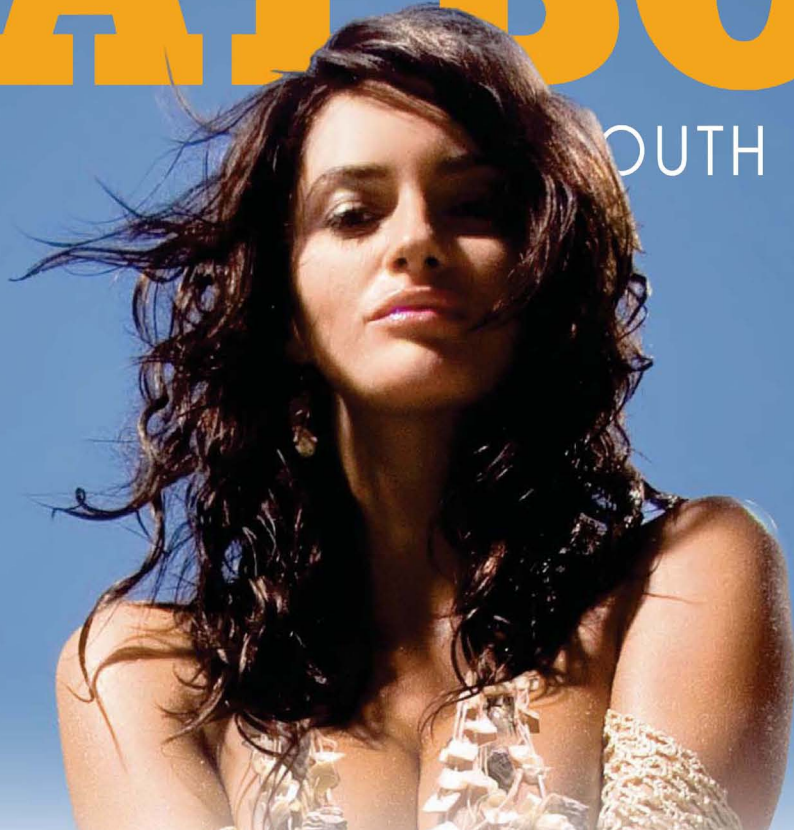


PLAYBOY

MARCH 2014 RSA

SOUTH AFRICA



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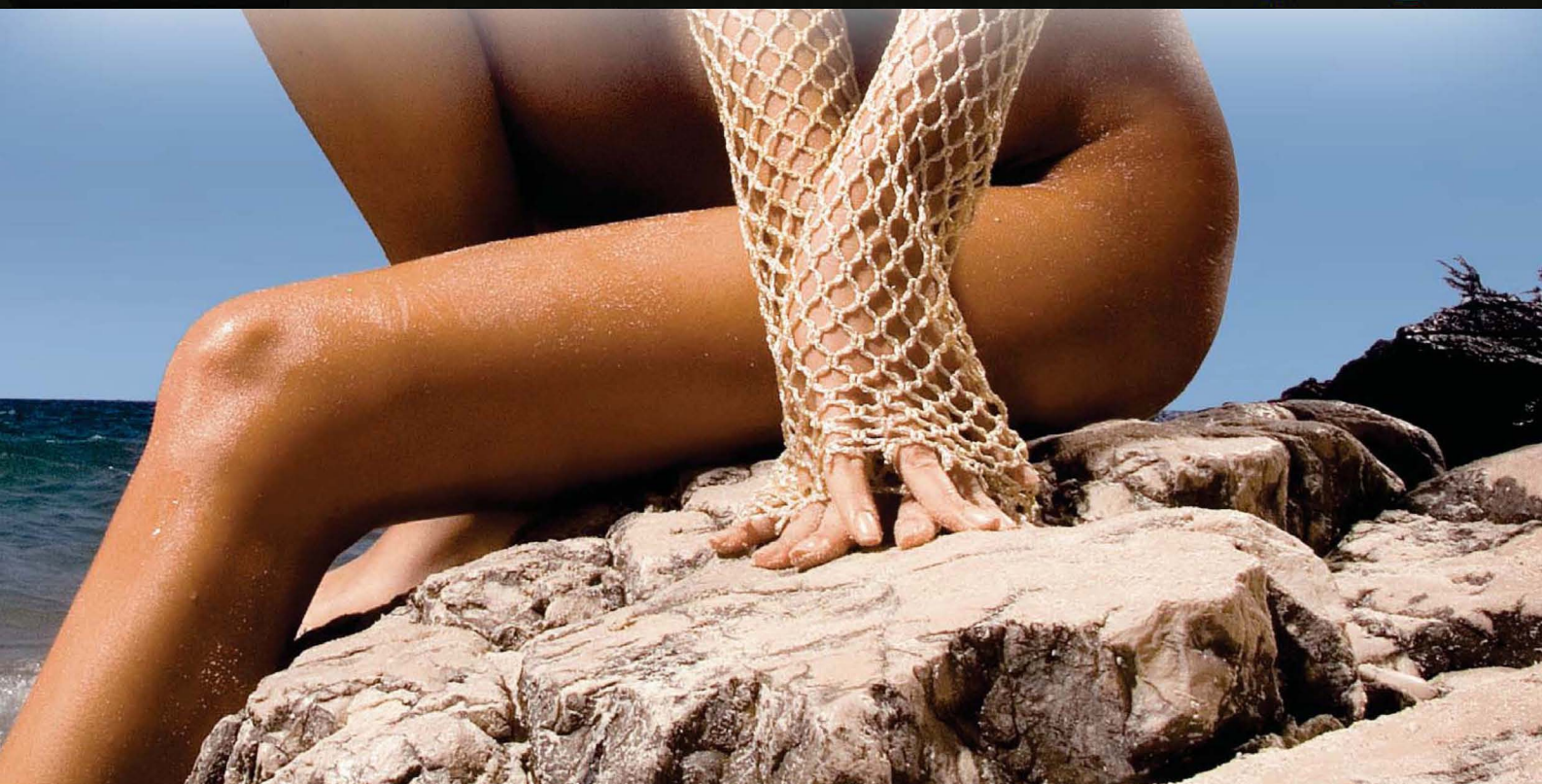
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THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS

March is an odd time of year in South Africa. The year is most definitely in full swing and the glow of the long, hot December holidays has begun to wear off. Autumn is sending her cool tendrils along the mountain passes, and the middle months are looming. So, we thought we'd breathe one last blast of summer fun into this edition with two stunningly sensual pictorials shot along some dramatic coastlines – with **cover model Sylwia Romaniuk** and the gorgeous themed pictorial of **Pia Sara Odlag**. If you haven't met **Shera Béchard** yet, and you don't know about **#FriskyFriday on Twitter** – you've been missing out. We bring you Shera's original pictorial with some never before seen images, and a special interview with her about the "selfie" phenomenon, for which we think she has a large role to play (and, boy, are we grateful). We are grateful, too, for our new **Playmate, Chelsie Farah**. She's crossed our path (on #FriskyFriday, in fact) a few times over the last year, and now we are honored to welcome her to the PLAYBOY South Africa family as Miss March.

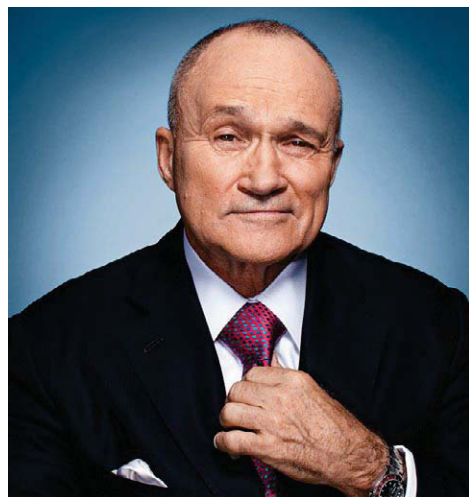
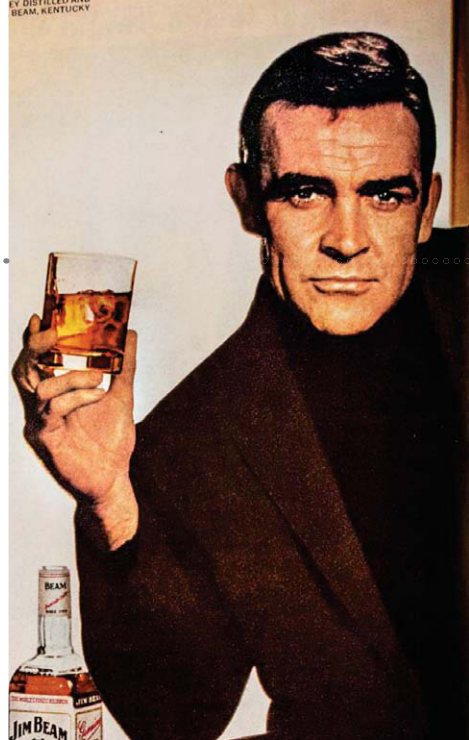
We are continuing the **#PlayboyTurns60** celebrations throughout 2014. Take a look at the retrospective feature on **magazine ads** over the last 60 years where the original ad man, **George Lois**, offers some truly hilarious, and somewhat frightening, commentary on the male psyche, and some evidence for how times have changed. Want to know more about the female psyche (don't we all?) and to what degree the times have changed for women, then read the **"Oral Report"** where strong and smart female writers, educators, artists and activists talk about the state of the nation when it comes to **women's empowerment**.

It is clear, though, that women still have a long way to go. And so do men. Witness the **battle for Snapchat** where there are obviously some big male egos at play. Karl Greenfield and Billy Gallagher take us back to Stanford and trace how the relationship between Snapchat's founders has completely blown up. In another case of big men fighting for big money, the investigative report on how **"conflict free" diamonds** move across international borders, and how a few rich guys are manipulating the system might make you think twice about buying that engagement ring. **The Interview with Ray Kelly** also gives insight into a big man with big power. As police chief of New York City, he has a tough job. Learn more about how he deals with the multiple challenges and decide whether his approach has merit for South Africa.

On the lighter side, we've got **a touch of zombie fever** this month. Mardi Gras is happening in creole cultures across the world in March, so we thought we'd join in the festivities with some **Zombie cocktail shooter recipes** (a New Orleans tradition), a quick look at the new **release of the Plants v Zombies video game**, and a guest column from **local writer, Roy Banister**, who tries to understand our morbid fascination with the undead. There's music and film reviews, some funky fashion, and a great piece of **fiction from Jennifer DuBois** too.

We'll help stave off those winter blues as long as we can. Thank goodness it's always summer somewhere...

Enjoy the read.





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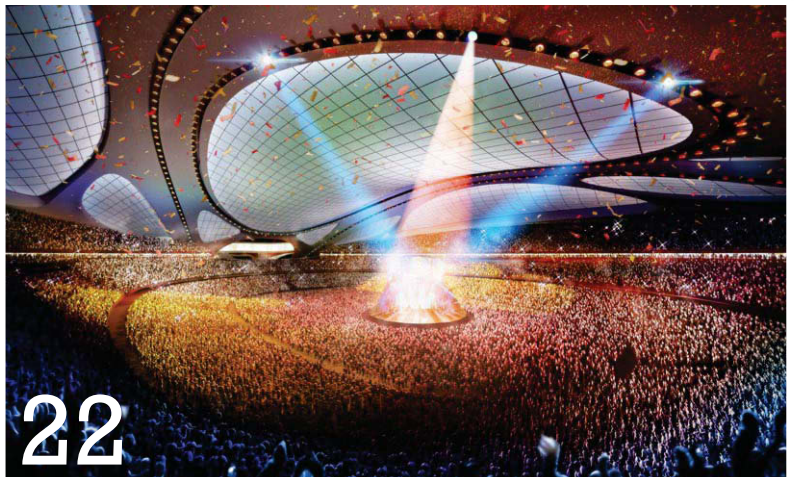


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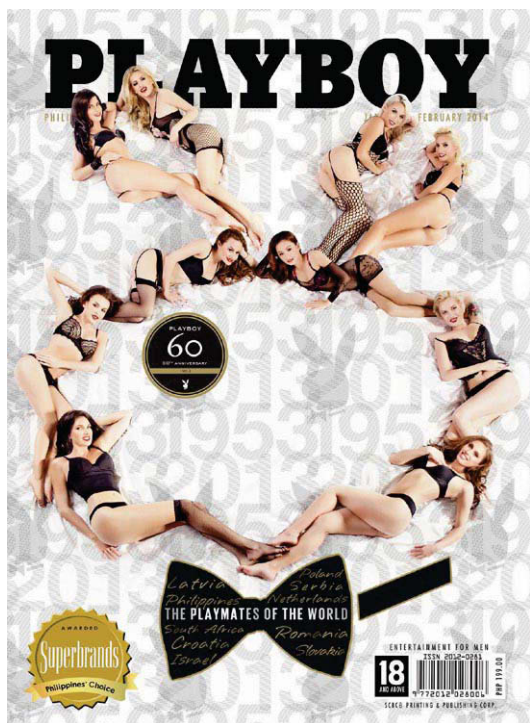
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PLAYBOY TURNS 60

We continue to honor the legacy of 60 years of PLAYBOY with retro features looking back on the past, and celebrations around the world to toast the future. We love the Philippines February Cover, which does just this. (Spot our own Playmate of the Year, Alexis Fox, bottom left). Join the fun on Twitter with #PlayboyTurns60.



**MISS FEBRUARY 2013
ZOI GORMAN NUDE
PICTORIAL**

Zoi Gorman need not put us at gunpoint to have us fall head over heels. In case you missed it, you can now see some of our Ed's picks from her nude pictorial on our website just by registering as a free member at www.playboy.co.za.



**MISS JANUARY 2014
CHELSEA RYAN**

Our lovely Miss January caught the eye of Hef when she lived at the Mansion a while back. And she caught the eye of local journalists too. We'll be following her journey closely.



THE BLACK TAPE PROJECT COMES TO SA

Sands Sandton was the exclusive host to the official Black Tape Project debut in South Africa. And who better to bring with them, but our Miss June 2013, Khloe Terae, and cousin April Eve, Miss December 2013. If you want them back next year, let us know.

**HASHTAG
#HUMPDAY**

Wednesdays get pretty hot when you follow us on Twitter. Tweet (and Retweet) your favorite "humps" and tag us in. It's not a bad way to get half-way to the weekend. Pictured here @Aamz_AJ, our Miss May 2012 (<http://playboy.co.za/playmates/may-2012-aamz/>).



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Earbuds can't do justice to the intricacies of Kid A. It's a question of scale: When you listen with headphones, tiny vibrations are set loose on your tiny eardrums. Crank up a real amp attached to a pair of well-tuned open-air two-channel speakers and the music vibrates the whole room and you in it. We'd go so far as to call it a massage for the soul. Here are four speakers that deliver impeccable sound. Listen up.



1

SHELF LIFE

A solid high-end stereo setup delivers a large soundstage and killer dynamics. HSU Research's horn-loaded HB-1 MK2 (hsuresearch.com) packs all that into a bookshelf-size speaker that rocks in a two-channel setup or as the start of a surround system.



2

BULLETPROOF SOUND

Bowers & Wilkins's CM10 (bowers-wilkins.com) is armed with a reengineered tweeter for high frequencies, along with one mid-range driver and three bass drivers made of Kevlar for low-end sounds at air-strike levels.



3

KNOCKOUT PUNCH

The Mistral Bow-A2 (napaacoustic.com) is a 60-pound monster loaded with two four-inch mid-range drivers, a 10-inch side-mounted woofer and an outboard supertweeter. Frequency response from 30 Hz to 45 kHz makes this a heavyweight champ.

4

SOLID GOLD

Newcomer GoldenEar has already built a golden reputation among audiophiles for its amazing sound. The Triton Seven (goldenear.com) uses passive radiators (instead of powered subwoofers) to pack a mean bass punch.

THE POWER HOODIE

THE SWEATSHIRT GOES UPSCALE; THAT IS, IF YOU WEAR IT RIGHT

The hoodie is the ultimate in form and function: It's crazy comfortable, it covers your head when you want it to, and the zipper is the sartorial equivalent of a thermostat (up for warm, down for cool). And now it's a status symbol worn by tech moguls, directors and members of the creative class who have graduated from dressing to impress. Here are our favorite top-of-the-line hoodies.

HIPPER ZIPPERS

1

BLUE VELVET

The fabric in this navy blue cotton sweatshirt has been overdyed to produce a subtle iridescent effect. Black diagonal pockets add flair.

STONE ISLAND
HOODED
SWEATSHIRT



2

CASHMERE FRIDAY

The contrasting zipper, lining and elbow patches give this hoodie a rakish appeal. The cashmere blend makes it soft as hell.

GENTS CASHMERE-
BLEND HOODIE



3

LEATHER SEEKER

British dandy culture meets American swagger in this handsome hoodie that features a leather zipper pull and purple lining.

TED BAKER LONDON
BOLTZ HOODIE



BRIGHT IDEA

Who says a hoodie has to be low-key? Michael Kors goes boldly graphic with this yellow hoodie with black sleeves.

MICHAEL KORS
CASHMERE HOODIE

4



Out of the

BLUE

KEEP YOUR LOOK COOL WITH WRISTWATCHES THAT ARE BLUE IN THE FACE, FROM COBALT TO NAVY, YOU'LL HAVE IT MADE IN EVERY SHADE

1

DIVE TIME

The rubber strap on this steel dive watch from Oris is Cousteau cool but will look stylish even above sea level.

ORIS AQUIS DATE

2

TRAIN SPOTTING

Made in Detroit and inspired by the locomotive brakemen of the 1900s, this watch features an alligator strap.

SHINOLA THE BRAKEMAN

3

CLOCK DU RHONE

Grandsons of famous Swiss watchmaker Raymond Weil are behind the brand that makes this elegant stainless steel chronograph.

88 RUE DU RHONE CHRONOGRAPH





4

KORS STRENGTH

Style with a dual purpose: For every watch sold, Michael Kors and the United Nations World Food Program will donate 100 meals to children in need.

MICHAEL KORS WATCH
HUNGER STOP



5

TRUE BLUE

A midnight-blue leather strap echoes the blue face on this sophisticated sports watch.

TISSOT PRC 200



6

REAL STEEL

This classic steel watch is from the Ball Watch Company, which was founded to make precision timepieces for the railways.

BALL CLEVELAND
EXPRESS

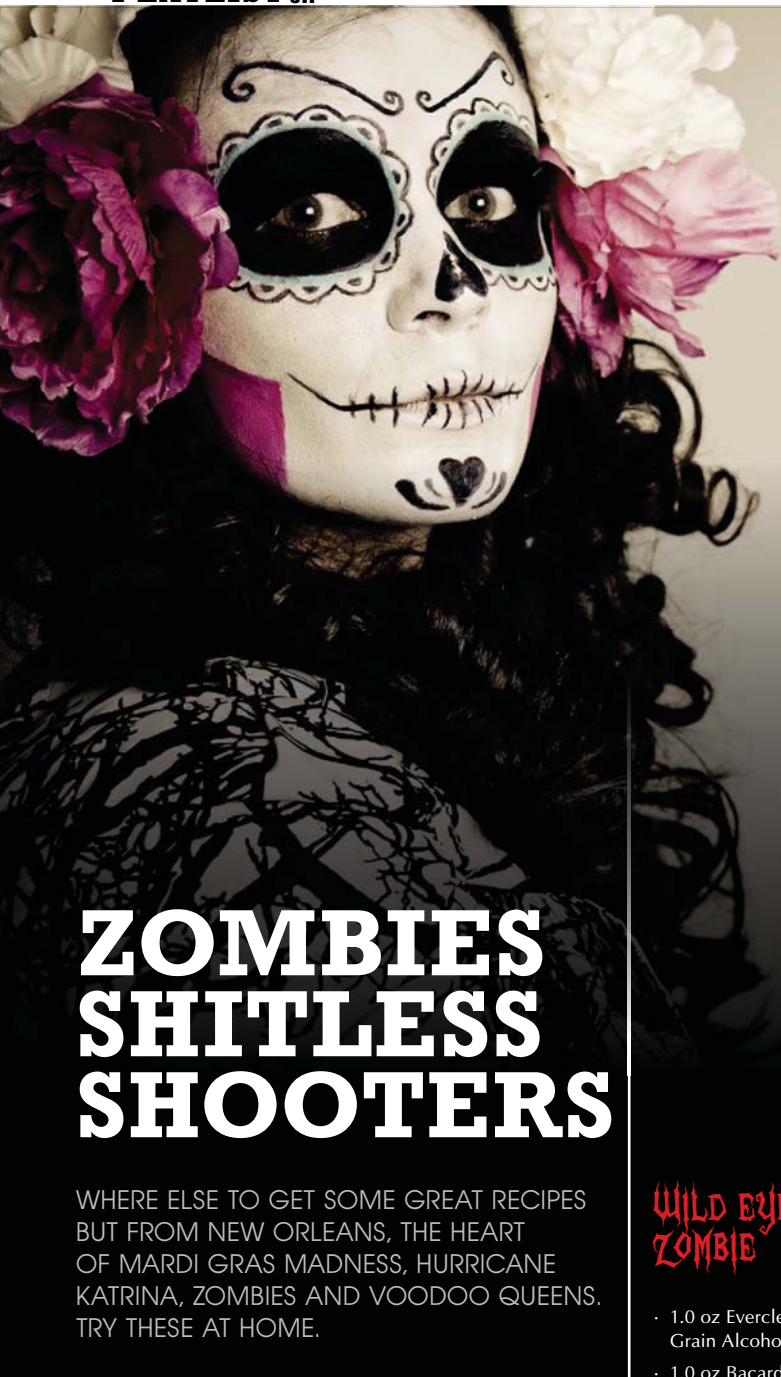


7

MOD SQUAD

With a screw cap protecting its crown and an oversize case, this watch is appropriately named. The bright blue silicone strap adds flair.

TW STEEL CANTREEN
TW500



ZOMBIES SHITLESS SHOOTERS

WHERE ELSE TO GET SOME GREAT RECIPES BUT FROM NEW ORLEANS, THE HEART OF MARDI GRAS MADNESS, HURRICANE KATRINA, ZOMBIES AND VODOO QUEENS. TRY THESE AT HOME.

ZOMBIFIED

- 1.5 oz Lime Juice
- 1.5 oz Dark Rum
- 1.0 oz Light Rum
- 0.5 oz Triple Sec
- 0.5 oz Creme de Noyaux

Directions: Shake with ice and strain.

ZOMBIFIED II

- 1.0 oz White Rum
- 1.0 oz Banana Liqueur
- 1.0 oz Blackberry Brandy
- 1 teaspoon Grenadine
- 5.0 oz Sweet & Sour Mix

Directions: Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail glass

WILD EYED ZOMBIE

- 1.0 oz Everclear (190 Proof Grain Alcohol)
- 1.0 oz Bacardi 151 Rum
- 1.0 oz Blue Curaçao Liqueur
- 0.5 oz Apricot Brandy
- 1.0 oz Orange Juice
- 1.0 oz Pineapple Juice
- 1.0 oz Fresh Lemon Juice
- 2 teaspoons Sugar Syrup

Directions: Combine in a cocktail shaker and strain into an 8-ounce crested glass filled with ice. Have alternate transportation available.

HURRICANE

- 1.0 oz White Rum
- 1.0 oz Jamaican Dark Rum
- 1.0 oz Bacardi 151 Rum
- 3 .0oz Orange Juice
- 3.0 oz Unsweetened Pineapple Juice
- 0.5 oz Grenadine Syrup
- Crushed Ice

Directions: Combine all ingredients, mix well (shake or stir). Pour over crushed ice in hurricane glass. Best enjoyed through a small straw. Garnish with fruit wedge if desired.



VODOO BREW

- 1.0 oz Dark Rum
- 1 Dash Port
- 1 Dash Orange Curacao
- 0.75 oz Lemon Juice

Directions: Stir ingredients with crushed ice. Strain into sugar-rimmed cocktail glass. Garnish with lemon twist.



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 seawaterlike 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.

PROP STYLING BY ED GARRIES AT HALLEY RESOURCES



SHUCKING AWESOME

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

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SATOSHI

TOKYO'S NEW NATIONAL STADIUM BY ZAHA HADID

With the rather complicated affair of Sochi Olympics and its political and logistical problems already a distant memory for many observers, we thought we'd tempt you to look forward to the Tokyo 2020 Summer Olympics. As with many cities who host the Games, a slew of new construction is on the cards. Although there has been some criticism that architect Zaha Hadid's award-winning design to seat 80,000 needs to be scaled down, we think her vision for the new Tokyo National Stadium is breath-taking.



Architect Zaha Hadid has been on a lifelong quest for designs that embrace complex, fluid space and her work consistently transforms our vision of the future with new spatial concepts and bold, visionary forms. She is widely respected for her many projects: in 2004 she was awarded the Pritzker Architecture Prize (considered to be the Nobel Prize of architecture). Internationally known for both her theoretical and academic work, Hadid's interest lies in the rigorous interface between architecture, landscape and geology. Her work integrates natural topography and human-made systems, leading to experimentation with cutting-edge technologies. Such a process often results in unexpected and dynamic architectural forms.

Hadid's work of the past 30 years has been the subject of critically-acclaimed retrospective exhibitions at New York's Guggenheim Museum in 2006, London's Design Museum in 2007 and the Palazzo della Ragione, Padua, Italy in 2009. Her recently completed projects

include the MAXXI Museum in Rome; which won the Stirling award in 2010. Hadid's outstanding contribution to the architectural profession continues to be acknowledged by the most world's most respected institutions. In 2010, *TIME* magazine included her in their 2010 list of the "100 Most Influential People in the World." In 2013, the *TIME* 100 list was divided into four categories: Leaders, Thinkers, Artists and Heroes – with Hadid ranking top of the Thinkers category.

For the Tokyo Stadium. Hadid explains that it will be more than a large sports facility designed to the highest design specifications and functional requirements. She views it as a piece of the city's fabric, an urban connector which enhances and modulates people moving through the site from different directions and points of access. The elevated ground connections will govern the flow of people through the site, effectively carving the geometric forms of the building. Take a look for yourself...



DESIGN: ZAHA HADID, PATRIK SCHUMACHER
PROJECT DIRECTOR: JIM HEVERIN, CRISTIANO CECCATO
PROJECT ARCHITECT: PAULO FLORES
DESIGN CORE TEAM: RAFAEL CONTRERAS, ANTONIO MONSERRAT, FERNANDO POUCELL, IRENE GUERRA, JUNYI WANG, KAROLY MARKOS
TOKYO SUPPORT TEAM: YOSHI UCHIYAMA, BEN KIKKAWA

The building volume sits gently within the urban landscape and is articulated as an assembly of stadium bowl, structural skeleton, cladding membranes and the museum, which together form an intricate structural composition that is both light and cohesive. The perimeter of the bowl structure becomes a new inhabited bridge, a continuous exhibition space that creates a new type of journey for visitors flowing along the project's North-South axis.





The museum is displaced from the main bowl geometry as a discernibly separate element. It defines an elevated plaza for public use – a new urban gathering space that can be used by the public for functions outside of sports events, yet its carefully controlled views into the stadium intimately tie it to the overall sports complex. The museum is lifted up above the ground plane, allowing for a minimal footprint on ground where the landscape extends beneath it.





The stadium roof defines an iconic silhouette that integrates gently within the cityscape around it. It is an intricate assembly of efficient long-spanning structural ribs which are spanned by a system of lightweight, translucent membranes. This unique structure is a lightweight solution, where the stadium elevation graciously touches the ground, defining a clear approach towards the stadium entrances. The interior of the stadium is also given a clearly identifiable identity through the strong roof structure that contrasts with the lightness of the translucent membrane tensile structures.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WOJTEK BAKIEWICZ

TIMELESS BEAUTY

Sylvia Romaniuk



Sylwia Romaniuk knows the true essence of femininity and confidence, and it shows. Sylwia may have posed for PLAYBOY Poland in January 2008, and it was such a gorgeous shoot it was worth a reprise, but these days she is making a name for herself in the fashion world, designing ball gowns and wedding dresses that reflect and enhance a woman's beauty. The sensuality you witness in this pictorial is now finding new expression in her collections that are hitting Cannes festivals and red carpets around the world. Feast your eyes...













