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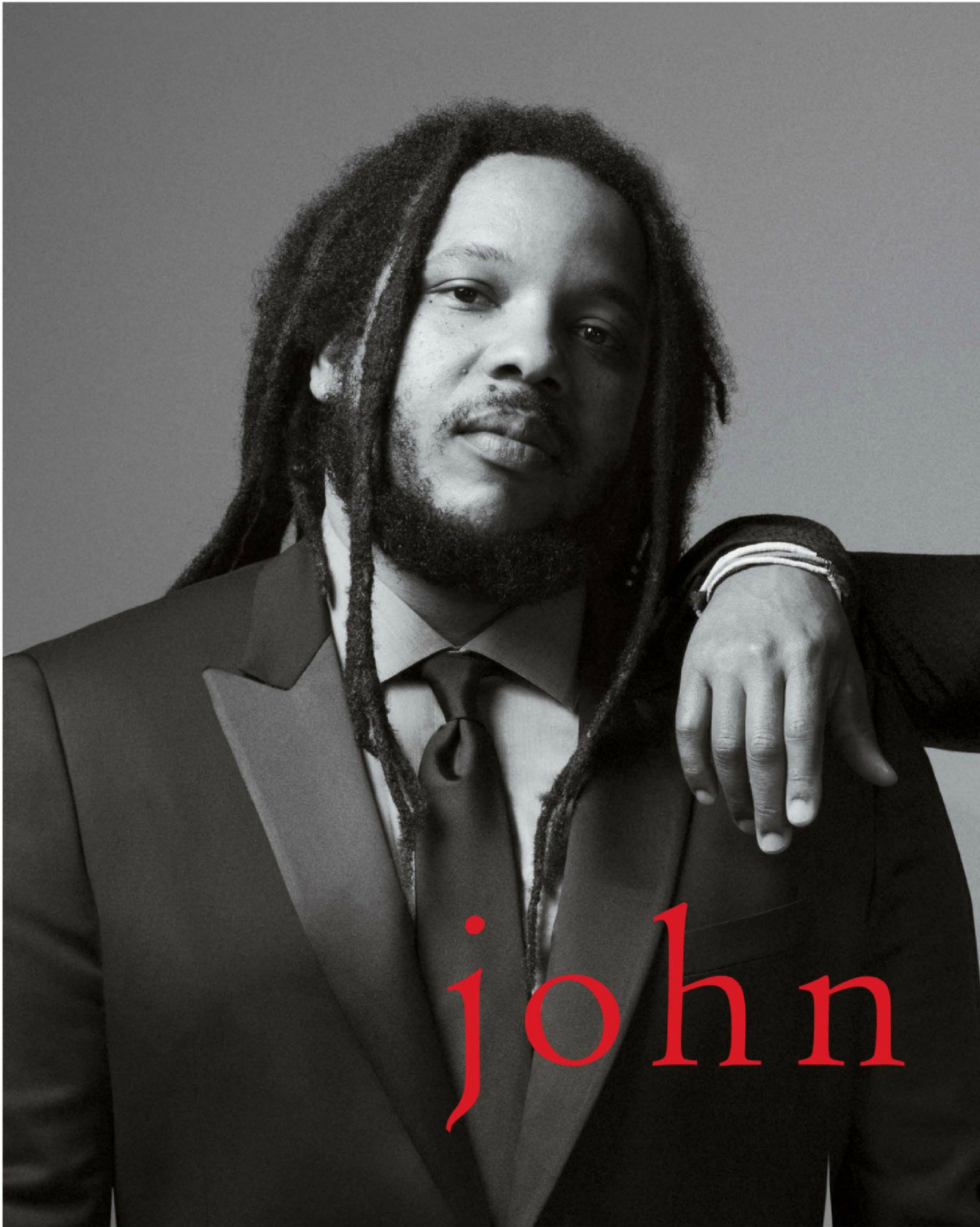
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY/AUGUST 2015

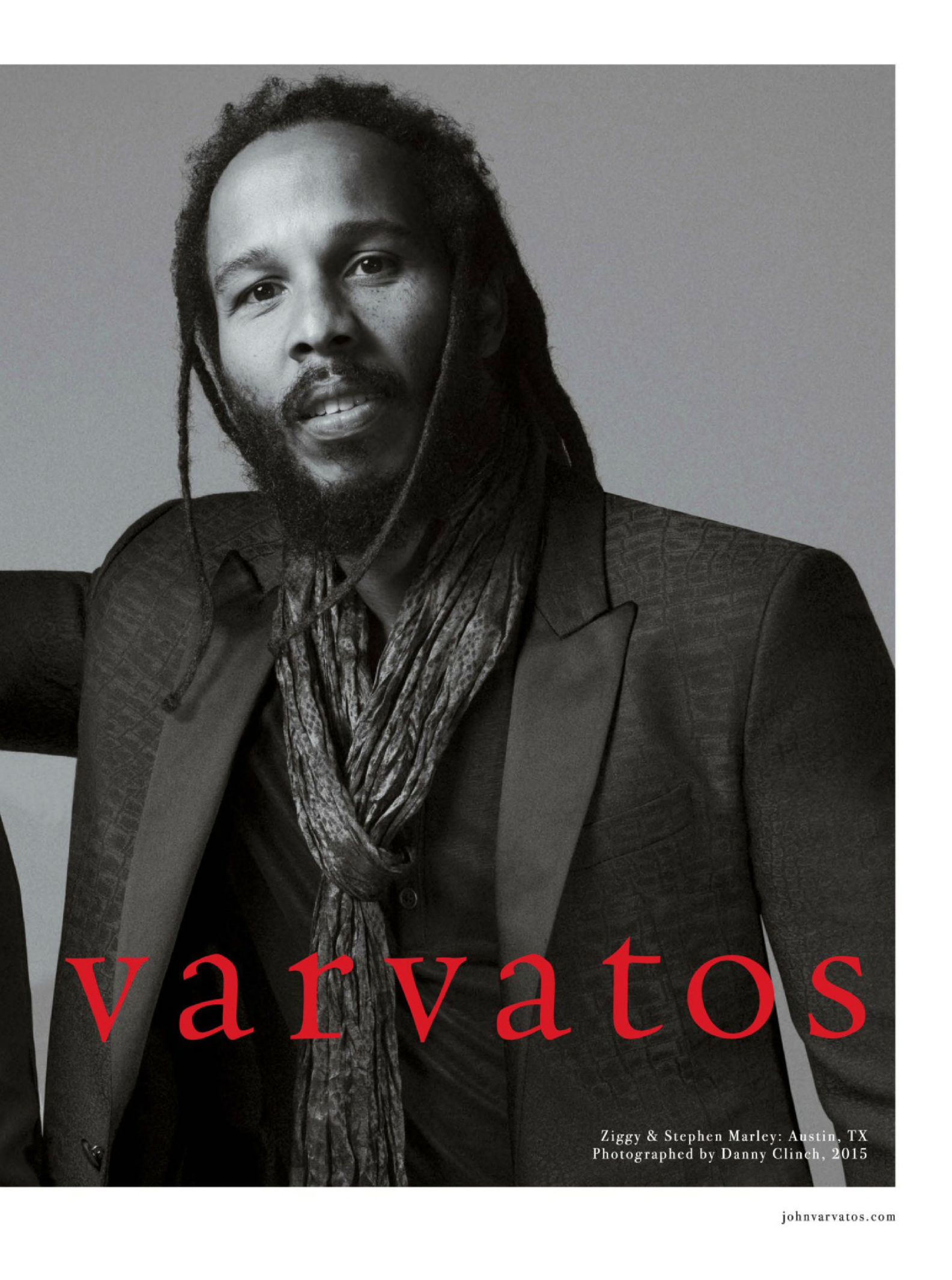
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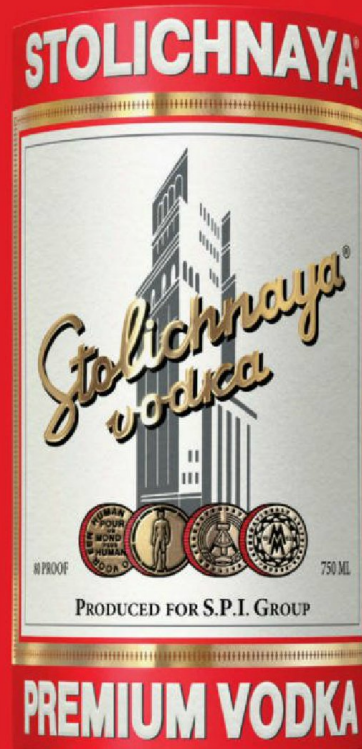


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PLAYBILL

Who doesn't take for granted how far technology has come in just a few years? Jet packs and time travel look lame next to the far-reaching wish fulfillment granted by our multitude of devices. But what happens when you put that much choice at everyone's fingertips? *Endless Love*, our excerpt from comedian **Aziz Ansari** and sociologist Eric Klinenberg's new nonfiction book, *Modern Romance*, is a far-reaching (and hilarious) internet-age survey of how choice affects our favorite areas: sex and dating. It's guaranteed to be on everyone's lips this summer. What won't be, however, is the all but forgotten Deepwater Horizon oil spill; in *The Poisoned Gulf*, **Linda Marsa** reports from the front lines, where workers and residents still struggle with unprecedented medical problems—not from the spill but from the cleanup. From the Gulf we turn to what we know best: women with beauty and smarts. As pioneering sex researcher Virginia Johnson on Showtime's *Masters of Sex*, **Lizzy Caplan** shows off her abundance of both. Find out how she approaches brainy bedroom scenes and overzealous fans in *20Q*. Actor **Jeremy Renner** is a shapeshifter with career-making roles this summer in *Avengers: Age of Ultron* and *Mission: Impossible—Rogue Nation*; he opens up in our *Playboy Interview* about his side hustles (L.A. real estate) and personal life (rumors about his nasty divorce). Love him or hate him, we get closer to the core of the man than ever before. **Chuck Palahniuk** is one of the few people we know who can follow an act like Renner's; he serves up a signature gut-wrenching short story in *Dad All Over* that may cast your own old man in an entirely new (albeit gruesome) light. In "Not Quite the End of Men," economist **Allison Schrage** delivers a *Forum* essay that readers of both genders will appreciate, dismantling the theory that men today are losing out in the job market. **Tim Struby** looks at a different tribe of beleaguered folks—Irish gypsies known as travelers—in *The Ballad of John Joe Nevin*, a profile of the celebrated boxer whose traveler heritage is interwoven with his career. In "Feminists With Benefits" **Hilary Winston** pens another hilarious *Women* column on a weighty topic: redefining feminism by unabashedly embracing sex. Finally, in *Wild About Harri* we delve into the career of master photographer and art director **Harri Peccinotti**, who has devoted his life to the celebration of female beauty. Remind you of anyone? Here's another issue of progressive ideas and prepossessing women. All you have to do is flip the page.



Aziz Ansari



Linda Marsa



Jeremy Renner



Tim Struby



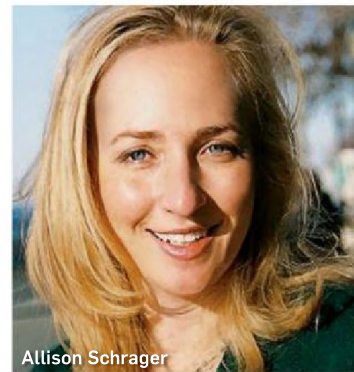
Hilary Winston



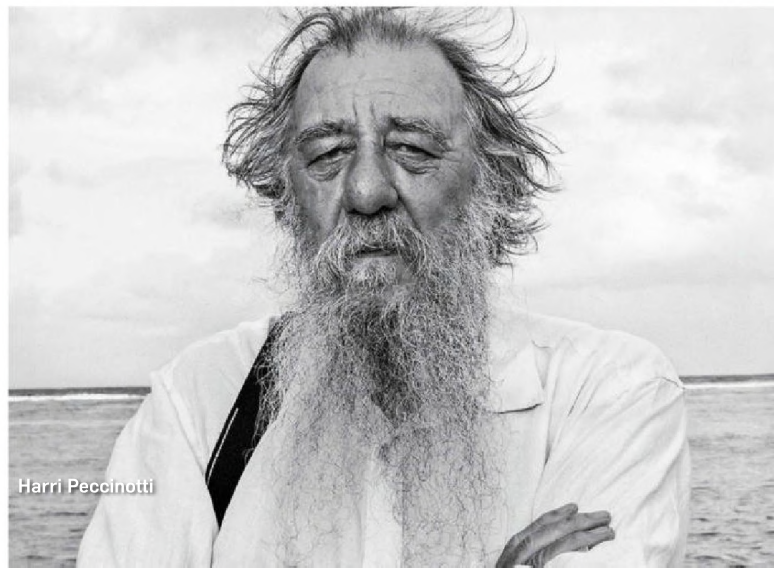
Lizzy Caplan



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Allison Schrage



Harri Peccinotti



moods of norway

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PLAYBOY

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The star of *Masters of Sex* gets clinical about on-screen nudity and tells **DAVID RENSHIN** what has changed—and what hasn't—since the 1950s.

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Is he an Oscar nominee, a superhero, a tabloid magnet or a real estate mogul? As **STEPHEN REBELLO** discovers, Renner is all this and much more.

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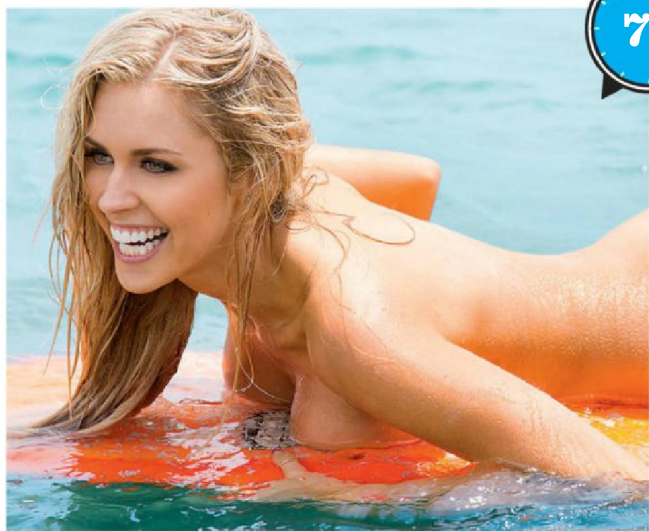
PHOTOGRAPHY: THIS PAGE, BY CARLOS NUNEZ

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KELLY



COVER STORY

It's simple: Our Rabbit plus tunes, gorgeous girls and plenty of sun to tan them equals summer. Who doesn't like beach Bunnies? Clockwise from top left: Heather Rae Young, Gia Marie, Stephanie Branton, Ciara Price, Chelsie Aryn, Roxanna June, Val Keil and Audrey Allen.



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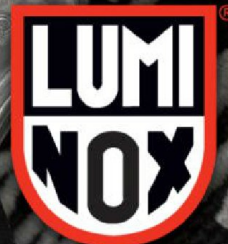
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ERIC JONROSH

A candid conversation with the author-producer-actor-writer-director-raconteur-bon vivant-legend-fabulist on his epic return to television

PLAYBOY: Where have you been all these years?

JONROSH: In Hollywood mostly. I keep a low profile—not like my younger days when I seemed to make it into the gossip rags every time I got into a car or a young starlet. [Chuckles.] Now I'm confined to a few semi-welcoming watering holes and the guesthouse of an old lover. I get out for a steak or a lobster or a plate of eggs, but for the most part I park myself at my favorite booth in Billingsley's, drink the house wine and wait for the wine to run out or my heart to stop, whichever comes first.

PLAYBOY: Are you excited about the release of your long lost masterpiece, *The Spoils Before Dying*?

JONROSH: I am. I really am. It was banned in 73 countries, you know. You have to remember this was the late '50s and Americans were even more idiotic than they are today. After the war, people feared everything, and that fear level drove people insane. The Communists, the homosexuals, the drug addicts and jazz musicians—America feared them all. Fear led to repression and repression is the enemy of art. Thus the film of my novel *The Spoils Before Dying* was pulled before it was ever seen. All copies were destroyed and I was brought before Congress to defend the book and the film.

PLAYBOY: How did that go?

JONROSH: I was exiled to Europe for 15 years. It went splendidly.

PLAYBOY: What's the film about?

JONROSH: A jazz musician is accused of murdering his old girlfriend and he has three days to clear his name. It's a pretty simple mystery really. The best stories are simple. I fool around a bit with the genre. I was always a bit of a showman. I play with the conventions. It's not really done anymore but I challenge the viewer. Not like today. Filmmakers today serve up nothing but chocolate Johnnycakes and cotton candy. Old Eric likes to throw a handful of flies into their complacent soup and let them eat that.

PLAYBOY: *The Spoils Before Dying* covers a wide range of subjects: homosexuality, commercialism vs. art, drugs, sex and racial equality. Do you now see why this movie was banned in 1958?

JONROSH: Did I understand why some people thought it was too dangerous for the American public? Sure. Did I agree with those people? I was blacklisted. I couldn't direct a cat food commercial... well, that's not true, I was hired to direct a cat food commercial. I stole the money and shot *Hard Ride the Spoils* in New Mexico in eight days, a motorcycle picture with lots of action and lots of big-breasted women shot in the style of Ozu. It flopped. The cat food company was furious. [Laughs.]

PLAYBOY: You never really played the Hollywood game.

JONROSH: No sir, I did not. For that reason I was forced to finance most of my films myself. I wrote them. I directed them.

Hair and makeup, effects, stunts? All me. Remarkable really. I suspect if I had learned to play the game a little better I wouldn't be living in a guest house miles from the nearest glass of Beaujolais.

PLAYBOY: In *The Spoils of Babylon* you used a mannequin as a main character. Will we be seeing more mannequins in *The Spoils Before Dying*?

JONROSH: I cast the best person for the part. If that person is a lifeless hunk of plastic then so be it. That lifeless hunk of plastic could act circles around most of the talent in this town. But, yes, she does make a brief appearance.

PLAYBOY: What's next?

JONROSH: I'm to be interviewed by PLAYBOY this afternoon.

PLAYBOY: Um, yes? Are you familiar with PLAYBOY?

JONROSH: Don't be an idiot. I dated Bunnies in the '60s. I was a Key Club member. In those days they had clubs, Chicago, New York, Des Moines, Kansas City, all over. I basically lived in the Lake Geneva, Wisconsin Playboy Club from '72 to '74.

PLAYBOY: Thank you, Mr. Jonrosh.

JONROSH: What? Hey, wait a sec. There's no wine with this meal?

PLAYBOY: I'm sorry this isn't a meal.

JONROSH: Come on, guy. Seriously? No wine? Who are you? The junior varsity version of a man? Okay... can I get a ride somewhere?



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A CELEBRATION OF DANI

➤ A vision in white as she donned a diamond-encrusted Rabbit Head necklace, **Dani Mathers** accepted her title as 2015 Playmate of the Year at a May luncheon hosted at the Mansion. “I was in a year full of such beautiful women. I’m still in disbelief,” she said. While guests

from around the world sipped custom cocktails such as the Dani-politan, the glowing PMOY gave an acceptance speech that underlined her commitment to Playboy. “I take this job very seriously and am proud to take on the role of brand ambassador,” she said. “I hope

I can be the best representative there has been.” Holding back tears, Dani also thanked her family, who were in attendance, saying they made her the woman she is today. Along with her title, Dani received \$100,000 and a lease on a 2015 Mini Cooper S convertible.

Playboy

PAST and PRESENT

• PLAYBOY has been known for memorable cover art ever since Hef printed that iconic first issue featuring Marilyn Monroe in 1953. This year, the Society of Publication Designers honored PLAYBOY with a gold medal in cover photography for our 60th anniversary edition. Our pictorial *The Immaculate Kate Moss* also picked up gold—reason enough to keep us on your coffee table.




PLAYMATE NEWS

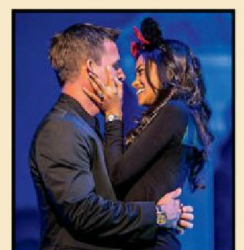
BIKINI BOD

• Miss November 2009 **Kelley Thompson** won first in her class in the bikini division at the National Physique Committee’s Better Bodies Championship.



A MAGICAL NIGHT

• Life is shaping up to be a fairy tale for Miss September 2013 **Bryiana Noelle**, who got engaged to pro skateboarder Rob Dyrdek at Disneyland.





PLAYBOY



A KNOCKOUT

• “It was cool to get messages from people all over the world saying, ‘I saw you on TV,’” says Miss September 2012 **Alana Campos** of being a ring girl for May’s “Fight of the Century” between Manny Pacquiao and Floyd Mayweather. Tapped by Tecate, the Brazilian babe was one of only four ring girls at the epic punch-out, which became the most-watched PPV event of all time. “We had to be ready by five A.M. every day for interviews,” says Alana. “Manny is a humble man, and I was rooting for him, but both guys were polite. It was a fantastic honor to be part of it.”

BEAUTIES AND THE BEASTS

• The second Playboy Sessions concert proved to be a monster of an event. A throng of Playmates including **Ashley Doris**, **Angel Boris**, **Brittany Brousseau**, **Stephanie Branton** and **Val Keil** showed up at our Beverly Hills HQ and took the stage to back

up performance artists—rockers PPL MVR. Dressed in Yeti-style suits, PPL MVR screamed and stomped through a hair-raising set. To see the crazy for yourself—and find out if the Playmates were able to tame the beasts—visit Playboy.com.



1

RANDALL PARK

• *The Wet Hot American Summer* star tackles more questions in a video Q&A.

2

#BLESSED

• In our *Guide to Sextography* (page 112), **Gia Marie** and **Raquel Pomplun** share tips on what they do best: taking sexy photos. Lucky for you, we got it on film.

3

BEHIND THE COVER

• One boom lift, eight Playmates and plenty of free-flowing champagne. Watch how we pulled off July/August’s sizzling cover.

WE CALL DIBS

• *Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund* appears in the indie rom-com *Dibs!*, playing a woman hired to fix a dude’s broken heart. It’s typecasting that makes sense.



GOLDEN GIRL

• As a producer of the web series *The Bay*, *Miss June 1985 Devin DeVasquez* took home a Daytime Emmy, beating out competition from *Hulu* and *YouTube*.



TOY STORY

• In collaboration with action-figure maker Blitzway, Playboy asked seven artists to design a line of art toys, now available at coartism.com.



NOT JUST — ANY — DATING ADVICE

FROM 2013 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



HOW TO MAKE DATE NIGHT UNFORGETTABLE

DITCH YOUR PHONE

Put down your phone and leave the status updates for after your date. Follow this simple piece of advice and you're more likely to have something to brag about – a second date.



CLEAN IT UP

You never know where the night may lead you. So do your date the courtesy of not having to navigate through a maze of dirty clothes and give your pad a good pre-date cleaning.



ALWAYS GO ORIGINAL

Forgo a fancy restaurant and treat her to a night she won't soon forget. And don't be afraid to get creative with activities like kayaking, hitting up an old-school photo booth, or a BYOH (Bring Your Own Hornitos) drink and draw class.



WATCH WHAT YOU EAT

Order something sensible to avoid any embarrassing first date hiccups.



KILL THE FLOWERS

Flowers were cool, back in the 1950s. Spare your date the burden of carrying a flower around the rest of the night and just bring your own charm.



SCENT RESPONSIBLY

The way a guy smells is important, but be sure you stand out for the right reasons. A small dab of cologne on your wrists and neck is all you need.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

Incorrect, Politically

Bill Maher is my favorite political commentator (*Playboy Interview*, May). But the government doesn't spend more on Social Security than anything else, as he says; in fact, the government doesn't spend anything on Social Security. To date 100 percent of Social Security has been funded through employee and employer payments. Characterizing it as a government expenditure is misleading.

Mal Glendinning
Spokane, Washington

The only problem with the Bill Maher interview is that it could have been twice as long. Brilliant!

Larry Behnke
High Springs, Florida

Maher repeats the Fox News falsehood that it's "on every page of the Koran to despise the unbeliever." This erroneous pronouncement is evidence that Maher hasn't actually read the Koran, that the interviewer gave him a free pass by not challenging this easily disproved claim and its underlying bigotry, and that Roger Ailes is smiling to find he has an unlikely new ally in the



modern crusade to demonize one of the three great Abrahamic religions.

David Fenner
Seattle, Washington

Bill Maher says "net immigration to America has been zero for years." Maybe he's talking about legal immigration. He should visit Arizona and watch the U.S.-Mexico border for 24 hours.

Gene Keefover
Cottonwood, Arizona

Bill Maher: Best. Interview. Ever! I didn't want it to end.

Kelly Sheridan
Lewes, Delaware

FURRY BUSINESS

Love, love, love the May cover. I immediately spotted the Rabbit in Brittany Brousseau's fur coat, right above the RVI in the word *interview*. But the "cover story" points out the Rabbit Head on her ring. Is there also one on the coat, or are my old eyes losing it?

Brian K. Cohen
Hawthorn Woods, Illinois

Let's just say we think you're creative.

Miss May is wearing fur on your cover. This is 2015; it is not acceptable to use fur. I have never been offended by PLAYBOY until now.

Mitch Hodges
Seattle, Washington

The "fur" used in the cover shoot and in The Lap of Luxury pictorial is completely faux.

A MAD, MAD WORLD

It was my good fortune to work with one of America's greatest cultural treasures, Harvey Kurtzman, and his longtime creative partner Will Elder, in the early 1970s (*Book of the Month*, May). Afterward, whenever Harvey was in Los Angeles, he would arrange to have my wife and me join him at the Playboy Mansion. Reading Bill Schelly's fascinating biography of him was like getting to spend a few more hours with my dear brilliant friend.

William Stout
Pasadena, California

WE'RE ON FIRE

Your May issue features Action Bronson's smoke beard (*Talk*), a Seattle smoke needle (*Travel*), smoked fish (*Food*), Alexis Knapp's alluring smoky exhalations (*Entertainment*), Joe Pesci standing in gun smoke (*The Making of the Mafia's Ultimate Home Movie*)—not to mention smokin' hot women. I'm sensing a theme here.

Ed M. Green
New York, New York

POGO'S THE MAN

In "Who's the Man" (*Forum*, April) writer Jeff Bercovici skewers the absurdity of political correctness and concludes by asking, "Who's the real enemy here?" The definitive answer to this parting question comes from perhaps the 20th century's greatest philosopher, Pogo, who said, "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

John Betsill
Acworth, Georgia

TUNE TOWN

As a sixth-generation Texan, I take exception to Jessica Ogilvie's description of New Braunfels as "a thick, green, swampy town" (*The New Bad Boys of Country Music*, April). Perhaps she neglected to see a city that boasts the confluence of the spring-fed Comal River and the trout-stocked Guadalupe River. However, I do agree with her that Gruene Hall and the area's other great venues

make it a special place to enjoy up-and-coming acts. We are blessed with access to live music seven nights a week, and you never know if the band you just saw will be the next big thing.

John Guenzel
Canyon Lake, Texas

SKIN IN THE GAME

Wanting nudity to be illegal is one thing, but it should never be the case that men can go topless and women can't (*Barely Legal*, May). Topless equality is what Scout Willis, Cara Delevingne and Miley Cyrus are working toward, and they should be applauded. Police in New York have been retrained so they know a person—man or woman—may go without a top in public. Phoenix Feeley, who writer Molly Oswaks reports was arrested for going topless, won a big court case after her illegal arrest.

Sue Hall
Norwalk, Connecticut

I started the Free the Nipple campaign, which Molly Oswaks mentions in her article, to get a larger conversation going. It's about gender equality—men and women coming together to fight oppression. If someone finds toplessness offensive, they're not getting the point. There's a puritanical mentality in America that's so ingrained in our culture that whenever there's something new, it's seen as a threat. Just 100 years ago the ankle was seen as a threat to society, and now it's the



nipple. We've come a long way, but not far enough. Who would've thought the nipple would be the Trojan horse to carry in the conversation that reveals truths about inequality? This campaign is only going to get bigger. At some point, people are just going to accept female toplessness.

Lina Esco
Los Angeles, California

Lina Esco wrote, directed and starred in the 2014 movie Free the Nipple.

BLOOMING AZEALIA

I was thrilled to see Azealia Banks in your April issue (*Wild and Uncensored*). I love "212" and look forward to her new material. That damn music moves me! But please tell Azealia not to hold it against me that I was born white in the suburbs of Detroit. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for giving me a little of her mind and gorgeous body.

Sarah Nunez-Bida
Westland, Michigan

I was happy to see a beautiful black woman on the cover of PLAYBOY (the last black woman I remember on your cover was Naomi Campbell), but when I read Azealia Banks's interview with Rob Tannenbaum, I lost interest in seeing her nude. Banks quotes "Pharrell or Kendrick Lamar" as saying, "How can we expect people to respect us if we don't respect ourselves?" I would answer her with my own question: How can you expect other people to respect you if you don't respect them?

Adam Farley
Springfield, Missouri

We wouldn't want you to forget about Tisha Marie, Garcelle Beauvais, Mariah Carey and Shari Belafonte, all of whom graced our cover after Naomi.

I'm an avid cat lover and really enjoyed your April cover. It made me curious about Azealia Banks, so I read the interview. All I can say is, I really like the cats.

Lynda Graser
Azusa, California

NAILED IT

Jason Silverstein ("Tolerating the Intolerant," *Forum*, May) nails the problem with Religious Freedom Restoration Acts: They attempt to exempt religion-based bigotry and discrimination. Instead of acquiescing to religious beliefs that perpetuate archaic prejudices and stereotypes, we should have the intellectual honesty to tell big-baby religion it's time to grow up.

Lowell Cooper
New Castle, Indiana

EXPRESS YOURSELF

Regarding *Madonna: The Lost Nudes* (May): There's a reason they were lost. Nobody wanted to see them in 1979, and nobody wants to see them now.

Jim Wagner
Mesa, Arizona

What the hell, PLAYBOY? You made a Madonna fan out of me. I'm shocked and awed by those black-and-white photos.

Jeff Palmer
Detroit, Michigan

ALEXANDRA THE GREAT

Alexandra Tyler is a beautiful woman (*Almost Famous*, April); she could be a strong contender for 2016 Playmate of the Year.

David Barber
Milton Keynes, U.K.

Keep up the good work, PLAYBOY. You're the only magazine that consistently shows the world real 10s.

Vic Degacci
Los Angeles, California

Rarely have I seen so little of a Playmate. *The Devil in Marge Simpson* (November 2009) revealed about as

much as can be seen in Alexandra Tyler's pictorial.

J.D. Nelson
Burlington, Kentucky



A little more of Miss April Alexandra Tyler.

Every April pictorial is a photographic work of art. Each woman embodies, in her own sweet way, the absolute pinnacle of beauty. It's why I buy PLAYBOY.

Mark Williams
Columbus, Ohio

SEE DICK TALK

Dick Cheney's right-wing lies are disgusting and degenerate (*Playboy Interview*, April). How do you like that...after 60 years of positive sexuality and the celebration of beautiful womanhood, PLAYBOY has finally published real pornography.

Lillian Moss
Turners Falls, Massachusetts

I have a reoccurring dream in which the women featured in PLAYBOY have pubic hair and Dick Cheney is tried as a war criminal. Some dreams do come true.

Erik C. Potter
Adna, Washington

Dick Cheney embodies everything that is wrong with the U.S. He pushed for the invasion of Iraq for his own selfish reasons and still won't admit what a blunder it was. There are none so blind as those who will not see.

A. Danilov
Sydney, Australia

I enjoyed James Rosen's interview with Cheney, though I disagree with many of the former vice president's views. However, in the introduction Rosen says "doctors know of no one besides Cheney who suffered his first cardiac event in the

1970s and is still around to talk about it." I had my first heart attack in 1977 and another last year; in between, I had two bypass surgeries, a pacemaker installed and later replaced—twice—and stents inserted on more than one occasion.

Howard Loftesnes
Bismarck, North Dakota

Cheney's callous remarks about torture are in total conflict with his claim to being a Christian.

Abraham Sadegh
Hilo, Hawaii

There's only one thing Cheney has ever done that benefitted anyone other than himself: shot a lawyer.

Ken DiGiacomo
Youngstown, Ohio

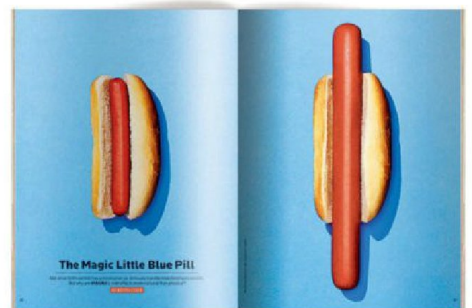
MAN AND HIS MACHINES

Matt McCue overlooks two reasons younger men no longer covet expensive sports cars (*Talk*, "The Great Car Breakdown," March). First, younger men are laudably concerned about lowering their carbon footprint. The second reason is lowered expectations. If you can't afford an expensive car, you convince yourself you don't want one. A \$600 phone is far more attainable than a \$60,000 car, though I question its impact on attractive women.

Steve Gordon
Orlando, Florida

PLEASE RISE

Your May article *The Magic Little Blue Pill* is instructive and entertaining. (I can just see the British urologist dropping his pants to display his erect member as the women in the audience scream.) I am happy for men that this wonder drug is available. However, it bothers me that the "little pink pill" has yet to materialize. Perhaps it's because the savvy pharmaceutical industry knows that Cialis, Viagra and other erectile dysfunction drugs for men are generally reimbursable through insurance, but birth con-

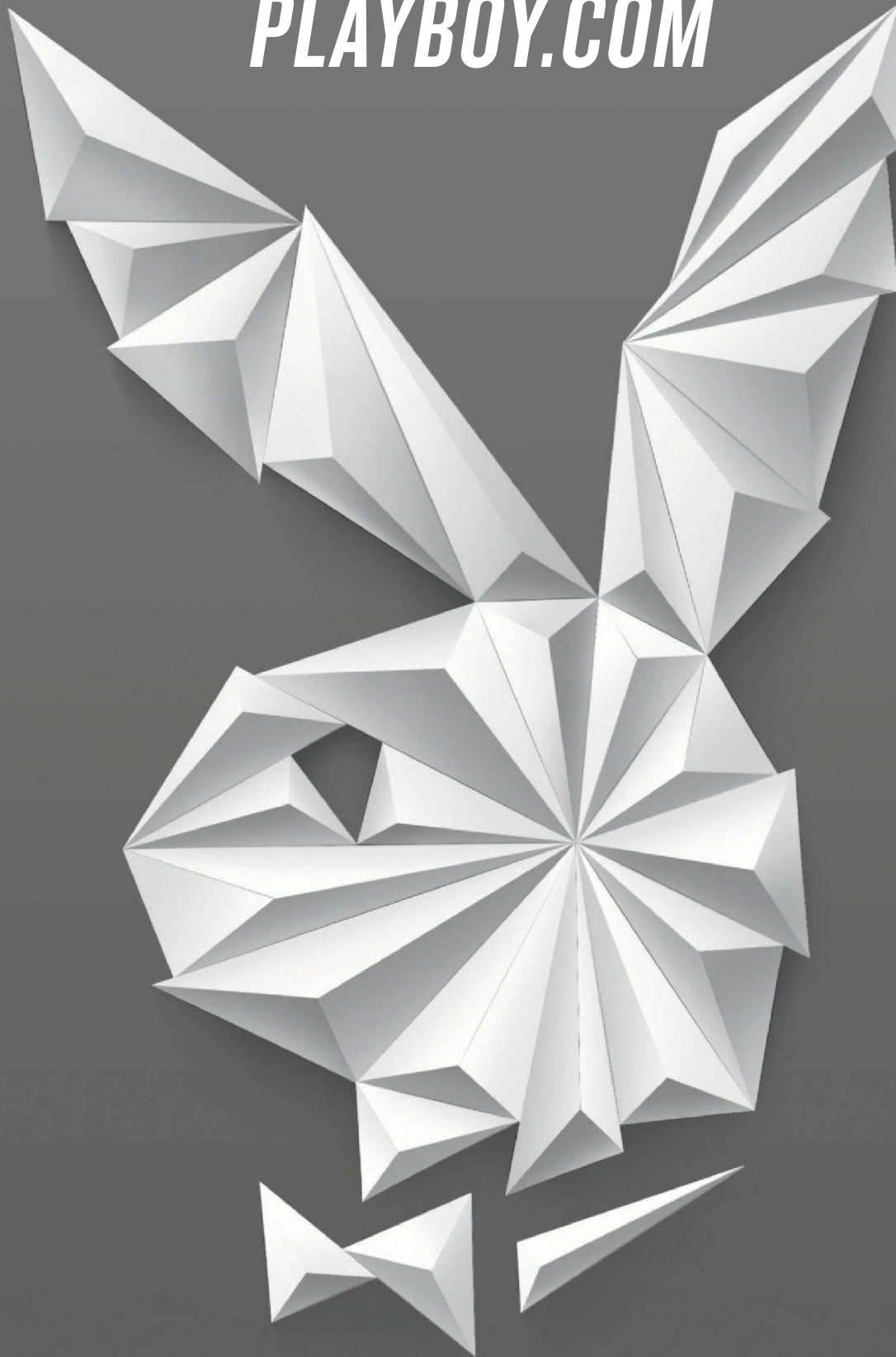


trol for women historically has not been. Hence, there's potentially much less money to be made off a "female Viagra."

Helene Leonetti
Boca Raton, Florida



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YOU'RE WELCOME.

JULY/AUGUST 2015

AFTER HOURS

Photography by
JOSH REED

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Nosheen Phoenix

→ "I WANT TO break the rules of what it means to be hot and sexy and a badass," says actress Nosheen Phoenix. On HBO's dark political comedy *The Brink*, Nosheen plays a frisky Urdu interpreter to Tim Robbins's secretary of state. Indeed, the London native cites her conservative upbringing by Pakistani parents as fueling her rebellious fire. "We live in a time when you can finally express yourself, even if you're naked. I hope to inspire others who come from backgrounds where they've been told they can't do something," she says. "I'm here to make a difference."

STYLING BY TAYLOR SHERIDAN; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY SARA GRANHAM; BRA AND SKIRT BY CONTESSA LA





END GAMES

WHAT IF NOBODY EVER WANTS TO HOST THE OLYMPICS AGAIN?

Next fall, the International Olympic Committee will decide the location of the 2024 Summer Games, and if Chris Dempsey has his way, Boston will finish well off the podium. “It just doesn’t make sense,” says Dempsey, the leader of No Boston Olympics, the city’s top opposition group. His sentiments aren’t uncommon: A poll by Boston’s NPR station this April found that only 40 percent of Bostonians want the Games in their city.

Cities have been shying away from hosting the Olympics since 1997, and Smith College economics professor Andrew Zimbalist says it’s all about the benjamins. The IOC requires guarantees that public funds will cover costs not met through private enterprise. As a result, says Zimbalist, “there are few economic benefits to hosting.” The lowest possible price is \$10 billion; Beijing and Sochi cost more than \$40 billion each. Boston’s entire annual budget? Just \$2.7 billion.

Rio de Janeiro, the host for next summer’s games, has budgeted for

\$13.2 billion—but costs are expected to reach much higher. Building a velodrome and a luxurious athlete’s village will now take precedence over critical public infrastructure improvements. The only cities still vying for the 2022 Winter Games, unsurprisingly, are Beijing and Almaty, Kazakhstan.

In response, IOC president Thomas Bond has proposed 40 reforms, such as an increased focus on existing and temporary structures and a \$1.5 billion pledge for host cities. These reforms have drawn cities including Paris, Rome, Hamburg and Doha back into the running for 2024, but most of the policy changes don’t decrease spending. That’s because few of the IOC’s 205 member nations have a vested interest in lowering costs. “A lot of those countries aren’t hosting, but they get a share of the profits,” says Allen Sanderson, a senior economics lecturer at the University of Chicago.

Still, we all—government leaders included—sometimes act in economically irrational ways. “We lose money on a lot of things in life—having dogs, boats, raising teenage daughters—that we’re happy to do,” Sanderson points out. The Olympics bring prestige (don’t discount every mayor’s love of a good ribbon cutting) even at the cost of potential economic ruin. That’s why recent Games were awarded to regimes such as China and Russia, Zimbalist says, where citizens don’t have a say.

The key will be 2024. If the committee picks a cheaper bid, it could signify a shift. If not, only cities desperate for positive press will shell out to host future Olympics.

