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DECEMBER



GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

HELMUT NEWTON
RETROSPECTIVE
THE INTERVIEW: NYPD
TOP COP RAY KELLY
THE YEAR IN SEX
JAMES MARSDEN 200
WEBCAM GIRLS
ROCKSTAR GAMES
SAM HOUSER
COLLEGE HOOPS
PREVIEW
NEW FICTION FROM
ROBERT COOVER
THE ULTIMATE
GIFT GUIDE

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AND THE BAD BECOME GODS**

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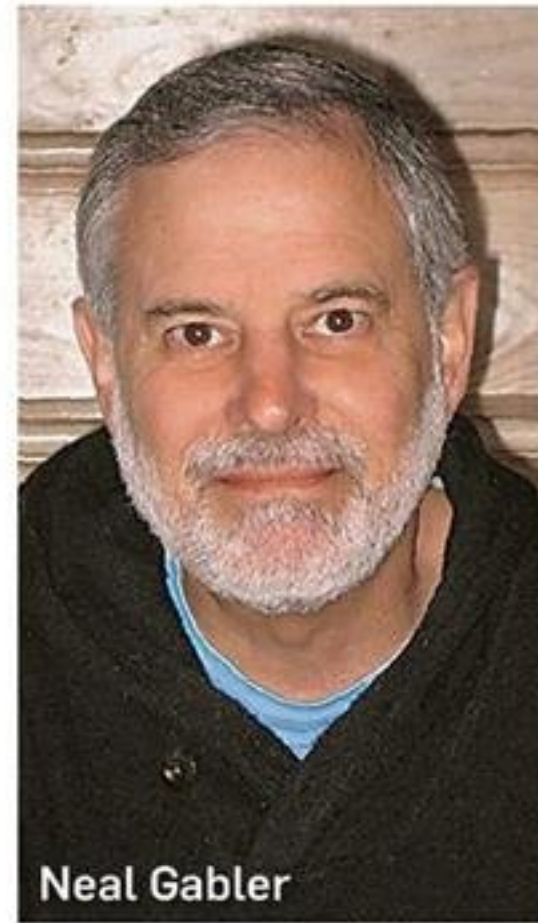


PLAYBILL

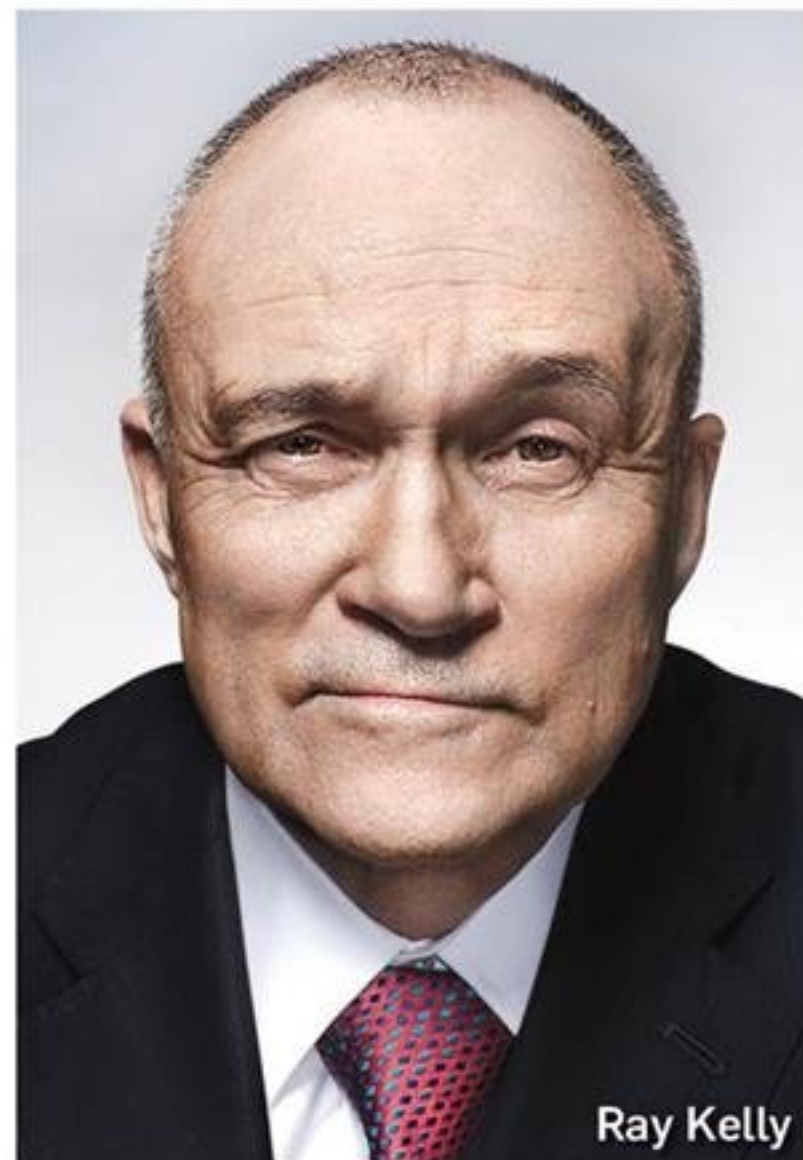
December is here. 'Tis the season for strong drinks, roaring fires, unwanted gifts and too much family. At least there's basketball on TV. You'll find much of that, plus the beautiful women we adore, in this gala Christmas issue. God and sinners may be reconciled, but the Sinaloa drug cartel is beyond redemption. It has been funneling drugs through the unlikely city of Chicago, and in *Public Enemy Number One* **Malcolm Beith** explores how detectives are working to end the mayhem. Speaking of redemption, in *The Truth Shall Set You Free* **Neal Gabler** delivers a riveting profile of Jim McCloskey, who has been called "an angel delivered by God" for his work to free the wrongfully accused. It's a feel-good story about a complex man we can all look up to. Plenty of women have looked up to **Helmut Newton**—a guy we envy—who photographed the most beautiful models and actresses in exotic locations. Our retrospective showcases some of his finest work and is sure to bring holiday cheer. **Ray Kelly** is one hell of a controversial New Yorker. The commissioner of the nation's largest police force is unflappable as Glenn Plaskin grills him in this month's *Playboy Interview*. "In this job you get criticized for virtually everything you do or don't do," Kelly says. From his description of his modest beginnings to his defense of the controversial stop-and-frisk policy, it's a gripping read. **Robert Coover**'s fiction transports us to a dystopian future in *Six Soldiers of Fortune*, an account of six bionic vets who embark on a mission to kidnap the president and upend a society ruled by corporations. It's how we'd live if there were no guys like Ray Kelly around. In *Turned On*, **Rachel R. White** takes us across the country into bedrooms where housewives perform on webcams nightly. They're shaking up the porn industry, and their "performances" will surprise you. Women have more power than ever before, a fact **Hilary Winston** praises and laments in "When Your Boss Has a Vagina," her first *Women* column for PLAYBOY. The Hollywood showrunner and author of *My Boyfriend Wrote a Book About Me* reveals that having a female boss is like knowing any other woman—except she needs you in by nine or you're fired. Have you played the new *Grand Theft Auto*, a masterwork of the video game genre? In *Criminal Mind* **Harold Goldberg** interviews the elusive Sam Houser, the industry mogul behind the series, speaking with the press for the first time in years. In *20Q* we take a ride with **James Marsden**. Fresh off the set of *Anchorman 2*, he reveals why it's the only movie of his he has wanted to watch after working on it. He also addresses rumors that he fathered January Jones's child—what a glorious life he must lead. A new year is around the corner, and ravishing Playmates and page-turning stories await. Happy holidays from Hef and the rest of us here at PLAYBOY.



Malcolm Beith



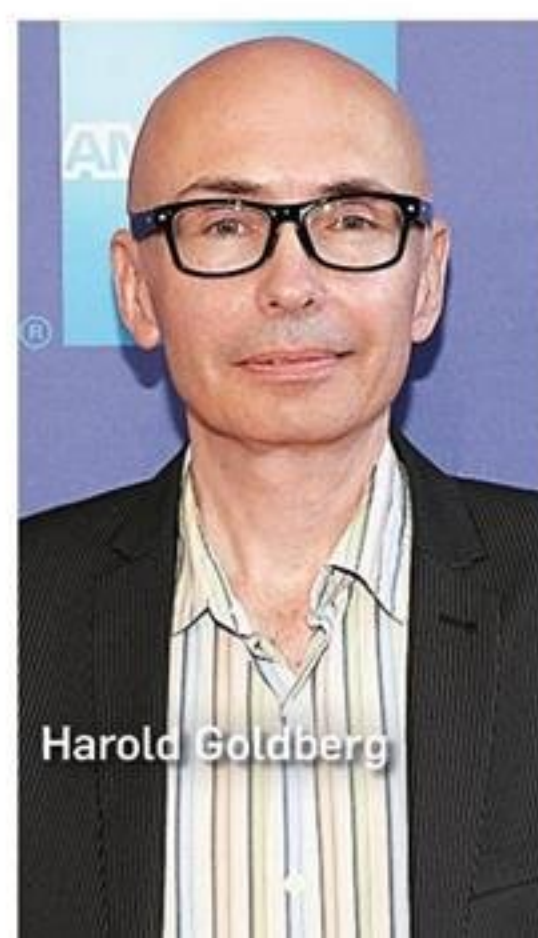
Neal Gabler



Ray Kelly



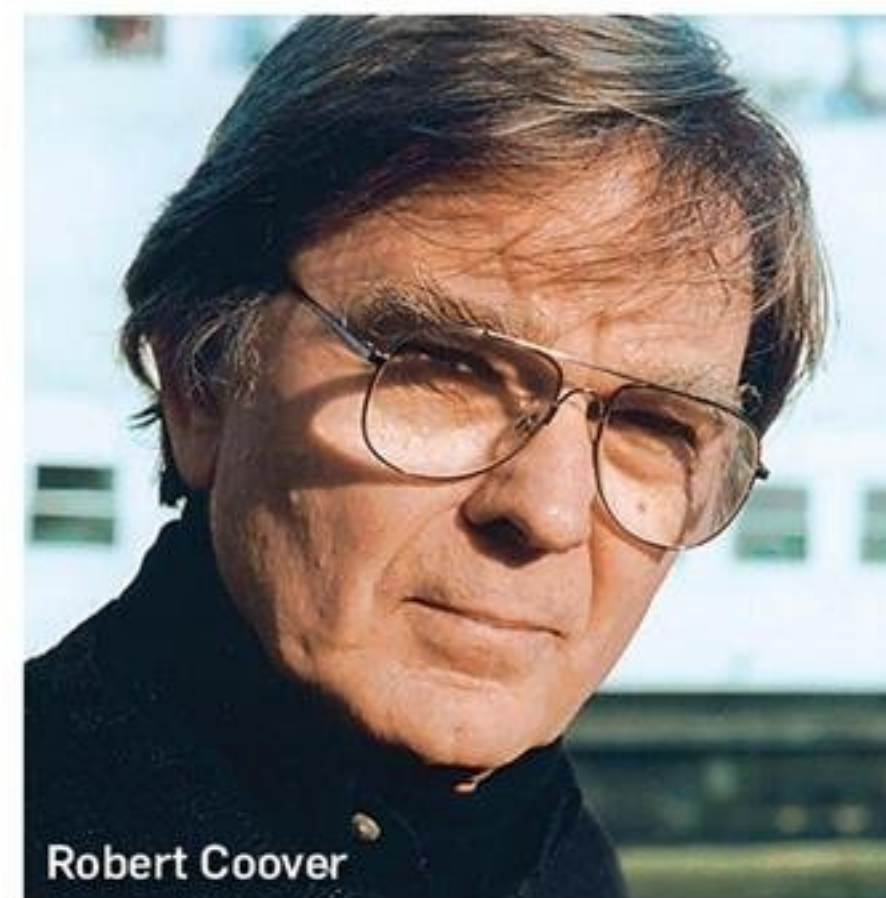
Hilary Winston



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James Marsden

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PLAYBOY

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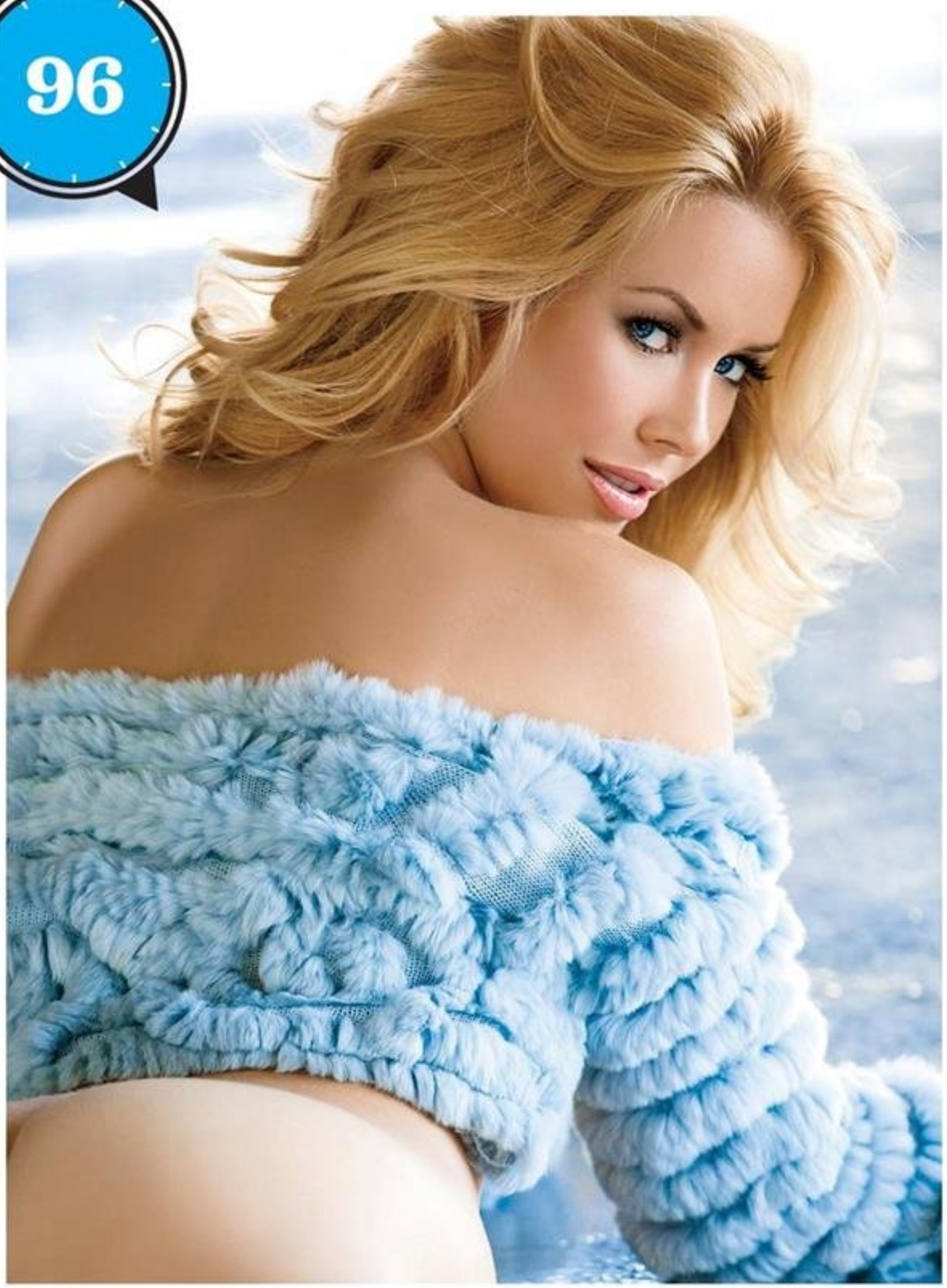
DAVID HOCHMAN talks with the *X-Men* star about riding horses with Fabio and filming *Anchorman 2*.



COVER STORY

Consider our Rabbit your North Star this year—glowing in the darkened sky to lead you to holiday cheer.

PHOTOGRAPHY, THIS PAGE AND COVER, BY TONY KELLY



PLAYMATE: Kennedy Summers

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GUESS NIGHT

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS,
MANSION FROLICS
AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

DIRTY OLD MAN

Before *Bad Grandpa* hit movie theaters, the titular character paid a visit to the Playboy Mansion. The movie follows the outlandish Irving Zisman (played by Johnny Knoxville) as he travels across the country pranking the public with verbal and (very) physical comedy. As Hef's guest, Zisman screened the movie for our girls—but not before bouncing on the trampoline with them.

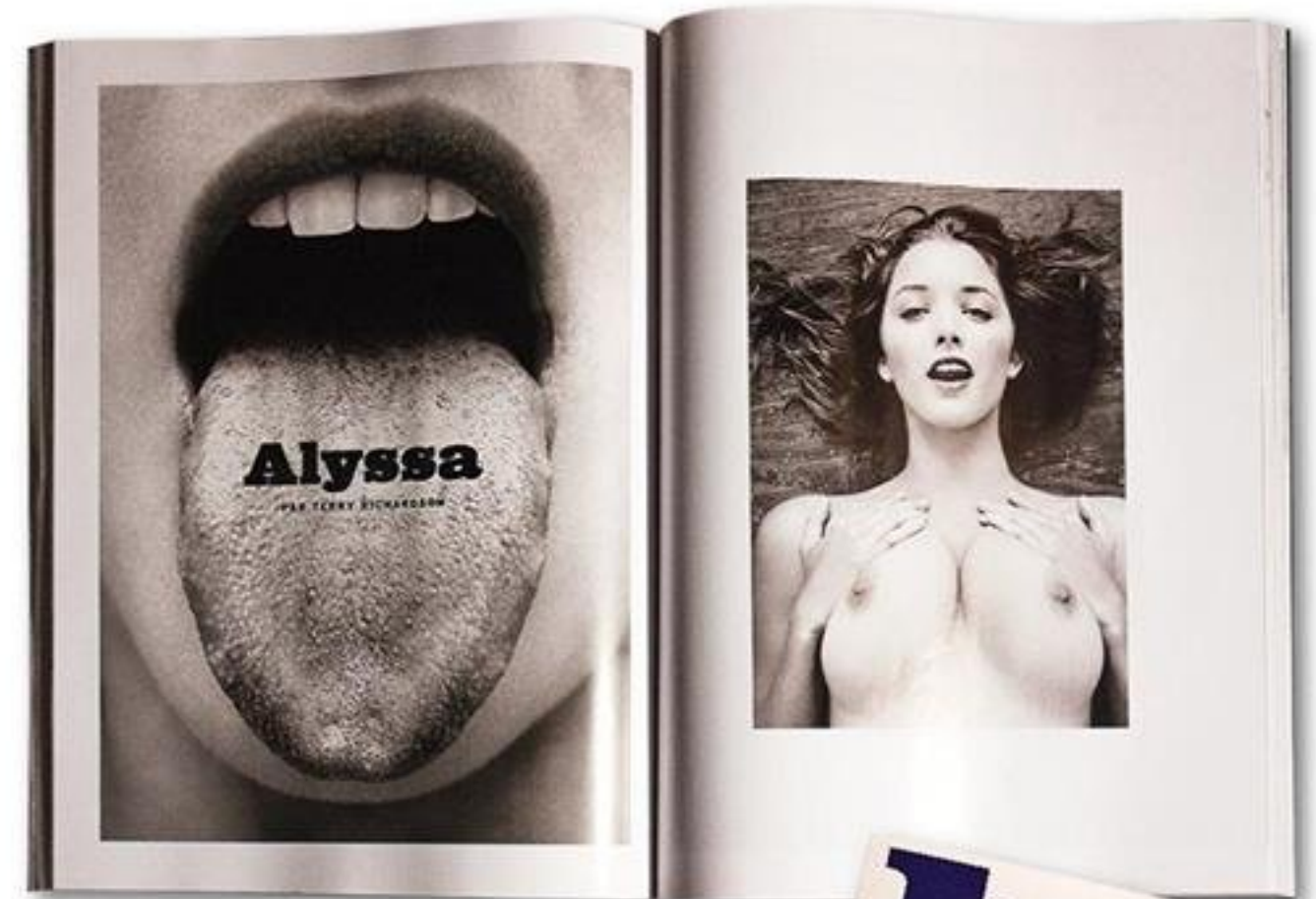


BRAND OF COMEDY

Flamboyant British comedian Russell Brand spent a day seeing what it's like to be in Hef's slippers. Brand had his run of the Mansion for a *British GQ* photo shoot in which he fended off the Mansion peacocks with a cane, lounged poolside with Playmates and then tried to take the girls in a cutthroat game of backgammon.

PITBULL AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION

Mr. Worldwide flew from Miami to Los Angeles to meet Mr. Playboy at the Mansion. Rapper Pitbull had a sit-down with Cooper Hefner and other Playboy luminaries—it was a summit of international love.



FRENCH CONNECTION

Photographer Terry Richardson visited our office and fell in love with Miss July Alyssa Arce, whom he then shot for *Lui*, the French magazine inspired by PLAYBOY.





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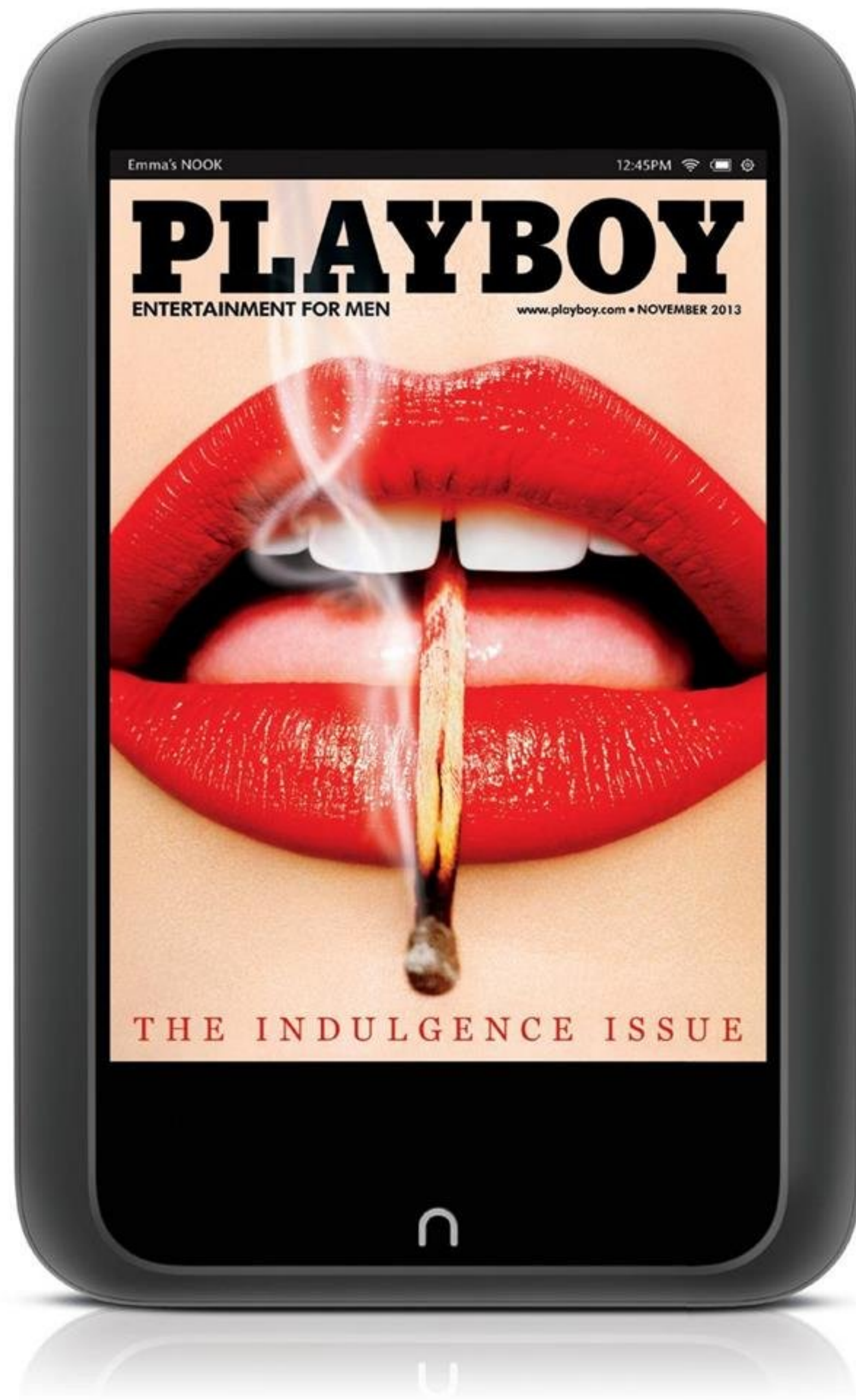
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PRICE INDEX

Your art director is a genius. Tony Kelly's photograph for *Splendor in the Grass* (September) once again exceeds my expectations for PLAYBOY cover art. The smile of postcoital pleasure on Ciara Price captures the essence of what every playboy desires—a happy woman.

Earl Kepler
Greenbelt, Maryland

I really enjoyed the *Splendor in the Grass* pictorial by Tony Kelly. The women are beautiful, of course, but the photography is great too, especially the auburn-haired girl playing badminton on page 70. She's a cute, athletic model with a winning smile, and I like the chance placement of the badminton net. But I swear I've seen that girl or pose before, perhaps in a Doug Sneyd cartoon?

Greg Curtis
Stockbridge, Vermont

That's our September cover girl, Ciara Price.

Having Ciara Price and Jaclyn Swedberg in the same pictorial is amazing, but next time could you add a little spice by inviting Alana Campos?

Chris Elizalde
San Antonio, Texas

MORE BRYIANA

I've never written to PLAYBOY before, but Miss September compelled me to send this note. Just when I thought you had found the ultimate Playmate and PMOY in Raquel Pomplun, you come up with Bryiana Noelle. After all my years of reading PLAYBOY, she is the ultimate Playmate and my definite choice for PMOY 2014. Bryiana is absolute perfection.

Will Currey
Dallas, Texas

DEAR PLAYBOY

Small Wonder

I'm big on the science and engineering of Playmates. Bryiana Noelle (*Stairway to Heaven*, September) weighs only 85 pounds. Is she the lightest Playmate ever?

Vincent D'Addio
Signal Hill, California

It's a tie. The lovely Miss November 1960 Joni Mattis (pictured) weighed 85 pounds too.

If the stairway to heaven is laden with beauties like Bryiana Noelle, then I'll be going to confession every day, because I'm sinning right now.

Malcolm Sutherland
via e-mail



I could not help but notice that Bryiana Noelle's photos include a shot of her wearing what appears to be white panty hose. On rare occasions we have had the pleasure of seeing a woman wearing stockings in PLAYBOY, but have you ever before published a pictorial that includes a Playmate posing in panty hose? To some they may be a nuisance, but to others nylons can be quite feminine and even erotic.

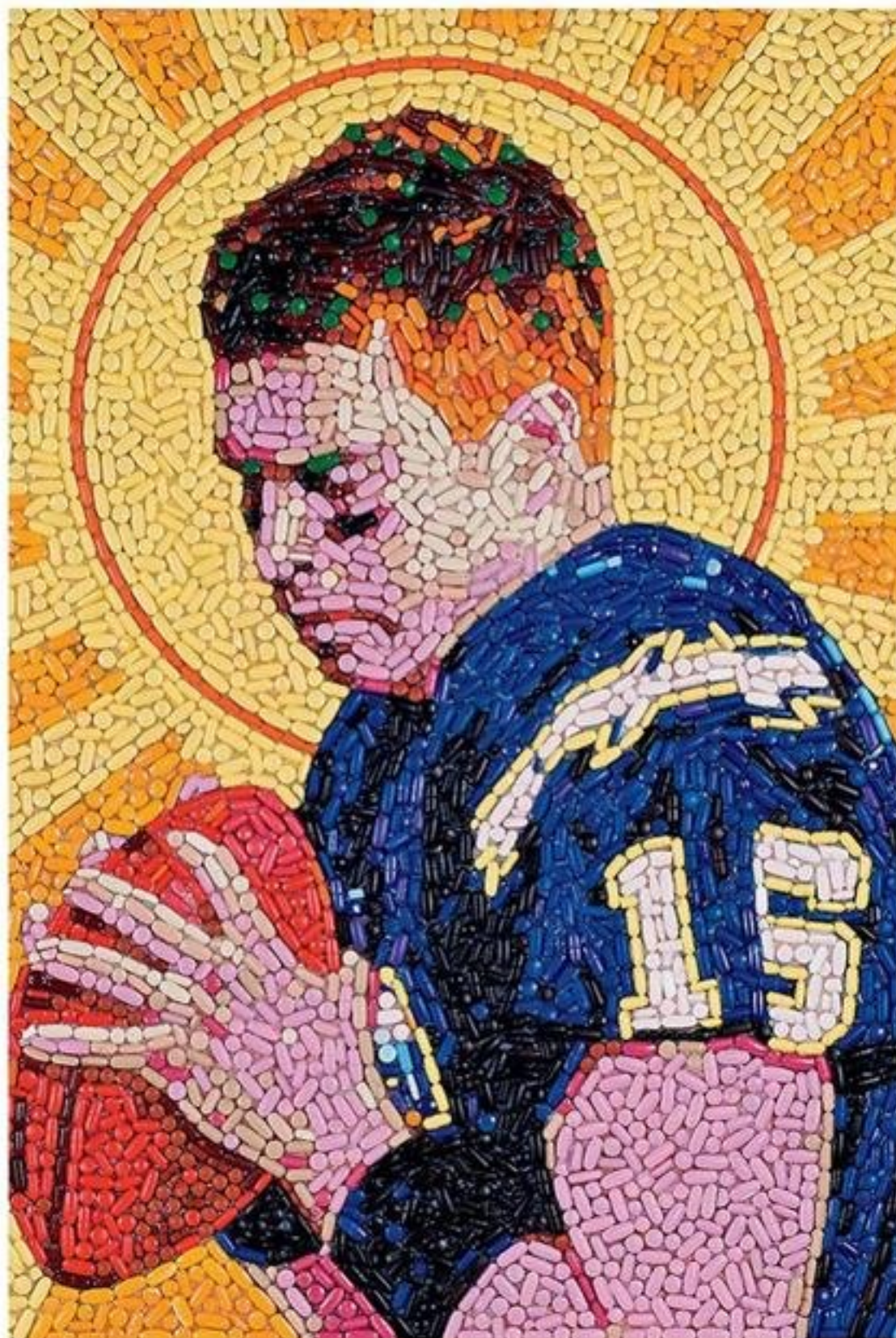
Jimmy Ford
Wichita, Kansas

Bryiana is wearing tights, which are thicker than panty hose. Quite a few Playmates wear tights in their pictorials, including Miss May 1955 Diane Webber, Miss September 1955 Anne Fleming, Miss March 1957 Sandra Edwards and Miss April 1968 Gaye Rennie.

BURGER WARS

I always chuckle over your *Party Jokes*, but what really made me laugh was a letter in the September issue about "The Perfect Burger" (*After Hours*, June). I love the reader's hubris in believing that his opinion of the best burger means anything else is "a culinary sin in the fine art of burger creation." Fine, he prefers mustard to mayo or ketchup. But French's? I invite this reader to visit New York City, eat at any of the many great hamburger establishments we have to offer and order French's for his burger. Please have him Instagram or tweet photos of the waitstaff's and patrons' reactions for our further entertainment.

Evan D. Solomon
Queens, New York



HAIL RYAN LEAF

• The article by John Cagney Nash (*A Hail Mary for Ryan Leaf*, September) is tremendously well written—and from an unlikely source. This sentence killed me: "The cure for Ryan Leaf is, unfortunately, not being Ryan Leaf." As much as I and everyone else abhor the sense of entitlement that is so common among athletes and celebrities in today's world, this helps explain that things aren't so easy no

matter whose skin you're in.

• What a sad story. Once again, it serves as a reminder that those people we feel have fame, fortune and ability can be just as susceptible to downfall as the rest of us, if not more so.

• Hopefully one day Ryan Leaf will be able to return to coaching. He will never be able to escape his past, but coaching without being susceptible to drug use could be a saving grace for him. I hope he is able to turn it around. If he so chooses, he could

become a great role model and teacher for younger players.

• I sincerely feel bad for him. He's just one of a long list of people with painkiller issues. Veterans (I'm one, though minus the drug issues) also deal with addictions. Our relatives, friends, classmates and co-workers all deal with stuff. Leaf is, after all, still a human like the rest of us. He just had a different life and path. I think the sooner everyone stops placing him in the spotlight, the easier it will be for him to move on and get better.

• Knowing him only from the public image based on the mess he made during his time with the San Diego Chargers, I was shocked to realize how intelligent and contrite Leaf is. I heard him on sports radio a few years ago without knowing who was talking until the end of the interview. My jaw dropped when they said who it was. It was a fabulous interview filled with deep introspection and humility.

(Online comments from PlayboySFW.kinja.com.)

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THE TEACHINGS OF SCHOENEMAN

I would like to thank Deborah Schoeneman for her excellent and refreshing work in *PLAYBOY*. One thing I gleaned from her June *Women* column ("Is She Hot? Are You Rich?") is an understanding of the similar natures of men and women: our shared flaws, foibles and shortcomings. I think pointing out the commonalities between the genders will go a long way toward demystifying and resolving some of the issues we have. Women and men will get along a lot better without the bull. *PLAYBOY* speaks to younger guys, whom it can influence through education and enlightenment.

Andrew J. Small III
Taylor, Michigan

TONY ROBBINS

I feel inspired after reading the *Playboy Interview* with Tony Robbins (September). As a Nevada state prisoner who is forced to endure a life of incarceration, I am all too familiar with Robbins's words: "It's not conditions, it's decisions that shape your life." I received more stimulation and satisfaction from reading his interview than I did from glancing at the pictorials.

Jeremiah Ayala
Indian Springs, Nevada

IN PRAISE OF HANNITY

As a liberal who has watched Sean Hannity on Fox News and listened to his radio show for many years, I've found most of his arguments and viewpoints fascinating and thought-provoking. After reading his *Playboy Interview* (July/August), I find him more intriguing than ever—and he's damned sexy to boot.

Robyn Rakkomen
Berkeley, California

I give Hannity credit for putting up with the unending stream of drivel, distortions, half-truths and out-and-out lies that form the modern-day liberal-socialist mythology. At least we have one person to set the record straight from the wide-eyed liberal sycophants who perpetuate the lies and distortions of our era.

George Wittenburg
New Port Richey, Florida

CONFERENCE OF CHAMPIONS

Danni Braun from your *Girls of the Pac 12* (October) is absolutely gorgeous. One can only hope a Playmate pictorial is in her future.

Frank Barone
Beaufort, South Carolina

The women in *Girls of the Pac 12* are beautiful. I was particularly surprised that you could find girls without any tattoos. Tomorrow, navel rings.

James Seay
Richmond, Virginia

In *Girls of the Pac 12* you refer to the University of California flagship campus

as Berkeley. Almost no one except academics who probably don't know a first down from a touchdown call it that. It is Cal or California.

Stuart Ray
Glendale, California

LITERATURE IN NEW JERSEY

Giancarlo DiTrapano's profile (*A Brief History of Junot Díaz*, September) is the best portrait of Díaz I've read.

William Johnson
Newark, New Jersey

WONDER BRA

I can wrap my head around Wonder Woman scratching her ass and going to the bathroom in "Hero Worship" (*After*



Wonder Woman stuffing her bra? Inconceivable!

Hours, September), but there's no fucking way she stuffs her bra.

Michael W. O'Connor
Morgantown, Pennsylvania

PUBLISHED AUTHOR

I have crossed the Rubicon: I'm at a point in my life when I actually look forward to the articles in this wonderful magazine more than the pictures. Translation: I'm getting old. Now make my life complete and print one of my letters.

Dan Morrison
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

DORM ROOM MASTER CHEF

Although your faux Momofuku ramen recipe (*After Hours*, October) is undoubtedly excellent, it's far too complicated for the average dorm dweller. Try this version instead:

- 1 package ramen noodles (I use Maruchan, but any brand will do)
- 1 can Hormel chili with beans
- 1-2 oz. shredded cheese (such as American, cheddar or Colby)

Open noodles and throw away the flavoring packet. Cook noodles until soft, then strain. Add chili and cheese. Heat till blended. Heaven!

Rick Jerome
Denver, Colorado





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PLAYBOY

Afterhours

- DECEMBER -
2013

BECOMING ATTRACTION

ZINEB OUKACH

• "WOMEN HAVE to be free," says Moroccan actress and model Zineb Oukach. "My individuality is tied to femininity and embracing sexuality. The body is nothing to hide." Zineb, who can be seen in Martin Scorsese's *The Wolf of Wall Street*, says the idea of change compels her. "If what I do is met with criticism, I welcome it," she says. "Beauty is everywhere."



KING OF COMEDY

LOUIS C.K. USHERS IN A STAND-UP RENAISSANCE

As the joke goes, the early-1990s stand-up comedy boom was so big, TV execs handed out development deals to comics at the L.A. airport like natives bestowing leis on tourists entering Hawaii. Fueled by a glut of talent and the absurd success of *The Cosby Show*, comedians such as Jerry Seinfeld, Ellen DeGeneres and Roseanne Barr all found themselves with hit sitcoms. On ABC alone there was *Hangin' With Mr. Cooper*, *Home Improvement*, *Grace Under Fire* and *Anything But Love*. After years on the grueling stand-up circuit, more comedians turned into superstars—and multimillionaires—in the 1990s than ever before.

Then, just like that, the joke was over. Reality TV exploded, and comedy dried up. By 2004 Comedy Central had canceled *The Daily Show's* nightly lead-out, *Tough Crowd With Colin Quinn*, an underrated series that showcased stand-ups. Dave Chappelle walked away from his TV series in 2006, the same year Fox canceled *The Bernie Mac Show*. What little remained of comedy was left to Dane Cook and Carlos Mencia.

Today, signs point to a coming comedy boom the likes of which we haven't seen in decades. Call it the Louis C.K. paradigm: The self-loathing superstar is so good, he forces other comedians to be better. "I always think the quality

and freshness of the talent drive the booms and busts," explains Noam Dworman, owner of New York City's Comedy Cellar (yes, from the opening credits of *Louie*). "It would be like trying to pretend the quality of the Beatles' music was irrelevant to the interest in rock music in the 1960s."

Consider Kevin Hart. The innately likable pint-size comedy rock star doesn't do HBO specials—he goes directly to the big screen. His latest, *Kevin Hart: Let Me Explain*, pulled in \$32 million, making it the fourth-highest-grossing stand-up theatrical release of all time, right

Call it the Louis C.K. paradigm: The superstar is so good, he forces other comedians to be better.

behind *Richard Pryor: Live on the Sunset Strip*.

Then there's Comedy Central's one-two punch of Anthony Jeselnik (*The Jeselnik Offensive*) and Amy Schumer (*Inside Amy Schumer*).

Jeselnik, a former *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon* writer, has the calculated tone of a serial killer, which the comedian would likely consider high praise. Schumer, Jeselnik's former girlfriend, is undeniably the funniest female comic on the planet, with an innocent smile and a mouth like a south Jersey longshoreman's. Her series was renewed for a second season right after its

premiere. So was the FX series *Legit*, featuring Australian megacomedian Jim Jefferies.

The real fuel to this laugh renaissance seems to be good vibes. The aforementioned stars have been diligently paying it forward. Artie Lange, Ricky Gervais and Todd Barry have all appeared on *Louie*. Jeselnik has featured the incredible Jim Norton, Dave Attell and Eric André, and Amy Schumer has booked Robert Kelly, Jim Florentine and Michael Ian Black.

How long do we have to wait before someone creates *The Bill Burr Show* or resurrects *Tough Crowd*? Laugh now—*Good Luck Chuck 2* could be just around the corner.—Peter Hoare



JOINT VENTURES

THE GROWING BUSINESS OF GROWING MARIJUANA

▶ You and your girlfriend just quit your jobs and cashed out your savings to sell marijuana. Concerned? Now, imagine your plan works and you become the owners of a thriving medical-cannabis operation.

This is one of the scenarios encountered by Adam Bierman, founder of the MedMen, a Los Angeles consultancy. The firm helps medical-cannabis dispensaries get off the ground by tackling everything from business plans and branding to trickier kinks such as ordering and security. “We’ve worked with an electrician to start a dispensary in Los Angeles, a few guys in the aerospace industry who quit their jobs to do it, a female RN and a blackjack dealer of 25 years in Nevada,” Bierman recalls.

The MedMen is part of a growing number of consultants building a framework to understand the business of weed. In the past several years, medical cannabis has in many states gone from a marginally legal endeavor to what one market-research firm estimates will be a \$9 billion industry by 2016. The “green rush,” as *60 Minutes* labeled it, is already on in Colorado, where marijuana is legal, regulated and taxed.

“That market is now saturated,” says Brendan Kennedy, CEO and partner at Seattle-based investment firm Privateer Holdings. Kennedy and partners Michael Blue, Christian Groh and Tonia Winchester launched the only private equity firm specializing in acquisition and development of cannabis-related enterprises after realizing the growing market should be professionally addressed. They recently bought and expanded Leafly, a sort of Yelp for pot, complete with crowdsourced cannabis-

strain reviews, curated industry news and maps to nearby medicinal-marijuana clinics.

The niche presents unique challenges; as Kennedy explains, “most successful entrepreneurs in this category have operated illegally.”

Regardless, marijuana—still designated a Schedule 1 drug by the federal government—is poised to become a large-scale legal market, and moneymen are interested in seeing how things shake out. Players are already taking positions in logistics and support, areas where they can avoid direct legal problems. Firms such as Privateer and the MedMen are focusing on developing bright, clean, inoffensive branding.

“Brands could fuel change,” says Bierman in the optimistic tone of an American mega-brand marketer.

Consultants are also keeping an eye on regulation and tax issues in state and national legislatures. Privateer is pushing politicians to see the market rationale that most American voters already understand: Marijuana is a safe, effective medical or adults-only product that is ready for Main Street, if not Wall Street. Kennedy says, “People see the inevitability of it.”

Big money likes inevitability, even if it means risk in the short term. For now, Kennedy and Bierman are eager to discuss the future relationship between liquor companies and marijuana marketers. Both see dollar signs, along with obvious business conflicts. Liquor companies don’t want to be replaced by weed companies, and Bierman is quick to mention a study that demonstrates a decrease in alcohol consumption in areas with a legal weed market.

Your corner liquor store is about to change.—*Erik Stinson*



HIGH TECH

THREE APPS DESIGNED FOR THE DAZED AND CONFUSED



The Fatty

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Weed Farmer

→ Plant and care for 30 different types of weed as your business expands from your closet to a massive warehouse. **99¢**



Leafly

→ Rate marijuana strains with words such as *dreamy* or *anxious*, and find a nearby clinic that sells the best buds. **FREE**



Buff Monster

THE GRAFFITI SLINGER TURNED ART-WORLD LUMINARY ON HIS BRIGHT (PINK) FUTURE



• A trip on the psychedelic art of Buff Monster is a visit to a world of talking ice cream cones and one-eyed monsters doused in the signature pink on which he's built an empire. After 15 years of plastering Los Angeles in posters and graffiti, he now lives in New York and creates murals for Kidrobot, as well as limited-edition toys and T-shirts. "L.A. looked better when I was there," he says. We agree. But he's drenched seven Brooklyn walls in pink this year. NYC, you're welcome. —Tyler Trykowski

Q: Is the jet-set stereotype of a successful artist accurate?

A: It's the opposite; artists are loners, slaving in their studios. Take my Instagram posts with a grain of salt, because they're the only interesting thing I did all day.

Q: Why is pink your predominant color?

A: I love power metal, a genre of empowerment, and I channel that. As a straight guy using a traditionally female color, I'm acutely aware of a female's place in society, for good and bad.

Q: Is graffiti a conscious reaction to the ubiquity of advertising?

A: That's bullshit. I call this "graffiti rhetoric." I grew up in Hawaii, where billboards are banned.

Q: What's your favorite medium?

A: Just a brush with black ink. I play Opeth and it becomes this meditative thing, focused for hours, not knowing how it's going to work. It's great.

Q: How do your idols—Haruki Murakami, Shepard Fairey, Andy Warhol—influence you?

A: Murakami called his contract with Louis Vuitton the best art he's ever made. Those guys understand supply and demand and infrastructure. I admire that.

Q: Would you ever go back to working illegally?

A: I'm interested in painting different stuff now. I don't have energy for it. It's so much work. Painting at night with shit light, how do you get your colors right? It's a mess.



SYSTEM SHOCK

TORTURING YOURSELF OFF FACEBOOK IS AS TOUGH AS IT SOUNDS. MEET AN ELECTRIFYING NEW METHOD

• Just how badly do you want to stop checking Facebook? Are you motivated by pain?

Then click to like MIT students Robert R. Morris and Dan McDuff, creators of the ultimate solution for social-media addiction: Pavlov Poke. An electrical-charge output is connected to your computer keyboard, and an online app monitors your web browsing. Spend too much time on Facebook and—zap!—you get a shock. To quote the cheeky

promotional video, the dose of voltage “is unpleasant but not dangerous.” Physiologist Ivan Pavlov would be proud.

“*A Clockwork Orange* was a big influence for sure,” Morris says. “I’m also partial to the shock-response opening scene of *Ghostbusters*.” Morris and McDuff’s experiment may be the extreme measure we need to curb our

online use. We spend a quarter of our time online putzing around social media, and that number is rapidly going up. Other studies argue that social-media responses light up the same areas of our brain as drugs and alcohol despite being psychological, not physical, stimuli.

Another sign of the times: The Bradford Regional Medical Center in Pennsylvania just opened America’s

first hospital-based internet-addiction clinic. The 10-day stint includes extensive multimedia detox and psychiatric evaluations. The rub: Internet addiction isn’t yet acknowledged by the notoriously slow American Psychiatric Association. The \$14,000 cost comes out of your pocket.

Morris, who is finishing a Ph.D. in affective computing—zap!—says Facebook uses “supernormal stimuli” to keep us addicted. “Candy bars are a great example. They offer tons of sugar and salt—things our bodies were evolved to crave—but they’re delivered in a way that goes far beyond

what we’d ever find in nature. Similarly, Facebook exploits our natural desires for social approval and validation, but it does so in a highly exaggerated, unnatural way. In real life, unless you’re a celebrity, people aren’t going to compliment you for every little thing you do. But now there’s an app for that.”

He’s surprised so many people are asking for the device, but he and McDuff have no plans to sell it. “There seems to be legitimate demand for this product,” he says. “This suggests that Facebook is more addictive than we thought, or that people are more masochistic than we ever imagined.”

—Damon Brown



Photography by DAN SAELINGER



SEXY TIME

SEX CRIMINALS AND THE ADULT-COMICS BOOM

→ When Suzie has sex, time stops. Literally. Then she discovers Jon has the same ability, and the two team up on a sex-having, bank-robbing adventure in *Sex Criminals*, the weird and funny comic-book series by Eisner Award-winning writer Matt Fraction and artist Chip Zdarsky. “Sometimes it feels the only time I don’t think about sex is right after I’ve had sex,” Fraction says of the comic’s genesis, also citing Judd Apatow movies and the TV show *Girls* as influences. “I wish there was more sex in comics—not more sexy, more sex.” Fraction isn’t alone, and adult comics such as *Sex Criminals* (which sold out its first printing) and Joe Casey’s *Sex* are challenging superheroes. “Comics were lobotomized in the 1950s,” Fraction explains. “It’s taking them a while to get up to fighting weight. We’re on the cusp of something monstrous and profound.”



2



4

MONTREAL CHILL OUT

NO OTHER CITY DOES WINTER AS WELL AS CANADA'S CAPITAL OF COOL

• Some cities go into hibernation in the winter, but Montreal embraces it, pouring another drink or dishing up another plate of meaty sustenance for every degree the thermometer drops. Plus, downtown's 20 miles of tunnels help you beat the cold as you traverse the city.

Check in to Hotel Gault, a contemporary remodel of a heritage building in Old Montreal (1). It's spacious, bright, thankfully free of historic chintz and furnished with

modern design classics from Eames and Bertoia.

Bundle up at nearby Rooney, which carries rugged stuff for guys such as vintage Levi's jeans, National Athletic Goods sweatshirts and Stanley & Sons bandannas.

Food is fuel at locally loved Schwartz's, a classic deli that for more than 80 years has served smoked-meat sandwiches packing a garlicky punch (2). You're in Mile End, the old Jewish

neighborhood that has spent the past decade or so morphing into a lively mix of artists, musicians and artisan stalwarts; it's equal parts Hasidic sidelocks and latte foam art. Here Boulangerie Guillaume offers the best damn bread in the city. Order a white-chocolate brioche and hot cup of coffee, then make your way to Librairie Drawn & Quarterly Bookstore to peruse graphic novels, independent comics and anthologies.

These days one need only look

for abandoned warehouses in a neglected industrial zone to know where the next up-and-coming neighborhood will be born. In Montreal it's the no-man's land

between Mile End and Parc Extension. The sign of hipsterdom to come? Well-appointed mustaches. Emporium Barber is filled with hirsute, straight-razor-wielding gents ready to smother you with hot towels and hangover treatments. Take a quick side trip to nearby Dinette Triple Crown, a beat-up take-out counter with a few stools and hot dishes served by cute girls in pinafores. Get the johnnycakes topped with crispy pig's ear, maple

syrup and crème fraîche. Then see what's going on at Casa del Popolo and La Sala Rossa, cultural-rec-room slash live-music venues for indie, free jazz, rock-and-roll and soon-to-be-big Canadian acts.

Ready for a proper meal and nightcap? Grab a seat at La Salle à Manger (3) for a modern take on carnivorous Quebecois cuisine, then head over to Baldwin Barmacie (4) for a well-crafted cocktail to take the chill off while you chill out.—*Jeralyn Gerba*



NEVER SLEEP

A dusk-to-dawn plan of attack

7:00 PM

Snow Cycle

> Bixi is a year-round public bike program with docking stations around the city. Pedal into the night to work up a sweat and a mean thirst.

10:30 PM

Pole Position

> Visit Wanda's gentlemen's club for voyeurism, a good steak and sightings of prominent hockey stars. Don't forget to tip the staff.

9:45 AM

Starch Search

> Come morning, hit St-Viateur for bagels done right: sweet, chewy, hand-rolled, honey-dipped and wood-fired rings of dough. What hangover?

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FOR THE ENTERTAINER

Turn any tabletop into a bar cart with a bar tray. Most festive in shiny finishes like silver for an Art Deco feel or mirrored to evoke your inner Gatsby, these are the sorts of handsome decorating pieces that beckon cocktail hour because anything you set on them, from bottles to glassware, looks that much more inviting.

FOR THE TRAVELER

For the jet set cocktail connoisseur who wants to travel in style and keep his companions satiated, consider an on-the-go bar kit—complete with shaker, muddler, jigger, tumblers and linen cocktail napkins all nestled in a canvas-and-leather carpenter's bag. It's a great marriage of vintage Americana and contemporary innovation.



FOR THE SECRET SANTA

Want a cool gift that's sophisticated and inexpensive? It's all about a wooden cocktail muddler. Long and slender enough to reach the bottom of any cocktail glass to release oils and juices from fruit, herbs and veggies, using one of these babies says "I'm a man with the right tool for the right job." Well-made muddlers can be found online or at retail for less than \$20.



FOR THE COLLECTOR

A monogram is the true mark of a gentleman and shouldn't just be reserved for stationary or cufflinks. For a personalized gift, consider a laser-engraved stainless steel shaker—guaranteeing an understated yet chic conduit for those cocktail claims to fame.

FOR EVERYBODY

And then there are some gifts that will have any recipient gleaming from ear to ear. Now that you have the proper tools to complement your bar, put them to use when entertaining at home with these distinctive Hornitos® tequila cocktails.



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Combine all ingredients in mixing glass, add ice, shake and strain into a cocktail glass. Garnish with a lime twist.



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2 PARTS HORNITOS® REPOSADO TEQUILA
2 PARTS FRESH LIME JUICE
1 PART SIMPLE SYRUP
1 PART TRIPLE SEC
SPICY BLOODY MARY MIX (FOR DRIZZLE)

Shake and dump ingredients in a glass over ice. Drizzle with spicy bloody mary mix.

THE NEW OYSTER CULT

WITH OYSTERS EMERGING ON MENUS EVERYWHERE, HERE'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW

• Hama Hama, Beau Soleil, Kusshi. The names of these briny, succulent oysters delight. And they can confound, given that there are dozens of varieties available. The reality is there are only five species of oyster, and at most restaurants you're likely to find only three: Kumamoto, Atlantic and Pacific. (The other two—intense European flats and tiny Olympias—are far more rare.) The next time you order a dozen, ask the server to split them up according to the categories shown here. Keep this up and pretty soon you'll know a Lone Point from an Olde Salt.



2

ATLANTIC

► Oysters grown on the Eastern seaboard are the most widely available—think Wellfleets, Malpeques and Blue Points.

Tastes like

► These typically have a seawater-like saltiness and tend to be firm in texture.



1

KUMAMOTO

► With a fluted shell and a deep cup, this diminutive and delicious Japanese oyster stands apart from other species. It's the best bivalve for first-timers.

Tastes like

► Sweet, tender and not too salty, Kumamoto oysters are fruity and evoke the flavor of a fresh cucumber.



3

PACIFIC

► The past decade has seen the farming of more varieties than ever before in the Pacific Northwest. The Pacific Ocean's lower salinity lets more true oyster flavor come through.

Tastes like

► Creamier and sweeter than Atlantic oysters, Pacifics can taste of butter, melon and minerals.



SHUCKING AWESOME

• If you're bold enough to shuck your own oysters, equip yourself with a steel-mesh glove and a good oyster knife. The New Haven knife by Massachusetts-based R. Murphy is the gold standard. (\$14, rmurphyknives.com)

DARK OBSESSION

for men

Calvin Klein

a new fragrance



PUNCH LIST

Charles Joly gives us three tips for perfect punch. (1) Use brewed tea, champagne or other flavorful mixers in lieu of water. (2) Use an old liquor bottle to keep simple syrup on hand in the fridge. (3) Get creative with the ice. Use bowls or Bundt pans to freeze large chunks of ice ahead of time. Drop fruit into the mold as it's freezing for an impressive presentation.

ONE-TWO PUNCH

A TOP MIXOLOGIST REVEALS THE FORMULA FOR MAKING POTENT HOLIDAY PUNCH

• With the holidays upon us, it's time to transport yourself back to the 17th century for a quick lesson in entertaining en masse. Just as every gentleman should be able to shake up a proper whiskey sour or stir a perfect manhattan, some basic punch skills need to be part of your arsenal. The word *punch* is believed to be derived from the Hindi word for "five," the number of key ingredients in most punches—those being spirits, citrus, sweetener, water and spice. You can use just about whatever you have on hand to create a great punch. It's all about balance, as outlined in the adage "One of sour, two of sweet, three of strong and four of weak." Here are three recipes to get you started on your merry way.—*Charles Joly*

THE LADLE WILL ROCK

Charles Joly, beverage director of Chicago's Aviary and owner of Crafthouse cocktails, created these recipes. Combine ingredients in a punch bowl and add a block of ice.

 **How Long Lima?**

- 10 oz. brut rosé cava
- 7½ oz. pisco (such as La Diablada or Campo de Encanto)
- ¾ oz. Lillet Rouge (or Cocchi di Torino)
- ¾ oz. fresh lemon juice
- ¾ oz. simple syrup
- ¼ oz. absinthe

 **The Guild Meeting**

- 16 oz. strong chai tea, chilled
- 6 oz. overproof American whiskey
- 4 oz. fresh orange juice
- 2 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 2 oz. ginger liqueur
- 2 oz. Drambuie
- 2 oz. vanilla sugar
- 6 strips orange peel

 **Walnut Room Punch**

- 10 oz. brewed chamomile tea, chilled
- 8 oz. gin (Joly prefers Tanqueray No. 10)
- 6 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 6 oz. sparkling white wine
- 4 oz. simple syrup
- 4 oz. white vermouth

Photography by **SATOSHI**



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ABOUT TIME

THIS SKELETON WATCH IS WORTH \$165,000. WHY, EXACTLY? IT'S COMPLICATED

• Sure, you could just use your iPhone to check the time. Or, with the proper funds, you could join the ranks of obsessive aesthetes who collect gorgeous handmade—and fully analog—works of art. Italian firm Panerai is among the world's top watch manufacturers, and its Lo Scenziato Radiomir Tourbillon (pictured) is one of the most badass precision timepieces ever crafted. In the world of watches (a.k.a. horology), added features and movements, known as “complications,” drive up the price. Here's what makes this watch tick.

1

Tourbillon

→ Gravity can throw a watch out of synch. The tourbillon, an 18th century invention, spins and rotates to counteract gravity's pull.

2

Ceramic

→ Not only is a ceramic watchcase lighter, harder and more scratch resistant than a steel case, it also looks tough.

3

Jewels

→ Sapphires and rubies are placed at key points to reduce friction. The standard for fine watches is 17 gems; this watch has 31.

Baby Got Back

→ The photo above actually shows the back of the watch, which we think is as cool as the front. Here's the side the rest of the world will see, should you be lucky enough to strap one on.



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PUFF DADDY
+
This handsome parka is filled with duck down to keep you toasty. Canada Goose Summit jacket, \$595

COLD COMFORT

1
Boot Up

→ Tricked out with red laces, this sturdy waterproof boot can tackle slushy slopes or city sidewalks with flair.

Timberland McIntyre boots, \$160



2
Big Glove

→ A serious pair of ski gloves that's also stylish. Tan accents keep them from looking too technical.

Marmot Ultimate ski gloves, \$175



3
Knit Wit

→ If anyone can make a hat topped with a pom-pom look good, extreme sportswear company Dakine can.

Dakine Elliot hat, \$20



PROP STYLING BY KIM WONG

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

AMERICAN HUSTLE

By Stephen Rebello

In *American Hustle*, director David O. Russell takes a satiric swipe at a group of eccentrics swept up in the notorious 1970s FBI sting operation known as Abscam. Based on a screenplay by Eric Warren Singer and Russell, the film offers a meaty, eccentric romantic triangle involving con artists played by Christian Bale and Amy Adams and the wild-

man FBI agent played by Bradley Cooper who coerces them into going undercover and putting the bite on some high-level crooks and scammers. The film is also a field day for stars Jennifer Lawrence, Jeremy Renner, Robert De Niro and Louis C.K. "It's less about the real events than it is about a bunch of messed-up, struggling, charged people doing wild, des-

perate things to survive in a tough economy not unlike what we have now," says Russell. "My intention is to grab people with characters who make you think, Oh shit, who are these people? But they have big hearts, so you wind up loving them and wanting to hang out with them. It was exciting for all of them to do things they hadn't done before—especially Renner, one

of the most closely held people. As an actor, he does 180 degrees because he has to wear his heart on his sleeve. I like going to the hearts of these characters. Some may call emotion corny if they want, but I respond to emotion when it's real, like in *The Fighter* and *Silver Linings Playbook*. This movie is a companion to those, an evolution of the same kind of film."

ALSO SHOWING IN THEATERS



THE HOBBIT: THE DESOLATION OF SMAUG

→ Part two of Peter Jackson's *Hobbit* trilogy features 13 dwarves hell-bent on reclaiming their kingdom, giant forest spiders, Ian McKellen's Gandalf wizardry and a ferocious dragon that sounds amazingly like Benedict Cumberbatch.



INSIDE LLEWYN DAVIS

→ This tragicomedy from the Coen brothers, set in the 1960s NYC folk scene, features Oscar Isaac as a singer dealing with a prickly ex-lover (Carey Mulligan) and her singing partner (Justin Timberlake), a druggy jazzman (John Goodman) and a jaded producer (F. Murray Abraham).



OLDBOY

→ Spike Lee remakes Chan-wook Park's 2003 balls-out cult classic and casts Josh Brolin for this nervy do-over. Samuel L. Jackson, Sharlto Copley and Elizabeth Olsen are part of the very wild ride when Brolin's character unleashes fury on his enemies after 20 years of captivity.

BETTIE PAGE REVEALS ALL

By Stephen Rebello

Mark Mori, the producer-director of a new *Bettie Page* documentary, discovers the woman behind the pinup queen.

Q: Where do you place Bettie Page—who provides offscreen narration for your film *Bettie Page Reveals All*—in pop-culture history?

A: She was the greatest photographic model in history. Aside from her extraordinary looks and figure, she posed so naturally before the camera, and her incredibly charismatic personality is all there—there's no artifice. She's sexy and hot, but she's wholesome and innocent, so there is nothing pornographic about her photographs. She's a revered icon to every "outside" subculture.

Q: Page had bouts of mental illness the public never knew about. How did she feel about your pulling back the curtain?

A: We established a good rapport, but she would have been fine if this movie were never made. Even back in the 1950s, she avoided publicity of any kind. For the film, I got audio recordings of Bettie's ex-boyfriends talking about their relationships and what having sex with her was like. That's something no one else has known before.

Q: What should people remember about Page?

A: That she was self-effacing and not egotistical. Her incredible worldwide popularity remained a mystery to her to her dying day. She brought joy to so many people, but she really never knew joy herself. It's almost as if she suffered for the greater good of the world.



12 MEDIA MUST-HAVES

By Greg Fagan

1. THE DARK KNIGHT TRILOGY ULTIMATE COLLECTOR'S ED.

• This Bat-tastic set has all three Christopher Nolan-directed *Batman* films, a photo book, frameable prints and three mini Bat-vehicles. **\$100**

2. X-MEN: THE ADAMANTIUM COLLECTION

• *The Wolverine* joins the five earlier X-Men outings and an hour-long doc exclusive to this set. Plus, replica claws! **\$200**

3. DEXTER: THE COMPLETE SERIES

• Showtime's serial killer gets two sets: one enclosed in a slide box, the other in a limited edition white bust that's a little unnerving. **\$460, \$545**



4. DOCTOR WHO COMPLETE SERIES 1-7

• It's the U.S. Blu-ray debut for the first two modern Doctors—Christopher Eccleston and David Tennant—collected with Matt Smith's now complete run and a universal remote control disguised as the Doctor's sonic screwdriver. Splendid. **\$350**



5. BREAKING BAD: THE COMPLETE SERIES

• The formula for this boxed set: the series discs with all their bonus features, a new documentary, a booklet, a challenge coin and a Los Pollos Hermanos apron—in a replica money barrel. Like the show starring Bryan Cranston, it's great. **\$225**

8. THE WIZARD OF OZ 75TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION

• The classic 1939 film's subtle yet effective 3-D conversion (it played theaters for a week earlier this year) debuts on Blu-ray 3-D in this boxed set that scores with an array of fan- and fam-friendly swag. How about ruby slippers on a snow globe, Scarecrow? **\$105**

9. WEEDS: THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

• No faux buds or logo-emblazoned roach clips here, just 102 episodes of sly, smart and often hilarious TV, with a "glowing" clear acrylic cover. New bonus docs reflect on the series and Mary-Louise Parker's MILFy allure. **\$120**

10. THE VINCENT PRICE COLLECTION

• This set offers Blu-ray debuts of Price's six best films with producer Roger Corman: *The Abominable Dr. Phibes*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Masque of the Red Death*, *The Haunted Palace* and *Witchfinder General*. Terrific cheese. **\$80**

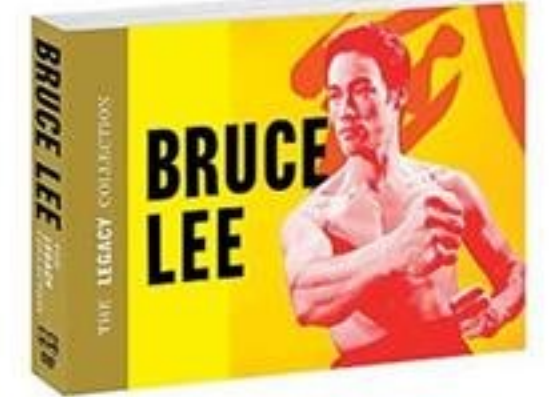
6. GAME OF THRONES SEASON 3 LIMITED EDITION

• Okay, so this Amazon-exclusive limited edition adds \$50 to the price of the regular Blu-ray set. But the dragon sculpture is just too cool to ignore. What would the Khaleesi, Mother of Dragons, do? **\$130**



7. BRUCE LEE LEGACY COLLECTION

• There's no better way to appreciate Lee's singular screen charisma than with this nearly comprehensive package (it lacks only *Enter the Dragon*). Get the October-released set with Blu-rays cut from superior HD masters. Two documentaries and a disc with hours of bonus footage are included. **\$120**



12. MAN OF STEEL COLLECTIBLE FIGURINE LIMITED EDITION GIFT SET

• You will believe an iconic DC Comics franchise can get rebooted—and enjoy Zack Snyder's film-making handiwork in this limited edition Blu-ray and DVD set that includes hand-painted figurines of Superman and General Zod. **\$60**

MUST-SEE TV

TV GIVES GIFTS TOO

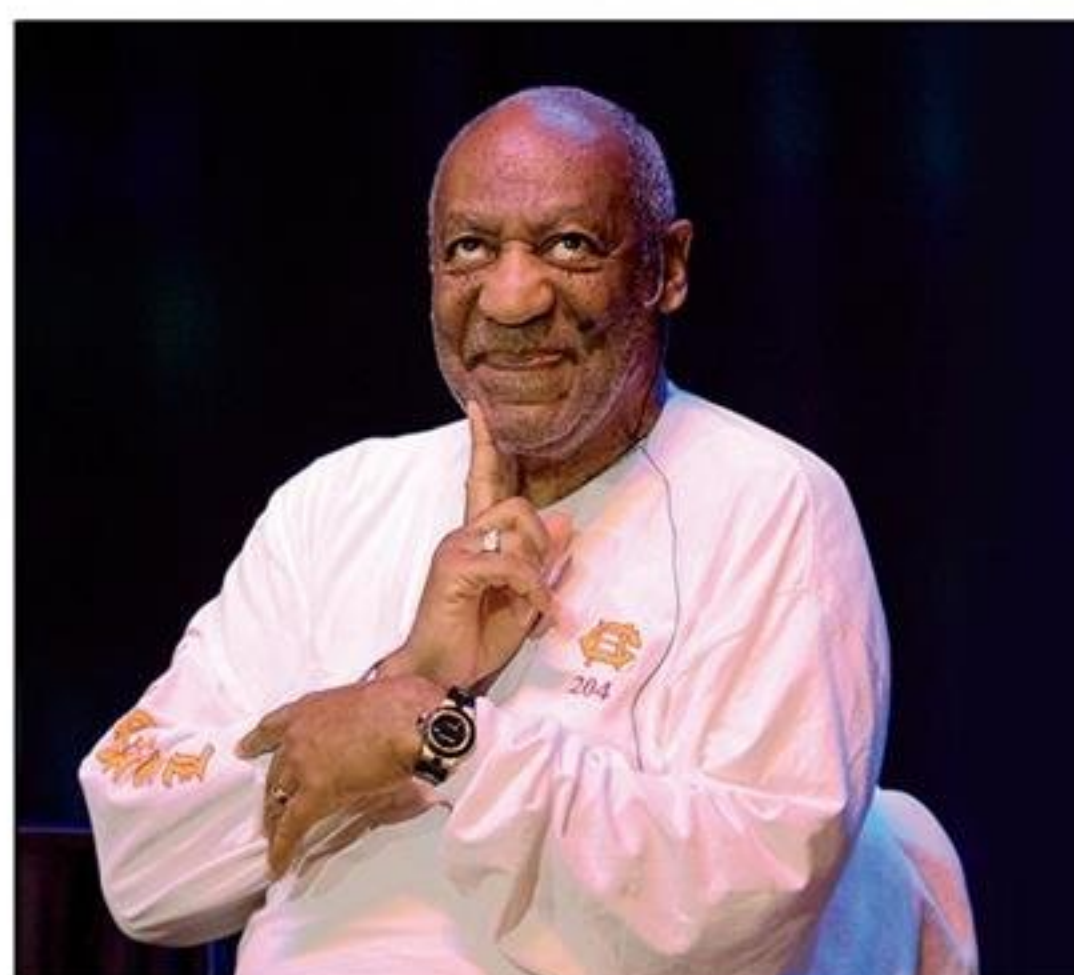
By Josef Adalian



1. BONNIE & CLYDE

• Nobody will ever top Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway in the 1967 classic, but Emile Hirsch and Holliday Grainger do a solid job bringing to life the murderous Depression-era duo in yet another retelling

of the infamous story. Director Bruce Beresford (*Driving Miss Daisy*) casts Bonnie as a sort of proto-Kardashian fame whore who considers her outrageous exploits a means to immortality. Guess it worked. **☆☆☆**



2. BILL COSBY: FAR FROM FINISHED

• Christmas comes early this year: Bill Cosby is back with his first stand-up special since 1983's *Himself*, the landmark concert that laid the groundwork for what would become *The Cosby*

Show. Directed by Robert Townsend and taped over the summer, here's what you need to know about the new special: It's Bill Cosby, he's telling jokes and it's free. Go set your DVR—now. **☆☆☆☆**



3. MOB CITY

• It's probably impossible to produce a Mafia-themed show without some elements feeling clichéd, but TNT's six-hour miniseries from Frank Darabont (*The Walking Dead*) does a great job transcending the tropes of a well-worn genre. The basic story is familiar: Dedicated cops in the corrupt LAPD of the late 1940s battle gun-toting gangsters including Bugsy Siegel and Mickey Cohen. But Darabont makes an epic saga personal by focusing on Joe Teague (*Walking Dead* alum Jon Bernthal), an ex-marine turned detective whose motives and morals are decidedly cloudy. The production boasts a stunning L.A. noir look, capturing midcentury detail with nearly as much style as *Mad Men*. **☆☆☆☆**



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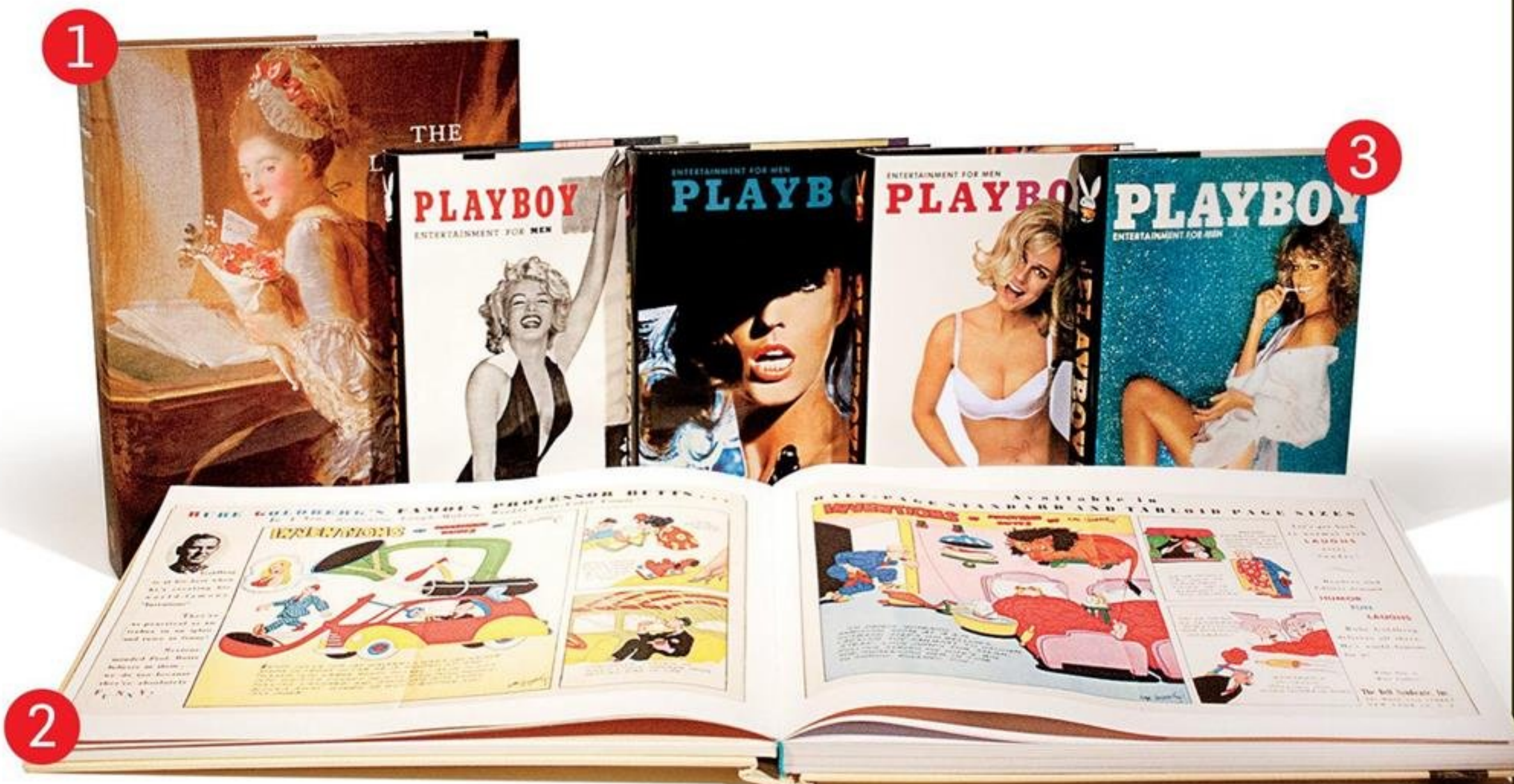
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BOOKS

PHYSICAL PRINT

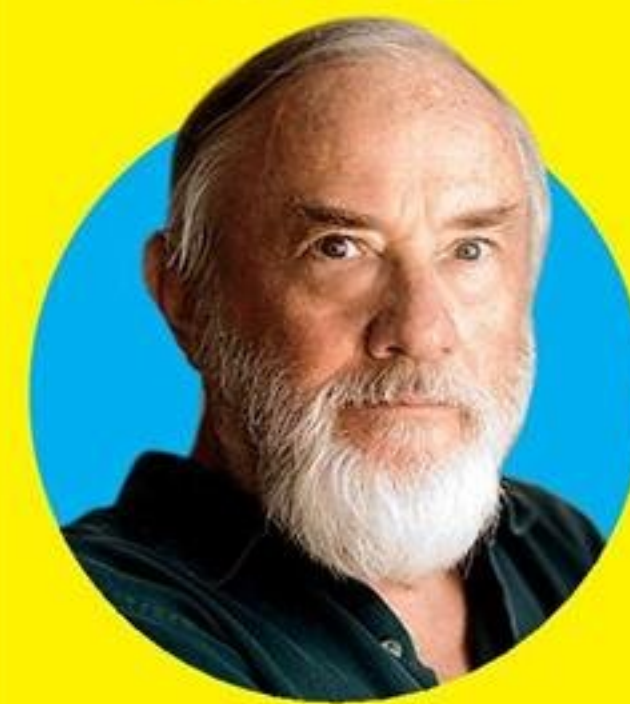
By Leopold Froehlich

• We all hear about the death of print, but that's an outmoded notion. Certain books work fine on a Nook or Kindle—or even on your Android. But some special books work best when you hold them in your hands and reflect on the glory of ink on paper. Here are three we recommend for your holiday shopping. **The Libertine: The Art of Love in Eighteenth-Century France (1)** is the most seductive book published

this year. With 496 pages of erotic paintings and text, it's a boudoir coffee-table book that will put your guests in the proper frame of mind. **The Art of Rube Goldberg (2)**: Over the course of his incredible career, Goldberg (1883–1970) drew and constructed a variety of crazy machines that parodied America's mania for mechanization. The drawings and cartoons in this sumptuous volume should keep any gear-

head occupied for days. Speaking of American manias, **Hugh Hefner's Playboy (3)** might be considered the best survey of our national sexuality in the 20th century. In six volumes (and 1,910 pages), this boxed set presents the history of PLAYBOY as seen through the eyes of its farseeing founder. In many ways, this is Hef's illustrated autobiography; the pictures and drawings of his Chicago youth are alone worth the \$150 price.

