

THE WORLD'S BEST-SELLING MEN'S MAGAZINE - WITH GOOD REASON

PLAYBOY

APRIL 2012 RSA

The DOUBLE VISION

Edition

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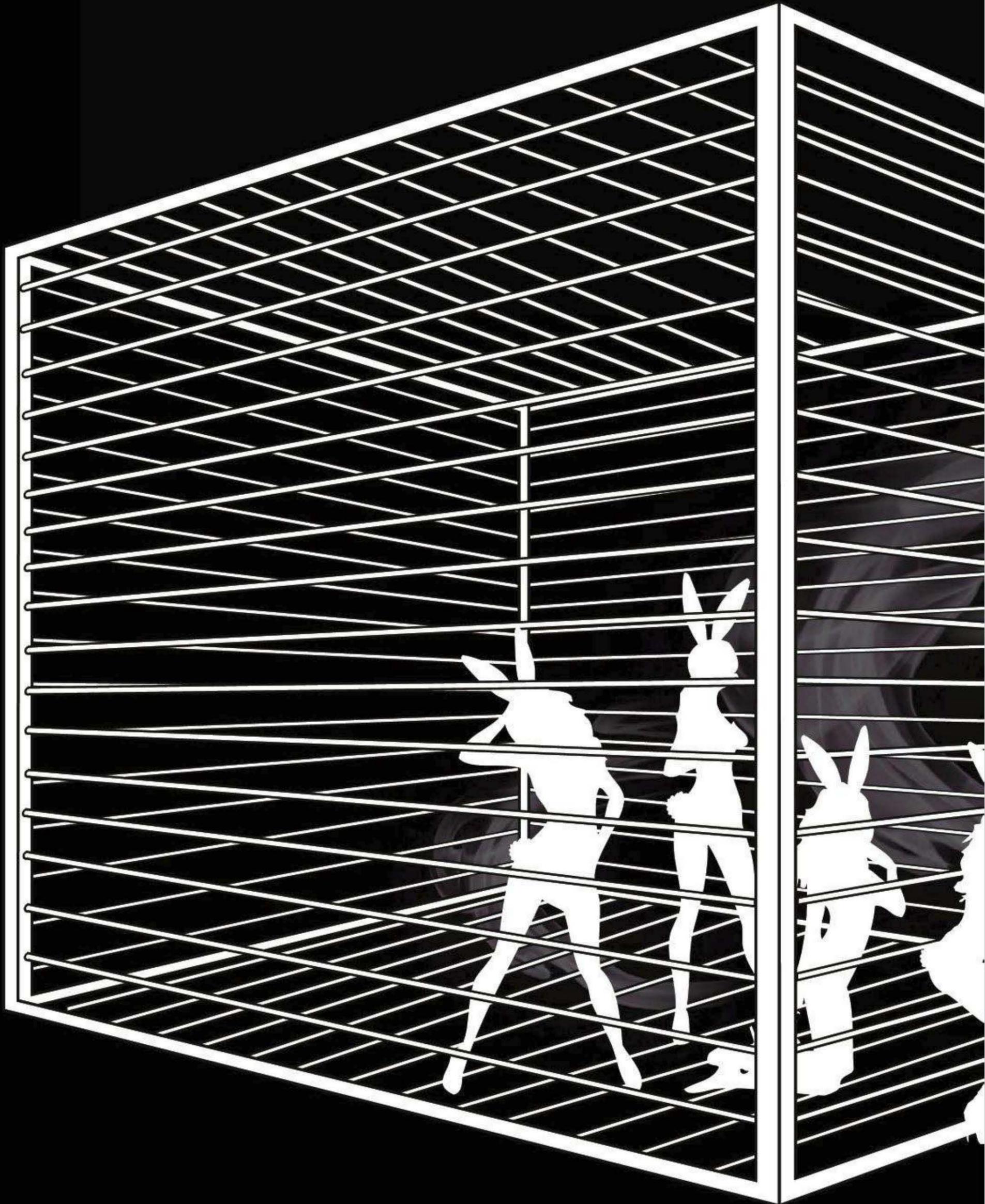
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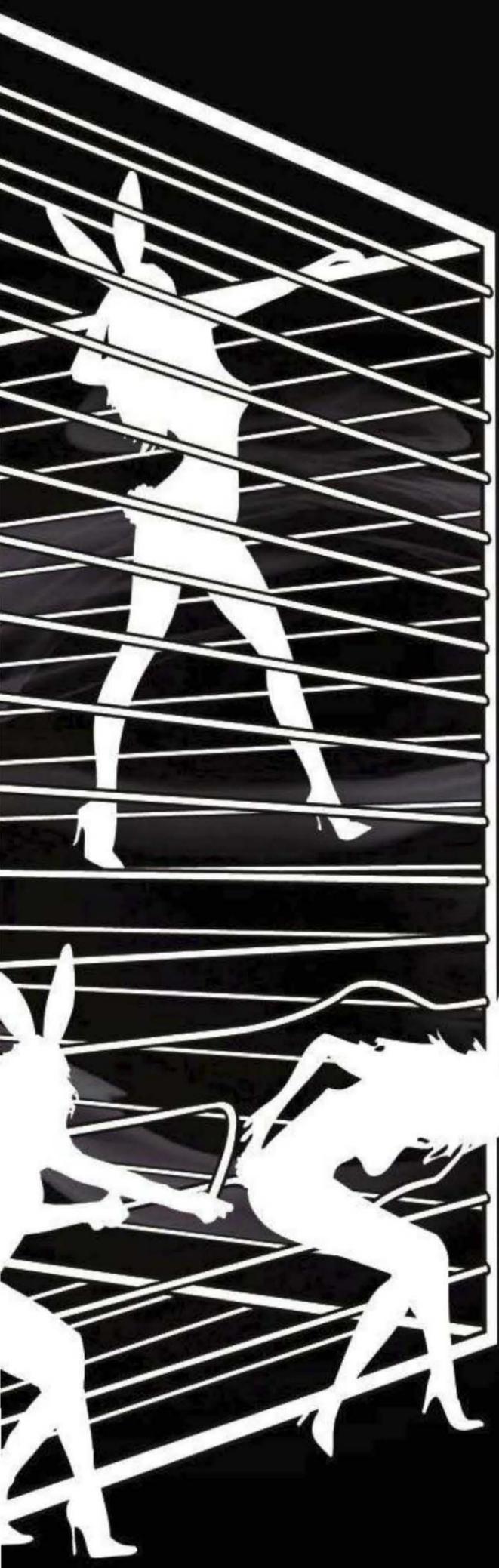


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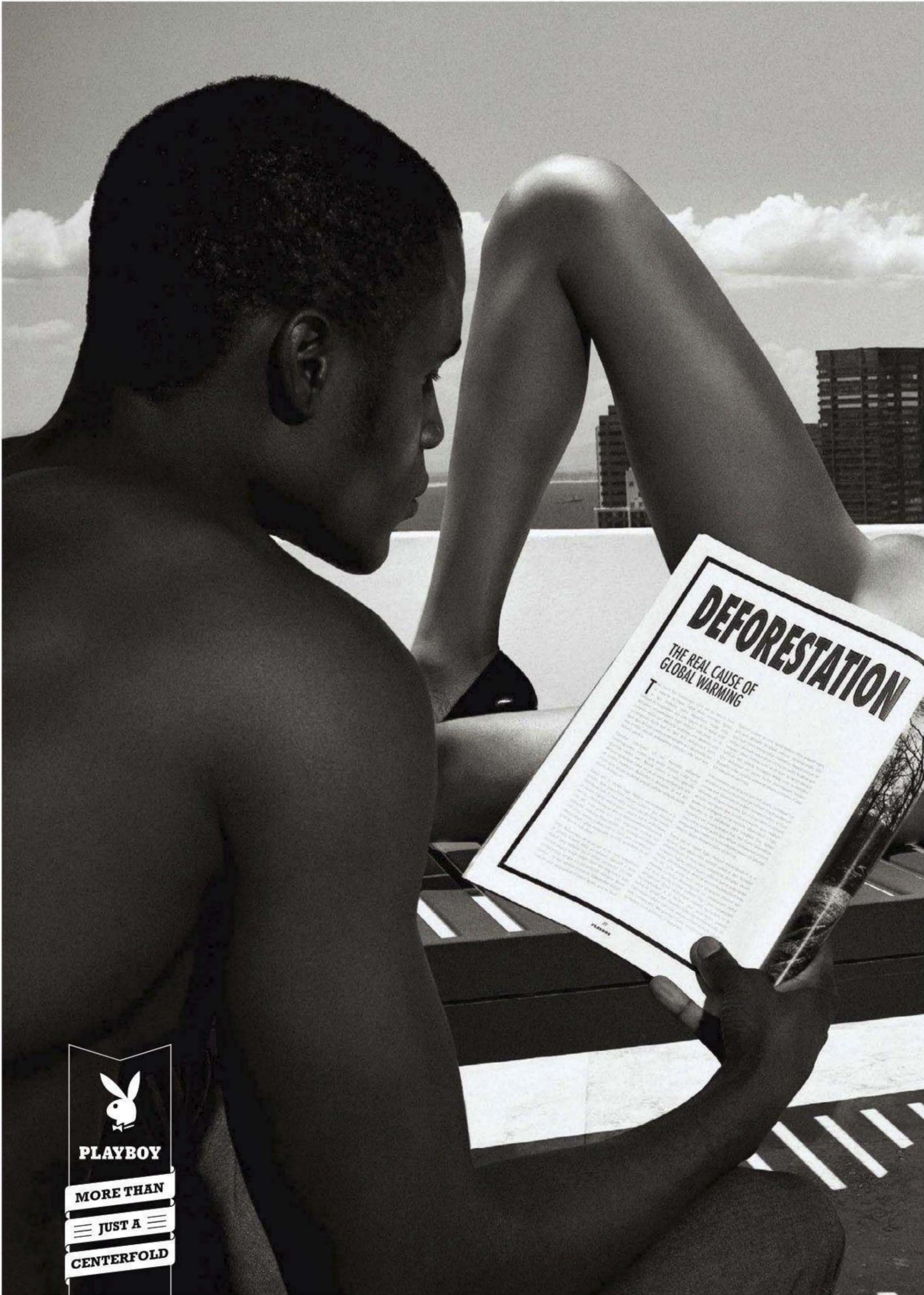
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KRUPS

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PLAYBILL

Double trouble. Twins as Playmates, twins through the years and the Nikita duo on the cover. Double vision and double value. What better way, as PLAYBOY South Africa starts its second year in this market with this edition, to state clearly that we are hell-bent on giving our readers more than what they ever bargained for.

Spot our new advertising campaign designed and created by one of the world's leading agencies, Y&R, and called "PLAYBOY, MORE THAN JUST A CENTREFOLD." The campaign with three of our very popular Playmates nails the whole idea of PLAYBOY – it is as sexy and classy as it comes, but there is much more to it than just that.

Our team of top contributors takes you through many entertaining and informative spaces. Will Gary Kirsten, Heyneke Meyer and Pitso Mosimane be able to deliver what their three predecessors could not do – a World Cup title? Big wave surfer Grant "Twiggy" Baker dates death as well as our recent March Playmate, Kate Lovemore. You wanna live *that* life, not? We dig a bit into the fascinating history of the bunny and PLAYBOY itself, and show the drop-dead awesome futuristic creations of digital illustrator Dan Luvisi.

In our regular slots, David Lee Roth and Van Halen recently got together after 28 years to release a new album. In our 20 Questions, he explains why and how. For our main interview, we caught up with South Africa's most famous racing driver, "Vinnige" Sarel van der Merwe, or SuperVan, and we talk fast cars and fast women and how he almost went flying off at 385 km/hour at Le Mans. A "moer-of-an-interesting crash that would have been," he reckons. While on cool cars, look at the Arctic Trucks feature, just back from a grueling race to the South Pole.

PLAYBOY South Africa kicks off our second year with two of everything: The Jenzen Twins as Playmates, the two stars of the Nikita girl-band on the cover, and the best twins ever in PLAYBOY internationally (Page 92). Double Vision – Double Value.

Fiction, fact, trivia, giveaways and really awesome women – little guesswork then why PLAYBOY has grown so fast in the local market over the past few months. We are the highest-growing digital subscription magazine in the country. Our newsstand footprint has grown by more than 30% each of the past two editions. And as the Jenzen twins, our Playmates for April demonstrate, things only keep on getting better.

Finally, enjoy the regular stuff that's always there – party jokes, cartoons, and the sex advisor. Erla-Mari Diedericks is back to share the strong women's view on sexuality. PLAYBOY is happy man space, so kick back and enjoy.



Oh yes, and as an afterthought, for those who saw the media spin. Pity poor Bonang (and her "private punani") for trying to make cheap publicity off one email we sent her to ask if she would consider PLAYBOY. May none of you ever be that desperate for attention and may all the women in your life be at least half as attractive as those who actually do make it onto a PLAYBOY cover.



TWIGGY BAKER - P78



DOUBLE VISION - P92



THE JENZEN TWINS - P64



STONE NUDES - P26



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SA SPORTS COACHING FUTURE - P60

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A April 2012 **PLAYBOY**

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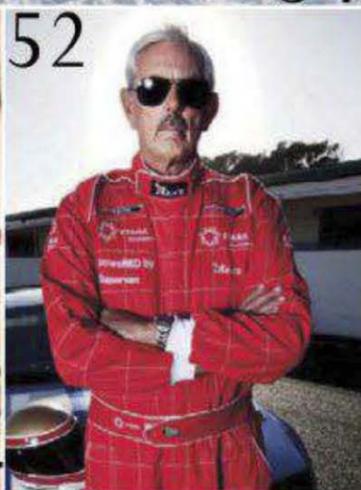
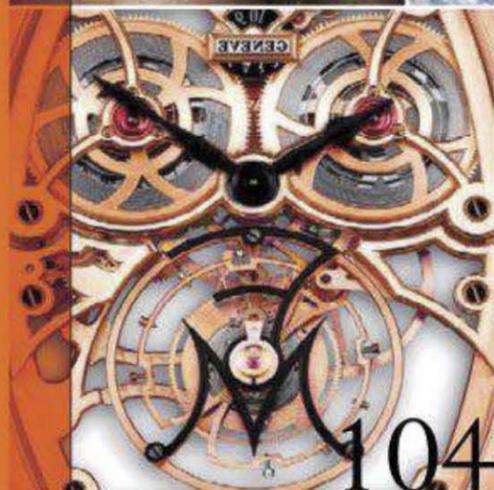
Local big wave surfing legend Twigg Baker dates death regularly, and has also dated our March Playmate Kate Lovemore for many years. What a cool life they live! (Page 78).

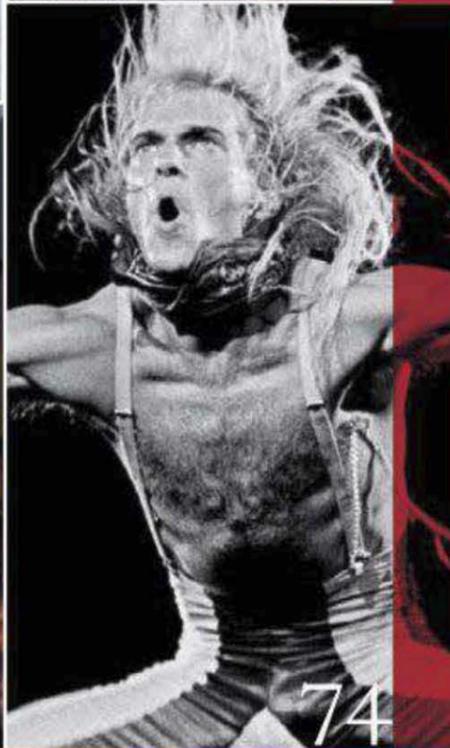
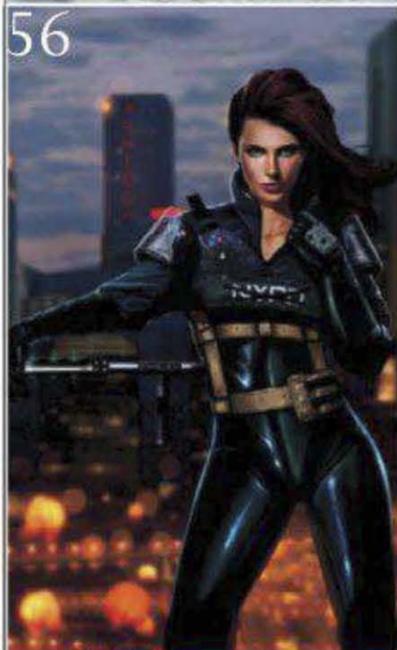
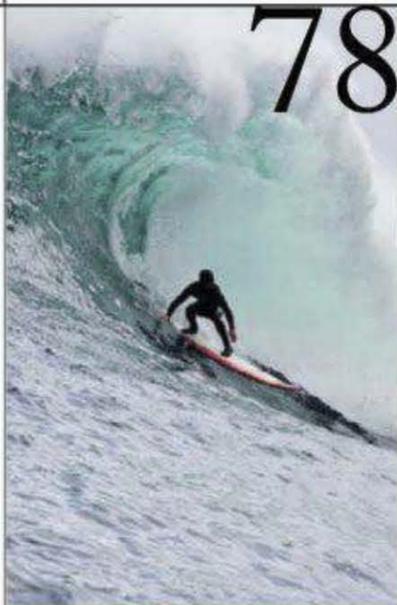
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In acclaimed digital illustrator Dan Luvisi's bizarre and futuristic world, the heroes and the villains take shape in proportions that will keep the most hardened blood-and-gore gamer looking over their shoulder. (Page 56)

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[PLAYBOY Presents]
**WOMEN OF THE
NETHERLANDS**

PLAYBOY South Africa just got the green light to feature the women of the Netherlands in our anniversary edition. Although this country rests comfortably below sea level, it is surprisingly easy to get higher than a windmill. It's no wonder van Gogh was always a bit... starry.

Despite popular misperceptions, there are several attractions in this country that extend beyond sex and drugs. Like 24/7 dessert shops. Oh, and diamonds, financial services, and Heineken. They have that too, mom.

The main attraction in Holland is the women, though, as the country boasts the most beautiful blondes south of Sweden. Dutch women are known to be svelte, stunning and taller than you, even without clogs. After seeing what cycling does to tone up those long luscious legs, you ought to consider signing up for next year's Cape Argus Cycle Tour.

So, go window-shopping with (or for) a new girlfriend, smoke with the finest Dutch Masters, and enjoy the most beautiful women that the nether region of Europe has to offer.

ESTHER VAN DER ZANDER by Toonen & Wientjens



IRENE HOEK by Toonen & Wientjens



MELANIE MEIJER by Rene de Haan & Patrick Kaas



LISA MAARSEVEEN by Rene de Haan & Patrick Kaas



MANDY ALEXANDER by Toonen & Wientjens



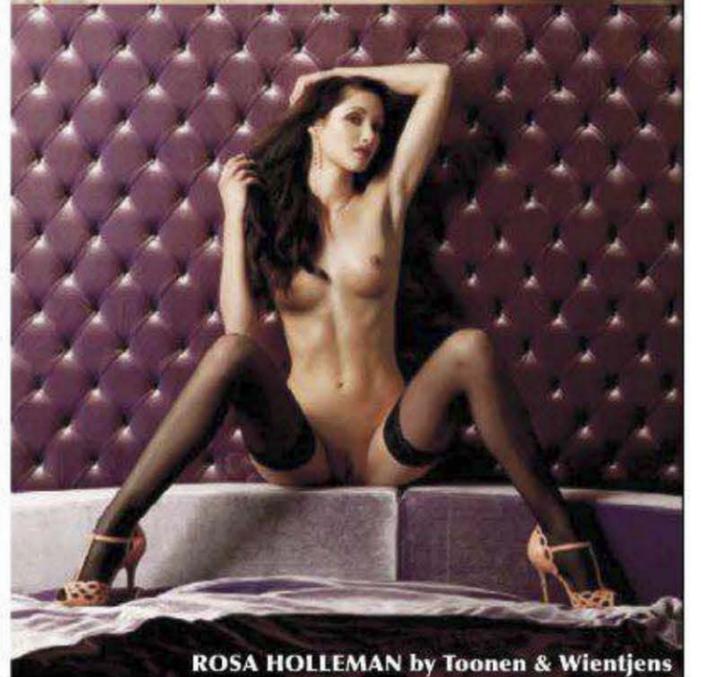
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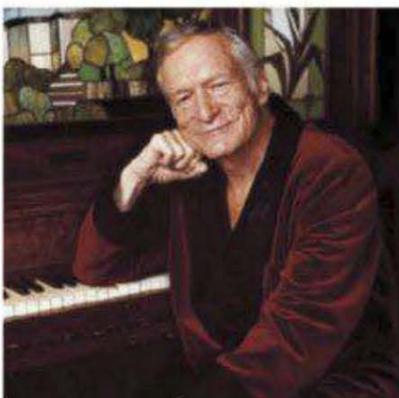


About

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Happy Birthday Hef!

PLAYBOY's Editor-in-Chief turns 86 on April 9th 2012



Wall

Playboy · Top Posts

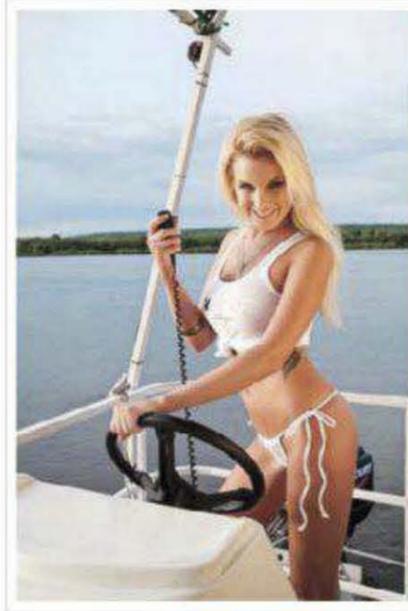
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Playboy

Congratulations to Playmate Jade Fairbrother! She is the first EVER Playmate of The Year for Playboy South Africa. To see other stunning South African Playmates, check out PLAYBOY South Africa's Facebook here – <http://www.facebook.com/playboysouthafrica>



Like · Comment · Share · Yesterday at 1:09am · ✨

You and 12,528 others Like this.

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Jason Huff so thats what heaven looks like! STUNNING!

Yesterday at 6:26pm · Like · 2



John McLouth What will it take to get her in the U.S.A. version?

21 hours ago · Like · 1



Ben Magpie Torres a sexy South African unreal

Yesterday at 4:09am · Like



Vince J Auciello Aye aye captain!

Yesterday at 4:11am · Like

[GIVEAWAYS]



Bad with directions? Rely on Jeremy Clarkson's calming voice on the new TomTom Go LIVE. PLAYBOY South Africa has one to give away. Just answer the question: where's your favourite spot for a first date, and email tomtom@playboy.co.za with your name, age, address and cell number. Ends 30 April 2012. See page 28 for more info.



WIN Darkness II [PS3, Xbox & PC]

Darkness II is available to 3 lucky fans of PLAYBOY who tell us what game you can't wait for in 2012. Email darkness@playboy.co.za with your name, age (over 18), address and cell number by 30 April 2012. See our Gaming review on page 32.

WIN

AERIAL 7 Tanks on page 28



BBC Nu Metro and PLAYBOY are offering 5 readers a chance to win **Frozen Earth** on DVD or Blu Ray. Simply tell us who you'd choose to be with if you were the last person on Earth and email frozen@playboy.co.za with your name, age, address and cell number. Ends 30 April 2012. See review on page 30.

Wanna Hold'em?

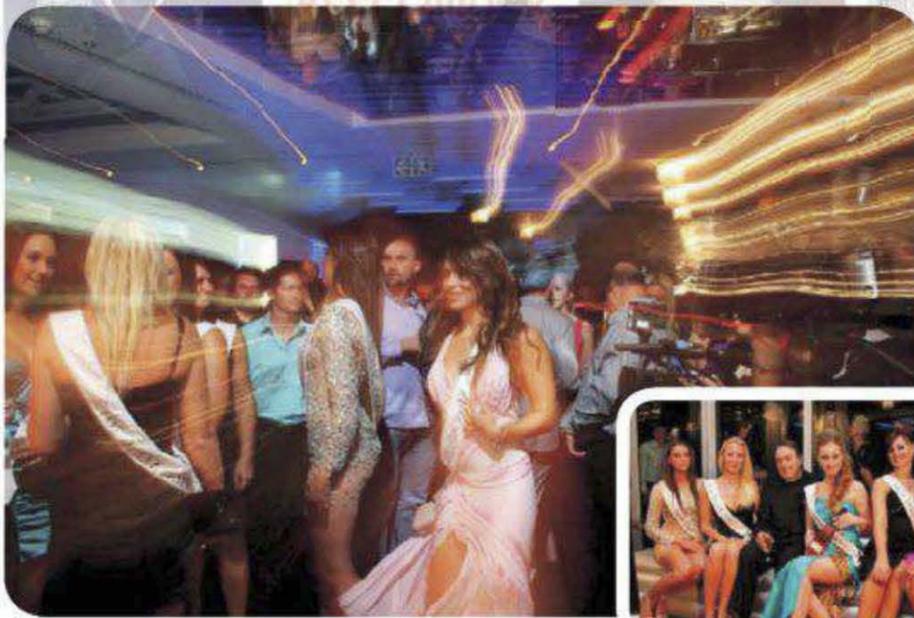
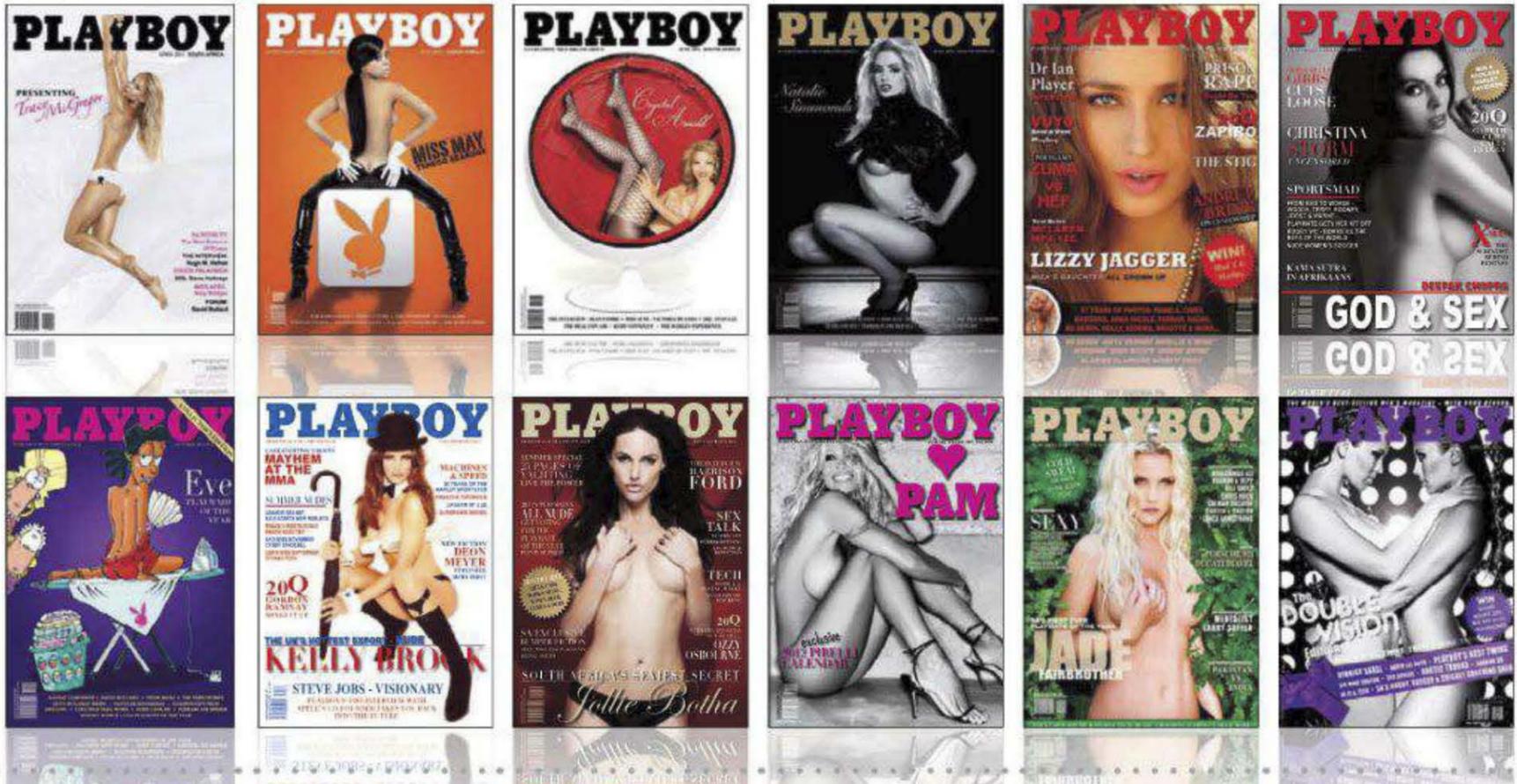


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[PLAYBOY News]

PLAYBOY South Africa Celebrates 1 Year

Pinch us... has it been a year of PLAYBOY already? In just 12 short months we have gone about re-constructing what people consider to be essential reading for the real man, and the public has spoken. Thanks for the epic support, and we'll be seeing you at one of our Playmate parties to say thanks...



[EVENTS] Playmate Of The Year Party

In a weekend-long display of exuberance, PLAYBOY crowned its first Playmate of the Year, the lovely Jade Fairbrother, at a gala event at ZAR nightclub in Sandton. Industry celebs rubbed shoulders with cover models and our Playmates from 2011 and 2012, while All Access was on hand to catch the revelry as it happened. Catch their video: youtu.be/kyJB1xBPFTM



See Yolandi's full pictorial along with all our past Playmates for free. Register at www.playboy.co.za.

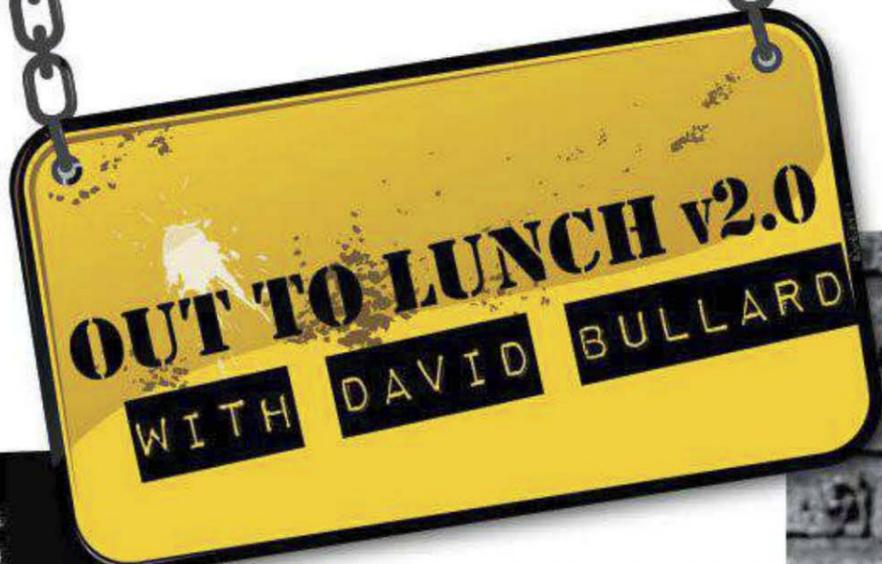
[PLAYMATE NEWS] Miss July 2011 cruises in style

Miss July Yolandi Malherbe has earned herself such a strong following that Subaru Cape Town chose her to hit the road in their brand new SUV offering, the XV. (Reviewed on p90 by the inimitable Egmont Sippel.) Branded with typical panache in the PLAYBOY style, catch the Subaru XV out and about as Yolandi showcases the style and sportiness that have made Subaru a legend.

Wanna play with me?

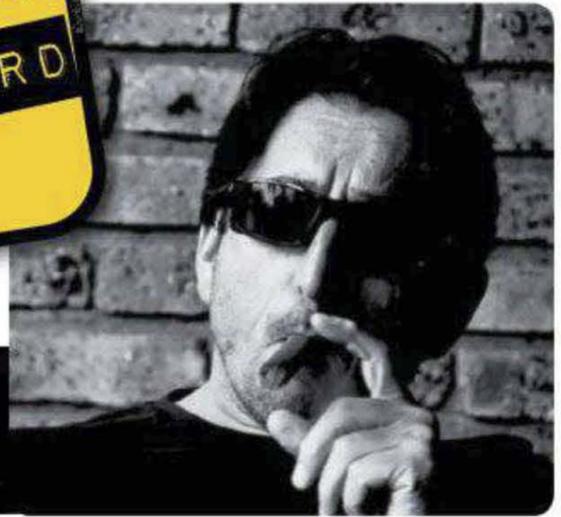


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OUT TO LUNCH v2.0
WITH DAVID BULLARD

In This Twittering World



Our gorgeous first South African Playmate of the Year, Jade Fairbrother, could teach the Republican Party in the US a thing or two about the power of social media. In fact she could teach our own politicians and a few businesses a thing or two. Pretty much as soon as the Playmate of the Year competition was announced Jade was on Twitter and Facebook (and heaven knows what other social media), tirelessly marketing herself and suggesting that her followers might like to take the trouble to vote for her. She built up a loyal following of “TeamJade” and romped home to victory. It was super smart marketing and I’ll be dismayed if someone doesn’t hire this savvy young lady as a luxury brand ambassador.

I returned to Twitter after flouncing out in a sulk a couple of years ago. I’d built up a following of 1,200 people, which was pretty good but I couldn’t see the point of it. It irritated me because it was addictive and I knew I was spending far too much time reading banal exchanges. So I just closed my Twitter account (@guntherlunch) and left my followers high and dry. Not even a fond farewell or a Dear John letter. I then wrote a couple of columns saying what a load of crap Twitter was and that it was no place for men of advanced years. Indeed, it felt a bit like sneaking onto the kid’s playground and having a go on the swings.

But I was persuaded back by somebody who said that I ought to be on Twitter and Facebook if I wanted to promote myself and any subsequent books I happened

to write. That sounded like good sense but I couldn’t come back under my old name because it appears to have been mothballed for ever, so I came back as @lunchout2 and slowly built up a new following. Heaven knows what happened to the original 1,200 because they didn’t immediately sign up for my new identity. Anyway, I have now reached a respectable 2,306 followers (at the time of writing) and much of that was thanks to an appearance on the Gareth Cliff show. I also added 300 in a week by engaging in a live Twitter debate during which Katy Katapodis threatened to sue me. At least, I think that’s what she meant when she Tweeted “Lawyers, here we come.” This is a bit of a

opportunities for wordplay and witty exchanges. Thanks to the reply facility you can lob the ball back over the net whenever you find a comment worth responding to. If the party on the other side has a sense of humour and the time then you can keep exchanging witticisms well into the night. There’s nothing more satisfying than a volley of Tweets in which either side tries hard to come up with an even cleverer comment until, finally, the match point is scored and your wit and wisdom is ReTweeted to a wider audience. If nobody wants to play “Twitter tennis” (phrase coined here in PLAYBOY) then it’s just as much fun putting up a pithy Tweet and seeing how many people

ReTweet it. One of my more successful ones was “befriending journos is a bit like keeping pit bulls... you never know when they will turn on you.”

