

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 2015

The Interview
DICK CHENEY

A FIERY DISCUSSION
WITH THE MOST
POWERFUL VICE
PRESIDENT
IN HISTORY

INSIDE THE
DARK WORLD
OF THE

Deep Web



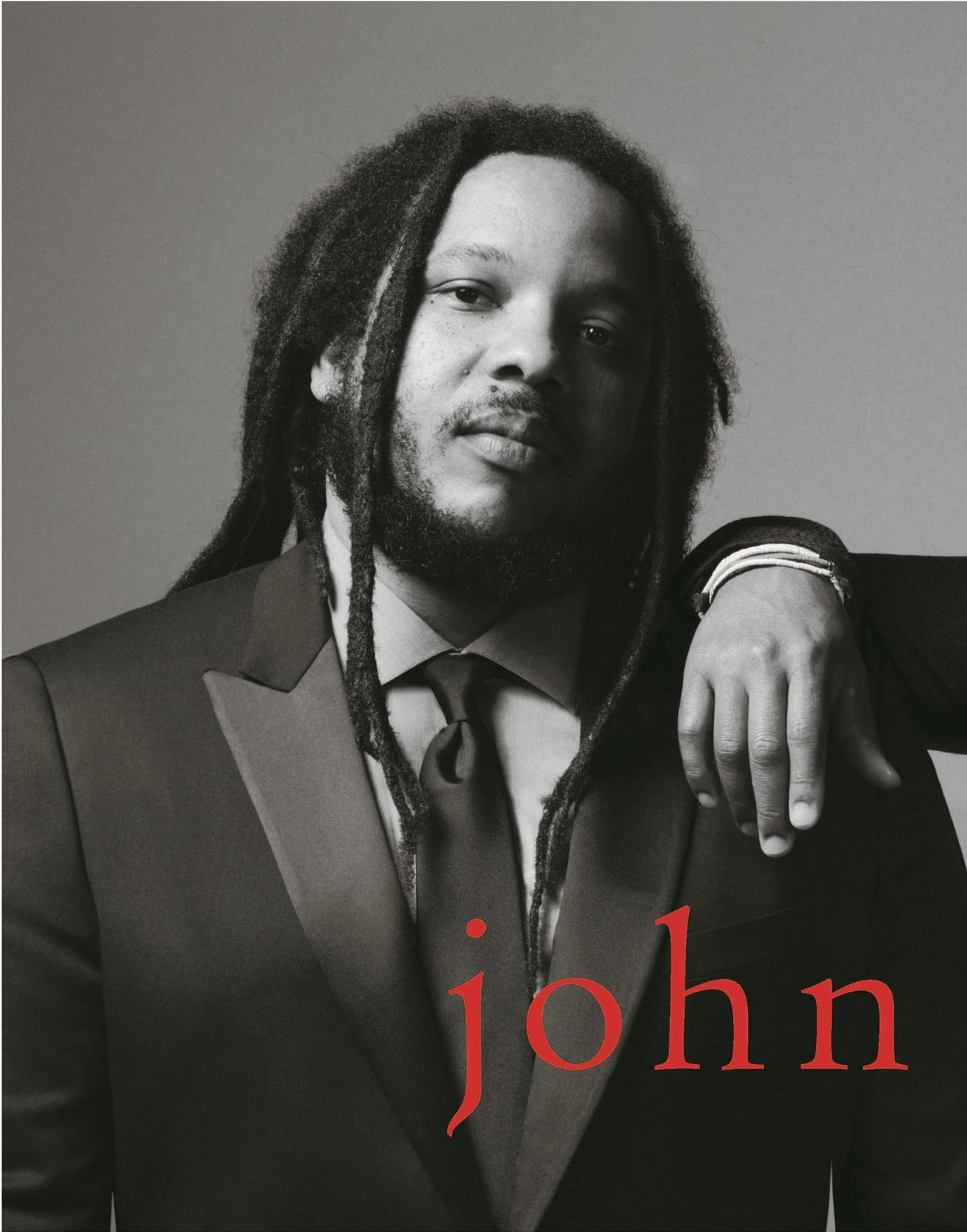
SEX, LOVE &
VIDEO GAMES
FATHER JOHN MISTY
THE NEW
COUNTRY OUTLAWS
20Q: AUBREY PLAZA
THE ART OF THE
TRAMP STAMP

Azealia Banks

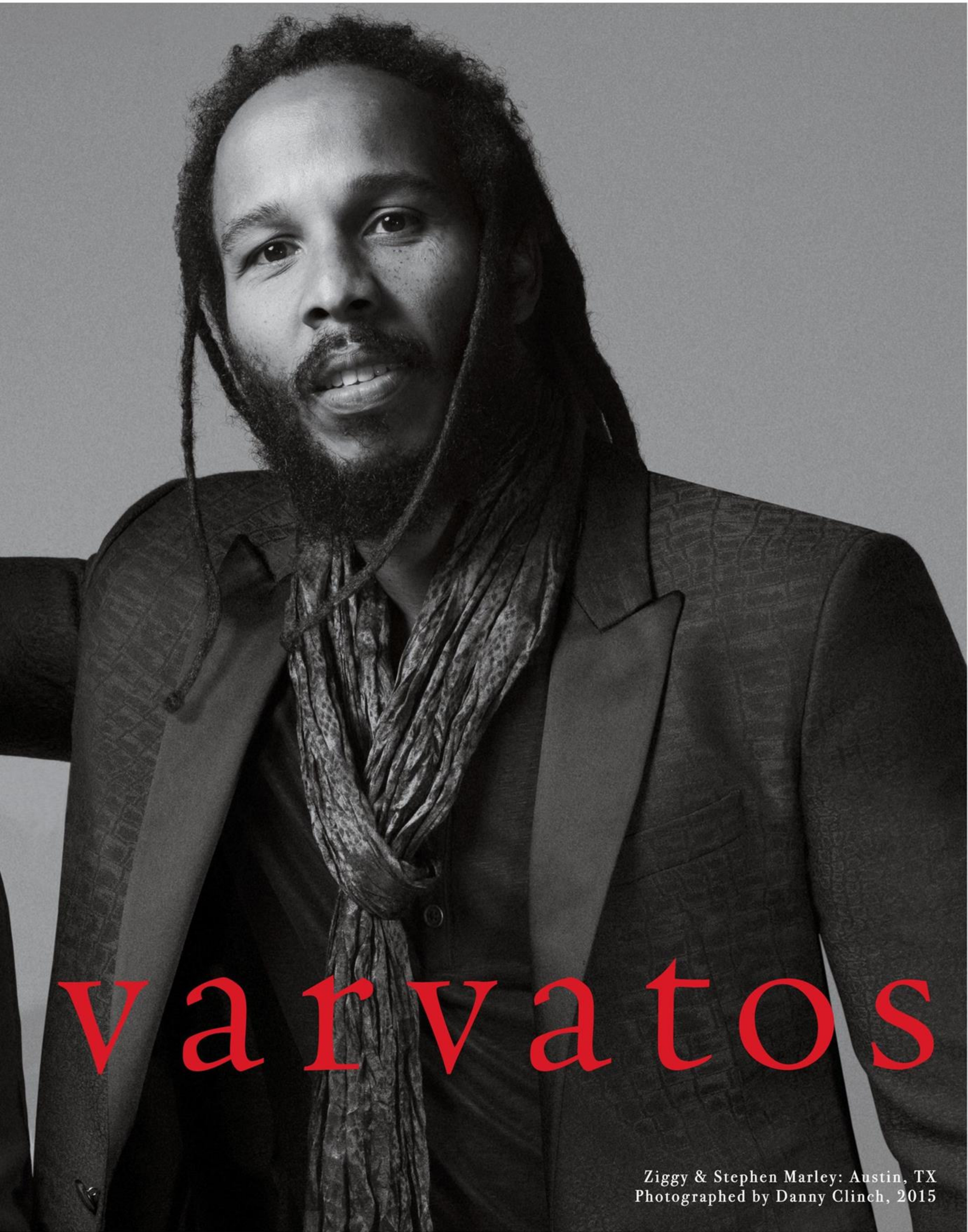
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VON UNWERTH

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FIERCE QUEEN
IS READY
TO ROAR!





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Ziggy & Stephen Marley: Austin, TX
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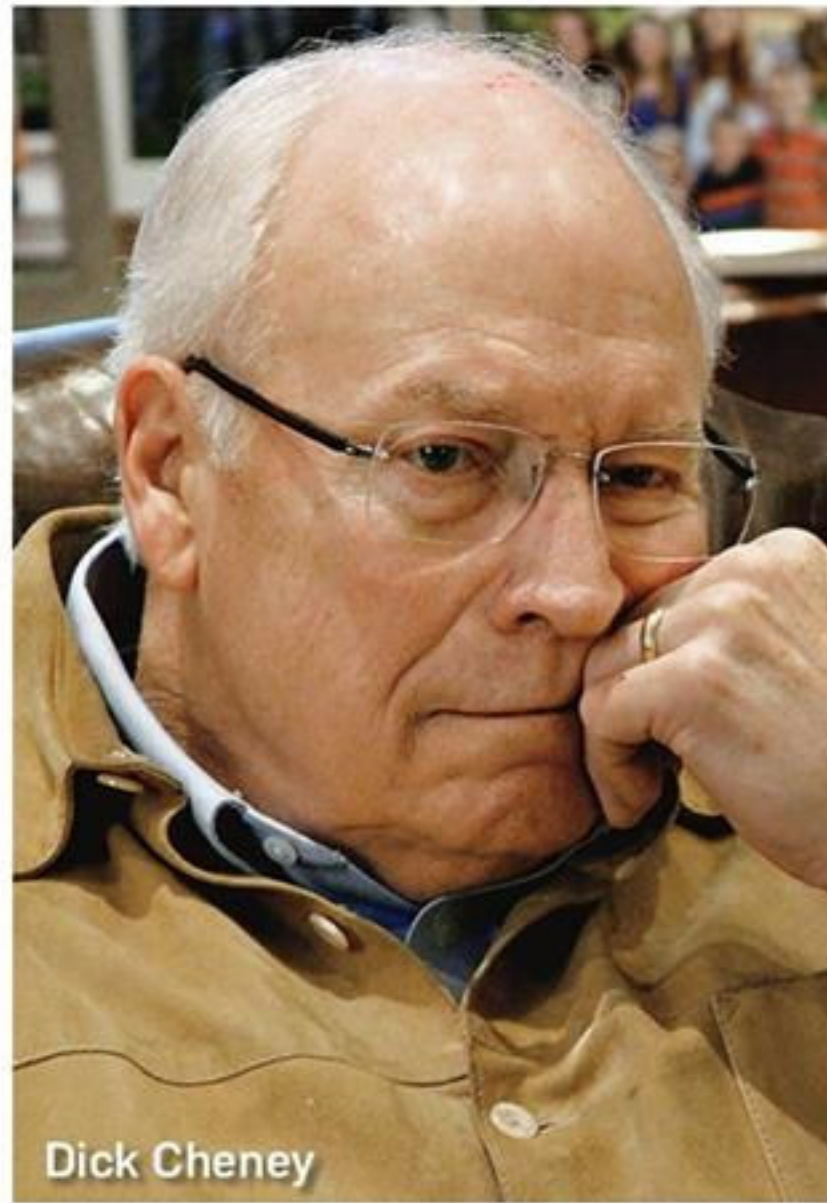
TS. Eliot's line "April is the cruellest month" is polite. April is bogus. Rain, gloom and taxes are what you get for surviving winter? Ban this month. That's why our annual Sex & Music issue blowout is stocked with stars, sensuality, crime stories and other titillations guaranteed to get you through to May. Master fiction writer **Etgar Keret** brings us a story at once erotic, terrifying and heartbreaking (just how we like 'em) in *Windows*, which finds Mickey in a treatment facility where nothing, including his lover, is as it seems. In *Play Misty for Me*, photographer Frank Ockenfels 3 trains his lens on **Father John Misty**, the indie-folk crooner who makes our lineup of spring's freshest suits look better than they deserve, as styled by **Michael Nash**. **Dick Cheney**, of course, needs no introduction. In a momentous *Playboy Interview*, history's most powerful vice president unleashes his opinions on matters domestic, international, public and private, from his recollections of slinging hash at Yale and his daughter's coming out to perspectives on China, Barack Obama, the digital revolution and what his life philosophy is (or isn't). For a different sort of history, turn to *The Pez Outlaw*, **Jeff Maysh's** thrilling story about, yes, Pez dispensers—and the farmer turned mogul who made millions sneaking them into the U.S. from Eastern Europe. In *Almost Famous*, photographer **Michael Bernard** captures Miss April **Alexandra Tyler** in proper rock-star mode. Musical attitude (and much more) is on display in **Azealia Banks: Wild and Uncensored**. You're as likely to know the artist from her booty-bouncing rap as from her controversial tweets. Both booty and controversy figure prominently in her exclusive nude pictorial and interview with Rob Tannenbaum, in which she volleys ideas about reparations, her use of language and why she flat-out hates America. In *Web of Lies*, reporter **Joshua Hunt** explores the criminals, activists and drug kingpins behind a realm of digital lawlessness inside the deep web—a second, untraceable internet. From Silk Road (the online black market for anything from guns to meth) to the trial that brought down its creator, Hunt demystifies a breed of crime with which law enforcement can barely keep pace. Finally, the queen of deadpan, **Aubrey Plaza**, drops her poker face for David Rensin in *20Q* as she explains life after *Parks and Recreation*, shares Nick Offerman's advice about Hollywood and admits she's not afraid to stalk you. Sex, drugs and rock and roll plus American political legacies and good old-fashioned headline-grabbing interviews: If an issue like this can't tide you over till summer, good luck.



Etgar Keret



Michael Nash



Dick Cheney



Jeff Maysh



Joshua Hunt



Father John Misty



Alexandra Tyler with Michael Bernard



Azealia Banks



Aubrey Plaza

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COVER STORY

With her spirit animal on her head and leopard print gripping her curves, Azealia Banks shows her catty side on our cover. Naturally our Rabbit is feeling cheeky.

Azealia
Banks

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THE NEW MINI HARDTOP 4 DOOR.



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FOR THOSE WHO READ THE ARTICLES.

Interview with **ANDERS WARMING**, Head of MINI Design

PLAYBOY: How did the idea of creating a four-door Hardtop come about?

WARMING: Studies indicated that many customers, while appreciating the compact dimensions of the Hardtop 2 Door, really wanted two extra doors. And we were convinced that it was possible to design a MINI that was just as dynamic, but offered greater functionality as well as more space in the rear and in the boot.

PLAYBOY: What specific design elements of the new Hardtop 4 Door are you most proud of?

WARMING: A lot of MINI fans can't believe that so much more functionality can still look so sporty. We have succeeded in preserving the hallmark dynamics of the MINI in side view. We are most proud of the fact that the Hardtop 4 Door has an athletically stretched look and that we have simultaneously created a larger luggage compartment.

PLAYBOY: Any sources of inspiration that led to the design of the new Hardtop 4 Door?

WARMING: On the design team we take our inspiration from many sources beyond the automotive sector: art, architecture, music, literature, philosophy. As designers, we endeavour to understand the processes that lead to a particular result. For me, music is very important here. I like to transfer the insights I gain to the car-design process. In both areas it is a matter of creating time and space.

PLAYBOY: How much bigger is the new Hardtop 4 Door compared to the 2 Door?

WARMING: The interior is 1.8 inches wider, the wheelbase is 2.9 inches longer, and overall the Hardtop 4 Door is 6.3 inches longer than the 2 Door, measuring just over 13 feet. It may not sound like much, but believe me, size does matter here. That becomes evident once you're sitting in the car – the rear comfortably accommodates

“...believe me, size does matter here.”

three people. You also notice it in the boot, which has a capacity of 13.1 cubic feet, making it more than a third larger than it is in the 2 Door.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, what is the best-designed car of all time?

WARMING: It is, without a doubt, the 1959 Mini Cooper. It embodies the perfect package and the principle of “clever use of space” combined with stunning aesthetics. It's such a friendly and inviting car – you just want to jump in and drive off!

PLAYBOY: When are we going to see a flying MINI Cooper?

WARMING: I think MINI will remain firmly on the ground in the coming decades. The demand for a compact, premium car for the city will continue. It's not a question of whether a vehicle has wheels, but whether it's part of a full range of mobility services. That includes things like car sharing or our two-wheeled study, something we're calling The City Surfer, which was presented at the Los Angeles Auto Show.



Photos courtesy of BMW Group.

**FOR THOSE
WHO SKIP TO
THE PICTURES.**



THE NEW MINI HARDTOP 4 DOOR.
MINIUSA.COM/FOURDOOR



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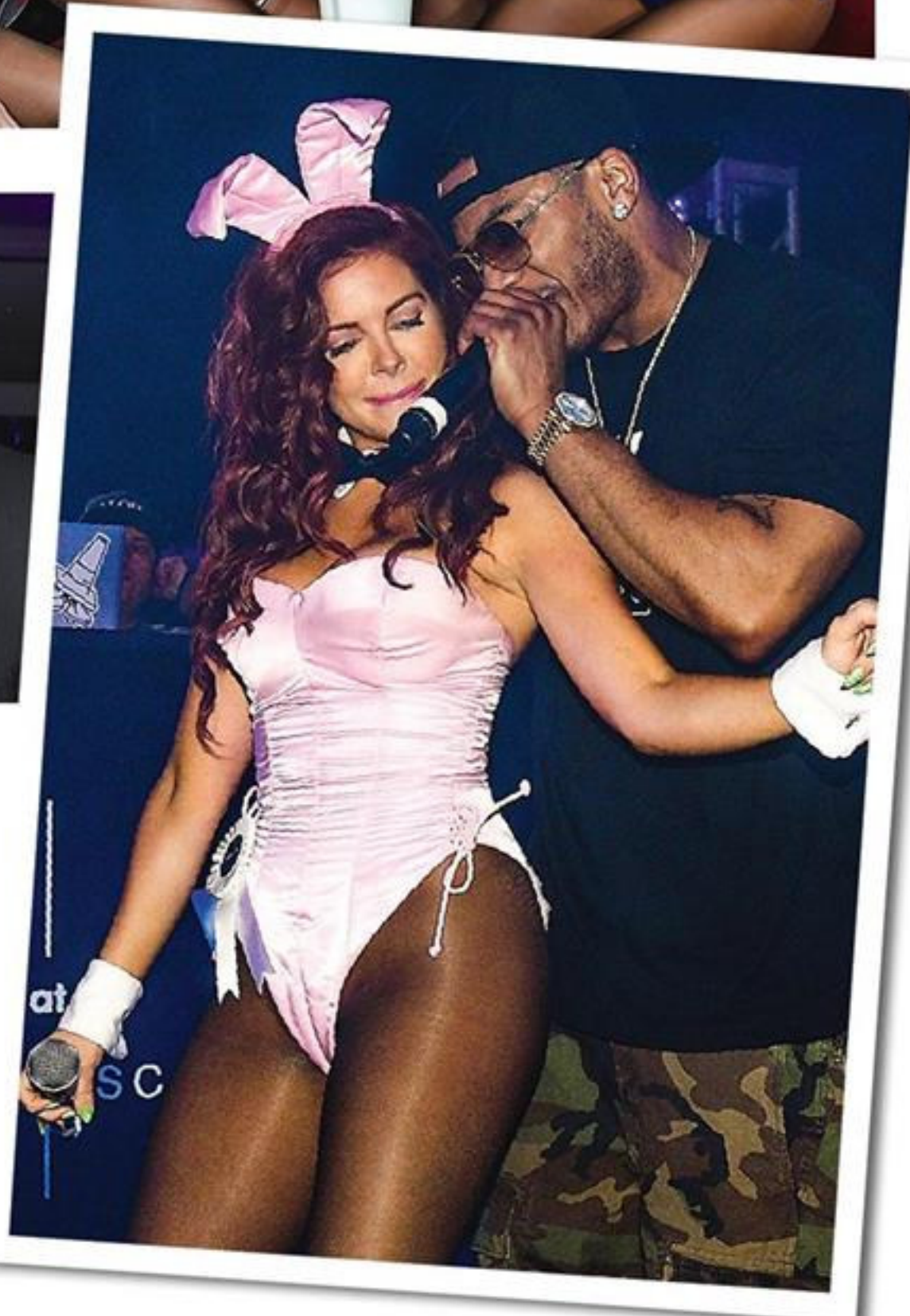


A NEW FRAGRANCE FOR HIM

#REVEALMORE

INTRODUCING THE PLAYBOY SESSIONS

February marked the debut of the Playboy Sessions, an exciting new concert series showcasing some of today's most noteworthy musicians. Inspired by *Playboy After Dark* and filmed at our Beverly Hills headquarters, the sessions continue Playboy's long tradition of exposing provocative artists to new audiences. To watch the inaugural concert, featuring Southern rapper Jelly Roll, visit Playboy.com.



PLAYBOY GOES TO THE SUPER BOWL

Playboy's Super Bowl bash at the W Scottsdale, emceed by Grammy-winning rapper Nelly, was the hottest ticket in town on football's biggest weekend. Hollywood A-listers Nick Cannon and Jamie Foxx hobnobbed with such sports icons as Cris Collinsworth and Warren Moon. A delightfully cute Pomeranian, Jiff, melted the hearts of even cuter Playmates.

DICK GREGORY SALUTES HEF

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce bestowed a Walk of Fame star on Dick Gregory to honor his 50 years of groundbreaking comedy and civil rights activism. Gregory gave kudos to Hef for helping launch his career, saying, "The black comics, they've always been here. But white folks weren't exposed to them until this white guy who smoked a pipe put us on stage."

SUPPLEMENTAL INFORMATION

Thank you for Tyler Graham's look at the low-testosterone "epidemic" (*How Low T Became the Disease Du Jour*, January/February). He lays out the facts in a straightforward way, including evidence for and against testosterone therapy. Now PLAYBOY should shine a spotlight on the long list of herbal supplements and miracle cures that claim to correct this condition—some of them advertised in your own pages. Anyone who thinks the Food and Drug Administration has been lax about regulating testosterone-replacement drugs should be horrified at what it allows for sale in the supplements aisle.

Thomas R. O'Donnell
Urbandale, Iowa

Low testosterone is just a natural part of life—it happens to all guys as they get older. Diseases are also a natural part of life, but with the exception of uninformed hippies, we still get our children immunized. Testosterone therapy is a good thing, just as vaccines are. I would rather be a fit, active 80-year-old when I die than a fat and lethargic 90-year-old. Side effects be damned.

Cal Fichter
Austin, Texas

THE YEAR COULD HAVE BEEN SEXIER

How could you produce a *Year in Sex* feature (January/February) and fail to mention Korean pop idol Kim Hyuna? She has consistently been rated one of Asia's hottest artists, and several videos from her latest EP, *A Talk*, were banned in South Korea because of their vulgarity. *Rolling Stone* magazine named the music video for her latest single, "Red," one of 2014's best, and it raised many eyebrows on YouTube. Is it an oversight, or do you just not dig Korea?

Allan Randall
Kwinana, Australia

It's definitely not the latter. Thanks for the tip.

SETTLING THE SCORE

I was disappointed to read your article about the 25th anniversary of the Mike Tyson–Buster Douglas fight (*42 to 1*, January/February). The writer, Eric Raskin, never discusses what I feel is the biggest fraud of the entire bout. After the fight, the two Japanese judges had Tyson ahead on points, but the one American judge had Douglas ahead. If the fight had gone the distance, Tyson could have won by a split decision. However, Tyson won just one round of the fight and there was no way he could have been ahead on points. It is obvious from the way Tyson trained and from the scoring that the two Japanese judges had been paid off to give him the fight. I'm sure everyone thought Douglas would get knocked out, but on the impossible chance that he did go the distance, Tyson's side made sure their

DEAR PLAYBOY

The Perfect Forum

I am a longtime fan of Dan Savage (*Playboy Interview*, January/February). Although I appreciated his voice, advice and political stands, I had ultimately tired of him a bit. However, your interview gives Savage the time and space to comment on his work—all of which is about advocating for a more accepting, sex-positive society. And nothing he has done is as important as his It Gets Better campaign. His constant advocacy for kids in the most awkward stages of life is legitimately moving. I have seen the videos and read about the campaign before, but that doesn't make his impassioned explanation any less powerful. Thank you for giving Savage the time to tell his story.

Luc Miknaitis
Wellington, New Zealand

Dan Savage seems to have been well served by the Jesuit values of integrity, honesty, scrutiny and thoughtfulness that his parents hammered into him. Savage and many others have wondered if Hitler could now be in heaven just because someone heard his confession before he died. Such questions reflect a superficial and overly mechanistic

fighter would be the victor. Nobody ever thought Douglas would knock Tyson out, but because Douglas did, that controversy never presented itself.

Jody Grodnitzky
Baltimore, Maryland

We asked writer Eric Raskin for a response: "The American judge, Larry Rozadilla, had Douglas way ahead, and his score accurately reflected what happened in the fight. One Japanese judge, Ken Morita, had Tyson ahead by a point, and the other Japanese judge, Masakazu Uchida, had the score even—so through nine rounds it would have been a split draw. However, there were still three rounds to go, and I don't think one can say, 'Had the fight gone the distance, Mike Tyson would have won by split decision.' We don't know how those three rounds would have been scored. If the last three rounds continued like the first nine—with Douglas outboxing Tyson but not knocking him down or out—then two of the judges might have ended up with Tyson ahead or the fight even, and we might have had an outrageous controversy. In the end, all we know is that the two Japanese judges were doing a disgraceful job of scoring and they were keeping alive the possibility that Douglas could get screwed if it went to a deci-



understanding of Christianity, which is not surprising considering the teachings of many churches today. I believe Jesus could have allowed Hitler to enter heaven, provided he paid a debt that exceeded several thousand lifetimes of labor. Many people don't seem to understand that accepting Jesus as one's savior ultimately means also accepting his judgment regarding one's salvation.

Steven Rovnyak,
Indianapolis, Indiana

sion. Whether they were paid off or insanely incompetent is impossible to know for sure."

Your oral history *42 to 1* provides some fascinating insights into the biggest upset in boxing history. When Donald Trump says he asked Don King, "What the hell is going on here?" it makes me wonder if he was thinking the same thing I was while watching it on live television. I was absolutely convinced I was seeing a fixed fight until Mike Tyson floored Buster Douglas in the eighth round and all seemed right with the world again. But when Douglas casually regained his feet—and then regained his dominance over Tyson—he sent a hopeful message to all of Tyson's future opponents. They now knew that if they did not get overwhelmed by the hype surrounding Tyson—and if they could negate some of his punching power by setting him back on his heels—they had a real shot at beating him.

Paul Corning
Madison, Wisconsin

ART IN THE ORDINARY

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muse for creators of art. I believe it's most interesting when an artist finds a way to reveal something beautiful within the mundane. Artist Erin M. Riley seems to have done just that with her tapestries ("Dream Weaver," *Talk*, December). The "endless narcissism" that selfies portray, whether true or not, comes from the conventional idea that a compliment is usually what is being sought. By stripping the subject of its identity, Riley also strips it of its social demands and individual persecution, thus allowing the viewer to have a purely objective mind-set of what the piece says about modern sexuality and self-image. Truly gorgeous!

Jay Roberts
Los Angeles, California

THE GOLDEN AGE OF HOOPS

In *That '90s Show* (December) Kevin Cook writes about "the first Air Jordan retros on your feet." In the 1990s these would not be retro. Nike began calling the Jordans "retro" years later, when the company rereleased them. In the time frame of this article, the shoes would simply be Air Jordans.

Jace Christner
Rochester, New York

Since the article was written from a 2014 perspective, "retro" seemed appropriate. Just as in 20 years people will refer to Justin Bieber's music as "classic rock." Or not.

Thank you, Kevin Cook. I have longed for the golden years of basketball, and your article helped me relive every satisfying dunk. As a result, I have spent countless hours on YouTube, once again enjoying all the great moments I had forgotten.

Elliot Mendel
Pasadena, California

CONFECTION AFFECTION

Hilary Winston (*Women*, December) could not be more right: Let us eat cake! Every woman does it. The four weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas are the darkest, coldest time of the year. They're also the end of the year, and let's be honest, everyone gets a little lazy at the end. Now that 2015 is here, it's still just as cold and dark, but it's the beginning again. I'm ready to bring my A-game.

Kelsey Brosseau
Springfield, Missouri

GOOD EGG

I have been guilty of immediately despising anyone who told me they were a lawyer. I would instantly write them off as a selfish snake, no matter how pleasant they seemed. But after reading Neal Gabler's profile of Michael Hausfeld (*The Toughest Lawyer in America Is on Your Side*, December) I will think twice before making such a hasty judgment. Knowing that there is at least one lawyer who is guided by unmovable morals

leaves me hopeful that there are others out there who could be the same.

Carla Wells
Orlando, Florida

EVERYONE'S A WINNER

From gorgeous beach bunny Dani Mathers to short-haired beauty Britt Linn, the Playmates of 2014 are a sight to behold (*Playmate Review*, January/February). I can't decide which one will get my vote for Playmate of the Year. How does Hef do it?

Andrew Bejarano
Las Cruces, New Mexico

NOT READING IT FOR THE ARTICLES

Holy moly! As a loyal subscriber, I was induced by your January/February cover to actually forgo the articles and head straight to page 144 for the Rachel Mortenson pictorial (*Alone Again*). She epitomizes the essence of what PLAYBOY is all about. *Bravissima!*

Dirk Smith
Oak Creek, Wisconsin



Solid gold: Guess model Rachel Mortenson.

TWO NEW CUSTOMERS

Refinement dished out in a different package sounds good to me (*Straight Outta Comptoir*, December). The Ghetto Gastro three-man culinary collective looks to be challenging the snobbi-ness that often comes with elitist food events. After being flown to the French Riviera for a Microsoft-sponsored dinner, where will the crew take the South Bronx next?

Caleb Ward
Seattle, Washington

The Ghetto Gastro chefs look as though they know how to create an experience full of heart. Amazing food and great entertainment? Sign me up.

Connor Triplett
Kansas City, Missouri



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APRIL 2015

AFTER HOURS

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BECOMING ATTRACTION

Zella Day

→ "YOU CAN ALMOST hear the sex in my music," says songstress Zella Day. "Love is my favorite thing to talk about. I've always had an intense sexual energy." Born in the Arizona mountains and named after a mine owner's wife, Zella is as inspired by nature and sex as she is by the

women she grew up around—"women who were the epitome of the 1970s flower child," she says. "I embrace natural beauty. I don't even wear makeup on stage." Her debut LP, *Kicker*, an electro-indie-pop mash of "desert gypsy music," explores darker material. "It's rough but hopeful," she says, "with big sounds that don't try to emulate other artists. I can't wait to perform it in front of massive audiences." Put us on the VIP list.



Photography by DAN SAELINGER

MASS SEXODUS

WRAPPED UP IN LEGISLATION, THE PORN INDUSTRY IS LEAVING CALIFORNIA FOR THE REAL SIN CITY

There's a battle brewing over big-screen sex. The heat began with 2012's Measure B, a law that criminalizes pornography filmed without the use of a condom in Los Angeles County. That led to Assembly Bill 1576, which spread the creed across the entire state of California. Even after the latter failed miserably, the concept was derided by porn representatives as a First Amendment violation and defended as a necessary health precaution by a few self-appointed champions of virtue looking to spank the industry. The war over who is right—whether a law that enforces condom use prevents AIDS and keeps actors safe or whether the industry's rigorous checkups are enough to obviate the need for condoms, which run dry after two hours of on-set use and can cause micro-abrasions in actresses,

possibly leading to internal infections—continues to rage.

Last summer, refugees of this sex war hit Las Vegas, where studios began to operate satellite offices to cut down on film and production costs and dodge the watchful eyes of the California Occupational Safety and Health Administration, as well as the AIDS Healthcare Foundation—which, for the first time, crossed state lines to pursue Golden State expats who'd fled to friendlier pastures.

Lee Roy Myers, who owns WoodRocket.com, left California for Las Vegas and opened

Mission Control Studios, 10,000 square feet containing many classic sets—classroom, exam room and office cubicle. Four California-based studios have already shot at his production space, with more on the way. "We like shooting here more than in California," he says from the unassuming warehouse on a stretch of Industrial Road. "It's cheaper, and Clark County is definitely more interested in attracting new business."

Los Angeles adult-film permits have dropped 85 percent since Measure B went into effect. "The big companies aren't shooting there anymore, or the smaller companies are shooting illegally," says Kink.com founder Peter Acworth, who opened an office on Las Vegas Boulevard. "I personally know of six different companies that do all production in Las Vegas. The biggest frustration is getting other companies to stand up and be heard about moving."

In the meantime, the Las Vegas film industry is quietly growing.—Max Plenke

Los Angeles adult-film permits have dropped 85 percent since Measure B went into effect.



KYLE T. WEBSTER

• Bill Young realized a long time ago that the path to the end of the world is one he walks alone. Back when he told his friends about Y2K, his reserves of dried food and the slice of Montana land where he planned to escape, they nearly laughed him off the golf course. They laughed even harder when nothing happened. Now he worries his wife thinks he's a little crazy after watching him sink more than \$75,000 into preparations for the apocalypse. "If I wasn't married, none of this would bother me," Young (not his real name) says. "I'd just go now and the heck with it. She won't, so here I am."

So here he is: a 72-year-old Washington man who boots up a computer every morning to find news that proves his theories. For every world-ending scenario, he has a solution: gas masks, iodine pills, water purifiers, generators and enough instant chow mein to last him two years. For everything

else, he has two tactical shotguns, as well as an SKS, an AR-15 and a dozen other guns he's not comfortable showing to a stranger.

By most definitions Young would be called a survivalist or a prepper. ("I prefer American citizen," he says.) But these days his hobby seems less fringy. A 2012 study by Kelton Research found that 41 percent of people surveyed believe stocking up for a catastrophe is a "smarter investment" than saving for retirement. Costco offers a year's supply of emergency food for a family of four for \$4,000, and executives of multibillion-dollar companies, including Overstock.com CEO Patrick Byrne, openly discuss their doomsday theories. The apocalypse has even taken over pop culture: The latest season of *The Walking Dead* premiered to 17.3 million viewers, making it the highest-rated cable show ever.

Are the end times on our minds now more than ever? Not really,

says Richard Mitchell, a sociologist at Oregon State University and author of *Dancing at Armageddon*, which chronicles more than 12 years he spent with survivalists. He argues that doom has always been an American obsession, even back in the 1600s. Mitchell says modern survivalists, for the most part, are optimists. They create new imaginary worlds where they're in control: a response to the constrictions of mainstream, artificial, prepackaged culture.

"Survivalists say, 'Can I make a world where I have a hand in crafting culture?' They want a place between a rock and a hard spot, a place of resistance, a place that is a firm and gritty antithesis where we can test our talents," says Mitchell.

For now, though, preppers such as Young are left waiting for the day when they'll get to crack open a can of chow mein, smile out at a sunset of mushroom clouds and know they were right.—Leah Sottile



RATING PENDING
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for children.
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TM & COPYRIGHT WBEI (S15)



SEX, LOVE AND VIDEO GAMES

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN READY FOR THE WEIRD WORLD OF JAPANESE ROMANCE GAMES?

• The game begins with a princess-cut diamond engagement ring rotating in hypnotic circles. A bouquet of white flowers hovers coquettishly to the right. With its soft pink glow, the loading screen looks like a teenage



girl's matrimonial fantasy—and that's the point.

This is *My Forged Wedding*, one of the dozens of mobile games from a line by Japanese company Voltage Inc. Gameplay is simple: Select from an array of wealthy, attractive young men, begin a choose-your-own-adventure-style romantic story line and proceed to get hooked. But make no mistake: This is no G-rated courtship. Within minutes your leading man, a famous screenwriter named Saeki, has dragged you back to his house, where you will be forced to play his wife as he conducts research for his latest script. It's part *Sims*, part *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

If these games seem to flagrantly disregard female empowerment and gender equality, it's because they aren't about being politically correct.

Instead, says Nanako Higashi, vice chair and founder of Voltage, they reflect the deepest fantasies of the company's customers. In fact, Higashi boldly claims to have distilled a genotype of female romance.

"Japanese women traditionally prefer men who can lead them," she says. "They want to follow. They would fall in love with the man who says, 'I will protect you. I will save you from any harm. Just follow me and be safe.'"

In the elevator on the way to his penthouse, Saeki pushes you against the wall. You fight his advances, but he laughs at your attempt at propriety. "That look on your face," he says, all manly and domineering, "is so hard to resist."

Purporting to have distilled what women want down to a smartphone app is a bold move, but Higashi and her team are unfailingly confident. Since introducing their first title in 2006, they have released 66 games in Japan, each with a unique, twisted plot. While *My Forged Wedding* centers on a woman made to play house with a seductive young professional, *Kissed by the Baddest Bidder* follows a young lady purchased at a black-market auction who—spoiler alert!—falls in love with her captor. Other fantasies involve co-workers and classmates, famous actors and musicians and a new next-door neighbor. Japanese gamers can play a sexy rookie detective in *Metro PD: Close to You* or

bargain with a group of handsome demons in *10 Days With My Devil*.

Now Voltage is expanding its reach in the U.S. In 2012 it opened an office in San Francisco and has released 33 games in English for Android and iOS. The company plans to drop 10 new titles on American and Japanese women in 2015—though our desires, it appears, are slightly different from those of our Japanese counterparts.

In *Speakeasy Tonight*, one of Voltage's most popular U.S. titles, the main character is a rebellious country girl sent to live with her uncle in 1920s Chicago. She soon discovers that her new guardian runs a speakeasy, and when a bullet to the stomach sidelines him, she takes over his bar.

Unlike the heroine in *My Forged Wedding*, whose default posture is

subservience ("For some reason I was unable to say no!" she says at one point), the main character in *Speakeasy Tonight* bests the boys with her sassy Depression-era one-liners. "Can it, handsome," she tells one suitor. "Modesty fits you like a Santa suit on Charlie Chaplin."

Higashi says that while women in "both countries prefer men with confidence," American women like to have their assertiveness taken seriously too. "Americans prefer men who respect a woman's individual-

ity and strong will," she explains. "When it comes to romance, women in America are very proactive, driving to get what they want. The man is not necessarily the end but rather the beginning."

It could be argued that Higashi's cut-and-dried analysis of how women think is refreshingly honest. It could also be said that her stereotypes are effectively setting the feminist movement back 50 years. But this much we know: So far 26 million people worldwide have played her company's games. In 2013 Voltage sold more than \$75 million in downloads and has had steady annual growth since 1999. Demand, in other words, is booming. With an ever-growing audience of lusty female players, Voltage has no shortage of new story lines planned to please them.

In the interest of full disclosure: I played the game all the way through. The Japanese version.—Jessica Ogilvie



"Women in America are very proactive, driving to get what they want. The man is not necessarily the end but rather the beginning."

ILLUSTRATION BY QUICKHONEY



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GOT MILK PUNCH?

DAIRY AND BOOZE PAIR PERFECTLY IN THE COOLEST DAY DRINK (NO, IT'S NOT A WHITE RUSSIAN)

• Ever since man could milk a cow and run a pot still, he has likely been spiking his cereal with something strong. The latest version of boozy dairy drinks is milk punch, a rich, sweet, high-octane alternative to the mimosa. Popular in New Orleans and at brunches throughout the South, creative interpretations have wended their way into bars and restaurants across America. To bracket your bibulous study of this trending day drink, we share with you two versions: a classic bourbon milk punch enlivened with vanilla and nutmeg, served at Brennan's in both New Orleans and Houston, and a new-school persimmon-flavored variation made with vodka and rum, from Providence in Los Angeles.



NEW SCHOOL
Clouds Over California

- Ingredients**
- 2–3 cinnamon sticks
 - 1½ oz. soy milk
 - ½ oz. Velvet Falernum
 - 1 oz. Boyd and Blair potato vodka
 - 1 oz. Selvarey or Caña Brava white rum
 - ¾ oz. persimmon syrup (recipe below)
 - Freshly grated nutmeg

Steep cinnamon sticks in soy milk for two to three hours, then remove. Combine soy milk, Velvet Falernum, potato vodka, white rum and persimmon syrup in a shaker and shake well. Pour into a collins glass with ice. Top with freshly grated nutmeg.

- Persimmon Syrup**
- 2 Hachiya persimmons
 - 1 D'Anjou pear
 - 2 Granny Smith apples
 - 2 cups water
 - 2 cups sugar
 - ½ tsp. white pepper
 - ½ tsp. ras el hanout
 - ½ tsp. ground aleppo pepper
 - ½ tsp. five-spice powder
 - ½ tsp. cardamom
 - ½ tsp. cloves

Chop persimmons, pear and apples. In a medium saucepan bring fruit, water, sugar and spices to a boil; reduce heat and simmer slowly until fruit is soft and turning translucent (about 20 minutes). Allow to cool. Strain syrup once through a mesh strainer or *chinois*—you want to remove the larger particles, but it's okay if small pieces remain.

OLD SCHOOL

Brandy Milk Punch

- 2 oz. brandy (bourbon may be substituted)
- 1½ oz. whole milk
- 1 oz. simple syrup
- ½ tsp. pure vanilla extract
- Freshly grated nutmeg

Mix liquid ingredients in a glass. Garnish with a sprinkle of nutmeg.



200,000 B.C.

- The cleverest Neanderthals figure out that boiling animal bones extracts the dietary fat crucial to the survival of the nascent human race.



1880

- *Pho* noodle soup is invented in northern Vietnam. The foundation of the dish is long-simmered bits of bone, tendon and marrow.

BONE THUGS

A BRIEF HISTORY OF BONE BROTH'S MILLENNIA-LONG ROAD TO BECOMING THE HOT NEW THING IN FOOD



1903

- French food philosopher Auguste Escoffier touts the culinary importance of a good broth: "Indeed, stock is everything in cooking. Without it, nothing can be done."



2012

- Kobe Bryant and other Lakers start drinking bone broth on the recommendation of dietitian Cate Shanahan. Kobe swears it boosts energy and fights inflammation during and after games.

2007

- Adherents of the Paleo diet tout bone broth as a miracle beverage, celebrating the supposed benefits of collagen, gelatin, glucosamine, glycine and proline.



2014

- Fast-casual restaurant chain Panera Bread adds new offerings to its menu: Broth Bowls. The soups jump on two bandwagons at once: modern Asian and broth.

2014

- Marco Canora, chef-owner at acclaimed New York restaurant *Hearth*, opens *Brodo*, a to-go spot serving broth made with Pennsylvania Amish organic chicken. Predictably, New Yorkers eat it up.



2014

- Pacific Foods floods supermarkets with its new bone-broth line, touting low-calorie, high-protein flavors such as chicken with lemongrass.

2015

- Whether it's good for you or not, bone broth is delicious. Here's how to make a basic broth that you can drink straight or use as the foundation for any number of soups.

RECIPE

- *Basic bone broth: 2-4 pounds free-range organic chicken or beef bones; 1 onion, quartered; 3 celery stalks, chopped; 2 carrots, chopped; 1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar; salt and pepper.*

DIRECTIONS

- *In a large stockpot, cover bones and vegetables with water. Add vinegar and simmer over low heat for eight hours. Strain; add salt and pepper to taste, and serve.*



MORTAL KOMBAT X

04.14.2015



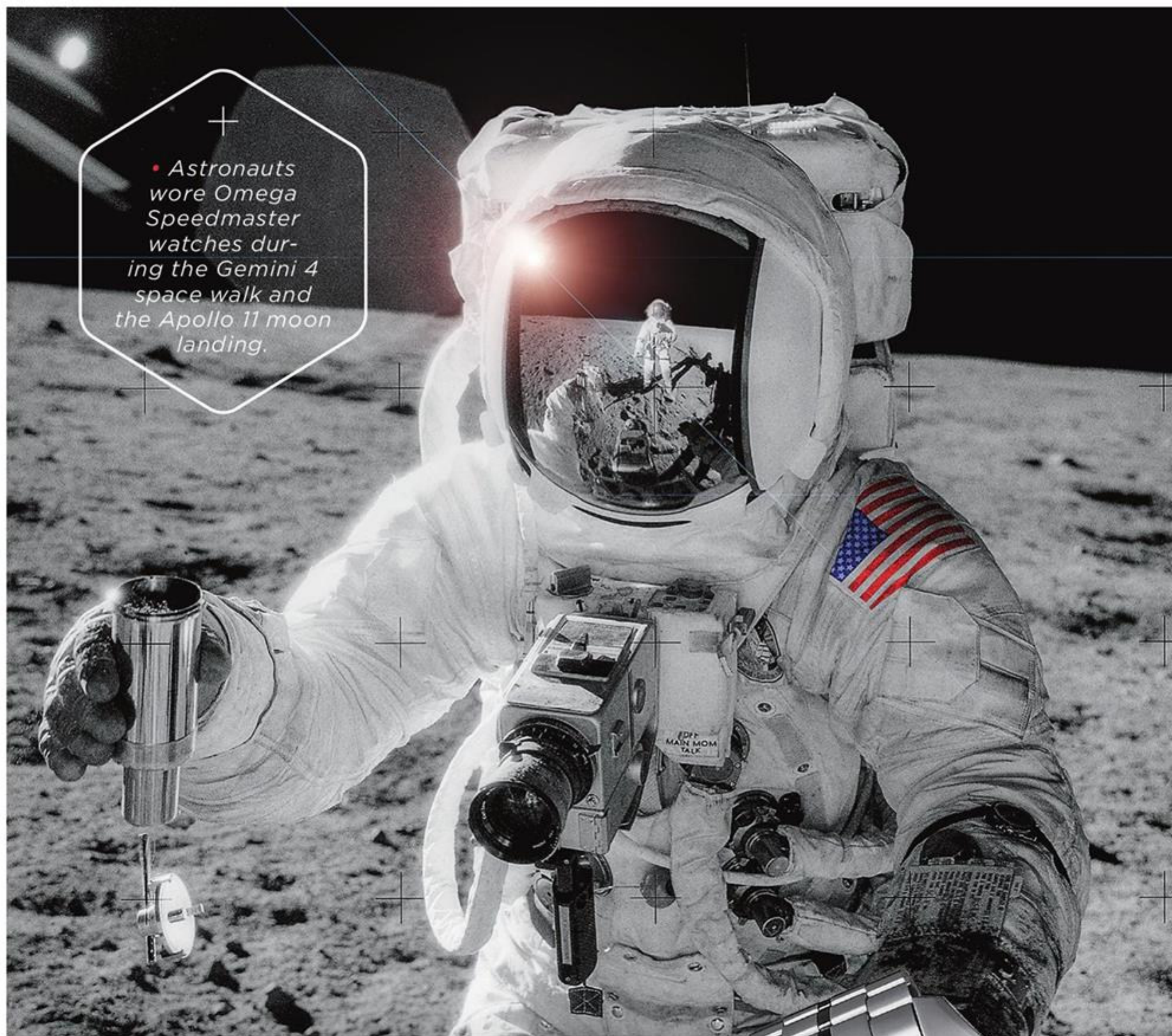
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SPACE TIME

THE TOP THREE HIGH-END WATCHES FOR STYLISH CIVILIAN SPACE EXPLORERS

With space tourism firmly in sight, it's no wonder the coolest new wrist-watches take their styling schemes and tech specs from the idea of journeys to galaxies far, far away. This arm hardware rockets into your world with aerodynamic contours in featherweight titanium or ceramics. Solar-powered, self-illuminating and GPS-guided, these babies bring timekeeping into the 21st century. In the 1960s and 1970s, Omega watches accompanied American astronauts on their historic NASA missions, and spaceman style resonated with dapper civilians of the era, including singer Serge Gainsbourg. Bring one into your orbit.—*Vincent Boucher*



Astronauts wore Omega Speedmaster watches during the Gemini 4 space walk and the Apollo 11 moon landing.



▲
SERGE GAINSBOURG

NO NASA REQUIRED

• You don't have to be an astronomy buff to rock a space watch. French crooner Serge Gainsbourg made the Breitling Navitimer look cool.

Interstellar Style



1. Deep Space Time

→ The Pilot Professional 5241, from the Space Series Luminor developed for the SXC/XCOR commercial space liner, features both an analog dial for checking time at a glance and a digital display for more exacting maneuvers.

• \$1,900, [infinity catalog.com](http://infinitycatalog.com)

2. Dark Star

→ The legendary Omega Speedmaster goes badass in the all-black Moonwatch Co-Axial chronograph with 18-karat white-gold hands. It's powered by Omega's self-winding Co-Axial 9300 movement for precision and stability.

• \$12,000, [omega watches.com](http://omega-watches.com)

3. Globe-Trotter

→ Synchronizing with satellite navigation signals, Citizen's titanium Satellite Wave-Air promises accurate time wherever you are. The proprietary Eco-Drive runs the watch's low-power signal-reception system from any light source, eliminating the need for batteries.

• \$2,500, [citizen watch.com](http://citizen-watch.com)



D



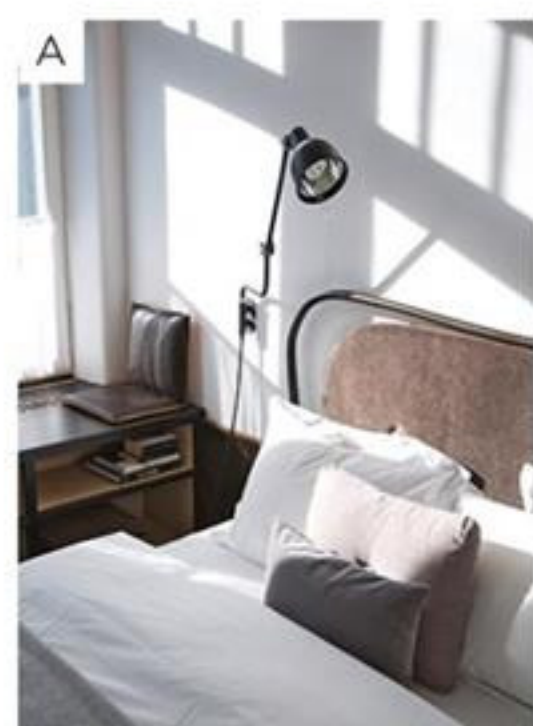
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HOW SWEDE IT IS

IN STOCKHOLM, THE RITES OF SPRING INCLUDE GALLERY-HOPPING AND WATERFRONT DAY-DRINKING. WELCOME TO THE SCANDINAVIAN GOOD LIFE

• Come spring, when the darkness of the Swedish winter recedes, the good people of Stockholm are more than ready to live it up. Low-lying buildings and watery passageways linking island neighborhoods give the city its nick-

name, the “Nordic Venice.” And from now until summer, it’s all about maximizing daylight hours by the water. This inevitably means biking and boating, feasting on experimental seafood dishes and partying as much as possible.



A

1 Design and Dine

From the moment you land at Stockholm Arlanda Airport, you’ll appreciate the design details that fuse practicality with a modern yet organic elegance. This holds true at **Miss Clara (A)**, a year-old offshoot of the Nobis Hotel in the evolving city district. Rooms feature huge windows and retractable workspaces,

and the smart public areas include a round-the-clock sauna and a buzzy dining room.

