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PLAYMATE REVIEW
DR. DRE
20Q: NICK KROLL
BILL MURRAY
CARS OF THE YEAR
THE FANTASY
SPORTS GOLD RUSH
TONY ALVA
THE INTERVIEW:
DAN SAVAGE
NICK CAVE

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A shirtless man with dark hair and a beard is captured in a dynamic, running pose against a dark grey background. He is wearing dark athletic shorts, bright green and black striped socks, and black lace-up shoes. He holds a newspaper in his right hand, and another newspaper is flying through the air behind him to the right. The overall aesthetic is one of modern, active menswear.

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PLAYBILL

Say it with us: "2015." It sounds like the future. (Say "2016," however, and it sounds like a political nightmare.) With the decade half sunk, we have Siri and no HAL 9000, self-driving cars and less privacy. Which makes us wonder: What does it mean to be a man in the age of Twitter, Tinder and low testosterone? We're sure boxer Mike Tyson examined the meaning of manhood after his defeat by James "Buster" Douglas in 1990. It was "the most shocking sports upset ever seen," writes **Eric Raskin**, whose 25th-anniversary oral history, *42 to 1*, brings into focus the odds-defying bout that would define the sport forever. **Nora O'Donnell** runs down the moments and missteps for another roller-coaster *Year in Sex*. If Martha Stewart asking what a dildo is doesn't make you crack a smile, maybe **Nick Kroll** will. The funnyman channels one of his bizarre characters for a bombastic *20Q* photo shoot with the estimable **Peter Yang** behind the lens. Pop quiz: When is it okay for a man to cheat? To ask for a threesome? With his wife's sister? *Playboy Interview* subject **Dan Savage**, who makes life hellish for narrow-minded senators and tolerable for gay teenagers, has the answers, and they are, like everything else about the outspoken sex columnist, controversial. One of our favorite living writers, **T.C. Boyle**, brings us *Theft and Other Issues*, a short story about a man who discovers much more is missing than his stolen car. As **Tyler Graham** discovers in *How Low T Became the Disease Du Jour*, the largest male-focused drug-marketing campaign since Viagra has convinced millions of guys that replacing the sex hormone they've lost through aging may make them healthier. Or it may kill them; no one is sure. Anyone considering testosterone therapy would do well to first consult **William K. Gock's** *Cars of the Year*—after all, gunning a tight corner in a marvel of automotive engineering is more life-affirming than getting an injection. Speaking of life-affirming, thank **Stephanie Vovas**, photographer beyond compare, for this month's beguiling cover and for *Alone Again*, an eye-popping pictorial in which Rachel Mortenson invokes the golden 1970s as her sexual muse. In *Final Fantasy*, **Noah Davis** examines online sports gambling, and in *The Kids Are (Politically) All Right* he considers the uncertain future of America's young political talent—both subjects men care deeply about. Five years from 2020 and we're no closer to understanding what it means to be men—but cracking open another issue of a magazine dedicated to entertaining us won't hurt. Go forth and be entertained.



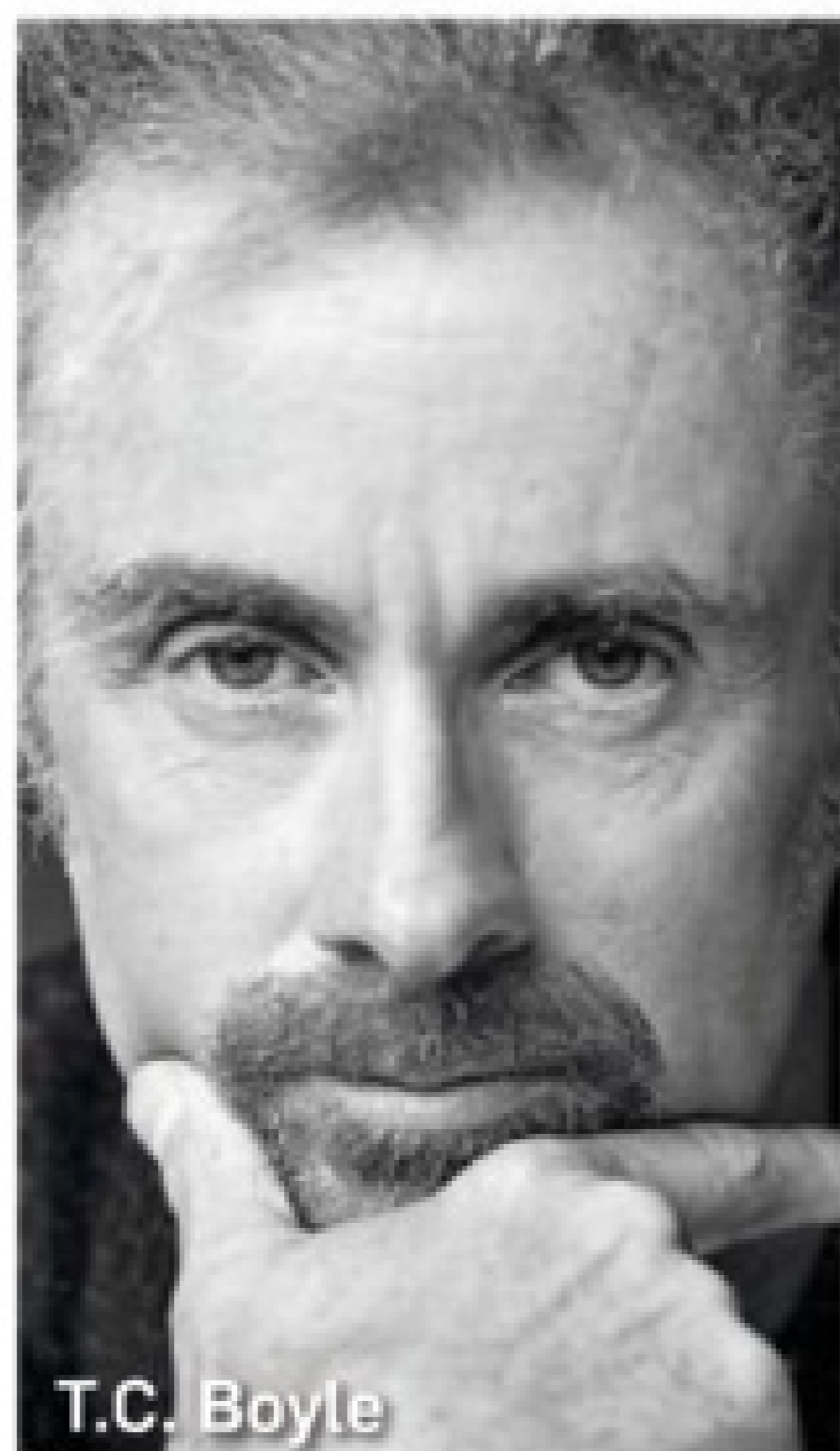
Eric Raskin



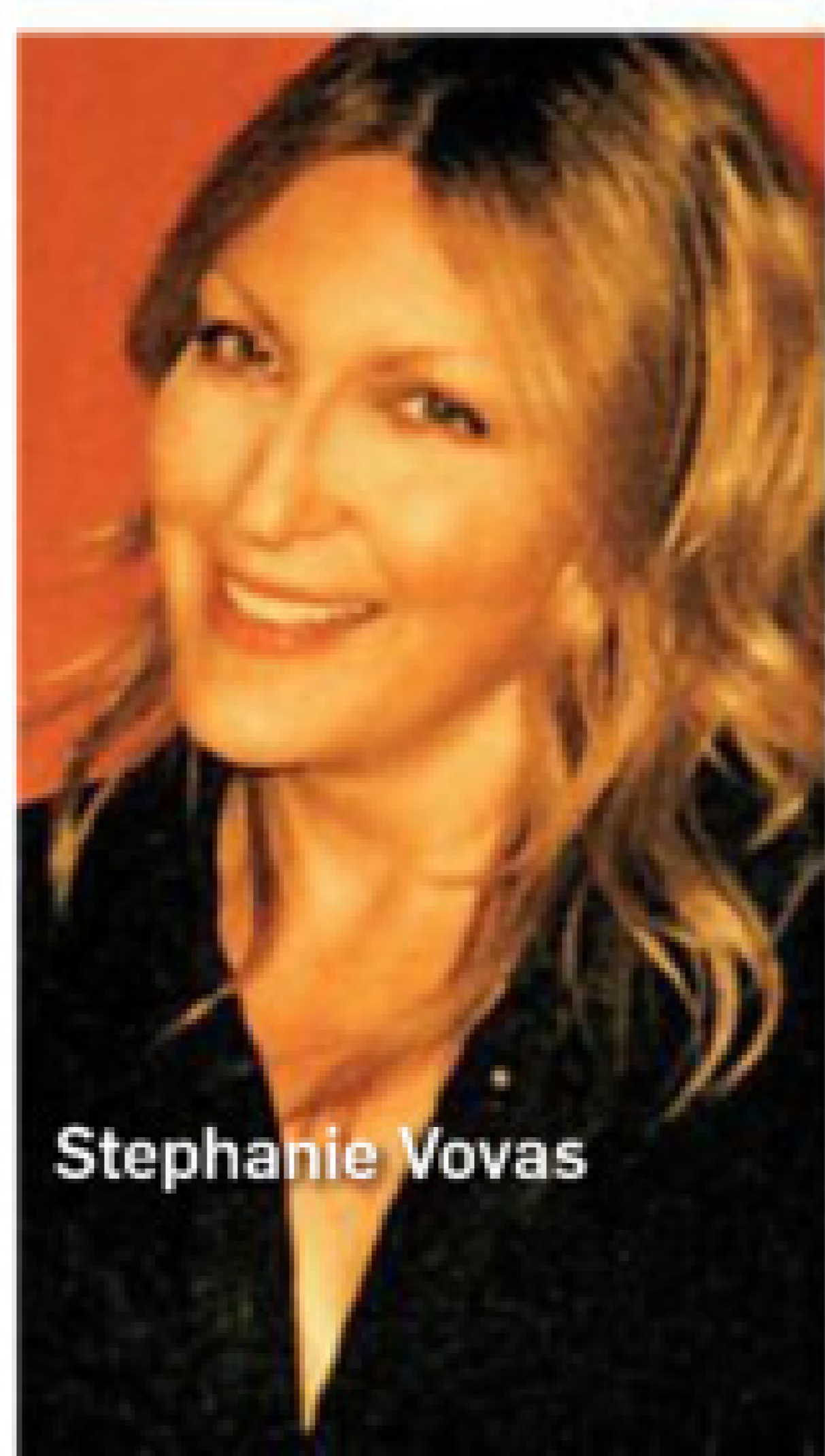
Nora O'Donnell



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PLAYBOY

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We like big butts, cinematic coitus, fornication funnies and sexual liberation, and we cannot lie. **NORA O'DONNELL** scrutinizes the best of a very sexual year.

PHOTOGRAPHY, THIS PAGE AND COVER, BY **STEPHANIE VOVAS**

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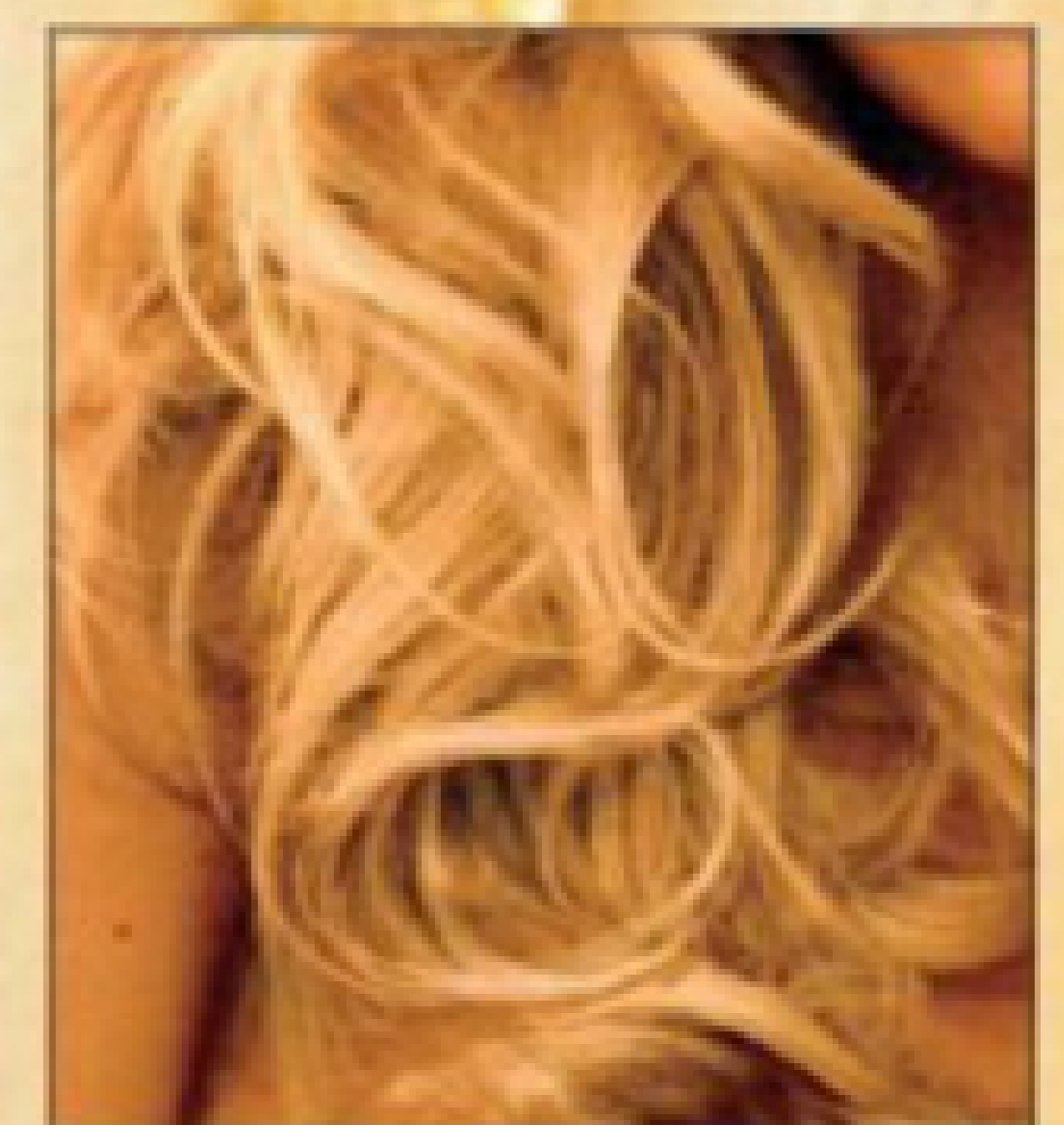
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Rachel Mortenson

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PLAYBOY

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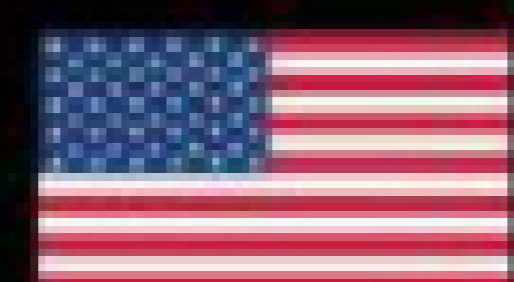
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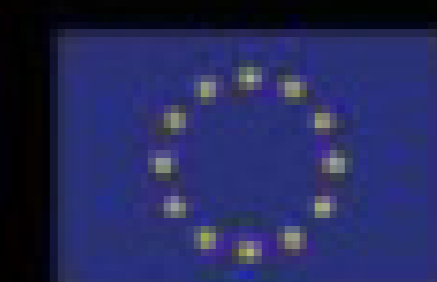
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS,
MANSION FROLICS
AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

HALLOWEEN AT THE MANSION

Even on a normal day, stepping onto the grounds of the Playboy Mansion can cause an adrenaline spike. When the five-acre estate includes a 4,000-square-foot haunted house, three graveyards, two haunted forests and gorgeous Painted Ladies as far as the eye can see, it's certainly not for the faint of heart. Our 2014 Halloween party was one for the scrapbooks, as guests ogled freak-show performances, shrieked at scary actors hired to elicit screams and admired the costumed revelers. Among our favorites were Kennedy Summers's sexy cat and Crystal Hefner's sexy Hef.



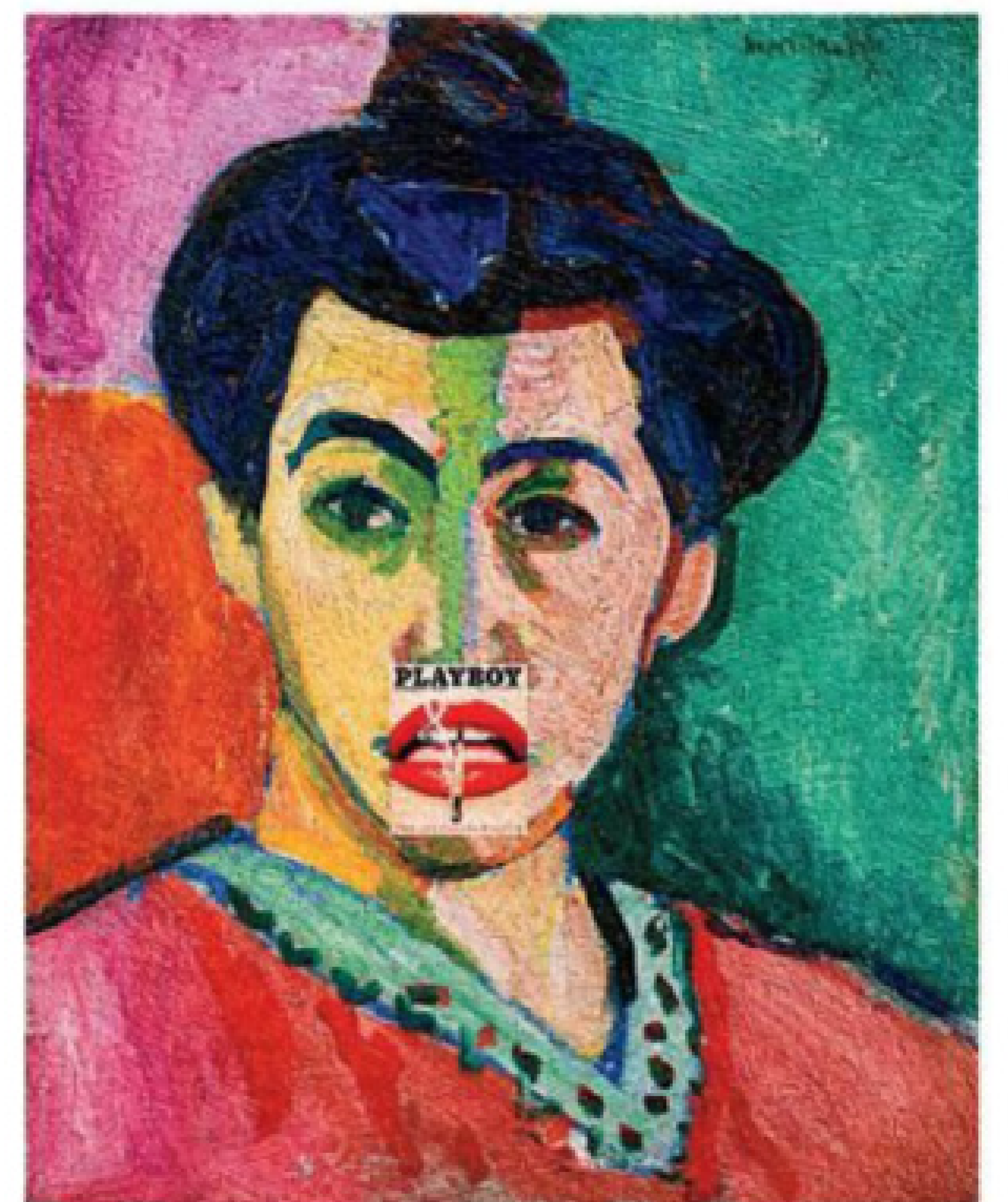
NAVEL GAZING

Have you ever wondered which shape of belly button is the most attractive? Neither have we, but surgeons at the National University of Singapore's Yong Loo Lin School of Medicine compared the navels of 37 Playmates and determined that the ideal is oval and vertically oriented. Now that they mention it, PMOY 2014 Kennedy Summers (right) does possess a flawless example.



FINEST ART

Filipino artist Eisen Bernard Bernardo perfectly positions magazine covers, including PLAYBOY's, onto classic works of art. Among the covers he has mashed up is our November 2013 Indulgence Issue. "To me the lips on the cover evoke sensuality and mystery," he says. "I added the cover to Henri Matisse's *Portrait of Madame Matisse (The Green Line)* to produce a perplexing image of a woman."



SPLIT VOTE

I'm one lifelong Republican who could support a guy like Brian Schweitzer. What a breath of fresh air. He is exactly what this country needs right now. I believe we need a revolution at the ballot box before we have one in the streets. We have just had two of the worst presidents—back-to-back and for two terms each—in American history. We can't afford more of the same old, same old. We need to streamline government, drastically cut spending, become more efficient, mind our own business, encourage national defense instead of national offense and rebuild the middle class that made us the envy of the world. A Brian Schweitzer-Rand Paul or Paul-Schweitzer ticket is the kind of revolutionary choice that would shake things up and get the discussion going that we so desperately need. And God, would it be fun and entertaining.

Doug Leedy
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I served for more than 20 years in an all-volunteer force. It meant a lot to me to know that, whatever their motivation, the airmen around me joined of their own volition. Former Montana governor Brian Schweitzer wants to reinstate the military draft so that “the elected, the powerful and the rich would be sending their children at the same rate as those of us who drive tractors and trucks for a living.” Really? I find it hard to support a man for the United States presidency who still believes in the Easter bunny.

Paul D. Pruitt
M/Sgt., U.S. Air Force (ret.)
Tarpon Springs, Florida

When asked to name President Barack Obama's successes, Democrat Brian Schweitzer (an insistent Obama critic) replies, “If you can't think of something nice to say about something, change the subject.” That kind of lightweight snark is available anytime on Fox News. Schweitzer is everything that is wrong with American politics today. He's opportunistic, full of himself and suffers from serious delusions of grandeur. Schweitzer for president? He wouldn't last 30 minutes in the Oval Office.

Tom Canning
Calabasas, California

NEVER SAY NEVER

October's *Next Month* includes this quote about your upcoming Brian Schweitzer interview: “The last time a notable politician shot out of Montana was, well, never.” I guess Mike Mansfield never showed up on your radar. Or maybe you broke your Google.

Jim Anderson
Mountain Home, Arkansas

A SOBERING TRUTH

I haven't seen so much wisdom about addiction (and, indirectly, alcoholism) in

DEAR PLAYBOY

From One Pol to Another

I know Brian Schweitzer (*Playboy Interview*, November). We don't agree on everything, but he's the real deal. The government on all levels desperately needs more people like him. Until lethargic voters realize government is a symptom of their own choices, party extremists will pick the general-election candidates, and people like Schweitzer will never get elected. Sending money, writing letters and complaining do not satisfy the job requirements of being a responsible citizen, but being an informed voter does. Moderates—who make up the majority of voters—throw up their hands in despair about negative campaigns and the lack of decent candidates in November but never realize they have a choice. You can continue to be a lethargic voter and complain about government, or you can be a responsible citizen, pay attention early in an election year and vote twice for people like Schweitzer—first in the primary (the most important) and then in the general election. It's

one place in a long time (*Hollywood High*, November). Neal Gabler has it right. I drank alcohol for 20 years and have been sober for a bit more than 30 years now. Kudos to Gabler for pointing out how the poison of childhood trauma sets us up for chemical trouble later in life. I have four siblings. Three of us are drug or alcohol abusers. One is in a mental institution and unlikely ever to get out. When my mother died a few years ago, I didn't shed one tear. My father is in a nursing home now and probably won't live out the year. I don't feel much of anything. Bad childhood? You've heard it all before. But the important thing is, who is this guy Gabler? All people, not just celebrity addicts and their fans, need to hear what he has to say.

Name withheld by request
Signal Hill, California

SHE GOT GAME

Props to Harold Goldberg for *Winners, Losers and Legends* (November). People put down gaming as a waste of time, but what's the difference between sitting on your couch playing a game and sitting on your couch while you scream at a player whose athletic ability is far greater than your own? Gamer guys catch a bad rap, and it's nice to see them get some recognition. And for female gamers, it's even better. Maybe now we can lose that “fake geek” label we get stuck with so much. I'm not a “Leaguer,” but give me



true: In a democracy, you get the government you deserve.

Sam Rankin
Billings, Montana

In 2010 and 2012 Montana native Sam Rankin was a Democratic candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives. In 2014 he ran for the U.S. Senate as an Independent.

Tomb Raider and I can smash those ancient urns like nobody's business.

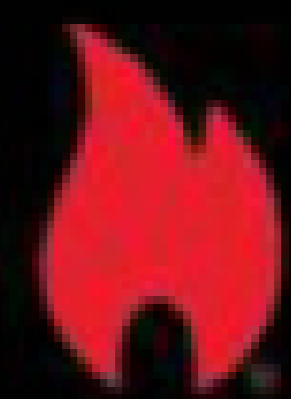
Karman Bowers
Springfield, Missouri

TOUGH GUYS AND GALS DON'T FIGHT

Joel Stein's column “No Country for Tough Men” (*Men*, November) points toward a worrying future. I remember when Ohio Republican representative John Boehner became Speaker of the House in 2011; the news ran stories about how sensitive he is and how he cries regularly. I am ashamed to say I was born and raised in Ohio. I remember the days when leaders had balls and actually served this country rather than treating their position as a career or just a job. I have been lucky enough to meet two Asian prime ministers, several true American military leaders and some 1960s and 1970s political leaders who believed it was an honor to serve. These forward-looking political leaders filled their positions by *doing* something, not worrying about how to hold on to their paycheck. History will look back at Boehner as the worst political leader in the history of the United States. It's time to tell Boehner to grow a pair and lead his country, not his party.

Ed O'Hearn
Cardinal, Virginia

I am a woman and I read *PLAYBOY* every month. Joel Stein's “No Country



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for *Tough Men*" is totally on point; I loved every sentence. However, after coming off a "high" from that article, I was disappointed after reading Hilary Winston's column "The Art of War" (*Women*, November), which encourages readers to clash with their partner. Sure, Winston's writing is fine, but the idea is downright stupid. A woman who actually looks forward to a fight has some serious issues, and I would like to think most men would agree with me.

Michelle Manzione
Gainesville, Florida

I wish I could agree with what Hilary Winston writes in "The Art of War" about arguing with your significant other in public. The idea of having a necessary argument and then moving past it all before dessert sounds optimal. However, I don't see how practical this would be in most social situations. The fact is, arguing in public will hurt your reputation, not just your boyfriend's feelings.

Shelby McKay
Springfield, Missouri

ROBOT LOVE

Thank you so much for the article "Plea for a Sidekick" about Josh Robert Thompson, a.k.a. gay robot skeleton Geoff Peterson on *The Late Late Show With Craig Ferguson* (*Talk*, November). I have enjoyed his character immensely. Maybe Ferguson should interview Thompson as himself so people can see his face and get to know him better before Ferguson's show ends. I know I would love to see the person behind the personality.

Gayle Sorensen
Boulder City, Nevada

PREMATURE CHANGE OF SOX

As a lifelong Chicago Cubs fan, I was heartened to see October's *Raw Data* item about Harry Caray's 288-consecutive-day bar tab from 1972. But you goofed with the accompanying picture by featuring the Cubs logo. In 1972 Caray was in his second year as the stellar voice of the Chicago White Sox. Brother Caray wouldn't replace his pal Jack Brickhouse as the broadcast voice of the Cubs until 1981.

King Daevid MacKenzie
Live Oak, California

LOVE IN THE AGE OF TINDER

I found the September article about Tinder particularly interesting ("Hooking Up," *Talk*). This whole idea of "dating" and matchmaking through technology and social media not only opens up a whole new avenue for casual sex but also shifts the way—not to mention the speed—in which relationships develop. As someone who works with high school students, I've noticed they spend so much time interacting via technology that when they interact in person they are awkward and unsure. It makes me very curious to see how future generations will view the

institution of marriage and togetherness versus casual sex and independence.

Gabby Goodbrand
White Rock, British Columbia

BEWITCHED

Miss September Stephanie Branton is quite possibly the best-looking woman ever featured in *PLAYBOY* (*Southern Comfort*). She has class, beauty and my vote for Playmate of the Year.

Frank Lazzerini
Barberton, Ohio

GIA WHIZ!

What a stunning redhead you found in Miss November Gia Marie (*Home Body*). As for her comment "I'm pretty sure some guy will see my pictorial here, and my red hair will resonate for him and give him a fetish for life"—yes, her mission has been accomplished. And it turns out we have the same birth date. As an early birthday present, can you please give us another picture of this gorgeous creature?

Chuck Jones
Appleton, Wisconsin



Gia Marie: simply red.

Happy birthday, Mr. Jones: The lovely Miss November is back in this issue for our annual Playmate Review (page 133). We trust she can count on your vote for Playmate of the Year.

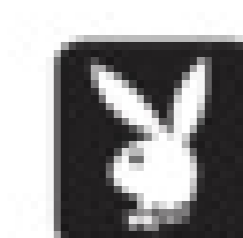
Bless you for Gia Marie and her blindingly beautiful red hair. Count me as a lifelong grateful customer.

Zach Freeland
Mebane, North Carolina

I loved seeing Gia Marie in the Sheats-Goldstein residence by master architect John Lautner. The house from Raquel Pomplun's shoot (*Playmate of the Year*, June 2013) also looks like a Lautner design.

James Scott
Brooklyn, New York

Good eye. It's the Harpel house in the Hollywood Hills.





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Playmate Kylie Johnson, Miss February 2011

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PLAYBOY

Afterhours

FEBRUARY -
2015

BECOMING ATTRACTION

NOUREEN DEWULF

• *"I DON'T NEED to try so hard to stand out,"* says actress Nourdeen DeWulf. We can't argue. The doe-eyed Indian American beauty plays a spitfire alongside Charlie Sheen on FX's *Anger Management*, melding her striking features with perfect comedic timing. "It's fun to be a loose cannon," she says before hinting toward the future. "I'm excited to see where I can go next—but only once the world is ready to receive me." We're ready.

STYLING BY TAYLOR SHERIDAN



The murky definition of “skill” is all that stands between these sites and federal seizure.

FINAL FANTASY

FANTASY SPORTS HAVE A NEW PLAYBOOK TO USE AGAINST GAMBLING LAWS

In March 2010, Chris Prince was obsessing over his fantasy baseball teams—a spring ritual in which he has indulged for nearly two decades—when an ad for FanDuel caught his eye. The new fantasy league promised tournaments that cash out daily instead of at season’s end, and he signed up on a lark. Username: beermakersfan.

Five years later, Prince has won more than \$650,000, bought a house and earned minor celebrity in the exploding world of daily fantasy sports, the next wave among America’s 30 million fantasy sports players. “My wife was skeptical at first with all the time it took, but once I won a chunk of money, it alleviated her concerns,” he says with a chuckle.

The concept behind daily fantasy sports is simple: Players buy in with \$1 to \$1,000, build rosters under salary limits and earn points when their picks score big. Whoever holds the most points at the end of the day wins the pot. Where fantasy players once angled and argued for months, the gameplay here refreshes every 24 hours. And with research that shows the desire to play increases as a player’s control increases, daily fantasy trumps its counterpart psychologically too: What lends more control than the ability to buy and drop team members every night?

When CEO Nigel Eccles co-founded FanDuel in 2009, he projected 10 million potential players, but the game has proved to be far more popular. “Many, particularly the basketball players, had never played fantasy before. We started to think

about the 80 million sports fans who don’t play fantasy,” says Eccles. He was right: In the past year, FanDuel has quadrupled its numbers, to more than half a million paying players.

The FanDuel model is also a clever play around gambling laws. Although online gambling is still illegal, the 2006 Unlawful Internet Gambling Enforcement Act allows for fantasy sports and other “games of skill.” The murky definition of “skill” is all that stands between sites like FanDuel and federal seizure, which explains FanDuel’s absence in five states. “The federal statute involves a skill-based game. Somewhere along that continuum these contests ceased to be skill-based and involved a greater level of chance,” says Marc Edelman, a law professor who consults for the industry. “What’s labeled ‘daily fantasy sports’ runs the gamut. There’s FanDuel and its imitators, which involve math and thinking, and then contests with three clicks and you’re in.”

Formal court battles to determine the exact legality of the new category may be brewing. In August, Kansas clarified that any league with a buy-in, daily or not, is illegal, and Edelman estimates a dozen other states have similar statutes. Eccles claims his data prove FanDuel is a skill-based game.

Meanwhile, Prince and millions of others continue to play. The 37-year-old regularly fields questions from friends about the proposition of drafting 49ers running back Frank Gore over Eagles running back Darren Sproles. “I’m the go-to guy for fantasy advice. It’s fun,” he says. And lucrative.—Noah Davis

COMIC RELIEF

FOUR COMIC BOOKS YOU NEED TO READ RIGHT NOW

Screens both big and small are filled with comic books. *The Walking Dead*, based on a comics series by writer Robert Kirkman and artist Tony Moore, and classic superhero the Flash dominate TV ratings, while film versions of comics and graphic novels such as *The Avengers*, *Batman* and *Watchmen* set box office records. Here are our picks to read now before they become the next big thing.—*Will Levith*

Sinatoro *By Grant Morrison & Vanesa R. Del Rey*

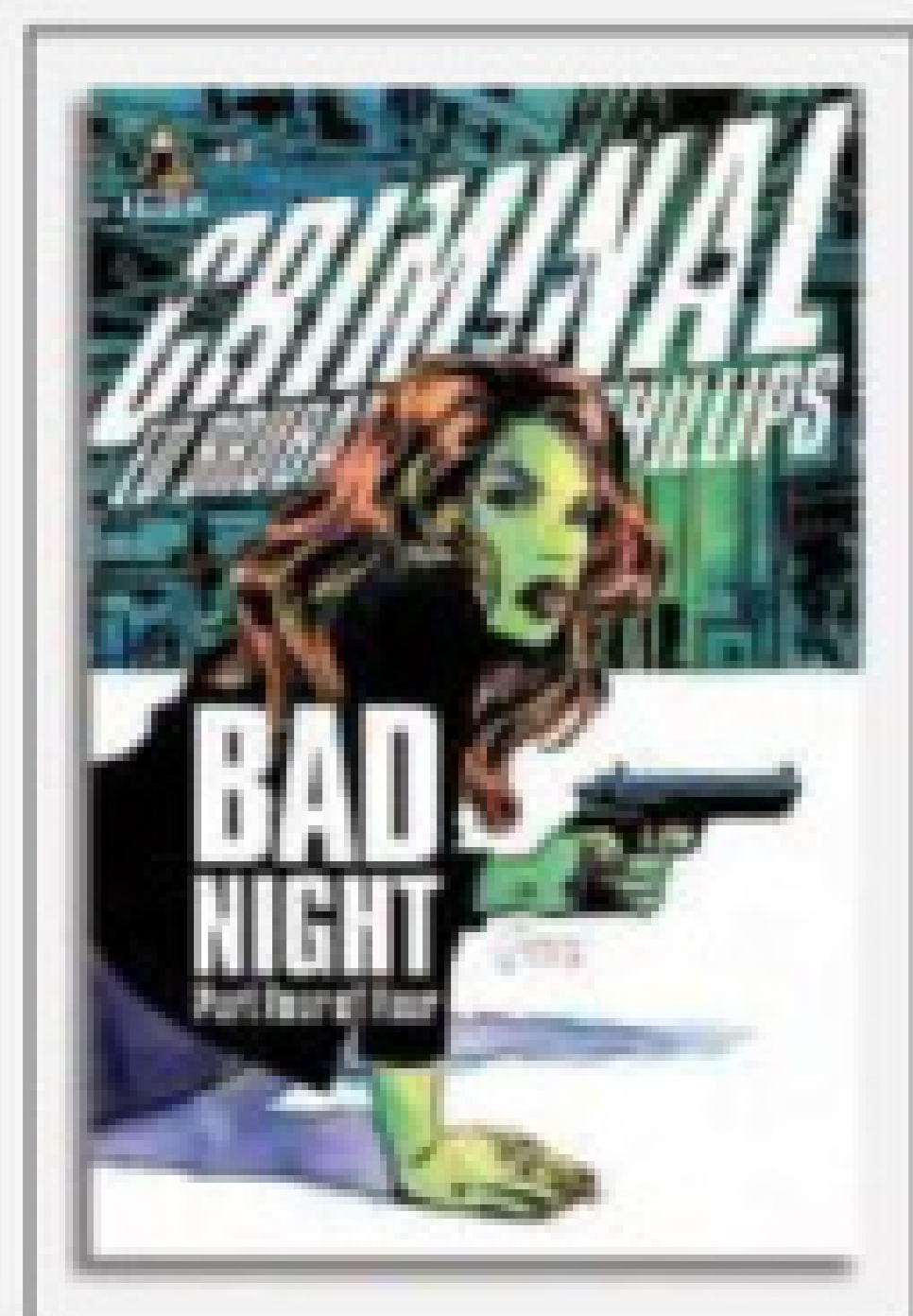
→ Set for release this year, *Sinatoro* worms from the mind of scribe Morrison, a comics legend known for work on *Batman*, *Swamp Thing* and other titles. Conceived as a screenplay, *Sinatoro* was refashioned via publisher Black Mask Studios, co-

owned by Brett Gurewitz (of punk pioneers Bad Religion and Epitaph Records). The story of a desert cult, it marries the Tibetan Book of the Dead and *Easy Rider*, with art from Cuban-born Del Rey. *Sinatoro* has breakout hit written all over it.



Criminal

By Ed Brubaker & Sean Phillips



→ Winner of the Eisner Award (the comic book world's Pulitzer) in 2007 and 2012, *Criminal* is equal parts John Woo's *The Killer*, Stanley

Kubrick's *The Killing* and Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather*. Brubaker has a gift for bad-guy inner monologue, while artist Phillips deftly sculpts Brubaker's underworld. Matthew Klein, clerk at Forbidden Planet NYC, rightly notes it would make for a perfect "event series" à la HBO's *True Detective*.

American Vampire

By Scott Snyder & Rafael Albuquerque

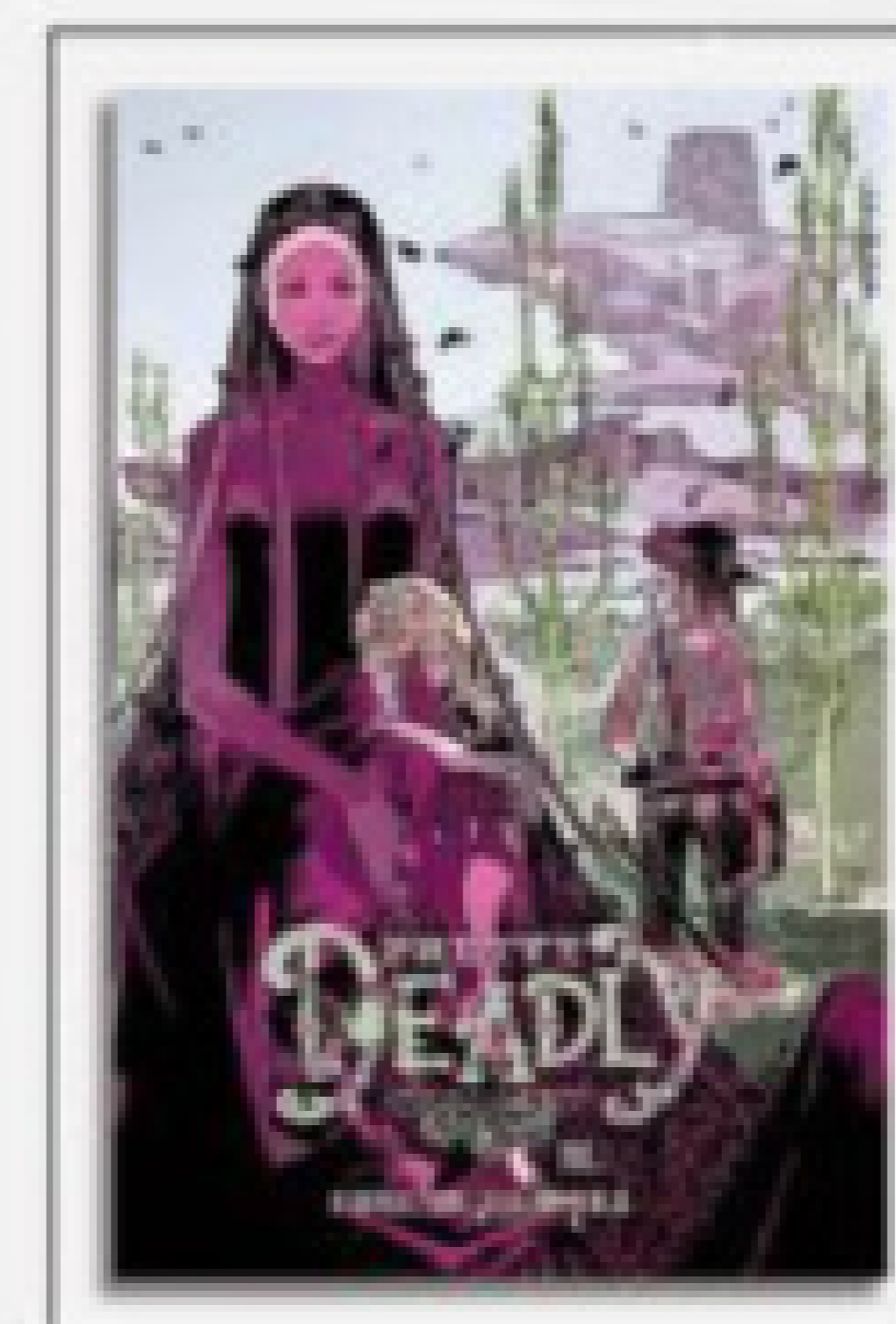


→ Stephen King, who once claimed his scary-as-hell 1975 epic *Salem's Lot* was his personal favorite, found himself

co-authoring the first five issues of *American Vampire* nearly 40 years later. But King's presence shouldn't detract from the series' true stars, writer-creator Snyder and artist Albuquerque. The pair render the story of vampires in the 19th century American West so credible and frightening you can hear the sucking sounds.

Pretty Deadly

By Kelly Sue DeConnick & Emma Ríos



→ Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Todd McFarlane—the comics universe has historically been a boys' club. DeConnick and Ríos blow

that away with their brilliant series *Pretty Deadly*, in which badass females rule the roost. The phantasmagoric tale is replete with such characters as Kabuki-mask-faced Ginny (a.k.a. Death's daughter) and vulture-crown-wearing Sissy, all in a sunset-soaked Wild West rife with mysticism.

FLYING LOTUS

THE GENRE-BENDING PRODUCER ON STRAVINSKY, KENDRICK LAMAR AND THE NORMALITY OF DEATH

• Flying Lotus may come from L.A.'s experimental hip-hop scene, but he has jazz in his blood. As grandnephew of pianist Alice Coltrane—whose second husband was jazz god John Coltrane—Flying Lotus (a.k.a. Steven Ellison) was surrounded by musical mentors. When his career took off in 2007, he crafted his own mix of heady, progressive, beat-based music, but for his fifth album, *You're Dead!*, the 31-year-old channels his jazz roots. This concept work, a psychedelic jazz fusion that explores themes of mortality, is performed almost entirely by live musicians, including legendary keyboardist Herbie Hancock. The album's funky lead single features Kendrick Lamar but is a breakthrough for other reasons: It shows a new side of an already dynamic performer.—*Scott Morrow*

when I was 10. He was like, "Yo, check this shit out." And I'm like, "Man, that's cra...actually, wait a minute!"

PLAYBOY: What was it like growing up around jazz musicians?

LOTUS: My family put on these John Coltrane festivals every year. They'd get a bunch of great artists, and my aunt Alice would play. It was a great way to be musically introduced to jazz and other left-field things that weren't in my trajectory as a kid. But my family had a lot of different music around. My cousin, who's like my big brother, put me onto Stravinsky

PLAYBOY: How important was it to have a vocally driven lead single with Kendrick Lamar?

LOTUS: Part of me was really against doing that, especially as the first single. I didn't want to exploit the Kendrick factor. That's the obvious thing motherfuckers do: "Oh, I got the hottest such-and-such on my shit. It's gonna be the first single!" But Kendrick was like, "Do that shit." I really fought for that song because Kendrick

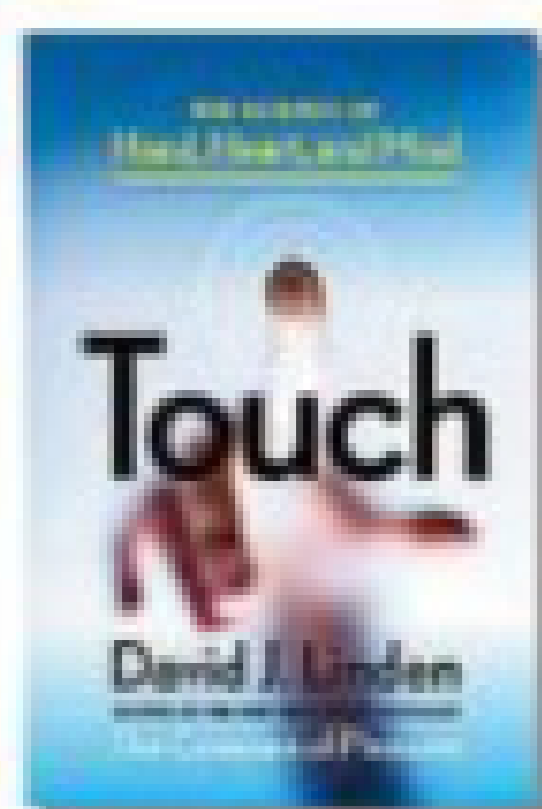
wanted to keep that beat for his album.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a different view of life and death after making this album?

LOTUS: I do. I have moments when I feel like death doesn't faze me as much as it used to. I had this moment the other day on stage when I was shouting out people who've passed away, and I realized, Fuck, man, somebody's gonna do that to me one day. Somebody's gonna be on stage or deejaying a party, one of my homeys maybe, and he'll shout, "RIP, Fly Lo!"

HOOKED ON A FEELING

WHAT THE BRAIN TELLS US ABOUT THE MYSTERIES OF TOUCH—FROM TICKLING TO ORGASM



• Burning love, cold comfort, a prickly problem. “When we talk about our emotions, we don’t call them sightings or smellings,” says neuroscientist David J. Linden. “Relating our internal emotional state to the sense of touch is not some accident of English. Touch and emotion are inextricably linked in the brain.” His new book, *Touch: The Science of Hand, Heart and Mind*, is a treasure trove for anyone wanting to decode the frisson of a lover’s caress. After all, the skin, says Linden, is a social organ.—*Cat Auer*

Turned On, Tuned Out

→ There’s a whirlwind of activity in the brain during an orgasm—the same pleasure circuit lights up when you quench your thirst, satiate your hunger, drink booze, smoke pot or take cocaine—but there’s also deactivation. The area in your brain related to fear

perception shuts down, allowing you to relax. “You’re not vigilant at the moment of orgasm; you’re not worried about who’s going to come out of the back of the cave and eat you,” says Linden. Higher social cognition and reasoning centers also deactivate. “We’re not choosing the mutual funds in our retirement plans at the moment of orgasm.”

Rejection Stings

→ Experiencing social rejection isn’t just emotionally painful—it can hurt physically. “The phrase *hurt feelings* actually represents deep biological truths,” says Linden. “When someone’s feelings are hurt, that activates the same part of the brain that’s involved in emotional aspects of pain. Hurt feelings and hurt skin overlap in terms of the way they activate emotional pain circuits.” Just got dumped? Taking a Tylenol can help reduce the feeling of heartache.

Feeling It

→ Hold a warm mug while sizing someone up and you’ll likely perceive the person as warmer—more likable, more social. But hold a chilly iced coffee, say, and you’ll perceive the person as colder. “Warm and cold as we apply them to personality seem to overlap in our minds with warm and cold as we perceive them on the skin,” says Linden. Similarly, if a résumé is clipped to a heavy board, the applicant is evaluated as more serious and more competent than an

applicant whose résumé is attached to a lightweight clipboard. Incidental sensations, it seems, color our judgments.

What does this mean for a first date? “One could speculate that meeting over a hot beverage might be in some ways preferable to meeting over icy drinks.”

Case Sensitive

→ Your fingertips, lips, corneas and the head of your penis are all extremely sensitive body parts, but not equally so. Corneas and genitals lack certain sensors, making them less good at distinguishing fine location. (That’s why you can feel a piece of grit in your eye but not know exactly where.) “Even though the

tip of your penis is supersensitive, it is not superdiscriminative,” says Linden. “As a consequence, you couldn’t do something like read braille with it.” You could, however, read braille with your lips, which have many shallow touch receptors.

That Tickles

→ Why is it that tickling works only if someone does it to you? “It turns out we’re hardwired to pay less attention to sensations that result from our

own motion,” says Linden. The region of the brain involved in moving your arm and fingers to tickle yourself signals the sensory part of the brain to dial down the feeling. “When someone else tickles you, there’s no reduction in that sensation.”



1. Hoisin Pork Summer Roll

→ A pork-centric take on the summer roll. **Directions:** Spread **sriracha** and **hoisin** sauce on prepared Vietnamese **rice paper**. Layer with precooked **carnitas** (available at Trader Joe's), julienned **scallions** and thinly sliced kirby **cucumbers** tossed with **rice vinegar, salt** and **sugar**. Roll tightly.

2. BLTokyo

→ The BLT goes to Japan. **Directions:** On a sheet of **nori**, press a thin layer of cooked **white rice**. Spoon **wasabi mayo** (one teaspoon wasabi powder dissolved in one teaspoon water and mixed with half a cup of mayonnaise) down the center, then layer with chopped cooked **bacon**, shredded **lettuce** and chopped **tomatoes**. Roll tightly.

3. Protein Spirit

→ A portable version of a Greek salad. **Directions:** In a **whole wheat wrap**, layer diced cooked **chicken breast**, shredded romaine **lettuce**, crumbled **feta cheese**, kalamata **olives**, julienned red **bell peppers** and thinly sliced **red onions**. Sprinkle with **salt** and **pepper** and drizzle lightly with **olive oil** and **red wine vinegar**. Roll tightly.

GANGSTA WRAPS

Photography by PAUL SIRISALEE

IT'S TIME TO PUNCH UP YOUR LUNCH. LOSE THE BREAD AND LAYER THE FLAVOR WITH THESE EASY YET MANLY WRAPS THAT WILL BREAK YOU OUT OF YOUR CARB-HEAVY, LACKLUSTER SANDWICH RUT. IT'S HOW WE ROLL

HOP SCOTCH

A GRAPHIC GUIDE TO THE GLORIOUSLY COMPLICATED WORLD OF SCOTCH WHISKEY

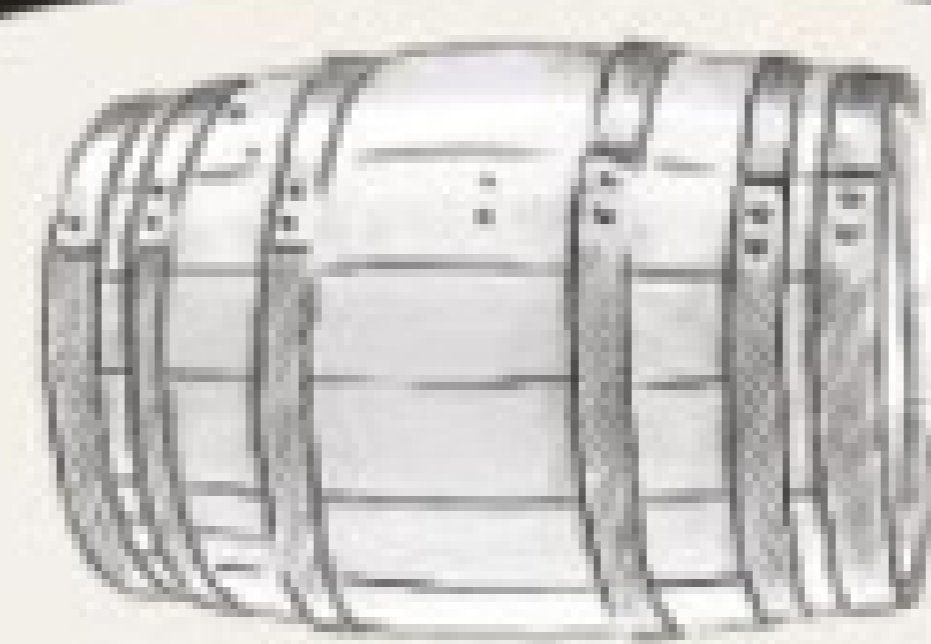
Scotch has never been simple, which is probably why so many men happily dive into the depths of Scotland's national spirit with obsessive abandon. Now the modern whiskey boom has made navigating scotch more complex than ever before. You probably know single malt is good stuff—and since it's painstakingly crafted from malted barley in a pot still by a single distillery, it should be. But there's a whole lot more to the contemporary world of scotch.



+
SCOTCHLAND
Every region in Scotland has a signature whiskey style; here's a basic breakdown.

START HERE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HARKNESS



7. END

FINISH STRONG

→ Aging scotch in special casks adds another layer of flavor.

PORT

Glenmorangie Quinta Ruban

- Port casks add distinctive red wine characteristics.

SHERRY

Grant's Cask Editions Blended

- Fruitcake spice flavors come from sherry-cask aging.

SAUTERNES

Glenmorangie Nectar D'Or

- The dessert-wine cask adds a honeyed element.



1. Ian Macleod Smokehead, \$45
2. Bruichladdich Laddie Classic, \$52

5. THE MOD SQUAD

Nontraditional distillers package their bottles to let you know you're in for a treat. Smokehead is (no surprise) smoky; Laddie Classic is unpeated, fruity and spicy.

6. TUNE IN TOKYO

Scottish-inspired whiskey from Japan has been leading diehard scotch lovers to leave the islands. Suntory's spicy, citrusy, ultrasmooth **Hibiki 12 year** is made from a blend of single malts and aged in various wood casks, including rare Japanese oak.

INGREDIENTS

- 3 slices ginger
- 2 oz. blended scotch whiskey
- ¾ oz. fresh lemon juice
- ¾ oz. fresh honey syrup
- ¼ oz. Islay single-malt scotch

4.



MIX IT UP

→ Yes, you can use single malt in a cocktail. Start by making a punchy penicillin, a modern classic invented by mixologist Sam Ross.

DIRECTIONS

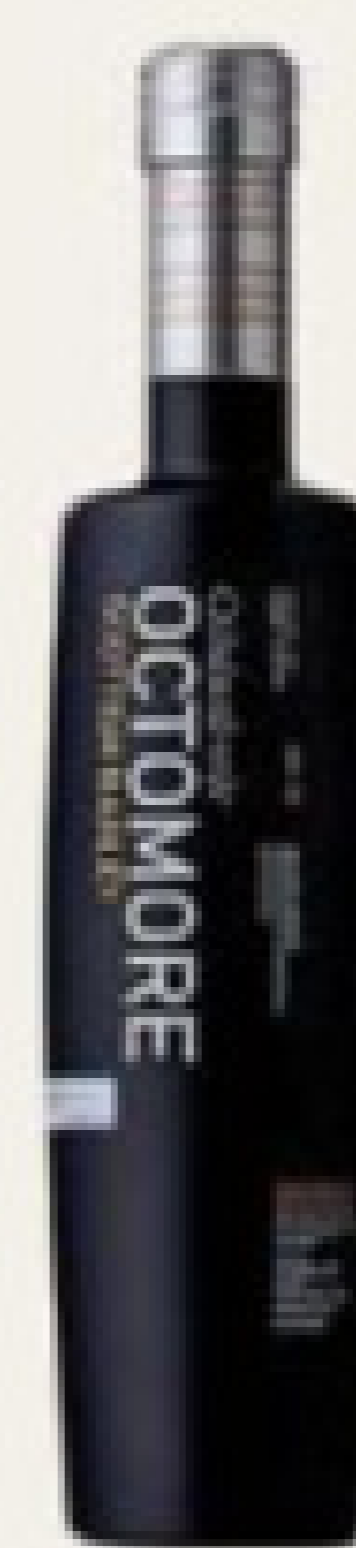
- Muddle ginger in shaker. Add remaining ingredients and shake with ice. Strain over ice into a rocks glass.

2. MAP IT OUT

- Peaty, salty, smoky, powerful
- Peaty, full-bodied, the most varied styles
- Elegant, complex, the sweetest
- Briny and smoky
- Light, grassy, malty

3. PEAT AND REPEAT

Some scotch fans fetishize smoky, intense peat flavor. **Octomore** (\$200) from Bruichladdich distillery boasts the highest peat levels of any scotch on the market.



1.

BLEND IN

→ Blended whiskey is a perfect place to begin: The combination of malted barley whiskey and other grain whiskeys, when well aged, can achieve complex yet approachable flavors, as in **Dewar's 18 Year Blended** (\$80).



REBOOT

STURDY AND STYLISH
CLASSIC WORK BOOTS ARE
BACK IN A BIG WAY

You can't argue with the perfect marriage of form and function that has kept these iconic boots in heavy rotation ever since they were introduced decades ago. The fashion focused will tell you these brands are in vogue again. We say these winter-ready boots will forever keep their cool.



Heavy Hitter

→ Green Kanguan 8180s from Red Wing Heritage are a sharp update of a design issued in partnership with Red Sox Hall of Famer Ted Williams back in 1963.

• \$270,
gentrynyc.com



Doc This Way

→ Dr. Martens (a.k.a. Docs) of every style and color are ubiquitous again, but you can't beat the reissue of the vintage oxblood eight-eyelet boots for classic cool.

• \$200,
drmartens.com



Timber!

→ Timberland's original yellow boot remains the quintessential footwear that bridges manual labor and manly street style.

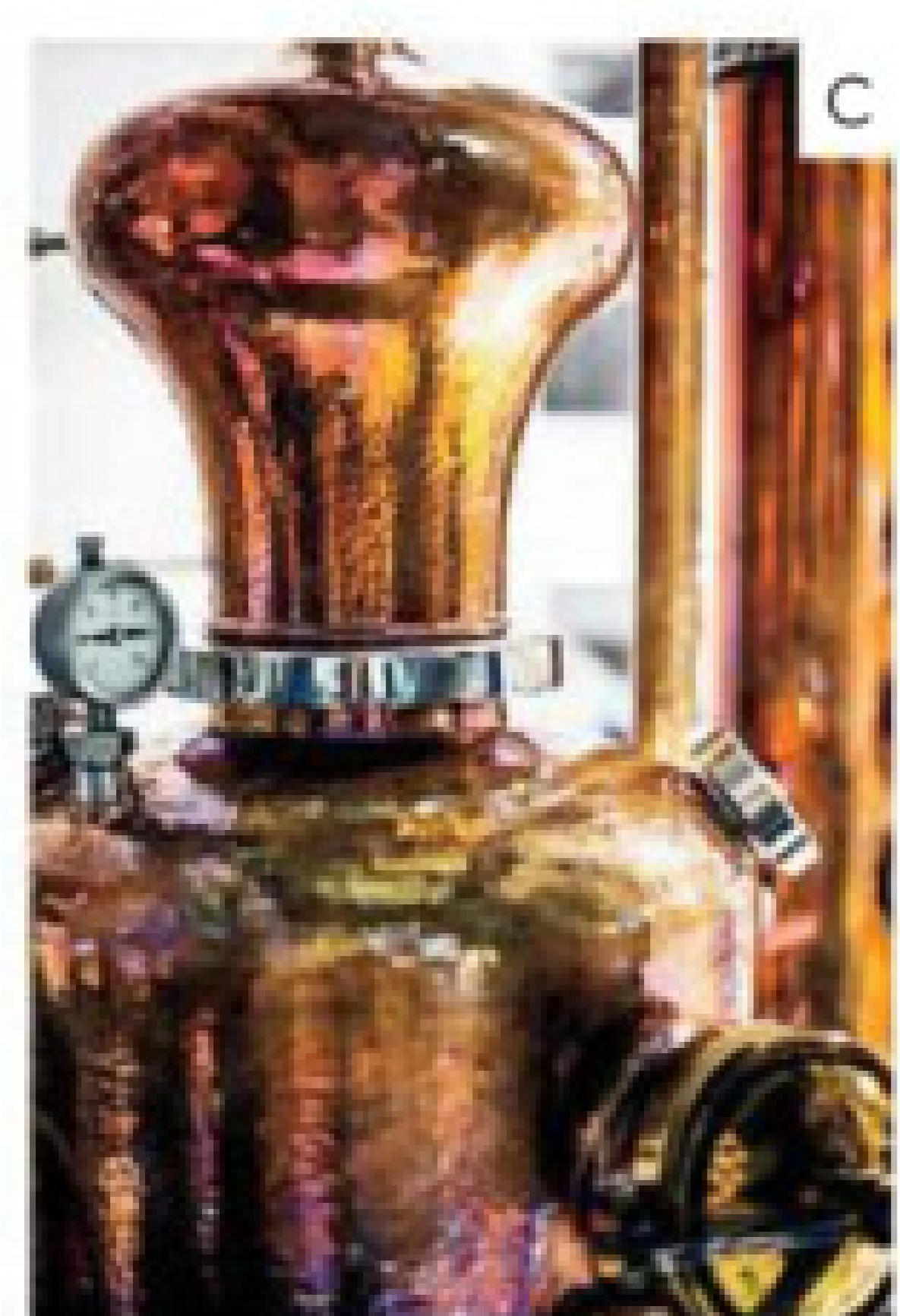
• \$155,
timberland.com

PARK CITY SLICKER

UTAH'S NOT ALL SISTER WIVES AND COMPLICATED UNDERGARMENTS. VISIT PARK CITY FOR CINEMA, SNOW AND A CHILL NIGHTLIFE SCENE

• **Park City, Utah (A)** has morphed from Mormon community to miners' mecca to world-class skiing Valhalla with three major resorts. Sundance added a sexy cinematic element to the

mix when Robert Redford came to town, and today the little burg nestled in the embrace of the Wasatch mountain range is a lively vacation destination year-round. Utah? You bet.



1. Presidential Suites

→ When it comes to accommodations you can go big at one of the sprawling luxe mountain-top resorts such as the St. Regis (great bar scene) or the Montage, but for a cozier experience, book one of the 12 rooms at the **Washington School House Hotel (B)**. The limestone-clad structure was built in 1889 and served as one of the town's original schools. A recent renovation introduced reclaimed barn wood, heated marble bathroom floors and beds piled with Pratesi linens and goose-down comforters. And it's a quick schuss down the hill to Main Street nightlife.

