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SEPTEMBER 2014

Miss September
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BRANTON**

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heart of Cajun country

The Feds, the
Mafia and the
Pitcher—an Insane
Crime Saga
2014 College
Football Preview
Putin's Hollywood
Action Star
Ambassador
20Q: Frank Miller
The Interview:
James Spader
New Fiction
by James Ellroy



BLACKLIST

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THE MAESTRO

RAYMOND REDDINGTON
PLAYS US ALL


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CLOSED
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THE ELUSIVE
CRIMINAL

TOP FBI AGENTS BARE ALL
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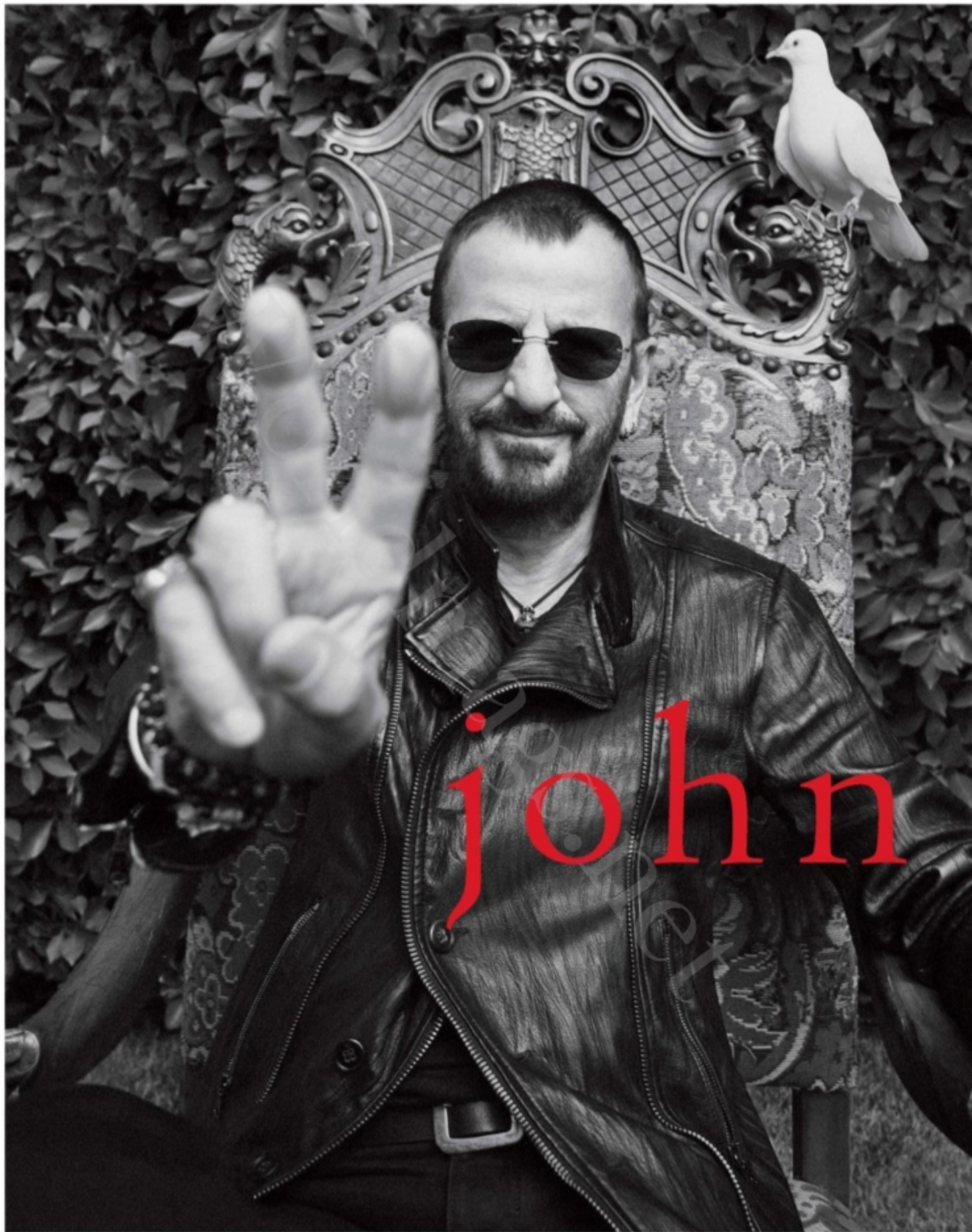
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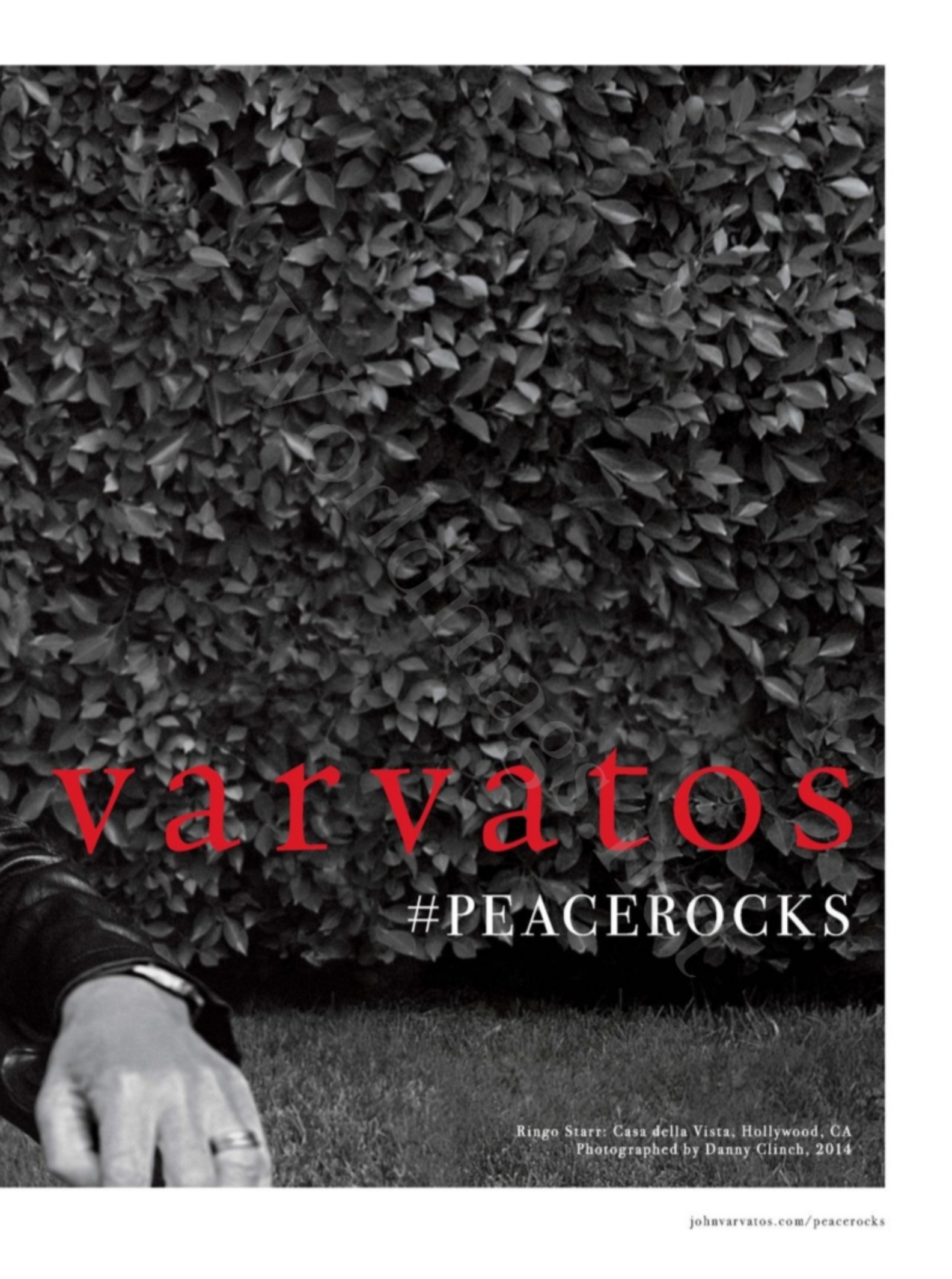
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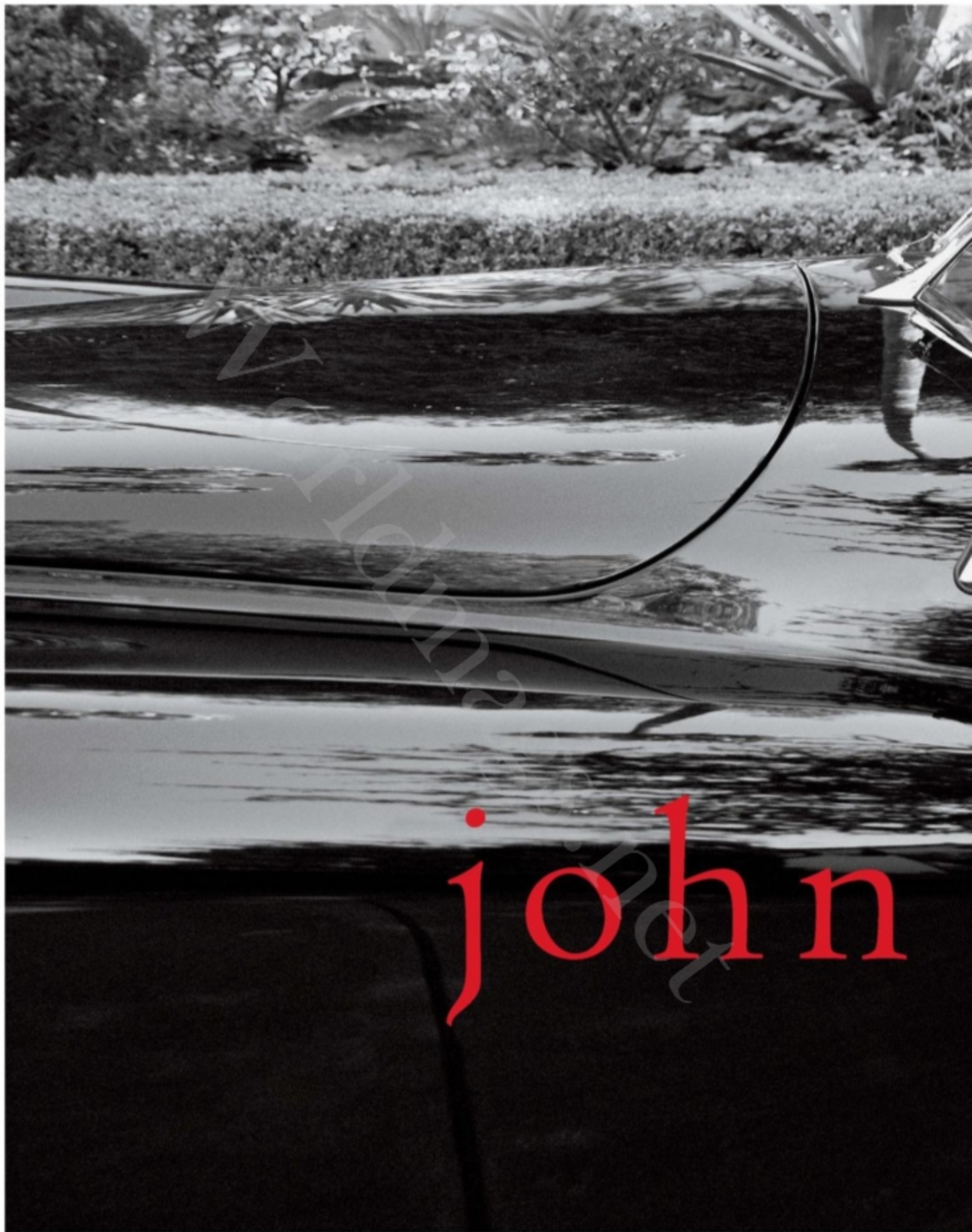
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PLAYBILL

We all toe the line between virtue and vice on a daily basis. Our September issue explores that line with stories of people wrestling with their capacity for corruption. We begin with *Full Count*, **Matt Birkbeck's** tale of an all-American baseball superstar, the great pitcher Denny McLain, who rode one of MLB's best streaks into a fraudulent phone-card business that put him between a pissed-off Mob and dueling federal agencies looking to crack heads and locate millions allegedly stashed in the Cayman Islands. In *Steven Seagal's Fight for Mother Russia*, **Lukas I. Alpert** catches up with the action star. Despite his fall from Hollywood grace, Seagal still commands adulation in a country where he cavorts with billionaires and shady politicians, acts as an unofficial diplomat, endorses firearms and seems poised to make serious bank. Two masters of twisted psychology take on our questions this month. In **James Spader's** *Playboy Interview*, "the strangest man on television" explains to



Matt Birkbeck



Lukas I. Alpert

Stephen Rebello how his rebellious childhood influences his approach to his characters, from his breakout role in *Sex, Lies and Videotape* to the "concierge of crime" on NBC's *The Blacklist* to Ultron in the upcoming *Avengers* sequel. In a *20Q* with Rob Tannenbaum, comic-book virtuoso **Frank Miller** examines why sex and violence drive his work, how *300* rattled Iranian politicians and why a generation of men is flailing. Veteran sports-writer **Bruce Feldman** returns to our pages with *Playboy's 2014 Pigskin Preview*, outlining what the new championship play-off system means for college football and predicting which teams will dominate the gridiron. In *Perfidia*, noirist extraordinaire **James Ellroy** delivers fiction that transports readers to Los Angeles, December 1941, capturing that precarious moment in American history in pitch-perfect, nail-biting fashion. And what would *PLAYBOY* be without its unparalleled photographers? Celebrated fashion photographer **Sasha Eisenman** recruits three Playmates for a sun-drenched California adventure in *Asphalt Jungle*, a sexy 1980s skateboard-culture throwback. In *Take It Outside*, **Levi Brown** shows us the cold treats and fine meats that make for a perfect patio party. And **Stephanie Vovas** adds photographic spark to complement *Hooking Up*, Jessica Ogilvie's look at Tinder, the smartphone app that's changing how women think about sex. Subversion has always been our beat, whether for good, bad or sexy. In today's changing moral climate, your experts are here, as always, to entertain and guide you.



James Spader



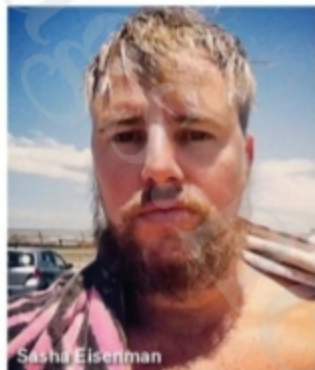
Bruce Feldman



James Ellroy



Frank Miller



Sasha Eisenman



Levi Brown



Stephanie Vovas

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PLAYBOY

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN



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Pairing Stephanie Branton's charm with Southern grandeur makes for a ravishing scene. Far be it from our Rabbit to miss the view.