Start the day at **Snickarbacken 7 (B)**, where you’ll have the first of many coffees and *kanelbullar* (Swedish cinnamon buns). You’re in the land of the *fika*, the somewhat untranslatable but oh-so-relatable word that means drinking coffee, eating pastries and taking it easy for hours on end. This could also be your first encounter with superior Scandinavian illumination. Everybody looks good in this light.

Now that you’re well caffeinated, hoof it to nearby Hudiksvallsgatan, a burgeoning gallery district centered on the Industricentralen

complex. The galleries can be hard to find at first, as few are on street level. So let your curiosity be your guide and explore the various floors and interior parking lot to discover installations, including those at Brändström & Stene. If you’re feeling really artsy, you can boat it over to Artipelag, a collection of galleries, exhibition spaces and design shops among pine trees on Värmdö, which is part of the Stockholm archipelago.

2 Island-Hopping

You owe yourself a visit to the island district of **Södermalm (C)**, a.k.a. the Brooklyn (sorry) of Stockholm. The coolest address is that of

Kollaps, a record shop that stocks electronic music, kraut rock, noise and obscure Swedish stuff you can’t find anywhere else. It’s a hidden gem situated behind a small gallery on a side street populated with low-key design shops and cafés.

The day is young. Ride the tram to Djurgården island—past the Abba museum—and be on the lookout for a crumbling shipyard on the water. There you’ll find **Oaxen Krog & Slip (D, E)**, a marine-inspired restaurant in a soaring space made of corrugated steel, with rowboats suspended from the ceiling and a wall of glass overlooking the archipelago. Excellent locally sourced seasonal Nordic cooking is



B

harbor. The Swedes fished it out of the sea 333 years later and incorporated it into an eponymous museum. The ill-fated warship is nearly intact and a crazy sight to behold.

Hotshot chef Mathias Dahlgren is the man behind the experimental dining adventures at the new Matbord restaurant; he’s also responsible for the natural tasting menu at Matsalen and for the chill à la carte joint next door, Matbaren. Fully energized by king crab dumplings and a riff on fish and chips, make your way to Under Bron—a dive bar-dance club that morphs into a sprawling indoor-outdoor spot beneath a bridge in Södermalm. Lucky for you, everyone looks good in this light too.—*Jeralyn Gerba*

the name of the game; it’s easy to let an hour or two pass as you drink beer and snack on dried pork neck, steamed crayfish and venison tartare.

3 Shipshape

In keeping with the nautical theme, head to see *Vasa*, the world’s only surviving 17th century ship. It sank on its maiden voyage, never even getting out of Stockholm



E

PREMIUM DARK WINTER GREEN



GRAND

LONG CUT

EST. 1900

AMERICAN

WARNING: This product can cause gum disease and tooth loss.

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MOIST SNUFF



FROM BRITAIN WITH LOVE

SIXTY YEARS IN THE MAKING, ASTON MARTIN'S VANQUISH IS AN UNDISPUTED MODERN CLASSIC

• The most iconic car in Aston Martin history was born not in a James Bond laboratory but in the sleepy town of Newport Pagnell (population 15,000). Aston Martin introduced the DB5—a luxury sport coupe that cemented the carmaker's reputation among billionaires—from its Aston Martin Works facility on Tickford Street, opened in 1955. Now the company is celebrating the famed factory's diamond anniversary with six limited-edition versions of its modern-day luminary, the Vanquish.

Those ultra-tailored luxe vehicles are already spoken for, but the V12 Vanquish we drove still dripped grandeur. A knock on the exterior emits a resonance, as all body panels are crafted of aerospace-grade carbon fiber. Aggressive turns and accelerations are knife-edge events that will cut an ill-equipped novice deep but, with the proper respect, deliver a drive experience on par with almost anything currently designed by the Italians.

STATS
ASTON MARTIN VANQUISH VOLANTE
Engine: V12
Horsepower: 568
Torque: 465 ft.-lbs.
Zero to 60: 3.8 sec.
MPG: 13 city/21 hwy.
Price: \$305,820

Although our ride wasn't equipped with the limited editions' many over-the-top accoutrements—such as control knobs fashioned from the pistons of former Astons—the stately cabin interior of the “ultimate convertible” was created with the artistic simplicity we expect from Aston Martin. The brand's bespoke division (cheekily dubbed “Q”) offers a catalog of color and trim options, each smart enough to ensure that even the wildest pairings won't make this cockpit garish. The lesson here: You can't make this car look bad.—*William K. Gock*



OUT OF THIS WORLD

WHAT CAN AN AUTOMAKER LEARN FROM NASA?

→ The auto industry has seen some strange bedfellows but perhaps none more alien than the latest venture between Nissan and NASA. The two outfits recently announced

plans to work together to deploy autonomous vehicles by the end of 2015. As Maarten Sierhuis, a former NASA employee who is now director at Nissan Research Center Silicon Valley,

explains, “There are a number of common technologies needed for the development of autonomous systems for both space exploration and cars on Earth.” Areas of overlap include

human-machine interaction, cloud technology, cybersecurity, sensor technology and more. Your next vehicle may come with a healthy shot of rocket science under the hood.



ENTERTAINER NICK CANNON WITH PLAYMATES SUMMER ALTICE AND IRINA VORONINA ON THE RED CARPET



CAMP PLAYBOY VIP CABANAS

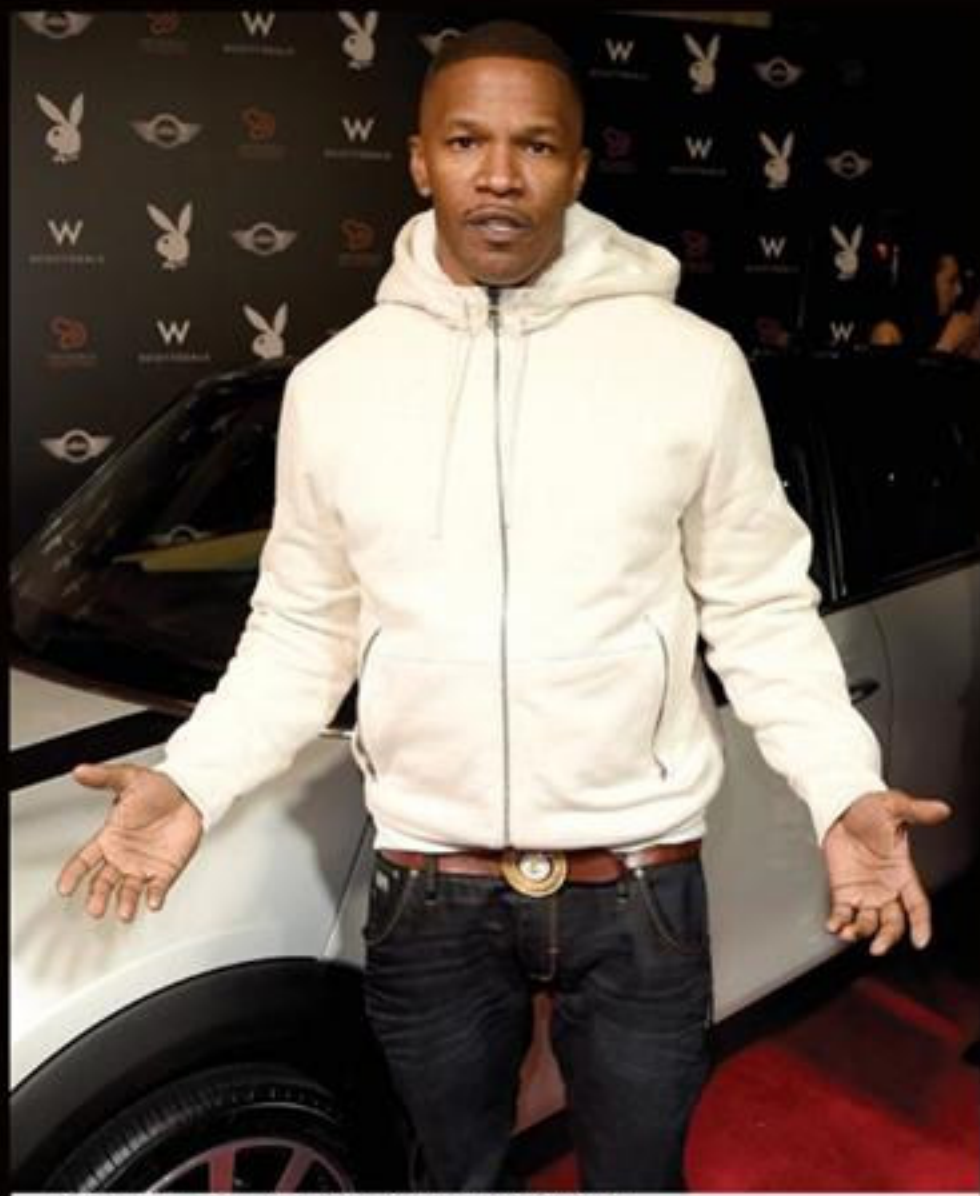


ARTIST NELLY PERFORMS LIVE ON THE MAIN STAGE



COMEDIAN JEFFREY ROSS WITH PLAYMATES IRINA VORONINA AND SUMMER ALTICE ON THE RED CARPET

PHOENIX HEATS UP WITH THE 15TH PLAYBOY PARTY AT THE BIG GAME



ENTERTAINER JAMIE FOXX ON THE RED CARPET



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR RAQUEL POMPLUN AND PLAYMATE PAMELA HORTON POSE AT THE MINI USA SOCIAL PHOTO BOOTH

On January 30th, The Playboy Party was the hottest ticket during pro-football's biggest weekend. Situated in Old Town Scottsdale, the mecca of club culture in the greater Phoenix area, the WET pool deck at the W Hotel was the perfect venue to host 1,500 partygoers for this star-studded event.

From **Chris Evans** to **Kellan Lutz** and **Chuck Liddell**, all guests in attendance were in for a decadent evening. Right off the bat Dryworld Industries stationed 24 Playmates flashing custom foam fingers for the big game on the red carpet, greeting guests and celebs as they entered the venue. Once inside, MINI USA showed how they go big. A crane was used to hoist the new MINI Hardtop 4 Door to the roof where attendees could pose with special Union Jack Bunnies behind a special Playboy Mansion backdrop in the MINI USA photo booth.

DJ duo **The Captains of Industry** kept the dance floor moving throughout the night, while **Nelly** turned up the heat with a climactic performance, nearly setting the roof on "fire" when he brought friends **Nick Cannon** and **Jamie Foxx** on stage for surprise appearances.



UFC CHAMPION CHUCK LIDDELL WITH PLAYMATES MICHELLE MCLAUGHLIN AND DANI MATHERS



ACTOR KELLAN LUTZ ON THE RED CARPET



PLAYMATES KASSIE LYN LOGSDON, HIROMI OSHIMA, ALISON WAITE, AND BRYIANA NOELLE ARRIVAL AT THE W SCOTTSDALE

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MIND GAMES

A NEW BATCH OF APPS CLAIM TO MAKE YOU SMARTER, BUT ARE THEY TRAINING OR DRAINING YOUR BRAINPOWER?

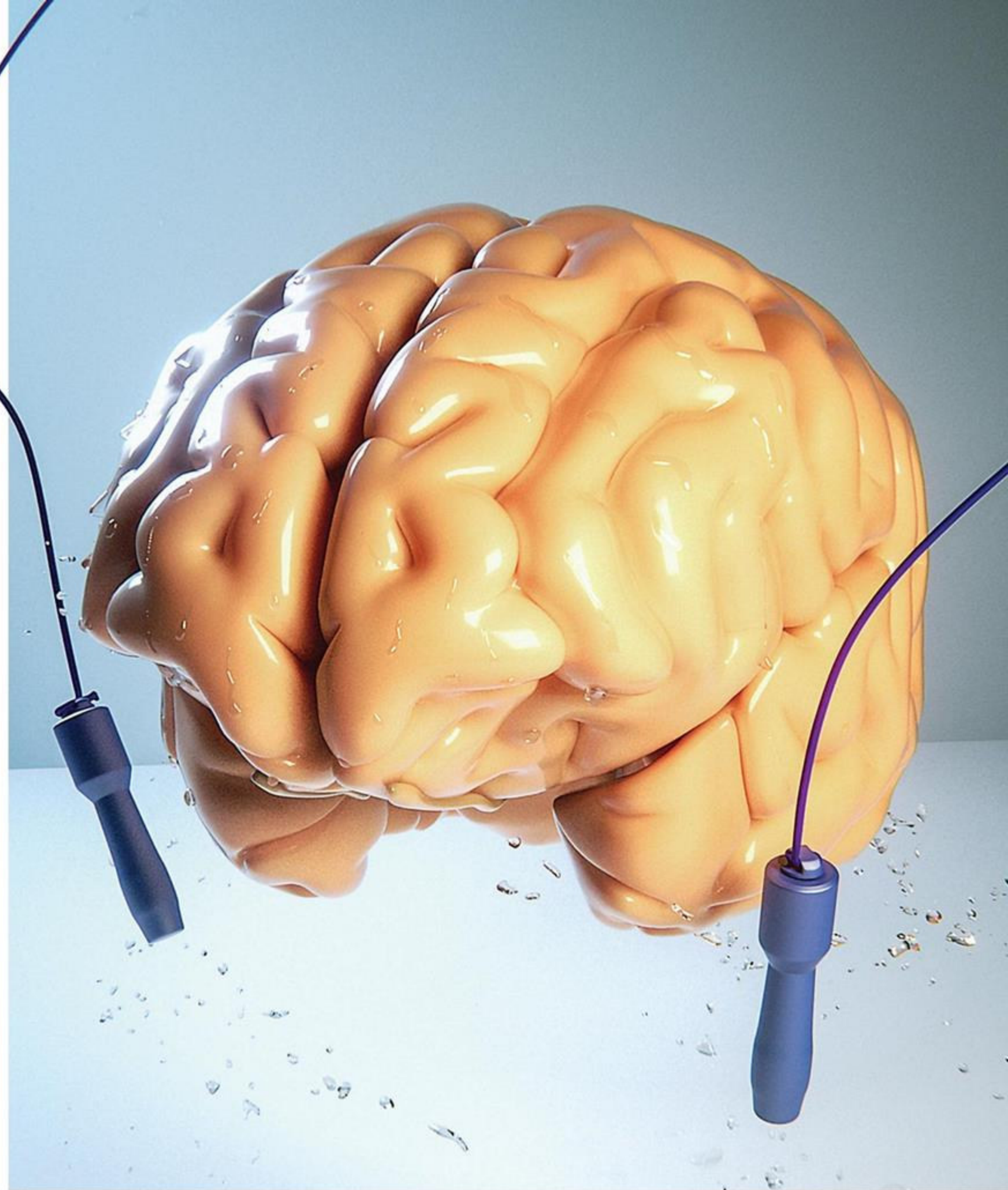
• Forget biceps—brains are the muscle to train these days. The basis for exercising your mind comes from the concept of plasticity, meaning the brain at any age can modify itself in response to being stimulated. Tech companies have already jumped in with mobile games that promise to enhance your cognitive abilities. But do they work? Although they won't boost your IQ to genius proportions, some experts agree there is evidence that the right kind of mental stimulation can improve cognitive functions.

"I tell people they have to train and not strain the brain," says Dr. Gary Small of the Semel Institute for Neuroscience and Human Behavior. "Do things that are fun and engaging—not too difficult, not too easy." Memory games, he says, help build up fluid intelligence and short-term memory.

Three of the most popular apps—Fit Brains, Lumosity and Elevate—all claim that using them will improve your performance of real-life tasks. Fit Brains (iOS, Android, online) aims to make "dry neuroscientific activity engaging," says co-founder Mark Baxter. The in-game

MANY OF THESE GAMES ARE MAKING YOU BETTER AT ONLY ONE THING—PLAYING THE GAME.

tasks ask you to match pairs of shapes or identify objects by their shadows, but the basic goal is to develop skills such as hand-eye coordination and reaction



speed—handy during your next pickup game of basketball. Lumosity (iOS, Android, online) exercises core cognitive abilities such as memory, attention and pattern recognition, which can help you remember the names of people in a business meeting. Elevate, Apple's app of the year for 2014 (also available on Android), focuses on communication proficiency with games that improve reading comprehension,

grammar and vocabulary. (Know what else does that? Reading a book.) All three apps are free, but premium subscriptions, with prices ranging from \$4.99 a month to \$100 a year, give you access to more games.

"We're at a stage where the foundation for brain training is strong," says Dr. Adam Gazzaley, director of the Neuroscience Imaging Center at the University of California, San Francisco. "But the evidence of what

it does, how it works, dosage, side effects—all those details need a lot more research." Gazzaley believes the complexity of these games can benefit how our brains function, but ultimately the success of brain training depends on collaboration between scientists and game developers. Likewise, as Small points out, not all games are created equal. Many of them are making you better at only one thing—playing the game. —Katherine Brodsky

PETER CROWTHER



ALL ABOUT THAT BASS

→ The first wave of wireless speakers pumped out sound quality that was on par with a pair of earbuds stuffed inside a coffee can. Enter the Megaboom by Ultimate Ears (\$300, ultimateears.com), which kicks out 360-degree sound with the best bass thump we've heard

in a Bluetooth speaker. For full party approval, the cylindrical case is shock- and waterproof to protect the 20-hour battery inside. To really get loud, use

the Ultimate Ears app to link two Megaboom speakers, and let everyone in the neighborhood know you celebrate the entire Lil Wayne catalog.





Actual size is 40.6 mm

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Silver is by far the most affordable of all precious metals — and each full Troy ounce American Eagle Silver Dollar is **government guaranteed** for its 99.9% purity, authenticity, and legal tender status.

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

FURIOUS 7

By Stephen Rebell

• The thirst for vengeance sparks a rescue mission, spectacular stunts and an emotional punch in *Furious 7*, the latest muscle-car action flick in the *Fast and Furious* franchise. The movie is the fifth in the series written by Chris Morgan but marks the first for James Wan, best known for directing hair-raisers such as

Saw and *The Conjuring*. Wan convenes the whole gang, including Vin Diesel, Dwayne Johnson (pictured above), Jason Statham, Michelle Rodriguez,

Djimon Hounsou, Ludacris and the late Paul Walker (the 40-year-old actor died in a car crash before filming was completed; his brothers stepped in as body doubles for some remaining shots). The director has amped up the thrills with insane action, including an aerial sequence at 10,000 feet in which five hot cars—including a 1968 Dodge Charger R/T, a 1968 Camaro Z/28 and a 2015 Dodge Challenger SRT392—are dropped out the back of a C-130 plane. “My thrillers and horror films are a lot more grounded in the real world than this, but audiences love that *Fast and Furious* movies are like superhero movies now, with over-the-top action sequences,” says Wan. “I let my imagination run wild, used all the toys imaginable and took what they’d done in the previous movies and brought it up a level. The most challenging thing was finding an appropriate and honorable way to say goodbye to Paul Walker’s character. He was truly a beloved person, and we’re all trying to do the right thing here.”



TEASE FRAME

Melissa Benoist

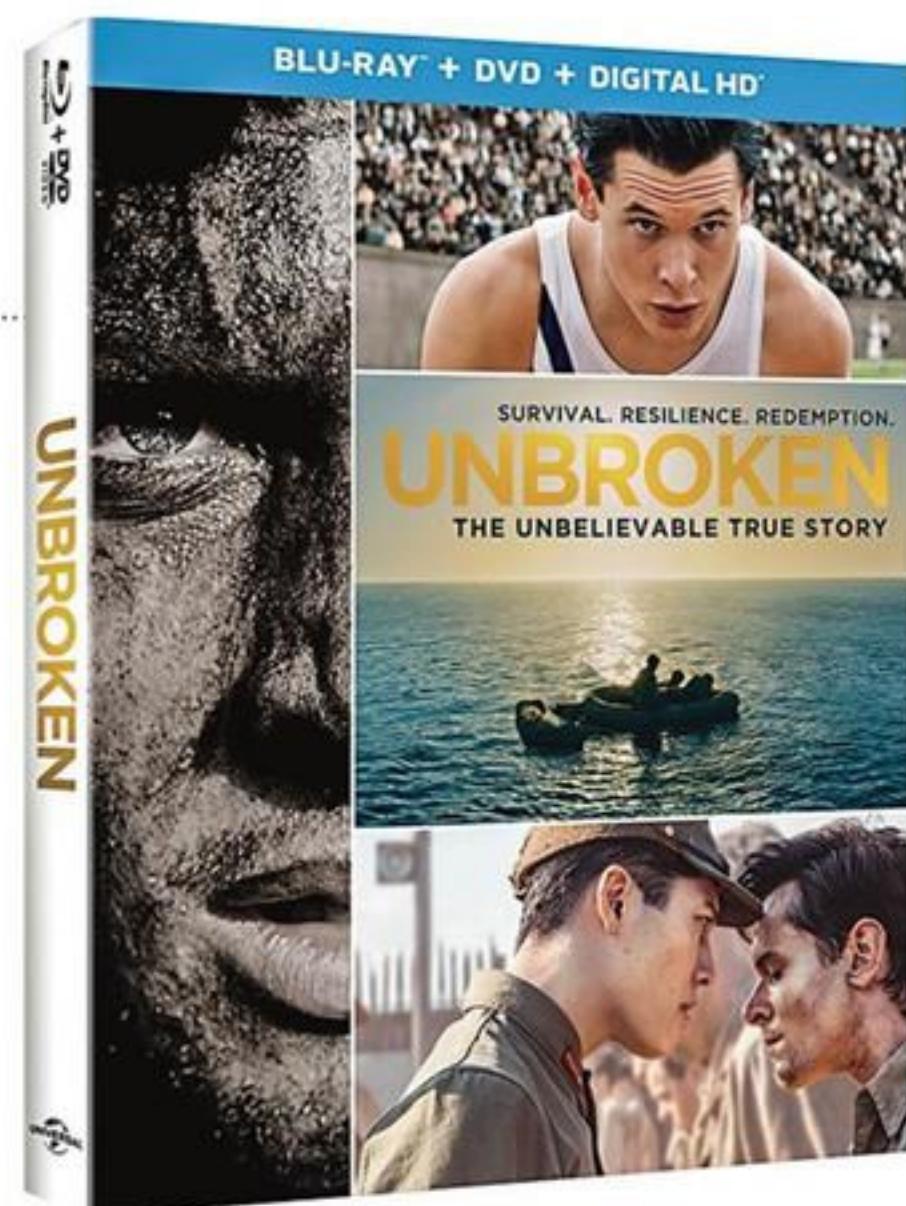
→ We sing the praises of *Glee* actress Melissa Benoist for baring all on Showtime’s *Homeland* (pictured). See her next as Marcia in the latest Nicholas Sparks adaptation, *The Longest Ride*, opposite Britt Robertson and Scott Eastwood.

BLU-RAY OF THE MONTH

UNBROKEN

By Bryan Reesman

• Angelina Jolie’s ambitious period piece pits Olympic athlete turned World War II bombardier Louis Zamperini (Jack O’Connell) against cruel fate as he copes with being a castaway and then a POW in Japan suffering under Sergeant Mutsuhiro “the Bird” Watanabe (Miyavi). *Unbroken* boasts impassioned performances but forgoes edginess for awards bait, ultimately failing to make a meaningful connection to Zamperini. **Best extra:** a portrait of the real Zamperini. 🐰½



CHILD 44

Joel Kinnaman gets sociopathic in the movie of Tom Rob Smith’s novel



Q: You’ve acted in *Safe House* and the *RoboCop* remake, but most U.S. audiences know you best for four seasons on *The Killing*. How should fans prepare for you in *Child 44*?

A: We took some liberties with the book. I play a guy with sociopathic tendencies who’s the nemesis of Tom Hardy’s character, a guy in Stalin’s secret military police. The engine that drives the plot is a hunt for a serial killer of children. The movie is a thriller set in Stalinist Russia, and I can’t imagine many worse things than to live under the tyranny and cruelty of the choices that Stalin inflicted on his society and citizens.

Q: Fans in your native Sweden mob you in public. In America, you’re not as well-known. Which do you prefer?

A: Both situations have their charms. When you’re having a bad day, when you’re angry or something, you don’t want anybody to bother you. On the other hand, when a fellow Swede comes to the U.S., gets employed and respected, your countrymen tell you that they’re proud of you. That means so much to me.—S.R.



MUST-WATCH TV

BLOODLINE

By Josef Adalian

• Before a single frame was shot, the presence of Kyle Chandler (*Friday Night Lights*) guaranteed Netflix's new family drama would be worth watching for at least a few episodes. But Chandler (left) isn't the only reason to binge-watch *Bloodline*. Created by the team behind FX's *Damages*, the series focuses on the Rayburns of

Florida, an outwardly ordinary upper-middle-class clan whose past is darkened by deeply buried secrets—and whose future is threatened by the return of a prodigal son (Ben Mendelsohn, right). The setup is admittedly clichéd, but a number of well-crafted twists early on let the series transcend that timeworn premise. And then there's the

cast: In addition to Chandler and Mendelsohn as brothers on a collision course, *Bloodline* boasts great work from a deep bench of amazing actors, including film icons Sissy Spacek and Sam Shepard. Netflix, still riding high on *Orange Is the New Black* and *House of Cards*, has found itself another Emmy contender. 🍷🍷🍷

BOOK OF THE MONTH

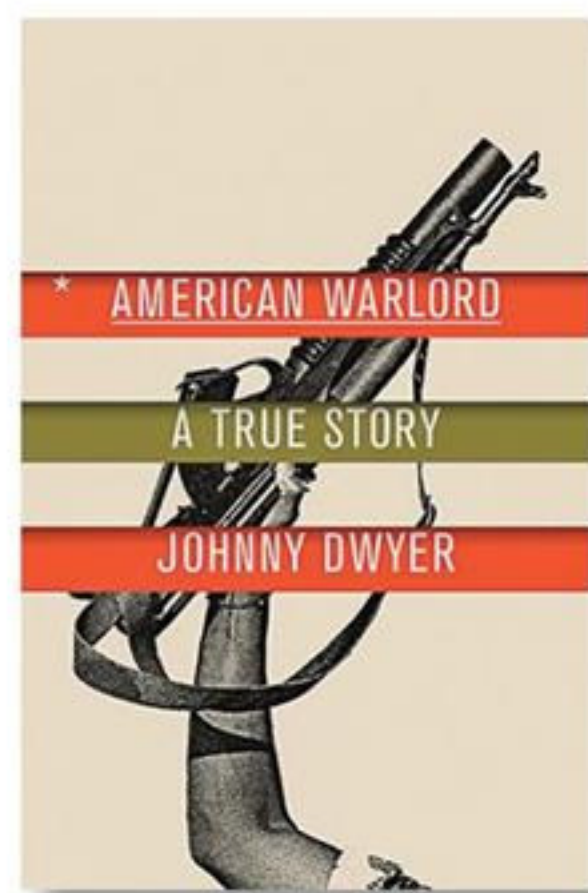
AMERICAN WARLORD

By Cat Auer

• Journalist Johnny Dwyer's deeply researched nonfiction work tells the twisted tale of Chucky Taylor, born in Boston in 1977 to an American mother and Charles Taylor—who abandoned his son to beat a long, gory

path to the Liberian presidency. In the mid-1990s teenage Chucky joined his father in Liberia, where he used cruel and brutal methods to keep Senior in power until it all fell apart in 2003. History is awash in bloody footnotes, including the Taylors' sad aster-

isks: Charles, first African head of state tried for crimes against humanity; Chucky, first American convicted under the federal torture statute. Fittingly, it was testimony from survivors of Chucky's atrocities that brought him, finally, to justice. 🍷🍷🍷



GAME OF THE MONTH

PROJECT CARS

By Jason Buhrmester

• Most racing games start off in the slow lane, forcing you to hit the track in a pokey hatchback to earn vehicles you actually want to drive. Not *Project CARS* (PC, PS4, Xbox One), which arrives with a garage overloaded with rides, from GT racers and road cars to open-wheel racers and karts. The real challenge lies under the hood, where

each vehicle can be fully customized down to the brake ducts and air restrictors. Tweak your vehicle, then hit one of 60 tracks to face off against up to 20 players online in races complete with weather and pit stops. Even better, pair *Project CARS* with a virtual-reality headset such as Oculus Rift and put yourself directly behind the wheel. 🍷🍷🍷

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

EAT, PRAY, THUG

By Rob Tannenbaum

• Is this rap's first PTSD album? In 2012, on two clever and hilarious mix-tapes, Heems described the multicultural sprawl he lived among in Queens, New York and his own conflicted life as the child of South Asian immigrants who wanted him to be a doctor. On his new album, *Eat, Pray, Thug*, he raps about the same topics but now with a shell-shocked shiver. Heems was in high school on 9/11, near ground zero, and if the tower explosions weren't enough of a shock, he then saw patriotic brown-skinned Americans assaulted with racist insults such as being called "Osama." In two songs he refers to 9/11, saying, "I'll never be the same," and throughout the album, over beats that skitter and grind, he extends his fears to recent issues, including drones and the NSA. Heems isn't in the mood to crack jokes, because all around him he sees dystopia. 🍷🍷🍷





80 MILLION

• Number of bacteria that can transfer between partners during a 10-second kiss.



70

• Number of cigarettes James Bond author Ian Fleming smoked per day, according to Matthew Parker's new book, Goldeneye.



SUPER HIGH

• The planet's strongest strain of weed is Bruce Banner No. 3; it has a THC concentration of more than 28%.



84%

of people who become vegetarians eventually give up and go back to eating meat.



LOW ROAD

• Drivers of expensive cars are four times more likely to cut in front of other drivers; they also ignore pedestrians' right of way 46.2% of the time, according to a University of California, Berkeley study.

DON'T CHUCK THOSE CHUCKS

\$33,000

• Price paid at auction for a pair of Converse shoes Michael Jordan wore in the early 1980s while playing for the University of North Carolina.



WAR OF WORDS



• Who's the rapper with the biggest...vocabulary? Aesop Rock, according to Matthew Daniels, who ranked 100 rappers based on the number of unique words in their lyrics. Coming in a distant second and third were GZA and Jedi Mind Tricks. Smallest vocab? DMX.



AWKWARD SILENCE

• Pause in the conversation? Women tend to fill lulls with ums; men with uhs.

WORK IT

66%

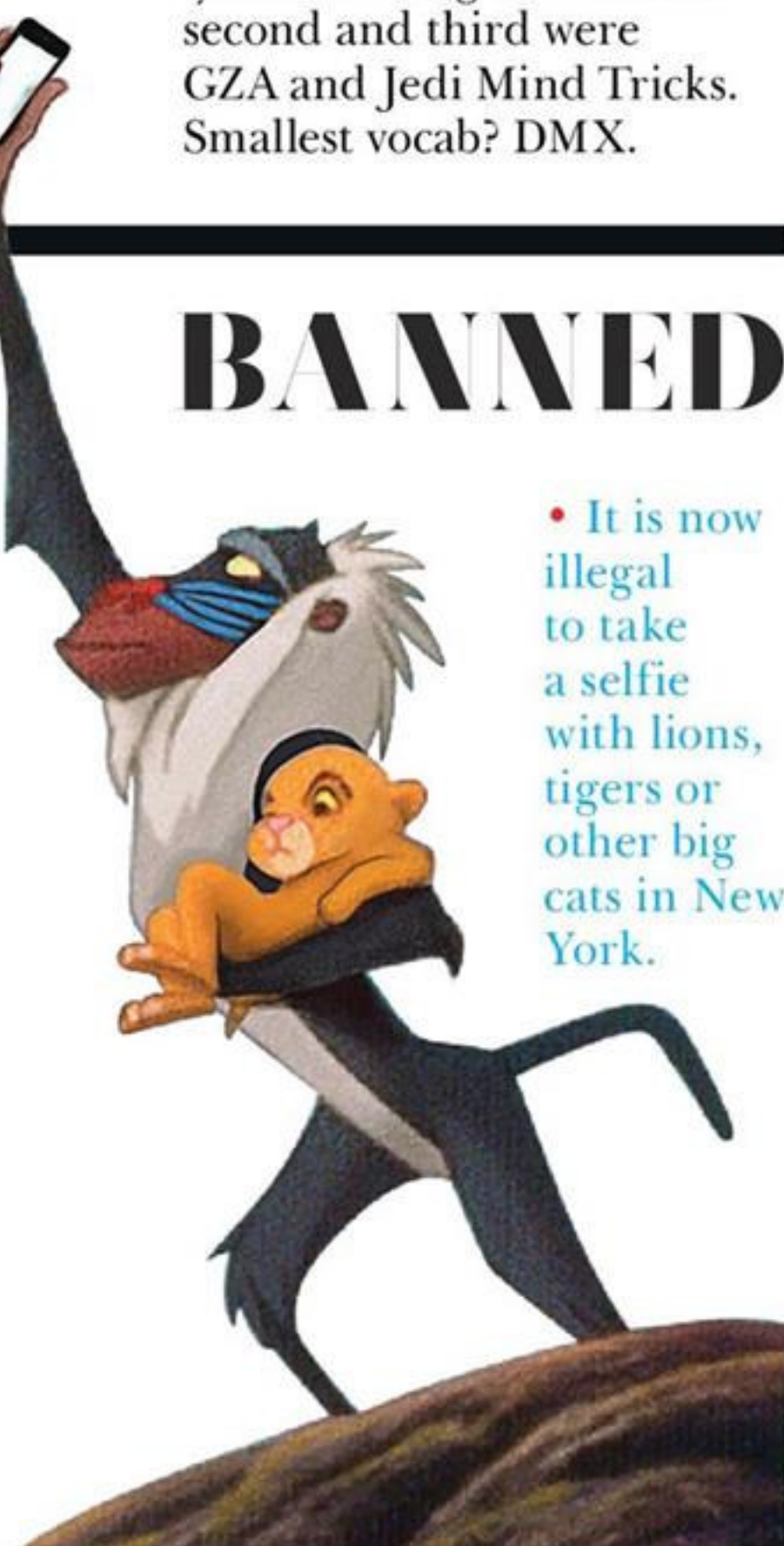
of respondents to a YouGov survey said they feel it's acceptable to date a co-worker; 35% of respondents had dated a co-worker in the past.

TURNED OFF



• 70% of women surveyed said smartphones interfere with their romantic relationships.

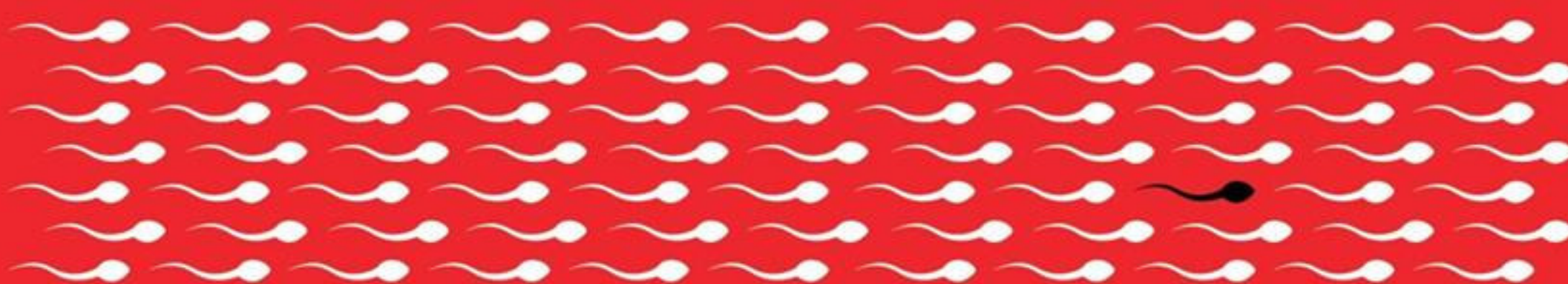
BANNED



• It is now illegal to take a selfie with lions, tigers or other big cats in New York.

PRICE OF COMPETITION

• Researchers say the more male buddies and co-workers a woman has, the more sex she has with her boyfriend, because he sees the other men as "sperm competition risk."





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BLUE**

By Daniel Steiger

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TEARDROPS AND TRAMP STAMPS

REMEMBER WHEN TATTOOS WERE MANLY? HOW DID WOMEN TAKE OVER OUR INK?

Admittedly, the reason I don't have tattoos is fear. Not just of pain and regret but also of having to admit to strangers that I've never actually heard a Molly Hatchet song and just think their cover art is cool, largely due to playing a lot of *Dungeons & Dragons*.

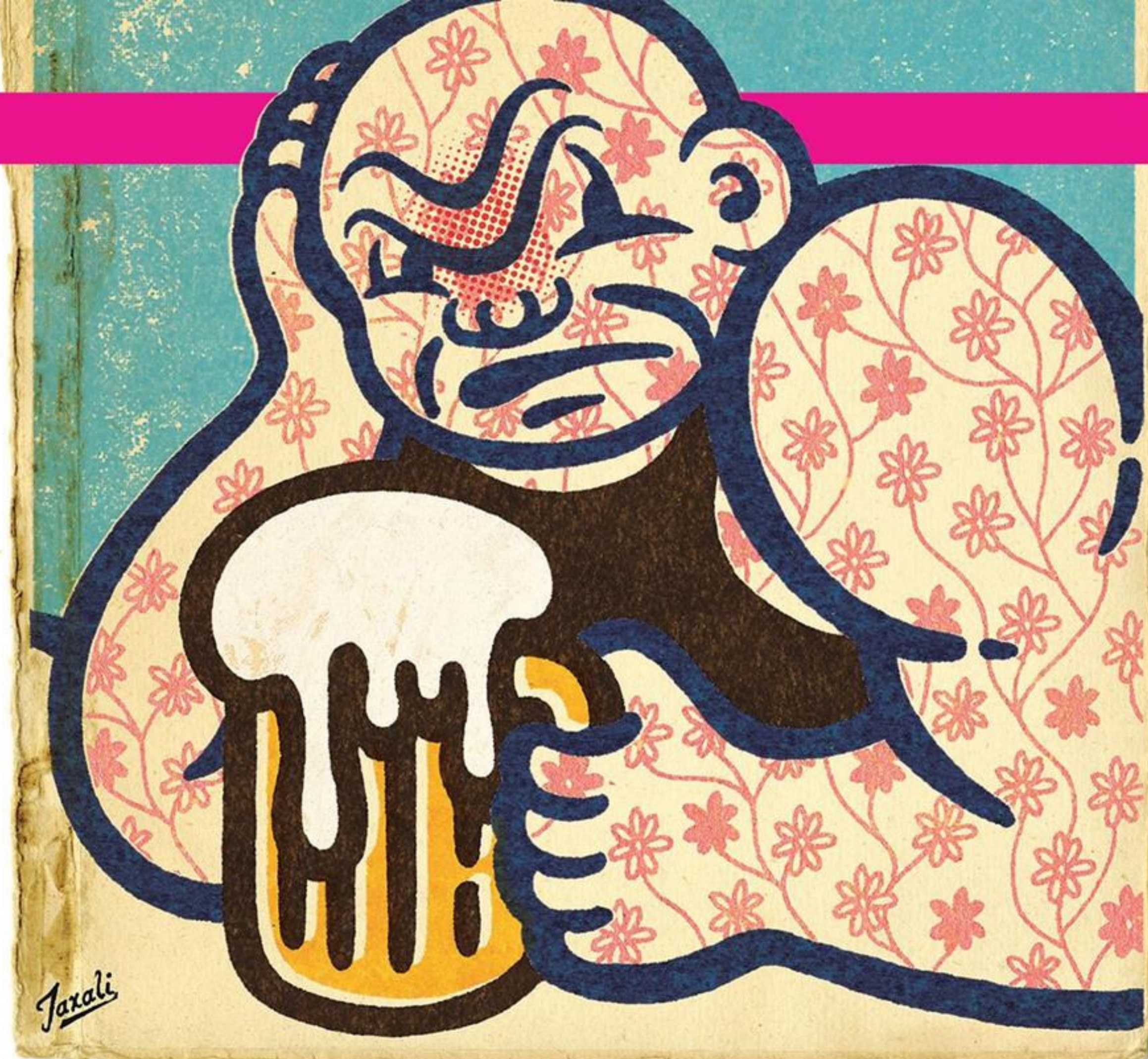
But as with many decisions in my life—such as becoming a nerdy writer and then getting to work for PLAYBOY—my wimpy choice accidentally turned out to be manly. For I believe that very soon, tattoos will be solely for women.

Yes, Popeye's forearm anchors are cool. Sure, the MOM banner showed that 1950s thugs were so tough they could display their vulnerability. And I'll grant it's impressive that Andrew Jackson, the scariest president we've ever had, got a tomahawk etched on his inner thigh.

When I moved to New York City in 1993, tattoos were so underground that tattoo parlors were illegal—even though we were still allowed to smoke in restaurants and issue subprime mortgages. But once technology made tattoos detailed, colorful, artistic and tetanus-free, they lost their outlaw mystique, which happens to lots of badass stuff. Earrings were a sign of rugged male toughness back in the times of pirates and Michael Jordan. You can tell how girly tattoos are now by the fact that the two biggest tattooed celebrities are Angelina Jolie and David Beckham.

When the first butterfly landed on a woman's lower back, dude tattoos were doomed. Women slowly feminized all the body parts on which guys used to get artwork: first the ankles, then the feet, lower back, hips, legs, neck, behind the ears, pelvis, arms, chest and finally the inside of the bottom lip. The ribs—which have to be the most painful place to get needled—are now where ladies display lines of poetry by Sylvia Plath that say some version of "My dad did this."

The decline of the male tattoo started back when Jenna Jameson put the word *heartbreaker* on her ass. While three times as many men than women over the age of



GARY TAXALI

65 have ink, nearly twice as many women than men under the age of 35 do. The Oxygen channel has two reality shows about tattoos. Several 2014 NBA rookies have no visible tattoos whatsoever.

There will be exceptions. Face tattoos will always skew male. No matter how fancy the font, tats that say "Fuck you" will be a guy thing. And criminals will continue to apply single-color prison tattoos homemade with soot and shampoo—but inmates are always pretty far behind on cultural trends, as evidenced by the fact that most of Tom's remaining friends on Myspace are doing life.

In the future, most tattoos will simply be a new form of jewelry, a slightly tougher version of body glitter. And a key tenet of masculinity is to avoid drawing attention to your looks. It's why tough jobs involve uniforms and why we feel oddly comfortable making fun of bodybuilders. Sure, there are historical anomalies: the 16th century codpiece, the 18th century wig, the 1970s gold necklace, that weird thing in 1994 when baseball players dyed the tips of their hair blond. But none of this dandifying lasts. Men revert to the laziest version of Don Draper that women will permit. Adam Levine's tattoos are basically a male push-up bra for his back, saying, "Please admire my lush, beautiful lats."

Men shouldn't be so desperate to express themselves. Tattoos are a way of begging people to ask questions about what your ink means so you can tell them it's too personal to talk about and then talk at length about your addiction/breakup/trip to Thailand anyway. That's why tattoos are written in dead languages, Ro-

man numerals, glyphs and geographical coordinates—so no one can figure them out without asking. A tattoo is not only like a diary but a diary you leave lying around in an obvious place, like your arm. If a man wants to express himself, he should do it on someone else's body.

In the early 1990s, when the tattoo movement took off, most inked women were riot grrrls with nose piercings, short hair, little makeup, loud guitars and feminist beliefs. But once burlesque became popular again, stereotypical porn stars—long hair, lipstick, spray tans, fake breasts and transparent heels—became colorfully sleeved. The last time a guy was on the cover of *Inked* by himself was November 2012—despite the fact that the magazine also puts out a second title, called *Inked*

Girls. Tattoos have become completely sexualized. It's not fair and it's not right, but part of the reason tattoos—along with stilettos, fake boobs, plucked eyebrows, waxed vaginas and clitoral piercings—are hot is that they mean a woman is willing to suffer to look sexy. Which means she probably does weird stuff in bed. As the comedian Richard Jeni explained, "I see a woman with a tattoo and I'm thinking, Okay, here's a gal who's capable of making a decision she'll regret in the future."

The bad boy was replaced by the bad girl when power shifted to the nerds in hoodies. Now going on Vegas trips, getting wasted, screaming for an NFL team and having tats are the stuff of women's third through fifth Tinder photos. Instead of flowers and candy, the next generation will be giving women bail money. ■

BY
JOEL
STEIN

BIG BABIES

MEN ARE MADE OF STEEL. THEY'RE STRONG AND BRAVE, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING

I once worked for a boss with whom I had a really up-and-down relationship. He'd make us stay at the office sometimes until six o'clock in the morning, and during one of those marathon work nights he even accused me of being a mole for the government. I had a blanket and a makeshift voodoo doll of him in my desk drawer. I remember staring at him many times on those late nights, wishing he would just shut the hell up (and also button his shirt so I couldn't see his hairy stomach—which I could probably accurately describe to a police sketch artist if the belly ever committed a crime). My boss, though eccentric, was a genius and had a lot of good qualities, but a bad day was a *really* bad day. He could be loud and mean and scary and could verbally eviscerate you—except when he was sick. One day, when we first started working together, he got a stomachache and regressed into a complete and total superbaby. The whole staff was responsible for figuring out why he didn't feel well. Food poisoning? Stomach flu? Dairy? Gluten? Too much food? Not enough food? Too much alcohol? Not *enough* alcohol? Or a deeper problem. Abandonment issues? An overdue poop? The work ground to a halt while he and his hairy belly took a nap in the meeting room (and we all watched). But the key phrase is *work ground to a halt*.

When men get sick, it's a thing. I mean, women get sick too, but when men get sick, you *know*. You really know. Not to knock you guys, but you do have this amazing ability to be a rock in a lot of difficult situations (cockroach in the bathtub to cockroach in the ear), but when you pick up a little virus on a cross-country flight, you'd just as soon skip your return flight and head directly into the nearest womb.

I remember being one of those wombs and taking care of an ex when he was sick. We were spending a weekend in Las

Vegas together when he started to run a slight fever. He was tired but couldn't sleep. He had no appetite (sadly, we had to forgo the free casino buffet we'd lost so much money to earn). He was agitated and frustrated. I've been there; I get it. But then he started to whine nonstop. He became mean and was certainly unappreciative of my help (or the insane amount I paid for Tylenol in the casino store). I drove us home to Los Angeles and set him up on his couch. And that's when he became a superbaby. I covered him in blankets (too few!). Took his temperature (too many times!). Fed him chicken noodle soup (too hot!). Put cold washcloths on his forehead (too cold!). Bought him Gatorade (grape? gross!). I called my mom to ask for her advice (privacy much?). And sat by his couch-side, watching his chest rise and fall while he had fever dreams (hello, creepy!). After a few long days, finally the moaning stopped. The fever broke. He started to act like himself again (thoughtful, appreciative, semi-interested in me). I got him into the shower. Put fresh clothes on him. Did his laundry. Then he was better. And thankfully stopped acting like a superbaby. He was the first boyfriend I really took care of like that but certainly not the last. I've seen men roll around on the floor. Cry. Wail. Moan. Act like nobody on the planet had ever been sick before. But why? Why do the same men who are typically strong

BY
HILARY
WINSTON

in life and in crises collapse under the weight of a tiny virus or bacterium?

I think the answer lies in the following nothing of a story. I once asked a guy friend to walk me to my car after hanging out at his place, and he said he couldn't because he was sick. And that was it. He couldn't because he was sick. And I understood. I wasn't mad at all; I just asked his roommate instead. But that's why I think you guys become superbabies. From a very early age men are expected to be men. You're burdened with holding the door. Walking your sister to the bus stop. Giving up your seat. Getting a giant container of kitty litter off a high shelf at Costco for an unappreciative cat lady. And sometimes it's nice not to have to worry about any of that. To just be taken care of. To whine that the remote is too far away. The TV is too close. The show you're watching turned out

to be an infomercial. When you're sick, everything is simple. You just want to feel better. One goal. No obligations to anyone but yourself.

Sickness is permission to do exactly what you want, even if it's not the "right" thing. It's permission, for a brief moment, not to be appreciative of your girlfriend or her pricey Tylenol purchase. It's permission not to walk a friend to her car. And you know what? You earned it. Gripe, sob, super-fucking-baby it up. I'll just expect you to hold the door for me in seven to 10 days. ■



BOB DOB



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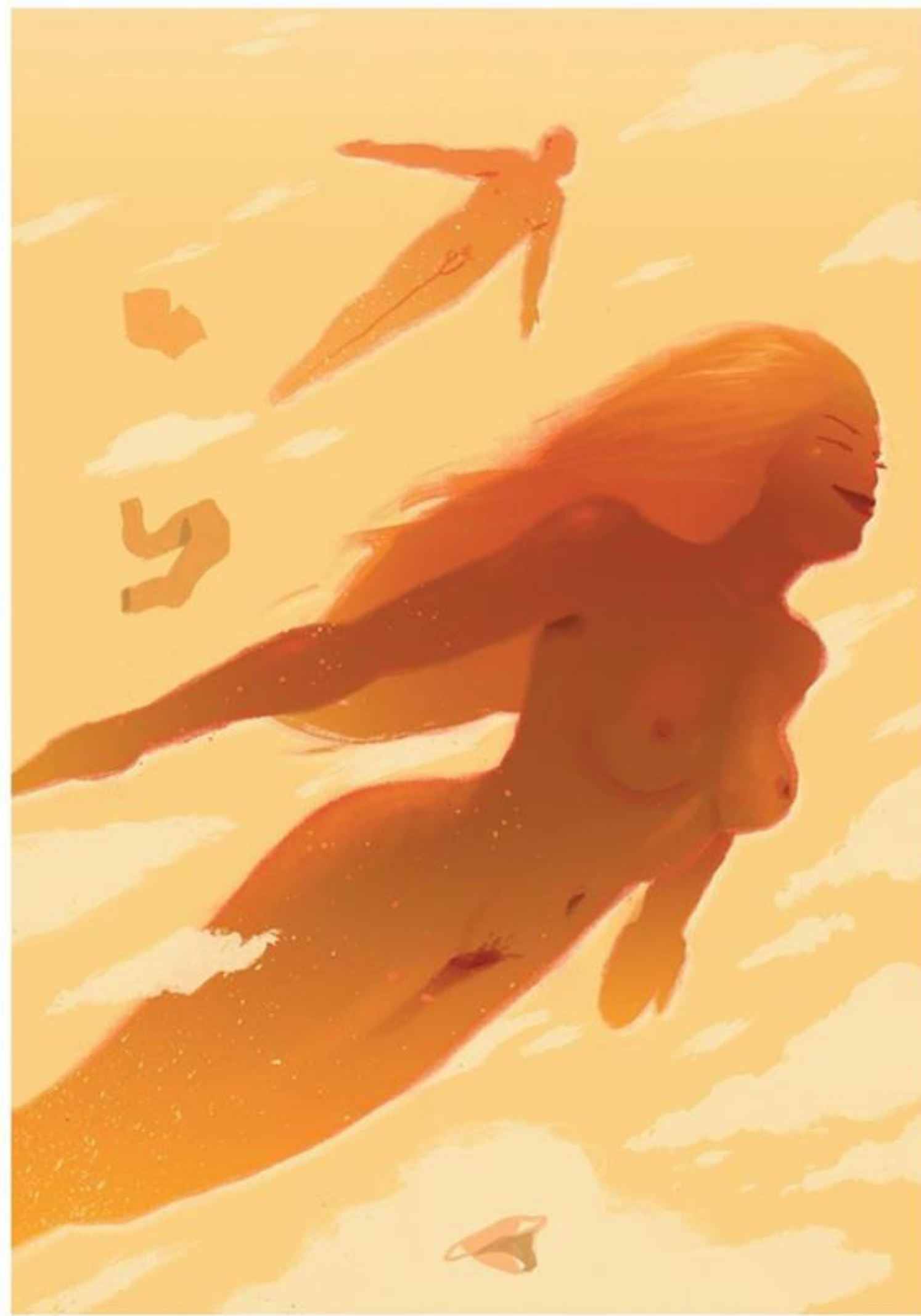
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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For our third date, I recently invited a woman to have drinks and dinner with me at a popular private social club. The day of our date, she texted me, "What should I wear?" I had difficulty answering this question for several reasons: One, a quick internet search of the venue showed photos from a variety of previous events; two, it didn't seem very romantic for a man to respond with phrases such as "dressy casual" or "trendy cocktail"; three, I wanted to find out if this person was confident and experienced enough not to need to ask or, better yet, fashionable enough to pull off any outfit (at the very least I would expect her to have a network of friends she could consult). I responded that I was wearing a light navy suit and polka-dot socks, to indicate my attire wasn't casual but was also not strictly business. I would have been happy to respond to this question if the date were a highly specialized activity such as rock climbing or if the person were new to the city, but in this case it just seemed like my date was being lazy. As I understand it, the reason I pay for dinner and drinks is that I'm privileged to spend the evening with a beautiful woman who has spent a lot of time and effort to prepare for the occasion and is therefore dressed the part. Is this not the proper way to think about it?—D.B., New York, New York

While we can only guess what motivated her to ask (laziness, as you suspect; trying to be respectful by deferring to your opinion; trusting your understanding of the club rules better than her interpretation of internet images), it sounds as though you've already determined her actions are an indicator of indecision, lack of resourcefulness and lack of fashion savvy. We could try to convince you to give her the benefit of the doubt, but you seem to have a very definite sense of what is right and reasonable. As for why you pay for a date: If you continue to see it as a transaction, you're setting yourself up for disappointment. We can think of any number of noble reasons to treat a woman to dinner and drinks beyond getting her to behave a certain way: to show her you're a traditionalist, to be generous, to experience the satisfaction of treating someone well, to set aside a stretch of time in a convivial setting to inspire intimate conversation and explore each other's interests and personalities. And we can't help but ask: What the hell happened on the first two dates?

