

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 2015

THE COLLEGE ISSUE

GIRLS OF THE BIG 12//TOP PARTY SCHOOLS//
20Q: JEFF GARLIN//THE INTERVIEW:
JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT//THE WORST MOVIE
EVER MADE//WEAPONS OF THE FUTURE



Introducing the new Atacamas

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This page, from top left:

Atacama Field Day-Date 1929 | Atacama Field Chronograph Alarm 1944.M

Atacama Field Chronograph Alarm 1944 | Atacama Field Day-Date 1922.BOB



SWISS + MADE



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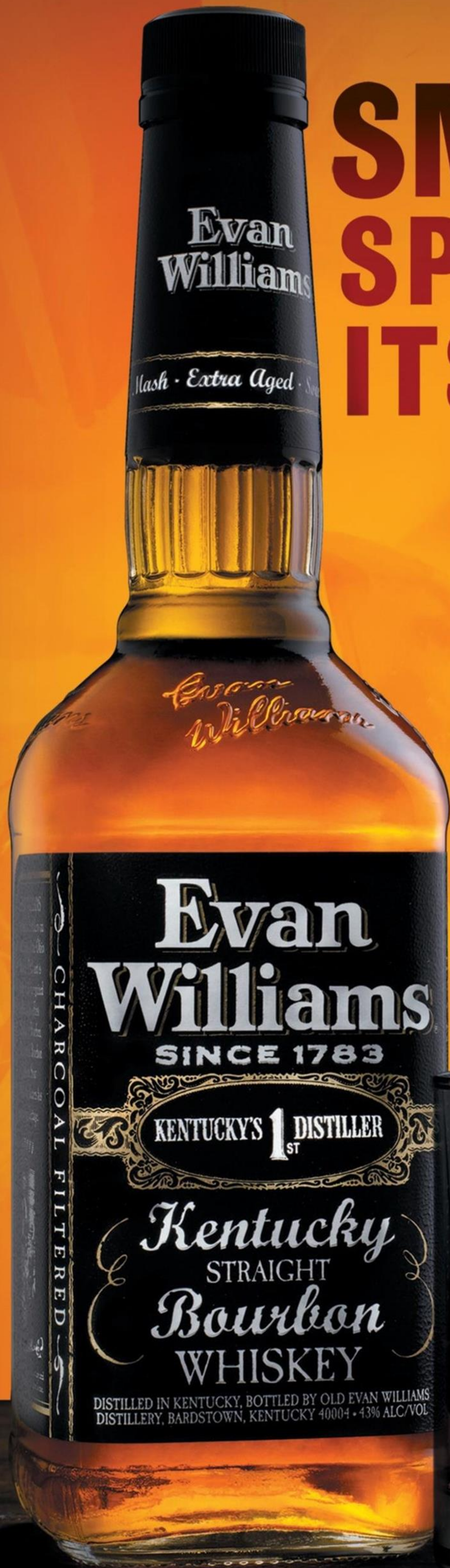


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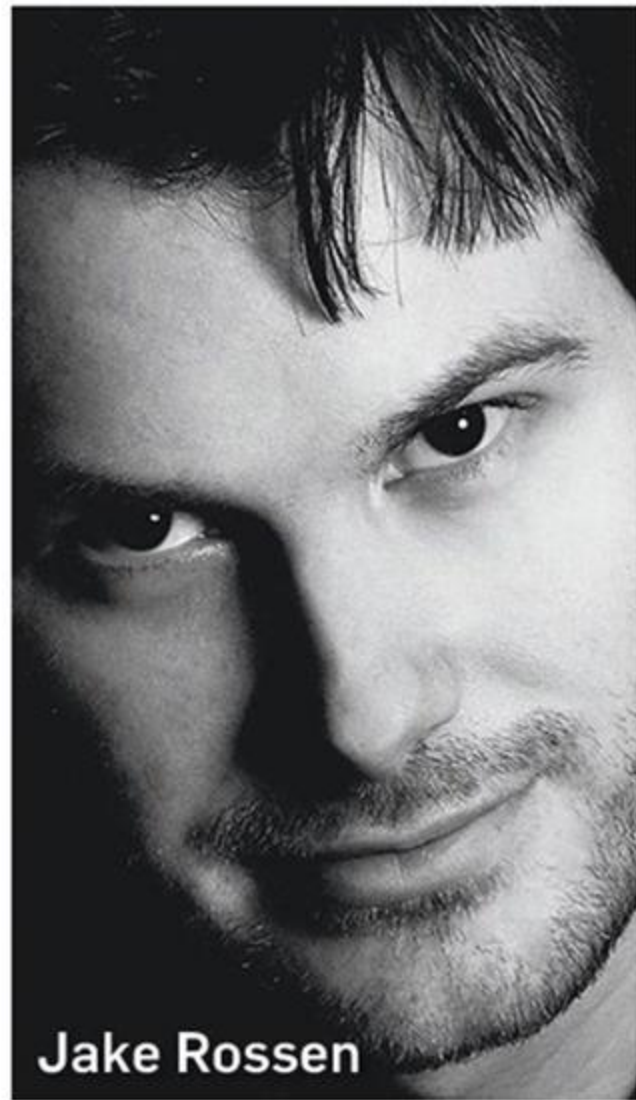

Think Wisely.
Drink Wisely.®

PLAYBILL

Our country wasn't content to have the most guns; it needed Cody Wilson to 3-D-print them. The Texan, living by his own brand of "proto-fascistic-anarcho-republicanism," is blurring the line between intellectual and physical property with his push (and State Department lawsuit) to give everyone the ability to download handguns. And over in Western Europe, smart guns—which discharge only for their owners—are well developed, but the NRA wants to prevent their arrival here. In *The Perfect Weapon*, **William Wheeler** details this ongoing collision between technology and firearms. If there's anything America loves as much as guns, it's movies—especially ones so bad they're good. In *The Battle Over the Worst Movie Ever Made*, **Jake Rossen** traces the conception and revival of 1966's *Manos: The Hands of Fate*, a film so nonsensical it verges on hilarity. Today it stands as a junk-cinema classic, and the director's son is fighting for the rights to it. For a lesson in good filmmaking, we turn to **Joseph Gordon-Levitt's** *Playboy Interview*, in which the actor reveals his secret to achieving greatness in a variety of roles. After all, he plays everything from high-wire artist Philippe Petit to whistle-blower Edward Snowden to a yuletide stoner in a trio of films out later this year. Between acting, directing and founding his own media company, Gordon-Levitt should look into his vacation policy. It may be hard to imagine **Jeff Garlin** without Larry David in tow, but as the patriarch on *The Goldbergs*, Garlin is one of many reasons the show is enjoying a third season. Find out about his long-ago role on *Baywatch* and how a laid-back demeanor belies his anxiety in *20Q*, photographed by **Chris Buck**. Do you like mayo? If not, you're a monster. **Julia Bainbridge's** *Food* guide to unlocking the condiment's potential will convert the most adamant naysayer. In *My Feet Are Fire* by Georgia Regents University's **Donnie Watson**, our 29th College Fiction Contest winner, chubby Duncan ventures into a foreign realm—a nightclub—and comes face-to-face with the kind of hulking bro he'd normally avoid. The accompanying illustration by **Amanda Moeckel** of the School of Visual Arts sets the story alight. In *Talk*, **Eric Alt** takes us rinkside for the debut of women's professional hockey, poised to shine a spotlight on an often overlooked side of the game. **Jessica Ogilvie's** *Forum* essay, "Oculus Rift and the Future of Sex," explains how the first advanced, mass-produced virtual-reality headset will affect pornography. VR sex, 3-D-printed guns and Joseph Gordon-Levitt all grown up—the future is terrifyingly cool, huh?



William Wheeler



Jake Rossen



Joseph Gordon-Levitt



Julia Bainbridge



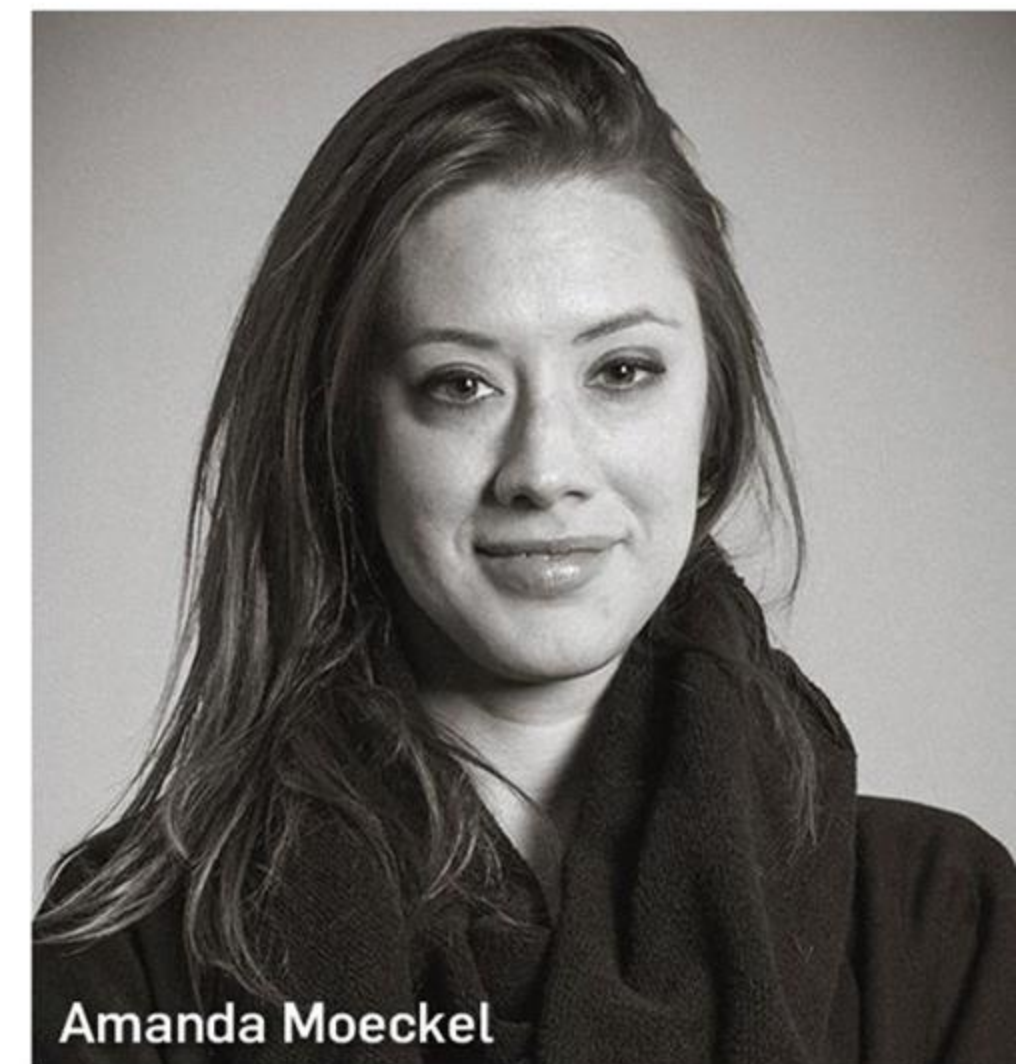
Eric Alt



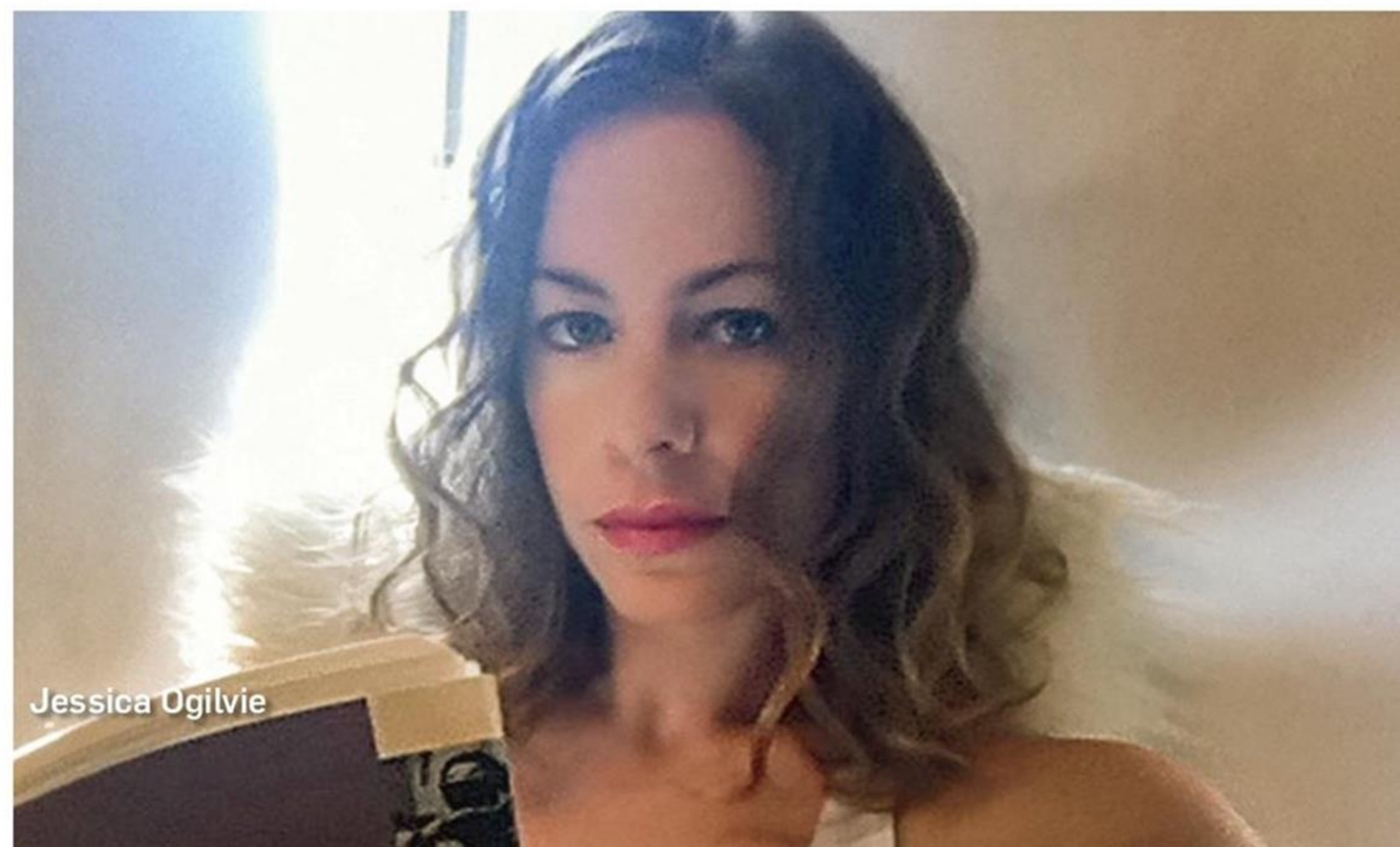
Jeff Garlin and Chris Buck



Donnie Watson



Amanda Moeckel



Jessica Ogilvie



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PLAYBOY

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THE COLLEGE ISSUE



COVER STORY

When Australian Guess girl Simone Holtznagel channels her inner coed to cover our College Issue, the boys come running. Our Rabbit, as always, is one step ahead—and a great study buddy, as it turns out.

PLAYBOY

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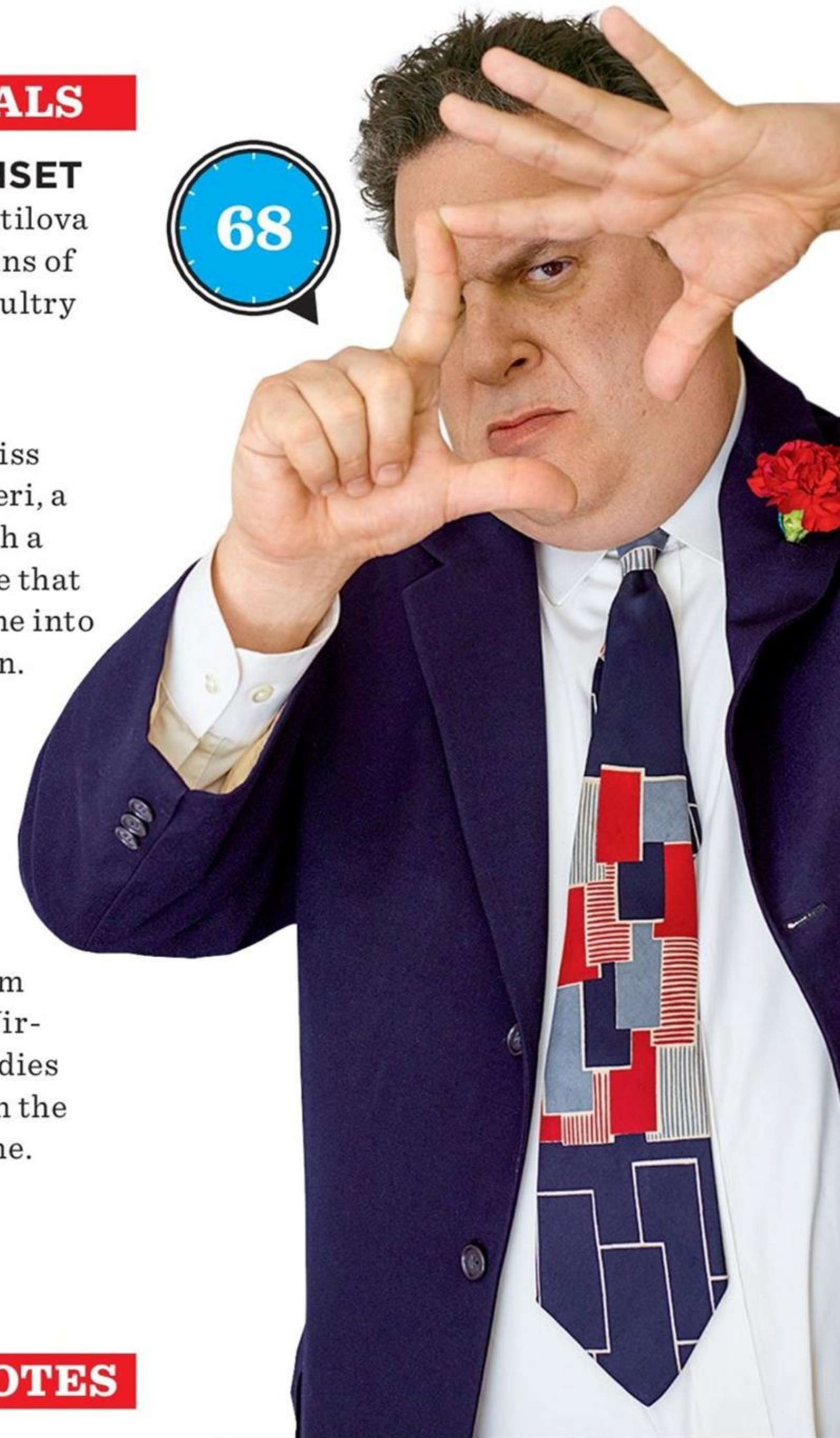


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PLAYMATE SIGHTINGS

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PLAYBOY TAKES ON COMIC-CON

Any celebration of the best of pop culture wouldn't be complete without the Rabbit Head, so we packed our bags (and Bunnies) and headed to Comic-Con in San Diego to throw the hottest red-carpet fete in town. In conjunction with the release of the sci-fi thriller *Self/less* from Gramercy Pictures, Playboy transformed

Parq Nightclub into a science-lab-themed discotheque. The folks at Sailor Jerry were kind enough to give our Playmates a ride to Parq in a glossy 1962 Chevy Impala before serving delicious spiced rum to such VIPs as Oscar Isaac (*Star Wars: The Force Awakens*) and Meagan Good (Fox's *Minority Report*).