KEEP OUT

PLAYBOY

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paco rabanne



PLAYBOY JAZZ FEST: THE COOLEST WEEKEND OF THE YEAR

Cooper Hefner—with Playmates aplenty—brought the sights, and acts including Dianne Reeves, George Benson, Fantasia, Stanley Clarke and Jamie Cullum brought the sounds as the 36th Playboy Jazz Festival got jumping at the Hollywood Bowl. For MC George Lopez, jazz is “very spontaneous music—it’s very emotional, and it’s very personal.” And no performance during the two-day festival was more moving than Al Jarreau’s tribute to keytarist George Duke, who passed away last August.



PLAYMATES AT PLAY

Our two resident gamers, Miss October 2012 Pamela Horton and Miss June 2012 Amelia Talon, made their presence felt at video game summit E3 in Los Angeles. Pamela won the Square Enix *Final Fantasy XIV* levianathan battle as game producer Yoshi-P cheered her on.



BUNNY YEAGER 1929–2014

We lost a friend in May when Bunny Yeager passed away at the age of 85. The Queen of Pinup Photographers, who shot several of our early and most popular Playmates, got her break in January 1955 when we ran her iconic image of Bettie Page in a Santa hat. “Hef offered me \$100,” she said. “If I hadn’t made that early connection when he was just starting out, maybe I wouldn’t have got such a big push.”

WIM AND VIGOR

Wim Hof joins a long line of swamis, yogis and other mystics who are seemingly impervious to pain and discomfort (*Ice Man Conneth*, June). As a science writer, I'm instantly skeptical of his cold-weather claims but encouraged that Hof lets researchers test him. He should dispense with the New Age blather and pseudo-scientific explanations to his acolytes and wait for the experts to provide answers.

Thomas O'Donnell
Urbandale, Iowa

I had not heard of Wim Hof until I saw your article. I feel capable of controlling my body temperature in very cold conditions, though not to Hof's level. I'm curious what success, if any, he has had with cooling himself down in extreme heat; I've never been able to do so. Thanks for the great read.

Gerry Stearns
Norco, California

SCREEN SAVERS

From *Deep Throat* ("Mind if I smoke while you're eating?") to the dark and frenzied *The Devil in Miss Jones*, there's nothing like X-rated classics. As a lesbian who prefers porn with international locations, tongue-in-cheek dialogue and a more sensual aesthetic than found in today's suck-and-spit flicks, I want to thank you for *The Legend of Henry Paris* (June). I look forward to checking out the remastered *Thérèse and Isabelle*—minus the part in which *Thérèse* ends up with a husband.

Angie Smith
Chicago, Illinois

I came of age in the days of dial-up internet connections, when waiting minutes for a single photo to load was the norm. I can only imagine what it must have been like to have developed an erotic consciousness watching Radley Metzger's films, in which the people are just as much a focus as the sex they enjoy. These days sex is mostly decoupled from the erotic, and we may be worse for it. Calling mass-produced internet porn "erotic" cheapens the word. "Erotic" implies a creative work that leaves something to the imagination and makes the consumer engage higher brain functions. Toni Bentley's piece on Metzger and his films—which, as she vividly shows, are real erotica—brings this to mind. I recently left my collection of PLAYBOYS in a closet for my nine-year-old nephew to find when the time is right. Maybe I should supplement that cache with a few reissued films.

Pat Mobley
St. Louis, Missouri

Toni Bentley mentions the films of "the great Dane" director Ingmar Bergman. Bentley gets it wrong: Bergman was Swedish.

Tom Tomaselle
San Diego, California

DEAR PLAYBOY

Gary Oldman Fallout

Gary Oldman making excuses for Mel Gibson's anti-Semitism is a bitter pill to swallow (*Playboy Interview*, July/August). But Oldman's withering remark that Hollywood is "a town that's run by Jews" is nothing less than stomach-churning anti-Semitism. Yes, Jews work in Hollywood. They are there as talented actors, directors and producers—not because they are Jewish and certainly not as members of a cabal conspiratorially working to "control" the industry. The fact that celebrities pay a price for giving voice to anti-Semitism and bigotry is not, as Oldman suggests, a matter of political correctness run amok but of a simple reality that there are consequences in our society for being a bigot. We are glad Oldman apologized on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* In his apology he showed a greater awareness and understanding of how words matter and of his responsibility as a celebrity to use them both wisely and well.

Abraham H. Foxman
National director
Anti-Defamation League
New York, New York

In his interview Oldman was simply attacking the suffocating political correctness that activist types now



seem to demand from celebrities at all times. He later apologized to the Jewish community for his "insensitive" comments, adding, "I have an enormous personal affinity for the Jewish people in general." That's nice. But Oldman used the *N* word, the *C* word and the "three-letter" *F* word in his interview, so why did he apologize only to Jews? I was more offended by his apology than by his *Playboy Interview*.

Ross von Metzke
West Hollywood, California

NEVER-ENDING BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

As I was reading "Full-Court Depression" (*Talk*, June), the questions that came to mind were "Aren't the NBA playoffs over yet?" and "Didn't they start sometime in April?" There seems to be no end to the string of meaningless games that suck any residual excitement out of the playoff finals. For an example of how to conduct a basketball playoff, the NBA should look at collegiate March Madness. Every game is do-or-die, with ridiculous upsets the norm rather than the exception. The results are so unpredictable you can bet a billion dollars no one will fill out a perfect bracket. Try that with the pro game and you'd better be Warren Buffett.

Dan Stratton
Loveland, Colorado

THE MENACE NEXT DOOR

Thanks for publishing Joel Stein's "Good Neighbors" (*Men*, June). My old neighbors left bags of dog excrement in our shared hallway. And one time, after my boyfriend left grass clippings on the wrong side of the property line, his next-door neighbor threatened to shoot him. The upside to bad neighbors is they make

for good party stories, just like mean bosses, crazy drivers and bad online-dating experiences.

Melissa Sachs
Radnor, Pennsylvania

A BAD RAP

Ethan Brown's *To Live and Die in Chiraq* (April) is a fascinating article, but I find it sad that the media are cashing in on the ignorance of these young lost souls. It's even worse that Chief Keef, Lil Durk and other rappers fall into the same trap and profit off the violence. The powers that be in Chicago aren't even trying to stop the madness.

Djuan Barrow
San Bruno, California

ROLLER GIRL

I have never written to PLAYBOY before, but after seeing Miss April Shanice Jordyn, I had to. She is beautiful and sexy with her girl-next-door charm. I would help her put on her skates anytime.

Kenneth Leshurd
Tulsa, Oklahoma

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April Shanice Jordyn is magnificent. Wow! And thank you.

Michael J. Hollo
Oregon, Ohio

INTERACTIVE ISSUES

Having heard everyone rave about the great articles in *PLAYBOY*, I recently began reading the braille issues. I agree they are a great read. But as a blind man I feel I'm missing something important—the pictures of beautiful nude women. Can *PLAYBOY* add reliefs of the photos to the braille edition, taking the regular pictures and making them have a 3-D shape? That way, I could feel the beautiful naked women's bodies via your special magazine for the blind. In real life, women don't let me touch them, naked or otherwise. Trust me, this would truly be an awesome service.

Scott Lamber
Chandler, Arizona

We're tickled by the idea, but our braille edition is produced by the Library of Congress. Write your representatives and tell them you want the full tactile PLAYBOY experience.

BASES LOADED

It's telling that the greatest details of Red Sox lore, the things ingrained in fans' minds for generations, happened by accident (*Red Sox Nation: An Oral History*, June). For example, Carlton Fisk waving the ball fair would never have been recorded if a huge Fenway rat hadn't crawled over the cameraman's foot. That rat might as well have been Babe Ruth's ghost.

Jeff Ruby
Chicago, Illinois

I thoroughly enjoyed Kevin Cook's collection of interviews. Given *PLAYBOY*'s history in the great city of Chicago, can we look forward to an equally entertaining article about the White Sox? Their past is at least as colorful, and after all, everyone in the Windy City knows the White Sox are the right Sox.

Jim Kowalczyk
Munster, Indiana

Please don't insult Chicago Cubs fans by describing the supposed horrors Red Sox Nation went through before its beloved team finally won in 2004. Not only have the Cubs not won the World Series since 1908, but they have been bad year after year. By May of most seasons, Cubs fans are already thinking about football, because their team is so far out of the race. The Red Sox have normally been good—just not good enough to win. So stop the tears and publish a story about fans who have really suffered. A hint—they don't reside in Boston.

Darrell Horwitz
Chicago, Illinois

The Red Sox won three championships in a decade, 2004 through 2013,

not less than a decade. (They won two since 2004, three including 2004.) And game seven of the 1967 World Series took place in Boston, not St. Louis.

Steve Lederman
Princeton, New Jersey

A ROSE IN BLOOM

I keep going back to Henrik Purienne's *The Secret Garden* (April) just to see Shané. I sure wish she was my neighbor.

Clarence Martin Jr.
Aldie, Virginia

SUMMERS TIME

Your pictorial of Kennedy Summers is simply stunning, a wonderful trip through the ages (*2014 Playmate of the Year*, June). How fun to see her playing dress-up across the decades. The styling, makeup and locations are all spot-on and gorgeous. Kennedy proves that sexy is certainly timeless.

Angie Dingman
Culver City, California

PLAYBOY usually has good covers, but June's is especially captivating. Playmate



Gorgeous in every season: Kennedy Summers.

of the Year Kennedy Summers—such a pure and natural beauty—takes me back to the flower-power summer of love. Thank you.

Stephen Jeffrey Martin
Santa Rosa, California

OUR DIRTY MONK

I enjoyed reading "Hot Shots" (*After Hours*, May). One of the featured drinks is the dirty monk, which is made with Chartreuse liqueur. Which Chartreuse does the recipe call for, green or yellow? One will stand you up; the other will sit you down.

Cole G. Canafax
Redwood City, California

We use green (110 proof), but for a lower-octane experience the 80-proof yellow would be quite nice.



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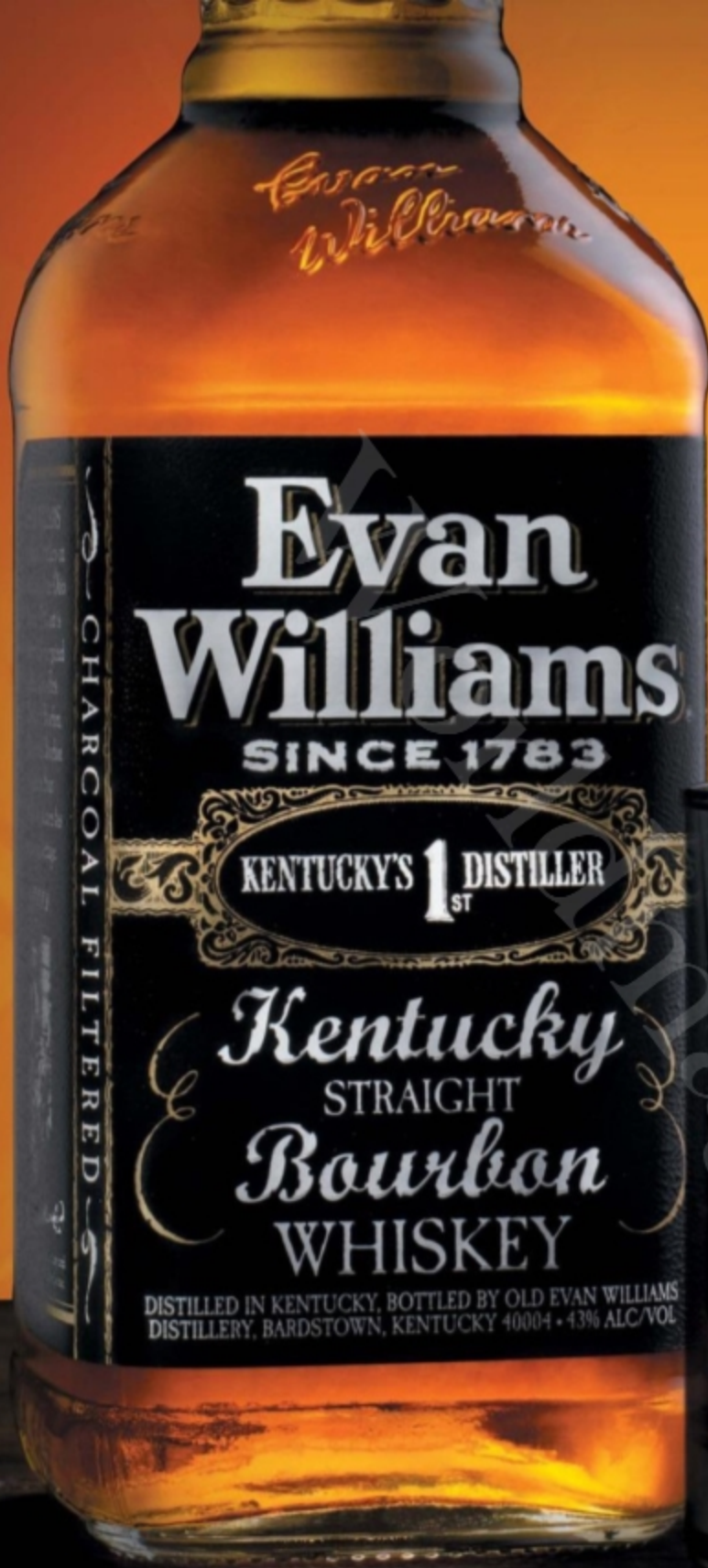


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Afterhours

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BECOMING ATTRACTION

MEITAL DOHAN

• "I'M NO LONGER shy about sex as a part of life," says Israeli actress and musician Meital Dohan. "It's what makes me feel beautiful." Credit the transformation to Meital's rise from a small, conservative village to her role as a kinky admissions director on *Weeds*. These days the exotic blonde is focused on her music, which she describes as "sensual dubstep that makes you feel less lonely." She adds, "Music is like magic, and mine is an extension of myself—energetic and pure."

Photography by MICHAEL EDWARDS/
MEINMYPLACE.COM



In *The Man With the Golden Gun*, Mary Goodnight (Britt Ekland) spies alongside James Bond (Roger Moore), albeit while wearing significantly less clothing.

THE SPIES WHO LOVED US

HOLLYWOOD'S MISSION TO REPLACE THE BIKINI-CLAD SPECIAL AGENT

Bond girls may not be the most effective agents, but who needs spy skills when Honey Ryder steps out of the sea in nothing but a white bikini? Or how about Pussy Galore and Octopussy? Their names alone say they're probably more equipped for a good time than for serious espionage.

Flash forward to 2014, and we're strapped in with the likes of *Homeland's* Carrie (Claire Danes), a brilliant but erratic operative even Bond would think twice about before bedding. Then there's *The Americans'* Elizabeth Jennings (Keri Russell). She's sexy in the right disguise, but she's also lethal and in charge, arguably more ruthless than her male counterpart. Similarly, in *Zero Dark Thirty*, Jessica Chastain's character, Maya, has no qualms about staying detached during even the most disturbing interrogations. Like a man.

Is this the end of the road for the Bond girl?