2. Best in Snow

→ You can still ogle the Olympic Park where much of the icy action went down in 2002. Relive the rings at the museum, watch acrobatic shredders navigate moguls from the observation deck and book a ripper on a bobsled that hits 65 mph speeds. At Canyons Resort, a couple of miles away, intrepid powder hogs can arrange heli-skiing, snowmobiling, cross-country skiing and dogsledding. The BBQ ribs at the Tombstone Grill alone are worth the lift ticket, or grab some sweet and savory waffles at the new Red Pine waffle shack.

3. Whiskey Business

→ Ski right up to the **High West Distillery and Saloon (C)** for some pulled pork and dry-aged bison rib eyes and wash them down with a whiskey flight. Owner David Perkins is a biochemist who

studied spirits in Kentucky and Scotland before hanging out his shingle at this Victorian house and livery stable. Buy the distillery's small-batch bourbon blends as boozy souvenirs.

4. Après Hour

→ The **No Name Saloon (D)** on Main Street is a cluttered, chill hang where you'll likely see lifties, townies, gold medalists and

Silicon Valley billionaires sitting together at the long wooden bar. Plant your butt on a stool and order a 4-Play Porter from Shades of Pale, a local craft brewery.

5. Sundancing

→ The vibe at the airport in late January is more LAX than SLC, with packs of placarded drivers waiting to whisk indie Hollywood to the Sundance Film Festival
—Bradley Lincoln



(January 22 to February 1 this year). Park City's population explodes for 10 days, filling Main Street with sponsored pop-up lounges, concerts and late-night condo afterparties. If you want to catch a last-minute flick and you're not industry, just check in at the main box office for day-of tickets, or take a chance on the wait list. Directors screen their tales at oddball venues all over these two cities from dawn till midnight, but your best bet is Eccles, the largest theater, at Park City's high school. Dress down for everything in PC, as even studio muckety-mucks and A-listers favor jeans, mukluks, puffers and the loftiest fur hats you'll see outside of Russia.

Get Salty

→ Budget an extra day to experience Salt Lake City, a surprisingly liberal town a scenic 45-minute mountain drive from PC. Soothe the aftermath of double-black-diamond partying and powdering with a session in a cedar soaking tub at Kura Door spa in the trendy Avenues neighborhood, then recharge with a *cortado* made from house-roasted beans at Publik, an airy industrial space designed to promote lounging. Or visit Vive Juicery for a cold-pressed juice or hand-squeezed nut milk, extracted low and slow to retain more nutrients. Then head to O.C. Tanner Jewelers in the old public library to pick up some ice for that blithe-spirited PA you met in the lodge, or splurge on a new ticker for yourself. The ritzy business carries Breitling, Patek Philippe and other heralded lines, as well as a mother lode of one-off artist pieces. Later, tuck into a repast at Valter's Osteria, where gregarious Valter Nassi lets classic Tuscan *mamma-mia* cuisine shine.

PLUGGED IN

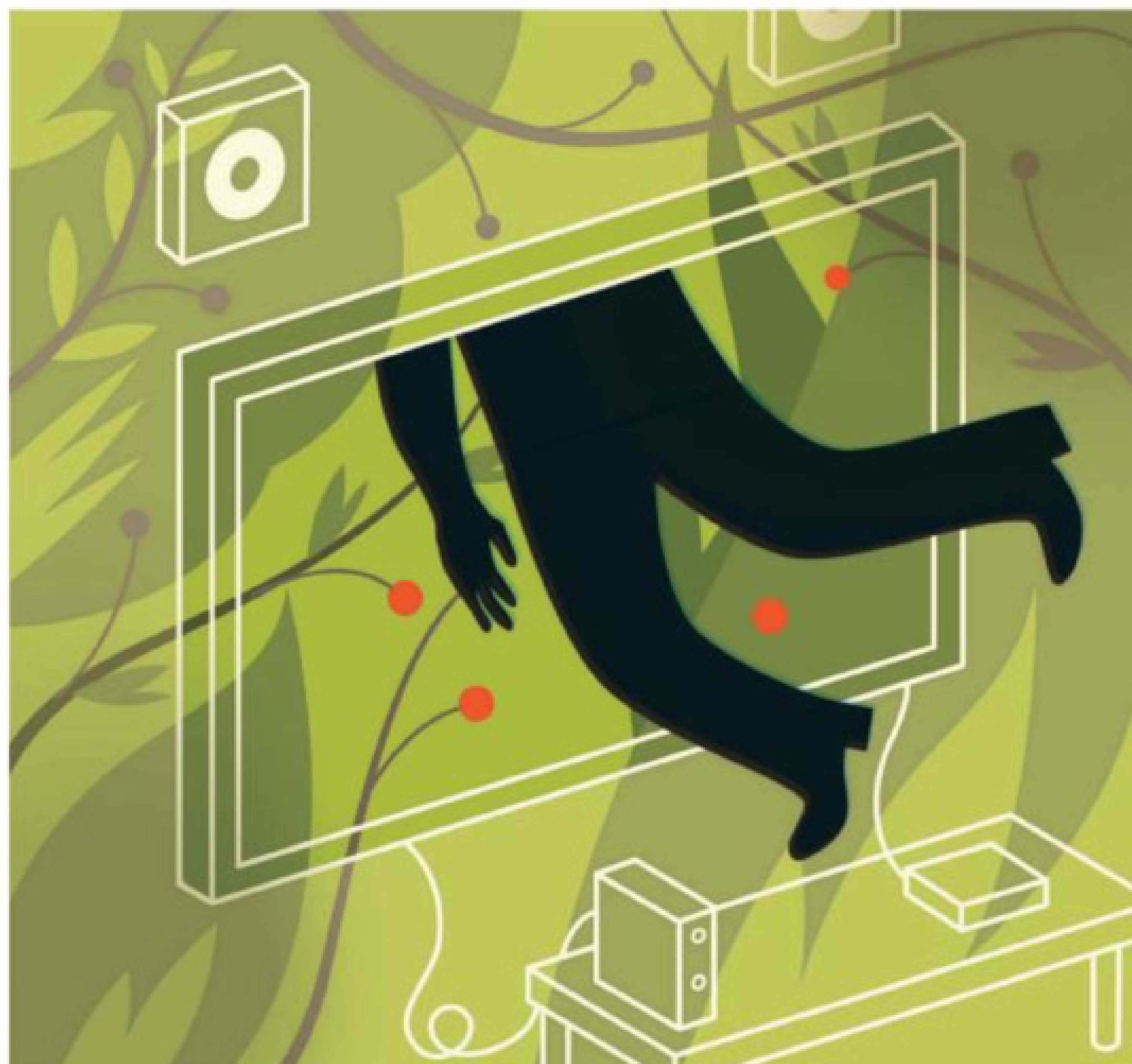
A LOOK AHEAD AT THE HOLOGRAPHIC, SELF-DRIVING, HIGH-DEFINITION FUTURE

By Harold Goldberg

A VIEW TO A THRILL

THE NEW DEFINITION OF HIGH DEF

The future of TV doesn't end with high definition. The latest innovations are Ultra HD and 4K TVs, which deliver the clearest, crispest picture imaginable. (UHD refers to the device and 4K to the resolution, but the terms are often conflated.) With 4K you see 8 million pixels rather than the current 2 million on a 1080p TV. It's these dots of color that make UHDTV so compelling. Sit in a room with the \$4,000, 65-inch curved Samsung HU9000 and you'll get the same *wow* feeling you first got from HDTV, except UHD is four times clearer. It's jaw-dropping, but the curve is a gimmick, and pricewise you can do better: Vizio offers a flat 50-inch UHDTV with fewer bells and whistles for \$1,000.



Buy now and you'll still be an early adopter. Most broadcast and cable networks don't yet film or broadcast in 4K. Netflix used the technology to shoot Kevin Spacey's *House of Cards*, as well as the new series *Marco Polo*, which is even more impressive, with vistas of snow-swept mountains. More is on the way. NanoTech is remastering 35-millimeter films for 4K viewing via its UltraFlix app on Vizio TVs. And Qualcomm's Snapdragon 800 series chip lets you view UHD on your tablet and cell phone. But bandwidth is a problem. To stream UHD media, you

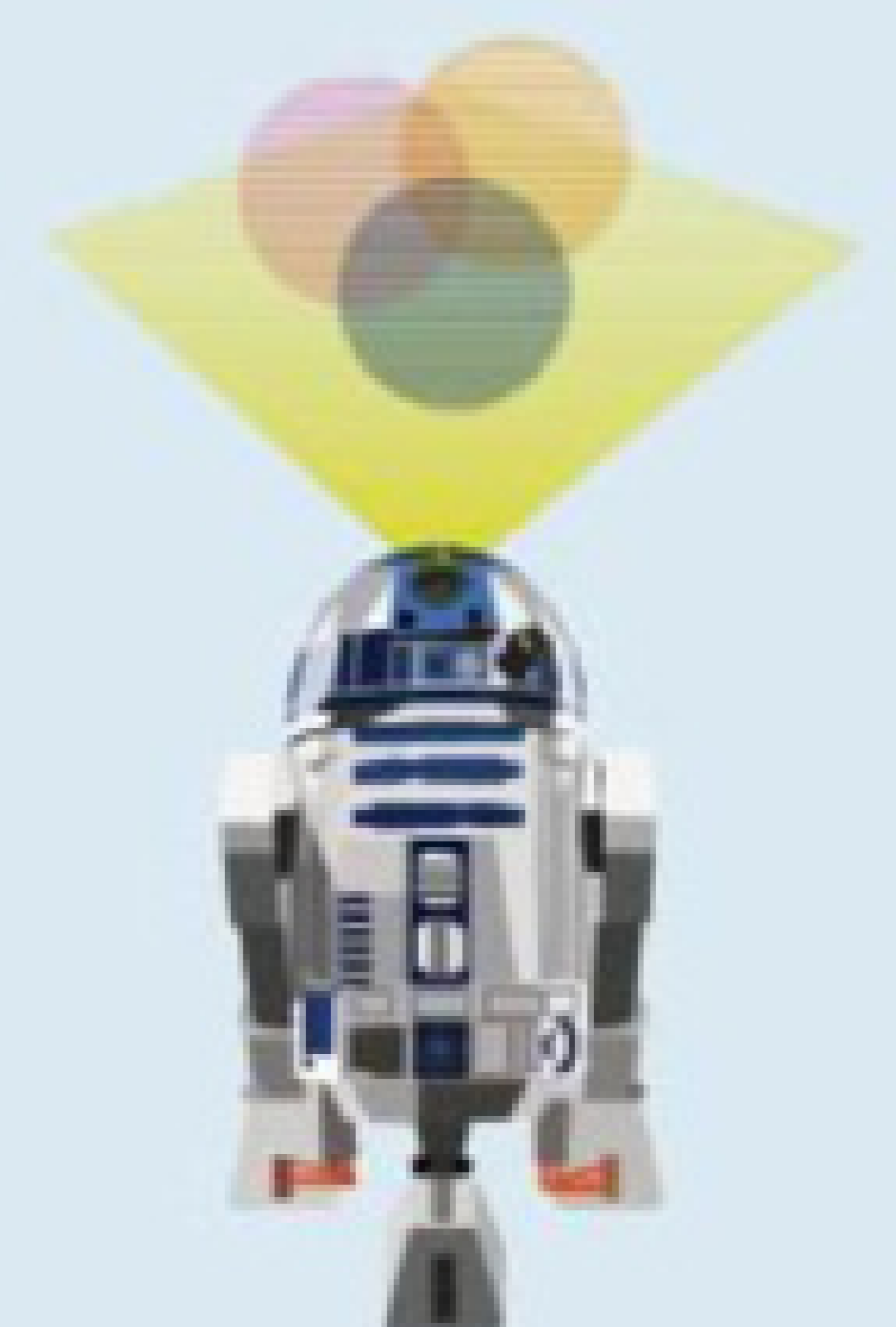
need a faster home broadband connection. To get UHD on phones, 5G is 1,000 times faster than 4G, but right now it's available in only a few places, including South Korea.

For video games you can rig a PC with souped-up graphics cards to play in 4K. However, not many offerings are truly ready for the format. UHDTVs try to make up for that with something called upscaling. It looks better, but it's not the same as true UHD. Still, give the graphically intense console version of *The Witcher 3* a try on your new UHDTV. You'll be impressed. ■

USE YOUR ILLUSION

→ Holography is the Holy Grail of television. The technology lets 3-D images pop out of the screen and hang in the air without the need for viewer glasses. It's a game changer, and MIT scientists are working on TV prototypes. The key is a chip that can produce enough pixels, and researchers claim their newest is capable of displaying 50 gigapixels per second, roughly the equivalent of 500 HDTVs.

While 3-D overlays two images to give the appearance of depth, holography bends projected light to simulate real-life objects. The advantage of holographic images is that they are viewable from any angle, whereas 3-D images need to be seen straight on. Holography is coming. IO2 Technology's Heliodisplay is currently being used in advertising, but sadly, a consumer TV is a decade or more away.



NOW HEAR THIS: DOLBY ATMOS

→ Atmos is the new buzzword for seriously juiced surround sound. If you've seen *Gravity* or *The Hunger Games: Catching Fire*, you've already

experienced its richness. Previously, sound engineers had to mix a scene's audio and then spread it across separate channels. Atmos allows them to treat each sound element (e.g., a flying helicopter) individually and move it around, even over and

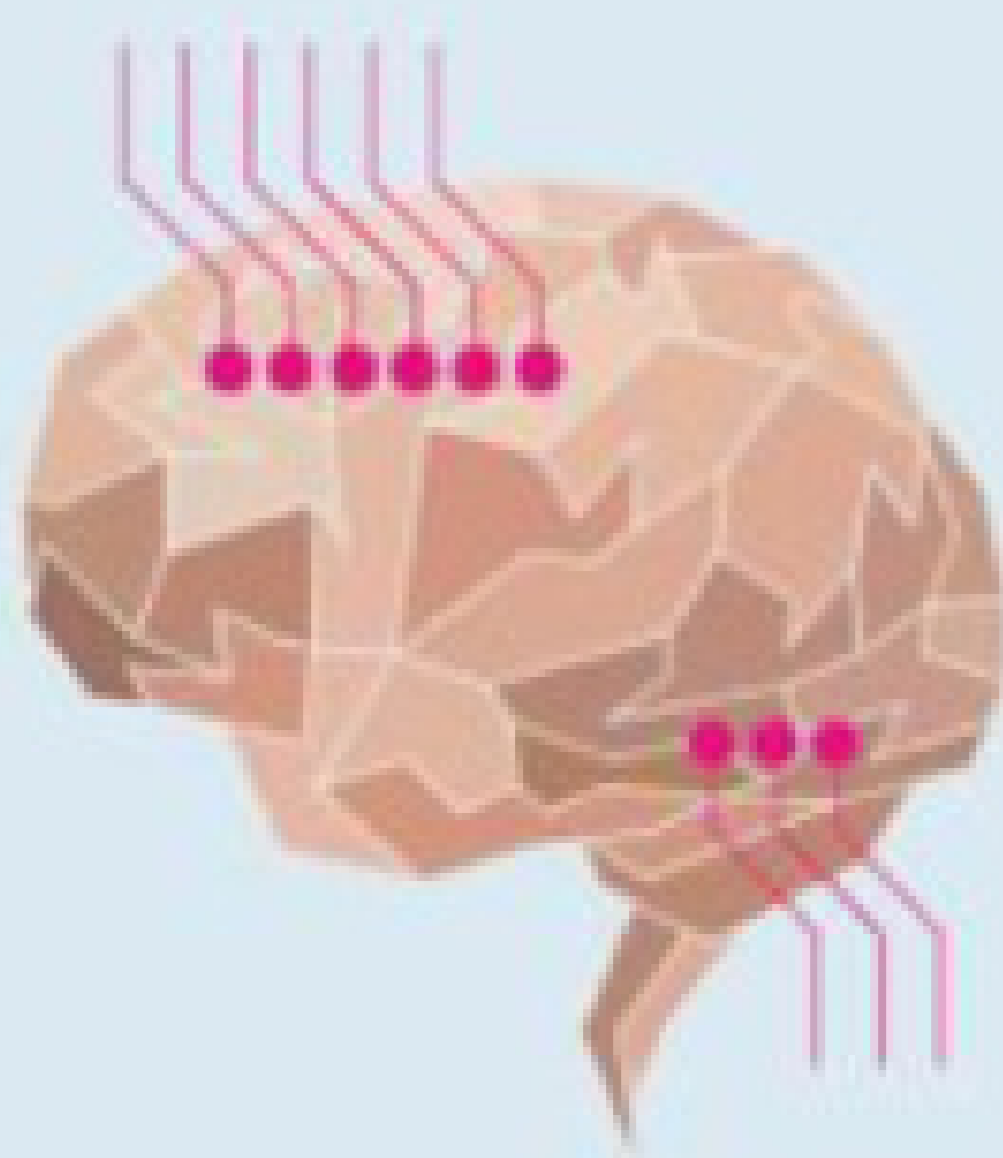


under, a listener. Better yet, Atmos scales down from cinemas to average laptop speakers and devices such as Amazon's 8.9-inch Kindle Fire HDX tablet. Outfitting a fine home theater isn't cheap, though. Yamaha's Aventage AV receiver is \$2,000

without speakers. Stores offer a \$5,000 Pioneer Elite package including a receiver, speakers and installation. At least Atmos works with your existing headphones. Not all media currently use Atmos, but expect it to become standard.

BRAIN GAMES

→ Gaming's next frontier? Your brain. Neuro-gaming uses "transcranial electrical stimulation" sensors to help you control the action and attack postapocalyptic zombies just by thinking about it. The science is based on technology used to treat attention deficit disorder by streaming patients' brainwaves into a computer so they can train for better control and concentration. NeuroSky's MidWave



headset (\$80) connects to your PC and features a forehead band that measures, via brainwaves, your response to meditation applications, concentration tests and learning games, including math drills and word searches. Our favorite app? *Throw Trucks With Your Mind*, a quirky animated game that lets players pick up crates, trucks and other objects and hurl them without lifting a finger—in the real world or the virtual one. Find out more at the NeuroGaming Conference in San Francisco (May 5-7).

GET REAL

THE DOOR TO VIRTUAL REALITY IS FINALLY OPEN

Ever since *Tron*, we've been begging to get into the game. We finally can, thanks to a leap in virtual-reality technology. Pop on the Oculus Rift headset and you're immersed in games, movies and more in stereoscopic 3-D sense-surrounding 1080p HD. The key is custom tracking technol-

ogy that responds to your head movement, allowing you to look around the virtual world in real time without the latency (the time lag between moving-image updates) that plagued previous attempts at virtual reality. Driving games work particularly well, and horror simulator *If a Tree Screams in the Forest* is creepy enough to make you

jump when you hear a scream or see blood spatter across the lenses. Game franchises *Half-Life 2*, *Skyrim* and *BioShock* all have Rift test versions.

First funded by a Kickstarter campaign and then purchased by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg for \$2 billion, Oculus got big quickly—some say too quickly. Crescent Bay, the company's fourth headset prototype, has a seven-inch screen, extra LEDs for 360-degree tracking and removable headphones. Beyond games, Rift and similar tools could have many other applications: Architects could use them to design massive skyscrapers, relaxation enthusiasts could escape with the SoundSelf and Guided Meditation apps, and doctors could practice intricate surgery. Naturally there's talk of porn applications. Oculus is partnering with Samsung (for the less powerful Gear VR, which uses the Galaxy Note 4 as a screen), but competition from Sony's Project Morpheus headset and other upstarts looms. Plus, a copyright-infringement lawsuit may delay Rift's release; if it doesn't, expect an under-\$500 Oculus Rift to hit stores by fall.

Will the world buy it? The last big push for virtual reality, in the 1990s, was a bust, mainly because of dizziness, heavy headsets and rudimentary (read: bad) graphics. If today's VR makers can lighten the headset and eliminate latency, the main cause of dizziness, virtual reality could become the new reality of entertainment. We want in. ■



NOW WEAR THIS: APPLE WATCH

→ This year, tech is moving out of your pocket and onto your body. The Apple Watch can display messages from your iPhone, update Facebook

and access everything from your calendar to Siri. With a workout tracker, a remote camera, Apple Pay and millions of customizable faces, it could become as popular as the iPod. Other companies are betting on wearables too. Google

is pushing its Glass eyewear, and the Moto 360 watch by Motorola runs Android Wear, an adaptation of the operating system. Wearable tech is so hot that Google and others have invested \$542 million in Florida start-up Magic Leap,



which will make "light-weight wearable" glasses to project high-resolution images onto your retina, sans headset. Our favorite wearable: Sensoria Fitness socks, which log your exercises and suggest healthy changes to your technique via an app.

ROBOTIC REVOLUTION

DRIVERLESS CARS, DRONES AND OTHER AUTOMATONS ARE TAKING OVER



Wour car drives you home while a drone delivers the latest microbrew to your doorstep: It could happen. The idea for driverless cars dates back to the Roaring Twenties, when the radio-controlled Linrrican Wonder negotiated Manhattan's busy Fifth Avenue. By 1995 a humanless Mercedes-Benz

S-Class car had traveled 990 miles through Europe, sometimes at 109 miles an hour.

Three years ago Google unveiled a robotic car with an eyelike GPS camera mounted on the roof. By 2014 Google had dozens of driverless prototypes in its clandestine X lab. The vehicles, nicknamed Firefly, use a combination of laser and radar sensors, cam-

eras and GPS to navigate via highly detailed Google Maps, which provide the system with everything from directions to specifics regarding stop signs and curb height. California law now allows the vehicles on its roads for test-driving, but challenges remain: If a stoplight hasn't been mapped, Google's driverless car could miss it.

Engineers will figure it out. Pundits predict 75 percent of cars will be driverless by 2040, and Google claims the cars could eventually cut vehicle-related deaths in half. True, autopilot may be a few years off, but many of the world's car companies plan to include driver-assist technology to reduce accidents—this year. When fully driverless cars do arrive, experts say they'll be so safe you'll sleep peacefully behind the wheel.

Unlike driverless cars, personal drones are already here. Amazon and Google hype their delivery drones for bringing stuff to your home. Jeff Bezos hopes Amazon's fleet will deliver to your door within 30 minutes after you place an order. While the FAA considers regulations, drones are already being used to take wedding videos, help paparazzi spy and film such blockbusters as *Skyfall*. Want your own? Ready-to-fly models such as the IRIS+ now cost under \$800, and prices will likely drop. As many as 1,500 different models are being made to accommodate the needs of detectives, oceanographers, real estate agents and would-be pilots. Soon to come: Nixie, a tiny wearable model you launch from your wrist. ■

DRONE ON

→ Are drones music to your ears? Former Velvet Underground musician John Cale (pictured) loves their buzzing and humming. Cale partnered with London architect Liam Young for a project involving ambient sounds and robotic aircraft. The production, called *LOOP>>60Hz*, features Cale performing selections from his catalog of more than four



decades of experimental music while Young and a collection of pilots direct a fleet of drones above the audience (seated beneath a precautionary safety net). The drones, decorated in everything from disco balls, mix with the lights and occasionally drop glitter on the crowd. Cale described it as "a bleak tapestry of unholy noises," but it also undeniably addresses the ubiquity of drones.

NOW DRIVE THIS: TESLA MODEL S

→ Tesla was expected to announce a fully autonomous car last fall. Company founder Elon Musk claims the carmaker has the technology but

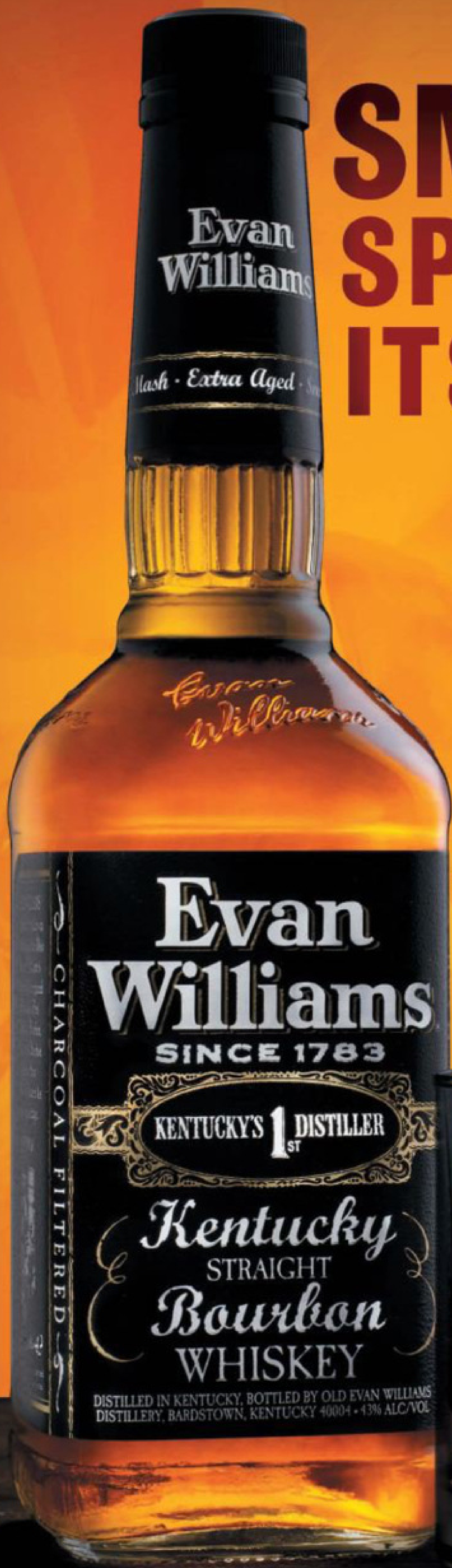
won't roll it out completely yet. Instead, the \$69,900 electric Tesla Model S will have robotic capabilities that surpass what Jaguar, Lexus and Mercedes have touted. The \$4,250 upgrade option will add autopilot features using 12 long-

range ultrasonic sensors capable of searching 16 feet around the vehicle. The sensors can cut through rain and fog to help prevent the car from straying outside lines, handle auto-parking duty and read speed-limit signs to stay within the

law. It also changes lanes via the turn signal. Once the Model S learns your regular parking spot—say, your garage—it can self-park after you get out. Musk also hinted at the opposite: having the car pull out of the garage and wait for you to get in.




SMOOTHNESS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

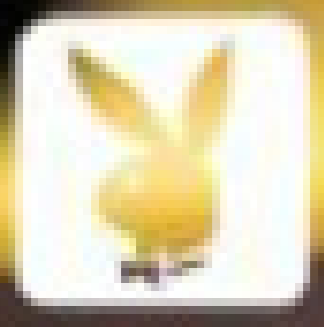


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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

THE GAMBLER

By Stephen Rebello

• Don't bet that *The Gambler*, a new drama starring Mark Wahlberg, Brie Larson, Jessica Lange and John Goodman, will turn out to be exactly the movie you expect. Scripted by William Monahan, it's a remake of the gritty, well-remembered 1974 film—loosely based on a Fyodor Dostoyevsky novel—starring James Caan as a literature professor who goes to hell in a handbasket for his spiraling obsession with living on the edge. "It's not about gambling or addiction but about an overdog who wants to become an

underdog—a guy from a Waspy blue-blooded family who chooses gambling to shed his skin and begin again," says director Rupert Wyatt of his new version. "Bill Monahan's writing is Shakespearean in a way, heightened, rarefied, verbose and requiring extraordinary speed that not all actors can wrap their mouths around. Mark responded brilliantly. He shape-shifted into the character. He wanted to challenge himself, and so did I. This movie rides the edge and harks back to a more freewheeling, character-driven and theme-driven kind of storytelling. It's as far from a big studio movie as a contemporary film can get."



KINGSMAN: THE SECRET SERVICE

Comic book genius Mark Millar watches his work take on a new life



Q: You've called the movies made from your graphic novels *Wanted* and *Kick-Ass* "\$100 million ads for my books." Is *Kingsman: The Secret Service* another ad for the comic book on which it's based?

A: My expectations were high for *Secret Service*, but the director, Matthew Vaughn, has surpassed them. He's done his best movie so far.

Q: What's it like seeing your comic book adapted for the big screen?

A: There's something *Being John Malkovich* about walking around sets that once existed only behind my eyeballs. Comics are my passion, but it's lovely to see a comic having another life.

Q: The movie has some recognizable faces in it, including Colin Firth, Samuel L. Jackson and Mark Hamill. Did fans question any of the casting choices?

A: The big one is Taron Egerton. Egerton is the heart of the movie. When I saw his audition, my mind was blown. I don't think he even had an agent, which I'm sure Matthew was delighted about, because he probably got him for \$20.—S.R.

BLU-RAY OF THE MONTH

LUCY

By David Reddish

• As the titular character, Scarlett Johansson plays a woman exposed to a mind-expanding drug that enables her to read minds, move objects telekinetically and mentally time travel. A worldwide chase involving the mob, Korean gangs and the ubiquitous Morgan Freeman ensues, with Johansson delivering the goods in both the action and the cleavage departments. Director Luc Besson brings the same flair that made *The Fifth Element* a cult hit. **Best extra:** See how to use 100 percent of your brain in the *Cerebral Capacity: The True Science of Lucy* featurette. 🍌🍌🍌



TEASE FRAME

Jessica Chastain

→ Jessica Chastain made an intoxicating addition to *Lawless* (pictured), in which she gets mixed up with moonshine in Prohibition-era Virginia. See the Oscar nominee next opposite Oscar Isaac in the crime drama *A Most Violent Year*.



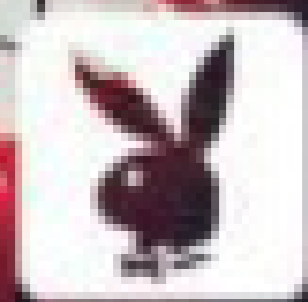
NETFLIX

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MUST-WATCH TV

EMPIRE

By Josef Adalian

• At one point in the first episode of Lee Daniels's spectacularly sudsy hip-hop soap opera, drug dealer turned music mogul Lucious Lyon (Terrence Howard) takes his toddler son outside and, literally, throws the kid

in the trash. At this moment you realize the *Precious* director has no use for subtlety: He designed *Empire* to be Fox's answer to the twisty turns of ABC's *Scandal* (let's call it the unstoppable Shonda Rhimes effect), but he has also added a dash of *Dynasty*. Like Aaron Spelling's 1980s classic, *Empire* is obsessed with family politics. Faced with a health crisis, Lucious pits his three sons against one another in a war to

succeed him, even as his just-out-of-prison ex-wife Cookie (Taraji P. Henson) arrives with her own (self-serving) ideas about the future of the company. Oscar nominees Henson and Howard, so good together in *Hustle & Flow*, remain electric here, and the sizzling soundtrack by Timbaland adds authenticity. Despite detours into camp, *Empire* is often compelling—and never boring. ★★★

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

POM POM

By Rob Tannenbaum

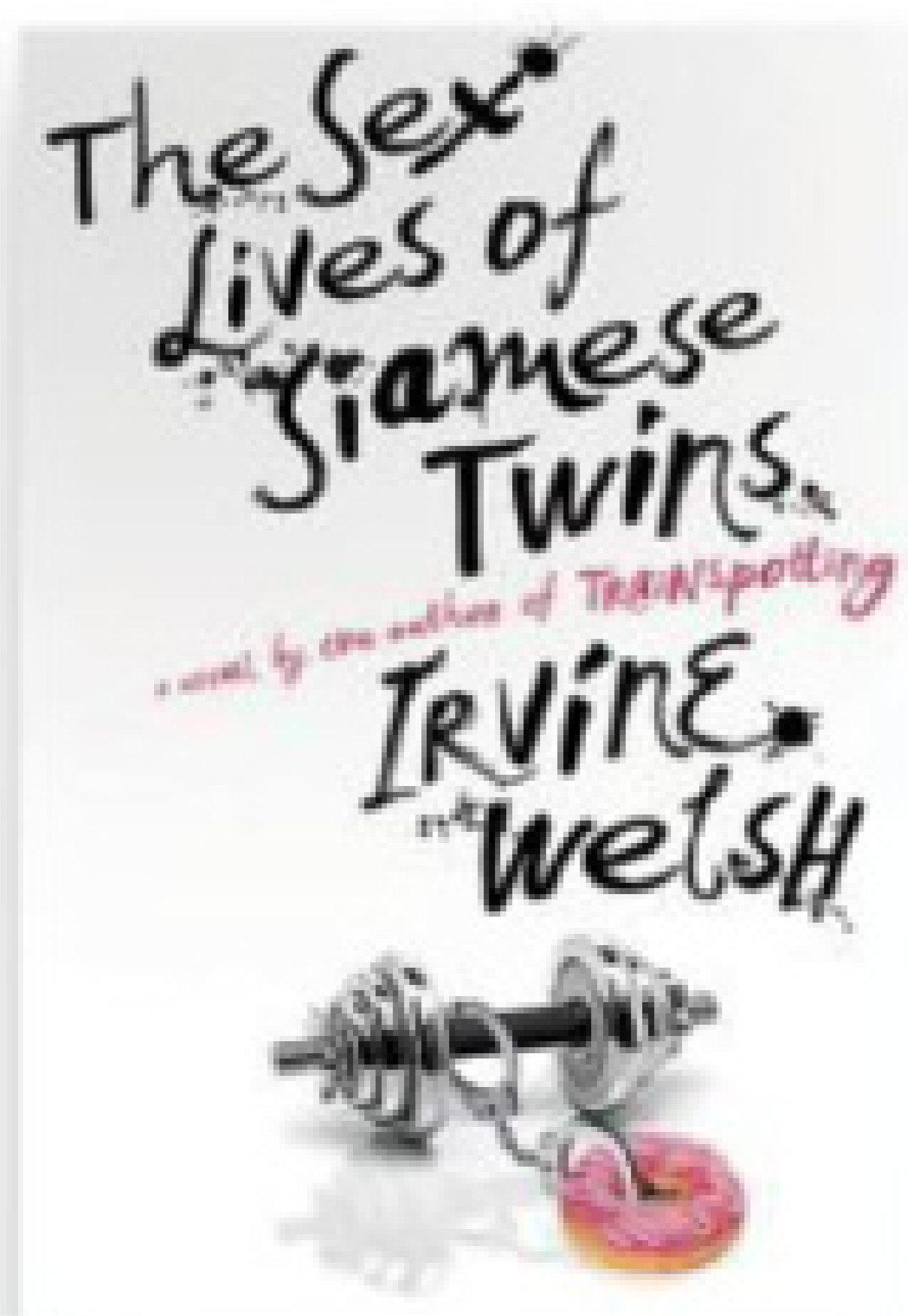
• Making fun of Madonna stopped being clever around 1992, but Ariel Pink (pictured below) did it recently, claiming he'd been beseeched to write songs for her so she could be "edgy" again. Although Pink has proven himself a douchebag and a troll, we're awed by the daffy daring of his new 17-track album, *pom pom*, which sounds like what we imagine a full-blown manic episode feels like. In a gray baritone, Pink sings about cheerful nonsense: lipstick, freckles, mannequins, Jell-O, nude beaches, iPhones, women's underwear and whatever else strays into his childish mind. He laces his lo-fi music, which sounds like 1980s electro-pop recorded by elves on an Atari ST, with stops and starts, sound effects, voice-mail messages and other interruptions. In "Black Ballerina" he goes to a strip club and grabs the breasts of a dancer, who tells him off. As usual, he had it coming. ★★★



BOOK OF THE MONTH

SEX LIVES OF SIAMESE TWINS

By Cat Auer



• No one writes about unhealthy coping mechanisms with the same exuberant excess as Irvine Welsh, best known for *Trainspotting*. His latest novel, set in Miami's sleazy, sexy South Beach, has hard-

ass fitness trainer Lucy Brennan conquering flesh—in the gym and elsewhere—and constantly exercising to exorcise her demons. When control freak Lucy decides to whip into shape "chunkoid" Lena, her artsy opposite number, the training regimen soon skews to a kinky extreme. As a tale of quarreling conjoined twins unfolds in the background, paralleling Lucy and Lena's relationship, the power balance swings unexpectedly. Endlessly energetic and entertaining. ★★★



GAME OF THE MONTH

CALL OF DUTY: ADVANCED WARFARE

By Jason Buhrmester

• Shooter games replayed World War II for years with no exit strategy in sight until *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare* took the fight to the future. The latest in the series, *Call of Duty: Advanced Warfare* (PC, PS3, PS4, Xbox 360, Xbox One) goes even further, landing in 2054, after a terrorist attack has leveled society. Players join up with a powerful military contractor (voiced by

Kevin Spacey) to restore democracy. The futuristic military tech involves exoskeletons capable of leaping and scaling walls—handy when jumping onto moving buses in Lagos to take out a target. But the real action is in new multiplayer modes, including Momentum and Recovery. Hop into an armored mech and show them how advanced warfare can get. ★★★



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THE BITTER TRUTH

• Studies show that very bitter tastes (such as grapefruit) can actually make you feel hostile.



GOOD VIBES

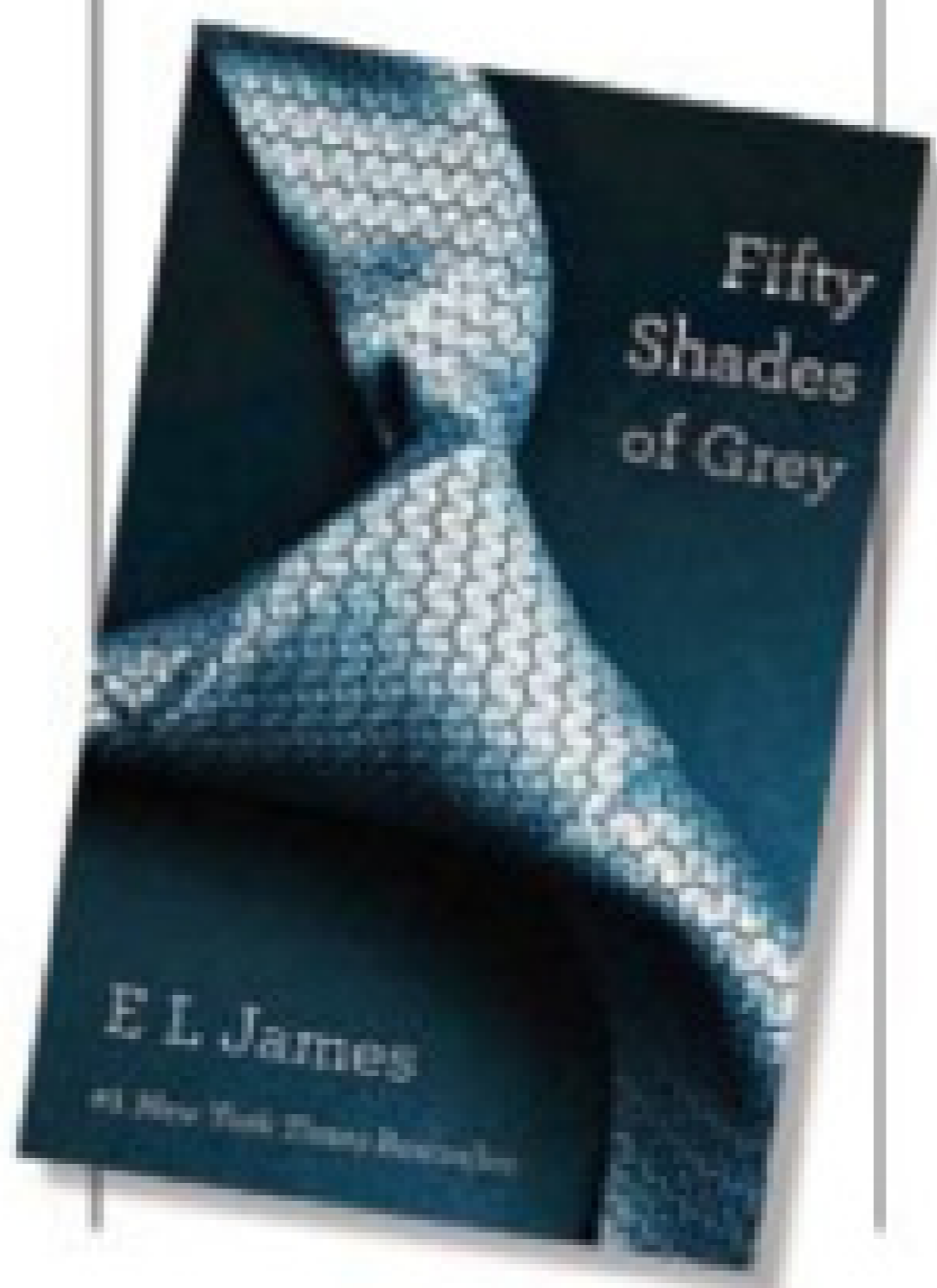
70% of Americans believe positive thinking can affect outcomes, according to a YouGov survey.

MOST WANTED

• If a suspect wanted by the police resembled a co-worker, 60% of respondents would call authorities; 44% would call if the suspect resembled a friend, and 32% would call if the suspect resembled their parent, according to an Economist poll.

KINK IN THE ROAD

• Women who have read *Fifty Shades of Grey* report stronger sexual desires than those who have not.



\$37,000

How much a pair of Willie Nelson's braids sold for at auction. The braids were originally a gift to Waylon Jennings in honor of his sobriety.

35% 41%

SAFE OR SORRY

• Percent of survey respondents who said they always use a condom during sex: 35%
Percent of respondents who did not use a condom the last time they had sex: 41%



PUNCH THE CLOCK

Studies show the mere presence of a clock may hamper creativity.



SHAKE IT OFF

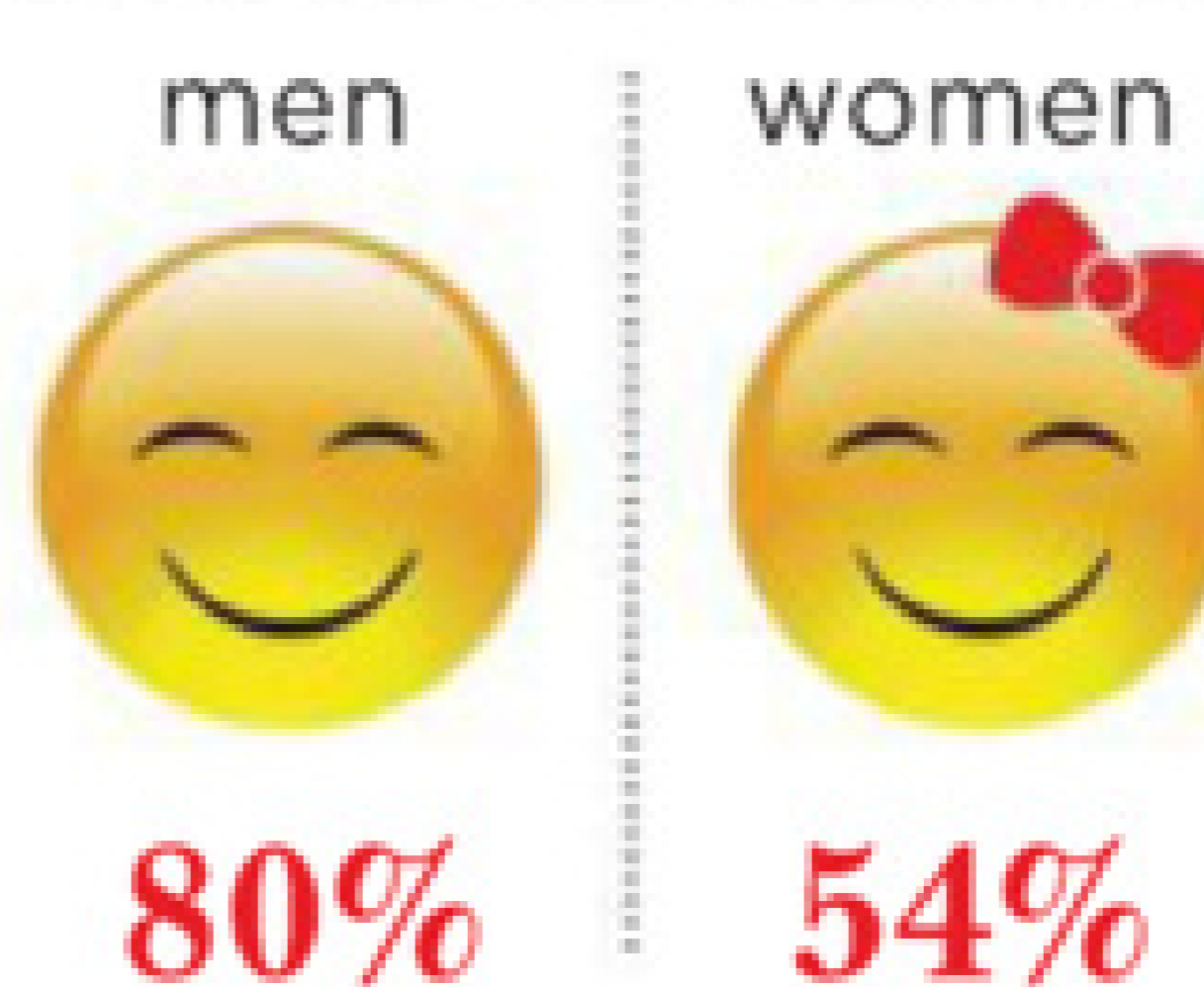
A handshake transfers twice as many germs as a high-five and up to 20 times as many as a fist bump.



BEWARE THE OVER-SHARE

• A survey found that 34% of respondents "would consider unfollowing or blocking their Facebook friends for posting too many vacation photos."

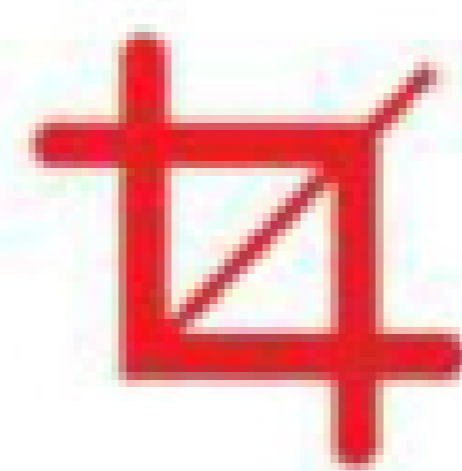
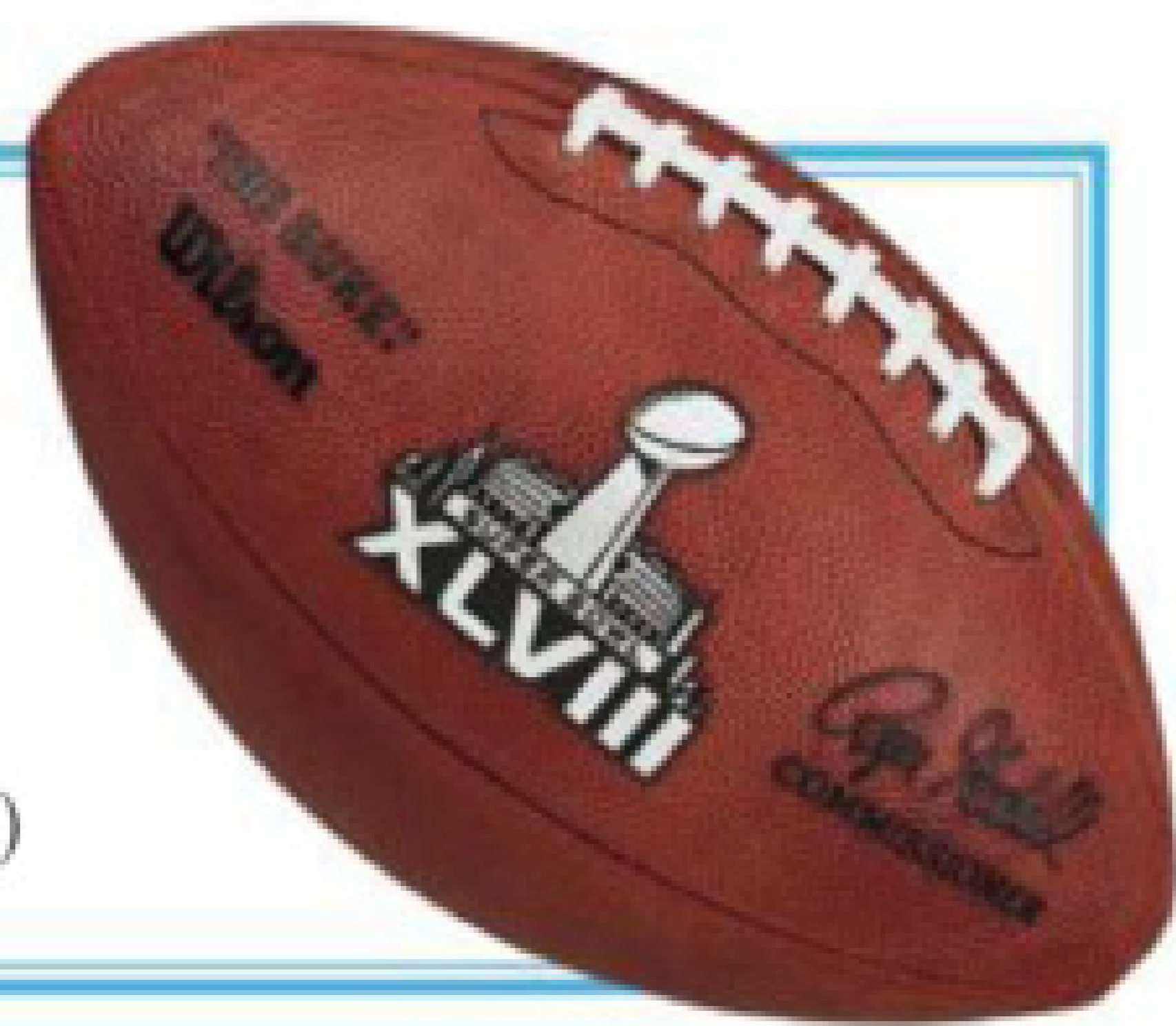
NO REGRETS



80% of men had overall positive feelings the morning after a one-night stand, compared with 54% of women, according to a Durham University study.

ON THE BALL

Number of game balls used during the 2014 Super Bowl: 120 (including 12 kicker balls)



26% of Americans crop their social media photos to hide body parts they're embarrassed about.

SWING AND A MISS

• MLB umpires have expanded the strike zone by 35 square inches for right-handers and 30 square inches for lefties since 2007, according to a University of Florida study, resulting in fewer runs scored.



EDITORS PREFER LESBIANS

Front pages announcing that gay marriage could proceed in certain states were nearly 10 times more likely to use a photo of lesbians than gay men to illustrate the news.





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MADE-UP MAN

IS MALE VANITY ABOUT TO TAKE A BOLD NEW TURN? THE ANSWER MAY MAKE YOU BLUSH

The second time I ever met my PLAYBOY editor over lunch he kept telling me how young I looked. It was deeply creepy—creepier even than his suggestion that I write a long article in which I get trained to perform a bris, or, as he pitched the story in a follow-up e-mail, “Joel adrift in a sea of tiny penises.”

Then I remembered: I was wearing makeup. I had come from an appearance on CNN and they’d run out of wipes, so I went straight to our lunch with powder caked on my face. Maybe concealer too; I don’t know all the terms. But apparently the stuff worked, even off-camera. My skin was even, smooth and blemish-free. I looked good to a man who looked at airbrushed models all day.

Which is why, in the not too distant future, men will start to wear makeup all the time. I figured this out when a dermatologist told me the most important thing I could do is put moisturizer with sunscreen in it on my face every morning. When he recommended a specific brand, he warned me it had “a little tint in it.” What he meant was it had “a bunch of makeup in it.”

And now that some dudes are using a little tint, the rest of us have to too, whether we want to or not. Look, I don’t want to put on makeup any more than you do, but we men are highly susceptible to peer pressure. I didn’t want to play fantasy sports. I didn’t want to lift weights. I don’t want to wear those ball-strangling skinny jeans either. I sure as hell don’t want to wear a tie. But this shift is inevitable unless we band together to fight metrosexuality. Though honestly, the only thing that seems to work against metrosexuality is sharia law, and I’d rather dip my head in a bucket of Lady Gaga’s mascara than masturbate to nothing but a woman’s eyes.

It’s already happening. Sephora has eight items on its site under “male makeup.” Tom Ford put out a men’s



VIDHYA NAGARAJAN

line last year. Mēnaji—which names its man makeup manly things such as CAMO Concealer, packages it in manly ChapStick-like containers and mails it in manly cigar boxes—has been worn by regular dudes including Tom Hanks, Tim McGraw and Neil Young. In South Korea “flower men” such as soccer star Ahn Jung-hwan use and endorse makeup for guys. If we’re willing to take that “Gangnam Style” song from Korea, we’re definitely taking their grooming trends. A men’s manicure and pedicure shop in L.A. called Hammer & Nails is decorated with a punching bag, a rusted car grille, flatscreens showing ESPN and, I’m guessing, the pumped-in smell of farts.

Sure, putting on makeup sounds crazy, but if I told you in 1995 that you would one day be trimming your pubes, you would have thought I was a gay-porn producer in hiring mode. If you told your great-great-grandfather you wore deodorant, he would have mocked you for being a perfume-wearing pretty boy. If you got in a time machine and told your ancestors from 3,000 years ago that you shaved your face, they would have beaten you with a club and enslaved you. Or you would have disrupted the space-time continuum and your image would have disappeared from photographs. I have no idea how time travel works.

We put so many different kinds of gunk in our hair that it’s weird we don’t fix our faces. All those powdered-wig guys wore rouge a few centuries ago, and our looks are way more impor-

tant now. Even if a guy doesn’t post selfies—and he shouldn’t—more images are taken of him in a month than were taken of Henry VIII in his entire lifetime. Your Tinder photos compete with filters and Photoshop, so it’s crazy you don’t start by covering your zits. People look so much better with makeup that *Us Weekly* magazine devotes several pages to female celebrities who’ve been caught without it. “Stars Without Makeup” is what men look like all the time. Our skin is exactly the same as women’s. We’re operating at 10 percent of our potential. If someone figured out that putting makeup on our dicks made them look an inch bigger, we’d all have urinary tract infections.

I’m not talking about putting on eyeliner like Adam Lambert or Russell Brand, or turning yourself into a bronze statue like John Boehner. I’m also not talking about giving yourself red lips and cheeks, which are designed to make women look like

they’re orgasming and make men look like women who are orgasming. I simply mean putting a little bit of stuff on your face to get rid of zits, wrinkles, redness and shine. Anchorman makeup. This isn’t the stuff of vanity that makes people notice you; it’s the opposite, a way of blending in, like an ironed shirt or a properly fitted suit.

So you can either wait to be the last puffy, wrinkly, spotted dude in America, or take advantage of this transitional moment, put on some moisturizer with tint and out-handsome the competition. I know what chicks would do. ■

BY
JOEL
STEIN

GOSSIP GIRLS

THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH INCESSANT GOSSIP IS THAT MEN DON'T APPRECIATE IT

Have you ever had this conversation with your mother/aunt/sister/grandmother? “So, do you remember that girl from first grade/our former neighbor/your old teacher?” You: “Not really.” She: “Of course you remember [insert something you have zero recollection of].” You: “I still have no idea who you’re talking about.” She: “The one who [insert detail you vaguely remember but thought was maybe from a movie].” You: “Oh okay, I guess I know her. Why?” She: “Have you heard? She’s sick/dead/dead to me/divorced/a lottery winner but now bankrupt and fat.” Now, if you’re a man, you’re probably confused by this stroll down memory lane just to hear awful news about someone you’d forgotten existed. But if you’re a woman, you get it. Even though you couldn’t pick the girl you rode the bus to day camp with out of a lineup, you’re glad to know she went through a messy divorce with a man twice her age and got fat. To me, “Have you heard...” is one of the greatest starts to a sentence that a sentence can have. This has gotten me into a lot of trouble over the years.

I once gossiped about someone’s dad being in prison, only to find out I was talking to the man’s daughter. Then I had to backtrack and say it really wasn’t such a big deal and I’m sure he was innocent (he most certainly was not). I’ve dished about who slept with whom, who didn’t sleep with whom and who gave whom a hand job on a wedding-party bus in front of the bride’s family. But I committed my worst gossip faux pas in my early 20s. I kind of...sort of...totally casually implicated someone in a murder. Yes, murder. It wasn’t great. Turns out, nobody wants to be implicated in a murder, even casually. I learned that the hard way when friends of the person I’d implicated called me out and called me names. Also, people love repeating that someone they know could be implicated in a murder. If you mention that someone might be implicated in a murder, it’s going to spread like wildfire. So my

advice is, don’t implicate *anyone* in *any* murders, just to be safe. I felt horrible. I know it’s wrong to gossip. It’s rude, tacky and downright despicable—but so damn irresistible.

Men don’t really gossip. I don’t get it. It’s frustrating, because my guy could go to dinner with a dude who’s in the middle of a juicy breakup and come back and say they just talked about football and work. I mean, come on. Nada? Then I ask questions to sound as though I care (“Do you think he still talks to the woman he had the affair with? I imagine it’s hard for her too. What was her name again?”), but deep down there’s a gossip animal begging to be fed. That’s why every January I resolve to quit. It’s a terrible habit, a dangerous habit. You can hurt people’s feelings. You can spread untrue rumors. You can wrongfully implicate someone in a murder. Gossiping can have emotional, romantic and legal implications you don’t even realize. Your whispering could get an investigation reopened, for example. It makes me feel guilty to think I could cause any of that, but it doesn’t stop me from feeling as though I’m sitting on a diamond mine when I have some information. Because it’s all about information.

Boyfriends have asked me in the past why I love gossip so much. Well, that’s it. Information is social power. You want to be the first to tell someone something. And because other people love it too, it’s currency. But I’m not a bad person,

and I don’t think most gossips are. When we clutch our chests and say “Bless her heart” after finding out someone has diabetes, an infected belly-button piercing or worse, we mean it. We may take an ugly pleasure in spreading the news, but at the root of it, we feel bad. We want to help. We want to send flowers or food or unfriend the ex on Facebook—every little thing helps. Yet we can’t escape the seduction of information. Why do you think celebrity rags sell so well? We want to know the gory details of everyone else’s lives. I would read a *People* magazine just about people I went to high school with!

I think what it comes down to is the things we gossip about are the things we’re worried about happening to us. Disease, death, divorce, tax audits. If something does happen to us, at least it also happened to someone else. The grass isn’t always greener. Maybe their grass was foreclosed on or

their wife had an affair with the guy who mowed it. Other people have problems too. I know people gossip about me. I broke my vagina once; try *not* telling someone that. But I know it’s not great to gossip. I should spend my time doing more productive things, like reading the classics or falling asleep during the movie versions of them. This year is the year. I’m resolved! I’m really going to try to stop the gossip for good.