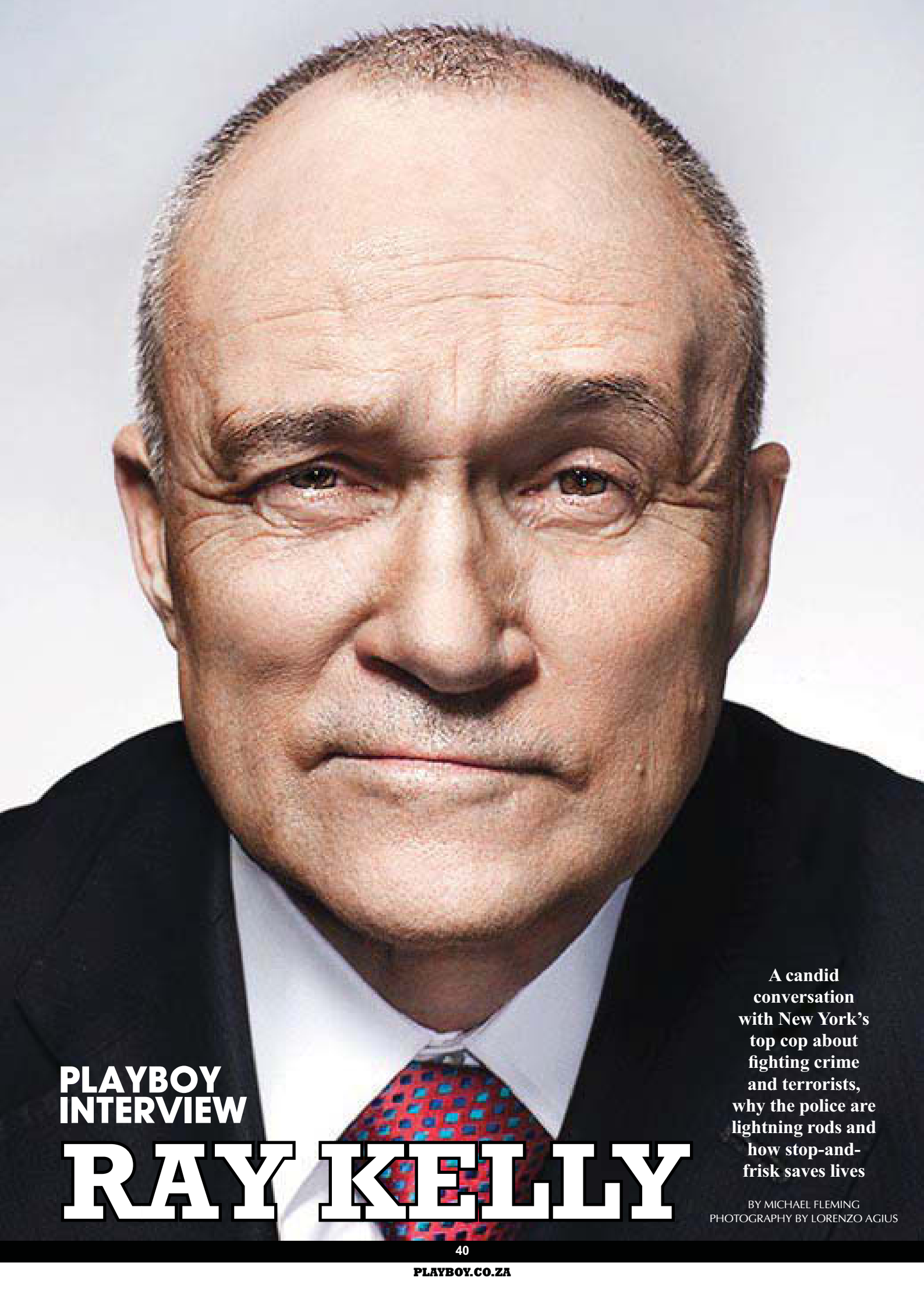












**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW**

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

**BY MICHAEL FLEMING
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORENZO AGIUS**

At 7:30am 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 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

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

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.

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,

Good news is not news. Bad news sells. Confrontation sells. And that's what the press is always looking for.

– 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?

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

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.

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.

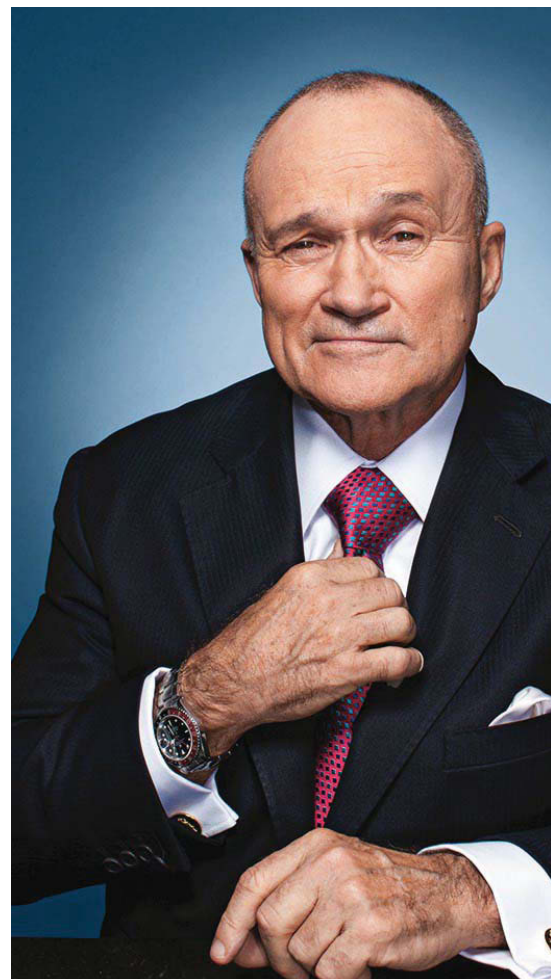
KELLY: No. There is a 1968 Supreme Court case, Terry v. Ohio, that validates this procedure. Virtually all states use some variation of it.

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?

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.



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.



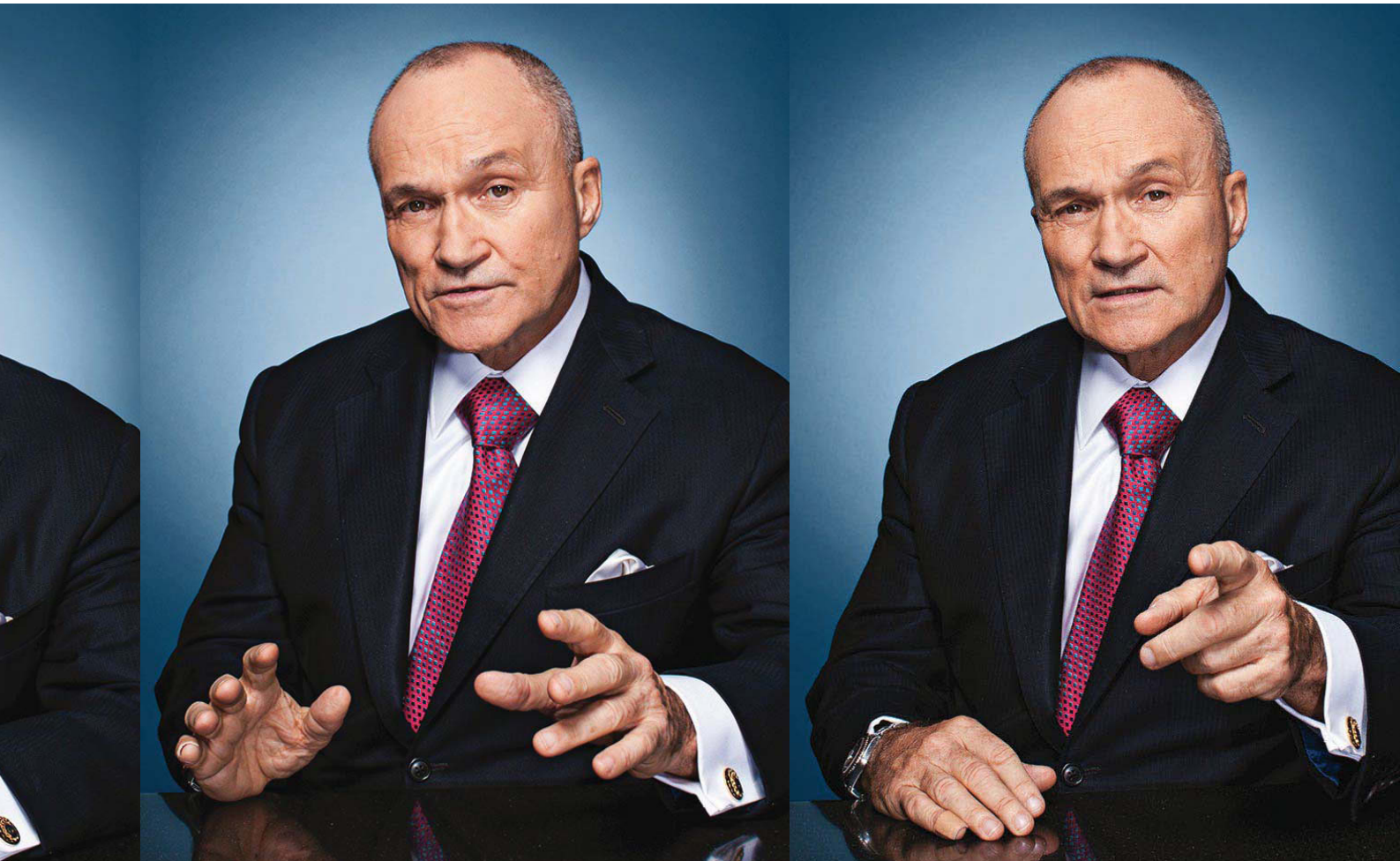
PLAYBOY: Are there any times you agree the police have been overzealous?

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

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?

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.

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

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 vanished. 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

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.

commissioner. 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

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.

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.

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 every-thing 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

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: 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-

New York City was the number one target in America – and it still is.



agents to keep close 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 News-Hour*. 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

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.

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.

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.

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. ▣

BY KARL TARO GREENFELD WITH BILLY GALLAHGER

The Billion-Dollar Battle for Snapchat



HOW LONG DOES A SNAPCHAT PHOTO LAST? TEN SECONDS. HOW LONG DOES THE PARTNERSHIP BEHIND THE COUNTRY'S HOTTEST APP STAY TOGETHER? NOT MUCH LONGER.



hen then 18-year-old Evan Spiegel, future founder of Snapchat, the multibillion-dollar mobile-application start-up, set off on the seven-hour drive up Interstate 5 from Pacific Palisades to Palo Alto, California, home of Stanford University, he was embarking on more than a college education. He was journeying into the engine room of America's

greatest wealth-producing machine. Long one of the world's elite colleges, Stanford, by the fall of 2008, had also become a noteworthy incubator of young entrepreneurial talent. For freshmen like Spiegel, cruising down Palm Drive past the majestic, 40-foot-tall Canary Island date-palm trees and beneath the white-on-cardinal "Welcome To Stanford" banner, there was of course the eagerness and anticipation of living away from home for the first time, but there was also a sense that here, in this unique period in history, anything was possible. For a young man to complete his education and embark on a promising career was not only likely but a given; for a young man of Spiegel's temperament and talent, to leave Stanford as anything less than a multimillionaire might even have been considered a disappointment. As it turned out, Spiegel would leave Stanford well on his way to becoming a billionaire, though the circumstances of Snapchat's conception and launch would be the subject of a lawsuit, filed by former classmate Frank Reginald Brown IV, that has cost Spiegel friendships and could ultimately cost him hundreds of millions of dollars.

Silicon Valley has always embraced meritocracy, the idea that it is the quality of one's ideas and one's willingness to put in 20-hour days that make for successful start-ups and lasting businesses. Unlike, say, hustlers in Hollywood or on Wall

Street, the founders of tech companies are supposedly monastic programmers who toil away in harmonious teams and remain chaste when it comes to fucking over their peers. If that myth has been eroded by the saga of Facebook, Mark Zuckerberg and the Winklevoss twins, as described in *The Social Network*, it is now being destroyed by the lawsuits that surround the founding of Snapchat.

Snapchat, a messaging service that allows for disappearing text messages and photos, has become the latest hottest internet start-up, an app that seems to have a significant grip on younger users. It enables users to send photos and messages to other users or to post photos and messages to their Snapchat network, with little risk that the photos will be circulated on the web because they self-destruct in 10 seconds. Although tech writers initially dismissed Snapchat as a "sexting app," it is actually the first application to exploit what Spiegel calls the "value of the ephemeral." Why, Spiegel has asked, should everything on the internet be around forever? "Data permanence is a big issue," he says. "We were the first to understand that." Teens and 20-somethings have embraced that ethos, making the app among the fastest-growing in history. According to the company, 400 million photos are sent daily; Facebook, by comparison, claims 350 million photos posted daily. The company became so successful so quickly that Spiegel turned down a \$3 billion offer from Mark Zuckerberg and Facebook, calculating that Snapchat would eventually be worth even more.

The lawsuit in which Frank Reginald Brown claims, as originator of the idea and one of the founders of Snapchat, to be entitled to 33.3 percent of the

company, proves that every tech company has not only its visionary founders, inspiring genesis story and long nights of programming but also its personality feuds and bitter battles that inevitably, it seems, end up in depositions and courtrooms. It happened at Facebook; it happened at Twitter, where co-founder Noah Glass was forced out of the company with virtually nothing to show for his contribution; and it is happening at Snapchat, where Spiegel has proved as ruthless and cunning as any of his tech forebears. The Snapchat story, as laid out in court filings, affidavits, depositions, recollections from college classmates and interviews with Spiegel before Brown's lawsuit was filed, is the latest saga of just how fast and furious the journey can be from dorm-room dream to next big thing in today's Silicon Valley.

"At Stanford and in Silicon Valley, we perpetuate the myth of meritocracy," Spiegel said last April in a speech to the Stanford Women in Business organization. "We believe that the harder we work, the more we will achieve... This is not true. I am a young, white, educated male. I got really, really lucky. And life isn't fair. So if life isn't fair, it's not about working harder; it's about working the system."

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Incoming Stanford freshmen go through a weeklong orientation during which they meet classmates at barbecues and are told what will be expected of them academically by their assigned freshman advisors. Freshmen wear their names on lanyards, and for most of them this week is when they begin to understand the unique hierarchy they have joined. Although 70 percent of Stanford students receive financial aid and those whose parents earn less than \$100,000 pay no tuition at all – there are still plenty of scions of wealth and privilege to remind those less fortunate exactly what is to be gained from a good showing here. Spiegel, who grew up in a \$4 million home in Pacific Palisades and whose father, Stanford alumnus and significant donor John

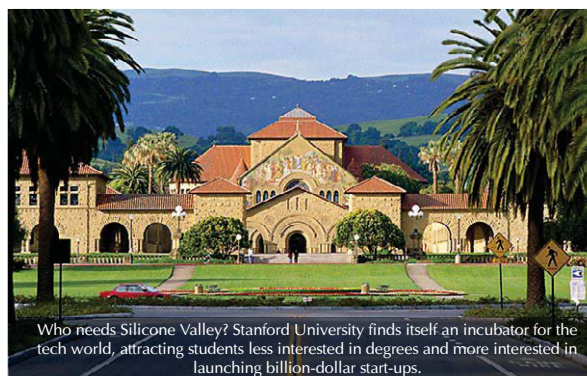
Spiegel, earned \$3 million a year as an attorney at the firm of Munger, Tolles & Olson, was among the latter. Six feet tall and lanky, with a rectangular head, fine, sharp features and a hank of brown hair parted down

and to the left across his narrow forehead, Evan Spiegel had driven to college in his BMW 550i and stood out even among this spectacular cohort for his focus and ambition. "Evan was always hustling," says one former classmate, "always looking to throw his energy into the next thing."

Among his hall mates that freshman year was a stocky blond from Columbia, South Carolina named Frank Reginald Brown, whom everyone called Reggie. He and Spiegel quickly became friends.

While Spiegel took a calculated approach to most aspects of college life – by the time he was a sophomore he already had the contacts to organize some of the best parties on campus and had been voted social chair of his fraternity – Brown was more laid-back, whiling away hours playing computer games and watching TV in his Donner Hall dorm room down the white-walled, gray-carpeted corridor from Spiegel's. Spiegel was prone to wearing skinny jeans and a V-neck, while Brown tended to wear brightly colored khakis and backward baseball caps. Stanford prides itself on bringing together diverse elements of American society, and though both these boys were white and from privileged backgrounds, it was this meeting of two very different individuals that would catalyze the launch of Snapchat. Spiegel was a product-design major, which requires students to learn to conceive entire businesses, everything from the look and feel to the financing of a new product. The Institute of Design at Stanford, or "d.school" as it is known on campus, is a hothouse for future entrepreneurs and their

The founders of tech companies are supposedly monastic programmers who toil away in harmonious teams and remain chaste when it comes to fucking over their peers.



start-ups. Brown, on the other hand, was an English major, which at Stanford is a far less gilded journey. In the new hierarchy at elite universities, it is the business, engineering and computer science geeks who are the cool kids potentially on the fast track to launching the next Google or Facebook, while English majors like Brown are on far more prosaic career paths and could even struggle for employment when they graduate. Despite their different paths, or perhaps because of them, the two became good friends, spending late nights in Spiegel's one-room double, drinking vodka and Red Bull. Brown regaled Spiegel with tales of growing up in South Carolina, his whimsical ideas for potential new products for Spiegel to develop and his opinion of the many attractive coeds who caught his eye. The unlikely pair had a tenuous friendship from the start. "They fought and bickered like an old married couple, even during freshman year," says a mutual friend.

In the spring of their freshman year the two pledged the Kappa Sigma fraternity, one of seven fraternities on campus and perhaps the hardest partying and among the most selective, accepting only about 10 percent of those who rush. That Spiegel and Brown rushed together is a testimony to the bond they had formed, for Kappa Sig tends to either take or reject incoming rushes as a group. Both were tapped, Brown making enough of an impression on his older fraternity brothers that he was awarded the blue suit traditionally given to the pledge expected to party the hardest. The suit, which has never been washed, has been passed down for longer than any brother can remember. Brown, as "Blue Suit," was expected to wear the outfit to most frat parties.

Sophomore year, they lived together in the two-story columned Santa Fe-style Kappa Sig house on Campus Drive. Among their roommates was senior Bobby Murphy, a mathematical and computational science major from nearby El Cerrito. Murphy, like Spiegel, was well aware of the possibilities Stanford offered, and he was waiting for the right tech start-up to come along. In the meantime he was ready to offer his computer skills to brothers in need. "He was down the hall, and whenever I needed computer science help I'd go wake him up at, like, four in the morning," Spiegel says.

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The culture of the start-up, of dreaming up the next big thing and then cashing in on your invention, was already part of the curriculum at Stanford's business school, where Spiegel audited classes his freshman and sophomore years. Stanford Research Park, founded as Stanford Industrial Park in 1951, on Page Mill Road just off campus, is the crib of Silicon Valley. It is where William Hewlett and David Packard developed the audio oscillator that became the first product of Hewlett-Packard. Among the tech firms that have been started at Stanford or launched by Stanford alumni in the years since are Google, Sun Microsystems, Yahoo, Linked-In and Cisco. While Spiegel was a junior, two Stanford grads launched Instagram, which Facebook acquired in 2012 for \$1 billion. Under Stanford president John L. Hennessy, an electrical engineer and tech entrepreneur who sits on the boards of Google and Cisco, the college has become so intertwined with tech culture that Hennessy has been called the "godfather of Silicon Valley."

For bright students like Spiegel, Hennessy had practically built a start-up assembly line. All Spiegel had to do was come up with an idea, find programmers to build it and then use his Stanford professors to introduce him to investors and venture capitalists. He was sitting in classes next to visiting tech moguls such as Eric Schmidt from Google and Chad Hurley from YouTube, was given a part-time job by Scott Cook, founder of Intuit, and was introduced to potential investors by professor Peter C. Wendell, founder of Sierra Ventures. It was inevitable Spiegel would launch his own business, and by the end of sophomore year he believed he had found the next big thing, starting FutureFreshman.com, a college guidance and application website, along with math wiz Murphy.

"We had identified the problem that kids and parents didn't know what to do in applying for college. We had this thing where you could click on which schools you wanted to apply to, and it made you a massive to-do list," Spiegel says. "But nobody used it. Still, we learned a lot about what not to do." Spiegel designed the website and Murphy built it. Working on the project over a summer, both realized two important truths about start-ups: Don't get into a space where well-funded competitors (in this case a website called



Happier times. Reggie Brown, Bobby Murphy and Even Spiegel celebrate the birth of Snapchat.



CEO Spiegel during his deposition in response to Brown's lawsuit.



Brown giving his deposition.

Naviance.com) could outspend you into oblivion, and make sure your idea is truly disruptive – a *new* idea, not just another *good* idea. The idea has to be killer, or no matter how well designed the product (and Spiegel still believes FutureFreshman.com was an impeccably designed website), the business will die.

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Brown spent the fall of 2010 in Oxford, UK, while Spiegel went to Cape Town, South Africa – typical of Stanford juniors, who often spend at least one quarter abroad. Spiegel had visited Cape Town before, helping locals get jobs by teaching them how to dress and how to conduct themselves during interviews. When he returned during his junior year at Stanford, he realized that the jobs he had helped the young men from one township secure had come at the expense of young men from another township. "I hadn't created jobs; I simply took jobs from students in other townships and gave them to mine. I was devastated." Life, Spiegel realized, wasn't fair.

While Brown and Spiegel were abroad, their fraternity had been kicked off campus for one year for serving alcohol during a dry week. Brown and Spiegel returned to the dorms, this time on the same floor of Kimball Hall, and the two took up their friendship where they had left off, frequently dropping by each other's rooms or hanging out with fraternity brothers. Spiegel was increasingly frustrated, worried that his time at Stanford was coming to a close and he had yet to come up with a killer idea. Meanwhile, the tech world had changed, and many promising new start-ups were now built around mobile applications instead of websites – Instagram being a prime example. Apple's iPhone 4 had further changed the tech industry, putting phones with front-facing cameras in everyone's pocket and demanding more user time than computers. Spiegel knew from his d.school classes that venture capitalists were looking for mobile apps that capitalized on this new technology, but he had yet to come up with a product he felt passionate enough about to develop.

One afternoon in April 2011, Brown was hanging out in a Kimball dorm room with two frat brothers. The three were watching television when Brown began to lament that he had sent a

provocative photo of himself to a female acquaintance and now wished he could somehow unsend it. In fact, he observed, it would be awesome if you could do that with photos and sexy text messages. Or how about making any message or photo disappear?

"That could be a cool app," Brown said.

He paused, waiting to see how the idea played in the room. The other brothers, not seeing the potential, dismissed it as a sexting app. "Brown ran out of my room after he thought he had struck gold and went to Spiegel," says a fellow member of Kappa Sigma. "He just knew Spiegel would take him seriously and move forward."

Brown found Spiegel in his room and told him the idea, which Spiegel, according to Brown, exclaimed was a "million-dollar idea." Spiegel excitedly asked Brown if they could work on the project together, and Brown agreed. The two set off to seek a fraternity brother who could program the app. They recruited Spiegel's former partner Murphy to join them and, in an "explicit oral agreement," divided the venture into thirds, according to the complaint Brown filed in February 2013. Brown was to be chief marketing officer, Murphy chief technology officer and Spiegel chief executive officer. Why did Spiegel automatically take the preeminent role even though, as he acknowledges, the idea wasn't his? Because Brown was an English major and therefore didn't add as much value as a product-design major like Spiegel, who had already started and failed at one business. Spiegel has said in his own depositions that Brown was eager to participate so he could learn from Spiegel. In Stanford's culture, the humanities have been undervalued in the face of supposedly more practical majors such as computer science and engineering, something even university president Hennessy has lamented. This may be the ultimate expression of the new hierarchy: An English major, it goes without saying, is not qualified to be CEO, even if the whole damn thing was his idea.

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Brown's idea was the seed for one of the fastest-growing companies in tech history. The app's usage expanded from a small group of high schoolers in Orange County, California – the school Spiegel's cousin attended turned out to be a key catalyst – to virtually every teen in America. While Instagram and Facebook tap people's vanity by offering them "likes" and "hearts" on their best photos, Snapchat taps their insecurity by offering them the freedom to send a picture they know will self-erase in a few seconds. And while Facebook and Instagram allow for the passive posting of photos, Snapchat allows users to push photos to whomever they like. "Our application makes communication a lot more human and natural," says Spiegel. "Our goal is to make communication fun again." That mantra seems to be working, as the company has gone from 40,000 users in



The culture of the start-up, of dreaming up the next big thing and then cashing in on your invention, was already part of the curriculum at Stanford's business school.



challenging IBM. "The idea of sharing your life in snippets of video has been transformative," says Yosef Solomon, a digital-marketing strategist. "The growth potential is based on Snapchat going from a

February 2012 to more than 26 million US users today, according to a Pew Research Center study. "Snapchat stopped being just an app and turned into a culture, a phenomenon," writes Chloe Drimal, a Yale senior, in a *Yale Daily News* op-ed. "It's basically Twitter combined with texting combined with crack. Twitter gives you 140 characters to say your thought or what you are currently doing; Snapchat gives you 31. A text is permanent; a Snapchat is gone within 10 seconds." In many ways Facebook has become too grown-up, too neat and tidy; Snapchat is where kids can go to goof off.

By the time Snapchat added video capabilities in December 2012, the rest of the tech industry was playing catch-up. Facebook scrambled to launch its version of Snapchat, called Poke. The project was built by Facebook engineers in just 12 days, with no less than CEO Mark Zuckerberg writing code and serving as the voice for the "Poke" notification. Spiegel retorted to Zuckerberg's panicked response with "Welcome, Facebook. Seriously," an homage to a 1981 Apple ad

mobile chat platform to a mobile social platform."

The great remaining question is just how much Snapchat is worth. Despite its remarkable growth, the company has no proven business plan to rake in revenue. Twitter went public in November with an \$18 billion valuation, but financial analysts have since downgraded its stock, even with a market cap of about \$30 billion. Snapchat's last round of investment, in June 2013, from several venture capital firms, valued the company at \$800 million. (Spiegel personally extracted \$10 million.) Zuckerberg's \$3 billion offer in November established the current baseline valuation. Not bad for a company with 30-some employees.

For Stanford students Brown, Spiegel and Murphy, launching a multibillion-dollar tech firm should have been the modern equivalent of now-obsolete collegiate dreams: Write a novel before you graduate, get your band signed to a record deal or – who knows? – win a Heisman



Where's Reggie? Murphy and Spiegel (front row) celebrate the company's first year.

trophy. Snapchat is the latest proof that, if you are at the right school at the right time, you can indeed form a company and get no-worries wealthy before you can legally drink. That's why it is so tragic that Brown and Spiegel would never share in their success.

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Pacific Palisades in summer has a surprisingly conducive climate for getting work done. The beachfront community of multimillion-dollar homes goes through an extended stretch of what locals call "June gloom," during which the days can remain overcast until midafternoon. For the three would-be tech moguls, who were staying at Spiegel's father's Toyopa Drive mansion (which Spiegel nicknamed "startupau5"), the climate was perfect for long days spent programming their app, building the design and figuring out how to launch what they were then calling Picaboo. At this stage, before they had a product to sell, Spiegel and Murphy made tangible contributions

– they were, after all, writing the code that would become the application – while Brown availed himself of the free food and beer provided by Spiegel. However, Brown made undeniable contributions even during

this period, including coming up with the "Ghostface Chillah" logo. Brown directed Spiegel as he used Adobe In-Design to draw the logo. (Snapchat still uses a version of that logo.) Brown also began to draw up the terms of service, privacy policy, frequently asked questions and the potential offering language for the application in the iTunes store. According to court documents, Brown also came up with the name of the limited-liability corporation that became Snapchat's parent company, and in conversation all three agreed they would be equal partners in the venture. For now, however, the application was being developed under the aegis of Spiegel and Murphy's Future Freshman LLC, their old, failed start-up. This was, Brown believed, a technicality, and the fact that he had zero percent equity in his frat brothers' old business was irrelevant. At this point Murphy, in his communications with frat brothers about the new application, described it as the product of "Bobby, Evan, Reggie."

That would be the summer of Snapchat, what should have been remembered by all three men in their golden years as a magical season when they created an application that would literally change the world and that, for those few weeks, was known only to the three of them. To be young and so promising, and to sense and believe you are on the cusp of a transformative invention, to be working 15-hour days in harness to this dream and to actually be on the verge of realizing it – the application went live on iTunes on July 8, 2011 – should have engendered generosity and fraternal love instead of what apparently came to pass: a betrayal, according to Brown, and disappointment in a friend, according to Spiegel.

By August, Brown had returned to Columbia, South Carolina, believing he was equal partner in the app, which he had, after all, conceived. While there, he began to write the patent application for Picaboo, because Spiegel was increasingly worried that another tech company could steal the idea. Brown put Murphy's name first in the patent application, followed by his own and then Spiegel's, an order that offended Spiegel. (The order of names on a patent application does not denote relative credit for the invention.) Spiegel expressed his anger by insisting that Brown speed up the patent process, an impossible task. Brown, sensing that Spiegel was becoming more distant, felt he needed to confirm the equity arrangement in their new business. He asked Spiegel if they could have a three-way call on 16 August 2011. Spiegel alerted Murphy, telling him, "Reggie wants to discuss equity."

Spiegel took the call from his bedroom, which his father had allowed him to renovate to his specifications with a white-leather king-size bed. Murphy was by the pool. Brown reiterated his understanding that he was an equal equity partner in the business, and he listed his many contributions. "He claimed that he had created the original idea," Murphy said in a legal deposition. "He had designed the ghost. And there were some

disagreements about what that meant."

At one point in the conversation Brown said to Spiegel, "I directed your talents."

Spiegel hung up.

Murphy asked Brown what he wanted. "Thirty-three percent," Brown said.

"That's not gonna happen," Murphy said.