ROBERT STONE



With his latest novel, *Death of the Black-Haired Girl*, Robert Stone returns with a dark tale of campus life. His best work since *Damascus Gate*?

Q: This is your first novel set in academe, right?

A: That's true. Some of *Bay of Souls* takes place in a Midwestern academic environment, but this has the whole thing coming home to roost in an elite college.

Q: It's a decidedly anticlerical book.

A: In large measure it's anticlerical, but I don't think it's antireligious. It's certainly not friendly toward organized religion's present crusade in terms of abortion.

Q: What's the worst thing about having a book published?

A: Exposing your stuff to the scorn and contempt of the world. I've felt lucky to be able to make my living as a writer. The worst thing, I guess, is rejection. Young writers starting out have a difficult time now. It's a hard way to make a living.

Q: What's your next book going to be?

A: I've started on a sea story about people on a charter boat. I don't know how far I'm going to get with it, but I'm enjoying working on it. I hope to finish before too long.

Q: Do you understand why Philip Roth has decided to retire from writing?

A: If he says he's going to retire, I'm not going to question it, but we'll see whether he's able to carry out that intention. His work can be so wonderful, so rewarding. I'd be ready to see more.

THE BEATLES



'On Air - Live at the BBC Volume 2'

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

THE BEATLES: ON AIR VOL. 2

By Rob Tannenbaum

• The only certain things are death, taxes and another Beatles album in time for Christmas. A hundred years from now, new compilations will keep Ringo Starr's great-great-great-grandson in jetpacks. The band recorded hundreds of songs for the BBC; *On Air—Live at the BBC Volume 2* collects 40 from 1963 and 1964, intermixed with cheerful banter between the lads and DJs. Most songs are previously unreleased, including a ska-like version of "Beautiful Dreamer." On "Twist and Shout" Lennon and McCartney, unsure of how long their careers will last, lean hard on the vocals, pushing toward posterity. ♪♪♪

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BURN AFTER READING

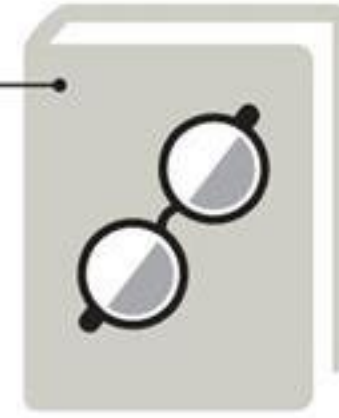
• Total number of books abandoned in Travelodge rooms in a year:

22,648

The number one most-abandoned book: *Fifty Shades Freed*, by E.L. James (1,209 copies).



20th on the list: *The Great Gatsby*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald.



TOP THREE REASONS FOR ABANDONING BOOKS:

- 1 Finished reading and left it for others.
- 2 Lost or forgot it.
- 3 Got bored with it.



Sweet Science

• Eating gummy bears can protect your stomach lining from the damaging effects of alcohol and reduce ulcer size by up to 50%.

• Energy drinks consumed at the 2013 QuakeCon computer game convention:

15,552
(1,027 GALLONS)

Bad Luck

• Every Friday the 13th an estimated \$700 million to \$800 million in travel, retail and business sales is lost due to superstition.



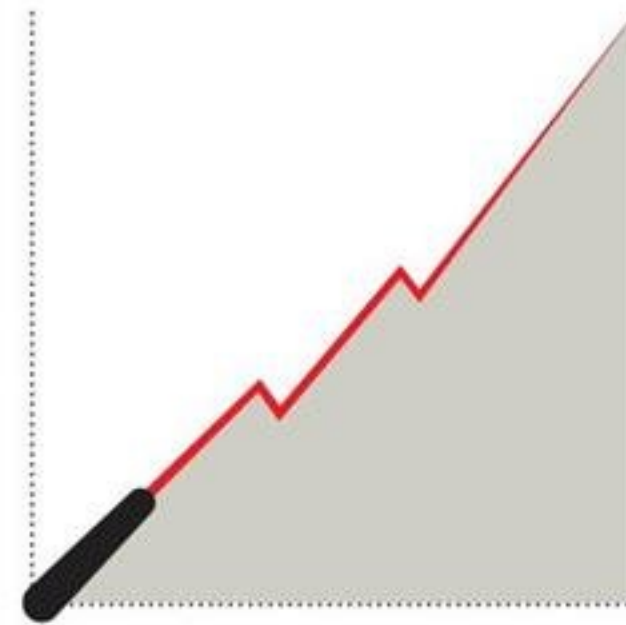
Holy Sheet

4

• Number of times the average single man changes his sheets per year.

178%

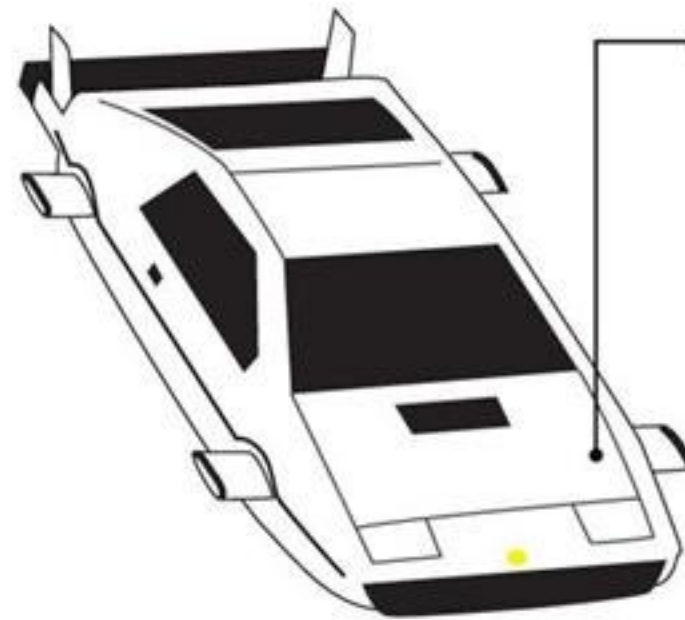
• Job growth for music directors and composers over the past 10 years (thanks to the popularity of video games and mobile apps).



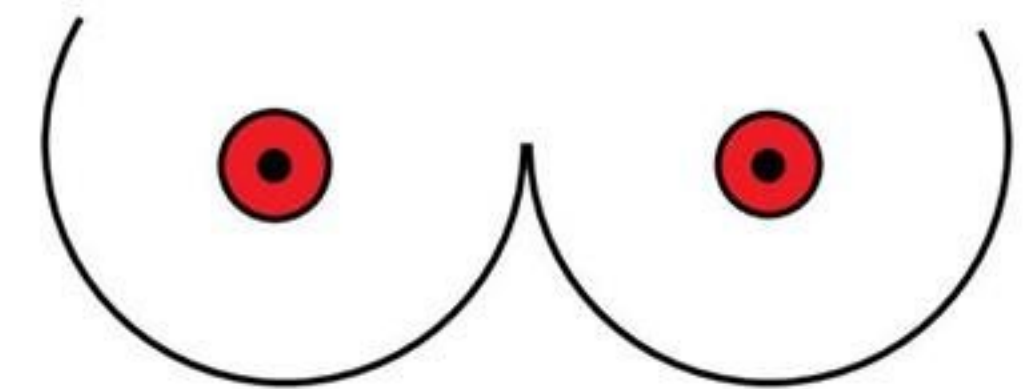
License to Thrill

• Amount paid at auction for the Lotus Esprit submarine car from the 1977 James Bond movie *The Spy Who Loved Me*:

\$968,000



Amount originally paid for the abandoned storage locker where the car was found in 1989: **\$100**



• One in every 275 women ages 20 to 54 in America has had breast augmentation.



Drive Me Crazy

• In congested urban areas, 40% of total gas consumption is caused by searching for parking.

UP IN SMOKE

60%

of Americans say the federal government should not enforce its marijuana laws in states that permit pot use.

52%

of Americans believe the use of marijuana should be legal.

SLEEP ON IT

• Results of a six-country study by the National Sleep Foundation:

2 United States
(6 hours, 31 minutes)

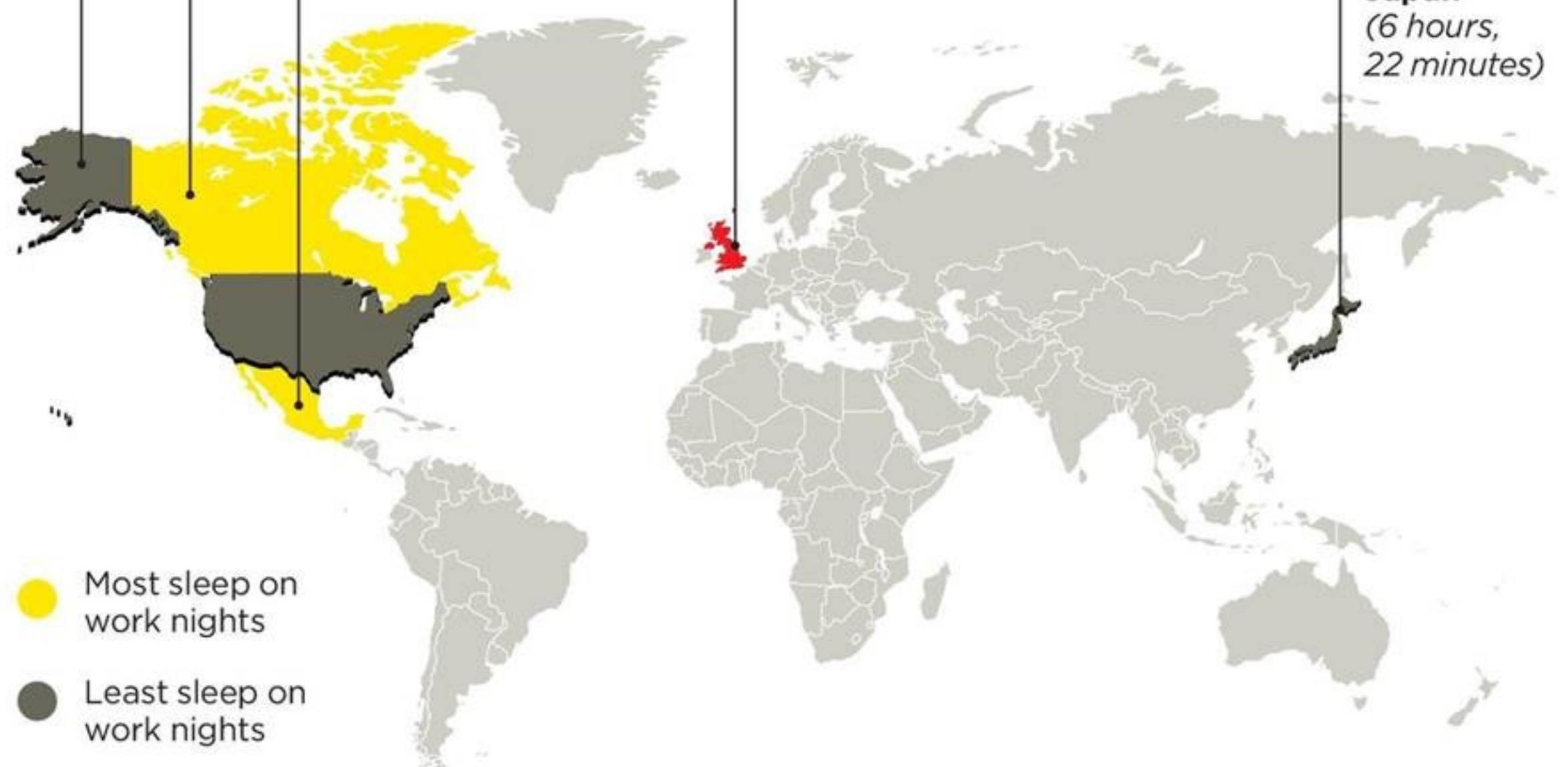
2 Canada
(7 hours, 3 minutes)

1 Mexico
(7 hours, 6 minutes)

Bonus fact:

30% of U.K. respondents reported sleeping naked, compared with 12% in the U.S.

1 Japan
(6 hours, 22 minutes)



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- Top speed: 163 mph
- MPG: est. 18 city/25 hwy.
- Tag: \$65,600



THE ITALIAN JOB

MASERATI TAKES ON THE GERMAN JUGGERNAUTS WITH ITS FIRST-EVER "AFFORDABLE" SEDAN—AND IT'S A BEAUTY

• The first thing you see when you slip into a Maserati is that trident logo staring at you from the center of the steering wheel. Then you smell the Italian leather. There's something unmistakably royal about this automobile. Now, however, you won't have to be royalty to own one. Maserati has announced that the new Ghibli will arrive in the U.S. at an unprecedented price of

\$65,600. (The most affordable Maserati on the market in the U.S. today is the \$102,000 Quattroporte.) That puts the car into consideration for anyone checking out the Audi A6, the BMW 5 Series or the Mercedes-Benz E-Class. The Ghibli range will include a base 345-horsepower twin-turbo three-liter V6 and an SQ4 all-wheel-drive version upgraded to 404 hp.

(Europeans will see the first-ever clean diesel Maserati, but we won't have it here.) We find the car's lines gorgeous—nothing cheap-looking here—and the base model V6 hits 60 mph in under six seconds. The company won't manufacture the car in numbers anywhere near what the Germans are doing, so count on standing out if you manage to snag one.

SMALL WONDERS

THE NEW WAVE OF URBAN RUNABOUTS

→ So much for the microcar boom experts were talking about years ago. Microcars (the Smart Fortwo, specifically) are still nearly as rare as supercars. But manufacturers aren't giving up. Here's a pair of new concepts, plus a runabout to buy right now.



1 RENAULT TWIZY F1

→ A concept microcar decked out with Formula One accents—a front splitter, rear wing and

diffuser, Kinetic Energy Recovery System and a quartet of racing tires, all inspired by Renault-powered F1 cars. Our take? Weird!



2 SMART FOURJOY

→ With an eye toward increasing sales, Smart recently unveiled a

concept four-seater to join the Smart Fortwo. We can think of one good use for its space-age rear love seat.



3 FIAT 500

→ The diminutive 500 seats four, gets decent mileage and costs barely more than

a Smart Fortwo at \$16,100. Plus, it has enough power for you to hurl it around corners as if it were a toy—in a good way.

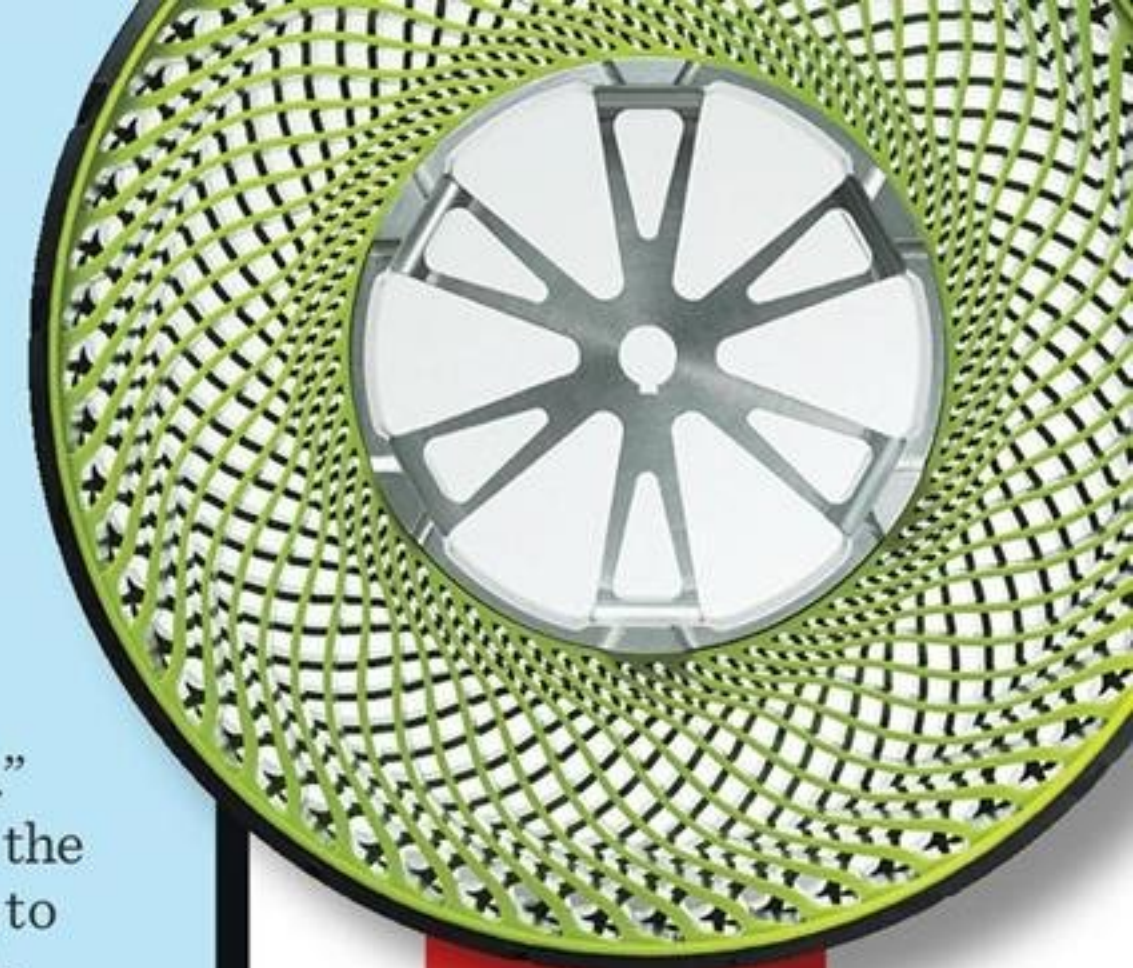
ALTITUDE SLICKNESS

CAN A MASSACHUSETTS-BASED START-UP FINALLY SOLVE THE CONUNDRUM OF THE FLYING CAR? LET'S TAKE OFF

• “The ‘flying car’ has become a pop icon of a dream that never comes true,” reads a mission statement for Massachusetts-based company Terrafugia. “Until now.” Bold words until you consider that this past summer the start-up formed by MIT-trained space geeks and MBAs staged the first public demonstration of its Transition—a flying car that runs on gasoline, can fit in your garage and has folding wings and a rear-mounted prop (footage available at Terrafugia.com). On the

road, the rear-wheel-drive two-seater can cruise at highway speed, and the company claims 35 mpg. The driver uses regular foot pedals and a steering wheel. The wings unfold slowly, similar to the way a hardtop convertible stows its roof, and the car takes off as a Cessna would. The company claims a cruising speed in flight of 100 mph and a range of more than 400 miles. For safety, the Transition packs air bags and a parachute. If all this sounds fanciful, it should. Even CEO Carl Dietrich admits

it is “no short-term endeavor.” The company began work on the Transition in 2006 and aims to start selling it soon at an estimated \$279,000. You can put your name on a list now. Bonus: Terrafugia is already at work on its next vehicle, the TF-X (pictured), a four-seat flying car that will take off vertically from your driveway. It will, the company claims, be “statistically safer than driving a modern automobile.” Your neighbors will be impressed and your commute much shorter.



THAT'S HOW YOU ROLL

NEW AIRLESS-TIRE CONCEPTS ARE SET TO REINVENT THE WHEEL

→ In the past 10 years, engineers have transformed the art of driving by reimagining every component of the automobile—radar systems, hybrid drivetrains, nav systems, stability control, key fobs, even the radio and door handle. So why are we still motoring around on tire technology that's more than 160 years old? Scottish inventor Robert Thomson patented the pneumatic tire in 1846, and we're still using the concept today—but perhaps not for long. Bridgestone has in the works a nonpneumatic concept tire (pictured above) composed of a metal hub and rubber tread connected by a woven spoke system made of reusable thermoplastic resin. Michelin has a similar concept it's calling the X-Tweel SSL. The X-Tweel won a silver medal this year at the Edison Awards, which honor innovative technology in the consumer market space. What's the big idea? With an airless tire you won't have to worry about punctures or maintaining tire pressure. And airless tires are eco-friendly because they're made of reusable materials and will last longer than pneumatic tires—two to three times longer, according to Michelin. Keep an eye out for these beauties further down the road.



FLYING ICONS



1

THE JETSONS (1962)

• George works two hours a week and commutes in this adorable green machine.

2

MARVEL STRANGE TALES #159 (1967)

• The S.H.I.E.L.D. flying car, invented by Tony Stark at Stark Industries.

3

BLADE RUNNER (1982)

• Flying cop cars patrol in the year 2019—not so futuristic anymore.

4

BACK TO THE FUTURE (1985)

• Dr. Emmett Brown's time machine DeLorean takes flight.

BREW IT YOURSELF

HOME BREWING IS AS EASY AS CRACKING OPEN A BEER. PLUS, YOU GET TO CRACK OPEN A BEER AT THE END

• There is nothing more satisfying than enjoying a cold beer after a job well done—that is, unless you brewed the beer yourself. If you've never thought about home brewing, consider this: Most home brewers make five-gallon batches, roughly equivalent to two 24-packs of 12-ounce bottles. It's easy and cost-effective and culminates in a whole lot of beer. "Home brewing is fun, plus the result is a great-tasting beer that can be shared with friends," says Gary Glass, director of the American Homebrewers Association (homebrewersassociation.org). "Expect an elevation in your social status." Cheers to your new hobby.—*John Marrin*



Gear Up

→ Beginner kits start at around \$80 for a basic setup. Contents generally include five-gallon fermentation buckets, air locks and spigots, sanitizer, bottle brush, bottle capper and a bag of bottle caps. Some kits also include ingredients for your first batch: brewer's yeast, hops and toasted grains.

Stay Clean

→ It is essential to sterilize your equipment. The good news: "There are no known pathogens that can live in beer, so as long as you don't overindulge, you won't get sick," says Glass. Start with a porter or a stout. "Those are the easiest to make. Brew a few batches before taking on funkier beers like lambics."

Bottle Up

→ Brewing is a straightforward process. You soak the ingredients in heated water, then strain the liquid and pour it into a fermentation container. Let it sit for about two weeks. Once you've bottled, you'll have to wait until bubbles build up again, which can be another few weeks.

Go Nuts

→ After you've successfully brewed a few simple batches, it's time to get creative. "You can use pretty much any ingredient you can imagine," Glass says. Fruits, nuts and spices are all fair game. How crazy can you get? "I once sampled a brew made with Thai curry. It was amazing."

FOLLOW

THE BUNNY

WHO'S BEEN

PUSHING

(AND REMOVING)

BUTTONS

SINCE 1953



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playboy.tumblr.com



instagram.com/playboy

PLUGGED IN TO THE FUTURE

GET TURNED ON TO THE FIVE BEST TRENDS IN TECHNOLOGY

• Digital fads can change in the time it takes to box up a CD collection and move it to the garage. The new wave of electronics is always waiting to be plugged in to your life. With an eye to the future, here are five of the best trends happening now. Better make more room in the garage.

1



Android Car Stereos

→ First it was cell phones, then tablets; now Google's Android system is taking over car stereos. Parrot's Asteroid line can install apps from GPS to Facebook directly in your dash.

Parrot Asteroid Smart (\$600)

2



Wireless Speakers

→ Digital music killed the CD—the home stereo is next. Bluetooth speakers sound better than ever, come in a variety of sizes and don't need wires. Turn it up.

Jawbone Mini Jambox (\$180)

3



TV Everywhere

→ These days real on-demand viewing means watching live TV on your tablet or smartphone. Dish Network's Hopper serves up on-demand and live TV, plus 2,000 hours of DVR'd shows, to a slew of devices.

Dish Hopper (\$299)

4



Bigger Cams in Cell Phones

→ Smartphone photos went legit with the introduction of Nokia's Lumia 1020. The phone packs a 41-megapixel camera—overkill for Instagram but perfect for vacation.

Nokia Lumia 1020 (\$200)

5

Indie Electronics

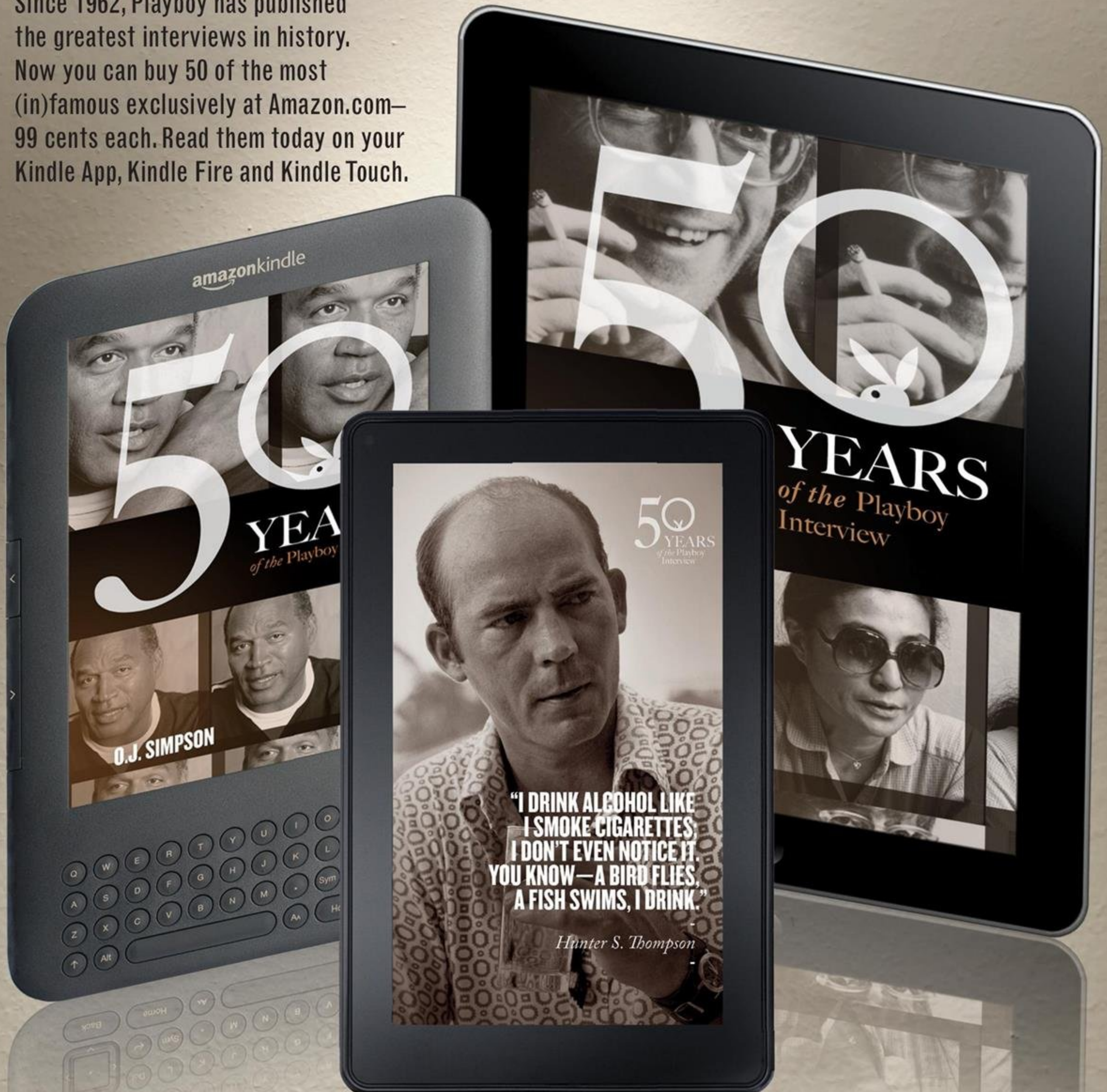
→ Grand St. (grandst.com) bills itself as the anti-Best Buy. The website offers a curated collection of small-batch electronic items—everything from robot kits to crash sensors to handcrafted reclaimed-wood LSTN headphones (pictured, \$150) that benefit the Starkey Hearing Foundation.

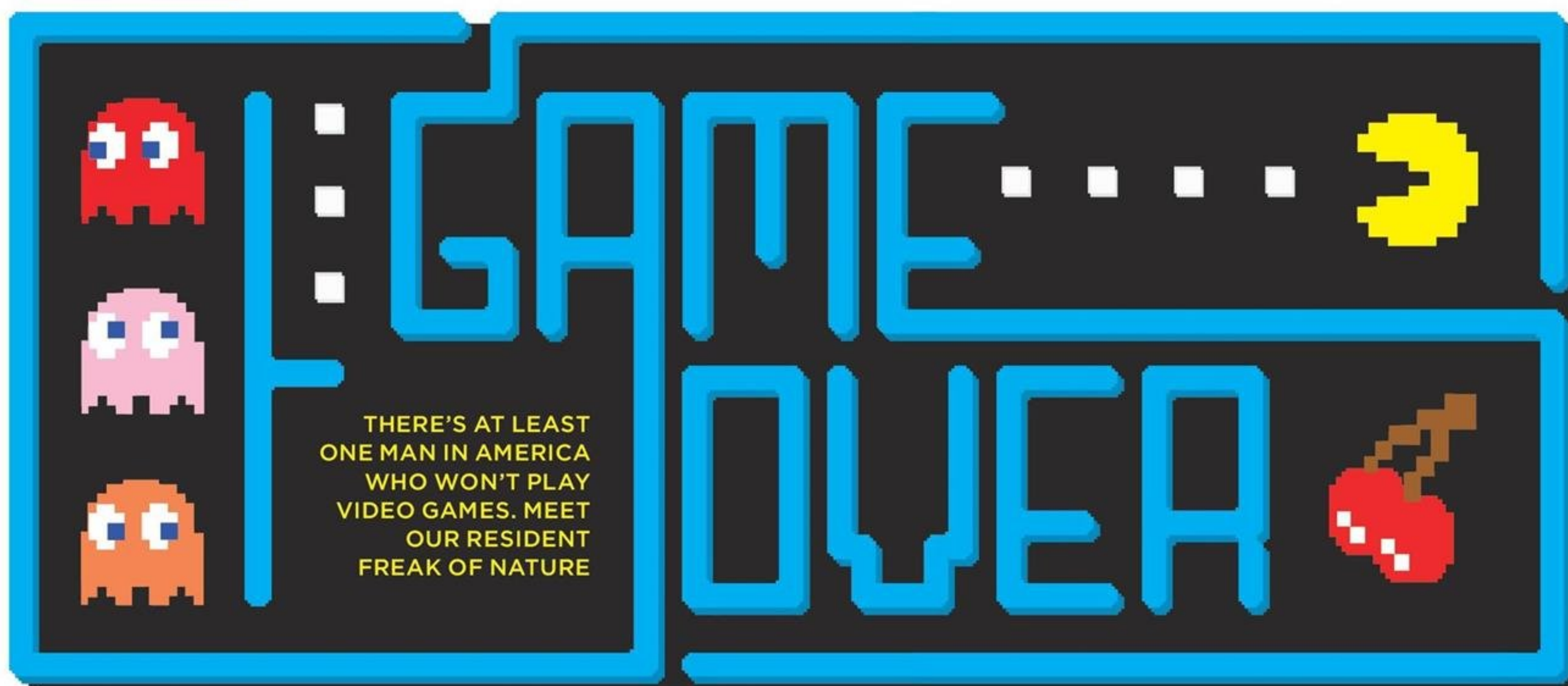


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Every time I see one of those amazing ads for *Call of Duty* or *Grand Theft Auto*—more complex and otherworldly than any movie trailer—I wonder why I stopped playing video games. Then I remember: puberty. I’m a shy, socially anxious guy, and until hormones propelled me to withstand stomach pains to make friends, get money and meet girls, I channeled all my skills into avoiding leaving the house. I read a lot, watched a ton of TV and mastered video games on my Atari 2600. Activision mailed me iron-on patches after I sent in photos of my TV showing high scores in *Pitfall!*, *Ka-boom!*, *Decathlon* and *Ice Hockey*. When my parents forced me to go out with friends, Neil Cohen and I would go to the mall, where I would head straight to the arcade and ostentatiously stretch out during the cartoons between *Ms. Pac-Man* levels, so proud was I of having seen them so many times. I can still beat any high score on a *Ms. Pac-Man* machine solely on muscle memory. Because my muscles have no idea how to throw a baseball.

It’s lazy to say I don’t play video games anymore because I’m too busy. I’m not too busy to watch porn, tweet, cook or read magazines. It’s equally inaccurate for me to claim that, because I’m not good with spatial relationships and I don’t like violence, the industry’s move to first-person-shooter games drove me out: Plenty of great sports and adventure games are still being made. And it’s not that I’ve somehow gotten too cool to game. In fact, as I’ve stayed the same level of nerd, gaming has become socially acceptable. Aisha Tyler talks about games nonstop; the game reviewer for this magazine’s website is also Miss October 2012; my mother, who I wish were separated by more words from the rest of this sentence, plays some kind of

Breakout-looking game on her cell phone whenever she’s not talking on it.

Not loving science fiction and superhero stories isn’t much of an excuse either. If I like Christopher Nolan’s *Batman* series, then there are undoubtedly games that tell stories I’d love. Tyler says she cried at the endings of *Gears of War 3* and *The Walking Dead*. *BioShock Infinite* apparently deals with racism in 1912, religion, utopias and quantum mechanics. There are as many online arguments about its ending as there are about *Gravity’s Rainbow*. People record their bewildered faces as they finish the game and post them on YouTube. Which means there are not only people who make time for video games but also people who make time to watch other people play video games.

The real reason I stopped playing video games is the same reason I once loved to play them: It makes me too aware that time is slipping by. What was once a

BY JOEL STEIN

pleasant escape now, when I have less time left and more to do, incites existential terror. It’s also why I can’t watch a baseball game on TV anymore. Or an entire porn scene, though that may have to do with other issues. Yes, porn is also a waste of time, but at least, unlike with video games, I always win. Meanwhile, playing video games has become too imbued with the loneliness of jigsaw puzzles, solitaire, Sudoku and doing something and not immediately tweeting about it.

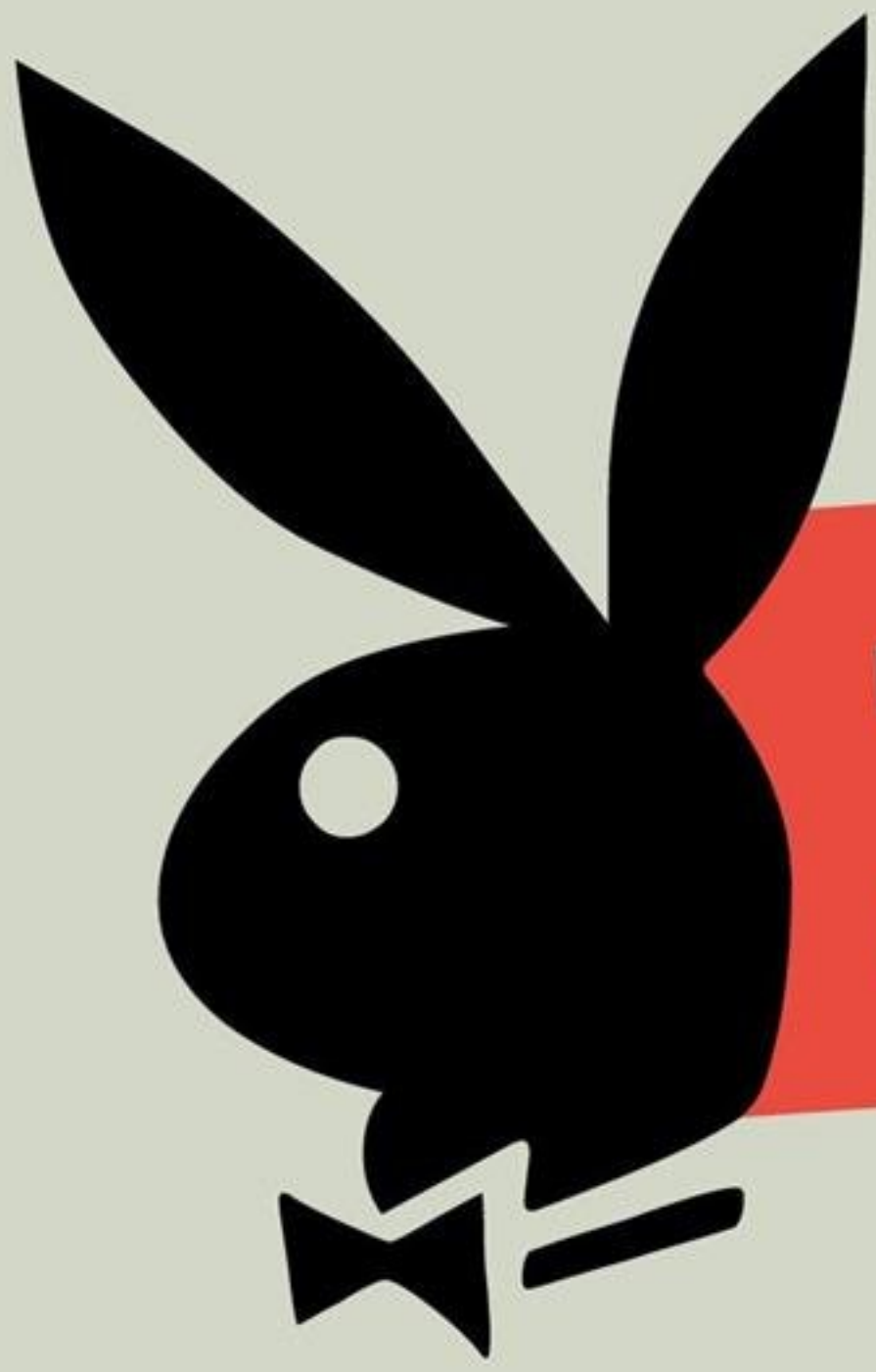
When I had an office job we had to sit around waiting for copy editors and designers to send articles back to us. Two other writers and I would play hours of *NBA Jam*, the one game we had for the free Xbox that Microsoft had sent us. We

played so much *NBA Jam*, in fact, that I still find myself randomly working the announcers’ quotes into conversation: “Is it the shoes?” “Boomshakalaka!” and, though rarely successfully, “Has there ever been a better player out of Santa Clara than Steve Nash?”

So I can see how gaming could be social. In college, my dorm played out a whole season of *Tecmo Bowl* on our Nintendo. But at this point in my life, just getting three people together for dinner takes months of planning. The only kind of multiplayer gaming available to me is the kind that involves being home alone and getting pwned by some nerdy, trash-talking teenage boy a thousand miles away. And I’ve seen enough *Catfish* episodes to know how easily I can be tricked into believing he’s a hot chick who wants to blow me.

Gaming isn’t like bowling or voting, which you can do every few years without knowing anything. Getting good at *Dwarf Fortress* would take me weeks of prolonged frustration, and climbing that learning curve is as likely to happen as my figuring out the piano, a foreign language, a new sport or how to make a woman squirt.

I have very little control over my life—my activities are largely the result of what my friends and family do, where I live and the global economy. The one thing I can affect is my inputs. So I don’t keep candy in the house, record reality TV or own a video game console. If I happen to be around other people who are playing with their Wii or *Madden NFL*, I’ll join in. But I’m not going to make video games a part of my life again. And if that means Miss October 2012 doesn’t want to sleep with me, I’m not worried—partly because she wrote that her turn-ons include someone “with a strong physique who isn’t afraid to hit the gym with me.” I have even more excuses for that one. ■



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WHEN YOUR BOSS HAS A VAGINA

Here's what that woman in the big corner office thinks about you

I'm a lady. And I'm a boss. I'm a lady boss. I work in the entertainment business. I'm a TV writer and producer. I manage actors, writers and a crew of professionals who do everything from makeup to action stunts and set construction to catering. Although I'm not new to being a lady, I am new to "bossing." And it has made me think a lot about the following question: Does it matter if your boss has a penis or a vagina? I know having a vagina makes people confuse me with the secretary, but how much else does it affect?

In my career I've certainly had a lot of examples of male bosses—ones I greatly respected, who championed me and helped me get to where I am today. And the other ones. My first boss in Hollywood asked me in front of a roomful of men if I liked it when my boyfriend fucked me. I answered, "Well, he doesn't really fuck me all that much." That was my first realization that I was working in a truly male-dominated industry *and* that my boyfriend was gay. (The latter was confirmed when he stayed up all night crying after JFK Jr. died.)

I've had dysfunctional bosses and functional alcoholic ones. I've had a boss accuse me of being ungrateful for getting time off when my mom was going through chemotherapy (she's okay now). I told him, "Thank you. It was a blast!" I've had bosses who wanted me to be their partner and bosses who wanted me to be their "partner." One boss would get wasted at night and start IMing me. Boss: "Girl, what are you up to?" Me: "Just about to go to bed." Boss: "Dreaming of me?" My drunk, 20-years-my-senior boss—yeah, that's what I'm going to dream about. Good or bad, almost all my bosses have been men. All except the first one.

My very first boss was a woman. And she taught me a lot. When I was 16 I got a summer job as an assistant at a real estate firm, answering phones. The place was owned by a husband-and-wife team, Ed and Gloria. They were kind, with big laughs and big hearts—exactly the kind of first bosses you'd be looking for. Gloria had a factory job most of her



life, and being the boss was a lifelong dream. For her it was about making her own hours and getting to work with the love of her life—her parrot.

She built a large cage in the conference room made, ironically, out of chicken wire. And that parrot worked right alongside us. Gray parrots are pretty smart as far as birds go. They can be taught to speak. This bird had been taught to speak—one sentence: "Hey, baby, let me see your tattoo." And that bird used those seven words to express every single emotion he had. He's hot. He's cold. He's bored. And we'd hear, "Hey, baby. Hey, baby, let me see your tattoo, tattoo, tattoo, tattoo, tattoo!" Sadly, I had no tattoo to show him.

Having the parrot made Gloria a tad eccentric, but she was a fantastic person. I really looked up to her. She was full

By Hilary Winston

of helpful advice any teenager would pretend not to care about in the moment but would later take. The most practical advice came one afternoon when the men in the office were all out getting lunch. Gloria said she had "something very, very important to talk to me about." It meant a lot to me to have a mentor, a woman who owned her own business, whom I respected. So I was ready. I'd take notes. I'd pay close attention. I'd ask questions.

Gloria began, "Everything you want in life you can get one way." Me: "Hard work?" Gloria: "By giving a great blow job." This was not the mentor-mentee advice I was expecting. Gloria used her hand to simulate what was, in retrospect, a quite large penis. "You have to take it deep. That's the secret." She proceeded to show me her blow-job techniques while the parrot squawked in the background, "Hey, baby! Let me see

your tattoo, tattoo, tattoo!" And that was my first lady-boss experience.

As an employee, I had good and bad bosses of both sexes. They could teach you how to give a blow job or they could ask for one. So I *should* say gender isn't a factor at all in bossing. But now, as a boss, I think it is a factor. It absolutely matters whether your boss has a penis or a vagina, because gender affects everything. Now, as a lady boss, I can be bad in all the ways any boss can. I'll have a fight with my fiancé on the way to work and take it out on you. I'll make you work on the weekend and tell you Friday night. I'll stock the break room with snacks only I like. I'll notice when your car isn't there right at nine. I'll doubt you're really sick. I'll resent your car trouble, out-of-town weddings and dentist appointments. And yet I'll leave early just to beat traffic—while you're still at work.

But the real difference between having a male boss and a female boss is social customs. No matter what our roles are, we're tied to ones that have existed since way before anyone noticed the glass ceiling. You hold the door for me because I'm a woman, not because I'm your boss. You look at my ass because you're a man, not my subordinate. And I wear V-necks because I'm a woman and I have nice tits.

All in all, having a lady boss instead of a dude boss is like having a relationship with any other woman. Which is always a little complicated. A little complex. A little confusing. A little crazy. You may see me crying in my car. You may know how many Weight Watchers points I get each day. I may be late for a meeting because Prada is on Gilt Groupe. But I actually care about seeing pictures of your kids, and I'll throw the office a puppy party as a reward for a job well done. But at the end of the day, like every boss, I'll support you if you're good and fire you if you're bad. The only difference is, after I fire you, you'll still have to walk me to my car. ■

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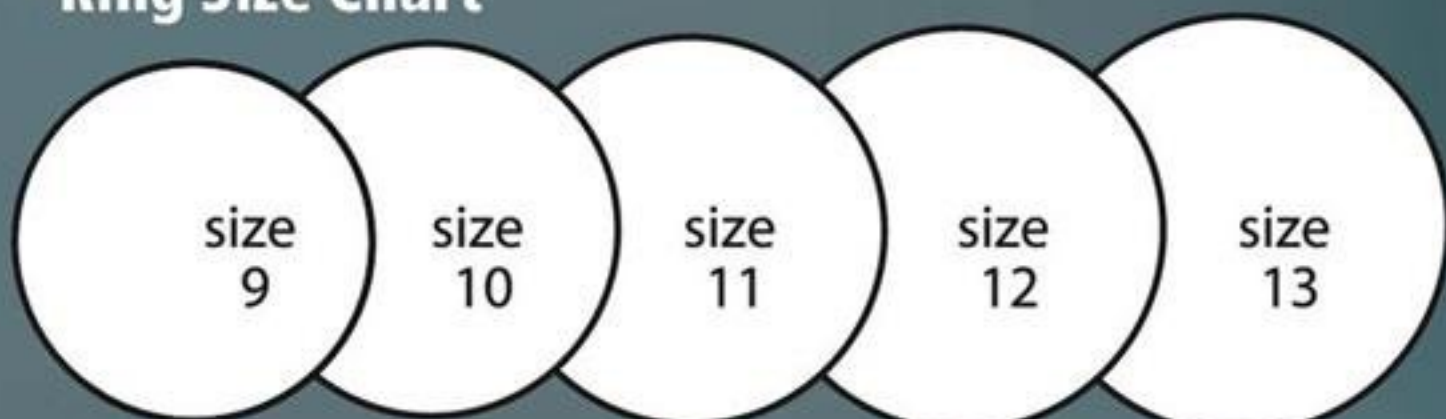
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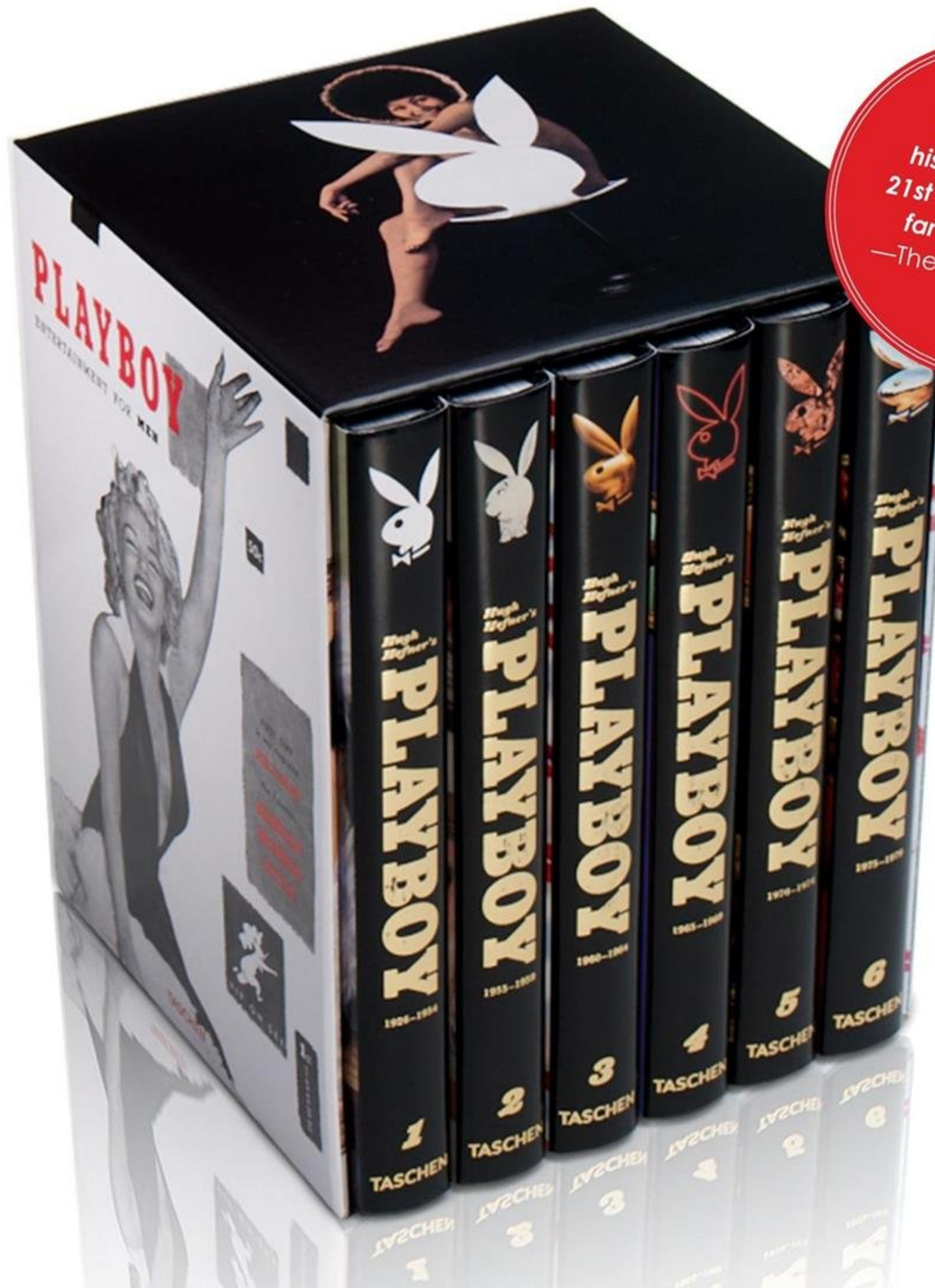
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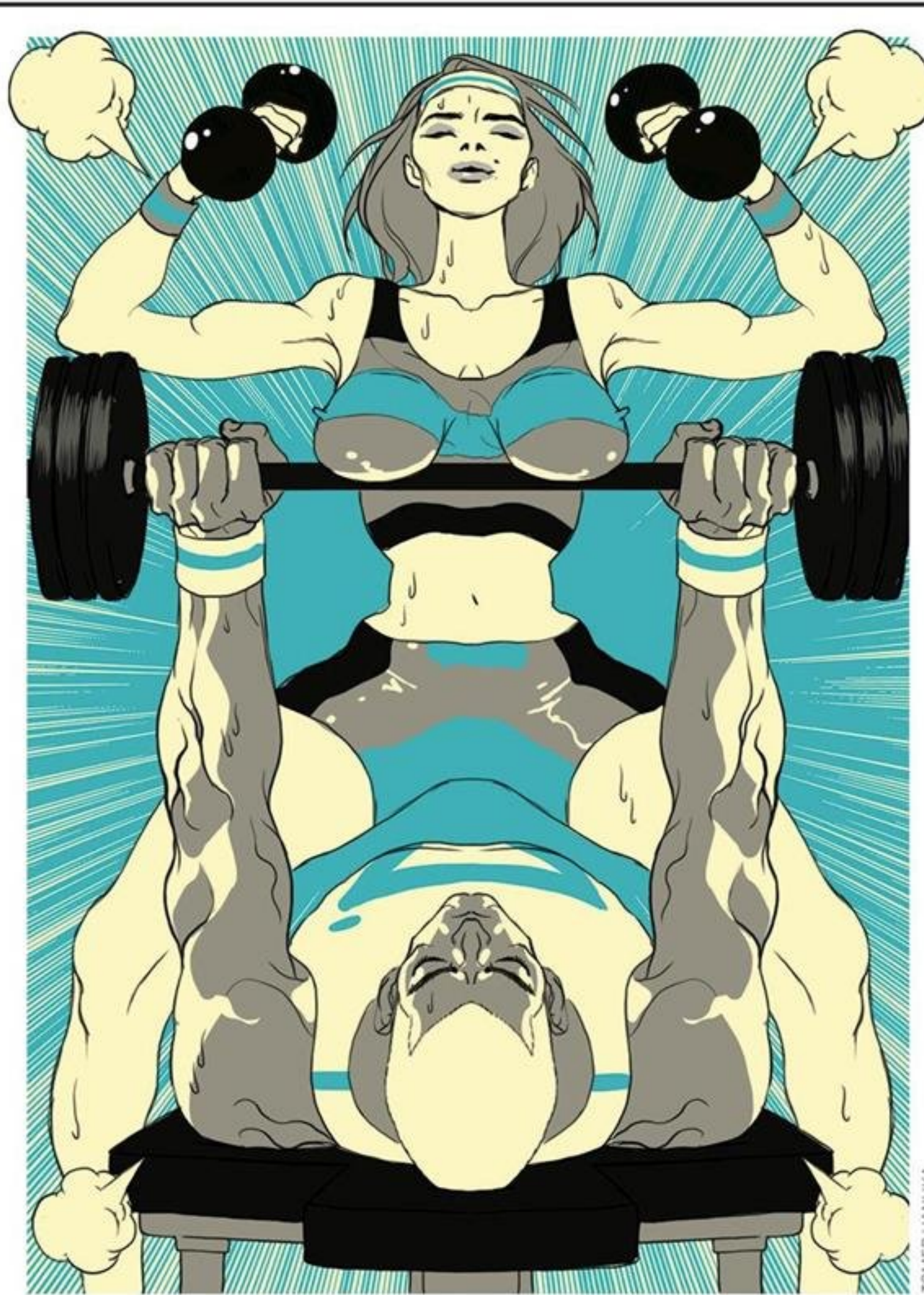
 **TASCHEN**

Having recently gone through a rough breakup, I dusted off the movie *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, a gem on the topic. In one scene the main character, Peter, is out on the town, looking for some rebound action. He says to two women, "I just came out of a five-year relationship, so I'm not looking for anything serious, just sexual activity." As a newly single guy with nothing to lose, I can't help but fantasize about being able to pull off such a brazen stunt. Not to be greedy, but I think I could actually pull it off with two women. A ménage à trois would go a long way toward healing my broken heart. Do you think I can make blunt work?—R.M., Paso Robles, California

We don't recommend blunt. It makes for good comedy in movies, but in reality it's brutish, offensive and virtually guaranteed to make a woman feel like little more than a piece of meat. Direct can work, but be earnest, complimentary and specific about what you find attractive about the woman you're interested in. You're complicating matters by bringing up a threesome, a fantasy that sits statistically low on the scale of awesome shit people wish happened more often. We've found a ménage à trois becomes an achievable scenario when the green light is glaringly obvious: Are the two women gazing longingly at you, whispering to each other and then gazing longingly at you again? In that case, go for it. But rare is the random ménage between strangers that doesn't involve a three-day EDM festival and copious molly. An informal poll of successful ménage a trotskies revealed that it's most likely to happen between friends or at least acquaintances who have had time to establish mutual trust. But that doesn't prevent post-ménage complications: A couple who hooked up with a good female friend consider the ménage the beginning of the end of their relationship. The boyfriend came in his girlfriend's best friend. The two women didn't trust each other afterward, and the girlfriend never trusted her boyfriend again. One friend of ours managed a ménage à quatre with three women, which devolved into an air-traffic-control nightmare with nobody ever landing. Be careful what you wish for, but if you pull it off, please let us know.

Years ago, when we were dating and experimental, my now wife and I bought a harness and dildo for her to wear. I found it the other day when I was cleaning out my closet, and I'm wondering how to propose to my wife that we

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



A friend of mine was showing off her new boob job. She proudly proclaimed that she now has sporty nipples. Do different nipple types have their own names?—S.G., Portland, Oregon

Official nipple nomenclature is woefully inexpressive—normal, flat and inverted being the three main descriptors. But in casual use we've heard the terms puffy, perky, prominent, droopy, shy, dimpled, pancake, high beam, low beam, up thermometer and down thermometer. As for your friend, after breast augmentation surgery, implants can push the nipple up and out in certain instances, which is what we're guessing your friend meant by "sporty." Dr. Grant Stevens of Marina Plastic Surgery in Los Angeles uses a sporty analogy to explain this phenomenon: "Think of the nipple as a swing set. If the nipple is in the normal position or a little low, breast augmentation surgery will push the swing to the top of the arc."

finally take off the hangtag and put it to good use 10 years after buying it.—D.D., Miami Beach, Florida

Do it as romantically and playfully as possible on your wedding anniversary. Present the dildo to her bundled with a dozen roses and a picture of the two of you during your courtship. Follow that with dinner at an old haunt, where you can reminisce over those early days of oxytocin-fueled euphoria. We assume the unused dildo was more a totem of trust than a tool for intimacy and pleasure—and that if you didn't need it then, you probably

won't need it later that night. But it doesn't hurt to try, provided you use plenty of lube.

How do women in porn movies swallow a nine- or 10-inch cock all the way to the hilt with seeming ease when giving head? My wife can barely handle my puny five inches without gagging.—D.G., Concord, California

Expecting your wife to be able to perform like an adult-film star is asking a lot of her. Porn is adult entertainment, not adult education. Just as most movie action heroes aren't able to execute a perfect flying kick on the first take, adult-film performers don't always deep throat flawlessly. Like any actor, they need to prepare for their roles. Provided your wife isn't trying to tell you something with her gagging, here are a few tricks of the trade you can share with her: She can practice relaxing her throat by inserting two fingers into the back of her mouth until her gag reflex subsides over time. She can fold her left thumb into her palm and clench a fist, an anti-gagging trick that dentists recommend to patients in the chair. Or she can use a numbing agent such as Comfortably Numb Deep Throat spray. Bonus blow job fact: The reason porn actors look up into a man's eyes while fellating him is to keep their eyes from tearing up.

I go out to a lot of business meals with my boss, and I have noticed that he tips really badly, even when the service is excellent. I used to work in a restaurant, and I know how important tips are to a waitstaff's livelihood. Should I say something to my boss?—T.S., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Issues of sexual harassment or a hostile work environment aside, never complain to your boss, especially about something that happens outside the office and doesn't directly affect your job. That said, you don't want to look like a cheapskate by association. The next time this happens, wait until your boss has paid and gets up from the table. Excuse yourself and head to the bathroom. Stall until your boss is heading to his or her car and then slip your server a little extra cash. Think of it as a deposit in your karmic 401(k).

Is it possible for a woman not to have a clitoris? I have never been able to locate a clitoris on my wife, but we have a very satisfying sex life. After penetration she gently moves up and down on my penis while slightly rotating her pelvis until she climaxes. If she doesn't have a

clitoris, how is she able to do this?—D.W., Minneapolis, Minnesota

It's possible your wife has a condition called clitoral phimosis, in which excess skin obscures or entirely covers the clitoris. While many people think the clitoris is limited to the small bump at the top of the vagina, it actually extends inward and wraps around the vaginal cavity, which is why she can still have an orgasm. You're still stimulating her clitoris but from the inside. Kudos to you and your wife for finding a workaround.

My boyfriend and I have been dating for seven years and want to take our sex life to the next level. A surprising number of my girlfriends have told me to try female ejaculation. They say it's an intense, full-body experience and that it's incredibly satisfying to see your orgasm produce something. My boyfriend and I have looked at videos online, and they look fake to us. Is female ejaculation real? Can anyone do it? If so, how do we learn?—L.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

The so-called squirting orgasm, which involves the release of fluid from the urethral sponge, has become a booming subgenre of online porn, but its roots are in sex-positive feminism. The leading expert in the field is Deborah Sundahl, who teaches workshops and has been producing instructional videos since 1992 (check out her website at isimedia.org). Whether anyone can do it is one thing; whether you want to is another. To each her own: Some women love the classic clitoral orgasm but think the internal vaginal orgasm is uncomfortable and requires too much work. Squirting orgasms can be achieved through a combination of clitoral and vaginal stimulation, plus lube, plus practice. That's a lot of work, but converts report extreme satisfaction. We admire that you want to claim the wet spot as your own.

Do you find Virgin America's new seat-to-seat drink-delivery "flirting" system weird? It's built into your seat-back TV monitor, and you can order a drink for a cute girl five rows away. Although I'm a fan of innocent flirtation, I think it's kind of awkward to order something for a woman on a long flight who has no escape route. Aren't there less creepy ways to make introductions on a plane?—T.E., St. Louis, Missouri

We're a fan of anything that aims to put romance back in the all too wearying world of modern air travel. That said, booze and elevation famously don't mix. Low cabin pressure causes some passengers to feel more intoxicated, which can catch boozers unaware: People have even defecated on drink carts, and flight attendants keep duct tape on hand to subdue unruly intoxicated travelers. As for the creep factor, whether you order someone a drink electronically or through a bartender, let it be delivered and then take your cues from the recipient's reaction. Anyone can decline a drink, and if it's yours being declined, then respect the "no means no" of it all. Virgin is the master of stunt marketing, what with its intergalactic flights and honestly named Upper Class designation for first class.

We would bet this doesn't catch on. But until then, try to smoke out the air marshal by ordering everyone a drink and seeing who doesn't imbibe.

I have thousands of songs in iTunes and on CDs, old laptops and iPods, and even a few cassette tapes. What should I do to put it all in one place?—R.C., Tacoma, Washington

Rip the CDs to your computer's media player. Buy an Ion Tape Express to transfer the cassettes. Use a file-consolidation program such as MediaMonkey for all the files you might have strewn across iTunes, Windows Media Player and Winamp. Once you've done that, invest in a trend-immune Audio-Technica LP-120 turntable. Then build a well-curated library of vinyl records (which many audiophiles swear produce warmer bass and crisper treble than any digital format). Don't worry, you won't be stuck listening to scratched copies of Desperado and Synchronicity. Labels routinely release limited runs of LPs by major artists. Daft Punk's album Random Access Memories was released simultaneously digitally and on vinyl. The vinyl version sold 19,000 copies in the first week.

Does cologne go bad over time? I just got a massive bottle of cologne for my birthday, and I'm hoping it will last me for years.—H.B., Kankakee, Illinois

Yes, cologne can go bad. Heat and light are the two biggest culprits in making a cologne go off. As with wine, keep your cologne in a cool dark place to extend its shelf life for years. As the saying goes, the nose knows, so you'll recognize when it goes bad: It just won't smell good to you anymore.

I'm hosting a New Year's Eve dinner party and want to serve champagne and oysters on the half shell. What's the best way to open an oyster?—M.G., Austin, Texas

We have seen all sorts of implements and techniques, the most brutal of which was employed by a fishmonger in Australia who hammered the bivalves open, scattering shell fragments all over the meat, which he then washed off with a hose, along with the prized oyster liquor. Preserving this brine is half the goal, so go slowly. Get a good chain-mail shucking glove. Lemon juice is a fine garnish; blood is not. Hold the oyster flat on a cutting board with your gloved hand, gripping the wider end of the oyster. On the narrow end of the flat top of the oyster, work the tip of the knife down until the hinge pops. Gently pry the shell up and away while scraping the knife forward between the halves of the shell. It takes patience, practice and, unfortunately, complete and total sobriety. Since we like to drink a glass of cold and flinty Sancerre with our oysters, our preferred method is to have someone else do it, preferably in late fall and early winter, when ocean waters are cold and oysters are at their sweetest. As for what oysters to order and what knife to buy, check out page 28.

About 10 years ago I started to see guys wearing skinny jeans. I thought the style

would go the way of bell-bottoms, but it seems skinny jeans are here to stay. And now guys are wearing skinny suits too (and not all the guys wearing them are skinny). Even though they used to look right, now all my jeans look baggy and my suits look like zoot suits. Should I buy a whole new wardrobe?—C.L., Hoboken, New Jersey

Unless you just served 10 years in prison, you should never buy a whole new wardrobe. Trends come and go, but looking good in clothes comes down to this simple rule: Dress to scale. If you are slim, then dress slim, from suits to jeans to shirts and swim trunks. No thin man ever looked amazing in those broad-shouldered suits of the 1980s. No short man looked good in wide-cut bell-bottoms. Conversely, no husky man will look good in a super-trim suit or jeans. If your suits look baggy on you, have them tailored down. Too many men buy a suit based on their chest size and leave it at that. Few suits look perfect off the rack; most require a nip and tuck here and there. A skilled tailor can modify a suit to fit your body. Every dapper man in the history of fashion has dressed to scale: Fred Astaire, a man of short stature, always had his suits hemmed super high, which pushed the vertical impression of his legs and gave a sense of elongating his form. Portly producer Rick Rubin owned his girth by growing a massive beard and wearing loose-fitting flannel shirts. In other words, wear clothes that fit your body and your personality.

I recently heard about a new penis-size study that shows women prefer a bigger penis, but I've also heard size doesn't really matter. I had been feeling pretty good about my less-than-gargantuan manhood, but now not so much.—A.K., Brooklyn, New York

We think you're referring to a recent study out of Australia in which women were shown computer-generated pictures of naked men of various sizes, all with flaccid penises. What the study shows is that the women preferred men with penises that were in proportion to their body size and that by a slight margin they considered bigger men with proportionally bigger penises to be the most attractive. But when all was said and done, the biggest determinant of attractiveness was shoulder-to-hip ratio, with the women favoring men whose shoulders were broader than their hips. We have yet to observe a respectable bar where men walk around without their pants, so our advice for improving your chances in the field: Do more shoulder workouts.

For answers to reasonable questions relating to fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars, sex and dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette, write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or send an e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. The most interesting and pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month.



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Right-wing greens

Porn extortion?

DON'T DRILL ON ME

Meet the new face of environmental activism

BY DEAN KUIPERS

Larry Bell is a conservative and a successful brewer in Michigan. His Bell's Brewery makes some of the best-loved craft beers in the country, selling 250,000 barrels a year of its highly rated Two Hearted Ale and other brews across 18 states.

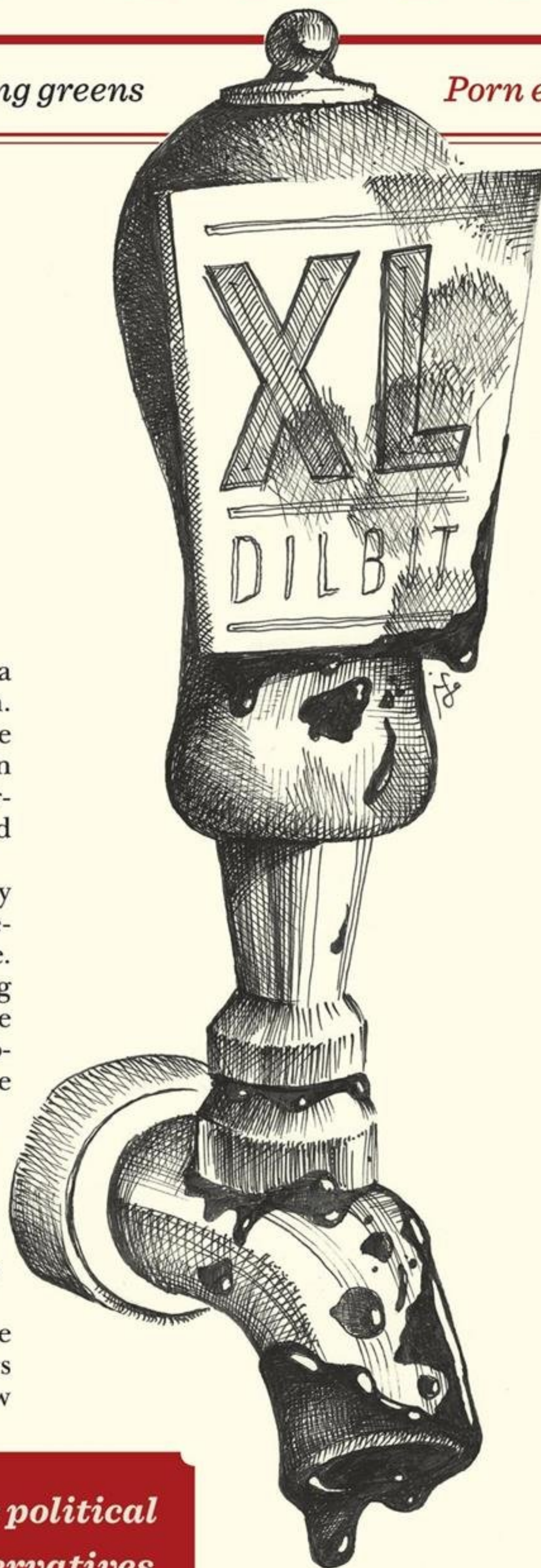
He is, in political terms, the kind of guy you'd want to have a beer with. He believes in American energy independence. He thought it was a good idea to wring oil from the tar sands of Canada and pipe it into the U.S., even to build the controversial Keystone XL pipeline to run the oil down to Port Arthur, Texas.

But then tar-sands oil threatened Bell's beer, and what he found out about this particular oil changed his mind completely. "I was on the side of building Keystone XL," says Bell. "But I certainly couldn't condone it now."

Similar stories are piling up: Some political conservatives and supporters of U.S. energy independence are now opposed to tar-sands oil. Terry Van Housen, originally a big fan of the Keystone XL pipeline, which is supposed to run through his Nebraska farm and cattle feedlot, is now fighting it. Debra Medina, former Tea Party candidate for governor of Texas, supports a Texas Supreme Court case against the pipeline. Ex-marine Michael Bishop says he wouldn't have fought the pipeline for environmental reasons but has filed three lawsuits to stop it, including one against the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

They have a litany of complaints. Some question why the foreign company building Keystone XL—Calgary-based

Some political conservatives are now opposed to tar-sands oil.



TransCanada—can grab U.S. property under eminent domain. Some want to see more money for landowners. Others don't like that TransCanada has been providing lists of

"aggressive" landowners and activists to local authorities.

But all of them fear an oil spill.

In July 2010, a pipeline owned by Enbridge (another Calgary-based energy-transport company) ruptured near Marshall, Michigan, dumping nearly a million gallons of tar-sands oil into the

READER RESPONSE

LIBERTY AND LIBERTARIANISM

In "The War on Sex" (September), Nancy L. Cohen's hastily tacked-on jab at Rand Paul is not only misleading but outright false. Senator Paul believes states have the right to ban gay marriage just as much as he believes they have the right to legalize it. Also,



including his stance on marijuana? What does that have to do with sex? Paul is a huge advocate of growing hemp and legalizing medical marijuana, which is certainly more 420-friendly than our current administration. To try to misleadingly label Paul as some far-right puritan à la Todd Akin is a clear indicator that Cohen's article is not about the alleged war on sex but rather an attempt to smear as many potential 2016 GOP candidates as possible in her allotted page and a half.