Recently, while I was at my boyfriend's house and he was cooking me dinner, I



SKIP STERLING

It has long been a fantasy of mine to become a member of the mile-high club, and I finally have a willing girlfriend. But I'm worried I was born in the wrong era, what with overbooked flights, air marshals and hyper-vigilant flight attendants conspiring against aerial quickies. Any tips on how to join?—G.M., Ames, Iowa

You could blow 30 grand on a couple of private first-class suites, complete with doors and lie-flat seats, on an Emirates flight and join the club that way. But that's too easy. If you're living the economy life, book a long-haul red-eye and time your visit to the bathroom during that lull when the lights are dim, other passengers are asleep and the flight attendants are on break. You'll have only a few minutes in that cramped and stinky bathroom, so—as stealthily as possible—get your libidos up to speed beforehand underneath a blanket in your seats.

used his Facebook account to look at my page. When I went to type my name in the search field, his most recent searches appeared, and they were for three of his ex-girlfriends. I feel weird about this. Should I mention it or let it go? Of course I understand he's free to look at anyone's page, but if he's really content and happy with me, why would he be checking out his exes' updates?—I.U., Sausalito, California

If looking at the Facebook profiles of ex-girlfriends or boyfriends were a surefire indicator of the impending end of a relation-

ship, we would all be alone. There's nothing weird about being curious about how an ex is doing. Maybe he was tracking their weight gain. Or maybe he was tallying up his conquests. (We hate to break it to you, but even the most committed guys keep count.) Whatever the case, we'd say don't sweat it.

What are your thoughts on using hair conditioner as a shaving supplement? Can I substitute conditioner for an "official" shaving product on a regular basis, or is it something I should use only in a pinch?—C.R., St. Augustine, Florida

As long as it doesn't irritate your skin, go nuts. Some people with sensitive skin actually prefer to shave with hair conditioner instead of standard shaving products. However, you may need to alter your shaving technique, as conditioner typically has a thicker consistency than shaving gel or cream. Not only can it require a bit more effort to rinse off completely, it can also become gloppy and gum up a razor blade faster. One way to deal with this is to fill the sink with hot water and aggressively swish your razor through it every few passes to keep the blade clean and ready to shave.

I have a small wine collection (fewer than 200 bottles) that I keep stored at the proper temperature in a wine refrigerator. I'm curious to know the correct length of time to hold, or cellar, California red wines, particularly those from Napa and the Central Coast. I've been told by friends and various wine-store owners that, as a rule of thumb, big Napa cabernets from reputable wineries reach their prime eight to 10 years from their vintage. Some wine publications suggest holding them even longer. Furthermore, should wines from the Central Coast region, in particular Paso Robles, be held to the same storing guidelines as Napa wines? A Paso Robles winemaker told me that

red blends from that region should be held less than five years from their vintage. I would like to enjoy my wines in their prime, but it's often difficult to determine when that is. What is the Advisor's position on this subject?—J.S., Fresno, California

Our position is that life's too short to worry about when to drink a wine, so we prefer to spend our money on wines meant to be drunk young. Indeed, the vast majority of wines produced in the United States, if not the world, are designed to be drunk within about a year of their purchase date. But we're going

to assume you buy expensive bottles from wineries known for producing cellar-worthy wines. If that's the case, we would avoid applying any general rules, as that could be a costly mistake. Each wine, even those made in the same region from the same variety of grape, will age differently due to different house styles, winemaking styles, vineyard locations and other variables. To find out what other drinkers have experienced with specific wines and vintages, check out *CellarTracker*, a crowdsourced site and app that gathers users' tasting notes. However, you'll soon discover that opinions about what's best at what age vary widely. Some drinkers prefer younger, brighter, fruitier wines, which would lead them to claim a particular wine's "prime" is earlier than would someone who prefers older, earthier wines. Perhaps the best—and most often overlooked—method for finding out when a wine should be drunk is to simply e-mail the winery. They, more than anyone else, will know what their wine is supposed to taste like and when it's at its prime. And, it should be noted, your opinion trumps all of the above.

My wife tolerates my mustache-goatee combo like a champ, but she shies away from kissing me for a few days after I've trimmed it, when my stache apparently experiences a "row of needles" phase. The face fuzz keeps me looking Tony Stark rather than Tiny Tim, so I don't want to lose it. Any tips for achieving a perfectly kissable lip rug? I currently use electric beard clippers set at length four.—S.D., Teddington, United Kingdom

You'll never be able to fully soften a post-trim beard to perfectly kissable status in one session, but you can mitigate some of the chafing and jump-start the softening process. That row-of-needles phase is more like a row-of-razors phase: If you were to look at the ends of your hairs under a microscope right after a trim, you'd see flat clipped ends with sharp edges. Over time these wear down, and as your beard grows out, the hairs lengthen and become more inclined to bend rather than stab. What you want to do is wear the tips of those ends down a bit by massaging your beard vigorously. Applying post-shave oil will make the massage more comfortable and also help soften the shorter, more rigid hairs of your beard.

In addition to reading PLAYBOY for the articles (as well as for the girls), I sometimes read it for the ads. The back cover of your October 2014 issue features an advertisement for Jean Paul Gaultier's *Le Male* cologne. I really like the shirt on the guy in the photo and hope you can provide me with an internet address where I can order one. Any help in this matter is welcome.—H.S., Breese, Germany

We haven't been able to confirm the precise brand the sailor character in the ad you describe is wearing, but we can safely say it's a Breton-style sailor's shirt first worn by members of the French navy in the mid-1800s. The shirt, with its trademark horizontal blue stripes

on a white background, has remained in style to varying degrees ever since the French designer Coco Chanel turned this military item into a fashion piece in the early 20th century. We found a shirt that's very similar to the ad's undersized short-sleeve version on River Island's e-commerce site (riverisland.com).

I've been making my own sangria for the past five years. I have given it to local liquor-store and bar owners, as well as family, friends and co-workers, and they all rave about it. Now I would like to start selling it. Where do I begin?—N.P., Ledgewood, New Jersey

Start by asking yourself what you enjoy about your sangria. If it's the process of making small batches and enjoying the adulation of professionals and friends, then keep doing what you're doing and don't try to make money off it. Attempting to turn a hobby into a legitimate business can suck the joy right out of it, particularly when it comes to alcohol. Strict local and federal laws, high start-up costs and red tape place small booze businesses in the high-failure category. But if you're dead set on it, you should visit the Division of Alcoholic Beverage Control page on the state of New Jersey's website to read up on what permits and licenses are required. Then consult a lawyer who has worked with a business similar to the one you would like to start. Fortunately for you, New Jersey is experiencing a wine renaissance of sorts, with more start-up companies rebooting an industry that nearly died off during Prohibition.

A friend of mine is a "prepper"—he stockpiles all kinds of things in preparation for doomsday. When I got sick a few weeks ago he offered to help me out with some antibiotics. I asked if they were just leftovers someone in his house had been prescribed and hadn't finished, but he assured me they were new drugs in sealed bottles. Since I wasn't sure what was wrong with me, I declined his offer. He later brought over one of his stockpiled bottles, and they were fish antibiotics! He told me they're 100 percent the same as the pharmacy antibiotics doctors prescribe and they're easy to get from pet stores or online. Are these fish drugs really the same as the ones prescribed for humans?—D.S., Austin, Texas

A loophole in federal law makes it easy for anyone to buy antibiotics intended for fish. Whether they're exactly the same as those prescribed for humans is less distressing than the fact that your friend and other nondoctors are buying these drugs in bulk and giving them out or taking them with no real medical training or knowledge. Diagnosing an ailment and then prescribing the correct antibiotic for it is a complicated procedure that requires years of training, and no nonphysician should ever attempt it. Even with their medical training, doctors have overprescribed antibiotics; this has led to the development of drug-resistant superbugs that kill thousands of people a year. By taking these antibiotics you may not only be

improperly treating a real medical problem, you could also be helping to fuel a public health epidemic.

Back in the late 1990s my brother spent some time studying in Spain. Upon his return, he brought me a gift of a cologne called *Indome*. Not realizing it would be impossible to find later (even with the ready availability of information on the internet), I didn't bother to take note of anything about the cologne or its manufacturer. Do you know how I might be able to find out if it still exists? I received numerous compliments when I used to wear it, so I'm eager to replace it. I believe it worked well with my body chemistry.—C.M., Martinez, California

Do a Google search for "Indome Pour Homme Colonia" and you'll find a number of websites based in Spain that still sell it. The Advisor's Spanish is rusty, so hopefully your brother can help you with that too.

My husband loves my ass. I'm not into anal sex, which he totally respects, but we both love doggy style. Our two-year wedding anniversary is coming up in the fall and I would love to surprise him with an ass to compete with Kim Kardashian's (well, maybe not that big). Is there such a thing as butt implants?—L.D., Houston, Texas

As with breasts, silicone implants are an option with butts. An increasingly popular choice (it has seen a 16 percent increase over the past few years) is the Brazilian butt lift, whereby plastic surgeons perform liposuction on your belly and thighs and then transfer the excess fat into your butt to create a larger, rounder appearance.

Last flu season I got sick and was worried that I might pass the illness to my pets. Just to be on the safe side, I kept them out of my bed until I was fully recovered. Was I crazy to do this?—P.J., Kansas City, Missouri

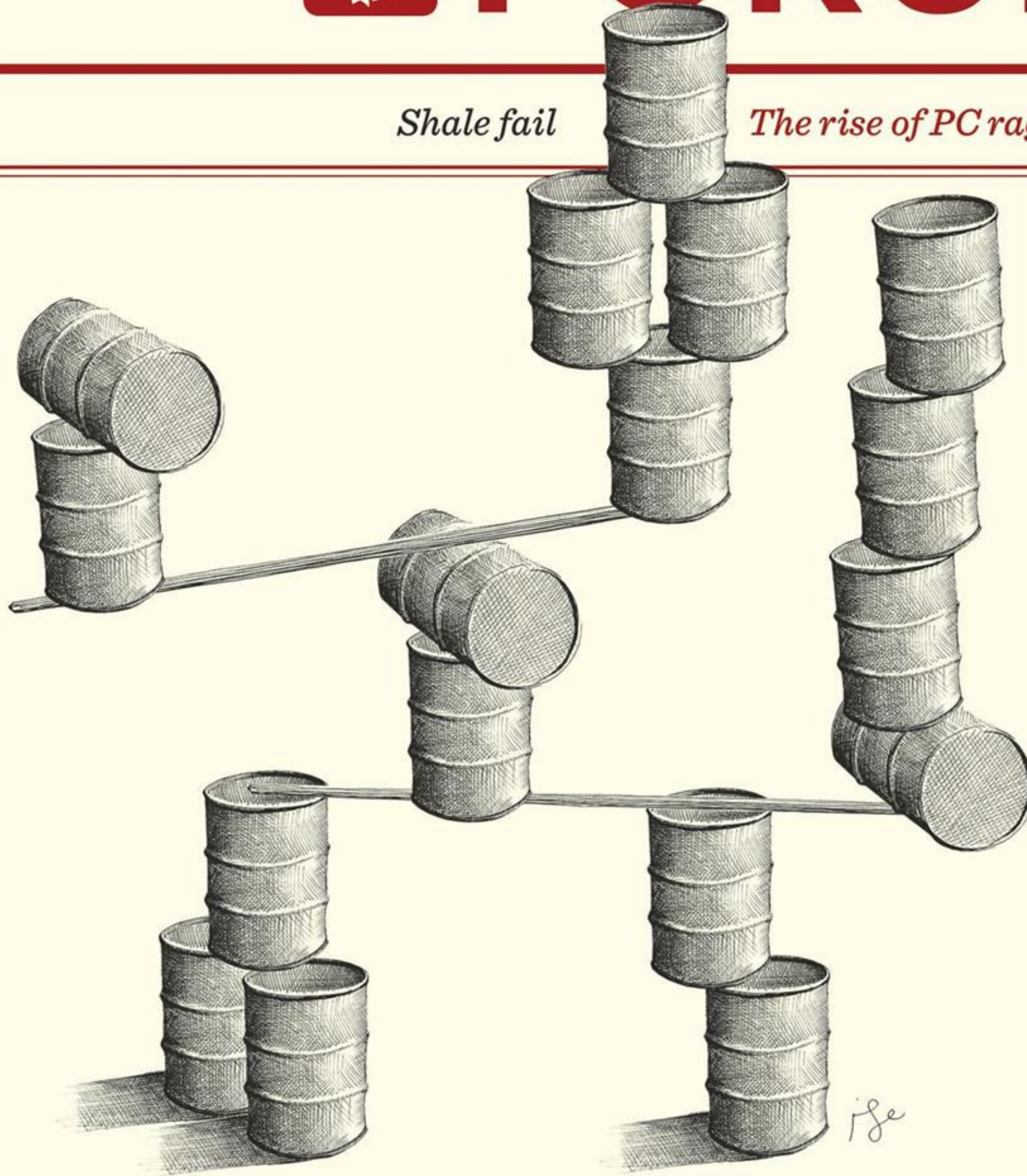
Species-to-species transmission of the flu virus is rare, but taking steps to avoid infecting your pets is not entirely unreasonable. Several years ago researchers at Oregon State and Iowa State found more than a dozen documented cases of confirmed human-to-cat and human-to-dog transmission of the H1N1 virus. In several cases the pets died from complications from the flu. If you exhibit flulike symptoms, you should avoid contact with your pets until you're better. And if your cat or dog develops flu symptoms following your infection, you should take them to a vet for appropriate treatment.

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.



Shale fail

The rise of PC rage



READER RESPONSE

AMENDING AMENDMENTS

Mark Joseph Stern accuses Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas of being a revisionist ("Clarence Thomas's Theocracy," December), but the opposite is true. Thomas is correct in noting that the text of the First Amendment does not prohibit states from establishing a state church. Now, is establishing a state church a good idea? Probably not. States today,

CHEAP AND CRUDE

Oil prices are plummeting. Gas is a bargain. But we're about to find out there's no such thing as a free lunch

BY ROBERT LEVINE

Sometimes, the difference between experts and everyone else is that experts get to be wrong on television. Not long ago we were headed for "the long emergency," according to author James Howard Kunstler, when a decline in oil production would devastate the economy. On the opposite end of the political spectrum, conservative financier T. Boone Pickens predicted that instability in Iraq would drive oil to \$150 to \$200 a barrel. The end of fossil fuel, as foretold by pundits and politicians in every headline and news hour, was nigh.

Yet oil fell from \$115 a barrel last June to a staggering sub-\$50, on average, this

January. Excluding the recession, prices are near their lowest in a decade. Ask any motorist: Gas fell to an average of \$2.20 a gallon that month, its lowest price since mid-2009, and Americans will save \$750 this year as a result. But those prices will have dramatic global consequences. Beyond fattening wallets at home, cut-rate oil could reshape economies, sway international conflicts and possibly even topple regimes.

Cut-rate oil could reshape economies and sway conflicts.

The most obvious victim is Iran, already hurting from Western sanctions. The country is said to be losing \$1 billion a month due to the precipitous price drop. Justin Dargin, an energy expert at Oxford University, has predicted the price decline would



as opposed to centuries ago, are too diverse to have a state-sponsored church. One thing many liberals, and occasionally conservatives, forget is that just because something is a bad idea today does not mean it is unconstitutional. If we do not like the current wording of the Constitution, there is an amendment process to change it.

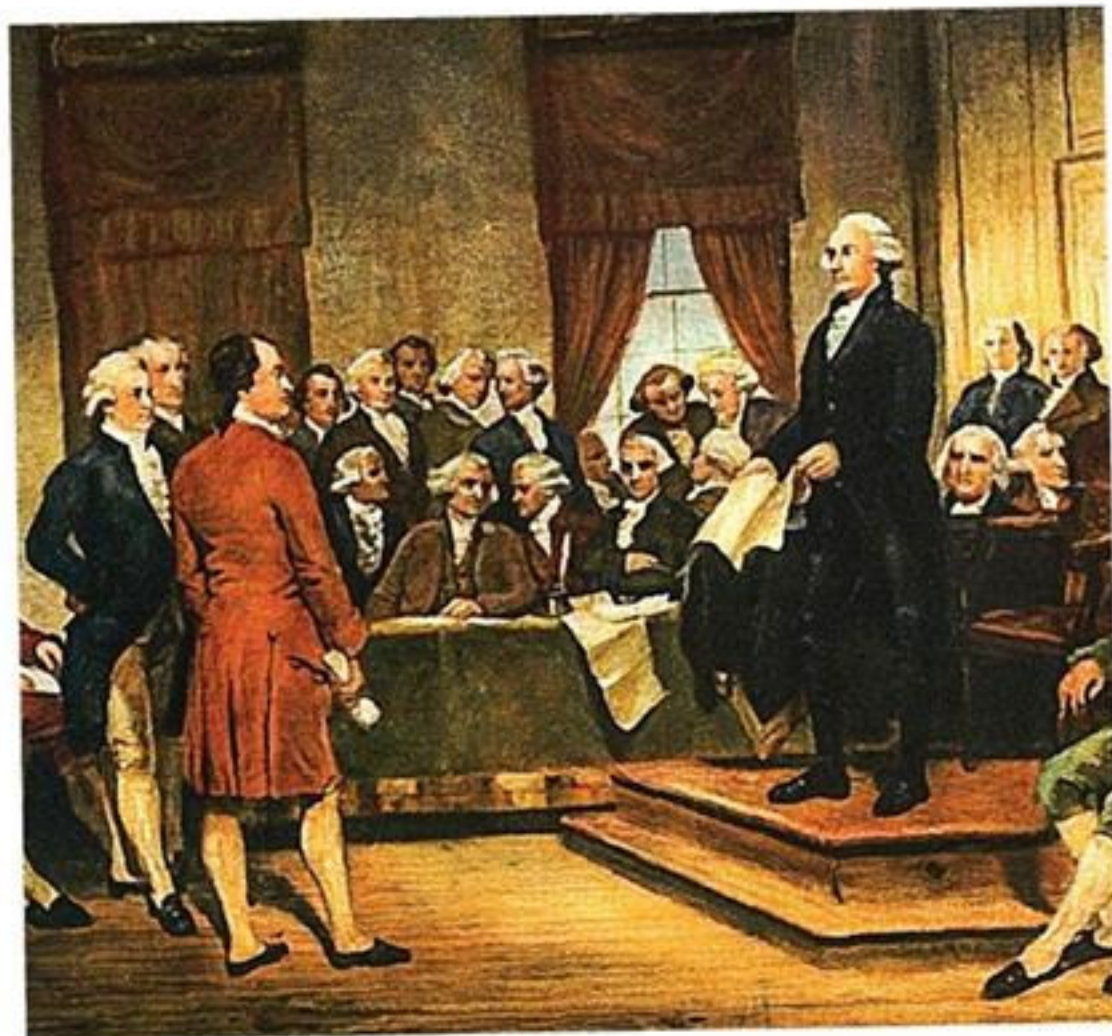
Sean Gravel
Tallahassee, Florida

Mark Joseph Stern's assessment is cause for concern—the Bill of Rights could be exploited



READER RESPONSE

by religious zealots. Consider that the First Amendment limits Congress specifically, not government in general: “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion.” The use of the word *Congress* was not a careless mistake. A majority of the founders (excluding James Madison and a few others) wanted each state to have the power to establish a religion—perhaps because there were concentrations of particular religions within each state. Over the years, courts have departed from the rule of law and extended the governmental limits down to states, local governments and even school boards. Many support the idea that “what the founders meant”



is the logical basis for action, and the wording of the First Amendment supports this idea. The cleanest solution would be to modify the First Amendment by deleting the reference to Congress. This would probably lead to chaos, but hopefully less than would result from the court appointment of another Christian zealot or two.

Donald Barnhill
Trinity, Florida

This country has fared well with checks and balances, but “Clarence Thomas’s Theocracy” shows an excellent reason to fear an overly religious majority in our highest court. Recent Supreme Court decisions give me cause to worry (its ruling



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: FROM THE MIDDLE EAST TO FRACKING IN THE U.S. TO OFFSHORE PROJECTS IN MEXICO, IT’S DRILL, BABY, DRILL.

hurt the country even more than sanctions have. Russia too could see a greater economic impact from the depressed oil market than from Western sanctions. Oil and gas account for more than two thirds of Russia’s exports, as well as more than half its government budget. With the ruble losing half its value compared with the dollar in 2014, a full-scale recession could be on the way.

Venezuela is also in trouble. Oil accounts for 95 percent of the country’s export revenue in an already unstable economy, with inflation of more than 60 percent. The Venezuelan government now spends billions each year to subsidize gasoline, which it sells for less than 10 cents a gallon; a change in that policy could trigger domestic havoc. Falling oil prices have even been suggested as a factor in Cuba’s decision to normalize relations with the U.S., since the island may have to give up subsidized Venezuelan oil.

A Deutsche Bank and International Monetary Fund chart (see opposite page) shows the price oil must reach for various countries to balance their budgets. It’s sobering: Russia requires \$98 a barrel; Venezuela, \$118; and Iran, \$131. (Saudi Arabia needs \$106 a barrel, but the country has significant cash reserves.) That’s where the bad news comes in: Turmoil resulting from price drops could hurt us as much as they could help. Russia could decide to lash out, especially if it believes that nationalist warmongering would distract the populace from eco-

conomic problems. And Iran or Venezuela could see unrest, or possibly eventual regime change, if the oil wealth they rely on to fund welfare programs dries up.

What explains the recent price drop? Like any commodity, oil’s value depends on supply and demand; conditions throughout 2014 bolstered the former while weakening the latter. U.S. oil production has nearly doubled in the past decade due to our burgeoning shale-oil industry; last year, domestic oil production was up 4.1 million barrels over 2008, and we produced more oil than any OPEC country except Saudi Arabia. Simultaneously, slowing economic growth in China—whose expanding middle class drove up prices in the first place—has lowered demand. And while Middle Eastern political instability, such as the rise of ISIS last year, has historically given way to price spikes, expanding

U.S. production seems to have blunted their effect. “While there may be a surplus of geopolitical risk in the world,” wrote energy expert Daniel Yergin in the *Financial Times* last October, “there was an even greater surplus of oil.”

Traditionally, these circumstances would lead

OPEC, the cartel of 12 energy-exporting nations, to reduce production to stabilize prices. But in November the group announced it had no plans to do so, a strategy that will hurt some of its members while helping others. Iran has accused Saudi Arabia of purposefully allowing prices to fall as a maneuver against rivals. Russia believes the U.S. and Saudi Arabia conspired to let prices fall. (The Saudis resent Iran as a Shiite rival, and Russia for backing the Assad regime in Syria.)

“We’re never going to see \$100 a barrel anymore.”

But no single country can affect the global demand for energy, even accounting for propaganda-fueled conspiracy theories.

Saudi Arabia's priority is to preserve market share at whatever price it can. If OPEC cut production, prices would rise, but the U.S. and Canada could gain market share as a result. By keeping production high and prices low, Saudi Arabia helps ensure that won't happen. Plus, the country benefits from low prices in relative terms: Its economy may be bruised today, but its rivals will be devastated tomorrow. And low prices put pressure on American shale-oil projects, which could shut down if the market remains depressed for too long. New projects already look less appealing; well permits issued in the U.S. dropped 40 percent last November, according to Reuters.

The truth is that oil prices have usually had more to do with politics than scarcity. Technically, there is a fixed amount of petroleum in the earth, but economists

and energy companies see the world's oil in terms of extraction technologies and cost. Beyond the oil that's within reach of traditional wells, plenty more can be recovered using deepwater drilling or fracking, but these methods are vastly more expensive. Extracting oil via fracking costs between \$50 and \$75 per barrel in the U.S., meaning oil must sell for at least that much to see long-term benefit from shale projects. Someday we may turn to even costlier sources of oil, from places such as offshore Africa and the North Pole, but those projects could be so expensive they would make oil as precious as if we'd "run out" of it in the first place.

Overall, global fossil-fuel demand isn't falling anytime soon. A BP study predicts worldwide energy consumption will rise 41 percent by 2035. And though predicting how long cheap oil will last is a fool's errand, prices won't rise substantially for a while. Saudi Arabian prince Alwaleed bin Talal said in January that "we're never going to see \$100 anymore." That's not necessarily a good thing. In the long run, the more we burn, the more we pollute, and prices this low could delay overdue changes in the ways we produce and consume energy. Cheap oil makes it easy to ignore greener energy sources that, while requiring major investment today, could compete with \$100-a-barrel fuel tomorrow. Decisions made in response to low energy costs tend to last far longer than their associated prices. The same SUV that appears practical when gas is below \$3 a gallon could be untenable in just a few years. (Tesla stock fell from about \$250 for much of November to around \$200 throughout January.) The same goes for political decisions made based on today's energy market: A gas tax would encourage smarter behavior, but it's hard to imagine it getting through Congress at these prices.

Some experts believe that oil prices could drop further—to as little as \$30 a barrel—before they rise again. Maybe so. But experts have been wrong in the past. In the long term, higher oil prices are inevitable, since cheap energy creates its own demand: The less expensive it becomes to drive big cars, the more people will buy them. Changing energy prices—and change in general—is inevitable. If we're smart, we'll prepare for them by continuing research into sustainable energy, taxing gas to make alternatives more affordable and continuing the oil-exploration projects that have made us less dependent on the Middle East. Otherwise, all it adds up to is a wasted opportunity, and we'll simply be enjoying the ride in the biggest SUV we can afford. ■

Cheap oil makes it easy to ignore greener energy sources.



READER RESPONSE

that the Freedom From Religion Foundation had no standing to sue the executive branch comes to mind). Too few Americans, it seems, understand the potential harm that too much piety can bring to society. Why so many millions around the globe accept dictates from the Vatican, or from neighborhood pulpits, puzzles me to no end. Have they abandoned their own ability to think and reason? Your photo of Thomas "in friendly company" [in which Thomas is chatting with Catholic clergy] says it all.

Robert S. Corya
Indianapolis, Indiana

FLAG THROW

I think it is an absolute disgrace that while their colleges and universities make millions, NCAA football players (and basketball players too) have to use food stamps to feed their families ("Makers Into Takers,"



December). Something ought to be done so that more of that TV money goes to the players—without whom those universities wouldn't get a dime.

Harvey Glassman
Plymouth, Pennsylvania

College football left Tenny Palepoi with "no choice" but to receive food stamps? I can only assume that in author Patrick Hruby's point of view college football also forced Palepoi to



READER RESPONSE

accept a scholarship when neither he nor his family had prepared for the costs of college, to get married before



graduating from college and to have children. It seems to me Palepoi's problem is not college football but his own choices.

Philip H. Crane
Mesa, Arizona

BULL'S-EYE

I did a double take when I saw the photo accompanying "Gangsters, Gangstas and Getting Ahead," the letter from David Giordano-Steece (*Reader Response*, December). The image is of an early Thompson submachine gun, but it appears to be the first left-handed Thompson I have ever seen. The ejection port is not visible in the photo, but the controls, such as full auto and safety, as well as the magazine release, clearly are, as is the forward sling attachment point. I believe the picture may have been printed in reverse, producing a one-of-a-kind tommy gun. In any case, thanks for all the years of great photos and articles.

Kyle Collins
Wasilla, Alaska

We admire your eye for detail (as well as your enthusiasm for tommy guns). You are correct: The image was reversed.

TIME FOR THE REGULATOR

The maxim "People who do not earn enough to live on should earn more" (*Reader Response*, December) would work fine, except for the exacerbating factors of human greed and lawlessness. The Wall Street crash of 2008 remains a prime example of greedy executives using

WHO'S THE MAN?

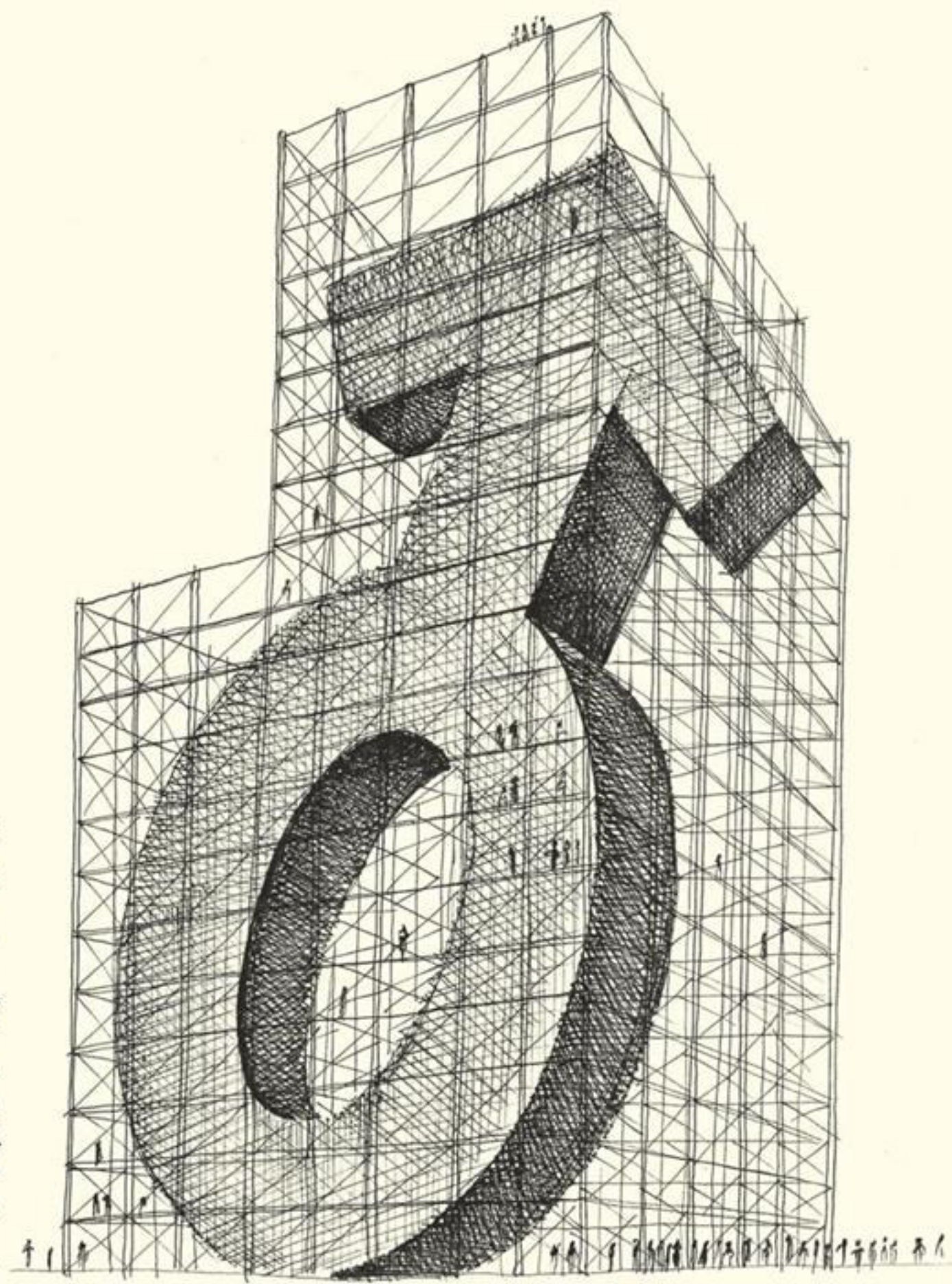
It's unclear who holds the power in American life

BY JEFF BERCOVICI

I entered college in 1995, a year that marked high tide for the movement then known, for better or worse, as political correctness. My school, Cornell University, was the site of one of the 1960s' most famous campus protests—a takeover of the student union by shotgun-toting members of the Afro-American Society in 1969. That radical legacy survived, in diluted form, in the demonstrations that clogged our quads on a near-daily basis, demanding everything from more vegan options in our dining halls to the right of self-segregation for minority students who felt out of place in the mostly white freshman dorms. The film *PCU*, released a few months before my matriculation, satirized this campus environment. As a piece of social commentary, *PCU* was stupid, but its very crassness was a sort of manifesto for those who saw multicultural sensitivity as something forced on them by liberal elites. My four years in college would see the rise of Fox News, the launch of *Maxim* magazine and the debuts of *South Park* and *The Man Show* on Comedy Central. By the time I graduated, the term *PC* was back to being an embarrassing epithet, a clay pigeon for the forces of reaction to blast away at.

The forces of reaction weren't entirely wrong. Whether or not anyone ever used the phrase *vertically challenged* with a straight face, political correctness had a tendency toward unintentional self-parody. During the time it held sway, however, the movement had real force, because it knew its target: the Man. Activists would not tolerate an establishment of able-bodied white Christian heterosexual men defining the terms in which everyone else spoke and thought ever again.

Simplicity makes for strong messages, and when the Man was a monolith, protest was a simple binary: us vs. them. It was safe to assume the president of this college or that TV network was in league with the powers that be, because why else would he be there? Authority



and information flowed in one direction, from the top down. Fire your rhetorical gun upward, however wildly, and you'd surely hit an enemy.

In 2015 much of that no longer holds true, and the Man is not what he used to be. The president of the United States is a black man with an Arabic middle name. The frontrunner to succeed him is a woman. The CEO of the world's most valuable company, Apple's Tim Cook, recently came out as gay. The editor of *The New York Times* is a black man who succeeded a woman. Straight white

men still control far more than their share of Senate seats, corporate directorships and meaty dramatic roles, but their hegemony is no longer unchallenged.

Meanwhile, the shape of influence has changed. Thanks to the democratizing force of the internet and the amplifying effect of social media,

playing fields have started to level. Tiny constituencies can now wield the kind of clout major political parties once monopolized.

Yet, as so often happens, the revolutionaries formerly united in struggle now find themselves falling out with one another in triumph. It turns out that when the Man starts to look more like the rest of us, everyone starts to look a little like the Man. Call it PCTSD. Like the combat soldiers who return from the front lines with post-traumatic stress disorder, their brains unable to stand down from high alert, the culture warriors of the 1990s remain in constant fight-or-flight mode, spotting the enemy behind every parked car and potted plant,

The internet has changed the shape of influence.

going full Rambo at the slightest provocation, real or imagined. Their weapons are tweets and hashtags, not bullets and grenades, but with the real foe in headlong retreat, the friendly fire casualties have been mounting.

Just ask Stephen Colbert. When, last year, he announced the “Ching-Chong Ding-Dong Foundation for Sensitivity to Orientals or Whatever,” it was his way of slamming Washington Redskins owner Dan Snyder for his lame attempt to justify the team’s historic facepalm of a name. The antiracism tilt of his joke was lost on activist Suey Park, who launched the #CancelColbert boycott and managed to make her hashtag a top trend on Twitter before the outrage cycle ran its course.

Or ask Lena Dunham. An outspoken voice on women’s issues since the start of her young career, the *Girls* creator disclosed, in her memoir, a sexual assault she suffered in college. She hoped to erase the stigma for fellow rape victims. Absurdly, critics cherry-picked out-of-context passages about her childhood sexual explorations from her book to label her an apologist for “rape culture.” Many black feminists endorsed the #DropDunham campaign, arguing her white privilege had protected her for too long.

Colbert and Dunham will be just fine, of course, but celebrities aren’t the only ones who find themselves in the crosshairs of would-be allies. The producers of *10 Hours of Walking in NYC as a Woman*, a viral-video sensation that captures the shocking degree of sexual harassment directed at women in public, ended up having to apologize for “unintended racial bias” in their editing. Despite 39 million views on YouTube, the video’s original message was lost in a cacophony of competitive identity politics. That happens a lot these days. Black women accuse white women and gay men of

IS *GIRLS* STAR LENA DUNHAM JUST YOUR TYPICAL RAPE-CULTURE APOLOGIST?



DESPITE HIS OBVIOUS SATIRE, NOT EVEN COLBERT WAS SAFE FROM ACTIVIST FLAK.

“cultural appropriation” for borrowing slang such as *basic bitch* and dance moves such as twerking. Black social conservatives spar with gay-marriage activists over the civil rights mantle. Writing in *Reason*, the libertarian Shikha Dalmia notes the sneering attacks she absorbed from popular women’s blogs over her criticism of California’s controversial “affirmative consent” bill: “Accusing women of enjoying rape was something that men used to do to justify raping them. Now, apparently, it’s a club feminists use to clobber other feminists who disagree with them.”

In this war of all against all, it becomes hard to distinguish legitimate claims of victimhood from spurious ones. When the progenitors of “Gamergate,” an adolescent campaign to deprive feminist critics of a voice in the video game industry, wanted to sell their boycott to corporate advertisers, they couched their cause in the language of the anti-bullying movement—and succeeded.

The internet is very good at two things: extracting bits of content out of their original context, and stitching together people into networks of affinity, be they freegans or white supremacists. For anyone who enjoys working up a righteous lather now and then—and that appears to be pretty much all of us—it has never been easier to find things to get outraged about, to find others who share our outrage and to vent it in a way that gets results. Calling someone a bigot or a rapist on Twitter is a lot easier than doing it face-to-face, especially when you’re the millionth person to do so.

But the more we spend our days online, talking to people who more or less agree with us, the more we’re picking vicious fights with people who share our deepest values. The Man may be dead, but the narcissism of small differences is alive and well. As that thing we used to call the Establishment continues to splinter into a million tiny mirrors reflecting our own faces back at us, the people who want to change it need to stop and think: Who’s the real enemy here? ■

It has never been easier to be outraged and to find others who share our outrage.

READER RESPONSE

other people’s money to make a fortune without caring whom they hurt or cheated along the way. With the benefit of carefully established golden parachutes, they didn’t care if the market collapsed as a result of their self-centered and self-serving greed. If simple regulations had been instituted to prevent dangerous investment schemes, the crushing blow of the crash would not have crippled the financial security of numerous hardworking Americans on Main Street.

A “don’t work, don’t eat” philosophy is all well and good, but without safeguards against



the whims of greedy people in positions of power, those who don’t play fair will always become the victors who unjustly collect the spoils, leaving the rest of us to recover.

Peter W. Johnson
Superior, Wisconsin

MIND THE GAP

The rich get plenty of government handouts—just read some of the crap in the tax code. All kinds of corporate welfare exist in this country (*Reader Response*, November). If the gap between the rich and the poor keeps widening, we won’t have to worry about outside forces destroying us; we will implode.

John Ralphnell
Savannah, Georgia

E-mail letters@playboy.com.
Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive,
Beverly Hills, California 90210.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DICK CHENEY

A candid conversation with the most controversial vice president in history about Obama, both Bushes, 9/11 and our uncertain future

Dick Cheney likes lattes. Seated in his favorite brown-leather chair in the sunlit study of his home in McLean, Virginia, the former vice president of the United States can toss back two of the warm java blasts in an hour. They come from a stainless-steel machine in the kitchen and a slender, mustachioed housekeeper named Gus, who serves them in custom-ordered white Starbucks cups outfitted with cardboard Starbucks sleeves.

Behind a small desk sits the chair Cheney occupied for eight years as vice president in the White House, and above the white-trimmed fireplace hang three framed swords. One was a gift from the cadets at West Point when Cheney was secretary of defense; the second came from the U.S. Marine Corps commandant when Cheney was guest of honor at the Marine Corps ball two months after 9/11; the third belonged to Samuel Fletcher Cheney, the vice president's great-grandfather, who fought for the Union in the Civil War—enduring 34 battles, some of the conflict's bloodiest fighting—only to lose part of his left hand in a sawmill accident after the war's end.

Hugging the walls are approximately 300 books, mostly military history and political biography, arranged in chronological order—the World War II books, proceeding clockwise, give

way to the Eisenhower books, which yield to the Kennedy books and so on—with all the spines aligned neatly at shelf's edge. Despite Cheney's predilection for orderliness, however, his life has unfolded in anything but an orderly fashion.

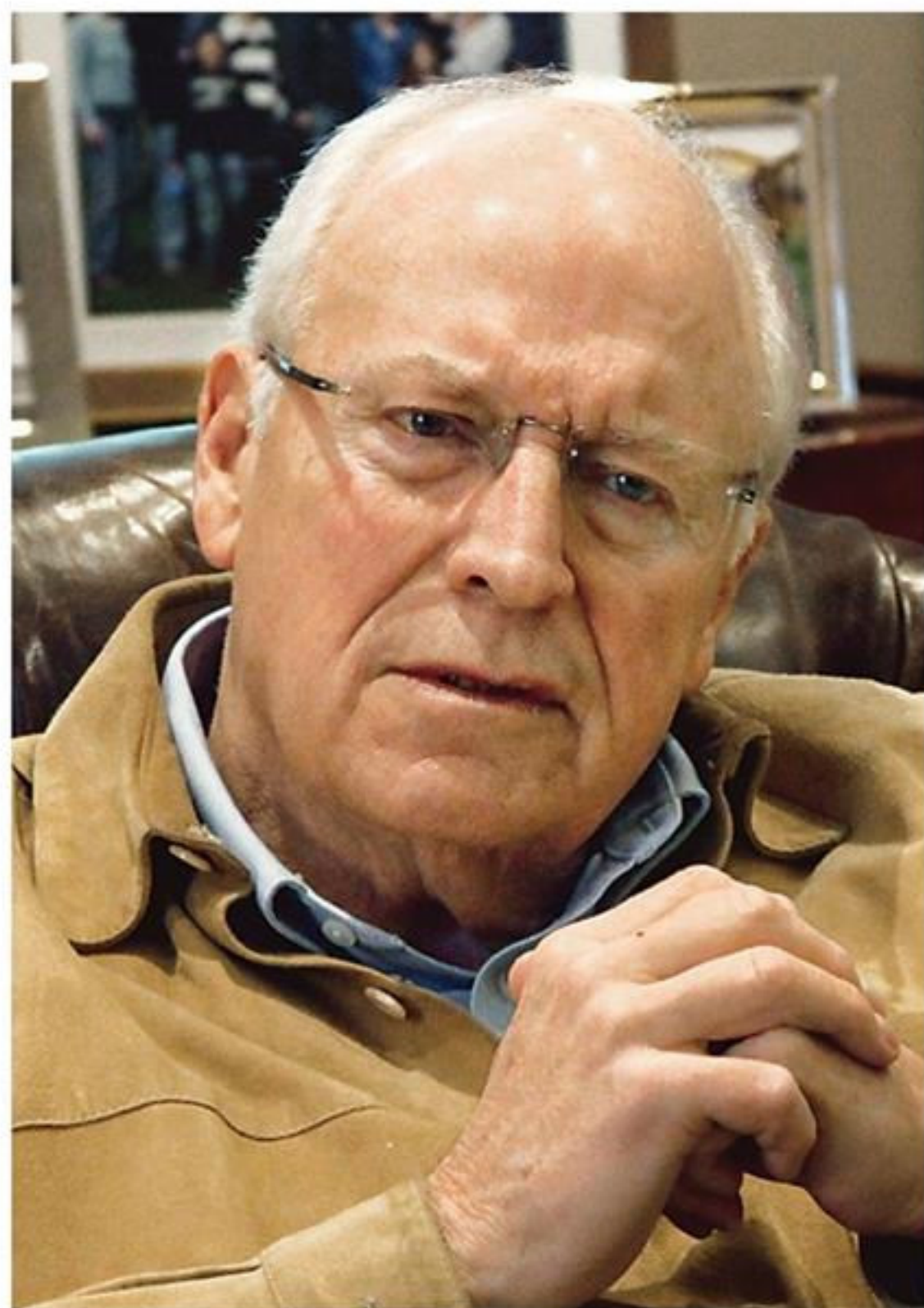
Born in 1941 in Nebraska and raised in Wyoming the oldest of three siblings, Cheney was the son of Marjorie Dickey, a cheerful and athletic homemaker, and Richard Herbert Cheney, a quiet Navy veteran who spent three decades in the Soil Conservation Service. The former vice president has recalled his childhood as "utterly stable," a carefree life of baseball, football and outdoorsmanship.

In 1958, at Natrona County High School, Cheney started dating Lynne Vincent, a pretty and intellectually ambitious blonde and the homecoming queen, in their senior year, to Dick's class president; they would marry in 1964 and remain married today. When Cheney headed east to enroll at Yale University on a scholarship, however, things went awry. He fell in with what the dean called "a very high-spirited group," prodigious consumers of beer in a common room Cheney and his housemates set up as a bar. His second DUI within a year landed Cheney in an overnight jail cell in Rock Springs, Wyoming, while consistently poor grades prompted his expulsion from Yale.

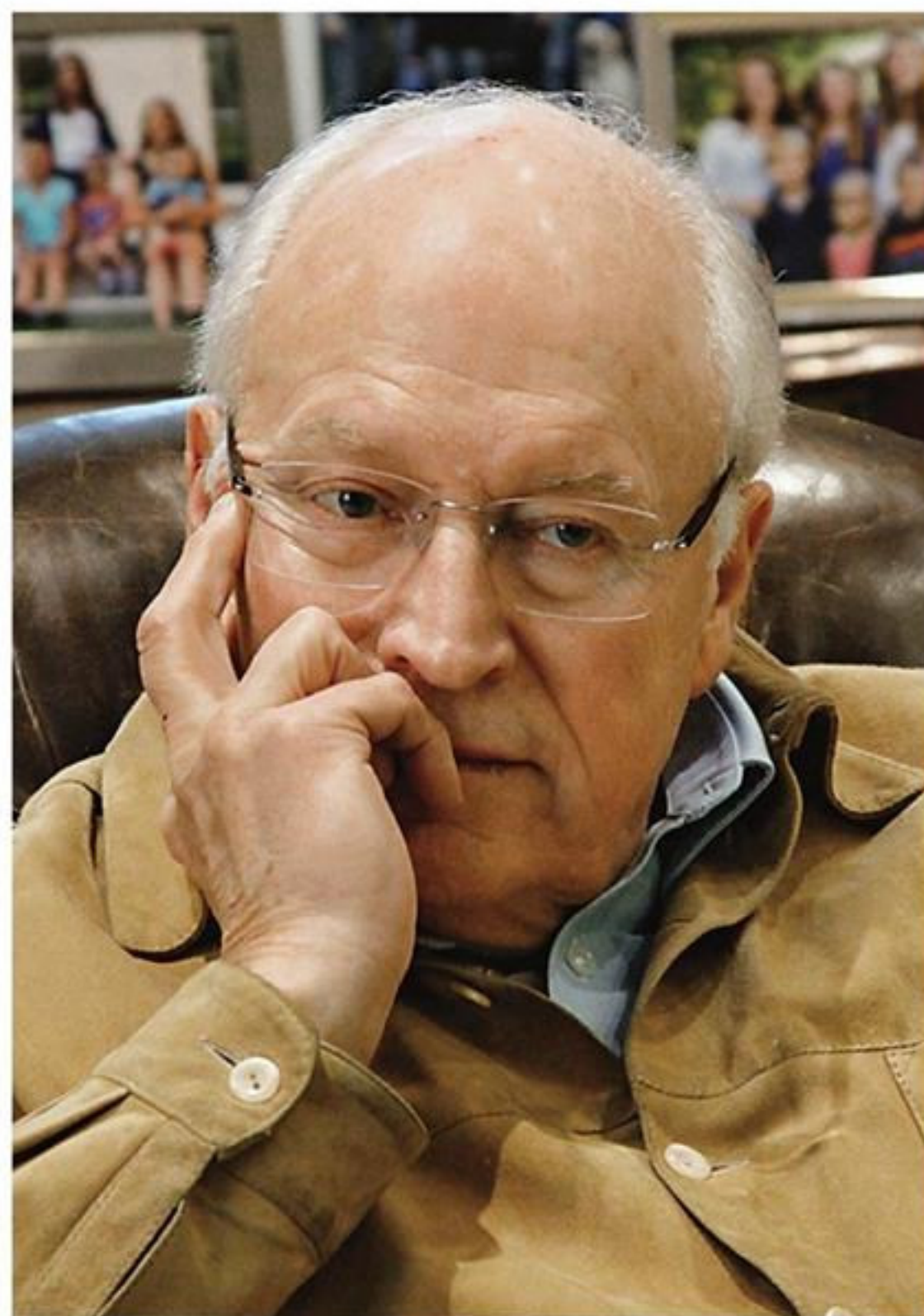
Cheney returned to Wyoming to build power lines and thereby paid his way through the University of Wyoming. After a series of internships and fellowships brought him to Washington, D.C., he fell under the tutelage of a young congressman named Donald Rumsfeld, who hired Cheney at the outset of the Nixon administration as an aide at the federal Office of Economic Opportunity.