Spiegel and Murphy then changed the passwords on Snapchat's computer servers and accounts. They never spoke with Brown again.

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Spiegel has by now written Brown out of the Snapchat genesis story, describing his first phone call with Murphy as the moment of inception, the moment he wanted to transform Future Freshman into "an app that would let people send photos that would disappear... We had no idea that what we

now know as ephemeral media would change the communication landscape. We just thought it might be cool to make photos disappear." In this alternative history,

This may be the ultimate expression of the new hierarchy: An English major, it goes without saying, is not qualified to be CEO, even if the whole damn thing was his idea.

Snapchat is presented as the next in line of Future Freshman's products. In interviews, when pressed, Spiegel has gone so far as to say that a "friend" came to him with an idea, yet he refuses to acknowledge that as the foundational moment. It was his and Murphy's work writing the code and designing the product that was the true inspiration. In depositions Spiegel says Brown was working at Spiegel's father's house that summer in exchange for room and board and the valuable business experience gained at Spiegel's knee. Brown, after all, couldn't read computer code, so what value could he possibly have added?

Yet Brown's attorneys, in questioning Spiegel, have asked him, "Did you come up with the idea for deleting picture messages?"

"Uh, no."

"Did Bobby come up with the idea?"

"No, he did not."

"Who came up with the idea?"

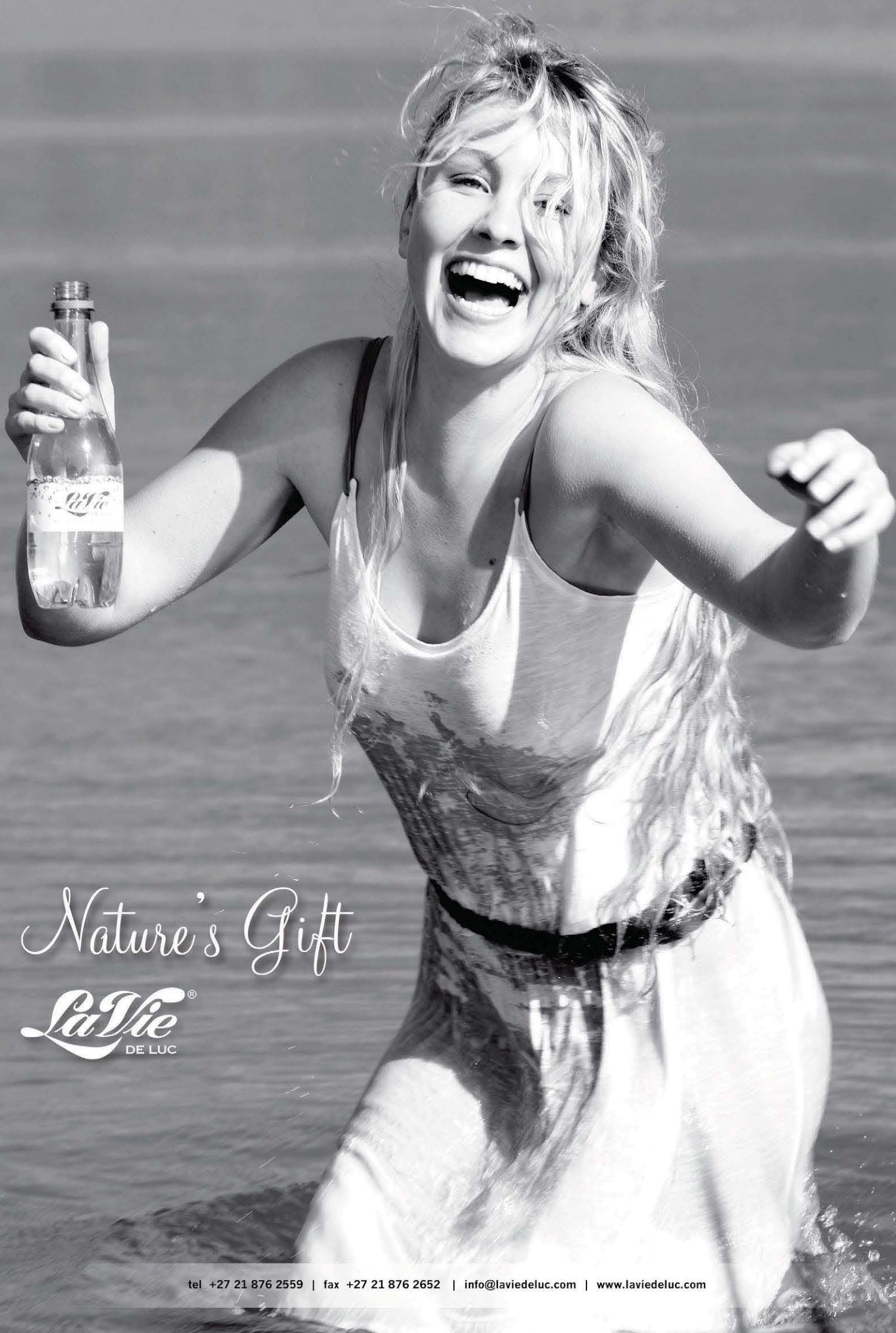
Spiegel answered, "Reggie did."

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Spiegel never graduated, but Brown did and has started business school at Duke University's Fuqua School of Business – never again will he be a mere English major. Spiegel has proven to be, in accordance with his worldview, very adept at "working the system" and now presides over the company viewed as the gravest threat to Facebook and Twitter and the best bet to be the next great social-networking empire. But amid recent criticism that he too cavalierly responded to a security breach in which more than 4 million user names and phone numbers were publicly posted, some question how skillfully he can play the CEO game if and when Snapchat goes public. He seems to have calculated every angle, including this one: Even a large settlement or adverse ruling that awards Brown hundreds of millions of dollars – perhaps the worst-case scenario in the event Spiegel loses in court – is still far less valuable than 33 percent of Snapchat.

Stanford University has become, if possible, even more start-up obsessed since Snapchat began its meteoric rise. Computer science became the school's most popular major during Spiegel and Brown's final year, and the number of computer science majors and students enrolled in introductory computer science classes has risen since then. In the summer of 2013, to better harness the value of its own offspring, the university announced it would invest in students' start-ups like a venture capital firm, through its incubator StartX.

If three frat brothers could work the system and create a business worth billions in a matter of months, then there must be more billion-dollar apples to be plucked on Stanford's verdant campus. If only, incoming freshmen think as they drive up Palm Drive, they can find the right idea.



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ON WALT

UNDEREMPLOYED? MEET YOUR ARCHNEMESIS:
STAND-UP COMIC, DRAMATIC ACTOR,
CARTOON VOICE, AUTHOR, INTERNET SCOLD
AND PROFESSIONAL GEEK



By Stephen Rebello
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND

Q1

PLAYBOY: “Princess of the United Kingdom” is how Kate Middleton listed her occupation on her son Prince George’s birth certificate. What would you write down as your occupation, considering your numerous jobs, including playing a constable on *Justified*, delivering an epic *Star Wars* rant on *Parks and Recreation*, getting dramatic in *Young Adult*, writing books and voicing animated characters in *Ratatouille* and two *Grand Theft Auto* video games? Plus, there’s your longtime career in stand-up comedy.

OSWALT: Kate Middleton should write down “princess,” and I would write “princess” too, except what I do can’t compare with all that boring stuff the royals are obligated to do. Honestly, I always say I’m a stand-up comedian who, through sheer luck, has been allowed to write books and be in some pretty great movies and some pretty amazing TV. Stand-up comedy is what brought me to the dance, and I will leave with the one who brung me.



Q2

PLAYBOY: In the new movie *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, you play an online-dating counselor to Ben Stiller's sad, meek title character, a guy who finds reality so unfulfilling that he fantasizes alternate identities and big adventures. When have you been at your Mitty-est?

OSWALT: When I was a little kid movies bled into my life, a lot like with *Walter Mitty*. I would create fake drama. I always had to be the wronged hero, the aggrieved party. I had affection for monsters and still do. Indulging my fantasies now, I would probably become a mystery man and get myself a weird non sequitur nickname like Patton "Busted Flush" Oswalt.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Busted Flush is the name of the houseboat owned by Travis McGee, John D MacDonald's beach bum and righter-of-wrongs character. What fantasy world would Patton "Busted Flush" Oswalt inhabit?

OSWALT: It would be something from a book, and I'll stick with John D MacDonald. I wouldn't want to be Travis McGee, but I'd want to be friends and hang around with him, living in the Fort Lauderdale of the early 1960s as described in those books, like *The Deep Blue Good-by*, *Nightmare in Pink*, *Darker Than Amber*. They're elegiac. They're tragic. They're about paradise, but a paradise blown.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You grew up with a father who was a colonel in the Marines, and your parents also named you after one of the most famous and controversial US Army generals in history.

OSWALT: My dad was in the service for 20 years and did three pretty awful tours in Vietnam, where he got shot in the leg and watched a lot of people die. But when he was a little tipsy, he'd tell me and my brother, who's more of a jock, "You will never join the military or go to war. Over my dead body."

I got into the kind of trouble gotten into by kids who wanted to be rebels but were pussies.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Did you deal with military-type strictness at home?

OSWALT: The only thing that annoyed my parents was when I got into my early OCD completist nerd shit and got upset and demanding about it. For example, I had to have every freaking *Dungeons & Dragons* thing, and I had to have all the books in the series. But they weren't like, "Don't be into this stuff." They said, "Be fascinated by it, but don't be into it like a schmuck. You don't have to own the complete set of everything." I was crazy.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Was that the worst of it? You were just an OCD type who collected too much stuff?

OSWALT: There was more. I got into the kind of trouble gotten into by kids who wanted to be rebels but were pussies. Freshman year of high school, I had the most days absent and the most days of detention that you could have before getting expelled. I'd skip school to watch a movie on TV or go see *Rashomon* or *Wings of Desire*.

Q7

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a nerd gone mildly wild. No drugs? No fights?

OSWALT: Sure. I would instigate fights, then get beat down. Once, I saw a bunch of big kids beat the shit out of my friend Steve. So I

walked up to one of the biggest guys and slugged him in the stomach, and all the other boys just fell on me. I mean, how did I think that was going to end – that I would be like Steve Austin and floor him with a superpunch? It was a good thing I was really good at making people laugh.

Q8

PLAYBOY: What jobs did you have before you broke into stand-up comedy?

OSWALT: I was a sportswriter, and when I was that, I thought, Hey, do I really want to be a sportswriter? When I was a paralegal, I thought, Maybe I should be a lawyer. Then, in the summer between my freshman and sophomore years in college, when I had no idea what I was going to do with my life, I started doing stand-up – just walked right in. Right away, it fit me. I thought, I want to be onstage; I want to be in this world where stuff is happening, not in an office somewhere getting jokes secondhand. I want to hang out with comedians.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You maintain a high, often hilarious, social-media profile. You posted a moving Facebook comment about the Boston Marathon bombing that went viral, but you were slammed when you defended Daniel Tosh for making a rape joke during a comedy-club set.

OSWALT: Daniel Tosh was trying to see if he could make rape funny. He was failing. You're allowed to do that at an open mike. This woman got angry and interrupted him before he could get to the point he was making. She was wrong for doing that. But he was wrong because he had been trying to kick upward at this terrible thing – rape – but then he kicked downward by saying about this drunk woman, "Wouldn't it be funny if she got raped by five guys?" You always have to consider who is the victim and what is the context. Sarah Silverman joked, "I was raped by a doctor, which is so bittersweet for a Jewish girl," and she's come onstage to music saying, "Oh, I was raped to that song." Is she a misogynist? If you listened to only part of a Lenny Bruce bit, you'd say, "He's a racist." But if you had waited three more minutes, you would have seen he was horrified by racism and was finding new ways to make a run at the subject.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You tweeted your support of Tosh but then followed up with a lengthy essay on heckling, joke stealing and rape. Were you walking back your position?

OSWALT: I've always tried to maintain that when you see a comedian making a run at a subject, if they're failing, at least let him get to the end. During the lead-up to the Iraq war, I got booed off the stage when I was talking about George Bush and his motivations. People came at me, wanting to fight me. I'm like, "I'll talk with you about it, but you can't just yell things away that you don't like." That's what Fox News does.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Who is your most surprising Facebook or Twitter follower?

OSWALT: I talk on Twitter now with Uzo Aduba, who plays Crazy Eyes on *Orange Is the New Black*. I have, like, a terror crush on her.

I'm such a champion of the show, it's like I'm a junkie and they put a bag of heroin in front of me and said, "This will have to do until next season." And I'm like, "Fuck it, I'm probably gonna do all of it tonight."

Q12

PLAYBOY: You and writer Michelle Eileen McNamara have been married since 2005 and you have a four-year-old daughter. How do you deal with female groupies online and in person?

OSWALT: That doesn't happen all that much. My rule is, if someone makes themselves sexually available, especially over the internet, there's something kind of wrong, damaged or sad about that person. It would almost be like taking advantage of somebody who needs help. But I have to admit, I have a weird sense of awe for people like John Edwards, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Tiger Woods, who have kids and still have the energy to go fuck other people. I have one daughter, and if a woman comes up to me after a show and says, "Hey, we should go back to your hotel room," I'm like, "Yeah, we should. And you're gonna sit outside and make sure no one wakes me up for 12 hours!" When I'm on the road, the only thing I lie to my wife about is what time I get up. I know she's getting up early with our daughter, so I'll go, "Yeah, I snapped awake at 6:30am," but really I slept till 10. Basically, I'm having an affair with sleeping late.

Q13

PLAYBOY: That's really the only thing you'd lie to your wife about while you're on the road? What about, say, masturbation?

OSWALT: Masturbation is a preventive measure against mass murder. If suddenly tomorrow we couldn't masturbate, the whole planet would be stabbing each other to death. Part of the new wedding vows should be "And you have free rein to think about whatever you want when you jerk off. There's your playground. Go."

Q14

PLAYBOY: As professional as you are, what's your method for dealing with bodily functions on the job? What would you have done if you'd gotten hot and bothered while filming intimate scenes with Charlize Theron in *Young Adult*? Or if you burped or farted while doing stand-up in front of a live audience?

OSWALT: Charlize Theron is a great-looking woman and a very cool person, but in my mind, even thinking about anything other than the job we had to do just seemed rude. Also, when I was doing that movie, I was a new dad. I didn't think I'd be into fatherhood as much as I was, and I was becoming a different person. But if you burp or fart or something during stand-up, you just go with it and make it part of what you're talking about.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You make everyone's short list of the top contemporary comedians. Would you put yourself on such a list?

OSWALT: The best stand-ups working right now, in no particular order, are Louis CK, Dave Chappelle still, Bill Burr and, just to fuck people up, I'll mention some guys not enough people know about yet, and that would be a tie between Kyle Kinane and Hannibal Buress. They'll be huge.

When I was a little kid movies bled into my life, a lot like with Walter Mitty. I would create fake drama. I always had to be the wronged hero, the aggrieved party. I had affection for monsters and still do.



Q16

PLAYBOY: You once said, "I get jealous when certain people get really big." Were you talking about the talented ones, the untalented ones or both?

OSWALT: That part of the quote was a setup to the other part of that quote, which mentioned Louis CK – the kind of talent who ups the bar for everybody else. That actually benefits comedians. There's competition, absolutely, but I try to concentrate on the aspect of, "Oh good, that person's success is going to be great for comedy in general."

Q17

PLAYBOY: Do you ever secretly hope your biggest acting competitors will get tied up on a long-running TV series or go off and do a Broadway play?

OSWALT: I'd like to think I'm competing as a third or fourth choice with Jonah Hill, Philip Seymour Hoffman and Paul Giamatti. Philip Seymour Hoffman is like the Muhammad Ali of actors, and yeah, he goes off and does Broadway, but TV is as good as, if not better than, movies right now. That's where the real plum roles are. I'd love for him or Paul Giamatti to walk away from TV, because if they committed to a show, it would be some amazing thing with an amazing director, a show that I'd want to be on, not *It's Philip!* Fridays on CBS. Give me TV at least, you guys.

Q18

PLAYBOY: With all the stuff you've done, there's a whole cohort of people who best know you as the voice of the lead character Remy in the animated movie *Ratatouille*. What reactions do you get from fans of that hit?

OSWALT: They'll want me to do something in character, but Remy doesn't sound like Shrek, where it's like, "Oh, I'll just do my Scottish

accent for them." They ask, "Can you say, 'Don't just hork it down!' in that voice?" I'm like, "Well, I'm talking to you like Remy right now. I didn't do a voice in the movie." And they're like, "Oh." I always feel I'm disappointing them.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You're a major sci-fi and fantasy geek. What's your favorite experience at Comic-Con, the massive yearly convention for fantasy and sci-fi fans?

OSWALT: Years before Comic-Con became crazy, I saw this guy walking around in an amazing Klingon costume he'd made – costume, makeup, everything. I told him, "Wow, I'm stunned. What do you do for a living?" He told me he was an actuarial accountant and was explaining his life to me, and I said, "You should do costumes in films and TV." He looked at me and said, "But then I wouldn't have time to watch the shows I watch." It was almost as if he didn't want to watch the magic being made; he wanted it to impact him. It was his fantasy world that he didn't want messed with. That's another Walter Mitty.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Salon.com has a history of going after you on any number of topics. In response, you've tweeted, among other zingers, "Salon.com: The Fox News of Beta Male Humorlessness."

OSWALT: With all my battles with Salon and my hate for Fox News, I'm just realizing now that whether it's heads at Fox News exploding, Al Sharpton's head exploding or heads at Salon exploding, they're exploding for a tiny sliver of the population. They actually don't count. That's the show they put on. That's their job. At this point, they have different ideologies but are in the same business: "We don't care. Anything to get eyes on us." The rational discussions are going on in other places, by people who are really looking at the issues.

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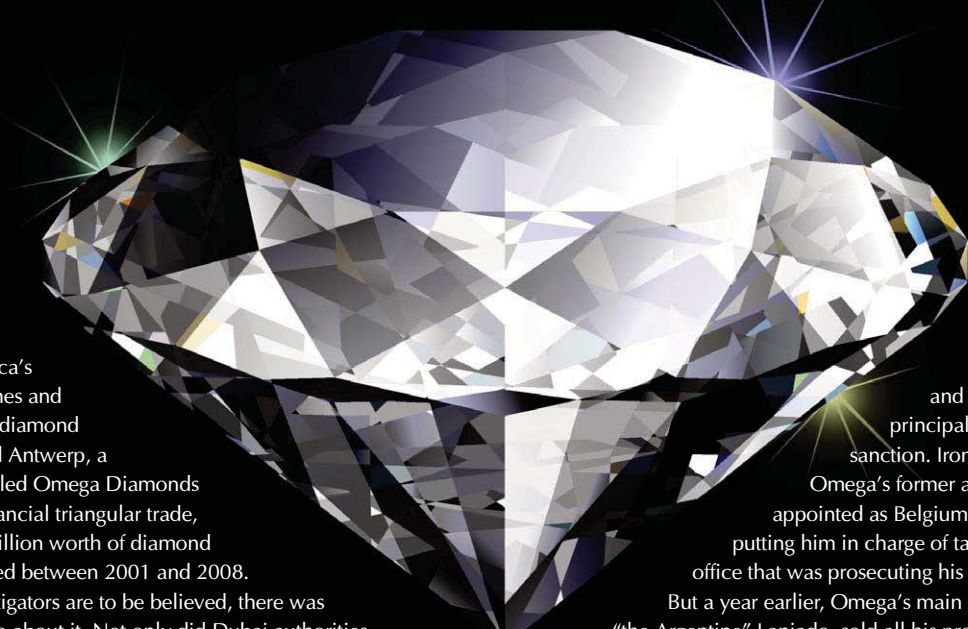
BEYOND BLOOD DIAMONDS

HOW AFRICA'S DESPOTS CONTINUE TO ENRICH THEMSELVES THROUGH DIAMOND TRADING

Designed to shut out the violent activities of one specific group – rebel organizations – as a means of protecting revenues of the world's largest diamond players, the Kimberley Process for certifying diamonds as "conflict-free" has become a process that merely lubricates a vicious spiral of illicit operations that allows authoritarian, undemocratic, or corrupted African governments to continue looting the continent's mineral resources. Actual losses to African countries from widespread under-invoicing and other forms of illicit activities, according to the UN Economic Commission for Africa (UNECA), could be as high as \$200 billion each year.

Somewhere between Africa's diamond mines and the dazzling diamond bazaars of Dubai and Antwerp, a Belgian company called Omega Diamonds has constructed a financial triangular trade, where at least \$3.5 billion worth of diamond profits simply vanished between 2001 and 2008. And, if Belgian investigators are to be believed, there was little anyone could do about it. Not only did Dubai authorities deliberately turn a blind eye to questionable corporate practices of tax evasion and systematic under-invoicing – "tax optimization" being the preferred term – but the Dubai Multi-Commodities Center (DMCC) leadership appears to have actively blocked investigation by other governments. Instead of being busted and black-balled from the industry, Omega Diamonds, owned by two of the largest industry players, was handed a get-out-of-jail-free card.

While Brussels would claim a major victory on 14 March 2013, after levying a fine of \$195 million on Omega Diamonds – the biggest-ever



imposed on a Belgian enterprise – the company and at least two of its principals would escape any other sanction. Ironically, a few days earlier, Omega's former attorney Koen Geens was appointed as Belgium's minister of finance, putting him in charge of tax investigators – the very office that was prosecuting his former clients.

But a year earlier, Omega's main shareholder, Ehud "the Argentine" Laniado, sold all his property in Belgium and, according to the industry intelligence newsletter *Rough & Polished*, took up residence in the tax haven of Monaco, beyond the reach of the Brussels tax inspectors. His partner, Sylvain Goldberg, appeared to have moved his operations to Switzerland and Israel – the former a major tax haven, the other, not exactly known for cooperating with foreign tax authorities. Both men remain members in good standing of Antwerp's venerable Diamond Bourse, whose officials declined to comment on the Omega settlement.

Undoubtedly, Omega was able to beat the system because of its

particularly complex web of illicit activities. In short, Omega's illegal diamond trade linked countries in central Africa to Omega subsidiaries in Dubai and, ultimately, Antwerp. Employing corrupt African autocrats and money-hungry businessmen, Omega would purchase diamonds of questionable origin for little to no money in Angola, the Democratic Republic of Congo, and Zimbabwe. They would then ship the diamonds to Dubai, where they would be given certificates of mixed origin – legal under the Kimberley Process definition – and subsequently over-value the worth of those diamonds. From Dubai, the diamonds would be sent to Antwerp, where they would be sold on the biggest diamond market for more than their actual worth. The money gained from those sales would finance the personal bank accounts of Omega and many of the corrupt characters they employed in their tri-continental scheme.

A three-month investigation into the efficiency of the international agreement designed initially to combat blood diamonds, known as the Kimberley Process

Certification Scheme (KPCS), reveals that one of the most effective tactics enabling the continued looting of Africa's mineral resources is the practice of under-

invoicing the value of diamonds through subsidiary companies, based in jurisdictions providing legal and financial secrecy, like Dubai. This maneuver alone has managed to subvert and cleanse several billion dollars worth of African diamonds of questionable origin. And although Omega agreed to pay the fine that Belgian tax investigators had imposed as part of an out-of-court settlement, it has denied all guilt.

These jurisdictions are often Kimberley Process-certified, enabling tax havens to act as transit countries for diamonds, serving the purpose of removing the origin of diamonds through certificates of mixed origin. But the root cause of the problem does not lie in the ineffectiveness of the Kimberley Process as a monitoring mechanism for actual conflict diamonds. It lies in the Kimberley Process's commendable goal of removing the stain or reputation of "conflict" from diamonds, through a process of certification. Subverting this process requires narrowly defining the concept that now frames rebels as the sole source of conflict in Africa, which still produces at least 65 percent of the world's production of raw, uncut diamonds. So the cleansed Kimberley Process diamonds, produced in African countries that have not been subjected to violence but which may be ruled by venal autocrats, have augmented the personal wealth of these nations' rulers. Certified as 99 percent conflict-free, they may then be used to produce vast profits for a handful of individuals and families. This mechanism is only just coming into focus thanks to a series of court proceedings in Europe.

By 2007, when the first investigations leading to these proceedings were just debuting, Dubai had become a \$35 billion-a-year juggernaut. This was accomplished by virtue of its lax tax laws, secrecy, and its position straddling the old world of diamonds, represented by Antwerp, and the new world of Mumbai and Shanghai. Players like Goldberg and Laniado had already spotted opportunities that a tax haven and diamond hub like Dubai offered. To understand how the Kimberley Process helped Dubai grow into what Britain's Scotland Yard believes is the world's largest *entrepot* for diamond and gold smuggling, it's only necessary to understand what the reigning Dubai Diamond Council had hoped to achieve – and the myriad of unintended consequences that resulted.

Antwerp was the world's leading diamond trading center and home to the World Diamond Council. As early as 2000, the World Diamond Council was working to protect its position in an industry where much of the world's diamonds passed via Amsterdam's Pelikaanstraat at the heart of their Diamantkwartier. Getting everyone to play by the same rules was critical to protecting Antwerp as home to the 500-year-old diamond cutting and trading business, while fending off threats posed by upstarts such as Tel Aviv's Ran Gamat and, to a lesser extent, Dubai and Mumbai.

Dubai's rise to preeminence may be traced in a barely straight line to 1992, when the beleaguered government in Luanda, the center of barely-

legal diamond mining, was facing a loss of control over most of the Angolan hinterlands to UNITA. The government, led by UNITA's rival MPLA, hired a group of former South African soldiers who styled themselves as Executive Outcomes (EO) to, at first advise, and later assume operational command of their military campaign against UNITA. Heavy arms, gunships, and specialized tracking technology – all expensive – would be needed to bring an end to the murderous campaign of Jonas Savimbi, the leader of UNITA. To fill that increasingly pressing need, the Luanda regime turned to a coterie of Russian-Israeli arms and diamond dealers, namely Sylvain Goldberg, Pierre Falcone, Arkadi Gaydamak, and Lev Leviev. And eventually, to Dubai. But not before the Kimberley Process sought to throw a monkey wrench into their business.

THE RIP-OFF

The Kimberley Process Certification Scheme (KPCS) was designed in 2003

to "keep diamonds tainted with violence out of the international trade," and was supposed to be limited to the activities of rebel groups in diamond-producing nations of Africa – largely Angola and Zimbabwe. But the

The "cleansed" Kimberley Process diamonds, produced in African countries that have not been subjected to violence but which may be ruled by venal autocrats, have augmented the personal wealth of these nations' rulers.

\$800-billion Marange diamond field in Zimbabwe, looted through a web of politicians, the army, and opaque companies, was beyond the reaches of the entire Kimberley Process. Instead of bringing to its knees the trade in Zimbabwe's "blood diamonds," named for the brutality and looting by President Robert Mugabe's political and military thugs, their operations continued to be financed by these very diamonds.

Various forms of violence, from physical to economic and social, fall outside of the Kimberley definition, including acts perpetrated by those who control the state and their corporate partners. As one cable, originating at the American Embassy in Belgium and disclosed by Wikileaks, states, "Belgium very recently has begun to take steps to monitor the flow of Zimbabwe-sourced diamonds through Antwerp's Diamond Office... but those involved in the Zimbabwean illicit trade were savvy enough to mingle diamonds with those from other countries such as the DR-Congo, and then send them to other diamond trading centers in... Dubai where they could receive legitimately-issued Kimberley certificates that indicated the source was 'mixed,' and then be sent on to Antwerp."

"What can we do in the face of this?" asked Chindori Chininga, chair of the Zimbabwean Parliamentary Portfolio Committee on Mines. "What is the value of the Kimberley Process certificate if it comes from places that are also tax havens?" referring to Dubai's ability to issue mixed origin certificates, eliminating the sources entirely. Chininga, considered a moderate Zimbabwe politician and member of the ruling ZANU party, cautioned that fingering those responsible for establishing or profiting from this corrupt system won't work if the corruptors are never held accountable. "We must ask who the system is really working for," said Chininga, who served as Zimbabwe's minister of mines from 2000 to 2004. Several days after an interview with the authors, Chininga, who headed an investigation into the economic activities of diamond companies, was killed in a car accident ahead of forthcoming elections. At his funeral, some family members claimed he was murdered.

Intelligence dossiers authored by Zimbabwe's notorious Central Intelligence Organization (CIO) would later reveal that six ZANU moderates including Chininga were "to be stopped," and that elections were being rigged with the help of two African presidents, one of them Joseph Kabila from the Democratic Republic of Congo. Finally, according to these documents, money and diamonds were passing from African presidents and businessmen from Zimbabwe through to Dubai, Angola, and China. According to a South African Supreme Court document, including a judgment delivered in September 2011, the system works very well for companies like Omega. This document outlines how the company had effectively operated a massive transfer-pricing scheme through Dubai:

"Omega imported diamonds from Angola and Congo through

an associated company in Dubai into Belgium. Omega ordered the shipment of diamonds purchased in Angola and Congo in accordance with the legally required Kimberley certificates, for delivery... in Dubai. The diamonds were packed in small parcels. Upon arrival in Dubai the small parcels were retained but repacked into larger parcels, containing diamonds from both Angola and Congo, without physically mixing the stones. Thereafter the new shipment of diamonds was provided with a new Kimberley Certificate indicating that the shipment emanated from the United Arab Emirates and marked 'diamonds of mixed origin.' The new shipment was issued with a new invoice... addressed to Omega wherein the value of the diamonds was increased."