Cody Joel
Louisville, Kentucky

Nancy L. Cohen responds: "The true libertarian position is that gay marrying, dope smoking and nonprocreative



READER RESPONSE

fucking are individual rights that should not be abridged by any government, federal or state. Rand Paul earns his inclusion in the GOP's war on sex through his avid support for a 'personhood amendment' to the U.S. Constitution. By defining life as beginning at fertilization, such an amendment would have the effect of classifying popular forms of birth control as instruments of murder. I thought PLAYBOY readers might also be interested to learn about Paul's politically ambidextrous positioning on drugs. On May 12, The Washington Post reported on a meeting in which Paul 'assured' evangelical pastors 'that he disagrees with libertarians who support legalizing drugs.' On medical marijuana, Paul has said he believes it is a state-rights issue but takes no public position himself. Neither PLAYBOY's fact-checkers nor I found any evidence that Paul is a 'huge advocate' of legalizing medical marijuana, and the senator's office did not respond to our request for clarification."

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

I disagree with Ishmael Reed ("Who's Next?," July/August). Gays aren't the new blacks; felons are. I have three felony convictions for possessing small amounts of marijuana, less than half an ounce each time. Unfortunately,

Kalamazoo River about 30 miles upstream from Bell's Brewery. The complex cleanup has cost more than \$1 billion, making it the costliest on-shore spill in U.S. history—and it's not finished. In March 2013 a smaller spill from an ExxonMobil line flowed through the city of Mayflower, Arkansas. Bell and others believe the spills are caused in part because what flows through these pipes is not conventional oil but diluted bitumen, or dilbit.

"The first week, Enbridge told people it was crude oil, but the cleanup people who dove right in to help us out were exposed to benzene and other toxic materials that aren't in crude oil," says Bell. "They got sick from it, and they went to the doctor. He said, 'What were you exposed to?' And they have to say, 'I don't know.' That's heinous behavior."

Tar-sands oil is not what we picture when we think of a gusher of light sweet crude. Bitumen from the Athabasca tar sands has the consistency of peanut butter. It's too thick to pump through a pipeline, so it's diluted by about 30 percent with solvents called "diluent." Thus, dilbit.

"How could I let my people work, knowing that stuff was blowing in the windows?"

is required to keep records that explain the makeup of each batch of dilbit. What's left to clean up at the bottom of the river today, he says, is a nontoxic solid.

But when Enbridge moved to dredge the river and pile the sludge about 60 yards from his brewery, Bell brought experts to visit the local planning commission and had the dredging halted. Enbridge hadn't even gotten the right permit for the site before cleanup began.

"It was our error," says Manshum, noting that two other dredge sites weren't required to have the same permits.

"How could I let my people work," asks Bell, "knowing that stuff was blowing in the windows?"

The brewer's stance inspired other Michiganders to look at the pipeline. Dan Musser III, president of the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island and a member of the Mackinac Bridge Authority, was concerned when Enbridge announced it would increase the volume of oil running through a



BREWER LARRY BELL BECAME AN OPPONENT OF THE KEYSTONE XL PIPELINE AFTER A SPILL IN THE KALAMAZOO RIVER.

Enbridge spokesman Jason Manshum acknowledges that Line 6B carries dilbit but insists it's no different from other kinds of heavy crude oil.

"Crude oil is crude oil," he says. "It's liquid oil. When it's in the pipe it's all the same. The benzene and other chemicals in this product tend to evaporate and disperse within hours of an incident."

By summer 2012, Manshum notes, Michigan's Department of Community Health declared the river safe for recreational activities. Moreover, the company

60-year-old underwater pipeline that crosses the Straits of Mackinac. "If there were a spill in the straits, all eyes would be on us," Musser says. "It's not all altruistic; it would affect our business."

Steve Wuori, president of Enbridge's major projects division, came to see Musser in August. Musser says Wuori assured him it was light crude from North Dakota, not dilbit, running through the line. "I feel reasonably optimistic that they are on the right track to ensure a safe pipeline in our neck of the woods," Musser says.

Bell is not as optimistic. "Politically, I'm a guy who supports energy independence," he says. "But now that I understand dilbit



in Oklahoma marijuana is considered a controlled dangerous substance. It is grouped in the same class of drugs as heroin and methamphetamine. My only crime is smoking marijuana. Since



THE GRAND HOTEL ON MACKINAC ISLAND IN MICHIGAN: NOT SO FAST WITH THAT UNDER-WATER PIPELINE.

and its brother, horizontal fracking, I know we need clean water.”

These words echo across the 2,100 acres of corn on Terry Van Housen’s farm in Polk County, Nebraska. He grows corn to feed cattle in his feedlot, where, he says, he can “make 30,000 pounds of steak a day.” What he learned about the Keystone XL pipeline has him worried about his livelihood.

When TransCanada first sent a survey crew to look at his property, 61-year-old Van Housen was pleased. Crude oil sounded fine to him. They gave him \$500 and told him he’d get money for the easement. The pipe would be buried and he could farm right over it. He was ready to sign. Then he started talking to his neighbors. “The land manager who came to see me from TransCanada made it sound so rosy, so perfect. But it wasn’t so perfect at all,” says Van Housen.

It’s his understanding that he is liable for a spill if he runs his heavy equipment over the line—a claim TransCanada spokesman Grady Semmens dismisses, saying the pipe is buried in a way that makes it safe for farming. Then Van Housen learned about the Kalamazoo and Mayflower spills, as well as a number of smaller spills on existing Keystone pipelines. This worried him. Heavy crude, like dilbit, moves at higher pressures than light crude, and he, like many others, believes this is causing leaks.

Semmens deflects this argument too, saying tar-sands oil poses no increased risk from either pressure or corrosion. “Several studies have shown there is no difference in safety or risk for pipelines carrying bitumen-derived crude oil compared with traditional, lighter crude oils,” he says, citing a recent study by the National Research Council.

Van Housen’s big fear, however, is that his property sits atop the Ogallala Aquifer, a vast underground freshwater lake close to the surface of the Great Plains that irrigates nearly a third of all the cultivated land in the U.S. The state of Nebraska convinced TransCanada to re-route Keystone XL so it misses the environmentally sensitive Sandhills region, but it still goes right over the aquifer.

“I told the land manager, ‘What if it gets down into the aquifer and it destroys my ability to water my corn and my cattle? I’m done. I’m ruined,’” Van Housen says.

Semmens says environmental-impact studies have determined that a leak into the aquifer may affect an area measured in only “hundreds of feet” and that “TransCanada recognizes the significance of this critical resource and will not jeopardize it.”

Van Housen is hardly reassured. He hasn’t signed an easement and is trying to figure out a way to keep the pipeline off his land.

“I’m starting to freak out now,” he says, sitting in his farm truck and barking into the phone about TransCanada. “What the hell are you trying to do? You’re trying to get a lifetime easement and make billions of dollars but ruin

our land. And you can’t even protect us?”

Stakeholders like Van Housen got a further shock this summer when anti-Keystone XL activist group Bold Nebraska found documents in which TransCanada suggests to local law enforcement that particularly aggressive landowners and activists may be candidates for domestic terrorism charges.

“It’s all bad,” Van Housen says of the pipe. “There’s no upside to it whatsoever.”

In July 2011 Republican activist Debra Medina, head of a policy nonprofit called We Texans, got a phone call about looking into the Keystone XL pipeline.

“I asked why I would get involved with it,” she says. “It’s a private company. I’m

TransCanada suggested that aggressive landowners and activists may be candidates for terrorism charges.



READER RESPONSE

my incarceration I have experienced housing discrimination and difficulty finding a job. I can no longer get the state licenses I used to have. My voting rights have been curtailed and my gun rights taken away, even though I have never been violent. When I tell people I’ve been to prison, they look at me as if I’m a terrorist. I definitely feel like three fifths of a person. This will be a rising social issue as we increasingly lock up more people for bullshit reasons.

Rodger Alan Gibson
Tulsa, Oklahoma

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

Robert Perry’s letter in June (“Keynes Was Right”) tells the story of the downturn as I understand it. However, I disagree with his assessment that Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac deserve much of the blame. Certainly they contributed to the financial crisis, but they were late to the game. You need to return to November 1999 to reach ground zero. That’s when Senator Phil Gramm (Republican of Texas) slipped an amendment into a bill that eliminated the last vestiges of the



Glass-Steagall Act. Passed during the Depression, the act created divisions in the financial industry. With these restrictions removed, behemoths such as Citigroup bought brokerage firms, real estate firms, savings and loans and commercial and individual loan operations. With the complicity of Wall Street, everyone and his brother jumped into the loan-origination game. Even drug dealers got into writing mortgages



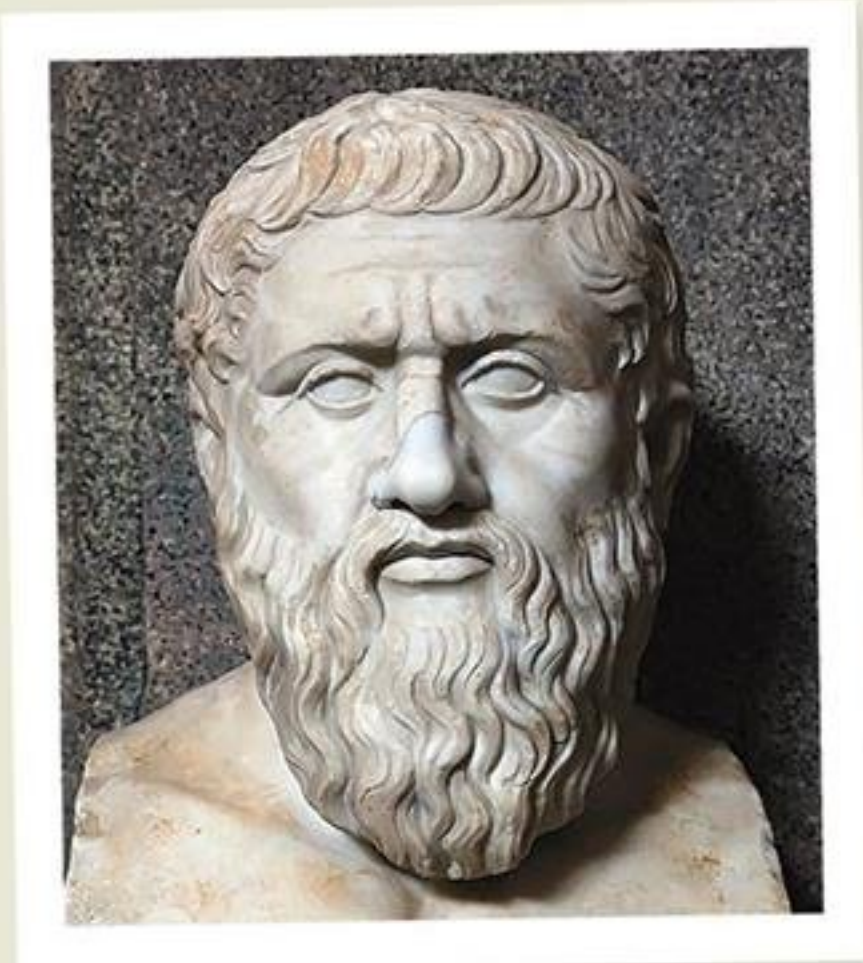
READER RESPONSE

because it was so lucrative and no one shot at you. Previously, savings and loans originated, funded and serviced a loan to term (usually 20 to 30 years). This chain of custody disappeared once Glass-Steagall was dead. Hefty fees were taken up front, and the mess was tossed over the fence for someone else to either squeeze out whatever profit they could or be stuck with the nonperformers. Without regulation, you get a market run amok, with many losers and a few big winners. One of those winners is Gramm, who became a senior executive at UBS, formerly a bank but now a financial services firm that couldn't have existed under Glass-Steagall. Finally, lest we forget, it was a Republican-controlled Congress that ordered Fannie and Freddie to buy those toxic loans. When they resisted, Congress changed their charters to compel their participation.

Donald Lovett
Sugar Land, Texas

A NECESSARY TRUTH

In response to "What Happened to Science?" (July/August): Since truth is now relative, the postmoderns have a new term for one reason people disagree—*confirmation bias*. Believe me, it's a dodge. Plato states that the republic's elites—the guardians and philosopher-kings of his time—should be lovers of



learning and as such should be in an uncompromising and relentless pursuit of truth. Falsehoods, as well as those who spew them (the Sophists), were rightly held in contempt. Since everyone now has a valid point of view, sophistry has become high art. It should come

all about private enterprise flourishing and making money. Then he told me they're using eminent domain to take Texas property to build the pipeline. I about fell out of my chair."

Thus began a legal battle over whether TransCanada, a foreign corporation, has the authority to use eminent domain in the state of Texas.

No one was more willing to take that on than Medina, a private-property and state-sovereignty advocate who is popular in Texas, where she got 19 percent of the vote for a third-place finish in the 2010 Republican gubernatorial primary.

Medina says Texas statutes maintain that to use eminent domain to take property from folks who don't want to give it up, a company has to be a "common carrier," meaning it carries oil "to or for the public for hire" and is permitted by the Railroad Commission of Texas. Medina argues that TransCanada doesn't cut it.

"Unfortunately there hasn't been a court in the state of Texas that has agreed with me yet," she says.

She notes, however, that case law is evolving, including a key 2011 Texas Supreme Court decision that established that private landowners have standing to appeal eminent-domain decisions regard-



CLEANUP EFFORTS IN MICHIGAN: NEARLY A MILLION GALLONS OF TAR-SANDS OIL LEAKED INTO THE KALAMAZOO RIVER IN 2010.

ing pipelines. And a case that could affect the Keystone XL project, *Crawford Family Farm Partnership v. TransCanada*, will soon be heard by the Texas Supreme Court.

TransCanada's Semmens says Keystone is a common carrier and that the two percent of landowners whose easements are grabbed by eminent domain get less money than those who sign an agreement. That's the brutal logic. "The real problem," Medina says, "is that government is giving private enterprise immunity from civil liability. You can call it

INDECENT EXPOSURE

Preying on those who would download porn

It looked like another Comcast bill, but as James opened the letter, its implications became clear. "If you have any legal questions about this matter," it read, "please contact an attorney."

Comcast was handing over James's personal records to a company called Malibu Media. Allegedly, someone using James's internet connection had illegally downloaded pornographic movies with titles such as *Hailey Loves It Anally*. Malibu Media had filed suit, citing copyright violations, and on July 3 Comcast sent the news.

James had a password-protected wi-fi network that he allowed friends and neighbors to access freely. "It was hell for the first few nights," he says. "I thought about the FBI warnings I've skipped in movies, the agreements I've clicked on without reading. I felt squeezed for what little money I have—money I don't have."

Lawyers and judges have seen plenty of such lawsuits from Malibu Media, Prenda Law and other "porn trolling" operations since 2010, some demanding settlements as high as \$20,000. "These companies don't want to go to court," says Billy Joe Mills, who bills himself as "the friendliest attorney in Chicago" and who special-

izes in cases like James's. "They want settlements, and they rely on the shame of porn: Pay us or we'll launch a federal lawsuit—with public documents a basic Google search can find that reveal you were sued for stealing *Interracial Gang Bang Anal Explosion*."

This past summer, the Pirate Bay, a file-sharing hub, used the porn troll's tricks against them, subpoenaing records for an IP address from which many of the adult films cited in copyright lawsuits had been uploaded. It belonged to a company once operated by Prenda's lead attorney.

The summer also saw sanctions levied against Prenda and Malibu in U.S. district courts. The

sanctions crippled Prenda, and though Malibu was allowed to continue its suits, its counsel is now required to mention the sanctions in future cases. One plaintiff's lawyer admitted his client's trolling had a 30 percent error rate.

"I have people on the phone in tears, contemplating suicide," says Mills, "paying even though they couldn't have done it because they were abroad, for example, but can't risk muddying their name."

"Part of me wants to fight," says James, "but there's a part of me that.... Look, I'm a teacher. This would end me." —Richard Morgan





THE TERMINUS OF THE KEystone XL PIPELINE WILL BE IN PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS; WHO WILL REPRESENT THE INTEREST OF ALL TEXANS?

crony capitalism or corporatism or statist policy, but Republicans are getting pretty confused about their ideas of limited government and free markets.”

Most of this jibes with the complaints of Texas landowner Michael Bishop, a vocal opponent of the southern section of the Keystone XL project, which was praised by President Obama in March 2012 and is already completed on Bishop’s land.

“When my research led me to the truth about this pipeline, I was outraged,” Bishop writes via e-mail. He, like Medina, is afraid of a spill. A self-proclaimed libertarian, Bishop is also upset because landowners have little recourse to fight the project.

“They have more rights than we do,” he writes. “That is not equal protection under the law, and the current laws are skewed in favor of the oil companies—unjustly.”

Genieve Long, a stay-at-home mother of four in Mayflower, Arkansas, didn’t have any opinion about tar-sands oil—until it poured through her town.

“I was never completely against them until the pipeline broke. And once I realized the devastation it can cause, I thought, This is ridiculous,” she says.

When the ExxonMobil pipeline ruptured in Mayflower in March, an estimated 5,000 barrels of dilbit rushed through town. Twenty-two homes (two of which ExxonMobil later bought) were evacuated as the goo pooled in a marshy cove of Lake Conway about 300 yards from Long’s home.

“The oil companies have more rights than we do. That is not equal protection under the law.”

“You immediately had the throat-burning sensation, lungs burning; it would take your breath away,” says Long. “Then came the lasting respiratory issues, migraines, nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain, confusion, skin rashes.”

These symptoms, she says, affect her and two of her children. But she says her medical claims were denied because the air quality is now deemed acceptable and the dilbit never physically touched her property. She is preparing a lawsuit, and she traveled to Washington, D.C. to speak out against the Keystone XL pipeline.

ExxonMobil spokesman Aaron Stryk says the company’s medical-claims hotline is still open, as is its community information center, and the company has been paying all valid claims as determined by the Arkansas Department of Health. Many residents have complained that their symptoms were dismissed. “ExxonMobil Pipeline regrets the Mayflower spill and apologizes for the inconvenience we have caused the people of Arkansas,” he adds.

As symptoms linger, regular Mayflower community meetings about the spill have been growing in size. “They have seen what has taken place and the lack of communication from Exxon to the residents,” Long says. “The level of trust from the citizens has completely diminished. And as the trust from these citizens diminishes, so diminishes their trust about the oil that runs through the rest of the country—Keystone XL and all the other pipelines too. The more these people screw over the citizens of this country, the less we have faith that this oil is what we need. We need to find something else.”



READER RESPONSE

as no surprise that truth as well as science is doubted. The internet, the decline of civil discourse once known as debate and the sensitivity of modern journalism have only added to the cacophony. Separating shit from Shinola was Plato’s true goal of education, but it seems that mission has been scrubbed. Perhaps now is the time to return to Plato, not out of ideology or inclination but out of necessity.

James F. Brown
Pinole, California

THE RIGHT TO RESPOND

Few of the readers who wrote in September about the U.S. government using drones to kill American citizens abroad seem to understand that without due process we are all targets. You may think your beliefs, actions and organizations would never cause the government to want

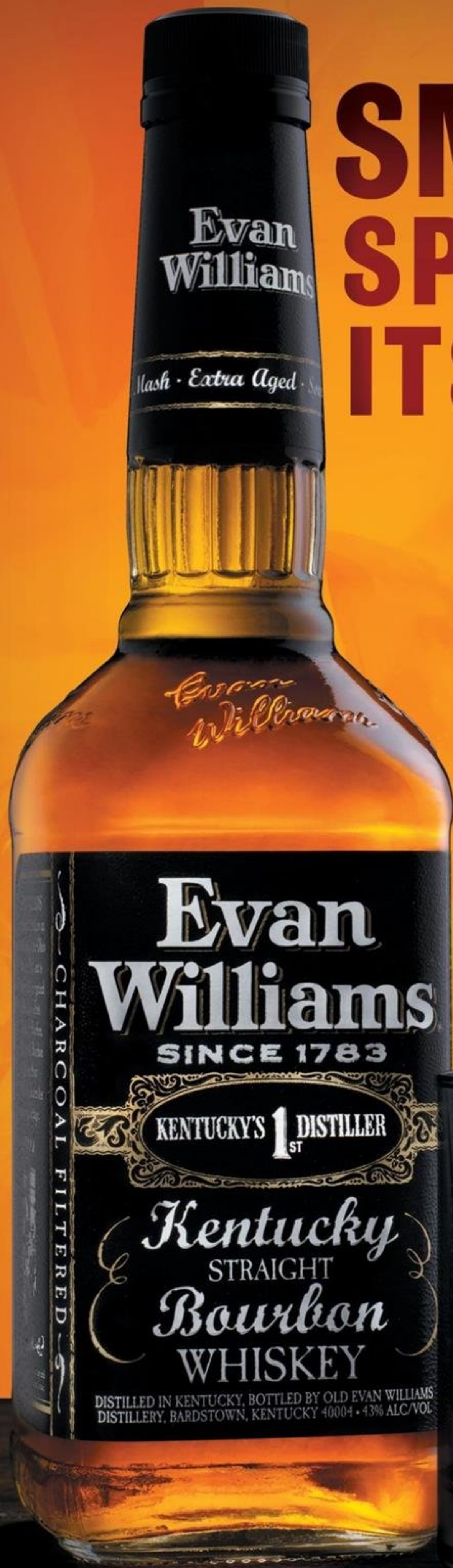


you dead, but you have no way of knowing until the moment it kills you. No matter how angry you get at someone accused of heinous acts based on what you read in the media (since that’s the only evidence most of us have), the seriousness of a crime does not dictate whether a person qualifies for protection under the Constitution. Our justice system is the best in the world—let it work. Everyone should have the chance to defend themselves, every time, or none of us will.

Liz Feola
Bethel, Connecticut

E-mail letters@playboy.com.
Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive,
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RAY KELLY

A candid conversation with New York's top cop about fighting crime and terrorists, why the police are lightning rods and how stop-and-frisk saves lives

At 7:30 A.M. a bulletproof, armor-protected SUV rolls up to the door of a lower Manhattan high-rise. Two Goliath-size detectives jump out and whisk the city's top cop to One Police Plaza.

Later that hot summer day, a stern-faced Raymond Kelly, New York City's longest-serving police commissioner, appears before photographers, proudly displaying a MAC-10 handgun, one of 254 weapons seized in the biggest gun bust in city history.

The day before, he had appeared on NBC's *Meet the Press*, where he was grilled like an overdone steak on his controversial stop-and-frisk policy. In a headline-grabbing blow, a federal judge had just deemed the policy unconstitutional, finding that police resorted to "indirect racial profiling." A week later the City Council would also condemn the policy, and gleeful mayoral hopefuls vowed not to rehire Kelly.

But the former marine, who at 72 still lifts weights daily, coolly addresses the firestorm, denying charges of discrimination and pointing to the indisputable fact that murders are down almost 30 percent from last year's all-time low. At the beginning of the year, his approval rating among New Yorkers was a stratospheric 75 percent.

It's a 16-hour daily marathon for the superstar chief, who oversees the \$4.6 billion budget of the nation's largest police force: 50,000 people,

including 1,000 counterterrorism agents who are part of a post-9/11 initiative that has helped keep New York City safe from another attack.

To decompress, Kelly smoothly manages the social requirements of the position, whether at the White House Correspondents' Dinner, a film festival with Robert De Niro, dinner with Cardinal Timothy Dolan or J. Lo's birthday barbecue.

Not bad for the youngest of five siblings raised in a modest apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side by his father, James, a milkman, and his mother, Elizabeth, a dressing-room attendant at Macy's. After a youthful stint as a police cadet and time in Vietnam as a marine, Kelly became a beat cop in 1966 and began his meteoric rise, serving in 25 different commands while also earning a master's degree from Harvard, as well as two law degrees. He was appointed police commissioner twice: first in 1992, serving for two years, and then in 2002, serving for the past 12. At press time, rumors swirled that he might go national, replacing Janet Napolitano as secretary of homeland security.

Kelly is chivalrous when it comes to his wife, Veronica; the couple recently marked their 50th wedding anniversary. Their close-knit family includes sons Greg, the comedic co-host of Fox's *Good Day New York*, and James, a managing director at JPMorgan Chase.

Author Glenn Plaskin, who recently interviewed Tony Robbins for *PLAYBOY*, met up with Kelly in his office bunker, over a dinner at the Four Seasons and at Kelly's high-rise apartment with panoramic views of the Statue of Liberty.

Plaskin reports: "I was led by two detectives to Kelly's inner sanctum, where I was surrounded by framed photos of him with presidents and mayors, personal pictures as a bushy-haired police cadet and as a Marine Corps colonel. Then into the room strode the man: 'Here, have some cookies,' he said lightheartedly. 'It's my birthday.' Kelly's number one trait is a Zen-like calm, an unruffled confidence—he is anything but battle-weary. He's laser focused and speaks sotto voce, revealing as much in his facial expressions as in his words.

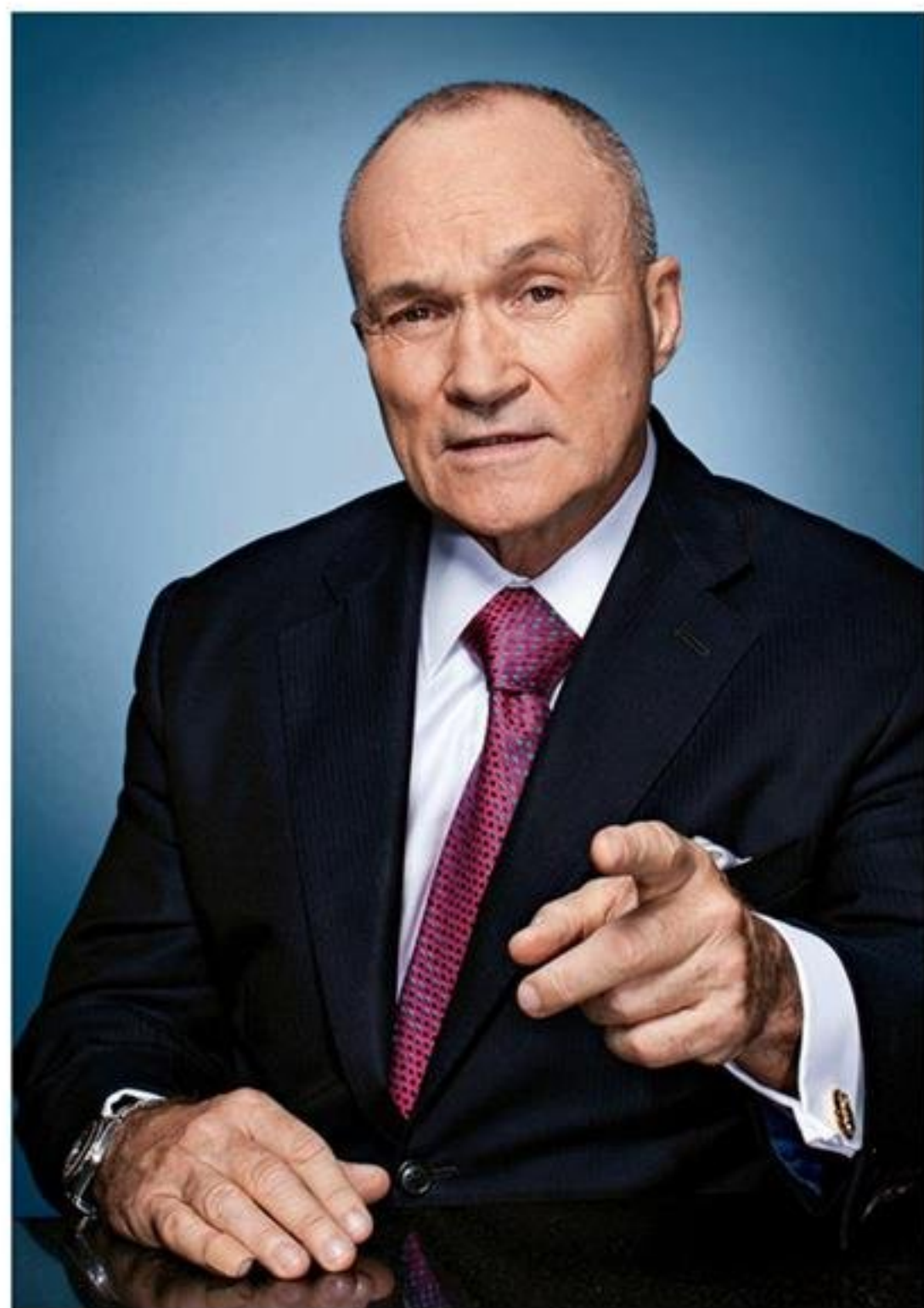
"Regularly checking his BlackBerry, which continually vibrated with crime updates, Kelly sat behind a carved desk used by his hero, New York City police commissioner turned president Teddy Roosevelt. And that's where we began."

PLAYBOY: Nice desk.

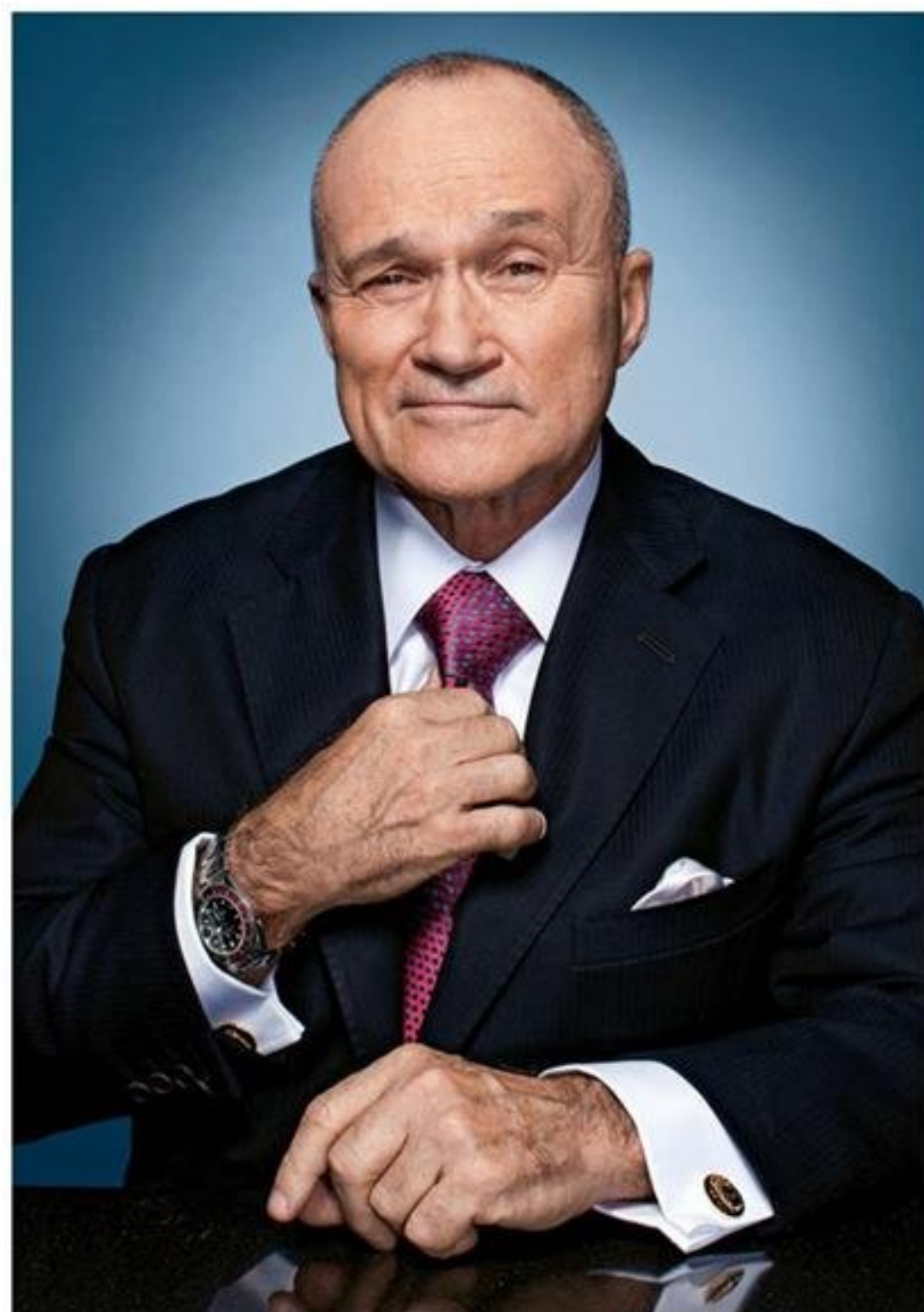
KELLY: I had it restored. It looks better now than when he had it.

PLAYBOY: Why is Teddy Roosevelt your favorite president?

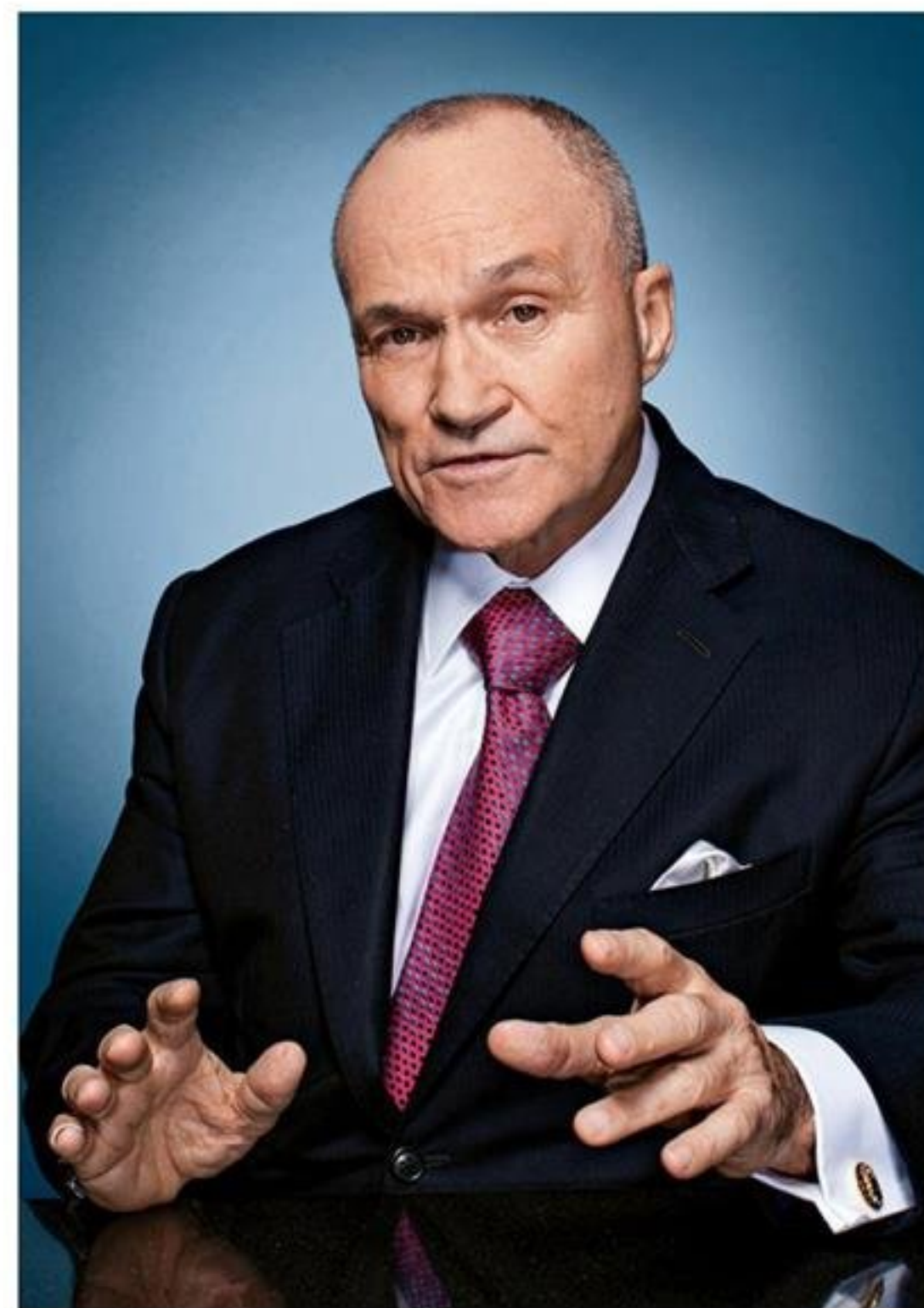
KELLY: He was a dynamo, though he'd been sickly as a child with asthma. He



"I'm not bragging, but I have the highest job-approval rating of any public official in the city. The approval rating for the police department is 70 percent. This notion that stop-and-frisk has torn the community apart is false."



"No other agency is scrutinized like the police. Everything we do is in a goldfish bowl. We are not the most popular people in society. We do things like use deadly force. We're not firefighters, who are viewed as helping people."



"New York City is the number one target. I knew we had to create our own counterterrorism operation. We've been attacked twice and the federal government did not protect the city, though it may have had good intentions."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

built himself up, became a boxer, went to Harvard. He was a hunter and an expert on naval history. He had a photographic memory and read a book a day. He did everything with tremendous drive.

PLAYBOY: You've often quoted from his "Man in the Arena" speech: "It is not the critic who counts. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood."

KELLY: Yes. It's easy to criticize from the sidelines, not responsible for anything good that happens in the world. It means that if you're in the arena, you're willing to accept the consequences of your actions. You have to take some chances.

PLAYBOY: And you're the guy in the arena.

KELLY: That's right.

PLAYBOY: With a face that has been marred by some dust.

KELLY: [Laughs] Sure.

PLAYBOY: When you're slammed in the press, does that linger into the night, or can you detach from it?

KELLY: I am able to put it to the side. And a lot of it I just don't read. I think that's a function of practice. When I had this job 20 years ago, I was more sensitive, more cognizant of complaints and concerned about public opinion. I've learned to do what I think is the right thing. That lessens the impact of criticism. You get used to a pressurized environment and expect it every day.

PLAYBOY: When you go to bed at night, do you sleep soundly?

KELLY: I do.

PLAYBOY: No Ambien?

KELLY: [Laughs] No, I don't take any of that stuff. I might wake up in the middle of the night, and sometimes it's harder to get back to sleep, but I sleep well.

PLAYBOY: When a negative TV report comes on about you, do you watch it?

KELLY: Generally speaking, I have pretty good press. I don't think I've been unfairly treated at all. But political people in a mayoral race will take shots at you. It doesn't really bother me.

PLAYBOY: Even those blistering attacks on stop-and-frisk during the primary season this summer?

KELLY: The Republican candidates weren't attacking the policy. It was the Democrats. The reality is the Democratic primary is controlled by extreme elements of the party. The candidates know that, so they have to go to extremes themselves.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of failed mayoral candidate Bill Thompson? He said, "Our kids should never be targeted for the color of their skin. I'll end racial profiling and stop-and-frisk and get illegal guns off the street."

KELLY: How? Nobody asked him how.

PLAYBOY: And Democratic nominee Bill de Blasio said, "Millions of innocent New Yorkers—overwhelmingly men of color—have been illegally stopped." What were they talking about?

KELLY: They were talking about election-

year politics. They were pandering to get votes. Whoever wins the primary always attempts to run back to the center and disavow the impact of what they've said.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they were just full of shit?

KELLY: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: When they used you as a political football in the televised debates, how did you react?

KELLY: I resented it. I think I've had a long, distinguished career in public service. It just goes to show you what some politicians will do. They'll say or do anything to get elected. I know all these people. They all claimed to be friends of mine up until their mayoral campaigns. They'd call me on the phone and ask for information or come over here and sit in this chair to get briefed.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about Christine Quinn, speaker of the City Council, who was also a candidate?

KELLY: I'm talking about all of them.

PLAYBOY: But they turned against you.

KELLY: It seems that way.

PLAYBOY: Would you have wanted to work for any of these people?

Notice what they never talk about—the lives being saved. During the past 11 years we had 7,363 fewer murders. Last year the homicide rate was the lowest in 50 years.

KELLY: I don't want to discuss it.

PLAYBOY: We'll swing back to your plans later, but for now, does criticism over stop-and-frisk disturb you?

KELLY: Look, I can understand the fascination with it, but it's just one tool in a toolbox that has many other crime-fighting measures in it. What about our Real Time Crime Center, the first centralized technology giving us instant data to stop emerging crime? Or Operation Crew Cut, a successful effort to curtail gang activity, or Operation Impact, a unit that deploys officers to high-risk neighborhoods when there's a spike in crime? I'd add that over the course of 12 years the NYPD became the most racially diverse department in the nation. We expanded our ranks with officers from 106 countries. We now have more black, Asian and Hispanic officers than white.

PLAYBOY: Are you getting the attention you think you deserve for that?

KELLY: Good news is not news. Bad news sells. Confrontation sells. And that's what the press is always looking for. Look, I'm not bragging, but I have the highest job-approval rating of any public

official in the city. And I've had it consistently. The approval rating for the police department is 70 percent. This notion that stop-and-frisk has torn the community apart is false.

PLAYBOY: Many mayoral candidates agreed with the federal judge that stop-and-frisk is unconstitutional and that it must be overhauled.

KELLY: Notice what they never talk about—the lives being saved. During the past 11 years we had 7,363 fewer murders than we had in the 11 years before. Last year the homicide rate was the lowest in at least 50 years. And this year we're running about 30 percent below that. You haven't heard one candidate talk about that or what they would do to keep this record going forward. I know we're saving lives, and I know we're doing the right thing.

PLAYBOY: Then why, according to an exit poll of Democrats taken on primary day in September, did 59 percent deem the NYPD's stop-and-frisk policy excessive?

KELLY: What you have is government by advocacy group. Among the people, there's no groundswell against stop-and-frisk—certainly not in minority communities. I'm there all the time. They want more proactive policing.

PLAYBOY: You're basically talking about parents, right?

KELLY: Parents, yes, because they are being victimized. They are the losers in this if their son or daughter is killed. The lives saved are largely those of young men of color.

PLAYBOY: Then why did a federal judge deem the policy unconstitutional?

KELLY: That's a question for her. In the court case, the plaintiffs' expert looked at 4.4 million stops and found only six percent were "unjustified." In the court case, the judge looked at 19 stops and found 10 of them were constitutional.

PLAYBOY: So she made her ruling on—

KELLY: The flimsiest of evidence. And the decision deserves to be appealed.

PLAYBOY: So what are the criteria for a police officer to stop someone on the street?

KELLY: You can be stopped if a police officer reasonably suspects a crime is about to be committed, is being committed or has been committed. Every law enforcement agency does it. It's essential to policing.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't invent it.

KELLY: No. There is a 1968 Supreme Court case, *Terry v. Ohio*, that validates this procedure. Virtually all states use some variation of it.

PLAYBOY: Since 86 percent of the 5 million people stopped in the past 11 years were black or Latino, how is this not racial profiling?

KELLY: What criteria do you use? The federal judge says you look at the census data of a particular neighborhood and at overall crime to determine whether racial profiling is going on. That makes no sense, because half your stops would be women. In New York, 70 to 75 percent

of the descriptions of perpetrators of violent crime are black men; the vast majority of the remainder is Latino. And 97 percent of shooting victims are black or Latino. Our stops are 53 percent black and roughly 35 percent Hispanic.

PLAYBOY: On *Nightline* last spring you stated that African Americans are actually being “understopped.” Do you stand by that?

KELLY: I don’t like the term *understopped* because it seems pejorative. I would say our stops comport to the population of the perpetrators of violent crime as described by the victims themselves.

PLAYBOY: So you’re not overdoing it?

KELLY: Right.

PLAYBOY: Can you understand how some young men of color who have been stopped for no reason may hate your guts?

KELLY: I don’t agree. The notion of hatred has been stirred up by a small number of advocacy groups that have done a great job at marketing this concept. You might read something snarky on Twitter, but I could take you right now to 125th Street in Harlem and young men will stop me for my picture and give me a very favorable and friendly greeting. They understand that we’re saving lives in their community, that they’re the ones at risk.

PLAYBOY: To be clear, what are the officers not allowed to do?

KELLY: They’re not allowed to stop someone based on their race. They’re not allowed to stop someone based on less than reasonable suspicion.

PLAYBOY: But you focus your efforts in black and Latino neighborhoods.

KELLY: Well, that’s where the crime is. That’s where the shootings are. That’s where the violence is. And that’s where we put our resources.

PLAYBOY: Put yourself in the shoes of a 17-year-old black teenager dressed in a hoodie and baggy pants, earplugs in, listening to music, a can of Coke in his pocket. You’re on your way home and haven’t done anything wrong. Out of the blue, cops stop you. Is that fair?

KELLY: It depends on why he’s being stopped. Was there a description on the radio of somebody committing a crime who looked like that young man? Was somebody fleeing a particular area? Is there gang activity there? Or did they think his can of Coke was a weapon? Stopping him is a legitimate law enforcement function.

PLAYBOY: But he won’t be stopped just because he’s black or because of what he’s wearing?

KELLY: No, absolutely not. You need reasonable suspicion.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying it has never happened that someone was stopped for no reason?

KELLY: I can’t say it has never happened. We have hundreds of thousands of stops a year. But generally stops happen for a legitimate reason, with reasonable suspicion.

PLAYBOY: And the criteria for a frisk?

KELLY: Frisks happen in about half the stops and only when the officer can articulate a fear for his or her safety, and it is a limited pat-down, not a search.

PLAYBOY: What’s the limit on the pat-down?

KELLY: Exterior clothing.

PLAYBOY: They don’t go into private areas.

KELLY: Right.

PLAYBOY: Are there any times you agree the police have been overzealous?

KELLY: Hey, we’re human beings. We have 50,000 employees. We have 7,000 pieces of rolling stock. We have 275 buildings. We have 23 million citizen contacts a year. There are 12 million calls to 911. We effect about 400,000 arrests a year and give out 500,000 summonses. One year we had 680,000 stops. The numbers are big. Can we make mistakes? Yeah. No other agency is scrutinized like the police. Everything we do is in a goldfish bowl. We are not the most popular people in society. We do things like use deadly force; we’re the bearers of bad news. We’re not firefighters, who are viewed as heroic, helping people, with people loving them back. The police have a much more complex and demanding job.

Frisks happen in about half the stops and only when the officer can articulate a fear for his or her safety, and it is a limited pat-down, not a search.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* called the City Council’s decision to increase stop-and-frisk oversight “a stinging personal defeat for Mayor Bloomberg.” What do you call it?

KELLY: I call it a defeat for the citizens of New York City. It doesn’t take a brain surgeon to figure out that if you stop or curtail stop-and-frisk, or if cops are reluctant to do it, violent crimes are going to go up.

PLAYBOY: Has this whole subject given you agita?

KELLY: No.

PLAYBOY: You don’t feel aggravated?

KELLY: Not at all. This is my business.

PLAYBOY: President Obama gave an impromptu speech last July that focused on the realities of growing up black in America, how Trayvon Martin could have been him 35 years ago. Some view stop-and-frisk as an institutional version of what Obama was describing.

KELLY: I know this is a sensitive issue to the African American community. I would point out that the Trayvon Martin and George Zimmerman encounter was between two private citizens. It didn’t

have to do with the stop-and-frisk issue directly. But I realize it was an event that people rallied around. They believe the judicial system isn’t fair, and in many people’s minds the Trayvon Martin case was the manifestation of this unfairness.

PLAYBOY: What was New York like back in 2002, when your current term began?

KELLY: The Bloomberg administration came in just three and a half months after 9/11, and there was all sorts of gloom and doom in the press. It wasn’t a question of if New York was going to be attacked again by terrorists, it was when. It wasn’t a question of if crime was going to go up, it was by how much. It was a pessimistic time. Expecting more mayhem to break out, people were leaving the city. The traffic in Times Square was so light I could drive from there to downtown in 12 minutes. No traffic. It was as if New York had been evacuated.

PLAYBOY: A semi-ghost town.

KELLY: Yes. New York City was the number one target in America—and it still is. I knew we had to create our own counterterrorism operation, since the federal government alone couldn’t protect us. So we brought in high-level officials from the FBI, CIA and Marines and created a cadre of first-class intelligence analysts. We deploy more than 1,000 officers to counterterrorism duties every day, and we have NYPD officers assigned in 11 foreign cities.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn’t the FBI, CIA and NSA have been enough to rely on?

KELLY: No. We’ve been attacked here twice and the federal government did not protect the city, though it may have had good intentions. We know now that one of the reasons the terrorists weren’t intercepted on 9/11 was due to a lack of cooperation—and communication—between the FBI and the CIA.

PLAYBOY: How many attacks have been averted in 12 years?

KELLY: Sixteen—including the Brooklyn Bridge, the New York Stock Exchange, Times Square, Herald Square, the subway system and JFK airport.

PLAYBOY: You say you sleep well, but what one fear could keep you up at night?

KELLY: Obviously the major concern, though it’s the least probable one, with the greatest consequences, would be nuclear detonation or a dirty bomb with radiological material.

PLAYBOY: Are there any preventive measures against it?

KELLY: Yes. We have a radiation-detection plan that includes radiation equipment on police officers, on helicopters and on our boats.

PLAYBOY: If a plane flying above us had a nuclear bomb onboard, could you detect it?

KELLY: No, I wouldn’t say that. We’re looking for nuclear devices coming in by land or by ship.

PLAYBOY: On a visceral level, you must hate these terrorists.

KELLY: On one level, yes, but protecting the city is my job, which doesn't translate into hatred. This is war, and in most wars, professional soldiers don't hate the enemy. Hatred can blind you in ways that mar your judgment.

PLAYBOY: If the city should come under attack, could you manage the emergency response from your SUV?

KELLY: Well, yes, we hope so. We have a lot of phones, a fax machine, satellite television, bullet-resistant vests.

PLAYBOY: Is it bomb-resistant?

KELLY: Both the body of the car and the doors are armored.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that if New York City were under attack, the NYPD could, as you mentioned in a *60 Minutes* interview, actually shoot down a plane?

KELLY: One of our concerns is that a crop duster could take off from a field in New Jersey, fly over Manhattan and distribute a material such as anthrax. What could we do? Would we wait for a fighter jet to be marshaled? No. So we procured semiautomatic 50-caliber rifles, the most powerful rifle you can get. Now we have the capability to shoot down a small, slow-moving plane from our helicopters.

PLAYBOY: But could you stop a jet that is on the attack?

KELLY: No, not a jet that is going 550 miles an hour.

PLAYBOY: Looking back at that day when two planes flew into the Twin Towers, did you ever think those buildings could fall the way they did?

KELLY: No, never. I remember when I was police commissioner the first time, sitting in the basement of the World Trade Center on the night of February 26, 1993. Terrorists had detonated a van bomb there that afternoon. An engineer was telling me, "This building could never come down." That bombing should have been a huge wake-up call for the country, and it wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KELLY: It was dismissed in some quarters as an act of amateurs. I'm not certain who you put the ultimate blame on, but the reality was we didn't learn many lessons from it.

PLAYBOY: On the morning of 9/11, you were working in private industry, at Bear Stearns. What do you remember?

KELLY: I was in the executive dining room when somebody came in and told me a small plane had hit the World Trade Center. I went up to the highest floor of a nearby building and stood there watching the whole thing. When I saw the first tower crumble, I thought back to what that engineer told me. A few weeks later, my wife, Veronica, and I stood on the roof of our apartment building right across the street from ground zero. Veronica was crying, and I was stunned by the enormity of the devastation. A large part of our neighborhood was literally gone. Total devastation. The magazine stand we went to across the street van-

ished. Standing up there that day was a moment of clarity for me.

PLAYBOY: So after Bloomberg was elected, you accepted the offer to return as police commissioner.

KELLY: I realized this was war, and I didn't want to be on the sidelines. I wanted to get back into the game.

PLAYBOY: Republican Pete King, the chair of the House Subcommittee on Counterterrorism and Intelligence, recently said, "Al Qaeda is in many ways stronger than it was before 9/11 because it has mutated and spread." Do you agree?

KELLY: I don't disagree. We know that core Al Qaeda, headquartered in tribal areas of Pakistan, has been degraded significantly as a result of drone strikes. But surrogates of the franchise have sprung up in the Arabian Peninsula, in northern Africa—Libya, Tunisia—and in Iraq and Syria.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying seems to cast doubt on President Obama's claims that Al Qaeda has been "decimated" and is "on the path to defeat," statements he has made 32 times since the attack in Benghazi.

We believe we're going to be confronting Al Qaeda for a long time to come. It seems to be able to regroup, rebound and spread its reach to other continents.

KELLY: We believe we're going to be confronting Al Qaeda for a long time to come. It seems to be able to regroup, rebound and spread its reach to other continents.

PLAYBOY: Then why is Obama giving this more optimistic viewpoint?

KELLY: The threat is still very much with us, strong, if not stronger than it was in 2001. Al Qaeda is robust.

PLAYBOY: How safe is New York City today from another attack?

KELLY: New York is safer than it has been—and it's getting safer. But it's never safe. As the financial and communications capital of the world, this is where terrorists want to make a statement, where they get the most bang for the buck.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about surveillance cameras.

KELLY: We now have about 7,000 cameras citywide—4,000 of them positioned in lower Manhattan. Some are "smart" cameras, capable of video analytics. Let's say you want to track a suspect who was wearing a yellow shirt at two P.M. three weeks ago. The cameras are color-, shape- and movement-sensitive, so we

can feed that information into a computer and the picture comes up.

PLAYBOY: Ever since the passage of the Patriot Act, privacy advocates have been concerned about spying on law-abiding citizens.

KELLY: These privacy advocates are hard to find. A Quinnipiac University poll taken last spring found that more than 80 percent of New Yorkers want more cameras in public areas.

PLAYBOY: In fact, you've said the people who complain about it are a "relatively small number of folks, because the genie is out of the bottle." What did you mean?

KELLY: If you go into any department store these days, your picture is probably taken 30 times. In London there are 500,000 cameras in public spaces. You have no expectation of privacy in public spaces.

PLAYBOY: But you can understand why people would be appalled that their phone conversations are being examined.

KELLY: They're not being examined. They're being warehoused. The potential to get into the calls requires going to the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court to get authority to look into them. I think Edward Snowden was talking about violations of that requirement, something the NSA has to address.

PLAYBOY: After Snowden revealed top-secret mass surveillance programs in the U.S., why did you criticize the NSA's secrecy over phone-records collection?

KELLY: I don't think it should ever have been made secret. I think the existence of the program should have been made known, because people in this post-9/11 world would generally accept the fact that calls are being gathered and, as I said, put to the side. If they had been assured calls were accessible only as a result of judicial direction, they would be less concerned.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Snowden is a traitor or a patriot?

KELLY: He's a traitor and a violator of the law. He's not a whistle-blower, because he didn't go to Congress or to any of his bosses. He did this on his own and hurt, some say irreparably, the defenses of this country. And you can't operate a government like that. You need some confidentiality to operate in today's world.

PLAYBOY: But do you see the danger of all this surveillance turning us into an Orwellian culture, a police state where everything is being monitored?

KELLY: Well, I think it's something that should have limits.

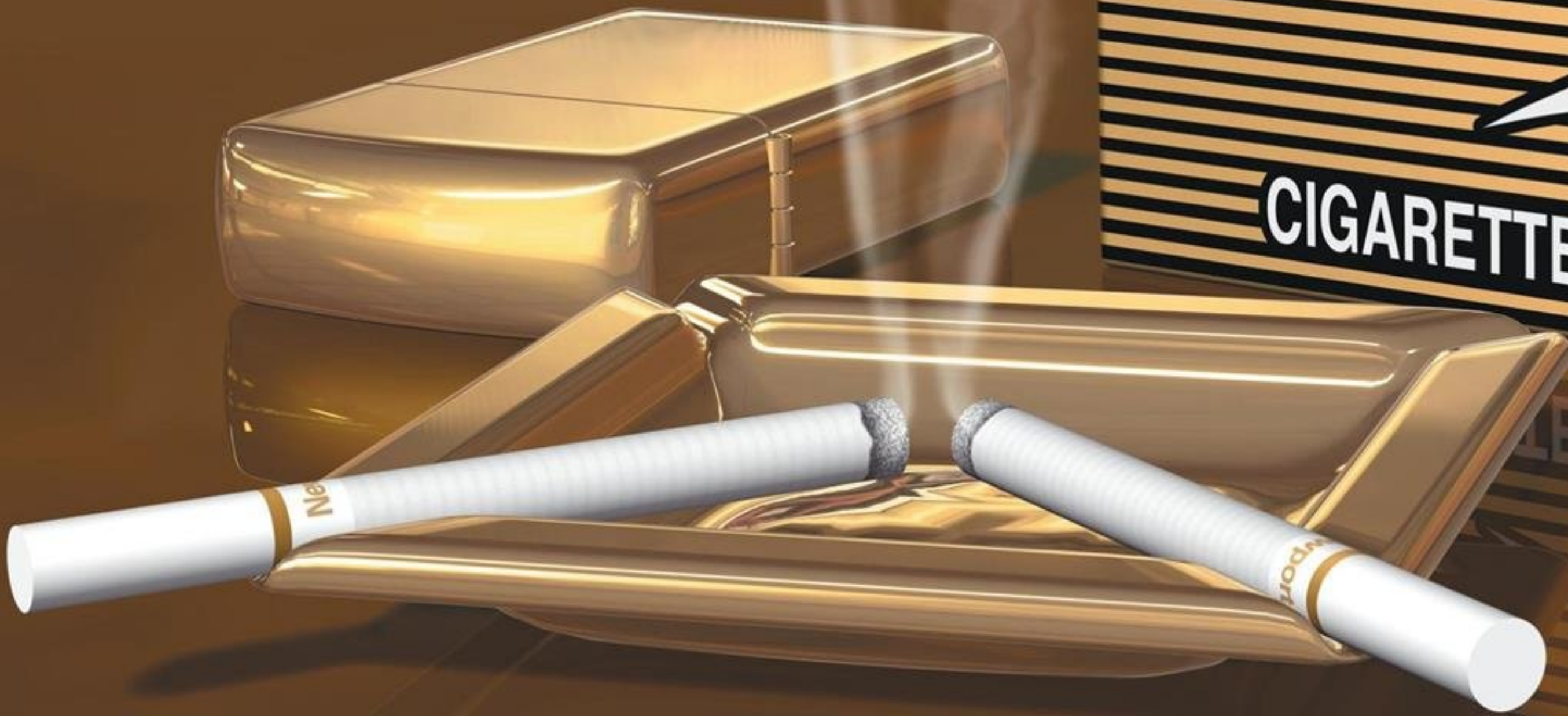
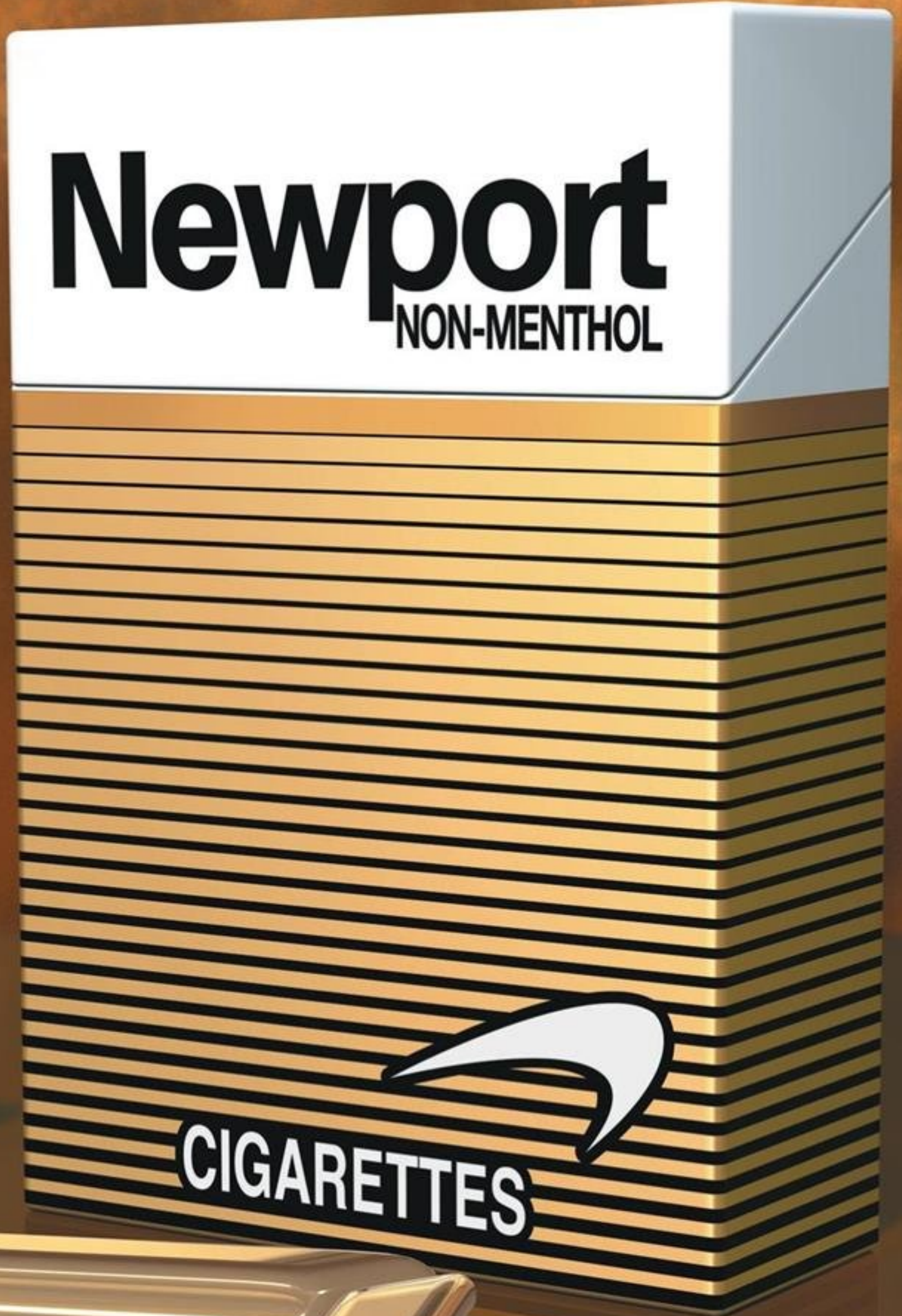
PLAYBOY: Like what?

KELLY: Do I think we should have cameras on every block? No. It would help us in terms of investigations, but I understand the sensitivity to doing it.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of surveillance, you faced criticism in 2011 when the Associated Press began a Pulitzer Prize-winning series about the NYPD's expansive spy program that used closed-circuit cameras and undercover agents to keep close (continued on page 166)

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The Truth Shall Set You Free

Why would a wealthy businessman walk away from money and comfort to devote his life to freeing wrongly convicted prisoners?

Jim McCloskey has his reasons—and a surprising record of success

By Neal Gabler

Photography by Marius Bugge

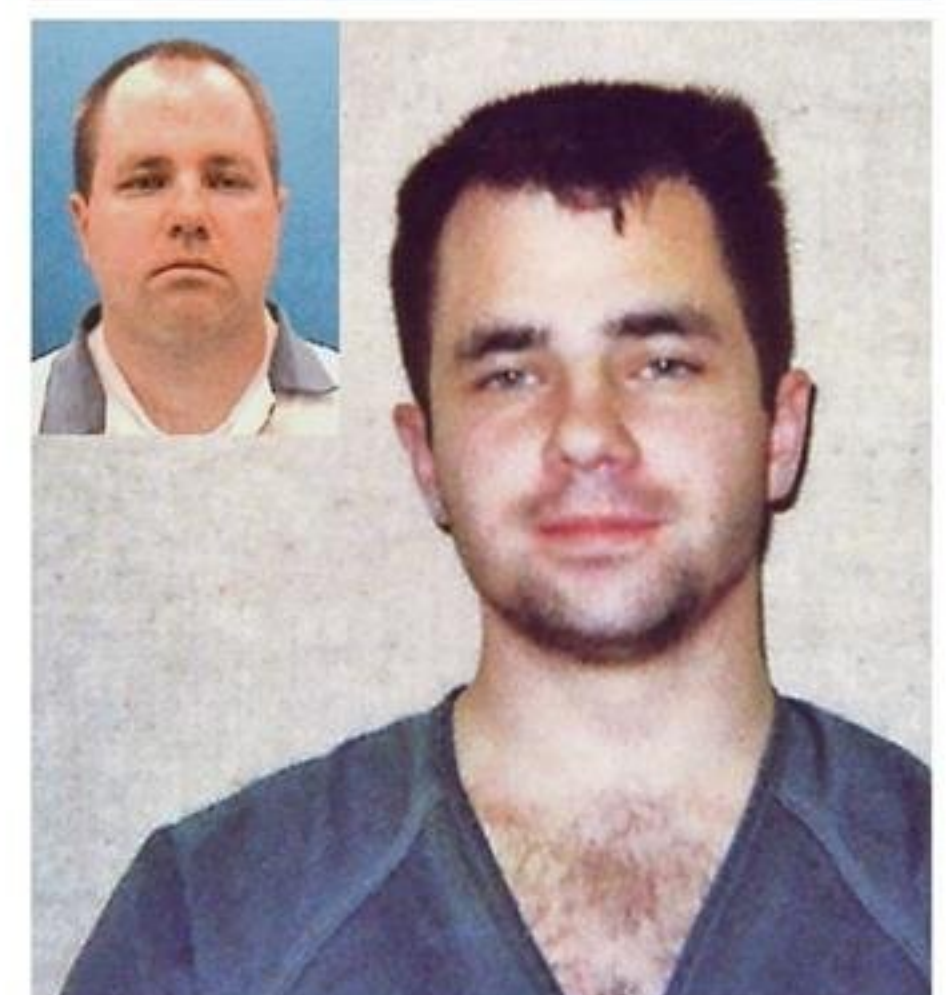
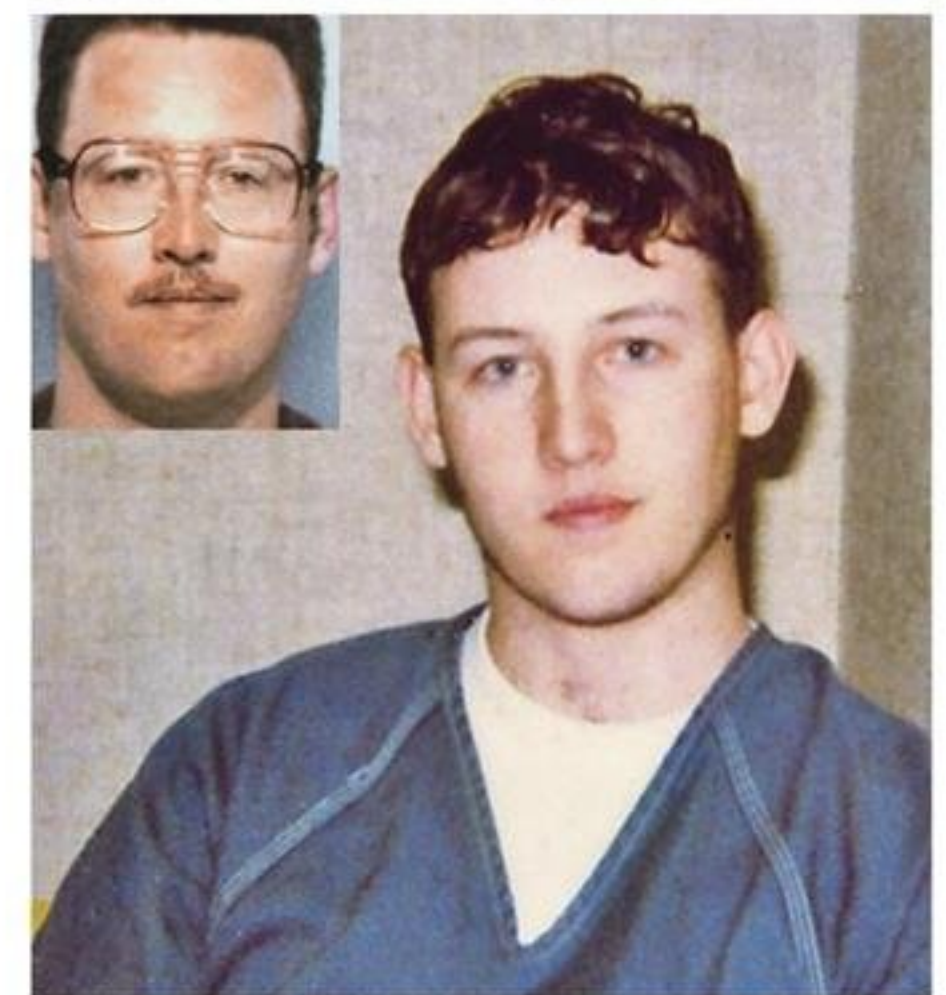


On a hot, steamy morning last July, a dozen people convened in a red-brick courthouse in McRae, Georgia, which is literally a two-stoplight town. Most of them had gotten together years earlier, though the circumstances of the first meeting were considerably more pleasant. It was January 31, 1992, and they had gathered at the Golden Corral restaurant in Hinesville, Georgia for the wedding-rehearsal dinner of Mark Jones and his sweetheart, Dawn Burgett, who were to be married the following afternoon in the chapel at Fort Stewart, where Jones, a private in the Army, was stationed. The mood then was jovial, according to Jones's mother. After dinner, at about 9:30 P.M., Jones and two Army buddies, Ken Gardiner and Dominic Lucci, milled about in the parking lot with the other guests. Jones was a teetotaler and something of a recluse, but his friends wanted to throw him a bachelor party by taking him to a strip club for one last night of freedom, and Burgett encouraged him to go. So the boys piled into Gardiner's Chevy Cavalier, destined for a nearby club. When they arrived, Jones, who was only 20, was carded, so the friends headed for another club, Tops Lounge, which Lucci had once visited, about an hour away in Savannah. When they arrived at Tops, Jones was carded again, but a customer there suggested another club he was sure Jones would be admitted to. So the three hopped back into the car—and promptly got lost. They were passing the Savannah police headquarters, known as the Barracks, when they stopped to ask a female officer they saw outside for directions. And thus began a 21-year odyssey that has yet to end.

That's because the officer had just returned from a murder scene where a 35-year-old drug addict named Stanley Jackson had been gunned down in a drive-by shooting, and she had in tow

the only eyewitness to the crime: James White, a 38-year-old evangelical preacher who was entering his home when Jackson was killed in a nearby intersection. White told the officer that the car carrying Jones, Gardiner and Lucci "looked like" the car he had seen speeding away. Shortly afterward the three were pulled from the strip club and lined up against a wall, where White said, "That's what they were wearing." They were then brought to the Barracks. Burgett got a call from Jones at about two A.M., telling her he had been arrested. After a visit to the jail, she returned to the chapel later that morning and posted a sign on the door: WEDDING OF DAWN BURGETT AND MARK JONES CANCELED DUE TO FAMILY EMERGENCY.

It was a short trial. At the time, Savannah was a racial cauldron due largely to a violent drug gang headed by a sociopath named Ricky Jivens. The city's new mayor, who had taken office just weeks before Jackson's death, had been elected with a substantial black vote on a platform of crime prevention, and the prosecution of three white soldiers for the murder of a black man helped fulfill her promise of racial evenhandedness. At trial the defendants adduced a "time alibi"—they couldn't possibly have gotten from Hinesville to Savannah in time to commit the murder, much less pick up AK-47s, the weapons with which Jackson had presumably been killed. There was absolutely no forensic evidence connecting them to the crime, save a trace of gunshot residue on the back of Jones's hand that was explained away by his having moved gear that had been on the gunnery range earlier that day. But the prosecutor said they had motive. He claimed the three were addicts of the role-playing game *Dungeons & Dragons* and had tried to actualize the game by



*McCloskey is not
only their last hope,
he is their only hope.*



slaying an “evil” person. Adding a second motive, he brought a member of Jones’s outfit to the stand to say Jones had threatened to kill a black man that weekend, even though none of the defendants had a history of violence or racial prejudice. And then there was James White, who had identified the men as the perpetrators. The jury was out only a few hours before returning a guilty verdict. The three were sentenced to life.

The boys’ attorneys filed appeals.

Opposite: The Savannah Three (from top): Kenneth Gardiner, Mark Jones and Dominic Lucci, as they are now and as they looked when arrested in 1992. Jim McCloskey has dedicated years to freeing them of a crime he’s convinced they didn’t commit. **Above:** McCloskey in the Centurion Ministries office. **Left:** Kate Germond, McCloskey’s main partner in CM, with David Bryant just minutes after Bryant was released after being wrongly incarcerated for 38 years. Free for the first time since he was 17, Bryant lived with Germond and her husband for months while he figured out his new life.

They even collected affidavits from seven members of the jury, who testified to several instances of misconduct, including a jury member who had declared the three guilty before the trial had begun. All were denied. The boys’ families stayed in touch for a while, and then they didn’t. “It was too painful,” says Jones’s mother, Deborah. Burgett remained devoted to Jones, but he wanted her to get on with her life, so he told her he didn’t love her anymore, which broke her heart. She eventually married someone else. The boys did their time without a blemish on their records. Jones studied, collected certificates in everything from woodworking to engine repair and began teaching other inmates how to get a GED. Their parents would visit a few times a year—none of them

lived in Georgia—and the boys could talk with them on the phone, but the calls were collect and cost nearly \$20, so these were rationed every few weeks. Meanwhile, the attorneys moved on when the families couldn’t pay them.

