has become so hollow today—especially since porno is so huge on the internet. It leads me to believe that more people are sitting at home masturbating than engaging in intimate relationships."

Guilty as charged, I thought.

She looked at me gravely. "If we could all have sex in the spirit of communion with God, we'd immediately eradicate war on the planet. To me that's what the fourth dimension is all about. It's about union, about communion, about—"

She was interrupted by the sound of wind chimes; the cats started meowing like crazy.

The door swung open.

"Come in, come in, come in..." Parker sang.

But there was nobody there.

I followed Nina Hartley down a dark hallway on an upper floor of a spooky-cool converted loft building. Her celebrated bubble butt, high and round and sheathed in black leggings, was doing its work ahead of me—to be honest, it put me in mind of a prized Thoroughbred. (Her husband, Ira, also known as Ernest Greene, a porn pundit and director of bondage films, clearly thinks along the same lines: If you go to a dinner party at their house, Hartley might be wearing an apparatus called a pony-head harness.) Back in the 1980s Hartley's was known as the Best Ass in Porn. From where I was walking, it showed no signs of decline.

Hartley is one of the more outspoken porn stars, past and present. Her longevity and her status as one of the Erotic Eleven—she was arrested on obscenity charges in 1993 after a benefit performance for the Free Speech Coalition—have conveyed upon her a sort of queenly status. She has the upbeat, ironic, rat-a-tat delivery of a café society intellectual, punctuated with a slight lateral lisp.

In our two days together she rarely took a breath, filling the air with genial patter, bright commentary and unconventional opinions—a lot of which make good sense. She described herself, variously, as



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“a sex-positive feminist,” “a heterosexual butch dyke,” “a gay man with female parts,” “a bisexual exhibitionistic polyamorous person who is by nature emotionally monogamous.”

Truly, her verbal skills rival her well-documented oral ones.

In some ways, you could say Hartley is an embodiment of the industry's own story arc. Curious about sex from an early age, the bookish girl took herself to see her first X-rated movie at 17 at an art house in San Francisco. The film was an adaptation of one of her favorite erotic novels, first published anonymously in 1887, *The Autobiography of a Flea*. The film version starred early porn gods Jean Jennings, Paul Thomas and John Holmes. In time, Hartley would meet or work with all of them.

Born into a radical Jewish family in Berkeley in 1959, Hartley is the daughter of a blacklisted local radio personality and his attractive brunette wife, whom Hartley credits for her ass. Hartley's ice-blue eyes are the heritage of her German Swiss dad, who went into free fall after being

outed as a communist. The story is complicated; he ended up at one point finding employment as a short-order cook before Mom became the breadwinner. Her parents were together 64 years; they worked hard on their marriage. Over time, Hartley explained, they did primal scream therapy, couples' therapy, group therapy, individual therapy, biofeedback, bioenergetics, tai chi and naked tai chi. At last they found their peace within the teachings of Zen Buddhism. They lived with others in a religious cooperative until recently, when her father died peacefully in a hospice with his family by his bedside. Hartley has eight nieces and nephews, upon whom she dotes. Uterine fibroid tumors and a lack of interest have precluded her own career as a parent.

Hartley was herself the fourth and last sibling. She says she was a “semiferal child” raised with “benign neglect.” Looking back, the business seems an almost obvious choice for a lonely young girl who was born in the dark time after her father's fall from grace.

At 24 she entered her first amateur strip contest; she wore satin slippers and used a cream-colored vibrator as a prop—penetration was legal onstage in San Francisco in those wild, pre-AIDS days. She won \$200 and a job in a live peep show. During each shift she had sex with a different woman on a rotating bed in a round room. Along the circumference of the room were booths. Each had a window, a chair, a wastebasket and paper towels. If the guy wanted to be seen, he could turn on a light in his booth.

Hartley started doing porn movies in the early 1980s, just as theatrical distribution was giving way to the VCR. The first straight-to-video films still boasted decent pay, large budgets and story lines. As video drove the X industry more mainstream—with revenue in the billions over two golden decades—Hartley crossed over as well. A nurse by education (dancing and adult-film work paid her nursing school tuition), she frequently lectures on sex and politics and has appeared on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. She has written a sex guidebook and produced numerous instructional videos, some with her husband. In 1997 Hartley starred in *Boogie Nights*. She was critically lauded for her turn as William H. Macy's unfaithful wife. (He finds her getting fucked missionary style on a sun-bleached and dusty driveway, surrounded by a crowd of onlookers. Between thrusts, she chides him for embarrassing her by interrupting.)

At 52, Hartley still does several scenes a month to make ends meet—MILF stuff and girl-on-girl. Enthusiast sites on the web credit Hartley with appearances in more than 850 different titles, making her the George Blanda of porn.

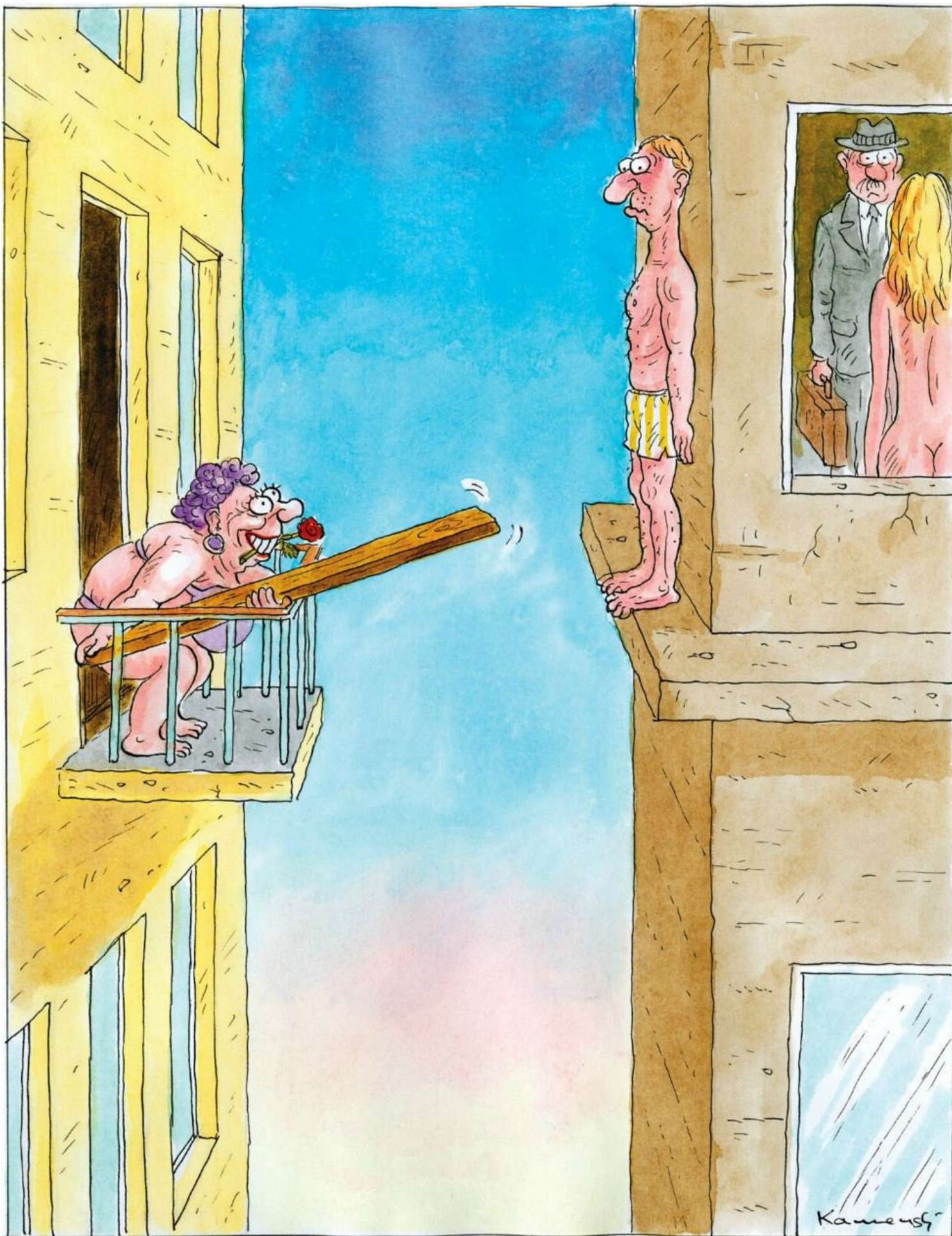
For nearly 20 years Hartley lived in a three-way union—two women and a man. “Some people blow their money on a bad drug habit,” she said, unlocking the door to her apartment. “I blew mine on a bad marriage.”

She led me into the great room. A bank of windows overlooked the city skyline. The walls were lined with books; the top shelf was chockablock with martial-style caps—the shiny-billed type worn by police chiefs and military dictators. On an antique wig stand sat the pony-head harness, ready for duty.

“When I first got divorced, I said I would probably end up alone with cats and fuck buddies,” Hartley said. “I never thought I'd be married again. Ever.”

“I hear that,” I said. Hartley regarded me piteously through her chunky square-framed glasses—magnified, her eyes were like twin sapphires. “It's tough in our society,” she said soothingly. “We're supposed to marry for love. Your partner is supposed to be your best friend and your soul mate and the best lover you ever had. And that's supposed to last your entire life.”

As a proud home owner will, she led me on a tour of her place. She showed me the kitchen, a bedroom, a bathroom and then the playroom. There was a stainless-steel stand-up cage (three feet square by six feet high), an X frame for flogging, a spanking horse, a bondage bed, a custom-rigged suspension pulley, countersunk floor rings for



restraint purposes and a bunch of stuff I can't even venture to name.

"For so many years I didn't understand anything about being in a healthy relationship," Hartley said, tidying up a row of knee-high leather boots. "Things spiraled far out of control. It got to the point where I was lying, withholding and cheating. If I had been raised to be more honest and ethical and not a liar, I would have been able to go home and face my ex sooner and say, 'You know what? I've met somebody. The relationship we have doesn't work for me.' But I didn't know how to have that difficult conversation. I didn't know how to stand up for myself. I didn't know how to operate from a position of strength. Instead, I lied."

Her words resonated. I thought about my own deceased marriage. There'd been a lot of lying. I've had trouble trying to figure out how my "best friend" could do me like that.

Hartley took a step closer and put her hand on my shoulder. We looked out the window, past the cage. The sun was setting over a green park; the sky was pink and orange.

"What are you doing for dinner?" she asked.

Amber Lynn glided across the high-gloss oak-plank flooring at the Viceroy Hotel, wearing a pair of gold Michael Kors pumps with four-inch heels and a short, stunning Alice + Olivia dress, the electric blue of which harmonized beautifully with the Caribbean blue of her eyes. Her silken blonde hair, expensively cut, floated back and away from her sculpted face. It seemed as though a spotlight was following her as she moved. I was reminded of one of those slow-motion dream sequences you see sometimes in movies. Time stops—for the horny teenager, the 40-year-old virgin, the hapless divorcé—as the lust object enters the room.

Lynn was known in her day, along with her friends Ginger Lynn and the now mainstream actress Traci Lords, as one of the Golden Goddesses of Porn. Lynn was an original Vivid Video girl, though not a contract player. With her mid-1980s nimbus of blonde curls, this petite Melanie Griffith look-alike reigned over video's glam years of glossy box covers, high salaries and rock-star perks—limos, makeup artists, hotel suites, Peruvian cocaine, all of it at a time when the Reagan and Bush administrations were spending billions on wars against drugs and immorality.

On-screen, Amber Lynn was as tough as nails, a no-nonsense dirty girl known for her snarl; she seemed as likely to bite off a dick as to suck it. The bulk of her films were made between the mid-1980s and the mid-1990s. She has 373 titles to her credit, according to the web. After quitting porn, she worked for more than a decade as a featured dancer in strip clubs all over the United States and Canada, making as much as \$25,000 a week, some of it in the form of \$1 bills, hauled out each night in garbage bags.

After a run-in with the law, Lynn hit rock bottom and began the long process of turning her life around. Now 47 (48, according to Wikipedia and other sources), she's been

sober for 11 years. She is a real estate agent specializing in luxury properties. She also works as a personal recovery assistant, counseling detoxing drug users—some of them young porn starlets.

As she sat over a seared-tuna salad and bubbly water, Lynn's story unfolded—porn's cautionary tale. Laura Lynn Allen grew up in Orange County, California, the daughter of a retired Air Force officer and his brittle wife. The couple had two boys and then a girl who died at the age of two of a previously undetected heart defect. Lynn was conceived as a "replacement child," she explained, picking at her salad. "My brothers and my family were very overprotective."

The sadness of the child's death cast a deep shadow over the household. When Lynn was three, her father was discovered to have a second brood with another woman. There was a divorce. Lynn's mother had a nervous breakdown and was institutionalized. Lynn was sent to foster care. There was physical abuse.

When she was seven, Lynn reunited with her mother. Shortly thereafter, they were driving home on the interstate after a holiday vacation when high winds forced a cement mixer to jackknife in front of the car. Lynn was thrown clear of the wreckage. Her mother was nearly decapitated; she died at the scene. The young girl witnessed. "At that moment, part of me split," she said. "That's what children do. They kind of split emotionally so they don't suffer the trauma."

Lynn's father moved into his old house with his new family—by now he had four boys with the stepmom. In total, there were eight boys and Lynn. When she was 11, her father died from alcoholism and heart failure. Her stepmother carried on, seemingly as best she could. Entering her teens, Lynn was "a pudgy kind of bucktoothed" tomboy, by necessity one of the guys. Soon, nature took its course. "I kind of blossomed. I had this rocking little body. I started doing fitness modeling, bikini modeling and hot body contests.