Playboy

PAST and PRESENT

• Thirty-eight years ago this month, a young TV exec named Lorne Michaels invited Hef to host an episode of *Saturday Night Live*, then in its third season. Hef's show is laced with Playboy DNA—a perfect example of the radical comedy that would come to define *SNL*. Laraine

Newman opens the program dressed as the Femlin, Gilda Radner and Jane Curtin mock misogynists, and John Belushi plays Socrates in a skit parodying the Playboy Philosophy. You can catch the full episode on Hulu, just ahead of *SNL*'s historic 41st-season premiere.



GOOD RETURNS

• A poster woman for beauty meets brains, PMOY 2014 *Kennedy Summers* stopped by Fox Business Network to chat about her success as a day trader.



BAR MADE

• The Tippy Bar-tender gave PMOY 2015 *Dani Mathers* a lesson in shaking things up at Bar Fifty Three. Watch her muddle, sling, and swig on Tippy's YouTube channel.



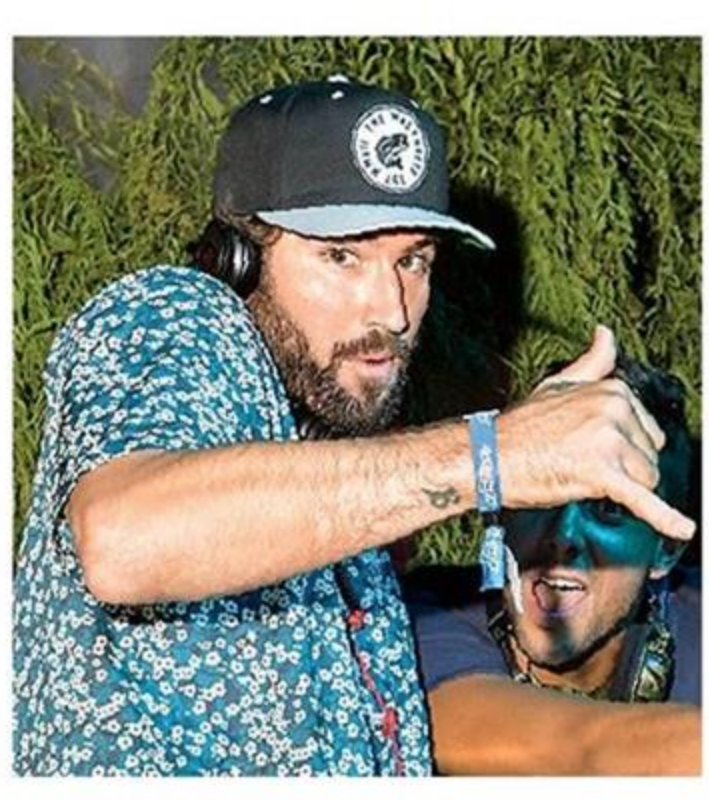


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2015 MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM PARTY

➤ Aerialists dressed as butterflies swung from the rafters, snake charmers danced on platforms, Painted Ladies displayed their erotic body art and Playmates (including Miss March 2013 **Ashley Doris**, Miss September 2014 **Stephanie Branton** and Miss August 2015 **Dominique Jane**) stepped out in barely there silk and satin. Hef's annual pajama soiree at

the Mansion always proves to be the stuff dreams are made of, and this year didn't disappoint. In addition to flocks of nymph-like ladies dressed in lace, the hedonistic celebration attracted some of Hollywood's hottest movers and shakers, including Justin Bieber, Amber Rose, Adam DeVine, Chloe Bridges and DJ Brody Jenner, who kept the dance floor blazing.



1

SLEEPY BEAUTY

• Nicole Beharie plays a kick-ass cop on *Sleepy Hollow*, but we're guilty of enjoying her softer side. See the evidence for yourself in her *Becoming Attraction* video.

2

BREAK A SWEAT

• Enjoy more of Miss October's perfect form with outtakes from her pictorial.

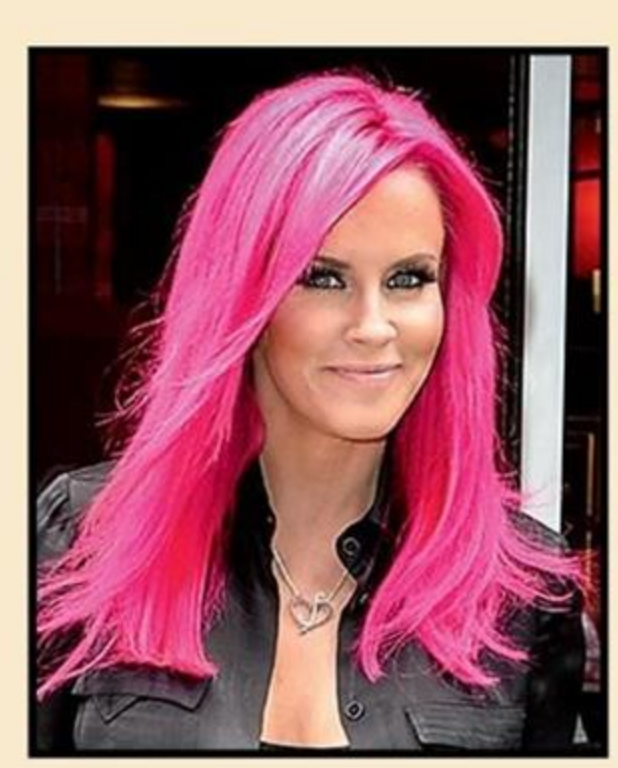
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JEFF GARLIN

• Never seen *The Goldbergs*? Playboy.com's Lucky 7 Q&A offers a primer on the funnyman who plays the show's patriarch.

PRETTY IN PINK

• The always colorful PMOY 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** turned more heads than usual when she debuted fuchsia locks to support Remember Betty, a breast cancer charity.



TRUE VALUES

➤ Miss December 1979 **Candace Jordan** took her most prized Playboy paraphernalia, including her Bunny suit and Bunny of the Year pageant

trophy, to PBS's *Antiques Roadshow*. Tune in on October 19 for the appraisal, which left Candace speechless. "Let me just say this: Thank you, Hef!" she hints.





dear PLAYBOY

OF ATHLETES AND ASTERISKS

The relevant question is not whether performance-enhancing drugs are fair or safe (“Dope Story,” *Forum*, July/August) but whether we wish to allow athletes to use pharmaceuticals to enhance their performance. If PEDs were legalized, everyone (regardless of sex or age) who wished to be competitive would by necessity be forced to use PEDs. It is easy to imagine the sort of dystopian situation this would create.

David Bussabarger
St. Louis, Missouri

Attitudes toward performance-enhancing drugs differ depending on what one is looking for from sports. For some, it’s about testing the limits of how far we can push the human body via various forms of enhancement, including steroids. For others, it’s about fairness and following the rules—which, according to the World Anti-Doping Agency, prohibit the use of certain substances and methods,

including many steroids. We must also consider fairness not just in terms of existing rules but in terms of access: If some players buy steroids and compete against those who do not, it’s perceived as unfair. One option is to create two different leagues—“natural” versus “enhanced.” This is already happening in bodybuilding. Lastly, there is the question of whether we owe anything to athletes of the past. In other words, how meaningful is it to break legendary sports records if current athletes have clear advantages?

Elizabeth Yuko
Bronx, New York

Elizabeth Yuko, Ph.D., is a bioethicist whose research topics include the ethics of human enhancement.

If I wanted to see enhanced superhumans, I’d watch the latest *Avengers*. Competitive sports should be drug-free.

Ernie Lee
Atlanta, Georgia



DOPE STORY

Why do we punish athletes for seeking harmless performance advantages?



performance enhancement that allows us to be stronger, smarter, faster and better than our fellow humans. Amor

ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF HISTORY

One can always count on PLAYBOY to be at the forefront of social justice issues (*Ahead of Her Time*, July/August). It took guts for Hef to run the Caroline “Tula” Cossey pictorial in 1991—not to mention for Cossey to participate—and it makes me proud to be a reader. Thanks for the timely retrospective on her.

Joyce MacGreevy
Madison, Wisconsin

BETTER OFF RED

The universe led you to Miss August Dominique Jane, and you led her to us (*Lady in Red*, July/August). Kudos and thanks. I’m seeing red everywhere. Wow!

William Turner
Massillon, Ohio

OILY POLITICIANS

The BP Gulf Coast oil spill and its aftermath is a tragic tale of greed and its consequences (*The Poisoned Gulf*, July/August). Perhaps most depressing is how little compensation is making its way into the hands of the people who need it most. The oil giant is paying tens of billions of dollars in damages, which it should, given the havoc it wreaked. Some of that money will go to special funds for much need-

ed environmental restoration. Unfortunately, Gulf Coast states are raiding their share to plug budget holes created by short-sighted tax policies



rather than helping the citizens who have been permanently harmed by BP’s arrogance and carelessness. The irresponsibility of the oil company is matched only by the disregard politicians are now showing for their own constituents—a double insult that disrespects our democratic system.

Frank Nort
Staunton, Virginia

TIMING IS EVERYTHING

I recently stood behind Lizzy Caplan in a Las Vegas airport security line. I pretty much blew it by asking if her show, *Masters of Sex*, had been renewed for a second season. (It’s in its third.)

She was very polite and patient with my ignorance. When I got home, the July/August PLAYBOY was in my mail. I wish I could have read her 20Q before running into her!

Pedro Herrero
Franklin, Tennessee

David Rensin’s repeated questions about Lizzy Caplan’s professional nudity evoke the “creep factor.” By the time he asks about food shaped like sex organs his lurid approach conjures an image of a dirty old man.

Ron Ryden
Riverview, Florida

TUNE IN TO RABBIT RADIO

Nice try, guys, with the fake-Rabbit radio on the July/August cover. I found the real Rabbit Head in the shadow on the green towel.

Ted Greenlee
Morgantown, West Virginia

In what universe does a rectangular radio with extended antennae resemble the iconic PLAYBOY symbol? Where’s the Rabbit’s bow tie?

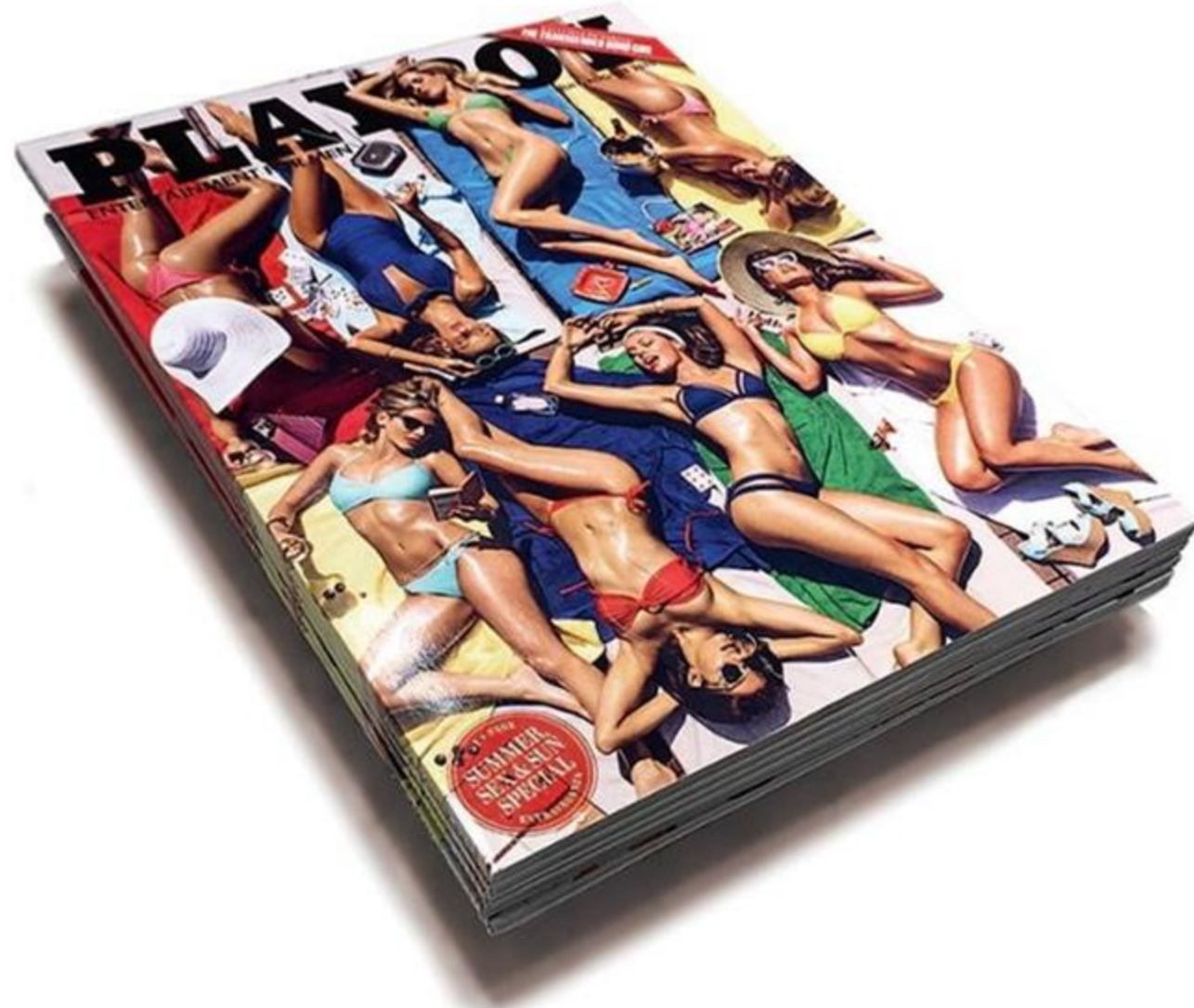
John Shicora
San Antonio, Texas
What can we say? The Rabbit must have gotten a little hot under his collar.

A radio, no matter the position of its antennae, is not the Playboy Rabbit Head. Don't mess with your logo.

Richard Dargan
Beaverton, Oregon

What an amazingly sexy cover. The bevy of Playmates makes this one of my favorite issues ever.

Andrew Bejarano
Las Cruces, New Mexico



When I saw "21-page Summer, Sex and Sun Special" on the cover, I expected 21 pages of Playmate pictures by Tony Kelly. I would love to see more photos of the girls.

Jean Carvalho
São Paulo, Brazil

For a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the Playmate-heavy photo shoot, check out the video on Playboy.com.

LOVE LESSONS

The sexual poverty of young men and women is a social problem rather than a personal matter (*No Sex, Please, We're Japanese*, June). It's true that young men and women in Japan are scared economically and under the influence of anime and manga, so they have lost sexual confidence. But Japan is at the forefront of sexual social issues. In the future, other countries will face the same problems. Because of this, Japanese people have an obligation to address this sexual poverty in order to contribute to the world. To do so, we must enhance sex education in public education; this will require help from nonprofit organizations to support the young people in matters of sex and love.

Shingo Sakatsume
Niigata, Japan

Sakatsume is the founder of White Hands, a nonprofit sex-therapy organization.

GALLERY-WORTHY

I have been a PLAYBOY subscriber for many years. I cannot stress enough the value added by artists Olivia De Berardinis and Dean Yeagle. Their work brings so much class to your magazine.

Dan Gwizdak
East Brunswick, New Jersey

ALL HAIL QUEEN DANI

I would like to give a huge shout-out to Michael Bernard for his masterful photography (*Playmate of the Year*, June). Dani Mathers is an outstanding example of what PLAYBOY represents and is the perfect choice for PMOY 2015. Her genuine personality will serve her well as a Playboy ambassador. And I love her new short hairdo!

Mark Naeser
Jamestown, New York

IT'S NO MYTH

Odin, Ted Cohen's fiction in the June issue, is excellent. Keep the outstanding writing coming.

John Dacey
Alexandria, Virginia

BURGER FLIP-OFF

Joel Stein thinks grilling requires no effort (*Men*, "The BS of BBQ," July/August)? Please. I can't take any more of his self-castrating, beta-male drivel.

J. Guy
Evanston, Illinois

BREAKFAST WITH KAYLIA

Miss June Kaylia Cassandra is a gorgeous young woman (*Retro Fit*, June). In her *Data Sheet* she says one of her guilty pleasures is cereal, but unfortunately she neglected to say what kind she prefers.

Wes Pierce
Orlando, Florida

We investigated for you. "I'm a Kellogg's girl—Froot Loops and Frosted Flakes," she says. "But don't get me wrong; I'll eat almost any cereal!"