Third, Twitter

allows you to irritate people and get an instant response. Write a column and you have to wait weeks for people to respond, if they can even be bothered. But use the Twitter search engine, find someone who is unlikely to have much of a sense of humour (lefties and academics are always a good bet), write a robust response to one of their sanctimonious Tweets and sit back and wait for the fireworks. You will have made some humourless bastard incandescent with rage and you will have given yourself a satisfying half hour or so at the computer. And in all probability you will have increased the number of your followers because in the toxic world that is Twitter, malice always wins the day. 🙄

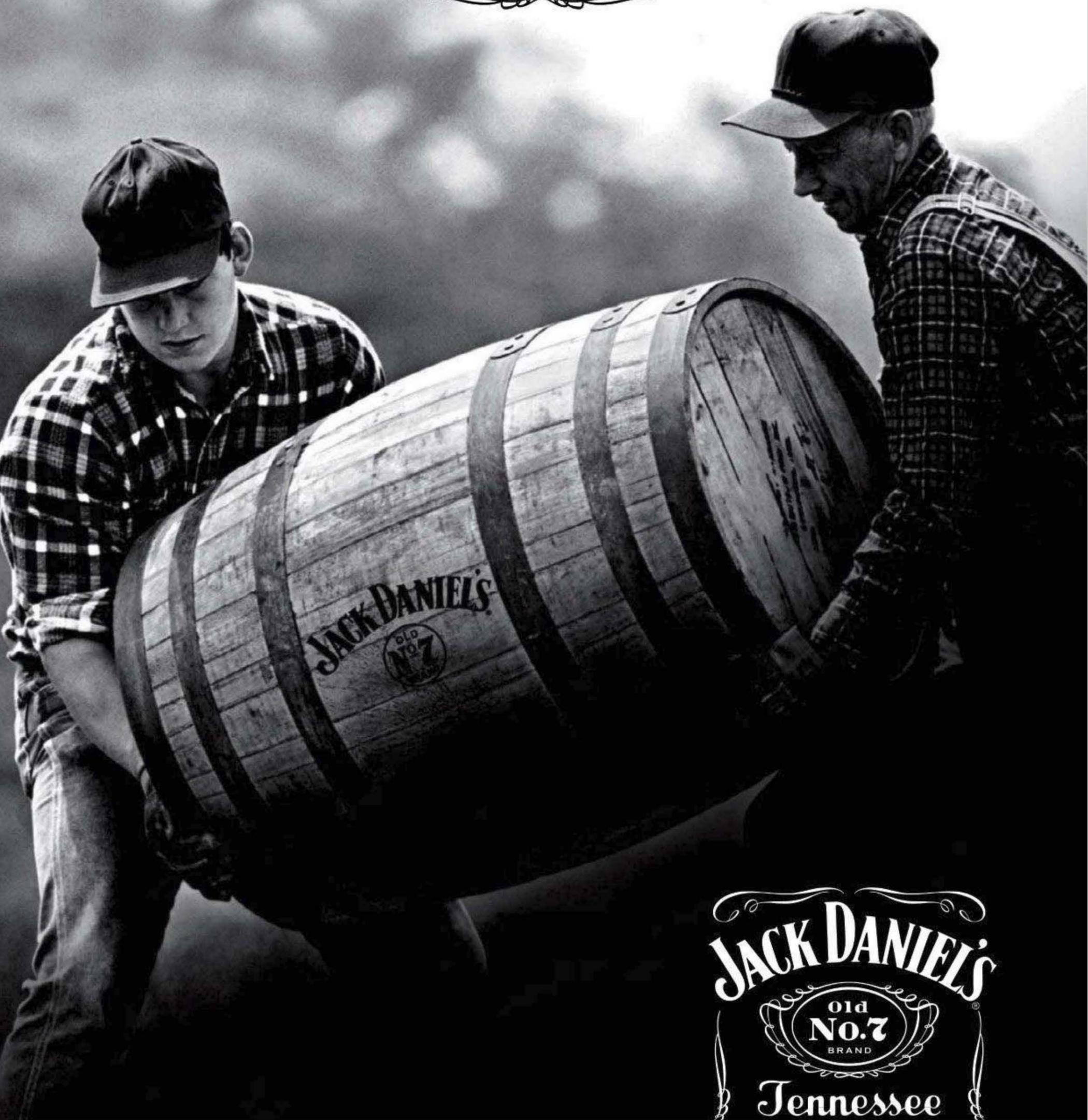
There’s nothing more satisfying than a volley of Tweets in which either side tries hard to come up with an even cleverer comment until, finally, the match point is scored and your wit and wisdom is ReTweeted to a wider audience.

comedown for a man who was once sued by the President in waiting.

I’ve decided that I now like Twitter for a number of reasons. First off you have a small amount of space to describe yourself in your profile. Mine changes frequently but the gist remains the same. The current one says: “Kisses no arses and takes shit from nobody... particularly lying journos. And he hates lefties.” Now you can’t be much more specific than that. It’s a sort of upfront declaration of war and anyone who follows you expecting you to be a staunch supporter of bleeding-heart liberal causes clearly hasn’t read the terms and conditions.

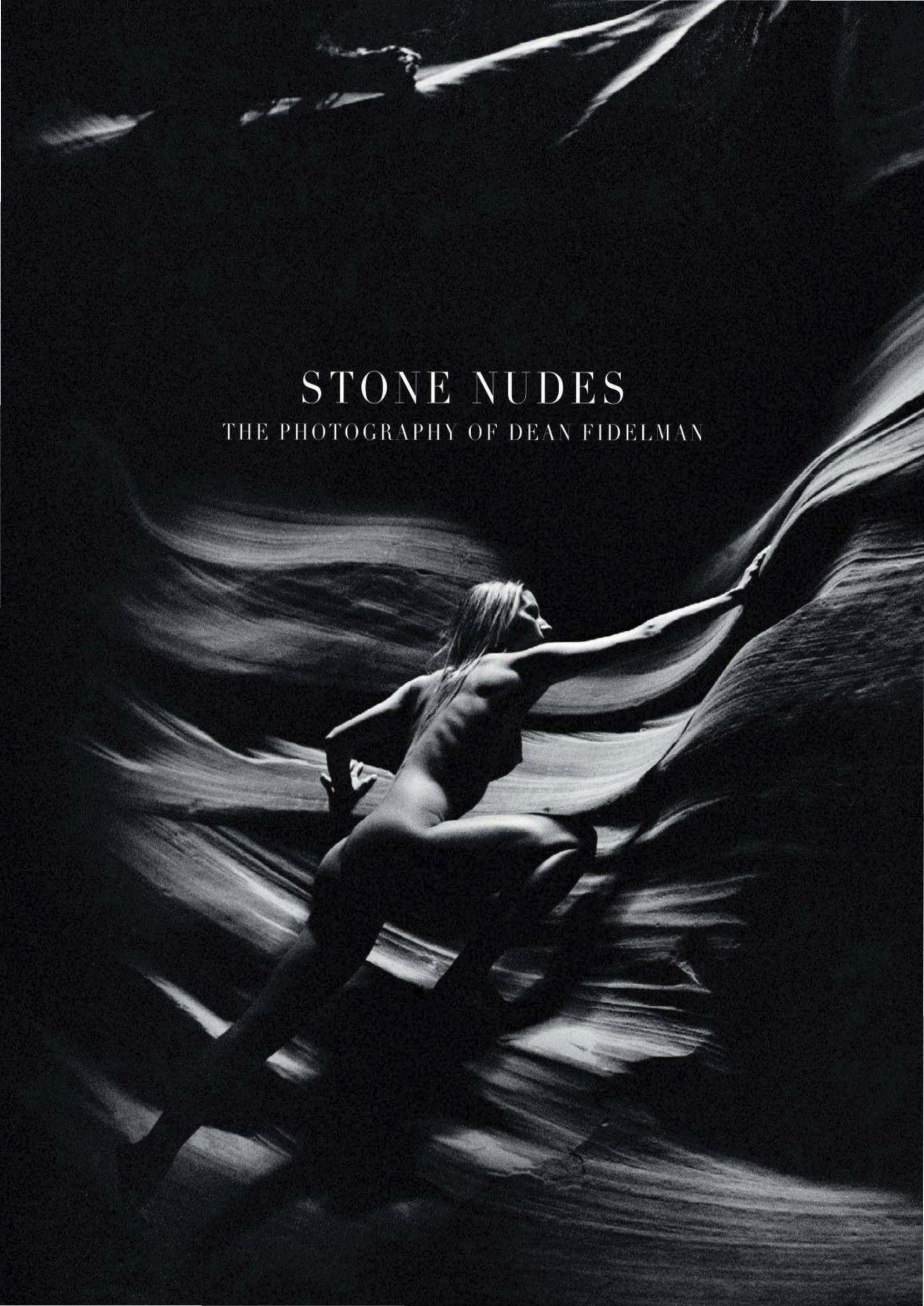
Second, Twitter provides wonderful

— — — — —
**THERE ARE FASTER WAYS OF MAKING WHISKEY,
WE JUST DON'T CARE TO USE THEM**
— — — — —



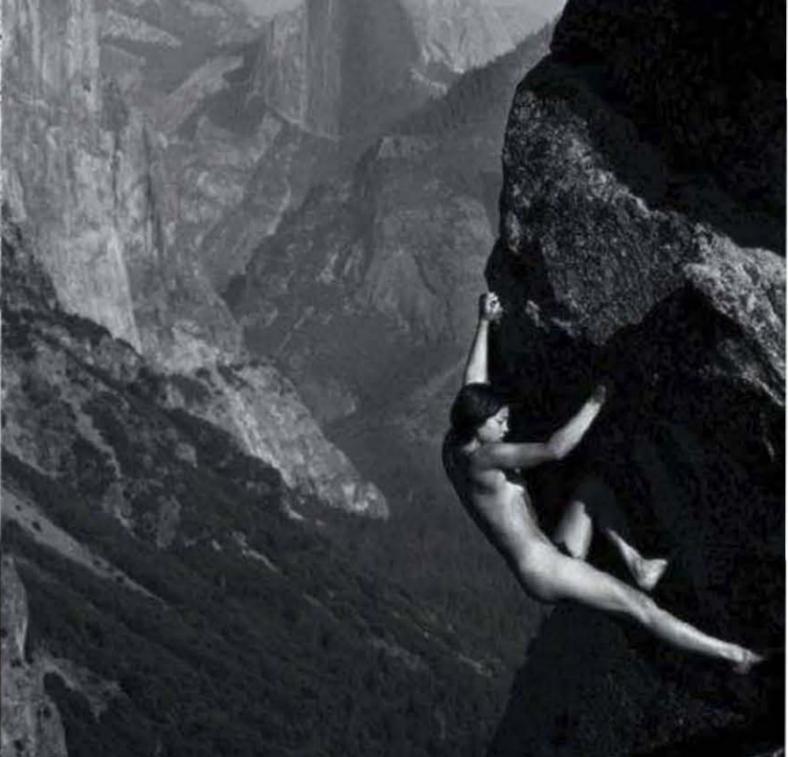
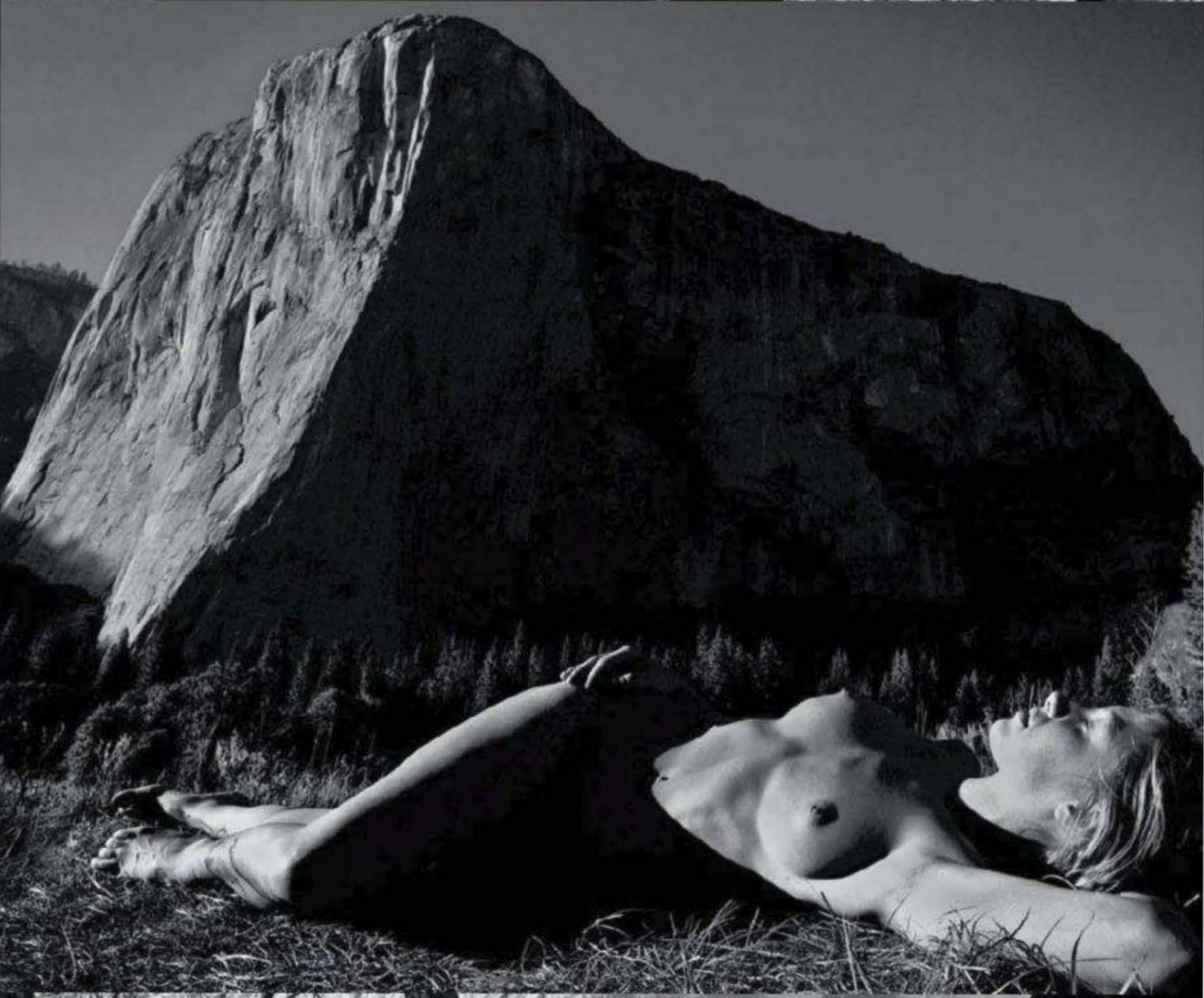
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STONE NUDES

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF DEAN FIDELMAN





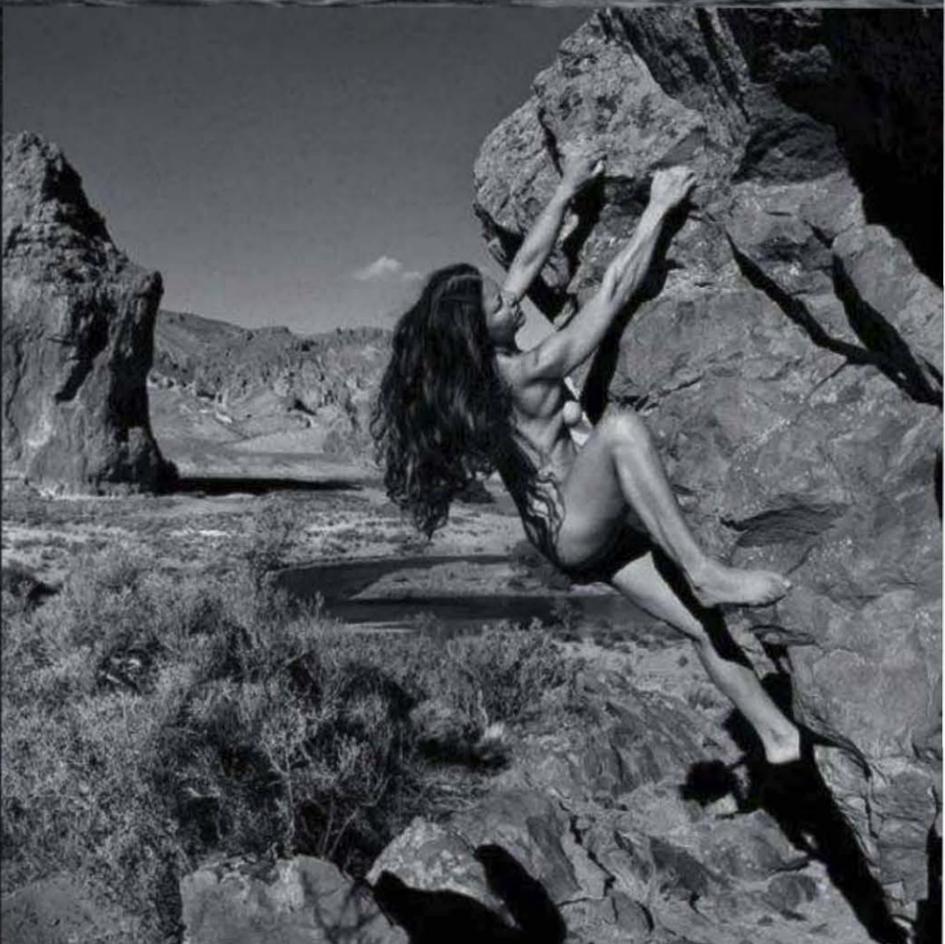
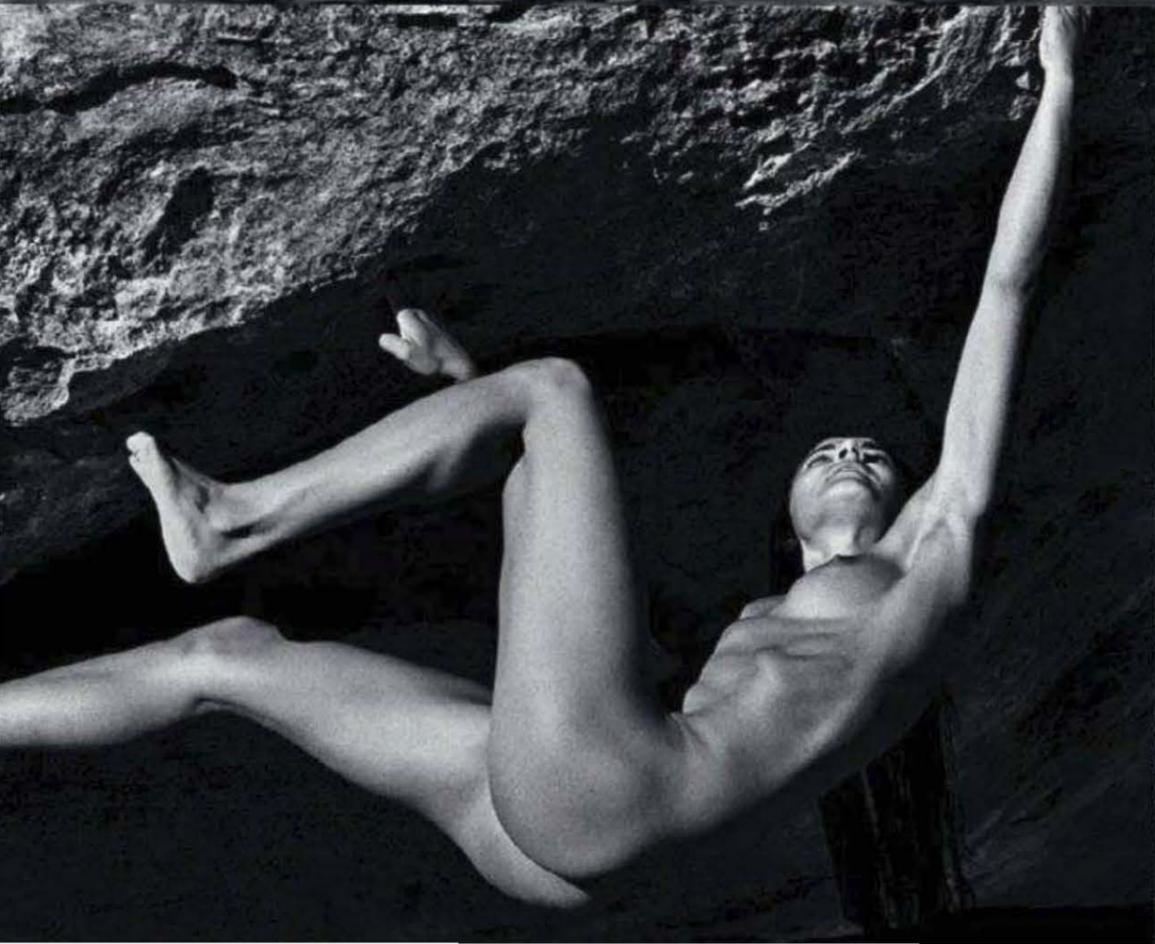
StoneNudes is about the Art of Climbing and these images, shot by Dean Fidelman, offer the viewer a chance to witness the harmony that emerges between the human form and rock. Much like a meditation, the climber and the landscape merge into one.

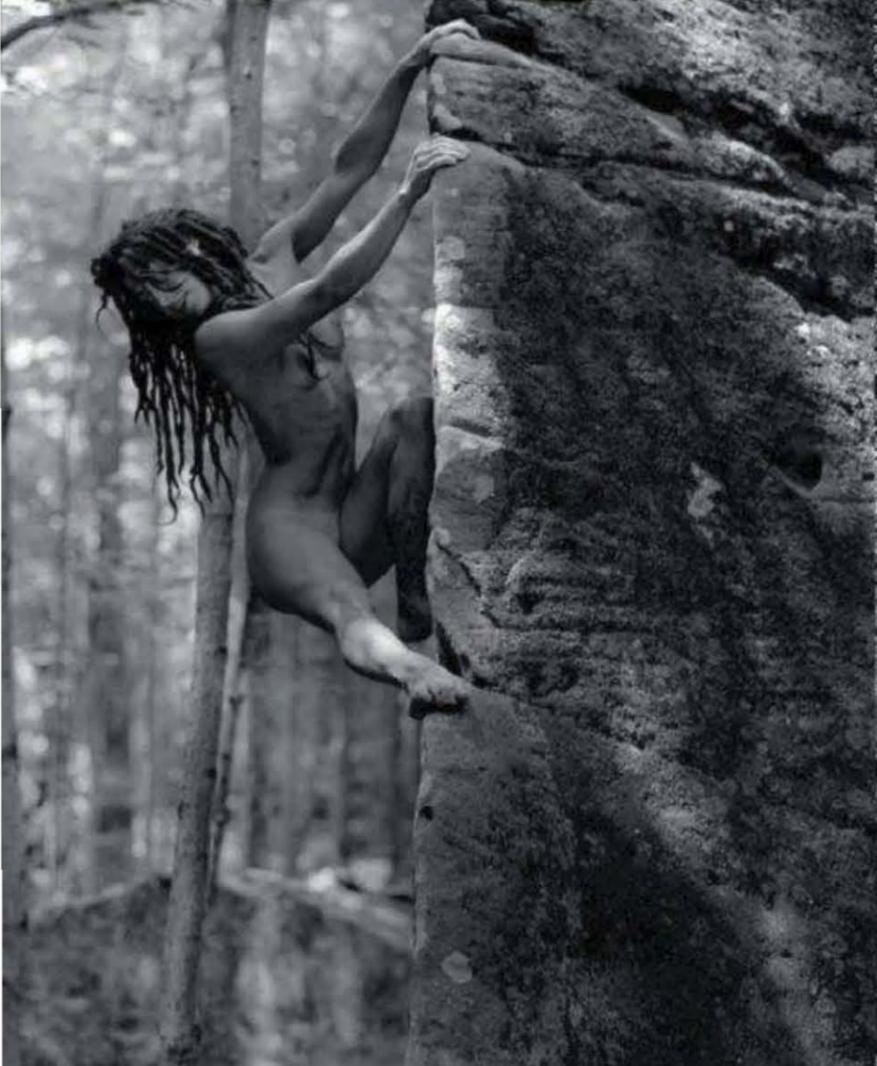
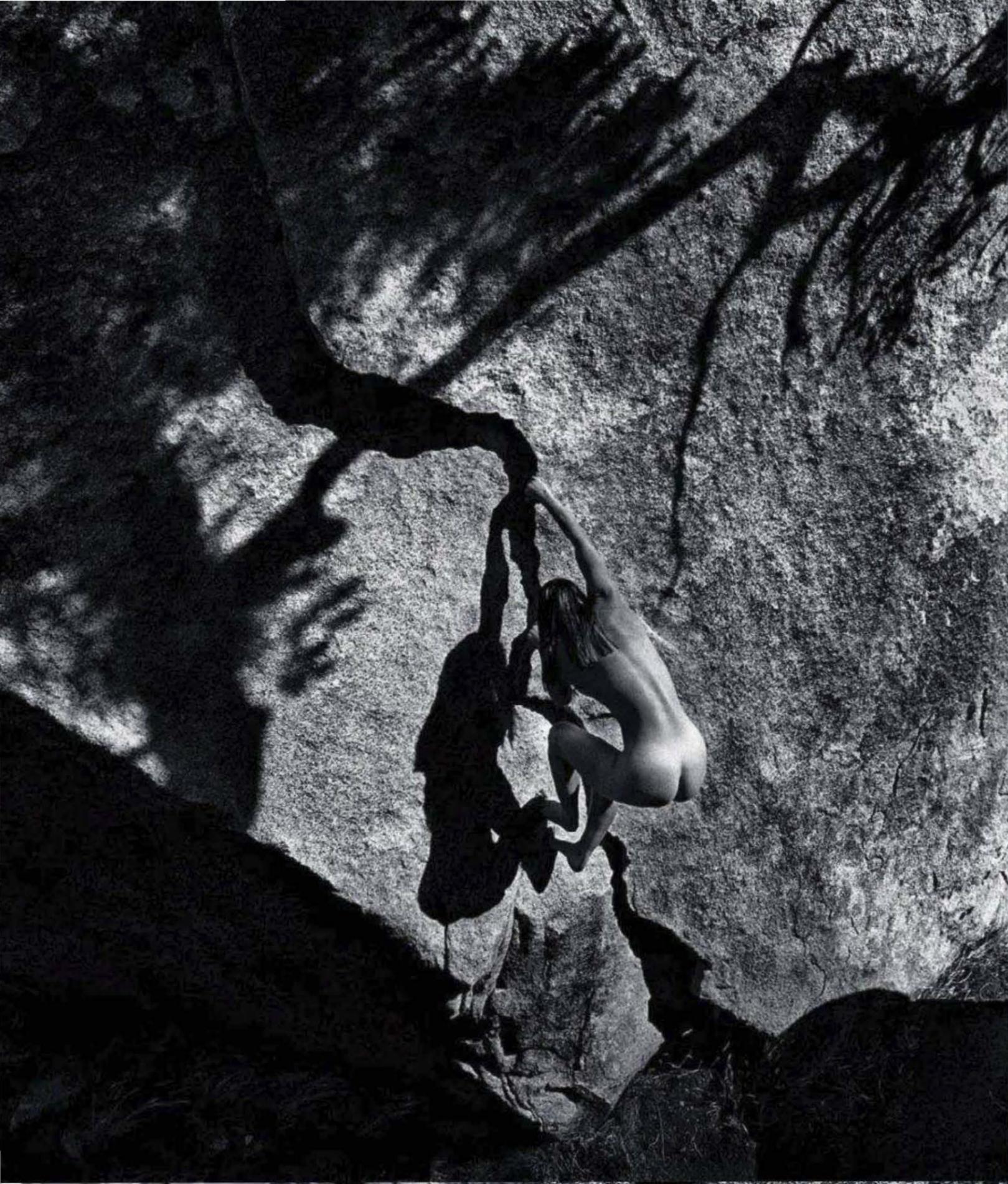
"All cultures express themselves with art," says Fidelman, "and the climbing community is no different. My models are part of this community and understand the movement of climbing; they find balance on stone." And that, for Fidelman, is a creative process worthy of inspiration and celebration. His body of work contains over 150 photographs from climbing areas that span five different countries.

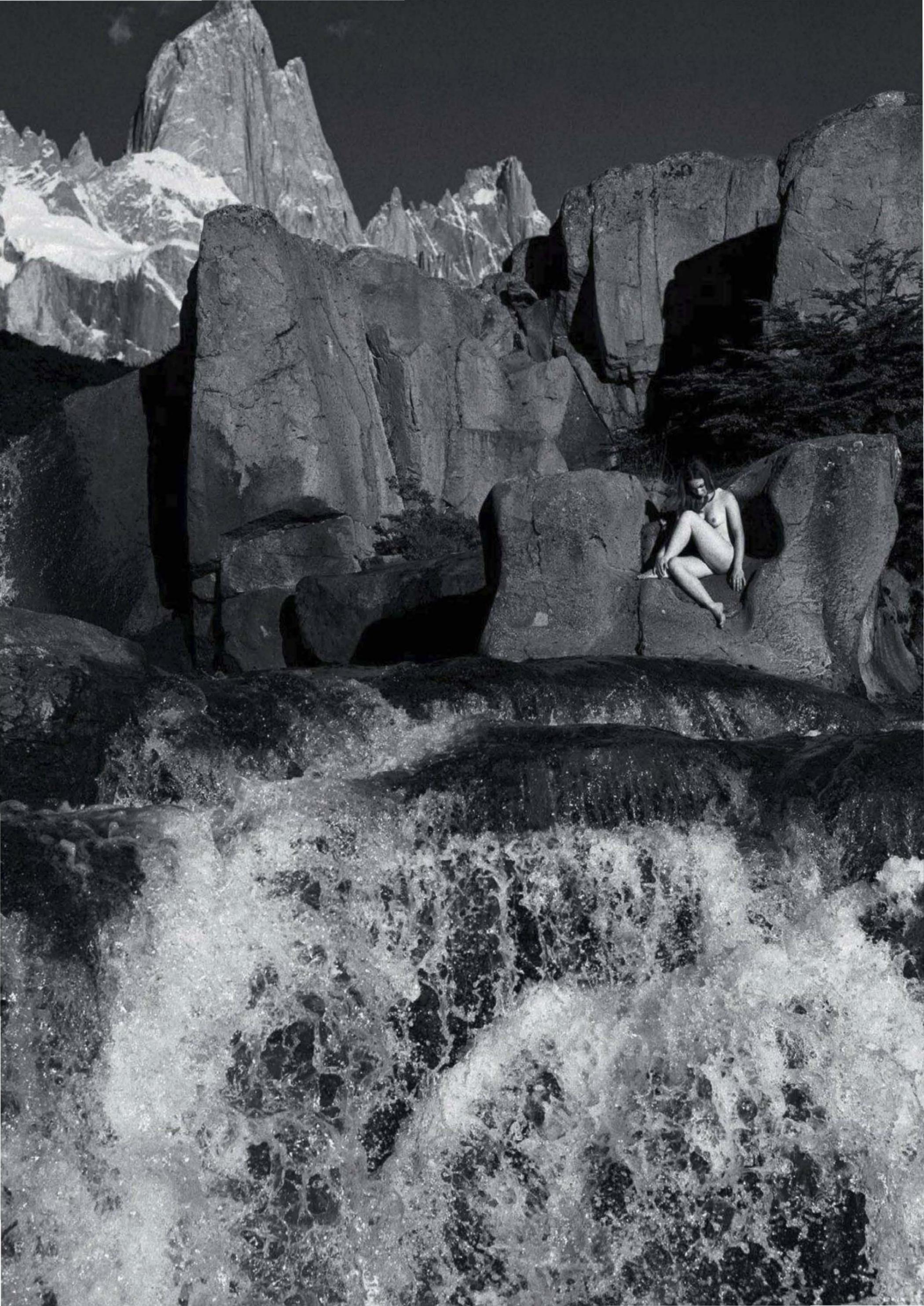
www.stonenudes.com



A photographic project that captures the essence of the climbing spirit.







IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

From new headphones and gingers to a sense of direction and robot guitars, in a man's world it's about the little things...

AERIAL7 TANKS

These days, it's not good enough for your cans to sound loud enough to peel paint at 10 yards, they need to sear the painter's eyes out too before they get the cool nod. One quick look at the latest offering from new players, AERIAL7, and their aptly named TANK, and you'll have to agree; job done. Power 57 mm drivers inside, colon-melting colour combos outside, on a 1 to 10 scale it's all been turned up to 11, basically. Available in 10 different styles from Look & Listen, Musica or Kalahari (suggested retail price R899).

WIN

AERIAL7 Tanks are the hottest new headphones on the market. We've got one to give away, plus a t-shirt, cap and stickers. Enter via email headphones@playboy.co.za and include your age, address and cell number. Enter by 30 April 2012.

WeWood

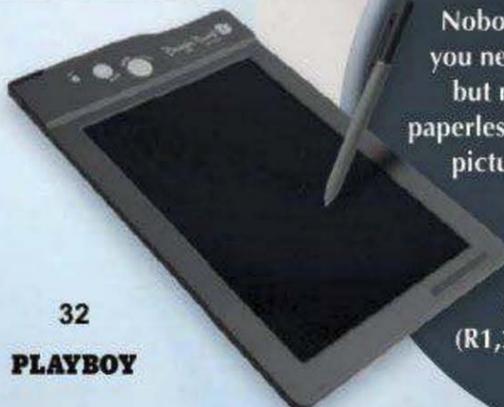
Just read the name, and it's got your interest, doesn't it? Then take a look at these all-wood (yup, trees) watches, the last word in stylish green gear. I don't even care that they are green; just bloody look at them, will you?! Make mine the dark wood one. www.wewood.co.za



Screw drugs! A study has shown that humans can endure pain for 40 seconds longer when they're allowed to swear.

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Nobody likes papers. You lose the one you need, and copy the one you don't... but no more. The Boogie Board is a paperless device allowing you to jot notes, pictures and data down into the tablet interface, allowing you to save up to 100 pages of scribbles onto your PC or Mac. You can't make a paper jet with it though (R1,299 from www.mantality.co.za).



By raising your legs slowly and lying on your back, you can't sink in quicksand.

GINGER = TOUGH

Recent research carried out by Science Nordic has concluded that REDHEADS have a higher pain threshold than the common-or-garden variety of us. They injected Capsicum, or chilli for normal people, into patients' arms, and found our orange brethren both took the jab better (snigger) and the resulting discomfort afterward. You know what this means, right?

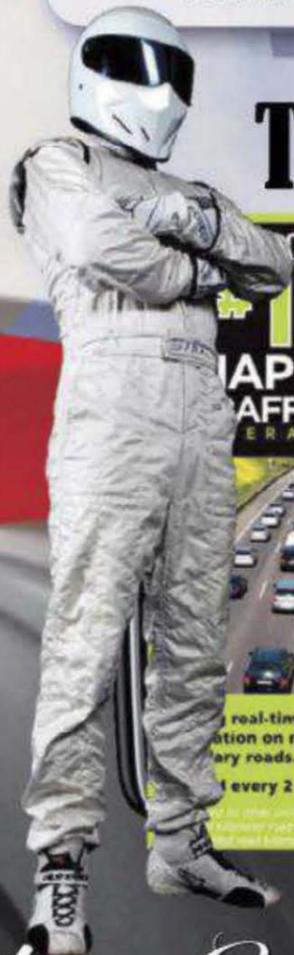


Hung: A barnacle has the largest penis of any other animal in the world in relation to its size.

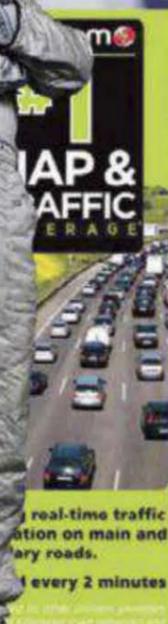
Nights in Maputo - It's A Performance Art

What is performance art? A duo of dusty-footed tumblers, or a Parisian train station? A gay pizza bar? *La dolce vita* cafés, concierge assist, street life, or life on the streets? The colour of a sunset? PLAYBOY spent two nights in the vivid heart of Maputo, with Hotel Cardoso as base camp during the day so we could take on the (at times uncertain but never uneventful) Mozambique night. Young people, old people, African, Asian, and European; looking for love, looking for sex, inspiration, affirmation, or just chilled rum cocktails. From Eiffel's train station, where cool, intellectual-types sip beer, to the rua Bagamoyo, Maputo's raucous red light district. Whether wrestling through the crowds or wrestling with granite crab shells, the city requires a little effort at times, yet is never unwelcoming nor harsh. There are two kinds of Maputo nights: the upstairs, members-only, all-in-white, ex-Pat business types; and then the downstairs, with the Coconuts lounge, rhythm, for the people, the literary virtuosos, a place to tug at the heartstrings. For your own Maputo experience, check out Bridget Hilton-Barber's *Travel Guide to Maputo & Southern Mozambique* (available from Penguin Books). PLAYBOY would like to thank Hotel Cardoso, Dana Tours, Onetime Airlines and Phil Baker of Pronexus.

Bruce Lee was so fast that they actually had to SLOW a film down so you could see his moves. That's the opposite of the norm.