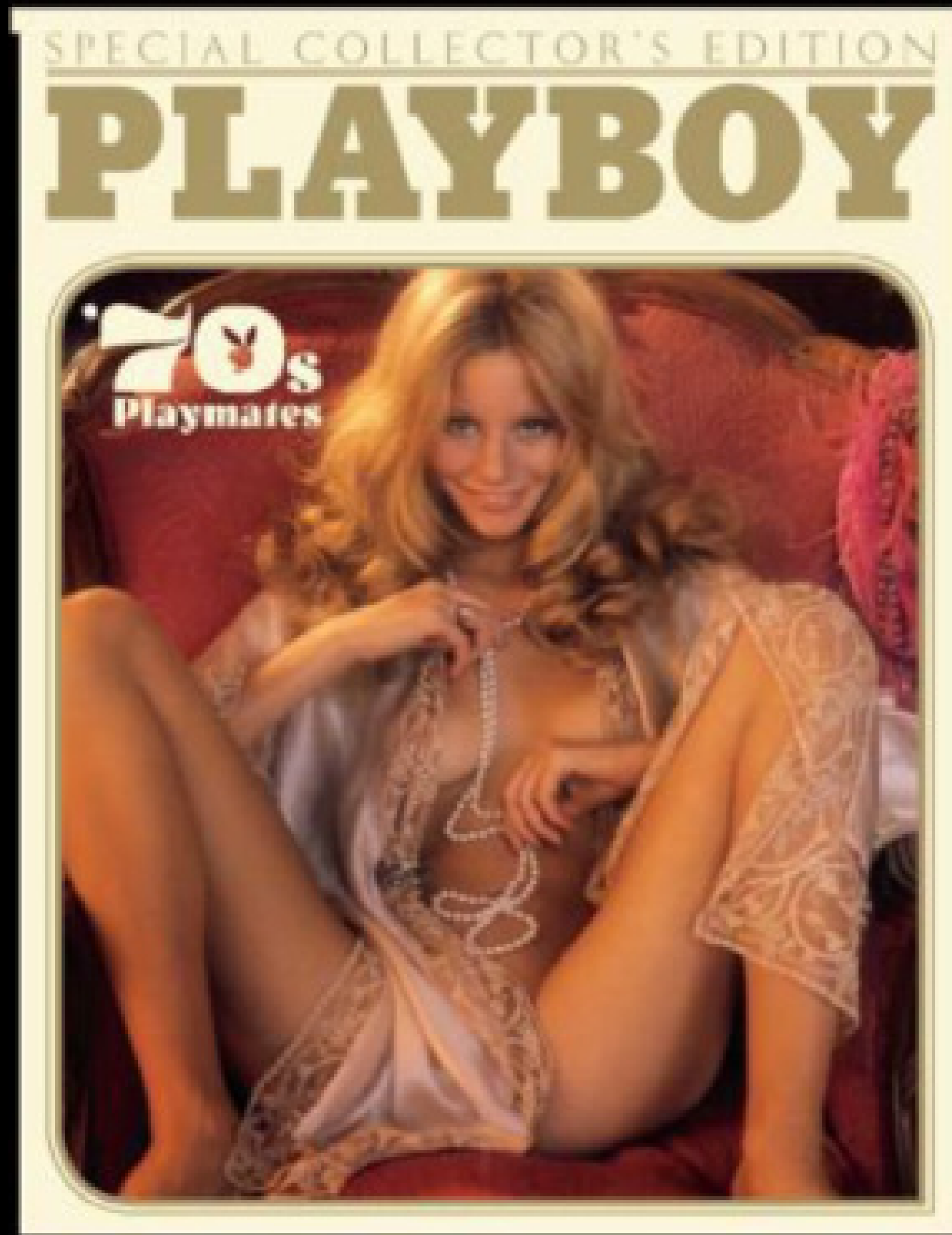
But real quick before I do, I’d like to point out that nobody was ever arrested for that murder...just saying. ■

BY
HILARY
WINSTON

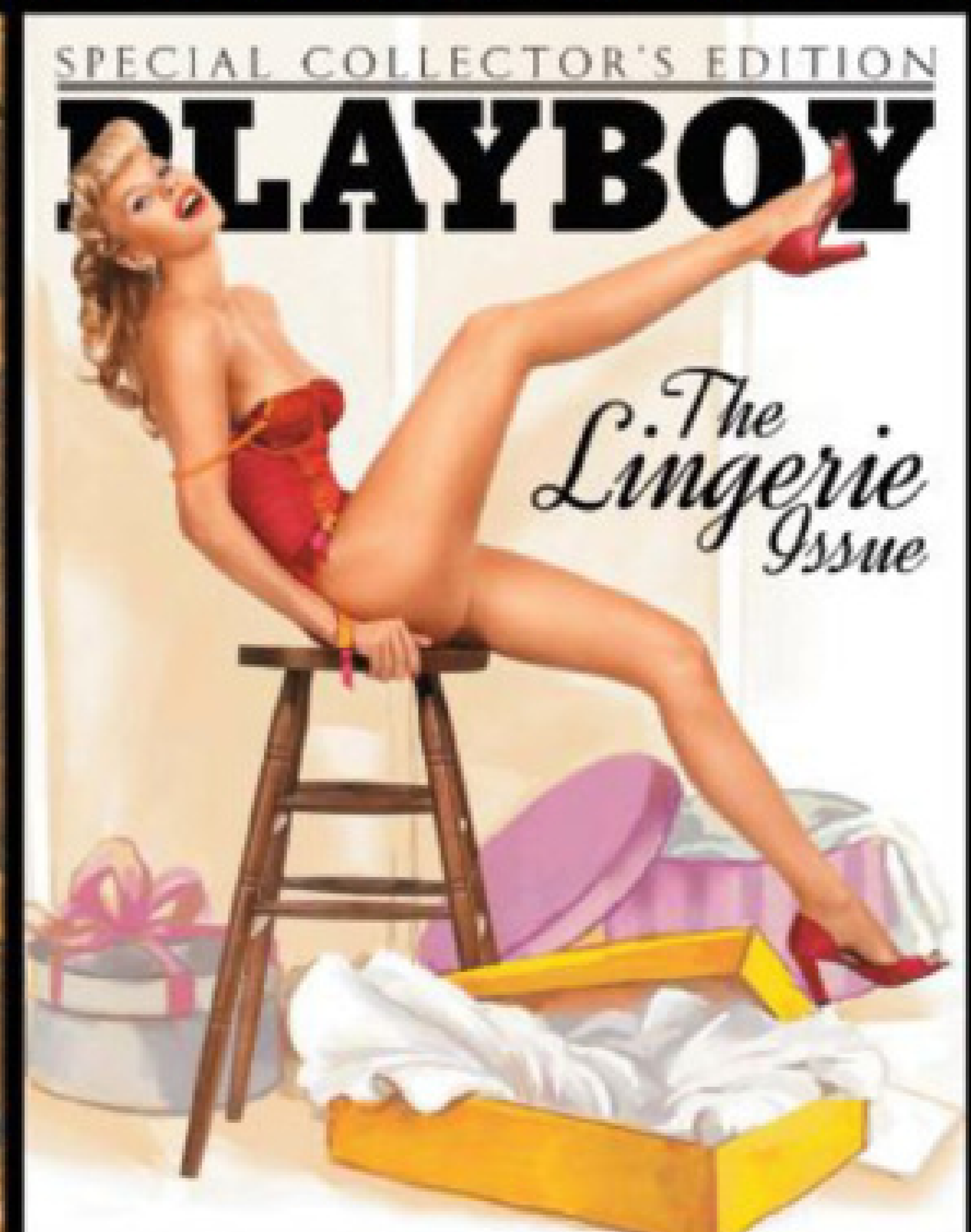
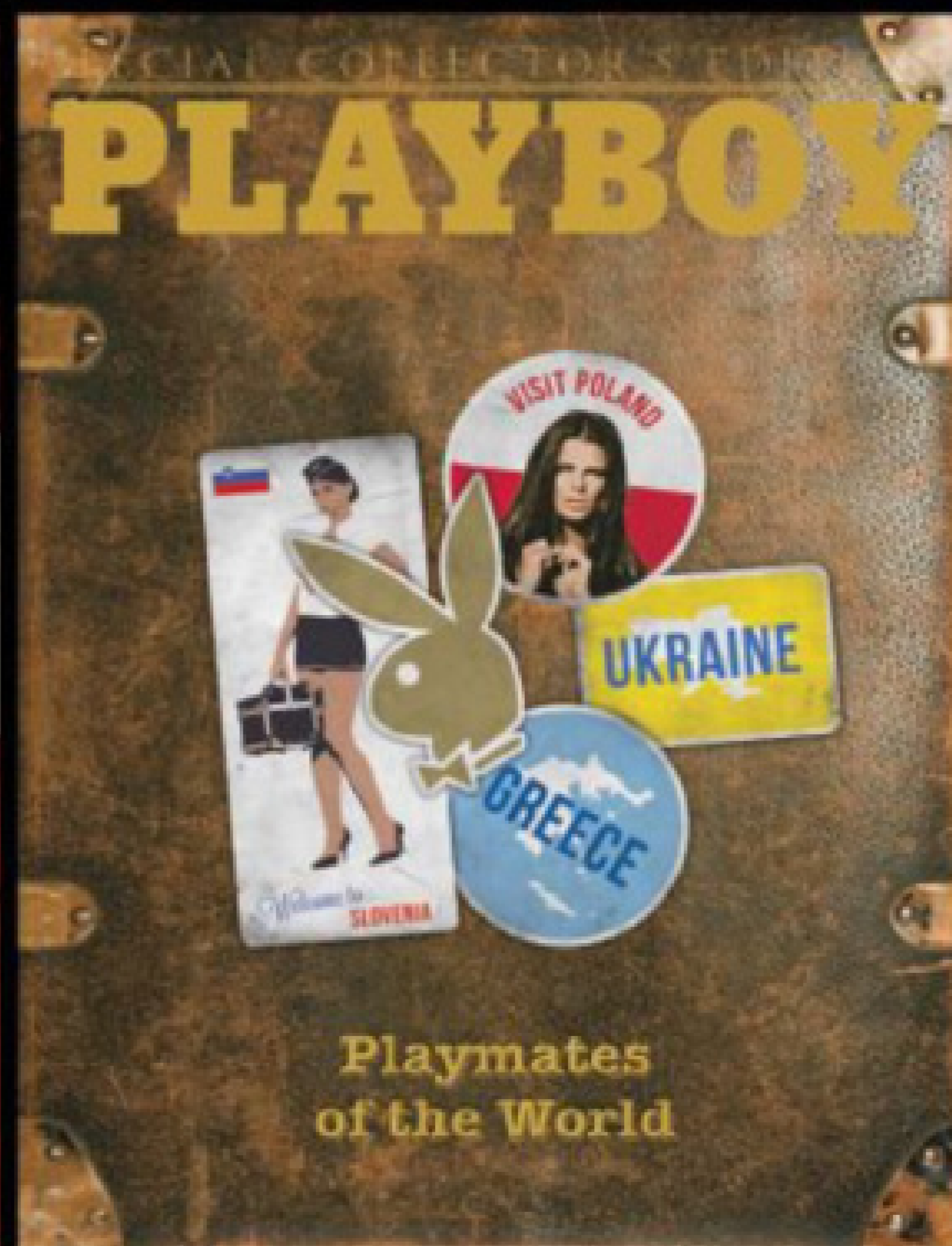
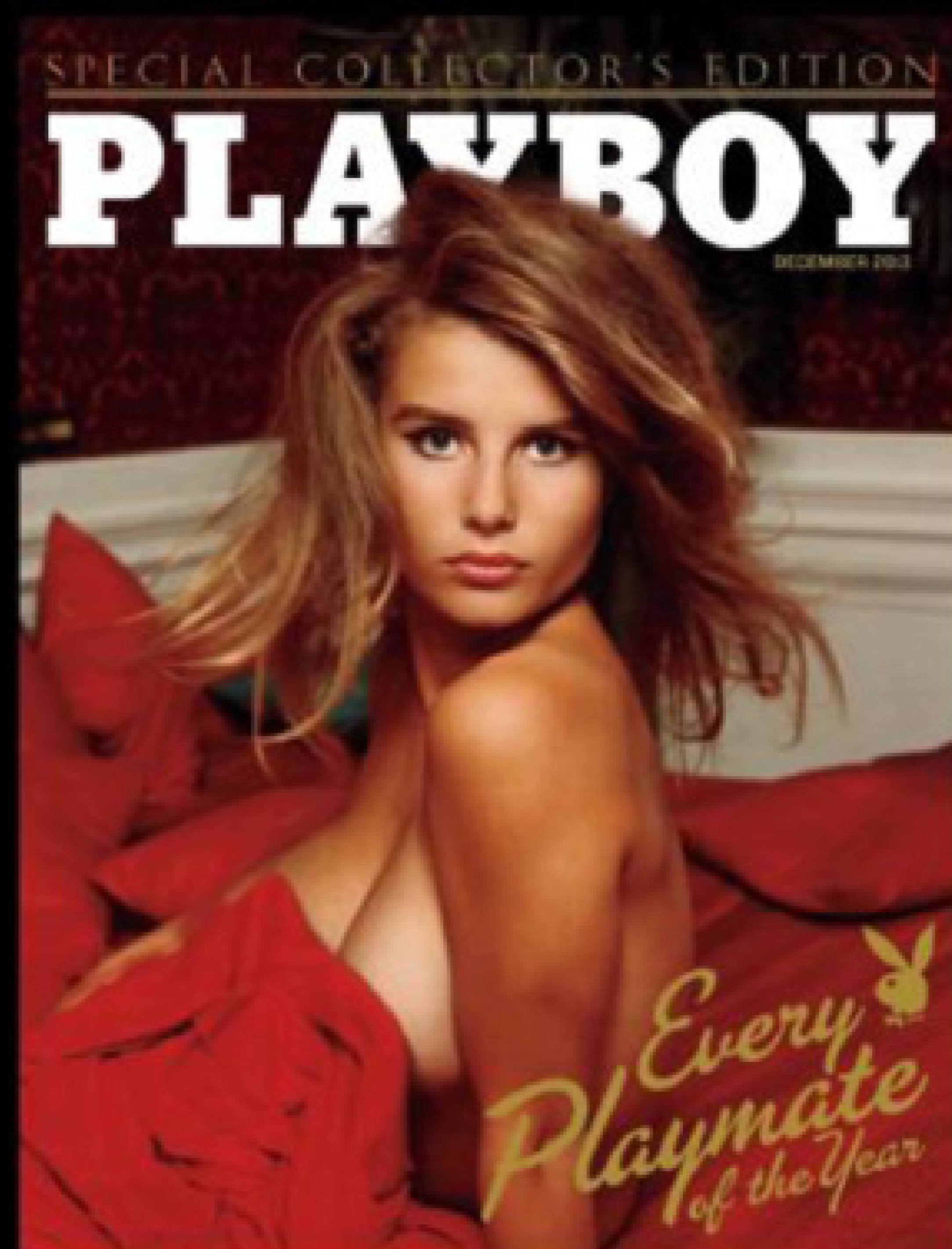
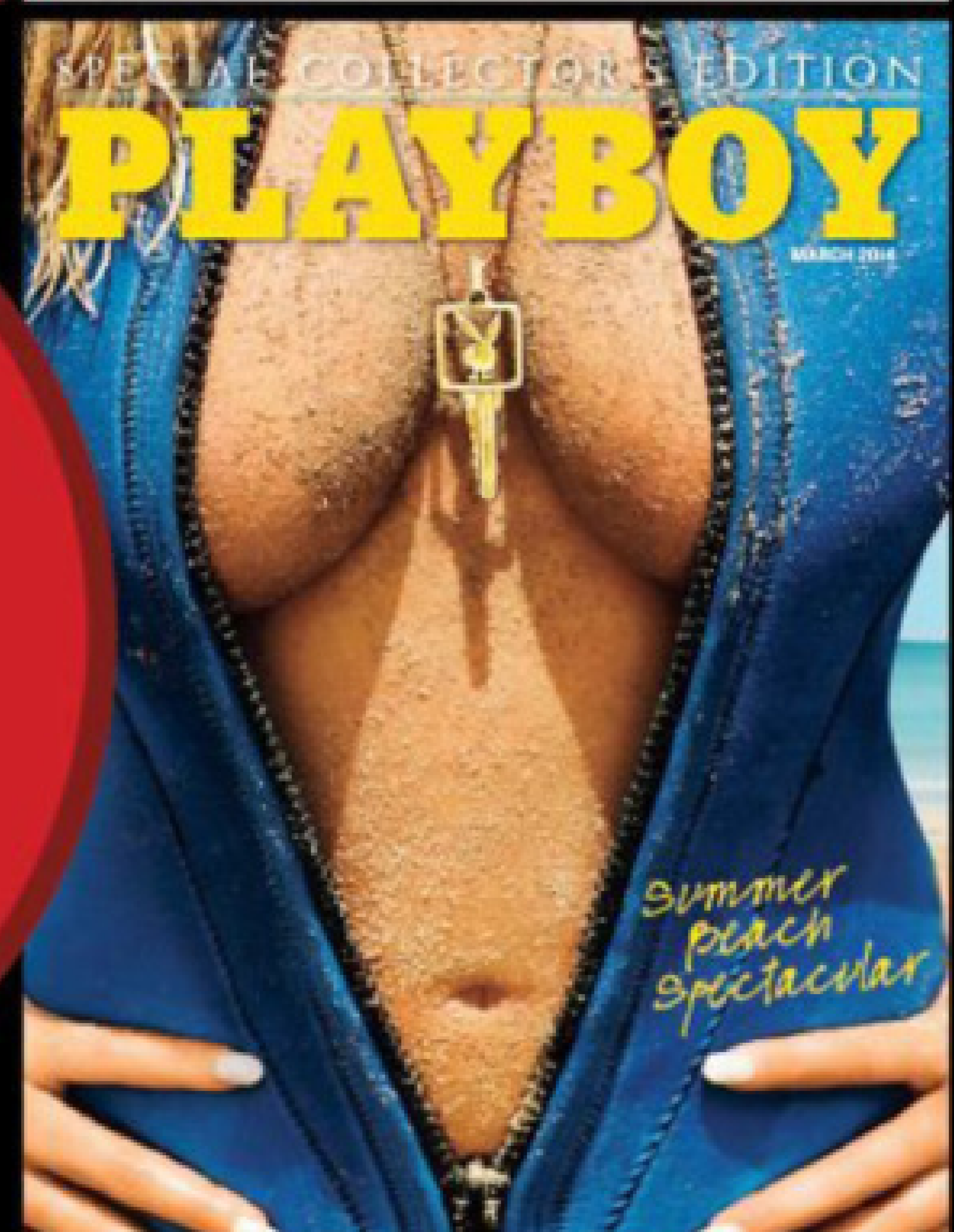


PLAYBOY'S

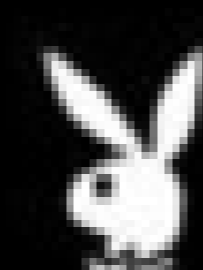
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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have been married for more than two decades, and she has had increasing trouble getting wet. We started to use lube during sex, which gave us a bonus thrill: I got into the habit of going down on her and using my tongue to spread the gel around and lube up my fingers before inserting them into her vagina. Once while we were engaging in this foreplay, I put my lubed finger near her ass and she started to moan, so I inserted my finger and she went wild with excitement. This became part of our foreplay routine, with my wife climaxing intensely whenever I inserted my finger into her anus. We've graduated to anal sex and have it at least once a month. Why is anal stimulation causing her intense climaxes now? Second, I've heard anal sex can be bad for your health. Could our bedroom practices be causing our bodies harm?—B.R., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Congratulations on finding a new way to enjoy sex together at this stage in your relationship. And kudos to you both that you're on the same page regarding anal sex. Let's put your lucky discovery into perspective. You have stumbled upon the pleasures of the "taint," slang for what is otherwise known as the perineum. It's a nerve-packed pleasure center that, as the slang suggests, ain't the vagina and it ain't the anus. When you finger your wife's anus, in addition to putting pressure on the perineum, you're also stimulating the entire clitoral complex, which extends far beyond the visible external portion of the clitoris and deep into the vaginal cavity. Inserting a penis in the anus can also put pressure on the clitoral complex. As for your health concerns, as long as you're gentle and sufficiently lubricated, you'll be fine. You could wear a condom to protect yourself from potential urinary tract infections, and to protect your wife you should refrain from following anal with vaginal sex. The fact that you're using gel and have anal sex only once a month, and that your wife isn't experiencing any pain or discomfort, leads us to believe you're doing it the right way. And you might be interested to know you're on trend: Studies show that heterosexual anal sex is on the upswing. See the question below for further proof that we're having a bit of an anal moment.

Can you suggest a good prostate massager? I'm looking for a product that has been recommended by a real doctor, is made in the U.S. (FDA approval would



SKIP STERLING

I'm a newly widowed 40-year-old man and also visually impaired. I'm ready to date, but this is the first time I will be trying as a blind man. Once upon a time I was accustomed to using eye contact to know when a woman might be interested. What do you suggest I do when it comes to flirting?—K.F., San Diego, California

There's no surefire trick beyond becoming a sensitive listener and upping your verbal charm. But even for the sighted it can be tough to pick someone up out in the real world, especially when it seems as though every other single person in the bar is waiting for a date they found online or through an app. Rather than try to work around this, embrace technology. Dating4Disabled.com is one option, as is the immensely popular dating site OkCupid, which can pair you with both sighted and blind potential matches.

be nice) and is safe. Are there any proven health benefits to prostate massage, or is everything I've read on the internet junk science intended to get me to buy something?—M.R., Austin, Texas

Some alternative-medicine professionals believe prostate massage may alleviate the pain suffered by men with prostatitis (that is, an inflamed or infected prostate gland), but there are no credible studies that back up this belief. Most doctors recommend modifications to diet and behavior and sometimes prescribe antibiotics to treat prostatitis. If you suspect you have the condition, by all means

seek professional medical advice. But if you count sexual satisfaction as a component of mental health, then yes, a prostate massager can be a useful tool if you're interested in exploring anal play. But let's call a prostate massager what it is: a sex toy. More precisely, it's a variation of a dildo designed to put pressure on your prostate when inserted into the anus. Although you'll find some websites that tout the medical benefits of prostate massage, seldom are these sites run by medical professionals; more often than not they encourage you to buy a particular product. The cleverly named Aneros, considered the best prostate massager out there, is made with FDA-approved medical-grade plastic, and happy customers report intense orgasms from prostate stimulation alone.

A few months ago PLAYBOY published an article that claimed the denim jacket is always in style ("Full-Denim Jacket," *Style*, October). I recently wore an old, faded blue-jean jacket, and someone asked if I was celebrating Throwback Thursday. I could not care less about the comment, but I am curious about the type of jackets that are still in style. I have a few in my closet: a classic Levi's dark blue denim jacket, which according to your article is in style; a heavily faded, nearly whitewashed-looking jacket; a black denim jacket; and a couple of colored Guess jackets that still fit well (one is olive green and the other tan). Which are safe to wear?—G.K., Northborough, Massachusetts

It sounds as though you have a solid collection of jackets that you should continue to hold on to and that will serve you through decades of shifting trends. Colored denim is still in style. Neutrals are always okay. We're not surprised it was your faded denim jacket that inspired the TBT comment; darker denim is currently more in favor, while faded denim is strongly associated with the 1980s. If you

were living in a hipster neighborhood in New York or Los Angeles where ironic references to retro style abound, you might actually have gotten a compliment on it. But we like that you don't care. Giving a shit about what you wear while not giving a shit about what other people think about what you're wearing is one of the hallmarks of a man of substantial style. Whatever color you wear, fit is foremost. As long as the cut and color flatter your body type and coloring, and you're man enough to rock them fearlessly, you should be fine. Sartorial fearlessness is always in fashion. That said, fashion tends

to repeat itself, so chances are good that in a couple of years your faded denim jacket will be all the rage in Northborough again.

Several times a month I go out with a large group of friends for a weekend dinner so we can catch up. The meal typically consists of drinks, salads, appetizers, a main course, dessert and occasionally coffee. At our last dinner, we stayed at the steakhouse for more than two and a half hours on a Saturday night; we talked for about 45 minutes after finishing dessert. The tables around us turned over twice with new customers. Is there a time limit we should observe or etiquette we should follow? Leaving immediately after we finish eating would definitely help the restaurant owner and relieve the wait time for diners arriving after us. Some people in our group are a little more "European" in their attitude and feel dinner should be a more relaxed process; unlike the rest of us, they don't seem to think our long stays are problematic. Any guidance or advice would be appreciated.—A.K., Atlanta, Georgia

Restaurateurs expect tables of two to take roughly 90 minutes to two hours per seating, tables of four to take two and a half to three hours and larger groups to take even longer. So from a time standpoint alone, it doesn't sound as though you're outside the norm for a group as large as yours. And the fact that you're ordering a decent amount of food as well as drinks goes a long way to justifying the time spent. Still, no matter what the size of your party is, staying past dessert for 45 minutes puts everyone in an awkward spot. It looks downright inconsiderate to the restaurant and to any diners who might be waiting for a table to be simply talking and not partaking in the essential goods and services the restaurant provides, i.e., the food and drink. When a restaurant needs your table, employees will let you know, subtly at first, by offering to wrap up leftovers to go, and then more obviously, perhaps by asking if guests need their valet tickets stamped, and lastly by outright stating that a party is waiting to take the table. That said, we do love a languorous, unrushed European-style meal. If you're uncomfortable with occupying a table for an extended period of time, instead of trying to police your fellow diners' behavior and pressuring them to end the night, you might want to suggest taking the last reservation of the evening, say at eight P.M. or later, which in most cases will buy you an extra half an hour or so and will allow you to shut down the restaurant without worrying about other parties needing your table. Take care not to push it too late—you don't want to be the last table in the place, with the lights turned up and all the busboys and line cooks sitting at the bar, staring at you.

Where does the Advisor stand on the circumcision debate? My obstetrician and pediatrician are vague on the subject, and the American Academy of Pediat-

rics doesn't seem to take a clear stance either. I know there are possible health benefits to circumcision to consider, but what about the sexual pros and cons? Do uncircumcised men enjoy sex more? And what about their female partners?—D.W., Detroit, Michigan

The Advisor's position is that there are pros and cons to both decisions. We're not about to tell anyone what they should do with their (or their son's) penis when it comes to practices that don't cause obvious harm. Circumcision is at the center of one of the biggest debates surrounding our privates, and there hasn't been much measured reporting on the subject. You could argue that it's traumatic for the child, but we have seen no compelling evidence that circumcised men suffer lasting physical or psychological effects. Some people claim it's medically unnecessary and thus unjustified. Male circumcision has been shown to significantly reduce the rate of the spread of HIV in southern and eastern Africa. Removing the foreskin reduces the possibility of tears and infection and also reduces the number of infectable cells. But practicing abstinence or using a condom is equally effective. The Mayo Clinic recently published a comprehensive review of studies related to circumcision and concluded that the procedure reduces the risk of urinary tract infections, STDs and prostate cancer. But good hygiene and, again, safe sex are equally if not more effective measures. Some people cite "looking normal" as the reason to circumcise. But normal is relative: In the U.S. roughly 50 percent of male newborns are circumcised, while in Europe only 10 percent are. The Council of Europe, a pan-European human rights organization, is lobbying to curtail infant circumcision on the grounds that it's not medically necessary and therefore violates a child's human rights. Of course, Jews and Muslims justify circumcision on religious grounds. As for the pleasure factor, yet again, studies contradict one another. All that said, the Advisor does have more than one adult friend who, when pressed on the matter, admitted to wishing they still had the tips of their dicks. Which may begin to explain why U.S. circumcision rates are slowly declining. If you choose not to circumcise your son, he can always go in for a snip on his own when he turns 18.

When I travel for business I usually carry an expensive soft leather briefcase. I've observed that public restrooms in airports and restaurants rarely have an adequate place to stow bags inside the toilet stalls or next to the urinals, and I have no choice but to rest my briefcase on the floor. I'm concerned that germs, fecal matter and urine droplets will attach themselves to the bottom of the case. When I arrive home I'm extremely uncomfortable resting it on anything in my house, including the floor. Am I correct in believing that the bottom of my bag has been contaminated and could be a health hazard? If so, can you suggest a method of cleaning and disinfecting the leather?—M.S., Northridge, California

Leather is porous and you are putting it in contact with what are perhaps the germiest surfaces you'll encounter in everyday life. So yes, you are picking up some nasty germs. Over time most of them will die, but you're likely bringing some of them into your house. You also need to keep the situation in perspective and accept that even in your home you're surrounded by dangerous germs and still manage to get through the day without making yourself sick. Your shoes are easily as dirty as your bag, and your kitchen sink drain is likely dirtier than your shoes. Just don't put your bag on your dining room table or kitchen counter and you're at a very low risk for cross-contamination. You could use disinfecting wipes now and again, but most people don't and they still don't get sick.

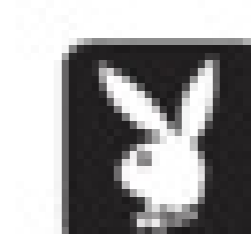
My question deals with proper gifting etiquette. I am one of three children. I have one son, my brother has twins and my sister has three children. Each year we exchange gifts for various holidays and birthdays. Is it proper to give each child a gift worth the same amount, say \$50 per child, or should the cost be on a somewhat sliding scale since my siblings and I each have a different number of children? Should my only child and my brother's twins receive any more than their three cousins? My sister is under the impression that if one of us had 20 kids and another had only one, each child should still receive the exact same amount. Otherwise, she believes, it would be unfair to the individual child. The holidays are fast approaching, and any insight into this issue would be helpful.—J.T., Roanoke, Virginia

We side with your sister on this. Christmas is about the kids. If you want to bring down your average expenditure, you could take advantage of this Christmas's post-holiday sales and use the presale suggested retail price as your cost. Then everyone, including you, will feel as though they've been treated fairly.

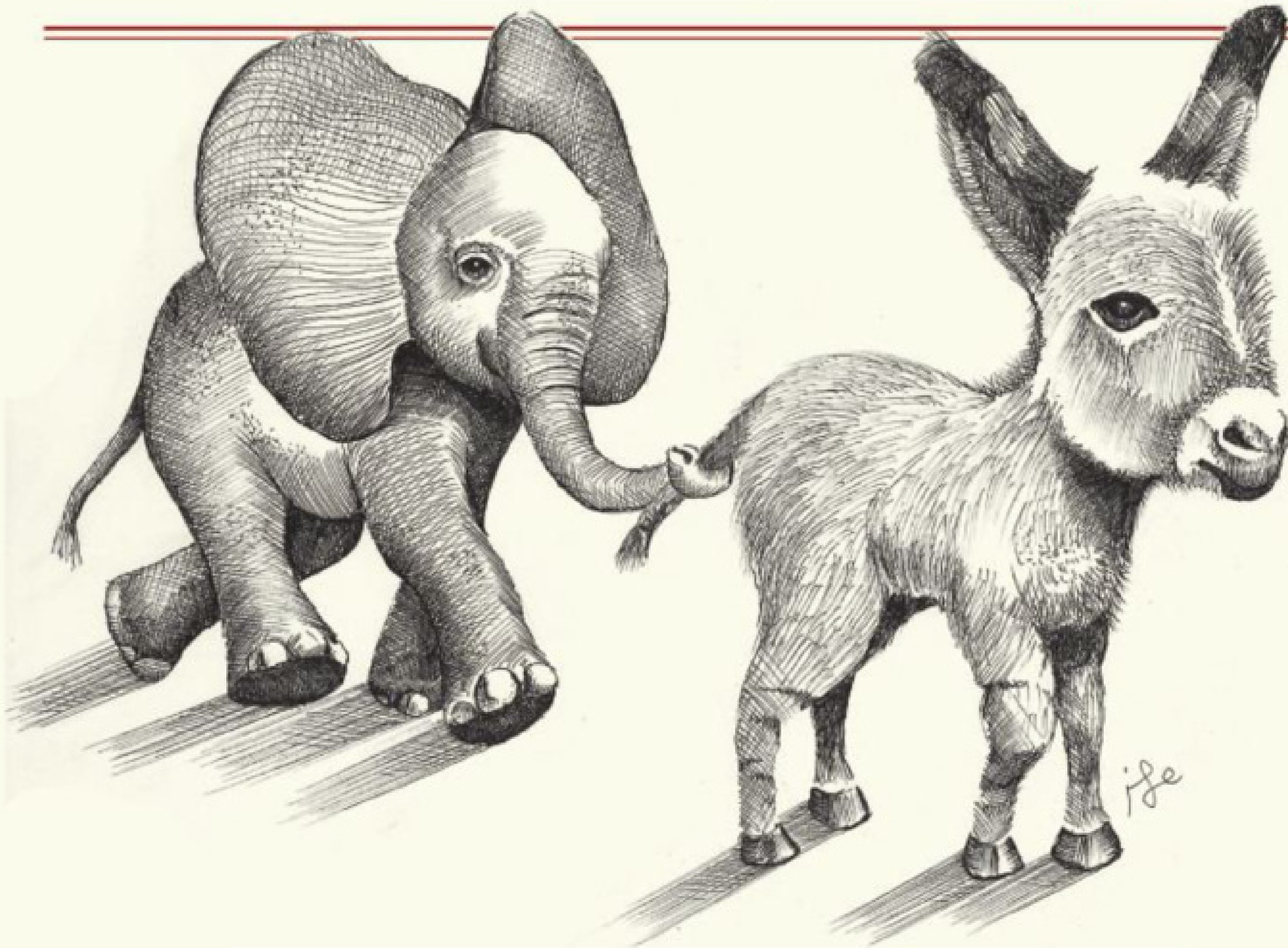
My wife and I recently started getting back into sex for the first time after the birth of our child. After the first couple of go-arounds she developed terrible urinary tract infections. What are we not doing correctly? Do I need to Purell myself and gargle peroxide?—J.F., Las Vegas, Nevada

To reduce the potential for infection, you could both bathe before sex. She should bathe afterward, urinate before and after sex and stay hydrated to flush out the urethra. If she is using a diaphragm, which can increase the chances of developing a UTI, try another form of birth control.

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.



Smells like teen politics *Monkey business* Spies among us



THE KIDS ARE (POLITICALLY) ALL RIGHT

Millennials are a scourge, says everyone. But could they be what it takes to save America's political wasteland?

BY NOAH DAVIS

Once a week, Patrick Lockhart finds 90 minutes for Google Hangouts. Chatting online with friends is typical millennial behavior for the skinny Indianapolis-born 21-year-old, but this group is unique. The Millennial Candidate Coalition, which Lockhart founded last summer, consists of five people under the age of 25 who hold or aspire to political office around the country. Lockhart was the Democratic candidate for Indiana House District 91, attempting to unseat Robert Behning, incumbent since 1992, while Republican Joshua Rawlings ran for the Tennessee House of Representatives. Representative Justin Chenette serves as the youngest official in Maine's legislature. Republicans Bill Stinson from

Washington and Dom Gelsomino from Idaho round out the quintet.

The group provides both support and inspiration. "We share ideas—fund-raiser tips, how to talk to party chairmen—then go into issues: net neutrality, gay marriage, marijuana legalization," Lockhart says. "We find bipartisan-approved statements on each. We're trying to move our country forward in a postpartisan way."

Twenty-somethings who aim to make their impact

through public service certainly impress. But their ambitions are an anomaly when *gridlock* is D.C.'s buzzword of the decade. Dramatic divisions mark our political era, with Congress's approval rating hovering in the teens and the president's in the low 40s, both well below historical norms. One need only look at Barack Obama's

Gridlock is D.C.'s buzzword of the decade.

READER RESPONSE

AFTER SANDY

Eric Klinenberg's notion that "we win by losing" struck a chord ("Surrendering to Global Warming," November). Oakwood Beach homeowners' quest for a buyout was emotional. Sandy's 14-foot storm surge not only destroyed most of the homes, erasing memories stored on shelves and in home computers, but also took the lives of three longtime residents. Oakwood Beach comprised



families whose parents and grandparents lived across the street or down the block. Generations shared the ups and downs of living in a coastal town surrounded by marsh. But after residents had weathered hurricanes Isaac and Irene in preceding years, Sandy was the knockout blow. It became clear that homes do not belong there. The governor heard our pleas and agreed—and added up to a 15 percent incentive so more would participate in the buyout. It worked, as the vast majority signed up, albeit with mixed emotions. Representatives from other cities



READER RESPONSE

have been coming to Staten Island to study how our community was able to come up with a unified decision to leave. Certainly speed played a major role. As a real estate investor I knew it was time to go, and I started researching buyouts soon after the storm. The community's swift decision to embrace the buyout kept us laser-focused until its announcement. It was bitter-sweet, but in the end we were able to advocate for the best possible option under the circumstances.

Joe Tirone Jr.
Oakwood Beach Buyout Committee
Staten Island, New York

TERMS AND DEFINITIONS

Most people in the finance industry are honest, but financial jargon is often used to create new products to justify a higher money-management fee ("Decoding the Moneyman," November). The vocabulary can be tricky, but I bet you wouldn't understand a mechanical engineer's jargon either. The simple truth is that there is a lot of borrowing (leverage) in our financial systems, and terms (products) such



as derivatives, calls, puts, credit default swaps and collateralized debt obligations were developed because customers want higher returns. Just as a mechanical engineer must choose the best bolts to hold a machine together in a storm, so must a financial engineer make sure that in stormy markets losses aren't catastrophic. As financial storms get bigger, it becomes more difficult to avoid catastrophe. It



FIVE EXAMPLES OF A BROKEN SYSTEM.

rapidly graying hair to comprehend the strain of a near impossible job.

In the past, holding high office was a goal for our best and brightest, the Rhodes scholar war heroes who were football captains before graduating from Harvard Law. While that model survives, the money that has infiltrated politics in the wake of the *Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission* ruling, combined with the legislative impasses and public scrutiny today's candidates face, makes running less attractive. Are we entering an era when young people focus on state and local offices instead of paralyzed national ones? When our nation's most promising decide that influence is better sought through business donations to ever more money-hungry politicians?

Political consultant Phil Singer doesn't foresee a dramatic aspirational shift, but he is concerned. "Political life is a turnoff to most people because of our unprecedented public microscope," he says. "In the YouTube and smartphone era, the most casual exchange can make national headlines. It requires a thick skin and remarkable self-restraint to give serious consideration to life in office today."

Of course, campaigns have always been intensely scrutinized. In the book *What It Takes: The Way to the White House*, Richard Ben Cramer's chronicle of the 1988 presidential race, the journalist relays a scene between two consultants and Joe Biden, who is waffling about running. "Look, if you think you can live your life like you been living, like you want, in the middle of this, you've got it wrong," one advisor says as they ride in the back of a truck. "If you do this thing, you've got to want it more than you want anything else in the world. You're going to give up...everything."

"Politicians are horrible people—not all, but they have a tendency to be a certain way."

Jason Weingartner, chairman of the Young Republican National Federation, sympathizes. "Seeking office isn't like seeking celebrity," he says. "You sacrifice privacy for the greater good without personal gain. If scrutiny convinces someone not to run, they were looking to be talked out of it in the first place."

But running for national office is different now. The country is redder and bluer, with harsher partisan politics, more special interests, a primary system that rewards extremism and an election process that is entirely more sycophantic. "The more I'm in local politics and the Young Democrats, the less attractive running for higher office seems," says Ben Yee, first vice president of the Young Democrats of America. "Politicians are horrible people—not all of them; some are very good. But they have

a tendency to be a certain way, and that way is awful. I don't know if that's for me."

Singer agrees the best and brightest are more turned off than ever. "It has created opportunities for the right kind of candidate," he says. "That doesn't necessarily mean the best but those who are social-media friendly and comfortable in their own skin."

One veteran congressman believes the young have greater aspirations. "People who are ambitious to be involved in politics don't say 'I want to grow up to be an assemblyman,'" he says. "They want to run for Congress, senator or president. It's a bit of a self-selecting loop. Anyone involved in electoral politics when they're young is animated to do it. It's kind of the same in any business."

Of course, there's always the money. "Honestly, I think being rich works better," Yee says, laughing. "And you'll be happier. But I also believe that how campaign finance works now, it's very difficult to be an official and not panhandle wealthy donors or corporate interests."

His comments echo those of everyone interviewed here, who all believe that wealth buys influence.

Lockhart refused a lot of special-interest cash during his campaign, funding the effort with citizen donations. But that was for a single district. He admits the model would be impossible nationally without the overturn of *Citizens United*.

He hopes that will happen. Perhaps that's his youth speaking, but his generation was influenced by Obama's 2008 campaign promise of hope and change. They cite the president as an inspiration, the "Obama bump" a real thing in their small circles. In their world, the internet rendered age trivial, and high school students believed they could truly change the world. These young politicians want to make a difference now. They might be deluded, but they are trying.

Trying isn't a verb frequently associated with Washington these days, partly because of the entrenched nature of national politics. Consider that Biden has managed to stick around Capitol Hill

for 27 years since his failed campaign in 1988, half a decade before Lockhart was born. Even if Biden had been required to make a single compromise each year to keep his spot, the compound effect of those compromises would be immense. And he is only one of hundreds of career politicians desperate to hold office at the expense of their political integrity. After decades of pandering to voters' whims and corporations' cash (corporations that are now considered people), would you remember what you believed in when you began?

Lockhart wore out a pair of Sperry shoes introducing himself to voters door-to-door last fall. He and his MCC cohorts may be green, but they have conviction. They are our political future, for better or worse. "Because this is a decision I made to address problems, I think the higher the office you hold, the more opportunity you have to make the world a better place. It's an old-guard mentality to think politics will always be this divided and broken," he says. ■

"Honestly, I think being rich works better."

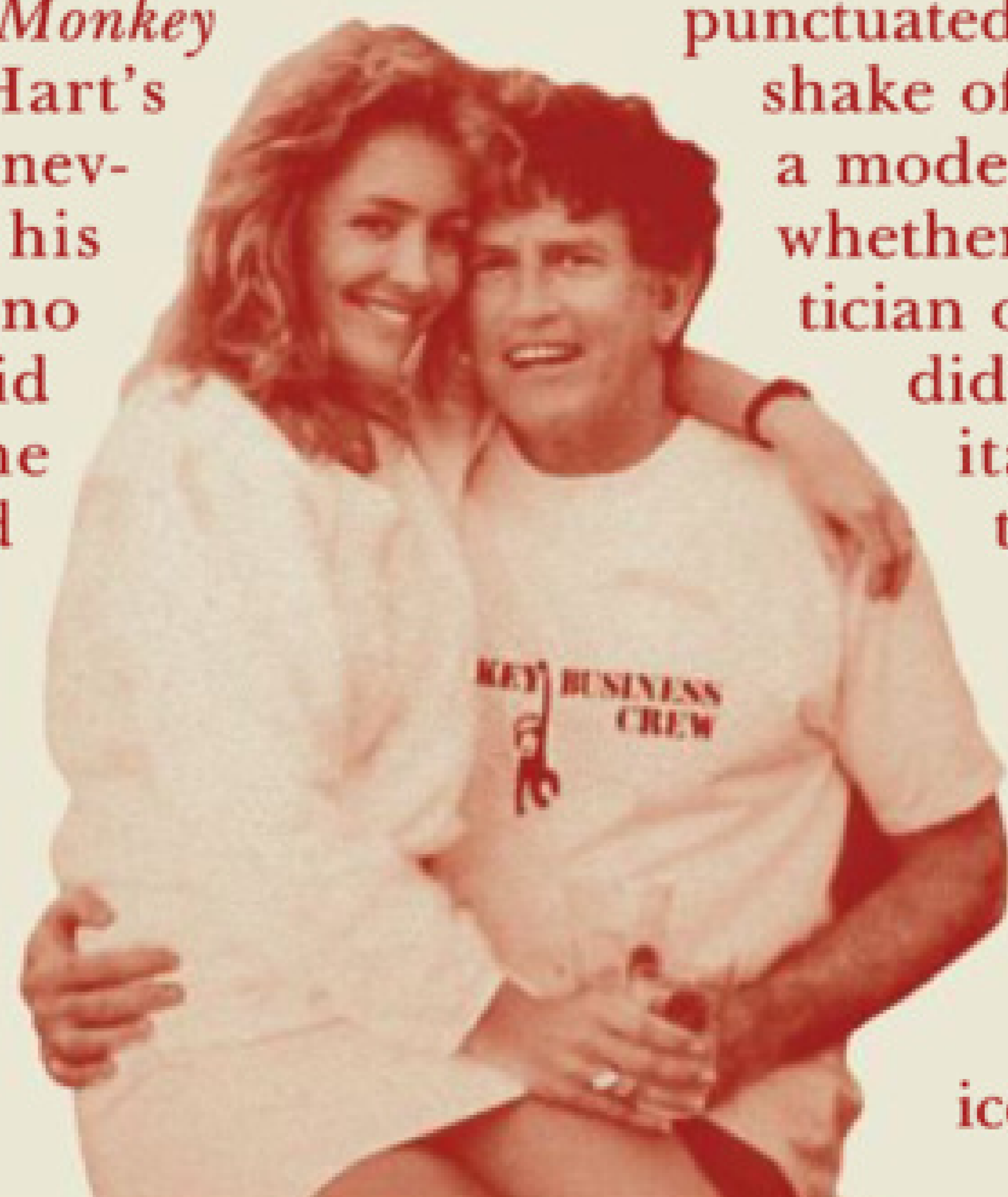
HOW THE GARY HART SCANDAL CHANGED EVERYTHING

Matt Bai's new book, All the Truth Is Out: The Week Politics Went Tabloid, shows how political gossip hurts us all. Here's an excerpt

As anyone alive during the 1980s knew, Gary Hart, the first serious presidential contender of the 1960s generation, had been taken down and eternally humiliated by a scandal of his own making, an alleged affair with a beautiful blonde whose name, Donna Rice, had entered the cultural lexicon, along with the boat on which they had been photographed together—*Monkey Business*. This was Hart's enduring legacy, the inevitable first line in his front-page obituary, no matter what else he did thereafter, even if he cured cancer or found the unified string theory or went completely bonkers and tried to hijack an airplane midflight.

When they talked about him now in Washington, Hart

was invariably described as a brilliant and serious man, perhaps the most visionary political mind of his generation, an old-school statesman of the kind Washington had lost its capacity to produce. A top Democratic strategist in town had once described Hart to me as "the most important politician of his generation who didn't become president." But such descriptions were generally punctuated by a smirk or a sad shake of the head. Hardly a modern scandal passed, whether it involved a politician or entertainer, that didn't evoke the inevitable comparisons to Hart among the reflective commentators. In popular culture, Gary Hart would forever be that archetypal antihero of presidential politics: the iconic adulterer. ■



READER RESPONSE

leaves me wondering: Can't we try to live with less and stop borrowing so much money?

L. Lemesevski
San Diego, California

ALWAYS PARTY SMARTLY

Erin Gloria Ryan is rightfully appalled by the sexual assaults taking place on and off college campuses in the United States ("How Not to Fix the Campus Rape Crisis," October). Unfor-



tunately, she fails to offer any solutions. Worse, *PLAYBOY* tells America where the "top party schools" are in the same issue. According to Ryan's sources, "attending off-campus parties [is] a major risk factor for sexual assault." The behavior *PLAYBOY* glorifies leads to the sexual assaults Ryan properly decries.

Brian P. De Liso
Waterford, Michigan

*There's a simple truth we believe *PLAYBOY* readers understand: Partying and treating women with respect are in no way mutually exclusive.*

There is nothing about knowing one's assailant that makes self-defense less effective. In fact, the opposite is true: Statistics show that physical resistance tends to be more effective against acquaintance rape than against stranger rape. To suggest otherwise puts women at risk by teaching them they are powerless. Sexual contact with another person without



READER RESPONSE

consent is assault. Everything else is politics and ideology.

Elefak Irakab
Oakland, California

AGING GRACEFULLY

Last year I broke my collarbone when I pushed myself past my limits while playing Ultimate Frisbee. I was trying to prove to myself that what I'd written in



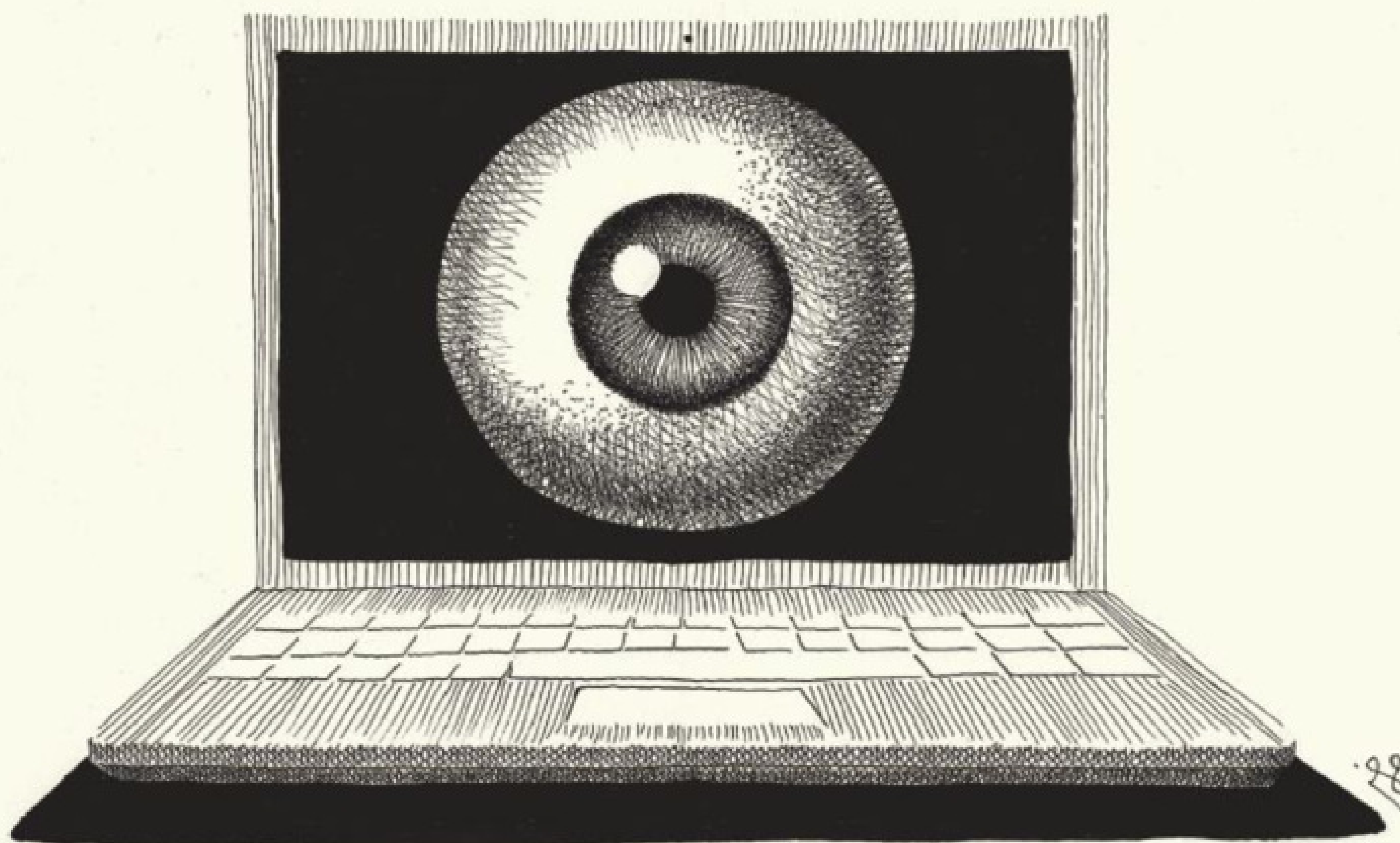
Reader Response about being past my prime was not true. But I'm not staying on the couch. After rehab (so much worse than I expected) and two months off, I'm back—this time playing volleyball.

Danny Groner
New York, New York

I note with interest the letter from Danny Groner (*Reader Response*, October). I also have creaking joints. I've found the answer is a supplement called glucosamine. It could help the young fellow's problems.

David C. Crow
Shoeburyness, England

Stretching before and after physical activity is a sign of good sense, not old age. My joints didn't start cracking when I stood up until well into my 50s. It was only last year, at 63, that I hurt my knee and had to stop running four miles three times a week before putting in a full eight hours on my feet. I still do weight training four or five days a week. Perhaps Danny Groner, who is only 31, should consult a doctor—either a physician or a psychologist. If



OMNIVEILLANCE

Forget the NSA. The real spy is next to you in bed

BY VINCE BEISER

Any paranoia you have about the government and big corporations spying on you is well-founded. Thanks to Edward Snowden we now know the NSA surveils virtually every move we make on the internet. Google, Facebook and Amazon have never pretended they don't do the same.

But perhaps you should be more worried about the people you don't know are gathering information on you, such as your boss, co-workers and spouse. As the cost of the technology falls, its sophistication has risen, and over the past few years an industry of products and services has arrived to make it a snap for ordinary folks to spy on one another.

Almost every cell phone carrier uses GPS to track the location of all phones on a particular plan, allowing you to keep an eye on your family members' movements. For less than your cable-TV bill, you can buy a spyware program to install on, say, your wife's laptop that will enable you to secretly see every e-mail, instant message, photo and website that crosses her screen. You can even surreptitiously activate her phone's microphone and camera to hear and see what's going on around her. Or if you really want solid proof of infidelity, consider investing in a SemenSpy home forensics kit to identify those strange stains on the bedsheets.

Employers have long monitored workers' phone records, e-mails and web trails. Goldman Sachs, Bloomberg and other companies also use programs that scan employee messages for profanity or other suspect verbiage. The Supreme Court has ruled that government employers can read their employees' private text messages if they're on an agency-issued phone. Meanwhile, Hitachi and others are rolling out systems that use sensors embedded in employee name tags to track movement and interactions.

Parents can monitor their kids in even more invasive detail. Concerned about little Erica's oral hygiene? Get her a Bluetooth-equipped Kolibree toothbrush, which records how long she brushes and transmits that data to your smartphone. Not sure young Tony is eating right at school? Get him a MySchoolBucks card, which he can use to buy cafeteria food while letting you know exactly what

he's ordering. Parents with more serious concerns about their children's health can enlist a Teddy the Guardian stuffed bear: Every time your kid holds the bear's paw, sensors record his or her heart rate, body temperature and other vital signs.

And if it isn't enough to worry about everyone in your life, imagine all the strangers who might be watching you right now. A California college student was recently sent to federal prison for

We're approaching a world in which it will be close to impossible to have secrets.

using a \$40 software program called Blackshades to hack into the personal computers of a dozen women, hijack their webcams and snap nude photos.

There are laws to protect your digital privacy, but they're about as effective as those for marijuana. Veteran privacy lawyer Ted Claypoole says that if you own a device, you're generally free to do with it as you please, regardless of who uses it. That means parents can legally install spyware on their teens' iPhones, as can employers on company-owned laptops and phones. It is a federal crime to access someone else's device without their consent, but outside of industrial espionage, says Claypoole, prosecutions are rare.

Retina-X Studios, a commercial spyware company, markets Mobile Spy software primarily as a way for worried parents to keep tabs on their kids, and company spokesperson Craig Thompson says that's what most customers use it for. The company's website warns that "it is a federal and state offense...to install monitoring/surveillance software onto a phone which you do not own or have proper authorization to install." But Retina-X Studios doesn't do much to make sure its customers follow the law. "It's an honor system," says Thompson. "It's like buying a gun." Hopefully you won't use the spyware to commit a crime, but if you do, well, that's not the manufacturer's fault.

And if you don't want to do the job yourself, plenty of hackers for hire will do it for you. Federal prosecutors recently shut down one Arkansas-based outfit that illegally obtained thousands of e-mail passwords for customers who wanted to see if their spouses were cheating.

DIGITAL SPYING EXPOSED THE LURID SECRETS OF "CANNIBAL COP" GILBERTO VALLE.

Basic googling, however, will find you plenty of others offering similar services.

It's clear we're approaching a world in which it will be close to impossible to have secrets—not just from authorities but also from one another.

That sounds horrible, and it is, in many, many ways. However, consider the case of the wife of Gilberto Valle, New York's "cannibal cop." Concerned about her husband's strange behavior, she planted spyware on her laptop, which led to the disquieting discovery that he repeatedly wrote about killing and eating her. It's an extreme example but one that points out how surveillance may have advantages, if only because we often know less about those we love than we like to think.

Being exposed to everyone in our lives—subjected to "omniveillance"—may force us to become a more honest and open society. Which raises the question: How honest and open do we want our society to be? Criminologists tell us increasing the severity of punishment doesn't deter crime, but increasing the chances of getting caught does. By that logic, omniveillance should make committing interpersonal emotional crimes such as infidelity much harder. Ditto for suicide: If you've been researching ways to kill yourself, parents or friends could find out.

Maybe you wouldn't spy like this on your boyfriend or co-worker. Maybe you believe that those closest to you wouldn't either. But they can. And as everyone from Jennifer Lawrence to the cannibal cop will tell you, it takes only one snoop into your digital life to expose your secrets to the world. If you don't take it for granted that everything you say, do and watch online can be made visible, you're living in denial. A world of omniveillance isn't necessarily one we would want or should choose, but at this point we probably don't have a choice. It's already here. ■

How honest and open do we want our society to be?

 **READER RESPONSE**

he isn't physically sick, he has acquired a defeatist attitude—or maybe it's just a by-product of living in New York City.

Fred Waiss
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

WE WANT TO BELIEVE

The reason "We Can't Handle the Truth," as the headline of Luke O'Neil's October article puts it,



can be summed up in two words: Richie Ashburn. That's right, the former Phillies outfielder turned broadcaster is responsible for that unfortunately popular phrase "Never let the facts get in the way of a good story."

Steve Lederman
Princeton, New Jersey

Luke O'Neil's article rings true—and it also rings a distant bell. Didn't PLAYBOY publish something similar some years back, about the Richard Gere gerbil hoax?

John Livermore
Chicago, Illinois

You have quite a memory. In our December 1990 Media column, Stephen Randall (now our Deputy Editor) debunked the myth of an unnamed actor's amorous interactions with an unlucky rodent, an urban legend that had traversed the nation with astonishing speed without the benefit of social media. It just goes to show that people will always share a good story, true or not.

E-mail letters@playboy.com.
Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive,
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAN SAVAGE

A candid conversation with the colorful sex columnist and LGBT-rights champion about the state of sex in the U.S. for straights, gays and everyone else

In pre-1960s America, if you had questions about sex (Is masturbation cheating? What's a butterfly flick? Butter or margarine?), you were at the mercy of your friends, who probably knew less than you did. Then came the sexual revolution with its free-flowing sex advice, some of it accurate. We like to think the Playboy Advisor column, as it reassured, instructed and entertained several generations of men, gave birth to a genre that thrives today.

One of the most read and most controversial sex columnists working now is Dan Savage, whose Savage Love column is syndicated in more than 50 newspapers around the world. Savage also dispenses his hilarious and sage advice in best-selling books, podcasts and blogs, as well as a smartphone app. And he's gay, but the majority of his readers are straight. "His columns answer a Chaucerian panorama of correspondents," according to Washington Monthly. "Gay Mormons, incestuous siblings, weight-gain fetishists, men yearning to be cuckolded and otherwise ordinary Americans grappling with an extraordinary range of problems and proclivities."

Along with his unconventional sex advice, Savage is known for his advocacy of LGBT rights, including gay marriage. He has frequently appeared as a liberal pundit on CNN,

Real Time With Bill Maher and The Colbert Report. And he has been repeatedly attacked, even condemned, by conservative politicians, media pundits and clergy. Savage hasn't been reluctant to fight back against those he deems homophobic and dangerous. After Rick Santorum compared homosexuality to bestiality, Savage announced a contest to redefine the word santorum. The winning definition—which he explains in this interview—continues to plague the former senator, who is reportedly exploring another presidential run in 2016.

Savage, 50, was born in Chicago, where his father was a police officer and his mother a homemaker. He now lives in Seattle with his husband, Terry Miller. They married in Canada in 2005 and renewed their vows in 2012, following the legalization of gay marriage in Washington. The couple has an adopted son, DJ, who has come out of the closet to Savage and Miller—as straight.

In September 2010, prompted by the suicide of a teenager who had been bullied because classmates thought he was gay, Savage and Miller created the It Gets Better project. They made a video in which they speak to gay kids who are isolated and feeling hopeless. They posted it online and encouraged others to follow suit. "The idea was simple," Savage explains in American

Savage: Insights, Sights and Fights on Faith, Sex, Love and Politics, his latest best-seller. "There were LGBT kids out there who couldn't picture futures with enough joy in them to compensate for the pain they were in now. We wanted to offer them encouragement." The It Gets Better project currently has more than 60,000 videos. Celebrities and politicians, including President Barack Obama, have contributed.

At a time when support for gay marriage is increasing, gay sports stars are coming out of the closet and more openly gay members are serving in Congress, we asked Contributing Editor David Sheff, whose last interview for us was with the Chinese artist-dissident Ai Weiwei, to meet with Savage. Sheff says that when he arrived to begin the interview, Savage admitted he was nervous about speaking to PLAYBOY, thought by some to be a bastion of heterosexuality. "But he quickly relaxed," Sheff says. "Soon he was animated, speaking passionately, emotionally, vividly and hilariously about a wide range of subjects. Clearly he warmed up to talking to PLAYBOY, as evidenced by a text he sent soon after the interview's conclusion. "I forgot to say one thing," he wrote. "I have lusted in my heart."

PLAYBOY: According to the *Playboy Advisor*, the number one question sex columnists



"I get a lot of questions from young women who've been lied to all their lives. 'He looks at porn and it makes me feel I'm not enough for him.' I write back, 'You aren't enough for him, and he's not enough for you either.'"



"There are situations when the least worst option is cheating. We're not natural monogamists. Why, in so many cultures, is adultery a death penalty offense? What species has to be threatened with death to do that which comes naturally?"



"When I was a kid I was gay-ish, a sissy boy. Not all gay men were sissies as kids, but almost all boys who are sissies grow up to be gay men. What 13-year-old straight boy wants to go to A Chorus Line as opposed to a Bears game?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

are asked is “Am I normal?” What’s behind the obsession with normalcy?

SAVAGE: Even though everyone has non-normative desires—variance is the norm, in fact—people are terrified by what they think and want. When you ask people what they see in their minds when they imagine two people having normal sex, they say the missionary position, vaginal intercourse and husband and wife, with the intention of making a baby. How rare is that? That’s freaky shit right there. That is *not* normal.

PLAYBOY: If the non-normal is normal, why do people need to be reassured?

SAVAGE: Sex negativity is imposed on us by religion, parents and a culture that can’t deal with sex. We pretend sex doesn’t interest us, while the culture is sexually obsessed. I also think sex negativity is hardwired into the human experience. You’re born with it, because when you’re a kid, prepuberty, sex is this fucked-up thing grown-ups do. When you hear about it, you think, Creepy, gross. Like, oh my God, you adults do *whaaaaat*? Then you hit puberty and the riptide pulls you out; you get sucked under by this thing you swore you’d never do. It’s terrifying. That’s why people are plagued by their desires and why they need to be constantly reassured. They never wanted to get into that ocean, and they’re suddenly drowning. Your dick or your pussy seizes control of your brain and tells you who’s really in charge.

PLAYBOY: What’s the root of religious conservatism about sex?

SAVAGE: Judaism, Christianity, Islam and almost every other faith have constantly tried to insert themselves between your genitals and your salvation, because then they can regulate and control you. Then you need them to intercede with God, so they target your junk and stigmatize your sexual desire. If you have somebody by the balls or the ovaries, you’ve got them.

PLAYBOY: And then you come along, telling us that when it comes to sex, anything goes.

SAVAGE: I *don’t* say anything goes. I don’t believe all sexual expression is good. Sex is powerful, and you must approach it thoughtfully, because it can destroy you.

PLAYBOY: Destroy us how?

SAVAGE: Sexually transmitted infections, unplanned pregnancy, partner violence. It’s why we need comprehensive, responsible, kink-inclusive, queer-inclusive sex education for all kids.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents talk to you about sex?

SAVAGE: When my brothers and sisters were teenagers and having their first relationships, my parents were all over them. “Who are you going out with?” “Where are you going?” “I want to meet this person.” My sister was sexually active, as I was, in high school—sorry, Laura, I hope your son doesn’t read this—and she could go to my mom and say, “My

boyfriend is saying ‘If you loved me, you wouldn’t make me use a condom,’” and Mom could blow up and yell at her boyfriend if he was stupid enough to show his face at our house. When I had a boyfriend at 16, I couldn’t rely on my mom to vet this shit. I wasn’t out to her at that point, so I couldn’t confide in her at all, which is a problem for a lot of queers. They fly blind into adult relationships.

PLAYBOY: With what result?

SAVAGE: You’re 15 and watching your siblings have relationships, and you want to have a boyfriend too. But because their age-appropriate boyfriend targets aren’t out yet, a lot of young gay kids date older people, which is a recipe for potential disaster. My first boyfriend when I was a teenager was 28, and he was a wonderful guy and good for me. But the odds that it might be an exploitative relationship are that much higher.

PLAYBOY: If not your parents, was there an equivalent of Dan Savage you could go to for sex advice?

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SAVAGE: I read Xaviera Hollander, the Happy Hooker, her *Call Me Madam* column. She took questions about kinky sex, crazy sex, bi sex, BDSM, and was so unfazed. She gave advice that was constructive, not judgmental.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of others in the media who offer sex advice? How about Dr. Laura?

SAVAGE: Dr. Laura is a vile piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Phil?

SAVAGE: He’s part of the advice-industrial Oprah complex. I’m not a big fan of telling women that when their husband looks at porn it’s a form of cheating. That’s what you say if you want to drive the divorce rate up even higher than it is.

PLAYBOY: What do you tell a woman whose husband looks at porn?

SAVAGE: He’ll pretend not to look, you pretend to believe him, and then give him some credit for covering his tracks if he does so successfully. If you stumble over evidence once in a great while, then you repay his courtesy of

covering his tracks most of the time by ignoring it.

PLAYBOY: What impact does the availability of limitless porn online have on kids as they grow up?

