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COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW
THE INTERVIEW: TONY ROBBINS
FALL STYLE GUIDE
FICTION BY GEORGE PELECANOS
THE NEW FACE OF CRIME



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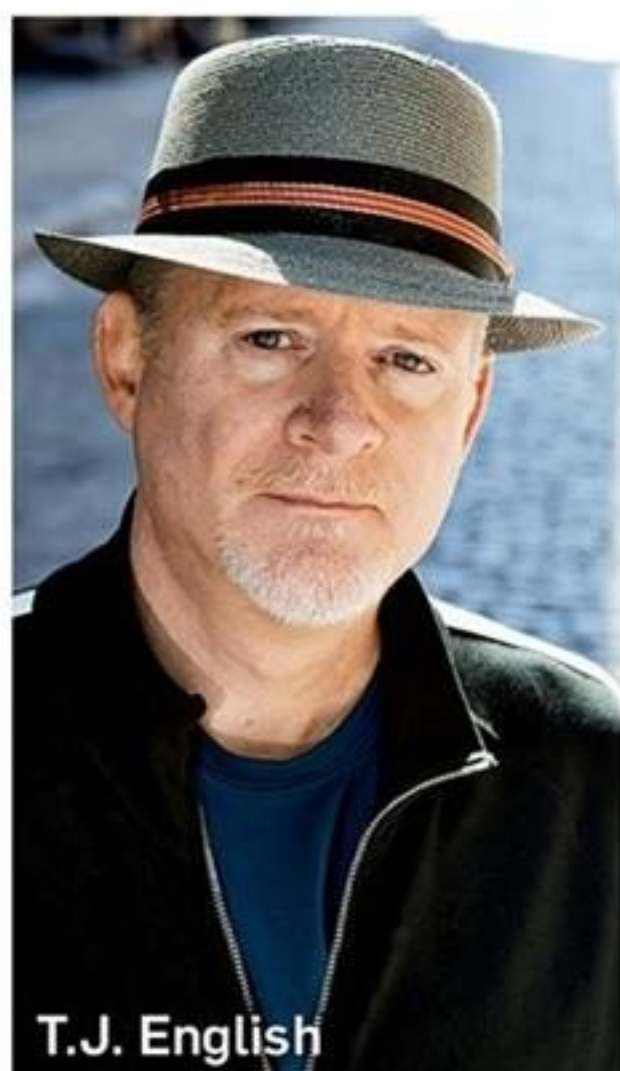
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PLAYBILL

Generally speaking, stories loaded with tough guys and broken laws tend to lure male readers. It's as seminal crime novelist Raymond Chandler once said, "When in doubt, have a man come through the door with a gun in his hand." That's exactly what happens in *The Double*, **George Pelecanos's** gritty piece of crime fiction excerpted from his forthcoming novel of the same name. **T.J. English's** story *The New Face of Crime* reads like fiction but is all too real. English recounts the recent phenomenon of armed robbers using high-tech Hollywood-style masks to hide their identities. It turns out the cops are having a hard time staying a step ahead. Photographer **Josh Ryan** enjoys a different kind of shooting. No guns here, but Ryan's subject is just as riveting: the beautiful **Bryiana Noelle**, our delicious Miss September. Contributing Editor James Franco sits with **Jonah Hill** for this month's *Francofile*. Hill's rise to comedic prominence serves as an inspiring tale for anyone who ever dreamed of big-screen fame. He began his career onstage telling stories in a New York bar. Then he got his big break, in *Superbad*. "It was crazy," he recalls. "Within literally three seconds my agents and everyone started calling me." From Hollywood we switch to "The War on Sex," **Nancy L. Cohen's** *Forum* essay on how right-wing politicians continue to crack down on sexual freedom. "The Republican antisex police are on the march," Cohen reports. Speaking of sex, in *The Scientists of Sex* we look back at the pioneering work of **Dr. William Masters** and **Virginia Johnson**, the first researchers to thoroughly study human reproductive biology. More than half a century ago they began observing hundreds of volunteers engaging in every sex act ever invented. The pair are in the news again, thanks to the new Showtime series *Masters of Sex*. **Tony Robbins** is the subject of this issue's *Playboy Interview*, and it's one you won't want to miss. Robbins was a janitor at the age of 17. By 24 he was a millionaire on his way to becoming the king of life coaches. Today 4 million people have attended his seminars. Who better to tell the story of Tony Robbins than Mr. Robbins himself? Longtime *PLAYBOY* readers will expect to find a college football story in our September issue. Veteran NCAA scribe **Bruce Feldman** is back with our 2013 *Pigskin Preview*. Can anyone stop the SEC? Will Alabama win an unprecedented third title in a row? Finally, we bring you *Saturday Night Live* alum **Bill Hader** in 20Q. Hader offers a behind-the-scenes look at his *SNL* years and his new film, *The To Do List*—directed by his wife—in which he appears in a sex scene with another woman. There are no guns or tough guys in Hader's story, but you'll see him saw a human in half. That should be enough to grab you, right?



George Pelecanos



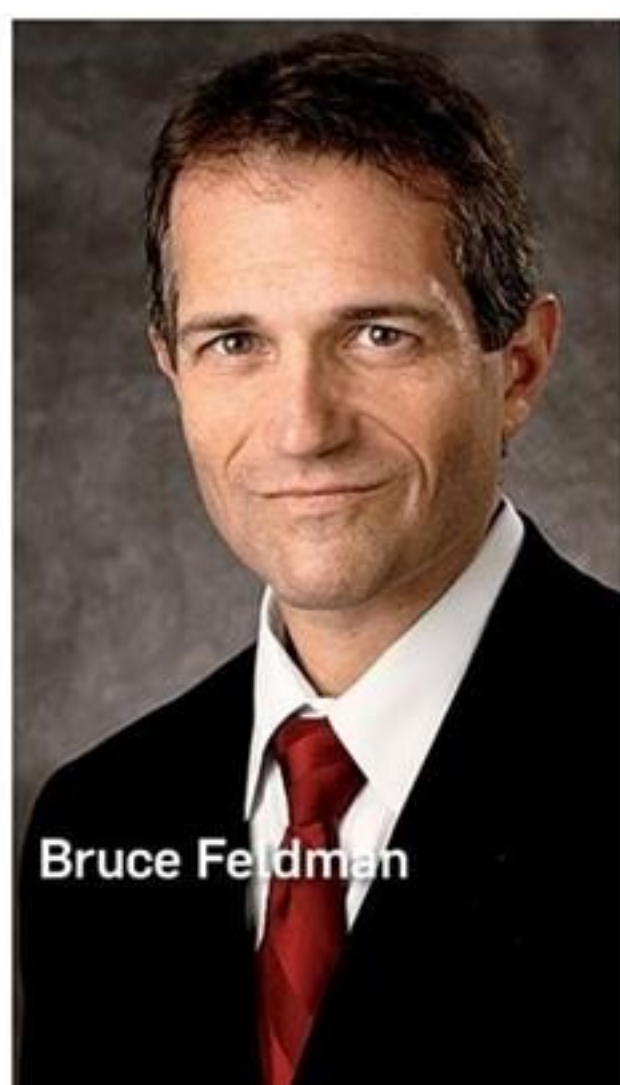
T.J. English



Jonah Hill



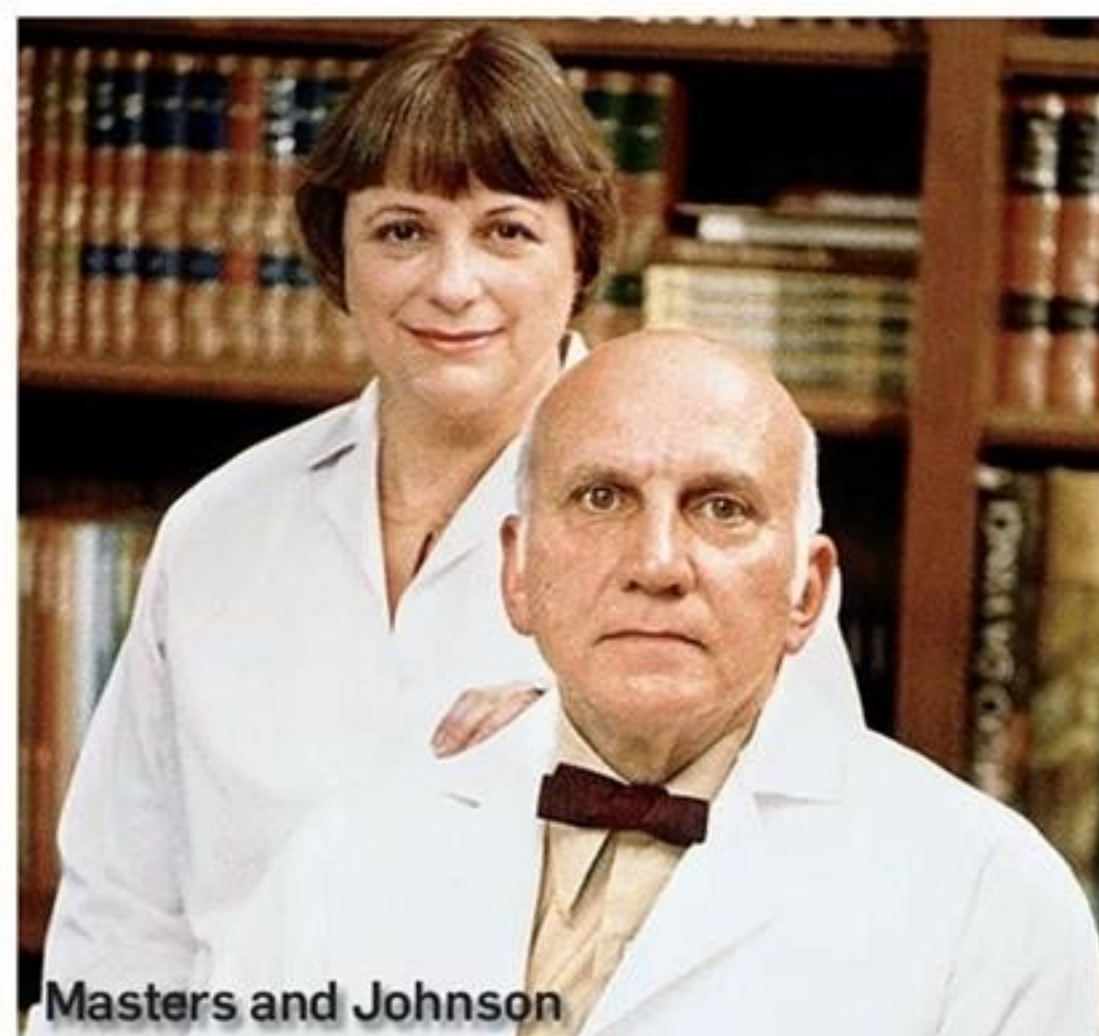
Nancy L. Cohen



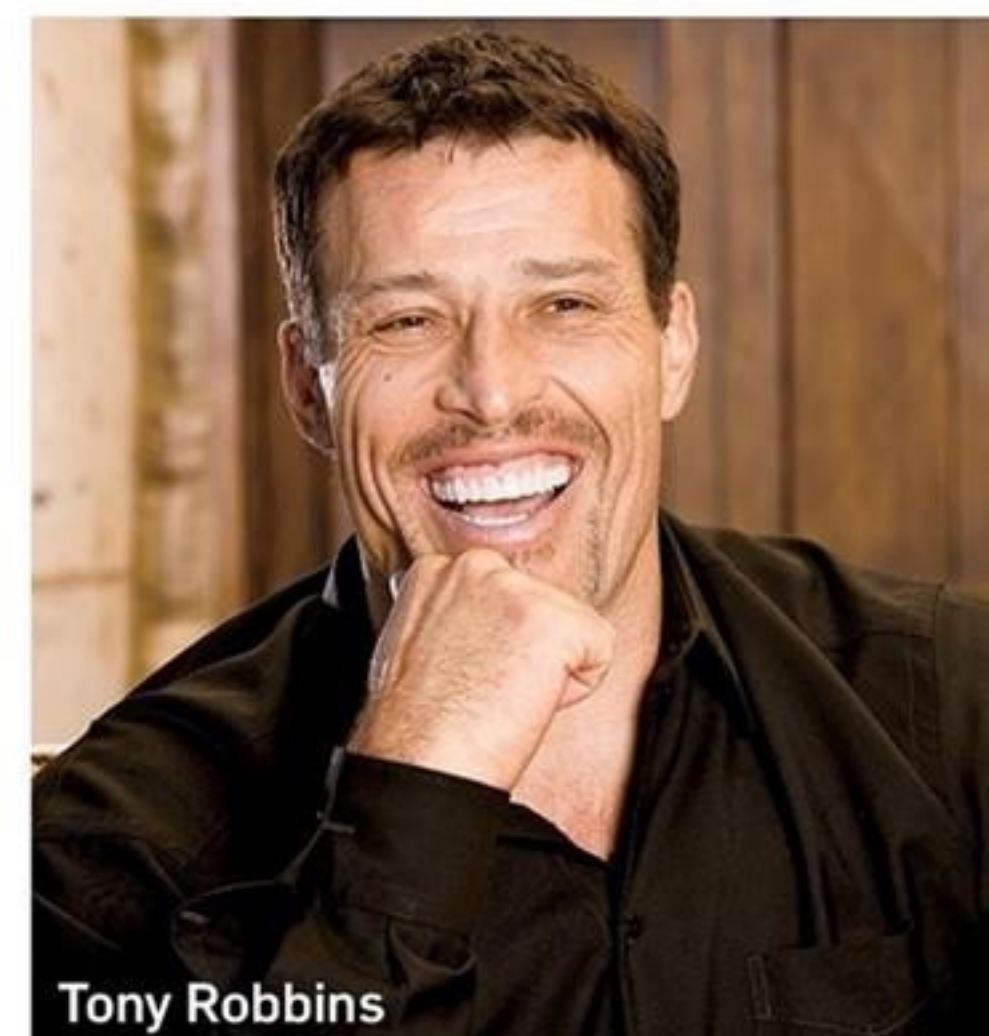
Bruce Feldman



Josh Ryan and Bryiana Noelle



Masters and Johnson



Tony Robbins



Bill Hader



john varvatos

Willie Nelson, Lukas Nelson & Micah Nelson
Photographed by Danny Clinch, Des Moines IA 2013

VIEW THE FILM AT JOHNVARVATOS.COM

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Photo by **TONY KELLY**

Ciara Price doesn't waste a second of summer sun. Luckily for our Rabbit, she chooses to soak it up on the greatest lawn on earth—the Mansion's, of course.

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20Q: Bill Hader

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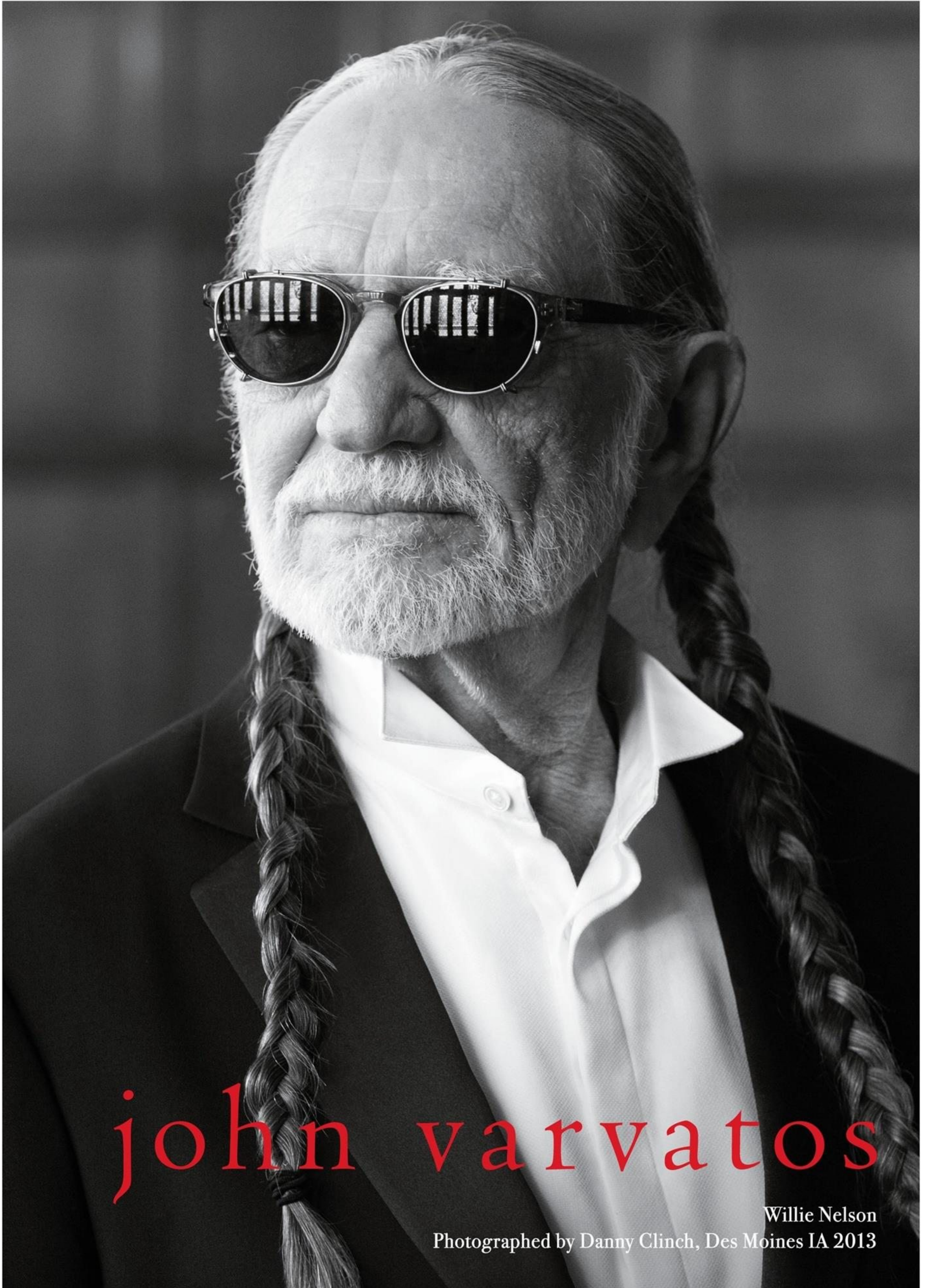
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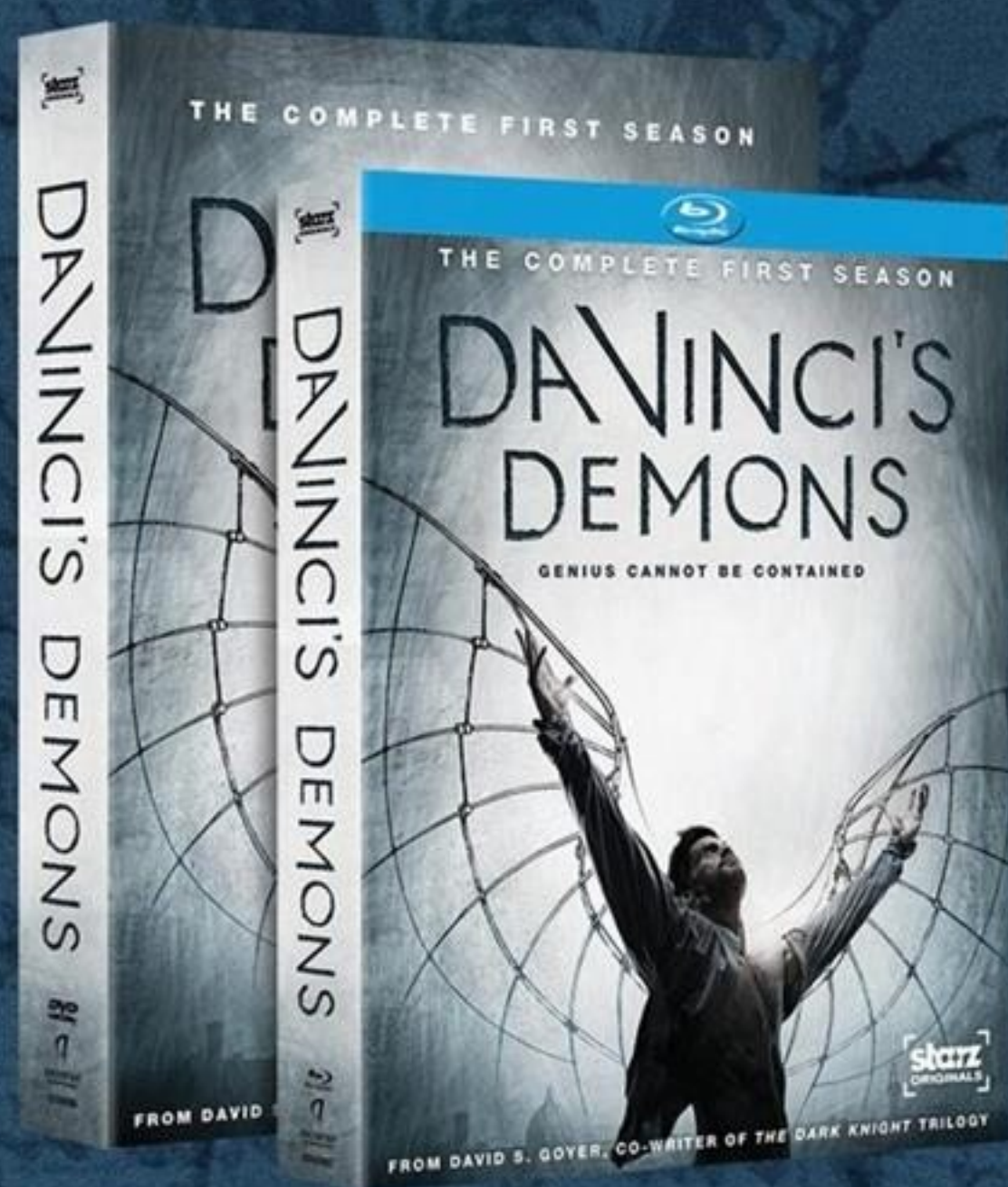
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Willie Nelson
Photographed by Danny Clinch, Des Moines IA 2013

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Co-Writer of
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— April Neale, *Monsters & Critics*

**“ENDLESSLY
FASCINATING”**

— Tim Goodman, *The Hollywood Reporter*



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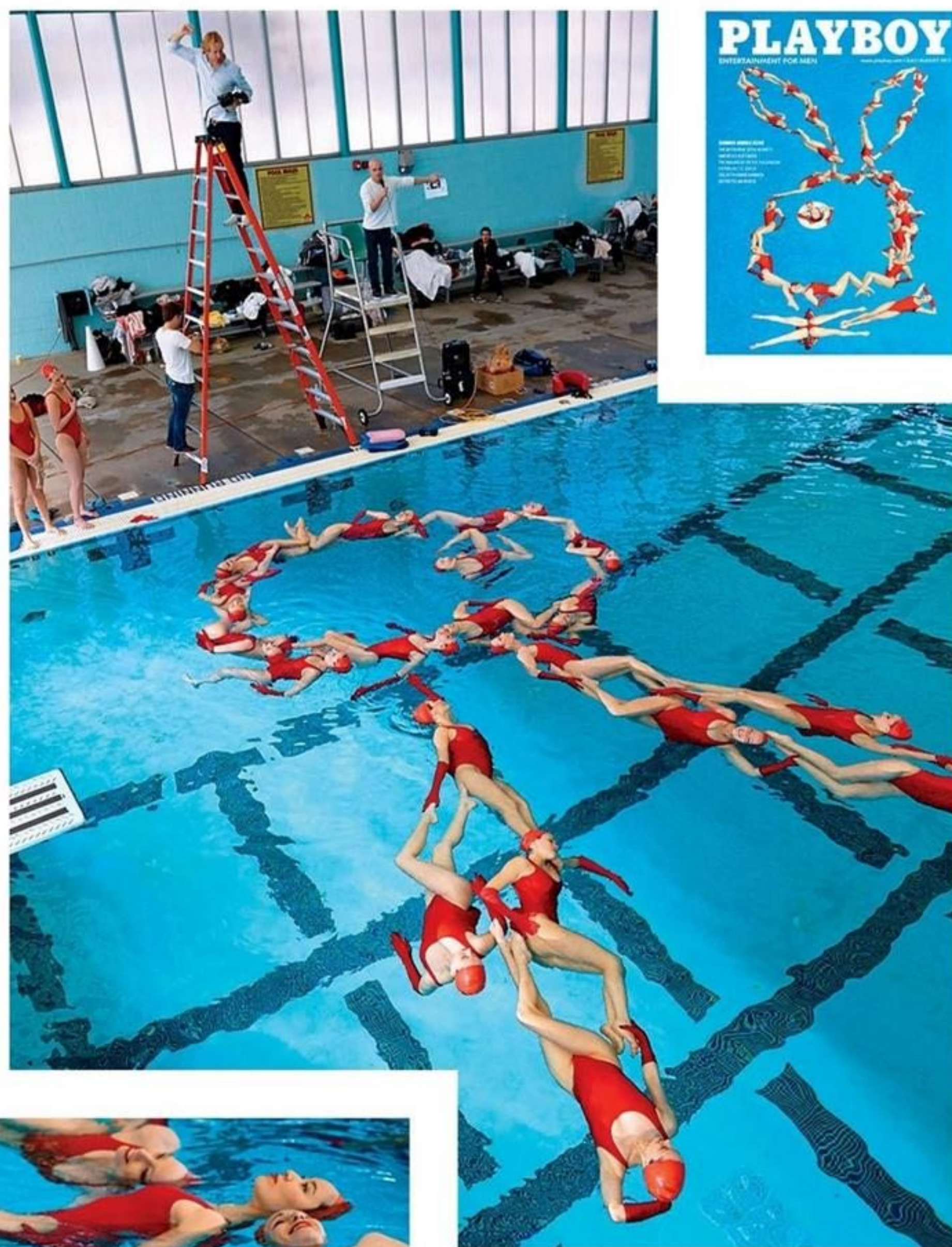
SAN FRANCISCO: SHAWN O'MEARA *h.o.m.e.*

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS,
MANSION FROLICS
AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

BATHING BUNNIES

Social media has been all atwitter about our July/August cover. Was the photo of 25 synchronized swimmers forming the Rabbit Head accomplished via Photoshop? No, it was through the magic of Playboy and the Las Vegas Water Beauties. Inspired by PLAYBOY covers from the past, photographer Tony Kelly conceived the idea and enlisted the swimmers, including Olympians and top Vegas performers. Not only is it one of our most talked-about covers, it also features the most women ever gathered to grace the front of the magazine.



EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

Just outside Marfa, Texas along Highway 90, a 40-foot white neon Playboy Rabbit Head and a 1972 Dodge Charger were erected by Playboy and artist Richard Phillips.



AFTER THE END

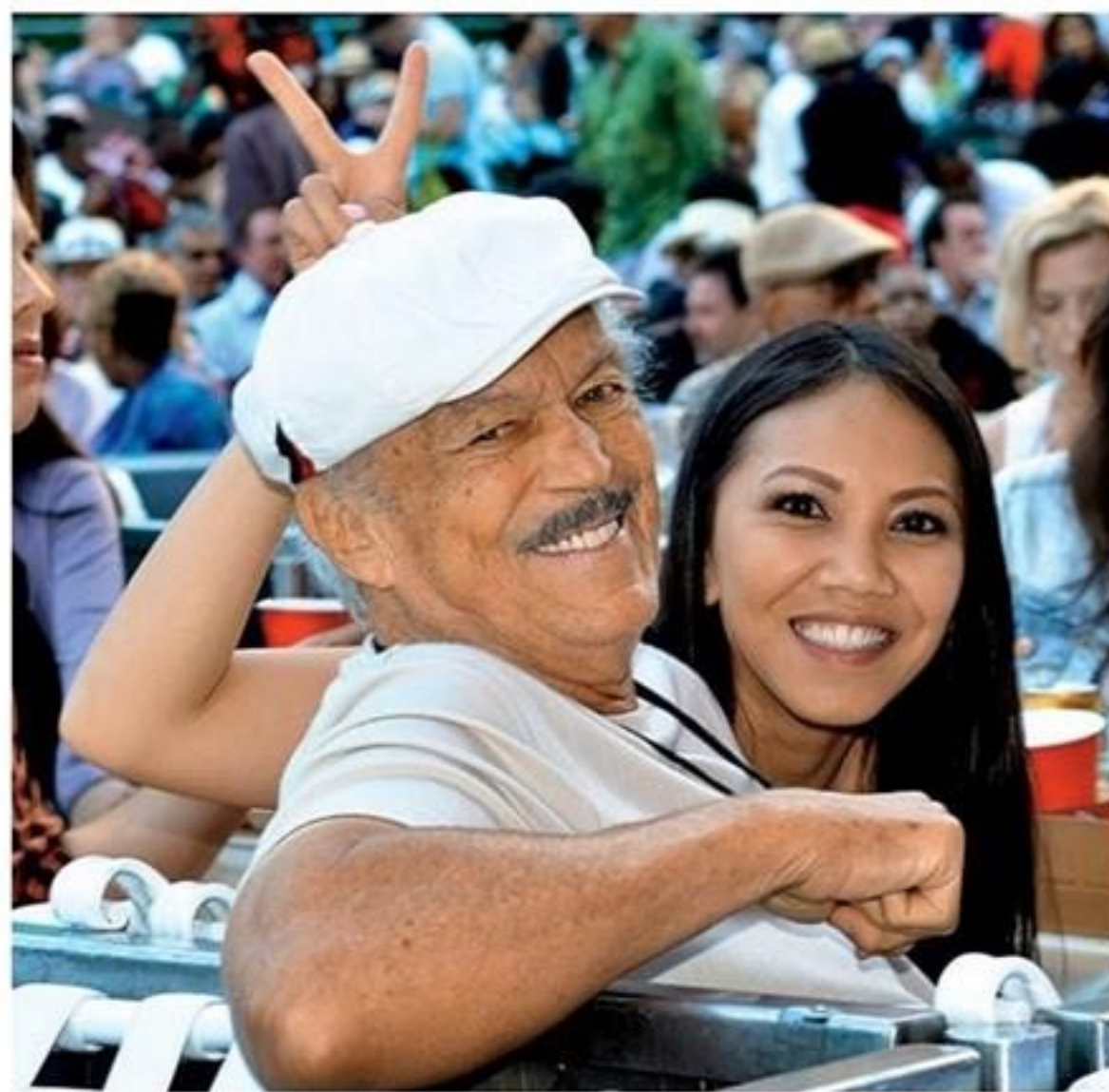
Following the premiere of *This Is the End*—one of the summer's best comedies—Cooper Hefner, Miss April 2013 Jaslyn Ome, Miss August 2000 Summer Altice and Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima led such stars as Mindy Kaling, Paul Rudd, Seth Rogen, Danny McBride and Craig Robinson to a decidedly spirited Playboy afterparty in Los Angeles.



HANGIN' WITH HEF

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

With acts including Judith Hill, Angélique Kidjo, the Brubeck Brothers Quartet and Naturally 7 with Herbie Hancock, the 35th Playboy Jazz Festival nearly brought down the Hollywood Bowl this June. Comedian George Lopez, who served as master of ceremonies, said of the venue that there are "few meccas in the world that mean as much to a performer." Lopez was also happy to be accompanied by Raquel Pomplun, the first Mexican American PMOY. Hef pointed out that the festival ties together all types of sound. "Jazz is the unification of several kinds of music, and that is what makes it truly American," he said. "It is America's true art form."



AMERICAN HEROES

Christie Hefner presided over the 2013 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards reception, featuring presenters Steve Connell and Sekou Andrews. Honored by the HMH Foundation for their contributions to protecting American rights were Norman Lear, Morris Davis, Jessica Ahlquist, Daniel Ellsberg, John Perry Barlow, Rainey Reitman, Trevor Timm and Marjorie Heins.

WHO CUT THE MUSTARD?

"The Perfect Burger" (*After Hours*, June) is far from it. You list 10 ingredients but not mustard. Eating a burger without mustard is like eating fried eggs without salt and pepper. And adding mayo or ketchup is a culinary sin in the fine art of burger creation. The best burger is composed of a bun, ground beef, plain onion, a tomato slice, ordinary lettuce and French's yellow mustard.

Russell Brandt
Davis, California

DIRTY BUSINESS

I started running a few months ago at the suggestion of a co-worker. I took it up for a simple reason—I watched my father die from type 2 diabetes. I'm no purist, but I don't see how dodging fire, getting zapped by live wires or swimming through vomit-infused icy water would add anything to my experience (*There Will Be Mud*, June). Running a 10K in a decent time without feeling as though I'm going to keel over is as extreme as I want to get. If the day comes when mudders elbow regular runners into oblivion, as Kevin Cook's report seems to suggest will happen, that's the day I stop running.

Andrew McEwan
Dayton, Ohio

MUSEUM QUALITY

Your tribute to the female form in the work of the Dutch masters (*Nude Woman Reclining*, June), from Rembrandt to Van Gogh, is a work of art.

Rob McComb
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

ART OF PROTEST

You guys keep bringing the hits with the *Playboy Interview*. The artist and dissident Ai Weiwei (June) has been a hero of mine for some time, and it means a lot that you went to China to talk with him.

Anthony Pennza
Cleveland, Ohio

A FAMILY TRADITION

When my father—who gets his issues a day before I do—called to say he liked a letter I had written to *Dear Playboy*, he told me his father had also been one of the chosen few. In August 1965 my grandfather wrote in response to a story on the return of classic touring cars, including his favorite, the 1937 Cord 812 Phaeton, revived as the Cord Sportsman 8/10.

Jessica Shaw
Lexington, South Carolina

BONE CRUSHER

Brett Forrest's compelling account of the prehistoric-fossil black market (*The Bone Thieves*, June) overlooks the role of Texas lawyer Robert Painter. Even before the U.S. Attorney's Office and Customs were able to take action on the illicit tarbosaurus sale, Painter filed a lawsuit on behalf of the Mongolian government that prompted a

DEAR PLAYBOY

Everybody Loves Raquel

Raquel Pomplun is the most gorgeous Playmate of the Year since Karen McDougal in 1998.

Glen Watson
Danville, Illinois

I know it's only 2013, but you have found the Playmate of the Century.

Quentin Asper
Dublin, California

You tease us with Raquel's rear end on the cover but offer no follow-up inside. Give us another shot!

Luis Rivera
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

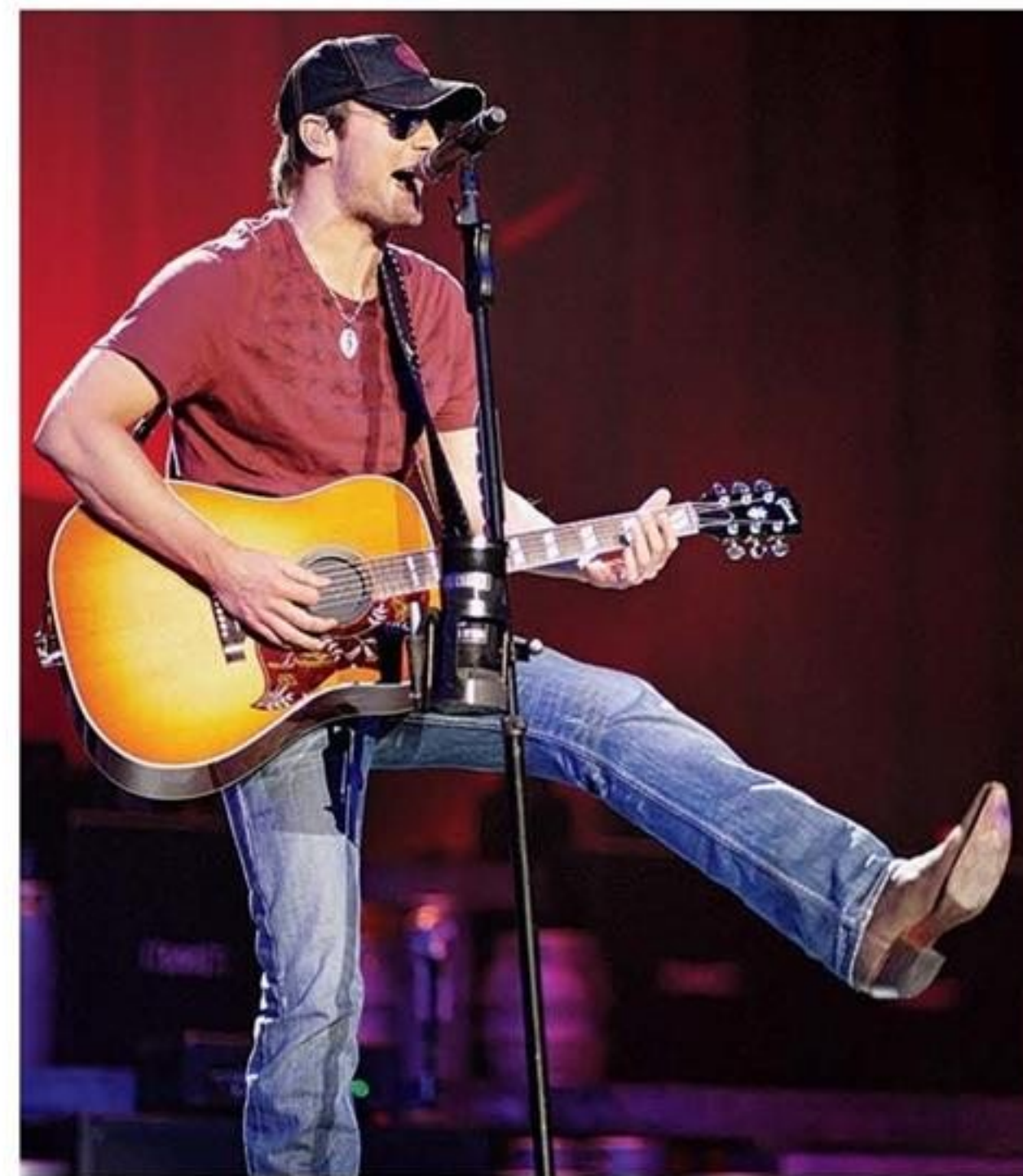


judge to issue a restraining order. In addition, he started contempt proceedings that convinced the buyer to back out. For his work, Painter received Mongolia's top civilian honor, the Order of the Polar Star.

John Browning
Rockwall, Texas

COUNTRY ROCKS

As a subscriber, I couldn't wait for the June issue. I opened it at the mailbox to read the profile of Eric Church (*The Badass*, June). I just saw him at Cowboys



Worshipping at the altar of Eric Church.

Stadium in the No Shoes Nation Tour, and he is a badass. I could have listened to him all night. And who hasn't let Jack Daniel's kick their ass?

Charlotte Judd
Whitewright, Texas

I play rock and had never heard of Church, but I enjoyed Rob Tannenbaum's profile. The details about the country-music establishment are eye-opening.

David Howard
Menlo Park, California

FREEDOM ALL AROUND

To add to the readers who responded in June to *The Cold Arab Spring* (March): Most people don't understand that a thousand years ago the Middle East was the cultural, philosophical and scientific hub of the world. The Arab spring is the first step in a revival that could rival the Renaissance. It would be a shame for the world to let that potential be smothered by hatred and fear. Exclusion of the better half of our species will only foster a continued suppression of advancement. As Abraham Lincoln said, "A woman is the only thing I am afraid of that I know will not hurt me."

Ryan Gregory
Newport Beach, California

Hef says the launch of PLAYBOY Israel will contribute to Israel embarking on a mission for freedom of speech, choice and the press (*The World of Playboy*, May). But will the edition feature Palestinian voices? I support Israel and am aware of the unique challenges and difficulties it faces. But I fear the magazine may struggle to speak for all.

Nicholas Hall
Surrey, U.K.

Daniel Pomerantz, publisher of PLAYBOY Israel, which is printed in Hebrew, responds: "We want to reach all people in our country, and we are doing that. Many of our online visitors are Palestinians and other Arab speakers, both within Israel and in neighboring countries. That has encouraged us to develop content aimed at the Arab market. We will also provide a forum for healthy debate and shared appreciation of beauty and style, in the tradition of PLAYBOY around the world."

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

In a slightly desperate attempt to gain an edge, I would like to let Raquel Pomplun know that if she marries me and

THE LOOK IS BACK.

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ONLINE ISSUE

takes my name, it will require that she change only two letters at the end.

Mark Pomplas
Naples, Florida

Raquel is referring all questions to her new husband, Mark Pomplun.

I took the June issue to an annual fishing camp, which most of us have been attending since 1970. We all agreed this is our favorite cover of all time. Well done, and thank you.

Robert Wasson
Indianapolis, Indiana

Everything about your cover is perfection. The setting, the perfectly placed bottom, the photography and especially Raquel. It deserves a frame.

Jonathan Quesenberry
Pace, Florida

I have yet to see an ass as stunning as the one that graces your June cover. God can rest now—she/he has achieved perfection.

Tony Antenucci
Rochester, New York

I may be dating myself, but I appreciate a beautiful woman in big curlers using a rotary phone.

John Shicora
San Antonio, Texas

I saw my first issue of PLAYBOY in 1962. It took my breath away. The June issue also took my breath away. Thanks for being consistent!

Rodger Cameron
Copan, Oklahoma

PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH

Your Centerfold of Audrey Aleen Allen (*The Sun Goddess*, June) prompted me to do something I haven't done since I was a teenager—hang it on the wall.

Tom Somerville
Buffalo, New York

With his photos of Miss May Kristen Nicole (*Tequila Sunrise*), Josh Ryan manages to make the tried and true—a blonde at the beach—look fresh and exciting. Please give him more Playmate assignments.

Josh Fehrens
Toronto, Ontario

POLE POSITION

I enjoyed Joel Stein's *Men* column in the June issue ("Strippers Versus Porn Stars"). I put myself through college as a dancer. As a psychology major, I quickly figured out the club dynamic. It wasn't about the dancers being sparkly or pretending to want to sleep with the customers; it was about men who never felt accepted because of their appetites. At the extreme, my most memorable client was a businessman who had married his high school sweetheart and adored her feet. When he told her this,

she suggested therapy. He offered me \$2,000 to let him hold my feet for an hour. Despite Stein's preference for porn, there is nothing better than talking to an open-minded, nonjudgmental, half-naked, beautiful woman.

Jessi Chasteen
Irvine, Kentucky

SINATRA SPEAKS

I have always admired Frank Sinatra's singing. After reading his *Playboy Interview* from 1963 (*Playboy Classic*, June), I have a new respect for him. While he offers many insights on war, Communism and other topics, it is his discussion of organized religion that hits home. I had no idea his views were so similar to my own.

Hugh Hart
Dresher, Pennsylvania

I couldn't put the Sinatra interview down. What grabbed my attention was his views of disarmament and the Russians during the Cold War. As a Vietnam



Frank Sinatra in 1963: talking God and politics.

vet, I lived with the consequences of that era and was taught to mistrust the soon-to-be labeled "evil empire." However, in the 1990s I visited Russia, where I met and married my future wife. Sinatra was spot-on concerning the hopes and dreams of ordinary Russians. It's too bad so few performers (or politicians) can speak with his level of intelligence.

Jim Yurick
Houston, Texas

SUPER FLY

A fly (in this case, a bead-headed woolly bugger) is never connected to the welded loop of the line, as shown in your photo illustrating "Lord of the Flies" (*Mantrack*, June). Instead, insert a 7.5- or nine-inch tapered leader made of either monofilament or fluorocarbon material. That way you won't spook the fish.

David Cole
Hurst, Texas

PS: Raquel Pomplun rocks.





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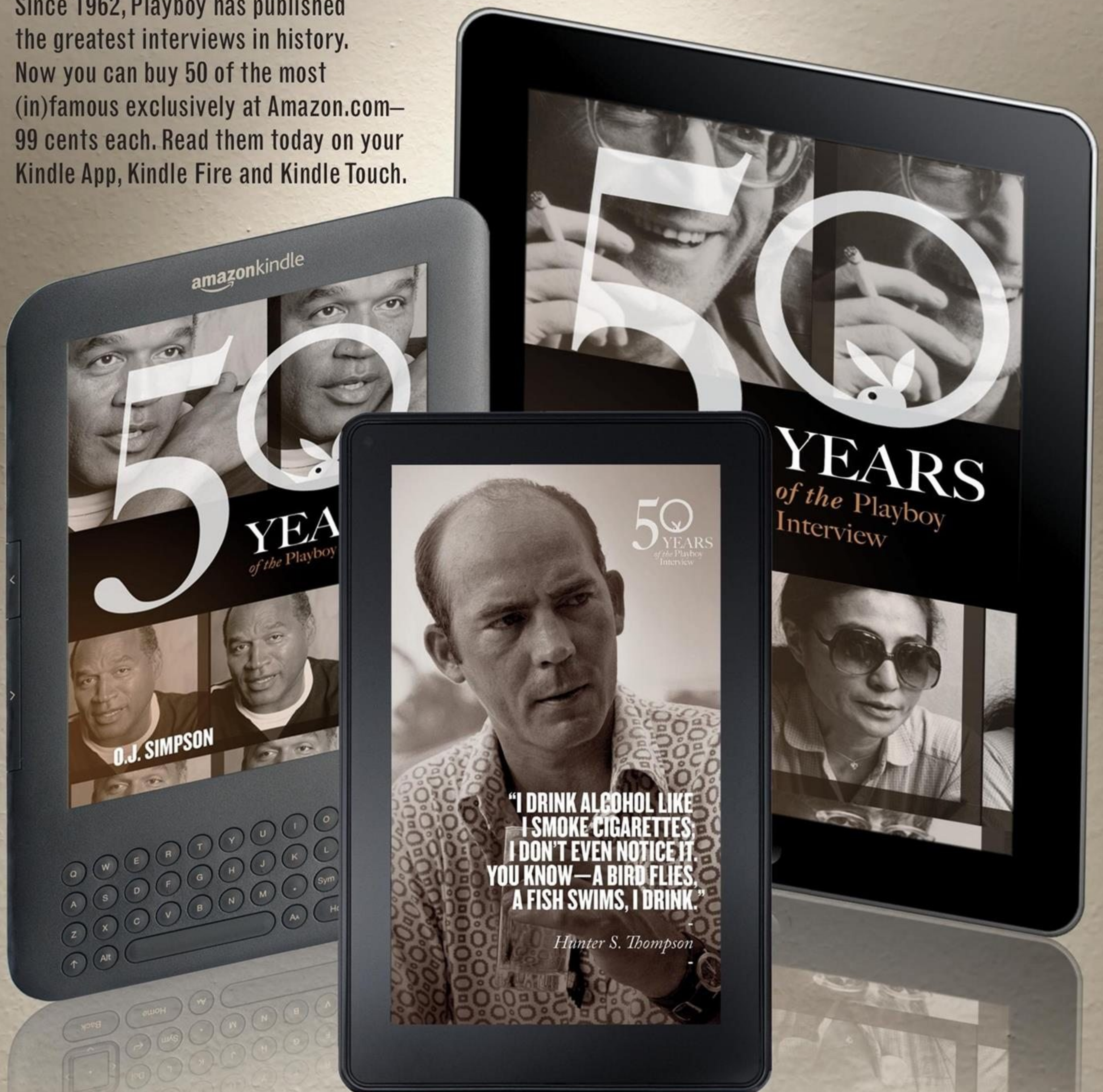


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PLAYBOY

Afterhours

- SEPTEMBER -
2013

BECOMING ATTRACTION

SHARNI VINSON

• *"I KNOW HOW to move my body,"* says dancer turned actress Sharni Vinson. In *You're Next*, the Aussie beauty plays a kick-ass survivalist who takes on home invaders. "I have a natural physicality," she says, "so I did my own stunts, from dodging arrows to diving through doorways." A damsel in distress? Not a chance. "I carry an ax quite convincingly," says Sharni. "There's no fun being the first one killed in a horror movie."

Photography by
MICHAEL EDWARDS/
MEINMYPLACE.COM



BALLED OUT

IN THE MIDST OF A 10-YEAR TOURNAMENT DROUGHT, WE ASK: WHAT HAPPENED TO U.S. MEN'S TENNIS?

• Search YouTube and find the moment when a 21-year-old Andy Roddick slams an ace past Juan Carlos Ferrero on triple match point to win the 2003 U.S. Open. Bathe in Roddick's facial expression as, crumpled with tears, he soaks up the crowd's applause and hops into the stands to celebrate with his family. At that moment it felt as though Roddick was about to usher in a new era of U.S. tennis dominance just like the one he grew up watching. Between Roddick's birth, in 1982, and his 2003 championship, American players won a combined 30 Grand Slam singles titles. "We had Andre Agassi, we had Pete Sampras, we had a lot of great players, and I think Andy thought and expected, It's my chance right now," says Brad Gilbert, who was Roddick's coach at the time.

Instead, it would be the only major win of Roddick's career. In fact, no American male has won the U.S. Open or any other Grand Slam since then, a drought that will hit the decade mark when the 2013 tournament kicks off in New York in August. "If it weren't for Roger Federer, Andy would've won a lot more; there's no doubt," says Gilbert. "Karl Malone can say the same thing about Michael Jordan." But what's more notable is that no great American male tennis players have emerged since Roddick's debut—at least not ones capable of challenging the top tier of Federer, Rafael Nadal and Novak Djokovic, who've won a combined 35 Grand Slam titles. In fact, aside from Roddick and Agassi, no other American male player has reached a Grand Slam final since that 2003 U.S. Open.

As of June 2013, the highest-ranked U.S. male players were Sam Querrey at 19 and John Isner at 21. Neither has made

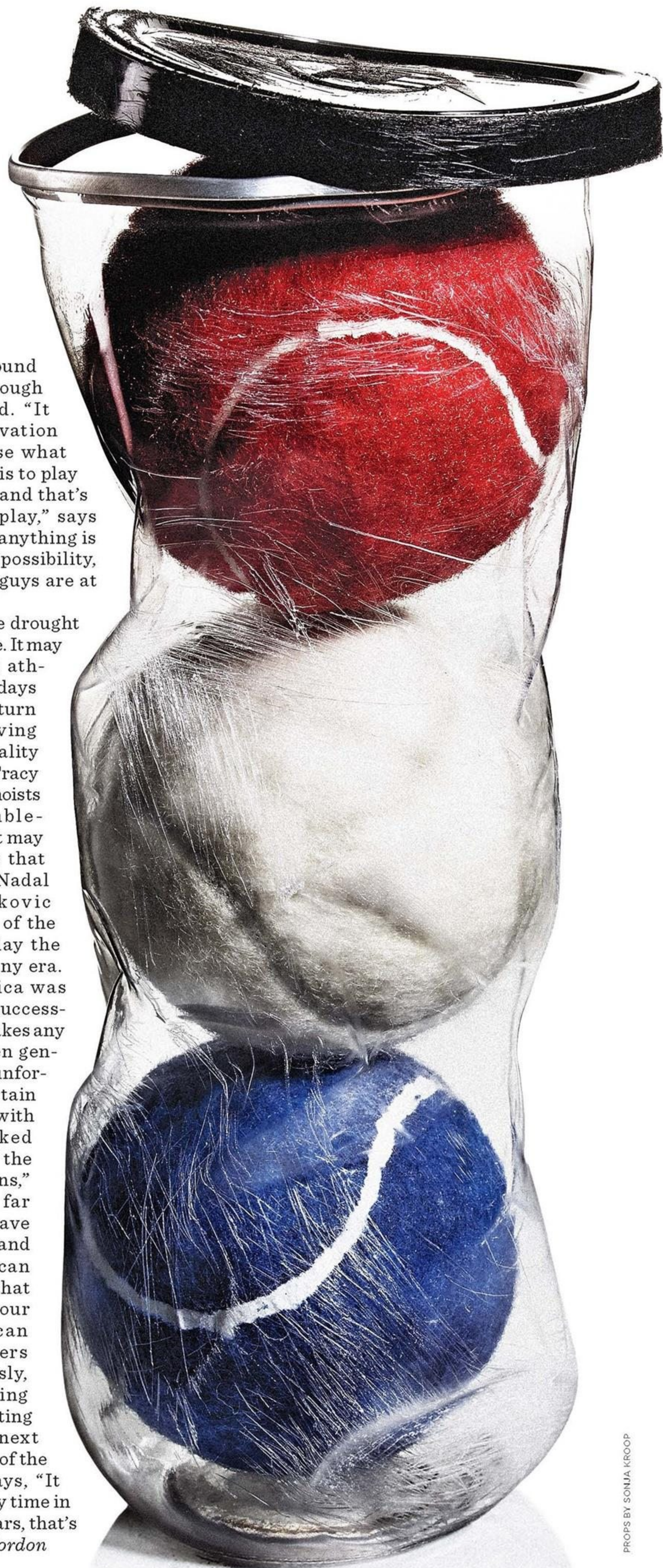
it past the fourth round of a Grand Slam, though they're undeterred. "It takes a lot of motivation going forth, because what you want to happen is to play against these guys, and that's the main reason I play," says Isner. "I don't think anything is outside the realm of possibility, but certainly those guys are at the top of the game."

The reasons for the drought aren't so easy to parse. It may be that elite young athletes eye bigger paydays in other sports and turn down tennis, depriving us of an alternate reality

.....
If anything, America was spoiled by so many successful players.
.....

in which Tracy McGrady hoists the Wimbledon cup. It may simply be that Federer, Nadal and Djokovic are three of the best to play the game in any era.

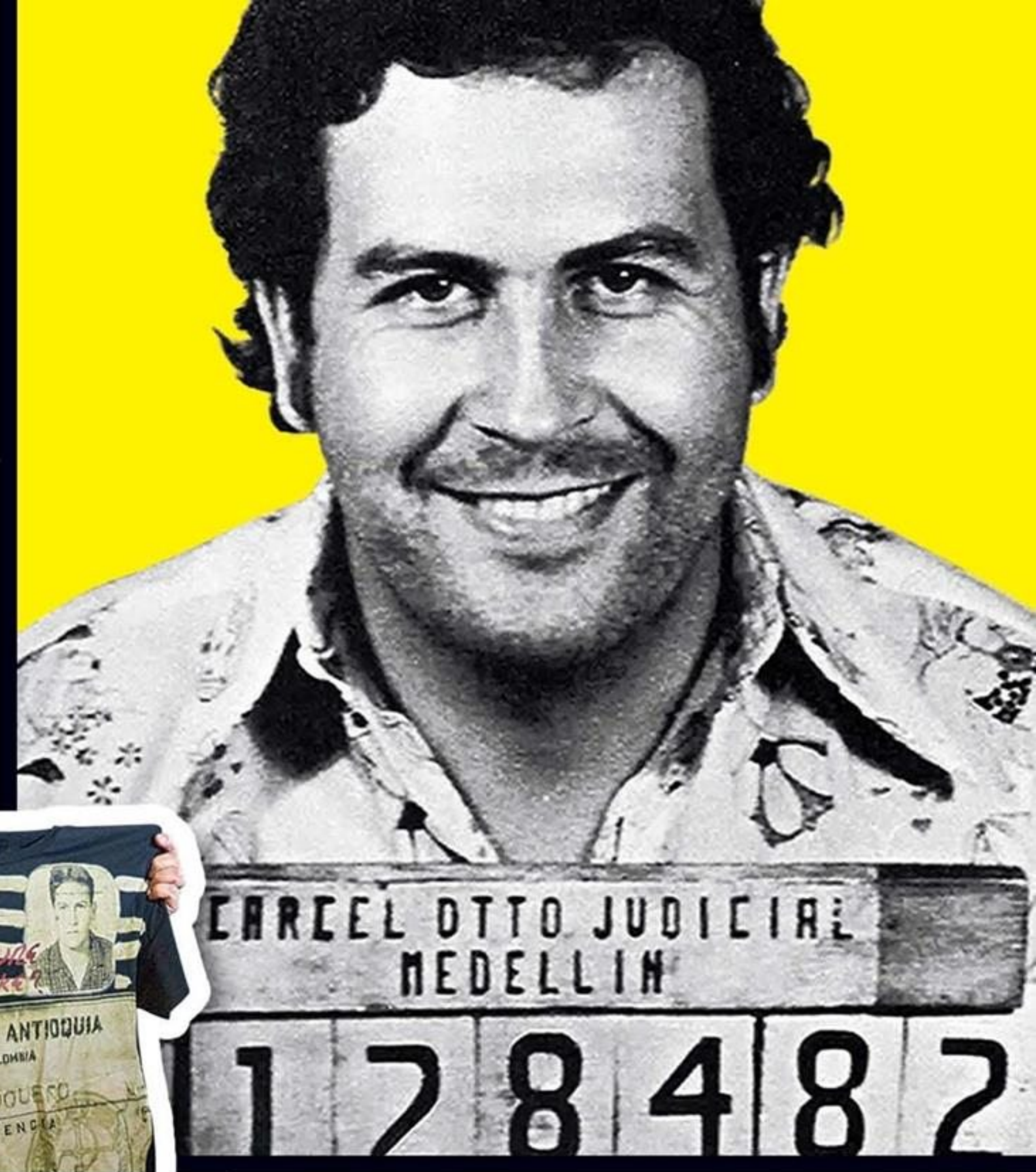
If anything, America was spoiled by so many successful players, which makes any comparison between generations extremely unforgiving. "There's a certain pressure that comes with being the top-ranked American or one of the top-ranked Americans," says Isner, "but as far as that goes, you have to try to tune it out and focus on what you can control." For fans, that means controlling our expectations. We can cheer for the players we do have—seriously, Isner's serve is a thing of beauty—while waiting and hoping for the next crop to enter the top of the field. As Gilbert says, "It probably won't be any time in the next couple of years, that's for sure."—Jeremy Gordon



DOPE FASHION

THE SON OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS DRUG KINGPIN IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS

• After soldiers killed Pablo Escobar, his only son changed his name and started a new life in Argentina. Now Sebastian Marroquin is back in Colombia, promoting Escobar Henao, a line of designer jeans with secret pockets and sleek T-shirts featuring his father's old IDs and bank ledgers inscribed with phrases—such as “Some investments never balance out. Do yours?”—meant to stir second thoughts about a life of crime. The result feels a bit like a design collaboration between Partnership for a Drug-Free America and a *Scarface* promotional team, which Marroquin says is the point. We caught up with him to talk about his controversial business and lessons learned from growing up with the world's biggest drug lord for a dad.—*Mary Cuddehe*



For years you were afraid to go back to Colombia. Now you're manufacturing Pablo Escobar T-shirts in Medellín. What happened?

→ My father's enemies killed each other; others were captured. Colombia is also safer—not a lot, but a little safer.

You had a successful career as an architect in Argentina. Why bother with clothes in Colombia?

→ The clothes tell a family story from a critical perspective. They're like an opinion column in textile form, inviting kids not to repeat my father's history. I also wanted to create jobs in my country and help prevent people from falling prey to violence and its lucrative temptations.

What has the reaction been?

→ It depends on whom you ask—one of thousands of families benefiting from my father's civic-housing programs or one of the victims of his bombs. Many love my father, and many hate him. Our company policy is not to sell clothes within Colombia out of respect for victims of the 1980s and 1990s violence. I'm not interested in profiting from that pain, even if it means ignoring the biggest Pablo Escobar market.

You sell in Mexico and Guatemala, two countries experiencing epic drug violence. Isn't that a contradiction?

→ Mexican mothers write to us, grateful for this project. They hope their kids see me as a living example that

they don't have to follow my father's footsteps.

Critics say that message is lost next to your father's photos.

→ It is contradictory; I understand that. We're talking about peace through someone who started a war. But no kid on earth had the opportunity I had to follow in my father's footsteps and become Escobar 2.0. I chose not to become like him. For 20 years I've had a peaceful, self-critical, reflexive attitude toward life, and it's from that place I share my experiences with young people. I'm not proud of the violence my father inflicted. So yes, I have plenty of authority to talk to young people about the dangers of that path.

And selling T-shirts was the best way to do this?

→ When you buy one you're buying a message of peace, and you're also helping Colombia. I don't want all the money for me. I like to share. I learned that from my father. I've already had the experience of being a millionaire. I don't want to be a millionaire twice.

What else did you learn from your father?

→ He used to tell me, “Loyalty is the fundamental condition for success. Never abandon the people who need your love and solidarity the most.” That's why we donate part of our proceeds.

How many shirts have sold?

→ A lot. [smiles] We keep the numbers confidential.



HERO WORSHIP

AN ARTIST CREATES INTIMATE MOMENTS BEHIND THE MASK

→ The Incredible Hulk rolling a joint. Wonder Woman admiring a vibrator. Even after 75 years of comic book publishing, the private moments of our most beloved superheroes remain more of a mystery than their secret identities. In his recent two-part series *The Secret Life of Heroes*—available

as individual prints (society6.com) and in an upcoming book—French artist Grégoire Guillemain explores what happens when heroes take off the mask. “At first I was going to make erotic images with flashy colors, but I did not find that very original,” explains Guillemain, a creative director and

strategic planner at a communications agency. “To represent iconic faces in such commonplace situations is surprising.” In large, colorful panels, Guillemain exposes Captain America chugging a beer, Spider-Man playing video games and Batman enjoying a cheeseburger. “The two characters who

are the most fun are Wonder Woman and Superman, because of their untouchable sides. But I have to say I take a lot of pleasure working on feline Catwoman,” Guillemain says, referring to a series that portrays Catwoman and Poison Ivy in a steamy bedroom scene. It's the sexier side of the Bat Cave we never saw.

EAST LONDON CALLING

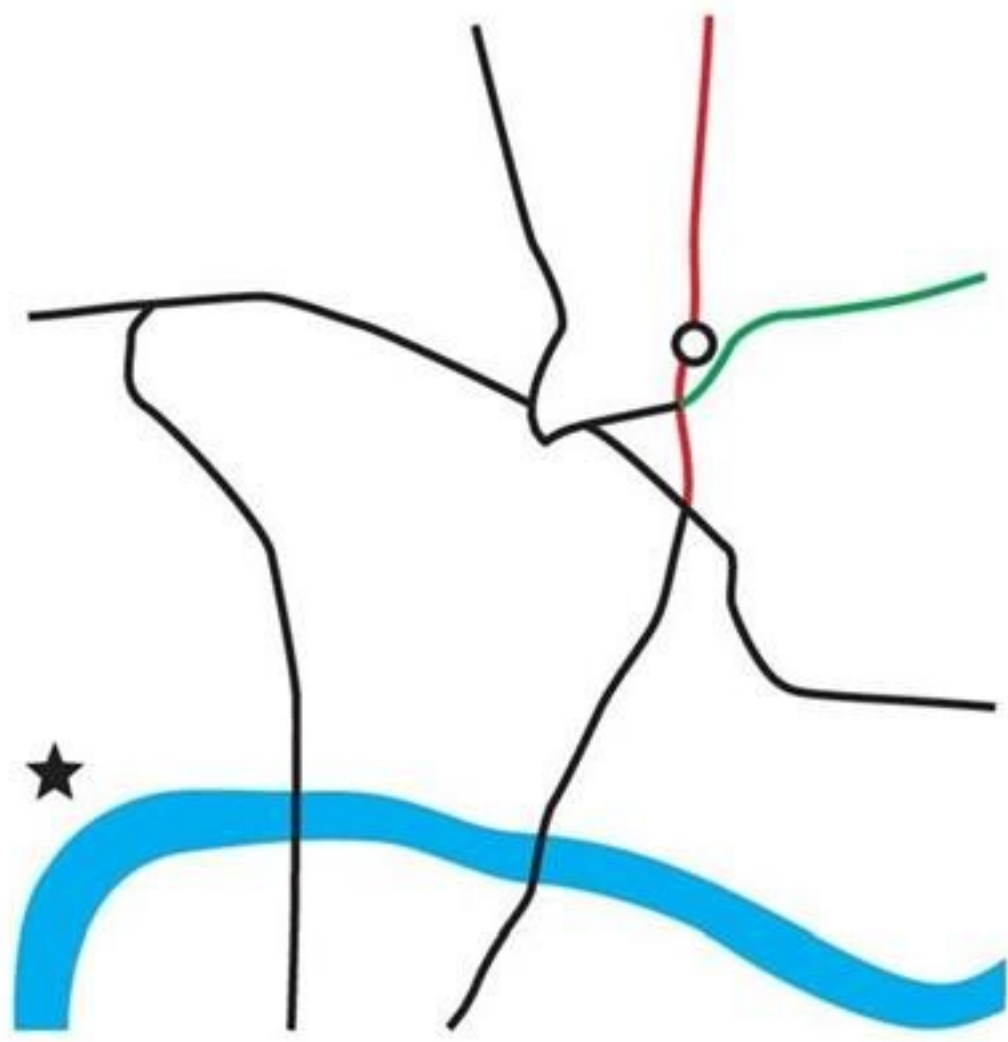
SHOREDITCH, HACKNEY, HOXTON AND DALSTON ARE SWINGING HARD

• Take to the graffiti-covered streets of Shoreditch on a rare sunny day and you'll find it heaving. This formerly down-on-its-heels neighborhood is ground zero for the revitalization of London's northeast corner.

Fight for a spot at the rooftop-terrace bar and restaurant at the Boundary hotel for sunset drinks and breathtaking views of the city. If it's a typically gray and drizzly afternoon, join the East London hipsters tucked under

blankets on the Aubin Cinema's velvet sofas and watch a movie with a bottle of wine.

Dressed-up down-market food is all the rage, so queue up for a Dead Hippie burger at Meat Mission in Hoxton Market or a wafer-thin crispbread pizza at Story Deli. East Londoners more concerned with the provenance of their food than the



- ★ London
- East London
- River Thames
- Hackney Road
- Kingsland Road



1. Meat Mission
2. The Boundary
3. Corner Room at Town Hall Hotel
4. Brawn
5. The Mayor of Scaredy Cat Town
6. 40 Winks

small, dimly lit spaces. For a bigger night out, Platform café—a bar and terrace on the second floor of a converted 1950s office building—is ready-made for dancing, drinking and thinking. The industrial space hosts film evenings, a supper club and poetry readings in case you're feeling artsy. Local creativity and innovation continue at Boxpark, a pop-up mall where shipping containers house concept shops, and at Goodhood and Labour and Wait, stores that give everyday objects from brooms to staplers a stylish makeover.