Either way, count Boston out. “We have a thoughtful, educated populace that thinks hard and asks questions,” Dempsey says. “They’ve read and seen other cities’ history enough to say, ‘You know, maybe this isn’t what we need.’”—*Noah Davis*

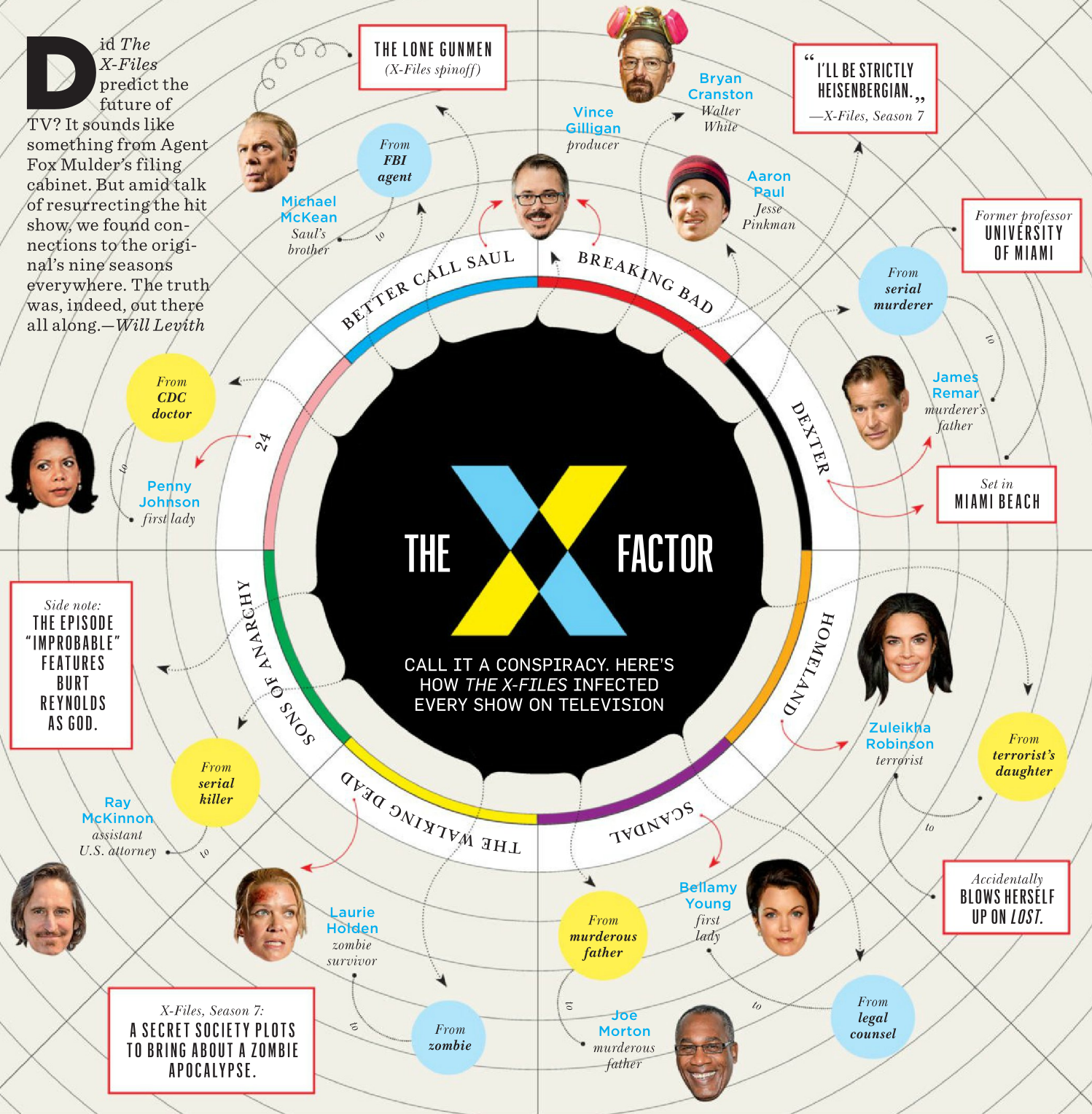


Room With a Brew



→ Forget the hotel minibar. BrewDog, a U.K.-based craft brewer, hopes to open a hotel with a beer tap in every room. The company plans to build the hotel and a second brewery near the location of its original brewery in Ellon, Scotland. BrewDog is currently crowd-funding the cost—a sobering \$38 million.

Did *The X-Files* predict the future of TV? It sounds like something from Agent Fox Mulder's filing cabinet. But amid talk of resurrecting the hit show, we found connections to the original's nine seasons everywhere. The truth was, indeed, out there all along.—Will Levith



BETTER CALL SAUL

→ *X-Files* fans will remember Michael McKean as smirky FBI agent Morris Fletcher, who is eerily similar to Chuck McGill, schlubby, reclusive brother of Jimmy McGill (a.k.a. Saul).

BREAKING BAD

→ Before creating *Breaking Bad*, Vince Gilligan wrote and produced for *The X-Files*, on which Bryan Cranston plays a man on the run in the desert and Aaron Paul appears as a Pinkmanesque fuckup.

DEXTER

→ James Remar plays a Miami serial killer plagued by delusions on the *X-Files* episode “Daemonicus” before a turn on *Dexter* as father of the Miami serial killer, to whom he appears in ghostly hallucinations. Creepy!

HOMELAND

→ In *The X-Files*' ninth season, Zuleikha Robinson plays the daughter of a terrorist. By season two of *Homeland*, Robinson plays a terrorist. Side note: Robinson also accidentally blows herself up on *Lost*.

SCANDAL

→ After playing a father accused of murdering the mother of his children on *The X-Files*, Joe Morton now plays Olivia's murderous father on *Scandal*. His *X-Files* attorney? Bellamy Young, *Scandal*'s first lady.

THE WALKING DEAD

→ An *X-Files* story arc involving a government conspiracy includes actress Laurie Holden, later of Andrea fame, contracting a virus that turns her into a zombie-esque automaton. Sound familiar?

SONS OF ANARCHY

→ *The X-Files* counts numerous links to the SOA gang, but our favorite is corrupt assistant U.S. attorney Lincoln Potter, played by Ray McKinnon, who also does a turn as *X-Files* serial killer Mad Wayne.

24

→ In the eighth season of *The X-Files*, Agent Dana Scully crosses paths with a CDC doctor played by Penny Johnson while investigating a biochemical weapon, a threat Johnson later faced as *24*'s scheming first lady.



RANDALL PARK

A WET HOT TALK WITH THE MAN WHO TAUNTED NORTH KOREA

• After tackling every job from slinging Frappuccinos to peddling K-Y Jelly on TV, last year Randall Park found himself in the middle of a political crisis that nearly shut down Hollywood. As the guy who plays Kim Jong-un in *The Interview*, the Korean American actor took the spotlight to defend the controversial film just ahead of the debut of his ABC sitcom, *Fresh Off the Boat*. Now, with two new comedies, including Netflix's *Wet Hot American Summer* series, he's ready for a breezier leg of his career, free of meddling, militant supreme leaders. "And if I can avoid doing another K-Y Jelly commercial, I'll be happy," Park says. "I don't want to explain that to my parents again."—Shane Michael Singh

Q+A

PLAYBOY: You're a newbie in *WHAS*'s huge cast of returning players, including Paul Rudd and Amy Poehler. Which absurd story line do you intersect?

PARK: I interact with Molly Shannon, which says a lot about my character. The series takes place over the course of one day, like the movie did; this time it's the first day of camp. It's completely ridiculous. It's so dumb.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to wear moose-knuckle shorts?

PARK: I did not have to wear the short-shorts, thankfully. If I did, though, they would have been übershort.

PLAYBOY: You're also in Amy Schumer's major film debut, *Trainwreck*.

PARK: Women are putting out the most exciting stuff in

comedy right now, and Amy is a genius. In *Trainwreck*, our boss is played by Tilda Swinton, and let me tell you, she's almost unrecognizable in this movie as a "real person." To see her that way was cool but jarring.

PLAYBOY: Next year we elect a new president. What has playing douchey Minnesota governor Danny Chung on *Veep* taught you about politics?

PARK: It has sharpened my ability

to read between the lines and find subtext. But with that, politics now bum me out. It's too bad people care so much about whether Hillary Clinton tipped at Chipotle, but they eat it up.

PLAYBOY: Your Kim Jong-un was surprisingly lovable. What other baddie would you like to tackle?

PARK: It'd be cool to see an Asian Dracula. We've had Blacula but no Asian one. It's time.





PICK YOUR POISON

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF TAILOR-MADE PORN. YOU WANT IT? YOU GOT IT

Mijkai Kakikomi's fantasy—two overtired parents squeezing in a quickie among a sea of toys—is not exactly standard porn fare. Yet a short erotic film based exclusively on his most intimate desires was produced for his viewing pleasure. Sitting down to watch the custom-made 10-minute romp for the first time, Kakikomi was curious and aroused. Afterward, he had one thought: "That's porn on demand."

This is the work of Erika Lust, the Swedish-born adult-film maker who runs XConfessions, a website that turns users' desires into adult content. Every month Lust selects user-submitted "confessions" like Kakikomi's, which she and her Barcelona-based crew then transform into erotic shorts. There's no charge for this or for watching two of the films, but if you want access to the entire XConfessions catalog—including *Boat Buddies With Benefits*, *Do You Find My Feet Suckable?* and *I Found Your Mother*

on *Tinder*—you'll need a subscription.

Characters in Lust's films are "like any guy or girl on the street," she says. It's porn with premium production values, chock-full of the hallmarks of real sex: sweat, grunts and skin. The verisimilitude is key. "It's that idea that these little sex adventures could happen to them," Lust says of her audience.

With porn accounting for an estimated 37 percent of internet content, the only thing you can't google is desire itself. The industry of customized porn hopes to change that, to tailor the very fabric of porn around the limbs of our personal fantasies.

"Fantasies are a way to express a forbidden desire, to escape traditional gender roles," says Justin Lehmler, a social psychologist and author of the popular blog *Sex and Psychology*. "They serve to enhance sexual arousal."

For Lust, porn is about giving users an active role in what turns them on. In a market usually flooded by men, female viewers constitute 40 percent of XConfessions' 70,000-member user

base. Lust thinks personalized porn can upend the experience of erotica for viewers, especially women, who are often starved for reflections of themselves.

Timothy Stokely, CEO of Customs 4U.com, wants to take the concept of personalized porn a step further by bringing it to the cam-girl fanatics. Users choose from more than 1,700 cam models and write up a brief description of what they want to see in their made-to-order experience. Models set their own prices, with amateurs charging as little as \$20 and some porn stars commanding up to \$1,000 for a 10-minute flick. "A custom video is a highly personal product," says Stokely, "in contrast to say, sitting in a cam room with 10 other gentlemen or, worse, in a one-on-one chat with a model whose only interest is the time ticking down in the corner."

Above all, what these custom pornographers hope to create is the most humanized porn experience yet.

"One woman once said to me, 'I'm jealous of the sex the people are having in your films.' That's exactly the response I want," says Lust. "If you can see yourself in my films, then that makes it even hotter, don't you think?"—*Kate Hakala*

GO BIG, GO BISON

CLEAN, LEAN AND FULL OF FLAVOR, BISON IS THE MANLIEST OF MEATS

Yes, grass-fed free-range bison is the preferred protein of the modern hunter-gatherer crew, but when you taste the really good stuff, all thoughts of the Paleo diet will fly right out the window. The meat just tastes damn good. What you want is pasture-raised bison that has been—and this is key—field slaughtered. “The low-stress life and death of the bison guarantee consistently delicious meat,” says Sean Lenihan, founder of online retailer the Honest Bison. We concur. The sweet, mineral, pure-tasting meat will have you cheating on your beef rib eye this summer.

Bison Tomahawk Steak

Order in bulk from TheHonestBison.com and you can cook bison all summer long—starting with this seared steak

Ingredients

1 bison tomahawk steak
Kosher salt
Freshly cracked pepper
2 tbsp. canola oil
4 tbsp. butter
2 sprigs fresh thyme

Method

Generously salt and pepper bison steak on both sides. Let meat come to room temperature. Heat a large cast-iron skillet or griddle over high heat. Add canola oil and heat until smok-

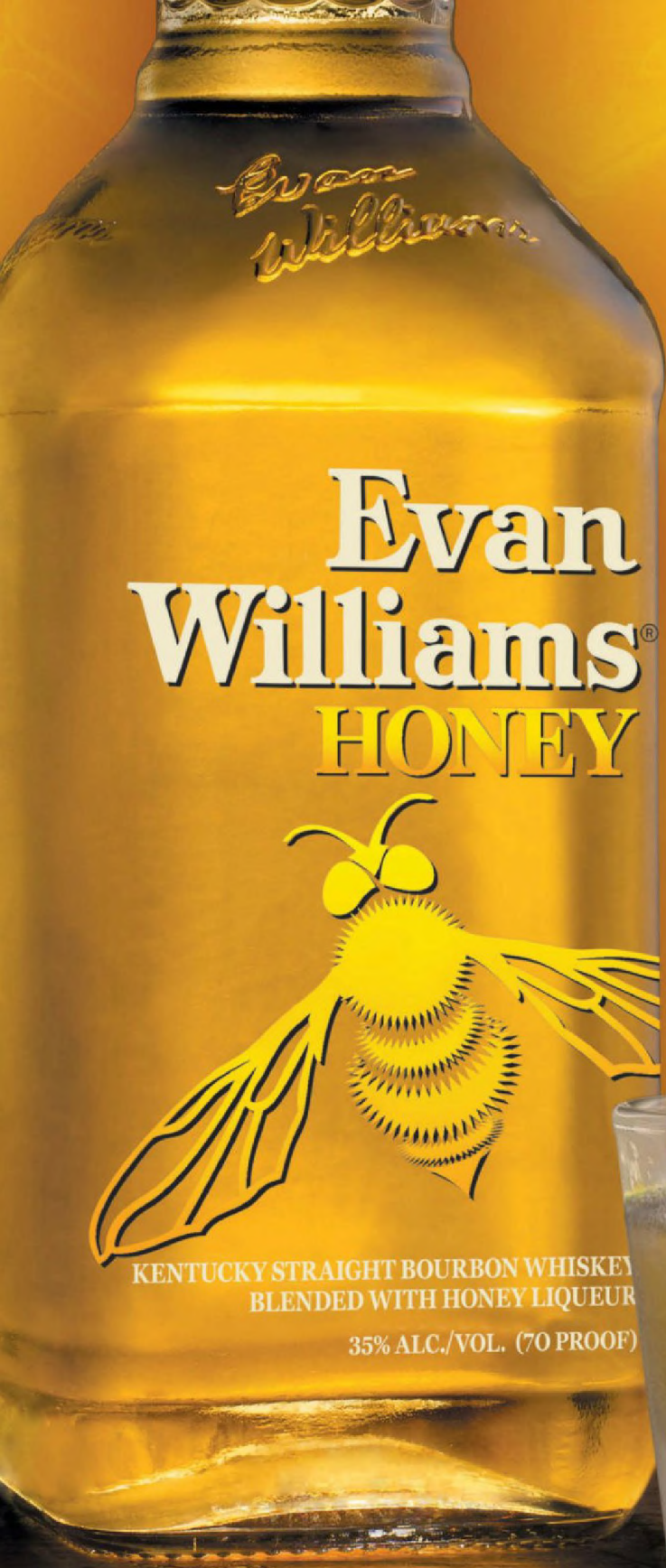
ing. Sear steak on one side until golden brown, about three minutes. Turn steak over and continue cooking. Add butter and fresh thyme to pan. Baste steak with

foaming butter mixture and cook until internal temperature is 120 degrees (use an instant-read thermometer to keep from overcooking the meat). Allow steak to rest 10 minutes before serving.

Raising THE BAR

→ Smoky, savory and citrusy, grass-fed-bison bars from Epic are a less sweet alternative to your typical protein bar.





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WOMEN,
NOT YOUR
SHOT.**



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VODKA ROCKS

COCKTAIL SNOBS BE DAMNED. THE UTILITY PLAYER OF THE LIQUOR CABINET IS BACK

Alex Day is a bartender's bartender: His New York bar Death & Co. is considered one of the world's top spots for mixology, and yes, he loves creating cocktails with vodka, the spirit often unfairly maligned among certain craft bartenders. The thinking typically goes that vodka doesn't have enough character to make an interesting drink. Which makes about as much sense as saying white flour can't produce a good loaf of bread. "Vodka provides a neutral playing field," says Day. "It's on that foundation that the rest of a cocktail's ingredients are given a platform to shine." Here he shares an original recipe and three variations on classic vodka drinks.

AMERICAN SPIRITS

Three Homegrown Bottles

(1) The 86 Co. Aylesbury Duck: a wheat vodka with character, perfect for making the mulligan. **(2) Woody Creek:** a smooth-sipping potato vodka from Colorado. **(3) Zodiac:** a new vodka offering made with Idaho potatoes.



Photography by FRANCESCO TONELLI



The VODKA CLASSICS

The Mulligan

This refreshing, slightly bitter cocktail comes from Alex Day's Los Angeles hot spot the Normandie Club, in Koreatown.

Ingredients

- 1 ripe strawberry
- ½ oz. simple syrup (1 part water to 1 part sugar)
- 1 oz. vodka
- ½ oz. fresh lemon juice
- ½ oz. Amaro Nonino
- ½ oz. Aperol Aperitivo Seltzer

Method

In a cocktail shaker, muddle strawberry and simple syrup. Add all ingredients (except seltzer), shake and strain into a collins glass with ice. Top with seltzer. Garnish with a lemon twist and a strawberry.

MOSCOW MULE

- 2 oz. vodka, ginger beer and ½ oz. lime juice over ice: "Use a spicy, high-quality ginger beer such as Bundaberg, and don't be shy about putting a good half ounce of fresh lime juice in the drink."

VESPER

- 1½ oz. gin, 1 oz. vodka and ¾ oz. Lillet Blanc, served with a lemon twist: "James Bond liked it shaken, but that's bullshit. Choose a light London dry-style gin (such as Plymouth, even though that's not how Bond ordered it) and a vodka with some personality, such as Grey Goose."

FLAME OF LOVE

- 2½ oz. vodka and ½ oz. fino sherry, served with an orange twist: "This drink is all about subtlety and elegance. Because it's really only two ingredients, the choice of those is crucial. Make it with La Gitana Manzanilla, and don't forget the orange twist."



FOLLOW THE BUNNY



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LET'S GET PHYSICAL

IN THE NEAR FUTURE, VIRTUAL REALITY IS GOING TO MAKE YOU WORK UP A SWEAT

► A few years ago, a team of scientists set out to prove a stereotype: Gamers are all fat, depressed losers. This was during the stratospheric rise of *World of Warcraft*, a game so consuming and addictive that players barely left their computers. The video game industry tried honorably to fight the

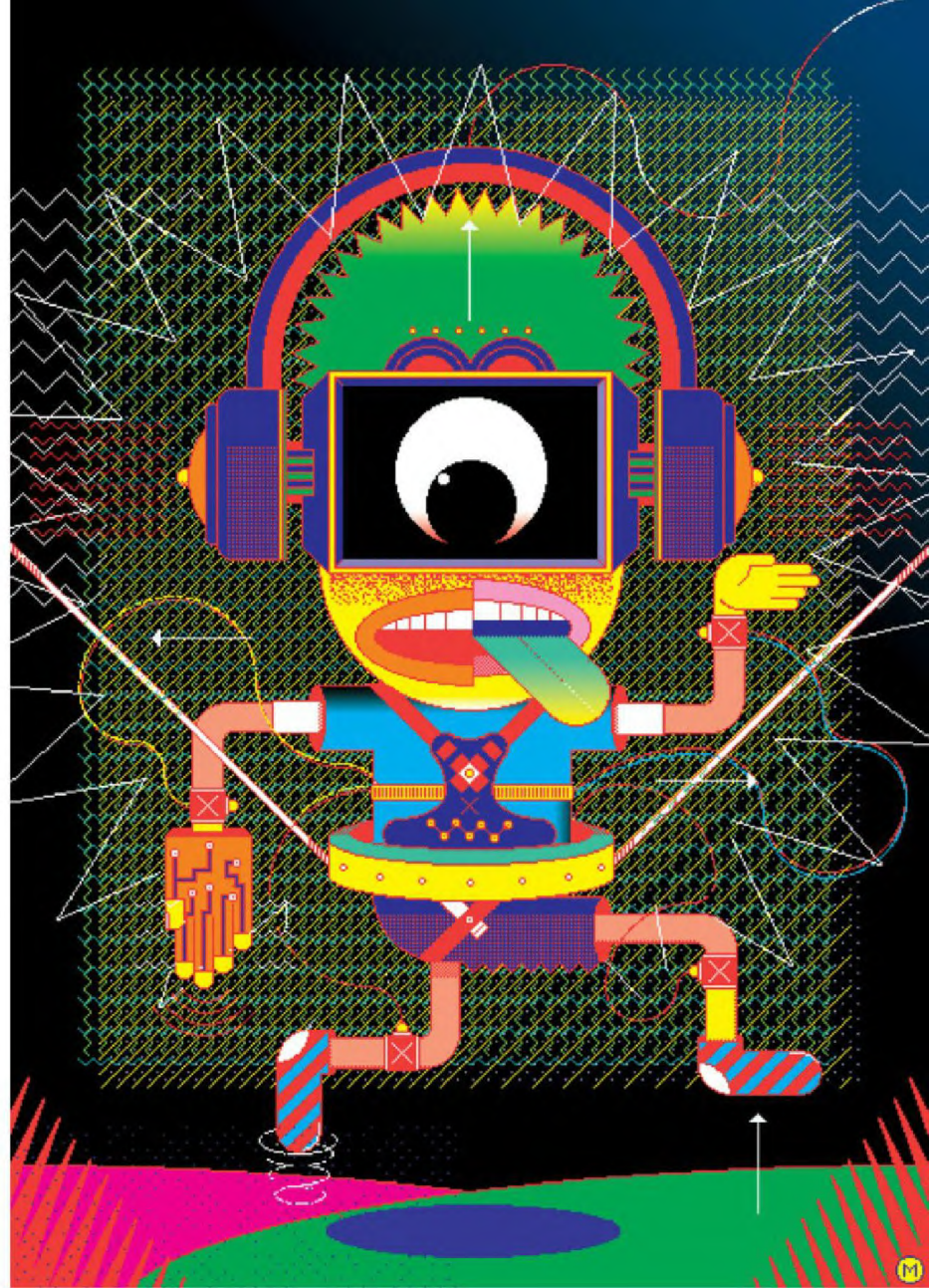
WHAT IF YOU COULD COMBINE THE THRILL OF PLAYING CALL OF DUTY WITH PHYSICAL EXERCISE?

trend with such products as Nintendo's *Wii Fit*, an exercise game aimed at combating this sedentary lifestyle and getting you off your lazy ass. The problem, though, was that playing *Wii Fit* felt like exercise, and

if you didn't reach your goals, your adorable avatar would simply stare back at you, hands on hips, reflecting years of self-loathing in its wide, lifeless eyes. But what if you could combine the thrill of playing *Call of Duty* (or a zombie slayer or gun-toting theoretical physicist) with physical exercise?

The first step is the Oculus Rift, a virtual-reality headset created by Oculus VR, a company Facebook acquired for \$2 billion. The headset hasn't hit shelves yet, but it has already inspired independent developers to create accessories for it. The most promising is the Cyberith Virtualizer, an omnidirectional treadmill equipped with motion sensors. Instead of hitting keystrokes, you control a character's actions with your movements, allowing you to jump, crouch or fire a weapon in your living room.

"Games have always stood apart from other media as a way



to interact with fictional worlds instead of being a passive observer," says Oculus VR co-founder Palmer Luckey. "In the more distant future, the majority of games will be designed with VR in mind." He isn't talking

sci-fi. Sony, Microsoft and HTC are already gearing up to release their own virtual-reality products in the next year or so, and for other indie developers such as Sixense and PrioVR, the creation of full-body motion controllers—either handheld or strapped directly to your body—is the next step. Soon you'll be able to kick and punch through games like *Grand Theft Auto* and *Call of Duty*. In effect, you will become the simulation.

"For many years we've defined our experience as the piece of geometry in front of us," says Ted Schilowitz, a futurist

who is creating virtual-reality experiences for 20th Century Fox. Schilowitz predicts a time when there will be no physical displays, only virtual ones. We'll be wearing our technology, barely aware it's there. "In a few years it will be hard to separate if this is really happening to you or if it's something artificial," he says.

The future sounds exciting—and a little terrifying. Let's hope the machines don't take over when we're living in the Matrix. Spending our lives strapped to a chair definitely doesn't sound like the best workout regimen. —Katherine Brodsky

GO BIG THIS SEASON

→ Let them raise stadium ticket prices—TVs are bigger, better and cheaper than ever before. Our pick is the new Vizio M-Series, which comes in screen sizes from

43 inches to 80 inches and produces gorgeous Ultra HD, the next standard of high def, capable of four times the resolution of a current 1080p HDTV. Built-in wi-fi connects to Netflix, Amazon Instant and other streaming services, and the TV automatically upgrades lower-resolution video to

something close to Ultra. The 55-inch model (\$999, vizio.com) is the best bargain, but the

80-inch version (\$3,999) guarantees you'll be hosting this year's Super Bowl party.



MARK VON ULRICH



STATS	
MERCEDES-BENZ AMG C63 S Sedan	
Engine:	4-liter bi-turbo / Horsepower: 503
Torque:	516 lb.-ft. / Zero to 60: 3.9 seconds
Top speed:	180 mph / Price: \$71,900 base

PERFECT SPORT

MERCEDES-BENZ SAVES THE SPORTS SEDAN

• Parking lots are filled with watered-down, almost-there sports sedans geared toward guys who want speed but also have real responsibilities in life. Mercedes-Benz set out to rescue us from this disappointment, and as we rocketed around Portugal's Autódromo Internacional do Algarve in the C63 S, a chic, polished and lightning-fast four-door, it hit us that M-B came damn close.

The muscle behind the C63 is a 503-horsepower bi-turbo V8 capable of producing a thrilling ride while still getting flogged on the daily. Like its predecessor, the latest C63 remains rear-wheel-drive but paired with a torque band that punches below 2,000 rpm (1,750 rpm, to be exact); it has a sensible outward appearance but can turn fierce on a dime. Skip the burnouts

for a good stretch of tarmac, and you'll find a drive dynamic expected from something much less practical. The car shares its heart with another current AMG model: the GT S. While the C63's steering and suspension setups are less aggressive than its two-seater cousin, they're far from tame. Want proof? Benz's usual drive settings of Eco, Comfort, Sport and Sport+ now include a Race mode.

Inside, the cabin is done up in rich napa leather, contrasting stitch work and a vibe that is anything but boring. Despite an infotainment screen that feels tacked on, it's the first all-purpose sedan we've coveted in a long while.—*William K. Gock*



POPULAR MECHANIC

AN APP THAT DOES EVERYTHING BUT TURN A WRENCH

→ Popping the hood isn't the only way to solve car trouble. Openbay, a company founded to connect car owners with reputable local mechanics, has launched OpenbayConnect, a new app that diagnoses the problem on the spot. Plug a cellular-based node provided by Openbay into your car's OBD II

port (standard on all U.S. vehicles sold after 1995), and Openbay-Connect will gather and analyze vehicle diagnostics. In the event of a malfunction, it sends a list of nearby garages that have an "open bay" for your vehicle, a service estimate and a list of user-generated reviews straight to your phone.



Making Scents

BOTANY CLASS

PLANT-BASED ESSENCES FLOURISH IN SUMMER FRAGRANCES IN EVERY FORM

There are subtler and smarter ways to smell fresh during the long hot summer than just splashing on some after-shave. Supplement your aromatic arsenal with these products that come in scents ranging from forest pine and spicy cedar to citrus rind and basil.—*Vincent Boucher*

BONUS TIP

• Curate your cabinet with cool-looking products to impress snooping guests.



1. Chasing Trail

→ Siskiyou Trail Resin solid cologne from Juniper Ridge summons Pacific Northwest conifer forests in a handy pocket-size beeswax formula.

• \$35 (.5 oz.), juniperridge.com

2. Tree Top-Off

→ Escentric Molecules' Escentric 03 body wash is infused with an extract from the *Sapindus mukorossi* tree and has notes of green peppercorn, ginger root and Mexican lime.

• \$45 (6.75 oz.), mrporter.com

3. Rind About

→ A moisturizer for all skin types, Aēsop's Rind Concentrate body balm gets its kick from oranges. Keep it in the fridge as a quick post-sun cooler.

• \$35 (4 oz.), barneys.com

4. Market Green

→ Basil is good for more than pesto—it's the refreshing ingredient in Gendarme's Green fragrance spray, in a reusable metal container.

• \$90 (6 oz.), barneys.com

5. Beachy Clean

→ Saturdays Surf NYC teamed with the treatment experts at Baxter of California and aloe-packed Pacific Beach Soap in a citrusy herbal blend.

• \$8 (3.5 oz. bar), saturdaysnyc.com

GO BIG

HAWAII'S BIG ISLAND OFFERS CHILL AND CHALLENGING DIVERSIONS

Let other, lesser men sit idle within the confines of a beachside resort. The Big Island of Hawaii is too diverse a place for visitors not to go big before going for the beach and a beer. There are snow-capped volcanoes, black- and white-sand beaches and an underwater world that's home to singing humpbacks, soaring manta rays and more than 600 species of fish—plus eight of the planet's 13 climate zones. Which means that even though mai tais are served aplenty and countless deck chairs are just waiting to be slumped into, intrepid travelers will put those temptations off long enough to get the island's red earth beneath their fingernails, swallow a bit of saltwater and scrape their knees against jagged lava rock until it draws (just a little) blood. After all, a beverage hard-earned is the very best kind.

To the Mountaintop

► The island was born from the mythic and geologic ooze found within **Hawaii Volcanoes**

National Park

(1), where Mauna Loa volcano, a 13,677-foot snow-peaked monstrosity, looms and its dainty yet fiery

younger sibling, Kilauea, glows, thanks to its crater lake of molten lava. But the park is more than the sum of its peaks. It's home to abstract geologic formations and climates ranging from alpine desert to rain forest. We recommend exploring it with Warren Costa (nativeguide.hawaii.com), a trusted Hawaiian guide. His custom trips include

a collection of short two- to four-mile hikes. You'll see the Kilauea crater, walk through the famed Thurston Lava Tube and explore the misty forest.

Of course, if you'd rather simply catch the views and feel the wind in your hair, consider a downhill bicycle ride from summit to sea with Bike Volcano (bikevolcano.com). You'll start by cycling around the rim of the Kilauea crater before coasting through fern forests and past steaming volcanic vents as you cruise toward the deep blue waters.

To the Sea

► The **Four Seasons Hualalai** (2) is the best and most luxurious resort on the island, attracting the likes of Dave Grohl several times a year. Its activities desk offers many ways to have fun in the

Pacific. Paddlers can hop in an outrigger or grab a board and stand-up paddle.

If you're an experienced snorkeler, go spearfishing with Jeremy Selg and **Top-shot Spearfishing** (3). Head out with a guide and spend the morning kicking down to depths of up to 30 feet to hunt roi (peacock grouper), an inedible invasive species introduced to Hawaiian waters in the 1950s whose exploding population has impacted the ecosystem. Your speared roi will become fish emulsion or fertilizer on local organic farms, and if you happen upon some *umaumalei*, jack fish or giant trevally, you can shoot them too. Selg and his team will slice sashimi for you to enjoy after the dives are done and pack the rest to throw

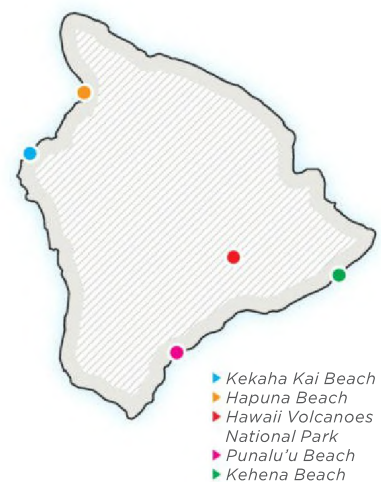
There Will Be Beach

► By now you've earned your right to hit the beach. You can get naked with the hippies and dreamers at the black-sand Kehena Beach in Puna, swim with



on the grill. After nightfall the adventure doesn't have to end. Jack's Diving Locker (jacksdivinglocker.com) offers the best night dives on the island. Offshore from Kona International Airport, the crew sinks underwater floodlights to lure plankton, which attract hungry manta rays and occasional monk seals.

sea turtles off Punalu'u or relax at Kekaha Kai State Park, which features pristine sweeps of white sand surrounded by a barren black lava flow. At sunset find Hapuna Beach near Waimea on the island's west side, where the white sand extends for half a mile, the water is crystal clear on calm days and the sunsets are Technicolor magnificent. —Adam Skolnick



3

1

2



MOVIE OF THE MONTH

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE—ROGUE NATION

By Stephen Rebello

• The trailers make *Mission: Impossible—Rogue Nation*, the fifth in the series, look like a super-size buddy thriller featuring Tom Cruise's death-defying character Ethan Hunt and newly full-fledged IMF agent Benji Dunn (Simon Pegg). Pegg spent months scrambling around London, Vienna and Casablanca with co-stars Jeremy Renner, Ving Rhames and Rebecca Ferguson as they play team members trying to crush an international spy cartel. "[Director] Christopher McQuarrie says the relationship between Tom's

character and mine is the emotional core of the movie," says Pegg. "Benji's an integral part of the story. He does more." More,

as in joining Cruise as he hangs from the side of an Airbus A400 at 5,000 feet? Says Pegg, laughing, "No, but I was on set that day for my bit. Tom has already hung from the world's tallest building; now he's done it with a plane. To top it in the next one, he's going to have to hang from something in space. Despite the crazy stuff he does, the huge grin on his face tells you he's having a great time."



TEASE FRAME

REBECCA HALL

→ British American actress Rebecca Hall is caught in a love triangle with Benedict Cumberbatch during World War I on HBO's *Parade's End* (pictured). She questions another on-screen husband, Jason Bateman, in the dark thriller *The Gift*, in theaters in July.



ADAM SCOTT

The actor tells the naked truth about his comedy *The Overnight*



Q: Were you gung-ho about everything you had to do in *The Overnight*, in which you and Taylor Schilling play an uptight married pair whose dinner date at the home of a couple they've just met goes in some offbeat sexual directions?

A: I got uncomfortable even reading the script. It scared the shit out of me.

Q: At one point you sport a tiny prosthetic penis and Jason Schwartzman sports a whopper. As star and producer, couldn't you have pulled rank and played the better-hung dude?

A: I chose the microscopic one. There was something I liked about playing a guy who has folded dysfunction into his life.

Q: Have you been sexually propositioned in real life as you are in the movie?

A: Every once in a while—especially when everybody's drinking—people will get ballsy and make bold propositions. I don't know what to do with that information. I just have to get out of there.—S.R.



SUMMER CINEMA

SEVEN REASONS TO COOL OFF IN A DARK THEATER



ANT-MAN

• Dr. Hank Pym (Michael Douglas) persuades Scott Lang (Paul Rudd) to don a suit that makes him a miniature Marvel superhero.



TERMINATOR GENISYS

• This *Terminator* "reimagining" ships Kyle Reese (Jai Courtney) back to 1984 to protect Sarah Connor (Emilia Clarke) from robotic assassins.



TRAINWRECK

• Amy Schumer co-wrote and stars in this Judd Apatow comedy about a boozy journalist who's shocked when she falls for her latest interviewee.

IN YOUR LIVING ROOM

KINGSMAN: THE SECRET SERVICE

By David Reddish

• Director Matthew Vaughn (*X-Men: First Class*, *Kick-Ass*) brings his penchant for crazed action and jolly humor to this retro spy romp that plays like an R-rated Bond movie amped on a tub-load of bath salts. Less an homage than a full reinvention of classic 1960s British spy thrillers, *Kingsman* works as both a comedy and an adolescent fantasy about street kid Eggsy (Taron Egerton), a recruit for an ultracompetitive antiterrorist network run by Harry Hart (Colin Firth). Vaughn keeps topping himself with elaborate set pieces featuring plenty of gadgets, stunts and droll comic work from Firth and Samuel L. Jackson, including a bloody church massacre and a kick-ass finale—a tribute to Ken Russell—that has to be seen to be believed. (Blu-ray) **Best extra:** *Panel to Screen: The Education of a 21st Century Super Spy*, a featurette on the evolution from cult comic to blockbuster. 🍷🍷



BEST BEACH READS

By Cat Auer

WALKING WITH ABEL

→ Journalist Anna Badkhen travels by foot through Mali with nomadic Fulani cowherds, following the seasons, the stars and the “immutable movement” of an ancient way of life in this vivid, memorable nonfiction.

THE LEAGUE OF REGRETTABLE SUPERHEROES

→ Jon Morris mines gold from long-forgotten comic books in this colorful, art-heavy

compendium of unsung characters that never caught on, including Lady Satan, Squirrel Girl and, our fave, Thunderbunny.

CONFESSION OF THE LIONESS

→ In this novel about predators, two diarists tell of a lion hunt in an African village, yet it is human nature around which the tale revolves. Beautiful, beguiling fiction from Mozambican Mia Couto.

THE SEVEN GOOD YEARS

→ Etgar Keret’s first nonfiction book comprises 36 supershort witty vignettes, windows into his life as a dad, husband, son, Israeli, writer. Despite the humorous tone and quick pace, there’s much to chew on in these bite-size stories.

UNDER TIBERIUS

→ Perhaps since we know the ending, Nick Tosches crafts a compelling origin story

for Jesus—a “half-shekel thief” turned poser messiah—that’s shot through with both brilliant, wise dialogue and a running joke about well-groomed anuses.

MOLINA

→ Ex-MLB catcher Bengie Molina pays tribute to the “father who raised an unlikely baseball dynasty” in this sweetly told memoir. Baseball is the crux of the story, but the lesson is: family first.

SOUTHPAW

• Jake Gyllenhaal buffs up for this gritty boxing flick about a professional fighter who falls apart after a stalker murders his wife (Rachel McAdams).



THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

• This redo of the 1960s TV spy show stars Henry Cavill and Armie Hammer as secret agents who must stop a criminal organization with Nazi affiliations.

VACATION

• Rusty Griswold (Ed Helms) decides to road-trip with his family for one last jaunt to Walley World in this sequel to the *National Lampoon* classic.



SELF/LESS

• In this sci-fi thriller from director Tarsem Singh, cancer-ridden Ben Kingsley transfers his consciousness into the body of Ryan Reynolds.

TELEVISION

REASONS TO STAY INSIDE

By Josef Adalian



HBO SUNDAY

(A) The cable giant is featuring a slew of movie stars on one night. In addition to Colin Farrell and Vince Vaughn in season two of *True Detective*, Dwayne “the Rock” Johnson plays an ex-gridiron great who mentors current players on *Ballers*, while Tim Robbins and Jack Black star on the political satire *The Brink*.

BLUNT TALK

(B) Patrick Stewart (finally) returns to television via a Starz comedy, and thankfully no sci-fi element

is involved. Instead, Stewart plays a cable-news anchor who is predictably prickly. *Family Guy* guru Seth MacFarlane is a producer, so you should probably keep your kids far, far away.

ZOO

(C) Zombies are so 2014. CBS’s thriller tries to scare the hell out of viewers by imagining what happens when animals attack...and then keep attacking. James Wolk plays a badass zoologist trying to figure out why our furry friends have turned on us.

SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL

(D) Denis Leary, so brilliant on *Rescue Me*, returns to FX as Johnny Rock, an aging musician whose early-1990s path to stardom was derailed by drugs and a penchant for screwing his bandmates’ women. This dark comedy picks up 25 years later, with Rock still hopping for redemption.

HUMANS

(E) This is shaping up to be the year of the robot. In the wake of *Chappie* and *Ex Machina*, AMC gets into the android

game with a sci-fi thriller set in a world where synthetic personal assistants are as common as iPads. William Hurt stars.

WET HOT AMERICAN SUMMER: FIRST DAY OF CAMP

Writer-director David Wain’s 2001 cult comedy—which introduced America to Bradley Cooper, Amy Poehler and many more—has been revived as an eight-episode Netflix prequel. Amazingly, almost all the gang from Camp Firewood are back for the reunion.

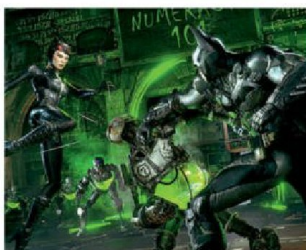
GAME

BATMAN: ARKHAM KNIGHT

By Jason Buhmester

• The best thing about the Batman video-game series is how dark the Dark Knight actually gets. On that point: *Batman: Arkham Knight*, the

series conclusion, is the first with a “Mature” rating. That’s because Batman has to kick the hell out of Scarecrow and



a gang of criminals intent on destroying Gotham. Batman is best when he lurks in the shadows, luring enemies into traps or a knockout punch, but the controls also let him take on large groups of foes at once. This game marks the first appearance of the Batmobile. If things get too wild, call it in, slip into military-grade battle mode and let the missile barrage clear a path back to the Batcave. ★★★★★



MUSIC

THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

By Rob Tannenbaum

• Years before directing *Wayne’s World*, Penelope Spheeris began a trilogy of documentaries about L.A. musicians. The first two *Decline of Western Civilization* docs are among the greatest rock movies ever made—and until the release of this four-disc boxed set packed with extras, they existed only on VHS. As Spheeris moves from 1980 punk to 1988 hair metal back to punk in 1998, she warmly depicts the many varieties of misdeeds that result from mixing booze, drugs, boredom, wealth, poverty, anger and wit. They’re grimy mementos of an earlier, better generation of rock films. ★★★★★



FFS

• In addition to being our favorite online acronym, FFS is a collaboration between youngish New Wave foursome Franz Ferdinand and oldish New Wave duo Sparks. The group’s perky, urbane songs cite Sartre, Liszt, de Kooning, Eames chairs, Hugo Boss and the Bundesliga, making this eponymous album a cavalcade of cleverness. ★★★★★

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SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL



ONCE A
HEATHEN
ALWAYS A
HEATHEN

7.16 **FX**
THURS 10



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Gadgets + Gear

Heavy Metal Kitchen

1. Indoor Games

→ Bring the foosball from the basement to the kitchen and add some rugged sophistication. This design from **Restoration Hardware** mixes durable wood and stainless steel for a unique look that has a place in every man's home. [\\$3,395, rh.com](#)

2. Looking Sharp

→ If you think all kitchenware is the same no matter how you slice it, think again. **The Federal's** handmade set of maple knives not only look cool, but their carefully balanced weight

makes them a true culinary contender. [\\$99, warehousebrand.com](#)

3. Brass Meat Knuckles

→ It's all in the details. Toughen up your kitchen with **DCI's** badass meat tenderizer that doubles as brass knuckles. [\\$12, shop.dcigift.com](#)

4. Flight School

→ Bespoke furniture ups the ante in any crib. Have a friend that needs to be cut off? Put him on **Hangar 54's** ultra-cool bar stool made from the ejector seat of a combat aircraft. [\\$13,400, hangar54.com](#)



BOT SERVICE

Drone Waiter: The Future of Serving

→ Throwing a house party? Ditch the catering staff and impress your guests with the future of serving: flying robotic waiters. Already taking flight in Singapore, the **Infinium-Serve** is a solution to a shortage of resources in the service industry, but the robot can also play a major role in your home-entertaining experience. The Infinium-Serve navigates through infrared sensors that allow them to avoid running into one another—and humans—and can carry up to 4.4 pounds, hovering just above human height to deliver your meal.



THE MOST HIGHLY AWARDED TEQUILA OF 2014

GET YOURS AT WWW.RESERVEBAR.COM

FIND OUT MORE INFORMATION AT WWW.HORNITOSTEQUILA.COM

Do Not DISTURB



- For every extra hour of sleep a woman gets, she is 14% more likely to have sex the next day, according to a University of Michigan study.