According to the seized invoices, the increase in value, from Dubai to Antwerp, was estimated at 20 percent to 31 percent. For each shipment, a new price list and a mixed origin Kimberley Process certificate were attached. Omega had systematically under-valued diamonds from Africa via their Dubai-based trading company, Tulip FZE, run by Vivian Hawkins-Green, sister-in-law to Laniado. The company then increased the value when exporting from Dubai to their Antwerp-based entities. This was done by taking advantage of the Kimberley practice of allowing non-producing diamond trading countries like the United Arab Emirates to mix diamond parcels as needed and then issue their own certificates of mixed origins, enabling Dubai to omit the real origins of diamonds – in this case, Zimbabwe, whose diamonds were initially banned from international traffic by the Kimberley Process. By becoming a member of the Kimberley Process, tax havens like Switzerland and Dubai legitimately obtain the right to obfuscate the origins of African diamonds. The entire system rests largely on the assumed integrity of African diamond producing and exporting governments, diamond dealers, and conduit

countries like the United Arab Emirates. And sometimes, assumptions can be wrong.

UNDER-INVOICING

The dubious strategy of under-invoicing was used by Omega, which had exported an average of at least \$1.2 billion of diamonds every year between 2001 and 2008 – \$10 million per month from the Democratic Republic of Congo and \$100 million per month from Angola. David Renous, a former Congo-based diamond buyer for Omega, claimed that

a substantial number of these diamonds were under-valued and declared neither in Angola nor the DRC.

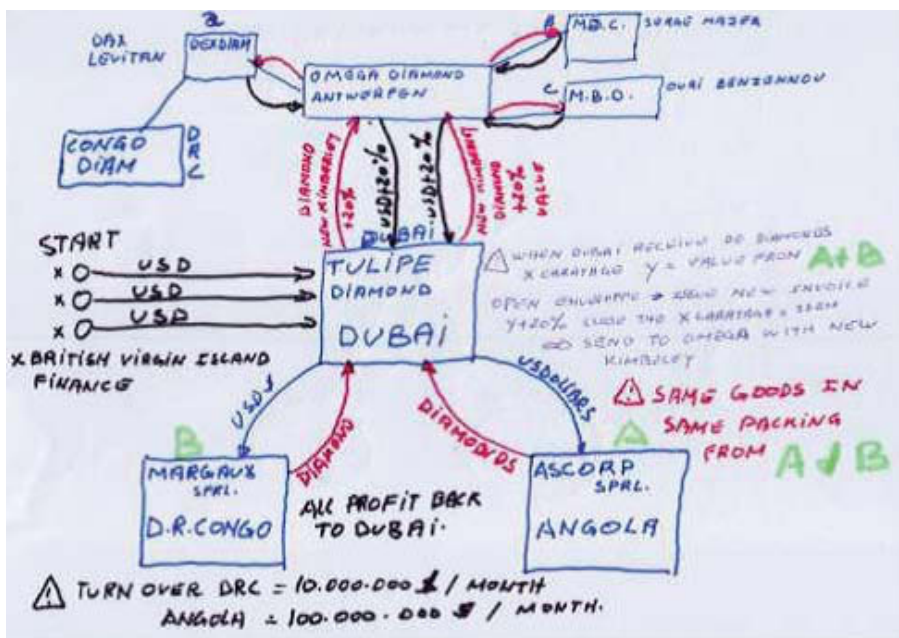
Renous told Belgian and American investigators that this systematic under-declaration was done with the cooperation of key Angolan elites, including longtime President José Eduardo dos Santos, and was part of an elaborate scheme to compensate at least one arms trader, Arkadi Gaydamak, for re-arming Dos Santos's party, between 1992 and 1998, and in defiance of UN sanctions on Angola's protagonists. The arms, all of Russian design and East European origin, were supplied in violation of UN arms sanctions. But the arms dealers and other facilitators needed to

be paid. In a conflict-ridden, cash-poor country like Angola, hard currency, especially in large quantities, is quite difficult to obtain. Along came diamonds and their merchants.


Gaydamak's payoff was becoming a silent partner in Omega's monopoly with the Angolan government. Israeli diamond magnate Lev Leviev, active in Angolan diamonds since 1998, would be the principal financier. The Tulip FZE, Renous claimed, "generated profits. The profits could either



The Kimberley Process has, unintentionally, helped Dubai grow into what Britain's Scotland Yard believes is the world's largest entrepot for diamond and gold smuggling.



A hand-written diagram by the key witness in the Belgian case, David Renous, a former Congo-based diamond buyer for Omega. Here he clearly explains the flow of diamonds and how the Kimberley Process is effectively subverted



Efforts to interdict the trade in rebel-produced diamonds fail to take into account the role of diamond-producing governments. Whether authoritarian, undemocratic, or corrupted, they may be far more pernicious than rebel movements.

[Gaydamak] laundered funds legally. Nobody knew about it.” The system, Renous told investigators, not only allowed Gaydamak to launder his arms wealth outside of Angola through diamonds – an easy-to-access hyper-mobile resource, but also allowed mass profiteering from the value of diamonds. These were sold at rock bottom prices to Gaydamak’s own subsidiaries abroad.

But the alleged money-laundering, under-invoicing, and tax avoidance in Africa, all illicitly taking place under the umbrella of Kimberley Process-certification, were not the problems investigated by the Belgian court. The fraud lay in the fact that Omega and Tulip then sought to avoid taxes in Belgium. In fact, Omega never officially kept more than two percent of the profits, in a valiant effort to sidestep taxes payable on such profits. Three of Omega’s connected entities including evaluation company MDC, as well as trading companies DexDiam and MBD, would trade the diamonds – on paper – and send cash onward to various bank accounts largely based in tax havens, such as Luxembourg, Dubai, and Switzerland. Other players in the operation are alleged to have included several Dubai-based diamond merchants, since all the profits would ultimately stay in Dubai. And all the companies, Renous claimed, were under the control of Laniado.

There is little doubt why the Belgian investigators closed the file on a four-year-long investigation that stretched from Antwerp to Africa and the Middle East. Tax havens like the Kimberley Process-certified Dubai ensured the paper trail would lead to multiple dead ends. Prosecutors could not prove Omega benefitted from over-invoiced sales from Dubai to Antwerp. As the US Embassy cable from Brussels, released through Wikileaks, quoted an investigator stating, “It’s like our fax line was directly connected to their shredder [in Dubai].” The eerie silence from the UAE in response to official requests for information was answer enough.

DESTINATION DUBAI

Dubai is one of the top three diamond trading hubs, rivaling such historic centers as Antwerp, and the world’s leading cutting and polishing hub, Mumbai. Dubai’s Almas towers, the tallest commercial building in the Middle East, is said to house more than 1,000 diamond dealers, as well as 300 international and regional companies. In 2003, KPCS was inaugurated in the UAE by the ministry of economy, naming the Dubai Multi Commodities Center Authority (DMCC) the sole point of entry and exit for diamonds in the country. The Financial Secrecy Index (FSI), assessing the UAE’s opacity, ranks it at 80 percent, or at “the top end of the secrecy scale.” All of which has made Dubai a prime global transit point for diamonds of all provenance, described by Nick Shaxson, author of *Treasure Islands*, as “one of the filthiest spots on the planet.” And that

has nothing to do with hygiene.

“Because of the Kimberley Process certificates, the diamond dealers did not want to ship the diamonds directly from their African buying offices to the market,” says one leading Belgian government diamond investigator, who requested we withhold his name for fear of political reprisals. “The shipments were diverted to the UAE (Dubai). The certificate and invoice was then changed to a desired price and then shipped to a trading center. This way the evaluation office in the trading center received a shipment of rough diamonds with a UAE Kimberley Process certificate ‘origin: mixed or unknown,’ and with a value close to the market price. The full purchase amount, as mentioned on the invoice, is transferred and diverted to different accounts all over the world, private accounts or accounts of individuals. In the bookkeeping, all transfers are attributed to the UAE supplier. It may be clear that the UAE as a transit point was only created to produce ‘new’ documents in order to mask the origin of the diamonds and to create a possibility to divert the payments.”

In another American Embassy cable released by Wikileaks, former CEO of the Dubai Diamond Exchange (DDE), Noora Jamsheer, claimed that the Kimberley Process system in Dubai was corrupted, and that she was offered commissions to turn a blind eye. In 2007, she resigned because she

was “unwilling to make compromises and overlook suspicious shipments of diamonds.” According to the cable, concerning one suspicious shipment, “In September 2006... Ahmed bin Sulayem, DDE Chief

Operating Officer, authorized the release of this shipment.” The Kimberley Process certificate from Ghana was not properly authenticated at the time of its release. As the court cable continued, “Jamsheer believes that Dubai and the UAE are being very short-sighted by not stringently abiding by the Kimberley Process protocols. She thinks that the desire to make Dubai a hub of the diamond trade is the motivation for a willingness to gloss over some suspicious transactions.”

SETTING UP OURSELVES

In an attempt to gauge how quickly and easily layers of secrecy could be accessed for companies intent on under-invoicing commodities, we contacted Vandort Consulting and Intuit, two leading firms facilitating DMCC company formation. We explained that our primary purpose was to engage in “tax optimization” strategies for our diamonds, meaning to under-invoice by using different price lists, and to Kimberley Process-certify our diamonds in countries other than the countries of origin. We also requested as much non-disclosure and opacity as possible – nominees, anonymity, banking secrecy, and other layers of secrecy.

In seeking to enlist their help as clients, we told them, “We deal in Zimbabwean, Angolan diamonds. We often obtain KPC in Tanzania, South

Various forms of violence, from physical to economic and social, fall outside of the Kimberley definition, including acts perpetrated by those who control the state and their corporate partners.

Africa, and Namibia for lower reputational risks, before exporting directly to our trading center. However, our partners have informed us that tax optimization banking would be better suited for a Dubai-based entity [as recipient of our rough diamonds]. Also, that DMCC can offer us use of mixed origin certification.”

Vandort provided a price list: establishment of a new company or subsidiary (\$8,200), a flexi-desk (\$4,200) or serviced office (\$9,600), professional fees (\$4,000), visas (\$2,100), bank account (\$1,500). There were no rules as to who would occupy the office. The entire process would take four to six weeks to establish. The companies could not operate in the UAE real economy, save through locals. Renewal of the trade license requires financials of the DMCC entity, not the parent company.

We explained how worried we were that artificially reducing our profits, avoiding taxes, or using different lists would result in external penetration of our company’s activities. The most accommodating consultant at Vandort suggested, “If you are

worried about privacy of your economic activities for tax optimization purposes, you could... incorporate an off-shore company in, for instance, the British Virgin islands (BVI) which can hold the shares in

the DMCC company. The costs to incorporate a BVI company are \$2,500 including our costs.” The company informed us that DMCC would require all corporate papers, including beneficial owners, but that there had not yet been any government inquiries. Intuit suggested a more proximate tactic for the additional secrecy layer, using the Ras Al Khaimah (RAK) free zone in Dubai, which allows anonymity of ownership and the ability to protect assets legally from claims by others. It would take just a week to incorporate.

ROOTED IN ARMS TRADE

To understand the full implications for the Kimberley Process’s credibility and the industry’s claim to be its own best policeman, only one key fact is essential. The persons who’ve benefitted most from contributing to UNITA’s destructive 10-year campaign to seize power by way of a diamond-funded war were the very ones who allegedly benefit most from the Omega deal.

UNITA and its late leader Jonas Savimbi, along with former Liberian President Charles Taylor, were among the main reasons the Kimberley Process was implemented in the first place – to cut off their movements from financial oxygen.

To place this in its full historical perspective: twenty years ago, UNITA founder Jonas Savimbi angrily rejected his narrow loss to incumbent

Angolan President Eduardo dos Santos in UN-supervised elections, re-igniting one of Africa’s most brutal civil wars. In a country blessed or cursed – depending on your perspective – with some of the richest alluvial diamond deposits in the world, buyers from Antwerp were enlisted as financiers of the war.

In 1994, in an effort to deprive Savimbi of his source of cash for weapons, the UN slapped sanctions on all diamond dealings with the rebel leader. Faced with a major crisis of legitimacy and a threatened worldwide boycott of the diamond trade, the world’s largest diamond producer, De Beers, and the South African government initiated the Kimberley Process. Its chief aim was to sever all rebel movements from the formal diamond trade. Between 2001 and 2003, more than 50 countries and over 90 diamond traders formally signed up for the Kimberley Process Certification Scheme – including the government of Dubai, then just a tiny player with little more than \$5 million in

annual turn-over.

By 1997, the Luanda regime found itself trapped. Though their military campaign had pushed UNITA out of every major Angolan town, the government’s ability to pay for their

mercenaries and expensive military hardware was increasingly constricted. Documents brought to light by the “Falcongate” investigation in Paris implicated the late French President François Mitterrand’s son Jean-Christophe and a clique of top African officials in gun-running and money-laundering. Through this probe, it emerged that Gaydamak – vying with Goldberg and Leviev for control of Angola’s prolific diamond production – hit on a method that not only circumvented UN arms sanctions, but also contributed greatly to undermining the very foundations of the Kimberley Process.

The meteoric rise of Isabel dos Santos, daughter of Angola’s president, to the position of Africa’s first woman billionaire can be traced to this system as well. First floated by Gaydamak in the mid-1990s, her goal was to create a diamond-buying monopoly, much like De Beers’ scheme in Namibia, Botswana, and South Africa. Her company, TAIS, was set up in 1997 and incorporated in Switzerland for the sole purpose of diamond trading. Two years later, as mercenaries helped the Angolan armed forces establish control of Angola’s prolific Lunda Norte diamond fields, President dos Santos decreed that henceforth only ASCorp Ltd – an Omega subsidiary based in Angola – would be permitted to buy and export Angolan diamonds. Total control with zero accountability, coupled with an

By becoming a member of the Kimberley Process, tax havens like Switzerland and Dubai legitimately obtain the right to obfuscate the origins of African diamonds.

AUTHOR’S NOTE

Tulip FZE’s Vivien Hawkins, sister-in-law to Laniado, responded to repeated interview requests stating, “We choose not to be interviewed and accordingly do not want to comment on subjudice matters and reserve our rights to invoke appropriate legal remedies against any public comments on subjudice matters.” Since then, court actions have terminated and a settlement has been reached. Still, Omega Diamonds, including Serge Majer (MDC) and Aslan Piha (Margaux) and its listed auditors, WF & Co, failed to respond to repeated interview requests.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Khadija Sharife, an investigative journalist and researcher on financial opacity and extractive industries, is the author of *Tax Us If You Can: Africa* (Pambazuka), Pan-African editor at the Forum for African Investigative Reporters, and board member of the Center for Natural Resource Governance in Zimbabwe. She is a researcher at the Center for Civil Society at the University of Kwa-Zulu Natal.

John Grobler, an investigative reporter specializing in organized crime and the extractive industry, covers Namibia, Angola, Zambia, and the DRC for South Africa’s *Mail & Guardian*. He is a founder and board member of the Forum for African Investigative Reporters (FAIR).

official monopoly produces its own set of opportunities – as events in Angola would so clearly illustrate.

By early 2004, these partners took full advantage of the higher legal hurdle set by the newly-created Kimberley Process by dropping the price they would pay officially for Angolan rough diamonds to below \$200 a carat, thereby fattening the margin they in turn would make when selling to Antwerp and Tel Aviv. In 2007, the World Bank criticized the practice “based on concerns about special and privileged treatments.” In effect, the Luanda regime actively promoted a scheme that would rob their own country of several billion dollars of revenue lost to Omega – the intermediary that made it all happen.

Omega’s diamond-laundering scheme, a daisy-chain of briefcase companies registered in tax havens, all controlled by either Goldberg or Laniado’s clan, would launder money through blind investment

Instead of bringing to its knees the trade in Zimbabwe’s “blood diamonds,” named for the brutality and looting by President Robert Mugabe’s political and military thugs, their operations continued to be financed by these very diamonds.

trusts in jurisdictions ranging from Luxembourg to Cyprus. But Omega is just one company in this sordid tale. There are thousands of such companies working the murky world of Africa’s diamond fields. Actual losses to African countries from widespread under-invoicing and other form of illicit activities, according to the UN Economic Commission for Africa (UNECA), could be as high as \$200 billion each year.

For their part, since 2011, Omega and the Angolan regime, notably President dos Santos, his military, and corporate allies, circumvented potential obstacles by operating out of another tax haven. In Geneva, they were able to continue business-as-usual through acquisition of shares in companies like De Grisogono, founded by the king of black diamonds, Fawaz Gruosi – publicly uninvolved in prior ASCorp dealings.

REBOOTING KIMBERLEY

Not all governments are equal. The difference between diamond-producing countries and non-producing tax havens is vast. The latter provide the legal and financial-secrecy infrastructure enabling illicit activities, while the former struggle to generate revenue for citizens’ needs. But efforts to interdict the trade in rebel-produced diamonds fail to take into account the role of diamond-producing governments. Whether authoritarian, undemocratic, or corrupted, they may be far more pernicious than rebel movements. For unlike rebel groups, these regimes are legitimately accepted as global players – exploiting national resources in the name of citizens, but abusing or diverting national wealth for the profit of their rulers or criminal elements with ties to the leadership.

Alas, most of these activities still take place in a technically legal way within the bounds of the Kimberley Process, using the process to provide a veneer of legality to deeply criminal undertakings. Designed to shut out the violent activities of one specific group – rebel organizations – as a means of protecting revenues of the world’s largest diamond players, it has become a process that merely lubricates this spiral of illicit operations.

Instead, the geography needs to be broadened to include other forms of violence and violations – including economic violence from under-invoicing and tax avoidance; and political and civil rights violence, when harsh authoritarian or one-party state regimes are financed through revenues, facilitating directly and indirectly, cultural, social, and collective violence.

The Kimberley Process definition has enabled a 99 percent clean

diamond industry to exist largely because the real violence of the industry is whitewashed, ignored, or excluded entirely from the framework – the criminal portion of which continues to exist entirely on the periphery. In the end, if the Kimberley definition remains limited to rebels, rather than the far broader array of often unsavory players who have forced their way into the industry, violating the letter and spirit of the system, there may be no fundamental way to save the diamond industry. The Kimberley Process as it is currently defined is a system that produces the wrong kind of results.

It would be difficult, if not politically impossible, to reform the Kimberley Process in its current form, particularly as it took the better part of two years to originally negotiate with all the diamond industry players. Still, a few tweaks could help curb the illicit off shore-based trade. The definition of conflict diamonds must be broadened to include economic and political conflicts – rather than simply violent conflicts – underwritten by illicit profits. No country that does not actually produce diamonds should be allowed to issue Kimberley Process certificates, and producing countries governed by authoritarian regimes, or dominated by big corporate players, who refuse to disclose pricing policies to investigating authorities should be suspended from the process. Better policing of the diamond police themselves – the key demand of clean diamond campaigners like Global Witness and Fatal Transactions, which unmet, led to their withdrawal from the negotiations process – appears to be the single most important aspect that could be quickly addressed. Finally, tax havens – including Dubai, Luxembourg, and Switzerland – should be barred from playing any role whatsoever in the diamond pipeline, save as end consumer destinations of diamonds themselves.

To accomplish these changes, of course, would take another injection of good faith from all the original signatories of the Kimberley Process – which, given the abuses and the loopholes that have clearly emerged, should be attainable. And while the stakes are high, if these revisions are not quickly implemented, the Kimberley Process itself will soon become little more than another failed and empty gesture.





**MISS
MARCH**



Chelsie Farah

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHANNON JANKULA

INTERVIEW BY: RAVEN ELISE DURAN

IMAGES PROVIDED BY: MUSE MEDIA PUBLISHING (WWW.THEMUSEPUBLISHING.COM)



Chelsie is a huge fitness fanatic. Her father is a former competitor and her mother is a personal trainer. So, she says, "I basically grew up in the gym and was taught how to take care of my body at a very young age." Now, along with modelling, she coaches her little brother's basketball team and is preparing to take over her mom's fitness classes. Strong is the new sexy, we think, and with Chelsie - there is no doubt the mantra holds true. She loves sports, outdoor activities, a night out dancing, or a night in with a nice glass of wine and a movie. You bet we'd go to the gym every day if she were our instructor.














MISS
MARCH



Chelsie Farrah



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

Name: *Chelsie Farah*

Bust: *34D* Waist: *25*

Hips: *35* Height: *5'7"*

Weight: *120*

Birth Date: *3 April 1990*

Birthplace: *Los Angeles, California*

What are your professional ambitions: *to be an established personal trainer and model.*

Turn-ons: *Sense of humor, ambition, optimism.*

Turn-offs: *Cocky, self-centered, lazy, negative.*

My dream date: *A romantic dinner on the beach at sunset with rose petals leading to our picnic blanket where there is food and wine. There has to be wine!*

People I'd like to meet: *The two people I'd love to meet are now passed: Marilyn Monroe and Bob Marley. I have yet to find a better icon.*

Three things I can't live without: *love, music, and wine!*

My guilty pleasure: *Watching Girl Code. Over, and over... and over.*

My biggest fear is: *Disappointing the ones I love.*

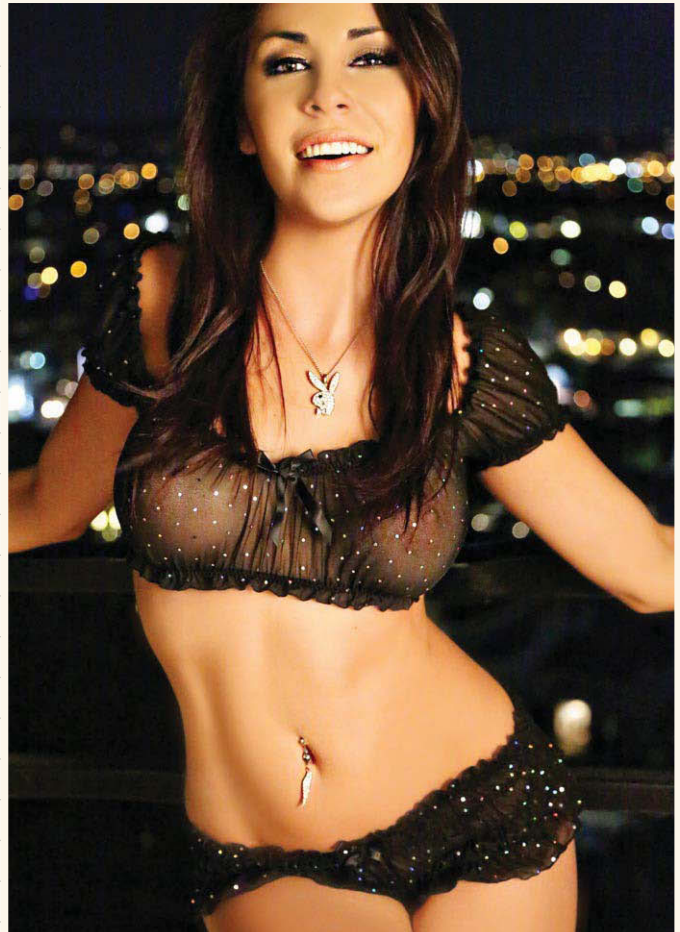
Get me a plane ticket to: *Jamaica, baby!*

If I could change anything: *Everyone would be making more love and less war!*

Happiness is: *Doing what you love and loving what you do*

Sexy is: *The way you walk, talk, act and feel. Sexy is letting your inner Goddess shine!*

Someone I look up to: *My mom. From a child she has been both a mom and dad to me. I hope to have at least half of the strength this woman does as I get older.*



Favorite quote:

"Never let anyone convince you that your dreams are too big."





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two men were trying to get in a quick 18 holes, but there were two slow female golfers ahead of them. The first man said, "I'm going to ask them if we can play through..." He got about halfway there and then turned around. His friend asked, "What happened?" He replied, "One of them is my wife and the other one is my mistress. You try." So the second man walked toward them. Halfway there, he turned around. His friend asked, "What happened?" He replied, "Small world."

"I invited a friend home for dinner," a man announced to his wife. "What? Are you crazy?" the wife replied. "The house is a mess, I haven't done any grocery shopping, and I don't feel like cooking a fancy meal."

"I know all that," the man said.

"Then why did you invite your friend over?" she asked.

He replied, "Because the poor fool is thinking about getting married."

What do you call a 16-year-old boy who doesn't masturbate?
A liar.

"I have a date with the captain of the rugby team," a woman told her roommate.

"Oh wow," the roommate said. "I went out with him once last term."

"Only once?" the first asked. "How did it go?"

"Well, I wore a brand-new dress and he brought me roses," said the roommate. "He took me to a chic restaurant and kept ordering bottles of champagne. Then he took me back to his car, ripped off my dress and was a complete animal. He had his way with me three times."

"Goodness gracious," the first said. "So you're telling me I shouldn't go?"

"No," the second said, "I'm warning you to wear an old dress."

If size really doesn't matter, why don't they sell three-inch dildos?

An inebriated man was stumbling down the street with one foot on the curb and one foot in the gutter. A police car pulled up and the cop said, "I've got to take you in, pal. You're obviously drunk."

"Officer, are ya' absolutely sure I'm drunk?" the man asked.

"Yeah, buddy, I'm sure," said the copper. "Let's go."

"Thank goodness," the guy said. "I thought I was crippled."

A cocky young man was about to make love to his newest conquest when the woman whispered, "Please be gentle – I have a weak heart."

"Don't worry," the young man replied. "I'll be careful when I get in that far."

After 50 years of wondering why he didn't look like his younger sister and brother, a man finally got up the nerve to ask his mother if he had been adopted.

"Yes, you were, son," his mother said as she started to cry. "But it didn't work out and they brought you back."



Send your jokes to partyjokes@playboy.co.za.

PLAYBOY will pay R100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected

PLAYBOY, Magazine Ads

the Original Mad Man

Sure, you love the Playmate. And of course you read the articles. But what about the ads? The greatest adman who ever lived looks back over 60 years of advertising in these pages and picks out the good, the bad and the stupid

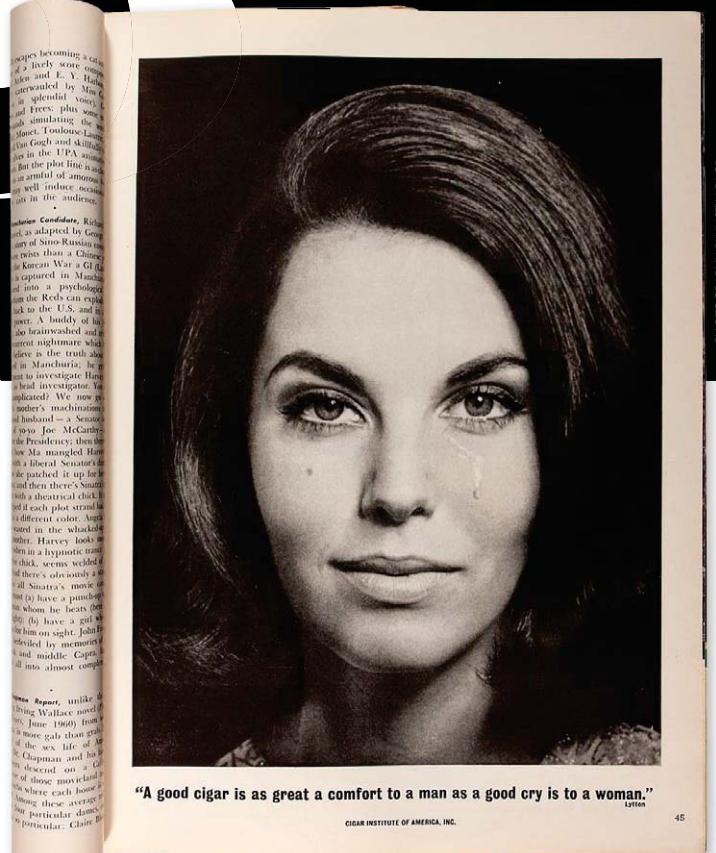
BY GEORGE LOIS

Marshall McLuhan famously said, "Historians and archeologists will one day discover that the ads of our time are the richest and most faithful daily reflections any society ever made of its entire range of activities." Certainly the advertising that has run in *PLAYBOY* says volumes about America over the past six decades, capturing and recycling the zeitgeist of the pervading video-age culture.

In agreement with McLuhan's prediction, I decided to look at the ads that have run in *PLAYBOY* with a historian's eye (and a wise guy's attitude). Conceptually, *PLAYBOY'S* raison d'être has always been to empower men and glorify the sexuality and allure of the female body – which some may now regard as chauvinistic. That perception of men's attitude toward women has, alas, been reflected in much of the advertising in the magazine.

In 1960 (the inception of the blatant *Mad Men* brand of male chauvinism), I created an ad for a cold medicine that shows a darkened bedroom and a husband who demonstrates the prevailing cultural attitude of the time when he grouchy orders his wife to "get up and give [their coughing kid] some Coldene." Americans were shocked at this sarcastic depiction and critique of our male-dominated culture. The company received hundreds of letters from thankful women (and sold a ton of Coldene). My wife kvelled.