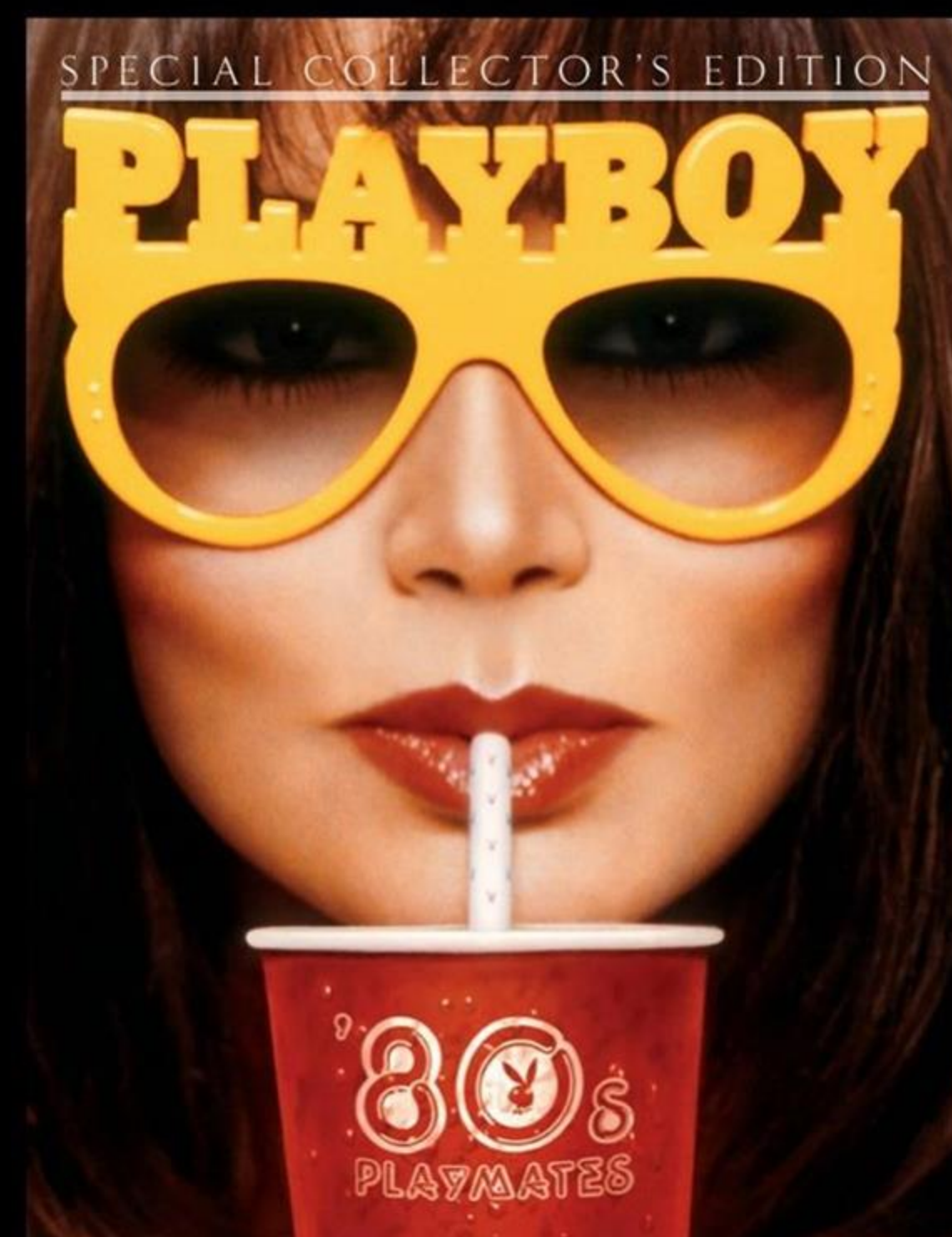
Kaylia Cassandra is beautiful—retro and sexy. Please, let's see more.

Bob Refo
Jacksonville, Florida



Kaylia Cassandra: Snap, crackle, hot.

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FROM 2013 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
RAQUEL POMPLUN

How to Have...

NOT JUST ANY HALLOWEEN

This Halloween, 2013 Playmate of the Year Raquel Pomplun serves up her advice on how to throw not just any Halloween bash.



1. TRICK OR TREAT 2.0



Take trick-or-treating to a whole new level this year. Grab a group of friends and hit the streets for a Halloween bar crawl, filled with Hornitos® cocktails—the adult way to collect your candy.

2. SEVEN DEADLY SINS



Treat your guests to a night of sin. Decorate every room in your house to represent a different one of the seven deadly sins. Think beyond just décor by offering themed snacks and

cocktails, such as a Green with Envy Margarita.

3. SCARY MOVIE NIGHT



Everyone loves a good binge-watch, so why not have one for a holiday? Host a horror movie marathon and let your friends munch on themed snacks for each film. Parts-from-the-Morgue Medley, anyone?

4. HOLLYWOOD HORROR



Invite your guests to dress as zombie versions of their favorite Hollywood stars. Treat the party

like awards night and give out prizes for Killer Costume, Creepiest Couple, Ghoulish Glamour and more. Bonus points if you get creative with the trophies.

5. MURDER MYSTERY DINNER



If your guest list is on the small side, try throwing a dinner party for amateur sleuths. Stage mock crime scenes in each room, and have your guests put on their detective hats to figure out exactly what happened based on the clues and answer the question: whodunit?

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OCTOBER 2015

AFTER HOURS

Photography by
JOSH REED

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Nicole Beharie

A WOMAN IN uniform attracts serious attention, so it makes sense that we're captivated by Nicole Beharie. On Fox's spooky thriller *Sleepy Hollow*, the petite Juilliard-trained actress plays an iron-willed cop who chases demons through dark forests and looks damn good doing it. "I'm interested in showing every side of being a woman," says Nicole, who also stars in the 2013 Jackie Robinson biopic *42*. "Whether my character is a vixen or strong and sultry, it's my goal to shake things up." Lucky for us, infatuation isn't a crime.

USE YOUR ILLUSION

FORGET THE LIGHT SHOW. THE FUTURE OF ENTERTAINMENT IS IN HOLOGRAMS

Still go to comedy clubs? Of course you don't. But no worries; opening next August in Jamestown, New York is the National Comedy Center, which promises to be a humor hall of fame starring well-known stand-ups you can't see live anymore. Instead of video installments, wax statues or robot clones, the performers will be holograms: life-size, 3-D holograms that even up close look like real people. The center is working with Beverly Hills-based HologramUSA to render the new space a club where you can watch funny people (most of them long dead) perform at their peak with routines that kill (virtually).

"It's a centuries-old trick called pepper's ghost," explains David Nussbaum, vice president of sales at HologramUSA. "It was used by actors to project themselves from under the stage to above the stage. It's an old smoke-and-mirrors theater trick."

There are no mirrors in the modern version. Instead, a projector positioned over the stage beams the video onto a reflective, high-definition "bounce screen." The image is then cast back up across a piece of translucent material stretched at a 45-degree angle, resulting in the final lifelike likeness.

HologramUSA has already arranged an all-star lineup of Andy Kaufman (sure to reignite rumors that his death was faked), Redd Foxx and Sammy Davis Jr. Another big name batted around but unconfirmed is Rodney Dangerfield. Recently, inside the company's studio in California, a hologram of Jimmy Kimmel (you may have seen it featured on his late-night show) appeared onstage, followed by Ray Charles banging away on a piano. The reanimated talents seemed almost alive, if a tad airy, their performances simultaneously creepy and amazing.

"We're installing these as permanent installations in famous venues across the country," says Nussbaum. "Instead of Tupac at Coachella for one song, we're going to do an entire concert, over and over again, selling tickets, capitalizing on love and nostalgia."

If the idea takes off, you may never again have to leave town to take in a live performance. A company will broadcast perfected hologram acts—with no hecklers or mistakes—to venues everywhere.

Nussbaum even sees uses beyond entertainment. "It's the safest way to campaign if you're a politician," he says.

Sure, you won't experience the anxiety and spontaneity of a live performance—or the comics' sweat, stench and spit. But you could get to watch a shvitzing, stammering Dangerfield who doesn't exist whine about how he still gets no respect. The material may crack you up, but it will also remind you that you're lucky to be real—and alive.—*Adam Baer*



VERTICAL LIMITS

IS YOUR PHONE REINVENTING OR RUINING FILMMAKING?

Earlier this year, Twitter snatched up streaming-video app Periscope for an estimated \$50 million. The buy was Twitter's defensive strategy against Meerkat, another streaming-video app, as well as the behemoth Snapchat, now valued at \$16 billion. While the growing pool of video-oriented apps seems to be just another case of tech giants duking it out over venture capital and digital real estate, it's actually causing headaches for veteran video makers, from movie moguls in Hollywood to ad men in New York. Why? Because Meerkat, Periscope, Snapchat and others are subverting the oldest rule of filmmaking: They're forcing users to shoot vertically.

"As a filmmaker, shooting vertical actually hurts me," says Joanna Hausmann, a digital-video writer-producer in New York. "But when I do a video for Snapchat, I shoot vertically because I know that's how people will accept it."

The vast majority of videos for apps are filmed and watched vertically simply because that's how people hold their phones. But when viewed on any other platform—whether a tablet, an iMac or your 60-inch HD TV—vertical videos are bookended by distracting black bars. Moreover, these vids tend to have low resolution, last only a few seconds and have little to no production value.

Such cringeworthy attributes have long been common in amateur film efforts, but thanks to the popularity of these apps, they're quickly becoming the norm for videos by experts too. According to Hausmann, who creates con-

tent for Univision and Bedrocket Media, the shorter, grainier and more amateur-looking, the better, especially when it comes to ads.

"The moment millennials recognize an ad as an ad, they switch off," she says. "Commercials now need to look like something their friend shot." And the fact that highly sought-after millennials are the bread and butter of global brands such as Samsung, Disney and Burger King means that awkward vertical videos will only become more commonplace. Even YouTube tweaked its Android app to eliminate the black bars; vertical videos now get automatically resized to fill your screen when played.

"We hear a lot of the industry saying a platform like Snapchat is just a fad, but you have to have vision," says Carlos Roncajolo, who teaches digital and social media at Miami Ad School and heads digital content for marketing firm Cheil Worldwide. "We ask ourselves all the time, 'How can a company like Samsung use Snapchat?' Whoever answers that question wins the game."

Could iPhones and the pursuit of greenbacks be the ultimate undoing of the oldest law of cinematography? Some point to basic human physiology for the answer.

"The world is aligned horizontally. Our eyes will never be stacked on top of each other," says Adam Lisagor, owner of Los Angeles-based Sandwich Video, which produces TV commercials. "I have a strong respect for the language of cinema that exists already. I can safely say that mobile-phone screens are going to go away sooner than human vision is going to reorient itself."—*Jean-Paul Renaud*



PLUTO'S POCKETBOOK

The New Horizons spacecraft traveled **3 billion miles** on a groundbreaking mission to Pluto. **The price tag: a very budget-friendly \$700 million. Don't agree? Here's our cost comparison.**

-
- 1** Pluto mission (\$700 million)
=
worldwide gross of *The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn Part 1*
.....
- 3** Pluto missions (\$2 billion)
=
cost of the 2012 U.S. presidential election
.....
- 17** Pluto missions (\$11.8 billion)
=
amount Americans spent on bottled water in one year
.....
- 77** Pluto missions (\$54 billion)
=
cost of the BP oil-spill aftermath
.....
- 195** Pluto missions (\$136.5 billion)
=
cost of the Apollo program in today's dollars
.....
- 2,857** Pluto missions (\$2 trillion)
=
cost of the Iraq war



H. JON BENJAMIN

THAT VOICE YOU HEAR EVERYWHERE TALKS OUT OF CHARACTER

• Some time ago, the people of America unanimously christened Morgan Freeman as the voice of God. But let's pretend God has a sense of humor. If that's the case, the good Lord is more likely to sound like H. Jon Benjamin, whose natural bass and bravado carry two of today's best animated sitcoms. As both the bumbling patty-flipper Bob Belcher on Fox's *Bob's Burgers* and superspy playboy Sterling Archer on FX's *Archer*, Benjamin waxes and wanes from irrational and elated to irritated and antagonistic without breaking a sweat. And the guy would be just fine if his shows lasted longer than *The Simpsons*. "I'm not sure what the goal is before I take off from this Earth, but I'm not very self-motivated," he says. "This is a job I can easily do sitting."—Shane Michael Singh

well-balanced Bob is about losing all the time. He is not a dark character. Despite his hard times, he's a real optimist. You don't see much optimism on TV these days.

PLAYBOY: Both your shows have been nominated for Emmys and have huge fan bases. Can you order a pizza without being recognized?

BENJAMIN: I can order pizza pretty peacefully. A Delta Air Lines rep once recognized me and was psyched about it, but that's truly the end of that story. Voice actors don't make people swoon. It's more a mild "That's cool."

PLAYBOY: Last year you did a hilarious voice-over

of *2001: A Space Odyssey's HAL 9000* that went viral. Is there any prose you can't make funny?

BENJAMIN: Maybe *Mein Kampf*? It would bum out a few people, but I think some would find it funny. I'm Jewish, so I can do that.

PLAYBOY: Is your ideal woman more like *Archer's* baby mama Lana, voiced by Aisha Tyler, or Bob's wife, Linda, voiced by a man?

BENJAMIN: Oh my God, Lana. In real life I hate Linda. She's a big mess. Lana has baggage but is smart and accomplished, though she would never be with me. I couldn't keep up. I'm way too short.

PLAYBOY: The sixth season of *Bob's Burgers* premieres this month. As the show's title sequence reminds us, Bob is constantly down on his luck. Has playing such a tragic character turned you into a pessimist?

BENJAMIN: It's funny, because I view him differently. I'm always surprised by how





SHE SHOOTS...

WELCOME TO THE DAWN OF THE FIRST PROFESSIONAL U.S. HOCKEY LEAGUE FOR WOMEN

DANIEL NYARI

Nothing spurs a sport's growth like a defining moment. The "Miracle on Ice" in 1980 created a surge in hockey interest south of the Canadian border. Likewise, Wayne Gretzky's shocking trade from the Edmonton Oilers to the Los Angeles Kings in 1988 turned the hockey hinterlands of southern California into an unexpected hotbed. And when Team USA's Kelli Stack missed an empty net by inches at the 2014 Winter Games, it sparked the birth of the National Women's Hockey League.

Stack's agonizing near miss and the ensuing Canadian gold-medal victory was the hockey story out of Sochi, despite a men's final that boasted two teams whose rosters read like an NHL all-star program. It was the moment everyone talked about, and it put a long overdue spotlight on the skill, passion and excitement of the women's game. Now, a little over a year later, the first professional women's hockey league makes its debut with an "original four": the Boston Pride, the New York Riveters, the Buffalo Beauts and the Connecticut Whale, all determined to establish a thriving, high-profile future for the NWHL, just as the WNBA has done for women's basketball.

"Coming off the 2014 Olympics, where the women's gold-medal game was the highest-watched event on NBC with 4.9 million viewers, it seemed like a missed opportunity for the sport if there wasn't a league paying these women for being the best at what they do," says Dani Rylan, NWHL co-founder and commissioner. The NWHL games kick off October 17 and run through March, when the teams will contend

for the Isobel Cup—named after Lord Stanley's daughter, one of the first female hockey players, whose passion for the game, according to Rylan, fueled her father to create the Stanley Cup.

The Northeast focus is part of the league's growth plan: Keeping NWHL teams in bus-ride distance will cut down on costs as the league builds a fan base and recognition. (New England and New York account for 33 percent of female registrants for the USA hockey program, Rylan says.)

"They seem extremely organized, focused and goal-oriented—important for a start-up organization," says hockey writer Jen Neale. "They've already learned one lesson from the NHL—start small." Asked about expansion, Rylan says the league intends to "build for the long haul" but is focused first on making year one a success.

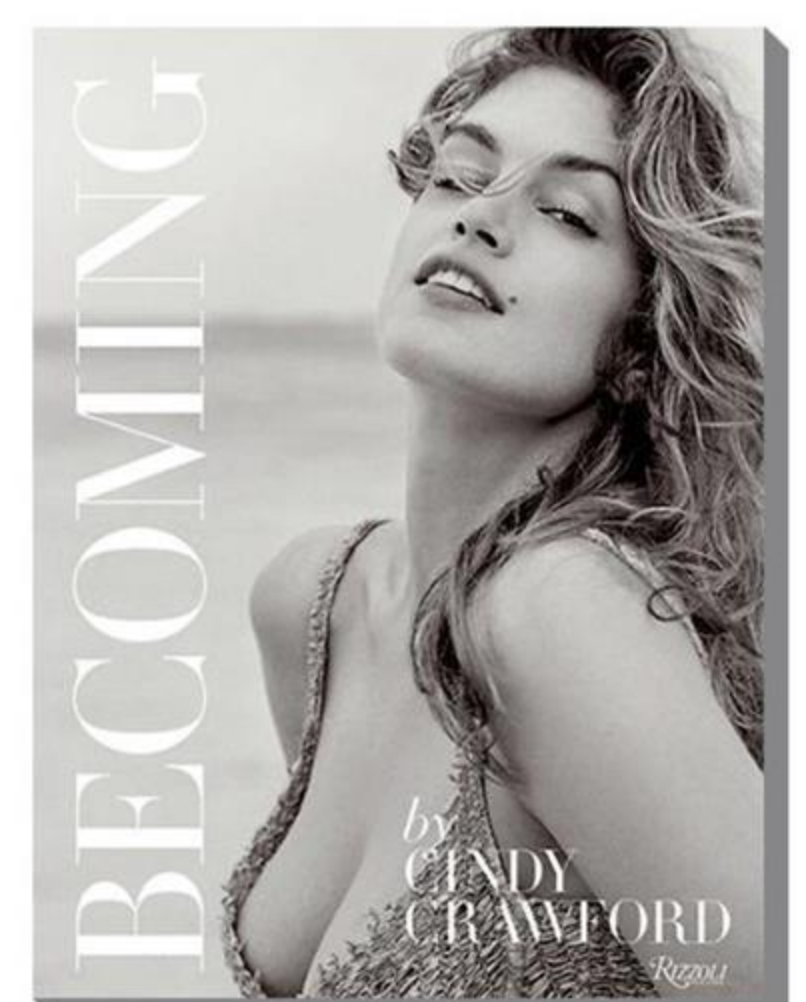
Two things will be needed to ensure the NWHL can continue to pay women to play (unlike the Canadian women's league): a marketable superstar and a boost from the NHL. No crossover has yet been set for the two leagues. "The NHL has a perfect opportunity with the Winter Classic this year to incorporate the Boston Pride and the New York Riveters for a matinee game," says Neale. "But to get the league off the ground, they need a superstar, just like the NHL."