When Gerald Ford became president, he tapped Rumsfeld to serve as White House chief of staff, and when Rummy headed for the Pentagon as secretary of defense, Cheney moved up, becoming the youngest chief of staff in history. Ford's loss to Jimmy Carter in 1976 sent Cheney packing, so he moved Lynne and their two daughters, Liz and Mary, back to Wyoming. There, in 1978, while campaigning successfully for the state's lone House seat, Cheney suffered the first of five heart attacks, at the age of 37. Numerous surgeries, including a heart transplant, followed over the next few decades. While experts can point to other living patients who have suffered as many heart attacks, doctors know of no one besides Cheney who suffered his first cardiac event in the 1970s and is still around to talk about it.

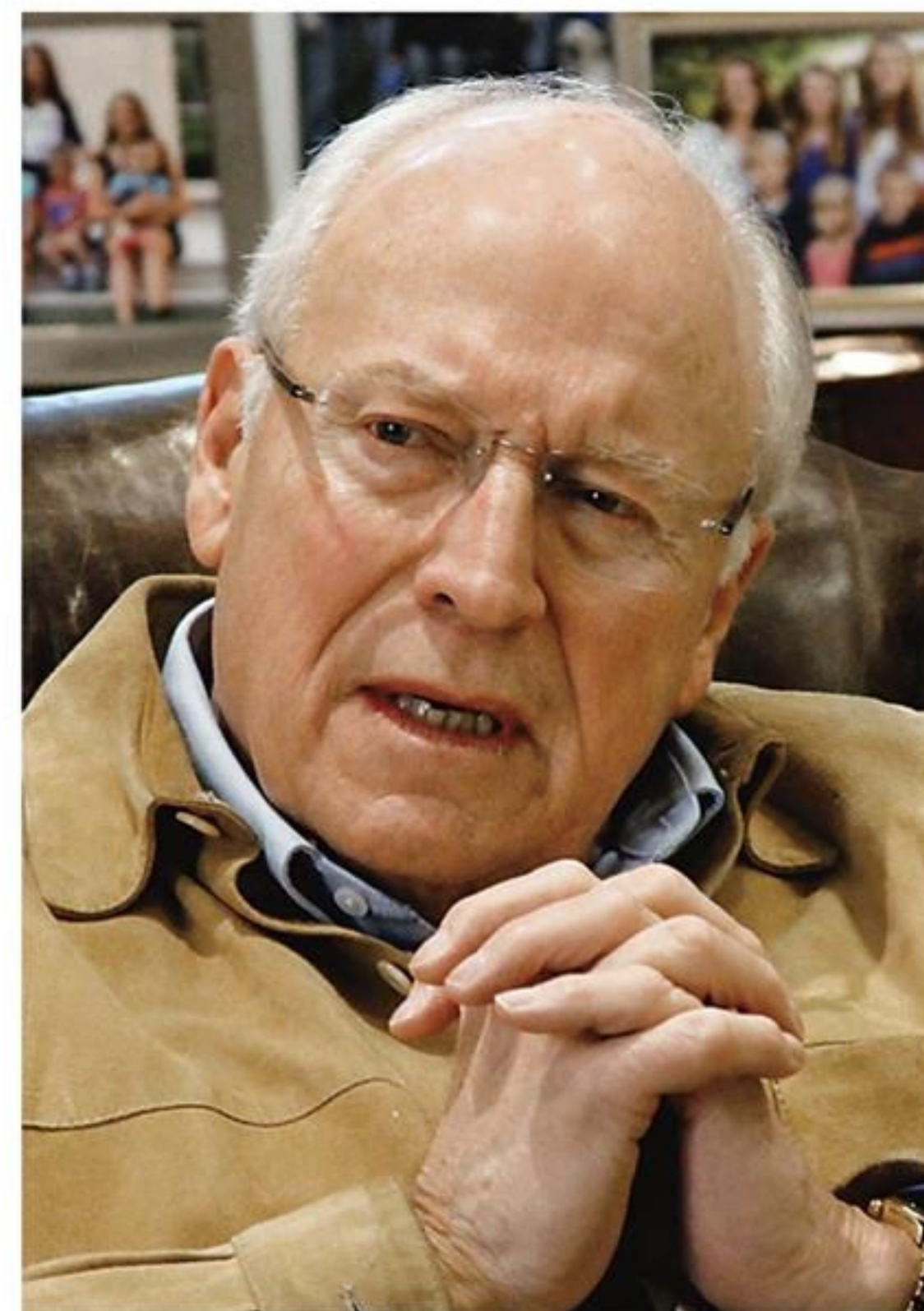
A low-key lawmaker who did his homework and avoided grandstanding, Cheney in the



"I look at Barack Obama and I see the worst president in my lifetime, without question. I used to have significant criticism of Jimmy Carter, but compared to Obama and the damage he is doing—it's a real tragedy."



"I think we did those things we needed to do to make certain that we were operating within the statutes and the laws. And we bent over backward to adhere to the law, to not do something that was, quote, 'torture.' I feel good about it."



"The [Yale] dean at one point wrote a letter to my dad saying that I had 'fallen in with a group of very high-spirited young men.' We did a bunch of stupid stuff you do in college. I've never dwelled on it, and I don't plan to."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICHOLAS KALMAN

THE VODKA THAT'S A REAL SHOW- STOPPER.

Stoli

THE
VODKA



SAVOR STOLI® RESPONSIBLY. Stolichnaya® Premium Vodka.
40% Alc./Vol. (80 proof). Distilled from Russian Grain. Stoli
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1980s quietly amassed one of the House's most conservative voting records while rising swiftly through the GOP leadership ranks. When Senator John Tower's nomination to be secretary of defense collapsed in March 1989 amid allegations of alcohol abuse and womanizing, President George H.W. Bush turned to Cheney to run the Pentagon. They, along with General Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, led the country to victory over Saddam Hussein in the first Gulf War.

Cheney spent much of the Clinton presidency in Dallas as CEO of the energy firm Halliburton—a private-sector stint that made him, for the first time, a multimillionaire. In 2000 he agreed to lead the search for a ticket mate for Republican presidential nominee George W. Bush. “You’re the solution to my problem,” Bush told his discreet advisor, and over the next eight years Dick Cheney would emerge, by all accounts, as the single most influential vice president in American history. Amid the panic and confusion of the 9/11 attacks, with the president hopscotching the country on Air Force One, Cheney was the coolheaded senior figure who effectively ran the federal government from a White House bunker. In the traumatic weeks that followed, he worked behind the scenes to expand federal surveillance powers and shape U.S. policy toward detainees. He argued forcefully for the Iraq war and on behalf of the energy industry; critics dubbed him Darth Vader.

Six years after he left office, Cheney—whose preoccupations today revolve around the books in his study and the purchase of just the right gifts for his grandchildren—remains a figure of unique stature for the American right and, in a very different way, for the left. In the vitriol directed at him even today, he is surpassed in modern times perhaps only by the man he served in the White House a decade ago—to whom he refers, unsentimentally, as “43”—and by Richard Nixon. For the tumultuous and still-controversial era of 9/11 and Iraq, Cheney remains, to many minds, the malevolent power behind the throne, a locus of latter-day conspiracy theories.

Fox News chief Washington correspondent **James Rosen** sat down with the former vice president. “For all the stress he’s endured over the past 40 years, medical and professional, Cheney is in amazingly good shape,” Rosen reports. “That said, he has aged somewhat since his heart-transplant operation in 2012: He has regained some of the 50 pounds he lost, his hair is whiter, his voice a bit raspier. In his views about the post-9/11 world, however, and in the dry, laconic style he uses to express them, Cheney remains defiantly unchanged.

“He is also a generous soul: While he agreed to conduct a lengthy interview with me that would span six hours over three days, we ultimately wound up recording nearly 10 hours together (roughly one tenth of which appears here). He knows that when the history of his time congeals, the Darth Vader caricature of him may well prevail, but he appears genuinely unfazed by that.

“Cheney embodies the maxim of the late nuclear theorist Herman Kahn, who famously said there are two types of people in the world:

those who care what *The New York Times* says about them and those who do not.”

PLAYBOY: At different points, President Barack Obama and Attorney General Eric Holder have suggested that racism is a factor in criticism of them. Is there any truth in that?

CHENEY: I think they’re playing the race card, in my view. Certainly we haven’t given up—nor should we give up—the right to criticize an administration and public officials. To say that we criticize, or that I criticize, Barack Obama or Eric Holder because of race, I just think it’s obviously not true. My view of it is the criticism is merited because of performance—or lack of performance, because of incompetence. It hasn’t got anything to do with race.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel Obama, either intentionally or inadvertently, has undone your and President Bush’s work?

CHENEY: Oh absolutely. Where do you start? I think with respect to the situation in Iraq, his precipitous withdrawal and refusal to leave any stay-behind forces, to negotiate a Status of Forces Agreement with the Iraqis, was a huge mistake; we are paying a price for it now. He’s having to go back in now, and the guy who campaigned on the basis of bring the boys home and get out of Iraq is now redeploying forces to Iraq. I think his apology tour, when he went to Cairo in the summer of 2009 and said the U.S. overreacted to the events of 9/11, was a huge mistake. I don’t think he ever bought into the notion that we’re at war, in terms of a war on terrorism; I think he always wanted to treat it as a law-enforcement problem. I think he’s done enormous damage to the military. I think what’s happened to the military in terms of morale, in terms of financing, budget and so forth is just devastating. The way Obama is functioning now, he’s crippling the capacity of future presidents to deal with future crises. It takes a long time to build up that military force. And I am absolutely convinced there will be a future president—two or three times down the road, perhaps—who will be faced with a major crisis and will not have the military capability he needs to deal with it. We are limiting the options of future presidents because of what is happening to the defense budget today. I can go on for hours.

PLAYBOY: The Obama administration points to a number of things—the swift formation of an international coalition to combat ISIS, for example, or the multilateral effort to rein in Iran’s nuclear program—as evidence that this president has strengthened America’s alliances after the damage done to them by George W. Bush and the Iraq War.

CHENEY: I came to town in 1968, and I have never seen people I have known in some cases for a quarter of a century—foreign leaders, especially in the Middle

East—who are so terribly frustrated, angry, frightened. “Whatever happened to the United States?” There’s a conviction they can’t count on us, that our word doesn’t mean anything.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when President Obama backed off from launching air strikes in Syria, in August 2013, in response to Bashar al-Assad’s having crossed the president’s “red line” and using chemical weapons in Syria’s civil war?

CHENEY: That’s a classic example, where Obama got everybody ready to do something about Syria and then at the last minute pulled the plug. I had a prominent Mideast leader talk to me when I was there last spring. First time I’d ever heard him say this; he’s always been very self-confident and very much in command. He said, “You assume there is no political price to be paid for those of us over here who support the United States—wrong assumption. It is sometimes a real question of leadership these days whether or not it’s smart, politically, for us, with our people, to be friendly to the United States.” General Abdel Fattah el-Sisi, the new president of Egypt, has been to Moscow; he hasn’t been to the United States. It’s not because he loves Russians; it’s because the political price he would have to pay domestically, inside Egypt, to come to the United States and be seen with Barack Obama would be very damaging for him. Our friends no longer trust us, and our adversaries no longer fear us. We’ve created a huge vacuum in that part of the world, and ISIS has moved in big-time. Now we have a caliphate in Syria and Iraq.

PLAYBOY: President Obama argues that under his leadership, “core Al Qaeda” has been “decimated.”

CHENEY: We have had a massive spread in the number of Al Qaeda-type organizations. The RAND study that came out last summer said that between 2010 and 2013 there had been a 58 percent increase worldwide in the number of Al Qaeda-type organizations. We used to worry, at 9/11, just about Afghanistan; now it stretches from Mali and Nigeria in West Africa, across North Africa, through the Middle East, all around into Indonesia, where you’ll find potential sanctuaries and safe harbors for Salafi Islamists, the terrorists, the Al Qaeda types. It’s a very dangerous situation. I think the threat is growing steadily, and I think our capacity to deal with it is rapidly diminishing. I look at Barack Obama and I see the worst president in my lifetime, without question—and that’s saying something. I used to have significant criticism of Jimmy Carter, but compared to Barack Obama and the damage he is doing to the nation—it’s a tragedy, a real tragedy, and we are going to pay a hell of a price just trying to dig out from under his presidency.

PLAYBOY: You worked closely with both

presidents Bush. What were the most significant differences you observed between them as men and leaders?

CHENEY: Well, I liked them both. I was grateful for the opportunities they provided. I think of them as very different people. You know, we always talked about how 43 was a lot more like his mother in terms of personality and so forth, with a quick wit and a sharp tongue on occasion. Politically, in some respects, he was more successful than 41 because he got reelected. They were different, obviously; they came with very different backgrounds in the sense of their political experience. You know, 43 arrived as a successful two-term governor of one of our biggest states, with a heavy emphasis on the domestic side of the ledger. And from my standpoint, in part, that’s why he wanted me—because I brought my own background and experience on the international side. His dad, on the other hand, came with all the credentials of a guy who had been a naval aviator in World War II and director of the CIA and ambassador to the United Nations and ambassador to China, member of the House and so forth. So, totally different backgrounds.

PLAYBOY: Did you find one easier to work with than the other?

CHENEY: You know, the experiences were so different.

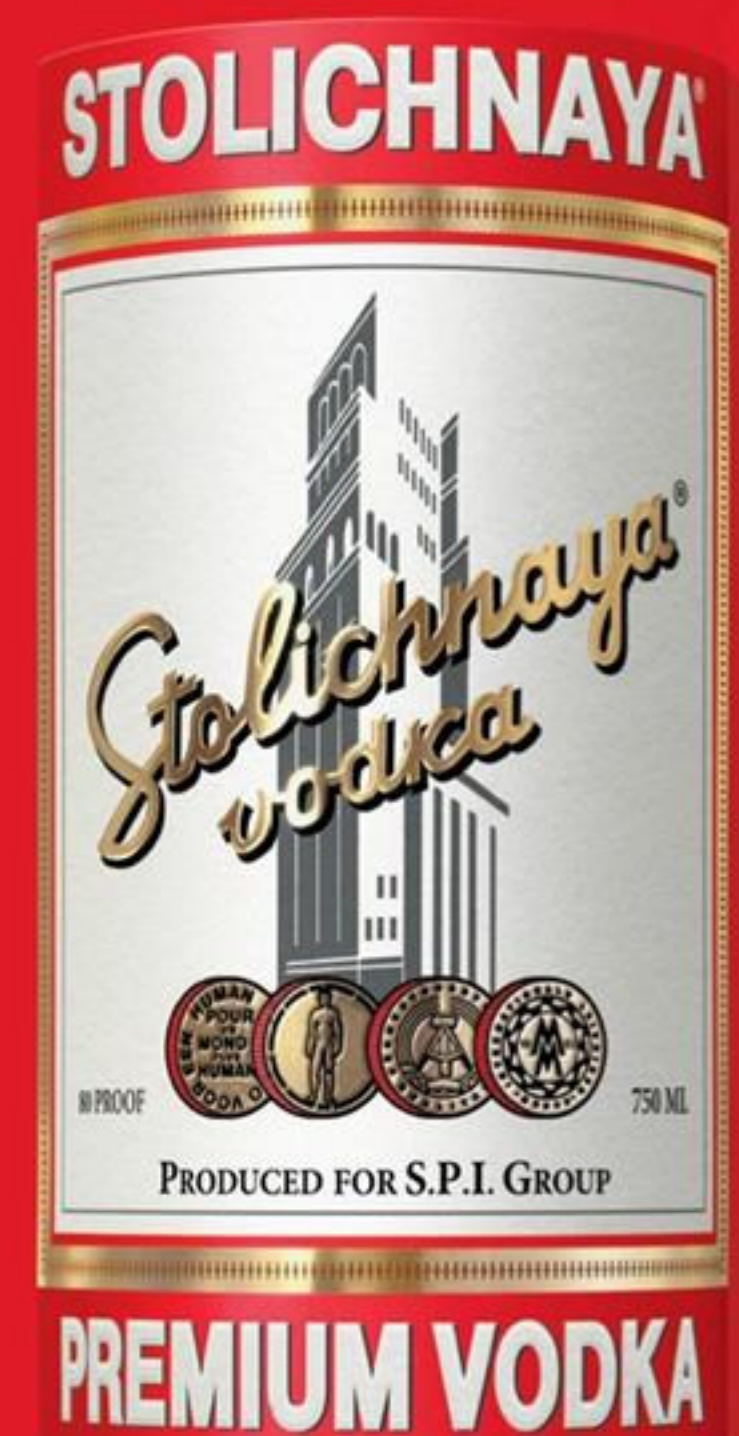
PLAYBOY: Because you were secretary of defense for one and vice president for the other?

CHENEY: Yeah, and there were other differences too. I always thought the national security team we had under 41 was especially effective, with Jim Baker, Brent Scowcroft, Colin Powell, as well as the president, obviously, and myself; it was a group that worked well together. That wasn’t as smooth an operation by the time you got to 43. But again, my perspective on it was different, because in one case I’m the secretary of defense and the other I’m vice president. You know, everybody always wants to compare across administrations. After you have been there and spent time at it and worked in the different circumstances that I did, you find what strikes you is the differences, not the similarities.

PLAYBOY: Let’s discuss your relationship with George W. Bush. The account goes that you famously told Dan Quayle, “I have a different understanding with the president” about the role you would play as vice president. And when Quayle asked you, “Did you get that directly from Bush?” you replied in one word: “Yes.” Where and when, exactly, did you and George W. Bush hash out this understanding of the role you would play?

CHENEY: It had grown over time. I can’t say, “Well, let’s see, at two o’clock on March 14.” No, it didn’t work out that way at all. What had happened, in effect, was he had asked me to help him find somebody to be vice president.

MIXES WELL, BUT TASTES GREAT “AU NATUREL.”



And walking through that process over a period of months, talking about various individuals and the traits and attributes he was interested in and what he needed, I developed an understanding of what he was looking for. And when we got through that whole process he concluded by saying, “You’re the solution to my problem.” I think it was through that process, rather than saying there was one particular point in time when he said A, B, C and D.

PLAYBOY: One account quotes Bush 43 as having said at a certain point, “Dick is going to have the intelligence portfolio.”

Was there ever a conversation between you, prior to Inauguration Day, when the two of you laid out what large areas you would tackle as vice president and how your authority would be structured?

CHENEY: You’re overthinking it. You really are. It was the kind of situation where he wanted me because of my background in national security: secretary of defense, intelligence, on the House intelligence committee, in charge of a big chunk of the intelligence community as secretary of defense. I mean, you go through all that litany of credentials, and we began at the very beginning of the process. You know, he’s the one who sent me to Washington to start working on the transition, in terms of recruiting candidates for it. He obviously had firm ideas of what he wanted to do in some areas. But we talked about functions and so forth. There, from my perspective, one of the things I wanted to do and told him I planned to do—with his approval, obviously—was that as soon as I could, I wanted to dig back into the intelligence community, because I had been out of the loop for eight years. And so I spent those early weeks visiting the Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the Central Intelligence Agency, et cetera. Went through all of them, visited all of them, got to know the top leadership in all of them, spoke to groups of their employees, spent an awful lot of time getting back up to speed on intelligence at the outset of our time in office. That’s partly what he wanted me to do.

PLAYBOY: When you gaze upon the images coming out of Ferguson, Missouri, what do you see?

CHENEY: Well [*pauses*], what I see is disturbing. It’s always a tragedy when there is a death involved and so forth. But it seems to me it’s a clear-cut case that the officer did what he had to do to defend himself. He was perfectly within his authorities to take action. That if you reach through the open car window and slap an officer upside the head and reach for his gun, you know, there is going to be a response. And I’ve been disappointed, I guess, in the Obama administration’s response. I think there should have been more people who were ready to stand up and say, “Look, the evidence is pretty overwhelming. The grand jury has re-

viewed it thoroughly. Here’s what we know. This is what happened.” And that we should not sort of throw it all over on the burden of race, or racial inequality or racial discrimination, as being responsible for this particular event. I think that would be wrong, and [*pauses*] it bothers me that that kind of an incident has generated that kind of response. I don’t think it is about race. I think it is about an individual who conducted himself in a manner that was almost guaranteed to provoke an officer trying to do his duty.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we’re going to see more Fergusons?

CHENEY: I don’t know. I’m reluctant to generalize from it. I’ll leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: You played a central role in the development of Bush’s energy policy. How would you characterize the Obama administration’s record in that area?

CHENEY: We’ve had enormous success, a lot of it due to the private sector, in terms of becoming self-sufficient on

*I have not
thought that
China’s inter-
ested in a head-
on conflict with
the U.S. It’s not
in their interest.*

energy. That is a huge development for the United States, affecting our situation globally. Yet Obama is doing everything he can to shut down the coal industry. Unilaterally, Congress rejected the carbon caps, so he is doing it through the Environmental Protection Agency by executive authority. We will not build the Keystone Pipeline. We ought to develop our capacity, support the European gas market for U.S. exports. The Baltics should not have to get 100 percent of their gas from Russia. You can put a real cramp in Vladimir Putin’s economy and activities, and his eagerness to create problems for us in Europe, if we would take advantage of what we’ve got by way of our capacity to produce gas.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Russia, some American analysts foresaw the collapse of the Soviet Union because they believed any system that was so morally bankrupt and thoroughly dishonest in its conduct of diplomacy around the world was very

likely issuing wildly inflated claims for its annual GDP, for example. Do you think the same could be true of China today? Is China as a Stalinist system so rotten to the core that its collapse, like the Soviet Union’s, is inevitable?

CHENEY: I don’t think so. As I look at China, it’s obviously still a communist system. The first time I went was with President Ford in about 1974, 1975. Mao was still alive, and everybody was wearing the same uniform and marching in lockstep. There was only one decent hotel in Beijing, and it wasn’t very good. The world has changed dramatically. But I look at China as a place that has achieved phenomenal growth economically. They have so far been able to maintain their overall political structure while dramatically advancing their ability to be an important part of the world economy. We are heavily intertwined, our economy is, with theirs. They have moved hundreds of millions of people out of abject poverty into a more prosperous lifestyle. I think that it’s a strong, dynamic economy with significant military potential. And I don’t see that anything like that has happened in Russia. It doesn’t mean there isn’t corruption in China; I think there is. But I think we’re far enough into one another’s economy that we’ve got a better feel for how we measure their progress, their levels of production and so forth. I mean, we’re into their knickers a long way and vice versa. Russia—I don’t think they’ve ever really made that transition. I think their economy is much shakier, much more dependent on a single resource: energy. And I think the level of corruption is probably higher there than in China.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a military conflict between China and one of its weaker neighbors, perhaps with one of these territorial disputes as the pretext, as highly likely in the short term?

CHENEY: I can’t predict that. I have not thought in the past that China’s interested in a head-on conflict with the U.S. It’s not in their interest or in our interest. I think there *are* areas of potential friction out there. The islands off Japan obviously are a place where we have interest, and clearly the Japanese are deeply concerned about it. At one point we looked at China, early on in our administration, as a potential ally in dealing with the North Korean nuclear problem. That hasn’t come to pass. They’ve not really been an ally there, partly because I think we botched it on our side. But are they likely to get into a dustup of some kind? In a sense, they already are with the Vietnamese, in terms of who owns—

PLAYBOY: Fishing rights and things.

CHENEY: Yeah. But I can’t predict that there’s going to be a head-to-head confrontation. The Chinese are increasingly, I think, able to throw their weight around. They’ve developed a ballistic-missile capability that is probably targeted on our *(continued on page 130)*



Upper Class Just Got Lower Priced

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Only a few of us are born with silver spoons in our mouths. Until Stauer came along, you needed an inheritance to buy a timepiece with class and refinement. Not any more. The Stauer *Magnificat II* brings the impeccable quality and engineering once found only in the watch collections of the idle rich. If you have actually earned your living through intelligence, hard work, and perseverance, you will now be rewarded with a timepiece of understated class that will always be a symbol of refined taste. The striking case, finished in luxurious gold, compliments an etched ivory-colored dial exquisitely. By using advanced computer design and robotics, we have been able to drastically reduce the price on this precision movement.

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It took three years of development and \$26 million in advanced Swiss-built watch-making machinery to create the *Magnificat II*. Look at the interior dials and azure-colored hands. Turn the watch over and examine the 27-jeweled automatic movement through the exhibition back. When we took the watch to George Thomas (the most renowned watchmaker and watch historian in America), he disassembled the

Magnificat II and studied the escapement, balance wheel and the rotor. He remarked on the detailed guilloche face, gilt winding crown, and the crocodile-embossed leather band. He was intrigued by the three interior dials for day, date, and 24-hour moon phases. He estimated that this fine timepiece would cost over \$2,500. We all smiled and told him that the Stauer price was less than \$90. He was stunned. We felt like we had accomplished our task. A truly magnificent watch at a truly magnificent price!

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■ At 3:15 P.M. on October 1, 2013, Ross Ulbricht's career as a drug kingpin came to an end in the science-fiction section of San Francisco's Glen Park Library. The 29-year-old had walked up the steps just inside the modern stone building, passed the librarian working at the circulation desk and taken a seat at a far corner table near a window. It was a sunny day, but the small community library was filled with people. Ulbricht, with his easy smile and thick mop of brown hair, was dressed in blue jeans and a

WEB OF LIES

AN UNDERGROUND, ANONYMOUS INTERNET—**THE DEEP WEB**—IS A HAVEN FOR LAWLESSNESS. BUT NOTHING COULD SAVE ITS KINGPINS FROM THE PAINFUL CONSEQUENCES OF HUMAN ERROR

BY JOSHUA HUNT

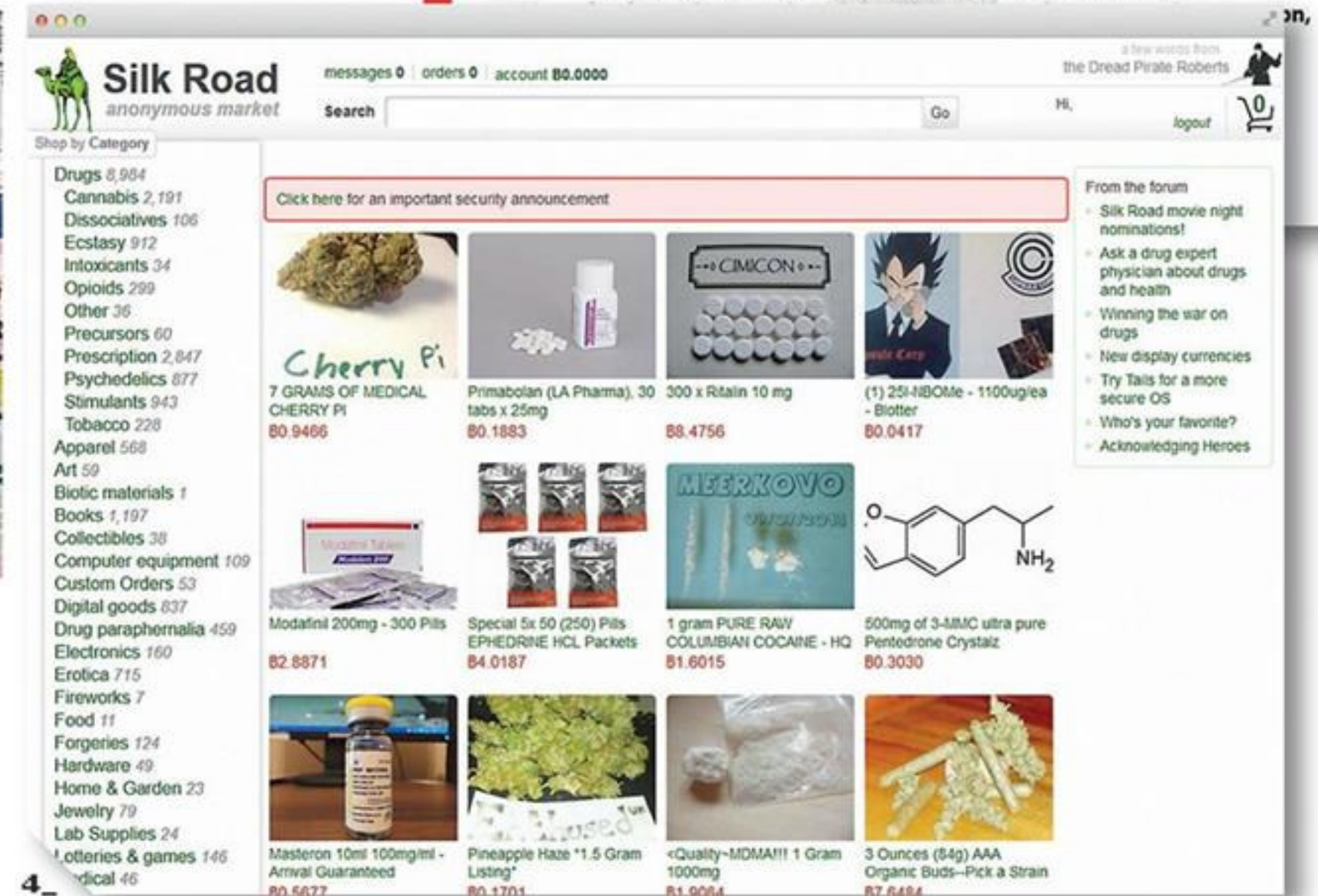
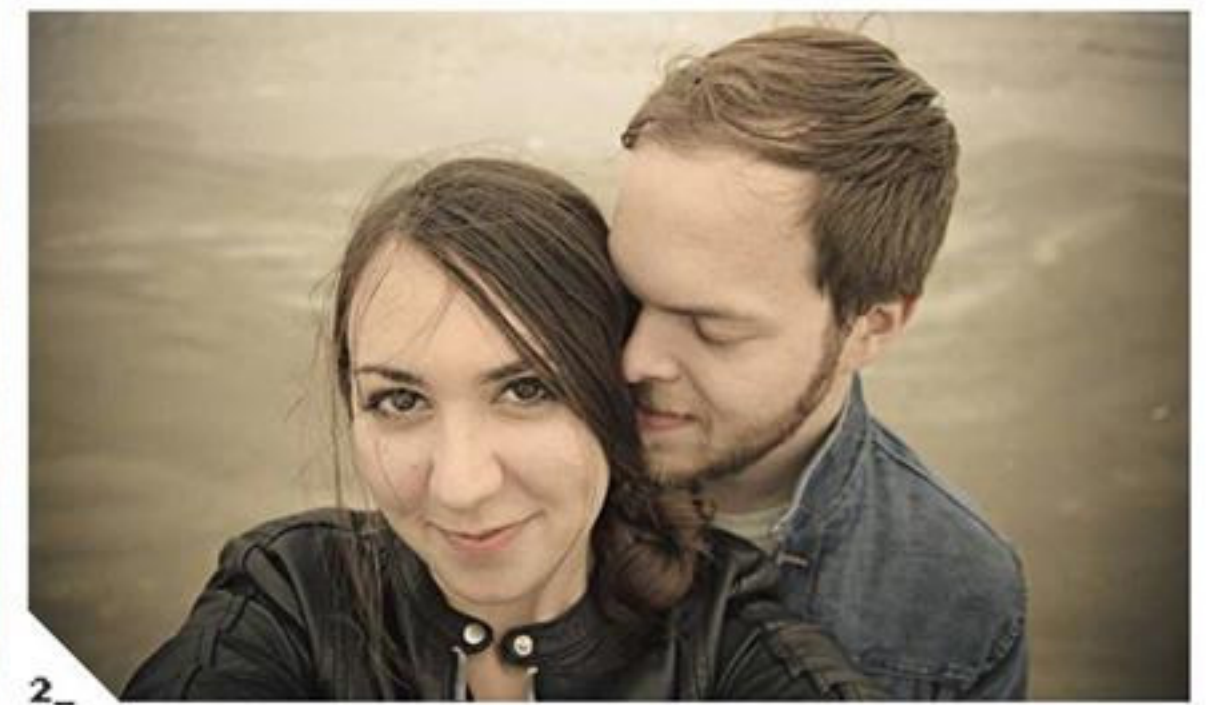
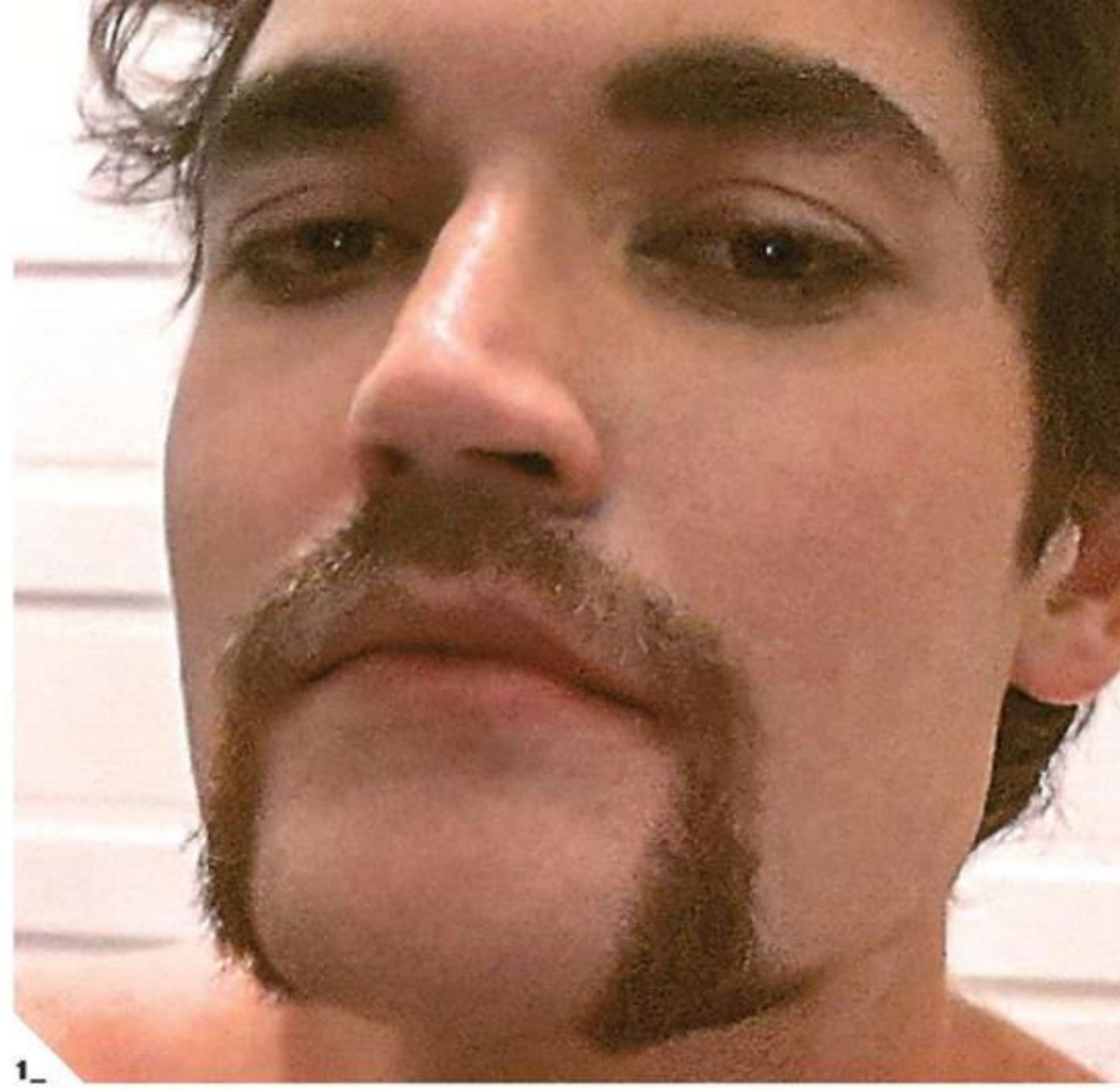
T-shirt. The handful of people reading and wandering among rows of novels nearby weren't dressed much differently, but beneath their shirts and jackets they wore vests that identified them as FBI agents. Until the moment they rushed Ulbricht, pushing him up against a window to handcuff him as other agents seized his laptop before he could lock it down, nobody suspected anything out of place. The cuffs went on and a small crowd gathered, but Ulbricht just looked out at the afternoon sun. Ulbricht was well educated, with a master's degree in

materials science and engineering from Penn State. He was a good son from a good Texas family, an unlikely addition to the list of men who had changed the shape and scale of drug distribution in America. But like Pablo Escobar, who used small planes to flood the U.S. with Colombian cocaine in the 1970s and 1980s, and Joaquín Guzmán Loera, who led Mexico's Sinaloa cartel to deploy submarines, freight trains and a Boeing 747 to move billions of dollars in narcotics over the past decade, Ulbricht did more than just move drugs: He revolutionized the drug-trafficking industry altogether, bringing it into the digital age.

Authorities charged that Ulbricht, under the handle Dread Pirate Roberts, operated Silk Road, an online marketplace where marijuana, heroin, cocaine, LSD and other drugs were freely traded, along with passports, fake IDs, software for hackers and identity thieves, and all manner of contraband. Illicit goods were delivered to buyers by neighborhood mail carriers in packaging as inconspicuous as any book or DVD from Amazon. By the time agents arrested Ulbricht, he had made a small fortune in commissions on roughly \$200 million in drug sales alone. Authorities called it the world's largest and most sophisticated online marketplace for illegal goods. It had gotten there in under three years. On February 4, after a highly publicized trial, Ulbricht was found guilty on all seven counts of money laundering, narcotics trafficking and computer hacking that had been brought against him.

Trade on Silk Road flourished in part because of the security and anonymity it provided its customers, who could make

1_ Portrait of a modern drug lord: Ross Ulbricht takes a selfie. 2_ Silk Road 2.0 leader Blake Benthall with his girlfriend. 3_ Ulbricht's fake IDs, never used. 4_ An eBay for very illegal things: screen shots of Silk Road and its FBI-mocking successor, Silk Road 2.0.



purchases from sellers rated and reviewed much as they are on other online marketplaces. Just as Amazon changed what it means to be a bookseller, Silk Road changed what it means to be a drug dealer, small-arms vendor or identity thief by making it possible for users to order illicit (continued on page 116)

"I'D COMPARE TOR TO A HANDGUN," SAYS A TEXAS LAWYER. "IT CAN BE USED BY GOOD PEOPLE TO DO GOOD, BUT IN THE WRONG HANDS, IT CAN CAUSE TERRIBLE HARM."

PEELING THE ONION_

THE DEEP WEB RELIES ON A NETWORK CALLED TOR—THE ONION ROUTER—TO PROVIDE ANONYMITY. HERE'S HOW



BUYER_

The chain begins with anyone savvy enough to run the Tor browser (it doesn't take much). Enter a .onion URL, and Tor seeks out a relay to conceal your identity.

ENCRYPTED SERVER_

In an instant, one of 6,000 volunteer-run Tor relays fields the page request, then encrypts its origins and sends it to another. Wash, rinse and repeat twice more.

SITE_

Users range from activists in censor-happy nations to those looking for a fix. By the time a Tor server is reached, tracing its source is impossible.

SELLER_

The process repeats for users on the server's supply side. If Tor is set up correctly and no foolish mistakes are made, the seller's biggest risk lies in finally mailing that kilo.



O/ivi 

"Ride 'em, cowboy...!"

B E H I N D

- THE -

Music

TAKE A BEAT WITH OUR RESIDENT POP STAR, MISS FEBRUARY 2015
KAYSLEE COLLINS, AS SHE STRIPS DOWN AND
SIZZLES IN A THROWBACK TO THE HEYDAY OF MTV, ONE-HIT
WONDERS AND MUSIC-VIDEO BABES





PHOTOGRAPHY BY

JACOB DEKAT & PRINCE CHENOA







STYLING BY ALEXANDRA MANDELKORN; MAKEUP BY SHYANN SWISHER; HAIR BY BOBBY ELIOT
FOR TOMLINSON MANAGEMENT GROUP; PROP STYLING BY WHITNEY MENDELSON



THE

NEW

BOYS

OF COUNTRY

MUSIC



MEET THE OUTLAW ROCKERS IN TEXAS PUTTING NASHVILLE'S COWBOYS TO SHAME



Stomp your boots!" yells Dirty River Boys singer Marco Gutierrez into his mike. "Stomp your boots on this hardwood floor!" His band is playing Gruene Hall, a 137-year-old honky-tonk in a thick, green, swampy town near the southern tip of Texas called New Braunfels. Gutierrez whips the crowd into a semiballistic fury as he launches into a song. The heavily tattooed drummer, Travis Stearns, alternates between playing the drum set in front of him and pummeling the box on which he's sitting with his bare hands. The upright bass player's instrument is stamped with the words DITCH THE BITCH, LET'S GO RODEO. The raucous, beer-fueled crowd laps up every second of it, shouting the band's name at the top of their lungs.

"They're just a bunch of hell-raisers," says country singer-songwriter Ray Wylie Hubbard. "They're these wild young roots-rock hellions singing songs that come from a higher place only true poets know. I don't see anyone else in Texas doing what they're doing."

Ricocheting seamlessly between country, bluegrass and rock, the Dirty River Boys—along with up-and-comers Whiskey Myers and Turnpike Troubadours—are wrenching country music out of a staid rut and turning it into something else entirely. Just as music out of Nashville has taken a turn toward overproduced sounds made by truck-worshipping, back-slapping rhinestone cowboys, these three bands in the barren Southwest are tearing through honky-tonks, ripping up dive bars and forging a gritty, raw new iteration of the genre.

"These days country music is all pseudo cowboys wearing cowboy hats and singing about things they don't know about," says Dirty River Boys bassist Colton James. "It makes me ill. It's not country. It's not authentic."

The band's musical influences run the gamut. "Some nights we get more punk, and some nights we get a little more country," says Stearns. "Some nights we hush it down and get seriously singer-songwriter. We just try to sound like ourselves."

Turnpike Troubadours have knocked Texas on its sizable ass by selling out shows across the state. Their music can best be described as Townes Van Zandt meets Bob Dylan meets William S. Burroughs. "Turnpike Troubadours came out of nowhere and freaked people out," says Fort Worth radio DJ Shayne Hollinger, referring to the band's hometown of Stillwater, Oklahoma. "They're on some next-level shit."

And then there's Whiskey Myers, a six-man outfit hailing from tiny towns in east Texas. Their music is a Zeppelin-inspired, Skynyrd-loving backdrop of sexy slow guitars with a motorcycle-racing edge. If the lyrically minded Dirty River Boys are the state's burgeoning poet laureates, Whiskey Myers are the raucous backwoods boys raised on Southern rock, porch swings and hand-me-down rifles. "Lightning," a song off their most recent album, details running around drunk with "every pretty little whore" in town.

"I was pretty fucked up when I wrote that song," admits lead singer Cody Cannon, "but our songs are fucking honest. We don't cover up. It won't sell as many copies, but fuck it."

But honesty is what audiences want: *Early Morning Shakes*, Whiskey Myers's latest album, debuted at number one on the iTunes country chart. The Dirty River Boys and

Turnpike Troubadours have experienced similar success, and they're doing it without record deals or national radio airplay. At a time when Top 40 country music has been spit-shined, polished, perfumed and commodified, America's heartland is thirsty for a new sound. These rough-neck raconteurs are ready to deliver.



THE DIRTY RIVER BOYS

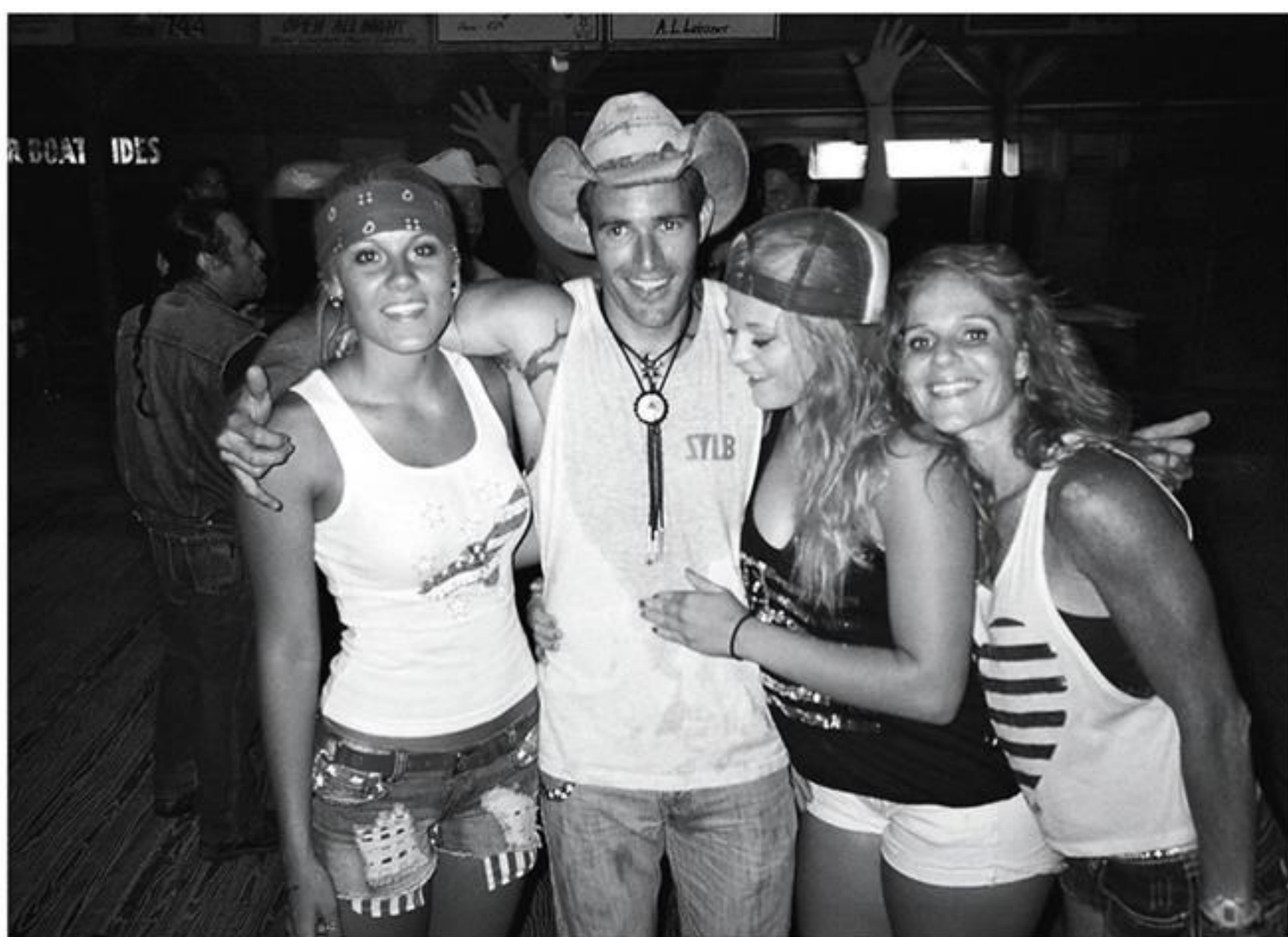
“Gonna take you down to the river; you’re gonna learn about the times, man. Bloodstains will make you shiver; you’re gonna feel it in your spine, man.”

—“Down by the River”



▶ With dozens of venues like Gruene Hall, the state’s oldest honky-tonk, Texas is fertile ground for bands that don’t play by Nashville’s rules.

▼ Named after the Rio Grande and their hometown of El Paso—an area bassist Colton James calls “the saddest, slowest, whiskey-drinking, heartbroken, everything’s-gone-to-hell kind of old-school country”—the Dirty River Boys sing tales about life overlooking Juárez, Mexico, a city embroiled in gruesome violence. “Our music represents where we’re from,” says drummer Travis Stearns. “It’s in our blood.”



▲ Female fans swarm a sweat-soaked James, who says he has slept with 275 women. “I want to tell you so many wild things!” says the bassist, adrenaline pumping. The rest of the band met James in 2010 when he filled in at a show without knowing any of the music. “He winged the whole set,” says guitarist Nino Cooper. “After that, he was in the band.”



▲ “I still get mad nervous,” says Stearns before a set at Gruene Hall. “You got to harness that adrenaline, not let it go down. We’re out there for the sake of our own sound.” To promote their latest self-titled album, the band toured New York and Boston last fall. “We want to get outside of Texas,” says Stearns.

◀ As teenagers, vocalist Marco Gutierrez (left) fell in with punk, Stearns got into classic rock and James listened to heavy metal, resulting in the band’s stitched-together sound.



➔ “We’re not on a label,” says vocalist Cody Cannon. All three of the band’s albums have been self-released, and their success has been mostly due to word of mouth. “No big radio stations, no fancy-ass shit.”



▲ “Work felt unsatisfying, so I said fuck it,” says Cannon (second from right) about the birth of Whiskey Myers seven years ago. The band members moved to Tyler, Texas, a town of fewer than 100,000 people, and quit their day jobs. “We went to the big city to chase our dreams,” says guitarist Cody Tate (third from right), laughing. Adds Cannon, “It was seven people in a Suburban, towing a shitty trailer with holes in the roof.”

WHISKEY MYERS

“My first rifle was a .243, Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me.... I still fly that Southern flag, whistling Dixieland enough to brag.”

—“Ballad of a Southern Man”

◀ Friends of the band socialize with fans at a Whiskey Myers show. “People relate to us more than someone who’s like, ‘Let’s get fucked up tonight!’” says Tate. “We sing about drinking, but there are other reasons people drink. It’s not always a party.” Some of the band’s ballads luxuriate in avoidance and pain, while others dive unapologetically into Southern pride. “We say what we want to say,” says guitarist John Jeffers.





◀ “Our original intent was to play 250-person bars. Just play the hell out of it, drink beer and ride around the country in a van,” says lead singer Evan Felker (far right). But after their second album, 2012’s *Good-bye Normal Street*, everything changed. Radio stations picked them up, they toured outside Texas, and they made enough to graduate out of a van. “What’s that line from *Almost Famous*?” asks bassist R.C. Edwards (second from right). “Make us look cool? We’re not cool. We’ve been working our whole lives to get here.” Despite their success, the Troubadours remain unsigned.



◀ The Troubadours probe their emotions and poke where it hurts most. In the bluesy acoustic “Empty as a Drum,” Felker croons about the quiet, uncertain loneliness of waiting in a bar. “You look at Jerry Jeff Walker, and his songs aren’t about popular topics,” says Felker of his idol. “He’s writing a story. That’s where I try to be. Write what you know.”

▼ Kyle Nix’s soaring fiddle catches Felker’s tenor, and together they dance a line between mournful and hopeful. “They’re not talking about going down by the river with their big truck and their lady looking good,” says record producer Mike McClure. “It’s an emphasis on great songwriting; it’s a breath of fresh air.”



TURNPIKE TROUBADOURS

“Could you spare a cigarette; I hate to be a bum. But here’s to hopin’ she’ll still come; I’m too old to be this dumb.”