Tom Tom GO LIVE

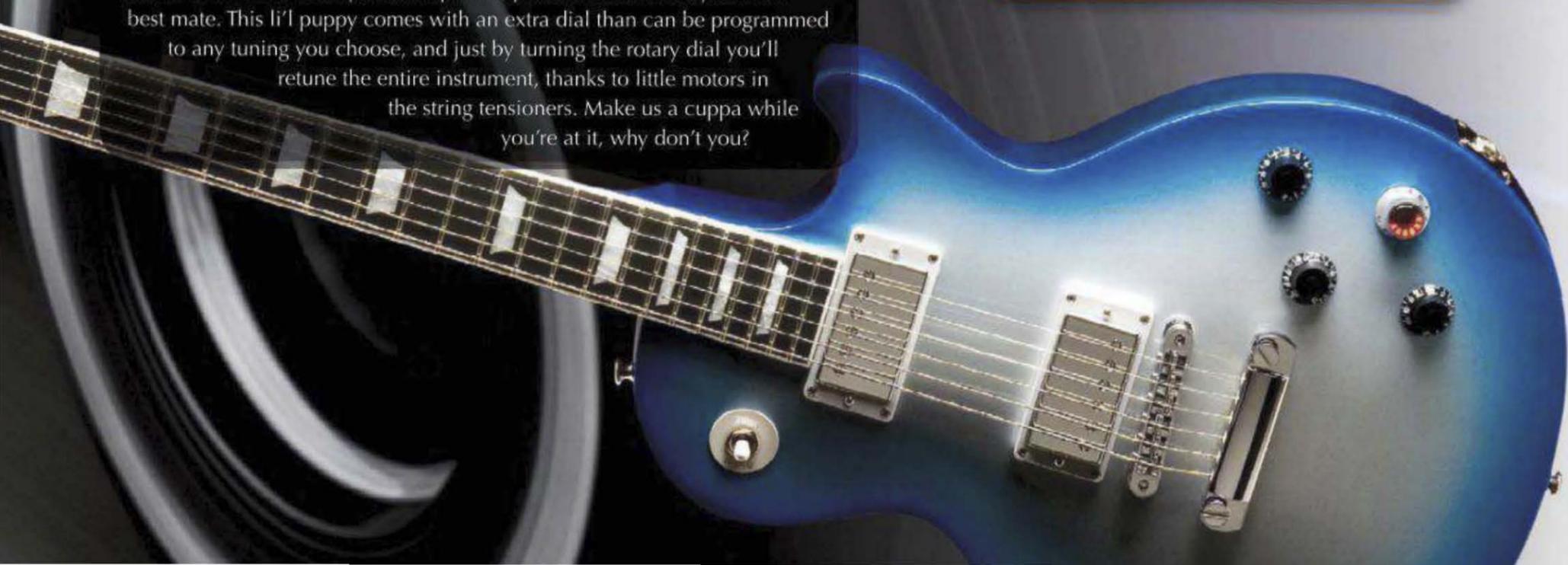


The TomTom GO LIVE *Top Gear* device features the infamous voice of Jeremy Clarkson plus a heap of *Top Gear* bonus goodies. This special edition satnav is the ultimate traffic vanquishing weapon for the discerning driver and includes speed camera warnings, information via Local Search with Google™, weather reports and more. With the calming presence of Jeremy Clarkson himself by your side, what could possibly go wrong? (Available at about R2,399.) www.tomtom.com See our giveaway on page 16

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The musical fruit: Astronauts are not allowed to eat beans before they go into space because passing wind in a spacesuit damages the suit.



SEE

THE BRIBER

by damon boyd

DVD OF THE MONTH

[FROZEN PLANET]

Frozen Planet opens with one of those god's-eye-view shots of Earth, the sun rising; this time over what looks like either the South or North Pole. We are told by a voice so familiar, authoritative and paternal that, "this is our planet's last true wilderness," as music soars over a montage of alien icy landscapes. And then there he is, David Attenborough, who looks straight into the camera and gives his vocal chords a workout against a whipping breeze: "In this series, we'll be travelling to all parts of these lonely lands both north and south to witness its wonders, perhaps for the last time. And to discover some extraordinary examples of survival against all the odds, as could be found anywhere, on the planet." The camera then pulls away from him until his body becomes a speck on a mountaintop, surrounded by what seems to be the slopes and valleys of a white desert about the size of Texas. This is the opening salvo of *Frozen Planet*, and it is possibly the best, most overwhelming and adventurous nature documentary since *Planet Earth*. The Blu-Ray series is a 346-minute whopper of superlative cinematography and narration so studiously intoned, only the lord himself could do better.

David Attenborough's quiet wit and wild streak have always been the secret mojo behind BBC Earth. Without him, the channel's

This is a documentary that transcends its genre; it isn't just about the poles, but about the simplicity of life itself, of humans discovering our humanity too late, and our puniness alongside Earth, as it wobbles around the sun.

documentaries of the natural kingdom would bore us blind with their innate fuddy-duddyism. Just like Stanley Kubrick, Attenborough has surrounded himself with technical innovation and in this series the visual wizardry has finally caught up with his intuitive storytelling. The cold, foreboding setting and accoutrements have grandeur; just about every shot is a scene-stealer.

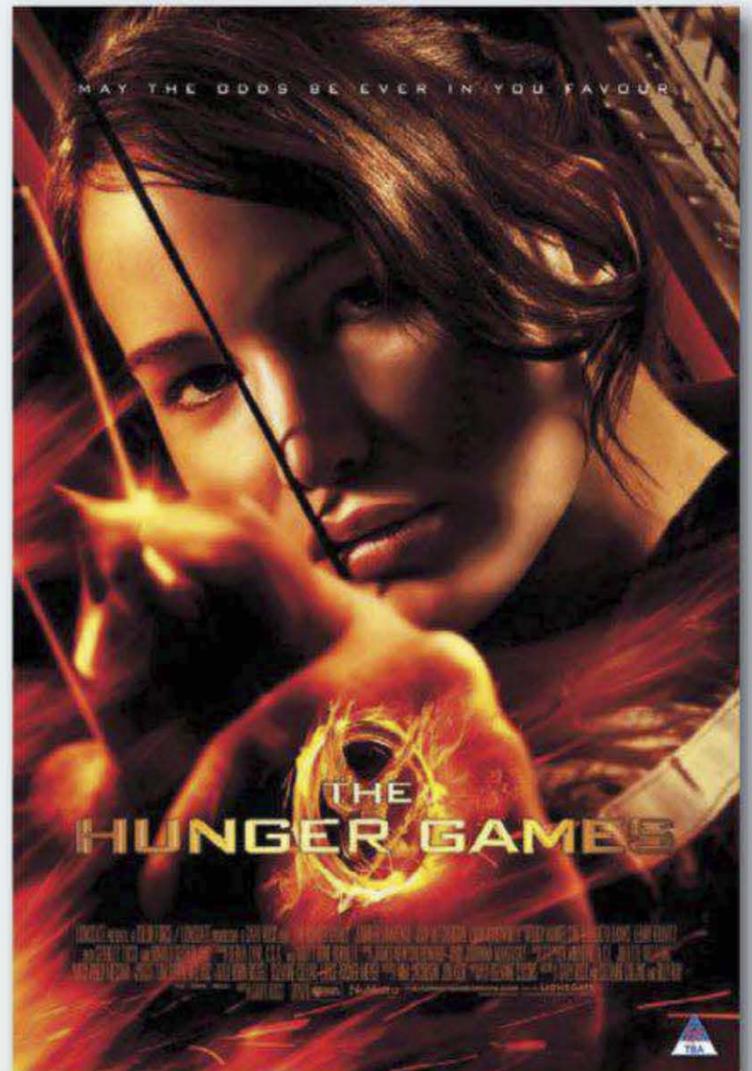
I found *Frozen Planet* to be Attenborough's most scrupulous work. The scripting, the images of killer whales peeking at their prey, or that of immense ice-shelves and thousands of waterfalls, even an iceberg forming with tremendous power, or a solo polar bear swimming languidly; the milieu seems effortless, shot and edited perfectly. This is a documentary that transcends its genre; it isn't just about the poles, but about the simplicity of life itself, of humans discovering their humanity too late, and our puniness alongside Earth, as it wobbles around the sun. It's fucking phenomenal how Attenborough can get your mind thinking this way while watching penguins waddle about. No matter. I am not one for getting mushy, but seriously, the way this series has been put together, you can't help but gawk at this amazing world of ours. And get red-faced at the insinuations of our unbridled need to destroy it. Before you take offense, Attenborough's documentaries are objective discussions on the miracle of evolution; what is happening to our icy continents (the melting, its effect on the wildlife, etc) has a lot to do with global warming. But, he never goes for heavy-handed moral teachings; he just shows us what we have, and how lucky we are to have it. He's obsessed with science and biology, loves nature and the creatures that live in it. Yet, unlike some other nature doccies, which dig deep into pseudo-religious undertones, Attenborough never shows us the cycle of creation so that he may subconsciously ask if God exists. Because let's be honest, if He did, we wouldn't. 

Frozen Planet is available at selected retail outlets on Blu-Ray & DVD.



© Dan Rees

FILM PREVIEW

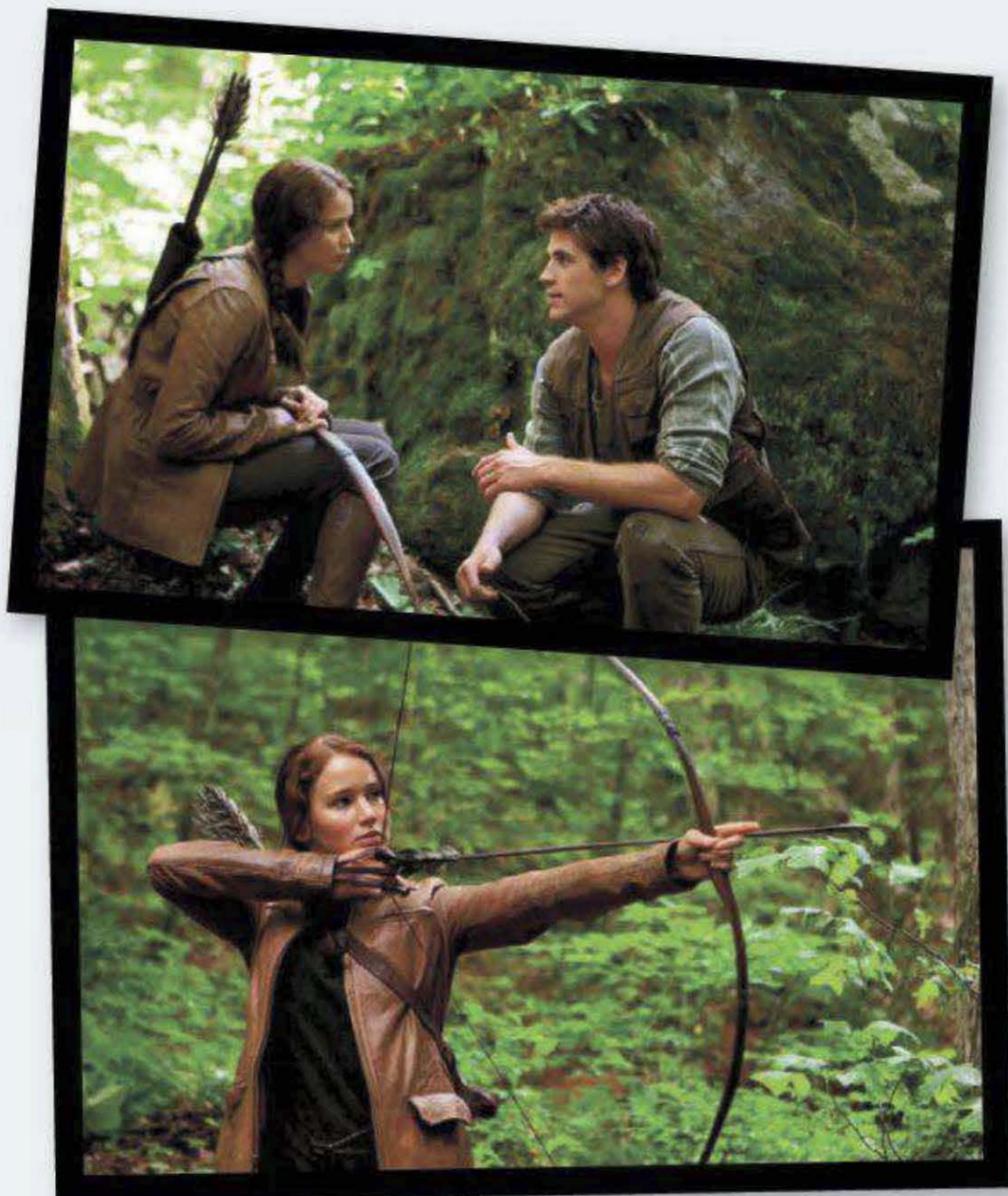




[THE HUNGER GAMES]

A post-apocalyptic mishmash of ideas with broad steals from 1984, *The Running Man*, *The Island*, *Gamer*, need I go on? A fascist Capital holds power of over its nation, and once a year they select two teens – a guy and a girl – from the surrounding areas to compete against each other in a battle, which is televised. There can only be one. Sorry, I stole that line from *Highlander* but now you see the problem. The film is based on the inexplicably popular trilogy of novels released around 2008, and what I saw was a film that should be aimed at teens, but seems to be geared toward 20-something males (even though the lead actress is around 18). But people seem to like this shit. The sets are cool, the costumes not too showy, and the action eye-rolling OTT. Plus, Donald Sutherland (sporting a walrus moustache) did good with the trash he was given to blurt, and Woody Harrelson (who mentors the teens) and Lenny Kravitz got to mug nicely for the camera. The woman/girl/whatever, played by Jennifer Lawrence, is slightly butch, but she comes off okay; seems like the kind who lives on impulse, but you'll groan each time she tries for emotion – she looks like she's having a nervous breakdown. Other than that the story does its duty, getting you up to speed in Capital's law and making things obvious for the sake of exposition. But it's mostly about the action, and there's tons of it, with the kind of jerky editing and close-up cuts, screeching, cutting, running and yelling to make you want to sacrifice the damned lot of them. ▼

The Hunger Games releases April 13



GIVEAWAY ON PAGE 16

by damon boyd

GAME OF THE MONTH

The Darkness II

[PS3, Xbox 360]

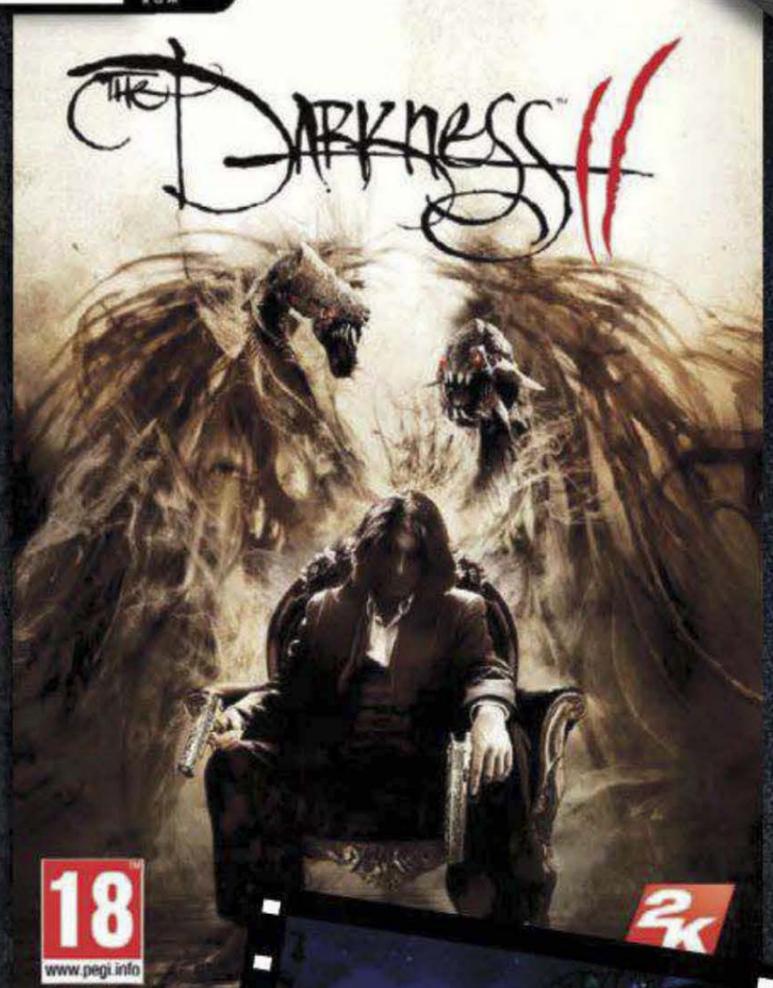


One day. That's what it took to play this game. No messing around. Straight to the point. For those of you who've been living in a shoebox, in a hole, in the middle of the road since 2006, this is the sequel to 2007's *The Darkness*, which was based on the graphic novels. You play as Jackie Estacado, the inarticulate, instinctive thug who used the powers of the Darkness (a carryall term for Satan, possibly Hell itself) to become the Don of the Franchetti crime family. Two years have passed since the coup and still our guy is fixated on his dead girlfriend, while trying to keep his dark powers in check. But, no can do. The darkness wants to control Jackie, become his master, the usual heebie-jeebie claptrap.

Now, there's a great set-up to the game. We walk into a restaurant frequented by Jackie's sycophants; we're also introduced to some of his crew. We then sit down at a table with hot twins looking for a real good time. Just as Jackie begins to sprout some warbled Brooklynese one of the women gets shot, wham, through the eye, and a car crashes balletically into the restaurant. From there on in, it's utter chaos and confusion – but in the best of ways. It's a mob war, but actually it's far

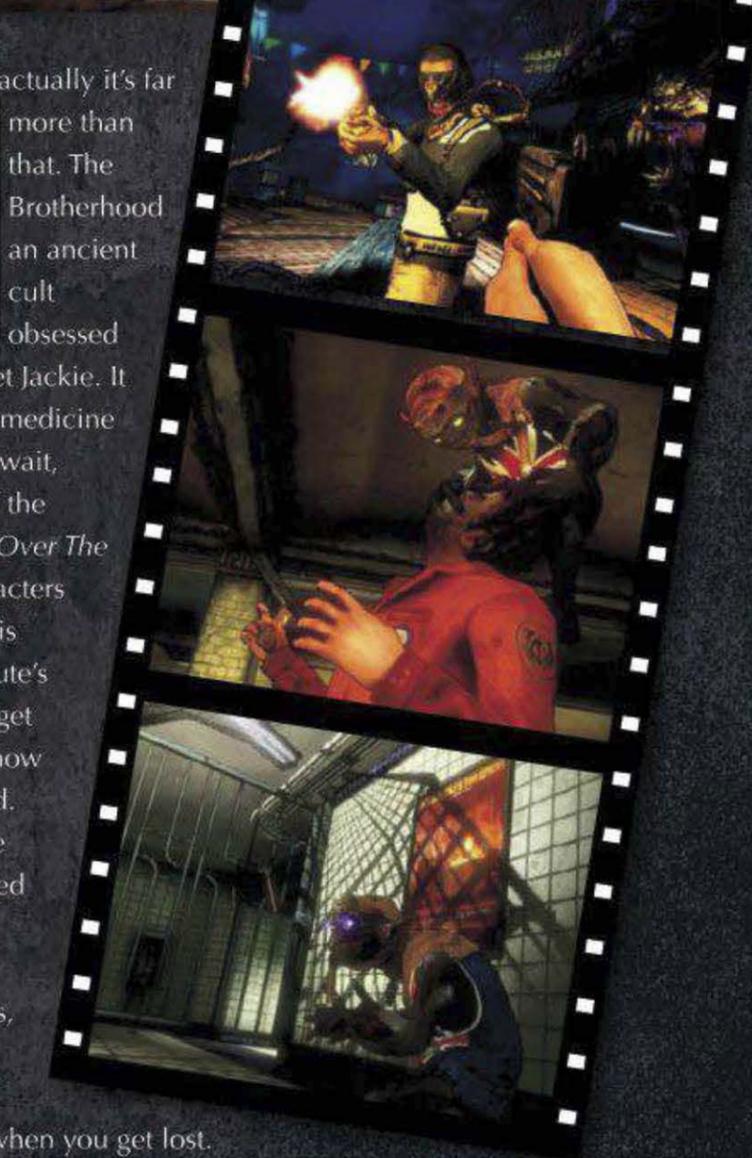
more than that. The Brotherhood an ancient cult obsessed with keeping the Darkness from destroying the world – is out to get Jackie. It doesn't take a genius to see where this leads. Slaughter is the best medicine as Jackie goes about wiping out the Brotherhood, sneaks, etc. But wait, there's more. As a sidestep to the main plot, we keep fading out of the real-possibly-unreal action and into another world à la *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, where Jackie is inside an asylum. Most of the characters reside there, but they're just as "nuts" as he is. His dead girlfriend is actually a nurse, the leader of the Brotherhood is the mental institute's psychiatrist, his best friends and allies are loonies, and so on. We get yanked out of one reality and into the next until we don't really know what's real anymore. But, I'll leave you to make up your own mind.

The Darkness II is an awesome game. Like I said, it took me one day to play it (yes, that addictive) and the graphics are, well, stylised like that of a graphic novel. And about those powers... Every time the Darkness is set loose, it manifests as two eel-like creatures on the left and right, which do all kinds of things, like rip apart bodies, throw car doors, impale people with poles, eat hearts (for health regeneration), and there's this little cockney Darkness minion that helps you fight; he also likes to pee on corpses and lead the way when you get lost. The game's one-of-a-kind, it's also just a chapter in what could be a massive franchise. I want to play the next one, because the devil will make me do it.



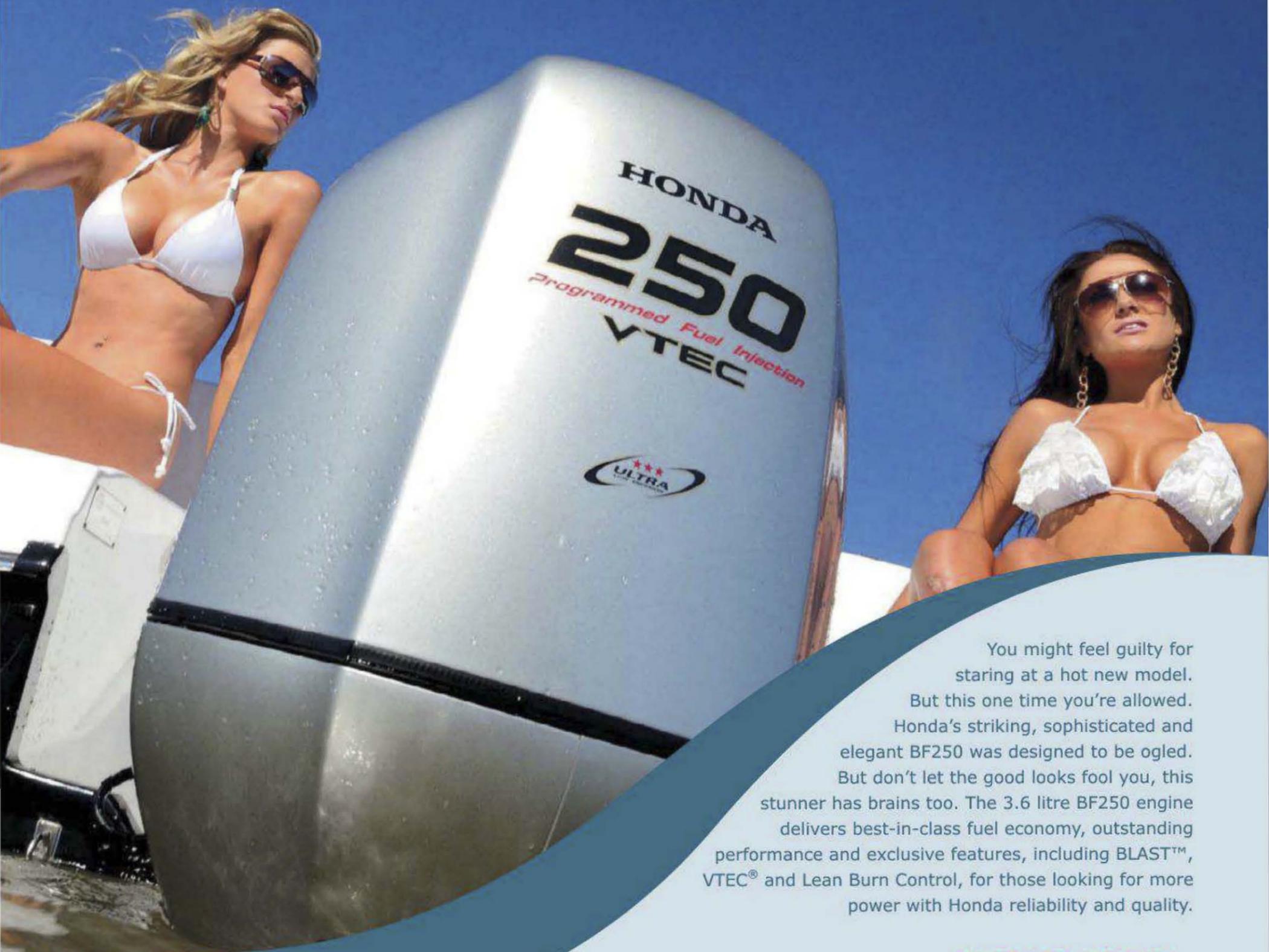
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usic
by charles leonard

REVIEW

Bruce Springsteen WRECKING BALL

When you are 62 and your name is Bruce Springsteen you don't need to be subtle or hide your progressive politics. You can also wear your references on your sleeve. Not that he has ever been shy to do it. Springsteen has always been the voice of the sweat-stained working man, the down-trodden, the exploited – he has never been shy to flex a tattooed musical muscle at *The Man*. He has also never held back on raw emotion, big sweeping sounds and clear as the Stars and Stripes imagery. And all delivered with that pick-up of a voice. His latest album, the strong *Wrecking Ball*, is an angry but sing-along riposte to capitalism with memorable choruses and a celebration of multi-cultural America in all its multi-voiced and musical glory – there's mariachi, gospel, Irish, soul. Loud and ready to Occupy.

"Springsteen has never been shy to flex a tattooed musical muscle at *The Man*."



Byetone SYMETA

What I really love about it is that it speaks to your feet, your heart and your head.

When avant garde and abstract German electronic musician Olaf Bender (44), better known as Byetone, was unleashed on us in chest-thumping glory at the recent Taste of Sonar, a friend roared into my ear: "This is punk!" He was so damn right. Techno is often associated with ice-cold intellectualism and with very little that is visceral, but not Byetone. One of his influences, he told me in an interview, was post-punk band Joy Division and you can hear it not only live but on this album too. This is his second album; it is futuristic robot music, but it also has the groove and the funk. What I really love about it is that it speaks to your feet, your heart and your head. You can't ask for more than that.



Jack Parow EKSIE OU

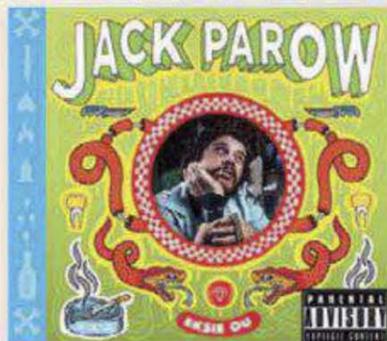
Quick, think of your favourite joke of all time. Right, it was pant-pissingly funny the first time. But it still makes you chuckle now. That's what made it stand the test of time. For me it is like Bellville rapper Jack Parow's eponymous debut that was released in 2010. With the never-ending floods of new music I get on an almost daily basis, there aren't too many albums that I have the luxury to come back to that often – Jack's is one of those. It is not only stacked with great tunes and beats, but it remains *blerrie* hilarious, even after repeated listens. Parow has an amazing eye for seeing the quirkiness in life, he is a great observer of *Sefrican* life in a wonderfully self-deprecating way and his jokes simply don't wear off. Best is, it wipes a *kak* day off your life in a few minutes' time. He did all the hip-hop things too – collaborations and then, of course, the catchier-than-herpes hit single "Cooler As Ekke" that not only got playlisted on 5FM and YFM, but also launched a million cool T-shirts and (literally) YouTube hits. And there were the *kief* videos highlighting the likeable *zef* persona with the extra-long baseball cap and the moustache. But it wasn't a novelty record – a best-seller, it was also one of my best albums of that year.

So where does this character come from? Born Zander Tyler about 30 years ago, Parow started rapping with crews from the Cape Flats. He studied to be a mechanic – according to his website – but had to take jobs like packing fish in Cape

His sense of observation and taking the piss, when he isn't on auto-cruise, make you still go, bliksem!

Town harbour and allocating graves for the Cemetery Division of the Cape Town municipality to support his rap habit. His name, he says, came from when "I was really drunk and was watching *Pirates of the Caribbean* and I said: 'Fuck Jack Sparrow the pirate of the Caribbean, I'm Jack Parow, pirate of the caravan park'."

So it was like watching a new Savanna "Dry But You Can Drink It" ad when I listened to the new Parow album *Eksie Ou* (I'm the Dude) album for the first time – ready to have my funny bone tickled, my finger ready to hit the repeat at the end again. So did it give me *koeksister* legs to avoid wetting my pants like his debut? No. Because there's a hint of a formula: the *sokkie*-ish booze song, the lank serious song, the collab with Fokofpolisiekar are all here again. But is it a *kak* album? *Nooit!* The single "Hosh Tokolosh" with Gazelle is one of the best tunes released in South Africa for at least the last decade. His sense of observation and taking the piss, when he isn't on auto-cruise, make you still go, "*bliksem!*" And there are some cracker tunes, so I can't wait for his third album – I am sure that Parow will probably shake off the pressure that often comes with a fine artist's second album and again prove that he is one of the best rappers South Africa has ever produced. 



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TASTE

THE GREATEST COCKTAILS OF ALL TIME

by terry sullivan



They don't make 'em like they used to.

But you can – right now. It's time to ditch the potato-chip vodka and energy drinks, along with the diet beer, bombs and shooters of all stripes. Return with us to the thrilling cocktail days of yesteryear.

BLACK RUSSIAN

A Cold War special. Reliable sources tell us the black russian was the creation of one Gustave Tops, the man in the short jacket behind the mahogany bar at the Hotel Metropole in Brussels circa 1950. All of which sounds like a remake of *The Third Man*. Where to have one: the Hotel Metropole in Brussels (duh). The mix: Build it right in the glass, with equal parts vodka and Kahlúa. Add ice and stir. Variation: Add two shots of cream for a white russian.

SAZERAC

The drink that made New Orleans famous. And now that absinthe is back, you can make the original. It began life as medicine, combining Sazerac de Forge et Fils cognac with bitters from Antoine Peychaud's apothecary. The sazerac has been good for you since 1859. Where to have one: in New Orleans, at Galatoire's and then at the Sazerac Bar in the Roosevelt Hotel. The mix: Pour two ounces of rye and three dashes of Peychaud's bitters in a shaker full of ice, and shake. Coat the inside of a chilled old-fashioned glass with absinthe or Herbsaint (the New Orleans pastis that became a traditional absinthe substitute), rolling it around before flinging out the excess liquid. Strain the rye and bitters into the glass and garnish with a lemon twist.

DAIQUIRI

The beverage of choice for JFK and Ernest Hemingway – which means it's good enough for you. The daiquiri was invented near Daiquiri Beach in Cuba, supposedly by an engineer named Jennings Cox, who was working at a mine on the island and wanted to soften the local rum. Truth is, it was probably invented by natives. Where to have one: the Army and Navy Club in Washington, DC. The mix: Pour one and a half ounces of light rum, the juice of half a lime and a quarter ounce of sugar into a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a stemmed glass or serve on the rocks. Variations: A Bacardi cocktail calls for its eponymous rum and a splash of grenadine. Add dashes of maraschino liqueur and grapefruit juice for the Hemingway daiquiri.

MANHATTAN

When Sam Tilden was elected governor of New York in 1874, Jennie Jerome (later Lady Randolph Churchill, mother of Winston) threw him a party at the Manhattan Club, where an unidentified bartender supposedly stirred up this original. Where to have one: Bemelmans Bar at the Carlyle in New York, or an "executive size" at the Drake Hotel in Chicago. The mix: Build over ice in a rocks glass – or stir over ice and strain into a chilled stemmed glass – two ounces of rye, one ounce of sweet vermouth and two dashes of Angostura bitters. Garnish with a maraschino cherry (that's *mara-SKEE-no*, pilgrim). Variations: You can use bourbon instead of rye, but Jennie wouldn't have. Use scotch and it's a rob roy.

BLOODY MARY

The definitive bloody mary history awaits an energetic scholar. Was it invented by M Fernand "Pete" Petiot at Harry's New York Bar in Paris? Or actor George Jessel in Palm Beach? We may never know for sure. Where to have one: Perry's on Union Street in San Francisco. The mix: There are as many bloody mary recipes as there are brunch specials. Here's one we enjoy. In a pint glass, pour two shots of vodka, four shots of tomato juice, the juice of half a lemon and three dashes each of Tabasco and Worcestershire sauces, then add a dollop of horseradish, and salt, pepper and celery salt to taste. Add ice and stir with a celery stick. Variations: Gin. Bacon bits. Tomatillos. A-I sauce. Rattlesnake venom. There are no rules in the bloody game.

TOM COLLINS

There might have been a Tom Collins, a man with a taste for a little extra in his lemonade. But if there was, he's extremely dead. People were drinking these cocktails a hundred years ago. Toms are made mostly from mixes these days, and that's exactly what's wrong with America. Make yours the right way: In a tall, thin glass, squeeze the juice of half a lemon (about half an ounce) and add a teaspoon of sugar. Add two ounces of gin and shoot in seltzer until the glass is two thirds full. Fill with ice and stir. Variation: John Collins – identical but with whiskey.

BRANDY ALEXANDER

Originally an after-dinner drink simply called an alexander (maybe for the czar of the same name), this one's nice and sweet. Make it for people who don't like liquor and they'll suck 'em down like mocha frappuccinos. Where to have one: the Park Lane Hotel in London. The mix: Shake very hard with ice equal parts brandy, white or dark crème de cacao and cream. Strain into a cocktail glass and garnish with freshly shaved nutmeg. Variations: alexander, with gin instead of brandy, or alexander's sister, with gin, white crème de menthe and cream.

SIDECAR

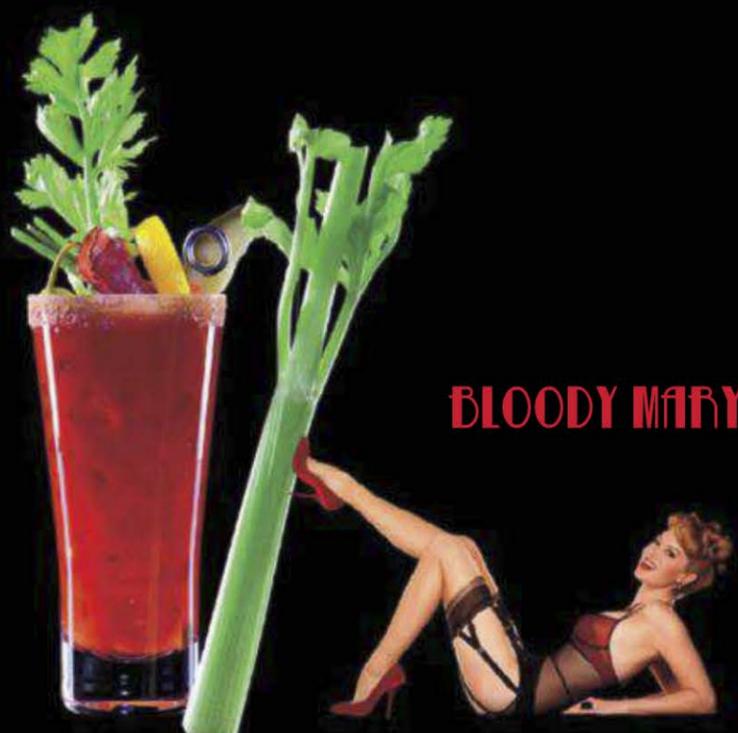
Its history is murky, but here's the going story: A World War I officer arrived in a motorcycle sidecar at his local pub, Harry's New York Bar in Paris, and ordered this specific concoction. Two parts spirit, one part sweet and one part sour – you can't go wrong. Where to have one: the Signature Lounge on the 96th floor of the Hancock in Chicago. The mix: Shake two ounces of cognac, one ounce of fresh lemon juice and one ounce of Cointreau (or other good orange liqueur) with ice. Strain into a cocktail glass or serve on the rocks. Some folks sugar the rim of the glass. Salvatore Calabrese, London's well-known bar maven, sugars half the rim "because then people have a choice." Variations: Use tequila and lime and it's a margarita. Vodka and lime equal a kamikaze. Gin makes it a white lady.

OLD FASHIONED

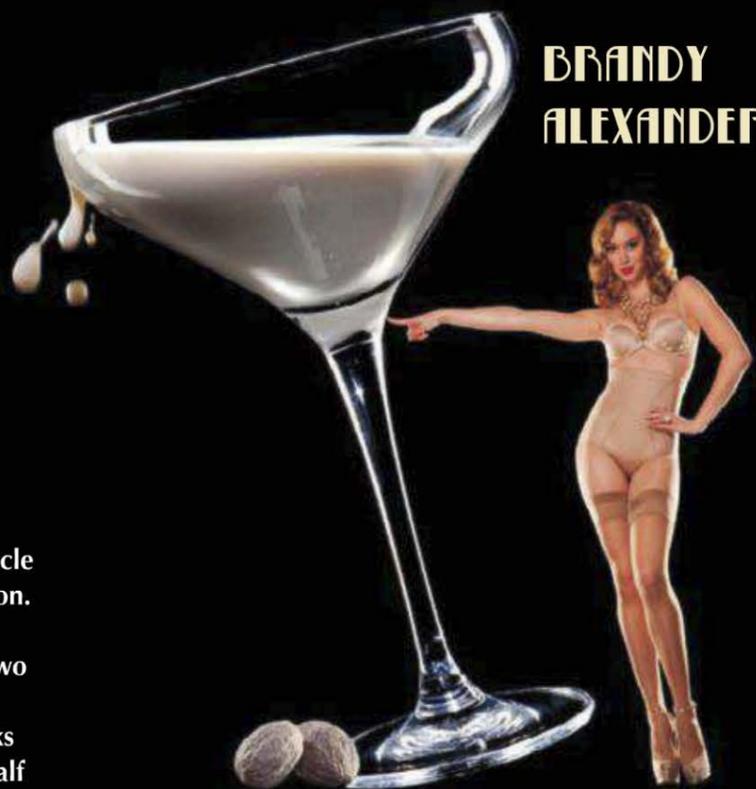
Legend has it the drink originated at Louisville's Pendennis Club. That could even be true. Where to have one: Milk and Honey in New York. The mix: In the bottom of a large rocks glass, place a teaspoon of sugar, an orange slice, a maraschino cherry, two dashes of Angostura bitters and a teaspoon (or less) of water or club soda. Muddle. Add two ounces of bourbon and ice. Stir. Variations: If you like brandy, try a brandy old fashioned. If you're short on vitamin C, add another orange slice and a cherry on a stick.