Read my following comments on some of the ads that have appeared in *PLAYBOY*. They abound in macho male imagery and



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN PAGE

body language, seemingly created to appeal to the lowest common denominator. But the admen are wrong. To me most of the writing in *PLAYBOY* has been aimed not at Neanderthals but at the sharp, sophisticated, thinking men of America. So, ad agencies and advertisers, if you think people, including the readers of *PLAYBOY*, are dumb, you'll spend a lifetime doing dumb work. I think people (including men) are absolutely brilliant when it comes to advertising. They'll always respond to a strong central concept or image, especially if it's presented in a warm, human way. *Mad men* of America, take my advice.

Look what the gathering of the clan is gathering in now.



Great Scores!
Tartan plaids are happening. And they're not just bigger and bolder than ever. They're brighter—in rust (some call it orange), Black Watch and green.

The Perma-Prest® slacks are blended from polyester and combed cotton. The bottoms are either flared or straightaway; take your choice. And the price is under \$10. Top that, if you can, with turtled 100% Ban-Lon® knits of Textralized® nylon in matched-up heather-tones, under \$9. And start gathering your own clan. Available at selected Sears stores and in the Catalog.



Sears *The Men's Store*

The store within a store in Sears, Roebuck and Co.

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, December 1962

The smooth, confident, cigar-smoking male in contrast to the overly emotional, weak-kneed, teary-eyed female: Even in the darkest days of male chauvinism, comparing the comfort a man gets from a smoking a good cigar (cough, cough) with a woman's need to cry boggles the mind, for cryin' out loud.

SEARS, September 1969

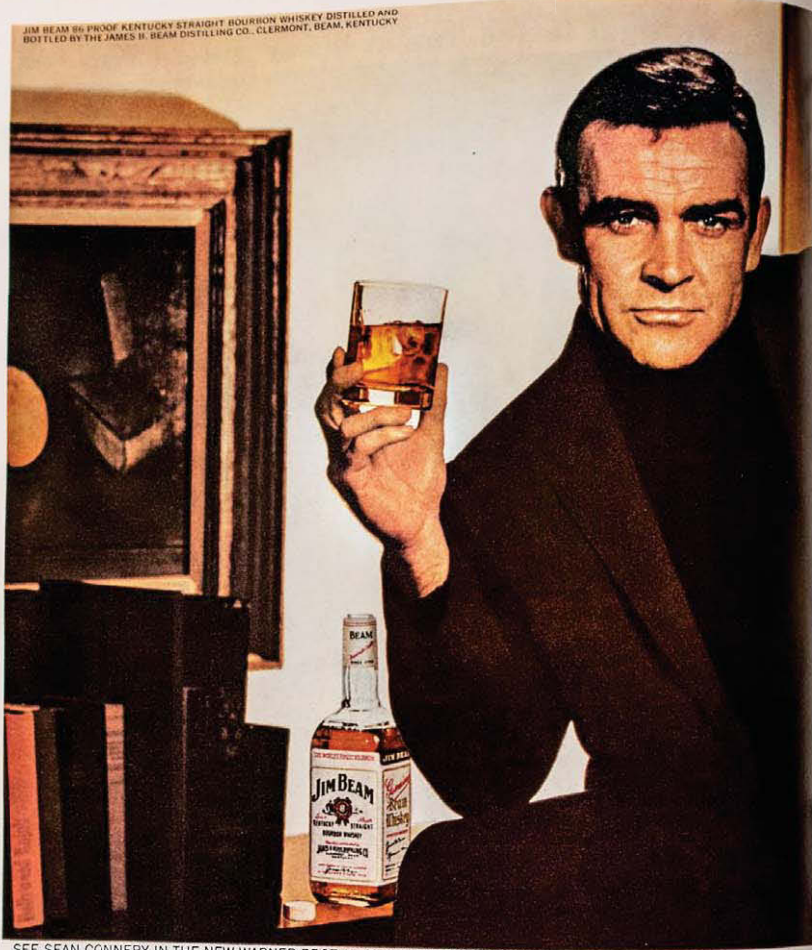
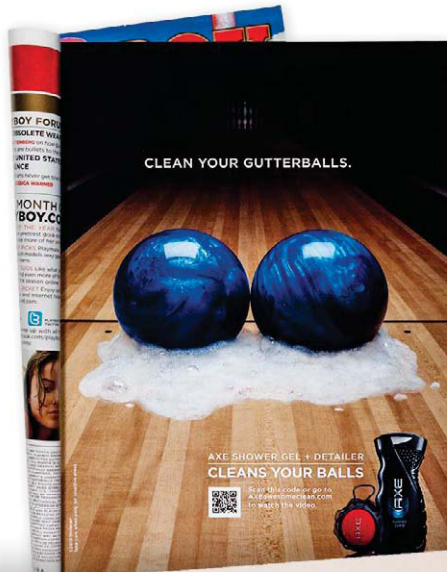
All I want to know is why that PLAYBOY Bunny behind the plane is doing an imitation of the goofy "Kilroy was here" cartoon character.

AXE, December 2010

Talk about having your mind in the gutter!

JIM BEAM, October 1966

Sean Connery, in four iconic 007 movies from 1962 to 1965, made it clear that James Bond's favorite drink was a "vodka martini, shaken not stirred." Yet, probably for a handsome fee, he personally extols Jim Beam bourbon in this classy ad that appeared in PLAYBOY in 1966. I assume the Kentucky distillery considered his testimonial a coup, but I call it a sellout. (Although I convinced Joe Namath, legendary Johnnie Walker Red devotee, to do an ad for Cutty Sark that pissed off the Johnnie Walker honchos.)



SEE SEAN CONNERY IN THE NEW WARNER BROTHERS FILM, "A FINE MADNESS."

The taste is distinctive.
The man is Sean Connery.
The Bourbon is JIM BEAM.

O.J. DINGO

The man's all legs and knows everything about feet. Listen:
 "Boots have to look great—but they also have to be made for whatever you're going to be doing in them. That's why, when you say boots, you gotta say Dingo."
 Like O.J. Simpson, we mean what we say, and what we say is: Nobody Puts Leather Together Like Dingo.

dingo
 Nobody Puts Leather Together Like Dingo.

evolve. be a man. use a condom every time. **TROJAN**

trojanevolve.com

DINGO, October 1977

Seeing O.J. Simpson weirdly seated, flaunting his Dingo boots, instantly reminds me of the footwear he had on when he (allegedly) murdered his wife, Nicole, in 1994. The prosecution presented a bloody footprint of a Bruno Magli shoe (only 299 pairs of that style were sold in America) from the crime scene. Simpson claimed he had never owned Bruno Magli's because they were "ugly-ass shoes." None of the mountain of incriminating evidence convinced the jury of his guilt, and he went free. Not long afterward, a photograph was uncovered of Simpson wearing a pair at a football game in 1993.

TROJAN, December 2007

I wonder if this Trojan ad, the ultimate insult to male chauvinist pigs (as well as to the animal kingdom), in any way inspired that shit-fight in the 2008 presidential campaign involving Sarah Palin ("The difference between a hockey mom and a pit bull? Lipstick.") and Barack Obama (who commented on the fact that John McCain agreed with George W. Bush on everything, "You can put lipstick on a pig, but it's still a pig."). Whatever, it's obvious none of the pigs in this ad are going to get laid (not without wearing a Trojan).

7UP, November 1962

The American man: his pipe, his gun, his hunting dogs, his highball—and his damn pride in being an American. (But I bet he schemed a way to dodge the draft in the upcoming Vietnam war.)

7UP the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY

No cover-up here. Seven-Up lets your drink assert its true character. You always get a robust man's drink—as an army of seasoned highball men will attest. Seven-Up mellow whiskey, flattens it, rounds out flavor. Caution: don't stir. Just pour gently. 7-Up stirs itself. Make your next one a 7-Up highball.

Copyright © 1962 by The Seven-Up Company

Big Daddy

Big Daddy is brand new. Big Daddy eats beards before breakfast. Big Daddy is strong. Big Daddy is fast (many a man will shave in 2 minutes). Big Daddy is smooth. Big Daddy is smooth (women like what Big Daddy does). Big Daddy talks, crackles when he's cutting, hums when he's done. Big Daddy is what other shavers may some day grow up to be. Big Daddy is the end.

RONSON

My wife and years. She n group to Ex she was so bo or four-e-mal at her timin she was, but think 10 days week a pers love my wife away—S.B.

If you had would have re after 12 years

As Sarrry usu spire for any human being reveals in the o full undifren your son pinn (our her for mntire relat

A reader in chaced a 62 needed a su projection te only a surge backup: A p fan from co can cost \$29 low-ond by designed on true or pur silences line tection agair 1000, and m after lightning behind my Hills, Michi We should tamps are exp invented DLP turers to agre can be much

M. husban times fantas therapist an him as well. way. Sometin times I am a but when the know and ha it is inapprop with the hopp What is your do this—D Of course, have not the your husban his erotic day from like a f about these s seem to believ ence between are well aware

RONSON, May 1962

"Big Daddy" is a prime example of the prevailing macho attitude, fully confirming the male-dominated Mad Men take on the early 1960s. Hold it – holy shit, I did that ad in 1962! Oops.

H.I.S., September 1969

This double entendre, a pun on violent political protest, must have been a standout ad in 1969, but whoever designed those trousers deserves a swift kick in the pants.

CONSORT, December 1984

"Grooming Gear for Real Guys" – you need some pair of balls to get that line out of your mouth.

TAREYTON, September 1964

In 1964 this image of a smiling woman with a shiner was a real punch in the eye. In 1967 I designed a knockout *Esquire* cover depicting Ursula Andress (of James Bond fame) with a battered eye as a symbol of the abuse of women. Did feminist groups in America commend a mass-market magazine cover that dramatized the issue of violence against women? Not really. In fact, the National Organization for Women busted my balls over it.

MCS, October 1974

A "comfort spray" for a man's crotch that only a dickhead would use.

the university tried his socks, before a call to honest work. It is rather like in the midst of a performance."

with the eye-rolling about Hollywood it is to know all the

TONY LA RUSSA USES HAIRSPRAY.

No one ever called Tony La Russa a sissy. He's not about to have stiff, phony looking hair. That's why La Russa uses Consort Hairspray. It leaves hair clean, Natural. Yet in control.

It's part of a complete line of grooming gear at down-to-earth prices.

Consort makes a real guy look real good.

GROOMING GEAR FOR REAL GUYS. CONSORT

It didn't take much to make these conservatives buckle under. We went along with our traditional Post-Grid tapered look as far as the knee and then we let the pants drop straight down. The result is a new shape called stovepipe legs. We also added a belt in the back. It won't make your pants tighter, but it will help you spot these new conservatives. Taron Zipper. From \$9 in exciting colors and patterns. Slightly higher in the West. For retailers, write: h.i.s., 16 E. 34 St., N.Y. 10016. Also available in Canada. Boys' sizes, too.

Anti-establishment Stovepipe Slacks by his

Introducing MCS. Male Comfort Spray for under your shorts.

For years, men have tried all sorts of ways to get comfortable in the crotch area. Messy talcum. Baby powders. Medicinal products. But nothing seemed to really work until MCS came along. The name means Male Comfort Spray, and that gives you the whole idea. MCS keeps you more comfortable around that sensitive area than you probably ever thought possible. MCS is a pleasantly cool, long-lasting pure white aerosol powder, with a special ingredient that helps stop chafing, stickiness and irritation. But that's not all it does. MCS also helps to prevent perspiration discomfort, the kind only a man can get. Nothing is easier to use.

And because it's so convenient, there's virtually no limit to the times you might want to use it. For instance, it's great before you get dressed in the morning. A quick spray of MCS gets the day off to a good start. Or any time you shower or dress, a couple of cool sprays of MCS leave you feeling completely refreshed and at ease with yourself. MCS comes in a handy six ounce size perfect for both gym or travel. MCS Male Comfort Spray. It's made just for a man, to help solve a problem only a man can have. Get it today, and get comfortable.

PLAYBOY

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

Join the Unswitchables. Get the charcoal filter with the taste worth fighting for!

There's a difference you can see in the filter. Look. Tareyton has a white outer filter, and an inner filter of Activated Charcoal... fine granules of Activated Charcoal in pure cellulose.

It makes a difference you can taste in the smoke. The Activated Charcoal filter works with the white filter to actually improve the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos... and deliver a more fully balanced taste than you've enjoyed before.

Tareyton
Product of The American Tobacco Company © A.T.C.

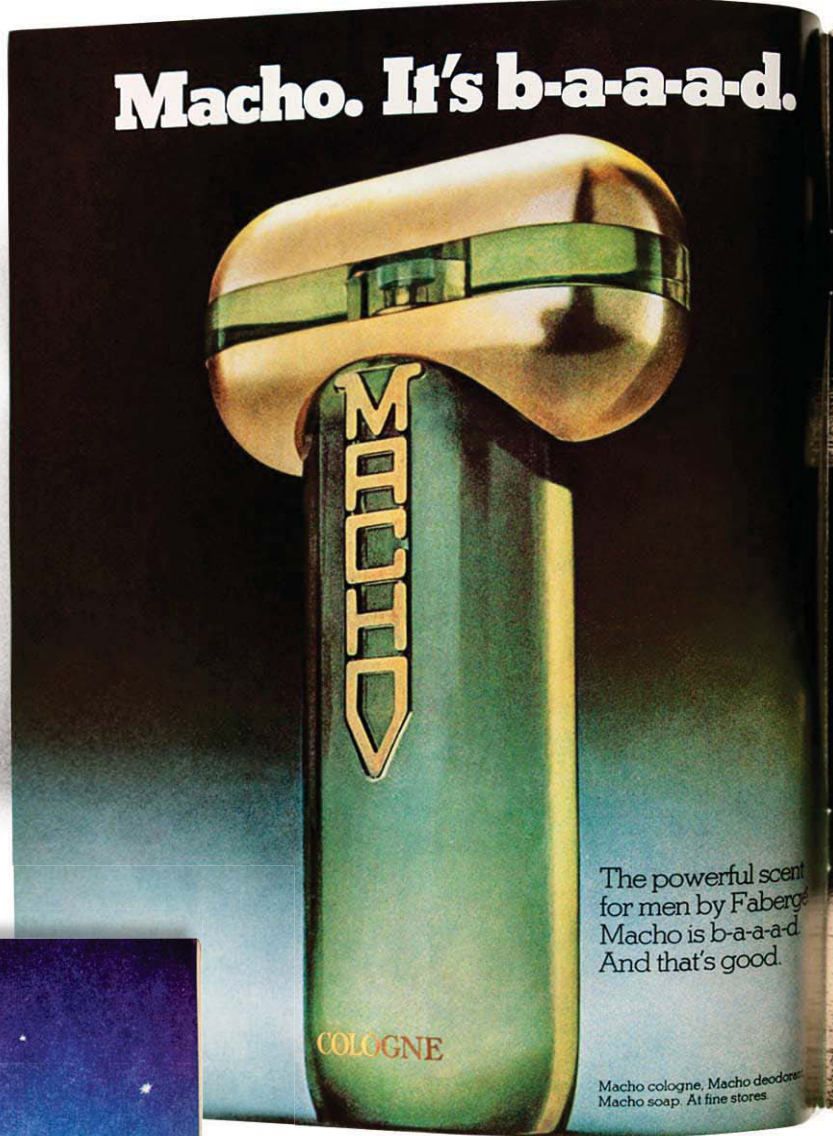


Some day all beer cans will open this easy!

Now only Schlitz brings you—coast to coast—the world's easiest opening beer can! The new aluminum Softop can! **real gusto—real easy!**



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous... simply because it tastes so good! © 1962, Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Schlitz is a registered trademark of Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Schlitz is a registered trademark of Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



MACHO, November 1977

His-and-hers package design: macho cologne for men that doubles as a dildo for women.

SCHLITZ, December 1962

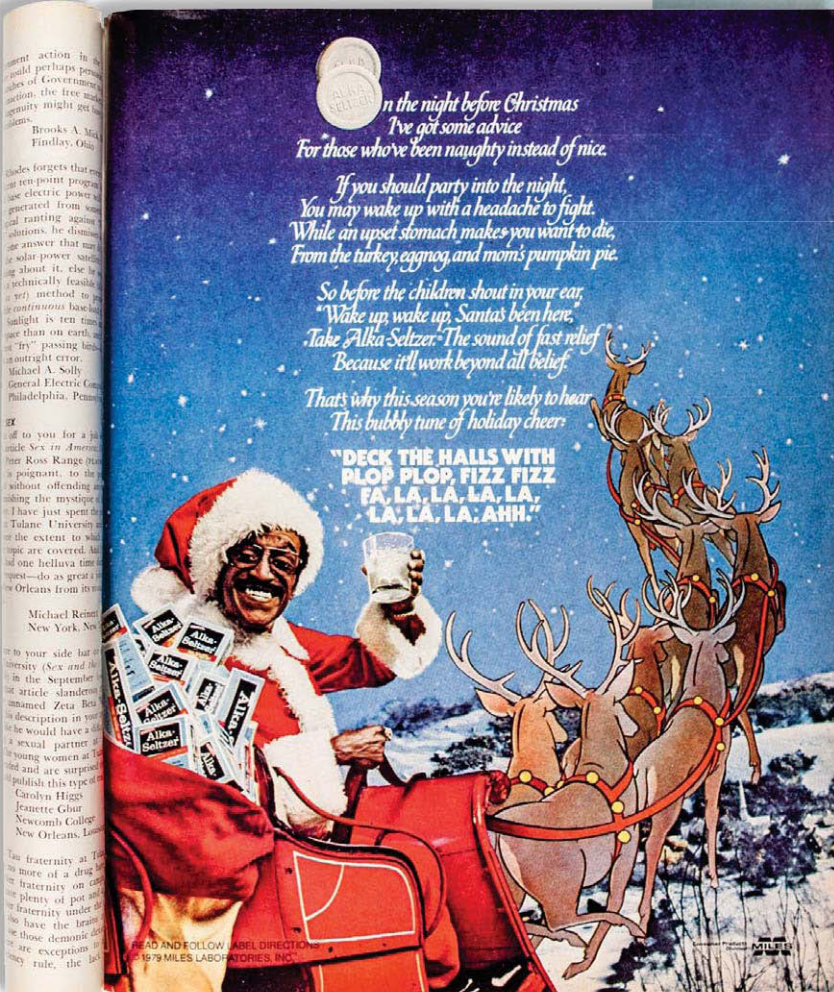
A woman's (rather than a man's) hand demonstrates the new easy-open aluminum Schlitz can, clearly making the statement that it's women's duty in life to serve men.

ALKA-SELTZER, December 1979

During a time of black revolution and rising racial tensions, I shocked America by depicting the surly badass Sonny Liston as the first black Santa on the cover of the December 1963 issue of *Esquire*. (*Sports Illustrated* later described the boxer as "looking like the last man on earth America wanted to see coming down its chimney.") Only 16 years later, the sight of Sammy Davis Jr as a smiling Santa in an Alka-Seltzer ad didn't even piss off the grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

CRICKETEER, September 1969

Seventeen ways to prove you're an asshole. (But at least the suit looks well-tailored.)



CRICKETEER PRESENTS 17 TESTED OPENING LINES.

You remind me of my college roommate.

I'm glad you don't recognize me.
I'd rather have you like me for myself.

I belong to a hippie commune and
I've been designated to ask
whether you'd be interested in
becoming our house mother.

I don't dance, but I'd love to hold
you while you do.

Would you like a massage?

You're a double of the
actress who couldn't
take the part
Elia and I offered her
this morning.

If national security
were at stake,
would you spend the
night with a man
whose name you
don't even know?

My doctor has
advised me never
to drink alone.

You should slap
my face for what
I've been thinking
about you.

When you travel
around the world
as much as I do,
it's good to meet
someone you
can relax with.

You are the
second most
beautiful
girl I have
ever seen.

May I introduce myself? I'm Lord Dunsmoor-Allenby
But you may call me Irv.

Are you free for dinner
in Paris tomorrow?

I hate to bother you, but I just bet a fellow over there
\$25,000 that you'd come to dinner with me.

I've been a secret admirer of yours for 10 minutes.

I don't believe we've met.
I'm Mr. Right.

If you don't like mustaches
I'll shave mine off.

A CHALLENGE

If you've got an opening line that works for you, and we think it's a winner, it will be published and credited. And we'll give you a Cricketeer suit, sport jacket, blazer and 2 pairs of slacks. 17 winners will be chosen on the basis of originality and humor. 100 runners-up will get Opening Line blazer crests.

Send to Cricketeer at the address below. No purchase is required. The decision of our judges will be final. In the case of identical entries, the earlier post-marked entry will be considered. Deadline is Nov. 30, 1969.

While we're suggesting lines, we'd like to suggest what you wear when delivering them.

Like this shaped, vested suit. Of wool worsted covert. With natural shoulders, deep side vents and flapped hacking and ticket pockets. About \$95. For name of store nearest you, write to: Cricketeer, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019.

CRICKETEER
THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.,
A DIVISION OF PHILLIPS-VAN HEUSEN CORP.

CLUBLAND



PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE BEST NIGHTCLUBS IN THE WORLD

WHERE: BROOKLYN, PARIS,
AMSTERDAM, IBIZA AND
BEYOND

WHEN: 2013 UNTIL...

FEATURING:
SPECTACULAR DANCE
CLUBS, DJ HOT SPOTS,
NAUGHTY BURLESQUE
BOÎTES, EXCLUSIVE
LOUNGES AND ROVING
DANCE PARTIES

▲
GRAPHIC BY
ROBERT HARKNESS



No.

Hakkasan / LAS VEGAS

It's a nightclub of only-on-the-Strip superlatives such as newest, biggest, flashiest, priciest. The highly regarded Cantonese restaurant is helmed

by Michelin-starred chef Ho Chee Boon, the lighting includes mesmerizing lasers and wall projections, cocktail tables have discreet drawers and iPhone

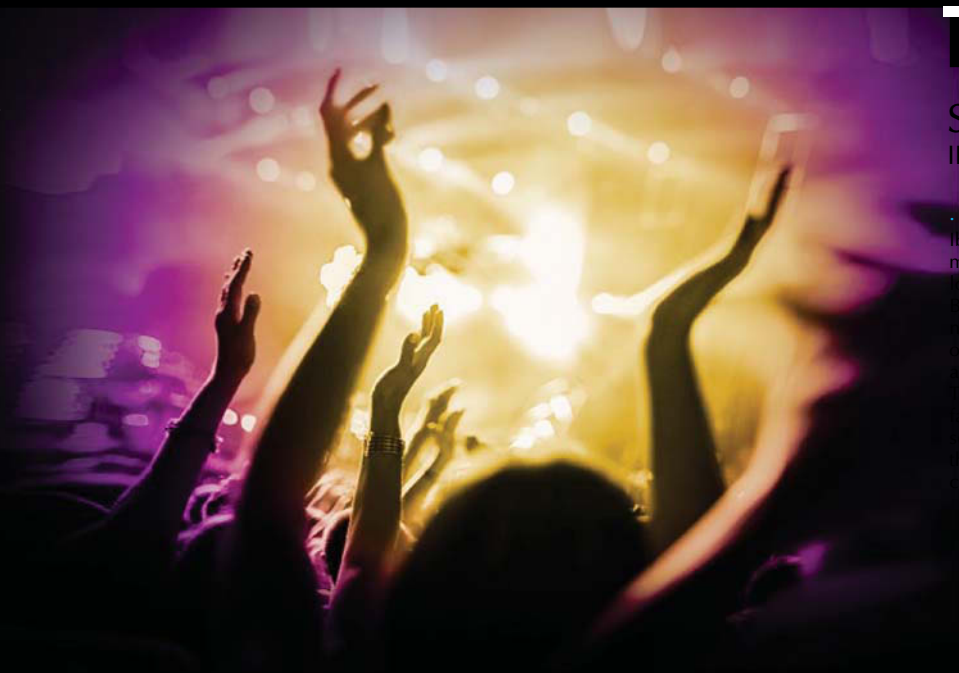
chargers, and 10 jeroboams of Veuve Clicquot Yellow Label go for a mere \$30,000. Let's hope you're carrying the company credit card.

No.

Crazy Horse / PARIS

For the past 60-plus years, the slinky Parisian cabaret classic has tantalized crowds with avant-garde, fanciful, kitschy and incongruous performances by a bevy of gorgeous dancers wearing little more than lights, projections and Louboutin heels. Special effects and specialty cocktails

heighten nude silhouettes (dancers' bodies must comply with founder Alain Bernardin's aesthetic criteria), and guests such as Victoria's Secret model Noémie Lenoir and burlesque beauty Dita Von Teese occasionally join Le Crazy dancers onstage to perform naughty tableaux.





3
No.

Space / IBIZA

On the outskirts of Ibiza Town, in the middle of a parking lot in the Playa d'en Bossa resort, is a nightclub that's more or less recognized as an island institution. The world's most famous DJs drop in all season long to play to the huge, multicultural crowd. The decade-old Sunday party *We Love Space* is a favorite across the board. And though there is an egalitarian feeling in the air, VIP treatment can, of course, be made available on request.

4
No.

Club der Visionaere / BERLIN

The best afterparty in the city happens in a makeshift venue under a weeping willow on the banks of the River Spree. Cool 20-somethings come for the eclectic vibe, not to mention the nearly free entrance fee and lack of door politics. Pick up a woman on the tiny dance floor inside the boathouse, then walk outside on the deck and floating docks to watch the sky as twilight becomes morning.

No. **6**

Sub Club / GLASGOW

Scotland's longest-running dance club can be found in a basement in the hard-drinking town of Glasgow. And because it closes at 3:00am, it's balls to the wall once the clock strikes midnight. The Subbie's fine roster includes local DJs (Optimo, Slam) who have become international heroes on the electronic dance music scene.

No. **7**

M.N. Roy / MEXICO CITY

If you arrive before 2:00am as your charming, nattily dressed self, you'll have a chance of getting in. After that, prepare for a mob of well-heeled party people nearly bum-rushing the door. Every struggle has its rewards, of course: The atmosphere inside is celebratory, the mezcal is smoky, and the bourgeoisie is glad to have you.

The Box / NEW YORK CITY

5

Out-of-towners craving a debauched fantasy-Manhattan club scene – suits, stilettos, skin, scandal – may get their fill at this miniature gilded Hammerstein Ballroom. They'll also appreciate the downtown nightclub's jewel-box size, excessive indulgence and Theatre of Varieties: over-the-top Cirque-inspired stage acts of the burlesque, acrobatic, raunchy and

ridiculous sort. Impress your voyeuristic lady friend by booking a booth close to the stage for the 1:00am show. Then swing up to the mezzanine balustrade for more champagne and a bird's-eye view of the oddities below.

No.



Silencio / PARIS

A spectacular and somewhat clandestine venue – at once surreal and intimate – has instilled a new heartbeat in Parisian nightlife. The David Lynch-designed private club offers carefully programmed dining, drinking, film watching, live-band spectating and art-performance experiencing. Low lighting and gold leaf make the high-fashion crowd even hotter. Proper cocktail swilling builds bravado for dancing at Social Club next door.

NOS.
9-11



Panorama Bar
BERLIN

The epic nightclub pulls all-weekenders: Friday-night parties roll strong through Monday morning. The door scene can get pretty theatrical, so put your best foot forward (without putting it in your mouth).

10

Low End Theory
LOS ANGELES

The weekly club night began as an alternative to the Hollywood scene. The party's five residents are intent on linking LA hip-hop traditions with new technologies and special guests (Thom Yorke, Erykah Badu). The results are epic.

11

Skye Restaurante & Bar
SÃO PAULO

The insane 360-degree view is this rooftop lounge's main attraction. DJs set up around 9:00pm and produce a fine mist of Brazilian bossa nova and electro over the streets of the most upscale neighborhood in São Paulo.

No. **12** Golden Pudel /
HAMBURG

It turns out a slapdash building standing in St Pauli is the dance floor to be on till the break of dawn. The space hosts excellent DJs from around the world, an anti-establishment attitude fills the air, and people hit the dance floor – hard. Once the sun rises and the last of the beers are cashed, the crowd disperses along the River Elbe.



No. **13**

Trouw /
AMSTERDAM

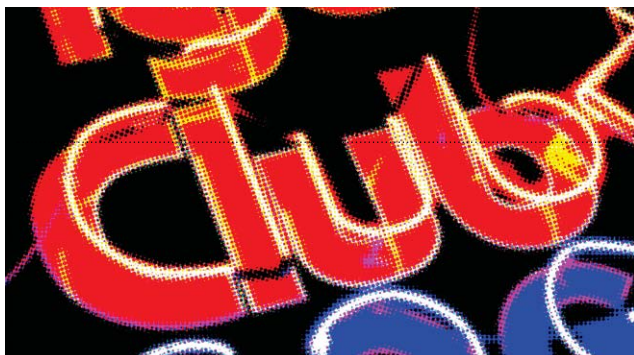
The first nightclub in the city to get a 24-hour permit is a massive live-music venue and restaurant in an old newspaper printing factory. The main dance floor has rainbow lighting and an amphitheater feel, with the DJ booth front and center.