It's not so much a death as an evolution. Just as the role of women in society has shifted, so has their representation in pop culture. No longer damsel in distress or eye candy, the modern female spy is strong, capable, intelligent and independent. She's in charge in the field and in her sex life. On *Covert Affairs*, Annie Walker (Piper Perabo) works through male conquests with a Bond-like voracity. Even Carrie isn't opposed to some sexy times with a stranger she's picked up in a bar, and she's enough of a covert operator to wear a wedding ring to avoid messy emotional entanglements.

"Men will always want to see pretty women on the screen," says comedian and former CIA operations officer (i.e., spy) Emily Brandwin. "So you have these beautiful actresses in roles that are typically more male-oriented, and it's much more accepted and needed. I think there is an appetite for something different. It's really attractive and sexy to see a woman who's fully empowered."

These female spies aren't necessarily realistic, though. The CIA is certainly not progressive enough to employ a bipolar agent like *Homeland's* Carrie, Brandwin points out. The agency also frowns on using sexual tactics, sees far fewer action sequences than Hollywood would have you believe and expects agents to wear conservative attire with sensible shoes. That means no bikinis. Sorry, Bond girls.

Even Bond has had to get with it. The conquests Daniel Craig's version of 007 faces are less ditz and more dangerous than ever (Olga Kurylenko, anyone?), and he's backed up at the agency by Miss Moneybags (Judi Dench)—a woman at the head of M16. So long, Mary Goodnight. —Katherine Brodsky



Q+A

SCOTT AUKERMAN

THE HOST OF TV'S MOST ABSURD TALK SHOW,
ON OBAMA AND THE POWER OF DRESSING DULL

• "Dressing like a white middle-American male puts people at ease," says comic Scott Aukerman of his milquetoast wardrobe on IFC's *Comedy Bang! Bang!* Such is his ruse for roping viewers into the otherwise zany universe of *CBB*, a modern incarnation—and parody—of the 1970s variety hour that pins Aukerman as an MC with a one-man band and a parade of A-list guests (Amy Poehler, Jon Hamm). What unfolds is an off-kilter romp of skits and improv that forgoes much sense. Says Aukerman, "It's a sketch show disguised as a talk show in a world where ghosts, vampires and aliens exist."—Shane Michael Singh

PLAYBOY: *CBB's* forthcoming season will comprise a whopping 40 episodes. How do you keep that much creative juice flowing?

AUKERMAN: It sounds ridiculous, I know. One great aspect of the show is there's no continuity, which makes it easier to focus on the jokes. For example, I kept forgetting my character was married, so we killed off his wife.

PLAYBOY: *CBB* is based on your podcast of the same name. What have you learned about being on camera?

AUKERMAN: Talk faster and seem less creepy.

PLAYBOY: You also produce *Funny or Die's* *Between Two Ferns With Zach Galifianakis*. How did you land President Obama as a guest last spring?

AUKERMAN: He was promoting the website Healthcare.gov and was incredibly comfortable doing the show. Actually, I had to write myself out of a *CBB* sketch so I could fly to D.C. to shoot it. It turned into me telling the White House, "Hey, I can do Monday," and them working around my schedule. Pretty nice.

PLAYBOY: Can any future guest trump the leader of the free world?

AUKERMAN: Whoever comes next will be such a fall, so I say we get Tila Tequila to follow him.

PLAYBOY: As an interviewer yourself, what is one question you wish more people asked you?

AUKERMAN: No one asks comedians about their beauty secrets. It's so insulting, as if we have nothing to say on the matter. Here's my advice: Do whatever it takes to have a symmetrical face. Break your nose. Go under the knife. Society rewards beauty. That's good advice, right?



HOOKING UP

HOW WOMEN USE TINDER AND WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT THE STATE OF CASUAL SEX. SPOILER: IT'S GOOD

Early last year, 22-year-old Lori “matched” with John on the dating app Tinder. Lured by what she fondly calls his “shitty tattoos,” she agreed to meet him at a bar. Later they returned to his place, where what followed was some of the kinkiest sex of her young life. “We go at it in the kitchen, in the living room,” she recalls, “and I was like, Fuck it. Worst-case scenario is I never see him again. I’m getting a little freaky.”

Lori’s experience isn’t unusual. Although there are newer entries in the crowded field of dating services, Tinder is giving women a way to pursue casual sex like never before. “Maybe I felt that free because we didn’t know each other,” she says. “We were there for what we both wanted.”

Tinder pulls its users’ photos and interests from Facebook to create instant profiles and ensure authenticity. Without the tedious personality quizzes and introductory e-mails of traditional dating services, Tinder requires little up-front commitment, lowering user expectations from meeting “the one” to meeting anyone, for anything.

“A lot of women are interested in casual sex,” says sex journalist Amanda Hess, “but expressing it has been a little difficult. A weird key to Tinder’s success is it’s not based on stereotypes like that.”

Tinder’s success may also be in its matchmaking. If users like what they see in a profile, they swipe to the right, and if both swipe, they’re allowed to chat. Allowing conversation only if the other party reciprocates means ladies aren’t flooded with e-mails from dudes they would categorically avoid in real life. “You never get this residual grossness from guys you never wanted to hear from,” Hess explains.

Tinder commands a more even gender split than competitors such as OKCupid, and it skews younger, with just 10 percent of users older than 35, creating what one woman calls “a never-ending buffet.”

Beth, a 29-year-old casting associate from Los Angeles, turned to Tinder after a long-term relationship. As with Lori, the app led her to some heated carnal maneuvers. Last August she matched with a musician with “a sweet face—but with that grimy, bad-boy feel too.” After messaging for months, the two met at her apartment, where they almost immediately tore each other’s clothes off. “He did things I’m still trying to figure out,” she says. “He told me, ‘I’m going to drive you crazy. I know what to do with your body,’ and he proved himself.”

Beth’s Tinder paramour travels often, she says, but his schedule fits perfectly with what she wants. “When I’m working,” she says, “I want to know I can come home, have sex and go to bed.”

She’s another happy user among the many women who find Tinder a means to pursue libidinous whims in an easy and safe environment.

“The demand for it was always there,” says Hess of women’s craving for casual sex. “Now it just has a platform to reveal itself.”—*Jessica Ogilvie*





MATCH MAKER

• There's something striking about fine artist Joseph Martinez's small-scale nudes painted inside matchbook covers. The Denver-based artist manages to portray a great deal of beauty in a limited space. "I liked the idea of giving some sort of value to something that is usually disposed of or given away," he says. Martinez creates his eye-popping portraits without the use of a magnifying glass. "It takes a lot of patience. Knowing where to lay down the paint is a bit of a puzzle because there isn't much room to work with." Perhaps that explains Martinez's next move. "I've proven to myself that I can paint tiny, so maybe the next challenge is to go opposite and oversize it all."




BLOODY GOOD

THE SECRET TO THE PERFECT BLOODY MARY IS ALL IN THE SPICE

The world is full of abominable versions of the bloody mary festooned with a farmers market's worth of cilantro and baby corn. And they tend to taste like some boozy fusion gazpacho instead of a nuanced 21st century cocktail. Jim Meehan, co-owner of New York's legendary bar PDT, and Lior Lev Sercarz, who custom blends spices for restaurants such as Le Bernardin, have joined forces to create a simple and delicious corrective: a collection of spice blends and recipes that play into the essential flavors of your favorite spirit. The recipe here is spiked with their La Boîte B-Mary spice blend, made with *pimentón* and celery seed, which echoes the classic flavors of the original drink. Now put away that salad spinner and get drinking.

THE SPICE IS RIGHT

• New York's La Boîte is the go-to spice shop for chefs around the world. Its line of bloody mary spices includes a caraway-based blend for an aquavit variation and a tequila-ready chipotle-and-green-chili blend. Fifteen bucks buys enough spice to make 40 cocktails. (laboiteny.com)



LA BOÎTE BLOODY MARY

Ingredients

- 4 oz. tomato juice
- 1½ oz. vodka
- ¼ oz. lemon juice
- ¼ oz. lime juice
- ¼ oz. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp. Gold's horseradish
- ½ tsp. B-Mary spice blend
- ¼ tsp. Cholula hot sauce

Prep

→ Add ingredients to mixing glass and fill with ice. Stir, then pour through strainer into chilled pint glass filled with ice. Garnish with celery stalk.



Discover
**THAT SOMETHING DIFFERENT
THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.**

CIGARETTES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



TASTE IT ALL

BUTTER UP

MAKE BUTTER BETTER (AND COOKING EASIER) BY ADDING BOLD INGREDIENTS TO THE MIX

• We know it sounds crazy, but butter can actually be improved upon. It's a simple and brilliant trick chefs call compound butter, and it couldn't be easier to pull off. Just mix a few awesome, full-flavored ingredients with a stick of butter, let it all chill, and then keep it in your fridge or freezer to deploy at will: Put a knob of chimichurri butter on a just-grilled steak and go gaucho; elevate a toaster waffle with maple bacon butter; tuck a few slices of citrus butter under the skin of a chicken breast and roast it. With these recipes, you'll get it down pat.

1. Sriracha Sambal Butter

• In a medium bowl, put one tablespoon sriracha, one tablespoon *sambal oelek* and one stick (half cup) room-temperature unsalted butter. Whisk until thoroughly combined. Place on a sheet of wax paper or plastic wrap, and roll into an approximately 1.5-inch-wide cylinder. Twist ends, wrap in foil and chill until solid. Slice as needed.

2. Spicy Citrus Butter

• In a medium bowl, put two teaspoons chopped orange zest, two teaspoons chopped lemon zest, two teaspoons chopped lime zest, two teaspoons red pepper flakes and one stick room-temperature unsalted butter. Salt to taste. Whisk until thoroughly combined. Roll and chill according to directions in first recipe.

3. Chimichurri Butter

• In a small saucepan over low heat, cook two chopped garlic cloves in two tablespoons olive oil until garlic is fragrant but not brown. Let cool. In a medium bowl, put olive oil-garlic mixture, one stick room-temperature unsalted butter, a quarter cup chopped cilantro, one tablespoon chopped parsley and two tablespoons fresh lemon juice. Add salt and pepper to taste. Whisk until thoroughly combined. Roll and chill according to directions in first recipe.

4. Bourbon Grape Butter

In a small saucepan over low heat, melt three tablespoons grape jam, a quarter stick room-temperature unsalted butter, one tablespoon bourbon and a few grinds of black pepper. Let cool. In a medium bowl, put jam-butter mixture and three-quarters stick room-temperature unsalted butter. Whisk until thoroughly combined. Roll and chill according to directions in first recipe.

5. Maple Bacon Butter

• Cook one slice bacon until crisp. Chop fine. Reserve bacon drippings. In a medium bowl, put butter, one stick room-temperature unsalted butter, one tablespoon maple syrup, one teaspoon brown sugar and one teaspoon reserved bacon drippings. Salt to taste. Whisk until thoroughly combined. Roll and chill according to directions in first recipe.





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BE YOUR **COMPASS.**

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TASTE IT ALL

PILOT SEASON

THIS FALL, STRAP ON AN AVIATOR WATCH FOR HIGH-FLYING STYLE

• Aviator watches are the confident man's timepiece of choice: They have a subdued masculine style and rugged good looks that are right at home in the dressed-down offices of today. These five watches run the gamut from solar powered to status statement.

1. Have a Ball

→ Tritium gas tubes offer perpetual illumination in low-light conditions. The canvas strap embodies understated masculine cool. Ball Engineer Master II, \$1,890

2. The Ion Has It

→ This low-key military-inspired field watch is outfitted with a sleek black ion-plated case. Szanto 1005, \$225

3. Super Fly

→ This impressive model from Breitling celebrates 30 years of the company's pilot chronograph. Breitling Chronomat 41 Airborne, \$8,050

4. Sun God

→ Oversize numbers and a solar-powered battery make this watch practical and tactical. Seiko Core Solar, \$795

5. Flight Plan

→ An elegant automatic watch that channels the timeless romance of flight. Oris Big Crown ProPilot, \$1,800



CIGARETTES

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CAMEL



TASTE IT ALL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

SEOUL POWER

WHERE TO GET DOWN IN SOUTH KOREA'S BOOMING METROPOLIS

• They call Korea the Land of Morning Calm, but in Seoul it can feel anything but. The city is a sprawling futuristic landscape of glass towers, neon lights and luxury shopping malls, populated by millions. Markets are open all night, along with sloppy karaoke bars, wholesale shopping complexes and 24-hour saunas for rebalancing your chi.

1. The Ballys Business Hotel Park Hyatt Seoul

• The best hotel in the city is the Park Hyatt Seoul, a Zen-like antidote to the video-game-worthy antics in the surrounding Gangnam neighborhood. The traditional hotel build is inverted here: The lobby is on the top floor, 24 stories up. Instead of a penthouse, it has an indoor infinity pool and sophisticated lobby lounge—both with insane views of the city.

2. Art Brag Leeum, Samsung Museum of Art

• With so much branding in commerce-obsessed Seoul, it's hard to keep track of what's what. Samsung and Hyundai dominate the naming game,

but don't let that deter you from the institution at hand: The Leeum (A) is Korea's premier art museum. The complex of buildings (including a black concrete box by Rem Koolhaas) houses an impressive collection of Korean art, both old-world and brand-new. Cafefinate at nearby Kafé Nordic (B), a bright yellow burst of Scandinavian design sensibility.

3. Blood on Your Hands Noryangjin Fish Market

• It helps if a local can haggle on your behalf at Noryangjin, a badass fish market



where little ladies in big rain boots manhandle exotic sea creatures. Use your best charades gestures to negotiate for king crab and salmon. A runner picks up your bounty and delivers it to the casual eatery upstairs, where you sit on the floor and wait for lunch to be prepared—sushi, sashimi and steamed crab with scissors (butcher as you please). Just when you think you're done, carcasses are cleared from the table, thrown into a pot and brought back to you as a bubbling fish stew. Tears of joy and spicy heat ensue. Order another round of ice-cold beer.

4. Shake Your Martini Maker: The Shilla Lounge

• A heavy liquor tax makes imported

booze wildly expensive, so make sure there's an element of showmanship and spectacle to every cocktail you order. At Seoul's somewhat tucked-

away grand-dame Shilla hotel, the ingredients for a perfect martini are wheeled over to your seating area on a bar cart. A beautiful mixologist then very slowly and precisely measures, shakes or stirs the hell out of your gin and vermouth. It's well worth the price tag.

5. Night Crawl Gwangjang Market

• Gwangjang Market (C) is the best place to overin-

duge on pork and soju while making friends with drunk old men. *Ajum-mas* (hardworking Korean women) lord over the gritty makeshift stalls heaped with saucy meats, noodles and vegetables. Pull up a seat and point to mung bean pancakes, steamed dumplings, rice cakes and *gimbap* (addictive cigar-shaped sushi rolls stuffed with vegetables and meats).