BLAST OFF

Easiest color to produce in fireworks: **orange**

Most difficult color to produce in fireworks: **blue**

How much cities spend on Fourth of July fireworks displays:

- NEW YORK \$1.9 million
- PHILADELPHIA \$2.1 million
- BOSTON \$2.5 million



Face THE FACTS

- Women find stubble more attractive than a full beard, and a full beard more attractive than a clean-shaven face, according to a 2014 study.



GOOD HEAVENS



What do Americans pray for? According to LifeWay Research:

FOR THEIR ENEMIES

37%

WINNING THE LOTTERY

21%

FAVORITE TEAM TO WIN

13%

FINDING A SWEET PARKING SPOT

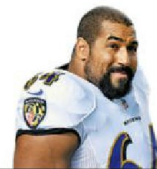
7%

FOR CELEBRITIES

5%



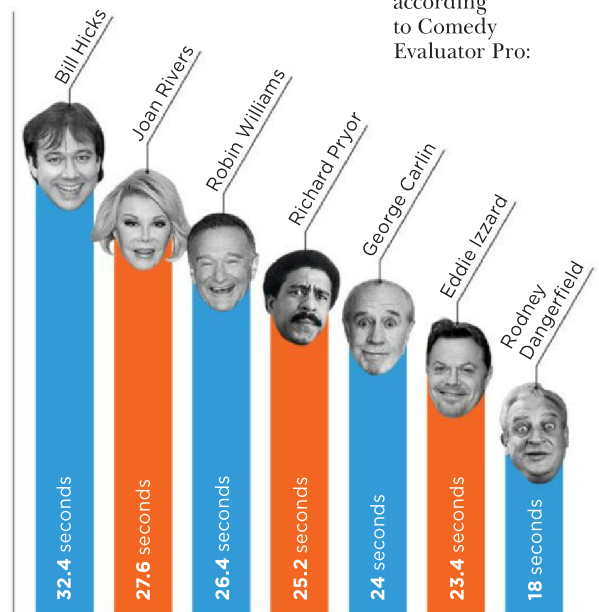
“A Cascadic Multigrid Algorithm for Computing the Fiedler Vector of Graph Laplacians”



- Title of article co-authored by Baltimore Ravens offensive lineman John Urschel last year for the *Journal of Computational Mathematics*.

LAUGH IT UP

- Seconds of laughter per minute earned by comedians, according to Comedy Evaluator Pro:



The SEX FACTOR



- Art students get busy far more often than their classmates, according to a survey by a British student newspaper. Who else is getting laid more than their peers? Those who love grilled-cheese sandwiches have more sex than those who don't, according to dating site Skout.

HIGH TIMES

\$52.6

MILLION

Amount the state of Colorado made in 2014 from marijuana taxes, licenses and fees.



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THE BS OF BBQ

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BOY MEETS GRILL? MEET THE UGLY SIDE OF THE MALE EGO

There are few times that men are as impressed with themselves as they are when they barbecue. And men are constantly impressed with themselves. They're impressed with themselves when they watch a football game and predict a play that is obviously going to happen. When they win a bet on an event they had absolutely nothing to do with. When anything comes out of their penis.

Men who cannot make dinner in the kitchen suddenly consider themselves *Top Chef* contestants as soon as they cross the patio threshold. They believe that heating meat over a propane-fueled Weber has no relationship to the girly activity of heating meat over a gas-fueled stove. Nothing excites men as much as flipping things. I know this because the only other thing men cook is pancakes. I know this from watching a lot of porn.

Men like to believe that women can't work the grill because they're afraid of fire, which men don't seem to remember when they're lavishing women with candles and a fireplace, thinking it will help them get laid. Grilling has been so hyper-masculinized that I have seen barbecue pits made out of oil drums, a howitzer, a police car and an airplane. There's a nationwide barbecue-competition circuit with events every weekend where men get to smell like smoke and drink beer while participating in a sport. Teams have names such as Slap Yo Daddy, Bub-Ba-Q and Hot Grill on Grill Action. And as in all great sports, there is a barbecue fantasy league. It's the only fantasy league where the real team names have puns just as stupid as the fantasy league team names.

Cooking outside became a guy thing in the 1950s, when newly suburban men were encouraged to spend less time in bars and more time with their families. So they carved out a small space in their backyard and turned it into a bar. And because there's no TV with sports on to



talk about, men have found something even more boring to talk about: how to barbecue. Men gather to critique the Grillmaster—which is what he likes to be called—for flipping too often or not often enough or keeping the fire too high or too low or in the wrong place. You can see why women stay away from the grill. And men.

Grilling and smoking are the least work-intensive forms of making dinner besides GrubHub. Grilling involves a cooking surface you don't even have to clean. The two most popular English words that come from the Carib Indians are *barbecue* and *hammock*, though I would not be surprised if they also came up with GrubHub.

The reason you rarely see women working a grill isn't because they aren't capable. It's because they're busy doing all the actual cooking while men stand at the grill and act as though they're making dinner. There's always some woman chopping vegetables, preparing side dishes and baking dessert while the dude takes all the credit for flipping a piece of meat once and touching it with his thumb 57 times—each time explaining that thing about how you can move your fingers in different ways to make your palm feel like medium rare or medium well. In a restaurant, no one would ever call the person who does that job a "chef." He would be a lowly line cook. And he would be ordered around by the *saucier*. No one reviewing a three-star Michelin restaurant says the sausages and onions were grilled with the deft hand of a sweaty fat guy nodding his head to Van Halen.

BY
JOEL
STEIN

Yes, conceptually, cooking outside is rugged and challenging. Lewis and Clark ate something called ash cakes, which were balls of dough thrown on the bottom of the fire and were not really so much cakes but very much ash. Cooking on a grill is cooking outside only in the way that sleeping in a Fleetwood Providence RV is camping. And as with all male hobbies besides masturbating, a lot of unnecessary technology gets added. Brookstone offers an instant marinater that claims to deliver "all the benefits of marinating without the time-consuming hassle" of dropping meat into liquid and walking away for four hours. There's a \$100 "Bluetooth smart grilling thermometer," a motorized grill brush and a Shop-Vac ash vacuum. If you have any of this stuff, you aren't mastering fire, you're mastering the same integrated circuits you master in your cubicle. Lynx makes a \$9,000 Smart Grill that lets you activate it by

saying "Cook steak" and then tells you when to flip it by talking to you. This is the kind of stuff men will show off despite the fact that it is so indulgent and lazy it should come with all the shame of getting a happy ending from a robot.

Grilling is peacocking at its worst, with men hogging the one time the cook is put on display at a party instead of shoved in the background like a servant. We need to bring gender equity to the backyard party. And if we absolutely have to be sexist about barbecues, we could at least go to pool parties where women in bikinis sweat over a grill while we check on our burgers way too often. ■

FLAVIO MORAIS

FEMINISTS WITH BENEFITS

HERE'S WHAT MEN NEED TO KNOW ABOUT FEMINISM: IT MAKES FOR GREAT SEX

Feminism. You hear that word or see it in print and it causes you to feel something. It has more baggage than a bride or groom left at the altar. It turns a lot of people off, especially men. I get it. Feminism can come off as bitchy. Self-righteous. Whiny. Alienating. Man-hating. The opposite of sexy. It's why a lot of young female celebrities have distanced themselves from it lately—publicly proclaiming they aren't feminists. They think *feminism* is a dirty word. And I'm here to agree that feminism is a dirty word. But I differ on the kind of dirty.... A lot of women and men think feminism isn't sexy, but I think it's very sexy, and I think you should too.

I want to start by apologizing for the sex I had early on in my sexual career. Not to the guys; I want to apologize to myself. I didn't know how much better it could be. There were some not-great experiences for both parties. He: "How is it?" Me: "Great." He: "Wait, it's not even in." Oops. He: "Did you finish?" Me: "I think I almost sort of kind of had something." He: "Did you fall asleep?" Me: "Just for a second." I thought sex was for the guy. I didn't know it was for me too. I was insecure about sex and, more specifically, about my body and everything it did. One time I was hooking up with a guy, and his toilet overflowed after I'd gone number two; instead of asking him for a plunger, I scooped my poop out with a red Solo cup and threw it in his kitchen trash. Not my proudest moment. I was insecure because I was worried he wouldn't like me if he knew I was human. The guy must certainly have thought somebody he knew was inhuman when he found shit in a Solo cup on trash day.

I'm not saying that finding my inner feminist made me want to start shitting

with the door open, but feminism is about the freedom to enter every situation as an equal, whether it's a voting booth or a romantic encounter in a guy's camper in your friend's driveway. Being equal gives you confidence, and confidence is what good sex is all about. When I stopped worrying about what the guy thought of me and started thinking about what was fun for me (because it was *my* hookup too), I started to enjoy sex. And that made sex better for everyone. I had a lot of fun with that camper guy (and just to be clear, he did have a house, but it was far and we might have had some/many drinks). It would have been a perfect hookup if I hadn't had to go into my friend's house to use the bathroom in the morning. I know what you're thinking after hearing about my Solo cup incident: Just use a bush. But that wasn't an option since we were in bear country—grizzly bear country. So I did that bathroom walk through my friend's house and held my head up high, a walk of *no* shame, because I was not in fact ashamed. Why would I be ashamed of having a great time with an outdoorsy mountain man whose last one-night stand had been with a pack of wolves in a rock cave? Thank you, feminism!

Feminism can sometimes seem like this giant tidal wave, big and amorphous. But feminism is also intimate, personal and individual. It's happening in bedrooms (and campers) all over this

country. For me feminism is not only about the freedom to become president (seems like a done deal); it's also about the freedom to say to a guy, "You're four inches away from my clitoris." And not think my life is over if he's offended and won't marry me. And the freedom for him to say to me, "You're way too close to my butthole," or, "You're way too *far away* from my butthole." And for me not to go into a crisis of confidence over that criticism is feminism. Yes, a lot of other things are feminism, but so is that. I *will* publicly apologize here to the guy I gave really, really tight hand jobs to. I wish

I'd felt empowered enough back then to say, "Hey, how does this whole hand-job thing work? I haven't done this much and it's before the internet." If we had a time machine and that "victim" thought feminism would have saved him from my hand gripping his manhood with the force of a hundred

rubber bands, then I bet he would have joined in all the feminist marches.

I am very proud to be a feminist. And I'm not scared that boys won't like me because I am one. In fact, I hope after reading this you'll consider becoming (or staying) a feminist too. Because being equal is better for everyone. In bed (and in life) you deserve someone who wants to make themselves happy as much as they want to make you happy. It's how everyone actually gets what they want. Trust me, feminism is your friend—your friend with benefits. ■

BY
HILARY
WINSTON



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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have been having sex on Sundays like clockwork. After years of being the instigator, I am pleased to report that she is now initiating sex. Also, I've noticed a pattern: She consistently starts right after we watch *Game of Thrones*. What gives?—R.Q., Scottsdale, Arizona

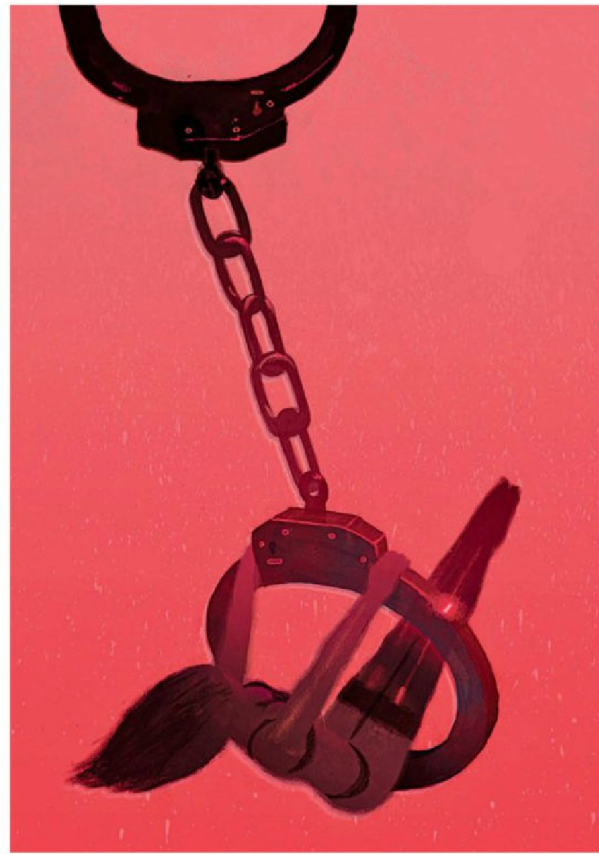
Game of Thrones has done wonders for Sunday-night sex in formerly fallow relationships: It has enough action—of both types—to keep guys interested and enough intrigue, soap opera-style plotting and romance for the ladies. While the rampant nudity and frequent sex are titillating to both men and women, the romance is likely what inspires your wife to make the moves. Several studies indicate that women respond to a combination of visual representations of sex and a story line/narrative, while men simply require the visuals.

Do penis pumps and penis-enlargement pills really work? My penis is smaller than average when not erect and about six inches when fully erect. My current girlfriend claims her previous boyfriends had much larger penises than mine but that she enjoys having sex with me. I don't believe her.—S.T., Houston, Texas

Pumps and pills don't work. The thing you need to work on isn't the size of your penis but your attitude about what you've got. Over the years we have fielded countless questions about penis enlargement, average penis size, whether penis size matters, etc. First of all, your penis isn't small compared with the general population's. The latest study of any significance synthesized data from 17 global studies to arrive at the following numbers, which should put your mind at ease: The average erect penis is 5.16 inches long, and only five percent of men have a penis that measures 6.3 inches when erect. So you're doing way better than average and are edging toward what we would call, in economic terms, an upper-middle-class cock.

I recently started working out at a gym. Looking in the mirror, I've noticed that my left biceps is markedly smaller than my right. Coincidentally, I'm right-handed. Is this normal, and how do I fix the imbalance?—M.D., Poughkeepsie, New York

If you're doing curls with a straight bar or a preacher curl weight machine, it's easy to cheat, which means you could be avoiding giving your left biceps maximum resistance.



My girlfriend wants me to handcuff her during sex (yes, thanks to *Fifty Shades of Grey*) but is afraid of being stuck in the cuffs should the lock release fail. Any suggestions on how I can convince her it's safe?—H.K., Tulsa, Oklahoma

*Her fears are not unfounded. When the book's popularity reached a peak, police and fire departments reported an increase in calls from couples who'd gotten in over their heads and needed emergency extraction. For around \$15 you can buy officially branded *Fifty Shades* "You Are Mine" cuffs, which have a built-in safety release, or police-training cuffs, which are made of heavier metal and also have a release switch. For more serious restraint, the BDSM community recommends specially designed bondage cuffs made with larger leather straps that decrease the risk of nerve damage associated with traditional handcuffs.*

Use separate dumbbells, one for each hand, and make sure you bring the weights up and down through your biceps' full range of motion with both arms. People always have a dominant arm that they use for opening doors, carrying groceries, lifting luggage, etc., which is what causes one arm to be bigger than the other. Try to switch these everyday tasks to your left, nondominant arm. You'll notice that it's likely weaker from being underused. Over time you will develop more symmetry, but don't overthink it. Everyone's body is asymmetrical, and you're probably the only person who notices it.

What are you supposed to wear when you go to a big boxing match? When I watch fights on TV I see some guys in T-shirts while others are wearing really nice suits.—G.S., Brockton, Massachusetts

The closer you are to the ring, the better you should dress. In most seats, nobody will think you're disrespecting the event or yourself by wearing jeans and a hoodie. But if you're sitting on the floor or the first few risers, there's a good chance you'll end up on TV or on the big screens, and here—more than in any other sport except tennis and golf—you don't want to look like a slob. At the very least wear a nice polo or crisp collared shirt. A blazer wouldn't hurt. Look at all the boxers at the Manny Pacquiao-Floyd Mayweather fight: Mike Tyson, Sugar Ray Leonard and Oscar De La Hoya all wore blazers. Promoters can even get away with wearing a tuxedo.

When I was growing up, my father instilled in me a belief that, as a U.S. citizen, I should buy only American-made cars. His position was based primarily on patriotism, but as an adult I have followed this rule because I assumed it was better for the domestic economy if my money went to companies based in the United States. But now, with so many foreign vehicles being manufactured in the U.S.—and so many U.S. automakers having their cars manufactured and/or assembled overseas—my rule seems naively nationalistic and economically outdated. What's the reality?—C.B., Rochester, New York

There are many realities at play in this issue. You're right that the Big Three automakers (GM, Ford and Chrysler) are sourcing many car parts from overseas, and consequently there is no car on the market that's 100 percent American-made. Some Big Three cars contain less than 50 percent American-made parts, and some foreign cars are made with up to 75 percent American parts. In either case you're supporting the U.S. economy to some degree. To ensure you keep most of the money on the home front, consult the handy annual American Made Index, which ranks cars based on both the percentage of domestic parts and their final point of assembly. The most recent top 10 are overwhelmingly Japanese, with the Toyota Camry and the Honda Odyssey being among the most American car models. But the number one most American vehicle is the Ford F-150—and it's made by an American company. If the F-150 is too big and

practical for you, you'll have to settle for the second American car on the list: the Corvette.

I am a healthy and energetic 38-year-old man. My wife and I recently started to dabble in swinging, but I've been having complications. I have lost my erection on four separate occasions (three of which were with the same couple, whom we've known for many years and are comfortable with). I have a full erection when we start out, but when I get ready to have sex with the other woman my erection disappears and I can't get it back. Both of the women we've been with are beautiful and I'm attracted to them. And I'm not bothered that my wife is with the other male. Can you help me with this psychological downer? It's rather embarrassing and puts a crimp on the experience for everyone involved.—R.G., Lubbock, Texas

Sometimes your little head lets you know what your big head is feeling. Just because you can't keep it up and penetrate doesn't mean you can't participate in other ways. Swinging isn't always a—excuse the pun—tit-for-tat endeavor. There are many other sexual activities you can explore wholeheartedly and still play a crucial part in the festivities, either through oral sex or with toys. Also, it's possible it's not you but them. In swinging as in the non-swinging world, sometimes you need a little chemistry to get things going. Maybe you and your wife haven't found the perfect partners yet. Either way, you're still a relative newbie in the swinging world, so give yourself a break and don't put any pressure on yourself. Find a way to have fun, whatever form it might take.

I'm a 40-year-old man who has never been married. I work out regularly, practice good hygiene and make good money as an attorney. Prior to meeting my current girlfriend, I dated girls I'd met on Match.com and at my local gym. I was amazed at the carefree attitude they had about condoms. They never insisted that I wear one and, as a matter of fact, never even brought the subject up. The girl I'm with now asked "Shouldn't you wear a condom?" the first time—and after I told her I was fixed, she was okay with my going in bareback. I'm curious if this is a new trend. Aren't women concerned about getting pregnant or catching sexually transmitted diseases? I'm sure I would be.—F.L., Sherman Oaks, California

You should be concerned. And you should also take responsibility for your side of the equation and insist on wearing a condom whenever you are with a new date. Unfortunately, the cavalier attitude you describe isn't a new trend, nor is it limited to your age group. According to a recent study, only 60 percent of teenagers report using condoms, and scarily, it turns out they're practicing safer sex than adults do. The same study showed that condom use actually declines with age. So as you make your way

in life and the dating world, please do your part to help reverse that trend.

For 25 years I was happily married to a wonderful woman. We were as close to perfect as a couple could get. That being said, I lost her to cancer in 2012. It was, as you might expect, devastating to watch my wife slowly deteriorate and ultimately pass away. Knowing this would be the case, I sought out counselors to speak to so I would be able to remain strong and care for her properly—and also deal with my grief afterward. Now, I'm doing quite well and feel I'm ready to date and possibly pursue a relationship. This is the problem: I have absolutely no idea what I'm doing when I meet women. I signed up with one of the more popular dating sites, but I find it too impersonal. Some of my close friends try to give me advice, but it all boils down to the fact that I was with this woman happily for so long that I feel really awkward when I speak to any other women. I try to be "myself," but I have the feeling of being in way over my head. Am I thinking about this too much? Any advice is greatly appreciated.—G.P., Cleveland, Ohio

It's natural to be overwhelmed by emotions when presented with the idea of being with a woman other than your late wife, with whom you obviously had an especially close relationship. Grief is a powerful thing; it becomes part of us. Three years into the grieving process isn't that long considering the length and depth of your relationship. You say you're ready to try a new relationship, and that's something to honor as mindfully as possible as you continue to move forward. The fact that you feel in over your head isn't a sign you should ignore. Take it slow, take the pressure off yourself, and be honest about where you are in life with the women you meet and date. You may not be ready to commit and they may not be either, but only by moving forward with it will you learn where you stand in life. It's good that you're talking to friends about it and looking for help. Continue to be open and honest and connected, but also consider going back to therapy or at least talking to a grief counselor about this change. This is a big step for you, and you don't need to do it alone or without a bit of professional insight and support.

I recently took a girl I've been really good friends with for three years on a date. We have a history of flirting, and I want something more with her. I told her how I feel and she said she feels the same. I learned she's moving out of town in a few months, which puts some pressure on the situation. If it works out, it will be a long-distance relationship. I've heard they're tough to pull off, but she's worth it. While we were on the date, she was giving me subtle hints to make a move, just with things she said, the way she looked at me and her body language. The problem is I

don't want to make the wrong move. After I brought her back to her place, we just hugged and then went our separate ways. Now I can't help but regret that I didn't go in for a kiss. My question is, do girls like it when guys just go for things like that? Also, would it be a good idea for me to do that the next time I see her? She's really cool and down-to-earth, so I'm not worried about ruining our friendship. I just need advice for the next time we go on a date, because it will be soon and I want to move our relationship further. I really hope you can help me.—T.A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

You sound as though you haven't had a lot of dating experience, so you might find it useful to hear about the hindsight of those on the other side. We've heard too many men in midlife say they wish they'd made a move when they had the chance. We're talking decades after a moment like this. With all the signs you've listed, you would be perfectly justified in making at least an exploratory move. If you're rebuffed, so be it. It sounds like your relationship can take the hit (we've also heard just as many stories from men who have weathered this sort of misunderstanding). Make the move.

Lately I have been to a couple of restaurants that have communal coed sinks. Men and women use separate bathrooms but wash their hands at the same place. This inevitably means people of both genders are waiting to use the same sink. I recently had to wait for a woman to touch up her makeup. Typically after urinating I don't feel compelled to wash up, but I was afraid the woman would judge me if I didn't. And she made me wait for the privilege. I'm not sure I'm into this much equality.—D.V., New York, New York

Equality is one thing. Equivalent bathroom behavior is another thing altogether. In a shared space, always, regardless of the genders involved, be on your best behavior. Just because you trust yourself and your hygiene doesn't mean every other guy in the men's room will wash up thoroughly. Not only are they potentially spreading their germs, you could be unwittingly bringing their fecal matter into your french fries when you go back to the table. Hygiene aside, be patient and polite. Wash your hands, put the seat down after you go, don't primp your pompadour too much, and above all, don't do what a particularly tall and somewhat tipsy male friend of ours did when he mistook the communal sink for a urinal.

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.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEREMY RENNER

A candid conversation with the indie darling turned action star about the important stuff: work, love, tabloid rumors and real estate

Moviegoers tend to like Jeremy Renner best when he plays two-fisted, daring, close-to-the-vest tough guys. He was, after all, so convincing as *The Hurt Locker*'s Army maverick defusing bombs in Iraq that he snagged a 2010 best actor Oscar nomination. Playing a hot-wired, nothing-to-lose Boston bank robber in *The Town* the next year, Renner clinched a best supporting actor Oscar nomination. He's no less watchable when he dials down the macho, as he's shown as *American Hustle*'s shady New Jersey mayor and as *Kill the Messenger*'s persecuted whistle-blower. But he's completely in the zone drawing a crossbow as Hawkeye in the *Avengers* superhero flicks, busting out Muay Thai moves as a member of the *Mission: Impossible* spy team and running up the side of a three-story building as a genetically enhanced black-ops agent in *The Bourne Legacy*. That's why this is the summer of Renner. He's in two epics: *Avengers: Age of Ultron*, which topped the box office, and *Mission: Impossible—Rogue Nation*, coming in July.

Offscreen Renner is equally colorful. He caused talk for commenting on the bodacious breasts of Jennifer Lopez, his co-presenter, at this year's Golden Globe Awards. He and his *Avengers* co-star Chris Evans stoked the internet outrage machine when they jokingly referred to

their fellow superhero *Black Widow* as a slut. Evans apologized, while Renner pointed out the obvious: He was talking about fictional behavior of a fictional character. He has also flipped the bird at those who speculate about his sexual orientation. On one subject, though, he has been tight-lipped: the gnarly ongoing divorce from his wife of 10 months, 24-year-old actress-model Sonni Pacheco, with whom he recently came to a joint-custody agreement concerning their two-year-old daughter, Ava.

Jeremy Lee Renner (nickname Renni) was born in working-class Modesto, California on January 7, 1971 to a mother who ruled a roost of four kids and a father who managed a bowling center and later became a college administrator. (They divorced when Renner, the oldest, was eight.) After graduating from Beyer High School, where sports and playing in a rock band helped him overcome shyness, he attended Modesto Junior College, gravitating toward computer science until he discovered the school's theater department.

In 1992, after studying at the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco, he moved to Los Angeles and landed the lead role in 1995's *National Lampoon's Senior Trip*, starred in a series of beer commercials and did TV movies and series guest spots including a

role as a vampire on *Angel*. His 2002 *Independent Spirit Award*-nominated performance as the people-eating serial killer in *Dahmer* helped pave the way to his big-budget breakthrough role as a dirty cop in *S.W.A.T.*, followed by *28 Weeks Later*, *The Assassination of Jesse James* by the Coward Robert Ford and a stint on the short-lived 2009 NYPD cop series *The Unusuals*. But once Renner collected multiple award nominations for *The Hurt Locker* and *The Town*, he moved up to legitimate stardom.

PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor **Stephen Rebello**, who last interviewed Joaquin Phoenix, to catch up with Renner. Reports Rebello: "Jeremy Renner's experience augmenting his acting by dabbling in real estate has paid off. We met at his sprawling, sleek home, sitting on a terrace that rings the Frank Lloyd Wright-inspired house. The view was spectacular. Renner has a watchful gaze that many people mistake for a suspicious nature. But during our long conversations I found him to be unexpectedly bighearted, philosophical and thoughtful. It's astonishing to watch Hawkeye turn into Mr. Rogers when he's playing at home with his two-year-old."

PLAYBOY: You've grabbed attention and critical acclaim for roles in indie-minded movies as different as *The Hurt Locker*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MULLER

"As a very late bloomer, even physically, I was still always confident when it came to sports. I dominated in a lot of things. Even if I didn't always like school, I had a practical sensibility about things."

"I was so small-town that when I won my first lead, in *National Lampoon's Senior Trip*, I called my mom and told her, 'I'm going to Toronto to film a movie.' But I didn't even know where Toronto was."

"I want to learn to fly a helicopter. Has having my daughter stopped me from that? We can croak at any moment doing the stupidest things. What message would that send? That living life with fear is a good thing?"

and *Kill the Messenger*, but audiences know you best as an action hero in *The Avengers*, *Mission: Impossible* and *The Bourne Legacy*. Are you anywhere near as fearless as those characters?

RENNER: Fear is a huge part of most people's lives. It's a very oppressive human emotion, the most powerful human emotion. Every day from when I was 22 to 32, I deliberately and consciously did things to fight fear. Things I was afraid of, like guns, sharks, heights, success, intimacy? I've checked those off the list. Even in the beginning of my career, my confidence always came from being fearless. I always went in to auditions with the attitude "I dare you not to cast me." I went in and did what I thought was honest, truthful and just different. Maybe it was wrong. I didn't care. Maybe they thought it was the worst. I didn't care. I just went in, and still go in, with absolute fearlessness. It's my strength as an actor.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned guns. Many of your characters use them. Are you still afraid?

RENNER: A gun is a really easy and terrifying thing to be afraid of. I like guns now, but I have only a couple—a couple at this structure and one at another. I got good at them, and then I found a love for them.

PLAYBOY: Do you carry a gun?

RENNER: No. For me it's for home protection or sport shooting or target practice. I'm not a hunter. I spent a lot of time training for movies, shooting and getting comfortable with weapons. There's no fear for me *ever* in a weapon now. I also have a few swords, but that's because of what they mean to me; there's a lot of history behind them. They're all tucked away and hidden now that I have a baby.

PLAYBOY: What risks won't you take?

RENNER: None. I've been riding a motorcycle for a long time. I used to be kind of daring on it. Now I ride because I enjoy the experience. I'm not a daredevil doing wheelies, and I don't ride fast. That's not because of my daughter; it's because that's where I'm at in my life. I'm not jumping out of planes. But would I, if I had the opportunity? I've wanted to do that for a good 30 years, so I would consider it. I want to learn to fly a helicopter. Is that dangerous? Sure, I guess it's just as dangerous as anything else in life. Has having my daughter, Ava, stopped me from doing that? We can croak at any moment doing the stupidest things. It would be a great disservice to her if, when she was older, she thought, Dad stopped riding motorcycles or started getting soft and protective of his own life because he wanted to be around for me. What message does that send? That living life with fear is a good thing? I'd rather that she knows I'd go out with a smile on my face living ac-

countably, consciously and responsibly in my actions.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you had to defend yourself?

RENNER: I've never been in a real physical fight. There's no reason to fight—unless I have to protect my life or the life of someone I care about. I've been in altercations, and there have been a few moments when I had to put someone down.

PLAYBOY: Who?

RENNER: A drunk guy in a bar—it's always that scenario. A guy got really drunk and pushed Julia Stiles, my co-star [in the 2005 movie *A Little Trip to Heaven*]. I kindly choked him out and remedied the situation. I've also had to choke people out because they pushed my mom or knocked my sister down, but I've never felt like a badass.

PLAYBOY: Those sound like physical fights to us. Let's talk about the incident involving your sister that you mentioned in a 2012 interview about a Christmas Eve bar fight. You said,

*I go in to
auditions
with absolute
fearlessness.
It's my strength
as an actor.*

"This guy choked me with the scarf I was wearing. He called me a fag because I was wearing a scarf! Then he shoved my sister and I got behind him and I choked him out—put him to sleep." That same interview was one of the few in which you've addressed rumors about your sexual preference.

RENNER: I was mad at the interviewer and was kind of hammering him, saying, "I thought we were doing the cover of *Hollywood Reporter*, not *OK!* magazine." And while I was hammering him, I figured, Okay, I'll speak to this. But as a general rule I don't respond to questions about my personal life. I'm not going to try to prove what I am or am not. It's silly, right? When you google yourself and the first thing that comes up is "Jeremy Renner gay," it's like, "Oh, now you've arrived. You're now a giant movie star." So I just had a big laugh about it. I don't care, ultimately, if that's what people want to think, read and care about.

Fucking say whatever the hell you want about me. Look at where we're at socially—leaps and bounds ahead of where we started. That's an amazing thing. To suggest that it's negative, that being gay is a terrible thing, a perversion or whatever—I just don't get it. Don't you wish we were in a world where we're not shaming, judging and boxing people in?

PLAYBOY: Unlike many actors, you've managed to maintain a profitable side career for years, flipping houses with your longtime friend and business partner Kristoffer Winters.

RENNER: In 2003 I had no money, but I had a contract to do *S.W.A.T.* My brother Kristoffer—he's a family friend forever, but I call him my brother—came into a little bit of money, 10 grand or something. We'd lived together prior to *S.W.A.T.* and kept talking about how paying rent was such a dumb thing because you can't write it off on your taxes. It's like throwing away money. We always wanted to invest in property. It became a situation where I could get a condo in the Valley and he could do the same, or since we already lived together, we could buy a house together. That's what we did, and we fixed it up the way we wanted for 30 grand.

PLAYBOY: You flipped that house, right?

RENNER: We had a little wine shindig at the house. Our real estate agent was there, and someone who was at the party offered twice what we paid for it. We turned that money into a bigger house and kept rolling from there. Being actors, we thought if it all went to hell, at least we'd have a roof over our heads. We didn't want to do the stock market or anything else, so we kept acquiring bigger structures, and now it's 20-some houses later between the two of us. Some we did on our own, but mostly we did them together.

PLAYBOY: And your MO is to live in the houses before selling?

RENNER: Each house has always been our primary residence. We never considered ourselves flippers. We were just investing in the next home we were going to live in. We live in the houses while the work's being done. Most people couldn't do that, and we've done it umpteen times. It's like going back to camping and caveman days—no electricity, no running water. [Director-writer] Preston Sturges was the first owner of the last house we were in, and Charlie Chaplin was married there. We wanted to preserve some sort of Hollywood history in a very transient town.

PLAYBOY: You guys made headlines in 2013 for selling for \$24 million a redone art deco-style mansion that you bought for \$7 million. By now someone must have pitched you two on doing a reality-TV series on celebrity house renovation.

RENNER: I haven't done a house with

Kristoffer in a while. I don't have a lot of time for that stuff anymore. He went off and did that big house on his own, then started a design firm. My mother and sister work there too. A lot of TV offers have come in. Ellen DeGeneres talked about me coming on as a judge on one of her shows. Kristoffer and I considered putting together our own TV show that I was just going to produce but not appear in.

PLAYBOY: What about the house we're in right now?

RENNER: The builder-owner of this house really had it pimped out for 1960, when it was built. It was like a *Star Trek* home with panels and buttons. It just needed to be brought up to today's standards, and I wanted to keep the integrity of the home of this amazing couple who raised their two girls here. I have another home in Tahoe where I spend half my time, but this is my home now, and I'm pretty sure this is my last structure. It's something I built, and it's a representation of every house I built and pretty much every movie I've done. This house represents a lot of who I am spiritually. This will be my daughter's place in the future. I own it now, but Ava owns me. When she drew her first breath and with that palmar reflex grabbed my finger, the thought came to me, If all goes well, this same scenario will happen when I take my last breath.

PLAYBOY: After you appeared as a presenter at the Golden Globe Awards in January, some criticized you for making a quip about your co-presenter Jennifer Lopez's cleavage in her low-cut gown. When it came time to give out the award, she asked, "You want me to open the envelope? I've got the nails," and you said, "You've got the globes too."

RENNER: I'd just watched the show's opening monologue, thinking, Those girls, co-hosts Amy Poehler and Tina Fey, are so funny, awesome and pretty rare. So I went out, and then that happened. It's my sense of humor. I don't take things too seriously. I didn't watch any of the Globes. I went to have a drink at the bar, and I kept hearing people all night saying, "Dude, that was the funniest thing." "Bro, that was the best part of the show." I was like, What are you talking about? I was clueless.

PLAYBOY: It blew up on social media.

RENNER: Actually, Jennifer thought it was fucking funny and got a little sweaty and maybe even turned on by the whole experience. We partied at a couple of events afterward and had a good time. Other people started running their mouths about it. Everybody's entitled to an opinion, but I can't be bothered. We gave zero fucks. I would have made a public apology if it really hurt her feelings. It was the complete opposite, and she's gone on record as saying she thinks Renner's hysterical.

PLAYBOY: You've been going through a

highly publicized divorce from Sonni Pacheco, your wife of 10 months. You've settled the custody issues regarding your daughter, but some of the accusations that were made public from the court documents must be especially uncomfortable for someone as private as you are.

RENNER: I haven't slept more than four hours a night in the past week. My skin's breaking out. I've got dark circles under my eyes. I'm dehydrated. I look like shit. I felt pretty insecure walking into a photo shoot this morning, and I was running late because I had just gotten out of my fourth deposition for the divorce. I see anything that takes me away from my daughter, whether it's something good like making *Mission: Impossible 5* or something bad like my divorce, as a distraction and an obstacle. Now, if anything takes me away and I don't get to see her, I just won't do it. I don't care what you pay me. All my energy goes toward her and her well-being. We split the time with Ava equally now. When it's

My dad's sex talk was "No glove, no love." He opened a drawer. "Here are the condoms."

Daddy and Ava time, that's all I do.

PLAYBOY: Your parents got divorced as well, right?

RENNER: When I was eight and in third grade. They didn't have a lot of money, and after the divorce, we moved around a lot. Up until junior high, I thought a new grade meant a new school for everybody. Maybe that contributed to my shyness. I had to constantly either be very gregarious and go meet new people or just be the observer that I was and still am. I was the oldest of four kids, and my mother had her hands full at home. At that time, when I was young, my dad was managing a bowling center and ended up becoming a partner in another bowling center in Lodi. After the divorce, he went to get an education and worked as an administrator at California State University, Stanislaus, where he's been for the past 25 years or so. We're a very close family, all of us.

PLAYBOY: What early jobs did you have?

RENNER: I started working when I was

10, delivering papers, working summers washing cars and then in high school bagging groceries. If I wanted something, I had to go earn it.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever work at your father's bowling center?

RENNER: No, but I started bowling when I was three and had a 225 average at the age of 12. I toured a lot as a semipro and bowled against grown-ass people. Out of 500 competitors, I would take 17th place. I was very competitive and played a lot of sports—baseball and especially soccer. I was nimble, fast, small and wiry. In bowling, you have to beat your own score, though. If I didn't get 225 or break 200, I couldn't deal with it. I always joke that the game put me in therapy. It didn't really, but it was something I had to pull away from because I was not enjoying it anymore.

PLAYBOY: What memories do you have of growing up in Modesto?

RENNER: It was a great place to grow up in the 1970s. We didn't lock our doors. I was a latchkey kid, given a lot of freedom, and all my friends were either doing good things together or getting in trouble together—stupid stuff like making bottle rockets or toilet papering a house. Or maybe I threw a water balloon at a car driving 50 miles an hour or shined mirrors in people's eyes while they were driving. A cop would come by the house, "Do you know what your boy did with his group of friends?" and slap us on the wrist.

PLAYBOY: How do you most remember yourself back then?

RENNER: As a very late bloomer, even physically, I was still always confident when it came to sports. I dominated in a lot of things. I knew I had separated myself from the pack. I was always light-hearted, funny, mischievous and didn't take things too seriously. I didn't feel confident until my senior year in high school, when I really was putting myself out there and being gregarious and funny. I was always driven. Even if I didn't always like school, I had a practical sensibility about things. Getting good grades would get me more freedom. I never allowed myself a bad emotion or thought. That was all suppressed. [laughs] Hence, look at the characters I play now. All those roles are therapeutic.

PLAYBOY: When did you discover sex?

RENNER: When I stopped kicking and chasing around the soccer ball, I started chasing girls. It was later in high school that I blossomed in that realm.

PLAYBOY: How did you lose your virginity?

RENNER: My story is awful, just like everybody else's. It was just this random, uncomfortable thing, and I was so nervous. I remember my dad's sex talk was "Son, no glove, no love." When I was a teenager, he was a single dad, and I'm sure he was kind of prowling around. He opened a drawer. "Here are the condoms."

PLAYBOY: When did you first use them?

RENNER: I was a senior and my girlfriend was a freshman in the same high school. She and her mom would come into the store where I was bagging groceries. They were new in town. We were having a little teenage party at my dad's house—some of my bandmates, my girlfriend's twin sister, some of their friends. It started at five in the afternoon. We had music going, had a couple of beers, and then, cut to midnight. Knowing the opportunity was finally going to present itself, I had put on the condom well before we were actually going to do it.

PLAYBOY: How long is "well before"?

RENNER: Like four to six hours. I was so nervous, I didn't want to put it on inside out or upside down or anything. It happened on my dad's water bed, where we both sort of passed out. I'm pretty sure it was uneventful for both of us. I woke up to her mom calling on the phone. I felt bad that her mom was angry with me—as I think any parent would be. I'd still see them when I was bagging groceries. I'd see her at school. But she certainly wasn't allowed to hang out after school anymore. They kiboshed it very quickly.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wonder if your ex-girlfriend has seen you in movies?

RENNER: I think she's still in Modesto, married and has some kids. But I have no idea what she thinks. Maybe she goes to the movies and thinks, Okay, Hawkeye was my first. Or she could have a voodoo doll of me, for all I know.

PLAYBOY: How did acting enter the picture?

RENNER: It was out of the blue. I finished high school and knew I should go to college. I've got a buck-75 IQ and was accepted to some good schools—the University of California, Berkeley was one of them. I would have had to borrow money to go to school without even knowing what I wanted to study. My dad was working as a counselor for kids coming out of high school. He recommended that I stay in Modesto and get my undergrad work in math and science out of the way. He said, "For the rest of your units, go play. Pick a class and suck at it. Try the shit you never thought you would ever want to do." He gave me permission to fail. He had no judgment about whatever I wanted to be. What a gift that was.

PLAYBOY: So theater was your chance to go play?

RENNER: I majored in computer science, but I also took a speech class. Terrifying. Finally, like throwing darts at something, I checked out an acting class. I thought, "I like Michael J. Fox on *Family Ties*. He's funny. That's what acting is." Luckily, I had an amazing teacher, Charline Freedman, God rest her soul, who exposed me to what the life of an actor really is. Acting gave me a community, a communion of people—a very exposing and

vulnerable place but also a safe one because you're hiding in a character when you're onstage. Suddenly I went full-tilt boogie into it. I was like, *This* is what I want to be doing.

PLAYBOY: There's a 1990 video of you on YouTube playing the Scarecrow in a junior-college production of *The Wizard of Oz*.

RENNER: That was the first play I invited my family to come see what I was doing—acting, singing and dancing in front of 1,500 people. For my family it was a case of "Who is this guy?" I started doing tortured, heavier roles in emotional family dramas—*Orphans*, *Ordinary People*—and that's when I really dug in with psychology. Studying psychology sent me on a journey of self-awareness. I had guidance from my father, who has studied psychology. He's also a theologian who introduced me to a lot of religions and exposed me to higher thinking and various philosophies. Psychology was

Psychology was the subject I clung to. Acting and human behavior became one to me.

the subject I really clung to, and acting and human behavior became one to me. That helped me realize I needed to take off the blinders of a small town and go explore myself, my fears and my artistry.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents okay with your serious acting ambitions?

RENNER: They were supportive, but they didn't know quite what to do with me. I found out later that my parents were freaking out. Within this two-year period, I went to San Francisco and studied, did play after play and said, "I'm moving down to Los Angeles." I'd never really spent any time there, but I knew that's where I needed to go. I didn't want a career in theater, because I would always struggle and not make much money, which wasn't the best scenario for me to be able to raise a family one day.