Mixed-genre music, mixed-use bathrooms, the occasional art exhibition and movie screenings showcase the club's cultural tendencies. There's a strict door policy, but that makes the buildup to getting inside even better.

No. **14**

Bossa Nova Civic Club /
BROOKLYN

The latest straight-out-of-Brooklyn club is this vaguely tropical-themed hole-in-the-wall. Young, artsy, fashionable Bushwick characters, rebelling against the mason-jar cocktail scene, party on with whiskey and beer as the next generation of underground music producers kills it in the DJ booth. The night is young, the dance floor is sweaty, and everything is full of promise.



No. **15**

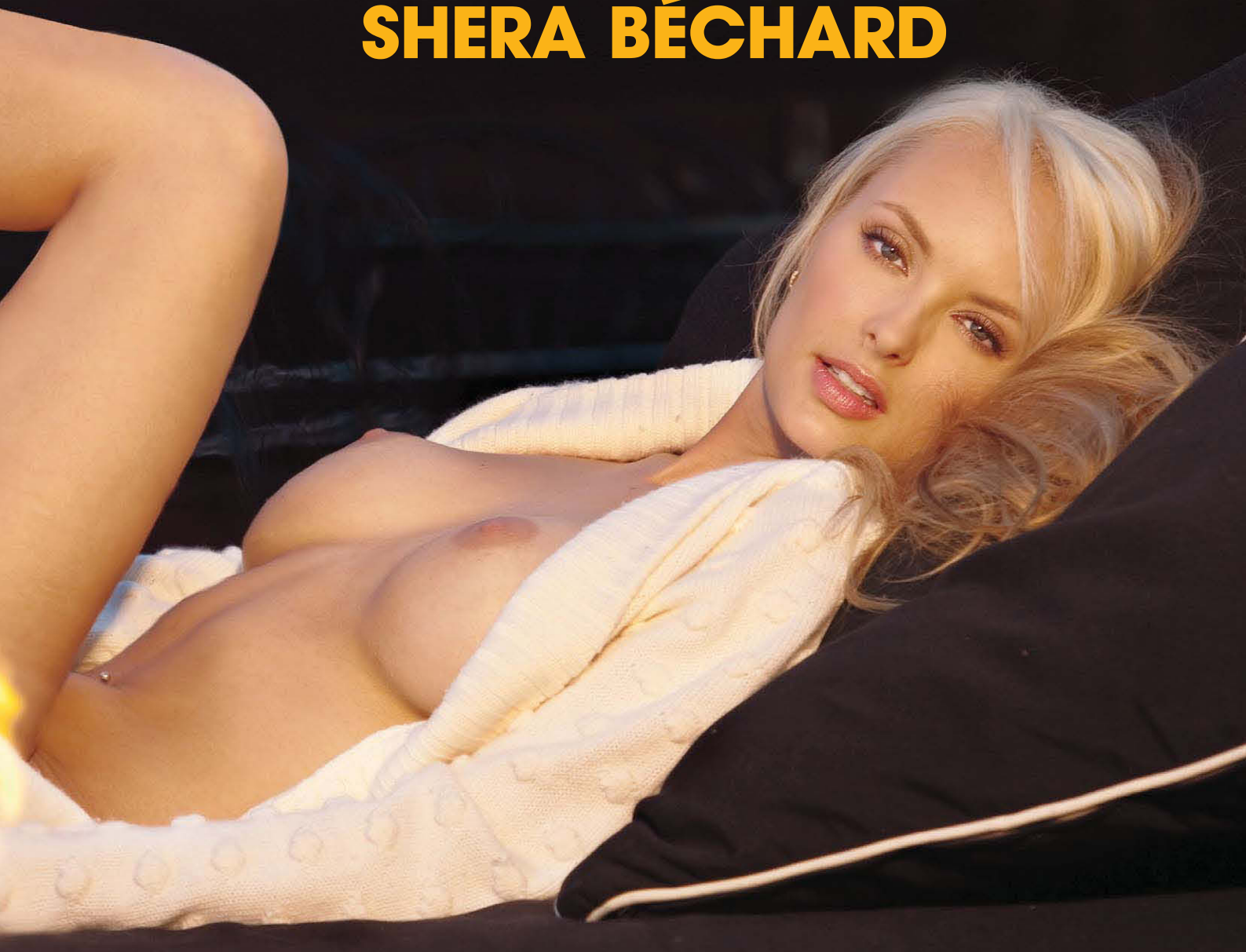
First Avenue /
MINNEAPOLIS

This no-frills-except-killer-acoustics dance club has reached landmark status – thank you, Prince – since it opened in 1970. It is so loved by the people of Minneapolis, in fact, that when it faced bankruptcy in 2004, the mayor spearheaded an effort to buy it out. From new wave to Nine Inch Nails to the excellent weekly Saturday party *Too Much Love*, the draw of this downtown danceateria is irresistible.



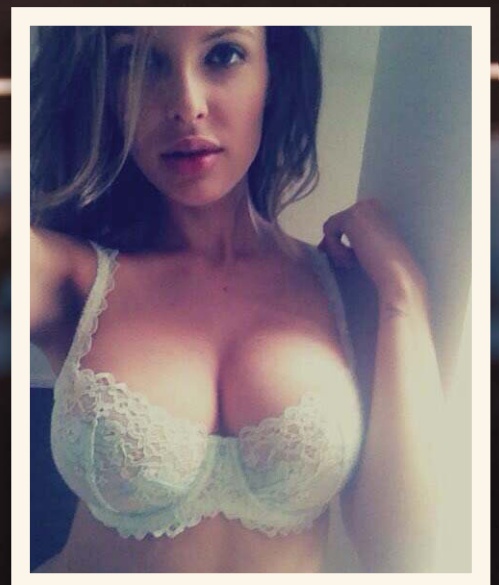
THE QUEEN OF #FRISKYFRIDAY

SHERA BÉCHARD

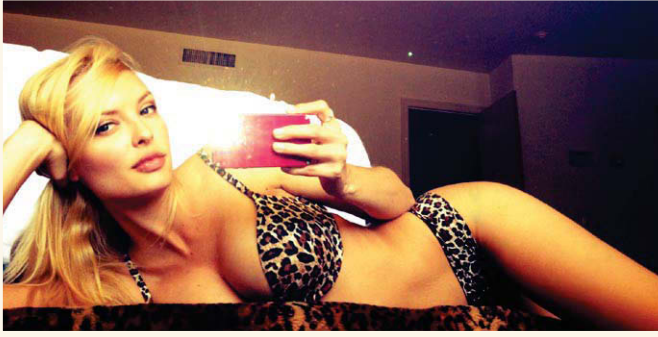


Friday is so much better when it's Frisky. And we have Miss November 2010 to thank for it. She invented, and perfected, #FriskyFriday – the Twitter phenomenon where women tweet pics of themselves every Friday along with the hashtag #FriskyFriday, and fans around the world retweet. It's a self-reinforcing cycle of fun.

With "selfie" having been declared the word of the year for 2013, we thought we'd go back to the woman who started it all – Shera Béchard – and ask her more about how it started, how it's changed, and what makes a great #FriskyFriday pic.







Since “selfie” was declared “word of the year” for 2013, do you think you had a little bit to do with that?

Yeah, I guess I helped a little. Obviously I didn't create the word, nor did I take the first selfie, but I think the #FriskyFriday craze helped legitimize self-taken pics. So it made me smile when it was declared word of the year knowing that I had a small hand in it.

How and when did #FriskyFriday first start? Can you remember your first few # FriskyFriday pics and how people responded?

I started it in December 2010, as a means to help garner votes for Playmate of the Year. The first pic I posted as a FriskyFriday was a selfie. But next week it was a professionally taken pic, and it didn't get the same response as the one I took myself. So for the third week I went back to a selfie and, once again, people loved it. So I decided then to keep FriskyFriday as purely self-taken pics.

How have you seen #Frisky Friday change over the years?

Well, my vision for it was self-taken pics, that weren't completely naked. The idea was to tease and be, well, “Frisky”... So it bothers me when girls post pics that are either professionally done or taken by someone else. And it really bothers me when they post pics that are completely revealing. The pics should be tasteful and sexy, not raunchy.

Is #FriskyFriday still a PLAYBOY thing or has it become something else? Is that OK?

Yeah, it's still definitely a PLAYBOY thing. But if girls outside the PLAYBOY circle do FriskyFriday pics that's okay, because it helps to build the PLAYBOY brand.

How do you explain the #FriskyFriday phenomenon? Do you think it's the women who submit or the men who retweet (RT) that continue to drive its popularity?

Well the two go hand-in-hand don't they? If women didn't post sexy pics men wouldn't RT. And if men didn't respond in a positive way women wouldn't post them. And don't forget, lots of women RT the pics too.





My vision for it was self-taken pics, that weren't completely naked. The idea was to tease and be, well, "Frisky."

Why do you think #FriskyFriday is so popular with women?

What woman doesn't want to feel sexy and glamorous? And taking a self-pic allows them fulfill that desire without the need for a professional photoshoot. The other thing I personally like about #FriskyFriday pics is that there is so much talk these days about how much photoshopping and make-up, etc goes into making women look "perfect," but FriskyFriday pics show how beautiful and sexy women are without the use of any tricks.

We know your original "rules" (ie must be selfie, must be non nude, etc) and we try to abide by them when we RT and post. Does it annoy you that the definitions seem to have changed?

Yeah it does. What really bothers me is that it seems to be done by girls who are desperately clamoring for attention, so they have to push things to the extreme. And even fans have commented to me that they prefer it when girls stick to the original "rules."

What do you think makes a great #FriskyFriday pic? Give our fans some tips?

Well obviously it has to be self-taken and non-nude. But what makes a great FriskyFriday pic is one that has an artistic flare to it – like the creative use of a mirror, a unique angle, using of lighting or shadows, etc.

What is your favorite #FriskyFriday pic you've ever taken?

Well, I guess one of my favorites is the one that started it all. I also really like the one I did with the PLAYBOY scarf. Those are two of my favourites that I did. But I also have always loved the pics that Kassie Lyn Logsdon takes. She's got a creative eye and knows how to make them extra special. (Ed's note to self: Follow <https://twitter.com/MissKassieLyn>)

What are you currently busy with and where can we look for you next?

To be honest, I'm not doing as much modeling anymore. I've always enjoyed it but I've never loved it. So I'm kind of in a transitionary point in my life – just trying to figure out my next steps, and enjoying life one day at a time.

All we can say, is we are grateful for #FriskyFriday.

Follow Shera at <https://twitter.com/SheraBécharde>
Follow us at <https://twitter.com/PlayboyMagSA>
Don't forget to tag us and use the hashtag #FriskyFriday.

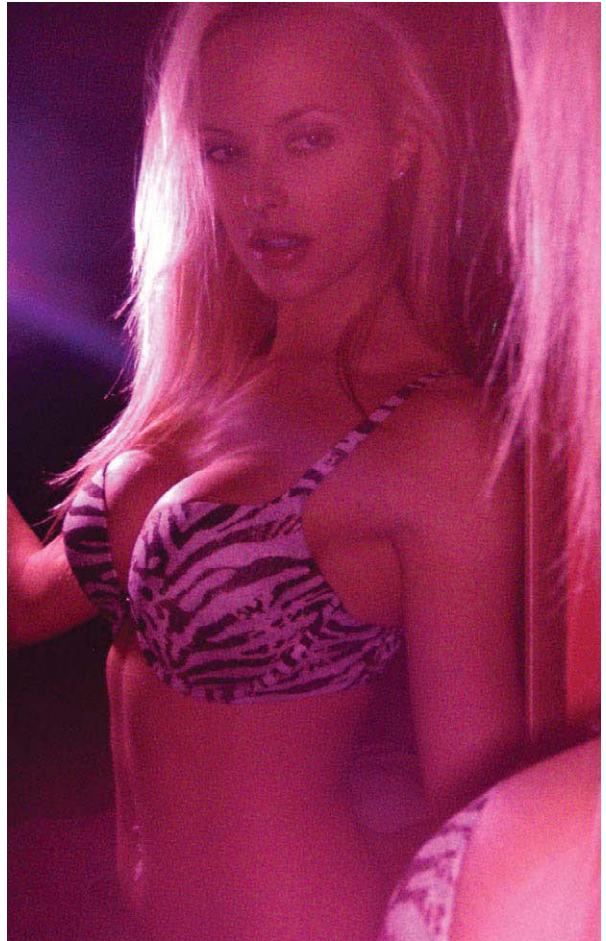
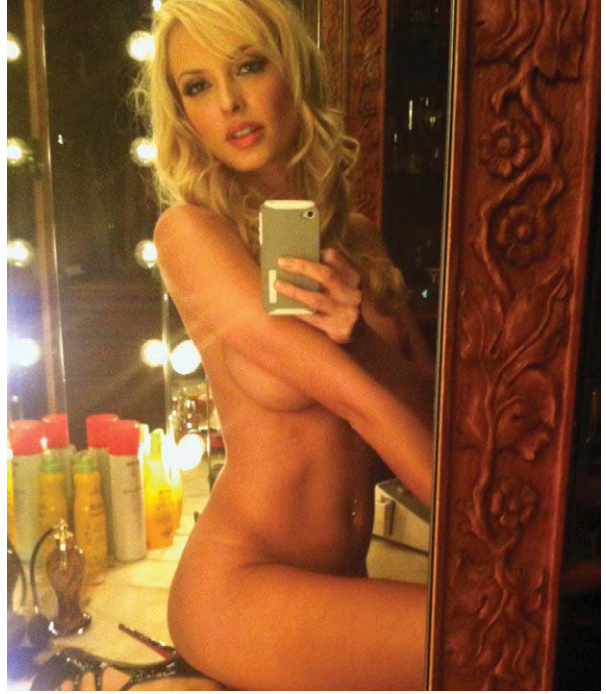








“The other thing I like about #FriskyFriday pics is that there is so much talk these days about how much photoshopping and make-up, etc goes into making women look “perfect,” but FriskyFriday pics show how beautiful and sexy women are without the use of any tricks.”



Entertainment

OPENS 28 MARCH

CAPTAIN AMERICA

Based on the ever-popular Marvel comic book series, first published in 1941, Marvel's *Captain America: The Winter Soldier* returns Chris Evans as the iconic Super Hero character Steve Rogers/Captain America, along with Scarlett Johansson as Black Widow and Samuel L Jackson as Nick Fury. In addition, film icon Robert Redford has joined the all-star cast as Agent Alexander Pierce, a

senior leader within the S.H.I.E.L.D. organization.

Captain America: The Winter Soldier will pick-up where *Marvel's The Avengers* left off, as Steve Rogers struggles to embrace his role in the modern world and teams up with Natasha Romanoff, aka Black Widow, to battle a powerful yet shadowy enemy in present-day Washington, DC.





OPENS 7 MARCH

300: RISE OF AN EMPIRE

300: Rise of an Empire is based on Frank Miller's latest graphic novel *Xerxes* and is told in the amazing visual style of its predecessor, the blockbuster *300*. This new chapter in the epic saga takes the action to a fresh battlefield – the sea – as Greek general Themistokles (Sullivan Stapleton) attempts to unite all of Greece by leading a charge that will change the course of the war. The film pits Themistokles against the massive invading Persian forces led by mortal-turned-god Xerxes (Rodrigo Santoro) and Artemisia (Eva Green), vengeful commander of the Persian navy. Other well-known actors taking part in the action include Lena Headey reprising her role from *300* as Gorgo the Spartan Queen, Hans Matheson (*Clash of the Titans*) starring as Aeskylos, and David Wenham (*Van Helsing*) as Dilios.

OPENS 20 MARCH

NEED FOR SPEED

Based on the eponymous car racing video game franchise, *Need for Speed* captures the freedom and excitement of the game in a real-world setting while bringing a level of intensity and authenticity to the action on-screen.

For Tobey Marshall (Aaron Paul), who runs his family's auto shop and races the underground street circuit with his buddies on weekends, life is good. But his whole world is turned upside down when he is sent to prison for a crime he didn't commit. In prison, he spends the next two years thinking about one thing: vengeance. While questioning the morals to which he has always adhered, he is nevertheless determined to bring down his enemies... no matter what the cost.

Tapping into the significance of the car and the open road in American car culture and the freedom and individualism with which they both provide, *Need for Speed* is a story of honor, friendship and loyalty and the testosterone-fueled journey of one man looking for revenge and ultimately, redemption.



OPENS 20 MARCH

MR PEABODY AND SHERMAN

Looking to please the child inside? Then you'll love Mr Peabody, the most accomplished dog in the world, and his mischievous boy Sherman as the two friends use their time machine – the WABAC – to go on the most outrageous adventures known to man or dog. But when Sherman takes the WABAC out for a joyride to impress his friend Penny, they accidentally rip a hole in the universe, wreaking havoc on the most important events in world history. Before they forever alter the past, present and future, Mr Peabody must come to their rescue, ultimately facing the most daunting challenge of any era: figuring out how to be a parent.



Listen

Blinking & Breathing

Simon and the Bande à Part

How far should one take gazing at your own navel? Introspection can be so fucking painful. Probably twice as bad when you don't play an instrument. That's what poetry is for. But it is part of the human condition and the lyrics that Simon and crew produce should help most heartaches go somewhere. Hopefully to a better place.

This album is a tad too melancholic for my own taste, but if you get yourself into the studio for the fourth time, as S & the Bande have done, you obviously have some soldiers marching to your tune. (And damn right we will make corny comments like that when the band's name

Cool is cool as long as there is confidence. And it takes balls to make music and to commit to a band and cut some tracks.

sounds like a short-shit who got his butt kicked at Waterloo.)

You, too, must have those friends who preach their music gospel from Mount High Horse. I have three friends who post to Facebook whatever they are listening to. And with each high preacher, the sycophants do their modern day "amens," liking every ever-weirder song by which they try to make up for their smallish dicks. See, the way I see it, it is much harder to learn to play an instrument well than what it is to write about it. Music takes years of practice. Years of not doing other stuff you could have been doing. So, when a person is finally good enough to play the kind of tunes Simon does



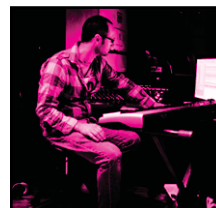
along with a bunch of talented other musicians, one should really not sit and be too judgmental. Cool is cool as long as there is confidence. And it takes balls to make music and to commit to a band and cut some tracks.

That said, I do not like Simon's voice. There should be a rule that just because (a) you play an instrument well, or (b) you really want most to be the next big thing, or (c) your parents have the largest garage, or (d) you are stoned less often than the rest and that allows you to take charge of the band, you should not automatically qualify to be the lead singer. In all fairness, it may be that the somewhat unpolished production quality, perhaps a factor of budget, could not smooth all the cracks, even in the hands of the Aussie mix-master Ian Pritchett who they brought in to work with them on this one. But, no, not my kind of vocals.

That is the only negative if one really must

try and stick to this genre of bitchslapping record-reviewing. For the rest, Simon and the Bande à Part try brave new folksy things, like the "heartmonizing" and whistling on "See Me Sink, See Me Rise." The French horn of Gene Kierman, too, is a pleasant addition. Apart from a cello, are there any warmer sounds you can throw into any mix? And there are definitely some foot-tapping folksy moments that suggest that I might have to trek down to Obs one night and hang in the corner. Not quite bourbon-sipping mood music, though (the title track is so fucking depressing: about a small boy's shock at his brother's disloyalty, that even Blues singers would balk). So one probably rather needs a legendary Main Road spliff in order not to have some of the lyrics make you want to slit your wrists. But all in all, it is a catchy sound.

Lauren Fowler's album art is worth collecting. I wonder where the original hangs...



Game on



Feast on Brainzzzzzzzz

Plants vs. Zombies™ Garden Warfare is now available in South Africa on Xbox 360. The game is a third-person shooter like no other. It is the only game where you shoot peas from your face, invade the skies as a garlic drone and... get to play as a zombie with a dolphin gun! Here are some fun facts for those who are fans, and those who are soon to be fans.



Over 10 million Facebook fans and growing.

Plants vs. Zombies has won over 50 Game of the Year awards.

Plants vs. Zombies was originally planned as "Plants vs Aliens."



The sound of the butter smacking a zombie's head was created using real butter... and a real head!

Crazy Dave is based on Dave Rohrl, former manager of PopCap's original San Francisco studio.

Plants vs. Zombies has been installed in more than **140 million units worldwide.**

Many editions of Plants vs. Zombies include **Easter eggs.** Try typing in "futuristic" or "celebrate" at the PC/Mac Main Menu screen!

59% of players are male
41% of players are female.



Plants vs. Zombies fans have created thousands of their own pieces of artwork, plush toys, baked goods, videos and more, all inspired by the game.

Working with the American Dental Association, Plants vs. Zombies launched "Stop Zombie Mouth" over Halloween, promoting free game giveaways as healthy and fun alternative to sugary treats!



67% of parents who play Plants vs. Zombies learned about the game from their kids!



GAME CHANGER

BY NOAH DAVIS

CAN A NEW PRODIGY SAVE CHESS, OR IS IT ALREADY TOO LATE?

Magnus Carlsen is angry, and his thick, furrowed brow could drive fear into steely men. With his thuggish face staring out from an ad for G-Star Raw denim, he looks more like a boxer than a Norwegian chess grand master. In 2010 he became the youngest top-rated player ever. At 23 he is an unlikely poster child for the game.

But in November 2013 he became the king when, in Chennai, India, he battled 43-year-old world champion Viswanathan Anand for the crown. If this plotline seems strange, with Norwegians and Indians clashing for titles in a game Eastern Europeans have long dominated, welcome to chess in a new era. As a

rising global middle class delivers new talent and technology breaks down learning barriers, chess stands at an uncomfortable crossroads.

Carlsen is already far from the image of a traditional chess master, with a training regimen that includes hitting punching bags as much as books. "Being fit makes it easier to handle tension and unexpected turns," he notes.

He also welcomes

the rise of technology, which allows anyone with internet access to study millions of games and find willing opponents 24 hours a day. It's how the young genius first ascended. "Anyone can easily access all the games ever played, and you can use computers for training," Carlsen says.

But the ancient game is struggling to keep up with technology's perils. Smartphones allow players to evaluate strategies midgame;

at a tournament in Ireland last April, grand master Gabriel Mirza dragged his 16-year-old opponent from a bathroom stall, accusing him of doing just that. It prompted the World Chess Federation to establish its first Anti-Cheating Committee; its members include Russian grand master Konstantin Landa, who called cheating a "virus" and an "epidemic." The committee's goal is to stop cheating before it stains chess as much as steroids have hurt baseball.

The transformation of chess is only going to accelerate.

Governments and schools from India to Missouri are introducing programs that will tutor the next generation of Carlsens. Magnus himself was just 19 when he broke Vladimir Kramnik's record as the world's youngest number one. He is now the first Western world champion since 1972, when Bobby Fischer defeated Boris Spassky. The future of chess is arriving, whether the game has a strategy or not.



VISWANATHAN ANAND
India/43/reigning chess world champion

MAGNUS CARLSEN
Norway/23/highest-ranked player in the world

KONSTANTIN LANDA
Russia/41/Anti-Cheating Committee member

GABRIEL MIRZA
Ireland/47/exposed tournament cheating

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2014 CARS OF THE YEAR

\$51,995

ENGINE: 6.2-LITER V8

HORSEPOWER: 455 AUTO, 460 MANUAL

0-60: 3.8 SECONDS

MPG: 17 CITY, 29 HIGHWAY



IF IT HAS WHEELS AND AN ENGINE, WE HAMMERED IT! HERE ARE OUR PICKS FROM A STELLAR YEAR IN THE WORLD OF AUTOMOBILES

BY AJ BAIME, KEN GROSS AND THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY

Years from now, people will look back on 2013 as a historic time for gearheads. It was the year of the sports car. Among the machines unleashed on our roads: the all-new seventh-generation Corvette, the first new Jaguar two-seat sports car in more than 50 years, a new Euro-styled Viper, a slick 12-cylinder Aston Martin, two Porsches (including the German firm's first-ever hybrid supercar) and a pair of seven-figure hybrid Batmobiles from Ferrari and McLaren,

each thumping well over 900 horsepower. Even if you're not in the market for one of these rolling monuments to testosterone, there's still something cool and cutting-edge for you out there. To suss out the best of the best in every category, we prowled the earth's byways, from twisty roads in China to hilly thoroughfares in the south of France to the clogged intersections of Los Angeles and Chicago. Herewith, our annual pick of the top new automobiles.



TADGE JUECHTER
CHIEF ENGINEER, CORVETTE

"What makes the Corvette unique is its bandwidth. It has fuel efficiency for daily commuting, luggage room and comfort for touring, and performance capabilities for track use."

SPORTS CARS

ASTON MARTIN V12 VANTAGE S

Priced less than a comparable Ferrari, the 565-horsepower Vantage S delivers a blazing 3.7-second sprint to 60 mph and a 205 mph top speed. With new electronically controlled suspension, it tackles corners like a sure-footed athlete. And it's an Aston, so it's fantastically beautiful in that 007, just-understated-enough style. Slap some Union Jack livery on this six-liter two-seater and you're licensed to kill.

\$184,995



WINNER

CHEVROLET CORVETTE STINGRAY

For the seventh (since its debut in 1953) generation of Corvette, Chevy engineers had their work cut out for them. Against a tide of declining sales, how could they convince 20- and 30-somethings that their dad's idea of a cool car should be theirs too? Chevrolet promised the most performance and mileage out of this new base Stingray, and the company delivered. And the styling? Nuanced yet true to the DNA. All told, this is an unbelievable amount of car for the money. We test-drove it all over California, Illinois and Virginia. People jumped off curbs to snap phone pictures; it's that striking. Specs include a hydro-formed aluminum frame, carbon-fiber panels, a crisp seven-speed manual and a torque-rich V8 with 460 horsepower. Add the Z51 track package and you're unstoppable. And Chevy finally listened to the critics and seriously upgraded the interior. Bottom line: the best Vette ever.

\$102,485



SRT VIPER They don't call it a Dodge anymore. After Fiat bought Chrysler, the Detroit firm released a new iteration of its legendary brute under the SRT (Street & Racing Technology) badge. The Italians gave the styling some love inside and out. While the car now has traction control, it's still a 640-horsepower, 8.4-liter V10 beast. Driving it is like getting in the ring with Mike Tyson – in a good way. Ice packs not included.

\$52,600



PORSCHE CAYMAN Don't call it a junior 911. The mid-engine, 275-horsepower Cayman is a car all its own, and it's the best all-around performer for its price in the Stuttgart lineup. During our test drive we adored its neutral road manners, refined agility and deft throttle punch delivered by a 2.7-liter flat six with a glorious song. Naturally, the S model is the car you want (50 more thoroughbreds) if you have the extra \$11,000.

SEDANS

ENGINE: 2-LITER TURBO I-4

HORSEPOWER: 208

0-60: 6.9 SECONDS

MPG: 26 CITY, 38 HIGHWAY

\$29,900



WINNER

MERCEDES-BENZ CLA250

The sell is simple: a Mercedes-Benz for less than \$30,000. When we first heard news of the CLA, we found the idea scintillating. Could M-B steal away Chevy and Toyota buyers with a small, affordable sedan? Then we saw the thing. The “predator-like exterior” and “airplane-cockpit-inspired interior” (as the car’s product manager, Heiko Schmidt, puts it) had us at hello. We put the car through its paces in the hills of France’s Côte d’Azur, then tried it out as a commuter at home. The two-liter turbo and seven-speed dual-clutch automatic don’t provide the thrills of more expensive M-B models, but they match anything in the price range. And the standard start-stop and collision-prevention assist are nice touches. In a perfect world we’d go for the AMG version (pictured, \$48,375). But the base CLA is a big winner in its class. At that price, you can buy his and hers.

\$46,025



CADILLAC CTS If the luxury-auto biz were a football game, the CTS would be America’s QB against the German juggernauts. Named Motor Trend’s car of the year, the new CTS is visually stunning inside and out. The base two-liter turbo in-line four options up to a \$70,000-plus car with a 420-horsepower, 3.6-liter twin-turbo V6. Bottom line? This is an all-star athlete.



HEIKO SCHMIDT
CLA PRODUCT MANAGER, M-B

“While the entry price for the CLA is indeed new territory for Mercedes-Benz in the U.S., the CLA is every bit a Mercedes.”

\$104,900



AUDI RS7 With its “sportback” roofline and the eyes of a comic-book mastermind, the A7 is a design triumph for the ages. The new RS version packs a four-liter twin-turbo V8, making this 560-horsepower lightning bolt the most powerful production Audi ever. It can do zero to 60 in 3.7 seconds (that’s Ferrari territory), tops out at 174 mph and is roomy enough to lug six kegs of Franziskaner Weissbier. Sold!

\$17,740



MAZDA 3 The newly imagined Mazda 3 – available as either a hatchback or a sedan – is lighter on its toes, longer in its legs and easier on the eyes. You can’t argue with these numbers: 155-horsepower Skyactiv two-liter in-line four, 30 city and 41 highway mpg, and a top speed of 130, all for a base price of less than \$18,000. The nav system and rear cross-traffic alert come standard, and with a stiffer chassis, the ride is a blast. Look out, Ford Focus, the competition is heating up.