WHISKEY SOUR

Versions of the whiskey sour appear in the most ancient cocktail books. Sadly, the drink has been abused for years, served in silly flute-like glasses. Where to have one: the bar at Blythswood Square, a luxury hotel in Glasgow. The mix: In a shaker full of ice, add two ounces of whatever whiskey you like, one ounce of fresh lemon juice and three quarters of an ounce of superfine sugar. Shake it to death and pour straight up in a cocktail glass with a maraschino cherry. Daring folks can flout tradition and serve it on the rocks. Variations: Scotch sour, brandy sour, gin sour – you get the idea.



BLOODY MARY



BRANDY ALEXANDER

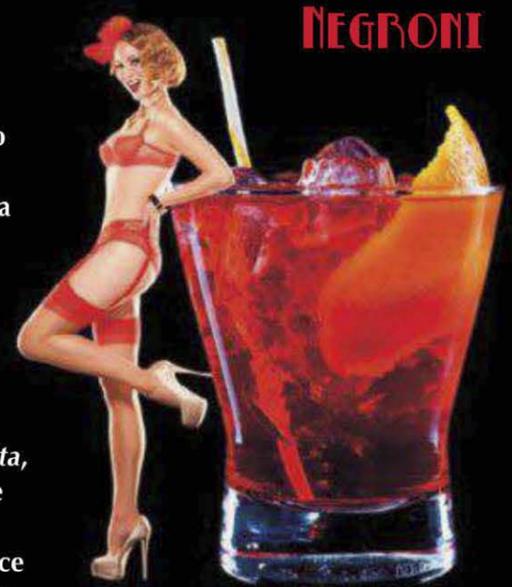


OLD FASHIONED

TASTE

NEGRONI

In the 19th Century Gaspare Campari created a cocktail made with equal parts of his Campari liqueur and sweet vermouth, calling it the Milano-Torino (the homes of the two concoctions). It is said that in the 1920s Count Camillo Negroni ordered this drink with a shot of gin in it – and voilà. Where to have one: any piazza in northern Italy on a sunny afternoon. The mix: Take one ounce each of gin, sweet vermouth and Campari. Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail glass, or build over ice in a rocks glass. Garnish with an orange twist. Variation: Add a splash of soda in lieu of gin and you have an americano.



NEGRONI

MARGARITA

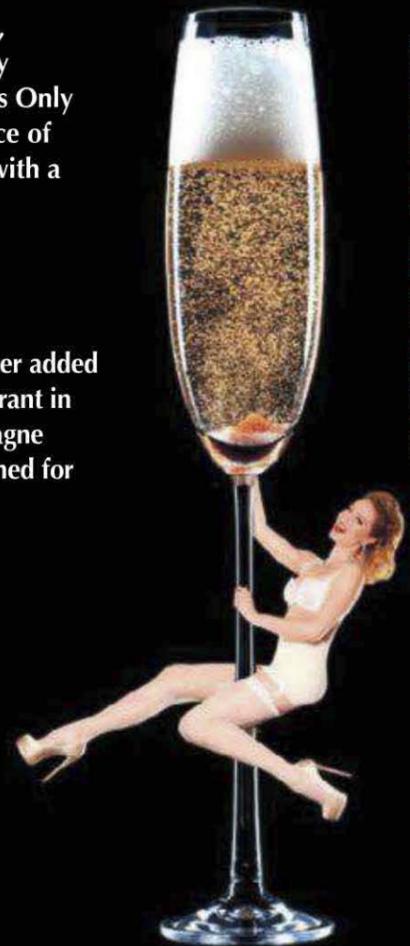
Some say it was created by a woman named Margarita Sames in Acapulco. But the smart money is on a long-forgotten guy behind the bar at the Agua Caliente Racetrack in Tijuana. Some folks think the name is for *margarita*, the daisy, because the yellow liquid encircled by the white salted rim is reminiscent of the flower. Where to have one: Tommy's Mexican Restaurant in San Francisco. The mix: Shake two ounces of *blanco* tequila, one ounce of Cointreau (or other good orange liqueur) and one ounce of fresh lime juice. Pour into a stemmed glass, or over ice in a rocks glass, with a salted rim – make that half salted, for the choice. Variation: Frozen in a blender? Fine. Just don't use premade margarita mix.

COSMOPOLITAN

One of the few creations of the 1970s that will live on for our grandchildren to enjoy, the cosmo has many fathers, including John Caine at Cafe Mars in San Francisco, though all but scoffers will credit the definitive version to Toby Cecchini in New York. Since ladies love them, you should have it in your repertoire. Where to have one: Employees Only in New York. The mix: Shake one and a half ounces of vodka, three quarters of an ounce of Cointreau, half an ounce of fresh lime juice and a splash of cranberry juice with ice. Strain and serve straight up in a stemmed glass. Garnish with a lime wheel.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

One of the originals, it appeared in the 1862 first edition of the sainted Jerry Thomas's *How to Mix Drinks*. Someone later added cognac to the recipe. We don't know who, but we thank him. Where to have one: the French 75 Bar at Arnaud's Restaurant in New Orleans. The mix: Soak a small sugar cube in Angostura bitters, then place it in the bottom of a flute. Pour champagne nearly to the top, leaving room for a splash of cognac. It's like a continental boilermaker. Variation: the French 75 – named for the kick of the World War I 75-millimetre cannon. Add gin in place of the cognac, along with a dash of lemon juice.



CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

MOJITO

Originally *hecho en Cuba*, the mojito is all about mint. In fact, it's just a rum collins with mint and lime. Where to have one: La Bodeguita del Medio in Havana, where this drink was born and where Hemingway and Pablo Neruda drank them with abandon. The mix: Put a teaspoon of bar sugar, the juice of one lime, two quarters of the lime itself and a handful of mint leaves in the bottom of a rocks glass. Muddle. Add one and a half ounces of *blanco* rum and some ice, and top with an ounce of club soda.

BEE'S KNEES

The best name in the cocktail pantheon, the bee's knees is a honey of a drink. Nobody knows where it came from, but it was likely born during Prohibition. Where to have one: Spruce in San Francisco. The mix: In a shaker with ice, pour two ounces of gin, the juice of half a lemon and three quarters of an ounce of honey syrup (dissolve honey in boiling water – equal parts – then let cool). Shake vigorously and pour into a stemmed glass. Garnish with a curl of lemon peel. Variation: If your honey leaves you, try this one with maple syrup.

GIMLET

Likely invented by the Royal Navy to prevent scurvy, the gimlet came to roost in the US when Terry Lennox, in Raymond Chandler's *The Long Goodbye* (1953), said, "A real gimlet is half gin and half Rose's lime juice, and nothing else. It beats martinis hollow." So forget fresh lime and go with the bottled product. Where to have one: any sleazy bar in West Hollywood. The mix: Stir two ounces gin with two ounces Rose's lime juice; serve over ice or shaken and strained into a cocktail glass. Variations: Swap vodka for gin if you must. Use less Rose's if you're diabetic.



GIMLET

MARTINI

The queen mother of them all. Some say it's the drier descendant of a drink Jerry Thomas made in San Francisco's Occidental Hotel bar in the 19th Century for a guy waiting for a ferry to Martinez, California. Where to have one: the American Bar in the Savoy hotel in London. The mix: Pour four ounces of excellent gin into a shaker half full of ice. Add anywhere from a half to a full ounce of dry vermouth (we like Noilly Prat). Stir, do not shake, no matter what you've heard. Strain into a chilled stemmed glass. Rub a lemon twist along the rim, then drop it in. Variations: Olive brine makes it a dirty martini (popularised, but not named, by Franklin Delano Roosevelt). A cocktail onion makes it a gibbon. Using vodka makes it a mistake. 



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Dasha Astafieva and Anastasiya Kumeyko form the dynamic duo that is NikitA. Established in 2009 in the Ukraine by Yuriy Nikitin (to whom we owe a MASSIVE thanks), the duo categorise their music as "sexual aggression." "We have a pop-electro sexy style" smiles Dasha. "We love music from the 1950s and 1960s."

NikitA



Anastasiya



Dasha





Despite only having released nine singles together as a duo, the pair has nonetheless made waves in their home country, with massive celebrity status ensuing and a slew of invites to all the top shindigs. Indeed, the duo have their sights set on Hollywood, and it would be a brave man who would dismiss their steaming combination of looks and... bodies. Oh right, and voices. Did we mention looks? PLAYBOY Ukraine first noticed those looks, crowning Dasha Playmate of the Year for 2007, before she was scouted for the 55th Anniversary International PLAYBOY Playmate of the Year, in 2009. Just another reason why you love us...







THE INTERVIEW

SUPERVAN

His trophy room is wall-to-wall with silverware, including the coveted Sir de Villiers Graaff SA Rally championship trophy. When Sarel van der Merwe won it the third time, he joked that he was going to keep it. After 10 years in a row, they gave it to him. Undoubtedly South Africa's greatest racing driver ever, he was as fast on the road as in the bed, at one time cheating on both his wife and his mistress. His footsteps are all over the local rally and race track scene, and he won the Daytona 24 and came as close as dammit at Le Mans in his seven rides there. Since he took to racing in 1967, SuperVan has fired up the scene wherever he went.

by charl du plessis

PLAYBOY (PB): Sarel, who are we speaking to today, SuperVan or Sarel van der Merwe, and can you tell us why the split personality?

SAREL VAN DER MERWE (SM): Hmm. You know, I started off as Sarel van der Merwe and then John Oxley, motoring editor at the *Pretoria News* coined the phrase "SuperVan" in 1972, and that kind of stuck. The identity grew through the years, but these days I am more Sarel. The more daring SuperVan now only emerges once in a while when I get the chance to get out on the racetrack.

PB: Some people also call you "Sideways Sarel." Is that because of a special sex position or a driving style?

SM: Ja, that comes from my rally days, where there was a lot of sideways sliding. It took me a while to get away from this influence once I started racetrack. So, it has everything to do with my driving style at the time.

PB: Which one of all these personalities do you like best and is more your real self?

SM: I like myself the best. SuperVan has just been a really great scapegoat for all the shit I have caused in my life.

PB: Your life is defined by fast cars and fast women. If you were forced to choose, which one would you do without?

SM: Cars are probably the cheaper option! Although, I must say that the one attracts the other and I do not think one could do without either.

PB: As you say, the world of motorsport is full of sexy women and you had your fair share while also running a mistress on the side while married. Why do you think women are attracted to racing drivers?

SM: That holds true with any sport, not just racing. Look at rugby and those groupies. These women are into the razzmatazz and the glamour. Maybe it is not true with golfing as one does not see the groupies there, but then again there was Tiger Woods. Well, on second thought, he bought most of it. When I drove for Hendrick Motorsports in the US, they also owned a football team and would sometimes book out a whole block just for the groupies. Don't knock it though. It worked for me!

PB: Is it as glamorous as what the groupies think?

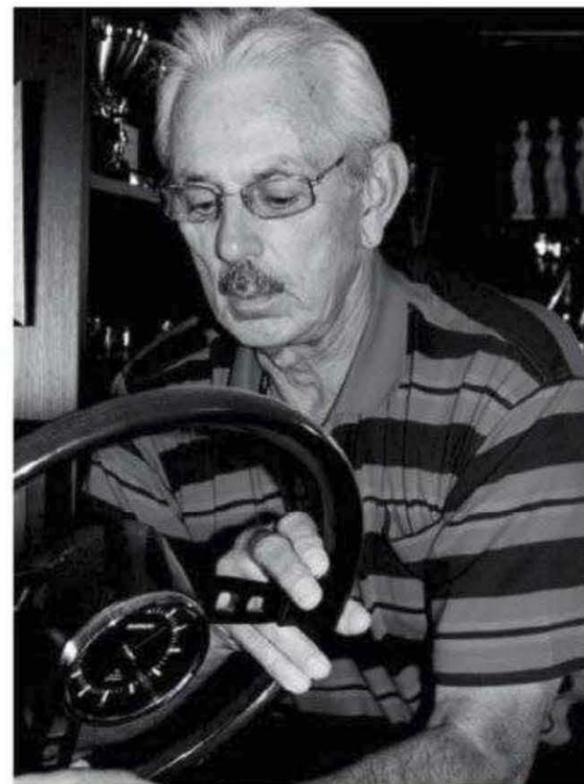
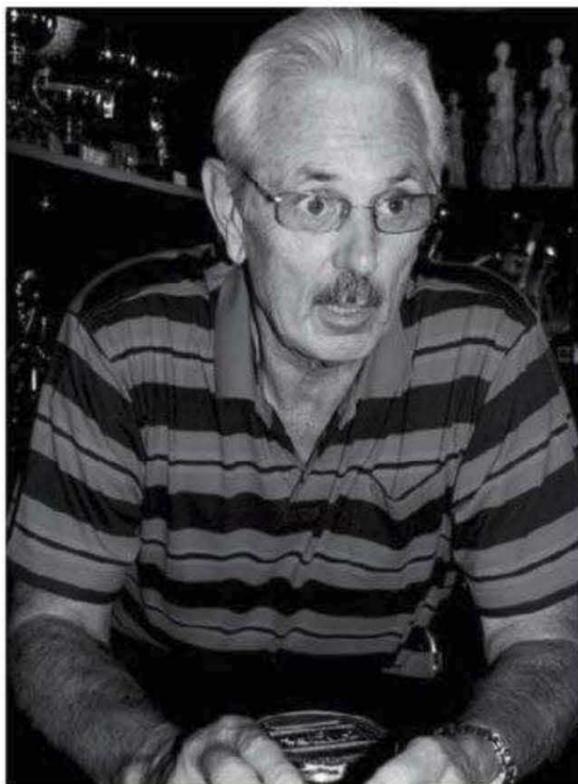
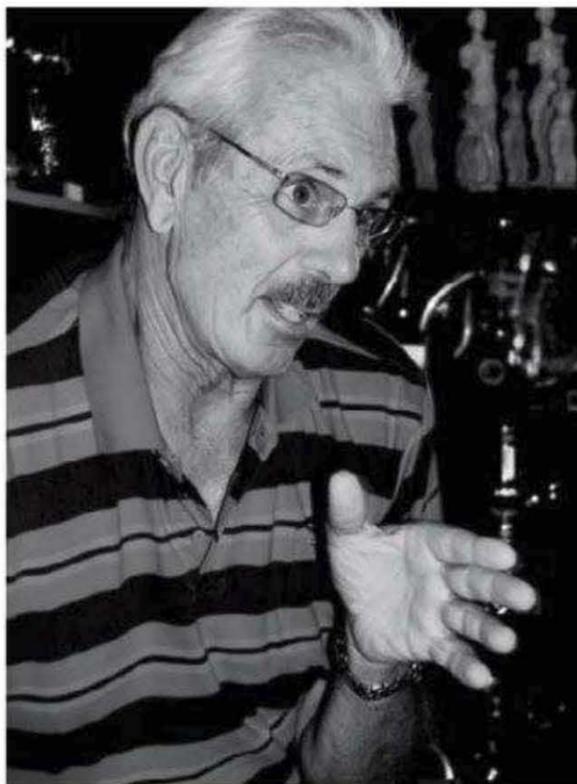
SM: It is actually quite a lonely life, traveling from hotel room to hotel room as I did, always finding oneself in a new destination. It is the harsh reality of what it takes to succeed in professional sports, and these groupies are no more than brief interludes.

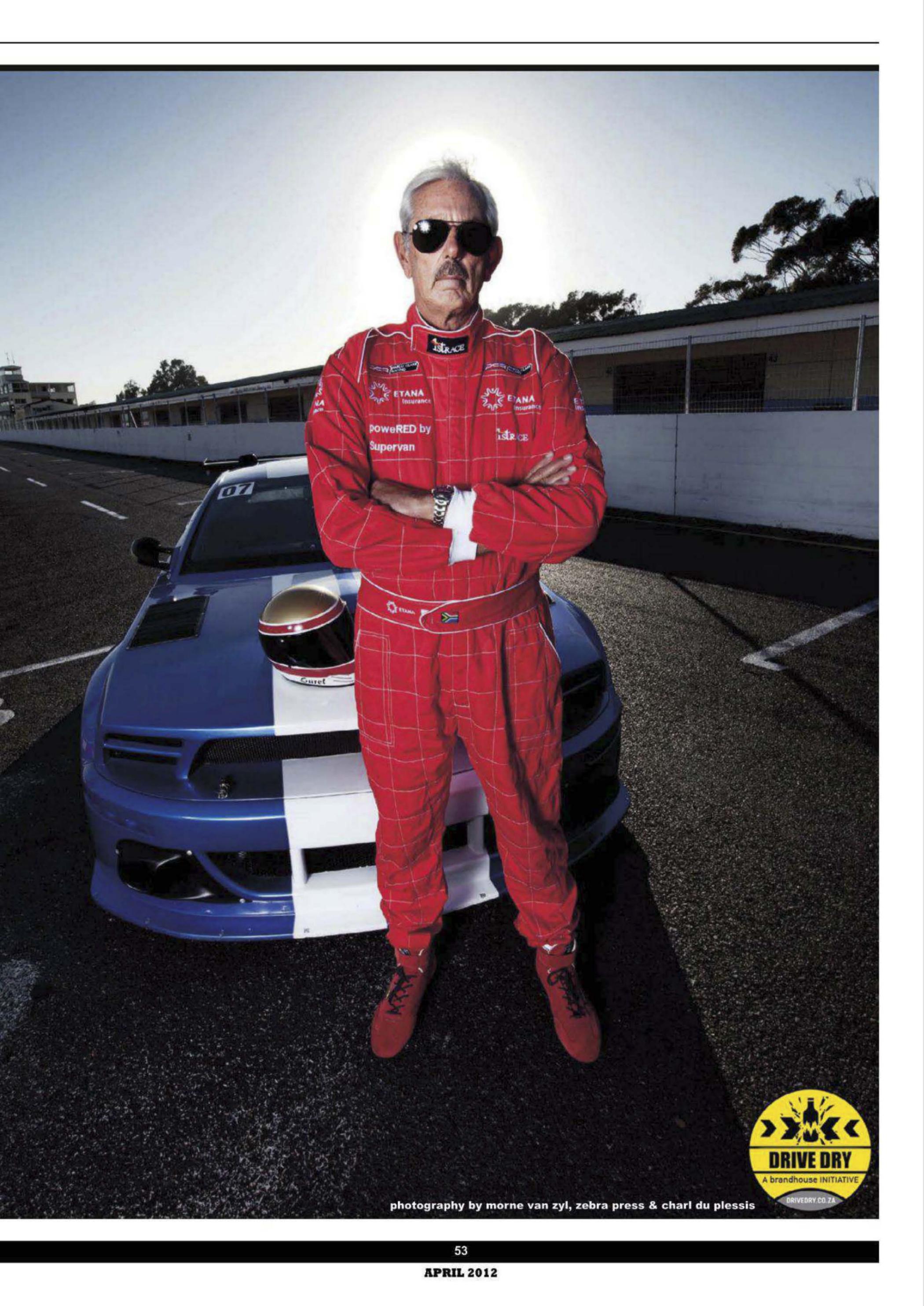
PB: What is it about speed that got to you? Describe the feeling of racing at breakneck speed.

SM: Whether you are rallying or racing, for a brief period, you get that feeling that you are in perfect control of your own destiny. If things go wrong, it can go terribly wrong. It is a real adrenaline rush and you can die if you are stupid enough.

PB: You describe the name SuperVan as "a cool name with a death wish." Do you or did you have a death wish?

SM: No, not a death wish. I never had that, although with both my parents having died in their 50s, I probably suspected I had to take my chances. Rather, it's a matter of how, when you race, you sometimes have to go into unknown areas. Your car might not exactly be up to scratch. The other guy might just be faster. And to get





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photography by morne van zyl, zebra press & charl du plessis

SIDEWAYS SAREL

My dad had me locked up in the police cells for a few nights and ignored me for six months after I crashed his imported Porsche 356 Speedster at the age of 15.

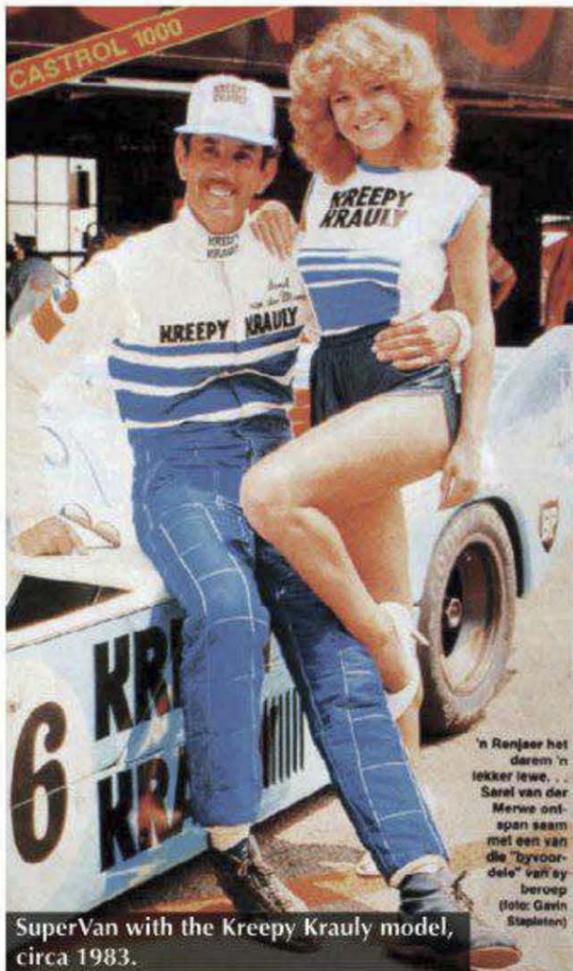
ahead you have to go over what you may feel is your own safe limit. At those moments, you accept you may have to be prepared to die.

PB: What do you consider to be your biggest achievements behind the wheel? You won the 1984 Daytona 24-hour and ended third at Le Mans at the same year. Could you have clipped Le Mans?

SM: Daytona was special because it put me on the map internationally, and we should have won Le Mans that year. We were leading with three laps to go, but very close to the end I thought I heard a strange noise in the back of the car and I radioed it in. We had to take about 15 minutes in the pits to establish that it was just a small chip on one of the valves, but we lost the lead. No regret, however, as it was the right thing to do at the time. My best races were when I left Audi to go race for Ford in 1991. By then, the Audis were just too good and it became just too easy to win, and I almost had to fake it to keep the interest of the spectators. In my first race with Ford, I started in eighth position to win. This win was all about the driver, not the car.

PB: Rally or racetrack – who are the real men?

SM: You know, in the 50s and 60s, with drivers like Jim Clark on the racetrack, the drivers were it.



SuperVan with the Kreepy Krauly model, circa 1983.

Probably 70-80% of the win could be attributed to their skills. Today, with the Hamiltons and Vettels of the world, their contribution is likely no more than 30%, with big brother in the pit and the technology dictating what happens on the track. It has almost become like a big Scalectrix. The drivers may be earning fortunes, but the risks have been significantly reduced. I call it "sissie racing," as you can't really die out there unless you shoot yourself.

So, the real men in my eyes are the rally drivers. At times with a rally, your view is obscured, or you have to contend with an unknown surface. There are no crash barriers, no run-offs. You go through snow high in the Alps. Or look at what Dakar asks of the drivers. But, with track racing, everything is practiced and worked out in advance of the race. You know you brake at 50 metres before a turn. If you brake at 45 metres you die. It is probably the reason why motorsport's popularity has been in decline. Not enough people are dying anymore.

PB: You never did Dakar...

SM: It wasn't there in my days, and even today, it takes too much time from the drivers. They probably test and qualify for six months of the year and that makes it very difficult to take on any other contract with manufacturers to do other races.

PB: Speaking of death and spectators, have the Portuguese learnt yet how to keep their spectators out of the way?

SM: Look, rallies in Portugal are sheer lunacy. You come flying down the road at 200 km/h and the next minute you have spectators jumping out of the road just in time. They paint their hands and try to splash your car with their colour as you fly through. Sometimes the noise of their slapping your car is so loud that you cannot communicate with your team. I think it was in 1984 that something like 30 spectators got killed in one rally. They must have lots to spare because they have done nothing about spectator safety since.

PB: Has Portugal had great drivers then, or from where does all the passion come?

SM: No. It is probably because nothing else ever happens in Portugal!

PB: What was your most spectacular crash, and have you ever thought, "Now I die?"

SM: It never comes up. If something goes wrong you will be so busy fighting it to the end that you will not even know you are dying. You never think about it then. Afterwards, yes, you realise that you could have died. I have rolled 13 cars in rallies. In 1992 Terry Moss hit my Ford Sapphire in Welkom at what we now know as the Phakisa Freeway at 300 km/h. I broke two of my ribs with my own elbow. And there was the famous crash with Ian Scheckter at Kyalami in 1980 in the Manufacturer's Challenge Saloon Car championship, when both our cars were completely destroyed.

PB: Crash and burn. You had the same approach to women. And some of them to you, I hear. What was the most direct approach you ever had from a strange woman?

SM: When racing in America, there was this 81-year-old sponsor of an event with this gorgeous 30-something year old wife. He had to go to sleep. She just came up to me and said that they had this yacht in the bay and that she would meet me there. And this was some yacht! One of those where you need 15 people to keep the thing going.



SuperVan hanging out with Kallie Knoetze before a race.

PB: Now, if racing is peppered with interesting women, it is populated even more so by big character drivers. Who are the best drivers you ever competed against, and how do you rate yourself against them?

SM: There were lots of good guys I competed against. Stefan Bellof, Hans-Joachim Stuck, Bob Wollek, Derek Bell, Al Holbert, although I did beat some of their times in some of the races. I was seriously handicapped by the boycotts during the Apartheid years in terms of where I could compete and I could have had a lot of better drives. It was even suggested by some of the manufacturers that I get a different passport and, in retrospect, I probably should have done that. But, thinking that my opportunity as a South African to compete internationally might stop any day, I rather went for the money instead of the best cars, and I often had to compete with inferior equipment at Le Mans, for instance.

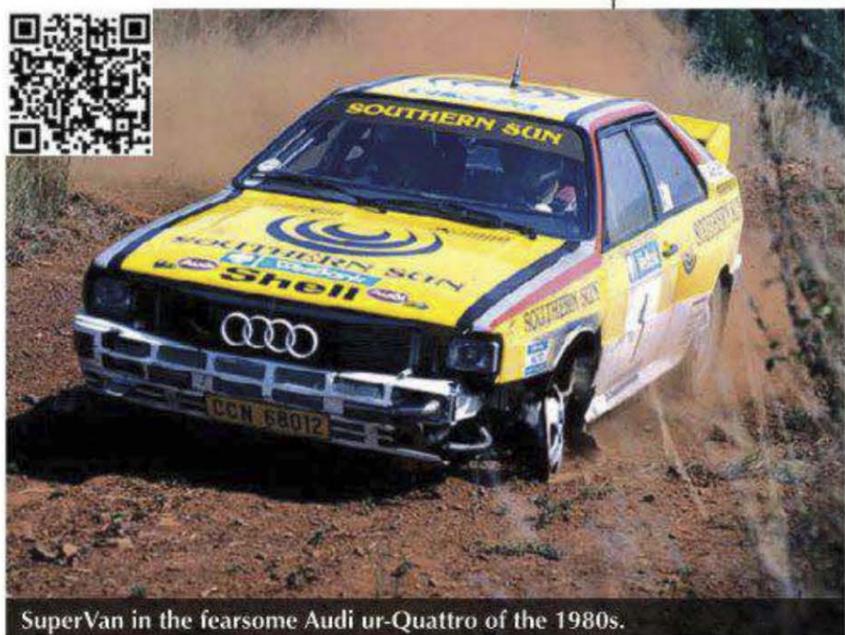
PB: Who were the most interesting characters in the racing world, even if not the best drivers?

SM: I surrounded myself with clowns. I appreciate people with a sense of humour, as I have been a shit stirrer of note since my schooldays already when I crashed my mom's car at the age of 12. My dad also had me locked up in the police cells for a few nights and ignored me for six months after I crashed his imported Porsche 356 Speedster at the age of 15.

Now, Stuck was a complete clown. In a professional sport like this there is a lot of pressure and you need the laughs. Klaus Ludwig was another one. And then the US driver AJ Foyt was a complete lunatic. He didn't like Andretti and called him a "wog" because he came from Italy. He deliberately tried to take him out in one race and missed! Then there was the NASCAR marshal that made him wait because he accidentally ended up lining up in the rookie line. Foyt was so upset he chased the marshal with his car and tried to run him over.

Look, it can't be all pain. One must have some fun too. I went to my 40th anniversary reunion at Affies in Pretoria recently. The arseholes from schooldays were still arseholes. They all went to work for the government and got fired by the new government. The rest of us ran out of booze by 3:00am and had to go to a shebeen to continue the party.

PB: You drove for virtually every major



SuperVan in the fearsome Audi ur-Quattro of the 1980s.

manufacturer during your career. Which do you consider the most outstanding car or cars you have driven on rally and on the racetrack?

SM: In 1988 I joined the Porsche team driving one of the Shell-sponsored official-works Porsche 962s and that must be my highlight. It was the start of the electronic era and it was fantastic to be involved. I drove most of the supercars available at different times, and there is much to say about German engineering. It really is one step up from the rest.

PB: You are known to be a great fan though of the plain old American workhorse V8 models?

SM: For raw power and at a cheap price you cannot beat the V8. It is just a lot less complicated.

PB: What cars do you own yourself and do you ever get them out on the road for a quick flip?

SM: I should have kept all my old cars. With this historic thing now becoming so big I would have been worth a fortune. I currently drive a VW Amarok and also a Honda 12 VFR bike. If I could have just one of my old cars, I would choose one of the Le Mans Porsches from roundabout 1987.

PB: In a country where so many people die on the road, why do you piss on the idea of a reduced speed limit?

SM: Can we do another book so I can tell you all about this? It is because the government has no answer to the same question. All they want to do is fine people and it has become a moneymaking scheme. They now even charge people for murder for bad driving. Government has done nothing about the atrocious driving and almost 30% of drivers do not even have licenses. But it also makes it easy, as people just bribe themselves out of trouble. We live in a country where everyone is corrupt, including the President. If you ask for statistics, forget about it because they know it will show how big a problem taxis are. The answer lies in proper driver education. Look at the Autobahn in Germany. You have no speed limit and you can fly because no one will do anything stupid in front of you.

PB: You have been a rebel and a very vocal critic of MotorSport SA. What is your problem with them and where did it start?

SM: They are just there. It is a bloated bureaucracy just feeding on itself. They have done nothing for the sport. Look at what other sport codes have done to secure sponsorships to grow

their popularity. Instead MSA takes a cut on all sponsorships in order to pay themselves. In 20 years, they have done no international promotion for our industry. I was a member at some stage and they made sure not to notify me of meetings. There are no more entry-level opportunities for young drivers. The sport has become stagnant and has never been in such a terrible state as right now.

PB: But you and Ian Scheckter are busy setting up an alternative?

SM: Yes, by mid-year we will be rolling-out a stock standard series. Guys with

cars starting at 1400 cc's and which are five years or younger will be able to get out on the rack. The only modification they will need is a roll-bar and seatbelts. Now we can have 50 cars out on the track each weekend, instead of putting down the R4 million odd it requires to import one modified production car and keeping it on the road with expensive mechanics and slicks.

PB: Is it true that smoking in racing cars got banned after race officials at an endurance rally saw you drive by with a cigarette in your mouth?

SM: Ja, that was in the 1983 6-hour race in a standard Golf where I likely got to the park faster than what I was going to drive on the track. It would take me an hour and 40 minutes to finish my tank of petrol so I took along a couple of Pepsis and cigarettes. I was a Rothmans smoker till I quit in August last year. I raced the Camel Series in the US for several years since 1983, and there were only three of us who smoked. We used to get loaded up on all the free cigarettes.

PB: Tell us about the scariest moment you ever experienced in a racing car.

SM: Well, I was hurtling down the track on the Mulsanne Straight at Le Mans in 1984 in complete darkness, as it was 10.30 pm, and travelling at 385 km/h. Ahead was a 90 degree corner and I had to find my mark where I had to hit the brakes and I had no clue where I was. It would have been *moer-of-a-interesting* if I missed it. *Sou seker nou nog geval het.* (I would probably still be falling). Luckily I got it right. And then there is Potter's Pass near East London, where you must hit a nasty turn flat-out, and you really need to motivate yourself to do just that.

PB: Are you holding true to Danielle, whom you met while married?

SM: I met her when I had both a wife and a steady girlfriend. But we have set the record – 20 years straight. She is a good wife. She deserves me!

PB: Well, while being so modest, if you could play god for one day and build the perfect racing driver, apart from the big pair of balls, what would you add into that mix?

SM: Modesty is overrated. I would look for intelligence. Good drivers of the past have been able to see the whole race and think for themselves and about what they and the other drivers will be doing. He would be small, as the game is all about weight. You need physical strength, especially because of the Gs that you pull in the car. Braking can pull as many as 5 to 6 Gs, and you are constantly subjected to Gs of 4 to 4.5 sideways for the whole duration of the race. I used to jog and did push-ups in the hotel room, yet you also get driving fit. At some stage I was racing 42 weekends of the year. As for the perfect personality, I would make the driver a bit abrasive and not interested in the other guys at all. He must have the ability to switch off completely when driving and forget about wives, bankruptcies and so on. Finally, you need serious dedication, which I think holds true for any professional sporting person today.

PB: What is the one one-night stand you regret you never had?

SM: (No hesitation). There was this streetcar race in Durban in 1984 and two women were involved. I went to bed on my own. I have regretted that bitterly ever since.

PB: And the one race you would have still wanted to participate in?

SM: I would always want to do another Le Mans. It is the Wimbledon of racing. And, of course, I never got the chance to do the East African Safari Rally. This was run when I was at the top of my game, yet politics barred me from participating.

PB: You have a new book coming out in April, the fourth month of this year.

What is it with you and the number 4? Are you really superstitious?

SM: It's not superstition. It's just the way it is. Every time I had a number 4 on my car something bad would happen. There was this rally where the race organisers even switched my number 4 to Roman numerals, and still the rock on which two spectators were standing high up came loose and hit my car when I thought I was clear on my way to a win. At another time, with a number 4 on my car, a jack slipped and went straight through the sump while I was looking in a different direction. I did not even start that race. And so it goes on...

*Sarel's new biography, **SuperVan and I** (Zebra Press), written by the same Steve Smith who penned Herschelle Gibb's controversial biography, hits the streets on 1 April 2012.*

Today, I call racetrack "sissie racing," as you can't really die out there unless you shoot yourself. The drivers may be earning fortunes, but the risks have been significantly reduced.



LAST MAN STANDING

THE HIT-LIST OF AN ILLUSTRATOR

by marthinus van rooyen

illustrations by Dan Luvisi / Adonhis

Six hundred years into the future, Gabriel is the last man standing in modern-day art master Daniel (Dan) Luvisi's digital fantasy world. The talent and imagination of Luvisi has taken the world of digital art and illustration by storm. As these digital artworks, the artists who create them and the industries that make them popular continue to revolutionise our sensory experiences, the influence of Luvisi will be increasingly felt as his own ambitious project with Gabriel takes shape over the next few years.



Abaddon



Rogue



Noa

It all started about four years ago, when the corporately burnt-out Dan set out to create his own universe of characters in a project that would become known as *Last Man Standing: Killbook of a Bounty Hunter (LMS)*.

Revolving around a protagonist named Gabriel, a smart-mouthed, god-like super-soldier that has the uncanny ability to walk away from being shot in the face, *LMS* is a story set six centuries forward and chronicles Gabriel's adventures and interactions with a colourful ensemble of allies, affairs and antagonists. Amongst other things, these adventures include escaping from an inescapable prison and killing the most evil man since Satan retired from his world tour, circa 33 AD.

It's got sex, music, machine-gun-mounted electric guitars, violence, action, drama, love, a god called Hex, super soldiers named Paladins and even a mutant bodybuilding shark, aptly named "Jawsome," to name but a trifle of the over-the-top characters and scenarios within *LMS's* pages.