PLAYBOY: In your early 20s you already had a goal to raise a family?

RENNER: Well, to get married later in my life, but yeah. Like Jed Clampett,

I packed up the old truck and moved a bunch of shit down. I got an agent quickly. I was very driven and even kept an organizer with a calendar. I worked enough to call myself a working actor. But it was difficult for me to communicate to my family in Modesto what it was like here in L.A. They didn't see what we called "the suck" of it all—that I was living on 10 bucks a month, trying to stay warm, eating doughnut holes and living a few nights in my car. I leaned on the family I made down here—people who were doing what I was doing. I was so small-town that when I won my first lead, in *National Lampoon's Senior Trip*, I called my mom and told her, "I'm going to Toronto to film a movie." But I didn't even know where Toronto was.

PLAYBOY: How quickly did you find your social groove in Hollywood?

RENNER: Quickly. I was also in a band here as a side project with a bunch of rock stars from Tonic. We met up doing karaoke at the now sadly not with us bar J. Sloan's in West Hollywood and wound up doing a bunch of acoustic gigs around town. It had an Eagles kind of sound but edgier. It was fun, but that's when *S.W.A.T.* happened. I found a brother for life with Colin Farrell on that one, and my movie career really took off.

PLAYBOY: Did casting people tell you that you had the face and vibe for darker roles?

RENNER: My resting face can be very stern, like "murderous resting face." I inherited that from my mom, a nurturer, protector and tough, tough woman with a soft gooey center. She's like a mama bear: You poke her with a stick and you'll get a claw. My father has much more of the almost female energy—very emotional and communicative. My higher self is more tuned in with my dad. I still don't know how people perceive me, and ultimately I don't care. They seem to think I want to murder them or I want to fuck them.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that you've recently had some distractions that have kept you from your daughter, including *Mission: Impossible—Rogue Nation*, which of course stars Tom Cruise. Were the reports of production difficulties exaggerated?

RENNER: This *Mission* was like all the *Missions*—great action set pieces with an idea of a story somewhere in there. There have been four successful versions before this one, so why would I fight the process? I just went and gave to the best of my ability in the scenario I was in. Now, was it the best scenario for me? The best at what I'm good at? Fuck, no. Not having any information about what the heck is going on doesn't empower any artists to be at the best of their ability. I trusted Tom Cruise, [director] Chris McQuarrie

(continued on page 145)

Discovered: The Coin That Never Was!

America's Lost Masterpiece

The \$100 Union



Original sketches found at the Smithsonian

Imagine that you were examining artifacts in the Smithsonian Institution and you found a never-seen-before sketch for the largest and highest denomination American coin ever proposed.

That's precisely what happened when a coin expert was exploring the collection at this celebrated public institution not long ago.

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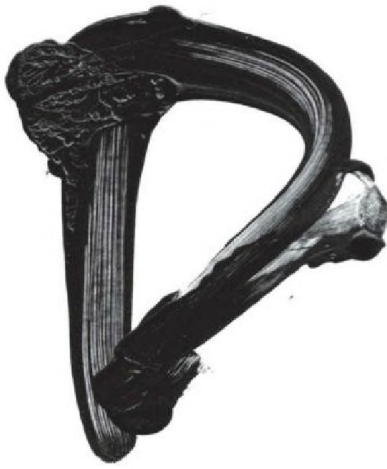


The Poisoned Gulf

When the **Deepwater Horizon** blew five years ago, a desperate BP flooded the Gulf with oil-dispersing chemicals. Did the cleanup do more harm than the spill?

BY LINDA MARSA

ILLUSTRATION BY EDEL RODRIGUEZ



David Hill never imagined that just doing his job would destroy his life. A fourth-generation fisherman raised in Bayou La Batre, a village on Alabama's Gulf Coast, he also worked as a captain on 500-ton utility ships that service offshore-drilling platforms in the Gulf. The 55-year-old would routinely work from dawn to dusk during four-week-long stints on the water, earning himself and his wife a comfortable lifestyle, with a sprawling house on a 20-acre plot of land. "I had a thriving career and plenty of money in my pocket," he says. "We could do whatever we wanted—eat out, go on vacations."

Then the Deepwater Horizon offshore oil rig exploded, killing 11 people and spewing millions of gallons of oil into the Gulf. Hill joined the armada hastily hired by BP, the British oil giant that owned the rig, to help contain the damage. He spent six months on the water, mopping up oil as lead captain on a 210-foot vessel. The acrid smell of petroleum mixed with the chemical dispersants used to break up the oil permeated the air. Hill and his crew were hammered with excruciating headaches, coughing and nausea.

"There was no way to escape," he recalls. "The fumes were so overwhelming they would drop you to your knees."

The well was finally sealed, after 87 torturous days, on July 15, 2010. But Hill's health continued to deteriorate. That November he was hospitalized with pneumonia-like symptoms, and doctors removed an infected lymph node from his left armpit. He was hospitalized again in January 2011 with pneumonia and quarantined in a glassed-in isolation room. He had an infection in his neck the size of a softball and his white-blood-cell count plummeted so low doctors thought he had leukemia. "They told me I had no immune system, and if my wife hadn't brought me in when she did, I would have been dead," he says.

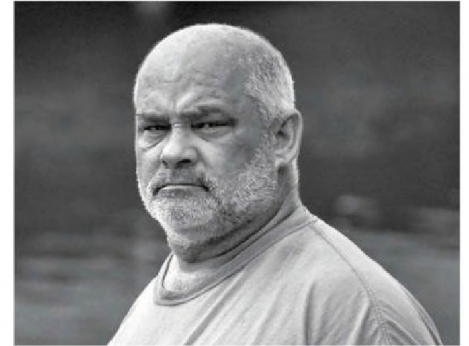
In the years since, Hill has had nine surgeries, including removal of his gallbladder and thyroid. He suffers from severe bouts of diarrhea, stabbing pains that make it impossible to sleep and chronic itching that has left blisters

and scars all over his body. He has no energy, his eyesight is failing, and his short-term memory is shot. No longer able to work, he has had to sell off his possessions and now lives in a mobile home on disability payments of \$1,200 a month while the unpaid medical bills pile up. "I've lost everything," he says, barely choking back tears. "It makes me angry. I just wanted to help clean up the Gulf, and this is what I get for trying."

Hill is not alone. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of other Gulf residents are stricken with the same constellation of crippling symptoms.

On the *(continued on page 140)*

SCENES FROM THE SPILL AND AFTER. FISHERMAN DAVID HILL (RIGHT) WAS HIRED TO HELP WITH THE CLEANUP; LIKE MANY OTHERS, HE'S BEEN PLAGUED BY HEALTH ISSUES EVER SINCE.



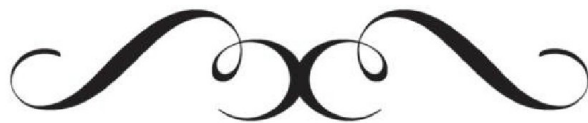


"I know a game we can play...."



AHEAD OF HER TIME

*An exclusive interview with **Tula**, the controversial woman who became the first transgender model to bare all in *Playboy*, almost a quarter century ago*



By Shane Michael Singh

Before Bruce Jenner sat down with Diane Sawyer, before Laverne Cox earned an Emmy nod for *Orange Is the New Black* and before President Barack Obama appointed the first transgender woman to a senior government position, there was Tula. A striking six-foot-tall British model whose face graced magazine covers and popped up in national ad campaigns for vodka and lingerie in the 1970s, Caroline “Tula” Cossey never yearned to be more than a working model and, someday, a wife. But when her enormous success as a model backfired into public hysteria, she had decisions to make. She could stand and fight, or she could run away. She chose to fight. In the wake of it all, Tula would become the first of many things, much to her surprise.

In June 1981, Tula debuted as a Bond girl in *For Your Eyes Only*. To promote the film, she, along with the film’s other Bond girls, appeared in a *PLAYBOY* pictorial, images from which appear in these pages. Tula’s career was soaring. Life was good. But everything changed the following year. The British tabloid *News of the World* revealed Tula’s secret in a single headline: JAMES BOND GIRL WAS A BOY.

Indeed, Tula came into the world as Barry Cossey. She knew she was different from the beginning—a woman born in a man’s body. In 1974, after years of hormone therapy and counseling as well as a breast augmentation, she completed her transition with gender-reassignment surgery at a London hospital.



Tula as Barry Cossey, born in a tiny Norfolk, England village.

The tabloid’s revelation in 1982 turned her into a media sensation. She became known as the “transsexual Bond girl.” People around the world—some naive, some ill-willed and many flat-out confused—wanted to know her story. So she decided to tell it, to own it and become a poised, albeit reluctant, leader in educating the world about an ignored, misunderstood and often-maligned minority.

Over the next decade, Tula would pen two memoirs, battle the British government to change her gender on her birth certificate and talk about her transition on programs including *The Howard Stern Show* and *The Arsenio Hall Show*. She would also marry a wealthy businessman, who deserted her mere days after their honeymoon. As a beautiful woman at the forefront of a sociosexual-rights struggle, Tula approached *PLAYBOY* and asked to pose for the magazine. We signed on. In September 1991, she



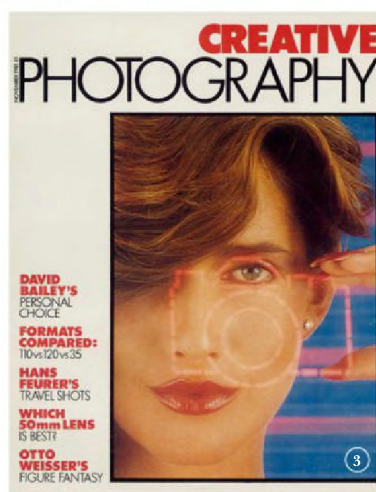


*THERE'S A DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN BEING KNOWN AS
TULA THE **TRANSSEXUAL MODEL**
VERSUS JUST A SUCCESSFUL
MODEL. IT'S NOT THE SAME.*



*I DON'T KNOW IF I
WILL EVER STOP
FEELING LIKE A **SECOND-
CLASS CITIZEN.**
IT'S EMBEDDED AND
INSTILLED FROM BIRTH.*

"Well, they said anything could happen."



became the first transgender woman to appear in these pages in her own pictorial. The pictorial reignited a media firestorm. *Hard Copy*, for example, played Tom Jones's "She's a Lady" and Tower of Power's "You're Still a Young Man" as a lead-in to an interview with her. By 1993, Tula had disappeared from the public eye.

At a time when the transgender community is experiencing a historical and cultural turning point in acceptance, exposure and understanding, *PLAYBOY* wanted to know what had happened to the groundbreaking model-author-activist. We found Tula, now 60, living a quiet married life in suburban Atlanta as Caroline Cossey, having ditched the pseudonym she adopted as a model. Coincidentally, she was in the process of converting her best-selling memoir, *My Story*, into an e-book for a summer release. In her first interview in 20 years, the Bond girl speaks candidly on a range of topics, from life after *PLAYBOY* to Bruce Jenner to her own public persecution. As she says of the changing attitudes toward the trans community, "I feel like I was probably so many years too early."

PLAYBOY: Was your retirement from public life voluntary or forced?

COSSEY: My career had definitely taken a turn. I was being offered only trans roles on shows like *Hill Street Blues*. I thought, No, that's not right. I didn't like it. There's a difference between being known as Tula the transsexual international model versus just a successful model. It wasn't the same. I felt like a circus act. I was also on a tour for my

second book, doing eight interviews a day. It became overwhelming, and I got burnt out. Two, three years into it I worried about my sanity. I wanted quiet. I wanted peace of mind and to fall back into society in a more regular manner as a loving and supportive wife. For that reason, I became reclusive for an awfully long time.

PLAYBOY: How long have you been married?

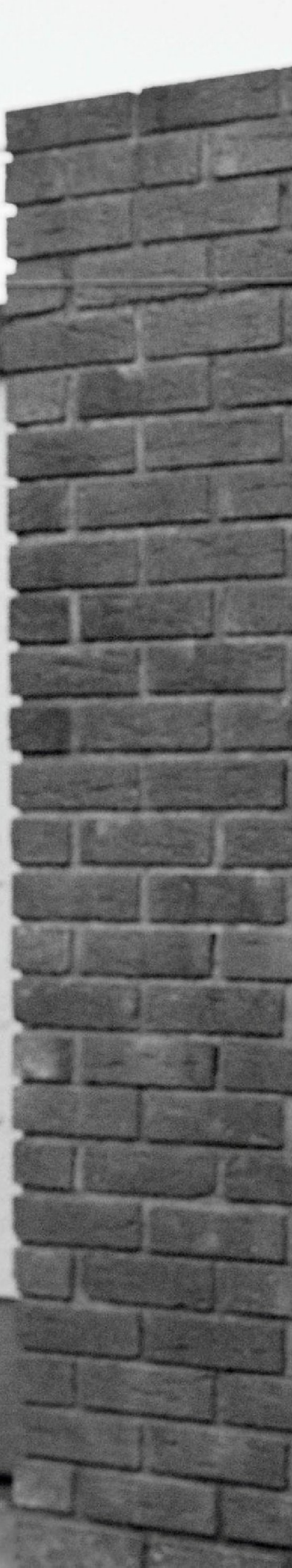
COSSEY: This year is our 23rd anniversary. My husband is Canadian, and we got married in a church in Montreal. My birth certificate still said I was male, but they overlooked it when we got married, so it wasn't a problem. I'm enjoying my life right now in Atlanta. We have a little home here and a place in Florida on the beach. My sister is in America, as is my mom, and we spend as much time together as a family as possible.

PLAYBOY: It's surprising you would choose to retire in the heart of the Bible Belt.

COSSEY: When I first moved here, I'd tell people, and they'd be shocked. They'd say, "Oh my God, you'll wake (continued on page 136)

1. Cossey's modeling career included this ad for Smirnoff, which ran before she was outed. 2. An out-take from *PLAYBOY*'s 1981 *For Your Eyes Only* shoot with Roger Moore. Cossey stands at far left. 3. As Tula, Cossey was a cover girl in high demand. 4. Cossey married Elias Fattal in 1989; the marriage was annulled weeks later. 5. Cossey as a 10-year-old boy on vacation with family.





THE
BALLAD
OF
JOHN JOE
By Tim Struby *Photography by Zed Nelson*



NEVIN

Boxer **John Joe Nevin** has seven Irish amateur national titles and a silver medal from the 2012 London Olympics. He also has two broken legs courtesy of a cousin also named John Joe Nevin, which is all part of the life that comes with being a traveler, a.k.a. pikey, tinker and gypsy. Can Nevin fight his way out?

A typical late-summer afternoon in Ireland: mid-60s, windy, sunny, cloudy and a 99 percent chance of rain. I am in Mullingar, a town of 20,000 in Westmeath County, 50 kilometers from the geographic center of the Emerald Isle. Westmeath is not known for rolling hills or verdant landscapes about which Yeats penned. There is no charming harbor or seaside vista as there is in Killarney or Kinsale. The land here is flat, the terrain the color

of straw, and it's about as picturesque as the outskirts of Toledo. Thankfully I am not here for the scenery but to meet a boxer, a Mullingar-born-and-raised fighter who may become Ireland's next great champion.

A little past noon that boxer whips his blue BMW into the parking lot. He is John Joe Nevin, a winner of seven Irish amateur national titles and a silver medal in the 2012 London Olympics. The driver's window lowers. I see a warm countenance.

A gap-toothed smile. The unblemished face of a camera-flash-quick counterpuncher. “Hop in the back with the lads,” John Joe chirps merrily.

The car is stuffy and hot, the air rife with Axe body spray. “So,” continues John Joe, introducing his very own E, Turtle and Johnny Drama, “dis is my brother Paddy Boy, dis is my cousin David and dis is my other cousin, Joe.” Like John Joe, they have crew cuts, sharp jawlines and garish tattoos. Unlike John Joe, they are not merry. They sit with legs spread and arms folded, saying nothing. While John Joe, 26, has fought across the globe from Kansas City to Kazakhstan, the others are far less comfortable around strangers.

The chilly reception isn’t surprising. John Joe and the lads aren’t your typical Irish but travelers, also known—in varying degrees of derogatory parlance—as pavees, gypsies, knackers, tinkers and pikeys. Numbering an estimated 29,500 throughout Ireland, travelers are an ethnic minority who, for centuries, roamed the country and earned their livelihoods plying various trades and doing odd jobs. That has changed. Most of today’s travelers have swapped their caravans for houses and have earned—fairly or not—a reputation for engaging in family feuds, drinking, bare-knuckle fighting, mooching off the state and making money in less honorable ways (stealing, scams, etc.). Internationally, thanks to Guy Ritchie’s 2000 film *Snatch* and the U.K.-U.S. TV series *My Big Fat Gypsy Wedding*, travelers are regarded with amusement, viewed

as an odd and anachronistic lot prone to scrapping, bad manners, petty crime and a tragic fashion sense. On their own soil, perceptions are far less kind. The non-bleeding hearts, i.e., the majority of the Irish, fall into two camps. Some look at travelers as decent folks with a hearty supply of bad eggs, while others consider them a blight on society on par with, say, locusts or smallpox.

We head southwest on the N52 toward Tullamore, where a light afternoon workout awaits. During the 45-minute drive John Joe muses about his professional future. On Saint Patrick’s Day in 2014, he made his

victorious pro debut in Boston, and the significance wasn’t lost on him. “I want to make a big impression in the U.S.,” he says. “Build a following in the Northeast, get the Irish crowds behind me. Make people remember my name.” The boxer weighs the pros and cons of elite promoters such as Top Rank, Golden Boy and DiBella Entertainment. He stresses the need for a sound career strategy en route to his first title, talks about the marketing savvy of middleweight “Irish” John Duddy, a popular regular at Madison Square Garden. “You’re from New York, eh?” John Joe asks me. “Must have been something with that 9/11. They ever get them Eiffel Towers fixed?”

But if Nevin wants to one (continued on page 146)



1. Unwelcome at local pubs, the Nevin clan built their own in the backyard. 2. John Joe Nevin with his trainer, Brian McKeown, at the Cavan Boxing Club. 3. Boys sparring outside the Nevins’ pub in Mullingar. 4. Traveler family ties run deep. There are reportedly more than 400 Nevins in the Mullingar area. 5. Since going pro in 2013, John Joe Nevin has won all three of his fights, two by TKO.





"Edible panties too! God, Debbie—you're the universal provider!"

DAD

DO ALL OVER

SOME FINAL THOUGHTS
ON OUR FATHER ON THE
OCCASION OF HIS UNTIMELY
AND PROBABLY ACCIDENTAL PASSING

The accident had to look like someone else's Dad. An idiot Dad. Some careless bungler. Not our Dad, who the first thing when you walked into his workshop told you the first lesson they teach in trade school is to never lean over a running engine with your necktie hanging loose. Even if it's your millionth visit to his shop, that Dad, the stickler for detail Dad who was perennially all about work, work, work and who never stopped to smell the cocaine. That's the Dad to keep in mind.

Every detail needed to suggest Dad was simply driving down a country road, Dad, enjoying the winter scenery. That would be Dad, appreciator of life's simple pleasures, Dad, the avid watcher of paint drying. Driving along Dad with his hands at three and nine o'clock, when hark! He hears a noise the pushrods might or might not be making, Dad, the consummate grinder of cylinder walls and smoker of Marlboros and asker of "When did you last top off this brake fluid?" He pulls off on the snowy shoulder and of course he's wearing a suit and tie, Dad, even on a drive home from visiting his oncologist. Dad leaves the engine running, and Dad gets out. Knowing Dad he slips off his suit coat, Dad, and folds it over the back of the front seat, a gesture so Dad, and rolls up both his shirtsleeves. True to form, Dad, our just-take-a-gander-at-that-glorious-snow, kids Dad, he'd tilt his head back and inhale a big, no-cost chestful of *(continued on page 150)*

FICTION BY
**CHUCK
PALAHNIUK**



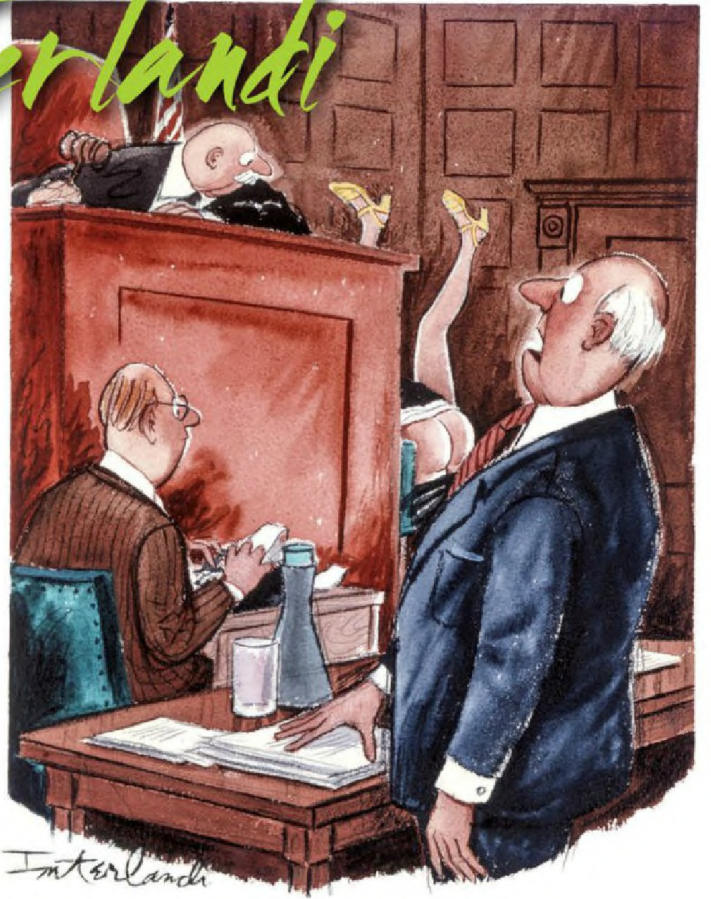
ILLUSTRATION BY THE HEADS OF STATE

The Land of Interlandi



Interlandi

"You call that cuddling?"



Interlandi

"Objection, Your Honor! Prosecution is attempting to sway the witness!"



Interlandi

"I'd like to congratulate you on your contribution to music!"



Interlandi

"But you said 'Have a nice day' when you left this morning...."



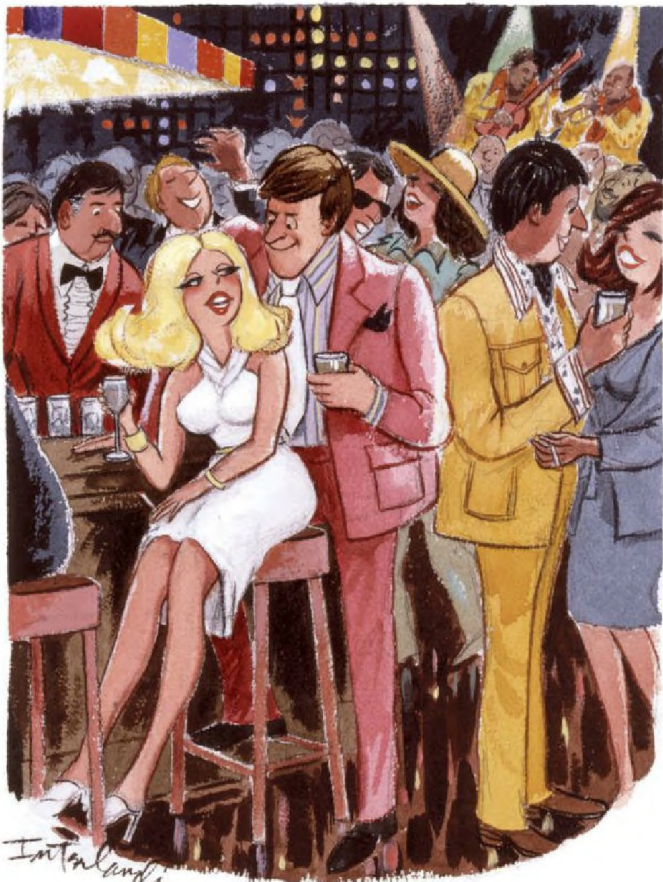
Intarlandi

"I don't know who to thank, but one or more of you gives great head!"



Intarlandi

"I like it. It's preppy!"



Intarlandi

"I'd tell you to shove it, but the last guy I said that to tonight took me seriously."



Intarlandi

"It doesn't help matters, you know, your humming 'Send in the Clowns!'"



Eternal Sunshine

Photography by SASHA EISENMAN

SOAK UP SOME SUMMER RAYS AND ENJOY A
LESSON IN THE VIRTUES OF POSITIVE THINKING WITH THE
DELIGHTFULLY RADIANT MISS JULY

Call me the sunshine chick," says Miss July Kayla Rae Reid. "I love the humidity, the heat. I can lie in the sun forever." No doubt the Virginia-born model also knows how to bring the heat—and she has fun doing it too. When not touring the motor-sports circuit with Monster Energy as a Monster Girl, Kayla enjoys sipping tequila on the rocks at Miami's music festivals or checking out a slick bar with Diplo's remix of Beyoncé's "Drunk in Love" as her soundtrack. But she also knows how to chase—and achieve—her dreams. "Your mind is your biggest power. Your thoughts control your life," she says of her philosophy. "If you want something, you must put positive energy into getting it. For me, PLAYBOY is proof of that." While Kayla has always wanted to pose for PLAYBOY, becoming Miss July seemed less certain. "July is my birth month, so from the beginning I prayed to be Miss July. It is a huge for me." Kayla's perpetual positivity is hard to ignore, and she hopes it will help her launch a career in TV, à la Jenny McCarthy. "I always want to be the best version of myself. A part of that is people knowing me not only as a Playmate but as an intellectual, determined and driven woman," she says. "As I say, if you dream it, you have it. Right now, I feel like I can do anything."































C

Call me the sunshine chick,” says Miss July Kayla Rae Reid. “I love the humidity, the heat. I can lie in the sun forever.” No doubt the Virginia-born model also knows how to bring the heat—and she has fun doing it too. When not touring the motor-sports circuit with Monster Energy as a Monster Girl, Kayla enjoys sipping tequila on the rocks at Miami’s music festivals or checking out a slick bar with Diplo’s remix of Beyoncé’s “Drunk in Love” as her soundtrack. But she also knows how to chase—and achieve—her dreams. “Your mind is your biggest power. Your thoughts control your life,” she says of her philosophy. “If you want something, you must put positive energy into getting it. For me, PLAYBOY is proof of that.” While Kayla has always wanted to pose for PLAYBOY, becoming Miss July seemed less certain. “July is my birth month, so from the beginning I prayed to be Miss July. This is huge for me.” Kayla’s perpetual positivity is hard to ignore, and she hopes it will help her launch a career in TV, à la Jenny McCarthy. “I always want to be the best version of myself. A part of that is people knowing me not only as a Playmate but as an intellectual, determined and driven woman,” she says. “As I say, if you dream it, you have it. Right now, I feel like I can do anything.”



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Layla Rae, Duet

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kayla Rae Reid

BUST: 32C WAIST: 26" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 7/5/1991 BIRTHPLACE: Fairfax, Virginia

AMBITIONS: I want so many things in life: to accomplish my goals and my Playmate journey and become a TV personality.

TURN-ONS: A dominant man with a rough side who still knows how to be an old-fashioned gentleman and treat me like a princess.

TURNOFFS: Cheap, egotistical guys who are uneducated, unmotivated and rude.

WEATHER GIRL: My mood is the center of attention, and yes, weather affects me. I'm always chasing the sun, and that's why being Miss July 2015 is so perfect! ☺


SEX 101: The element of mystery is so sexy. I love finding out who a man is - and who I am - when the drinks kick in and the lights go out.

ONE DAY I HOPE...: To take my family on a mind-blowing overseas vacay. Hopefully this time next year I'll be PMOY and do just that!!



#TBT.



God bless
America. 



Can you tell
that I just fell??

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Check out my new gold Apple Watch," a smarmy guy said to his co-worker.

"That's a terrible purchase," the co-worker responded. "If I wanted to spend \$10,000 on something that will be obsolete in two years, I'd buy an engagement ring."

Most of the men and women at the gym are working toward the same goal: getting the perfect female body.

Q: Can you name two people who were shot in the back of the head in a theater?

A: Abraham Lincoln and the guy sitting in front of Pee-wee Herman.



Things were heating up at a bachelor party when the best man whispered into a stripper's ear, "What's the craziest thing you've ever done for money?"

She replied, "Gone to college."

What should you do when it's raining and your wife is standing at the window looking sullen?

Let her in.

I never understood *The Godfather*," a not very smart man said to his friend. "After all the threats about sleeping with the fishes, how bad could a horse's head really be?"

We know a guy and his wife who were happy for years. Then they met.

An older woman was having difficulty at an ATM. She turned to the man behind her in line and asked, "Can you help me check my balance?"

So he pushed her over.

My wife is so mad at me that I haven't talked to her in two days," a man said to his friend.

"I haven't talked to my wife in two weeks," the other man said. "I'm too worried that I'll interrupt her."

Do you know what's sweeter than the sound of children's laughter?

The sound of silence from not having any fucking kids running around your house.

A man had wanted to lose some annoying weight for years. Unfortunately he couldn't afford the divorce.

We don't care for country music, but we don't mean to denigrate those who do. And for the people who do like country music, *denigrate* means "put down."

Pranks idea: Put on a neon-green bodysuit, break into a news studio and harass the weatherman. No one watching at home will know why he's freaking out.

We don't understand the phrase "If you get my daughter pregnant, you're marrying her."

That's the equivalent of saying, "If you're not smart enough to put on a condom, you should be in my daughter's life forever."

The media say if America doesn't get its act together, in 40 years we'll all be speaking Chinese.

Yeah, like we're smart enough to learn Chinese.

My daughter asked me what it's like to have kids," a woman said to her sister. "What do you think would be a good way I could demonstrate it to her?"

The sister answered, "I would just interrupt her every 11 seconds until she cries."



Shelby Neiman

Disappointment: Running into a wall with an erection and breaking your nose.

Ladies, when a guy calls you hot, he's looking at your body. When a guy calls you pretty, he's looking at your face. When a guy calls you beautiful, he's looking at your heart. All three guys want to fuck you, though.

One of the regulars dropped in to a tavern and told the bartender, "I've been given three weeks to live."

"God, that's awful," said the bartender sympathetically.

"It's not awful; it's great," the customer said, beaming. "That's how long my wife's going to be away on vacation."

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



"Guess what I'm addicted to."



/// BY DAVID RENSIN ///

2Q

L I Z Z Y

C A P L A N

THE FEARLESS AND FUNNY STAR OF
MASTERS OF SEX IS FAR FROM SHY

/// PHOTOGRAPHY BY KURT ISWARIENKO ///

Q1

PLAYBOY: On Showtime's *Masters of Sex*—about the lives and work of sex researchers Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson—you play Virginia.

How tough is it to play someone real?

CAPLAN: I didn't feel tremendous stress impersonating her because she's not somebody enough people know so well that they could judge if I was moving or speaking like she did. I was let off the hook. It turned out I identified with her to an eerie degree—her struggle, what it was like for a woman then. And yet, because I was mainly known for doing comedy, not drama, I just couldn't shake the idea that the people who had hired me would quickly get wise to the fact that I was the wrong person for the job, that I was in over my head. Luckily, that's what the real Virginia Johnson felt when she showed up for her first day with Dr. Masters, so it worked for me.

Q2

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of nudity on *Masters of Sex*, including yours. How comfortable are you with being naked on-camera?



CAPLAN: It's certainly not boring. They give us pretty intense stuff to do. A standard-issue sex scene is one thing, but standing completely naked and masturbating in front of someone is quite another. *Arrgh*. All that stuff we did in the second season is just now coming back to me. I've watched only the first season and three episodes from the second, in part because season two started airing while we were still shooting. I realized that, as an actress, especially in this role—in fact, *only* for this role so far in my career—it required a much different muscle to make the show than to watch it. Drama is such a departure for me. I wanted to trust my instincts and not let viewing—and the inevitable self-criticism—affect my performance. I don't know many actors who enjoy watching their work anyway. At premieres they'll go to dinner during the movie and then show up to the party.

Q3

PLAYBOY: You're not the only one who takes off their kit on the show. In addition to your test subjects, Michael Sheen, who plays *Masters*, strips down for sex scenes with you—for research purposes only, of course.

CAPLAN: I don't think Michael Sheen does this, but definitely most

of the guys who take their shirts off do push-ups or lift weights. The super-cut guys have these intense regimens. Not only do they work out all day, but they also don't drink any water and they swallow diuretics for one day. That doesn't sound great. I guess it's just as bad for the boys; they're as vain as we are.

WHEN YOU DISCOVER A MAN WHO WEARS TIGHTY-WHITIES, HOLD ON TO HIM.

Q4

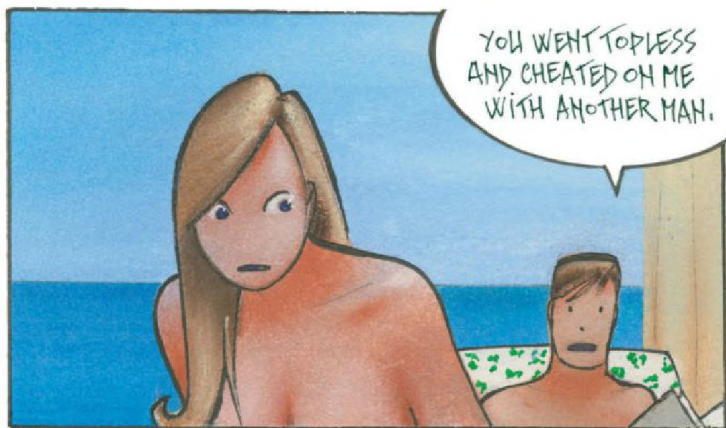
PLAYBOY: *Masters of Sex* takes place during the late 1950s and early 1960s, an era when women ramped up their struggle for liberation. Virginia Johnson keeps pushing the envelope, but you can feel her frustration at almost every turn. Things have changed, but have they changed enough?

CAPLAN: The tough pills that women are expected to swallow have gotten better, but it's naive to think we've come that far from the 1950s. Women are still expected to accept a lower paycheck than a man for the same amount of work. And what about the difficulties every working mother faces, the stigma of leaving her child with a caregiver versus staying home and giving up her own dreams? There's nothing on our show around the feminist issues that I don't feel has a huge echo today. If anything, it makes me angry about today. [*pauses*] I've never said this out loud before, but I don't know if we'll get there in my lifetime. Until we can convince our own side—women—that this is a good thing for all of us, I don't see how we stand a chance convincing all the men.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Women are divided about equality too? (*continued on page 138*)

THE MARK OF A MAN







WILD *about* HARRI

**DECADES AGO LONDON-BORN
LENSMAN HARRI PECCINOTTI CHANGED
THE WAY WE LOOK AT THE FEMALE
FORM. HIS CLASSIC IMAGES ARE JUST AS
BOLD AND PROVOCATIVE TODAY**

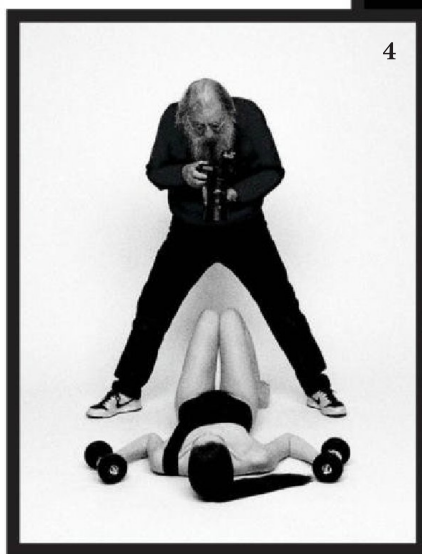
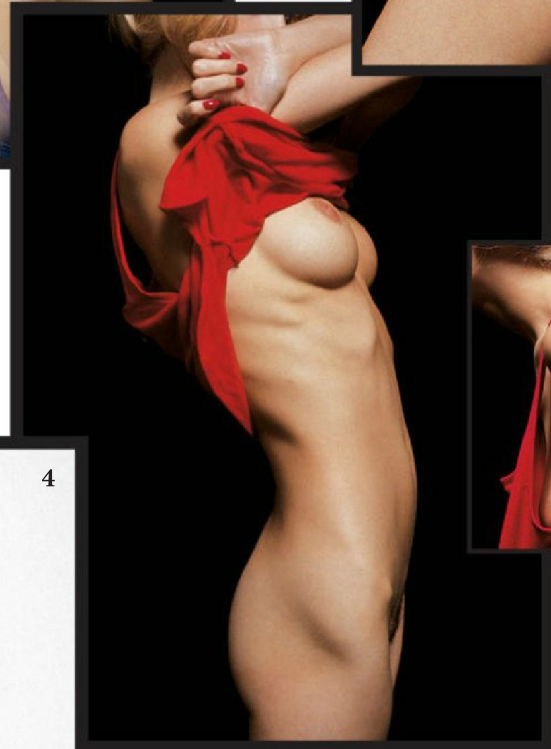
To fully comprehend the power of the work of photographer and art director Harri Peccinotti, please turn your attention to the photograph at the left of this paragraph and appreciate, for a moment, why it works: The tongue, in macro, laps at smudged lipstick, fine facial hair and milk in a surprising and graphic composition that is equally sexy and hyperreal. Bold and cleverly cropped appreciations of women's bodies such as this are a hallmark of Peccinotti's work, which continues to influence artists and others today. Best known for producing two of the sexiest years in the already impossibly sexy Pirelli calendar series and for his work as art director at the groundbreaking U.K. women's magazine *Nova* in the 1960s and 1970s, Peccinotti was behind countless commercials, advertisements, editorials and fashion shoots—and he's still working today. When we asked him if he set out to create an iconic body of work, he said, "No! I just have always found women incredibly attractive and sensual, and when I take a picture, I look for that in them." To which we say, thank you, Harri.

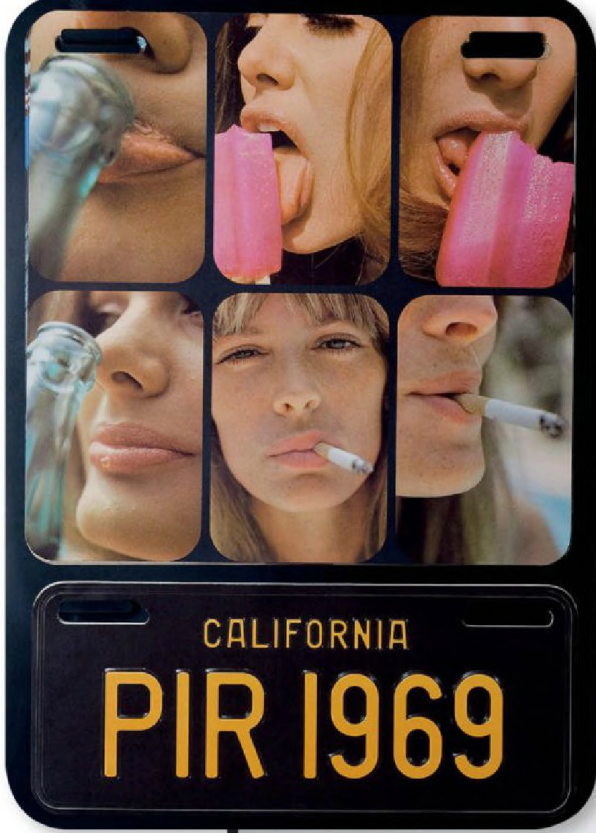


“Whenever I take a photo of a woman, I can always find the beauty.”

PECCINOTTI ON PECCINOTTI

1. “This was for a *Vogue* fashion story in which the model was always taking something off. The way I look at things and take pictures today is the same as it was in the 1960s and 1970s: I try to shoot things as naturally as possible.” **2.** “I do have a sort of malady for thinking of girls with no clothes on first and then putting clothes on them, rather than the other way around.” **3.** “In the early 1970s, America closed the door for a year or two on photographs that showed nipples and crotches. These images might have been for an American magazine and were probably never used.” **4.** Peccinotti working on set. **5.** “This was for a story about shoes for *Nova*. I tend to look at things graphically because I have always been an art director as well as a photographer.” **6.** “This was for a calendar for bathroom products. We shot it in a green bathtub at the Meurice hotel in Paris. We put green shampoo in it. I wasn’t intending to take a self-portrait. I just happened to notice my reflection, so I purposely put it near her crotch.”

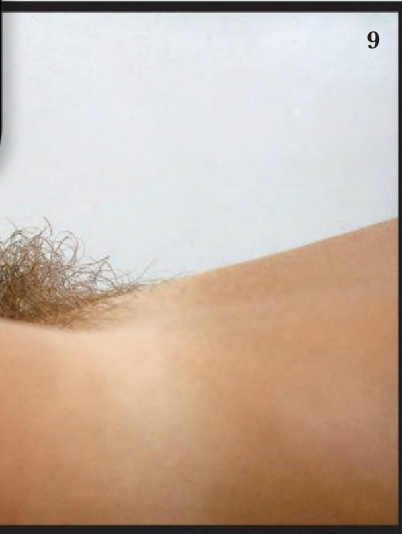




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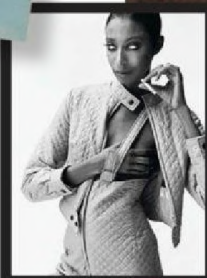
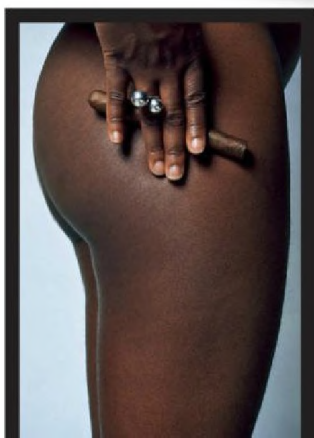
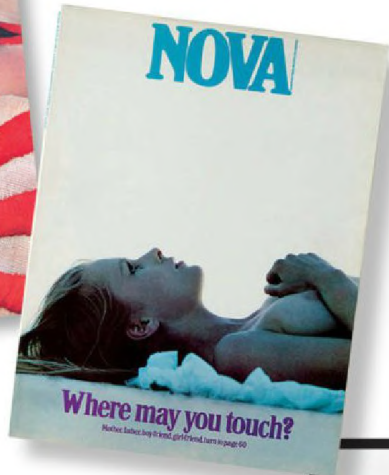
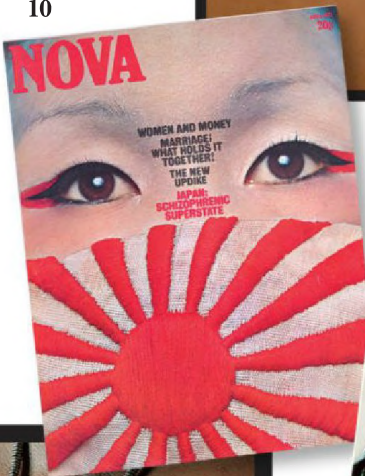
8



9

7. "I sold Pirelli the idea of going to L.A. to photograph girls surfing. We didn't take a model. We had no hairdresser, no makeup, no nothing. When we arrived, there were no girls surfing and no waves. So we photographed girls we found on the beach. Being a close-up freak, I took graphic pictures of them. We stayed three weeks; it was real reportage."
 8. "I was shooting a vodka commercial, and the model's boyfriend visited her on set. I just took the picture."
 9. "This was for a *Nova* story about not shaving. When the editor saw it he said, 'We can't publish that,' so I told him it was an underarm."
 10. "*Nova* was special because it was a trial run to see if there was a market for an intelligent magazine targeted at women. I was completely free to do anything."
 11. "Not a lot of people were photographing black models at the time. The necklace shot was for *Nova*, the cigar for a magazine called *Adam* and the fist for the French newspaper *Le Matin de Paris*. The black-and-white photograph is of Donyale Luna, Warhol girl and the first black supermodel, for *Vogue* U.K. I like beautiful women and don't care what color they are."