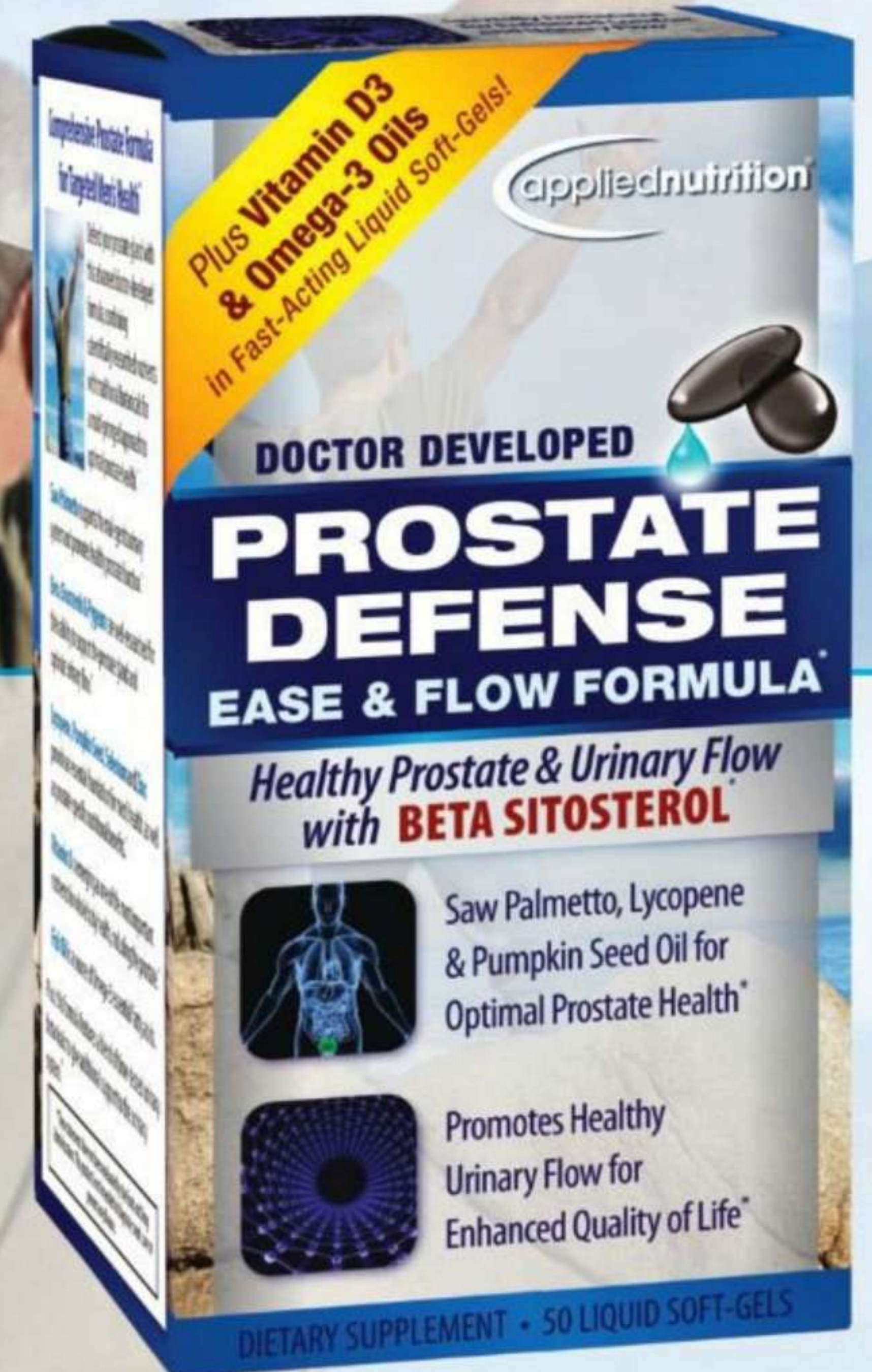
"What I remember most is the way people would stare. Heads would turn. I kind of became addicted—I really got off on the attention. It was like, Wow, this is making me feel really hot."

She took a bite of her tuna and chewed, reflecting. "See, I grew up being known as Linnie. Little Linnie. I always felt small and unsexy in this name, always overprotected by my brothers. The replacement child trying to live up to the perfect memory of the dead girl. So as I started to feel the power of being noticed by men, oh my God, I just wanted to shed this whole image of the broken little girl."

Venturing north to Hollywood, Lynn became a regular at rock clubs on the Sunset Strip. She partied hard. She lost her virginity. She got an agent. She had her picture in *Penthouse*. Shortly afterward Lynn went to a "go-see" for a movie. She knew it was not a Hollywood film; the director was a well-known porn veteran. She was visibly nervous. He offered her a pipe.

Even though she was young, Lynn (and Linnie, too) had plenty of experience as a partyer. "We drank. We did LSD. We smoked a lot of grass. We had pipes all over the house." So when the director handed her a glass bong, she took it without hesitation. "I remember

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as I was taking the hit, I looked down and there was a white rock on top of the bowl that was melting into the weed as it burned. And I thought, What the hell is that?"

A look crossed her face, which shows evidence of a surgeon's work. "I'll never forget the way it hit me the first time. It was like, Oh. My. God. Anybody who has ever free-based knows the feeling, especially if you've been an addict. It's as if the birds are singing. The light is brighter. All of a sudden I'm no longer this gangly nervous teenager. I'm sitting there going, 'Oh wow!'"

The next day, she recalled, "I wound up on a porn set."

When filming her second movie, she walked into a house and met porn legend Jamie Gillis, who would become her long-time partner and the love of her life. A week later, she met *the* Ginger Lynn—who promptly took her hand, led her outside to a chaise longue and made passionate love to her. It was her first experience with another woman. The two would remain close for years.

"I remember one time when me, Ginger and Traci Lords were all on a set together. We were partying in our dressing room. And we started, like, competing over who was going to do what in the film—who was going to do more than the others. We were all kind of friends, but at the same time we were all competitive. We're all like, How am I going to beat these people? Because you know I'm the one who is number one."

She smiled and shook her head abashedly, an OG telling war stories. "We all outdid ourselves. Like, I shot a DP, a double penetration, and Ginger shot a DP, and then I think Traci shot...no, I didn't do a DP. Ginger did a DP, and I did...." She threw up her hands; her Donna Karan bracelets jingle-jangled. Who can remember?

The drugs and alcohol would continue for nearly two decades. "I started out drinking Ketel One and slicing off crystals of Peruvian rock," Lynn said. "I wound up broken down, drinking Kamchatka out of a half-pint stashed in the bottom of my purse, with my crack pipe stuffed in the lining of my jacket. By the time it was done I was a can't-get-myself-out-of-my-closet type of drug addict."

And I thought I had problems.

We talked for hours. The longer we spoke the more beautiful she seemed. At last, the restaurant was empty. I walked her out to the valet to get her car. "Amber Lynn was all the things Linnie never was," she said as we waited in the portico. "For a while, that's all I cared about: killing off Linnie. But now I've come full circle. I don't want to be Linnie, but I don't want to be Amber anymore, either. I just want to be myself."

"I look back on my time in porn, and I'm proud of what I did, especially the charity stuff I did for the Youth AIDS Foundation. You can say what you want about porn, but back then we were rock stars; the rock star and the porn-star image began to kind of look alike. We were no longer a seedy little underground business. We were in everybody's living room. Anybody who was hip, it was like *the* thing to have a porn collection. And if you collected anything, you had to have the top three women in porn—Traci Lords, Ginger Lynn and Amber Lynn."

Her car appeared. I tipped the valet and opened the door myself. Lynn's amber-colored, perfectly toned thighs scissored open and closed. She caught me staring. I felt myself blush.

"Give me a call if you have any follow-up questions," she said coquettishly.

And then she was gone down the long driveway.

●

Standing before the limited offerings in my motel room closet, I consider the options for my big night out with Asia Carrera. It is late in the afternoon of my second full day in southern Utah. I'm determined to pull out all the stops. If you can believe it, my date tonight, this beautiful hapa cyborg and multiorgasmic member of Mensa, a veteran of more than 350 X-rated titles, hasn't been out to dinner with a man in five years.

From the moment she picked me up yesterday in her aging SUV, her hair frizzy and pulled back, her mismatched workout suit stained with food, her figure a bit fuller than in the movies, we'd sort of clicked. If it were true that deep intellectual communion could be included on the list of the fun activities that dwell under the rubric of sexual congress—if intense, revelatory sharing of intimate personal details by two consenting adults were considered a type of sex—you could say that Asia Carrera and I had been going at it like a pair of college kids: nonstop, all over town, all over her house, sitting, standing, eating, walking, driving.

We talked and brunched at Cracker Barrel and Denny's. We sat together for hours in her great room and talked and shared tears. She talked as she autographed naked pictures for me and my son. (I wanted a ceramic doll, but I was too embarrassed to ask.) We talked and ate dinner with her two children at IHOP—that was me completing the family picture, holding the hand of her blond-mulletheaded four-year-old son as we crossed the parking lot together. The older child, six-year-old Catty, is a miniature Asia. She held her own in the conversation, chattering away on a diverse number of topics, including the subject of her second-grade class, which she attends with kids who are two and three years older. (The school's principal wanted to skip her yet another grade, but Carrera worried about the social effects. It's bad enough it's a Christian school and Catty is an avowed atheist.)

A brilliant and somewhat manic personality, with an IQ over 150, Carrera is the woman you'd like to be paired with when the end-times come—a glance through her bookshelves reveals a survivalist's bent for self-sufficiency. There is seemingly nothing she can't teach herself to do. She riffs on the geology of the surrounding area. The use of a weed whacker. The market for renovating and flipping houses. The several fortunes won and lost investing in Latin American stocks, the high-tech bubble and online gambling. The curious phenomenon of something called a pink sock, an unintended result of anal sex. And the fascinating clinical details of her easy-to-reach G-spot.

Born Jessica and raised on the Jersey Shore, Carrera was the eldest of four kids. Her mom is German; her dad is

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13292546

CENTRAL PNEUMATIC

HIGH SPEED METAL SAW
LOT NO. 91753/113
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SAVE 66%

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drillmaster

18 VOLT CORDLESS 3/8" DRILL/DRIVER WITH KEYLESS CHUCK
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27894490

6" DIGITAL CALIPER
PITTSBURGH
LOT NO. 47257
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SAVE 66%

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20720427

CHICAGO ELECTRIC POWER TOOLS

OSCILLATING MULTIFUNCTION POWER TOOL
LOT NO. 68303/67256
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SAVE 66%

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31289274

CHICAGO ELECTRIC POWER TOOLS

10" SLIDING COMPOUND MITER SAW
LOT NO. 98199
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34183445

CENTRAL PNEUMATIC

2 HP, 8 GALLON, 125 PSI PORTABLE AIR COMPRESSOR
LOT NO. 67501/95386
\$99.99 REG. PRICE \$139.99

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US GENERAL

580 LB. CAPACITY FOUR DRAWER ROLLER CART
LOT NO. 95659
\$99.99 REG. PRICE \$229.99

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Japanese—"a perfect storm of iron will and overachievement," Carrera says. There were dance lessons, piano lessons, spelling championships, math olympiads.

"An A-minus wasn't good enough. If I came in second place in the school spelling bee, my mom would be like, 'Why didn't you come in first?' I won more awards than anybody in my school, but it was never good enough. I tried to kill myself so often that it was seen as just a joke."

At 17, she ran away from home. "I was sleeping with people for a place to stay. I was seriously hungry. I'd ask my friends to bring me some Doritos. But I wouldn't go home. I was stubborn."

She was saved from the streets by a full scholarship to Rutgers University, which included room and board. For spending money she worked as a shot girl in a bar. One night the boss asked her to do a private party. She poured drinks, danced on the bar and came home with \$350. It didn't take her long to do the math. She dropped out of college, got a nose job (they called her Big Nose all through high school) and started dancing and modeling. Eventually she flew out to Los Angeles and found her way into porn.

Oddly, the business proved a perfect fit for Carrera's rare type of genius. "I like being a workaholic. I like being a perfectionist. I like being an overachiever—as long as I'm doing what I want to do. I was able to write all my own scripts, star in my movies, design my box covers and do my own makeup and hair—I even cut my own hair. I did freaking everything. And I would show up with my script memorized. I knew everybody else's lines, too, so I could cue everybody if they forgot their lines without screwing up a take. The directors loved me."

Carrera vowed to leave porn by the age of 30 with a wad of cash. She followed her plan—for the most part. Bad luck with investments and an addiction to online gambling took her fortune. But at the age of 29 she met Don Lemmon, a fitness guru and nutritionist. Lemmon had approached her about being a spokesmodel for his male-enhancement product. With his long flowing hair and muscles, he was just her type.

Lemmon moved in with Carrera after three days. The pair was engaged after three weeks and married after three months. A few months later Carrera became pregnant with Catty. "It was such a storybook romance. It was just head-over-heels love. It was so amazing."

After Catty was born, the couple moved to southern Utah, a quiet place with good schools and low housing prices. Lemmon and Carrera figured nobody would recognize her in a place where porn was essentially outlawed. And it turned out to be true, mostly—the few people who did recognize her were thrilled to find a kindred spirit in their midst. They bought a house and settled into an idyllic co-dependent, semirural existence.

And then, in the early morning hours of June 10, 2006, driving home from a business dinner in Las Vegas, Lemmon lost control of his Jeep. His blood alcohol level was found to be almost triple the legal limit.

"The last entry I'd made on my blog was all about how freaking great my life was and how

it was like a Cinderella story. I wrote, literally, 'My life is a fairy tale.' And then my next update was, 'Well, the fairy tale is over.'"

Carrera was 32 years old. And eight months pregnant.

"Every day I would wake up as though I'd been kicked in the gut, thinking, Oh my God, the nightmare is still real; he's still not here. I would take his urn down and just lie on it and cry and go, 'Daddy, please come home, please come home, please come home.' Catty would come over and she would cry and she would push me off the urn. I didn't want to upset her; she was only 15 months old. And I knew it wasn't good for me to be lying on the floor screaming in hysterics with a baby in my belly. I wasn't in a good place. I was completely co-dependent on Don. I hadn't driven a car in two years. I didn't even go to the store without him. I was scared of the whole world. I'm socially phobic. It was so hard on me."

That's when she found out Lemmon was broke.

Carrera went into labor two weeks early. For months, even before Lemmon's death, she'd been planning to deliver her child at home. She decided to proceed. "I set Catty up with her sippy cup, watching a *Wiggles* video in the next room. I tried to do a water

*On-screen, Amber Lynn
was as tough as nails, a
no-nonsense dirty girl known
for her snarl; she seemed as
likely to bite off a dick
as to suck it.*

birth in the backyard, but the water was fucking freezing, so I'm sitting there thinking, This isn't relaxing. Then Catty climbs into the pool with all her clothes on, so I'm contracting while I'm getting Catty into warm dry clothes. I called the midwife, and I was like, 'You know what? I guess it's time to go to the hospital.' But then I got on my knees over the birthing pad, and this little head pops out of me. I'm like, Oh my God! There's a baby down there. So I delivered him.

"And there he was. He was lying on the shower curtain and the towel, and I'm taking pictures of him—he's still connected to me by the umbilical cord and I'm taking pictures. And then I've got pictures of Catty looking at him, like, What is that thing? It was so cute. She was so small, looking at the baby, and there's little Devin, and he's like covered in ketchup and mustard.

"It's weird, but the whole ordeal of the birth was exactly what I needed to make me feel strong enough to be able to handle raising two kids by myself. I thought, If I can birth a baby by myself, I can do this without Don. I was like, I am Superwoman; I can do this. It was an incredible high."

Then, another twist: About a year later a statement came for a life insurance policy premium. She'd been bugging Lemmon to

get one. Turns out he actually had. Due to the circumstances of his death, it paid double.

"Right now, my life is my kids, period," she said, standing by the fish tank at her house, feeding a giant one-eyed pacu named Pacu. "I don't have the time and energy to dedicate to a relationship. My kids don't have another parent. They don't have other family here. They don't have anybody but me, and I'm a perfectionist workaholic. If that means putting my own needs aside, that's absolutely fine. I'm totally cool with that. It's as though Catty is the Asia that could have been if she hadn't been abused by her parents. And Devin is such a special little dude. I'll be Mommy until they're 18. That's fine with me."