Looking to blend with trendsetting locals? Visit the original Religion store on Shoreditch High Street for distressed rock-and-roll-style gear. But when it comes to really dressing the part, the first rule is to wear whatever you want, because anything goes. That's the true spirit of East London. —Malika Dalamal

WHERE TO STAY

→ Interior designer David Carter's elaborately decorated four-story townhouse on Mile End Road doubles as a micro (as in only two rooms) hotel known as 40 Winks. For a full-service experience, there's the Boundary hotel, whose 12 rooms are themed after top contemporary and midcentury-modern designers. For longer stays, consider Town Hall Hotel, where many of the rooms have kitchens.



decor of the restaurant love Brawn on Columbia Road, a no-frills wine bar that serves seasonal shared plates and amazing charcuterie.

After dark, hit one of the underground speakeasies that dot the area. At the Mayor of Scaredy Cat Town, you enter through a Smeg refrigerator door in a diner. Alternates include Callooh Calloy, Worship Street Whistling Shop and the Nightjar, all of which serve exotic cocktails in

NEVER SLEEP

A DUSK-TO-DAWN ITINERARY

9:00 PM

DINNER AT PIZZA EAST

> This pizzeria from the Soho House group hosts a lively lineup of DJs on weekends.

10:00 PM

DRINKS AT LOUNGELOVER

> Once a meatpacking factory, now a hopping cocktail bar filled with wacky objects including a hippo head.

2:00 AM

DANCING AT DALSTON SUPERSTORE

> This straight-friendly gay club attracts Dalston hipsters and creative types.

6:00 AM

BRICK LANE BEIGEL BAKE

> Join the early-morning cabdrivers for a salt-beef bagel at this 24-hour shop that opened in 1977.

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A FINER DINER

THE GREASY SPOON GETS CLASSED UP

• The three words *breakfast all day* are enough to produce anticipatory goose bumps, especially at three A.M., after the bars close. Now young chefs across the country are dialing in the diner, using seasonal ingredients and putting creative spins on old favorites—from New York's Parm, where you can eat mozzarella sticks while drinking a beet-infused negroni, to Chicago's Little Goat Diner, where the eggs Benedict come with salt cod *brandade* and kimchi. Call it the rise of the gastro diner. We turned to San Francisco's excellent Citizen's Band for a smart take on breakfast hash. —*Lessley Anderson*

→ You know you're in a gastro diner when there's a bottle of sriracha next to the ketchup and mustard.



SWEET POTATO AND PORK BELLY HASH

Citizen's Band, San Francisco (serves two)

- 3 tbsp. olive oil
- ½ lb. slab pork belly, not pre-sliced, cut into 1-inch cubes (ask your butcher)
- 3 cups chicken broth
- 1 cup butternut squash, diced
- 1 cup garnet yam, diced
- 1 cup russet potato, diced
- ¼ cup yellow onion, diced
- 1 clove garlic, thinly sliced
- 1 tbsp. butter, melted
- 1 tsp. fresh sage, chopped
- salt and pepper
- 2 tbsp. honey
- 1 tbsp. molasses
- 4 eggs

• Heat one tablespoon olive oil in a frying pan and sear pork belly on all sides. Add chicken broth and bring to a boil. Reduce to a simmer and cook until pork belly is fork-tender. Add more chicken broth if necessary. Drain and set aside. Cover diced squash, yam and potato with water in a medium-large saucepan and boil until soft to the touch, about five minutes. Drain. Heat another frying pan to medium and add one tablespoon olive oil, then add onions and garlic. Cook until translucent, about five minutes. Reduce heat

and cook another five minutes. Add cooked squash, yams and potatoes and cook for another five minutes or until tender. Stir in butter and chopped sage. Season with salt and pepper. In a small bowl, mix honey and molasses and season with salt and pepper. Heat a nonstick skillet to medium and pour in one tablespoon olive oil. Crack eggs in the skillet and fry until done. To serve, place squash-yam-potato mixture in center of plate. Spoon honey-molasses blend onto the mixture. Top with fried eggs and braised pork belly cubes.

Photography by SATOSHI

STYLING BY VICTORIA GRANDOF

NEW

SUPER PLAYBOY

FOR HIM



PRESS TO PLAY



playboyfragrances.com

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DIRECTIONS

- 3 oz. prosecco
- 2 oz. Aperol
- Splash of soda water
- Fresh rosemary sprig
- Orange slice

Fill a stemmed wineglass with ice. Top with prosecco, Aperol and soda water. Stir with fresh rosemary sprig. Garnish with rosemary and orange.

Rosemary Aperol Spritz
 We added a sprig of earthy rosemary to make this the perfect cocktail to bridge summer and fall.

KILLER APERITIF

WHY YOU SHOULD DRINK LIKE AN ITALIAN THIS FALL

• We're all for a high-octane lowball of bourbon as a way to jump-start the evening, but sometimes you want to edge into the night (or game day) a little more slowly. Which is where the category of drinks known as aperitifs comes in. Nobody does them better than the seemingly never intoxicated Italians, whose brightly colored, low-alcohol liqueurs flavored with fruit, spices and other botanicals have recently become the darlings of American bartenders. Sure, you could mix them in any number of novel cocktails, but it's tough to beat Italy's beloved spritz, a refreshing, bracing drink made simply with prosecco and the spicy orange aperitif Aperol. Don't be afraid to play Italian barman yourself and sub in one of the other liqueurs on this page, according to your taste.

THE BITTER TRUTH

Alternatively called bitters or liqueurs, these Italian aperitifs can be sipped on the rocks with soda or mixed into more complicated cocktails.



1

APEROL

→ Flavored with herbs, spices and orange peel, this liqueur can add oomph to a white wine cocktail.



2

CAMPARI

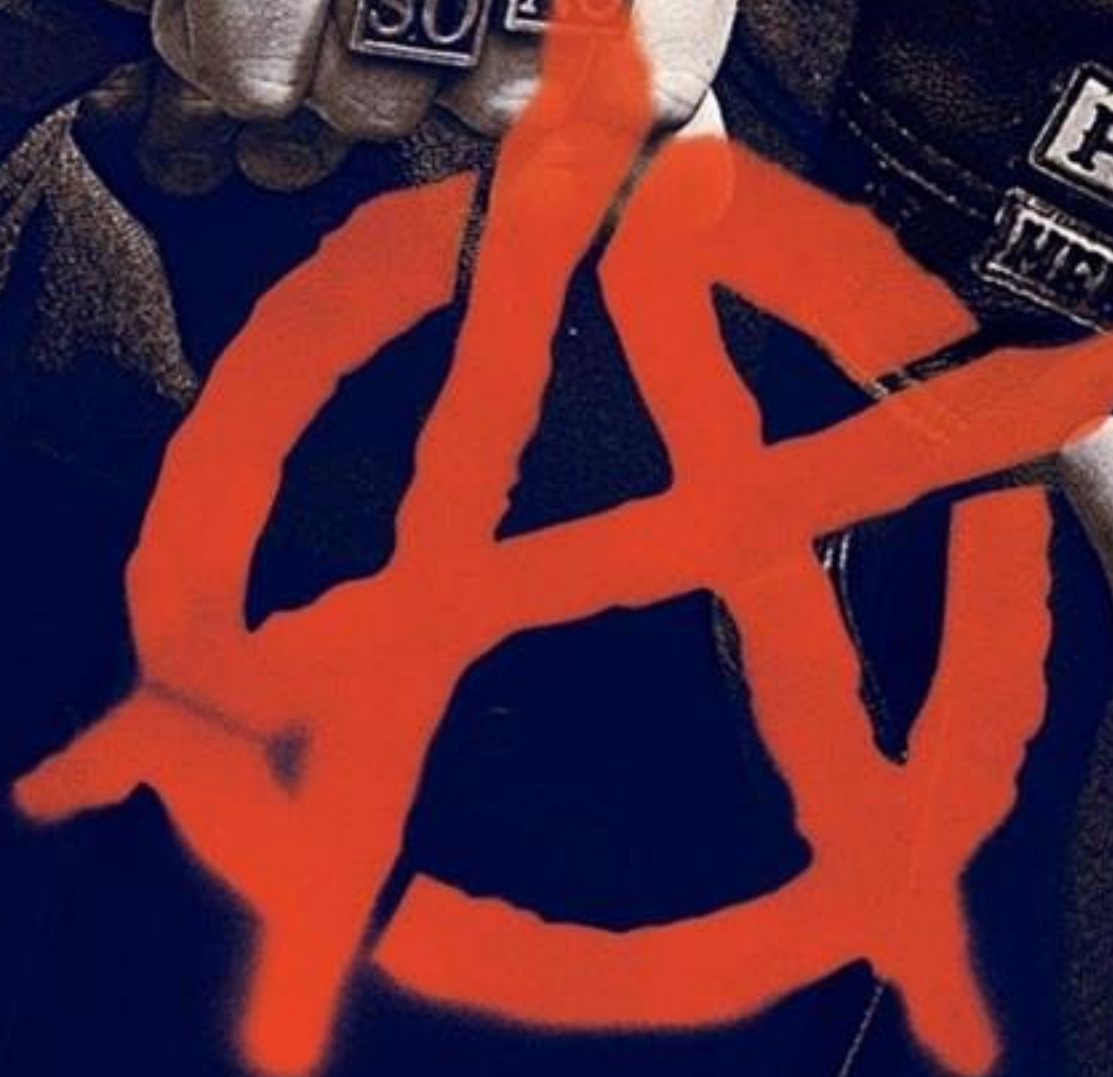
→ The perfect balance of bitter and sweet makes this a favorite mixer of bartenders. Try it in a classic negroni.



3

CYNAR

→ This artichoke-based liqueur tastes like herbaceous Coca-Cola and mixes well with bourbon.



SEPT 10
TUES 10
FX
FEARLESS



GIVE 'EM THE SLIP

FROM LOAFERS TO MOCS, THE SLIP-ON GETS HIP

• Between sneakers and dress shoes sits a neglected category of footwear that's making a comeback: the slip-on. And in this age of smart casual, it's a shoe that can serve you well when you wear the right style in the right setting: A python Gucci loafer can be the classy yet flashy foundation to a night out, a boat shoe moves from preppy to punk with slim jeans, and a driving moccasin lets you play Italian race-car driver on vacation. Here are the iconic styles and brands that have stood the test of time.

Luxe Loafer
 Gucci's timeless horse-bit loafer was launched in 1953. This python pair is thoroughly modern. \$990, mrporter.com



PENNY WISE

→ Take the Bass Weejun penny loafer to the mod side of style with black skinny jeans.



HIT THE DECK

→ Sperry Top-Siders are now available in a range of splashy colors and unexpected materials.



DRIVE, SHE SAID

→ The wraparound sole on Tod's driving moccasin will protect your car's carpet from wear and tear.

CREATIVE LOAFING

CLASSIC AND COOL SLIP-ONS THAT ARE BUILT TO LAST



paco rabanne



macys and macys.com
pacorabanne.com



BEARD SCIENCE

THE BEARD IS BACK. HERE'S HOW TO KEEP IT CLEAN AND MEAN

• With the beard boom officially out of control, it's time for a little correction. If your beard is bushy, don't expect anyone to take you seriously: Witness Zach Galifianakis and the nearest hipster barista. That said, well-groomed facial hair is now an acceptable style statement in the less-draconian corners of the professional world: A beard can highlight your best features or dress down a suit—that is, if you know how to keep it in check.



1.

Scruff Love

→ This three- to five-day stubble on Caleb Followill of Kings of Leon is the ideal length for most men: It accentuates the jawline and makes the cheekbones appear more prominent.

2.



Hamm It Up

→ Jon Hamm shows how a full beard should look: The neck, mouth and cheek areas are trim and neat.

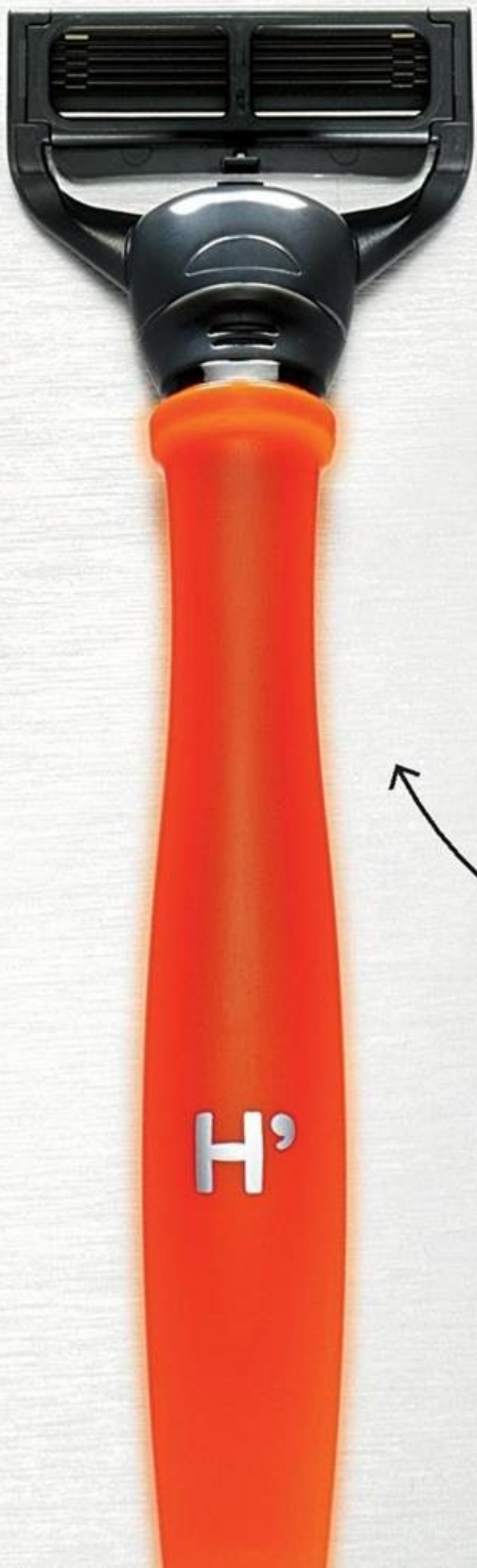
3.



Strike Out

→ Fans of former Giants pitcher Brian Wilson chanted, "Fear the beard"—as you should when it's bigger than your head.

HIRSUTE YOURSELF



LUBE UP

• Jack Black Beard Lube is transparent, which makes it ideal for trimming the edges of beards, sideburns and mustaches.

\$11



DA BALM

• Beard Scent from Jao is like a moisturizing perfume for your beard. It also doubles as a skin and cuticle moisturizer.

\$28



OIL CHANGE

• Brooklyn Grooming's beard oil is made with hemp seed, sesame and argan oils and will keep your beard soft and sleek.

\$29



SOAP STAR

• Hudson Made's shaving soap (the old-school kind you whisk into a froth with a brush) can also be used as a beard shampoo.

\$25



RAZOR'S EDGE

• From the guy behind Warby Parker, Harry's mail-order grooming products look good and are priced competitively (two bucks per replacement blade). Use the Truman razor to keep your beard shipshape.

\$10

Photography by SATOSHI

NEW



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#TASTEIS



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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

PRISONERS

By Stephen Rebello

• In this gritty nail-biter, Jake Gyllenhaal plays a city detective and Hugh Jackman is a small-town carpenter who goes full vigilante when his six-year-old daughter and her best friend are abducted. The drama, directed by Denis Villeneuve and also featuring Paul Dano, Maria Bello, Viola Davis and Terrence Howard, sounds like *Taken* meets *Reservation Road*, but Jackman and Gyllenhaal promise there's much more to *Prisoners*. "It's going to stir many emotions, but there's also a thriller-whodunit aspect to it," says Jackman. "The clincher for me was the battle of the wills and wits between Jake's character and mine. Working with him was like a great tennis match. That kind of chemistry is almost impossible



to manufacture." Gyllenhaal previously starred in Villeneuve's as yet unreleased *An Enemy*. "We all love movies about people taking revenge, and most of the time the vengeance doesn't have much of a consequence," says Gyllenhaal. "This movie is an emotional roller coaster

and a puzzle that engages your mind while it looks at how revenge begets more revenge. There's a scene where I've caught Hugh's character doing something suspicious and I push and question him until he really breaks. It made me wish we had more scenes together."



WRIGHT AND WRONG

DIRECTOR EDGAR WRIGHT TAKES FILMGOERS TO *THE WORLD'S END*

Q: In *The World's End*, Simon Pegg and Nick Frost play two of five friends who hook up after 20 years for a night of pub-crawling. Killer robots intervene. Why this film?

A: I come from a small English town, and one of the themes of this movie is "I'm from here and I don't belong here anymore." We play on the idea of the film being a sort

of *American Graffiti* that picks up on those guys 20 years later.

Q: After making what's called the Blood and Ice Cream trilogy of *Shaun of the Dead*, *Hot Fuzz* and *The World's End*, how have you, Simon and Nick most changed?

A: *Shaun of the Dead* is about a guy about to turn 30 who has to start taking responsibility. In this one, our hero, played by Simon, is trying to do the opposite: drag his adult friends back into a more juvenile, hedonistic existence. When I first met Simon and Nick they were living together as roommates. Now they're both husbands and fathers. It's about

growing up and growing apart from friends.

Q: What is the flavor of this current Ice Cream installment?

A: It's mint. The idea of naming the films after ice cream flavors is a silly joke. We have ice cream in the first movie, and once we got free ice cream after the premiere of *Shaun*, we decided to write it into the second and third ones as well.

Q: How are this movie and *Shaun of the Dead* bookends?

A: In *Shaun* it's not Shaun's fault that the zombie apocalypse is happening, and it's not his job to save the world. In *The World's End* it might be the fault of one of our characters that these events are happening.

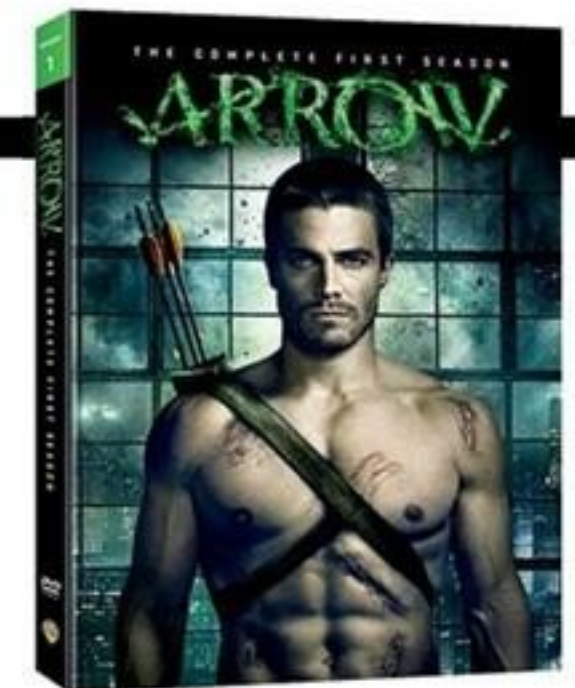
Q: If you took photos of moviegoers coming out of a showing of *The World's End*, which would you Instagram?

A: A person who is smiling but also slightly teary-eyed.—S.R.

DVD OF THE MONTH

ARROW: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

By Greg Fagan

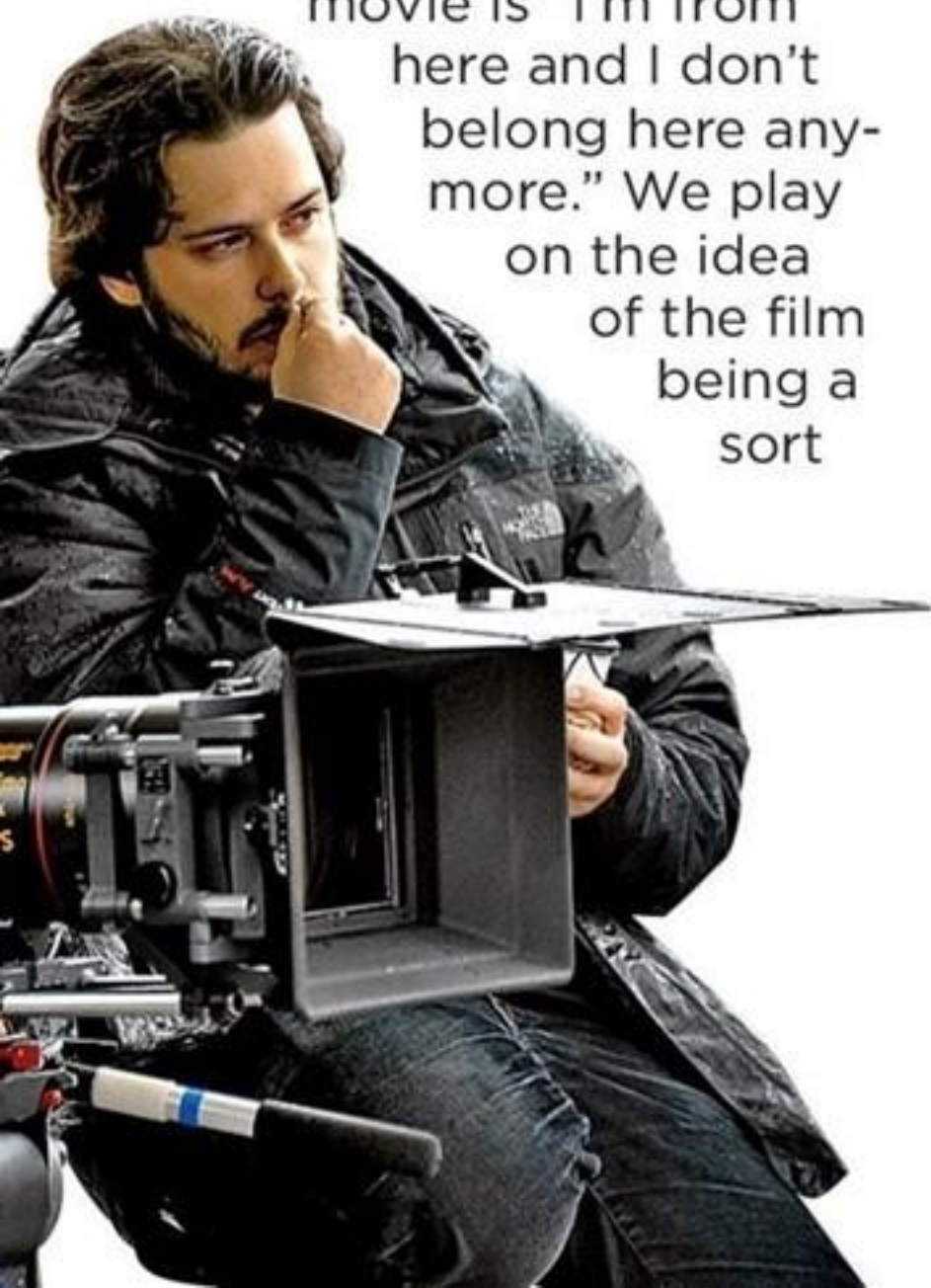


• Although beloved by DC Comics fans, Green Arrow resides down the bench from Superman and Batman. *Arrow's* Oliver Queen (Stephen Amell) doesn't arrive as a fully formed hero in this CW gem: He's back after years of being stranded on an island, where he transformed into a martial artist and master archer. Known only as the Hood or the Vigilante, he honors his father's dying wish by targeting crooked corporate titans while also reconnecting with his ex. Watching him right decades of wrongs hits the bull's-eye. **Best extras:** The *Fight School* and *Stunt School* featurettes remind you not to try this at home. ★★★½

TEASE FRAME

Natalie Dormer

→ *Game of Thrones'* Margaery Tyrell, played by Natalie Dormer (pictured), has layers, but we like when she sheds them. See Dormer next rev up Ron Howard's Formula One action movie *Rush*.



GAME OF THE MONTH

SPLINTER CELL: BLACKLIST

By Jason Buhrmester

• The world's terrorists are fed up with the war on terror thanks to the U.S. military's presence in two thirds of all countries. A new terrorist supergroup forms to execute the Blacklist, an escalating series of violent acts. *Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell: Blacklist* (360, PC, PS3) finds special agent Sam Fisher in charge of a covert military group awarded with the rumored Fifth Freedom—a license to eliminate the threat by any means necessary. Fisher is also equipped with an array of guns and gadgets such as tiny drones, snake cams and sticky bombs for taking down terrorists from Chicago to Rwanda. Stealth kills are best, but if the situation explodes, the game's new "killing in motion" controls help Fisher eliminate enemies while on the run. It's worth adding to your game collection if only for Spies vs. Mercs, an intense online multiplayer mode and fan favorite. 🐞🐞🐞🐞



PAYDAY 2

→ Like LinkedIn for crooks, CrimeNet is used to make contacts and find heists ranging from jewelry stores to banks. Be the mastermind, technician, ghost or enforcer, but remember: Hostages are worth more alive, so choose your crew carefully and keep them in check. (360, PC, PS3)



SAINTS ROW 4

→ This series follows the Third Street Saints' rise from small-time gang to rulers of the free world. The latest sequel finds the Saints faced with an alien invasion in a raunchy sci-fi parody. Humor has kept the *Saints* games fresh, so unleash the dubstep gun and don't take it seriously. (360, PC, PS3)

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

NO AGE

By Rob Tannenbaum



• There's a French phrase, *jolie laide*, that describes women who are beautiful despite having unconventional or irregular features usually thought to be ugly: Björk, for instance, is *jolie laide*, as is Tilda Swinton. To that category we add the new No Age record, *An Object*.

The L.A. duo of gui-

tarist Randy Randall and drummer-singer Dean Spunt (their names sound like Marvel characters) is inspired by punk rock, but the two combine drone notes, hazy feedback, buzzing mosquito riffs and choppy rhythms into something far more mysterious and askew than, say, Green Day's

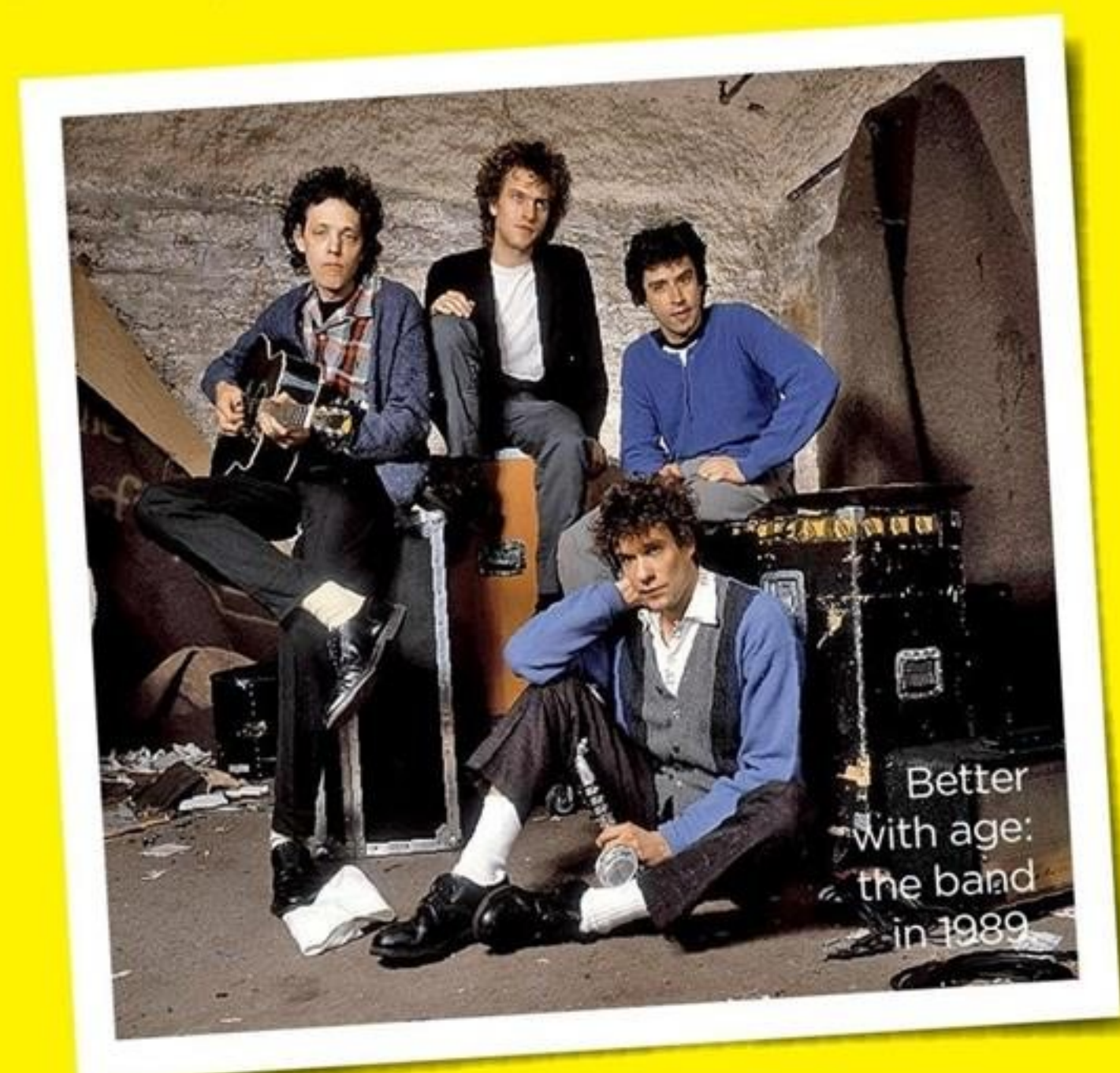
simplistic attacks. Spunt's frayed voice and fragmented lyrics can be unsettling, but through the polluted haze you hear moments of beauty and purity. On highlights such as "C'mon, Stimmung" and "Circling With Dizzy," No Age invites you to feel comfortable within chaos. 🐞🐞

- The - REPLACEMENTS

BACK ON TOUR AFTER 22 YEARS—AND THEY STILL "ROCK LIKE MURDER"

→ In late August and September the Replacements will play their first shows in more than 20 years, and some of us are delirious to see them again. Their gift for mayhem is legendary: the night guitarist Bob Stinson wore a diaper onstage, the time

they played a 20-minute version of "Louie Louie." But their appeal went far beyond defiance. Singer Paul Westerberg wrote spirited and funny songs about yearning, resentment and misery. "We still rock like murder," he vows. See 'em and you'll understand.—R.T.



Better With age: the band in 1989

7

MUST-SEE FALL TV SHOWS

By Josef Adalian

1

SLEEPY HOLLOW

→ It's *Once Upon a Time* for dudes on Fox as a resurrected Ichabod Crane finds himself in the 21st century fighting the Headless Horseman and other mystical bad guys with the help of a small-town detective. Crazy? Absolutely. Ridiculously fun? That too.

2

THE CRAZY ONES

→ Robin Williams returns to TV as an advertising guru, starring alongside Sarah Michelle Gellar and *Mad Men*'s James Wolk in a half-hour CBS comedy-drama from David E. Kelley. It may go downhill after the premiere, but for now, set your DVR.



3

HOSTAGES

• The premise of this CBS drama is every bit as cheesy as you'd expect from a Jerry Bruckheimer production: A secretly evil FBI agent (Dylan McDermott) threatens to kill the family of a doctor (Toni Collette) unless she finds a way to murder the president

during surgery. But writer-director Jeffrey Nachmanoff (*Homeland*, *Chicago Fire*) fills almost every minute of this thriller with unexpected tension and intelligent twists, while McDermott is awesome to behold as a sort of Jack Bauer from the dark side.

THE MICHAEL J. FOX SHOW

4

• Fox riffs on his own life, playing a husband-dad-TV anchor with Parkinson's who returns to work after a long absence. Amazingly, this NBC show is never maudlin—just funny and sweet and a great showcase for Fox's comic chops.



5

THE BLACKLIST

→ James Spader is at his smarmy best as a criminal genius who suddenly wants to help the feds collar bad guys, or at least those on his personal shit list. Figuring out his motives (and why he demands to be partnered with a rookie FBI agent) makes this NBC show more than the standard procedural.

6

THE GOLDBERGS

→ ABC, the network that gave us *The Wonder Years* and *Happy Days*, once again finds humor in the past, traveling back to the 1980s for a sweet and funny family comedy. While the show is sometimes as loud as the decade's fashions, Jeff Garlin and Wendi McLendon-Covey are perfect as overbearing parents.

7

RAKE

→ Former talk-show host (*Later*) turned movie actor Greg Kinnear returns to TV on Fox as a very smart but deeply, deeply flawed attorney with addictions to gambling, hookers and who knows what else. Produced by Peter Tolan (*Rescue Me*), *Rake* has a twisted humor. Thanks to Kinnear, it's much more than a pale imitation of *House*.

THREE TO AVOID



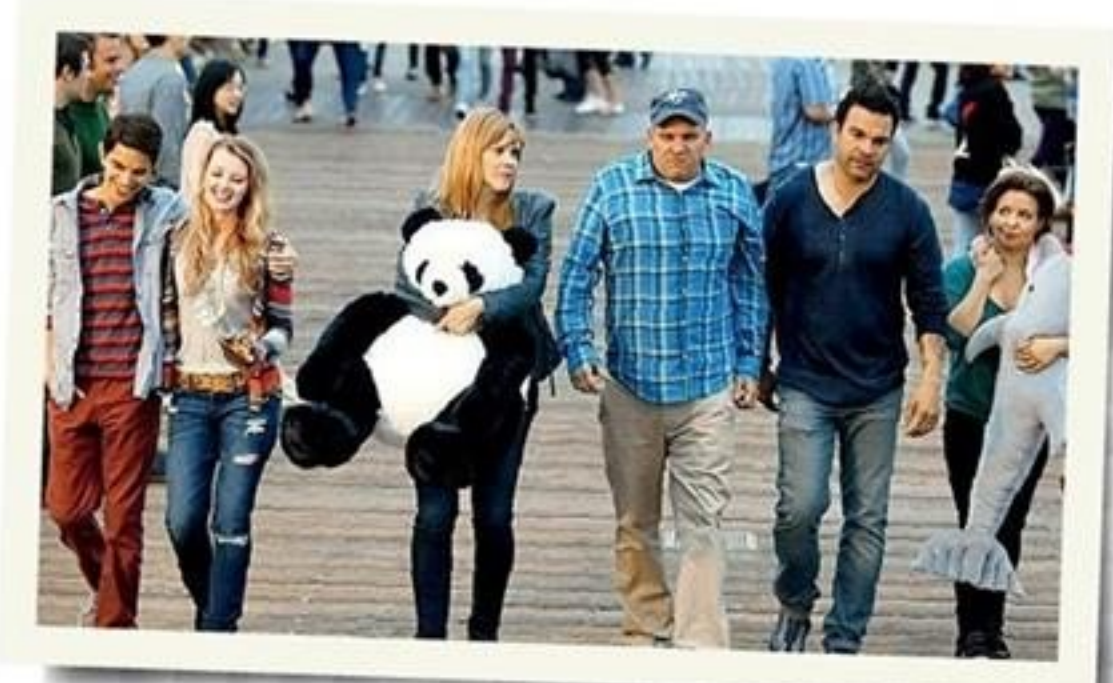
SUPER FUN NIGHT

→ Talented Rebel Wilson is completely wasted in a shockingly lame ABC non-comedy about geeky girls who just want to have fun but don't know how. The opposite of *Pitch Perfect*.



WE ARE MEN

→ Four guys living in an apartment complex bursting with hot single women should be in paradise, but everyone on this CBS show comes off as bitter or mean. We were bored.



WELCOME TO THE FAMILY

→ When a college-bound Latino teen knocks up his not-so-smart white girlfriend, two very different families try to deal with what comes next, on NBC. Hilarity does not come next.



Unilever

KEEP YOUR COOL

NEW AXE BLACK CHILL



RUB THE CUBE. →
GET THE CHILL.





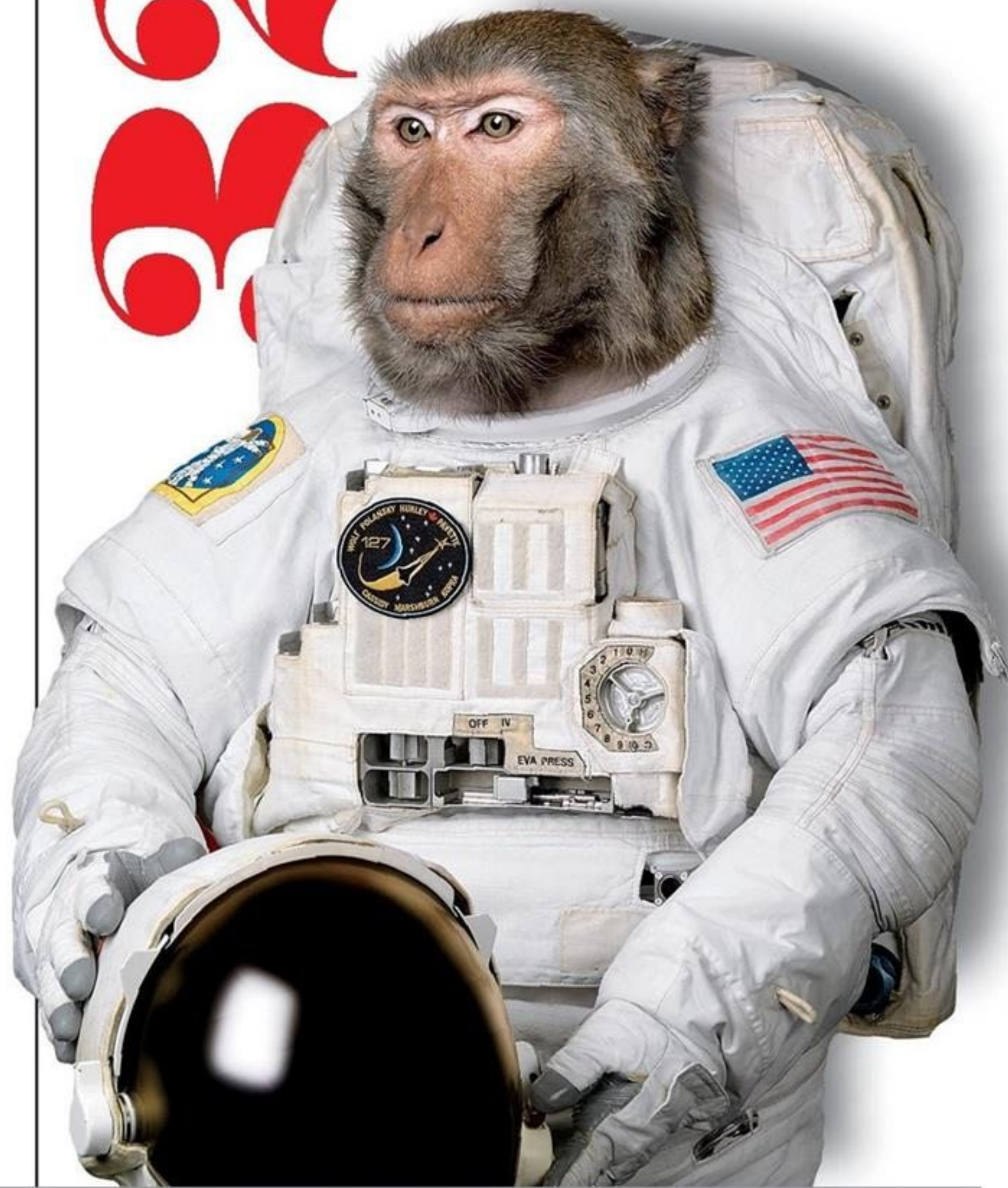
• Netflix accounts for

33
percent

of all North American internet traffic between nine P.M. and midnight.

• A total of

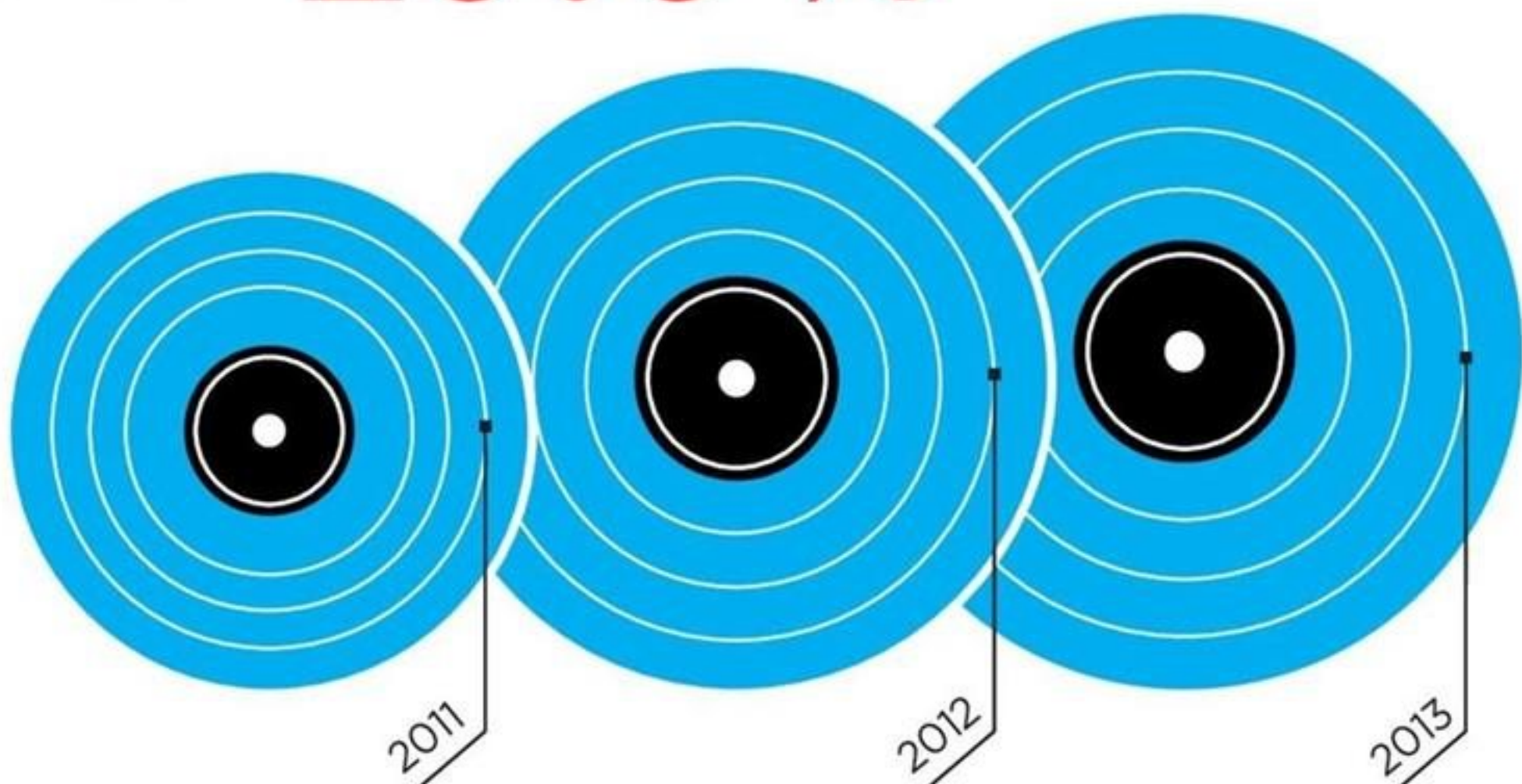
3 monkeys
have been launched into space.



• Vinyl record sales have increased

17.7%

since 2011.



JANUARY 2013



• Month it became legal for women in Paris to wear pants.



• The Federal Aviation Administration's ban on electronics during take-off and landing will deprive passengers of

105
million hours
of gadget usage.

\$1.9

million

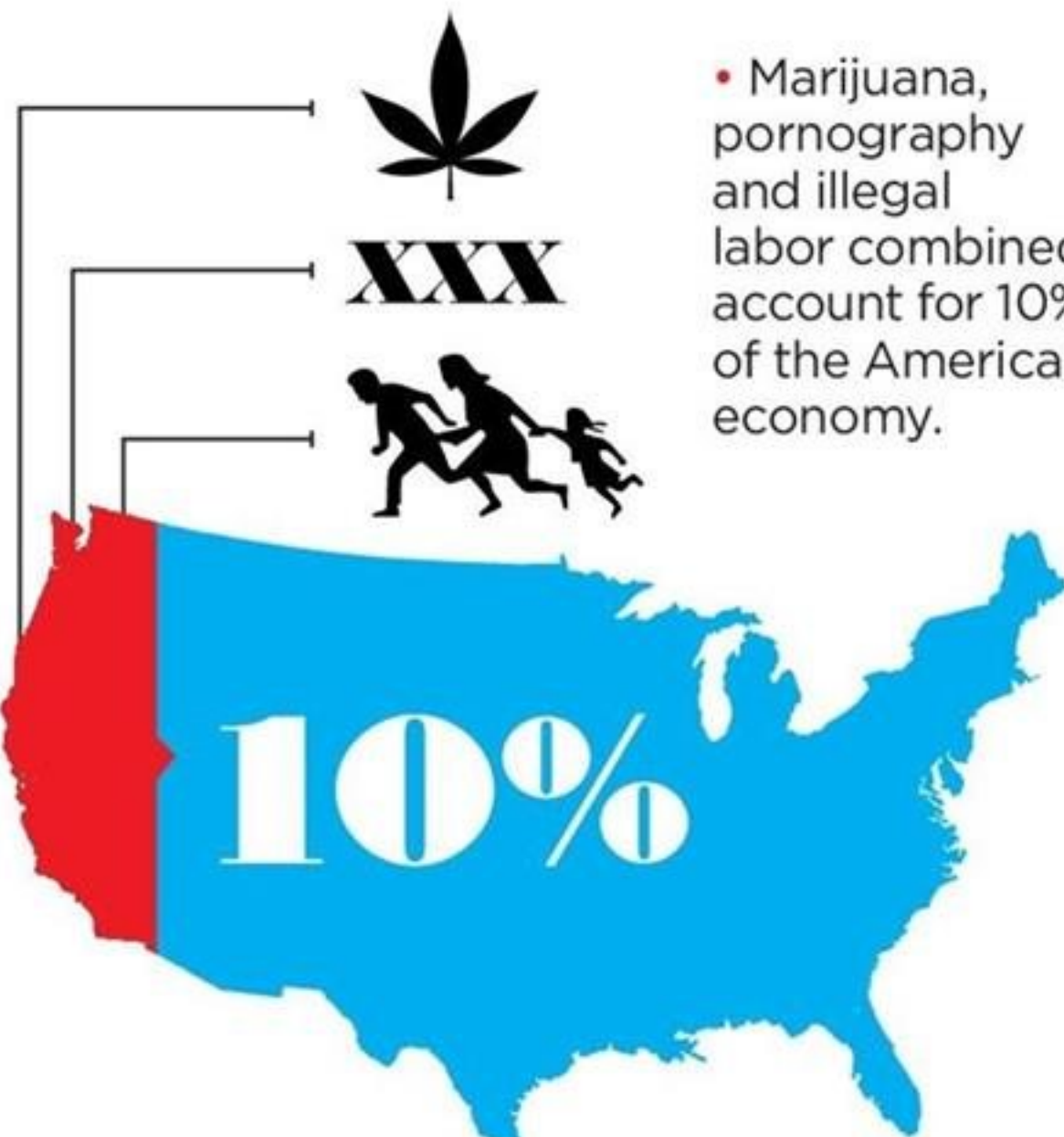


• Amount a nude painting of Bea Arthur of *Golden Girls* fame by John Currin recently sold for at a Christie's auction.

• Month gay marriage became legal in France:

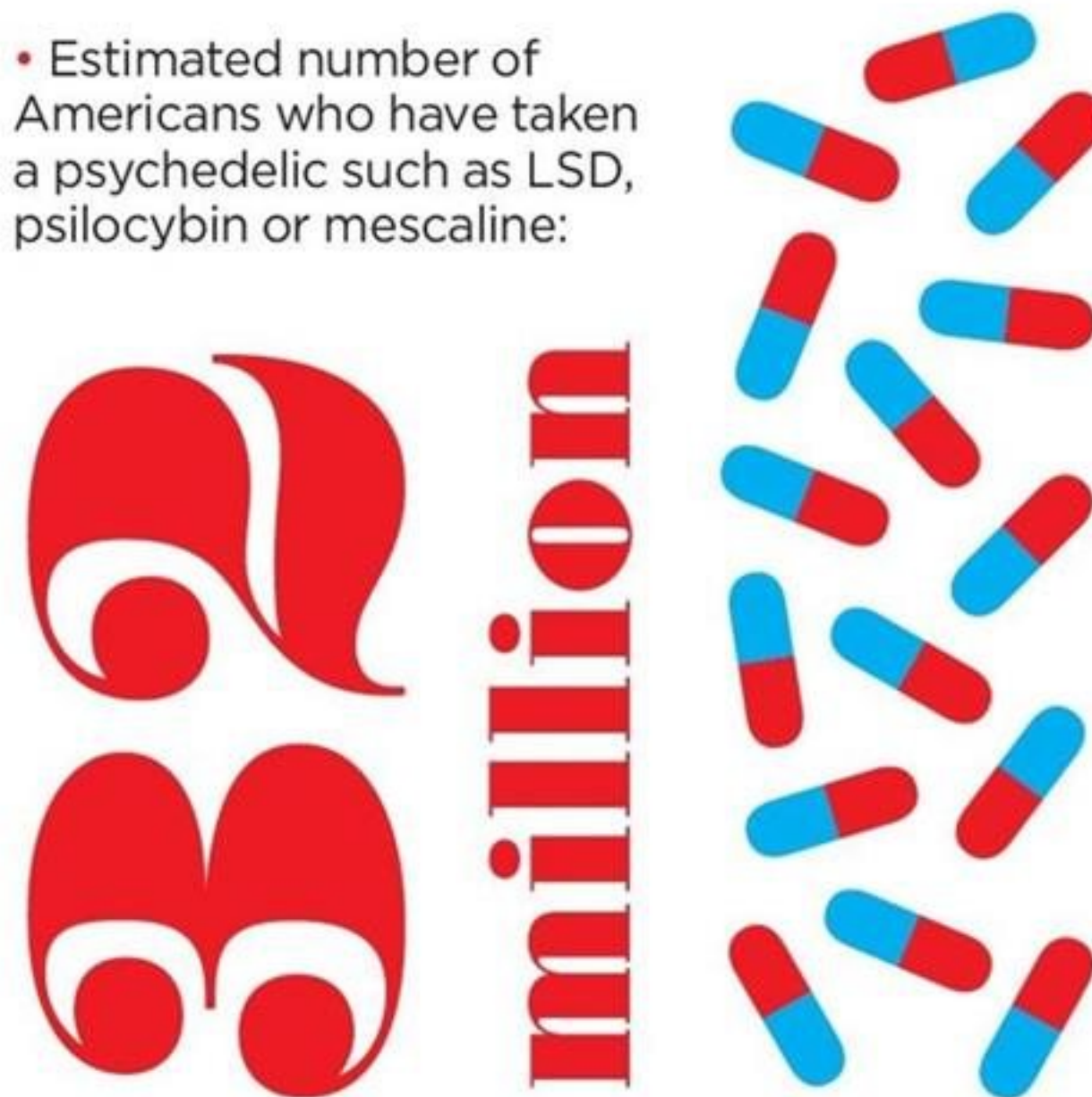


MAY 2013



• Marijuana, pornography and illegal labor combined account for 10% of the American economy.

• Estimated number of Americans who have taken a psychedelic such as LSD, psilocybin or mescaline:



Released to the Public: Bags of Vintage Buffalo Nickels

*Historic 1920-1938 "Buffalos"
by the Pound*



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\$49

plus shipping
& handling

Actual size
is 21.2 mm

**FREE Stone Arrowhead
with every bag**



2013 marks the 100th anniversary of an American Classic: the Buffalo Nickel. To honor this milestone, New York Mint is releasing to the public bags of original U.S. government Buffalo Nickels not seen in circulation for decades. Now they can be acquired for a limited time only—not as individual collector coins, but by weight—just \$49 for a full Quarter-Pound Bag.

100% Valuable Collector Coins— GUARANTEED!

Every bag will be filled with collectible vintage Buffalos from over 70 years ago, GUARANTEED ONE COIN FROM EACH OF THE FOLLOWING SERIES (dates our choice):

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- 1930-1938—The Buffalo’s Last Decade
- Mint Marks (P,D, and S)
- ALL Collector Grade Very Good Condition

• FREE Stone Arrowhead with each bag

Every vintage Buffalo Nickel you receive will be a coveted collector coin—GUARANTEED! Plus, order a gigantic full Pound bag and you’ll

also receive a vintage Liberty Head Nickel (1883-1912), a valuable collector classic!

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Millions of these vintage Buffalo Nickels have worn out in circulation or been recalled and destroyed by the government. Today, significant quantities can often only be found in private hoards and estate collections. As a result, these coins are becoming more sought-after each day. In fact, the market price for Buffalo Nickels increased 76% from October 2002 to October 2012.

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FREE Stone Arrowhead
\$79 + s/h **SAVE \$19**

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and Liberty Head Nickel
\$149 + s/h **SAVE \$47**



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MEAN AND GREEN

WITH THREE MOTORS AND 887 HORSEPOWER, PORSCHE'S NEW 918 HYBRID REINVENTS THE WHEEL

• Ever since Porsche's 918 Spyder debuted as a concept in 2010, it has been one of the most anticipated machines in years. This month, the all-wheel-drive, 202 mph plug-in hybrid sports car goes into production. The company is calling it "the gene pool for the Porsche sports cars of the future." We're calling it gorgeous. Developed on the track, this customer car has three engines: a mid-mounted 608 hp 4.6-liter V8, as well as two electric motors, one on each axle. In hybrid mode, gas and electric power work together (as in a hybrid car) for overall efficiency during your commute. In sport-hybrid and race-hybrid modes, the electric motors provide extra boost, for a total of 887 hp and a zero-to-60 blast in less than three seconds. Bonus: The rear wheels turn three degrees for quicker cornering. Expect to see the 918 on the road this winter. Its price tag: \$845,000.

STATS

- 608 hp 4.6-liter V8
- Two electric motors, 887 hp in sport- and race-hybrid modes
- Price: \$845,000



BATTERIES INCLUDED

LOTUS EVORA 414E HYBRID CONCEPT

→ Nothing handles like a Lotus. Now imagine a plug-in hybrid Lotus with two electric motors, one powering each rear wheel. Holy torque boost!



THROTTLING INTO THE ERA OF THE HIGH-PERFORMANCE HYBRID

AUDI R8 E-TRON CONCEPT

→ You may recognize this ride as Tony Stark's car in *Iron Man 3*. Audi loaded a lipstick-red R8 with its World Endurance Championship-dominating e-tron hybrid racing tech.



LAFERRARI

→ Leave it to Ferrari to go over the top. This roughly \$1.7 million automobile, due out next year, has a 6.3-liter V12 and an electric motor to deliver a total of 963 hp and a top speed of 219 mph.



MCLAREN P1

→ Less expensive than the LaFerrari at a cool \$1.15 million, the P1 (due in 2014) is about as quick (top speed: 217 mph), with a 3.8-liter twin-turbo V8 and an electric motor. Which ride is prettier? Your call.



ON THE ROAD

DON'T LET TRAFFIC STOP YOU FROM COMMUTING IN STYLE

1

SPEED READING

• Your grandpa listened to books on tape in the car. Here's the modern equivalent: digital books from Amazon's Audible.com. Say you're reading a book on your Kindle or iPad at home, when it's time to head to work. Via the cloud, Audible marks where you left off. Plug your device into the car, and it picks up as an audiobook so you can listen as you drive. After work, grab a beer and continue reading as before. Still, certain books are most entertaining when you listen all the way through: Keith Richards's swashbuckling autobiography, *Life*, narrated by Johnny Depp; *Hamlet* read by the cast of the BBC production; and David Sedaris's latest page-turner, *Let's Explore Diabetes With Owls*, read by Sedaris himself.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY LARRY JOST
PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HARKNESS



OFFICE SPACE

• Tapping out e-mails and text messages behind the wheel is downright dangerous. While carmakers such as BMW and Ford have marketed systems that dictate text messages using speech recognition, here's the latest: Apple has announced an app called iOS In the Car (out this fall) that allows your iPhone to essentially colonize your ride's communications system. The familiar ways of text messaging and web searching via voice command on your iPhone are integrated with the car speakers and digital screens, so your cockpit becomes an office that functions entirely by voice command and is synced to your address books. Carmakers from Jaguar to Ferrari to Kia are hopping onboard.



MUSCLE CAR

• In the future, your car will drive itself to the office while you get your workout with a built-in back-seat weight machine and vitamin bar. Still, you can slip in some body sculpting at the wheel now. We polled several personal trainers, who came up with the following regimen: Start by placing your seat as upright as possible and clenching your gut for 15-second intervals. Five sets on your way to work and five on the return trip, and you can say good-bye to your spare tire. At traffic lights, press both hands to the roof and hold for a firm count of 15. Five sets later, you'll feel the burn in your shoulders. If some swerving soccer mom cuts you off, dilute the road rage with yoga-style deep breathing. It's better than flipping the bird to a carload of 10-year-olds.



GAME ON

• With 24.4 million subscribers, SiriusXM satellite radio is well into the mainstream. SiriusXM's app, however, brings a new level of on-demand functionality. Plug your phone or tablet into your car and use the app to choose the content you want to hear. Listen to, pause or rewind any live NFL, NBA or NHL game; Formula One, NASCAR or IndyCar race; even PGA golf tournaments and horse races. Rather than tuning in to *The Howard Stern Show* live, you have your choice of past episodes. And get this, football fans: You can choose the broadcast you want. Say the Cowboys are playing the Eagles. You can listen to the Dallas or Philly home broadcast. It's all queued up on demand. Getting stuck in gridlock has never been this much fun.



CHARLES AGAPIOU
Charles Agapiou, Ltd.

ROCKIN' ROLLS

HOW TO BUY A CLASSIC ROLLS-ROYCE FOR UNDER \$30K

→ Charlie Agapiou was a mechanic working the pits for Carroll Shelby's team of Ford GT racing cars in 1966 when Ford became the first American automaker to win the 24 Hours of Le Mans. Since the 1970s he has run Charles Agapiou, Ltd., now on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood, specializing in used Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars. Who better to ask for advice on how to get into a cool Rolls for under \$30K? "The Rolls-Royce has always been the most luxurious car in the world," he says, "the pride of Britain and the envy of the world." First: Hunt for the right model. Agapiou suggests a 1976 to 1980 Silver Shadow Series II or Silver Wraith Series II, or a 1981 to 1998 Silver Spirit or Silver Spur. Second: Buy the car from a shop with a history of selling Rolls-Royces, such as Vantage Motorworks in North Miami (vantagedmotorworks.com) or Agapiou's own shop (rollsandbentley.com). Finally, don't blow your wad. A car like this will require a yearly maintenance budget. "That's why these cars are for sale at an affordable price in the first place," Agapiou says. "People buy them and can't maintain them, so they go back on the market." Expect to drop at least \$5K in maintenance per year. But it'll be worth it. Hey, that's how you Rolls.

FLASK FORWARD

WITH HIP HIP FLASKS LIKE THESE, YOU CAN SKIP THE LONG LINES AT THE STADIUM OR BAR

1. THE COPPER AGE

→ Hand hammered and soldered by craftsmen at a 200-year-old American company, this nine-ounce flask has a hot-tinned interior to protect the copper from corrosion. Over time the exterior will develop a handsome patina.

2. BLUE STEEL

→ Stanley is better known for its insulated carafes seen on job sites across the country. But its burly eight-ounce flask is strictly for after hours. The slim profile keeps your precious cargo on the downlow.

3. SILVER FOX

→ British firm Wentworth makes hundreds of flasks with ornate engravings. Our favorite is this dashing minimalist classic four-ounce pewter flask. Ideal as a backup bar at more formal affairs.

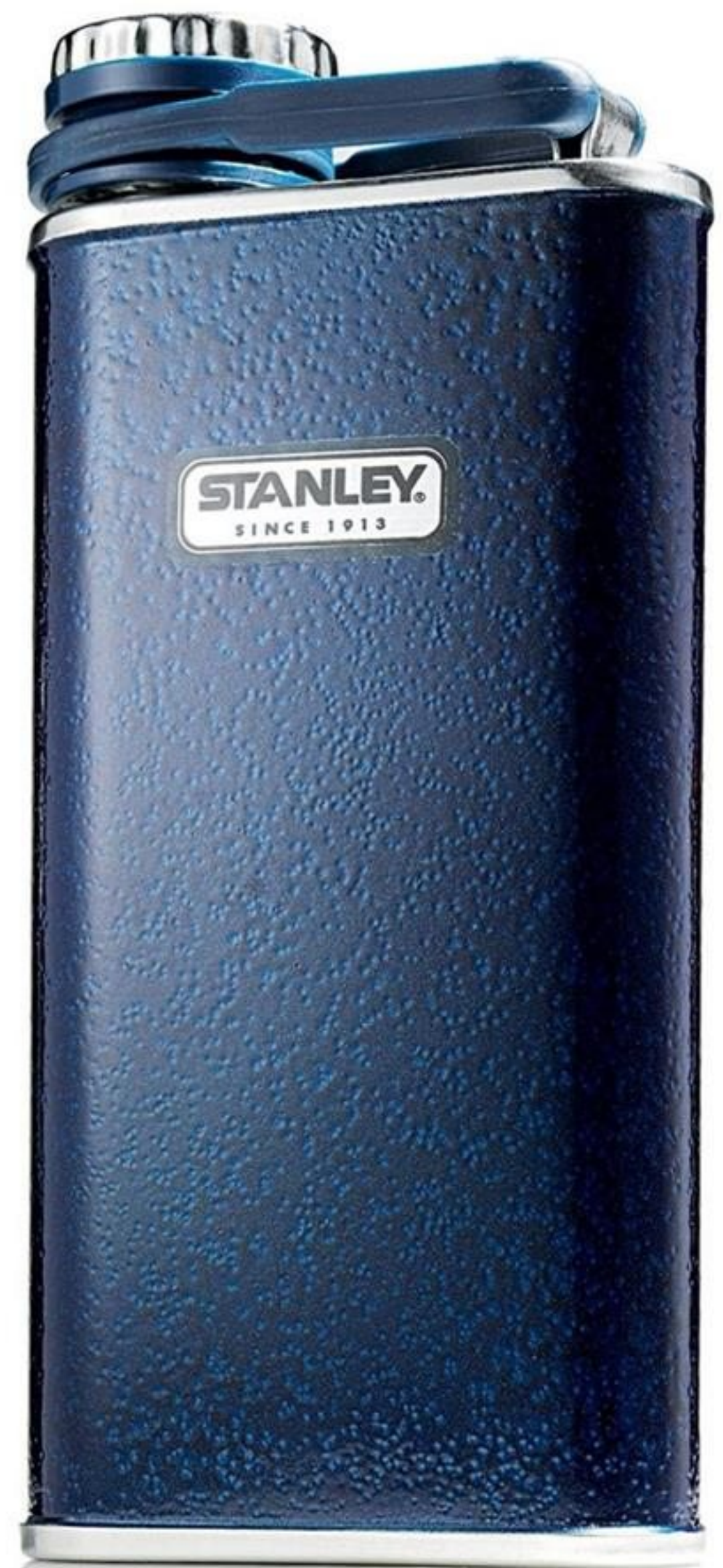
4. BROWN-BAG IT

→ Chocolate-colored waxed canvas insulates the contents of this eight-ounce steel flask. Tuck it inside your parka to keep your brandy or bourbon at a perfect serving temperature at the game.