Dan pulled absolutely no punches in creating his universe, going with the mantra that if it's awesome, if it's big, or if it's cool, it can be made more awesome, much bigger and far cooler. Luvisi's universe became part of dinner-table banter in the digital art community, and pretty soon a publishing deal was made between Luvisi and the infamous *Heavy Metal Magazine*, currently owned by Kevin Eastman, the illustrator and co-creator of the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*.

Part of the surprising rise in Internet popularity of Luvisi's universe was the paradoxical approach to its creative process. Instead of starting out as a linear, monthly comic, *LMS* took a rather maverick approach in that it was set up as the basic art book, bible, and manual to a story yet to be written and illustrated. Think of it as something akin both in size and nature to the Marvel Universe's yearly updated *Character Guidebook* and as a story-in-the-making. Where common sense would tell you that "spoiling" the story before it's even published would inhibit sales or popularity of the product, quite the opposite happened – the universe of *LMS* just became more and more popular.

Shortly after the release of *LMS* at the San Diego Comic-con in 2009, Dan received a call from none other than Warner Brother Studios, who wanted to broker a big-budget, big-name movie deal with him. Within less than a day from the first call, Paramount Pictures also contacted Dan, wondering whether they could broker a bigger-budget, bigger-name movie deal with him for *LMS*.

What would you do? "Foremost I'm the creator but I also managed to nab a Producer title, which I feel incredibly grateful for," Dan says. "I'm included in all of the story meetings and casting choices. So they definitely take care of me on there, which is surprising after so many horror stories you hear with artists and their adaptations."

Horror stories of Hollywood's habit of destroying creator-owned property are plentiful, but it seems that for Dan, this won't be the case. From the get-go, Paramount pictures did the right thing and kept the project in Dan's hands.

"When I first took the meeting with Paramount about purchasing *LMS*, I told the head there:

'Just please allow me to be in the art room when this gets green-lit!' and they responded with 'Who else would we ask, other than the creator himself?' So I'm quite happy about that and can't wait to see these costumes and creatures turn into physically tangible objects."

Of course, having to jump from creating an art book to making a film is a daunting task, even for someone of Dan's calibre. Nonetheless, Dan is still playing a part in work for the film, including story writing and artwork. Also having a group of hand-picked conceptual designers and illustrators on the team helps, especially with names such as Andrée Wallin and Reid Southen (both popular artists on deviantART, under the *nom de guerre* of The Andree and 'Rahll respectively).

"It's really all up in the air, but being controlled," says Dan, regarding the production process. "It takes time to do these type of things, and to get a writer and director, not to mention the entire cast and crew. We're only in the screenwriting stage right now, so hopefully we hit it out of the park and get a green-light! But I wouldn't imagine anything until at least 2014-2016"

Though Hollywood has more than its fill of book-to-screen adaptations, as well as comic-to-screen adaptations, *Last Man Standing: Killbook of a Bounty Hunter* is one of those rare glimpses into the mind of someone truly inspired, and truly inspiring. It's neither a comic book, nor an encyclopaedia, and though there is nothing quite like it or its story out there, it's set the bar pretty high for whatever flight of fancy digital illustrators may want to throw our way. **■**

It's got sex, music, machine-gun-mounted electric guitars, violence, action, drama, love, a god called Hex, super soldiers named Paladins and even a mutant bodybuilding shark

The 26-year-old Dan, or Adonihs as he is known on deviantART, has graced the cover of *ImagineFX* magazine twice, a highly-coveted achievement in the digital art industry, and has also racked up an impressive pageview count of over 4 million on deviantART.

However, things were not always as quick and easy for Dan. Due to financial reasons, he never went to college, and as a school student, was rarely given much praise by his teachers.

"I'm not trying to throw teachers under the bus," he says, "but, oh man. I was constantly being told by teachers I wouldn't make it far; I won't ever have a big job. But I feel like that helped in a way," Dan reflects, "It made me want to work even harder to prove that I CAN do what I want to do and WILL accomplish my goals. And every time I did beat what they said down, the God of Awesome was throwing me a thumbs up from the heavens above."

Dan got his big break by designing armour costumes for the 2009 family science fiction film, *Aliens in the Attic*. Since then, Dan has worked for heavy-weight names in the design and conceptualisation industry such as Hasbro, Universal, Microsoft and DC Comics.



"I AM NOT THE MESSIAH"

COACHING SOUTH AFRICA'S NATIONAL SPORT SQUADS

And in the often inconsistent world of South African sports, that man is needed to absolve the sins of the Springboks' abject World Cup performance, and while he's at it, work is needed with the Proteas and Bafana Bafana.

by adrian ashley

We have been here before, and this time round we needeth three men to cometh to be precise. So when Pitso Mosimane, Gary Kirsten, and Heyneke Meyer were handed the reigns as South African national men's team coaches in soccer, cricket, and rugby respectively, they were ushered in as messianic figures who were going to cure recent sporting failings. The hawk-eyed media and the always-hopeful public largely welcomed their appointment. Immediately, the three wise men felt the Atlas-like weight of national expectation. Ater all, this is a country where the JSE index rises or falls based on our national teams' Saturday scores.

The reality is that each of these men will face similar difficulties in fulfilling the winning destiny that those in green-tinted glasses have in mind. Despite it appearing nowhere on the job spec, each coach must rebuild a brand. Due to circumstances beyond each man's control, some level of repair work is required to the tarnished or bruised image of each of our national sporting teams.

Quite apart from the spectre of incompetent unions and financial scandals, and before each of these coaches faces the real crucible of AFCONs, ICC events, major test cricket series, or Rugby Championships, they have to face up to the lingering odour of chronic underachievement. Yes, apart from a few notable dates in 1995, 1996, and 2007, South Africans will always think their teams should, and more importantly can, do better.

The coaches might try and claim that engineering mental and tactical change is an arduous process which takes time, but time is something these lambs do not have should they wish to avoid the slaughter. The nature of modern sport and the impatience of fans dictate that they must start winning now. It will be hard to balance the winning habit while still busy evolving the psychology of the national players, and there is no other way to do this but simultaneously. Time waits for no man, regardless of his potential.

Pitso Mosimane

What each of these coaches will know, or soon find out, is that a winning team takes the focus away from a muddling national union. And whether they like it or not, our national teams remain intimately linked to their administrators. Pitso Mosimane has had the first go in this regard, owing to his appointment in 2010. Truth be told, the South African Football Association (SAFA) is still viewed as bungling and incompetent because they lavished incredible amounts of money on two Brazilian coaches for no more than a bag of beans in return, and today are still accused of failing to organise meaningful friendly matches for their national coach. Bafana Bafana themselves fare little better as a team since their failure to qualify for the African Cup of Nations (AFCON) 2012 and the frankly

laughable case of Mosimane not reading the rulebook correctly.

It would seem Bafana Bafana are worlds away from a team like the Ivory Coast, replete with big-name players with game-turning abilities. But how did humble Zambia upset all the odds and win AFCON 2012 with unheralded players? For Mosimane, his team's failures are caused by a complex mixture of not having all his best players at the same time, and not having very good players at that. And when he calls up the players they are as lukewarm about national assignments as their parent clubs are. Zambia have shown us that a little patriotic fervour goes a long way. Even Sports Minister Fikile Mbalula recently suggested looking to other sporting codes for lessons in nationalistic commitment: "I told Pitso to visit a Springbok camp and see how they do things."

Bafana Bafana hail from the one country in Africa with unrivalled infrastructure, the first African country to host the FIFA World Cup. They have a strong and well-financed league and, certainly by African standards, have more than enough money and talent to succeed. If he can get past SAFA's nonchalance, Pitso Mosimane needs to rally his troops and suck them out of the cult of "I" and get them to put the ball in the back of the damned net. Some are already reaching for the knives after he failed to bring an AFCON 2012 qualification. He has a free pass into AFCON 2014 by virtue of South Africa hosting the event and that is likely to be the competition which will define his tenure.



SOCCER COMPARISON	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Win %
Best in Class: Vicente Del Bosque (ESP), 2008 - Present	51	43	6	2	84%
Best SA Coach: Clive Barker, 1994 - 1997	43	22	12	9	51%
Pitso Mosimane: Supersport Utd, 2000 - 2007	184	83	48	53	45%
South Africa, last 4-year World Cup cycle, 2006 - 2010	63	26	21	16	41%
Worst SA Coach: Joel Santana, 2008 - 2009	27	10	14	3	37%





CHOKERS & DIVERS?

Gary Kirsten

When Gary Kirsten took the reins as Proteas coach in 2011, soon after winning the ICC World Cup with India, he found his own unsavoury sideshows. He could surely not have welcomed the fact that Cricket South Africa (CSA) was in the throes of a damaging bonus scandal which saw them lose sponsors as fast as Jacques Kallis was losing hair (and then growing it back again). Add that to the lingering noises of player-power and cliques within the test team, and Kirsten had some issues to deal with, as quickly as possible. With a drawn test series against Australia and a sticky series victory against Sri Lanka, which had to go to the third and deciding test, the Proteas can be said to be doing just enough to avoid any major scrutiny at this point. Early success in New Zealand does not detract from the fact that the Kiwis are perpetual also-rans yet know how to punch above their weight.

Kirsten has to eradicate the propensity for the popped-collar brain-fade that haunts the Proteas, a team which has struggled to put to bed eminently winnable home series for years now. After seeing his countrymen escape with a drawn test series against the Proteas in late 2011, Steve Waugh, the captain of some of Australia's most aggressively-minded cricket teams stated the obvious, "They (the Proteas) really should have beaten Australia 2-0... But for some reason they can't quite grab it when the opportunity presents itself." Did someone say "choke?"

In Kirsten's case, he has to engineer a change in the South African cricketing mind-set. For too long has the test side looked to avoid defeat before chasing victory, cue a host of unambitious declarations after posting a mammoth target, set defensive fields, call back Paul Harris, be the nearly-men of world cricket. The Proteas have produced some of the world's best players through the years and have certainly been in range at times, but are yet to win an ICC competition. They will be well aware that they can regain the number one test ranking if they whitewash New Zealand in three tests in March 2012. But will it be too much pressure for the fragile Proteas?



CRICKET COMPARISON	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Win %
Best in Class: John Buchanan (AUS), 1999-2007					
Tests	90	69	10	11	77%
ODIs	212	163	46	3	77%
T20	5	3	2	0	60%
South Africa, last 4-year World Cup cycle, 2007 - 2011					
Tests	38	20	9	9	53%
ODIs	77	53	24	0	69%
T20	21	14	7	0	67%
Best SA Coach: Mickey Arthur, 2005 - 2010					
Test	45	22	16	7	49%
ODIs	116	78	38	0	67%
T20	26	17	9	0	65%
Worst SA Coach: Graham Ford, 1999 - 2002					
Test	33	16	8	9	48%
ODIs	81	52	27	2	64%
Gary Kirsten, India, 2008 - 2011					
Test	33	16	6	11	48%
ODIs	93	59	29	1	63%
T20	13	7	6	0	54%

Granted, the Boks have won two World Cups through sheer defensive belligerence, but in the normal test season can be beaten with surprising ease and regularity by Australia and New Zealand.

Heyneke Meyer

In rugby, Heyneke Meyer takes up the mantle of national coach under a financially strong and trouble-free union, but has been left with a decidedly limp Springbok carcass on his hands. The Springbok brand has taken a battering, with Meyer's coaching predecessor Peter de Villiers accused of everything from turning a once-in-a-generation player group into elder statesman also-rans, of allowing those same older players onto his coaching panel, of staying in the tactical dark ages, and of giving easy test wins to our fiercest foes in the name of a not-so-cunning plan. When Meyer gets started, he will have a lot of ground to make up in what is arguably the most difficult and scrutinised position in all of South African sport.

The Boks are the most physical team in world rugby, with an endless supply of enormous physical specimens. Granted, they have won two World Cups through sheer defensive belligerence, but in the normal test season can be beaten with surprising ease and regularity by Australia and New Zealand. Meyer also has a remit to change the mind-sets he inherited from his predecessor. The Springboks, because of their high-quality player base, will always be able to win test matches, but how many of us have wished they were coached to play in more ways than one? The stubborn adherence to the kick-chase strategy at the height of Peter de Villiers' reign gave every opponent extra time off in lieu of a tactics meeting. The counter was so obvious – practice catching bombs, meet them at the breakdown, then do our own thing. Heyneke Meyer must bring diversity to the Bok attack if the

team is to make an impact in a fast-changing sport.

The Boks were woeful in the 2011 Tri-Nations, a competition in which they rolled over and gave away test victories while trying to nurse their first team into prime health in an ultimately fruitless effort. There is the expectation of a better showing in the mid-year test series against England and, crucially, the new Rugby Championship.

RUGBY COMPARISON	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Win %
Best SA Coach: Kitch Christie, 1995 - 1996	14	14	0	0	100%
Best in Class: Graham Henry (NZ), 2004 - 2011	103	88	15	0	85%
South Africa, last 4-year World Cup cycle, 2007 - 2011	49	31	18	0	63%
Heyneke Meyer, Blue Bulls, 2001 - 2007	142	86	49	7	61%
Worst SA Coach: John Williams, 1992	5	1	4	0	20%



The Future

Each sporting code is crying out for a period of continental or world dominance. It can be argued that each code has enough prevailing factors in its favour to make a run for it. But our national coaches must start to win, and as always in international sport they must win now. It will be difficult, but in each case the path to winning will take some tweaking before it becomes a habit.

In this fixation with winning, and winning intelligently, there is a crumb of comfort: one thing that South African coaches will never have to contend with is the pressure to win with panache. It's not in our psyche. The All Blacks lost their Rugby World Cup 2007 quarter-final against France because they believed the drop goal was beneath them. South Africans are more pragmatic. What we simply ask is that we try to win at all.

Some teams set themselves up to win a certain way. South African teams often set themselves up not to lose. There is a crucial mental aberration in this last approach that prevents our players from trying to surge through gaps in the last minute of rugby games, that holds back our cricket captains from calling for an untried player to get his chance, that stops the national soccer team from putting aside ego for that second breath needed to win games. It informs our team selection and adds to our tendency to prolong the careers of old warriors. It amounts to a fear of losing, when winning should be the preoccupation. This is where our coaches will earn their money – by releasing the winning imperative in our sportsmen. These coaches may not be messiahs, but they will have to show bravery in trying to deliver miracles. **Y**



BENCHMARKS OF SUCCESS	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Win %
Jose Mourinho, Real Madrid (Spanish Football), 2010 - Present	98	75	10	13	77%
Vince Lombardi, Green Bay Packers (NFL), 1959 - 1969	146	111	35	0	76%
Pep Guardiola, FC Barcelona (Spanish Football), 2008 - Present	227	164	19	44	72%
Phil Jackson, Chicago Bulls (NBA), 1989 - 2010	1640	1155	485	0	70%
Sir Alex Ferguson, Manchester Utd (English Football), 1986 - Present	1433	850	254	329	59%





MISSES APRIL

Tatum & Tanisha Jenzen

Tatum and Tanisha Jenzen are fans of Mixed Martial Arts and here at PLAYBOY we think a healthy dose of sibling rivalry is never a bad thing. Ladies and gentlemen, PLAYBOY South Africa's very first Twin Playmates of the Month. Double vision, double trouble, double or nothing...

one small change creative expertise photography **sidOhzen** art director & digital imaging **jay sylvano** style editor **natalie rutka**
makeup **natalie kitshoff & roxanne boehme** lingerie **la perla** lighting **direct photographic**











MISSES APRIL

Tatum & Tanisha Jenzen



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAMES: Tatum & Tanisha Jenzen

BUST: 34DD **HEIGHT:** 157cm **SHOE SIZE:** 5 **WEIGHT:** 54kg **LINGERIE SIZE:** 8

BIRTH DATE: 25 March 1991 **BIRTHPLACE:** Johannesburg, South Africa

AMBITIONS: We have big plans to open our own health & fitness centre, which will offer a gym, boxing, MMA, dance classes including pole-dancing, and a spa.

TURN-ONS: Confidence and style. Lots of personality and a good sense of humour.

TURN-OFFS: Bad attitude and bad fashion sense.

OUR GO-TO-FEEL-GOOD RECIPE: We love watching rugby, doing MMA, going on a good jol... but best by far is going to the Vaal River with our family and friends.

OUR DREAM DATS: A Cape Town night boat cruise spent drinking beer and watching the stars.

FILM & TV ADDICTIONS: Man on Fire, Never Back Down, Crossroads, How To Lose A Guy In 10 Days, So You Think You Can Dance.

MUSICAL PASSION: Britney Spears, Li'l Wayne, Drake, Adele.







PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why did God create man before he created woman?
Because he didn't want any advice.

An elderly couple had been dating for several months when the man decided to broach the subject of sexual relations. "What are your thoughts on sex at our age?" he asked tentatively. "I like it infrequently," she replied. The man sat quietly for a few moments, adjusted his glasses, leaned in closer to her and said, "Just to clarify, was that one word or two?"



Two girlfriends were having lunch one day when one of them started to dish about her new husband. "His penis is really small, but the sex is absolutely amazing," she said. "So," her friend said, "what you're saying is he's really rich." "Exactly" she replied.

The morning after attending a holiday work party, a man was lying in bed, nursing a huge hangover, when his wife walked into the room. "What happened last night?" he asked. "As usual," she replied, "you made an ass of yourself in front of your boss." "I did?" he replied. "Well, he's a total jerk anyhow, so piss on him." "You did," his wife said, "and he fired you!" "Well then, screw him!!" he yelled. "I did," his wife responded, "and you can go back to work tomorrow morning."

What do diapers and politicians have in common? They should both be changed regularly, and for the same reason.

In an attempt to spice things up in the bedroom, a sexually frustrated wife decided to buy a pair of crotchless panties. That evening she put them on under a short miniskirt, sat across from her husband and crossed and uncrossed her legs whenever he looked her way. After several minutes of this, her husband finally asked, "Are you wearing crotchless underwear?" "Yes," she whispered seductively. "Oh thank God," he replied. "I thought you were sitting on the cat."

An attractive woman was sitting alone in a bar when a man approached her and offered to buy her a drink. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I have a boyfriend." "Really?" the man replied. "I have a goldfish." "What does that have to do with anything?" the woman scoffed. "Oh, I'm sorry" he replied. "I thought we were talking about stuff that doesn't matter."



Our PLAYBOY Dictionary defines "getting your head above water" as receiving a blowjob while on a boat.

Send your jokes to partyjokes@playboy.co.za. PLAYBOY will pay R100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"Sorry, sir, but we've run out of mints for your pillow...."

ADVENTURE

COOL AS TRUCK

ARBITER



TRUCKS

You're out in the middle of the frozen tundra, deep within the Arctic Circle, mid-way into an Arctic ski race. It's utterly desolate, temperatures are hovering around the "fucking freezing" region of -40 degrees C, not counting the near-bladelike slice of the Arctic gale, and the only people around you are, ironically, not exactly friends in the circumstances, being your competition.

by tim houghton

The last time you saw buildings was days ago, and the cars they had standing outside those buildings were about as much use as a silk ball-gown in a wartime skirmish. Even in those warmer climes further from the pole, the biggest four-by's were flummoxed by so simple a task as getting to the end of the driveway; cars don't really work out here. Here, people talk about half-tracks and earth-moving equipment as their "daily ride." Which means things don't really happen in much of a hurry, I'd imagine.

But what's this you hear, as you trudge resolutely on into the icy hell? A motor? That's not a chopper, that sounds like... a Toyota Hilux?! A few years ago, you'd have immediately assumed you had finally succumbed to the debilitating effects of the cold, and started digging yourself a shallow grave to spare the others the messy business of shooting you. But thanks to the efforts of a small band of men from the balmy republic of Iceland working for an outfit called Arctic Trucks, these days you'll probably just wave as the cook, the cameraman and the medic go trundling past over a surface that's a lot like a peppermint crisp dessert; lots of soggy bits, interspersed with hard shards sharp enough with which to perform surgery.

Led by the intrepid Emil Grimmson, this band of Arctic explorers first appeared on the radar through those most gallant of English numpties, the *Top Gear* trio of Jez, Dick and Jim and their exploits in racing to the North Pole. Armed with an Arctic Truck-prepped Hilux AT Spirit 38, Jeremy and James managed not only to knock the pasting out of Hammond, but in so doing become the first people to drive a car to the Magnetic North Pole. Let me let you in on a secret: it was mostly the vehicle.

Emil started Arctic Trucks as an accessories line during his tenure as President of Toyota's

Icelandic operations during the Nineties. When he moved on from that position, he chose to take his accessory line and develop it further, with the ultimate aim of improving upon the already capable vehicles' off road ability.

Naturally, they choose to focus on a Toyota product, although not just for the reasons you might imagine. Since starting operations in 1995, engineers have modified a number of different manufacturer's vehicles, and have found none to have the rock-solid reliability and sheer bash-ability in the harsh and demanding terrain they are uniquely situated within.

But what they do to what is widely regarded as the toughest bakkie out there isn't exactly a pat on the back to Mr Toyoda. (Not a mis-print; Toyota's President is a Mr Toyoda. Those quirky Japs...) I spoke with Gisli Jonsson, the man behind designing this incredible machine: "What we say is we buy a nice bunch of parts from Toyota, and then we throw most of them away!" he quipped. "What we do is we take the front, and cut away everything from the load box back, and start again."

This means a comprehensive re-working of the entire ladder chassis to lift the suspension, altered mounting points for the body to allow clearance for those enormous balloon wheels (each a whopping 36kg!) and making space for the heavy-duty drive train and differential upgrades. They move the cab back 60 mm and the rear axle back 160mm, yet contrive to make a car that looks shorter than standard, despite being over 400 mm longer. These "trucks" also come equipped with onboard air compressors to regulate tyre pressure, GPS navigation, communications systems, uprated electrical systems incorporating extra batteries, massive roll bars in the event of either dumping it on its lid or falling into a crevasse, a crane... Hell it can even have a kitchen sink if you specify one!

Yet for all of the additional baggage it is

photography by gisli jónsson

Arctic Trucks' engineers have modified a number of different manufacturer's vehicles, and have found none to have the rock-solid reliability and sheer bash-ability in the harsh and demanding terrain they are uniquely situated within.

required to carry, the finished vehicle weighs a scant 200kg more than the standard variant, which is utterly flabbergasting. The standard powertrain of a 3.0-litre common-rail diesel does duty up front, is legendarily reliable and quite happy to run on the diet of A1 jet-fuel they feed it, and it transfers its power to a specially developed dual-transfer case. For those of you who don't speak 4x4, it is basically a box of gears between your motor and your gearbox that alters the relationship between the two, effectively giving the driver three different 5-speed automatic gearboxes in one car. Now, seeing as gearboxes are really just car engineers admitting they've built a rubbish motor (think about that; electric cars require only one speed because they are much more efficient at producing their power over a wider powerband), having the equivalent of 15 gears is mighty handy if you find yourself in a bit of a spot in a vast pot of melting ice cream.

Now, by this point you've probably realised that this isn't so much a laundry list of parts as a total re-working of the entire vehicle. This is made even more impressive by the fact that all of the components and chassis upgrades, like the transfer box above and the diff, are made in-house by Arctic Trucks themselves. Utilising local expertise from around 80 suppliers, they design and machine stuff to their level of strength. To give another example, that's like deciding your bed isn't big enough, but instead of buying a bigger one you make the entire thing yourself, out of petrified trees and diamonds. It's a monumental effort, and indicative of the pathological level of engineering that has gone into every one of their products.

Pathological for a reason, though. Out here in these extreme conditions, things stop. Perfectly good electronics just cease to function, it can take an hour and a half to boil five litres of water and the toughest steel man makes today becomes so brittle that it can lose up to 90% of its impact strength, making it no stronger than hard plastic is in our normal temperatures. Add to this the very real risk of running into a bunch of live, fully grown polar bears, who, according to Gisli, are "very very clever, curious and quite aggressive!" This is why there are gun holsters down the sides of the vehicle. It's not redneck chic. "They are very good at sneaking up on you, making no noise, and they know to go for the tent..."

But funnily enough, the biggest fear out here is ice cracks. No, not snow freezing between your buttcheeks; crevasses. You know something is scary when a big burly Viking chap who doesn't look afraid of anything looks you in the eye with real fear on his face and says, "Man, but those things are scary..." The problem here is (a) GPS positioning and tracking doesn't work when the satellites can't see you, (b) most crevasses are wedge-shaped and murderously deep, and (c) it's madasfarking hell-impossible to get back out again unless someone else is right there, and has not fallen on top of you. We are talking 3-kilometre-thick ice here people; they probably don't make a rope long enough to pull you back out again if you hit the bottom.

So Arctic Trucks use a combo of a bit of McGuyvering and a spot of high tech. They use a special, boom-mounted radar to "smell" crevasses before they arrive at them, allowing them to map a route onto a GPS data logger so they know where it's safe, although with constantly shifting ice this is not always accurate, if not current data. Hence, the McGuyver: they attach a triangulated "crevasse protection" bar, which protrudes about a meter from the front of the car, and hooks up on the far wall to prevent the whole car tipping in when the front wheels break through! Crude, but effective. And it doubles as a mounting point for the simple lever crane, which can be used with the winch for rescues, as well as loading and unloading of cargo.

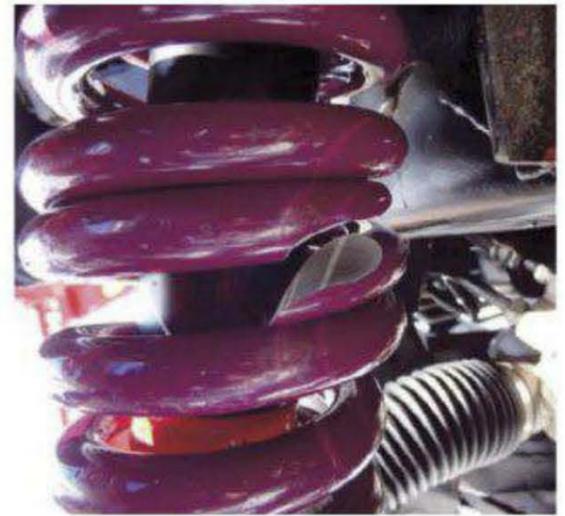
In fact, the whole McGuyver thing rings true throughout. This is the kind of car cobbled together with chewing gum wrappers, sucker sticks and duct tape by Chuck Norris, the best efforts of the A-team and the McDaddy combined. I mean, it even comes with guns on the side! No car comes with guns on the side... that's comic book stuff. This is a proper hero's car, not a poncy "look at me" supercar but a big, swearing, bloody-nose of a thing. Just by looking at it, you know you will give up before it will.

And it's eco-friendly. Well... just hear me out. Consumption on the 3,500-metre-high plateau in Antarctica from where they just recently returned, having supported an extreme ski race, was an eye-watering 50-litres/100 km. This subsides somewhat as one heads for the thicker air of the coast, but you must be thinking I'm on the psychedelics for thinking that is economical. However, the only other forms of transport out here are bulldozers and tracked piste-bashers, which are industrial equipment with consumption figures five times that of the bakkies. Add to this the much bigger range of the wheeled vehicles over the track ones, and their far superior speed, and suddenly they become invaluable beasts of burden and rescuers of men. When you factor in that an airlift costs €150,000, it's a no-brainer.

Thus, Arctic Trucks are now the go-to guys when it comes to modern transport in the Arctic and Antarctic wastelands, and are becoming increasingly popular in the sandy oil countries too, where the consumptions figures must be considered entirely reasonable. That said they

aren't exactly cheap. The 4x4 AT44 version cost €100,000, while their newly-developed 6x6 is yours for an entirely reasonable €150,000, depending on final specification. Look, you get a HELL of a lot of car for your money, a true go-anywhere, and I really do mean anywhere, capability. This thing makes any Hummer look like a cheap party trick.

So remember, as you come skiing in at night, spent from the exertions of the day, that welcome sight of the cook busy at his pots and the medic with his pain-killing drugs just would not be there if it weren't for the Arctic Trucks Toyota Hilux that brought them. Right there, right then, that welcome sight might just move a grown man to tears... 🙄



THE LOCAL CONNECTION

It's not common knowledge to most, but the Arctic Trucks Toyota Hilux AT38 used in the filming of the epic *Top Gear* trek to the top of the world started life as a standard Hilux built in our own Toyota production facility in Rosslyn, Johannesburg. Due to the immense popularity of the vehicle in Europe and the British Isles, the waiting list on these bruisers is almost a year long; even someone with the clout of these guys struggle to source vehicles.

Because of this, an interesting situation has come about. Arctic Trucks have just recently brokered a deal with Toyota's local Motorsport division, headed by the evergreen Glyn Hall, to begin building Arctic Truck-equipped vehicles locally. The reasoning behind this is two-fold: the cost incurred with shipping the vehicles up to Iceland to be re-fitted is not insignificant, and many of the vehicles are used in Antarctic (South Pole) support missions, making the logistics a nightmare. This way, the lead time (typically six months from date of order) can be reduced, and it opens up a number of new markets to the company, including our own. So if you're hankering after a bit of high-rise bundu-bashing, these guys should be able to scratch that itch for ya! Coming soon...





David
LEE ROTH

"We confronted our mortality — and have returned with album in hand."

20Q

by marcel anders

In this exclusive interview, Diamond Dave talks about his first Van Halen album in 28 years, the radical changes in the band's attitude and chemistry, the upcoming world tour, his legendary jumps (and back problems) as well as women, religion, and the US presidential elections.

Q1

PLAYBOY (PB): How was it working on a new Van Halen album for the first time in 28 years?

David Lee Roth (DLR): Nothing has changed. We've worked together periodically. It's like mixing fuel for a racecar. Ultimately you'll find the right recipe for what motivates and compels you individually and as an ensemble. And that can be something as simple as how much do you appreciate this one? The answer is generally a whole fucking lot more than I used to. I used to hate going into the studio because I perceived it rather like a test in school. It would be much the same. I perceived of it as a microscope that would reveal imperfection. Today, I am most revered for my imperfections. I'm like your favourite pair of jeans – they're not perfect, I'm sure. I'm like your favourite leather jacket – it's not brand new. And the more worn in it is, the more prized it becomes in our culture. And it's the same for Van Halen in their playing. Consequently there's more depth. I think there's more gravity. We've confronted our mortality and have returned with album in hand (laughs).

Q2

PB: So it's age and experience that brought you to this point?

DLR: Clearly. There's a thin line perhaps between rage and great work in the ensemble. We still rage.

Q3

PB: Have you put the guys through boot camp – at least mentally? Or how did you make them sound just like they used to?

DLR: What we did was full circle. In theatre, there is a term called "off book." It means simply that you no longer have to read the script. You have internalised it. One of the reasons that first albums for most artists are so superb and then there's a slow decent from there is because they were "off book" on that first album. Subsequently, people would go into the studio, write the lyrics and record it there. We didn't play the studio. We trained and prepped and rehearsed for hundreds of hours until it was Shakespeare. You can't think of what is next if you're going to do Shakespeare. Can you really play the song from start to finish without the enhancement of Pro Tools? Can you actually sing what it is you're singing or is that a fabrication? So for us it was a full circle: what you're hearing is very much live in the studio. And that is consequently what you'll hear on the road.

Q4

PB: But *A Different Kind of Truth* does have the spirit of the early Van Halen records, doesn't it? It's about women, cars, tattoos, having fun and getting yourself in danger – instead of drinking milk, driving Nissans, and being in relationships?

DLR: Well, we can go song by song. There is a vague sense of humour, but it's adult in every sense of the word. Even though we're singing about tattoos, we explore some of the different cultures that tattooing intersects with. I know for a fact that in the US easily 75% of all tattoo customers today are women. And you can watch swap-meet Sally (a swap-meet is like going to a convenience store) get a simple tattoo and she turns from a mousewife into a momshell. What is the psychology of that? Perhaps for the first time she's telling the truth instead of pretending false virtue. Alternatively, there are times when you don't want to pay attention to lyrics at all.

Q5

PB: However, there are parts where you are just having fun. Like in that line: "If you want to be a monk, you got to cook a lot of rice..."

DLR: Well, it means hard work. You want to be a monk, it means you got to get used to very austere, hard work. If you want to play like Eddie Van Halen, it is endless, mind-numbing practice. If you want to perform like this band, we have been rehearsing three days a week for four months in preparation for this tour. Most performers in our bracket would rehearse for six weeks. We're cooking a lot of rice (chuckles).

Q6

PB: "And driving with an Asian model is like Kabala – but it's for free"?

DLR: Well, you're quoting out of context: "If the ancient rabbi said to me: It's a lot like Kabala, Dave, but for you it's free." Our perception frequently of spiritual pursuit is skewed by the price tag. Sometimes in America we judge it by the price tag. There are some artists who benefit the product they endorse. Frank Sinatra endorses a scotch and he lends it class. Today, if Absolut Vodka endorses an unknown act, we determine that's a big product, assume it must be an important or a very cool act. And the truth is, you know, the opposite. Frequently we judge the quality of a new religion by the price tag. And from what I understand Kabala comes with a substantial one.

Q7

PB: Maybe you should start your own religion or sect then – the Church of Roth?

DLR: Oh, we may have. What is a religion? It can be football, it can be a political premise, it can be me. My religion, if I had to say, was finding myself in other people's eyes and identifying that in the music, identifying that in what I do as an artist. And perhaps what I do in my off time.

Q8

PB: What about *A Different Kind of Truth* for a title? I know it's a line from "Bullethead," but is it meant in the sense of letting the music speak for

itself or what's the idea?

DLR: Van Halen was always an island – while you were on your way from one place to another, culturally or musically. When we were flavour of the week the first time the world was on a wild ride from *Studio 54* and *Saturday Night Fever* and steaming hot across the channel towards the world of the Sex Pistols and The Clash. Not a bad final destination either. And Van Halen music, Van Halen recreation, Van Halen climate, everything that you encountered on our island had virtually nothing to do with anything else that was popular. We were never cool. We're not cool today. Nevertheless it is such a signature sound. I don't know anybody else that sounds like us.

Q9

PB: But it sounds surprisingly fresh after 28 years, doesn't it?

DLR: Yes! Well, there are new influences. You can only get worse if you attempt to remain deliberately young and look only in one direction. There's been a lot of life here. And I think it's in the performance and in the sound itself, the care in terms of the sound: how does that drum sound? Not: what is he playing but how does it sound? The sound of my voice is not a choice a producer made, I made it. Listen to the beginning of "Tattoo": in the very first chorus at the top of the song it's completely Jason Derulo, it's Rihanna, it's been Auto-Tuned and backward echoed to death. 'Cause I love that stuff.

Q10

PB: Plus you've got a young kid on bass now. Does Wolfgang bring some fresh air into this ensemble, as you call it, as well?

DLR: No! Trying keep up with Van Halen is a task that's going to take somebody years to do. The kind of music that we play is about the brothers and myself. We went to school together for theory and orchestration, we went to the college of musical knowledge and played for five years in the clubs and the saloons and the backyard parties together. And we wrote every song that we used to pay the rent together. We are a one-trick pony. It's a hell of a trick (chuckles), but there's only one (laughs).

Q11

PB: However, you've tried to rejoin Van Halen at least twice – in 1996 and 2000 – but it didn't work. Is this third time lucky or is this meant to last?

DLR: I like the impermanent. I like tension. Whenever things get too comfortable it becomes something other than compelling. It becomes something that is equivalent to comfort food. I like something that is an encounter. And I like the threat of the clock. When you watch a boxing match most people think there are only two opponents in the ring, you forget the clock.



I'm like
your
favourite
leather
jacket – it's not
brand new.
And the more
worn in it is,
the more prized
it becomes.

And the clock can beat both of them. Let's invoke that in order to create some tension, some conflict. This is a band that's lived hard, and has worked even harder. My back doctor says I should have thrown in the towel years ago (chuckles). And Van Halen is a competitive value, in every respect. We're not here for an exhibition, there's no ironic wink of the eye or nudge of the elbow.

Q12

PB: So a Jerry Springer-style fight is still an option?

DLR: No. This isn't television. That's why I'm still around 37 summers later. There is a big difference. A great deal of Rock 'n' Roll has become a parody of itself. It's a great way for us and the audience to feel as proprietors. Van Halen is the band that has not been co-opted by any neighbourhood. Not the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, not *Rolling Stone* magazine, not the Grammy's, not the Super Bowl. You don't see us on the red carpet. In a world where the rebels sell and the backwards baseball hat and the hand sign is a specific neighbourhood, Van Halen still remains an entirely separate island. And what do you think, what is art? It's as simple as something that compels you to thought. Television is not; it compels you to buy products. When you get to the good work you are compelled to question eternally.

Q13

PB: I had to travel to Anaheim in 2007 to get a hold of the reunion tour. Will you take this album around the globe or are you just concentrating on the US once more?

DLR: There's been a lot of changes, even a lot of updates in the band. This is the band that thought we would go play the Café Wha? in Greenwich Village, a place that small, that far downtown, and encounter the press from 20 feet away without a production. Of course! If we have gone there, we can go anywhere. The band is red hot, we have been rehearsing for months. And we are club ready. Seriously, that's what makes the best arena show. I can fully see Europe, Japan and Australia on future horizons. And I will imagine that this will happen at some point.

Q14

PB: Does performing still hurt?