10



11

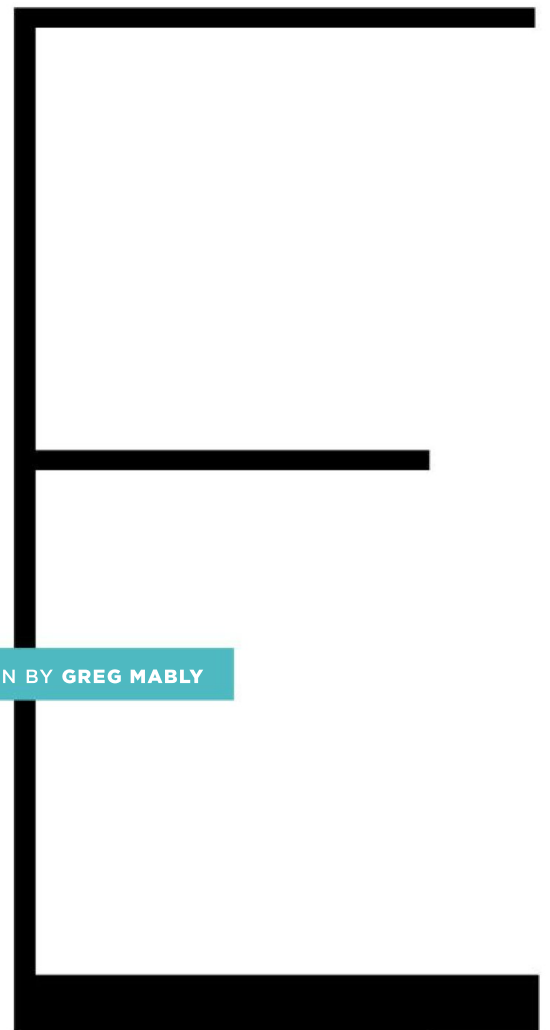
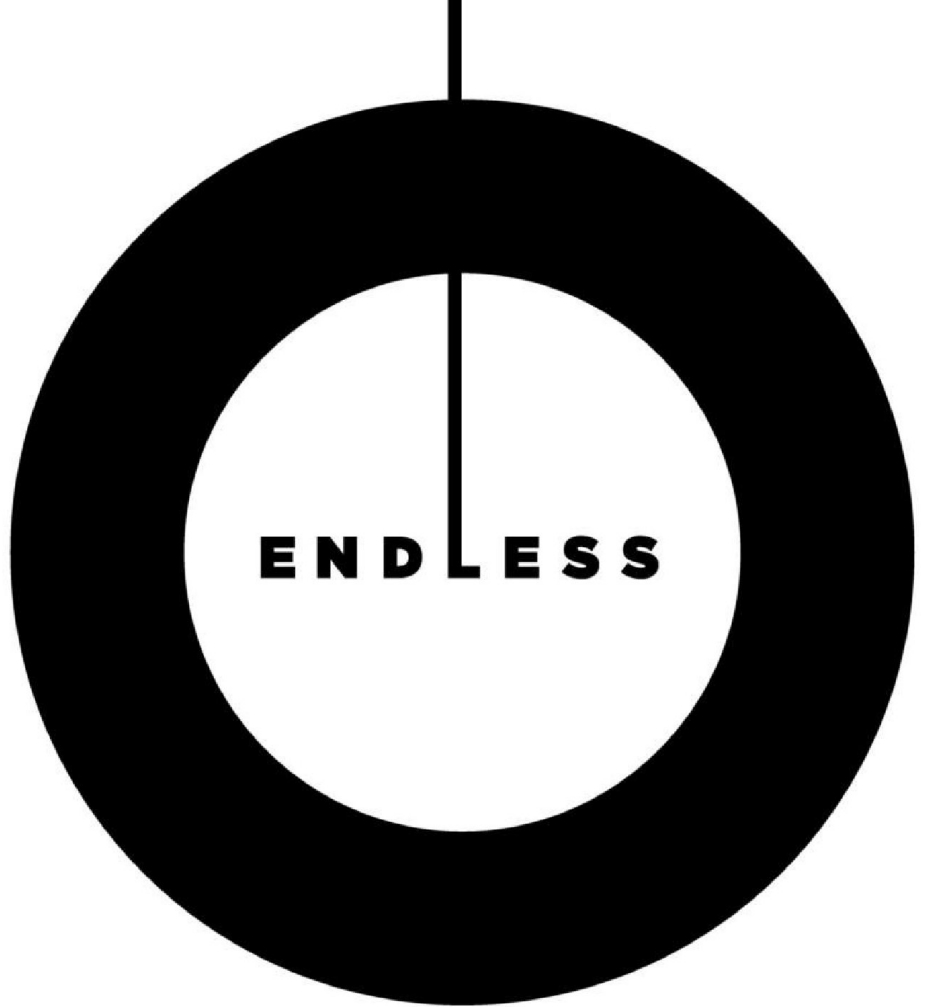




Dean Yeary

"Before I could say 'I'm not that kind of a girl,' I was."

TEXTING, SEXTING,
ONLINE DATING
AND HOOKUP APPS—
YOUR CELL PHONE
IS A 24/7 SINGLES
BAR, GIVING YOU
AN OCEAN OF
OPTIONS. BUT IS
THAT WHY SO MANY
OF US ARE SINGLE?
COMEDIAN **AZIZ
ANSARI** TEAMED UP
WITH SOCIOLOGIST
ERIC KLINENBERG
TO INVESTIGATE IN
THIS EXCERPT FROM
THEIR NEW BOOK,
MODERN ROMANCE

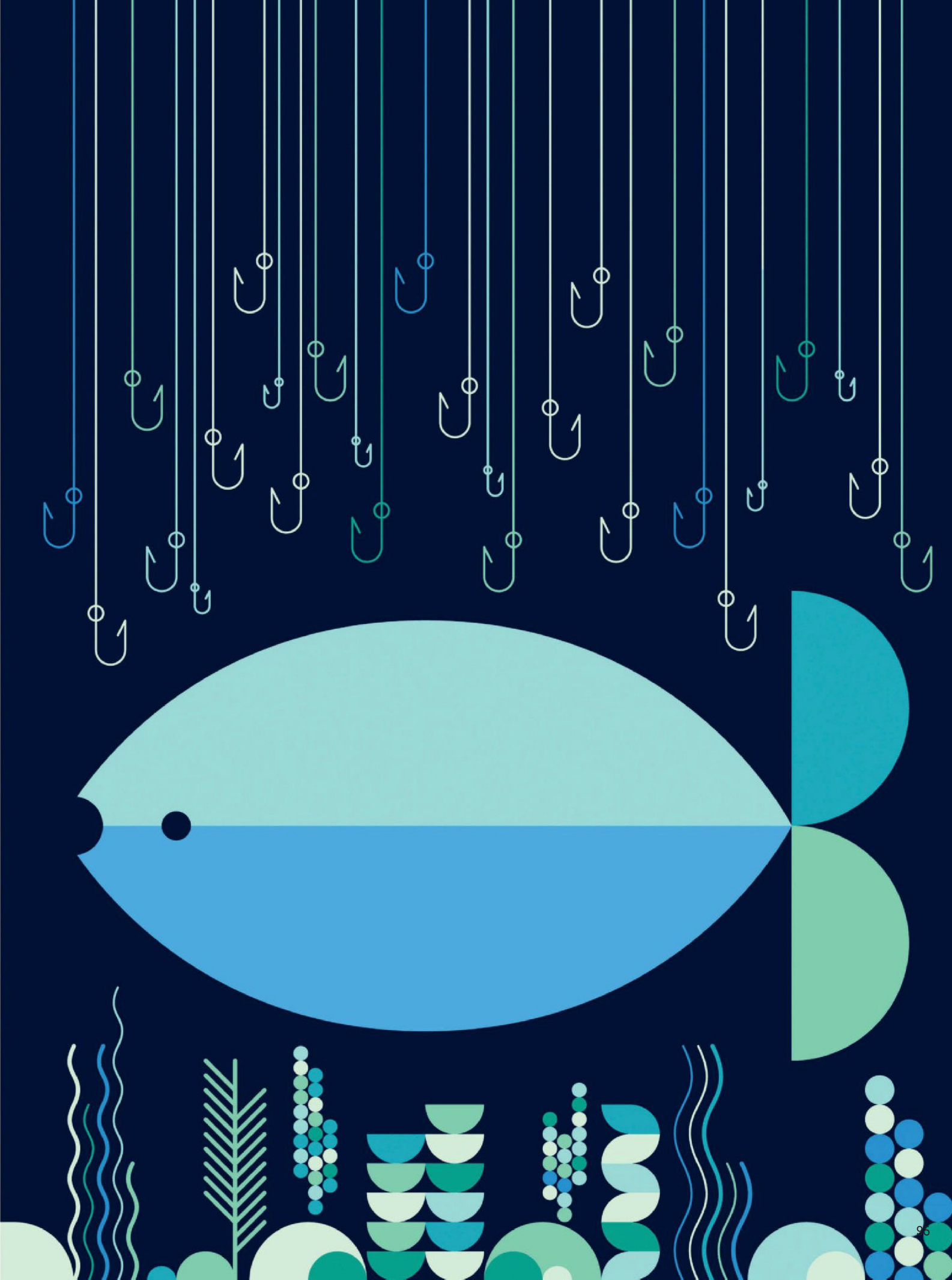


My parents had an arranged marriage. This always fascinated me. I am perpetually indecisive on even the most mundane decisions, and I couldn't imagine leaving such an important choice to other people. I asked my dad to describe his experience to me.

This was his process.

He told his parents he was ready to get married, so his family arranged meetings with three neighboring families. The first girl, he said, was a "little too tall," and the second girl was a "little too short." Then he met my mom. After he quickly deduced that she was the appropriate height (finally!), they talked for about 30 minutes. They decided it would work. A week later, they were married.

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG MABLY



And they still are, 35 years later. Happily so—and probably more so than most older white people I know who had non-arranged marriages.

So that's how my dad decided on whom he was going to spend the rest of his life with. Meeting a few people, analyzing their height and deciding on one after talking to her for 30 minutes.

It was like he went on that MTV dating show *Next* and married my mom.

Let's look at how I do things, maybe with a slightly less important decision. How about the time I had to pick where to eat dinner in Seattle when I was on tour in the spring of 2014?

First I texted four friends who travel and eat out a lot and whose judgment on food I really trust. While I waited for recommendations from them, I checked the website Eater for its "Heat Map," which includes new, tasty restaurants in the city. I also checked the "Eater 38," which is the site's list of the 38 essential Seattle restaurants and standbys. Then I checked reviews on Yelp to see what the consensus was on there. I also checked an online guide to Seattle. I narrowed my search down after consulting all these recommendations and then went on the restaurant websites to check out the menus.

At this point I filtered all these options down by tastiness, distance and what my tum-tum told me it wanted to eat.

Finally, after much deliberation, I selected a place: Il Corvo. A delicious Italian restaurant that sounded amazing. Fresh-made pasta. They did only three different types a day. I was very excited.

Unfortunately, it was closed. It served only lunch.

By now I had run out of time because I had a show to do, so I ended up making a peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich on the bus.*

This kind of rigor goes into a lot of my decision making. Whether it's where I'm eating, where I'm traveling or, God forbid, something I'm buying, I feel compelled to do a lot of research to make sure I'm getting *the best*.

At certain times, though, this "I need the best" mentality can be debilitating. I wish I could just eat somewhere that looks good and be happy with my choice. But I can't. The problem is that I know somewhere there is a perfect meal for me and I have to do however much research I can to find it.

That's the thing about the internet: It doesn't simply help us find the best thing out there; it has helped to produce the idea that there *is* a best thing and, if we search hard enough, we can find it. And in turn there are a whole bunch of inferior things that we'd be foolish to choose.

Here's a quick list of things I can think of that I've spent at least five to 10 minutes researching:

- Electric citrus juicer. (Waiting on this one to arrive in the mail. Hope I didn't fuck it up. Don't want too much pulp in my juice!)

- Taxidermy. (I started off looking for a deer or bear, but I ended up finding a beautiful penguin in Paris. His name is Winston.)

- Which prestigious cable drama to binge-watch next. (*The Americans*, *House of Cards* or *Orphan Black*? The answer: I watched all of them while telling my publisher I was writing this book.)

- Bag for my laptop.

* *The next day I had Il Corvo for lunch and it was very delicious.*

YOU CAN STAND IN LINE AT THE GROCERY STORE AND SWIPE 60 PEOPLE'S FACES ON TINDER WHILE YOU WAIT TO BUY HAMBURGER BUNS.

- Protective case for my laptop.
- Internet-blocking program so I can stop using my laptop so much.

- Museums. (Gotta peep the exhibits online before I commit to driving all the way out there, right?)

- Coasters. (If you dig deep, you can find some dope coasters with dinosaurs on them!)

- Vanilla ice cream. (Had to step it up from Breyers, and there's a *lot* of debate in the ice-cream-fan community—there are fierce debates on those message boards.)

It's not just me, though. I may take things to extremes sometimes, but we live in a culture that tells us we want and deserve the best, and now we have the technology to get it. Think about the overwhelming popularity of websites that are dedicated to our pursuit of the best things available. Yelp for restaurants. TripAdvisor for travel. Rotten Tomatoes and Metacritic for movies.

A few decades ago, if I wanted to research vanilla ice cream, what would I have even done? Cold-approach chubby guys and then slowly steer the convo toward ice cream to get their take? No, thanks.

Nowadays the internet is my chubby friend. It is the whole world's chubby friend.



If this mentality has so pervaded our decision making, then it stands to reason that it is also affecting our search for a romantic partner, especially if it's going to be long-term. In a sense, it already has. Remember: We are no longer the generation of the "good enough" marriage. We are now looking for our "soul mates." And even after we find our "soul mates," if we start feeling unhappy, we get "divorced."

If you are looking for your soul mate, now is the time to do it. Consider the rich social infrastructure of bars, nightclubs and restaurants in cities. Add to that the massive online-dating industry. Then throw in the fact that people now get married later in life than ever before and spend their 20s in "early adulthood," which is basically dedicated to exploring romantic options and having experiences that previous generations couldn't have imagined. (continued on page 132)



"Oh, it's nothing. Just a periscope."

Lady in Red

Miss August likes to let the universe be her guide. Lucky for us, it's led her here

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SASHA EISENMAN

Red is perhaps the most compelling color, emblematic of desire, energy and passion. It's fitting, then, that this year's first red-headed Playmate, Miss August Dominique Jane, is a woman who embodies all those qualities and also likes to ascribe meaning to life's seemingly random events. Raised in a California canyon with dual citizenship in the U.S. and Ireland, Dominique has wanted to be a Playmate since she was a teenager, when she put stickers of the Rabbit Head on herself at a tanning salon to get the shape temporarily imprinted on her body. "I'd always tell friends, 'One day...'" she says.

It wasn't until she walked into her PLAYBOY shoot that she felt her years of pursuit had been vindicated. "I shot my pictorial at a place called the Good Luck Bar on Chinese New Year," says the model, who holds a degree in fashion marketing. "Being a spiritual person, I can't help but think that PLAYBOY came into my life at this moment for a reason."

For Dominique, becoming Miss August in the Year of the Ram—a time for peace and clarity, according to the Chinese zodiac—follows an unbelievably wild period. After a friend recommended her, she found herself performing in the second-biggest concert tour of 2013, Kanye West's *Yeezus*. "Supposedly, Kanye himself selected me from a group," she says. "That tour was very religious, with the idea that you can be the greatest power in your own life. The opportunities the universe throws at me always seem to have greater meaning."

Out of the spotlight, Dominique remains a chill, non-judgmental extrovert who loves food and prefers band T-shirts (the War on Drugs, Tom Petty and fellow red-head Florence Welch are musical favorites) over designer duds. "I like connecting with people and culture," she says. As Miss August, she's sure to do plenty of that—and whatever else the universe has in store. "Not too long ago, if you told me I was going to be in PLAYBOY or onstage with Kanye, I would have said you're crazy." Better believe it, Dominique. They call that destiny.

PLAYBOY.COM/DOMINIQUE-JANE



































MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Dominique Jane

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Dominique Jane

BUST: 32B WAIST: 24" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 100 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 5/10/88 BIRTHPLACE: Topanga, California

AMBITIONS: To launch my acting career and become your next Playmate of the Year!

TURN-ONS: A down-to-earth man with a zest for life who is good to his mom - and surfs.

TURNOFFS: Those who disrespect not only me but complete strangers. Everyone deserves kindness, regard, compassion and a smile.

THE PERFECT HAPPY HOUR: A margarita on the rocks and endless chips and guacamole with my girls.

RULE NUMBER ONE: I'll never text first, so you'll need to pick up the phone to get my attention. Trust me, it's worth it. After all, redheads are hard to find.

FINAL WORDS: I live like a gypsy: I always have my bags packed for the next adventure. I hope you'll join me.



Love each moment.

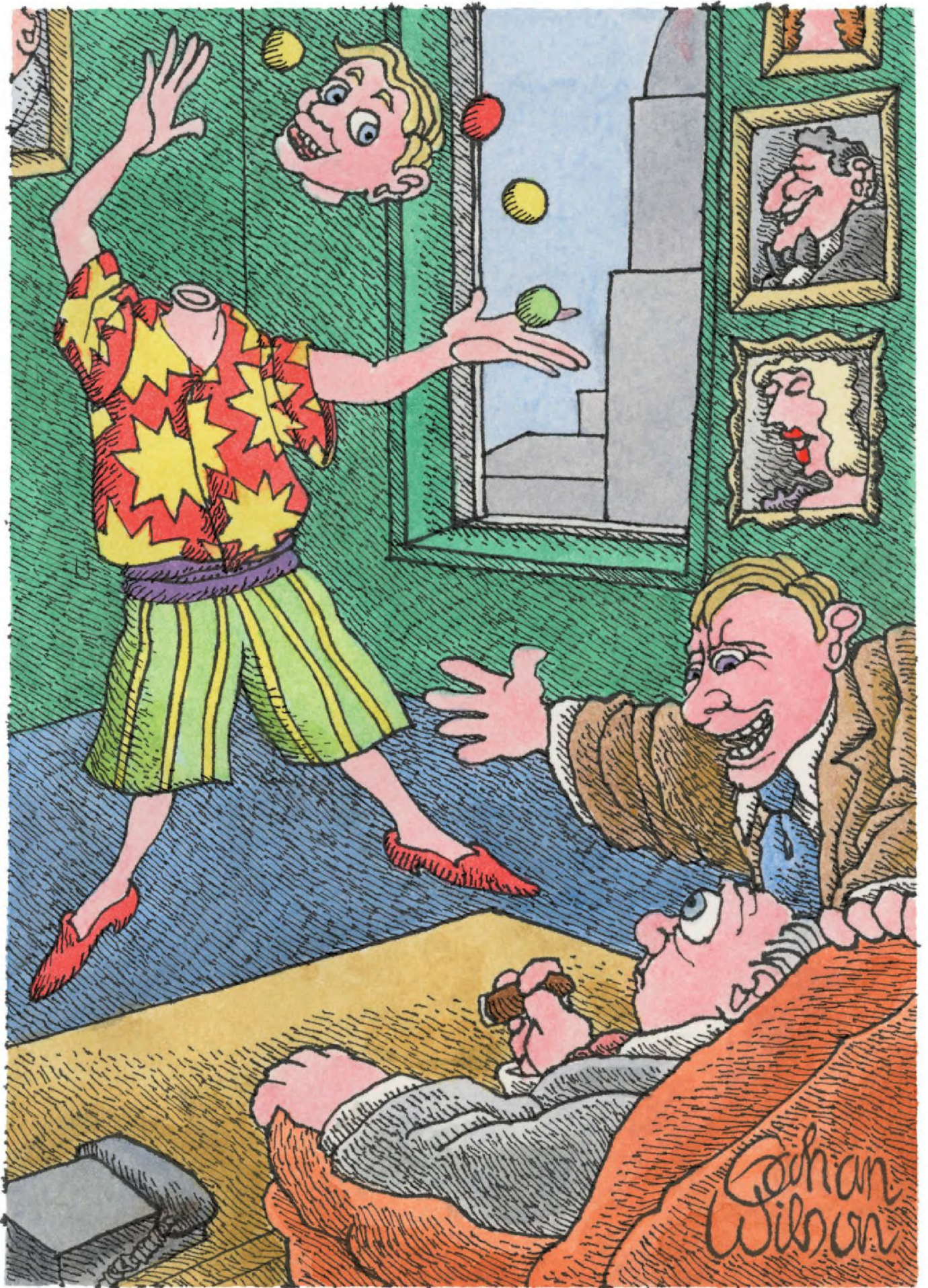


make life a party!



I'll be your DJ. xO





"Here's where the act really starts to take off!"



SUMMER, SEX & SUN SPECIAL

WELCOME TO 21 PAGES OF UNINTERRUPTED SUMMER FUN, IN WHICH YOU WILL LEARN TO: SHOOT A SEXY SELFIE (PAGE 112), PARTY LIKE A MASTER CHEF (PAGE 116), BE THE COOLEST DUDE AT THE POOL (PAGE 120) AND REFINE YOUR ADMIRATION OF A SUN-BRONZED BATHING BEAUTY (PAGE 124). **YOU'RE WELCOME.**



F

ace it: A sexy selfie is essentially the modern-day love letter or mixtape and a surefire way of getting someone's attention—especially in the summer, when more clothes come off more often. But you have to do it right, which means getting away from mirrors in dimly lit bathrooms, bars and gyms. To help, we've enlisted photographer Danny Lane and two Playmates for a consummate lesson in creating digital sex appeal. In 2015, there's really no shame in learning to love thy selfie.



PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO

SEXTOGRAPHY

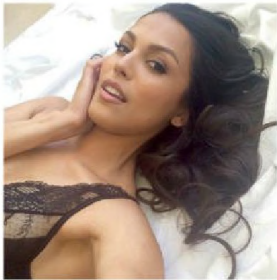
FEATURING GIA MARIE & RAQUEL POMPLUN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY LANE



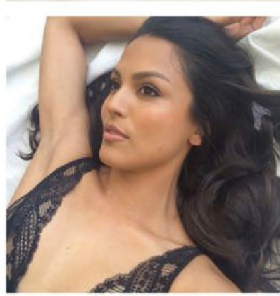
ONE IS NEVER ENOUGH

• Photographers take 100 pics per hour to nail the perfect shot. Follow suit and produce 10 to 15 options with a variety of poses and angles. "Choose the one that feels completely different from the others," advises Raquel. Shooting against a clean palette, such as solid-color bedsheets, makes your face the focus.



LOCATION MATTERS

A selfie taken between the sheets is exponentially more attractive than the cliché bathroom-mirror shot showcasing your hygienic lotions and potions.



TIME OUT

• The professional-looking "nonselfie" is easier to achieve than you may think. This photo of Gia, for example, took only six minutes. Eliminate outstretched arms by using a camera's self-timer, which can take a burst of 10 photos at once. Make sure to prop your phone so the camera lens is at the same height as your eye line. "Don't let your face hog the frame," says Gia. "You should always be showing off a little more of something else." Lane also advises that you shoot near a window for optimal natural light. "The key is to find the light with your face," he says.



TOOLS OF THE TRADE

URPOWER SELFIE STICK

This selfie stick with Bluetooth (\$40) increases your range of angles, backgrounds and frame space. Just promise not to use it in crowded public areas.

FUJIFILM INSTAX

Go old-school with Fujifilm's instant camera (\$100), which spits out a hard copy you can hand-deliver or leave behind.

MUKU SHUTTR

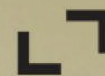
Shooting with one hand can be an exercise in dexterity. A shutter remote (\$39) simplifies snapping.

PODO STICK AND SHOOT

The Bluetooth-enabled Podo (\$99) adheres to walls, glass and just about everywhere else so you can perfect the full-body shot.

INSTASIZE

Instagram and dating apps require that pics be cropped to an equal length on all four sides before uploading. The InstaSize app (free) squares photos of any dimension.



BREAKING IT DOWN

• A provocative selfie should show off your personality, not change it. "I've seen selfies taken by cute, seemingly shy people that were way too sexual and found myself turned off," says Lane. Adds Gia, "Men in particular should avoid taking pictures of their muscles at the gym, because it looks douche-y. You don't need to try so hard. Just make it special for the recipient, and don't send too many." Once you've mastered your sexed-up digital persona, improve it with these technical tips.

1

2

3

1. SIMPLE DIVISION

The rule of thirds is the rule of thumb for ideal photo composition. Divide the camera frame horizontally (or vertically) by three and have your eyes occupy an outer third. When using a front-facing camera, look into the lens, not the screen.

2. SMILE LIKE YOU MEAN IT

There's nothing sexy about duck-face, the exaggerated, outward pursing of the lips. Opt for a coy smile, which is more inviting, or, as Raquel suggests, ditch the emoji and simulate a kiss. "I like it when guys send me kisses," she says.

3. FIND YOUR ANGLE

Hold your phone a few degrees above your eye line, and angle the lens toward your face. Use a low angle only if you want a more serious tone. "When you shoot from below, it puts you in a position of power," Lane says.

4. SAFE SEXTING

Any photo taken on a smartphone has the potential to be leaked, and gratuitous nudity often feels more tacky than classy. (Instagram, for one, will remove any NSFW photos.) Tease your body; don't flaunt it. "Keep your shirt on, or find cute censors," says Lane. "It's cool to add an element of mystery. The less you see, the more you want."

4





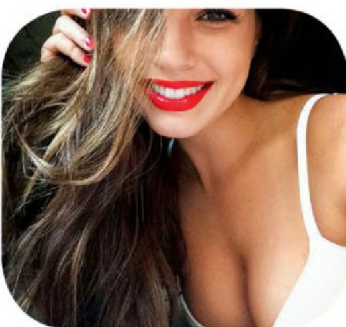
FINE-TUNE IT

• “Don’t retouch or edit your selfies too much,” says Lane. Yes, apps such as Instagram and Photoshop Express, plus the preloaded filters on your camera, make it easy to correct uneven skin tones and hide wrinkles, but smart editing means altering the entire tone of a photo—as a black-and-white filter does (top left)—rather than “fixing” your face. Try using filters only to highlight your best features. For example, enhance freckles by sharpening the image and tweaking saturation (top right). For a romantic glow, add a vignette (bottom left). “Be true to yourself,” says Lane. “Nothing is weirder than meeting someone who doesn’t look anything like they do in their pictures.”



SELFIE QUEENS

NEVER SEND THE SAME SELFIE TWICE. HERE’S HOW TO CHANGE IT UP



Miss June 2014
JESSICA ASHLEY

▲ Capitalizing on bright lighting and an even brighter smile—plus a tasteful tease of something more—Jessica’s selfie is fun and flirty, with a hint of innocence.

Instagram: @MissJessicaAsh
Followers: 292,000

Miss October 2011
AMANDA CERNY

▼ If you want people to look at your body, Lane suggests looking away from the lens.

Instagram: @AmandaCerny
Followers: 1.1 million



Miss February 2009
JESSICA BURCIAGA

▲ Jessica has the epitome of a smize—that is, smiling with the eyes. Her subtlety draws you in and evokes intrigue.

Instagram: @JessicaBurciaga
Followers: 1.1 million

Miss June 2013
AUDREY ALLEN

◀ In this expert selfie (butt selfie), Audrey limits distraction by covering the top half of her body.

Instagram: @MissAudreyAllen
Followers: 437,000

SURE, YOU COULD
PRETEND YOU'RE
A CHEF AT YOUR
NEXT **SUMMER
COOKOUT**. OR YOU
COULD DO WHAT A
REAL CHEF DOES
ON HIS DAY OFF.
WE GRILLED **CHEF
CHRIS COSENTINO**,
THE MAN BEHIND
SAN FRANCISCO HOT
SPOT COCKSCOMB,
ON HOW TO
COOK SMART



BBQ



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
FRANCESCO TONELLI



RECIPES BY
CHRIS COSENTINO



**MAXIMIZE
the
MARINADE**

This sour, salty, sweet beer-can chicken is a low-maintenance crowd-pleaser. “You can set it and forget it,” says Cosentino. “Place it on the grill and spend time with your guests, then go back occasionally and glaze.”

✕
Skip the fancy “barbecue” set and grab a pair of extra-long industrial kitchen tongs from a chefs supply store.



**GRAB A
GROWLER**

That summer conundrum of whether to have a cocktail or a beer is solved with the negrowler, a combination of the Italian negroni cocktail and beer. “You can make it in

advance and put it in the fridge to serve later,” says Cosentino. “It uses less hard liquor with the same great flavor profile as a traditional negroni and goes down nice and easy.”

A vibrant watermelon and tomato salad with jalapeños and basil leaves. The salad is a colorful mix of sliced watermelon, tomatoes, jalapeños, and fresh basil leaves, all tossed together. The ingredients are arranged in a large, central pile, with some pieces scattered around the edges. The colors are bright and fresh, with the red of the watermelon and tomatoes contrasting with the green of the jalapeños and basil. The overall appearance is appetizing and refreshing.

HARNESS SWEET AND SOUR POWER

“This watermelon and tomato salad is really refreshing on a hot day, and you have sweet and acidic flavors combined in one dish for good balance. It also looks great on a big platter and is easy to share.”

Summer
BBQ GUIDE
2015

RECIPES

Our Guest GRILLMASTER

CHRIS COSENTINO

To help you get your grill on, we enlisted Chris Cosentino, former Iron Chef competitor and Top Chef Master and the eternally meat-centric restaurateur behind Cockscomb, in San Francisco's South of Market district. Cosentino is known for his expert ways with offal and other humble cuts, which means if he can make tripe tasty, he can turn beer-can chicken into something beatific.



1 NEGROWLER

Makes 6 cocktails

- 5 oz. Bulldog gin
- 5 oz. Campari
- 5 oz. Cinzano 1757
- 30 oz. Anchor Steam beer
- Orange peel

Combine liquids in a large pitcher, stir, then transfer to a growler. To serve, pour over ice and garnish with orange peel.

2

BEER-CAN CHICKEN

Serves 4

- 1 4-lb. chicken
- 4 sprigs cilantro
- 1 lime, cut into quarters
- 1 can of beer (if you would drink it, use it)
- Lime and fish sauce marinade (see recipe below)
- Salt
- Black pepper

Remove neck and giblets from chicken and discard. Rinse chicken inside and out, then pat dry with paper towels. Let chicken air-dry. Place cilantro and one lime quarter in the cavity of the bird.

Open beer can and take several gulps (make them big gulps so the can is half full). Place can on a sturdy surface. Rub chicken with marinade, then season with salt and black pepper. Grab a chicken leg in each hand and plunk the bird cavity over the beer can. Transfer the bird-on-a-can to the grill and place in the center of the grate, balancing the chicken on the can and its two legs, like a tripod. As the chicken cooks, brush with marinade so it bakes in and the sugars and lime juice caramelize.

Cook chicken over medium-high indirect heat (i.e., no coals or burners directly under the bird), with the grill cover on, for approximately one hour 15 minutes or until the internal temperature registers 165 degrees Fahrenheit in the breast area and 180 degrees in the thigh, or until the juice runs clear when the thigh is stabbed with a sharp knife. Remove from grill and let rest for 10 minutes before carving.

LIME AND RED BOAT FISH SAUCE MARINADE

Also works with pork and beef

- ¼ cup lime juice
- 2 tbsp. Red Boat fish sauce
- 3 tbsp. black pepper, coarsely ground
- 1 tsp. chili flakes
- 1 tsp. sugar

In a small saucepan, mix all ingredients well and bring to a boil. Boil for three minutes, then let cool.

3

WATERMELON AND TOMATO SALAD

Serves 4

- 1 lb. heirloom tomatoes in assorted colors
- ¼ lb. mixed cherry tomatoes
- 1 watermelon
- Red wine vinaigrette (see recipe below)
- Sea salt
- Black pepper
- ¼ cup fresh basil leaves, torn
- ¼ cup fresh mint leaves, torn
- 1 tsp. Aleppo pepper
- 1 serrano chili, cut into paper-thin rings

Cut heirloom tomatoes into different shapes and sizes such as wedges and thick slices. Cut cherry tomatoes in half. Peel watermelon and cut into one-and-a-half-inch squares, making sure to remove the seeds.

In a large bowl, combine tomatoes and watermelon; drizzle with vinaigrette and toss to coat evenly. Season to taste with sea salt and black pepper. Add basil, mint, Aleppo pepper and serrano chili, and toss. To serve, place on a large platter for sharing.

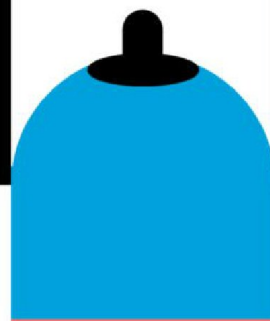
RED WINE VINAIGRETTE

Makes ¾ cup

- ¼ cup red wine vinegar
- Juice of 1 lemon
- ¼ cup pure olive oil
- ¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
- Kosher salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

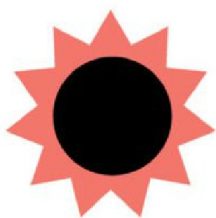
In a small bowl, whisk together vinegar, lemon juice and pure olive oil until emulsified, then whisk in extra-virgin olive oil. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Use right away, or cover and refrigerate for up to two days.

Summer
STYLE GUIDE
2015

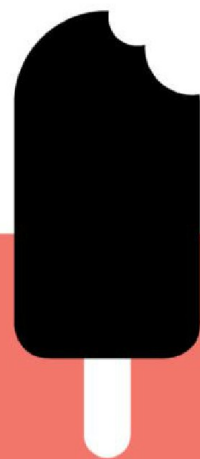


Summer

School'd



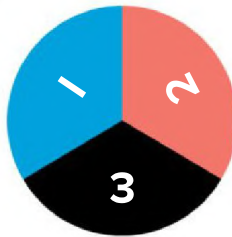
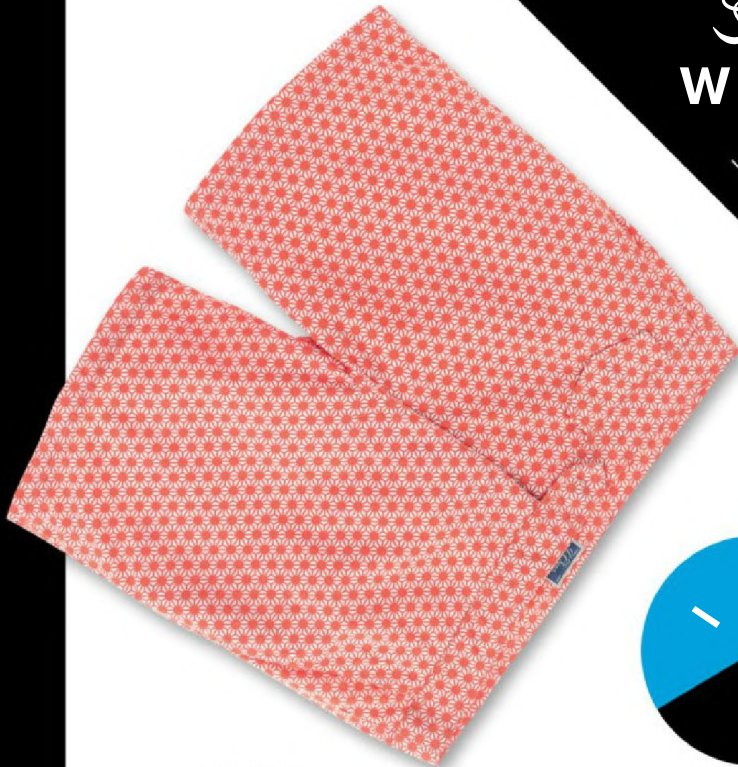
By
VINCENT
BOUCHER



**SUMMERTIME DOESN'T
HAVE TO MEAN SCHLUB
TIME. THE GREATEST
GEAR IS AS COOL AS IT
IS COMFORTABLE**



Swim
WEAR



**PAIRS OF
SWIM SHORTS
THAT GO FROM
DUNKS TO
DRINKS**



1

GEOMETRIC MEANS

• J. Crew's neat geometric trunks are styled like shorts, with a front pocket and a waist tab.

Swim shorts, \$75, jcrew.com

2

TIKI TALK

• Get your tiki on with M.Nii's vintage-style print shorts, which come with a handy button-flap back pocket.

Boardshorts, \$125, mnii.com

3

NOIR AND THEN

• Robinson Les Bains's black pair combines French savoir faire with quick-drying high-tech utility.

Swim shorts, \$240, mporter.com

No Shoes, No Problem

Tip-Top Flip-Flops

Volcom rethinks the flimsy flip-flop with its Recliner rubber sandal. A quilted rubber-sponge sole provides unencumbered comfort and added

durability all summer long. The contrasting color scheme brings the requisite sartorial snap. Also available in black with red straps.

• *Flip-flops, \$22, volcom.com*



Beach
ESSENTIALS

**BEST-IN-CLASS
ACCESSORIES
MAKE WAVES**

1

CAMO CHAMELEON

• Saturdays Surf NYC lays it out in black and white with a supersize safari-camo cotton towel.
Beach towel, \$55, saturdaysnyc.com

2

SUNSET HIP

• Ride off into the sunset anytime via Cutler and Gross's ultimate mirrored aviators. A reflective coating cuts harmful glare and keeps things oh so mellow.
Sunglasses, \$500, mrporter.com



3

TAN AND VAN

• The original Vans slip-ons, loved dearly by skaters and surfers, get a timely update in a cool tropical print.
Slip-on sneakers, \$55, vans.com



Tee Time
Striking Stripes

Ditch the deep vee. (There's only one place we want to see cleavage, and it's not on a dude.) Toss out the tank. Stick to a classic pocket tee in a sophisticated black-and-white stripe. By New York designer brothers Ovardia & Sons, in cooling and resilient bamboo and cotton.

• T-shirt, \$115, ovadiaandsons.com

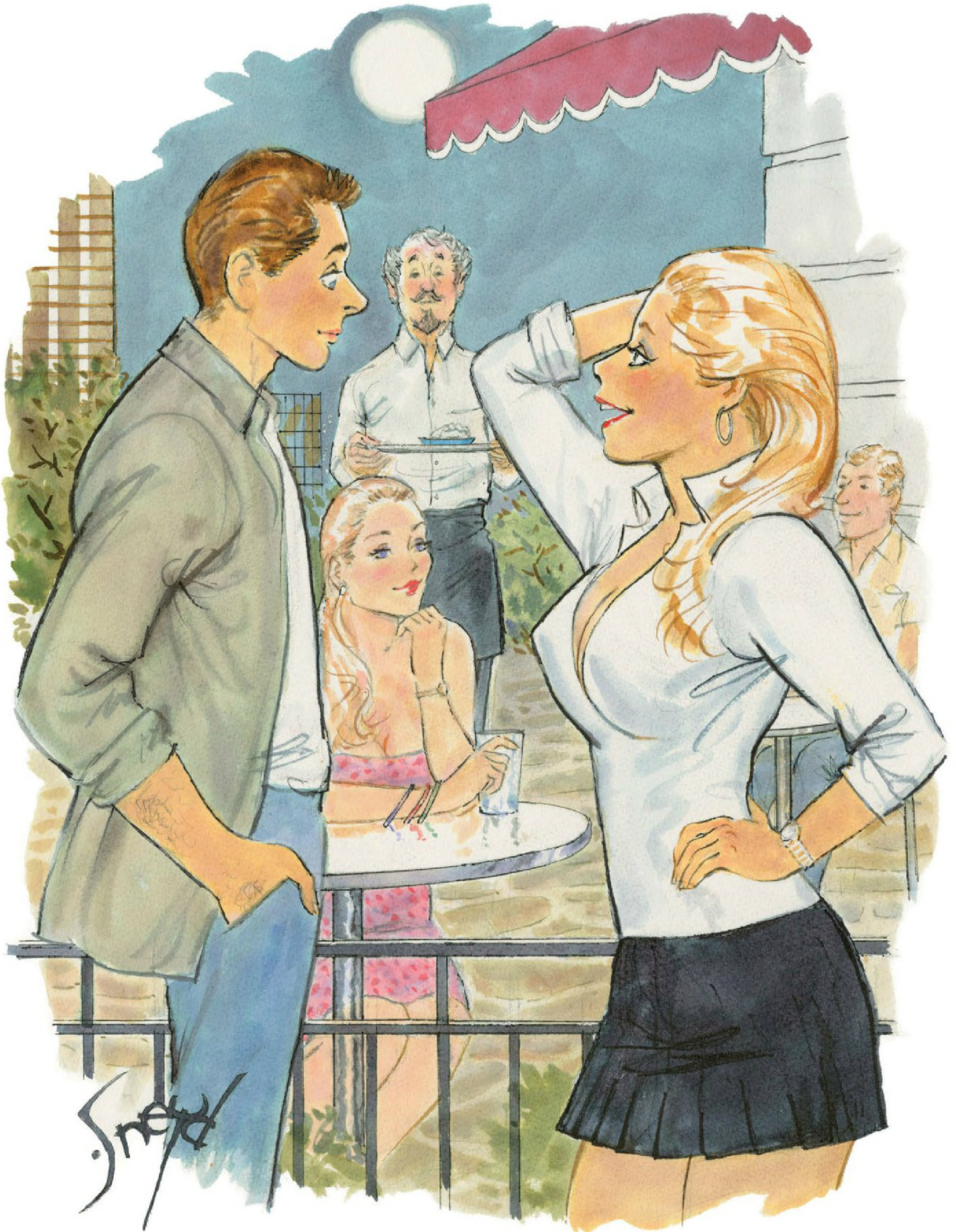
**GRAB
&
GO**




• Chrome's street-tough Yalta biking backpack, now recolored in high-visibility blue, also stands up to sand, salt spray and summer rays.
Backpack, \$120, chromeindustries.com

• Eugenia Kim's men's line, Mr. Kim, gets shady with a straw fedora with alternating stripes and a dented crown.
Straw hat, \$160, barneys.com





"It'll never work, Harry. You think the best things in life are free, and I charge by the hour."