The odds are stacked against the women's league; even the NHL struggles in a sports landscape dominated by football, baseball and basketball. But Rylan trusts that the market and the fans are there. "If we just shine the spotlight on what's already here, it will be a huge success," she says. "If you like to have fun and experience damn good hockey, you're going to love the NWHL."—Eric Alt

CINDY ON CINDY: BECOMING

AN ICON ON HER EXTRAORDINARY CAREER IN FRONT OF THE LENS

→ Supermodel Cindy Crawford turns 50 in February; out this month with plenty of time to celebrate that milestone is *Becoming* (Rizzoli, \$50), her lush photo-book-slash-memoir. Funny and thoughtful—you don't achieve success like hers without brains to match the beauty—the book pairs sexy images with the stories behind them, including one from her scariest shoot: posing nude with a 40-pound python. (Our opinion: Worth it.) Crawford devotes several pages to her steamy *PLAYBOY* pictorials, the first of which she credits as a career springboard. "After *PLAYBOY*, MTV came calling, and that led to opportunities beyond the fashion world," she writes. What can we say? Reader, you're welcome.—Cat Auer



THE MAYO CLINIC

HOW THE HUMBLE CONDIMENT CAN BECOME MAN'S BEST SECRET SAUCE

You've "made" spicy mayonnaise with that most favorite of favorite hot sauces, haven't you? A reminder of the method: Mix mayonnaise with sriracha. Yeah, you've done that. It's a good start, but there's so much more you can do with mayo, whether you're a Hellmann's guy or a Duke's guy. Chop some mint and scallions, stir them into the mayo and call the result "herb spread." Mix mayo with shredded cheddar cheese and pimentos and you've got pimento cheese. Or go mayo mad, stepping beyond condiment concoctions and into the world of meals made with mayonnaise. Here are a few ways you can cook with this good old American staple. They're easy, they're tasty and you already have a jar of this stuff in the fridge.—*Julia Bainbridge*

RECIPES

CAESAR SALAD DRESSING

- Skip the eggs and anchovies and shortcut your way to homemade Caesar dressing by thinning a quarter cup mayonnaise with two tablespoons olive oil. Add one tablespoon fresh lemon juice, a few dashes fish sauce, and garlic paste (put

one clove through a press and then mash it further with some salt). Season with salt and pepper to taste, then toss in some romaine hearts and finish with a sprinkling of grated Parmesan.

CREAMED SPINACH

- Have a steakhouse-

style night in. Prepare one bag frozen spinach according to the package directions, then drain it and mix with one third cup mayonnaise. If it needs thinning, add some whole milk. Season with salt and pepper and (optional) garlic salt. Place the mixture in a casserole dish, sprinkle with grated Parmesan

and cook at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for 20 minutes.

SALMON SAUCE

- This is truly the easiest and most impressive way to serve perfectly cooked (meaning tender and never overcooked) salmon to a group. Season one whole side of the fish with salt and pepper,

Mix mayonnaise, mustard, fresh lemon juice and a bunch of chopped fresh herbs. Spread a nice thick layer on the salmon. Reserve some to serve on the side. Roast the fish at 450 degrees Fahrenheit for 15 minutes. Slice crosswise and serve.



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FENCE POST

- 4 oz. hard cider
- 1½ oz. Jameson Black Barrel Irish whiskey
- ⅓ oz. dark amber maple syrup
- 2 dashes Angostura bitters
- 1 slice red apple

Build liquid ingredients in a collins glass, then fill with ice. Garnish with apple slice and serve with a straw.

This simple riff on the classic stone fence cocktail is so named because the black-barrel bottling of Jameson is aged in alligator-charred (that is, burned) former bourbon barrels, giving this drink a woody (fence-post-like) character.

IN CIDER COCKTAILS

APPLE CIDER IS THE SECRET INGREDIENT IN THESE FALL DRINKS

- Forget an apple a day; an apple a cocktail is in order this fall. For smart, seasonal recipes we enlisted Jim Meehan, the highly skilled barman who co-founded New York's PDT and created the PDT cocktail app. By turns refreshing, crisp and bracing yet always delicious, these drinks will forever banish memories of the dreaded appletini.

FRENCH '96

- ¾ oz. Aviation gin
- ¾ oz. Becherovka bitters
- ½ oz. lime juice
- 1½ oz. Duché de Longueville Cidre Bouché de Cru
- Grated cinnamon

Shake gin, bitters and lime juice with ice and strain into a chilled coupe glass. Top with cider and garnish with cinnamon.

This twist on the classic French 75 cocktail (gin, lemon, sugar, champagne) is named after the year (1996) in which Pays d'Auge cider received *Appellation d'origine contrôlée* certification.

CIDER APPLE

- 2 oz. Banks 7 Golden Age rum
- ½ oz. Pok Pok Som apple drinking vinegar
- 2 dashes Dale DeGroff's pimento bitters

Stir ingredients with ice and strain into a chilled rocks glass over one large ice cube.

London bartender Dick Bradsell's famous treacle cocktail—a rum old fashioned with a splash of cloudy apple juice—is the inspiration behind this variation, which relies on a sour sweetener, just like the bitter-sweet apple it's named after.

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CHELSEAS, LATELY

SLEEK AND STYLISH CHELSEA BOOTS ARE THE MOST VERSATILE FOOTWEAR YOU CAN BUY THIS FALL

Elastic-sided Chelsea boots may have equestrian origins, but spiffy dressers who wore them in swinging 1960s London (including the Beatles) made them into a mod style staple. Today the Chelsea endures because you can dress it up or vibe it down, from a well-tailored suit to a pair of slim jeans. No other boot is as easy to wear—or slip off, when the time comes.—*Vincent Boucher*

1
PROPER BROWN

• Jimmy Choo Chelsea boot in gleaming brown calfskin.

.....
\$950, jimmychoo.com

2
EASILY SUEDE

• Chelsea boot in rich espresso suede by Grenson.

.....
\$440, mrporter.com

3
BLACK AND FORTH

• Essential black Chelsea boot by Cole Haan.

.....
\$248, colehaan.com

A man with short brown hair and blue eyes is sitting on a wooden chair, leaning forward. He is wearing a dark blue pinstriped suit jacket over a white shirt and a dark tie. He is also wearing grey shorts and black and white patterned socks. He has a surprised or excited expression on his face. The background is a plain, light grey wall.

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3



4

BEACH BUM BARBADOS

ACHIEVE THE PERFECT BALANCE OF CIVILIZED AND CHILL ON THIS CARIBBEAN ISLAND

Despite being the most British island in the Caribbean (witness its adherence to three-day cricket tournaments, tea-time and fancy-pants dining attire), Barbados is surprisingly, tropically, thankfully nonchalant in terms of its personalities and pastimes. Locals are especially chill and generous when it comes to navigating the less populated, more rustic side of the island—where the surf breaks and the fish (1) are big and bold and there's no shortage of reasons to stay in the water. So get on the reggae bus already.



2

• Barbados is an amazing place to surf, possibly one of the best for the full spectrum of folks—from novices to pros—on boards these days.

Every November, world-class athletes gather for the Independence Pro Surfing Soup Bowl, a competition at **Bathsheba Beach (2)**, where a gnarly break can easily cause a coral pileup. To watch, gather under palm trees on the grass lawn leading to the sharp shoreline.

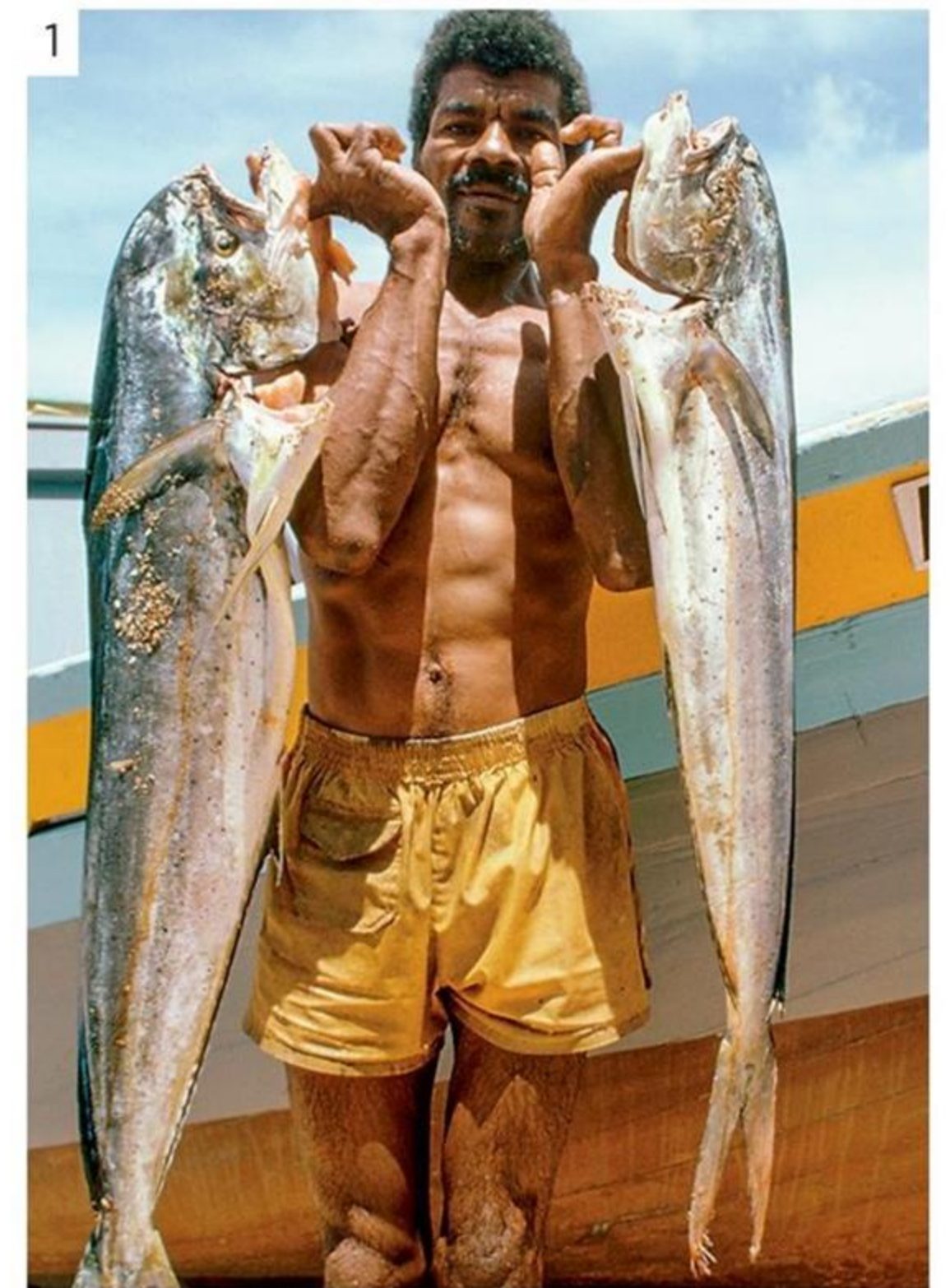
Between spectator sessions, grab a board of your own and tune in to find the best surf spots each day. Rent a car (remember U.K. custom and drive on the left), or call Emmanuel Tours (1-246-824-4254; ask for Willie) to set up a driver to ferry you between Silver Sands, Duppies, Bathsheba or wherever else you scout a good swell.

No matter if

it's breakfast or lunch, it's always time for a cutter at **Cuz's Fish Shack (3)**, an unassuming beach-parking-lot kiosk where expertly layered sandwiches of flying fish, egg and cheese are served on a salt-bread roll. Don't ask; just eat. There's a reason it's always busy.

If the ocean's flat, try your hand at kite surfing or windsurfing at deAction Beach Shop in Silver Sands, a colorful slice of beach where you'll find Barbadian surf pro Brian Talma's studio and beach hut. These days he's into stand-up paddle-boarding on steroids and leads two-mile paddling safaris along the coast.

Skip the well-known but too touristy Harrison's Cave and head instead to Animal Flower Cave, an accessible swimming hole full of sea anemones located near the base of a rugged set of cliffs on the



1

island's northerly point. Descend the 27 steps and paddle around in the tidal pools while watching the waves crash in the ocean below. After your dip in the dark, scramble up and into the light, toward the family-run cliffside restaurant and bar. Enjoy great drinks, shrimp rotis, sauteed conchs and whale sightings in the Atlantic.

Beat by the sun and salt yet? The **Lone Star (4)** is a cool little hotel

that eschews the typical beach-hut look for a nautical-industrial vibe. Six suites, including a beach house, and a restaurant on the sand are fashioned from a former auto garage from the 1950s, hence suite names such as Shelby and Studebaker. But you don't need a set of wheels to make it down to the shore—and back up again—for a few quality rum drinks before crashing into bed.

—Jeralyn Gerba



PLAYBOY



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DRIVEN: ALFA ROMEO 4C SPIDER

100 YEARS OF ITALIAN RACING HERITAGE IN A DYNAMIC, DELIRIOUSLY FUN PACKAGE

• The 2015 Alfa Romeo 4C wants to prove a point. And the more you stare at the compact, mid-engine Italian sports car, its massive side air intakes giving it a muscular stance, the more the temptation to take it up on the offer grows. Drawing on more than 100 years of Italian heritage, the new handcrafted Alfa Romeo is a study in how to load the appeal of a supercar into a smaller, tighter vehicle. Who could resist?

Our first drive behind the wheel of a 4C was in a coupe at Chrysler's Chelsea Proving Grounds in Michigan, where we were schooled on the car's agility. But it wasn't until we were handed the keys to a 4C Spider in southern California that we got a feel for its full capabilities, rip-

ping through winding canyon roads in the convertible.

The raw performance of Alfa Romeo's racing legacy has been kept intact while augmented by high-tech features including an advanced turbocharged engine, a carbon-fiber chassis and a twin-clutch

transmission. The 4C (rated at 237 horsepower) can be temperamental on short city commutes. It's also loud and aggressive for its size, which makes it a tough buy for an everyday driver. Even the steering requires more muscle at lower speeds due to its manual system. But everything comes together with amazing precision when the 4C is pushed. Switch to the manual paddle-shifters and select race mode—one of the car's four touch-mode driving dynamics—and the 4C makes a powerful argument.

Much of the 4C's performance styling has been carried over to the cockpit, a bare-bones affair with few luxuries aside from the standard accent stitching. Our Spider was equipped with the lineup's new Alpine audio system with Bluetooth capabilities, which makes it a little more driver-friendly than a race car.

With a price tag of nearly \$75,000 fully loaded, the 4C Spider is about as practical as a three-piece wool suit at a summer pool party. Still, it's so much fun to drive—and that's the point.—*Marcus Amick*



STATS
ALFA ROMEO 4C SPIDER
Engine: Turbocharged in-line four-cylinder
Horsepower: 237
Torque: 258 lb.-ft.
Zero to 60: 4.1 sec.
MPG: 24 city/34 hwy.
Price: \$63,900 base



POWER DRIVER

UNLOCKING THE ENERGY OF YOUR TIRES

→ Your next hybrid car could be powered by pavement. That's the idea behind new technology that University of Wisconsin-Madison engineers have developed with a team from China. Pushing the envelope even further when it comes to fuel-efficient vehicles, the group has devised a "nanogenerator" system that harvests energy from a car's rolling-tire friction (known as the "triboelectric effect"), which can be used to power various components. The system relies on an electrode integrated into the tire that produces an electrical charge when the surface of the tire comes into contact with the ground. To test the process, researchers used a remote-controlled toy Jeep equipped with LEDs; an electrode attached to the wheels caused the lights to flash on and off as the Jeep rolled across the ground. Based on their findings, engineers discovered that the amount of energy harnessed is directly related to the weight and speed of the vehicle. They believe the system could cut a car's average gas consumption by 10 percent. If the research results are implemented, the key to hybrid cars of the future could be letting the rubber hit the road.

SHARING IS CARING

IN THE WILD WEST OF THE SHARING ECONOMY, WHO IS THE SHERIFF?

▶ APARTMENT TRASHED. CAR TOTALED. POP-UP BROTHEL BUSTED. Based solely on the headlines, peer-to-peer rental services such as Airbnb (homes) and Getaround (cars) sound like nightmares. Go a level deeper and you'll find another glut of stories that question the legality of turning privately owned assets into commercial moneymakers.

The so-called sharing economy is under a microscope because it is disrupting traditional markets left and right—and doing so, for the most part, without oversight. Airbnb, for instance, has provided hospitality services to more than 35 million guests but is not subject to the same rules as Marriott or Hilton. That means, among other things, that accommodations may not have proper fire exits or accessibility for people with disabilities.

As more sharing networks pop up, questions of trust and safety loom. Think about it: Not only are property owners entrusting their valuable assets—a bike or snowboard on Spinlister, a power tool on Peerby, a car on RelayRides—to strangers, but renters are also taking owners at their word that the item being borrowed is as advertised.

So whose job is it to keep companies honest and users safe? The short answer:

the market. “The U.S. believes in free markets,” explains Arun Sundararajan, a professor at New York University’s Stern School of Business who studies the intersection of technology and society. “We believe in letting markets take care of themselves unless they establish that they’re unable to.”

And so far, he says, sharing marketplaces have proven quite adept at keeping them-

YOU WOULDN'T DREAM OF MOPPING THE FLOOR IN A HOTEL, BUT YOU MIGHT IN AN AIRBNB.

selves in check. Airbnb, RelayRides and other services require users to pass a multistep verification process, including providing links to active social-media profiles, among other identifiers. Two-way public reviews on all platforms help weed out bad or misleading



posts and sour personalities. Spinlister even forbids owners from using stock photos of their bikes to safeguard the authenticity of each listing. And if all hell does break loose, services provide blanket insurance policies valued at up to \$1 million.

In these person-to-person transactions, insurance claims (or a lack thereof) are the exceptions that prove the rule. For example, just three percent of Spinlister rentals tap into its repair-and-replacement policy, and only six bikes have gone missing in the company’s three-year history.