DLR: Only when I'm awake! (laughs) There never was a time, there never was a time when it didn't hurt. I remember 20 years ago asking one of my Kung Fu instructors if it would stop hurting and he told me: "No." But it will ultimately look a little better progressively. Perhaps that's part of what makes it look

compelling. It's part of what makes playing compelling. When it doesn't hurt, you don't quite fight as hard. Perhaps it forces one to focus that much more. There's my medical answer (laughs).

Q15

PB: Are you still jumping on stage, or is that something you cannot do anymore simply because of age or pain?

DLR: There is an adolescent whinging that most rock musicians seem to cling to. And it looks kind of funny. Sort of like jokes that were hilarious 20 years ago that aren't funny now. Or certain dance moves from 20 years ago that are kind of a joke now when you see them. Or certain haircuts you were wearing 30 years ago. And you go: "What the hell was I thinking?" I can cling to specifics, simply because they're part of the past that's dangerous. I think the energy and the capacity certainly remains. But there needs to be an update to it.

Q16

PB: And taking Kool & The Gang on tour with you – that's quite an odd choice, don't you think?

DLR: It's a left turn. Van Halen appeals to a whole lot of neighbourhoods. Heavy metal is only one of them. Kool & The Gang represents perhaps to us what Clarence meant to Springsteen in his audience. It's also the sounds of American celebration for several decades' worth. You couldn't get through a spring break, a vacation, a burial, a wedding, a picnic of any kind without hearing one of these acts. Uhm... we have chairs because half our audience are women. So we don't do animal seating. But we might as well not have chairs, because nobody sits down while we're on.

Q17

PB: Is it true you're working on the follow up to *Crazy From The Heat*, your autobiography, including your favourite chilli recipes?

DLR: No! I am focused entirely on what we're working with here. Everything that you will experience on the road right down to the shoelaces is art centric here. And that's 100% involvement. We did not have a stage designer, I did it. I went down to the constructor's and laid it out on their grids. We oversee virtually every department, including the logistics of the tour. "What day do we play Madison Square Garden on?" is part of the language we have learned to speak here in Van Halen. For the first half of our entire career, this was a band that was living off of a dollar and a quarter. We were splitting that four ways. We had to learn these languages. The only thing we had to live on was the live show and it compelled us to learn to do all of those things. Not

only can we design and build it, but (chuckles) I can tell you how many trucks it will take to get it to your city.

Q18

PB: I need to confront you with this great quote of yours: "The perfect woman has an IQ of 150, wants to make love until 4:00 in the morning and then turns into a pizza." Is that still valid?

DLR: I think it's leftover from the 80s. When I was a child I thought as a child, you know? I think her IQ would probably be up around 162 now. Uhm... pizza, let's be heart smart – I would go with Thai food. (laughing) I'm a little more demanding.

Q19

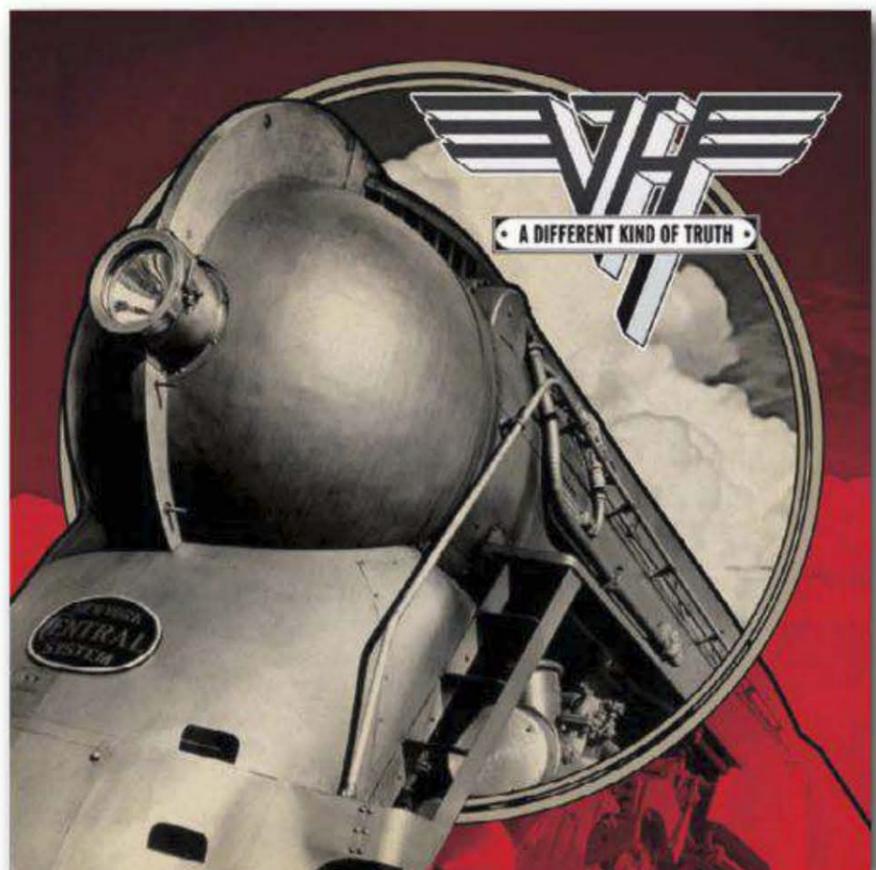
PB: But it's still a topic to have fun with though?

DLR: Oh certainly. I think you will always muse about who is listening to your music or for whom you're writing your words for. When you're composing on a guitar, you are thinking of who is in that audience watching you. And for most hard rock fans, or most heavy metal artists, they're thinking of audiences that are mostly guys. Anytime you see fists in the air, that's for guys! However, do you think I ever wore yellow anything for fellas? (chuckles) It just happens to you. Who you think of when you are recording and composing and rehearsing is not something you choose.

Q20

PB: The US presidential election is coming up, wouldn't it be time for President Roth?

DLR: No! I think it's a responsibility that requires a different kind of focus. You have to be responsible to various neighbourhoods of people, particularly in these trying times. Ah... the only thing that we have to be accountable to as an artist is to accurately and honestly demonstrate a... I don't know what would you call it? Where your mind is at without false pretences, without masks. On the other hand, once you wear a mask you can really be yourself. Isn't that what Bono did when he was The Fly, or whatever? I don't know. I'll start the next show with "I'm Not Myself Tonight," but then who is? (chuckles) 





Reach for Recovery

Breast Cancer Care

Reach for Recovery is an International breast cancer support group founded in the USA in 1952 and active in SA since 1967.

Our aim is to create awareness about breast cancer and educate as many people as possible about the importance of early detection.

All Reach for Recovery volunteers have themselves undergone surgery for breast cancer and have received thorough training to enable them to visit patients post surgery in hospital or at home. All visits are made at the request of the doctor or the patient herself.

Our services are free and include:

- practical and emotional help and a variety of pamphlets are available
- a soft, temporary prosthesis
- a small pillow for under the arm as well as a cotton bag for the drain

Our mission statement:

Reach for Recovery is built on a simple yet universal principle: that of one woman who has experienced breast cancer herself giving freely of her time and experience to assist and support another woman with breast cancer.



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083 897 0221	011 648 0990	083 677 3500	082 212 9933	072 248 0008	084 703 7994	079 347 9591

www.reach4recovery.org

Public Benefit Organisation 930011568 Non Profit Organisation 043-723

OVER THE
Precipice
by craig jarvis **TWIGGY BAKER**

“Something big was coming. The horizon went black as the waves blocked out the sky.”



SURFING

We were surfing out at Dungeons, the big wave surf spot at the base of The Sentinel Mountain in Hout Bay. I was sitting on my big wave board, a 10-foot 4-inch long big wave gun that I had borrowed from Hawaiian surfer, Jamie Sterling. My heart was smashing into my chest after a serious beat down. I had ventured into the breaking zone, and a sneaker set had popped up out of nowhere, broken in front of me, and a ton of whitewater had sent me careering madly for the bottom of the ocean. I had surfaced, without a trace of breath left in my dirty lungs, and without an ounce remaining of the false bravado that had inspired me to go out there in the first place, to trick me into thinking I had what it takes to surf the biggest waves in Africa. I didn't. So I sat on my board and watched.

The first wave was an evil looking thing. It was a thick wall of dark water, ruffled by the wind, and it didn't look like it wanted to be ridden.

Something big was coming. The horizon went black as the waves blocked out the sky.

When big wave surfers spot a really big set coming, there is a strange dichotomy of emotions that run through them. Survival instinct tells them to paddle to the safety of deep water as fast as possible, to get as far away from the approaching waves as they can. Courage, big wave experience and ocean knowledge tells them to stay put, to remain calm, to place themselves in the correct position for the approaching waves. Depending on how their brains deal with the impending danger, and how they respond to their instinctual fight-or-flight response, makes them skilled big wave surfers. It's not easy. No one wants a 20-foot wave to break on top of him or her, and no one likes to be held under water for a long time. People drown.

The first wave was an evil looking thing. It was a thick wall of dark water, ruffled by the wind, and it didn't look like it wanted to be ridden. The crew paddled over it, some of them looking back down the wave as it passed under them. The second wave of the set looked dangerous as well. It was a long wave, without the tapering wall that showed a direct route to the relative safety of the deepwater channel. A lone surfer turned and started paddling hard for it, with long and firm strokes of his arms as he scooped the water to get his board going. It was a few seconds of hard paddling, and he had caught the wave and started his descent down this triple-story beast. As he was dropping down the wave he looked up at the wave chasing him, just in time to see a mountain of whitewater rearing over his head. The spectators in the media boat all started screaming as this surfer stood upright, racing down the wave. Before it totally engulfed him I saw under his wetsuit hood that it was Grant "Twiggy" Baker, and he had a faint smile on his face as he disappeared

into a snowstorm of whitewater. It was the smile of someone accepting the inevitable.

"For me it's not about those last moments that help you over the edge because by that time everything that you have done before takes over and it becomes pure instinct," says Twiggy, the most accomplished and successful big wave surfer in South Africa. "What matters to me is the preparation you have put in beforehand that gives you the confidence in your ability, fitness and equipment. This, combined with as much experience in waves of consequence you can get, gives you the mental confidence to put your head down and fully commit as you turn to paddle for a huge wave."

Still, the ocean is a variable and a master, and no matter how much prep work and training you do, things can still go wrong for the

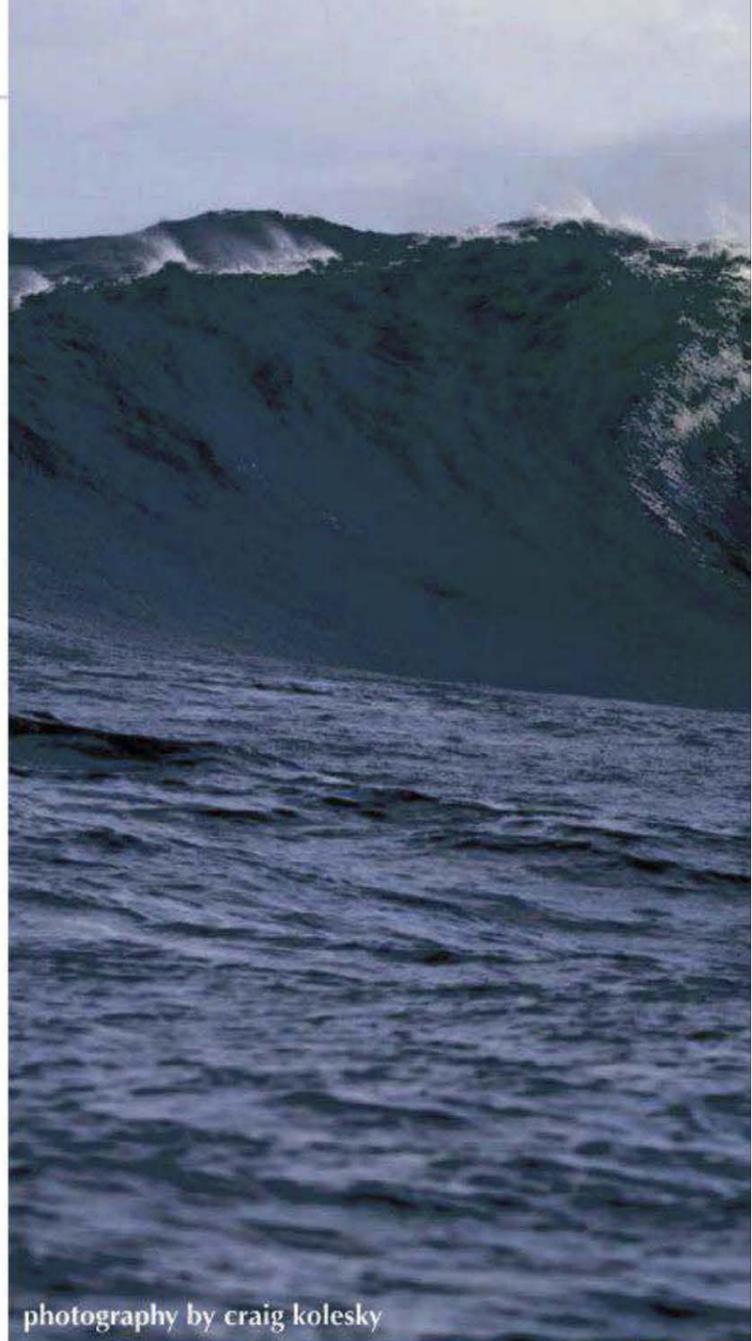
most skilled big wave surfer. Mark Foo, Todd Chesser, Donny Solomon and Sion Milosky are four famous big wave surfers who lost their lives surfing big waves. Twiggy knows the risks are real, having experienced it first-hand.

"I was surfing in Mexico at Puerto Escondido in May 2010 when a good friend of mine, Noel Robinson, drowned," recalls Twig. "He had a bad fall and knocked himself unconscious on his board and because we don't use leashes at that spot he disappeared in the white water. We frantically looked for him but just couldn't find him and all the while we knew that time was running out and the feeling was of complete hopelessness and dread. I eventually found his body an hour later, out the back of the break. Bringing his limp body to the beach will always be something that haunts me. RIP Noel, always in our thoughts."

Twiggy reckons he has another 10 years in him at the forefront of global big wave surfing and exploration. For that time he plans on putting his head down and paddling hard, over the precipice, regardless of the consequences.

GRANT "TWIGGY" BAKER RESULTS 2006 - 2012

- Red Bull Big Wave Africa Winner, Cape Town.
- Mavericks Invitational Winner, 2nd Place, California.
- Quiksilver Punta Lobos Invitational Winner, Chile.
- Billabong XXL Ride of the Year Winner, worldwide
- Billabong XXL Biggest Wave Winner, worldwide
- Billabong XXL Performance of the Year Winner, worldwide
- First South African to surf in the Eddie Big Wave Invitational, 14th place, Hawaii.



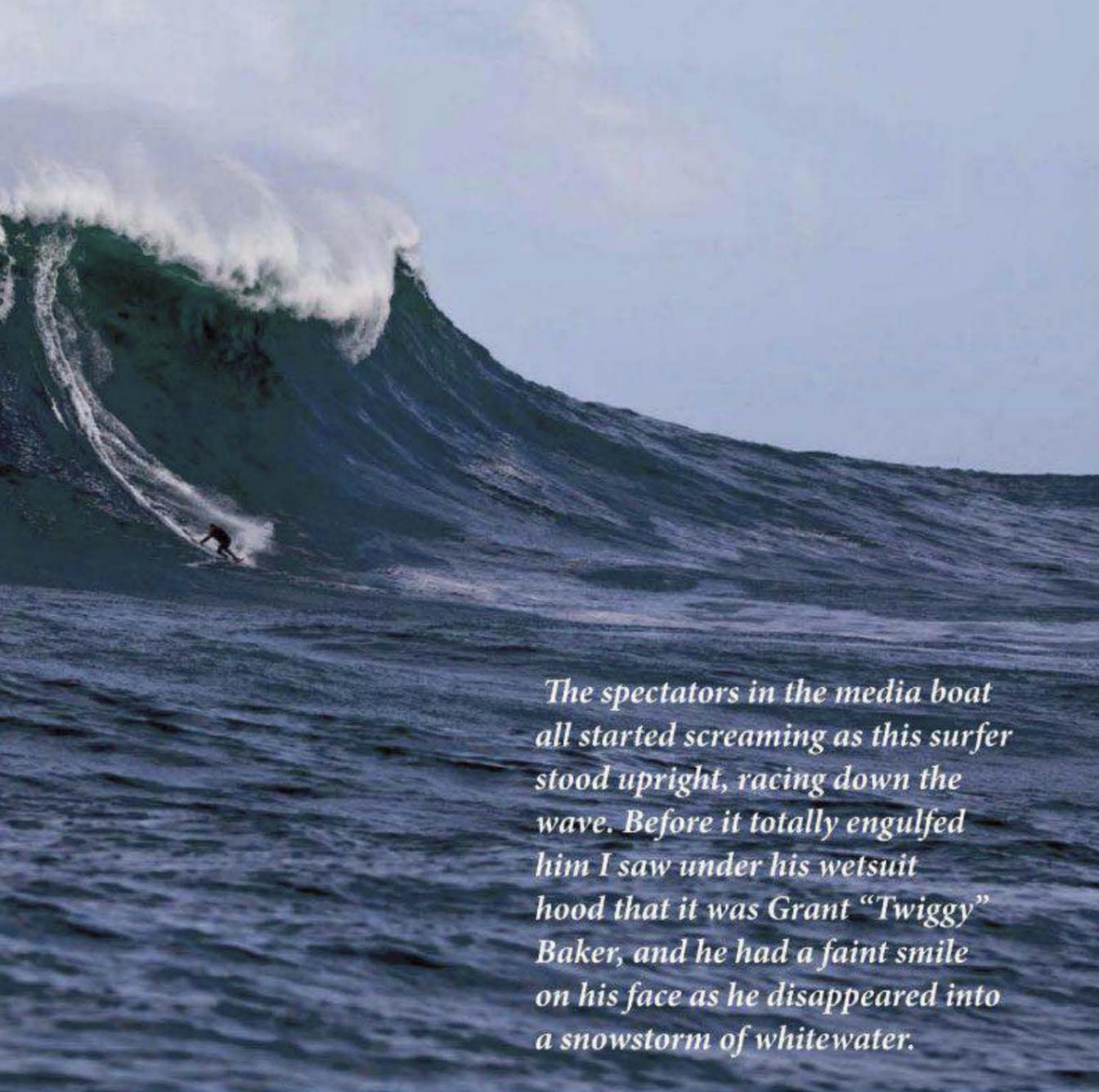
photography by craig kolesky



photography by antfoxphoto.com



videography by kate lovemore



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photography by craig kolesky



TWIGGY'S DATE PLAYBOY PLAYMATE KATE LOVEMORE

It's a tough day in the office when you're standing on the beach filming surfers in your bikini, but such is life. Twiggy's partner is none other than PLAYBOY's March Playmate of the Month, Kate Lovemore.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Twiggy meet?

Kate: Twiggy eyed me across the pool table at Joe Kools in Durban and claimed he recognised me from a promotion I had done the previous year at one of his kiteboarding contests in Umhlanga. He even mentioned the outfit I had been wearing! A couple of tequilas later and he had started to win my heart. We went to the Durban July together a couple months later where we officially became an item.

PLAYBOY: How long have you been together?

Kate: It's been eight-and-a-half years, and our anniversary is on the day of the July. I think the winning ingredient is that we have allowed each other to grow as individuals and supported each other's achievements along the way. We both love travelling and meeting new people and share the same love and passion for the ocean.

PLAYBOY: What does your current job working with Twiggy entail?

Kate: I travel the world with Twiggy and film the guys surfing big waves as well as kiting and SUP (stand-up paddleboarding). It's a tough day in the office when you're standing on the beach filming surfers in your bikini, but such is life. Besides being a videographer I am also an interior designer for Lovemore's Cupboard Shoppe where we design and manufacture custom made kitchens, walk in closets etc. Every woman's dream to have a gorgeous kitchen and a Sex in the City type wardrobe.



PLAYBOY: Tell us a secret about Twig that no one knows.

Kate: No, sorry. A lady never divulges her man's secrets. I would have to kill you if I told you. ☹



PLAYBOY Advisor

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



After two years of torture I am finally divorced and starting to date again. My question is: How young can I go? I read that the formula is your age divided by two, plus three. I'm 46, so that would allow me to go out with a 26-year-old. There's a 28-year-old who wants to sleep with me, but I've been shying away because of the age difference. What do you think?

– JB, Northriding

Are you kidding? She's been legal for 10 years. No matter what the age difference, the challenge of any relationship that starts like this is finding something in common besides your mutual interest in sex. But that doesn't sound like a concern for you now.

My wife has made it clear she can live without sex, so for the past four years I have been finding partners online. I even have an online wife (she's also married), who attends swinger parties with me. Our relationship is purely physical, and we always practice safe sex. My real wife is unsuspecting, though I'm sure she wonders why I no longer bug her for sex. Now she wants us to attend counselling to address our sexual dysfunction. She says she has been a horrible partner. I'm not convinced counselling will change anything, and it could easily expose my alternate life and jeopardise my marriage, which I want to preserve for our two kids. Aside from the lack of sex, our life together is pretty satisfying. We have run into a couple of my girlfriends, but they assume my wife is another one of them, so it's kept under wraps. What should I do?

– JR, Fresnoye

Your wife will figure this out eventually, if she hasn't already. You can either take charge of the situation or let it unravel until it reaches its inevitable messy conclusion. If you are truly concerned about your kids living in a two-parent home, you will need to make sacrifices. That means putting your alternative reality on hold while you focus on preserving the one your family lives in. If your wife is willing to meet you halfway, the marriage has already improved. Seize the opportunity.

Do people need sex? My friend says he doesn't, yet he masturbates. Isn't that a need for sex?

– FJ, Johannesburg

People do need sex. Your friend's masturbation involves fantasy, which reflects his need for intimacy. We can survive without that, but it's a life less lived. Some people will argue that we need sex only to reproduce, but now that can be done in a lab. Fucking for no biological reason is what makes us human. In that sense, we need it bad.

My nipples are one of my major erogenous zones, second only to my clitoris. I can almost climax from stimulation of my nipples alone. The problem is, my nipples are rather insensitive to light or normal touch. I like to attach clips to my nipples or twist them hard, burn them lightly with candle wax or rough them up with sandpaper. I found that if I do this prior to sex with my boyfriend, my nipples are so sensitive I can feel every touch and suck. The next day they're still so sensitive I can hardly

keep my hands off myself, and frankly, I do not try. Am I doing permanent damage to myself?

– KC, Port Alfred

A while ago we got a letter from a guy who masturbated with sandpaper. He asked if he had a problem. We said "Yes, but not for long." Apparently, he consulted a sex therapist who cured him of the habit by switching to lighter grades of sandpaper, velvet, then a woman. He still gets a hard-on every time he passes the hardware store, and he spends an inordinate amount of time watching DIY shows. You are abusing your body, but so does every person who runs a marathon, mounts a StairMaster or plays tennis. Are sexual injuries the same as athletic injuries? It's your call. Doctors would probably tell you that sex is like medicine: above all, do no harm. All you've done is found a dramatic way to amplify the signals going to the brain.

My girlfriend just went on the pill. How long should we wait before I stop using condoms?

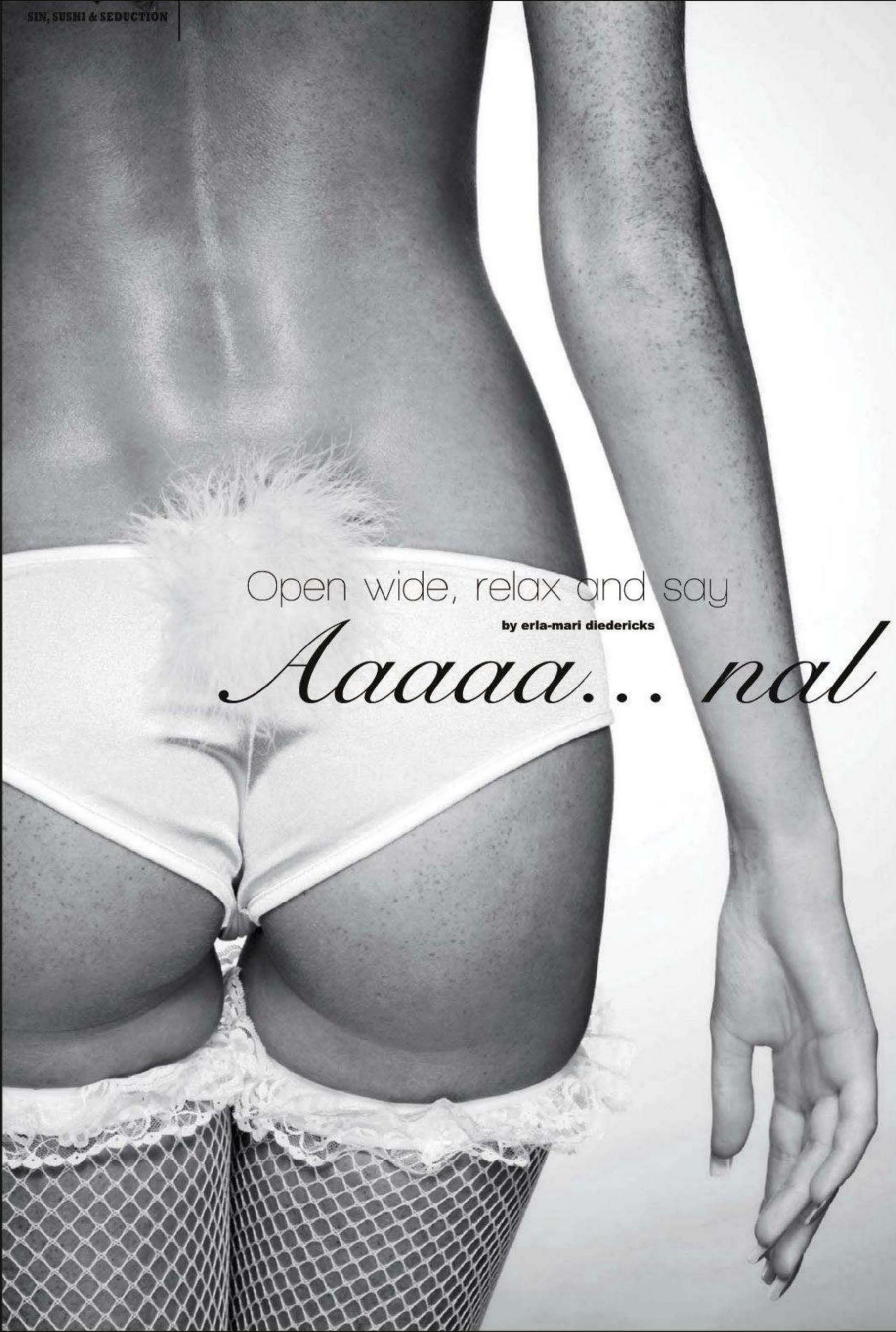
– KW, Diepkloof

Wait until she's gone through one monthly cycle of pills. Keep in mind that even with perfect use (and only about a quarter of women manage that), up to five women in 1000 get pregnant within a year. With imperfect use, the number rises to as many as seven in 100. If your girlfriend misses a dose (she takes a pill for the first 21 of every 28 days, followed by a placebo), use a backup method for at least seven days of active pills. ☑



OLIVIO

"In this game, everybody wins...!"



Open wide, relax and say

by erla-mari diedericks

Aaaaa... nah

I was first introduced to anal sex at the age of 19 by a Lebanese boyfriend honour-bound to keep my virginity intact. The deed occurred on a hot summer's night in his parent's house in Bloemfontein while his grandmother shuffled down the corridor. I am still slightly anal about the whole thing.

After a few near misses and hits, I finally came to the conclusion that anal sex is like olives or whiskey. It is an acquired taste. It could even be something you have to grow into.

Nooooo... says a friend who dishes it up like a treat for her husband once in a while – you must RELAX into it.

Ah! That sounds easy enough. Or is it?

Have you ever tried prodding a sea anemone? The minute you stick your finger into its soft centre it contracts. Now, I don't know about other people, but I immediately go into anemone-action the minute ANYTHING approaches my rear end. Not to mention that I start clenching my buttocks in a desperate attempt to make my bum look smaller.

The anal-allowing friend, let's call her Ramone, is no sea anemone.

"Breathe," she says. "Just BREATHE into it, Darling. Open wide, breathe and maybe... in the beginning... you should think of something else."

Wait a minute.

I heard this all before. You guys won't know this, but this is standard gynae-chat when you go for your annual check-up and they insert a large metal speculum up your fanny. This speculum looks like a cross between a spanner and an ice cream scoop. Google it. Be prepared to scream in horror like a girl.

Anyway, when the kind doctor inserts this instrument of torture into you, he always starts by saying, "Now just relax. Breathe into it. Think happy thoughts."

Some doctors have tricks up their sleeves. Mine always tells me a joke, gets me to laugh (which relaxes the muscles) and then tells me to cough. As I cough, he slides it in.

"Perhaps men should use the coughing technique to get it in," I muse to Ramone.

She laughs. "That might work. That, and lots and lots of lubrication."

Over the next week my probing into the dark and musky world of anal sex brings a few interesting findings to light. One is that if you want to get a woman to try it, never, ever mention that you prefer anal because it is tighter than vaginal. NEVER. EVER. Unless you have a death wish. Also, make sure that you know

what you're doing or she will be once prodded, twice shy.

"Two words," says my male friend the Anal Annihilator. "Patience. And lubrication. You will need lots and lots of both."

I go online and read a how-to-manual on anal sex. First one finger. Then two. On and on you progress until she is ready to cough and take the full brunt of your manhood. I mention this to my anti-anal friends. To stir the pot, so to speak.

"Come on, ladies. Just lube it and try it. You never know..." I say.

I unleash a tirade.

Friend One shrieks: "I am a sissy! Even if my surname is Lubrication I will not bend over for anal. NEVER!"

Friend Two is a bit more blunt: "I do not share my ass with anyone."

However, it is Friend Three who has the final say: "This is my exit, not my entry. Why do they wanna go through the back door when I have an eat-sum-more cookie? One bite and you are hooked."

This is the one extreme. These women will slam their backdoors in your face. Then there are the ones who will open it – if you have the right key.

You can't simply barge in there and go bananas. You need to navigate the windward passage GENTLY into the dark and stormy night.

"I do not like to be pressured into it. Also, if a woman is not ready for it or interested in it, she is going to derive no pleasure from it. Anal can be amazing, but then it should be a joint decision. He should make it part of foreplay, gently slip it in... sort of like an injection," says The Artist, a beautiful woman desired by all.

It is no coincidence that she refers to anal as an injection – since it can hurt as much as it can sexually sedate. The thing is, you can romanticise and kinkyfy anal as much as you like, but in the end you have to face the biological facts – the rectum is not designed for a penis. In the 18th Century anal sex was referred to as "navigation of the windward passage." This passage is held shut by two rings of muscles or sphincters. The interesting fact is that while you can control the outer muscle and relax it or not, you don't have similar control over the inner muscle which closes automatically if not in use. The inner muscle needs to be relaxed with a lubed finger or toy. Once you go past the muscles, the rest of the passage is not straight like the vagina. Oh, no. Prepare yourself instead for a few twists and turns. This, of course, also means

that you can't simply barge in there and go bananas. You need to navigate the windward passage GENTLY into the dark and stormy night.

So, on I go, carefully navigating the windward passages of people's opinions, fears and fantasies. Most of my women friends say they have tried it, but that it is not as much about pleasure as it is about the role-playing that it suggests. They huskily tell me about the eroticism of submission, of forcefulness and being overpowered. Still I keep on asking, probing passages that should not be probed.

Then I find her. An anal goddess. A woman who rides back saddle. A woman with her back door wide open. I ask her to describe anal sex to me, and this is what she writes:

"I love anal sex. I love it because it's just so naughty. I love that it's our secret. I love it because it's so tight, I love it that he's in control, I love it that he's dominating me, I love it that it hurts just a bit and I love that he knows it. I love it that he's gentle, I love the way he looks

at me when he's inside me – I love that naughty glow in his eyes, and I could cum me a river just looking into his eyes.

"Mostly it's that intimacy that I love

the most. There is nothing much more intimate than this. And some of the most mind-blowing orgasms I have ever had have been during anal sex. I swear I have a G-Spot in my Botty. We'll have to call it a B-Spot.

"And yes, I'll admit – I LOVE it that some women are too prudish to try it out enough to realise they love it. I have no doubt that he'll remember me, forever. Me and my tight ass..." If anal sex is on your bucket list or more likely your fuckit list, then by all means do not let the opportunity pass you by should it ever arise. Just remember: TLC, boys. TLC. Touch. Lubrication. And Common Sense. If it does not give, don't be an ass and force the issue. If she is not panting with passion, put it away.

However, if she smiles and opens wide, then here's to you. Bottoms up! 🍑

On a serious note: Anal sex can transmit AIDS and STIs. You can also pick up bacterial infections from the bugs naturally present in the gut. Wear a condom and never alternate between the anus and vagina during anal intercourse as it can increase the risk of infection.

Bunny Chow

A Short History of a Long Legacy

Why is PLAYBOY in South Africa?

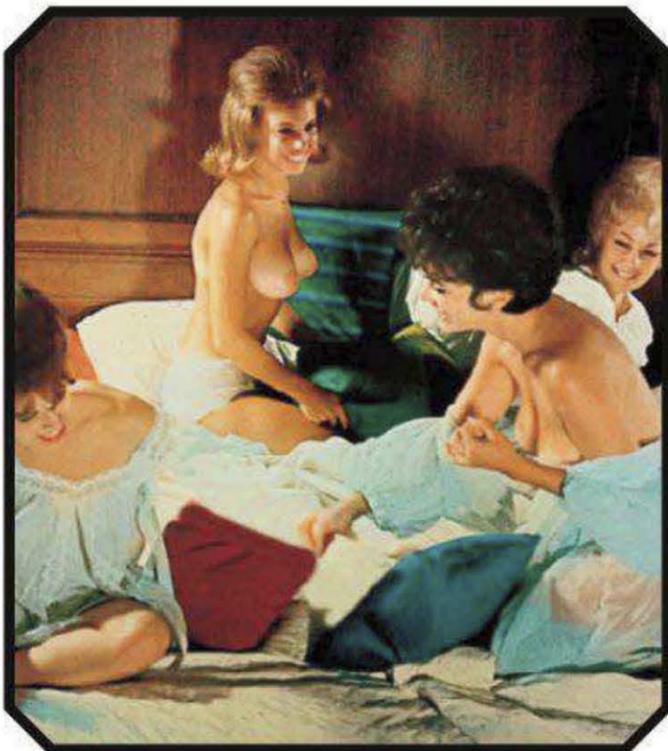
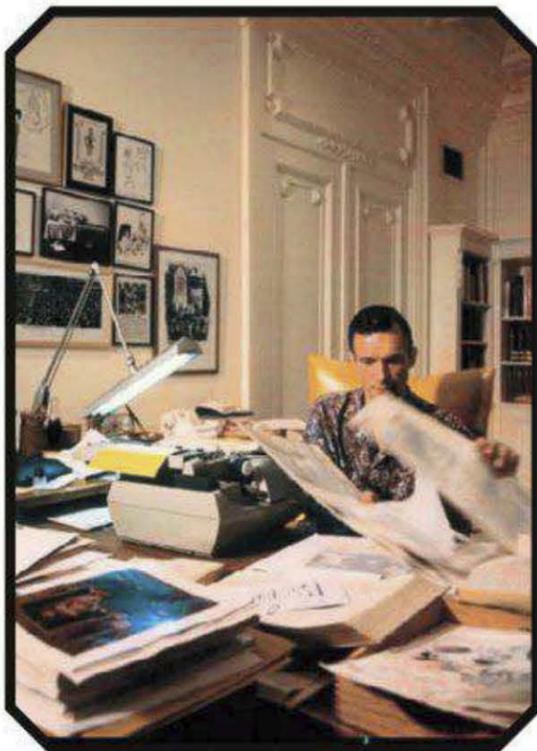
Why is it anywhere? For the pictures of beautiful women, you might be thinking. You'd be right, but mostly wrong.

by luka vracar





BUNNY TALES



If the recent Secrecy Bill debacle, for that's what it is, has taught our rainbow nation anything, it is that we like to have the option to choose. We like to sow our own seeds, and we most certainly know what is good for us. And should anyone mess around with our choices, should anyone push us down, would we have the gall and the nerve to not only voice our displeasure, but to do what we want and be that which we wish, in spite? Why is PLAYBOY in South Africa? Why indeed.

No one knows that freedom is a point somewhere in the middle of that slippery slope between chains and debauchery better than Hugh Hefner. Perhaps he did not know the somewhat darker end of the scale when he released the first issue of PLAYBOY magazine to a frustrated and unsuspecting public in 1953. Yet, since then, those puppet-master-wannabes of Photoshop, those who wear the mask of hypocritical conservative humility over their own myopic ego, have continuously reminded him of it. And for five decades, the PLAYBOY enterprise has been balancing on this morality seesaw.