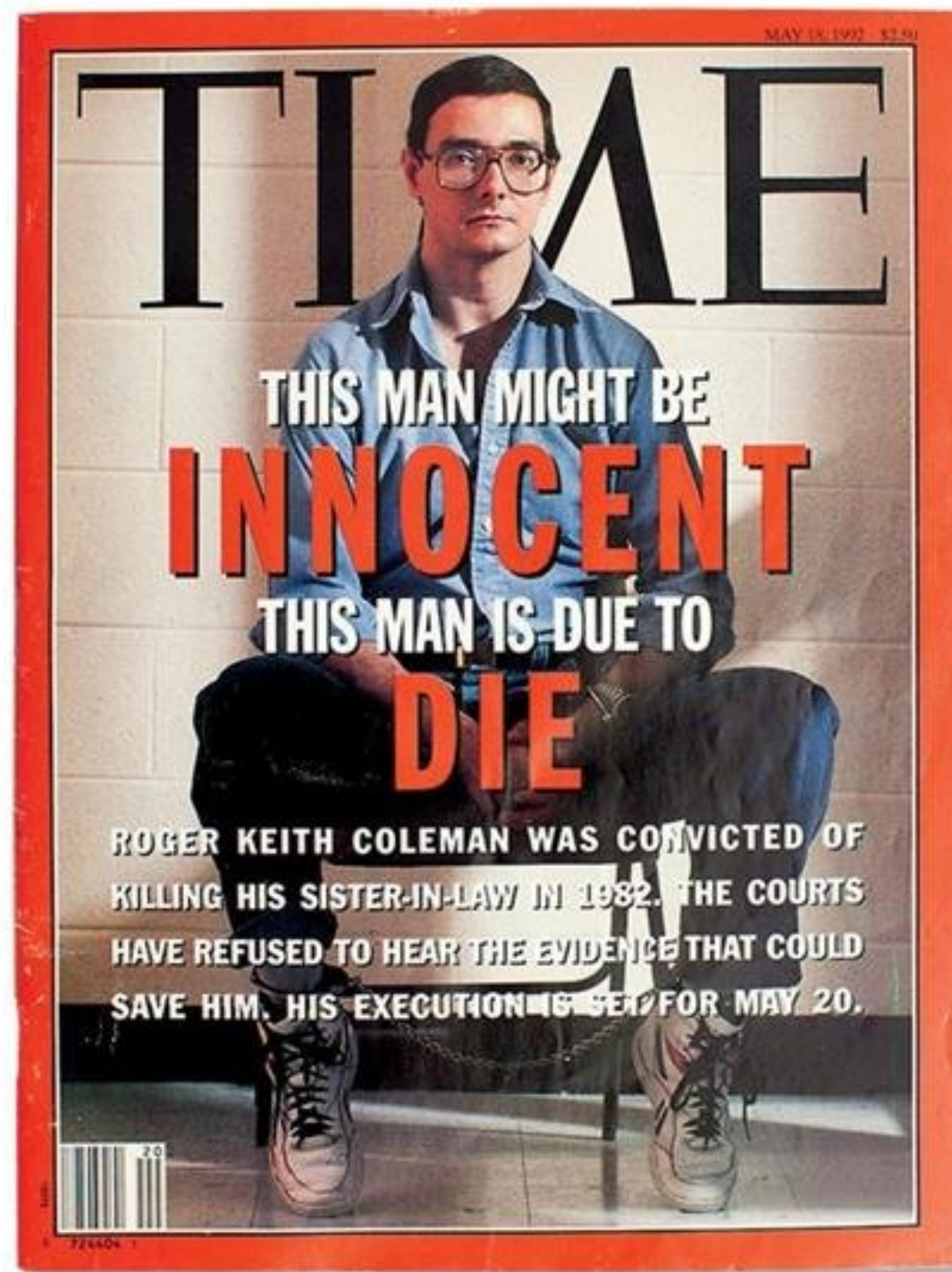
And that is where the case would have rested, were it not for the neat, short man with a fringe of gray hair, sitting behind the petitioners’ counsel in the McRae courtroom on that sweltering morning last July, his face grimly resolute. His name is Jim McCloskey, and for the Savannah Three, as well as for some 80 other convicts sentenced to life in prison or to death, he is not only their last hope, he is their only hope. Fortunately, he is a pretty good hope to have.

McCloskey is the founder and executive director of Centurion Ministries, which is dedicated to freeing the wrongly convicted. Dominic Lucci wrote Centurion in 2000, trying to enlist its help, and then again in 2003, insisting he wouldn’t take no for an answer. Lucci couldn’t have known that getting Centurion to take a case is a little like winning the Powerball lottery. Centurion receives 1,100 requests from prisoners each year and selects only one to three cases to advocate. Each request is examined by Centurion’s small staff to see if the



prisoner qualifies for the group's assistance. Does he profess innocence rather than invoke a legal technicality? Have his appeals been exhausted? Is the prisoner indigent? Only after answering these in the affirmative does the staff delve into the trial record. In the case of the Savannah Three, this selection process alone took nearly six years, and it ended, as all selection processes end, with McCloskey going to the prisons and interviewing the convicts at length to determine not only whether they are innocent but also whether they are "good people," people who would live a productive life if released.

As long as the selection process takes, the process of trying to gain a prisoner's freedom usually takes even longer—typically five to 10 years, during which the prisoners are still incarcerated,



still doing time for crimes McCloskey is convinced they did not commit. Sometimes it is a matter of gaining an acquittal through a retrial, sometimes a matter of gaining freedom via parole, sometimes a matter of having a conviction reversed through an evidentiary hearing at which new evidence is introduced and a judge renders a verdict, which is what



Top: The wall of fame: the faces of those CM has helped free. Left: In his attempt to exonerate the Savannah Three, McCloskey traveled many miles to find James White and his wife, Suzette. White admitted he had wrongly identified the men as murderers. Middle: Even good guys make mistakes. McCloskey thought Roger Coleman was innocent; DNA proved him guilty. Above: McCloskey on *60 Minutes* in 1987.

McCloskey won in that McRae courtroom for the Savannah Three. The good news is that in its 33 years of existence, CM has worked on 87 cases and won 51 releases, an astonishing record when one considers that once a person is convicted, there is a presumption of guilt, not of innocence. On average, each CM client had spent more than 20 years in jail.

And there is something else about Centurion that makes these numbers even more remarkable. Although it is hardly the only group dedicated to reversing wrongful convictions—there are some 75 "innocence projects" in America today—nearly all these organizations concentrate exclusively on exculpatory DNA evidence. McCloskey admits DNA is now so popular with courts that non-DNA cases are practically orphans. Centurion doesn't forswear DNA if it is available, but it specializes in (continued on page 158)

On average, each client has spent more than 20 years in jail.



"Okay, this 'outdoing the neighbors with the decorations' thing has finally gone too far!"

A photograph of a woman with long brown hair, wearing a beige headband and a grey knitted hat, lying in a snowy landscape. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. A large, semi-transparent blue circle is positioned behind her, containing the text 'Snow Angel'.

Snow Angel

These photos of adorable Ukrainian Olga Ogneva
are enough to make a snowman blush

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIKTOR KRASNOV



Baby, it's cold outside. Five degrees cold, to be exact. But that didn't deter Olga Ogneva from shedding her clothes for this photo shoot. The Ukrainian enchantress revels in the cold—she's even bold enough to swim in an ice hole every Orthodox Epiphany. "I care nothing about the snow and frost," she assured with a smile. While winters

in Ukraine can get downright glacial, the Eastern European country has also produced much heat in the lovely forms of Milla Jovovich, Mila Kunis and Olga Kurylenko. As our Olga frolicked nude in the snow we asked her about her life goals. She answered that she wants to give people around her joy and warmth. Mission accomplished.













THERE'S MUCH A MAN CAN LEARN
WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE RING

MINUTES

My father emigrated as a child with his parents from Poland. His father, Michael, worked in the South Chicago mills. When my father was 12, Michael suffered a beating that sent him to Dunning, a county mental hospital. In Chicago, the name Dunning was synonymous with *insane asylum, nuthouse, booby hatch*. When I was a kid, teachers invoked it as a threat: "Keep that up and you're going to Dunning." A siren provoked the warning "They're coming from Dunning for you!" Incarceration in a place that mythical stigmatized one's entire family. As the eldest son, my father had to drop out of school to help the family of seven survive. While working his

BY
**STUART
DYBEK**


way up to foreman at Harvester, he managed to finish high school at night and even took a couple of college courses in mechanical drawing. His dream was that I'd be the mechanical engineer he'd never had the chance to become. When, in my freshman year at a high school famous for its boxing program, I told him I wanted to join the boxing team, he told me no way. The beating that left my grandfather a vegetable on the city dole still reverberated through a generation unimagined at the time.

In my grandfather's time, there were taverns that sponsored illegal fights on paydays. Men bet on their local champions, and the fighters fought bare-knuckle under the streetlights in the alley behind the tavern. My grandfather fought, mostly drunk, every other (continued on page 175)

ILLUSTRATION BY THE HEADS OF STATE



James
Marsden



**HE WAS BOSSED
AROUND BY TINA
FEY, PLAYED CYCLOPS
IN X-MEN AND NOW
MEETS HIS TOUGHEST
FOE: THE WORLD'S
FUNNIEST ANCHORMAN**

BY DAVID HOCHMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND

Q1

PLAYBOY: You've had a busy year, with parts on *30 Rock* and in *2 Guns*, *Lee Daniels' The Butler* and now *Anchorman 2: The Legend Continues*. Are you allowed to pick favorites?

MARSDEN: *X-Men* fans may be let down, but *Anchorman 2* is the first movie in my career I've wanted to see after I finished it. I tested for the role of Brian Fantana in the original and was bummed I didn't get cast. In this one I play Will Ferrell's nemesis, a rival anchor named Jack Lime. It's 1980, at the start of the 24-hour-news era, and Ron Burgundy is moving from San Diego to New York. I'm an obsessed *Anchorman* fan.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Were you the quote-spouting movie nerd on set?

MARSDEN: Ha! "I'm in a glass case of emotion!" Love that one. What's weird is, Steve Carell and Will would sit there and say, "Didn't this happen in the original? Didn't you say this?" They couldn't remember their own movie. I kept thinking, How can they not know every line from one of the greatest comedies of our time?

Q3

PLAYBOY: How hard is it to keep a straight face when you're staring across at Ron's mustache?

MARSDEN: My primary thought was always, Do



not fuck this up. After that, my goal was to get Will to bust up. Will's so tough, man. He really holds it together. But we had this scene where he's pleading with me, and I raised my voice with so much volume and conviction, the corner of his mouth started to curl up—just a little, but enough to feel like maybe I can hang with him now.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You grew up around Oklahoma City. Your father is a food scientist at Kansas State University and your mother works in the food service industry. Were you starstruck when you first got into the business?

MARSDEN: The first time I met a celebrity I was 16. We were on vacation in Hawaii, staying at the same hotel as Kirk Cameron's family. He wasn't there, but his sisters were. Candace was on *Full House*. They were flirty, and we hung out by the pool the whole trip. They invited me to Los Angeles, and I flew out to see a taping of *Growing Pains* and *Full House*.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Was that how you made your Hollywood connections?

MARSDEN: Not really, but I did meet the dialect coach from *Growing Pains*,

who introduced me to Leonardo DiCaprio. Leo was on the show's final season. A few years later, after I'd moved to L.A., I played two-on-two basketball at the Oakwood Apartments, and one day we needed a guy, so I called Leo to play. He said sure. It was just as his career was taking off. But that wasn't my favorite celebrity encounter from those days.

Q6

PLAYBOY: What was better?

MARSDEN: There's a place where you can ride horses under the Hollywood sign and then go to a Mexican restaurant. Everyone gets drunk on tequila and rides the horses back. Great idea, right? Anyway, Fabio was on the ride with us, and I remember thinking, This town is so fucking awesome.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Who were your heroes growing up?

MARSDEN: Han Solo and Indiana Jones. I was a big Harrison Ford fan.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet him?

MARSDEN: I did the last season of *Ally McBeal*, and it was right when Harrison was starting to date Calista Flockhart. I

WHAT'S WEIRD IS, STEVE CARELL AND WILL FERRELL WOULD SAY, "DIDN'T THIS HAPPEN IN THE ORIGINAL?" THEY COULDN'T REMEMBER THEIR OWN MOVIE.

had become friends with her, and one night she said, "Come to dinner with me and Harrison." I'm like, "Me, you and him?" It turned out to be a small group of us, thankfully, but I ended up as her wingman. We had dinner someplace in Brentwood and then went back to his house. He put music on and made everybody drinks. He was giggly and goofy around her but pretty aloof with the rest of us. I kept thinking we should leave the two of them alone, but Calista was like, "Don't leave, don't leave, don't leave." I'm making him sound like a rapist, but he was very hospitable. She *(continued on page 156)*



"How many times do you have to sleep with someone before you put them on your Christmas card list?"



TURNED ON

The online sexual revolution is reshaping the rules of porn and relocating porn stars from the Valley to the house next door

By Rachel Rabbit White

W

ow can I make money?" Lit by the electronic blue of a laptop, Brittany Jean scrolled through the responses from Google. She tried again: "How can I make money with naked photos?"

Hours later Brittany Jean stripped down, set the self-timer on her digital camera and posted her photos to MyGirlFund, a site that allows women to sign up and sell nude videos or photos to a community of members.

When her husband came home from the late shift, Brittany Jean pretended to be asleep and, after he'd drifted off, slipped back to the computer. "The first two days I made \$400 from photos alone. Then I started camming at \$5 a minute," she says. This was what she led with when breaking the news to her husband days later: "Five dollars a minute—I mean, that's what some people make an hour!" Skyping from a cream-colored bedroom in her Arkansas home, wearing a black top and smoky eye shadow, she shifts, revealing pajama pants below the screen, a look any girl who works from home would recognize.

The new job brought out her sense of competition. She watched hours of YouTube makeup tutorials, lost weight and got her boobs done—a splurge with the money from camming, her first "real" job. "At first I wanted to brag on myself," says Brittany Jean, who has lived in the same small town in Arkansas all her life. She laughs, touching her ash-blonde extensions. "I told everybody. But now I'll go out and a girl I don't know working a cash register will ask if I'm still camming. I didn't realize at first that I would get the judgment."

At any given time thousands of Brittany Jeans are available on cam sites such as MyGirlFund, LiveJasmin, Streamate and MyFreeCams. For a fee they allow strangers to see them naked or watch them have sex. Or masturbate. Or wash their hair. Or smoke. Becoming a cam girl is relatively easy: The application process involves submitting photos and answering a few questions: "Are you at least 18 years old?" "What is your full legal name?" "Tell us a little about yourself." In the world of sex work, it's a good gig: It's legal, and unlike other iterations it involves no physical interaction and no pressure from producers or directors. Cam girls can kick out rude users, make their own hours, set their own rates and keep a large share of the money.

All these factors have helped the camming industry thrive at a time when the

rest of the porn world is shaky: Streaming is killing DVDs, pirating is killing streaming, and amateurs are using Vine and Snapchat to make their own porn. Basically, the Ferraris have been traded for BMWs. Camming is the bright spot. In 2011 LiveJasmin was declared the most popular adult site on the internet, period. Today it generates more web traffic than Hulu, Best Buy or FedEx. "It's hard to pinpoint exact numbers, but annual revenue for camming sites is well over a billion dollars," says Stefan Patrick, director of business development at MyGirlFund, where Brittany Jean got her start.

But on the business end, the two industries—porn and camming—are increasingly one and the same. Porn companies see cash in the intimate experience offered by cam sites and view it as amateur content that can be monetized by the industry—or rather by the handful of global-reaching companies that bought up most of the industry during the recession. Culturally, our views of obscenity shift with each new technological advancement—print to film to home video to the internet. Now technology has us once again *(continued on page 171)*

"It's hard work, right?" Amber Lynn says afterward, sweaty and buzzing as a tiny clock counts down a break.

BELOW: Nikki Hearts cams from her L.A. home between porn shoots.

BOTTOM: Aaliyah Love was a preschool teacher before her camming career.



PHOTO BY NICK FARRELL



"Okay, I get it—you're jolly. Now show me what's in the bag."



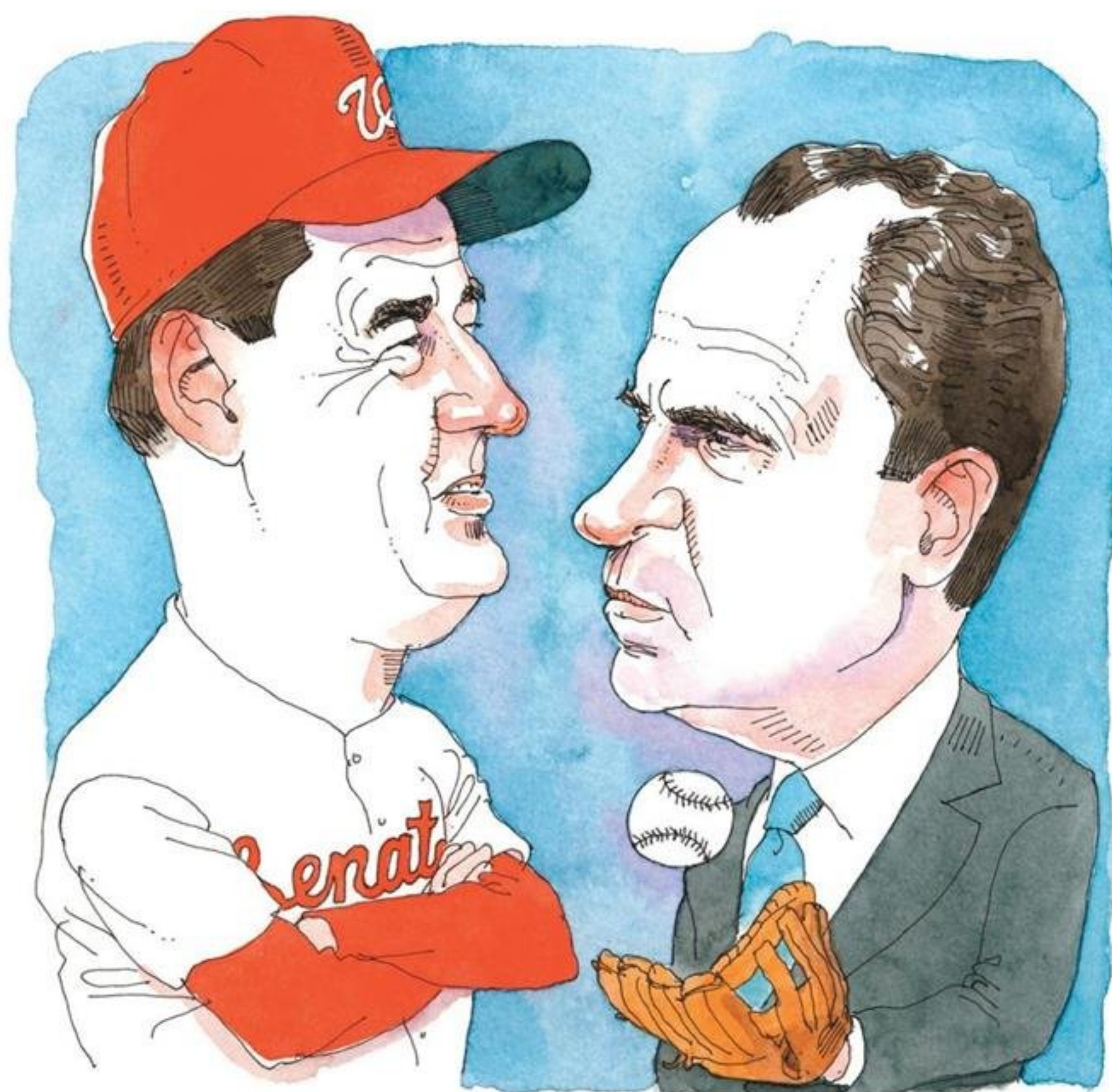
Talkin' Bout Your
Generation

Is the Greatest Generation really that great? Are the Boomers a joke? Do Millennials suck? Finally, your definitive guide to defending or attacking any age group

BY STEVEN CHEAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

Ah yes, that time-tested ever-green, trundled out at holiday parties, family gatherings and pretty much anytime the alcohol starts flowing: “My generation is [glowing superlatives here]. Your generation is [insult here].” The argument is inevitable, considering the oceans of time and complexities of circumstance separating each epoch. After all, Grandpa may have checked out at Omaha Beach, but he certainly never checked in on Foursquare. Still, there’s one truth that binds us all: Whether you’re a member of the Greatest Generation, the Silent Generation, the Baby Boomers or the Gen Xers, Yers or Zers, you must understand the defining characteristics of each in order to issue an informed verbal beat-down. That’s where we come in.



THE GREATEST GENERATION

Born 1901–1924

HEROES

- John F. Kennedy, Julia Child, Jackie Robinson, Walt Disney, Margaret Mead, Frank Sinatra, John Wayne, Jack Kerouac, Charles Lindbergh, Louis Armstrong, Betty Friedan, Jonas Salk, Ronald Reagan

VILLAINS

- Richard Nixon, Joseph McCarthy, John Dillinger, Meyer Lansky, Bugsy Siegel, Joseph Bonanno, Leona Helmsley, Charles Keating Jr., Ronald Reagan

WHAT THEY'RE KNOWN FOR

- Character forged on the breadlines of the Great Depression, bravery tested via drop-kicking Hitler to the great hereafter, ingenuity demonstrated while building America into the greatest country on earth—in the midst of the Cold War, no less. Did we mention frugality, personal responsibility and humility? Well, those too.

WHAT WE THINK OF THEM

- “It is, I believe, the greatest generation any society has ever produced,” writes newsman Tom Brokaw in his aptly titled best-seller *The Greatest Generation*. They fought “not for fame and recognition but because it was the right thing to do.”

WHAT THEY'D RATHER YOU NOT KNOW

- According to polls conducted as late as the 1990s, the Greatest Generation might

not have been as great as previously thought. The majority of them opposed interracial marriage, objected to the proliferation of working mothers and supported discrimination based on sexual orientation.

SHINING EXAMPLE

- Like many of his peers, Ted Williams walked away from baseball, at the height of his powers, when his country needed him. Was one war enough for Williams? Hell, no. He served as a Marines fighter pilot in World War II and went back for seconds during the Korean War. “He was a marine just like the rest of us, and he did a great job,” said fellow soldier and future astronaut John Glenn. “Everybody tries to make a hero out of me,” added Williams with characteristic modesty some 39 missions and one hearing impairment later. “I was no hero. There were maybe 75 pilots in our two squadrons, and 99 percent of them did a better job than I did.”

NOT-SO-SHINING EXAMPLE

- Like absolutely none of his peers, Richard Nixon resigned the presidency for his role in the Watergate conspiracy—a scandal involving wiretapping, robbery, hush money and so much more that served as a public-image wrecking ball to American politics.

BOTTOM LINE

- Somehow brave *and* bigoted, progressive *and* regressive.

THE SILENT GENERATION

Born 1925–1945

HEROES

• Martin Luther King Jr., Elvis Presley, Hugh Hefner, Jackie Kennedy, Bob Dylan, Muhammad Ali, Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, Malcolm X, Gloria Steinem, Warren Buffett, Andy Warhol, Clint Eastwood, Maya Angelou, Jim Morrison, Cesar Chavez

VILLAINS

• Charles Manson, Lee Harvey Oswald, James Earl Ray, John Gotti, Jerry Sandusky, Bernie Madoff, Jim Jones, John Wayne Gacy, Dick Cheney, Ivan Boesky, Pat Robertson, Ted Kaczynski

WHAT THEY'RE KNOWN FOR

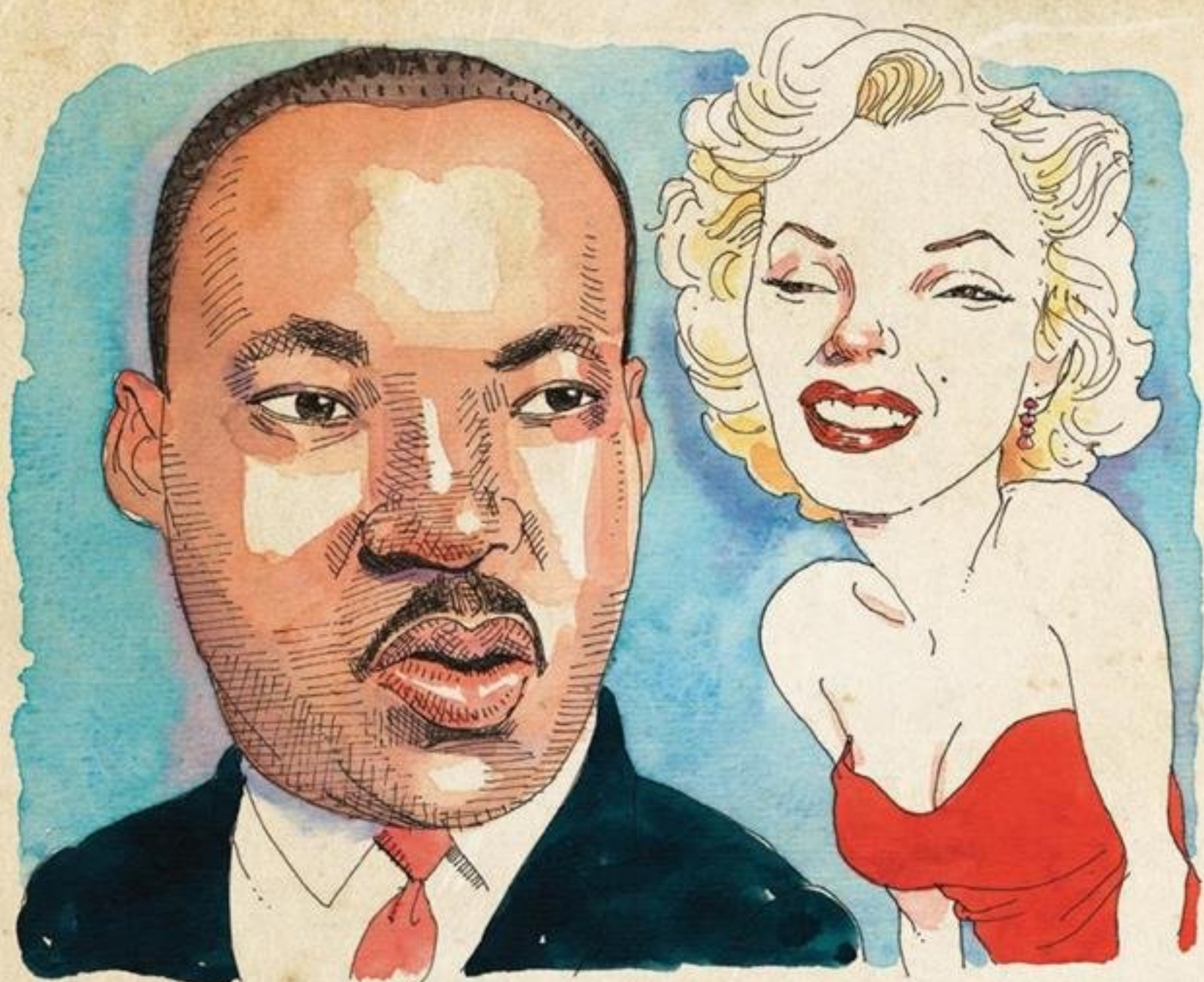
• Baby Boomers carried the torch for racial and sexual equality, but the Silent Generation sparked the match, giving birth to the leaders who got everyone marching to the promised land in the first place. And though Boomers happily take credit for making rock and roll “classic,” it’s the Silent Generation who plugged in and brought the blues-infused monster to life in the first place.

WHAT WE THINK OF THEM

• We don’t. After all, they’re not called “silent” for nothing. Born into the depths of the Depression, raised hard by a world war and made paranoid by anticommunist fever, the Silent Generation grew up, according to a 1951 *Time* magazine cover story, “withdrawn” and “cautious,” seen and not heard. (Being sandwiched between the history-book heroics of the Greatest Generation and the larger-than-life legacy of the Boomers didn’t help.)

WHAT THEY'D RATHER YOU NOT KNOW

• Sure, they walked to school...uphill...in the snow...both ways. But their tales of hard rearing (which have come to be referred to as “old-school”) mask upbringings in the most stable families in U.S. history. Plus, they were the first generation



to have unprecedented access to higher education, funded by veterans benefits earned during a time of minimal bloodshed.

SHINING EXAMPLE

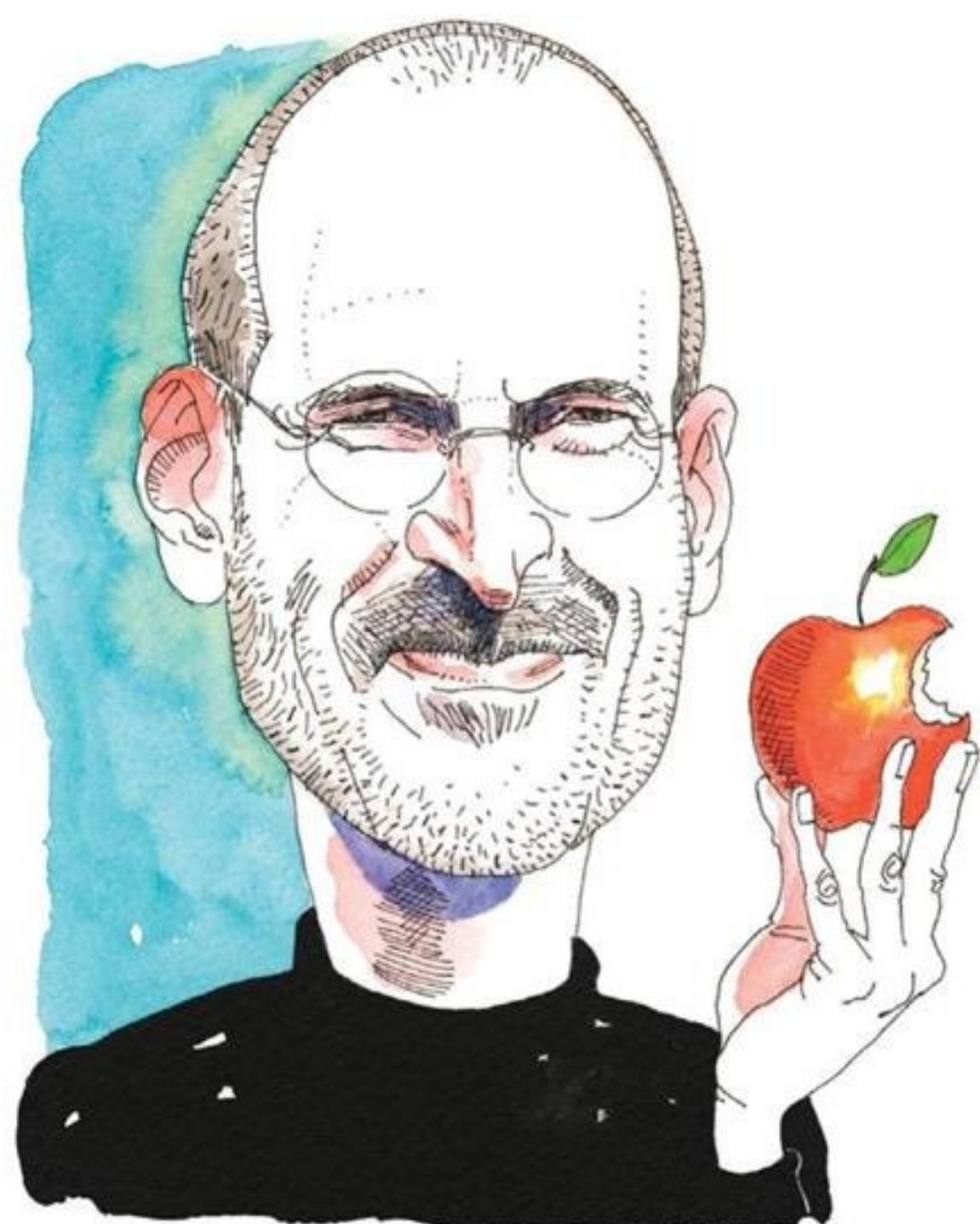
• Perhaps no single American has brought his country closer to realizing its democratic dream than Martin Luther King Jr. In a few short years, the engine of the civil rights movement helped deliver his generation, and all those to follow, from the Jim Crow dark ages into the very real promise of justice for all.

NOT-SO-SHINING EXAMPLE

• Never short on uninformed commentary, televangelist Pat Robertson has made something of a second career offering his opinion on lifestyles other than his own. To wit: “Many of those people involved in Adolf Hitler were Satanists. Many were homosexuals. The two things seem to go together.” Naturally he’s had plenty to say about feminism: “a socialist, antifamily political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians.”

BOTTOM LINE

• Shattered but sheltered. Seeking a different way and a better quality of life without fully recognizing their role in either.



BABY BOOMERS

Born 1946–1964

HEROES

• Steve Jobs, Oprah Winfrey, Bill Clinton, Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama, Michael Jackson, Bill Gates, George Clooney, Bruce Springsteen, Michael Jordan, David Letterman, Tom Hanks, Magic Johnson, Madonna

VILLAINS

• O.J. Simpson, Donald Trump, Karl Rove, Sarah Palin, Jay Leno, Michael

Moore, John Edwards, Rush Limbaugh, Mel Gibson, Kathie Lee Gifford, Michael Milken

WHAT THEY'RE KNOWN FOR

• Powered by 40 percent of the U.S. population, Boomers changed the face of popular culture like no generation before or since—its movies and music, its cars and clothes, its power and politics. Taking up the cause for peace, love and

understanding, they made a clean break with the past. Better yet, they did it against a backdrop of unprecedented chemical and sexual experimentation. And half a century later, they won't let us forget it.

WHAT WE THINK OF THEM

- It depends on whom you ask. According to a 2009 poll, 27 percent of people surveyed said Baby Boomers would be remembered for challenging an unjust war and changing social values. Another 42 percent claimed they would be remembered for rampant consumerism and self-indulgence. The rest simply weren't sure or chose "nothing at all." (We're fairly certain all of them pondered the same question: *Why won't this generation just shut up already?*)

WHAT THEY'D RATHER YOU NOT KNOW

- A generation once defined by its unflinching idealism became equally noted for its narcissism and epic self-indulgence. Before long, the Me Generation, as they became known, had turned drug use into drug abuse, given us disco, tried to get rich on junk bonds and handed an unholy national debt to their children. And they're still not done: By 2030, social welfare will buckle under the strain of one in five Americans reaching his or her conclusion.

SHINING EXAMPLE

- Seeing Steve Jobs's name on a definitive list of the 20 most influential Americans of all time—alongside the likes of George Washington, Albert Einstein and Thomas Edison—should come as no surprise. Who else so completely changed the way we live our lives? Before his death at 56, Apple's founder revolutionized not only personal computing but also the wireless, music and film industries. And we had the feeling he was just getting started.

NOT-SO-SHINING EXAMPLE

- Gordon Gekko, the character who claims "greed is good" in the 1980s capitalism-on-steroids classic *Wall Street*, is, the filmmakers admitted, partly based on Michael Milken. At his peak, Milken earned between \$200 million and \$550 million a year by bankrolling mergers and acquisitions with junk bonds. Since doing time for securities fraud, ponying up \$600 million in fines and being diagnosed with prostate cancer, he has turned his moneymaking mind to the treatment of cancer and other diseases. If he funds a cure, we'll call it even.

BOTTOM LINE

- Apparently there is an *I* in *team*.

GENERATION X

Born 1965–1979

HEROES

- Larry Page, Sergey Brin, Jay Z, Kurt Cobain, Steve Chen, Chad Hurley, Jawed Karim, Tina Fey, Judd Apatow, J.K. Rowling, Dave Eggers, Tiger Woods

VILLAINS

- Kanye West, Lance Armstrong, Kobe Bryant, John Mayer, Gwyneth Paltrow, Alex Rodriguez, Charlie Sheen, Jesse James, Tiger Woods

WHAT THEY'RE KNOWN FOR

- Slacking. And changing the world. The children of MTV and Reaganomics came out of the gate the radiant products of divorce, a broken political process, an AIDS epidemic, yuppie materialism and diminished prospects amid a cavalcade of financial meltdowns. Written off as detached and disenfranchised, they've shown serious entrepreneurial skills, transforming our lives with Google, YouTube, Amazon and more.

WHAT WE THINK OF THEM

- Boy, that ambiguous X sure has come in handy. A generation devoted to fighting corruption, embracing diversity and searching for personal freedom has desperately sought a sense of security. The same group that excelled at education and volunteerism can't seem to shake its slacker

reputation. The young adults who put off having families of their own are hitting middle age only to confront the same nagging question: "How am I going to pay the rent?"

WHAT THEY'D RATHER YOU NOT KNOW

- While they'd have you believe they hold the patent on existential angst (grunge, anyone?), Gen Xers are actually "active, balanced and happy," according to a 2011 study. Pessimistic about marriage? *Bah*. A higher percentage of them stay together compared with Boomers, and a majority claim to enjoy the institution. They're social, hardworking, devoted parents—a generation that has grown into "technologically savvy, adventurous pragmatists."

SHINING EXAMPLE

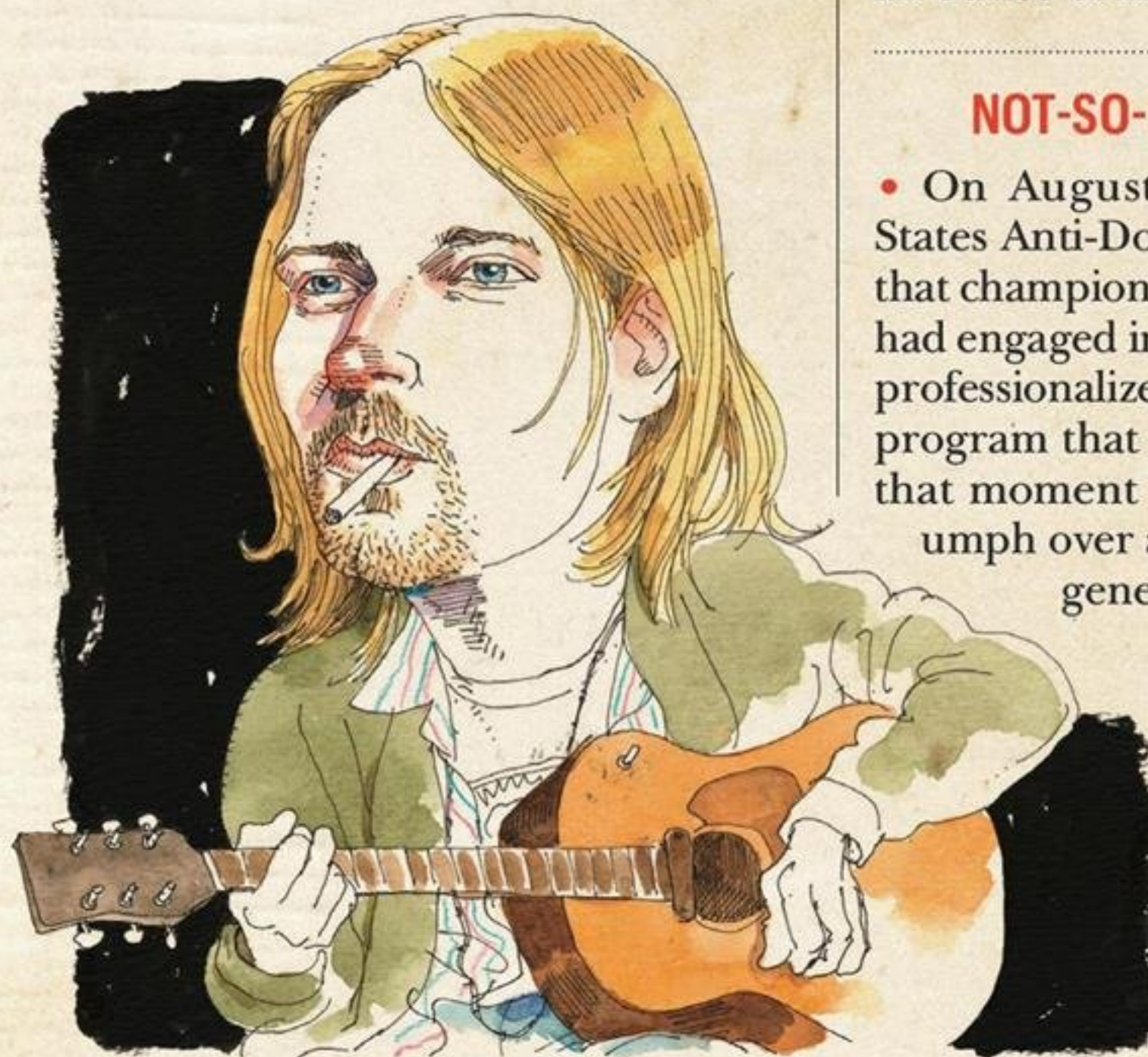
- If the man once known as Shawn Carter had simply gone from rags to riches, he'd be like many who came before him. But in becoming Jay Z, a symbol of human potential realized, he's like no one else. In a mere 20 years, the kid from Brooklyn's Marcy Projects has gone from dopeman to superman—a hip-hop hall of famer turned visionary entrepreneur with a net worth of approximately \$500 million. Businessman, family man, Beyoncé's man, Jigga Man snapped the slacker stereotype without losing an ounce of integrity.

NOT-SO-SHINING EXAMPLE

- On August 24, 2012 the United States Anti-Doping Agency concluded that champion cyclist Lance Armstrong had engaged in "the most sophisticated, professionalized and successful doping program that sport has ever seen." In that moment the poster child for triumph over adversity, who inspired a generation to live strong, was revealed to be a one-man force of corruption—and a real a-hole.

BOTTOM LINE

- The apathy and cynicism you've heard about—never mind.





GENERATION Y

(A.K.A. THE MILLENNIALS)

Born 1980–2000

HEROES

- Mark Zuckerberg, Beyoncé, David Karp, Lady Gaga, Lena Dunham, Adele, Kevin Systrom, Serena Williams, Jennifer Lawrence, Frank Ocean, Sandra Fluke

VILLAINS

- Kim Kardashian, LeBron James, Lindsay Lohan, Michael Vick, Casey

Anthony, Chris Brown, Paris Hilton, Anne Hathaway, Ryan Braun, Aaron Hernandez, Justin Bieber

WHAT THEY'RE KNOWN FOR

- They're digital natives: Millennials who tried to quit social media showed the same symptoms as drug addicts in withdrawal. They're children of the Great Recession, which has left them overeducated, underemployed perpetual tenants of their helicopter parents. Still, the generation most responsible for electing Barack Obama is nothing if not open-minded and optimistic about the future.

WHAT WE THINK OF THEM

- Our opinion changes about as often as their Facebook status. A knowing, media-savvy generation, they grew up fast, sexting before it was even a word. The fact that fewer of them drive, uncertain as to whether they need or even want a car, simultaneously confuses and impresses their elders. Coddled from the crib, they lack the gumption to leave the nest and achieve. Yet, paradoxically, they're entrepreneurial and have excelled outside the confines of the cubicle—though maybe not as much as their profiles would have us believe.

WHAT THEY'D RATHER YOU NOT KNOW

- They've earned the nickname the Me Me Me Generation for a reason: They're three times more likely than Boomers to have narcissistic personality disorder. Materialism and a lofty sense of entitlement—minus the means to realize

their caviar dreams—have contributed to breathtaking delusions of grandeur. Moreover, Generation Y is arguably the most medicated on record, their hazy state and sedentary social-media lifestyle contributing to a rise in obesity and its BFF, diabetes.

SHINING EXAMPLE

- “I think that I may be the voice of my generation...or at least *a* voice...of *a* generation.” So sort-of declares Hannah Horvath, a girl among *Girls*, HBO's breakthrough dramedy. Hannah's assertion may have more legitimacy than she seems to believe. Creator Lena Dunham does what television has never done before, honestly, unsparingly capturing the lives of a generation's young women, albeit a narrow slice of white, privileged, self-obsessed young women. Love her or hate her (you'd be in good company either way), Dunham is a quadruple-threat writer-producer-director-star with a singular vision.

NOT-SO-SHINING EXAMPLE

- In the annals of teen idoldom, Justin Bieber is unique in that he's totally a product of social media. With his 45 million Twitter followers, his zany antics—urinating in public, spitting in faces, refusing to wear shirts, hoping Anne Frank would've been a “Belieber”—are inescapable, threatening to turn him into a pop-culture pariah in record-breaking time.

BOTTOM LINE

- The most connected generation is still trying to make a connection.

GENERATION Z

2001–present

HEROES

- Suri Cruise, the Jolie-Pitt brood

VILLAINS

- Honey Boo Boo, North West

WHAT WE THINK OF THEM

- If Generation Y is optimistic, its successors are realistic. Can you blame them? They've known nothing but a post-9/11 world of terrorism, crippling recession, climate change and school violence. Understandably, they take their

entertainment dark and dystopian, with characters rising above grim circumstances to create a better way of life for all. Watching their parents grapple with unemployment and their Gen-Y elders move back home will make them financially conservative and savvy. Hyperconnected from conception, they're set to speed through childhood like a runaway train, likely emerging the most diverse, inquisitive, globally aware generation in history.

BOTTOM LINE

- The jury's still out.





"For the kind of stuff you want, you'll have to ask the elf in the alley in back of the department store!"

HOUSE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

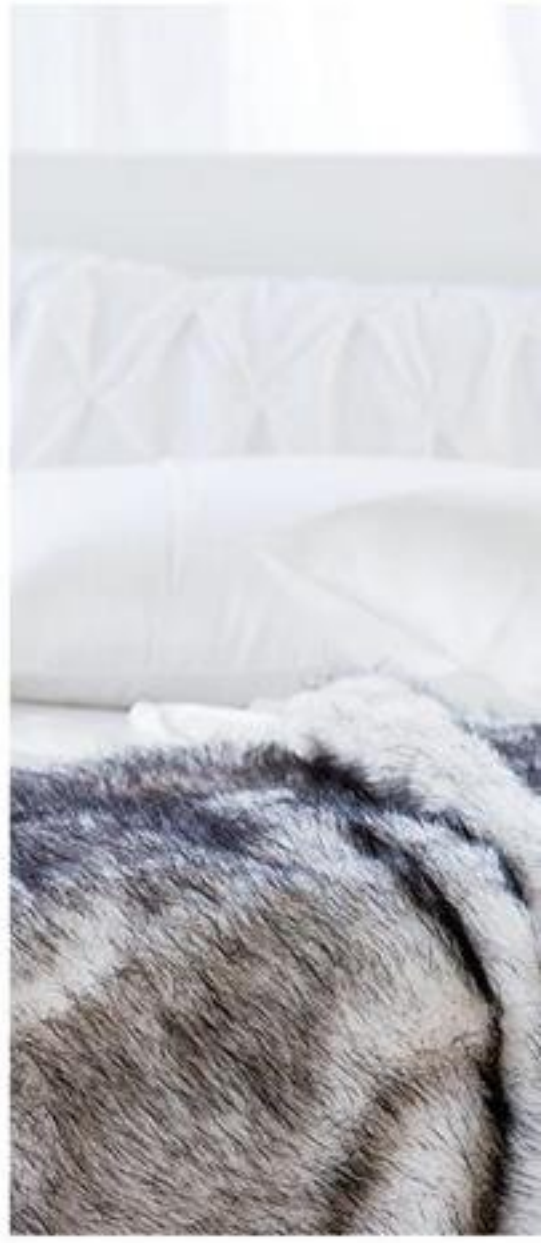
As voluptuous as Venus and as brainy as Madame Curie, 26-year-old Kennedy Summers has our temperature rising. With 12 years of modeling under her garter belt, Kennedy has a bachelor's degree in anthropology and is currently in medical school while simultaneously finishing her master's in health administration. "I'm so busy, my dog is lucky if he gets a one-hour walk," she says, laughing. Her ambition is to become a plastic surgeon. "It's a job where people come to me and leave happy, not sad," she says. Not that she's all work and no play. The Berlin-born, Virginia-raised bombshell lists classic rock, Broadway

theater, the Pittsburgh Steelers and sex as a sampling of her other passions. "Oh, I adore sex," she coos. As for modeling, Kennedy is just about done with that part of her career. "I wanted my grand finale in the profession to be as a PLAYBOY Playmate," she says. "Playmates are so iconic, they'll never go out of style. I thought it would be the coolest job I could go out with." She sent us some photos, and soon she was in our studio. In all her years in front of the camera, Kennedy had never posed nude before. "Nudity is no big deal for me, though," she says, "because I have a very Euro mentality. I love being Miss December. Merry Christmas, world, here's me, naked!"

CALL

WE'VE GOT THE
FEVER FOR MISS
DECEMBER. LUCKILY,
THIS GORGEOUS
MEDICAL STUDENT
AND INTERNATIONAL
MODEL HAS THE CURE









MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Kennedy Summers

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kennedy Summers

BUST: 32D WAIST: 23" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 120 LBS.

BIRTH DATE: 03/03/87 BIRTHPLACE: Berlin, Germany

AMBITIONS: To have my own plastic surgery clinic and, most important, to be happy!

TURN-ONS: Smart, funny, old-fashioned gentlemen who don't take themselves too seriously.

TURNOFFS: Disrespectful, insecure and narrow-minded guys who don't know how to treat a lady. That's super not my thing, okay, boys?

FAVORITE FOOD: I'm a vegetarian but not a health nut. Some examples? I eat pizza for breakfast, lunch and dinner and I'm addicted to mint Oreo ice cream!

GUILTY PLEASURE: I'm a total die-hard Steelers fanatic. I even have a Terrible Tone! framed in my foyer!

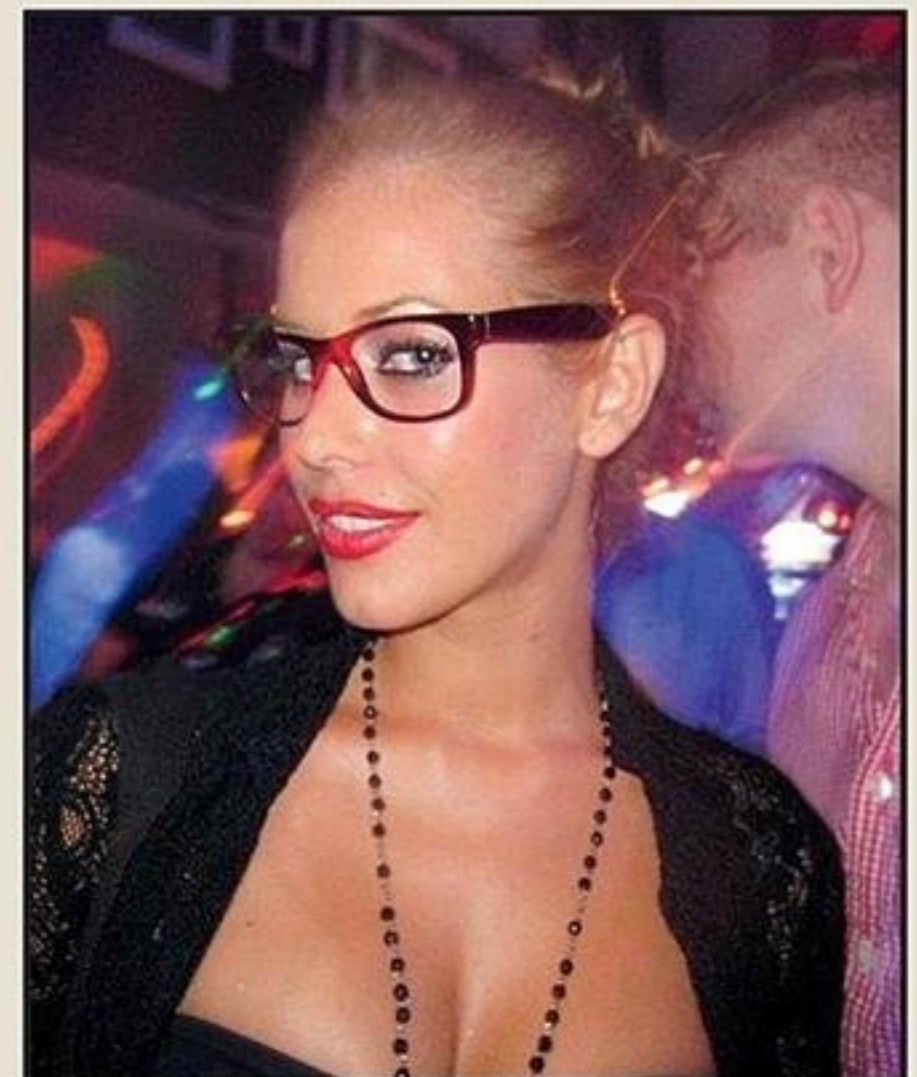
DREAM HOLIDAY WISH: I mainly grew up in the South, so I'd love to see some snow. Can you help me out, Playboy?



Who did my hair here?



Summer in Thailand.



Looking studious but not studying.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The one thing women don't want to find in their stockings on Christmas morning is their husband.

A man out Christmas shopping spotted a guy with a tree slung over the hood of his car. "Getting ready for Christmas?" the first man asked.

"No," the second replied, "teaching the wife how to drive."

How are women's breasts like the train sets kids get for Christmas?

They were originally made for children, but the fathers want to play with them.



The three wise men sound generous, but you have to remember their gifts were joint Christmas-birthday presents.

A man arrived home from work and was greeted at the door by his wife. "Did you get your Christmas bonus?" she asked.

"Honey," he said, "put on your coat."

"So that's a yes and we're going out to celebrate?" she asked.

"No," he said, "I'm turning off the heat."

A young woman asked her mother, "Mom, how many kinds of penises are there?"

The mother calmly answered, "Well, a man goes through three phases: In his 20s his penis is like an oak—mighty and hard. In his 30s and 40s, it is like a birch—flexible but reliable. After his 50s, it is like a Christmas tree—dried up, and the balls are just there for decoration."

What do the female reindeer do on Christmas Eve when Santa Claus is busy driving his sled with the males?

Go into town and blow a couple of bucks.

After her husband died, a wife had his remains cremated. She returned home with the ashes, dumped them on the dining room table and then started talking to them. "You know that fur coat you promised me? I bought it with the insurance money. You know the new car you promised me? I bought that with the insurance money too." Then she whispered, "You know that blow job I promised you? Well, here it comes."

Did you get anything under the tree?" a woman asked her single sister.

"Nope," the sister replied. "It was in the backseat of the car, as usual."

Why is Christmas just like a day at the office?

You do all the work and the fat guy with the suit gets all the credit.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A woman said to her girlfriend, "My ex-husband wants to marry me again."

The friend said, "How flattering."

The woman replied, "Not really. I think he's after the money I married him for."

Why an angel sits atop the Christmas tree:

Santa was having a terrible day. Mrs. Claus was furious with him, the reindeer had been eaten by polar bears, and the elves had gone on strike. Just then a cheerful angel came in with a Christmas tree and asked, "Where should I put this?"

A truck full of Viagra has been stolen. Police are asking the public to be on the lookout for a group of hardened criminals.



A man shopping at Victoria's Secret brought a luxurious pair of silk pajamas to the check-out counter. "My," the clerk said, "your wife is going to love these."

"Oh right," the man said. "In that case I'll take two."

During a job interview the potential employer asked, "What would you consider to be your greatest weakness?"

"Honesty," the interviewee answered.

"Honesty? I don't think honesty is a weakness," the interviewer remarked.

The applicant answered, "I don't care what you think!"

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"....Still believe I'm not real?"

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

IT IS NOW TIME TO DETERMINE
THE FATE OF THE WORLD

➤ Once there was an aging veteran of foreign wars whose body, after too many consecutive tours of duty, was little more than an assemblage of hinged prostheses wired to an embittered brain, and one hot desert night he lost what cool his contraption contained and slugged a bitchy officer half his age with his spring-loaded steel fist, leaving the tight-assed little Napoleon with his teeth lodged in the back of his throat and in need of a prosthetic jaw of his own. The old veteran was a military hero many times over, having fought an endless series of wars for the owners of the world, but for this minor indiscretion they unceremoniously threw him in the lockup and, when they grew tired of his loud obscenities and violent cage rattling, they discharged him dishonorably, sending him out into the world with nothing but the pack on his back. He deserved more than that. Was there a way to get it? Sure there was, but he'd need a lawyer, and they were the species of diseased subhumanity he loathed above all others.

He was describing all this one night to a disgruntled ex-airman in a bar popular with

professional killers like themselves, on or off duty, in or out of the ranks, when he spied across the room, sitting alone, a stunningly gorgeous creature with a haunting enigmatic smile, and he fell instantly in love with her, saying as much, though more profanely, to his drinking companion. Yeah, you and everybody else, the guy replied, but she's too hot to handle. The airman had just been telling him how he'd been used in a failed advanced-weapons experiment to create flying soldiers by lining their lower bowels with the sort of ceramics used in space launches and fitting their rebuilt guts with miniature turbo jets, too small to keep aircraft aloft but enough to send a single body with a full pack rocketing up, which was fun if you didn't mind hard landings. I shit out my side like Jesus, he said, pointing. But now the guy wanted to know, after what the old veteran had told him about all the essentials he'd lost, what he could do about it even if she were available. They fitted me out with an automated electromagnetic dick, he explained, and what happens is different from orgasms, as best I can remember them, but I still get a charge out of them, and the girls, too, get a buzz that has them coming back for more. I even had access to a sperm bank back at the base if I wanted to fire real bullets, but I knew the brainless jerkoffs who had contributed to it, and I didn't want to pollute the earth with more of them. But I can handle anything with a slot in its fork, so what's the problem with that beautiful thing over there? Watch, the guy said. There comes the Ripper.

There was a brouhaha developing in a cleared space near the bar where a screaming woman was suddenly bent over, skirts up and knife at her throat, to be taken fiercely from behind by a snarling brute with filed steel teeth. That evil dude's genes got fucked up when he was nuked in a desert demo for a bunch of fossil fuel barons, the airman said. They gave him lifetime immunity in compensation, so he does what he wants. Always a bloody mess to clean up in here when he's done. The beautiful woman with the mesmerizing smile walked over to the man and peeled her face away. Everyone else looked away and the Ripper hit the floor like a petrified tree. Then she put her face on again and sat down, smiling benignly as before. Holy shit, said the old (continued on page 168)

FICTION BY ROBERT COOVER
ILLUSTRATION BY KILIAN ENG







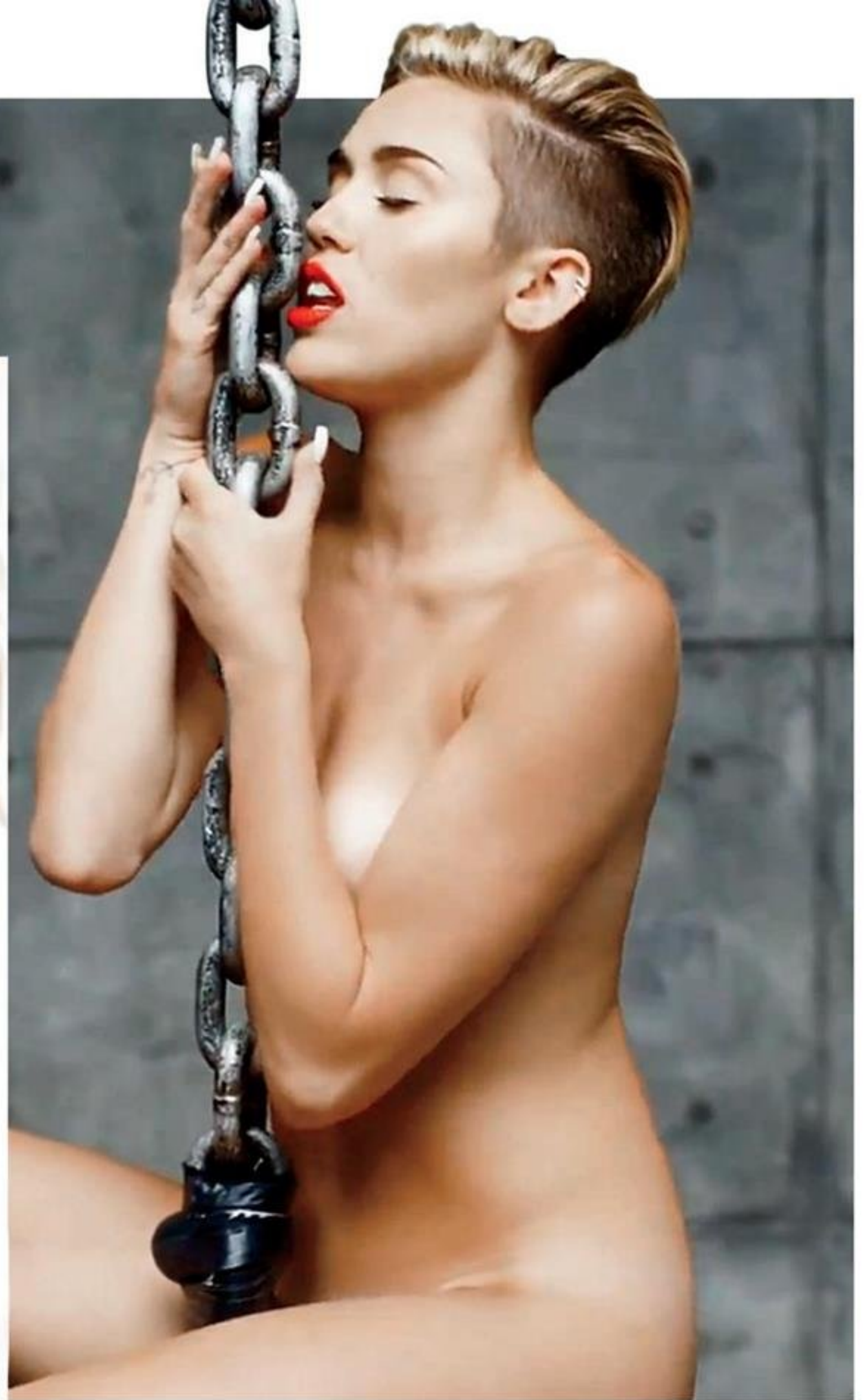
The WEEKEND

Sex

Our roundup of the most hedonistic headlines and titillating tidbits

Music Videos: Unleashed and Unrated

► Miley Cyrus twerked her way into adulthood and bared it all in "Wrecking Ball," while Robin Thicke's "Blurred Lines" crossed lines with a bevy of beautiful women in the buff. Consider our interest in music videos aroused.



We'll Hand It to You

► The ad of the year award goes to this Chilean PSA, which makes a strong case for hand sanitizer.



Traffic Cop a Feel

► In an effort to get Russian drivers to slow down, women took off their tops and held up speed-limit signs. Reports on how many people swerved into trees still pending.

Who's Your Daddy?

► Step aside, Maury Povich. Mobile paternity testing is here. Now New Yorkers can hail a Winnebago, offer DNA samples and find out in three to five business days if their lives are ruined.



Propositioned

THREE OFFBEAT CELEBRITY OFFERS



Fruit of the Loom and Jockey promised Jon Hamm's freewheeling ham free undies.



Porn site PureMature.com offered Paula Deen six figures to churn men's members.



The Lingerie Football League asked virginal free agent Tim Tebow to be its QB coach.



Sex Rights and Wrongs

THE BIGGEST SETBACKS AND SUCCESSES FROM AROUND THE WORLD



WRONG

Putin Down Homosexuals

Russian president Vladimir Putin signed a bill that imposes fines on people who provide LGBT information to minors. In protest, a Facebook group photoshopped pics of Putin in drag and suggested folks mail him dildos.



RIGHT

No Glove, No Love

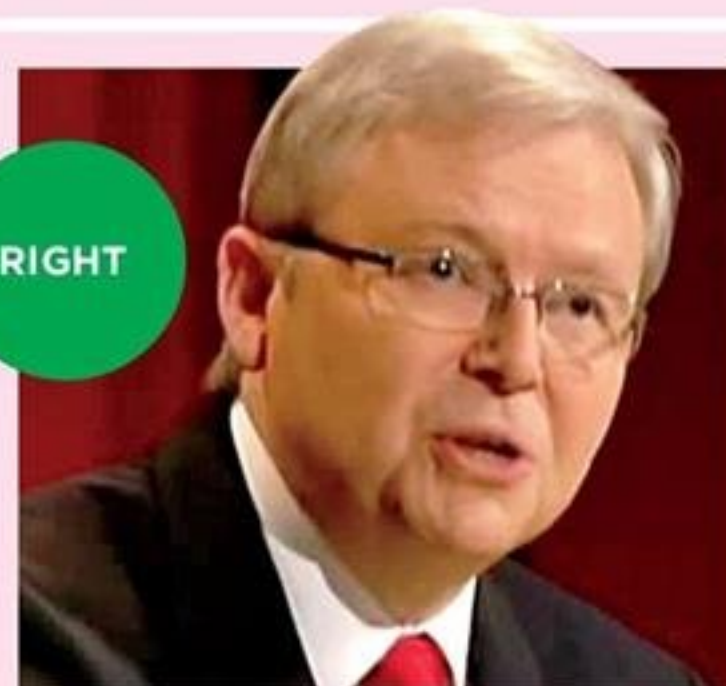
Mexican company Rubberit sells condoms online and uses the profits to fund sex education.



WRONG

Mouth Off

Virginia GOP candidate Ken Cuccinelli campaigned to reinstate an unconstitutional law that makes it a felony to have oral or anal sex.



RIGHT

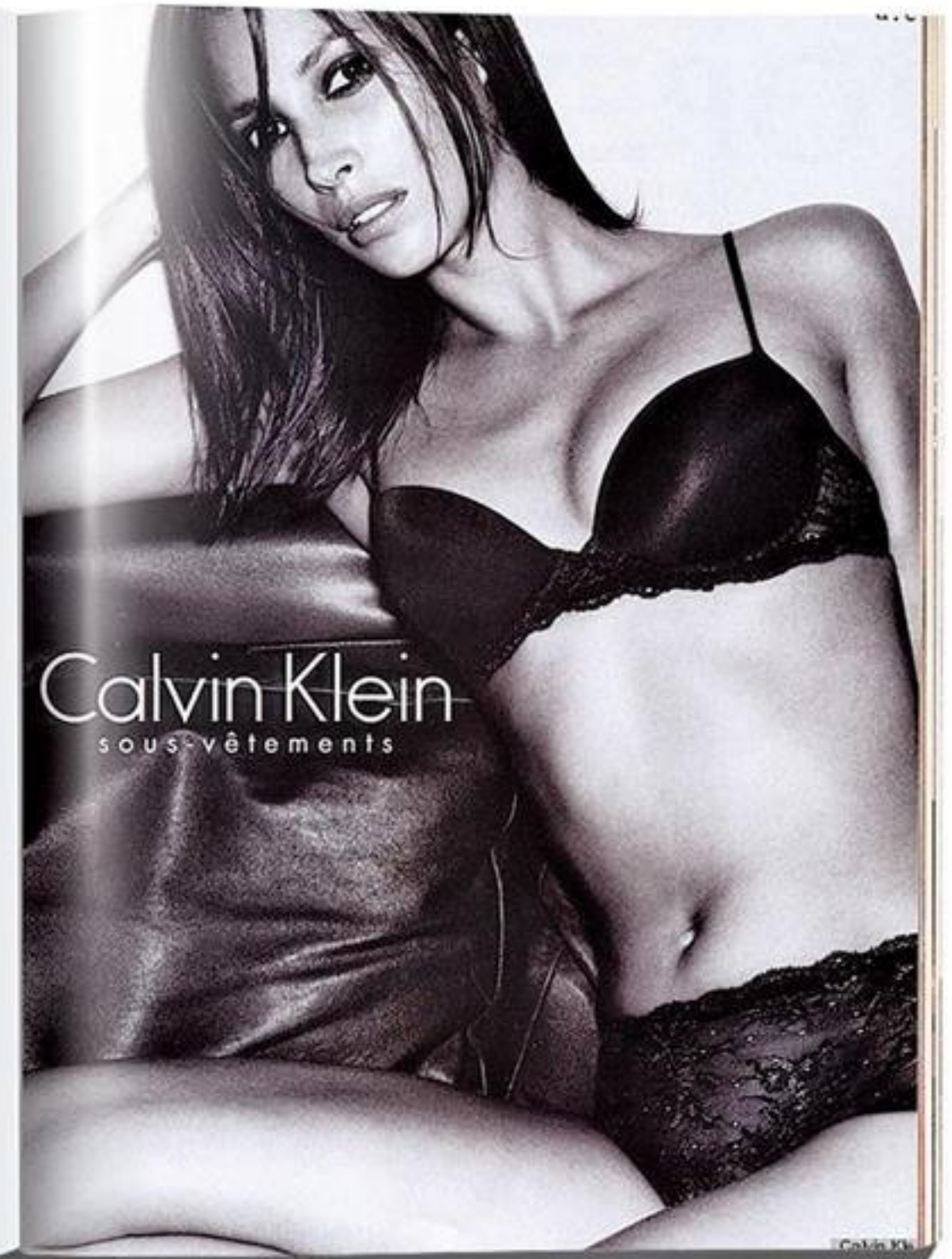
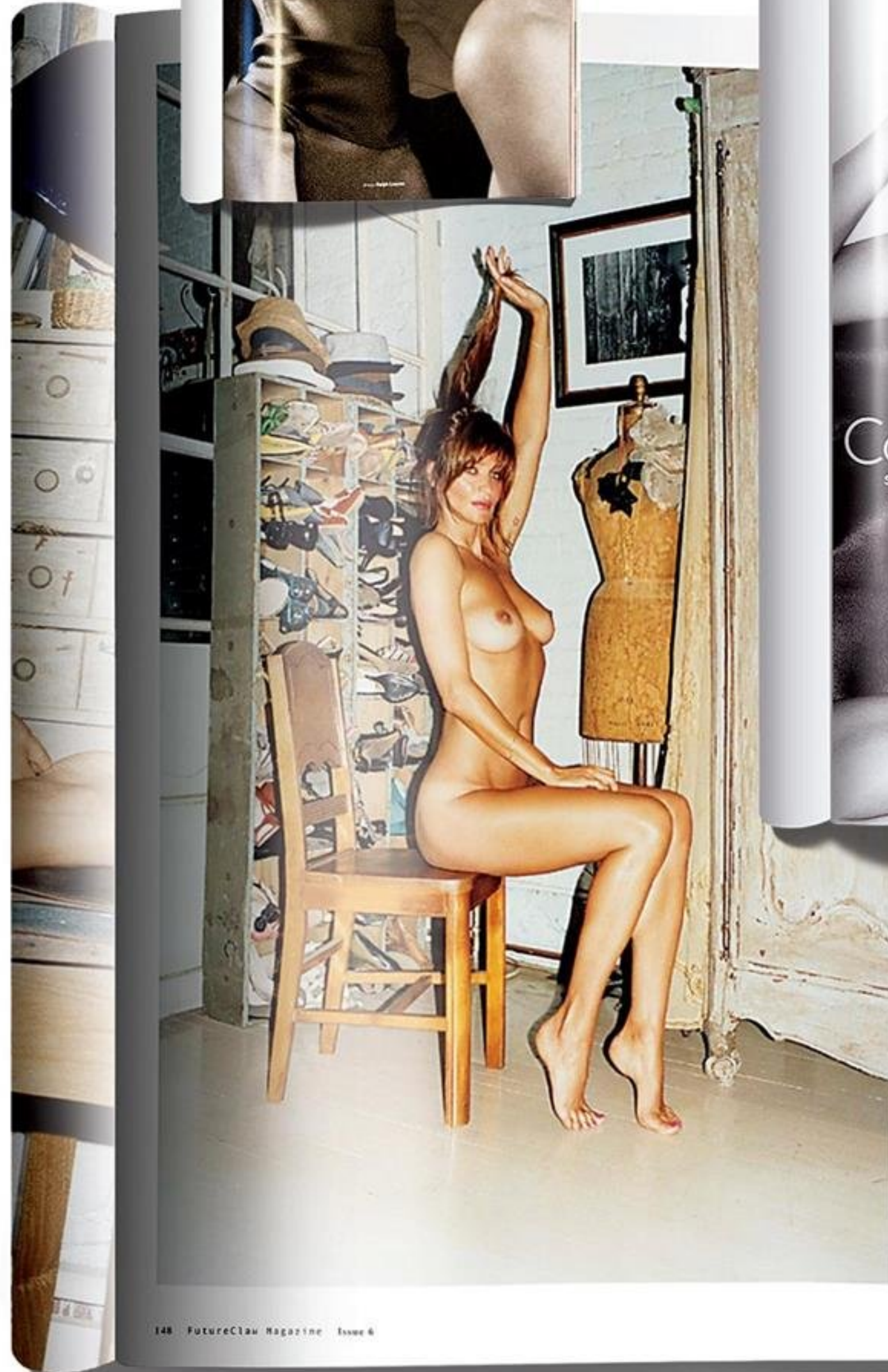
Schooled, Mate

When a pastor asked Australian prime minister Kevin Rudd why he supports gay marriage when the Bible says it's unnatural, Rudd responded, "Well, mate, if I was going to have that view, the Bible also says slavery is a natural condition."



This Is 40?

► Supermodels Cindy Crawford, Helena Christensen and Christy Turlington showed a bit of skin and proved age is just a number.



Naked in NYC

► Artist Andy Golub knows the secret to drawing a crowd: Paint on naked women (and men) in Times Square. We appreciate his entire body of work.



Déjà Weiner

► Former New York congressman and mayoral candidate Anthony Weiner made headlines again when he admitted to sending a woman dick pics under the pseudonym Carlos Danger. The outcome? The man and the penis that launched a thousand jokes lost the mayoral race. The silver lining? A Florida man teamed up with an Illinois hot dog company to sell Carlos Danger Weiners.