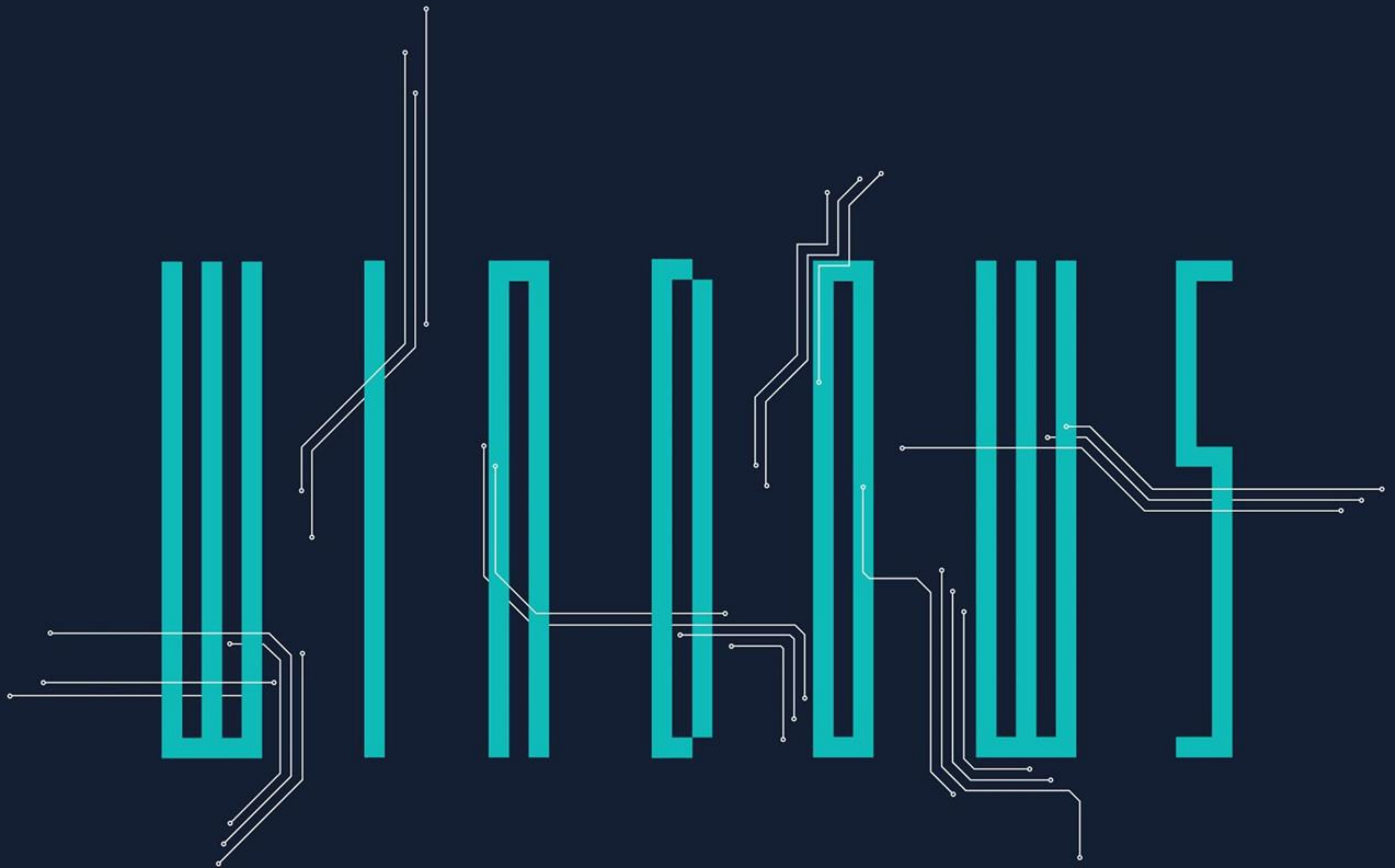
—“Empty as a Drum”





"Of course there's someone else. I'm a prostitute."





Tech support says she's only an upgrade designed to keep Mickey company until his memory returns. She can disappear just as suddenly as she appeared

FICTION BY ETGAR KERET TRANSLATED BY SONDRA SILVERSTON

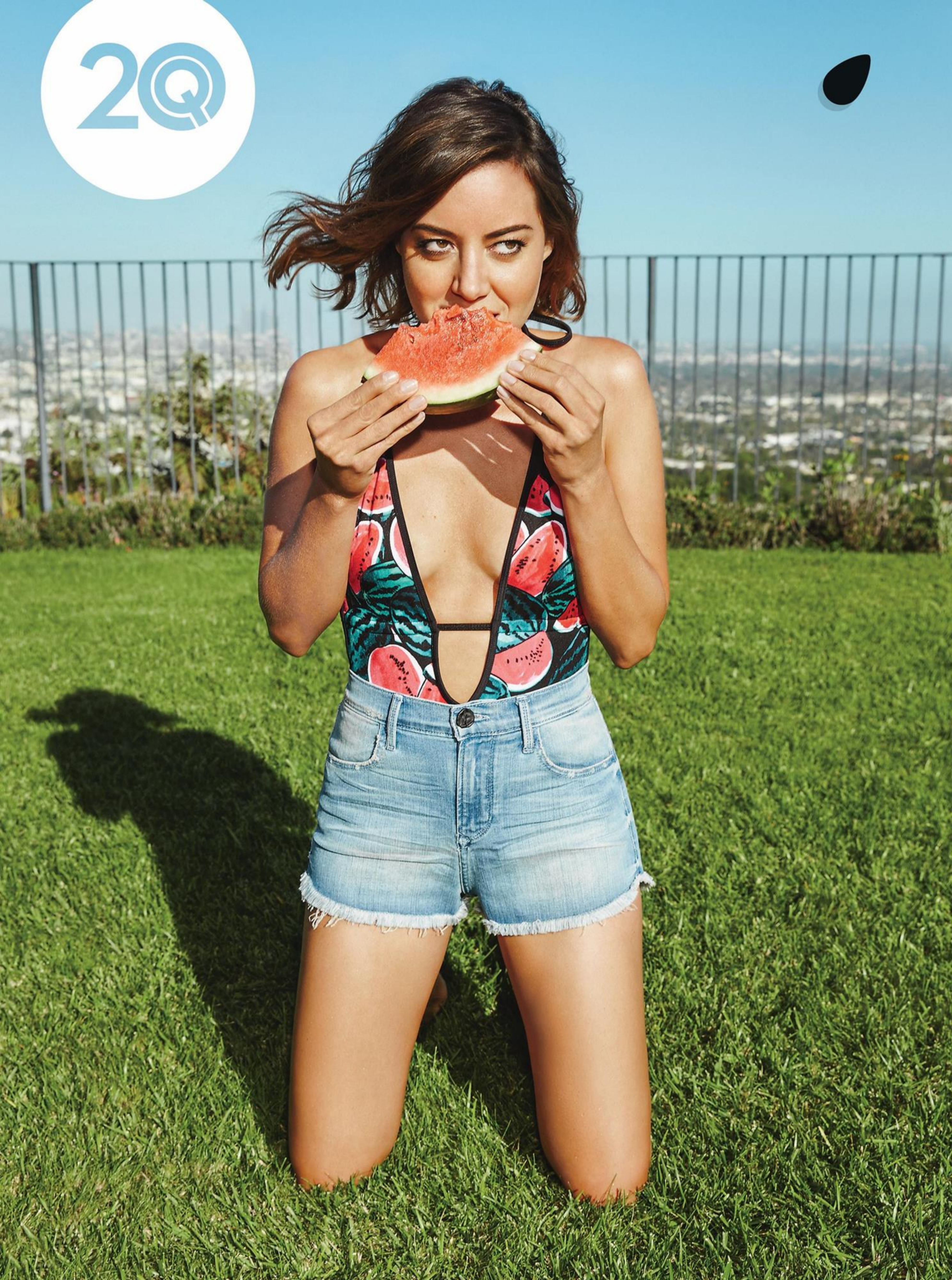
The man in the brown suit told him that it's okay if he doesn't remember anything, that the doctors said he just needs to be patient. The man in the suit added that the doctors said it to both of them, and if he doesn't remember that either, it's totally okay, that's how it is after an accident like his. He tried to smile and asked the man in the suit if the doctors told him what his name is. The man in the suit shook his head and said that when they found him on the side of the road, he didn't have any papers on him, but for the time being, his name can be Mickey. "Okay," he said, "I

don't have a problem with that. For the time being, we'll call me Mickey."

The man in the suit pointed to the bare walls of the one-room, windowless apartment. "It's not the most beautiful place in town," he said apologetically, "but it's a great place to recover in. Every time you remember something," he said, pointing to the laptop on the desk, "write it on that so you don't forget it. Memory is like an ocean," the man in the suit added in a pompous tone. "You'll see, things will slowly begin to rise to the surface."

"Thank you," Mickey said *(continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MARIO WAGNER





TV'S FAVORITE DARK PRINCESS DROPS HER "BOTOX DEADPAN" GLARE AND TELLS ALL ABOUT CHRIS PRATT, DEFENDS CHARLIE SHEEN AND DREAMS ABOUT A LIFE OF CRIME

Q1

PLAYBOY: When you began filming the final season of *Parks and Recreation*, your TV husband, Chris Pratt (who plays Andy), had in real life just anchored last year's biggest movie, *Guardians of the Galaxy*. How did success go to the head of one of the nicest guys around?

PLAZA: He forgot my name, which is the weirdest thing about the whole situation. I guess when you're the star of a Marvel movie and super, super famous and you're flown all over the world, you meet so many people that your ability to

pay attention is gone. So yeah, he forgot my name. I mean my real name, not my character April on the show. I had to keep reminding him, and he'd say, "Oh right. Right, right." But I don't fault him, because being a movie star is hard. They say that movie stars meet 60 times more people than the average person, so of course your brain gets cloudy. I don't hold that against him. I think he's great. [laughs]

None of that is true, by the way. You told me it would be okay to lie. *Chris did not forget my name.* He's the kindest, most



amazing person ever, and he didn't change a bit except that his fucking body is ripped beyond belief. He's the same old lovable golden retriever of a man I had to hug and touch and kiss a lot—because it's my job. I just tried to make the best of it.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Here's a question from one of your *Parks and Recreation* cast mates. "When one examines your talent, beauty and humor, not to mention your excellent many teeth, it is quite apparent that you have entered into a bargain with Lucifer. What services did the Dark Father require of you in exchange for your winning glammers?"

PLAZA: That's like a backhanded compliment. You're not going to tell me who? Oh wait, I know. This is from Satan himself, the Dark Lord, Nick Offerman. We have an evil connection. It's a very good question. The Dark Father required many things of me: the blood of a thousand infants, the teeth of a thousand corpses. I have it all written down on my iPad.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Does Nick require that you be as fearless as he is when it comes to getting or playing a part?

PLAZA: Do you mean having sex with people to get a part? We're similar in that

TWITTER'S EVIL. IT'S A PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO BULLY AND BE MEAN TO OTHERS.

way too. He taught me that. He was one of the first people out here who told me you have to have sex with the most people you can, especially the ones who make decisions, and I said okay. You don't even have to confine it to business. Use sex to get whatever you're trying to get.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You're TV's modern queen of the deadpan look. Do you have a favorite?

PLAZA: A dead-eyes stare. No eyebrow

movement, no facial creases at all; you just stare right into someone's soul—the Botox deadpan.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're named after a song by Bread. When you think of bread, what kind comes to mind?

PLAZA: Just a straight-up bag of Wonder Bread. I would never buy that now, but I grew up on it, and SpaghettiOs and hot dogs and stuff like that.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You went to an all-girls Catholic high school. Defend single-sex education.

PLAZA: I loved it. I would send my kid to an all-girls school. Some people say it's no good, that it's not the real world and girls won't learn how to interact normally. I disagree. At that age it was helpful to eliminate the distraction of guys in school. I like uniforms. I didn't have to think about dressing myself or how I looked. I just focused on the important stuff. It made me more confident in the classroom.


Q7

PLAYBOY: Is show business conducive to long-term love relationships?

PLAZA: Oh God, I don't think so, not from what I can (continued on page 128)



"It makes no sense, Mr. Gerson. Why wouldn't you want to be rescued?"



ALMOST FAMOUS

A RIGHT-MINDED FORMER CHEERLEADER WITH A PENCHANT FOR THE COLOR PINK, MISS APRIL SHOWS JUST HOW BADASS A GOOD GIRL CAN BE IN THE THROES OF ROCK AND ROLL

The road to rock stardom usually involves years of fine-tuning one's talent inside a ramshackle tour bus before achieving any success, whether it be short-lived or eternal. Lucky for us, Alexandra Tyler's road to becoming our rock-star Miss April was much quicker—and she's here to stay. Raised in suburban Sacramento, Alexandra flourished as a country-music-loving cheerleader and straight-A student with dreams of becoming a special-ed teacher. That is, until her mom convinced her to attend an open casting call six hours away in Los Angeles. "Sometimes you just need somebody else to believe in you," she says. Maternal instinct proved correct: An agency signed Alexandra on the spot. To pursue modeling full-time, the speed-reader finished high school in a mere three years and moved to L.A., where she landed campaigns for L'Oréal and Volcom before being turned on to PLAYBOY by a longtime friend, our very own Miss January 2015 Brittny Ward. "I bought a subscription and became obsessed with becoming a Playmate. I love how empowered these girls are," says Alexandra. To infuse her with the same sense of empowerment and to celebrate her rising-star status, we turned the half-Spanish self-described "supergirlie goody two-shoes" into a Blackhearts-esque rocker chick. "The entire shoot was an adrenaline rush. It's the first time I've posed nude, but this isn't me showing off. This is me showing the world how proud I am to be a woman," she says. "There's no hiding now. I'm proud to be a Playmate—and I know this is only the beginning." Rock on.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BERNARD

PLAYBOY.COM/ALEXANDRA-TYLER









MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Alexandra Tyler

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Alexandra Tyler

BUST: 32C WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 130 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 5/9/94 BIRTHPLACE: Sacramento, California

AMBITIONS: To continue modeling and one day become a Guess girl.

TURN-ONS: Some big sexy arms ;), confidence and especially someone who can make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Cockiness (bleh!), bad breath and bad teeth.

WHAT I READ: I love romance novels. What can I say? I'm a hopeless romantic.

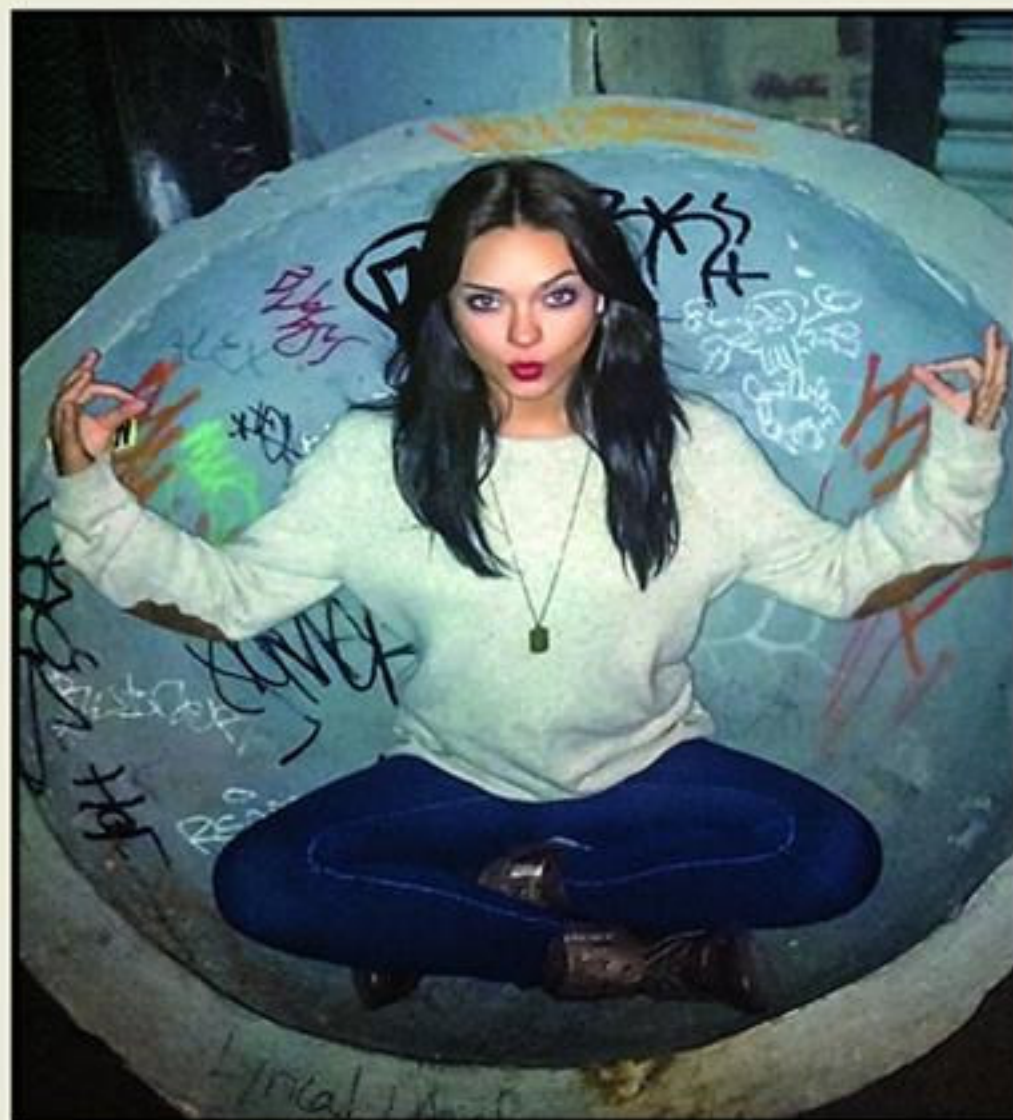
STYLE ESSENTIAL: I have a rack full of close to 100 dresses, but everyone needs a good leather jacket.

PRESS PLAY: I'm a country girl at heart, but when the lights go down, the R&B comes on!

WORDS OF ADVICE: Having an open mind will always lead you in the right direction. The cliché is true: Never judge a book by its cover.



A blonde moment!



Feelin' Zen.



My baby girl, Silver.



WARDROBE STYLING BY MARK HOLMES FOR ATELIER MANAGEMENT, HAIR BY POULIN FOR TRACEY MATTHEW,
MAKEUP BY ERIN LEE SMITH FOR ATELIER MANAGEMENT, PROP STYLING BY DINEE CRIGGS-CULLEN

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Hey, baby, what's your sign?" a man asked a beautiful woman.

She replied, "Do not enter."

A man, shocked by how his buddy was dressed, asked him, "How long have you been wearing that bra?"

The friend replied, "Ever since my wife found it in my car's glove compartment."

I can't search for anything on the internet without finding weird porn," a guy lamented to his best friend. "What is this world coming to?"

His friend replied, "More like, 'What *isn't* this world coming to?'"



If her bra matches her panties when you take off her clothes, it wasn't you who made the decision to have sex.

Two Arkansas public school teachers were chatting in the break room. One said, "Did you know we rank 49th in math education?"

The second replied, "So who is 40 10th?"

Neil Armstrong used to tell unfunny jokes about the moon and then follow them up by saying, "I guess you had to be there."

To some, "Drink responsibly" means "Don't spill a drop."

We told a girl that her eyebrows were drawn too high.

She looked surprised.

You can tell a lot about a woman's mood just by her hands. For example, if she's holding a bat, she's probably angry.

A buddy of ours was with his girlfriend in her car when they had an accident. They named him Brendan.

Society: "Be yourself!"

Society: "Oh no, not like that."

Have you ever heard of 60-second sex?" a man asked a woman.

"No," the woman said, "but I'm intrigued."

The man shot back, "Got a minute?"

What's the difference between an "Ooh!" and an "Aah!"?

About three inches.

Two men were talking about the differences between the sexes. "My wife and I are both feminists," the first said. "But being a man, naturally I'm a little bit better at it."

A brunette, a redhead and a blonde were sitting around talking about their kids. The brunette said, "I found cigarettes in my daughter's room, and I didn't even know she smoked."

The redhead replied, "I found liquor in my daughter's room, and I didn't know she drank."

The blonde chuckled and said, "That's nothing. I found condoms in my daughter's room, and I didn't even know she had a penis."

A grandfather was telling his grandchildren about the old days. "When I was your age, my mother would give me \$2 and send me to the store to fetch a loaf of bread, a dozen eggs and a pound of coffee," he said.

"You can't do that anymore," one of the kids said. "There are security cameras everywhere."



Salvy Neiman

Daddy, where did I come from?" a little girl asked her father. It was a moment for which her parents had carefully prepared. They led her into the living room, brought out several books and explained everything they thought she should know about sexual attraction, affection, love and reproduction. Then they sat back and smiled contentedly.

"Does that answer your question?" the mother asked.

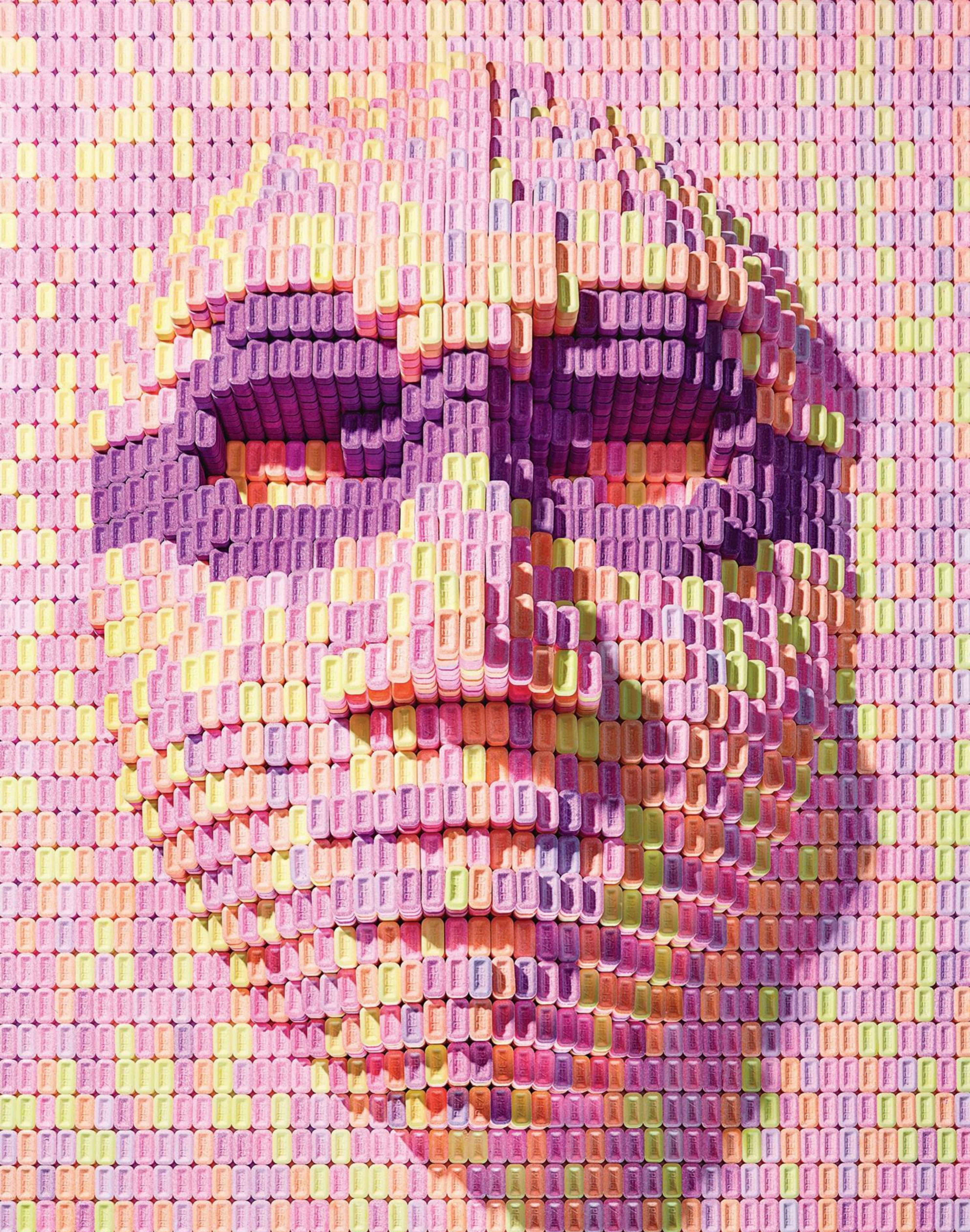
"Not really," the little girl said. "My new classmate Sophie said she's from England. I want to know where I came from."

If money is the root of all evil, why do they ask for it in church?

Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com.



"Would you mind doing that over by the window? It will help us pull in the brunch crowd."



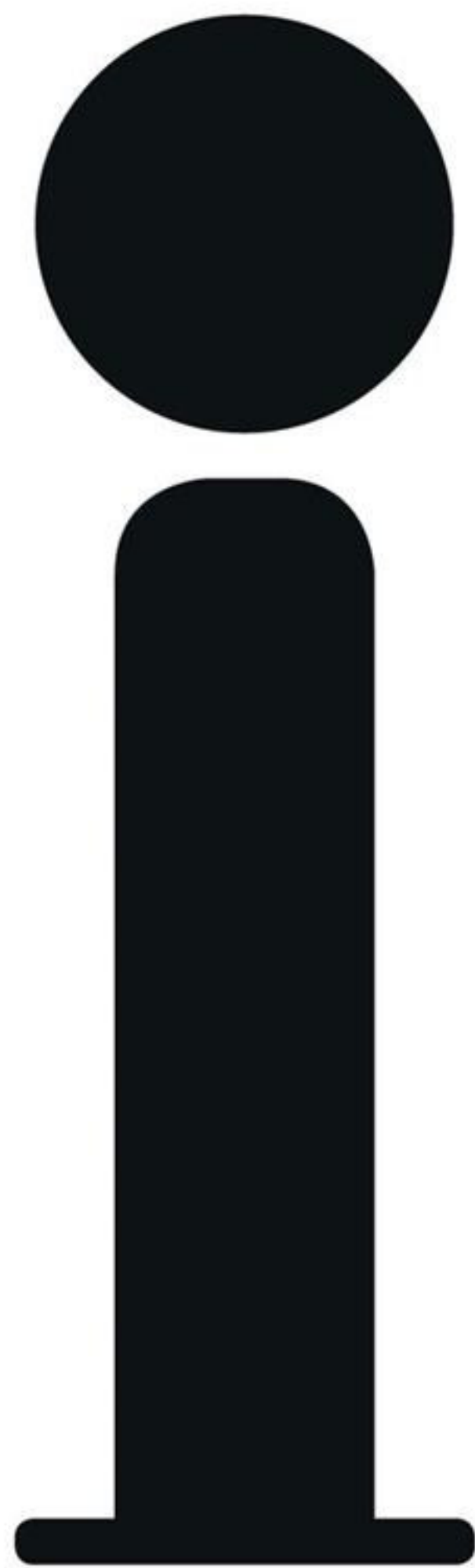
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN SAELINGER

HOW A MICHIGAN
FARMER MADE
\$4 MILLION
SMUGGLING RARE
PEZ DISPENSERS
INTO THE U.S.—
UNTIL THE PEZ
CORPORATION'S
PEZIDENT
CANDY-CRUSHED
HIS EMPIRE

THE

PEZ

OUTLAW



It was the first week of January 1994 and snow drifted across the Hungarian border into Austria. The mechanical sputter of a small car approaching the rural checkpoint broke the afternoon silence. Peering through binoculars, an armed guard noticed the car's driver, his face obscured by dark glasses and a long beard. The guard gestured with his leather-gloved hand for the vehicle to stop. Steve Glew, 42, stepped out of the car wearing a long trench coat, a blue velour tracksuit and Nike sneakers. His son Joshua, a college freshman, emerged bleary-eyed from the passenger side. A bulging military sack occupied the backseat.

The smudged stamps inside their passports told the guard of the Americans' haphazard route across the freshly divided Yugoslavia. Just days earlier the men had arrived in Slovenia by plane from the U.S. with no luggage and thousands of dollars strapped to their bodies. Now they were trying to cross the border into Austria from Hungary,

one of Europe's most beleaguered countries, with a bag full of mysterious cargo. The guard pointed at the sack with the barrel of his semiautomatic rifle.

"Open," he said in an iron voice. "*Schnell.*" Quickly. The Americans refused.

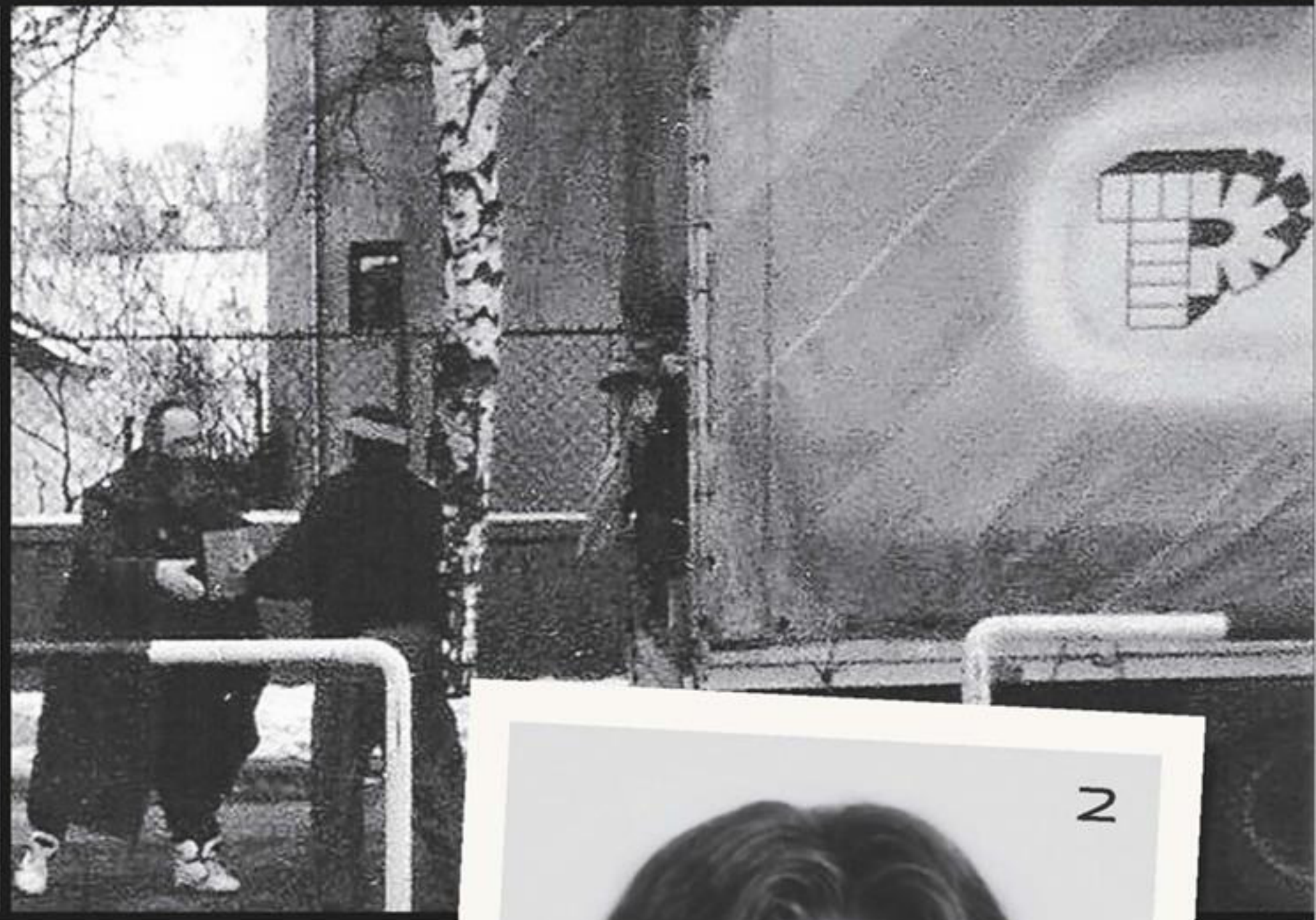
The guard was in no mood for games. Hungary had war at its borders, and Austria had already turned away 1.5 million refugees at gunpoint in the past year. Following the collapse of the Soviet bloc, Vienna was on edge. Steve mopped his brow with a paper towel he carried due to his extreme OCD and flinched when the guard tried to frisk him. When more men appeared, sporting leather caps and mustaches and cradling machine guns, he protested that his son needed an aspirin. Guards ripped open the bag in the backseat, perhaps expecting to find guns or grenades. Instead, hundreds of Pez dispensers spilled onto the snow. The guard inspected one of the four-inch figurines with spring-loaded kickers that spat out perfumed candy bricks. A wide-eyed Santa Claus smiled back at him, giving away nothing.

"Papers," he barked at the Glews.

Steve mimed a pat-down of his pockets. He had no papers.

The guards gave the Americans a choice: Surrender the undocumented merchandise and enter Austria, or turn back into war-torn Eastern Europe. Even with





frayed nerves, an empty gas tank and no cash, Steve knew they had to get their haul back to the States, whatever the risk. He'd gambled every penny he had on this foolish mission, because in the hands of collectors, the colorful plastic cargo was at that moment, gram for gram, more valuable than cocaine or even gold. There was no turning back.

Pez mania didn't blindsides America overnight. The tiny sugar bricks emerged in 1927 as adult breath mints, invented in Austria by Eduard Haas III. The name *Pez* comes from the German word *Pfefferminz*—peppermint. In 1948 Haas, a clean freak, introduced the "easy, hygienic dispenser." In 1952 the Austrian hired Curtis Allina, a former spy who had operated for the Allies inside the Birkenau concentration camp, to bring the product to America. Some of Allina's later shipments of Pez to New York allegedly

contained illicit goods: Cuban cigars. When the mints bombed, the Pez company put Mickey Mouse and Popeye heads on the dispensers and retargeted them at children. Bingo. By the 1990s, baby boomers who'd grown up with Pez had turned the dispensers into collector's items.

Boosted by a 1992 *Seinfeld* episode featuring a Tweety Bird dispenser, Pez sales spiked to a record \$18 million, and the company made the cover of *Forbes* magazine. Auctioneers at Christie's in New York put aside Picassos to sell plastic candy pushers to Pez-heads. Collectors scrambled for rejects and prototypes such as the failed "Make-a-Face" dispenser, worth \$3,000 because its small parts were deemed a choking hazard, and the coveted Coko Pez, an ill-advised blackface character. Prices climbed 400 percent, according to Michael Edelman, co-author of *The Original Collector's Price Guide to Pez*, as conventions, websites and black-market dealers appeared.

Through it all, Steve Glew reigned as the rebel king of the bootleg Pez market. During more than 70 wild missions to Europe, he persuaded factory workers to sell him priceless dead-stock dispensers and bribed factory bosses to make him kooky rejects, which he then sold for up to \$500 each. He fooled customs agents in more than 13 countries as he smuggled 750,000 Pez dispensers into the United States, and he claims to have made a staggering \$4 million. But like many who run elaborate criminal enterprises—even those involving Goofy and Miss

Piggy—Steve admits he was the architect of his own demise.

“I operated an underground black-market Pez economy for 10 years,” he boasts. “They called me the Pez Outlaw—a man on the run with a giant bull’s-eye on my back.”

Steve Glew’s transformation into the Pez Outlaw began humbly enough in 1991 at a recycling plant in Grand Ledge, Michigan, where he spent his days hunting through trash containers for cereal boxes, salvaging coupons for a free bobblehead or a plastic Ninja Turtle. The bizarre hobby filled the void left by the raging drug addiction that had stolen his teenage years. Fresh out of rehab at 19, he met Kathy, a pretty horse whisperer, and after their third child he promised never to drink again. “We were still living in the last century, with no heating or electricity,” Steve recalls. To feed his family he sold his toy collections at fairs, but as a compulsive addict, his obsession with collecting grew. Industrial mailbags full of plastic toys began to arrive at their small farm, leading Kellogg’s to impose a one-per-household rule.

Steve first noticed Pez while hawking cereal-box toys at the Kane County toy fair outside Chicago. The psychedelic colors and addictive collectibility of the dispensers immediately hooked him. “I learned that Canada got different stock straight from Pez factories in Europe,” he says. Weeks later he began making pilgrimages north to buy boxes of rare Merry Melody Maker dispensers (with built-in whistles) and Disney designs, for mere pennies. In Michigan, Joshua organized the stock and sold it to American collectors via mail order

at up to \$50 apiece. The Glews could finally afford clothes and food. Steve’s Dumpster-diving days were over.

His operation had also caught the eye of a man who would become his greatest enemy. Scott McWhinnie liked to call himself the “Pezident” of the U.S. Pez corporation. A Harvard MBA and former head of children’s cereal at General Mills, the heavy-set executive rode a Harley to the candy factory in Orange, Connecticut. “People imagine it’s little green people running around here and machines going *toot, toot*, but it’s not,” he said in 1991. “There are thousands of collectors, and they all want to talk to me. I have to be very careful.”

McWhinnie learned of Steve’s antics after Steve advertised his big-ticket Pez items in the toy press. McWhinnie claimed that his staff, prompted by the price surge, began stealing products to sell. He erected chain-link fences around his factory’s trash bins to keep collectors out and operated his candy business like the CIA, with no spokesperson or printed material. He despised all unofficial books, websites and conventions. “Collectors didn’t even put a dent in his sales,” explains Chris Jordan of PezCollectors.com. “We were just a pain in his ass.” I spent weeks chasing McWhinnie, now 75 and retired, before he agreed to talk. “Pez is a privately

PAPER SPOOLED
OUT OF HIS
FAX MACHINE
WITH A CRYPTIC
REPLY: ‘THE
RIGHT HAND
KNOWS WHAT
THE LEFT HAND
IS DOING.’

owned company,” he later tells me in a tense interview, “and that means private.”

A 1993 toy convention changed Steve’s life forever. As he tells it, a mysterious woman opened her jacket and showed him a Silver Glow Pez, a Holy Grail for Pez collectors.

She whispered to him in broken English, “There are many more where I come from.”

“Where did you get it?” asked Steve, hypnotized.

“Direct from factory in Slovenia,” she whispered.

“Where?”

“All you need to know is Kolinska.”

Steve had never left North America because of his intense fear of flying, but he

(continued on page 122)



1. Steve Glew and a driver in Hungary transfer rare dispensers from the back of a Pez truck to the Glews’ rental car.
2. Joshua Glew’s passport photo.
3. Steve Glew at home in Michigan in 1991. Glew claims he made \$4 million smuggling 750,000 rare Pez dispensers into the United States.

PLAY

Misty

FOR

ME

*FATHER JOHN MISTY
(A.K.A. JOSH TILLMAN) IS INDEPENDENT
MUSIC'S SINGER-SONGWRITER-
TRICKSTER EXTRAORDINAIRE.*

*HERE HE WEARS SPRING'S SHARPEST
SUITS WITH FLAIR*

FOR SEVERAL YEARS and seven albums there existed J. Tillman, a solo singer-songwriter prone to releasing self-serious LPs with titles such as *Cancer and Delirium*. Then dude ate magic mushrooms, slept in a tree and concocted a new stage persona. And so it was written that henceforth the former Fleet Foxes drummer would be known as Father John Misty, the wisecracking prophet behind 2012's *Fear Fun*, breathing equal parts sweat, sex and spirituality into his folk-indebted music. Earlier this year the suit-donning singer (whom we've dressed in the season's coolest looks) returned with *I Love You, Honeybear*, his most magical, absurd and downright infectious release to date. Consider us enlightened.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCKENFELS 3
STYLING BY MICHAEL NASH / TEXT BY DAN HYMAN



Father John Misty is something of a contrived performance persona. Do you view your stage outfits as costumes?

Essentially anything you wear on stage is a costume. It doesn't matter if you wore it earlier that day, you know? It's all a persona. There's something refreshing about a kind of forthrightness, some acknowledgment of "I'm here to put on a show. I'm here to look good for the girls and sing my ass off."

Is there any particular reason you almost exclusively wear suits?

I think of a suit as being like a talisman: If you wear it every day and put more performances into it—all hygienic considerations aside—it becomes a powerful object. Everything in rock music is a suit, whether you're putting on flannel and a beard or an oxford shirt and boat shoes or an over-size T-shirt and an ironic baseball cap. It's all a sense of identity. Anything I put on is going to become some kind of costume, so it may as well be a suit.

You were raised in a strict evangelical Christian household. Was expressing yourself sartorially a challenge?

It was a huge, constant fight. When I was really young I used to draw all over my clothes; I would come home from school with my pants, shoes and shirt covered in doodles. That was my earliest form of expression. I was really into making little holes and cuts all over my clothes. I remember the first time I ever did my own laundry, I put in bleach instead of laundry detergent, and all my clothes were covered in bleach stains. I thought it was the coolest thing ever. I didn't see it as any kind of tragedy, because I was really into mutilating and vandalizing my clothes. In high school I was really into wearing the ugliest combinations. I wore the stupidest things you could imagine. I would buy old-man slacks and then wear Texas with wool socks.

Was that an experiment to see how people treated you when you dressed a certain way?

It was just to be a little shit. But it

+

Velvet blazer, \$399, by **Suit Supply**; tuxedo shirt, \$165, and tuxedo trousers, \$149, by **Polo Ralph Lauren**.



+

Stretch wool
suit jacket,
\$795, and polo
shirt, \$95, by
**Boss Hugo
Boss**; pocket
square, \$175,
by **Tom Ford**.

+

Trench coat, \$2,990, and shirt, \$790, by Saint Laurent; suit, \$2,095, by Armani Collezioni.



was kind of pointing out how subjective the whole clothing and identity game was.

Let's talk about your beard. It has become your calling card. I think there's a certain anxiety around clean-cut white men, like if you fuck up in some inane way they're going to get angry. But with a beard, you look either like the Green River killer or like you make tofu ice cream.

Some would say your most compelling creative pursuit is forming the persona of Father John Misty.

It's a patently ridiculous name. The Father John Misty thing is an acknowledgment of "Sure, anything on stage is in some ways a curation or in some ways fraudulent," but if you can't accept the distance between this explicitly honest music and this ridiculous name, then there's not really much you will understand about it.



Is it flattering to be compared to some fantastic musicians, including Harry Nilsson, Neil Young, Townes Van Zandt and Randy Newman?

Not really. I mean, the worst musician imaginable will get compared to Neil Young at least once. I'm never going to be those guys. However, I think I'm definitely the first songwriter in a good while to include the word *cum* in a song.

You mentioned you love the fact that PLAYBOY is interviewing you. Explain.

Because I still remember the first time I saw a PLAYBOY. I was at a friend's house; I must have been nine or 10 years old. Pubic hair was a big revelation. It was something I didn't realize existed—why would I? That was kind of the indelible impression it made on me. There's something about published nudity. To me it's representative of a certain variety of human agency that I really like. Maybe I'm the only person who could make naked chicks sound quite that boring.

+
Three-piece suit, \$5,900, and boots, \$2,000, by Tom Ford; shirt, \$445, by Marc Jacobs.

+

Suit, \$3,375,
by **Dolce &
Gabbana**; tur-
tle-neck, \$595,
by **Burberry
London**; sun-
glasses, \$155,
by **Ray-Ban**;
pocket square,
\$30, by **Brooks
Brothers**;
bracelet,
\$695, by **Saint
Laurent**.



ROCKTAILS



THESE DAYS, DRINKING LIKE A ROCK STAR (OR RAPPER OR COUNTRY SINGER) MEANS MORE THAN CHUGGING STRAIGHT FROM THE BOTTLE. MUSIC MEETS MIXOLOGY IN OUR SPRING DRINKING GUIDE

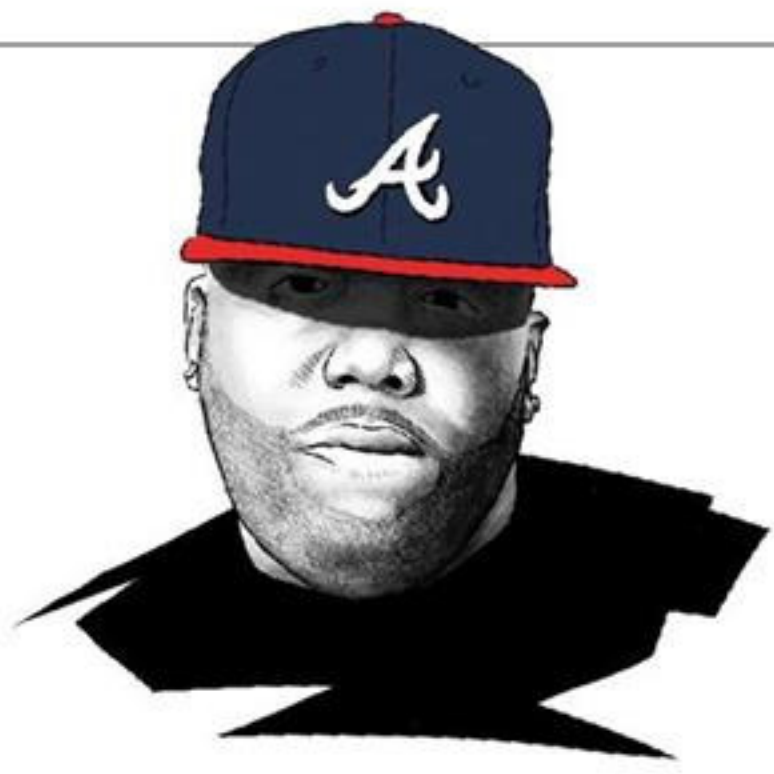


DAN HYMAN



ROBERT HARKNESS

-----> When you think about musicians and their relationship with booze, you might picture a bloated John Bonham chugging a bottle of whiskey or perhaps a dazed Liam Gallagher slurring his words like a whining toddler. It's not your fault: The party-till-you-puke **rock-star lifestyle** has been impressed on us for decades. But as a wise man once crooned, the times they are a-changin'. Yes, these days musicians (and music fans) of all varieties drink in style, from **backstage beverages in grimy punk clubs** to posh concoctions in VIP areas at **trendsetting festivals**. All you need to know is where to start. We're here to help.



HIP-HOP'S HEAVENLY HOOCH

Run the Jewels' MC Killer Mike on why Hennessy is the hip-hop lifer's OG beverage



Hennessy is the crème de la crème. I liked the way it made me feel right away, but then I learned to appreciate the subtle flavors. I've kept it on my backstage rider for 10 years now. It's what Pac and Biggie both drank. I mean, mortal enemies drank the same drink! It doesn't get better than that. If you're from a black family, your coolest uncle is definitely a Hennessy drinker. I love the taste of it with ginger ale or with Sprite. It tastes exactly like a cream soda. It has spices and all this fucking sweetness in it. Two of them and I'll be real nice.



THE OLD WORLD

• For a more traditional use of cognac, shake up this classic Hennessy cocktail.

Ingredients	Instructions
2 oz. Hennessy VS	Add all ingredients to mixing glass with ice; stir to chill. Strain liquid into cocktail coupe, garnish with lemon wheel and serve.
½ oz. Amaro Nonino	
5 dashes orange bitters	
Lemon wheel for garnish	



HAWKING THE SAUCE

HITS (AND MISSES) IN THE WORLD OF CELEBRITY-ENDORSED BOOZE

1 WHO'S SLINGING WHAT? **JAY Z**

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING
Rap mogul markets subpar sparkling wine as something it's not: classy.

OUR TAKE
In the market for a rapper-endorsed matte-gold flower vase? You're in luck.

SAUZA 901 TEQUILA

OUR TAKE
Even Mr. "Cry Me a River" must think this is too soft.

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING
A bit too smooth, but its slight heat and hints of citrus are nice touches.

2 WHO'S SLINGING WHAT? **JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE**

ACE OF SPADES CHAMPAGNE

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING
Strikes a surprisingly fine balance: a bit sticky sweet with a crisp bite.

OUR TAKE
What can't Diddy do well? Seriously, though, damn good vodka.

3 WHO'S SLINGING WHAT? **KENNY CHESNEY**

BLUE CHAIR BAY COCONUT RUM

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING
Distinct grapelike flavors; praiseworthy but falls short of competitors.

OUR TAKE
Is \$18 all that's left in your savings account? Welcome to your beachside vacation.

4 WHO'S SLINGING WHAT? **DIDDY**

CÎROC VODKA

5 WHO'S SLINGING WHAT? **CEE LO GREEN**

TY KU SAKE

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING
Grows on you over time; overhyped, but beats typical sushi-bar fare.

OUR TAKE
Works for sake bombing; mixes poorly with Cee Lo's music.

GRAPES OF ROCK

HEAVY METAL HEAVY HITTERS HIT THE (WINE) BOTTLE



SLAYER

• Wine bottles don't often come in coffins. They also rarely have red wax dripping from the top like blood from an open wound. Then again, Slayer, a band that screams about serial killers and genocide and also distributes a **Reign in Blood** cabernet sauvignon, is not your typical wine purveyor.



LES CLAYPOOL

• With a voice like a deranged chipmunk's and a band as wonderfully odd as Primus, no one raised an eyebrow when bowler-hat connoisseur and owner of West Sonoma-based **Claypool Cellars** named his signature rosé **Pink Platypus**. Like Claypool, it's brilliantly bizarre.



MOTÖRHEAD

• Hard-partying reputation be damned, rocker Lemmy Kilmister gave up his whiskey habit a few years back. Now he drinks only wine, so naturally Motörhead had to create its own. The gnarliest of the bunch, **Sacrifice Shiraz** bag-in-box wine, comes in cardboard styled like a vintage guitar amp.



MAYNARD KEENAN

• Tool mastermind and notorious recluse Maynard Keenan would rather talk your ear off about his Arizona-based **Caduceus Cellars** than about his iconic alt-metal outfit. Dude even schedules tours around harvesting season. Oh, and his vineyard's name, Merkin, means "pubic wig."

COCKTAIL CARNIVALS

SXSW Music Festival

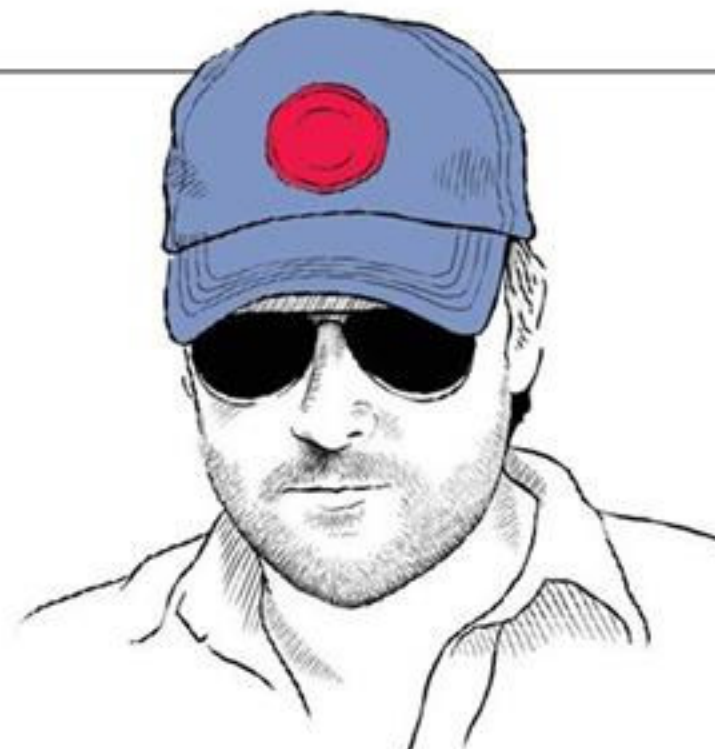
• Okay, it's technically a music conference, but that's not why you're going. Join the mass of delightfully sauced attendees prowling downtown Austin's nightlife scene, pop in and out of bars both rowdy and tasteful and, of course, discover the acts your friends won't be talking about until next year.