1

JACOB BROMWELL COPPER FLASK
\$150, kaufmann-mercantile.com



2

STANLEY FLASK
\$28, shopstanley-pmi.com



3

WENTWORTH PEWTER FLASK
\$70, kaufmann-mercantile.com



4

ERNEST ALEXANDER FLASK
\$50, modernanthology.com

PLAY EVERY DECADE



PLAYMATES, COINS AND SLOT MACHINES,
TAKE A STEP INTO THE PLAYBOY CASINO

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WATCH THIS

WITH SMARTPHONE FEATURES AND SLEEK LOOKS, THE WRISTWATCH GETS AN UPGRADE



THE HERO

→ Straight out of Tony Stark's lab comes the G-Shock GWA1100. Built for extreme conditions, with digital compass, 200-meter water resistance, solar-power charging and antiglare sapphire glass, it will have you ready for dogfights and dog walks alike. [\\$650, gshock.com](http://$650, gshock.com)

THE GENIUS

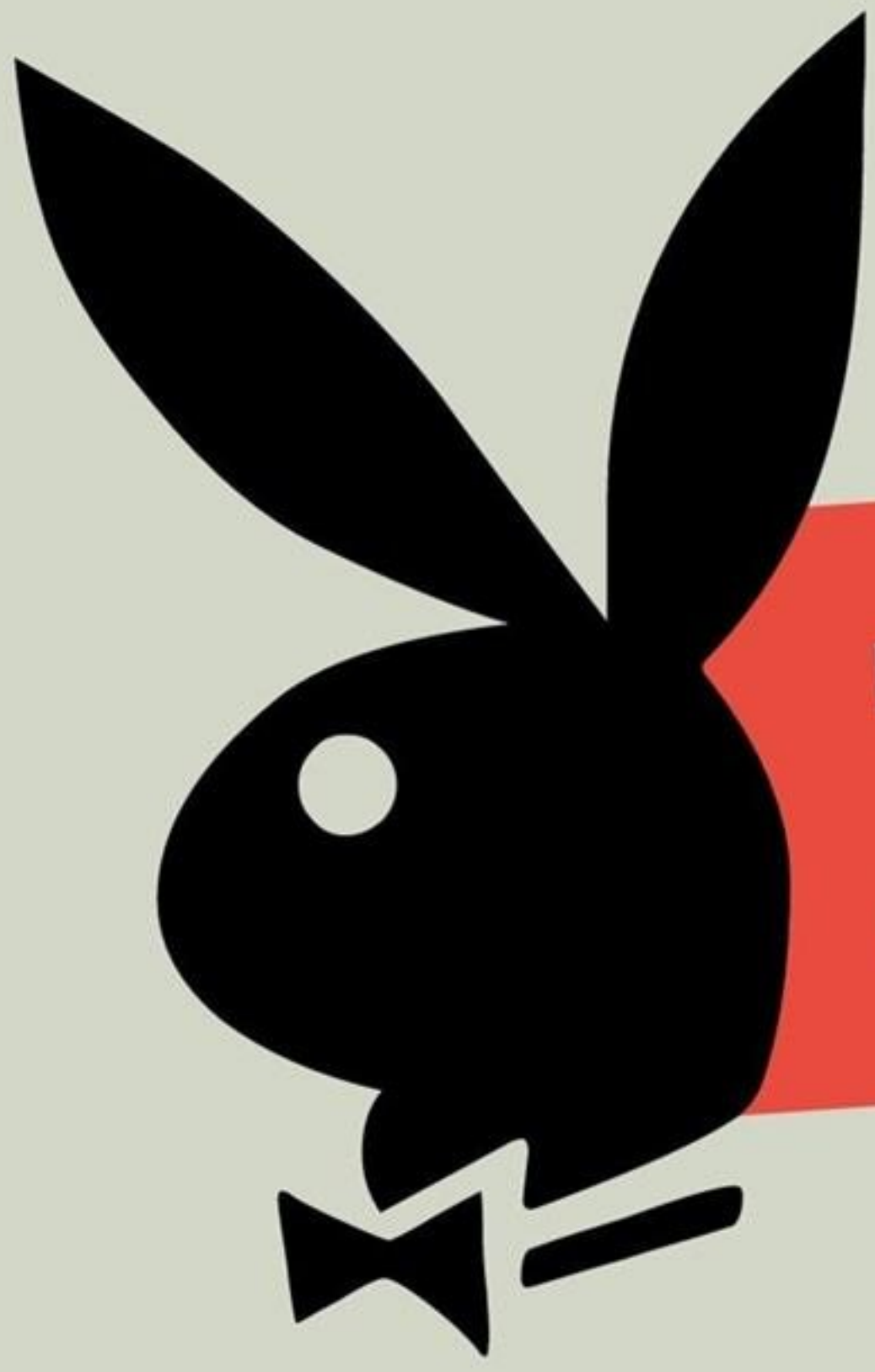
→ Connect the Pebble to your smartphone via Bluetooth and the customizable screen will display incoming e-mails, texts and caller ID. Plus, its 5,000 apps put a bike computer, golf range finder and more at your fingertips. It even tells time. [\\$150, getpebble.com](http://$150, getpebble.com)

THE RUNNER

→ Leave your personal trainer in the dust with the Garmin Forerunner 10's smarter approach to fitness. An integrated GPS puts stats such as calories burned, run pace and distance a click away; it even pauses while you catch your breath, sans insults. [\\$130, garmin.com](http://$130, garmin.com)

THE CEO

→ The Martian Passport's sleek frame conceals powerful technology capable of beaming texts, e-mails and more from your phone. The built-in mike and speaker let you take calls right on your wrist. It's Q on line one, Mr. Bond. [\\$299, martianwatches.com](http://$299, martianwatches.com)



PLAYBOY'S

GREATEST COVERS



PLAYBOY'S

Greatest Covers

DAMON BROWN Foreword by PAMELA ANDERSON



For nearly 60 years, Playboy Magazine has made a splash with its mind-blowing covers. Now, for the first time, there is a book dedicated to this American icon.



Featuring hundreds of color photographs and behind-the-scenes outtakes from cover shoots.

Foreword by Pamela Anderson, text by Damon Brown. Sterling Publishing.

310 pages, \$35.00. \$42.00 in Canada
Go to amazon.com to order.



FRANCOFILE

Talking With Jonah Hill

by James Franco

Since starring in *Superbad* at the age of 22, Jonah Hill has risen to prominence as a member of Hollywood's comedic-cool elite. He expanded to dramatic roles in 2011's *Moneyball* (and got an Oscar nod) and Martin Scorsese's upcoming *The Wolf of Wall Street*. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor James Franco, who co-stars with Hill in *This Is the End*, sat down with the actor to discuss how he got his start, how *Superbad*'s success affected him and why he's down for Seth Rogen.

FRANCO: Where are you from?

HILL: I'm from Cheviot Hills, California, ride or die. That should be the name of this piece, "Cheviot Hills, ride or die." I rep Cheviot Hills so hard. It's like a random neighborhood in Los Angeles. Nobody's from there, but I think it's the greatest.

FRANCO: It's near Fox Studios, a sort of rich, very quiet kind of place. I think a person in my acting class lived there.

HILL: They were probably cool.

FRANCO: You started writing before acting. How did that happen?

HILL: I went to the University of Colorado for a semester and got kicked out because I never went to class. My mom still wears her Boulder sweatshirt. She'll send me a picture and say, "It's my \$40,000 sweatshirt." Then I got into the New School. I wanted to be in New York anyway to work toward a creative job, and I started writing there.

FRANCO: What did you write?

HILL: One-act plays, but I was too young to understand how to direct actors. I took an acting class to be directed and got positive feedback for my acting. Then there was this bar in the East Village that

had a storytelling night and took itself ultraseriously, which I thought was funny. I wrote and performed these stories that seemed serious but were complete jokes. They were absurd. One was about growing up and spending three weeks at Neverland Ranch. I'd get drunk and write them beforehand, week after week. I'm friends with Dustin Hoffman's kids, and Dustin thought he saw something in me, so he got me an audition for *I Heart Huckabees*.

FRANCO: You lucky fuck. Then what happened?

HILL: I dropped out of college because I thought I was going to blow up, but I couldn't get work for two years. My agents wouldn't let me tell anyone they were my agents. My parents were terrified. Meeting Judd Apatow and Seth Rogen was the tipping point. They liked my improvisations in my audition for *The 40 Year Old Virgin*, and I knew they were developing a more realistic place in comedy, which was something I wanted to be a part of.

FRANCO: What was the experience of doing that movie?

HILL: It was the defining day in my career.

FRANCO: You shot only one day?

HILL: A half day. It was raining, so they had extra time to shoot my scene. I could just tell it was the right place at the right time with the right people. A month later Seth told me I was going to be one of the roommates in *Knocked Up*, with the guys from *Freaks and Geeks*. That was big. We had a great time on that set, but you had to earn your real estate. Judd would shoot a scene four times, and whoever did the funniest version would be in the film. Then they were casting *Superbad* while we were filming and couldn't figure out who would play opposite Michael Cera. Judd looked at me one day and said, "Jonah—shave. Here's a camcorder; read this scene with Seth." We shot it right there in Seth's trailer, and I got the part. It happened in 20 minutes. It was crazy. Within literally

three seconds my agents and everyone started calling me. I kept thanking Judd, and he said, "It's all good. Call Michael Cera. You're going to spend every waking second together until we shoot this." Michael and I had an arranged marriage all summer. We would hang out at my apartment, go to Canter's, play video games, mack on girls at the mall.

FRANCO: That's awesome. You held off doing another movie after *Superbad*, right?

HILL: I was afraid to do another movie after that because when you're young and have a hit movie, you don't realize how difficult it is to make a hit movie. When they tested *Superbad*, right away it was through the roof. We started to go on press tours, and people were treating us like rock stars; we were on the cover of every magazine. I lived in this small apartment in Los Angeles, where I mostly played video games with my friends, and suddenly there was a billboard for *Superbad* above my apartment. Nobody knows who I am one day, then suddenly every single person knows who I am. You think everything will be that amazing, but it's not like that.

FRANCO: You and I had a similar experience in that we both launched our careers with Seth Rogen, Evan Goldberg and Judd Apatow. Then the five of us did *This Is the End* together. Judd didn't direct it, but the only difference between *This Is the End* and an Apatow comedy, I feel, is the way they shot it.

HILL: Yeah. I mean, I wouldn't have been nominated for an Oscar or starred in a Scorsese movie if it wasn't for what Seth, Evan and Judd did for me. You said something once that really stuck with me: "I'm down for Seth." And the truth is, I'm down for all of them. If those guys need me, I'm there. They've been there for me as people. I support them in whatever they do. They are just guys who work hard, have so much talent and are good people, and that's rare. ■

FOLLOW

THE BUNNY

WHO'S BEEN

PUSHING

(AND REMOVING)

BUTTONS

SINCE 1953



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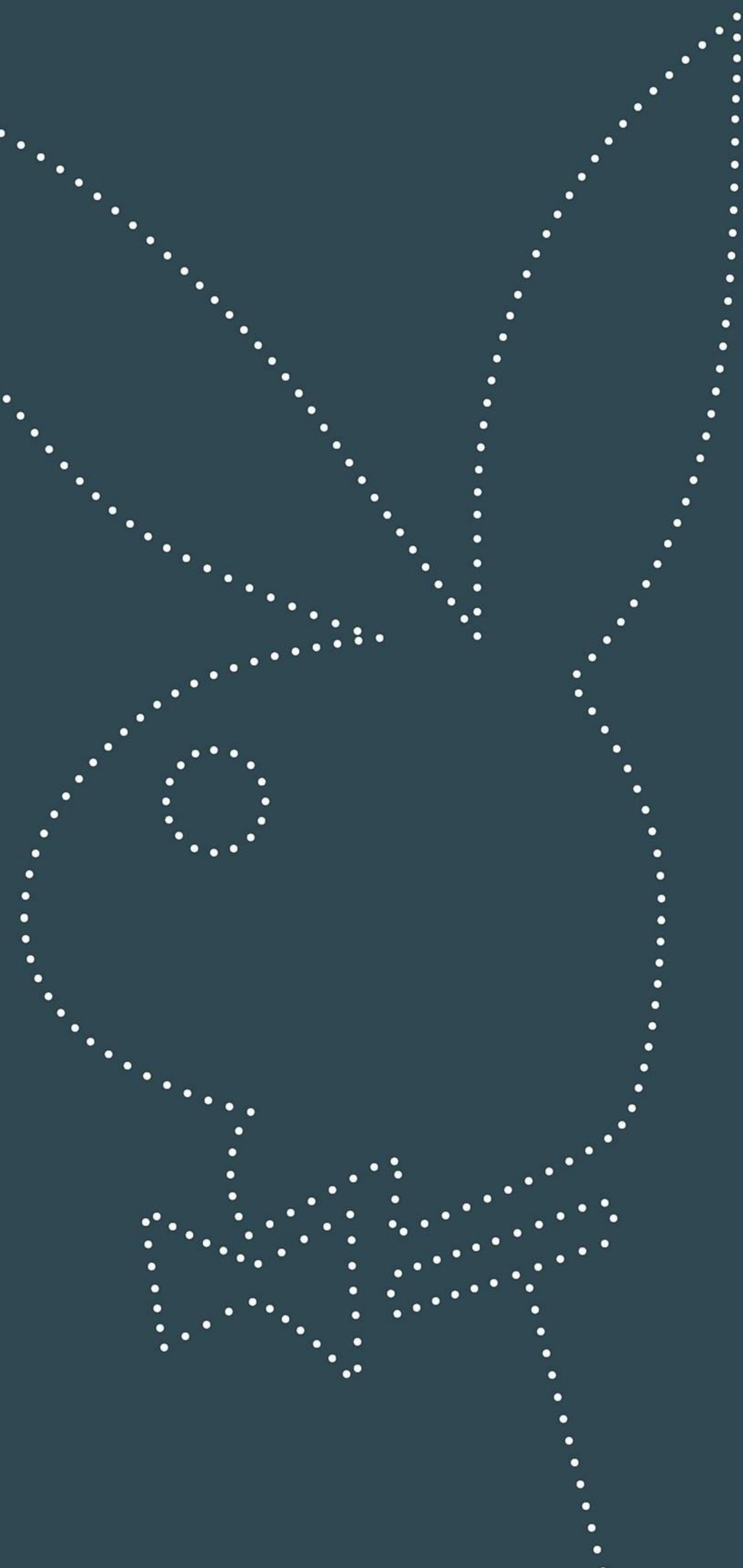
twitter.com/playboy



playboy.tumblr.com



instagram.com/playboy



QUIT

While You're Ahead (OR BEHIND)

THINK QUITTERS NEVER WIN? THERE'S AN ART TO GIVING UP THE RIGHT WAY



When people give me advice, I listen for the subtext. “Don’t do drugs” is really just a way of saying “Drugs are amazing!” To me, “Always wear a condom” means “Sex feels infinitely better without protection.” And “Stay away from bad neighborhoods” is just another way of people letting me know I’m a total pussy everyone wants to beat up.

Even as a kid, I wondered what all those gruff dads really meant when they told me winners never quit and quitters never win. In gruff Donald Rumsfeld’s gruff new book of advice, *Rumsfeld’s Rules*, he says one of the first lessons he learned was from his even gruffer dad. Li’l Rummy mailed a letter to the aircraft carrier Papa Rummy was stationed on during World War II, telling him he was considering quitting the Boy Scouts to devote more time to playing sports with his friends. “Weeks later, I received his reply on the thin onionskin paper then popularly known as ‘V mail’ (‘V’ for ‘victory’). Dad wrote that the decision to quit was my call. But he went on to say, ‘Once you quit one thing, then you can quit something else, and pretty soon you’ll get good at being a quitter.’ That advice found its way into my shoe box.”

I have an equally manly story to tell. I was 11, big for my age—so big, in fact, that the music teacher, Mr. Dubowski, decided I should play the baritone horn since I was able to push it in this weird mini-shopping cart to and from school every Thursday. Not only did this suck and look more than a little uncool, but Mr. Dubowski sucked and was uncool too, getting inappropriately furious when he realized I didn’t practice

anything except the chorus of “Centerfold” by the J. Geils Band. So I told my dad I was quitting right before the big concert. Unlike Papa Rummy, my dad had joined the National Guard reserve to avoid serving in Vietnam, so he just told me not to quit. I did it anyway, thereby not only quitting the orchestra but quitting my dad as advice giver.

Since then I have lived in a quitter’s paradise. When things become unpleasant or difficult, I’m out of there. Turns out that recipe has seven steps? We’re ordering pizza. Those characters have British accents? This DVD is getting mailed right back to Netflix. Let’s just say I have been to “The Grand Inquisitor” chapter of *The Brothers Karamazov* and I have turned right around.

You know that guy in the office who is all bitter because he’s been there for 20 years and has never gotten the recognition he deserves? He’s a stayer! The guy who sleeps downstairs with the TV on and is mean to his wife, pretending he can’t hear anything she says? Stayer! Alcoholics? Stayers, all of them! If it weren’t for stayers, we would have been out of Vietnam in 1967 and there would never have been a show called *Joey*.

People who won’t walk out of a bad movie, put a boring book down halfway through or search for a new porn clip when there’s a cunnilingus scene are victims of a staying industrial complex that tricks people with false notions of honor: that there’s some long-term reward for staying—an engraved watch, a parade, a great funeral, a retired number. Or simply that stayers develop deep meaning through the dreadful tasks they keep mindlessly doing. Maybe. But I’ll tell

you what quitters get: time. There’s a lot of stuff to try out there, and just because you happened to get to the Boy Scouts first doesn’t mean you should upgrade as soon as your first pube comes in. I’ve met a lot of Eagle Scouts and they have all impressed me, but I’m guessing they would be just as amazing people if they had instead spent their high school years getting laid.

We may admire stayers, but we celebrate winners. Sometimes you have to quit the Cleveland Cavaliers to win with the Miami Heat. I’m sure Bob Dylan would have been one of the most admired folksingers if he hadn’t quit acoustic. These billionaires all quit college: Steve Jobs, Mark Zuckerberg, Bill Gates, Michael Dell, David Geffen, Larry Ellison, Ralph Lauren. America is about freedom and opportunity, which are fancy words for quitting. When I see a child throw a board game and all its pieces into the air when he’s losing, I think, There goes a future leader of our country.

My big regrets in life are not quitting things earlier. Every job I’ve had I should have left sooner. Every relationship was prolonged out of fear of telling her it was over. I stayed in cold, dirty, expensive New York for 11 years before moving to sunny Los Angeles. My to-do list consists mostly of things I need to quit: my cable service, my landline, my newspaper subscription, dessert, my porn habit, going to lunch with other people.

So enjoy this column while you can. I’m getting a little bored, a little restricted by this specific topic of “men” and a little angry about being only a few pages away from boobs. In fact, I’m getting tired of this whole quitting topic. ■

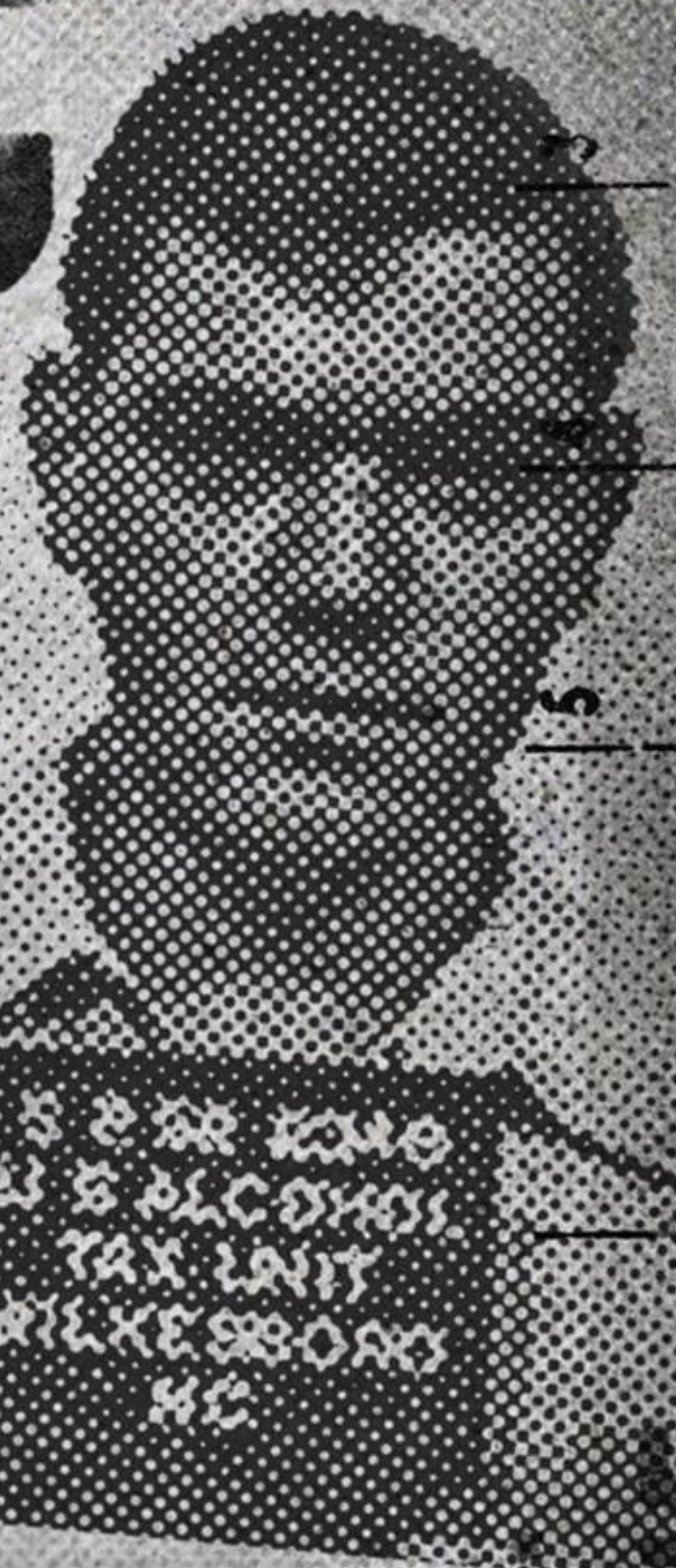
ANY MORE



AUTHENTIC

= and it would be =

ILLEGAL



While your great granddaddy was firing up a pipe, Junior Johnson's was firing up a moonshine still. Few family recipes carry a jail sentence, but to the Johnson family it was a way of life. Midnight Moon moonshine is handcrafted in small batches, made from corn and authentically infused with real fruit.



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YOU ARE WHERE YOU LIVE

By Deborah Schoeneman

IF YOU WANT TO IMPRESS HER, ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES AND CLEAN YOUR ROOM

Don't judge me for it, but I had a Burning Man boyfriend. He wasn't a yoga teacher, a dot-com millionaire or a homeless DJ. I had met him a few times before in a professional context, and we had some good friends in common. So it wasn't totally crazy that he ended up sharing my tepee (and that's not a euphemism).

I was curious about whether our relationship could work on our mutual home turf of Los Angeles. Things that seem like great ideas at Burning Man are often not such great ideas outside Burning Man (see: glow sticks, flaming vehicles, capoeira). Could this guy have serious boyfriend potential? I needed more information. I needed to check out his place.

About a week and two dozen showers after returning home from Burning Man, I was pleased to find myself walking into his cozy house in Laurel Canyon, a neighborhood known for its rock-and-roll residents. The guy got points for having a cool platonic female roommate and an extensive vintage record collection. It was all very groovy until I realized he slept on a futon mattress on the floor with only one bedside table—an overturned wooden box.

It got way worse in the bathroom. There was no hand soap, just a skinny, hairy bar of soap in the shower. A roll of paper towels stood in lieu of toilet paper and hand towels. The real kicker: The toothbrush of his last girlfriend still sat by the sink.

It's hardly surprising that from there things went downhill pretty fast. During the last day we spent together before amicably deciding to just be friends, I took him shopping at Whole Foods. I threw organic hand soap, body soap and face wash into the cart. "What's the difference?" he asked. Instead of ex-

plaining, I added toothbrushes, hand towels and toilet paper to the mix.

His was not the worst bachelor pad I've seen. The bathroom of one guy in downtown Manhattan was so disgusting I left him my maid's phone number before fleeing. "Call her first or don't call me," I said.

He never called. Anyone that dirty is clearly undatable, which brings me to my first rule of bachelor-pad living: Get a maid. If you can afford a housecleaning service twice a week, do it. If you can afford it only once a month, do it. If you can't afford it at all, buy a ton of cleaning supplies and get busy. Cleanliness is the thinking woman's aphrodisiac. Disorganized drawers and messy piles are fine. Crusty sinks and overflowing trash are not.

The second rule: Purge all signs of other women. That includes the tampons hidden under your sink, the earring on the bedside table and the shampoo for color-treated hair in your shower. Your date will probably look through all your stuff, particularly if she's worried you're seeing other people. Perfume on pillows, long hair in the drain and makeup stains on the towels will

give you away—and are a few more reasons to get a maid.

I have never seen any religious iconography that turned me on. I had a particularly unfortunate reaction to a massive framed photograph of a young monk hanging over the bed of a guy I suspect was gay. I didn't love seeing the book *Diametics* on another guy's bookshelf either. Throw out the Buddhas. Take down the crosses. Wait until you marry a Jew to hang a mezuzah. Ignore this advice if you are religious and want to attract someone who shares your beliefs (but if that's the case, you're probably already married).

Rich guys don't necessarily have it easier when it comes to creating the perfect bachelor pad, but money and a decorator who isn't your mom can certainly help. The right wallpaper and couch are hard choices that no one should make alone. Who doesn't appreciate expensive sheets and a steam shower? Women like a room with a view, particularly one with great drapery.

But sometimes more money really does mean more problems, or at least a prolonged bachelorhood. Single guys often overcorrect and build too perfect a kingdom for their future queen. Most women want to help build their nest, not just stock the fridge and hang their clothes in the closet. If you're single and designing your dream home, at least be open to redecorating when you find the right girl. Do you really want to be with someone who has no opinions?

If you're broke and have a shitty apartment, don't worry. Girls will still like you. But they will like you more if you have toilet paper, clean towels, breakfast food and a fancy scented candle by the bed. Framed pictures of friends and family help you seem safe and popular. Stock up on blankets, because women hate being cold. Good chocolate and red wine always come in handy. Display some decent books, even if you read only on your iPad.

I ran into my Burning Man boyfriend at a party about six months after we broke up. He thanked me for the trip to Whole Foods and said he had recently been back there to stock up on the same stuff I had picked out for him. He was even dating a great girl who had her own toothbrush by his sink.

I would have been annoyed about wife-fluffing him, but I had found someone else too. My new guy was smart, funny, cute and sweet. More important, he had a bed frame and two bedside tables. They even each had their own reading lamp. It took me only two years to get him to upgrade to a king-size bed with a frame I liked better. ■

PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When I turned 30, I started taking to heart the advice I read in *PLAYBOY* about caring for my skin, especially my face. But I'm not clear on what I should be using each morning and in what order. My regimen includes facial cleanser, exfoliating scrub two to three times a week, pre-shave oil, shaving cream, alum block or styptic pen, astringent and/or toner (I'm still not sure what the difference is), after-shave, under-eye cream and daily moisturizer with SPF. Am I missing anything?—H.R., Los Angeles, California

Our first response is to wonder what time you finally get to work. But Michael Gilman, founder and CEO of D.C.-based Grooming Lounge (groominglounge.com), says he's heard of more involved routines (No mask? No tweezing?), including his own. "With some men it's a slippery slope," he admits, "but I enjoy it." You could forgo the under-eye cream, astringent and toner, but there's no reason to if you're comfortable, he says. (An astringent removes deep-down gunk; a toner helps the skin absorb moisturizer and is good for a quick midday cleanse.) "You can see the difference with men who use moisturizer and sun protection, especially as they age," Gilman says. "Those who don't take care of their faces complain their skin is itchy and dry, and they especially hate shaving because of the constant razor bumps and irritation. So it's an easy sell when I tell a guy he can resolve that if he stops washing his face with the same bar of soap he uses to clean his rear end and switches to a product designed for his face."

I've seen this "fact" all over the internet but no research or references to back it up: "Due to the angle at which the optic nerve enters the brain, staring at a blue surface during sex greatly increases the intensity of orgasms." Should I paint my bedroom blue?—B.B., Seneca Falls, New York

Only if she wants it blue. It's puzzling that this fallacy involves a color usually associated with calmness—sea and sky and all that. Three types of cones in the retina at the back of the eye detect color (red, green or blue) in light long before the optic nerve enters the brain. If anything, given that red has been associated with dominance (one study found people bid more aggressively on eBay when the background is red instead of blue or gray), you'd think the color of love would have gotten credit. Blue makes us think of blue balls, the opposite of orgasm.

As far back as I can recall, even before I knew it was a thing, I have been excited



For many years my wife and I enjoyed going to swingers' clubs to watch and be watched. Although we weren't in perfect shape, we never felt judged. My wife went back to school to finish her degree and found a job as a teacher. Now when I suggest we go to a club, she says, "I can't do that; I'm a teacher." How do I find out if that's the reason or if she has become self-conscious about her weight?—G.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Given she had no qualms in the past, we can only think your wife feels obligated by her new position as a role model, which in her mind doesn't square with attending bacchanals. Not everyone bears that burden; we've met plenty of swinging teachers, and educators sometimes run into current or former students at orgies (resulting in a few fulfilled fantasies). If your wife is concerned about being outed, you could suggest a weekend trip to a distant club or convention. But don't push it. It won't be any fun unless she's enjoying herself too.

by situations in which I am naked amid a group of clothed females. My wife has indulged my CFNM fantasies since I had the nerve to confess when we were dating as teenagers. In high school there was a group of five girls we'd play with. In college there were more. After college there were neighbors, gym friends and a co-worker (a mistake). The excuse would always be a lost bet, strip games that I would inevitably lose or general silliness, and my wife always took charge. She

smoking and/or chewing tobacco, drink in moderation and, according to one study, avoid scalding drinks. As we noted in June, a latex barrier such as Sheer Glyde Dams offers protection without much fuss. In a pinch, cut a condom lengthwise. HPV is better known as the cause of genital warts, which are not malignant.

In June a reader wrote to ask if, based on a few obvious signs, a co-worker's wife might be cheating. You hedged in

even paid for dance lessons so I would be a better stripper. We have continued to have CFNM nights with two or three women who know my secret. But my wife's attitude has suddenly changed, and she now calls it stupid and juvenile and says this part of our life is over. Sex was always better for both of us after these escapades—some of the only times in her life she's been multiorgasmic have been CFNM nights—but she claims she no longer finds them exciting. Although we still have a good sex life and indulge her fantasies, I'm only 45 and not ready to lose this fantasy. Any advice?—C.D., Chicago, Illinois

We don't know about stupid, but aren't most fantasies juvenile? We suspect your secret got out, and now she's reluctant to be known around town as the naked guy's wife. It's unfair and naive for your wife to think she can drop this as easily as you drop your pants, but what can you do but ask for a better explanation and compromise? If only you had a CMNF fantasy—those are far easier to arrange.

Michael Douglas says he got cancer by giving cunnilingus. How is that possible?—P.L., Green Bay, Wisconsin

The actor was referring to the human papillomavirus, which can be transmitted to a partner anywhere mucous membranes come into contact. One of the 40-odd strains of the virus, HPV 16, has been linked to 60 percent of tumors found in the oropharynx, which is the soft palate, base of the tongue and tonsils. That's what Douglas had, though he was quick to say he was speaking of the HPV connection in general and not implying he'd contracted the disease because he'd licked any vulvas. But don't freak out. Although the numbers are growing and about 6,700 men are diagnosed each year, this type of cancer is relatively rare. Rather than denying any woman the pleasure of your tongue, you can decrease your risk of throat cancer dramatically if you quit

your response, so let me say it: Yes, she's cheating. I suggest J.D.'s colleague check his bank accounts immediately and make sure the bills are being paid. Before she left, my wife opened a secret account to deposit the money I gave her to pay the mortgage and utility bills, then used that money to rent an apartment. To anyone else in this situation: Consult a divorce lawyer immediately and follow his instructions to the letter. If your wife leaves before a child-support order is in place, and you give her money, always write a check so you have a record. Although you should never bad-mouth your ex to your kids (they know what happened), the best revenge you can take on the bastard who stole your wife and destroyed your family is to let him have her. It's just a matter of time before their relationship falls apart.—G.T., Pleasantville, New Jersey

We're sorry to hear all this, and we hope you soon reach a blissful postromantic state of ambivalence about your ex-wife.

I often take a business colleague out for meals when he's in town. At one restaurant he always orders the same appetizer at dinner. It's not on the lunch menu, but without fail when we go for lunch he will ask the server to see if the chef will make it. I think this is poor etiquette. He insists such requests are common. We decided to let the Advisor decide.—E.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

It wouldn't bother us, especially if you're regulars and the chef has agreed in the past. We'd be more concerned about a colleague who asked for a meal not on any of the menus or for a dish to be prepared in a radically different manner than it is described.

In the July/August issue, in a discussion about whether paralyzed men and women can experience orgasms, you mention that some people can "think" themselves off. Have you heard of people who have brain orgasms when they hear people whispering?—H.B., Toronto, Canada

Yes, but comparing them to orgasms is a stretch. People who have experienced what is known as an autonomous sensory meridian response say it's a pleasurable tingling sensation that originates in the middle of the scalp and travels down the spine to the limbs. The most common stimulus seems to be whispering, which is why you will find hundreds of weird and strangely erotic YouTube videos of attractive young women talking quietly into the camera while performing mundane tasks such as folding laundry or pretending to be your intergalactic travel agent (570,000 views). Many tinglers say they watch the videos to help them relax and fall asleep, which we suppose makes it something like an orgasm.

My wife surprised me by adopting a terrier. She knows that as a kid I wanted a dog but my parents said no. The problem is the dog follows her

around everywhere. She jokes about it, but damn it, I'm jealous. What can I do to make my bond with the dog stronger?—M.J., Austin, Texas

Feed him. In this way you and the dog have a lot in common.

I have two daughters, and now my wife and I want a son. My buddies say letting her climax first will increase the odds. Is this true? Others tell me to wear cowboy boots.—N.M., Ontario, California

Your wife has to wear the boots. Actually, there are methods to increase the chances of, or even guarantee, a boy, but the most reliable are expensive. Since gender selection has gotten a bad name in India and China, where many parents abort female fetuses, fertility specialists have taken to calling it "family balancing." A pioneer in the field was Dr. Landrum Shettles, who promoted the idea that sperm with the boy-making Y chromosome swim faster but are less durable than those with an X. So, he said, a man should deposit his semen as close to the cervix as possible, preferably via doggy style, to give it a head start. Shettles also argued the woman should have an orgasm, but that's always recommended, even if you're not trying to breed. Based on the notion that Y sperm are more nimble, you could pay a clinic to separate the fastest swimmers in your samples. More controversial is preimplantation genetic diagnosis, in which the doctors screen your stash of embryos to determine if they are male or female, then implant only those of the desired gender. It's illegal to conduct this test in Canada and the U.K. but not here.

Why are so many porn videos full of guys jacking themselves off instead of girls making them come?—W.M., Nashville, Tennessee

It's quicker.

Where should I post my résumé online? I have used Monster, CareerBuilder and Snagajob but feel it's getting lost out there.—M.T., Raleigh, North Carolina

Unless you're proactive, it will be. Consider how people are hired. A 2013 survey by CareerXroads found that one quarter of hires were the result of referrals (almost always from employees, which is reason enough to dive into LinkedIn), another quarter came from applications submitted through the company site, and 18 percent were made through job boards such as Indeed and those you mention. Although only three percent of respondents attributed a hire directly to social media, most hiring managers say they are influenced by what they find online. To that end, too many job hunters overlook the power of Twitter to show off their expertise, notes Susan Joyce of Job-Hunt.org. Also, invest in a professional head shot and use it on all your profiles, and investigate yourself online to see what others will see. Don't send out your résumé like spam; companies say typically more than half of applicants are not qualified. Finally, because nearly all managers use software to sort applications, tweak

each submission with the keywords you find in the posting and submit your résumé as a text file or Word document. Good luck.

Over the past four years I have become friends with a co-worker. One night after work we went for beers and got annihilated. Out of nowhere he asked me if I wanted to go to a friend's place and have gay sex with both of them. WTF? This guy is married with kids. When I brought it up the next day, he said he had been so fucked-up he didn't remember anything. I've switched shifts so I don't have to see him, and I reply with short answers to his e-mails and texts. Should I ignore him until he goes away? I don't feel comfortable with such a fraud as a friend.—D.L., Chicago, Illinois

You can ignore him until he gets the message, though that's more work than simply telling him why the friendship is over. It's possible his come-on was a poor attempt at humor, but since you don't believe that, we're not sure how you can be made to feel comfortable. If he is bisexual or gay, don't act so surprised. Many things in this world are not as they seem.

In the June issue you discuss the effects of smoking marijuana on the libido. I live in terrible pain and have to take medication throughout the day. Only when I smoke pot do I get enough relief to perform sexually. I don't go overboard. I need only a couple of hits, and five minutes later I'm ready to go. For me, marijuana is a godsend.—G.S., Tampa, Florida

We're sure others feel the same way.

I enjoy Long Island iced teas, Smirnoff screwdrivers and Baileys, but sometimes I crave something less sweet. No more girlie drinks for this girl. Where should I go next?—K.M., Chipley, Florida

Try a Moscow mule, a cocktail recommended by Geoff and Heather Kleinman of DrinkSpirits.com. Squeeze half an ounce fresh lime juice into a glass, then add ice, two ounces rye vodka (such as Belvedere) and four to six ounces ginger beer. The couple also suggests a Tommy's margarita—"one of the best drinks we've ever had"—which is two ounces blanco tequila (Tequila Avión, Don Julio or Patrón), one ounce freshly squeezed lime juice and one ounce agave syrup (a 1:1 dilution of agave nectar in water).

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. For updates, follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.





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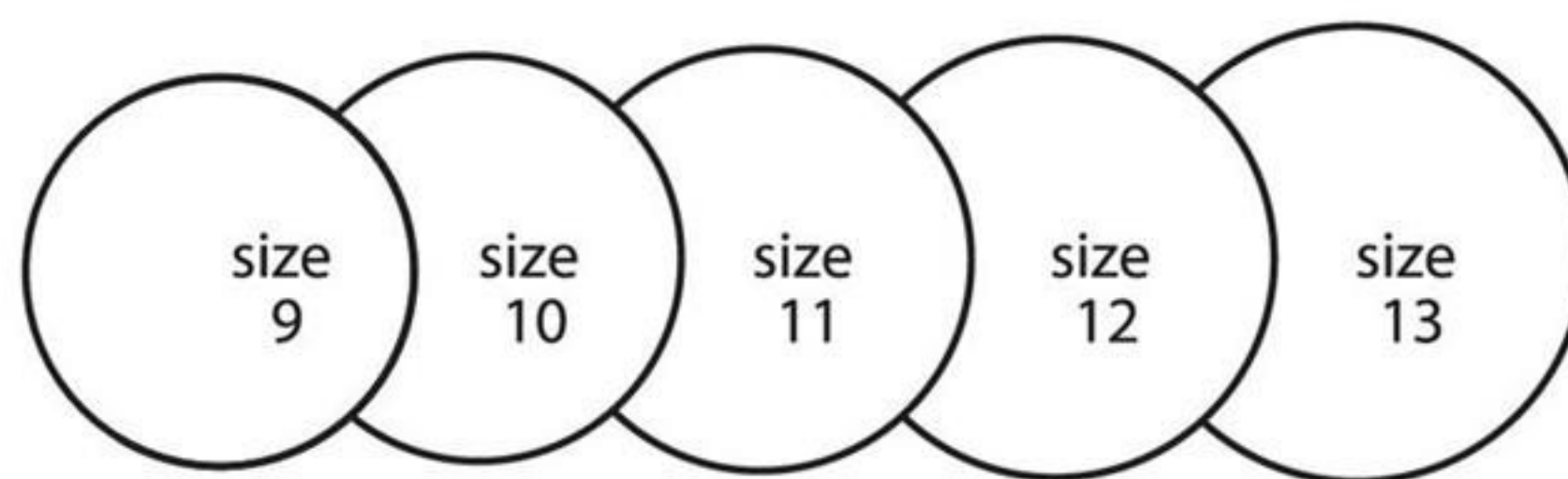
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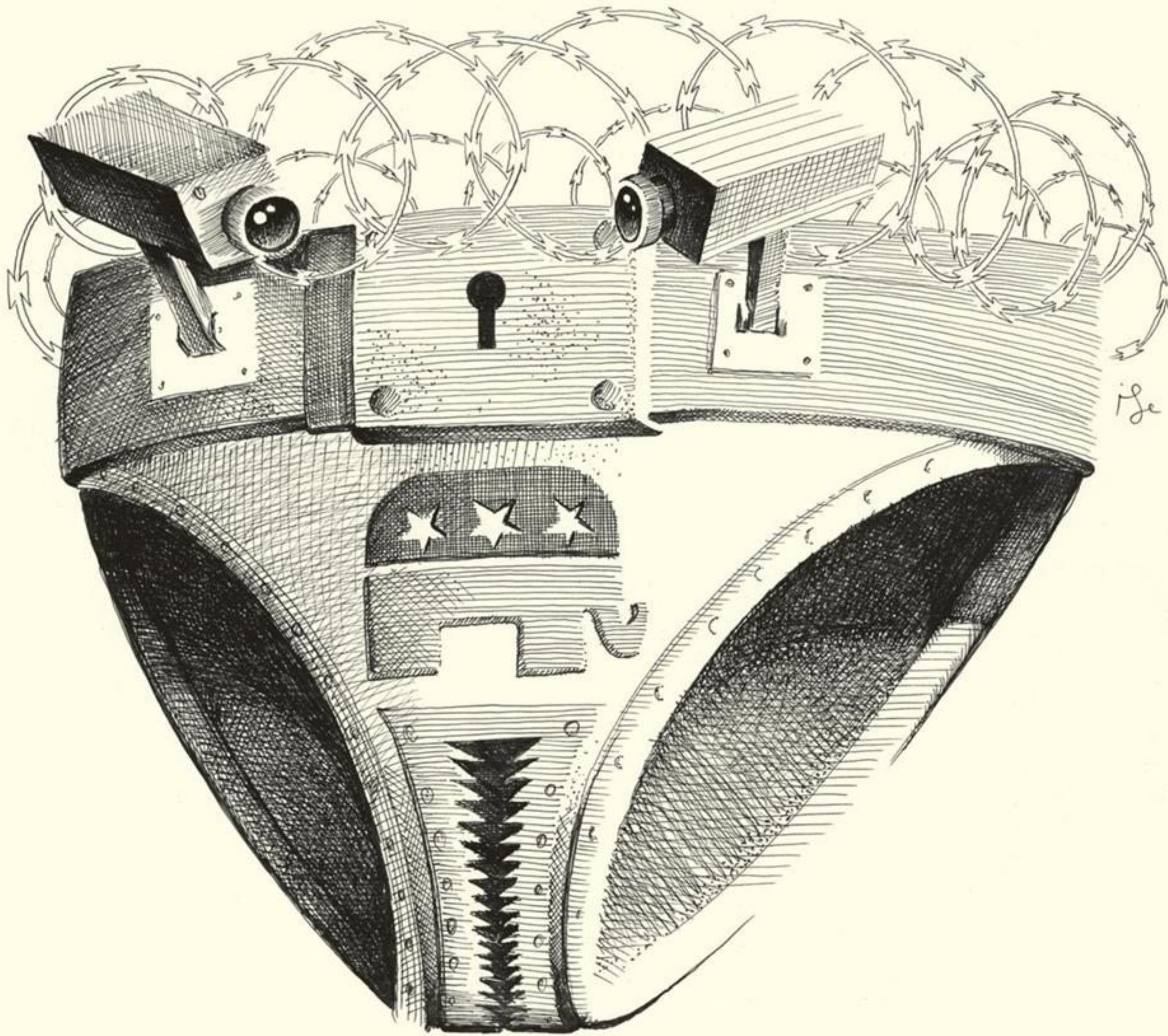


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Reproductive rights *Church vs. state* DNA myths



THE WAR ON SEX

Despite the social progress of the past decade, puritanical politicians are still in your business

BY NANCY L. COHEN

You'd think the GOP would have learned not to meddle in our sex lives. But that's not the case: In red states, Republican politicians are

cracking down on abortion, sex education, access to birth control—even divorce. It's as if the 2012 election never happened.

Consider Virginia, where Republican attorney general Ken Cuccinelli pursued a felony sodomy conviction against a man who'd solicited oral sex from a female. Sodomy laws are unconstitutional, of course, something the U.S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals had to remind Cuccinelli of not once but twice. North Carolina Republican lawmakers introduced a bill that would send couples to marriage counseling and

enact a two-year waiting period before they would be allowed to divorce. Ohio Republicans want to slap sex-ed teachers with a \$5,000 fine if they talk about "gateway sexual activity" in a way that leads

students to "any touching of an erogenous zone... for the purpose of sexually arousing or gratifying either person." South Dakota got creative with the concept of time: Weekends and holidays no longer count toward the 72 hours a woman must wait before having an abortion.

The Republican antisex police are on the march. Don't worry; unhappily married Tar Heels can still avail themselves of a no-fault divorce, and oral sex remains safe in the land of Jefferson. But antisodomy crusader Cuccinelli has a fighting chance of becoming Virginia's

Seven out of 10 Americans believe Roe should be the law of the land.

READER RESPONSE

DEATH FROM AFAR

After reading "Death by Drone" (May), I still don't understand the problem. The president ordered the killing of two pro-Al Qaeda operatives who were recruiting for jihad against the U.S. and who happened to be U.S. citizens. Here in Florida,



where it appears most folks are armed, the killing of citizens without due process by members of the police force and citizenry seems to be an almost nightly event, often based on skin color and the wearing of a hoodie.

Allen Smith
Port St. Lucie, Florida

When Samir Khan made threats against this country, he became a criminal. When he left our borders and surrounded himself with terrorists, he became a terrorist. As my rodeo buddies say, "Mess with the bull, you get the horns."

Bob Blair
Tampa, Florida



READER RESPONSE

American citizenship is not a license to become an untouchable outlaw. If you threaten a police officer with a weapon or threaten hostages, you can expect to be shot dead. What's the difference if you're building bombs to kill innocent people? The Fifth Amendment does not apply in the deserts of Yemen.

Charlie Chukwudolue
Florence, Kentucky

It's ironic that President Obama has taken advantage of the dubious powers of the office first defined by the previous administration. He appears confident that he will not be prosecuted for violating the Constitution. But future generations, free of the insecurities of the moment, will judge him as a president who did not keep his word.

Prasad Golla
Plano, Texas

What would PLAYBOY have the president do when American citizens wage war on this country from foreign places with no real governments and no extradition



ANTISODOMY CRUSADER KEN CUCCINELLI COULD BECOME VIRGINIA'S NEXT GOVERNOR.

next governor come November. In the first half of 2013, more than 450 provisions were introduced in state legislatures to restrict access to abortion, birth control and sex education, according to the non-partisan Guttmacher Institute.

To the women and men who hold the front lines to protect sexual freedom and the right to decide if and when to have children, this feels like a game of whack-a-mole. After all, the 2012 election was in part a referendum on the GOP's retrograde positions on women, gays and sexual rights. Single women and young men—the groups with the most to lose if Mitt Romney had won—voted for Barack Obama and Democratic Senate candidates by commanding margins. Yet even as Obama was coasting to reelection on a 5 million vote margin, Republicans ended the night with rock-solid control in 25 states, the result of gerrymandering effected by Tea Party Republicans.

Unsurprisingly, a woman's right to a legal abortion remains the main target of Republican governors and state lawmakers. Fourteen states considered bills to ban abortion before fetal viability. Personhood measures—which prohibit abortion from the moment sperm meets egg and could outlaw some forms of birth control—moved forward in eight states. These laws are unconstitutional; their purpose is to tee up a Supreme Court review of *Roe v. Wade*, the case that guaranteed a woman's right to a legal abortion. The attempt to overturn *Roe* is a barren pursuit. Seven out of 10 Ameri-

cans believe *Roe* should remain the law of the land. Courts have struck down or enjoined many recent state laws, such as Arizona, Idaho and Georgia's second-trimester-abortion bans. This year's most extreme law—North Dakota's ban on abortions after six weeks of pregnancy—will almost surely meet the same fate.

Not satisfied with symbolic wins, one faction of the anti-abortion right is striking pay dirt with a more devious approach: End abortion state by state by driving abortion providers out of business. A bevy of bills imposing a financial burden on women or capricious rules on doctors, nurses and clinics has been

moved in states controlled by the Republican Party, America's tireless champion of small government. Nineteen states passed laws that prohibit abortion coverage in the state health insurance exchanges established by the Affordable Care Act. Eight states also banned abortion coverage in private insurance plans. Twelve states have outlawed non-

surgical abortion by telemedicine. Others imposed arbitrary new building codes on abortion clinics, regulations that have already forced some women's health clinics to close. Two days after a deadly tornado cut through Oklahoma, the state senate voted to defund Planned Parenthood.

There's more, however, to the Republican quest to regulate lady parts than the God, Jesus and unborn-baby rhetoric would have you believe. Republicans are still coming for your birth control. What better way to reduce abortion than to encourage couples who don't want children to use birth control? In several states, that's exactly what Democrats are doing,



agreements with us? Authorize high-risk, boots-on-the-ground operations that endanger U.S. military personnel? As objectionable as drone strikes are on constitutional grounds, they are a necessity.

Ralph Harding
Orange Park, Florida

A woman's right to a legal abortion remains the main target of Republicans.

expanding access to affordable birth control and science-based sex education. In contrast, six GOP-dominated states give pharmacists the right to refuse to fill prescriptions for contraception or Plan B. Eight Republican-controlled state legislatures moved bills that allow employers to exclude birth control from employees' health care plans. Republicans in the U.S. House even tried to make funding the federal government contingent on the repeal of the Affordable Care Act's birth-control mandate. Senate minority leader Mitch McConnell and 10 GOP Congress members filed an amicus brief in an employer's lawsuit to strike down this mandate. Surprisingly, it is President Obama's signature achievement—health care reform—that has handed the GOP fresh opportunities to interfere in your private business.

It's not as if Republicans have changed their spots since 2012. In June, the House passed an unconstitutional pre-viability abortion ban. But politicians with national aspirations have learned how to supply the right-wing base with its fix without drawing unwanted media attention. Thus 2016 hopeful Marco Rubio wins bipartisan plaudits for championing immigration reform, while few journalists report that he proposed a budget amendment making it a federal crime to help a minor cross state lines for the purpose of obtaining an abortion without parental consent. Senator Rand Paul, the self-styled libertarian Republican, tells



LIBERTARIAN SENATOR RAND PAUL SAYS AMERICA IS IN NEED OF A "SPIRITUAL CLEANSING."

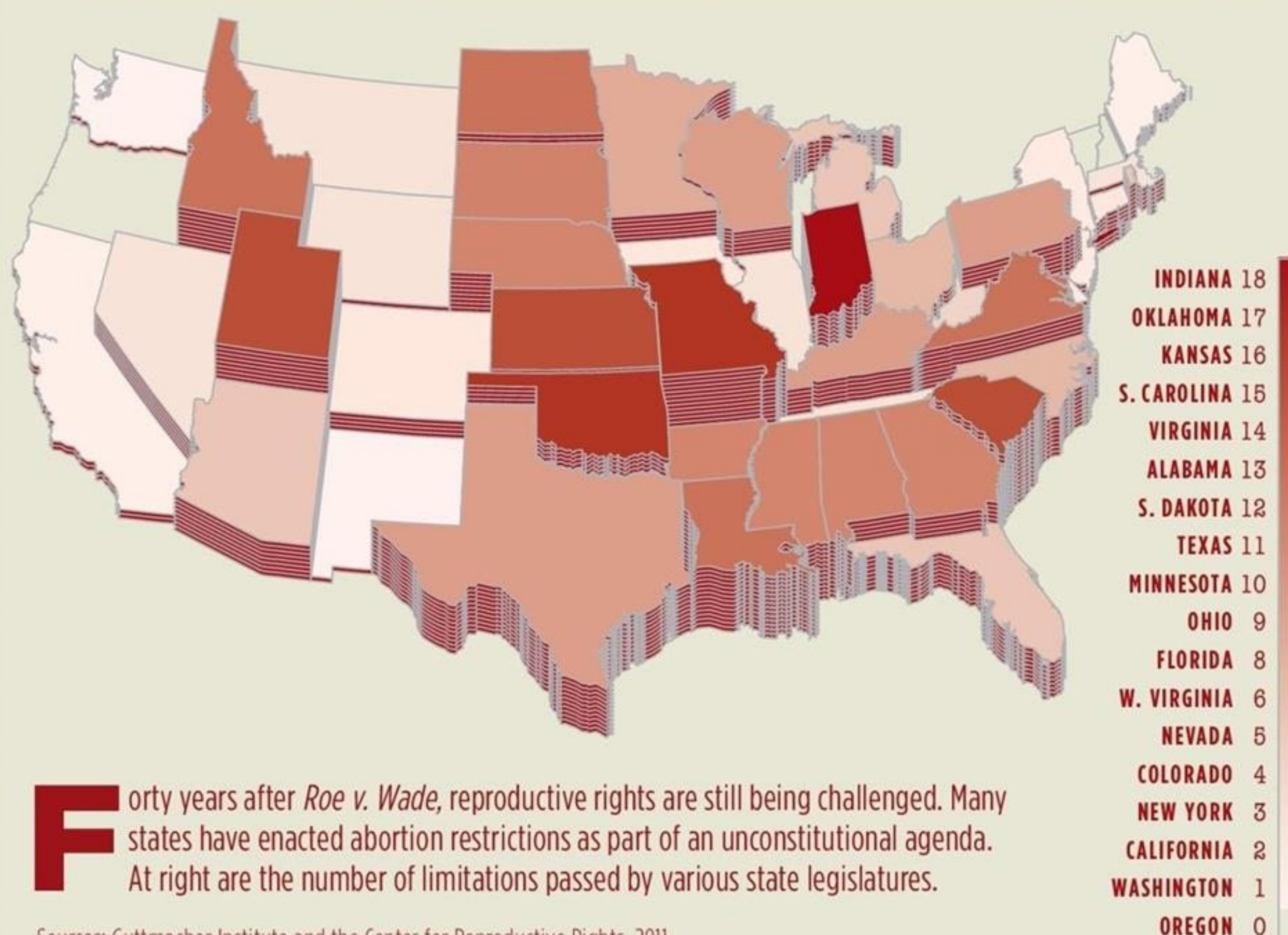
evangelicals he believes marijuana should remain illegal, states should have the right to ban gay marriage and America needs a "spiritual cleansing."

For the moment, the firewall against the delirium holds. Thanks to changing demographics, a more tolerant and progressive electorate is poised to become the absolute majority of voters as early as 2016. Nevertheless, those zombies of American politics, the sexual fundamentalists of the religious right, are banking on state and congressional elections in 2013 and 2014 to give them one last chance at prosecuting their unpopular war on sex. ■

Nancy L. Cohen is author of Delirium: The Politics of Sex in America.

The religious right is banking on elections to give them one last chance.

RED STATE RESTRICTIONS



Sources: Guttmacher Institute and the Center for Reproductive Rights, 2011



READER RESPONSE

People like Khan and the Tsarnaev brothers come to our "evil" land seeking asylum or naturalization. When they become terrorists, their claim to citizenship becomes null and void.

Josh Jensen
Orlando, Florida

PLAYBOY ON THE PLANE

I am disappointed in PLAYBOY for not backing up readers who have been told by flight



attendants they can't read the magazine (*Reader Response*, April). I would stand up for my rights and delay the flight. Is this not America?

Audrey Morgan
New York, New York

Don't inconvenience anyone, including yourself, on our account. Judges so far have not been friendly to the idea that the inside of an airliner is a public space.

I read the braille edition of PLAYBOY when I travel and have had only one negative comment—from a bus driver. Everyone else asks whether it has pictures. A sighted friend gives away my back issues as gifts and always gets a positive reaction.

Russell Schermer
Chico, California

STRAIGHT TALK

It seems to me that most Christians who believe in taking the teachings of the Bible literally are making a serious error. They should condemn heterosexuality rather than homosexuality, because, when applying the Golden Rule to sex, it is impossible to "do unto others as you would have others do unto you" unless the others are built the way you are.

Marshall Deutsch
Sudbury, Massachusetts



READER RESPONSE

DRAWING A LINE

Jake Whitney claims Arizona's proposed law SB 1070 would "allow law enforcement to demand the papers of essentially anyone of Latin descent" ("A Border Tale," June). The bill states that when someone is in custody for an offense and an officer has reason-



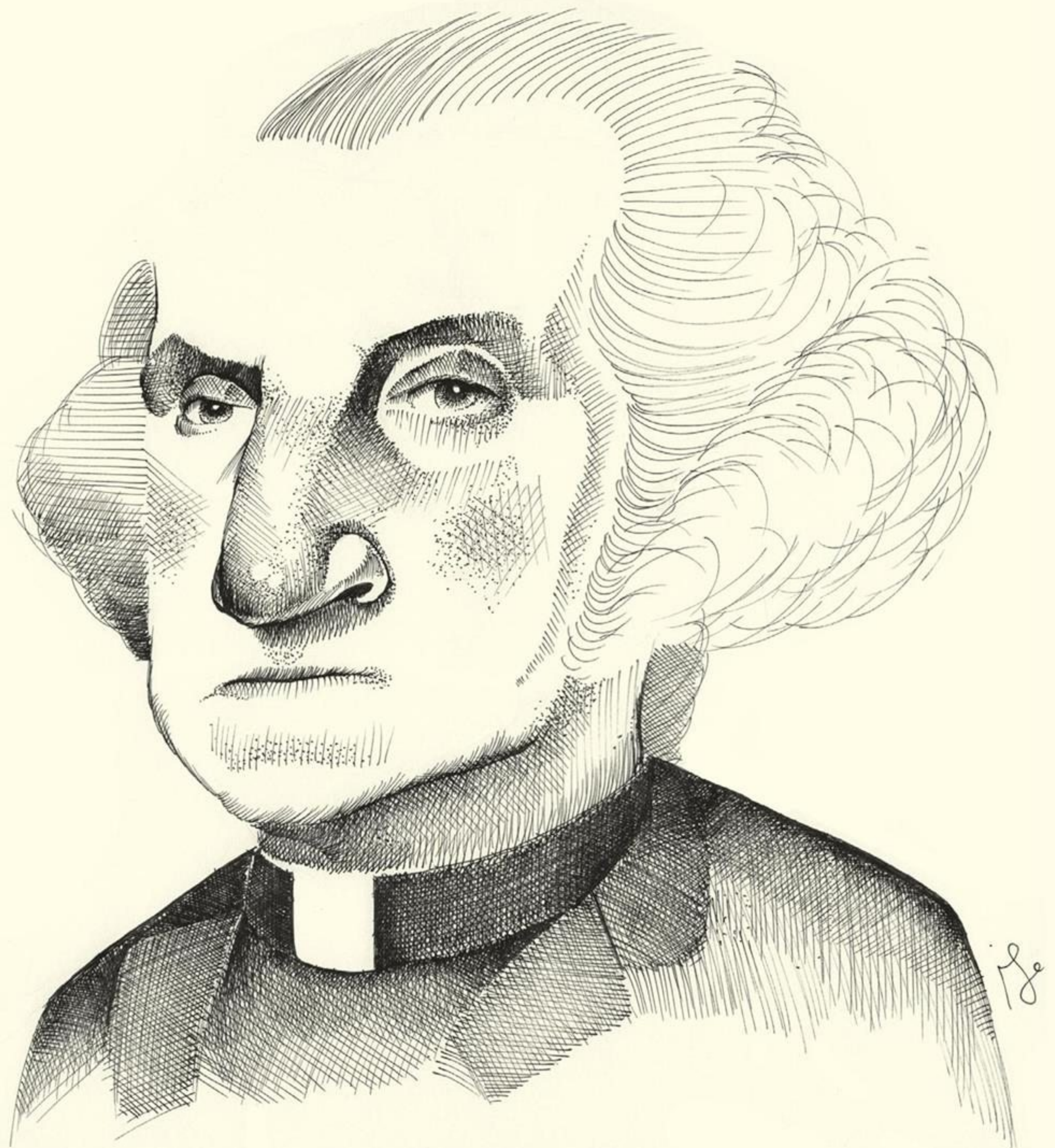
able grounds (narrowly defined) to suspect that person may be in the U.S. illegally, the officer can check the person's citizenship. The notion that anyone who looks Latino could be forced on the spot to prove citizenship to satisfy someone's idle curiosity is incorrect.

Joseph Forbes
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Narrowly defined? The law allows officers to check the status of anyone they "stop, detain or arrest" if they "reasonably" suspect the person is here illegally. What triggers "reasonable" suspicion? The law says an officer should feel free to check the status of anyone who can't produce a driver's license or proof of residency. That's why the provision was quickly labeled by civil libertarians as the "show me your papers" law.

I was involved in the fight against former Arizona state senator Russell Pearce, J.T. Ready and all the hate groups here. I had the occasion to argue with Ready at a protest in front of our capitol. The anti-Latino vibe was intense in 2010, but Ready's death and the recall of Pearce have toned down the rhetoric.

John Dreyfus
Phoenix, Arizona



GOD VS. AMERICA

What's happening with the free exercise of religion?

BY CHIP ROWE

The Reverend Barry Lynn has for 21 years been executive director of Americans United for Separation of Church and State.

PLAYBOY: The First Amendment says government cannot endorse any particular religion, yet many people seem confused by what that means. Why do you think that is?

LYNN: Some people read only the part that says the government cannot restrict the "free exercise" of religion. But that doesn't mean public meetings can start with a prayer.

PLAYBOY: Apparently that's still being decided. In May the Supreme Court agreed to hear a case involving a town council that invites local clergy to pray at its meetings. Why is it a problem as long as the town council doesn't exclude anyone?

LYNN: Nearly all the ministers are Christians. And they pray while standing

behind a podium with the town seal, which strikes me as an endorsement. The plaintiffs—one is Jewish and the other an atheist—say the practice makes them feel like outsiders in their own community. The Bible makes a strong case that Jesus would not be leading public prayers.

He said we should separate what is God's from what is Caesar's. Go into the closet and pray rather than show off how devout you are.

PLAYBOY: So why all the confusion?

LYNN: It's partly due to the complete obfuscation of the issue by Catholic bishops and the religious right. They interpret

the First Amendment to mean they can ignore any law they don't like.

PLAYBOY: When you give talks on the separation of church and state, what is the reaction?

LYNN: I often hear there is a war on

Jesus would not be leading public prayers.

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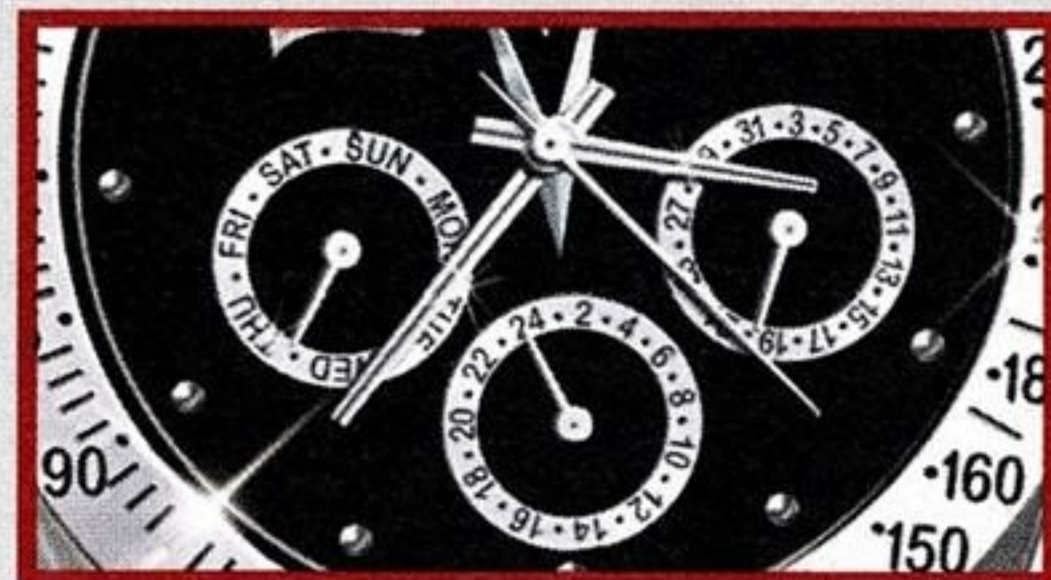


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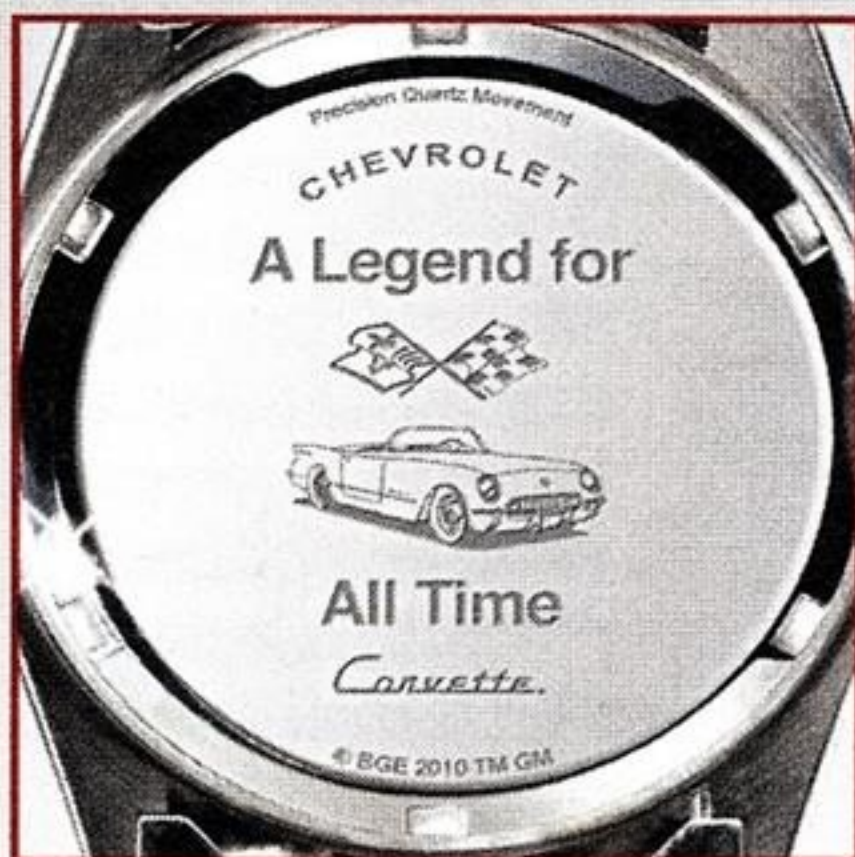


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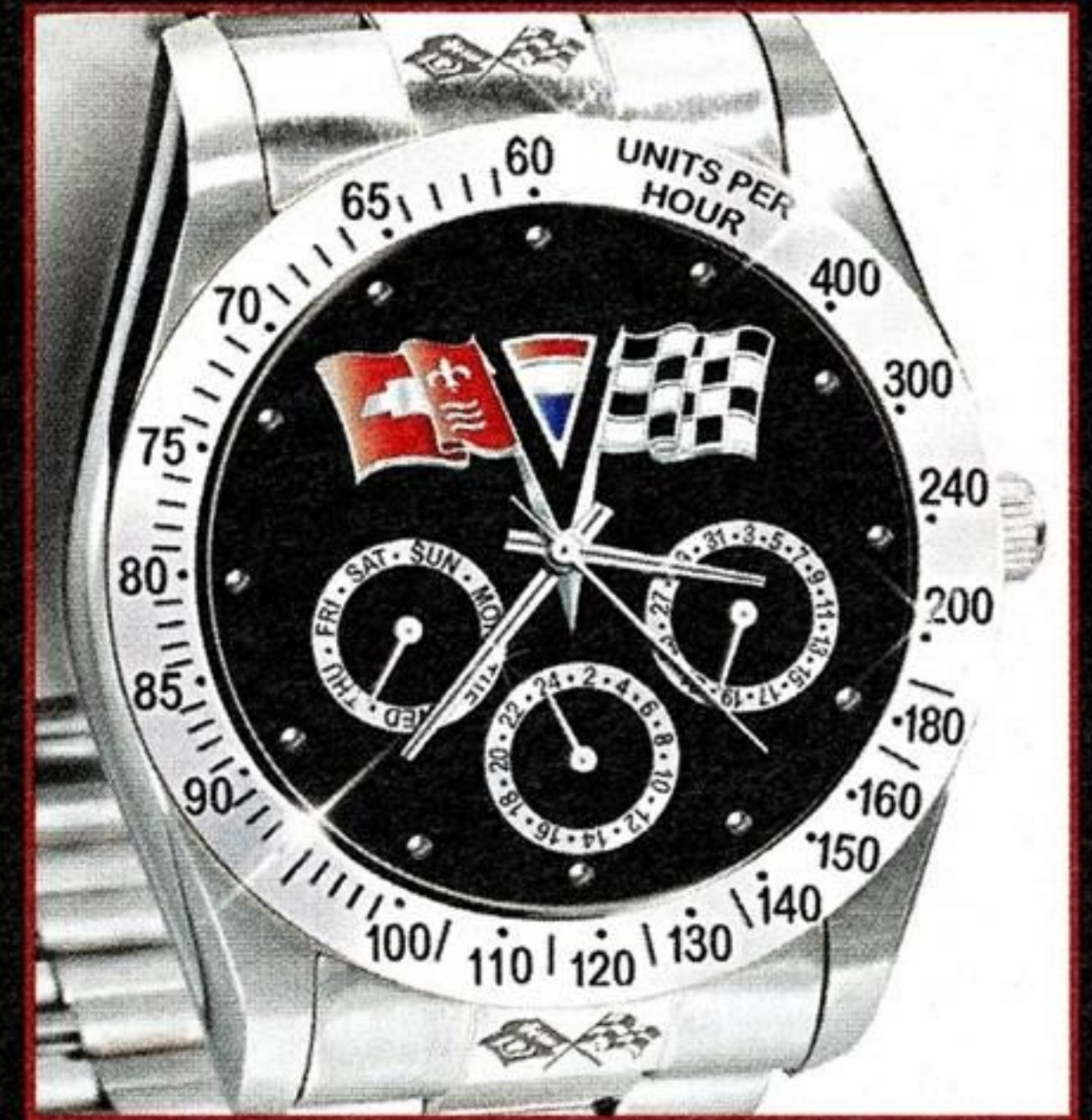
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religion. At one lecture a guy came up to me afterward and used that phrase, and I asked him to give me an example of how this supposed war had affected him. He said his local firehouse can't put up a nativity scene. I don't find that convincing.