SAVAGE: A lot of girls have the expectation that they’ll have to do all these things they see in porn, whether they want to or not. And it weighs on the boys too that they’ll have to perform all these acts. It’s as big a stressor for boys as it is for girls. They see these 20-inch dicks and rock-hard abs and all that. I tell my son, “You have to be careful when you look at porn. A lot of porn is for men who can’t get laid, who can’t get girlfriends. A lot of porn is created for angry men.” Kids see porn and think that’s what sex is. So we have to say to boys and girls what the right-wing fundamentalist fucktards won’t say, which is that other kinds of sex are normal and at your ages it might be better to masturbate together. That oral sex is less risky. That a lot of what adults do isn’t vaginal intercourse. That everyone doesn’t have a 20-inch dick. It can lift the burden from them. But parents don’t talk about sex at all with their kids. It’s hard talking about sex with a teenager. My son doesn’t want to hear it from me or anyone else, but you have to meddle. You have to say, “You can roll around and jerk off. That’s a lot of what adults do.”

PLAYBOY: What impact has the internet had on the kinds of questions people ask you about sex?

SAVAGE: Before the internet came along I used to get a lot of “What’s a butt plug?” “How do I do...whatever?” Those were easy columns to write, but now butt plugs are on fucking Wiki pages, so I get questions about situational ethics.

PLAYBOY: What are the differences between what men and women ask?

SAVAGE: I get a lot of questions from young women who don’t know what men really are, because they’ve been lied to all their lives. “He looks at porn and it makes me feel I’m not enough for him.” “He checks out girls on the street and it makes me feel I’m not enough for him.” I write them back and say, “You *aren’t* enough for him, and he’s not enough for you either.” Girls who are smart about that shit aren’t writing me questions about why they feel they’re not enough for their boyfriends. They know they’re not. Why isn’t making the sacrifice to be monogamous considered to be nobler than this myth of effortless monogamy that’s a result of love and passion?

PLAYBOY: Why is a sacrifice nobler?

SAVAGE: You’re told that if you’re in love, you won’t want to fuck other people. But if you’re in love, why do you have to make a monogamous commitment at all? It should be implicit and understood. So I get a lot of questions from women like “I’m not enough for him and he wants a three-way. What should I do?” I get questions from men about how to talk their girlfriends into having three-ways.



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PLAYBOY: And your answer?

SAVAGE: You ask. I say you ask for a three-way, and if that's important to you and she's not up for it, maybe you aren't right for each other. I tell people to communicate. Put your needs out there, and if they reject you, then you know you're not compatible. You need to keep putting your needs out there until you find either somebody who's willing to meet your needs because they take pleasure in the pleasure they're giving you or somebody whose needs are a close enough fit with your needs. The problem with some of the advice out there is that people are told they should never do anything in bed that they don't want to do. That's bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying people should do whatever their partner wants them to do?

SAVAGE: You should never do anything in bed that scars you. You should never do anything in bed that leaves you curled up in the fetal position on the floor crying afterward. But yes, we should tell people they have to be whores for each other. You shouldn't be an ingrate or a dick or selfish, but we should tell people who are in sexless relationships and who aren't doing what their partner wants, "You bought the dairy, so milk the fucking cow. If you don't milk it, it's going to find somebody else to milk it."

PLAYBOY: What if someone asks what their partner wants and doesn't like the answer?

SAVAGE: It happens all the time. Young women write me that they pressed and pressed their boyfriends to share their secret fantasies with them and then were terrified when they found out what those fantasies were—when it's not "I want to fill the bed with rose petals and light a thousand tea candles in the bedroom." That's not a male fantasy. Girls tell me about Mr. Darcy from *Pride and Prejudice* and romantic comedies and all that bullshit. I always tell my female young-adult readers, "Careful. If you press him about his fantasy, you're much likelier to hear 'a three-way with you and your sister' than 'a trip to Paris.'" Male sexuality is crazy, perverse. Men are testosterone-pickled dick monsters. We just are.

PLAYBOY: What if she doesn't want to have a three-way with her sister?

SAVAGE: It depends how badly he wants it. If that's what he wants and you don't want to do it, maybe he should find someone who does, and you should find someone whose fantasies are more in line with yours.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the most surprising questions you've received over the years?

SAVAGE: The ones that surprise me are from people who want my blessing to do things that are just absolutely, positively wrong. People who think intergenerational sex—I mean fucking kids—is okay. Or fucking dogs. I have a complicated relationship with bestiality. The standard

argument against it doesn't logically hold up. "An animal can't consent." Well, I'm wearing a leather belt. I know that if I were a sheep, I'd rather be screwed than stewed. Still, I think it's wrong and people shouldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: How often do people—we imagine it would mostly be men—complain about the infrequency of sex in their relationships?

SAVAGE: Actually, I get letters from women who are distraught because they had fun, inventive, active sex lives with their husbands until they had children, and then their husbands saw them as just moms and couldn't see them as sex objects anymore. But that doesn't mean the men don't want to have sex. Straight men would do everything gay men do if straight men could, but straight men can't, because women won't. If I told straight men there was a park with all these women from the ages of 18 to 60, some of them insanely hot, some of them average, all of whom want to fuck you

Straight people need to have more sex partners, and gays need to have fewer.

and don't want to know your name or your phone number and never want to see you again, that park would be full of straight men tomorrow. Not all gay men go to those parks. Not all straight men would go either, but many, many would.

PLAYBOY: Have you?

SAVAGE: I've never been to a bathhouse. I've never had sex in a bush. That doesn't interest me, but gay guys do do that. Female sexuality is different, whether you believe sexual reserve and caution are biological or cultural or some combo of the two, which is what I believe. The risks of being sexually active fall disproportionately on women's shoulders. Sexually transmitted infections are easier to pass from male to female. If she gets pregnant, that's all on her, particularly if it's an anonymous encounter. She's vulnerable to intimate-partner violence, to rape.

When straight men complain that women aren't up for anything, I always write back and say, "Well, tackle the rape

problem and maybe more women will be. Tackle the intimate-partner violence thing." Female sexual reserve acts as a check on straight men's ability to spin out of control sexually. The challenge gay men have—and I wish there was more HIV-AIDS education about this—is to find inside ourselves that check that straight men have imposed on them externally, or we can spin out of control sexually and destroy ourselves, which is what we did [during the AIDS crisis]. You can fuck yourself to death, and we shouldn't do that again. My point of view has always been that straight people need to have more sex and more sex partners than they do, and gay people need to have fewer sex partners than they can. It's just hard for straight guys to get laid. Pussy is hard to get, and it's hard to get because of disease, pregnancy and violence. I don't think women are naturally any less horny.

PLAYBOY: After a point, do things other than sex become more important for couples? Friendship? Love?

SAVAGE: They say your priorities are out of whack if you look at an otherwise serviceable, decent, loving relationship and think, Well, the sex isn't there; I have to end this. You *do* have to end it if you're going to have a sexually exclusive relationship and the sex sucks. But if you've been married 20 years and the sex has died, but you love each other, are good parents and partners together, or two extended families have been knit together and there's shared property, I think it's perfectly legitimate to stay together and fuck other people. How is that not a marriage? That's more of a traditional marriage than this idea that marriage is supposed to be a lifelong fuck-fest passionathon. We know that the longer you're together, passion dissipates and fades. There may be sex and it may be regular, but it will be less intense, and you may miss that intensity. The only way to get that is with other people. The research into sexless marriages seems to indicate that women have the low libidos, but it's not that they don't want to have sex. They just don't want to have sex with their husbands. How do you fix that? Well, a lot of what you hear in polyamorous circles and from swingers is that as soon as you start having sex with other people, you also start fucking your spouse more; you desire your spouse more when your spouse doesn't represent the end of novelty and adventure. One of the beefs conservative assholes have with gay male couples is that we're less monogamous. I like to think we're more likely to be successfully not monogamous. By the way, lesbian couples are more likely to be monogamous than heterosexuals or gay men.

PLAYBOY: Bottom line, do you advocate cheating for men and women who are bored?

SAVAGE: Sometimes. Better to do what you

need to do to stay married and stay sane. If your partner won't fuck you, one person doesn't have the right to unilaterally declare another person's sex life over.

PLAYBOY: But you said a partner's refusal to have the sex one of them wants could be a deal breaker, that that's when you realize you're in the wrong relationship.

SAVAGE: Sometimes, but there are situations when the least worst option is cheating. We're not natural monogamists. People argue that we are. Then why in so many cultures—Judeo-Christian, Islamic—is adultery a death penalty offense? What species has to be threatened with death to do that which comes naturally?

PLAYBOY: Okay. So you cheat to save your marriage. Should you lie about it?

SAVAGE: Absolutely. I don't want my husband to tell me the truth about everything all the time. What relationship could survive that kind of a scalding, deposition-style nightmare?

PLAYBOY: Isn't lying another betrayal?

SAVAGE: I *want* to be lied to. He wants me to lie to him. There are things you don't say because they can't be unsaid and would be shattering, so you protect each other. Sometimes the most loving thing you can do in the wake of an affair is lie.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you giving men a free pass to cheat all they want and then lie about it? No wonder a lot of heterosexual men like your advice.

SAVAGE: I'm not giving a pass to serial adulterers or people who are vicious and manipulative.

PLAYBOY: You've said you believe that couples can be "monogamish." Are you and your husband? Do you tell each other about cheating?

SAVAGE: In my relationship with Terry, a couple of things came out a decade after the fact. Because so much other water had gone under the bridge, what was revealed didn't seem as threatening or devastating as it would have if it had been revealed in the moment. Because we're solid. Looking back, I wouldn't have wanted to know then what I know now, and knowing it now doesn't bother me.

PLAYBOY: You and Terry have been married for a decade. Now more Americans support gay marriage than are against it. Are you convinced it will eventually be legal everywhere?

SAVAGE: Well, the polls here move in one direction on this issue. We win the persuadables. Period, the end.

PLAYBOY: And what about the non-persuadables? Is it only a matter of time before they come around too?

SAVAGE: No. This will always be an issue, the way abortion will always be an issue. Can you believe we're still debating access to birth control, that access is increasingly restricted? We will forever have to fight a rear-guard action to defend our right to marry. The religious right is not going to give up on this.

PLAYBOY: But just as the tide is turning

on marijuana legalization, it appears to be turning on gay marriage. Will the opposition at least become less fervent?

SAVAGE: I would hope so. I hope we get to the point that we're the new pot. I mean, I enjoy the old pot; I'd *like* to be the new pot. But I don't think so. Judeo-Christianity-Islam has thousands of years invested in stigmatizing and policing nonprocreative sex.

PLAYBOY: Some opponents of gay marriage do believe marriage is solely for procreation.

SAVAGE: That's why Rick and Karen Santorum have had sex only seven times, right? That's why Mike Huckabee and his wife have had sex only three times. That's why now, with in vitro fertilization, nobody should be having sex at all. Humans average 1,000 sexual contacts for every one live birth. What's sex for? Our genes are desperately trying to get out there. Some part of my reptile brain, when I fuck my husband in the ass, is trying to get him pregnant. My broth-

*I never said to
Mike Huckabee
"Suck my dick."
There is a
long list I have
invited, though.*

er Billy got a vasectomy, yet still, when he has sex with his longtime partner, a woman, he's thwarting the control. His higher mind is saying to his reptile brain, "I'm in charge," while his reptile brain is spewing away, trying to get his girlfriend pregnant. And it won't work. And I'm spewing away trying to get my husband pregnant.

We don't look at people eating in restaurants or cooking unnecessarily elaborate meals and think, Well, that's perverse. We should eat like the squirrels and cheetahs and just tackle something and devour it. We should save that desire for nourishment, because food is only for nourishment; food is not for pleasure. But we say that about sex.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Santorum. He has been the object of some of your fiercest attacks. Why him?

SAVAGE: In 2003 Santorum gave an interview to the AP in which he compared gay couples who wish to marry to people who rape children and fuck dogs. That's

a vile and disgusting thing to say. In response, my readers came up with a vile, disgusting and proportionate response.

PLAYBOY: That response was to your contest to redefine the word *santorum*.

SAVAGE: Yes. The winner defined *santorum* as "the frothy mixture of lube and fecal matter that is sometimes the by-product of anal sex." The operative term there is *sometimes*, by the way. If you're doing anal sex right, there is no *santorum*, lowercase, as opposed to *Santorum*, uppercase.

PLAYBOY: In your view, who are the most offensive homophobes now?

SAVAGE: Vladimir Putin and the president of Uganda. We expected the backlash here in the U.S., but the backlash is abroad. What is our responsibility to queer people in Uganda who are being brutalized because of the rapid success of the gay-rights movement in the West? In countries like Uganda, leaders have this easy way to assert their moral superiority: hating gay people in the same way shitty, fucked-up Christians in America do. Putin is very blunt about this. It's how they prove their moral superiority to the West. They don't have to take better care of their citizens, they don't have to have a functioning democracy, they don't have to have a decent environment, they don't have to have a justice system that works. They just have to hate gay people really hard and they're better than the United States, better than Canada, better than France. It's exactly like the Christians. They don't have to stop masturbating, stop having premarital sex, stop drinking, stop getting divorced and remarried. All they have to do to be good Christians is hate gay people. "I don't have to keep my dick out of anybody; I just have to hate you and where you're putting *your* dick."

PLAYBOY: Another sparring partner of yours has been former governor and presidential candidate Mike Huckabee. He once said that you must be "not a happy person," because you're so "rude, vile and angry." You responded, "You can rest assured that I'm a happy person, Mike. Have you seen my husband in a Speedo? No gay man with a husband who looks like mine in a Speedo is unhappy."

SAVAGE: I love that pseudo, false, pious, ersatz, bullshit empathy. Fuck you and fuck your pity, Mike Huckabee. Suck my fucking dick. I don't need your pity, and I also didn't need your approval. Neither interests me.

PLAYBOY: Have you had the opportunity to say that to his face?

SAVAGE: No, I never said to Mike Huckabee "Suck my dick." There is a long list of people I've invited to suck my dick, though, figuratively. Rick Santorum never got the invite. Herman Cain did. He always says that being gay is a choice. I've always felt the correct retort to "It's a choice" is "Prove it. Suck my dick, and suck (continued on page 162)

How to Tell Time Like a Man

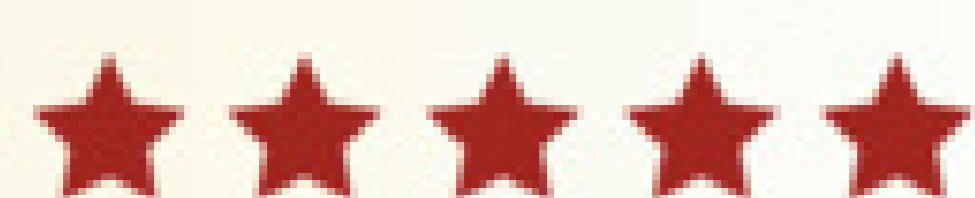
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How Low T Became the Disease Du Jour



BY TYLER GRAHAM



URN IT UP. That's the slogan of AndroGel, a topical testosterone gel that treats a condition known as low T. If you've just woken up from a coma and find yourself in a hospital bed, flipping through the new abundance of ESPNs—ESPN2, ESPN3, ESPNU et al.—you're forgiven for wondering why American men are suffering an epidemic of free-falling testosterone. No doubt you'll question why this cataclysmic event strikes not just the men of the most powerful nation on earth but its handsomest and most well-off men—guys who, if the marketing visuals are to be believed, sport high school physiques, drive mint-condition sports cars and land starring roles on soap operas.


Testosterone is not unique to humans. The sex hormone is 500 million years old and is found in just about every vertebrate (reptiles, amphibians, mammals and birds). It masculinizes species, and that's why men have 20 times more testosterone than women. In humans this means more muscle mass, broader facial structure, wider shoulders and a deeper voice. Men who are born with low levels of testosterone have more feminine features, and women with higher levels tend to be more masculine. High testosterone is tightly correlated with many desirable traits, such as a strong sex drive, endless energy, a sharp, sound mind and aggressiveness, that make taking on the challenges of day-to-day life more pleasurable. But turn on the TV and the message is clear: Today's T levels are in a nosedive. Legions of guys don't have the energy to perform in the bedroom—or the boardroom—the way their fathers did just a generation ago.

Think of it as the male version of menopause. Indeed, some doctors call it “andropause” or “manopause.” New York urologist Dr. Harry Fisch, who hosts a talk show on Howard Stern's SiriusXM network, calls it “menoporsche,” because a lot of guys think it's easily fixed by purchasing a shiny

new fast-moving product of German engineering. Marketers prefer the colloquial, bro-ish “low T.” It sounds friendly and unscientific, like something you'd hear in a locker room. Dr. Abraham Morgentaler, author of *Testosterone for Life*, says he coined the term when his patients were embarrassed by the difficulty of pronouncing *testosterone*.

After the age of 30, men lose about one percent of the hormone per year. Many believe this is natural and easily explained by an evolutionary mechanism. As his sex hormone drops, a man's enthusiasm for such risk-taking pursuits as fistfights and car racing wanes. Which, as you head into middle age, is a good thing if you're interested in raising your children into adulthood. The theory extends to marriage as well: The less testosterone you have, the more committed you are to your wife. Nature designed men to slow down as they get older. Some like to say low T is a condition previously known as aging, and they speak to why its treatment has become such a lightning rod. Are drug companies slowing and monetizing the natural progression of life? Others ask what's wrong with a little hormonal nip and tuck when we already treat poor eyesight, worn-out joints and baldness.

Johnson & Johnson's greatest invention, the saying goes, was not Listerine but halitosis. The company ran ads in the 1920s educating unmarried women about a new scourge, a hard-to-pronounce scientific term for bad breath that was likely responsible for their single status. The phrase *often a bridesmaid but never a bride* originated in an advertisement for Listerine back when it was used as a treatment for gonorrhea and as a surgical antiseptic. Today the United States and New Zealand are the only countries that allow direct-to-consumer pharmaceutical advertising, known in the trade as DTCPA. That's why you'll find no shortage of



testosterone-therapy ads during *SportsCenter*. A 2013 study by the health care research firm CMI/Compas shows that 81 percent of physicians think this marketing is responsible for overuse of prescription meds. The issue is serious enough that the FDA is conducting its own review of DTCPA and is expected to issue a report later this year.

In 2012 Big Pharma spent \$107 million on DTCPA for testosterone treatments. The industry also funded disease education and awareness sites such as IsItLowT.com to promote the idea that men across America may be feeling older not because of aging but because of a testosterone deficiency. The Is It Low T? site asks 10 seemingly catchall questions, including “Do you have a lack of energy?” and “Are you falling asleep after dinner?” Answer yes to the two questions about sex drive or three overall and you probably have low T. The site is also geared toward women since guys are notoriously non-proactive when it comes to their health. Surprisingly, no drug is advertised on the site. Low T isn’t a formally recognized condition, and that means manufacturers can’t actively market their drugs to treat it. (The FDA remains silent on the types of ads broadcast on ESPN.) They instead educate consumers about the condition and encourage them to talk to their physician, who can prescribe AndroGel, the drug made by the site’s owner, AbbVie. Dr. John Morley, director of endocrinology and geriatric medicine at the St. Louis University School of Medicine, originally created the quiz for Organon BioSciences more than a decade ago. He told *The New York Times* the company asked him to make it short and sexy; he added that he has “no problem calling it a crappy questionnaire.” This marketing muscle has paid off handsomely. Sales of testosterone therapies jumped from \$324 million in 2002 to \$2 billion in 2012. Experts predict the drugs will be worth another \$2 billion by 2017.

Aside from AndroGel, which is applied to the shoulders, there are a handful of other delivery systems, and those—rather than the hormone itself—are what the pharmaceutical industry has patented and monetized. Injectables are the oldest and least expensive, but a lot of guys are squeamish around needles; hence the new market for other applications. Axiron is applied under the arm like a deodorant. Fortesta, a gel, is applied to the inner thigh. Testim is also applied to the shoulders. Androderm is a patch. Testopel, a pellet, is injected near the hip and lasts as long as six months. Got low energy and decreased sex drive or just not feeling as young as you used to? You’ve got options! But if you’re wondering why testosterone is applied to hidden, out-of-the-way parts of the body, the answer is twofold. Its pungent smell has been compared to stale urine, but more important,

it’s not inert, and it can rub off on children and spouses. For kids this means a risk of early puberty, and for women it means hair growth in unwanted places. Exposure to testosterone therapies can also cause health problems for pets, especially female dogs, whose vulvas swell up like balloons. (Google Image search it, or don’t.)

It all seems simple. Big Pharma creates a new disease, and *cha-ching!* But a growing number of scientists think the natural decline of testosterone as we age isn’t so natural after all. It seems from generation to generation men’s T levels have been plummeting. At the ages of 40, 65 and 70 most guys will have lower levels of the hormone than their fathers had at the same age. Some endocrinologists suspect novel estrogenic compounds in the modern environment play a role; these compounds include pesticides, phthalates in personal care products, BPA in plastic food containers, phytoestrogens in plants such as soy and flame retardants in our computers, couches and mattresses. Research shows that vets exposed to flame retardants in Vietnam and men who work in factories with high phthalate exposures have lower serum levels of testosterone.

But others point to the declining state of America’s collective health. Low testosterone is also associated with high blood pressure, high cholesterol, elevated blood sugar, pre-diabetes—in other words, the same symptoms as being overweight. A well-conducted 2006 study published in the *Journal of Clinical Endocrinology & Metabolism* looked at more than 1,500 men and, after accounting for age, body mass index and marital status, found that men’s testosterone levels dropped 22 percent from the late 1980s to 2004. The study’s authors blame the decline on an increase in poor health and also cite environmental factors. Dr. Gary Wittert, professor of medicine at the University of Adelaide in Australia, co-authored

another study, presented at the Endocrine Society’s 94th annual meeting, that backs up this assertion. It evaluated 1,382 men over five years and found a strong correlation between being overweight and having lowered testosterone. “The bigger the belly, the lower the testosterone,” says New York urologist Fisch. “It’s pure and simple. We know these guys have to lose weight, and if they do, their testosterone will go up.” Simple ways to boost testosterone naturally include cutting out refined carbohydrates and processed foods, lifting heavy weights, sleeping more and exposing yourself regularly to the sun (high vitamin D levels are strongly correlated with high levels of the sex hormone).

Jim Oborny is 50 years old. He is the chief executive of a social-media development firm in Chicago, and one might guess he’s from the Windy City: He looks Polish and has the accent and build of someone plucked out of a 1990s “Da’ Bears” skit on *Saturday Night Live*. Oborny’s a big guy, to be sure, but nowadays (continued on page 172)

A growing number of scientists think the natural decline of testosterone as we age isn’t so natural after all. Environment may play a role.



"Sorry, Bob, but Trevor and I have no clue where your new girlfriend went after we sang 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

AUNNA

OUR PLAYMATES DITCH THE GLAMOUR OF THE CITY AND POSH PHOTO SETS FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS IN THIS PREVIEW OF *CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'*, A PLAYBOY SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION BY FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER TERRY RICHARDSON, ON SALE FEBRUARY 17



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TERRY RICHARDSON













FEW EXPECTED BUSTER DOUGLAS TO SURVIVE ONE ROUND WITH MIKE TYSON. **NO ONE EXPECTED HIM TO WIN.**
THE INSIDE STORY OF THE UPSET OF THE CENTURY, IN HONOR OF THE FIGHT'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY

42 TO

Only in a sport like boxing and with an athlete like Mike Tyson could the words *routine* and *destruction* fit together. But those are the words HBO blow-by-blow broadcaster Jim Lampley used to describe what everyone thought they were going to see in the Tokyo Dome on February 11, 1990: the “routine destruction” of James “Buster” Douglas. Tyson was 37-0 with 33 knockouts, the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, the most famous athlete on the planet with the possible exception of Michael Jordan and the baddest man on the planet with no possible exception. As he made his 10th title defense against the lightly regarded Douglas, a second-generation fighter

01

BY ERIC RASKIN



from Columbus, Ohio with four losses and a draw among his 34 contests, Tyson was listed—at the only sports book in Vegas willing to take action on the mismatch—as a 42-to-one favorite.

The opening bell rang a few minutes past noon that Sunday in Tokyo, a start time chosen for the convenience of Saturday-night audiences in the Western world. A quarter century later, what Douglas did to Tyson across 28 minutes and 22 seconds of pugilistic action still stands as the most shocking sports upset either hemisphere has ever seen.

There was destruction, all right, and it was anything but routine.

In this 25th-anniversary oral history, 20 insiders reflect on Buster's last stand and Iron Mike's first fall.

JAMES "BUSTER" DOUGLAS: Winning a fight like this, that's really all I wanted to achieve. People for generations are going to know I existed. They'll know I was here. I made my mark.

MIKE TYSON: People say it was a perfect storm of all these things that caused me to lose. I don't know. I just know he kicked my ass that night.



I. INVINCIBILITY AND INCONSISTENCY

DOUGLAS: The first time I remember seeing Tyson was around 1986. Somebody asked me when was I going to fight him,



and I said, "When is he going to fight me?" I was the more established fighter. He was just a new guy, but he was gathering a lot of steam with the press.

JIM LAMPLEY, HBO boxing commentator: The only person I remember being perceived as invincible perhaps to the same degree as Mike Tyson was Sonny Liston. Liston was an eight-to-one favorite over Cassius Clay. He was regarded as unbeatable, pretty much in the same way Tyson was—and for the same reason, which is that the public falls for knockout punchers.

"Buster was beating the hell out of Mike, and I looked at Don King and said, "Don, what the hell is going on here?" —Donald Trump

BERNARD FERNANDEZ, Philadelphia Daily News boxing writer: Ralph Kiner once said, "Home-run hitters drive Cadillacs, and singles hitters drive Fords." The technicians, the cuties, they don't get your blood pumping. The big boppers do—and Tyson was one of the biggest of the big boppers. Tyson was a kick-your-ass guy. He ended his fights with exclamation points, not with periods.

JOE LAYDEN, author of *The Last Great Fight*: If you were in an arena for a Tyson fight in the 1980s, it felt like you were



4



5

there to watch an execution. It was just a matter of how devastating and awe-inspiring it was going to be.

BOB SHERIDAN, Don King Productions, international-feed broadcaster: Mike Tyson was considered totally invincible at that time. He would come out with just a towel over his shoulders with the hole cut out, no socks and those black trunks. He'd snarl around the ring before the fights and push his gloves back to try to get as much knuckle into his gloves as possible. I can't think of anybody else who was that intimidating.

DOUGLAS: He comes to get you. He wasn't bullshitting. He wasn't making a party out of it. He was getting 'em over with nice and quick.

DONALD TRUMP, friend and business associate of promoter Don King: I hosted a lot of Mike fights in Atlantic City. I had the Michael Spinks fiasco, where it was 91 seconds and it was over and guys weren't even in the arena yet. Disaster. Spinks was petrified. Mike had won a lot of fights before they even fought.

LAMPLEY: I think the sense was widespread

1. Promoter Don King and Mike Tyson at John F. Kennedy International Airport. 2. Tyson and King with sumo wrestler Ozeki Konishiki during a workout in Tokyo. 3. Tyson, his left eye swollen, prepares with trainer Aaron Snowell for the seventh round against Buster Douglas. 4. Referee Octavio Meyrán counts over Douglas in the eighth round. 5. Tyson and Snowell work out as trainer Jay Bright watches.

that Tyson was not going to lose anytime soon, and most particularly the sense was widespread that he would have no trouble whatsoever against Buster Douglas.

J RUSSELL PELTZ, boxing promoter: Buster was the opposite of his father. Bill "Dynamite" Douglas was a wild killer. Buster was a quiet, reserved, sat-in-the-back-of-the-bus kind of guy.

J.D. MCCAULEY, Douglas's uncle and co-trainer: Buster boxed; he messed around with it. He played with it because it was there for him. But Buster didn't like boxing. **TIM MAY, Columbus Dispatch boxing writer:** Buster was about three, four inches taller than his dad, and he was an athlete. He played high school basketball on a state championship team.

DOUGLAS: I was a forward in high school. I was about six-three or six-four, 200 pounds. But I wasn't going to go pro in basketball. I knew that wasn't realistic. My junior year of college I was thinking about boxing a lot because I was seeing it on TV all the time. I would see the amateur fighters and be like, Man, I used to be able to do that! So I made my



1



2

mind up to give it a shot. My father was excited because that's what he'd been waiting for.

MCCAULEY: Only thing wrong with Buster was that he was lazy. He was an athlete and really had the skill for boxing. He just couldn't put it all together.

PELTZ: I promoted Buster for three fights in 1983. He won the first two. The third was against Mike "the Giant" White. Buster was winning every minute of every round, and then in the ninth round he just collapsed. I don't recall him getting hit with any punches; he was just so out of shape and out of gas that he collapsed and was counted out.

LAMPLEY: In 1989 Douglas struggled to win a title eliminator fight against Oliver McCall. McCall and Douglas were both

promoted by Don King, as I recall, and the winner of that fight was going to get the shot against Mike. It was a fight that could have gone either way. Douglas got the decision.

DOUGLAS: The McCall fight, that was a fight I knew I had to win. That put me in line to fight Tyson.

LAMPLEY: By 1990 I'd been covering Tyson's fights for four years. He had gone through a lot of changes in those four years. First Cus D'Amato [his trainer and father figure] died. Then his manager, Jimmy Jacobs, died. Those were two massive personal changes in his life that also affected his boxing life. And I saw the arrivals of both Robin Givens and Don King.

LARRY MERCHANT, HBO boxing color commentator: Tyson talked about the possibilities of what King might do to him, even while he was signing with him.

[Editor's note: King declined multiple interview requests for this article.]

LAMPLEY: What Don had sold to him was "You're a grown man; you're 21; you're not going to

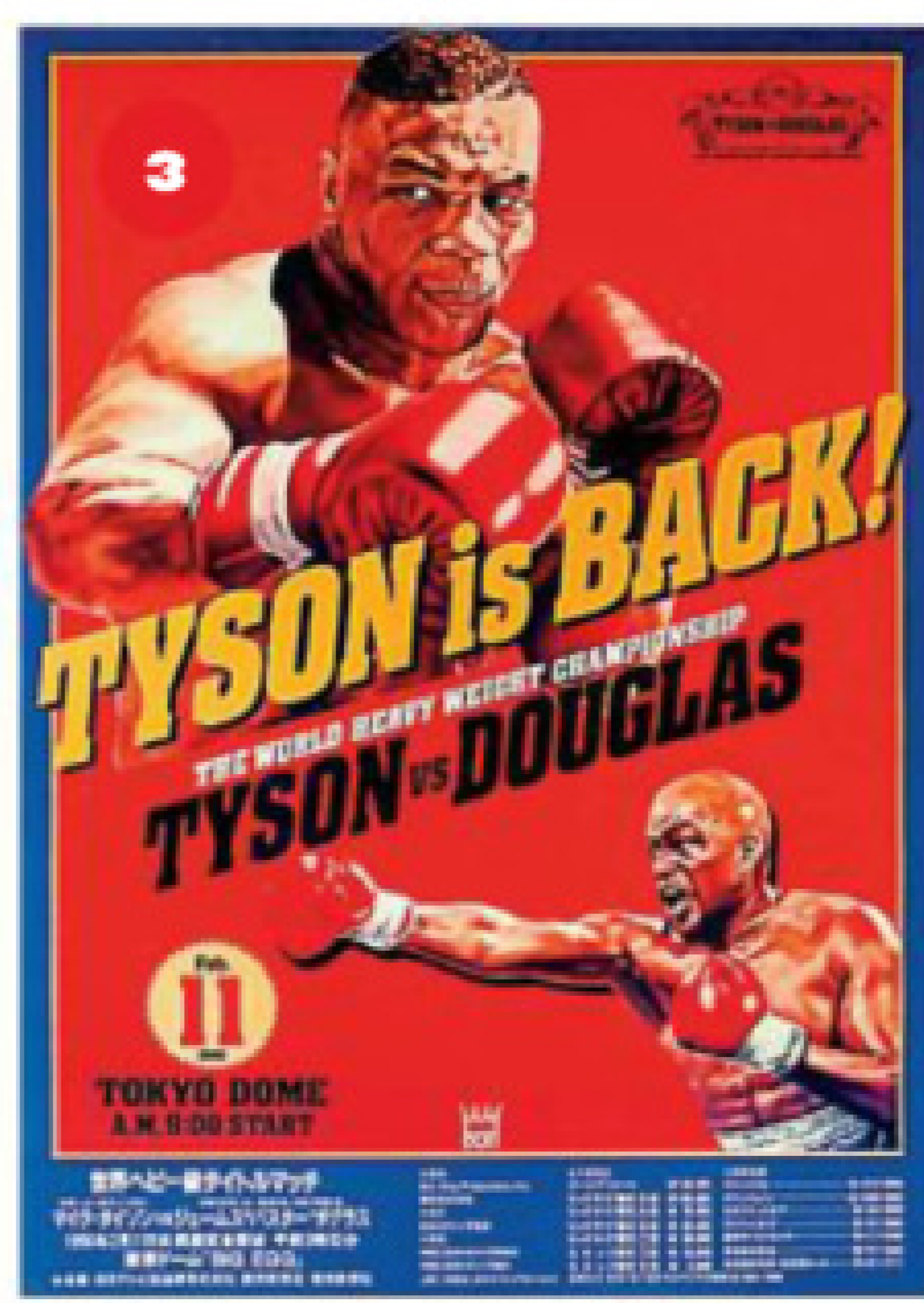
be manipulated by white men anymore. This is the time for you to run your own life and have it the way you want it." And that opened the floodgates for all of Mike's worst habits and ideas to take control of him.

FERNANDEZ: He turned everything over to King, who basically let him do whatever he wanted to do.

AARON SNOWELL, Tyson's trainer: Mike was really in love with Robin Givens. That relationship with Robin, mentally, had a big effect on Mike.

LAMPLEY: I had been watching at close range the Robin breakup and all the unusual events that went with it, including the incident when Tyson ran his car into a tree in upstate New York. It was impossible to tell whether he had fallen asleep at the wheel or whether it was a suicide

(continued on page 154)





“How was that for a Super Bowl halftime show?”



"Sorry, Bob, but Trevor and I have no clue where your new girlfriend went after we sang 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

LE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOSH RYAN









MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





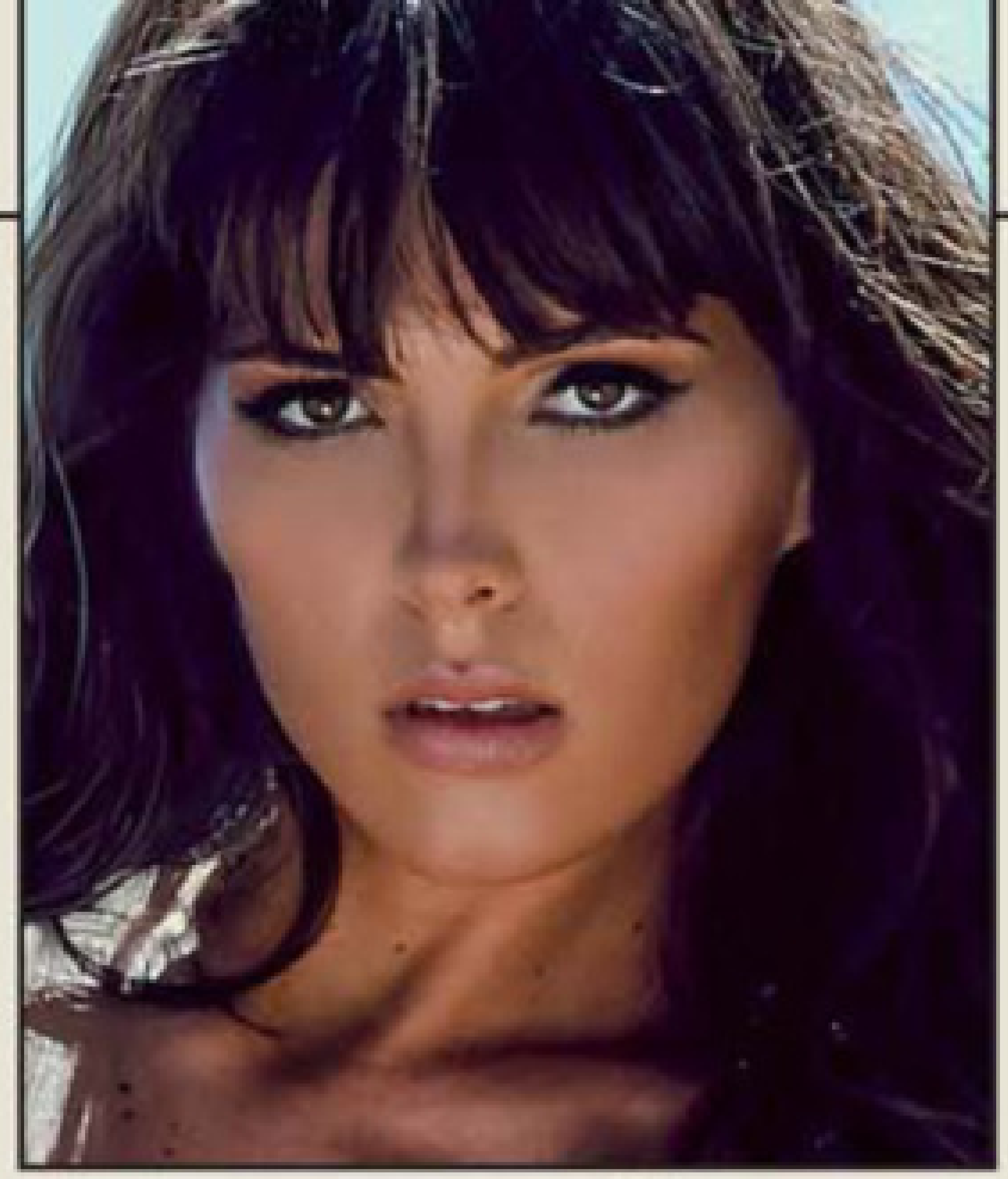


Uard

Britny

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Brittney Ward
BUST: 32C WAIST: 25" HIPS: 35"
HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 130 lbs.



BIRTH DATE: 05/22/90 BIRTHPLACE: Sacramento, California

AMBITIONS: Professionally: to own my own fitness company.
Personally: to make others and myself happy. !!

TURN-ONS: Confidence, ambition, maturity, success,
thoughtfulness, creativity and health consciousness.

TURNOFFS: I stay away from selfish, self-centered
men who care only about their wants and needs.

THE SECRET TO HAPPINESS: Music! It can change your mood
instantaneously. It's like medicine for the soul.

BUCKET LIST MUSTS: I have to skydive before I die!
I must learn to play the saxophone. It's my dream
to travel to Africa and go on a safari.

LIFE TIP: Life is way too short to worry about
stupid things. Have fun. Regret nothing, and
don't let people judge or bring you down.



Hanging with a baby lion.



Beach babe moment.



Coco-nutty.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man rushed into his son's room. "If you keep masturbating you're going to go blind!" he warned.

His son said, "Dad, I'm over here."

Twitter is like a woman's skirt: Tweets are long enough to cover the subject but short enough to keep it interesting.

A man was walking along the street when he slipped in dog shit. A few moments later another guy did exactly the same thing. The first said to him, "I just did that."

The second punched him in the face and called him a dirty bastard.



Why don't you ever whisper dirty things in my ear?" an unsatisfied wife asked her husband.

He came up behind her, put his chin on her shoulder and whispered, "The dishes."

Don't you hate it when you're about to hug someone sexy and your face hits the mirror?

What's one thing women and police cars have in common?

They both make a lot of noise to let you know they're coming.

A man walked into his office on a Monday morning. He checked his e-mails and saw one from his neighbor. It read, "Do you have any naked photos of your wife?"

Outraged, he replied, "No, I certainly do not!"

A short while later he received a second e-mail from the neighbor. Expecting an apology, the man opened the message. It read, "Want to buy some?"

In the heat of passion a man whispered in his girlfriend's ear, "Baby, would you ever want to try anal sex?"

"Um," she said and paused. "I guess we could try it if you really want to."

"Only if you're comfortable," he assured her.

"Let me compose myself in the bathroom," she said and walked off.

She returned minutes later wearing a strap-on and demanded, "Turn around."

Two blondes were driving to Disneyland. They saw a sign that read DISNEYLAND LEFT, so they started crying and drove home.

What do a slice of burned toast and a pregnant girlfriend have in common?

In both cases you wish you'd taken it out a few seconds earlier.

A wife said to her husband, "You make love like you fix things around the house."

"Expertly?" the man asked.

"No," she responded. "Half done so I have to call the neighbor over to finish the job."

This just in: A dissatisfied transplant patient has demanded that his surgeon replace his brand-new penis. It seems the new organ rejected his hand.

Behind every successful man is a woman, and behind the fall of every successful man is usually another woman.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *dildo* as a fucksimile.

What's the difference between the government and the Mafia?

One of them is organized.



Shelby Neiman

Don't play with a woman's heart; she has only one. Instead, play with her boobs—she has two of those.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Webster's wife, returning early from a long trip, discovered the lexicographer flagrante delicto with a pretty maid.

"Darling!" she gasped. "I'm surprised!"

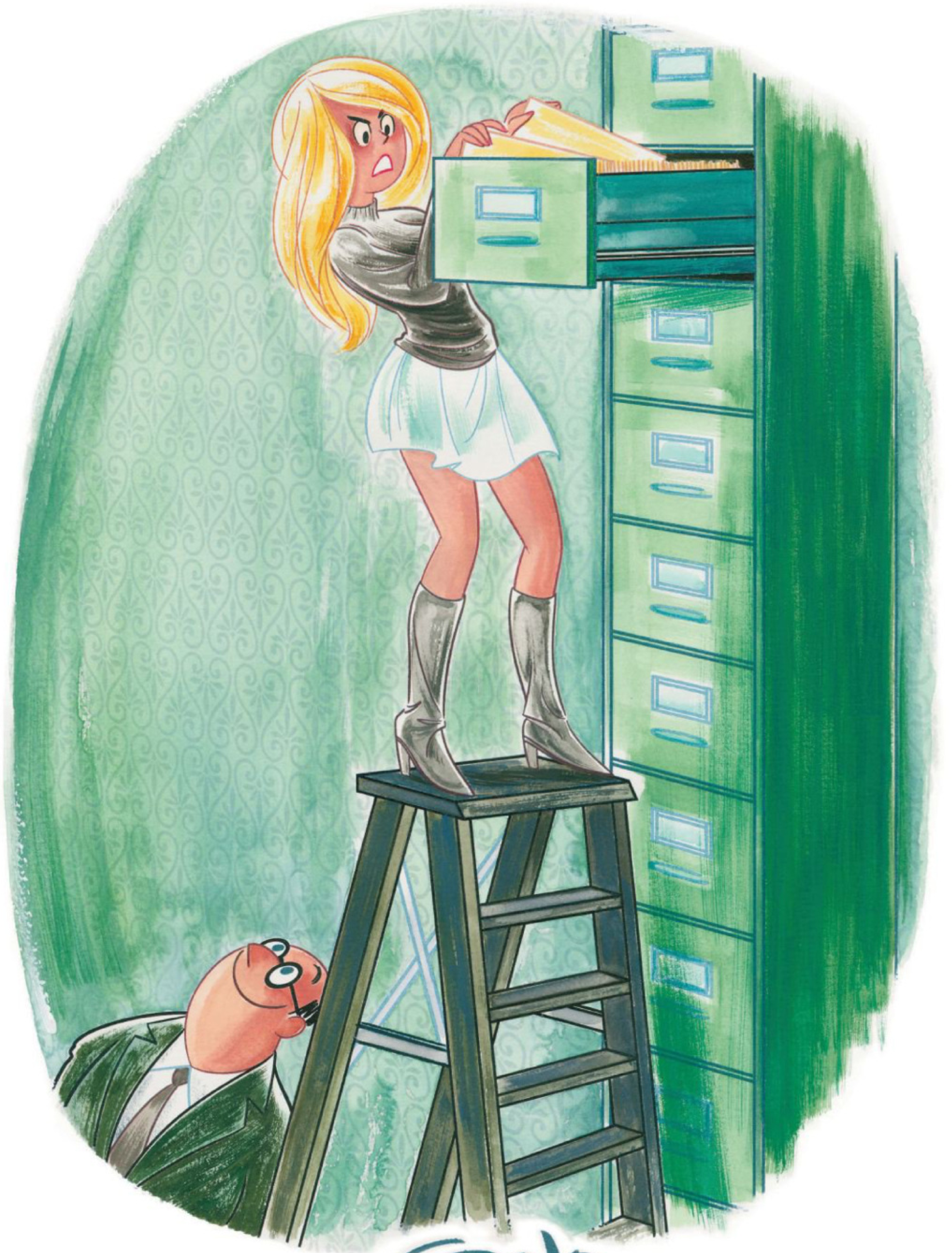
"No, my dear," replied Webster. "You are shocked; I am surprised."

How do you identify a bald eagle?

All his feathers are combed to one side.

A woman participating in a survey was asked how she feels about condoms. She answered, "It depends on what's in it for me."

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



GRENO

"I'll never understand this filing system!"



Fig. 13.

After his car is
stolen, James
realizes more is
missing than
he thought

10 Other Issues



THE DOG

The dog was old, arthritic and fat, and she belonged to my live-in girlfriend, Leah, who'd had her for eight years before we met. The dog's name was Bidderbells (don't ask) and you couldn't really leave her at home for long stretches because of her tendency to chew up the cushions on the couch, or at least gum them, and then take a dump on the kitchen floor. So I had her with me the day I brought my laptop to the library to work in peace (they're renovating the building across the street from the apartment and the noise is multidimensional) and, of course, I couldn't park on the street because the sun would make a furnace of the car. I got lucky at the parking garage. Just as I took my ticket and the gate lifted I spotted an SUV backing out of a prime space on the left-hand side and I eased right in, feeling good about myself and the little unexpected rewards of life.

I cracked the windows, gave the dog a rawhide bone to gum and walked down the ramp and out into the sunshine.

The library is one of my favorite buildings in town, a limestone monument to culture and learning built in a time when people cared about such things. Of course, it's principally a repository of bums these days, men mostly, who crowd the armchairs and big oak tables with their oozing bags of possessions and idle away the hours bringing up porn sites on the computers, scribbling in their journals or snoozing with their heads thrown back and their mouths hanging open. Not that I'm complaining. They've got a right to live too and we've got a lot of bleeding hearts in this town (read: bum advocates) and though I'm not really one of them I guess you'd have to say I'm tolerant, at least.

At any rate, I worked for maybe an hour and a half, then packed up and headed back out into the sun for the stroll across the street to the parking structure. Was I thinking I was about to be violated? No. I was thinking nothing—or just, I suppose, that it was a nice day, it was time for lunch and the world was an equable place.

THE ABSENCE

The car wasn't there. I walked directly to the spot where I'd left it and found a motorcycle parked there instead. The motorcycle was a handsome thing, a chopper actually, with high handlebars and a dragon decal on the fuel tank, but it wasn't my car and I was at least 99 percent sure that this was where I'd parked. Now I began to exercise my neck, looking up and down the row of parked vehicles, wondering if I was somehow mistaken, if my internal compass had confused this trip to the library with the last and that it was on the last visit I'd parked here and today elsewhere. Like up there at the top of the ramp. I started walking up the gradual incline, scanning the vehicles on both sides, and when I got to the point where the ramp gave on to the second floor of the garage, I went back down again, rechecking every spot. Still no car. So back up the ramp I went, turning the corner to level two, and I checked every space there as well before continuing on to ascend all the levels, including the sixth and top floor, which was outside in the glare of the sun and no possibility at all because I was certain I would never have parked there with the dog in the car, not on this day or any other.

I didn't really know how much time dribbled away in this wasted effort, this idiotic obsessive-compulsive tramping through the entire parking structure, checking and rechecking the same cars over and over as if one of them would magically morph into mine. Half an

hour? More? And wasn't this the definition of true idiocy, repeating the same behavior and expecting a different result? It was at this point that I realized the car must have been towed—and yet why I couldn't imagine, since this wasn't metered parking and the gate wouldn't have admitted me in the first place if I hadn't taken a ticket. Suddenly I was in a hurry, thinking of what this was going to cost me—and of the dog, of course, who at the very least would have



As soon as she came through the door I said, "Something happened," and she said, "You're drunk," and I was on the defensive.

been confused if not disturbed or even frightened by the clanking of the tow truck and the unnatural elevation of the car—and I was practically jogging as I descended through the levels and made my way back down to the exit. Here was a sharp curve and a narrow lane that led from the mouth of the parking structure to a kiosk and gate, and I found myself squeezed between the unforgiving

concrete pillars on the one side and the autos backed up at the ticket kiosk, feeling awkward and vulnerable on foot in the domain of big-grid tires and steel.

The ticket taker was a high school kid in a hoodie who looked startled when I popped my head in the door. In his idle moments he'd been underlining passages in a creased paperback of *Crime and Punishment*, which lay on the scratched tin counter before him. I was beginning, deep in that place of flap and panic in the center of my chest, to see a theme revealed here. "Did you guys tow any cars today?" I asked him hopefully, and I must have looked confused or disoriented, like one of the bums he no doubt had to negotiate at regular intervals.

There was the screech of tires somewhere above and behind us. A sweetish smell of exhaust hung in the air. He gave me a wary look. "We don't tow cars out of here," he said. "Unless they're like left for a week or something..."

"No, no," I said. "I just parked two hours ago"—I flipped my wrist to consult my watch—"at 10 past 10 or so."

He was shaking his head so that the flaps of the hoodie generated their own little breeze. "I've been on since eight and I definitely haven't seen any tow trucks."

That gave me pause. I looked off across the street to the courthouse and saw the way the sun drew radiant lines across the limestone blocks a previous generation had stacked there in defiance of time, temblors and the depredations of weather. Then I brought my gaze back to the kiosk, to which a shining white Lexus was just pulling up. The driver of the Lexus, a faux blonde with a reconstructed face, gave me a look, then handed the ticket to the kid in the hoodie, and I stood there observing the gate rise and listening to their parting remarks ("Have a nice day now"; "You too"), feeling helpless and embarrassed.

"That's a camera there, right?" I said after the Lexus had wheeled off down the street.

The kid looked to where I was pointing, just to his right and above his head. "Yeah, I guess," he said.

"So, if anybody"—and here the word caught in my throat for just a moment—"stole my car, you'd have it on film, right?"

UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY

The kid called his supervisor, a lean, gum-chewing athlete in his 40s with a little pencil mustache and a name tag affixed to his sports coat that read GREG. Greg shook my hand and asked, "What seems to be the problem?"

"I think somebody stole my car."

"You parked it here?"

I said yes.

"You're sure? Absolutely sure?" Greg had been (continued on page 166)



"Look, Harry...they got fairies here!"

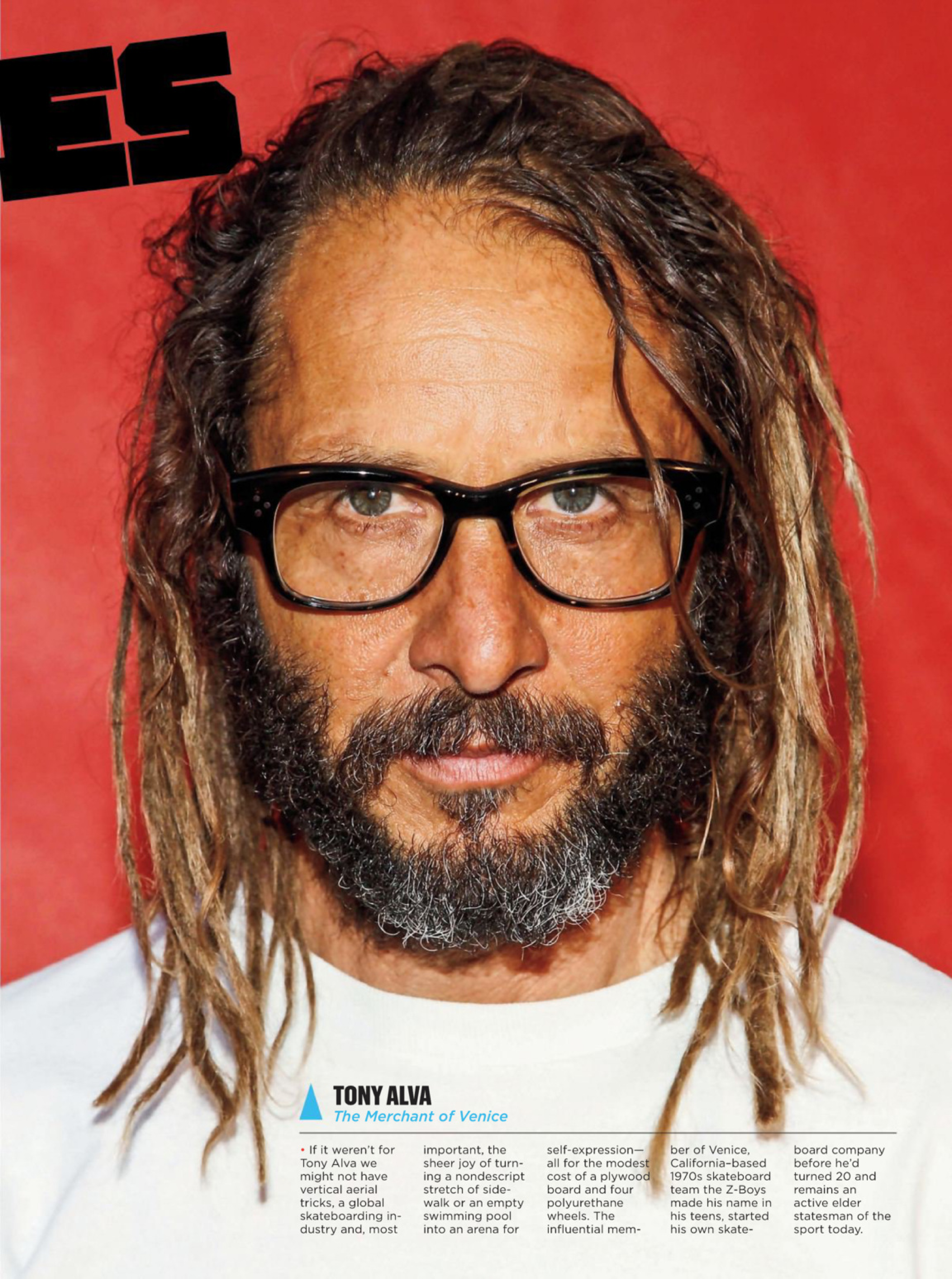
THE RENEGADE AWARDS

For our first-ever Renegade Awards, we salute the men who broke the rules, redefined their fields and continue to refine their game

DR. DRE

The \$3 Billion Man

• Three decades before Apple bid \$3 billion for his company Beats Electronics, Dr. Dre (né Andre Young) was already changing the way we listen to music. As a high school dropout, the founding member of N.W.A built a career on giving voice to the streets and pushing hip-hop from the fringes to the mainstream. Over the years he has orchestrated the rise of seminal hip-hop artists Eminem, 50 Cent, Kendrick Lamar—the list goes on—and continues to push the narrative of struggle and redemption. His ability to keep it real while expanding his empire is unparalleled.



▲ TONY ALVA
The Merchant of Venice

• If it weren't for Tony Alva we might not have vertical aerial tricks, a global skateboarding industry and, most

important, the sheer joy of turning a nondescript stretch of sidewalk or an empty swimming pool into an arena for

self-expression—all for the modest cost of a plywood board and four polyurethane wheels. The influential mem-

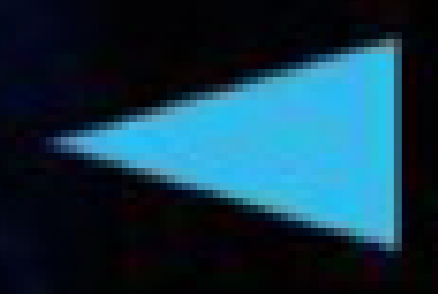
ber of Venice, California-based 1970s skateboard team the Z-Boys made his name in his teens, started his own skate-

board company before he'd turned 20 and remains an active elder statesman of the sport today.



NICK CAVE
*The Wizard of
Aussies*

• Few artists have mastered as many forms and genres as Australia-born Nick Cave. His bands the Birthday Party and Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds have made him almost famous, while his heroin addiction almost stopped his career altogether. Now clean, Cave continues his prolific output not only as a musician but also as a soundtrack artist (*Harry Potter*, *True Detective*), a screenwriter (*Lawless*) and a best-selling novelist. When none other than Johnny Cash covers your music, you know you've arrived. But that was 15 years ago, and Cave is still going strong.



**BILL
MURRAY**
*The
Lifebomber*

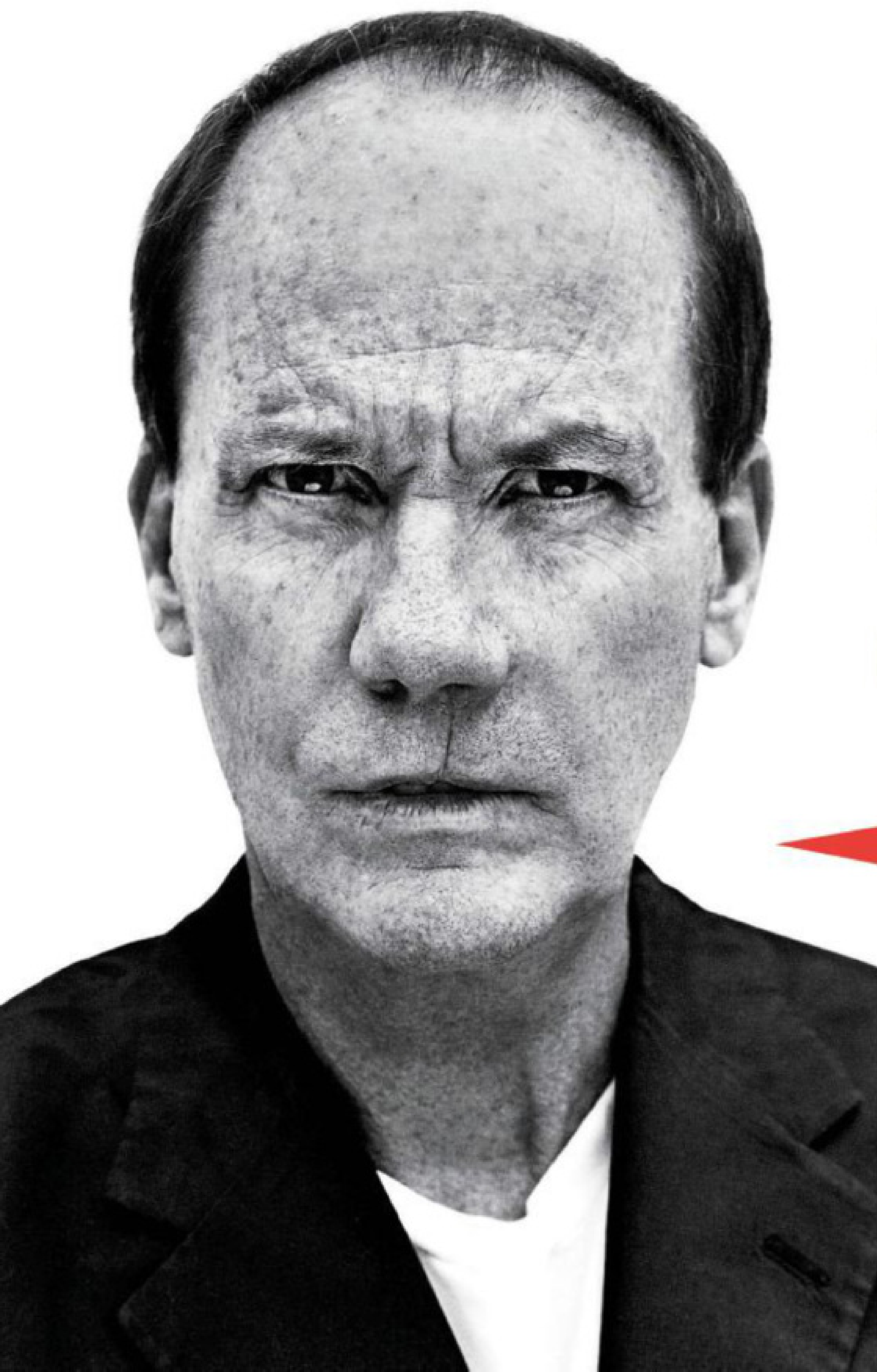
• Yes, he has created some of the most memorable characters in the history of film. Yes, he is notoriously anti-Hollywood, working steadily year after year without a manager, an agent or a publicist. But the mystique of Bill Murray doesn't stop at the screen. He randomly crashes strangers' karaoke parties, engagement photo shoots and kickball games, thereby pulling us into his body of work. Most people are content to photobomb, but Murray lifebombs—while continuing to work at the highest level of his craft.

MARCO PIERRE WHITE

The Original Bad-Boy Chef

• Long before food and restaurants became reality-TV fodder, there was a young man in England named Marco Pierre White. While running the kitchens in a string of successful London restaurants, he dated models, made the gossip pages, berated a young Gordon Ramsay until he cried and drove an equally young

Mario Batali to quit in the middle of dinner service. And at the age of 33 he became the youngest chef ever awarded three Michelin stars. Although he no longer works in the kitchen, he remains a successful restaurateur and TV presenter, as well as the blueprint for foulmouthed, brilliant chefs the world over.



RICHARD PRINCE

The Art Breaker

• From the 1980s to today, Richard Prince has made a name for himself by taking other people's images (most often related to ideas of masculinity) and turning them into something altogether original: He rephoto-

graphed details of the Marlboro Man ads, finding new beauty in his creative cropping; photographed photographs of naked biker chicks; and most recently became a high-concept internet troll, appropriating

photos of women from Instagram, rewriting the comments and then blowing them up larger than life. If good poets borrow and great poets steal, then Prince is the poet laureate of American pop art tricksters.



Olivia 

"I never go out without my pussycats."

2 0
1 5 4

Cars of the Year

FROM NEW YORK TO L.A., MARRAKECH TO PUGLIA, WE RACKED UP MILES—AND TICKETS—IN THE NAME OF CROWNING THE YEAR'S BEST AUTOMOBILES

BY WILLIAM K. GOCK

■ SEDANS & COUPES | WINNER

Mercedes-Benz | S63 AMG 4MATIC COUPE

\$160,900

Normally two separate categories, this division is dominated this year by a single champion—no easy task. The new Mercedes-Benz S-Class touring coupe achieves this with a 577 hp bi-turbo V8 that dashes and eludes like Manny Pacquiao and protects with a stiff defense. But the S63 isn't about muscle and handling alone; it pampers up to four

adults with luxury-level accommodations. After experiencing firsthand the “hot-stone massage” seats and cabin atomizer aromatherapy, we've learned to appreciate the S63's softer side. Alas, we know M-B's full stable of electronic coaches—more like nannies—are the precursor to autonomous travel. But for now the driving game doesn't get much better than this.