6. Clublandia Luxury Noraebang and Ellui

• At some point in the evening, only two things seem reasonable: being the frontman of your own karaoke band at Luxury, a multi-story *noraebang* (singing room) that appears to have been designed by a coke-addled decorator from Vegas, or hitting Ellui (D), a.k.a. Asia Multiplex Club, where bands, DJs, bar-top dancers, strobe lights and bizarro-world celebrities fight for your attention. In over-the-top Seoul, the proper decision is: Do both. —Jeralyn Gerba





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THE BIG THREE

M IS FOR MONSTER! BMW UNLEASHES ITS ALL-NEW M3

Since it first appeared in 1987, BMW's M3 has proved a cult favorite, and with good reason. It's a refined four-seater for weekdays and a serious racetrack machine for weekends. BMW delivered a doozy with the fifth-gen M3 sedan (pictured), along with the newly monikered M4, a two-door coupe version. Gone is the V8 in favor of a lighter, three-liter in-line six (which has always been the soul of BMW), plus a pair of turbos. Outside, the car is as elegant as ever, aggressive yet understated. Power is up 11 horses, to 425,

weight is down (there's carbon fiber everywhere, from the roof to the hollow driveshaft), and torque is up 38 percent—enough to bounce your eyeballs off the back of your skull as you rocket from zero to 60 in 4.1 seconds. For our test-drive we hit one of the nation's fastest racetracks, Road America in Wisconsin, in the dumping rain. High speed rarely feels this sure-footed. For the price (\$63K and up), this is the ultimate weekend-warrior ride.



STATS

• BMW M3 (and M4)

Engine: three-liter twin-turbo I6

Horsepower: 425

Torque: 406 foot-pounds

Zero to 60: 4.1 sec.

MPG: 17 city/26 highway

Price: \$63K base



BATTERIES INCLUDED

FORMULA E ELECTRIC RACING TAKES OFF IN BEIJING



Plugged In

→ Formula E is the first open-wheel racing series of electric cars, but it comes with cred—it's sanctioned by FIA, the governing body behind Formula One.

Hit the Streets

→ Races will be held on city streets starting in Beijing on September 13, with nine more stops including Miami, Long Beach, Monte Carlo and London.

Power Surge

→ Run entirely on electricity, cars can hit speeds of more than 130 mph. When the batteries run out, drivers pit their cars and jump into ones with charged batteries.

Team Spirit

→ The 10 teams include Venturi Grand Prix (backed by Leonardo DiCaprio), Andretti Autosport and Audi Sport, plus several ex-Formula One drivers.

Tuned In

→ "It's going to be a true world championship," says Michael Andretti, head of Andretti Autosport. "It's about efficiency, green technology and speed."



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MOIST SNUFF



1 Kick Like Cristiano Ronaldo

→ Cristiano Ronaldo's "knuckleball" kick baffles goalies and physicists. The miCoach Smart Ball by Adidas (\$299, adidas.com) aims to bring out your inner knuckleball, tighten your shooting and sharpen

your long pass. The Bluetooth-enabled ball uses an iPhone app to record your performance data, including kick velocity and trajectory, and offers tutorials designed to replace your sorry toe kick with a power shot.



4 Swing Like Tiger Woods

→ Let technology save you from the sand trap. Swingbyte's golf sensor (\$169, swingbyte.com) clips to any club and relays analysis to any Android or iOS device. View a 360-degree rendering of your swing, along with stats from swing speed to the amount of clubface that connected with the ball. Pair it with your Google Glass and see the information immediately on your walk to the green.

2 Shoot Like Derrick Rose

→ Your three-pointer is better than you think. Wilson's Smart Basketball (\$TBD, wilson.com) can prove it. A built-in sensor detects made and missed shots and records distance and position, while a Bluetooth app maps your shooting percentages to show where you're hot and where you're not.

SMART SPORTS

WE CAN REBUILD YOU. WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY

• Don't let the dirty towels fool you. Today's sports-training facilities have evolved past the sweat factories of yesterday and into command centers where data on every swing, kick and shot are analyzed to make even the best athletes better. Now average Joes can elevate their game with Bluetooth, microchips and good old-fashioned sweat.



3 Serve Like Serena Williams

→ Tennis starts with the serve. Clip Zepp Labs' sensor (\$150, zepp.com) to the end of your racket handle and see a 3-D rendering of your serve on your smartphone or tablet. The evaluation includes such statis-

tics as racket speed, spin and backswing time, as well as an outline of where you made contact on the racket. Overlay two serves or compare your swing with a pro's to see how far you have to go.





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*WRITTEN BY
FRANK MILLER*



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CITY

TO KILL FOR

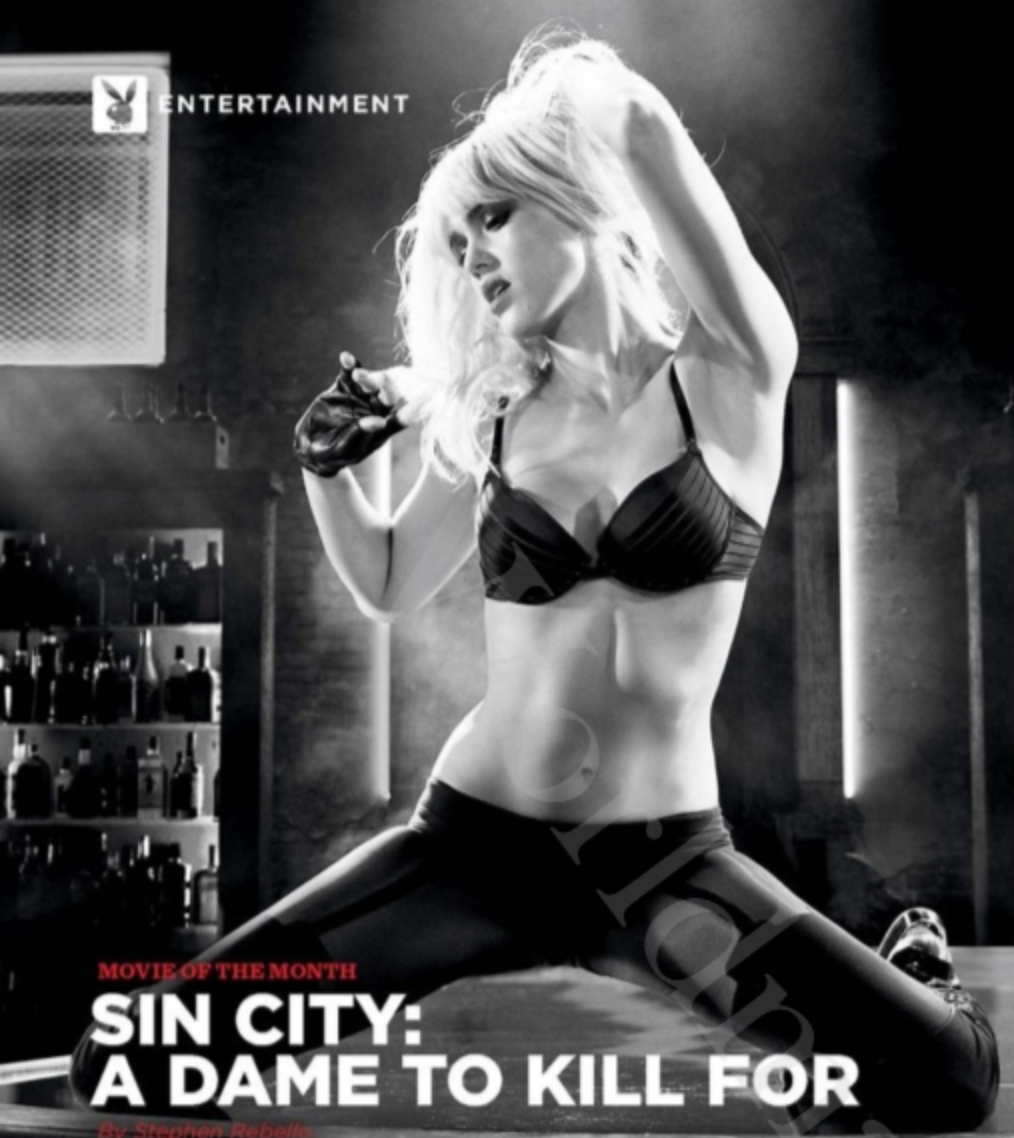
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AUGUST 22



MOVIE OF THE MONTH

SIN CITY: A DAME TO KILL FOR

By Stephen Rebell

Fans of femmes fatales, film noir-style tough talk and explosive violence have waited almost a decade for director Robert Rodriguez and comic book writer-artist Frank Miller (subject of this month's 20Q) to concoct a sequel to their ultrastylized *Sin City*. Consider that itch scratched with *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For*, co-directed by Rodriguez and Miller and featuring Josh Brolin, Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Mickey Rourke, Jessica Alba (above) and Rosario Dawson, along with Eva Green as the sexy

dame in question. The action takes place before and after the first movie, which allows Jaime King to reprise her roles as both the angelic hooker Goldie and her two-fisted twin, Wendy. "Robert and Frank have such vision and let the actors contribute so much that they create a kind of magic that's indescribable," says King. "So many actors and auteurs grew up loving that noir vibe and watching actors like Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis, but it blows your mind to find yourself making something like that."

BLU-RAY OF THE MONTH

NEIGHBORS

By Bryan Reesman



Sleep-deprived 30-something parents of a newborn baby, Mac (Seth Rogen) and Kelly Radner (Rose Byrne) wage war over the intolerable noise levels at the house next door, a boisterous frat led by the cocky Teddy Sanders (Zac Efron), in this R-rated comedy blockbuster. Both sides bring

their A-game to see who can win—and be the most immature. The escalating antics involve sexual manipulation, air-bag assaults, sex in the bushes, rowdy Robert De Niro parties and a dildo fight. The Radners' kid is too young to be scarred by the insanity, but raunchy-comedy enthusiasts will want more laughs as the movie goes way over the top. **Best extra:** a set tour with Dave Franco and Christopher Mintz-Plasse. **W 1/2**

TEASE FRAME

Whitney Able

→ Whitney Able busted out in *All the Boys Love Mandy Lane* (pictured) and now appears in *A Walk Among the Tombstones*.



ON THE BRINK

Luke Wilson is surrounded by characters who can't cope in *The Skeleton Twins*

PLAYBOY: In *The Skeleton Twins*, you're a husband caught between suicidal siblings played by Kristen Wiig and Bill Hader. How does it feel to be compared to "a big Labrador retriever"?

WILSON: If I didn't

have confidence in the person I was acting opposite, playing what my parents would call a dolt could have been boring. Kristen is so funny and smart that even when she's not "doing anything" in a

scene, she gives it energy because of how interesting she is. The same is true with Bill.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that audiences will go to see *The Skeleton Twins* and expect to double over laughing because of the cast?

WILSON: I didn't worry about myself in that respect, even when I was doing scenes that

I thought were heavy. But that's because the actors are so good, it felt like life—not like someone doing a character. Because comedians make you laugh, you feel close to them. When they do something dramatic, they have the ability to pull you in just a little more than another kind of actor. They get to you.—S.R.

MUST-WATCH FALL TV

By Josef Adalian

BLACK-ISH ABC

• ABC's latest post-*Modern Family* sitcom telegraphs its premise in the title: Anthony Anderson is a corporate climber worried he's led his family too far from their African American heritage. (His son's demand for

a bar mitzvah doesn't help.) *Black-ish* is more interested in laughs than identity politics, however, with Anderson and co-star Tracee Ellis Ross completely charming as standard-issue sitcom parents.



The Roosevelts PBS

→ *While FDR and Teddy have been well examined, Ken Burns's latest distinguishes itself by telling the interconnected personal stories of both presidents and Eleanor. Burns is reason enough to watch, but here are three more: Meryl Streep, Paul Giamatti and Edward Herrmann, who voice these historic icons. It's 14 hours, so clear some DVR space.*

MADAM SECRETARY CBS

• *The Good Wife* goes to D.C., with Téa Leoni as a CIA agent turned professor turned accidental secretary of state. Ridiculous? Sort of. But Leoni's presence makes things believable. Despite a slow



start, a strong supporting cast led by Bebe Neuwirth hints at deeper (and soapier) things to come.

CONSTANTINE NBC

• Another newcomer based on a DC Comics franchise, NBC's effort is far sillier than *The Flash*. Our titular hero is a smartass demon hunter fighting to save his own soul. But like last year's *Sleepy Hollow*, this show owns its cray-cray. It could be campy Friday fun.



The Comeback HBO

→ *This 2005 satire about a struggling Hollywood has-been (Lisa Kudrow) was little seen when it originally aired, leading to a rare early cancellation by HBO. But having since attained cult status, Kudrow's alter ego is getting another shot at redemption (and likely humorous humiliation) via a six-episode second season. Better this than a *Friends* reunion.*

TRANSPORTER TNT

• Jason Statham is nowhere near this TV version of Luc Besson's feature-film thrill ride. Instead, this European-produced action show, filled with fast cars and heavy artillery, gives us *Prison Break* alum Chris Vance as a one-man FedEx who travels the globe carrying all manner of illicit cargo. Summer movie season is over, but there's still mindless fun to be found on TV.



GRACEPOINT FOX

• Adapted from the acclaimed U.K. drama *Broadchurch*, this "event" series achingly explores a small town's unfurling after a young boy's killing. David Tennant and *Breaking Bad*'s Anna Gunn are the cops on the case, but it's the suspects, including those played by Nick Nolte and Jacki Weaver, who promise to make things interesting.



The Flash CW

→ *The CW is quickly earning a rep for turning out really good shows based on comics, and this one—a nerd is suddenly blessed with lightning speed and rock-hard abs—doesn't disappoint. Unlike *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, *The Flash* is fresh, funny and free from the burden of worrying about how its story lines might impact a more "important" movie franchise. One of fall's best.*



MUSIC Q&A

WIZ KHALIFA

By Rob Tannenbaum

Q: Your new record is called *Blacc Hollywood*. What does the title represent?

A: I chose "Hollywood" because it's where people's minds go when they think of success. I wanted to spin on that and add the "blacc" part, because it makes whatever Hollywood is—it's the film kids who start out with a passion and the fashion kids who start out with no knowledge. So it's really just taking ownership of Hollywood and making it ours.

Q: At the NFL draft this year, Justin Gilbert picked your song "We Dem Boyz" as his walk-up music when the Cleveland Browns drafted him. Are you rooting for the Browns now?

A: Yeah. Anybody who supports Wiz Khalifa, we'll support right back.

Q: But you're from Pittsburgh. When your Steelers play Cleveland, are you going to root for the Browns?

A: Come on, man. That'll never happen.

Q: A lot of your songs are about weed, and a weed company named a strain after you: Khalifa Kush. How did that come about?

A: The marijuana industry is booming right now because it's being legalized as a business. It's that, plus the powers that I have, not only with branding but smoking only the best. I'm kind of the spokesperson now.

Q: Do you get royalties when people smoke Khalifa Kush?

A: Yeah. And it's pretty strong, I'll tell you that much.

Q: What was the last concert you saw that was at a level you'd like to match?

A: I went to a Billy Joel show at the Hollywood Bowl. That was really good. He's a fun dude to watch—a rock star, like me.

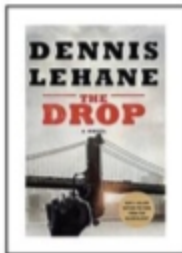
Q: So can we call you the rap game Billy Joel?