PLAYBOY: At one time more than 30 states endorsed or required the public reading of Bible verses and prayers in schools. Then in 1956 a student in Pennsylvania read in class from the Koran in protest and was disciplined.

LYNN: The *Schempp* case.

PLAYBOY: According to social conservatives, that's when the Supreme Court kicked God out of public schools.

LYNN: That's an odd theological view, that the court could kick God out of anywhere. I was with Ellery Schempp a few weeks ago at an event where he had a dialogue with a young woman from

Rhode Island [Jessica Ahlquist, winner of a 2013 Hugh Hefner First Amendment Award]. She had challenged a religious mural at her high school. Their cases are 50 years apart. Eleanor Roosevelt once said, "The battle for church-state separation may have to be fought all over again." Sadly, that has been the case.

PLAYBOY: Around election time, you sometimes see ministers endorsing candidates. What's wrong with that?

LYNN: If you have 501(c)(3) tax-exempt status, people can give you money and deduct it. In turn, you cannot endorse or oppose political candidates, including on the pulpit or with phony "voter guides" that make every progressive sound like Hitler. We have complaints pending with the IRS against 100 churches, though the typical punishment seems to be having the pastor promise never to do it again. ■

SEVEN TRUTHS ABOUT DNA

We leave it everywhere. Whenever we drink, cut our hair or have sex, we leave behind a genetic trail. But much of the conventional wisdom about DNA is wrong

1 DNA isn't a blueprint. Blueprints are precise plans. They're also reversible. DNA is neither precise nor reversible. In his book *The Greatest Show on Earth*, Richard Dawkins makes this argument. Show an architect a building and he can re-create the blueprint. But show a geneticist a human and he can't re-create the genome. Dawkins suggests this is because DNA is like a recipe. But it's a recipe that depends on environment, as epigenetics shows, and that's loaded with unnecessary ingredients. Only 1.5 percent of our genome encodes proteins; the rest is noncoding junk, the purpose of which remains mysterious. That DNA isn't a blueprint challenges two other beliefs: **(2) DNA cloning does not produce carbon copies.** Just as identical twins have the same genetics but are not exact duplicates, a cloned human would not be a Xerox of his or her ancestor. This is because **(3) your DNA is not your destiny.** In determining characteristics from height to illness, genes don't work alone but partner with



environment, experience and chance. **(4) DNA can't predict behavior.** Behavioral genetics stretches back to the 19th century, when Francis Galton, Charles Darwin's cousin, tried to connect genetic input with genius output. Since then, scientists have raced to find genes for everything from intelligence to gambling to obesity. It doesn't quite work.

Consider the hunt for the murder gene. In 1993 researchers descended on a mutated gene for the monoamine oxidase A enzyme. Some thought the busted gene, which normally keeps adrenaline in check, explained aggression. But a better explanation seems to be genotype-environment interactions—bad nature and bad nurture. This also means **(5) genetic optimization is a fantasy.** **(6) Forensic DNA testing isn't fast.** When police collect crime-scene DNA, testing it for a match takes at least three weeks. One reason for the delay is the confirmation process. The crime-scene DNA is first matched with a sample in CODIS, the nation's DNA database. Then the laboratory takes a DNA sample from the suspect to confirm the match. The other reason is the huge backlog. The most current data provided to the National Institute of Justice put the backlog at 111,647 cases. **(7) DNA evidence isn't foolproof.** Like any evidence, DNA is only as infallible as the people who test it. In 2011 Las Vegas police admitted that a technician had mistakenly put DNA in the wrong vial, causing an innocent man to be sent to prison for nearly four years. This

is especially serious since DNA evidence is often misinterpreted in what is known as the prosecutor's fallacy: It's easy to confuse the low likelihood of a random match with a low likelihood of innocence. When the probability of a random match is extremely low and a mistake happens, how can you defend yourself?—Jason Silverstein

READER RESPONSE

HISTORY LESSON

I am a student of the Playboy Philosophy who has just finished reading about the history of sexuality from early Judaism to the Victorians. As a Catholic I would like to point out that some of us are more open-minded these days. Still, it is sad the church treated Hef and PLAYBOY so harshly. Sex is a beautiful gift given by God, and PLAYBOY is a guidebook for how the American male can embrace his fast-changing world.

Willie Cray Richardson
Enfield, North Carolina

For the past several years I've been reading letters in the magazine from conservatives who lambaste PLAYBOY for running interviews with Keith Olbermann and Lawrence O'Donnell et al. and for publishing articles by Bill Maher and Joel Stein—and ridicule Hugh Hefner for being, to paraphrase, an old liberal fool. In May, for example, a reader claims he "hadn't realized you were a full-blown leftist rag." Have any of these outraged readers read a single word of the Philosophy? Please, boys, go back to looking at the pictures.

Lance Abbring
Bradenton, Florida

REASONABLE PROGRESS

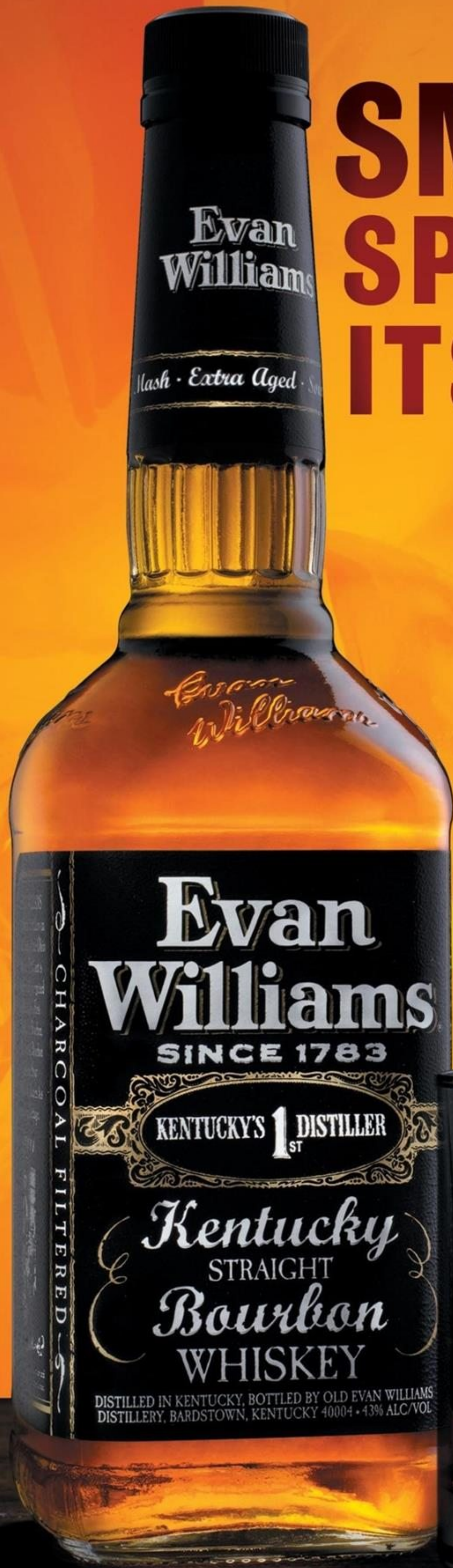
The shift in belief systems in societies across the centuries has most certainly transformed human behavior ("Atheism Wars," April). The abolishing of state-sanctioned human sacrifices, public executions, massacres, etc., came largely from the Age of Reason and the Enlightenment, not the word of God, and it has made the world a far safer and better place. And that is no myth.

Louis Cohalan
Melbourne, Australia

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TONY ROBBINS

A candid conversation with the king of life coaches about his self-help empire, his inner demons and what really bothers his celebrity clients

At the Los Angeles Convention Center, 5,000 fans are up on their feet, bouncing to U2's "Beautiful Day," palms pumping the air as their indefatigable leader appears from the wings, exhorting followers from 40 countries to Unleash the Power Within, the name of the four-day seminar.

Welcome to the world of Tony Robbins. From Rome to Hong Kong, Dubai to Sydney, Cabo San Lucas to Paris, the 53-year-old crisscrosses the globe on a nonstop mission to rouse the giant referred to in his signature book, *Awaken the Giant Within*.

Sure, critics have made fun of his omnipresent TV infomercials and QVC pitches, while some mental health professionals question the efficacy of rapid-fire transformation. But the king of life coaches dismisses skeptics, pointing to a record of proven results and impressive sales: Four million people have attended his seminars; 50 million have bought his books, tapes and DVDs. Everything about him is supersize—his height (six-foot-seven), his yearly income (more than \$30 million), his Twitter followers (more than 2 million) and his personal-coaching fee (\$1 million annually).

A self-made man who never went to college, Robbins was raised in a violent household by a volatile mother addicted to prescription drugs and alcohol. After she kicked him out

of the house when he was 17, he worked as a door-to-door repairman. By the age of 24 he was a millionaire, trading in his Volkswagen for a Rolls-Royce. He'd discovered within himself the ability to "sculpt" people, creating a life-coaching industry that hadn't previously existed.

Bill Clinton sought his advice as president. Serena Williams relied on him to avoid on-court meltdowns. Princess Diana bared her soul to him in Kensington Palace. Hugh Jackman, Leonardo DiCaprio, Anthony Hopkins, Quincy Jones, Andre Agassi, Donna Karan and Greg Norman have all turned to him.

Robbins is a father of four and devoted to his second wife, Sage. He still racks up frequent flier miles and is as driven and ambitious as ever, maintaining a nonstop seminar schedule while also working on an upcoming book titled *The Money Power Principles*.

Journalist **Glenn Plaskin**, who has interviewed Donald Trump and Calvin Klein for *PLAYBOY*, met up with Robbins at his Palm Springs getaway home. He reports: "Robbins was disarmingly relaxed, drawing me outside for a view of the mountains. After pulling out his iPad and playing his interview with a 108-year-old concentration camp survivor—whom he called the ultimate optimist—Robbins, a student of longevity,

was off and running, sipping minestrone as he expounded on the human condition."

PLAYBOY: You must have heard every criticism in the book about your public persona. When people hear the name Tony Robbins, what comes to mind?

ROBBINS: [Laughs] I'm the infomercial guy with big teeth from *Shallow Hal*. But fortunately for the people I've worked with, I'm also the guy who creates breakthroughs, who transforms lives and closes the gap between where you are and where you want to be.

PLAYBOY: You didn't mention your height.

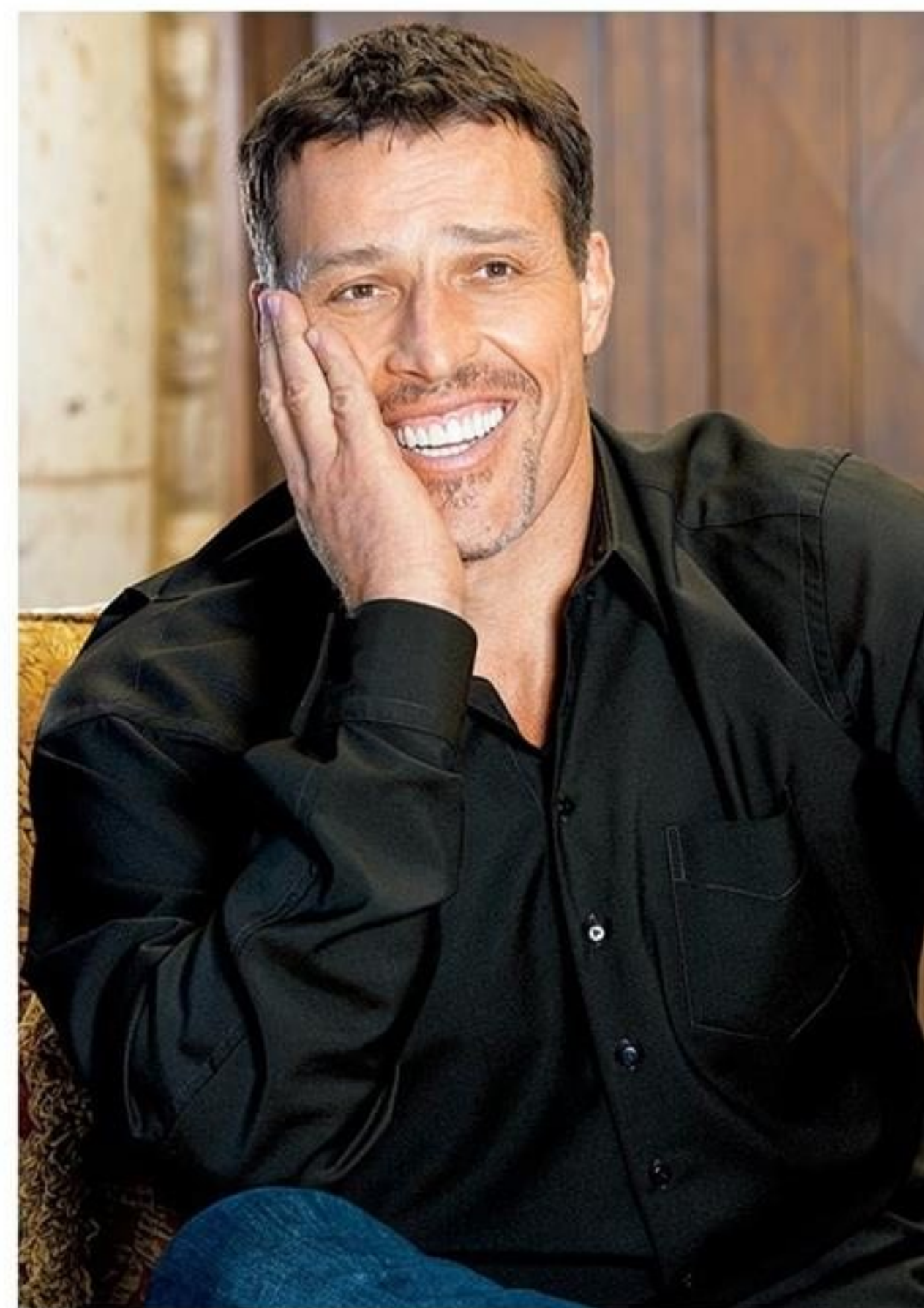
ROBBINS: My height affected me in an interesting way. I was five-foot-one my sophomore year of high school and became student body president. I was the short fat kid who worked his guts out and was mouthy to anybody who gave him crap. I don't think it was height that allowed me to impose my will, but I had an incredibly intense will and a competitive spirit. That year I tried to get the head cheerleader's attention, but the noseguard of the football team poured chocolate milk all over me. I smacked him as hard as I could and said every four-letter word I knew. Then I ran like hell. But I wasn't very fast.



"I have no delusions that I'm the only source of improving people's lives or that I'm even the right source. My style is intense, and it's not going to be right for everybody. I don't fix anybody, because I don't think anybody's broken."



"I grew almost 10 inches my junior year, but I didn't discover why until I was 31 and a doctor told me I had a tumor in my brain. That was a brutal day, a moment of humbling disbelief, anger and doubt."



"I used to live in anger and used my rage as energy. I converted it into drive, fortunately, because just being angry wouldn't have changed anything. When I was 17 I got kicked out of my house. My mom chased me out with a knife."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

PLAYBOY: Your legs have gotten a lot longer.

ROBBINS: I grew almost 10 inches my junior year, but I didn't discover why until I was 31 and a doctor told me I had a tumor in my brain. That was a brutal day, a moment of humbling disbelief, anger and doubt. I'd been healthy as a horse but was told I had a rare disorder called acromegaly, which caused the excessive growth spurt in my teens. At six-foot-seven, with size 16 feet, it didn't take a brain surgeon to tell me that. He recommended surgery, but I never had it. And I've never had a problem. If I'd listened, they would have cut out a piece of my brain.

PLAYBOY: Studies have found that taller people are perceived as more intelligent and powerful, and they make more money. Did height give you an edge?

ROBBINS: It was more a hunger to succeed, to break through and make a difference. It's not conditions, it's decisions that shape your life. Destiny is choices. You can find too many people who are small in stature but not in character—like Mother Teresa or Mahatma Gandhi—to believe that height matters. Motive matters. The ultimate thing that separates people is finding a mission greater than themselves. But most people major in minor things. They know more about Lindsay Lohan and the Kardashians than about their emotional lives. They start out with dreams but get slapped down by disappointment, which takes a bite out of their confidence. So they travel through life with less than they deserve and come up with a story about why.

PLAYBOY: You mean "if only" rationales for lesser results?

ROBBINS: Yes. Most of us are looking for something outside ourselves that we can't control to blame for where we are, rather than finding a way to control the inside world and maximize our greatest strengths. People who focus on what they can't control are usually depressed, frustrated, angry, overwhelmed and lost. Sure, there's no way to look at the world and say it's fair, even or just. Some people have advantages.

PLAYBOY: Does having advantages always help?

ROBBINS: No. You give some people everything and they spend their lives going through rehab. Lindsay Lohan is a great example. Then you look at Oprah. Abused as a child, yet with an unbelievable level of passion she became the woman she is today.

PLAYBOY: So what makes the difference?

ROBBINS: I've been obsessed to know that my entire life. The difference is psychological strength, emotional fitness. It's the capacity to face the worst setbacks and find something inside to push through and triumph no matter the circumstance. I interviewed Alice Herz-Sommer, the world's oldest living Holocaust survivor. Her husband and parents were killed in the camps. She wasn't. Why? She was a great pianist, so the Nazis used her to

perform in propaganda films. If she had refused, they would have executed her young son and then her. You won't meet a happier person.

PLAYBOY: Did she share her secret?

ROBBINS: Yes. She'd focus on a memory from her previous life that would get her laughing. And she got outside of herself by lifting people up with music. Compare her story to someone saying "I lost my job on Wall Street and now it's over." Give me a break. You're not in Somalia, right? You haven't lost your abilities. You can find a way to retool.

PLAYBOY: What's the real problem?

ROBBINS: We're emotionally unfit. We expect things to be given to us that other generations had to earn. We think we're supposed to get homes with no money down and be supported by the government if we're unemployed.

PLAYBOY: What do you tell people who lose their jobs?

ROBBINS: First, feed and strengthen your mind with something that inspires you. If you don't, disaster and fear is where your brain will go. Second, feed and strengthen your body. Fear is physical. When you

We've been sold a bill of goods that says you shouldn't have pain and that if you do you should end it with a pill, a message reinforced by ridiculous commercials.

lift weights or go for a sprint, that energy flows back into your body and restores you to certainty. Third, find a role model, someone who has turned their life around. Fourth, take massive action and keep changing your approach. Fifth, find somebody who is 10 times worse off and help *them*. It reminds you that you have something to give and to be grateful.

PLAYBOY: Some people think you have all the answers. Do you?

ROBBINS: I have no delusions that I'm the only source of improving people's lives or that I'm even the right source. My style is intense, and it's not going to be right for everybody.

PLAYBOY: Some mental health professionals might say you attempt to fix people in a weekend, when it takes months or years to properly delve into a psyche.

ROBBINS: First of all, I don't fix anybody, because I don't think anybody's broken. I think what people have are patterns, and those can be changed. People quickly understand that what's controlling their thoughts and emotions are their values and rules, and they learn how to shift those.

PLAYBOY: Don't some who are physiologically depressed require medication?

ROBBINS: Without a doubt. But biochemistry can be instantly changed without drugs, which may sound like bullshit hyperbole. But I've been demonstrating for decades that you can alter anyone's state by a radical change in physiology—lifting weights, sprinting, abruptly changing breathing, all of it shifting your mind-set in a heartbeat. But we take on these identities of diseases and feel we're doomed. Are there people for whom only medication can make a difference? Yes, but I'd say it's rare, a small percentage. And 75 percent of people who take antidepressants are still depressed.

PLAYBOY: Yet 30 million Americans are taking them, and countless doctors would disagree with you.

ROBBINS: We've been sold a bill of goods that says you shouldn't have pain and that if you do you should end it with a pill, a message reinforced by ridiculous commercials. You hear beautiful music and see somebody floating through a meadow, and at the end you find out that the drug may blow up your brain, but try it anyway, right? A pill can't solve the problem. All it can do is numb you and lose the pain that would otherwise drive you to finally change something.

PLAYBOY: Ever taken an antidepressant?

ROBBINS: Never. I'm not saying it isn't useful for people; it's just not my path. That's not because I'm a superman. I grew up in a family where both my parents were alcoholics and users of prescription drugs. At the age of 11 I'd go to the pharmacy and convince the pharmacist that my mom had lost her Valium, and he'd refill it. So I saw the severe effects of drugs.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a therapist?

ROBBINS: No.

PLAYBOY: Are you against it?

ROBBINS: No, I actually train therapists through my Center for Strategic Intervention, using films of my interventions. But I believe therapy can be done more rapidly. I'm into your finding the source of what's making you think and feel the way you do and shifting it quickly.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you're on-stage? Does the adrenaline start to flow?

ROBBINS: It's not just adrenaline; oxytocin is flowing too. I love that audience. I'm out there feeling them rather than being inside my head. I don't use teleprompters or notes. I'd want to kill myself if I did the same regurgitated stuff every time. I'm always loading my brain with new ways of looking at something. To me, words are like stickpins. I can throw a word at you and it will bounce right off your body. But if I take that little stickpin and wire it to the back of an iron bar called human emotion, I can put that thing right through your heart.

PLAYBOY: During those hours, are you wearing down people's defenses as a means of creating a breakthrough?

ROBBINS: That's bullshit. In a world where people won't stay in their seats to watch a three-hour movie that cost \$300 million, why do they stay put for 50 hours in my seminars? They can vote with their feet and get a full refund. Nobody's holding them there. When Oprah came to Unleash the Power Within, her people said she'd stay for two hours max, but she stayed until one A.M.

PLAYBOY: Did she do the fire walk?

ROBBINS: She did.

PLAYBOY: What's the point of walking across coals heated to 1,200 degrees?

ROBBINS: To have a breakthrough, you want to give people the experience of doing something they thought impossible. I use fire walking as a metaphor, a test of someone's strength and courage.

PLAYBOY: About a year ago, at one of your seminars in San Jose, Fox News reported a "hot coal catastrophe," saying more than two dozen participants out of 6,000 were injured and hospitalized with second- or third-degree burns during the fire walk.

ROBBINS: Those reports were absurd, and they have been proven to be completely false. A handful of people had a mild degree of redness, and we gave them immediate treatment. Nobody was hospitalized. And there wasn't one third-degree burn. Fox later issued a rare on-air retraction.

PLAYBOY: How safe can a fire walk be?

ROBBINS: In the past 35 years, more than 2 million people from 100 countries have done the fire walk successfully. It's like skydiving—if you know what you're doing and prepare for it, it's an exhilarating and unforgettable experience.

PLAYBOY: In Oprah's case, being a tough, sophisticated woman, what would she be afraid of?

ROBBINS: Everybody has fear. I was surprised by her level of vulnerability. Right now she's in the spotlight, working to build a TV network with positive and uplifting content in a world where humiliation and voting people off the island are what sell. That's not easy, even for Oprah. What I learned from her is grace under pressure.

PLAYBOY: What did she learn about you?

ROBBINS: Before coming to the seminar Oprah thought I was a salesman, an infomercial guy, nonspiritual in some way. But now she's been introducing me as her spiritual warrior. We laughed about it, and I teased her a bit.

PLAYBOY: When you first met her, years ago, how was the rapport?

ROBBINS: Well, I'd never been on her show. It's ironic. I'd been on every show dozens of times—God only knows how many times on *Today*—but Oprah never invited me.

PLAYBOY: You've often said "You've got to discipline your disappointments."

ROBBINS: Yes. When I say I rarely fail in

And if we're not, our second fear is that *we won't be loved.*

PLAYBOY: But what about fear of illness, death, our children's welfare, unemployment, living in a post-9/11 world?

ROBBINS: Do people feel afraid of many things? No question. Those fears are real, but all roads lead to Rome, down to the twin fears. It's okay to feel afraid, and you can use that emotion to propel yourself forward. I don't tell people, "Go to your garden and chant 'There are no weeds' and do a bunch of affirmations." I'm not Mr. Positive Thinking. I never have been. I'm a strategist, not a motivator. I'm obsessed with finding strategies that create real results in the shortest period of time.

PLAYBOY: You often say change happens in a second. Do you mean that literally?

ROBBINS: People say it takes 10 years to change your life. It's bullshit. It takes a moment, a second, yes. But it may take you 10 years to get to the point of finally saying, "Enough."

PLAYBOY: What do most people do when they have a problem?

ROBBINS: They feed their fear because they are deathly afraid of failing, of not being enough. They will say, "I can't lose weight because I'm big-boned." I say, "No, you're freakin' fat!" You don't like your body, your job, your relationship? Change it. It's obvious. But most people won't do that. It's too scary.

PLAYBOY: What fear keeps you up at night?

ROBBINS: I'm not kept up right now, but I've certainly had those moments. One fear was that I would die young. I thought, Why me? That fear helped me because it gave me a sense of urgency to have an impact.

PLAYBOY: But if you had to name a fear today, what would it be?

ROBBINS: I love my wife, Sage, at a level that's just ridiculous, so when I think of all the things in my life that give me joy—besides my mission—it's my wife and kids. When Sage was born, her vestibular system, which controls balance and eye movement, was damaged, and the result was severe motion sickness.

life, that's bullshit. I fail all the time, but I don't view it as failure. Unless you can discipline your disappointment, it overwhelms you. It puts you in a mental and emotional state that drains your energy. You lose your will and your capacity to be resilient. The one common denominator of all successful people is their hunger to push through their fears.

PLAYBOY: Is fear the biggest problem people have?

ROBBINS: No question. Our deepest fear is that *we're not enough.* I don't care if it's the president, a prisoner, an Olympic athlete or a parent. We feel we're not competent enough—or smart, strong, athletic, humorous or beautiful enough.

With me traveling constantly by plane, she was throwing up on every flight, losing weight, wilting away to nothing. I thought I was going to lose her.

PLAYBOY: How did you cope?

ROBBINS: I was punishing myself. Here I am, Mr. Solution, right? But not being able to turn things around for her was torturous. For nine years we went to doctors, nutritionists, natural healers, even experts at NASA and the U.S. Navy's Top Gun school—nothing worked. And at one point she developed a tumor in her lymph gland and I thought she was going to die. She's fine now, but her constitution isn't as strong as mine. I'm always aware of that, so that's the one fear out there for me. But I don't obsess about it, and I don't live in that fear. And the good news is we finally solved the problem.

PLAYBOY: How?

ROBBINS: It's a crazy story. It was a natural hands-on healer who did it, a monk at Oneness University, on the eastern coast of South India. It sounds like complete bullshit, but after Sage learned a form of self-meditation that calms the parietal lobe of the brain, she was able to tolerate motion. We took the most turbulent helicopter flight I'd ever had, and she sat there smiling. I'm crying because it had taken years, but here's the grace of this woman who is finally healthy.

PLAYBOY: How has this changed you?

ROBBINS: It got me to say, "Look, maybe this is a gift from God. I think I'm indestructible, but no one is. Maybe this woman was sent into my life because I would never have slowed down for me, but I'll do it for her." So I cut the number of events by half.

PLAYBOY: Aside from public seminars, you coach private clients too. Is it true you charge up to \$1 million a year?

ROBBINS: Yes. From one client I've had for 20 years—one of the top financial traders in the world—I get a base fee plus a piece of the upside. He e-mails me each day, and I monitor both his financial performance and his psychology and emotion. And I go see him four times a year for a couple of hours each time.

PLAYBOY: You also get emergency calls from celebrities, right?

ROBBINS: It could be anyone from Billie Joe Armstrong of Green Day to President Clinton wanting just another point of view, or a financial trader who just lost \$30 million, or Hugh Jackman wanting to take his acting to the next level, or Serena Williams after she's been injured. I have to deliver right there and right then.

PLAYBOY: What was the coaching about for Serena?

ROBBINS: A few years ago, after surgery, she was in bad shape. She'd lost her drive and hunger and, quite frankly, was afraid to fail, having stacked up so many painful experiences. I had to dig inside and find the part of her that was unstopp-

able. She reclaimed her rhythm and energy and went on to the U.S. Open, improving every aspect of her game.

PLAYBOY: Among those you've met or coached, give us some snapshot impressions. For example, Mother Teresa.

ROBBINS: I asked her, "What really excites you, lights you up?" Kind of a bizarre question, right? She giggled, looked directly at me and said, "Seeing a person die with a smile on their face." I was stunned. But to her, seeing the end of suffering is what she lived for.

PLAYBOY: Nelson Mandela.

ROBBINS: I made the mistake of asking, "Sir, how did you survive all those years in prison?" He gave me a stern look: "I didn't survive, I *prepared*." He believed he'd either die in jail and become a martyr, or live—in which case he needed to lead. His strength, that sense of authority and certainty, was mind-boggling.

PLAYBOY: Who surprised you the most?

ROBBINS: Mike Tyson. I found out he's incredibly well-read—religious books and a wide range of literature. He was describing how he'd brought Aryan and African gangs in prison together, pre-

My mother was a very dominant person, a little wild and a little crazy. She trapped herself in her bedroom, covering the windows with tinfoil to block out all the light.

venting a riot. And in the middle of telling me all this stuff about love, he snaps, "But sometimes I think if there was a button you could push and kill everybody in the world, I'd just do it!"

PLAYBOY: Princess Diana.

ROBBINS: I'll never forget the sad expression on her face when she said she felt like a lonely sparrow in a gilded cage, like she had no choices, that she was trapped in a system where she couldn't be herself. My primary goal was to show her that there were choices. And she made the giant choice to end her marriage. One of her biggest concerns was that her son would not have the chance to be king. She believed that both sons were born to serve, that her own life was about service.

PLAYBOY: Bill Clinton.

ROBBINS: He called asking for assistance during the time he was losing power as the Republicans had taken over both houses of Congress. "Mr. President," I told him, "I have to tell you in advance—I'm not a fan."

PLAYBOY: Why weren't you?

ROBBINS: I felt he had campaigned on the economy but was focusing on ev-

erything but that. The incongruity of it bugged me. But as I got to spend time with him, I saw an impassioned man with a deep desire to end suffering. I remember being with him in Aspen during the Monica Lewinsky period. Going down the side of the mountain, he said, "You know, I'd run again if I could." I teased him, "I'd get out while I could!" Another night, at Camp David, he said, "Come walk with me." It was Christmastime, with deer passing us. Surreal, you know? We're having this conversation about life and the country. And I'm thinking, My God, I'm here with the president and have a chance to make a little bit of a difference.

PLAYBOY: During the last election, you had what was called "a very intense meeting" with President Obama. What happened?

ROBBINS: I was invited to a private meeting with 18 business leaders, most of them Silicon Valley billionaires. I started off saying, "Mr. President, I voted for you before, but how will things be different four years from now? You haven't passed a budget. Even Democrats aren't supporting you much. And why didn't you support Simpson-Bowles?" The audience was a bit shocked.

PLAYBOY: The president's reaction?

ROBBINS: He said, "I came up with a much better program than Simpson-Bowles." I answered, "Mr. President, with all due respect, your solution may be a better one, but no one is supporting it."

"Well, in a matter of time, I can get this done," he said. "The first thing I'm going to do is let the Bush tax cuts expire on the wealthy, and that will make a big difference in the deficit." I told him, "A nonpartisan committee has estimated the total amount of money saved by letting those cuts expire will add up to only \$40 billion a year. It costs \$10 billion a *day* to run this country, so that money will last only four days." At this point, someone came over and touched my arm and said, "I think that's enough." To the president's credit, he said, "No, Tony is generating some creative tension here." At the end, he looked at me: "Tony, you made me think today. Talk to my chief of staff. Let's set a time for you to come to the White House."

PLAYBOY: You've come a long way from South Central L.A., where you grew up. What was your household like?

ROBBINS: My mother was a very dominant person, a little wild—she had four husbands—and a little crazy. She never went out of the house. She trapped herself in her bedroom, covering the windows with tinfoil to block out all the light.

PLAYBOY: Was she agoraphobic?

ROBBINS: Not agoraphobic. As I said, she was an alcoholic and addicted to prescription drugs. As the oldest, I was her support system. I took care of my younger brother and sister, did all the shopping, (continued on page 134)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH SHIN



THE NEW FACE OF CRIME

「 A WAVE OF CRIMINALS
IS TURNING HOLLYWOOD-
QUALITY MASKS INTO A LAW
ENFORCEMENT NIGHTMARE—
A WORLD WHERE NO ONE IS
WHO THEY SEEM 」

BY T.J. ENGLISH



T

They did not look like your usual armed robbers. What appeared to be three Caucasian police officers, guns drawn, entered the Pay-O-Matic check-cashing store on South Conduit Avenue in Queens, New York on Valentine's Day 2012. The men wore jackets embroidered with the insignia of the NYPD and had authentic-looking detective shields hanging around their necks. While two of the cops guarded the door, the third approached a clerk and showed her a photo of her home, saying, "We know where you live." He then pointed his gun at the clerk and

CRIMINALS ARE TAKING A TECHNIQUE NEAR AND DEAR TO LAWYERS—RACIAL PROFILING—AND TURNING IT ON ITS HEAD.

told her to clear out the cash drawer and also a safe.

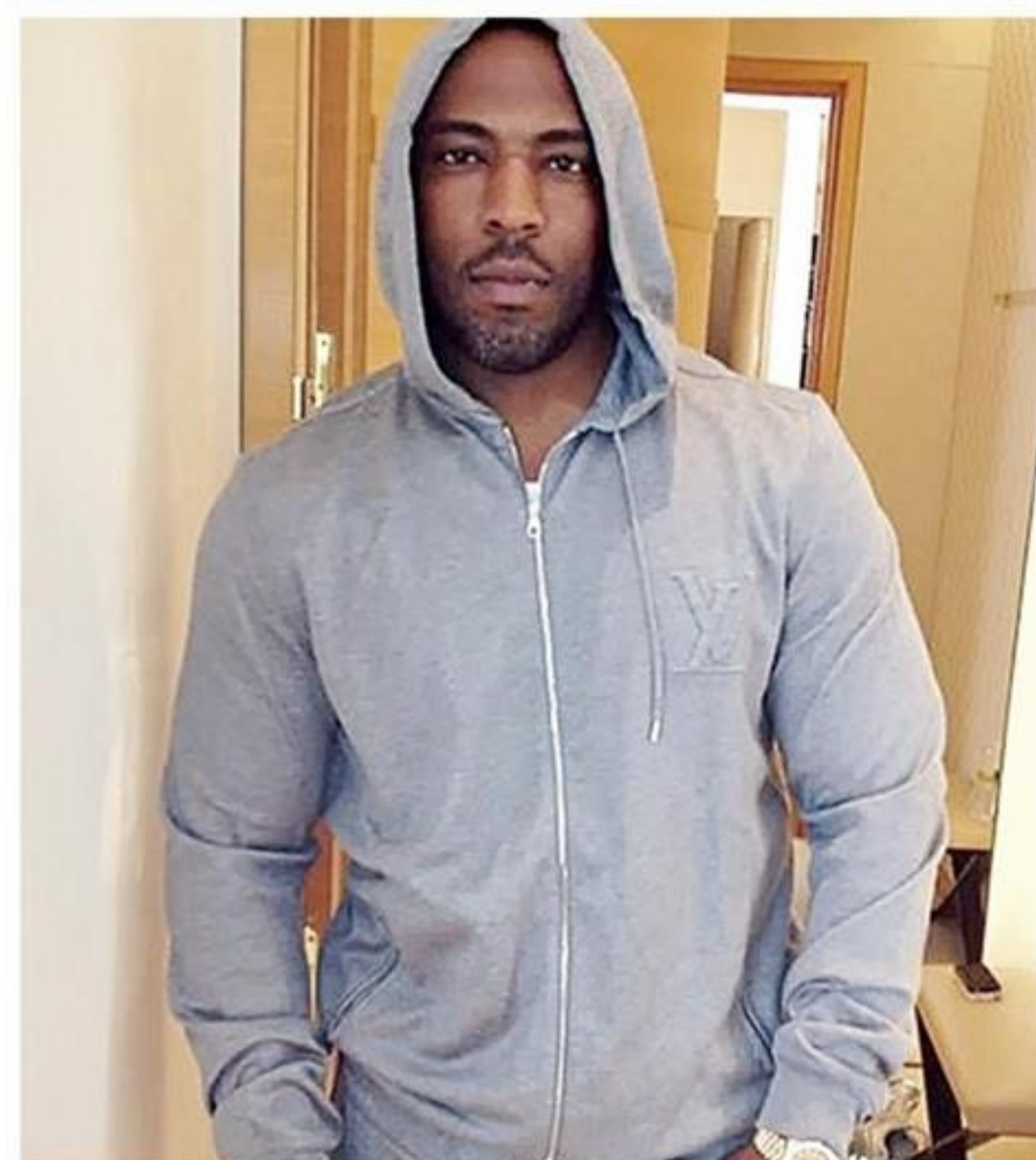
Another person who was working at the check-cashing store that day remembers it well. "We were terrified," says the employee, who prefers to remain nameless. "They looked and sounded like police officers. They had guns. We gave them what they wanted."

The men backed out of the store and drove off in a dark-colored Ford Explorer, absconding with nearly \$200,000 in cash.

When investigators arrived on the scene, they were stumped. Would three cops really have the cojones to rob a busy check-cashing store on a bustling New York street in broad daylight?

For weeks, the criminal investigation went nowhere. But after surveillance footage of the robbery was shown on the news, investigators received a tip: The criminals appeared to be wearing high-end specialty masks. It seemed like a long shot, but something about the men's bald heads and generic features made the possibility that they were wearing disguises worth checking out.

Bingo. At CFX Composite Effects, a specialty store in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, cops were given the name of a Queens man, Edward Byam, who had purchased three lifelike silicone masks. The kicker, authorities say, was that weeks after his purchase—and a few days after the robbery—Byam e-mailed the store: "I'm sending this message to say I'm extremely pleased by CFX work on the mask. The realism of the mask is unbelievable." It was through this



TOP: AKEEM MONSALVATGE ALLEGEDLY DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A POLICE OFFICER TO COMMIT A QUEENS ROBBERY. **BOTTOM:** MONSALVATGE FROM HIS TWITTER PROFILE.

< FACE OFF DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS MAN?

Criminals from New York to London have used the "Mac the Guy" mask to fool law enforcement. Manufactured by Baton Rouge company CFX Composite Effects, the silicone mask conforms to the wearer's face and can mimic facial expressions including mouth and eyebrow movements. The basic model sells for \$570, but for an additional cost it can be outfitted with custom skin tone, eyebrows, facial hair and scars. Masks from CFX Composite Effects appear in the new Denzel Washington-Mark Wahlberg movie *2 Guns*, in—what else?—a robbery scene.

polite thank-you note that cops were able to track down and arrest Byam, as well as two alleged accomplices, Akeem Monsalvatge and Derrick Dunkley.

All three of the accused robbers are African American. They face charges of armed robbery and impersonating a police officer.

The use of a disguise or mask in the furtherance of a crime is not new. Since the dawn of armed robbery, bandits have used masks of every variety. What is new—and what has law enforcement agents and cops around the country

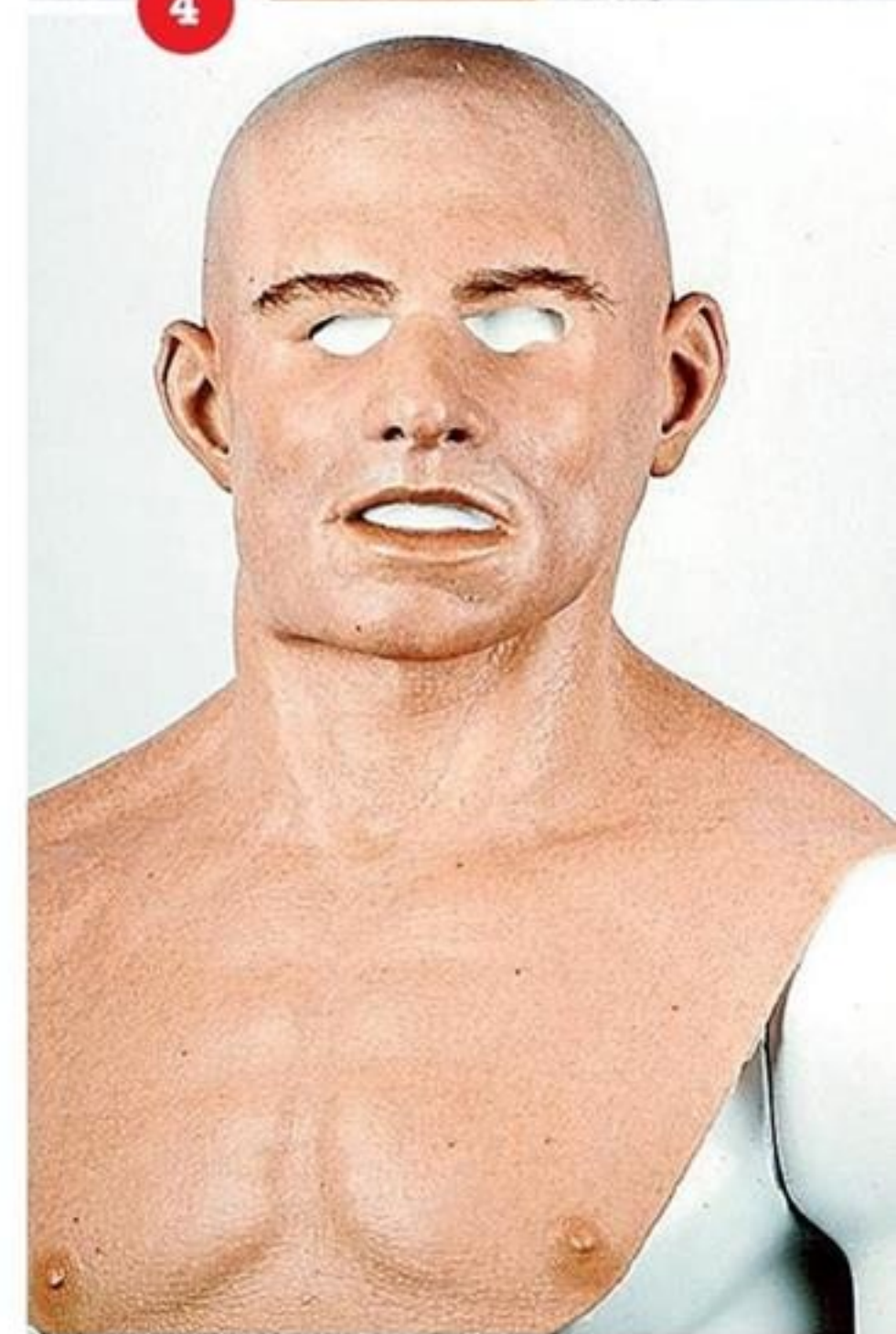
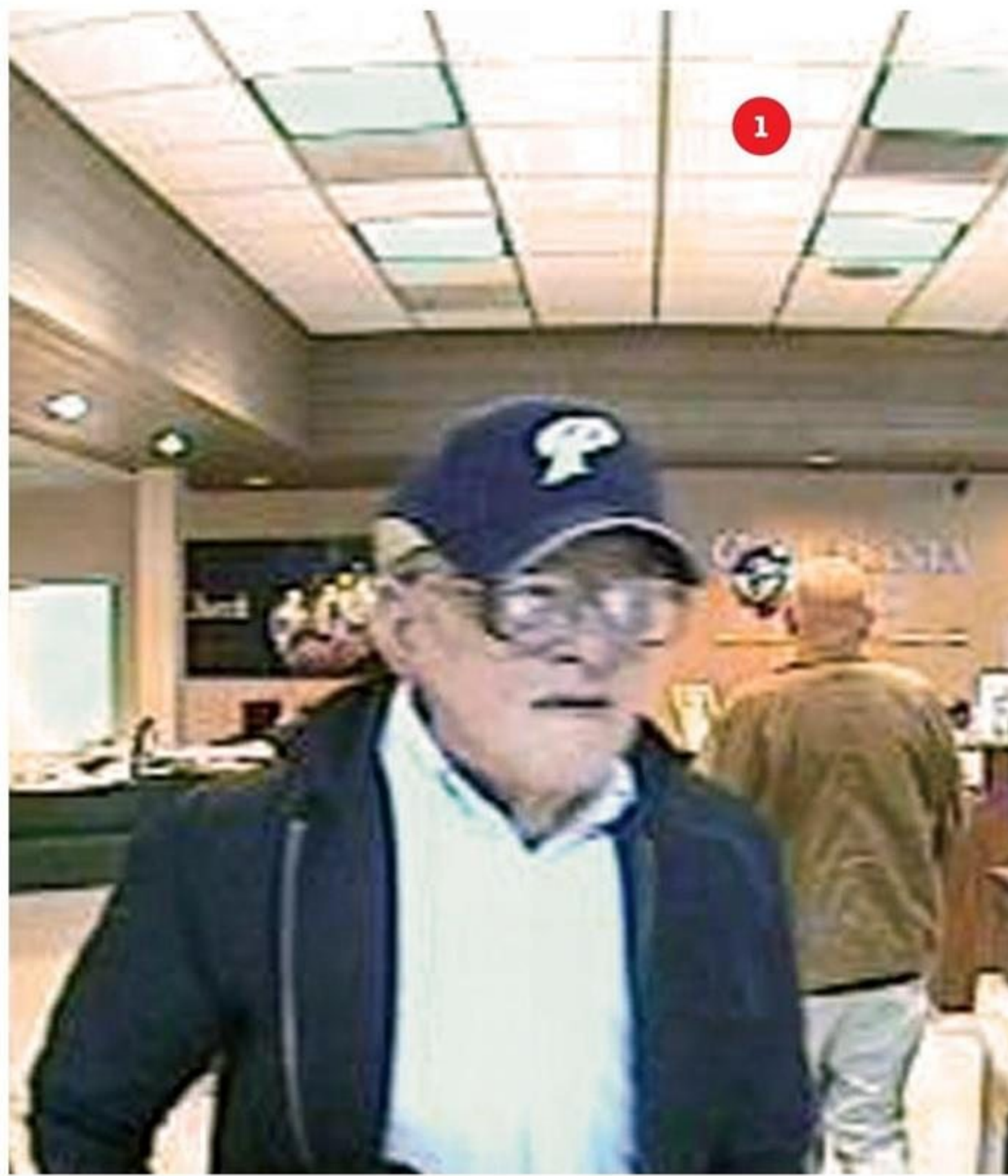
HIS DISGUISE WAS SO EFFECTIVE, SIX DIFFERENT TELLERS IDENTIFIED AN AFRICAN AMERICAN AS THE CULPRIT. A BLACK MAN WAS WRONGFULLY ARRESTED.

concerned—is the quality of these new high-tech masks, the ease with which they can be purchased online and the ways they are being used.

The Queens bandits didn't just disguise their identities, they transformed their ethnicities. This robbery, and a handful of others in the U.S. and elsewhere, suggests that criminals are on the verge of taking a technique near and dear to lawmen—racial profiling—and turning it on its head.

The art of deception and armed robbery have gone hand-in-hand for at least three centuries. The infamous Dick Turpin, a highwayman who robbed travelers in 18th century England, was known to wear a simple costume mask that covered his eyes. For years, Turpin and his Essex Gang blazed a trail across England, stealing horses, deer and valuables. The highwaymen became so well-known, they were romanticized in British ballads and numerous theatrical presentations and later became fixtures in popular culture through movies and television.

Over the years, the use of masks and disguises to commit armed robbery has evolved along with new trends and advancements in technology. In 1873, in their first known train robbery in Iowa, Jesse James and his gang wore Ku Klux Klan hoods, *(continued on page 136)*



1. Police suspect the Geezer Bandit of 16 bank robberies. 2. Steven Ray Milam, in a Handsome Guy mask, robbed 11 Texas banks. 3. A young Asian man flew to Canada disguised as an elderly Caucasian. 4. Henley Stephenson committed a string of London robberies disguised as a white male. 5. Conrad Zdzierak committed six robberies while disguised as an African American.





"If you're really looking for something interactive to play with, I get off at five."





Splendor in the Grass

The Playboy Guide to Lawn Sports

BREAK OUT THE BOCCIE, STRING YOUR BOW AND JOIN US FOR A LITTLE FRIENDLY COMPETITION IN THE BACKYARD

As summer wanes, the great outdoors still beckons—if only from the backyard. It is here you can make the most of those last few perfect afternoons. All you need are good friends and a rudimentary understanding of civilized lawn sports such as boccie, badminton, archery and croquet. To celebrate these simple pleasures, we've created a fantasy country club where the sun always shines, the ice in your drink never melts and membership is restricted to a lucky few. In this case, the club members are you, dear reader, and a dream team composed of Playmates Ciara Price, Kassie Lyn Logsdon, Jaelyn Swedberg, Ashley Hobbs, Nikki Leigh and Amanda Cerny. The sporting life never looked so exquisite.

≡ Photography by Tony Kelly ≡



Femmes and the Art of Archery

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

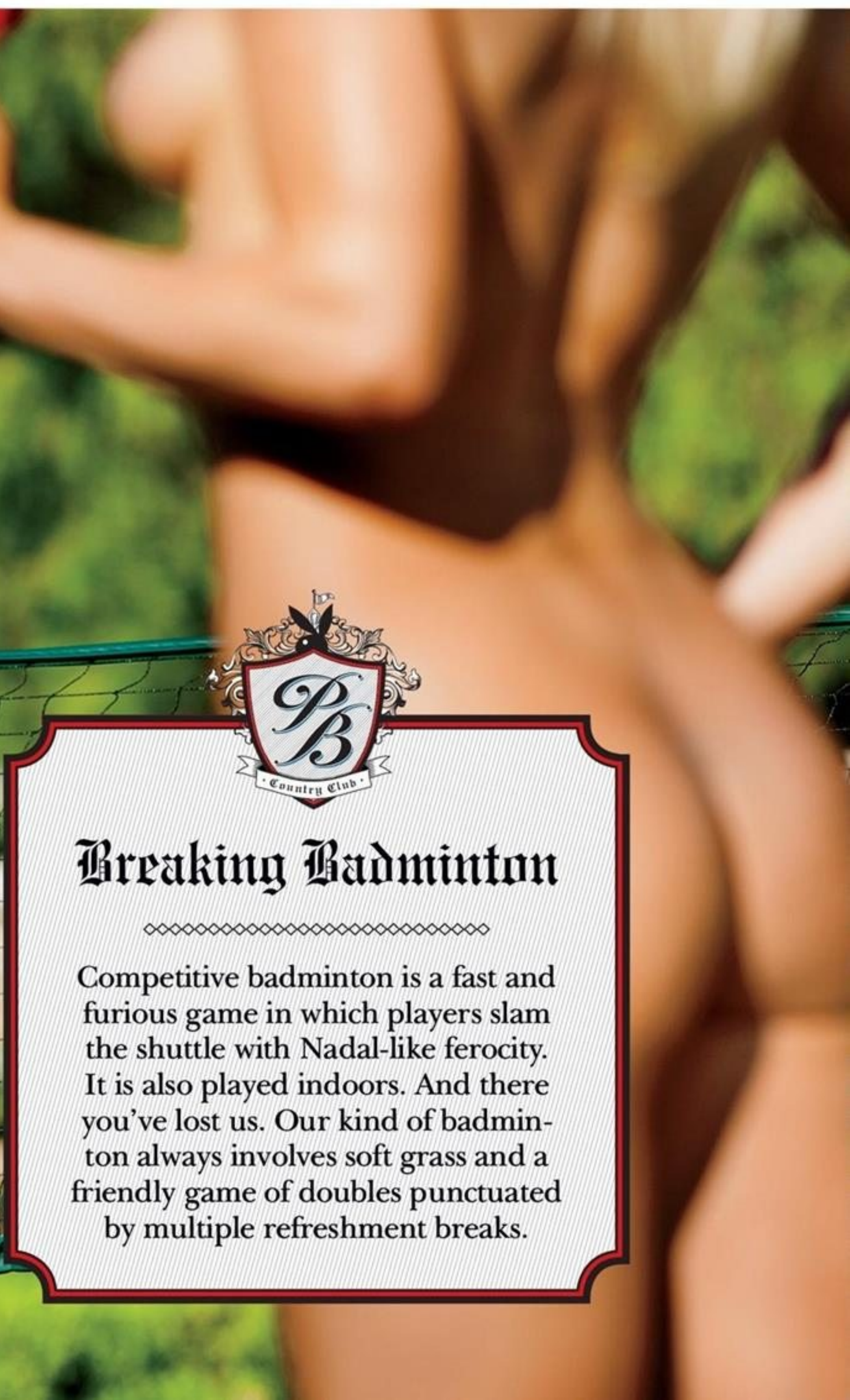
Here's one game you can't get sloppy with. Make sure to set your target against a fence or other impenetrable structure. If you're holding a bow, never point it at another person; if you're not holding a bow, always stand behind the person who is. That way the afternoon won't devolve into an ill-advised *Hunger Games* simulation. And use only dull-tipped target arrows.



Meet Me at the Ball

The leisurely Italian sport of bocce ball is woefully underappreciated stateside. If you're not acquainted with the game, it's remarkably simple: Competitors take turns lobbing heavy colored balls at a hard-to-hit marker ball in between sipping cocktails. The player who gets his balls closest to the marker wins. It can also be seen as a metaphor for dating.





Breaking Badminton

Competitive badminton is a fast and furious game in which players slam the shuttle with Nadal-like ferocity. It is also played indoors. And there you've lost us. Our kind of badminton always involves soft grass and a friendly game of doubles punctuated by multiple refreshment breaks.



Mallet Aforethought

Once an Olympic sport, croquet has dropped in reputation to the level of holiday diversion, which is right where we like it. Croquet purists use measuring tape to space out the wickets, but we suggest you make up your own variations on the game. Who's to say a circular course is any less challenging than the standard layout? Why not set up four parallel straightaways and call it a race? You know us well enough to expect us to break the rules.



A HAIL MARY

For

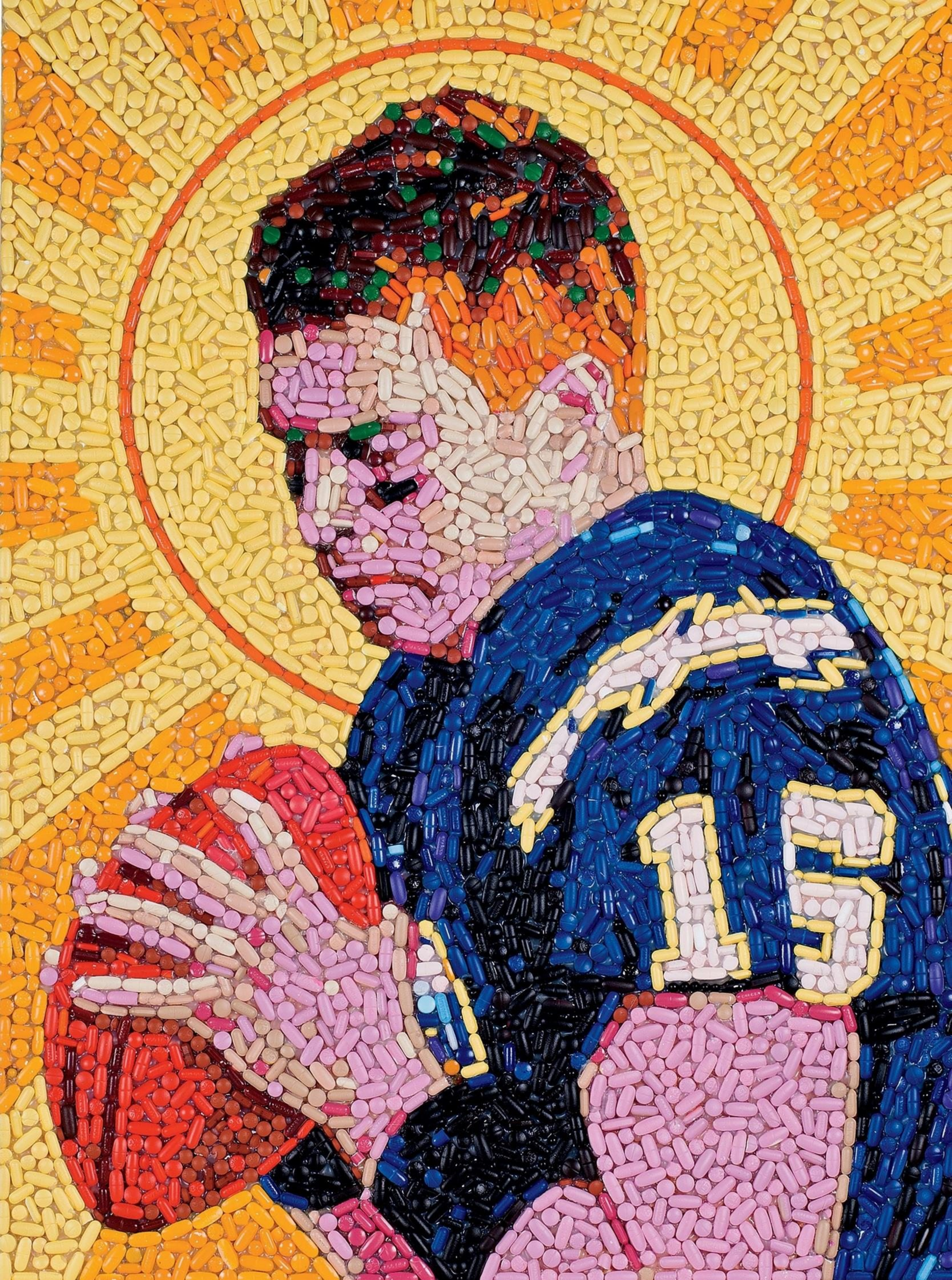
Ryan

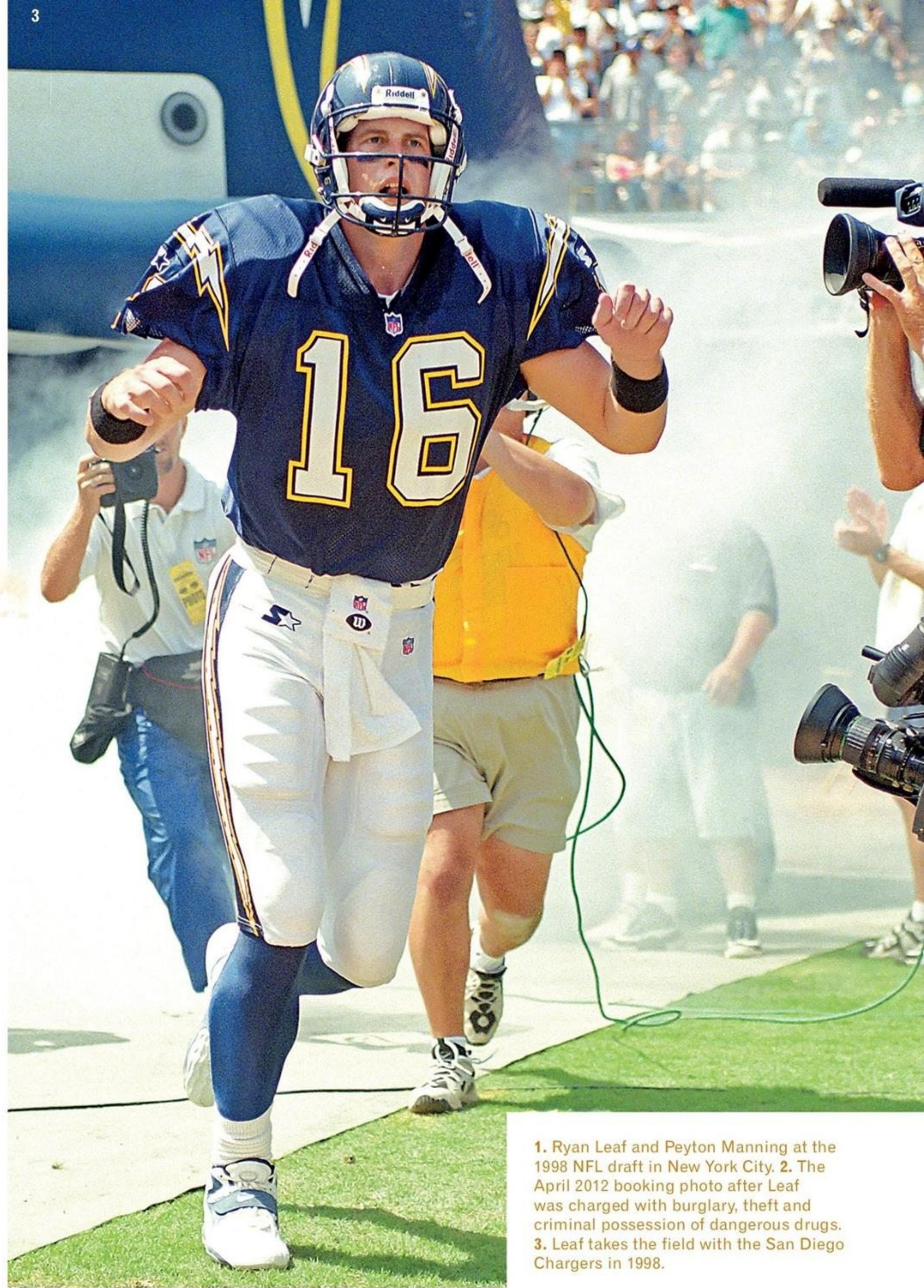
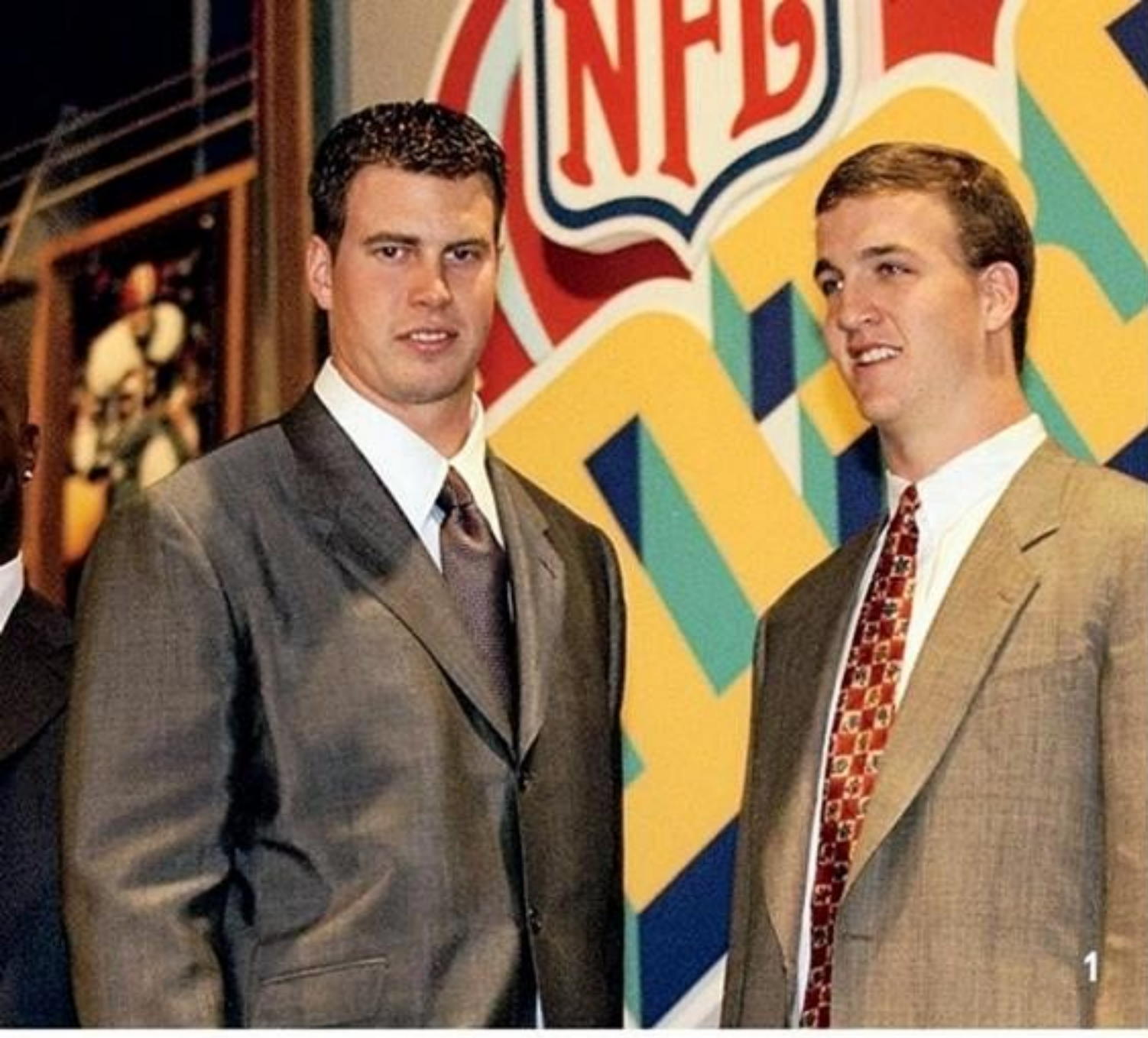
Leaf

By John Cagney Nash

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON MECIER

They called him a better quarterback than Peyton Manning. Then they called him the NFL's greatest bust. Now they call him Montana State Prison Inmate No. 3005025. Facing one final shot at salvation, Ryan Leaf tells the true story of his downfall to the most unlikely of writers—his cell mate





1. Ryan Leaf and Peyton Manning at the 1998 NFL draft in New York City. 2. The April 2012 booking photo after Leaf was charged with burglary, theft and criminal possession of dangerous drugs. 3. Leaf takes the field with the San Diego Chargers in 1998.