BRANDEN T. CÔTÉ

Exclusive vehicles manager, AMG and designo

“The S63 brings technology into the vehicle far beyond infotainment, improving the driving experience and raising the level of luxury. This vehicle will turn any commute into a spa day—a really fast and exhilarating spa day.”



■ SPORTS CARS & CONVERTIBLES | WINNER

Alfa Romeo | 4C

\$55,195

The gorgeous Italian exchange student you loved in high school isn't coming back, but Alfa Romeo finally is after years away. The stunning 4C, the brand's first U.S. import in two decades, arrives stacked in the back courtesy of a mid-engine-mounted 237 hp turbo four capable of zero to 60 in 4.1 seconds. This

lightweight carbon-fiber-framed pistol uses flowing body curves, highly stylized alloy wheels and a monstrous engine roar to announce Alfa's grand return. Behind the wheel it's obvious the 4C is a machine built for high-speed cornering, not casual trips to the corner store, which is more than enough to earn our esteem.



REID BIGLAND

*NAFTA region head,
Alfa Romeo*

"The 4C is an attainable mid-engine exotic car that delivers the wants of a driving purist, with direct steering feedback, dynamic throttle response and immediate shifting and braking reactions—a precise and visceral experience that embodies more than 100 years of the Alfa Romeo brand's technical development and racing tradition."



UWE ELLINGHAUS
Chief marketing officer, Global Cadillac

"Making 4G LTE standard on all Cadillacs makes sense not just for drivers but for all passengers. It's obviously great for road trips, but having 4G LTE connectivity has benefits beyond entertainment. In the long run this technology will simplify troubleshooting vehicle diagnostics and enhance safety."

■ CUVs & SUVs | WINNER

Cadillac | ESCALADE

\$72,970

While other automakers focused on crossover improvements, Cadillac moved a more refined big man back into its rotation. The totally redesigned Escalade embraces Caddy's hard-angled design language and recalls the boxed-out silhouette that first made this seven-seater an

all-star. Assembled in Texas, the unapologetic Escalade now boasts a belt-buckle-size crest and giant tail lamps. The real jewelry includes reliable 4G LTE wi-fi, a luxury cabin deserving of the car's price point and a powerful 6.2-liter V8. It's a rebound that's more than worthy of the highlight reel.



■ GREEN/ALT. POWER | WINNER

BMW | i8

\$135,700

Thank you, BMW, for recognizing that respect for mother nature doesn't have to come wrapped in a burlap sack. In delivering its dual-powered (a 1.5-liter three-cylinder and an electric motor) plug-in hybrid, the brand historically known for its *M*-powerment shows that green may indeed be the new black. With vertical-lift doors, clever LED illumination

and an overall aesthetic that mimics Venus emerging from the clamshell, the i8 grabs as much attention as any sports car or exotic auto on the road. Pulling a zero-to-60 time of just 4.2 seconds, the eco-conscious and sustainable four-seater will make a visceral run at many of them too. The i8 proves that green doesn't have to be as dull as a kale salad.



JOSE GUERRERO

i product manager, BMW

"From subframes constructed of recycled aluminum to the dye used to tan the leather upholstery, which is made of extract of olive leaves to reduce chemicals, every aspect of the i8's production has been approached with sustainability in mind."

■ SPLURGE: T-SHIRT VS. TUX

Lamborghini | HURACÁN **\$237,250**

So your annual bonus has left some extra cheddar in your pocket. Perhaps it's time for that Aventador you've been eyeing. Call us crazy, but after prodding both of Sant'Agata Bolognese's latest builds, we'd be apt to splurge on the less pricey Huracán. Enter the eye of this man-made tempest and experience perfectly controlled chaos. Toggling through the car's ANIMA driving-mode selector changes its 602 hp V10's demeanor from Strada (rough translation: sweatpants and espresso) to Sport and finally to Corsa, a race mode that sprints you straight to the gym.



Rolls-Royce | GHOST II **\$291,350**

Take your shoes off. No, seriously. Although it's the dressier, more buttoned-up winner of the category, everything from floor to ceiling in this refreshed Ghost from RR's Goodwood plant will make you want to loosen up. The plush high-pile carpeting is toe-tickling, and the leather is as soft as warm butter. Running late for your ferry to the Vineyard? Not even a mash of the throttle will kill your vibe, as the Ghost's behemoth twin-turbo V12 doesn't lunge or surge; it just disappears. And yes, in contrast to the Phantom, it is socially acceptable to pilot this one yourself.

28.



Car of the Year | WINNER

Porsche | 911 CARRERA GTS

\$115,195

Most honeymoons last all of a week. Our passionate fling with the Porsche 911 Carrera has run strong for seven years and counting. Tricks such as a turbo here and a crazy robo-roof there have kept the fire alive, but it's the latest incarnation, the GTS, that has inflamed our ardor. Marketed as a bridge between the Carrera S and the track-tricked GT3, the flat-six GTS is noticeably faster, wider and better tuned than most of its variants. But what gives the

Carrera GTS unique appeal over the queen bee GT3? The option of a stick shift. Yes, we know, as lowly humans we can't outperform Porsche's intuitive, lightning-quick PDK gearbox (we've tried), but cars were invented to outmode the horse, and plenty of cowboys still enjoy saddling up, no? Reined in, the 430 hp GTS gurgles with an almost nostalgic note at idle, but it screams for more with every curve and straightaway you throw at it. We're drunk in love all over again.



RANT

The Year of the Identity Crisis



We learned a lot in 2014, particularly about car companies that suffer identity problems. The best example: the \$60K Kia K900 (1), which not even the almighty Morpheus could sell.

What red-pill popper would drop that much on an economy brand when there's a \$66K Maserati up for grabs, right? Wrong, actually (more on that in a bit). Kia's K900 is a good enough car. It's quick and packed with electronics. But the marshmallowy drive feel and overall lack of character probably make the

hamsters cry at night. With the \$66K Ghibli, Maserati—known for opulent Italian eroticism—has served up a lukewarm version of the Quattroporte that's not much fun to look at, be in or even pronounce. Our recommendation if you really need to shake up your image? Make like Jaguar (2) and look to your past. The

marque's hard shift back to its deep racing roots is the F'in'-Type change we just can't get enough of.





"Look, Harry...they got fairies here!"



in VENUS FURS

Accomplished actress, model and up-and-coming musician, Miss February channels Marilyn and Anna Nicole in this captivating glimpse of the luxe life

A blonde-haired, blue-eyed blur of busy, Kayslee Collins just can't stop the beat. "I'm a workaholic," she says. "The more I do, the more I feel I have to do." Born in San Diego, Kayslee made her stage debut at the age of five. By the age of 16 she had done more than 25 commercials ("Practically every national Barbie and Nickelodeon commercial you could see," she says), and throughout her teenage years she made bubbly dance-pop music aimed at the Disney crowd. "I worked and didn't really have a normal childhood, but I *loved* what I did," she says without hesitation. "I always thought it was what I was supposed to be doing." At 23, Kayslee is now a Los Angeles-based songbird with an indie-pop publishing deal (look for new music from her this summer), as well as a red-hot model. She aced her most successful year yet by appearing in an H&M campaign that lit up Times Square, snagging a commercial for Subaru and posing as your Miss February. "I didn't dream *PLAYBOY* would be where I'd end up," Kayslee says with a gorgeous grin, "but it's perfect, because I idolize *PLAYBOY* icons like Jenny McCarthy, Anna Nicole Smith and especially Marilyn Monroe." No wonder Kayslee looks so ravishing and comfy in her very Marilyn-esque pictorial. "I grew up worshipping Marilyn, and like her, I love being open about my sexuality. From my music to these pictures, everything I do has a sexual edge. It's a huge part of me." Happy Valentine's Day, readers.

PLAYMATES.COM/KAYSLEE-COLLINS









MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Kampur Collety

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kaystee Collins

BUST: 32C WAIST: 25" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 120 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 3-28-91 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego, California

AMBITIONS: Whether it be through my music, my modeling or my sassy personality, I'm here to inspire.

TURN-ONS: Manly men, beards ðŸ™, hardworking adventurers, motorcycles—but mainly just someone who makes me happy.

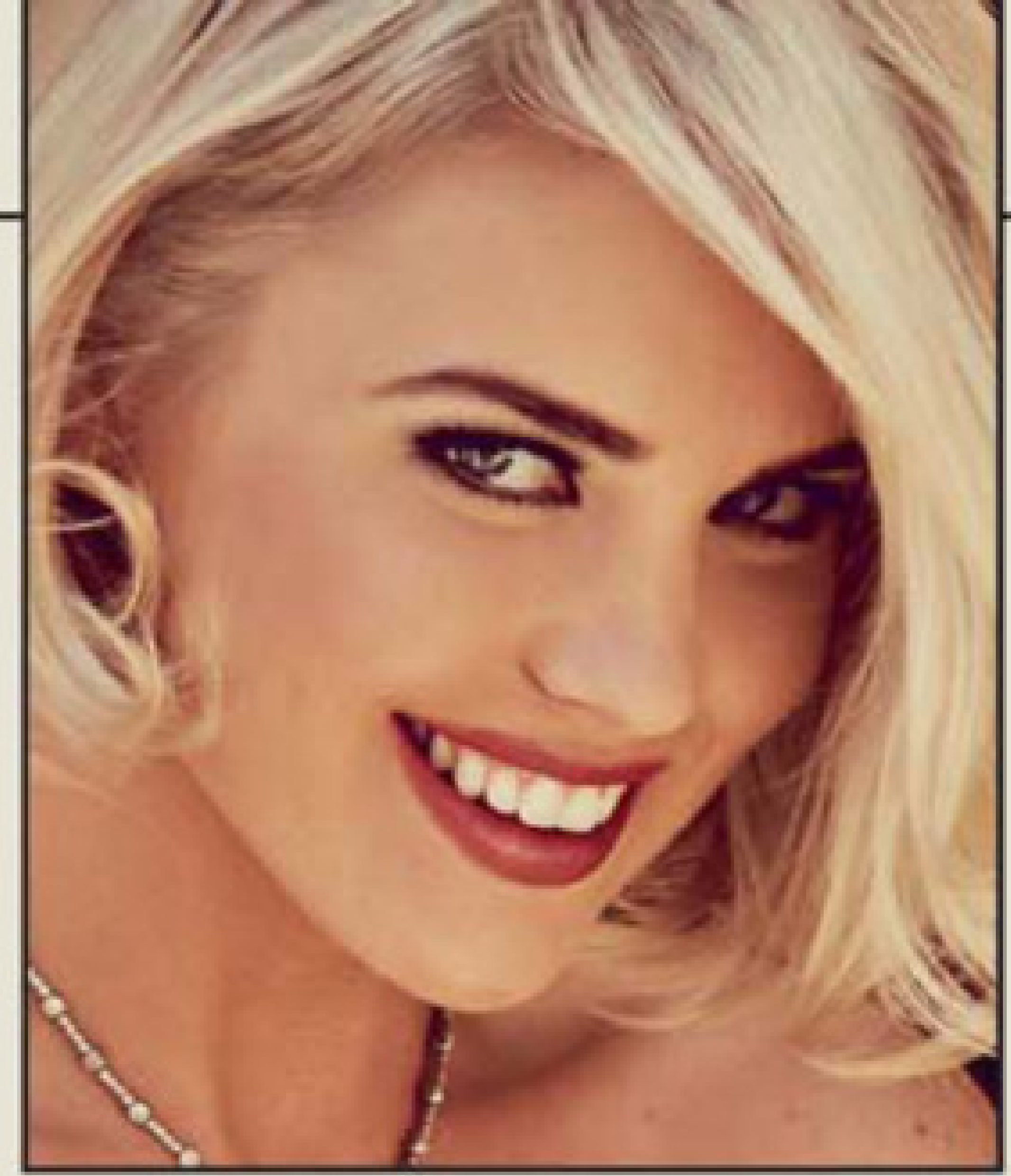
TURNOFFS: There's a difference between being confident and being conceited. Know the difference, baby.

BEDROOM SECRET: There's something about classic rock that really turns me on. If you put on Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love," my clothes will be off.

YOU ARE LIKELY TO FIND ME: At a cool dive bar listening to local bands and drinking an old fashioned.

MY SOFT SPOT: The ocean. I'm a beach baby.

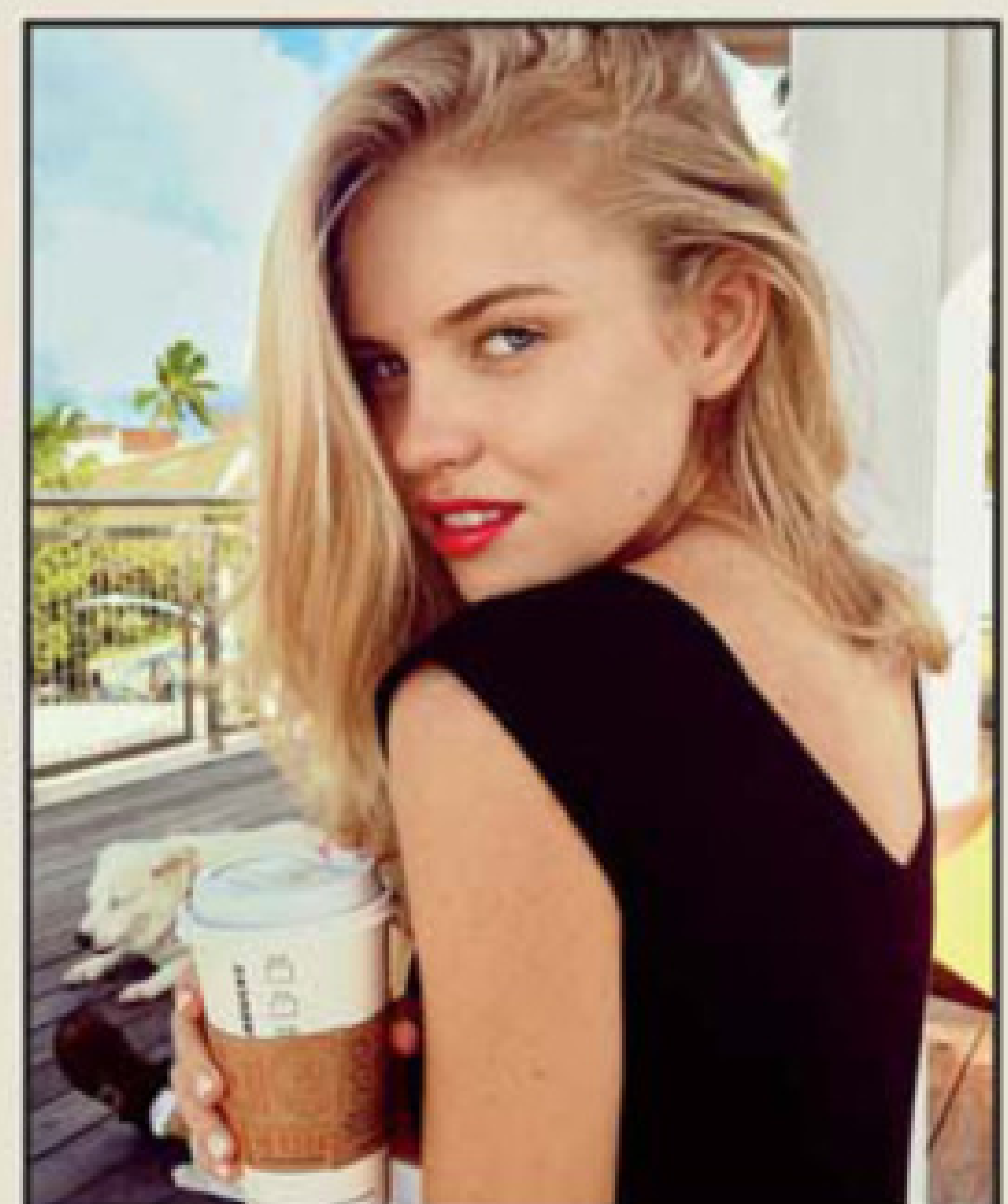
RECIPE TO MY HEART: One teaspoon of nerd, two cups of sugar and some adventure sprinkled on top! ðŸ™



Keeping it cozy.

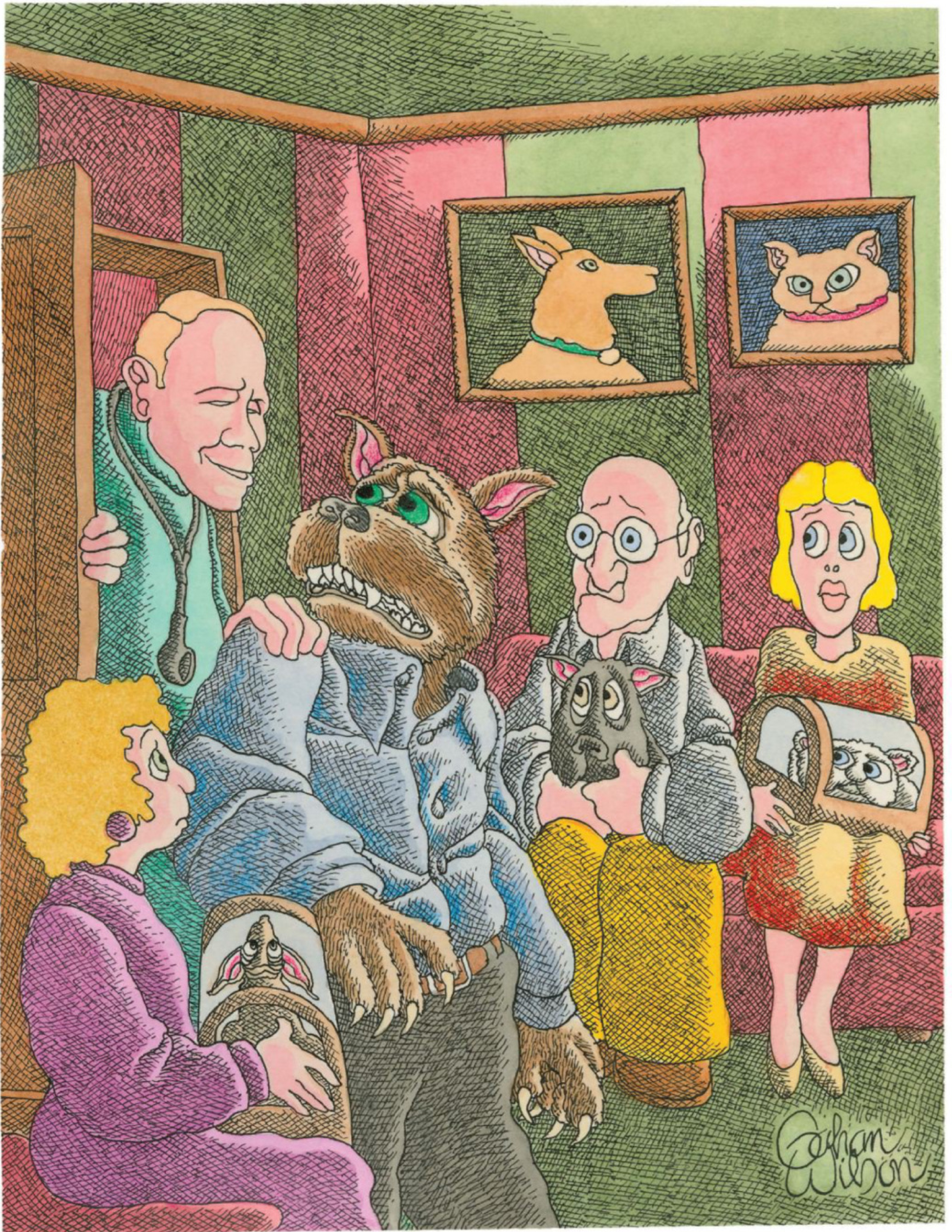


Typical Kaystee.



Coffee addict.

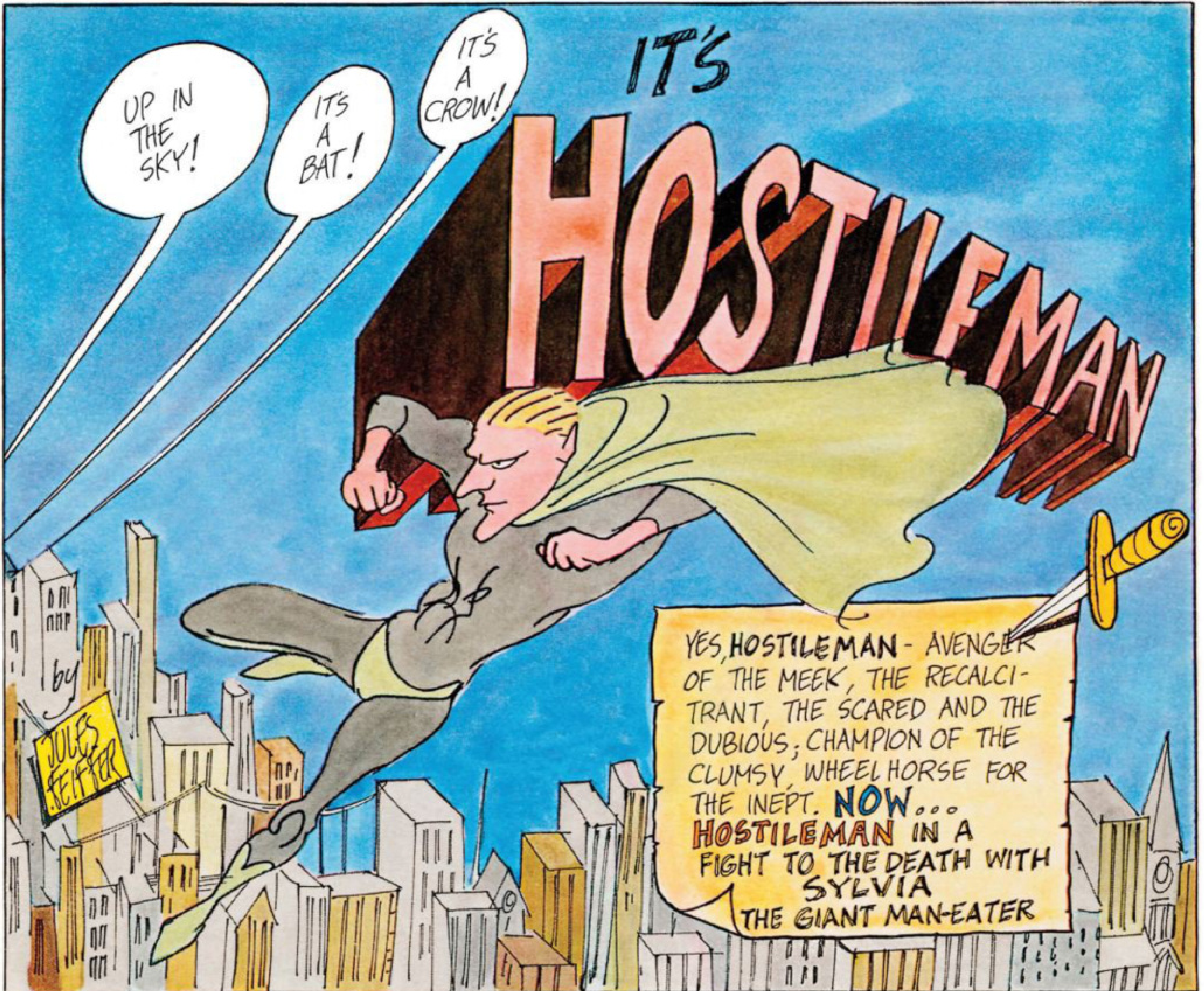
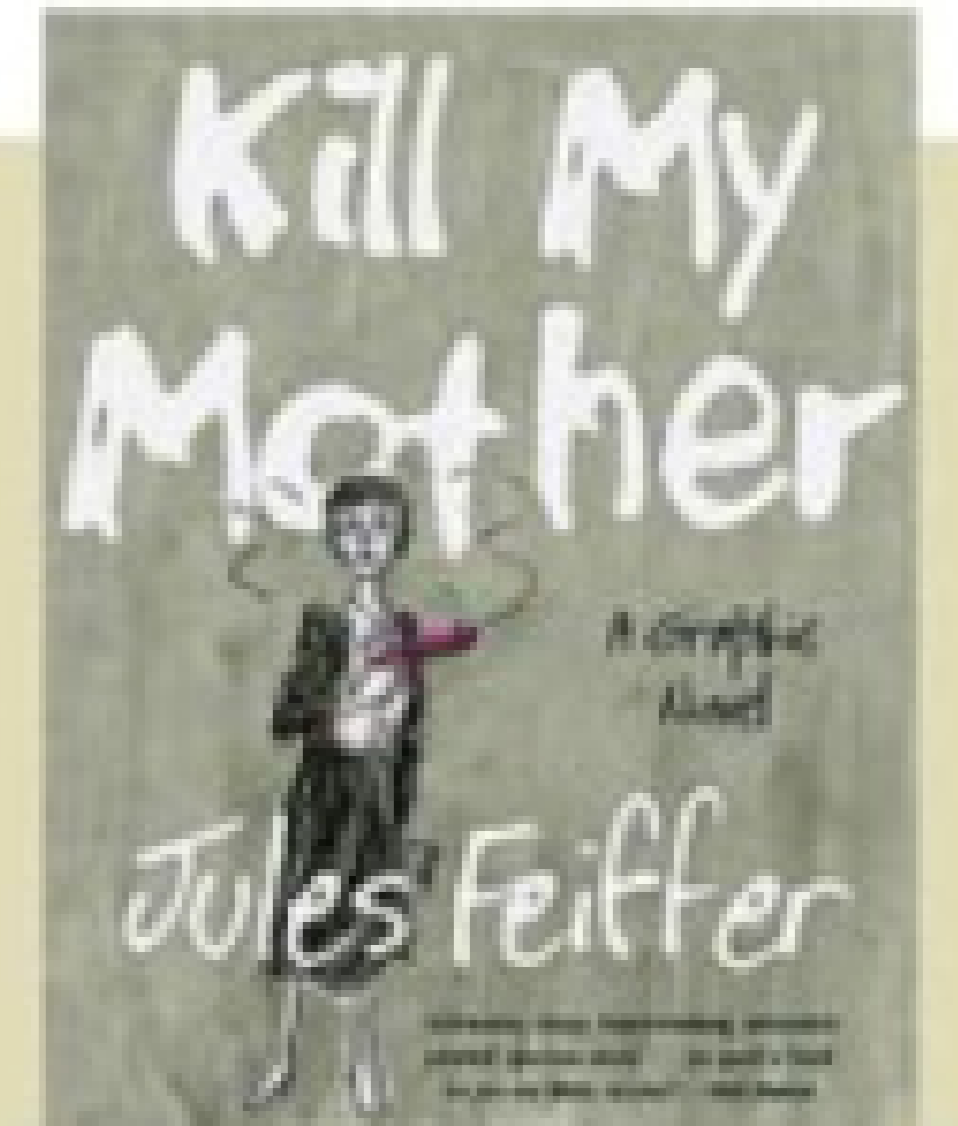




"Next time, remember to start taking the pills a day before the full moon and we'll soon have your problem under control."



Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist and former PLAYBOY contributor Jules Feiffer's first noir graphic novel, *Kill My Mother*, draws inspiration from the Hostileman character created for and featured in these pages from 1964 to 1969. In honor of Feiffer's work, we present *Hostileman* from the January 1965 issue.



AT A FASHIONABLE, SWANK, UPPER-MIDTOWN COCKTAIL PARTY, WE ENCOUNTER HANGDOG, MAN-ABOUT-TOWN BERNARD MERGENDEILER, AT THE MOMENT BEING REJECTED BY BEAUTEOUS BETTY BOUNTY, GIRL WINNER...



AFTER BETTY COMBS HER HAIR, SHY-SEEMING BERNARD RETIRES TO THE BATHROOM...

QUICKLY-OFF WITH MY TIGHT-FITTING STREET CLOTHES AND MY QUIET UNASSUMING PERSONALITY!

"HURT"



...WITH THE UTTERANCE OF THE MAGIC WORD, ABRUPTLY...

BIFI!

NOW OUT OF THE BATHROOM TO REVEAL MYSELF IN MY TRUE IDENTITY!



HOSTILEMAN!

CAN IT BE?

YES IT IS!

WHAT TH-

HOSTILEMAN!



HOSTILEMAN, I'M BETTY BOUNTY, I'VE BEEN DYING TO MEET YOU!

SO YOU ARE BETTY BOUNTY WHO OVERTHREW YOUNG BERNARD!



DON'T BE HOSTILE, HOSTILE-MAN.

BETTY BOUNTY, I'M GETTING YOU FIRED FROM YOUR JOB AS A HIGH-FASHION MODEL!



GOOD LORD! NO!

YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS TOWN AGAIN, BETTY BOUNTY! YOU'LL LOSE ALL YOUR SHOW-BUSINESS FRIENDS!





MY LIFE!
MY CAREER!

OVER, BETTY BOUNTY!
HA! HA! HOW DOES IT
FEEL?



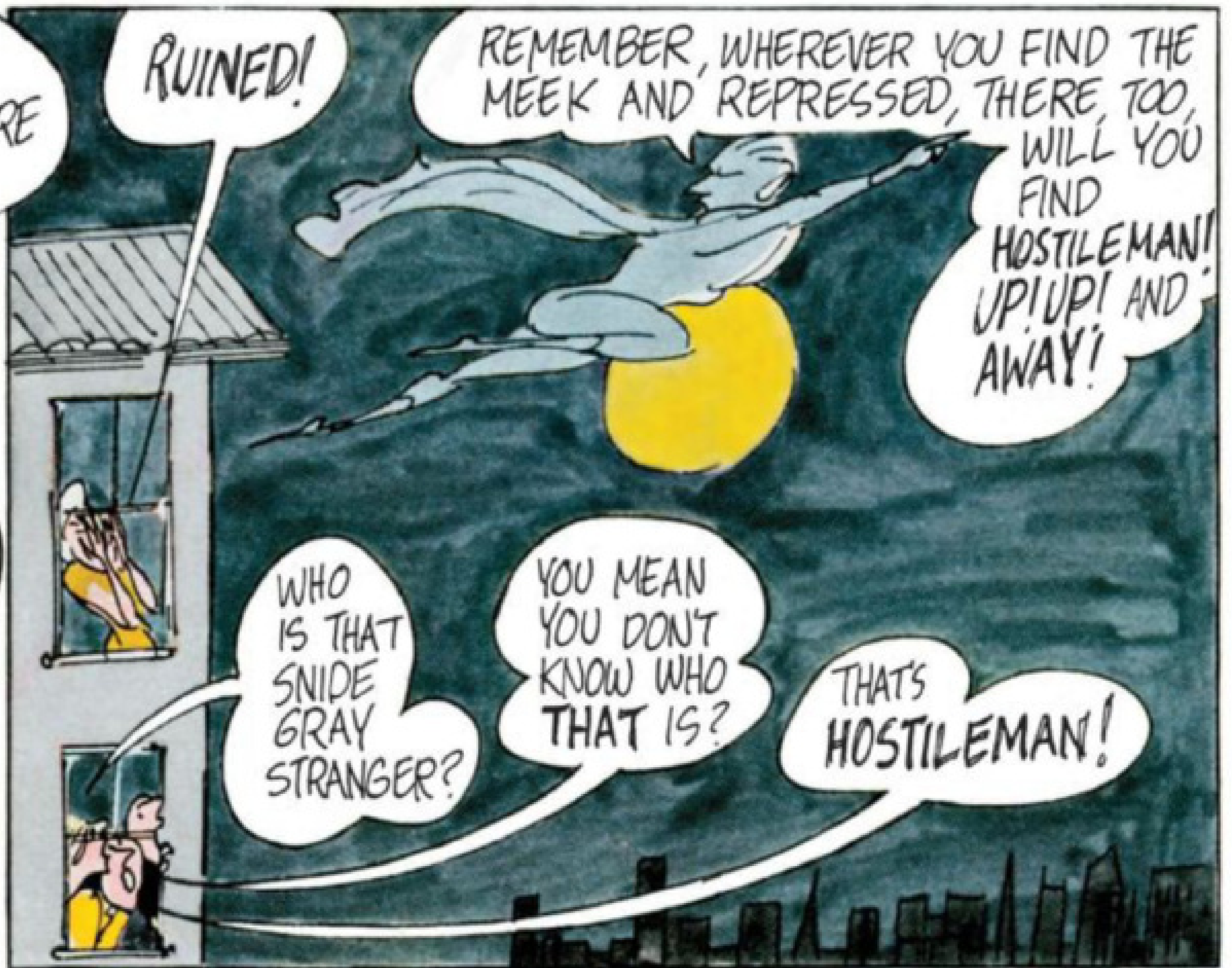
MERCY, HOSTILEMAN!
MERCY! ILL DO
ANYTHING FOR
ANOTHER CHANCE -

WELL, GEE- I DONT
KNOW- PERHAPS -



OH, THANK YOU,
HOSTILEMAN!
THANK YOU!
THANK YOU!

NYAH! NYAH! I
FOOLED YOU! THERE
ARE NO SECOND
CHANCES WITH
HOSTILEMAN!



RUINED!

REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU FIND THE
MEEK AND REPPRESSED, THERE, TOO,
WILL YOU
FIND
HOSTILEMAN!
UPIUPI AND
AWAY!

WHO
IS THAT
SNIDE
GRAY
STRANGER?

YOU MEAN
YOU DONT
KNOW WHO
THAT IS?

THATS
HOSTILEMAN!



MEANWHILE... A RECHERCHÉ PENTHOUSE ACROSS
TOWN...

I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT, SYLVIA.
YOU'RE ALWAYS
RIGHT.

OF COURSE IM RIGHT,
OTTO. NOW, GIVE ME ALL
YOUR MONEY.



HERE IT IS, SYLVIA.
I JUST DONT SEEM
TO HAVE A WILL
ANYMORE - NOT
SINCE I MET YOU.

THATS BECAUSE
YOU KNOW IM
SMARTER AND
BETTER AND STRONG-
ER THAN YOU ARE,
OTTO- AND YOU
NEED ME DESPER-
ATELY.



YES, THAT'S TRUE. I'D DIE IF YOU LEFT ME, SYLVIA.

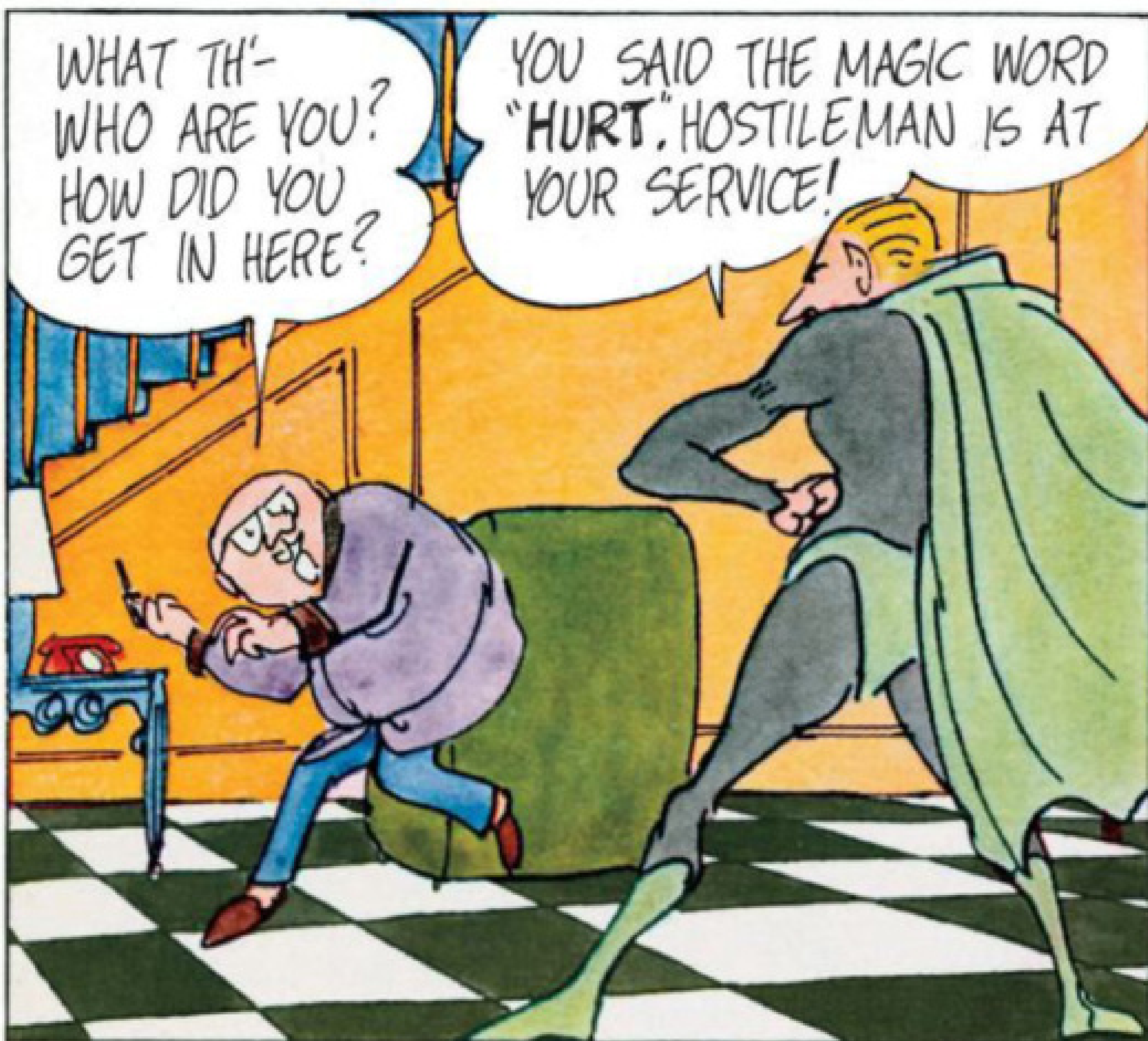
I'M LEAVING YOU, OTTO.



ALONE AND BROKEN, INVESTMENTS COUNSELOR OTTO FLAGELLANT PREPARES TO TAKE THE COWARD'S WAY OUT...

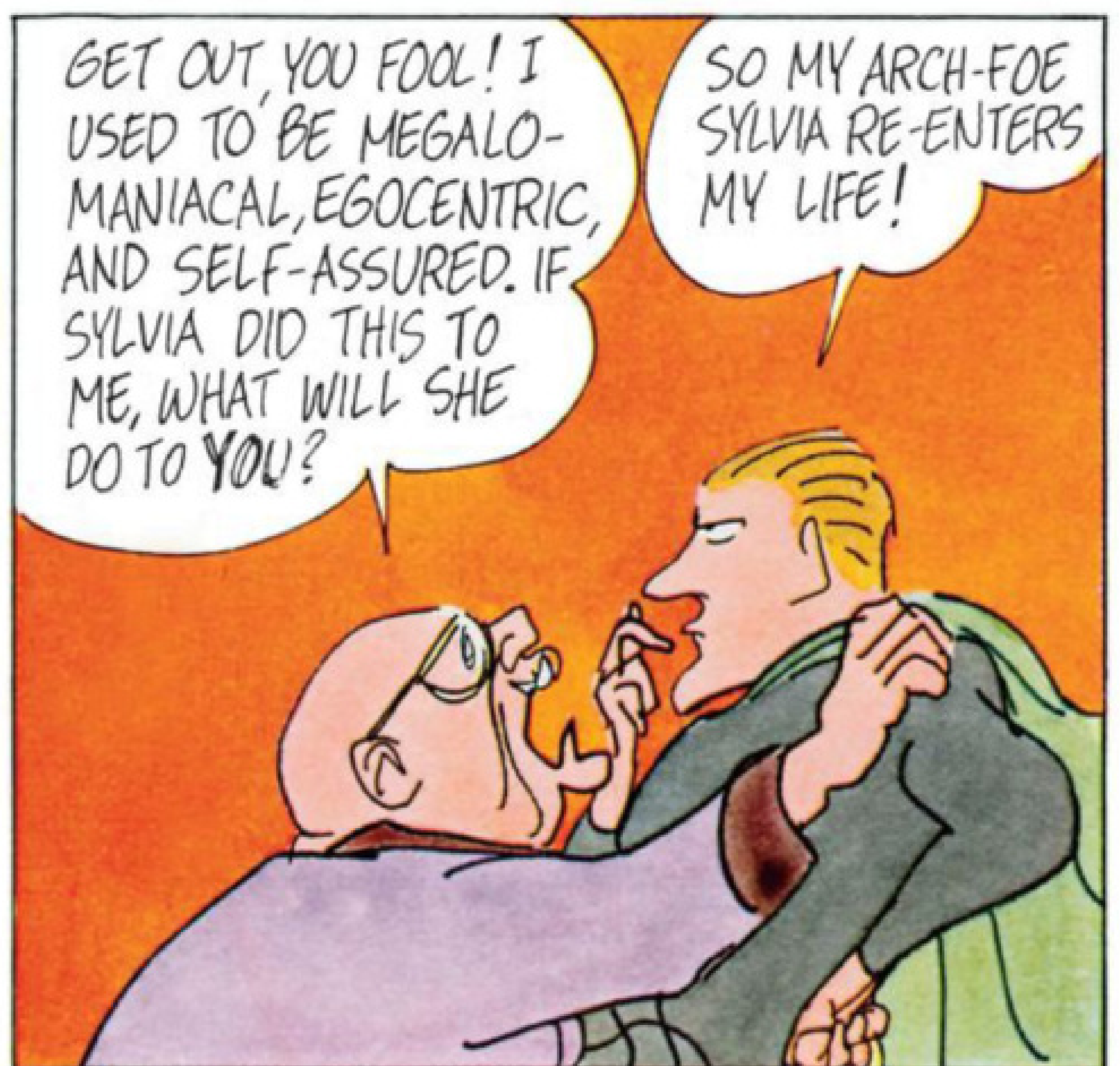
I'VE CHEATED MY INVESTORS, DEFAULTED MY CRÉDITORS, AND LOST MY BEST GIRL— OH, SYLVIA, IF ONLY I WERE MAN ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW TO HURT YOU!

BIEFF!



WHAT TH- WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

YOU SAID THE MAGIC WORD "HURT". HOSTILEMAN IS AT YOUR SERVICE!



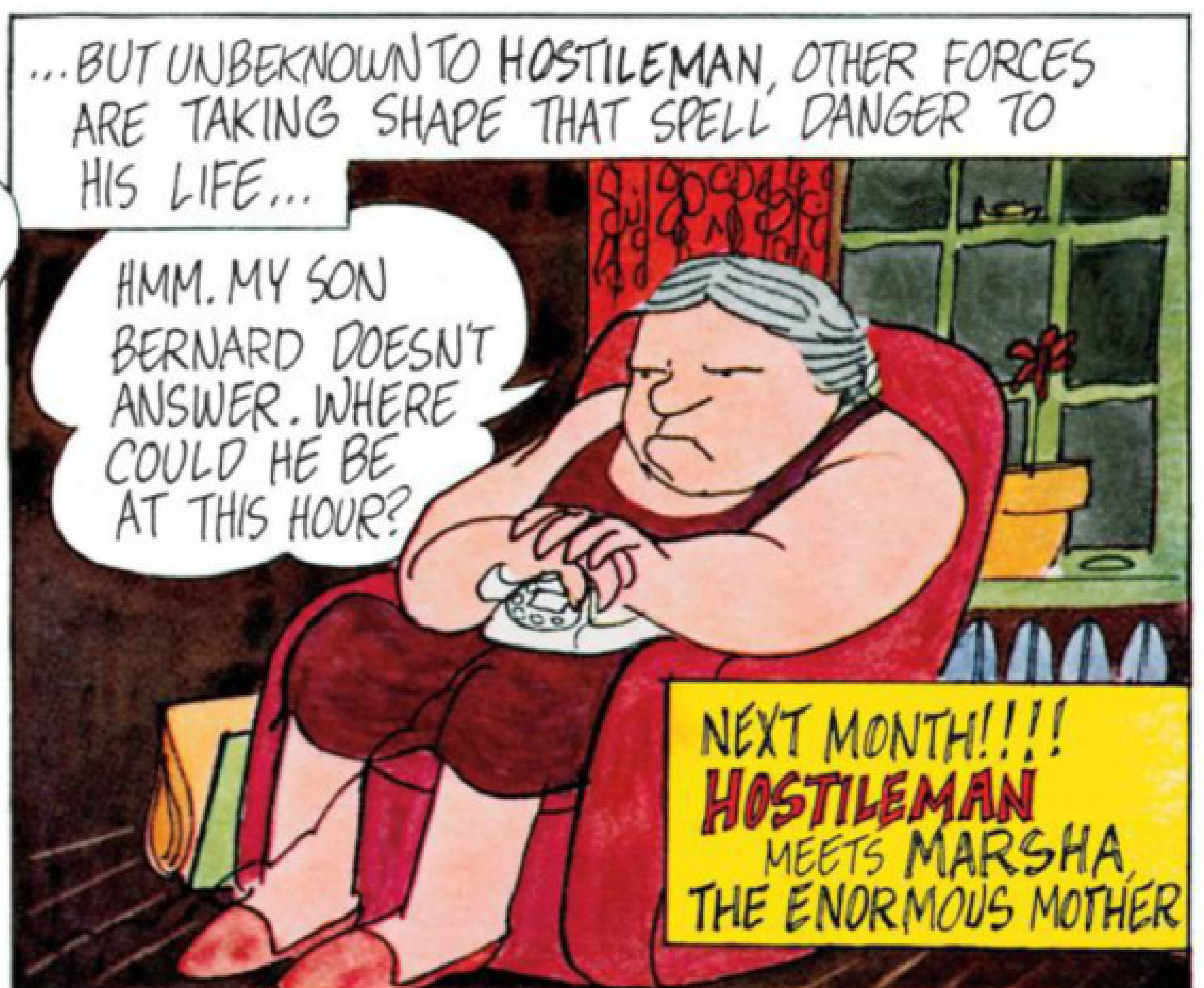
GET OUT, YOU FOOL! I USED TO BE MEGALOMANIACAL, EGOCENTRIC, AND SELF-ASSURED. IF SYLVIA DID THIS TO ME, WHAT WILL SHE DO TO YOU?

SO MY ARCH-FOE SYLVIA RE-ENTERS MY LIFE!



I WARN YOU, HOSTILEMAN— SHE'S NOT TO BE TOYED WITH!

SAVE YOUR FEARS, FLAGELLANT! MORAL RIGIDITY IS ON MY SIDE. NO ONE CAN OVERCOME THE MAN OF HOSTILITY! UP, UP AND AWAY!



...BUT UNBEKNOWN TO HOSTILEMAN, OTHER FORCES ARE TAKING SHAPE THAT SPELL DANGER TO HIS LIFE...

HMM. MY SON BERNARD DOESN'T ANSWER. WHERE COULD HE BE AT THIS HOUR?

NEXT MONTH!!!!
HOSTILEMAN
MEETS MARSHA
THE ENORMOUS MOTHER



John
Dempsy

"Be careful who you sleep with on the way to the top. You may have to sleep with them again on the way down."

SNOW PATROL



THE MOUNTAINTOP JUST GOT A WHOLE LOT HOTTER. JOIN PLAYMATE AND SKI BUNNY AUDREY ALEEN ALLEN ON THE SLOPES FOR A ROMP IN THE SNOW, PLUS OUR TIPS FOR ACHIEVING PEAK PERFORMANCE THIS SKI SEASON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KELLY



WINTER WEEDLAND

Droves of dazed 420-seeking tourists will descend on the Colorado slopes this winter. First-time cannabis-loving alpinists would be wise to book a guide. Colorado Springs-based Colorado Highlife tours will shuttle you from pot shop to slopes in the comfort of a heated tour bus.

BEHIND THE VAIL

An insider's guide to Colorado's coolest food scene

PRIMAL TIME

- Mountain Standard restaurant brings wood-fired meat-centric cooking to Vail: Think coal-roasted olives and pork shank with Gruyère potato puree.

SPAGO IN THE SKY

- The refined mountain outpost of Wolfgang Puck's Spago at the Ritz-Carlton at Beaver Creek has been refurbished for ski season, so you can have your English-pea agnolotti and roasted elk in style.

TRUCK STOP

- The food-truck revolution has found its way to the mountains, with the Crazy Wagon's Korean short-rib tacos paying homage to L.A.'s legendary Kogi BBQ truck.





MOUNTAIN MUSIC

The music-festival frenzy is not deterred by snow. Here's where the sounds are taken to new heights

SNOWGLOBE

South Lake Tahoe, California
December 29-31

- Disclosure, Zedd and Flume headline this raucous, dance-music-heavy New Year's Eve festival.

THE MUSICFEST

Steamboat Springs, Colorado
January 5-10

- Six days and 50 acts featuring country, Texas, bluegrass and general boot-stomping Americana music.

SNOWBOMBING

Mayrhofen, Austria
April 6-11

- Close out the season in the Alps at this world-class festival with veteran EDM artists Basement Jaxx and new legends such as Skrillex.



THE HOTTIE TODDY

Heat up your après-ski shenanigans with this warming, chili-spiked rye cocktail

5 oz. apple cider
2 slices fresh ginger
2 quarter-inch slices
fresh jalapeño
1 tsp. honey
2 oz. rye whiskey
such as WhistlePig
1 cinnamon stick

• *In a small saucepan, heat cider and ginger until simmering. In the bottom*

of a glass mug, muddle jalapeño slices to release flavor. Add honey, rye and hot apple cider, and stir. Garnish with cinnamon stick.





"Oh, it's not the money for me.... I do it for the exposure!"

**No one creates
as many bizarre
characters in
one show. Now
the real Kroll
explains how
he does it**

NICK...

KR



 **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**
 **PETER YANG**

ROLL

Q1

PLAYBOY: On Comedy Central's *Kroll Show* you've created a vast universe of characters, including Fabrice Fabrice, Bobby Bottleservice and Aspen Bruckheimer. Do they just pop magically into your brain, or is it an arduous process involving math equations and dry-erase boards?

KROLL: It's a combination of things. Usually a voice will pop into my head. Sometimes I'll start playing around with it in the writers' room, doing the voice and seeing if it lands. When I lived in New York I got a lot of inspiration on the subway. It was great for research. It's tough in L.A. because it's a solitary existence. You end up having to do a lot of research on YouTube.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Which of your characters are you most likely to slip into during sex?

KROLL: I developed Bobby Bottleservice by talking to girls—my friends mostly—and pretending to hit on them. Their responses were a





combination of “Ugh” and “Oh, that’s funny, because that’s the kind of douchebag who hits on me all the time.” But there was also a weird part of them that liked it—that liked a guy who’s passionate and loves women, even though he’s, you know, kind of a juice monster. [laughs] Bobby, in the right context, isn’t a bad one to channel. He’s young and wild and full of life and passion. You could do worse.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Making people laugh is part of your job. Do you lose your sense of humor when you’re not at work?

KROLL: Sometimes I have trouble watching comedy on TV or whatever, because I’m so accustomed to looking at the mathematics of how comedy works. I think if you talk to a lot of comedians, if you ask them what shows they watch, most of them will tell you they can watch only dramas. It’s just not relaxing to watch a comedy. It’s relaxing to watch a football game or *House of Cards*. You need that release.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What’s your release? Is there a certain genre of entertainment that lets you unwind?

KROLL: Honestly, my release is flipping through channels. At the moment I’m binge-watching *The Wire*. [laughs]

That’s right, I’m on the cultural forefront—from 10 years ago. I also like watching football. I like playoff sports, generally. I like it when there are real stakes. I’m not interested in watching a midseason baseball game, but I’ll watch just about any playoff game in just about any sport.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You’re on an FX show called *The League*, about a bunch of friends in a fantasy football league. Prior to joining the show, had you ever been involved in a fantasy sport?

KROLL: Not at all. But the entire cast of *The League* is in a fantasy league together, which is kind of awesome.

your morning dump—your last opportunity to tinker with your lineup and really make it happen. I’m a master of the tinker stinker.

Q6

PLAYBOY: A few years ago Ken Marino, who was guest starring on *The League*, allegedly got arrested after punching you on the set. “I had my reasons,” he tweeted. Let’s assume for a moment it actually happened and wasn’t a big joke. What’s your side of the story?

KROLL: Ken Marino is a bully. [laughs] No, actually, I’m fascinated that people took any of that seriously. What happened was, Ken came into the trailer

I have trouble watching comedy on TV. It’s just not relaxing.

I’m not having the best season thus far, but historically I’m one of the top guys in our league. I’m a tinkerer, a drunk tinkerer. I’ll come home late at night and fuss with the lineup. On the show we call it “tinker stinker time,” which is the morning bathroom time on Sunday before a game—you know,

and was like, “Hey, I just tweeted that I punched you.” And I responded by tweeting a Martin Luther King Jr. quote, something like “I have decided to stick with love.” And people thought the whole thing was real. I couldn’t believe it. It was so bizarre to me. Then people were (continued on page 164)



"You're right, dear...to err is human. Shove over and let me err a little!"

THE

YEAR IN REVIEW

2014



By
**NORA
O'DONNELL**

PHOTO BY PAUL SIRISALEE



**OUR
PICKS
FOR THE
HOTTEST
HEAD-
LINES
AND
SPICIEST
MOMENTS**



TO DIE FOR

► As the title femme fatale in *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For* and a vengeful naval commander in *300: Rise of an Empire*, actress and former Bond girl Eva Green proves her looks can kill.



"IT IS NOT A SCANDAL. IT IS A SEX CRIME. THE LAW NEEDS TO BE CHANGED, AND WE NEED TO CHANGE."

—Jennifer Lawrence, responding to the hacking and leaking of her personal nude photos

CELEBS & SEX TOYS

**ROCK HARD
SMOKING GUN**

• After being subpoenaed to produce a glass dildo as evidence during a sexual-harassment suit, Kid Rock responds, "All parties involved in this glass dildo case can shove one up their ass."



**CLEANING HARDWARE
IT'S A GOOD THING**

• During Martha Stewart's Reddit Ask Me Anything interview, a user asks for tips on cleaning a leather harness for a strap-on dildo. The domestic mogul's sly reply? "What's a dildo?"



**BURNING UP
FOR YOUR (SELF) LOVE**

• While filming a scene with a Hitachi Magic Wand vibrator, porn star Missy Martinez burns her hands when the popular device starts shooting sparks. Luckily the rest of her is spared.



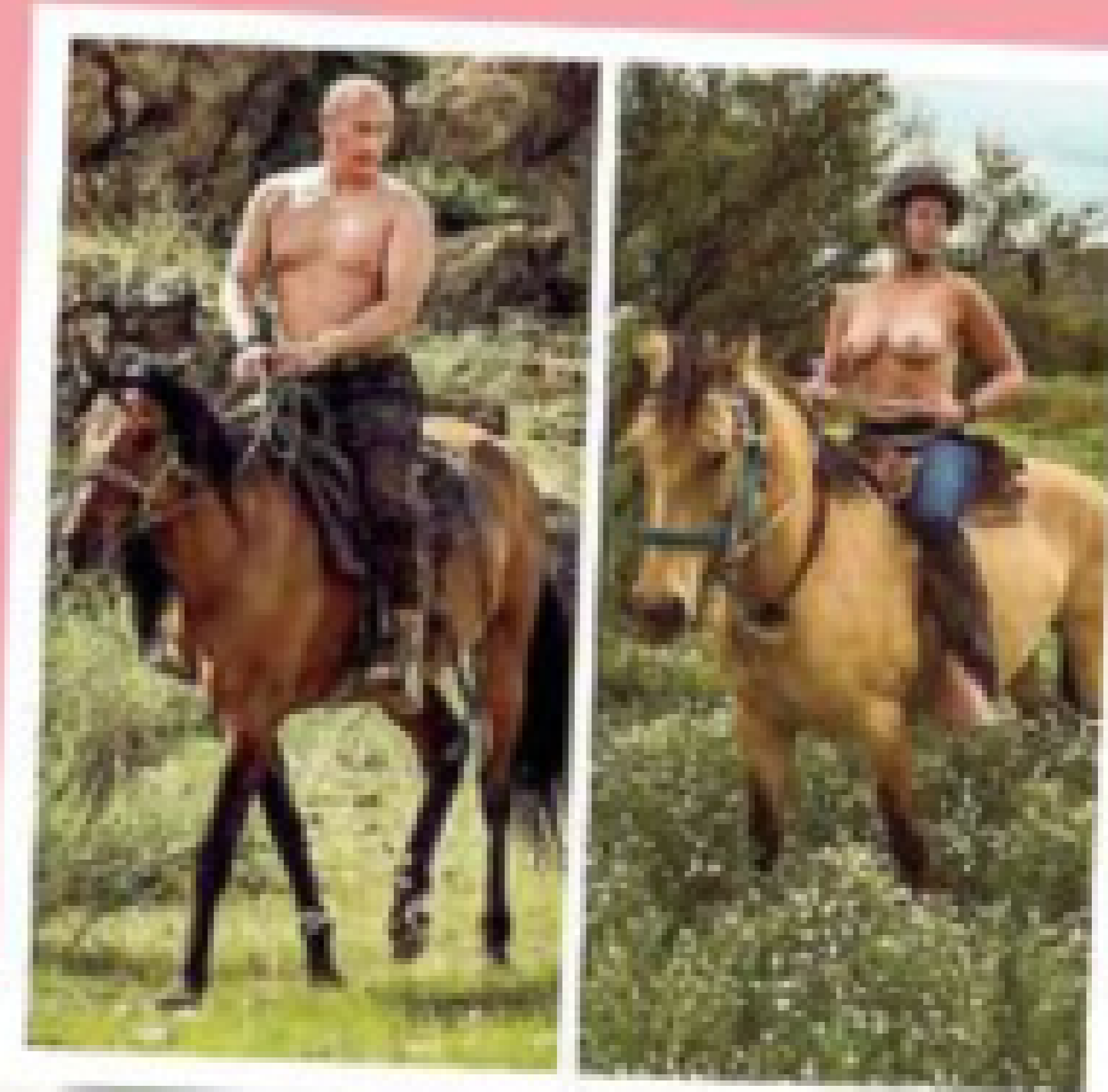
LIKE FINE WINE

► Is 46 the new 21? Twenty-five years after her first PLAYBOY cover, Pamela Anderson poses nude for French magazine *Purple Fashion*, and she's as stunning as ever. Here's a toast to the Canadian beauty.



LET'S GET THIS OFF OUR CHEST

► Activist Lina Esco launches a topless-equality movement with her film *Free the Nipple*. Chelsea Handler joins the cause when she Instagrams a photo of herself alongside Vladimir Putin. Her caption: "Anything a man can do, a woman can do better."



BLONDE AMBITION
MILEY DOES MARILYN

• She can't stop and she won't stop. Miley Cyrus bares all again for famed fashion photographer Mario Testino and *Vogue* Germany in an homage to the blonde bombshell.



YEAR OF THE BUTT

• A Brooklyn salon now offers a *Shiny Hiney* treatment to improve your butt selfies. Angle is everything.



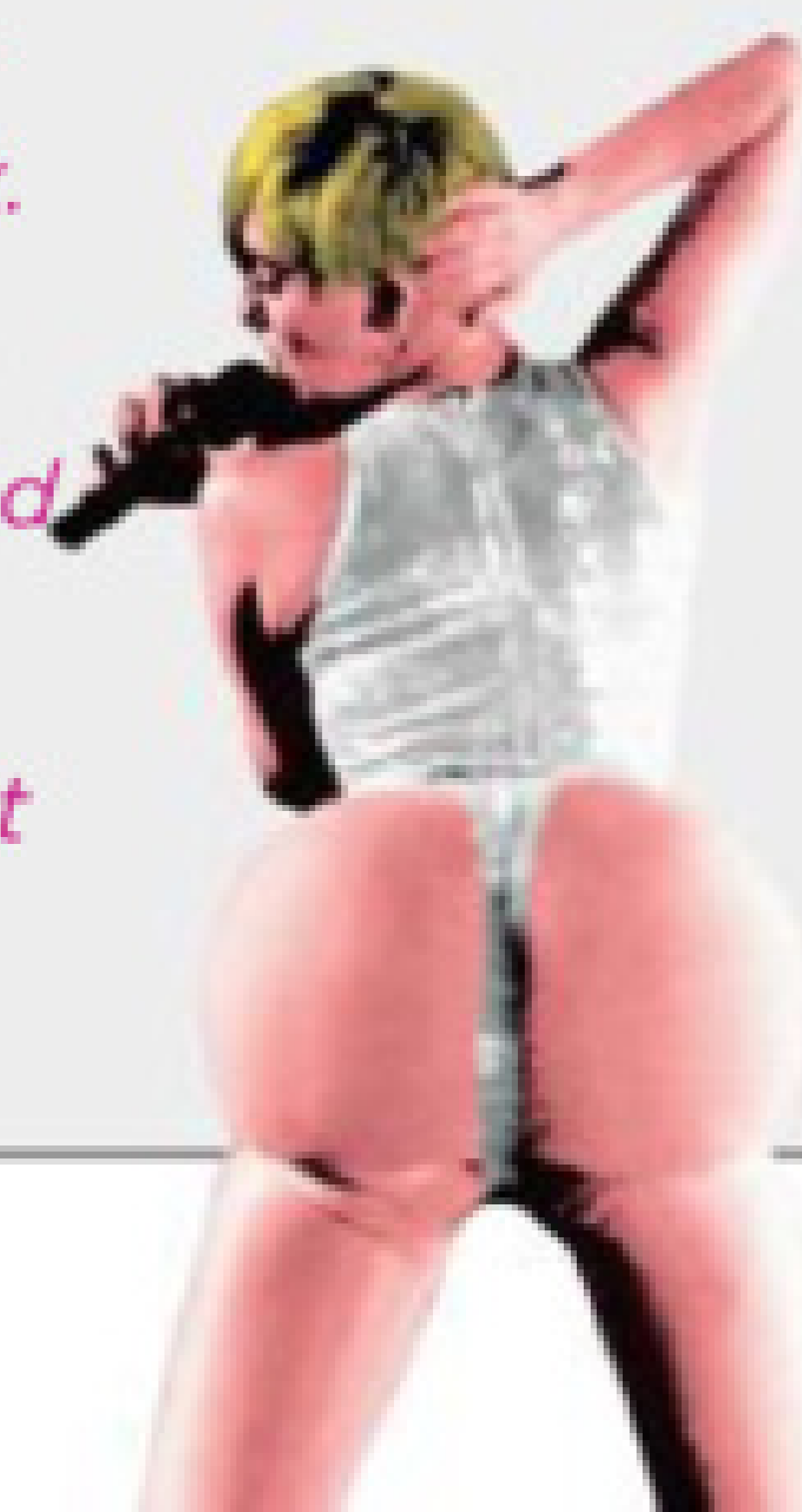
• Pin the tail on the jack-ass? In March multiple Pinterest accounts are hacked and flooded with butt pics.