A: Yeah, you could say that. Thanks for the nickname.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE DROP

By Cat Auer



• Dennis Lehane's latest Boston tale skates across the black ice of a cruel winter in fictional East Buckingham. By all appearances

a pushover, Bob Saginowski keeps the wider world at arm's length, tending bar at Cousin Marv's, repenting his sins at Saint Dom's and keeping a secret he can't forgive himself for. One day Bob rescues a near-dead dog that makes him forget his past and meets a blonde who makes him dream about the future. A dangerous ex-con

threatens to take away both, and Bob must decide what's worth fighting for. Underworld vignettes—Chechen thugs drilling a man's foot, bagmen depositing cash at Marv's (the "drop"), a fiery shootout and fumbled heroin heist—show Lehane at his best. A film based on the book hits theaters this month. **★★★★**

GAME OF THE MONTH

DESTINY

By Jason Buhrmester

• The first new game from the creators of *Halo* opens with the universe being destroyed. How's that for a fresh start? Humanity's problems began after a mysterious entity called the Traveler helped us colonize across the universe until our new friend's enemies arrived and wiped it all out. Even in tatters, the world of *Destiny* (360, PS3, PS4, Xbox One) is more alive than *Halo* ever was, from sci-fi megacities to the remnants of a Mars colony buried under



sand dunes, all populated with four-armed aliens and zombie-like creatures. Survival means teaming up with other players, and *Destiny's* gameplay blurs the lines between single and multiplayer as you join fellow adventurers or go it alone. It's gaming's new frontier. **★★★★**

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Cooperstown, N.Y.

The National Baseball Hall of Fame and the U.S. Mint have just released the **FIRST EVER curved** American coin. This legal tender half dollar has been struck to honor the 75th anniversary of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.

First Ever Curved American Coin

The coin's curved design is a first in American history. The outward curving 'tails' side of the coin depicts a baseball—complete with intricate stitching. The inward curving 'heads' side of the half dollar reveals a classic leather baseball glove, with the curve perfectly reflecting the natural shape of a weathered and well-loved baseball mitt. Among the celebrity judges who selected this **FIRST EVER** curved design were Hall of Famers Joe Morgan, Brooks Robinson, Ozzie Smith, Don Sutton, and Dave Winfield. The curved design is like nothing you have ever seen before. You won't believe it when you hold it!

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face it

80%



Percent of Facebook users who will drop the social network by 2017, according to Princeton researchers.

R U SERIOUS?

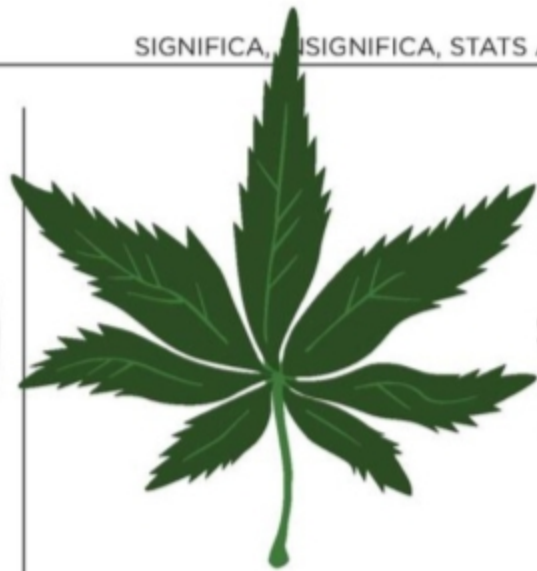
The state with the stiffest maximum penalty for texting while driving: Alaska, **\$10,000** fine and one year in jail

Most lenient penalty: California, **\$20** fine

Average penalty in the U.S.: **\$100**



Price of 720-milliliter bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon 1844, on sale exclusively in China:



As a result of ongoing legalization in the U.S., a kilogram of Mexican marijuana has dropped in price from **\$100** to **\$25** over the past five years, according to *The Washington Post*.



40%

Percent of their time people devote to talking about themselves, which was found to be just as pleasurable as eating or having sex.

According to FiveThirtyEight.com, only

5%

of Americans prefer their steak **rare**,

compared with **8%**

who prefer their steak **well-done**, which, in our opinion, is a national tragedy.



Rude sales associates drive up business at high-end retailers, according to a University of British Columbia study. Researchers found



that customers who are treated poorly have an increased desire to own luxury products, an effect similar to aspiring to join an "in-group" in high school.

All in a Name



Researchers in the U.K. and Ireland asked participants to read and rank a written passage credited to a fake author with either zero, one, two or three middle initials. Those with three initials were rated more than **19%** higher in "perceived status" and **14%** higher in "expected intellectual capacity"—but **8%** lower in athletic skill—than those without initials.



SHEET SCIENCE

Couples who spend extra time cuddling after sex reported feeling more satisfied with their sex lives and their relationships, according to a study by the University of Toronto Mississauga.

PRICE OF REDEMPTION

\$5K

Amount Stephen King was paid for the film rights to his novella *Rita Hayworth and Shawshank Redemption*

Amount the movie *The Shawshank Redemption* grossed at the U.S. box office:

\$28M



151 HOURS

Amount of TV airtime *The Shawshank Redemption* accounted for last year

Number of basic cable channels that have aired the movie since 1997:

15



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FORGET THE PALEO DIET. WHEN IT COMES TO FOOD, IT'S TIME TO CELEBRATE PROGRESS

The two most important aspects of a diet are that it makes you lose weight and that you can spend a lot of time talking about it. And as a guy, that really limits your options, since most diets are too embarrassing to tell other people about. You can't tell your buddies at halftime that you've been feeling totally pumped from the Beverly Hills Diet. You can't yell, "Bro, I am pulling dimes thanks to these *Sugar Busters* books!"

That's why the paleo diet appeals to dudes. You can feel comfortable talking about it, and not because you're chowing on meat (thanks to the fact that you have to cut out grains, beans, potatoes, dairy and sugar). It's because you get to pretend you're acting like a Paleolithic man, who existed not only before agriculture but also before all these sissifying laws, technology and written languages. Paleolithic man hunted woolly mammoths, used stone tools, traveled nomadically, settled disputes by eye gouging and didn't have to study history, since he was prehistoric.

It's fun to look down on the soft, lazy modern diet with its unnecessary dependence on growing things. Our bodies, the paleo dieters explain, were designed to eat only what we can hunt or gather, which is how humans lived for their first 185,000 years, until they learned to plant crops a mere 15,000 years ago. And cavemen were in great shape, according to scientists who study things by watching that movie with Raquel Welch wearing a fur bikini.

There are a few problems with this diet. First of all, I've seen skeletons and mummies of ancient men, and not one of them looks as if he could have

played on a decent high school basketball team, much less banged Raquel Welch in 1966. Not one Centerfold in this magazine has ever listed under her turn-ons "short, hairy, smelly men who will never own a home."

Second, gorging on meat isn't at all how ancient man ate. Here's precisely what our ancestors ate, according to science: whatever the fuck they could find. Since they didn't have refrigerators, they'd devour meat when they were lucky enough to find it and spend the rest of the time digging up weird mushrooms, getting really high and not being able to eat Doritos. Most Paleolithic humans called their diet "starving to death."

BY JOEL STEIN

I also know our ancient forefathers didn't have access to flaxseed oil—which the paleo diet recommends—because not even our regular fathers had access to flaxseed oil. I know early *Homo sapiens* didn't eat Paleo Bread™, and they definitely didn't buy their Paleo Bread™ in coconut or almond flavors. I know this because if a caveman used the phrase *gluten free* he would have been bludgeoned to death with stone tools. He also didn't subscribe to *Paleo Magazine*, with its cover line announcing a "Not'Meal Cookies" recipe, or subscribe to the *Livin' La Vida Low-Carb Show* podcast. Paleolithic man also bludgeoned people to death for making puns. Paleolithic man spent a lot of his time bludgeoning.

Paleo dieters claim that the postagricultural diet—which saves us about 23 hours a day in foraging and hunting, most of which we squander on creat-

ing inane diets—causes illnesses of affluence such as diabetes, asthma, heart disease and cancer. But I would argue the reason ancient man didn't get these diseases was because he died before the age of 50. He was also free of the diseases of farting in public and sending joke e-mails, but it wasn't because he shunned legumes.

People who believe in the paleo diet are idiots who have never read Darwin—unlike me, a smart person who has never read Darwin. Nevertheless, I still know our bodies are nothing like Paleolithic man's. We now have totally different bacteria in our guts, which have developed to digest the huge variety of interesting, nutritious foods we've cultivated, such as the modern varieties of corn, bananas and tomatoes that people eat on the paleo diet but our ancestors didn't have. Progress has, in nearly every case besides Facebook, made our lives longer, easier and more fun. If we let the smug, back-to-nature, antiprogress hippies convince us to eat like a person from 200,000 years ago, before we know it they'll have us jerking off to cave paintings.

Paleolithic man was miserable, cold, desperate, sick and stupid. But he wasn't so stupid that he would have turned down pasta. I get that we've gained weight because of processed foods. So eat less. But don't make a big deal out of it and turn it into a philosophy romanticizing a simpler time. Stop worrying about our species ending from carbs and start worrying about it ending because no woman is going to breed with a guy who lists all the things he's not eating. You want to go on a manly ancient diet? Drink scotch and eat liver. It won't be any healthier, but it will at least take you a lot less time to talk about. ■





WEDDING PARTY!

BY HILARY WINSTON

FORGET THE FREE BOOZE AND STUPID DANCING. THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD REASON GUYS SHOULD SAY YES TO THAT WEDDING INVITE. WHY? BECAUSE IT'S NOT JUST THE BRIDE AND GROOM WHO SAY "I DO"

It's summer, which means it's once again wedding season. Wedding season can be overwhelming, especially when *second* weddings start coming around. And between the travel and the gifts (yes, you still have to buy a gift for the second wedding), it can get expensive. Weddings take up weekends when you could otherwise be enjoying the great outdoors (golf) or the great indoors (golf on Xbox). But if you're a single dude who likes to hook up with no strings attached, I'm here to tell you why you should never pass up a wedding invitation.

To begin with, no couple thinks a single dude is going to buy them a wedding gift. They know your brain isn't wired to deal with stuff like that. And if you do buy a gift, it will be considered a miracle and you'll be deemed a hero for the duration of the marriage. "You know who got us this ice cream scoop? Sweetest guy ever!" So you're good on that. And travel expenses? Who cares? It's totally worth it once you get there, because as a single male guest you're almost guaranteed a hookup. That's right, guaranteed. Girls who wouldn't let you *buy* them a drink will let you get them a *free* drink. And girls who wouldn't let you come back to their place will be slipping you their hotel room number. Get even the proudest of prudes to a wedding and she'll be playing footsie under the table with the minister

if she has the right balance of appetizers and "Jeff Loves Christie" signature cocktails. Because weddings equal freedom for single women. They are sanctioned anything-goes free-for-alls. But why?

I once went home with a guy on our first date because I found out he'd attended elementary school in Palo Alto with my agent. That was all I needed for him to go from internet stranger to four-night stand. It was validation that he was safe, worthy and in my world. A wedding is *all* in your world. Everyone is vouched for, so women are willing to hang up their pesky female inhibitions for a few days. Now, I'm not selling out women, telling you their secrets so you can take advantage of them. Women *want* you to know this. There's a common misconception that women are just looking for husbands at weddings, that weddings are a good pool of "marriage material." Maybe they are, but what it really comes down to is women like to act like dudes every once in a while and hook up because it's, well, *fun*. Ladies just want a better story to go with it. Sleeping with the bouncer at her local bar because he gave her free wings during happy hour doesn't sound as good as making love under the stars with the groom's childhood best friend at a destination beach wedding. Even if in both situations she never sees the guy again.

At the start of the wedding weekend you may be strangers, random names on a seating chart, but women know that everyone on that chart made it through each cut of the wedding-invite list. They know there were fights in which either the bride or the groom had to defend his or her selection. "We have known each other since birth!" "I haven't talked to her in three years, but we're still really close!" "We killed someone together! He's the only one who knows my secret!" Those fights are often knockdown drag-outs, and women feel good they made the cut. "She's a writer! From L.A.! She'll probably buy us an expensive gift!" And they feel good about the other people who made the cut. Good enough to trade in their uptight "I don't think so" face for a too short, too tight, too expensive dress that may or may not still have the tags on it and go all-out. There will most likely be push-up bras, cute underwear, newly waxed lady bits and "fuck-me-because-you're-one-degree-of-separation-from-someone-I-know" pumps. Pumps she can safely wear because the often terrible walk of shame could be a quick elevator ride of shame back to her own room. Wedding weekends existed before Vegas weekends, but the idea is the same. Maybe you end up having a threesome with the bride's college roommate and the groom's law partner. No big deal. You simply got caught up in celebrating the happy couple's infectious (hopefully not really) love. It all seems respectable in the light of the farewell brunch the next day. Nothing to see. We're all friends of friends here.

So if you make the cut and get invited to a wedding, show up and do your part. Women don't always feel as sexually free as men. We have only a few weddings a season before we dust off our inhibitions and get back to the business of being serious and thoughtful about whom we sleep with. Don't rob us of a vacation from our sexual ethics. It's your duty, plus you know there will be cake. ■



Diamonds & Steel

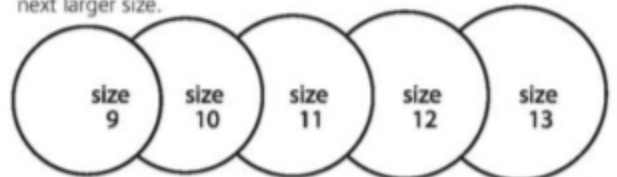
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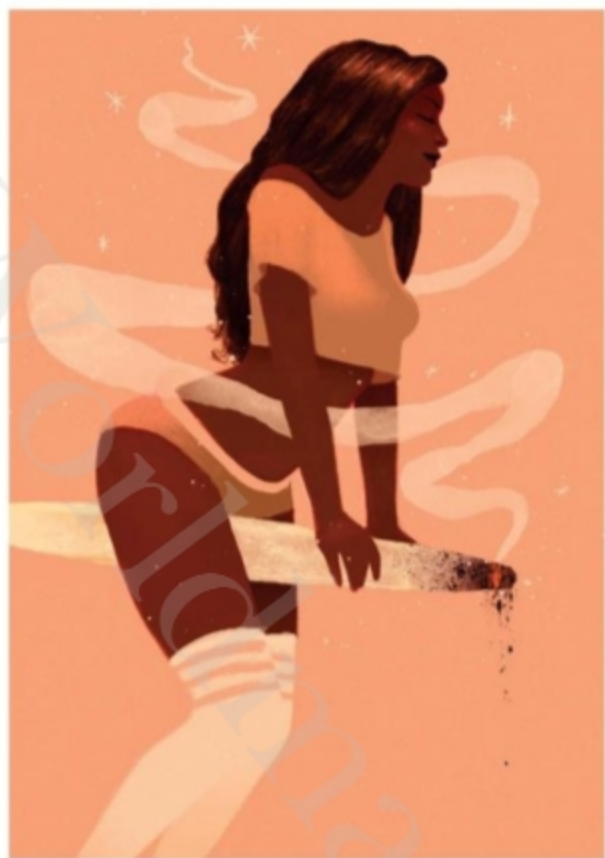
PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm a 35-year-old mother, and I love sex—I always have. I want it every day, all day. I was married and am now divorced, but sex is one area my ex-husband couldn't complain about. I now have a boyfriend to whom I'm extremely attracted. We used to get it on two or three times a day. We have been together three years, and now he wants it only once a week, if that. I sometimes wish I were a normal chick who didn't want sex all the time, but I do. I'm now in my prime, and frankly, I've worn out all my toys. Do you have any advice for how to approach this problem with my boyfriend? Is there a way not to come off as pushy but still say, "I need more sex, damn it"?—A.R., Des Moines, Iowa

"I need more sex, damn it!" is a perfectly reasonable way to start a conversation about your needs. Given how much sex you guys were having in the beginning of your relationship, it probably won't come as a surprise to your boyfriend that you're still game. Your problem is one of the most common for couples, from newbies to veterans, though the difference in sex drives is generally not as vast. A lot of couples find themselves with mismatched libidos after the thrill of the early days of their relationship diminishes. Assuming you and your boyfriend are close in age, and barring any underlying medical issues or depression, he should be able physically and mentally to give it to you more than once a week. If he's stressed, mildly depressed or preoccupied with work, you may find that spending more time in the sack is therapeutic for him, and the frequency may increase as he begins to see the benefit of your sexual healing.