F

uckin' hell! You and me aren't gonna have to fight, are we?"

Those were the first words I spoke

to Ryan Leaf, who all but blotted out the lights when he entered my 12-by-16-foot cell behind the Sheriff's Department in Lewistown, Montana last October. The man is six-foot-five and 242 pounds, with a set of shoulders like a range of the Rockies. At 52, I wasn't at all sure I had enough knockin' out left in me for all he'd take.

"Nah," he said with a shrug and the slightest of sheepish grins. Then he went to sleep for two days.

I'd heard about a celebrity inmate on temporary time-out from addiction treatment making his way around the rotisserie. His name, I admit, meant nothing to me. I'm an import from England; we don't swaddle ourselves in body armor prior to playing a game. American football, to me, is overly refereed rugby for the squeamish. Even real football, what you Colonials insist on calling soccer, means little to me any longer. I've grown

too old and brittle for hooliganism, so there hardly seems any point. I am simply not a sports fan.

This was to serve me well with Leaf.

After a couple of days he crawled out of both his doldrums and his tiny, one-size-doesn't-fit-all bed at about the same time. We began some stimulating conversations, on any topic other than football.

That lasted two more days, until Montana's temperature plunged toward 20 below and we were joined by a homeless man who had stolen a car in order to drive drunk just so he could get in the jail and out of the cold. Recognizing Leaf but not any degree of the courtesy

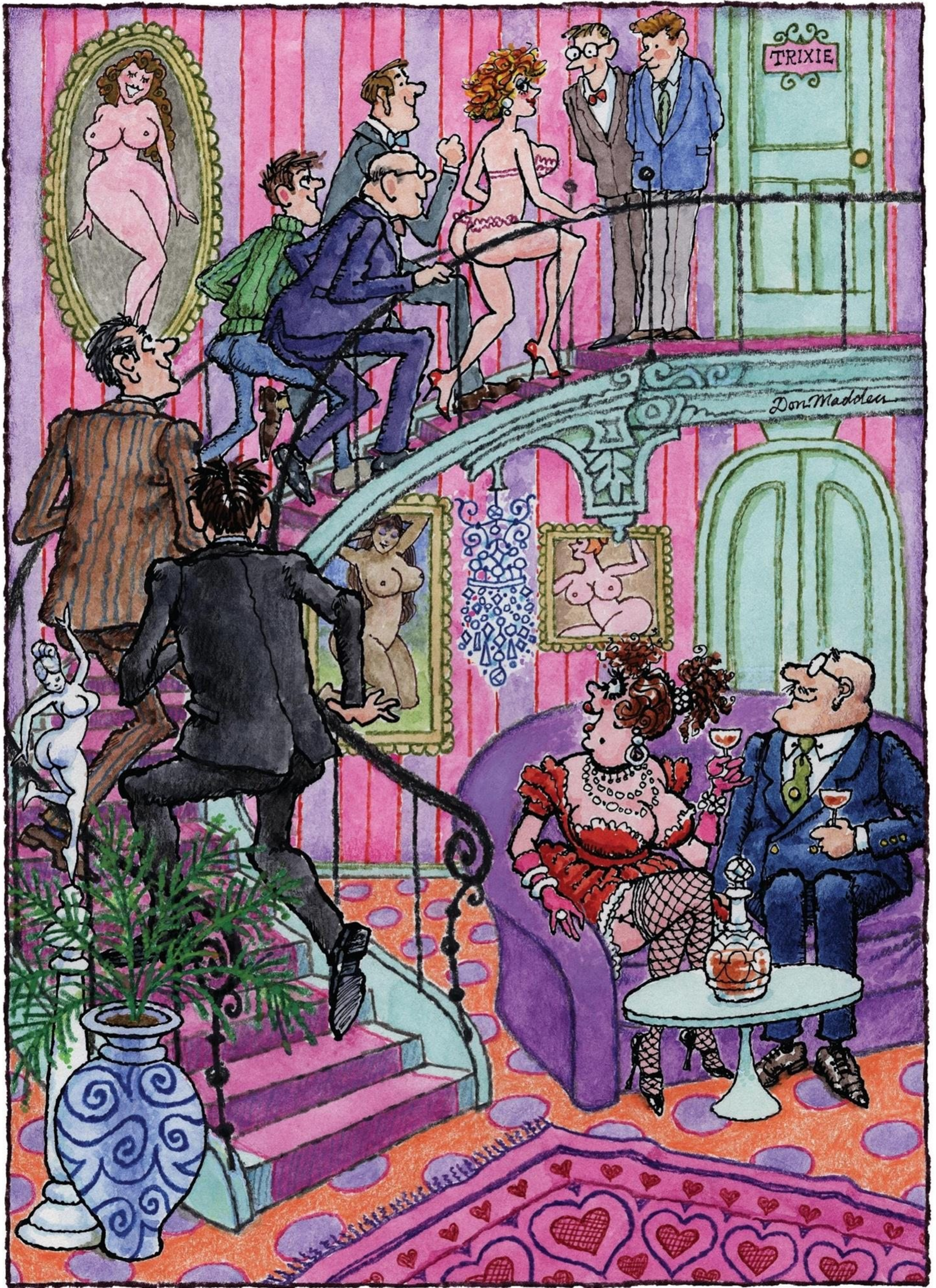
that must mark such close quarters, all he wanted to do was talk about football. The former Number 16 did not.

One interlude I missed, related by Leaf:

"This is my last chance. Whether it takes nine months or five years, it has to work."

"He sat at the table, just listened to me all the way through a long and fairly intimate conversation with my mother. Then immediately all he wanted to do was go on about a fuckin' Bucs game. Hadn't I made it clear I didn't want to talk about football?"

Everyone wants to talk to Ryan Leaf about football. People talk about how he led his high school to the Montana state championship in 1992. They talk about his days at Washington State University, *(continued on page 118)*



"It's not often in this business that you find a girl who's such a workaholic."

Bill

THE LATEST SNL ALUMNUS TO TRY THE BIG SCREEN TALKS ABOUT HIS ANXIETY ATTACKS, HIS BAD FASHION SENSE AND, OF COURSE, STEFON

HADER



Q1

PLAYBOY: When you were deciding whether or not to leave *Saturday Night Live* after eight seasons, what were the pros and cons you considered?

HADER: The cons were I wouldn't be on television once a week and I wouldn't be getting paid. And the pros were sleep. [laughs] My wife, Maggie, and I were constantly going to California for work. If she had to go to L.A. and I had an

SNL week, we needed two babysitters to help with the kids. We realized we needed to move to L.A. This was in February, and I immediately told Lorne Michaels I was going to leave. When I said the words "I'm moving to L.A. and I'm going to leave the show," the room started spinning. [laughs] I thought I was going to faint. I didn't cry—other people have told me they cried—but I got light-headed.

20Q

BY ROB TANNENBAUM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND





Q2

PLAYBOY: You often got light-headed before *SNL* broadcasts. How bad did it get? Was there vomiting?

HADER: No vomiting, just panic attacks and sweating. During my first two seasons I wouldn't sleep on Friday night. I'd be up all night. If you look at the Julian Assange sketch I did when Jeff Bridges was hosting [in December 2010], you can see I'm really nervous. I was covering my face a little, thinking, Oh, I'm having a panic attack. Really? Really? *Really?* Right now? Thanks, comedy gods. I was always self-conscious about the fact that I didn't have as much comedy experience as other people at *SNL*, and I kept thinking they were going to realize they'd made a mistake by hiring me.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Getting hired by *SNL* was a bit of a fluke. You were in a comedy group with Matt Offerman, who is Nick Offerman's brother and Megan

I WAS A SPAZ KID IN TULSA. IT WASN'T LIKE PEOPLE HATED ME, BUT I DID HAVE A FEELING OF NOT FITTING IN.

Mullally's brother-in-law, and Megan saw your show.

HADER: We were called *Animals From the Future*, which is kind of a dumb name. Megan saw me and told Lorne, "You've got to see this guy." So Lorne came to L.A. to see our show, then brought us to New York, where we did the same show for Amy Poehler, Tina Fey, Seth Meyers and some other people. It was really tense. And the minute I started, Amy laughed. I'll always be grateful for her laugh. Just by getting an audition for *SNL*, I got a manager. Then I got an agent. Then I got *SNL*.

My whole career as an actor happened just by getting that meeting with Lorne.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You're in *The To Do List*, a comedy written and directed by your wife, Maggie Carey. What message was she delivering by writing a scene in which you have sex with Rachel Bilson?

HADER: We laughed a lot while we were making the movie. During the sex scene I have with Rachel, Maggie said, "Um, I need you guys to fuck *harder*. Do you know what I mean? Rachel, you really need to *ride* him." The crew guys all said, "Man, your wife must really like you."

Q5

PLAYBOY: Your character in *The To Do List* is the manager of a municipal swimming pool, and he's a bit dim and lazy. Is that your niche?

HADER: I tend to play administrative or authority figures who aren't that smart. The *(continued on page 122)*



"There's a suicide note inside my jacket."



BY
BRUCE
FELDMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY
DUSTIN
SNIPES

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

CAN ANYONE DERAIL THE SEC? GRAB YOUR BEERS—IT'S TIME FOR KICKOFF

S

o here we are in the last season of the Bowl Championship Series, the year before college football finally gets a bracket-style run for the national title. There's history on the line in 2013. The Southeastern Conference is favored to win it all for an unprecedented eighth consecutive time. Nick Saban's Alabama is looking to become the first college football team to win three in a row. Texas A&M's mercurial QB Johnny Manziel, the first freshman to win the Heisman, will try to balance being a rock star athlete ("Johnny Football" has been partying with Justin Timberlake and Drake) with dethroning the Crimson Tide and leading the Aggies to their first national title. Still, there will be plenty to watch outside the SEC. Clemson's high-octane QB Tajh Boyd has NFL scouts evoking the name Steve McNair. Louisville QB Teddy Bridgewater, who was superb in leading the Cards to an upset over Florida in the Sugar Bowl, has a good chance to lead his team to an undefeated regular season. And then there's Urban Meyer, who coached Ohio State to a 12-0 finish his first year in Columbus. Too bad the Buckeyes were in NCAA jail and forbidden to play a bowl game. Now Meyer's team is eligible to win it all. If anyone is going to finally knock off the SEC, the Buckeyes are a smart bet. Ready for kickoff?

TOP 25

1. ALABAMA
2. TEXAS A&M
3. STANFORD
4. OHIO STATE
5. CLEMSON
6. OREGON
7. LOUISVILLE
8. FLORIDA
9. FSU
10. GEORGIA
11. TEXAS
12. MICHIGAN
13. SOUTH CAROLINA
14. NOTRE DAME
15. LSU
16. OKLAHOMA
17. UCLA
18. BOISE STATE
19. USC
20. TCU
21. MIAMI
22. NEBRASKA
23. OKLAHOMA STATE
24. NORTHWESTERN
25. WISCONSIN



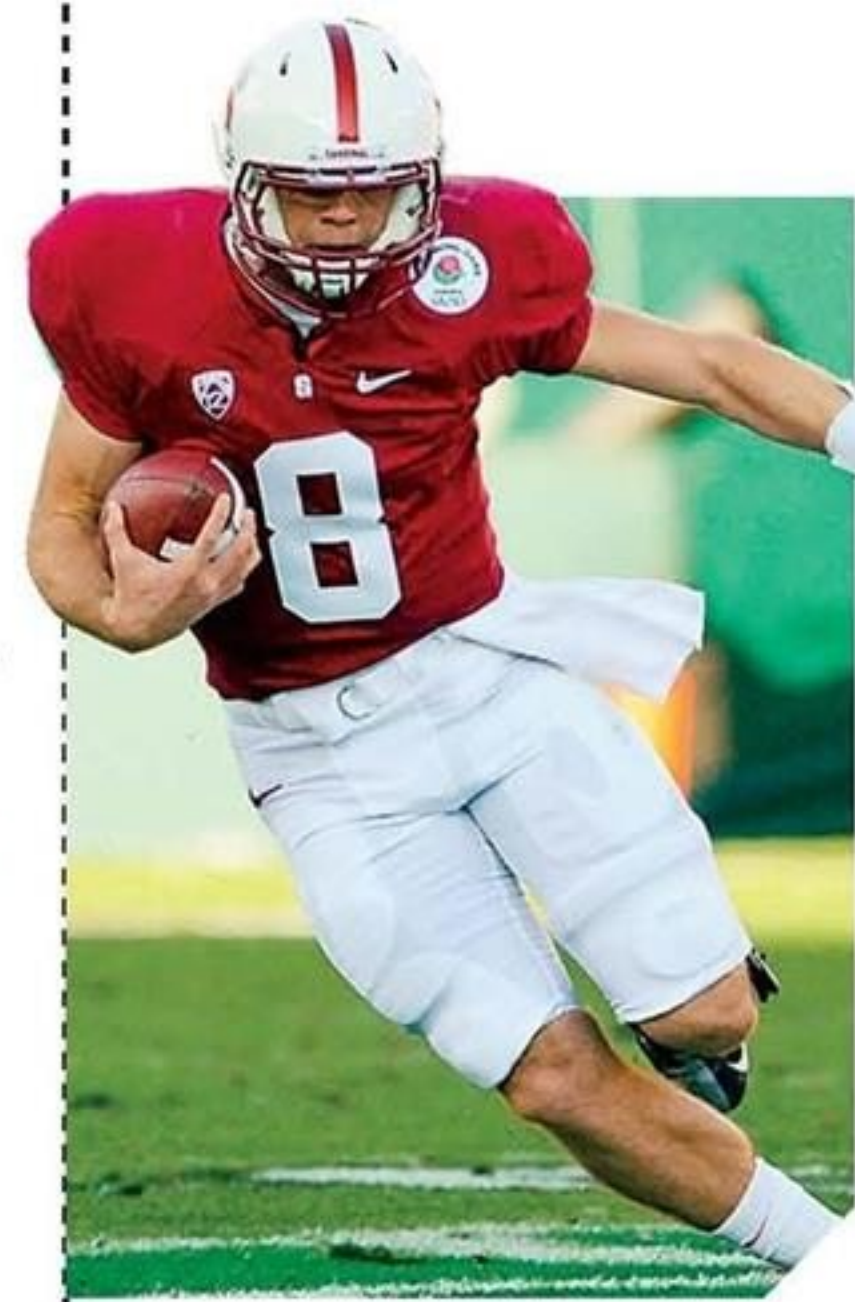
ALABAMA

✗ At 61, Nick Saban keeps getting better. The coach's closest confidants say he's more in tune with the psychological aspect of the game now than he was a decade ago, when he won his first national title with LSU. But winning an unprecedented third consecutive BCS title (and fourth in five seasons) won't be a walk in the quad. The Tide has to replace three offensive linemen and five key pieces on defense. Saban has a big-game quarterback in AJ McCarron, a great target in wide receiver Amari Cooper and a budding star running back in T.J. Yeldon. And his recruiting system keeps cranking out playmakers on defense. PREDICTION: 13-1

2

TEXAS A&M

○ Kevin Sumlin's Aggies were the only team that beat Alabama in 2012, and they throttled Oklahoma in the Cotton Bowl. The result: A&M's first top-five finish in 56 seasons. Heisman-winning QB Johnny Manziel (below left) spent a lot of time in the off-season getting more comfortable in the pocket, which should help as defenses adapt to him. It will also help if A&M can develop a star on what looks like an average SEC defense. Alabama is visiting on September 14, and Saban's boys are pissed. PREDICTION: 11-2



3

STANFORD

✗ The Cardinal is coming off back-to-back top-10 finishes. Quarterback Kevin Hogan (left) impressed in the second half of last season as a redshirt freshman by, among other things, winning at Oregon in his first road start. He'll play behind arguably the college game's best front line. The D, which was the best on the West Coast, should be even better. The team needs a running back, but coach David Shaw has his eye on a speedy redshirt freshman: Barry J. Sanders, son of the Detroit Lions superstar. PREDICTION: 12-2

4

OHIO STATE

✗ The Big Ten's rep has been in the toilet, but Urban Meyer and his dynamic quarterback Braxton Miller can fix all that. Miller has wheels and a strong arm; he just has to learn that he doesn't need to throw everything at 150 mph. Meyer has to replace most of his front seven on defense, but he has recruited some studs who should fill the gaps. Coming off an unbeaten 2012 season, the Buckeyes could be something special. PREDICTION: 12-2



5

CLEMSON

✗ The Tigers finished 2012 on a high, beating LSU in the Chick-fil-A Bowl. They have a potent attack led by likely future first-round QB Tajh Boyd (right), who blossomed last year with a 67 completion percentage and 36 TDs against 13 interceptions. Four offensive linemen are back, as is star wide receiver Sammy Watkins. Clemson often looks good on paper. Will this be the year the Tigers realize their potential? PREDICTION: 12-2



Playboy's ALL AMERICA TEAM

OFFENSE

QB

JOHNNY MANZIEL
TEXAS A&M

- A combination of Doug Flutie and Brett Favre, Manziel is the first freshman ever to win the Heisman Trophy.

RB

DUKE JOHNSON
MIAMI

- This sophomore is the most versatile running back in the nation. He runs, catches and returns. He's college ball's best stiff-arm.

RB

LACHE SEASTRUNK
BAYLOR

- He averaged nearly 10 yards a carry as the Bears beat three ranked teams in a four-game season-ending winning streak.

WR

MARQISE LEE
USC

- The junior had the best season of any USC receiver in history last year, catching 118 passes for 1,721 yards and 14 touchdowns.

WR

AMARI COOPER
ALABAMA

- With 1,000 yards as a true freshman, he's a big reason Bama QB AJ McCarron has a shot at the Heisman this season.

TE

AUSTIN SEFERIAN-JENKINS
WASHINGTON

- At six-foot-six and 266 pounds, he's the biggest TE around—and his 69 catches last year led the nation.

DEFENSE

LB

ANTHONY BARR
UCLA

- The six-foot-four 245-pounder with 4.4 speed returned for his senior season. With 13.5 sacks last year, he was second in the nation.

LB

KYLE VAN NOY
BYU

- This big-play machine reminds Bronco Mendenhall of another linebacker he once coached: Brian Urlacher.

LB

C.J. MOSLEY
ALABAMA

- The national champion's top tackler, Mosley has already tied Bama's career record for pick-sixes, with three.

DB

BRADLEY ROBY
OHIO STATE

- The fastest player on the undefeated Buckeye squad, Roby led the nation last year in passes defended, with 19.

DB

JASON VERRETT
TCU

- The junior-college transfer blossomed last season, picking off six passes, breaking up 16 more and posting 63 tackles.

DB

HA'SEAN CLINTON-DIX
ALABAMA

- Nick Saban's newest star has the SEC's best nickname (Ha Ha) and a knack for making plays (five interceptions in 2012).





6

OREGON

○ New Ducks coach Mark Helfrich (above) is fortunate that dangerous all-purpose back De'Anthony Thomas returns, as does Marcus Mariota, who had many convinced during his freshman season last year that he was the most gifted quarterback ever to play in this system at Oregon. Mariota has speed to threaten defenses and an arm to burn them downfield. On D, the Ducks have three standouts they'll have to replace in the front seven. And a trip to Stanford on November 7 could be painful. PREDICTION: 11-2

7

LOUISVILLE

✗ The Cardinals are steaming into 2013 after topping the Big East last season and beating Florida in the Sugar Bowl. They hung on to coach Charlie Strong after Tennessee came calling. Entering his fourth season at Papa John's Cardinal Stadium, Strong has transformed this program. And he has a top athlete under center in Teddy Bridgewater, who many think could be the first overall pick in the 2014 NFL draft. He threw for 3,718 yards last year, with 27 TDs against eight interceptions. The defense loses three key players, but the attack will put plenty of points on the board. The bad news: The Cardinals' regular season schedule is so weak (they probably won't face a single ranked team) they could go undefeated and still not make it into the top five. PREDICTION: 12-1

8

FLORIDA

○ Junior quarterback Jeff Driskel is big and fast, with a powerful arm and a knack for avoiding turnovers. And Florida's offensive line is solid. The Gators didn't lose as many starters on defense as their SEC rival Georgia, but for this team to take a big step forward it will need a playmaker to emerge at receiver. Without a strong target downfield, the Gators probably won't make it unscathed through road trips to LSU (October 12) and South Carolina (November 16). PREDICTION: 11-3

10

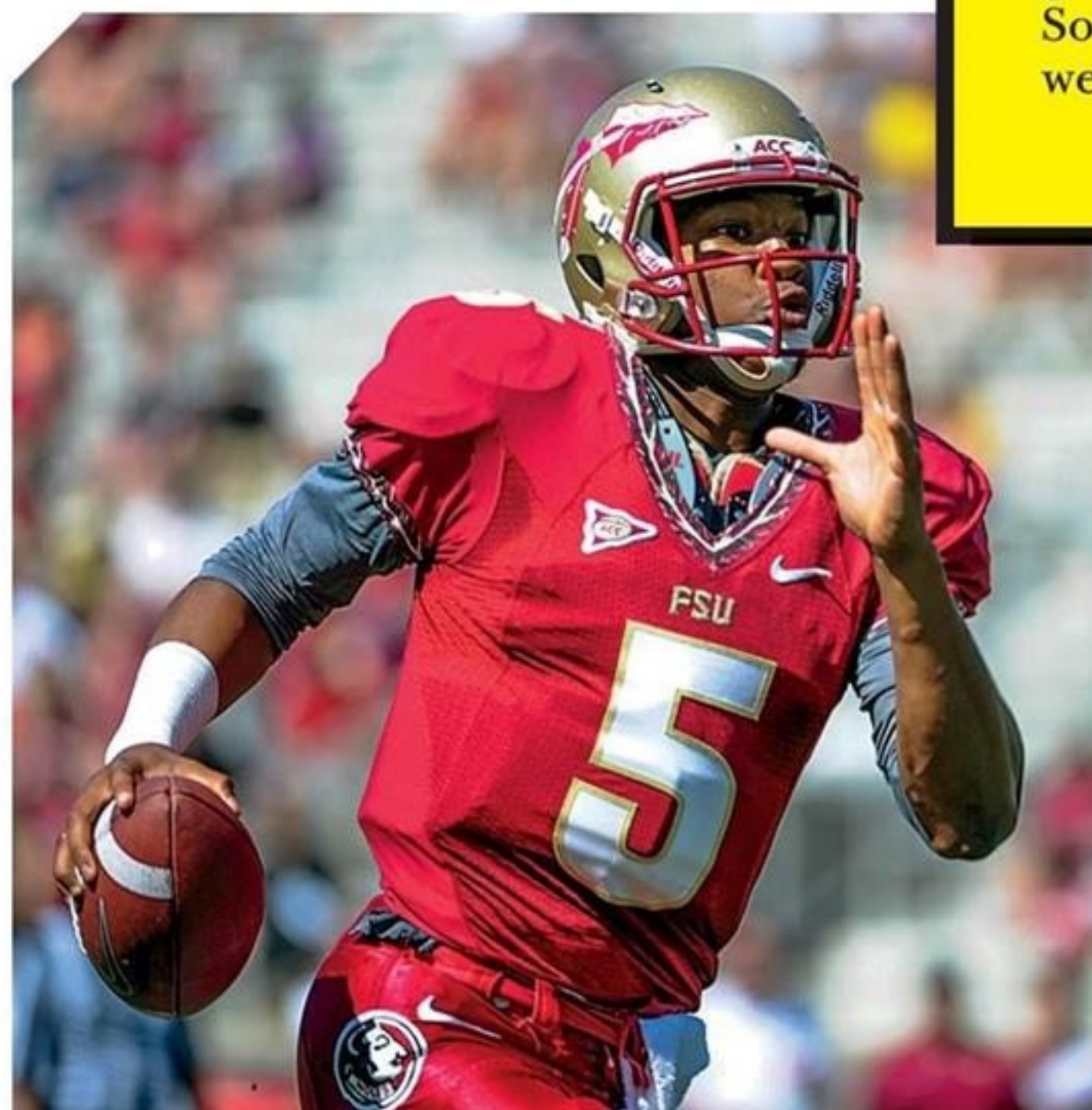
GEORGIA

✗ Mark Richt's squad was five yards shy of making it to the BCS title game last season, and the Bulldogs probably would've won it all if they had made it, given Notre Dame's performance in the championship match. The clock ran out on the Dawgs, however, in a heart-breaking SEC title-game loss. Georgia has much of last year's offense back, led by four-year starting QB Aaron Murray, who still has to convince skeptics he can win big games. On D, Georgia has to replace nine starters. And the schedule is brutal, with games at Clemson and against South Carolina in the first two weeks. PREDICTION: 10-3

9

FSU

✗ Coming off a disappointing 2012, the Seminoles had to replace most of their coaching staff in the off-season. But there's still plenty of talent, with studs at all three levels of defense: defensive tackle Timmy Jernigan, linebacker Christian Jones and safety Lamarcus Joyner. Many are predicting that strong-armed, six-foot-four and 218-pound redshirt freshman QB Jameis Winston (right) will be a star. He has yet to play a college football game; 2013 will be his trial by fire. PREDICTION: 10-3



OL

WESLEY JOHNSON VANDERBILT

- Johnson has played 2,462 snaps and has never been flagged for a hold. Amazing or just crafty? Both.

OL

DAVID YANKEY STANFORD

- Yankey has a rare combination of length and athleticism for a guard. Cardinal coaches say he can shine at all five line positions.

OL

CYRUS KOUANDJIO ALABAMA

- The chiseled six-foot-six, 310-pound left tackle reminds scouts of Michael Oher (*The Blind Side*), only more consistent.

OL

JAKE MATTHEWS TEXAS A&M

- The son of Hall of Famer Bruce Matthews will switch from right to left tackle for his senior season. A future first-rounder.

OL

TAYLOR LEWAN MICHIGAN

- This six-foot-eight 308-pounder clocked an amazing 4.8-second 40. And he has a nasty streak his coaches love.

COACH

NICK SABAN ALABAMA

- Lord Saban (above) has led the Crimson Tide to three titles in four years.

PUNTER

KYLE CHRISTY FLORIDA

KICKER

CAIRO SANTOS TULANE

KICK RETURNER

DE'ANTHONY THOMAS OREGON



DB

ED REYNOLDS STANFORD

- The senior set a Cardinal record last year by returning three interceptions for touchdowns for the West's top defense.

DL

LEONARD WILLIAMS USC

- The nation's top freshman defensive lineman last season, the six-foot-five 270-pounder had eight sacks in nine starts.

DL

WILL SUTTON ARIZONA STATE

- Sutton—the 2012 Pac 12 defensive player of the year—has size and speed, making 23.5 tackles for loss and 13 sacks.

DL

LOUIS NIX NOTRE DAME

- The 340-pound Nix, who calls himself "Irish Chocolate," was the real star of the Notre Dame defense last season.

DL

JADEVEON CLOWNEY SOUTH CAROLINA

- At six-foot-six and 274 pounds, Clowney runs a freakishly fast 4.54 40 and has a 38-inch vertical jump.

Stairway to Heaven

FROM SMALL-TOWN GIRL TO SMOKING L.A. SEDUCTRESS,
MISS SEPTEMBER IS ON HER WAY UP



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN





Posing nude for PLAYBOY was never on Bryiana Noelle's bucket list. **The northern California native** describes herself as a "book-reading homebody." But fate intervened. Earlier this year she moved to Los Angeles to pursue a career as a beauty pageant coach and costume designer (the 22-year-old has won many a pageant herself). **Just three days after her arrival, she was in a West Hollywood restaurant when she caught the eye of a pal of PLAYBOY photographer Josh Ryan. "So this guy says to me, 'You have to meet my photographer friend,'" recalls Bryiana. "I said, 'Uh, no—I'm a small-town girl. I've seen way too many movies, and I know where this is going!"** Then she learned the photographer's identity and quickly caved; she has been a fan

of Ryan's work for years. Now here Bryiana is—Miss September, smoking in the hot sun. "I'm used to being sweet, dainty and cookie-cutter cute," she says, "so I just can't get over how the girl in these pictures is so sexy, confident and owning it. I must admit it's lovely to be 'the seductress' now. **I'm this tiger who's been caged and is now ready to pounce.**" We photographed **Bryiana at an L.A. mansion with an international flair that complements the model's provenance (she's Filipino, Chinese, Spanish, Native American and Irish).** In front of the camera, Bryiana came alive, and the experience has changed her. "Now I'm on a mission to do crazy stuff that a lot of people are afraid to try," she says. "I want to swim with sharks, pet a tiger, go skydiving and be the best Playmate possible. **Whatever PLAYBOY has in store for me, I'm ready for it.**"





MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



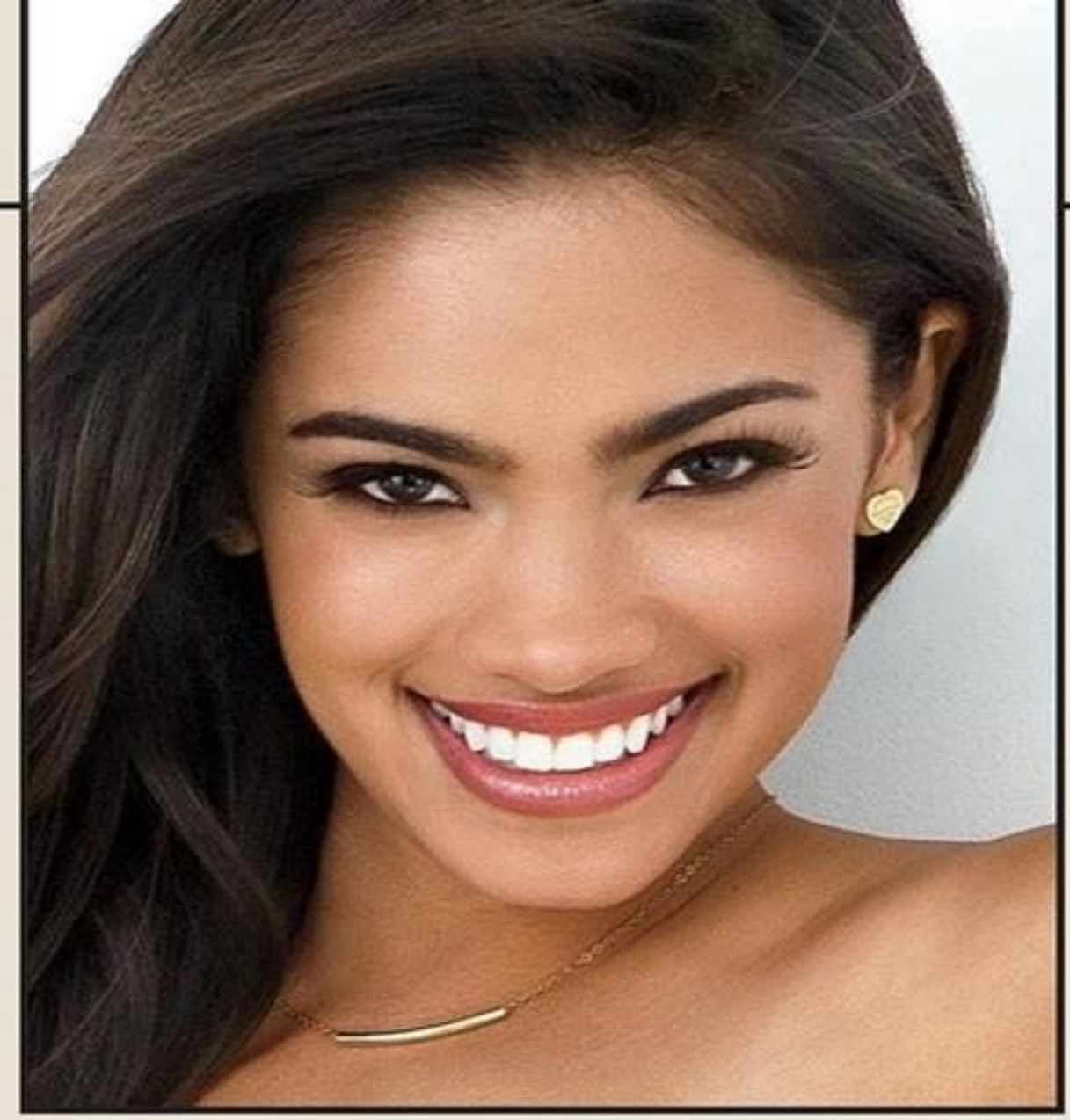




Brylano Nolle



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Breyiana Noelle

BUST: 31" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 32.5"

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 85 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 7/21/91 BIRTHPLACE: Salinas, CA

AMBITIONS: Win PMOY 2014 ☺ and become the best beauty pageant costume designer ever!!

TURN-ONS: I love a man with a nicely built body, a sense of humor and goals-with intentions of pursuing them.

TURNOFFS: Arrogant jerks who are lousy tippers and smack their dinner down-we're people, not cows, boys, so get some manners!

MY FAVORITE ACTRESS: Nina Dobrev of The Vampire Diaries because she plays sweet Elena and feisty Katherine, and I can totally relate to that duality!

A TRUE TWEET: "I may look like a Barbie, sweetheart, but I'M NO doll, so DON'T play with me."

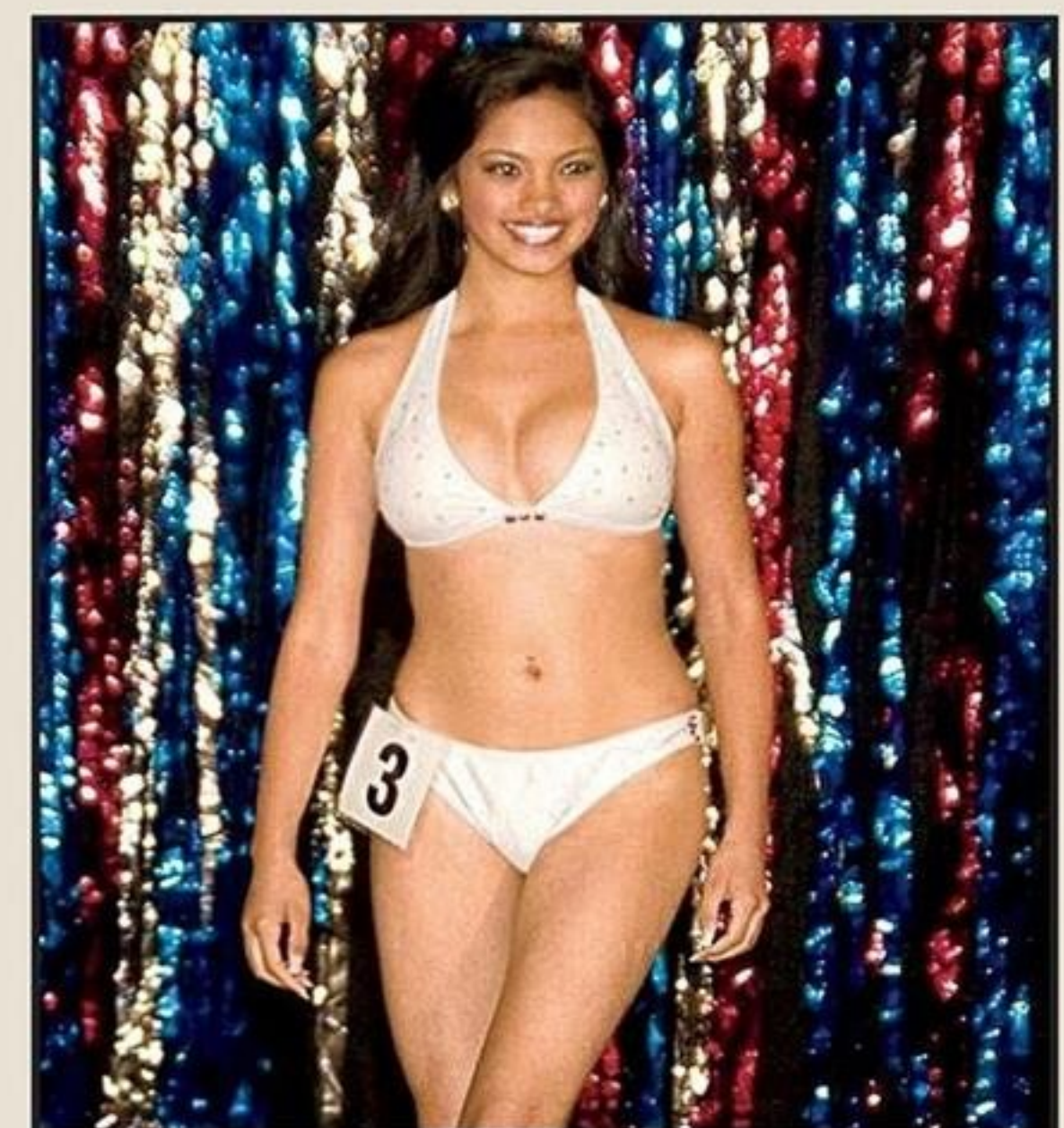
MY HAPPY PLACES: I'm a huge beach freak and drive-in movie theater fan. (Both are great make-out spots!)



Pretty in pink!



No, you can't have any!



Pageant girl 4 ever!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In a recent interview, Bill Clinton said that despite all the speculation surrounding his wife, Hillary, she hadn't said anything to him about running for president in 2016.

In fairness, she hasn't said anything to him since 1998.

Have you seen Paula Deen's new restaurant menu?

She serves only crackers.

I'm not exactly sure about the cause of your problem," a doctor told his patient. "I think it could be due to alcohol."

"That's okay," the patient answered. "I'll come back when you're sober."



Does it hurt?" the man asked.

"It's very tight," the woman said.

After maneuvering the man asked, "Does it still hurt?"

"Yes," the woman replied, "a little."

"Okay," the man answered, "let's try another shoe size."

Women might be able to fake orgasms, but men can fake a whole relationship.

A man returned home early in the morning after working a night shift, went straight up to his bedroom and found his wife in bed with the sheet pulled over her head, feigning sleep. Not to be denied, he pulled the sheet halfway off and proceeded to give her oral sex. Afterward he went downstairs for something to eat and was startled to find breakfast on the table and his wife pouring coffee. "How did you get down here so fast?" he asked. "We were just making love."

"Oh my God," his wife gasped, "that's my mother up there! She came over with a headache, and I told her to lie down for a while."

Rushing upstairs, the woman ran into the bedroom and said to her mother, "Why didn't you say something?"

Her mother answered, "I haven't spoken to that jerk in 15 years and I wasn't about to start now."

Surprise sex is the best thing to wake up to... unless you're in prison.

A joke is like sex: Neither is any good if you don't get it.

So this guy with a premature ejaculation problem comes out of nowhere....

During a job interview the hiring manager told the applicant, "We're looking for someone who is responsible."

"Well, I'm your man," the applicant said. "On my last job, whenever anything went wrong, they said I was responsible."

A husband and wife were trying to set up a password for the man's new iPad. The husband entered "Mypenis." The wife fell on the ground laughing when she saw the screen return with the message "Error. Not long enough."

Why can't a blonde dial 911?
She can't find the 11.

A mother overheard her son's evening prayer. "God, I really want a bike," he said.

The mother told him, "It doesn't work like that. The only thing you can ask God for is forgiveness."

The next day the boy stole a bike and rode it to confession.



A couple had been shopping in the mall for hours and became separated. Because she didn't have much battery life left in her cell phone, the wife first tried to look for her husband in all the sporting goods stores. She couldn't find him, so she decided to call.

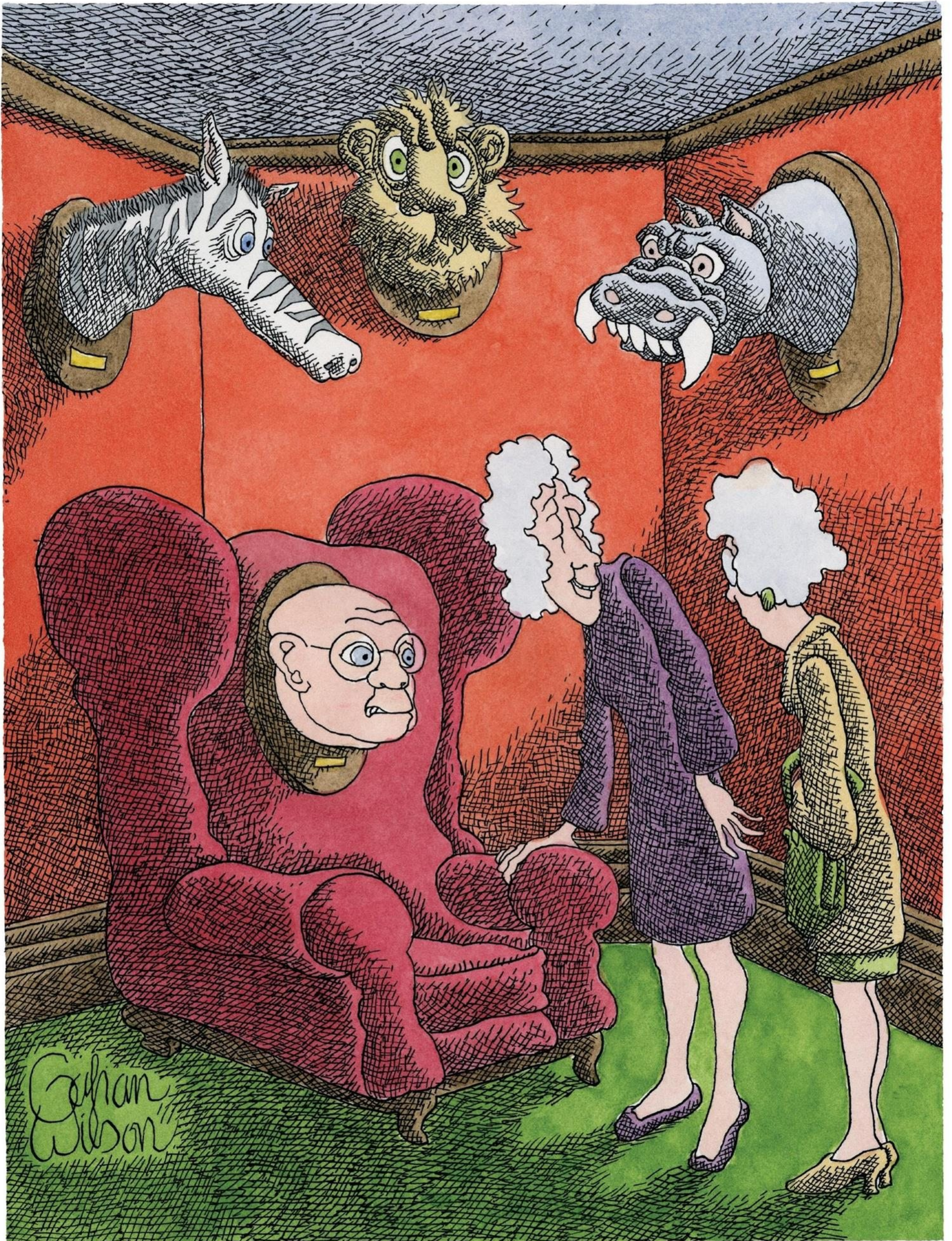
"Where are you?" she asked.

"Remember that jewelry store we walked by a few years ago and you loved the gold locket in the window but we couldn't afford it at the time so I told you I would buy it for you one day?" he asked.

"Yes, how could I forget?" she cooed.

He continued, "Well, I'm at the bar right next door to it."

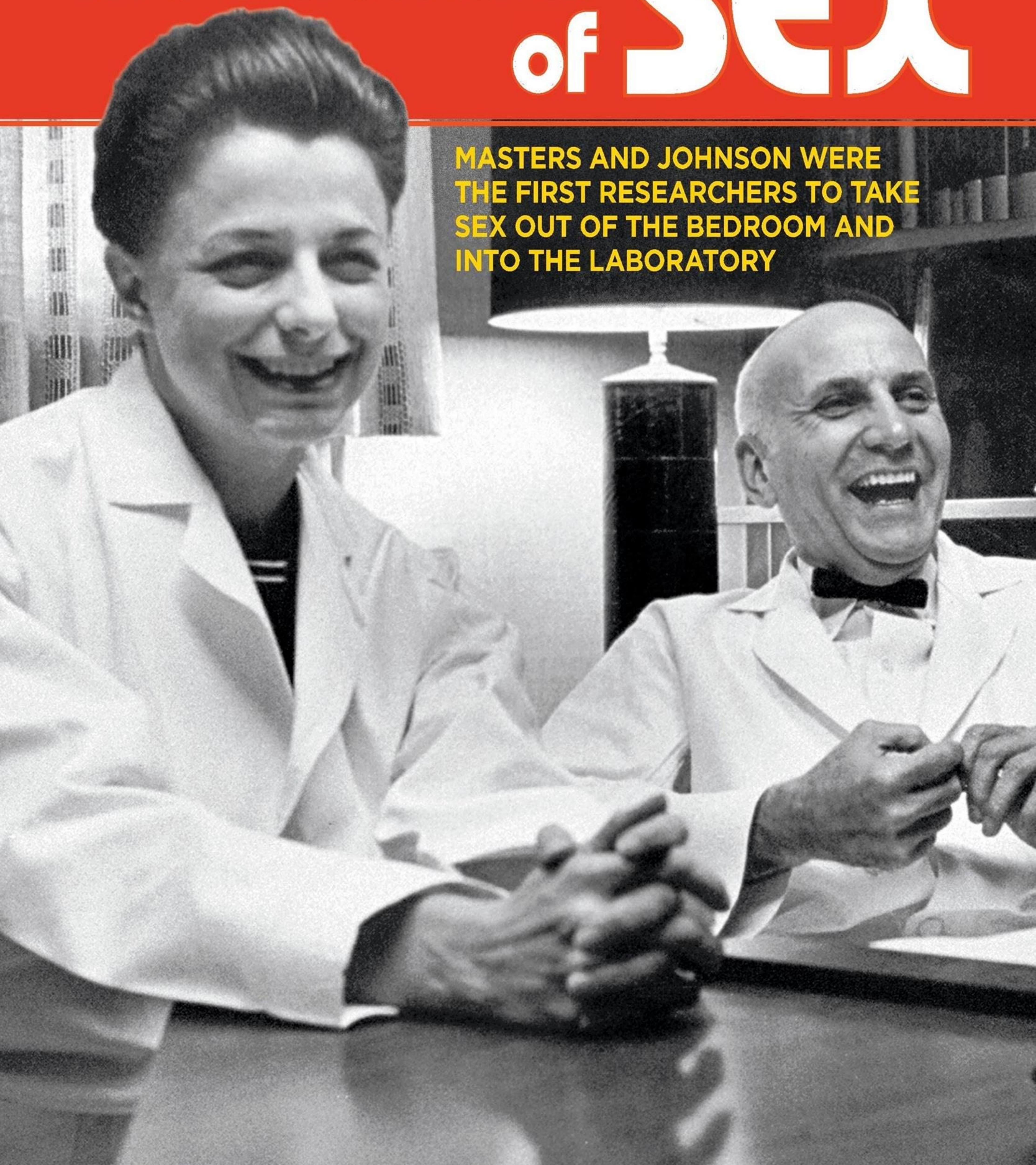
Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"It was his last request."

The Scientists of **SEX**

MASTERS AND JOHNSON WERE THE FIRST RESEARCHERS TO TAKE SEX OUT OF THE BEDROOM AND INTO THE LABORATORY





More than 50 years ago, a gynecologist, Dr. William Masters, and his associate, Virginia Johnson, began a research project that would focus, they said, on “reproductive biology.” That innocuous-sounding description led, over the next two decades, to a study involving 1,076 volunteers, whom Masters and Johnson observed masturbating, fondling one another, performing oral and anal sex and having, in a multitude of creative positions, plain old intercourse. The two analyzed thousands of orgasms (they stopped counting after more than 14,000), treated 3,500 couples for sexual problems and wrote seven books about their work.

The first Masters and Johnson book, *Human Sexual Response*, was released in plain brown paper wrappers in 1966. Intended for physicians and written in dense scientific jargon, it became a surprising best-seller, catapulting its authors into the limelight. They appeared on the covers of magazines and on TV. The book was translated into more than a dozen languages. It and subsequent Masters and Johnson books broke ground with candid discussions of the function of the clitoris, the question of whether size matters, the mechanics of vaginal lubrication, proof of multiple orgasm in women, the advisability of sex during pregnancy and among the aged, the joys of homosexual sex (and what heterosexuals could learn from it) and more.

Masters and Johnson’s work was one of the engines of the sexual revolution (PLAYBOY, of course, was another), which is why we conducted two landmark interviews with them—one in May 1968 by Senior Editor Nat Lehrman and one in November 1979 by James R. Petersen, then the Playboy Advisor. Petersen wrote, “Masters was the first person in the history of Western man to take sex into the laboratory, to conduct controlled experiments, to objectively observe the human sex act.... He knows more about sex than any person in the world and is not afraid to admit

what he does not know. In discussion he limits himself to facts. Johnson is the flip side of Masters. For 23 years she has been a partner in the research. She has had to edit her natural loquaciousness. She is wary of the media, tired of their being viewed as the Ma and Pa Kettle of Sex Research.”



It’s taken half a century, but the riveting story of science, sex and love has finally hit TV. Michael Sheen and Lizzy Caplan play the title roles on Showtime.

Nearly 50 years after our first interview with them, Masters and Johnson are again in the public mind, thanks to the new Showtime series *Masters of Sex*. Remarkably, as these highlights from our two interviews show, the pair’s

findings are still crucial to our understanding of the hows, whys and wows of sex half a century later.

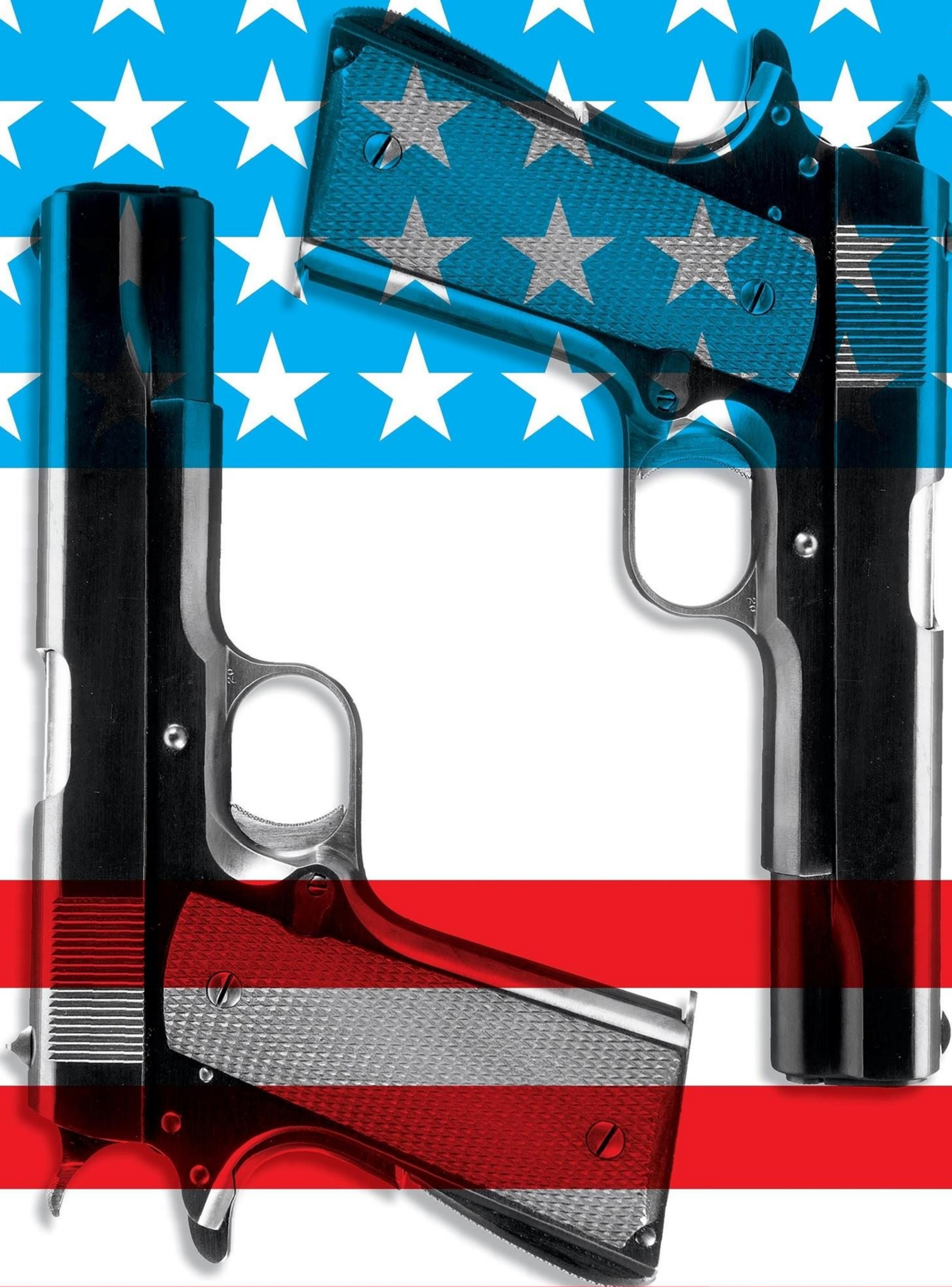
IN THE BEGINNING

PLAYBOY: How did you find your subjects?
MASTERS: In the early stages we talked to people who we thought might be interested.

PLAYBOY: You did some work with prostitutes too, didn’t you?

MASTERS: We started with a prostitute population because we didn’t know where else to start. But because we knew it would be relatively rare to find a normal pelvis in a prostitute—due to chronic pelvic blood congestion—we stopped working with them after the first 18 or 20 months.

PLAYBOY: In your book you state that the subjects were (continued on page 124)



THE DOUBLE

Lucas had business to attend to in Prince George's County

In the morning, Spero Lucas met Winston Dupree at his apartment on Ninth and drove out to Rockville, Maryland. There, in a neighborhood of modest G.I. Bill homes off Veirs Mill Road, they found the Waldron residence, a tidy rambler with a small, trimmed yard and an American flag hung above the front door. Bobby Waldron lived here with his parents, in the basement of the house in which he'd been raised.

They were greeted by Rosemary Waldron, a boisterous redhead, retired from a career-long slog in the cafeterias of the Montgomery County school system. Her husband, Bobby's father, was a master plumber and self-employed. When Bobby was a boy, his father had painted the words WALDRON AND SON PLUMBING ON the sides of his truck, but Bobby had expressed no desire to learn the trade. Instead, he enlisted in the Army straight out of Richard Montgomery High.

Rosemary Waldron let Lucas and Dupree in and offered them a couple of Miller High Lifs. They declined. She knew Lucas but not Dupree and, assuming he was a veteran, asked about his deployment and war experience. After Dupree detailed his military background to her in front of a fireplace mantel holding photographs of Bobby in football and Army uniforms, he and Lucas excused themselves and met Bobby at the foot of the basement stairs. He was wearing jeans and a Champion jersey with cutoff sleeves, revealing his thick arms and tiger-stripe tats.

Waldron had drunk beer with Dupree at the American Legion bar in Silver Spring many times, but they had not hit it off. Waldron had a short-man complex, for one, and there was the matter of Dupree's size. Also, Waldron liked to play that Marine Corps versus Army game, a dick-size contest no one could ever win. Lucas made it a point never to dip his toe, or anything else, in those contaminated waters.

"Come with me," said Waldron.

They followed him to his dark, windowless room, which smelled of Marlboros and Axe spray. A dime would bounce off Waldron's bed if tossed onto it; against the wall, many pairs of sneakers were perfectly aligned. It was more barracks than bedroom.

Waldron closed the door, locked it, then went to his closet and retrieved a couple of ripstop, duffel-size bags. He dropped the bags on his bed and unzipped them.

"Short notice," said Waldron. He looked up at Dupree and shrugged elaborately. "If you'd given me some time, I could've got you one of those SAWs."

"For real," said Dupree, putting a little edge into his voice. He doubted Waldron could have come up with an M249, a machine gun capable of firing hundreds of rounds per minute. But then again, they were in America.

"Yeah, for real," said Waldron.

"What do you have for us, Bobby?" said Lucas, hoping to cut the tension and move things along.

"Shotguns, to start," said Waldron. "Mossberg 500s." Waldron pulled a pump-action 12 gauge from one of the bags. "I know you guys used Benellis—"

"We used anything we could get," said Lucas.

"The Mossberg will do," said Dupree.

"Military spec," said Waldron.

"Pistols," said Lucas.

"I got you a choice of revolvers, Luke. I know you like the no-jam insurance."

"Talk to me."

"S&W Combat magnums. If you're looking for a hand cannon, I've got a .357."

"Too much."

"A .38, then."

"Let me see it."

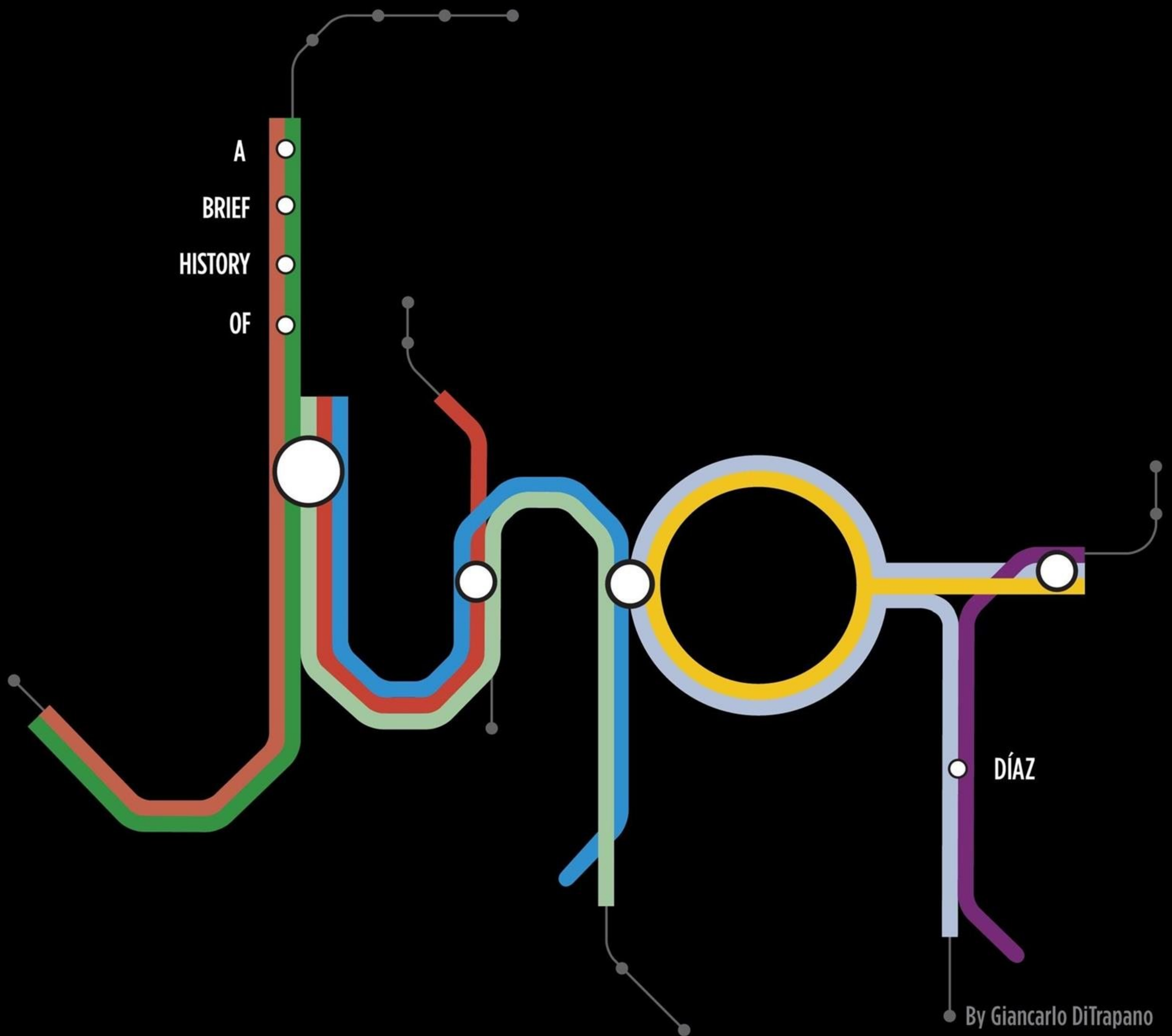
Waldron handed Lucas a six-shot Smith & Wesson Special with a four-inch barrel and soft rubber grips.

Lucas hefted it in his hand. "I like this." He placed it on the bed.

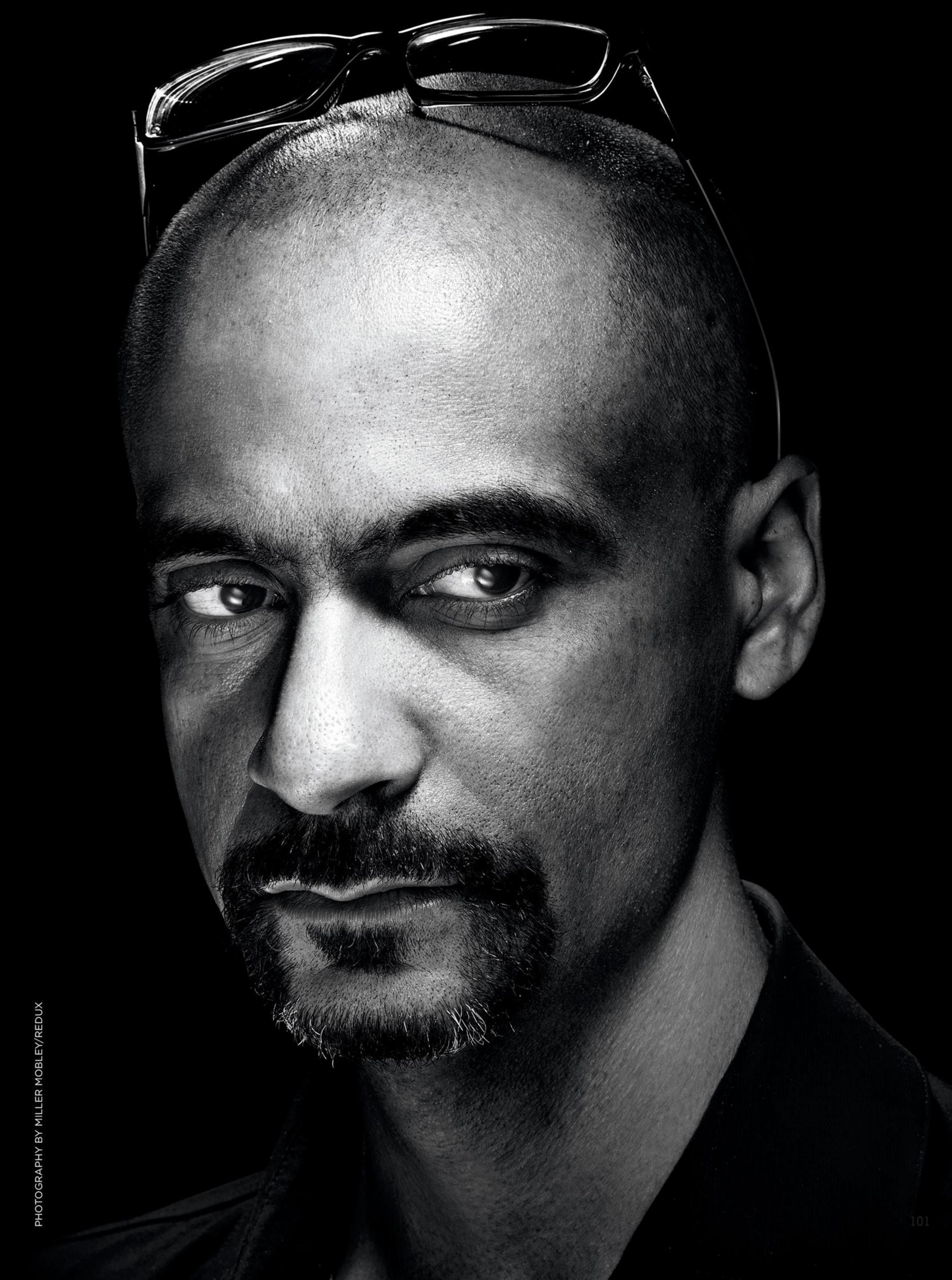
(continued on page 138)

FICTION BY GEORGE PELECANOS

HE MAY BE THE BEST AMERICAN NOVELIST WORKING TODAY,
BUT HE'S NEVER LEFT NEW JERSEY BEHIND



The writing career of Junot Díaz has followed a trajectory that would give any aspiring author a moment of pause. The first story he ever published led directly to an agent and his first book, the thoroughly lauded story collection *Drown*. Perfect beginning. But then time passed. Ten years. *Drown* had set the hook so securely into his readership that, as those years passed, we (as I am complicit) took more notice of the lack of a next book. His second book (and first novel), *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*, was finally published in 2007. It won a Pulitzer (along with every other imaginable prize) and cooled everyone's nerves with the assurance that Díaz was not a onetime deal. Some obstacles had just





needed to be vaulted: the pressure and expectation that accompany any sophomore effort, a less than ideal teaching job on the secluded campus of Syracuse University and a spell of writer's block on top. These all blended together in keeping the writing game, or at least the one Díaz was playing, as full of hope as it was full of the looming possibility of disappointment and failure. Although *failure* is too strong a word. If you write *Drown*, you win.