●

And so it is that the elevator dings open and I cross the lobby of my motel, which doubles in the morning as the all-you-can-eat breakfast buffet. I wave to the clerk behind the front desk; he's been so nice, this towering Mormon lad with a friendly smile.

Only right now he's not smiling.

The apple is gone from his cheeks. He looks as though he's just seen a ghost.

Before I can react, someone links my arm. Asia Carrera now towers over me in four-inch fuck-me pumps. She is wearing a long blue floral dress with a plunging neckline; her cinematic 36Cs are on full display. Her hair has been carefully coiffed; her eyes are vividly awash in her trademark blue eye shadow and thick China-doll mascara—just like in all her photos.

Dumbstruck, I'm led through the automatic doors. I recover my wits enough to remember to walk her around to the driver's side.

"Just because I'm all dressed up doesn't mean anybody's getting lucky," she purrs.

"I feel like I'm already lucky," I tell her, buckling my seat belt. It sounds like a good line. But I think I really mean it.

Sure, I have some big-time hurt to get over. I have to find a way to finance the future for myself and my son—and to pay alimony for the next seven years. And I have to find a way to move on, to heal the wounds—presumably I'll be able to trust someone again; presumably I'll want to share my life with another human being. I still find myself crying at times; I still find myself spiring around the house like a ghost, moving from place to place, trying to figure out where the fuck I'm trying to go.

But you know what? I'm going to be okay. Fuck my ex for fucking me over like that—she'll be sorry someday, I'm sure of it. I'll make more money. I'll love my son; already our bond is much stronger than it ever was. I'll turn the hurt I've suffered into wisdom; it will make me a better writer and a better human being. If Asia, Nina, Amber and Kay can transcend their various trials and miseries, certainly I can too.

"Did you see the face on the kid behind the front desk?" I ask Carrera.

"It's nice to know I still have my secret weapon," she says.

And off we go, in the direction of the setting sun—two grown-ups with lots of hurt and history to put behind us, doing the best we can to move along.





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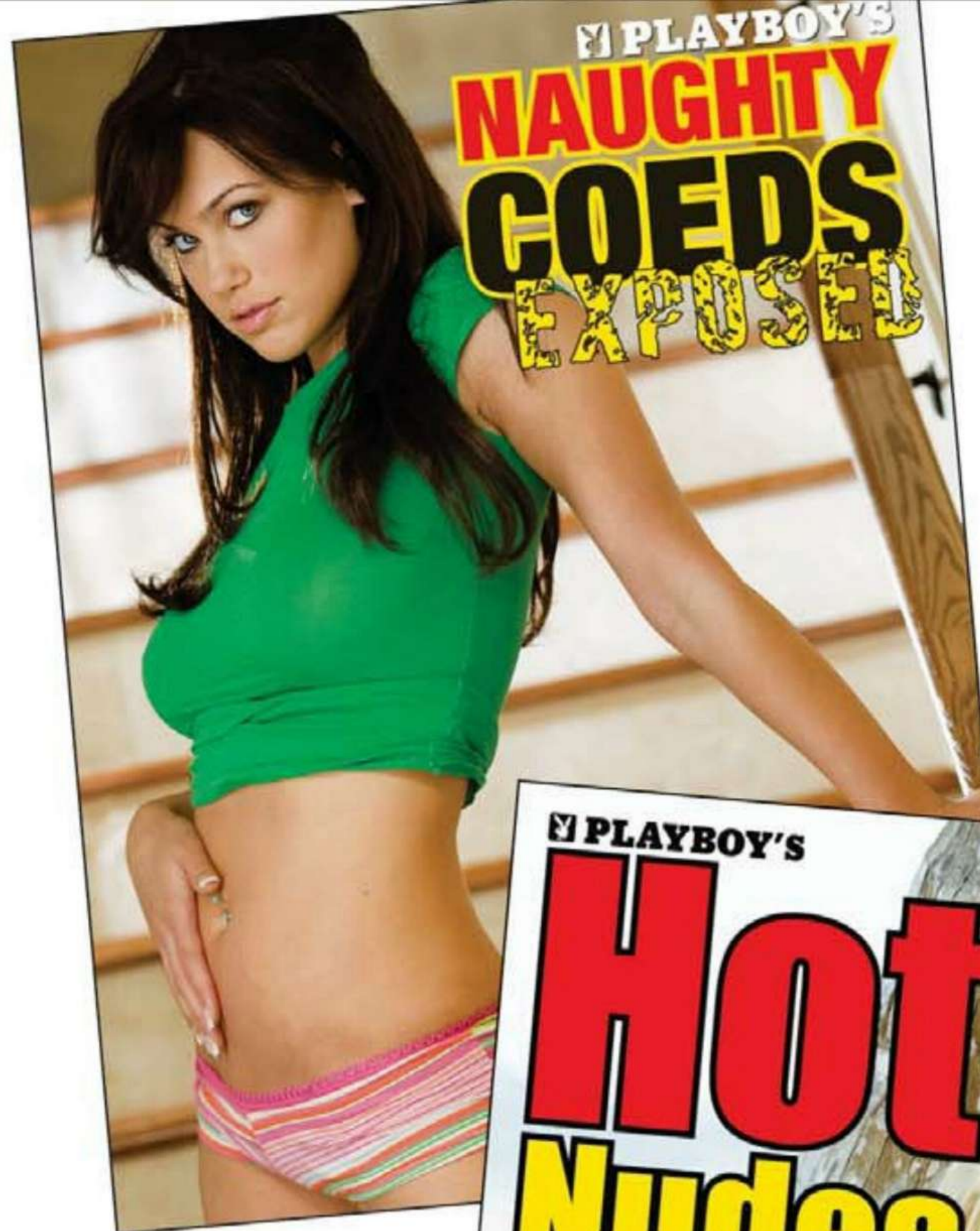


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CRIMES

(continued from page 91)

was to Darnel, and she shouted, "Where's my daddy and my uncle?"

Darnel chuckled, his sight bore into her like two hollow points, and said, "Dead and buried."

She looked to Able to correct this. He stood silently holding the sack of money, digging his hand into it, and she demanded, "What'd you do, Granddad, what'd you do?"

It was Darnel who responded. "He did the same to them that he's done to you." Knee High reached for Able, wanting to shake answers from his hide. He stepped back, still counting the money as she questioned him. "What's he saying, Granddad?"

Darnel's talcum grip restrained her. She twisted away from him and he backhanded her and said, "He sold you to me and my brother to do a kindness for the men of our county."

She tasted the blood on her lip as he drew her to a room where wallpaper was smeared by tea-colored stains and sweat-soured skin. The last thing she saw before the door slammed and bolted shut was Able turning his back, walking out the same way they'd entered.

She beat on the pine door, trying to fathom these things Able'd done, trying to understand what Darnel meant, saying Able'd sold out her daddy and uncle to Sheriff Sig. And why Able'd traded her for a sack of money to pay for her grandmother's cancer medications. The man named Darnel told her "to do a kindness." She understood she'd been sold for sex. But her grandmother Jo would never agree to such a thing.

Crying, she felt her arms and fists swell and harden as she sat barefoot on the floor, a broke-down mattress with a sheet once white lay gray and sticky behind her. She held her knees and rocked back and forth for what seemed like hours, realizing her daddy and uncle were dead because of Able. Then came the roar of a vehicle's engine outside. The slamming of a door. Men speaking, saying, "Four hundred, you'll be the first in the county to break her saddle. She's in yonder. Take your time. We got people to tend." Feet trampled out of the house, an engine fired up and became distant. The sound of metal unlatched on the bedroom door's opposite side. A towering stranger entered. Kneeling down in his cutoff red flannel, smiled with teeth caked by tobacco and ran a finger tainted by motor oil down her cheek, told her, "Call me Melvin."