As communities

become more tightly knit, the risks dip even further. When RelayRides began to require face-to-face key hand-offs between car owners and renters, insurance claims took a nosedive. “When professional and personal lines blur, so does our sense of what is appropriate behavior,” says Sundararajan. “People don’t treat rental cars as well as they treat personal cars. There might be a shift in the mind-set from just being a rental car to being someone else’s car, like a friend’s car.” Case in point: You wouldn’t dream of mopping the kitchen

floor in a hotel room, but you might feel compelled to in an Airbnb.

Still, though this social contract may safeguard against dirty dishes and flat tires, it won’t stop you from tripping on an unsafe step or finding a fire extinguisher that’s empty. Eventually the industry will need to create collaborative governing bodies—à la the American Bar Association—to tackle larger issues of safety and compliance. If you think about it, the businesses won’t have a choice: Securing customers is what will secure the bottom line.—Corinne Iozzio



ONE FOR THE AFTERPARTY

→ Marshall has been causing ears to ring since the days of Plant and Page. The legendary amp builder’s first portable speaker, the Kilburn (\$299, marshallheadphones.com), is designed for backstage dressing rooms and hotel afterparties. The vintage-style cabinet houses a four-inch woofer, a pair of tweeters and 20 hours of battery life. Connect via Bluetooth and kick out the jams until hotel security shows up.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

THE MARTIAN

By Stephen Rebello

• Ridley Scott's new sci-fi thriller stars Matt Damon as a lone astronaut stranded on the red planet who must use all his ingenuity to survive. Kind of sounds like *Gravity* and *Interstellar* made a baby, right? Not according to screenwriter Drew Goddard. "I loved the spirit and tone of Andy Weir's novel from the first sentence: 'I'm pretty much fucked,'" says Goddard about the book that inspired the movie, which co-stars Jessica Chastain, Kristen Wiig, Kate Mara and Michael Peña. "The day I turned in the script, *Gravity* came out. The day we started shooting, *Interstellar* came out. I love those movies, but ours—a survival movie, a love letter to science and to NASA—is fun, even somewhat silly. In my experience, scientists are always much more interesting, complicated and funny, and that's how they are here. *The Martian* is a threadbare movie that feels like it's held together with duct tape. That's the spirit of this film."



TAKING ON JOBS

Jeff Daniels plays former Apple CEO John Sculley in the *Steve Jobs* biopic



Q: How does *Steve Jobs*, the Danny Boyle-directed movie of Aaron Sorkin's script, handle the Apple co-founder's sometimes prickly relationships?

A: Steve [played by Michael Fassbender] and Sculley had a bromance but later parted ways over a business decision. It put up a wall of animosity that was never dealt with before Steve died. What Aaron has done so beautifully is write a resolution for their relationship.

Q: How did you and Boyle gel?

A: He reminded me of Jonathan Demme in his enthusiasm for the material, which was like "Aren't we lucky to be making a movie today?" It was contagious.

Q: Did winning an Emmy for *The Newsroom* give you an edge over your co-stars who were newcomers to Sorkin's signature rapid-fire dialogue?

A: At the read-through I watched and listened to Michael Fassbender, Kate Winslet and Michael Stuhlbarg handle the musicality and pace of the script. Fassbender kept shaking his head, saying, "I don't know how you did it on *The Newsroom*." It's hard to do well.—S.R.



TEASE FRAME

Emily Browning

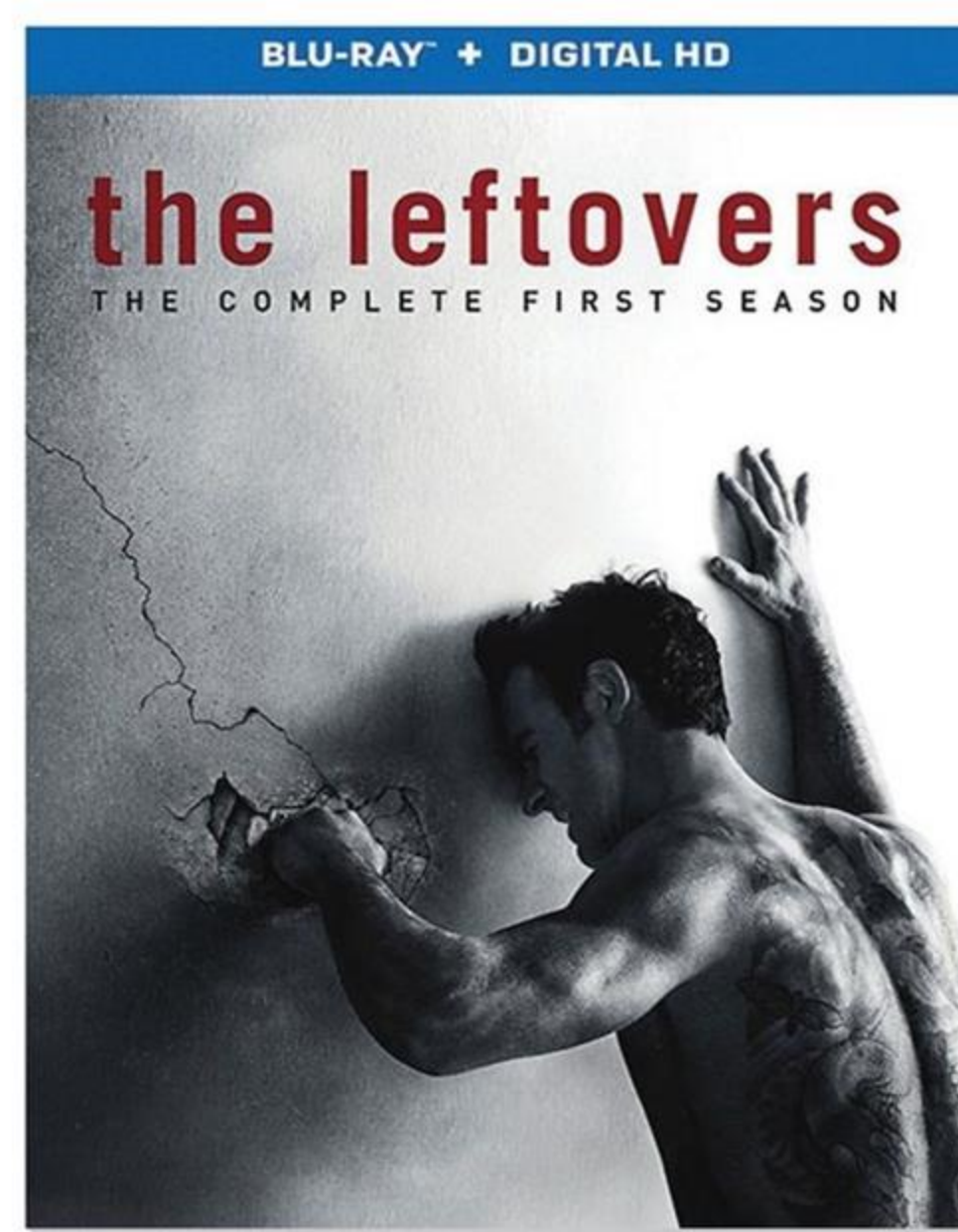
→ Australian actress Emily Browning plays a student who does erotic freelance work that involves napping in bed with paying customers in 2011's *Sleeping Beauty* (pictured). See her next as the wife of infamous criminal Reggie Kray in *Legend*.

IN YOUR LIVING ROOM

THE LEFT-OVERS: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

By Robert B. DeSalvo

• If you were on board with *Lost*'s twists and turns, you'll want to investigate this mysterious HBO series from *Lost* co-creator Damon Lindelof. After 140 million people vanish in something akin to the biblical rapture, the leftover folks struggle with survivor's guilt. Seen through the eyes of Mapleton, New York police chief Kevin Garvey (Justin



Theroux), the 10 eerie episodes show a fragile society descending quickly into chaos and fanaticism. **Best extra:** a sneak peek at this fall's second season. 🐰🐰🐰



MUSIC

TOO

By Rob Tannenbaum

• In the only slow, subdued song on *Too*, FIDLAR singer Zac Carper moans, “Yeah, I’ll take another drink and throw up in the

kitchen sink.” On the rest of their second album, these Los Angeles pop-punk maniacs sing about drugs and booze with the heedless energy of Saturday night and the hungover regret of Sunday morning. Carper hews to

Cali tradition with a devotion to nasal singing: He sounds like a 13-year-old performing “All the Small Things” at a bar mitzvah karaoke. And the band, whose name is an acronym for the skater motto “Fuck It Dog, Life’s a Risk,”

keeps its music quick and catchy, like the Ramones, but more sharply honed and dynamic. Excitement and regret create a loop on *Too*, an album about fucking up and hating it so much, you do it again the next night. 🐘🐘🐘



MUST-WATCH TV

THE LAST KINGDOM

By Josef Adalian

• BBC America’s latest epic adventure travels to ninth century Britain, where plundering medieval Vikings threatened to strangle the idea of a united English kingdom before it could be born. This actual history is liberally blended with the fictional tale

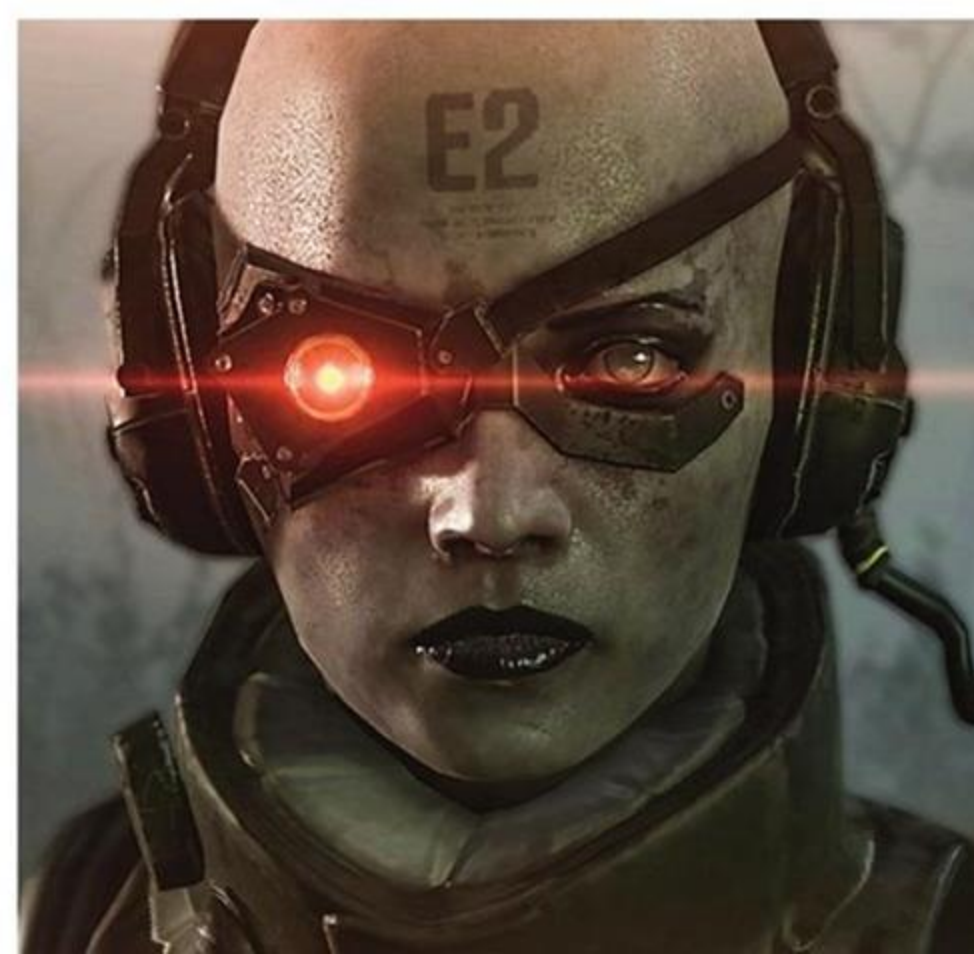
of Uhtred (Alexander Dreyfmon), a would-be Saxon royal who ends up being raised by Danes yet seems destined to play a pivotal role in the creation of the nation we now know as England. There are no dragons or wizards here, but anyone who has enjoyed History channel’s *Vikings* will not be disappointed by this handsomely crafted (and tastefully violent) attempt to give historical equal time to at least some of the Norsemen’s many victims. 🐘🐘🐘

GAMES

METAL GEAR SOLID 5

By Harold Goldberg

• Kiefer Sutherland is the nefarious Venom Snake, mastermind of a band of violent mercenaries—but those looking for blazing guns should go elsewhere. Series creator Hideo Kojima wants this Soviet-Afghan world of intrigue to move slowly. As tension builds, you’ll slog through long, movie-like scenes broken up by stealth missions. Surreal and brilliant, this epic is likely Kojima’s swan song to the series. All the more reason to relish it. 🐘🐘🐘

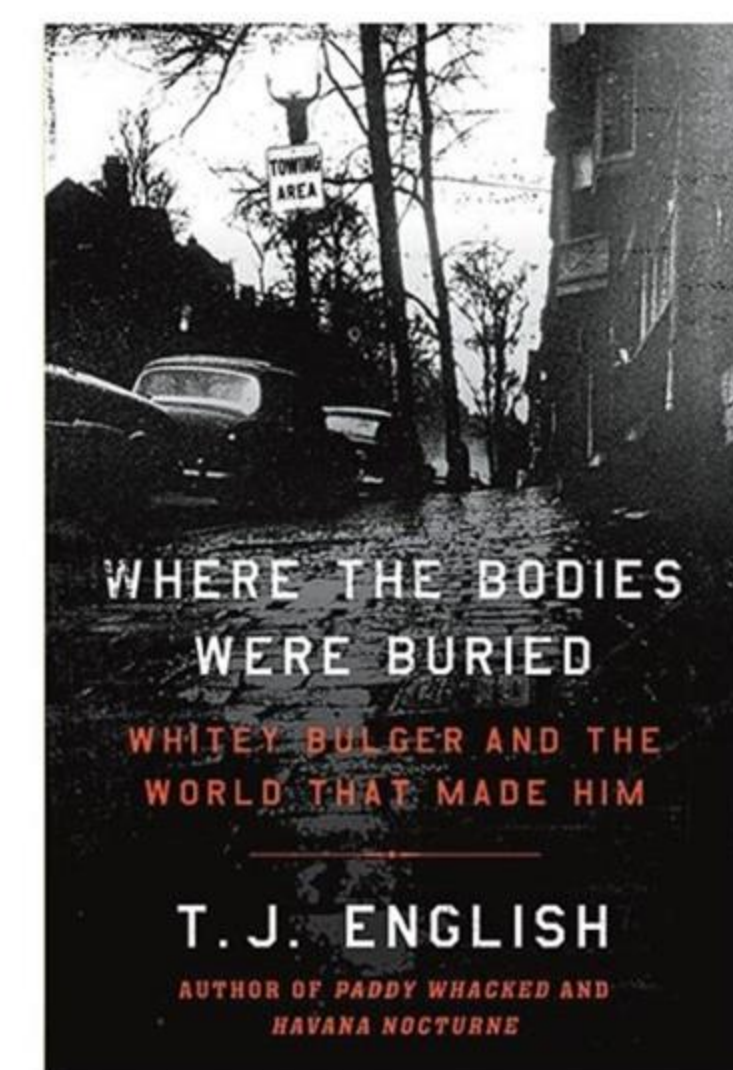


BOOKS

WHERE THE BODIES WERE BURIED

By Cat Auer

• How did James “Whitey” Bulger conquer the Boston crime world? With the help of those who should have brought him down. Writer T.J. English has covered organized crime before (including Irish gangsters and Bulger in particular), but in his first-rate new book he pulls back to expose a shocking panorama of institutional corruption stretching back generations. Using



Bulger’s 2013 trial as the narrative structure, English reveals a broken system that protects criminals to protect itself. In the early 1970s, the feds recruited Bulger as an informant, affording him advantages that allowed him to get away with murdering innocent people. English’s outrage at the injustices perpetrated by the Department of Justice is palpable. It’s matched only by his disgust that few responsible will ever be held accountable—and that the system is still operating today. Bulger, at least, will die in prison. 🐘🐘🐘



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→ Located at the very top of the former Olympic ski jump in the French Alps, L'Apogée Courchevel attracts international skiers with its extensive slopes and true Alpine atmosphere. Off the slopes and away from the hustle, the hotel feels like a cocoon of rustic glamour and luxury surrounded by peaceful woodlands and sweeping views of the valley. lapogeecourchevel.com



WHAT TO EAT **Beep Beep (POT)**

→ VIP dining doesn't need to be extravagant. Celebrated for his "food that isn't fancy," L.A. chef Roy Choi reinvents Korean food and Koreatown through the eyes of an American with Korean roots. Choi's latest restaurant POT puts a spin on a classic meal with the Beep Beep dish spiked with chili and sea urchins—a must-order for foodies in the area. eatatpot.com



HOW TO ARRIVE **Jumpjets**

→ Looking for an extra fly way to travel? Thanks to Jumpjet, private jets are no longer exclusive to celebrities. Operating in 100 cities across the country, Jumpjet dominates the "affordable private travel" space with extremely reasonable annual and per-person fees. Sign up for an elite membership and receive a free trip for your first guest. jumpjet.com



WHAT TO WEAR IF & CO.

• *If your accessory game is on point, you're always looking for the next best bling. IF & Co. creates the highest of high-end pieces for true VIPs from the hip-hop community to young Hollywood. Securing a custom piece from celebrity jeweler Ben Baller himself suggests you've got some serious swag. For the rest of us, the brand's online store features rings, earrings and pendants that are available for purchase, including the dope 9MM Bullet Piece (Partially Iced).*

ifandco.com

HOW TO SAY IT

→ Unless you're going to your typical burger joint, be sure to take a look at the menu beforehand to avoid embarrassing mispronunciations. Here's one for the road:

FOIE GRAS / fwä-grä /

A luxury food product made from the liver of a duck or goose that has been specially fattened; pronounced "fwä-grä."



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HEART BREAKER



45

METRIC TONS

• Weight of padlocks removed this year from Paris's Pont des Arts, the bridge where lovebirds leave locks symbolizing their partnerships.