Type Dirty to Me

► Graphic designer Alex Merto titillates with his Effing Typeface.

Fit to Print

► Burlesque queen Dita Von Teese modeled the world's first 3-D-printed dress. Now if only there were a way to print a fully articulated copy of Dita....



2
13

The Year in Sex

Hot Commodities

OUR HEAT INDEX OF THE LATEST IN SEX TECH



Origami Condoms

Revolutionary: Meet the world's first nonrolled silicone condom.



eBra

In case of an emergency, the eBra can be used as a respiratory mask.



Wet Lube

Oy vey, Rabbis blessed the first kosher lube, then claimed it was a mistake.

Good Vibrations

THE LOWDOWN ON THE LATEST BREAKTHROUGHS IN VIBRATOR TECHNOLOGY



Fundawear

Underpants equipped with touch technology are controlled by a partner's smartphone.



Stronic Zwei

This hands-free "pulsator" doesn't vibrate; it thrusts back and forth.



The Limon

A customizable memory allows lovers to record and play back intensity levels.



Zeus and Hera

Sensors on the his-and-hers vibrators communicate online, connecting long-distance lovers.



Vibease

The vibrator syncs with your favorite erotic novel or your partner's voice.



Happy Ride

The vibrating bicycle seat cover makes for a stimulating commute.



Liquid Lapdance

Lubricated underpants for trips to the champagne room.



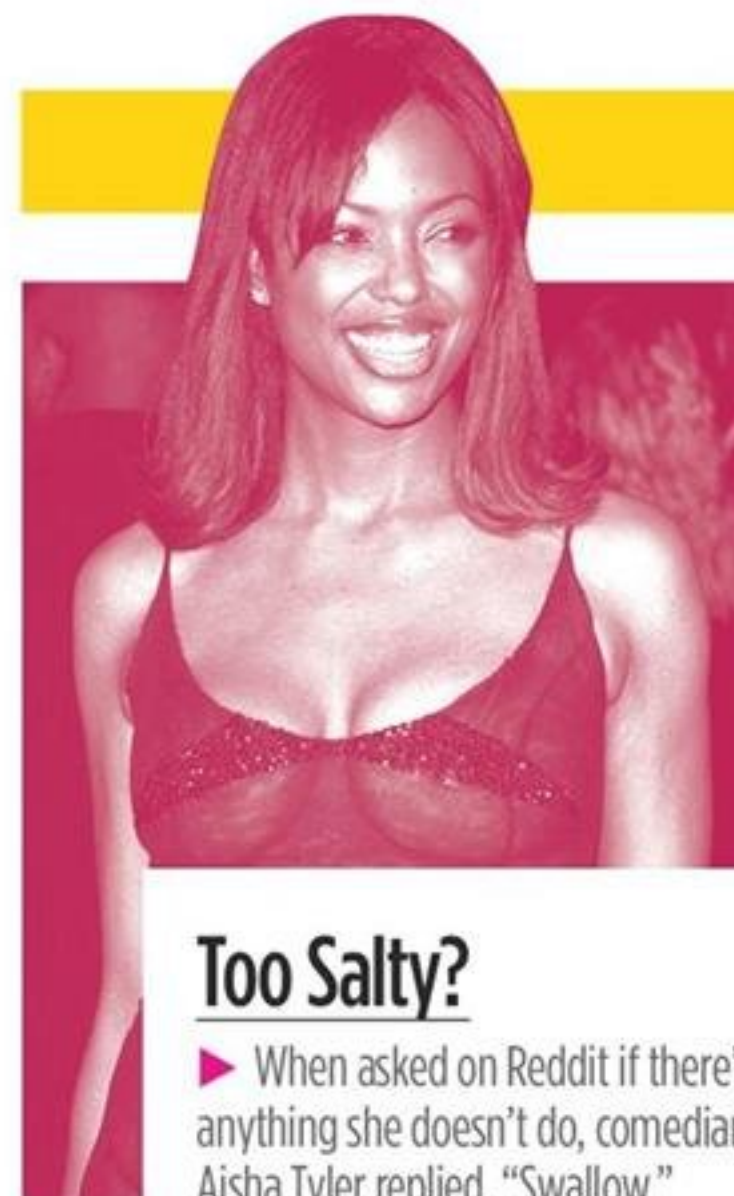
J&D's Bacon Condoms

Mmm, bacon. For when your lover isn't a vegetarian.



One-Eyed Martian

► Apparently NASA programmed its greatest achievement in robotics with a great sense of humor. Proof: Observe the very phallic tracks left by the Mars rover.



Too Salty?

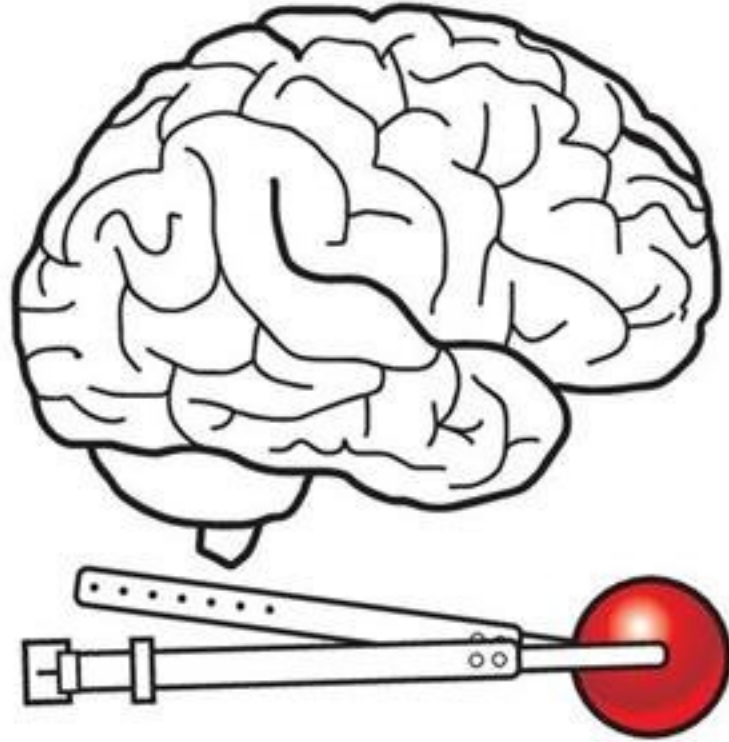
► When asked on Reddit if there's anything she doesn't do, comedian Aisha Tyler replied, "Swallow."

NYMPHOMANIA!



A male expert worries that Lybrido, a.k.a. female Viagra, is so effective it will turn women into instant nymphomaniacs. We just worry he's already said too much.

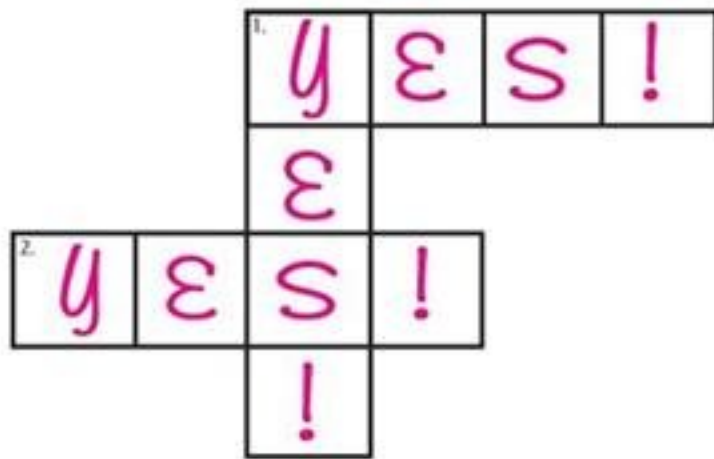
MEASURE UP Survey says: The average length of the American penis is 5.6 inches.



Let's Get Kinky

► Researchers found that people who enjoy BDSM may be psychologically healthier than people who don't. Turns out folks who like to get freaky can be more open and secure in their relationships.

5.6"



Will Shortz Might Disagree

► According to a neuroscientist at Rutgers, orgasms work your entire brain, whereas crossword puzzles work only part.

This Little Piggy

► Scientists in the Netherlands treated a woman who complained that her left foot triggered orgasms. Tests confirmed a neurological problem, making it the first reported case of "foot orgasm syndrome."



0"



SEX

CHRONOLOGY

From the big screen to the flatscreen to whatever device was handy, it was a banner year for our favorite pastime

BY STEPHEN REBELLO

Overall, 2013 was a standout year for connoisseurs of screen sensuality. Multiplexes got steamy when a bohemian Kristen Stewart went topless in *On the Road*, platinum-grilled drug dealer James Franco seduced coeds in *Spring Breakers* and Jennifer Aniston pole-danced in her skivvies in *We're the Millers*. An all-grown-up Lindsay Lohan drifted naked and numb through *The Canyons*, while Daniel Radcliffe in *Kill Your Darlings* took to guy-on-guy sex like Harry Potter took to Quidditch. Meanwhile, cable channels served on a silver platter the nakedness of Nicole Kidman and Clive Owen in *Hemingway & Gellhorn*, not to mention that of Matt Damon in the Liberace bio movie *Behind the Candelabra*. Jon Hamm's devilish ad man continued to plow his way through the female cast of *Mad Men*, and Don Cheadle's management consultant on *House of Lies* woke up with a knockout after a night of office sex. The younger casts of breakout sensations such as *Girls* and *Orange Is the New Black* gave their more-established acting colleagues mighty competition in the screen-sex Olympics. Let's raise a year-end toast in celebration of who did what to whom, sexually speaking, in the movies and on TV.



Mad Men

▶ With hot wife Jessica Paré at home itching to engage in French maid games, no wonder the randy, swaggering ad executive played by Jon Hamm ranks high among TV's most envied characters.

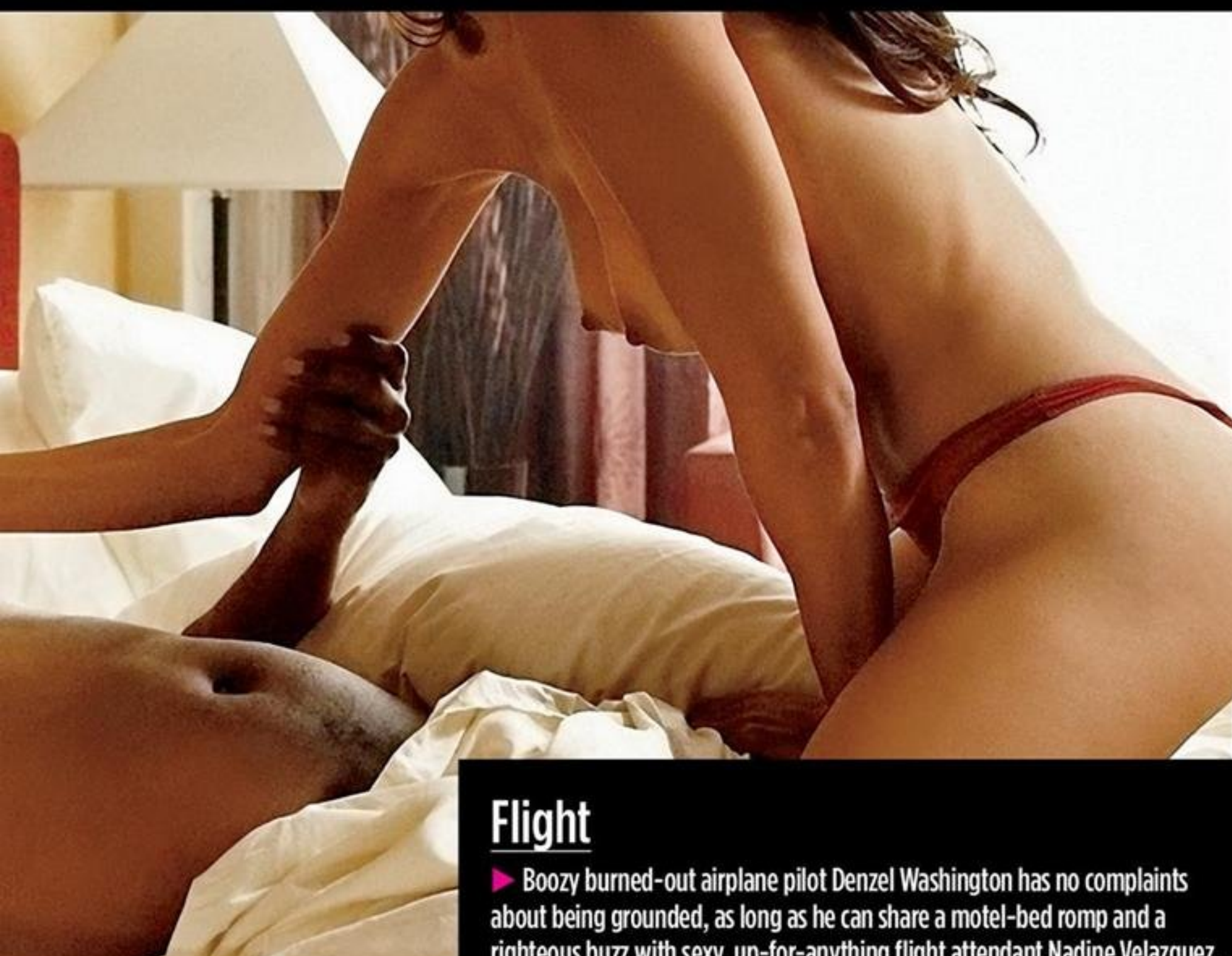


Spring Breakers

▶ Would-be college bad girls Vanessa Hudgens and Ashley Benson get up to their eyeballs in crime, meth and temptation in drug-and-arms-dealing James Franco's hot tub. To quote Franco's character, "Look at my shit."

House of Lies

▶ Taking a time-out from backstabbing and double-dealing, this cable series' nasty management consultants are always down for some good old-fashioned sheet scorching, as seductively demonstrated in a girl-on-girl interlude between Tiffany Tynes and Erika Jordan.

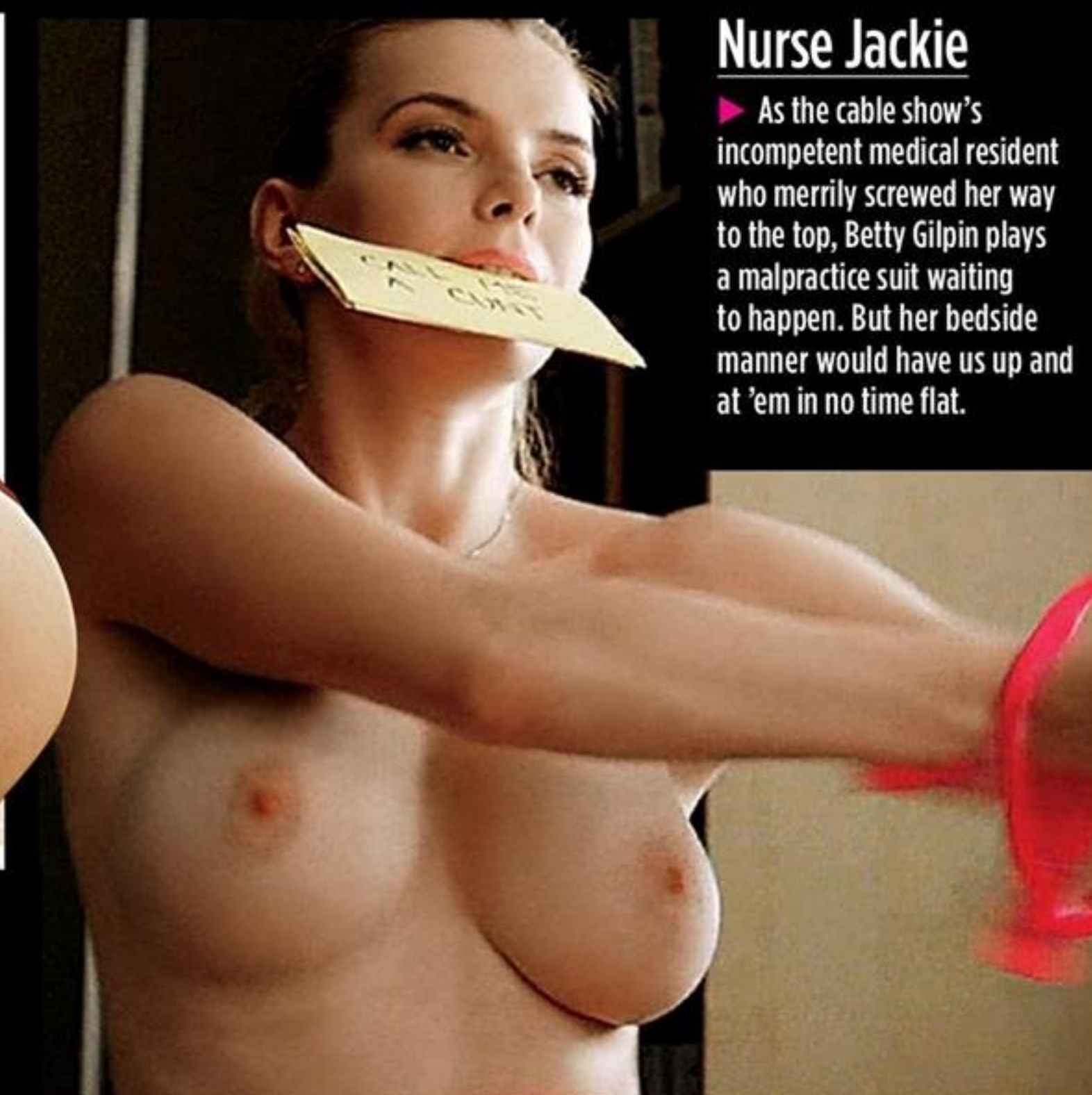


Flight

▶ Boozy burned-out airplane pilot Denzel Washington has no complaints about being grounded, as long as he can share a motel-bed romp and a righteous buzz with sexy, up-for-anything flight attendant Nadine Velazquez.

Nurse Jackie

▶ As the cable show's incompetent medical resident who merrily screwed her way to the top, Betty Gilpin plays a malpractice suit waiting to happen. But her bedside manner would have us up and at 'em in no time flat.



The Wolf of Wall Street

► In director Martin Scorsese's sin- and excess-loaded epic based on the rise and fall of a real-life Wall Street hotshot, Katarina Cas reduces powerful, über-rich stockbroker and scammer Leonardo DiCaprio to a worshipful subject.



The Canyons

► Playing a denizen of contemporary Hollywood, Lindsay Lohan gives a cinematic tour of her every hill and canyon, along with a close-up of the toll her offscreen escapades have taken.



Hemingway & Gellhorn

► It's not just the sun that also rises in HBO's torrid and passionate bio starring Clive Owen as the red-blooded novelist and Nicole Kidman as his fearless, sexually ferocious war-correspondent partner in lust.



Girls

► Packed with cringe-making sex, writer-actress Lena Dunham's cable smash outdoes itself when Skylar Astin quits orally pleasuring Zosia Mamet once the 21-year-old confesses her virginity.



Behind the Candelabra

► Playing the well-muscled prized possession of Michael Douglas's flamboyant Liberace, Matt Damon doesn't seem to mind letting the bejeweled piano dervish demonstrate his legendary fingering technique.

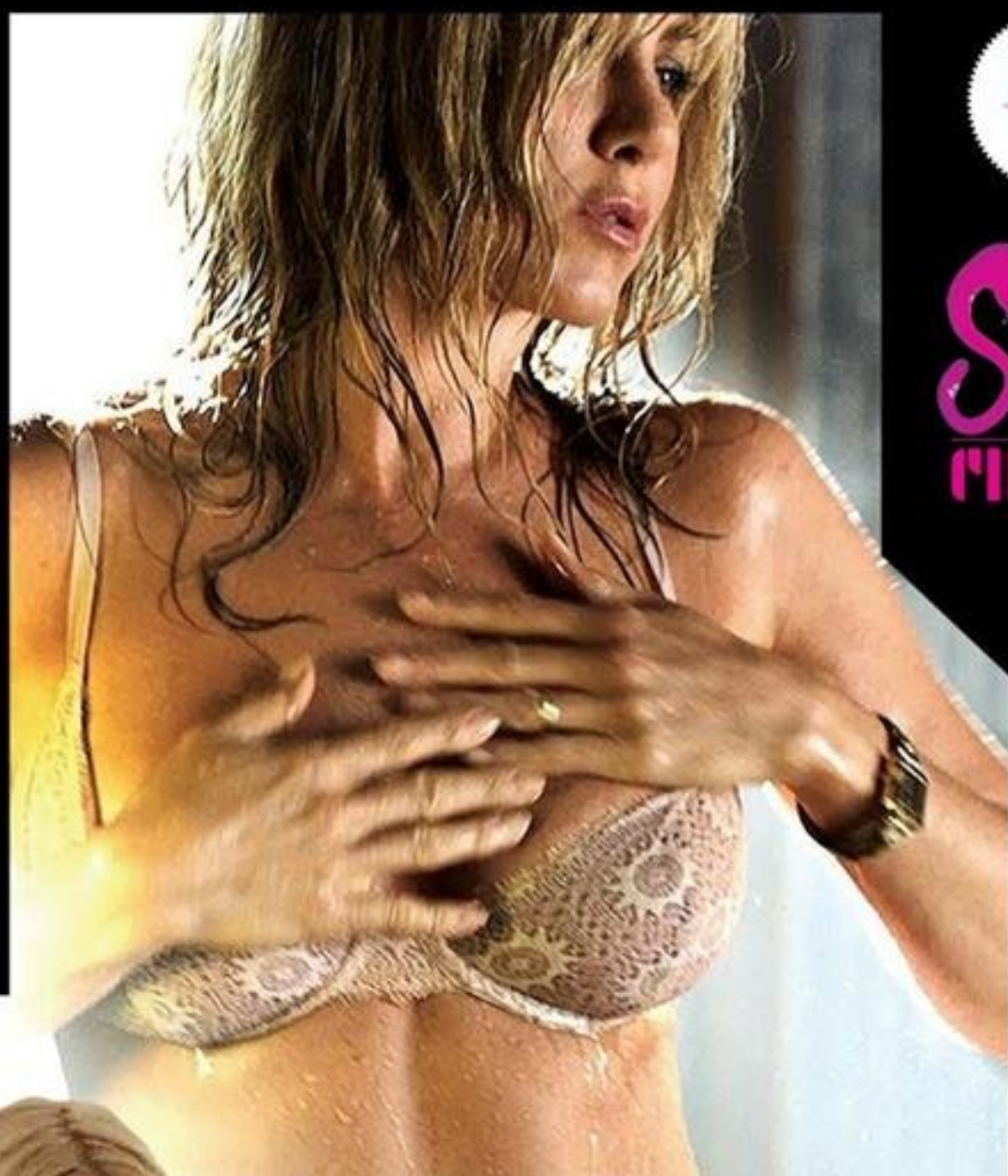


True Blood

► Studly werewolf Joe Manganiello shows in a most intimate way his deep appreciation for the time and attention his superfit, superhot personal trainer and fellow werewolf Kelly Overton has devoted to his long, sweaty workout sessions.

We're the Millers

► Jennifer Aniston titillates highly appreciative male viewers and inspires 44-year-old pole-dancing strippers across the planet by working those glistening abs, buff arms and various other seductive assets during a *Flashdance*-esque bump and grind.



2
13

Sex
in
CINEMA

Blue Is the Warmest Color

► Léa Seydoux and Adèle Exarchopoulos's 10-minute lovemaking scene stunned critics and audiences.



Thanks for Sharing

► We're pretty sure when triathlete Gwyneth Paltrow busts out those stripper moves on recovering sex addict Mark Ruffalo she isn't following one of the 12 steps mandated by his recovery program.

Orange Is the New Black

In the year's 13 most-addictive episodes of TV, the real-life-based women-behind-bars dramedy serves up such steamy moments as a college grad turned drug mule (Taylor Schilling) lathering up with her drug-running ex (Laura Prepon).



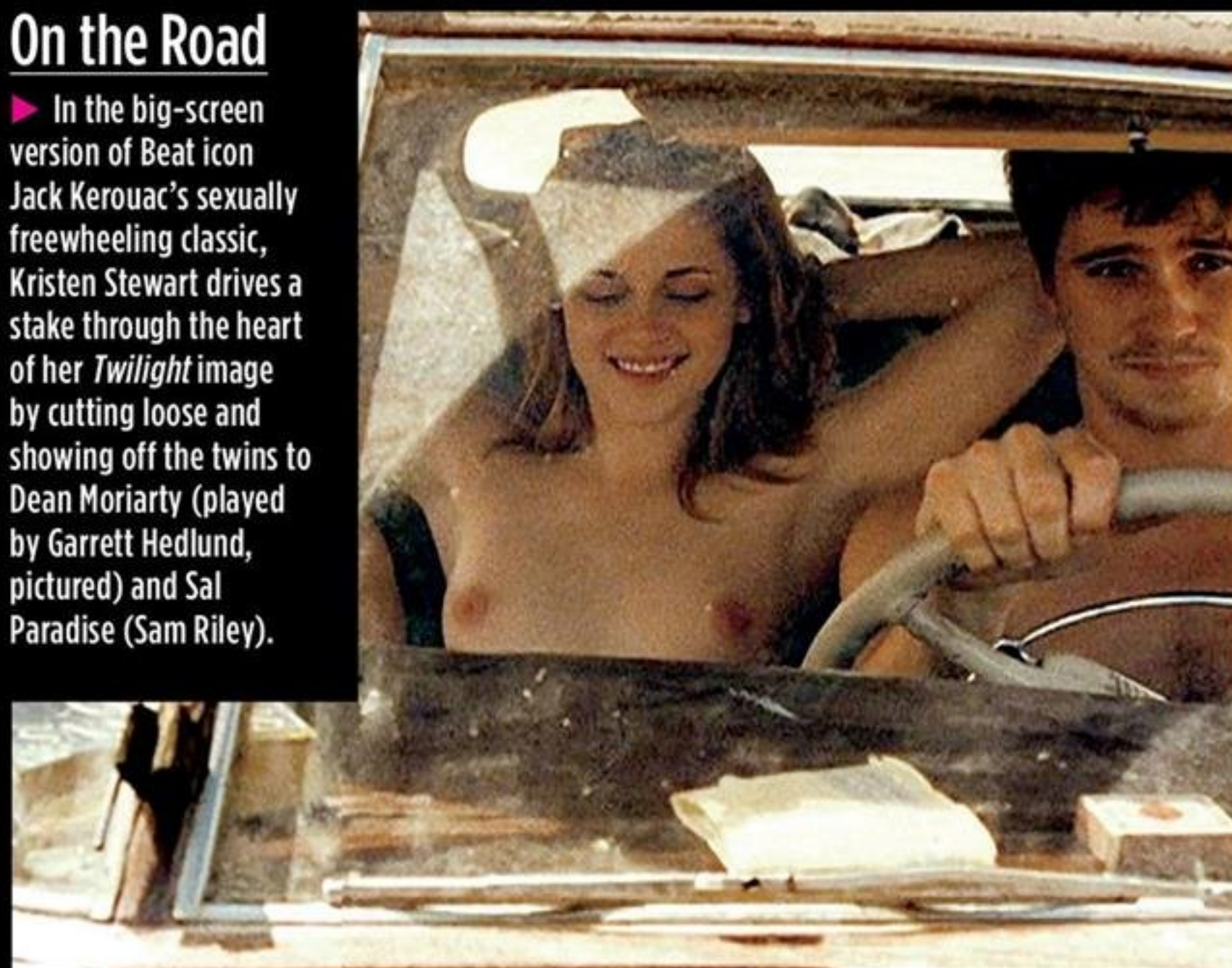
Don Jon

► Scarlett Johansson's stacked, savvy Jersey girl should rate a "dime," a perfect 10, on even the fussiest guy's scale of hotness. But churchgoing Jersey boy and gym addict Joseph Gordon-Levitt kicks her to the curb to indulge his true addiction: internet porn. Our diagnosis? It's gotta be the roids.

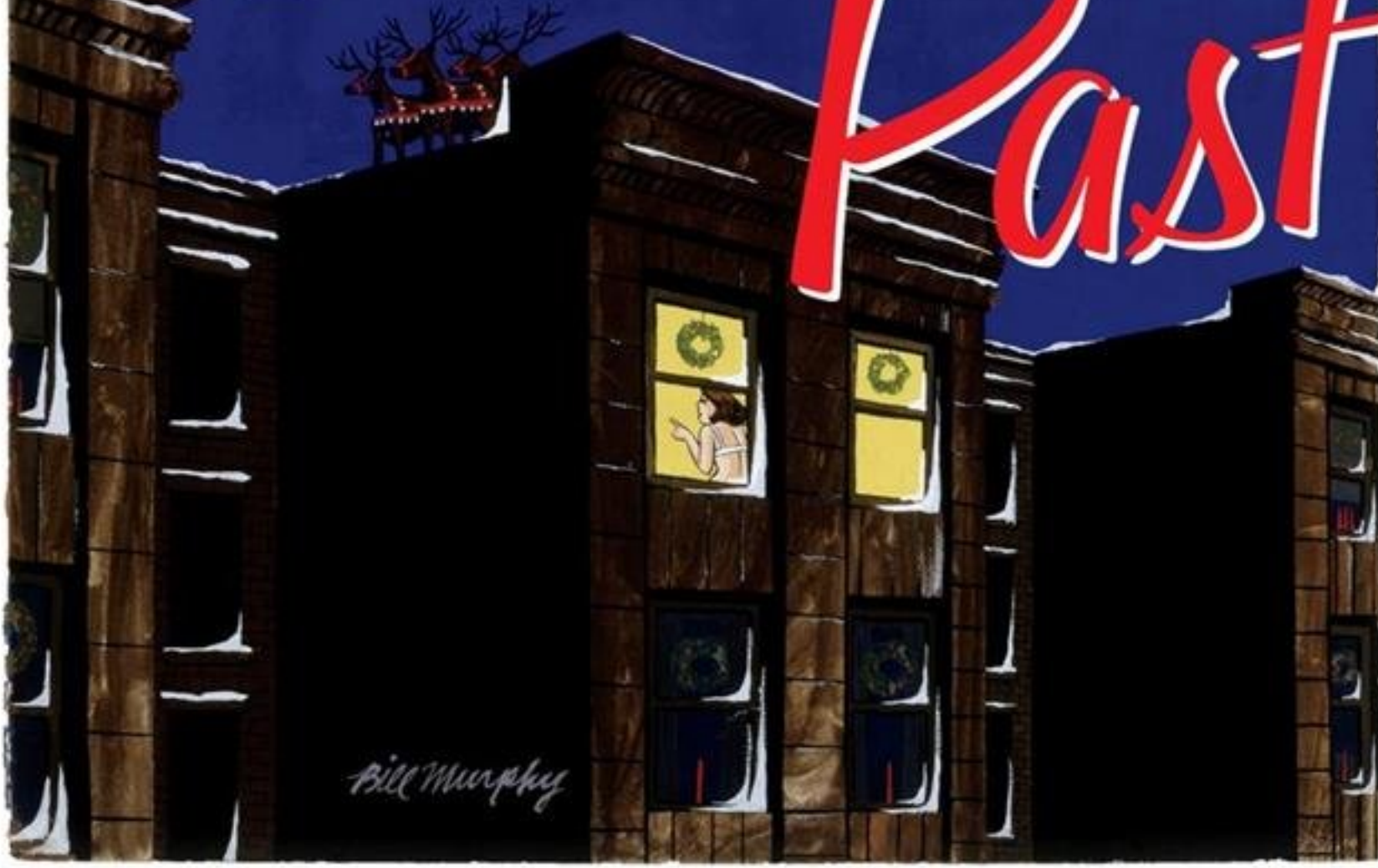


On the Road

► In the big-screen version of Beat icon Jack Kerouac's sexually freewheeling classic, Kristen Stewart drives a stake through the heart of her *Twilight* image by cutting loose and showing off the twins to Dean Moriarty (played by Garrett Hedlund, pictured) and Sal Paradise (Sam Riley).



Classic Cartoons of Christmas Past



"Don't 'Ho-ho-ho' me, you dirty old man!"



"I understand you've been a bad little girl...!"



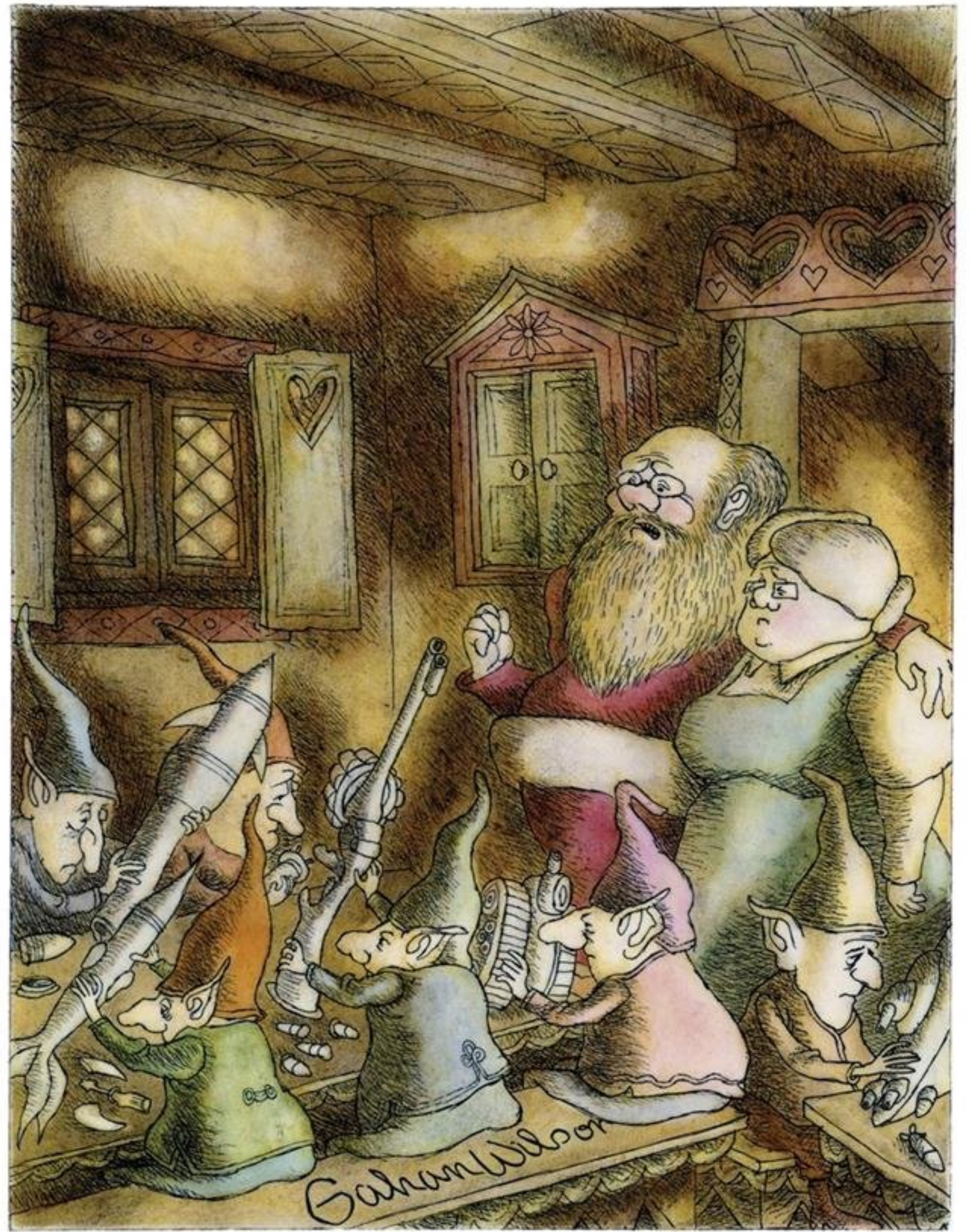
*"Find another way to beat the cold,
Walsh—or turn in your bell!"*



*"He said the mistletoe was imported from France, so
there was a slight difference in the tradition."*



"My gracious, Mr. Simpson—I thought it was a pillow!"



"Where did we go wrong, Mother? Where did we go wrong?"



"And a bah, humbug to you too, you old fart!"



"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night...!"

PLAYBOY'S

2013

GIFTS

GUIDE

*The best presents are ones that are an expression of your personality. We've curated a list of gifts that will enhance the life of every kind of man, from **the Bon Vivant** who appreciates the great indoors, to **the Sportsman** who likes to take it outside, to **the Artist** who lives to create*

THE

BON VIVANT



- Go for the Gold -

- Some of the world's top mixologists practice their craft in Tokyo. Bring a little of their flair to your mixology act with this golden Japanese cocktail shaker.
- Usagi cobbler shaker, \$77, cocktailkingdom.com

- New Jack City -

- Before it could be found behind every bar, Jack Daniel's was so rare Frank Sinatra kept a private stash on hand. This limited run of smooth, smoky, high-proof whiskey is designed to be sipped the way the Chairman liked it: three cubes of ice, two fingers of whiskey, a splash of water.
- Jack Daniel's Sinatra Select, \$160, jackdaniels.com



- Game On -

- This elegant, crocodile-embossed leather backgammon travel set from British leather-goods company Smythson will keep you entertained no matter where you go.
- Smythson backgammon travel set, \$610, mrporter.com

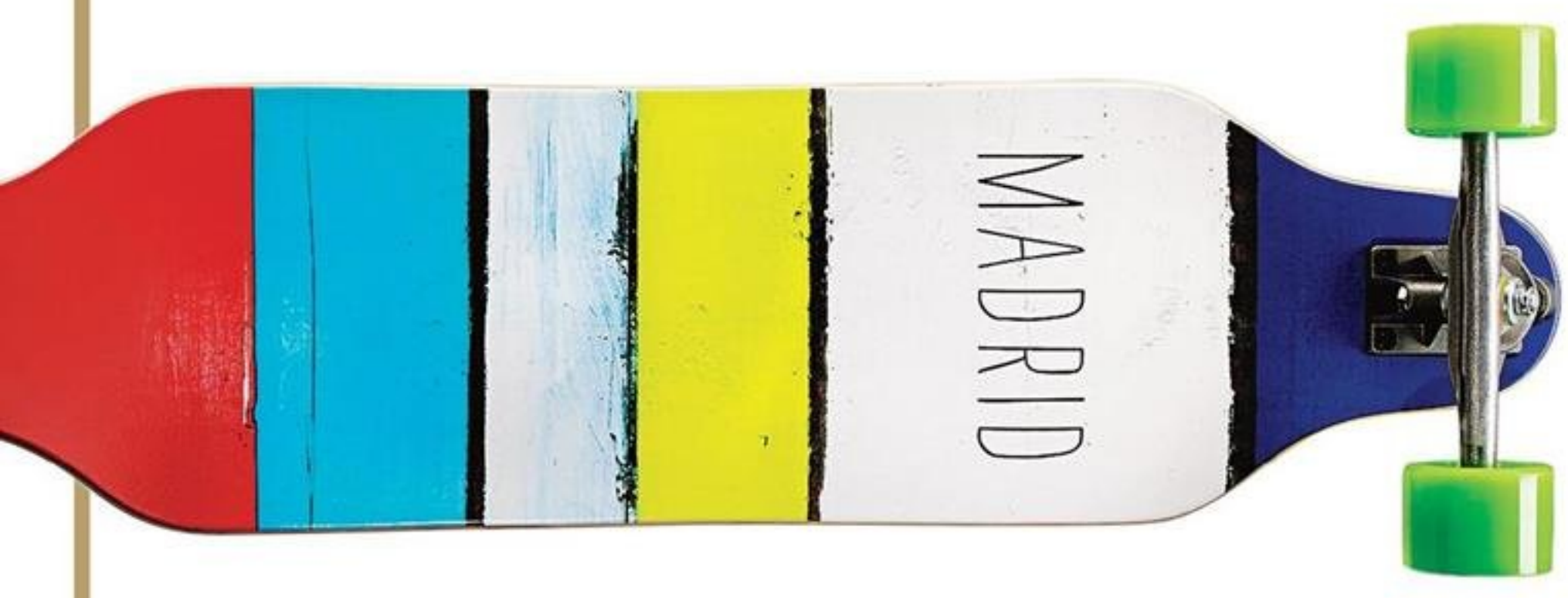


- Sound Off -

- In a world with countless "DJ-style" headphones, V-Moda models are the real deal: The difference is in the road-ready metal parts and amazing sound quality.
- V-Moda Crossfade LP headphones, \$199, v-moda.com



THE
SPORTSMAN



- Cruise Control -

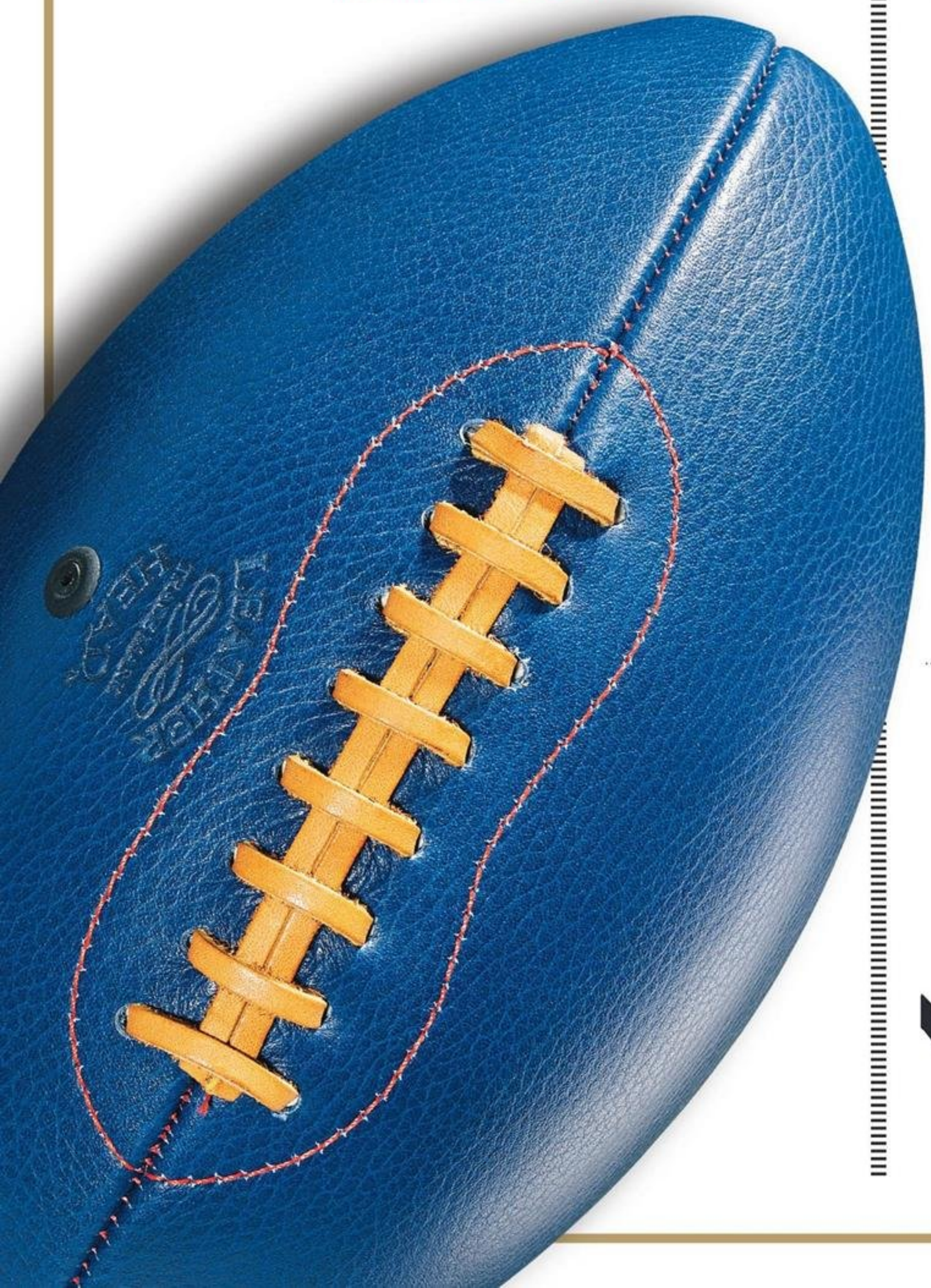
- Any respectable arsenal of skateboards should include a longboard for cruising and carving in comfort and style. The graphic paint-stripe design looks so cool you won't want to cover it up with stickers.

- Madrid Weezer longboard, \$215, madridskateboards.com

- Go Blue -

- If there's such a thing as an heirloom football, this is it. Handmade in the good old U.S. of A. and backed up by a lifetime warranty, this is a pigskin you'll be proud to pass down to your son.

- Leather Head football, \$139, kaufmannmercantile.com



- Gearhead -

- Originally designed for the U.S. Marines, this folding bike packs extreme mobility and durability, plus 24 speeds, into a compact 29-pound package. And yes, it can fit under a (big) Christmas tree.

- Montague Paratrooper bike, \$899, militarybikes.com

- Tool Time -



- The Leatherman OHT is the first-ever multitool whose wrenches, blades and drivers can be opened with one hand. Features such as an oxygen-bottle wrench and a strap cutter give it EMT-grade cred.

- Leatherman OHT, \$100, leatherman.com

THE ARTIST



- Raw Power -

- Legendary German camera company Leica teamed up with apparel company G-Star to produce a tough and tough-looking digital camera built for street photography. With its rugged good looks and killer optics, you may never take another smartphone picture.

- Leica D-Lux 6 by G-Star Raw, \$1,190, leica.com

RAW EDITION

RAW EDITION

- I Thee Shred -

- Vintage Starcasters are treasured by guitarists in bands from Arctic Monkeys to Radiohead. Fender has reissued the model so budding indie axmen can join their ranks.

- Fender Starcaster, \$900, fender.com



- Specs Appeal -

- Handmade in Portland, Oregon from aircraft-grade birch and finished with East Indian rosewood, these sunglasses stand apart from the plastic-frame pack.

- Shwood Canby Select East India sunglasses, \$275, shwoodshop.com

- Mr. Hide -

- Yes, there is such a thing as a manly apron, and this handmade leather version will keep you clean and protected, whether you're working in the shop or manning the grill.

- Capps leather work apron, \$375, mooreandgiles.com

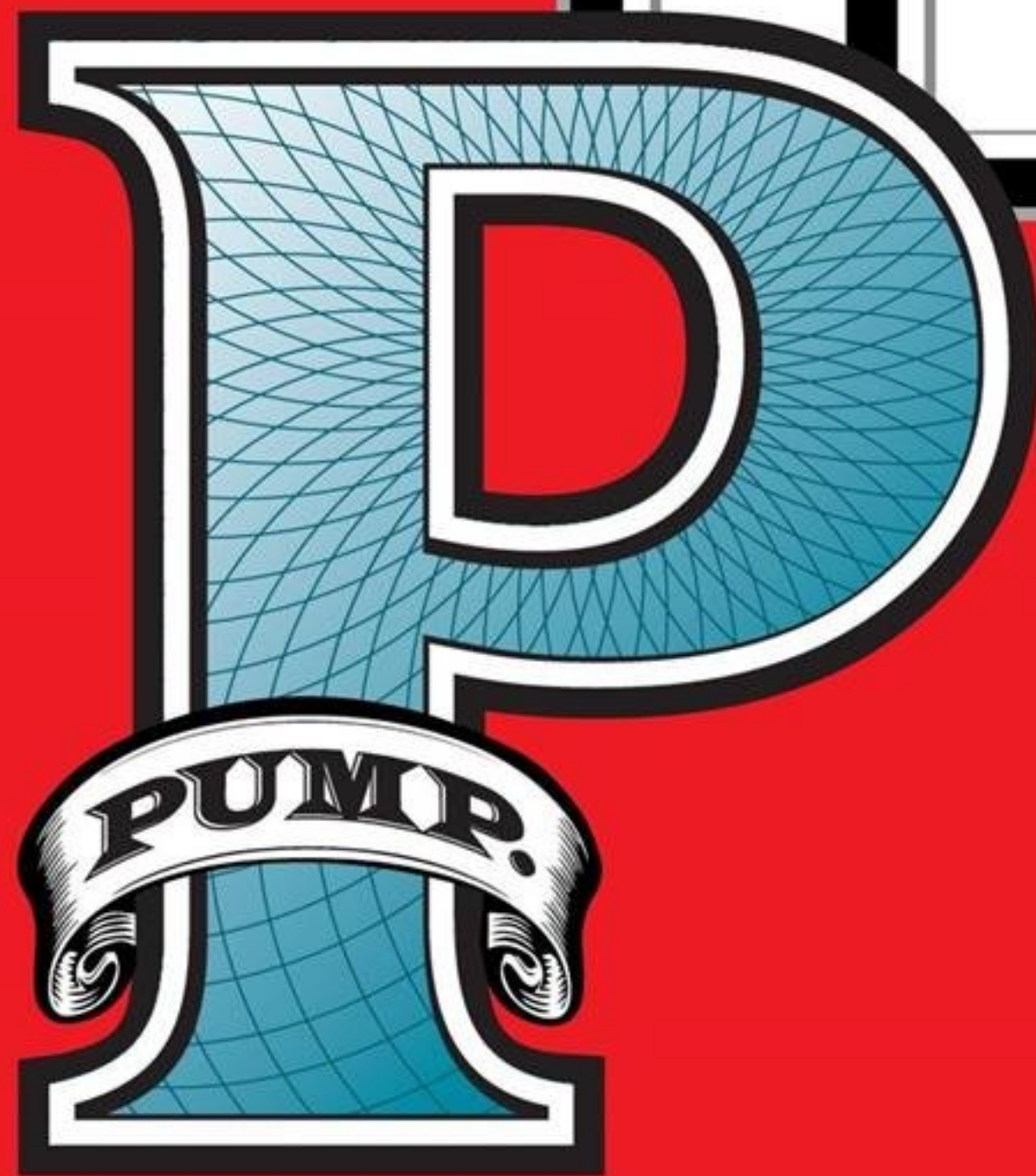




*Grand Theft Auto's reclusive genius
Sam Houser can't get away*

CRIMINAL MIND

*By Harold
Goldberg*



Pump. Pump. Sam Houser's heart is pounding. The most reclusive man in video games and the mastermind behind the 150-million-selling *Grand Theft Auto* series is biking to work in the pouring rain. His custom pink Independent Fabrication racer weaves through New York City traffic, the type of chaotic gridlock *Grand Theft Auto* players love to career through in a stolen car. Houser has a heavy nest of a black beard he

rarely cuts, one that provides him the anonymity he covets as he speeds through the streets from Brooklyn to the SoHo office of Rockstar Games. "I do this 365 days a year," he says. "Sometimes the snow's so deep I have to carry my bike over the bridge. But every day, every day."

Houser, 42, counts on the bike ride to calm him down. "The bike is the best way for it. It's very meditative." Meditation is good; so is yoga, and Houser is an avid practitioner of both. When he really needs to chill, he'll choose a ride from his enviable collection and pedal 60 miles to Bear Mountain, because creating the most popular—and controversial—video game series in history is fraught with tension. A relaxed Sam is a better Sam, as those around him know.

But not many know him. In fact, in the past five years, Houser hasn't given a long interview to anyone but me, and that's baffling, because what he has to say is sincere, compelling and complex. He can be both insightful and rebellious, embracing different cultures and at the same time full of a healthy paranoia in a kind of punk-rock, hip-hop

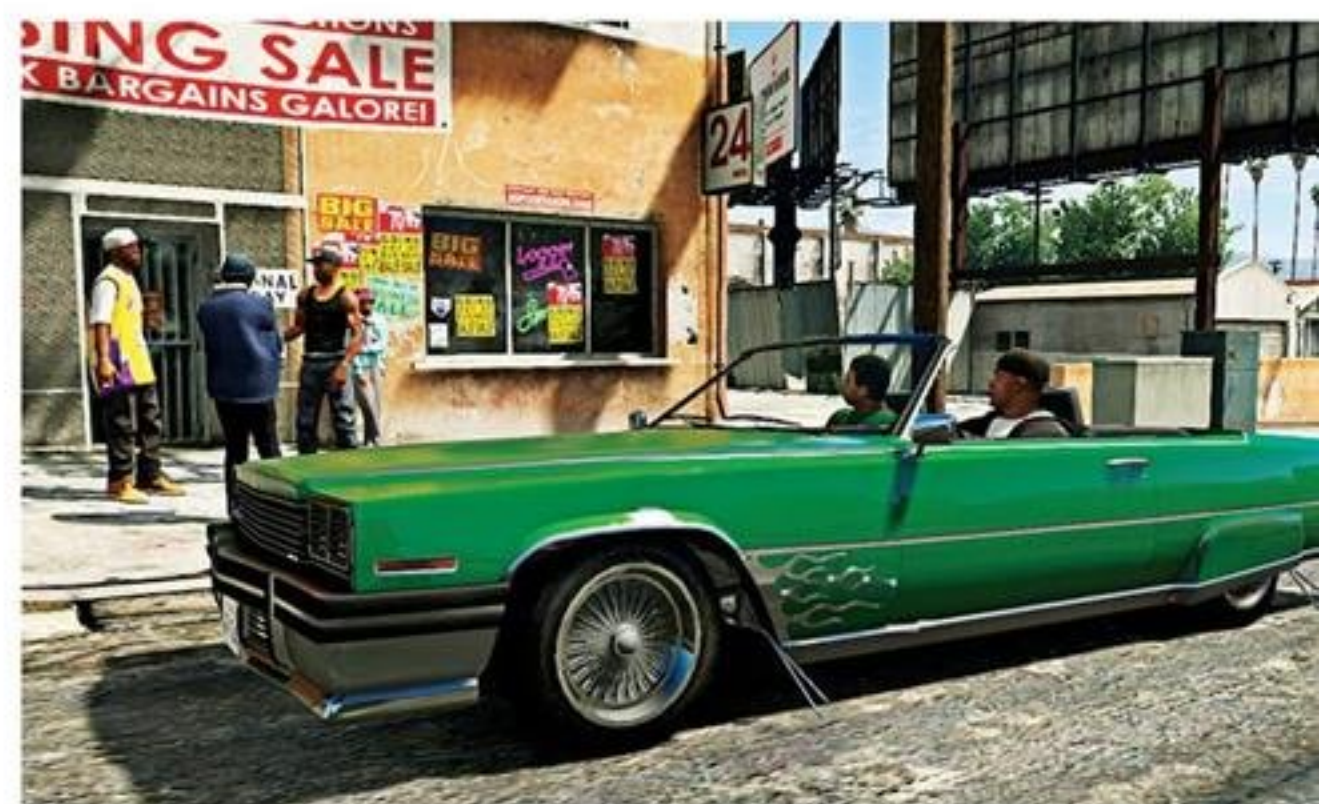
AL



Illustration
by ilovedust



Grand Theft Auto V follows the intersecting lives of three characters—Franklin, Trevor and Michael—in a fictional city based on Los Angeles. The game includes more than 250 drivable vehicles, ranging from motorcycles to construction equipment to a Boeing 747 and other aircraft. Players can form gangs and pull off heists in an all-new online multiplayer mode.



sort of way. He is an astute student of human nature and, as president of Rockstar Games, a tough negotiator when contracts come up for renewal with parent company Take-Two Interactive.

Partly because of his reputation as a loner and recluse, everyone from journalists who can't get interviews to a handful of disgruntled former employees has labeled Houser crazy. He is not. He can be intensely private, even avoiding a *GTA* voice actor when he comes in to record his voice-over work. Houser is a workaholic and he's stubborn, clearly used to getting his way when he knows he's right, but he's definitely not crazy. In fact, there's something about Sam Houser that is close to genius. If Nintendo's Shigeru Miyamoto is the Steven Spielberg of video games, Houser is the Martin Scorsese.

Of course, there is more to Houser than that, just as there is more to *Grand Theft Auto* than stealing cars. Much more, in fact. Behind the high-speed chases, shoot-outs and plot twists, Rockstar's games are a virtual stylebook curated by Houser and his brother, Dan, Rockstar's head writer and vice president of creative. Sly references to the coolest music, art and films pop up everywhere, from radio stations loaded with Rick Ross and Aphex Twin to art pieces that appear in the background, pulled directly

***"My God, I'm
TERRORIZED
where I live,
and on top of
that, we've
got this CRAZY
fucking game."***

from New York City galleries. These references are decoded by fans the way a Basquiat mention by Jay Z is googled by hip-hop kids or a dusty rock-and-roll song is resurrected after appearing in a Quentin Tarantino movie.

All this percolates through a world of brutal violence and black humor set in the grittiest of crime films and mashed up into a fictional New York or Los Angeles urban environment. Hollywood producers would die to make

a film of the series. Houser and Rockstar have always said no. Houser says no to a lot of things: to being photographed, to participating in the annual Electronic Entertainment Expo game convention that takes place every summer in Los Angeles ("It's like a big, sort of willy-waving exercise") and to interviews. "More so than ever before, in a world where people are just out to be famous for being famous and want to be interviewed for being interviewed, it seems like a funny practice," he says, shaking his head.

We are sitting in the Rockstar office's media room, which is outfitted with a giant flatscreen TV and killer sound system. The room sits on the other side of a lobby complete with an ultra-rare *Warrior* arcade game and a vintage *Defender* cabinet. It's a few weeks before the release of *Grand Theft Auto V*, and the stakes—and the stress—have never been higher. *(continued on page 178)*



"If by wassailing you mean looking to get laid, then yes, I'm wassailing."

GAMER

CHANGERS

➤ The movie-streaming, TV-watching, motion-sensing, game-playing megamachines are here

ONE OF A KIND

Xbox One brings graphic muscle, motion sensors, streaming video and all your friends to the living room

HIGHER DEFINITION

The Xbox One includes a built-in Blu-ray player and a game DVR to record, edit and post your footage.

CHARGED UP

A new chipset allows Xbox One controllers to charge in three hours and last for 30 hours of gameplay.

STATS

Hard drive: 500 GB
Processor: 1.75 GHz
Price: \$499

COMPLETE CONTROL

Microsoft spent \$100 million to redesign the controller, which includes rumble pads in the triggers.



You've watched a movie on Netflix, updated your fantasy-football team and jumped into a quick game of *Call of Duty* after noticing a friend online. Then a Skype call comes in. That's the seamless life of the Xbox One. Microsoft designed the system to serve as a center of entertainment and gave it enough muscle to handle the job, from the 500-gigabyte hard drive to the 1.75-gigahertz processor. You control the system through motion and voice commands. It streams video from services including Netflix and HBO GO, handles Skype calls via a connected camera and can even serve up live TV. Of course the Xbox One plays a killer selection of games, and a built-in DVR records your finest achievements for posting online. It's entertainment, multitasked.

> MUST-HAVE

Ryse: Son of Rome

When barbarians slaughter his family, Roman soldier Marius Titus leads the charge into battle. The gorgeous landscapes overrun with warring army hordes demonstrate the Xbox

One's graphic power, while the savage close-quarters combat, filled with intense sword fights and brutal executions, proves that the next generation of gaming is gritty and real.

▶ COME OUT AND PLAY

PLAYSTATION 4 plugs directly into your social life and brings your friends along to play, from the football field to the other side of the galaxy



STATS

Hard drive: 500 GB
Processor: 2.75 GHz
Price: \$400

TOUCH HERE

The new controller uses a touch pad for added game control and a SHARE button to upload videos.

POWER STATION

Eighteen computing units generate 1.84 teraflops of graphics-processing muscle.

IN THE CLOUDS

Play games in the cloud or download them directly to the hard drive.



The Chicago Bears just torched the Minnesota Vikings' defense for 400 yards in a blowout victory thanks to your deft play-calling. Press the SHARE button on the PS4 controller and upload a video of the game's best play directly to your Facebook page. The PS4 is designed with your social-media life in mind, enabling you to post to your Twitter feed or hop into a friend's game to play or spectate. A built-in touch pad on the redesigned controller lets gamers thumb through menus or scroll through power-ups in games such as *Killzone: Shadow Fall*. Activate remote play and the PS4 will stream games wirelessly to the Vita, Sony's handheld game system. A huge game catalog, streaming video and your entire social life, all from the comfort of your couch.

▶ MUST-HAVE
Killzone: Shadow Fall

For the best display of the PS4's graphics, visit Vekta. The distant planet is stuck on the verge of civil revolt, with only a wall to keep two rival alien races from waging full-on war. Shadow Marshal

Lucas Kellan is charged with preserving the peace at any cost, whether diplomatically or by engaging in intense firefights with tricked-out weapons, drones and gadgets. It's a sci-fi cold war thriller.



▶ GAME ON

Seven new releases that show off the future of gaming

▼ TITANFALL

Futuristic battle game *Titanfall* (Xbox One) comes with giant robot-size credentials, having been designed by the co-creator of the *Call of Duty* series. Stuck in the middle of a conflict between a megacorporation and a militia group, you'll battle on foot or inside mechanical titans. The game is entirely multi-player and totally intense.



▲ ASSASSIN'S CREED

Gaming's deadliest killer gains new life on the high seas in *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag* (PS4, Xbox One). Lead pirate captain Edward Kenway on looting expeditions in shipwrecks and ancient ruins and command your ship's crew to run a sword through any scalawag who crosses you.

▼ CALL OF DUTY

America lies in ruins and is being defended by a guerrilla group in *Call of Duty: Ghosts* (PS4, Xbox One), with a story by Stephen Gaghan, the Academy Award-winning writer of *Traffic*. Multiplayer is where the action is, and all-new game modes, tightened controls and stellar graphics make it the best ever.



◀ BATTLEFIELD 4

War is hell on graphics processors, but the might of these new systems lets *Battlefield 4* (PS4, Xbox One) players demolish buildings, pilot jets and lead gunboats.



▼ NEED FOR SPEED

Few things feel better than flooring a car. *Need for Speed: Rivals* (PS4, Xbox One) lets you do it with police on your trail.



▶ DEAD RISING 3

Hordes of zombies swarm in *Dead Rising 3* thanks to the Xbox One's power.



◀ WOLFENSTEIN

Video game legend John Carmack revamps his classic game in *Wolfenstein: The New Order* (PS4, Xbox One), following a World War II soldier who takes on the Nazis' most futuristic weapons.





HECHO EN

MEXICO

PUBLIC ENEMY

#1

AL CAPONE USED TO RULE CHICAGO. NOW EL CHAPO DOES

The cocaine and heroin came into the city by truck, roughly 1,500 to 2,000 kilos of it every month. The trucks cruised in on Interstate 80 through Iowa, I-94 through Wisconsin, I-57 through Missouri and I-65 through Indiana. Once in Cook County, the drugs were distributed to various stash houses: a warehouse on South Sayre just off the Stevenson Expressway, a condo in the southwestern suburb of Justice.

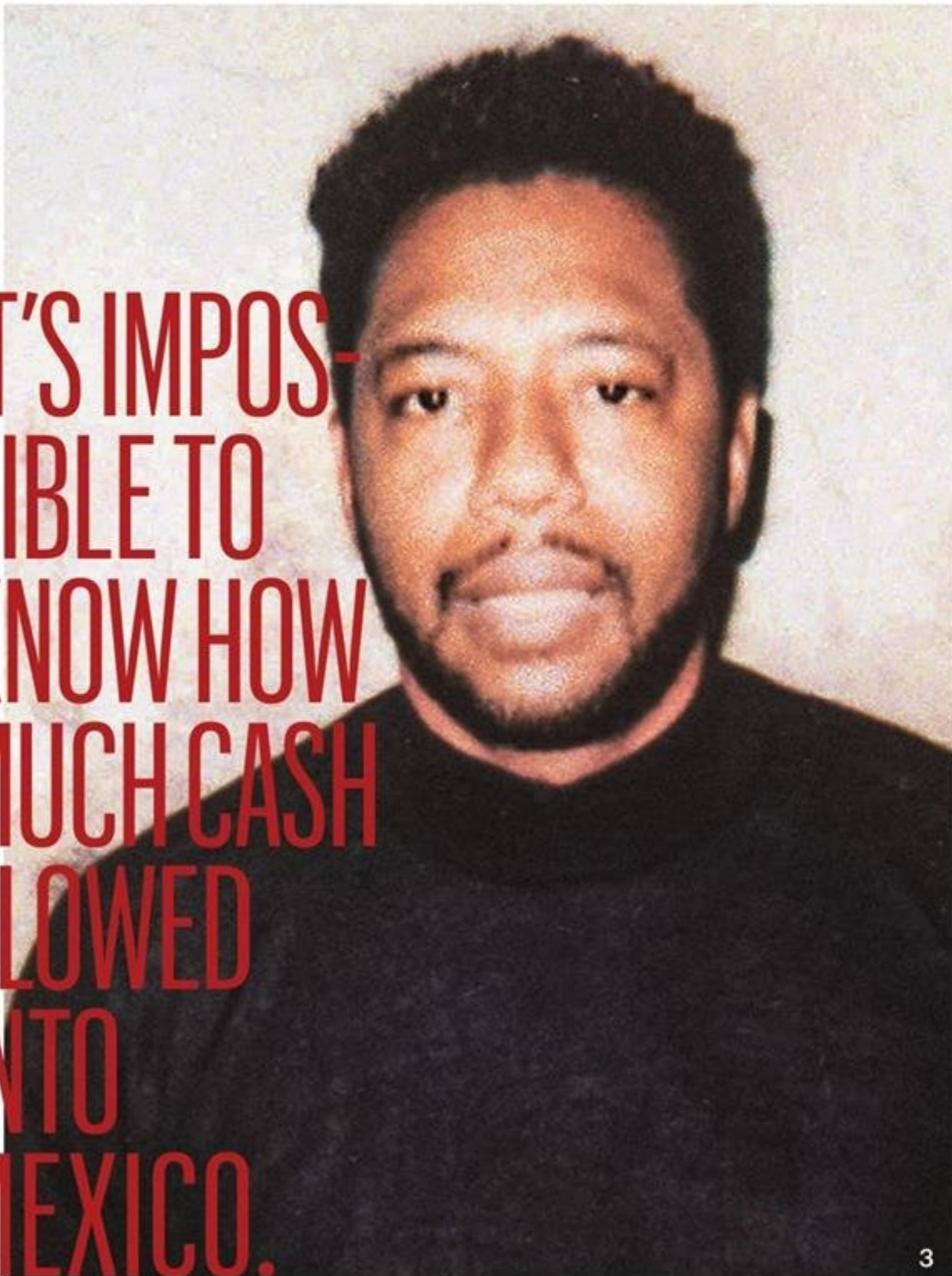
Margarito and Pedro Flores, 20-something Mexican American twins from Chicago, would then distribute the drugs to a dozen or so couriers. The couriers, in turn, would sell the drugs to dealers, in batches of between 20 and 100 kilos, in exchange for tens of thousands of dollars. The drugs trickled down to the streets, to neighborhoods like Pilsen and Little Village, where local gangs took control of the sales. Each gang

BY MALCOLM BEITH

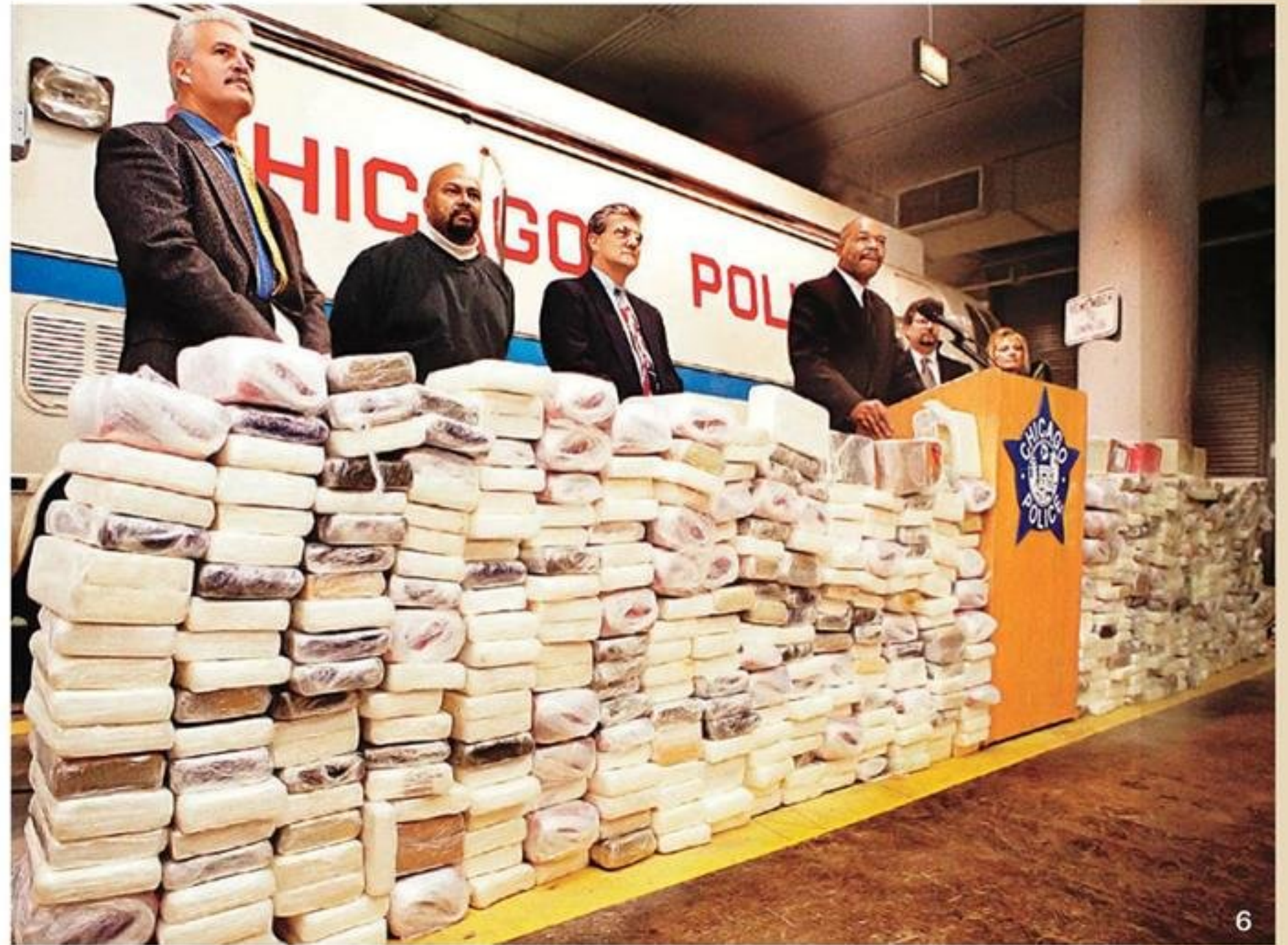
was divided into sections—usually designated by the intersection on which it worked—and followed its own code of conduct. The cocaine and heroin were then sold off, under the protection of an armed gang member stationed at the corner to ward off cops and rival gangs.

The house in Hinsdale was nothing special. A one-story home with a garage and green lawn, it stood out only because it paled in comparison with the bigger homes surrounding it in the affluent western suburb. Inside, the Flores brothers counted their cash. The bills were ones, fives, 10s, sometimes 100s. They put it through money-counting machines. Sometimes they tallied up as much as \$4 million.

There were other places: a sprawling one-story home in Palos Hills, an apartment in Chicago's West Town neighborhood, another in Lakeview.



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW HOW MUCH CASH FLOWED INTO MEXICO.



In warehouses and the homes that had garages, the Flores brothers and their crew would dismantle vehicles and install secret compartments—in the roof of a Kenworth semi-tractor or in the side panels of a Nissan Murano, for example. The money was packaged and then shuttled off out West. One vehicle alone could carry several million dollars in illicit drug proceeds. In Riverside, California, body-shop owner Francisco Espinoza, a.k.a. Little Man, would allegedly await the goods. From there, it was just a three-hour drive south to the Mexican border and a half-day's drive beyond that to the northwestern state of Sinaloa. Authorities claim the cash was poured into legitimate businesses and back into the legitimate financial system: into a seafood restaurant, mall, cattle ranch, day-care center. Sometimes, the money was hidden in stash houses in Sinaloa. The Flores brothers were, on occasion, summoned to Sinaloa to verify delivery of the cash. Some of that money was later taken to the dozens of *casas de cambio*—

money-exchange houses—on Calle Benito Juárez Oriente in the Sinaloan capital of Culiacán, where the money was changed into pesos and flushed back into the legitimate world.

It's impossible to know how much money flowed into Mexico at the hands of the Flores brothers, but between 2006 and 2012 the Mexican military seized roughly \$180 million in U.S. currency; seizures in Sinaloa accounted for about 25 percent of the total. In a spate of seizures during just one month in 2008, U.S. authorities took more than \$15 million in cash from the Flores brothers' properties in Chicago.

This is the story of how the authorities tracked the Flores brothers' rise from a

1. Chicago's location makes it an ideal distribution point for drugs.
2. DEA special agent Jack Riley declaring El Chapo Chicago's public enemy number one.
3. As head of the Gangster Disciples, Larry Hoover organized the streets.
4. Margarito and Pedro Flores were kings of the Chicago underworld.
5. Jesús Vicente Zambada Niebla allegedly wanted the Flores brothers out of the way.
6. Chicago police with 757 kilos of cocaine seized on the Northwest Side.
7. Scene of a shoot-out in Humboldt Park.



pair of street dealers to kings of the Chicago drug underworld, as they gradually built a U.S.-based empire for their boss, Joaquín "El Chapo" Guzmán Loera, head of the Sinaloa cartel and the most wanted drug trafficker in the world.