He grasped her firm arms, lifted her to her feet, guided her backward toward

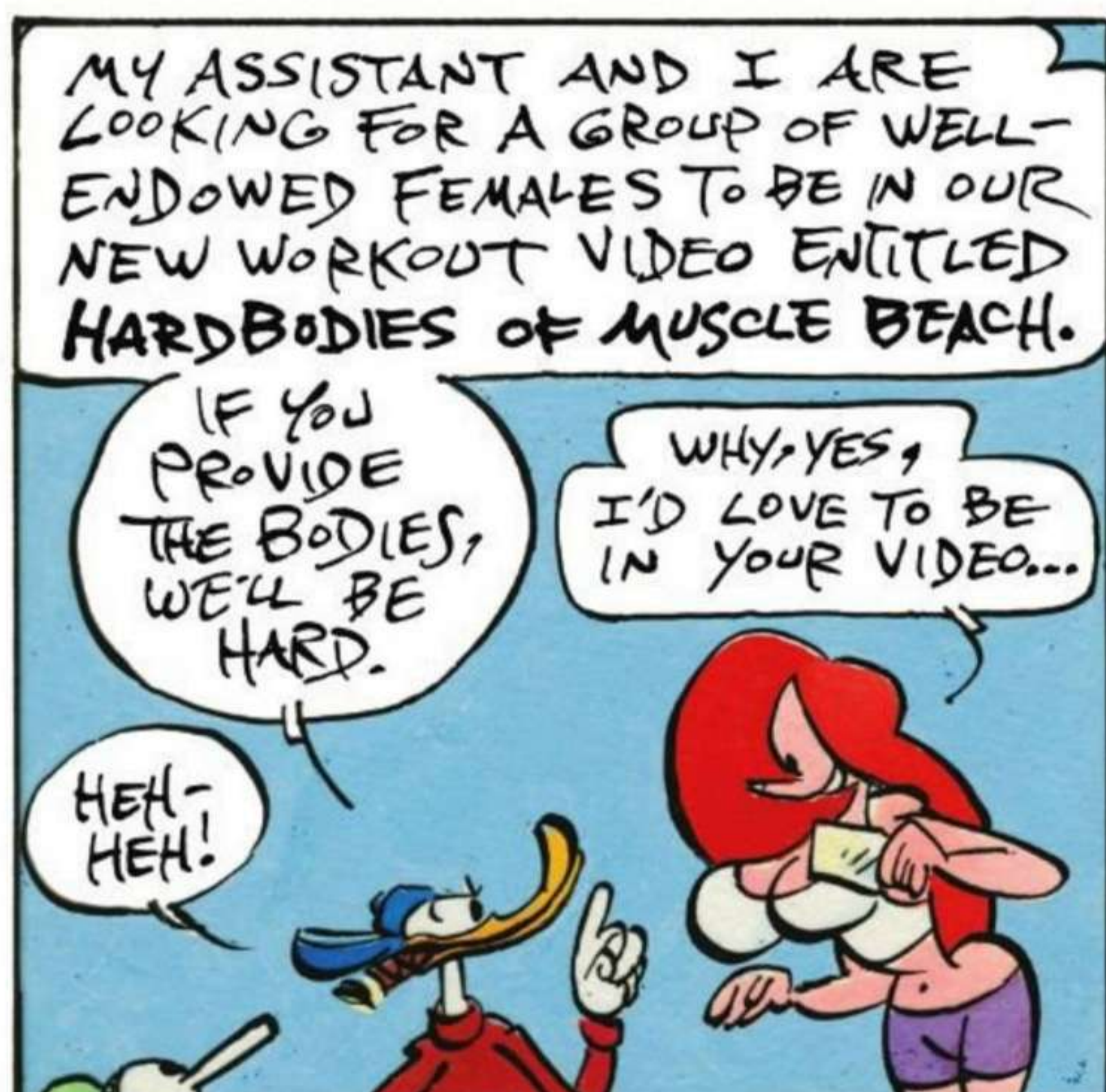
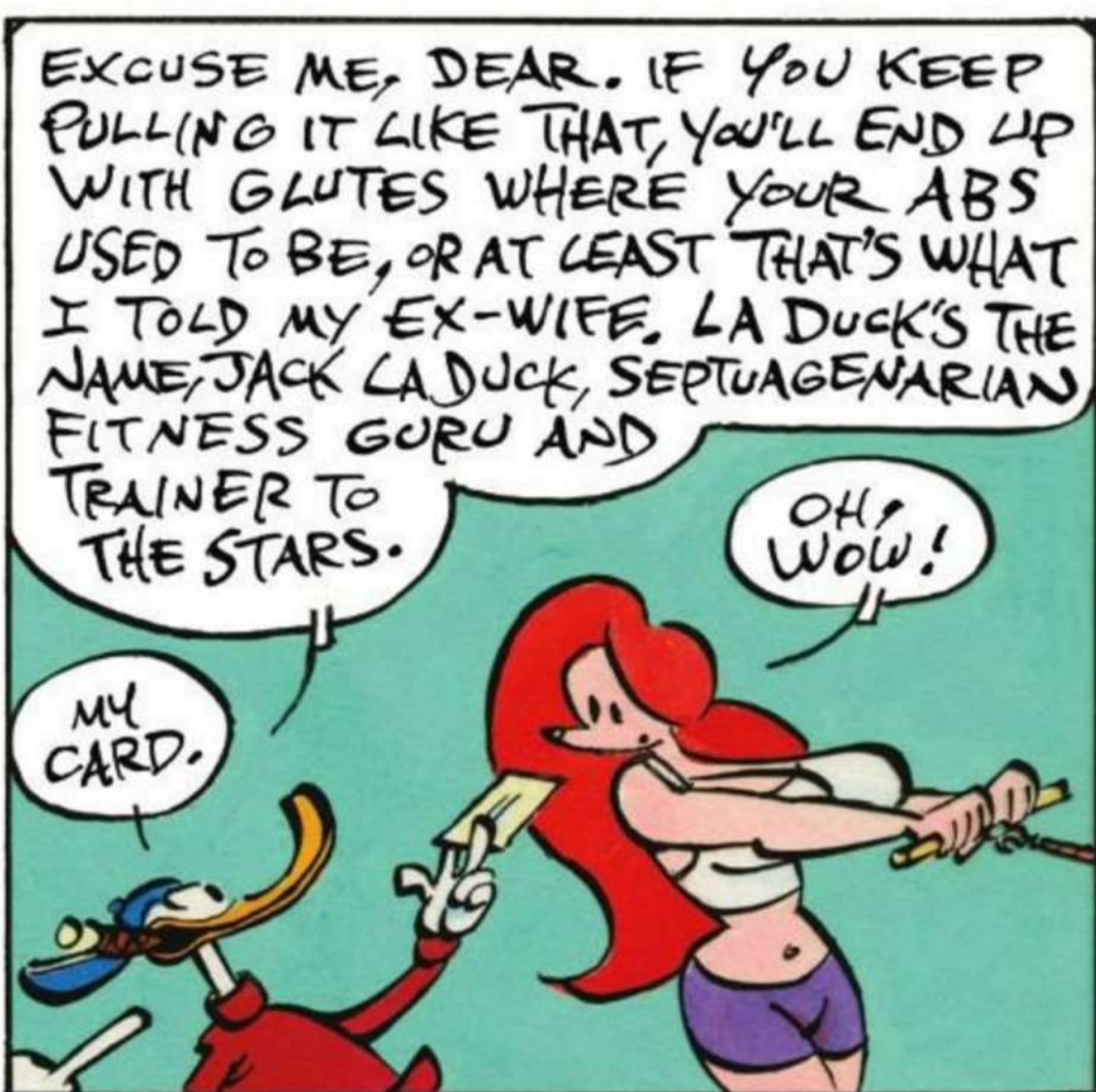
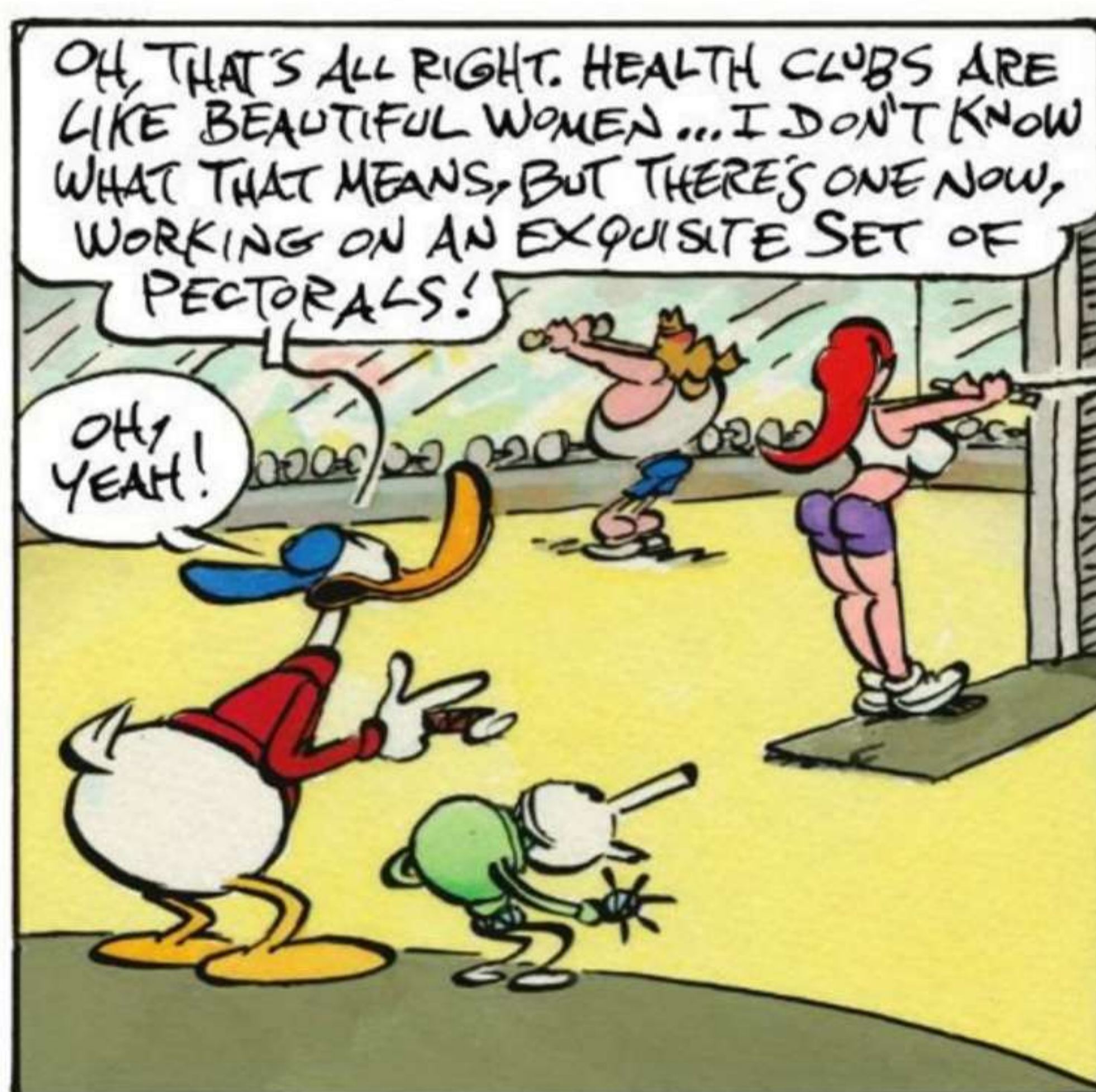
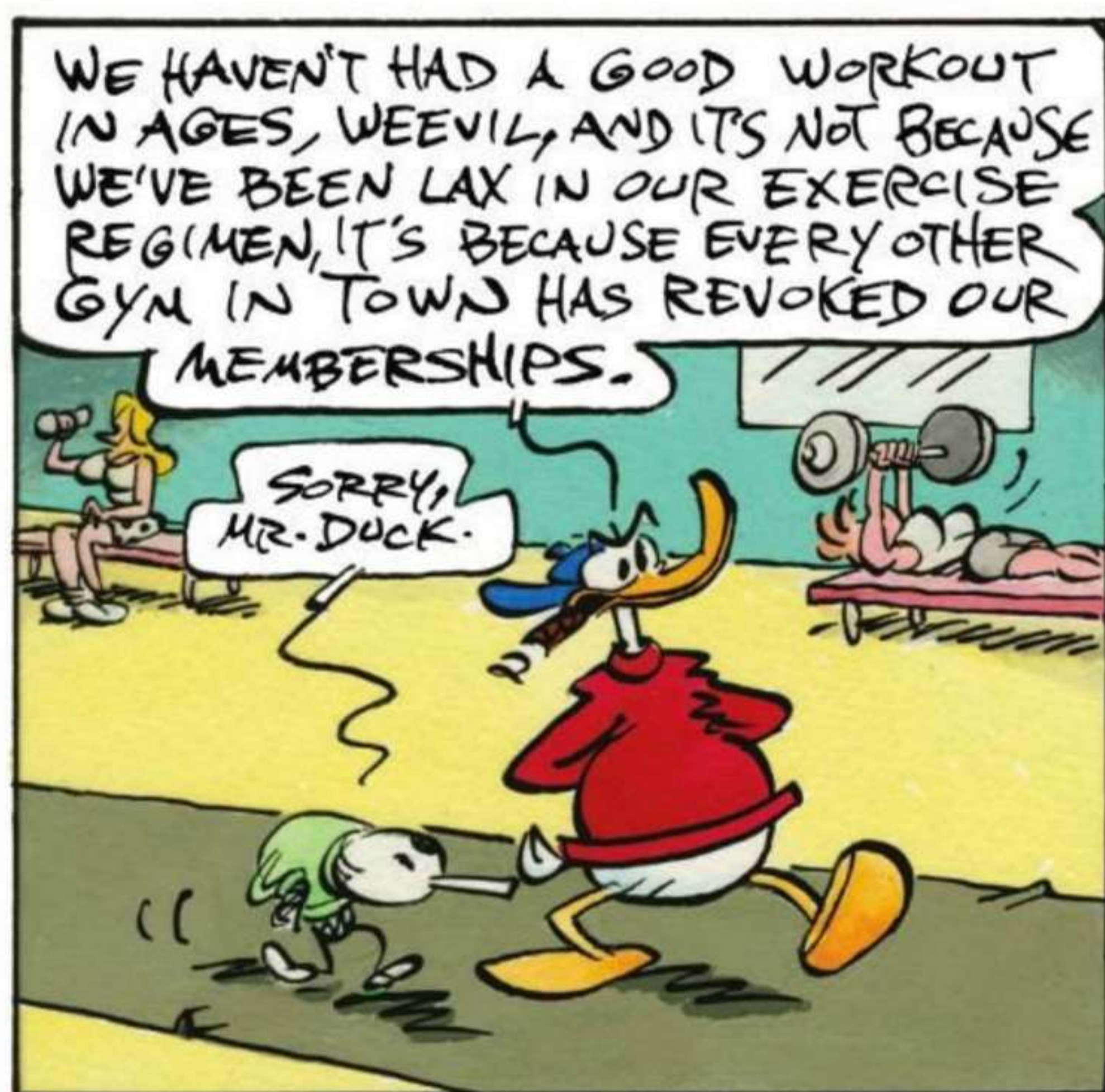
the bedding. In his eyes she made out the same sick lust she'd tried to ignore in her grandfather Able over the months as she did chores around the house, and she pleaded, "No." He slapped her. She turned with the strike, dodged his reach, ran out of the room and then out of the house.

Melvin followed, tackled her down in the field between the rows of feed corn. Punched her, tore her shorts and panties from her. Unbuckled his pants, made the grainy earth their bedding.

Now all she wanted was to survive, but he was bigger than she, stronger. She had to pretend, to be a chameleon. Thought of men and women. Affection and a neighbor boy who'd kissed her. Brushed his tongue into her ear. Remembered the spark and chill that ran down her spine from this gesture. She wiggled her tongue into Melvin's ear, tasted the rank of a dead toad. His lips forced into hers, busted and bloody. "That a girl." He released her hands. She closed her eyes. Wanted to vomit as his heated breath in her ear moaned, "Oh pretty." She tickled a path with her left hand down over the hump of his bareness. Felt the waistline of his pants, followed the leather belt to the hard handle he wore on his side. Thumbed the snap loose. Unsheathed a wicked curve of steel.

Knee High's (concluded on page 122)

Dirty Duck by Bobby London





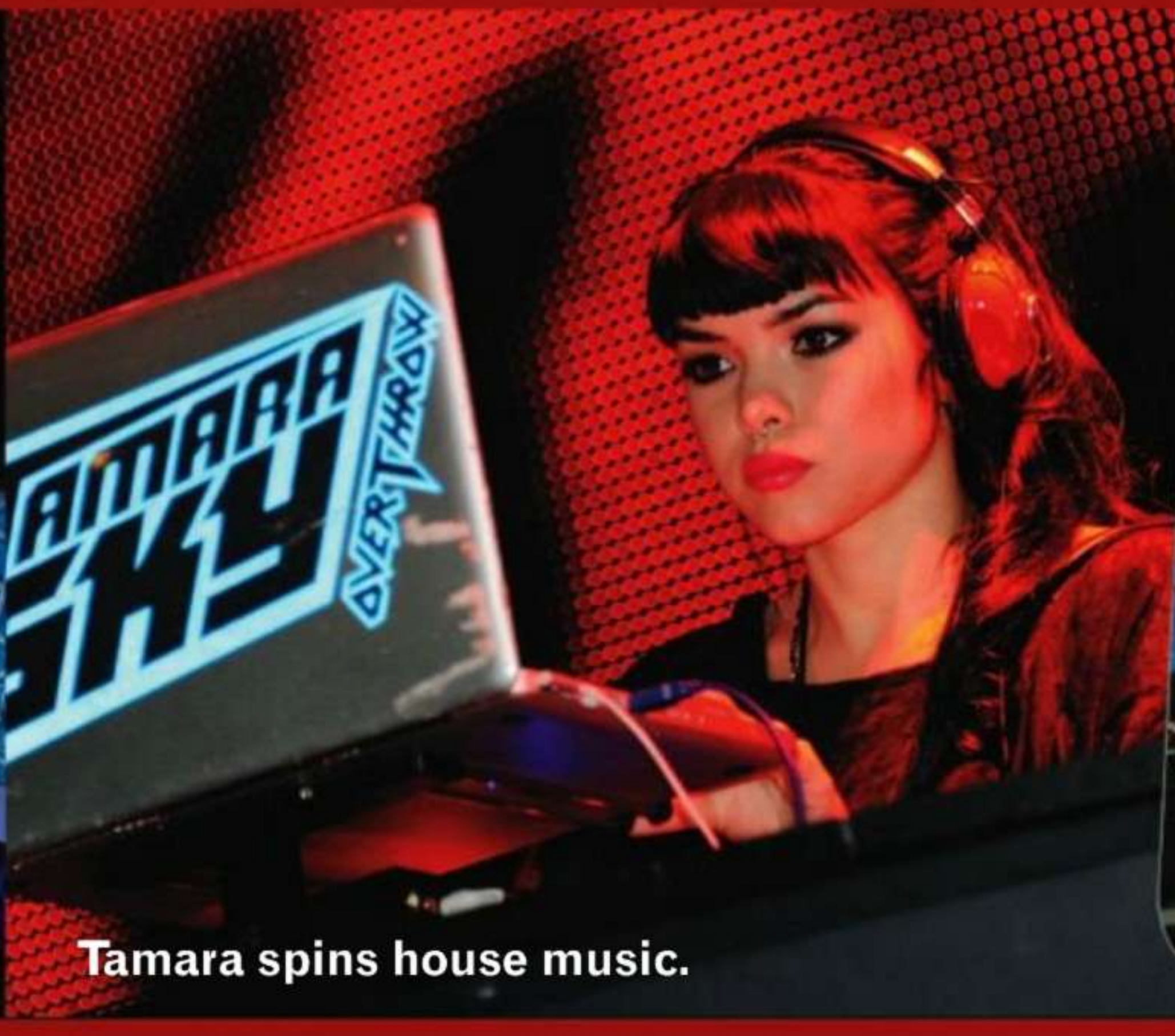
PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATE DJs SUMMER ALTICE, TAMARA SKY AND COLLEEN SHANNON HEAT UP THE BEATS

Look out, Pauly D—the hottest DJs in the club are our trio of Centerfolds. Last year Miss August 2000 Summer Altice appeared on *Dating in the Dark* as a DJ because “Playmate” would have been a blatant tip-off to her incredible looks. But it wasn’t a lie; the California native has played at clubs around the globe, from Cannes to Canada. House DJ Miss August 2007 Tamara Sky has done gigs for Donald Trump and Depeche Mode and even helped kick off New York Fashion Week for MAC cosmetics. You may also remember that Miss January 2004 Colleen Shannon (who has shared the stage with Sting and Snoop Dogg) posed in front of turntables for her pictorial. “Music is my passion,” Colleen says, “and I love to see people enjoying themselves, so deejaying is my calling.”



Summer puts up the Bunny ears.



Tamara spins house music.



Colleen lets loose.

BIKE PEDDLER

Miss August 2010 Francesca Frigo makes a convincing argument for going green: “I’m a hopeless romantic in that I like traditional love, and I enjoy doing all of the simple things lovers do, like sharing ice cream or bike riding and laughing together.” Her ability to make us want to ditch our car keys is probably why Miami Beach outfit DecoBike is using Francesca as a spokesperson.



Both she and bombastic NFL player Chad Ochocinco (pictured) shill for the Zipcar-esque bicycle-sharing company in a television spot. And while he has a team of professional trainers to help him sculpt his figure, Francesca gets her shape from cruising around on two wheels. “I ride my bike over the bridge to Key Biscayne, then do three sets of 20 jumping squats,” she says, “and my butt stays firm and toned.”

FLASHBACK



Fifty years ago this month Miss September 1961 **Christa Speck** splashed onto our pages. The dame from Danzig, Germany (which is now in Poland—long story) with a 38-inch bust and a penchant for acrobatics was so fetching that Hef crowned her Playmate of the Year in 1962. She told us her turnoff was rock and roll and her turn-on was Jack Benny. She went on to marry another television legend, Marty Krofft (half of the programming duo who created *H.R. Pufnstuf* and *Land of the Lost*).

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 February 1990 **Pam Anderson** was spotted wearing a storm-trooper mask in Buenos Aires.