COACHELLA Music Festival

• Sure, it's a bit superficial, but it's the one festival people say you have to attend. Trust us: Decamp to the California desert and you'll booze in style. Craft cocktails are typically available in the VIP area from some of southern California's most in-demand mixologists and barkeeps.

PITCHFORK Music Festival

• The beards and the music snobs aside, the tastemaking music website's annual Chicago gathering offers the best VIP-bang-for-your-buck festival experience. Cough up the reasonable fee and down unlimited local beers and high-end cocktails backstage as you bump up against big-name artists.



COUNTRY'S CLASSIC CONCOCTION

Country music's chief badass, Eric Church, on how Jack Daniel's is his musical muse

“Everybody has a certain drink that's just right for them. For me it's Jack Daniel's. It corresponded with playing on the road early in my career. Back then, when we'd play six, seven nights a week, it was good for my voice. Now it's funny: When I drink it off the road, it's almost like my body has been so accustomed to Jack Daniel's, it's ready to go. It's showtime. No matter where I am, if I start drinking Jack, I'm looking for a stage. And I can drink a lot of it and still get away with getting up there and doing my thing. I'm usually okay if I stay with Jack all night, though there's that point where it's gonna be a rough morning. Or afternoon.”



THE PBR EFFECT

• The authentic low-fi appeal of Pabst Blue Ribbon made it the darling of indie rockers. Now the beer has its own summer music festival with Portland's Project Pabst. Last year's event featured Modest Mouse, Guided by Voices and Violent Femmes. (projectpabst.com)





"He looks a little hungry. Why don't you take him out for a walk in the park so he can eat a few dogs?"

AZEALIA BANKS

Wild
&

UNCENSORED

BY ROB TANNENBAUM

HIP-HOP'S LATEST SENSATION CHANNELS

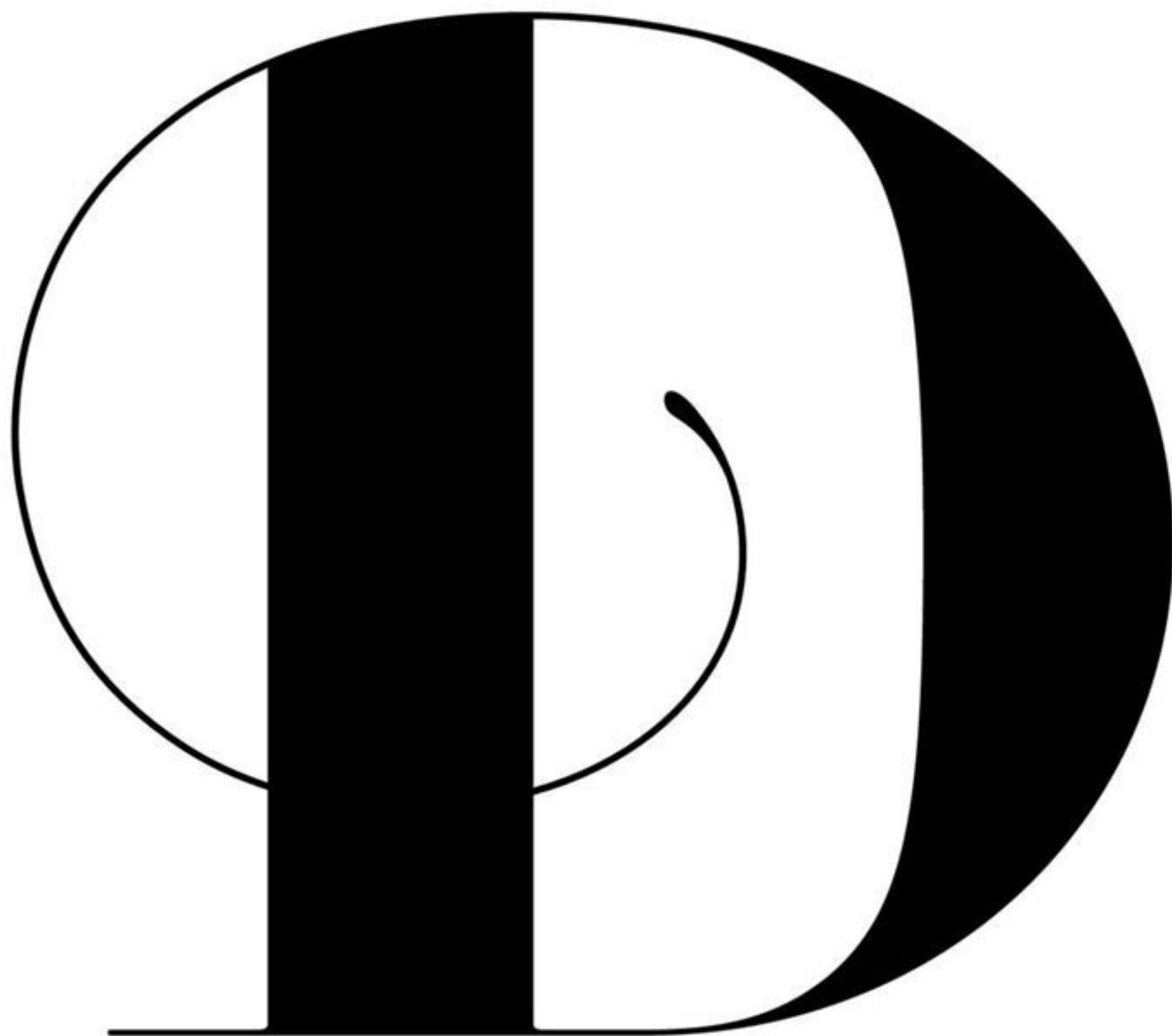
FRANCE'S ICONIC **LE CHAT NOIR**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELLEN VON UNWERTH

In the video for “212,” the dazzling and lascivious song that rocketed her to fame and acclaim in 2011, Azealia Banks smiles joyfully while rat-a-tat-tatting compound lyrics about how talented and hot she is and how easily she could get your girlfriend to go down on her. Banks does everything with a mischievous laugh—so when you see her schooling fools on Twitter or read her insightful thoughts on black culture or listen to her brilliant new album, *Broke With Expensive Taste*, envision this 23-year-old Harlem rapper and singer chuckling at how much fun it is to be smart and fearless, with a mike in her hand. And right now, no one is having more fun than Banks.







PLAYBOY: Did you grow up in a house where sex was discussed freely?

BANKS: Yes, but it was more joked about. My mother was always making inappropriate jokes. We had sex books in the house. She never tried to hide it from me. When I got my period it was very much like, “Boys are going to want to touch your body, but you can get pregnant now, and we not playing that shit.” My mom scared me off of getting pregnant.

PLAYBOY: In what ways are you like your mom?

BANKS: We both have really good taste in things: food, music, furniture. But I like men a lot, and she’s like, “I could care less.”

My dad died when I was really young, and my mom never dated anyone else. She’s into her dogs and books and decorating her house. And I’m like, “Ooh, boys!” I’ll have a boyfriend, and then a couple of months will go by and I’ll have a new boyfriend, and she’ll be like, “Azealia, can’t you stay with one?” No! [laughs] They’re all too fun.

PLAYBOY: What’s the longest relationship you’ve had?

BANKS: Four years. It started when I was 17. He was 43. There’s something very wrong with a man that age who wants to date a 17-year-old girl. I didn’t know how to shave my bush and shit like that. I had a hairy pussy. I didn’t know how to wear perfume. I had neon pink barrettes in my hair. And as “212” started to pop off and my career started to happen, he became jealous. He choked me and beat me up, and of course you should not be fucking with a man who puts his hands on you, but I was stupid and young.

PLAYBOY: Did that relationship cure you of your attraction to older men?

BANKS: No, I love older men. The things in an older man’s house are better—his furniture, even his knives and his pots. And they smell better. Young guys, they may skip a shower and shit like that.

PLAYBOY: You were signed to two major labels, and after protracted battles with them, you self-released *Broke With Expensive Taste* in November. How did your music change in the midst of all that?

BANKS: Even though I’ve always made really cool stuff, I did it with a little bit of a pop sensibility because I was signed to a

major label. That’s why you have songs like “ATM Jam” and “Chasing Time” that are more pop. But now I don’t have a label to answer to. All the ideas I’m having are fucking cool and abstract and crazy and dope.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you don’t care whether your songs are on the radio or not.

BANKS: No. There are certain ways you have to behave if you want to get played on the radio. I want to date whoever I want to date. I want to smoke weed. I want to get drunk. I want to go on vacation, you know?

PLAYBOY: At this point, lots of producers want to work with you, but when you were unknown and posting songs on Myspace, you e-mailed producers and almost begged for beats.

BANKS: Seriously. You know how people say “I will fuck for Chanel”? Like, no, I won’t fuck for a beat. But almost. I might flash a little. [laughs] No, I’m joking. But I will fucking beg.

PLAYBOY: Is there someone whose career you’d like to emulate?

BANKS: Jay Z. That’s the only person I have my eye set on. The race thing always comes up, but I want to get there being very black and proud and boisterous about it. You get what I mean? A lot of times when you’re a black woman and you’re proud, that’s why people don’t like you. In American society, the game is to be a nonthreatening black person. That’s why you have Pharrell or Kendrick Lamar saying, “How can we expect people to respect us if we don’t respect ourselves?” He’s playing that nonthreatening black man shit, and that gets all the white soccer moms going, “We love him.” Even Kanye West plays a little bit of that game—“Please accept me, white world.” Jay Z hasn’t played any of those games, and that’s what I like.

PLAYBOY: If people read your Twitter account and don’t like you, is that because of race?

BANKS: It’s always about race. Lorde can run her mouth and talk shit about all these other bitches, but y’all aren’t saying she’s angry. If I have something to say, I get pushed into the corner.

PLAYBOY: And whenever you point out that discrepancy, someone on Twitter says, “Why are you trying to make this about race?”

BANKS: Because y’all motherfuckers still owe me reparations! [laughs] That’s why it’s still about race. Really, the generational effects of Jim Crow and poverty linger on. As long as I have my money, I’m getting the fuck out of here and I’m gonna leave y’all to your own devices.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to leave the U.S.?

BANKS: Yes! I hate everything about this country. Like, I hate fat white Americans. All the people who are crunched into the middle of America, the real fat and meat of America, are these racist conservative white people who live on their farms. Those little teenage girls who work at Kmart and have a racist grandma—that’s really America.

PLAYBOY: If people don’t like you, does that mean they’re racist?

BANKS: No, not at all. There’s misogyny, and then there’s something called misogynoir [a term coined by writer Moya Bailey to describe “the unique ways in which black women are pathologized in popular culture”]. We have all these stereotypes in society: The gay man is a faggot and he’s over-the-top, or you’re an untrustworthy cracker, or you’re a loud black bitch. All these things exist for a reason, you know what I’m saying? Yeah, I am loud and boisterous—

PLAYBOY: And you *are* black.

BANKS: And I am black, and I am a pain in your ass. But I’m not really talking to you, and that’s what makes those people mad. You’re not invited to this conversation. This is not about you.

PLAYBOY: This has been an issue ever since hip-hop spread outside New York City. It’s a black art form (text continued on page 126)

*YEAH, I AM
LOUD AND
BOISTEROUS.
AND I AM
BLACK, AND I
AM A PAIN IN
YOUR ASS.*

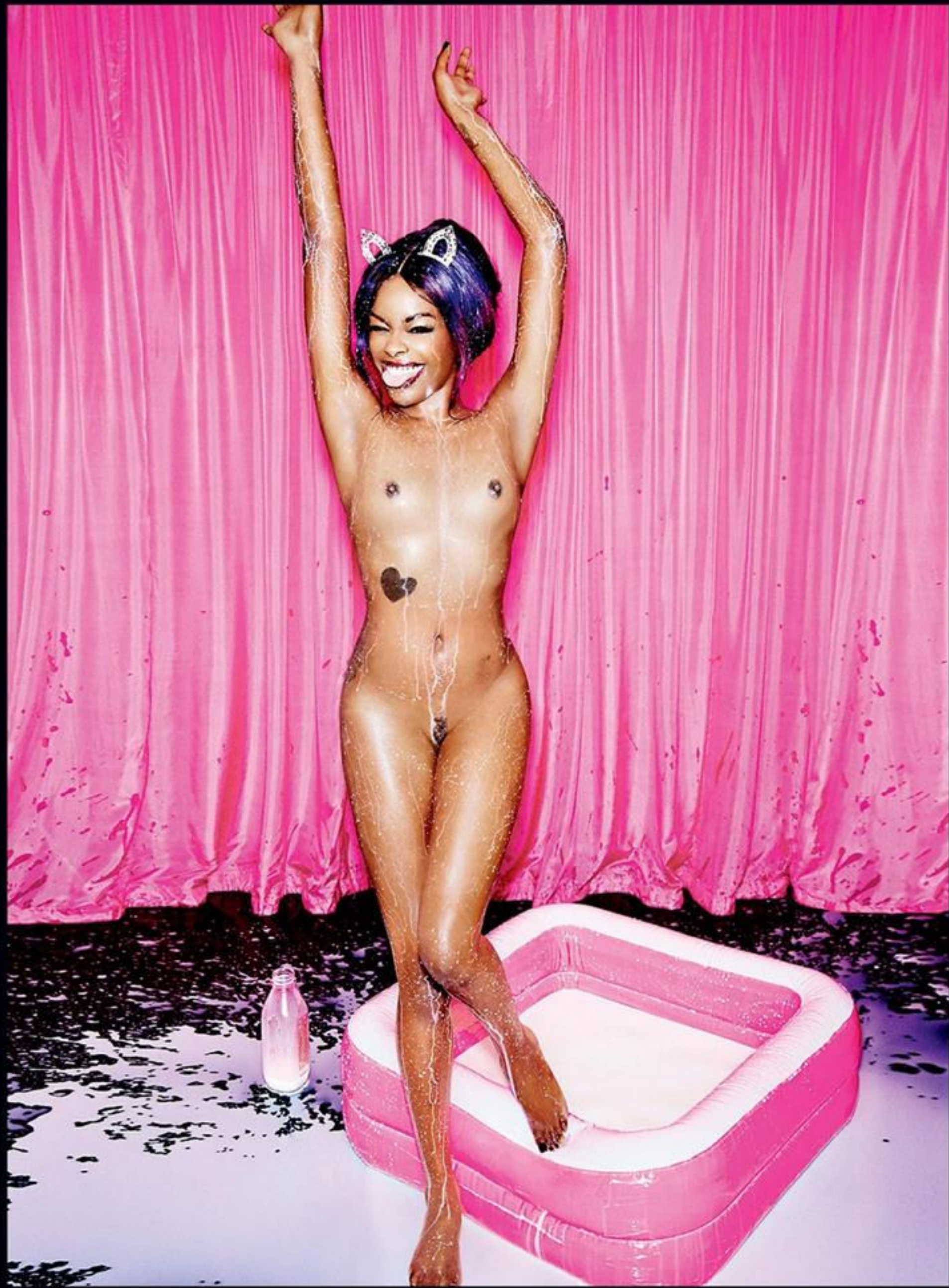




*MOST WOMEN ARE
SCARED OF ME. PEOPLE
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
SCARED OF ME.*









STYLIST

Anna Trevelyan
with CLM US

MAKEUP

Alice Lane at the
Wall Group

HAIR

Thanos Samaras
at the Wall Group
using Paul Mitchell

SET DESIGN

Chelsea Maruskin

MANICURE

Lisa Logan at
Wilhelmina

PRODUCTION

Viewfinders



WINDOWS

Continued from page 71

and reached out for a parting handshake. “I really appreciate it very much. By the way, you didn’t tell me your name. Or maybe you did and I forgot.” They both gave a short laugh at exactly the same moment, and right after that, the man in the suit shook his hand warmly. “My name’s not important; we’ll never see each other again anyway. But if you have any problems or you need something, you can just pick up the phone next to your bed and dial zero. Someone will always answer, like in a hotel. Our Support Center works 24 hours.”

Then the man in the suit glanced at his watch and said he should go because he had three more patients waiting for housing, and Mickey, who suddenly didn’t want the man to go and leave him alone, said, “It’s really depressing that there aren’t any windows here,” and the man in the suit slapped his forehead and said, “Wow, how could I forget?”

“That’s my line,” Mickey said, and the man in the suit gave another one of his short laughs as he went over to the laptop and tapped a few keys. The instant he finished, large, brightly lit windows appeared on two of the walls, and a half-open door appeared on the third. Through it, Mickey could see a spacious, elegantly appointed kitchen with a small table set for two. “You’re not the first to complain about the rooms,” the man in the suit admitted, “and in response, the company I work for has created this innovative application, which affords a sense of open space. From this window,” he pointed to the window that had appeared above the desk, “you can see a yard and an ancient oak tree, and from the other one, you can see the road. It’s very quiet, hardly any cars on it. And the door gives a sense of the continuity of a home. It’s only an illusion, of course, but the windows and the door are synchronized, and you’ll always see the same weather and angle of light in all of them. It’s quite brilliant, when you think about it.”

“It looks amazing,” Mickey admitted. “Completely real. What did you say the name of your company is?”

“I didn’t,” the man in the suit said with a wink, “and it really doesn’t matter. Remember, if anything’s wrong or even if you’re just in a bad mood, you can simply pick up the receiver and dial zero.”

When Mickey wakes up in the middle of the night, he’ll try to remember exactly when the man in the suit left the room, but without success. The doctors, according to the man in the suit, said that the memory loss resulting from the blow he received might continue, but as long as it isn’t accompanied by nausea or impaired vision, he needn’t worry. Mickey will look out the window and see a full moon illuminating the ancient oak tree. He’ll be able to swear that the hooting of an owl came from among its branches. From the window that overlooks the road, he’ll see the lights of a truck moving into the distance. He’ll close his eyes and try to go back to sleep. One of the things the man in the suit said was that he should sleep a great deal because memories very often return through dreams. When he falls asleep again, he really will dream, but there won’t be any solution in his dream, only himself and the man in the suit climbing the ancient oak tree. In the dream, they’ll look like children and something will make them laugh, and the man in the brown suit, who’ll be wearing denim overalls in the dream, will laugh constantly, a different sort of laugh, unrestrained, the kind that Mickey has never heard, or at least doesn’t remember that he’s heard. “Look,” Mickey will say as he hangs from a branch with one hand and scratches his head with the other, “I’m a monkey, I’m totally a monkey.”

Almost a month went by, at least it felt like a month, and nothing changed. He couldn’t remember anything from the past and continued to forget things that happened only a few minutes earlier. No doctors came to check him, but he remembered the man in the brown suit saying that there was no need for an on-site doctor’s visit because he was being monitored constantly, and that if anything was wrong, the system would react to it immediately. A white van occasionally pulled up next to the oak tree visible from the window, and inside it were a gray-haired, suntanned man and a fat young girl who looked at least 20 years younger than him. They groped each other in the van, and once they even got out of it, sat under the tree and drank beer. Nothing changed in the kitchen during all that time. There was a large window there too, and it let in a great deal of light, but Mickey couldn’t see anything through it from his room because of the angle.

He would sit in front of the laptop, stare at the walls for a while and wait for a memory or a thought to come out of nowhere, like a bird landing on a tree, like the suntanned guy and the fat girl, like.... At first, Mickey thought he was imagining it: a kind of furtive movement, a shadow without a body that darted across the frame of the half-open door and vanished. Mickey found himself hiding under the bed like a child hiding from night monsters. Now he couldn’t see anything, but he heard

the sound of a cabinet closing and someone or something flicking a switch. A few moments later, something was visible in the frame of the half-closed door again, moving slowly this time. It was a woman, about 30. She was wearing a short black skirt and a white button-down blouse, and she was holding a coffee mug with a picture of a sun on it and the words RISE AND SHINE! encircling it in colorful letters. Mickey didn’t come out from under the bed. He remembered what the man in the brown suit had said and realized that even if he stood up and started waving, the woman in the kitchen apparently wouldn’t see him, because the woman didn’t actually exist, because it was just a projection on a wall designed only to keep him from feeling trapped in his small, windowless room.

The woman in the kitchen was texting on her cell phone now, and as she tapped out the message, her feet tapped nervously on the white marble floor. She had beautiful legs. Mickey tried to remember a girl with legs more beautiful than hers, but except for the girl in the kitchen and the fat girl in the white van, he couldn’t remember any girls. The woman in the kitchen finished texting, took a final sip of her coffee and moved out of Mickey’s field of vision. He waited another minute and heard something that might have been the sound of a front door slamming, but he wasn’t sure. He hurried over to the desk, picked up the phone and crouched behind the bed. He dialed zero. A tired male voice answered, “Support Center. How can I help you?”

“In the kitchen...,” Mickey whispered, “I mean, the projection of the kitchen on the wall....”

“In the application?”

“Yes,” he continued to whisper, “in the application, there’s someone there. Someone lives there.” He heard the tired guy type something on the other end of the line. “There’s supposed to be a woman there, Natasha, tall, curly black hair....”

“Yes, yes,” Mickey said, “that’s her. It’s just that there was no one there before, so it was a surprise....”

“Our bad,” the tired guy apologized. “We should have informed you in advance. We’re always updating and improving the application, and lately we’ve had more than a few complaints from users that the projected rooms are always empty, which makes them feel lonely. So now we’re trying to add a touch of human presence. The Support Center should have informed you of the change. I have no idea why they didn’t. I’ll add a note to your file and someone will catch hell, I promise you.”

“Never mind,” Mickey said, “really. No one needs to catch hell. Everything’s fine. Who knows, maybe they did inform me and I forgot. After all, I’m here because of memory problems.”

“Your call,” the tired guy said. “In any case, I apologize in the name of the Support Center. It’s supposed to be an upgrade, not something that frightens the users. And I must tell you that for now,



"I never make a move without my focus group."

the service is free, but the company reserves the right to demand additional payment for human presence in the future.”

“Payment?” Mickey asked.

“No one is saying that we will,” the tired guy said in a defensive tone, “but we reserve the right. You know, it involves additional outlays and....”

“Of course,” Mickey interrupted him, “it’s perfectly understandable. Photographing empty rooms costs next to nothing, but a live person....”

“You’re pretty sharp,” the tired guy said, waking up. “It’s a complicated business, especially an application like ours, where every system is matched up with a different human figure. At any rate, if it bothers you, don’t hesitate to call us at any time. She can disappear just as suddenly as she appeared.”

From the minute Natasha appeared, time began moving faster for Mickey. Or slower, actually, depending on the time of day. In the morning, he’d wake up a little before she did and wait to see her drink her coffee and sometimes even eat some toast or cereal, and text or talk to someone, apparently her sister, on the cell phone. Then she’d go to work, and time would start to drag. Mickey tried to remember; sometimes he did a few drawings or, more precisely, scribbled in pencil on the lined pages of the notebook he found in one of the drawers. Sometimes he’d read something. Once there was even an accident on the road projected on one

of the walls. A motorcycle driver skidded and had to be taken away in an ambulance. The suntanned man and the fat girl arrived every now and then, groped each other in the van under the tree and drove away. But most of the time, Mickey found himself sitting and waiting for Natasha to come back. In the evening, she’d eat a little something, always simple things—it looked like she didn’t really like to cook. She often ate dinner after her shower, barefoot and wearing only a T-shirt and underpants. Mickey would look at her and try to remember. Maybe he once knew someone like her, not Natasha, a different woman, with straighter hair or less beautiful legs, a woman he’d loved or who’d loved him, a woman who’d kissed him on the lips, who’d gotten down on her knees and put his prick in her mouth like it was the most natural thing in the world....

The phone woke him up. He answered, half asleep. It was the Support Center, a bored female voice this time. “Is everything okay?” the voice asked.

“Yes,” Mickey replied, “everything’s great. It’s just that you woke me up.”

“I apologize,” the voice said. “You’re being monitored, and your pulse rate suddenly started to increase, so....”

“I was dreaming,” Mickey said.

“A bad dream?” the voice asked, sounding momentarily less indifferent. “A nightmare?”

“No,” Mickey mumbled, “just the opposite.”

“May I ask what the dream was about?” the voice asked.



“He was a legend in the porn industry.”

“Sorry,” Mickey said, “it’s too personal.” And hung up.

The next morning, he thought that maybe he’d made a mistake. That maybe he shouldn’t have hung up. They might even be so concerned about him there, at the Support Center, that they’d cancel Natasha. Maybe they’d even cut him off from the application altogether. He didn’t know if he should dial zero now and apologize, tell them again that everything was fine, that he’s sorry he hung up, that he just wasn’t expecting a call so late at night, that, actually, he wasn’t expecting any call....

The half-closed door that led to Natasha’s kitchen creaked open. Natasha was standing there, wearing a terry cloth robe, her hair soaking wet. She walked into Mickey’s room with her coffee mug in her hand. “I thought I heard you,” she said and gave Mickey a wet kiss on the neck. “Here, I made you coffee.” Mickey nodded, didn’t know what to say. He drank the coffee. Without milk. One and a half teaspoons of sugar. Just the way he liked it. Natasha put a hand under his blanket and touched the tip of his erection. Mickey’s hand shook and the boiling coffee spilled onto his hand and the blanket. Natasha ran into the kitchen and came back with a bag of frozen peas. “Sorry,” she said and put the bag on the back of his hand.

“There’s nothing to be sorry about,” Mickey said with a smile. “It’s actually kind of nice.”

“The burn?” Natasha asked with a smile. “Because if so, I can tie you to the bed when I come back from work, put on my leather outfit and...just kidding.” She gave him another wet kiss, this time on the mouth, checked the burned hand, glanced at her cell phone and said that she had to run. “I finish at six,” she said. “Will you be here?” Mickey nodded. As soon as he heard the front door slam, he jumped out of bed and tried to walk through the door to the kitchen. There was nothing there, just a wall with a picture of a door projected on it, a door that now, unlike the previous weeks, was wide open. The painful burn on his hand and the mug with the yellow sun and the RISE AND SHINE! printed on it were still there, clear proof that everything he thought had happened here a few minutes earlier had really happened.

He dialed zero. The voice that answered him was familiar. It was the tired guy, even though he actually sounded lively now. “Mickey,” the tired guy said as if he were talking to an old friend, “is everything okay? It says here that last night your pulse was rapid.”

“Everything’s great,” Mickey said. “It’s just that Natasha, you know, from the kitchen in the application, this morning she just.... I know this sounds a little weird, but she just came into my room, physically came into my room, spoke to me....”

“I don’t believe it,” the tired guy said with real anger. “Don’t tell me that they didn’t inform you this time either. No one called you last night to update you on the trial run of our new feature?”

“Some girl did call,” Mickey said, “but I was sleeping. She might have tried to tell me and I was just out of it.”

"I hear you," the tired guy said. "You think it's important not to complain. I respect that. Even though you should know that many times, complaints are not just bellyaching; they help us fine-tune the system. But it's entirely your right. At any rate, they were supposed to let you know yesterday about the new upgrade that enables the 'neighbor' in the application to actually interact with the user, mainly verbally and sometimes physically."

"Physically?" Mickey asked.

"Yes," the tired guy went on, "and that too, for the time being, is completely free of charge. It came from the users. Many of them said that the presence of the 'neighbors' aroused an intense need in them for human interaction. But you must remember that it's merely an expansion of the existing service and that if you feel uncomfortable with it, canceling is not a problem. The 'neighbor' will go back to living in his room and everything...."

"No, no. That's not necessary, really," Mickey said, "at least for the time being."

"Great," the tired guy said, "I'm glad you're satisfied. We've only just started to run with this these last few days, and so far, the feedback we're getting is fantastic. By the way, if you'd like, there's a way to block the sex with the help of an access code. You know, if you feel it's inappropriate or that things are moving too fast or you just...."

"Thanks," Mickey said in a voice that tried to sound unemotional. "For the time being, I have no problem with it, but if I do, it's good to know there's an option."

At night, he dreamed about Natasha, and when he woke up, she'd be lying there beside him in bed. She slept with her mouth open like a little girl. Mickey didn't know what she dreamed. If she dreamed. Her whole entrance into his room, into his life, was completely unsettling, but in the most positive sense of the word. He still couldn't remember anything, but that bothered him a lot less. In the morning, when Natasha went to work, he would make pencil drawings of the ancient oak tree, and also of the sea, although he couldn't see it from anywhere in his room, but mostly he tried to draw Natasha. He got better at it with time, and when he succeeded in drawing something that looked especially good to him, he would show it to Natasha, who somehow always managed to compliment him and look indifferent all at once. It was a good time. Questions like what was she, who was she, why could she move around in the projected spaces while he always remained alone in the room—never came up. It was just a lot of warmth. And hugs. And jokes. Just the feeling that he was not alone in the world flooding his entire body.

One night, he woke up and saw that Natasha was lying completely awake beside him, looking intently through the window. Under the oak tree and the almost-full moon, the fat girl was lying on a checked blanket. She was stark naked, and the older man with the gray hair was on top of her. The man was moving his hips quickly, up and down, up and down; his eyes were

closed, his thin lips clenched, and spread across his face was the expression of someone who'd just eaten something unpleasant. The fat girl's entire body vibrated. At first she moaned, but the moans quickly turned into sobs. "You think they're enjoying it?" Natasha asked him, almost in a whisper. "It doesn't look like they're enjoying it." Mickey shrugged. It really didn't look like they were enjoying it, but logic said they were, otherwise they wouldn't keep doing it. "You know them?" Natasha asked, still whispering, and Mickey replied that you might say he did, because this wasn't the first time they were groping each other right in front of his window. "It's not a window," Natasha laughed and hugged him tight, "it's a wall."

Later the arguments began, each one about something else. Natasha said he wasn't ambitious, that she was the only one who worked, that they never went out. She'd start out shouting and end up crying, while he mostly shut up. At some point, she started coming home later from time to time, and then it became routine. Mickey dialed zero to the Support Center and spoke to a woman with a runny nose. She told him

They might be so concerned about him there, at the Support Center, that they'd cancel Natasha.

that they'd been receiving many mixed reactions to the latest upgrade. Some users got along with the "neighbors," and some just didn't. Mickey wanted to ask her if there were cases where the "neighbors" didn't get along with the users. That at least, was what he felt with Natasha. But instead, he asked if it was possible, at this stage of his rehabilitation, to let him go out of his room, and when the runny nose asked him why he wanted to know and was there a problem in his room, he said no, but he thought that if he could go out a little, it would really help his relationship with the "neighbor." Runny nose said she'd pass on his request, but her tone was very unconvincing. That night, Natasha didn't come home at all. She didn't show up until the next night, got into his bed wearing the clothes she'd worn to work, and they hugged each other. Her shirt smelled of sweat and cigarettes. "You and I don't get along," she told him. "I think we need a break." After that, they fucked as if nothing had happened, and she kissed him and licked him all over, and that was nice, but it also felt like a good-bye.

When he woke up, she was gone. The wall with the projected window that overlooked the huge oak tree was just a wall again. The second window had also disappeared, and so had the door to Natasha's kitchen. Four walls, no door.

The man in the brown suit thanked Natasha for the mug of coffee. "I apologize for all my annoying questions," he said. "I know we're not talking about an ordinary user experience here, that this is something much more emotional and intimate, but with the help of your feedback, we can improve the service for millions of other users."

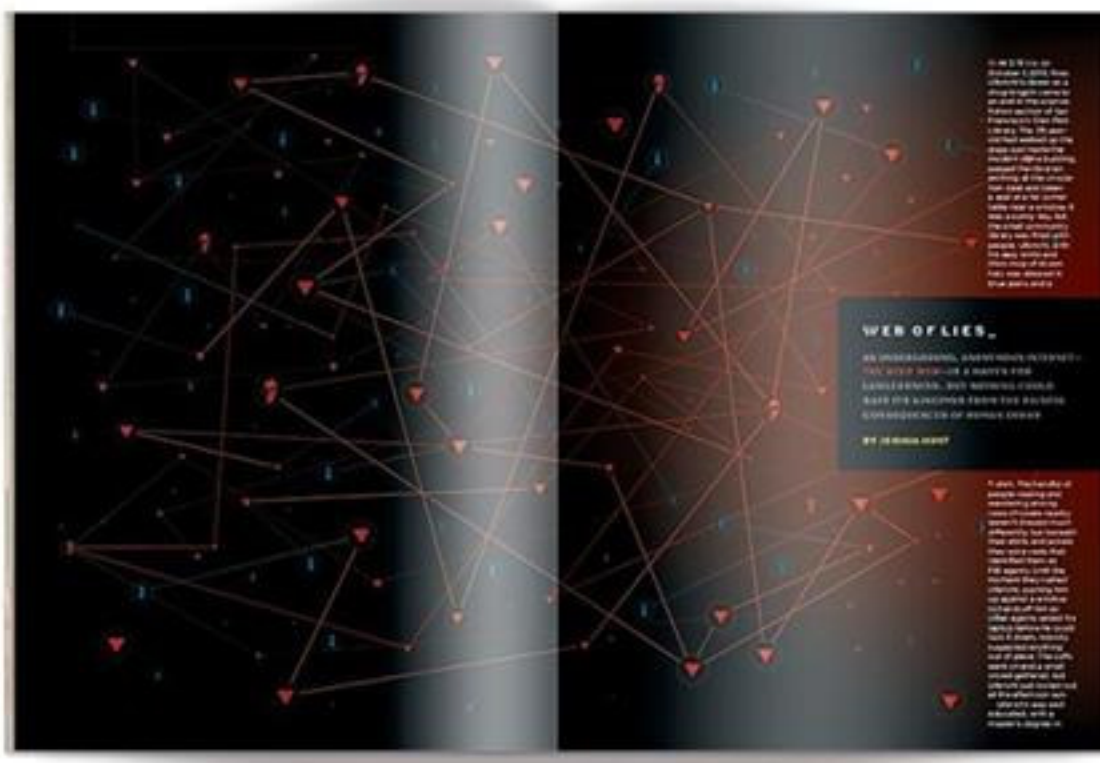
"No problem whatsoever," Natasha gave a sour smile. "You can ask me anything."

The man in the suit asked Natasha almost everything: How much did it bother her that the "neighbor" was restricted to only one room; what did she think about the name Mickey, and in retrospect, would she have preferred to choose a name for him herself; to what extent did the fact that the "neighbor" didn't know that he wasn't real contribute to her excitement; and was his lack of memory and independent relationships crucial in her decision to end the service. When he asked her if what had developed between her and Mickey could be called "genuine intimacy," Natasha found herself tearing up. "He was just like a real person," she said, "not only in how his body felt. His mind was real. And now that I've broken it off, I just don't know what you did to him. I hope you didn't kill him or something. If I knew that I was responsible for something like that, I'd never be able to live with myself."

The man in the suit put his sweaty hand on her arm in an attempt to calm her, then went to the sink and got her a glass of water from the faucet. She drank it down in one long gulp, then tried to breathe deeply. "You have nothing to worry about," he smiled at her. "You can't kill something that wasn't alive previously; the most you can do is turn it off, and in the case of the 'neighbors,' I can assure you that we don't even do that. But let's forget the whole 'neighbors' business for a moment," he said, stealing a glance at his watch, "and return to the basic features of the application: The wall projections of windows that look outside and the door that leads to the additional room—did you have reservations about them as well?"

When you're in a dark place, you're supposed to adjust to the darkness after a while, but in Mickey's case, it was almost the opposite. With every passing moment, the room seemed to be getting darker. He felt his way around, bumping into furniture, running his hands along every centimeter of the bare walls until he was back at the beginning: four walls, no door. His right hand sailed around the wooden surface of the desk until it found the phone. He pressed the receiver to his ear and dialed zero. The only thing he could hear on the other end was a long, endless beep.





WEB OF LIES

Continued from page 56

goods without the inconvenience and danger of face-to-face transactions. It was just one of countless sites on the “deep web,” an anonymous version of the internet where pages are not indexed by Google and can be accessed only with special browsers such as Tor. By allowing users to visit hidden URLs anonymously, leaving no trace of their online activity, the deep web and Tor became popular with security-conscious dissidents, whistle-blowers, journalists—and criminals.

Ulbricht and his successor, Blake Benthall, are two bright, privileged young men—men who went to college and became unlikely criminals for reasons difficult to fathom by family and friends, many of whom would comment only on the condition of anonymity. Ultimately, theirs is a story about how the internet is changing crime and how crime is changing the internet.

Silk Road first appeared in February 2011, but it was the rising popularity of Bitcoin, by then two years old, that made the site possible. A peer-to-peer digital currency both free from government oversight and difficult to trace, Bitcoin’s value is determined by supply and demand, making it popular among technologists and libertarians. For Ulbricht, who is both, it brought forth a world of possibilities. In January 2011 one Bitcoin was worth about 30 cents, up from less than a penny the year before. The relative anonymity provided by the currency helped Silk Road users cover their tracks, and the site’s rapidly increasing business gave Bitcoin its first practical application. The site had received enough news coverage to gain the attention of Democratic senators Chuck Schumer and Joe Manchin, who called for its closure on June 6. Two days later, the value of a single Bitcoin topped \$29.

Silk Road enabled lawlessness, but Dread Pirate Roberts established laws of his own. Child pornography, prolific across the deep web, wasn’t allowed on Silk Road. At first guns and other weapons were also banned, but in early 2012 dealers emerged selling everything from Glockes to Uzis, and Ulbricht allowed it.

The evolution fit with Ulbricht’s increasingly violent descent into the world of crime, which prosecutors said led him to spend several hundred thousand dollars in Bitcoins on contract killings to protect his criminal enterprise. (None of the hits appear to have been carried out.) Allowing

gun sales on Silk Road also aligned with the libertarian beliefs prevalent on the site, values at the core of Ulbricht’s mission to create a regulation-free marketplace that used anonymity and a decentralized currency to drive transactions. It was, in other words, an experiment in economics and technology whose political underpinnings excited Ulbricht and other idealists as much as any criminal motive.

In January 2012 a drug dealer known on Silk Road as “digitalink” was arrested: Jacob Theodore George IV, a 32-year-old Maryland man, had been selling heroin and methydone on the site for about three months. Prosecutors didn’t waste the opportunity to gain insight into the deep web’s most popular drug marketplace. The arrest was kept quiet, and a plea agreement allowed authorities to obtain e-mails and financial records to help them map Silk Road through its second year of business. Six months later, customs officers in Australia intercepted a package of cocaine and methydone addressed to a Silk Road user named Paul Leslie Howard. Drugs, as well as scales, cash and 35 stun guns disguised to look like cell phones, were found during a subsequent raid of Howard’s home. It became the first Silk Road-related arrest to make international headlines. In America, more arrests gave the government a network of informants to help navigate Ulbricht’s world, spawning a cross-agency law-enforcement effort dubbed Operation Marco Polo, after the explorer who first wrote about the site’s namesake trading route.

In the end, it was no high-tech game of cat and mouse that landed Ulbricht in handcuffs. It was a man named Curtis Clark Green, one of a handful of employees Ulbricht paid thousands of dollars each month to help run his site. In January 2013 Green was arrested after taking delivery of a kilogram of cocaine in a deal personally brokered by Ulbricht. Green quickly betrayed his employer by agreeing to cooperate with authorities, but it would prove to be less of a turn than the one Ulbricht had in mind for Green, who Ulbricht thought had been skimming Bitcoins from the site’s coffers. Chat logs show that, after learning of Green’s arrest, Dread Pirate Roberts offered a Silk Road user \$80,000 to kill his former employee. What he didn’t know was that the contract killer he’d chosen—user name “nob”—was a federal agent. In cooperation with authorities, Green played the part of murder victim in staged photos sent to Ulbricht as evidence that the deed had been done; “nob” messaged Ulbricht that Green had “died of asphyxiation/heart rupture” during torture. Later “hits” would turn out to be apparent scams perpetrated against an unwitting Ulbricht, who had no idea how to actually commission a murder.

The day after his arrest, users visiting Silk Road were greeted with a message from the Department of Justice and the FBI: “This hidden site has been seized.”

II

On a quiet Sunday morning last March, Blake Benthall woke before sunrise at his home in San Francisco’s Mission district. It

had been more than a year since the 26-year-old had moved to the two-story house, which, despite its odd green and yellow color scheme, didn’t warrant a second look in the eccentric city. Even Benthall realized its charms were hidden; he’d nicknamed it the Ship House, after an old model ship that hung in a bay window facing the street. “An hour away from boarding Startup Bus,” he wrote on Facebook that morning. “Three days in a bus with strangers, building a company to pitch to investors waiting in Austin. Second year doing this, crazy excited!”

Those strangers would soon become friends, teammates and competitors. Some were software engineers like Benthall, while others were designers, businessmen and marketers. Once aboard, each would take a microphone at the front of the bus and pitch an idea, the strongest of which would be developed in groups over a three-day hackathon—a frenzied but not unheard-of pace. Some participants had start-ups of their own, funded by such noted investors as Mark Cuban; others worked for companies like Google and were accustomed to dealing with high-pressure deadlines. When the bus arrived, their reward would be harsh critiques from celebrity judges and investors who would then select a winner and possibly offer funding to the most promising groups.

Benthall had taken his first Startup Bus trip in 2013 with his friend Falon Fatemi, chief executive of a secretive tech start-up named Close. Fatemi had been the “conductor,” rallying friends and associates to come along. Benthall performed impressively that year, reaching the competition’s finals with a localized anonymous-messaging app called GhostPost, which allowed users to chat with one another at parties, sporting events and concerts. “People loved the app, and we stole thunder from the group that presented before us,” one of Benthall’s teammates tells me. “They used it to post funny messages on the screen, and it distracted the audience.”

Benthall’s friends often describe him as a “typical software-engineer type.” “He’s a little stubborn, obviously sharp and kind of witty,” the teammate says before explaining how Benthall hid his stronger personality traits and excesses. “He was definitely a libertarian, but he wasn’t belligerent about it. And I never saw any signs that he was raking in a bunch of dough or that he was interested in drugs.”

But his passionate libertarianism and intense determination occasionally set him apart from his peers. As the Startup Bus arrived in San Antonio for the semifinals, many groups had a prototype to present to the judges, but Benthall’s had two: one version from his team and one he’d developed himself. “He decided his way of building a prototype was better, so he separated himself from the team,” says the teammate.

Later that year, on November 6, 2013, someone the FBI refers to as DPR2, or Dread Pirate Roberts 2, launched Silk Road 2.0. It had been less than a month since Ulbricht’s arrest. When the site went live, it displayed a message boldly mocking the one authorities had left after seizing the original Silk Road: “This hidden site has risen again.”

A week later, Benthall joined Silk Road

2.0 as an administrator under the user name Defcon. Over the next month he would be given two opportunities to step off the path he had chosen: First, he landed a software engineer's dream job at Elon Musk's SpaceX, where he would jokingly tell friends he was a rocket scientist. Then, on December 20, three former Silk Road administrators were arrested. Defcon posted an urgent message to users on the site's forums later that day. "Three of our dear friends were arrested in connection to their Silk Road 1.0 activities," he wrote. "They did not have access to anything which would compromise the marketplace. We are watching everything very closely regardless."

DPR2 saw the writing on the wall and abandoned the site he had created. Benthall stayed, and on December 28 he announced he would be taking over with a stump speech to assure users they were in good hands. "I intend to prove to you that leading this movement forward is my top priority in life," he wrote, "and that I will pour any time and energy necessary into ensuring its success. I'm ready to fight right here alongside you." He soon quit his dream job at SpaceX. In the dark corners of the deep web, he had found a new frontier to explore.

The marketplace quickly picked up where the original Silk Road had left off. On January 14, 2014, just a few weeks after assuming control of the site, Defcon announced he would personally decide how much commission to charge on each sale. He justified the commission scale, which ranged from four to eight percent, by talking about the risks he and his staff were taking on. "I have no doubt that we have the highest traffic," he wrote, referencing the site's growing popularity. "Purchases are going up, vendors are going up—and alongside this, the amount of personal risk staff is taking is exponentially going up. The bigger we become, the more resources agencies are willing to spend on hunting us."

But at that point the hunt had been going on far longer than Benthall could have imagined. Even before he joined the site, an undercover federal agent had been hired to moderate its discussion forums. With almost total access to its inner workings, the insider helped the FBI locate one of the site's hidden servers abroad. In May 2014 foreign authorities made a copy of the server and delivered it to federal agents in the U.S.

Benthall, like Ulbricht, grew up in Texas. He was raised in a Christian household in a large single-story home in Houston. In 2009 the promising young programmer dropped out of his sophomore year of college in Florida and took a computer-programming position at RPX Corporation in San Francisco's financial district. The Texas boy did not stand out in the city, where a generation of precocious programmers had flocked to find work that matched their ambitions.

Although Benthall kept his religious beliefs quiet around friends in the tech community, he clung to his Christian values. He volunteered at San Francisco City Impact, a ministry dedicated to helping the poor and homeless in the Tenderloin district, the city's skid row. The ministry's human resources

director, Hayley Duerstock, says Benthall was well liked around their offices, situated just off Turk Street in one of the Tenderloin's most crime-plagued areas, where drug dealers conduct business in plain sight. Benthall, however, living just a couple of miles south of the ministry, was by then surreptitiously facilitating the sale of \$8 million in illicit goods each month, generating at least \$400,000 in monthly commissions. Drugs accounted for the majority of the sales, bought and sold among Silk Road 2.0's cloistered community of 150,000 active users, who, by the grace of Benthall, lived above the fray, a long way from Turk Street.

At City Impact Benthall met his girlfriend, Stephie, who worked there as an intern. In spring 2014, the couple announced their relationship on Facebook by sharing a photo of a romantic walk on the beach. Some of Benthall's friends were surprised: "A girl!!!! OMG Blake Benthall," one wrote; "Get a room," wrote another. The couple had been close well before Benthall took on his Defcon alter ego, but as he expanded the site's reach, the two only grew closer.

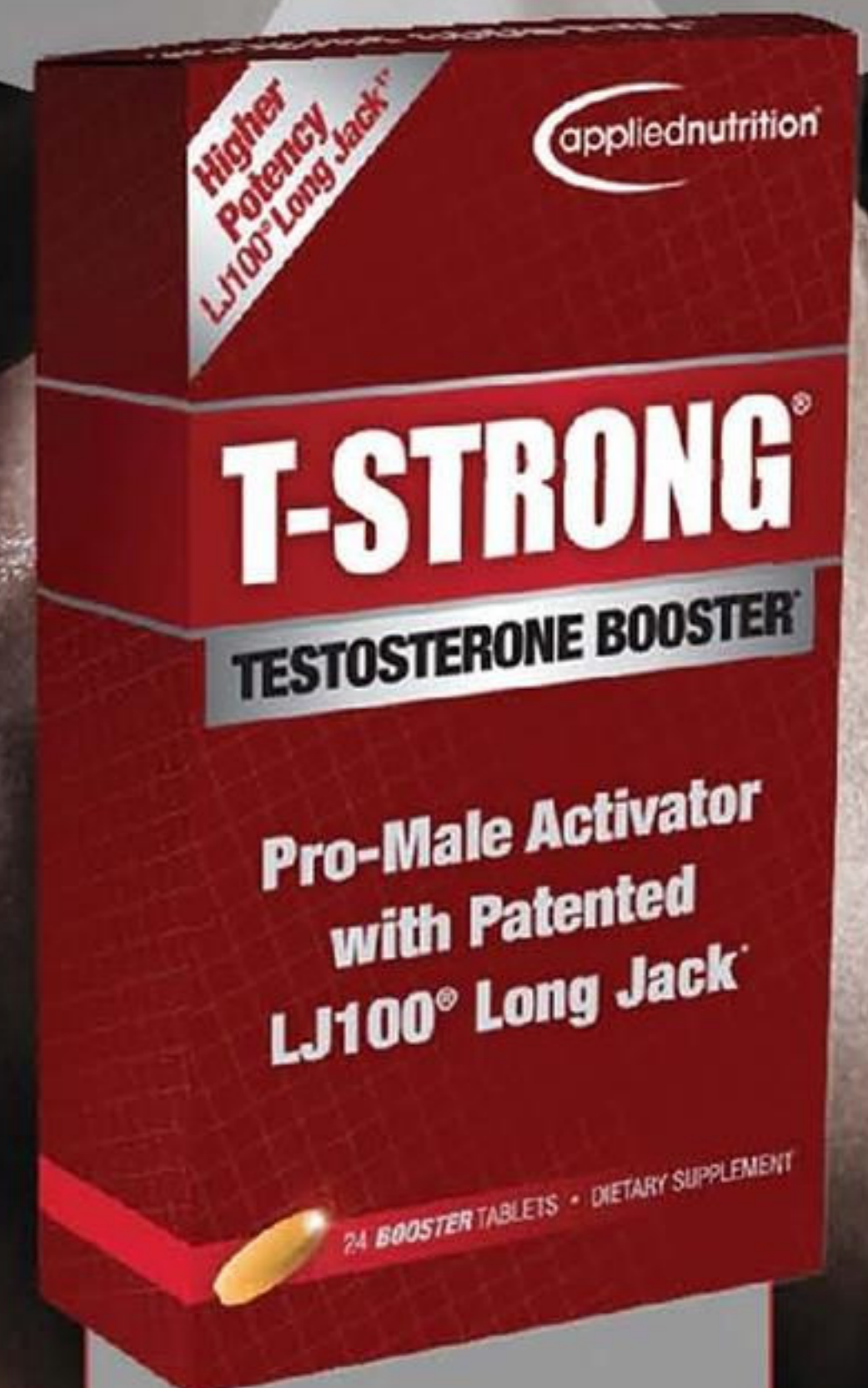
In just a handful of years, the young software engineer had conquered a town known to run through ambitious techies like Hollywood runs through aspiring young stars. And though he told a neighbor he often missed his mother, he was able to maintain his Christian faith and find someone to share it with. Last August, Blake hiked in Oregon and Washington with Stephie and his parents, Larry and Sharon Benthall. Together they posed for photos among evergreens lining steep cliffs overlooking the Pacific. Benthall appears serene and unworried alongside his girlfriend as they pose in front of Mount Rainier; a few days earlier, on July 30, he had transferred Silk Road 2.0 onto a new hidden server, according to court documents.

But federal agents had been watching Benthall for months. The FBI's undercover operative had the kind of access necessary to explore the site's architecture and interacted with Benthall regularly. While a case was built from the inside, other agents tracked his day-to-day movements. They watched as he placed a \$70,000 down payment on a Tesla Model S using Bitcoins—a rare indulgence for Benthall. Like the rest of Benthall's secret life, the Tesla went basically unnoticed. "It's not an unusual car to see in San Francisco," one of Benthall's friends tells me. Another says he heard Benthall paid for it with money he'd earned doing consulting work.

On November 5 of last year, as Benthall pulled the car into the street, he was swarmed by 20 FBI agents who approached the vehicle with guns drawn. They took him into custody without incident. According to prosecutors, he quickly admitted to everything he'd been accused of in the federal indictment outlining Defcon's crimes, which included charges of computer hacking, money laundering and narcotics trafficking.