School's IN SESSION

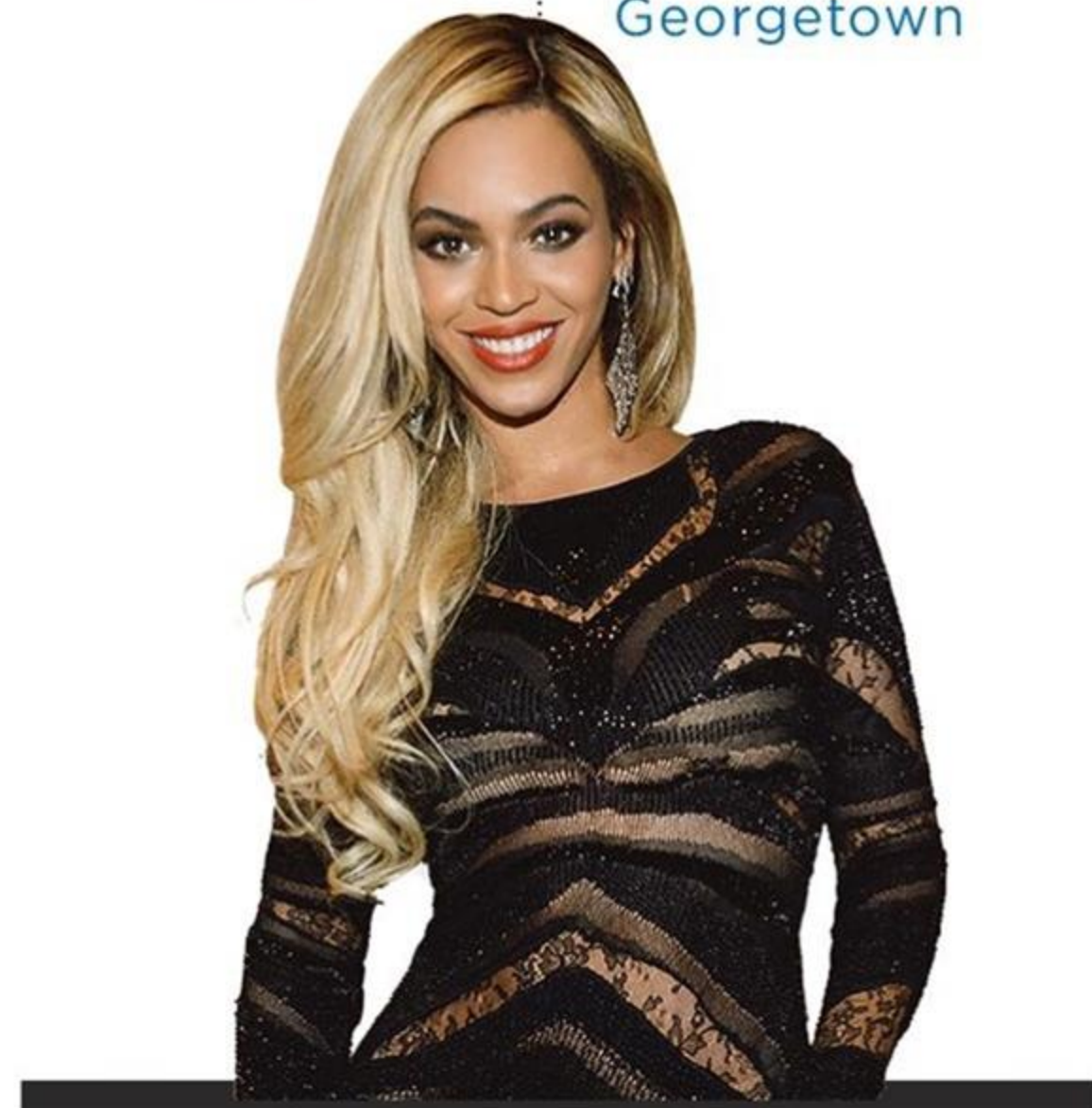
• Real classes offered at universities this fall semester:

Politicizing Beyoncé
Rutgers

Urban Studies: Through *The Wire*
Missouri State

Film Themes and Genres: *Zombies R Us*
University of Missouri

Philosophy and *Star Trek*
Georgetown



Into the DEEP...WEB

• What people buy on the deep web, according to Trend Micro:



CANNABIS: 27%	VIDEO GAMES: 7%
PHARMACEUTICALS: 22%	METH: 4%
MDMA: 14%	MUSHROOMS: 3%
LSD: 7%	HEROIN: 3%

GROSS-OUTS ARE TURN-OFFS

• Scientists have found that women are turned off by disgust far more than by fear.



FAN BASE

According to an analysis of 15 years of data including ticket prices and win-loss records by Emory Sports Marketing Analytics, football's best fans root for these teams:



1. Cowboys



2. Patriots



3. Giants



4. Ravens



5. Jets

\$33 MILLION

• Price paid in July for Andy Warhol's painting of a \$1 bill.



"Imagine that you have zero cookies and you split them evenly among zero friends. How many cookies does each person get? See? It doesn't make sense. And Cookie Monster is sad that there are no cookies, and you are sad that you have no friends."

—answer given when iPhone's Siri is asked, "What's zero divided by zero?"

Not TOP SHOT

• Number of shots fired by police in Norway in 2014: 2
Times the bullet hit its target: 0



GHOST BUSTERS



• Percent of daters who have "ghosted" someone, according to a YouGov poll: 11

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Not actual size.
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Also available in Ruby Red finish.

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WHO NEEDS TALENT?

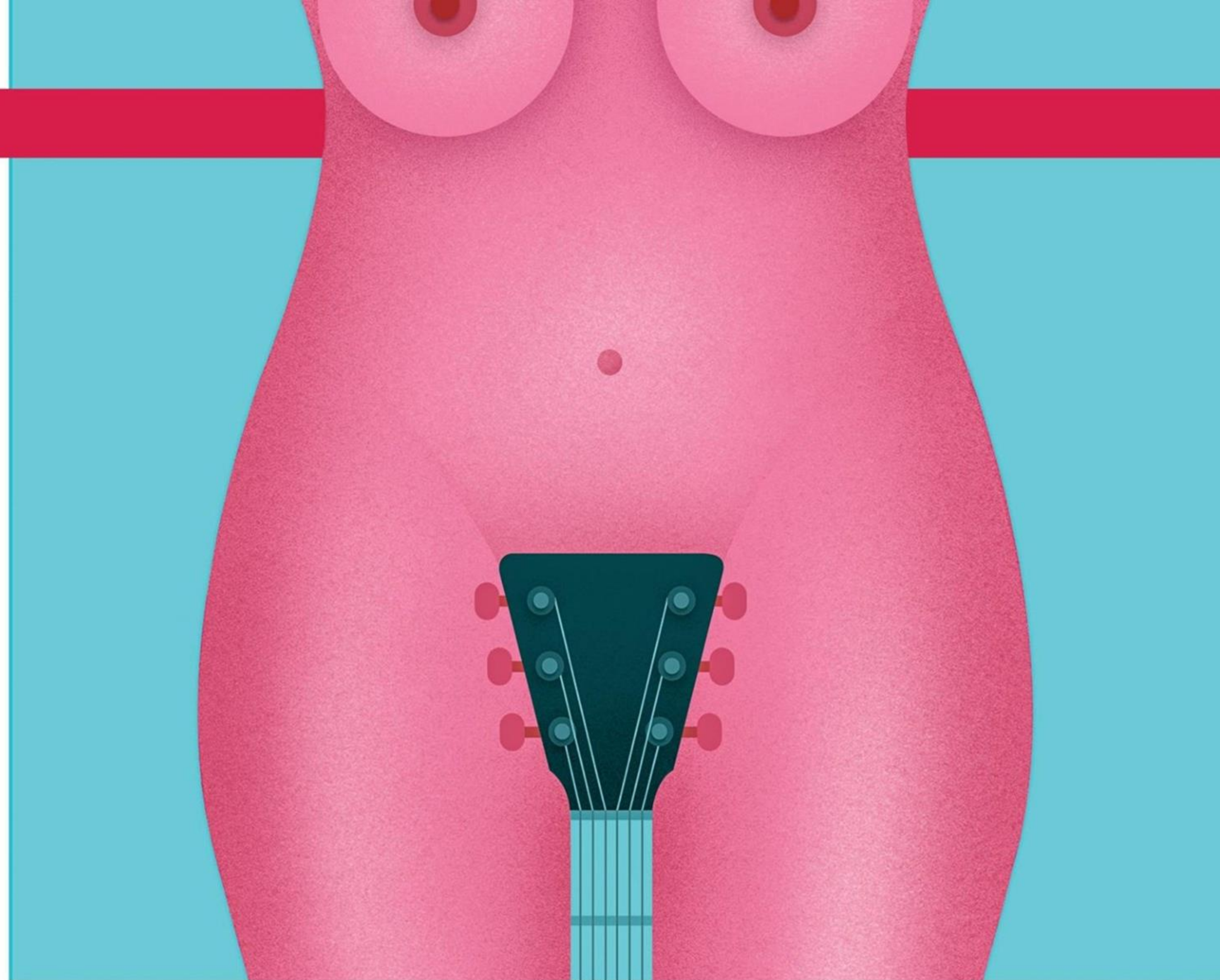
IN THE AGE OF TINDER, IMPRESSING A GIRL HAS BECOME A LOST ART

I'm always impressed when women create art, build businesses, make scientific discoveries or speak in complete sentences. Not because they aren't just as capable as men, but because they have no need to do these things. The only reason guys do them is to get laid. If acquiring skills didn't lead to sex, we would spend even more time watching sports, masturbating and, I'm guessing, masturbating to new sports we invented just so we could masturbate to them.

Technology has made hooking up so effortless that we are about to have a generation of men without any skills, causing our society to crumble. Since Tinder's release in 2012, electric guitar sales have plummeted. In fact, sales of all musical instruments have. Why practice for hours in the hopes of attracting groupies when you can just swipe right 100 times in seven minutes until you get one "yes"?

What's the point of going to a party, asking a woman out, taking her on a romantic walk over a bridge and casually saying "Why, this is the bridge I designed" when you can just type "Hey" without ever having to design a bridge. Or go to a party. Or put on a shirt. Cavemen were always building fires, killing animals, pillaging, murdering and making pelts—activities that are all way down lately.

The number of 17-year-olds applying for driver's licenses is shrinking quickly because 17-year-olds no longer have to drive from party to party looking for girls. If trends continue, by 2020 only half of all men under 25 will be able to walk. There will soon be no professional football, no eating contests, no jazz, no paintings of naked women, no neckties, no graffiti, no air guitar and no Tough Mudder-ing of any kind. Entire sad subgenres of skills that only socially awkward men pursue in their desperation to get attention from women will soon go the way of whittling: magic



tricks, juggling, beat boxing, opening beer bottles on the edge of a table, fighting, shooting pool, purposely funny dancing. Men worked diligently on these activities because of inspirations such as model-dating David Copperfield, who I have no doubt does all those things except fighting.

During the Renaissance, which occurred before texting, men were expected to paint, invent, write poetry, discuss philosophy and compose music—because you never knew what would get a Renaissance woman particularly excited. And without a car or a phone, you had to work on the few prospects in your tiny Italian hillside town. I am not at all impressed by the Sistine Chapel, *David* or *The Last Supper*. Given how much competition there must have been for the few hot chicks in Florence, I can't believe none of those guys invented the smartphone. So he could put Tinder on it.

Everyone worries about the fact that not enough college students are majoring in technology, but they don't realize that this is *because of technology*. When you can use OkCupid, Tinder and texting to get laid, why learn math to get a job? After all, as Barbie once said, unaware she was speaking for a future generation of men, "Math class is tough." And there's no need to do anything tough anymore. Every millennial is, in essence, a great-looking guy from a rich family; he has no need to make any effort whatsoever. Having a successful career, being handy and writing poetry have been replaced with "I can take a picture of myself with my phone."

I didn't have any skills growing up,

but in the pre-Tinder era I knew I had to acquire some. By high school I had figured out I sucked at sports, music, magic tricks, acting and asking for things. So I got a humor column in my high school paper, working the long odds of it leading to getting attention from a girl who might get naked with me. Then I got a humor column in my college paper in order to get women to get naked with me. And now I have a humor column in a magazine that already has naked women inside it. It was a lot of work. Not nearly as much work as sports, music, magic tricks or asking for things, but definitely a few hours.

Women and robots can probably keep civilization going while we focus on getting, like, the totally perfect friend's dog for our Tinder pic. Sure, we'll still have roads and an education system, but ESPN will be a fashion show, the news will be 80 percent celebrity gossip and most technological innovations will involve making things that aren't

skinny into things that are skinny.

Luckily, men have one hope. The entire online dating world is built on the safety net of free online pornography; if a guy can't find anybody, he always has porn. But soon there will be no new porn. After all, why would any man go into porn—with all the pausing for camera-angle changes, enduring hot lights and being in porn—when he can just get the same thing on demand through a mobile app? So either men will start learning to do impressive things again, or they will watch dated pornography. I have a really bad feeling it's going to be the latter. ■

BY
JOEL
STEIN

MARIA CORTE MAIDAGAN

LOVE ME, LOVE MY FOLKS

WE WOMEN DON'T ASK MUCH. BUT WE DEFINITELY WANT YOU TO LIKE MOM AND DAD

One weekend I went to stay at my boyfriend's parents' house in Texas. I was meeting them and his sister for the first time, which is always awkward, but at that initial meeting everyone is on their best behavior—right? We were all heading out to a “getting to know you” dinner when I ran upstairs to use the bathroom. While in there I heard his OCD dad downstairs alert everyone, “Okay, it’s time to go!” My boyfriend’s mother chimed in, “Hilary’s in the bathroom.” I was thankful for that, but then his dad said, “Well, what’s taking so long?” I could hear all this plain as day. His mom started to defend me: “Relax. It’s fine.” Thanks, I thought. Then she continued, “She’s probably just taking a shit.” Oh. Um, no thanks! The dad said, “Great. She’s taking a shit and we have to leave.” At this point, I was furiously finishing *peeing* (in case you were interested) and trying to tuck in a complicated shirt. I heard my boyfriend walk up and enter the fray. He asked where I was, and his dad jumped in: “She’s taking a shit.” Finally I came out of the bathroom and ran down the stairs. With the best I’m-pretending-you-weren’t-just-discussing-me-shitting smile I could muster, I said, “Let’s go to dinner!” Fun, fun memory. But that’s not what I want to talk about. I actually want to discuss dealing with your girlfriend’s parents, but I didn’t want to do it before pointing out that *your* parents can be a fucking nightmare too.

You have to deal with her parents one way or another. Getting through that first polite meal is easy. You can feign interest in her mom’s herb garden and talk to her dad about sports. You can boil down your career ambitions to a few good sentences (“I don’t have to *go* places; I’m already places”—*cue laughter*—“I just have to keep doing what I’m doing”). Where you grew up and how you came to root

for the teams you root for (“I always liked dolphins, so Miami seemed like a natural fit”) will probably get you through the entrées. And barring someone fucking you over by ordering a soufflé that takes 30 minutes to bake, you’re home free. You can just lob a few “What was she like as a kid?” softballs and be out the door before Mom can order a coffee (half decaf or she will be up all night!). The first meeting is pretty straightforward. But if things go well in the relationship, the dinners/visits/family events just keep on coming. Your reward for doing a great job at something you dread is having to continue doing a great job at more things you dread. I’m sorry, but we can’t let you off the hook.

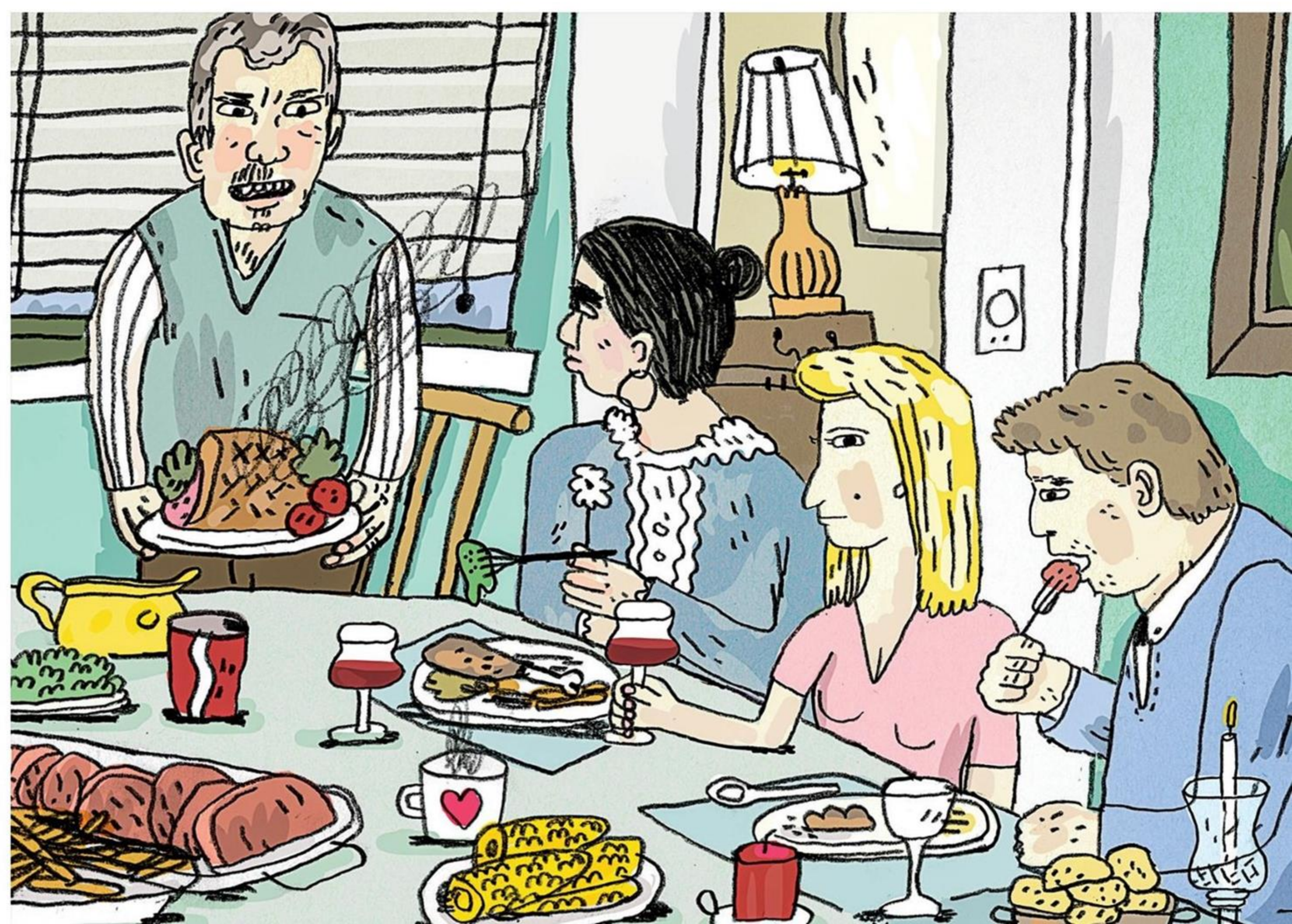
Yes, I need and want you to go with me to my cousin’s wedding 3,000 miles away, even if you have to use a vacation day. And yes, we will be there for all six miserable hours of it. And we will not be at the fun young people’s table either. We will be at a table with my parents. And you will hear the same stories from my mom and dad about people you didn’t know when you first heard the stories. It’s rough stuff. I get it. I grew up with them. I know my dad is monitoring that appetizer *you* ordered that he didn’t think we needed. I know my mom is spending 10 minutes trying to remember what street her story took place on, even though it doesn’t affect anything in the story. It’s torture to you but not to me. When I look over at you and you’re nodding like you might be able to help Mom think of that street name and shoveling in that last bite of

appetizer so it doesn’t go to waste, it’s like buying me 200 roses. It’s an amazing gift (that I forced you to give me). And that is something. Something you can’t get with Amazon Prime. And girlfriends appreciate it. We really do.