I'm familiar with men having wet dreams but clueless as to whether a woman can experience the same kind of orgasmic dreams. In the past, more than one of my girlfriends, while in an apparent deep sleep, has awakened me with her heavy breathing, moaning or hip movements, sometimes coupled with her hand between her legs. Yet none of those girlfriends ever tried to wake me up, and they never mentioned anything the following morning. Were they truly having an orgasm?—R.N., Wichita Falls, Texas

Most likely, yes. Wet dreams, or nocturnal emissions, aren't purely a male phenomenon, and as with men, women don't need to be awake for it to be an actual orgasm. In the 1950s, Alfred Kinsey found that up to 40 percent of women surveyed had experienced



Does weed make people horny? If so, what strain should I use?—R.S., Toms River, New Jersey

If there were a surefire aphrodisiac out there, you'd know about it. Remember the Spanish fly? No? Because it didn't work. Weed, like chocolate and coffee, can help boost energy, but for a guaranteed libido enhancer, don't count on it. Weed's ability to intensify the moment can go either way: Some people become more relaxed, uninhibited and focused on their body and that of their partner; others become more anxious, self-conscious and withdrawn. According to two studies, roughly one third of participants reported that marijuana had no positive effect on libido. Heavy long-term marijuana use can lead to lower testosterone levels, which can in turn negatively affect libido. Sativas are often talked about as the best sex-enhancing strains of marijuana. But again, that's purely anecdotal. It appears to be all in the eye of the toker.

a dream-induced orgasm, and a more recent study produced the same statistic. But these women had actually woken up enough that they realized they were having an orgasm. Since orgasms can occur even while you're asleep, it's safe to assume instances of female wet dreams are even higher.

What's the deal with drop-crotch pants? I thought we all learned from MC Hammer that they're lame.—A.E., Detroit, Michigan

If you're referring to what some people 24

*years ago called Hammer pants, after rapper MC Hammer, the explanation is that most guys who wear them now were born after "U Can't Touch This" was a hit single on the Billboard charts, traumatizing a generation. All this goes a long way toward explaining why a youngster like Justin Bieber wears them. Admittedly, not all drop-crotch pants look like wardrobe rejects from *The King and I*, and indeed there are more subtle varieties out there. Still, they tend to be worn by the sort of guy who wears oversize tank tops with gaping arm holes and a cocktail-dress-length hem. We guess the logic is that if you're wearing a shirt that's the same length as a cocktail dress, you need to remind us you have something between your legs. Sure, you could argue these pants have some sort of ninja appeal, since the drop crotch can be considered less binding. But ninjas aren't supposed to be seen. We think they look like the bottom part of a baby's onesie and are best avoided. Don't worry. The trend will pass, and fast.*

I'm blind and travel throughout the U.S. for work, averaging more than 30 trips a year. I know my way around a number of airports, but if I'm in a city like Atlanta or Dallas-Fort Worth where the airports are huge, and I'm going from terminal to terminal (sometimes in a hurry), I will often request assistance from an airline employee to get from gate to gate. What I need is someone to act as a guide and read the signs. (One note to airline dudes: Stop trying to bring me a wheelchair. I'll never use it. Walking isn't my issue.) I usually give whoever helps me \$5 as a tip. This has been met with varying reactions, ranging from gratitude to "Um, okay." Is \$5 adequate? I assume I should be tipping these folks—it seems kind of obvious to me—but I'm writing you just to make sure, as the employees often seem surprised by the gesture.—D.W., Louisville, Kentucky

The fact that you're being offered wheelchairs leads us to believe the people taking you from gate to gate are not airline employees but employees of wheelchair service companies subcontracted by airlines to provide assistance to the elderly, the injured and others who need help getting from one part of the airport to another as safely and efficiently as possible. As with other service industries such as restaurants, taxis and the like, tipping is customary but not required. But unlike other services, airport assistance doesn't come with a fare or bill to use as a baseline to help you calculate your

tip. The industry-average pay for wheelchair assistants is close to minimum wage in most states. Five dollars is generally considered on the low end, by both wheelchair assistants and travelers who use them, while \$20 is the high end. When determining what to tip, take into account the quality of the service, the distance traveled and whether they helped you with your bags or anything else. Your situation is a bit different, as the assistant is not actually transporting you so much as escorting and navigating, so it's really about the time spent. It sounds as though you're covering some serious ground, so we would suggest going higher than \$5, if you can afford it. Of course, some people don't tip at all, because they either don't know the custom, are poor or are just jerks.

I have a fine art collection that I need to have appraised for insurance purposes. I'm also interested in downsizing my collection and selling some pieces. I was advised by a gallery manager I met on a business trip that I should have my collection appraised every five years because the increasing demand for the work of this particular artist results in continual price increases. Where can I find a reputable appraiser to review my collection and give me a value for it?—A.G., Waukesha, Wisconsin.

You need an appraiser who is not only reputable but a specialist in the type of art in your collection. You can find accredited appraisers trained in the "Uniform Standards of Professional Appraisal Practice" through the three main trade associations: the International Society of Appraisers, the Appraisers Association of America and the American Society of Appraisers. Their websites are easy to find and have search functions that allow users to look for accredited appraisers by region.

A few years ago I was given a beautiful flask that I put to good use in college. I'm now out of college and continue to put it to good use. Is there a proper way to keep the inside clean and in usable condition for years to come?—A.E., Champaign, Illinois

If, as it sounds, you're using your flask on a regular basis without any problems (for example, you're not picking flakes of dried bourbon out of your teeth), then it sounds as though your flask is in good condition. To keep it that way, don't leave spirits in it for more than a few days; otherwise the liquor will pick up metallic flavors. In between uses fill the flask with hot water, cap it, shake it vigorously and pour out the water. Let the flask drain upside down, open, until completely dry. Should the flask at any point start to taste or smell funny, fill it with distilled white vinegar, shake it vigorously and drain it. Then fill it with hot tap water, shake and drain again. With regular maintenance like this you'll be able to pass it down to your son.

My girlfriend and I have been dating for six years. For the past eight months I have contemplated ending it. I enjoy the time we spend together, we go well

together "after dark," and we share a lot of interests. But I'm only 25 years old and I can't help thinking I should experiment more. Every time I ask myself if she's "the one," I never answer with a definitive "yes." I just feel as though we're best friends with benefits, not husband-and-wife material. Should I try to talk to other women and see if we hit it off? In other words, should I try to date without any physical contact before possibly breaking up with my girlfriend? Should I just end it now, or should I go on a little longer to see if the attraction builds up again? There are one or two women I could see myself trying to date. I've been pretty flirtatious with them, but the whole dating scene scares me a little, because it has been a while. I just don't feel as attracted to my girlfriend as I feel I should be. I don't know what to do.—R.B., Dover, Delaware

By your assessment the relationship sounds like it has a lot going for it. But that mystery equation of "the one" should be there, at least in the beginning. Was that spark ever there, or has it always been lacking? Absolutely refrain from sneaking around to figure out if there are better options. Not only is it dishonest, but an affair will complicate a fair and measured assessment of your relationship. Some people who find themselves at a similar point with their partner break up and then get back together after playing the field and realizing how good they had it. But just as many people call it quits after arriving at such a point. It won't hurt to give the relationship a few more months, but any longer than that and you'll be doing both of you a disservice. "Best friends with benefits" is probably how a lot of happily married couples would describe their situation, but you're young enough to at least enjoy the extended honeymoon of a flourishing relationship. And don't worry too much about jumping back into the dating scene—at 25 you have many more prime dating years ahead of you should you decide to end it.

Are female bodybuilders better in bed than the average woman? I find female bodybuilders to be extremely sexy. I read somewhere that they may be more sexually aggressive and have more sensitive vaginas. I find other women attractive as well, but to me bodybuilders are so incredibly sexy that the average lady would be like a little girl compared with them.—C.B., Miami, Florida

There are no averages when it comes to one-on-one sexual experiences in the real world. The sexual aggression and genital sensitivity you mention are commonly held myths about the side effects of anabolic steroids, which can just as often have the opposite effect. We should also point out that not all bodybuilders, female or otherwise, use steroids.

I love using the second date to prepare a meal for the person I'm seeing, but I'm not a great cook. A dish that features pasta is easy, but opening a box

of rotini feels amateurish—and not very sexy. Without considering special diets, veganism or vegetarianism, can you suggest a perfect go-to, fail-safe entrée appropriate for such an occasion? I'm assuming any meal that can be cooked together is preferred.—S.S., Los Angeles, California

For the culinarily challenged, sometimes it's best to spend money on amazing ingredients that require minimal cooking skills. Call it capital-intensive cooking. One of the easiest and sexiest dishes you can cook is scallops with thyme brown butter and aged balsamic. Get six jumbo sea scallops (hand-harvested "diver" scallops are best, and U-10 is the ideal size, meaning there are approximately 10 per pound). Salt and pepper them, and then sear over medium-high heat in a little olive oil for about two minutes a side, and set aside. Put three tablespoons of unsalted butter and a tablespoon of fresh thyme in the pan and cook until lightly browned. Drizzle scallops with brown butter, then with aged balsamic. (Don't use the cheapo stuff; splurge on a \$45 bottle of Villa Manodori at eataly.com. This should get you through at least 15 second dates.) Serve with a crisp steel-tank chardonnay to balance the richness and to toast your date.

Recently I was invited to celebrate a friend's birthday at a bar where his roommate is employed. The roommate, who was tending bar that night, comped us four rounds of drinks—two rounds of shots and two rounds of Moscow mules. What is the proper etiquette when it comes to tipping bartenders who give you free drinks? Most times, I end up tipping more than I would have paid for the drinks at face value, which seems counterproductive. This also happened once when I didn't know the bartender—I ordered two drinks and he charged me for only one. In that case, I tipped 60 percent (\$4 on a \$6 tab), but it still seemed lousy and almost offensive, so I went back and handed him a \$5 bill.—W.K., Springfield, Illinois

In the latter case, you erred a little on the high side, paying \$15 for what would have cost you nearly \$15 had he charged you for the second drink and you tipped the standard 20 percent. When we're comped a drink, we don't see it so much as a free drink but as a graciously discounted one, so we tend to pay the price of the "free" drink minus the standard 20 percent tip. In the case of your friend's bartending roommate, you were what is called "friends of the house" in the hospitality business and got the royal treatment. In this situation we would still apply the face-value-minus-tip rule.

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



Global warming's real victims **Income inequality**



DESIGNATED SUFFERING

Why can't we do something about global warming?

BY CURTIS WHITE

Commentators, journalists and even—on exceptionally clear days—their audiences are now beginning to wonder why, as fatal environmental problems bear down on us and global warming threatens agriculture and our minimal ability to feed ourselves, the rich and powerful aren't more actively seeking to remedy the situation. Worse, why do they so often seem to want to do just the opposite of what is required?

This question is easy to answer if we understand the psychology of the capitalist. Easy and disturbing. The logic of capitalism acknowledges that there will be destructive consequences for its activities. Economists even have a name for this: negative externality. This is also

known as "externalizing cost" when it comes time for somebody other than the perpetrator to pay for the damage. It's a secular form of what generals call "collateral damage," which means the wrong person got blown up. Or one might say, "We didn't mean to destroy that river with coal ash. We were only pursuing private prosperity and personal happiness. In the meantime, we're glad to have someone else pay to fix it." But what do you do when it's not a river but the whole world that has been trashed? Are taxpayers

Are taxpayers going to have to pay for a new planet?

going to have to pay for a new planet? For the present, the oligarchs and their minions—the so-called one percent—are not missing anything. They're not stupid. If they choose to do nothing about looming global catastrophe, it's because

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ASK ILIJA

Does Ilija Trojanow have a listening device planted in my living room? His tongue-in-cheek assessment of privacy in the United States ("Ask Zelda," June) sounds like my side of the conversations I have with my less intrusion-wary friends and family. I get nowhere with my sarcastic arguments, and as Trojanow seems to have discovered, logic doesn't work either. People respond to impositions and inconveniences. They don't mind



the government spying on their itineraries, e-mails, phone calls and other personal details, but they take umbrage at having to wait in long security lines. It's absurd. How many freedoms do we have to waive before we say, "No more"?

Frank Anderson
San Jose, California

IT AIN'T EASY

In reference to Ishmael Reed's "Being a Man Is Easy?" (May), black actors have to take it on the chin for lack of black superhero movie roles. When Eddie Murphy



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was the biggest box-office draw in the world, he could have starred as a superhero. *The Green Hornet* movie was supposed to have been a vehicle for him, but it later became a hit for Seth Rogen instead. Halle



Berry's attempt at a superhero film, *Catwoman*, was a disaster—but she did look good in the costume.

Wes Pierce
Orlando, Florida

Are we supposed to feel sorry for Ishmael Reed? Someone in your office may want to alert him to the fact that life in the 21st century is not easy for most men, women and even children. Not even in America. Whining only makes things worse.

Jake Larson
Chicago, Illinois

SHORTAGE SHRIFT

The physician shortage is a nuanced problem ("The Doctor Is Out," May). Melba Newsome seems to make several assumptions about the "shorter careers" and "more time off" for female physicians but fails to cite sources. I'm a female physician who works in primary care and obstetrics. I work part-time, which means 40 to 45 hours a week, in stark contrast to the 80- to 100-hour weeks I put in during my residency and medical school training, which occupied more than 11 years of my life and put me almost \$200,000 in debt. Because I work "part-time" I am better rested and suffer less burnout than many physicians of the previous generation. Well-rested doctors make fewer mistakes and are better able to connect with patients. Because I spend time with my children, I

they don't want to do anything. And they don't want to do anything because the threat of destruction is, frankly, not persuasive to them. Those who benefit from capitalism understand that it has always depended on suffering, and they have confidence that if someone is to suffer it won't be them. "Let the songbirds suffer in my place," they say. "Or those fucking—what do they call them?—manatees? There are only about 10 of them left anyway. And, we admit, the miscellaneous poor will suffer, here and in those faraway countries, but why shouldn't they suffer? Look at them. They're rather good at it. Besides, the humans could use a little downsizing."