In 2005, U.S. authorities got their first lead. At a traffic stop in Chicago, a suspect was carrying an illegal weapon. He claimed he needed protection against local drug traffickers. He led the feds to a man selling drugs on a street corner. That man, in turn, led authorities to a Chicago-based ranking member of the Insane Deuces (continued on page 152)



Don Madden

"That is you, isn't it, Arnold?"

**THE PRE-
SEASON
TOP
25**

1. KENTUCKY
2. LOUISVILLE
3. MICHIGAN STATE
4. KANSAS
5. DUKE
6. FLORIDA
7. ARIZONA
8. NORTH CAROLINA
9. OHIO STATE
10. OKLAHOMA STATE
11. SYRACUSE
12. MICHIGAN
13. VCU
14. WISCONSIN
15. MEMPHIS
16. OREGON
17. UCLA
18. GONZAGA
19. MARQUETTE
20. TENNESSEE
21. NOTRE DAME
22. INDIANA
23. CONNECTICUT
24. WICHITA STATE
25. CREIGHTON



**ILLUSTRATION BY
TOMASZ USYK**

BOY'S 2013 KENTUCKY REVIEW



WHY THIS SEASON'S RUN TO MARCH MADNESS WILL BE UNLIKE ANY OTHER IN THE LONG HISTORY OF NCAA HOOPS
BY GARY PARRISH

E than one at some positions. All this puts coach John Calipari in a fascinating situation: managing a squad full of unproven freshmen who will begin the season at number one in our rankings. Calipari is coming off a humbling campaign from last winter, a disastrous run from tip-off to the final whistle, ending in a loss in the National Invitation Tournament opener to Robert Morris. (Robert Morris? Really?) Can the Wildcats reclaim the championship laurels with a lineup of stars, many of whom have never played a minute of college ball? A starting lineup that doesn't feature a single upperclassman? That's one intriguing question heading into this season. Here are 10 others....





9

Can Michael Dixon push Josh Pastner to his first Sweet 16?

Guard Michael Dixon was the Big 12 Defensive Player of the Year in 2012. But the Kansas City native was shown the door after a second sexual assault accusation. That's when fifth-year Memphis coach Josh Pastner entered the picture. After several months of research, he found peace in the fact that Dixon was never charged in either case and offered him a place on the team. Memphis then applied for a waiver that would allow Dixon to play immediately; the NCAA granted it. Now the Tigers will have four senior guards who have averaged double figures in scoring at the Division I level. That's why Pastner is suddenly positioned to make his first Sweet 16.



HOW MANY OF THESE HERALDED FRESHMEN WILL BE ONE-AND-DONE PLAYERS?

• DraftExpress.com projects that six freshmen—Arizona's Aaron Gordon, Duke's Jabari Parker, Kansas's Andrew Wiggins and Joel Embiid, and Kentucky's Julius Randle and Andrew Harrison—will be among the first eight picks in the 2014 NBA draft. Florida's Chris Walker, Indiana's Noah Vonleh, Kansas's Wayne Selden, Kentucky's James Young, Dakari Johnson and Aaron Harrison, LSU's Jarell Martin and Syracuse's Tyler Ennis are some other freshmen who could jet to the NBA after this season. Enjoy them while you can.



7

Can another surprise school make the Final Four?

Wichita State last season became the fourth nontraditional team to appear in the Final Four in the past eight years, joining George Mason (2006), VCU (2011) and Butler (2010 and 2011). It's not all that surprising anymore, and it shouldn't shock fans if it happens this season.

If it does, we put our money on VCU, helmed by the hottest young coach in the country, Shaka Smart. He has a roster built to do serious damage in March, otherwise known as the month when Smart annually rejects contracts from bigger and richer schools.

Will Andrew Wiggins live up to the hype?

The Jayhawks' Andrew Wiggins is the most celebrated freshman prospect since Greg Oden and Kevin Durant and probably the best high school prospect since LeBron James. His late commitment to Kansas took the Hawks from a borderline top-15 team to a legitimate title contender. And though nobody debates Wiggins's long-term potential, it's fair to wonder whether his talents will translate to college quickly enough to keep the critics silenced. Wiggins will probably play only 35 to 40 college games. Can he be great from the start, or will chants of "overrated" greet him in every arena? For the record, the prediction here is stardom.



6

WILL MARSHALL HENDERSON INCITE A RIOT?

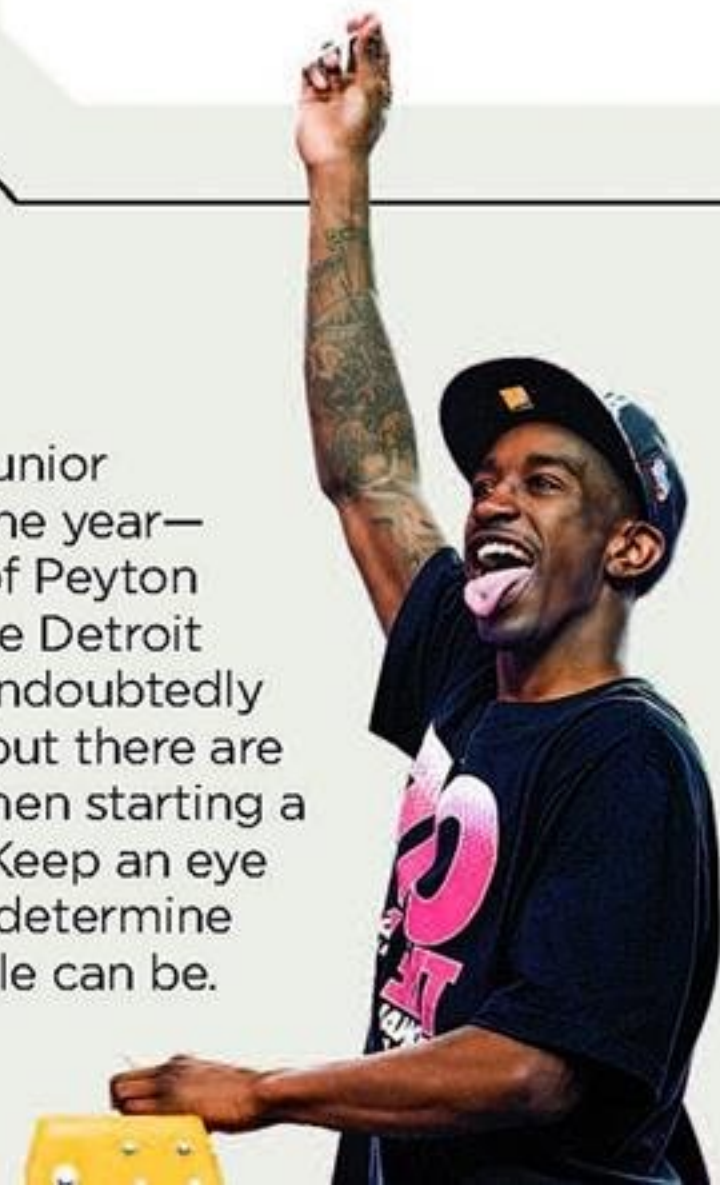
No player was more polarizing last season than Marshall Henderson—the sharpshooting, jersey-popping, trash-talking guard who led Ole Miss to an SEC tournament title and a victory in the NCAA tournament. Some folks loved him. Others despised him. Either way, Henderson created a lot of headlines, and his off-season was anything but boring: The senior guard was suspended for failing multiple drug tests. But Henderson will remain a part of the Ole Miss program this season, which means things will stay interesting in Oxford, one way or another.



CAN LOUISVILLE MAKE BACK-TO-BACK TITLE RUNS?

The decision of shooting guard Russ Smith (right) to return for his senior year was a huge boost to Rick Pitino's program, and all the pieces appear to be in place for Louisville to compete for another national championship. The only real question is whether Chris Jones—the

reigning national junior college player of the year—can fill the shoes of Peyton Siva, drafted by the Detroit Pistons. Jones is undoubtedly talented enough, but there are few guarantees when starting a new point guard. Keep an eye on him; he'll likely determine how good Louisville can be.



4 WILL BUTLER REMAIN RELEVANT?

• Butler, a small Indianapolis school with back-to-back runs to the Final Four, proved to be one of the nation's most exciting programs in recent years. Moving from the Atlantic 10 to the Big East, however, put the school in a shark tank of competition. And boy, did coach Brad Stevens's surprising departure to the Celtics make things harder. Butler's new coach is Brandon Miller, and he's a sharp guy. But he's not Brad Stevens. The Bulldogs also lost their leading returning scorer and rebounder (Roosevelt Jones) to an off-season injury. Last in the Big East isn't out of the question.

Can Doug McDermott do in the Big East what he's been doing in the MVC?

▶ Doug McDermott has been nothing short of spectacular through three seasons at Creighton. The six-foot-eight forward is averaging 20.1 points and 7.7 rebounds for his career while shooting 56 percent from the field and 46.4 percent from three-point range. But Creighton is now in the Big East—which means McDermott is now in the Big East. Fans are eager to see whether his gaudy stats will translate to a bigger stage where better competition awaits.



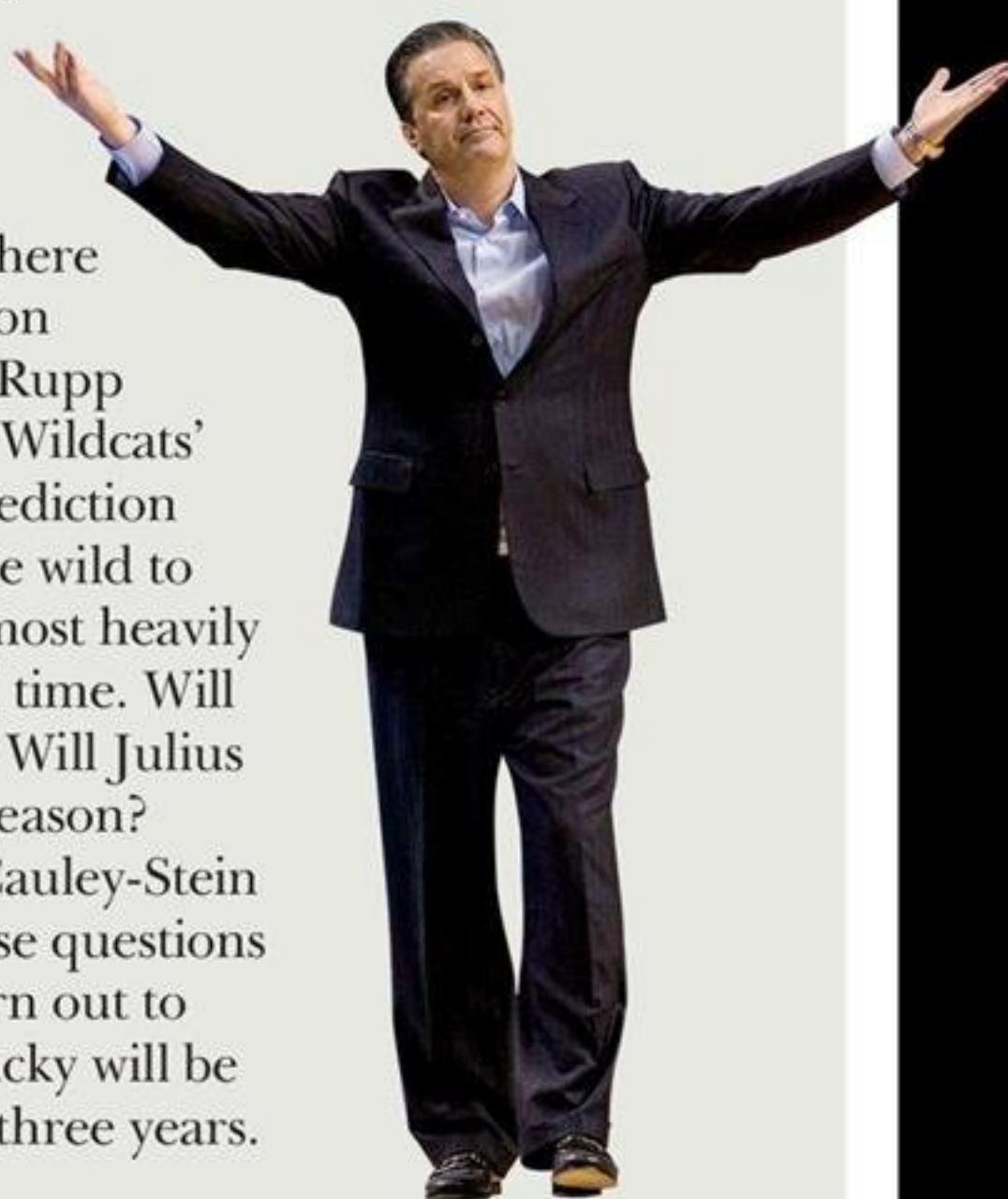
• No team lost two players who meant as much as Cody Zeller (left) and Victor Oladipo meant to Indiana. They combined to average 30.1 points and 14.4 rebounds last season. Both were All Americans. Both were top-five picks in the 2013 NBA draft. And now Indiana has to compete in the Big Ten without them, which should be challenging—especially considering Christian Watford and Jordan Hulls, the Hoosiers' third- and fourth-leading scorers, are also no longer in the program. Can Indiana live up to the success the fans in Bloomington demand?

2 WILL INDIANA SURVIVE THE LOSS OF CODY ZELLER AND VICTOR OLADIPO?

Kentucky: the season's biggest story—or its biggest flop?

▶ It seems reasonable to end where we started—with a big question mark hanging over Kentucky's Rupp Arena. As you can see from the Wildcats' preseason ranking here, our prediction is for greatness. But it will still be wild to watch John Calipari guide the most heavily anticipated freshman class of all time. Will

the Harrison twins work well with others? Will Julius Randle bring the tenacity UK lacked last season? Will seven-foot sophomore center Willie Cauley-Stein emerge a legitimate star? Let's answer those questions with a yes, a yes and a yes. And if those turn out to be the correct answers, rest assured Kentucky will be national champion for the second time in three years.



PLAYBOY'S

PRESEASON ALL AMERICA TEAM

GUARDS

MARCUS SMART

Oklahoma State, sophomore, 6'4", 220 pounds

• Smart returned to school despite the likelihood of his having gone in the top five of the NBA draft. He possesses the best combo of leadership and talent in the nation.

RUSS SMITH

Louisville, senior, 6'1", 165 pounds

• Smith was the main reason the Cardinals won the national championship last season. The sometimes out-of-control guard averaged 18.7 points per game, helping the team finish on a 16-game winning streak.

AARON CRAFT

Ohio State, senior, 6'2", 190 pounds

• Craft is widely regarded as the best perimeter defender in college basketball. As a three-year starter, he has led the Buckeyes to a Sweet 16 (2011), an Elite Eight (2013) and the Final Four (2012).

GARY HARRIS

Michigan State, sophomore, 6'4", 205 pounds

• Despite nagging injuries, Harris was terrific as a freshman, averaging 12.9 points while leading the Spartans to the Sweet 16.

FORWARDS

ANDREW WIGGINS

Kansas, freshman, 6'8", 200 pounds

• Barring a major surprise, Wiggins will be the top pick of the 2014 NBA draft. His overwhelming presence could lift Kansas coach Bill Self to his second national title in seven seasons.

DOUG MCDERMOTT

Creighton, senior, 6'8", 225 pounds

• McDermott has gone from a mid-major recruit

to one of the best players in the country. He averaged 23.2 points per game last season while shooting 49 percent from three-point range.

JABARI PARKER

Duke, freshman, 6'8", 235 pounds

• As a high school star last year, Parker made the cover of *Sports Illustrated*. He's the latest great prospect out of Chicago, specifically the same high school where Bulls star Derrick Rose once played.

JULIUS RANDLE

Kentucky, freshman, 6'9", 250 pounds

• The tough, skilled McDonald's All American is projected to go immediately after Wiggins in the 2014 NBA draft—if he performs as a freshman this season.

CENTERS

MITCH MCGARY

Michigan, sophomore, 6'10", 255 pounds

• McGary started slowly last season but developed into one of the main reasons for the Wolverines' run to the national title game. He averaged 14.3 points and 10.7 rebounds in the NCAA tournament.

WILLIE CAULEY-STEIN

Kentucky, sophomore, 7', 244 pounds

• Cauley-Stein could have been a lottery pick after one season if he had entered the NBA draft, despite averaging just 8.3 points per game. He's one of three centers on the Wildcats' roster likely to play at the next level someday.

COACH

RICK PITINO

Louisville

• The only coach ever to lead three different programs to the Final Four, Pitino will be fascinating to watch this season. Can the defending-champion Cardinals repeat?



Beyond BLACK

TIE

*Who says a tuxedo always has to be James Bond black and white? Or that you can bust out a dinner jacket only at weddings and balls? With our guide to **DEFORMALIZING FORMALWEAR** you'll be taking parties to the next level and wearing your **DINNER JACKET TO ACTUAL DINNERS**. With the right jacket and accessories you can **DIAL IT UP OR DIAL IT DOWN**. Here's how to deconstruct the tuxedo.*

Fashion by Jennifer Ryan Jones

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSEPH SHIN

BLAZER OF GLORY



VELVET GOLD MINE
Alexander McQueen
navy velvet tuxedo
jacket, \$1,675,
mrporter.com

- the - NEW TUXEDO



• Rock this Black Watch plaid at holiday parties.

Brooks Brothers Black Watch tuxedo jacket, \$848, brooksbrothers.com



• Pair this with dark denim and a crisp dress shirt.

Gucci Duke evening jacket, \$1,735, saksfifthavenue.com



• Peak lapels, a ticket pocket and velvet at a great price.

Zara velvet blazer, \$99, zara.com

THINK OF THE TUXEDO jacket as the highest expression of the blazer. It has subtly elegant details that set it apart from a suit or sports jacket: contrasting lapel, satin accents, covered buttons. That amount of flair can go a long way toward putting together a look that has a sense of occasion. When it comes to wearing a formal piece of clothing in a less formal setting, the best trick is not to wear black. A little color, pattern or cool fabric makes it easy to dress down. This Alexander McQueen jacket has so much personality, you can keep it simple with the rest of your outfit.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HARKNESS

Bow Flex

• If you wear a bow tie the right way, the disarming and charming accessory ranks up there with puppies as a reliable way to get women to talk to you. But think dandy, not nerdy. This bow tie is handwoven from silk and feathers and is guaranteed to inspire at least one conversation. If you're not that much of a peacock, go with something more subdued. But if you do, learn how to hand tie one for a more rakish appeal and to avoid the prom-night clip-on look.

Monsieur Jean Yves bow tie, \$495, available at Saks Fifth Avenue

Flower Power

• If you're going to an event where a tie would look a little too uptight and you're tired of the whole pocket-square thing, consider wearing a lapel flower. If you're thinking boo to the boutonniere because it's not quite manly enough, think again. These fabric flowers are perfectly undersized

(about an inch and half wide), come in dozens of color combinations (from basic black to flashy) and add just enough pop to a jacket lapel. The go-to brand these days is Hook + Albert.

Clockwise from top: Carmel, \$30; Aurora Red, \$95; Green Sheen, \$30, hookandalbert.com



- the - TROUSER PRESS

• A tuxedo can be deconstructed any number of ways, and that includes the pants. Tuxedo pants can elevate a simple black blazer. The details on traditional tuxedo pants are flattering for a number of reasons: They typically have vertical pockets, which elongate your form and make you appear taller. The same goes for the black satin stripe down the side. And maybe the coolest thing is that they're the original Sansabelt: Adjustable side tabs negate the need for a belt, which can bulk up an otherwise sleek look.

Richard James burgundy mohair trousers, part of a tuxedo, \$1,280, mrporter.com



1 A COOL COLLAR
• Avoid wing-collar tuxedo shirts when dressing down. Go with a semi-spread to show off your bow-tie skills or to accommodate a larger half-Windsor knot.

2 FLAT FIT
• High arm holes and a snug fit across the chest keep your shirt from getting ruffled. A bunched-up shirt is inexcusable in a semiformal setting.

3 BIB OPTIONAL
• We like that the bib on this shirt isn't pleated. It adds just enough detail without going overboard. A plain-front dress shirt would also work.

4 LEARN FRENCH
• If you want to wear cuff links, you're going to need French cuffs. And you're going to want to see them, so tailor your jacket to show up to an inch of sleeve.

5 NO STUDS
• Those little black studs that come with rental tuxedos scream "rental tuxedo." This shirt has mother-of-pearl buttons, making it appropriate to wear with a suit.

6 PASS ON THE POCKET
• A true dress shirt doesn't have a pocket on the front. Pockets say "business." You want your evening look to say "pleasure."

ANATOMY OF A DRESS SHIRT

A TUXEDO SHIRT doesn't need to be all pleated and extra fancy to look dashing. And technically you don't even need it to be a tuxedo shirt. A proper dress shirt can work, provided it has the right details and cut. Be sure to avoid sport shirts and button-downs. Above, we break down the details on this updated tuxedo shirt to show you what to look for.

Thomas Mason for J. Crew bib-front tuxedo shirt, \$168, jcrew.com



▶ Stubbs & Wootton College slippers, \$450, stubbsandwootton.com

PUMP IT UP

THE FOUNDATION of any outfit is the shoes. And the fastest way to undermine an upgraded formal look is to finish it with down-at-the-heels footwear. A pair of well-polished black cap-toe oxfords always works, but you might want to consider going old-school with tuxedo slippers (also called pumps). We know that doesn't sound very masculine, but once you read the pictograms on this pair of velvet slippers from Stubbs & Wootton you might be convinced.

Cool It With the Cummerbund

- When deconstructing formalwear, you should leave the cummerbund in the drawer. It is one of those items that look just plain goofy out of a truly formal context. We're lukewarm on the cummerbund in a traditionally formal context too, as it presents more problems than it solves: You need to continually adjust it throughout the night, and it can make your belly sweat—never a good look.

Think Cuff Links

- Cuff links are the closest thing to man jewelry that we can get behind. In more-casual settings, silk knots are fine, but we like the elegance and versatility of these mother-of-pearl cuff links. The multicolored iridescence makes them the perfect match for any number of jacket colors and styles.

David Yurman black mother-of-pearl cuff links, \$395, davidyurman.com



- the - PERFECT SQUARE

Don't go for multipeak folds when pairing a pocket square with a tuxedo jacket. Subdued is the order of the day. The classic, or presidential, fold is sleek, elegant and easy.

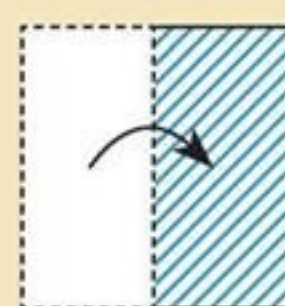
STEP 1



White Out

- Take a freshly ironed pocket square and lay it out on a flat surface. You can't go wrong with a white cotton square.

STEP 2



Half Measure

- Fold it in half vertically, taking care to match corner to corner. If you want a crisp look, iron the crease.

STEP 3



Adjustment Bureau

- Fold horizontally and slide it into the pocket, stitched side up. Adjust the fold so it sits well and doesn't slide down.

PLAYBOY
CLASSIC

Helmut



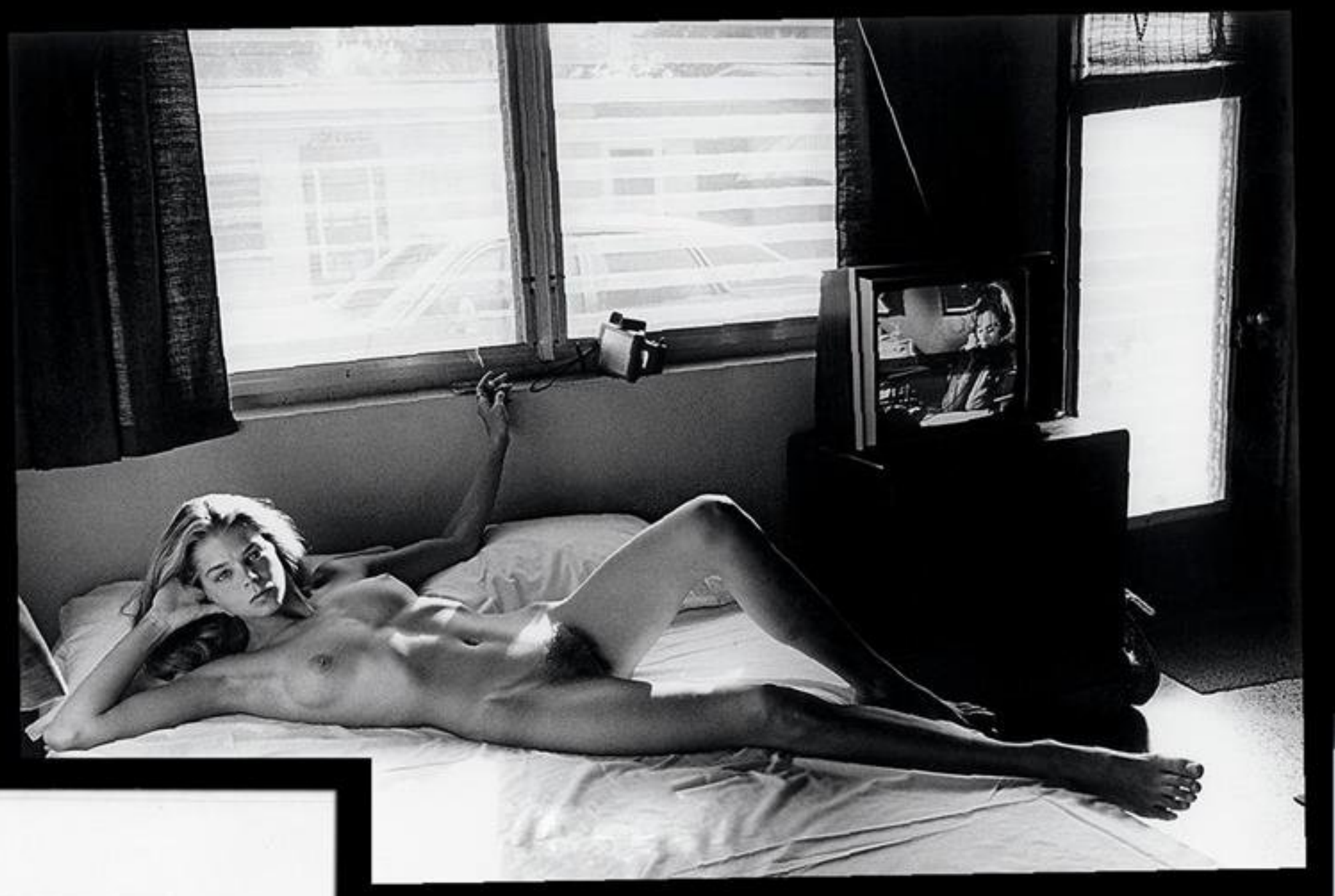
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Motels, August 1976.

Newton

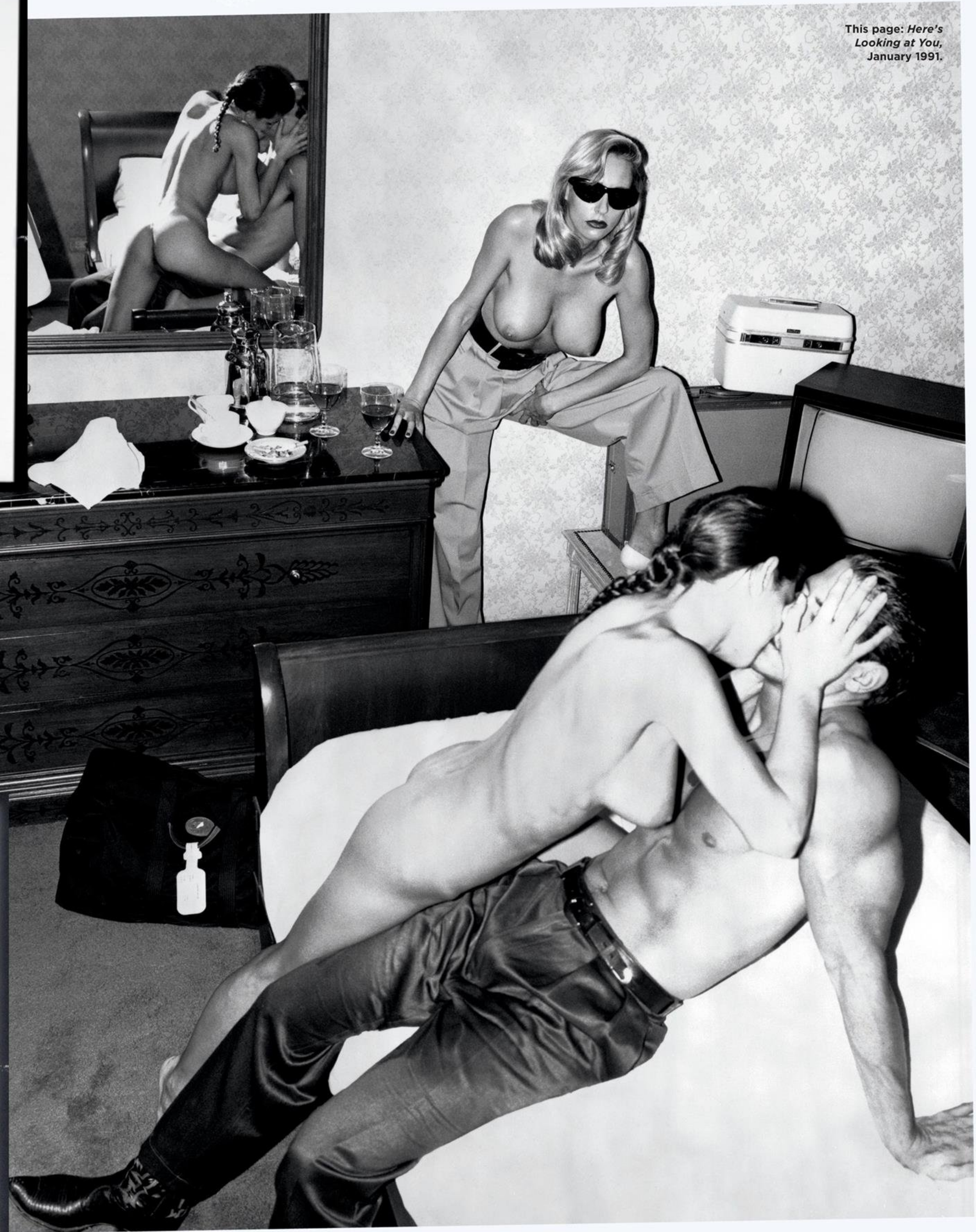
FOR PLAYBOY

A black and white photograph of a woman's face on a television screen in a dark room. The woman has dark, curly hair and is looking down. The room is dimly lit, with a window with blinds visible in the background. A camera is mounted on a tripod to the left of the television.

Born Helmut Neustädter in Berlin on Halloween in 1920, he fled Germany in 1938. His career began with fashion magazines in Australia before he returned to Europe in 1956 to work for *Vogue*. Along with Irving Penn and Cecil Beaton, Newton became one of the masters of fashion photography. His first work for *PLAYBOY* appeared during the mid-1970s, when he was assigned to shoot Charlotte Rampling for the magazine. It was the beginning of a fertile relationship. Newton loved to photograph Playmates, of course, but he preferred to do so in unconventional settings or situations. “Helmut’s influence on nude photography cannot be overstated,” said Hugh Hefner. “He used his fashion photographer’s eye to make the erotic almost surrealistic.” Walter Abish has written elsewhere of Newton’s “inviting artificiality”—of his fetishized point of view, which we share with the photographer when we behold his exquisite models in their unlikely milieus. Newton died in a car accident in West Hollywood in 2004. On these pages you will find a selection of some of the extraordinary work he did for *PLAYBOY*.



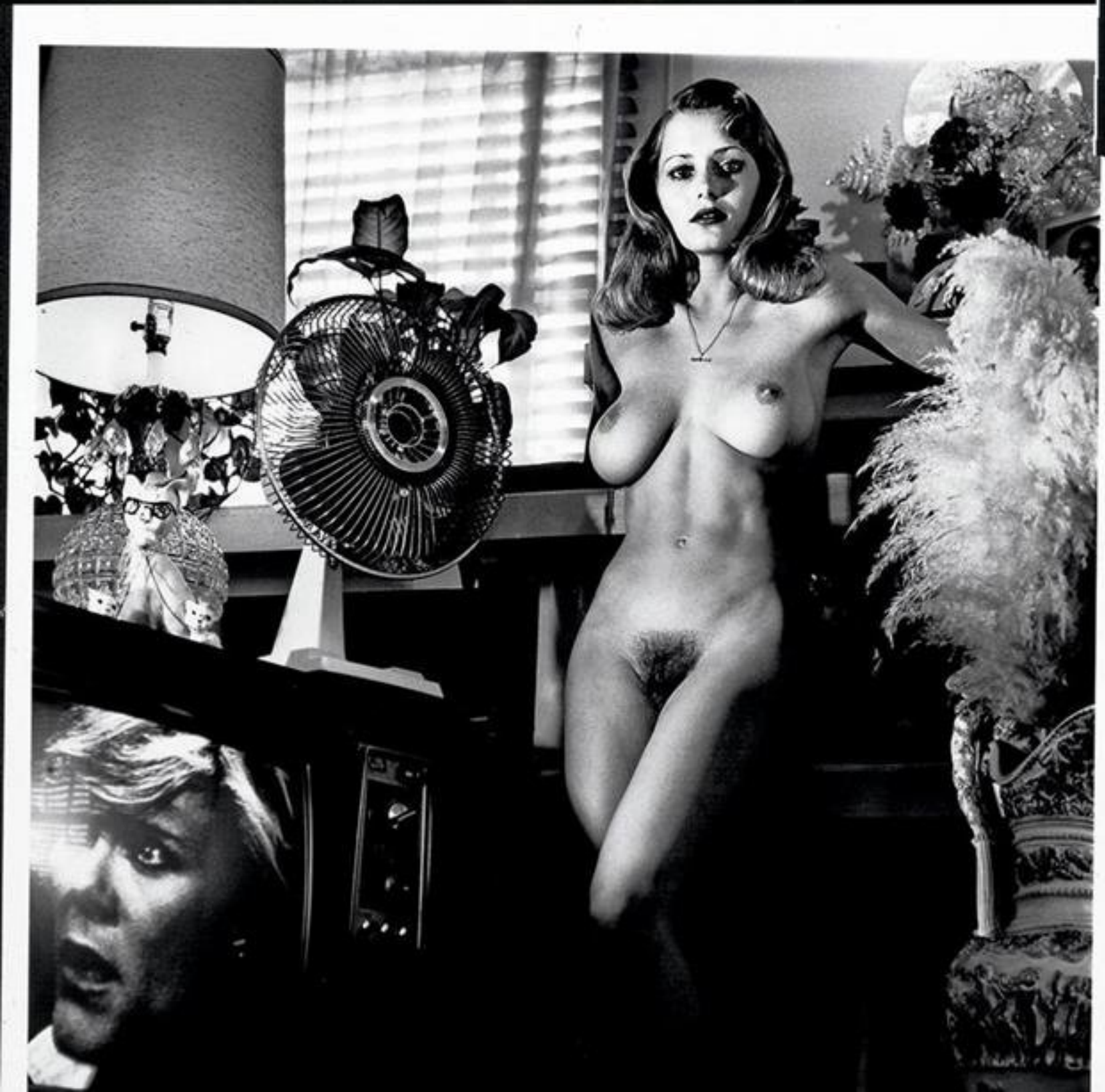
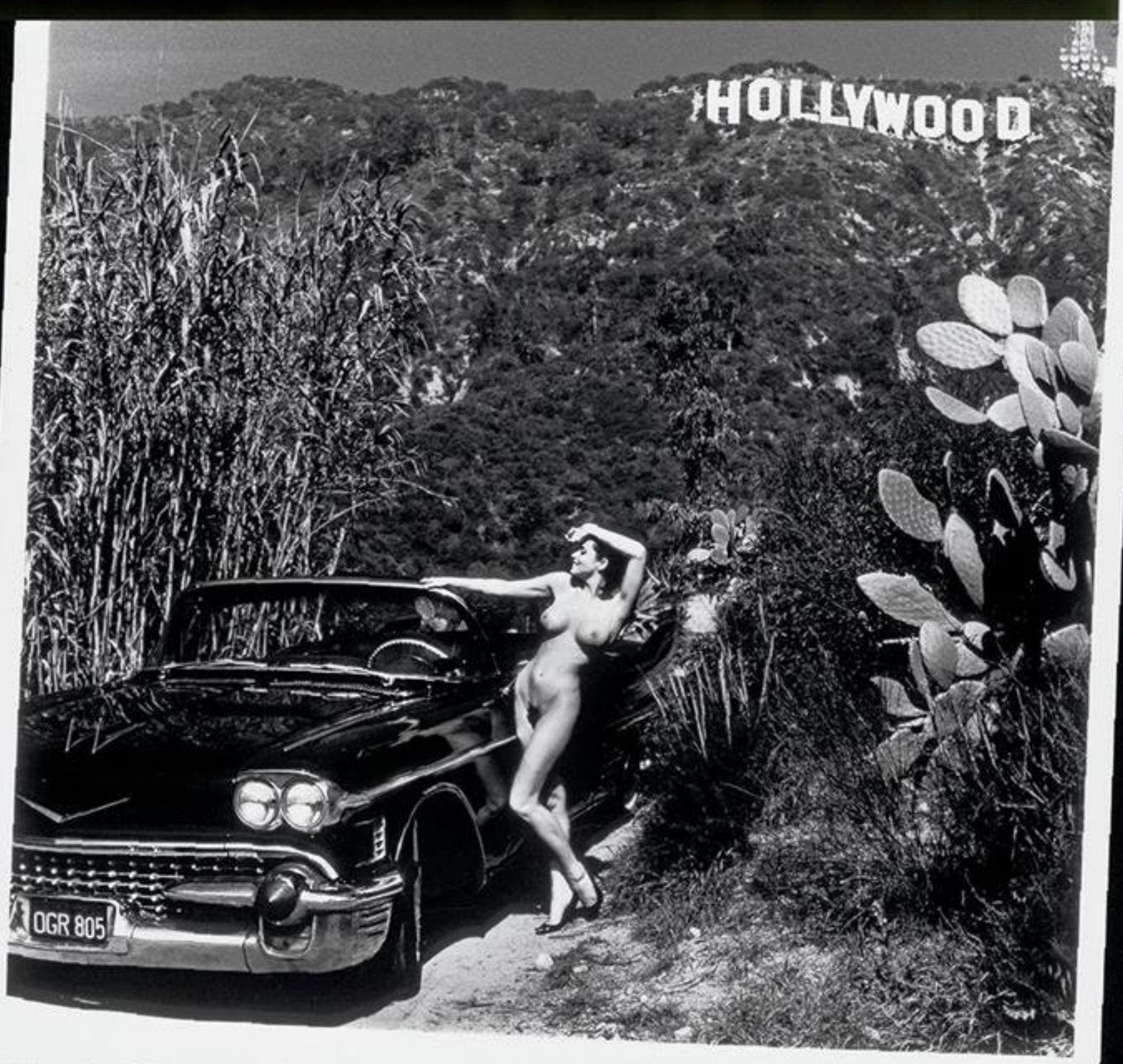
This page: *Here's
Looking at You,*
January 1991.







This spread:
Newton's Physiques,
September 1976.





This spread: *Helmut Newton's Playmates*, September 1987;
The Newton Girls, July 1998.

PUBLIC ENEMY #1

(continued from page 134)

gang who had apparently been making regular calls to a Mexican drug supplier.

The authorities followed the chain upward, to the Flores brothers. The twins, whose father hailed from Sinaloa, were living between Pilsen and Little Village. They had invested in several businesses—a restaurant, a barbershop—through which they could launder drug money.

Agents from the Drug Enforcement Administration didn't know exactly what they'd stumbled onto. The Flores brothers had been indicted in Milwaukee a few years before. According to court documents, they were responsible for the distribution of cocaine and heroin throughout the Midwest.

The DEA worked the suspects for information. In 2005 the brothers allegedly flew to Culiacán to discuss business opportunities with Sinaloa's supposed number two, Ismael "El Mayo" Zambada García, his son Jesús Vicente "El Vicentillo" Zambada Niebla and several other members of the organization. During those meetings, the Flores brothers negotiated a new deal through which they would distribute cocaine and heroin, according to court documents. The deal was akin to the one cut by the Colombian cartels in the 1990s, when pressure from U.S. authorities in the Caribbean forced the cartels to enter into a new partnership with Mexican traffickers. The Mexicans bought the product directly from the Colombians and took control of distribution—and consequently carried all the risks as well. The Flores brothers were about to create their own cartel.

But mistrust between the Sinaloans and the Chicago-based crew remained high. In June 2005, when Illinois state troopers found 398 kilograms of cocaine after a routine inspection near the city of Bloomington, Zambada Niebla ordered the Flores brothers to produce law enforcement records to prove the load had been confiscated by the cops. They did, and Zambada Niebla let them off the hook. But back in Sinaloa, Arturo and Alfredo Beltrán Leyva—two longtime accomplices of El Chapo's as well as cartel leaders in their own right—were apparently becoming increasingly suspicious.

Could the Flores twins be trusted?

DEA special agent Jack Riley had gone head-to-head with El Chapo before. Stationed in El Paso in 2008, Riley had declared it was his priority to bring justice to a chaotic border region. He went for the in-your-face approach, no doubt intending to bait the drug lord. Riley had once conducted an interview with a Ciudad Juárez-based reporter during which he'd declared his desire for justice. But El Chapo wasn't having it. Days later, the DEA intercepted wiretaps of phone conversations in which his people discussed chopping off Riley's head.

The veteran DEA agent knew the best way to get El Chapo and his organization would be to nail their Chicago affiliates. He intended to make arrests, pinpoint the distribution routes and attack the choke point where the cartels and gangs intersected. Sometimes a random arrest yielded a big fish. When a bright, sharp-dressed lawyer turned up at the scene of an arrest to represent a street dealer, the DEA knew it had nabbed someone who might lead it back to the cartels. Back to the mountains of Sinaloa. Back to El Chapo.

Riley has a reputation for being nonsense. Fellow DEA agents consider him a trustworthy ally in the increasingly dangerous war on drugs. He has worked for the DEA for 28 years, first undercover and then directing informants. He earned his stripes on the streets of Chicago before being sent to Milwaukee and St. Louis, among other cities. After a stint as an instructor at Quantico, he went back to the Chicago field division. In 1998, he headed to Washington to lead counter-drug investigations and prosecutions against Mexican drug-trafficking organizations. He then spent a year in El Paso before he returned to Chicago.

Chicago had changed. Or maybe it hadn't. Riley had to figure out what he was working with. Chicago is, of course, well-known for Al Capone and the gangster heyday of Prohibition. But in the decades since, it has remained a breeding ground for criminality. It has never been an easy city to police. It is a prime hub for the transport of illicit products: Dozens of railway lines lead into and out of the city. Outside traffickers—Colombians, Dominicans and Puerto Ricans—have long shipped in their drugs to be distributed throughout the Midwest. Local smugglers have used some of the city's thousands of warehouses to store illicit goods. Auto mechanics have been recruited for the construction of secret compartments in vehicles. With a poverty rate of roughly 20 percent, Chicago has been ripe for exploitation. In neighborhoods such as Humboldt Park and Garfield Park, more than 30 percent of residents live in poverty.

During the 1920s and 1930s, Mexican immigrants flocked to Chicago, with many eventually settling in Pilsen and Little Village. In the 1950s, a man from the Mexican state of Durango moved in to exploit a potentially vast workforce. Jaime Herrera Nevares, a former state judicial policeman, launched what came to be known as a "farm-to-arm" heroin operation. He cultivated poppy in the mountains of Durango and Sinaloa (where he had ties to old-time drug lord Ernesto "Don Neto" Fonseca Carrillo, who is serving a 40-year sentence in Mexico), processed and packaged it in the cities there and moved it directly to Chicago. The entire process was controlled by members of the Herrera family, making it the first cartel to operate on U.S. soil. By the late 1970s,

the Herrera organization was believed to be grossing \$60 million annually, importing more than 700 pounds of heroin into the country each year. The Herrera family controlled as much as 90 percent of local heroin distribution.

The DEA began to investigate Herrera Nevares and his son Jaime Herrera Herrera more thoroughly, arresting affiliates in Chicago as well as in Mexico. As they expanded to Denver, Los Angeles, Miami and Pittsburgh, the Herreras left trails. In 1979, the DEA launched a special Central Tactical Program to target the Herreras and their network. On July 23, 1985, after a two-year investigation known as Operation Durango, 120 members of the organization (out of 132 who were indicted) were captured. Just three years later, Mexican authorities arrested Herrera Nevares and his son.

While the Herreras dominated the Hispanic and suburban markets, as well as controlled the distribution routes out of Chicago, local African American gangs emerged on the South Side and West Side. Incarcerated for the murder of another drug dealer, 30-year-old Mississippi-born Larry Hoover seized on an opportunity to build an organization of hardened criminals.

"It is time for us to go to school, learn trades and develop all of our talents and skills," wrote Hoover in a 1981 memo to would-be followers, "so we will become stronger in society. We cannot wait for the system to teach us. We must take it upon ourselves to learn all we can about this world. We, as an organization, will not stand still and die."

It was with these words that the African American gang world was consolidated in Chicago under the leadership, from prison, of Hoover and his Gangster Disciples. At the gang's height it had 30,000 militant followers. Hoover repeatedly—and publicly—urged them not to resort to violence but instead to study and learn useful skills.

His rhetoric failed to win over the authorities. While Hoover was preaching the good word, his followers were practicing the evil deed of drug trafficking. The authorities began to connect the dots: Hoover's organization operated under a hierarchical system. The top players in the gangs were assigned titles such as governor, regent or coordinator. Each governor had about 1,000 foot soldiers under his control to sell drugs on the streets. Underage scouts helped distribute the drugs without the cops knowing. Members of Hoover's inner circle had nicknames; the big man himself was known as the Chairman, while various accomplices went by Pops, Crusher, Heavy and Khadafi.

The Gangster Disciples had their own rules. At regular meetings, usually run by the governors, discipline and orders were dished out. Lower-ranking gang members were required to pay dues—a percentage of the profits they made from dealing dope—known as "the weekly."



"Lady, you're the 39th naughty girl I've met tonight, and I no longer even care."

Stealing money, alerting the cops to illicit activity, failing to show respect for gang leaders and missing meetings constituted violations. The punishment, according to prosecutors, was vintage Capone: a beating with a baseball bat. Gangster Disciples paid the Chairman the equivalent of roughly one day of drug profits per week from sales that exceeded \$100 million per year.

Hoover and his organization went to great lengths to launder money. According to court documents, they poured dollars into local political organizations and charity concerts. Hoover also encouraged his followers to invest in property rather than the flashy cars and accessories so commonly associated with drug traffickers and mobsters. Their investments also served to give Gangster Disciples better standing in the community, winning over skeptical hearts and minds.

In 1995 Hoover was sentenced to life behind bars. Dozens of his associates were imprisoned; others splintered off to form their own gangs. To this day, former members of the Gangster Disciples are still being arrested. Some estimates put the gang's current numbers as high as 18,000.

By the time Hoover was sentenced, the Gangster Disciples weren't the only game in town. Demand for cocaine, heroin, methamphetamine and marijuana had been growing.

The power vacuum was quickly filled. Almost overnight, Chicago became the only city in the United States to have representatives from every major Mexican drug-trafficking organization: La Familia Michoacana had representatives in Berwyn, Hickory Hills, Oak Lawn, Bolingbrook and Joliet. Los Zetas had a presence

at the intersection of the Little Village and North Lawndale neighborhoods, as well as on the South Side. The Gulf cartel and the Juárez cartel were believed to have set up cells scattered throughout the city. It was around this time, in the mid-1990s, that El Chapo began to eye Chicago. One of his Sinaloa cartel lieutenants allegedly began scouting the city for spaces in which to store drugs for later distribution to New York. A warehouse in Franklin Park was leased by a Sinaloa cartel affiliate. It came to be known by El Chapo and his crew as "the Chicago Warehouse" and "the Big House," according to court documents. Even in those early days there was mistrust between the Sinaloa higher-ups and their Chicago brokers. According to an indictment, one of the Chicago-based crew members was summoned back to Sinaloa in October 1994 to explain the loss of a cocaine shipment and the financial proceeds. Still, it wasn't long before the Sinaloa cartel settled in for the long haul, establishing itself in Little Village and Pilsen.

Hoover had fallen, but heroin from the hills of Sinaloa kept flowing along the highways into Chicago.

One of the heroin highways in Chicago is the Eisenhower Expressway. Bill Patrianakos was a habitual pot user who, along the way, tried other drugs including cocaine and opiates such as OxyContin. He'd been totally clean for about eight months when he decided he needed a reward. Heroin. He'd give it a shot, try it once and "be just fine."

Patrianakos went online, searching law enforcement sites for the areas of Chicago that had the most heroin-related arrests. More arrests meant more dealers. He found the portion of the map with the highest concentration of red dots, got in his car and headed for the heroin highway.

It's not hard to find a dealer near the Eisenhower. Take any exit between Harlem Avenue and the Loop, and you'll find one. Patrianakos asked a few passersby. Eventually one guy walking down the street, an addict, offered to lead the way if he would share some of the heroin. The addict went into a building; Patrianakos waited in the car. Ten minutes later, the deal was done: Heroin in hand, Patrianakos had made his contact. "At that point we formed a strange friendship, and he was my heroin guy," Patrianakos recalls. "I'd call him, he'd say to come on up to the city. He'd take me to the best dope spots. We'd do our drugs, and I'd go back home."

Within weeks, Patrianakos was using every day. His cash began to run out. Ninety percent of his money went to heroin, five percent to gas to drive to get the heroin, and five percent went toward food. "My cash flow was destroyed," he recalls. He started stealing from his sister, then his mother, then his father. He even started counterfeiting \$100 bills on his computer.

Patrianakos was concerned about the DEA and the city cops, but he thought he'd be able to outsmart them. He had rules—never



"Let's go back to my place. Visions of your sugarplums are already dancing in my head."

use fake cash in the same store twice, for instance. But desperation always strikes an addict. Patrianakos broke his own rules, going to Walgreens to buy prescription pills. The cashier rejected Patrianakos's fake \$100. Patrianakos played dumb and began to walk toward the door. He heard a call being placed for the manager. As he backed out of the parking lot, an employee came out of the store and wrote down his license number. "I got you! I got you!" she screamed.

Patrianakos went home and destroyed the fake bills and the computer. He tore apart the printer. Weeks went by, and no cops showed up. He was in the clear. He went on a trip to visit family.

When he got back, agents were waiting for him at the airport. There was a warrant for his arrest. Patrianakos spent the night and the next day in Cook County Jail. He then went into treatment and began his long recovery.

According to official statistics, in some Chicago-area counties as many as 50 people overdose on heroin each year. According to Patrianakos, who is now on the board of the Heroin Epidemic Relief Organization, many of the customers are suburban white kids who want to take a stab at heroin. A gram of Mexican brown—the cheaper stuff—goes for about \$100; Mexican black tar can reach as high as \$200.

Despite the drug violence, Patrianakos doesn't think the war on drugs in Chicago is as bad as it can seem. The cops, for example, take no pleasure in locking up kids who buy heroin. "The police turn a blind eye when it makes sense," he says. "The law may often be black-and-white, but in life there is nothing but shades of gray. The Chicago police seem to understand this when it comes to users." He thinks people are finally starting to understand the folly of filling prisons with drug addicts. A local program called Drug Court allows first-time offenders who are not drug dealers but who committed a crime as a direct result of addiction to pay a fine, get a job, do community service, quit using drugs and go to school. Complete the program and the charges are dropped; one's record can be expunged after a year. Last year, Illinois passed a Good Samaritan law that grants immunity to anyone caught with a small amount of drugs when they call for help in the case of an overdose—juveniles no longer have to fear arrest if a friend overdoses and needs medical care. "I don't think the drug trade in Chicago or anywhere in the world will ever be stopped," says Patrianakos. "If I were king for a day, my solution to the drug trade problem would be to admit it can never be stopped and only minimized. Then, instead of going after the supply, I'd go after the demand."

Sitting in his office in the John C. Kluczynski Federal Building at 230 South Dearborn Street, Jack Riley ponders the idea of legalization. What would happen if the drug war ended tomorrow? After all, it has been a 40-year slog, with about \$1 trillion in taxpayer money spent with questionable results. "It would be chaos," Riley says.

Riley works for the DEA alongside dozens of other agencies under the same roof. FBI, IRS, ATF—you name it, they're at 230 Dearborn. It hasn't always been this way: In the 1990s, interagency tensions and turf wars prompted FBI director Louis Freeh to suggest the DEA and FBI merge. It never happened, but cooperation has increased. This is the way interagency counter-drug operations work these days: The DEA, with its specialized expertise in international drug operations, is often top dog, sharing its intel with other officials. Each agency has its own portfolio. The FBI, for instance, contributes mainly through its expertise in sustained, long-term investigations. There have been ups and downs, some big victories and some missed opportunities. Riley is clearly proud of his accomplishments; he's equally proud of the working relationships he's built with fellow law enforcement agents in Chicago.

Chicago has come a long way since the days when aldermen were affiliated with gangs, but some criminologists have publicly claimed that city politics and gangs remain connected in a shadowy alliance that refuses to break.

Aside from the challenges presented by going after criminals—the city has 12,000 officers on its police force and an estimated 100,000 gang members—the Chicago Police Department has long fought to maintain its integrity. The case of Saul Rodriguez has again placed Chicago's police under scrutiny. After police officer Glenn Lewellen arrested him and turned him into an informant, Rodriguez, head of a local drug-trafficking gang, teamed up with Lewellen in 1996. They formed "the Enterprise," according to prosecutors, who alleged that members of the Enterprise robbed, kidnapped and even murdered rival drug dealers for their proceeds. Lewellen, meanwhile, kept the group informed about police investigations into the Enterprise's activities.

Around 2003 a member of the Enterprise began to buy cocaine from a pair of twins, according to court documents. Rodriguez learned that these twins had access to large amounts of cash and cocaine and were well connected to Mexican suppliers. Rodriguez was introduced to them at Hoops Gym in Chicago; they began to play basketball together. Rodriguez and Lewellen—who had retired from the Chicago Police Department the year before—plotted to kidnap at least one of them and hold them for ransom. The twins, Rodriguez learned, were wanted on money-laundering charges in the United States and frequently made trips to Mexico.

In the spring of 2006, having failed in various bids to kidnap the twins, Rodriguez and his crew stole more than 300 kilos of cocaine from them. The twins noticed, as did their cartel contacts. The cartel ordered Rodriguez to kidnap two suspects and interrogate them, which Rodriguez did despite knowing who was responsible for the theft. According to court documents, Rodriguez and his crew beat the men prior to releasing them.

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After Lewellen and Rodriguez teamed up in 1996, Lewellen managed to keep the DEA at bay by arguing that investigating Rodriguez would hamper police investigations into other drug organizations. But in early 2009 Rodriguez overplayed his hand. At a meeting at the Polekatz strip club in suburban Bridgeview, a source of his proposed stealing 600 kilos of cocaine from an unnamed Mexican cartel. Soon after, in April of the same year, Rodriguez and several other members of the Enterprise were arrested. The source had been a DEA informant; the cocaine deal had been a sting operation. Lewellen was arrested in November 2010 and sentenced to 18 years. Other members of the Enterprise received up to 60 years. Rodriguez, having testified against his former cohorts to avoid the death penalty, faces up to 40 years under a plea deal.

In 2012, Rodriguez was allegedly approached by a fellow inmate at the Metropolitan Correctional Center. The inmate, Vicente Zambada Niebla, a.k.a. Vicentillo, supposedly asked for Rodriguez's help in getting rid of two twins who ran a major drug-trafficking operation in Chicago. Their names were Pedro and Margarito Flores.

“Twin, you know guys coming back from the war. Find somebody who can give you big powerful weapons, American shit. We don't want Middle Eastern or Asian guns; we want big U.S. guns or rocket-propelled grenades.” Zambada Niebla was talking to Margarito Flores at an undisclosed mountaintop location in Sinaloa. It was October 2008. The Flores brother was paying a visit to his bosses. They weren't happy. Law enforcement pressure in Mexico was mounting; Zambada Niebla's uncle had been arrested a week earlier. The bosses had fallen out with the Beltrán Leyva brothers, with whom the Flores brothers had also been doing business. They were now at war with their former partners in crime. “This government is letting the gringos [U.S. law enforcement] do whatever they want,” said Ismael “El Mayo” Zambada García, Vicentillo's father, according to transcripts of the conversation published in court documents. “All we need is for them to try and extradite him [Arturo Beltrán Leyva].”

El Chapo weighed in. “It's too early for that. It's going to take a long time. They are fucking us everywhere. What are we going to do?” El Mayo suggested sending the authorities “a message.”

“Whatever we do, we have to do it in someone else's territory, in *el humo*.” (*El humo*, “the smoke,” is code for Mexico City, which at the time was under the control of the Beltrán Leyva brothers.)

“Yeah, it would be good to do it in the smoke,” El Chapo said. “At least we'll get something good out of it, and the Beltrán Leyva brothers will get the heat. Let it be a government building—it doesn't matter whose. An embassy or a consulate, a media outlet or television station.”

Zambada Niebla turned back to Margarito Flores, who allegedly agreed to do his best to obtain the weapons. El Chapo

and Vicentillo made it clear this was not a request but an order.

A phone call, late November 2008: Margarito Flores, in Chicago, asks to speak with Vicentillo, according to court transcripts of the recording.

FLORES: Hey, do you remember what we talked about? About those toys?

ZAMBADA NIEBLA: Yes.

FLORES: I have somebody that just got out of the service. He said he could hook me up, but they're going to charge twice as much. Is that okay?

ZAMBADA NIEBLA: That's fine. Just let me know.

Flores had found someone willing to sell him weapons: his DEA contact. They had discussed black-market prices and various types of weaponry so Flores could appear knowledgeable. Just days later, the Flores brothers and the Sinaloa cartel leadership made a deal for the transportation and distribution of 574 kilos of cocaine directly to Chicago.

Zambada Niebla never got the weapons. Shortly after a series of meetings with DEA agents in a Mexico City hotel in March 2009, he was arrested by the Mexican military and extradited to Chicago. His defense filed a motion claiming the DEA had offered Zambada Niebla immunity from prosecution in exchange for information provided by a Sinaloa cartel lawyer turned informant. But DEA agents have neither the jurisdiction to arrest a suspect on foreign soil nor the power to grant immunity without authorization from Washington, which they lacked in this instance. U.S. government prosecutors, in turn, filed to invoke the Classified Information Procedures Act. Zambada Niebla's trial has been repeatedly postponed. Judge Ruben Castillo, a veteran adjudicator of drug cases in Chicago and an Obama administration candidate for the Supreme Court, has suggested the trial could resume in December.

Since Zambada Niebla's arrest, dozens of high-ranking members of the Sinaloa cartel—as well as the Beltrán Leyva brothers and several top financial operators—have been arrested or killed, quashing conspiracy theories that the authorities in Mexico were favoring, or even colluding with, the Sinaloa cartel. The Flores brothers' case has not yet gone to court, and El Chapo himself remains free.

DEA agents continue to insist El Chapo's days are numbered. Jack Riley has repeatedly likened him to Al Capone, whom the authorities got on tax evasion. The money trail from the Flores brothers back to Chicago may well allow the authorities to hammer a nail in El Chapo's coffin. But regardless of his fate, El Chapo's legacy will live on in Chicago. The police department has begun to go after drug trafficking as if in a “ground war,” as police chief Garry F. McCarthy put it, assigning more beat cops to the streets. There were 500 homicides in Chicago in 2012; police say there should be fewer this year. Whether or not the police can keep the cartels out of what has become a gold mine of a city remains to be seen.



MARSDEN

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was just really nervous. Anyway, we had more drinks, he played more music, and then at some point he gave me a look that said, “Okay, you've got to get the fuck out of here.”

Q9

PLAYBOY: A blogger once dubbed you “the most screwed-over man in the history of movies” because every woman ends up cheating on you. Jean Grey kisses Wolverine in the *X-Men* movies, Lois Lane is hot for Superman in *Superman Returns*, and on and on. What's up with that?

MARSDEN: It's not by design. I guess I just have a look that says “third wheel.” I have a long history of weird relationships on-screen. I once date-raped Mayim Bialik on a very special episode of *Blossom*.

Q10

PLAYBOY: How is your luck with women offscreen?

MARSDEN: Hit and miss. When I moved to L.A. the women were so aggressive and liberated it almost scared me. But I was also like, Bring it on. I dated for a bit, but then shortly after I turned 20 I met a woman and got married. Now I'm single with three kids. People try to set me up, but it feels strange to go on a date. I guess at some point I'll just have to nut up.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Is there anything to the rumor that you're the father of January Jones's baby?

MARSDEN: There's so much stupid talk out there. I think that came from somebody thinking we were both in *X-Men* so it must be true. Every time I see January, she's like, “Hey, father of my baby.”

Q12

PLAYBOY: You and Halle Berry were recently spotted together on a plane to Montreal. Does this mean you'll be back as Cyclops in *X-Men: Days of Future Past*?

MARSDEN: People get so excited about the convergence of the two casts and all the possibilities. But what it means is Halle and I were on a plane together, which has happened a few times, actually. The first time we flew together she was eating out of a huge bag from Burger King. I just sat there watching, thinking, I love you, Halle Berry.

Q13

PLAYBOY: What future would you like to see for Cyclops?

MARSDEN: Cyclops is a tricky character because his power is so weird. I mean, putting his finger to his ear? It's not all that spectacular. There's not a lot of action to that. I was able to do a minor fight scene in the second *X-Men*, which was cool. But fans still come up and say, “Cyclops kind of got shat on.” I agree. The character is a little bit of a stiff Boy Scout.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Did you get to keep the visor?

MARSDEN: They were nice enough to give me one. I think about wearing it every

Halloween, but I'm too scared somebody will grab it and run away with it. It's very delicate. Stan Lee also gave me something cool—an old Cyclops shampoo bottle that was a merchandising thing from the 1960s or 1970s.

Q15

PLAYBOY: What's it like making chick flicks?
MARSDEN: What's funny is guys coming up going, "Hey, man, you're in my favorite movie of all time." I'm thinking *X-Men* or whatever, and they're like, "*The Notebook*. I was bawling at the end." Like dude dudes, you know? Good for you, man! That's great.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Was it awkward having sex in a bathroom with Kirsten Dunst in *Bachelorette*?
MARSDEN: People think, Oh my God, that must have been so great. I just find sex scenes uncomfortable. I've done scenes with women who were topless, and you're hyperaware of not staring at their chests. You're never thinking, Wow, this is really exciting. You just think, Wow, how can I reassure this actress I'm not a total perv?

Q17

PLAYBOY: You've made three movies with Frank Langella, who has been called Hollywood's bitchiest man. True?

MARSDEN: I love Frank, but he has a dirty joke he tells over and over, and he's going to hate me for sharing it: A guy walks into a patent office and says, "I've got an invention." The clerk says, "What is it?" The guy says, "It's an apple. Take a bite." The clerk takes a bite and says, "It tastes like a banana." "Turn it around," the guy says. The clerk turns it around and takes another bite. "That tastes like a peach." "Turn it around." "It tastes like strawberries." "It's every fruit you can imagine in one fruit," the guy says. The clerk goes, "This is ridiculous. People like their fruits with different flavors, different textures." The guy's upset because he worked so hard on it. The clerk leans over and whispers, "Can you make it taste like pussy?" The guy smiles and goes away. Six months later, he's back with the apple. The clerk takes a bite and spits it out. "This tastes like shit!" he says. The guy says, "Turn it around."

Sorry, Frank.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Any life lessons from playing Tina Fey's dopey stay-at-home husband, Criss Chros, on *30 Rock*?

MARSDEN: I just let her be the man in the relationship. Sometimes you have to let the woman be the guy, and Liz Lemon makes that easy.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you didn't have to work?

MARSDEN: Probably play fantasy football. It's the most ridiculous waste of time ever invented. When I was growing up in Oklahoma, everybody was big into sports, but I couldn't give two shits about it. I didn't really have a football team; I did theater. Then two years ago my buddies needed an extra guy, and I wasn't doing anything. I drafted a lineup and started winning. Now it's like managing a small company. This year I'd like all running backs: Adrian Peterson, Doug Martin, Arian Foster, Marshawn Lynch. I sound like the biggest fucking loser in the world right now.

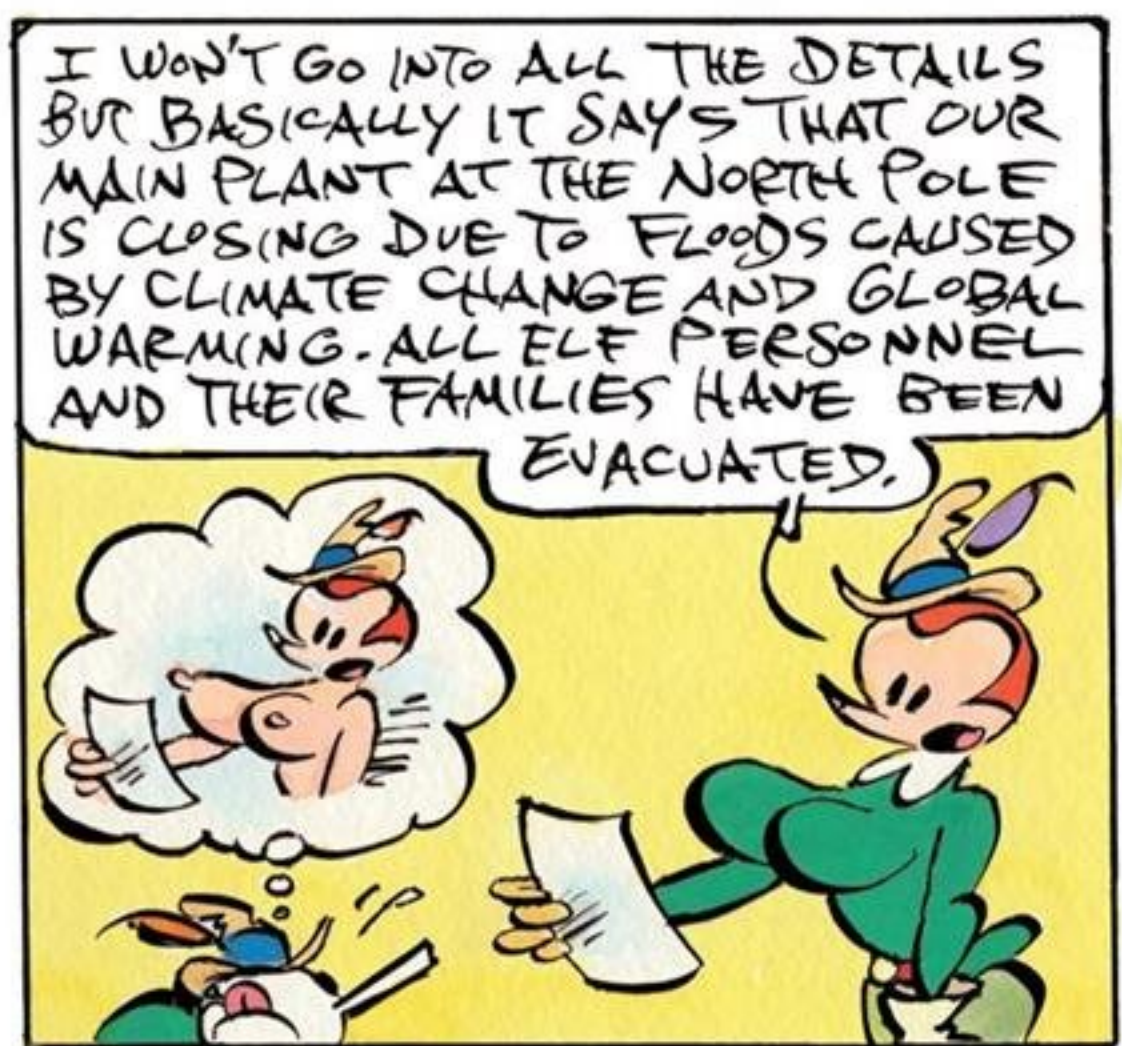
Q20

PLAYBOY: Your dad's a well-known authority on meat safety. Would you care to share some public service tips?

MARSDEN: I would be more wary about eating undercooked burgers than eating an undercooked steak. With steak there's bacteria on the outside but not on the inside. When you take that raw piece of meat and grind it up, bacteria move to the middle. Readers, if you get anything from this interview, it's this: Order your burgers medium-well.



Dirty Duck by Bobby London



MCCLOSKEY

(continued from page 72)

non-DNA cases like the Savannah Three's, cases that rely on shoe leather and old-fashioned investigation rather than a single lab test. In short, Centurion takes the very toughest cases.

Even so, CM's reputation is now so sterling that courts sometimes give its cases special attention. Lawyers who are chosen to work with CM, usually at less than half their normal fees, take great pride in doing so. *60 Minutes* has featured three of CM's cases on its show, and one of those segments was largely responsible for gaining a prisoner parole. Television and movies have come calling, but McCloskey dismissed them when a scriptwriter had him interrogating a witness and then winding up in bed with her, and in any case, McCloskey says he doesn't have the time to fool with entertainment.

What keeps Jim McCloskey going for long days at his Princeton, New Jersey headquarters and in a grind in which he spends nearly half his life on the road, often in the bleakest American backwaters, is not the search for notoriety. It is an awful knowledge he bears: He knows the justice system is often corrupt. He knows police and prosecutors and witnesses sometimes lie to get convictions. He knows innocent men are spending their lives behind bars, even when the system realizes they are innocent. He knows that, despite the presumption of innocence, most people—most jurors—have such faith in law enforcement and prosecutorial judgment that there is often a presumption of guilt instead. More specifically, he knows the Savannah Three are innocent. "I have never encountered a case where it was so obvious that one man, let alone three, were arrested without any credible evidence and were convicted," he says.

So McCloskey headed down to Savannah, as he had headed into so many communities before, to free them. But he also headed down to save himself as much as to save them.

The journey that took Jim McCloskey to prisons and courtrooms was a long and often dark one, though to look at him he hardly seems like the kind of guy who pounds the meanest streets in America, confronts some of the toughest folks and stares down some of the most intractable prosecutors and police officers. There is something cherubic about him, and he bears a faint resemblance to the old Warner Bros. star Pat O'Brien, who specialized in bighearted Irish priests and cops. People describe him as kind looking, the sort of guy who makes you feel good, though he would be the first to tell you looks can be deceiving.

He had an idyllic upbringing. He was born in Philadelphia 71 years ago into Irish aristocracy. His great-uncle Matt McCloskey owned a large construction firm that built the Spectrum and Veterans Stadium, among other landmarks. Uncle Matt contributed so much to the Democratic Party that he became its national treasurer

and was then appointed ambassador to Ireland by President Kennedy. By that time, Jim's father was an executive in McCloskey Construction, and Jim was known to his friends as Matt, after the family patriarch. The only shadow on the family arrived in 1947, when Jim was five. His mother took to her bed one Friday with flu-like symptoms and awoke on Sunday paralyzed by polio. The night she was diagnosed, Jim's father, who never drank, got drunk. It was the last time the family let its spirits flag.

He attended Haverford High School, in a Philadelphia suburb, where despite being small and spindly he was a decent athlete, and then attended Bucknell, where he eked by with a dream of becoming a successful business executive, the same dream harbored by just about all his friends and frat brothers. What his best friend in college, Joe Elliott, remembers is that McCloskey was always the class jester. McCloskey admits, "I wanted to be the center of attention. I wanted to be liked. I would do anything to get a laugh."

But even as he was amusing his classmates, McCloskey was suffering an internal crisis. He realized he had wanted so badly to be accepted, to conform to the group, that he had lost his identity. He had become, as he now puts it, "inauthentic." So he made a resolution—a lifelong resolution. He determined that henceforth he was going to be "my own man." That's why he gave up his business aspirations and did something that baffled his friends. He joined the Navy at the very time the war in Vietnam was raging. That was his first departure from the settled path. It wouldn't be his last.

After McCloskey decided to take the Savannah Three case in 2009, he and Paul Henderson, his chief investigator, spent months over the next three and a half years talking to 125 people in 17 states to accumulate new evidence. Henderson is a crusty, idiosyncratic, chain-smoking former newspaper crime reporter who won a Pulitzer Prize while at the *Seattle Times* for a three-part series that exculpated an innocent man convicted of rape. (Henderson also found the actual perpetrator.) That made him the go-to guy for the wrongly accused in the Northwest. But he suffered from ADD, got itchy at the paper and wound up opening his own private-investigation office. He was recommended to McCloskey in 1987 to work a California case, the first of many, and then joined the Centurion staff in 1996 and worked there until his retirement in 2011. Henderson and McCloskey often took to the field together, tracking down witnesses and knocking on doors, and they did so again in the Savannah case.