• Nicki Minaj demurely displays her posterior.



• Inspired by Minaj's cover art, Marge Simpson joins in the fun.

• *Baby don't got real back*. Miley Cyrus mocks Minaj in concert and dons a fake fanny. Cyrus loses the butt battle.



FILM

TV

SEX IN CINEMA

1

NYMPHOMANIAC: VOLUMES I & II

• Slow burn? Director Lars von Trier takes five and a half hours to explain a woman's life of erotic exploits.

4

GAME OF THRONES

• The HBO fantasy drama continues to deliver an array of boobs, butts, swords and, most important, fiery dragons.

2

SPACE STATION 76

• Good casting: Playmate Anna Sophia Berglund makes a cameo as a star angel in this comic drama.

5

TRUE DETECTIVE

• Important plot point or another excuse for HBO to show a naked woman (Alexandra Daddario)?

3

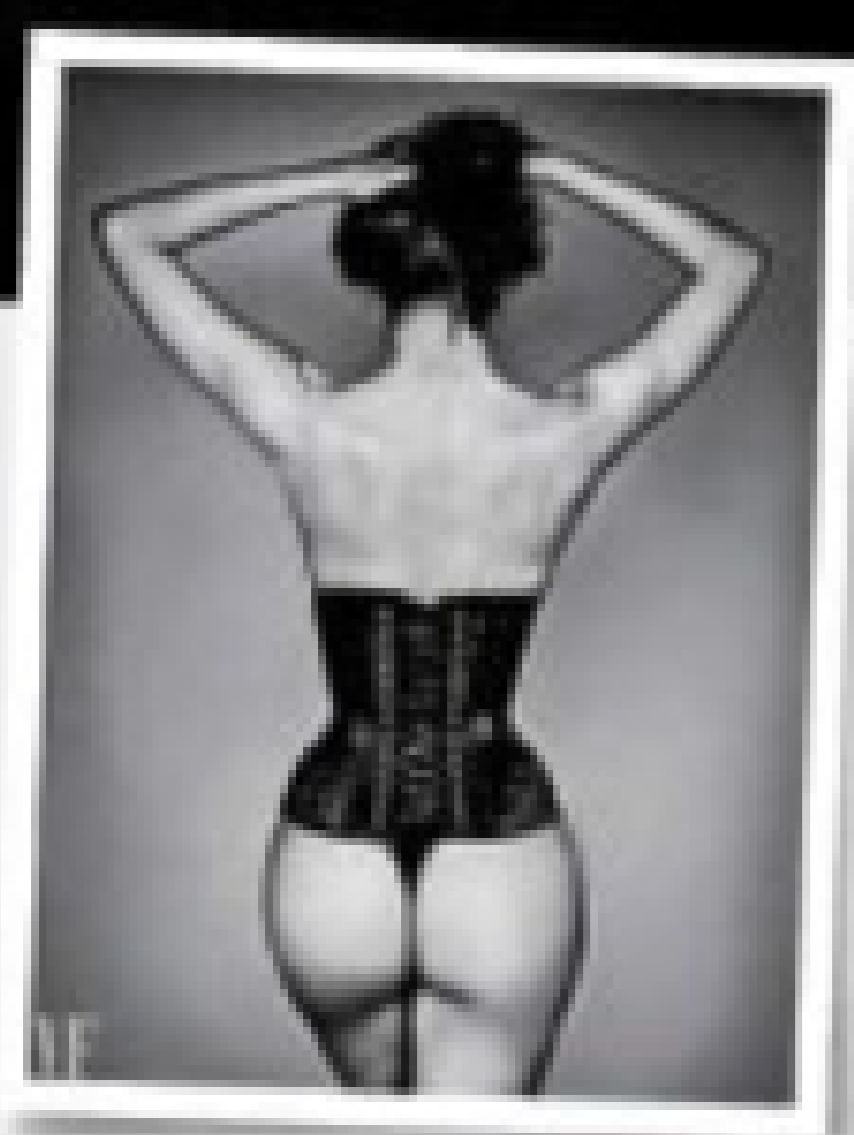
UNDER THE SKIN

• It's not a mud bath! Scarlett Johansson plays an alien who seduces men and then lures them into a pool of black goo.

6

MASTERS OF SEX

• Jane Martin (Heléne Yorke) is a secretary who helps Dr. Masters with his experimental research.



• Butt-selfie queen Jen Selter lands a shoot in *Vanity Fair*.

• Miami rapper and rump connoisseur Trick Daddy declares August 5 National Eat a Booty Day.



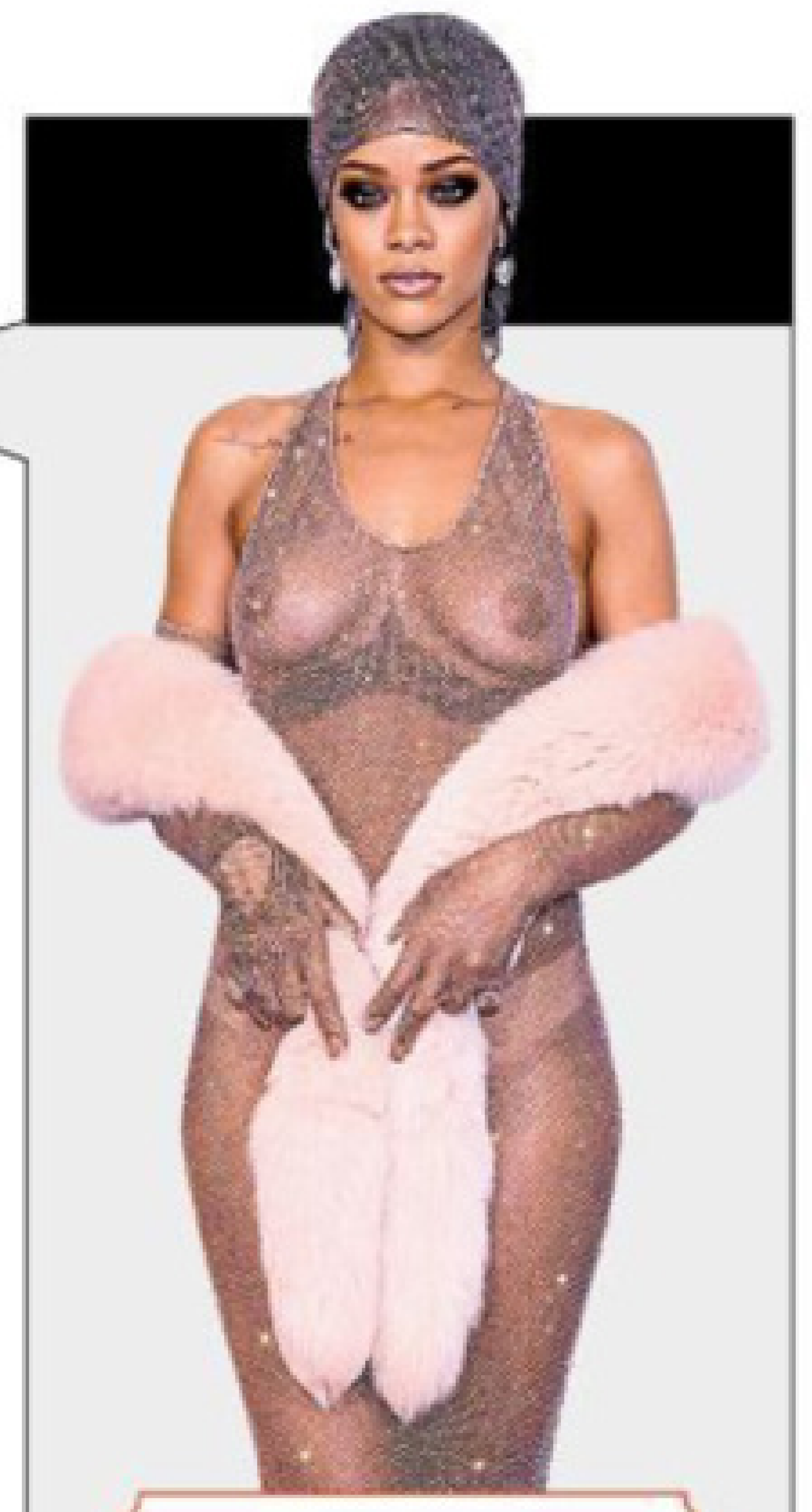
• Meghan Trainor's "All About That Bass" single breaks records and tops the charts for months.



• Marvel cancels this Spider-Woman cover after her superpowered posterior causes controversy.

• Jennifer Lopez teams with Iggy Azalea for the subtly titled "Booty."



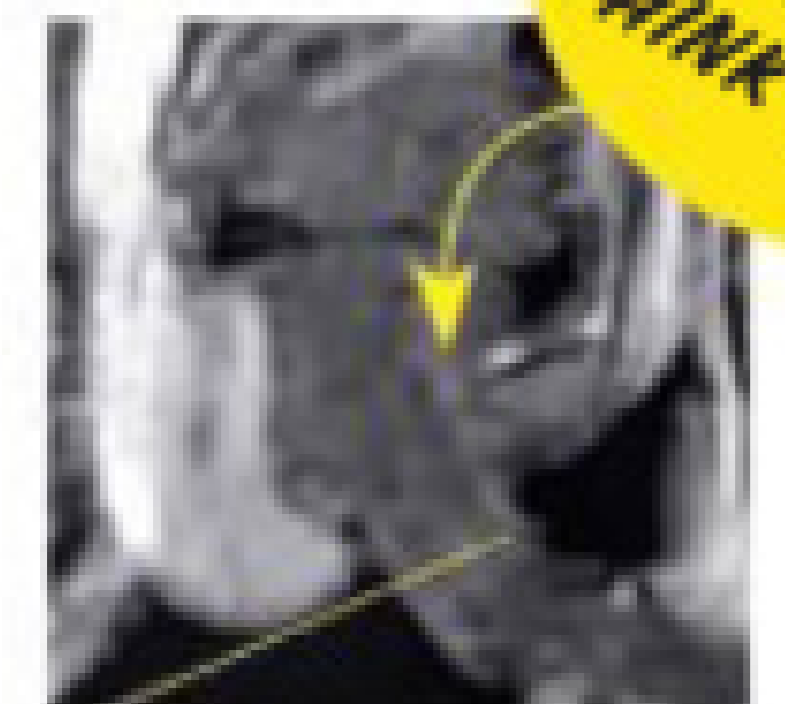


TAKE A BOW
THIS YEAR'S
RIHANNA
HIGHLIGHTS

- Never a shrinking violet when it comes to her dripping sensuality, Rihanna goes for broke when she re-creates a classic *Lui* cover. Inside the magazine the singer showcases her backside with better tan lines than the Copper-tone girl. A few months later she attends the CFDA Fashion Awards in a custom dress covered in nothing but Swarovski crystals.

SEX SCIENCE

EXACTLY
WHAT YOU
THINK IT IS



TWIST & SHOUT

► The boomerang effect? A scientist convinces subjects to have sex in an MRI machine. Result: Penises are very bendy.



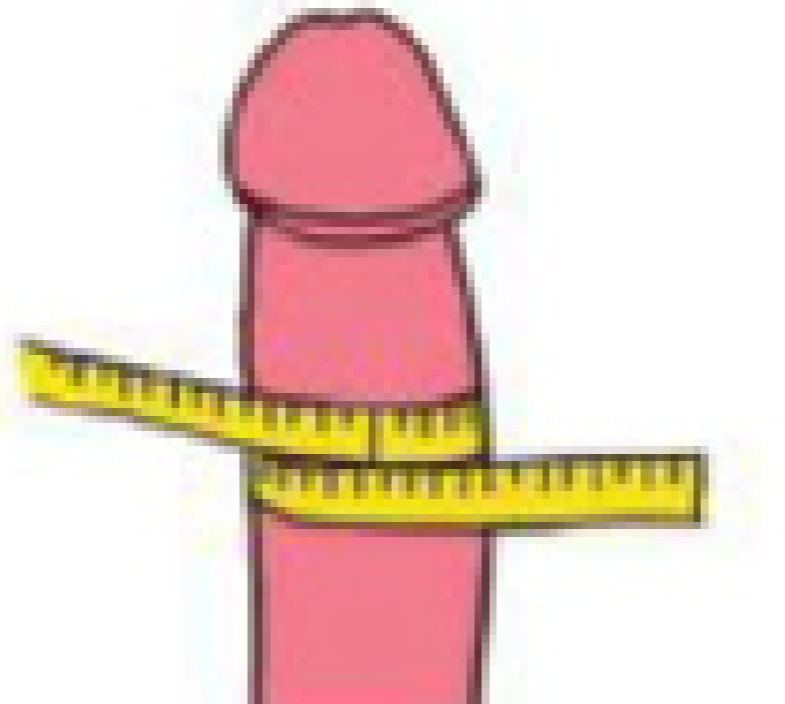
MEDICAL MIRACLE

► Women born with no (or shortened) vaginas are finally able to enjoy sex with organs grown in a lab from their own cells.



COSMONOTS?

► The Russian space agency sends a team of geckos into orbit to have sex in zero gravity. They go on to sell insurance in heaven.



BONE TO PICK

► Measure up: According to a new study, women prefer greater girth for one-night stands, as long as it's also at least 6.5 inches long.



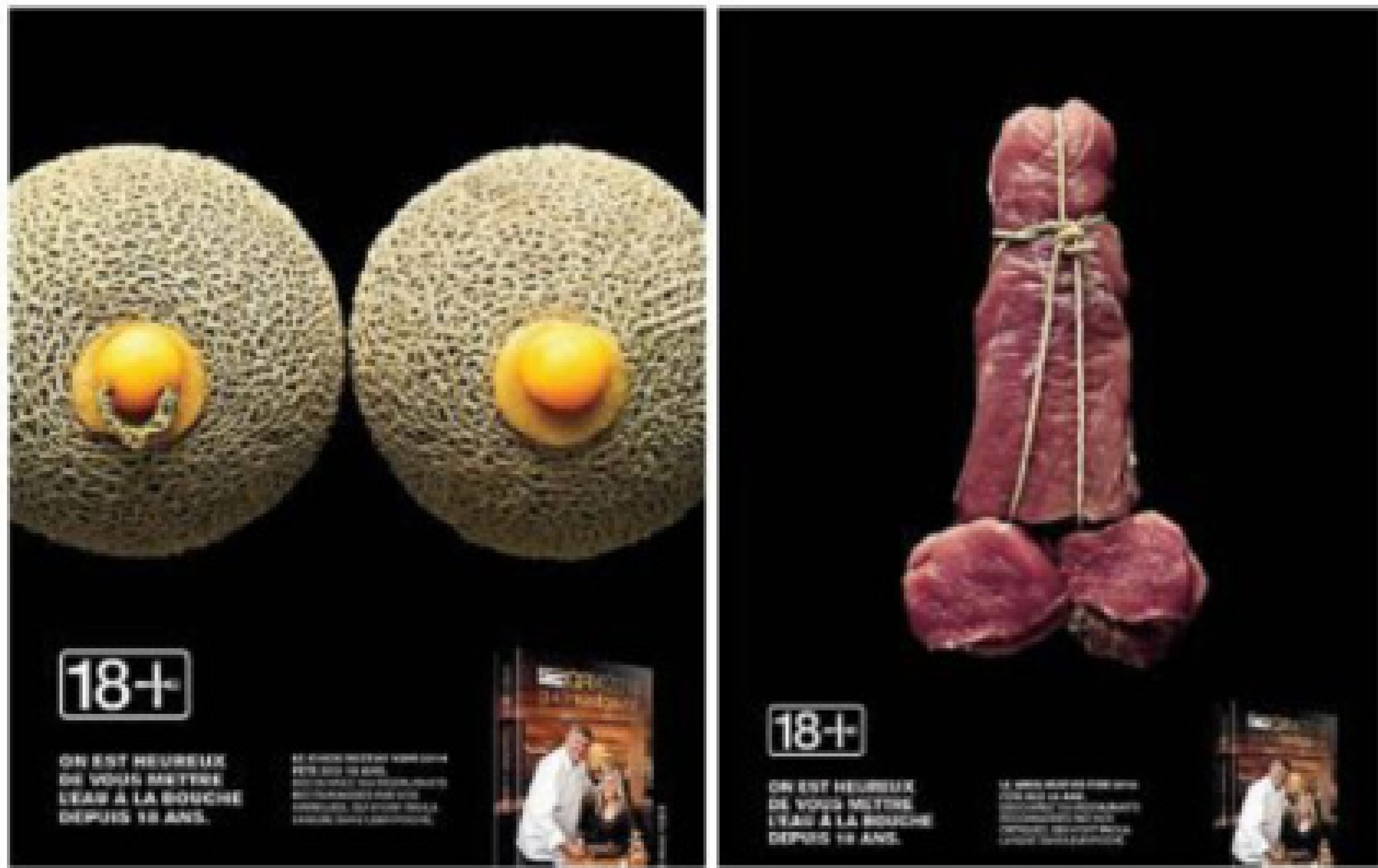
PAIN OR...

► In Kenya a study finds that wives with well-endowed husbands are more likely to cheat. Why? Big penises can cause discomfort.

FINE ART

► Milo Moiré, a Swiss performance artist, appears at the Art Basel convention wearing only words. It was the best thing we read all year.





FOR MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY

► To celebrate its 18th anniversary, a Quebec restaurant guide releases these sizzling ads as a cheeky play on the 18+ adult-film rating.



IMAGINE BEING ON YOUR KNEES AT YOUR FATHER'S FUNERAL, BESIDE HIS CASKET—SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HIM—AND THEN YOU HAVE NINE ORGASMS RIGHT THERE WHILE YOUR WHOLE FAMILY IS STANDING BEHIND YOU.

—Dale Decker, who suffers from a condition that causes him to have more than 100 orgasms a day



SQUARE TIMES

► A Pornhub billboard is removed from the DoubleTree hotel in Times Square after prudish representatives make a stink.



NATURE'S BEST

► Greenpeace activist Ana Paula Maciel is jailed for trying to prevent a Russian oil company from drilling in the Arctic. She later poses for PLAYBOY Brazil to raise awareness and uses her royalties to found a wildlife shelter. She has our attention.

Wishes



PLAYMATE REVIEW

WHO
WILL BE
CROWNED
PLAYMATE
OF THE
YEAR?

2014

AFTER A SEASON of ubiquitous campaign attack ads, isn't it comforting to know there's a *fun* election you can look forward to every year? Herewith, we present our annual Playmate of the Year campaign literature. Read up on the candidates from the class of 2014, then help Hef decide which beauty will join the illustrious list of PMOYs by casting your vote online at playboy.com/pmoy2015. The polling booth is now open.

Miss
OCTOBER

**ROXANNA
JUNE**

• "It's been a wild ride as Miss October 2014," says the Canadian American beauty. "I shot a TV segment with a few other Playmates and had a great time getting to know them. I'm beyond excited to continue working with Playboy!"

Miss
DECEMBER

ELIZABETH OSTRANDER

• “From being naked on my yacht to naked in *PLAYBOY*—wish list answered,” wrote Miss December on her Data Sheet. Having sailed from San Francisco to Hawaii to Bora-Bora on an ocean quest, might Elizabeth’s next port of call be right here as PMOY?



Miss
MAY

DANI MATHERS

• This endlessly effervescent bombshell has had roles in two movies and launched *Funny Bunny*, her own Playboy Radio chat fest. "Being a Playmate is what I've been waiting for all my life. Becoming PMOY would mean everything to me."



CAST
YOUR VOTE
ONLINE AT
PLAYBOY.COM/
PMOY2015



Miss
JUNE

**JESSICA
ASHLEY**

(Top)

- Since her debut as a Playmate, our self-proclaimed book fiend's Detroit-based modeling career has taken off. "I've loved my time as Miss June," says Jessica, "because I adore being a woman who celebrates the goddesses."

Miss
FEBRUARY

**AMANDA
BOOTH**

(Bottom)

- Though terrified of heights, Amanda straddled the nose of a jumbo jet for May's cover. But it was her Playmate pictorial that rocked her world. "Every model wants to be in a magazine with Kate Moss, and she was on my issue's cover!"





Miss
NOVEMBER

GIA MARIE

• A top L.A. makeup artist, Gia Marie has prepped some of Hollywood's most beautiful faces. When we discovered her on Instagram, it was clear she belonged in front of the camera as a Playmate. "I'm so glad I took it off for PLAYBOY," she said.



Miss
JULY

EMILY AGNES

(Top)

- Emily Agnes flew from the U.K. to shoot her wild nude romp at Playboy's Beverly Hills headquarters. L.A. held her captive for a month as she fielded multiple film offers. "Everything's coming up roses," she says.

Miss
APRIL

SHANICE JORDYN

(Bottom left)

- This Arizona State Sun Devil is living the Hollywood dream. "I've met so many people I never thought I would, like the Miami Heat's Danny Granger. He's a hero of mine. At the VMAs I sat behind Jay Z, Beyoncé and J. Lo. Crazy!"

Miss
JANUARY

ROOS VAN MONTFORT

(Bottom right)

- The Dutch model posed au naturel with real-life wolves as our warrior-princess Playmate and lived to tell us about it. "Such a cool shoot," says Roos. "I not only surprised friends by doing it, I surprised myself too."

Miss
MARCH

BRITT LINN

- "I so appreciate PLAYBOY letting me be authentically me," says our first short-haired Playmate in more than 15 years. "Be who you are. I need to be PMOY to show the world you can be yourself and be accepted!"



Miss
AUGUST

MAGGIE MAY

- Whoa, this is classy, thought Maggie when she found herself lounging on a vintage Chris-Craft for her Playmate shoot. Still, the Kansas-born model admits, "I'm a bit shy about being naked." Clearly timidity can be overcome.



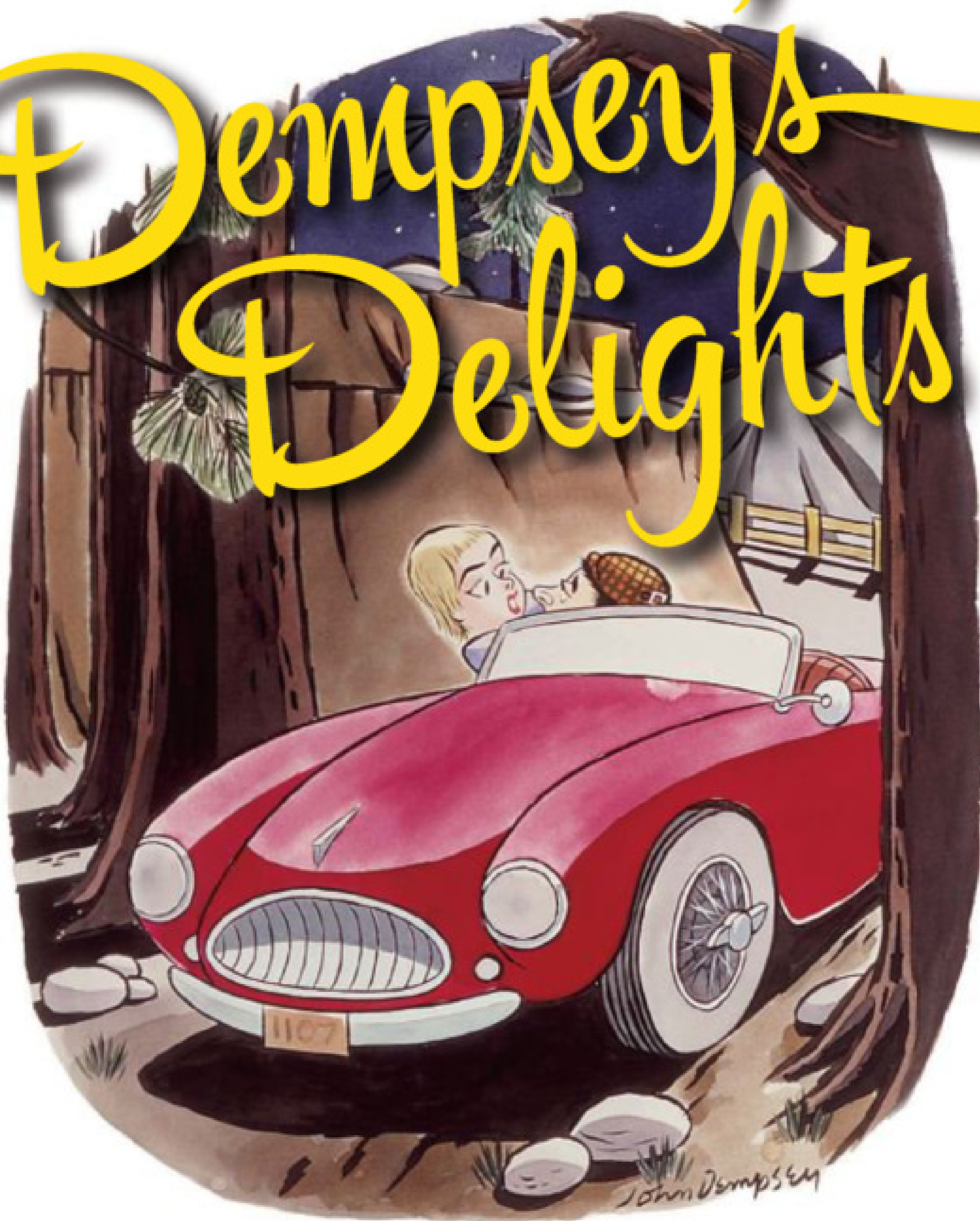


Miss
SEPTEMBER

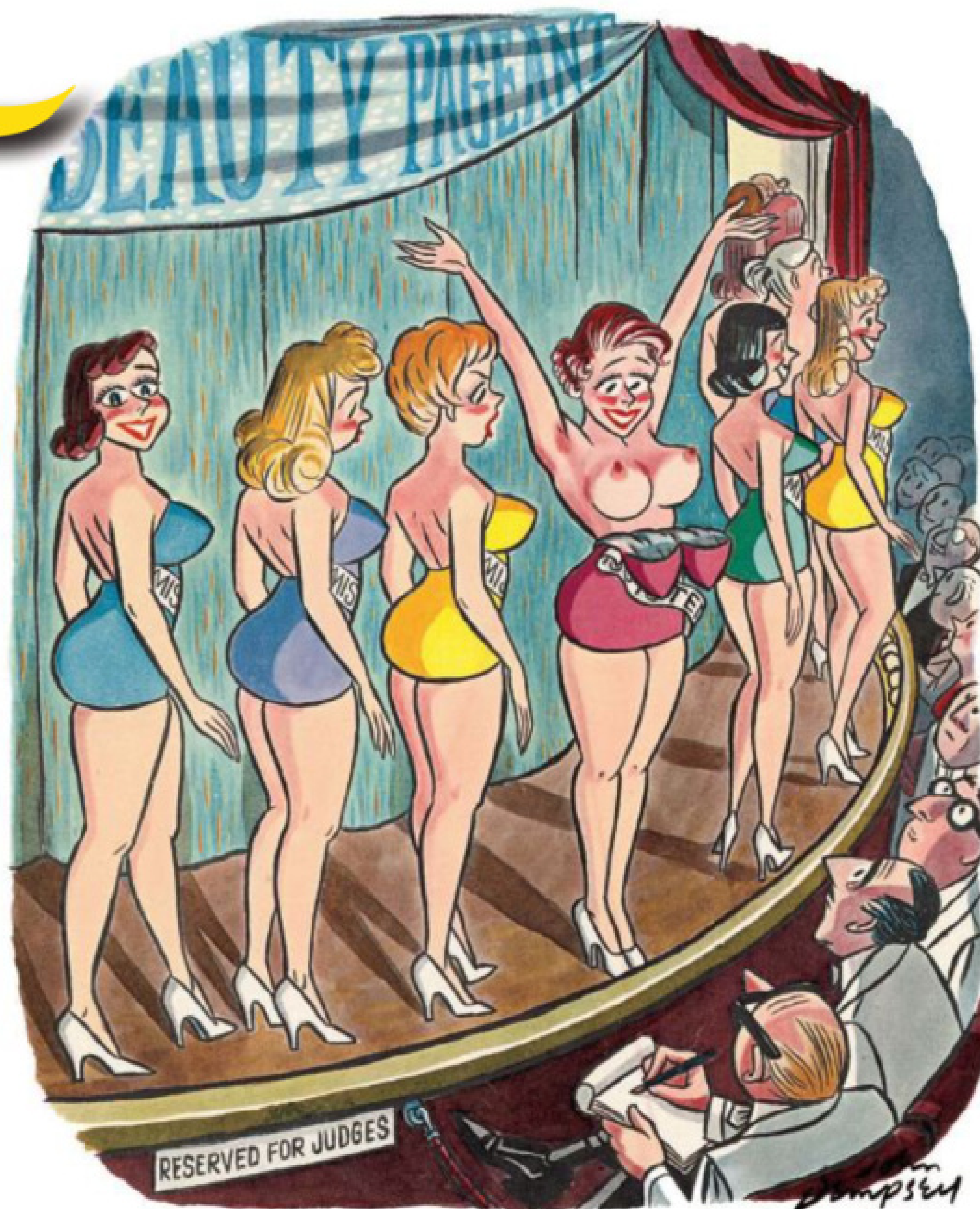
**STEPHANIE
BRANTON**

• “To have been both on the inside as a Playmate and on the cover of the same issue has been beyond a dream come true,” says the Canadian beauty who has since modeled for Crystal Hefner’s lounge-wear line. “It’s all so surreal!”

Dempsey's Delights



"Just what kind of a girl do you think I am—a contortionist?!"



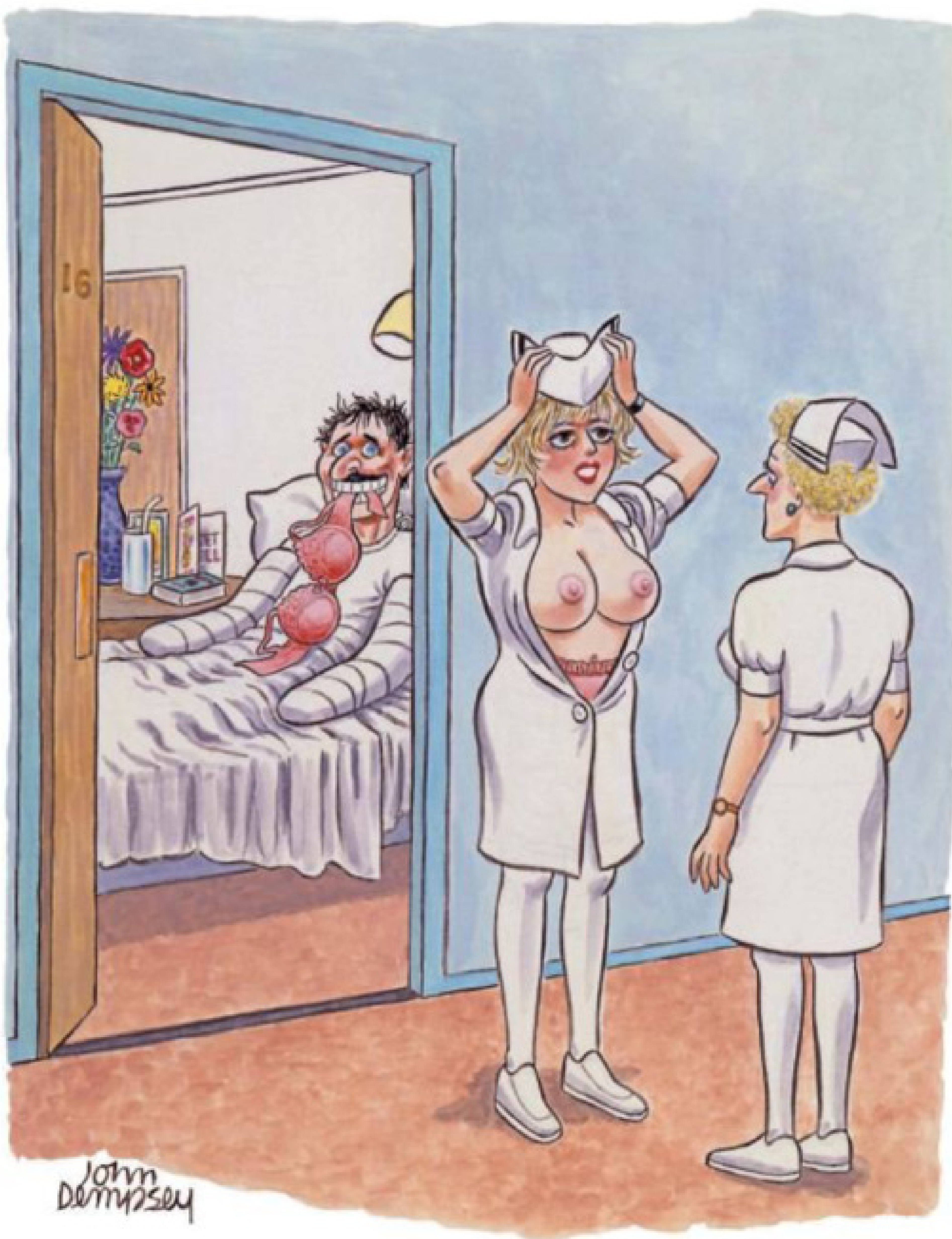
"Come on now, Cynthia, that isn't fair."



"Who the hell did you think was straightening the kids' teeth for free—the tooth fairy?"



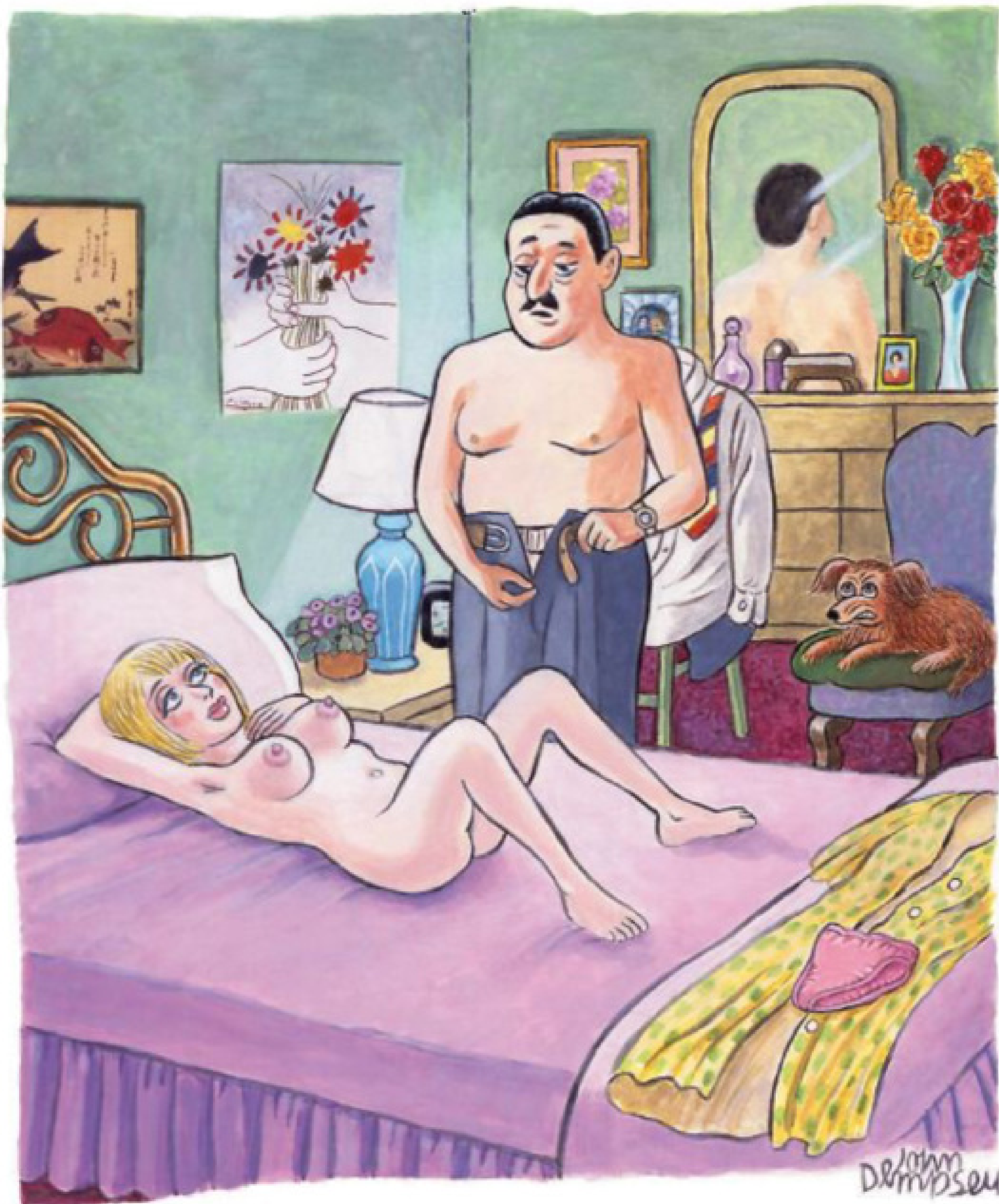
"Goldang it, deputy, I asked you to round me up a little posse!"



"I've just experienced real state-of-the-art dexterity."



"I meant for you to rediscover the sexuality of your body at home, Mr. Schmit—in the privacy of your own home...."



"You're sure he's not going to jump up and bite me on the ass again?"



"Ain't nobody here but us coats."





alone again

WHEN THE BROTHERS BEHIND GUESS NEEDED THE PERFECT FACE FOR THEIR UPSCALE MARCIANO FASHION LINE, THEY TURNED TO **RACHEL MORTENSON**. AS IT TURNS OUT, MARCIANO PLUS MORTENSON EQUALS MAGIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHANIE VOVAS



















42 TO 1

Continued from page 70

attempt. There was a lot of speculation.

KEVIN ROONEY, Tyson's former trainer: Tyson fired me not too long after the Michael Spinks fight. Mike had so much potential, and Cus's goal was for him to go down as the greatest fighter in boxing history. He would have, if we had stayed together. No one would have ever beaten him. He would have been 100-0.

LAMPLEY: He knocked out Spinks on June 27, 1988. He was probably the greatest he ever was that particular night. He went into the ring the next time, February 1989, against Frank Bruno, and—I think it was the second round—Bruno whacked him with a left hook and momentarily had him out on his feet. Mike had already deteriorated considerably by February 1989.

TYSON: When I was active enough, the machine was oiled, and it was really hard to beat me. But I started fighting like twice a year, once a year. I'm the kind of fighter that's got to fight four times a year. Once I got involved with guys like Don, they weren't keeping me busy enough. And since I wasn't busy enough, I started doing other stuff, getting involved with women I should not have gotten involved with. If Cus had been there, a lot of that doesn't happen.

MERCHANT: There was a certain arc in his career, and this one was already starting to show signs of a meteor that was not going to fly forever.



II. TRAGEDY AND TURMOIL

DOUGLAS: I knew I was deserving of the title shot. That's what really kills me. Some people think I was just walking down the street and Don King asked me, "Do you want to fight for the title?" No, I had to win some tough fights to get this opportunity. **MCCAULEY:** Buster's manager, John Johnson, called and told me we were going to fight Mike Tyson. I about passed out. We started saying right then and there, "We gonna be heavyweight champion of the world."

TYSON: I was not concerned at all, because some guys who I beat easily had already beat him. Tony Tucker, who I beat easily, knocked him out. Jesse Ferguson beat him too. I guess I didn't

have no respect for Buster Douglas as a fighter. If it had been Evander Holyfield, I would have trained more seriously.

EVANDER HOLYFIELD, former heavyweight champion: I was the number one contender, but I had to wait one more fight for my shot. Douglas got his shot first. Don King ran heavyweight boxing and felt I wasn't a safe enough opponent. He wanted to get Mike one more fight to make some more money.

JOHN JOHNSON, Douglas's manager: We went to Tokyo because nobody in this country would pay a fuckin' penny to see Buster Douglas fight Mike Tyson.

DOUGLAS: My purse was \$1.3 million. I think Tyson's was \$6 million. I didn't care. It was about the opportunity.

JOHNSON: Twenty-three days before the fight, his mom—his best friend—died.

DOUGLAS: I was maybe four or five weeks into training when it happened. It wasn't sudden. It was a thing that was lingering. She would have better days, and she would have not so good days. But still, it was unexpected.

JOHNSON: Buster said, "My mom wanted me to fight. My mom wanted me to win."

MCCAULEY: We never broke camp. Not one day off.

DOUGLAS: When that happened, I knew it was my time. I was like, This is ridiculous, you know? They take my mom! So I didn't want to cancel it. I wanted to make history.

MCCAULEY: He was already locked in. That just locked him in more.

JOHN RUSSELL, Douglas's co-trainer: Probably about six or seven days before the fight in Tokyo, I remember him looking up at me and just absolutely breaking down about his mom. I threw a towel over his head and said, "It's okay, man." But that was it. He's a strong dude. He never showed one sign of it the whole training camp, other than that.

JOHNSON: It was a great training camp.

TYSON: I came close to pulling out of the Buster Douglas fight. I didn't want to train. I was 23, and I wanted to party and have fun. Actually, my team had to almost track me down and beat me and have a gun to my head to take me up to training camp.

SNOWELL: There was talk of canceling, but we decided to go ahead with the fight. We thought we'd get through it.

TYSON: Before we left for Tokyo, man, they would hound me everywhere I went. I was at a club and they're running through the club, yelling and screaming, making a big fit, embarrassing me, telling people, "Tell Mike he's gotta train! Mike got a fight; make him train!" They were chasing me in my car. I would ram their limousine with my car. That was in New York. I called the cops and told them to stop these guys from following me: "Arrest these guys. They're following me—they're part of my team, but arrest them."

SHERIDAN: Mike had a lot of distractions. I don't think he wanted to be in Japan. I

don't think he liked Japan. I remember specifically Mike being in a foul mood at the press conference before the fight.

LAMPLEY: When I went to Tokyo for the fight, I was told by someone close to Mike that he was morose, extremely depressed and had been sitting in his room watching over and over a videotape called *Faces of Death*, which is a horrible, morbid collection of news footage of people dying. I was also told by someone very close to Mike that he'd been taking R&R trips from Japan to Honolulu to party prior to the Douglas fight.

SNOWELL: Well, I don't know where he was going [laughs], but he was pulling a disappearing act.

FERNANDEZ: We had heard all the stories—that he was in Tokyo, banging four Japanese girls a night. Was that true? Might have been only three. If the old axiom is true—no sex for six weeks before a fight because it takes your legs—then it was amazing Tyson could even crawl into the ring.

TYSON: My training session in Tokyo sucked. When I came into training camp I must have been 270 or 265. A lot of training camp was spent just trying to sweat off weight. I think I lost most of the weight by having sex with the ladies in Japan. I don't remember doing any roadwork, maybe once or twice. So I lost the weight in other ways.

SNOWELL: When a great champion like Mike Tyson doesn't want to train, no one—no one—could have got him to do it. Mike was going to do it his way, and he didn't care. That was what he said to me: He'd do it his way, and if he got his butt whupped, he'd take the blame. He's been man enough to live up to that. I respect him for that. Because he knows the conversations we had as fighter and trainer, and when the short end of the stick came up, he never said anything bad about me. Many other people did. He never did.

TYSON: That whole team fucked me up really bad. They weren't really professional trainers. Aaron's a good guy and stuff but not really a trainer.

ROONEY: His corner was totally incompetent. They had no idea what they were doing. Tyson was training himself at that time.

MAY: Everybody was wondering why I went out on a limb and wrote that I thought Buster could beat Tyson. The reason is that I saw both camps. I saw Buster in the best shape of his freakin' career. And if you were over there and saw Tyson and that circus going on around him.... I don't remember the wording, but I pretty much predicted Buster would beat him in eight rounds.

LAMPLEY: I didn't pay any attention before the fight to the tea leaves, which became so clear during the course of the fight that I had to kick myself after for having failed to anticipate it. Those tea leaves, when you look back, are very simple. Tyson almost lost the



Quick Tillis fight. He went the distance with Tony Tucker. He went the distance with Boncrusher Smith. He went to the last 10 seconds with José Ribalta. He went the distance with Mitch "Blood" Green. What did all those guys have in common? They were all taller than Mike, and all of them could throw a jab. Buster was six-four, 235 pounds and a former basketball player who had athletic quality. He was probably a better all-around athlete than Green, Tucker, Ribalta or Tillis. Now, add the motivation of the death of his mother and the fact that Buster was, for once in his life, in great shape, and we should have seen it coming.

ART MANTERIS, Las Vegas Hilton vice president, race and sports book operations: There were only one or two places in Las Vegas that posted a line on the fight. That "42-1" number that's so famous and quoted so frequently, that was put up by a friend of mine, Jimmy Vaccaro.

JIMMY VACCARO, Mirage race and sports book director: The Mirage was the only casino in Las Vegas that posted odds on the fight. I opened the fight at 27-1. Within probably an hour and a half I had the first bet. I had a guy bet me \$54,000 on Tyson to win \$2,000. This guy figured he's going to put up \$54K and pick up \$56K a minute after the fight started. So I changed the price. I went from 27-1 to 31-1. Next guy bet \$93,000 to win \$3,000 at 31-1. Naturally, every newspaper started to call. We had something that was going to draw a lot of attention. So more money came in. People thought it was like, "Come pick up your money in a couple hours." It got to 42-1 if you wanted to bet on Tyson.

MERCHANT: There was more discussion of Tyson's next fight than of this fight. This was just a tune-up. They thought they'd make a quick buck here en route to fighting Holyfield.

MAY: The brazenness of the promoters. Even Donald Trump was there. To fly all the way out there to announce the Holyfield-Tyson fight was hilarious. And it wasn't "Holyfield vs. the winner of Tyson-Douglas," it was, "Mike Tyson will fight Evander Holyfield after he beats Buster Douglas in a round and a half." I asked manager Shelly Finkel

and promoter Dan Duva the day before the Buster fight, "Well, what happens if Buster beats Tyson?" They go, "Oh, that'll never happen," and they start laughing.

HOLYFIELD: The contract was all worked out for June, how much money I would make and how much money Tyson would make. I was guaranteed \$15 million, and I think it was \$20 million or \$25 million for Tyson. I was in Tokyo because the press conference after the fight would be the first opportunity to announce it. But Buster Douglas stepped in the way.



III. SHOCK AND AWE

RUSSELL: I wrapped Buster's hands in the dressing room, and he was calm as hell. I put the gloves on him, I put on the mitts, and when I warmed him up, I could feel it. I've been working with fighters all my life, and I could feel how good he was.

DOUGLAS: I was cool, calm and collected. I was no fucking worries. You can't perform like I did and be doubting yourself.

OCTAVIO MEYRÁN, referee: Five minutes before the start of the fight, [World Boxing Council president] José Sulaimán spoke to me, with a witness from Mexico too, Joaquin Badillo, a personal friend of Sulaimán's. As we walked from the dressing rooms to the ring, Sulaimán took my shoulder and he told me, "If you see Tyson hurt, be nice with him. If you see Douglas hurt, stop the fight immediately." I said, "I'll never do that. I'm an honest man and I never do that." Then he told me, "Okay, go out to the ring and do your job the best you can do."

MAURICIO SULAIMÁN, son of José Sulaimán: I was not there. My knowledge of what happened is secondhand, through my father, so it would be difficult to address such a comment, because my father has passed away. I think my father has a tremendous legacy, an honorable reputation that was never tarnished whatsoever. So I find this very disappointing, to hear this for the first time in my life from Mr. Meyrán when my father cannot defend himself. My father always met with the ring officials before the fight to discuss concentration, to discuss the rules,

to discuss scoring criteria. After 38 years of precedent, nobody could step up and prove one single act of corruption of my father. I find it humiliating to have any comment that would tarnish the image of my father. But only the two of them would know if they spoke.

MERCHANT: One of the things that stood out before the fight was how Douglas trotted to the ring. Most guys are not running to fight Mike Tyson, or anybody else for that matter. And this guy is trotting toward the ring. It turned out to be revealing in its way, as part of the whole narrative.

TRUMP: It was the weirdest fight I've ever seen in my life, because it started in the morning, and the Japanese were a different kind of audience. The applause is very polite. I've never seen anything quite like it. I was watching an audience that was so calm and so beautiful in a certain way—everybody was dressed nicely, everybody was polite, there's no heckling, no nothing. It was a surreal experience.

SNOWELL: I always say it was so quiet you could hear a rat piss on cotton. The crowd didn't know how to react.

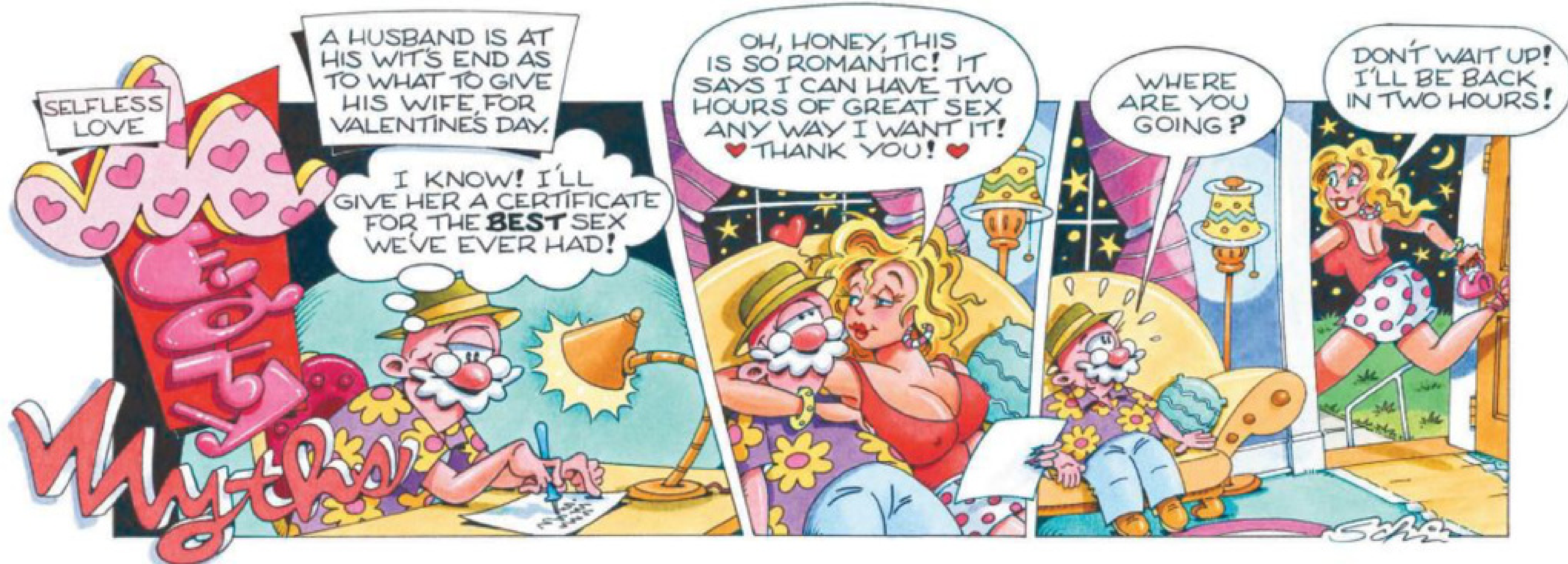
MERCHANT: They came to see Godzilla, and the wrong guy is Godzilla. And rather than be excited for the underdog, it was like they were depressed because they had come into the wrong movie.

LAMPLEY: It was so quiet you could hear the slapping of their shoe soles on the canvas as they moved around. It was so quiet we wound up delivering our commentary in hushed tones, very similar to the way you would cover a golf tournament. We were almost whispering.

TRUMP: From the opening bell Buster Douglas was phenomenal. His left jab was like a steam piston. He reminded me of Larry Holmes in his prime. That night he looked like Joe Louis would have been no problem for him.

DOUGLAS: I wasn't throwing no bullshit jabs. My left hand was just as hard as my right hand. My jab was better than Larry Holmes's, way better. I was putting people to sleep with my jab. I was slipping and throwing. I was busy. I was really letting my hands go.

LAMPLEY: From the first minute of the fight, Buster is landing at will, and it's almost



impossible to know what to say, because Mike's getting his ass handed to him! Larry Merchant was surprised, Ray Leonard was surprised, I was surprised, but you couldn't miss what you were seeing. We weren't imagining things. It was right there.

TRUMP: Buster Douglas was beating the hell out of Mike, and I looked at Don King and said, "Don, what the hell is going on here?"

TYSON: He threw good punches, but he didn't have a devastating punch. He never had me hurt until the very end of the fight. I knew at any moment I was going to hit him and probably he'd be going down or something.

MAY: In the fifth round, Dan Duva gets up, and he's walking up and down the aisle right next to me, smoking a cigarette. I think it was nonsmoking in there, but he's smoking a cigarette. He's like, "I can't believe this!" I wanted to jump up in his face like, "I tried to tell you!"

LAMPLEY: By the middle rounds Mike's eye is swelling, and his corner is completely unprepared for that.

MAY: They didn't even have a stop-swell, so they filled a condom with ice and water and were gonna try to use that. One of the funniest-looking things you ever saw.

LAMPLEY: I looked at Ray Leonard, and he was about to fall off his chair. Ray's mind was blown. They were as screwed up as they could possibly be.

SNOWELL: A cutman was paid, Taylor Smith. He didn't have the equipment. As a trainer, when someone doesn't have their equipment with them, what do you do? You have to make a call from the line of scrimmage. And what was used was a rubber glove and the ice from the bucket, and it's the same thing—something cold.

TYSON: I don't think the eye was much of a problem. Look, my corner was a piece of junk, but it doesn't depend on my corner. It depends on me. It was really my fault. I'm the fighter. Them not having an Enswell made absolutely no difference.

SNOWELL: If he didn't have the Enswell, that's my responsibility. I'm the head trainer. I can take that. But the fight wouldn't have gone any differently with an Enswell. Buster was just on the top of his game. He fought the fight of his life.

DOUGLAS: I was like, Yeah, baby, this is easy. Your ass is mine! And then he knocked me down, because I started thinking about shit. I got overconfident. And that's how dangerous Mike was—that fuckin' tenth of a second of thought, and *pow!*

LAMPLEY: He lands that uppercut and knocks Buster down at the end of the eighth round, and I'm kind of thinking, Buster is not going to beat the count.

MAY: If you've ever seen Tyson from behind, you know he was built to throw the uppercut with gusto. And Buster got overconfident there in the eighth round, and *boom!* I thought he'd blown it. Who gets up from a Tyson uppercut?

DOUGLAS: The first thing I did was a little system check. I didn't feel hurt. The punch was a forceful punch, but it didn't have any negative effect on me other than knocking me down.

HOLYFIELD: You could see that Buster

wasn't hurt that bad. He was frustrated. He hit the canvas and got up.

MCCAULEY: Tyson could never hit him twice, and that was the key. If he got two in a row on the head, it would have been big trouble for Buster or anybody else.

TYSON: As you know, that was like a 15-second, 16-second count. I'm not really crying over spilled milk, because whatever happened happened, but I really got suckered out of that one. They really got me good. You don't need me to tell you it was a slow count. If you're capable of counting, you can count and find out if it was a slow count.

MEYRÁN: When Douglas was down on the canvas, I put my fingers in front of his face and make my usual count, and he got up. If you see the fight, the counts for Tyson and for Douglas are exactly the same. It's a 10 count, not 10 seconds. We don't have a watch in our hands.

SULAIMÁN: I believe the mechanics of the count were incorrect. The fact is when Douglas was down, the guidelines instruct that the first thing the referee does is make sure the fighter goes to the neutral corner. After he does that, he takes the count from the timekeeper and goes on with that count. And that's where the major controversy was created—the TV views clearly show that Meyrán started at one when the timekeeper was already at four or five.

SNOWELL: To my view, Mike really won the fight. It was two fights. He threw a punch that bailed him out, and the error of the referee, he messed up. I don't think Buster would have beaten the count if it was a correct count.

TYSON: I'm sure the ref was biased against me. Everybody was biased against me back then. I was like the Floyd Mayweather of back then, pretty arrogant and stuff and saying what was on my mind without having a filter.

RUSSELL: I like Mike. I really do. I think he's a good guy. But if I ever see him, the first thing I'm going to say is, "Hey, Mike, you don't count one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. You count one thousand one, one thousand two." He says Buster got a long count. That's bullshit.

DOUGLAS: His count was longer than mine. What the fuck is he talking about? Come on. That's silly. That just don't make no sense. He can say whatever, man. He got tore the fuck up.

TYSON: I went to get him, but then the bell rang, *ding*, right as I went to go for him. If that knockdown had come with 30 seconds to go in the round, I'd like to believe I would have finished him. I'd like to believe that. But I can't say for sure.

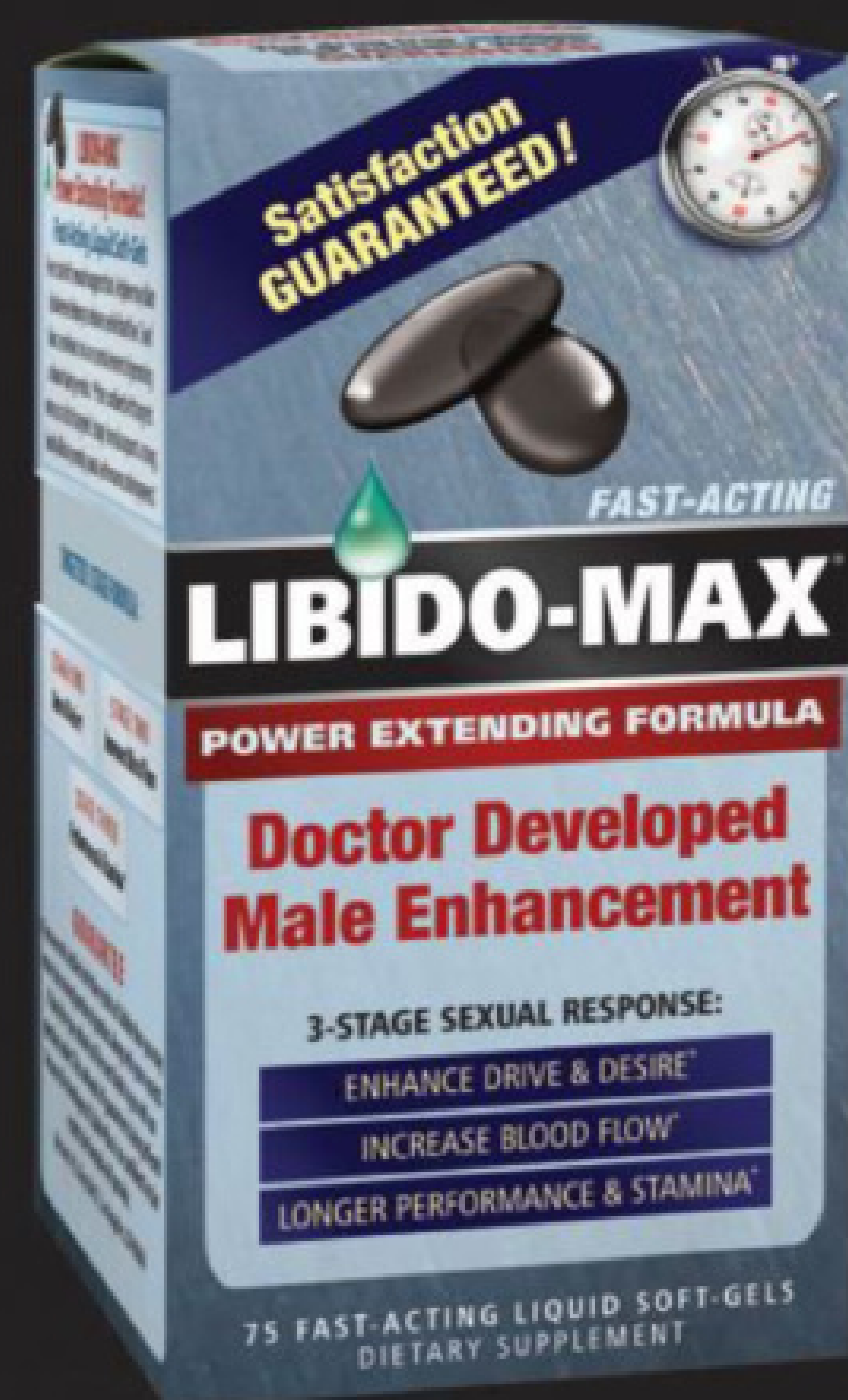
MERCHANT: It looked like it could have been the beginning of the end for Douglas. You didn't know it was the beginning of the end for Tyson.



IV. BEGINNING AND END

SHERIDAN: The biggest shock to me was the manner in which Buster Douglas was able to absorb the punishment he took in

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the eighth round and come back out and have such a great ninth round. That was extraordinary. Nobody had ever done that against Mike Tyson, get knocked down and come back.

JOHNSON: When the ninth round started, Mike came out and fuckin' nailed him. Then shortly thereafter, Buster got him pinned up against the ropes and annihilated him. He hit him with what we call the stick, a straight left hand, that would have knocked him into about the third or fourth fuckin' row if it hadn't been for the ropes.

MAY: The ninth round was as great a round of heavyweight boxing as I have ever seen. I get goose bumps now just thinking about it.

JOHNSON: Buster went out in the 10th round, and he made that step over to the right and caught him with an uppercut, missed him with a hook, brushed him with a right hand, and Mike started down and Buster threw a straight left back up the middle, and he just followed Mike and drove him into the canvas.

DOUGLAS: Those punches were some of the best punches I ever landed, that four-piece. It started with a great uppercut, and then I kept punching and drove him into the ground. Like my father always said, "You just keep punching until they're not there."

RUSSELL: When he hit him with the uppercut, I swear to God, I thought he knocked his head off! You could hear it, it was like a frickin' sledgehammer.

DOUGLAS: I expected him to get up. But then when I saw him on all fours, fumbling

around for that mouthpiece, that's when I knew it was over.

TYSON: I don't remember much. I was in a fog.

SNOWELL: I went into the ring to get Mike. He was up on his feet. He said, "What happened?" I said, "Look, you got knocked out." I just grabbed him and hugged him and said, "You'll be all right." I said, "Now you learn."