When the terms *first novel* and *Pulitzer* got together, they may have ruffled the white feathers of the literary world a bit. To present such a drooled-over prize to a youngish writer with only one prior book was proof that Díaz's writing embodied the metaphorical "breath of fresh air" critics had so habitually described it to be. His Pulitzer nab was also proof that the literary world needed new oxygen. Díaz's prose can go from lit class to street corner in the turn of a phrase. For whatever reason (be it racism or the ineptitude of the writer attempting it), this

"HE'S LIKE A BRIDGE BETWEEN STREET SOLDIERS AND LITERARY PRIMA DONNAS, BRINGING PEOPLE TO SERIOUS LITERATURE."

usually works out for next to no one. He kind of owns it now.

I spoke with literary giant Edmund White about the importance of Díaz. "Americans are ashamed of class and very afraid to write about it," White told me over the phone. "Books about class struggle have been replaced with books about gauche, privileged Americans. Díaz doesn't do that. He's working from the inside, describing the immigrant experience, and he is a terribly serious person when it comes to writing." For the young black writer Mitchell S. Jackson, author of *The Residue Years*, "Junot is important because, more than anyone else I can think of, he's in the

sweet spot: critically strong and wildly popular. He's like a bridge between street soldiers and literary prima donnas, bringing people to serious literature who wouldn't be there without him and all the while satisfying the all-powerful canonizers." Michiko Kakutani from *The New York Times*, a reviewer notorious for going completely relentless bitch on many a good book, has always gushed over Díaz's writing. Finding detractors is a formidable task.

Díaz's third book and second collection of stories, *This Is How You Lose Her* (out now in paperback), was equally well received, and we had to wait only five years this *(continued on page 130)*

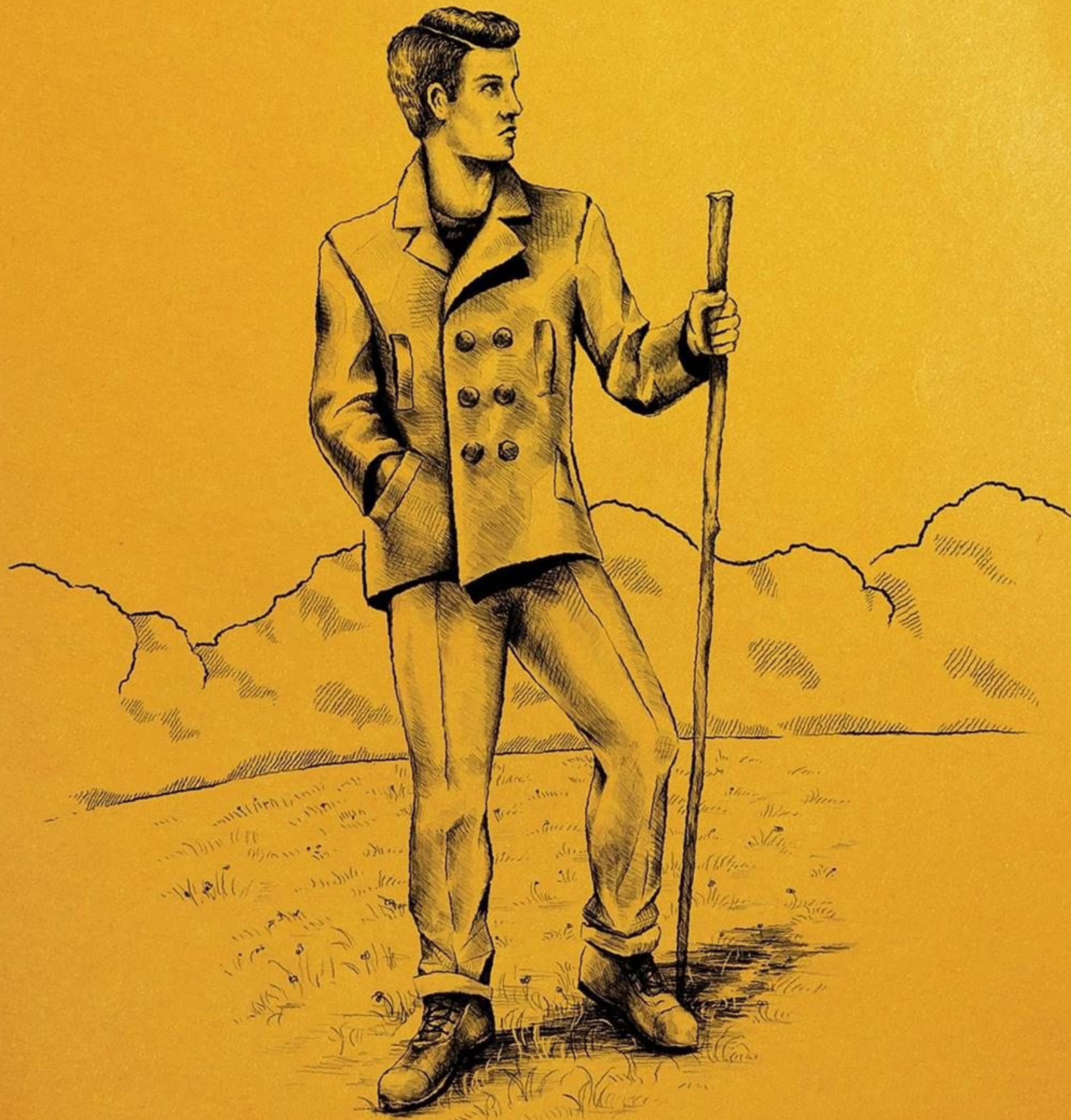


"Hit him...hit him...he loves that."

- the -
Playboy Fall Style

FIELD GUIDE

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO SURVIVING ANY SARTORIAL SITUATION



By the Editors of Playboy

Photography by Joseph Shin
Fashion by Jennifer Ryan Jones
Illustrations by Robert Harkness

Vol. LIX, Ed. III

P

PREPARATION IS key to surviving any situation, and style is no exception. Autumn presents a particular set of challenges. Temperatures can vary widely, distracting trends can lead you off your plotted course and precious financial resources can quickly be drained. But fall can also be a sartorial opportunity—that is, if you're properly trained and equipped. This field manual covers the basics of surviving the season with style: dapper foul-weather gear, fine yet rugged footwear, reliable purveyors, tailored suits for all body types and accessories that will serve you well this autumn and beyond.



{TIP 1}

KEEP YOUR EDGE

• The pocketknife used to be an essential part of a man's everyday carry kit. Whether deployed to open a package at the office, sharpen a pencil, core an apple or cut the foil off a bottle of wine, it should be razor sharp and handsome as

hell. This model from G. Wiseman is handmade in Oklahoma of tool-grade D2 steel. The handle is fashioned from fiberglass for longevity. Brass pivot pins give the knife a sturdy, functional flair. Every man needs a forever knife, and this is the one.

i G. WISEMAN KNIFE
\$ \$329
globe kaufmann-mercantile.com

{TIP 2}

BOOT UP

▶ Whether you work in an office or a factory, you need to lay a solid foundation. Few shoes are as classic and reliable as those made by Red Wing.

Among the toughest and most autumn-appropriate is the Iron Ranger No. 8111. Named for the iron miners of northern Minnesota, these boots have a

double-layered toe cap for extra protection and will only get better with age. They look as good with a broken-in pair of jeans as they do with coveralls.

i RED WING
 IRON RANGER
 BOOTS

\$ \$300
globe redwingheritage.com





Follow the SCENT

Autumnal botanicals will serve you well



SANDALWOOD

• This earthy aroma makes for a virile yet elegant cologne.

Bulgari MAN, \$59



CLARY SAGE

• The fragrant herb adds depth to this spicy, woody scent.

Issey Miyake L'Eau d'Issey Pour Homme, \$64



BERGAMOT

• The aromatic citrus balances the spicy notes in this new cologne.

Giorgio Armani Eau Pour Homme, \$66

{TIP 3}

SET SAIL

▶ The peacoat is one of those articles of clothing that have a military history (in this case naval) but look great in a civilian setting. Schott, the 100-year-old manufacturer of motorcycle jackets and workwear, has updated the classic peacoat in a slim fit that's modern yet still retains a masculine vibe (above). Double-breasted jackets are back in style, but the look also serves a function: The overlapping fabric

keeps wind at bay and adds an extra insulating layer. For an even more modern fit, there's designer Billy Reid's James Bond peacoat (left, designed for Daniel Craig to wear in *Skyfall*). With a tailored waist and rakish peak lapels, it has already developed a cult following. (*Bond peacoat, \$695, billyreid.com*)

i SCHOTT PEACOCK

\$ \$295

globe schottnyc.com



{TIP 4}

PLOT YOUR COURSE

1/ STAG

Austin

► Five dudes own Stag, and you can tell: The store is decorated with taxidermy, and Willie Nelson plays on the sound system. The clothing is a mix of new (Burkman Bros, Dunderton, Red Wing) and vintage (Penfield).

2/ IMOGENE + WILLIE

Nashville

► Imogene + Willie may be a high-end denim and apparel outpost, but it's housed in an old gas station. You half expect to see Mumford & Sons playing it old-school in the back. The denim is stiff, dark and perfectly crafted. And they do the alterations in-house.

3/ ASKOV FINLAYSON

Minneapolis

► This Scandinavia-inspired men's shop stocks Smathers & Branson belts, SoCal-based Lightning Bolt surf attire, Mast Brothers chocolate and Sanborn Canoe Co. hand-painted paddles. The loft space turned neighborhood hangout has also been known to host bubble-hockey tournaments, pop-up bookshops and social shopping nights.

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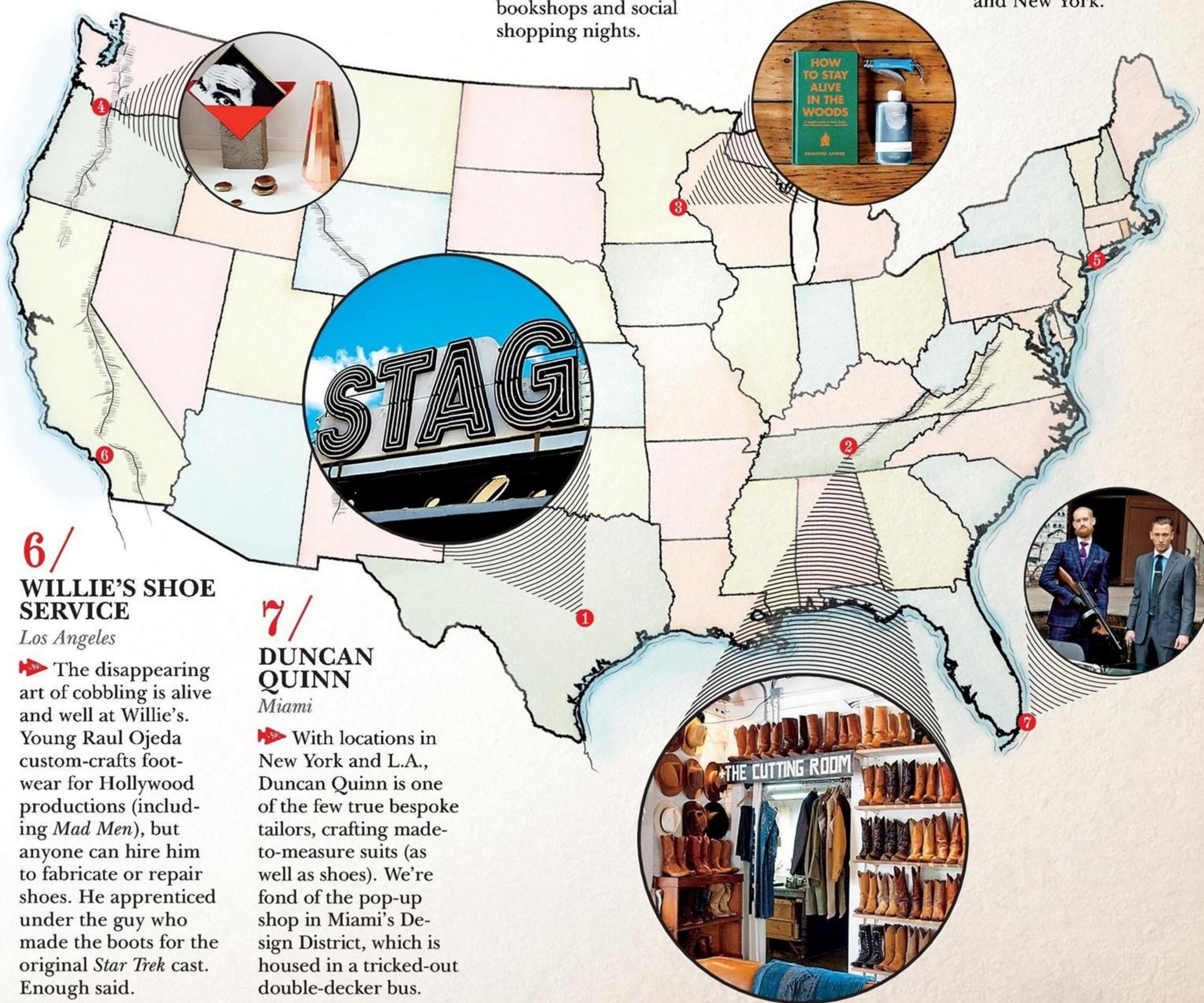
Portland

► Bucking the folksy woodsy aesthetic normally associated with idiosyncratic Portland, this new shop is housed in a white, minimalist space. The chic products—Comme des Garçons, Patrik Ervell and Henrik Vibskov clothes, quarterly design mags and avant-garde crockery—may well come to represent the new alternative Portland.

5/ NORTHERN GRADE

Various locations

► This roving pop-up menswear market showcases brands that manufacture their products right here in the good old United States. A recent event was held in a Nashville loft filled with hand-crafted boots, belts, denim, stationery and pocketknives, along with the people who created them. Northern Grade will pop up next in Chicago, Minneapolis, Richmond and New York.



6/ WILLIE'S SHOE SERVICE

Los Angeles

► The disappearing art of cobbling is alive and well at Willie's. Young Raul Ojeda custom-crafts footwear for Hollywood productions (including *Mad Men*), but anyone can hire him to fabricate or repair shoes. He apprenticed under the guy who made the boots for the original *Star Trek* cast. Enough said.

7/ DUNCAN QUINN

Miami

► With locations in New York and L.A., Duncan Quinn is one of the few true bespoke tailors, crafting made-to-measure suits (as well as shoes). We're fond of the pop-up shop in Miami's Design District, which is housed in a tricked-out double-decker bus.



KEEP WATCH

• The Bell & Ross pilot watch is an heirloom timepiece worth investing in. Think of it as the original smart watch: It's self-winding, can time split seconds and can be used as a compass in a pinch. This is form and function you'll never need to upgrade.

i BR 126 ORIGINAL
\$ \$4,200
globe bellross.com

{TIP 5}

SUIT YOURSELF

► Chances are you're not a male model with a 42-inch chest, a 30-inch waist and zero body fat. To help you find the right suit for your body, we consulted experts on what to look for if you're short, big or extra tall. Anis Habib

from venerable tailor Martin Greenfield, Alan Au of the store Jimmy Au's for Men 5' 8" and Under, and Paige Geran, who has styled NBA players, share their wisdom on the importance of pattern, proportion and perception.



1 SHORT

A) LAPELS

• Alan Au says narrow lapels are just right for shorter, slimmer men.

B) BUTTONS

• "For the shorter guy, a little bit higher button stance is better than a lower one," says Au, "and in general a two-button looks best."

C) JACKET LENGTH

• To accentuate your leg length, Au says, "you don't want the jacket to be longer than the bottom of your butt, but you don't want it too much shorter either."

D) PATTERN

• "It's all about the right-size pattern," says Au. "One that's too large will make you look smaller."

E) TROUSER CUFFS:

• "None," says Au. "You don't want a noticeable horizontal line to break the leg length."

2 BIG

A) PATTERN

• "If you're a male with a larger frame or someone who is stocky—like an MLB player—patterns will not be flattering to your body," says Paige Geran.

B) FIT

• "Big guys usually want to go with something super loose and baggy—the 'American fit,' we call it," says Anis Habib. "But if it is tailored to fit well, drapes well and doesn't pull around the jacket button, it will flatter your shape. It won't look as though you're wearing the jacket to cover everything up."

C) SINGLE-BREASTED

• "A single-breasted jacket can work for a guy with a stomach," says Geran. "A double-breasted jacket will accentuate your belly and is more appropriate for the taller, slimmer man with a lean physique."



3 TALL

A) LAPELS

• "A tall, slim fellow should have a narrow lapel, such as three inches or narrower," says Habib. "Somebody who is size 50 or bigger should make it at least a 3.5-inch lapel."

B) BUTTONS

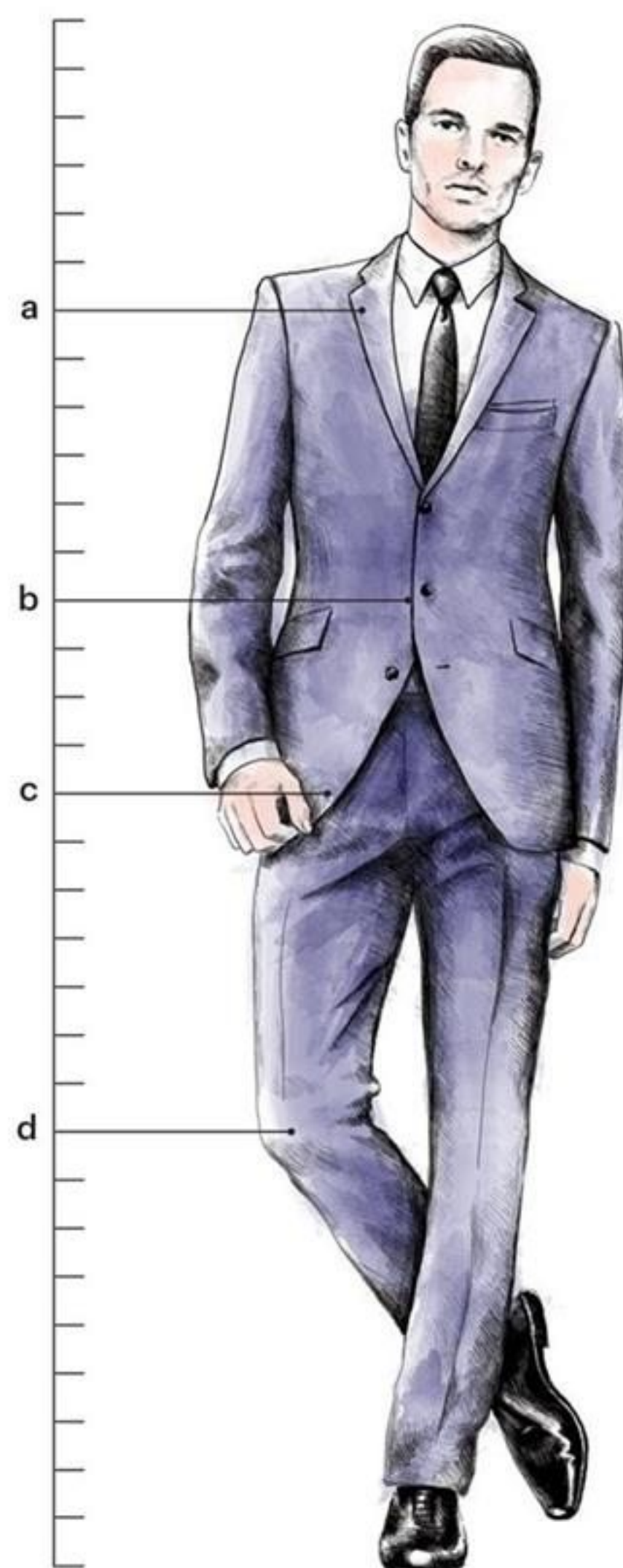
• "Today a lot of people are wearing two-button jackets," says Habib. "But when it comes to someone who is especially tall, we would probably discuss putting on an extra button."

C) JACKET LENGTH

• "If you measure from the collar all the way to the ground and split that in half, that should be the length of the jacket," says Habib.

D) PATTERN

• "You don't want a tall man to have too many plaids, because he has so much space to fill," says Habib. "It shouldn't be so noticeable if he wears it over and over again."



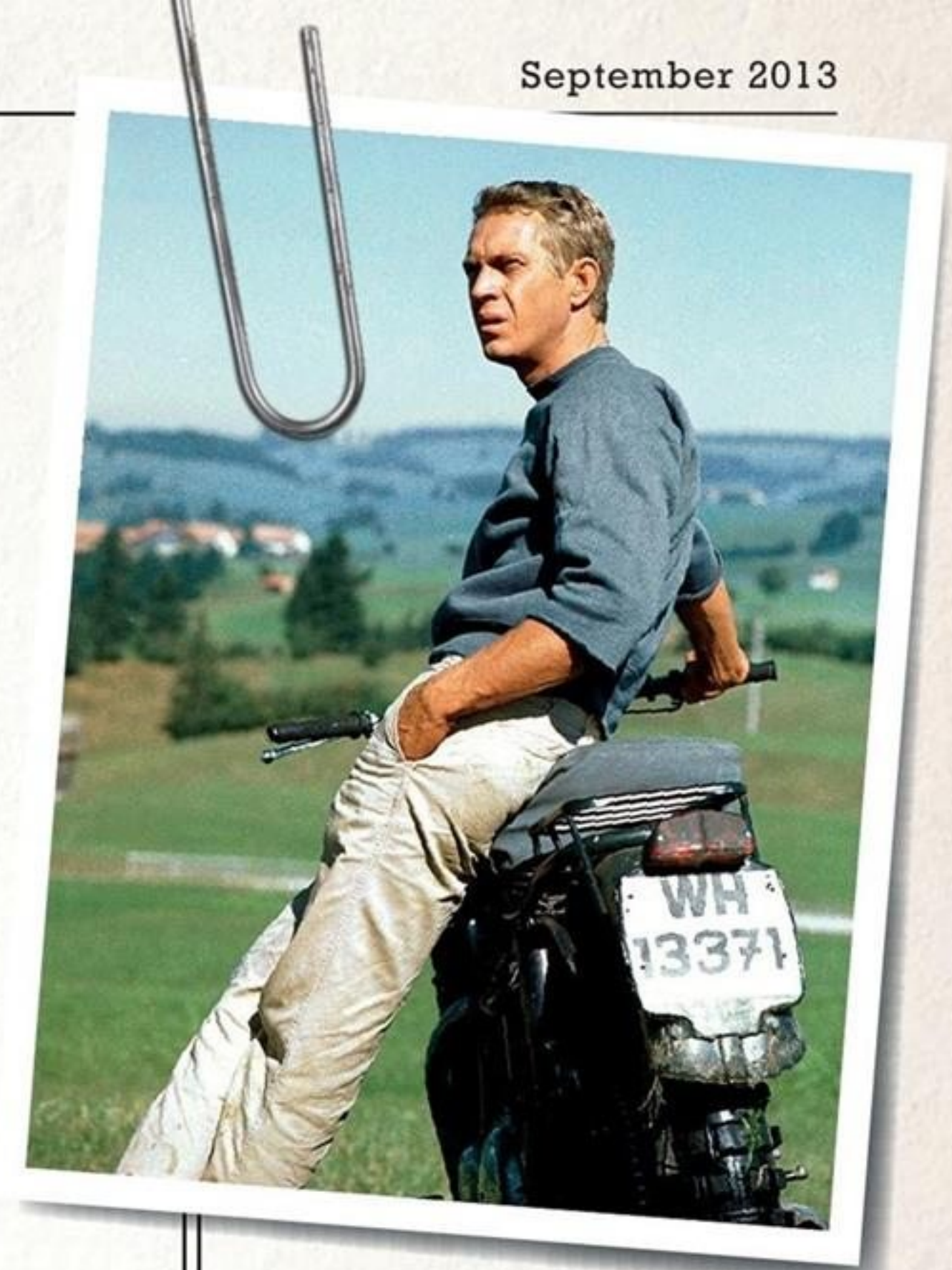
{TIP 6}

LOOK SHARP

▶ Ray-Ban has updated its classic aviator sunglasses with the Outdoorsman model, which features a beefed-up brow bar and polarized gradient lenses that

transition from amber to black depending on the intensity of the sun. Outfit yourself with glasses you'll feel lost without, and you'll be much less likely to lose them.

i RAY-BAN
OUTDOORSMAN II
\$ \$215
globe ray-ban.com



IN CHINO VERITAS

• Just because they're called khakis doesn't mean they need to be khaki-colored. Original Penguin's new P55 chinos come in 10 different colors and are tailored just right: They're flat-front, not too baggy, not too slim and broken in to be soft from the get-go. Buy a few pairs in different colors to take you through the season—including one in khaki, as an homage to Mr. McQueen.

i ORIGINAL PENGUIN
P55 CHINOS
\$ \$89
globe originalpenguin.com



{TIP 7}

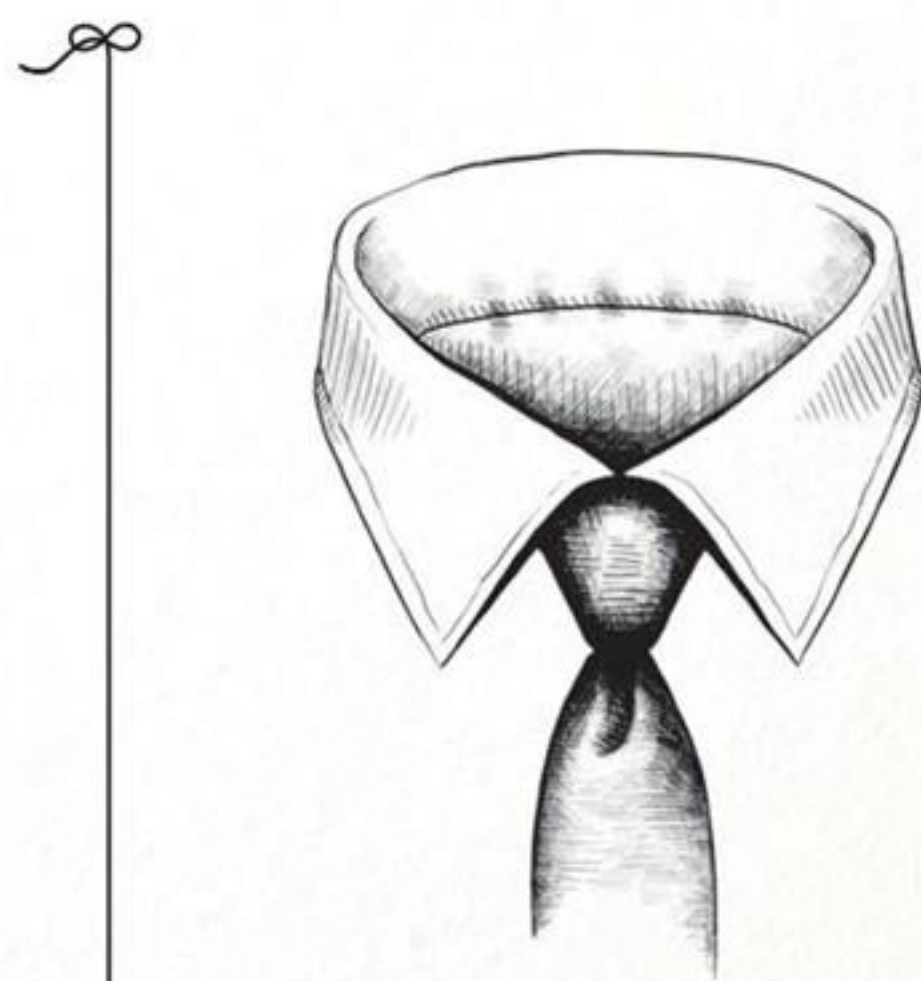
KNOW YOUR KNOTS



1

WINDSOR

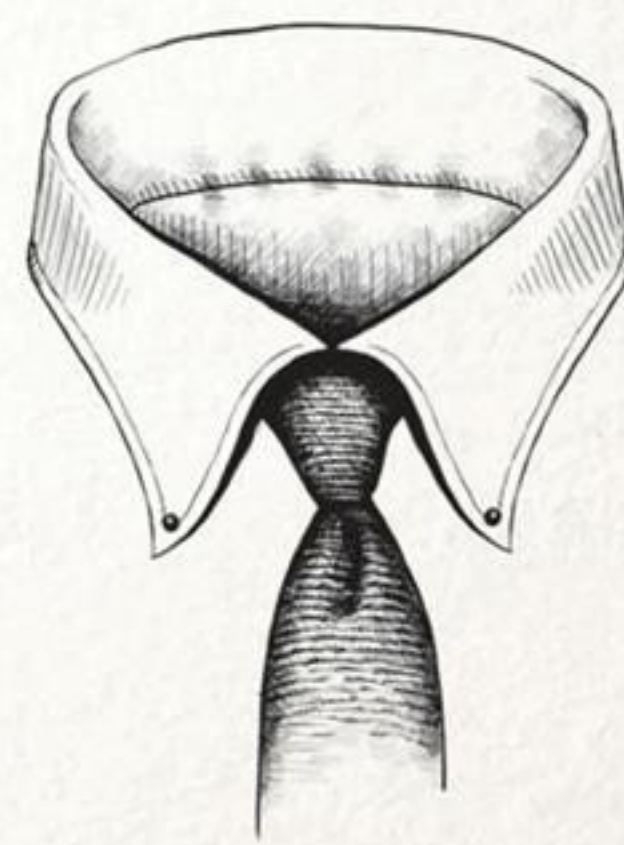
▶ The full-spread collar is back in style, though it's best suited to wide lapels and narrow faces (its width will accentuate your own). Use a beefy full Windsor knot to fill out the negative space and keep everything in proportion.



2

HALF WINDSOR

▶ This knot (also known as the single Windsor) should be paired with half-spread collars (the most common style). It's a bit bigger than the basic four-in-hand knot but not as flashy as a full Windsor.



3

FOUR-IN-HAND

▶ Probably the first tie knot you learned and still the most versatile (it works with most collars, lapels and face shapes). This fall try it with a knit tie and a button-down collar for a dressed-up but rustic look—with or without a jacket.

A Portrait of the Artist

*{ as a
Young
Woman }*

*Wild Irish rose Rosanna Davison
rides free in tropical Africa*

Photography by Sacha Höchstetter





Considering its size, Ireland has unleashed an uncanny number of great talents upon the world. While we love Joyce and Beckett, there's something instantly mesmerizing about Rosanna Davison. The dashing Dubliner studied art, loves to paint, has illustrated two children's books, writes about travel and is launching an acting career. Still, her most celebrated body of work is the one you're looking at. Rosanna won the 2003 Miss World pageant and has since worked as an international model. Bonus: Her father is Chris de Burgh, the musician best known for the 1986 hit "The Lady in Red." We photographed Rosanna on the isle of Mauritius off Africa's east coast. "Mauritius is extremely close to my heart," she says. "I've been visiting the tropical island with my family for many years. It was the perfect destination for the PLAYBOY shoot." We couldn't agree more.













RYAN LEAF

(continued from page 74)

where he threw for 33 touchdowns in a single season, setting a Pac 10 conference record and leading the Cougars to their first-ever Pac 10 championship win and a trip to the 1998 Rose Bowl. Or they talk about how, in 1997, he put up the second-highest passer rating in the States, came in third in Heisman Trophy voting, won Pac 10 offensive player of the year and was chosen as part of *Sporting News's* first-team All-Americans. But mostly they talk about the San Diego Chargers taking Leaf as the number two pick in the 1998 NFL draft, with debate raging that he should have been in pole position. But Peyton Manning, perceived as more mature, won out. It would prove prophetic.

Leaf's four-year contract with the Chargers totaled \$31.25 million. His \$11.25 million signing bonus was the highest in sports history for a rookie. During his four-year professional career Leaf played—poorly, if at all—for the Chargers, Dallas Cowboys, Tampa Bay Buccaneers and Seattle Seahawks.

By 2002 his football career was over, and the talk changed. "I'm considered the biggest bust ever in the NFL," he tells me. He's right. That's a direct quote from MSNBC. And ESPN. In fact, "the next Ryan Leaf" is sports-speak for each year's most spectacular draft flameout. ESPN's "25 Biggest Sports Flops of 1979–2004" ranked him in the top slot. In 2010 the NFL Network agreed, naming Leaf the number one NFL quarterback bust of all time. Leaf even picked up the tag. In his 2011 autobiography, *596 Switch* (which covers only his college days), he describes himself as "Ryan Leaf, the NFL bust...the PR train wreck...the cocky jerk."

These days everyone wants to talk to Leaf about his decade-long struggle with painkillers, his rehab attempts and his incarcerations. Most major media outlets, including the sweaty wretches manning sports desks across the country, have approached him. Countless letters arrive asking for interviews. Leaf declines them all. This article contains the only for-publication interviews he has consented to since his incarceration, indeed, since his, as he refers to it, "spectacular return to drug addiction." They were conducted start to finish inside a jail cell and document the conversations of two men wearing convict orange, both wondering what the hell happened to their lives, his story a little more complicated—and public—than mine.

Here is how a man once perceived as America's next great quarterback wound up in a cell with yours truly. It was October 2012 and I was in there accused of committing a crime that never occurred; I was released in early December. Leaf's latest sentence—seven years (with two years possibly knocked off for good behavior) for burglary and criminal

possession of dangerous drugs—started with nine months at Nexus, a behavioral-modification facility in Lewistown. The privately owned lockdown rehab is run for Montana's Department of Corrections. Its dynamic is that of a community overseen by inmates thrown together and forced to interact as family members with only minimal guidance from staff. The governing principle acknowledges that addicts are extremely sneaky fuckers. It assumes they'll fool any outsider, no matter how well educated and well intentioned, but won't waylay 80 other hypes, junkies and meth heads. Fooling the educated and naive is one thing. Deceiving other addicts is quite another.

Leaf didn't see it working. The problem, as he saw it, was Ryan Leaf. "I'm a leader. I saw what was happening. During my first six weeks, when I was trying hard, I was leading people in a productive way. During the next six weeks I was bumping heads. I saw other people start to act up as well."

He experienced an aloof, isolationist epiphany around week 12. "I went to the office and told them I'd had enough of the unspoken competition. Told 'em I wanted to get the most out of the program, was prepared to give up any trace of individuality to see if it would really work for me."

Leaf's problems started with an addiction counselor we'll call Yosemite Sam. Leaf mocked Yosemite Sam, and his new self-proclaimed mentor wrote him up. The system cracked down. "They need to retain a little perspective on what they're trying to do there, trying to accomplish," Leaf explains.

His first mistake was walking around inside the facility without an escort. Number two was refusing to read in a group. The next hiccup occurred when Yosemite Sam checked Leaf's room for compliance; the former quarterback couldn't resist saying, mockingly, "Tighten up my bed corners for me, will you?" Thin-skinned counselor scurries off to office: write-up number three. When Leaf was asked to expound on his failings in therapeutic community (oh, it hurts to report such touchy-feely feculence), he delivered his explanation with a sneer: "I was a smart-ass. I said I'd interfered with the peace and harmony of another family member."

Written up again. Off to jail to internalize the errors of his ways.

At his hearing, administrators accused Leaf of being unwilling to change. He disagrees. "I just don't see it's going to work. I'm being honest. I don't see nine months of this is going to give me the equipment. I don't see the sustainability. I totally tried to join in, but it felt phony, like I was lying. I knew if anyone put pills in my hand, I was gonna take 'em. Their doctrine is that it's not what you've done, it's what you're doing that counts. But I have a terrible time disregarding what I've done."

Leaf brought problems with discipline and attitude to San Diego in 1998. The rookie

quarterback didn't settle in well with his teammates. He yelled at hecklers and got into screaming matches with coaches. In the most famous incident, caught on video, Leaf exploded at a *San Diego Union-Tribune* reporter in the Chargers' locker room, screaming, "Don't talk to me, all right? Knock it off!" until teammates hauled him away.

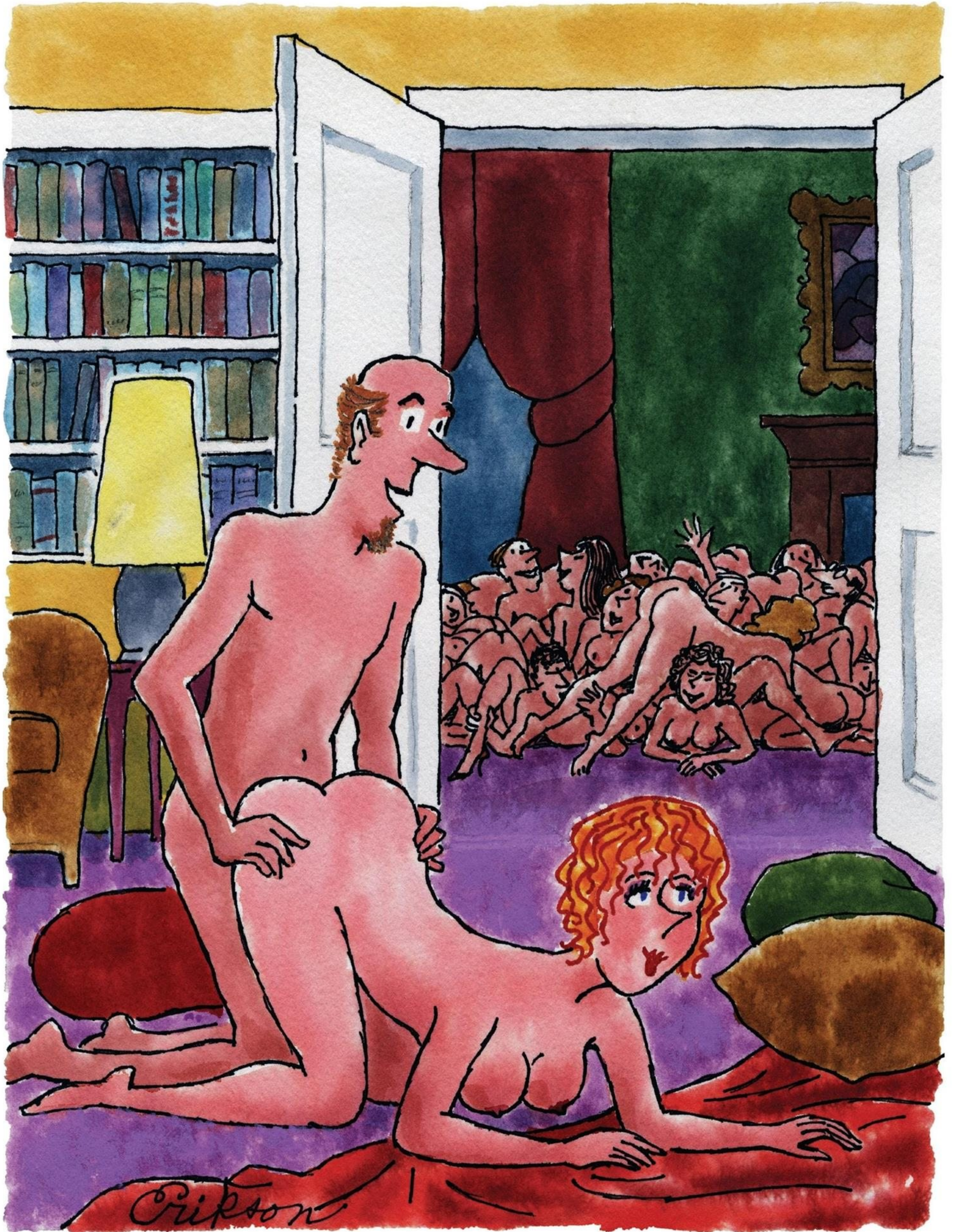
His atrocious attitude was matched by a woeful work ethic. Then physical problems affected his performance. He was fined and suspended. His record, losing 11 of his first 17 starts, was the final straw. The Chargers released him in March 2001. He signed with the Bucs and was let go without making a single appearance; the Cowboys then released him after only four appearances, all losses. Once labeled the world's next great quarterback, he retired—blaming injuries—before ever playing a game for the Seahawks. In 1998 he had envisioned a 15-year career. He would have been winding down his life's work as a pro football player today, at the age of 37. Instead, he was out on the street at 26.

"I'd pretty much achieved the pinnacle of what success was available to me. I wanted to keep climbing, but all I could do was plateau. That held no interest. I guess I just got involved in sliding down the other side, as far and as fast as I could," he says. With a plate-size right hand he gestures downward, a swift, chopping motion. "There I was, a 21-year-old millionaire. I'd reached the peak of every ambition I had as a child. Fifteen years later my perspective's very different, but essentially the problem's the same."

Football's quintessential Americanness ramped up Leaf's self-recrimination. He interpreted his behavior as a desecration of the whole country. By squandering his on-field talent, Leaf felt he'd attacked an entire ethos and tarnished the institution of football. "I was drafted with Peyton Manning, and that certainly didn't help," Leaf says. "He's arguably the best quarterback of all time, so we were looked at under the same microscope. And he handled everything just like he was supposed to."

Leaf is congenitally unable to share the spotlight, even in a grubby little jail cell or a state-sponsored lockdown rehab facility. If he couldn't be the best at being good, it must have been cheap work for his subconscious to suggest he become the best at being bad. Painkillers helped. "It was the expectations everybody had," he says, explaining what led him to pills. "It wasn't at all related to the way the drug made me feel, not at the beginning, not ever. It was what I didn't feel—all that disappointment. I was lonely and sick of being criticized. But the bottom line is, I wanted to get high."

Get high he did, shoveling down every opioid painkiller he could purchase. Oxycodone. Hydrocodone. The pills felt great when he was in physical pain, then they felt great when he was depressed about it, and then he was a drug addict wondering



"Claustrophobia all better now?"

how the fuck that happened. "It's not the pain. You can pull a bone out of my body and I'll stay on that field until the game is won," he explains. Taking pills "initially started out as pain treatment, but after a very short while it became something else. When I was taking the pills, I didn't have to deal with my feelings of being a failure."

When he couldn't buy, he begged. In 2006 he began coaching quarterbacks at West Texas A&M, a gig that lasted two years, until he was caught hitting up players for pain pills. When he couldn't beg, he burgled. In 2009 he caught burglary and drugs charges in the Great Republic of Texas for breaking into a player's house, receiving 10 years' probation.

Extraordinarily, it was Leaf's remoteness from criminal culture that led to this downfall. The lifelong jock simply lacked street cred. "If I could've found a drug dealer, I would've never gotten in trouble. If I'd made the right connections, I could've said, 'Here's a hundred grand. Give me several years' supply.' Then I'd just go sit in my cabin."

For a while Leaf latched on to an internet source that sold pills through the mail from Florida, a state on the cusp of pain-management-clinic corruption. He forked over \$19 per 10-milligram Percocet pill, or \$570 for a tub of 30, from the Sunshine State. I'm currently not short of drug dealers to consult concerning comparative cost structures. At that time, the same pills were peddled at 10 bucks a button on the mean streets of Great Falls, Montana. In a bulk buy they'd probably go for \$7 each, about one third of what Leaf was paying.

The setup was ideal until Leaf's attitude sabotaged him; he refused to give his e-dealer a credit card number. "I was just too mean, man. My mail carrier told me he

normally saw only a dozen COD packages a year, yet he'd had eight for me in half that many weeks." In March 2012 law enforcement launched an investigation. When police searched Leaf's house they found a pill bottle stashed in a golf bag and traced it to an acquaintance, who claimed Leaf had stolen it. Leaf was charged with burglary and theft.

Bailed for \$76,000, he was busted again three days later for entering an unoccupied and unlocked house outside Great Falls and cleaning out the bathroom of three bottles of prescription painkillers. The owners came home as he was leaving. He talked his way out with the old "Sorry, wrong house" routine and did a downfield dash. The owners called the police. When they described their uninvited guest—a "tall man with an athletic build"—the cops suggested they check their medicine cabinet to see if anything was missing. Bingo. The GPS in Leaf's truck verified it had been there at the time of the robbery and had stopped at five to 10 other houses in the area. Montana police hauled him in. "I turned up looking like a bum, man. I had long hair, for me, and a full beard that grew right down my neck."

He served 10 weeks in Montana's Cascade County Detention Center while his warrants were worked out, including two from Amarillo, Texas for breach of parole. After being convicted, he readily accepted the DA's first plea bargain of seven years, two suspended. Leaf feels his sentence was too light.

"If they put me in Montana State Prison for five years, that'd be okay by me. I don't really have any drive to be out. I'm just so miserable out there."

One day Leaf received a postcard from a cousin then in Spain, a whole lifetime still

before him. I heard a little-boy warble in Leaf's voice as he read me the message. Years earlier, Leaf and a cousin had taken a six-month grand tour of Europe after his football career had ended. "It was just like everyone else does after college," he incorrectly assumes. "Except it was all Ritz-Carltons for us, not hostels, and we rented cars and took sleeper trains instead of hitchhiking. All that time in Europe, I was recognized only twice. Both times it was Americans." Later, from a Montana jail, he placed a collect call to his mother and stood holding the postcard at arm's length as he talked, describing it to her.

Leaf, the oldest of three boys, was raised in Great Falls by his father, an insurance salesman, and his mother, a registered nurse. At a sentencing last year, Leaf told the court, "They believe I've held them for ransom for 36 years, and I don't understand why I should have to do that anymore. I'm lazy and dishonest and selfish. These were behaviors I had before my addiction kicked in. Five to 10 years of Ryan-free drama for my family, this community—particularly for this nation—would be pure bliss."

A prison cell hasn't softened the feeling. "My worst humiliation was putting my family through hell," he says with a sigh, before explaining how the pills fit nicely with his other addiction: isolation. "I just sat in my lake house all alone. I'd be there for weeks, and I loved it. But it was so unhealthy. I got high and watched TV and slept. I just liked it. I didn't feel anything. I just lay around, loving it. Anyone who tried to stop me, I was just, 'Fuck you, let me go feel good.'"

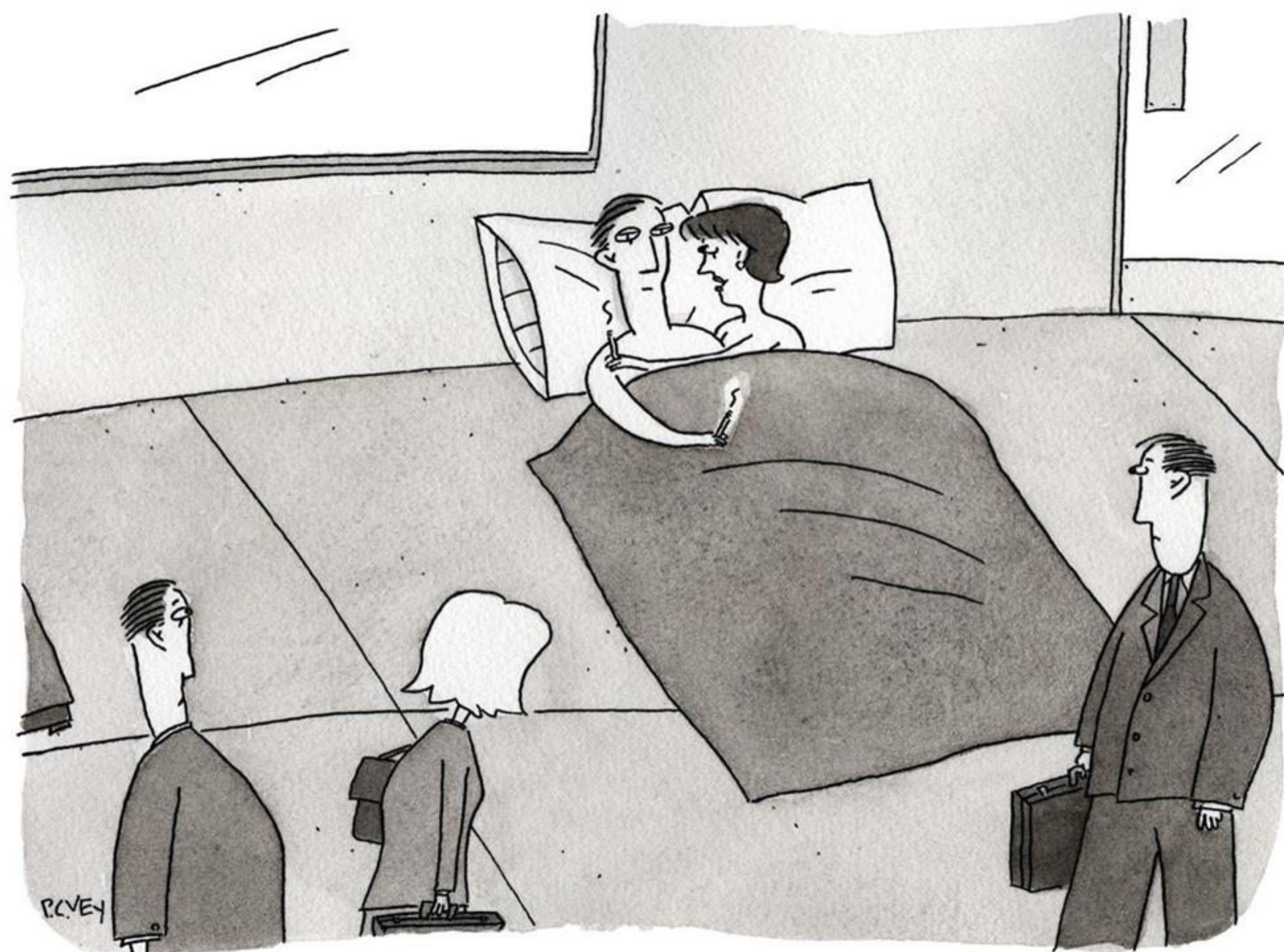
I admit it all sounds serene. "I just wasn't with others. No one ever saw me use," he says. "No one knew. I ignored my parents, my brothers, never had relationships with women. Being around people, they wanted to talk about football. That was always my identity."

A millionaire ex-football player, even—or especially—one addicted to pills, is someone to use. "I never can really figure out other people's motives, so I have a hard time trusting anyone. Women love to be treated to things they can't afford themselves. With men it's more occupational." Sports-oriented, making introductions? "Nah, my first job outside football was in financial services, working with my ex-father-in-law. I thought he was going to teach me all about wealth management, the intricacies of how to help people. Turned out his only interest was that I knew a lot of people with a lot of money."

Better then to stiff-arm all newcomers and not run any risks. He tries to avoid those who are attracted to his extraordinary success; by Leaf's logic, it means they are dumb by definition—they don't see him as a failure.

"The people who haven't let me down through all of this are those I took for granted before," Leaf says. "My defense mechanism is to rationalize that it doesn't matter enough to really experience other people, because I'll never see him or her again."

But people want to believe in heroes, and the reception to Leaf's 2008 stint in rehab (when it still appeared successful)



"It's so nice to meet somebody who isn't afraid of public displays of affection."

was uniformly positive. People who'd never met him were proud, praising his having accomplished something they understood to be desperately difficult.

Now Leaf feels like a hypocrite. "After the rehab in 2008, I was right back in the public eye. I wrote my book *596 Switch*; then I had to go out and speak about it." The book covers only his career at Washington State, but that didn't stop people from asking about his addiction. "At the signings and the speaking engagements, people wanted to hear me talk a lot about overcoming my addiction. It was humbling to speak so publicly about things that were bothering me privately." What things? "Becoming a drug addict, not succeeding at what I wanted to succeed at."

One particular appearance sticks in his mind. In 2011 the University of Oklahoma was the top-ranked football team in the country and had recently lost its 22-year-old starting linebacker to a painkiller overdose.

"It felt like such an honor, and I put in a lot of effort to give an awesome presentation. Three and a half months later I did exactly the opposite."

This is how Leaf's latest relapse happened: During treatment for a benign

brainstem tumor in 2011, Leaf started to use again, in the most authorized and understandable of ways. "The pills were in front of me because of medical issues. I've come to believe that I cannot take painkillers ever again in my life."

Leaf underwent a craniotomy with local anesthetic only. Actual pain management, Leaf says, is "just an excuse, like it was my reward for all I'd been through. It was what I remembered, that euphoria and lack of any physical or emotional pain. I was hooked immediately after taking the first pill." He had sacked himself again. "I fooled myself into believing I could control it, as all addicts do. I thought I wouldn't get caught and I would continue on with my life after my treatment was over."

But no, the world changes, the tensions bleed away. No more failure. No more hypocrisy. No more expectations. There it is, the drifting delight of smoothed-out edges. Too much to resist. Fuck you, let me go feel good.

"I rented a house in Venice Beach, and my treatment was in Santa Monica. I started to use again on the first of December. It was so easy. I didn't have to think about anything. I'd go to treatment, get a pill and then go to a movie theater where

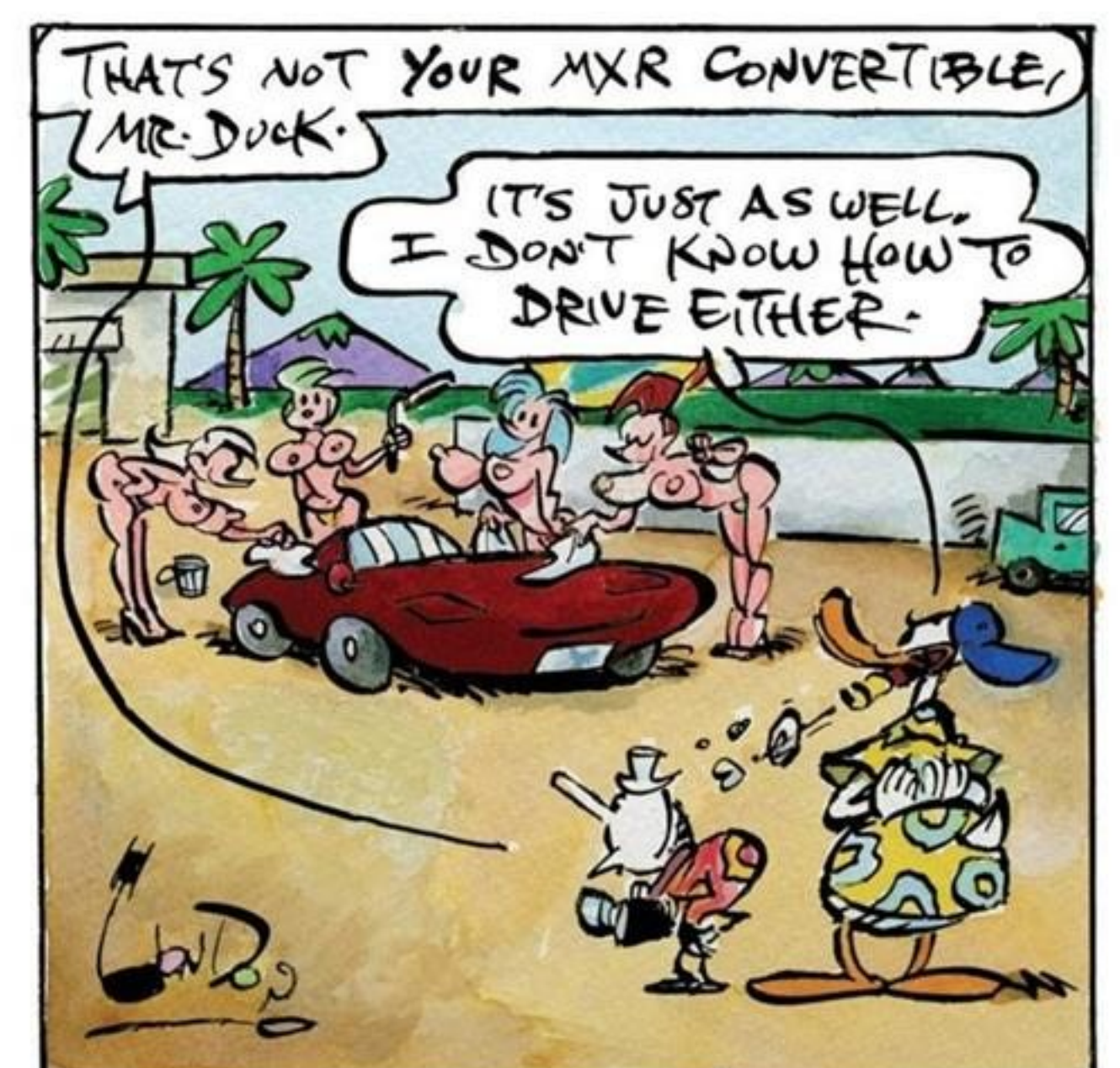
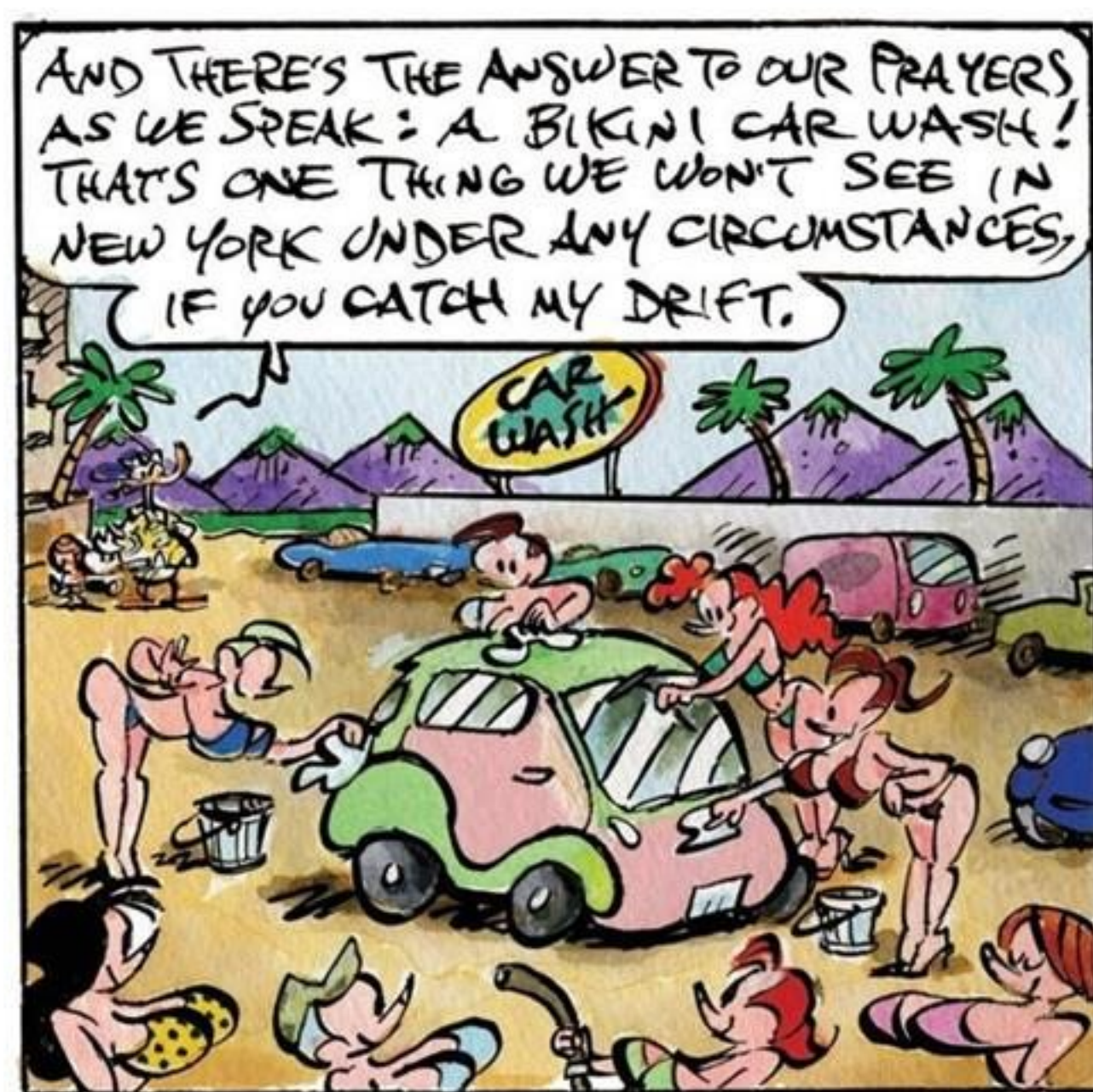
I'd be all alone through the day." Leaf sat, aimless and uninvolved, observing show after show, a shadow creature adrift in unreality. "I'd stay there till they shut." Day after day alone in a dark movie theater. "I went through the whole radiation therapy that way. After eight weeks, I was fully addicted again. I absolutely believed I'd quit as soon as I got back to Montana."

I believe he believed it. Brain tumors scare the hell out of everyone. Trepidation is a desperately horrible feeling, one he could switch off with ease. I personally detest that unshakable sensation of something bad about to happen; lately I'm an expert. It seemed stupid to Leaf not to alleviate it. But life ain't over. Bad times will roll around again as sure as Elvis is eternal. What happens next time? "The biggest message I learned is that I needed to ask for help," Leaf says. "But I didn't. Even though I knew I needed to, right while I was living it, I couldn't ask for help. I still can't."

Then jail ain't seen the last of you, mate.

I sort of miss seeing Leaf galumphing around our shared quarters in XXXXL convict-orange pajamas or wedged onto

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



a sub-six-foot, bolted-to-the-wall bunk, head rough against the end wall, huge feet dangling over the end. Spend an extended period in close quarters with Leaf and it's obvious he tends much more toward attention-seeking rather than outright raffish behavior. Silences are often broken by complaints about food, the absence of exercise, the 24-hour-a-day confinement and the lack of a TV. Other moments are filled with shameful "singing." His horrible howl-alongs made almost anything from the 1980s even worse.

Sometimes he spoke with disinterest about the Bentley Azure he owns in California (though when we played Monopoly, he insisted on being the car). He talked about his custom-built home in Denver, his lakeside retreat in Montana and his crash pad in San Diego, which looks out onto the Bentley. Or the time he mentioned having funded four Thoroughbreds. Once, when Sara Bareilles's "Love Song" came on the radio, he commented casually that she was his brother's ex. Then there was the story about Shania Twain, who insisted on wearing his jersey for a photo.

Leaf certainly isn't shy about soft-soaping his celebrity, especially to alleviate the inconveniences of incarceration. The judge at his sentencing reduced a plea-bargained punishment Leaf had already signed, an unheard-of event. A similar thing happened when Leaf joined me in October. A few hours after Leaf was removed from rehab and handed a 10-day sanction for misbehavior, his sentence was abated to eight days, no explanation. Leaf just shrugged. On his second night, an officer brought him an additional mattress pad after lockdown. Shrug again.

We've stayed in contact by mail. In the way of snakes eating their own tails, Leaf returned to rehab at Nexus for seven weeks, until he landed back in the same cell where we'd met. How did that happen?

"I was asked—or should I say told—to sign a contract. Among many things it stated I could 'wear only Nexus-issued clothing' and I was to 'resign or quit any and all committees and would not volunteer, facilitate or co-facilitate any committees.' On December 28 I did some service work by setting up chairs in the gym [and then] helped Phase One [new inductees] with their criminal cycles by using mine as a teaching tool. [That] night I went outside to recreation and it was near zero degrees, and I wore my own sweatpants."

The next day a shift supervisor accused him of violating his contract. Then a roommate tattled to security that Leaf said he wanted to drag Yosemite Sam around by his hair, something he calls "an absolute lie." Fiction or fact, talking about it—instead of doing something about it—was right. "Recognizing your thinking errors and choosing intervention thoughts or other thoughts so you don't act on it is what I did, so the tools were working," Leaf writes. "Just like it will have to work when I want to take a pill or walk into a home and steal a pill. It was working, slowly but surely, but for Yosemite Sam it

wasn't fast enough. This is just not a quick escape route back to the world to do it all over again. This has to work. This is my last chance. Whether it takes nine months or five years, it has to work."

The relationship with Yosemite Sam was so toxic Leaf saw no therapeutic value in continuing. He claims he asked to be removed from the program and returned to prison. "So off I went back to Fergus County jail to await the formality of being terminated. When I received the paperwork, I acted out, said I wasn't signing any of these lies and threw them on the ground." It was the Chargers locker room temper tantrum all over again. "I felt like standing up for myself. Waste of time, but I did feel a little bit better."

On January 23, 2013 he writes to me from prison: "How goes it my friend? Oh, it is just lovely to be away from Nexus and that godforsaken town. Until I'm confident I won't harm myself and my community and my family with my actions and selfishness, here is where I will stay."

Leaf feels better when he's sober and knows it. He's driven to do the right thing and annoyed when he doesn't. That's his spiral: He's a failure when he does dope, but the dope stops him from thinking he's a failure. At least for a while. He feels used by pills, but without pills he feels used by society. He feels used by the media. He feels used by isolation from that attention when he's sober. Celebrity is his relapse trigger. The cure for Ryan Leaf is, unfortunately, not being Ryan Leaf.

January 30, 2013: "Yes, you're right, the sweatpants was so me. My extremist nature reared its ugly head. I held others accountable at every turn, and it absolutely backfired on me. Yosemite Sam was going to be the one to cure Ryan Leaf. It was a battle again with him until I was escorted off the premises. But if I was a security risk then I'm the goddamned tooth fairy!"

He doesn't have to continue punishing himself for having fucked up. Failing doesn't make one a failure. But for Leaf, the painkillers mute a noise only he can hear: other people's disapproval. He saw this truth at that 12-week epiphany, when he realized, "I couldn't control anything outside, but I could control my thinking." Essentially, stop trying to be as bad as Peyton Manning is good. "There were also ego issues," he once said. No shit, buddy.

But scuffing the shine off his tattered legacy means persuading others to see him the way he fears he must see himself. Mainly, life ain't a bed of Rose Bowls for everyone who achieves fame and fortune. It's also hardly news that learning from other people's mistakes is a splendidly cheap way of improving one's own life.