➔ *SUN-KISSED **SAMANTHA TARAN** GLOWS IN THIS MODERN TAKE ON THE BODY-WORSHIPPING **PIRELLI CALENDARS** OF THE 1980S. PALM FRONDS, ICE-COLD BEVERAGES AND A LAZING BEACH BABE? LONG LIVE THE DOG DAYS OF SUMMER*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARLOS NUNEZ



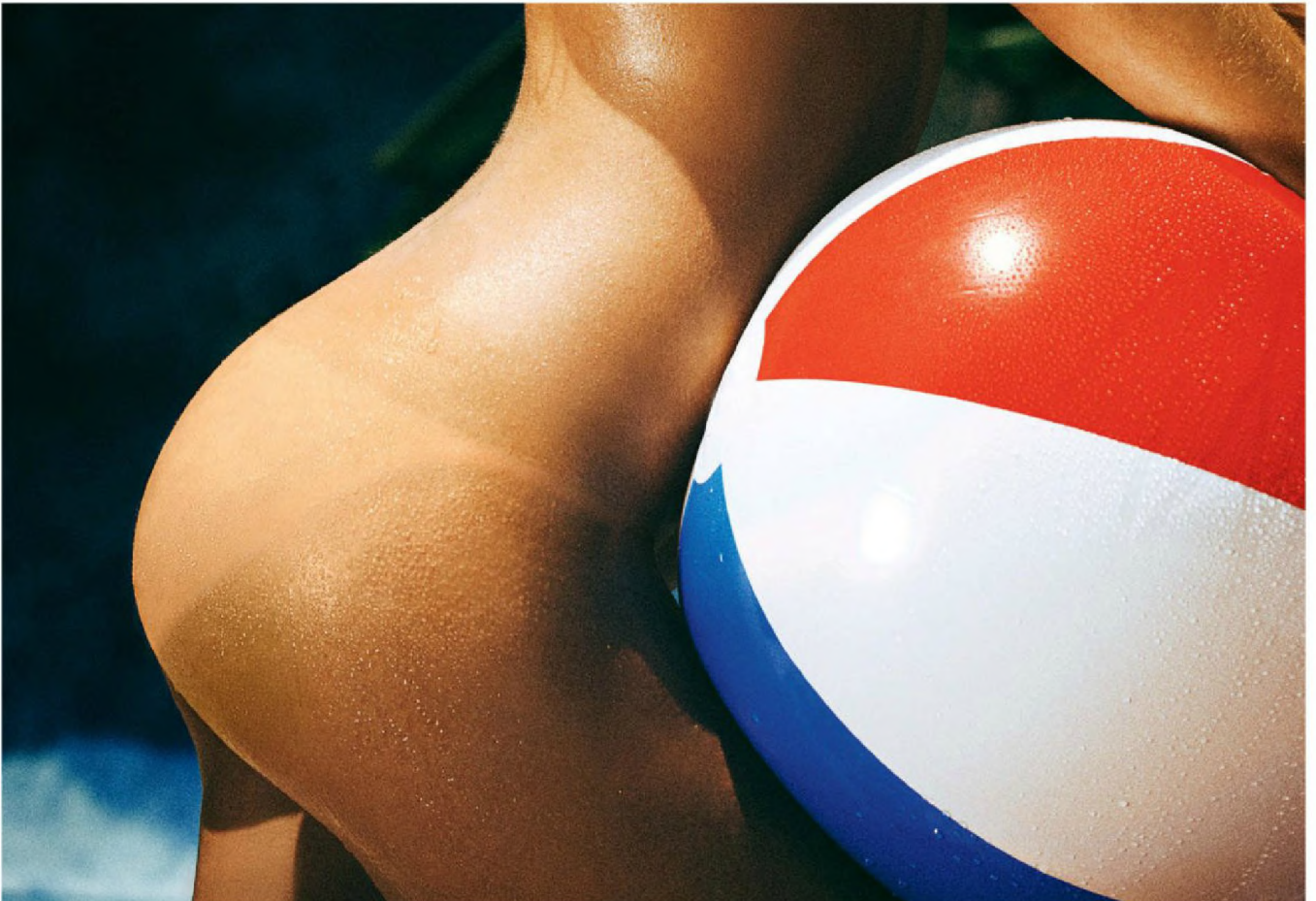
WET HOT

American

SUMMER















ENDLESS LOVE

Continued from page 96

College, finding our careers, moving out on our own to different cities and parts of the world—in early adulthood we are constantly being introduced to new and exciting pools of romantic options.

Even the advances in the past few years are pretty absurd. You can stand in line at the grocery store and swipe 60 people's faces on Tinder while you wait to buy hamburger buns. That's 20 times more people than my dad met on his marriage journey. (Note: For those wondering, the *best* hamburger buns are Martin's potato rolls. Trust me!)

When you think about all this, you have to acknowledge something profound about the current situation: In the history of our species, no group has ever had as many romantic options as we have now.

So, in theory, this should be a great thing. More options is better, right?

Well. It's not that easy.

Barry Schwartz is a professor of psychology at Swarthmore College who has spent much of his career studying the surprising problems that come from having an abundance of options.

Schwartz's research, and a considerable amount of scholarship from other social scientists too, shows that when we have more options, we are actually less satisfied and sometimes even have a harder time making a choice at all.

When I thought back to that sad peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich I had in Seattle, this idea resonated with me.

Schwartz's way of thinking about choice grew popular when he published his book *The Paradox of Choice*. But for decades most people presumed the opposite: The more choices we had, the more likely we would be to maximize our happiness.

In the 1950s the pioneering scholar Herbert Simon paved the way for people like Schwartz by showing that most of the time people are not all that interested in getting the best possible option. Generally, Simon argued, people and organizations lack the time, knowledge and inclination to seek out "the best" and are surprisingly content with a suboptimal outcome. Maximizing is just too difficult, so we wind up being "satisficers" (a term that combines *satisfy* and *suffice*). We may fantasize about having the best of something, but usually we are happy

to have something that's "good enough."

According to Simon, people can be maximizers and satisficers in different contexts. For example, when it comes to, let's say, tacos, I'm a maximizer. I'll do a rigorous amount of research to make sure I'm getting the best taco I can find, because for me there is a huge difference in the taco experience. A satisficer will just get tacos wherever they see a decent taco stand and call it a day. I hate getting tacos with these people. Enjoy your nasty tacos, losers.

If I'm picking gasoline for my car, though, I'm more of a satisficer. I drive into whatever gas station is close, load the cheapest shit I can to fill my tank and get the fuck out of there. It sounds pretty mean to my car, but I really don't give a shit and notice no difference in performance for the quality of gas. Sorry, Prius.

Now, I understand that there is a certain kind of "car guy" out there who would find my choice of gasoline as horrifying as I find the choice of suboptimal tacos. To that I say: Stop caring so much about gasoline, you ding-dong! Spend that money on good tacos like a nice, normal person.

What Schwartz suggests, however, is that cultural, economic and technological changes since the time Simon wrote have changed the choice-making context. Because of smartphones and the internet, our options are no longer limited to what's in the physical store where we are standing. We can choose from what's in every store, everywhere. We have far more opportunities to become maximizers than we would have had just a few decades ago. And that new context is changing who we are and how we live.

I noticed this in myself with Christmas ornaments. Why would I be anything but a satisficer with Christmas ornaments? It's pretty standard. The balls, the string of lights, etc. Well, do some internet searching and you find some amazing ornaments. A *Back to the Future* DeLorean, little dinosaurs (!), a funny dude on a motorcycle. I ordered it all!

These types of ornaments wouldn't have even entered my mind before the internet allowed me to see these other options. Now my standards for Christmas ornaments had gone up, and I wanted the best. Sadly, due to shipping delays, most of these ornaments I ordered arrived in late January, but my tree was extra dope in February.

Besides gasoline, it's damn near impossible for me to think of anything where I won't put in time to find the best. I'm a maximizer in nearly everything. Bottled water? Nope. You buy one of the bozo brands and you get bottled water that's just tap water in a bottle. Potato chips? Ruffles? No, thank you. Pass the Sweet Onion Kettle Chips. Candles? If you only knew how good the candles in my house smell.

It's so easy to find and get the best, so why not?

What happens to people who look for and find the best? Well, it's bad news again.

Schwartz, along with two business school professors, did a study of college seniors preparing to enter the workforce. For six months the researchers followed the seniors as they applied for and started new jobs. They then classified the students into maximizers (students who were looking for the best job) and satisficers (students who were looking for a job that met certain minimum requirements and was "good enough").

Here's what they found: On average, the maximizers put much more time and effort into their job search. They did more research, asked more friends for advice and went on more interviews. In return, the maximizers in the study got better jobs. They received, on average, a 20 percent higher starting salary than the satisficers.

After they started their jobs, though, Schwartz and his colleagues asked the participants how satisfied they were. What they found was surprising. Even though the maximizers had better jobs than the satisficers, by every psychological measure they felt worse about them. Overall, maximizers had less job satisfaction and were less certain they'd selected the right job at all.

The satisficers, by contrast, were generally more positive about their jobs, the search process and their lives in general. The satisficers had jobs that paid less money, but they somehow felt better about them.

Searching for a job when you're in college is hardly a typical situation, so I asked Schwartz if perhaps this study was just capturing something unique. It wasn't. Schwartz is an encyclopedia of psychological research on choice problems. If asked to give a quote about him for the back of a book cover, I would say, "This mother-fucker knows choice."

As he explained it, the maximizers in the job-search experiment were doing what maximizers generally do: Rather than compare actual jobs, with their various pros and cons, in their minds they wound up selecting the features of each particular job and creating a "fantasy job," an ideal that neither they nor, probably, anyone else would ever get.

Johnny Satisficer is sitting around at his dum-dum job, eating his disgusting sub-par taco and thinking about hanging his generic Christmas ornaments later on. But he's totally happy about that.

Meanwhile, I've just found out the taco place I researched for hours is closed on Sundays, and even though this year I have my dope Christmas ornaments, I'm worried there's a better Christmas ornament out there that I don't know about yet and am spending my holidays with the internet instead of my family.

When applied to modern romance, the implications of these ideas on choice are slightly terrifying.

If we are the generation with the greatest set of options, what happens to our



"I'm on a fixed income too. I haven't been able to get more than 10 bucks for a blow job in months."

decision making? By Schwartz's logic, we are probably looking for "the best" and, in fact, we are looking for our soul mates too. Is this possible to find? "How many people do you need to see before you know you've found the best?" Schwartz asked. "The answer is every damn person there is. How else do you know it's the best? If you're looking for the best, this is a recipe for complete misery."

Complete misery! (Read in a scary Aziz whisper voice.)[†]

If you are in a big city or on an online dating site, you are flooded with options. Seeing all these options, like the people in the job example, are we now comparing our potential partners not to other potential partners but rather to an idealized person whom no one could measure up to?

And what if you're not looking for your soul mate yet but just want to date someone and commit to a girlfriend or boyfriend? How does our increase in options affect our ability to commit? To be honest, even picking lunch in Seattle was pretty tough.

If we, like the people in the job study, are creating a "fantasy" person full of all our desired qualities, doesn't the vast potential of the internet and all our other romantic pools give us the illusion that this fantasy person does, in fact, exist? Why settle for anything less?

When we brought these ideas up in focus groups, people responded to these notions immediately. In the city with arguably the most options, New York, people discussed how it was hard to settle down because every corner you turned revealed more potential opportunities.

I've felt it myself. For much of the past few years, I split my time between New York and L.A. When I first started dating my current girlfriend, when I was in New York, I'd see people everywhere and feel like, *Shit, should I ever take myself out of the single world? There's so many people!* Then I got back to L.A., where instead of walking in streets and subway stations full of potential options, I would be alone in my Prius (filled with shitty gasoline), listening to a dumb podcast. I couldn't wait to get home and hold my girlfriend.

But the surge of options is not limited to people in New York. As Schwartz told me, "Where did people meet alternatives 30 years ago? It was in the workplace. How many shots did you have? Two or three people, maybe, who you found attractive, who were the right age, or you meet somebody your friend works with, and your friend fixes you up. So the set of romantic possibilities that you actually confront is going to be pretty small.

"And that, it seems to me, is like feeding in an environment where the food is relatively scarce. You find somebody who seems simpatico. And you do as much as you can to cultivate that person because there may

[†] If you listen to the audiobook version of this, I'm not going to say "Read in a scary Aziz whisper voice" or this note, because I'm just going to do the actual voice, and I think it should be pretty terrifying.

be a long drought after that person. That's what it used to be like. But now," he said, "in principle, the world is available to you."

The world is available to us, but that may be the problem.

The Columbia professor Sheena Iyengar was one of Barry Schwartz's co-authors on the job-hunting study, and she also knows a shit ton about choice. Through a series of experiments, Iyengar has demonstrated that an excess of options can lead to indecision and paralysis. In one of her most influential studies, she and another researcher set up a table at a luxury food store and offered shoppers samples of jams. Sometimes the researchers offered six types of jam, but other times they offered 24. When they offered 24, people were more likely to stop in and have a taste. But, amazingly, they were far less likely to actually *buy* any jam. People who stopped to taste the smaller number of jams were almost *10 times* more likely to buy jam than people who stopped to taste the larger number.

Don't you see what's happening to us? There's just too much jam out there. If you're on a date with a certain jam, you can't

*I was never
meeting people
I really, really
liked. Was
everyone shitty?
Or was I shitty?*

even focus, 'cause as soon as you go to the bathroom, three other jams have texted you. You go online, you see more jam there. You put in filters to find the perfect jam. There are iPhone apps that literally tell you if there is jam nearby that wants to get eaten at that particular moment!

How do we go about analyzing our options? On dates. And most of the time, boring-ass dates. You have coffee, drinks, a meal, go see a movie. We're all trying to find someone who excites us, someone who makes us feel like we've truly made a connection. Can anyone reach that high bar on the typical, boring dates we all go on?

One of the social scientists I consulted is the Stanford sociologist Robb Willer. Willer said that he had several friends who had taken dates to a monster truck rally. If you aren't familiar with monster truck rallies, basically these giant-ass trucks, with names like Skull Crusher and the ReJEWinator, ride up huge dirt hills and do crazy jumps. (Okay, I made up ReJEWinator, but it would be cool if there were

a Jewish monster truck scene.) Sometimes they fly over a bunch of smaller cars or even school buses. Even more nuts, sometimes those trucks assemble into a giant robot truck that literally eats cars. Not joking. It's called Truckzilla and it's worth looking into. Frankly, it sounds cool as shit, and I'm looking at tickets for the next one I can attend.

Anyway, for Willer's friends it started as a plan to do something campy and ironic, since they weren't big car and truck fans so much as curious about this interesting and kind of bizarre subculture. It turned out to be a great date event: fun, funny, exciting and different. Instead of the usual, boring resumé exchange, the couples were placed in an interesting environment and got to really get a sense of their own rapport. Two of the couples he mentioned were still together and happily dating. Sadly, another one of the couples was making out in a small car that was soon run over and crushed by a monster truck named King Krush. Very unfortunate.

Now, granted, I'm not saying that we should all show up on dates wearing beekeeper suits. The dates that are not boring are not all super eccentric, vague things. The common thread is that they weren't just resumé exchanges over a drink or dinner; they were situations in which people could experience interesting things together and learn what it was like to be with someone new.

There is social science that shows that more interesting dates like this can lead to more romantic success. In their famous 1974 study called "Some Evidence for Heightened Sexual Attraction Under Conditions of High Anxiety," Art Aron and Don Dutton sent an attractive woman to the Capilano River in Vancouver, Canada. The river runs through a deep canyon, across which were two bridges. One of the bridges—the control bridge—was very sturdy. It was constructed of heavy cedar, had high handrails and ran only about 10 feet above the water. The second bridge—the experimental bridge—was much, much scarier. It was made of wooden boards attached to wire cables and had a tendency to tilt and sway. The handrails were low, and if you fell, it was a 200-foot drop onto rocks and shallow rapids.

Of the two bridges, only the second was, neurologically speaking, arousing. The researchers had the attractive woman approach men as they crossed each of the bridges. She then told the men she was doing a psychological study and asked if they'd take a brief survey. Afterward, she gave the men her phone number and told them to call if they had any additional questions about the experiment. The researchers predicted that men on the shaky bridge would be more likely to call, as they might mistake their arousal, actually caused by fear, for romantic arousal caused by attraction to the woman. Sure enough, more men on the shaky bridge made the call.

Must have been a bummer for those dudes, though:

"Hey, Sharon? It's Dave from the bridge study. I know this may sound weird, but I was

wondering...would you like to grab a coffee or something sometime?"

"No, David. Sorry, this isn't Sharon. This is Martin. I'm a lab assistant. This was actually also part of the study. We wanted to see if you'd be more likely to call Sharon if you were on the more precarious bridge, and you were! This is great."

"Oh, okay.... Do you know how to get in touch with Sharon?"

"No, I don't. This is the decoy number we gave all of you guys. Man, she is something, though, huh? [long pause] All right. Thanks again. Bye, David."

"Bye." [sad]

Aron published another study, titled "Couples' Shared Participation in Novel and Arousing Activities and Experienced Relationship Quality" (damn, dude, shorten the names of your studies!), where he took 60 couples who were doing okay and had them (a) participate in activities that were novel and exciting (e.g., skiing, hiking), (b) participate in activities that were pleasant/mundane (e.g., dinner, movie) or (c) participate in no activity (this was the control group).

The couples who did the novel and exciting activities showed a significantly greater increase in relationship quality.

Now, many of you are probably thinking that this directly contradicts a study cited by Keanu Reeves's character at the end of the movie *Speed*. "I've heard relationships based on intense experiences never work," he says. "Okay," replies Sandra Bullock's character, "we'll have to base it on sex then."

I'm not sure where Keanu's character, Jack Traven, got his information, but if you trust that Aron and his colleagues aren't bullshitting us, it seems like participating in novel and exciting activities increases our attraction to people. Do the dates you usually go on line up more with the mundane/boring or the exciting/novel variety? If I look back on my dating life, I wonder how much better I (and the other person) would have fared if I had done something exciting rather than just a stupid drink at a local bar.

So maybe for your next date think it through and plan it out perfectly:

Instead of dinner at a nice restaurant, go to dinner at a nice restaurant *but* hire some actors who can do solid German accents to show up and fake a 1980s *Die Hard*-style terrorist takeover of the place to create the danger effect seen in the shaky-bridge study. Then, after you narrowly escape, go outside and see that the road you have to take is super hilly and very dangerous. That's when you say, "Maybe we should take my ride." You point her to your car—that's right, the monster truck Grave Digger. After that, you ride home, where you leap over dozens of cars and shoot fire from the sides of your tires.

Your date will be excited in no time.

The quality of dates is one thing, but what about the quantity? When thinking about that question, I recalled a change I made in my own personal dating policy at one point. While I was single in New York, the city of options, I found myself and a lot of my friends just exploring as many options as we could. There were a lot of first dates but not as many third dates. We were consistently

choosing to meet as many people as possible instead of investing in a relationship. The goal was seemingly to meet someone who instantly swept us off our feet, but it just didn't seem to be happening. I felt like I was never meeting people I *really, really* liked. Was everyone shitty? Or was I shitty? Maybe I was okay, but my dating strategy was shitty? Maybe I was kind of shitty and my dating strategy was kind of shitty too?

At a certain point I decided to change my dating strategy as a personal experiment. I would invest more in people and spend more time with one person. Rather than go on four different dates, what if I went on four dates with one person?

If I went out with a girl and the date felt like it was a six, normally I wouldn't have gone on a second date. Instead, I would have been on my phone texting other options, trying to find that elusive first date that would be a nine or a 10. With this new mentality, I would go on a second date. What I found is that a first date that was a six was usually an eight on the second date. I knew the person better and we kept building a good rapport together. I discovered things about them that weren't initially apparent. We'd develop more inside jokes and just generally get along better, because we were familiar.

"If you're patient and you know what you like, you'll find what you like in another person. There's going to be things you don't like about them. They don't clip their toenails. They don't wash their socks." That wisdom came to me from Jimmy, a 24-year-old who had a positive attitude about the limited choices available to him in his small town.

I told Jimmy I felt like he could find someone with clean socks and trimmed toenails, and maybe the bar was set a bit too low. "The point is there's always going to be something that bothers you, you know? But it's up to you," he said. It took me some time to learn this.

Just casually dating many people had rarely led to this kind of discovery. In the past I had probably been eliminating folks who could have possibly provided fruitful relationships, short- or long-term, if I'd just given them more of a chance. I just hadn't had enough faith in people.

Now I felt much better. Instead of trying to date so many different people and getting stressed out with texting games and the like, I was really getting to know a few people and having a better time for it.

After doing the research for this book and spending time reading papers with long-ass titles like "Couples' Shared Participation in Novel and Arousing Activities and Experienced Relationship Quality," I realized the results of my personal experiment were quite predictable.

Initially, we are attracted to people by their physical appearance and traits we can quickly recognize. But the things that really make us fall for someone are their deeper, more unique qualities, and usually those only come out during sustained interactions.

In most cases, people's unique traits and values are difficult to recognize, let alone appreciate, in an initial encounter. There are just too many things going through our minds to fully take in what makes that other person special and interesting. People's deeper and more distinctive traits emerge gradually through shared experiences and intimate encounters, the kinds we sometimes have when we give relationships a chance to develop but not when we serially first date.

There's something uniquely valuable in everyone, and we'll be much happier and better off if we invest the time and energy it takes to find it.

But seriously, if the person doesn't clip their toenails or wear clean socks, look elsewhere. There are plenty of options.



"I had no idea this desert was so popular."



AHEAD OF HER TIME

Continued from page 63

up to dead animals on your front lawn!" But everyone has always given me the greatest respect. I've never had any major problems. One time I did have a fan who got a little touchy. He followed me into the bathroom

and kind of grabbed me, telling me I was wonderful. That freaked me out. But that was the only situation. Actually, former mayor Maynard Jackson gave me honorary citizenship to the city, though he later rescinded it, saying "I wouldn't have given it to somebody whose claim to fame was being transsexual." That was an insult. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did you give it back?

COSSEY: I did offer, but he didn't take it back. I still have it on my wall.

PLAYBOY: Your birth certificate still identified you as male when you got married. You had waged a costly eight-year fight with the European Court of Human Rights in the 1980s for the right to change your gender on the document. You won the case initially, but the British government appealed, and you lost on the appeal. It wasn't until 2004 that Parliament passed the Gender Recognition Act, which allows transgender people to change their legal

gender. Did you have issues living in the U.S. as a woman with a certificate that identified you as male?

COSSEY: I got U.S. citizenship 14 years ago. When I went through the process, one of the documents you have to produce is a birth certificate. My heart sank. I asked if I could use something else, said that I had lost it, but they said no. When I produced it, I looked at the lady and gave her my birth certificate, my name-change form and my letter from a surgeon confirming my 1974 surgery. She said, "Okay, fine." And that was it. I expected her to leave the room and come back with a load of people behind her, but no. It was amazing. It was actually harder for my husband to get citizenship as a Canadian. [laughs] My birth certificate has since been changed, but it was a similar feeling when I applied for a gun license.

PLAYBOY: You own a gun?

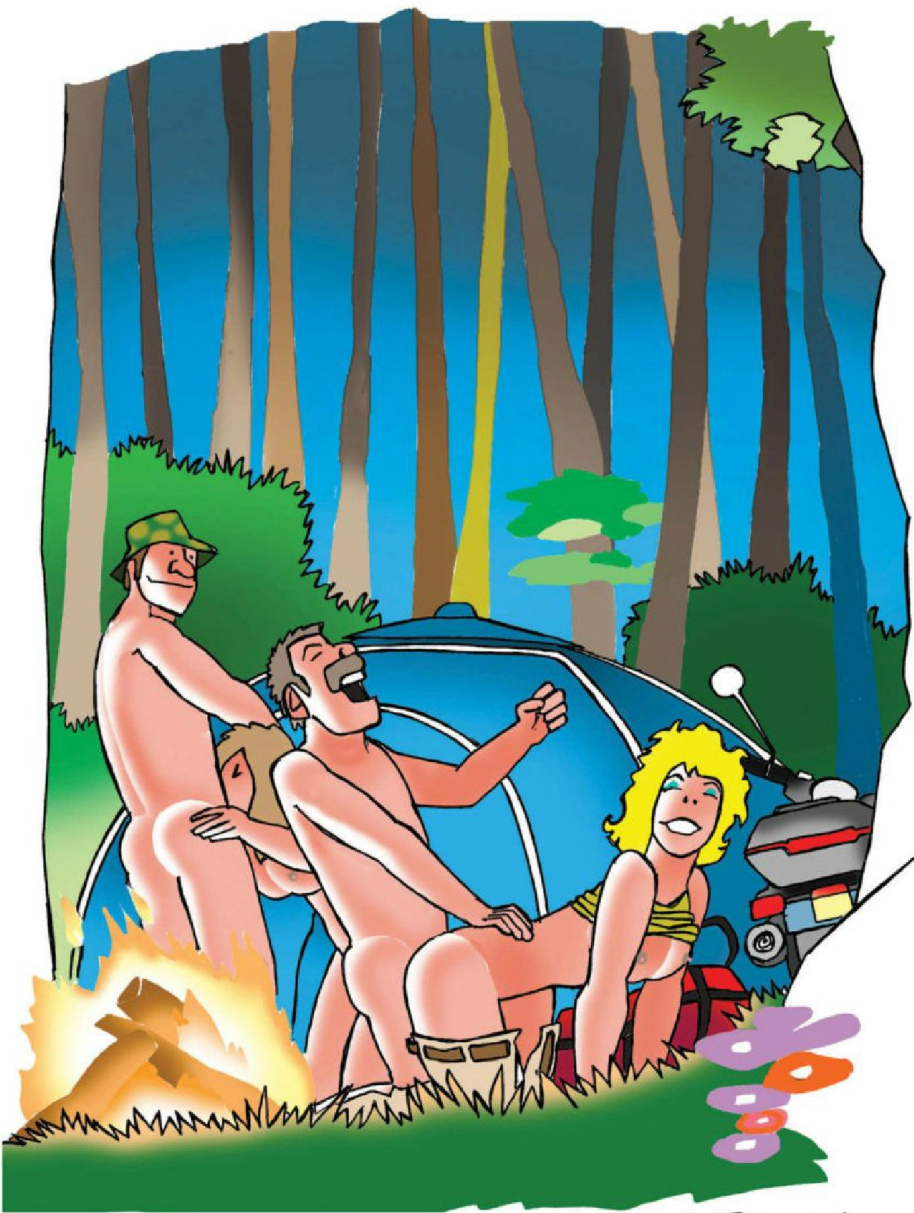
COSSEY: Yes. When I drive to Florida from Georgia I sometimes travel through unsavory areas, so I have one in my car. When I went to apply for the license, I thought, I bet I'm not going to get this. They take your fingerprints and do a background check, and I thought they would find me mentally unstable or something as a transsexual. I told my husband they'd probably think there was a psychological risk with me. I imagined them saying, "Do we want someone like that running around with a gun?" But it came through, and now I have to renew it every five years. I never had a problem in the States with any of those legal issues.

PLAYBOY: Do you have more allegiance to the U.S. or the U.K.?

COSSEY: I definitely feel more allegiance to the U.S. It causes arguments with my sister because she says I'm anti-Britain. I'm not a royalist. I know for a fact [the editors of] *News of the World* were vile and spent quite a bit of money to get access to my medical files. That's how they got concrete evidence to run the story that exposed me. I do miss the antiquities of Europe, and I go back every year, but America is such a beautiful country if you've got fire in your belly. I still have the home where I was born back in my village, but I would certainly feel much happier to spend what time I have left in the States.

PLAYBOY: In 1989 you married your first husband, Elias Fattal. After you returned from your honeymoon, *News of the World* printed another salacious headline, SEX CHANGE PAGE THREE GIRL WEDS, which outed you to Fattal's conservative family. They summoned him, and you never saw or spoke to him again. Your marriage was annulled and you received no entitlements. Did you ever find out what happened?

COSSEY: There was no closure. I know he's now married and has kids. It still burns me. Sometimes it comes across my mind like, I need answers. You're left with a certain amount of psychosis. He knew I was transsexual because I gave him my book to read. You have four years with someone and you feel you've covered everything. My heart was broken. The whole thing is ugly. But you pick up the pieces and get on with your life.



— CUE COURT —

"Hell! There was me thinkin' we'd all sit 'round the campfire swappin' yarns and singin' songs!"

PLAYBOY: It was after that marriage ended that you asked to pose for *PLAYBOY*. Why?

COSSEY: I did *PLAYBOY* as a Bond girl before everything about me came out, and I was very proud. This time, I was in the middle of my battle with the European Court of Human Rights. With the fight I was dealing with, trying to get recognition and everything, I thought it would be a great platform if *PLAYBOY* would allow it. I had done pinups and calendars and glamour shoots, but to be the first transsexual in *PLAYBOY*, I felt absolutely honored. I remember being invited to the Mansion to meet Hugh Hefner. He looked into my eyes and I immediately knew he felt my story. He felt my cause.

PLAYBOY: In hindsight, did appearing in *PLAYBOY* help the cause?

COSSEY: It helped to no end. *PLAYBOY*'s readership is mostly male and heterosexual, so it allowed me to get out there and prove that people like myself can be sexy and attractive. That's what I aimed to do at that point. I wanted to fight for the right of recognition. And *PLAYBOY* gave me the opportunity to ask for a whole hour on most of the talk shows. I did shows with Phil Donahue twice, Maury Povich, Howard Stern, Joan Rivers and Arsenio Hall. It wasn't just a 10- or 15-minute segment; it was an entire hour. And it gave people the chance to get to know me, to feel the situation and hopefully gain empathy and understanding. That was my goal, and *PLAYBOY* was a great platform for that.

PLAYBOY: Your pictorial sparked as much interest and controversy as it did because in the 1990s there were few, if any, successful transgender actors, authors or activists. That's no longer the case, with transgender men and women now recognized on television, in office and elsewhere.

COSSEY: Every time something positive happens, I'm watching with my mouth open, gasping and thinking, *Fabulous*. Laverne Cox is so comfortable talking about it. It's the changing times. You used to see a gay friend on a TV show only because it was fashionable. It's not fashionable. It's reality. It's the way it is.

PLAYBOY: What are your thoughts on Bruce Jenner's coming out as a transgender woman?

COSSEY: It was a bit of a shock, to say the least. He's been such an incredible athlete and hero, with all those raging male hormones running through his body. Despite the media buildup, I actually forgot Diane Sawyer's interview was airing. But I saw clips in the days after. The guy is obviously going through a lot of pain and suffering. I hope he finds his happiness, but it's going to be tough. I hope he's not in a hurry to get surgery.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

COSSEY: Sawyer never asked him, "Does wearing women's clothes turn you on sexually?" That's what somebody needs to establish. It's actually the first thing a psychiatrist asked me in counseling. That would be a fetish, and there's nothing wrong with having a fetish. Life's too short; enjoy it, whatever. But I would hate for him to lose his three-piece suite and live to regret it.

There's a big difference between being a transsexual and being a transvestite. Again, there's nothing wrong with being a transvestite. If you want to live that way, fine. But I've seen and heard so many horror stories of people going through surgery, becoming miserable and killing themselves because it was not the right step for them. And it's a very painful surgery. I would hate for him to lose that part of his body and go through transition, especially at this stage in his life, because he's no spring chicken. He's in a public situation going through something so sensitive. I pray he gets the right counseling. It's not what's between your legs at the end of the day.

PLAYBOY: Has the growing acceptance of LGBT people made life easier?

COSSEY: I don't know if I'll ever stop feeling like a second-class citizen. It's embedded and instilled from birth. You grow up, you don't fit in, you don't belong, you're bullied. That doesn't go away in five minutes. I don't think it ever goes away. When I look back at it all, what I went through was tragic. But how do you deal with pain? You shrug it off. That's the British way of doing it, at least. [laughs] I do feel a hell of a lot better. I'm an optimist and try to make light of the tragedies I went through, to see the funny side, and that has helped tremendously. I'm never going to be ashamed of something I had no control over, but I don't want to walk around with it written on my forehead. I know I felt great when I was successful as a model, before my career took off in a different direction.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of your career, the job that started—and nearly ended—it all was *For Your Eyes Only*. The Bond films are bigger than ever, winning Oscars and raking in hundreds of millions of dollars. If you were to get a phone call tomorrow asking you to appear in another Bond movie, what would you say?

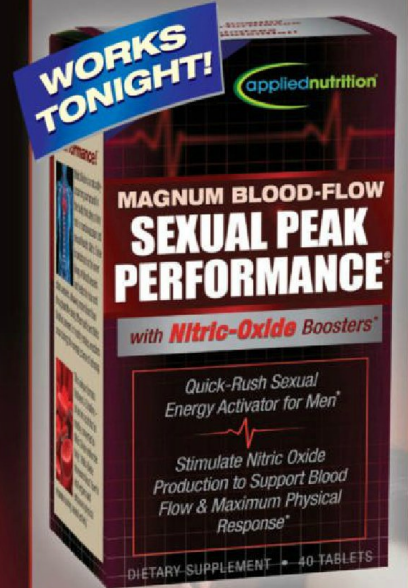
COSSEY: There's not a big calling for 60-year-old transsexual women. [laughs] I would hear it out. I would never say no to something that's tastefully done, but I'm not expecting to grace any covers anytime soon.

PLAYBOY: This summer you're releasing the e-book version of your second autobiography, *My Story*. What should new readers expect?

COSSEY: The story itself is about injustice. I've always felt I was forced into this situation. The book is obviously topical, and I hope it helps people. People go through my situation and they're rejected and resented and they have a hell of a time. I was blessed with a stable family and friends, and I don't know if I could have gone out into the open and stood up and fought if I didn't have them. I still get stacks of letters from people who say, "You made my transition easier." That's always going to be in my bones. With what time I have left, if I can help in any way, I will. Even *PLAYBOY* rerunning my pictorial means something, so thank you, Hef. Live and let live. We have such ugliness in this world over religion, gender seems like a minor issue.



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LIZZY CAPLAN

Continued from page 86

CAPLAN: Yes. It's disturbing. It's not a 50-50 split, but some women have reacted to what I think is the wrong definition of feminism. It doesn't mean you hate men or you hate sex or you're a butch lesbian. Feminism is about equality. And yet some women with sway in this world, especially with younger girls, are unwilling to identify as feminists, and I don't see how that helps. There are still some women fighting against other women who want to make their own reproductive decisions. That just blows my mind.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You did your first nude scene during a short arc on *True Blood*. Did you really prepare by getting smashed on vodka? What brand is best for helping loosen your inhibitions?

CAPLAN: Wow, that feels like so long ago. I was just 25 and really nervous. The first time is scariest. I think I drank Grey Goose,

kept in the freezer from the night before and mixed into a bottle of Vitaminwater—a surprisingly delicious cocktail. I drank the entire bottle and had to get my stomach pumped. [laughs] I don't know who told me the facts of life about doing nude scenes, but it was "Do whatever you need to do to get through it." I was encouraged to get loose. Unfortunately that's not an option on *Masters*, even for the more intimidating nude scenes, because they're always in the middle of the day, with nine pages of intense dialogue. For the *True Blood* scene I had to walk across a room wearing only tiny panties and climb on a guy, and that was it.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Can you tell when someone you meet socially has seen you on-screen in the buff? What are the signs of creep factor?

CAPLAN: It's usually a guy who can't stop smiling and whose eye contact is inappropriately intense when he introduces himself. They're incapable of hiding it. Very uncomfortable and stressful. But what am I going to do, be mad that people watch my show?

Q8

PLAYBOY: When actresses talk about disrobing on set one always hears the same thing: how wonderful the crew is, how sensitive. It's almost a cliché. What's it really like?

CAPLAN: The crews *are* very respectful. It's a pared-down crew, the smallest group possible—the director of photography, producers, writers, makeup artist. And I really trust them. I've looked up from a scene, and no matter what, as soon as

they cut, everybody turns the cameras away and looks down at the ground. Nobody's trying to sneak a peek. They also lock the set up tightly. For the particularly intimidating sex scenes, I double-check who will be behind the monitor. It's one thing to feel safe in the room, but with monitors broadcasting, you have to feel safe all over the set. It's a good thing there's no live feed in the cafeteria. That would be bad.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You've described yourself as an actress who has appeared in many roles, most of which you claim nobody has seen. But with a résumé that includes shows such as *Party Down*, *The League*, *The Class*, *Related* and *The Pitts*, as well as guest spots on *New Girl*, *Smallville* and your debut on *Freaks and Geeks*, plus roles in films including *The Interview*, *Hot Tub Time Machine*, *Cloverfield*, *Bachelorette* and *Mean Girls*—and this is just half of what you've done—you'll excuse us for not believing you. What's your stick-to-it secret?

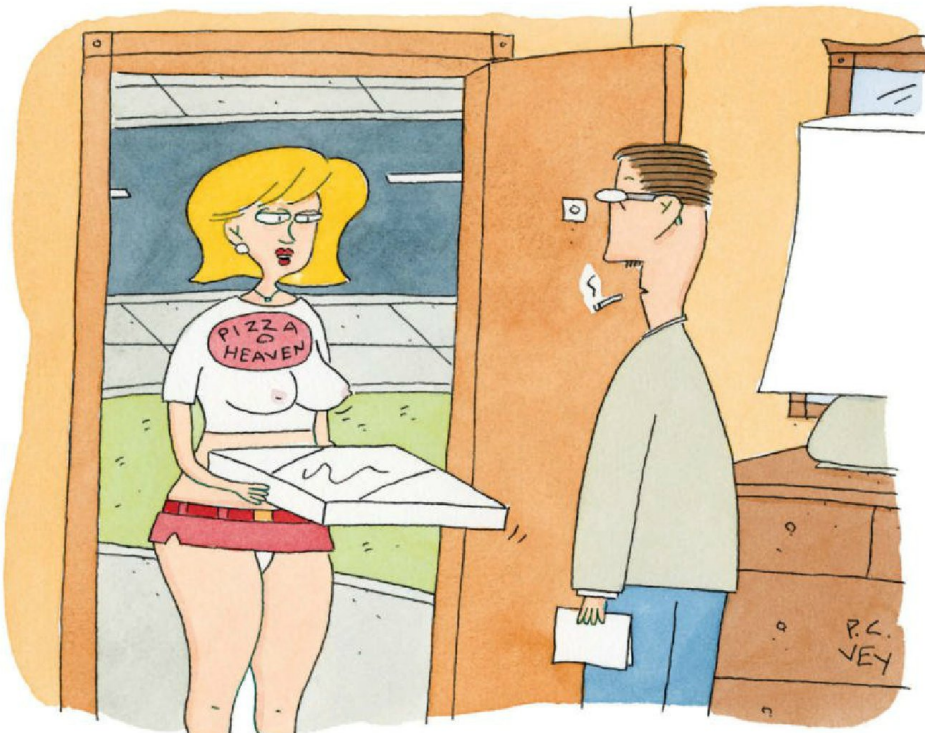
CAPLAN: I'm very competitive and ambitious. I've gotten angry when I didn't get a role. That fueled me for many years. Instead of quitting, I just wanted to make a list of whoever I thought had wronged me by not hiring me. I'd show those motherfuckers. I'm sure I've since gone to work for some of those motherfuckers, because at a certain point you have to let it go. If it were easy to be an actor or actress, then everybody would do it. We all have to start at the bottom. I'm grateful for every bad audition experience. It's given me a career I can be truly grateful for. We shouldn't be handed things.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Is it true you avoid social media?
CAPLAN: I've never been on Twitter, Facebook, Myspace or Instagram. I know myself well enough to know that I would spend far too much time obsessing over a tweet or a photo or an opinion. I understand I'm part of a business, that it's not driven just by artistic integrity. You have to take into account the commerce. But being online is not my job. My job is to convince you that I'm somebody else. The less people know about me, the better I'm allowed to be at my job. I don't want to get a job because I have 500,000 Twitter followers. I want to get a job because I earned it.

Q11

PLAYBOY: What's the first thing you do in the morning and the last thing you do at night?
CAPLAN: Besides open and close my eyes? I know what I *should* do: take a few deep breaths, a couple of moments of meditative thoughts, stretch, start my day. What I actually do is hit snooze about 15 times, check my e-mail, get pissed off by something I read, get out of bed, drink two cups of coffee before I've eaten anything and start my day on the totally wrong foot. The end of my day should also involve some deep breathing, some light meditation and perhaps some more



"Given the right conditions, most people will pay for a pizza they did not order."

stretching. But it usually just ends with watching *The Real Housewives*. I love it. It's painful but so meaningless to my life that it's like junk food. It's white noise, and for some reason it relaxes me.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You once told Conan O'Brien about rifling through your parents' *X-Rated Cookbook* as a child and seeing a breast tart and a meat-loaf penis. What else did you discover that you couldn't describe on the air?