TYSON: I'm okay with watching replays of the knockout. That happened. I knocked out a lot of guys, so it's only right for me.

DOUGLAS: The idea that Tyson wasn't at his best and that's why I beat him—I think he was pretty close to being pretty damned good, because that shit I was landing on him in the 10th was the same shit I was landing on him in the first round. And he was taking it pretty damn good then. So he was ready. That was a beatdown. He got beat up. I was like, "As long as you want to take it, I'm gonna give it to you."

JOHNSON: Did he overlook Buster Douglas? Absolutely. But if you know anything about boxing and how strenuous it is, to take the ass-whipping that he took for 30 minutes, what kind of fuckin' shape do you have to be in? You gotta be fuckin' Superman. Fuck anyone who says that—he was in great fuckin' shape. Aaron Snowell said he was in the best shape.

SNOWELL: Mike wasn't in superior shape, but he was in condition. Because you can't take them shots that he took, not being in some kind of condition.

MERCHANT: I just think it's an alibi. He was in reasonable shape. I had heard that he'd

blown up to 250 or 260 or something—but that's on him! If he had amateurs in his corner, that's on him! That's not an excuse. That's just a revelation of his commitment and his character as an athlete. I'm not sure how much he trained or not. But from the way he fought the fight, he didn't look to me in terrible condition. I think it was, at the very least, exaggerated because of the shock of the outcome and because people wanted to believe he was invincible.

LAMPLEY: It's the most memorable fight I've ever called. It's the most important fight I've ever called.

JOHNSON: In the interview at the end of the fight, Larry Merchant said, "Buster, why were you able to do what no man was ever able to do and beat Mike Tyson?" And Buster said, "Because of my mom." And he looked up in the air, and he looked back, and he said, "God bless her heart."

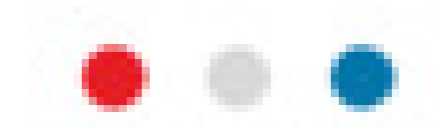
DOUGLAS: Everything had built up inside, and finally, during the interview, I was letting that out. It hit me.

MERCHANT: When people ask, I always tell them that's the best interview I ever did, having the sense at that moment to let it play.

SHERIDAN: I don't know if there was any other night in history that Buster Douglas could have done what he did. Everything was lined up for him, and everything was lined up against Mike Tyson.

TYSON: If it hadn't been Buster Douglas, it would have been someone else. I wasn't working on my fight game too much then. If I'd fought Holyfield in the fall, he would have beaten me, absolutely.

DOUGLAS: I'm sure somebody would have gotten to Tyson soon if I hadn't. But I took advantage of my opportunity. That's all.



V. CONTROVERSY AND JUSTICE

RUSSELL: After the fight, when we were still in the ring, I was looking for King. That son of a bitch didn't even use the steps; he climbed right up on the apron, and he was like a maniac. I said, "I told you, Don!" He looked at me and said, "Get the fuck away from me. I'm protesting!"

MEYRÁN: Don King was very angry. I don't know how else I can tell you. The face of Don King was like a monster. José Sulaimán was very angry too.

DOUGLAS: Maybe an hour and a half after the fight, I heard they were having a meeting. Don was protesting the fight, the long count and all that. I thought that was such coward shit right there. They were whining, whining. Still today, whining.

MERCHANT: This is just a case of people trying to win outside of the ring what they couldn't win inside of the ring.

SHERIDAN: It was the genius of Don King, trying to intimidate the WBC into making it a no-contest so they would have had to do it again and Mike would have retained his title.

MAY: There was a fight between two sports-writers at the press conference predicated over whether to give Tyson the belt back.



"I'm married, but I'm not a fanatic about it!"



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They started scuffling and had to be broken apart.

MEYRÁN: At the press conference, Tyson was to my left, then me, José Sulaimán and Don King. And Sulaimán, with his elbow, nudged me two, three times, to answer to the press, say no, say no, say yes. Some people told me they would cancel my plane ticket back to Mexico.

SULAIMÁN: After the fight, the Japan Boxing Commission instituted a formal request of review. It was not the World Boxing Council ordering the review. Don King made a protest, and the commission, which is the local authority, proceeded to accept the protest and to make the review. There was a meeting at the Tokyo Dome, and Meyrán spoke. The commission presented the dispute and the tape was reviewed. Then the WBC called for the WBC board of governors to meet to have a final resolution.

TYSON: You know, Don King's going to try to do anything he can to get ahead in the situation. That's the hustle of the game, and I understood that. I wasn't sure if it was going to work. I was hoping that it did, though.

MAY: It was professional boxing and Don King was involved, so anything was possible. And José Sulaimán was there, and he seemed interested in making sure justice was done. *[laughs]*

SULAIMÁN: The final resolution was to recognize Buster Douglas as the champion.

MEYRÁN: That was the first time in my career anything like this happened. And then, my career is over. José Sulaimán and the rest of the WBC team never called me again.

SULAIMÁN: Octavio Meyrán was present in the appeal of the fight, and he spoke. He said he made a mistake. And then I guess he thought about it during the flight. He arrived back in Mexico and he became very defensive and aggressive about the topic. He took a personal position against the WBC, or not to be with the WBC. So it is not that he was discriminated against or put aside. It is more that after that big controversy, he just went to a different path.

MCCAULEY: When it was all over and done with, I'm glad Don King protested. He got his own self in trouble by protesting the result and taking us to court, because his contract with us read that he had to have Buster's best interests at heart at all times. How can you do that when you file paperwork claiming Mike Tyson beat him? That's how we got out of our contract with him. So I'm glad he protested. Otherwise we'd still be paying him money. *[laughs]*

MAY: Things got settled. I think there were a couple million dollars involved. Buster got free and clear, sort of—you always use "sort of" with Don King.

TYSON: When I got home from Tokyo, a lot of pressure was released off me, that I was no longer the champion. It was a relief. People didn't look at me as invincible anymore. I became more human after that, and that's absolutely a good thing. People realized, This is a human being. He has a heart. He's somebody's child. He's not the monster he appeared to be. A lot of people cried when I lost. But it's not like the people around me turned their backs on me. I still had a lot of friends, because

I still had a lot of money. They only leave when you don't have no more money.



VI. BUSTED AND BROKEN

DOUGLAS: We were prepared for the fight, but we weren't prepared for the aftermath of winning the fight. That's where we got swallowed up, because they come out, man. Hangers-on.

RUSSELL: I went with him to Vegas a couple of times, and we should never have done that. It was pandemonium, man. He was a fuckin' hero. I told him, "Hanging around with you now is like hanging around with the Beatles and Michael Jackson."

MCCAULEY: He wasn't getting the work done. It was nothing like the Tyson camp. I was mad at him, but he didn't want to hear my mouth. I was going to make him do things the right way. He was looking for the wrong way.

RUSSELL: It was a nightmare. Everybody was fighting, and everybody was looking to buy fuckin' houses and smoking fuckin' pot instead of worrying about the fuckin' fighter. I talked to him a few weeks before the Holyfield fight, and I said, "Let me call the fight off. Let me postpone." He goes, "No, I want to go ahead with it." Look, the payday was huge. At that time, it was the largest purse in the history of sports. I talked to Buster about canceling it, but I mean, if I was in his shoes, I wouldn't have either.

MCCAULEY: He was guaranteed all that money. All you got to do is answer the bell, hear it go *ding*, and it's your money. We knew Buster could get lazy. So once he got his hands on all that money, he got lazy.

DOUGLAS: The money had nothing to do with it. It was just, man, come on, I went from being nonexistent to the world heavy-weight champion, and everybody wants your attention. It's an adjustment, man.

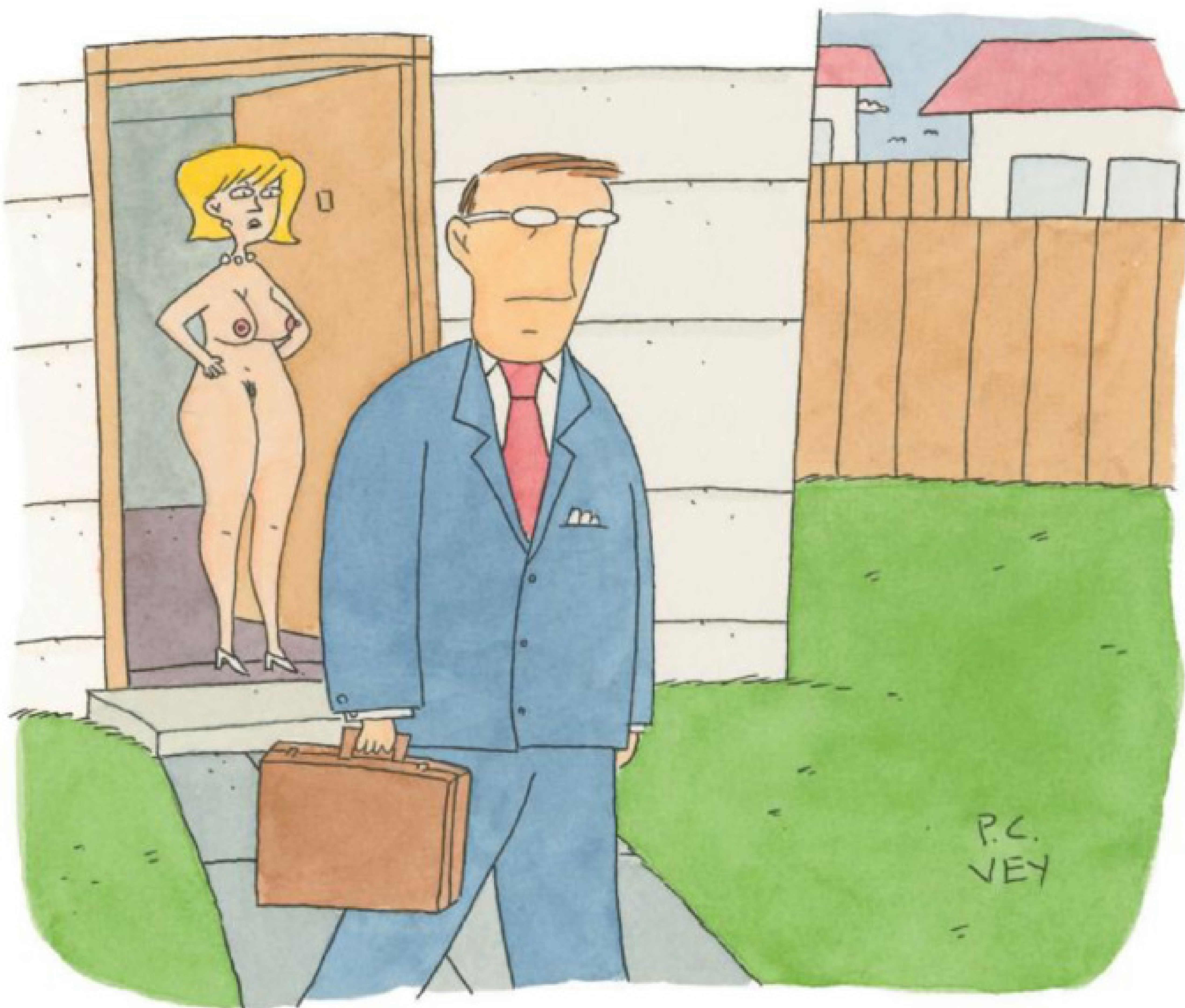
TRUMP: The problem with Buster Douglas is he absolutely let himself go to hell. He was a very talented fighter who could have been the champion for a while. And instead he fought the wrong guy. He fought a man named Evander Holyfield, who is the most underrated boxer there is. And Buster Douglas got blown out.

HOLYFIELD: Of course, when I beat Buster they said, "You ain't no real champ. You didn't beat Mike!" I said, "Yeah, but I just beat the guy that beat him."

RUSSELL: Buster never recovered from the Holyfield loss. It just ate him up, because he knew he was better than that. He was just killing himself. He was drinking and eating himself to death. Him and his dad were training a kid and they called me to come to Atlantic City to work his corner. When I saw James, I didn't fuckin' recognize him. He was about 400 pounds.

DOUGLAS: I was depressed.

RUSSELL: I went down to Florida and said, "I'm gonna get you back into shape." I remember us going to the park, and he couldn't fuckin' run. I didn't go down there for him to fight. I just went down there to try to save his life. One day I took him to the gym. I could hardly get his headgear



"Would it kill you to stop off on the way home and pick up some slinky lingerie?"

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on him, he was so big. We sparred with a guy, and I saw he still had it a little bit. I started getting him in shape, and that was the start of his comeback.

DOUGLAS: That comeback, that was just so I could go back and do it right. That was about wanting to end my career on a better note.

RUSSELL: If we would have beat Lou Savarese in 1998, we had the rematch with Tyson for good money.

TYSON: Lou Savarese knocked him out in one round. That was the end of him.

MERCHANT: I don't think people will remember anything else about Buster Douglas except the Tyson fight. I guess you could say that, to the public, Douglas is like the guys who assassinated presidents. He's Lee Harvey Oswald or John Wilkes Booth.

TRUMP: What Buster Douglas did was take the mystique away from Mike Tyson. Just totally took the mystique.

LAMPLEY: I love Mike, but I have said this to him myself: He's the most overrated heavyweight champion of all time. And he has said to me that he sees the argument. He does not argue the point, because he's a student of boxing history, and frankly at this point he's more interested in giving credit to other people. It's not a denigration of Mike. It's just a statement on how the audience responded to those knockouts and had overblown in their own minds the significance of his knocking out Michael Spinks and Carl "the Truth" Williams in 91 or 95 seconds.

LAYDEN: I think our memory of Tyson is shaded by everything that happened from 1990 on. To the casual observer, he's not this guy who for four years was one of the greatest fighters who ever lived. He's a guy who went to prison and whose life became this horror show.

TYSON: Since I lost to Buster, I went to prison for three years, came back, became champion again twice, and I just keep overcoming adversities, you know? A man is not defined by his sporting events; he's defined by how he lives his life. My boxing career is like a blur, like it never existed. Taking care of my kids, paying bills, paying taxes, paying tuitions for school, that's just what it all comes down to now.

LAYDEN: I honestly didn't think he'd ever get to this place. At any point after the Douglas loss, if you had been told that Tyson was dead of a drug overdose or a car accident or some violent episode, would you have been surprised?

ROONEY: He seems to be in a good place now, and I am truly happy for him.

DOUGLAS: He really pulled it together, no doubt. I'm definitely happy for him. That's really cool, what he's doing and what he's achieved.

TYSON: It's not life in the slow lane; it's life in the catatonic lane. I never wanted to be an average guy, an average joe. All my life I fought against being an average joe. I guess that's just what it was supposed to be. I'd rather have a few people who love and care about me than have a thousand people around me who don't really care about me.



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DAN SAVAGE

Continued from page 54

my dick like you like it. You don't have to have a boner while you suck my dick, but you can't be crying like it's an *Oz* repeat on HBO." They're arguing that basically, kids, there's a switch in your brain that you can consciously flip, and it makes you gay. It's a choice you make. So let's have them make the choice and prove it. The fly in that ointment is that some of them are closet cases, so they could probably do it and claim they won the argument. But at least we'd have videotape of them sucking people off.

PLAYBOY: Closet cases? Who?

SAVAGE: Look at Marcus Bachmann, Michele Bachmann's husband. Anybody who has gaydar—anybody who has eyes—looks at him and sees a tormented closet case who has externalized his internal conflict and is abusing other people, doing his reparative-therapy bullshit. It's so sad and pathetic. A lot of the self-destructive behaviors gay people are prone to drifting into are directed inward, and then you have these shitbags like Marcus Bachmann for whom it's all directed outward. Marcus Bachmann is the photo negative of the guy on the last bar stool in the gay bar, drinking and smoking himself to death, except instead of destroying himself, he's destroying other vulnerable queer people in an effort to destroy the queer inside himself.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think homophobia in some manifests not in disagreement but in hatred?

SAVAGE: The religious justification for homophobia undergirds much of it. Also there's paranoia

PLAYBOY: Paranoia?

SAVAGE: We have very poor sex education in this country, so a lot of teenage boys experience paranoia that it could happen to them, that it's a trapdoor you can fall through if you put a finger in your butt or if it feels good when someone plays with your nipples—that it's evidence of the cancer of homosexuality growing inside you. And because we can't talk about what causes homosexuality, we can't reassure kids who are paranoid about their own sexuality. Male heterosexuality in this culture is a bundle of two negatives. To be a straight man is to not be a faggot and not be a girl, so anything that's faggy or girlie can shatter your heterosexual bona fides.

PLAYBOY: As a child, did you feel paranoid that you might be gay, or did you always know and accept it?

SAVAGE: I knew.

PLAYBOY: How difficult was it for you to come out of the closet to your parents?

SAVAGE: I was about to come out to my mom when I was 15 or 16 years old, but my dad left. He walked out. She was not emotionally prepared for it, and she was destroyed for a while. I thought, If I go in there now and tell her I'm gay, it'll kill her, and I can't do that. I was a cliché fag boy, a mama's boy. I baked. I stayed home. So I waited until I was 18 to tell her, and that was hard, because we'd grown apart. She became suspicious, but I just couldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: But she knew and you were both pretending?

SAVAGE: She didn't know. Well, years later she was like, "Yeah, I guess I kind of knew," but that was an era when people looked at Liberace on TV and didn't think *he* was gay, because thinking someone was gay was literally the worst thing you could think of someone. You didn't allow yourself to think that, particularly of your own children. So the fact that when I was 13 years old and my parents asked me what I wanted for my birthday and I said tickets to *A Chorus Line*—the national tour was coming to the Shubert Theatre in Chicago—it didn't register as maybe I was gay. What 13-year-old straight boy wants to go to *A Chorus Line* as opposed to a Bears game? When I was a kid I was gay-ish, a sissy boy. Not all gay men were sissies as kids, but almost all boys who are sissies grow up to be gay men. I would put on high heels and a wig when I was two and tell my mom I was going to be a girl when I grew up. I mean, not all gay men have feminine traits like that—Jason Collins doesn't strike me as the kind of gay man who was jumping around in dresses when he was four, but who knows? I was.

PLAYBOY: Some parents try to force macho behavior on children they suspect are gay, because they think they can "fix" them.

SAVAGE: You can't beat the gay out of a kid, but you can kill that gay kid trying. One result is that once you've assembled yourself to appease your sports-obsessed father, to fool your peers, your girlfriend...once you put that together, it creates a cognitive bifurcation. The pride you take when you do fool people, when you put together this bullshit version, this Potemkin kid who isn't you, and people buy it and you're like, Oh wow—there's power in that. There was for me. But some kids are crushed by it. The guys I knew who were self- or otherwise destructive were guys who believed they were terrible, that there was something wrong with them. The guys who were healthier believed there was something wrong with everybody else. I was that guy. I thought, I'm fine. My church is crazy. My parents are crazy. Everyone in my Catholic grade school is crazy. Everyone in this neighborhood I live in is fucking nuts. But I'm fine.

PLAYBOY: Why did you have a sense of self-esteem compared with kids who think there's something wrong with them?

SAVAGE: I think my parents gave me that.

PLAYBOY: But you had to hide. As you say, you were nearly 20 by the time you came out to your mother. And you were Catholic.

SAVAGE: Yeah, but the Catholic Jesuit thing came back to bite them on the ass in the end. We weren't knuckle-dragger Catholics. My parents beat into us that Jesuit thing about integrity and honesty and scrutiny and thoughtfulness. Don't lie, be truthful and live with integrity. You have to be yourself and you can't lie to Jesus. God can see you. In the end it was just, I can't lie to my parents about this, even though they probably would have preferred to have been lied to.

PLAYBOY: Were you initially devout, or did you always question religion?

SAVAGE: I remember distinctly when I was seven or eight years old looking at some sort of illustrated encyclopedia of world history. It showed a procession of priests in long robes with feathers and people marching in front of a Mayan pyramid. I think they were going to cut somebody's heart out. I told my dad, "This looks like Mass!" What I couldn't wrap my head around is that those Mayans thought they were right. So I thought, How is it proof of anything when my parents tell me what they think is right? I thought about all those George Carlin-esque Catholic grade-school brainteasers. What about all the people who lived and died and never heard about Jesus? They're all in hell? What about the unbaptized babies? They're in hell? What about Hitler? If somebody heard his confession, he's in heaven, but Mahatma Gandhi's in hell? It seemed so arbitrary and irrational. Mainly, when I realized I was gay, it brought me into conflict with what my church was telling me. I didn't just move two steps over and find the affirming Lutherans. I looked at the whole religion racket and it kind of fell apart, especially when I saw how much it was torturing gay kids.

PLAYBOY: You started the It Gets Better campaign so gay kids would have an easier time than you did. What specifically inspired it?

SAVAGE: A suicide, Billy Lucas's suicide. It was devastating. Then someone put a blog post on the Facebook page his family had put up to memorialize him. The same kids who had brutally bullied him in school visited it—to celebrate his death. To call him a faggot. To say they were glad he was dead. I was furious. But someone wrote, "I wish I had known you, Billy, and been able to tell you that things get better. Rest in peace." That just leaped out at me: Things get better.

PLAYBOY: Do they get better?

SAVAGE: They do. On a macro level, in society, and on a personal level. But there are kids out there who don't know it, who are lied to about what it means to be gay, and they are in despair. They think it can't get better for them. Gay kids commit suicide at higher rates. We abuse alcohol and drugs at higher rates; we smoke at much higher rates—all these self-destructive behaviors. But the truth is many of us made it and it did get better. My feeling about Billy Lucas was if I'd had five minutes with that kid I could have talked him out of it, just by giving examples from my life. But I didn't have access to that kid. That kid is

growing up in a part of the country that doesn't have LGBT support groups.

I went to the White House conference on bullying. Until I got into a breakout session, nobody said that LGBT kids' worst and most destructive bullies are often their parents. What do you do about that? Before that I had been going around the country just gutted reading about Lucas. I went from college to college but was thinking I should be going from high school to high school. But I would never get an invitation to speak at a high school, and I would never get permission to talk to a kid who needs to hear from a gay adult, because his parents are homophobic. Then it occurred to me: I don't need anyone's permission anymore. I don't need an invitation. I have YouTube. I have Twitter. I have Facebook. I can bring the gay support group to that kid, whether his parents like it or not. Now that corporations and politicians have made videos—Obama, Hillary Clinton—people have lost sight of the fact that there is an upright middle finger at the heart of the project. It says that we, LGBT adults, are going to talk to your LGBT kids *whether you like it or not*. We're going to reach into their computers and their phones, and we're going to speak to them. You can't isolate your kids the way you used to. You can't terrorize your kids.

The religious right gets it. The religious right freaks out about It Gets Better because we're talking most specifically to their kids. They're the kids with homophobic parents, and we're making a run around their pastors, their churches, their teachers and their parents. These videos have gotten millions and millions of views. **PLAYBOY:** Do you hear from kids who have been helped by the videos?

SAVAGE: The project is four years old. I'll go to a college and meet a 20-year-old who was 16 when it started. I'm standing there and someone bursts into tears and runs and grabs me and Terry because it was the thing that made the difference for them. I get e-mails from emergency room nurses who are dealing with homophobic parents and some kid who just attempted suicide. A nurse wrote that she spent all night lying in bed with this kid who'd attempted suicide. She had her iPad and was watching videos with him. She said, "I hope his parents don't find out." That's the subversiveness of the project. A girl wrote to thank us. She came out to her parents at 15, and they rejected her and connected her to a therapy program at her church. She was watching videos in the middle of the night. She wrote to say, "I'm watching It Gets Better in my parents' house in the middle of the night in the bedroom under the covers." Her parents can't stop it anymore. We kicked down their front door and crawled into bed with her, and they can't stop us. She said, "I watched the videos at night, and every morning I'd get up, go downstairs and look at my mom and my dad, and I loved them for *who they were going to be* in 10 years." She had that image in her head that will get her through this, be-

cause she's seen so many kids in the It Gets Better project talking about their parents who did exactly what her parents were doing but who now love and support their kids. Kids who have been bullied by their parents are flabbergasted to find out many of us with supportive parents didn't have supportive parents when we first came out. She is able to love her parents now, while they're incapable of loving her. We also hear from parents who are grateful because they're raising some sissy kid in the woods. A woman wrote me from Georgia, and her son is clearly gay. She wrote early on to say she was using the exact phrase, telling him "It gets better." "He didn't believe me, because who am I? What do I know?" Just hearing it from his straight mom wasn't good enough. But having all of us say it made it credible.

PLAYBOY: But in the meantime there are still frequent reports of gay kids being bullied.

SAVAGE: It's the best of times and the worst of times for queer kids. If you're out and gay and your parents are on your side, and there's a gay-straight student alliance at your school and you have friends who've got your back, there's never been a better time to be a gay 15-year-old boy than right now. If you're out and gay and your parents are fundamentalist Christians and you go to some shitty Christian school where kids bully you and the administration bullies you, and there are no services where you live, then there has never been a worse time to be gay than right now for that kid, because there's no hiding. There's no closet. We've deconstructed the closet for those sissy boys, and they're exposed. But it does get better, and they need to know it does. I remember going to gay pride parades when I first came out and seeing parents of queer kids willing to march down the street for us. That was from Mars. I think we've reached a point where more parents love and accept their queer kids than not. The rejecting parents are the exceptions, the freaks. I'm constantly blown away. Constance McMillen is this lesbian kid in Mississippi whose school was fucking with her around prom and painting a bull's-eye on her back. Her whole family was on her side. A lesbian in a tiny town in Mississippi, and her dad was yelling into TV cameras, "Nobody's going to fuck with my daughter!" A tiny town in Mississippi! These news stories constantly pop up about queer kids being bullied by teachers and administrators, and their parents are on their side. It hasn't quite sunk into the thick skulls of high school administrators and teachers that they can't abuse queer kids with impunity anymore, because the families are likely to be on the kids' side. We've got lawyers now and we will come after you. We're winning and we're not going to sit idly by anymore. You can't just beat up a queer kid at a high school in Mississippi and have it be a local story. We will jump down your fucking throat.



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NICK KROLL

Continued from page 124

mad when they found out it was just a joke, because I guess they felt lied to or something. It was the weirdest thing I've ever been involved in.

Q7

PLAYBOY: We should also discuss the Bono incident. After the U2 frontman kissed

your girlfriend, Amy Poehler, at the 2014 Golden Globe Awards, you tweeted later, "Hey, Bono, watch your back." Is there still bad blood between you guys?

KROLL: I am conflict averse, but I have my limits. My thing with Bono isn't just about what happened at the Globes. We have a long-standing conflict. It goes way, way into the past. It's just.... [sighs deeply] This is still really painful to talk about.... I was supposed to be the Edge, but Bono fired me because I don't know how to play guitar. Just like that—*boom!*—I'm out of U2. I have not forgiven Bono since.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Does it upset you when you and Amy go to Mexico and the tabloids publish your vacation photos, but all they talk about is her bikini and don't once mention your beach body?

KROLL: It's a total bummer. It's a bummer that anyone would want to see a picture of me on vacation. Like, where are we as a society that it's considered news that I

went on vacation? Doesn't the world have bigger issues to deal with than looking at photos of me in short-shorts and a weird camo hat?

Q9

PLAYBOY: You once bragged that your career has been "about as easy a ride as you could have." What's your secret?

KROLL: I think it helps that I grew up financially comfortable. A lot of artists throughout history came from the leisure class. They had the time to ponder things, to think about things. They didn't have to spend every waking moment worrying about where rent was coming from or finding a shitty job they didn't want because they needed the money to survive. Many, many artists grew up with nothing and had something deep inside that they wanted to express. But it makes a big difference if you don't have those financial burdens and can decide, without worrying about bills, if you want to tell dick jokes professionally.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Were you a funny kid?

KROLL: I thought I was, but I don't think my family would agree. When I was a kid, if you'd asked them, "Do you think Nick could be a professional comedian or actor?" I'm pretty sure they would have said, "He's a sweet kid, but let's be honest...." When I decided I was going into comedy, I would describe their reaction as skeptically supportive.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Were you telling original jokes or just imitating what you saw on TV?

KROLL: Me and my friend Andrew Goldberg—who now writes for *Family Guy*—were best buddies in elementary school, and we'd re-create "Wayne's World" sketches. I think a lot of comedians start out that way, just reenacting their favorite *Saturday Night Live* bits or their favorite scenes from *Trading Places* or whatever. But to me as a kid, it never felt like it was leading somewhere. I never thought, I'm going to be a comedian when I grow up. I never thought too far into the future. I guess that goes back to growing up comfortably—I had that leisure to relax and not think about what I was going to do with my life or how I was going to do it.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Your first time on a big stage was as a freshman in college, during a stand-up competition. You lost. What happened?

KROLL: I had never done comedy before, but I had this idea that I would get on stage and say, "God, I thought I was going to be so nervous, but I'm actually totally relaxed," and then pee my pants. I'd have a water balloon in my pants and pop it with a pin during my set, and it would look like I'd peed myself. But I forgot to bring the water balloon, so I grabbed a sandwich bag or something and filled it with water. But it didn't work out like I'd hoped. When I tried to jab it, it didn't burst, and I kept trying, which ended up looking like I was furiously masturbating



"I don't know whether to listen to my personal trainer or my personal nutritionist. One wants me to leave my husband for him, the other just wants to have an affair."

on stage. And then I spent the next five or 10 minutes explaining what I'd tried to do unsuccessfully. It did not go well.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Your father was a private investigator. Was that as cool as it sounds?

KROLL: From a very early age I would say, "My dad is a private investigator, but he doesn't carry a gun and he doesn't wear a trench coat." He was working on a corporate level. I guess some of it was a little dangerous. The Kuwaiti government hired him to find Saddam Hussein's money, and the Filipino government hired him to find Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos's money. During the Hussein thing we had a cop outside our house for a while, and I guess that was cool. It felt more cool than scary.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You never wanted to follow in your dad's footsteps?

KROLL: Not really. Obviously I went into a different field, but I learned a lot from him, especially the way he treats people. Anyone from heads of state to kids I played with in Little League baseball, he was kind to all of them. He treated everybody the same. You can go a long way in this world by just being a decent person.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You went to school on a farm in Vermont. That sounds almost ridiculously idyllic. Were you milking cows more than reading books?

KROLL: Well, if you want to get specific, there were no dairy cows. They were beef cows, so I didn't have a lot of contact with them. You don't befriend animals that are heading to slaughter. Otherwise it was an amazing experience. It's this place called the Mountain School in Vermont, and that's really where I got my first bug for performing. It was a bunch of smart, individualistic kids who were okay being weird. In high school it can be scary to be weird. But going up there and meeting all these eccentric kids, I was like, Oh, it's okay to dress up in an orange jumpsuit and lip-synch James Brown songs while wearing kitchen clogs. It was a watershed for me. I was given permission to be a weirdo.

Q16

PLAYBOY: One of your first big TV roles was on the 2007 ABC sitcom *Cavemen*, based on a Geico commercial. At the time, you were probably just happy to be working. In hindsight, do you wish you could expunge it from your permanent record?

KROLL: I still think back on it fondly. I'd never had a TV show before. Just being able to act for a living was such an amazing opportunity, even though I was hidden under about a foot of silicone makeup. It took four hours every morning to get the makeup on and an hour to get it off. If I got that job today, I'd be like, "Holy shit. Are you kidding me with this?" But because I didn't have anything to reference it against, I was like, Oh, great. I guess this is what being on a TV show is like. You're covered in silicone with hair glued to your body.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met a comedy idol who turned out to be a jackass?

KROLL: That almost never happens. Usually it's just about me being starstruck. I had a small thing with Chevy Chase when I was on *Community*. He wasn't a huge fan of anyone besides him getting a laugh. But even then I was like, Oh shit, I'm threatening to Fletch? That's not too bad. Sometimes it doesn't matter if the people you love and respect aren't as cool as you want them to be. Whether Chevy Chase and I are best friends is irrelevant, and it pales in comparison to how he inspired me in *Fletch* or those *Vacation* movies or on *SNL*. I don't need him to like me.

Q18

PLAYBOY: What's your 10-year plan? Are you fine with being a comic until the bitter end, or do you want to make the leap to drama?

KROLL: I'd love to be able to do more dramatic stuff. There's so much good drama happening on TV right now, like *True Detective*, which I think is just amazing. I've got such a dark, dark side that I haven't been able to show yet. But I don't know; maybe it wouldn't be worth it. Doing a show like *True Detective* might be too much of a bummer. Dealing with dead people every day? That's a tough one.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Do comedians have groupies?

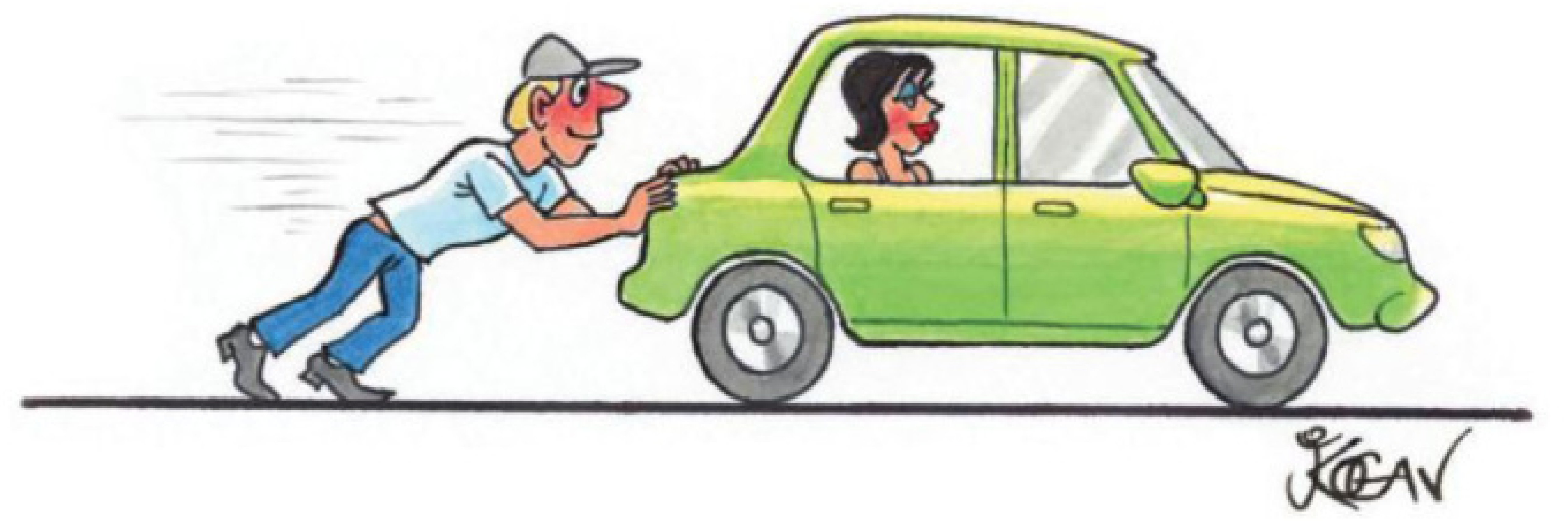
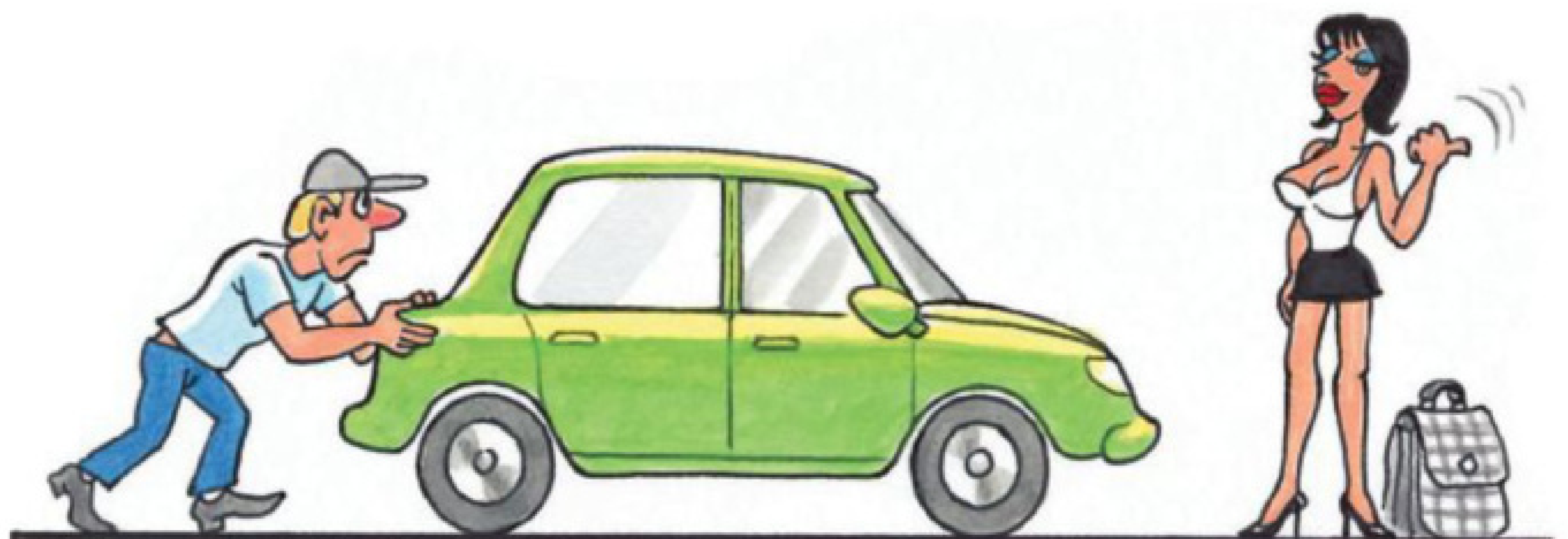
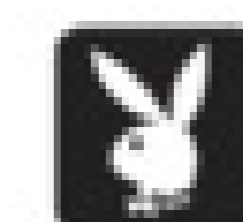
KROLL: Sure. I'm pretty sure that's the

whole reason anybody becomes an artist. Whether it's music or comedy or filmmaking, it's all done in the hope that random strangers will want to sleep with you. When I got to the point in my career that women might actually have wanted to sleep with me because of whatever fame they thought I had, I wasn't interested anymore. I was like, Do I actually want to be with somebody who's just into me because I'm on television? But the biggest reason to say no to a groupie is that you've done two shows and are exhausted and want to go back to the hotel and sleep because you're leaving early in the morning.

Q20

PLAYBOY: When you do stand-up, are you annoyed if people in the audience yell out requests?

KROLL: I just let them get it out of their system. I'm like, "Everybody, let's all scream things that we want and think we like. Let it all out. Let the poison out." I let them have that moment, and then they tend to settle down. If that doesn't work, there's a thing I learned from Aziz Ansari, who I think learned it from Louis C.K. Once you finish your set, you come out for an encore and it's all about answering questions or taking requests. Some people really want to hear certain jokes. They want to hear it live like they heard it on an album or a special or a TV show.





THEFT & OTHER ISSUES

Continued from page 86

through this before, you could see that. And you could see that in 90 percent of the cases it turned out that people had parked on the street or in another lot or had simply walked right by their own vehicle without recognizing it because people got confused, especially if they'd been in the library, focused on a page or computer screen and not on the real and actual.

I nodded. A slow pounding had started up in my chest and quickly migrated to my head, where it began to beat like a big bass drum. "And my dog was in the car," I said. "My girlfriend's dog, I mean." Here a vision of Leah rose before me, Leah when she was perplexed by the spill of coffee grounds leading across the kitchen floor from the counter to the trash or upset over something she'd heard on the radio, her brow contorted and her eyes coiled and ready to strike. How was I going to break the news to her?

"Make and year?" Greg's gaze never left my face. He was trying to get a read on me and I didn't blame him for that. I could only imagine the sort of nutcases he had to deal with on a daily basis.

"Crown Victoria, 2003. Blue. Dark blue, that is. Almost looks black, depending on the light?" The car had belonged to my mother and it had come my way when she passed on last year. It was a bit of a gas hog, but it was in prime condition because she'd hardly ever driven it and it had less than 30,000 miles on it. When we went on trips—up to Oregon to visit Leah's sister or to Vegas for R&R—we took Leah's Honda to save on gas.

Greg gave me a smile that stretched his mustache to the breaking point. "Let's go have a look," he said.

So I spent the next half hour tramping back through the parking structure, this time with Greg at my side. "I'll be your point man," he said, and we started off up the ramp on the first level, Greg keeping up a stream of chatter the whole time though the drum was beating ever louder in my brain. I heard him as if at a great distance, the ramp swaying under us as cars labored on by. He filled me in on the problems of running a public parking structure, the fistfights over spots when there was a big event going on, the graffiti, the vomit, the sex in the stairwells and the bums making their nests in cars people had foolishly left unlocked. Anytime we came to a car of any make that happened to be blue or black, he pulled up short and asked, "This it?"

But of course it never was.

"All right," he said finally, "let's have a look at that tape and see if we can find out what happened to your vehicle."

THE PERPETRATOR'S SLEEVE

I don't have any tattoos, though Leah has a blue and gold butterfly just under the crease of her right buttock so that it seems to flutter when she's walking ahead of you on the beach in her bikini. I mention it because the perpetrator—the thief—was a tattoo junkie and it was his sleeve that gave him away.

Greg and I went back to his office, which turned out to be a room not much bigger than the ticket kiosk located on the lower level of the parking structure, and waited for his "tech person" to come across town from one of the other garages to extract the feed from the camera and play it for us. "Fifteen minutes," Greg said. "Twenty at most." Then he looked into his computer and I pulled out my laptop, though I couldn't concentrate and wound up staring at the wall above Greg's desk for the hour and a quarter it took the tech person, another high schooler, to arrive. (And that was frustrating because the thief had obviously stolen the car in a narrow window of time and the sooner we got the cops on it the sooner the situation would be resolved, the car restored and Bidderbells returned to me. And Leah. Who was at work and as yet didn't know a thing about it.)

The high schooler, who actually turned out to be a university student, played the feed for us on Greg's monitor, all three of us leaning in to watch the kid in the hoodie jump and dance and sit and spring up again as we fast-forwarded through the morning's transactions till finally I shouted out, "There! There it is!"

My car had entered the scene, a grainy presence, sleek and substantial, and here was the window rolling down and the shadow of the dog in the backseat, pressing her nose to the glass there. The kid in the hoodie held out his hand and the thief snaked out an arm with my ticket in it, only to retract it again until the amount showed on the kiosk's display—\$1.50, first 75 minutes free, \$1.50 for each hour after that—which meant that the car had been broken into, hot-wired and driven to the exit just minutes before I emerged from the library, minutes! What was I feeling? Anger and regret in equal parts. If only I'd been there I could have stopped him before he'd even got started, the son of a bitch, but the problem was he was a son of a bitch without a face—or at least we couldn't see his face given the perspective of the camera and the shadows inside the car resulting from the angle of the sun at that hour. All we could see was his sleeve—the tattoos he wore on his left arm, dark solid blocks of color like a grid of railroad ties running from his wrist to his biceps. Then the money was exchanged, the gate rose, and my car was gone.

OFFICER MORTENSON

Two hours later Officer Mortenson pulled up in front of the parking structure in a

Crown Victoria very much like the one that had been stolen from me, with the exception that hers—a newer model—carried a roof rack of flashing lights and bore the San Roque city logo on both front doors, with POLICE emblazoned beneath it in block letters. I was sitting on the low concrete wall outside the library in the company of half a dozen bums and watched her pull up opposite the kiosk and park along the curb in the NO PARKING ANYTIME ZONE, at which point I rose and hurried across the pavement to where she was just emerging from the car. "Hi," I said, tense still but feeling just the smallest relief of the pressure that had been building in me over the course of the past two hours. Here she was, the servant of the law, ready to put things to rights.

Unfortunately, I seemed to have taken her by surprise, approaching the car too eagerly, I suppose, so that as the greeting emerged from my mouth she was in the act of squaring her shoulders and adjusting her duty belt, her fingers running familiarly over the service revolver, the nightstick, mace and handcuffs, and she swung round on me so precipitously you would have thought I was the perpetrator. Or a perpetrator. A perpetrator *in potentia*.

So there we were. The sun beat at the back of my head. I tried for a smile but couldn't quite manage it—I was that wrought up. Nor did it help that I towered over her, my six-three to her five-five or -six. Add to that that she looked too young to be a cop and maybe a bit heavier than the ideal, which made me think of the junk food she must have been forced to bolt down during her busy rounds taking statements from agitated citizens whose safe, secure little worlds had just been cracked open like so many walnuts.

She surprised me then by coming up with the smile I couldn't manage and a soft sympathetic gaze out of eyes the color of the caramel chews Leah likes in lieu of dessert every once in a while. "You're the one whose car's missing?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, and in the next moment it was all pouring out of me in a rush of verbiage, every detail I could think of, from the car's description and license plate number to where I'd parked and how I'd spent my morning and the salient—and most corrosive—fact that Bidderbells was in the backseat and for all I knew being held hostage.

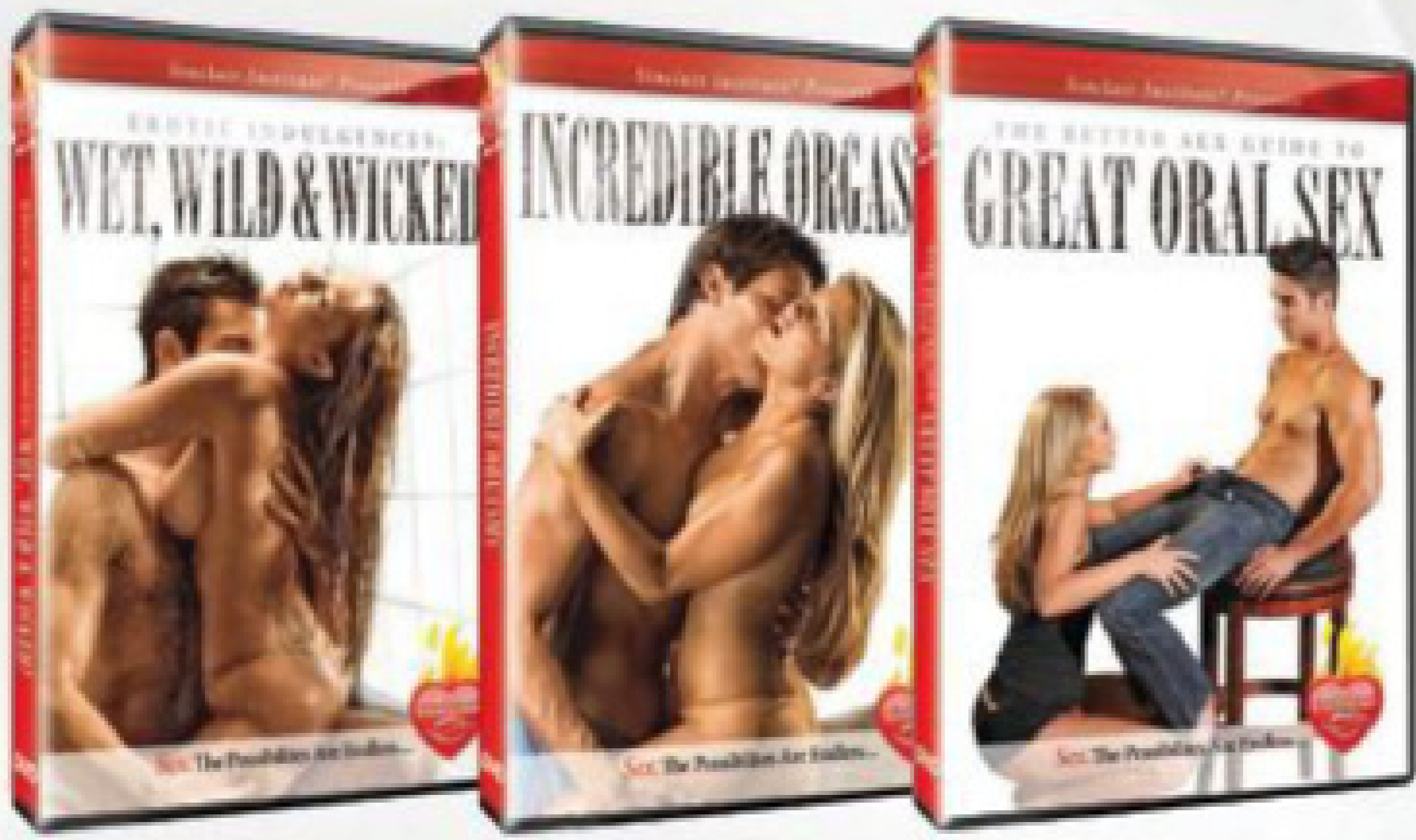
She heard me out, but she wasn't writing anything on her pad beyond the make, model and plate number. When I'd run out of breath, she said, "Let's back up a minute here. Name?" she asked. "And I'm going to need an address and a number where you can be reached."

Once she'd recorded the information, she straightened up and swept a look round the area, scanning the faces of the bums, to whom this was all in a morning's entertainment, and then she turned back to me. "Well," she said, "let's have a look at that video feed, shall we?"

We were in stride now, heading into the shadow of the parking structure, when another thought came to me. "It's not just the car. And the dog. I just remembered

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my golf clubs are in the trunk. And my fishing equipment. Which includes my fly rod? That my grandfather gave me? I mean, it's handmade Calcutta split bamboo and pretty much irreplaceable."

She gave me a sidelong glance and I shortened my stride to stay even with her. "You say he has tattoos?"

In the agitation of the moment I thought she was talking about my grandfather, but then I saw my mistake and nodded.

"Don't you worry," she said, "we'll get your car back and your dog and your golf clubs too. My bet? He's got a rap sheet, which means those tats are going to give him away."

I wanted to thank her, wanted to thank her extravagantly and tell her I was feeling much better and that I appreciated her help in resolving this matter as expeditiously as possible, but all I could think of was Leah and the dog and what would happen if Officer Mortenson was wrong. Or maybe overconfident. Maybe that was a better word.

THE BLAME GAME

One thing I like to do in the late afternoon once I'm done with work (I consult for a couple of the big wine-growing operations on the Central Coast) is pour a glass

of wine, put on some music and wait for Leah to get home so we can decide what to do about dinner. Half the time we wind up going out. We're not foodies per se, but there are a whole lot of fine restaurants in this little tourist enclave by the sea, and our choices are virtually limitless. Plus, our two favorite places are an easy walk from the apartment. On this particular afternoon, the afternoon of the theft of the car and abduction of the dog (whether planned or incidental), I got back late, having declined an offer of a lift from Officer Mortenson only to wind up walking the 20 blocks home. Every step of the way I'd been thinking about Leah—her look of shattered disbelief when she found out, the tragic extenuation in the way she would freeze her lips and pinball her eyes, her uncanny ability to hurtle from shock to sorrow to accusation and play the blame game—and if I'd already put away half a bottle of an ambrosial Santa Rita Hills pinot by the time she came in the door, who could blame me? It had been a day. And it was far from over.

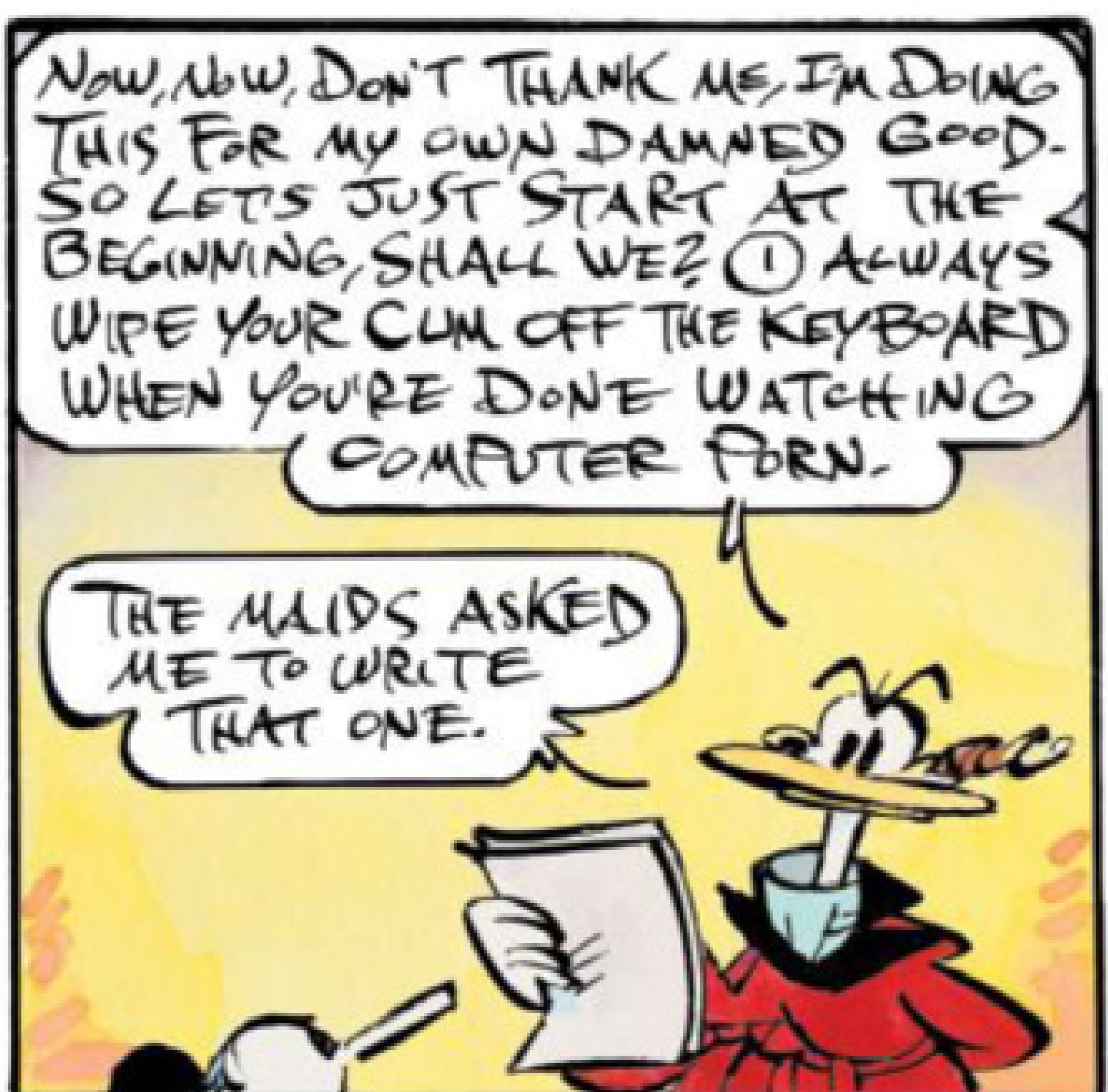
About Leah: She's 37, a year older than I, and she works for a sometimes intemperate older woman named Marjorie Biletnikoff, who has her own interior design business here in town. Most days

are placid, meeting with clients, choosing fabrics, carpets, antiques, that sort of thing, but every once in a while—once a week, it seems—things can get inordinately stressful because Marjorie Biletnikoff goes off the wagon in a major way (if she ever even bothered to climb up on it in the first place) and tends to take her frustrations in life out on Leah. Maybe I'm imagining things, but from the moment I heard Leah's key turn in the lock I thought I could detect the sort of forward thrust and abrupt wrist action that would indicate that today was one of those days.

The door yawned open, slammed shut, and here came Leah down the entrance hall and straight into the kitchen, where I was standing at the counter, cradling my wineglass. She didn't say hi and I didn't either and there was no pecking of kisses or embraces or anything usual because as soon as she came through the door I said, "Something happened," and she said, "You're drunk," and I was on the defensive.

Finally, when I got the news out that the car had been stolen from the parking structure at the library, she softened and murmured, "Oh, James, that's awful," even as she went to the cabinet to reach down a wineglass for herself. "You must feel terrible."

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



"Yeah," I said, shifting my gaze, "but that's not all."

She'd swung around, glass in hand, and had lifted the bottle by its neck before she paused, her eyes boring into me.

"They got Bidderbells," I said. "I mean, she was in the car. They probably didn't even know. And the police, I went to the police, and they said they—"

"What are you telling me? You took my dog? To the library? Left her in the car? And you, you—you lost her?" Implicit in this, which rode in on an accusatory tone I didn't particularly need or like, was her history with Bidderbells, a rescue dog she'd got after her divorce, the dog who had literally saved her life when she was so depressed all she could think about was killing herself every minute of every day and nothing on this earth seemed worth living for. Until she went to the shelter and saw that sweet thing with the big-eyed gaze and her furry front paws scrabbling there on the wire mesh till it was like to break her heart, etc.

"It's not my fault. How was I to know? And I'm just as upset as you are."

Very slowly she set the bottle back on the counter and put the empty glass beside it. I watched her face, the interplay of emotions there, as if something caught under her skin was trying to fight its way out.

I gave her a pleading look. "You know we can't leave her alone in the apartment."

"But why? Why did you even go out? I thought you were supposed to be working—?"

I pinched my lips together and pointed out the window to the construction site. "The noise," I said. "I couldn't concentrate."

I thought she was going to say something more than, something with a barb in it, overgenerous with blame, as if I were the criminal and not the loser with the tats who'd started all this in the first place, but she just looked past me and murmured a soft exclamation. "Jesus," she said, and then she did fill her glass.

THE PHONE CALL IN THE NIGHT

Dinner was sandwiches washed down with wine and tap water, Leah far too agitated even to think about going out. We tried to watch an old movie on Netflix, one of those screwball comedies that feature people running in and out of rooms while mistaking each other for somebody else and hiding Jean Arthur in one closet or another, but neither of us could really get into it. For one thing, Leah kept pacing and fretting, the wineglass held out before her like a mood sensor. For another, without even realizing it, we both drank more than was good for us—three bottles in all. She kept saying, over and over, "The cop did say he'd call, right, if they heard anything?" and I kept correcting her with regard to the pronoun. "She," I said. "I told you, it was a woman cop. Officer Mortenson."

"Not Julie Mortenson?"

I was on the couch. Jean Arthur flickered by on the screen. "I don't know. She didn't give me a first name. Officer Mortenson, that was all."

"Christ," she said, flinging back the dregs

of her wine. "That's all I need. Of all people, Julie Mortenson—"

"What, you know her?"

Furious now, every twitch of her brain focused in her eyes, which were focused on me: "Know her? She's a backstabber and a slut, is all. She bullied me on the volleyball team in high school till I had to quit and then turned around and stole my boyfriend senior year, who I'd been going with like from my sophomore year, Richie, Richie Lopez. If it's the same Julie Mortenson, and how many could there be in a town this size?"

That was when the phone rang.

I won't say it was like a bomb going off, because that's a cliché, but it did stop the conversation dead in its tracks. I got up and answered it.

"Mr. Mackey?"

"Yes?"

"This is Officer Mortenson. We haven't yet located your vehicle, but we did find your dog."

I said something like "Wow, great," while mouthing the information to Leah, whose face froze in expectation.

"Apparently the suspect let her out on the off-ramp at Glen Annie Road and a witness saw what was happening and stopped for the dog, otherwise things could have been a lot worse."

I was trying to process this information, picturing the dog mangled on the freeway but for the intercession of some dog-loving good Samaritan, when Officer Mortenson added, "The dog—Bidderbells, is that right, a basset mix?—she's at the animal shelter on Turnpike and all you have to do is present ID to reclaim her."

"But I can't—I mean, I've had maybe a glass of wine with dinner? And I wouldn't want to, you know, get behind the wheel—"

Officer Mortenson—she had a voice like honey heated on low in the microwave—just laughed. "I meant in the morning. They close at five weekdays. Open at eight, I think—you can check it out online."

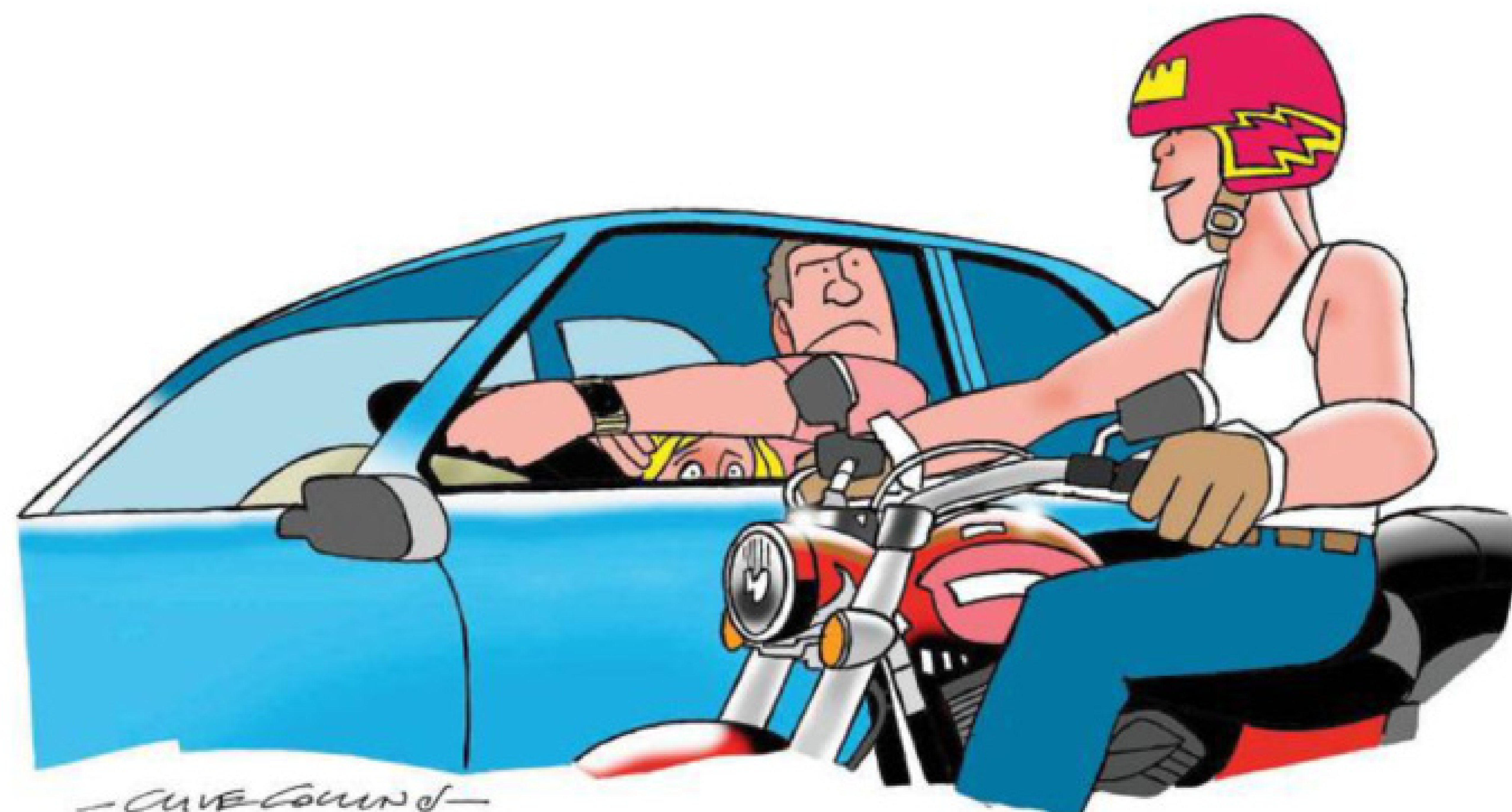
I would have felt relief but for the fact that Leah was glaring at me, all the tension and blame assigning of the past few hours livid in her face. I looked down at the rug. Cupped the phone to my mouth. "Okay," I said. "Thank you so much. This is huge." The conversation should have ended there, but the wine sat thick on my tongue and thicker in my brain. "Could I ask you something?" I said, lulled by the patient rhythm of her respiration on the other end of the line. "Is your first name Julie, by any chance?"