February 13, 2013: "I'm where I'm supposed to be," he writes. "I'm safe, I'm sober, and I'm not harming my family and my community." He'll serve out a 60- to 90-day evaluation period before being moved to Montana's state prison. "I got what I wanted, as you would probably say. All is well, and time moves on."

BILL HADER

(continued from page 78)

director Greg Mottola always casts me as part of a duo of not very smart people: *Superbad*, *Adventureland* and *Paul*. And in *Clear History* he cast me and Michael Keaton as two really dumb criminals. Whenever Greg hires me, I'm like, "Who am I teamed up with, and how dumb am I?"

Q6

PLAYBOY: When you moderated a discussion about comedy at the Nantucket Film Festival last year, Chris Rock said, "All funny people were bullied." Is that true for you?

HADER: I was a spaz kid in Tulsa. I had a hard time focusing in class, and I was always joking around. I remember going to elementary school and having a group of friends who suddenly didn't want to talk to me anymore because I wasn't cool and was kind of loud. I remember talking in third grade one day about the scene where the Terminator takes his own eye out, and this kid yells, "Shut up!" It wasn't like people hated me, but I did have a feeling of not fitting in. I spent all my time watching movies and reading.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Was there a movie that changed your life?

HADER: There were a lot of them. My dad introduced me to Monty Python, the Marx brothers and early Woody Allen movies at a time when my friends were watching *Family Ties*. He'd wake me up in the middle of the night to watch movies, anything from *The Wild Bunch* to *A Clockwork Orange*. I saw *Clockwork Orange* when I was 10, and I understood the moral—that everybody has evil in them. You can't see that movie and then watch a normal Hollywood film, the stuff my friends were watching. "Let's watch *The Natural*!" And I'm like, "Nah, I've seen *Clockwork Orange*."

Q8

PLAYBOY: I can see how you would have been a bit of a misfit growing up in Tulsa. How did you get out of there?

HADER: I couldn't get into any of the top film schools, because my grades were abysmal. The closest I could get was Scottsdale Community College in Arizona. I made some close friends there. We all worked at the same movie theater in Tempe. I wore a purple cummerbund and bow tie, and I had really long hair. It was a college town, so people would get rowdy. For some reason, people were constantly having sex during *He Got Game*, the Spike Lee movie. Like, "Hey, there's another couple fucking in the back row." But we got to see movies for free, and then my friends and I all moved to L.A. together in 1999.

Q9

PLAYBOY: How did you meet your wife?

HADER: She saw me in a sketch comedy show—the same show Megan Mullally saw me in. So from one show I got *SNL* and a wife. We were doing a show in the shitty



backyard of a smelly, shitty house in Van Nuys. I was wearing overalls and holding a mandolin when Maggie saw me. She was in the front row, laughing really loud. I found out she worked with a good friend of mine as an assistant editor. We were all assistant editors in the same area in Sherman Oaks, and we all worked at night. So I called my friend and said, "I'm coming by to say hi," and he said, "You never come by to see me." [laughs] When I got there I was like, "Hey, Mark, how's it going? Where's Maggie Carey's office?" I was very conscious of not calling her too much—I'd call only every other day. It's the most game I've ever had in my life.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Do you know about the website Let's Buy Bill Hader Some New Clothes?

HADER: [Laughs] No. That's funny. What do they want to buy me?

Q11

PLAYBOY: It's as simple as it sounds: They think you need some new, better clothes.

HADER: Yeah, I don't put a lot of thought into clothes. When we went to Las Vegas for my wife's movie, she said, "Can you please bring a blazer to put over your T-shirt and jeans?" People at *SNL* were always like, "You're going on *Letterman*. Wear a suit." Nah.

Q12

PLAYBOY: When you were doing impersonations on *SNL*, did you ever hear from people you imitated?

HADER: I didn't really do an impersonation of John Mayer, but Kristen Wiig and I did a thing about his relationship with Jessica Simpson, how they had nothing to talk about. And John came up to me and said, "Jessica and I were watching that in bed." Oops. Sorry! I did Harvey Fierstein on the show once, and he sent me flowers. Really nice flowers.

Q13

PLAYBOY: In the movie *The Skeleton Twins*, you play Kristen Wiig's troubled twin brother, Milo. Does the role take you out of your stupid-guy-in-middle-management niche?

HADER: The movie reminds me a bit of *You Can Count on Me*, but the characters are more depressed and wrecked. Milo has real emotional problems. It is a totally different style of acting. I was doing *SNL* at the same time, so during the day I'd do an intense dramatic scene, and at night I'd go to *SNL* and rehearse a sketch with Martin Short where I'm Kate Middleton's gynecologist. *Skeleton Twins* actually has some very funny moments, but it's a different type of thing, which I wasn't used to. It's different when the director says "Cut" and no one laughs. Instead, people are like, "Fuuuuuck. That was a bummer." [laughs]

Q14

PLAYBOY: Milo's gay. How did you approach playing another gay character? Did you model him on anyone?

HADER: Craig Johnson, the film's director and co-writer, is gay, and I said, "I

don't want to do any limp-wrist acting." I also said to him, "Be on Stefon watch." I didn't want anybody to draw a connection between Milo and my Stefon character. I don't know if I modeled him on anyone. I really liked Raul Julia's work in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*. But he's not really gay in that movie, just prison gay.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You don't really have the sensibility of a 35-year-old, do you? It's much more like a 65-year-old's.

HADER: My point of reference has something very old-fashioned about it. Amy Poehler was shocked that I'd never seen *American Idol*. On *SNL* I had to play Ryan Seacrest in a sketch, and I asked for some tape of his TV appearances. Amy Poehler was like, "Fuck you! You watch *American Idol*," and I was like, "No, I don't!"

Q16

PLAYBOY: What are you watching when *American Idol* is on?

HADER: I'm watching *Johnny O'Clock*, starring Dick Powell, on TCM.

Q17

PLAYBOY: *The To Do List* is about a studious girl who decides to lose her virginity before she starts college. Was losing your virginity as exciting as that?

HADER: It was like Tori Spelling and Brian Austin Green in *Beverly Hills 90210*. We planned it, we were in love, there were candles. It was a teenage romantic thing, with a girl I was dating in high school. I was 18.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You're a creative consultant on *South Park*. In the documentary *6 Days to Air: The Making of South Park*, you spend most of your time checking your cell phone and eating. What's your actual contribution to the show?

HADER: Checking my phone and eating. Yeah, everyone said to me, "I saw you in the *South Park* documentary, and you really don't do much." Even I thought that when I saw the movie.

Q19

PLAYBOY: It was nice to see Stefon marry Seth Meyers in your last episode on *Saturday Night Live*. You make a very attractive confused gay club kid.

HADER: Thank you. People have said that, and I take it as a compliment. I was in the Strand bookstore once, and a guy came up to me and said, "I would totally fuck Stefon. Seriously, I want that guy so much." I was like, "Thank you very much. I'm here with my wife." He said, "I get it," and walked away.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Did you take any Stefon souvenirs from *SNL*, like one of his Ed Hardy shirts?

HADER: When we finished the last scene, I took off the wig and the hat and the shirt. I turned around, and they were gone—they'd been whisked away. I thought, Well, that's that. No time to get sentimental, Bill. Go get ready for the cop sketch.



"Hadley, what's this I hear about a midlife crisis?"

SEX SCIENTISTS

(continued from page 97)

recorded and observed performing "manual and mechanical manipulation, natural coition with the female partner in supine, superior or knee-chest position and, for many female study subjects, artificial coition in supine and knee-chest positions." What was the reaction of the subjects to being observed?

JOHNSON: There was never a situation where everyone was lined up looking. I might add, there is interrogation before each session; there is some communication during it and there is a great deal of interrogation afterward. The subjects' own statements indicated that many times they absolutely lost a sense of the environment.

MASTERS: I think even when they didn't completely lose awareness of the investigators' presence, they learned to pay no attention to them or at least to ascribe no importance to them.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch from behind a one-way mirror?

JOHNSON: In one of the environments at the medical center there was a mirror, but we rarely used it. If they had thought we might be behind a one-way mirror, it would have been just as distracting as if we really had been there.

PLAYBOY: There's one question that you must have been asked over and over again: How did you prevent your personal emotions from intruding as you watched hundreds of people having sex? Didn't you ever feel astonishment or awe?

JOHNSON: I never felt awe in a laboratory setting. I have one kind of commitment in my personal life, when I have the freedom to feel awe, but a vastly different commitment to maintain professional objectivity in a research environment.

MASTERS: You have to achieve as much objectivity as you can and then maintain it. But there *are* many people who shouldn't work in this field simply because they cannot separate personal and professional requirements.

MAIL CALL

PLAYBOY: Did you anticipate censorship problems when you published *Human Sexual Response*?

MASTERS: No. Nor did we encounter any.

PLAYBOY: What does your mail suggest about the public's attitude toward your research?

MASTERS: We've gotten thousands of letters. About eight percent of them fall into the "down with" category, of which half are vicious, obscene and unsigned. The other half of the negative letters are from fine people who simply feel that sexual behavior should not be investigated. They sign their names, they write well and we respect their opinions. Twenty-two percent of the mail has been supportive in character, and the remaining 70 percent—the part that really matters—comes from people asking for advice about their problems of sexual inadequacy.

VERY CANDID CAMERAS

PLAYBOY: One of the greatest areas of misinterpretation relates to the purpose of the

mechanical devices and equipment used in your experiments. Would you tell us about them?

MASTERS: Besides the artificial phallus, we used the routine cardiograph type of recordings for heart rate, blood pressure, pulse, respiratory rate and so on. We also used cameras so that we could study in slow motion what happened.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you describe the artificial phallus as plastic, utilizing "cold light illumination" that allows observation and recording without distortion. You wrote: "The equipment can be adjusted for physical variations in size, weight and vaginal development. The rate and depth of penile thrust is initiated and controlled completely by the responding individual." Why did you construct this device?

MASTERS: First, let me point out that the artificial phallus was the only piece of mechanical equipment that would not be considered standard in any physiology laboratory. It was designed for intravaginal observation and photography—to show us what was happening inside the vagina during the various phases of sexual response. The artificial phallus has long since been disassembled and we have no plans for reconstructing it.

JOHNSON: This may be an appropriate time to put to rest a popular misconception created by the mass media—that is, the titillating assumption that the only purpose of the artificial phallus was to stimulate sexual response. This was not the case. During artificial coition, the research subjects never could achieve orgasm by use of the phallus alone—they all had to employ additional self-stimulation derived from their own personal preferences and previously established patterns. The point is, a female responds sexually to that which is endowed *for her* with sexual meaning. Over a period of time, all the women in our sample probably could have oriented themselves to respond to the exclusive use of a phallic device if they had been so motivated; but to them, the laboratory phallus was nothing in or of itself, and neither the situation nor their own personal interest required that they make it so. Consequently, the only reason for creating and using this device was to provide an opportunity for definition and measurement of the intravaginal environment.

LOVE IS THE WORD

JOHNSON: Related to this accusation of mechanization, the point has been raised that in the entire text of *Human Sexual Response*, the word *love* isn't mentioned once.

MASTERS: That's right, it isn't. We started to define the physiological facts of sexual response fundamentally because there has been such an incredible amount of misconception, fantasy and fallacy about it. Rather than present an opinion—or psychologic interpretation—we felt it was long past time in this field to find out a few basic *facts*.

PLAYBOY: Traditionalists also complain that investigations such as yours destroy the mystery of sex. Do you think that's true?

JOHNSON: We happen to think that the

realistic, honest aspects of sexuality are a lot more exciting than the so-called mystery. A knowledge of sex doesn't impair, but enhances it.

ONCE AND FOR ALL: IS BIGGER BETTER?

PLAYBOY: You have compiled data bearing on the belief that the size of a man's penis can influence a woman's sexual responsiveness. Would you tell us about it?

MASTERS: There has long been a myth that penile size relates to male stimulative prowess. We found this not to be true. In the first place, the size of the penis usually has been judged in its flaccid state. In this situation, the penis varies greatly in size. But as it becomes erect, the smaller penis goes through much more of an erective process than does the larger penis. So, at the moment of mounting with full erection, the major differences in flaccid penile size have been remarkably reduced. In addition, the female has the great facility of accommodating the penis, regardless of size, and not expanding the vagina beyond the size sufficient for containment. Vaginal expansion, of course, is purely involuntary and is directed toward accommodation of the particular penis in its erect state.

JOHNSON: It helps to realize that the vagina is a potential rather than an actual space in its unstimulated state. Actually, the vagina is virtually an infinitely expandable organ. After all, it goes from a collapsed state to a size large enough to accommodate a baby's head.

MASTERS: Of course, we have been talking about physiological response. Psychologically, if the woman really believes that the larger penis in its flaccid state is going to make a difference when it becomes erect, then for her it might. But the really experienced woman would agree that size doesn't make a crucial difference.

BLUE BALLS (FOR MEN AND WOMEN)

PLAYBOY: One of your most widely publicized findings concerns the four phases of sexual response—excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution. What happens to those individuals, particularly females, who don't go through the full cycle to orgasm?

MASTERS: There are periods of irritability, emotional instability, restlessness, pelvic discomfort, lack of sleep. You see, orgasm is a release point for the congestion of blood in the pelvis. This vasocongestion—which is the medical term for it—is relieved very rapidly if there is orgasm. If not, the release of vasocongestion is slowed, particularly if the woman has had babies and has enlarged blood vessels in the pelvis. Her period of frustration, irritation and pelvic discomfort may last for hours; sometimes—though rarely—a day or two.

PLAYBOY: How about the male? There is a well-known malady among young men, variously referred to in slang as "blue balls" or "lover's nuts," in which the male complains of severe pain in the testicles if he is stimulated without reaching orgasm. Is there a similar explanation for this affliction?

MASTERS: Yes. We've discovered in our experiments that when the male is sexually

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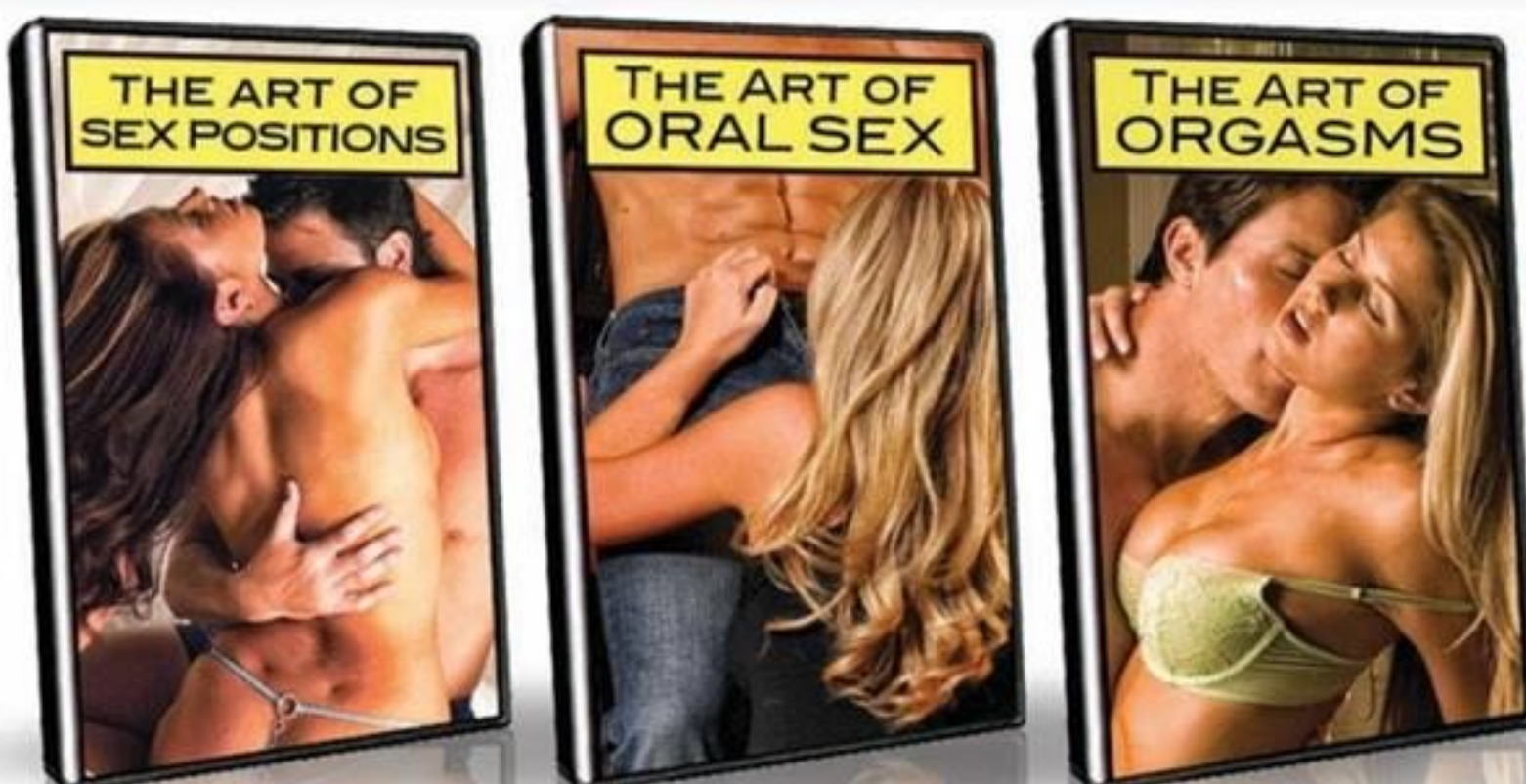
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excited and approaching ejaculation, the testicles increase in size; the average size increase may be as much as 50 percent over the unstimulated norm. A young male who is forced to maintain this degree of local vasocongestion for a period of time—without release—may well develop some pain and tenderness. Those males who suffer from long-continued “plateau phase” frustration usually either masturbate or have a nocturnal emission and the ejaculation relieves the congestion that way.

ORGASM VERSUS EJACULATION

PLAYBOY: You used the term *ejaculation*, not *orgasm*. In the male is there a distinction between the two?

MASTERS: Male orgasm is actually a two-stage affair. The first stage is identifiable by a sensation of “ejaculatory inevitability.” This is when he no longer can control the ejaculation but before he actually has any seminal-fluid emission. This stage of ejaculatory inevitability lasts two to four seconds and is occasioned by contractions of the prostate gland and possibly the seminal vesicles. The remaining part of the male orgasm—that of actual ejaculation—is the expulsion of the seminal fluid throughout the length of the penile urethra by contractions of the penile and urethral musculature. The female orgasm, by contrast, is but a one-stage affair.

PLAYBOY: Did you discover any evidence that women ejaculate?

MASTERS: We have heard from four women who claimed that, with orgasm, they have an overwhelming release of fluid. But we’ve never had the opportunity to evaluate these women in the laboratory.

PLAYBOY: In your book you also discussed female multiple orgasm.

MASTERS: Apart from several physiologic observations of a technical nature, one of the important things we established—to our own satisfaction, at least—is that the female is *naturally* multiorgasmic.

PLAYBOY: Picking up on the phrase “*naturally* multiorgasmic,” do you believe that, all other things being equal, the female should achieve orgasm as easily as the male?

MASTERS: Yes, indeed. We have nothing to suggest otherwise. It would seem that puritan and Victorian social restraints have destroyed or altered significantly the female’s natural responsivity.

VAGINA VERSUS CLITORIS

PLAYBOY: Let’s get this straight. There was the debate about clitoral versus vaginal orgasms. We just read an abstract from the *Third International Congress of Medical Sexology* in which a sexologist claims there are clitoral, vaginal and uterine orgasms.

JOHNSON: Oh, Saint Christopher! The amount of garbage in this field, and the number of people without credibility! Of course, the uterus responds with orgasm—if the woman responding has a uterus. Every other part of her system responds in some fashion as well. The variables are in degree of involvement and intensity and in subjective perception.

IMAGINATION AND FANTASY

PLAYBOY: What role do such psychological factors as fantasy and imagination play in enhancing sexual response for either sex?

JOHNSON: It depends on how you define those terms. What some people call imagination could be described as recall. The only psychological constant in sexual response is the memory of, or the conditioned response to, the pleasure of sensation—in other words, to those things that have become sexually endowed for that person. These may be deliberately invoked during masturbation or during intercourse to help overcome a particular environment or occasion—a time or a place that doesn’t turn the individual on.

MASTERS: Imagination, as we define it, plays a very real part in sexual response, but it varies tremendously with individuals. Usually, it is employed during the excitement or early-plateau phases; but at the moment of orgasmic expression, the individual usually is immersed in his own sensate focus.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, imagination would have great value with a sex partner who was not physically attractive. Have you found that physical attractiveness is important to successful sex response?

Regardless of why the male fails to achieve or maintain an erection the first time, the greatest cause of continued sexual dysfunction is his fear of nonperformance.

JOHNSON: Again, all these things are terribly individual.

PLAYBOY: In your experience as investigators, however, aren’t there certain aspects of appearance that seem more stimulating than others for many American men—characteristics such as breast size, for example?

MASTERS: If you talk about breast size, you have to mention Madison Avenue and PLAYBOY, because they have created connotations of sexuality in connection with it. As a matter of fact, the larger-breasted female may not be more responsive.

JOHNSON: Worse yet, a woman’s preoccupation with her symbolic sex quality might cancel out her attention to, or her involvement with, her real sexuality. On the other hand, her symbolic sexual qualities might make her conceive of herself as more of a sexual person; consequently, she might involve herself with more enthusiasm. I’m not an anthropologist, but I think there is evidence that the attraction of the female breast relates to the mother-figure concept.

MASTERS: And yet, in the male population, there are hip watchers, leg watchers. It varies.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea how these individual predilections develop?

MASTERS: Personal conditioning, I would guess. Maybe the first exposure to sexuality was a woman with particularly attractive legs or breasts.

THE IMPACT OF PORNOGRAPHY

PLAYBOY: Does pornography have equal erotic potential for women and for men?

MASTERS: According to our experience, yes. The greatest variations relate to an individual’s background and personal preference, rather than to his or her sex.

PLAYBOY: Do you think pornography would continue to have its arousing effects if it were made more easily available and lost its taboo quality?

JOHNSON: Our attitude, like everyone else’s, is purely speculative. But we think pornography certainly gains in its excitement by being forbidden.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it advisable to control its availability?

JOHNSON: I don’t think there’s any real contribution to the goodness of an individual’s life in telling him what he can or cannot read or see.

MASTERS: What is a matter of indifference to one individual may be repugnant to a second and incredibly erotic to a third.

LIFE BEFORE VIAGRA

PLAYBOY: The second sexual inadequacy you mentioned as part of your long-range research program is impotence. What is your definition of the term?

MASTERS: We classify it as two types. In primary impotence, the male has failed at his first opportunity at penetration and continues to fail at every exposure thereafter to achieve and/or to maintain an erection for the length of time sufficient to accomplish mounting. In secondary impotence, the male has not failed his first time or his first thousand times, but then begins to develop difficulties in achieving or maintaining an erection.

PLAYBOY: What is the chief cause of impotence?

MASTERS: Fear. Regardless of why or under what circumstances the male fails to achieve or maintain an erection the first time, the greatest cause of continued sexual dysfunction thereafter is his fear of nonperformance. Those who have had an instance of failure due, let’s say, to fatigue or excessive alcohol intake and do not attach special significance to it rarely develop this fear. But those who elevate an occasional failure out of context and dwell on it retrospectively can go on to develop severe cases of secondary impotence.

JOHNSON: Alcohol is probably the greatest single cause of secondary impotence.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible, as some critics have suggested, that the female’s sexual emancipation—and the consequent increase in her sexual demands on the male—is a significant cause of impotence?

MASTERS: Any situation conceived as threatening by a particular male may tend to make him fearful about his performance and thereby lead him to try forcing the situation. But one doesn’t need female emancipation to do this.

PREMATURE EJACULATION

PLAYBOY: The final sexual inadequacy you mentioned is premature ejaculation. Is this as difficult to define as the others?

MASTERS: As a working definition, we describe a premature ejaculator as a male who can't control the ejaculatory process long enough to satisfy his partner at least 50 percent of the time. Obviously, such a definition does not hold up if the partner happens to be nonorgasmic. As for the causes, they vary. I suppose one of the greatest causes in a 40-year-old male is exposure to prostitutes in his late teens and early 20s, with its pressure for speed and performance and lack of regard for time, place and circumstances.

PLAYBOY: Many men try to overcome their problem of premature ejaculation or that of orgasmic failure on the part of their partners by developing a self-conscious sexual technique. Assiduously memorizing sexual lore and following the suggestions of many marriage manuals, they recite the multiplication tables silently during intercourse, or think of the stock market.

JOHNSON: It shouldn't be necessary to recite multiplication tables in order to withhold ejaculation.... When we first treated cases of premature ejaculation, we noticed an almost stereotypical case history. Usually the person's first experience had been under circumstances in which it was necessary to rush through intercourse under a great deal of pressure. For instance, the backseat of a car. There was no sense that you should linger and appreciate the act; there was just the fun of doing it.

AS TIME GOES BY

PLAYBOY: Another area of medical uncertainty and misconception relates to sex among the aged. What can you tell us about your research on this subject?

MASTERS: There are two fundamental constants necessary for the human male and female to maintain effective sexual function into the 80-year age group: One, the individual must be in a reasonably good state of general health, and two, he or she must have an interested partner.

For the female, an effective sexual function in her earlier years encourages continued successful functioning as she ages, primarily because she isn't contending with fears of nonperformance. If the female has not been particularly effective before menopause, then the added concerns of the aging process may make her totally ineffective thereafter. But if she has been responsive and well-oriented sexually, she usually sails through the menopausal situation with no significant variation in her sexual-response pattern.

As for the male, if he has had satisfactorily active sexual experience during his teens, 20s, 30s and 40s, there's no reason he can't maintain sexual effectiveness into his 50s, 60s and 70s, if he meets the criteria already described.

JOHNSON: The only thing I'd like to add is that aging may cause some reduction in the urge to ejaculate—that is, in the need for frequency of ejaculation. But, contrary to

popular belief, this has nothing to do with the older man's ability to achieve and maintain an erection.

THE GAY FACTOR

PLAYBOY: There have been predictions that another by-product of increasing sexual freedom will be the proliferation of homosexuality. What do you think?

MASTERS: If the majority of reasons given by scientists and by homosexuals themselves for turning to homosexuality are true, a liberalization of sexual attitudes would remove some of these reasons; it would help lessen the homosexual's self-rejection. This is, of course, only theorizing. We have no evidence to support it.

We're doing a great deal of work in

homosexuality. We're studying the female homosexual in particular, as we feel she has never been examined in depth. We want to learn as much as we can from the sociological, physiological, biochemical, endocrinological—and, ultimately, the therapeutic—points of view.

PLAYBOY: What is your goal in the homosexual research?

MASTERS: We hope eventually to move into some concept of sexual reversal for those who wish it. From what we know now—which is very little—we can't conceive of homosexuality itself as an inversion or abnormality. It seems to be a basic form of sexual expression—a minority form but a very definitive one.

PLAYBOY: Why should heterosexuals be interested in the findings in *Homosexuality*



in Perspective [a later book that focused on homosexuality]?

MASTERS: The book is as much about how heterosexuals make love as about how homosexuals make love.

PLAYBOY: In a nutshell, what were the most interesting findings in your study?

MASTERS: One of the most striking features of the findings was the fact that homosexuals and heterosexuals demonstrated so little difference in ability to respond to noncoital sexual stimulation. Homosexuals and heterosexuals, male or female, were able to respond to masturbation, partner manipulation or fellatio/cunnilingus. We observed many hundreds of orgasm cycles, and less than one percent of the time was there failure to achieve orgasm.

PLAYBOY: *Time* magazine, in its cover story on your book, drew the conclusion that gays are better in bed. Your findings seem to suggest that if we make love like homosexuals, our sex lives will improve.

MASTERS: Let's put it this way: The greatest mistake is to say that you make love *like* anybody. Because that isn't what you're doing. You're doing what you *want* to do, and, it's hoped, what your partner would like to enjoy. In presenting our findings on homosexuality, we want to show the wealth of variation that is possible, so that it doesn't become threatening. Inevitably, we are a little anxious about those things we don't understand or aren't familiar with.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, your book suggests that homosexuals of both sexes know more about their partners' needs and showed more interest in variety, which translates—to us—as saying they're better at sex than heterosexuals.

JOHNSON: Well, they work at it a little more. They invest more of themselves in sex; therefore, they probably get a little more back. They don't have more orgasms, mind you. They just seem more involved.

PLAYBOY: Were there differences in the way homosexual couples and heterosexual couples stimulated each other in heavy petting?

MASTERS: The homosexual couples took their time. They moved deliberately through excitement to linger at the plateau stage. In contrast, the heterosexuals created the impression that they were in it just to get the job done, to produce the orgasm in the shortest time possible.

PLAYBOY: What differences did you notice in the ways heterosexuals and homosexuals masturbate?

MASTERS: The primary differences related to gender and not to sexual preference.

PLAYBOY: How did women masturbate?

MASTERS: Approximately four out of five of the women masturbated while lying on their backs. They were generally less direct in their approach to the clitoris than were men in approaching the penis. Some women touched their breasts, others stroked the lower abdomen or the thighs. Most women tended to touch the glans directly only at the onset of the clitoral stimulation, if at all. But as sexual tensions elevated, they moved from the glans to the stimulation of the clitoral shaft. When they got tired or lost the thread of their response, they slowed the pace. Far more often than men, women

deliberately varied the rate and pressure of genital stroking, at times even stopping and starting clitoral manipulation—as though teasing themselves.

PLAYBOY: How did men masturbate?

MASTERS: Men moved immediately to the penis. Approximately three out of five masturbated while lying on their backs; the rest did so standing, sitting or lying face down. The force and rapidity of the stroking increased as excitement increased. For the most part, men concentrated on the shaft. At orgasm most men slowed, or even stopped stroking. In contrast, the women usually kept stroking or massaging through orgasm. Women actually tended to be more sexually responsive, moving from one orgasmic experience to the next, while the men almost universally had one orgasmic experience during the session and that was it.

PLAYBOY: How did gay women act in bed?

MASTERS: There was holding, kissing and caressing of the entire body area before any specific approach was made to the breasts or genitals. Only six out of 76 of the lesbians we studied moved directly to breast stimulation, and only one woman approached her partner's genitals at the onset of sex play.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, a woman would know

The homosexual couples took their time. They moved deliberately. In contrast, the heterosexuals created the impression that they were in it just to get the job done.

that about another woman. But how does a man progress if his partner doesn't tell him?

JOHNSON: They do unto others as they have done unto themselves, and that's not always what a woman can respond to. Quite often the male uses his fingers as he would a penis. If the lesbians used penetration with their fingers, they seldom went beyond the outer third of the vagina, which, in terms of nerve endings, is the most sensitive area. Husbands frequently used their fingers as a substitute penis, even though their wives merely tolerated this approach, especially when approached this way before they were really aroused. One third of the wives we questioned said that they felt deep manual penetration was more exciting to their husbands than to them. Lesbians, on the other hand, exhibited a general willingness to find out what their partners like and appreciate.

PLAYBOY: Once a lesbian woman turned to breast play, did she go about it any differently than a man would?

MASTERS: Breast play was significantly prolonged. The entire breast was consistently stimulated both manually and orally, with particular attention focused on the nipples. And almost scrupulous care seemed to be taken by the stimulator to spend an equal amount of

time with each breast. Sometimes as much as 10 minutes was devoted to the breasts before genital play was introduced. I've seen many a heterosexual couple engage in and complete intercourse in the time a lesbian couple would still be focusing on the breasts.

THE MISSIONARY POSITION

PLAYBOY: Is there any single trait or pattern that characterized intercourse [in heterosexuals]?

MASTERS: The great American formula for sex is: a kiss on the lips, a hand on the breasts and a dive for the pelvis.

JOHNSON: In terms of sexual behavior, although we seem to be a people who look for cookie cutters to shape ourselves after someone whose life is purported to be the sexual ultimate, when the moment arrives, we generally fall back on our early peer-group lessons. There is too little individual confidence to be sexually creative. Even in the lab environment, sexually sophisticated people sometimes fell back on the old familiar scenario.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

MASTERS: Some 80 percent of the men made love in the missionary position. They mounted the female as soon as they had an erection and as soon as they thought the partner was ready. Usually they decided she was ready when she was obviously lubricated.

PLAYBOY: Is that incorrect?

JOHNSON: Well, in theory, you might say it is true. Vaginal lubrication for the woman is essentially a counterpart of erection in the male. Ah, but it doesn't stop there. I'm really going to tread in water I normally try to avoid, because we generally represent only on a same-sex basis—but I'm going to suggest the very real possibility that a man with an erection is not always a man who is ready for intercourse.

The woman may demonstrate physiological or anatomical readiness. But it's a mistake to assume that because she is physically prepared, she has also arrived at the point of emotional or even spiritual receptivity. So often the man makes this assumption, penetrates and immediately sets the pattern of thrusting. She is even further distracted by the task of accommodating to the depth, frequency and the force of the man's thrusting action before she ever establishes awareness of her own responsiveness. Although she ultimately may be orgasmic, her level of subjective involvement may remain low and her sense of satisfaction minimal. There is a high risk of hostility toward the partner developing in such a situation.

PLAYBOY: One of the sacred tenets of marriage manuals is that if you engage in enough foreplay, everything will be all right in the end. Did you find that to be so?

MASTERS: I don't even like the term *foreplay*. It sounds like something less than important or meaningful. Dividing sexual response into stages is a necessity for the scientific observer, but sex partners who do the same thing make the human experience a goal-oriented performance. In so doing, a woman's capacity for spontaneous responsiveness especially is victimized.

PLAYBOY: How?



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MASTERS: We found that when we requested a woman and a man in the lab to engage in, let's say, genital touching or cunnilingus, the woman tended to lubricate freely, in direct proportion to the amount of stimulation she was receiving. However, when on another occasion we asked the same couple to engage in intercourse and, as part of the total process, the man engaged in the same activities—genital touching or cunnilingus—the woman frequently did not lubricate as freely, in direct proportion to the amount of stimulation she was receiving.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that the homosexual couples you observed—because they were not under any pressure to have intercourse—were better able to enjoy themselves?

MASTERS: Certainly. They give more of themselves to these activities—masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus—because it is the only thing they have. Even when we told heterosexual women that cunnilingus was the point of the evening, they were so unused to it as a pleasurable end in itself that they initially did not get particularly involved.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SEX

PLAYBOY: What do you think the future holds for sex research in general?

MASTERS: Sufficient maturity and controlled expansion, we hope, so that research may be done in the *total* area of sexual behavior—not just from the psychological and physiological points of view, the “why” and the “what,” but also, for example, from the sociological and theological perspectives.

Human sexual behavior is of vital concern to every single individual throughout his or her life. Aside from the instinct for self-preservation, it is the most forceful response we know. Yet it is the response about which we know least. Look at the massive amount of time and effort that has been spent on the control of poliomyelitis, for instance—an effort that was worthy, since it brought the disease under control—but compare the occasional individual who contracts polio with the daily concern of every individual about his or her sexuality. Although we are obviously in favor of any medical approach that helps eliminate the major pathologies, it must also be realized that the one physiological activity, after eating and sleeping, that occupies the greatest part of human life is no less worthy of definitive and objective research. We intend to devote the greatest part of *our* lives to that research.

PLAYBOY: Just how important do *you* think sex is?

JOHNSON: For most people, sex is of paramount importance in their life. One thing you can be sure of: The more one knows about sex, the better chance there is of dealing with it effectively when something is not satisfactory. That is the principle, at least, by which we are committed to sex research. That, plus the fact that we continue to believe that “sex is a natural function.” We’ve proclaimed that for so long now, people surely are tired of hearing it. Maybe in another 10 years beyond that, our society will allow us to live it.

JUNOT DÍAZ

(continued from page 102)

time. It was a finalist for the National Book Award, and Díaz was awarded the 2012 MacArthur Fellowship (known as the genius grant) to the tune of \$500,000 shortly after its publication. *This Is How* shifts the focus back onto the character of Yunior, narrator of *Brief Wondrous Life*, star of *Drown* and fictional version of the young Díaz. The parallels between Díaz’s life and Yunior’s are so sticky it gets you wondering how the terms *fiction* and *nonfiction* were initiated in literature (rather than, say, *the past* and *everything else*) and how long they will continue to be applied. They are also so sticky that I embarrassingly began to talk to Díaz about the death of his brother, his brother who is alive, because the two worlds had fused in my head.

“Kind of a dick” is how Díaz had once been described to me, but that description was given by someone who actually is a dick in real life, so I had already deduced that Díaz was cool. He 100 percent was. I met him in front of the Tribeca Grand in downtown Manhattan, and the moment we shook hands, my suspicions that there was nothing dick about this guy were confirmed. You know when you meet someone and you feel as if you have a good friend in common, but you don’t? It was like that. I was relieved, because he was preparing to take me in his car over to Parlin, New Jersey for a few hours, and I’d rather spend the day with someone I like.

Díaz is a thin (thin as in in-shape, not thin as in frail) Dominican in his mid-40s whose appearance, gesticulations and language have retained much of their youth. Shaved head. Goatee. Modestly, but nicely, dressed. (He’d texted before our meeting to see if he needed to shave for photos. I assured him he did not and that I was looking a little sans home myself.) Díaz is a genuinely pleasant person to be around. He is one of the friendliest, and least writerly, writers I’ve ever met. There is not a drop of social awkwardness about him, and he doesn’t noticeably censor himself before speaking. And I, almost as a rule, like anyone who says “fuck” a lot, if only because it takes a little heat off my own trash mouth. After we got into his car (low-key, black, Bavarian) and I had turned on the recorder, I became so comfortable in his presence that I almost forgot I was doing a piece on him.

Besides the occasional short story (and a good chunk of his novel) taking place in the Dominican Republic, the rest of Díaz’s writing is set in the suburbs of New Jersey. He, his mother and his siblings had moved from the DR to Parlin when he was six to join Díaz’s father, who’d immigrated years before. Díaz was to show me around the neighborhood where he grew up, the inspiration for the hometown of Yunior. The closer we got, the more frequently he began to point things out to narrate. About a mile from our destination he described the neighboring town of Sayreville: “Bon Jovi country. Working class, old folks, starter homes. Big, big Polish immigrant community that got basically organized after

World War II. You know, a lot of refugees, a lot of immigrants.” We drove down the strip of road that had been his first glimpse of America. He recalled hearing his father announce, “We’re here!” and then seeing his first great shrine to American capitalism, the golden arches of a McDonald’s.

“There used to be a porn theater right over there, but across the highway on our side was the standard movie theater, so we were always, like, super fucking proud of that,” he recalled. “In many ways that movie theater was my World Wide Web. The only access I had to the world outside this neighborhood was TV and movies.” He went to the theater every week. He started working his first job, a paper route, around the age of 11 so he could pay for his entrance to the movies. “It was my first narrative love.”

You never know what you’re going to get when someone takes you to a place of their past, because all pasts are filled with varying degrees of at least some bad shit. I don’t know if it was the perfect weather of that particular spring morning, the side effects of the pain meds Díaz was taking for recent spinal surgery or the fact that he was the day’s assigned representative of the geographical chunk that had molded him, but he beamed and appeared joyful as he looked around, pointed things out, remembered. I know his fiction well, and to be shown in the tangible what before had lived only in the space between the page and my imagination was a rare and appreciated thing. I was enjoying the tour, drinking it all in. Listening to Díaz talk is a lot like reading him. The voice you hear when you read him? That’s his real voice. That’s how it sounds. I feel most writers don’t exhibit a strong enough personality to manifest itself on the page, but I’m still surprised when I meet a writer who doesn’t match up to his work. It’s usually a case of “*This person? Wrote that?*” As soon as Díaz begins to speak, you become preternaturally aware that no one else could have written that.

The neighborhood was clean and without ostentation, but its lawns were well manicured. Everyone was at work or in school, and it seemed uninhabited. He slowed the car down and pulled into the parking lot of the apartment building where he and his family lived from 1974 to 1989. Two story, red-orange brick with white trim, no frills. We got out of the car, and he showed me around. I saw the window of the famous basement that appears in his fiction. The basement behind that window is where Yunior and his older brother take girls, smoke weed and watch TV, among other things. “This was us,” he said. “Until real recently we still had our little signatures carved in the concrete.” This was maybe the only time I saw a look of disappointment on his face. “They redid the concrete.”

He showed me the facade of a neighboring apartment building and told me how they used to think—because the porch had fake Georgian pillars—its residents were wealthy. “Which of course wasn’t the case. The most thuggish motherfuckers I ever knew in this town lived right there. The straight-up illest thug, Tyrone, like, to the



end, to the very last day I lived in this neighborhood, was still hustling. When we were moving out he was like, 'Yo, mind if I just, like, crash in the house and stash some shit in there for a few days once you guys are gone?' I said, 'Dude, we'll be gone, yo. Do whatever the fuck you need.'" Díaz is a guy you could trust with your stash, or at the very least he's a guy who would let you keep your stash in his home once he was long gone and would never rat you out.

"My first girlfriend in the world lived right there in that building," he said, pointing across the parking lot. "I still remember. I was such a kid. And I was so different from my brother, who was like this crazy playboy growing up. He was only a year older, but we could have been born on different planets." By the time his brother was 10, he was already messing around with the neighborhood girls. Díaz remembers the first time a girl asked him to kiss her: "I was maybe 12, and I was so scared I almost shat myself. My brother of course derided me for not trying to fuck her. I still remember that conversation, where he's like, 'The fuck's wrong with you, man?' There was absolutely no perspective."

On the other side of a building nearby used to live a man who claimed to be a Green Beret Vietnam veteran but who turned out to be one of those survivalist dudes who keep military-strength tear gas in the basement. Something happened, and a bunch of the canisters cracked open and flooded the entire neighborhood, including the building Díaz's family lived in.

"The worst part of it—this is the thing I never forgave this dude—is that he had locked up two of his Doberman pinschers in the basement with the gas, and they were driven insane by it. So when they came out of there they just started attacking everybody, and the cops had to shoot them."

The neighborhood has changed since the late 1980s. It was tougher back then. Everything was viewed in relation to a massive landfill situated less than a mile from Díaz's home. "You see all the parking lots over there?" he asked, pointing. "That was a trailer park. Just to give you a sense of the medieval organization of people's lives, the trailer-park kids used to look down on the kids who lived here. That was the hierarchy. The kids who lived closer to the school were

the elites, then came the trailer-park kids, then came us. We were at the bottom." He remembers trying to hit on a girl from the trailer park and her looking at him "like I had a disease. She literally said, 'No way. You smell of garbage.' And of course we didn't, but that was the thing that was always said. It was so hurtful. I remember lying in bed with tears in my eyes, thinking, How the fuck do I get out of here?"

We walked over to take a look at the landfill, where, he said, thousands of gulls once hovered, "shitting all over everything." Toxic chemicals had been illegally dumped there over time, and it had never been properly sealed, thus exposing the community to the chemicals. Just a few years ago the husband of an ex-girlfriend of Díaz's led a team

and the other beautiful parts of youth were allowed more freedom and room to flourish. The only aspect of his hometown that he seemed ashamed of was the quality of the graffiti. "We had the shittiest graffiti artists around here," he said. The children who live in the neighborhood now are apparently more well-behaved, and things look promising. It inspires him to see his old community come up. "We were totally different," he said. "I think I was the only kid I knew who had a mom who actually liked her kids and was pretty stable. My house was like the safe house. We had so many mattresses in our house because so many people would end up crashing there."

We got back in the car and drove toward the local library. At first, like most kids, he

wasn't really into reading. He didn't delve into classic literature until much later, when he was at Rutgers. A particular librarian took Díaz under her wing while he was still very young. She didn't speak Spanish, so she had to pantomime how to use the facility. She found him a children's illustrated version of *The Sign of Four*, the Sherlock Holmes novel of colonial revenge. "I learned to read on that book, and that book changed my life," he said. "I never knew you could live in your head this way, and the idea of this guy who, through his intelligence and his powers of observation, could make sense of the world. That was like a fantasy of consolation. I was like, Damn, I wish I could make sense of my world just by paying attention." The librarian then got him into *Tom Swift*

books. "I was such a fucking nerd. My mom always cracked on me about this. She'd say, 'You're nothing to look at, but man, once you start talking, people will do shit for you.'"

He didn't have any friends at that time who read like he did, so he had no one to bounce his thoughts off of until an Egyptian boy named Hisham moved to the neighborhood. They became fast friends and would later attend Rutgers together. "Hisham's family had all the trappings of middle-class society that everyone else in town lacked," Díaz said. Hisham's mother took Díaz to the YMCA, which he hadn't known existed, as well as signed him up for his first book club. When he told her he wanted to be a writer when he got older, she gave him his first dictionary. He was 15 at the time, and writing was



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something he wanted to do, but his dream was to be a history professor. I, along with many other readers, learned about Trujillo and the history of the Dominican Republic from *Brief Wondrous Life*, so that dream has been fulfilled, if only partially. Díaz remembers suffering from a sense of despair when he read because there was hardly any sign of who he was, or who he had been, inside the books he was reading. He loved Stephen King, but there were no mentions of anyone representing the community he knew. Dick Hallorann, the black hotel chef in *The Shining*, was a big deal for him.

We drove past a pizzeria that was involved in the Pizza Connection mob scandal of the 1980s. “The owner was moving weight out of there, and he got chopped up. Some ill competitor, some beef. When you’re a kid and there’s stuff like this happening, you’re like, Wait a minute; there’s this whole other world. It goes to show you how naive I was. I always thought all our drug shit was kids, and I don’t know why I didn’t think there would be adults involved in this, but this shit was coming from somewhere. As a kid, when you don’t fully understand everything, it takes little leaps like that, man.”

We parked the car in front of the library and walked inside. Díaz excused himself to use the bathroom. When he came back out, he picked up a book on display, *Fresh Off the Boat* by Eddie Huang, and complimented it. Aside from the librarians, no one else was there. I asked if people still went to libraries, and he assured me they did, just not now, apparently, and that it was a perfect place to let your rugrats, if you had any, run around. He doesn’t have any himself. We were surrounded by books in a place he’d already told me about, a place where talking (the point of our meeting) was the opposite of what you are supposed to do in there. The flow of our conversation was being stifled, so we left.

We had lunch at a Latino diner in Perth Amboy, a neighboring town to Parlin. They didn’t serve beer, but I’d brought a bottle of homemade wine in my bag, which they kindly let me open, and handed us cups. The pain meds kept Díaz from joining me in a glass (which is odd, because I think those two go so well together), but he had a sip. We ate meat, plantains, rice and beans, and talked. At a certain point he was the one asking all the questions and I was talking to him about myself, telling him stories from my past. I was volunteering some pretty personal shit. I was divulging secrets. His mom had been right. Once he starts talking, people do shit for him. It felt as though I was cramming in too much information, telling my best stories too quickly. I might have felt I was in some way repaying him for talking to me. I was a little starstruck and trying too hard to please. He’d just met me a few hours earlier, but I had known and liked him (or at least some fictional, tweaked-gene version of him that I’d seen in Yunion) ever since I’d first read *Drown*.

Díaz currently splits his time between New York City and Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he teaches creative writing and com-

parative media studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has been employed there for 10 years. Díaz has never been married but currently has a girlfriend. A book of science fiction, something that has been on the back burner for a long time, is what we’re told to expect next. A portion of it appeared in *The New Yorker’s* science fiction issue under the title “Monstro.” Díaz has had a lifelong affair with science fiction. He is a fanatic for (and also a friend of) Samuel R. Delaney. He has attempted to write sci-fi in the past but says it never completely worked out. He worked on this book after the publication of *Drown* while simultaneously writing *Brief Wondrous Life*. As he went back and forth between the two manuscripts, the page count of the latter began to stack up at a faster rate and won his undivided attention until it was complete. He has also mentioned a desire to write six or seven books focusing on the character Yunion that together would work as one long piece. His intentions to publish a work of science fiction have always seemingly been thwarted by Yunion. So whether the sci-fi work is what we see next or not, Yunion seems bound to reappear at some point. As to when the next book will be published, I wouldn’t wait in line outside the bookstore yet. He puts the time in.

You know that cliché about the literary world being stuffy and boring and how all the books are written by privileged white males? That’s one of those clichés that’s fucking true. Some will argue that it’s not (or that it’s rapidly changing), but it is (and it can change faster). The disproportionately small number of books written by women and minorities is an issue.

I asked him about the question of variety in relationships. He said a friend of his who has been married for 17 years told him the greatest challenge of marriage was “the same old ass, man.” I think this can be applied to certain periods in the history of American literature. When things get tired and you don’t like any of the books coming out, it feels like *the same old ass* you’ve grown tired of fucking/reading. For many, Díaz and the caliber of his writing renewed an old vow to American fiction.

A recurring theme in *This Is How You Lose Her* is men’s infidelity to women. “I think a lot of this is him,” Díaz said, referring to his father. “The source of the art is how intimacy does work and how it does not work.” When Díaz was a child, his father would take him along to wait in the car while he went inside for extramarital visits. Díaz wanted his father’s love and thought the price of being a good son was to keep his father’s secrets, even though he was simultaneously keeping them from his mother and the rest of his family. “I mean, look at me and my siblings. We’re five, and none of us has been in a normal marriage. None. Five kids.” We were standing outside the restaurant, having a cigarette before he drove me back to the city, when he said, “This life takes a lot more courage than I ever gave it credit for. When I was growing up around here I was always fantasizing heroic shit without realizing that what was shaping up was going to be the greatest heroic adventure of them all: trying to live and be a decent human being. That shit takes more courage than I ever had.”



“At the end of each day you’ll come out smelling like a rose...another perk of the funeral business.”

TONY ROBBINS

(continued from page 58)

made the meals, fixed the garbage disposal while she stayed in her room.

PLAYBOY: What was she doing?

ROBBINS: Drinking.

PLAYBOY: Was she affectionate?

ROBBINS: Extremely. She loved her kids immensely. But as time passed, she became more violent and would go into extreme states where she'd be out of control. It wasn't just the physical hitting, belts and coat hangers. She'd squeeze liquid soap down my throat until I threw up.

PLAYBOY: What effect did the violence have on you?

ROBBINS: It made me hate suffering. I've always hated it. And I think suffering was a great gift in my life.

PLAYBOY: But you must have felt angry about it.

ROBBINS: I used to live in anger and used my rage as energy. I converted it into drive, fortunately, because just being angry wouldn't have changed anything. When I was 17 I got kicked out of my house on Christmas Eve. My mom chased me out with a knife. I knew she'd never hurt me, but I never went back.

PLAYBOY: How did you survive?

ROBBINS: I could fix anything, so I supported myself by knocking on doors, doing repairs for people. And I made \$40 a week as a part-time janitor while finishing high school.

PLAYBOY: Did you give up on the idea of going to college?

ROBBINS: Yes. I wanted to be a sportscaster but had to figure out how to support myself. Around then, a family friend told me he'd gone to a seminar that changed his life. I thought, What the hell's a seminar? Then I heard Jim Rohn, a personal development speaker, who shared a philosophy about how to grow and make your life better. I was on fire. I wrote him a letter and wound up working for him, making good money and reading everything I could about human psychology. I got exposed to neuro-linguistic programming, Gestalt and Ericksonian hypnosis.

PLAYBOY: Then, at the age of 21, you started doing interventions, right?

ROBBINS: Yes, I was on a radio interview

and said, "I don't care what the problem is. If you have uncontrollable phobias, come see me at the Holiday Inn, and I'll handle it in one hour, because I'm the one-stop therapist!" I was a cocky little bastard. I was driven, hungry, and I had to sell confidence.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you feel like a fake?

ROBBINS: No, I didn't, because I produced results. I started charging \$1,000 an hour, which sounds insane. "But you pay me nothing if it doesn't work and if it doesn't last." I treated people who were severely depressed, who wanted to quit smoking. And the results I got fed me. That's how success happens in life. You get results.

PLAYBOY: During those first years of success, did you go a little crazy with cars, sex and women?

ROBBINS: I bought a Rolls Corniche convertible when I was 23 and took my father over to our old house and did the tour. He lit up like a Christmas tree. Then I bought a big house I couldn't afford, but the next year I made a million dollars and paid it off.

PLAYBOY: And the women?

ROBBINS: Well, I wasn't a good-looking guy. Some people probably still think that's true, but I certainly had a full experience with women for two or three years. I would have a dozen relationships simultaneously. And I'd be honest with all of them. But all that stopped quickly when I got married at 24 to a woman 11 years my senior. She had three children and had been married twice before. Imagine being my age and you've instantly got a 17-year-old son, an 11-year-old daughter and a five-year-old son, with another son of my own from a former relationship on the way.

PLAYBOY: What drew you to an older woman with children?

ROBBINS: I wasn't looking for children. I was drawn to Becky because women my age didn't seem to have a vision for their lives. I met her at one of my seminars. We developed a relationship, and she became my personal assistant. It was one of those small commitments that enlarged. I had a love for her—but I didn't want to get married, and every time she talked about it I'd blow it off.

PLAYBOY: But you went ahead.

ROBBINS: She would have been so unhappy if I hadn't. I was such a pleaser; I

wanted to make her happy. But the beauty that came out of it was my ending up the father of four. I'm proud of them all, and having them at the age of 24 made me stretch in ways you can't imagine. One of my sons was addicted to drugs and alcohol, so he became one of my first clients. We got him through it, but traveling around the world while trying to be an effective father was challenging. All the things I treasured—including a sense of passion and intimacy with my wife—were interrupted continuously.

PLAYBOY: And your marriage didn't survive.

ROBBINS: My wife and I were very different. She's a woman who highly valued certainty and stability, while I was a wild, insane man driven in the extreme, craving uncertainty and adventure. As time passed, we were no longer aligned.

PLAYBOY: Did it end acrimoniously?

ROBBINS: It was painful. I wanted to end it, but my spouse didn't. I kept telling myself, I have my mission, I love my kids, and she's a great woman. Why can't that be enough? But at 39, I didn't want to spend 10 more years like that, and it became acrimonious. The divorce process took three years because we had a certain amount of assets to go through.

PLAYBOY: At the time you met Sage, you were still married, and so was she. How tricky was that?

ROBBINS: It wasn't tricky at all because I'd already ended my relationship. And she'd left her relationship a year and a half before me, so there was no conflict.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when to keep working at a marriage and when it's time to let it go?

ROBBINS: Well, I was stubborn. I stayed 14 years. I wasn't a slouch. But you have to see how your natures are aligned. Sage and I are a natural match. We have the same values and beliefs. She has as much intensity as I have, and yet she has a calming effect because she's so playful. I was a militant guy. I was a vegan and hadn't had ice cream or chocolate in 20 years. Then Sage ordered a hot fudge sundae and I was like, "What the hell are you doing?" She goes, "Enjoying life, you bastard." She loosened me up. She's my karma for being able to help people. That may sound



exaggerated coming from a guy who didn't think one woman could fulfill him.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you think one woman could?

ROBBINS: After my divorce, before dating Sage, I was at a stage where I thought that would be totally impossible. I was a single, successful man. I'd taken my company public, and I was pretty intelligent—and humble, as you can clearly tell. [laughs] When I started dating again, I'd tell women, "I don't want to be married. I've been there." But I was crazy enough to bring women to my resort in Fiji for five straight days instead of going out and having lunch. I was so stupid. What most guys think would be their ultimate fantasy was the worst experience of my life. I was miserable because these women wanted to marry me after a week—my idea of hell on earth.

PLAYBOY: And did your women fans express interest in you?

ROBBINS: [Laughs] More than that. They'd send me their panties and show up at events in limousines to get through security, or turn up at my house to convince me they had an offer I couldn't refuse.

PLAYBOY: You must have been tempted.

ROBBINS: I was beyond tempted at times. There was no drought, for sure. I was like a kid in a candy store. Hef invited me to the Playboy Mansion, and I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Women came bouncing on over to me saying, "Oh my God, Tony Robbins, you changed my life!" I had the greatest times.

PLAYBOY: Literally.

ROBBINS: Quite literally. Having all these different women I could be with was the ultimate fantasy. One night some of them wanted to go home with me, simultaneously, for a nice, interesting group experience, which was something I thought I'd always wanted. Instead, I dropped them all off and didn't take any of them with me.

PLAYBOY: Because you'd met Sage?

ROBBINS: Yes, she was the woman who had become my best friend, though for the first six months we were just buddies. I was always telling her everything about the women I was dating, and we'd laugh together and have such a great time. She helped me get all those women off the island in Fiji, and I ended up making the choice to be with her. That was the ultimate test.

PLAYBOY: So you believe in monogamy?

ROBBINS: I do for me, now, but I don't know if monogamy is right for everybody. I wouldn't have believed it was possible before. When I got divorced, I didn't believe any man could stay in a long-term relationship with one person and be fulfilled. But I believe in it 100 percent today.

PLAYBOY: How, as a married man, do you handle your sexual attractions?

ROBBINS: When I met Steven Tyler, I asked him what kept him going in the band for 35 years, and he laughed: "Front-row blondes." Women up front who expose themselves, forget to wear their panties, just crazy shit. In my seminars I could be ugly as hell, but when you have a position of leadership, women will throw themselves at you. But I knew the difference between what the animal and what my soul

would be fed by. I look at what I have in my life, and there's zero comparison.

PLAYBOY: It's 14 years later. Is the passion alive, or has it gotten boring?

ROBBINS: It's the furthest thing from boring, and I'm not saying this to brag, because I was a total failure in this aspect for 14 years of my previous marriage. I expected it should just happen. Or if it didn't, then it wasn't there. I was just stupid. Now I make it my focus. We both know how to trigger and arouse each other, which is a useful thing, without going into any detail.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by triggers?

ROBBINS: It might be a body part of your partner's, something they say, something passionate or playful. Once you're aroused, desire has a chance to step in, which leads to the sensuality. That allows you to take that desire and fire on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have sex more than once a month?

ROBBINS: [Laughs] Yeah, that would be a good description. A lot more than that, yes.

PLAYBOY: After 14 years?

ROBBINS: Ask my wife. See what she tells you.

PLAYBOY: So you're a happy guy.

ROBBINS: The happiest I have ever been. Sage is one of the greatest gifts God's given me. My whole life is driven by love. It always has been. It's never been driven by material things—which are just benefits of doing something I loved. When people say money doesn't matter, it sure as hell does when you're able to show your mother a beach house and then hand her the keys to it. That was one of the happiest moments of my life.

PLAYBOY: What do the material possessions mean to you? You travel by private plane, own a 525-acre resort in Fiji, plus

four other homes including your main residence, a \$25 million estate in Palm Beach.

ROBBINS: It would be stupid not to say I'm very grateful for them. But if it all disappeared tomorrow, I'd be fine. At the core, it's relationships that make people happy. Accomplishments won't do it. Who you're connected to is everything. I also have something else, which is a deep sense of meaning.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean your mission?

ROBBINS: Yes. What drives me is seeing people make breakthroughs that reconnect them with real passion.

PLAYBOY: When you witness a transformation, what happens for you personally?

ROBBINS: It's like something steps into me, and it's only later that I try to figure out how it happened. I know a huge part of it is grace. I never forget that. I often go backstage and get tearful. To think I could start out as a janitor and wind up making a real difference in people's lives. [chokes up] I mean, you can see the tears, and I can feel it in my body right now. I know I'm not the answer for everything and everyone, but in my soul I was made to be a person who could help. I'd love to have as much time as possible.

PLAYBOY: But if you died tomorrow?

ROBBINS: I've had a blessed life. That's not to say I didn't have extreme stress and pain. People I loved didn't love me. I've been told "You have a tumor." I've buried two fathers and a mother. I've been in businesses that were on the edge of bankruptcy. And thank God I didn't give up. Remember, I'm the kid who lived in a house with tinfoil on the windows, shutting out the light. But my passion today is turning that light on.



"Well, this is your lucky day!"

NEW CRIME

(continued from page 64)

both to conceal their identities and to make a political statement. (James was an avowed Confederate sympathizer.) By the 20th century, balaclavas—knit ski masks that can be pulled over the entire head—became the disguise of choice for bank robbers and thieves.

The most notorious use of Halloween-style rubber masks was in the 1950 Brink's robbery in Boston, known for decades as "the crime of the century." A group of men managed to break into a Brink's warehouse and steal nearly \$3 million in cash, checks and securities. It would be years before authorities solved the crime, partly because the robbers were so well disguised: One of them wore a mask of Captain Marvel, a popular comic-book superhero of the day.

In more recent decades, with the invention of foam latex and later silicone technologies, armed robberies have been carried out by criminals wearing gorilla, clown and devil masks, as well as masks of famous people such as Marilyn Monroe and Elvis Presley. Sometimes criminals are inspired by popular culture. After the movie *Point Break* showed a gang of robbers conducting a bank heist disguised as U.S. presidents, it touched off a trend of crooks wearing Richard Nixon, Bill Clinton and Ronald Reagan masks. Some authorities believe the current masked criminals are partly inspired by the *Mission: Impossible* TV series and movies, in which characters use masks as sheer as human skin to transpose their race and even their gender.

In real life, robbers wear masks to conceal their identities and, in some cases, to disorient clerks, customers and onlookers as a crime is under way. Altering their ethnicities with silicone masks that fit tightly over the entire head and extend to midchest is something new. The remarkable quality of these masks not only obscures a criminal's identity but has the added benefit of sending investigators off on a wild-goose chase. Security cameras and eyewitnesses reveal the robbers to be white, or black, when in fact they are something else entirely.

"So much of what initiates an investigation is based on the racial description of the perpetrator: black, white, Asian or Hispanic," says a veteran agent with the ATF, the federal agency that handles most armed robbery cases. "If an investigation heads off in the entirely wrong direction, it can make it difficult to get back on track." The agent agreed to speak with PLAYBOY only if his name was not used. Officially, spokespeople for both the ATF and the FBI declined to comment, saying they did not want to call attention to these new high-tech masks, out of concern that they might inspire copycats.

In fact, the alleged robbers in Queens may have gotten the idea from another case of a black criminal who committed crimes while disguised as a white person. In London, career armed robber Henley Stephenson went on a crime spree using a latex mask advertised as "Mac the Guy," a bald-headed white male. Upon Stephenson's arrest in a 2011 ambush, Detective Chief Inspector Harry Hennigan of the Finchley

Flying Squad said, "Stephenson executed these crimes in a calculated and frightening manner with no regard for innocent members of the public. His measures were so extreme, he tried to deceive the police by concealing his identity by wearing a life-like latex mask that completely altered his skin color and appearance. Stephenson also fired a gun in front of terrified members of the public, who scrambled for cover during a betting shop robbery."

Stephenson's exploits as Mac the Guy were lavishly covered in the U.K. media, and his methods could easily be researched on the internet. The crime for which he was eventually caught—the robbery of a security guard transporting a cash box carrying about \$30,000—was believed to be only one of many he carried out while wearing a mask. In June 2012 Stephenson was sentenced to 14 years in prison for 19 counts of robbery and five counts of possessing a firearm. Most of his robberies, of betting shops and department stores, had until then gone unsolved, with eyewitnesses describing the robber as a white male and security footage seemingly backing up that description.



Though the media describe many of these masks as being made of latex, in fact the really good ones are usually made of silicone. "There's a translucency with silicone that is hyperrealistic," says Rusty Slusser, owner of SPFX Masks, a renowned mask-manufacturing company in Burbank, California. "The silicone masks are able to move with the face and mimic human expressions such as smiles or the raising of an eyebrow. When enhanced with hairpieces or additional makeup and under the right lighting conditions, they are virtually undetectable."

A former Hollywood makeup artist, Slusser takes great pride in the quality of his masks. His six-person manufacturing crew uses silicone that feels and looks like flesh, down to the pores. Real human hair is used, with each strand sewn individually onto the surface of the mask. Artists paint the masks to create a variety of skin tones.

"This is a handcrafted product," says Slusser. "There's no way you can mass-produce a mask of this quality. Whether it's a vampire, a zombie or the Thug—a mask we invented—a tremendous amount of artistry goes into each one." Slusser's masks have been used in numerous Hollywood productions, including the movie *Drive*, in which lead actor Ryan Gosling wears a mask called "the Handsome Guy" while committing murder.

The use of SPFX Masks' products came under scrutiny in 2010 when a white man named Conrad Zdzierak was arrested for a series of robberies in Springdale, Ohio. A 30-year-old Polish immigrant, Zdzierak had disguised himself as a black man with a mask purchased from SPFX Masks via the internet. At the time, the mask was advertised on the company website as "the Player" and sold for \$650. Says Slusser, "We don't condone the use of our product for criminal purposes. In fact, it makes us sick to think that something we create so that people can have fun is used to break the law."

Zdzierak had cleverly augmented his

Player mask with wraparound sunglasses and a hoodie. His disguise was so effective that, following a bank robbery, six different tellers identified an African American male as the culprit from a photo lineup. A black man was wrongfully arrested and held in custody. Had the case gone to trial, the man may well have been convicted. Said a Springdale detective involved in the investigation, "We showed the picture [of the accused robber] to his own mother, and she thought it was him."

Justice was served when Zdzierak's girlfriend discovered two masks and cash in his possession, and tipped off the police. Detectives approached a hotel where the suspect was living and were alarmed to see the interior of his Volvo partially splattered with red dye, the kind normally used in explosive packets placed in bags of stolen cash. The detectives called in an apprehension squad, who raided the suspect's hotel room and placed him under arrest. Police found a pair of masks in Zdzierak's safe—one of the Player and another of an old white man called "the Elder."

A search of the robber's computer revealed a series of e-mails he'd sent to Slusser at SPFX Masks, claiming he was a movie producer who wanted to know how the African American mask would look on a white man and whether the matching hands would hold up in a fight. In addition, cops found a homemade video of Zdzierak modeling the old-man mask and practicing speaking like an elderly person.

When Zdzierak was arraigned, Hamilton County judge Melissa Powers told him, "You are the type of villain we read about in novels and see in the movies." In November 2010 Zdzierak pleaded guilty to five counts of robbery and one count of aggravated robbery.

The possibility that a criminal might transform not only his race but also his age is an added area of concern for authorities. It has caused some in law enforcement to reassess open cases. One notorious case that has been cast in a new light is that of the so-called Geezer Bandit, a white man in his 60s who has committed 16 armed robberies in central and southern California. The robber's modus operandi is to enter a bank, usually wearing a blazer and glasses, and often carrying his gun in a day planner. One teller who had direct contact with the serial robber said he pointed his gun at her and handed her a note that read, "Give me \$50,000 or I will murder you."