Miss July 2009 **Karissa Shannon** dumped Sam Jones III before their single “Juice and Vodka” hit the street.

Miss November 2009 **Kelley Thompson** hosted a swimsuit show featuring styles by Betsey Johnson and Playboy.



PMOY 2011 Claire Sinclair comments about her taste in men: "I think muscles look vain. Guys with them spend way too much time caring about how they look. I like pudge—I think it's cute."

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY ADAM DEVINE

—star of Comedy Central's *Workaholics*



"PMOY 1991 **Lisa Matthews** changed my life. I was only seven years old when I first saw her in *PLAYBOY*. I was in a convenience store with my parents, and when



no one was looking I grabbed the mag off the shelf and snuck a peek. She was unlike any girl I had ever seen! In that moment I realized that not all girls had cooties and I needed to find a cootieless one who looked like Lisa. I'm still searching."

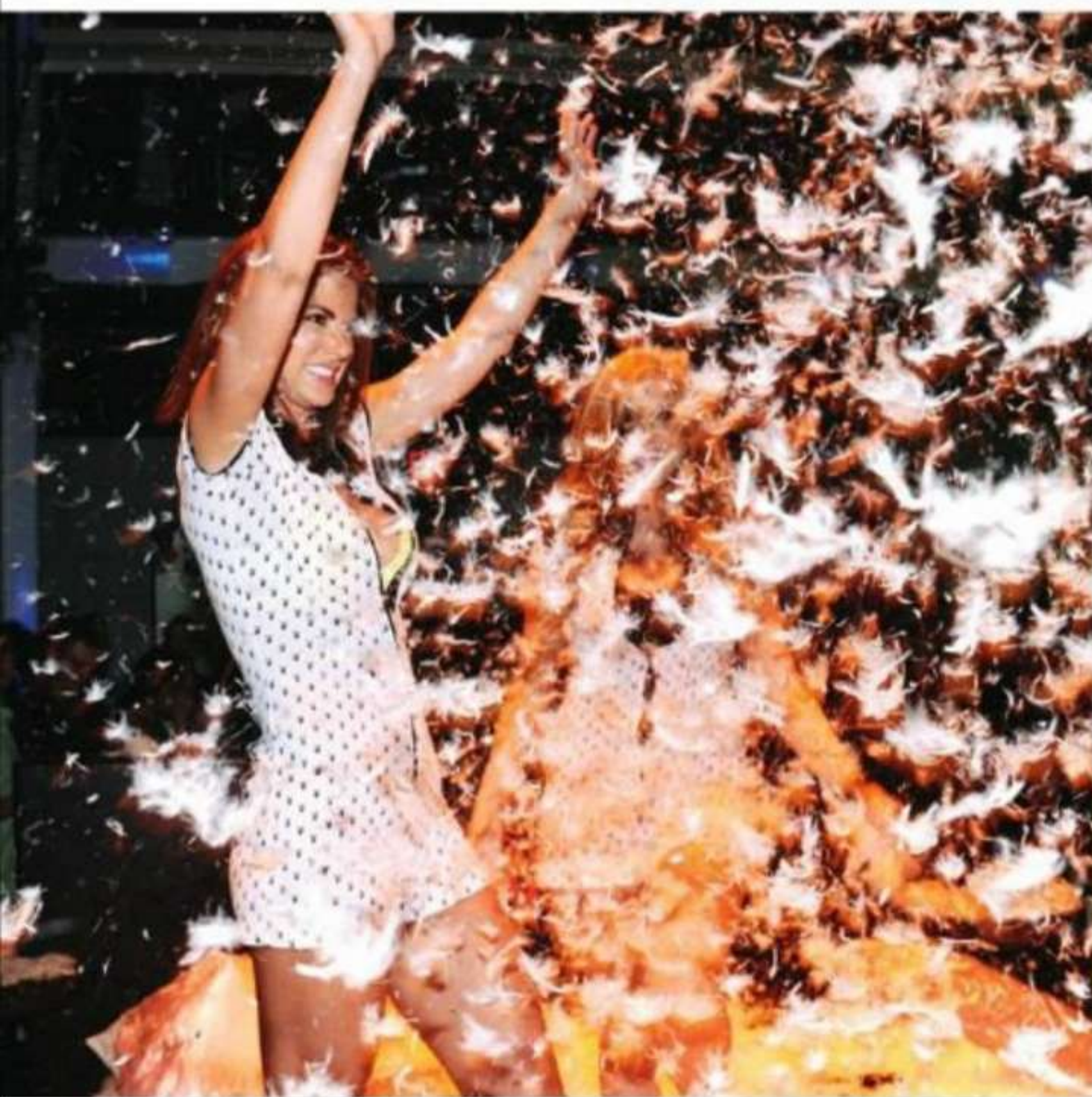
JULIE MCCULLOUGH PLAYS ICE QUEEN



The year is 2012, and a glacier is careening toward New York City. Teri (Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough) and Bill Hart (Patrick Laborteaux of *JAG* fame) must help their family survive the frozen apocalypse. That is the thrilling plot of *2012: Ice Age*, which sci-fi blog *Io9.com* calls a "perfect way to relieve yourself from the summer heat—plus it requires zero brainpower to follow." So if you're up for a B-movie starring a Playmate, this is the flick for you.

CENTERFOLDS IN WORLD'S SEXIEST PILLOW FIGHT

We can check another item off our bucket list: Bacardi sponsored a pillow fight in New York among Miss May 2006 Alison Waite, Miss May 2010 Kassie Logsdon, Miss March 2008 Ida Ljungqvist and Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins. Who won? The spectators. "Very sexy stuff indeed," Alison recaps.



Miss January 2010 **Jaime Faith Edmondson** pens "Play by Playmate," a sports column on *Playboy.com*.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

During the spring Miss April 2006 **Holley Ann Dorrough** was visiting her parents' home in Alabama when tornadoes ripped through the northwest part of the state. Holley and her family were unharmed, but devastation lay all around them. A few weeks later Holley hosted a fund-raiser at Colony in Los



Angeles to help the tornado victims in her home state. Singer Ne-Yo performed, and friends including Kenny Kweens of *Beautiful Creatures*



and the band Lizzy Borden came by to support the Alabama chapter of the American Red Cross.... "I'm breastfeeding with these moneymakers like a champ. I love being a mama," Miss November 2004 **Cara Zavaleta** tells us after welcoming her first child into the world. James Thomas Daly V was born on the morning of March 24 while she was taping *Sextreme Makeover*. After taking 12 weeks off, Cara came back to the set. "I am totally flattered a *Playboy* gig was my first job back," she says.

"That's confirmation that mamas can still work it, baby!"... Native New Englander Miss June 2011 **Mei-Ling Lam** is a huge Boston Celtics fan, and one of her favorite players is Rajon Rondo. Normally



when people meet a celebrity they admire they're over the moon, but that was not the case during Mei-Ling and Rondo's first encounter. "He asked me for my phone number, and I politely said, 'I don't give my phone number out,'" she told *CelticsGab.com*. "It doesn't matter who the guy is; I'm not the type to just give my number out."... Here's Steve-O with Miss July 2011 **Jessa Hinton** at the Celebrity Go Kart Tournament. Jessa was ruthless on the road, bumping Robb University of Lights Over Paris and causing his kart to land on top of Alfonso Ribeiro's (Carlton on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*). She crossed the finish line first but was told she'd lost on a technicality when she tried to claim the trophy.



Saskatoon, where PMOY 1982 **Shannon Tweed** grew up, has named a road Tweed Lane in her honor.

DID YOU KNOW ?

CRIMES

(continued from page 119)

mouth engulfed Melvin's ear on one side. Dug the blade into his neck on the other. He jerked into his shoulder, shouted, "Little fuckin'——" She didn't allow him to finish, drove the knife into his throat, pulled it out as her teeth ripped tissue and cartilage from his skull. He gargled. Collapsed atop of her like warm molasses. His breathing slowed to a stop. Her fingers pulled at the earth. Dragging herself from beneath the degenerate beast, she stood, spit out Melvin's ear. Her chest and legs blood covered and vibrating.

Naked from the waist down, she ran down the row of corn toward the house she'd escaped from. Corn leaves like miniature razors cut her face and arms. Her bare feet pounded the row's soil. Met the green grass.

She wanted to go home. Tell her grandmother Jo all the awful her granddad Able'd done. How he'd sold out her daddy and uncle to Sheriff Sig, gotten them killed. Do the same awful to Able that she'd done to Melvin.

The truck Darnel and Pitchfork had left in was still gone. The need for clothes to cover herself led her just outside the house's fly-decorated screen door. Karl, one of the Hill Clan's boys, stood on the other side, surprised Knee High. She'd not seen him when she'd arrived earlier, and he screamed, "The shit?"

Karl pushed the door open. Got his left leg out. Knee High dropped the weight of her body against it. Trapped him in between jamb and door. He hollered, "You bitch!" Fell backward into the house.

Knee High turned in a panic. Ran toward a corncrib where wood was split and piled. Heard the screen door slam behind her. Heard boots running for her. Nearing the

split wood, Knee High grabbed for a piece when she saw the handle. Both hands found it just as Karl's words struck the rear of her head, "Gonna beat and fuck your ass all in the same——" Knee High hefted and whirled around with the double-sided ax all in one motion. Finding the left side of Karl's rib cage. Cutting off his words. The sound the ax made going in was god-awful. But pulling it out to finish Karl, the sound he made was even more damning. Like a dog chasing and biting at a passing car's tires whose bark is replaced by a wowl and then the crunch of his skull between rubber and pavement. He dropped to his knees in shock. Knee High stepped back. Swung. Karl fell wordless to the ground.

In the house, Knee High was blood and stink from head to toe. She trembled, waited to hear that Irvine, the other son of the Hill Clan, was gone. She searched for clothes. Discovered an old dress scented with mothballs in a closet, worked it over her battered body.

Outside she found Melvin's keys in the ignition of his red Dodge truck. Magazines with photos of young girls lined the floor. Wadded rags and paper. Crunched cans of Falls City and empty pints of Wild Turkey. Knee High turned the key. The engine coughed to life. She shifted into drive. Stomped the gas.

●

What the Hill Clan found at the house was Melvin between rows of corn. A mess about his neck, knife protruding from it. Karl out by the pile of wood next to the corncrib. A bloody ax. His head an unrecognized shade of dead. To them it looked as though they'd paid for Wisconsin serial murderer Eddie Gein's daughter.

Now, pulling down Able Kirby's long gravel drive, Pitchfork chewed on rage. His brother Darnel wanted to watch Knee High bleed and beg. They rounded the

curve, saw Melvin's red truck.

"Told you the cunt got nowheres to go."

"We kill her we out of 30 grand."

"Able still got it."

On the creek-rock steps that led to the house several buzzards circled overhead, and flies shared the bloated shape of Able Kirby.

"So much for Able."

"Must've pissed off Jo."

"He's plenty dead."

The inside of the house sat silent as a child in sleep. Pitchfork and Darnel's tones echoed from vinyl-papered walls and ceiling. Nothing in the kitchen. Nor the dining room. Just black-and-white framed family photos of times past. Men, women and children. Able, Jo. The two Pitchfork'd ended. They walked through the living room. Pitchfork carried a .45, Darnel a blackjack. Darnel stepped toward two wooden doors that connected in the center. Reached to divide them. Slid both doors open. Called out, "You in there, Knee High, you gonna pay us back double in front of Jo."

The doors parted. Josephine sat in a tarnished chrome wheelchair. A clear hose wishboned into her nares. Offering air from a nickel-colored cylinder on the floor beside her. The barrel of a Remington 11 semiautomatic leveled not even 10 feet from Darnel's chest. Her one eye closed, the other open. The two men in shooting view.

Knee High stood beside Josephine, trying to steady the .410 she'd locked, cocked and readied to fire while the horror of what had happened still rang her nerves.

Darnel raised the scarred flesh of both hands. Palms facing the females, the blackjack held by his thumb, "Hold on, you two——"

Josephine skipped not a syllable, "You hold on, Darnel. What you done is devilry."

Darnel said, "Wasn't just us——"

The next sound deafened even God himself. Jo's bones nearly splintered from the 12 gauge's kick. Darnel's right knee segmented into red-white jelly chunks. Slung about the hardwood. Pitchfork dropped his .45. Caught Darnel, who dropped the blackjack.

Josephine rasped, "You's right, it was the whole Hill Clan."

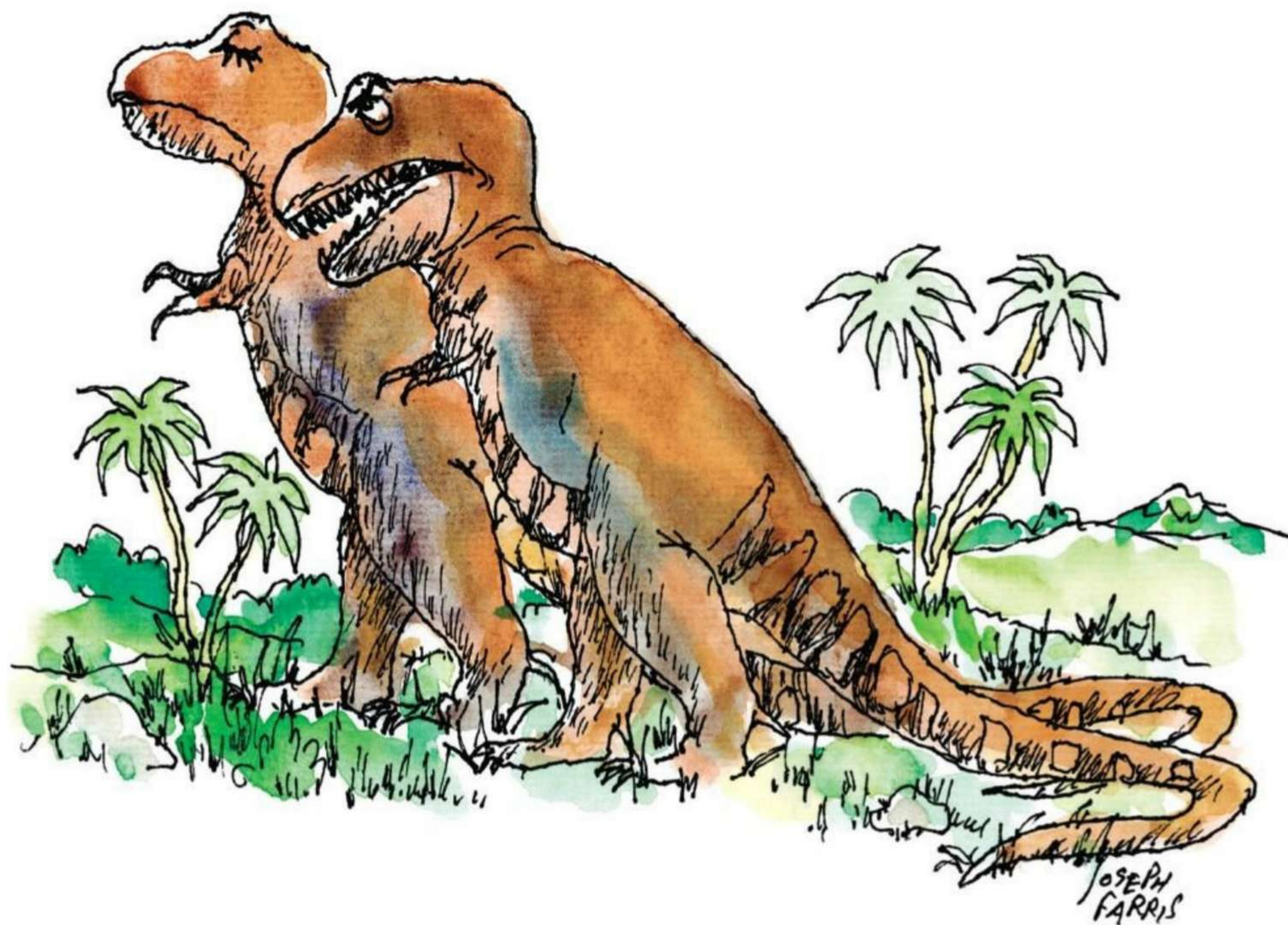
Darnel slobbered and gritted his teeth, "Your Knee High killed my boy."