We know it’s not easy for you. I’m sure there are times you wonder how the incredible woman you love came from these two strange people who don’t listen to each other but still finish each other’s *and* your sentences. People who split a single chicken breast. Save Dad’s dessert for later in Mom’s purse (don’t worry—there’s some Tupperware in there). And tip like it’s 1920. But the incredible woman you love didn’t just come from these people—she was a *reaction* to these people. She bounced off each of these walls and came to the wonderful middle where you can waste things (food, money, your youth!) and tip like the waiter’s livelihood depends on it (because it does, Mom!).

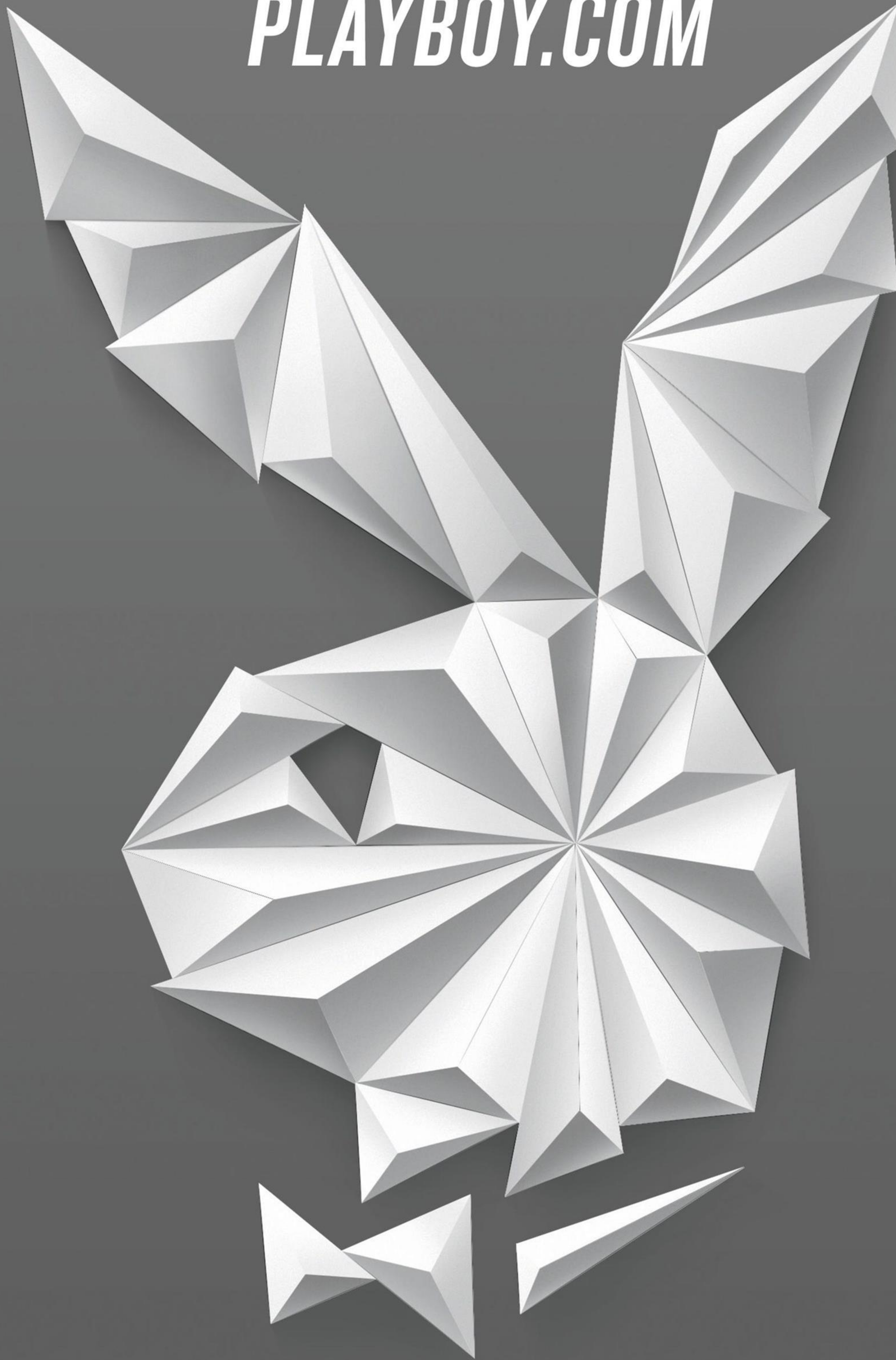
We know our parents can be annoying, but it’s that annoyingness we love. Our parents’ flaws are those weird moles we run our fingers over when we’re anxious. They’re the quilted blanket covered in moth holes that’s the only thing we want when we’re sick. It’s annoyingness we’re comfortable with. So don’t fight it. Just earn a bunch of relationship points—nod politely at stories about our old neighbors and let us escape into our parents’ comfortable flaws for a few dinners/weddings/birthday parties. We like being reminded of where we came from. But we want you there because you remind us of where we’re going. And you can always vent like hell on the car ride home. ■

BY
HILARY
WINSTON



MARK TODD

CHECK OUT THE NEW
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YOU'RE WELCOME.

Why is the penis considered so unsanitary that a man is expected to wash his hands after urinating but not too unsanitary to insert into a vagina or a mouth?—C.E., Madison, Virginia

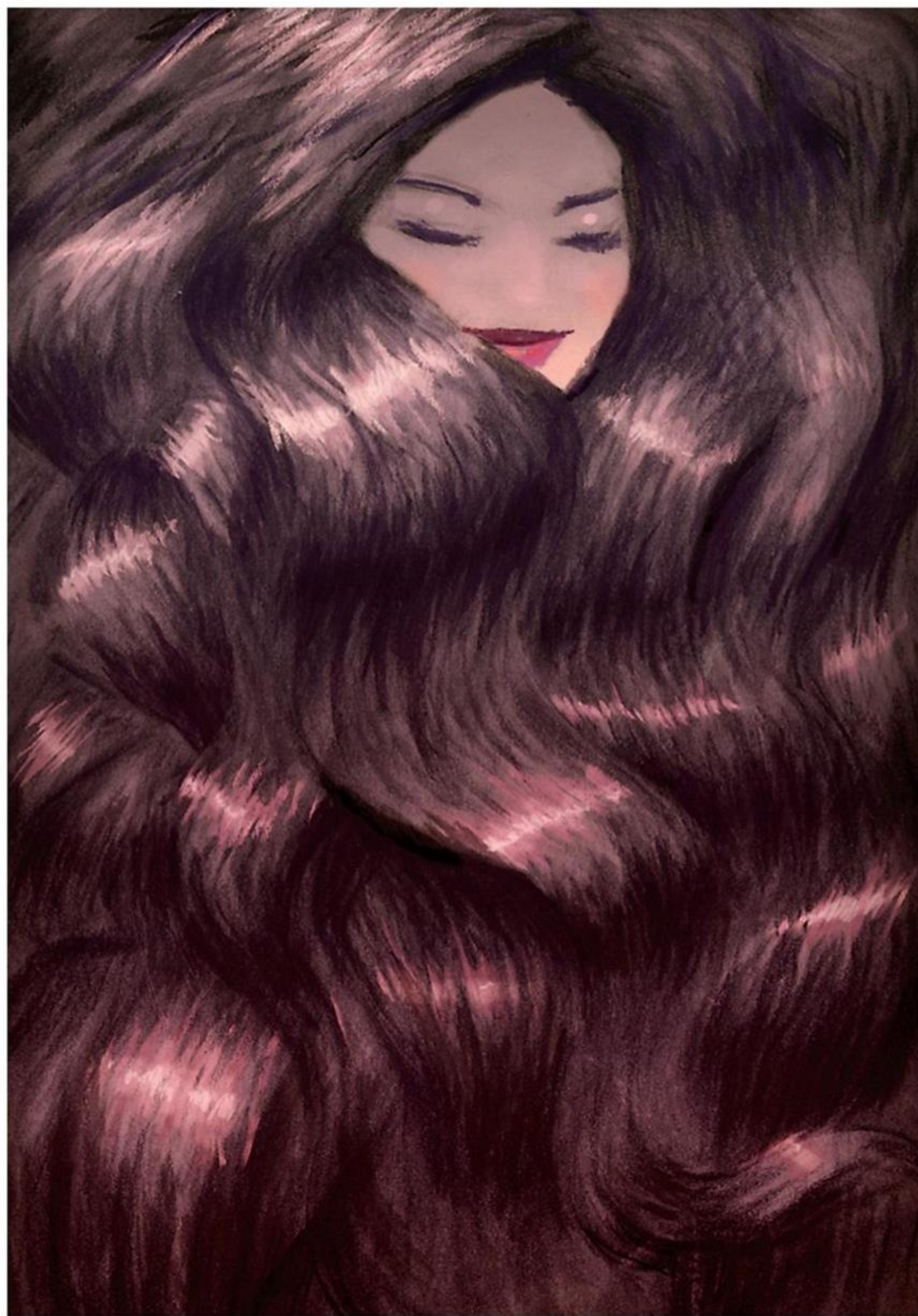
It should go without saying that one should err on the side of caution and wear a condom outside of a monogamous relationship between adults. Unless they participate in a lifestyle in which sexually transmitted diseases are a concern, it's in the bathroom, not the bedroom, that healthy couples should worry about spreading bacteria. While it's true that harmful bacteria may be present on the penis and small amounts of bacteria can be found in urine, the real germ threat comes from other surfaces in a bathroom—ones that can be contaminated by other people's bad hygiene. Even when people think they've done a good job washing their hands, very often they haven't washed long enough (a good 20 count of vigorous rubbing with soap under hot running water guarantees that all the germs will end up in the drain—your aim is not to kill the germs but to flush them away). Also—and this is pretty nasty—every time you flush an open toilet in which feces are present, a small amount of the contaminated water is aerosolized, spreading microscopic drops of water in every direction. Usually this is not a problem, but if a sturdy germ such as a norovirus is present, you'll be spreading nastiness to surfaces all over the bathroom. So, yeah, it's better to wash your hands well after using the bathroom, regardless of your actions beforehand, and open the door with your foot.

What is the word, if one exists, that describes a digital clock displaying all the same numbers, such as 1:11, 2:22, 5:55 and so forth?—C.K., Syosset, New York

The closest we could find is "monodigit number," which is a number that consists of a single repeating digit—for example 11, 44 and 555. The colon complicates things a bit, but from a purely numerical standpoint we think the term applies. Related and also interesting are palindromic numbers. A palindrome is a word or phrase that reads the same backward as it does forward (radar, race car, pop, madam I'm Adam). Examples of palindromic numbers include 121, 343, 99922999.

My husband and I and a group of our friends have been getting together to play cards for many years. During a recent game, the conversation got around to bucket lists and things we hope to accomplish in life. We were very surprised

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



SKIP STERLING

My wife, who is a medical doctor, is from Colombia, where professional women of Spanish heritage are expected to straighten their hair. I prefer her natural waves, but she can't understand why and insists on getting them straightened. Does the Advisor have an opinion on whether curls on a woman are unprofessional?—J.K., New York, New York

The business world can be an aesthetically conservative place, even in the U.S., and hairstyles are not exempt from its rules. Outside of creative fields such as entertainment, advertising and media, you don't see many professionals, male or female, flaunting their style. Anything considered sexy or flashy can be distracting and can get in the way of business. That said, we love that you love her curls, but styling wavy locks can be time-consuming. If tamed tresses work for her, you should support that.

when our best friend confided that she has never seen a porn movie and that it's the one thing she would like to do before she departs. Of course we want to grant our friend's wish! In years past we could get adult films at our local video store, which has since closed. Can you tell me where we can get a porn movie without being added to some kind of list? We don't want to be bombarded with letters and e-mails asking us to order pornography. Or is it the case, as we fear, that once you order, you are doomed?—B.L., Lansing, Michigan

research, I was brokenhearted—and done with football. I understand that if we continue to watch, the NFL won't change (I doubt it will change anyway), but the guys at work are going to eviscerate me. They'll see it as a betrayal, and my fantasy football league will think I'm a pansy. How can I avoid taking crap from them? To these guys, football is more religion than sport, and honestly, I don't think they care if it's unfair, unsafe and hypocritical.—F.F., Rockford, Illinois

Sports the world over, from FIFA to the Olympics to boxing to pro cycling, are at one

*There are several ways to view adult films without subjecting yourself to an onslaught of junk mail, adult pop-up ads and spam e-mails. On the digital front, look in your internet browser's preferences menu under "privacy" and turn on the private-browsing mode before searching for video clips to show your friend. This clears your history and will leave no trace of any porn you might view. The desire for privacy is so great in the market that every browser has its own version of this function: Google's Chrome browser calls it "incognito mode," while Internet Explorer's version is called InPrivate Browsing. It's important that you not actually download files from the internet; instead, stream clips through a video player from any of the bigger free streaming porn sites such as RedTube and YouPorn. To protect yourself from an onslaught of spam, never log in to or share your e-mail with a website. But all this feels a bit run-of-the-mill if your friend desires a bucket-list experience. We suggest you screen her a classic. You could do worse than *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, which is considered to be one of the most artfully filmed and scored porn films of all time. It was released in 1976, and considering the generation we're guessing your friend is from, it might make her a bit nostalgic while educating her on the golden age of pornography. And in this wonderful era of digitally assisted gratification, you can order a remastered Blu-ray DVD through everybody's favorite family retailer, Amazon.com.*

I have been a serious pro-football fan for 30 years, but in the past year I've found myself unable to defend the NFL. My son wants to know why cheating is bad if you get to keep the trophy and why other teams won't do the same if there's no real punishment. My daughter was horrified, as was I, by the Ray Rice scandal and how the NFL handled it. And after watching PBS's *League of Denial*, about concussions, and doing some

time or another rife with contradictions, cheaters, corrupt officials, questionable safety standards, doping scandals and everything else that plagues society off the field. They also are metaphors for humanity, give us a safe place to direct our aggression and, as you point out, are not unlike religions as a way of finding a common belief. If you've reached the end of your romance with the NFL, so be it, but don't expect any other sport to be pure.

I'm a 30-year-old man who is still a virgin. When I was younger, I was too involved in my education, and the country I grew up in was very conservative with respect to sexual matters (PLAYBOY was banned!). Of course, after the social-media revolution, everything changed. But since I'm still a virgin I want the girl I have sex with the first time to be a virgin too. Is that a stupid or unreasonable request?—D.L., Beirut, Lebanon

That's not an entirely unreasonable request, but we wouldn't recommend holding out for that scenario if you want to get laid anytime soon. Nor would we recommend that you or anyone else walk into a nightclub or bar filled with 30-year-old women and expect to find a virgin. We say let the digital revolution work for you by making your desires clear on a reputable dating site. The data you get in return for your profile will give you an idea just how realistic your dream is.

Iwould like to know if those electronic muscle stimulators you can buy are really as effective as sit-ups for developing six-pack abs. I have asked my physical therapist, my chiropractor and my physician. No one has been able to give me a solid answer. The theory seems plausible, but there must be a catch. Thanks for any light you can shed on this subject.—J.F., Colonia, New Jersey

The Food and Drug Administration has a solid answer. After conducting numerous studies, the agency concluded that although such stimulators may be able to temporarily tone and strengthen muscles, they cannot claim to create rock-hard abs. Certain units are FDA approved, but they are designed to assist with physical therapy under the direction of a licensed medical professional. Although the units can electrically force contractions and can cause the muscle strain and micro-tears that build muscle, they can also cause burns. Good old-fashioned abdominal exercises (and not just sit-ups but planks and leg lifts as well) and diet are a safer, more reliable and more controllable way to achieve six-pack abs. (Actually, most reasonably fit people have a six-pack lurking under their fat that sufficient dieting will reveal.) Ask any bodybuilder: Other than steroids, there are no shortcuts to show-worthy muscles.

Is there anything I can do to make my dick bigger? Right now it's seven inches long when erect, and I would like three more inches. Thanks for your help.—A.C., Henderson, Nevada

As much as we tire of answering the same

"Is my dick big enough?/How do I make my dick bigger?/Is my dick too small?" set of questions, the truth is you're doing better than most of the world in terms of length. No, there's no way to add three inches except through radical surgery. Over the past several decades we have quoted just about every study that's been conducted on this planet regarding penis size, and nobody seems to remember what the averages are or that you've gotta work with what you've got. Maybe this will help it stick. Here we quote from a letter we just received from a man with a truly, undeniably statistically small penis: "As for the man with his complaint of his six-inch penis, please be inspired. When erect, my penis is not quite three inches." So if you can count beyond three when measuring your penis, then count yourself lucky.