It is rare that an idea is allowed to incubate as long as PLAYBOY has. It is rarer still that a successful company revolves around a single idea to begin with. But, the "boy and a dream" adage would not be able to find a more apt example than that of Hugh Hefner and his "Play" idea. To distance himself from the blue-collar, post-World War II, white-picket-fence, oven-baked, sexually-repressed America, he dreamed of parties, of style, of handsome men and beautiful women, of freely available ideas; most of all, though, he dreamt of having a choice. He was not being wicked. He was just being a man.

The idea Hefner had to publish a magazine needed to be symbolised, needed a logo that could instantly be traced to the idealised social space Hefner envisioned. Just prior to the publication of the first issue of PLAYBOY (and in less than half an hour), Art Director Arthur Paul designed the rabbit head logo. The rabbit was chosen, part in jest, part in an attempt to differentiate the magazine from *Esquire* and *The New Yorker*, and part as a sign of the sexually liberal magazine. "I designed the logo to depict the lighter side of life; the rabbit being, to many people, the playboy of the animal world due to its extraordinary ability to reproduce itself. The bow tie symbolises PLAYBOY's editorial slant toward the urban male sophisticate," says the creator of the modest yet inimitable company logo.

Paul surely would have given the rabbit head logo a tad longer than half an hour of his time had he known how important the little critter would become. What was originally used as

a signature to mark the end of an article (go ahead... you can look) would go on to become the symbol of one of the biggest publishing empires of the 20th Century. The PLAYBOY mascot was such a success that before it was even popular in the public sphere, a letter delivered to the Chicago head offices needed nothing more than the rabbit head design drawn on the envelope.

The rabbit motif, as we all know now, did not end with the rabbit head design. When Hugh Hefner launched *PLAYBOY'S Penthouse* in 1959, a television program Hef hosted himself, the PLAYBOY Bunny was born. Initially models who may or may not have featured in the magazine were costumed with the Bunny Suit: a custom-fitted corset, men's cuffs, a bowtie and a fluffy bunny tail. The bunny costume would become a hit; to this day it remains synonymous with the brand. Yet it was not until Hefner's finest spit in the eye of conservatism that the PLAYBOY Bunny became an even larger part of the PLAYBOY legacy: The PLAYBOY Club.

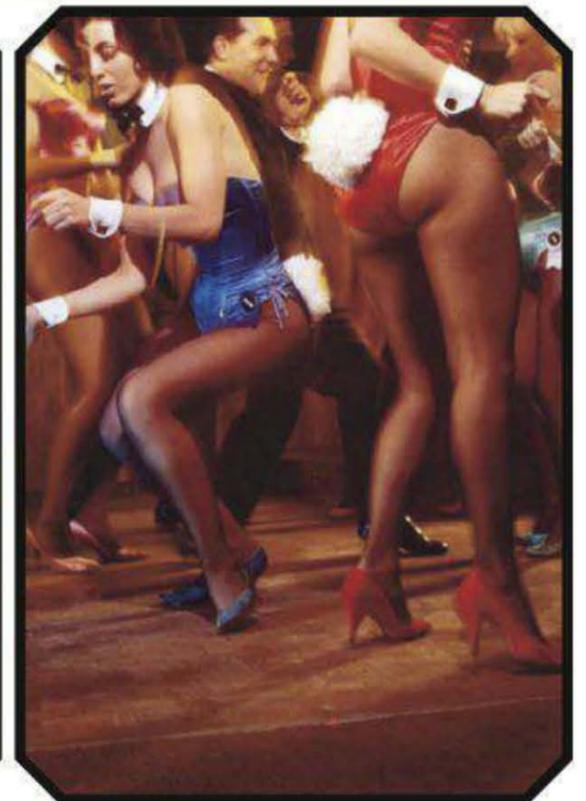
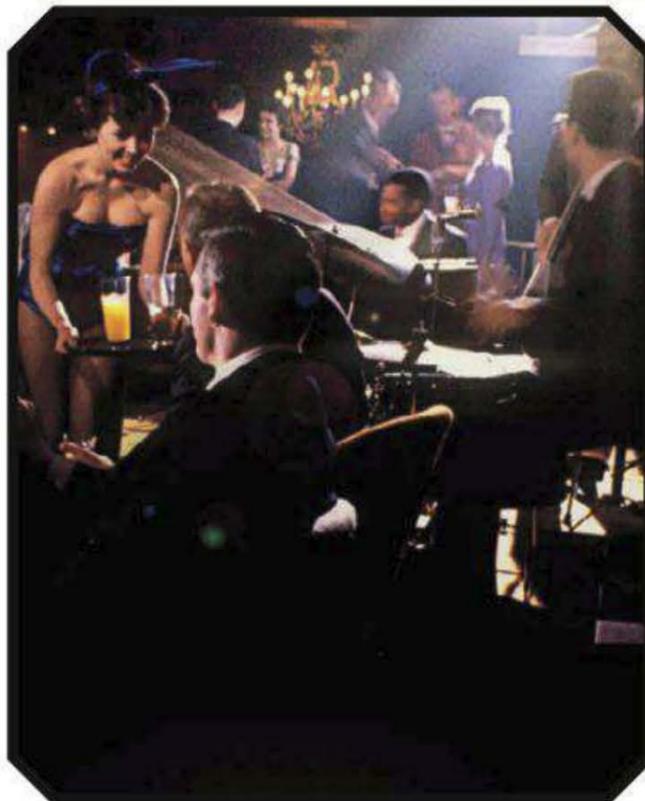
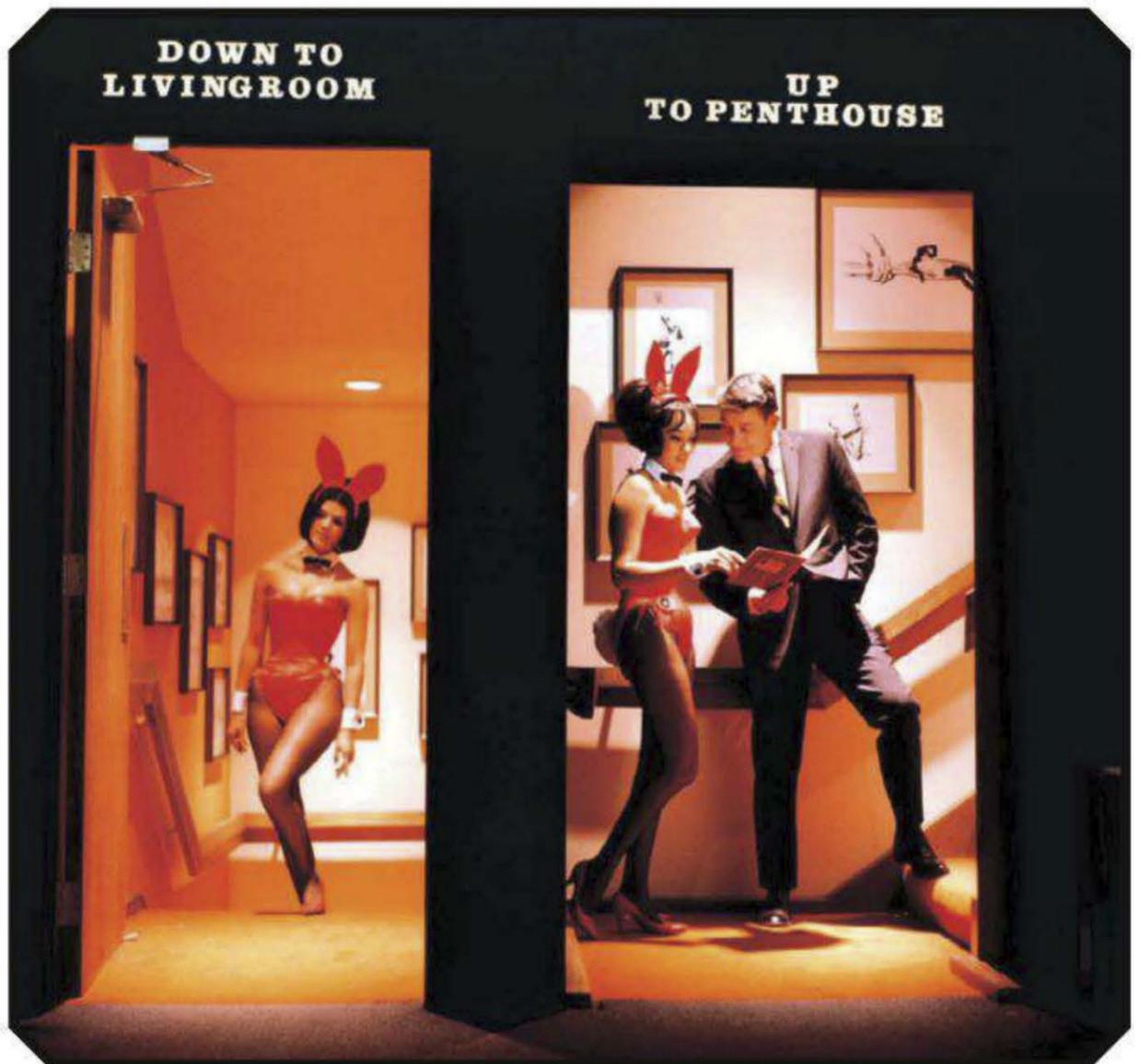
As it became apparent that Hefner was not the only one who desired to break away from the restraints of a conservative, Cold War America and PLAYBOY magazine was becoming a runaway success, Hefner realised that he needed a physical space for his idea to be made tangible. He launched the PLAYBOY Club in February 1960; a space where people's curiosity could be sated, or increased. There was little smoke and mirrors. People only had to look at *PLAYBOY'S Penthouse* if they wanted to know what was going in the real world of PLAYBOY.

Yet, even though Hefner invited people into his life, invited them into his dream, via magazine, airwaves and the club, hecklers still heckled and suspicious eyes with dropped lids were still fixed on him. For someone who lived under almost no pretense and dedicated his entire life to letting people in, it appeared to some that he sure ought to have a lot to hide. And it was the same old, boring criticism: all those nude women with their provocative gaze, and just what were those women dressed as bunnies doing in those clubs? Journalist Gloria Steinem would go undercover as a Bunny to find out, which resulted in a book, a Kirsty Alley movie and the conclusion that the PLAYBOY Bunnies were exploited.

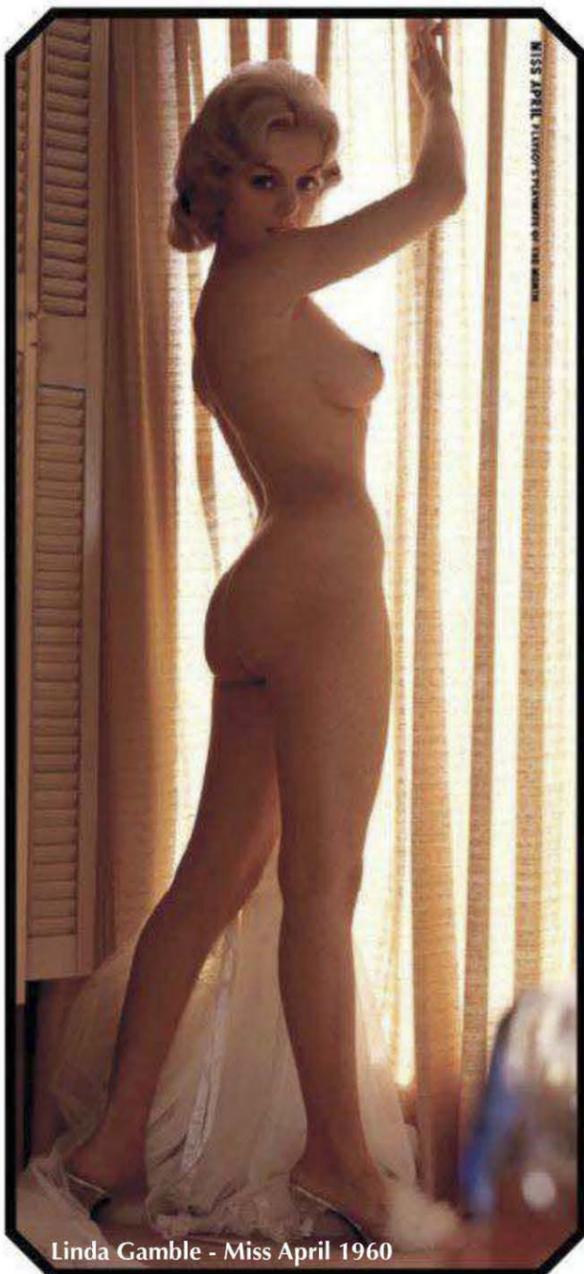
"I think every woman's secret desire is to try on a Bunny suit, but they're just not liberated enough," was Candy Humphries D'Amato, a former Bunny turned real estate broker, retort to the criticism. "Yes, *liberated*. It wasn't the Bunnies who were being exploited, you know, not with our salaries. I worked as a bank teller before I became a Bunny, and I'll tell you what exploitation is. Exploitation is working for \$250 a month."

It is true that the Bunnies had to follow certain guidelines when they worked at the clubs. The PLAYBOY Bunny guidelines are still readily available. There were Door Bunnies, Cigarette Bunnies, Floor Bunnies, and later even Jet Bunnies, who served on the Big Bunny jet, PLAYBOY'S private plane. There were also a number of poses or manoeuvres the Bunnies had to do within the clubs. The most famous move was the "Bunny Dip" which the Bunny did when serving a patron. She would have to lean

back, tucking one leg behind the other as she served a drink, thereby ensuring that the notoriously fitted corset she was wearing would stay in place. When she was not serving cocktails, the Bunny had to do the "Bunny Perch" by sitting on the back of a chair or sofa, or do the "Bunny Stance" when standing aside or greeting clients. To ensure all regulations were followed, the Bunnies had to report to the Bunny Mother, usually an experienced Bunny who had a complete knowledge of the Bunny handbook.



BUNNY TALES



Linda Gamble - Miss April 1960

However, the women were never objectified, and they were never allowed to touch patrons. The false perceptions, such as those of Steinem, rose from a culture accustomed to the notion of objectification. They expected Hefner's clubs to be scandalous, debauched and immoral because if they weren't, his critics would have had to come to terms with their own self-regulation and suppression.

But the Bunny prevailed, even after the PLAYBOY Clubs closed their doors in the late 1980s at a time when excess was king and the public finally understood what it was that Hefner was talking about. The clubs were no longer needed. But the PLAYBOY Bunnies were too significant to disappear. Their legacy continued, the costume was, and remains to this day, one of the most recognisable ensembles in the world. In fact the Bunny has become such a success that it has even caused some confusion within the PLAYBOY ranks. Over the decades some Bunnies would go on to become PLAYBOY Playmates, but a Playmate was never the same as Bunny.

Playmates were chosen to feature in the magazine, but were never required to don the Bunny costume. Hefner's vision, when the first Playmate of the Month was featured in the second edition of the magazine in January 1954, was not that of just a nude pictorial. It had to be a nude pictorial of the "girl next door." Today that term is used loosely, often to describe a certain, wholesome look, but in the 1950s, to see the girl next door nude would have been scandalous. So it fit with Hefner's idea of making sexuality and sexiness an everyday thing, which was free of taboo. Mostly though, it was fun.

And it needs to be. The underlying message of PLAYBOY has always been fun. Why else would Hefner build a grown-men-Never-Neverland at his mansion in California, with slippy-slides, birds of paradise and game rooms? What Hefner has been doing for almost 60 years, PLAYBOY South Africa has been doing for one. Bunnies, Playmates, and the rabbit symbol all represent a culture of sexiness, sophistication and fun. But ultimately, it has adopted the PLAYBOY ideal of giving its readers the space and option to be themselves. 🐰

The original PLAYBOY Clubs of the 1960s and 1970s defined their era; the definitive word in sophisticated luxury and elegance attracting only the most influential, famous and glamorous clientele. At the heart of this success was the PLAYBOY Bunny. With her iconic and instantly recognisable costume, she was the epitome of service excellence. Through a combination of refined style, alluring charm and playful sincerity, PLAYBOY's success prospered on these cornerstones, propelling the Bunny to instant fame. This April ushers in a new era of the PLAYBOY Bunny in South Africa. Coming to a town or city near you, the Bunnies can be found providing the life and soul of any party. From national PLAYBOY tours to major sporting events, exclusive "chef table" dinners to monthly issue launches, come prepared to play.

Jennifer and Janis Jackson
PLAYBOY Bunnies, Chicago 1964



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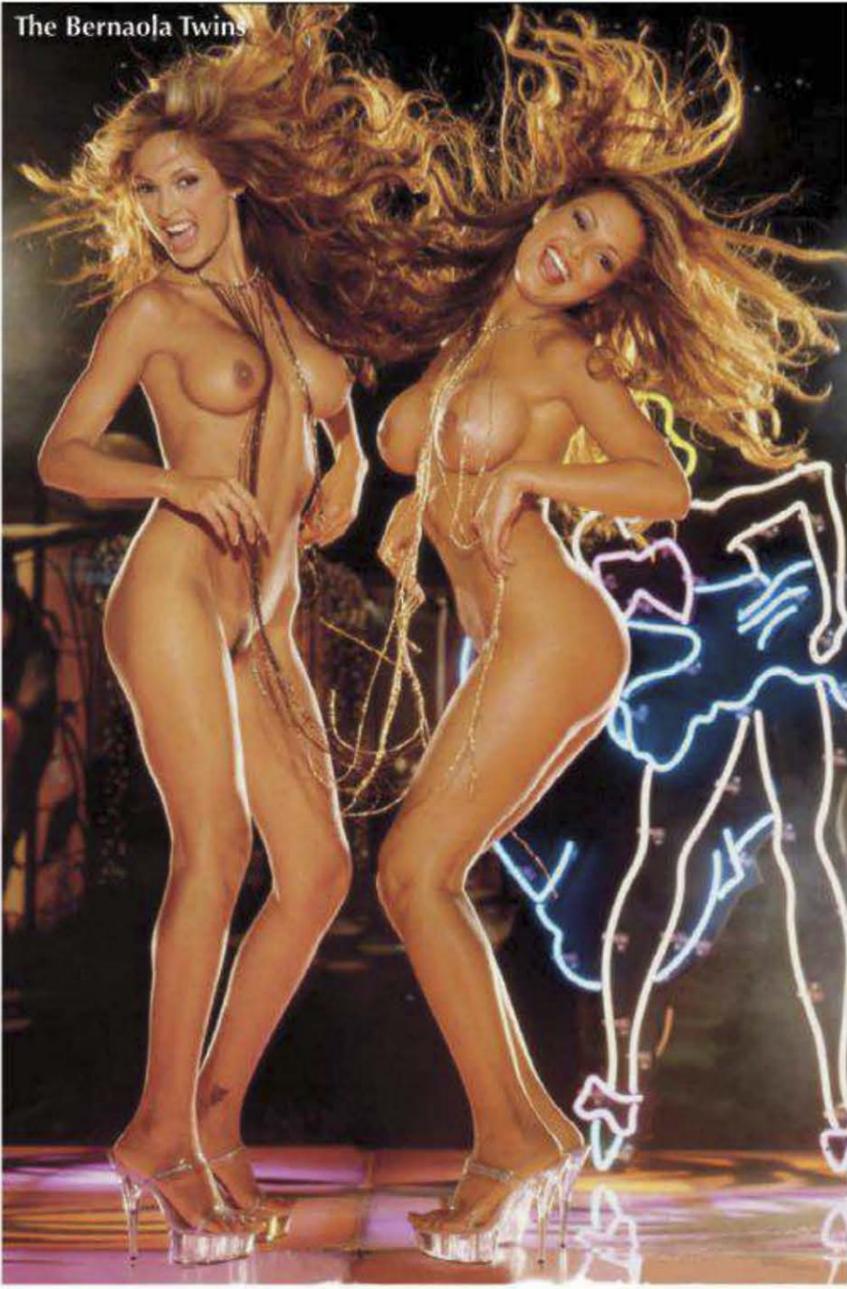
What could possibly be better than a gorgeous girl in her knickers? Well, how's about 2 of them? Here are some of our favourite ways of seeing double...







The Bernaola Twins



The Dahm Triplets



The Van Breeschooten Twins



The Bentley Twins





The Campbell Twins



The Barbi Twins

SUBARU XV

It's one of those words; you can pronounce it either way. You can say "too-may-toe" or "two-maa-tow"; you can say "Sue-be-roo" or "Su-baa-ru."

And guess what: it doesn't really matter – as long as you know that the latter is a Japanese car company of significance even though it ain't as well known as Toyota who, incidentally, part-owns Subaru with Fuji Heavy Industries, the parent company.

Don't confuse the two brands, though. Toyota is squarely aimed at the mass market; Subaru gives it all a somewhat sportier twist.

The Impreza sedan, for instance, is legendary, mainly because it was – as a racing car – what Muhammad Ali used to be to a boxing ring: the greatest. For, yes, the Subaru used to be absolutely unbeatable in world rally championships, courtesy of a great all-wheel drive system plus a powerful yet low-mounted turbo-charged four-cylinder mill with boxer architecture.

Okay, so come again: a what?

Well, here's the surprise: a "turbo-charged four-cylinder mill with boxer architecture" is actually quite a simple concept. Just stick around for a

couple of paragraphs and you'll be the 'hood's new resident car boffin; Spike Lee might come runnin' if he ever wanted to do a remake of *Gone in 60 Seconds*. Which, by the way, will be a plain up-and-down documentary if it should ever be shot in South Africa.

'Cause ja, well, no, fine; our country is a bit different, my bra'. We don't make movies, we live them. We *live* Harlem and the Bronx and South-Central LA, where they're as familiar with drive-by shootings as Bishopscourt and Dainfern seem to be with bi-lane driveways.



Tires & Pirelli

by egmont sippel



LET'S DANCE



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CHAMPIONSHIP

MOTORING



So, back to “turbo-charged four-cylinder mill with boxer architecture,” of which the “four-cylinder” bit is self-explanatory, not so? The more cylinders, in general, the more power, end of story.

Now, turbo-charge that very same four-cylinder. Use a turbine, or fan effect, to force some extra air into the cylinders, precisely because this means more oxygen, which guarantees a bigger explosion when ignited and therefore a greater force to drive the pistons, and eventually the car.

Which leaves “boxer architecture” to be explained – and this is the important part, as it is all about one of three basic ways in which engines are structured, or packaged, or configured. And it goes as follows: (1) inline architecture, with the cylinders one behind another (as in an inline-four, or a straight-six mill – with “four” and “six” denoting the number of cylinders); (2) a V-shaped engine, with the bottom of the cylinders in line, but the tops tilted away from the perpendicular to describe a “V” (if looked at from the front or back, as in a V6 or V8); or (3) a boxer engine, where the cylinders lie flat on their sides, instead of standing upright – so that the pistons appear to “box” each other, or throw jabs at one another, as they move back and forth (instead of up and down) in the cylinders.

For this very reason, the architecture is also described as horizontally-opposed.

A clear advantage of the latter is that all the heavy engine components are now as low as possible, which means that the car’s centre of gravity should be better than those of competitors. This promotes good dynamics. A sports car, after all, handles better than a bakkie. And a bakkie handles better than a bus, geddit?

Now, add “WRX STi” to the Impreza name, and

what you have is one of the all-time flat-out icons of the motoring world, especially if your Scooby-Doo (for there’s another way to pronounce Subaru) is painted in deep metallic blue and carries gold rims. The STi’s legend was mainly shaped by awesome all-wheel drive traction plus big turbocharged 2.0-liter 4-cylinder power.

The turbo, in fact, was brutal, as it was so big. And because it was so big – size counts, hey! – it spooled up slowly, so that the STi’s massive power boost only kicked in at about 4,000 rpm.

That’s late. But hold on: once it started, it wouldn’t stop. Apart from a Mitsubishi Evo, nothing could match a STi.

So, that’s Legend Number One: the Impreza WRX STi – where WRX stands for World Rally Car (WR) driving through all four wheels (X), and STi denotes Subaru Technica International.

Legend Number Two is the Subaru Forester. Go spot-check some farmers in the KwaZulu-Natal Midlands and chances are that they’ll be carving through the forests in a Forester.

Why?

Well, the engine again, for starters: the power and the glory of either a 2.0- or a 2.5-litre, both available with or without a turbo. That’s one thing. Second on the list of desirables is that the Forester is built on the Impreza platform. Third is all-wheel drive. And then comes great ground clearance; the Forester’s belly sees a full 220 mm of daylight, which is a helluva lot.

So, what’s the point of all of this?

Well, firstly, the small little matter of boxer engine architecture, which is what made Porsche famous as well; Subaru builds great engines, whether they bolt a turbo on, or not.

Next up is all-wheel drive, which is important in veld conditions, as we know.

And thirdly the Forester concept: a cross-over on stilts, as ground clearance of 220 mm is simply phenomenal in a vehicle of this nature, yet handling remains outstanding as the boxer engine helps to curtail the car’s centre of gravity.

Yet, there are two little problems: (1) the Forester is viewed more as an SUV, and (2) it has grown quite a bit over the years. What Subaru needed, however, was a slightly shorter, lower cross-over with the emphasis on city-slicking, to rumble with the Honda CR-V, Hyundai ix35 and Kia Sportage.

Hey, and that’s not so difficult. Wrap a brand-new skin with edgy contemporary urban styling over a platform that once again boasts Subaru Symmetrical All-Wheel Drive and add the Forester’s incredible 220 mm ground clearance, a boxer engine, Alfa Romeo-like dual-tone silver-and-black 17” aluminium wheels and voila: the Subaru XV!

Allright, the new 2.0-litre boxer mill lacks a turbo, which induces a measure of slackness in the lower rev ranges, but make no mistake about the head of steam that the XV can build up, on the highway. Power is rated at 110 kW, torque at 196 Nm and top speed at 187 km/h, which ain’t bad at all.

On top of that, the XV handles beautifully, even though the ride is soft enough to absorb all the muck thrown up by our fast-deteriorating roads.

Subaru is understandably also extremely proud of their very first soft-to-the-touch dash, giving the interior a whole new premium feel, as well as a solid raft of standard-issue specifications, including halogen headlamps, roof rails, a power-sliding sunroof, comprehensive multifunction computing ability and safety features plus surround sound, with sat-nav as an option.

A complete go-anywhere, then?

You bet. That’s the way Subaru likes to do things. So, take R330,000 and go and throw the XV around a little bit, if you’re not a Colin McRae who could exploit the prowess of an Impreza so well, on the world’s rally stages. It’s not a bad second choice. 

The XV handles beautifully, even though the ride is soft enough to absorb all the muck thrown up by our fast-deteriorating roads.

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MOUSTACHE MAINTENANCE

by ken kessler

"Hell, if I'd jumped on all the dames I'm supposed to have jumped on, I'd have had no time to go fishing." - Clark Gable

Quite why the uncontrolled face foliage of the slacker is making way for more work-intensive, sculpted creations might be blamed on Hollywood. Since the turn of this century, we've seen the sharp-as-a-razor combination on the mask in *V For Vendetta*, Daniel Day-Lewis' magnificent handlebar in *Gangs of New York*, Jude Law's lip-width brush in the Sherlock Holmes films and Clark Gable revisited in the hugely successful French feature film, *The Artist*. Silent it may be, but that movie may do for upper-lip flora what *Mad Men* is doing for skinny lapels.

If you've outgrown the semi-kempt Dave Grohl look, or you're too tidy to wear a Gandalf, prepare yourself for added grooming effort – even if you opt for a full beard. Trimmed is the way it should be maintained. But it's moustaches – with or without the accompaniment of beards or sideburns – that will add 15-20 minutes to your normal regimen.

Among the toughest to maintain are the pencil-thin, lounge lizard moustaches, for the tiniest slip of the razor will render it unwearable in public. Opt for your barber's steady hand, or invest in an electric razor with a trimmer attachment. The only other hardware needed to maintain a beard and/or moustache is a small, fine-toothed comb. Built for the purpose, there may be none better than the GB Kent A81T Small Moustache Comb.

Should you be attracted by the crowning glory of moustaches, the curl-ended handlebar, you will need to learn the ways of the waxer. Leaving aside absurd handlebars, such as those worn by Germans who enter in moustache-growing competitions, a classic handlebar that avoids the comic element should not extend beyond the cheeks.

What those extreme German moustaches do tax is the strength of one's wax – 18 inches of facial hair has that effect. Handlebar sightings in Germany are a daily occurrence, and Teutonic moustache artistry demonstrates the stuff's primary requirement: the ability to maintain the curl. Forget hair waxes and gels: they can't cope with far tougher moustache hair. 

NEUTRAL MOUSTACHE WAX BY DR DITTMAR

Provided in a pocketable, matte-finish glass jar, this neutral-coloured wax has one thing going for it: a sublime vanilla aroma. Although lacking the ultimate rigidity to last all day, it's best for emergency touch-up usage because it's less messy than Pinaud or Taylor's. Just rub some on your finger, and apply to the ends.



MR TAYLOR'S MOUSTACHE WAX

A small plastic tube holds this pleasant-smelling wax, but the packaging is a giveaway: its consistency is more like toothpaste or cream, so its rigidity is questionable. It offers much better hold than Dr Dittmar's, but it takes longer to dry to rigidity than Pinaud, and lacks the latter's ultimate "sculptability."

PINAUD CLUBMAN NEUTRAL MOUSTACHE WAX

No question: this is the global standard, beloved of theatre and cinema make-up artists. A foil squeeze tube delivers a white wax, which dries to invisibility. Apply it to the ends, comb through, and then shape with your fingers. Give it 15 minutes, and the ends of your 'tache will be strong enough to hold Christmas tree decorations. Result? A curl to last 12 hours or more.



FRANCK MULLER

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING TIMEKEEPERS

In an industry brimming with fourth or fifth generation family watchmakers, the young Franck Muller has set the world alight at rocket speed since launching his first range in 1991. Today, the brand possesses over 50 patents, 40 exclusive boutiques around the world and seven production sites in Switzerland. And it was in Genthod Switzerland recently, during the 20th edition of the World Presentation of Haute Horlogerie (WPHH), where the future collaboration between Franck Muller and designer Roberto Cavalli was announced. The first "Roberto Cavalli by Franck Muller" models will be unveiled and released during the course of 2012.

The event brought together the Franck Muller Group's nine brands – Franck Muller, Backes & Strauss, Barthelay, ECW, Martin Braun, Pierre Kunz, Pierre Michel Golay, Smalto Timepieces and Rodolphe – as well

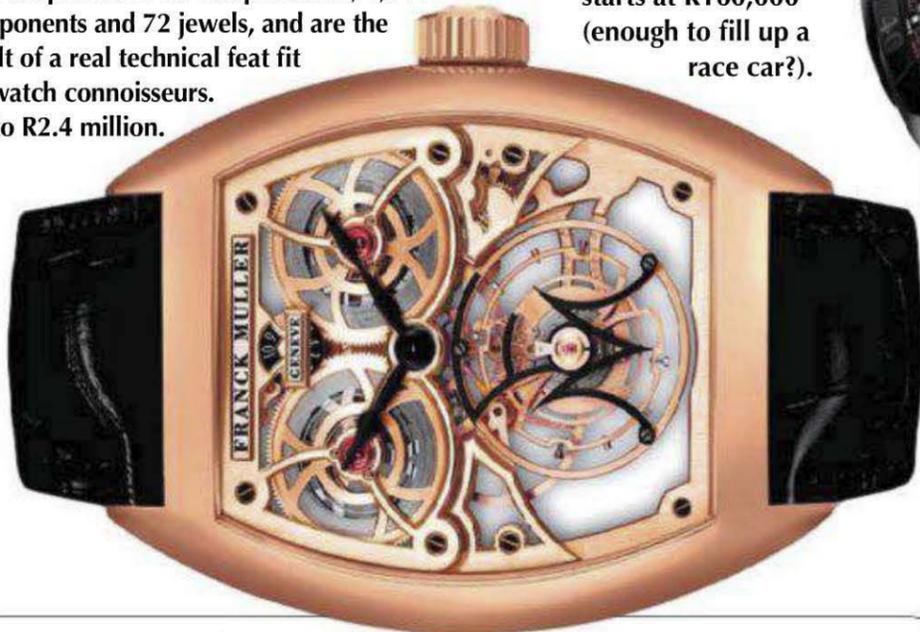
as its jewellery line, Franck Muller Jewellery, Valmont, the leading Swiss cosmetics brand and partner of the Rodolphe brand, and, finally, the young and innovative horological brand, Cvstos.

In order to highlight its new high complication, the Franck Muller brand presented a new "Giga Tourbillon" area that was particularly well received by visitors, as was the exceptional timepiece itself, which, with six versions featuring different movements, instantly captivated the expert audience.

As it stands, Franck Muller claims the world's most complicated watch, the Aeternitas Mega 4, as part of its own Aeternitas range. It takes a simple 36 complications, 1,483 components and 99 jewels to tell the time! The Giga Tourbillon and the Aeternitas now join some of the other highly desirable Franck Muller timepieces available in South Africa, such as the Masterbanker, the Long Island and the Grand Prix range.

Aeternitas Range

"La Maison Franck Muller" is internationally recognised for the boldness of its creations. The AETERNITAS wrist-watch is dedicated to enthusiasts of complicated movements. Currently, AETERNITAS comes in five versions sharing a common basic movement. Featured here is the 888T QPS. All models in this range sport a Cintrée Curvex shaped automatic movement with a micro-rotor placed at six o'clock and visible through the open-back. These exceptional time-keepers have 26 complications, 1,044 components and 72 jewels, and are the result of a real technical feat fit for watch connoisseurs. Up to R2.4 million.

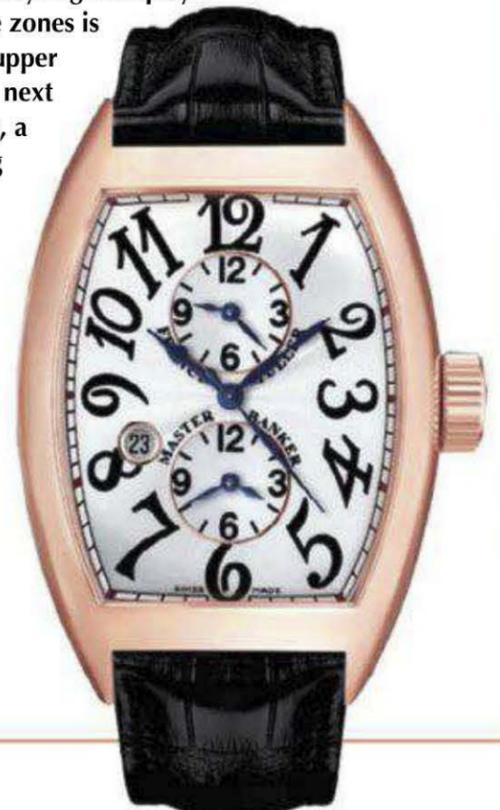


With the Conquistador Sport GPG series, Franck Muller has created a range of watches that instill the emotion and excitement of sport. Since arriving on South African soil a year ago, the Grand Prix, available in several colours, has been extremely popular with lovers of fast cars and great watches. This series combines technology and aesthetics and although it is rather aggressive look, remains primarily very sporty with an elegant masculine style. The Grand Prix range starts at R160,000 (enough to fill up a race car!).



Master Banker

Part of the Long Island Collection, the Master Banker line was created for businessmen who are constantly on the move. It was instantly recognised as a real technical breakthrough due to its mechanical complication. The Master Banker offers three different time zones that can be adjusted using the same crown. Consequently, its owner instantly knows the time at the stock markets of his choosing around the world. The day/night display of the two time zones is located in the upper part of the dial next to the counters, a small conjuring trick to ensure clear legibility beyond comparison. It also enables the indication of half hour differences in time zones such as in India and Canada. R340,000.



Long Island Range

Featured here is the Long Island Classic, 1200 SC REL. As a modern reinterpretation of the Novecento style, the architecture of the case celebrates the Spirit of Art Deco, one of Franck Muller's sources of inspiration. Its clean geometric lines are a clear reminder of this era, and Franck Muller's interpretation takes us back to that elegant and refined world of the 1930s. Thanks to its pure rectangular shape as well as its rectilinear and arched numerals, the Long Island has become a flagship model that comes in 12 sizes. As a result, Franck Muller's Long Island design fits both strong male wrists and ladies' fine and delicate wrists. Priced between R115,000 and R220,000.



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by ken kessler

THE ANNIVERSARY SONG

Anniversaries serve industry well: who doesn't love an "Anniversary Model," be it a wristwatch, a car, a bottle of scotch? The beauty of such events is that they provide a credibility that money cannot buy – only the genuine passage of time will suffice. Hi-fi is now old enough to celebrate with its longest-surviving companies nearing the century mark, while the elite level of high-end audio itself has been around since circa-1950.

In 2011, for example, British manufacturer SME was able to boast that its first tonearm, the Model 3009, had reached its 50th birthday. Indeed, 1961 was a good year for British audio, as loudspeaker manufacturer KEF was also born then, and the company recently celebrated with a book recounting the story. This year, Wharfedale celebrates its 80th birthday, and it, too, inspired a fantastic book.