Of course many of those witnesses had no desire to talk with McCloskey, so he had to use subterfuge. He befriended a former Savannah policeman who had served time for protecting drug dealers and got permission from him to use his name when he approached other policemen. That's how McCloskey gained access to the original investigating officer of the Savannah Three,

Harvey Middleton, whom McCloskey tracked down in Miami Beach, where Middleton was working as a cop. McCloskey found the woman who had testified about Jones's desire to kill a black man, in a small town in North Carolina. He found a cabdriver who had seen the three arrive at Tops, the club's bouncer, fellow soldiers from their outfit, even a waitress from the Golden Corral. In one two-week period alone he drove 2,100 miles, crisscrossing Georgia, North Carolina and Florida.

In many ways McCloskey is an anomaly—an old-fashioned investigator in a newfangled age. He never uses a computer. When he finishes an interview, he drives a block away, pulls his car to the side of the road and writes meticulous notes. He is studiously organized. "Deliberate and organized to the teeth" is how Paul Henderson describes him, so that even his toiletries are neatly laid out in his hotel bathroom. He is notoriously fearless, usually showing up at a witness's house unannounced. Nothing stops him, not even when a witness's husband greeted him at the door with a German shepherd and a revolver. (McCloskey had had the temerity to ask the man's permission to ask his wife one last question.) And perhaps above all, he is relentless. "When they take a case," attorney Peter Camiel says, "the case doesn't end until the client is out or the client passes away."

For the Savannah Three, McCloskey and Henderson had done their due diligence, whittling their list of interviewees to 22 witnesses they intended to call at the evidentiary hearing, should they get one. But there was one witness they had yet to find: the Reverend James White. In December 2009, McCloskey flew to Georgia and talked to White's friends, his relatives, his former neighbors, even his fellow preachers, leaving his card behind when they said they didn't know where White was but never telling them why he wanted to find him. Several weeks passed. Then, on December 23, McCloskey got a call. "Do I know you?" White asked, thinking McCloskey might be a bill collector. McCloskey explained that he was researching the Savannah Three case. White told him to call back after the holidays. McCloskey did White one better. That January he again flew down to Georgia, where a former pastor of White's told him White and his wife were homeless and living in a Super 8 motel in White's old hometown of Newnan. McCloskey spotted them in the motel parking lot, was told by White to come back in an hour (McCloskey staked out the hotel from the McDonald's next door), then sat down with White and his wife, Suzette, who "sagged" when McCloskey introduced himself and mentioned the crime. They talked mainly about Scripture, not the Savannah Three. "He was so kind," White later said. "I felt free to talk to him."

What McCloskey did not know is that James White had been, in White's words, a "haunted" man ever since the Savannah Three trial. He had seen the perpetrators for only five seconds at most, at a distance of more than 70 feet, at an intersection in the dark of night lit only by a single streetlamp. He had initially identified



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neither the car nor the men—saying only that their car looked *like* the murderers' car and that their clothes were *like* the murderers' clothes. Still, over the years, he thought about his testimony a lot. Suzette, the only one who knew about his doubts, pressured him to recant, even threatening to divorce him if he didn't. Instead, he quit his job and moved from Savannah back to Newnan. He suffered a series of strokes and a heart attack that confined him to a wheelchair. "I'm sick because I done worry myself to death," he says. And what he worried about was having given false testimony.

But it wasn't easy for him to make that admission, especially since he felt the real murderers were still at large. McCloskey returned to Newnan in March to continue their conversation in his hotel room, but White failed to show. Suzette said he had just undergone surgery, which he had, but McCloskey now insisted that the soldiers would be "crucified" if White didn't speak to him. So White and Suzette agreed to lunch the next day at an Olive Garden, and it was

then that White finally uttered the words McCloskey had longed to hear: He had lied. Then McCloskey left, but before he did, he asked if White and Suzette would pose with him for a photograph, which they did.

There was a method to that. By May, he had tracked White to a new address, in Hogansville, Georgia, where White, McCloskey and attorney Peter Camiel discussed White's giving them a signed affidavit recanting his testimony. Time passed. White disappeared again, and he wasn't answering his cell phone. So McCloskey and Camiel returned to Georgia in January 2011 and began yet another search for James White. No one seemed to know where he had gone. As a last resort, they got an address for one of White's sons, Dante, in LaGrange, Georgia, just south of Newnan. When they arrived, a young man answered the door and told them Dante was out, which is when McCloskey pulled out the photograph from the Olive Garden and said he was a friend of the Whites'. At that, Dante suddenly appeared from behind the

door and gave them his parents' new address, in McDonough, Georgia, which is where McCloskey finally got the notarized affidavit that would provide the spark for the evidentiary hearing, still more than two years away. "See, I told you Jim would find us," Suzette said when she opened the door.

Once McCloskey got White's affidavit, he filed a request for public records and received 600 pages of documents about the case from the Savannah police. In those records, McCloskey found something startling. On February 1, 1992, many hours after the murder, Officer Ben Herron of the Savannah police department had filed a report of an interview with a witness at a housing project just minutes from the crime scene. The witness claimed to have seen two white men in a car at one A.M. with semiautomatic weapons who said they were looking for black people to kill. By that time, the defendants were long in jail. But no one from the police or the prosecution had bothered to give this report to the defense attorneys before the trial, so it remained buried in the file until McCloskey unburied it. In short, apparently other men were roaming Savannah's streets that night, and these men had ill intent.



"Didn't Helen used to wear underwear?"

When McCloskey joined the Navy in 1964, he asked to be posted to Japan because, he says, he had once seen a short film on Tokyo nightlife and was intrigued. He spent 18 months as a communications officer in Yokosuka and another year heading a transmitter detail in Totsuka-ku. But it wasn't so much the service that affected his life as the romance. At the PX in Yokosuka, he met Miyoshi (not her real name), a beautiful Japanese girl, and, he says, "something just clicked. I absolutely fell in love with her." Within a month he was living at her house off-base. She would bathe him, teach him sexual secrets, travel the country with him. For the first time he thought about marriage. Then she told him she was going to the United States for a 30-day tour. On the night she was leaving, she called him tearfully from the dock and asked that he come see her. He was on duty and couldn't. As the days passed, McCloskey tried to contact her in the States, to no avail. When the month was over and she hadn't returned, McCloskey, distraught, went to see her mother, who gave him shattering news: The girl had been betrothed to another seaman, who had left the service, and she had gone to America to marry him. "I was absolutely devastated, crushed," he says. "I've never been so bleak and dark in my life." Even now he bears a deep scar from the woman he calls the love of his life.

Trying to heal, he took up with another Japanese woman, who followed him to Totsuka, but there wasn't the same ardor, and he was growing bored with his station. So early in 1966 he volunteered to go to Vietnam. This time he abandoned his Japanese girlfriend, with terrible consequences that haunt him to this day. Just before he left, she told him she was pregnant and in love and hoped to marry him,

but McCloskey insisted she get an abortion, which she did, reluctantly. And then, burdened by guilt, he went to Vietnam. He never saw her again.

Vietnam taught him two lessons. During training at Camp Pendleton in California before his tour of duty, he and 125 of his fellow sailors engaged in an exercise in which they were held "prisoner" in black boxes by a group of Green Berets. Even though they knew they would be released in 24 hours, 25 of them signed "confessions." "It was," says McCloskey, "my first lesson in how easily the spirit could be broken," which is why he doubts confessions now. When he landed in Vietnam in October 1967, he became an advisor to the South Vietnamese junk fleet. And there came the second lesson. It was while he was patrolling Vietnamese waters, McCloskey says, seeing our allies butcher Viet Cong captives and our own military inflate body counts, that he first came to doubt authority. Despite his disillusionment, he received a Bronze Star. Then he left the service, with very little idea of what he wanted to do next and no more whole than when he had joined. The journey had only just begun.

The evidentiary hearing for the Savannah Three was held at the Telfair County courthouse, Telfair being a county that grows prisons. The boys' parents were there, along with Jones's half-brother, Dominic Lucci's uncle, Dawn Burgett and two of her old bridesmaids. And of course so were the petitioners themselves, in white prison jumpsuits and shackles, carrying plastic bags with sandwiches, looking older, heavier, more somber and, in Jones's case, grayer than they had been. The main event of that first session was the testimony of James White, who was wheeled to the stand wearing a black polo shirt with a gold squiggle over the right breast, a purple tie and white loafers. He is a huge man, bullnecked, with snaggle teeth and a deep, gravelly voice like a rhythm-and-blues singer, which is what he was before he found religion. And now, publicly, he admitted, "I lied about certain things," but insisted that before the trial he had told the police and the prosecutors his misgivings about identifying the men. They insisted, he claimed, threatening him with perjury

because he had said the suspects looked like the murderers at a preliminary hearing. And he told of the anonymous telephone calls he received and the pressure from the black community, and of his fears that his daughters would be raped. And he told about how he had wanted redemption all these years, but the opportunity presented itself only when McCloskey appeared, and he called him "an angel from God." When he left the stand, several of the family members hugged him.

The rest of day one and all of day two were anticlimactic. An expert in "visual science" testified that at a distance of 72 feet—the distance at which White had seen the car—with a weak streetlamp and with the perpetrators wearing headgear

judge asked that the National Guard be put on alert should the Savannah Three be acquitted; and the policemen who first interrogated the suspects, each of whom told similar stories that could not have been rehearsed; and Detective Middleton, who had been a young black officer on his first homicide case, admitting that his notes on White's interview the night of the crime contained no positive IDs or any identifying characteristics; and Ben Herron, the policeman who had taken the statement about white men brandishing weapons and threatening to kill blacks after the suspects had been incarcerated. All in all, it was a good day for the prisoners and a good day for Jim McCloskey.

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Back in 1967, out of the Navy and at loose ends, McCloskey enrolled in the Thunderbird Graduate School for International Management in Glendale, Arizona. But before he did, he drove to Utah, to the last address he had for Miyoshi, only to learn that her husband had reenlisted and they were now living in Yokohama. Back in Japan, working as a business consultant, McCloskey phoned her. They met in Tokyo and rekindled their romance over the following 18 months. But she had a young son by this time, and when McCloskey urged her to get a divorce and marry him, she said she couldn't. "It was *Madame Butterfly* in reverse" is how McCloskey describes it. Shattered once, he was shattered again. "That was structural damage," he says. It

made it impossible for him to trust women, and he admits he fell into a life of debauchery that continued for decades. But even though he was emotionally ravaged, he stayed in Japan for the next five years, advising American companies. He learned yet another lesson that would come in handy when he was working to free prisoners: "Take the long-term view. The Japanese have almost unlimited patience." When the consultancy for which he worked was sold to a conglomerate, McCloskey decided it was time to leave. To the Japanese, he knew, he would always be a gaijin—an outsider—and he missed America. So back he went to Philadelphia, living with his divorced brother and hunting for a job.

He got one with another consulting firm

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called the Hay Group, again largely advising American businesses wanting to make inroads in Japan, and he was successful. But he knew this was not the life he had promised himself when he made his graduation resolution at Bucknell. He says he felt hollow inside. He even started to attend church for the first time since childhood, looking for an answer to his malaise. And he kept being reminded of a Japanese adage: The nail that sticks out gets hammered down. McCloskey wanted to be that nail.

He was a lost man, a broken man. Nothing fulfilled him. Though he mentioned it to no one, he began reading Scripture, and one Saturday night he turned randomly to a page in the Bible and found Jesus's last words to Peter: "When you were young, you walked where you would. When you are older, another will take you, perhaps where you don't want to go." It came as a revelation. Knowing he was going where he didn't want to go, he walked into the office on Monday morning and resigned. His boss convinced him to stay another year to finish what he had started, but at 37 McCloskey felt he had finally found himself. More startling, he decided to enroll in the Princeton Theological Seminary and become a Presbyterian minister.

It wasn't your typical religious conversion. He threw a going-away party for himself and hired two strippers, and there was always a bottle of Jack Daniel's on his dormitory windowsill. And he wasn't your typical seminarian. In the second year, each student had to choose fieldwork, and McCloskey, trying to be that nail, decided against a hospital or a church, which is where most students wound up. He chose Trenton State Prison and not only Trenton State but its "Vroom" wing, where the behavior problems were housed. It was ugly—his introduction was a prisoner who screamed invectives at him—but he felt exhilarated. On the first day he entered the tier, in the fall of 1980, a junkie and lifer named Jorge De Los Santos, with long hair and wearing only boxer shorts, approached him and professed his innocence of the murder he was convicted of. Nicknamed Chiefie because he had been a leader in the Newark projects where he'd lived, De Los Santos told McCloskey that he had been framed by a jailhouse snitch named Richard Delli Santi, who testified that De Los Santos had confessed in jail. Chiefie begged McCloskey to look into his case. "Are you telling me this guy lied?" McCloskey asked naively. "That's exactly what I'm fucking telling you," Chiefie answered.

McCloskey took Chiefie's trial transcript to a friend's house during Thanksgiving and spent the holiday reading all 2,000 pages of it. He concluded that not only was Chiefie framed but that he, McCloskey, was going to take a year's leave from the seminary to prove it. He called it a Christmas gift to Chiefie, but he knew it was really a gift to himself. For the first time in his life, he said, he had a real sense of mission.

So Jim McCloskey sold his car and his house and moved into a room in the Princeton home of an octogenarian widow named Mrs. Yeatman, and with money he

had saved from Hay, he hired an investigator (from the Yellow Pages) and a lawyer named Paul Casteleiro (who is still with Centurion 33 years later), but he decided to take on the informant, Delli Santi, himself. He quickly discovered that Delli Santi was a professional in relaying alleged jailhouse confessions. He had even ratted out his own cousin. (Coincidentally, McCloskey's father had been falsely accused of demanding bribes from subcontractors of McCloskey Construction, and he was a living ghost until he was cleared.) It was through Delli Santi's aunt that McCloskey tracked him down and got him to admit he had lied about Chiefie and had lied at the trial when he said he hadn't testified in any other case. McCloskey also found out the prosecution *knew* he had lied. On that basis, Chiefie received an evidentiary hearing in March 1983 and was released that July. McCloskey took Chiefie, who had been in prison eight years, out for a banana split and then returned alone to Mrs. Yeatman's for a bourbon, "feeling pretty good."

Day three of the evidentiary hearing consisted largely of witnesses refuting the testimony of Sylvia Wallace, who had claimed

It wasn't your typical religious conversion. McCloskey threw a going-away party for himself and hired two strippers, and there was always a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

Mark Jones had told her on the morning of January 31 that he was going to kill a black man. (It turned out Jones wasn't even on the base January 31.) Two career Army men testified that Wallace had given them conflicting accounts of Jones's statement, and a longtime soldier and Hinesville policeman testified that Wallace had dissembled when she said she had approached him to tell him about Jones's intent. "She lied completely about everything," he said. Yet another witness, an Army friend of Jones's, said the prosecution had pressured him to say Jones was a racist even though Jones had never made a racist statement to him. If Jones had, the friend said, he would have reported him to his superiors.

After a lifetime of doubt and dissatisfaction, McCloskey said, it all came together for him in 1983. He had graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, Chiefie had been freed, and through Chiefie he had met two other lifers who professed their innocence and asked for his help. And then he had a dream. He was on a riverbank in Vietnam, watching a boat crowded with people, and the boat began to sink. Out of the blue, a

helicopter arrived and rescued the passengers. McCloskey took it as an omen: He was ordained to rescue others.

He took on the cases of Chiefie's two lifers and the case of a third prisoner—all of whom were eventually freed. He had no money but got free housing from Mrs. Yeatman—he laughs and says he's the only person who chose to live in Princeton because it was halfway between Trenton State Prison and Rahway State Prison—and he was getting donations from his church and from old high school and college friends. He said he was driving to a law firm to set up a nonprofit organization to raise money for the cause when the name came to him. He would call his group Centurion after the Roman soldier who declared at the foot of Jesus's cross, "Surely this one is innocent."

For the next five years McCloskey made it up as he went along. He drove a 1975 VW Rabbit and earned between \$6,000 and \$7,000 a year. In fact, he was Centurion's only employee. But the prisoner releases were gaining Centurion press attention, and letters from convicts began to pour in. There was one letter, not from a prisoner but from a woman who had recently moved from California to Connecticut; she had read about Centurion and wanted to help. Her name was Kate Germond, and she wound up volunteering to sit in McCloskey's room in Mrs. Yeatman's house and triage the letters he got. That was in 1986. Twenty-seven years later she is still at Centurion, now as McCloskey's partner, and it is she as much as anyone who brings the cases to McCloskey's attention as well as taking on cases of her own. Essentially, they split the primary workload.

Centurion has come a long way since Chiefie. These days there is a new office in Princeton, a staff of eight and an annual budget of \$1.25 million for the 19 active cases that CM is investigating. A lot of that money is raised by a onetime Wall Street wunderkind named Jay Regan, who had his own scrape with a wrongful conviction. In 1989 Regan, the managing partner of a hedge fund named Princeton/Newport Partners, was tried for stock fraud by then U.S. attorney Rudy Giuliani, convicted and sentenced to six months in prison. Three years later, the conviction was overturned, and Regan, with firsthand experience of how the system can malfunction, sought out McCloskey to help CM raise funds by introducing him to Wall Street titans. One of them, Edward Stern, a real estate magnate whose family had owned the Hartz Mountain pet company, has put up nearly all the money for the Savannah Three case—the investigation and legal proceedings of which have cost \$363,000.

There was a time when CM might not have survived McCloskey. After a bout with prostate cancer in 2008 ("It slowed me down for two weeks or so," he says) and a heart attack in 2012, McCloskey has drawn up a succession plan, though he doesn't contemplate stepping down until he is at least 75. CM has just hired a new investigator, as well as a development director, Nick O'Connell, who is the son

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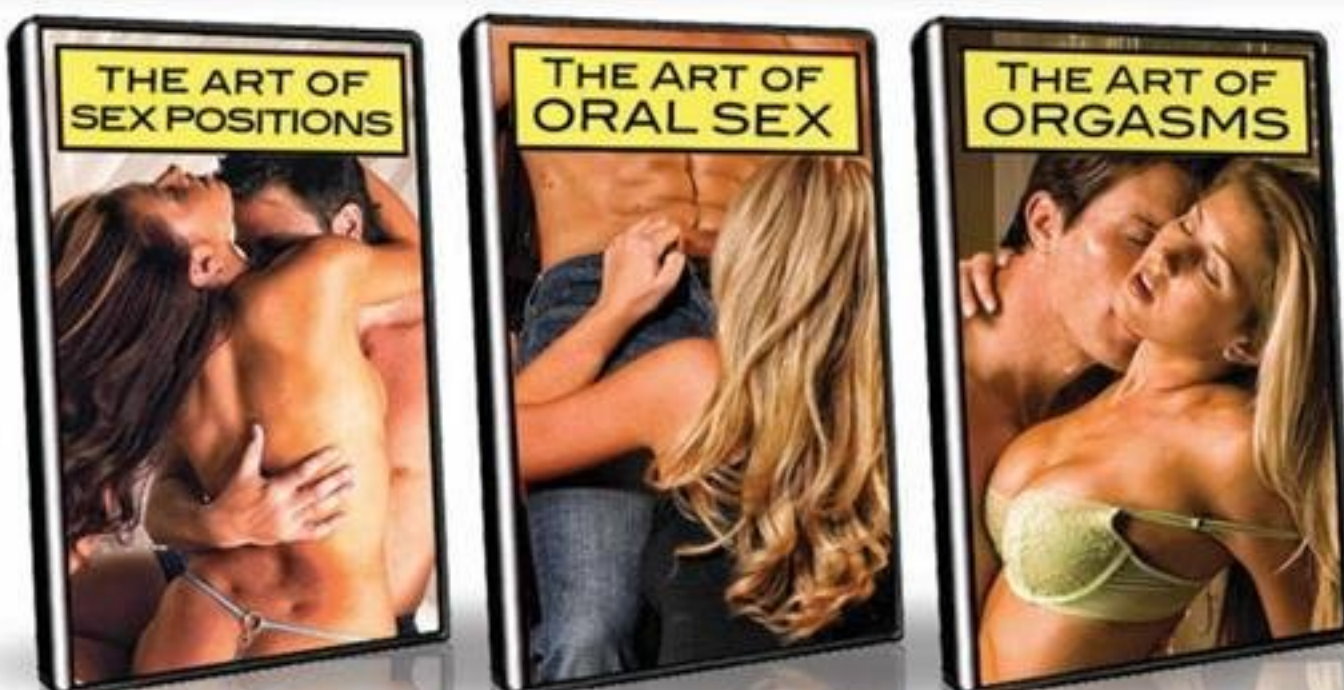
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of recent CM exoneree Frank O'Connell. One could say things have never looked so rosy—save for one thing.

On the last day of the evidentiary hearing, David Lock took the stand. Lock had been the prosecutor of the Savannah Three case, and he was clearly invested in their guilt. Lock looked like a pompous Southern lawyer: the beige seersucker suit, the jowls and potbelly, the red Vandyke and the glasses. He sounded like one too, with a basso voice basted in a deep Southern accent. But as Centurion attorney Peter Camiel began his examination, Lock quickly began to wilt, smiling uncomfortably, fidgeting, even at one point twirling in his chair so his back was to the observers. Lock insisted he had never pressured White, that White had told him he could identify the defendants as the murderers, though that ID was not essential to his case, that the Herron memo was “extraneous” to the case and that the reason Ken Gardiner’s car contained virtually no gunshot residue was because the weapons were fired out the window. But he also admitted there was no forensic evidence and that he might have overplayed the *Dungeons & Dragons* motive, which left no motive whatsoever. By the time Lock’s testimony ended, at 11:52 that morning, Centurion was pretty sure it had proven its case.

That didn’t answer the question of who killed Stanley Jackson that January night in 1992. When it investigates, Centurion always tries to find the actual perpetrators, and in 12 of its 51 cases it has. The Savannah Three case, however, was tough, in part because several people had motives. By one account, Jackson’s stepson had threatened to kill Jackson after he’d beaten the boy’s mother shortly before he was shot. And there was Jackson’s cocaine habit. McCloskey speculated that Jackson might have been killed by the Jivens gang for welshing on drug payments, so he wrote to Sammy Lee Gadson, a Jivens enforcer who was serving a life sentence for murder in a federal medical facility in Springfield, Missouri. Gadson wrote back that the three were innocent, adding, “Everybody knows who did kill Stanley Jackson,” but he refused to reveal the information for fear of retaliation. Gadson’s younger brother, who

was acquitted of murder, told McCloskey the same thing: “Those boys are innocent.”

The reason the Centurion story doesn’t have as happy an ending as one might imagine is Jim McCloskey himself. He is finally fulfilled, a broken man made whole. The abortion so many years ago still plagues him, as does another by a married woman with whom he’d had an affair, as well as his wayward behavior toward women and the years he wasted following the corporate path. Despite his many friends, he is lonely, and he knows he will never have a wife or family. He has a persistent dream that seems to summarize his situation: “I’m in a social setting with my friends, and nobody wants to talk to me. I’m on the outside...and when I go to talk to them, they disperse.”

And something else troubles McCloskey—something that emanates from the very darkness of the human soul. Jim McCloskey’s faith is shaken, which may just be an occupational hazard of living in a world of injustice. For four years he had investigated the conviction of a Virginia rapist named Roger Coleman and had concluded that Coleman hadn’t committed the crime. Coleman’s last words, scribbled to McCloskey on the night of his execution, were that he was innocent. McCloskey promised him he would continue to try to prove that. Ten years passed, during which time DNA testing had improved, and McCloskey got the state of Virginia to agree to a post-execution DNA test—the first in the country. He was manning the phone in November 2005 when the result came in: Coleman was guilty. McCloskey calmly met the press and admitted he had been wrong.

But it isn’t Roger Coleman’s lie that tests Jim McCloskey’s faith. Coleman aside, Centurion’s record for selecting the innocent is exceptional. In addition, only five of the 51 prisoners it has freed have returned to jail, none of them for a capital offense. (Alas, Chiefie was one of the recidivists; he went to jail for striking his wife and was later shot to death in a vacant lot in the Bronx.) What tests him is human nature—the willingness of policemen and prosecutors to frame men for so little gain against

what the men have to lose—and what tests him is a God who would let these men languish in prison for crimes they did not commit. “My clarity in belief has failed to a certain extent,” he says. “Does God care what happens in this world? And does God have influence on what happens, or is it just random?” And wondering, he cites the biblical dictum that the sun shines on both the good and the evil, and the rain comes down on both the just and unjust.

Which is all the more reason Centurion is necessary. The Savannah Three won’t know their fate for months, until the judge renders her verdict and then, if she does overturn their conviction, until the Georgia Supreme Court decides whether to uphold her decision. Meanwhile, McCloskey is off to Montgomery, Alabama, where he is testifying before a parole board in the case of Billy Ray Davis, who has spent 29 years behind bars even though the police investigator for the case told McCloskey the evidence pointed to another man. The parole board waiting room is glum. The families, mostly black and poor, sit in T-shirts and polos, grim-faced and silent, waiting for their 10- or 15-minute shift to make their case. McCloskey testifies about Davis’s upstandingness—like most Centurion clients he has a clean prison record—but the board quickly denies him parole, and McCloskey, his faith tested yet again, leaves for another investigation. Davis will have to wait another four years for a hearing.

Despite the disappointment, McCloskey will trudge on. “It’s so hard to believe there’s still somebody out there who’s so incredibly honest and dedicated,” says Mark Jones’s mother. “How does he not get discouraged?” she wonders, not knowing he has. But then she answers her own question. “He has an effect on people,” she says. “I don’t know that it makes them better or makes them rethink their lives or whatever. He’s had an effect on me.” That may be it. In the end, Jim McCloskey, who once was lost and who even now questions his faith, has a strange power to bring redemption to a world desperately in need of it.

So he endures.





SHE WANTS WHAT SHE WANTS.

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RAY KELLY

(continued from page 66)

tabs on mosques. What's the deal with these so-called mosque crawlers?

KELLY: I never heard that expression.

PLAYBOY: You've never heard it?

KELLY: Nobody ever used it inside the police department. Those AP writers received a lot of leaks from disgruntled people in the NYPD who had retired or didn't get promoted. The overarching sin we're guilty of is having the nerve to move into the counterterrorism area that the federal government wanted to have a monopoly on, irrespective of the fact that we had almost 3,000 people killed here, that we've had 16 plots against us. Our temerity in trying to better protect New Yorkers was greatly resisted by some in the federal government.

PLAYBOY: Do you see anything wrong with undercover agents infiltrating religious houses of worship?

KELLY: We don't investigate mosques, but we do follow leads into the mosques. We can't have sanctuaries. We can't say that because you are Muslim or Catholic or Buddhist or Jewish you have a sanctuary from being investigated. The AP said we categorized mosques as terrorist enterprises. That is simply not the case. We don't investigate buildings. We investigate people.

PLAYBOY: You understand why a law-abiding Muslim praying in a mosque would be offended by the presence of undercover agents.

KELLY: Yes, we understand that, sure. We just met with our Muslim advisory committee and went through a lot of these issues. But this is the world in which we live. We are at risk from terrorism. We have to do what we reasonably can to protect the city, and we cannot rely on the federal government alone to protect us.

PLAYBOY: With all this doom and gloom, when you're stressed out or feeling down, what do you do?

KELLY: I make martinis. [laughs] No, I exercise, lift weights, do cardio. That helps.

PLAYBOY: The worse the news, the more weights on the bar?

KELLY: Right. More pain, more pain.

PLAYBOY: Are you religious at all?

KELLY: Moderately.

PLAYBOY: So you don't pray or—

KELLY: Only if my life is on the line. There are no atheists in a foxhole, you know.

PLAYBOY: Other decompression techniques?

KELLY: I read a lot, mostly nonfiction political books. Just finished *This Town*, about Washington, and Colin Powell's *It Worked for Me*. I watch a limited amount of TV—*The Daily Show*, *The Colbert Report*, *PBS NewsHour*. And I'll watch *Homeland*.

PLAYBOY: What about the perks of being police commissioner, like having your own helicopter?

KELLY: No. We have helicopters here, but they're not my own, and I use them infrequently. If there's an emergency and I'm out of the city, I have to get back quickly via helicopter, but it doesn't happen much.

PLAYBOY: So what are the perks?

KELLY: You're invited to certain social events

and you represent the city. That comes with the territory.

PLAYBOY: Or just the fun of going to J. Lo's birthday party.

KELLY: If you're invited. I never invite myself, never.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone you haven't met but would like to?

KELLY: Lady Gaga. No, I'm kidding. Nelson Mandela. He was in New York in 1990. I was supposed to meet him at Gracie Mansion but just missed him. It was a disappointment. I was intrigued by someone who had spent 27 years in jail, then came back to lead a country. And with all that adversity, he was not bitter.

PLAYBOY: Others who impressed you?

KELLY: Well, I met Pope Benedict at a special meeting here at the NYPD. It wasn't that we had an in-depth conversation, but there's just an aura about him that was impressive. I felt I was in the presence of a superperson. I've always been impressed with President Clinton—one of the smartest people I ever met and worked with. He has the ability to break down the most complex issues into digestible concepts. Hillary Clinton as well. She can speak on virtually any subject.

PLAYBOY: Do you think she would make a good president?

KELLY: I think she'd make a good anything.

PLAYBOY: What about Bush 43?

KELLY: He was always friendly and funny. I was once in a car with him here in New York, and he said, "Kelly, you ever notice when I'm driving down the block, everybody's giving me the finger?" I said, "They're just saying you're number one, Mr. President."

PLAYBOY: What are your thoughts about Mayor Bloomberg?

KELLY: A very intelligent person, and funny.

PLAYBOY: Some might view him as a remote, "business" kind of person, not sensing his warmth or humor.

KELLY: Oh, he has tremendous compassion. I've gone with him to hospitals many times to visit police officers who have been wounded, or to visit with the families of officers who have been killed. I see a very sensitive and warm person, very touched in those situations.

PLAYBOY: What's your view on his ban of big-gulp sodas?

KELLY: Look, he's trying to save lives. He's trying to fight obesity. He's very concerned about that, and it's in keeping with his efforts to improve people's quality of life.

PLAYBOY: You can't drink the big-slurp sodas if you're going to try to fit into your suit from five years ago, right?

KELLY: Right, exactly.

PLAYBOY: What's the deal with your custom-made suits and Charvet ties?

KELLY: I think it's only natural to want to look good. I enjoy good clothes, so 18 years ago I moved to having custom-made suits. They last longer. They fit you better. In my opinion, I think men don't spend enough on clothes.

PLAYBOY: How much does one of those suits cost?

KELLY: It changes. They keep going up.

PLAYBOY: Does that look enhance your position of authority?

KELLY: I've never really thought of it that

way, but it probably does. If you look good you can convey a feeling of more authority.

PLAYBOY: Growing up, did you ever dream you'd be in this position of power, with access to the president, attending movie-star parties?

KELLY: No. I came from modest surroundings. We weren't poor, but we didn't have anything in excess. As a milkman, my father used a horse and a wagon. After milk regulations changed and milk was sold in stores, he lost his job. During the war, he found work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Then his older brother got him a job in the Internal Revenue Service. My mother started working part-time in Macy's as a dressing-room checker when I was six. I stayed with a woman in the building after I came home from school. I was the youngest of five.

PLAYBOY: Ah, the baby.

KELLY: [Laughs] Yes. The nicest and the best—

PLAYBOY: The babies get special treatment.

KELLY: Yes. My siblings all took care of me, and I shared a room with my older brothers and never had my own room until I was 19 or 20.

PLAYBOY: Any fighting in the house?

KELLY: Oh, sure. There's always squabbling when you have five kids, but there was a 14-year gap between me and my oldest brother. As I was becoming aware of the world, all three brothers went into the Marine Corps, one after the other.

PLAYBOY: Did you believe you'd wind up a marine as well?

KELLY: Yes, I knew it. I used to go through all their gear and read the manuals. Part of it was playing marine as a boy, which was much more prevalent than it is now.

PLAYBOY: In high school were you popular with girls?

KELLY: There were no girls! I went to a Catholic boys school. I think I probably developed late as far as that was concerned.

PLAYBOY: At what age did you go on your first date?

KELLY: Oh my God, a "date" date? Maybe 16.

PLAYBOY: And then Veronica came along.

KELLY: Veronica and I have known each other since she was a little kid and I was three years older. We'd see each other on the beach. It wasn't until I was 19 that I asked her to go out. Three years later we married, when she was 19 and I was 22. We've been together ever since—and we still like each other a lot.

PLAYBOY: In this age of throwaway marriages, what has kept you together for 50 years?

KELLY: We're respectful, and we don't take each other for granted. When I see Veronica I'm excited to spend time with her. When we drive in the car, we don't have the radio on. When we have dinner, we don't watch TV. We talk. She's funny, smart and has a lot of insight. She could be the CEO of any Fortune 500 company.

PLAYBOY: Over 50 years, what would you say was the biggest challenge you faced as a couple?

KELLY: One bathroom in a studio apartment. [laughs] Now with two bathrooms, it's all peace and tranquility. I'm only kidding.

PLAYBOY: During your early years together, was seeing an ad for the police-cadet program just serendipity?

KELLY: Well, maybe it was. I wasn't too excited about being a stock boy at Macy's. Law enforcement seemed fun and exciting, so I signed up. It was part-time work at nights, filing forms and answering nonemergency calls on the switchboard.

PLAYBOY: And right after college graduation and police training—

KELLY: I left for Vietnam. Veronica was pregnant with our eldest, Jimmy. The day he was born I got an emergency notice to pick up a message from the Red Cross at battalion headquarters. You got that kind of notice only if somebody died. I assumed the worst. But the letter told me we'd had a baby boy. I didn't see my son until he was five months old, which meant Veronica was on her own.

PLAYBOY: Stressful.

KELLY: Yes, and obviously I was in active combat.

PLAYBOY: When you saw some of your fellow marines killed, how did it affect you?

KELLY: It was not as traumatic or as jolting as I thought it would be. It was almost like "that's what's supposed to happen here." I think certain life experiences sort of toughen you up.

PLAYBOY: Or crush you.

KELLY: Or crush you, yes. Or make you stronger. Virtually everything I learned about leadership traits and core values, I learned in the Marine Corps. To this day, I keep a list of the traits in a little black book, 14 of them, including integrity, justice, bearing, enthusiasm, endurance—all indicators you aspire to when you're a leader.

PLAYBOY: As a dad, what was the most challenging thing you faced?

KELLY: I remember my son Greg had pneumonia when he was just four. I still have a clear picture of him in the hospital. It was around the time my mother passed away suddenly from a stroke. It was the first death in the family and very traumatic. It all seemed to come down on us. I remember feeling quite burdened at that time.

PLAYBOY: She never lived to see you become police commissioner. Would you say it's only with the death of a parent that you feel completely—

KELLY: Alone?

PLAYBOY: Is that what it is? Some say that when you have a mother or a father to talk to, you're always their child. But without them, you're fully grown up.

KELLY: You're always trying to impress your parents regardless of how old you are. And when they're gone, there's nobody to impress. But I think they'd be proud. My father has been gone for 30 years, and by the time he passed away, I was a lawyer. I hope he would be impressed.

PLAYBOY: With all your accomplishments, and with a new mayor about to be inaugurated, what are you going to do next?

KELLY: Well, I've told a lot of people I want to be a greeter at Walmart.

PLAYBOY: What are your qualifications?

KELLY: [Laughs] I like people.

PLAYBOY: You could retire.

KELLY: Oh no, I'm too active for that. I don't ever see myself retiring. Not now, certainly.

PLAYBOY: But after 12 years, don't you feel depleted?

KELLY: No. I feel absolutely energized, not tired at all. I haven't had a vacation in 12 years. I can lift as much weight as I lifted 20 years ago. I don't feel the pressure.

PLAYBOY: With all that energy, could you see yourself accepting an appointment as police commissioner again in January?

KELLY: I would find it unlikely.

PLAYBOY: You've had enough?

KELLY: I wouldn't put it that way. I've been the longest-serving police commissioner in the history of the department, but it's time in my life to move on. I'm ready for new adventures, new challenges.

PLAYBOY: Like climbing a mountain or competing on *Dancing With the Stars*?

KELLY: [Laughs] Yeah, that kind of stuff.

PLAYBOY: How about becoming homeland security secretary?

KELLY: [Laughs] Would I have to move?

PLAYBOY: Maybe. Hours after homeland security secretary Janet Napolitano announced her resignation, Senator Charles Schumer was pushing for you to replace her. Obama said you are "very well qualified." Do you want that job?

KELLY: I'm obviously flattered by what the president and Senator Schumer said. I appreciate that.

PLAYBOY: Are you more or less optimistic, cynical, philosophical or just more tired?

KELLY: No, I'm not tired. And I think I'm generally optimistic.

PLAYBOY: What's your view on mortality?

KELLY: It's going to happen.

PLAYBOY: You don't think about it much?

KELLY: No. I don't at all. It's true that some

people really dwell on it. I don't know if it's a good or bad thing to think about it, but I really don't.

PLAYBOY: So what drives you?

KELLY: Well, I think it's been this job. Being in this administration, we have a lot of things to be proud of. I think it's fair to say the police department has saved a lot of lives. That's been our overarching goal.

PLAYBOY: As your 12 years as commissioner come to an end, you really have no regrets?

KELLY: Not really. I probably should think about it, but I really haven't. I try to sit back and make a determination of what is the right thing to do—not the easiest or most convenient thing.

PLAYBOY: Once you make up your mind, you stick with it.

KELLY: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Even if you get criticized.

KELLY: Oh yes. And in this job you get criticized for virtually everything you do or don't do.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry the controversy about stop-and-frisk might mar your legacy?

KELLY: No, I never think of the word *legacy*. It doesn't mean anything. You do the right thing, in my judgment, and things will work out. That's what drives me. I'm not looking for legacy or history books or whatever. I know what we've done here has saved a significant number of lives. The burden is not on me. It's on the politicians who made the decisions to limit what we're doing. They're the ones who are going to pay a price, in my judgment, if crime significantly increases.



"Tis the season to be jolly. So I'm doubling your prescription for antidepressants."

6 SOLDIERS

(continued from page 108)

veteran. How did she do that? The airman explained that she was riding shotgun on a truck transporting nasty chemicals into the war zone when a mortar hit the truck, and she was so hideously disfigured that a mere glimpse of her can be lethal. She wears a mask not to have the world drop dead around her, he said, but the word is out and people are afraid of getting zapped by an accidental glimpse, so they steer clear and keep their heads down. She leads a lonely life, as you can see, though they say there's some blind guy who hangs out with her. We can use her, said the old veteran, and he got his apparatus into motion and clattered over to her table.

You're beautiful, baby, the old soldier said. Somebody should paint your picture. Somebody already has, she said. A

few centuries ago. He nodded down at the steel-toothed mauler, lying stone dead at her feet, his cloudy eyes popping in final terror, and he told her that was pretty impressive. Was she still in uniform? Nah, I'm an embarrassment to them. I suppose you're at least drawing compensation, he said, and she said she was, but it wasn't half enough for what they did to her. Ever feel like getting some of your own back? All the time, she said with that strange sweet smile. So he proposed that she team up with him and the guy he was drinking with, reciting the ex-airman's peculiar abilities and his own. Together, he said, they could make something happen. She was interested and suggested they discuss it with her partner, a punitively demobbed ex-ranger, now self-employed as a burglar and safecracker, a guy with permanent neon-green night vision but otherwise blind. By daylight, he can't find his hand

in front of his face, she said, but in the dark he can see into things and through them, has the nose of a beagle and the ears of a bat, and can open anything.

So the masked woman took them to meet the former ranger, whom they found in a blacked-out room, feeding an armless man. The light from the doorway, which was blinding the blind man (he cursed them and they returned his curses in a friendly manner), revealed that his pal, dressed in miscellaneous scraps of field gear, had one arm missing altogether, the other replaced by a high-powered assault rifle, with a flaking hand that might once have been his own wired up to the trigger. He explained that his arm was ruined while trying to defuse a boobied turkey in the officers' mess, where he'd been sent on latrine-cleaning duty for disciplinary reasons, and because there was a shortage of disposable marksmen at the front, whichever front, the medics were ordered to reconstruct it this way and send him back into action. You're a marksman, the old soldier said, why the hell were you defusing a bomb? They had a problem and I volunteered, the marksman said. Couldn't help myself. Soft spot in the will. It's the secret they hold over us. In the end we're a bunch of comedians, playing to an audience that's killing us and laughing their asses off about it. Yeah, I know, said the old soldier. I used to think of myself as a patriot. Not just a bad idea, a dead one. Like countries. What was worse, the marksman said, the goddamned sawbones was ripped that night on meth-laced martinis and took the good arm off, so after he gave me this one, the other had to come off too. His last fucking mistake, which is why I'm on the run. But no big deal, later I can get me one of those souped-up bionic gizmos you're wearing, and meanwhile this one is a cooler arm than either of the ones I had before. The rifle uses target-seeking bullets that can change direction to hit things in motion, and the ammo's not only stored in my armpit, it's produced there, so unless things get really hairy, I can bang away all day. Amazing, said the old veteran, but does it really work? Sometimes, the guy said, and he fired off a shot over his shoulder through the window into the dark and a screeching tomcat somewhere stopped screeching. You shouldn'ta done that, the blind ranger said. I like cats. He'll be all right, said the marksman. He had his tail up and I just stoppered his asshole.

The old veteran, stroking his jaw with his mechanical digits, nodded thoughtfully. Together, the five of us have got all we need to take on the world and its owners, he said, except that we don't know exactly what it looks like from the top down. To make the right moves, we need somebody with the big picture. Back when I had my own face, the masked woman said, I knew a guy in special ops who'd be just the ticket, but he's no longer in circulation. They called him the wizard. He's an ex-codebreaker whose brains got shot up and had to be reconstructed from an old video game, wired up inside a skull that's mostly stainless steel. When he came on to me with



"See, Miss Cullen? That's what Santa Claus brings naughty little girls."

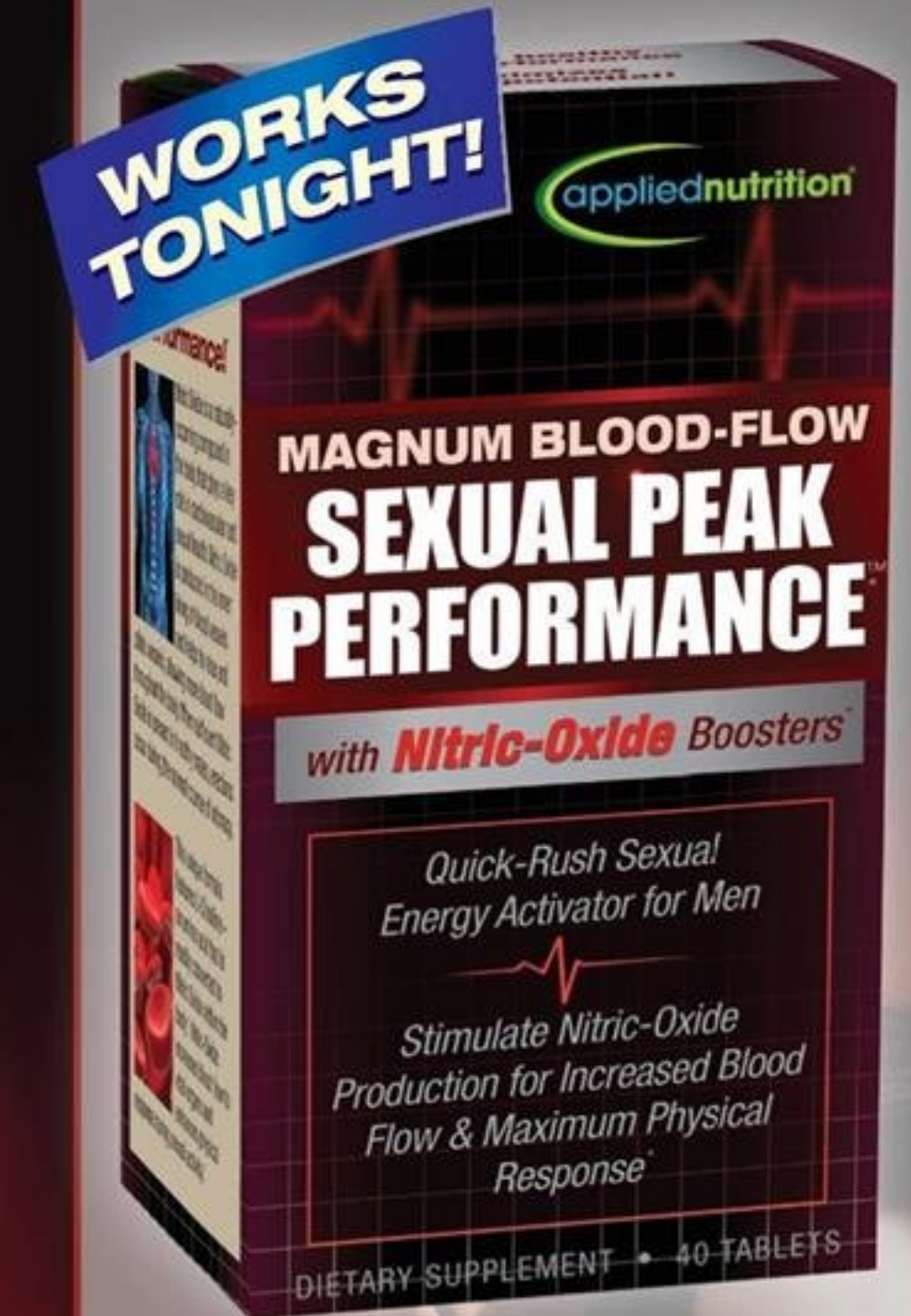
his shiny head, I took a lot of heavy fondling, some of it pretty public and all of it inch-by-inch thorough. I thought he must be crazy about me and couldn't restrain himself, but he was only taking measurements. Later he told me we'd made love hundreds of times, but I don't remember one, though maybe I should because he has a way of projecting his games out into the world the rest of us live in, or think we do. I'm not sure, for example, he didn't grow tired of his virtual me and send that mortar into the truck himself as a gambit in his world that spilled into mine. He got famous years back for inventing drone warfare and killer robots. Everybody does it now, but simple robotics is kids' play for the wizard. He can dream up full-scale intercontinental conflicts that don't exist and never existed, and then suddenly they do. A bi-hacker, you might say. Very useful for the owners of the world, the old veteran remarked. Yeah, but he's an unreliable ally. He doesn't believe in what we call the real world and he's not on anybody's side. It's the game itself he lives for and he's happy playing solitaire against himself. He needs a power source for his brainpan, and I hear they have him plugged in in some dark hidden place where they can vet his moves before releasing them into their own games, and no one knows where that place is. I can find him, said the blind man.

Through their multiple networks of connections and the ranger's burglaries, hacks and phone taps, they learned that the wizard was being kept in a padded, fully equipped, steel-walled cell at a military base on top of an insurmountable mountain, the only access being a closely guarded funicular up the one side that wasn't a straight drop. No problem, said the airman, I'll fly the ranger up under the cliff face on the back side. The marksman said he could track their coordinates and cover them from below. The ranger probably nodded, but by then they were in the dark again and he was the only one seeing anything.

So they went there the next night and the airman took off his pants, pulled on heavy fireproof chaps to protect his thighs and privates from the blastoff, the blind guy climbed aboard, and up they shot. They first found and knocked out the generator to create a blackout, giving the ranger with night vision a momentary edge. They got set upon by guards and dogs, but, though they couldn't hear the shots, their attackers dropped with little grunts, groans and whimpers, even those hiding behind buildings. In the blacked-out anteroom outside the wizard's cell, there was an old sergeant standing guard whom the ranger once knew as a gutsy old boozier with more wounds than body parts, and he convinced him with the aid of his little fold-up Sten to open the cell in exchange for his life, which favor he was happy to provide for old times' sake. The wizard was reluctant to give up his playroom and toy box and they had no time to argue, so they unplugged him, threw him over their shoulders and jetted out of there.

Back at the blind ranger's quarters, they plugged the wizard in and the old soldier briefed him on the game they wanted to play, omitting the revenge motive, though the fellow figured it out pretty quickly and factored it in. He told them they should start with the president. Whoa, sounds like fun, the old soldier said, but ain't that guy just a flunky? It's the thugs behind him we're after. I know that, the wizard said, but we don't have much time and it's strategically smart openers. Your targets are mostly faceless and invisible, but they not only own all the world's arms and armies and the presidents and generals who control them, they also need them like you need your prostheses. The president is one of their key front men, a man who made himself famous as an inventor of innovative professional interrogation techniques, which was how he got elected, as the owners' selection process is sometimes called. His patented inventions are mostly variations based on old methods like waterboarding, electric shock, hamstringing, sensory deprivation and the thumbscrew, but technologically and medically enhanced to be more persuasive. The owners of the world love him. Removing such a central player from the game board sends a signal. The owners without their proxies might have to show themselves, and we can start tracking them. The model here is still kings and castles, the wizard explained, though the dimensions have changed and there's a corporate twist. That is to say, networks of kings and castles under competing logos, which sometimes act like people but aren't people. It's my understanding it's not your objective to choose sides, you want to immobilize the entire complex. You got it, dude. All right, we can go for that, but we have to move right now because, after your pick, they'll be trying to shut me down, and I'm not hard to find. When I'm plugged in, I beep. That the wizard was using the first person plural was a good sign. He'd already forgotten the game he was playing before and was now excited about this one. The airman pointed out that the president's mansion is a notorious fortress, how can this possibly be done? We just walk in and tell him what we want him to do, said the wizard calmly. We'll have to get through a million heavily armed secret service agents and crack antiterrorist squads, said the marksman. I probably can't reload fast enough. I'm aware of that, the wizard said. It's time to send in the Mona Lisa. Why do I get the feeling, the masked woman asked, that I've been redesigned merely to be a player in one of your games? The wizard might have smiled, it was hard to tell. His stainless steel head was only minimally expressive. Now I recommend you unplug me and vacate this space instantly, he said, his eyes flashing red. So they did that, leaving the building on the double just as it was pulverized, the old soldier porting the blind ranger, the airman rocketing out of the exploding window with the inanimate wizard strapped to his back.

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Capturing the president went exactly as planned. The masked woman, unmasked, led the way into his mansion, the troops guarding him falling with a flutter like that of a shuffled poker deck. There was a vast array of locked steel gates barring their way, but the wizard had provided the blind ranger with a sensory upgrade, and he clicked them right through. They reached the president's bedroom, where they found him in flagrante delicto with an anthropomorphic corporate mascot. The masked woman, wearing her mask once more, seemed to be blessing their union with her inscrutable smile. The old soldier chased the mascot off and they powered on the wizard, assuming the owners would be reluctant to eradicate the president, he being a major asset, but the wizard told them they were mistaken. We have about two minutes and 40 seconds before they trace my signal and

destroy this place, he said. Two minutes, 30 seconds. The president panicked at that and tried to run but got tripped up by his own tuxedo pants, still around his ankles. We need to get to the war room, a signal-proof shell that I designed myself, said the wizard. My powers will be somewhat diminished in there, but they can't track or hack me and I can still run most programs. The old soldier picked the president up by his nape, pants dangling, whacked his honorable ass with his rifle butt and ordered him to take them to the war room. Why don't you just turn that fucking beeper off or take it out? the ranger asked. Can't, the wizard said. They implanted it in my heart. In fact, that's the high-frequency sound it makes.

At the war room door, they were met by a bloated four-star general who tried to block their way with his bulk and a golden cross he held up at them as if they

were vampires. Not only a damn bigwig but a Christer as well! The old soldier's spring-loaded fist shot out 10 feet and sent the fat man, who was about five feet away at the point of impact, flying back into the war room, bowling over a dozen others. There were a few uniformed toughs to deal with, but the room was mostly packed out with top brass, notorious cowards who preferred to fight their wars from rooms like this, together with a few loose women and the customary clique of sleazebag politicians and corporate magnates getting their kicks out of the casualty numbers. They were quickly rounded up and herded into the war room's on-site pet kennels, there to await their opportunity to test out some of the president's famous inventions. Were some of them owners? They would find out.

The whole mortally damaged world was on view in the war room, shrunk onto an encircling and overarching panoply of multitudinous screens, a flickering patchwork of markets and market disturbances on nervous display. Old-fashioned pinpricked wall maps flagged the main action, with clouds of ashen spray paint indicating the dead and dying parts of the earth. You feel like you own the whole world in here, said the airman, except that it's not so much the world as a fucking video game. What other world is there? the wizard asked, taking control of the array of touchscreens and keyboards. The marksman noted that the wizard seemed to know his way around the place. In the old days, I used to operate my drones and killbots from rooms like this, he said. A buddy of mine got zapped by one of those drones that went astray, said the blind ranger. Did you do that on purpose? The wizard shrugged but didn't answer.

Once the wizard had things up and running, they informed the president that he was to order the removal of all the gold in the national treasury to another location. They chose a warehouse in a river town in the middle of the country where the poor lived, including an abundance of old soldiers out of work and luck. People would get wind of it, they knew, and it wouldn't last long. Then they ordered him to sink all the ships, destroy all military aircraft and stockpiled weapons, and send the troops home. I can't do that! the president cried. Waterboard him, said the old soldier. Give him half a bottle of schizoid pills, inject him with asthma and sinusitis, and use his own patented deep-throat techniques. I can do it, the president said with a sigh. But we'll be at the mercy of all the rest of the world. No, we won't, said the wizard, gleaming steel head down over the console and fingers racing. I'm taking care of that right now. If you dismantle all the armed forces, the airman asked, what will happen with all those unemployed people? I don't know, the old soldier said. Should be interesting.

The world just went off the gold standard, the wizard announced, and its value has dropped to that of tin. Tough luck for those riverside folks. A couple of central African countries have been invaded, so cobalt may be the next marker. Or else scandium; someone just bought Madagascar.



"I liked it better when you were a discriminating, sexist, unequal-opportunity employer."

I thought they already owned all those things, the blind ranger said. This is a game, the wizard said. There's more than one "they." There'll be arguments and saber rattling. Another opportunity to shoot each other and use up more of the world's stuff. And people, the old soldier said. Like I said, said the wizard, the world's stuff. These corporate teams are into some kind of nihilistic apocalyptic endgame with each other and are probably reveling in these new developments, as it was what they were aiming for all along. I'll see what I can do to spread some disinformation and rattle the markets, shake a few of them out onto the streets. I've knocked out a few space stations and—ah, I think they've figured out where we are. They probably want to nuke us, but their aircraft are all grounded, all drones and bots except the ones I'm driving have been disabled, and I've hacked their computerized missile guidance systems and boomeranged them, so if they fire them, they'll be blowing themselves up instead of us. Watch the monitors. Indeed, there was a lot of action there, not all of it pretty, and on the maps, which turned out to be digital whiteboards with drifting virtual 3-D pins, the cadaverous patches were spreading. There was a 3-D pin, blinking red, in the national capital. You've still got drones in the air? the old soldier asked. Sure, the wizard said. Since we have only a dim idea of who the other players are, personality strikes are difficult, but I've been able to use the whole robotic arsenal for signature strikes, targeting persons in the same uniforms, in this case business suits. My old man wore a business suit, the old soldier said, and he didn't own anything, not even the suit. You'll be erasing a lot of innocent people. In war, the wizard said, there are no innocent people, only numbers—oh oh! Hang on! Some of the hacks have been repaired and I'm being locked out. There's apt to be some stiff incoming. It's time to decamp. Fast. Where will we go? asked the airman. You own the world, what's left of it, go wherever you want, said the wizard, his head still down, fingers flying over screens and keyboards. I've located your accounts and loaded them with a few billion each. Spend it while money still buys things. What about you? the marksman asked. Nah, I love this game, said the wizard. His steel head was shining, seemed almost to be perspiring. Best I was ever in. I'm staying to play it out.

At the door, the old soldier, wondering if the wizard was chasing them off to have the game to himself, turned back to take a last look at the whiteboard with its spreading ashen splotches. Old mother earth is putrefying, he said. What'll we do with her remains, cremate them? Already done that, said the masked woman, guiding the ranger out the door by the elbow. So after the game is over, the marksman asked, will there be anything left? Sure, the wizard said from his console. The corporate logos. They're indestructible. Like cockroaches.



TURNED ON

(continued from page 88)

rethinking our definition of pornography as webcams relocate the porn star from the Valley to the house next door.

Aaliyah Love, petite, blonde and wearing an aqua satin bra, moves fluidly across a bed. A watermark stamped over the center of the video reads VIVID CAMS. We are watching a training video that Vivid Entertainment, one of adult entertainment's biggest companies, sends to cam-girl recruits. As Aaliyah demonstrates how to act on camera, slowly moving onto all fours, she gives sensible advice about money. "The thing that will determine how successful you are and how much money you make is how you act. You have to be happy, bubbly and inviting at all times, even if you are not in a good mood," she says, her voice in a high girl-ish octave you keep expecting to drop but never does. "Repeat customers are where you make most of your money," she reminds the viewer while writhing in lingerie. Vivid offers 10 training videos for new cam girls, including examples of how to do private shows: "Most of the time it is just simple masturbating with a toy and talking dirty," Aaliyah says matter-of-factly, waving a glass dildo like a baton.

A tour of Vivid's Hollywood Hills headquarters—a stucco office park with ribbon windows and the Vivid corporate logo looming large—proves that porn is alive but changing. In the upstairs editing room, rows of men sit squinting at close-ups of slow-motion penetration—content that will stream on the site. Vivid has stayed afloat in a time when many companies are being bought out. Camming helps. "Vivid got into cams in 2012," explains Eli Mattar, manager of operations for Vivid Cams, a division of Vivid that works in tandem with Streamate. (One industry insider divulged that though the internet appears to be littered with cam sites, most of the smaller sites are owned by Streamate, MyFreeCams or other, larger companies.)

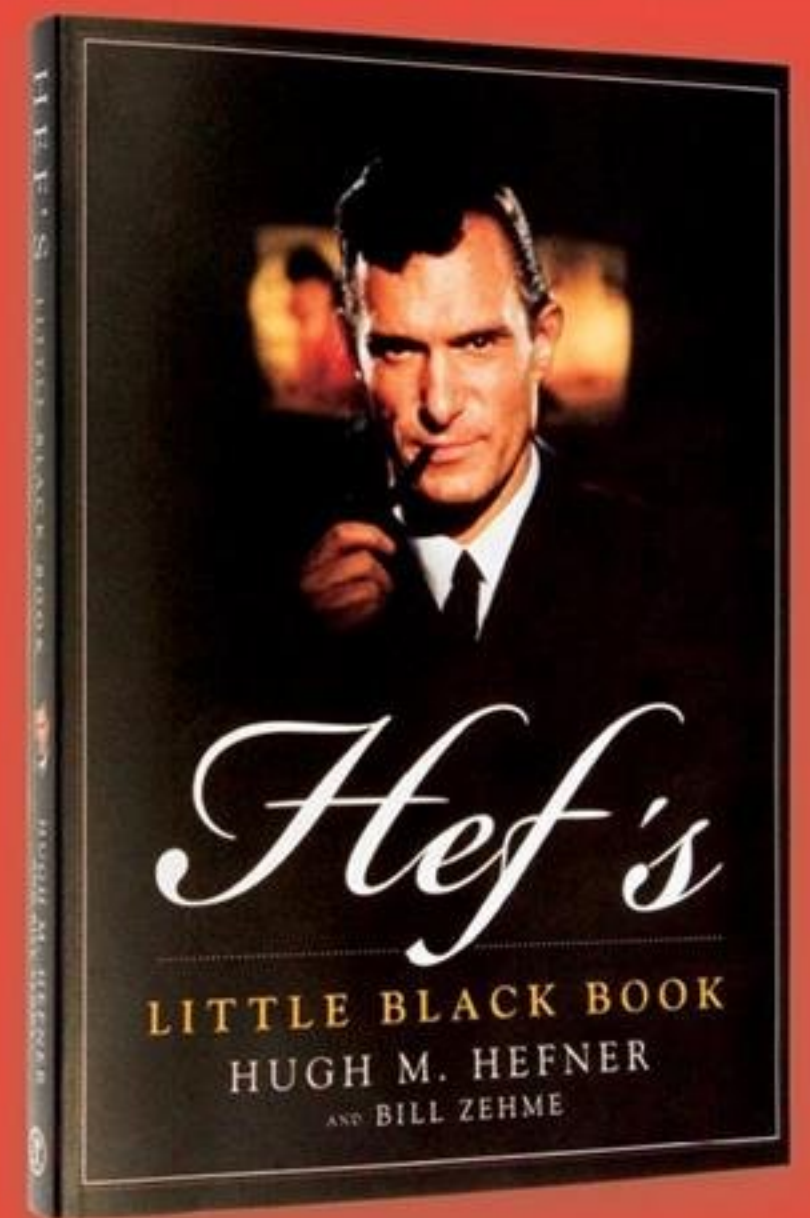
While a lot of porn companies struggled to adapt to the internet, Mattar says, starlets especially took a hit. "But you do see more and more stars using webcams now, which used to be strictly amateur. Of course our stars are guaranteed placement on cam, but we want middle America. That's what we want—the girl next door."

That's what Aaliyah Love was when she started camming. A preschool teacher from the Midwest making \$8 an hour, she thought the flexible gig would give her more time for her passion, following the jam band Phish, which she did while living out of her SUV and wearing fairy wings. "There were days I didn't see a mirror, but I didn't need to. I didn't need to wash my face. Glitter was the only makeup I wore," she says. This year Aaliyah spent \$4,000 on her nails alone and is now getting the last relic from her hippie days—a Grateful Dead bear tattoo—removed. "I swear I spend all my money on hair extensions and cat food," she says.

Aaliyah was around for what she terms



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the golden era of webcamming, about a decade ago, which is shocking considering her youthful look. At the time, most of the other women online were from former Eastern Bloc countries: Russia, Ukraine, Czech Republic. There were far fewer cam girls, and Aaliyah was one of the few English-speaking American models. Savvy to this, the site Flirt4Free offered to make Aaliyah a featured model with the stipulation that she dye her hair from brunette to blonde and change her name to Aaliyah for a better alphabetical listing (her first pick was Molly); the salon appointment had already been made. "We were working 25 hours a week, making \$4,000 back then," she says. But as the sites flooded with American women and a new party-chat model that allows men to lurk for free became the norm, prices plummeted—\$5.99 a minute became a dollar or pennies. It's a topic much lamented on private cam-girl forums, where countless posts decry the difficulties of making any livable wage from camming.

In the 1990s cam sites were often produced out of studios or BDSM dungeons. Women logged shifts from elaborate rooms in physical work spaces complete with co-workers. When Aaliyah started, the culture of this model remained. Companies expected women to wear stockings with garters and full makeup with false eyelashes. They trained employees to be bubbly at all times and never say no to a customer. It's a stark contrast to the Wild West of a site such as MyFreeCams, where there is little control from the top and models have free rein over how they conduct their shows. The result is a stream of women who rely only on tips, offering hardcore content in public chat rooms or conducting "voyeur shows," which mostly involve the women sitting in their bedrooms, scrolling through the internet. Regardless of approach, the

way to make money camming, says Aaliyah and every cam girl interviewed, is through regulars—big tippers—whose phone numbers are programmed into your phone.

Nestled into a booth for brunch at the Standard hotel in Los Angeles, Aaliyah recalls the customer who never talked but would pay for private chats by the minute, then stand in the corner and lift weights. Not sure what to do, Aaliyah would carry on and masturbate. "He would get this really mean look on his face," she says, pretending to lift weights and puffing her cheeks with air. "I would say, 'Oh yeah, baby, pump that iron.'" There was the guy who tipped Aaliyah and a friend \$20,000 during a girl-girl show. "We found his house with Google Earth, and it was just this regular place in Wisconsin." There were lonely guys, virgins, all the clichés. "I worry maybe we're doing a disservice for these guys," Aaliyah says. "Maybe some of these guys who spend a lot of time on adult sites think all girls orgasm in two minutes from nothing at all. When you're not paying a woman \$5.99 a minute, they might not laugh at your jokes as much."

Despite the occasional big tip, Aaliyah worked 12-hour shifts to sustain a middle-class lifestyle, resulting in carpal tunnel and cysts in her wrist. She switched to brushing her teeth with her left hand and continued to cam. "I would zoom in on my butt so I could eat my lunch really quick. I'd shake my butt at the camera so I could text my dad—'I'll call you back, Dad!'"

During off-hours she felt guilty for not being on cam. Any time at home was time she could be making money. But Aaliyah also found herself procrastinating, wandering around the house with a full face of makeup before going on. "You just never know what is going to happen when you get on cam," she explains. She could spend hours waiting for tippers or be asked to masturbate for

two hours straight or be made to watch men do bizarre things to themselves.

As the site grew, Flirt4Free sent Aaliyah and another cam girl to adult-industry conventions. The other cam girl noticed that all the porn girls had last names. "We should have last names too, to look professional," she suggested. Everyone they met asked the same question: Who do you shoot for? Aaliyah eventually made the jump from camming to porn. She just recently started shooting boy-girl scenes, and aside from the work being more glamorous, she's also found it is more lucrative. "Girls ask me how to get what I have, and I tell them, 'Work your ass off for 10 years like I did,'" she says, never breaking her sunny demeanor.

It's this positivity that shows in the Vivid training videos. In person Aaliyah laughs at a mention of the videos. "I always worry about those," she says, face falling in her hands. There had been little in the way of script, as Vivid expected she could speak from her experience. "When you're starting out, you may not have any chatters in your room," she explains on-screen. "But don't just sit there and say, 'C'mon, guysssss!'" She glides a hand to her hip. "What I do is literally talk to myself, like 'Aren't these panties pretty, guys?'" she says to a blank computer screen, running her hands along her body.

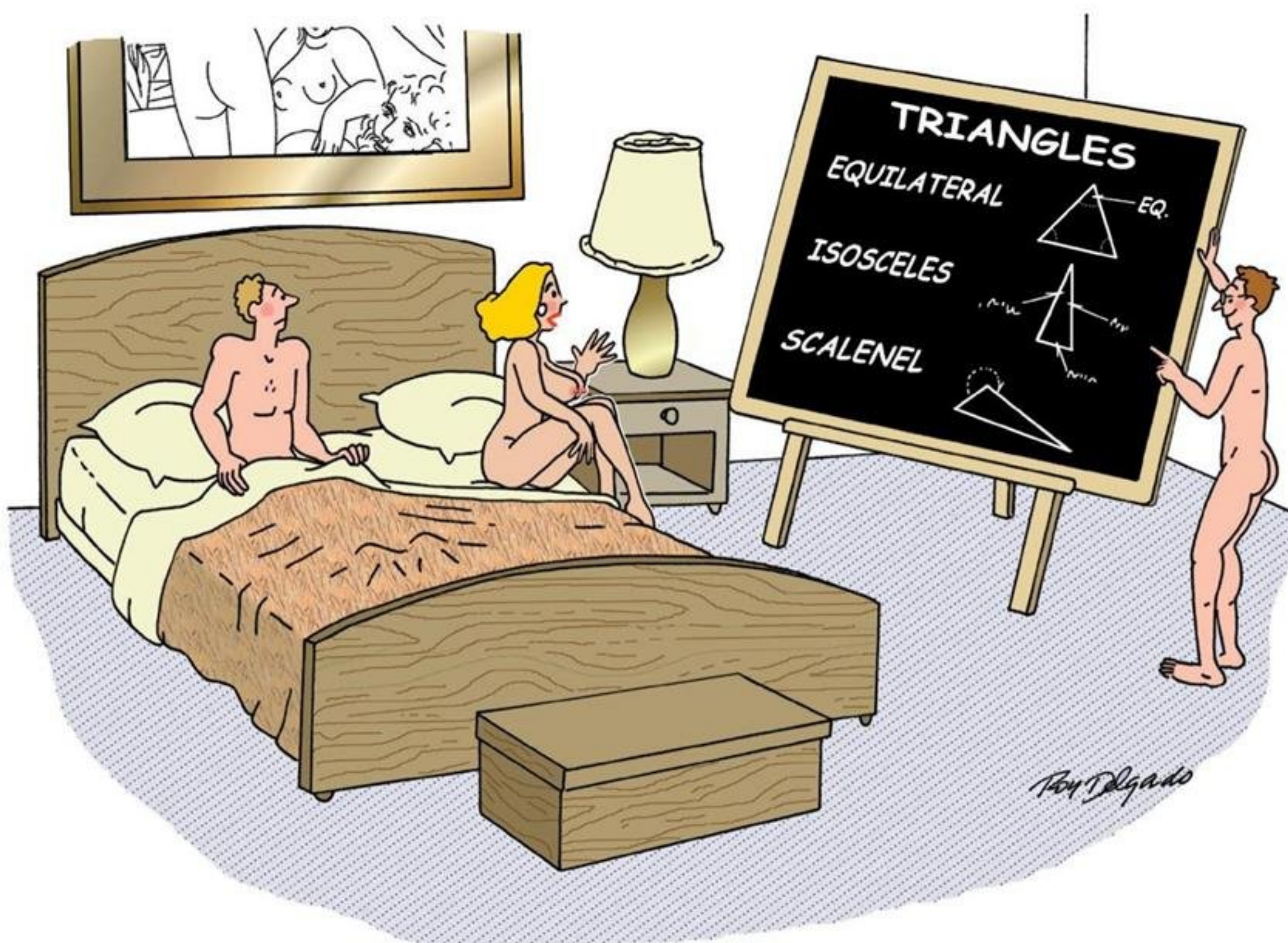
Nikki Hearts, a model for alt-porn hub Burning Angel, moved from the Midwest to Los Angeles six months ago to do porn and has since acquired a sleeve tattoo depicting a postapocalyptic Hollywood Boulevard and social cachet as Dave Navarro's "lesbian wingman."

"We go to goth parties and creep on pale girls with dark hair who are really tiny and creepy," she says, tinkering with a white bass she says once belonged to Glenn Hughes from Deep Purple, a gift from Navarro.

The first month Nikki moved here, Measure B passed. It's a Los Angeles County law that requires porn performers to use condoms, something many in the industry protested. "I was like, Oh my God, is no one going to make porn anymore?" she says. The alt-performer had already been having a hard time finding work because she shoots only girl-girl and has tattoos and short hair. Nikki, who may qualify as a "tiny creepy girl" with her twiggy arms and giant brown eyes, lives with her long-term partner, Lindsay, in a small luxury apartment in Hollywood. She has no plans to shoot scenes with men and dreams of starting her own lesbian-porn studio.

Nikki's agent warned that shooting only girl-girl would cut out 75 percent of her work opportunities and that she wasn't sure how to market Nikki. "She asked if I was in porn for money or fame. I said that porn was the best job I'd ever had and I just wanted to show people how I, as a queer woman, actually have sex."

She has shot a few scenes she's proud of since being in L.A., but during the day-to-day grind she finds herself camming a lot. This day she sat on MyFreeCams for hours. Guys came into her room but weren't spending. To shake off the negativity, Nikki



is soaking in a hot tub with her girlfriend and another friend, Courtney Trouble, an indie queer-porn producer.

Post-hot tub, the trio sits on marigold love seats with the air conditioner turned on high. "So when you're on cam, how do you get guys to go into private chat?" Courtney asks, tucking Nikki's tiny Chihuahua into her cleavage. "As someone who has tried to cam, that seems to be the tricky part," she explains as the dog looks around.

Instead of trying to get guys to chat by the minute, Nikki does group shows. She sets a goal amount and a timer, and if guys' collective tipping reaches the goal, she will do whatever was promised—a private hardcore show or something as simple as bringing the cam poolside while she skinny-dips.

"I think the average porn customer is changing," Courtney says. "You can make money if you're really being yourself these days. People don't want cookie-cutter starlets anymore. Porn is free on the internet, but if you're captivated by a person, you will pay."

Courtney advises Nikki not to give up on her lesbian porn-star dreams. "That's the thing," Courtney says. "If you're just doing what you are told and no one gets to know you, then you are just an interchangeable body. You are not going to stand out and make money."

In a way it's a good time to be in porn, says Courtney, because it's more socially acceptable than ever before: "Now it's cool for celebrities to pose nude," she says. "I mean, having a sex tape with Vivid just boosts your popularity. It's the mainstreaming of porn that has allowed porn stars to be themselves. In part, it's that the view about women in the industry has changed. It's no longer thought that you were forced into porn."

"Welcome, gentlemen. I am Amber Lynn, your porn star goddess," says the woman next to a four-poster bed with stage lights clipped to its columns, just out of sight of the webcam. On the duvet is a towel and a wooden tray of sex toys. "You may recognize me from some of your favorite adult films," she continues as men ping in from her Twitter feed or from browsing the "porn star" tag on Streamate.

Amber recently celebrated her 30th anniversary in the adult industry. She is approaching 50, though according to Amber, in porn, age doesn't matter as much as whether you look good, which she does. When Amber walks past the pool outside her apartment building, heads swivel at her toned legs and striking features. We are at a small one-bedroom apartment in L.A. that Amber uses when she shoots porn and now also as her place to cam. Before going on, she brushes her teeth and touches up her makeup. "Someone called in to the show I host on XXX Porn Star Radio and said camming is like a cross between porn and prostitution," she says, coating on two different Chanel lipsticks. "But even with stripping you have to directly engage doing lap dances. Here you don't." In the 1990s Amber made money visiting strip clubs as a popular porn star and a featured dancer. "Now everybody cams," she says.