Knee High leveled the .410 down to Darnel's face with a slight jerk, "That'd make us almost even." She paused. Shifted her eyes toward Jo. Swallowed. Continued, "Seeing as you all killed my daddy and my uncle Dodo."

Hearing Knee High's words, Jo's trigger finger pulsed against the 12 gauge's trigger. Her vision blacked everything around the men who'd killed her two boys that she'd believed to have run off. Bringing all their awful to fruition.

Not knowing if she would, Knee High said, "Let it be, Grandma Jo, let it be."

"I'll let it be soon as I finish this," Jo said and pulled the trigger.



From the story collection *Crimes in Southern Indiana* by Frank Bill, available from Farrar, Straus and Giroux in September.



PLAYBOY FORUM

MATERIAL SUPPORT

HOW DRUG ENFORCEMENT HELPS TERRORISTS

BY MARK A.R. KLEIMAN

In a famous 2002 antidrug ad, a pot-smoking kid tells the camera, “I killed a judge.” The message is that money spent by drug consumers in the U.S. fuels drug-related violence in the countries where the drugs originate. Not only was that spot over-the-top emotionally, it was intellectually dishonest: By that standard, anyone who drives a car also supports ter-

In an essay written nearly half a century ago, Nobel Prize-winning economist Thomas Schelling pointed out a paradox. Law enforcement directed at the markets for illicit commodities—drugs, in particular—tends to push up prices by reducing supply. Revenue generated by those higher prices goes into the pockets of successful dealers—i.e., the ones who don’t get caught. Thus, organized criminal enter-



rorism, since Al Qaeda is largely funded by Middle Eastern oil wealth.

The cheerleaders for the worldwide war on drugs have convinced the world’s political leadership that drug dealing contributes to terrorism and insurgency. Their solution is to expand the enforcement of drug laws to combat terrorist violence—and thereby defeat the Taliban in Afghanistan and restore civil order in Mexico and Colombia.

That is almost the opposite of the right thing to do.

The drug trade and terrorism are both bad things. But they aren’t the same bad thing. While it’s true that drug money supports the Taliban in Afghanistan, as well as the FARC insurgents and the militias in Colombia, the solution is not to increase drug enforcement efforts in source or transit countries. While carefully targeted enforcement could contribute to counterterror campaigns, it often achieves the opposite effect by making terrorists or insurgents richer and more powerful.

prises, often the most capable at avoiding detection, actually benefit from law enforcement; they simply divert the attention toward less-organized rivals.

Terrorist organizations devoted to large-scale political violence need money. Unlike drug dealing, violence does not generate revenue. So insurgent groups support themselves with some mix of extortion (sometimes called “taxation” when they dominate territory) and donations from ideological sympathizers. A third option is to engage directly in revenue-producing activity: either dealing drugs or offering protection to those who do.

A terrorist group that specializes in violence has a lot to gain if it branches out into the drug trade, especially by renting out that capacity to drug-dealing enterprises. In ordinary business, a firm that finds its employees stealing, its suppliers providing counterfeit goods or its customers refusing to pay can settle the dispute in court. In illicit enterprises, such disputes are resolved with violence. Alternatively, a terrorist group can simply extort

a share of the proceeds from trafficking organizations that operate within its reach. Thus terrorists can behave like the Mafia, using their capacity for violence to act as service providers for or parasites on the revenue-producing criminal activities.

The more enforcement applied to any illicit market, the greater the competitive advantage for those who



Security forces south of Kabul confiscated opium, motorbikes and suicide jackets from insurgents.

can resist or avoid it, particularly for those who do so through violence. In an illicit market, the level of violence, and the share of the revenue available to those who use it, rises along with the level of enforcement. In Afghanistan, where insurgents actually control territory, enforcement—necessarily in government-held areas—creates a virtual monopoly for drug producers. In 2008 the Afghan government, the U.S. and our NATO allies boasted that 27 of the 34 provinces in Afghanistan were either poppy-free or had substantially reduced their planting. But what that means, in English, is that the remaining provinces produced almost all the illicit opium consumed in the Old World. It's no coincidence that those remaining provinces happen to be the Taliban's home region. (Since then, higher prices have led to a bounce back in cultivation.)

Keep in mind that increasing the enforcement level also increases the money at stake. As retail prices rise, consumers use less. (The idea that drug users are typically addicts and that demand by addicts is unresponsive to price is interesting but unsupported by evidence.) Overall, increasing retail drug prices by one percent decreases consumption by less than one percent. That's what economists call relatively inelastic demand. When demand is inelastic, higher prices lead to higher total revenue.

Where does all the revenue flow? Most of the consumers' money doesn't

actually go back to the countries that produce or ship drugs; instead, it's retained by wholesale and retail dealers in the consumer country. Between 75 percent and 90 percent of the retail price of heroin and cocaine in the United States consists of domestic mark-ups; a kilo of cocaine that sells in El Paso or San Diego for \$20,000 fetches \$100,000 once it is broken down and "rocked up" into crack or diluted for retail sale as powder cocaine. The same is true of heroin and nearly the same of cheap imported cannabis.

That simple fact discredits the idea that drug law enforcement automatically helps counterterrorist or counterinsurgency efforts. Since most of the retail price is added in the consumer country, doubling the export price does not come anywhere close to doubling the retail price. If the price of heroin exported from Afghanistan doubled, retail heroin prices in London or Vancouver may increase by about one percent. That's barely enough for the consumer to notice and therefore barely enough to change quantity. As a result, doubling the export price through more vigorous enforcement means that exporters get twice as much money per kilogram for about the same number of kilograms. That roughly doubles the total illicit revenue in Afghanistan (or Mexico or Colombia).

What does drug enforcement in source and transit countries actually do? It provides material support for terrorists and other violent organizations by giving them a larger share of a larger revenue stream. And it doesn't do much to reduce the damage caused by drug abuse in consumer countries. That's a discouraging conclusion. Any one country may be able to reduce its drug exports—as Turkey

and Thailand have done—but only if some other country (recently Afghanistan) picks up the slack. As long as there are eager buyers and willing suppliers in consumer countries, supply-reduction policies are mostly a waste of effort, or worse.

Then what is to be done? The answer varies from country to country. In Colombia, the government more or less made an alliance with the paramilitaries against the leftist FARC insurgents, giving the paras a largely unlimited license to cultivate and export drugs. That was a success from the viewpoint of the government and city dwellers, though less so for those who remain under paramilitary tyranny in Colombia's rural provinces. In Afghanistan it may be possible to focus on Taliban-linked drug dealers, though the level of corruption and the general fecklessness of the Afghan government make that proposition dubious. It is probably best, all things considered, just to do less. In Mexico, where violence is a political threat but not generally politically motivated, focusing enforcement on violence—rather than on drug volume—may create a disincentive for gunfire just as current policies have unintentionally created an incentive for it.

Before we find effective solutions we must understand that the war on ter-



An Afghan man collects resin from a poppy field in Kandahar province, birthplace of the Taliban.

ror is not synonymous with the war on drugs. When we're thinking about spraying poppy fields in Afghanistan or seizing meth labs in Mexico, the inadvertent effect of more enforcement is to put more money in the terrorists' and insurgents' pockets—and more guns in their hands.

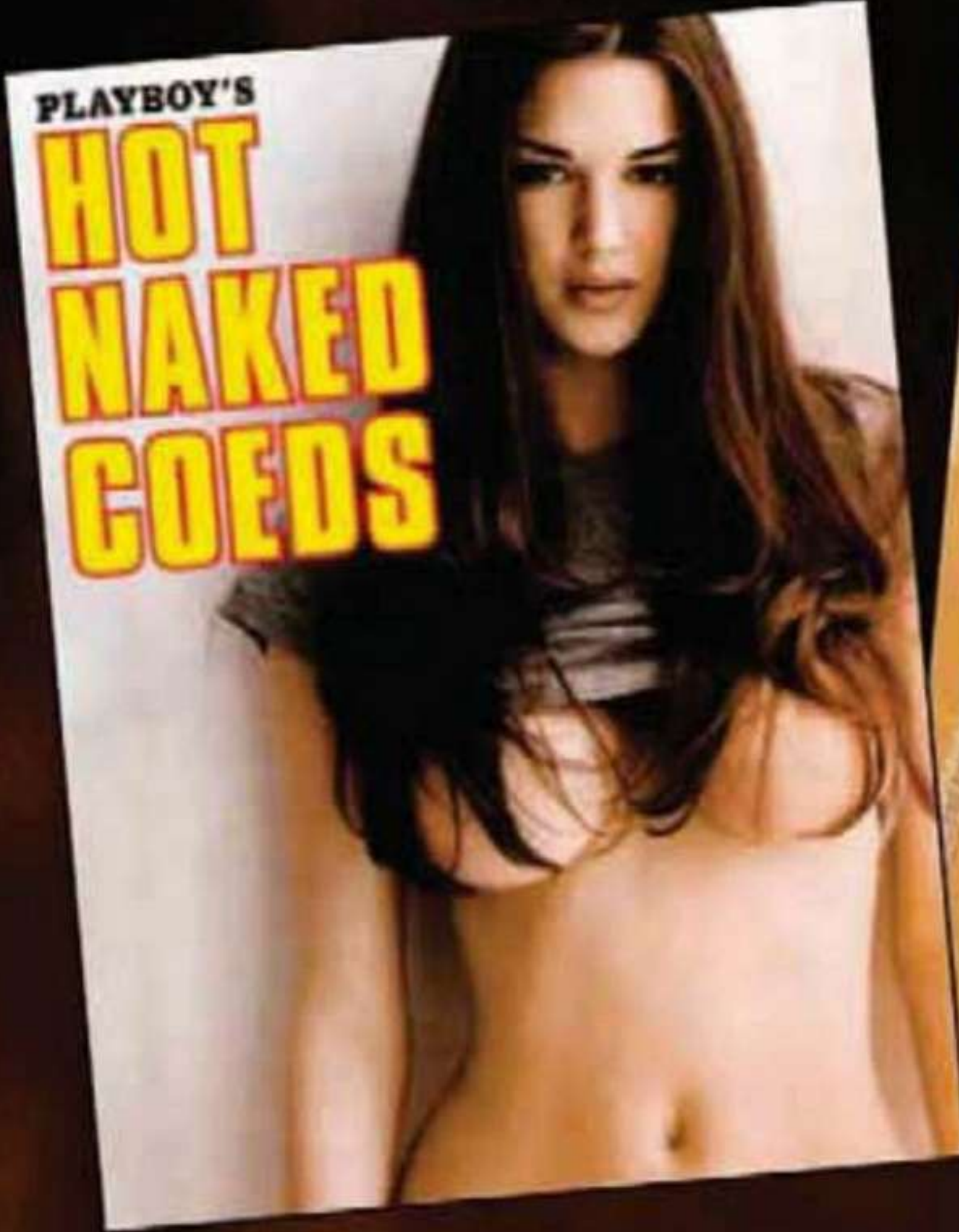
Mark A.R. Kleiman is a professor of public policy at UCLA.



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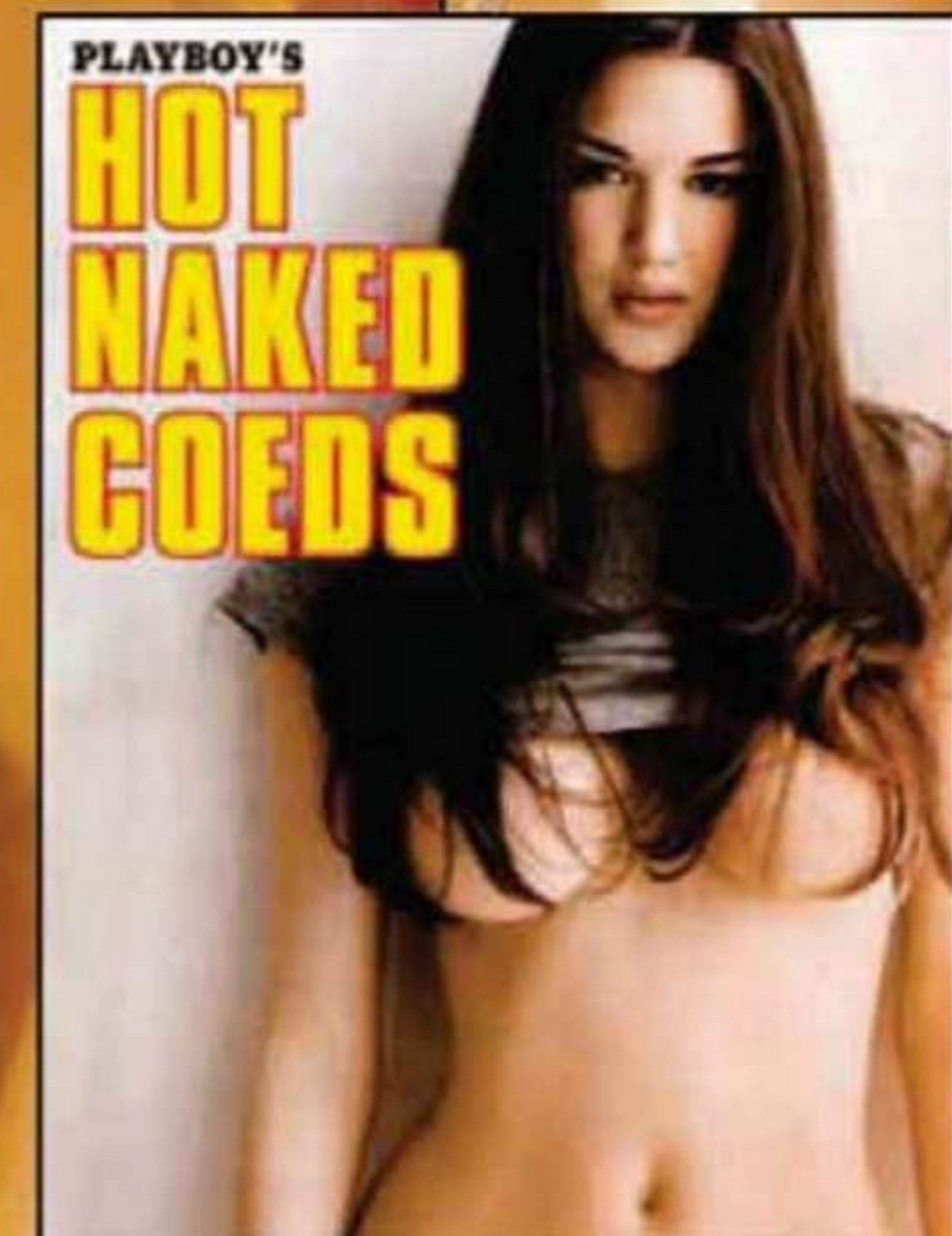
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TWELVE STEPS TO NOWHERE

HOW CAN WE CURE ADDICTION?