GREEN CARS

ENGINE: 2-LITER ELECTRIC HYBRID I-4

HORSEPOWER: 141

0-60: 7.7 SECONDS

MPG: 50 CITY, 45 HIGHWAY



WINNER

HONDA ACCORD HYBRID

Underneath that silver sheet metal, this new Accord packs some serious engineering voodoo. It's basically three cars in one. In EV mode it cruises around at speeds of up to 60 mph without using a single drop of gas – like a purely electric car. Or it can run in hybrid mode using two electric motors, an air-cooled lithium-ion battery pack and a small combustion engine. It also runs in engine mode at highway speeds using a single-gear transmission with just enough punch to let you merge onto the interstate without having to white-knuckle the wheel. Beautifully built in America, it achieves the 50 mpg goal with a price tag under \$30,000. It's the perfect solution for drivers who want comfort in a midsize car, don't want to spend too much money on gasoline and don't go for the wonky styling of other top-selling hybrids. It won't knock your socks off the way a new Vette will, but it will make mincemeat of a Prius when the light changes.

\$29,995



\$41,350



BMW i3 The all-new plug-in electric i3 combines disco packaging with real BMW roadability. You'll enjoy about 170 horsepower, a range of 100 miles, a tiny optional range-extender gas engine you'll probably never need, plus enough torque to scare whoever's in the passenger seat. Clamshell rear doors and plenty of interior space make it a nice option for green-conscious families. Toss the dogs in and head for the beach! With this car's quirky looks, be prepared for gawkers.



KOJI NINOMIYA
CHIEF ENGINEER, HONDA

"The Accord Hybrid development focus included three key concepts: environment, advancement and fun."

\$58,570



TESLA MODEL S The Model S is the first automobile this Silicon Valley start-up built in-house from the ground up. (The Tesla Roadster was based on a Lotus chassis.) It's an all-electric plug-in sedan with gorgeous styling that gets 88 mpg (the electric equivalent) in the city and 90 on the highway. It also gets our nod for the coolest interior on the market, with a 17-inch tablet screen front and center that controls just about everything. This is the car interior of the future, and the future is now.

\$24,985



CHEVROLET CRUZE TURBO DIESEL Clean diesel is the green technology of Europe. Finally, General Motors jumps in with an affordable American turbodiesel (the engines are built in Germany) that puts up 46 mpg and 264 foot-pounds of delicious torque, and spits out far fewer emissions than its gasoline brethren. Sure, an Audi A3 TDI is nicer in every way, but you'll pay thousands more for one. Specs: two-liter turbo in-line four, room for five passengers and an 8.1-second jaunt to 60.

SUVS CROSSOVERS

\$63,495

ENGINE: 3-LITER V6
HORSEPOWER: 340
0-60: 6.9 SECONDS
MPG: 17 CITY, 23 HIGHWAY



WINNER

LAND ROVER RANGE ROVER SPORT

Like the previous generation, the new Range Rover Sport combines refined British luxury with ass-kicking off-road capability. Only now it does both even better. Picture this: On an old UK airfield, we drove a Sport up a 45-degree ramp into a derelict 747, crawled around obstacles through the empty cabin, then exited down a steep ramp into a mud bath. Why? To prove this truck can motor over anything. And it will handle like a sure-footed sedan around your town's twisty roads. The performance upgrade comes via a new aluminum unibody and improved suspension dynamics. With an option of two all-wheel-drive systems you can choose on the go, no terrain can stop you. We love the V6, but the five-liter supercharged V8 (510 horsepower, about \$80,000) makes you feel as if you're packing jet engines. And the cabin? Beautiful leather, polished aluminum and tasteful carbon-fiber accents; the only thing missing is a champagne bucket. This is the truck you want when the world ends.



\$69,125



BMW X5 There aren't a lot of good options for vehicles that can seat seven, especially ones that pack an optional 450-horsepower V8, all-wheel drive, an eight-speed automatic transmission and that certain command of the road that a BMW delivers. Yes, the new X5 is here, 15 years after it first appeared. The base model (three-liter, 300-horsepower V6) will run you \$53,725, but we'd opt for the M Sport suspension and the aforementioned V8.

\$21,995



SUBARU FORESTER The new Forester doesn't look much different from the old one, nor does it drive all that differently. Don't fix it if it isn't broken, right? Subaru of America had a fifth straight record year for sales in 2013. A few reasons why: The Forester is easy on the wallet, has room enough for five plus golf bags, gets decent mileage (24 city, 32 highway) and has an all-wheel-drive 2.5-liter flat four that will probably still be kicking long after you're gone.

THE NEW (HYBRID) DREAM CAR

Folks who can afford supercars don't worry about the cost of a gallon of gas. But that hasn't stopped the world's brightest engineers from inventing hybrid dream machines. These debuted last year, proof that it's a wild time for car fans.



FERRARI LAFERRARI
A blazing 950-horsepower hybrid Ferrari with a top speed of 217 mph and a \$1.7 million price tag. Want one? Sorry, all sold out.

PORSCHE 918 SPYDER
Two electric motors plus one midmounted V8 equals 887 horsepower and a 2.5-second zero-to-60 sprint. This gorgeous hunk of insanity will cost you \$845,000.



MCLAREN P1
The Brits won't bow down to the Germans or the Italians. Case in point: this \$1.15 million 903 hp, 217 mph hybrid.

\$99,000

ENGINE: 5-LITER
SUPERCHARGED V8

HORSEPOWER: 550

0-60: 4.0 SECONDS

MPG: 16 CITY,
23 HIGHWAY



CAR OF THE YEAR

F-TYPE R

JAGUAR F-TYPE

The first all-new Jaguar sports car in more than 50 years, this is the direct descendant of the C-, D- and E-Types, icons of the golden age of motoring both on the racetrack and in the driveways of the world's most glamorous people. Yes, the new F-Type has a lot to live up to. From the moment we got behind the wheel and felt the engine's throb as it crackled like an F1 car rolling onto a Grand Prix circuit, we were sold. It's the Jaguar we've waited decades to drive. You have a choice of engine packages: a 340-horsepower supercharged V6 (\$65K for the coupe, \$69K for the roadster), a 380-horsepower supercharged V6 (\$77K coupe, \$81K roadster) or a five-liter V8 that gives this monster muscle-car power with sports-car handling (\$99K coupe, \$92K roadster). As a daily drive, the car is elegant and refined, its interior impeccable and distinctly British. But throw this Jag into track mode and it's a different cat. We let it loose on racetracks outside Chicago and Seattle, and the superb hydraulic steering was knife sharp and perfect to the touch. As we snap-shifted the eight-speed transmission, the car danced through corners, its stiff chassis slaloming smoothly through abrupt directional changes. It achieves what all of today's high-end sports cars try to, in spades: It's a wonderful everyday drive and a thriller when you want to put your foot down. After all these years, Jaguar is still the real deal. Welcome back, mate: You're our choice for playboy's 2014 Car of the Year.



F-TYPE V8 S

\$92,000

ENGINE: 5-LITER
SUPERCHARGED V8

HORSEPOWER: 495

0-60: 4.2 SECONDS

MPG: 16 CITY,
23 HIGHWAY


2014 CAR OF THE YEAR



IAN CALLUM
DESIGN DIRECTOR, JAGUAR

"The F-Type reestablishes and nails Jaguar's credentials, its proper heritage and what the brand stands for – and what we've been missing for a while."

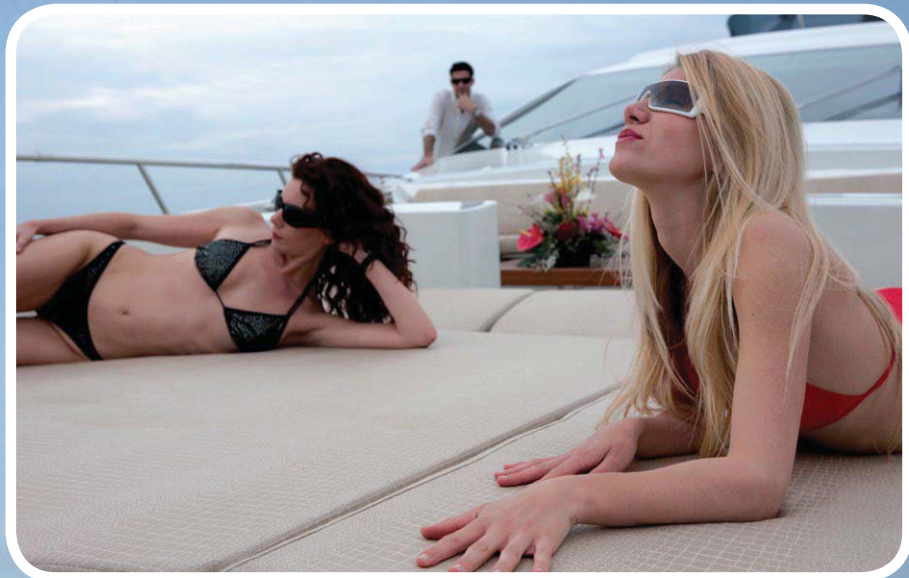
AZIMUT GRANDE 120SL



Coming to a marina close to you in April 2014, Italian yachtmakers and masters Azimut will be rolling out the Azimut Grande 120SL. Now let's get clear about one thing. 120SL means 120 feet of yacht, or 36 meters, yet one has to admit that for once the metric system lets you down. "One-twenty" just sounds so much more daunting than "thirty-six." In the world of yachts, bigger is indeed better.







And daunting the 120SL is. If you have not noticed before, anything out of Italy that floats, whether on water or tarmac, is always a feast for the eye. Who would think, in a world of endless shades of blues, to paint a yacht series in a deep maroon – the color of squashed grapes clinging to the feet, legs and thighs of young Spanish or Italian farm maidens squishing juice between their toes in big wooden barrels. Yes, the Azimut's lines might be curvaceous enough for you to lick.

The 120SL was designed around a simple philosophy: the owner decides. So, apart from a couple of essential elements, such as hosting those three massive roaring MTU16v 2000 (2640 hp and 2450 rpm) monster engines in a particular spot in the hull, the owner can customize the yacht completely. In the process, designers Righini and Galeazzi have crafted the option to create a seamless inside-outside flow. The main deck and cockpit is hardly distinguishable. The owner-captain can mix merrily with his crowd as everybody heads out for the day. Sunbathing areas are



plentiful and comfortable. If you are in the 60 square meter main saloon, you have 50 square meter of glazing plus 15 square meter through the sliding roof to feel at one with the elements. And when the elements turn on you, whether heat, rain or cold, this area closes off with the comfort of climate control and a 10-seater table or two sofas to huddle around.

Below deck is sheer comfort with up to four cabins and three crew members being hosted. In total, the yacht can sleep 15 people. The main cabin is just over 40 square meters and sports his and hers bathrooms. It is sheltered from the noise of the engines through an adjacent crew cabin. Three guest cabins each have their own en-suites and there is also a day cabin for day guests. The most striking feature below deck is the intense natural light – a factor of some brilliant design elements.

There is plenty of room at the back in the garage for toys like jet skis and more. You are here to play, not?

Make sure when you get around during the upcoming Northern Hemisphere's boat show season, whether in Miami, Cannes, Genoa or further east, to book yourself a visit to the Azimut stand before anything else. They set the gold standard by which to compare all other yachts.



SPECIFICATIONS

Length overall 35.5 m (116'6")	Draft (at full load) 1.70 m	Maximum speed (at half load) 39 knots	Water capacity 3.000 lt (793 US gls)	Head compartments 6+2 crew
Hull length 29.00 m (98'5")	Displacement (at full load) 158.00 t	Cruising speed (at half load) 32 knots	Cabins 4+3 crew	BUILDER Azimut Yachts EXTERIOR DESIGN AND CONCEPT Stefano Righini INTERIOR DESIGN AND CONCEPT Carlo Galeazzi
Beam (at main section) 7.90 m (25'11")	Engines 3 x MTU 16V 2000 M93 2640mHp (1939 kW)	Fuel capacity 18.000 lt- (4755 US gls)	Berths 10+5 crew	



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEŠ BRAVNIČAR/www.bravnicar.com

La Dolce Vita

Pia Sara Odlag

Set against the white, limestone cliffs of the Scala dei Turchi (the “Stairway of the Turks”) in Italy, it is not only the aquamarine of the Mediterranean ocean that captivates, but the powerful sensuality of model, Pia Sara Odlag. Shot in this mystical southwest region of Realmonte, which is in Sicily, Italy, photographer Aleš Bravničar outdoes himself, once again. This is the kind of raw beauty that only nature can produce – something which will last a lifetime... And we're not talking about the cliffs.

STYLING: INJA SAVSKI

MAKE-UP: MAX FACTOR

PRODUCTION: SPOTLIGHT 2013

PIA SARA WEARS AMERICAN APPAREL
SHOOTING WAS DONE IN THE SCOPE OF
THE PROJECT SHOOT THE CENTERFOLD
(SHOOTTHECENTERFOLD.COM)

















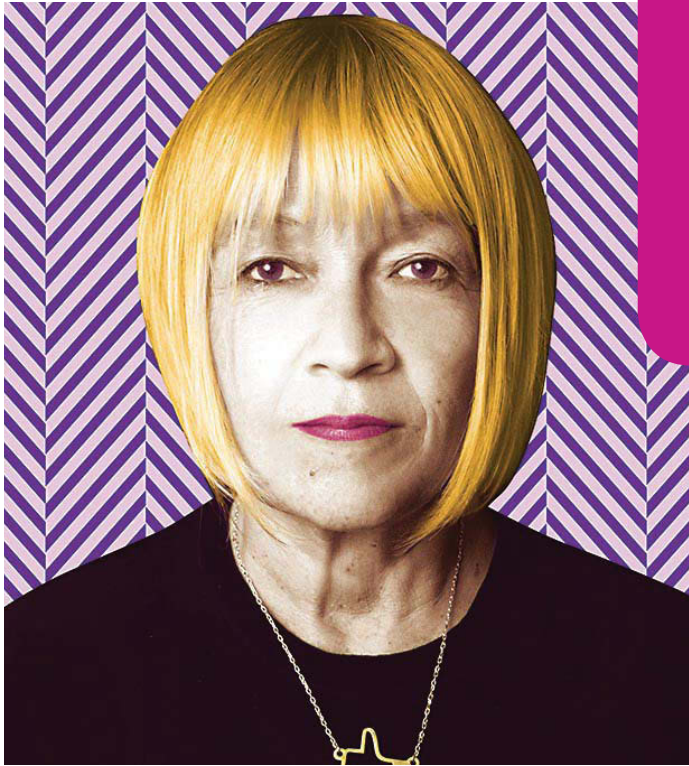
SEX



ORAL REPORT

A SEXUAL STATE OF THE UNION FOR THE MODERN WOMAN FROM OUR FAVORITE FEMALE MINDS

From the bedroom to the boardroom, the past 60 years have seen many a win for women. The pill gave us control over our own reproduction in 1960, and in 1973 *Roe v Wade* did more of the same. Women have broken ground in politics, business, literature and art, giving new voice to female desires. There have also been back steps and sidesteps, missteps and mistakes. For a closer look at the modern female, we tracked down a dozen influential women, from artists to intellectuals, to discuss what we've gained and lost. Some spoke in their homes over glasses of petite sirah and boxes of Chinese takeout; others in Manhattan cafés over bowls of oatmeal. All helped provide a frank and honest look at the current state of our sexual lives.



Cindy Gallop

Writer, advertising consultant, founder of MakeLoveNotPorn.com

The older I get, the hornier I get. People ask me why I date younger men, and it's very straightforward: I like having sex. I like having a lot of sex. I'm all about lots of stamina and short recovery periods, which men my own age, sadly, are not going to deliver. And in a context in which I'm focused on my work and my ventures, I'm not looking for a relationship. I don't feel I'm necessarily a relationship person, to be perfectly frank. I don't think I'm a monogamous person.

Every time I say publicly that I date younger men, I feel I'm striking a blow for all womankind. But I'm also public about it not because I'm saying I think everyone should do what I do, but because to me it's a matter of a much bigger point, which is that I believe everyone should be free to decide the relationship model that works for them. Which may, by the way, be different at different points in your life.

I'm very open about the fact that I date younger men casually and recreationally. I date a lot of them; I keep the pipeline refreshed constantly. But I have one key criterion: They have to be very nice people. I have a good radar for very nice people. As a result, I date only utterly lovely young men, and I date them in an atmosphere of mutual trust, respect, affection and liking. Some of my so-called casual relationships go on longer than most people's committed ones.

The great thing about older woman-younger man is that I can have all the chiseled cheekbones, bulging biceps and six-pack abs I want. And I enjoy all that, obviously. But at the same time, I'm just looking for what I find attractive about this person. They don't have to be conventionally good-looking; they may be quirky, they may be interesting. I might really love their forearms. It drives a completely different assessment, which is much truer, to just see a person for who they are and see how you respond to that. In 11 or 12 years of online dating, I have never had a bad first date; my filtering sensors are very, very good. I've met men I did not feel attracted to and ended it. But I've never had a bad first date. One of the most paralyzing dynamics, in life and in business, is fear of what other people will think. And we absolutely apply that in a dating context as well. There is an external-facing dimension to how we assess our dates – and I don't have any of that. I would love people to think differently about how they look at whom they date, in a similar way.

The older I get, the hornier I get. People ask me why I date younger men, and it's very straightforward: I like having sex. I like having a lot of sex.

Natasha Leggero

Stand-up comic, actress

One guy I work with, I won't say his name, he's on television and he makes a lot of money. He was making fun of me for having an assistant. I said, "Well, I just want someone to go to Rite Aid and the post office. Who picks up your dry cleaning and buys the dog food?" He was like, "I have a wife." And I was like, "Yeah, I'd like a wife too." And he said, "Well, she doesn't work. She's in charge of running the household and raising the family." And then he goes, "Sometimes I'll walk down the hallway and throw something on the floor, just so she knows the division of labor."

Men are keeping tabs. It is kind of a fucked situation that we're in, because all women are working. We have aspirations, and we don't have time to pick up full-time after a man. I do have a lot of thoughts about this. I think it would be nice if women could have wives. I was trying to think lately of someone who has everything. Like, if there are any female



stand-up comedians who have a touring schedule, an acting career and a family. There really isn't one. There was Phyllis Diller. She had those things. She had a TV show, a family and a stand-up tour. There are a lot of men like that. There aren't really any female touring comedians who have children, whereas there are tons of males, because they all have wives. It does make it hard for women to have everything.

Now more than ever, the thinking woman and the career-driven woman and the woman with ambition, she has to find a partner. Now women need someone who's only going to help and add to their lives. If that's not going to happen, they break up. I have friends in their 30s who are freaking out about having a baby. Meanwhile, men who are in their 30s are barely ready for pet ownership. They're having their 39th birthday parties at Disneyland. These are the men we're supposed to be procreating with?

Jane Pratt

Editor of *xoJane.com*, founder of *Sassy* and *Jane* magazines

I remember with *Sassy* we were the first magazine to give teenage girls information on birth control and STD prevention, and we also wrote about gay teenagers, which was considered so controversial at the time that we lost our 15 biggest advertisers. Then we were taken off about half the newsstands we had been on. It seems like things have moved in a pretty progressive direction in terms of giving that kind of information to young women. In the just over two years that *xoJane* has been around, we've done 187 articles on abortion. That shows how much we are still fighting the abortion-rights battle, that it would still be such a big topic. Whereas, some of those other things – obviously gay rights are still a huge issue, but we've come such a long way.

To me, there are always new frontiers. One of the things I feel I am addressing a lot more these days is issues of gender, gender as a fluid concept. It's becoming more and more a part of the way I produce the website and the media that I produce for women. Even to the point that, when I talk about *xoJane* being a website for women 18 to 34 or 18 to 49, it feels really old-fashioned to me to say it's for women. What makes it for women, as opposed to just for people? I don't know if people identify themselves in that way as much as they used to. In terms of the way we write and talk about sex with women, a lot of times you could read the article without gender pronouns and not know whether it was for a man or a woman because it's so much about getting what you want sexually and what works for you.

Now it's more acceptable to be open about just wanting to hook up or be casual and not want a relationship. I never wanted to get married, was never interested in it. Recently I've found that more women just love being single and don't have any interest in that either. I think it is important for women to hear from other women that it is an option. It is an option to not be monogamous with one person for the rest of your life. There are huge industries built around being married and coupling off. It's the same with women who don't want kids. There's not really a voice out there. For me, as someone who didn't want to get married, I almost felt as though I was missing some chip or gene or something that makes women see a bride and then want to be a bride.

Erica Jong

Author of more than 20 books, including *Fear of Flying* and *Seducing the Demon*

What is fascinating to me is that there's a nutty minority that wants to take back all the rights of women. A woman who can't control her own fertility can't control anything about her life. It's the bedrock of

With *Sassy* we were the first magazine to give teenage girls information on birth control and STD prevention, and we also wrote about gay teenagers, which was considered so controversial at the time that we lost our 15 biggest advertisers.

women's freedom. These guys who are passing crazy laws about sticking sonogram wands up women's vaginas know the laws will be overturned. They're taking a stand for the benefit of the fringe minority that votes in midterm elections. The majority doesn't agree with them, so what we're seeing is democracy being perverted for the sake of a well-organized fringe. It's interesting to watch, and distressing. If you go back in time, Hitler didn't have a majority when he came to Munich. He did not have a majority, but a very well-organized minority can come to power in a democracy. Watching it happen is truly amazing.

One thing you can see is that fascists always want to keep women barefoot and pregnant. And what is it about? It's about fear of women, fear of women's immense physical power – the power to give birth – and if they can't stop it, they want to control it. Women are mysterious objects. Women control the means of reproduction, and it's necessary to keep them in the power of men.

It's so irrational and crazy, because every UN report on the status of women has shown that wherever you educate women, wherever you give women birth control, the whole society goes up economically in just a few generations. But if you keep women from education and from birth control, the whole society becomes impoverished. So what they're basically doing is something that's good for no one. It's such a primal desire and so completely illogical. It's interesting to me that here we are, nearly 100 years after the women's vote, going through this again. It's just mind-boggling.

Elizabeth Wurtzel

Author of four books, including *Prozac Nation*; lawyer

In love, there is no equality. I'm a hardcore feminist, so if I am saying that, it must be true. Living with a man means picking up his dirty socks and bringing him coffee and pastries in bed, and it means he always

A woman who can't control her own fertility can't control anything about her life. It's the bedrock of women's freedom.

comes, even if you don't. The reason it is crucial that women make a lot of money and have a lot of power in the public sphere is that it is not going to happen in private, if they love men. I know this. I drive a hard bargain as a writer and a lawyer. David Boies is one of the most powerful men in the world, and he will tell you that I don't work for him – he works for me. But when it comes to love and the men I love, I am a slave. It is a pleasure to serve: I love being in love. That's just the way it is.

The book I'm writing now is going to be called *YES: A History of Love at First Sight in New York City*. I am sorry for all the times I said no. And I don't mean to sex. I'm happy for all the times I said no to sex, because it was probably not nearly enough times. But I'm sorry for all the things I said no to, like the times people said, "Come with me to the movies," and I was like, "No, I'm tired." I'm sorry for all the times I was tired and just didn't do something. I'm sorry for all the times I was cranky, because I should have gone out. I missed a movie; I missed going to a very good museum exhibit. I'm sorry for everything I said no to. I'm sorry for trips I said no to, because as you get older, fewer things come up. They just do. Life becomes more boring in general. And it's too bad. You should just do everything you can do. I'm sorry for all the things I haven't done; I should have done everything. I should have done all the things that were a dumb idea, that would have compromised my dignity – which is not so important. That would have been, you know, just fun. But mostly I can't complain, because I said yes to most things. I am not somebody who spent a lot of time avoiding things. And I think that's better.

Megan Mullally

Actress, singer

I've always considered myself to be a very sexual person. I had sexy thoughts when I was little. When I was three years old I had a recurring dream about a witch who would put me in an oven and cook me, and then she would take me out and eat me. I was like, "Oh yeah! Cook me! Cook me, witch! Put me in that fucking oven and cook me. Do it, do it." That was my first sexual thing, and I don't know what that means. I was always interested in sex.

I had a lot of boyfriends and a lot of flings. I think flings are great. That's something women should investigate a little more thoroughly. The trick is, you have to not care. I was in my late 30s when I first started having successful flings and didn't get emotionally attached to the guy. But you have to be at a point in your life when you're not needy, when you're not looking for a husband or a long-term boyfriend or anything.

I feel one of the last taboos is for women not to have children. I'm not going to say I never wanted to have children, but I never had a burning desire to have children. When I met my husband and we got serious and were going to get married, I tried. I was 44, and it was a little bit late in the day. But he was the first guy I was going to try with. I just didn't have that burning desire. If you don't have it, you should honor that. Having children isn't something you should do just because everybody else is. To be in the slim minority of women who don't can be a little unsettling and make you feel like, Well, is there something wrong with me? But I never felt that. My life has been about trying to entertain people. In my own paltry way, trying to entertain people is my service. My service is not raising a family. I know you can do both, but that just wasn't my thing.

The other taboo is a new taboo: I have not had any plastic surgery or any injections or anything done to my face or body. And that is the new taboo. People are mortified. People look at my neck and are like, "Oh God, what is that?" I think it's great and fine for other people, and there's certainly a lot of new technology out there that's not as invasive. You can end up getting stuff done and look reasonably okay, but it's not for me. I just want to see what's going to happen. Also,



I think flings are great. That's something women should investigate a little more thoroughly. The trick is, you have to not care.

somebody's got to play the old lady in the movies, and sooner or later I'm going to be the only one who doesn't look like she's 40. And I'll be working.

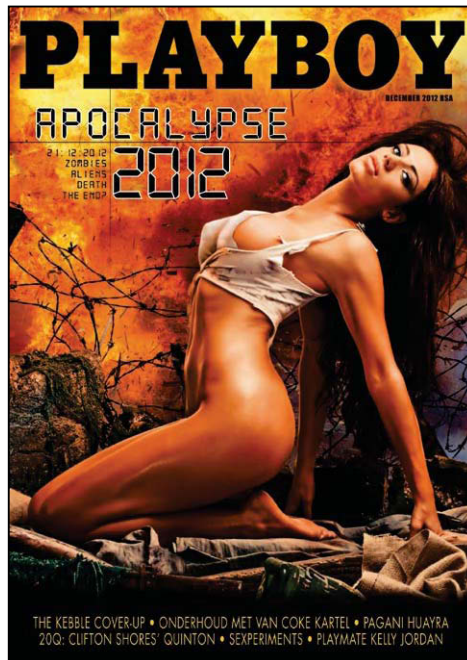
Naomi Wolf

Author of eight books, including *The Beauty Myth* and *Vagina: A New Biography*

There is almost no positive place for a girl – a teenage girl, a young woman, a woman – to stand and be sexual, on a sexual journey, in our culture. There was this brief, shining moment when I was growing up in the mid-1970s that really influenced me. I grew up in the Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco, and it was like anything was acceptable; you were weird if you weren't at least bisexual. Being gay was a revolutionary, positive thing. Everyone was open and exploring, including women. And also the culture for a moment was not yet so pornografized – probably because of technology. When men and women encountered each other, they were learning about each other from each other, rather than from this giant for-profit industry of pornography.

One thing that's being documented is how quickly sex becomes boring if you masturbate to pornography and so you need to ramp it up to what one young man who talked to me about his porn addiction called "the kink spiral." I keep seeing this in pop culture: the choking thing, angry anal, aggression. It's not that I'm passing moral judgment, but it worries me as a human being that porn makes us so desensitized to sex itself – which is supposed to be this revolutionary, transformational power – that we need to ramp it up with aggression.

My objection is not to pictures of naked women. What has happened to



Generation Y and teenagers is that everybody grows up already addicted to online porn. What worries me is that porn doesn't liberate sex; it closes it down.

I haven't seen PLAYBOY lately, so I don't know how explicit it is, but I could see a movement that encourages teenage boys to subscribe to a magazine that has naked, pretty women sitting there, rather than turning on a video. It's almost romantic compared with what's online. How nice. Women are beautiful. I'm going to get all kinds of shit from feminists for having said that.

Joanna Angel

Adult-film star, owner of Burning Angel Entertainment

Porn stars are more touchable now. They're not on pedestals like they used to be. People know a lot about them thanks to social media. So much of their information is out there and easy to access; it's a little different from the image of the porn star in the early 1990s. It's like that with musicians too. If they have a mental breakdown, everyone knows about it. It doesn't really matter, because you have to adapt with the times no matter what. In some ways it's better and in some ways worse.

For me, most of the changes are probably a good thing because I'm not an untouchable-looking blonde Barbie doll. If my entire persona were based on my being perfect-looking, then I probably wouldn't have a career in porn. I've definitely been able to thrive off of cashing in on the way I look and also my personality – that's how I've been able to connect

with fans. I probably wouldn't have been able to be who I am had I done porn in a different decade.