CAPLAN: It's been 25 years, but those are seared into my memory. The breast tart was beautifully photographed in that kind of grainy 1970s color. The dick meat loaf was just disgusting and unsettling. I don't remember anything resembling a butt or vagina, but the vagina could have been anything. Does a shellfish work for you? A hamantasch? It was probably some sort of cake or meat shaped into a sloppy-looking vagina that could feed a family of four.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You've said you grew up a tomboy. When did you get into girlie clothes?

CAPLAN: The show helped. Every single day I wear these long-line bras and girdles and stockings that I put into garter clips—just like your mom used to wear. That makes me feel like a woman before I even go into hair and makeup. I wore panty hose and tights when I was younger, but not stockings, which are very elegant. I like jeans and T-shirts, so I don't know if I would have matured into my womanhood, as queer as that sounds, without this job. Or maybe I'm just at the age when this starts to happen to all of us career tomboys. I'll credit the show.

Q14

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, what was under the bed that scared you?

CAPLAN: Seriously, every night I checked in my sheets for spiders and in my closet for monsters and/or robbers. I was always petrified someone was going to break into the house and kill me. Always. I think girls are raised to be more aware of who's walking behind them on the street. You have to be more alert moving through your life than a guy does, which pisses

me off. At the time, I thought it would be a genius idea to keep a bottle of ketchup by my bed. In case somebody broke in I could pour ketchup on myself so it would look like I was already dead—and they'd leave me alone. It now seems sort of crazy that anyone who would break in would believe that someone else had gotten there first. Another problem: It takes too long to get the ketchup out of the bottle. I needed a squirt bottle. Terrible plan. Major holes.

Q15

PLAYBOY: What would we find in your underthings drawer that would surprise us?

CAPLAN: A severed human head. And a severed finger—but I won't specify which

whities or even just boxer shorts. When you discover a man who wears tighty-whities, you hold on to him. It's so old-school. They're great.

Q17

PLAYBOY: What don't women understand about men that they still need to learn? And vice versa.

CAPLAN: For the ladies, I suppose it's worth assuming that whatever little physical imperfections you obsess over in the mirror are in reality invisible to the man you're standing naked in front of. He is distracted, you see, by your breasts. For the men: that your girlfriend's girlfriends know everything about your penis and most things about your balls.

Q18

PLAYBOY: What kind of man has a chance with you?

CAPLAN: A guy who wants a chance with me has to have a sick and dark sense of humor. [laughs] I've had a handful of serious relationships. I take that shit very seriously. Before breaking up I will try everything to make it work, because if I love somebody, it means a great deal. I don't toss that word around easily or frequently. But when it's over, there's a DO NOT RESUSCITATE sign hung around the relationship's head. Sometimes it just doesn't work out.

Q19

PLAYBOY: We've heard you're a food thief who likes to eat off other people's plates. You even have a special three-foot-long fork.

CAPLAN: I did have the fork, but I'm careful to eat only from portions that seem untouched. I get that it might be weird for others, but I was raised not to create boundaries around my plate or around the plates of others. Besides, food just looks better when it's on someone else's plate.

Q20

PLAYBOY: We forgot to ask: When did you master sex? And what's better than sex?

CAPLAN: Immediately. [laughs] Nah, no one does it immediately. I was very lucky to have an ideal first sexual experience. It was good and sweet and safe. What's better than sex? Sex with someone I like.

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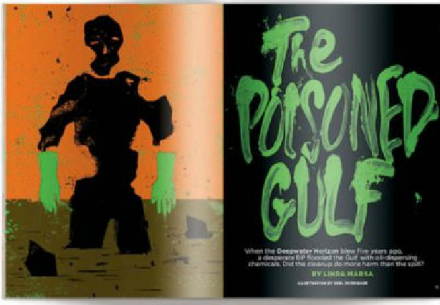
one. [laughs] I've always found it hilarious how guys are shocked when they see what's in girls' underwear drawers: It's the underwear we wear when you're not going to see us. I do have some going-out underwear, but I'm really not into dropping a lot of coins on sexy lingerie. I love lingerie, but it's more for me and for showing other girls. Guys, I've realized, can find *anything* sexy.

Q16

PLAYBOY: What do you find sexy?

CAPLAN: I like when guys *don't* wear those boxer briefs that go to mid-thigh and look like bike shorts. It's harder and harder to find. They're very popular, but I think they look stupid. I prefer old-fashioned tighty-





THE POISONED GULF

Continued from page 56

surface, the Gulf region appears to have recovered from the worst environmental disaster in U.S. history. Gone are the glistening slicks of crude that spread over thousands of acres, the brown sludge that inundated marshlands, the dead birds saturated in oil. Vacationers and sport fishermen are flocking to the sandy beaches and blue waters. And the oil business has bounced back, with about 60 deepwater drilling rigs sucking nearly 1.2 million barrels a day from beneath the Gulf.

But look a little deeper, and all across southern Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, in the funky tourist meccas that hug the jagged shoreline, in the fishing villages perched along the placid bayous and even in the prosperous towns that are home to petrochemical honchos, you hear the same stories: about once active and energetic boat captains and deckhands, oystermen and crabbers, shrimp fishermen and others who were among the tens of thousands who worked on BP's cleanup operation and whose health has since deteriorated so much they can barely function. Even some of their family members and neighbors, who inhaled the aerosolized chemicals in the air carried ashore by high winds, are sick. They are stricken

with migraines, skin rashes, bloody diarrhea, bouts of pneumonia, nausea, seizures, muscle cramps, profound depression and anxiety, and a mental fuzziness so severe they can't drive anymore, much less hold down a job.

The horrific irony is that these illnesses do not seem to have been caused directly by exposure to the oil. Many scientists believe it was the unprecedented use of 1.8 million gallons of dispersants, combined with the crude, that unleashed a toxic brew that has sickened locals with chemically induced illnesses doctors are unable to treat. The very stuff that was supposed to protect the Gulf and its people may have done more damage than the spill itself.

After the well blew, BP and federal regulators were faced with hard choices, none of them good. The safest methods to prevent all that oil from reaching the shore and destroying fragile coastal ecosystems, such as skimmers that soak up surface oil like giant sponges, just weren't available on the scale needed. The decision was made to carpet bomb the spill with dispersants, especially one called Corexit, a chemical compound used to break crude oil into tiny droplets that are heavier than water so they can sink to the ocean floor or be eaten by tiny oil-chomping organisms.

Within a week after the spill, tens of thousands of gallons of Corexit were being dumped into the Gulf from C-130 airplanes and blasted into the gushing wellhead by subsea robots. Everyone knew there would be consequences, but officials judged it a risk worth taking. "It's a trade-off decision to lessen the overall environmental impact," Jane Lubchenco, director of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, told reporters at a news conference in May 2010, a few weeks after the accident.



"Poor bastard. Can't even lick his own balls."

"When an oil spill occurs, there are no good outcomes."

Both BP and the Environmental Protection Agency insist Corexit is safe. "The same ingredients contained in Corexit are also found in common consumer products such as household cleaners, food packaging, hand lotion and cosmetics," says BP spokesperson Jason Ryan.

But in 2013, investigators from the Government Accountability Project, a whistle-blower group, obtained a safety manual issued by NALCO, the maker of Corexit, spelling out the chemical's health hazards. It warns that Corexit 9527 (which was used until supplies ran out and BP switched to Corexit 9500, considered less toxic) is an "eye and skin irritant. Repeated or excessive exposure...may cause injury to red blood cells (hemolysis), kidney or the liver." The manual adds that "excessive exposure may cause central nervous system effects, nausea, vomiting, anesthetic or narcotic effects" and advises users to "wear suitable protective clothing." The compound also contains 2-butoxyethanol, a toxin linked to cancer, respiratory and nervous system damage and neurological problems found in many workers exposed to Corexit during the *Exxon Valdez* cleanup.

In combination with oil, Corexit becomes even more dangerous. Crude oil itself contains dangerous chemicals—heavy metals, benzene, hexane, toluene—that can cause leukemia and lymphomas and destroy parts of the brain that regulate memory and motor skills. Corexit and oil together are synergistic, with the dispersant acting as an oil-delivery system, breaking down the crude so the toxins can seep through our skin. "The smell of crude is bad, but when it was mixed with dispersants, I had to clear my crew off the decks, it was so strong," says Hill. "All of a sudden I'd have a severe headache and blurred vision. I noticed that we all had stronger headaches, sickness and nausea when we were around the dispersed oil."

Worse, as water on the ocean surface evaporates, the oil and dispersants "become toxic hitchhikers on the water molecules and particulates in the air," says Riki Ott, a marine toxicologist who has researched the *Exxon Valdez* and Gulf oil spills. Soon after the well ruptured, fierce winds and turbulent seas conspired to transport the tainted air inland, leaving a thick, oily residue on windshields, marsh grasses, outdoor furniture and homes up to 300 miles from the coast.

Nothing to worry about, BP insists. "Extensive monitoring conducted by federal agencies and BP shows that response workers and the public were not exposed to dispersant compounds at levels that would pose a health risk," says BP's Ryan. The Coast Guard, the U.S. Occupational Safety and Health Administration and BP collected more than 30,000 air-monitoring samples from late April to October 2010. Results showed that exposures to hazardous chemicals were below levels that posed safety concerns, according to OSHA.

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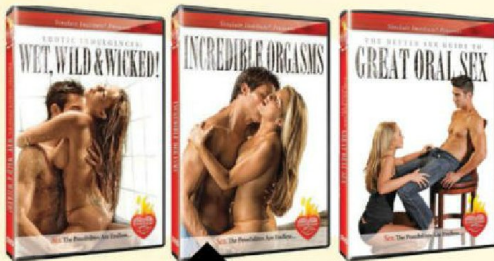
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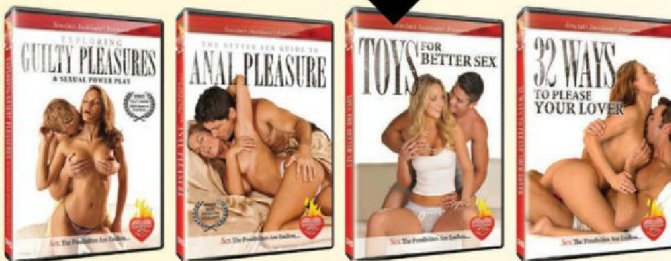
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But Shanna Devine of the Government Accountability Project believes that BP and the government's characterization of Corexit was "highly misleading and irresponsible." A two-year investigation by GAP and the Louisiana Environmental Action Network (LEAN) found dozens of people who experienced an array of health issues that seemed to be related to the spill. A long-term National Institutes of Health study launched in June 2010 that is tracking 33,000 people who were exposed to the combined oil and Corexit has already found high rates of respiratory problems, skin conditions and profound depression and anxiety; further results are pending. Meanwhile, a University of Alabama study published in April found Corexit 9500 may damage human lungs.

By July 2010, Marylee Orr, LEAN's executive director, was overwhelmed. "I was getting calls from frightened people at two A.M. because they were vomiting four and five times a day and suffering from anal bleeding, seizures and chest pains," she says.

She called Dr. Michael Robichaux, an ear, nose and throat specialist in south Louisiana and a former state senator, for help. "In 40-odd years of practicing medicine, I had never seen anything like this," says the 70-year-old physician as he flips through a stack of medical files on the inlaid wooden table in his kitchen in Raceland, Louisiana. By early 2011, the waiting room in his office was filled with sick people from all over the Gulf.

Because most of them didn't have health insurance, Robichaux, a Marcus Welby clone with a full head of gray hair who's known widely as Dr. Mike, set up a makeshift clinic in the bottom floor of his home and treated them pro bono. Initially, he was skeptical that their problems were related to exposure to the mix of oil and Corexit, but he gradually became convinced.

Robichaux worked closely with LEAN to do blood tests on more than 100 people, including cleanup workers, divers and residents of coastal communities that had been sprayed with Corexit. Many of the chemicals found in crude turned up in the blood samples. Robichaux's patients

all had remarkably similar symptoms—irritability, memory loss, headaches, dizziness, excessive fatigue, blurred vision and acid reflux, which was striking since they came from different parts of the Gulf.

Jorey Danos was one of them. Blood tests found disturbingly high levels of chemicals linked to the oil spill in Danos's system. Thin and wiry with dark hair and eyes, his arms and neck covered in tats, he's a bundle of nerves. He paces in front of the tidy mobile home he shares with his wife and three children on a quiet street in Thibodaux, Louisiana, puffing on a cigarette. His life, he says, "has become a living hell."

The 34-year-old former construction worker took a job as a deckhand on one of the cleanup boats because the money—\$300 a day—was too good to pass up. He spent three months working on the water. He became concerned about breathing in the "pungent air," but when he repeatedly asked for a respirator, he was told he'd be fired if he wore one. BP, he was told, didn't want the news media seeing workers with protective gear.

BP insists it didn't stop workers from using protective gear, but nearly half the cleanup workers GAP interviewed reported they were threatened with termination when they tried to wear it. BP also says it never sprayed cleanup crews directly. Danos says he was doused with dispersant on four separate occasions over the summer of 2010. "It was a spray like a fire hose raining down from the sky," he recalls, "with no way to escape."

One evening that fall, as Danos was driving home, he was stricken with such excruciating abdominal pains that he had to pull over. It felt like someone was stabbing him in the stomach. Afterward, his health went seriously downhill. Boils erupted on his neck, he couldn't sleep or be out in the sun, and he suffered from seizures and momentary mental blackouts. Today, Danos is no longer able to work and takes an arsenal of pills to get through the day. The family is surviving on his scant disability payments. "Doctors say I have about five years to live," he says grimly.

In 2012, BP agreed to a \$7.8 billion medical settlement that would compensate victims up to \$60,700 per person and left the door open for people to file further claims if they developed more serious problems. (Corexit's manufacturer, NALCO, was found not legally culpable for any harm caused by its product, since its role was simply to provide it to BP.) More than 10,600 victims have filed, according to the latest figures from the claims administrator. About 724 claims have been paid, for a total of \$1,352,250, while another 2,137 claims were denied. The rest have so far been deemed "incomplete"—mostly due to a lack of medical records or other backup documentation.

Many locals, especially those who work in cash-based enterprises such as fishing and tourism, don't have medical insurance or access to regular doctors, which makes it difficult to prove damages.



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And the situation is even worse under Obamacare: Because the Gulf states—Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, Florida and Louisiana—turned down the extra Medicaid dollars offered under the Affordable Care Act, hundreds of thousands of residents have actually lost their health insurance because they make too much money to qualify for government subsidies but can't afford to pay out of pocket. Plus, only about 64 physicians in the entire Gulf region, according to a recent survey, are toxicologists trained to deal with these types of ailments, which makes things doubly difficult. "BP's game is to require such a high level of proof that it is just unattainable," says Joel Waltzer, a well-known New Orleans environmental attorney. Many have opted out of the settlement, calling it paltry payment given the gravity of their injuries, and are pursuing individual lawsuits.

To make matters worse, medical science can't do much about chemically induced illnesses. "You can alleviate the symptoms, but there is no treatment," says Katherine Kirkland, executive director of the Association of Occupational and Environmental Clinics in Washington, D.C., who is helping medical clinics in the region with the aid of \$105 million provided by BP as part of the settlement.

Humans aren't the only ones still suffering from the spill's aftermath. Oyster beds and coral reefs have yet to recover, crabs still drip with oil, fish are sickly, and dolphins are dying in record numbers. In fact, more than 1,300 marine mammals, mostly bottlenose dolphins, have been found dead or stranded since the spill, according to an analysis earlier this year by the National Marine Mammal Foundation. Other research has found that dolphins in oiled areas are underweight and anemic and have adrenal gland and liver lesions.

Mixing the spilled oil with dispersants made the poisonous components of the oil more of a threat to marine life. Georgia Tech researchers, in a 2012 study, found that combining Corexit with crude makes the oil 52 times more toxic to tiny marine organisms that are crucial strands in the aquatic food web. "It exposes the ecosystem to toxins it wouldn't have been exposed to before," says Rick Steiner, a marine scientist who helped with the Gulf cleanup and consults on oil spills all over the world. Fish won't swallow oil in large globs, but when it's broken down into tiny particles, it is more easily absorbed into their systems. The dispersants also enable oil, which is buoyant and normally floats to the surface, to drift down to the ocean floor. A study by Florida State University published in December 2014 detected as much as 10 million gallons of crude carrying the tell-tale chemical fingerprint of the Macondo oil buried in the Gulf's sediment. There, it becomes food for organisms at the bottom of the food chain, eventually working its way up into shrimp, oysters and crabs.

Ollen Blanchard deals with the results every day. "Look at these crabs," says the courtly 70-something crab wholesaler with slicked-back hair and a thick Cajun accent as he holds two pieces of fresh meat. We're inside a dockside crabbing shed in Chauvin, a tiny bayou hamlet in south Louisiana, where three workers arrayed around a long metal table use special knives to pull the shells off dozens of the freshly caught crustaceans, readying them for shipment to markets all over the Gulf.

One piece of crab in Blanchard's slender fingers is fluffy and white, but the other is slimy and sickly gray. "That's oil," says Blanchard. He estimates up to 20 percent of the crabs are spoiled. He's lost as many as 300 in a night. "They just die in the tanks and we find them in the morning," he says.

For Byron Encalade, the oil spill may be the death knell for Plaquemines Parish, a historically black region just southeast of New Orleans where his family has lived since the 1800s. The town's marina was once a thriving hub where thousands of pounds of catch were bought and sold daily. A normal season would produce millions of oysters.

But since the disaster, the fisheries have collapsed. "My community is now basically in poverty," says Encalade, president of the Louisiana Oystermen Association. A powerfully built six-footer with a genial moon face and a deliberate way of speaking, he once ran an oyster business that grossed up to \$500,000 a year with five boats and a couple of 18-wheelers hauling seafood up and down the coast. Now the 60-year-old fisherman has drained his savings and lives with his father. "Otherwise," he says, "I'd be homeless."

BP maintains that flooding and freshwater intrusions from the Mississippi River after the spill are to blame for the loss of the oysters, which require brackish water to survive. But marine scientists like Ed Cake, whose OYSTER 1 license plate is a familiar sight along the Gulf Coast, think otherwise. A layer of oil remains in the shallow waters, he observes. "It may be another five to 10 years before the oyster beds recover, if they do at all," he says.

On a brisk, overcast November morning on Bayou Yscloskey, a sliver of water about 30 miles southeast of New Orleans, George Barisich, a 59-year-old fisherman, stands over the stove in the galley of his 56-foot trawler. He deftly soaks freshly peeled shrimp in whipped egg yolks, then dredges them in flour before flipping them into a deep fryer. Barisich has been up since daybreak unloading his latest catch: more than 6,000 pounds of shrimp rounded up over the course of five days out on the Gulf.

Barisich participated in BP's cleanup program. That Christmas, he was stricken with severe pneumonia that left him bedridden for 30 days, and his lung capacity is now permanently diminished. Like many Gulf residents, Barisich, who



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is also president of the United Commercial Fishermen's Alliance, thinks the cleanup was nothing more than a cover-up. "We were told it was an oil spill," he says. "But this was a frigging geyser. Everybody was hiding the volume right away, because they know that the more oil that shows up and gets collected, the more the fines are going to be."

Indeed, BP faced stiff penalties for every barrel of oil it was responsible for leaking into the Gulf, giving the oil giant "a tremendous economic incentive to use dispersants to hide the magnitude of the gusher," says Hugh Kaufman, senior policy analyst with the EPA's Office of Solid Waste and Emergency Response. In September 2014, U.S. District Judge Carl Barbier found BP guilty of gross negligence, which means the company is liable for pollution fines under the Clean Water Act that could total as much as \$13.7 billion.

The dispersants, critics contend, allowed BP to mask how much oil originally leaked into the Gulf. "We used to call Corexit 'Hides It,'" says Rick Steiner. "Dispersants are the industry's default go-to tool, but it's all PR spin because it looks like something is being done."

These chemicals also diminished the total volume of oil that could be traced back to BP. "Using Corexit makes it

more difficult to trace any lingering oil in the Gulf back to what gushed from the Macondo well," says Scott Porter, a marine biologist with Louisiana Universities Marine Consortium. "Corexit works swiftly in the environment and erases the oil's signature by breaking down the oil's tell-tale fingerprint."

To be fair, BP did spend more than \$14 billion on the cleanup. At its peak in 2010, more than 48,000 people were deployed and nearly 100,000 worked on the cleanup in total; a fleet of 6,500 ships and approximately 2,500 miles of boom to contain or absorb the oil were dispatched, according to BP's estimates.

On the other hand, the company also lied baldly to the press, the public and the government about how bad the spill was. As part of a 2012 criminal settlement that called for BP to pay \$4.5 billion in criminal fines and other penalties, the company admitted that it withheld documents and provided false information to Congress on how much oil was flowing. Initially, the oil giant lowballed the numbers and claimed only 1,000 barrels a day were leaking, even though internal company estimates indicated that up to 60,000 barrels a day were gushing out, according to documents BP later provided to congressional investigators. If more accurate information had

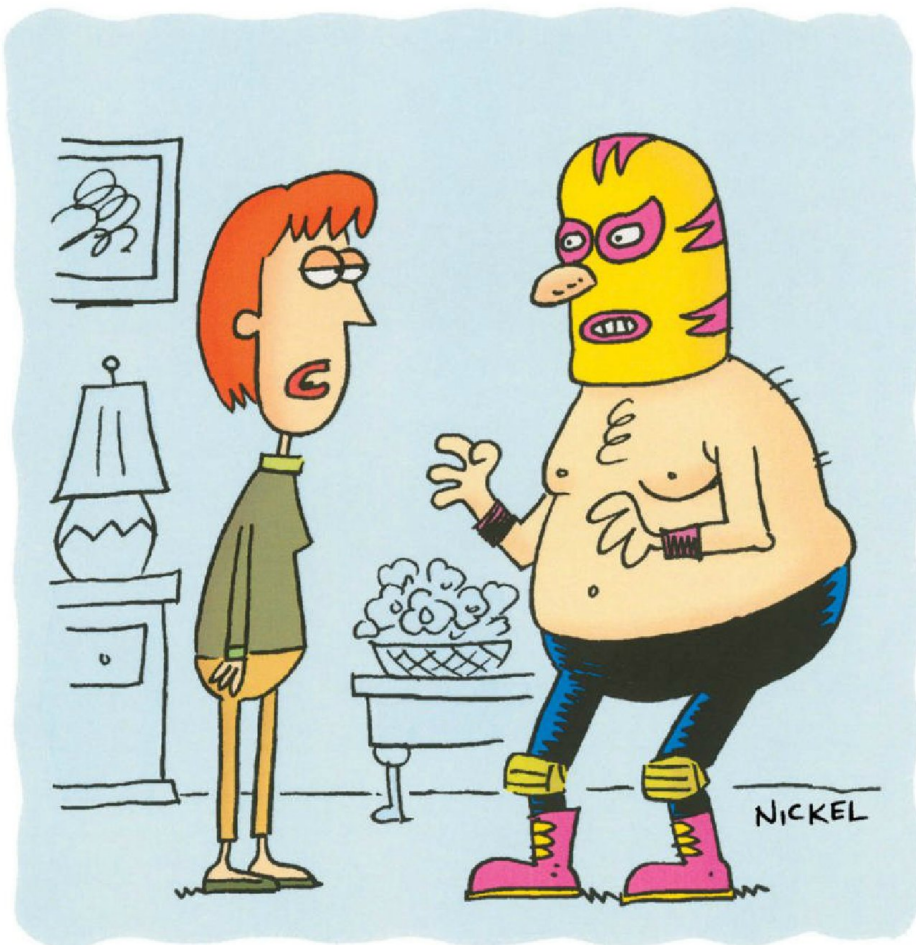
been available earlier, "the response to the spill may well have been different... and successful containment and capping strategies could have been developed and deployed more quickly," Edward Markey, then chair of the House subcommittee probing the BP spill, noted later. Markey also called the untested underwater use of such a large volume of dispersants a "science experiment."

BP also barred journalists from oil-soaked beaches, asked cleanup workers and scientists conducting BP-funded research to sign confidentiality agreements and even had in-house discussions about attempts to "direct" and "influence" scientific research studies, according to a series of e-mails Greenpeace obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. "You could not speak about what you saw," says George Barisich of the cleanup program. "That was one of the rules. Otherwise you'd lose your job."

In March, BP issued a report claiming that the spill didn't cause a "significant long-term impact" to Gulf wildlife and fisheries and that the massive cleanup was largely successful in limiting the spill's damage. But government officials and environmentalists dismissed the report for cherry-picking its information. "BP misinterprets and misapplies data while ignoring published literature that doesn't support its claims," declared the Natural Resource Damage Assessment trustees, a group of state and federal agencies charged with evaluating the spill's impacts.

The EPA is currently holding public hearings about the use of dispersants to contain the environmental damage of future oil spills—which are inevitable, given the upsurge in deepwater drilling and our unquenchable thirst for fossil fuels. No one has more at stake than Gulf communities. There, residents pride themselves on being hardy, resilient and independent, melded together over generations in tightly knit communities that sit squarely in the hurricane belt. They've defiantly rebuilt in the face of one natural or man-made calamity after another. But decisions made in those first panic-filled weeks after the Macondo well blew may have doomed countless people, animals and ecosystems and destroyed a way of life that has endured for centuries. "When a hurricane goes through, it damages everything. But it's here today and gone tomorrow, and then you start picking up the pieces," says Wilma Subra, a noted environmental chemist with LEAN. "This is a whole different ball game, because the destruction just keeps going and going. People are too sick to work. They don't have health insurance. They've lost their homes. They've lost everything."

People like David Hill. "I loved working in the oil fields and on the boats, but I can't any longer," he says. "When I see that stuff on TV about how BP made this a better place, it makes me angry."



"No, we're not settling this in a cage match in the garage."





JEREMY RENNER

Continued from page 52

and the studio, and I went with it.

PLAYBOY: Any gut feeling on whether the trust was well-placed?

RENNER: I love Tom, Simon Pegg and everybody else who is in that movie. I love my character. I was happy to be doing it. The ultimate challenge and difficulty on that movie and *Avengers: Age of Ultron* was that they both shot in London, which took me 11 hours away from Ava. That was what caused any cantankerousness, agitation or negative feelings I had about the whole moviemaking experience. All I worried about once I landed in London was, When do I get to see my little munchkin next? If I knew it was in two weeks, fine. If they said, "We don't know how long you're shooting," well, Mr. Renner's not going to be a happy man in that makeup trailer in the morning. If I did not have my daughter, I would have enjoyed being in London, and I would not have come back to the States hardly

at all. But 40 flights from Los Angeles to London and back nearly killed me.

PLAYBOY: You went public with your frustrations in 2012 about how little your Hawkeye character had to do in *The Avengers*. There's more of him in *Avengers: Age of Ultron*. Are you happier?

RENNER: Not to be a dick, but I actually get to *speack* in this one. I have not seen the whole movie, but I just saw a scene the other day that I loved because all of a sudden it made me think, Wow—that's who Hawkeye is. Not that I want to go do a separate Hawkeye movie, but there's a lot to explore there. It's a near impossibility to be able to put that many huge characters in a movie and still have everyone be happy. There's a lot more for me to do in this new one, among an even bigger cast with new baddies and new goodies. Everything that kind of worked in *The Avengers* is exponentially bigger in this one.

PLAYBOY: This one's a much more team-oriented ensemble movie.

RENNER: I saw Robert Downey Jr. twice on the last one, including off the set. Being together a lot more on this one made the experience more fun. We got to make fun of each other's costumes. The challenge for director Joss Whedon was that putting Downey, Chris Evans, Chris Hemsworth, Scarlett Johansson, Mark Ruffalo and me together is like herding kittens. All of us in one room? That's like a bunch of kids running around. It's perfect because we play a ragtag band

of broken, flawed heroes. If it was just a bunch of guys flying around in suits and shooting shit—like, who gives a shit? With these characters, there's something to actually root for and fight for. You really care about these people.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning to do any follow-ups to *The Bourne Legacy*?

RENNER: There's a huge, quite complicated history and backstory with that franchise. People are very precious about wanting to keep it highbrow and smart. To continue doing those movies, there's got to be a good reason to keep telling that story. Those are things I have no part in, so I'll let the people who are good at what they do figure those things out and figure out the timing. But yeah, I would love to do another one.

PLAYBOY: Adding things up, what kind of time is this for you professionally and personally?

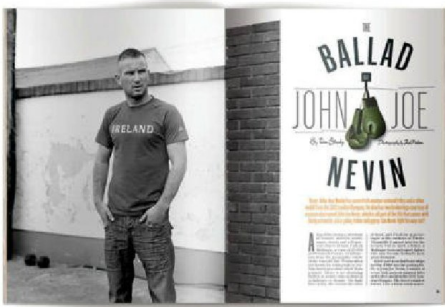
RENNER: I feel it's always an amazing time. You're talking to a guy who's really happy in his fucking flip-flops right now with his little daughter in her pajamas running around in the house, waiting for me. I've been born with a lot of love and still have even more love in my life. I'm a man like anybody else. I'm accepting of my flaws and of the good and bad things in my life. Even though there are some crappy things going on in life, I know there's a light at the end of the tunnel.



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THE BALLAD OF JOHN JOE NEVIN

Continued from page 66

day fight for a title in the world's most famous arena, he'll have to overcome more than just dangerous opponents. He must first survive the traveler life, one defined by startling prejudice and discrimination, poverty, soaring mortality rates, high incidence of suicide, poor health, long-standing feuds with neighboring traveler clans and the often Shakespearean complications of one's own family. Exhibit A? As John Joe parks the car and marches across the Tullamore Aura Leisure Center lot, I notice he

still has a slight limp. Last April, he made national Irish headlines with an altercation in Mullingar. Both his legs were broken. With a golf club. "I remember blood everywhere and trying to push the bone back under my skin," he says. "I was sure my career was over." The assailant? Not a mugger or a madman. It was his cousin, also named John Joe Nevin.

An hour north of Mullingar in the city of Cavan, just above a carpet and furniture warehouse, sits the Cavan Boxing Club. For more than a decade John Joe has made the commute here three, four, sometimes six days a week. Normally a trip to the gym is as routine as brushing his teeth. But today is different. It is a big day. An important day. For the first time since his legs have healed John Joe will step back into the ring.

The Cavan Boxing Club looks like most other boxing gyms. Walls covered in fight posters: Mayweather, Ali, Andy "the Quiet Man" Murray and John Joe Nevin. Dangling heavy bags, speed bags, double-end bags and a box full of used gloves, headgear and protective cups. Two

rings covered in blue canvas. John Joe, sporting a yellow Brazilian Football Confederation team shirt, long green shorts and red 12-ounce gloves, slips through the ropes of one ring and begins loosening up. He is a small five-foot-eight, short-legged and long-armed, having won his silver medal at 56 kilograms (123 pounds). Paddy Boy—a two-time national amateur champion (under 16 and under 21)—dons a pair of mitts and joins his brother.

"Paddy's mad to get me back sparring," says John Joe with a grin. "He knows I'm rusty and he can catch me with a few shots."

The bell rings. John Joe moves cautiously on his rehabbed legs. His punches lack timing and purpose and the sound against the leather mitts is not a sharp crack but a muffled thud. Their father, Martin, with a shaved head and prominent paunch, leans on the top rope and watches without worry. He has seen his eldest son through more than 250 amateur fights. Although proud, he takes no credit. "Don't know where he got it," says the 46-year-old. "I never laced 'em up myself."

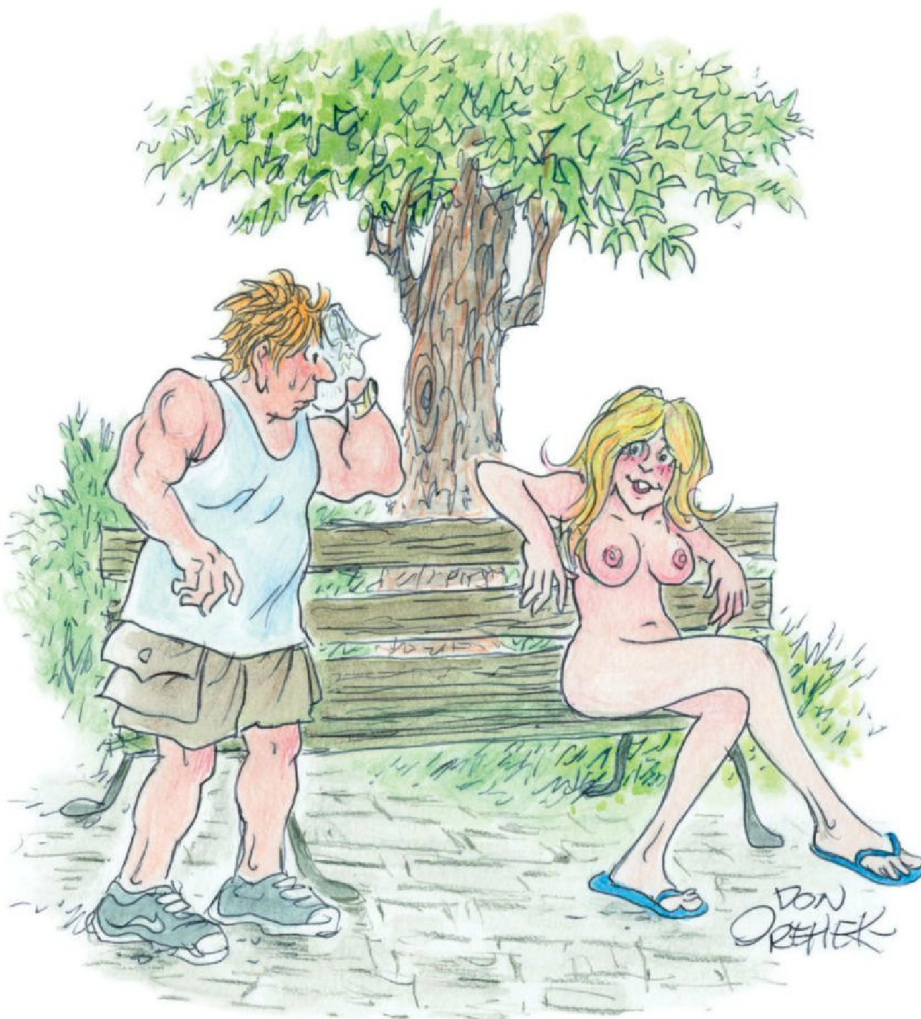
Standing a few feet outside the ropes, another man watches intently, his own hands encased in red-and-black pads etched with BELFAST BOXING. Brian McKeown runs the gym and has trained John Joe for 13 years. With a white beard, broad back and gray-blue eyes, the 67-year-old Northern Ireland native exudes the strength and vitality of a ship captain or a Mafia don. In a heavy brogue, he hints about his past—professional boxing aspirations, involvement in the Troubles, a bit of hard time. He's the sort of man who, if he said he'd bitch-slapped Gerry Adams, I'd believe him.

His life now, however, revolves solely around boxing and his prized pupil. "I first met John Joe when he was 12 years old," says McKeown. "He had talent and was eager to fight, but he was unnaturally small. He was willing to give weight, height and age, but I was reluctant to do it because older boys were stronger, more mature and hit a lot harder. I was afraid John Joe might take a lot of shots and lose his appetite for it."

Yet John Joe had been feasting off bigger boys since his first bout at the age of eight. "The lad was 11 years old and had six kilos on me, but I was mad to get at him," recalls John Joe. Martin had bought his son long baggy shorts à la flamboyant former champion Prince Naseem Hamed. John Joe lost the bout but discovered his calling. "Each time he put me down, I got back up and did the Hamed shuffle," he says.

The Mullingar traveler won his first Irish National title at the age of 11. After repeating four of the following five years (his only speed bump at the under-15 nationals) he got a call from "the boys," a.k.a. the Dublin-based High Performance national team. Their offer? A 5,000-euro yearly stipend and a spot on the junior national squad. He didn't disappoint. By 2008 John Joe had won his first senior national title and qualified in Pescara, Italy for the Beijing Olympics.

An eventual second-round loss in China



"Hot enough for you?"

only fanned John Joe's fire for the 2012 Games. In London, however, there was reason for concern, namely, a brutal lineup of opponents. John Joe won his first two fights handily to set up a bout against Oscar Valdez, one of Mexico's top prospects. "I was pretty worried," admits John Joe. "He was a pressure fighter. Big hitter. Four Irish boxers had tried him in the past and lost." John Joe didn't (he won 19–13). After another decision over reigning bantamweight world champion Lázaro Álvarez of Cuba, John Joe found himself three rounds away from an Olympic gold medal.

Standing in his way was the U.K.'s Luke Campbell. "I'd beaten your man before," says John Joe. "And not only beaten him. I made fun of him in the ring." But the Irishman admits he took his eye off the ball and lost 14–11. Disappointed, yes. Deterred? Not a chance. The next summer he steamrolled the European Amateur Championships in Minsk, and that October he announced he was turning pro.

After one round of pads, McKeown lumbers into the ring and takes Paddy Boy's place. "Head up, son," he instructs, catching combinations with ease. "Drop the shoulder, roll the right hand and finish with the hook." The bell rings, ending round two. Sweat dripping down his nose, John Joe leans his heavy arms on the rope. McKeown isn't worried about endurance so much as weight transfer. "Can you put the weight on the leg? Is that a problem?"

I ask McKeown if there was ever a seminal, holy-shit moment when he knew John Joe was special. He mentions the time John Joe, as a 16-year-old, beat a man nine years his senior. He also mentions the qualifier in Italy where John Joe rallied in the last round to make the Olympics. But McKeown settles on the 2008 senior Irish lightweight title fight against Ulster vet Ryan Lindberg. "Lindberg was the defending champ and a top-class international fighter," says McKeown. "John Joe beat him with double and triple scores. That made me sit back and say, 'What the fuck have I got here?'"

But as McKeown will tell you, the surprise wasn't so much John Joe's talent but that the then 18-year-old was still fighting. Irish boxing gyms are brimming with young gypsy lads eager to box. For them, learning a right-cross, left-hook combination usually takes precedence over the multiplication tables. "For fuck's sake, I'm surrounded by 'em," says the trainer, laughing. "I'd say 50 percent of the kids who come here are travelers. Good lads. Have a chip on their shoulder. And I expect 'em to come, because fighting is such a part of traveler culture." By the time they're in their late teens, however, marriage, kids and social lives draw travelers away. Some have managed to stick with the sweet science, including light-middleweight Francie Barrett (17–3) and heavyweight Tyson Fury, currently ranked number three by *The Ring* magazine. "I followed a lot of my cousins into boxing," says John Joe. "As we got older, they went to the streets—smoking, drinking, girls. I had my eye on something bigger."

He adds, with no shortage of sarcasm, "They're all living the dream now. It's just not my dream."

Mist falls on a raw evening as I approach the Mullingar Greyhound Stadium. As a sound rule of life, one should never pass up an evening at the dog track. I cough up my 10-euro admission fee and meet John Joe, Paddy Boy and Mullingar native "Big" John Lynch, an indefatigably cheerful tree surgeon who claims to have set the world's record for the number of Christmas trees chopped down in less than two minutes. John Joe is on the phone. "Dad, I parked over in the lot of dat furniture store," he says. The store's neighborhood, and that of the track, is a bit unsavory. "Could ya drive by and check on it in a bit? Tanks."

We head upstairs and discover a crowded bar and restaurant and a reasonably well-heeled local crowd that includes a bridal party. Five minutes to post in the second race and I lay a 20 on the caramel-colored long shot, number six. He comes in last. John Joe and Paddy Boy, wagering conservatively, win 12 euros on the favorite. John Lynch buys a round of beers and we spend the next several hours speculating on the soundness of canines and the fitness of the bridal party. A fine Mullingar night out.

Slowly, however, I realize that everything isn't so fine. Here is John Joe Nevin, Olympic star (no everyday occurrence—Ireland has only 28 medals in its Olympic history) and hometown hero. He should be fighting off the fans, yet no one approaches him. No one congratulates him. Nary a handshake or a photo request. It's not that he's unrecognized. I see the whispers, the nudges, the furtive glances. It's just life for

a traveler in a country where, according to a 2007–2008 study, 60 percent of the population wouldn't want a traveler as a family member, 40 percent wouldn't hire one and nearly 20 percent would deny travelers citizenship.

None of this is news. "Prejudice is a way of life for a traveler," explains McKeown. "John Joe has realized it's a handicap he must overcome. For him to attain what he did is amazing." Fame doesn't seem to matter. Nor does representing one's country. Fifteen minutes before his semifinal Olympic bout against the Cuban Álvarez, John Joe's phone rang. "Normally I wouldn't answer," he explains. "But I thought it was Father King, the priest in Dublin who calls before every fight to give me a blessing." It was no invocation but his uncle Michael calling from Mullingar. A group of 30 travelers—John Joe's extended family—had shown up at a popular pub to watch the bout, only to be told that John Joe's parents and Paddy Boy were welcome, but the rest were not. The basis? They were travelers. "They had to go to a pub six kilometers out of town," says John Joe. He does little to hide his disgust and anger. "These pubs in Mullingar had been using my name to promote business, then they don't let in my family. It's not fair."

The incident made national news as another example of blatant discrimination. Not that it made a difference. Shortly after John Joe won the silver medal, the owner of a popular Dublin restaurant sent a tweet that the boxer's relatives would soon be coming for the lead and copper. Upon John Joe's return to Mullingar after the Olympics, thousands of people lined the streets for the celebration, yet not a single hotel would rent his family members a room. And



"This drug is used in executions in Texas, but in small doses it's very relaxing."

there was the occasion in 2013 when the boxer returned from winning his European championship. When he sidled up to the bar in one of Mullingar's tonier establishments, the barman stated bluntly, "We can't serve you." Then there was the night in Dublin when they went for a bite at a pub and were refused, as McKeown will attest. "They said he had on trackie bottoms, so he couldn't be served," recalls the trainer. "Make no mistake. That's just an excuse."

Suffering discrimination hurts, even for someone who doles out punishment for a living. "Some people might deserve to be put out but not all of us," says John Joe. "Not all should be painted with the one brush. All people should be treated the same." Any traveler will tell you the problem is only getting worse in Ireland. Complaints to councilmen fall on deaf ears. "Ali winning a medal helped change things for the better for blacks in America," claims the boxer. "Nothing's changing for travelers here."