The Geezer Bandit has been profiled on *America's Most Wanted*, and almost a dozen Facebook pages are devoted to his exploits. Whether he is an old man or a younger person disguised as an old man doesn't seem to matter; his exploits have attracted a following, with one "fan" on Facebook writing, "It's going to be hilarious if this guy ever gets caught! LOL."

To people in law enforcement, the likelihood that the Geezer Bandit is a younger person wearing a mask is no laughing matter. The possibilities are ominous.

Three years ago, around the time Conrad Zdzierak pleaded guilty to his crime spree in Ohio, a person who appeared to be an

elderly Caucasian man boarded a plane in Hong Kong, bound for Vancouver. Sometime during the flight, the passenger entered the plane's restroom and emerged as a young Asian man. The ruse was detected, and the man was detained in Vancouver, where he admitted he had worn a mask and boarded the plane under an assumed identity. The 20-something claimed he was seeking political asylum in Canada.

The incident set off alarm bells within the world of international security. This kid had been harmless, but others might not be. If a young Chinese man could easily pass through security disguised as an old white man, what manner of deception might more hardened criminals, even terrorists, be able to pull off?

"The implications are disturbing," says the veteran ATF agent. "We better get up to speed at detecting these masks. Imagine if Al Qaeda or some similar organization were to get their hands on them."

For professional armed robbers who plied their trade before the era of silicone masks, the new technology may prove to be an irresistible temptation. Consider the case of Steven Ray Milam. In early 2011, Milam, then 43 years old, was a successful casket salesman living in Richardson, Texas, 15 miles north of Dallas. After serving two years in prison for two Dallas bank robberies he committed in 2005, Milam had seemingly turned his life around. But then he heard about these new high-quality silicone masks and concluded it was time to get back in the game.

Beginning in April 2011, Milam began a robbery spree that caught the attention of lawmen throughout the state of Texas. Over the course of eight months, Milam robbed 11 banks in and around Dallas and Houston, using the same style of mask Ryan Gosling wears in *Drive*—the Handsome Guy. In Milam's case, authorities suspected early on that he was wearing a mask. He had not augmented the disguise with facial hair, a hood or a cap. He was content to simply hide his identity, and he soon became known throughout Texas law enforcement and the media as the Handsome Guy Bandit.

On New Year's Eve 2011, Milam entered the BBVA Compass bank at 1401 East Campbell Road in Richardson, not far from his home. This time he had ginned up his disguise. Along with the Handsome Guy mask, he wore black frame glasses, a baseball cap, a blue tracksuit and latex gloves, and he was carrying a black semiautomatic handgun. He pointed the gun at the bank manager, forced the employees into a large vault and ordered them to put \$100, \$50 and \$20 bills into a clear plastic bag he'd brought with him. "No dye packs or trackers," he told a teller. "I'll kill you if you put them in the bag."

After he loaded the bag with cash, he forced the employees into a bathroom and said, "Count to 500. If any of you come out before then, I'll shoot you dead. And don't contact any police. I'll be listening on a police scanner."

Milam then fled. Almost immediately, he

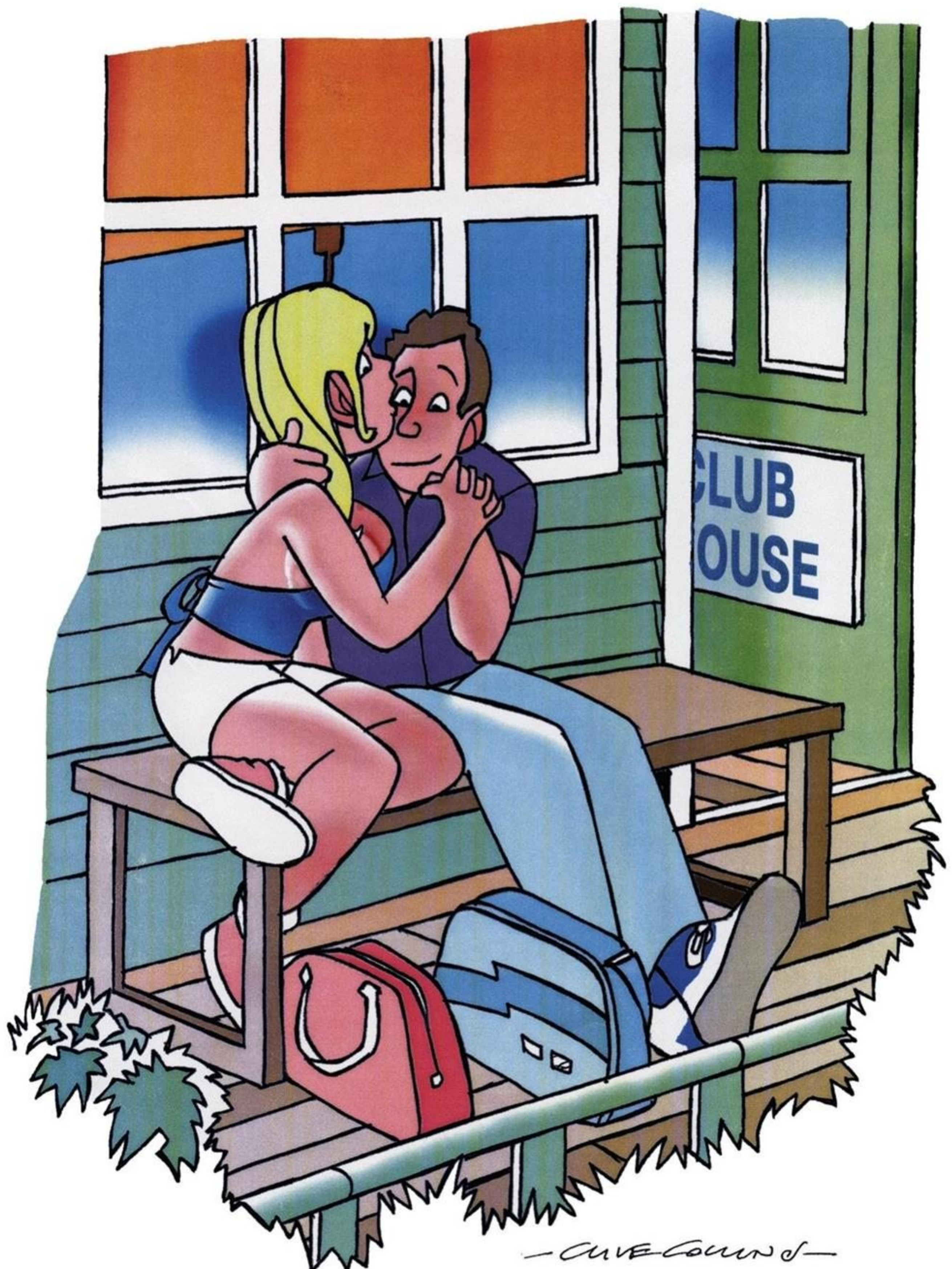
encountered a squad car arriving outside the bank. Before the cop could even get out of the car, Milam took aim and opened fire. He blew out the windshield, sending glass raining down on the cop, and shot up the side of the squad car. No one was hit. He then ran to his house, discarding his mask, gun, clothing and even some money along the way. At home he packed clothes, hopped in his car and headed to Austin, where he spent the night.

The next morning he set out for Florida, but he didn't make it. Deputies in Mississippi ran a check on his license plate number and discovered he was a wanted man. When they tried to pull him over, Milam sped up and took the cops on a high-speed chase until one of the officers shot out a back tire. After his car came to a halt, Milam allegedly tried to swallow a handful of pills. The officers arrested him, then took him to a hospital to have his stomach pumped.

At his sentencing in October 2012, a judge told Milam, "[For] most people that fire on police officers, the outcome is not too good. Some people would say you're lucky. It's a wonder you're not dead now."

Milam threw himself on the mercy of the court and admitted his guilt. He said that through his life as a mask-wearing robber he had lost his own identity and felt he had "to win an Oscar" every day to avoid detection. The judge sentenced him to 35 years in prison.

For Milam, the disguise had become essential not only to his crime but to his criminal identity. Like others who use high-quality silicone masks to cross lines of race and age to fool the public and line their pockets with cash, the Handsome Guy Bandit had become a practitioner of armed robbery as a form of performance art.



"No, Larry—look me in the eyes and tell me you love me!"

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THE DOUBLE

(continued from page 99)

"Now the semis," said Waldron. "You jar-heads favor your Italian pieces. I came up with a couple of M9s in pristine condition."

Waldron handed a nine-millimeter semiautomatic pistol to Lucas. He ran his thumb over its black checkered grip. He turned the gun sideways and worked the slide. When it locked open he inspected the chamber.

"Looks clean," said Lucas.

"I stripped and bored them myself," said Waldron.

"Military-issue mags?"

"Beretta, dad."

"Better," said Lucas. "We'll take 'em both. That okay by you, Winston?"

"Yep."

"All with holsters and bricks," said Waldron. "Shaved numbers on the pistols. You get popped, you're on your own."

Lucas nodded. "Understood. We're gonna need some goggles."

"Sure, I got NODs."

"Throw those in."

"You need me to show you how to work the goggles?" said Waldron, looking at Dupree. "The Marine Corps only issued them to officers, right?"

"If you can figure it out, *we* damn sure can," said Dupree.

"Let me ask you something, Winston," said Waldron. "Why'd your mama name you after a cigarette?"

"Why do *you* look like that character on the Frosted Flakes box?"

They showed each other teeth.

"Put it all in one bag, Bobby," said Lucas. "We gotta get on our way."

Lucas gave him cash.

At his apartment, Lucas packed the night-vision goggles into his gear bag and found Dupree a pair of his brother Leo's old gym shorts. Leo had size on him, but the shorts were still too small for Dupree.

"I'm supposed to wear these?" said Dupree.

"It's just for today."

"I'll look like John Stockton and shit. Why we got to pretend like we're sportsmen?"

"I'm not pretending," said Lucas. "You are."

Lucas and Dupree loaded the kayak onto the foam blocks atop the Jeep and fitted Lucas's old bike, a Trek hybrid, into the hitch-mounted rack. They drove downtown to Pennsylvania Avenue, which was Route 4, and took it out of the city to 301, in Prince George's County, Maryland. Turning off the highway, just 20 miles from D.C., they were suddenly in a sparsely populated hilly terrain of forests and farmland, tobacco barns, old houses and churches. The occasional liquor and bait store, and johnboats up on trailers, told them they were near water. Lucas wound up a rise on an asphalt road bleached by the sun, along wooded land, and as they came to a clearing on the high ground they saw the ribbon of the Patuxent River below.

"Jug Bay," said Lucas. He checked the

Google map he had printed out that morning and pulled over on the shoulder. Up ahead was a driveway of gravel with a posted mailbox at its head.

"Could be it," said Lucas.

He drove on. A half mile or so up the road, at the end of the tree line, sat an old service station with plywood in its windows and a flat island that had once held two pumps. Lucas pulled in and studied his map.

"All right," said Lucas. "If Lumley gave me the right information, King and them are staying in a house at the end of that gravel road. I figure the house is due southeast from where we are now. I'll shoot us an azimuth."

"Man, you don't know what the fuck you're doin', do you?"

"We'll find the house."

They drove down to the Jug Bay Wetlands Sanctuary and unloaded their recreational gear. Dupree grudgingly changed into Leo's shorts and took off on Lucas's bike.

Lucas put his kayak in at the boat ramp and headed out into a freshwater marsh carpeted in cattails, reed and arrowhead. His hand on the paddle felt sure and strong. He saw a great blue heron, turtles and a northern water snake. A front had taken away much of the humidity, and the sky was clear with full sun. It was one of those days that made Lucas believe in something higher. Whether or not there was an afterlife was irrelevant to him. When he witnessed this kind of natural beauty, he knew. This life was no cosmic accident.

Lucas and Dupree met up again in the late afternoon, changed clothes and drove back over to Route 301, where they found a restaurant with wood-panel walls that had salads, baked potatoes and steaks. They ordered no alcohol and told the waitress to take her time. They were waiting for night.

"How'd you like that ride?" said Lucas.

"Your bike's a little small for me," said Dupree, cutting into a medium-rare New York strip. "Like those shorts you gave me."

"You'll sleep well tonight."

"How about you?" said Dupree. "How do you sleep?"

"Fine," said Lucas.

"I don't have a problem with that either. You believe everything you read, all of us vets wake up in the middle of the night in a full sweat. But I never have nightmares, Luke."

"So you're normal, whatever that is. You're saying the war did nothing to you."

Dupree swallowed a mouthful of iceberg lettuce covered in blue cheese dressing. He placed his fork on the table. "You ever take those complimentary tickets they give out to veterans? You know, for Wizards and Nationals games?"

"Sure. I've sat behind home plate."

"Me too. The announcer says the soldiers or marines are in the house tonight, and most everyone in the arena or stadium gets up and gives us a round of applause."

"They're paying tribute."

"They mean well. Then they sit back down in their seats, enjoy the game and forget we're there. A lot of those dudes own

businesses. Why don't they walk over to my seat and talk to me, see what I'm about. See if maybe they can find a spot on their payroll for a veteran who wants to put his back into it. Instead, they clap their hands and think they've done something."

"It's for them, not us. Those guys who stand up, with their golf shirts on? We did what they couldn't have done. And they know it."

"But they don't know *me*," said Dupree. "I'm not a cold-blooded murderer. I'm not a hero. I don't have PTSD."

"But you suffer from a touch of depression once in a while, Winston. Tell the truth."

"I'm just disappointed, man. I want to go to work every day and get treated like everyone else. I don't need standing ovations. I don't want sympathy or a thank-you-for-your-service. Offer me a chance at a meaningful job so I can get my life going. Treat me like a man."

They ate silently for a while. Lucas looked like he was enjoying his meal, but he was thinking hard about his friend.

"This thing we're about to do," said Dupree.

"Uh-huh."

"All that hardware we got from Bobby... that's for show, right? I mean, we gonna go in strapped and scare the shit out of those boys, right?"

"That's the idea."

"I don't want to shoot anyone. I'm done with that."

"You won't have to," said Lucas. "You've got my word."

Billy King came down the stairs of the colonial with a single piece of luggage in hand. In the soft bag was enough clothing for several days and nights, a couple of disposable cells, his portion of the cash he had skimmed from the coin deal and the remaining cash from the previous jobs he had done with Serge Bacalov and Louis Smalls. He intended to return to the house in Croom, but he didn't want to leave any of his money behind. In the event the house and its occupants became radioactive and he could not come back, he had everything he needed in the bag. And he had wheels. If a man planned correctly and traveled light, he could stay free.

Bacalov sat at the dining room table. He had field-stripped his Glock and was cleaning its barrel with a bore brush and solvent. Smalls was sitting on the overstuffed couch. He had just done a bong hit of hydroponic and was now listening to an old Baroness CD, *Blue Record*, through his earbuds, the psych-metal crunch of the music causing him to nod his head. He saw King come down the stairs, suitcase in hand, and he felt a drop in his stomach. Smalls pulled his buds out and stood.

"Where you go, eh?" said Bacalov.

"I'm going to visit a lady friend," said King.

"Always a woman with you."

"You should try it sometime."

King had never seen Bacalov with a woman, though he'd seen him watching them in strip joints and on the stroke sites he bookmarked on his laptop. First time

they'd met, they'd been in that meat house on Connecticut Avenue, the one with the notoriously ugly dancers. Both of them at the bar, watching, though by rights King should have been home and satisfied. He'd just come from the Wyoming, where he'd banged his latest crinkle bunny to within an inch of her life. King had struck up a conversation with Bacalov and found his chimp-like face, his one eyebrow and his mangling of the English language amusing. Also, he sensed that Bacalov had fire. They soon tired of their surroundings and moved together across the street to the bar of Russia House, a restaurant and lounge. Bacalov said he'd be more comfortable around his people. But the place was filled with Americans, and Bacalov didn't talk to any women there either. Mainly he boasted about his criminal past and what he was capable of. Told King about a local man he knew, a *moolie*, who would maim and kill for hire, even gave him the man's number so he could verify his claim. King thought that most of it was bullshit and alcohol talk. But not all. He saw potential.

"You put women over our business," said Bacalov.

"I sold the coins," said King. "I'm working on the paintings."

"The paintings just sit here."

"I left word with Lumley. He hasn't gotten back to me yet. He will."

"When are you coming back?"

"Couple, three days."

"Billy?" said Smalls. "Wait up, I'm coming out too."

Smalls grabbed his deck of cigarettes and a matchbook and followed King outside to the wraparound porch. King dropped his suitcase to the gallery floor. A motion-sensitive light came on when they stepped outside. It illuminated half the front yard, where the Crown Victoria and Monte Carlo SS were parked. The surrounding forest and gravel road were in darkness.

A branch snapped nearby. King turned his head toward the woods.

"Billy," said Smalls, redirecting King's attention.

"What did you want, Louis?"

"I just came out to have a smoke," said Smalls. "Serge doesn't like the smell of it in the house."

"Fuck what Serge doesn't like."

"He's our partner."

"I want a divorce."

Smalls lit his cigarette and exhaled smoke. "What about me?" He nearly winced at the desperation in his voice.

King looked him over. He knew what he was to the kid. But someday soon, King would have to cut him loose too. King wasn't anyone's sidekick or father.

"What *about* you, Louis?"

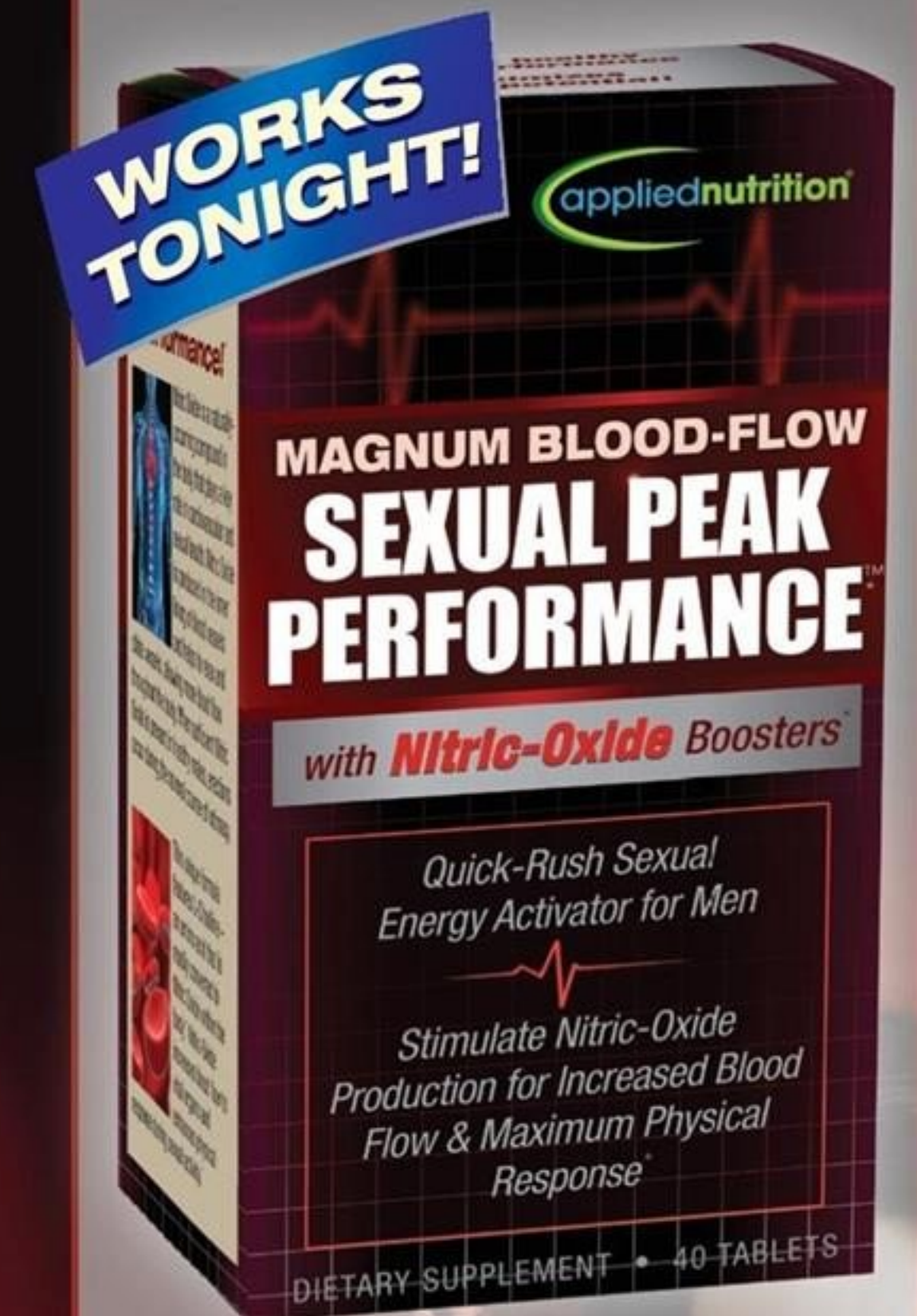
"We're stayin' together, right?"

"Sure. I'll see you soon."

Smalls eyed him warily. King picked up his bag, walked to his Monte Carlo and opened its trunk.

Lucas and Dupree crouched at the edge of the woods in darkness, several yards in from the tree line. The curtains were

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drawn in the windows of the house and they couldn't see inside. Lucas had made a sketch of the colonial. He also drew a circle in the front of the house that estimated the size of the pool of light thrown out from the motion detector mounted above the gallery roof.

When the light had come on, Dupree had instinctively moved back a little, causing a branch to snap. The sudden illumination had surprised them when King and the one named Louis had walked out the front door. So had King's presence and size.

He was as Grace Kinkaid had described him: strong legs, low center of gravity, powerfully built. Blond and wrinkled by the sun. An aging beach stud, his thighs filling out his shorts, sockless feet in boat

shoes, polo shirt stretched tight across his upper frame. Big as he was in the chest and shoulders, it paled in contrast to the massive muscle-and-bone structure below his waist.

Lucas studied him as he walked across the yard, suitcase in hand, leaving the lanky, bearded Smalls behind, still smoking a cigarette on the porch. There was athleticism in King's step and also a jaunty, you-can't-fuck-with-me stride. King was something out of a painting hung in the dark corner of a museum, the kind that gives nightmares to a child. A goatish figure, more Minotaur than man.

Lucas looked at the nylon suitcase that King was dropping into the trunk of his Chevy. Its contents bulked out the bag's sides.

King had packed for more than one day.

This was good.

In his head, Lucas made plans.

Dupree phoned him twice the next day. Lucas did not take the calls.

In the morning, he phoned Charlotte to see if they might meet for lunch. He wanted to talk to her in person, tell her how he felt about her before he made his move on the painting, in the event that things went wrong. He realized he'd never told her he loved her. In fact, he'd never said those words to any woman. But now he felt he could and should say it to her.

Outside of their initial meet in the hotel bar, they'd never been together in public. In his mind he saw them at a nice quiet restaurant, having a good meal, him looking into her eyes, reaching out, touching her hand. Practically speaking, and morally, he knew it was wrong. Charlotte was married. She'd never once expressed a desire to leave her husband. She wanted to maintain her status quo: successful career, marriage, a house in Upper Northwest and a young lover in her bed when she wanted it. A lunch with him out in the open was a ridiculous, dangerous proposition. It would threaten all that she had.

Still, he phoned her. Got the message box, as he knew he would. Told her that he needed to speak with her and asked her to call him back that day.

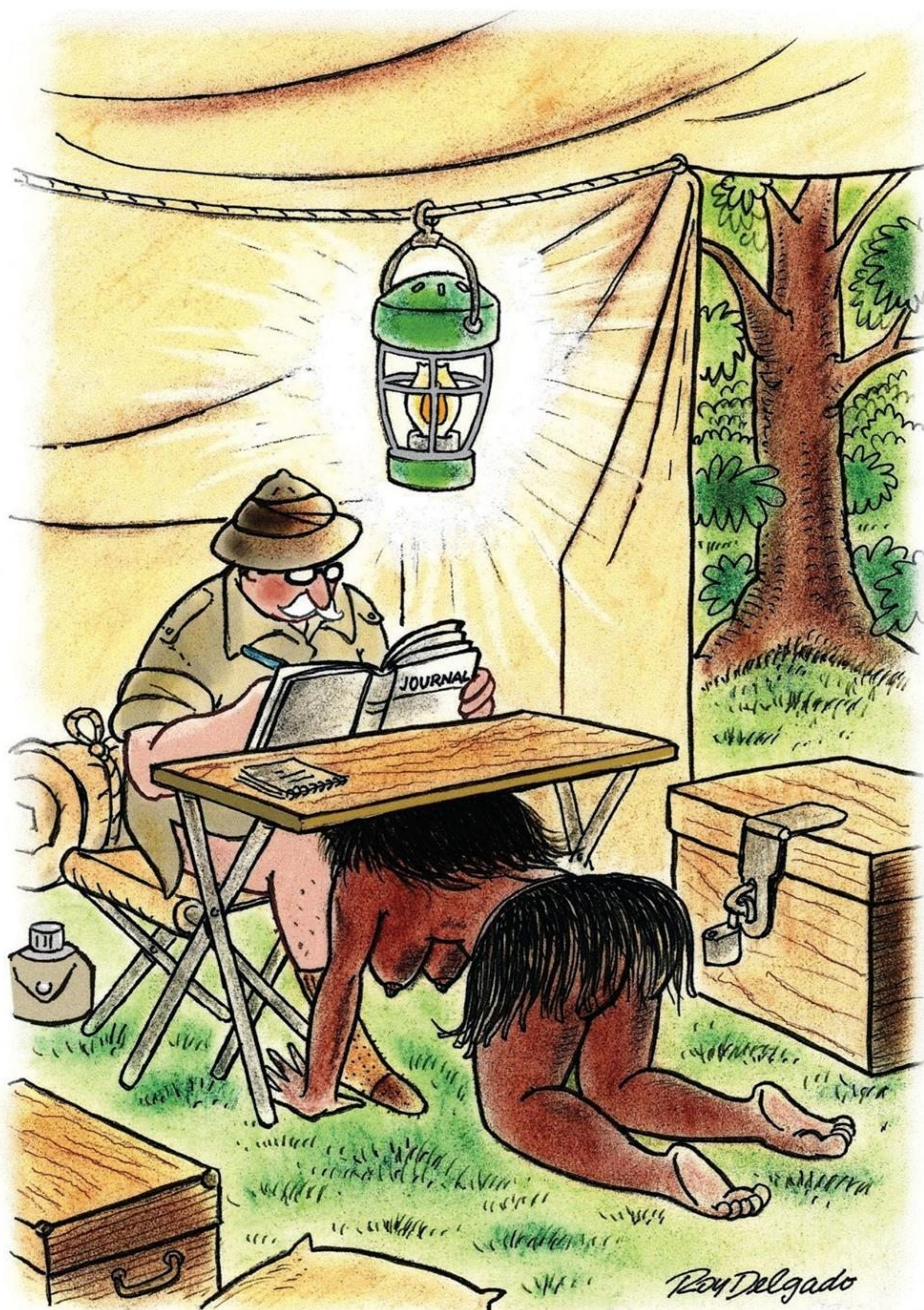
He waited around his apartment for an hour or so. His phone didn't ring.

After a shower, Lucas grabbed Waldron's ripstop duffel bag from out of his closet, and his own personal bag, and laid his equipment out on the bed: flex-cuffs, a roll of duct tape, a bolt cutter, a pair of night-vision goggles, his Blackhawk Omega pistol vest and a looped holster belt that would fit below the vest. Lucas withdrew a Mossberg pump-action 12 gauge and loaded it with rounds of buckshot. He put this on the bed alongside the NODs. He took one of the Beretta M9s and a magazine from out of the bag. He checked the top, steel-jacketed round against the spring for tension, palmed the magazine into the grip and slid the nine into a Bianchi holster. He slipped a second, 15-round mag into the pistol vest and dropped several 12-gauge shells into another compartment. Next, he found the S&W .38, released its cylinder and loaded its chambers with hollow points. He snapped the cylinder back in place and put extra rounds into a third pouch. He slid his phone into the shoulder pouch designed for a radio; he was going to need the phone's compass to navigate the woods.

He dressed in a black T-shirt, dark blue Dickies, a Timex Expedition digital watch and lug-soled Nike boots. He picked up the bag, walked it downstairs and out to the street and placed it in the cargo area of his Jeep.

Dusk had fallen on the streets. By the time he crossed the line from D.C. into Maryland, it was night.

Lucas had humped the half mile through the woods wearing his night-vision goggles



"While the men are still savages, the women appear to be somewhat civilized."

while carrying a bag heavy with gear and iron. He was in superior shape, but still, by the time he reached the tree line bordering the house, he needed to rest. He peeled off his goggles, allowed his breathing to slow and opened the bag that he'd dropped beside him. He then removed the Beretta nine-millimeter and the S&W .38 from the bag and fitted them in the holster belt looped into the pistol vest. He took the Mossberg from the bag and placed that on the ground beside the NODs.

Lucas looked up at the house. One window had a light in it, the others were dark. Dark windows had been a primary danger area in Iraq. So were doorways and doors.

The front door of the house opened. The one called Louis closed it behind him and stepped onto the porch. As he did, the motion detector came on and sent light out into the yard. Lucas remained still. He watched Smalls stand there and light a cigarette.

Carefully, quietly, Lucas got two pairs of double-cuff restraints from the bag. Keeping his eyes on Smalls, he put them in a pouch of his vest. He then retrieved the roll of duct tape and slipped that into the pouch holding the loose hollow points. He picked up the shotgun with his left hand; he needed his throwing arm now.

Lucas felt along the earth until he found a stone. He rose from his crouch and stepped out of the woods, into the portion of the yard still in darkness. He planned to use a box tactic; he would avoid the area exposed by light, move in the blackness and stay inside its line. He got as close to the house as he could without crossing that line and threw the stone, arcing it high into the woods on the other side of the house. Smalls turned his head in that direction as the rock skittered through the branches of trees. Lucas moved the Mossberg to his right hand and broke into a run.

He was on the porch quickly, taking its steps while barely touching them, reaching Smalls, startled and frozen, within seconds. Lucas swung the shotgun, putting his hips into the motion. The stock connected under Smalls's jaw. He lost his legs and Lucas hit him again in the temple as he was going down to the gallery floor. Lucas turned him over, flex-cuffed his hands and ankles and wound duct tape around his head and mouth. Checked his breathing and searched his jeans pockets. Found a phone, a brown envelope holding money, a wallet, matches and a ring holding keys. On the ring were the keys to the Ford. A house key too.

Lucas moved to the door, entered the house and shut the door behind him. He held the Mossberg ready, his finger inside the trigger guard, and stood still. He mentally cleared the room: an open living room-dining room area, a kitchen in the back. Old cushiony furniture, a cable-spool table holding a bong, a chandelier over the dining room table. A banistered stairway leading up to the second floor. Computer equipment heaped in a corner of the room. And square objects wrapped in brown paper leaning against the right wall. His blood ticked.

As his eyes and shoulders moved he moved the barrel of the shotgun. The in-

dex finger of his right hand brushed the trigger. His left hand cupped the pump.

He heard a voice from up the stairs.

"Louis. You come back, eh?"

He heard the unmistakable *snick-snick* of a racking pump.

Lucas stepped toward the stairs and sighted the shotgun. At the top of the stairs he saw an elbow, a small triangle of flesh, peaking over the corner.

"All right," said Lucas softly.

Bacalov spun around the corner and fired as Lucas pumped off a shell. The banister exploded in splinters before him and Lucas stepped back, then moved forward and rapidly pumped out five more shots up the stairs, hammering the plaster at the top of the landing and tearing up the wall. The shotgun blasts shook the house.

"Fuck you," said Bacalov, and Lucas heard nervous laughter. He knew what that meant: relief. Bacalov had not been hit.

Lucas tossed the shotgun aside and drew his .38. He stepped out of the field of fire and walked backward, aiming the revolver at the stairs. He stopped and stood beside the couch.

"Take what you want," shouted Bacalov.

"I'm going to," said Lucas, blinking his gun eye against the sweat that was trickling into it.

"Who are you?"

"Come find out."

"I am going to lay down my gun."

Bacalov appeared on the stairway, shooting in descent. Lucas dropped behind the couch. Bacalov kept his finger locked on the Ithaca's trigger as he pumped, cycling rounds through the chamber, slam-firing into the buckling hardwood floor and cable-spool table. The room went sonic.

Lucas heard the thump of a shell hitting the back cushion, felt its impact, saw stuffing rise in the air above him.

Bacalov dropped his shotgun and ran across the room. At the sound of his footsteps Lucas came up firing. He squeezed off several rounds and saw red leap off Bacalov's shoulder. Bacalov fell behind the dining room table.

Lucas crouched behind the couch. He could hear Bacalov moving chairs. He holstered the .38 and drew the M9, releasing the safety in the same motion. He pulled back on the receiver and let it go. Its recoil spring drove the slide home and chambered a round.

Bacalov, wounded but game, crouched on the floor behind the table and chairs he had pulled together. He drew his Glock with a shaking hand, jacked in a round and wiped at his face. He rested the barrel on one of the crossbars of a ladder-back chair and aimed it in the general direction of the couch.

Lucas readied himself at the edge of the couch. With his left hand he pushed at the couch and moved it, and Bacalov let off several shots, punching lead into the cushions, and at that Lucas came up over the couch-back and fired off many rounds at the chandelier. Glass and metal rained down on Bacalov and bit his face, and once again Lucas dropped behind cover.

"I am not hurt," said Bacalov, but now there was a quiver in his voice.



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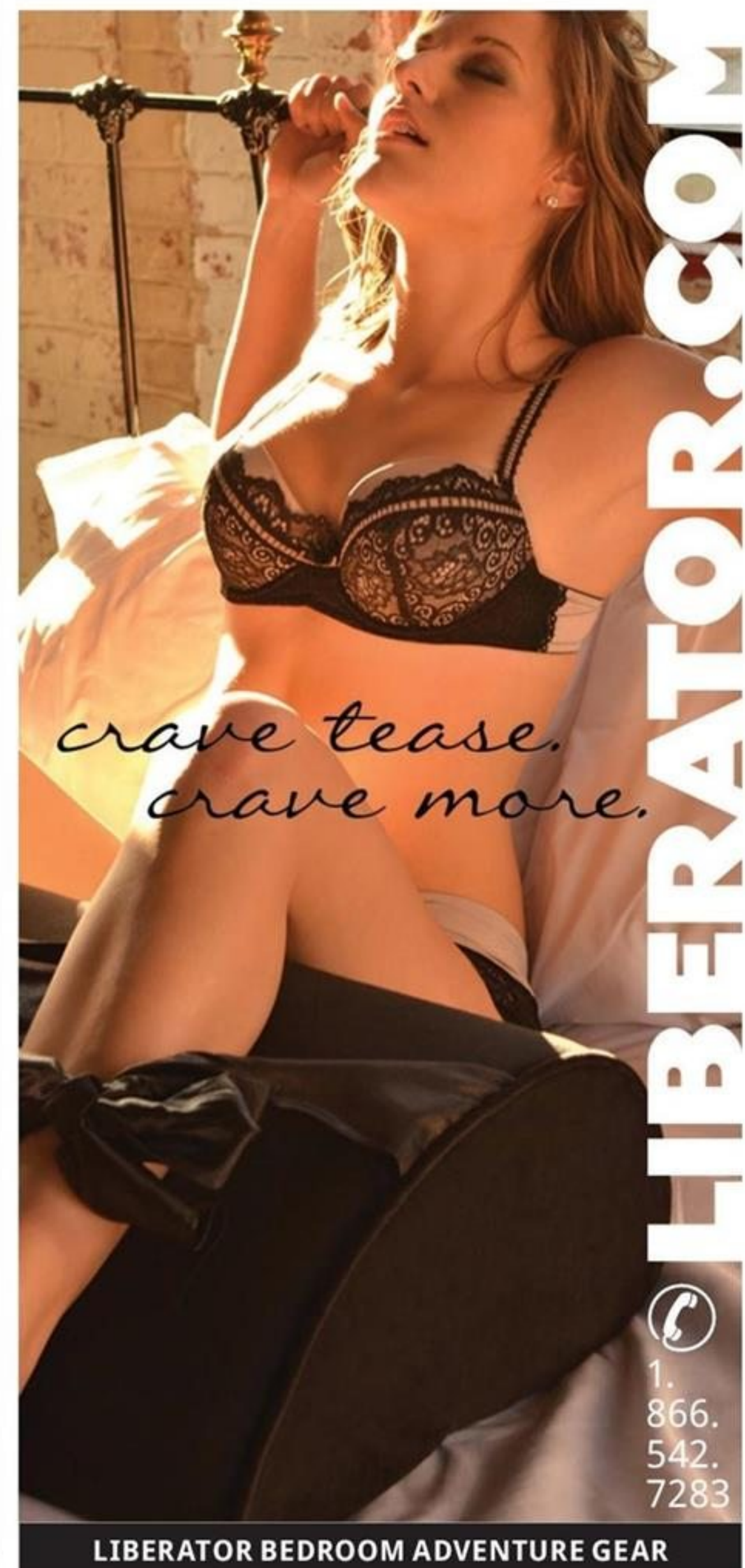
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Lucas concentrated. The Beretta's mag held 15. He struggled to remember how many rounds he'd fired.

Recharge.

"I am not afraid," said Bacalov.

Yes you are, thought Lucas. *So am I.*

Lucas released the partially spent magazine and slipped it into his vest. From the same pouch he took a full-load magazine and palmed it home. He readied the gun and chambered a round.

"You are pussy," said Bacalov.

Lucas stood and fired. The dining room table splintered and Bacalov came up out of his crouch and squeezed off a round. Lucas felt a bullet crease the air as he walked forward, focused, firing his weapon, and through the smoke and ejecting shells he saw Bacalov dance backward as blood misted from his chest. He dropped his Glock and fell to the floor.

Lucas kept his gun arm steady and aimed. He stepped to Bacalov, stood over him. Watched as he struggled for breath, saw his shirt flutter about the chest wound, listened to the rattle of his filling lungs. His eyes crossed and saw nothing. Lucas shot him twice more and walked away.

He went out to the porch and checked on Smalls, now conscious, his eyes frightened, his wrists raw from struggle. There were no sirens in the distance, no headlights coming up the gravel road. Only the sound of crickets and a faint ringing in Lucas's ears.

He reentered the house and went up

the stairs. He went bedroom to bedroom until he found the laptop on Bacalov's bed. The size of the shirts hung in the closet told him it was the little man's room. He'd corresponded with Bacalov via e-mail, and there'd be a record. He took the laptop off the bed.

Downstairs he went straight to the wrapped objects leaning against the wall. He tore off the brown wrapping of the top one and put it aside. He found what he was looking for when he unwrapped the second painting. Two men, bare-chested, one middle aged, one young, just as Grace had described. In the right-hand corner was the artist's name: L. Browning. *The Double.*

He went back out to the porch, got his duct tape and returned to the living room, where he rewrapped Grace Kinkaid's painting. He then went around the room collecting ejected casings and shells, slipping them into his vest. He did the best he could.

He made two more trips outside and back again, carrying his shotgun, the painting and the laptop to the edge of the woods. He left those items there and found his bolt cutters and a bottle of water in the bag. He was still wearing the .38 and nine on his holster belt when he stepped back onto the porch.

"Serge is dead," said Lucas. "You can be dead too. Blink hard if you understand."

Louis Smalls closed his eyes, paused and opened them.

"I'm gonna free your hands and turn you over."

Lucas used the cutters to liberate Smalls's hands. He removed the duct tape from his face, put him on his back, helped him sit up, then took him by the arm and moved him so that he was in a sitting position against the porch wall. He was still bound at the ankles. Lucas stood before him.

Smalls rubbed at his raw wrists and watched Lucas as he drank deeply from the plastic water bottle. Lucas capped the bottle and tossed it to Smalls. He had a long drink.

Lucas picked up the wallet off the floor, opened it and examined the Maryland driver's license inside. The name said Louis McGinty. The photo matched, but the license's graphics were smudged and not quite right.

"What's your real name?"

"Louis Smalls."

"Billy's?"

"Billy King."

"Where is he?"

"With a woman."

"Where?"

"I don't know. I don't even know if he's coming back."

Lucas believed him. "How deep are you in with these guys?"

"Deep."

"Why?"

"I got no one else," said Smalls.

"You can do better."

Smalls looked down at his hands.

"What's gonna happen to me?"

"I'm giving you a chance. That depends on you." Lucas dropped the wallet in Smalls's lap. "Take the envelope with you too."

Lucas crouched down and cut the flex-cuffs from Smalls's ankles.

"Why?" said Smalls.

"I got what I came for. It's done."

Smalls stood and gathered his things. He took the keys out of the door lock where they dangled.

"I need to get some things out of my room," he said.

"No. Keep the car keys and give me the key to the house. Get in your car and drive."

Smalls removed the house key from the ring and handed it to Lucas. Without further comment Smalls went to his car, fired up the ignition and drove away.

Lucas locked the front door of the house. If King did come back, he'd find Bacalov rotting and ripe.

Lucas knew he'd never be able to carry his guns, gear, the painting and the laptop back through the woods. He jogged the half mile to his truck unencumbered and drove the Jeep back to the house, where he loaded everything into its cargo area. He went down the gravel road with his headlights off, navigating by the light of the moon.

Lucas rode back to D.C. in quiet, with the radio off and the windows down. He thought of Bacalov and their battle, and he saw him dead on the living room floor.

He would have killed me.

Lucas stared coolly at the road ahead.



DON
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"This is Nick. We met through 'Sit-On-Your-Face-Book.'"





**Jenny McCarthy
and Salad,
Barely Dressed**

NOT SAFE FOR LUNCH?

Carl's Jr.—the fast-food company brave enough to sell meals with a side of sexy—tapped PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy to promote a craving for its healthy new menu option. “It’s a brand-new salad that I love so much, the cranberry-apple-walnut grilled chicken salad,” Jenny said. In the spot, the former “mostly vegan” wears a low-cut bustier as she dresses a bowl of salad and eats sensibly. Then she ditches the fork, grabs the salad by its greens and stuffs her mouth as cranberries and walnuts cascade into her cleavage. “I’m already a little nutty and fruity,” she said. “I was the perfect choice.”



HEAD TURNERS

Before *The Fast and the Furious* there were 1960s drag racers Don “the Snake” Prudhomme and Tom “the Mongoose” McEwen, whose story comes to theaters this month. For us the best thing about *Snake & Mongoose* is seeing Miss July 2011 **Jessa Hinton** (right), Miss May 2012 **Nikki Leigh** and PMOY 2013 **Raquel Pomplun**.



Social Shutterfly

@tiffanytothxoxo
If you were to follow Miss September 2011 (on Instagram, say) you would be privy to this arresting view.

girlTALK

1. Miss December 2009 (and Mrs. Hugh M. Hefner) **Crystal** spun a DJ set at Sapphire Pool & Day Club's Memorial Day party in Las Vegas.



2. At the age of 46, Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** can still stun in a red bathing suit—as seen in this Mario Testino shoot for *Vogue Brazil*.



3. More 1990s babes! Miss September 1997 **Nikki Ziering** and PMOY 1998 **Karen McDougal** met up at the Motor City ComicCon.



Anna by Agnes

Does that lovely lady look familiar? The Lifetime network transformed Agnes Bruckner for *Anna Nicole*, a biopic about our PMOY 1993. Bruckner's DD breasts on the show are definitely fake—more Hollywood magic from Greg Cannom, the man who worked on *Mrs. Doubtfire*.



PLAYMATE* FLASHBACK

Thirty-five years ago ROSANNE KATON, and her incredible Jamaican figure, posed for our shutters. Miss September 1978 went on to be featured in the film *Bachelor Party* and on *What's Happening!!*, *Good Times* and *St. Elsewhere*.



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SUPER COUPON!

PITTSBURGH AUTOMOTIVE

RAPID PUMP® 3 TON HEAVY DUTY STEEL FLOOR JACK
Item 68048 shown
LOT NO. 68048/69227

SAVE \$80
\$6999 REG. PRICE \$149.99



WEIGHS 74 LBS.

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SUPER COUPON!

Bunker Hill Security®

36 LED SOLAR SECURITY LIGHT
LOT NO. 98085/69644/69890/60498
Item 69644 shown

SAVE 28%
\$1799 REG. PRICE \$24.99



Includes 3.2V, 600 mAh Li-ion battery pack.

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SUPER COUPON!

MULTI-USE TRANSFER PUMP
PITTSBURGH AUTOMOTIVE
LOT NO. 66418/61364
Item 66418 shown

SAVE 64%
\$499 REG. PRICE \$13.99



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SUPER COUPON!

CENTRAL MACHINERY

5 SPEED BENCH DRILL PRESS
LOT NO. 38119/44506/60238
Item 38119 shown

SAVE \$50
\$4999 REG. PRICE \$99.99



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SUPER COUPON!

800 WATT/900 MAX. WATTS PORTABLE GENERATOR
LOT NO. 66619/60338/69381
Item 69381 shown

SAVE \$90
\$8999 REG. PRICE \$179.99



NEW!

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SUPER COUPON!

3/8" X 14 FT. GRADE 43 TOWING CHAIN
HaulMaster
LOT NO. 97711/60658
Item 97711 shown

SAVE 45%
\$1899 REG. PRICE \$34.99



Not for overhead lifting.

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SUPER COUPON!

1500 WATT DUAL TEMPERATURE HEAT GUN (572°/1112°)
drillmaster
LOT NO. 96289
Item 96289 shown

SAVE 69%
\$799 REG. PRICE \$25.99



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SUPER COUPON!

drillmaster 80 PIECE ROTARY TOOL SET
LOT NO. 68986/97626/69451
Item 97626 shown

SAVE 72%
\$699 REG. PRICE \$24.99



LIMIT 8 - Good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/20/13. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

90 AMP FLUX WIRE WELDER
CHICAGO ELECTRIC WELDING
LOT NO. 68887/61207
Item 68887 shown

SAVE \$60
\$8999 REG. PRICE \$149.99



NO GAS REQUIRED!

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SUPER COUPON!

NEW!

US*GENERAL PRO 44", 13 DRAWER INDUSTRIAL QUALITY ROLLER CABINET
LOT NO. 68784/69387
Item 68784 shown

2900 LB. CAPACITY
WEIGHS 306 LBS.
SUPER HIGH GLOSS FINISH!

SAVE \$290
\$35999 REG. PRICE \$649.99



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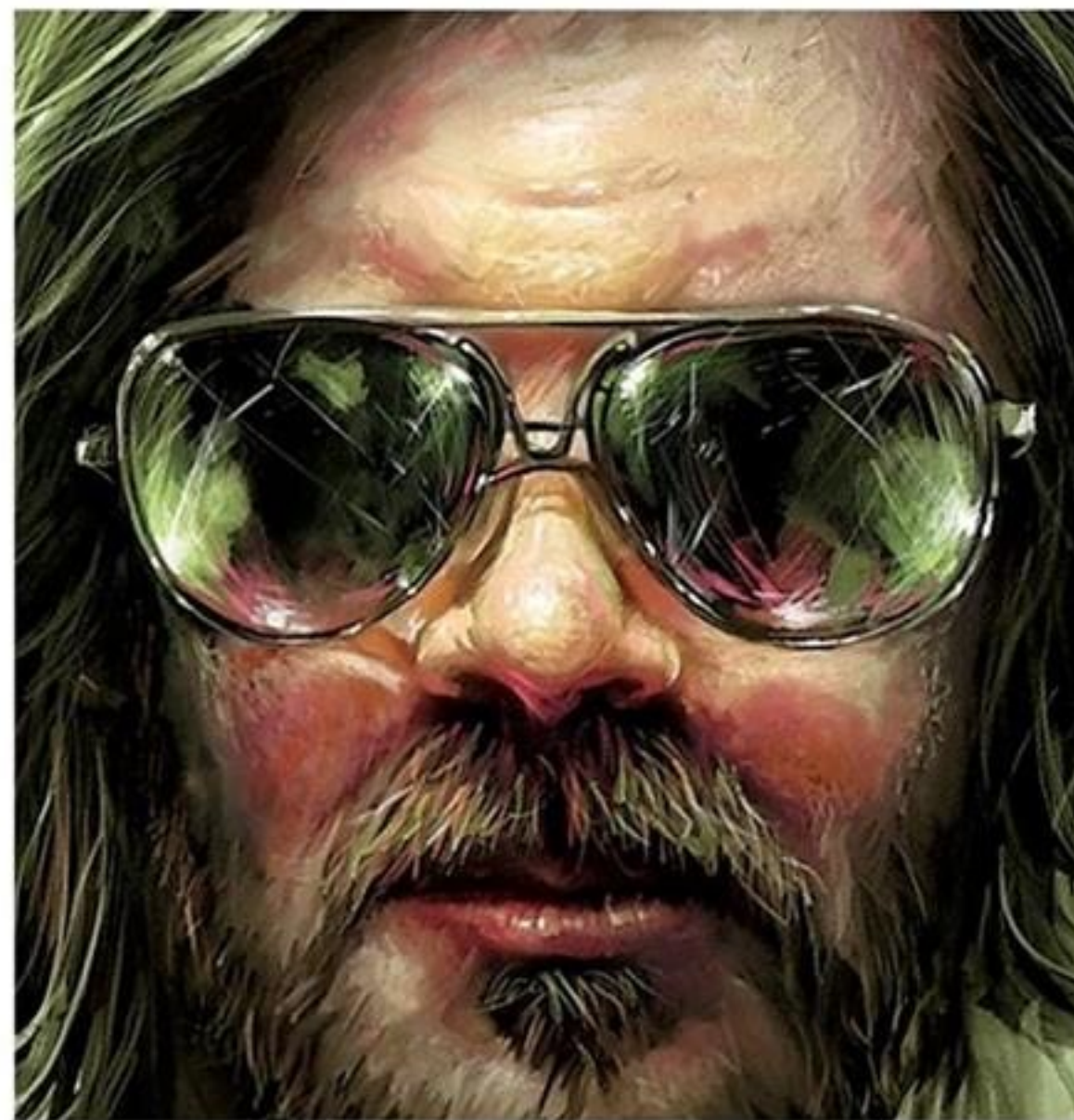
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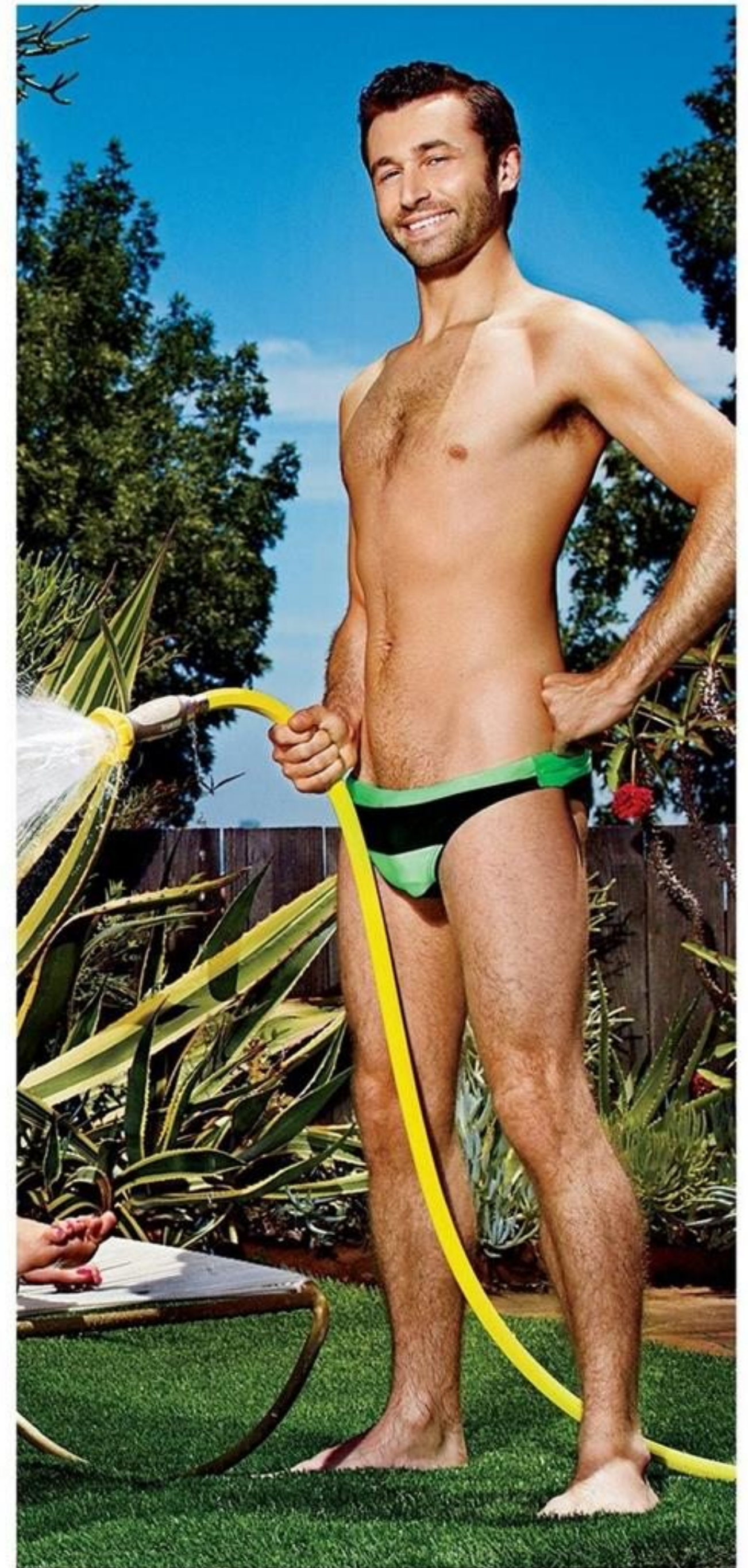
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SAMUEL L. JACKSON LAYS DOWN THE LAW.



THE ROCK STAR BEHIND *GRAND THEFT AUTO*.



THE ALL-AMERICAN PORN STUD.

GIRLS OF THE PAC 12—IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR A BIT OF REQUIRED READING, INCLUDING OUR ANNUAL COLLEGE ISSUE. HOW MANY FUTURE PLAYMATES WILL WE DISCOVER ON OUR TOUR OF THE PACIFIC 12 CONFERENCE? ONLY TIME WILL TELL. SURVEY THE CANDIDATES AND MAKE A WISH OR TWO, OR THREE, OR MORE.

GRAND GAMER—TO HIS FANS, SAM HOUSER, CO-FOUNDER OF ROCKSTAR GAMES—WHICH THIS FALL WILL RELEASE THE FIFTH INSTALLMENT OF ITS MEGASELLING *GRAND THEFT AUTO*—IS A STONE-COLD GENIUS. TO HIS FOES, HE IS THE DEVIL. **HAROLD GOLDBERG** VISITS THE FIERCELY RECLUSIVE HOUSER AND GETS HIM TO OPEN UP ABOUT HIS LIFE, THE GAME-MAKING PROCESS AND THE CONTROVERSIES THAT NIP AT HIS HEELS.

CROSSING OVER—THE LATEST ADULT PERFORMER TO TASTE THE MAINSTREAM (HE'S CO-STARRING WITH LINDSAY LOHAN IN *THE CANYONS*) TELLS **DAVID HOCHMAN** IN 20Q WHY HE WON'T SLEEP WITH CLOWNS, HOW HE WAS TRICKED INTO BEING A GIGOLO, THE TRUTH ABOUT A CERTAIN TEEN MOTHER AND WHY HE DECIDED TO GO WITH **JAMES DEEN** AS HIS NOM DE PORN.

SACKED—ALL ENUS LOCKHART HOPED TO DO WAS BEAT SOME SENSE INTO HIS SON, WHOSE STATUS AS A COLLEGE

FOOTBALL STAR MAKES HIS FATHER A HERO IN THE PEN. BUT AS USUAL, ENUS MAKES THE WRONG FRIENDS. IT'S A HARD-HITTING TALE BY **STU DEARNLEY** OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS, OUR 2013 COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER.

THE MAN—SPIKE LEE GAVE HIM A SHOT, AND QUENTIN TARANTINO MADE HIM A STAR. **SAMUEL L. JACKSON**, WHO REUNITES WITH LEE FOR *OLDBOY*, DISCUSSES THE DAY HE GOT ARRESTED, HIS INCURABLE SNEAKER FETISH AND WHETHER ONLY BLACK DIRECTORS CAN TELL BLACK STORIES IN A FRANK *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* WITH **STEPHEN REBELLO**.

AMERICAN DESPERADO—TIM TRACY WAS SHOOTING A DOCUMENTARY IN CARACAS WHEN THE NEW GOVERNMENT ARRESTED HIM AS A SPY AND TOSSED HIM INTO VENEZUELA'S MOST VIOLENT PRISON. IN AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT, **MATTHEW ROSS** SHARES TRACY'S HARROWING STORY.

DOWN AND OUT—JOE PATERNO WAS A GOD AT PENN STATE—UNTIL THE SCANDAL. **KEVIN COOK** DISSECTS HOW A STERLING 50-YEAR REPUTATION WENT TO HELL IN TWO MONTHS.

PLUS—A CLASSIC *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* WITH MEDIA GURU **MARSHALL MCLUHAN**, TOP PARTY SCHOOLS, OUR FEARLESS NFL PREVIEW, THE ALLURING **MISS OCTOBER** AND MORE.

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Wherever life takes you, you will always be my son.

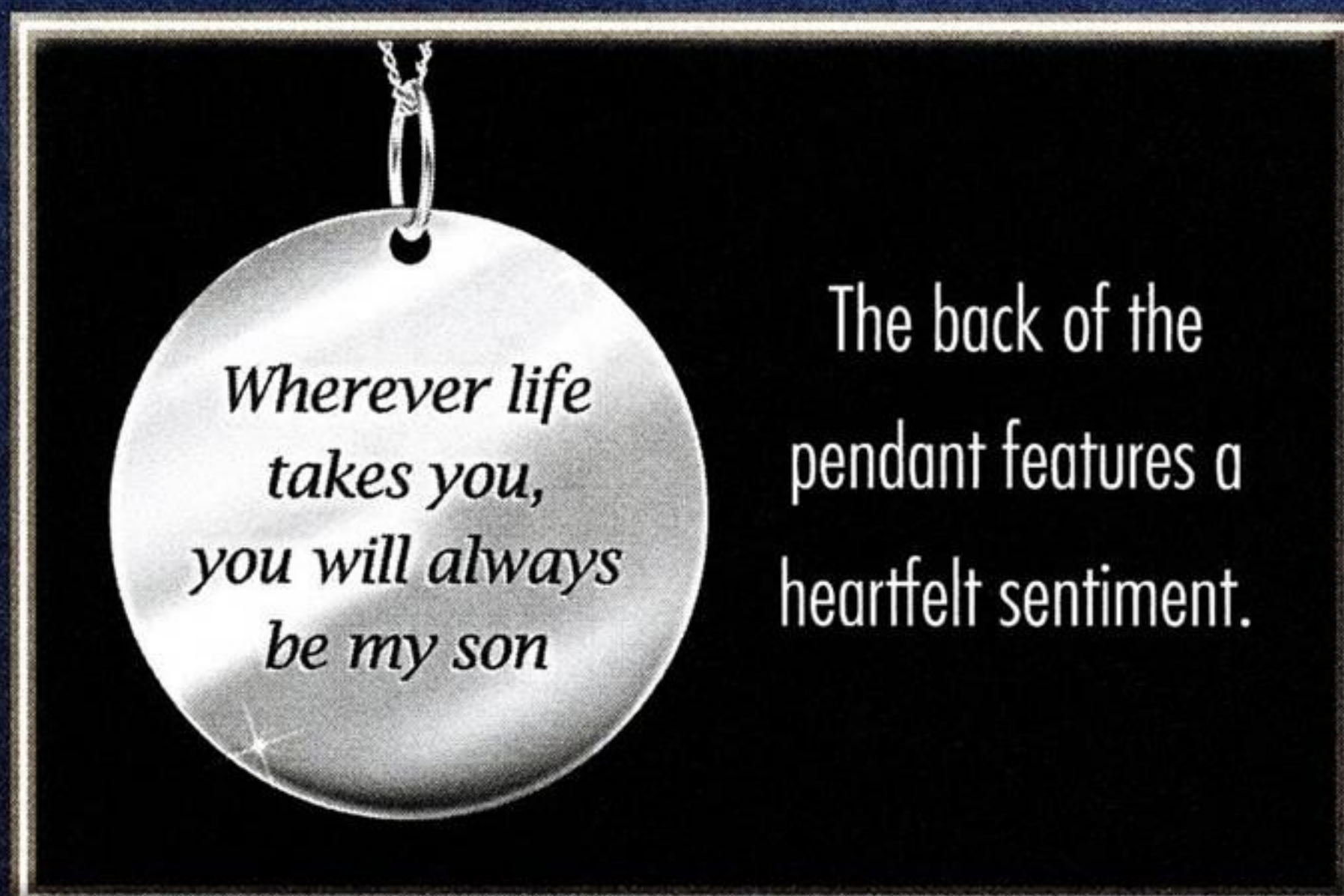
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He's meant the world to you since the day he was born. As you watch your son's journey from boy to manhood, your heart swells with pride as he meets life's challenges with quiet grace and generosity of spirit. Now, he can wear a reminder of your love no matter where life takes him. Presenting... *Wherever Life Takes You Compass Pendant*, exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

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(continued on other side)



*Wherever life
takes you,
you will always
be my son*

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pendant features a
heartfelt sentiment.

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stainless steel –
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crafted!**

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Send
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(Please print clearly)

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Wherever life takes you, you will always be my son.

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velvet gift box, yours at
no additional charge!



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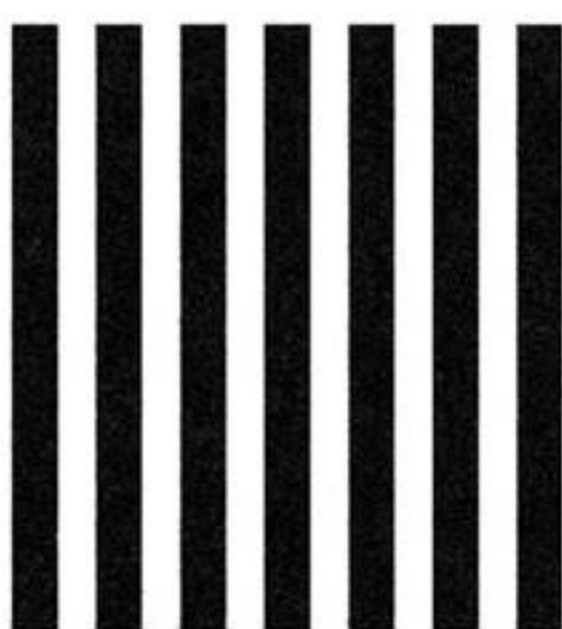
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Record 5 shows at once

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For 12 Months
ENTERTAINMENT Package

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ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.[™] Offers end 11/26/13. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. See details on back.



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Get **2 YEARS** of savings with a **FREE** Genie™ upgrade on every package!



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TV THAT ALWAYS BEATS CABLE.

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FOR 12 MONTHS XTRA Package

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FREE GENIE™ UPGRADE** Powers your entire home with **one** HD DVR

Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

PLUS Lock in **2 YEARS** of savings!

FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.



FREE GENIE™ UPGRADE** Powers your entire home with **one** HD DVR

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PLUS Lock in **2 YEARS** of savings!

INCLUDED at no extra charge **2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET** Every Game. Every Sunday. **Only on DIRECTV!** Out-of-market games only.

FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.



FREE GENIE™ UPGRADE** Powers your entire home with **one** HD DVR

Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

PLUS Lock in **2 YEARS** of savings!

INCLUDED at no extra charge **2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET** Every Game. Every Sunday. **Only on DIRECTV!** Out-of-market games only.

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DIRECTV offers you all this:

- Local channels* in over 99% of the U.S.
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2013 American Customer Satisfaction Index

Regional Sports Fee may apply.

Regional Sports Fee may apply.

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FREE Professional Installation of a DIRECTV® System in up to 4 rooms

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Custom installation extra. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

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genie.

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2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER: Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's service address) broadcast on FOX and CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device location. Local broadcasts are subject to blackout rules. Other conditions apply. 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$224.95. 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full-season retail price is \$299.95. **Customers activating the CHOICE Package or above or the MÀS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the 2013 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2013 season. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season.** To renew NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2013 season. Subscription cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers.

24-MONTH AGREEMENT: EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH. Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming package (\$29.99/mo. or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver-DVR fee (\$10/mo.) required for DVR lease. Advanced Receiver-HD fee (\$10/mo.) required for HD Receiver lease. Advanced Receiver fee (\$25/mo.) required for Genie HD DVR, HD DVR and TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. TiVo service fee (\$5/mo.) required for TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. If you have 2 Receivers and/or one Receiver and a Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device, the fee is \$6/mo. For the 3rd and each additional Receiver and/or Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device on your account, you are charged an additional fee of \$6/mo. per Receiver, Genie Mini Client and/or Enabled TV/Device. **NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF \$150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT IS LEASED (EXCLUDING GENIEGO) AND MUST BE RETURNED TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com/legal OR CALL 1-800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS. ^GENIE HD DVR UPGRADE OFFER:** Includes instant rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to 3 Genie Minis with activation of the ENTERTAINMENT Package or above; ÓPTIMO MÀS Package or above; or any qualifying international service bundle, which shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package. **Free upgrade offer requires a Genie HD DVR and at least one Genie Mini. \$99 fee applies for single-room set-up.** Whole-Home HD DVR functionality requires a Genie HD DVR connected to the primary television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s) or an RVU-capable TV/Device in each additional room. Limit of three remote viewings per Genie HD DVR at a time. Visit directv.com/genie for complete details. **INSTALLATION:** Standard professional installation in up to four rooms only. Custom installation extra.

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ADULT PROGRAMMING: Billing is discreet. Charges will not include channels or titles on your bill. Adult programming contains explicit sexual content, complete nudity and graphic adult situations. Viewer discretion is advised. Must be 18 years or older to purchase. DIRECTV System has a feature that restricts access to channels.

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