BY MELBA NEWSOME

Earlier this year, Charlie Sheen's rants about goddesses and tiger blood earned a lot of media attention. But when the former star of *Two and a Half Men* criticized Alcoholics Anonymous, he may have been onto something. "I was shackled and oppressed by the cult of AA for 22 years," he told radio host Alex Jones. "It's vintage, outdated and stupid, and it's followed by stupid people." Sheen claims to have cured his addiction on his own. His well-documented problems make him an unlikely role model for achieving sobriety, but when it comes to AA, could Sheen be the broken clock that's right twice a day?

Alcoholics Anonymous began 76 years ago in Akron, Ohio when Bill Wilson stopped drinking with the help of the Oxford Group, a Christian movement led by a charismatic minister. Once sober, Bill W. and his sober friend Robert Smith (a.k.a. Dr. Bob) spread their message with evangelical zeal. The principles of the Oxford Group—complete surrender to God, seeking forgiveness, etc.—became the basis of the 12 steps, and the *Big Book* spelled out their philosophy and methods.

Today, AA reportedly has more than 2 million members worldwide. It has also become the template for other self-help groups that offer freedom from almost every vice—including gambling, sex, food and narcotics. Keith Humphreys, professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at Stanford University, says that growth demonstrates the group's continued evolution. "If you walked into an AA meeting in 1940, you would have seen a bunch of old white Protestant guys," says Humphreys. "Now you can go to a 12-step meeting in Tehran and find people sitting under the stars, saying a blessing from the Koran in Persian."

A recent Charlotte AA meeting was filled with people of all ages, races, religions and sexual orientations with one thing in common—a desire to become and/or remain sober. "It was easy to stop drinking, but staying sober? Not so much," says one guy. They read from the *Big Book*, recite the 12 steps and talk about their jobs, money and relationships or lack thereof. They believe such public therapy is necessary to keep the alcohol—"cunning, baffling, powerful"—at bay.

A pivotal moment in the way we view alcoholism came in the early 1970s with the establishment of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, thus basing treatment on medical research. Soon, addiction and alcoholism were considered chronic diseases rather than a moral weakness. Yet, nearly 40 years later, treating alcoholism with medical counseling and medication is not part of AA orthodoxy. The *Big Book* refers to alcoholism as a spiritual disease "which only a spiritual experience will conquer." Recovery still centers around prayer, meditation and fellowship. Definitive AA success rates are almost impossible to come by, but no one puts it above 30 percent. This may explain why.



Bill Wilson

Diabetics don't spend three nights a week talking about their childhood and marriage to other diabetics, but that's essentially how AA treats addiction. If addiction is a disease, then managing it requires more than repeating a prayer. The *Big Book* states that those who fail are incapable of "rigorous honesty." Does that include Bill W., the notorious womanizer credited with developing "the 13th step"—seducing young women who entered the program?

Contrary to Sheen's assertions, AA is not a cult. There is no hierarchy, and you can't have a cult without a leader. Still, there is something cultish about it. The testimonials and confessions feel more like a Baptist tent revival than a recovery program. They emphasize the sin of alcoholism that can be washed away only with the 12 steps. There is no room for individual judgment. "That would be more of a problem, but look who we're talking about," says Humphreys. "AA is a remedy designed for the population that does not have good judgment."

AA's spiritual component prompted James Christopher to start Secular Organizations for Sobriety 26 years ago. With AA, Christopher claimed, he had traded fearful and guilty alcoholism for fearful and guilty sobriety. He also felt that turning one's life over to a higher power conflicted with science. "Addiction is a chronic physical disease that attacks the brain, damaging key parts of the cerebral cortex and limbic system," Harold Urschel, M.D., writes in *Healing the Addicted Brain*. "This brain damage cannot be reversed by talking therapies; only select new medications and continued sobriety can do that."

Most AA fellowships view using prescribed medications as trading one addiction for another. But Bill W. championed LSD as key to getting around the barriers to sobriety. "I consider LSD to be of some value to some people and practically no damage to anyone," he was quoted as saying in his biography *Pass It On*.

"You need to address not only the addiction but also the coping skills and the underlying psychiatric issues that are almost always present," says David Kniffen, president of Enterhealth, an inpatient addiction center that uses the 12 steps along with pharmacology and therapy.

Various studies have found that a combination of professional treatment and AA yields better outcomes than either approach alone. Project MATCH, a study published in 1997, suggests that AA can help lead to sobriety for many alcoholics. Humphreys says the problem might be with our expectations. "People often say if a person isn't sober for life, then it's a failure. With other chronic illnesses, we accept that there will be a lot of ups and downs but not with addiction. It's a chronic illness, so there is no magic bullet."

That includes Alcoholics Anonymous, which is only one useful tool in the long, painful struggle for sobriety.

READER RESPONSE

SHORT MEMORIES

Women today don't realize what Hugh Hefner has done for reproductive freedom because most haven't lived in a world before *PLAYBOY* ("The Bunny Mystique," June). I remember in the early 1970s when the Playboy Foundation contributed to the legal defense



Bill Baird in his New York office, 1970.

of Bill Baird, who had been jailed in Boston for a "crime against chastity" because he gave a lecture on contraceptives and abortion to college students. The magazine also promotes women's sexual freedom by presenting its models as nice single girls rather than "sluts." By the way, I was turned down for a job at a Playboy Club in 1968 because I was a "little overweight." Now that the Bunnies are back, may I reapply?

Tony Fennelly
New Orleans, Louisiana

A STIMULATING READ

Thank you for creating the Playboy Hard Drive. I am a graduate student in sociology with a focus on sex and gender. I decided to research whether *PLAYBOY* presents an idealistic image of women that is unattainable. The hard drive, which has every issue through December 2009, saved me hundreds of dollars and hours of research. I learned a lot about sex in our culture over the past 60 years and especially enjoyed reading *The Playboy Philosophy*. (For the record, my research disproves the hypothesis.) I was pleased to see that a majority of the women who pose appear to be natural. And I was surprised when your December 2010 issue provided me with a source for my paper (the Kinsey Institute study on pubic hair cited in *Dear Playboy*). Thank you for helping empower women to embrace their

sexuality and for continuing to educate society that sex is not "bad."

Karen Sabbah
Winnetka, California

DAD'S RIGHTS IN PRISON

I am 18 months into a 10-year sentence for conspiracy to manufacture 1,500 marijuana plants. I have a two-year-old daughter, but her mother wants nothing to do with me. She has told my family I won't see my daughter until I get out. What are my rights?

Name withheld
Central Falls, Rhode Island

Hard to say. What were your rights the day you went to prison? We assume you aren't married to her mother. Was a paternity test done? Do you have evidence the girl is your daughter? If you have proved you are the father, did you share custody? Was a child-support agreement in place? Being incarcerated doesn't automatically strip you of your parental rights, but these details will determine how much contact you are legally entitled to have. However, as a practical matter, authorities will put your daughter's interests first, and as the custodial parent, her mother can make a good argument that bringing a young child into a prison to visit her drug-dealing father isn't in her best interests. You're certainly not alone in this situation. By one estimate, 65 percent of men and 75 percent of women in U.S. prisons are parents, and more than half report they never receive vis-



A girl and her imprisoned dad.

its from their children. If you have a friend or family on the outside, the website of the National Resource Center on Children and Families of the Incarcerated (fcnetwork.org) offers resources for parents doing time.

THE FORMER VIRGIN MARY

You note in June's *Newsfront* ("Spoilicious") that the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops has updated its New

American Bible so Isaiah 7:14 reads "the young woman will be with child" instead of "the virgin will be with child" because the Hebrew word *almah* doesn't translate as "virgin." This is no small point to Catholics, who venerate the Virgin Mary. Having Jesus Christ born to a young woman is radically different from his being born to a virgin. I'm surprised I hadn't read about this change before seeing it in *PLAYBOY*.

Daniel Gwizdak
East Brunswick, New Jersey

You can count on us for all the latest Catholic news. The conference has heard from a number of concerned believers



The Virgin Mary, looking immaculate.

about the corrected translation but says it does not represent any change in doctrine. References to the virgin birth remain intact in the Gospels. And because the revised Bible is only for use in study and personal prayer, "virgin" is still used in Isaiah 7:14 when it's read aloud at mass.

EVERYDAY PSYCHOLOGY

In "Good Crazy" (June), Jon Ronson touches on the role of empathy, or lack thereof, in our perception of a person's madness. I would argue that perspective is also relevant to psychopathy. For example, one reason I tend to reject the ideology of Republican candidates is because they typically come from old money, whereas the typical Democratic candidate grew up with parents who struggled financially. It didn't surprise me that George W. Bush had a hard time empathizing with the working class, as reflected by his policies, because of his skewed perspective growing up.

Robert Prado
Irving, Texas

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**No More Cutbacks**

SAN FRANCISCO—Activists who oppose infant circumcision gathered the signatures needed to get a citywide ban on the fall ballot, but a similar effort stalled in Santa Monica for a 2012 vote. Both proposals were written by illustrator Matthew Hess, creator of a superhero named Foreskin Man who saves babies from the clutches of Monster Mohel and other villains. Local Jewish leaders have responded by calling Hess's comics anti-Semitic and dismissing the anti-circ proposals as attacks on religious freedom. (The removal of the foreskin shortly after birth is a ritual in the Jewish and Muslim faiths.) The controversy prompted Jena Troutman, mother of two young boys and organizer of the Santa Monica campaign, to withdraw the proposal. "Ninety-five percent of babies who are circumcised have nothing to do with religion—that's what I was focused on," said Troutman, who runs wholebabyrevolution.com. The rate of circumcision among infants born in U.S. hospitals has fallen to less than 50 percent from nearly 90 percent in the early 1960s, with the highest rates in the Midwest (75 percent) and the lowest in the West (31 percent).

Surprise Package

TORONTO—A couple hoping to make a statement about children being pushed into traditional gender roles are refusing to reveal to anyone but close family and friends whether their toddler, Storm, is a boy or girl. "If you really want to get to know someone, you don't ask what's between their legs," explained his or her mother.

**Make Cake, Not War**

LONDON—While honing their cyberskills, British spies hacked into the source files for an issue of *Inspire*, a digital magazine popular among Islamic jihadists, and replaced a recipe for making bombs with one for making cupcakes.

Sex After God

BONNER SPRINGS, KANSAS—A survey of more than 14,500 "secularists" found that

55 percent reported their sex lives had improved since giving up religion, primarily because they feel less guilt. Lapsed Jehovah's Witnesses, Mennonites, Baptists, Mormons, Seventh-Day Adventists and Pentecostals reported the most improvement. Thirty percent of respondents saw no change, and two percent said the sex got worse.

The Voters Are In

JOHANNESBURG—Voter rolls obtained from neighboring Zimbabwe by election watchdogs offer a glimpse into how the country's strongman president, Robert Mugabe, has remained in power. There are 5.7 million names on the rolls for a country with 3.7 million voters. Among the suspicious data: 16,828 people born on January 1, 1901.

Red, White and Blue

PYONGYANG, NORTH KOREA—North Korean television released the results of an index it devised (criteria unknown) to measure the happiness of 203 countries. It found

China to be the world's most upbeat country, followed by North Korea, Cuba, Iran and Venezuela. The U.S. finished last.

Ready to Rumble

CIUDAD CAMARGO, MEXICO—In July we shared the marijuana catapult and in August a fold-down ramp used to drive up and over the border fence. This month's trafficker tech is scarier—homemade tanks built by gangs to use in firefights. Police in this city near the Texas border seized two armored trucks in a metalworking shop, plus two others being assembled. One drug-policy expert said the rigs reminded him of the *Monitor* and *Merrimack*.



Wet Hot American Summer

Days before LINDSAY LOHAN was set to begin house arrest in her Venice Beach, California home, the starlet splashed around Miami Beach as free as a bird.



Shania's Got a Nice Twain

The sheer blouse worn by SHANIA TWAIN when she received her Hollywood Walk of Fame star in June serves as a sad reminder of why we will miss seeing women in white after Labor Day.



Skin Diver

What goes up must come down, or—as in the case of *Avatar* and *Battle: Los Angeles* actress MICHELLE RODRIGUEZ—sometimes one thing goes up while another thing comes down.



The Bridge to Tabitha

This boardwalk empress is TABITHA TAYLOR. She's been on TV's *Nip/Tuck* and in commercials for Miller Lite, the movie *Dude*, *Where's My Car?* and Shakira's "Objec-tion (Tango)" music video. In other words, she's a mover and a shaker.

Sexual Congress

Adult-film starlet GINGER LEE was one of several women to receive explicit messages from former U.S. representative Anthony Weiner. Here she is on the beta test of our new picture-messaging service we call Weiner Mobile.



Justin Timberlake Gets Handsy With Mila Kunis

Apparently friends really *do* get benefits. At the 2011 MTV Movie Awards Justin Timberlake gave his sexy *Friends With Benefits* co-star MILA KUNIS two helping hands when the duo went onstage to present the award for best male performance.



Lady Ta-Ta

Prior to accepting the 2011 Council of Fashion Designers of America Fashion Icon Award in New York City, pop diva LADY GAGA inadvertently put both of her little fame monsters on display.

German Engineering at Its Finest

PLAYBOY Germany's Miss December 2009 SABINE-MARIE SCHMIDT has the body of a supermodel and the soul of Ludacris. The Berlin-born beauty loves Southern rap, fully loaded cars and break dancing. The best place to find her? "Wherever there is Hennessy and a good DJ."





THE PLAYBOY CLUB CHICAGO: BIRTHPLACE OF THE BUNNY.



GORDON RAMSAY WILL SEE YOU IN HELL'S KITCHEN.



PAUL RUDD: AWKWARD GEEK OR PRETTY-BOY ACTOR?

NEXT MONTH



OUR STEAMY FOREIGN AFFAIR WITH EVELINA MANNA.

PAUL RUDD—IN THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW THE WANDERLUST ACTOR TALKS TO **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ABOUT HIS ONCE-FAMOUS “DONNY THE DWEBB” DANCE, HIS SECRET KARAOKE BATTLE TACTICS AND WHY HE LOVES MALE NUDITY IN MOVIES.