I can't speak for anyone's career but my own: I have never been subjected to anything bad just for being a woman. I know some people may have that image of porn. I'm not saying porn is the right place for every woman in the world. A career where everyone is looking at you, where you're out there to be judged, can be very tough if you don't have a thick skin. I've never felt degraded. I never let being a woman get in the way of anything I ever do.

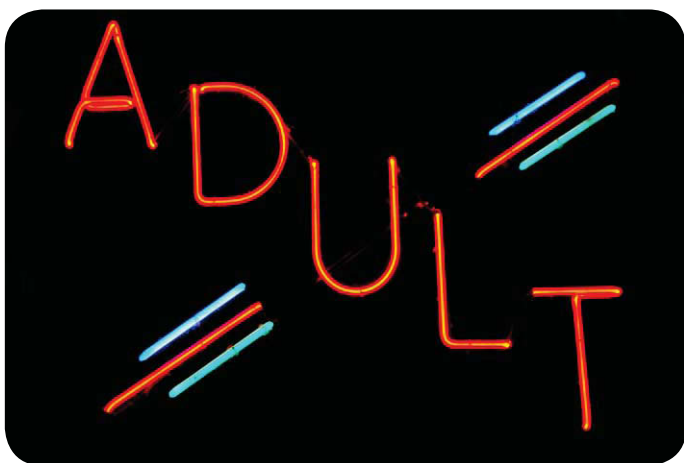
I probably wouldn't have been able to be who I am had I done porn in a different decade.

Tristan Taormino

Author, sex educator, adult-film director

I think we've finally seen the emergence of smart and quite purposeful porn stars. The narrative was either you were plucked off the bus from the Midwest and coerced into doing porn, or you somehow fell into it and now you're there. But then people like Jenna Jameson and Sasha Grey, and to some extent Belladonna and Stoya, began to emerge – these are women who are 100 percent in control of their jobs, their branding, their marketing, their businesses. That really is a shift. And then they, of course, become role models for the next generation. "Oh look, we can do this with standards and boundaries and still possibly move on to something else." They became role models.

On a superficial level, I definitely like the changing aesthetics of who qualifies as a porn performer. There was a time when there was a dominant aesthetic, when if you wanted to make money, you had to have this kind of California-girl look: blonde with blue eyes, surgically enhanced boobs, a tan. The truth is, that's one standard of beauty, but there are also tattooed and pierced girls, punk rock girls, girls with pink hair, girls who aren't a size two, girls who are flat-chested, girls who have an indistinguishable ethnicity. All these different tropes have come



in, featuring women with different bodies, different aesthetics. Many of them have managed to achieve success; that has opened the playing field for who can be a performer, who can be a porn star. The people who dominate the female performer pool are white and thin. So there's that. We aren't there yet. But we are in a better and different place from where we were. Hopefully that's going to keep moving. Some of this parallels mainstream Hollywood in many ways. It's not just the porn industry.

Miranda July

Filmmaker, author, artist

Just two days ago I was doing an event and a woman asked me, "How come there is so much sex in your books and everything you do?" Part of me was grateful she noticed, because no matter how far in that direction I go, people tend to still just call me cute.

Unless you're being overtly erotically sexual as a female, people almost don't clock it as sex. What I said to her was that the territory feels so wide open to me; it feels, surprisingly at this point, that still not much has been done with sex. We're seeing the same things done again and again, so it just feels fun, like it's not hard to think of something no one has ever done. And that's not true with most things that are so much a part of life. A lot of smart people have walked all over everything else. And also, it's an intersection of power and intimacy and shame and vulnerability, and boringness, potentially – all these things that are interesting to me. It's not even necessarily that sex is so interesting; it's that you can get at all these interesting things through it. That has evolved, I think, initially coming out of being a child. I was focused on the sexuality of children, which is pretty impossible to do anything about.

With my first feature film, *Me and You and Everyone We Know*, I was thinking there should be, that that should exist as its own thing, separate from what we think of as real sex, like adult sex. Children have their own ideas of that, and in some ways that's part of children's right to have their version of sex, whatever that is in their heads. I remember thinking this is such a debatable idea, it needs its own sort of branding and logo. I was consciously thinking that when I came up with the "back and forth, forever" symbol,)<>(, that we used in the movie. I was thinking it could be like the Coca-Cola or Nike logo but for children's sexuality. So it can have humor in it, because it is funny. It gets less funny as you get older. Kids can see what's funny about all that. I think that has its own power. And it did kind of work. I think managing to brand children's sexuality is pretty radical and could even be potentially threatening in a way. Especially a woman doing that – because I'm supposed to be maternal, or I'm just so caught up in my own orgasm.

Dr Ruth Westheimer

Sex therapist, author

Certainly more women know that they have to take responsibility for their sexual satisfaction. Even if their partner loves them, he cannot know what they need to be sexually satisfied. We know that today – not just because of me; there are other people in the field of sex education – there is a tremendous increase in women who know what they need to be sexually satisfied. Women have learned to be the initiators, to not wait for sex to be initiated, to know that this is important for them and their partners. It's not that she's going to be aggressive. She is going to be assertive and knows how to be sexually literate.

Also, I think PLAYBOY was very important. Hugh Hefner knows me, but not in the biblical sense of the word. Put that down! Not *knowing* in the biblical sense, but I certainly have met him many times. I'm grateful

to him, because the foundation of free speech certainly had a tremendous influence on issues of sexuality – on talking about it, on being able to discuss it. I want to say one thing for PLAYBOY: I have always told mothers that if they find PLAYBOY under their boy's mattress, never talk about it. Make believe you never saw it and leave it there.

Marriage is not for pussies. It requires an infinite amount of patience, not just with the other person but with yourself. And it requires a willingness to allow someone else to be flawed, and their willingness to allow you to be flawed as well.

Aisha Tyler

Comedian, actress, television host, author

I think people have an unrealistic expectation of marriage. I think they have an unrealistic expectation of their spouses. I think most people don't know what they're getting into, and they're more excited about the wedding than they are about the marriage. A lot of people are just not cut out for it. Marriage is not for pussies. It requires an infinite amount of patience, not just with the other person but with yourself. And it requires a willingness to allow someone else to be flawed, and their willingness to allow you to be flawed as well. What makes a great marriage is finding someone who is willing to see the best in you at all times. That doesn't mean they are a Pollyanna or blind; it just means they see what in you is equivalent to greatness.

I am probably not your typical woman. My husband and I play Xbox together, I love video games, I engineer my own podcast, I love computers and I'm an early adopter. I own probably seven devices. So for me, technology has been great. You know, I probably should spend more time having sex and less time looking at people have sex on the internet, but I think that's probably everybody's case nowadays. We all have our problems.

I hope men realize now that that picture of their penis is never *not* going to be on the internet. When society has crumbled and humans have vanished from the earth, cockroaches are going to walk in on iOS 972 and this picture is still going to be on the internet. So just don't do it! Unless you want your great-grandchildren to see your cock, don't do it. It's not going to work out well for you.

Now people are realizing even if you post something and delete it immediately, it's too late. As soon as you press tweet, that is the last time you will ever have control of that image. And I think guys should realize that, for better or for worse, our half of the species is not particularly interested in seeing a picture of your penis anyway. Unless it's a medical marvel and you should be in a museum or a circus, we're not interested. Take a picture of your bank account or your car or your IQ. Or maybe send away to 23andMe and send us a picture of your genetic makeup that shows you don't have any cancer precursors and will never have a heart attack. Send us information we can use. A picture of your dick is not going to get it done.

ADVISOR

Send your questions to advisor@playboy.co.za. We'll get the best in the field to give you some great advice...

Recently I've seen a lot of advertisements for affordable jewelry made with lab-created diamonds. Would it be wise to purchase an engagement ring that uses one of these diamonds, since I can get a larger stone for less money? Or would it be better to go with a real diamond? I don't want to look cheap. I love my girlfriend very much; I just don't have the income to provide a natural stone of the size I feel she deserves.

We wish diamond companies were as romantic as you are. Much of the mystique surrounding natural diamonds comes from the idea that they are rare – and much of that scarcity has been created by diamond conglomerates that historically stockpile supplies to drive up prices. Lab-engineered diamonds are identical in chemical composition and clarity to natural, mined diamonds and indistinguishable without laboratory testing. If you do go the synthetic-diamond route, you can be confident that it is in fact a diamond by all scientific measures. Plus, it was created in a lab and not mined through the backbreaking labor of workers in countries with questionable human-rights track records.

[Ed's note: also see our story on Diamonds on pg 60]

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?

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 www.isismedia.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.

My wife has been seeing a therapist for a year now. She refuses to tell me why, only that it has nothing to do with me. I've told her I'm not comfortable with that response, but she brushes me off with "Don't worry about it." Should I worry? Why does she keep this such a secret?

If she hasn't been talking about you, she will be now. Does your wife interact with anyone besides you and her therapist? Does she have a mother, sisters, co-workers, girlfriends, children? There's a large cast of characters capable of driving a person insane. And it might be a worse sign for your relationship if you never come up. Of course, your fear is that your wife has a guilty secret. But you probably wouldn't know about the sessions if they were about her cheating. Trust her until she gives you reason not to, and that includes while she's talking to her shrink.

I understand why a person would be unhappy after getting dumped, but why does it feel as though you've been punched in the chest?

Emotional stress can cause muscle tightness in the chest, increased heart rate, a churning stomach and shortness of breath. Why that happens isn't clear, but it appears to involve the anterior cingulate cortex of the brain, which regulates emotion, and the vagus nerve, which connects the brain stem to the neck, chest and belly. When you get dumped, the brain appears to stimulate the vagus, and the result is heartache. At its extreme, emotional stress can kill you. One small study of people who had suffered cardiac arrest found that 40 percent of the 20 women and 16 percent of the 102 men said they were suffering psychological stress rather than physical exertion at the time. Knowing why you feel that punch won't make it more tolerable, but before long, heartache dissipates to mere disappointment. And then you meet someone else.

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?

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 retirement fund.

My tailor says it's okay to wear cuff links with a sports coat as long as you don't wear a white shirt. My old-school instinct tells me they shouldn't mix because cuff links are too formal. However, in modern times, is it acceptable as long as the styles match? For example, I wouldn't wear black cuff links with a white shirt and a sports coat, but a pink shirt with a checked summer sports coat might work. What does the Advisor say?

The rule is like with like: Formal cuff links go with formal dress, and casual cuff links go with casual dress.

Whenever I'm hungover, my sex drive goes to the redline. I recover quickly but get turned on by damn near every woman I see; I'm not able to keep it down. I assume this is the result of a biochemical reaction after my body processes a large amount of alcohol, but I've never heard of this happening to anybody else. Is there a logical explanation behind my morning-after craze?

You're not alone. The "horny hangover" is prevalent enough to warrant an entry in the Urban Dictionary, but woefully little research is out there to explain the cause. Some people theorize that a horny hangover comes from the residual disinhibiting effects of the previous night's alcohol. Others think it has something to do with the more primitive state a hangover puts us in: Our complex thinking diminishes, and basic needs such as food and sex come to the fore. The "horny flu" is a phenomenon similar to your hangover. Think of them as maladies with benefits. 🍷



"I hope you don't mind, but my kimono is at the cleaner's...!"

BY JENNIFER DUBOIS
ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY SMITH

THE PASSENGER

THE AFFAIR FELT RIGHT. LIKE SHE'D EARNED IT. SHE HAD NO PLANS TO TELL HER HUSBAND, TO TELL ANYONE, UNTIL SHE SAW SOMEONE ELSE WHO WAS SOMEWHERE SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN – FAR FROM HOME, HOLDING THE HAND OF THE WRONG MAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did you get the insurance thing resolved?" I asked

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

Underneath me, the engines began to thrum. I swung my knees forward, just because I could. There was a delicate flute of orange juice before me. The cramped and haggard pedestrian class filed past me, pale and resentful. I tapped the phone

back to my ear just as Paul was winding down, just when I knew the circularities of his speech would be drifting into ellipses. I'd spent years paying attention to Paul. It was the only way I

got away with everything for so long.

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

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

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

You were a forward on the girls' soccer team, six years old, and I knew you mostly in motion: whirring ponytail and legs, lunging through the mud toward a checkered ball or a vat of orange Gatorade. You had

I loved him with the kind of lurching, adolescent love that marvels over minor physical imperfections.



a mother who sat wrapped in coats even in the springtime, who huddled over her coffee, who never cheered. You were better at soccer than my girls, and I could tell already – even in passing, even casually – that you were a different genus of child than they were: My daughters were bookish, in their preliterate way, deferential to grown-ups and to other girls, eager to please and to be understood. You were unafraid of cleats and second-graders, you pinched occasionally, you didn't always answer direct questions. I've spent a lot of time – more time than is probably healthy – imagining your adult life, and I think you would have been spontaneous, moderately rebellious, sexually assertive. You would have

chosen a pragmatic college major, like international finance; you would have been beautiful, fourth-wave feminist, confident, quick to anger, quick to forgive, oriented toward the present. You would have been the kind of woman who can't remember exactly what

order the events in her life were in. You would never have kept in touch with ex-boyfriends. You would have traveled to Namibia in your middle age, initiated your own divorce, kept your hair dyed blonde and then brown and then red, even into your 70s. You would never have apologized to anyone for anything, even when you probably should have.

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

You were holding the hand of a man in sunglasses – but already I'm saying things that I don't know. Were you holding his hand, or was he holding yours? Was his other hand on your elbow menacingly or protectively? I glimpsed you and felt a momentary disorientation, a minor dissonant chord of confusion, before looking back again. You were wearing pink, I'm almost sure – although this, too, could be wrong, my mind retroactively coloring your shirt to make you match the police description. When I turned back, you'd moved past. You were obscured by the gathering shapes of luggage, the impatient throbbing of people at their worst.

You were still a little girl, but from the back, you could have been anyone's little girl. You could have easily been that man's little girl.

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

Maybe you had the same sort of thinking, if you saw me. Did you recognize me and then

the thought of tripping over a hundred tired travelers to get back to yours made my little mystery seem dreamy and ridiculous. I worried about plane crashes, after all. I took the girls to the doctor for poison ivy.

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



I'm convinced now that marriage is a doomed institution. It doesn't matter how interesting a

person is when you get married; by the end, the two of you are melded into an autonomic nervous system that squirms and flinches as one. Paul tolerated me, humored me and probably loved me, by any conventional

definition of the word. But he'd long since stopped trying to get to know me any better – which I realize sounds ridiculous. After 11 years of marriage, what more could he want to know? What kind of an ego would demand further scrutiny? But what I mean is, James assumed I was still learning, that I had opinions worth uncovering and challenging, that I was unfinished. I know that, in a marriage, James's interest in me would have retreated and slipped over the horizon; our great arguments and conversations would have shrunk to a technical, military shorthand; the space between us would have shifted to become unendurably small and also unbridgeable. But as it was, we weren't married. And in those days – although it's hard for me to remember now – I was still attractive. My husband wasn't blind to miss this. But to notice me consistently would have been like marveling daily over the mechanical accomplishments of your own eyeball.

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

"What's the worst thing you've ever done?" James asked me that last weekend. We were still in the time of these cerebral, sophomore questions, and maybe I should be grateful, always, that we never got much further. We had gone to see the sea lions bark at us down near the water, I remember; we watched their elephantine shapes cast feral shadows on the ground. "This," I said. "Of course." The sea lions made amateur oboe sounds and sprayed oceanic mist out of their whiskers.

Something about taking airplanes to commit deadly sin seems like asking for trouble, even to a lapsed Catholic.

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

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

And if there was a slight queasiness behind my heart for the beginning of the trip, I chalked it up to my general nervousness about flying that's only grown worse as I've gotten older. Something about taking airplanes to commit deadly sin seems like asking for trouble, even to a lapsed Catholic. I held my breath and waited, as I always do, for the plane to explode during takeoff; when it didn't, and we'd risen through the cloud wisps, and the ground below us had turned to cells on a slide, I fell asleep. At some point, I considered going back to the bathroom in coach – to say hello to you, if it was you – but then I remembered that there was a better bathroom in first class, and

James threaded his fingers through mine and we walked back to his apartment, where we had sex on the kitchen floor. I put my hand on the half-moon on his chest and felt grateful for the gaps between us, for the space that made space travel possible.

I didn't think about you that weekend until I was back on the airplane on Sunday afternoon, squinting against the light coming off the runway. In the beleaguered churn of passengers I suddenly remembered your pink sweater, the dappled trill of your bouncing blonde ponytail. And I remembered the man, too, and thought for the first time that his hair was dark and yours was light. But then I thought of recessive genes, of statistics, of sanity, and I turned my attention to my book. The plane rumbled and rose and we threw ourselves at the mercy of fate and mechanics. We landed in Boston 30 minutes early, and I was home in time to wash the girls' uniforms.



It was Wednesday night, the day before your soccer practice, that we got the call. It was Ellen Larson who called – it would be her, of course: She was one of these miraculous women who manage to work, reproduce at a breathtaking rate, do cutesy domestic crafts and involve themselves heavily in other people's lives, all at the same time – and she spoke to Paul. I was working on briefs in the study. It was a short call and not too late at night, but something about the ring of the phone made me jump. When Paul came into the study and closed the door behind him, I refused to look at him. I pretended to be finishing a sentence, but I wasn't writing anything. I could feel my rib cage come unhinged, I could hear my heart flap sloppily away. I hadn't thought about you that week, not consciously, not in language that could be recorded or remembered. But when Paul came into my study, looking gray-faced and rational, I knew. I am telling you now: I knew.

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

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

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

"You know Sarah Neelan, from the girls' soccer," he said. I'm not sure if it was said as a question or a statement, because when he

said your name there was a bridge collapse inside my skull – cars were sucked into rushing water, things caught fire and feathery ashes flew like bats through the night air.

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

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

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

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

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

My vision started disappearing from the outside in and Paul's voice became a dull buzz, and I remarked with some detachment that I was probably starting to pass out. When I came to, Paul had water and a look of mild concern. I knew he was thinking that this news was too much for me – that the idea of a harmed child had made me short-circuit and that I was more fragile and fearful in my advancing age than he'd originally thought. I let him think so.

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

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



That night, I paced furiously and thought. I tried to gauge how much I thought, really,

that the girl I'd seen had been you. I tried to re-remember the face of the girl I'd seen on the plane, but you'd dissolved by then into your discrete components: I could attest that the girl on the plane had been a blonde, soft-featured, five or six or seven, with a general appearance of upkeep and nourishment and middle-class attention. When I tried to see your actual face, though, all that came back at me was hallucination. Either the photo image of Sarah Neelan in her soccer uniform superimposed itself over the face of the girl on the plane or the girl on the plane's face disappeared into a surrealistic vagueness. I could not reconjure the image of the actual girl no matter how hard I tried, no matter how hard I squinted my eyes

and clawed at the cobwebs in my mind. You were gone.

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

On the other side of the ledger, unarticulated and unconscious, was this: I wasn't on a plane to San Francisco. I was on a plane to Delaware. Being on a plane to San Francisco is the end of my marriage, the end of my family. And also, I inferred



disaster from missed phone calls, from chronic headaches, from turbulence. And also, if you were with your father, you were safe. And also, if you were not with your father, it was probably too late.

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

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



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

It was Thursday, six days after the day I saw you, maybe, on the plane. I drove the girls to camp and I remember the morning as feeling almost apocalyptically beautiful. It was muggy and pre-thunderstorm; the trees cast wheeling green shadows on the ground. I felt a sort of frantic joy underneath my horror. It



seemed to be the last morning of the world, and suddenly previously unseen beauties were appearing, hemorrhaging and flying away.

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

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

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

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

"Only once," said Natalie, although it had happened more than once. She gave the felt

their attention and fear.

"Okay," they whispered.

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

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

"No," said Sam.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Alyssa already has a dad," said Natalie.

"It was her other dad," said Sam.

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

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



I could not reconjure the image of the actual girl no matter how hard I tried, no matter how hard I squinted my eyes and clawed at the cobwebs in my mind. You were gone.

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

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

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

of the seat a savage, unrelenting kick.

Sam resumed her artless humming.

"Anyway," said Natalie. "I think she stopped soccer."

"I'm glad," said Sam.

"Stop it," I said suddenly. I knew my voice had taken on the curdled, terrifying quality of an adult who is too upset to

yell. In the rearview mirror, the girls looked stricken. "You girls need to be nice," I croaked.

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

"I need to ask you girls something," I said, while I had

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

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

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

"Go on," I said. "You're going to be late to camp." And so Sam cast me a dark look and Nat gave me a wet kiss and they were out, their little shapes becoming anonymous and so, so small as they disappeared down the lane.



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

The great silences between Paul and me

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

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

But then, I told myself lots of things.

I kept seeing James, and the rest is just cliché, I suppose.

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

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

When I blinked, you were inside my eyelids. You lived there, perpetually half turning away from me; your ponytail bobbed, your sweater flashed bright through the thicket of dun-colored adult clothing. From what I’d seen of you on the plane, I told myself, I couldn’t

have picked you out of a lineup. I couldn’t have recognized you in a yearbook picture. I couldn’t have identified your body.

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

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

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

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

“Okay.”

“This whole thing’s really got you shaken up, huh?” Paul’s voice had dropped a register. He had adopted the competent

The price of having seen you and saying nothing was monstrous, cataclysmic, unthinkable and unforgivable. But there was a price, too, of not having seen you and saying something.

compassion he used on the children, the kind that led him to furrow under their beds looking for monsters and to catch small spiders in his bare hands. He would always make Nat and Sam look for the monsters along with him, because, as he said, any monster technically belongs to the girl whose bed it lives under. He’d make them look at the spiders in the light, under magnifying glasses, until the girls would stop seeing terror and start seeing evolution.

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

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

Paul. He always hedged his bets. He was a man of modest expectations, of reasonable hopes for his life and mine. He didn’t want so wildly much in life that he shouldn’t have gotten it.

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



They already had a search under way, in the woods out behind the soccer field. People were going through it arm in arm with flashlights and cadaver dogs. There were police. There were volunteers. The men of the community were there, united in the grim satisfaction of rising to meet a horrific challenge. The women were out with sandwiches and coffees. They’d wrapped your mother in a blanket, and she sat shaking and shaking until she spilled her coffee all over her blanket. That made everybody feel better, because it gave the women something to do – find a new coffee, find a new blanket – and that was a good thing. When they found your father they called off the search for the night, since it was almost dusk, and when you are looking for a person in a field there is not as much of a hurry to find them there.

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

I put my hand on her shoulder, which felt unnatural. There was no relationship between my hand and her shoulder; my hand was not doing her shoulder any good. It hung there, strange and intrusive, limp with its own uselessness.

“Susan,” I said. “I am so, I am so, so sorry.”

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

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

“I’m sorry,” I said again, and this time she

seemed to hear me.

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

"I'm just – I'm sorry that – this is happening," I said. There was a moment, maybe, when I thought that she might have guessed – that she'd looked through me somehow and seen the worst thing inside that there was to see. But then the feeling scaled back, and I felt the marginal calm that comes from temporary escape – even if you're still erasing your footprints in the river, even if you're still running. Of course she hadn't seen. Of course she didn't know.

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

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

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

Just so you know, here are some things I would have traded in to tell about you: my life's savings, my bone marrow, my kidney, both my degrees, a decade of my life, assuming a normal life expectancy. For these, if these were on the table, I would have told about you. Even if I wasn't sure. Even if I was wrong.

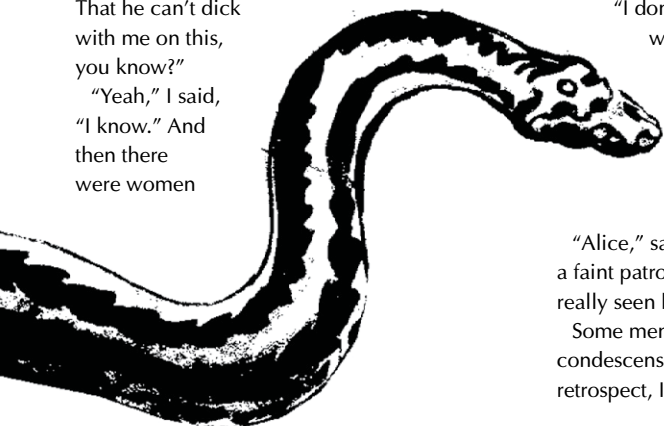
"They will," your mother said. "It's my fucking ex. This is a custody stunt. It's embarrassing."

"Is it? It is?" I said it greedily, wanting to hear more. I wished I'd agreed with her on guns,

on abortion, on apocalyptic sinning of the gays, just so that she would take me into her confidence right now and tell me with certainty that this was, in fact, the work of her fucking ex.

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

"Yeah," I said, "I know." And then there were women



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



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

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

"What? Alice? You what?"

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

There was a pause for translation.

"You're sure?" said James.

"No," I said. "No." All of a sudden I felt

The fissures between Paul and me were so great that I didn't think I was breaking anything intact.

crazily angry. This was like asking a cancer patient if there was any chance – any chance – that the tumor on the slide was a trick of photography. It was like asking if some soldier missing in Vietnam might be still wandering the jungles and drinking the rain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

all the long-dead ghosts had decided together to give a standing ovation.

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

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

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

The police station was quiet, the waiting

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And when was this?"

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

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

"So," the man said mildly, as though we were discussing events that had happened a long time ago and were of no immediate consequence. "You say you saw Sarah Neelan?"

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

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



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

You were taken on your way home from soccer, since your mother was late picking you

up, and you were mad at her for being late, and you lived two blocks away. You ran away in your cleats while the coaches were dealing with a bee sting.

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

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

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

You were taken to a house and then a basement. Evil things were done to you, and they think some of them were done to you before you were killed. You don't need me to

"What's the worst thing you've ever done?" James asked me that last weekend. We were still in the time of these cerebral, sophomore questions, and maybe I should be grateful, always, that we never got much further.... "This," I said.

go into details. You don't need me to remind you.

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

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

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



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

I look back, and I realize that he already had his answer.

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

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

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

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

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

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





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WHEN YOUR BOSS HAS A Vagina

HERE'S WHAT THAT WOMAN IN THE BIG
CORNER OFFICE THINKS ABOUT YOU

BY HILARY
WINSTON



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 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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PLAYBOY SOUTH AFRICA

MARCH 2014

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BY ROY BANNISTER

WHY WE LOVE ZOMBIES

Granted. They're not pale-skinned shimmering vampires that have adolescent girls and middle-aged women worldwide swooning over the taboo fantasy of illicit, dark netherworld romance. But, Zombies still hold a strange fascination for most. For guys, the attraction lies in their almost-there-but-not-quite humanity, and the reckless abandon with which they can be killed... without any fear of criminal prosecution or moral condemnation. It provides freedom from everyday constraints with which we interact with other humans. Added to this is the ideal of a Zombie apocalypse where all bets are off: No mortgage, car payments, tax returns or the need to interact with authority. In a Zombie apocalypse you are the authority. Take what you want, do what you feel and the devil take the hindmost.

As strange as the resurgent cute vampire phenomenon has been, albeit slightly adapted with a romantic twist that does away with the traditional dread with which vampires were viewed, it may not be so strange that Zombies have also seen a welcome return in popular culture. It may be that a scapegoat has been needed to assume the role of the boogie-man, since vampires have morphed into trendy, fashionable and just-to-die-for-gorgeous creatures.

Zombies are the perfect patsy upon which we can vicariously foist our frustrations now that vampires have been moved down the list of ghouls you'd never like to encounter. Moving from wooden-stake and garlic-fearing Nosferatu to the slightly nauseating boy you wouldn't like your daughter to date, vampires have left a vacuum at the top of the boogie-man list. Who better to fill that spot with than Zombies: they're kitsch, dumber than a bag of nails and can be killed without any tinge of conscience.

Zombies also feed into that fear we all experience when faced with the overwhelming pace and demands of the modern lifestyle. Our lives are overrun with the incessant need to pay bills, or interact with the kid's teachers at school or colleagues at work in a civil manner. The constant hum-drum of modern social chores can be overwhelming.

And who hasn't fantasised that your irritating boss, who seems to have climbed the corporate ladder when stupidity and ineptitude were a job requirement, is a drooling day-walker (which isn't that much of a stretch, when you come to think of it...) intent on eating your brains. Your survival depends on using your shotgun to scatter him all over the office, thereby saving the few chosen members of humanity from the same fate.

Zombies are laughable, disgusting and kitsch, but you just gotta love 'em, and our reaction to them may be a knee-jerk one that allows us the ultimate escapism. Not just the escapism of having an illicit affair, or the daydream of a new romance, but the escapism of the whole hog: Total destruction, take what you want and need. That escapism is a throwback to probably our baser survival instincts of food, shelter and survival. As mankind has evolved and technology grows faster than we can adapt, this reaction may be based on a primal need to slow things down.

So, the next time you're waiting for the latest version of Window NR (Not Responding) to unfreeze and live up to its claims of making your working day more productive, and as your mind wanders to thoughts of throwing your computer out of the office window and grabbing the sawn-off shotgun taped under your desk, share a thought for the mental curative powers of the humble Zombie.

WINK TILL NEXT TIME

CARLY LAUREN

BY JOSH RYAN



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