Pereat mundus, dum ego saluus sim. ("Let the world perish so long as I am safe.")

This insight is the key to understanding Congressman Paul Ryan's 2014 Republican budget proposal. It radically cuts all social welfare, especially for food and health care for the poor. Ryan's budget has the virtue of making it clear who

Wealth will be under no obligation to make sense in relation to the impoverished.



THE MANATEE: NATURE'S WHIPPING BOY.

the designated sufferers are to be.

The rich aren't missing anything. They get it. It's we who are clueless when we operate under the liberal delusion that no one should have to suffer, that we're all in this thing together and that once a danger is understood we'll take steps to protect our fellow citizens. We'll all pull together, politics stop at the shoreline, and all that palaver.

It's President Obama who is obtuse when he says of the critics of his health plan, "I have to admit, I don't get it. Why are folks working so hard for people not to have health insurance?" Folks? He speaks as if we were all just folks, as if the

grotesque social inequalities he talks so much about had no psychological reality. Anyone can see we are not one. Not even close. The Republican Party understands and accepts this; they are not "folks." They imagine themselves to be the winners, and they mean to keep it that way.

For those who will thrive in spite of climate disaster, the future will not be apocalyptic; in fact, it promises to be charming and magical. While "folks" worry about drought, flood, fire, food shortages and bankruptcy over medical bills, their betters can look forward to the coming marvel of virtual money, e-money, digital currency and Bitcoins galore. Disaster? Soon they'll be able to strap

on Oculus virtual-reality goggles, enter a Bloomingdale's simulacrum and lift wonders from the shelves while a silently grinding device in their purse or on their hip does the math on their purchases. And then in some far-off misty place—the Cloud, as they say—calculations and small deductions will be made (unless Russian hackers get there first and turn the digits into Mercedes-Benzes and swank Black Sea dachas). Finally, for their shopping convenience, Amazon will have their treasures air-dropped by a delivery drone.

I suppose the Mexican landscapers will have to start wearing hard hats.

If someone were to ask these privileged shoppers why they should be allowed to thrive while the planet burns, they will simply turn on their smartphones and open their electronic wallets. See? A thousand, a million, a billion, a gazillion. Now do you get it? As Chico Marx says in *The Cocoanuts*, "I gotta lotsa numbers."

Wealth will be under no obligation to make sense in relation to the impoverished and frightening hordes that swarm in the dystopian hinterlands. The e-bucks and other virtual currencies will have no objective value, not in gold, not in collateral and certainly not in the good faith and credit of the nation-state—which is now a bit player. But then virtual money is nothing new. Money has always been virtual, a fantasy legitimating the relationship between power and misery.

Is this where evolution has been heading for the past 2 million years? These self-destructive, vainglorious creatures are the "fittest"? The most dominant members of the most dominant species in the long history of life on Earth behaving like a perverse crow that gathers into its nest a treasure of shiny bottle caps, shreds of aluminum foil, a glass earring... and then shits on it? If this is so, then evolution may be a scientific fact, but it is a very bad idea. ■

Curtis White is author of The Science Delusion.



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can better relate to parents when questions come up regarding child rearing. I see about 80 patients a week—within the average range for both female and male primary care physicians in the U.S.—which gives me time to do the onerous but necessary paperwork. (Newsome fails to mention the increasing administrative burden placed on physicians that pulls us away from the bedside.) To better address patient access to care, perhaps we should focus less on blaming female physicians who choose to work “only” 40 hours a



ALL MEN ARE CREATED UNEQUAL

You'd expect Americans to be up in arms over income inequality. Why aren't they?

BY EDWARD TENNER

Why aren't Americans taking to the barricades over stagnant wages, rising inequality and declining social mobility? The reaction to Apple's purchase of Beats, a joint venture between producer Dr. Dre—who is becoming hip-hop's first billionaire—and recording entrepreneur Jimmy Iovine, may hold some clues.

The facts look daunting. Wages as a share of GDP have dropped significantly, from 49 percent in 2001 to 43.5 percent in 2012. The income of America's top 10 percent is now 16.5 times that of the bottom 10 percent—the highest of any major industrial nation. And while defenders of inequality could formerly point to the promise of opportunity that brought so many immigrants here (including Iovine's Italian ancestors), America has lagged behind not only Scandinavian nations but also Canada in terms of opportunity. Yet union organizing—important in most other advanced countries—remains stagnant. The Occupy movement has moved on.

The Occupy movement has moved on.

At first glance, the Apple-Beats deal seems to suggest that opportunity is alive and well in America. As a performer and producer, Dre (born Andre Young) is a classic dropout success story, undaunted by poor grades and racial prejudice. Iovine, a college dropout, is a Brooklyn native whose longshoreman father encouraged him at an early age.

Still, the music industry today is probably more unequal than ever before. The website Digital Music News recently reported that the top one percent of artists earn 77 percent of royalties—one of the most skewed distributions of any profession. Still worse, much of this inequality is due to luck and a head start in social media rather than music quality, according to research by Princeton sociologist Matthew Salganik and his colleagues.

Dre isn't just another hip-hop tycoon (Sean “Diddy” Combs and Shawn “Jay Z” Carter are each worth more than \$500 million); he may be an unintentional agent of inequality. Beats is Apple's most expensive acquisition, and Apple is counting on Dre's



week and instead emphasize the need for direct patient care. Newsome concludes that the cause of the coming doctor shortage is twofold: not enough doctors and doctors who don't work enough hours. Perhaps she could further examine why both male and female physicians are working less (issues with patient safety, work-life balance, burnout). Another salient point to address is the many physicians (usually male) who, instead of dedicating their careers to seeing underserved patients, choose to dedicate their work to enhancing models like the ones who grace your pages.

Name withheld on request
Olympia, Washington

A doctor will spend his or her 20s working 80-plus-hour workweeks as a resident and the next 10 to 15 years establishing a practice. This effectively forces a woman



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physician to choose not to have children, to have children during high-risk years or to have children during a time when her male counterparts can devote more time and effort to their profession. I believe Newsome's article is not meant to discourage women from achieving their dreams of becoming physicians. On the contrary, she provides real data for



women to consider when deciding on a career. Regardless of your gender, choosing to become a physician demands that you place career ahead of family during your 20s and 30s. For most of us, this time is devoted to raising a family. While this fact is true for all physicians, the costs are much more pronounced for women.

Mike Morran
Tampa, Florida

Newsome tells it like it is. Washington politicians continue to argue about insurance while doctors work dangerously long hours. We must continue to give educational opportunities to those most likely to work in our hospitals.

Raymond Joyner
Manchester, Connecticut

WHITHER WEATHER?

We are experiencing more and more intense, extreme weather around the world, so it is particularly interesting that global-warming deniers have been ramping up their game in an effort to deny the significant dangers caused by the vast release of carbon dioxide into our environment (*Reader Response*,

and Iovine's taste and technical expertise to build its own streaming platform. Companies such as Pandora and Spotify, which offer subscribers hundreds of thousands of songs for a monthly fee (or for free if they listen to advertising), have been challenging downloads as MP3s crowd out CDs. Composers and artists receive only a fraction of the cents per play that streaming companies pay to publishers. The result is artistic oligarchy. The "long tail" of opportunities for noncelebrities, hailed not long ago by some web gurus, may be a mirage. Hartwig Masuch, a rights-management executive, predicted in *The New York Times* in 2013 that "no artist will be able to survive to be professionals except those who have a significant live business, and that's very few."

Iovine may be the marketing wizard, but Dre is essential to the brand. Hip-hop, especially gangsta rap, helps explain Americans' ambivalence about inequality. Gangsta rap's violent materialism may be understood as a protest against the racism that created ghetto pathology, but it's also a message of radical personal empowerment that cuts across ethnic and class lines. Thirty-five years ago historian Christopher Lasch suggested in *The Culture of Narcissism* that whites were attracted to the violence and sexual language of the black ghetto because "black culture now



JIMMY CARTER TOLD THE NATION IN 1979 THERE WAS A "CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE."

speaks to a general condition...a widespread loss of confidence in the future." (Recall that President Jimmy Carter delivered his "malaise" speech on national television the same year, 1979.)

The real issue is deeper still and was noted by Alexis de Tocqueville in *Democracy in America*, first published here in 1838. The European, he wrote, was bound up by consciousness of his social class into relationships of dependency and patronage,

keenly aware of debts to his ancestors and responsibility to his descendants. Americans invented the new concept of individualism, the pursuit of a personal destiny that detaches ties to family and original friends. Individualism may be "mature and calm," Tocqueville acknowledged, but it risks degenerating into egotism, which he defined as "a passionate and exaggerated love of self." For such observations, Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* created the kind of

sensation in France that his countryman Thomas Piketty's *Capital in the 21st Century* did 175 years later in the U.S.—though the second is as worried about inequality as the first was worried about equality. Rap, especially gangsta rap, expresses a defiant individualism

that in good times reflects boundless aspiration and in troubled times masks anxiety.

The American frontier created the badass boasting hero. Two years before the U.S. edition of *Democracy in America*, the *Crockett Almanac* appeared, with David Crockett's supposed boast that he was a "real ring-tailed roarer of a jawbreaker." Crockett's contemporary, legendary keel-boater Mike Fink, was said to have called himself "half wild horse and half cock-eyed alligator." Some scholars believe the African American "sounding" tradition, a major source of rap, derives from this genre of boasting. If religion is the opiate of the masses, as Marx asserted, then flamboyant self-assertion is the stimulant.

Long before the gangsta rapper, American radical individualism helped create a new social type: the criminal dude. Al Capone, one of the most violent and notorious interwar gangsters, wanted above all to be known as a dandy. His preferred nickname was Snarky, which at the time meant "fashionably flashy" rather than "sarcastic." According to Capone biographer Jonathan Eig, "It is nearly impossible to find a photograph in which he is not the best-dressed man in the room, even when he was young and poor." *Esquire* lists Capone among the 75 best-dressed men of all time. The gangster, role model of the gangsta rapper, existed to stand out.

Even a film as moralizing as *Wall Street* could inspire rather than deter future masters of the universe. Austrian financier Michael Berger, now a fugitive convicted of fraud, was said to have modeled his clothing and haircut after Michael Douglas's character Gordon Gekko, whose unforgettable "greed is good" speech invites assent as much as repulsion. Gangsta rap is part of a heritage of honorable ruthlessness that has extreme inequality as its aim. It has been a long time since many people held Spartacus, the rebel slave of ancient Rome played by Douglas's father, Kirk, as a role model.

To critics like Lasch, the gangster cult

The American frontier created the badass boasting hero.



N.W.A. TO CEO: DR. DRE (TOP LEFT) HAS BECOME A FORCE IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

signifies narcissism and the decline of community spirit and social capital. But it's doubtful whether middle-class Americans have ever been deeply committed to equality or to sharing their good fortune. Nostalgia for solidarity obscures the racial inequality behind the New Deal's egalitarianism. Even at the height of the FDR era, the Home Owners' Loan Corporation institutionalized racial and income discrimination in support of the security of better-off property owners; for the first time, African American and poor white neighborhoods were formally redlined and became ineligible for federal assistance. In Washington, D.C., the expanding, largely white bureaucracy began to displace Georgetown's impoverished African Americans. And the revulsion against the rich in the 1930s had its limits. Hollywood rejected consciousness-raising themes in favor of mass fantasies of upper-class consumption, such as 1935's *Top Hat*. One of the best-selling books of the era was Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons*, which casts the ethics of America's Gilded Age industrialists in an unflattering light. Despite this, *The New Yorker* reported on a job applicant at a brokerage who declared that, having read the book, he wanted to become a robber baron himself.

That young man may have been de-

lusional, but his amoral ambition had a point. When John Steinbeck declared that Americans had resisted socialism because the poor saw themselves as "temporarily embarrassed millionaires," he was implying a character flaw. Yet psychologists have recently suggested that self-deception in certain contexts can be helpful. Shelley Taylor of UCLA, for example, has found that it can sometimes be healthy to disregard obstacles and the role of chance in life and instead exaggerate our ability to bend the world to our will—an attitude essential to the rapper (and probably every aspiring artist and athlete).

Today's headphones and earbuds are the sonic counterpart of Taylor's *Positive Illusions*, creating a realistic soundstage within the isolated brain. The boom boxes of the 1970s and 1980s may have been obnoxious to fellow pedestrians, but they established a community of sound, if often an unwilling one. Beats headphones have internalized the boom, making it possible for each of us to march independently to our own drummer.

Whoever or whatever is to blame, the dream of collective action against inequality appears moribund. The partnership of Dre and Iovine with Apple is closer to the creed of the signature 50 Cent album produced by Dr. Dre: *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*. ■

Edward Tenner is author of Our Own Devices: How Technology Remakes Humanity.

The gangster cult signifies the decline of community spirit.

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January/February). If you ask me, those who deny human culpability often employ nothing but jargon to justify ideas rife with vagueness and lacking credibility. The fact remains that 97 percent of actively publishing climate scientists are convinced of man's primary role in global warming.

Peter W. Johnson
Superior, Wisconsin

A TURNING POINT

Few opportunities offer true turning points—moments when you realize your life has gone in one direction but the person you wish to become is in a different direction entirely. Pregnancy is often described as one of these turning points. So too is incarceration. For thousands of women each year, these two realities collide when they find themselves pregnant and in prison. Rachel White ("Born to Lose," April) sheds light on this important issue and



describes one way to support this population. As White describes, prison doulas help women see themselves as mothers and not just as inmates. In doing so, the doulas play a powerful role in helping incarcerated women seize the opportunity to make a turning point in their lives. This work benefits mothers, their children and, ultimately, our society.

Rebecca Shlafer
Minneapolis, Minnesota


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES SPADER

A candid conversation with TV's engagingly enigmatic actor on why he loves creepy and intense roles and how he became the unlikeliest Marvel villain

Count on things to get exponentially more eccentric, intense and even perverse whenever James Spader is on-screen. Pick the role and the vehicle: The velvety-voiced actor, who has appeared in more than 40 films and starred on three popular TV series since 1983, brilliantly injects any scene with a brand of intelligence, menace and playfulness that is uniquely his own. As the sexually dysfunctional creep in director Steven Soderbergh's *Sex, Lies and Videotape* he made such a complex, compelling antihero that he copped the 1989 Cannes Film Festival's best actor award while still in his 20s. His gift for deep, dark comedy got a brilliant workout when he played a car-crash survivor who becomes aroused by other victims of highway mayhem in *Crash* in 1996 and again when he played the sexually voracious, S&M-loving boss in 2002's *Secretary*. He added a welcome dose of comic rascality to Steven Spielberg's 2012 Oscar-winning pageant *Lincoln*, nearly stealing the show as a flamboyantly dressed political operative.