THE PLAYBOY CLUB CHICAGO—WE PAY TRIBUTE TO NBC’S NEW SERIES *THE PLAYBOY CLUB* BY REVISITING THE ORIGINAL WINDY CITY VENUE WHERE IT ALL STARTED OVER 50 YEARS AGO.

LORI ARNOLD, METH QUEEN—SHE GREW UP IN RURAL IOWA, THE LITTLE SISTER OF POPULAR JOCK TOM ARNOLD. HE LEFT TOWN AND BECAME A SUCCESSFUL ACTOR; SHE STAYED AND BECAME ONE OF THE BIGGEST CRYSTAL METH DEALERS IN THE MIDWEST. THE UNLIKELY DRUG KINGPIN TELLS HER DARK, TWISTED TALE TO **KARL TARO GREENFELD**.

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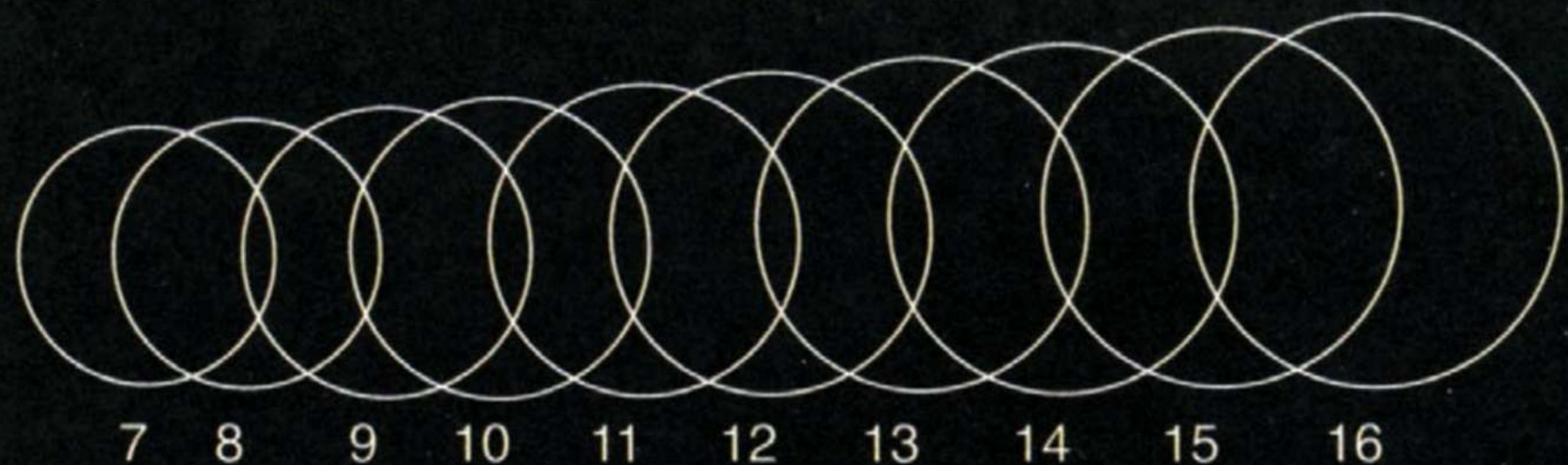
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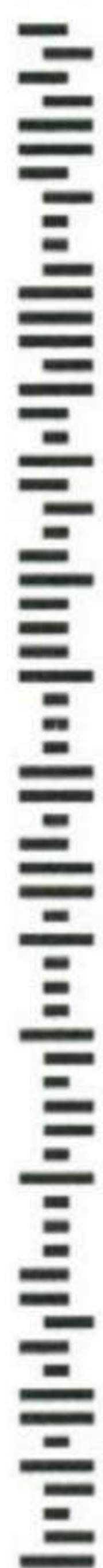
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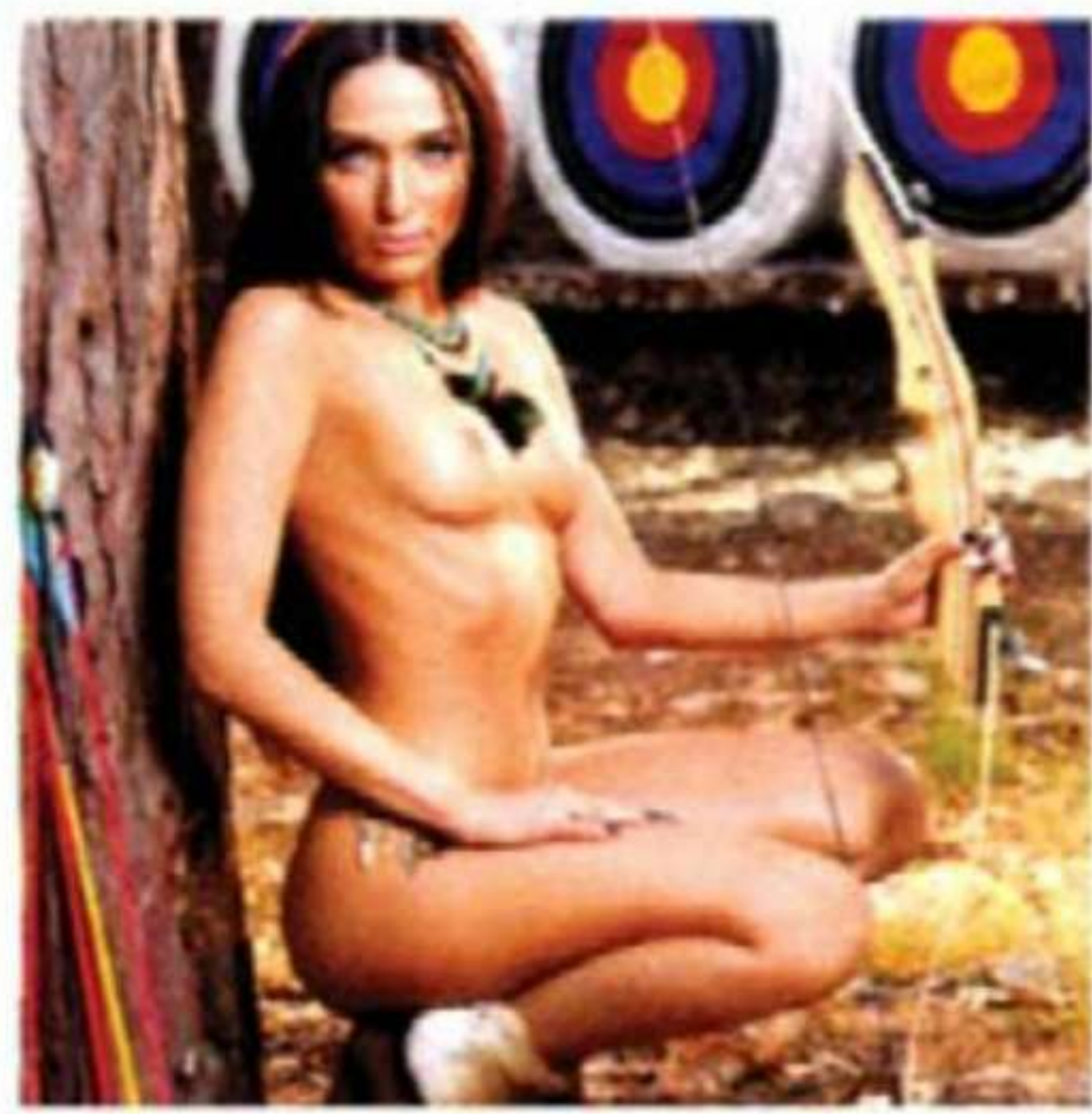
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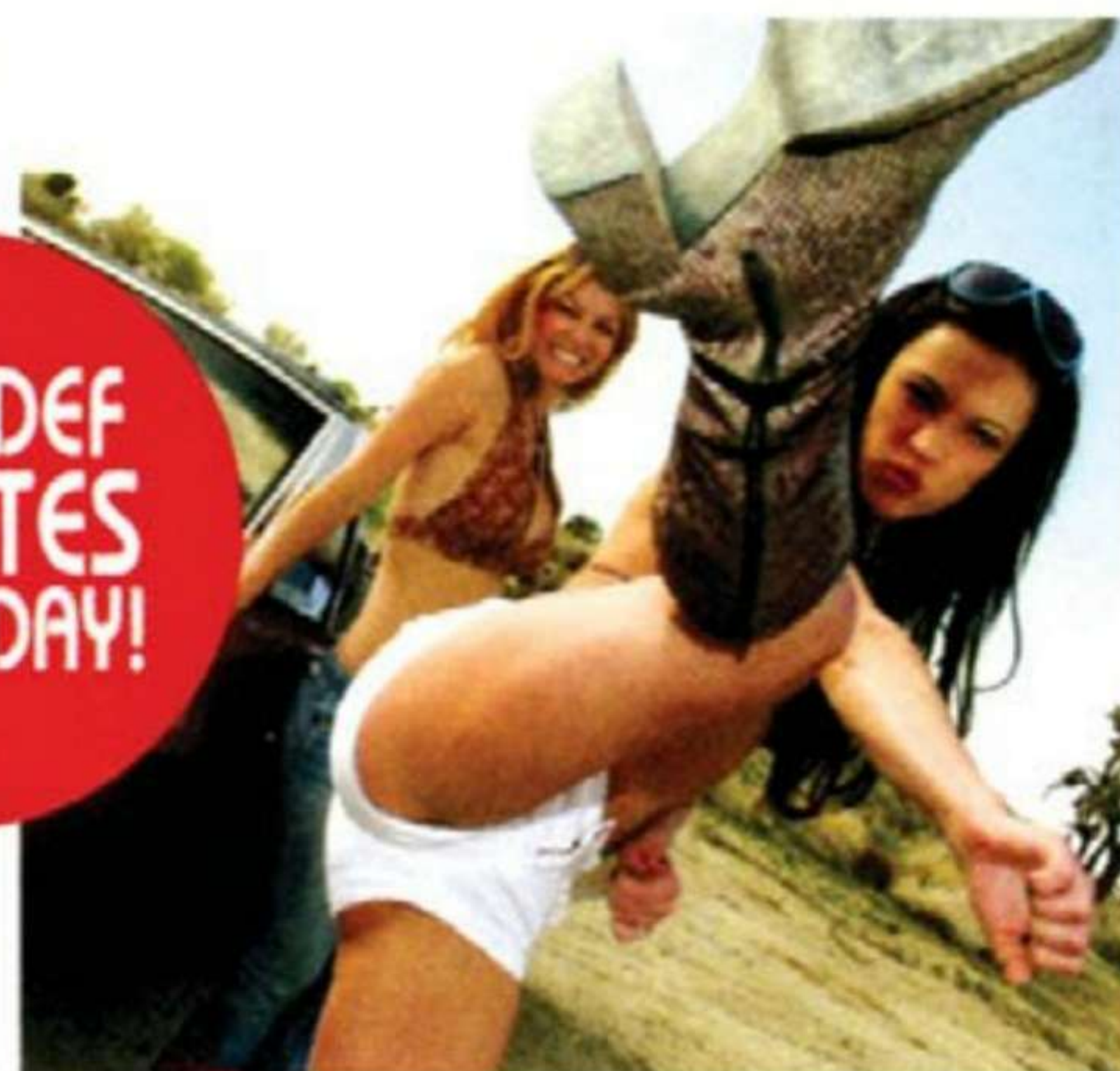
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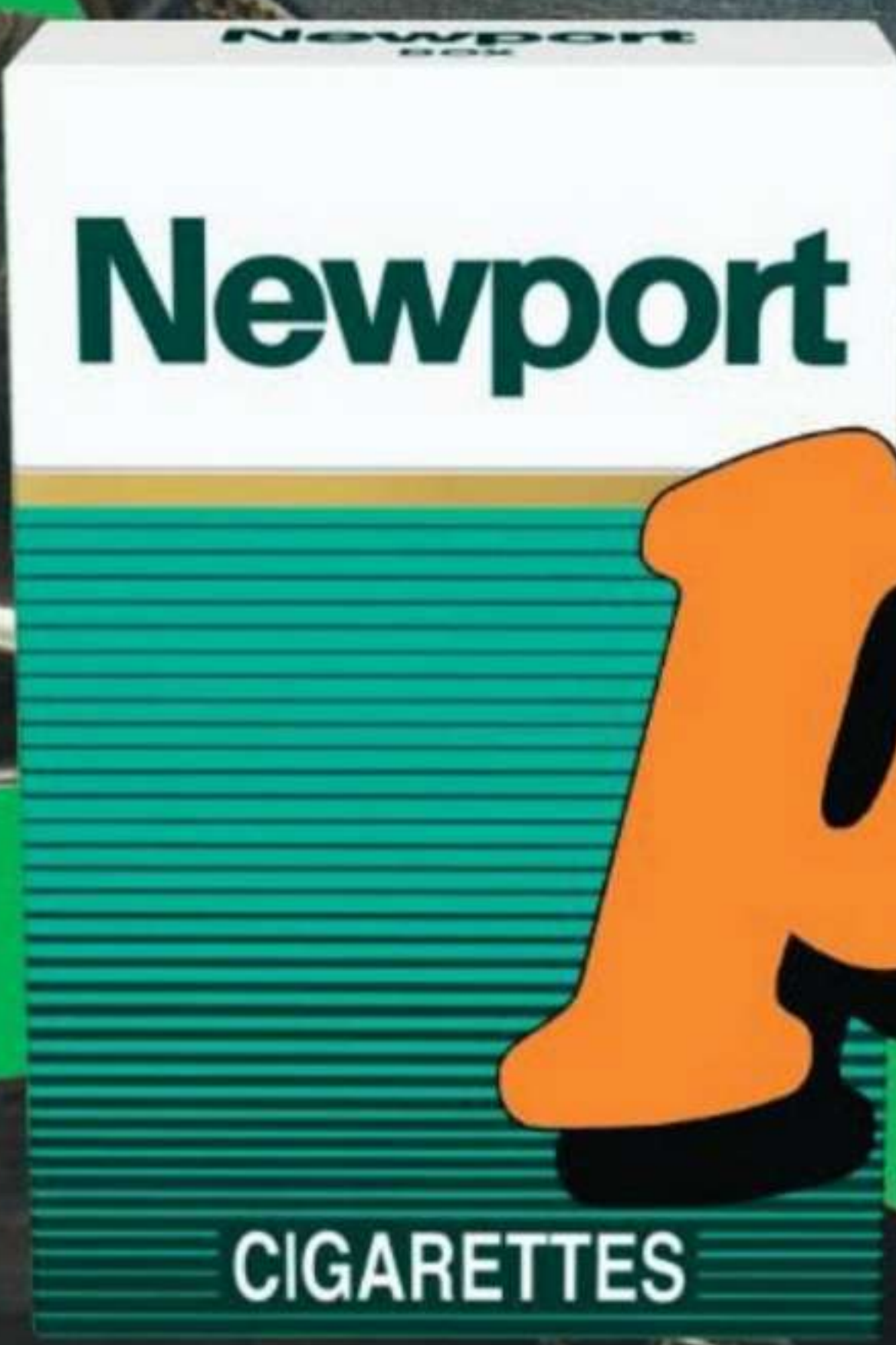
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