There was a pause that allowed me to feel just how far I'd stepped over the line here, attempting to personalize what was a purely formal, bureaucratic transaction, but then her voice came back to me, soft and almost sugared. "It's Sarah," she said, and broke the connection.

THE THIEF REVEALED

Leah was still furious with me in the morning. She'd hardly slept at all, she claimed, thinking of Bidderbells locked up in that cell with strays and pit bulls and she didn't know what else. Did I realize that since Bidderbells had come into her life they'd never spent a night apart. Never?

I hadn't realized it and I was sad to know it now. I kept my counsel, leery of provoking her, though my own sorrow was a new and festering thing that the loss of a car to a car thief couldn't even begin to contain. Breakfast was a cold and hurried meal. We were out of the apartment by 7:30 because I had to drive Leah to work so I could use her car to go rescue the dog. Which I did. Promptly at eight. Here came the dog scrabbling down the linoleum hall on a leash gripped by a humorless woman who made me sign a form and pay a fine because Bidderbells's license had lapsed, and then I was in the Honda and heading home to sit at my desk and work as best I could through the noise of the construction across the street. The dog ate lustily and looked no worse for wear, though one



"Guess you two must be on your second date, huh, Gloria? You told me you'd never blow me on our first date!"

account had the thief flinging her out the door while the car was still moving.

The next call from Officer Mortenson came at half past two, when I was deep into my work—a proposal for expanding the acreage of the Escalera Vineyards on the south slope of the foothill property they were thinking of acquiring from a rancher—and didn't at first hear the phone ringing. There was a distant sound, and it finally woke me from my trance on what might have been the fifth or sixth ring for all I knew. No matter. There was Sarah Mortenson's soft, soft voice on the other end of the line, betraying not the least hint of impatience.

"Mr. Mackey, good news. We've located your golf clubs, or what we think are your clubs, which you'll have to come down and identify, and we have the suspect in custody."

I was still in the vineyards. I murmured something incoherent.

"Actually, he was already in custody, arrested early this morning on a drunk and disorderly, and the tats we ran yesterday came up bingo."

I felt my mood elevate. "So you have my car?"

There was a pause. "Unfortunately, no. The suspect—he's known to us, minor perp, long rap sheet—admits taking the car but claims he doesn't remember what he did with it. The golf clubs he sold to two other suspects, who tried to fence them at Herlihy's, out by the public course?"

I tend to get wrapped up in things, I admit it. Someone else might have taken this little violation, this theft of his late mother's and grandfather's property, in stride, but in that moment I couldn't let it go. I wanted my car back. My fly rod. And I wanted to see some punishment meted out too. "What's his name?" I asked. "The car thief? Mr. Tattoo?"

"We don't disclose that information. Not at this stage of the investigation."

"Come on," I said. "Sarah. Look, I'm the victim here."

Another pause, longer this time. I listened to her breathe, pictured her caramel

eyes and the eyeliner she wore on duty to emphasize the depth of them. "Reginald Peter Skloot," she said. "A.k.a. the Reg-Dog."

COUNTY

"County" was the diminutive people intimate with the San Roque County Jail used in a familiar way, be they inmates, gang members, jailers or attorneys, and it was the temporary residence of the man who'd stolen my car and my girlfriend's dog and was the only link to the whereabouts of the car and the things contained in its trunk. I'd been to County once previously, in the bad old drinking days before I met Leah, to bail out a buddy who'd spent the night there on a DUI after he'd dropped me off at the apartment because I'd had my own DUI in the past and wouldn't get behind the wheel if I'd had more than three or four drinks. And I had. And did.

At any rate, Officer Mortenson—Sarah—had warned me to stay away from the suspect, the Reg-Dog, because my talking to him would only complicate things, might endanger me in the future and would serve no good purpose. So, naturally, and without even thinking twice about it, I dropped Leah off at work two days later and drove out to County for visiting hours, thinking maybe the Reg-Dog would take pity on me and tell me what he'd done with the car, especially since I'd discovered through a lawyer friend that the Reg-Dog had some money in the bank from his insurance settlement (motorcycle, gravel) and once he was convicted—and he would be, no question there—I could put a claim in and take that money away from him. Tit for tat. Of course, there was a second reason for my driving out there—to get a look at him, at this dirtbag who'd unthinkingly reached out and inflicted damage on a total stranger, me, who'd been put through the wringer and whose live-in girlfriend had stopped speaking to him. Period. Because she couldn't trust him anymore. And why not? Because he had bad judgment. Fatally bad. As it was, she was

reconsidering their whole relationship vis à vis what she was giving and what she was getting back and he—I—could only thank his lucky stars that Bidderbells hadn't been physically abused, though she saw signs, painful signs, of what the mental toll had been. The dog was eating compulsively; she was skittish, peed secretly in the closet and had gummed her best pair of Liz Claiborne pumps till they were fit for nothing but the garbage.

That was what the Reg-Dog had inflicted on me and I wanted some of my own back—or if not that, just to look at him, to see the sleaze of him and the shame in his eyes.

I wasn't nervous, or not particularly, but as I showed my ID at the desk and stepped through the metal detector, I was afraid that maybe someone had bailed him out or that he wouldn't bother with seeing me, because what was in it for him, but my fears were misplaced. A guard showed me to a chair set before a window in a whole line of them, and there he was, the Reg-Dog, the thief, sitting right in front of me. He was about my age or maybe a couple years younger, with the kind of electric-blue eyes that can be so arresting on people with dark hair. He was in an orange prison jumpsuit, which covered up his tattoos and somehow even managed to seem elegant on him, and he wore his hair short but with long pointed sideburns like daggers.

It took him a minute, assessing me with those jumped-up eyes, then he leaned into the speaking grate in the window that separated us and said, "Don't tell me you're my lawyer?"

"No," I said, and I tried to hold steady but had to look down finally. "I'm the victim."

"Victim? What are you talking about? Victim of what?"

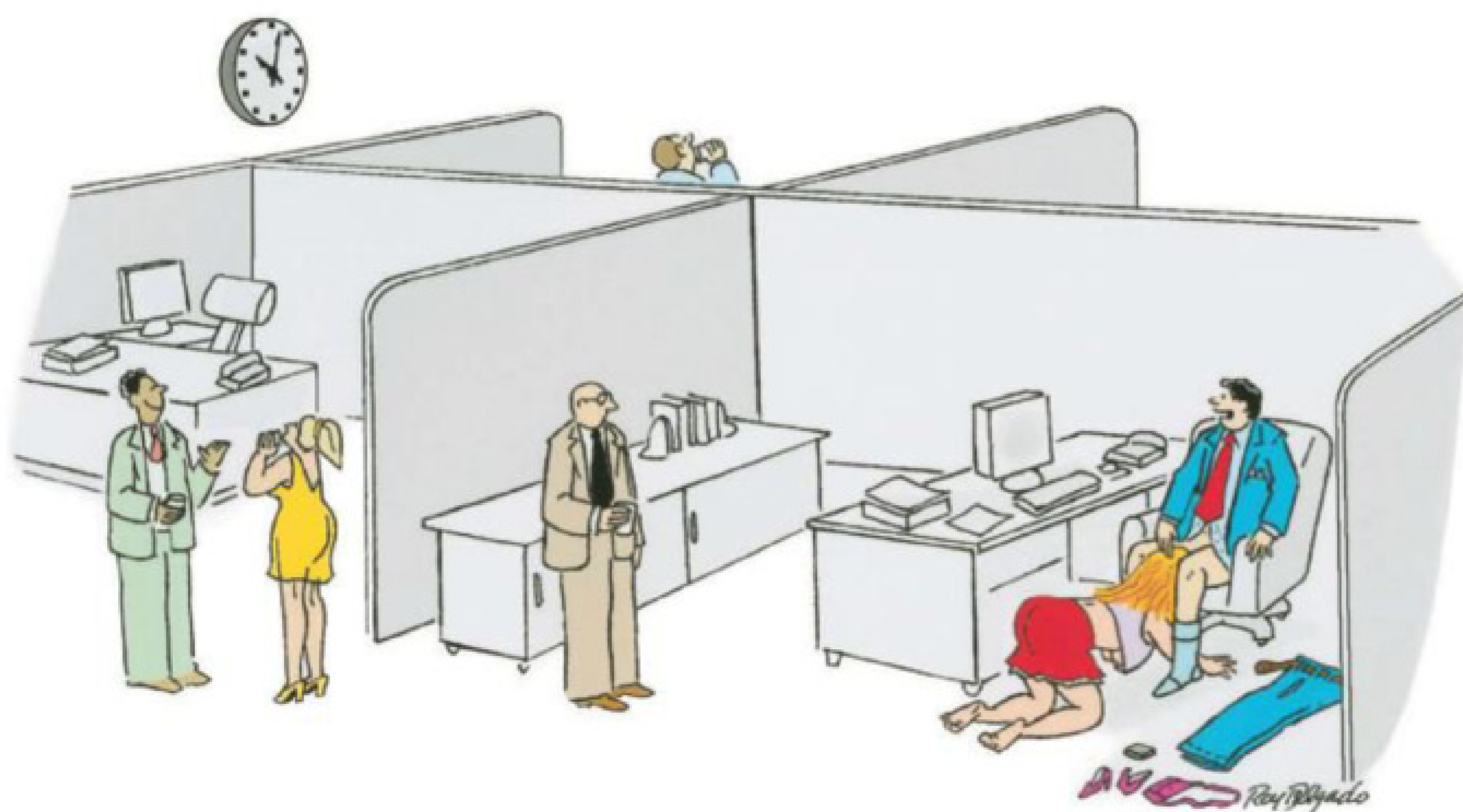
I raised my eyes, fastened on that magnetic blue gaze that must have let him get away with a whole lifetime of petty and not-so-petty crime, and said, "Of you." I gave it a beat to let that sink in. "That was my car you stole. With my girlfriend's dog in it?"

He just blinked at me, no apology, no shame, no recognition even. I was wound up, and I couldn't help delivering a little lecture about what he'd cost me, emotionally and financially too, and if I went into detail about Leah and Bidderbells and my grandfather's fly rod, I'm sorry, but in a society like ours where everything is instant gratification and nobody even knows their neighbors, somebody's got to take responsibility for their own actions. I didn't like what he'd done to me, and I let him know it.

And here was where he surprised me. He heard me out, even nodding in agreement at one point. I'd expected he'd throw it right back at me, maybe threaten me, but he didn't. He just bowed his head and murmured, "I'm sorry, man. I wasn't thinking, you know?"

THE CONFESSION

"Look, since my accident? It's like I'm just not right in the head. And tell me that doesn't sound lame because I know it does, but it's the truth. You want to know



"Neither of us likes coffee."



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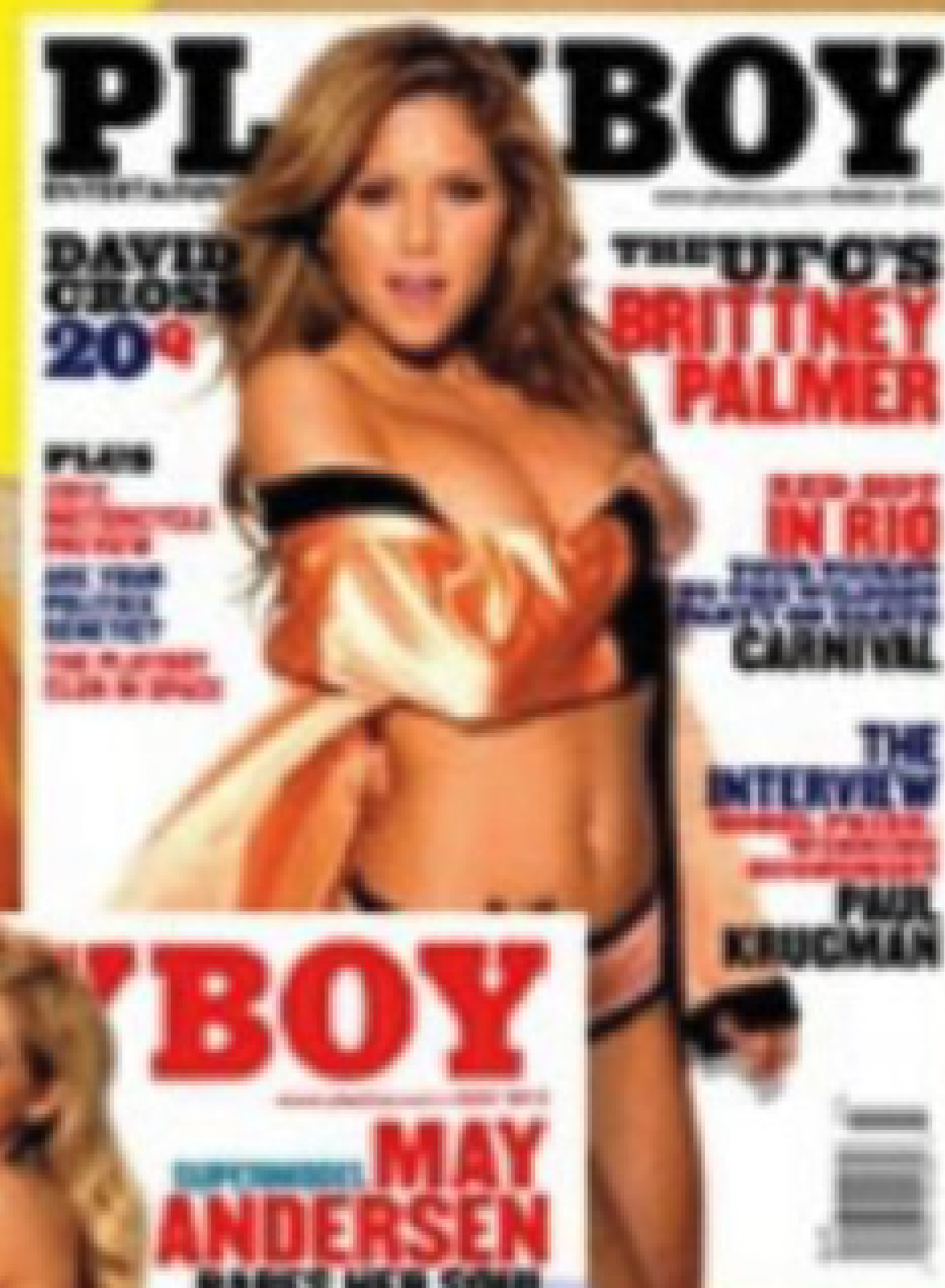
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something? I wasn't even stoned or boozed up or anything when I saw your car there—and I swear I didn't know the dog was in the backseat, or not at first anyway. My father, before he killed himself, used to have a car like that, or maybe not exactly, but you know what I mean. Boom, goes my brain. Time for a ride. And you're right, man, I wasn't thinking about you or whoever or what kind of damage I was doing because I just kind of went off—"

"So where's the car?"

"Truthfully? I can't remember."

"What if I told you I have a lawyer friend who says I can take your bank account for damages—would that help you remember?"

"Oh, man, don't do that to me. I got my own troubles. As you can imagine. But hey, I'm straight up with you here—I just don't have any recollection because, well, you know, forgive me, but that change and dollar bills and all you had in the glove box? I started boozing it, I'm sorry. And then somebody had some oxy—"

"So you're really not going to tell me?"

"Uh-uh. But I'll tell you something else—that lady cop's really got it for you."

MISSING LEAH

I do miss Leah, with that empty bottomless-pit kind of feeling that hits you first thing in the morning, the minute you open your eyes, and I miss Bidderbells too, because you'd have to be one cold individual to live with a dog for a whole year and not feel affection for her, even if she was the kind of animal who would gum the pillows and make her deposits on the kitchen floor so that you were all but compelled to take her to the library with you. In your car. Which just sits there in the shade waiting for somebody like Reginald Peter Skloot to come along and covet it with his burning blue-eyed gaze. But then, if it weren't for that particular chain of events—and their aftermath—I might not have discovered just how intolerant, unfair and vindictive my live-in girlfriend really was. This is what's called experience.

Did I ever get the car back? No. Will I ever see restitution from the Reg-Dog? That's a question of time. Geologic time. I picture the glaciers rolling in again and my friend the lawyer (I'll name him, Len Humphries) pulling a check out of the inner pocket of his zipped-up parka and the three of us, Len, the Reg-Dog and I, retiring to the nearest pub to tip back a celebratory glass.

The car I have now is a newer model, harder to steal, and pretty much unremarkable, the kind of thing nobody would really notice even if it did have its windows cracked and a dog in the backseat. I'd just parked it the other night in front of the apartment after a trip into the Santa Ynez Valley to meet with the Escalera people when a police cruiser pulled up at the curb behind me and Officer Mortenson swung open the door and stepped out onto the sidewalk, adjusting her duty belt as if she were wriggling into a girdle. I saw that her eyes were done up and that she'd changed her hair and maybe even lost a bit of weight, I couldn't say. She said hi and then told me

she was sorry to say there was nothing new to report about my car. "My guess?" she said. "They took it straight down to Tijuana. Or somebody chopped it."

"Chopped it?"

"You know, for parts? Like auto body shops. It's a scam. And a shame too, a real shame."

"I see you've still got your vehicle," I said, nodding at the cruiser where it sat sleek at the curb. "Crown Victoria, isn't it?"

She gave a laugh. "Yup. All mine. Except I have to share it with about six other officers."

There was a silence, during which the little sounds of the street came percolating up, the buzz of a distant radio, a window slamming shut, snatches of conversation drifting by like aural smoke.

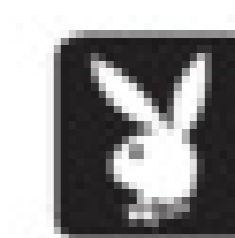
"You know, did I ever tell you what I do for a living?" I asked, following her gaze down the block to where a small cadre of bums was just settling down for the night

in the alcove out front of the auto parts store. I waited till she came back to me and shook her head no.

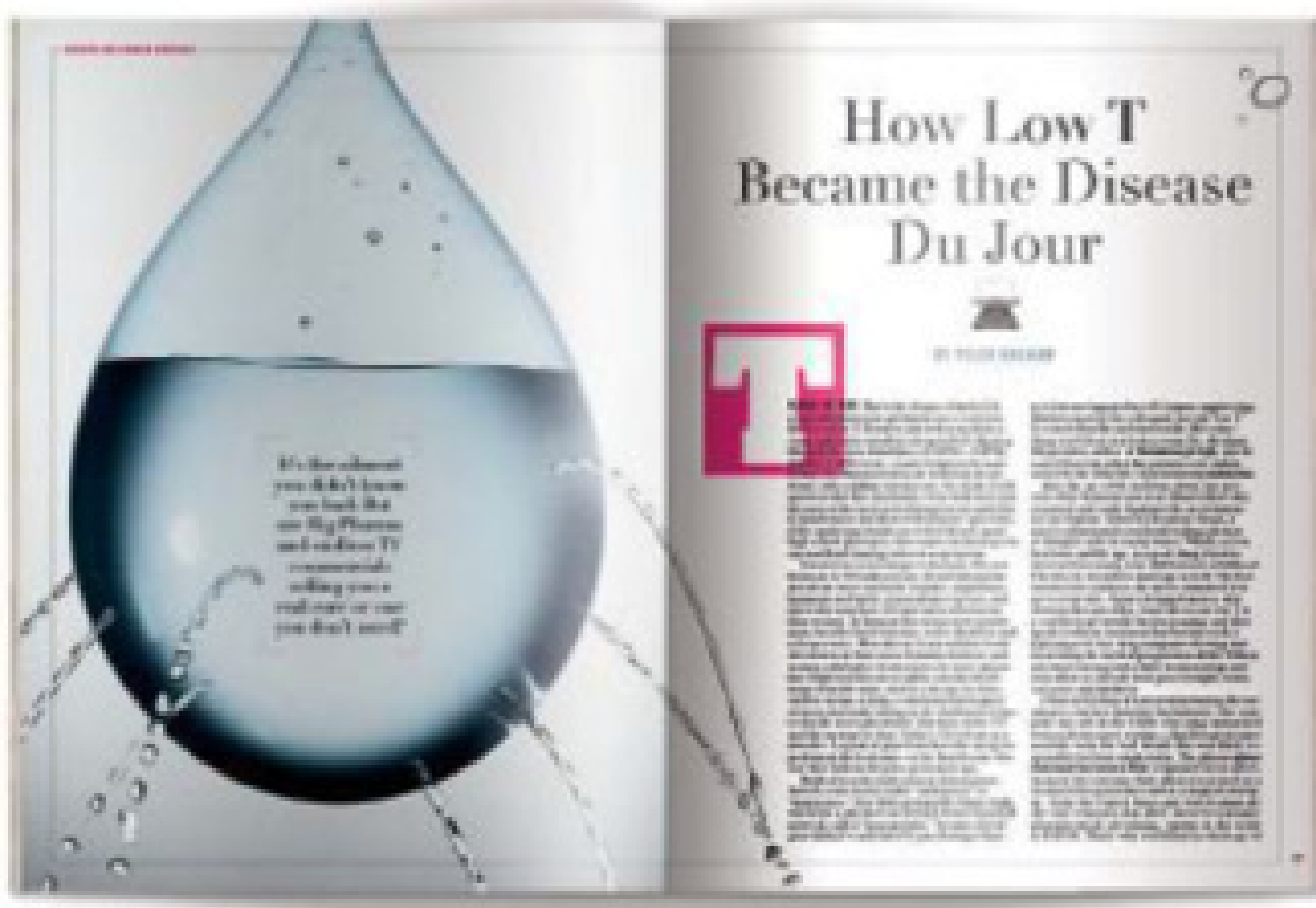
It was a golden evening, the sun just cresting the line of buildings above us to illuminate the windows up and down the far side of the street. There was a faint breeze wafting up from the sea. Birds flared in the palms like copper ingots. "Here," I said, digging a card out of my wallet and handing it to her. "That's me. I'm in the wine business. And you know, I wouldn't call myself a connoisseur, or maybe I would, but I was just thinking—"

I watched her turn the card over in her hand as if it were a piece of evidence, then smile up at me.

"What I mean is, I was just wondering, do you like wine?"



"I'm here because I faked too many orgasms."



HOW LOW T BECAME THE DISEASE DU JOUR

Continued from page 58

his beer belly has nearly vanished and he has a disarmingly lithe kick to his step. “My brother and my grandfather died at 49,” says Oborny. “When I was turning 49, I said to myself, I’d better do something about my health.” He visited Dr. Mark Rosenbloom, one of the nation’s most vocal proponents of testosterone therapy. Rosenbloom took blood tests and prescribed Oborny a low-glycemic diet, regular exercise, supplements and testosterone therapy. A year later Oborny’s blood profile had improved so much, he stopped taking statin medications. His blood pressure and blood sugar level are normal for the first time in years. He continues to lose body fat and gain lean muscle mass and owns a bunch of suits that no longer fit. “I run into people who haven’t seen me in a while, and they go, ‘Oh my God, Jim, what are you doing? You look great!’”

Rosenbloom founded Lifeforce Medical Institute in 2010 in an office building in Northbrook, Illinois, outside Chicago. A picture on his desk shows the doctor sand-

wiched between Sylvester Stallone and Bill Clinton. The photograph was taken at a fund-raiser at Stallone’s Florida home. Rosenbloom recounts accidentally hitting a button in the couch that revealed a large-screen TV in the corner of the room, which immediately started playing porn. Luckily, the set was muted, and he clumsily figured out how to turn it off after a minute or two. He says everyone was so engaged in conversation that no one noticed.

Rosenbloom previously worked as an emergency room physician, but he didn’t like the late, stressful hours of the ER and was fed up with treating patients with chronic diseases who simply wanted to be patched up to go out and abuse themselves some more. “My patients now are all interested in improving their lives,” he says. “It’s much more rewarding to work with people who are losing 40, 50 pounds and reversing hypertension and high cholesterol.” He trained in Las Vegas with Cenegenics, a company that promises physicians they can secure their financial futures and break free from the medical insurance world. The most famous proponent of Cenegenics is Dr. Jeffrey Life, 75, whose before and after photos are plastered all over billboards, the internet and the backs of magazines. Life (his real name, apparently) looks like a creation of science fiction, as though a mad scientist attached the head of a clean-shaven Wilford Brimley atop the physique of a 20-year-old fitness model. Physicians spend about \$15,000 for age-management-medicine certification from Cenegenics. Rosenbloom completed the program, but he decided not to become an affiliate and instead created his own brand of life-extension medicine.

Rosenbloom blames America’s surging health care crisis—obesity, diabetes, heart disease, hypertension etc.—on the current

payment structure. He believes the pharmaceutical companies have too much power over physicians and patients. “Modern medicine is a business, and it works best if there’s a constant influx of patients with chronic diseases,” he says. “There isn’t a strong incentive to actually make people healthier so they consume fewer medications and medical services.” He educates his patients about diet, explaining that juice is just as unhealthy and fattening as soda and that doing 30 minutes of cardio every day for exercise is outmoded and counterproductive. “We teach our patients how their diet is sabotaging their health goals and how they need only 12 to 15 minutes of exercise a day if they’re doing high intensity.” Rosenbloom prescribes testosterone only after he has tested for a deficiency, and he regularly monitors his patients’ levels to prevent adverse reactions. Although he and other like-minded physicians aren’t running pill mills for hormone therapy, a recent study in *The Journal of the American Medical Association: Internal Medicine* showed that 25 percent of men receiving testosterone treatment haven’t been tested for a deficiency. “It’s not the medications that are the problem,” says Fisch, “but the doctors who overprescribe the medications to guys who don’t need them.”

Testosterone therapy has a long list of side effects. Some of the most common are back acne and testicular shrinkage. The male sex hormone is made in the testes; when it’s supplemented, the glands shrink like underused muscles. In November 2013 *JAMA* published a study showing a 29 percent increase in risk of heart attack, stroke or death for men taking testosterone. The drug raised the blood platelet count, increasing viscosity and boosting the risk of a cardiac event. The study was alarming, but like a lot of scientific papers that make sensational headlines, its findings were undermined by the report’s limitations. Researchers studied about 9,000 men with an average age of 64, most of whom already had heart disease. Men who took testosterone had a one-in-four chance of having an event, compared with men without the treatment, who had a one-in-five chance. Furthermore, men’s testosterone levels fluctuate throughout the day, and it’s unclear if the men studied had a proper diagnosis of low T. Either way, this study correlates testosterone therapy and heart health only in men around 60 years old who have a history of coronary heart disease.

But the controversy doesn’t end there. *JAMA* published two corrections to the study, and last August the Androgen Study Group, representing 29 medical societies around the world, claimed the study was so faulty it should be withdrawn. In September an FDA panel recommended tightening testosterone labeling to prevent excessive off-label use. And in October the European Medicines Agency announced it had found no evidence that therapy raises the risk of heart problems, though it emphasized the therapy should be used only for people with officially diagnosed low testosterone (a.k.a. hypogonadism). Many doctors who prescribe testosterone therapy also include a diet and exercise regimen, which isn’t controlled for in these types of studies.



“Sorry, the ad was for a different type of beaver.”



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It's reasonable to consider that men who received testosterone and followed through with diet and exercise modifications may have had less chance of a cardiac event. And so the argument goes, back and forth.

Dr. Adriane Fugh-Berman, one of the most vocal opponents of testosterone therapy, likes to point to its absurd history. It goes back to at least 1889, when French neurologist Charles-Édouard Brown-Séquard became famous for injecting himself with liquefied guinea pig and dog testicles and reported renewed strength and vigor. Serge Abrahamovitch Voronoff, a Russian doctor who practiced in France, followed suit by grafting the testes of monkeys onto his patients after running out of his supply of human tissue from executed criminals. Fugh-Berman is director of Georgetown University Medical Center's PharmedOut program, which promotes evidence-based science to prescribe medications and educates physicians about pharmaceutical companies' marketing tactics. Her statistical gun sight has no shortage of targets, as the efficacy and safety of many of today's most popular prescription medications are being questioned. She and Rosenbloom wrote opposing op-eds in the *Chicago Tribune*.

Fugh-Berman argues that no one can define normal testosterone levels. It's generally around 300 nanograms per deciliter for men around the age of 20. But no one is certain what the normal, natural degradation is, nor how much it is influenced by environment or health status. According to researchers, healthy men can have levels between 270 and 1,070 nanograms per deciliter. To further complicate matters, testosterone fluctuates throughout the day de-

pending on your sex routine or—believe it or not—whether your favorite sports team won the big game. Researchers don't need to watch a tennis match to know who won—all they have to do is test players' testosterone levels afterward. The Endocrine Society says these daily variations are so large that no single testosterone measurement is adequate to determine an individual's level. But Fugh-Berman's real beef is that there are "proven harms and unproven benefits" for the men the advertisements target. She cites a lawsuit against Solvay, the creator of AndroGel, that documents internal discussions to grow the testosterone market by 36.5 percent. She worries about cardiac risk and another commonly cited concern, prostate cancer. But despite all the talk about prostate cancer in the literature, no prevailing study has proven causation. Cancers of the prostate are correlated with higher testosterone and treated with drugs that lower the hormone. Out of an abundance of caution, any doctor worth his salt tests PSA levels before administering the drug and keeps a watch on the gland for any signs of enlargement.

Stephen Braun is a former newspaper reporter whose career now mainly involves writing about science for corporations and institutions, including GlaxoSmithKline, the American Cancer Society and Boston University School of Medicine. In 2009 a reputable endocrinologist contacted Braun about ghostwriting a story on the dangers of low T under the doctor's byline in the magazine *Life After 50*. The doctor had been recruited by the PR firm HealthSTAR Communications on behalf of Abbott Laboratories (now AbbVie, the maker of AndroGel). Braun didn't know much about the subject

and followed the party line regarding symptoms such as low energy, low sex drive and low mood. Under the doctor's name, Braun published stories in prominent magazines including *Woman's Day* and *Businessweek*. None of the articles voiced skepticism. Braun also wrote a consumer-education booklet funded by Solvay. Later, in an op-ed for *JAMA Internal Medicine*, Braun described himself as a shill for the pharmaceutical companies. He turned whistle-blower after learning how easy it is for drug companies to influence physicians. He didn't want to be a cog in the wheel of AbbVie, a company the trade publication *Medical Marketing & Media* named "all-star large pharma marketing team of the year" for boosting sales of a product critics maintain is ahead of the science.

While Braun shaped the message of low T, sales reps such as Aaron Baxter, who worked at Endo Pharmaceuticals in Phoenix from 2007 to 2012, delivered the message to physicians. "Our company specialized in pain management, but then suddenly it bought a testosterone gel, Fortesta," he says. "You can see the money. Baby boomers are getting older and they want to stay young." He calls it part of what's known in sales circles as the "midlife crisis trifecta," which also includes antidepressants and Viagra. When men with normal testosterone levels wanted Fortesta, Baxter advised them on how to game the test. "You take a sample and come in the next day after it wears off, and your testosterone plummets," he says. On some insurance plans the gels can be expensive. "A lot of guys eventually go to the injectables. Truthfully, you can stack up much more on those. I know guys who'd do three vials at a time and get ripped," says Baxter. He took the therapy himself and says it made him feel great. He had more energy and became leaner. He stopped taking the drug only after he got laid off and lost his insurance. "A physician in Gilbert, Arizona told me that one fireman came in with low T and then suddenly all the firemen started coming in, and they all wanted the injectables."

Gaming the system in such a way is a problem if you happen to be a professional athlete; if you're not juicing with testosterone, your opponent may be, and he may have the upper hand. The UFC announced that Vitor Belfort (a.k.a. the Phenom) had received a therapeutic-use exemption for testosterone in advance of his 2013 victory against Michael Bisping. Not surprisingly, it's a controversial topic, and it was a concern in previous UFC fights with the MMA fighter Chael Sonnen. In fact, its use is widespread throughout professional sports, and some notable users include Jason Giambi, Alex Rodriguez and Floyd Landis. Even female athletes are being tested for testosterone these days.

No one knows the long-term effects of testosterone therapy. The problem is endemic throughout the pharmaceutical industry. It takes too much time and money to tease out how drugs impact the body over time. SSRI antidepressants used to be considered the gold standard for treating depression, but now the mechanism they're based on, the serotonin theory of depression, is no longer considered valid. The drugs have



"Our romance began with a security pat-down at the airport."

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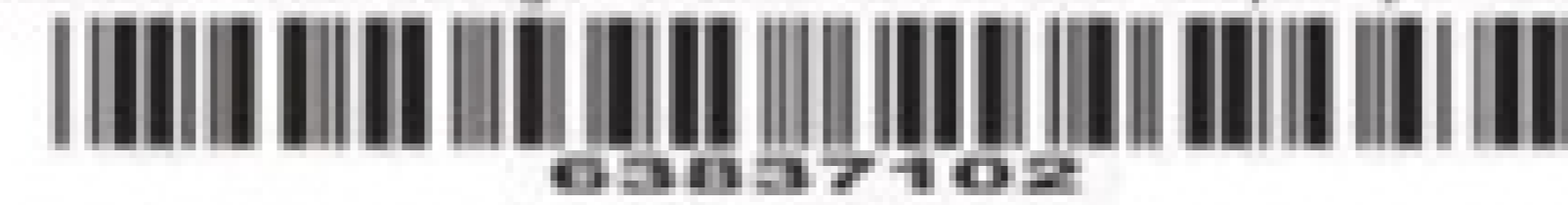
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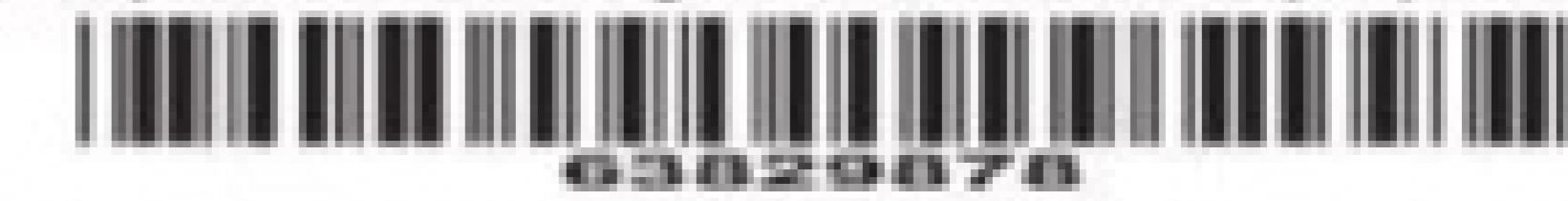
PITTSBURGH 6 PIECE SCREWDRIVER SET

Item 47770 shown

ITEM 47770
61313

\$4.99 VALUE

LIMIT 1 - Cannot be used with other discount, coupon or prior purchase. Coupon good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Offer good while supplies last. Shipping & Handling charges may apply if not picked up in-store. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 4/16/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.



63829878

SUPER COUPON!

13 PIECE 1/2" DRIVE DEEP WALL IMPACT SOCKET SETS

SAE METRIC

Item 69560 shown

LOT NO. 67903/69280
69333/69560

LOT NO. 67904/69279
69332/69561

SAVE 42%

\$19.99

REG. PRICE \$34.99

63838593

LIMIT 5 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 4/16/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

RAPID PUMP® 3 TON LOW PROFILE HEAVY DUTY STEEL FLOOR JACK

Item 61253 shown

LOT NO. 68049/62326
60688/61253
61282

SAVE \$90

\$79.99

REG. PRICE \$169.99

63845776

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SUPER COUPON!

2.5 HP, 21 GALLON 125 PSI VERTICAL AIR COMPRESSOR

Item 67847 shown

LOT NO. 67847
61454/61693

SAVE \$70

\$149.99

REG. PRICE \$219.99

63867552

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SUPER COUPON!

4-1/2" ANGLE GRINDER drillmaster

Item 60625 shown

LOT NO. 95578
69645/60625

SAVE 50%

\$9.99

REG. PRICE \$19.99

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SUPER COUPON!

NEW 44", 13 DRAWER INDUSTRIAL QUALITY ROLLER CABINET

Item 68784 shown

LOT NO. 68784
69387
62270

SAVE \$330

\$369.99

REG. PRICE \$699.99

63837850

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SUPER COUPON!

2500 LB. ELECTRIC WINCH WITH WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL

Item 61258 shown

LOT NO. 68146
61258/61297/61840

SAVE \$80

\$49.99

REG. PRICE \$129.99

63838858

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SUPER COUPON!

4-IN-1 JUMP STARTER WITH AIR COMPRESSOR CENTECH

Item 69401 shown

LOT NO. 60666
69401/62374/62453

SAVE 25%

\$59.99

REG. PRICE \$79.99

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SUPER COUPON!

MIG-FLUX WELDING CART

Welder and accessories sold separately.

Item 69340 shown

LOT NO. 69340/60790
90305/61316

SAVE 40%

\$35.99

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SUPER COUPON!

900 PEAK/700 RUNNING WATTS 2 HP (63 CC) 2 CYCLE GAS RECREATIONAL GENERATOR

Item 69381 shown

LOT NO. 66619/60338
69381/62472

SAVE \$80

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SUPER COUPON!

1195 LB. CAPACITY 4 FT. x 8 FT. HEAVY DUTY FOLDABLE UTILITY TRAILER

Item 90154 shown

LOT NO. 90154/62170

SAVE \$130

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REG. PRICE \$399.99

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SUPER COUPON!

POWDER-FREE NITRILE GLOVES HARDY PACK OF 100

Item 68498 shown

LOT NO. 68496
61363/97581

SAVE 45%

\$6.49

REG. PRICE \$11.99

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SUPER COUPON!

17 FT. TYPE 1A MULTI-TASK LADDER

Item 67646 shown

LOT NO. 67646
62514

SAVE \$80

\$119.99

REG. PRICE \$199.99

63865250

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been shown to be ineffective for people with moderate depression and over the long term may do more harm than good. The efficacy of statins is also being questioned. Half of all people who have heart attacks have normal cholesterol, but one in five who take cholesterol-lowering medications may experience side effects such as memory loss and severe muscle pain. Vioxx may be the most dramatic example of a drug whose long-term effects were unknown when it

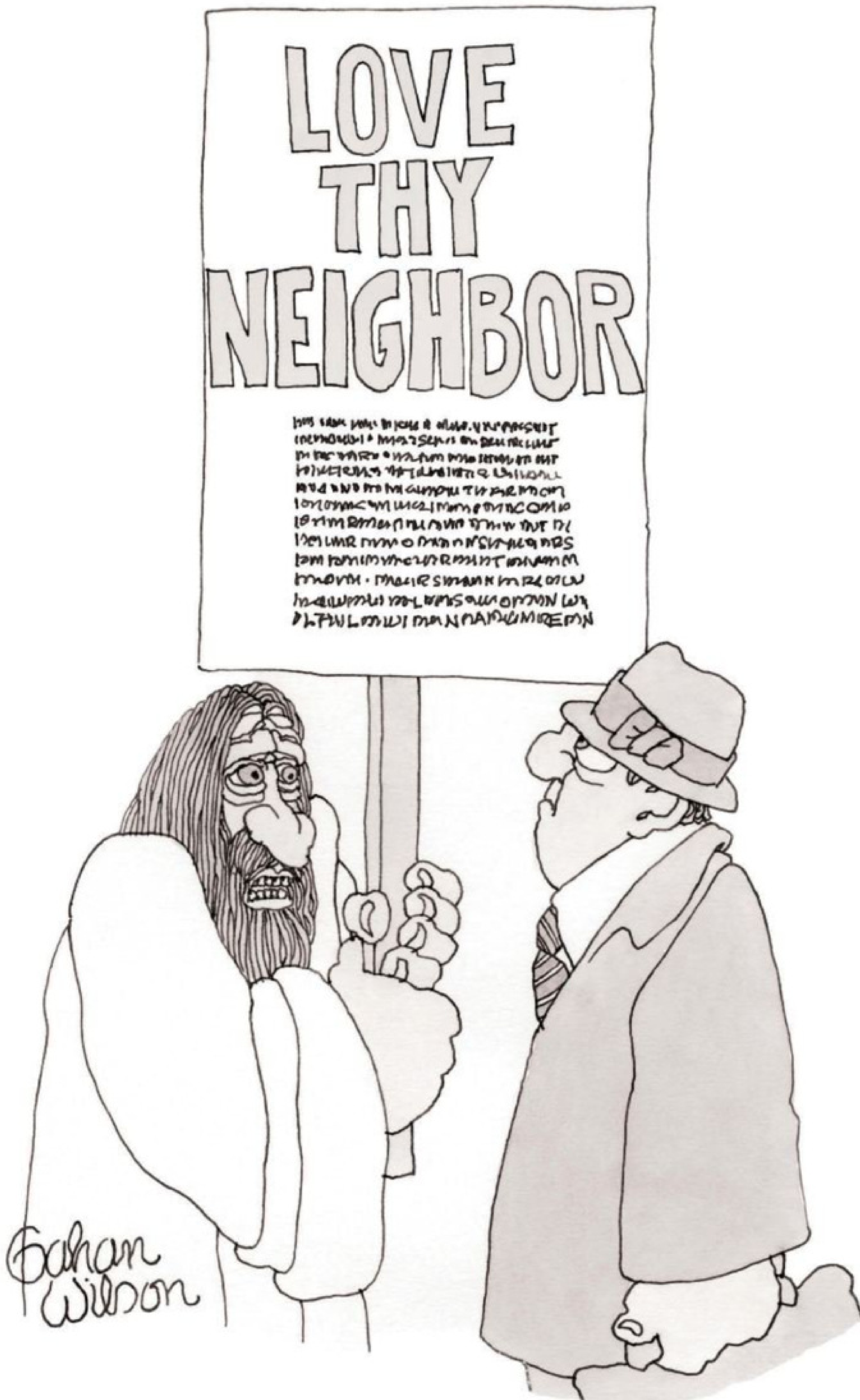
was new to the market. Merck branded the drug in 1999 as a safer alternative to nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory pain meds because it caused fewer ulcers and less gastrointestinal bleeding. By any measure the drug was a blockbuster, but then came reports of cardiac events. Merck withdrew Vioxx five years later, but not before it had been used to treat 20 million Americans. The editor in chief of *The New England Journal of Medicine* says the company hood-

winked him. The journal *Lancet* says Vioxx caused more than 88,000 heart attacks that killed some 38,000 patients. In 2007 Merck agreed to one of the largest drug settlements in history, \$4.85 billion.

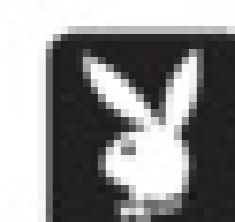
Of course there's no better analogue to testosterone therapy than estrogen therapy. Since the early 1900s doctors have treated women for the symptoms of menopause—hot flashes, vaginal dryness, low energy—with estrogenic compounds. Menopause, like low T, has a plausible evolutionary explanation. Humans, along with killer whales, are one of the rare species whose female members live well beyond their reproductive age, long enough to play an active role in helping raise their children's children; it's known as the grandmother hypothesis. But in the 1960s, observational studies indicated that women who took hormone-replacement therapy had a decreased risk of heart disease, stroke, dementia and osteoporosis. Menopause became known as a disease, and its treatment supposedly reduced the risk of heart disease. The first long-term clinical trials were published in 1998 and 2002 (the Heart and Estrogen/Progestin Replacement Study and the Women's Health Initiative), and they upended the observational data. They found that hormone-replacement therapy actually increases the risk of heart disease and breast cancer in postmenopausal women. Sales plummeted. As with testosterone therapy in younger men, the jury is out on how hormone replacement affects younger women over the long term. Today many doctors say there are safer versions of estrogen therapy, but there is no clinical data to support these claims.

The National Institutes of Health estimates 5 million men are being treated for low T, but drug companies estimate that as many as 13 million men over the age of 40 suffer from the disorder. "I'm not concerned about the long-term effects," says Baxter, the former sales rep. "You talk to the physicians and they'll tell you the benefits outweigh the negatives. I know tons of doctors who are on it, and it's not all about people getting jacked up." Baxter's matter-of-factness is interesting. Why is taking testosterone any different from taking Viagra, which has also been in the news for heart attack risks? Furthermore, why shouldn't a man be free to take a hormone that makes him feel younger and allows him to enjoy life more for the next 20 years—even if it means dying five years earlier? It's a risk many men say they're willing to take.

Dave Asprey is author of *The Bulletproof Diet* and host of the popular wellness podcast *Bulletproof Radio*, which focuses on helping people biohack their health. He concurs with Baxter. "My goal is as an old man, when I'm 80, to have the same testosterone levels I did when I was 30," he says. "And I'll act a lot more like a 30-year-old." He says there's no reason older men and women in today's world should have degraded levels of sex hormones. "Nature wants me to get out of the way for the next generation, but I don't want to do that. And when I do, I want to do it in full health."



"My lawyer insisted on the small print."



SCHUSS CHIC

PMOY 2010 BRINGS A
DAZZLING ACCESSORY
TO A SLOPE NEAR YOU

Hope Dworaczyk, 2010 Playmate of the Year, wants to look glamorous wherever she goes—even the ski slopes. “My fiancé, Robert, told me I shouldn’t ski in my cute fur hats, and he insisted I wear a helmet,” she says. “But I refuse to be covered up in extra ski gear and look like a boy, so I took matters into my own hands and created a Swarovski helmet. It’s a lot more of a statement piece than those plastic-bowl-looking helmets. For a woman who loves fashion and being sexy, basic plastic isn’t an option.” Hope sells her line of headgear through her site, HouseofHope.com. The fashionable and functional helmets are adorned with as many as 20,000 crystals, come in many styles and start at \$15,000. Her devotee is the man or woman who wants to stand out on the mountain and in the lodge après-ski.



ALL ABOUT THE BASS

• After years of hearing “doll face” catcalls, Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins is using the look to her advantage, rebranding herself on the party and music scene as DJ Dollface. But don’t let the name or demure look fool you—she absolutely slays it on the decks. Look for upcoming gigs in her social media feeds and use her SoundCloud (dollfacekayla) mixes to set the mood for your New Year’s Eve party.

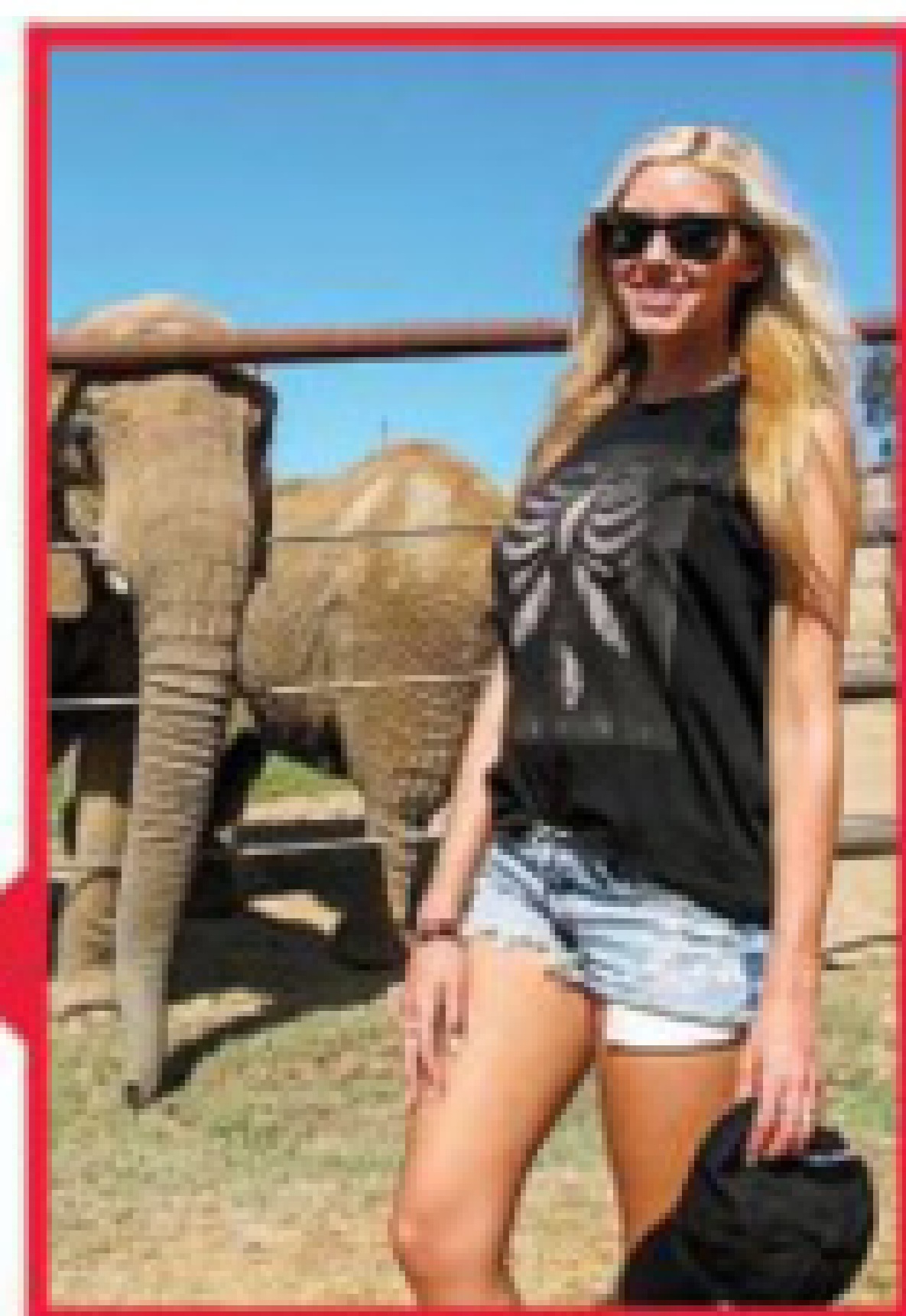


Social Shutterfly

That chic rocker chick is PMOY 2012 Jaclyn Swedberg (@Jaclyn_Swedberg), who took this selfie during her shoot for *Guitar World*.

Girl Talk

■ Miss February 2010 and pachyderm enthusiast **Heather Rae Young** visited with some trunked friends at the Performing Animal Welfare Society, a non-profit sanctuary dedicated to the rehabilitation of zoo and circus animals.



■ PMOY 1997 **Victoria Silvstedt** shimmered on the red carpet at the Gabrielle's Angel Foundation 2014 ball. Also in attendance were actresses Sofia Vergara and Blake Lively and reality-TV star Kris Jenner.



■ **Playmates** held a car wash to raise money for AIDS Walk Los Angeles. Ah, such stuff as 1980s movie montages are made of.



A Sexy Twist on Oliver

Representing the gold standard of sex appeal, our Playmates rose to the challenge of bringing the heat to the impossible this Halloween. Miss October 2012 Pamela Horton delivered in her John Oliver costume. The *Last Week Tonight* host responded, “I don’t know if I have ever been as confused as I am now.” We agree, Mr. Oliver, we agree.



PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Five years ago this month Miss January 2010 **JAIME FAITH EDMONDSON** made her debut. A sports fan, she blogs for us and is engaged to Tampa Bay Rays third baseman Evan Longoria.

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NEXT MONTH



TENNIS, ANYONE?



VINCE VAUGHN SHOWS OFF HIS DRAMATIC CHOPS.



THE BREAKTHROUGH OF BOOSIE.



CLASSIC CARS ROAR TO GLORY ON THE STREETS OF HAVANA.

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¡VIVA VELOCIDAD!—IN CUBA, IMPOVERISHED MECHANICS PILFER AUTO PARTS TO BEEF UP THEIR CLASSIC CARS, HOPING TO COMPETE IN HAVANA'S ILLICIT DRAG-RACE CIRCUIT. EVADING AUTHORITIES IS ONE THING. SURVIVING THE RACE ITSELF? THAT'S AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT BEAST, AS **WILLIAM WHEELER** LEARNS WHEN HE TAKES A RIDE-ALONG WITH THESE RENEGADE RACERS. FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT.

DETECTIVE WORK—WITH HIS BALLSY NEW COMEDY *UNFINISHED BUSINESS*, ABOUT A HARD-PRESSED JET-SETTING BUSINESSMAN, PLUS A HIGHLY ANTICIPATED STINT ON *TRUE DETECTIVE*, **VINCE VAUGHN** IS ON THE VERGE OF A CAREER REBOOT AFTER A YEARLONG HIATUS. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*, THE ORIGINAL WEDDING CRASHER OPENS UP TO **DAVID HOCHMAN** ABOUT HIS NEW ROLES AND THEN SOME.

HUG IT OUT, OR DON'T—MEN DON'T HUG ONE ANOTHER, NOR SHOULD THEY. SO SAYS **JOEL STEIN**, WHO IS SICK AND TIRED OF ALL THE SUDDEN OPEN-ARM EMBRACES BETWEEN POLITICIANS, FILM FOLK AND HIS FRIENDS. WHEN DID BRO HUGS SUPPLANT THE HANDSHAKE? IN HIS *MEN* COLUMN, STEIN PONDERs THE GREATEST THREAT TO MASCULINITY SINCE FLAVORED VODKA.

LIFE AFTER DEATH ROW—IT'S NOT EVERY DAY MUSIC CRITICS ARE BRAVE ENOUGH TO COMPARE AN OBSCURE RAPPER TO TUPAC SHAKUR, BUT **LIL BOOSIE** MAY BE THE EXCEPTION. REARED ON THE STREETS OF BATON ROUGE, THE 31-YEAR-OLD SPENT YEARS IN PRISON FOR DRUGS AND NARROWLY ESCAPED A MURDER CHARGE. NOW HE'S SPINNING HIS TRAGIC LIFE INTO MELODIC GOLD. DOES HE RIVAL PAC, OR IS IT ALL HYPE? **ETHAN BROWN** VISITS LOUISIANA TO FIND OUT.

STRIPTease—A WOMAN'S BEST-KEPT SECRET IS WHAT SHE DONS BENEATH HER OUTFIT. WE WOULD KNOW. IN OUR ANNUAL LINGERIE GUIDE, *PLAYBOY* CELEBRATES THE LACE, SILK AND SHEER THREADS THAT TEMPT AND TEASE US.

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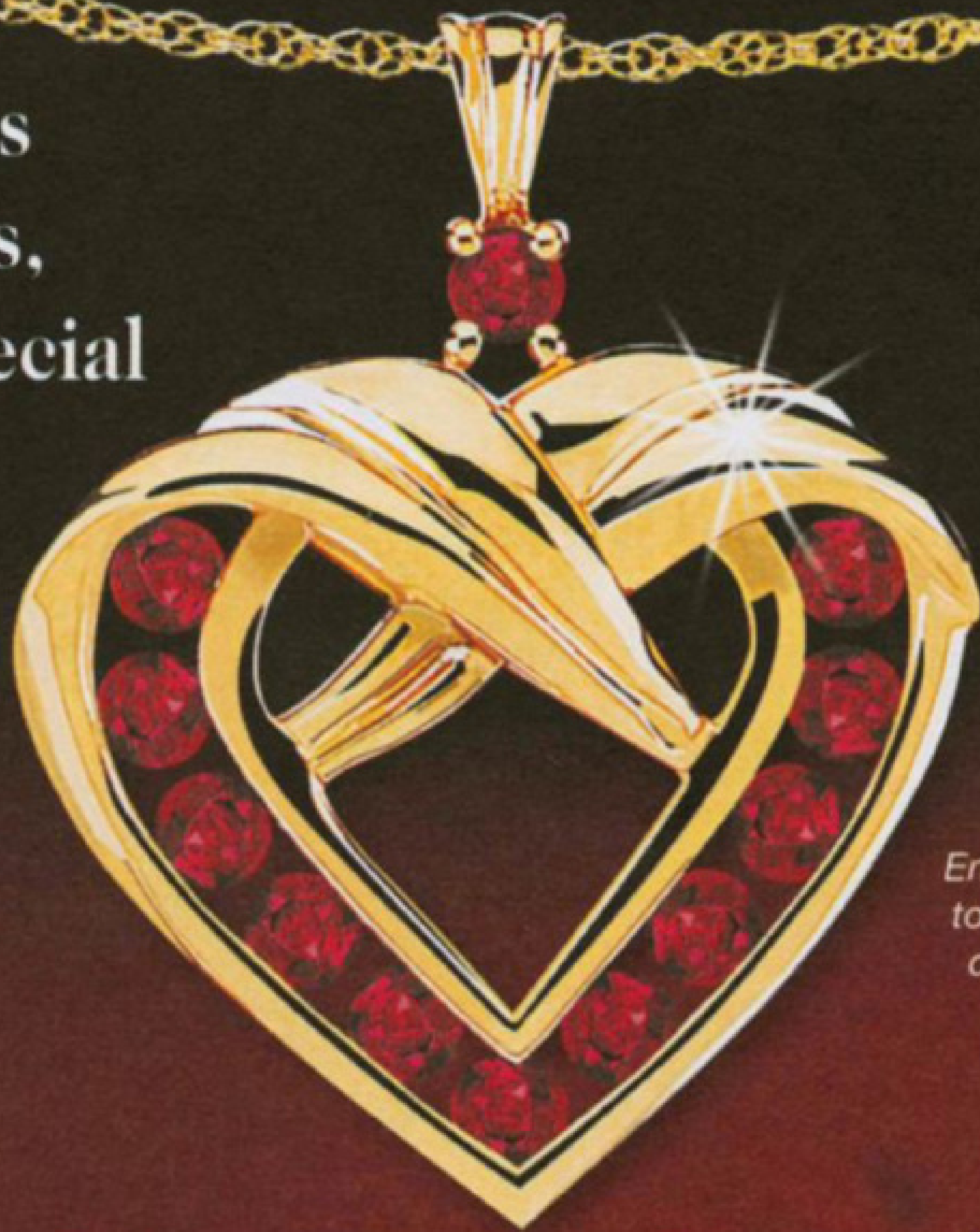
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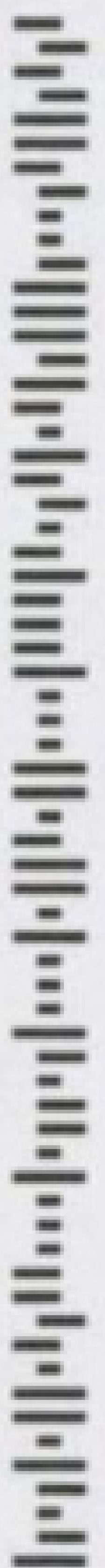
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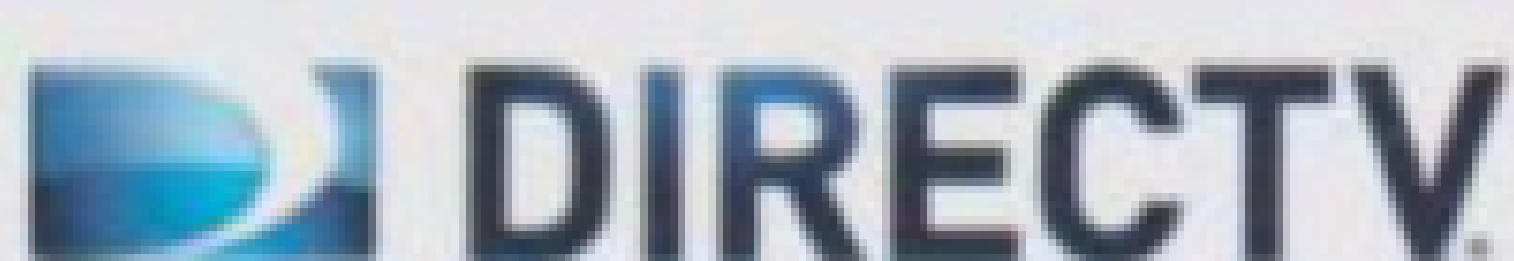
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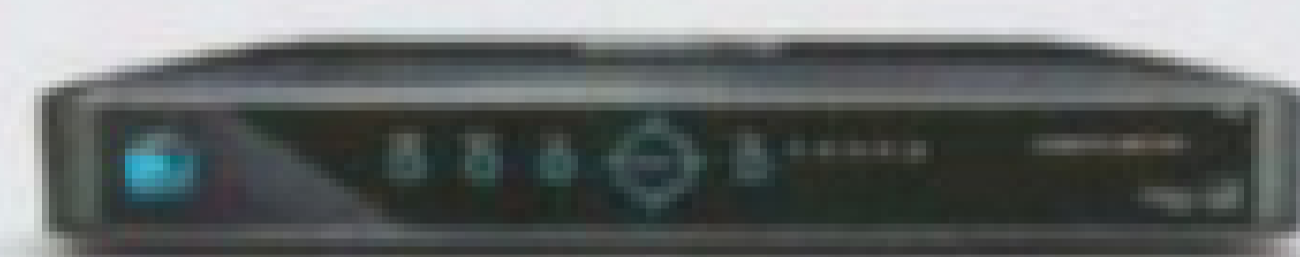
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Prices include the following instant bill credits for first 12 months: \$30 for SELECT Package, \$37 for CHOICE Package and \$42 for ULTIMATE Package. **2014/2015 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER: Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's 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. 2014 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$239.94. 2014 NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full-season retail price is \$329.94. 2015 retail prices not yet available. Customers activating the CHOICE Package or above or the MAS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the 2014 and 2015 seasons of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2014 and 2015 seasons. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically continue in 2016 and each season thereafter at a special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season. To renew to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2015 season. Subscription cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers. **24-MONTH AGREEMENT: EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH. Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming package (\$29.99/mo. Or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver 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/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 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 3 Genie Minis (excluding model C41W) 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. 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. 1HD 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. ©2014 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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