Sitting behind an old Dell laptop, Amber sees two chat rooms on the screen, one with site members and the other with nonpaying guests. As Amber moves around on cam, messages pour in. "Is it really you?" they ask. "You look great. So sexy!" Sometimes they're mean, though, with the obligatory "old" and "ugly" comments and, worse, the men with disturbing requests. This is something every cam girl interviewed wants to talk about: the astounding number of bizarre or disgusting requests. "Which is fine," Amber says, until they cross the line into illegal or just plain gross. "Most of my guys are great, though."

Amber moves the entire time she is in general chat, blowing kisses, dancing and enticing the guys to bring her into private chat. "Oh, look at the rack on that girl," she says and then looks at the comments. "Oh, you guys always want to see ass. You don't even care about tits anymore. Ass is the new tits." Amber lifts the webcam and shakes it behind her. "We've got a free Snuffleupagus!" she says.

When someone requests a private chat, Amber jumps on the bed and slips out of her lingerie. On the other end of the camera is a man with gray hair and a baseball cap, his eyes cast downward. She immediately begins masturbating with a toy. "I am going to come," she screams minutes later. When the customer closes out of the chat, she is quickly thrown back into group chat. Near the end of the three hours, Amber does a group show with double penetration, using a bendable pink jelly dildo.

"It's hard work, right?" she says afterward, sweaty and buzzing as a tiny clock on the screen counts down a two-minute break (designated by the site) before she's thrown back into chat. "I mean, you have to jump on the bed, dildo your pussy and act like you like it, you know?" she says, laughing and out of breath.

Three hours later Amber has made hundreds of dollars. She brushes her teeth again. "Camming is the new porn," she says into the bathroom mirror. "Porn is crumbling. The internet is melting the industry, and now a few companies own everything." Driving through the Hollywood Hills, Amber talks about how different the industry was when she started, in the early 1980s. "It was just a handful of people, and we were all hippies. You'd close the set at the end of every shoot to try to get both actors to have actual orgasms," she explains and then points—distracted—toward West Hollywood and her old apartment. "But now to make any porn it has to be really twisted and niche. Now it's a circus act. It's just about trying to fill as many holes as you possibly can without tearing anyone's skin."

Exiting a hunter green convertible outside a hotel-casino bar, Houston is striking in a well-kept California-housewife way, but up close certain things stand out: the beauty-mark tattoo, the plastic surgeries, the huge jewel-like eyes. Houston, 44, moved to Las Vegas in 2003 after quitting porn, and in the bar she goes on a rant. "I mean, we were the last Mohicans, the total last porn stars," she



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says in a throaty southern California accent. “Dude, we shot on film!”

Houston’s antics got her inducted into the porn hall of fame: breaking the world record for biggest gang bang (620 guys) and going to a prom with a teenager who had asked her via Howard Stern and whom she ended up dating for a year. All of which, Houston says, boosted her career. It was all worth it. “I mean, if I dropped something on set, there was someone following me around to pick it up. Now you’d have to be crazy to get into porn. Are you kidding me? There’s no money.”

After leaving porn, Houston worked for five years as a real estate agent, which she calls the best job of her life. She was putting her daughter through private school, and things were good and quiet until—inevitably—Houston was called in to meet with her company’s CEO. “I thought, I’m getting another promotion,” she says and then pauses when Donna Summer’s “She Works Hard for the Money” shuffles onto the playlist. Houston was fired for being recognized, an all too common problem for those who try to leave the high-profile sex work of porn. Weeks later Houston was diagnosed with cancer (she is now cancer free). During this time she spoke at churches about her history of drug use and her negative experiences in the industry. All this is chronicled in the book she just wrote.

Now Houston is back in the industry. “My boyfriend tells me, ‘Make your coin while you can, babe.’” She travels to L.A. for the occasional shoot and cams regularly out of her home in Vegas. “There is a stigma with camming, because people think, Oh my God, aren’t you rich? Yeah, but that doesn’t mean I can’t take a couple of extra grand a week. I say I’m on cam to promote my projects, my book, whatever, but I’m here for the money, dude.”

Houston has to be up early tomorrow

to cam (waking up at five to run and then doing her hair and makeup, which takes forever), but she is easily convinced to stay for another drink. Applying lip gloss in the bar’s bathroom mirror, Houston reiterates, “I was making millions, man. I really was. But now a few companies own everything in porn, and you’ve got to take what they’re paying if you want to work.”

Some girls come into the bathroom, and for reasons unknown, Houston takes selfies with them in the bathroom mirror. “How do I Instagram this to my boyfriend?” she asks a few times, creating nonsensical captions with auto-correct. (Later she does a perfect series of cartwheels in the hotel hallway—three in a row, landing with gymnastic precision on the paisley carpet.)

In the bar Houston squints at someone in the casino. “I thought it was this DJ guy. Never mind.” She takes a sip of her wine and returns to the topic. “Camming is what people do now. It’s a grind, dude. Thank God I have a big name. I don’t know how these nobodies make any money. You have to be on, you have to have a full face of makeup, you have to answer all their stupid questions.” In the background Shania Twain sings “Man! I Feel Like a Woman.”

Today is Aaliyah’s first day off the porn set in a long stretch, and she’s booked with hair and nail appointments, STD tests and a tanning session. Since she started doing boy-girl scenes she’s been working 12-hour days and is trying extra hard to please everyone on set so she’s invited back. “Sometimes it’s just, like, you’re hot and exhausted and all your muscles are burning,” she says in a sing-song voice. “And you’re super hungry and things are getting sore. But it’s funny, when the editor puts the footage together, none of that shows—thank God!”

Aaliyah could do shorter, internet-y scenes—she describes a studio where girls pop in to shoot a quick blow job for a few hundred dollars—but she prefers the glittering sets, scripts and makeup artists of feature films, a type that is increasingly rare. Aaliyah is grateful she’s able to get this work and chalks it all up to her camming fans. “I mean, I’m not the youngest or the prettiest or the dirtiest, but I have 10 years’ worth of fans, and that’s why I’m here,” she says.

The studios make less money now, and competition among starlets has increased dramatically. All this has changed the atmosphere of porn, Aaliyah explains. People used to make fun of those in the industry who took it too seriously, she says. After all, it’s just porn. People used to party on set. Aaliyah has heard stories about people smoking pot and having sex in the bathroom. “That doesn’t happen anymore,” she says. “Now when you arrive you hold your ID to your face, and they make you answer things on camera, like ‘Are you on drugs? Did anyone make you do things you didn’t want to do?’”

What it means to be a fan has also changed. To get off work, Aaliyah has to tweet that she’s turning off her phone and then disconnect. “I have made myself so available to the fans from camming. I see this with porn girls too. With social media, fans can get to know their favorite girl, and camming with them makes you less dependent on that porn check. But now it’s made the fans expect this interaction. They want their favorite porn star to do exactly what they want.”

As she calls for the valet, Aaliyah apologizes that her car is dirty and then apologizes for saying that. “Porn stars are obsessed with cars. It’s a Los Angeles thing to live above your means in general. But the thing is, no one is getting rich doing porn anymore,” she says, checking the rearview mirror. “No one is making millions, that’s for sure.”

Brittany Jean is on vacation in Vegas. It’s her first time outside the South, and in between trips to the mall she has been signing in to MyGirlFund to make more money. One of the guys on the site said he was sure he had walked right past her on the Strip. This shocks Brittany Jean, whose small-town infamy tumbles only through the gossip mill.

While her husband gambles, Brittany Jean hopes to meet up with Sheridan Love, a cam girl who broke into porn through her fan base, asking her 26,000 followers to tweet specific directors and companies and tell them to cast her.

“It would be awesome to just stay in Vegas forever,” says Brittany Jean. But for now, she explains, camming provides an escape. In her real life she has obligations to her family, and she doesn’t have much of a social life; on cam she can pretend to be someone else entirely. “I think it would be so cool, so awesome to do porn,” she says. “I watch YouTube videos of L.A. and just picture myself there sometimes. It all looks so glamorous and free.”



“Sex is a healthy, natural activity between married people who can’t find anything to watch on TV.”



3 MINUTES

(continued from page 81)

week until the night strangers brought him home on a stretcher of blond-colored door, unconscious, eyes rolled back, blood leaking from his mouth, nose and ears, and his paycheck missing.

My father couldn't forget the image of that door. He told me the story one Sunday when the two of us were picking through one of the wrecking sites he'd stake out to loot for BX cable, pipes, flooring—scrap he'd use to rehab our apartment building. The excavation pit was closed off from the street by a makeshift wall of doors from the demolished buildings, with DANGER KEEP OUT slapped in red paint across them. He said his father lay comatose for a week before an ambulance took him away. The blond door, stained with his father's blood, remained propped against the bedroom wall in their flat as if it might open on a secret passage leading to a hidden room. The bloodstain had come to look like illegible handwriting. Weeks passed without Michael coming home, and finally my father couldn't stand looking at that door. He couldn't heft it, so he enlisted his kid brother, Victor—Chino—to help him. They managed to drag it into the alley. My father looked at the bloodstain one last time. He could make out an S, the first letter of his name, as if he'd been left an indecipherable message. The homeless patrolled alleys, sorting through the trash for treasures. That door would be somebody's lucky day. Now that they'd hauled it out of the house, my father felt guilty for throwing away a perfectly good door.

It wasn't until he told me about the door that I remembered how back when I was still too young to understand where we were going, he'd take me along on an annual visit—he never said to where. My mother would pack a shopping bag with food and used clothes, but she never joined us. It seemed a long drive out to what we called "the country," past cemeteries and forest preserves, along roads lined with shade trees and smoothly paved, unlike the potholed streets on the industrial South Side. Finally we'd enter the black spearhead gates of an institution. Shopping bag in one hand and mine in his other, my father guided us down corridors that reeked of disinfectant and urine. A voice from the end of a hall was always shouting, "I don't belong here!" Attendants would bring out a gray-stubbed, dazed old man in a wheelchair and leave the three of us some privacy before a sunny bank of windows that looked out on a lawn dotted with invalids. The old man's hands were clenched in his lap. My father would gently pry open those petrified fists and take the battered hands in his and smooth his fingers over the scarred, bulging knuckles. He'd lower his face to the old man's hand, now defused on the armrest of the wheelchair, as if to kiss it, but instead he'd rest his cheek there a moment. Then it was time to go.

After a few such trips, I asked, "Dad, who's that old guy?"

"Your grampa Michael," he said.

I knew better than to try to persuade my father to let me box. It wasn't that he blamed boxing for what happened to Michael. Actually, aside from his love of swimming, boxing was the only sport my father showed the least interest in. After he'd dropped out of school, among his many odd jobs was spotting pins at bowling alleys. But bowling—one of the two major sports for men in our neighborhood, probably because it could be combined with the other major sport, beer drinking—didn't interest him. He didn't play golf or tennis, not even table tennis. If he had a hobby, it was the endless upkeep—plumbing, painting, tuck-pointing—on the fixer-upper on Washtenaw Avenue he'd saved for years to buy. We lived on the first floor because that was where landlords lived. Until he converted all six flats to oil, he rose each morning at five to stoke the coal furnace before leaving for the factory. Each night, he'd return home to some waiting repair. There wasn't time for games, not if he was going to realize the stage in capitalism beyond basic survival that he called "getting a leg up." He wasn't a Bears fan; he didn't follow the Cubs or Sox and never took me to a ball game or came to a single track meet I ran in—not even the state finals—nor did I expect him to. I lived in a time and place of unsupervised childhoods, a condition that didn't feel at all like neglect. It felt ecstatic and free, and my allegiance was to keeping it that way. But my father did set Wednesday nights aside for the Pabst Blue Ribbon fights, and I'd watch with him. It wasn't some father-and-son ritual in bonding. Decades before anyone imagined interactive computer games, my father sat before the 17-inch screen participating in the battle, his fists cocked, his face registering the rush of emotions and adrenaline as he fainted, ducked and counterpunched. You kept your distance from his seat at the edge of the maroon stuffed chair or else risked getting clobbered.

Maybe a magnetic pull toward fights ran in our family. A generation earlier, my father's younger brother Victor—my uncle Chino—won the welterweight division of the Golden Gloves. He had boxed in the Navy and was never defeated in the ring. Like my grandfather Michael, Chino would end up in Dunning, in a room he referred to as the Dybek Wing.

Unlike Grandpa Michael, who sat staring from his wheelchair into the void, Chino staged several escapes over that spear-tipped fence, legendary for impaling crazies. When he managed a breakout, he'd jog the streets of the old neighborhood in his high-tops as if training—shadowboxing, jumping an air rope, hustling handouts. Once, waiting in the car as I frequently did when my father left it running in a no-parking zone to avoid feeding a meter, I saw a bum in a hooded jersey, jogging down the block, yelling "Stosh!" to my father, who'd just stepped out from an auto

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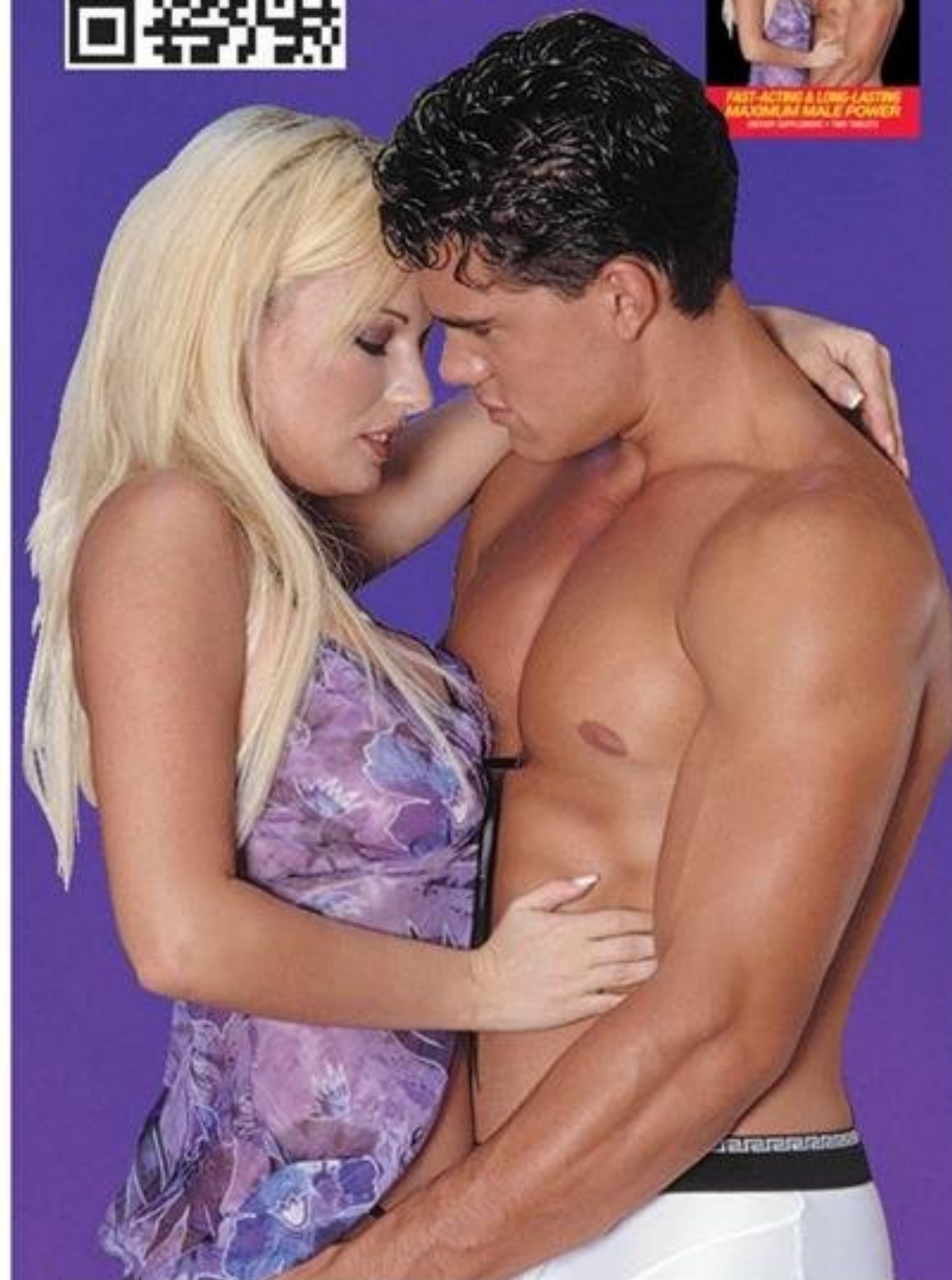
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parts store. Pretending not to hear him, my father, with a look of shame, jumped in the car and sped away. I felt ashamed too for not having recognized Chino and then running out on him. I asked my father why we didn't stop. He told me that Chino owed him too much already. "Dough won't help," he said. "He's got the family curse."

It was the first I'd heard about a family curse, but I didn't ask my father to explain. On some level, I already knew that whatever he'd say would—like the phrase *family curse* itself—sound like a superstition that should have been left in the Old Country, and that hearing my father say aloud what he'd left to silence would only further the alienation I'd begun to feel toward him.

Before Chino's bouts with depression or bipolar disorder or whatever they were calling the family curse at the time, my uncle tried to teach me to box. It pleased him that we were both southpaws. At family get-togethers at my grandma's house across from the freight tracks and granary towers on 17th Street, Chino would give me a nod that meant it was time to leave the boring small talk behind. We'd sneak out into her backyard, and knee-deep in weeds he'd teach me the jabs, hooks and uppercuts, and how to throw them using my hips and legs so the blows weren't pitty-pats. He taught me to keep my thumbs tucked so I didn't dislocate them as I swung at the moving targets of his open palms. He taught me to always keep my guard up.

There was always more to practice—combinations, defense, footwork, strategy. He knew baseball was my favorite sport, and he explained why Sugar Ray Robinson was an athlete equal to Willie Mays. For my 11th birthday he bought me a pair of pillow, oversize gloves. I'd wear a football helmet, and we'd spar, me bobbing and weaving while Chino flicked jabs, until I was flushed and could hear both his slaps and my breath echoing in the helmet.

He never hurt me. He'd tighten his stomach and insist I punch him in the solar plexus: "No mosquito bites, a real punch. Pretend I'm a heavy bag." I didn't want to hit him, which he found hilarious. "I'm like the great Houdini—abs of steel—you can't hurt me, and if you could, no pain, no gain, right?" Then, in answer to his own question, he'd have us on our backs doing the elbow-to-knee twists he called pug-ups, guaranteed to make my solar plexus impervious to punishment too. "Surviving a right-hand world gives lefties an advantage," he assured me. "Fast hands run in our family."

I believed him about hand speed because I had fast feet. I could outrun everyone at St. Roman grade school and every kid including the older guys in Lawndale Gardens, the housing project kitty-corner from our apartment building. On the football field, I'd never been caught from behind. If not for Chino, I'd have never been the only *güerito* enrolled in the Hermandad de Boxeo program at the Marshall Square Boys Club. We entered the ring there armored—padded headgear, a mouthpiece, mandatory jockstrap and a kind of ill-fitting padded corset that protected the

ribs. A knockdown, let alone a knockout, was all but impossible at the Boys Club. Occasionally a fight was stopped because of a thumbed eye or a split lip, but fights were decided on points as if they were fencing matches with tipped foils. My strategy was to attack just as my opponent was adjusting his rib pads or the headgear obscuring his vision. I expended my energy dancing like Sugar Ray. That grace might reside in the economy of motion never occurred to me. My long, skinny arms gave me a reach advantage and no one I fought had learned how to take a fight inside. I flicked my right-hand jab and kept my left cocked, ready to erupt into the rhythmic combinations I'd tattooed against Uncle Chino's palms. Mostly they glanced off my opponent's gloves, but landing a punch was secondary to the flash of throwing it. My Brothers of Boxing weren't connecting either, which I attributed to my savvy defense.

●

A year later, I was on the boxing team at St. Augustine, training for my first freshman fight in the Catholic Youth Organization tournament. We trained three days a week, hitting the light and heavy bags, doing sit-ups and running endless laps up and down stairways through the corridors of the school. The only actual boxing up to then was sparring matches in which I'd held my own.

The CYO hall was packed and overheated. They'd propped open the doors, and a haze from the men smoking outside hung at the exits as if the wet night were smoldering. There was a holiday feel, something almost jolly about the boisterous voices of the dads, most of them white. Some had boxed CYO themselves. They were there to relive their glory days and to cheer on their sons. My father wasn't among them. I'd forged his name on the permission slip required for me to box. I had left the house that evening with my sax case stuffed with my gym gear. The sax was hidden under my bed. My father thought I was going to band practice.

Freshman fights didn't affect the standing of the varsity team. We were the warm-up act, the preliminary bouts. The teams were all from South Side Catholic schools. I drew a guy from St. Elizabeth, a predominantly African American school that for the past few years had challenged St. A's domination. The St. Elizabeth team wore orange tees with the school name across the front and the boxer's last name stenciled on the back. Maybe I had run too many laps because I weighed in a few pounds under lightweight. Ward, the kid I was fighting, was a couple pounds over, but approximations were apparently all right for the freshmen. He was a head shorter than I was and built more like a tackle than a lightweight. He had an inordinately thick neck, a pubic-like scruff on his chin, and he was dripping sweat as if he'd already gone several rounds. I had started grade school early and was a year younger than most of the freshman class. If Ward was a freshman, I couldn't help wondering how many times he'd been held back.

There are doorways we treat as ordinary,

although in stepping through them one enters another reality—a church, a bar, the ropes of a boxing ring. I never had worse butterflies than when I climbed into that CYO ring. To ease the tension, I pounded my gloves together and danced in my corner. It was an unintentionally gung-ho, badass display. One of the dads at ring-side, a freckly, rusty-haired guy working overtime on his beer gut, picked up on it immediately and began taunting the kid I was fighting, referring to him as N-Ward: “Yo, N-Ward, Bean’s gonna beat your black fireplug booty.”

Ward stripped off his sweat-soaked tee. From across the ring, his booty appeared as muscular as his thick neck and biceps. He nonchalantly glanced my way and we locked eyes. I involuntarily smiled. He turned and spit into the bucket beside his stool. I tried to pretend I had only been stretching the muscles around my lips in preparation for the mouthpiece. A clichéd observation struck me as if I were the first person ever to realize that, unlike on a ball field, in a ring you stood disrobed with nowhere to hide.

“Dat mean Bean gone tear youse a new one, N-Ward,” the rusty-haired guy announced in a mocking accent through hands cupped like a megaphone. It amused his drinking buddies. “Dat be a rabid rottweiler Bean, boy!”

Ward stared furiously at me. He banged his gloves together, then punched himself in the face so that perspiration flew. Boxing, like baseball, had never been about anger for me. What anger I managed to summon now was toward the rusty-haired drunk calling me Bean as if we were teammates. Bean? And then I got it: Stringbean. With his every racist insult, I could see Ward growing more enraged. That he had every right to be made it worse.

The bell rang and Ward bull-rushed across the ring, windmilling wildly as he came. Father Cross, our boxing coach, had posted a sign in the training room that read, I THINK THEREFORE I STINK. But thoughts flashed through my mind as they do during the suspension of time between diving from a high board and hitting the water. I thought the windmilling exposed Ward as totally undisciplined, a street fighter with no appreciation for the science of boxing; I thought how a ring-wise boxer would turn that free swinging into an advantage and play his composure off Ward’s rage, exploiting it, maybe slipping to the right a half step inside Ward’s wheelhouse and nailing him as he rushed in, careless with aggression, clueless as to defense, then tying him up, frustrating him even more. Like a diver in midair, I had time to think that those were strategies I’d heard from Chino, moves instinctive for him, as they decidedly were not for me, and that I was in an uncontrolled free fall, a nanosecond from belly flopping into water as unfor-giving as concrete.

Blows hailed down wild, mostly glancing, but harder than I’d ever been hit in my life. I tried to dance away. I’d imagined foot speed to be an asset in boxing. It was

no more an advantage in the ring than it was in a swimming pool, where guys on the swim team, whom I could easily out-run, left me behind in the crawl. I was too busy running to fight. Rather than chase, Ward allowed a few steps separation and then rushed again like some inexorable squat engine of war, forcing me into a corner where he’d catapult haymakers. Defense was a glorified term for what little nonstinking instinct I had. I was merely trying to survive, keeping my chin tucked and my elbows tight to my ribs and my gloves up. Ward hit so hard that blocking his blows hardly mattered. Each round-house rammed my gloves back into my face as if I was beating myself. I bobbed and ducked from side to side like Chino taught me and tried to spin out of the corner, and Ward head-butted and body-slammed me back against the ropes, then clinched in a way that trapped my gloves while he stomped my foot and tried to knee me in the balls. His knee, which caught only my

thigh, would leave a deep purple knot that served for the next eight months as a souvenir of a moment on the ropes.

The celebrity ref, a local precinct captain with a Caesar hairdo and an Irish brogue, separated us. “None of that now, lad,” he said to Ward. “Next warning, a point deduction!” he yelled to Ward’s corner. “You want to quit, son?” he asked me. “I could stop it for your lip.”

I hadn’t realized the head butt had cut my lip. There was a sweaty streak of blood along my forearm. “Lip’s just a boo-boo,” he said, “but you’re not defending yourself.”

By using the word *quit*, he’d made quitting impossible. I shook my head, raised my gloves, and Ward charged in swinging, his flurries pounding my reactions into that familiar slow-mo, two rounds earlier than usual. Instead of backpedaling, I circled to his left, throwing pitty-pat jabs. He chased, looping 180-degree right-hand bolo punches across his body, and as he pivoted to square up, I caught



“MILF and cookies?”

him with a lucky straight left, a punch we both stepped into at the same instant, so perfectly timed it seemed rehearsed, one of those moments sport offers when it appears as if opponents have collaborated to choreograph a beautiful catch or a goal. It was the best punch I ever threw in my life and it knocked his mouthpiece flying.

"Go to your corners, lads," the ref said, signaling time-out. He turned his back to retrieve Ward's mouthpiece, and Ward attacked, driving me against the ropes with head shots, mashing my ear, and when I ducked behind my gloves, he pummeled my ribs, going, "Bang! Bing! Bam!" as if narrating comic book action. Or maybe it was "Bean! Bean! Bean!" My ear ignited; my brain went blank. A reeling disorientation dulled the impact of the blows, but I remained aware of Ward's trash talk. Minus his mouthpiece, it was nonstop like his fists: "Gonna fuck you up, Bean, gonna show your cracker fatass father you're a bitch."

That fuckhead's not my father, I wanted to say, but Ward caught me in the gut and I sank to one knee, unable to talk or breathe while the ref pulled Ward off, yelling, "Fight's over. You're disqualified, lad."

It had been not quite three minutes.

I sat doubled over on my stool in my corner, woozy with deafness and the flame spurting from the mangled left side of my head. I wanted them to get the gloves off so I could gently press my ear back in place before it fell to the canvas. Through my remaining good ear, from the muffled buzz of the crowd, I heard the rusty-haired dad holler, "Bean, way to take one for the team!"

By the time the bus reached my stop, the elation of watching the wet neon shades of Western Avenue that welled up in me after I'd learned my ear was still attached to my head was fading. My ribs ached and stiffened up. I could barely drag my sax case off the bus.

That night, my ribs woke me from a dream in which blood and brains leaked from my ear, soaking my pillow. The pillow felt sticky with blood, but it was sweat. I crept in the dark to the bathroom and pressed a cold washcloth to my throbbing ear and then flicked on the light just long enough to be sure I hadn't pissed blood like the boxers with lacerated kidneys I'd heard about. In the kitchen, I sneaked a Popsicle from the freezer and, back in bed, pressed it to my blue-black, swollen lip. I worried the fight had ruined my sax embouchure for good. I alternated pressing the Popsicle to my lip and to my ear, until the Popsicle began to melt, and I unwrapped it. It was cherry, my favorite flavor.

The next day, when third-hour U.S. History paused for the 15 minutes it took for announcements to be read over the PA, I was credited for having won my fight at the tournament. My classmates hadn't been there to see the debacle, and they applauded.

I never bothered to officially quit the boxing team, just stopped showing up to practice. Coach Cross didn't bother to call me into his office to ask why. I retired undefeated.

CRIMINAL MIND

(continued from page 126)

Grand Theft Auto IV, released in 2008, had a budget of more than \$100 million. It made \$500 million in its first week. This year's *Grand Theft Auto V*, five years in the making, cost a reported \$266 million and, a few weeks after our discussion, will bring in \$800 million its first day. Three days later it will top \$1 billion.

But that's still weeks away, and on this afternoon an optimistic yet anxious Houser, wearing a black long-sleeve shirt, gray shorts and running shoes, sits on the edge of a couch. "*Grand Theft Auto* is a double-edged sword. The fans want bigger, better—you know, higher quality. It's a privilege to have an audience that is demanding like that. But it's also a challenge. You have to meet their expectations." He crosses his arms. "I go to bed at night with the game there. I wake up, and that's the first thing I see. At several points in the course of this game I've had to really calm myself down, because I'm at home playing with my kids, and all I can see is the fucking game, like, running in my mind. I'm like...." He lets out a low, frustrated growl. "This isn't ideal."

There is no doubt *Grand Theft Auto V* is the magnum opus for Rockstar Games, a company with six development studios around the world and hundreds of employees, all of whom helped Scotland's 300-strong Rockstar North build the game. All told, the team computer-generated more than 40 square miles of painstakingly designed forest, city, ocean and desert. "We went out to the Salton Sea and were absolutely gobsmacked by it," Houser says, rocking back and forth on the black leather couch. "We made sure we were going to have a whole section that was dedicated to that sort of atmosphere, because we'd never seen anything like it before in our lives." It's within the creepily beautiful, fictionalized Salton Sea with its offbeat, sometimes nasty residents and haunting, starry nights that Trevor, the bat-shit craziest of the game's three new characters, resides in a rusty single-wide trailer. Trevor, along with Michael and Franklin, is one of the trio of diverse criminals whose story lines weave through the game.

Houser feels he has a bit of each character in him. "You know, Michael is constrained and contained with his midlife crisis. As my brother says, we've been having midlife crises from about 12 years old. Franklin, the sort of street guy, I certainly fancy myself in that mode. However, for a privately educated Londoner, albeit an American citizen now, I think it's a bit of a stretch—but somewhere inside me I do. And then Trevor's a psychopath, and you can fill in the blanks there." Truth be told, Houser explains, there's a bit of each criminal in all of us.

On his BlackBerry, Houser shows off a photo of his mother, Geraldine Moffat, a fine actress who plays the gorgeous and often naked Glenda in *Get Carter*, the seminal 1971 British gangster film starring Michael Caine.

Except here Mum is clad in the kind of sci-fi performance-capture suit computer animators use to manipulate the human form into games. "Dan hatched a really fun idea for our mum. The performance was fantastic. She came out here when she did the thing, and it was just so amazing, the energy that it gave her. She just loved it."

The Housers' actress mother and jazz musician father, Walter, are key to the Rockstar story. Sam, born in 1971 in London, and Dan, born two years later, weren't exactly coddled as children. Geraldine and Walter demanded two things of the brothers: "Do your homework," which Houser feels made him compulsive about work, and "Don't do drugs," which kept the brothers straight. (That doesn't mean Sam didn't experiment; he just didn't over-indulge.) They fought like brothers—Sam even broke his hand punching Dan—but they also looked out for each other. Like the time bullies stole Dan's ball and Sam, a devoted rugby player and judo practitioner, sped off to Palewell Common park to confront four older kids. "The main guy came up to me and I sort of did a judo throw and threw him on the ground," Sam says. "I thought I was like Jean-Claude Van Damme or Bruce Lee or something." But Sam didn't know anything more than throws. The bully got up, "smashed me in the face and knocked me out. Huge black eye. But I did get the ball back," he says, laughing. "Periodically I'll see that person, and I still hide from him."

Although he was a lawyer by day, Walter was often seen playing jazz at Ronnie Scott's, a club he helped run that's a kind of London Birdland. Post-gig, the jazzmen would hang at the Housers' home, people like Cream's brilliant Ginger Baker, who was a mean bastard even then, according to Houser. Dan would occasionally act in school plays, and Sam took up the bass, studying twice weekly for years under the tutelage of well-known player Phil Bates, who worked with Sarah Vaughan and Judy Collins. Sam laments that he didn't practice enough. "That expression, it's like a language," he says. "To have that outlet, to be able to socialize with other people like that, it's really an amazing, profound thing."

It wasn't such a great leap, then, for Sam to move from an appreciation of jazz to a love of hip-hop, a head-over-heels affection that would inform his future work at Rockstar Games. He worshipped what Rick Rubin and Russell Simmons pioneered as they built Def Jam into a legendary record label that melded the best of rock, metal and rap into records by LL Cool J, Beastie Boys and Run-DMC. He made his mother sew Def Jam patches onto his clothes, and when his father finally took him to Manhattan in 1988, Houser made a beeline for the Lower East Side's Orchard Street, a bastion of Air Jordans and leather puffer jackets. He loved England, but in New York it was as if he'd come home and home was an urban, hip-hop heaven.

Also on this trip, at a dinner with his father and BMG record executive Heinz Henn, Houser unabashedly told the old pro exactly how to make his record company





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better. "He's a lunatic," Henn confided to Walter. "But he has some good ideas."

Still in college, Houser became an intern at BMG and worked for an as yet unknown Simon Cowell. Houser was eventually hired for £120 a week to help make videos for Cowell's boy bands. "Cowell was always super charming and very nice with me," says Houser. "That's what I hear about him today. But as a lover of music, I'm not thrilled with where he's taken us with *American Idol*."

Houser had always been an ardent fan of video game culture. He felt games, like music, were true expressions of popular art. After getting a bagful of pirated games at school, he'd sit at a little Sinclair ZX Spectrum computer and play *Underworld* or *Elite* (an early attempt at the kind of open-world game Rockstar would make so popular). Games rocketed Houser to another world, and at BMG he gravitated toward creating interactive technology, including a meticulously curated CD-ROM about the Louvre museum and a not so hot one featuring

David Bowie videos, called *Jump*. But games and their artfulness were always on his mind.

At the time, BMG owned a woefully mismanaged video game division. The company worked with DMA Design, fronted by the droll David Jones, but DMA had a hard time meeting deadlines for the four games it was contracted to make. After firing a series of producers, BMG hired Houser to oversee Jones. In 1997, just as the games were being finished, the decision was made to shutter BMG's games division. Houser was stunned. How could they shut down the division when gaming culture was just getting started? He convinced BMG to send him out with a team of suits to try to sell the games division.

Ryan Brant, the son of a brash publishing magnate, was the young CEO of a small company called Take-Two Interactive. Brant said Take-Two would buy BMG's games division for \$9.5 million, with one condition—that Houser would run the company in the U.S. Although fascinated by New York, Houser found it difficult to assimilate. He wasn't prepared for the stinking rat race of hustlers, jerks and drug dealers, the circus of

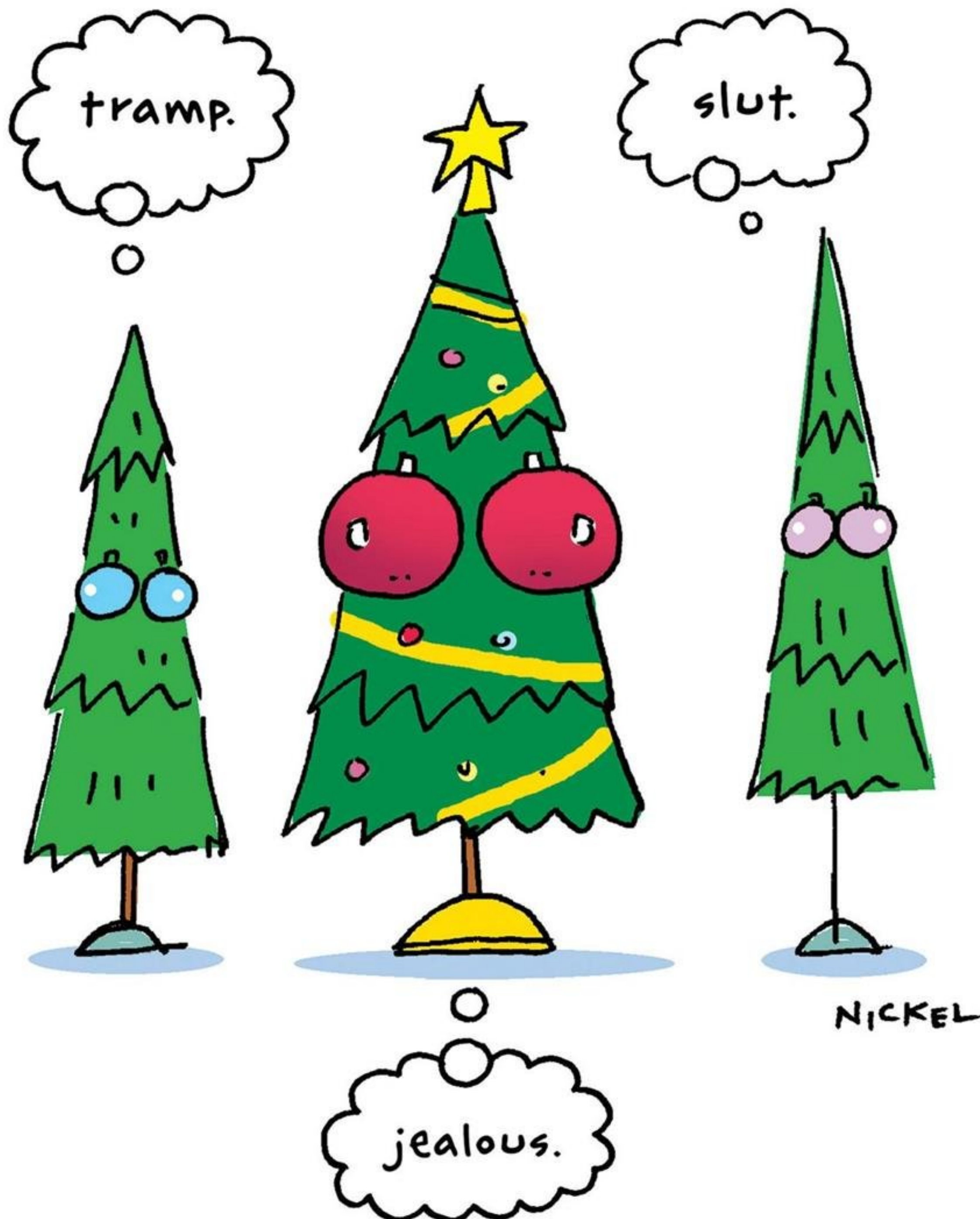
personalities that can bewilder a newcomer to the world's greatest city.

"What the fuck am I doing here?" he asked Dan. Take-Two was mainly a group of businessmen and accountants. Its lineup of games, including *Star Crusader*, was middling at best. Houser, who never felt he fit in with the guys he endured when trying to sell BMG's games unit, was stuck outside even though he was inside. It didn't stop him. By the time his brother joined him in New York, Houser was already building Take-Two's publishing infrastructure and game-development teams. He oversaw even the least commendable games with zeal. But as he worked and as the games industry grew, he saw companies issuing loads of shovelware—garbage games cranked out to bring in a quick buck. Houser quickly realized gaming wasn't serving the people who were growing up in the 1990s, the hip-hop generation, the Nirvana generation.

The brothers wanted to create something with attitude, something that could rock the world the way music had rocked them. And they wanted to do it hard and sweaty like one of Houser's heroes, Pete Townshend, windmilling his guitar on "Baba O'Riley." They wanted a name with attitude. They tried Grudge, but it sounded too much like "grunge," an already fading alt-rock movement. Driving around London, Sam suddenly said, "How about Rockstar?" He got shivers and thought of Keith Richards "dealing with the dream of stardom and the nightmare as well." *Rockstar* said in one word everything Sam and Dan wanted to say—about the sneering punk stance, the hip-hop rebel bravado, the edgy, play-till-you-drop worldview.

Incessantly hopeful, the way people are in their 20s, they put together a kind of manifesto. Says Houser, "It was to make, quote unquote, culturally relevant games, which now seems obvious. But in a world of *Sonic the Hedgehog* and everything else at the time, it was not obvious." Just as important, when the Rockstar logo was printed on a box, "irrespective of whether people did or didn't like the game, they couldn't question the love, passion and commitment that had gone into that product they'd parted with their money for."

Even their website had the Rockstar vibe. When they launched the online destination in 1998, it was with a photograph of Sam and Dan's mom, naked in a still from *Get Carter*.



The original *Grand Theft Auto*, released in 1997, was ingenious, a fearless template for what was to come. After throwing out a cops-chasing-robbers version, Jones and DMA Design created an open-world game, one in which you could do anything. Sure, it was from an awkward top-down perspective, as if you were a bird looking down in a predatory effort to steal cars and evade cops, but the framework of *GTA*'s greatness was already in place. Tough gang leaders such as 130-year-old Uncle Fu were there to give you crazy drug-pickup assignments. Seven radio stations were there for you to rock out to, with wryly titled songs such as Stikki Fingers' "4 Letter Love."

Although the original *GTA* sold more than 2 million copies, Jones was dissatisfied. His company had been sold twice, and it was about to be sold again. Just before Houser brokered a deal with Take-Two for DMA Design to be bought for \$11 million, Jones left to form a new development house. "I was very upset about that, because I really looked up to him," Houser says. He tried to keep Jones satisfied, telling him, "Dave, we are gonna have a good time here together. And you know I'm a straight shooter. We could make it work."

According to Houser, after Jones split he tried to raid the rest of DMA's staff for his new venture. Houser was angered by what he viewed as backstabbing, personally offended "because I'd never done anything to him, above being supportive of him and a fan of his. I'm a young guy. What do you want to take food off my plate for, bro? You could have had your food here. It was just as good, would have been good for you here. What's the problem?" To stop the bleeding, Houser turned to Leslie Benzies, who oversaw a DMA team that had worked on an underrated Nintendo 64 spoof called *Space Station Silicon Valley*. Houser offered Benzies and his top people a better deal than Jones had, including a stake in the company. "I'm like then and there, kind of without the authority, saying, 'We'll get you there.'" Behind the scenes, Houser needled Take-Two's executives to make sure the deal got done. It worked, making DMA Design—and *GTA*—a part of Rockstar Games.

Today, Rockstar is run, he says, like a family, "organically and idiosyncratically." That's unusual with big-budget games. Talk to, say, the writerly Ken Levine of Irrational Games, maker of the best-selling *BioShock* series, and he'll tell you he doesn't get too close to his employees. Houser is different, certainly with those at the top such as producer Benzies and art director Aaron Garbut. With brother Dan leading a team of writers, the satirical, artful, misunderstood and maligned series that pokes fun at the American dream has earned billions. Houser is overly conscious about crediting the entire Rockstar team, which is also part of his logic for avoiding interviews. But even he knows it all begins at the top.

"I've been in this job more than 20 years. You say, well, Rockstar's 15 years old, but I've never left BMG as an intern. I sit here today talking to you having never left that job. I just worked it, maneuvered it and finagled it. At each turn, things worked out."

Part of Rockstar's success is due to technology. By the time the company released the landmark *Grand Theft Auto III* in 2001, the PlayStation 2's speedier graphics processor meant Rockstar would be able to construct a grand landscape, the equivalent of three square miles. The results were astonishing. You could be the swaggering *Sopranos*-meets-*Mean Streets* mobster of mobsters in a world you reigned over. When you stole a car, it had a radio that played tons of music because Rockstar had made deals for the Giorgio Moroder *Scarface* soundtrack. And that was just one station. There were rocket

launchers, micro Uzis. And there was this drug cartel leader, Catalina. Even though she talked too much, you knew you'd fall for her if you ever met her real-life counterpart. *GTA III* unveiled an entire new world, a place of sweet, lawless release, of feisty urban insanity, that you could really live in. And it almost wasn't published.

As the finishing touches were being put on this crazy pastiche masterpiece and crunch time for Rockstar's hoped-for 2001 launch ramped up, 9/11 happened. The World Trade Center towers were attacked, and all things precious in every New Yorker's world, including Sam Houser's, would never be the same. The brothers witnessed the horrors from an apartment in Greenwich Village. Fear of the unknown bubbled up into sheer paranoia. As the towers collapsed on that sunny September morning, Houser thought buildings north of ground zero might be affected, maybe from a domino effect. He told Dan, "This beautiful city has been attacked, and now we're making a violent crime drama set in a city that's not unlike New York. My God, I'm terrorized where I live, and on top of that, we've got this crazy fucking game that is not exactly where people's heads are at right now."

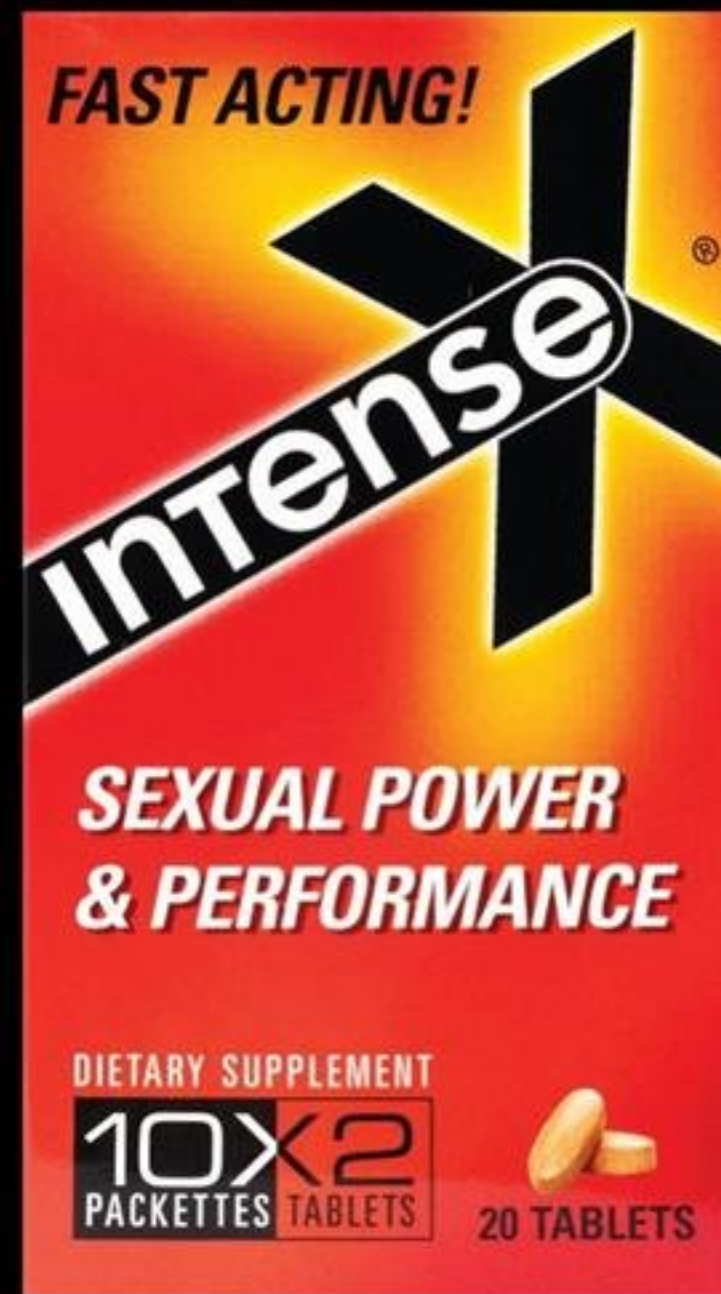
Not where people's heads are at. Movies released at the time were tanking. A Jackie Chan film was scrubbed, and films that featured bombings (such as *Collateral Damage*) were delayed. Houser and Rockstar considered bagging the project, but the game was released, amid a fair amount of staff concern, on October 22. It featured a transformed Big Apple called Liberty City. The Twin Towers and blue-and-white police cars, too similar to those of the NYPD, were eliminated.

GTA III sold more than 15 million copies. It was a phenomenon. The game was also violent—bloody, beat-you-to-a-pulp violent—and too much for certain pundits to accept as fiction. Activist lawyer Jack Thompson and Senator Joe Lieberman fiercely condemned the violence in *GTA III*, railing on TV that it was hurting the youth of America and claiming that the mere act of playing could lead to real-life murders.

Former employees with axes to grind got together to tell tales in a book. A group called Wives of Rockstar said their spouses were made to work excessive hours, to the point of illness, at Rockstar's San Diego studio. Houser, who is known to depart family getaways for the office to work on Sundays, admits toiling at Rockstar is "obscenely hard. Working on these is very taxing. It takes a toll on me, it takes a toll on my family. It is hard going, because we're putting ourselves into it. We're pouring as much passion and energy as we can conceivably muster into it."

The long hours had paid off, and the Housers and Rockstar were suddenly very, very rich. Even before the cash flowed they were known to throw fabulous parties, including one in a giant Chelsea loft. The women were drop-dead beautiful, dancing to the beats of a DJ who was flown in from Paris. And as the music swirled and the booze flowed, everyone from New York City hipsters to nerds partied hard. "There was plenty of crazy stuff that went on at those

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things," says Houser. "But I was too busy, too geeky. I was ready to get back in and work on Sunday morning. I was never really that sort of wild man, you know, Scarface and the champagne—not really."

By May 2005 Sam had settled down with Anouchka, a beautiful young woman from England who understood his intense ways. They even had kids together. Years later, Dan Houser and his wife would buy a 9,000-square-foot mansion previously owned by Truman Capote. The \$12.5 million purchase price was the most expensive home sale in Brooklyn history. A British tabloid called it a "gangster's paradise."

In June 2005 a Dutch hacker found an odd packet of data hidden in Rockstar's latest game, *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*. Once unlocked, the file—a piece of leftover code—revealed a mini-game featuring CJ, the game's smooth urban-gangster protagonist who, after a night of clubbing, has sex with a girl. Players tapped buttons to control the rhythm or change positions in crudely rendered scenes. News of the hidden material, dubbed Hot Coffee, exploded.

"This content was never approved," Houser announced. "It was nixed and supposed to be taken out completely." But there it was—for the world to see. Really, the content was too unfinished, too rough, to have been part of what was a very polished *San Andreas* game. Houser believed that, had it made the final game, CJ would have been more loving with the virtual woman in question.

But media outrage surrounding the content turned into a political frenzy that swept

the country. Smelling an opportunity, hard-charging New York attorney general Eliot Spitzer (now disgraced after a prostitution scandal) lashed out at the game. New York senator Hillary Clinton called for a Federal Trade Commission investigation. Was the game too violent? Had Rockstar intentionally planned to subvert the morals of American youth? Should Houser and Rockstar be stopped from making games?

The U.S. government requested all of Houser's and Rockstar's e-mails, thousands of them. Houser freaked out. While he (and everyone else at Rockstar) believed they were giving the world a new form of popular art, the height of dark comedy, Houser "lived in a world of fear." Games rife with adult content were being scapegoated just as other forms of misunderstood culture had been in the past, from comic books in the 1950s to hip-hop in the 1990s.

In January 2006 Houser traveled to Washington, D.C. to appear before the FTC. He was grilled for nine hours as three committee members perused a two-foot-high stack of documents, raising their eyebrows as they questioned him about his profanity-laden e-mails. In the end, they found nothing. Houser was exhausted, admitting, "I was a fucking wreck. I'm still probably traumatized by it."

When the investigation concluded, Houser went into what he dubs his "black dog" period, a desperate need to drop out, to hide, to run away. He's had others since, but this episode was particularly devastating. As he was traveling from Scotland to London by train, he picked up his cell phone to hear that Manhattan's district attorney was considering his own investigation into

Rockstar. Not again. "That was a dark time," he says, adding that friends and colleagues kept him together. "Otherwise I think I definitely unraveled. I did unravel, but I raveled back up, if you know what I mean."

To aid the comeback, Houser immersed himself in work on *Grand Theft Auto IV*. Compounding matters in 2007 was a hostile takeover of Take-Two Interactive by its shareholders. Not only were things tough on the outside, on the inside no one quite knew whether Rockstar would remain a fiercely independent studio where the suits let Houser do what he needed to do, both creatively and financially. "These were very uncomfortable, nerve-racking times. And it was, you know, a lot of the time I thought about, you know, packing it in kind of a thing." He glances around. "Bloody glad I didn't."

In the annals of video game history, *Grand Theft Auto V* may well be seen as Houser's and Rockstar's crowning achievement, a shining gift of 100 play hours that builds on what Rockstar has learned from its recent games. The lifelike faces from puzzle-filled *L.A. Noire*. The awe-inspiring expanses of big country from the gritty Western *Red Dead Redemption*. The powerful firefights from *Max Payne 3*. They've also added a massive multiplayer functionality ("the hardest part") that may grow as large as a *World of Warcraft* game—except for now it's free. The soundtrack's 240 songs make it more eclectic and indie than ever, and there's a score by Tangerine Dream electronic master Edgar Froese in collaboration with hip-hop DJ-producer Alchemist (among others). Clearly the Housers are at the top of their game. Why not cash out now? Certainly Hollywood would find a Sam and Dan Houser film-production company compelling. But Sam revealed that the team has signed multiyear deals with Take-Two Interactive. Whatever's next—probably a new *Red Dead* game—will have that signature Rockstar feel. "There are other games that have a sort of artistic, noble appeal and cross over," says Houser, "but does that speak to a mass market audience that is otherwise consuming superhero movies and more lighthearted stuff?" That's where Rockstar succeeds in spades, because *Grand Theft Auto* has both a coarse and an elegant magic. "One thing we're not going to run out of is ideas for the kinds of things we want to make. We've got a lot of ideas."

It's night now, and Houser is preparing for his bike ride back to Brooklyn. He seems relieved the interview is over.

"You know what? You take me out of context, and I can be ridiculous. I don't want that. The work is the work. I haven't spoken in an interview for quite a long time. It's lovely to sit here and talk to you about it, and it's enjoyable to talk about something I'm passionate about. But for my taste, too many people are too quick to rush out there right now and talk. They're not necessarily for me."

He speeds into a sea of traffic, disappearing into the darkness of downtown Manhattan.



"Dear, I'd like you to meet my significant another."





STILL IN FASHION

THE BONNY BUNNY

Playmates have served as muses for 60 years, from Miss December 1953 Marilyn Monroe to 21st century women such as Miss February 2011 Kylie Johnson. Combining the classic iconography of the past with a contemporary spin on sex appeal, a line of PLAYBOY-inspired apparel has been launched by clothier Sportiqe. “We make fashion for fans of sports and video games. Now we’re making clothes for this iconic magazine and the lifestyle PLAYBOY represents,” says Jason Franklin, Sportiqe’s president. To create the shirt Kylie is wearing, Franklin and his crew searched the PLAYBOY archives and found a silhouette of a Bunny, which they then printed on a sexy tank top. “I’m not used to wearing clothes in front of a camera,” Kylie says. “But if I have to, I’m happy it’s this cool and super-comfortable shirt.”



TIFF STYLE

• After modeling for various fashion houses, Miss September 2011 Tiffany Toth decided to open her own shopping website: Lovetiffot.com. Her chic boutique specializes in swimwear and accessories such as the cat-ear headband she sports here. Young women love the wares, but men are buying too. "I assume it's for their women," she says of the gentlemen with good taste.



Social Shutterfly

@SheraBechard Of all PLAYBOY's social-media innovations, #FriskyFriday tops the list. Here's who started it all: Miss November 2010.

Girl Talk

■ Miss December 2009 **Crystal Hefner** hosted Playmate Weekend at Sapphire Pool & Day Club in Vegas. Crystal deejayed a two-hour set, then chilled in the pool with Caya Hefner.



■ Jeff Ross dressed as a spring breaker for Comedy Central's *Roast of James Franco*. Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima**, wearing the orange swimsuit, was in on the gag.



■ Miss May 2006 **Alison Waite** appeared on *The Artie Lange Show* to share her recipe for Crock-Pot chicken chili tacos: Cook chicken breast on top of chili ingredients (no onions) on low for 10 hours. Remove and shred chicken. Assemble tacos and enjoy!



Get in Tune With Women

Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra's *Treat Me Like Your Car* is being reissued in a new edition, two years after its first print run. In the book, Pilar gives relationship advice and explains to men how women are easier to maintain than a Chevrolet.



PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Fifty-five years ago this month JOYCE NIZZARI became an après-ski Centerfold. Today Joyce still brings joy to PLAYBOY as she assists our Editor-in-Chief as a secretary at the Playboy Mansion.

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*A celebration of love
she'll cherish forever.*

This exquisite 24kt gold-clad bracelet is adorned with 12 roses, each one masterfully crafted to capture the lush beauty of a rose in full bloom.

(continued on back)

A dazzling 24kt gold-clad bracelet "blooming" with a dozen red roses.

Enlarged to show detail.



A dozen red roses are precisely designed to create a stunning "bouquet."

RESERVATION APPLICATION

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47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

Order promptly
for Christmas
delivery.

A Dozen Roses BRACELET

YES! Send me *A Dozen Roses Bracelet* as described in this announcement.

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Orders subject to acceptance.

For guaranteed Christmas delivery:
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Give her flowers to last a lifetime...

A Dozen Roses

BRACELET



Shown actual size
of 7½" in length.

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

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A Dozen Roses Bracelet will arrive in a luxurious gift box. Ideal for gift-giving and safekeeping, it's yours at no additional charge.

*An exceptional value;
satisfaction guaranteed.*

A Dozen Roses Bracelet can be yours for \$69 plus \$7⁸⁰ shipping and service, payable in two monthly installments of just \$38⁴⁰. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the bracelet, return it within 90 days for replacement or refund.

For guaranteed Christmas delivery, call 1-800-726-1184, or order online at www.danburymint.com. Order today!



A Dozen Roses

BRACELET

nestles within our signature presentation case. Perfect for gift giving, it's yours at no additional charge.

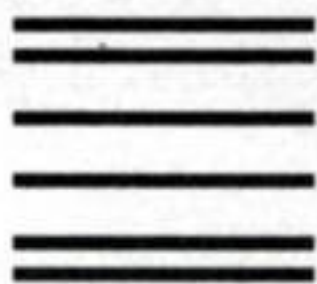
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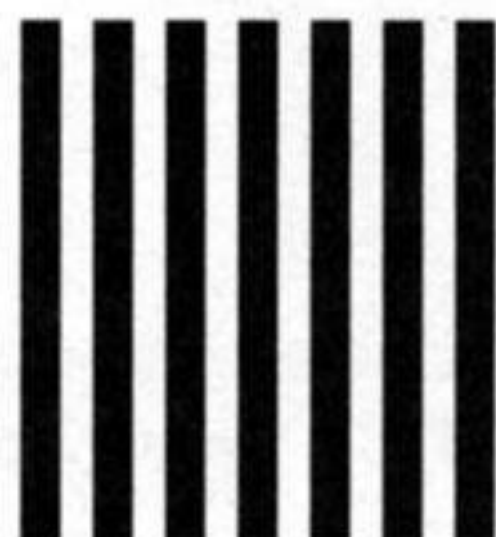
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PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

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to Buy!
No Start-Up Costs!



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FREE

Playboy TV
FOR 3 MONTHS



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HD!

Your hot spot for the best in
adult entertainment. *Ask how.*

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genie.
Upgrade**



One HD DVR powers
your entire home!

With activation of ENTERTAINMENT Package or above. Additional
& Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required.
Minimum 2-room set-up required for free Genie upgrade offer.

Limited Time offer!
\$24⁹⁹
MO.
FOR 12 MONTHS
FAMILY Package
With 24-mo. agreement.**
Does not qualify for NFL offer.

Switch today!

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ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Offers end 11/26/13. Another offer will be available after 11/26/13. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas. See details on back.



Double up with DIRECTV

Get **2 YEARS OF SAVINGS** with a **FREE** Genie™ upgrade on our most popular packages!

Limited Time offer!

\$24⁹⁹ MO.

FOR 12 MONTHS

FAMILY Package
With 24-mo. agreement.**
Does not qualify for NFL offer.

\$29⁹⁹ MO.

FOR 12 MONTHS ENTERTAINMENT Package

OUR BEST VALUE.

- ✓ **OVER 140** Channels
- ✓ **3,000** Titles On Demand

PLUS, FREE FOR 3 MONTHS



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FOR 12 MONTHS CHOICE™ Package

TV THAT ALWAYS BEATS CABLE.

- ✓ **OVER 150** Channels
- ✓ **3,500** Titles On Demand

PLUS, FREE FOR 3 MONTHS



~~\$44⁹⁹~~ MO.

\$39⁹⁹ MO.

FOR 12 MONTHS ULTIMATE Package

FOR MOVIE LOVERS.

- ✓ **OVER 225** Channels
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FREE GENIE UPGRADE** One HD DVR powers your entire home!
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

PLUS Lock in **2 YEARS** of savings!

FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.



FREE GENIE UPGRADE** One HD DVR powers your entire home!
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

PLUS Lock in **2 YEARS** of savings!

INCLUDED at no extra charge **2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET** Every Game. Every Sunday. *Only on DIRECTV!* Out-of-market games only.

FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.



FREE GENIE UPGRADE** One HD DVR powers your entire home!
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

PLUS Lock in **2 YEARS** of savings!

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FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.



DIRECTV offers you all this:

- Local channels in over 99% of the U.S.†
- #1 in customer satisfaction over all cable & satellite TV providers 2013 American Customer Satisfaction Index

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Minimum 2-room set-up required for free Genie upgrade offer. 2 years of Savings includes \$10/mo. for 24 months on Advanced Receiver Service (reg. \$25/mo.) with Auto Bill Pay, valid email address and Paperless Billing with selection of Genie HD DVR.†

FREE Professional Installation of a DIRECTV® System in up to 4 rooms



Custom installation extra. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

FREE UPGRADE** genie. **\$299 value**

The most advanced HD DVR ever!



One HD DVR powers your entire home!

With activation of ENTERTAINMENT Package or above. Additional & Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required. Minimum 2-room set-up required for free Genie upgrade offer.

Bundle with DIRECTV. Don't settle for cable!



Eligibility based on service address. DIRECTV television & qualifying Internet &/or telephone services required. Additional Telco Equipment & Service Fees May Apply.

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Offers end 11/26/13. Another offer will be available after 11/26/13. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas.

No Equipment to Buy! No Start-Up Costs!

Switch today! 1-877-407-9607

All programming and pricing subject to change at any time. ***BILL CREDIT/PROGRAMMING OFFER:** IF BY THE END OF PROMOTIONAL PRICE PERIOD(S) CUSTOMER DOES NOT CONTACT DIRECTV TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL AUTOMATICALLY CONTINUE AT THE THEN-PREVAILING RATES. Free HBO, STARZ, SHOWTIME and Cinemax for three months, a value of \$141. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMING OFFER PER ACCOUNT. Featured package/service names and current prices: FAMILY \$29.99/mo.; ENTERTAINMENT \$54.99/mo.; CHOICE \$64.99/mo.; ULTIMATE \$77.99/mo. Advanced Receiver fee \$25/mo. In certain markets, a \$3/mo. Regional Sports Fee will be assessed with CHOICE Package or above and MAS ULTRA Package or above. **Prices include the following instant bill credits for 12 months: \$5 for FAMILY Package, \$25 for ENTERTAINMENT Package, \$30 for CHOICE Package and \$38 for ULTIMATE Package. *\$10 CREDIT OFFER:** To receive the \$10 bill credit for 24 months on your Advanced Receiver fee (required for Genie HD DVR or HD DVR lease), customer must, at point of sale: provide a valid email address and activate and maintain the ENTERTAINMENT or OPTIMO MAS Package or above, Auto Bill Pay and Paperless Billing.

****2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER:** Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's service address) broadcast on FOX and CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device location. Local broadcasts are subject to blackout rules. Other conditions apply. 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$224.95. 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full-season retail price is \$299.95. **Customers activating the CHOICE Package or above or the MAS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the 2013 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2013 season. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season.** To renew NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2013 season. Subscription cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers.

****24-MONTH AGREEMENT; EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH.** Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming package (\$29.99/mo. or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver-DVR fee (\$10/mo.) required for DVR lease. Advanced Receiver-HD fee (\$10/mo.) required for HD Receiver lease. Advanced Receiver fee (\$25/mo.) required for Genie HD DVR, HD DVR and TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. TiVo service fee (\$5/mo.) required for TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. If you have 2 Receivers and/or one Receiver and a Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device, the fee is \$6/mo. For the 3rd and each additional Receiver and/or Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device on your account, you are charged an additional fee of \$6/mo. per Receiver, Genie Mini Client and/or Enabled TV/Device. **NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF \$150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT IS LEASED (EXCLUDING GENIEGO) AND MUST BE RETURNED TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com/legal OR CALL 1-800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS. **GENIE HD DVR UPGRADE OFFER:** Includes instant rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to 3 Genie Minis with activation of the ENTERTAINMENT Package or above; OPTIMO MAS Package or above; or any qualifying international service bundle, which shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package. **Free upgrade offer requires a Genie HD DVR and at least one Genie Mini. \$99 fee applies for single-room set-up.** Whole-Home HD DVR functionality requires a Genie HD DVR connected to the primary television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s) or an RVU-capable TV/Device in each additional room. Limit of three remote viewings per Genie HD DVR at a time. Visit directv.com/genie for complete details. **INSTALLATION:** Standard professional installation in up to four rooms only. Custom installation extra.

PLAYBOY TV PROGRAMMING OFFER: Upon request customer will receive Free Playboy TV for three months. In the fourth month service continues automatically at \$15.99/month unless customer calls to cancel.

ADULT PROGRAMMING: Billing is discreet. Charges will not include channels or titles on your bill. Adult programming contains explicit sexual content, complete nudity and graphic adult situations. Viewer discretion is advised. Must be 18 years or older to purchase. DIRECTV System has a feature that restricts access to channels.

1. Eligibility for local channels is based on service address. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions subject to change at any time. Pricing residential. Taxes not included. Receipt of DIRECTV programming subject to DIRECTV Customer Agreement; copy provided at directv.com/legal and in order confirmation. **PHOTO CREDIT:** Playboy Images ©2011. PLAYBOY, Playboy TV, Rabbit Head Design, and PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. NFL, the NFL Shield design and the NFL SUNDAY TICKET name and logo are registered trademarks of the NFL and its affiliates. NFL team names and uniform designs are registered trademarks of the teams indicated. ©2013 DIRECTV. DIRECTV and the Cyclone Design logo, CHOICE and GENIE are trademarks of DIRECTV, LLC. All other trademarks and service marks are the property of their respective owners.

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Join the Discovery Club today and enjoy:

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Three bottles of gold-medal-winning Gran Reserva — a mature classic from Spain's exceptional 2005 vintage.

Detailed tasting notes and serving advice on every bottle.

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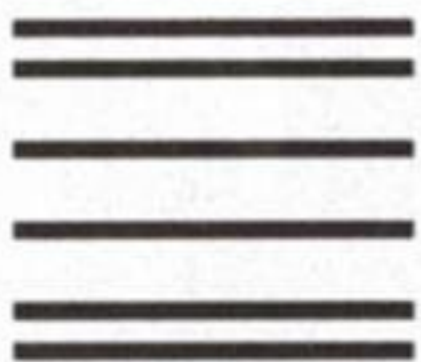


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Let us put 12 truly impressive wines on your table. And as a special introduction to The WSJwine Discovery Club, enjoy each one for just \$5.84 a bottle — that's a \$120 savings.

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Just taste for yourself. Then, let us offer you a dozen exciting new finds every three months, with no commitment. You can accept, decline, change wines, delay delivery or cancel anytime. Each future club case is just \$149.99 (saving you at least 20%) and comes with full tasting notes and our 100% money-back guarantee.

If you enjoy even just one good bottle a week, you should give The WSJwine Discovery Club a try. You'll open up a world of really exciting wines, brought to you by a name you trust.

Best wishes,

Adrian Bentham, Cellar Director

FREE when you order

3 Bottles of Gold-Medal 2005 Gran Reserva

A perfectly mature treat from Spain's excellent 2005 vintage.

Tasting Notes

Meet your winemakers, learn about their special wines and get useful serving advice on each bottle.



Enjoy 12 World-Class

SAVE
\$120



Gold-Medal 2008 Bordeaux

Your tour starts in the world's top wine region, where 2008 was a great vintage. Aged 12 months in French oak, this *supérieur* small-estate find took gold at Bordeaux's top show. Lots of spicy black fruit.

Château Fleur Haut Gaussens
2008, Bordeaux Supérieur



Gold-Medal Southern Italian

Puglia (Italy's sunny 'heel') is a hot spot for flavor and value. Mario Ercolino's old-vine blend of dark Aglianico and soft, brambly Primitivo won gold in Berlin and is a winner with meaty pasta.

Tenuta di Somaro 2011,
Toscana



Trophy-Winning Grande Réserve

Laurent Bonfils' pride-and-joy Minervois: hand-harvested from 60-year-old vines, given 12 months in oak and released to huge acclaim at last year's IWC: "Terrific concentration, immense character."

Château Millegrand 2010,
Minervois

Chocolaty-Rich Sonoma Merlot

Smooth, round, fruity Merlot is the ultimate crowd-pleaser and thrives in Sonoma. Here's delicious proof, from one of California's leading solar-powered wineries. Great on its own, a treat with burgers.

Sonoma Vineyards Merlot
2010, Sonoma County

Order NOW at **1-877-975-9463** Quote promo code

Lines open Mon-Fri 8am-11pm ET, Sat & Sun 8am-8pm ET

Reds for ONLY \$69.99



Portugal Is Ripe for Discovery

Your perfect introduction majors on Touriga Nacional (great grape of Port) and impressed IWC judges: "Black cherry. Elegantly floral. Lovely and complete." Works very well with roast pork.

Giesta 2010,
Dão



Fine Chianti From a Tuscan Star

As top critic Robert Parker notes, "Paolo Masi has made an excellent impression with the estate wines of his family property." His acclaimed, cherry-rich 2011 is so good you'll need two bottles.

Collezione di Paolo 2011,
Chianti



Gold-Medal Argentine Malbec

The BIG winner at this year's IWC, from Argentina's oldest winery and the world's highest vineyards. At over 3,000 feet, bright sun yields dark colors and deep, smoky black fruit flavors. Made for steak.

Ascención Malbec 2011,
Salta

Serious California Pinot Noir

In California's coolest valley (a paradise for Pinot) Eric Hickey gets "serious about quality" (Parker) and ages his *Vineyard Select* in the finest French oak. Velvet-textured and rich in berry and cola.

Laetitia Pinot Noir 2011,
Arroyo Grande Valley

4962001 or visit wsjwine.com/4962001

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Complete and return with payment in this postage-paid envelope

YES, please send me my WSJwine Discovery Club Introductory Case for just \$69.99

(plus \$19.99 shipping & tax combined)

I will SAVE \$120 and receive:

- 12 Bottles of Premium Wine**
- 3 FREE Gran Reserva Reds (\$50.97 value)**
- FREE Tasting Notes**



My preference is: (please check one box)

- All Reds Case**
 Mixed Case
 All Whites Case

If you do not indicate which introductory case you would like to receive, we will automatically send you the all reds case.

1. Your details (please print clearly)

Promo code **4962001**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

By submitting this form I understand that WSJwine may send me information about new products, promotions and services.

2. Where to deliver To the address above

Preferred shipping address: (if other than address given above, no P.O. Boxes please)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Contact Phone for Delivery: _____

Please note: All shipments are delivered by FedEx or private courier and the signature of an adult is required at the time of delivery.

3. Payment information

Charge my:    

Credit Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

Check enclosed payable to **WSJwine** for \$89.98 (\$69.99 plus \$19.99 shipping and tax combined)
Signature required for all orders. I certify that I am at least 21 years of age.

Signature **X** _____

Date _____

INFORMATION ON FUTURE CASES: I understand that every 3 months I will be notified about the next Discovery Club selection and will automatically receive it unless I request otherwise. I will be charged the appropriate amount for each shipment, currently \$149.99, plus shipping and tax. Once eligible, each year I will be offered two extra-special cases - one in summer, one for the holidays. Again, I will be notified about these in advance. There is no commitment whatsoever and I may cancel my membership at any time. Please note: WSJwine is operated independently of The Wall Street Journal's news department. Offer available to first-time Discovery Club customers only and limited to one case per household. In the unlikely event of a wine becoming unavailable, a substitute of similar style and equal/greater value will be supplied. Licensed retailers only accept orders from adults at least 21 years old and have the right to refuse orders. All orders are processed and fulfilled by licensed entities and applicable taxes are paid. Delivery available to AZ, CA (offer may vary for CA residents), CO, CT, FL, IA, ID, IL, IN, LA, MA, MI, MN, MO, NC, ND, NE, NH, NJ, NM, NV, NY, OH, OR (not eligible for gift), SC, TN, TX, VA, WA, WI, WV, WY and DC. Void where prohibited by law.

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Three Bonus Bottles of Gold-Medal 2005 Gran Reserva

Expertly cellared reds are a Spanish specialty. Gran Reserva is the top tier, and 2005 was a stellar vintage. This gold-medal find (a rich blend of Tempranillo and Cabernet) has had 24 months in oak and six years to mellow in bottle.

**Conde Galiana Gran Reserva
2005, Catalunya**



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Take the reds shown left, or a mixed or all-whites case for the same price (full details online). Whichever you choose, you'll save \$120 and receive three bonus bottles.

Mixed Option JUST \$69.99



Plus 3 FREE Gran Reserva Reds

Whites Option JUST \$69.99



Plus 3 FREE Top-Estate Rhône Whites

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If you are not completely satisfied with any bottle, for any reason, just let us know and you will be refunded in full.

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