In the months after Benthall's arrest, his girlfriend's Facebook cover photo changed to display an image of the couple embracing, with a heart covering their faces and the word *faith* typed over it. Above the image was

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a reference to Hebrews 4:16. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace," the passage reads, "that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

III

Two days later, it became clear that Silk Road 2.0 wasn't the only corner of the deep web authorities had been monitoring. On November 7, while Benthall ate his second breakfast in federal custody, law-enforcement agencies in the U.S. and abroad executed coordinated raids in 16 countries as part of Operation Onymous, an effort to seize a number of hidden sites operating on Tor. It was an unprecedented move to curb crime on the deep web, as well as a statement about the kinds of sites authorities planned to target. The sweep resulted in 17 arrests and the seizure of drugs, cash and about a million dollars in Bitcoins. Authorities announced the confiscation of 27 hidden sites—most of them illicit markets similar to Silk Road 2.0—as well as a number of servers that hosted them.

Tremors immediately shot through online communities that had a stake in keeping the deep web anonymous. Privacy and free speech advocates, journalists, Bitcoin enthusiasts, political dissidents and criminals all struggled to make sense of how sites designed to be anonymous and servers meant to be hidden had been found. Some were hopeful that law enforcement had relied on informants, insiders and holes in site administration to carry out their raids, while others worried that fissures had been discovered in Tor's code and that encryption once thought unbreakable had been cracked. Speculation abounded that police were able to follow a trail of Bitcoins from illegal deep-web trans-

actions to real-world payments, such as the one Benthall had made for his Tesla.

The scope of Operation Onymous, however, was broader than the illicit sites it confiscated, and its implications extend beyond cybercrime into the realms of free speech and government surveillance (even if it requires a dictionary to realize—*onymous* is an antonym of *anonymous*). Peter Carr, a spokesperson for the Department of Justice, says the full roster of seized websites reaches "well beyond the 27 identified," but it would take time for the various law-enforcement agencies involved to assess the extent of Operation Onymous. Until the government shows its hand, it's hard to say definitively whether Tor has been cracked or not. What is known, however, is that Operation Onymous relied heavily on informants, undercover agents and detective legwork to bring down its targets.

At Tor Project's modest Cambridge, Massachusetts headquarters, the November 7 raids came as a most unwelcome surprise. Tor's 30 employees have nothing to do with illegal sites such as Silk Road, but they decided to scrap their weekend plans for an all-hands-on-deck effort to uncover how their network may have been compromised. For days they attacked their own code to expose vulnerabilities law enforcement may have exploited to crack Tor. They found nothing.

Leading the effort was Tor's executive director, Andrew Lewman, who knows precisely how vulnerable citizens can be online. Once the vice president of engineering at a major online marketing company, he helped design the systems that originally eroded privacy on the internet. "It doesn't seem to be bugs in our code," he told me in the immediate aftermath of Operation Onymous, "but we're working at it, trying

sophisticated attacks and very stupid ones. You never know where you might have a weakness. Sometimes, people get lucky."

Months later, Lewman remains convinced that Operation Onymous was a product of luck. "Tor is still safe," he tells me in January, a reassurance no one would have thought to ask for prior to Onymous, when Tor was still considered unbreakable—even by the National Security Agency, according to documents leaked by Edward Snowden.

Ironically, the U.S. government understands exactly how effective Tor is as a tool for secure browsing and communication, because the government created it. In the mid-1990s, "the onion router" method of online anonymity was developed at the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory. Its name follows from the logic behind its core functionality, which places multiple layers of connection between users and the sites they access. The Tor browser thwarts electronic surveillance and tracking by sending user page requests through three randomly selected relays in its network of 6,000 volunteer-run servers. These relays act as layers—hence the onion—that protect users from direct connections with hidden sites. When someone in Nebraska visits a hidden site, his page request might first be routed through a server in Vermont, where his IP address could theoretically be identified; then it would filter through a second relay, where neither previous IP address could be identified; finally, it would reach a third server, which sends it on to its destination—the only part of the puzzle the final relay can see. The whole process is wrapped in encryption, making it extremely difficult, though not impossible, for law enforcement to infiltrate hidden sites accessible on the Tor network.

Tor was designed to keep U.S. intelligence secrets secure, and it worked well enough that the Department of Defense developed the project further at the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, or DARPA, the federal agency responsible for producing a precursor to GPS technology and for creating the competition that birthed the self-driving car. The Tor Project, a nonprofit group, took up the cause on behalf of civilians a few years later, releasing the first version of the browser publicly in 2002.

For nearly a decade after its public launch, not a bad word was said about Tor. As it grew, the anonymous network became unambiguously known as a tool of free speech and a facilitator of peaceful democratic resistance in repressive societies. But just as crime flourished at the frontier of the early commercial internet in the 1990s, so too have criminals taken to the deep web at an alarming rate since the arrival of Bitcoin, which gave Silk Road and similar sites the means to anonymously monetize their operations. Today, Tor's public image is decidedly more complicated, and not just because of Silk Road.

Operation Onymous's big trophies included Silk Road 2.0 and other illicit markets. But the raid also saw noncommercial sites built for the Tor network targeted by law enforcement for the first time. Doxbin, a repository for posting names, addresses and Social Security numbers for the benefit



"Marvin is in government mismanagement."

of identity thieves and fraudsters, was one of several sites closed without a clear legal basis. Pink Meth, an extreme example of a website genre called revenge porn, was also shut down. At Pink Meth, stolen nude photographs of women from around the world were posted alongside their personal information, often including links to Facebook, Twitter and LinkedIn profiles. In some cases, e-mail addresses and other contact information were included as well.

Shelby Conklin, a 22-year-old recent college graduate from northern Texas, was one of the site's victims. Conklin's photos were stolen from a hacked Photobucket account, according to her attorney, Jason Van Dyke, who says she had to delay pursuing a career until she could be sure the images wouldn't turn up in a background check. Most photos that end up as revenge porn are made in the context of a relationship and then leaked by the man after it sours—"and it's always the man," Van Dyke says—but Conklin's case was unique in that her photos were stolen by strangers from a private online storage account.

Just days after Operation Onymous took down the site, Conklin walked into a Texas courtroom and won a default judgment against Pink Meth in a civil case that began early last summer. She doesn't expect to see any of the million-dollar judgment. "To this day we don't know the identity of a single person associated with Pink Meth," Van Dyke tells me, a sign that, without informants, the government's ability to police the deep web may still be limited.

For some activists, there are concerns that the challenges of policing a digital realm like the deep web, where users are anonymous and sites are often legally ambiguous, could push police to bend legal frameworks in the name of justice. Those concerns have been exacerbated by the fact that police agencies have yet to publicly acknowledge their seizure of noncommercial Tor sites such as Pink Meth and Doxbin or to explain which laws the sites violated.

Conklin's lawsuit also underscores just how much public confusion remains about the deep web. When Van Dyke initially brought suit against Pink Meth, he listed Tor as a defendant, believing the organization existed solely to facilitate online crime. It was akin to filing suit against Google over

an illegal image in your search results. Lewman emphasizes that the sole purpose of the Tor Project is to facilitate free speech; Van Dyke, widely ridiculed online for misunderstanding Tor and its potential liability, soon dropped the organization from his suit. "I would compare Tor to a handgun," the conservative Texan says. "It can be used by good people to do good things, but in the wrong hands it can cause terrible harm."

On the morning of the Onymous raids, police in the Netherlands seized three volunteer-run Tor servers. How police uncovered the relays—and the legal basis on which they were seized—remains a mystery. Lewman says the Tor Project collaborates with law-enforcement authorities to help them understand the deep web so they can

with the deep web. In 2009 several thousand users were logging on with the Tor browser each day in mainland China. Then, in early 2010, the traffic suddenly dropped to almost nothing and has remained that way since.

IV

FBI special agent Vincent D'Agostino spent the summer of 2010 working to put away a prominent underboss from New York's Colombo crime family. John "Sonny" Franzese Sr. was 93 years old when his racketeering trial began that June, but old age hadn't made him sentimental: As Franzese looked on from his wheelchair, D'Agostino told the court that the Mob boss had ordered a hit on his own son after learning he'd worn a wire for the FBI. What Franzese hadn't known

was that D'Agostino had more than one well-placed informant in the Colombo syndicate. When Sonny had asked Gaetano "Guy" Fatato to kill John Franzese Jr., the would-be hit man had been working with the FBI for 15 months. Eventually Fatato would spend two full years helping D'Agostino collect more than 1,000 hours of tape-recorded conversations between Sonny and his co-conspirators.

As part of a special FBI team called C-38, D'Agostino worked cases that, according to *The Washington Post*, "decimated" the Colombo crime family and "severely disrupted" the Bonanno family, one of four other syndicates that once waged war on the streets of New York City. With the Mob all but destroyed, D'Agostino took on a new challenge as

his career entered its second decade: He joined the FBI's cybercrimes unit, where he would hunt hackers, online fraudsters and, eventually, Blake Benthall.

Benthall's comments in the Silk Road 2.0 forums, posted under the Defcon moniker, reveal his idealism. He spoke of the site as an experiment in freedom, a place of refuge against unnamed "oppressors." But behind his rhetoric was a business that had more in common with the Mob than with a tech start-up. He didn't solicit murder as Ulbricht had, but Benthall made millions offering protection to the vast network of criminal enterprises that thrived in his marketplace. And despite the technology involved, Benthall's was a business of relationships, one of which would be his undoing.

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enforce existing laws. Lewman also works with women who have been victimized by sites like Pink Meth, and while he is happy to see these sites leave the deep web, watching them be seized quietly and with no legal basis raises fears about what might come next. Lewman worries that more lines will be crossed as police adapt to technologies that strain already overburdened departments and agencies, and that precedents will be set that can't be recalled. "I worry about legislating technology," he says. "If you legislate Tor, that can create real problems, because once the technology moves on, you're left with laws that no longer fit the world you live in. We have to be able to adapt."

Around the world, governments are drawing their own lines when it comes to dealing

It was misplaced trust in an undercover agent—a human failure, one no firewall or encryption software can protect against—that gave the FBI everything it needed to tie Benthall to Defcon and land him in federal custody. Benthall failed technologically as well. On January 5, 2014, in a forum post, he urged Silk Road 2.0 users to take all necessary precautions when it came to security and anonymity. “We are the biggest market on the darknet at this point,” he wrote. “We are in a position to teach an incredibly valuable life skill to this buyer community: always encrypt.” It was sound advice, but as any good hacker will tell you, digital security tools can’t protect users from their own bad habits.

Benthall’s included inconsistent use of the very encryption methods that kept deep-web sites hidden from authorities in the first place. While administering Silk Road 2.0, Benthall used Tor and took appropriate anonymity measures, but he was lazy about security when it counted. When authorities took Silk Road 2.0’s servers off-line to copy them, it caused an outage, which Benthall handled the way one might deal with an unknown phone-bill charge: He complained, using support tickets sent from ordinary web browsers easily matched to his laptop. He also accessed customer-support portals for Silk Road 2.0’s server over the internet, using wi-fi in a hotel room he’d booked under his own name. There are a number of less obvious ways people hosting hidden sites can leave themselves vulnerable to detection, but few suspected Silk Road 2.0’s operator would be caught playing so fast and loose with his own digital security.

For Benthall’s friends in the tech community, the only thing more shocking than his second life as Defcon was how many commonsense deep-web rules he broke. “I’m no criminal mastermind,” one tells me, “but even I know to cover my tracks better than he did.”

As quickly as Silk Road 2.0 emerged to replace Ulbricht’s original drug bazaar, some sites that had been seized in Operation Onymous returned to the deep web. Doxbin was restored to full operation just one week after the Onymous raids concluded, and on January 11 a new hidden site called Silk Road Reloaded launched, bringing with it a renewed set of security challenges for law enforcement. Accessible only with a new deep-web browser called IP2, Silk Road’s latest iteration requires the reconfiguration of one’s computer to work. Speculation abounds that it is even more secure than Tor. As an added layer of security, Silk Road Reloaded accepts an alternative cryptocurrency, which it then converts into Bitcoins on its own, making transactions even more difficult to trace.

Lewman, for his part, is leading his organization in the ongoing testing and strengthening of Tor’s code. “The companies that made armored vehicles used in Iraq built them to withstand bullets,” he says by way of comparison. “But then they had to outfit them to resist improvised explosive devices as well.”

On January 13 a dozen protesters gathered outside downtown Manhattan’s fed-

eral courthouse. Some held signs that read WEB HOSTING IS NOT A CRIME! Another obscured his face with a black T-shirt worn as a makeshift balaclava and held a small placard emblazoned with THE CHOSEN ONE and a Bitcoin logo. Inside the stately courthouse, the chosen one himself, Ross Ulbricht, stood trial. His attorney claimed that Ulbricht created Silk Road as a radical economic experiment that he quickly abandoned, only to be reeled into a life of crime by tech-savvy drug dealers. The following week, testimony from Special Agent Tom Kiernan cast serious doubt on those claims.

After Ulbricht was arrested, Kiernan went to work on Ulbricht’s Samsung 700z laptop. For three hours he took photographs of Ulbricht’s browser history and explored the hard drive; afterward, another agent copied its contents. It would prove to be better than a smoking gun. Spreadsheets of Silk Road finances and years’ worth of Tor chat logs gave the jury a small taste of what Kiernan had gleaned. Documents outlined the banal minutiae of a drug empire, including payroll sheets and notes on staff promotions. Like any busi-

“Even I know to cover my tracks better than he did,” says a friend of Benthall’s.

ness owner, Ulbricht kept scanned copies of his employees’ ID cards on file.

During the trial, Assistant U.S. Attorney Timothy Howard read chat logs from a 2013 conversation in which Ulbricht assured a Silk Road seller that authorities didn’t have the technological facility to get their hands on the kind of unencrypted information they would need to build a case against the site. “Put yourself in the shoes of a prosecutor trying to build a case against you,” he wrote. “When you look at the chance of us getting caught, it’s incredibly small.” But Ulbricht failed to put himself in the shoes of Vincent D’Agostino and other agents like him, agents who don’t need to rely on technology to build their cases. Instead, Ulbricht built a case against himself on his laptop in the form of meticulous records of every crime he’d committed. All the agents at Glen Park Library needed to do was reach out and grab it.

In other cases, detective work as unsophisticated as a Google search led investigators to their suspects. In court, IRS Special Agent Gary Alford testified that he originally tied Ulbricht to his drug empire by searching the

web for its Tor address, which led to an account on BitcoinTalk.org that advertised Silk Road’s earliest iteration. Later, a job posting for a web developer asked interested candidates to e-mail rossulbricht@gmail.com. In court, prosecutors used selfies Ulbricht had sent from the account to prove it was his. Ulbricht’s defense relied on the idea that he had indeed run the site at one point, but soon a different Dread Pirate Roberts took over, who truly ran Silk Road. But with hundreds of pages of evidence directly tying Ulbricht to Silk Road and his DPR handle, and a weak defensive strategy in court, Ulbricht was found guilty of all charges.

Blake Benthall seems to have chosen a different path. On November 21—less than three weeks following his arrest in San Francisco, after which prosecutors had labeled him an extreme flight risk—Benthall was released from the custody of the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Court filings from December suggest a reason behind the change of heart, with references to discussions between prosecution and defense attorneys about “a possible disposition of this case.” In other words, the two sides are negotiating. Benthall’s current whereabouts are unknown, and his lawyers and family have not returned calls for comment. If he decides to cooperate with authorities and help lead them to other arrests, he may find some measure of the mercy mentioned in Hebrews 4:16. In the eyes of Silk Road’s true believers, however, it is Ulbricht who went boldly unto the throne of grace.

Perhaps the most damning evidence introduced in Ulbricht’s trial was a personal diary he kept on his laptop, dating back to 2010. He detailed his struggle to hold a job, his failed efforts at an early start-up, his rocky relationship with his girlfriend. In an attempt to create interest in the site, he wrote about growing several kilograms of psychedelic mushrooms to sell on it before he’d even set up a server. “In 2011, I am creating a year of prosperity and power beyond what I have ever experienced before,” he wrote. “Silk Road is going to become a phenomenon.”

The journal chronicled his thoughts during the site’s growth—its first mainstream press coverage, mistakes made and lessons learned, and growing paranoia amid back-breaking work to administer his empire. He wrote about feeling guilty for the half-truths he perpetuated to hide Silk Road from his closest friends. In his last entry, from New Year’s Day 2012, he described a day at the beach: “I imagine that some day I may have a story written about my life, and it would be good to have a detailed account of it.” He played paddleball, sunbathed with his friends and turned down invitations to warehouse parties and camping trips for fear of spending too much time away from the site. If he weren’t at the helm of one of the internet’s largest criminal enterprises, he’d be any other 20-something in San Francisco. “I’ve been thinking a bunch about what is next for me,” he concluded, contemplating moving to Thailand or Australia. “I need to find a place I can work from. Cheap and off the beaten path.”



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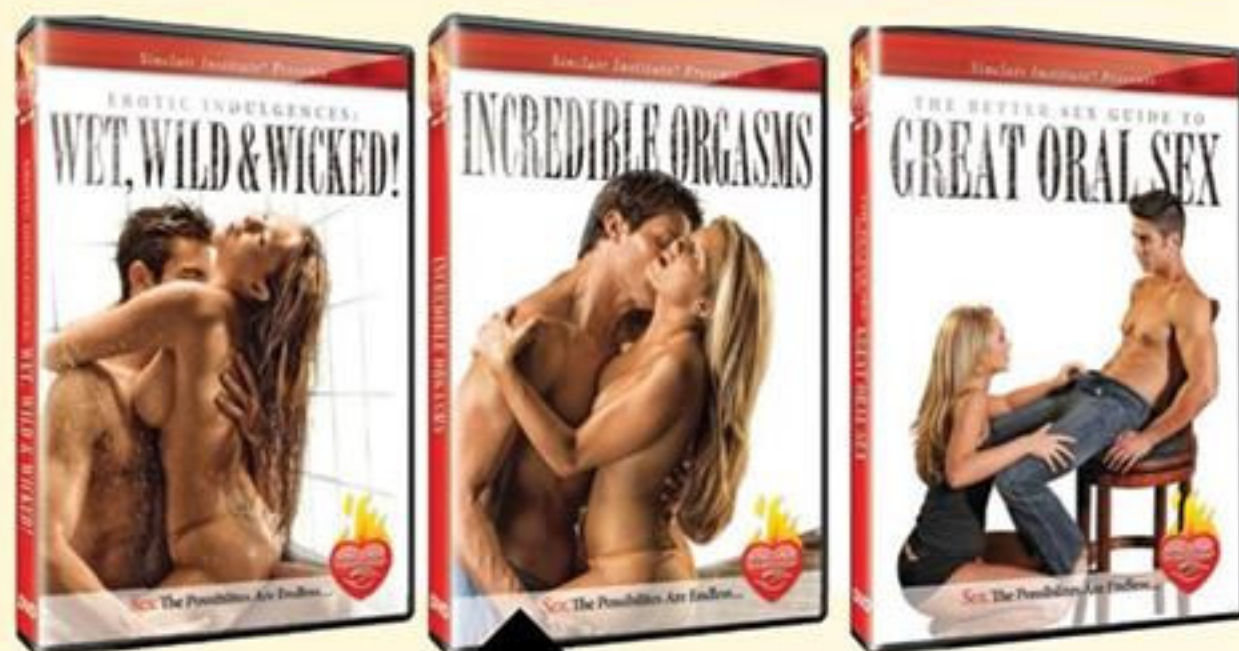
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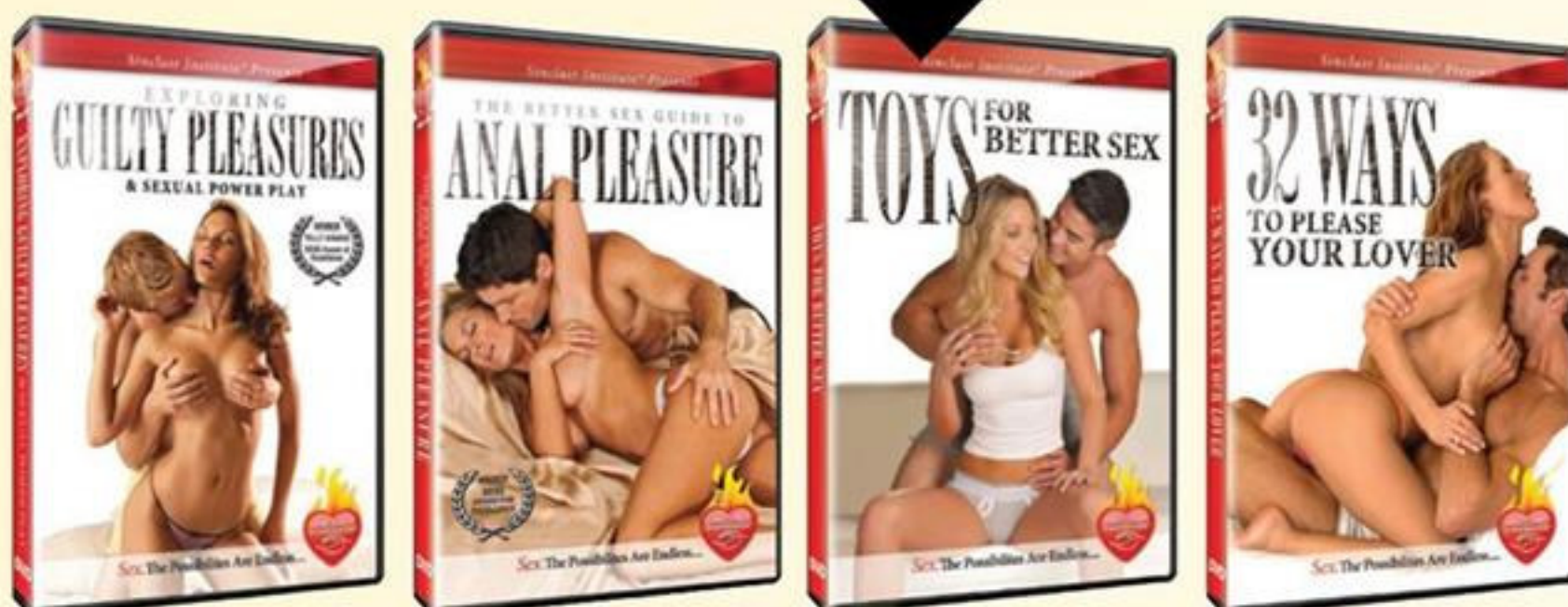
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THE PEZ OUTLAW

Continued from page 91

agreed to go after being prodded by Joshua. They emptied their savings accounts, ordered emergency passports and on January 2, 1994 soared over the Swiss Alps in a twin-prop plane. "The pilot left the controls to serve drinks, and the turbulence was unreal," Joshua recalls. His terrified father turned green.

It was worth it. In their minds, the streets of Slovenia would be paved with priceless Pez dispensers. Kolinska turned out to be the name not of a town but of a nondescript packaging facility. Joshua, the teetotaling star of his high school's drama club and a resident advisor in college, drove them over Ljubljana's romantic bridges and out of Slovenia's capital.

It was a rare adventure for the father and son. "Dad would work so long and hard that he often fell asleep and crashed the truck. It was a struggle for him to make enough money for the family," Joshua says. "He wasn't an approachable guy." Kathy had realized years earlier that Joshua had inherited his father's obsessive nature: The teenager bought M&Ms

wholesale and undercut the Boy Scouts' prices, adding to his college savings.

But Kolinska was not the Pez jackpot the Americans had envisioned. The warehouse owners explained that they had a few pieces for sale, but the real Pez nirvana was a plastics plant in Ormož, Slovenia, where the dispensers were manufactured. The factory bordered Croatia, however, where a war for independence was raging. "You should not go there," they warned.

Steve couldn't be dissuaded.

"Which way is it?"

The 100-mile-long freeway to Ormož was one of the most dangerous routes in Europe, and the Glews crisscrossed perilously high bridges and dodged horse-drawn carts. When they arrived in Ormož the industrial smog was so thick they could barely see the two-story building, further obscured by tall pine trees.

A worker led Steve and Joshua across a catwalk suspended above the factory floor. Below them, thermoplastic machines roared and hissed, producing dispensers with a satisfying *thump-thump-thump*. "The repetition and sheer volume of product was hypnotizing for guys like us," recalls Joshua. In a secret laboratory a worker smoked a tiny cigarette while hunched over the latest Pez creations. A starstruck Joshua asked for his autograph, and the embarrassed worker said he "felt like Elvis." They all laughed, and the worker's code name was born.

"Elvis was a frustrated genius, a wild card who was always doing experiments with Pez," recalls Steve. "But his bosses in Austria always rejected them. I told him that in America, collectors would go nuts for these experiments."

In this plastic Valhalla, shelves overflowed with prototypes and a cast of rejected characters. Steve sweated with excitement: The pursuit of Pez had now taken over his life. A leading expert on compulsive-collecting disorders, Mark McKinley describes this behavior as "repetitive acquisition syndrome." "Extreme collecting is a psychopathological form of collecting," he says, and it can even result in "breaking laws, hurting people, going to the poorhouse."

Steve ordered Joshua to fetch the cash from their car, telling him, "Bring it all. Just bring it all." As Joshua crossed the catwalk, alone and invisible to the workers below, he danced a happy dance all the way over.

Elvis showed Steve a Santa Claus dispenser with a black face. "I nearly fell over," says Steve. Pez bosses had scrapped the idea, but Steve knew that Black Santa was the Pez de résistance. He bought as many as he could carry, filling a military sack with them and a trove of other plastic treasures.

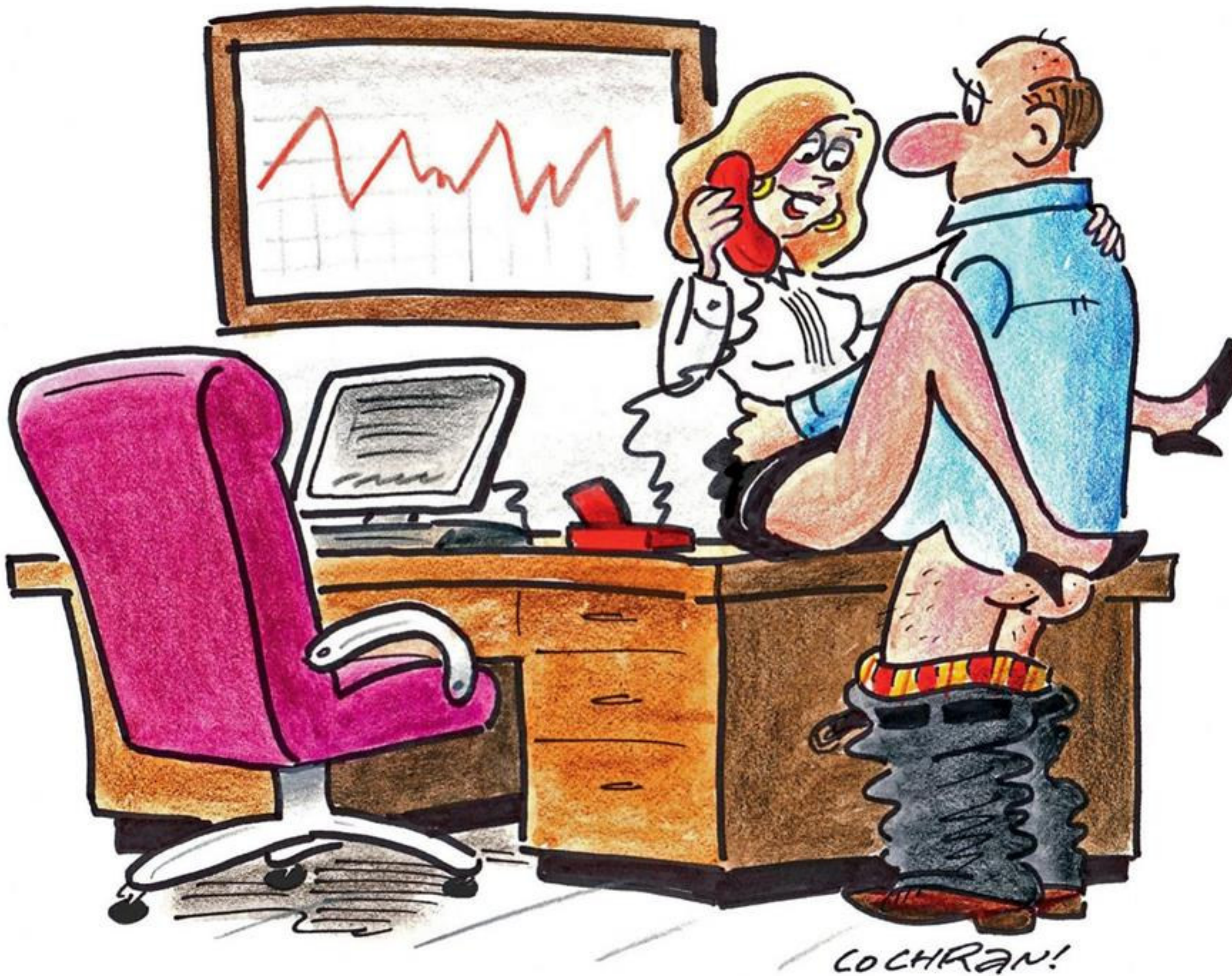
So when the Austrian guards stopped Steve and Joshua at the Hungarian border and threatened to confiscate the toys, the Glews fled east to Budapest, bringing their Black Santas with them. Back in the U.S. the dispensers sold for hundreds of dollars each, and Steve vowed to return to Europe, next time with serious money.

•

Two weeks later the Glews infiltrated the Pez head office in Hungary, where the manager looked like Pinocchio's creator, Mister Geppetto. "He wore a god-awful multicolored suit with orange piping," remembers Steve. The self-important Austrian met them at a nearby McDonald's, where Steve slipped him an envelope of cash. Geppetto told them in a cold voice, "You will drive your car straight to the factory in Jánossomorja. Go to the front gate. You will say nothing and present them with this note. Do not tell anyone about this."

They found Jánossomorja, a tiny town in Hungary near the Austrian border, and looked for the Pez smokestacks. When they presented Geppetto's note, the guard graciously welcomed them inside. They paid less than a quarter for each rare Thumper the Rabbit and Wile E. Coyote dispenser, worth up to \$75 apiece back in the U.S. They learned how to smuggle the dispensers across borders as plastic piping instead of toys so they would show up on airport X-ray machines as a bunch of springs. One trip soon turned into 10, each yielding up to \$20,000 in profit. And with his 10 percent of the proceeds, Joshua began to pay his way through college.

In 1995 Geppetto agreed to produce a special run of Silver Glow Pez dispensers, made to celebrate a factory opening. Pez workers in Hungary secretly produced extras, which Steve bought for 28 cents each and then sold for up to \$200. "A Pez truck driver was paid to pull over, and we did the deal in the street," Steve recalls. Through their car window, Joshua snapped photos, and they sped off to the nearest airport.



"Yes, Mr. Johnson is in. Oops! Now he's out...okay, now he's in."

As Steve and Joshua traversed Eastern Europe, there were miscommunications and misdirections. There was also a real danger of straying into a war zone while listening to Joshua's Lenny Kravitz tapes; one time they stopped to urinate behind a sign that said ZAGREB, 20 MILES and heard the distant rumble of rockets. Then there was the time they stopped to rest at a former KGB spa. And the night the Glews slept in their car at a truck stop in a Hungarian town that, at nightfall, became a hotbed of prostitution. Angry pimps hammered on the truck windows as father and son took turns guarding their Pez cargo.

On every trip they learned more, and the more visits and the bigger the bribes, the better the Pez dispensers that came their way. In December 1995, Elvis sold them a prototype dispenser made for a Hungarian bubble gum company. At a roadside café in Ormož, Steve made a long-distance call to a Pez broker in New York.

"What have you got, Steve?"

"I got a guy called Bubble Boy. He's a one-off."

"Bubble Boy?"

"That's right, a kid blowing a bubble. He's never been seen."

When Steve landed in America, offers for Bubble Boy had already reached \$1,000.

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David Welch is the godfather of Pez dealers, selling rare dispensers from glass cabinets and handling them with white gloves. He recalls watching Steve march into a 1996 Pez event dragging a 30-gallon trash bag full of dispensers. Steve wore fluffy pink slippers and a colorful robe to events and threw free dispensers into the crowds. Pez-heads screamed and fought one another to buy his stuff; a team of security guards protected his stall.

"I liked Steve, I really did, but some of the things he did were flat-out illegal," says Welch. "Let's suppose the guy on the night shift is a meth-head, and you give him a bag of meth to run you off 10,000 Fred Flintstones with an orange head. He can't say no."

"Steve would do the most riotous things," recalls collector Chris Jordan, who says Steve became a celebrity at conventions. Steve once wore a gorilla costume to host Pez bingo while dancing to Bruce Springsteen's "Born to Run." On another occasion he tipped a bin over a balcony, raining Pez dispensers down on a hotel lobby.

"You got a problem? Throw some Pez money at it," Steve recalls. "They were happy times. Pez money was crazy-good money." Joshua impressed friends at college, running an international business on the side. He even took a girlfriend on a Pez mission, wowing her with dinners in countries she never knew existed.

By 1996 the Glews' Michigan office boasted five full-time staffers. "We'd sold over 2 million Pez dispensers, and I spent half a million dollars just on toys that year," Steve boasts. "Anything we wanted, we bought." The Glews drove to conventions in high-powered Jeeps, pulling

shiny new horse trailers full of Pez. Steve bought every T-shirt ever printed by Phat Farm and built Kathy a new farmhouse and an imposing horse barn. But collectors say Steve became arrogant, fiercely controlling the market and freezing out rivals. Kathy dragged him to see a doctor, and the diagnosis was bipolar disorder. The doctor suggested medication.

"No way!" Steve cried. "I've finally found a use for all my crazy!"

Austrian collector Johann Patek recalls the day Steve Glew arrived at his house uninvited. A quiet man, Patek had spent years grooming Pez factory workers in Eastern Europe and resented the noisy American with a Charles Manson beard who Patek felt was ruining everything. Steve, in turn, resented Patek because the Austrian got to the factories before Steve did and bought all the super-rare Pez dispensers. (Patek still owns the first dispenser ever made.) "Patek was a dick," Steve says. "He felt I was trespassing on his turf."

Once, standing at the Austrian's doorstep, Steve demanded that Patek sell him Pez dispensers and refused to leave. "He is just a grumpy old man," Patek says today.

Steve was undeterred. "I pursued Patek across Austria in a car chase once," he says. "We were driving on sidewalks, on the wrong side of the road, whatever, trying to catch him." A notoriously bad driver, Steve bribed traffic cops with Pez dispensers stuffed with dollars.

The Pez-related chaos in Eastern Europe did not go unnoticed by the Pezident. A furious McWhinnie made a statement about the influx of Black Santas. "We did not make a Black Santa, and this must be the work of someone outside of their factories," he said on March 8, 1996. During an interview with Richie Belyski, editor of *Pez Collectors News*, the Pezident pulled a \$1,000 Bubble Boy from his pocket. Belyski's jaw hit the floor. "I'm going to release Bubble Man into the U.S.," the Pezident announced, effectively squashing the market for the Glews' black-market Bubble Boys.

"The company was pissed because this guy was a renegade cowboy," says Welch. "Steve was seen as public enemy number one." McWhinnie flew to Europe to deal with the problem, and Steve later learned of the Pezident's "tantrums" at the factories. The Pez Outlaw had to be stopped.

After spending more than \$100,000 in bribes, Steve walked around the Ormož factory as if he were the Pezident. That ended one afternoon when he came face-to-face with a mysterious Austrian.

"I know who you are," the man said darkly. Factory staffers urged Steve to leave. At a nearby café, a tearful worker told him, "Austrian Pez management have bought the factory. We can't sell to you anymore. Do not ever come here again." McWhinnie ordered factories to destroy all molds after use to prevent workers from producing extras. At another clandestine meeting in a McDonald's, Geppetto told Steve with hard eyes, "Go away, and don't come back."

Steve and Joshua took a step back in



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1997 and used middlemen to fulfill their growing orders. Steve focused on strip-mining Europe of every relic dispenser, becoming the Indiana Jones of Pez. He and Joshua journeyed to Spain, South Africa and Australia in their hunt for the rarest dispensers on the planet. During their travels they met a toy broker who handled wholesale Pez orders for Japan. "German Andre" boasted he could manufacture whatever they wanted.

Steve told Joshua, "We're gonna go legit."

Although it would cost every penny they'd made, Steve planned a kooky range of dispensers that he hoped would drive collectors wild and make him millions. He designed an army of orange snowmen, yellow witches and black skeleton dispensers. He ordered psychedelic eye dispensers in funky neon colors, glow-in-the-dark ghosts and a gang of weird Santas. The order involved more than 134,000 Pez dispensers and some two tons of plastic, at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. The Glews took out huge bank loans to cover the costs, and Joshua quit his new job as a stock trader to deal Pez full-time with his father. They planned to order in bulk but sell at realistic prices: \$25 for each "mistake" dispenser worth \$350.

The broker warned Steve, "My connection says you are a thorn in Pez candy corporations's side," but Steve pressed on. His first 40-foot shipping container arrived in Michigan on April 28, 1998. The semi-truck driver waited two days while the Glew family formed a human chain to unload the cargo into the barn.

"We're going to make millions," Steve promised his wife. "This is the big one."

Steve's funky-colored dispensers first

appeared at the July Pez convention in Cleveland. Their arrival caused a meltdown among collectors, and the cover of *Pez Collectors News* screamed: STRANGE DISPENSER COLORS!

The paper listed Steve as the chief suspect and asked, "Were they made in the middle of the night by a factory worker?" The Pezident made a rare statement, claiming the dispensers were fakes: "It's not in our best interest to flood the market with garbage dispensers."

By September Steve was spending sleepless nights pacing up and down the barn full of unsold product. Collectors questioned their provenance. Then one morning, Steve wiped down his computer mouse with a paper towel and loaded Pez.com. A new button labeled MISFIT DISPENSERS popped out at him. When Steve clicked, the house rattled with his scream.

"I couldn't believe what I was seeing," Steve says. "Pez got hold of my designs and copied every single one of them. And they were selling them cheap." The website openly mocked him. "Oops!" it read, "Someone put the wrong colors into the Pez dispenser machine. We need to find loving homes for these poor misfit dispensers or they will end up in the grinder."

"What is going on?" Steve scrawled in a furious fax to his broker. "I've invested too much money for this to happen. We have been cheated!" Paper spooled out of his fax machine with a cryptic reply: "The right hand knows what the left hand is doing."

"As soon as I saw it, I knew we were going to lose everything," says Joshua. Sales of the Glews' Pez dispensers stopped dead. Steve reduced the price from \$25 to \$15, but Pez.com dropped its price to \$4.95. Collectors called it a color war.

"In essence, Pez ordered his economic assassination," says Welch.

McWhinnie neither confirms nor denies the explanation. "I could talk about this guy for two hours, but I won't," he barks. "I was protecting copyright laws and customs laws and tax laws. Don't do the crime if you can't do the time."

Joshua fired the staffers one by one, and when the office was empty he fired himself. They sold their Jeeps, horse trailers and everything Pez. The bank took Joshua's dream home and left Steve \$250,000 in debt. "We went back to living in the last century, surviving off the land," Joshua explains over pancakes in a diner near DeWitt, a small town in central Michigan. Today, he's a beekeeper.

It's hunting season, and Steve and I are striding through the frozen woodland on his remote farm outside Lansing, Michigan. Today he lives like Howard Hughes, a recluse who will not look in mirrors or speak on the telephone. Steve shakes my hand with a paper towel. At 63, he spends his days writing a scathing blog aimed at terrorizing the Pez corporation. But today Pez treats collectors with respect: In 2011 it opened a \$2.5 million visitors center and museum in Connecticut.

"You see that dead tree over there?" Steve asks. "I killed that tree burying Pez dispensers in the ground." It is bitterly cold and dark, and we are standing beside an open grave. He burned what he couldn't bury and watched his days as the Pez Outlaw go up in flames.

"I quit talking to everyone," he says. "I should have known that Pez would destroy me. I just couldn't get out of my own way." Kathy is more philosophical. She says the Pez years gave a father and son an adventure. Joshua's eyes still light up when he recalls racing at 100 miles an hour across Europe's autobahns. Kathy says it brought them together to fight a common enemy. Today, Pez price guides refer to "Glew variations" when describing Steve's bootleg dispensers. When the Pezident retired in 2003, collectors celebrated by getting hold of his office carpet. A thousand miles away from Steve Glew, McWhinnie spends his days thrashing at golf balls under the Florida sun. When I tell him he sent the Glew family back to the dark ages, he pauses for a moment and says, "Real heartbreaker."

Before I leave Michigan, Steve tells me he has a secret in the basement. It's a cereal-box museum—10 years of work. Cap'n Crunch's eyes peek out from behind endless Count Chocula boxes.

"I'm collecting the rarest cereal boxes known to man," he boasts. He tells me about a 1981 Kellogg's Banana Frosted Flakes box. The flavor bombed, he says, and consumers felt Tony the Tiger wearing a straw hat was wrong. The box is priceless, Steve says, a wild look in his eyes. He flips off the light.

"I'll do anything to get it."



"I see you've spent years boiling eggs without bothering to decorate them."



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AZEALIA BANKS

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that's subject to being critiqued by people who don't understand it.

BANKS: When you rip a people from their land, from their customs, from their culture—there's still a piece of me that knows I'm not supposed to be speaking English, I'm not supposed to be worshipping Jesus Christ. All this shit is unnatural to me. People will be like, "Oh, you're ignorant because you don't speak proper English." No. This is not mine. I don't even want this shit, so I'm going to do whatever the fuck I want with this language. I'm going to call you a fag or a cracker or a bitch.

PLAYBOY: Are you writing about these topics in your new songs?

BANKS: No, not in the songs. I get annoyed with the fact that I'm even asked to explain myself. Why do I have to explain this to y'all? My little white fans will be like, "Why do you want reparations for work you didn't do?" Well, you got handed down your grandfather's estate and you got to keep your grandmother's diamonds and pearls and shit.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you put yourself in the position of explaining yourself?

BANKS: No, y'all put me in the fucking position.

PLAYBOY: You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.

BANKS: But I want to talk about it!

PLAYBOY: Then keep talking about it. There aren't enough musicians who talk about the issues you bring up.

BANKS: You're not paying attention. There are plenty of intelligent musicians. Kanye West, J. Cole, Ariel Pink, Lauryn Hill, KRS-One, Q-Tip—lots of people. I'm not special.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree there are more artists who don't talk about it than artists who do?

BANKS: Of course.

PLAYBOY: Then we agree.

BANKS: No, we're not agreeing. We are absolutely *not* agreeing. I get upset when people are like, "Why don't you just make music?" What would happen if I couldn't sing? Then I'd just be another black bitch to y'all. It's really fucking annoying. Black people need reparations for building this country, and we deserve way more fucking credit and respect.

PLAYBOY: Are your creative impulses closely related to your destructive impulses?

BANKS: Yes. In my adulthood I'm having to destroy all these things society really wants you to think. The history textbooks in the U.S. are the worst if you're not white. "The white man gave you the vote. He Christianized you and taught you how to speak English. If it weren't for him, you'd still be living in a hut." I could write a book about why black people shouldn't be Christians. Young black kids should have their own special curriculum that doesn't start from the boat ride over from Africa. All you know as a black kid is we came over here on a boat, we didn't have anything, and we still don't have anything. But what was happening in Africa? What culture were we pulled away from? That information is vital to the survival of a young black soul.

PLAYBOY: You said black people aren't supposed to be Christians. What religion do you identify with?

BANKS: I don't want to say, but I'll tell you about one form of the religion. It's called 21 Divisions. When they brought the slaves over to the Caribbean, they syncretized all

their African gods with Catholic saints. So in 21 Divisions there are black gods and goddesses, and my mother practiced that when I was little. Whenever problems happened, we turned to 21 Divisions to fix it. It's funny, because my friends on the block in Harlem, their mothers would be like, "Oh, you fucking with that witchcraft. You working roots." You can cleanse people with root work or do bad things to them. But 21 Divisions is celestial.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like religion is a big aspect of your life.

BANKS: I don't understand how someone could be an atheist. Think about God as software, right? If you were to look at God's face, your head would explode. Because your head is a calculator, and the amount of information that would be embedded in his face would fit only on a Google-size data center. Your head cannot handle that much information. Stop looking for God.

PLAYBOY: What else should we talk about?

BANKS: Let's talk about sexy PLAYBOY stuff.

PLAYBOY: Were you at all hesitant about posing for PLAYBOY?

BANKS: No, I love getting naked. It's so funny, every time my manager arranges a photo shoot, I'm like, "Let's do a nude photo!" And everyone's like, "Oh, Azealia, you're always trying to bring your butt out." Posing for PLAYBOY was a no-brainer. I was like, "Yes! They want to see me naked."

PLAYBOY: You're bisexual. Do women hit on you often?

BANKS: No, most women are scared of me. People have always been scared of me. I punched my teacher in the face one time when I was in preschool. We were playing house, and the lady was like, "I'm a monster! I'm gonna eat your family!" I punched her right in the eye. [laughs] It was a Head Start program, so I was three.

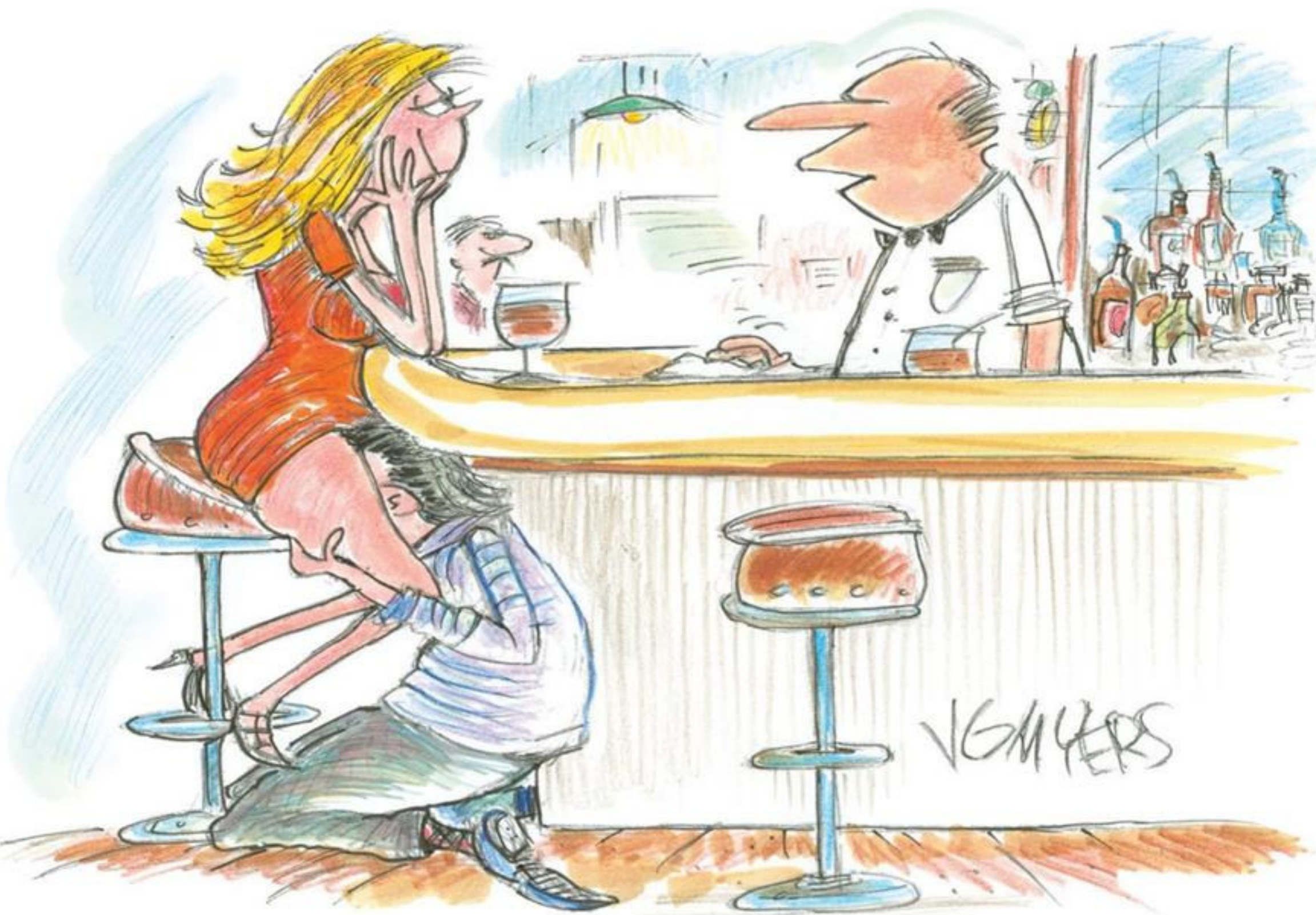
PLAYBOY: As a kid, were you pretty much the same person you are now?

BANKS: Oh my God. We had journals in second grade. I went to PS 166, on 88th Street and Columbus Avenue, and we had a teacher I could not stand. The black kids got in trouble all the time. We were loud or whatever, but whenever she told a white kid to quiet down and they did, she'd be like, whatever. But if she told a black kid to quiet down and one of them sucked their teeth, she'd put them in the corner. I wrote in the journal one day, "I cannot stand this white bitch teacher. Fuck this white bitch." She found my journal and called my mother, who was embarrassed, because my mother used to say stuff like that—"White people are of the devil. Stay away from them." That teacher was scared of me after that.

PLAYBOY: That's not surprising. How much sex have you had recently?

BANKS: Not a lot.

PLAYBOY: You should be having lots of sex.
BANKS: Right? I should be getting dick all the time. I like to fuck. [laughs] But I can't just meet a guy and fuck him. I'm too afraid of getting herpes or some shit. I like to feel them out, and then I start talking about my black female problems, and we get into a conversation about race, and then we disagree and don't have another date. Whatever. I'll just hang out with my mother. It's okay, because pussy is way more sacred than penis.



"Any luck finding Mr. Right?"





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AUBREY PLAZA

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see, and I look very hard for it. I'm curious about that. Whenever I meet a married couple who are in the business, I always ask them a million questions to figure out what's really going on, because I don't know how that's going to work out. For a successful actor there are lots of choices and temptations. We're all just human. Actors are like con artists. We want to make a memorable impression. Amy Poehler once gave me good advice. She said when someone is charming, it's an action. Charm is a verb, not a quality.

Q8
PLAYBOY: You've said that you admire Charlie Sheen and Bill Murray because they're unapologetic about who they are. Do you aspire to be part of that tradition?
PLAZA: Famous people get lots of stuff projected on them and feel constantly judged. It can take a toll. Charlie and Bill, both of whom I've worked with, don't seem affected by fame or status. They are who they are. I don't even aspire to fame. I just want to work and not let anything else affect me. But I'm only human, so sometimes I care too much—or too little—about what others think.