But Spader's light and dark sides meshed most unforgettably during his one season on TV's *The Practice*, followed by five seasons playing the same character on *Boston Legal*. As a cocky, womanizing, ethically hazy attorney—a role for which he won three Emmys—he jousts epically with co-star William Shatner in one of the greatest relationships in TV history. Since pleading

his last case on the series finale in 2008, Spader spent a memorable year as Steve Carell's snide, toxic replacement on *The Office* and is now entering his second season as star of the runaway hit *The Blacklist*, on which he's insamely scary, hilarious and whip smart as one of the FBI's most wanted perps now helping the feds pursue a string of impossible-to-find villains. Spader will be seen next year making things tough for Robert Downey Jr., Mark Ruffalo, Chris Evans and other Marvel merry-makers in *Avengers: Age of Ultron*, the sequel to the third-biggest moneymaker in movie history.

Born James Todd Spader in 1960 to a pair of middle-class Massachusetts private-school teachers, Spader, the only boy and youngest of three siblings, was grabbed early by the urge to act. By his own admission a poor student, he ditched high school to head for Manhattan, where he studied acting while working odd jobs including shoveling horse manure at riding stables and mopping floors. There, he met Victoria Kheel when they were both teaching yoga. They married in 1987. With his petulant-preppy good looks, laser intelligence, breathtaking condescension and air of polymorphous perversity, it's no wonder he worked early and constantly on television. But during the gaudy apex of young Hollywood's hard-partying sex-and-drugs scene, Spader dodged a bullet, as chums Robert Downey Jr.

and Eric Stoltz might attest, by making a hard right turn out of the fast lane and settling down to raise two sons, Sebastian and Elijah, with his wife. The couple divorced in 2004. Today, Spader and his longtime companion, actress-sculptor Leslie Stefanson, with whom he made *Alien Hunter* in 2003, divide their time between New York and L.A. with their son, born in 2008.

PLAYBOY sent Stephen Rebello, who last interviewed Samuel L. Jackson, to catch up with Spader near London's posh Notting Hill, where the actor was staying during several months of filming the next *Avengers* installment. Says Rebello: "Spader emerged from a rain-spattered limo wearing a topcoat, a long scarf and a fedora pulled down to eyebrow level. He needn't have told me how difficult, let alone rare, it was for him to sit down, be photographed and talk in depth about his past, present and future. Both of us having survived childhoods in Massachusetts, where reticence and emotion-dodging are art forms, must have helped. His exhaustion after a season of *The Blacklist* and getting in and out of those tight Lycra performance-capture suits to play the villain in the new *Avengers* epic might have helped too. He was open, funny, bright, warm and even vulnerable."

PLAYBOY: You first caught the attention of moviegoers and critics by playing



"I'm ritualistic and habitual. I have an addictive personality. I love cooking, which I've done since I was a kid. It's calming for me. I don't sleep particularly well. If I wake up at night, everything inside turns on and won't stop."



"*The Blacklist* is this strange amalgamation of a serial and a procedural. But if you watch it every week, if you care to stay with it this season, there's also a much larger mythology to it. It has become something else."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORENZO AGIUS

"Our house was progressive and liberal. The bathroom doors were always left open, and half the time my mother would come out to the living room half-naked to make some announcement. My two sisters were the same, as was I."

off-kilter, sexually charged dandies and creeps. You're now entering year two on NBC's breakout hit *The Blacklist* as a glib, dangerous, formerly most-wanted criminal who helps the FBI trap diabolical master criminals. Do you ever tire of being cast as reprehensible characters or being described by the press as, for instance, "the strangest man on television"?

SPADER: A recent article called me that, and an NBC publicist who handles *The Blacklist* didn't like it at all. I had no problem with it. Funnily enough, my agent, whom I've been with for decades and who knows me well, had no problem with it either. I'm a great fan of all things strange, eccentric and idiosyncratic. Things never get strange enough for me.

PLAYBOY: That's a good thing, because *The Blacklist* has made people even more curious, not only about your career but also about what some see as your personal eccentricities. There are tales of you being such a perfectionist that you keep the show's writers on the phone for hours discussing the tiniest details of plot and character, even during vacations and holidays. Other stories claim you avoid seeing crew members eat and avoid socializing with fellow actors off camera. Do you think you're often cast as odd because of something essential to your nature, something the camera detects about your true self?

SPADER: That's an interesting question. I think certain qualities serve certain roles. When I started out in movies I seemed older than my years. Because you don't seem vulnerable, you can play someone who is confident and comfortable in ways actors who look younger can't. In the right context that can be somewhat startling, so you learn to play with it. I think in some of my earlier work I was sort of hiding, and that's why I played so many bad guys. I liked being hired to play somebody who was so different from me. If you're not actually a bad guy, just the fact that you're comfortable with certain things—such as, say, sexuality—means you can tap into things that others can't.

PLAYBOY: You tap into all those qualities and more on *The Blacklist*. Some TV critics have said you are almost the single reason the show has become a success.

SPADER: This has been one of the hardest years in my career—and it's been wonderful. Starting up a brand-new show is like opening a restaurant. In our case, it's as if two fellows in an African village decided they wanted to open an Italian restaurant and didn't know how to make Italian food. But what if they start to figure it out and everyone in the village and even the surrounding villages, God forbid, wants to show up and eat every meal there? That's what happened to us. A television show is your life. It swallows you whole and chews you up but refuses to spit you out. And on a brand-new television show, the writers don't know how

the fuck to write it yet. The actors don't know how the fuck to play it yet. The editors don't know how to edit it yet. Composers don't know how to compose it yet. The crew doesn't know how to shoot it yet. I work very hard on the show, and I'm lucky because it's a wonderful character who's great fun to play. I work closely with the people I make the show with. It's a lot of time spent when all of us might rather be spending time with our families or doing something else.

PLAYBOY: Are you happier with how things appear to be going this season?

SPADER: We're finding our way. I think people will see this season is different because we're able to play with things that make a better show, like story and character. We're not building a foundation anymore, which is what we spent last year doing. There are a lot of changes.

PLAYBOY: With those changes, what aspects of your character, the so-called Concierge of Crime, must you protect and defend?

*I'm a great fan
of all things
eccentric.
Things never
get strange
enough for me.*

SPADER: The balance of humor and drama and the element of surprise. When viewers respond well to a character, there's a natural tendency for them to say, "I want to know more. I want to know everything." But I say, "Well, you can't. It would ruin the character for you. You just must trust me in terms of that." That's hard, because you feel like you're patronizing, but I believe with all my heart that the best way to ruin this character is to tell too much about who and what he is. Part of that is a mystery. Just when you think you're getting comfortable, do not get comfortable. Just when you think you have him figured out and you know what the boundaries and safe places are, you're not safe. It's never safe. The character is a funny, weird mix of things. He seems like someone who'd be tremendous to spend time with—great fun, compelling and so on—but be careful. *I would be.*

PLAYBOY: Are you ever a mentor or cheerleader for your less experienced co-

stars, such as Megan Boone, who plays a rookie FBI profiler your character is fascinated by?

SPADER: I like working with the people I work with, and I like the writers I talk to. On our last day of filming last spring, I remember trying to thank the crew—the ones who had survived—and I said, "It's been a hard year. A lot of people have fallen away, but you are the people who stayed with it through tremendous effort, relentless resilience and fortitude. When David Mamet was doing a television drama called *The Unit*, he said making a film is like running a marathon, but making an hour-long TV drama is like running till you die."

PLAYBOY: What twists can viewers expect this season?

SPADER: The show is this strange amalgamation of a serial and a procedural. But if you watch it every week, if you care to stay with it this season, there's also a much larger mythology to it. It has become something else. Our final episode last season was successful in that it didn't say, "Here's what you've seen this past year, and now we're tying it up for you," or "Here's what *The Blacklist* is going to be next season." Instead, it was really a door being thrown open pretty hard, and this season we're charging through that door. By the end of the season, I was tired, tired, tired. Just weeks after we finished, I started working on *Avengers: Age of Ultron*, and I must say I got rejuvenated. I also found that I missed my *Blacklist* character a lot.

PLAYBOY: Before we talk about your big debut next year as the supervillain in a huge Marvel Comics movie, among many other topics, were you into movies and comic books as a kid growing up in the late 1960s and 1970s in Andover, Massachusetts?

SPADER: There wasn't a great deal of extraneous income in our household. I had two older sisters. My parents were teachers, and I grew up on a boarding-school campus, Brooks School in Andover, where my father taught English. My mother taught art at another school. The TVs we had were black-and-white hand-me-downs, and the three or four stations came in only if you were holding one of the antennae yourself, thereby turning yourself into an antenna. The first real movies I saw were through a film club at Brooks. We watched great films from the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s, like *The Third Man* and Humphrey Bogart movies. Charles Laughton in *Hobson's Choice*, Bogart—those were the actors I liked best. I caught up later with all the great movies that were being made in the 1960s and 1970s.

PLAYBOY: What do you most remember about yourself back then?

SPADER: I disrupted class a lot. I was a terrible student. Around the age of 10 I started to make money any way I could—running errands, babysitting, anything.

Work, for me, was a necessity, so anything that wasn't nailed down, I sold. A can of anything in the freezer that you could mix with water I'd put on a table in front of our house and sell. I even did one issue of a campus newspaper, with national headlines like the Kent State shooting, campus news, some sports, local stories and drawings I did. As a kid I'd buy candy, but when I was 16 and 17, I was a pot-smoking hippie. If I wanted to buy pot or needed gas money for my old blue VW bug that was so rusted out you could see right through the floorboards, I worked. But I was undisciplined. I showed up late and wound up mostly talking to whoever was next to me.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents deal with this pot-smoking, undisciplined, disruptive son?

SPADER: Both my parents are gone now, but in their passing I was able to see how lucky I was that they truly loved and cherished their children and did the absolute best they could. My father ran the dormitory where I lived, and he was so incredibly respectful, forthright and eminently fair. He assumed the best in others. Kids who had gotten into trouble in every other dormitory on campus would come to this dorm and be respectful of him in turn. That doesn't mean kids weren't up in their rooms dropping acid, but they weren't wrecking the place, throwing parties with 50 people. My father would always knock and never burst in on anybody. That's how he treated me too.

PLAYBOY: Did you play sports?

SPADER: I'm very well coordinated but have absolutely no interest in sports. I was a tremendous tree climber, with great balance and a great strength-to-size ratio, and I was always the fastest in our games of capture the flag, things like that. But organized sports, teams, locker rooms and all the rest of that crap, I just had no interest in. My father was a tremendous athlete, though.

PLAYBOY: Did your lack of interest in organized sports disappoint him?

SPADER: The loveliest thing was that you couldn't disappoint him. I was his son and he wasn't disappointed. My mother was very gregarious, but he was testy, moody and very remote. He was incredibly shy and in many ways inaccessible, spending a lot of time in the cellar working on carpentry and taking a lot of long walks by himself. We'd throw the ball and take walks through the woods and down by the lake—activities where he would not have to make conversation, while I'd be talking incessantly, making up stories, asking him questions that he patiently answered. But often the sum total of the conversation from his end might be, "Yeah. *Hmmm.*"

PLAYBOY: In what ways would you rather not be like him?

SPADER: He was terrible—and I'm the same—in that my mother could not let

him have a dollar in his pocket. Down to the last dime, it would be gone. He'd give it away, buy everyone ice cream or whatever it was. He'd spend every cent he ever had. For instance, he loved fishing, but he had more fishing rods than he ever needed, even if he used every one of them. He also clearly had certain obsessive-compulsive issues. He was always on task and had to finish one task before he could get to the next. I have a lot of similarities with him.

PLAYBOY: You have obsessive-compulsive issues of your own?

SPADER: I'm ritualistic and habitual. I have an addictive personality. I love cooking, which I've done since I was a kid. That's very methodical. It requires focus and yet allows for extrapolation or improvisation and spontaneity. It's also calming for me. I don't sleep particularly well. If I wake up at night, everything inside turns on instantly and won't stop. There's a compulsion to address things. I just can't let them fester or get pushed under the rug.

I disrupted class a lot. I was a terrible student. I was a pot-smoking hippie.

I have to tie it up tightly in a box, throw it right out the fucking window into a river and let it sink to the bottom.

PLAYBOY: How do these characteristics play out on the set?

SPADER: Well, there are advantages in terms of the job I have because acting demands focus and concentration. A disadvantage is that I'm not a multitasker. I work in a freelance business. Therefore, it is part of my job to demand all the respect and all the parameters and boundaries I need. Because you're getting together with people who don't know you and have never worked with you, you have to establish that up front and be very forthright and forthcoming about it. That way, you're not throwing something unexpected at anybody later.

PLAYBOY: Has any of this ever been interpreted as bad behavior or diva behavior by your co-workers?

SPADER: Television shows do not suffer fools or assholes. They get weeded out quickly. Bad behavior is when you're

way down the road and all of a sudden somebody sets the ground rules for who they are and how they work. That's not acceptable as far as I'm concerned. That's why I say you have to demand that sort of respect right away, right up front. If you do that, then you have to give back just as much respect. Everyone else's job is just as important as yours. I work well with everyone. I'm not a believer that good work comes out of antagonism, fear and punishment, but I think it can come out of discourse and argument, so long as you're open, communicative, honest and able to listen to what others' needs are.

PLAYBOY: You said your father found it hard to hold on to his money. What do you blow your money on?

SPADER: I buy records, and I have a lot of hats. But I wear a hat every day, so they all get used.

PLAYBOY: What's a lot?

SPADER: I don't know. They don't all travel with me. I have a couple of houses; like we're here in London, then I have an apartment in New York, a house in Los Angeles and so on. They all serve different purposes. I have tall hats for colder weather; I have straw for summer. I guess when you run out of room, it's time to stop buying records. At least I haven't run out of room yet. They're stacked everywhere.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about vinyl albums.

SPADER: I like the whole process. I like to get the record out. I like the way a turntable looks. I like to watch it work as the record plays. I like to read the liner notes when I listen to a record. I don't understand what else people do if they're listening to a record. I love jazz and have buckets—no, boatloads—of jazz. I love blues, classical and a lot of world music. I have a friend in a Los Angeles record store who educates me, takes me through the stacks and funnels me a lot of Cuban and Latin music that I love.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to salsa clubs in L.A., New York or Miami?

SPADER: No, no, no. One of my great passions is going to hear live music, but I don't go to clubs. I've never been comfortable socializing in groups. I like to travel, walk through a city and go to museums and galleries. Even now, there's never boys' night out for me, no poker games or stuff like that. I generally socialize with people one-on-one or in small groups. How did we get off on this topic?

PLAYBOY: It started with talking about traits you wish you hadn't inherited from your father. How did you come by your attitudes toward sex?

SPADER: Our house was very progressive and very liberal. The bathroom doors were always left open, and half the time my mother would come out to the living room half-naked to make some announcement. My two sisters certainly were the