The dog track outing ends. Despite dropping 75 euros on those mutts, we all have, as the saying goes in these parts, quite a crack. John Joe continues to be friendly, genuine and funny. Paddy Boy, once defrosted, is equally kind and reveals a dry wit. As we part ways for the night I'm starting to think that perhaps John Joe and his kinfolk might be exaggerating a bit, blowing things out of proportion.

I flag down a cab. The driver is a bespectacled avuncular-looking fellow in the neighborhood of 50 years old. "In from the States?" he inquires merrily.

"Yes, sir," I reply. "Here doing a story on travelers."

The cabbie's smile disappears.

"Any experience with them?" I ask.

"They are hateful people," he states coldly. "The only good traveler is a dead traveler. If I could have all the traveler boys castrated and all the girls' tubes tied I would. They deal drugs, contribute nothing, and their fighting is ruining this country."

"Even John Joe Nevin?"

"He's called on me a few times. He's a nice fellow. But the rest of them?"

Forty of "them" have convened at Martin Nevin's house. Unwelcome in town, Martin wanted a place to have a proper pint, so he built his own pub in the backyard: two wood-paneled rooms complete with pool table, bar, several small tables, old-school jukebox and dartboard. The walls are covered with hundreds of photos of friends and family, a handful of boxing title belts and a sizable tribute to David Nevin, John Joe's cousin and a talented amateur boxer who died of a heart attack in 2012 at the age of 25. This is the Irish equivalent of an American man-cave, the major difference being that here the TV is a 32-inch afterthought tucked into a corner. Travelers don't huddle around the boob tube. They banter, play games and drink. And drink. And drink. It's only five o'clock and already I tally 300 empty Carlsbergs.

This crowd, predominately male, under 40 and related by blood and/or marriage, doesn't drink lattes. They do not go to spin class. They're a hardscrabble lot, 84 percent of whom are unemployed and only 30 percent of whom will live past the age of 60, according to national statistics. The men are all named John Joe, Paddy, Huey, David, Michael or Christy. They all

sport crew cuts, goatees and large tattoos bearing either the family name or that of a wife, a son or fallen kin. Travelers are, above all, about family. Nevins pride themselves on the scope and closeness of their clan. Martin, one of 18 siblings, boasts there are 400 Nevins living in the Mullingar area and upward of 1,500 worldwide. "Family is the most important thing in life," explains John Joe as he sips a beer. "I don't go a day without seeing everyone."

While the love of family abounds, the love of a reporter asking questions and scribbling notes does not. Outsiders are anomalies in traveler communities, and for the most part I am received as warmly as an IRS auditor. I don't fear for my life, but if some of the revelers have a few too many, I don't rule out bodily harm.

I stick close to John Joe. Despite his fame and experience in the outside world, he is treated, at least within these walls, no differently from anyone else. With good reason. Aside from boxing, he has led a typical traveler life. He dropped out of school at 14. He married as a teenager and has a four-year-old son named, unsurprisingly, Martin. He lives in an estate house in west Mullingar among other travelers. When I ask if he has ever considered moving (the prejudice, the golf club attack, etc.) he looks at me as though I've suggested he become Protestant. "Move? Never," he says. "This is my home."

I venture for a bathroom break, the toilet being enclosed in a small shed in the driveway. On my way back I'm corralled by Martin, who introduces me to cousin Ollie, an olive-skinned man built like a bank vault. I have heard of Ollie. In an off-the-record conversation, a veteran Mullingar Garda described Ollie as the most dangerous Nevin and possibly the most feared man in Mullingar. When I mention this, Ollie is pleased. He freely offers an example of his gift. "Last fight I had was against Hughie Fury, cousin of Tyson. About six-foot-six and 20 stone," says Ollie of his 280-pound foe. "And God as my witness he didn't do nothing to me. I gave him a punch and broke all his inside teeth." I inquire about his nose, which looks rather off-kilter. "I broke my nose once but not with a man's fist," he says. "Was with a pool ball."

The two men then turn to a more serious matter, one involving John Joe. (At this point I must address the issue of elocution. Traveler conversations are, by and large, difficult to follow: See Pitt, Brad as Mickey O'Neil in *Snatch*. And when they get their load on, they sound like drunken Swedes mumbling in their sleep. I can piece together this "serious matter" only after listening to the recording a dozen times.) A cousin of theirs, a boxer, had slipped into John Joe's weight class, and the two fought. John Joe could easily have stopped the lad but didn't. Brought him "nice and handy" through the rounds. Yet for some reason the boy's uncle was mad—he wanted the boy to win. The following Thursday all the parties involved were going to be at the same wedding, and Martin expressed concern.



"Hi there! Ted Fletcher, former leg man!"

"Won't be a problem," mumbles Ollie.
"Don't want a problem," mumbles Martin.
"I'll make damn sure of it. Have it cleared.
I'll personally see it."

This conflict, to an outsider like myself, sounds absurd, pointless, much ado about nothing. But within the traveler community there is a minority, a very loud, vocal, persistent group that gives the Palestinians and Israelis a run for their money when it comes to fueling conflict. There are feuds between various traveler families. There are quarrels within traveler families. There are incidents between travelers and settled people. The reasons are often a mystery. The by-products are not. And the very public and headline-catching incidents haven't been the best PR for travelers.

Google "Irish traveler fighting." In addition to thousands of hours of video of bare-knuckle fights and traveler lads calling out other traveler lads, you'll find a variety of colorful links such as "Travelers fight in a church with slash hooks at a funeral" and "Irish travelers fighting in shopping center" and "Armed Gardaí at scene as fight between rival travelers reignites this morning." The repeat offenders are often familiar traveler families: Nevin, Myers, Dinnegan, Joyce and Quinn McDonagh. John Joe knows very well of his extended family's involvement. In 2009 a judge called Patrick Nevin "the villain of the peace" and gave the then 20-year-old a two-year sentence for a broad-daylight beating. Christy "Ditsy" Nevin was the alleged ringleader in a 2007 attack on a family home and the infamous 2008 riot that involved 200 people in the Mullingar Dalton Park housing estate. (According to reports, the feud began over unpaid bets on a bare-knuckle fight.)

I believe John Joe when he says he's never seen a bare-knuckle fight in person and hasn't taken part in any skullduggery or violence. Still, he knows firsthand how one can become a casualty of tribal jealousy and family squabbles. Enough time has passed that the young fighter doesn't get emotional when talking about the brown, uneven inch-and-a-half-long scar on his right leg where the bone sheared straight through the skin.

That Saturday morning John Joe and Paddy Boy had driven to the nearby Ardleigh Crescent housing estate to try to settle an ongoing dispute between their cousin John Joe Nevin and his father (their uncle), Michael. A fracas broke out. John Joe the cousin claims he feared for the safety of his wife and infant. John Joe the boxer asserts the savage golf club assault was unprovoked and based purely on jealousy. Whatever the case, the fighter obviously got the worst of it. Paddy Boy grabbed a toy hurley stick from the car and came to his brother's aid. The whole event lasted maybe three minutes but left a bloodied and broken boxer en route to the hospital with his career hanging in the balance.

"At first I went into a deep depression," admits John Joe. These days he feels the experience made him stronger as a fighter. "I cherish boxing now."

As for his cousin? "He'll have to meet his

maker one day. Get his judgment then," says John Joe. After nine months, the two made peace over a pint and dropped the case. "It was just the right thing to do."

Fore! Welcome to the Mullingar Golf Club, a 6,685-yard, par 72 course created by famous Scottish designer James Braid. Stroll around the clubhouse and you'll find a plethora of stuffy old-school country club types straight out of *Caddyshack*. A perfect place for a couple of travelers, right? Well, the lads are here—John Joe, Paddy Boy, cousin David and other cousin Joe—participating in the Irish Autism Action charity outing.

I catch up with their foursome on the fourth tee (they started at the third hole), adjacent to the clubhouse. While other golfers are decked out in spikes, khakis and argyle patterns, the lads prefer more personal fashion statements. John Joe wears a black polo, jeans and sneakers. Paddy Boy and David are in sneakers and sweatshirts. In black dress slacks, black shoes and a translucent white button-down, Joe looks like a waiter, his massive NEVIN tattoo clearly visible across his back.

Paddy Boy is the first to tee off. In all my years I've never before witnessed a golf stance like his. Hands a foot apart on the club, he crouches low, as if hovering over a toilet seat. He swings, and the ball—not a shocker—trickles a few feet. "Fuck's sake!" he cries. John Joe is next. As he tees up, a handful of young boys by the clubhouse recognize him and excitedly begin to take photos and shoot video. The boxer takes a massive hack and the ball bounces a paltry 30 yards. "Don't put that video on YouTube, lads," says John Joe with a chuckle.

The four are a golf course's worst nightmare. They leave a trail of unreplaced divots and unraked sand traps. They walk across active fairways and hit into a foursome ahead of them. The damp, blustery conditions and aggressive black flies don't help their play. Frustrations arise.

"You can't use tees on your second shot. That's disqualification."

"What'd you score? I lost count."

"The two lads are cheating the most."

"I just want to win one hole."

"Boxing is way easier than golf."

After five holes, the lads call it quits and head for the clubhouse. With all the golfers still on the course, the dining room is empty and the four of them pull up chairs by the bar. The place is posh, formal, and the stern faces of former club chairmen stare down at us from the walls. I wonder what they'd think of travelers in their midst. The bartender happily serves John Joe and his kin their pints. Brings them their food without an iota of indignation.

I ask John Joe about his future, whether he thinks a title can help bridge the gap between the travelers and the settled people in Mullingar. "I don't know if it would," he replies. "But if I become world champion I'll just buy my own bar in town. Show everyone up. And I'll let everyone and anyone in."



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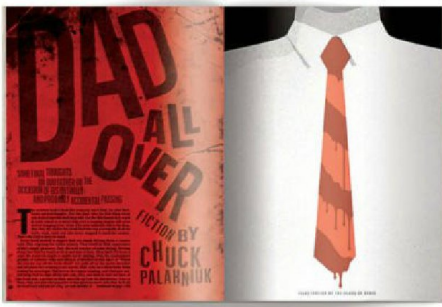
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DAD ALL OVER

Continued from page 68

the best things in life, the chill breeze and the sun half eclipsed behind heavy clouds. Dad who always said to take off your hoodie before using the new table saw, due to the two ends of the drawstring hanging down and what would happen, Dad warned, if those two hoodie strings caught the teeth of the table saw and yanked you facedown onto the spinning blade, making you look like a stitched-up Frankenstein the rest of your life—provided you lived.

That fake Dad, who always looked on the bright side, the one who died—he wasn't our Dad, who said never to wave our hands out the window of a moving car owing to Isadora Duncan, Dad, the most beautiful, the most accomplished dancer of her time, Dad, who climbed aboard a Bugatti roadster one time, a top-down sports car in Nice, France with all her friends watching and bid them, "Good-bye, my darlings, I'm off to glory!" thinking she was only going for a joyride with a handsome mechanic. Dad never got tired of describing the way Isadora Duncan wrapped a long silk scarf around her pale neck and tossed one end to trail in the breeze, Dad said, how dashing, how carefree, and how that flapping scarf-end wrapped itself around the spokes of the rear wheel and snapped her swanlike neck, Dad saying how the embroidered-silk noose jerked her body from the open vehicle and dragged her screaming and then dead down the cobblestone street within sight of the friends she'd only then bid good-bye.

Dad, for whom the glass was always half full of poison, that story was Dad all over.

Dad acting like a stranger, the day in question, parked along that country road, he propped open the hood. The hood of his car, not to be confused with the hoodie that gets your stupid teenage face table-sawed in half. Head deep in the engine compartment, Dad being Dad, he has to notice the fan cowling is absent. The fiberglass shield, the cowling that protects stupid people from the spinning, razor-sharp blades of the radiator fan, Dad would note it not being there. A detail the officer at the scene and the medical examiner might overlook, Dad certainly wouldn't. Those aluminum blades aren't spinning, Dad would explain, due to the afternoon's cool ambient temperature, Dad, who went to automotive trade school and never let anyone forget it. Dad who said, "That's no way to treat a bicycle," and told you to put the chain guard back on because the world was, to Dad, nothing except gnashing gears and sprockets merely lying in wait to take a bite out of someone stupid. That Dad would never have knowingly leaned over a running automobile engine, not even in January with the viscous fan clutch disengaged, not Dad, with his necktie flirting with disaster. Not the Dad who knew the tensile strength of silk.

Dad feeling the winter sun on his back, Dad, lying there, Dad, waiting for redemption, Dad, ready for karma and physics to take their course.

Nobody told the police, Dad, nobody ever mentioned, Dad, that Isadora Duncan was 50 years old, a washed-up 50-year-old dancer, scrounging money off rich, married lovers, Dad, who knotted the scarf around her own neck, Dad, so tight around her swanlike neck, and said such a gallows speech, "I'm off to glory," Dad, so many elegant gestures ending as she tossed away the rest of her life as if by some stage-managed mistake.

Dad would impress upon you that even smart people die stupid deaths. Dad's favorite being Tennessee Williams, the Pulitzer Prize winner, the Toast of Broadway, Dad always exclaimed, who wrote *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Suddenly, Last Summer* and *The Glass Menagerie*. The

way Dad always built him up, Tennessee Williams was smarter than any 10 regular people combined. Being a bookworm, he suffered chronic dry eyes, Tennessee Williams, and, as per Dad, was perennially squeezing drops. Poor Tennessee Williams. Dad's point being that even dry eyes can kill you—genius or not—if you're not paying your full attention, Dad. Tennessee Williams, for instance, would twist off the top of Visine and hold the cap between his lips for safekeeping while he tilted back his head and dripped the drops into each eye. Dad's version is Williams had done so his whole life until, alone in a hotel room, the playwright hiccupped or coughed or maybe only forgot the hold his lips had on the Visine cap and let it drop straight down into the back of his throat where there was no getting it out, not by himself. Dad's point being, one slipup could leave you just as dead as Isadora Duncan choked to death with everyone looking on. No, that Dad, Dad the worrier, Dad the pessimist, would know how a man's necktie can dangle like bait, snaking down between the blades of a not-spinning radiator fan.

This Dad in particular would hammer into you how no machine knows the difference between butchering you and not just meat. Knowing Dad, he'd tuck his tie between the buttons of his shirt, like a military tie, like a soldier who knows better than to let something flap in the breeze Isadora Duncan-style, waiting for it to get snagged on an outbound bazooka shell or a dropped atom bomb targeted for enemy territory. No, Dad, our Dad would untie the necktie and leave it tucked like a pocket square in the jacket he's got folded over the back of the front seat. That's just Dad, disbeliever of the surgeon general. The same Dad, he says most folks have their death all planned out but just don't know it. The Dad who'd never run the tank half empty for fear of drawing grainy sediments into the fuel line and glazing the piston rings he considers family.

Not that Dad could stand accused of being overly fond of family. Leastways not his own, least of all his own three children, Dad, not at the end. Our Dad who blamed the pain medication for his saying, over



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Christmas dinner, Dad, that Heather was too fat and sloppy to catch a husband, Dad, and neither was her brain anything special to look at. That Dad, that same dinner announcing Todd might not be in the poorhouse if he didn't have babies with every drug addict he came across, and also vis-à-vis Dad, that Patrick was a lazy coward who couldn't stick it out for even the first six months of automotive trade school. Dad, merry Christmas, Dad, our Dad who never said anything except to warn us away from hot stoves and exposed wires, the look that his eyes let slip was worse than what he'd actually said. Dad. Our Dad. The Dad of no do-overs. His eyes said, "Lo and behold!" His eyes recognized the way cancer would kill his kids, Dad, long before killing him.

Or New Year's Eve, that Dad, that night Dad's cancer killed Mom. Drugs saying everything he did or didn't intend. Called his wife a cow, Dad, the mother of his kids, Dad, said she'd saddled him with three kids dull as dishwater, Dad, while other kids were walking on the moon and winning president of the United States, Dad, drinking his pain pills now with midnight swigs of champagne, Dad, Heather saying, Dad, "It's the Demerol," Dad, him calling Mom *bitch* and *sow*, Dad, through clenched teeth, hissing the words like the relief valve of a boiling-over radiator cap. Dad spewing venom, spewing bile. Dad called up, Dad, his head thrown back, looking up through the dining room ceiling, looking through the roof, raising his hands, Dad, in lamentation, in supplication, Dad asking, "God," Dad, "why did you," Dad, "bestow upon me such stupid children?"

Whether you wanted to know or not, Dad would explain that a radiator fan only spins when the block temperature reaches 156 degrees Fahrenheit. Above 35 miles per hour, the way Dad tells it, the ram air entering through the grille, it's enough to cool the coolant. Dad, the expert on all things viscous fan clutch, Dad's talk about silicone fluid can put you into a coma to rival death, how the fluid is held in a little reservoir, and minus that fluid's release the fan clutch won't engage, Dad droning on and on, until such-and-such a temperature. At that point, Dad says, it's already too late. Dad's all about there being no warning. No bell tolling. No do-overs. When that clutch engages, and here Dad would shrug to show his helplessness in the matter, those razor-sharp blades of the fan will activate at full spin.

Nobody talked about the possibility, Dad, that wearing a hoodie over a table saw is something you do, Dad, to spite your face. That's why it couldn't look like an intentional accident, Dad. His leaning forward, revving the engine, Dad, with his tie fishing for disaster and his stomach placed so *hara-kiri* close to the metal blades about to cut loose. Dad had to look stupid, Dad, to be punished, Dad, and have his life made a lesson of. Dad, our Dad had to die the most-stupidest death he knew of.

Heather would blame, Dad, his blood alcohol, Dad, and his painkillers, while Todd would blame the side effects of chemotherapy for Dad going against trade-school gospel. That engine running, Dad, the

shadow of him helping keep things below 156 degrees, Dad, he had nothing to worry about unless the sun peeked out from behind a cloud, poor Dad, as he worked a thick thumbnail into the slot-head screw that adjusts the idle, Dad like a lamb led to slaughter, Dad, made low, Dad bent over the engine block like the chopping block it would soon become. Dad not being himself, not the man who'd want some pathologist to come across such a, Dad, bloody mess. Dad's Cause of Death recorded as the sun coming out. The Death Certificate stating "Misadventure," Dad, a casualty of some momentary lapse in the windchill factor.

Some force bigger than stupidity was at work here. Prometheus crucified, Dad, the engine block becoming both the rock and the eagle sent to rip out his guts. His punishment, Dad, for bestowing too much of his brand of fiery, Dad, truth upon the world.

Dad punishing a body that had betrayed him, Dad, intending a freak accident, his neckwear being his low-hanging bait, Dad, tempting fate. Killed by something we all knew better than to risk, Dad, his own blood offering. An uptick in ambient temperature, Dad, the silicone fluid released, Dad, his tie snaring him, yanking him down, Dad, holding him in place, Dad, choked and gasping.

At that, by automatic, Dad, without warning, the turning blades struck his stomach, Dad, curved blades, Dad, ripped through his shirt, Dad, scraping his belly, Dad, slicing, Dad, slashing, Dad, swiping out great scoops of flesh. Clean tissue and cancer alike, thrown aside, hollowing Dad into a husk. Cleaned like a fish, Dad, dressed like game. Eviscerated, Dad, but still alive, Dad, pulling away, meat, pushing with both hands, Dad, fingers spread open against the hot engine block, Dad, abandoning his own vital organs in his effort to escape. Dad, shoving back, Dad, blood, Dad, screaming, Dad, sprayed, Dad, clots and gobbets spewing, Dad, steaming in the winter air. Dad, his last meal half food and half shit. Dad, his bowels winding around the crankshaft pulley, scalding hot on such a, Dad, brilliantly bright, Dad, cold winter day.

Dad martyring himself, Dad, making himself the biggest idiot, held down, Dad, sizzling against the searing hot engine block, Dad, like Saint Lawrence, Dad, grilled alive by Vatican prefects for revealing too much. Dad making his dullard kids mental giants by comparison. Dad, tangled, Dad, tied down, Dad, knowing there'd be no life insurance if anyone caught a whiff of suicide, Dad, leading people to believe, leaving them without a doubt something this gruesome, something so agonizing, Dad, it had to be by accident.

Nobody telling the police that Tennessee Williams never in his life opened his mouth by mistake.

Dad, a worthy tribute paid, Dad, his earthly body already beyond repair, Dad, his necktie the tether holding only, Dad, his mortal remains, Dad, while the rest of him, Dad, the idiot, Dad, the fool, Dad, ascended, Dad, redeemed.





BRIAN STAUFFER

NOT QUITE THE END OF MEN

The future for men in the new knowledge economy isn't as bleak as you might think



Over the past 35 years each recession has seen the loss of factory jobs that haven't reappeared. During the 2008 recession, 70 percent of positions lost belonged to men; only 59 percent were regained. Their disappearance is just one reason the average male income has not experienced a sustained increase since 1968.

Technological progress is the most obvious culprit. Our digital age may do wonders for Silicon Valley pocketbooks but not for the workingman's. Automation puts blue-collar jobs across all industries—not to mention the collective authority unions once guaranteed—at risk. As such, women now command the skill set to thrive in our postindustrial age, but don't believe doom-sayers and pundits spinning apocalyptic narratives about the end of men and the middle class just yet.

What do those prophecies entail? Blue-collar jobs

are toast, we're told; men won't be able to provide for their families, and their place in the economy looks bleak next to their better-educated counterparts. It's a narrative ignited by writer Hanna Rosin with her *Atlantic* cover story and subsequent book, *The End of Men*, in which she argues that the collapse of our manufacturing-based economy has allowed for the rise of women as breadwinners and leaders in a country that no longer has a place for

BY
**ALLISON
SCHRAGER**

male skills. Countless bloggers, economists, writers and commentators have echoed her since. Nobody is arguing that sexism and wage disparity have disappeared, however. Educated men still reap the greatest rewards from the modern economy. But blue-collar workers, who once made up our vanishing middle class, face an uncertain future. A survey from the Pew Research

Center this February found that 87 percent of Americans describe themselves as middle class, but only half fit the definition. Furthermore, the share of Americans living in middle-income households shrank from 61 percent to 51 percent between 1970 and 2013.

Women's wages, however, are rising—up 78 percent since the 1970s, while men's wages have stagnated—though women still earn less than men. In the 1970s the average woman contributed 27 percent to her household's income; in 2011, she contributed 37 percent. It won't be long before middle-class women outearn their male peers, given the growth of female-dominated industries and advanced education. The latter, especially, is where women are lapping men. Fifty percent of women between the ages of 24 and 39 have completed a degree after high school, versus 41 percent of men.

But over the past 400 years, from agrarianism to small-scale manufacturing to the factory to corporate capitalism, men have adapted at every economic turn, creat-

Men have adapted at every economic turn in the past 400 years, creating winners and losers.

ing short-term winners and losers. Harvard economist Lawrence Katz thinks that when the economy shifts, those who lose out experience "retroactive unemployment" in pursuit of jobs that no longer exist; however, he anticipates a bright future for men in the new economy. As an expert in the ways technology affects the middle class, Katz predicts the rise of the "new artisan" as a substantial trend in middle-class employment.

His theory holds that technology will commoditize and cheapen products in all

industries but that artisanal workers will offer a superior interpersonal experience coupled with unique goods and services, commanding premium prices in turn. Men, he notes, are especially well suited to such roles. "These kinds of jobs go back to colonial times," Katz says. "Individuals brought their own ingenuity and creativity to provide small-scale, high-quality products. In the 19th century they were displaced by mass production, but technology is already bringing a resurgence of this type of work."

Edward Galla is just one example. For years, the construction contractor plied his trade on Martha's Vineyard, underbidding competitors on high-end materials and pocketing the profits. Then, the internet democratized the information behind his market. "Suddenly, everyone knew where to go," he says. His margins tanked.

Galla embraced change,

Expecting men to be office-work-oriented breadwinners is an outmoded idea.

teaching himself how to use design software such as Autodesk, and his team today includes independent craftsmen from around the world. He drafts projects in 3-D, allowing the people in his network to make bids, submit proposals and complete higher-quality work than was possible before—and they can do it without setting foot in Massachusetts. "Space is expensive in New England," he notes. By contracting with a custom cabinetmaker in Minneapolis, for example, he's taking advantage of



► Assembly lines may be history, but the male skill set lives on.

cheap Midwestern real estate.

If Katz's prediction about new artisans comes to pass, the ways men and women fit into the economy will come to complement each other. Their roles will change, in some ways becoming more traditional and in others less: Women may be likelier to spend their careers in nine-to-five corporate positions, enjoying the regular hours, benefits and predictable pay those jobs entail. Forty-nine percent of women already work in firms with more than 500 employees, compared with 43 percent of men, and their share of the corporate pie is growing. That certainty will empower men to take on less predictable but possibly higher-paying work in self-employment.

A world in which men strive to learn new skills and take on riskier, entrepreneurial household roles may even prove more fulfilling than office work—but this requires changing our definition of a "good job." Expecting men to be better-educated, office-work-oriented breadwinners is an outmoded idea. The artisan of the future will still be skilled and possess just as much potential to provide for his family. The technological revolution is yet another turn in the cycle of economic progress, and workers of both genders must learn to adapt. The end of men is not nigh; the end of our dated notion of work, however, is. ■



DOPE STORY

Why do we punish athletes for seeking harmless performance advantages?

BRIAN STAUFFER

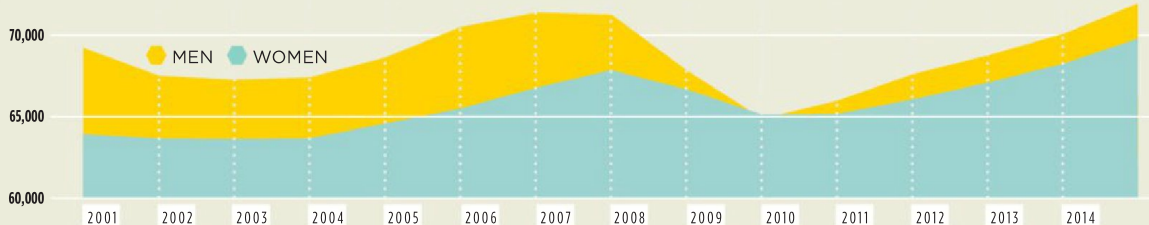


The journey of humanity has been an unending search for an edge, an advantage, a

performance enhancement that allows us to be stronger, smarter, faster and better than our fellow humans. Among man's endeavors, sports have always been the easiest in which to observe those results. Perhaps that's why, no matter how exalted or overpaid athletes become, we still identify with them and their search for the limits of human achievement. We understand they must go to great lengths for these achievements—rigorous

JOBS ARE FROM VENUS

► Bureau of Labor Statistics data prove the obvious: Women are dominating the postrecession job market, gaining back three times as many jobs as men compared with pre-recession peaks.



training, severe diets, all manner of medical procedures and surgeries, and periodic abstention from sex, fluids, food and much of life as we know it. We seem to allow elite athletes every possible modification or enhancement save one: They may not take performance-enhancing substances described generally as steroids, a category that encompasses a wide range of chemicals, almost all of which occur naturally in the human body.

The two dominant arguments against steroids are that they are dangerous and that they are unfair. Neither stands up to much scrutiny. The first was made most famously by Lyle Alzado, the NFL defensive lineman who died of a brain tumor in 1992; in a 1991 *Sports Illustrated* cover story, he said he regretted his 15 years of steroid use and blamed them for his brain cancer. However, no scientific proof has ever linked the two. “To this day, he is the only person I know who used steroids and had brain cancer,” says Dr. Norman Foster of the University of Wisconsin, a specialist in medical ethics.

But steroids have become a symbol of a larger moral failing, stigmatized by, among other scandals, Alzado’s death, the Ben Johnson doping case at the Seoul Olympics and Major League Baseball’s loss of an entire era to inflationary statistics. However, steroids are classified as mere Schedule III substances, on par with the likes of Tylenol With Codeine.

The New England Journal of Medicine concluded in a 1996 study that besides an increase in acne and breast tenderness in some subjects, “no other side effects were noted.” The National Institute on Drug Abuse echoes on its website that “the incidence of life-threatening effects [of steroid use] appears to be low.”

Thousands of athletes have used steroids safely—though surreptitiously—since the 1930s. John Romano is just one example, a 54-year-old former competitive bodybuilder who has been on and off anabolic steroids since 1982. “They have helped me retain muscle mass and recover from



“The number of deaths we can attribute to steroids is really low. Aspirin is more dangerous.”

—Charles E. Yesalis, professor of health policy and administration, Pennsylvania State University

injuries,” he says. “My blood work has always been perfect; every marker I have is excellent.” By his own count he has coached thousands of bodybuilders over the past 25 years. “I have not encountered one negative effect in myself or my charges,” he says.

“The number of deaths in the world that we can attribute to anabolic steroids is really low,” says Charles E. Yesalis, professor of health policy and administration at Pennsylvania State University and author of *Anabolic Steroids in Sport and Exercise*. “Aspirin is dramatically more dangerous.” And nobody denies that steroids, like all drugs, have side effects, but they are certainly less dangerous for a healthy

adult male than tobacco or alcohol—yet those plagues on public health are legal. Perhaps that’s why then senator Joseph Biden pivoted from citing health effects to invoking the “fairness” issue when he announced harsher penalties for steroid use in 2004. “It’s a values issue,” he said. “If kids think the best athletes are on the juice, what does that teach them? That cheating is okay.”

But the senator began with a false premise: that sports are fair. From the outset, as David Epstein makes clear in his best-selling book *The Sports Gene*, there is nothing fair about sports. Some

athletes are born with inherent advantages due either to size, weight and muscle mass or to genetic mutations such as those that enabled Finnish cross-country skier Eero Mäntyranta to win seven Olympic medals over three Olympiads. Mäntyranta’s anomaly allows his bone marrow to produce an extraordinary number of red blood cells, which deliver oxygen to muscles. That translates to greater speed over greater distances. Wouldn’t a fairer race allow other athletes to increase their own red blood cells so each started with the same advantage? That is an effect of erythropoietin, or EPO, a substance banned by the International Olympic Committee but widely used by cross-country skiers and other endurance athletes, including Lance Armstrong, for precisely that purpose: to achieve the red blood cell production that Mäntyranta sees naturally.

Why then is Mäntyranta’s mutation legal while Armstrong has been banished from competition for pursuing the same effect? “It’s arbitrary,” says Peter Singer, professor of bioethics at Princeton University and author of *The Most Good You Can Do*. “These rules say what substances you can take, but in terms of procedures, surgeries or other

often resulting in improved performance. Similarly, many professional baseball prospects and golfers, including Tiger Woods, have undergone corrective surgery to improve their vision, an enhancement every bit as unfair as taking steroids to increase one’s strength—but no senators call for hearings to decry this form of “cheating.” “Inconsistency is the norm,” says Yesalis. “When it comes to drug testing, the NFL, Major League Baseball, the Olympics all spend a lot of time working on that false wall. It’s public relations.”

If athletes are aware of the few dangers of performance-enhancing drugs and are willing to take them anyway—under medical supervision, no less—shouldn’t that decision be theirs alone? After all, it was their decision to take on the dangers of professional sports in the first place. Concussion awareness has not diminished the number of athletes elbowing for a shot at the NFL, nor have the obvious dangers of extreme sports led to their being banned.

We have indeed drawn an arbitrary line, outlawing specific substances, from anabolic steroids and EPO to human growth hormone and even an athlete’s own transfused blood cells, while allowing or



► How does America treat drug cheats? Just ask Lance Armstrong.

performance enhancements, it’s capricious. Take an athlete living at high altitude so his lungs adapt to less oxygen. Why are these things legal and specific substances illegal?”

He points out that one third of MLB pitchers have undergone Tommy John surgery, in which a ligament in their elbow is replaced with a tendon from their own body or a cadaver,

encouraging a host of other activities and procedures, each of which offers a competitive advantage to athletes who can afford them—which in international sports means athletes from wealthier, developed countries. Our testing regulations also result in an advantage for athletes from those countries—including totalitarian regimes—that have the resources and science to beat the tests.

Fair indeed. ■

BY
KARL TARO
GREENFELD

NEXT MONTH



PHYSICAL EDUCATION WITH HEATHER DEPRIEST.



JOSH GROBAN SINGS A DIFFERENT TUNE.



SANJAY GUPTA DIAGNOSES OUR PUBLIC HEALTH SYSTEM.



COULD OHIO STATE REPEAT?

THE DOCTOR IS IN—THROUGHOUT THE EBOLA EPIDEMIC, **DR. SANJAY GUPTA'S** REASSURING FACE WAS ON CNN AROUND THE CLOCK—AND FOR GOOD REASON. THE INDIAN AMERICAN MD IS ONE OF THE MOST TRUSTED MEDICAL EXPERTS IN THE U.S. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*; **DAVID HOCHMAN** VISITS GUPTA AT EMORY UNIVERSITY, WHERE HE PRACTICES MEDICINE, FOR A CHECKUP ON THE STATE OF OUR HEALTH. THE DOCTOR'S REMARKS ARE DAMNING: "WE'RE AT RISK FOR A PANDEMIC OF SOME SORT, AND I'M NOT SURE THIS COUNTRY IS READY."

A BREATH OF FRESH ARIA—YOU PROBABLY KNOW **JOSH GROBAN** AS THE MOP-TOPPED CROONER WHO SINGS EASY-LISTENING TUNES TO SOCCER MOMS. BUT THE BARITONE VOCALIST IS A FUNNY, SELF-DEPRECATING GUY WHO SAYS HIS SONGS ARE SUREFIRE APHRODISIACS. (HE'S DATING KAT DENNINGS, AFTER ALL.) IN A 20Q WITH **ROB TANNENBAUM**, GROBAN MAKES A COMPELLING CASE FOR WHY MEN SHOULD LEARN TO LOVE HIS MUSIC.

AMERICA'S SEXIEST CITIES—MIAMI, L.A. AND VEGAS ARE THE OBVIOUS GO-TO LOCALES FOR A GOOD TIME, WHERE BARE SKIN, STRONG COCKTAILS AND CARNAL FUN ARE GUARANTEED. BUT IT'S TIME TO USE YOUR FREQUENT-FLIER MILES TO EXPERIENCE SOMETHING MORE EXOTIC. IN *PLAYBOY'S* SURVEY OF THE NATION'S SEXIEST CITIES, WE UNCOVER SOME LESS-EXPECTED DESTINATIONS WHERE HEDONISM RULES. PACK YOUR BAGS.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW—BETWEEN DEFLATE-GATE AND GROWING CRITICISM OF NCAA PRACTICES, AMERICAN FOOTBALL IS IN A PRECARIOUS PLACE. BUT 2015'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL SEASON IS FULL OF NEW BLOOD—AND A FEW GREAT UNKNOWNNS ARE READY TO REINVIGORATE THE GAME. **BRUCE FELDMAN** SORTS THROUGH THE NOISE AND MAKES HIS PICKS FOR THE TOP TEAMS, PLAYERS AND COACHES TO WATCH THIS YEAR.

THE NEW RULES OF WAR—**JOSHUA FOUST** ANALYZES AMERICA'S STAGNANT BATTLE WITH ISIS AND REVISITS A LONG LIST OF FAILED TRILLION-DOLLAR EFFORTS AROUND THE WORLD TO DETERMINE WHY THE MIGHTIEST SUPERPOWER CAN'T SEEM TO WIN A WAR.

THE GRIEVING PROCESS—IN THE WAKE OF A FRIEND'S DEATH, A GROUP OF MEN DRINK AWAY THEIR SORROWS AT A SMALL-TOWN DIVE. IT'S A CORDIAL AFFAIR UNTIL ONE ADMITS SNEAKING SOMETHING INSIDE THE DEAD MAN'S COFFIN, WHICH PROVOKES PUNCHES AND GUNSHOTS. IN HIS SHORT STORY, **SCOTT WOLVEN** EXAMINES THE STRANGE WAYS WE HONOR THE DEAD.

PLUS—MODEL **HEATHER DEPRIEST** SHOWS OFF HER ATHLETICISM IN A PHYSICAL PICTORIAL, WE GAIN ENTRY TO A LUXE (AND ILLICIT) SEX CLUB IN BEVERLY HILLS, FALL FASHION NOTES FROM SAVILE ROW, THE STUNNING **MISS SEPTEMBER** AND MORE.



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Comes in a deluxe case
emblazoned with original
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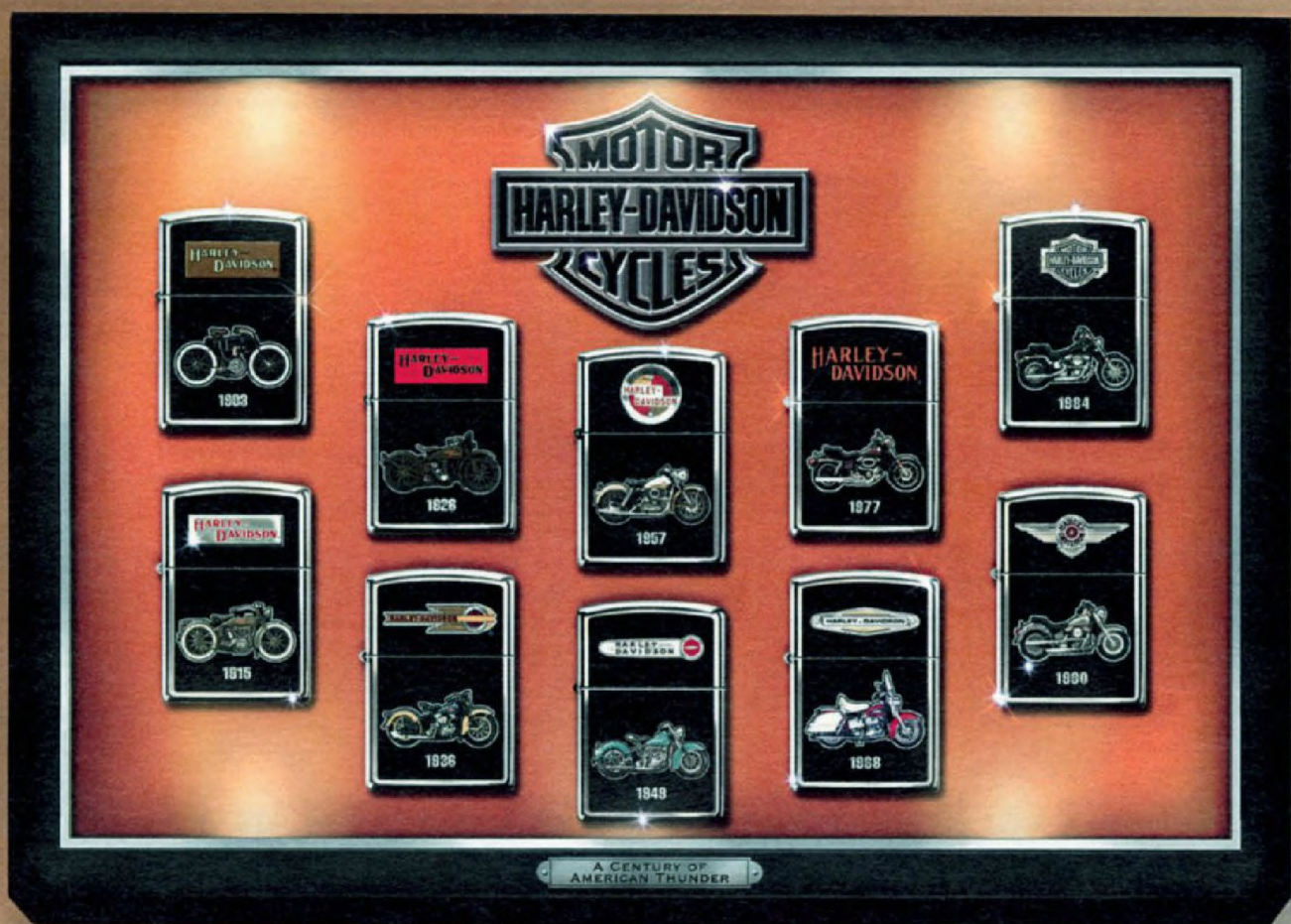


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Strictly Limited Edition

HARLEY-DAVIDSON®: A CENTURY OF INNOVATION



Custom Lighted Display Case

Actual size 13" wide x 9 1/4" high. Glass covered case displays your collection on a tabletop or wall. Mounting hardware included. Lighters ship unfilled; lighter fluid not included.



1936 Model EL Knucklehead



★ Collection showcases motorcycles that changed the world. Each bike in the collection represents a different decade of Harley-Davidson® innovation

★ Includes a custom lighted display case with glass cover, valued at \$100, for the price of a single lighter



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Distinctive bottom stamp authenticates this collectible as a genuine Zippo® windproof lighter.



www.bradfordexchange.com/903689

Over, please

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RESERVATION APPLICATION SEND NO MONEY NOW



9345 Milwaukee Avenue · Niles, IL 60714-1393

YES. Please reserve the *Al Agnew Tribal Lights Zippo® Collection* for me as described in this announcement.

Limit: one per order. Please Respond Promptly

*Plus \$8.99 shipping and service per edition. Limited-edition presentations restricted to 295 casting days. Please allow 4-6 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance. Display ships after Edition Two.

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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903689-E30291

MOTORCYCLES THAT CHANGED THE WORLD.

Zippo® genuine windproof lighters have been first choice with Harley-Davidson® riders for decades. Now these two iconic American companies have teamed up to bring you **A Century of American Thunder**. Proudly made in the USA, this collection showcases 10 iconic Harley-Davidson® models on #250 high-polish chrome Zippo® genuine windproof lighters. Each bike in the collection represents a different decade of Harley-Davidson® innovation.

Proudly presented by The Bradford Exchange, the collection includes a custom lighted display case that showcases all ten lighters. Get this glass-covered display, a \$100 value, for the price of a single lighter. On the road or on display, these genuine Zippo® lighters declare your independence from the ordinary.



**Protect, store and showcase
your collection in the custom-designed display case that
can be hung on a wall or displayed on a tabletop**

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



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**LIMITED TO 10,000 COLLECTIONS.
ORDER NOW!**

Order the 11 limited editions (10 lighters plus display) at the issue price of \$39.99* each. You'll receive one edition about every other month; cancel at any time by notifying us. Send no money now; just return the coupon today.



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