Q9
PLAYBOY: We read that you wanted to play Dr. Bruce "the Hulk" Banner's cousin, superhero She-Hulk. Given all the garment rendering, describe her wardrobe options.
PLAZA: I don't know if I was sober when I said that, but I would like that part. Give it to me. It would be fun to play a sexy scientist who gets really angry and can then do anything she wants. I would like to be wearing a sexy business-casual outfit that rips when I get big and then I'm wearing—I don't know, maybe a sports bra and some boy shorts? Something sporty so I can run around and fuck shit up. Or

maybe a slip, some kind of undergarments but keeping it classy.

Q10
PLAYBOY: Is it true you once kissed Patrick Stewart on the mouth?
PLAZA: Yes. He was at the American Comedy Awards. Amy Poehler and I were sitting at the table, and we knew we were going to win for best comedy series, but we were the only people there from our cast. We had to go on stage alone and didn't have a bit—which we realized once the awards were being given out everyone else had. So Amy and I were drinking and trying to figure out what to do, and she came up with the idea to ask a bunch of random people to stand up and go on stage with us and pretend they were in our cast. Patrick was one. He was a really good sport. They called our names, and Amy and I stood up. He stood up. We kissed him on the mouth, held hands and ran up on stage. Amy made a big speech about how Patrick was a writer for our show and they were bumping him up to cast member because he'd been so good. He totally played along and was awesome.

Q11
PLAYBOY: When you read mean tweets about yourself, is it no big deal or is it painful?
PLAZA: I have read tweets in the past, but I've stopped. It bothered me. Twitter is evil. It's a place for people to bully and be mean to others. I think it would bother anyone.

Q12
PLAYBOY: Okay, but you're on Twitter.
PLAZA: Yeah, but not to read about myself. I've created a Twitter persona, @evilhag. That's also how I do talk shows. It's a version of me but not really me. It's a character. Sometimes I'll do a sincere thing, but mostly it's just a waste of my life and my brain energy, so I'm getting off it. Okay? I'm going to get off it right now. I can't do it anymore. [pauses, looks at her iPhone] But I have so many followers. No, it just feels like drugs. But the more followers you get, you're like, Oh shit, people like me. It feels good. [pauses] I guess I'm not going to quit.

Q13
PLAYBOY: You once told Conan O'Brien a story about stealing a paper from the desk of Vice President Joe Biden when he gave you a tour of the White House. How surprised are you that you didn't choose a life of crime?
PLAZA: Very. If I weren't an actor, maybe I'd be a criminal. I would love to rob a bank. You know, just stickin' it to the man. The rush of the heist. In fact, I might do it—but in an old-timey kind of way, like Bonnie and Clyde. Banks today are probably too hard to rob because they're all futuristic. But I would be the cool robber. I would have a side conversation with the person I'm robbing: "I'm cool. I'm not going to hurt you." I would develop a relationship with them and make them emotionally invested in me. Then I would rob them again.



"Sorry, no raise, Jackson. But we're assigning you to test our new product line this weekend."

Q14

PLAYBOY: What's your theory of career management?

PLAZA: Don't trust anyone. Have no loyalty to anyone, no matter who they are. Never do anything for money. Honestly, I just try to make good choices. The most important thing is to focus on the actual art and the work and try to block out all the noise when you're making a decision. I have moments of weakness when I see dollar signs and try to convince myself a certain role could be a good thing for me but I know deep down that it isn't. You have to follow your gut. You can't be distracted by competition and comparing yourself to others.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Showers or baths?

PLAZA: I like to take a bath every day or I feel weird. I like to put some stuff in the water and make a little potion, then zone out. Sometimes I take a shower before I get in, but mostly I just sit there by myself and think about all my regrets and the bad choices I've made.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Many of the *Parks and Recreation* cast have written books: Amy Poehler, Nick Offerman, Aziz Ansari, Rob Lowe. Are you feeling the pressure?

PLAZA: Well, I *am* writing a book—of poetry. So everyone can go fuck themselves, because my book will be better than all of their books. I have a title: *The Worst Book of Poetry You've Ever Read*. I'm not Rob Lowe. I don't have a lifetime of interesting things to say. But if I take Nick's advice and sleep around, maybe I should start making lists.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You're half Puerto Rican. When does that part of you come out to play?

PLAZA: Generally around 6:30 P.M. Before that I'm more Irish. My Puerto Rican side likes the flavor coconut. It likes to party and cook and be late for things. Except for today; I was early for our interview.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Who of your comedic peers would you follow around all day if you could?

PLAZA: Garry Shandling. Anything that comes out of his mouth is funny. Fred Armisen too. I've been obsessed with people before. I've never stalked anyone, but I'm not afraid of that.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You appeared on the recently renewed NBC sitcom called *Welcome to Sweden*. The main character, Amy Poehler's brother Greg, goes to Sweden for love. What would you do for love?

PLAZA: How do you know this? I basically did that exact thing in my real life. I went to Sweden to find real love, which is why I know how to speak Swedish. When I was in high school I dated a Swedish exchange student, Johan. When you're 16 and in love you think it's the real deal. I was totally obsessed. I started to learn Swedish. I thought I was going to live in Sweden and have Swedish babies. We dated the whole

time he was in America, and then he went back to Sweden when the program was over. Technically we never broke up, but over time we lost touch. Mentally, I always went back to him after failed relationships. I'd think, Well, technically Johan and I are still together, because we never really broke up. It was this weird thing in my head.

Ten years later, after a breakup, I thought about him again, and it struck me that there could be a really great movie about a girl who dated a Swedish exchange student and goes to Sweden 10 years later to find him. I'd write it. Then I thought, Maybe I should actually do it and write it while I'm doing it. I booked a ticket to Sweden, looked him up online and e-mailed him. He was living in a town called Gothenburg. I totally lied to him and told him it was a work trip. He said, "Great, I'd love to see you. I'll pick you up for dinner." I flew over, rested up, got ready and went downstairs to meet him. He was there with a woman. "This is my girlfriend who I live with," he said. "Oh," I said. "Cool! Great!" The three of us went out to dinner, and it was the worst drunken dinner ever.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Last summer you were in the film *About Alex*, which has been described as a quarter-life-crisis version of *The Big Chill*. You're 30 now. What was your quarter-life crisis, and how did you get through it?

PLAZA: My quarter-life crisis is probably happening right this moment. Filming the final season of my show has ended. I have no idea what I'm going to do now. Do I want to live in California or New York or Europe or in the woods? Do I want a baby now or wait until I'm 40? It's said that every seven years your cells regenerate and you become a new person, so it's kind of fitting that *Parks and Recreation* is a seven-year show, because in so many ways I'm an entirely different person now than when I started. Now I'm totally beaten down by the system, man. Then, I was just a wide-eyed weird New York comedian. Now I'm a jaded L.A. douchebag. [laughs] Now is the first time I'll have a totally clean slate in terms of my schedule. The world is my oyster and I have no idea about anything except that I'm going to go big. I want some shit to happen!





DICK CHENEY

Continued from page 52

carriers. They've invested heavily in improving their own military capabilities, and they are extraordinarily dangerous when you start to talk about cyberwarfare. So they're a major potential threat and at the same time an economic competitor.

PLAYBOY: Does the fact that China owns so much of our debt constrain our foreign policy and national security decision making?

CHENEY: I don't think so. I don't think it has.

PLAYBOY: George W. Bush famously said he looked into Vladimir Putin's eyes and got a sense of his soul, as a man that business could be done with.

CHENEY: *Mm-hmm.*

PLAYBOY: You wrote in your 2011 book, *In My Time: A Personal and Political Memoir*, that when you looked into Putin's eyes, you saw an old KGB hand.

CHENEY: That's true.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever tell the president that you disagreed with him about Putin?

CHENEY: I never felt so much that it was a disagreement, I guess. I think that's almost what the president *had* to say—especially after the first meeting. He's trying to build a relationship; you got things you'd like to do vis-à-vis the Russians. He might well have shared my exact view that "This guy is KGB." I mean, that's where Putin came from, that's his background, that's the experiences of his life. So I don't take it, in terms of our conversations between the president and myself, as a sort of fundamental difference of opinion.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think that Bush fundamentally misjudged Putin?

CHENEY: *Mmm.* [pauses] Uh, I can't say that he did misjudge him. I think he obviously learned over time—everybody did. Putin was a relatively new commodity when we got there in 2000. I had been skeptical of Mikhail Gorbachev. I mean, one of the first things I did when I got to be secretary of defense was make a prediction on the *Evans & Novak* television show that Gorbachev would fail and in the end be succeeded by somebody a lot more like the old Soviet leaders than like Gorbachev. I got a phone call from my buddy Jim Baker, who was secretary of state, and he made it very clear to me I had transgressed onto his turf—and he was right. But I think I

was right too [chuckles], long-term. But no. [pauses] I'm not critical of the president for the way he dealt with Putin. I think he handled it pretty well.

PLAYBOY: What could the Obama administration be doing right now, with or without the backing of our European allies, to repel Putin in Eastern Ukraine and, more fundamentally, to force him to make the choice that you say Russia "must" make, between its current conduct and being a responsible international stakeholder?

CHENEY: I think you've got to repair the damage that's been done. First and foremost, we've got to rebuild the military. You're not going to be able to do anything long-term if your diplomacy's not credible, and your diplomacy's not going to be credible if you don't restore U.S. military capability—and we are going in exactly the opposite direction. So whether we're talking about China fooling around in the South China Sea, or the vacuum that's being created in the Middle East and a loss of confidence on the part of our allies, or Putin's willingness to throw his weight around in Europe, we've got to demonstrate that we're an administration that believes—if we can *get* such an administration—that the U.S. has a major role to play in the world as the leader, that it's backed up by significant military capability, that we're prepared to keep our commitments in various places around the world and make it very clear to friend and adversary alike that the U.S. is going to be the kind of formidable player we have been for most of the past 70 years. When I look at Barack Obama I see a guy who is not part of the consensus that has governed Republican and Democratic administrations alike since Harry Truman's day. You can argue about Carter and how committed he was, but there's been a basic fundamental belief since the end of World War II that United States leadership in the world produces a far more peaceful, less hostile world and greater prosperity. The U.S. has to play a leadership role. And it's going to take a lot to rebuild the damage that has been done over the past few years, because we've actively conveyed to the world the notion—this president has—that we no longer believe that.

PLAYBOY: Back to our question: How can we repel Putin from Eastern Ukraine?

CHENEY: I think in terms of dealing with Putin and trying to rein him in, you've got to make NATO mean something again. NATO works when the United States provides the real leadership and the muscle behind it; it's always worked that way. We ought to be able to persuade our NATO allies that they need to make their commitments, from a spending standpoint, in terms of the percentage of GDP they spend on defense. Hell, we are not even coming close ourselves anymore. We ought to be able to actively support our friends in the Baltics. There ought to be beefed-up military exercises in Poland, joint ventures and exercises of various kinds with the U.S. If you want to get Putin's attention, you really ought to whack him economically, and that's not just a matter of sanctions; it's also a matter of going after his energy stuff.



"This is the life—a beautiful day, an open road, the top down...."

What's happening to oil prices now, frankly, is a blessing for us, because it really puts the screws to Putin. He's so dependent on oil, in terms of his economy, that we ought to do everything we can to encourage that. So it's a mind-set that is, I think, totally lacking in this administration. I don't know where the president gets his guidance. I don't know who he talks to; I don't know who he listens to. He has gone through defense secretaries; you know, he sort of chews them up and spits them out. I don't have any concept that he has a worldview that's sort of the traditional worldview that most American presidents have adhered to for 70 years.

PLAYBOY: There is a school of thought out there that 9/11 has been allowed to assume an outsize role in national security policy-making over the years, that we overreacted.

CHENEY: I just disagree with it. I don't think it's right. I think it sounds a little bit like Obama going to Cairo, his first year in office, sort of the center of the Muslim world, and apologizing, saying the U.S. overreacted to 9/11. I don't buy it. We did what we felt was necessary and needed to be done, that a key priority for us after 9/11 was to make sure it never happened again, and we devoted a lot of time and energy and resources to exactly that effort—I might add, *successfully*. For the time we were in office, we did not get another mass-casualty attack against the United States. There were arguments about Guantánamo, and periodically after we set up Guantánamo there would be a burning desire on the part of the State Department to close Guantánamo. And I can't count the hours we spent in what I considered to be—obviously others [*chuckles*] had a different view—a totally wasted exercise, arguing about “Let's close Guantánamo.” It's still open today. It's still there for a reason. You've still got a couple hundred really bad guys, terrorists, who you need to have someplace you can keep them. You don't want to bring them to the United States and give them the rights and prerogatives they would have as an American citizen in a legal proceeding. If anything, we've let too many of them go, in terms of those who have returned to the battlefield.

PLAYBOY: You have become publicly identified with the so-called enhanced interrogation techniques that CIA officers used when questioning suspected terrorists. Your critics call those techniques torture. To your knowledge, was President Bush briefed about the actual methods that were to be employed?

CHENEY: I believe he was.

PLAYBOY: We ask because in *Decision Points*, the former president's 2010 memoir, he recalls having been briefed on the EITs. Yet former CIA general counsel John Rizzo, in his 2014 memoir, *Company Man*, disputes that and says that he contacted former CIA director George Tenet about it, after reading the president's book, and that Tenet backs him up in the belief that Bush was *not* briefed.

CHENEY: No, I'm certain Bush *was* briefed. I also recall a session where the entire National Security Council was briefed. The meeting took place in Condi Rice's office—I don't think Colin Powell was there, but I think he was briefed separately—where we

went down through the specific techniques that were being authorized.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say you're certain Bush *was* briefed?

CHENEY: Well, partly because he *said* he was. I don't have any doubt about that. I mean, he was included in the process. I mean, that's not the kind of thing that we would have done without his approval.

PLAYBOY: To that point, *New York Times* reporter James Risen wrote in *State of War: The Secret History of the CIA and the Bush Administration*, published in 2006, “Cheney made certain to protect the president from personal involvement in the internal debates on the handling of prisoners. It is not clear whether Tenet was told by Cheney or other White House officials not to brief Bush or whether he made that decision on his own. Cheney and senior White House officials knew that Bush was purposely not being briefed. It appears that there was a secret agreement among very senior administration officials to insulate Bush and to give him deniability.”

CHENEY: I don't have much confidence in Risen.

PLAYBOY: That's not the question. Is what he alleges here true or false?

CHENEY: That we tried to have deniability for the president?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

CHENEY: I can't think of a time when we ever operated that way. We just *didn't*. The president needed to know what we were doing and sign off on the thing. It's like the terrorist surveillance program. You know, one of the main things I did there was to take Tenet and National Security Agency director Michael Hayden in hand and get the president's approval for what we were doing, and there's a classic example why I don't believe something like this. The president wanted *personal* knowledge of what was going on, and he wanted to *personally* sign off on the program every 30 to 45 days. To suggest that somehow we ran a system that protected the president from knowledge about the enhanced interrogation techniques, I just—I don't think it's true. I don't believe it.

PLAYBOY: But can you say as a fact “I know that's not true,” rather than having to surmise?

CHENEY: I can remember sitting in the Oval Office with deputy national security advisor Stephen Hadley and others—I think others were in there—where we talked about the techniques. And one of the things that was emphasized was the fact that the techniques were drawn from that set of practices we used in training our own people. I mean, we were not trying to hide it from the president. With all due respect, I just don't give any credence to what Risen says there.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to those who argue that the measures you and President Bush put in place to defend America after 9/11 were unlawful?

CHENEY: I think we did those things we needed to do to make certain that we were operating within the statutes and the laws. We worked hard, for example, when we got into enhanced interrogation techniques. The Central Intelligence Agency was very



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cautious and insistent upon not going forward until they had sign-off. And that meant an opinion from the Justice Department that what we were going to do was legal and consistent with our international obligations, and it had been authorized by the president of the United States and the senior NSC people. Which is exactly the right way to go. I had watched through Iran-contra when the CIA to some extent was hung out to dry: good guys sent on missions they thought had been authorized and then, when the stuff hit the fan, the politicians all headed for the hills. I felt very strongly that that shouldn't happen again, but the agency did too—CIA officer Jose Rodriguez and the others who actively worked the program. And we bent over backward to adhere to the law, to not do something that was, quote, "torture," et cetera, et cetera. So I feel very good about it. I don't spend a lot of time worrying what the critics have to say about it.

PLAYBOY: Where Guantánamo is concerned, did you have *any* concerns that the way it was set up and operated created a situation in which an innocent man could languish in that place for, like, a decade?

CHENEY: *Mm-hmm.* [pauses] Frankly, I didn't worry a lot about that. I wanted to make certain that we had a place where we could, in fact, take guilty individuals.

PLAYBOY: How did you know they were guilty if they weren't put on trial?

CHENEY: Well, most of them weren't exactly bashful about admitting what they'd done. Khalid Shaikh Mohammed—you know, the worst of the worst, the mastermind of 9/11, a guy who, among other things, cut *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl's throat and was proud of it! I didn't sit around wringing my hands at night worrying about an innocent terrorist down in Guantánamo. I mean, these were people we captured on the battlefield or caught in the act, and they were well cared for, treated far better than they would have been in their own country, in terms of the facilities, the services that were provided for them and the things we did to meet the highest standards. They're probably better than some of the municipal jails here in the United States.

PLAYBOY: The criticism is that, far from taking pains to ensure that these programs

were conducted according to the law, the law was reshaped purposefully to allow you to do what you wanted to do.

CHENEY: Okay, fair enough. FDR ever do that? [chuckles] I mean, I point out the facts on the meeting of the terrorist surveillance program. When you get in the congressional leadership, bipartisan, both houses, and say, "Here's what we are doing. Do we need to come back and get additional authorization from you guys?" and the answer was uniformly no.

PLAYBOY: Moving from history to the present day, there's a book out now called *The Second Machine Age*, written by a pair of guys from MIT, that assesses the effects on industrialized economies of the increasingly rapid and profound changes that are being wrought by technological innovations, among them an annual doubling of computing power. With the understanding that the digital revolution is probably still in its infancy, how do you see it transforming America in the years to come?

CHENEY: You can look at the enormous impact it's had over the past few years. I mean, we're sitting here, I've got my iPad, I've got my iPhone, my laptop's around here someplace. You know, a few years ago I wouldn't have known how to turn one of those on. According to my grandkids, I can barely turn one on today! It's just a phenomenal change in our whole society.

PLAYBOY: And it's having profound impacts on our labor force.

CHENEY: It is. There was a piece in *The Economist* I read recently that talked about three revolutions, as I recall. And one was when steam came in—18th century, late 18th century. Then the second industrial revolution. And in both cases, those generated a significant increase in employment. The third, the one we are in now with respect to the digital revolution, so far has not produced the gains in employment that the earlier ones had. That's an interesting proposition. It starts to make sense. I mean, as we see this phenomenal growth in development, in terms of the technology and what we're able to do with it, we've still got a declining percentage of participation by our workforce, our population.

PLAYBOY: The labor participation rate is the

lowest it's been since 1978.

CHENEY: Exactly. And headed south.

PLAYBOY: That's not entirely attributable to Barack Obama.

CHENEY: Well, it's a different—it's a statistic that I think has been ignored for far too long. We always worry about the unemployment rate—politically, that has always been the significant number. But now we are talking about the percentage of the workforce, the percentage of the population that is in the workforce, and that, disturbingly, is on the downward slide and has consistently been there for quite a while. I suppose there are different arguments for it. I am not prepared to make any bold statements on it at this point. I am a student, I guess you would say now. You get into the whole question of the extent to which government makes it "attractive" to work. Every once in a while I run into someone who has strong views on the notion that we're rapidly approaching the point where we have more people receiving benefits than we do paying taxes, and that that's worrisome in terms of its long-range political impact on the country.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard the internet as an intrinsically democratizing force?

CHENEY: [Chuckles, pauses] Oh boy, you know, we're blue-skyin' it now. I think it clearly has had a significant impact. "A democratizing force." Um. [pauses]

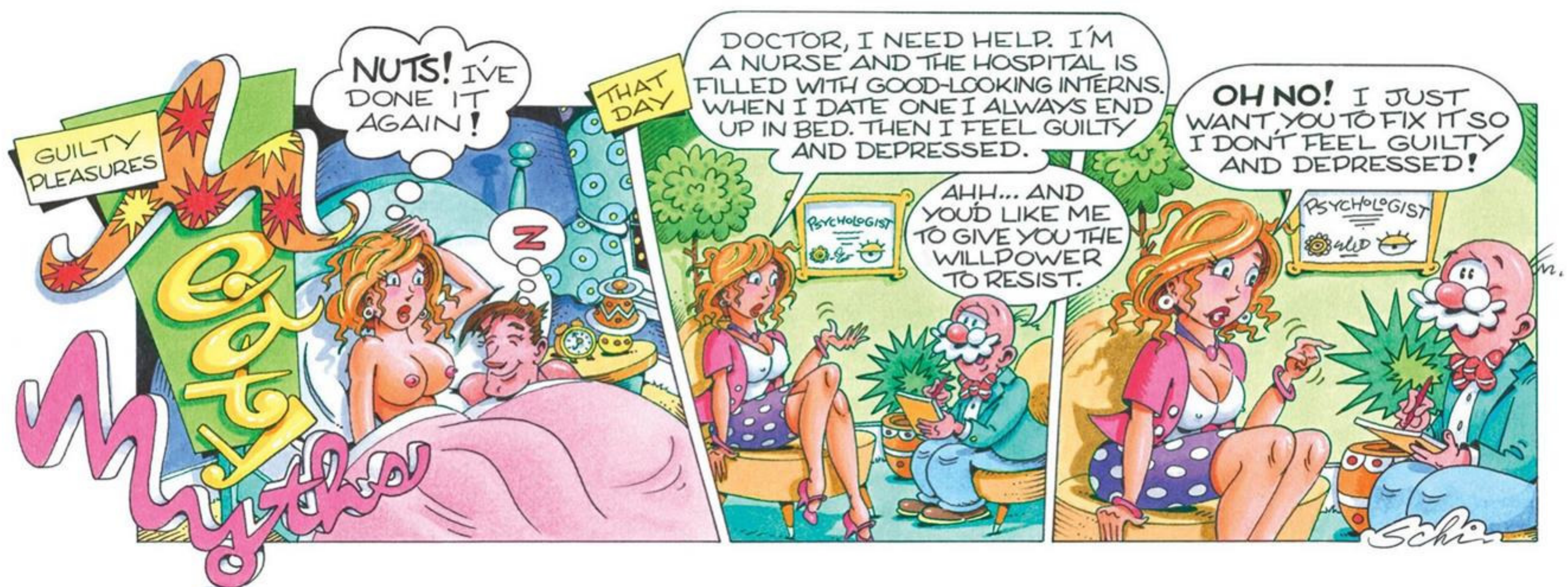
PLAYBOY: In the sense that whenever you have a freer flow of information, that's going to redound to the forces of good.

CHENEY: Yeah, but on the other hand, I suppose you could argue that it provides ways in which the government, an authoritarian government, can exert control over and monitor and keep track of what everybody is up to and what they are doing. It's not a one-way street. It's not necessarily—I need to think about that before I comment further.

PLAYBOY: You've made clear at various points in your career that one of the few subjects you would prefer that your questioners not raise with you in-depth would be religion.

CHENEY: *Mm-hmm.*

PLAYBOY: And without seeking to deprive you of that prerogative, might you explain why you are averse to that subject in interviews?



CHENEY: I just think it's a private matter. I was raised a Methodist. My family and my folks were very active in the church. Lynne and I were married in the Presbyterian church because that's where she had gone as a youngster, and we, probably, if we go to any one particular church now more than any other, it's the Episcopal church.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

CHENEY: Because we like the Episcopal church in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

PLAYBOY: The theology or the actual building?

CHENEY: It's [chuckles] the feeling, the place. It's just a church that we prefer.

PLAYBOY: You said your parents were very active in your church.

CHENEY: Mom sang in the choir. Dad was the treasurer of the church, kept track of all the funds. She was a pianist, played in the services. They were very active in the Methodist church in Casper.

PLAYBOY: And so as a natural function of that, were you active in that church as a child?

CHENEY: I went to Sunday school when I was a kid. I wasn't all that active as a church member, certainly, as I got older. And my sister, to this day her life almost parallels my mom's. She plays organ; she's very active in the church in Boise, Idaho. She is now a retired federal employee. So it was an important part of their lives. I think it would be fair to say I acquired a certain set of values and beliefs as a result of that experience. But I'll leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: Can you remember a particular moment when those values and beliefs struck you, or a particular pastor who had a certain influence, something like that?

CHENEY: No. It's a private matter, and I have strong feelings. I am a Christian. I believe in life hereafter.

PLAYBOY: You've written of your father that he was "reticent. He didn't give away a lot on a first meeting—or a second or even a 10th." Do you remember how old you were when you first took note of that trait in your father?

CHENEY: How old I was? No, frankly, I don't. I don't think I know.

PLAYBOY: In other words, when did it dawn on you, "This man doesn't waste many words"?

CHENEY: Well, he was *always* that way. I mean, I didn't know any *other* way for a father. That's the way Dad was, and the way he worked. I didn't think it was remarkable; I just thought that was him.

PLAYBOY: For some little boys, if their father isn't saying much, the child may not feel reassured: "Does he love me? Am I measuring up?"

CHENEY: You're trying to psychoanalyze something here—I had a great relationship with my dad. But he was a man of few words.

PLAYBOY: So how did he communicate to you that he loved you?

CHENEY: Well, the time we spent together. I think he was proud of my accomplishments later in life. There were a few rocky years there, when he obviously didn't agree with the way I was spending my time. But he didn't chew me out. I knew he was unhappy. But [pauses] in terms of his reticence, it wasn't a matter of he didn't approve of me or he didn't love me.

PLAYBOY: That was never in doubt?

CHENEY: That's too much psychobabble. That's not the way the relationship worked.

PLAYBOY: What traits that contributed to your success in life do you think you inherited from your mother?

CHENEY: Mom was basically optimistic. Both she and Dad were proud when I played baseball and football and so forth. Mom had been on the girls softball team back in the 1930s, in her hometown of Syracuse, Nebraska.

PLAYBOY: Have you given some thought to how life would have been different had you not flunked out of Yale?

CHENEY: Well, not a lot. It occurred to me from time to time. [laughs] Well, one way to capture it, I guess, is to tell the story George W. Bush told at commencement at Yale in 2001. Of course, he was a graduate. And he told the assembled multitude, the graduating class of 2001, "If you graduate from Yale with a gentleman's C, you can become president of the United States. If you get kicked out, you can become vice president." [laughs] And that sort of captured the view of it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you failed at Yale?

CHENEY: I really didn't like it; I didn't enjoy it. I frankly was having a more enjoyable time building power lines and transmission lines back in Wyoming. And it wasn't sort of a conscious career decision or anything like that. I hadn't really given much thought to what I wanted to do. As I reflect back on it now, what happened to me, in effect, was

that I reached a point where I had to recognize that I was headed down a bad road after I had been kicked out of Yale. I had been arrested twice for DUI when I was 22 years old. And Lynne had already graduated from college early, at the top of her class. My Yale classmates had all graduated. And I was in jail in Rock Springs, Wyoming, overnight, on a DUI charge—second one in a year. And that was a wake-up call, in effect. I decided that I really needed to get my act together, and what I ended up doing was going back to school at the University of Wyoming. It was cheap: 96 bucks a semester for tuition. I could pay for everything out of my own pocket with what I earned summers, building power lines, as well as having a part-time job while I was going to school. I took a full class load, I think, the first semester. I had all A's except for one C, and after that it was straight A's. Academically, it turned out I was a pretty good student when I worked at it. And I valued what I was doing much more because I had to work for it.

PLAYBOY: How bad were the actual DUIs?

CHENEY: Not bad. I mean, I was driving at the time and I *had* been drinking. And—

PLAYBOY: Were you swerving out of the lane? What was happening?

CHENEY: Uh [pauses], I'll just leave it at that. I didn't hit anything. There were no accidents involved. I was drinking and driving, and there was no question I was guilty.

PLAYBOY: In all the narratives of your life, the Yale experience always appears as an unqualifiedly negative event, a cautionary



"Is it gluten free?"

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tale of sorts, both for the excessive drinking and for the ultimate outcome: namely, that you flunked out. While you clearly were on a self-destructive path, as you have called it, there must have been some funny as hell times associated with that period—and you’ve never allowed yourself the indulgence of relating one or two of those.

CHENEY: Of course not! [laughs]

PLAYBOY: This is your chance!

CHENEY: Why would you want to do that? No. [pauses] The dean at one point wrote a letter to my dad saying that I had “fallen in with a group of very high-spirited young men.” That was the way the dean described it. Yeah, I mean, we did a bunch of stupid stuff you do when you’re in college. I’ve never dwelled on it or written about it, and I don’t plan to.

PLAYBOY: That’s why we’re asking.

CHENEY: I know, and I don’t plan to talk about it now. No, when I think about Yale, I can’t think of my life and all that has transpired, all I have been able to do, without being aware of the fact that I had *not* taken advantage of that opportunity that Yale afforded me back in 1959 and 1960. I always enjoyed the fact that after Desert Storm, when I was secretary of defense, I was invited back to Yale to speak to a large gathering of alums in the dining hall where I used to sling hash when I was a freshman. There must have been over a thousand people there. This was a period of time when the whole country is cheering: We won in Desert Storm; the troops are coming home and so forth. I was invited to come speak, and it was very well received. But I was never sure—and I’ve never asked—but I was never sure they knew they’d kicked me out 30 years before.

PLAYBOY: Answering that wake-up call and prevailing at that moment did not require that you completely renounce alcohol, correct?

CHENEY: No.

PLAYBOY: You didn’t become a teetotaler.

CHENEY: No, I *didn’t* become a teetotaler. I mean, I still drank. I think it was Senator John Glenn who asked me, “How did you clean up your act?” And I said, “Well, I got married and I quit hanging out in bars.”

PLAYBOY: In *In My Time* you devote two short sentences to the moment when your daughter, Mary, came out to you. You replied by saying very simply that you loved her very dearly and wanted only for her to be happy. Was there a time when you struggled with this?

CHENEY: I always thought George W. Bush agonized over it more than I did, when he informed me he was going to support a constitutional amendment basically to ban gay marriage, same-sex marriage. I can remember having lunch with him at one point, and he was trying to explain to me what he was going to do. And of course he knew about Mary, and that’s partly what stimulated his concern. He was worried that somehow I would be offended by what he was doing.

PLAYBOY: Harkening back to the period when Mary was growing up and her sexual orientation became apparent to you, was it a struggle for you to accept it?

CHENEY: No. And it *was* a surprise. I mean,

it wasn’t something that was sort of there and nobody ever talked about. But Mary was very direct about it. She just came out and said it—as I recall, we were in the airport in Denver. But it wasn’t anything I had anticipated or contemplated before that.

PLAYBOY: Did you come to your position in favor of same-sex marriage because you had a personal connection to the issue?

CHENEY: Certainly that helped, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And the same for Senator Rob Portman, for example. Do you think you might ever have arrived at that position as a public policy matter had there been no such personal connection to the issue? And should that be necessary, in other words?

CHENEY: I don’t know. That’s not the situation I was faced with. I’m certain that having a daughter you love very much, part of your family, and to find that from her perspective, you know, the world looked very different than the conventional, traditional view of marriage, or life in general, it forces you to think about it, obviously. And it’s something you wouldn’t have had to deal with if it wasn’t right smack-dab in front of you. But no, I’ve said exactly what I *wanted* to say and what I believed, that “we love you very much, Mary” and let her know it was all right.

PLAYBOY: Does it feel strange to you to be in your 70s?

CHENEY: [Pauses] Does it feel strange? I don’t think of it so much in terms of *age* or how *old* I am. Probably partly because of my heart problems and cardiac stuff over the years.

PLAYBOY: The comedian Jack Benny famously maintained that in his mind he was perpetually 39. Is there such an age for you?

CHENEY: I can’t say perpetually 39, but certainly the experience with heart disease—five heart attacks, an episode of sudden cardiac arrest, end-stage heart failure—I’ve told you the story about the Cleveland Clinic having me up because they were doing a conference on innovation in cardiology and they needed a patient to demonstrate the technology. They discovered that I’d had virtually everything done that you could do to a heart patient, so they had me up for the day with my doctor. And they used my case to demonstrate the development of all that medicine: the technology and procedures that have reduced the incidence of death from heart disease by about 50 percent over that 35-, 40-year period of time where I was dealing with it. I mean, there was a time not long ago when I thought I had reached the end of my days. So when you say, “Gee, doesn’t age 70 sort of worry you?” or “You’re going to be 75 next January,” no, I feel damn lucky that I’m alive, that I’m here.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a philosophy of life?

CHENEY: I don’t know. I don’t think of it in those terms. I’ve had a very interesting life; I’ve loved it. It’s been—if I could design how I’d spent the past 70 years, I’d be hard put to improve on it, just in terms of my personal satisfaction and family and Lynne and the kids. We just celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in August. And I look back over those years, and they’ve been remarkable in every respect.





OUT OF AFRICA

→ As PLAYBOY's global ambassadors, Playmates travel the world and often discover circumstances that inspire them. Such was the case for Miss July 2003 Marketa Janska, who recently went to Africa on safari but left with a charitable mission. While visiting a small Tanzanian village, Marketa encountered a school ill-equipped to serve its students. "Kids were sitting on the ground, trying to read and write," says Marketa. "It was heartbreaking." To help the school buy new desks and supplies, Marketa launched an online fund-raiser at GoFundMe.com/desksforkids. "I hope I can do more over time," she says. "This is just the start."



ON THE CASE

• Want a Playmate to protect your goods? Ignition Point has released the first official iPhone case to feature Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina**. With an original snapshot by photographer James Banasiak, the \$32 cover puts fine art at your fingertips. "When I model, I like to make art, not just sexy pictures," says Irina. "This case makes me proud."



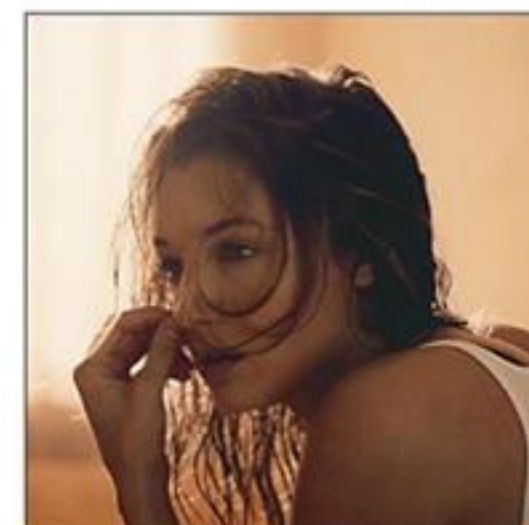
SIDE DISH

• Miss February 1986 **Julie McCullough** is one funny Bunny. The *Growing Pains* star celebrated her 50th birthday with a sold-out stand-up show at Hollywood's famous Comedy Store. Julie's birthday posse included actress Tia Carrere and comedian Pauly Shore.

• Miss July 2013 **Alyssa Arce** is *muy caliente* in Grammy nominee Maluma's video for his hit song "Carnaval." Maluma may be a star on the Latin charts, but we're betting it was Alyssa's steamy striptease and shower scene that netted many of the video's millions of YouTube views.

• Talk about must-see TV. Fresh off a cameo in Kevin Hart's *The Wedding Ringer*, Miss May 2012 **Nikki Leigh** filmed an episode of the CBS comedy *Two and a Half Men* with Ashton Kutcher and Jon Cryer.

• The New England Patriots cheerleaders have nothing on **Jessa Hinton**. During Super Bowl XLIX, Fox Sports tweeted videos of Miss July 2011 hootin' with joy after every great Pats play. Men across the country hollered in return.



PLAYMATE REDUX

→ If there's a Playmate who knows a thing or two about the pulsing, sensuous rhythms of sex and music, it's Miss August 2000 **Summer Altice**, who mixes beats at the hottest clubs from Vegas to Calgary. To see more of DJ Summer wearing less, visit Playmates.com.



RAQUEL GOES ALL-IN

• PMOY 2013 **RAQUEL POMPLUN** gives Mark Wahlberg a run for his poker chips in *The Gambler*, playing a woman of his wildest desires. "I met Mark at 4:30 A.M., so I was still trying to wake up," says Raquel, laughing. "We did a full day of shooting together. He was just amazing, a true gentleman. I'm happy to have had the opportunity."

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JOSHIN' AROUND—FORMER HOLLYWOOD IT BOY **JOSH HARTNETT** IS RECTIFYING HIS CAREER WITH A DARK TURN AS THE GUN-SLINGING WEREWOLF ON SHOWTIME'S GOTHIC *PENNY DREADFUL*. IN 20Q HARTNETT TALKS WITH **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT THE NEW ROLE AND REFLECTS ON MORE THAN A DECADE IN THE BUSINESS, INCLUDING SUCH MISSTEPS AS DATING HIS CO-STARS AND TURNING DOWN NOT ONE, NOT TWO, BUT *THREE* OF THE BIGGEST SUPERHERO MOVIES OF ALL TIME.

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BILL OF RIGHTS—IN A *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH **DAVID HOCHMAN**, THE ÜBER-LIBERAL, RABBLE-ROUSING **BILL MAHER** SOUNDS OFF ON ISLAM, "STUPID" AMERICANS, FOX NEWS, POT LEGALIZATION, BARACK OBAMA, PORNOGRAPHY, UNEMPLOYMENT, BILL COSBY, IMMIGRATION, STEPHEN COLBERT, SELFIES, THE SECOND AMENDMENT, MINDY KALING, VACCINES, SALMAN RUSHDIE AND GOD HIMSELF, TO NAME JUST A FEW. BUCKLE UP.

A GOODFELLAS ORAL HISTORY—ON THE EVE OF ITS 25TH ANNIVERSARY, **STEPHEN REBELLO** COMMEMORATES **MARTIN SCORSESE**'S OSCAR-WINNING *GOODFELLAS* WITH AN EXCLUSIVE ORAL HISTORY. GO BEHIND THE SCENES WITH **RAY LIOTTA**, **PAUL SORVINO**, **IRWIN WINKLER**, **FRANK VINCENT**, **NICHOLAS PILEGGI** AND MORE AS THEY DISCUSS THE EPIC MOB FLICK'S ASCENSION FROM PAGE TO SCREEN TO AMERICAN CLASSIC.

RETURN OF THE CONDOR—IN A THRILLING SHORT STORY BY **JAMES GRADY**, AGENT CONDOR IS BACK, SPRUNG FROM THE CIA'S SECRET INSANE ASYLUM AND GIVEN SIX DAYS TO COMPLETE AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE—IF NOT LETHAL—MISSION.

PLUS—A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE PLAYMATES RAISE THE HEAT IN COACHELLA, HOW TO OUTFIT YOUR CLOSET WITH THE SHARPEST HANDMADE DUDS, AN EXPERT ROAD MAP TO GETTING HIGH IN THE EMERALD CITY, THE EXQUISITE **MISS MAY** AND MORE.

A young man with short brown hair is sitting on a metal bench in front of a large window. He is wearing a grey zip-up hoodie over a white t-shirt, red athletic shorts with a grey stripe, and grey Skechers sneakers with black laces. He has white headphones on his head and is holding a smartphone in his hands. The background shows a view of a city and a body of water through the window panes. The lighting is bright, suggesting daytime.

COMFORT
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SPORT
WITH **MEMORY FOAM**

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FORD MUSTANG

GARAGE CUCKOO CLOCK

**Not Sold
In Stores!**



**Almost 1½
feet tall**

Shown smaller than
actual size of 17.5" H
x 7.75" W x 6.5" D,
including hanging
pendulum and weights



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www.fordmotorcompany.com

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An original design
inspired by vintage gas
stations where
attendants were happy
to shine up a beauty like
the Mustang!



At the top of each hour
the 1964½ pulls out of
the garage with
engine revving



Metal pendulum with
authentic Mustang logo
and chains with hanging
piston weights

Requires 3 "AAA" batteries and
1 "AA" battery, not included.

www.bradfordexchange.com/mustangclock

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THE
BRADFORD EXCHANGE
-HOME DECOR-

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YES. Please reserve the "Ford Mustang Garage" Cuckoo
Clock for me as described in this announcement.
Please Respond Promptly

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

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State _____ Zip _____

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01-17914-001-E30291

*Plus \$21.99 shipping and service. Limited-edition presentation restricted to 295 casting days. Please allow 4-8 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

CUSTOMIZED MUSTANG CUCKOO CLOCK WITH SOUND AND ACTION!

It's time to rev up your day with the exclusive "Ford Mustang Garage" Cuckoo Clock only from The Bradford Exchange! This limited-edition, quartz-accurate timepiece is customized from top to bottom with authentic details inspired by the breakthrough 1964½ Pony car. Expertly hand-cast and hand-painted, this original garage design is inspired by vintage gas stations where attendants were happy to shine up a beauty like the Mustang. At the top of each hour, the 1964½ pulls out of the garage with engine revving! It includes a metal pendulum with the Mustang logo and chains with hanging "piston" weights. Logos on the clock face, gas pumps and the retro ad inside the shop add even more authenticity and Mustang style!



Inscribed with authentic logos on the clock face, gas pumps, vintage ad inside the shop, flags and pendulum

Exceptional value. Order now!

Widespread demand is expected, so order now at five monthly installments of only \$35.99, for a total issue price of just \$179.95*, backed by our 365-day money-back guarantee. Reply today, but send no money now. Simply complete and return the Reservation Application.

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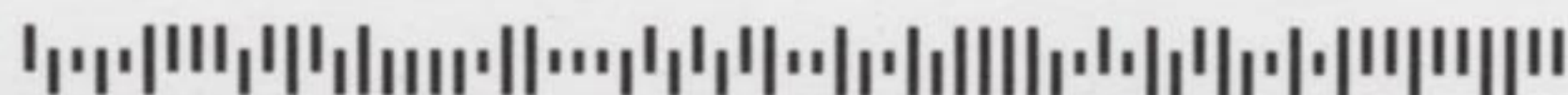
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The sleek 1964½ emerges from the garage on the hour... engine revving!



The Pathfinder Lights Your Way

Not Sold
In Stores

Made in
the USA



zippo

American Innovation that
Clicks with Collectors!

Authentic Zippo® windproof lighters
with Al Agnew's wolf artwork



\$100 value glass covered display
case with Native American-inspired
tomahawk



Lighters officially licensed, lifetime
guaranteed by Zippo® and made in
the USA

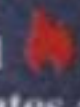


Strictly limited to 8,000
complete collections

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Distinctive bottom stamp
authenticates each lighter
as a genuine Zippo®
windproof lighter

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Actual size 13" wide x 9 3/4" tall. Glass covered case displays your collection on a tabletop or wall. Mounting hardware included. Lighters ship unfilled; lighter fluid not included.

www.bradfordexchange.com/903698

Over, please

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THE
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-COLLECTIBLES-

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YES. Please reserve the Al Agnew Tribal Lights Zippo® Collection for me as described in this announcement.

Limit: one per order. Please Respond Promptly

*Plus \$8.99 shipping and service per edition. Limited-edition presentations restricted to 295 casting days. Please allow 4-8 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance. Display ships after Edition Two.

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Email (optional) _____

903698-E30292

American Innovation that Clicks with Collectors!

In a Collectibles Market First, two American icons unite to bring you the must-have collection of the year — the *Al Agnew Tribal Lights Zippo® Collection*. The Zippo Lighter #218 black matte finish lighter is the foundation of each limited edition that pays unique tribute to the mystique of the ultimate alpha, the mighty wolf, captured in Al Agnew's powerful artwork. Proudly made in the USA, each windproof lighter arrives in a Zippo® -branded individual gift box. A custom glass covered display case — a \$100 value — is yours for the same low price as a single edition and it comes complete with a Native American-inspired tomahawk that further illuminates the nature of the wolf.

zippo



\$100
value display case
is yours at significant
savings!

A Collector's First in Limited Editions — Order Now!

Strong demand is expected for this trailblazing collection limited to only 8,000 complete collections. Act now to acquire each of the seven editions (six lighters and display) at the \$39.99* issue price, payable in two installments of \$19.99 each, backed by our 365-day money-back guarantee. You'll receive one edition about every other month. You may cancel at any time by notifying us. Send no money now; just return the attached coupon today!

Protect, store and showcase
your collection in the custom-designed display case that can be hung on a wall or displayed on a tabletop

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With 24-mo. agreement.**
Req's enrollment in Auto Bill Pay.

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Playboy TV

FOR 3 MONTHS[‡]



Your hot spot for the best in adult entertainment

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above.

FREE

Genie® upgrade^{^^} in up to 4 rooms

One HD DVR powers your whole home!

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment req'd. Minimum 2-room set up required for free Genie upgrade offer.

FREE

Premium Channels

FOR 3 MONTHS

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NO EQUIPMENT TO BUY, NO START-UP COSTS



Upgrade to DIRECTV!
Call **1-888-530-0669**

Offer valid through 5/27/15. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation. Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas. See details on back.



Get a **FREE** Genie® Whole-Home HD DVR upgrade,^{^^}
plus **FREE** Playboy TV for 3 months!

<p>ONLY \$19⁹⁹/MO.</p> <p>\$29⁹⁹/MONTH For 12 Months Plus add'l fees</p> <p>SELECT™ Package</p> <p>BEST VALUE.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> OVER 130 channels Local channels included¹ in over 99% of the U.S. <p>FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.</p>	<p>ONLY \$29⁹⁹/MO.</p> <p>\$39⁹⁹/MONTH For 12 Months Plus add'l fees</p> <p>CHOICE™ Package</p> <p>MORE SPORTS.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> OVER 150 channels Local channels included¹ in over 99% of the U.S. <p>2015 SEASON INCLUDED at no extra charge</p> <p>Every Game. Every Sunday. Out-of-market games only.</p> <p>FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.</p> <p><small>Regional Sports Fee applies in certain markets.</small></p>	<p>ONLY \$39⁹⁹/MO.</p> <p>\$49⁹⁹/MONTH For 12 Months Plus add'l fees</p> <p>ULTIMATE Package</p> <p>MORE SPORTS & MOVIES.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> OVER 225 channels including 11 movie channels Local channels included¹ in over 99% of the U.S. <p>2015 SEASON INCLUDED at no extra charge</p> <p>Every Game. Every Sunday. Out-of-market games only.</p> <p>FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.</p> <p><small>Regional Sports Fee applies in certain markets.</small></p>
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ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** REQ'S ENROLLMENT IN AUTO BILL PAY.



#1 in Customer Satisfaction over all other cable and satellite providers
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99% Worry-Free Signal Reliability
Based on a Nationwide Study of representative cities.

FREE Genie® upgrade^{^^}
for up to 4 rooms

One HD DVR powers your whole home!



\$299
value

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above.
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FREE Pro Install

in up to 4 rooms



Custom installation extra. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

Bundle with DIRECTV.
Don't settle for cable!



Eligibility based on service address. DIRECTV television & qualifying Internet &/or telephone services required. Additional Telco Equipment & Service Fees Apply.²

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Offer valid through 5/27/15. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas.

Upgrade to DIRECTV!
Call **1-888-530-0669**

All programming and pricing subject to change at any time. **BILL CREDIT/PROGRAMMING OFFER: IF BY THE END OF PROMOTIONAL PRICE PERIOD(S) CUSTOMER DOES NOT CONTACT DIRECTV TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL AUTOMATICALLY CONTINUE AT THE THEN-PREVAILING RATES.** Three free months of HBO, STARZ, SHOWTIME and Cinemax with SELECT, ENTERTAINMENT, CHOICE, XTRA and ULTIMATE Packages, a \$152.97 value. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMING OFFER PER ACCOUNT. Featured package/service names and current prices: SELECT \$49.99/mo.; ENTERTAINMENT \$59.99/mo.; CHOICE \$70.99/mo.; XTRA \$77.99/mo.; ULTIMATE \$86.99/mo. Advanced Receiver fee \$15/mo. In certain markets, a Regional Sports fee of up to \$5.64/mo. will be assessed with CHOICE Package or above and MAS ULTRA Package or above. Prices include the following instant bill credits for first 12 months \$30 for SELECT Package, \$35 for ENTERTAINMENT Package, \$41 for CHOICE Package and \$47 for ULTIMATE Package. Customer must, at point of sale, activate and maintain a qualifying programming package and Auto Bill Pay. **2015 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER:** Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's service address) broadcast on FOX and CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device location. Local broadcasts are subject to blackout rules. Other conditions apply. 2015 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$251.94. 2015 NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full season retail price is \$353.94. Customers activating CHOICE Package or above or MAS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the 2015 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2015 season. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season. To renew NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2015 season. Subscription cannot be canceled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers. **24 MONTH AGREEMENT; EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH.** Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming package (\$29.99/mo. or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver fee (\$15/mo.) required for all HD DVRs. TiVo service fee (\$5/mo.) required for TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. There is a fee of \$6.50/mo. for each receiver and/or Genie Mini/DIRECTV Ready TV/Device on your account. **NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF \$150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT (EXCLUDING GENIEGO DEVICE) IS LEASED AND MUST BE RETURNED TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com/legal OR CALL 1 800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS.** **GENIE HD DVR UPGRADE OFFER:** Includes instant rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to three Genie Minis with activation of the SELECT Package or above; OPTIMO MAS Package or above; or any qualifying international service bundle, which shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package. **A \$99 fee applies for Wireless Genie Mini (model C41W) upgrade. Free upgrade offer requires a Genie HD DVR and at least one Genie Mini. \$99 fee applies for single-room setup.** Whole Home HD DVR functionality requires a Genie HD DVR connected to one television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s) or a DIRECTV Ready TV/Device in each additional room. Limit of three remote viewings per Genie HD DVR at a time. Visit directv.com/genie for complete details. **INSTALLATION:** Standard professional installation in up to four rooms only. Custom installation extra. **PLAYBOY TV PROGRAMMING OFFER:** Upon request customer will receive Free Playboy TV for three months. In the fourth month service continues automatically at \$15.99/month unless customer calls to cancel. **ADULT PROGRAMMING:** Billing is discreet. Charges will not include channels or titles on your bill. Adult programming contains explicit sexual content, complete nudity and graphic adult situations. Viewer discretion is advised. Must be 18 years or older to purchase. DIRECTV System has a feature that restricts access to channels. †HD equipment required to view programming in HD. 1. Eligibility for local channels based on service address. Not all networks available in all markets. 2. Bundled services requires qualifying TV, Internet and/or telephone services. Internet and/or phone service subject to availability. Service not available in all areas. Eligibility based on service address and phone line. Internet service provided by a preferred DIRECTV provider and billed separately. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions subject to change at any time. Pricing residential. Taxes not included. Receipt of DIRECTV programming subject to DIRECTV Customer Agreement; copy provided at directv.com/legal and in order confirmation. **PHOTO CREDIT:** Playboy images ©2011 PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY, Playboy TV, Rabbit Head Design, and PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Josh Ryan. NFL, the NFL Shield design and the NFL SUNDAY TICKET name and logo are registered trademarks of the NFL and its affiliates. ©2015 DIRECTV. DIRECTV and the Cyclone Design logo, SELECT, CHOICE and GENIE are trademarks of DIRECTV, LLC. All other trademarks and service marks are the property of their respective owners.



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