Perhaps the most memorable way of celebrating a milestone is with a special model, be it a loudspeaker, an amplifier or a record deck. The secret is to revive something so good that it can stand up against designs that are decades younger, because retro styling – however cool it looks – is not enough to justify the expenditure: the performance must match the reputation.

McIntosh, the granddaddy of the American specialty audio, marked its 60th anniversary last year with a couple of products, including reissues of an amplifier and a pre-amplifier, as well as an all-new mini-system. But the news for 2012 is a unique anniversary marking not a milestone of a company, but of a specific model: the McIntosh MC275 stereo

power amplifier is 50 years old. Although it hasn't been in continuous production for that amount of time, it is re-launched periodically, and this will be its most radically revised version – though the main circuit and iconic styling remain unchanged.

McIntosh isn't the first to do this. From time to time, other brands have also reissued classics from their line-up, from Radford's STA25 MK IV in the late 1980s, reviving a 1960s masterpiece, to Kiseki issuing a limited run of moving-coil cartridges in 2011, made up from "new old stock" parts. Marantz once offered reissues of its 1950s/1960s tube electronics, while Quad revived not only its original Quad II power amplifier – it developed an entire new family of amplifiers around it, all boasting the distinctive 1950s look. For 2012, French brand Elipson will offer again their BS50 spherical speaker from 1953, still looking as futuristic now as it did then.

For company, rather than model, anniversaries, 2012 sees the 40th anniversary of the Mark Levinson brand, which raised the bar for high-end audio, creating no-compromise models with

seemingly limitless pricing. More importantly, their earliest pre-amplifiers and power amplifiers represented a watershed moment in design, for they proved that solid-state equipment could sound as good as tube electronics – or "almost as good," depending on your political affiliation.

Meridian is another company celebrating a birthday this year, also the 40th, and they're issuing a limited edition 40th Anniversary System comprising an enhanced pair of the company's flagship DSP8000 loudspeakers and a special version of their 808 Signature Reference CD Player in a gorgeous ruby colour. They're also using the opportunity to issue a radical new model, the M6.

A word of advice for those of you intrigued by these nods to the past. Invariably, such models are all limited editions, so you need to move quickly. And you should also realise that Japan, Korea and other markets boast hi-fi enthusiasts so appreciative of audio's history that they always grab the lion's share of production for two reasons: the limited edition/collector's status imparts extra value, and the pieces are usually worth owning for their performance alone. 

Retro styling – however cool it looks – is not enough to justify the expenditure: the performance must match the reputation.

MCINTOSH 50TH ANNIVERSARY LIMITED EDITION MC275 TUBE POWER AMPLIFIER

With its legendary MC275 turning 50, McIntosh will offer a version of the stereo classic with a number of refinements, while leaving the styling alone – aside from gilding the chassis. "The 50th Anniversary Limited Edition McIntosh MC275 tube power amplifier" – to give it its full name – now includes a multi-coloured LED display to indicate performance readiness, as well as a new circuit that automatically turns the amp off should any particular tube wear out. For the first time, the Limited Edition MC275 is equipped with Power Control input and output, so on-off operation can be controlled by a cable connection to any McIntosh preamp or processor.



MERIDIAN LIMITED EDITION 40TH ANNIVERSARY SOUND SYSTEM

With more than 165 international awards bestowed on their product designs, Meridian Audio founders Bob Stuart and Allen Boothroyd are celebrating the 40 years since their creative partnership began with a limited edition 40th Anniversary System. The package consists of an enhanced pair of the company's flagship DSP8000 loudspeakers and a special version of their 808 Signature Reference CD Player. Limited to only 40 numbered editions worldwide, each system is signed by Bob and Allen, and comes with an engraved plate showing its system number. The unique additions include the ruby colour not available on other products in the range, coordinated glass inset panels, speakers grilles and tweeter surround. Each system will also come with a book, illustrating the history of Meridian's Digital Signal Processing (DSP) loudspeakers, which is also signed by Bob and Allen.



MERIDIAN M6 LOUDSPEAKER

A stylistic departure for Meridian, the M6 is conceived to be a discreet high-end audio system that is simple to use, easy to live with, and accessible to the whole family. It has a circular footprint, unlike boxy speakers, with an eye-pleasing taper and the use of non-reflective finishes. The column itself is fashioned from a specially developed, uniquely heavy and rigid barium-doped resin. The same cylindrical enclosure gives M6 its naturally wide dispersion pattern, so positioning it for optimum performance is more flexible than with conventional designs. As with all Meridian active loudspeakers, the performance is controlled and monitored by the company's proprietary digital signal processing that creates a loudspeaker able to perform as would a conventional speaker with eight times the physical volume.



ELIPSON BS50

French speaker maker Elipson has issued a tribute to the company's iconic BS50 loudspeaker, which also marks the brand's 60th birthday. It is part of a plan for the company to honour the landmark models that have shaped its history. The BS50 was its first speaker to achieve fame, the name itself an acronym for "Ball Staff, 50cm diameter." Designed in 1953, its swivelling "ear" distributed the sound with increased dispersion. The 820 x 665 x 775 mm spherical speaker is positioned on a brushed alloy tripod with no separate visible fixing. Elipson has reproduced this model using the latest high-quality materials, while preserving the acoustic sound qualities that were so unique to a product that defied all normal standards of loudspeaker design.



RO

by
Chuck
Palahniuk

MA

NOCE

She's AS HOT
AS BRITNEY SPEARS.
HOTTER.
SHE PARTIES LIKE
HOLLYWOOD.
SHE'S WAY OUT OF
HIS LEAGUE
OR THAT'S THE STORY
He's STICKING To

You should congratulate me. My wife and I just had twins, and they seem okay. Ten fingers. Ten toes. Two little girls. But you know the feeling.... I keep waiting for something to go wrong because that's how it is when things get too happy. I

keep expecting to wake up from this beautiful dream.

I mean, back before I was married I had this one girlfriend who was fat. We were, both of us, fat together, so we got along. That girlfriend, she was always testing us on new diets to lose weight, like eating nothing except pineapple and vinegar, or nothing but green algae from an envelope, and she was always suggesting we take long walks together until she started to shed the pounds, her hips just melted away, and you never saw anybody so happy. Even then I knew something would wreck

it. You know the feeling: When you love somebody, you're happy to see her happy, but I knew my girlfriend was going to dump me because now guys with careers and health insurance were getting her on their radar. I remember she was pretty

illustration by sam wolfe Connolly





and funny before, but now that she was getting so skinny it was obvious she possessed vast untapped reserves of self-control and self-discipline way out of my league, and my friends weren't any help because they were all circling, waiting for us to call it quits so they could date her, and then it turned out it wasn't the pineapple or the self-discipline because she found out she really had cancer, but she slimmed down to wearing a bitchin' hot size two before she died.

That's how I know happiness is like a ticking bomb. And how I met my wife is because I wasn't going to date anybody, not anymore, no way, so I was taking the Amtrak to Seattle. It was the year of Lollapalooza in Seattle, and I'd packed my tent and wrapped my sleeping bag to protect my bong so I could camp out all weekend like a Grizzly Adams, and I walked into the bar car on the train. You know how sometimes you just need to leave the friends and sobriety behind for a few days. I walked into the bar car, and there's this total stone-cold fox pair of green eyes looking right directly at me. And I'm not a monster. I'm not some reality-show blimp stuck in a hospital bed eating buckets of fried chicken all day, but I can understand why guys would want to work as guards in women's prisons or concentration camps where they could date good-looking prisoners without those babes always saying, "Put a shirt on!" and asking, "Do you always have to sweat so much?" But on the train, here's this goddess wearing a Radiohead T-shirt cut off to show her bare middle, and her jeans sag down to where there ought to be bush showing, and she's wearing Mickey Mouse and Holly Hobbie rings around every finger, holding a beer to her beautiful lips and looking at me down the length of the clear bottle, just an ordinary MGD, not some pussy microbrew in a green bottle.

And guys like me, we know the score. Unless we're John Belushi or John Candy, no hottie is going to put us in that kind of an eye lock, so right away I know enough to look away from her in shame. The only reason why a girl like her would talk to me is to break the news that I'm a gross fat pig and I'm blocking her entire view of the ocean. Know your limits, I always say. Aim low and you won't be disappointed. Edging past her, I look without looking. I check her out, and she smells good, like some kind of dessert, like a baked pie, like a pumpkin pie with that red-brown spice on top. Better yet, the beer bottle in her mouth turns to follow me as I walk down the aisle to the bar

and order a round, and it's not as if we're the last boy and girl in the whole world. A bunch of other people are drinking at the plastic tables, going to Lollapalooza from the look of their dreads and tie-dye. I walk all the way to the most faraway table from her, but this hottie watches me go all the way. You know the feeling, when somebody's watching, you can't take one step without stumbling, especially on a moving-around train. I go to take a drink as the train turns a corner, and I spill beer down my striped cowboy shirt. I'm pretending to watch the trees going by outside the window, but from a secret-agent angle I'm watching her reflection in the glass, and she's still watching me. The only time she looks away is when she steps up to the bar and gives the bartender some money and he gives her another beer, and then her reflection is getting bigger and bigger until it's life-size and she's standing next to my table and says, "Hi," and something else.

And I say, "What?"

And she points at my cowboy shirt, at the beer spilled there, and she says, "I like your buttons... shiny."

I tuck my chin and look down at the pearl-colored snaps. They're not buttons, they're snaps, but I don't want to scotch this moment. And right from the get-go I noticed she puts her fingers in her mouth sometimes – okay, she puts her fingers in her mouth a lot, and she uses a breathy, little-girl voice with some baby-talk words like *buh-sketti* instead of spaghetti and *skissors* in place of scissors – but for a regulation hottie that's just textbook being sexy.

She gives me a wink and licks the tip of her tongue around her lips, and with the wet still shining on them, she says, "I'm Britney Spears." She's such a tease. Sure, she's a little loaded. Impaired. By now we're both drinking those little bottles of tequila, and it's not as if we're driving this train. No, she's not Britney Spears, but she's the same caliber of hot. It's clear she's pulling my pud, but in a good way. And you just need to look at her to know all you need to know.

The only chance I have is to hold on and keep flirting back and buying the drinks. She asks me where I'm headed and I tell her Lollapalooza. She's walking her fingers up the front of my shirt, her fingertips stepping from snap to snap, from my belt up to my throat, then walking herself back down, and I'm hoping she can't feel how hard that makes my heart beat.

And she's such a flirt with her green eyes cutting

from side to side or peeking up at me from under her long, fluttering eyelashes. And she must be beers and beers ahead of me because she keeps forgetting to end her sentences, and sometimes she points at something speeding by outside the window and she shouts, "A dog!" or one time she sees a car waiting at a rail crossing and Brit screams, "Slug bug!" and clobbers my shoulder with her fistful of Hello Kitty and Mickey Mouse rings, and secretly I hope I have the bruise for the rest of my life. And we go to Lollapalooza and pitch my tent, and Brit's so drunk that when she wakes up the next morning she's still drunk. And no matter how much doobie I smoke I'm having trouble keeping up. And maybe it's because Brit's so skinny, but she seems to cop a buzz without drinking for hours, like maybe she's getting a contact high from my secondhand smoke. Our whole Lollapalooza is like the kind of beautiful classic romance you'd pay to jerk off to on the internet, but it's happening to me. And we're dating for six months, all the way through Christmas, through Brit moving her stuff into my apartment, and I keep expecting Brit to wake up sober one morning, and she still hasn't.

We go to eat Thanksgiving at my mom's place, and I have to explain. It's not that Brit is a finicky eater, but the reason she's so skinny is she only likes to eat a zucchini squash cut in half lengthwise and hollowed down the middle to make a miniature Iroquois dugout canoe with knife scratches on the outside to look like Indian writing and a whole tribe of little braves carved out of raw carrot but with green peas for their heads, lined up and rowing the war canoe across a dinner plate covered with a thick layer of chocolate syrup, and you'd be surprised how many restaurants don't have that particular item on their regular menus. So most times Brit has to make it herself, and that takes half a day, and then she has to play with it on the living room carpet for another hour, and that's why she never seems to gain an ounce. And my mom, she's just stoked to see me dating again.

And nothing you can smoke or shoot will ever get you as high as you'll feel walking down the street holding hands with a supermodel total stone-cold fox like my Brit. Guys driving down the street in their Ferrari Testarossa, guys with the six-pack abs and steroid pecs, for the first time in my life they have nothing over me. I'm walking down the street with Britney, and she's the prize every guy's trying so hard to win.

And the only buzzkill is how every Romeo comes to sniff a circle around her, trying to grab her in an eye lock and giving her tits his best Pepsodent toothpaste smile. And this one time, riding on the bus, a pack of Romeos stand themselves around where Brit and I are sitting in the back of the bus. Brit likes to sit on the aisle right over the back wheels so she can see to punch me first when there's a Volkswagen, and this one big Romeo comes to stand with his crotch situated at her eye level, and when the bus hits a pothole maybe his hip brushes against her shoulder until Brit looks

And nothing you can smoke or shoot will ever get you as high as you'll feel walking down the street holding hands with a supermodel total stone-cold fox like my Brit.





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up at him, and talking around her fingers in her mouth Britney says, "Hello, Big Boy." And that's just how Brit can be: friendly. And she winks and waves her wet fingers for the Romeo to lean down, and he looks around to make sure his competition is clocking his good luck, and this Romeo squats down to Brit's eye level, his face all bedroom smirk. And maybe because she's trying to make me jealous, Brit says to this Romeo, her smokin' hot green eyes look at him and she asks, "You want to see a magic trick?" And all the other Romeos perk up with looks that prove they're all listening, and Brit takes her fingers out of her mouth and slides them down inside the front of her pants, grinding her fingers around inside the skintight crotch of her jeans, and the back half of our bus gets so quiet with their watching her fingers wrestle behind her stonewashed denim zipper. And you can see these Romeos swallow, their Adam's apples going up and down with all their extra spit and their eyes bulging like horny boners.

And as fast as clobbering a slug bug Britney yanks something out of her pants and yells, "Magic trick!" She swings this thing, shouting, "Puppet show!" And swinging from her hand is something on a little string, like a tea bag only bigger. It's like a hot dog bun smeared with ketchup swinging on a little string, and Britney screams, "Puppet show! Magic trick!" and smacks it across the cheek of the Romeo still squatting down next to her seat. And Brit chases after him, yelling and slapping his leather jacket with streaks of red. And the other Romeos are not looking at her on purpose, fixing their faces to stare down at their shoes or look out a window; she's swinging her little string to smack them upside their heads with red smears, the whole time squealing, "Puppet show! Magic trick!" laughing *ha, ha, ha, ha, ha*, shouting, "Puppet show! Magic trick!" The bus is *ding-ding-dinging* for the next stop, and a hundred passengers get off at the 7-Eleven, pushing and stampeding off the bus like they all need to buy Slurpees and cash in their winning Powerball mega jackpot tickets. And I'm yelling after them, "It's okay, everybody!" I'm yelling out the bus window, waving to get their attention, "She's a performance artist!" I'm yelling, "She doesn't mean anything by it; it's just some political gender politics statement deal."

Even as the bus pulls away with just the two of us left onboard, I'm yelling, "She's just a free spirit." As Brit goes up the aisle and starts flogging the driver with her tea bag thing, I'm yelling, "That's just her zany sense of humor."

And one night I come home from work and Brit's naked and standing sideways to the bathroom mirror, holding her belly in both hands, and since we met on the train she's gained a little weight, but it's nothing that a couple weeks of pineapple and vinegar won't fix. And Britney takes my hand and holds my fingers spread against her belly and says, "Feel." She says, "I think I ate a baby." And she looks at me like a puppy dog with her green hottie

I'm going to tell my little girls that everybody looks a little crazy if you're looking close enough, and if you can't look that close then you don't really love them.

eyes, and I ask if she wants me to go with her to the clinic and take care of it, and she nods her head yes. So we go on my day off, and there's the usual Sunday school teachers blocking the sidewalk. They hold a garbage bag full of nothing but broken-apart plastic baby doll arms and heads mixed together with ketchup, and Brit doesn't hesitate. She reaches into their bag and takes a leg and licks it clean like a french fry, and that's how cool my beautiful girlfriend is. And I open a *National Geographic* magazine while the nurse asks her if she's eaten anything today and Brit says she ate a whole canoe full of Iroquois warriors the day before, but no, she hasn't eaten anything yet today. And I haven't finished reading this one article about ancient Egyptian mummies before there's a scream and Britney comes running out of the back still wearing a paper dress and bare feet, like this is a big deal, like maybe she never had an abortion before, because she runs barefoot all the way back to my apartment, and to make her stop shaking and throwing up I have to ask her to marry me.

And it's obvious my friends are insanely jealous because they throw me this bachelor party, and when Britney goes to the ladies' room all bummed out because the chef won't carve her a war canoe, my so-called "friends" all look at me and say, "Dude, she is the total most-hot best thing ever, but we don't think she's stoned..." My best friends say, "You didn't marry her yet, did you?" And their faces don't say Brit being knocked up is good news. And you know the feeling: You want your best friends and your fiancée to mesh, but my friends grit their teeth and look at me with their eyebrows worried tight together in the middle, and they say, "Dude, did it ever cross your mind that maybe – just maybe – Britney is mentally retarded?"

And I tell them to relax. She's just an alcoholic. I'm pretty certain she's a heroin junkie, too. That, and she's a sexual compulsive, but it's nothing so bad some talk therapy wouldn't fix her. Look at me: I'm fat; nobody's perfect. And maybe instead of a wedding reception we could get our two families together in a hotel conference room to surprise her with an intervention, and instead of a honeymoon we could get Britney committed to a 90-day inpatient recovery program. We'll work through this. But no way is she retarded. She just needs some rehab.

It's obvious they're only bad-mouthing Britney because they are actually totally Romeo-boner, insanely jealous. The minute I looked the other way, they'd be so up in her business. They say, "Dude,

don't look now, but you fucked a retard," and that's how unpopular I am, that I have to settle for these shitty friends. Brit, they insist, has the intellect of a six-year-old. They think they're doing me a favor when they tell me, "Dude, she can't love you because she doesn't have the *capacity*."

Like the only way somebody would marry me is if she had irreparable brain damage. And I tell them, "She can't be retarded, for crying out loud, because she wears a *pink thong*." And it has to be love because every time we're together I come so hard my stomach hurts. And it's like I told my mom's boyfriend at Thanksgiving, no, Britney is not a *high-functioning anything*. My best guess is she's an alcoholic, glue-sniffing, dope-shooting slut, but we're working on getting her into treatment after she has the babies. And maybe she's a nymphomaniac, but what's important here is she's *my* nymphomaniac, and that drives my family crazy with envy. I tell them, "I'm in love with a beautiful sex-crazed slut, so why can't you just be happy for me?"

And after all that fuss there's a lot less people at our wedding than you'd expect.

And it could be that love makes you prejudiced, but I always thought Brit was pretty smart. You know the feeling, when you can watch TV together for a whole year and you both never argue over what shows. Seriously, if you knew how much TV we watch every week, you'd call us a happy marriage.

And now I have two little babies who smell like Thanksgiving pies. And when they're old enough I'm going to tell my little girls that everybody looks a little crazy if you're looking close enough, and if you can't look that close then you don't really love them. All the while life goes around, and it goes around. And if you keep waiting for somebody perfect you'll never find love, because it's how much you love them that makes them perfect. And maybe I'm the retarded one because I keep waking up expecting my happiness to run out when I should just enjoy it. Being this crazy-in-love happy simply cannot be so easy. And I can't expect such total happiness to last the rest of my life, and there's got to be something wrong with me if I love my wife so much, and for right now I'm driving my new family home from the hospital with my beautiful wife sitting next to me and our twin baby girls safe in the backseat, and I'm still worried how happiness this great can't last forever when Britney screams, "Slug bug!" and her fist clobbers my shoulder so hard I almost crash us into a whole Dairy Queen. 🍌

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CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD

High in the mountains at Vail, Colorado, we look into the coming cold season with three Burton Team snowboarding freestylers.



DANNY DAVIS

If geography is destiny, this adrenaline junkie never had a chance. Hooked on the half-pipe by his early teens, Davis, 23, spent his high school years carving out the genre-bending freestyle technique that would make him famous on the frozen hills of Alpine Valley, Michigan. Since storming the sport in 2005, he has bagged just about every honour it can bestow – and too many injuries to count. The worst one wasn't even on the slopes: "Two years ago I broke my back and pelvis being an idiot," he says of the ATV accident that kept him out of the 2010 Winter games in Vancouver. Judging by this photo, he seems to have recovered.



Above: Jacket by Surface to Air, pants by Hugo Boss, shirt by Bottega Veneta, sunglasses by Dragon, tie by Eton, socks by RLX Ralph Lauren, belt by American Apparel

Left: Shirt with contrasting collar by Boss Black, Fishbowl goggles by VonZipper, bow-tie by Thomas Pink

Jacket and pants by Bottega Veneta, shirt by Surface to Air, sunglasses by Electric, tie by Boss Selection, socks by RLX Ralph Lauren, Process snowboard, Malavita EST bindings and Imperial boots by Burton.



Suit by Lucio Castro, rip-stop jacket by Stone Island, shirt by Acne, Blvd sunglasses by Dragon, tie by Hugo Boss, belt by American Apparel, socks by RLX Ralph Lauren, Easy Livin' snowboard, Malavita EST bindings and Driver X boots by Burton.



Suit by Hugo Boss, shirt by A/X Armani Exchange, tie by Thomas Pink, watch by G-Shock, socks by RLX Ralph Lauren, Sherlock snowboard, Diode EST bindings and Ion boots by Burton.



Suit by Simon Spurr, Expedition checked thermal layer and Ion boots by Burton, shirt by Boss Black, Decco sunglasses by VonZipper, socks by We Love Colours.

JOHN JACKSON

The nattiest dread in snowboarding keeps his locks loose and his game tight. Higher, faster, farther, longer – these are the words he lives by. A two-time TransWorld snowboarder of the year, the Mammoth Mountain-based 28-year-old has been at the bleeding edge of the sport since the early days and he has the scars to prove it: “The tricks now have extra spins and flips, the jumps and rails are bigger and the consequences are much heavier. At this point, we’re at the edge of what’s humanly possible.”





Jacket by A/X Armani Exchange, pants by Bottega Veneta, printed shirt by Hugo Boss, Knoxville sunglasses by Electric, vintage tie Stylist's own, watch by Home, socks by RLX Ralph Lauren.

MARK BOLLOBIS

"Fashion and style have always been part of snowboarding," notes the sport's all-terrain renaissance stud, a 25-year-old British Columbian who sledged out of nowhere in 2010 to show the Yanks how it's done. "It's a way for people to express themselves and sometimes to stand out. But it's really about comfort – when you feel good, you look good." Needless to say, he's had a pretty slick ride so far, acclimating quickly to life on the tour. The best perk? "Travelling for free and experiencing things I never imagined," he says diplomatically. "The fun answer I'll keep to myself!"

TOO OLD TO ROCK 'N ROLL TOO YOUNG TO DIE

by paul kerton

I always find it strangely pleasing when women start moaning about how older men are forever targeting younger women. Ditching the wife and then going for a younger model, like exchanging the rattling, out-of-warranty Land Rover Discovery for a sparkling new funky Evoque.

Women have selective memories and tend to forget that it was they who started this trend when still at school. Girls do so love to tell us how they mature quicker and how their superior needs and tastes (at that age) require a man to match. Consequently, in their quest for experience and maturity, as soon as they felt the desire to loosen their bra straps and experiment sexually they were off, all a flutter for seniors, leaving boys their own age sitting in class discussing football.

By the time we boys had reached puberty, stopped pulling faces at the thought of girls and finally twigged that it might be a good idea to check what was inside their underwear, girls our own age were already at third base with that dashing but irritating prat from the upper school.

When I was 15 I had a crush on this girl called Pamela who, in terms of maturity was quite a dazzling spectacle – very ahead of the curves. We were trundling along quite nicely – I thought; you know, heavy petting, until Richard arrived in his Triumph Spitfire and literally swept her off her feet. Three years older with a sports car, assumed experience, and a brilliant 1st team rugby player... I stood no chance and returned home on my bicycle, deflated and defeated, to sulk in my bedroom (for about three years!).

So it was with a mild touch of irony that I actually married somebody 18 years younger. It makes genetic sense. Men will always target a woman who will provide him with healthy child-bearing and child-rearing capabilities – even if modern man may not be that interested

A middle-aged woman with a toyboy is the equivalent of some fat, ugly middle-aged businessman with a diminutive, obedient Thai or Russian bride on his arm.

in children himself. This primeval instinct is embedded deep within his psyche and it's a good thing, otherwise the species "Human" would have died out about 10 million years ago.

But wait; in a rush of defiance, the current rumoured "trend" in Hollywood is now for older women to date younger men. Although the motive for these men may very well be experimental – answering the boyhood fantasy; what is it like to go out with an older woman, a MILF? Images of *The Graduate* with Dustin Hoffman banging Mrs Robinson, return, Demi Moore and Ashton... as I type, a 22-year-old Jesus Luiz, Madonna's lover for a year – has asked her to marry him. At 53, she isn't exactly falling over herself to say "I do" for the third time and share her \$700 million fortune. But Jeezus, Jesus, I applaud your chutzpah.

The problem for women with a younger man is; as soon as the age gap is more than four years he enters the realms of toyboy. Women are trying to put it out that this trend is gathering momentum with a website – www.toyboywarehouse.com – but I don't buy it. Witness those "taste the locals" female fantasy tours where single European and American women are parachuted into a discreet, exotic palm-fringed African resort that just happens to be littered with smiling, very attentive young local men with marvelous physiques. Sssh! Don't tell. What goes on in Sierra Leone may very well stay in Sierra Leone but this phase is short lived. Judging from my observations; nothing turns a woman off promiscuity



faster than a burning sensation in the nether regions. Or being the one to always be footing the bill. I read the other day of this English woman (mid 50s) who built up a rapport with a 24-year-old "handsome" Nigerian over the Internet. They talked about meeting but, come the moment; the snag was he couldn't get out of the country until he'd paid off this "small" R480,000 debt. And she sent it to him never to hear from him again!

Women over 40 generally want a genuine relationship and if the sex is "pleasing," great. Toyboys generally want a selfish shag and generally can't spell "relationship." Socially, a middle-aged woman with a toyboy is the equivalent of some fat, ugly middle-aged businessman with a diminutive, obedient Thai or Russian bride on his arm. And just as he stands out like a social outcast, a woman of noble age looks ridiculous with some geek in baggy-jeans hanging off his ass, his branded boxers showing and lummo laces undone in wedged takkies.

This is good news for me. Now that I am back on the dating market I've quickly worked out that I am no longer attractive to anyone under 40. So I have shifted my strategy accordingly. There is a wealth of single women – with or without children – aged from 40-50 who are attractive, intelligent, smart, stylish, sassy and very sexy. Choose me! 📧

Paul was minding his own business in London when he got the call to edit the first South African *PLAYBOY*, which ignited his love affair with South Africa. He was launch editor of *Men's Health* and has written for *Cosmopolitan*, *Elle*, *Esquire*, *GQ*, *Tatler* (UK), and worked at executive level on the world's top selling newspapers; *Sunday Telegraph*, *Sunday Express* and *Sunday Mirror*.



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ED CHARL DU PLESSIS (Plé Guevara) | charl@playboy.co.za. +27 82 452 8110

FIX TANYA GOODMAN | tanya@playboy.co.za. +27 82 671 2762

EYE CANDY JAY SYLVANO | jay@playboy.co.za. +27 82 858 3014

JOURNO PLUS LUKA VRACAR | luka@playboy.co.za. +27 72 612 2747

WACKY HACK TIM HOUGHTON | tim@playboy.co.za. +27 71 895 1639

DIGI DUDE BLAKE MICHAEL | blake@playboy.co.za. +27 79 328 8771

ADS

MANAGER CRAIG SIEMS | craig@playboy.co.za. +27 73 578 0196

BRENT ROSSOUW | brent@playboy.co.za. +27 83 449 2121

NEIL JAGGER | neil.jagger@playboy.co.za. +27 83 556 3151

KARL MERCKEL | karl@playboy.co.za. +27 82 700 6464

WERNER SWANEPOEL | werner@eminentwealth.co.za. +27 79 885 4281 (JHB)

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HUGH M. HEFNER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JIMMY JELLINEK | EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

ROB WILSON | ART DIRECTOR

PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÉS | DEPUTY PHOTO DIRECTOR

MATT NORDBY | CHIEF REVENUE OFFICER

PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

MARY NASTOS | PUBLISHING SERVICES MANAGER

GABRIELA CIFUENTES | DIGITAL ASSET MANAGER

WILLIAM ANSELL | EDITORIAL SERVICES COORDINATOR

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In our previous edition, our Gentlemen's Corner feature labelled Berluti travel gear as Berlucci. Stuff happens, sorry.

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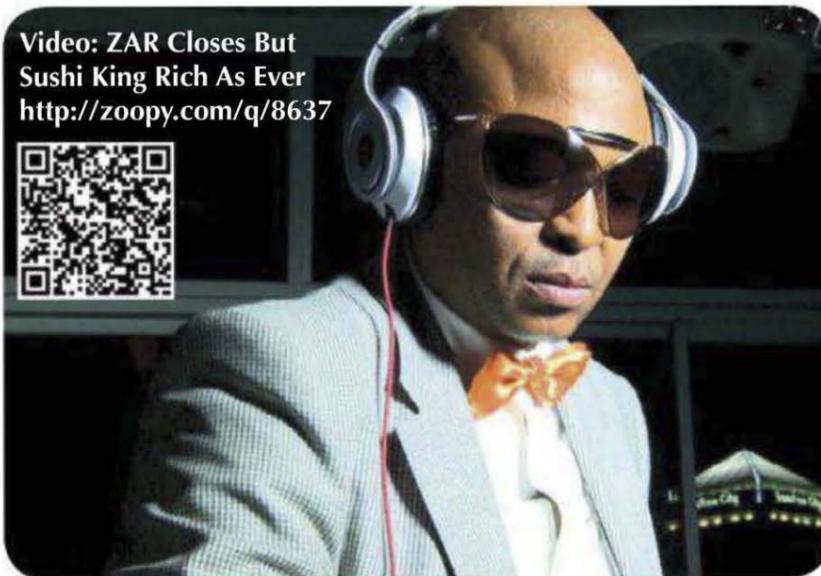
Love them or hate them, Die Antwoord are making serious sound waves on the international music scene. But we still have no idea what the question was.



ZAR JHB CLUB CLOSES

Businessman Kenny Kunene shut the doors of sexy ZAR and many believe he ran the club into the ground. We always knew there was something *fishy* about him.

Video: ZAR Closes But Sushi King Rich As Ever
<http://zoopy.com/q/8637>



GARETH CLIFF ARRESTED



As if auditioning for *Top Gear*, 5FM DJ Gareth Cliff has joined the list of celebrities who've been caught speeding on our roads. He was doing 180 km/h on his way back from an *Idols* audition, which means it's true – nobody can escape Randall!

Video: Gareth Cliff Locked Up For 180 Km/h Joyride: <http://zoopy.com/q/8698>

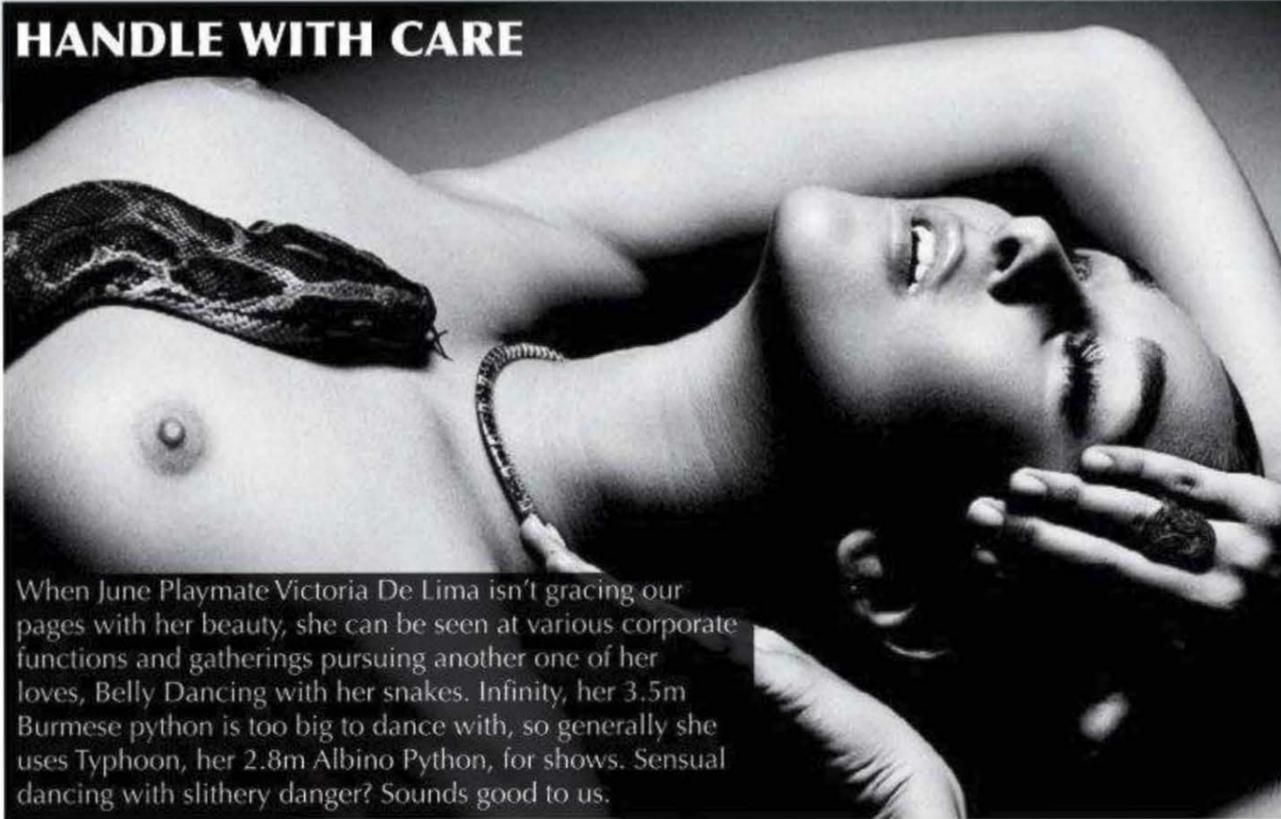


SHAKIRA COMING TO SA

On a recent trip to Cape Town, Shakira was attacked by a sea lion when she tried to pet it, but she managed to survive the ordeal. We can neither confirm nor deny if the sea lion attacked her because of that "Waka-Waka" song.



HANDLE WITH CARE



When June Playmate Victoria De Lima isn't gracing our pages with her beauty, she can be seen at various corporate functions and gatherings pursuing another one of her loves, Belly Dancing with her snakes. Infinity, her 3.5m Burmese python is too big to dance with, so generally she uses Typhoon, her 2.8m Albino Python, for shows. Sensual dancing with slithery danger? Sounds good to us.



TESTING, TESTING

Playmate of the Year Jade Fairbrother was recently hosted by 2Oceansvibe radio's Paul Snodgrass on "The Bro Show," to discuss the voting, her meteoric rise into the celebrity eye and how she manages to look so good in a bikini (or less). Playmate of the Year photoshoot photographer Leah Hawker and comedian Deep Fried Man were also on hand to make sure things didn't get too steamy...

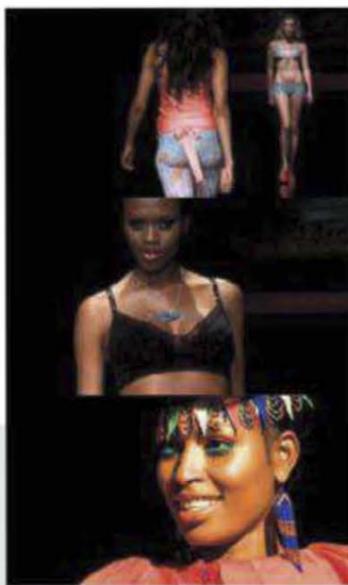


SIMPHIWE: HAVING AN AFFAIR

SA musician Simphiwe Dana says rumors that she is a lesbian are not true. The proof? She says she is having an affair with a married man. Talk about confessions of a drama queen!



Video: Simphiwe Dana Admits To Saucy Affair
<http://zoopy.com/q/8638>



TOP MODEL HITTING SA

The search for the country's Top Model is on. The competition will run across seven provinces and the top twenty models will get the chance to compete in SA's Top Model reality show. So if you think you've got what it takes – strike a pose!



Video: Search For SA's Top Model Launches
<http://zoopy.com/q/8664>

W I N K

TILL NEXT TIME



Lisa Seiffert - USA's Miss March 2012
photography by sasha eisenman

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Sycro Natal CC (Durban) Tel: 031 705 3058 E-mail: sycronatal@telkomsa.net Nicholson Smith Agencies CC (Gauteng) Tel: 011 496 2950 E-mail: jason@nicholsonsmith.co.za

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