My employer just gave me a GPS-equipped tablet that tracks me everywhere I go. I travel a lot for work, and sometimes I like to stop off for a couple of quick ones or maybe sleep in for half the day. Do you have any suggestions for how I can disable the GPS or block the signal without my employer knowing? I don't like having my every move monitored.—M.H., Atlantic City, New Jersey

You can try wrapping the tablet in several layers of aluminium foil, powering it off completely or putting it in airplane mode, but any of those actions could look shady depending on how vigilant they are where you work. Maybe if you stop drinking and napping on the job they won't LoJack you in the future.

Isuspected my girlfriend of infidelity with an ex-lover because she'd told me conflicting stories about their relationship and rambled on about him one night when she was drunk. I did a bad thing: I looked at her phone without her permission. It turns out everything is completely kosher with that guy and they're strictly friends. But while looking at her phone, I saw flirtatious messages and nude photos she'd sent to a different ex-lover and that she'd invited him over at one A.M. one night. I confronted her. With her permission I used her phone to text the guy, pretending to be her, and asked him to refresh my memory about what happened that night. He replied that they'd watched a movie and nothing happened. She told me she sent the nudes because she has low self-esteem and liked that the guy always complimented her and made her feel good, but she has no desire to be with anybody but me. We decided to try to work things out, even though we both admit we betrayed the other's trust. Can you offer any advice on how to repair the two-way damage, or is this relationship irreparable?—J.S., Waterville, Maine

We're feeling pretty good about your prospects as long as both of you are as honest with each other as it sounds. As you acknowledge, the first step toward a healthy and resilient long-term relationship is trust. While some people find themselves needing to rebuild

trust, it sounds as though you guys didn't have any to begin with, hence your snooping and her looking for validation elsewhere. At the very least you each hold yourselves accountable and aren't pointing fingers. That's as good a place as any to start.

You recently advised a curious couple about the best restraints for experimenting with bondage after they'd been inspired by *50 Shades of Grey*. As with all hobbies, there's always a cheaper, better way. To make a safe, simple and affordable restraining device, get a strip of strong cloth about five feet long and three inches wide and fold it in half. Drape the closed end of the loop over a wrist and pass the loose ends through the loop. Pull tight. Tie the ends to a bedpost. Pulling against it increases the restraint. To decrease pressure, simply stop pulling. Reverse the procedure to remove. No knots or keys necessary.—B.R., Sharon, Pennsylvania

Thanks for the tip. Any suggestions on how to tie a bow tie?

My girlfriend is bothered by the copy of PLAYBOY that I keep in our bathroom. I have been a subscriber for decades, and though I also get other men's magazines, she always gives me a hard time about reading PLAYBOY. Honestly, I don't understand her attitude. She tells me she looks at the pictures because she wants to see what kind of woman I want to be with. I try to explain that it's not like that at all. My view on PLAYBOY is that it takes me away to another place, a kind of Disneyland for male adults, filled with exotic cars, stories, interviews, toys, knowledge and, yes, beautiful girls! Full disclosure: I have never masturbated to a PLAYBOY Centerfold. I'm satisfied reading and glancing cover to cover. She wants me to cancel my subscription because she says it's insulting to her, but that's not going to happen. Maybe if you print this with a sensible argument as to why she shouldn't be unsettled by PLAYBOY we three can live happily ever after. She can read my PLAYBOY and make it part of our conversations rather than our disputes.—P.L., Des Moines, Iowa

Thank you for your loyalty. We think you make a fine case on your own for our magazine's unique appeal to the modern man and should let her read your eloquent letter. However, as much as we appreciate your reading the magazine on the toilet, you're not doing much to help elevate our reputation.

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PLAYBOY  
INTERVIEW:

# JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

*A candid conversation with Hollywood's intense heartthrob about the digital future, privacy, porn, weed and escaping the curse of the child star*

At 34, Joseph Gordon-Levitt has a list of show business credits longer than those of most people in Hollywood twice his age. He started acting in commercials at six and soon appeared on programs such as *Family Ties* and *Murder, She Wrote*. By the age of 16, with a regular role as a goofy teenage alien on the enormously successful sitcom *3rd Rock From the Sun*, Gordon-Levitt was poised to begin, you know, robbing 7-Elevens and checking in and out of fancy Malibu rehab centers.

Instead, he transitioned into a remarkable grown-up career that made us forget he was ever a child star. After reinventing himself in indie films including *(500) Days of Summer* and *Brick*, Gordon-Levitt teamed with director Christopher Nolan in *Inception* and *The Dark Knight Rises*, which put him squarely on the A-list. He then played a young Bruce Willis in *Looper* and Honest Abe's son in Spielberg's *Lincoln*. In 2013, Gordon-Levitt wrote, directed and starred in *Don Jon*, an audacious comedy about a guy who jerks off too much. Critics loved it.

This might just be Gordon-Levitt's biggest year yet. He plays high-wire artist Philippe Petit in Robert Zemeckis's *The Walk* in October, reunites with his 50/50 co-star and pal Seth Rogen in the R-rated comedy *The*

*Night Before* in November and, on Christmas Day, takes the lead in Oliver Stone's film *Snowden*, about the CIA informant.

Joseph Leonard Gordon-Levitt grew up in the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles in a family of liberal idealists. His father, Dennis Levitt, oversaw the news department at progressive Pacifica Radio, and his mother, Jane Gordon, once ran for Congress on the Peace and Freedom ticket. Joe's older brother, Dan, known as Burning Dan for his fire-spinning performances at the Burning Man festival, died in 2010 at the age of 36. Gordon-Levitt has always insisted his brother's death, initially reported as a drug overdose, was an accident.

Dan's spirit lives on at HitRECORD, an online collaborative production company the brothers co-founded shortly before his death. The company has paid out more than a million dollars since 2010 to artists, writers and musicians whose work it features online, in books and through other media. HitRECORD on TV recently wrapped season two on the Pivot network.

Contributing writer David Hochman, who last interviewed Dr. Sanjay Gupta, spent time with Gordon-Levitt in a downtown Los Angeles hotel featured in both *The Dark Knight Rises* and *(500) Days of Summer*. Hochman

says his subject was tough to read at first. "Like a lot of former child actors, Joe can be guarded. It's from a lifetime of being poked and prodded by the media, which he hates. But he quickly kicked back and opened up about his work, his political leanings, even his favorite herbal brain candy. I walked away thinking, Here's a guy who's far greater than the sum of his IMDb credits."

**PLAYBOY:** You have three big movies coming up. Your two biopics—*The Walk* and *Snowden*—are already generating Oscar buzz, and there is also the bromantic comedy *The Night Before*. Let's begin with re-creating Philippe Petit's tightrope walk between the Twin Towers 41 years ago. That's actually you on the wire in many of those scenes. How are you with heights?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I had some fear, definitely. But it's mostly a matter of acclimation. At first, when you're learning, you're just a few feet off the ground. But even going up 12 feet, which is about the highest we got, your brain goes, "Fuck this! Something's wrong!" I had a safety line attached to me and mats under me, as well as a balancing pole, which really



"The idea of getting home after work, sitting down and just watching your media and not participating in it is unnatural and unhealthy. My vision is not to just sit and watch but to throw in your two cents."



"It's not paranoia. It's just a fact that right now the U.S. government is able to see anything it wants to see in regard to anything digital. Some of the stuff starts to sound paranoid because it's so extreme, but it's real."



"When I smoke weed I'm more liable to make connections I wouldn't otherwise make. Sometimes those connections are ludicrous. But sometimes they're great. I might not have thought of that, and it actually makes sense in the morning."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MULLER

helps, but still, I was shaky and tight. When you first see a high wire, you're like, How could this ever work? Eventually you loosen up, which isn't to say it's easy. I knew if I fell I would be okay physically. But, man, compared with Philippe being 110 floors up and 1,300 feet above lower Manhattan without a fucking safety net? I still can't believe the dude pulled that off.

**PLAYBOY:** Petit himself taught you how to balance on a high wire. What was that like?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Philippe is now 66, but he still doesn't do anything small. Working with him was eight days of beautiful intensity. He and his partner, Kathy, live in upstate New York, and they organized a whole space in an unused warehouse for a workshop that was just him and me. Tightrope, juggling, magic, more tightrope. He was 24 when he did the walk, but you can still sense the fire of the young man inside.

To be honest, he drove me crazy at times. He's someone who doesn't relax until he's accomplished whatever's in his head. Philippe's an absolutist. There are upsides and downsides to that way of thinking, and I suspect I saw a little too much of myself in him. I understand what it means to work and work on something and look up and go, "Fuck, I've been doing this for 18 hours straight." Having said that, getting to the moment in the movie when I take that first step off the tower and go out there—I felt completely enthralled by the sheer will of that act. It was one of the more perfect and exhilarating moments I've ever gotten to play as an actor.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it safe to say this is that rare movie that's actually worth the added price of 3-D?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Yeah, I've never been a big fan of 3-D. Oftentimes in movies it seems little more than a gimmick to charge extra money. But 3-D, and in particular IMAX 3-D, was at the very origin of this project. When you think about Robert Zemeckis and his movies, whether it's *Back to the Future*, *Forrest Gump* or *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, he has always been way, way ahead on technology. In scene after scene in this movie, he wanted us to make sure the effects necessitated that the audience wear the glasses. He wanted the heights to feel dizzying. When you see my foot on the wire in the foreground and you're looking down, that had to be terrifying. Everything needed to look better with glasses on than with glasses off, or it wasn't worth doing. You really get to experience the scale of those magnificent towers.

**PLAYBOY:** How much did your emotions around 9/11 come into play?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** When we first walked into the replica of the lobby they'd built, we all got seriously choked up. It's a very emotional space in so many people's memories, and in mine personally. I remember that lobby vividly, and the front entrance, because I'd gone to the

World Trade Center right when I moved to New York in the fall of 2000. I was a freshman at Columbia University, and it was an exciting time. But then, a year later, the buildings came down.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember where you were when it happened?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I had a nine A.M. literature class, and the professor was lecturing on *Titus Andronicus*. I walked out and ran into a guy I knew who told me what had happened. We looked out toward downtown and saw the billow of smoke in the sky.

It was a tragedy not only for what happened that day but for everything that ever happened there. The towers were iconic symbols of New York City. One of the things I appreciate about this movie is that it celebrates a beautiful memory about the towers, a poetic one rather than a dark one. Philippe inspired people in this country when they really needed it. Remember, his walk took place on August 7, 1974, when America was right in the throes of civil

*The people are supposed to be the ones in control. The government serves them.*

rights, women's rights, and—people forget this—Nixon resigned the presidency the very next day. It was a remarkable week in American history.

**PLAYBOY:** Ironic, given your accent in the movie is French.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Yeah, I studied French in high school and college. I love French movies, so I really worked on the accent. If you don't speak French, you'll think it sounds perfect. If you're a native speaker, you might think, Well, the guy gave it a pretty darn good try.

It was the mannerisms that probably took more work. I mean, in *Lincoln* I play the president's son Robert, but nobody knows how he moved or what he sounded like. Then I played a version of Bruce Willis in *Looper*. That's not exactly a biopic, but I did study Bruce and listened to recordings of his voice so I could get it right. When someone is alive and known to people, it raises the stakes in terms of the technical side. It comes down to repetition and practice,

repetition and practice. It's a little like learning a high-wire act.

**PLAYBOY:** By the way, what was more daunting, tightrope-walking or taking direction from Oliver Stone in *Snowden*?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I'm still getting my head around what that experience was like, to tell you the truth. Working with Oliver was a powerful and wonderful and engrossing experience. There's a similarity between him and Philippe Petit, actually. They're both so driven and care so much about what they're doing. I mean, there's a reason Oliver's body of work is entirely unique in all of Hollywood. No one has been able to make movies as subversive as those Oliver has made. He's really been the only one consistently to stand up and say, "I don't think this is right."

**PLAYBOY:** People either love him or hate him for it.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** What the haters don't understand is that his opinions are formed completely out of patriotism. He has a very deep love for this country and what America is meant to stand for. It's not patriotic to just sit back and let the country you love do something wrong.

I feel the same way. I'm so grateful to have been born and raised here, and for the freedoms and opportunities that have been afforded me, which I wouldn't have gotten were I born in most other places in the world. But I also want to raise my hand and say so if the principles that are the foundation of what our country is about are being violated. The government is not supposed to be the one with the power. That's the whole principle of democracy, of the United States, of the American Revolution, the American experiment, you could say. The people are supposed to be the ones in control. The government serves them. The Edward Snowden story exemplifies that. It's a chilling example.

**PLAYBOY:** Some call Snowden a hero for boldly blowing the whistle on domestic surveillance and government secrecy. Others consider him a traitor and believe the government information he leaked crippled intelligence efforts and put American troops at great risk.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** First of all, there is no evidence that Edward Snowden's documents gave away any specific locations or specific names that put people in jeopardy. Critics say these generic things, but then they can't come up with any examples.

You can read so many different opinions, and at first, I immersed myself in all of them. When Oliver asked me to play the role of Snowden, I didn't know much about the story. I didn't know the difference between Edward Snowden and WikiLeaks and Julian Assange and Bradley/Chelsea Manning. But as I delved deeply into the reading, a couple of things struck me. First, no matter how you feel about mass surveillance or online privacy or any of that, the government was doing things that were against its



own rules and doing them in secret and lying about it, which is why Snowden's role in releasing the information was so valuable. Our government was lying.

**PLAYBOY:** Be more specific. What bothered you the most?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** There's a guy named James Clapper who is currently our director of national intelligence. He reports to the president, oversees national intelligence—meaning the CIA, FBI, NSA, etc. James Clapper was called before Congress and raised his right hand and swore to tell the truth, as you do when you testify before Congress. A senator asked him whether the NSA collects millions of phone calls, e-mails and text messages on American citizens. Clapper answered, "No, sir." That's what he said to a senator who was elected to be the representative of the people.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you meet with Snowden?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** [Pauses] I can't say. Sorry. I read everything I could and watched every video I could. Certainly the documentary *Citizenfour* was a huge asset because you get to see what he's like when he's not giving a talk, when he's not doing an interview. But also, some of the movie takes place when he's much younger, so a lot of what I had to do was the kind of work I do as an actor, which is to try to use empathy and inference. How would this person be then? How would he feel? That's what I was doing with Philippe as well as with Snowden.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do you worry about your own privacy or about the government peering into your e-mails? Are you more paranoid about that now?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** It's not paranoia. It's just a fact that right now the U.S. government is able to see anything it wants to see in regard to anything digital. Some of the stuff starts to sound paranoid because it's so extreme, but it's real.

**PLAYBOY:** What are you referring to?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Well, for instance [*holds up his cell phone*], the government could be listening to us right now in this hotel room if it wanted to.

**PLAYBOY:** Even though the phone's not on?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Correct. If the phone is out of batteries it won't work, but I've been told they could be watching you right now on this smartphone camera or on the camera on your laptop. They can do that. I put a Band-Aid on my webcam. Does that look paranoid? You know, if it weren't a known fact that this occurs, it might be. And by the way, it's not just the U.S. government. It's also Google. It's Facebook. Those companies are at least as aggressive as the NSA.

**PLAYBOY:** Google and Facebook are watching us?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Absolutely. One of the most important revelations from Snowden is that Google, Facebook, Apple, Microsoft, YouTube, Twitter, Skype, Yahoo were all collaborating with the NSA. When that news came out, most

of the companies denied it. They all just lied. Again, a lot of people in this story are just unashamed to lie. But when it became clear they were lying, they started to act all indignant, saying they were pressured into it.

**PLAYBOY:** It's very Big Brother.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** The truth is, the business model for companies like Google and Facebook is they spy on you. They collect all that information and then sell it to advertisers. When I say spy on you, I don't just mean they track what you search for. They certainly do that, but if you've used Google there's stuff on your computer that Google has put there that you don't know about. Data travels from your computer to Google's databases all day long, whether you're using Google or not, whether you have your web browser open or not. It doesn't matter. It just does it. Unless you're very technically savvy and able to block those things, you're being spied on. These people can get inside your computers. We can't forget that.

*I don't think  
money is the  
root of all  
evil. But I think  
the love of  
money is.*

**PLAYBOY:** Sony learned that the hard way this year. Were you worried that information about you would surface in the wake of the hacking scandal?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** The situation scared me at first because I'm friends with Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg [co-directors of *The Interview*, the film widely believed to have prompted the Sony information breach]. I was actually with Evan the day some of the news broke, and he was like, "Oh shit, we're going to have to get security or whatever." That was scary.

Ultimately, it's less scary but more of a wake-up call. It's really a reminder, like, let's all pay attention to this, folks. Our whole way of life is largely attached to how we interact with these digital systems. We should be paying attention to that and asking questions about how these systems work.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you taking any further precautions beyond your Band-Aid solution?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I use an app called Signal, which you can download for free.

It will encrypt text and phone calls with other people who use the app. So if for whatever reason you want to talk or text without anyone tracking you, whether it's the NSA or Google, that's an easy answer. Honestly, I should do more. I feel we should all do more. I don't like the nagging feeling in the back of my head when I'm writing an e-mail to somebody and thinking, Man, is this going to get out?

**PLAYBOY:** So you're not that guy posting drunken selfies every Saturday night on Instagram?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** No, but that's probably not as bad as the other stuff I'm talking about. I think there's a big difference between intentionally putting stuff out there because you want it to be out there versus your government secretly taking it from you without asking, or corporate entities disguising themselves as search engines or social networks that are really just spying advertising agencies.

Think about this: Google is so commercially successful, yet the service it provides, that it labels as free, is not commensurate with the money it makes off of us. We don't realize that it's making money off of us exactly, but obviously it's making money somewhere, and the amount of money it makes is not a fair trade for the service it gives away for free.

With all these companies, there are these terms of service that we just click and agree on. The truth is you'd have to be a lawyer or have a lot of free time to really understand what you're agreeing to. These companies don't talk about it.

**PLAYBOY:** You obviously grew up in a household that encouraged you to question authority.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Oh, for sure. My mom and dad both worked at Pacifica Radio. That's where they met. My dad was news director. It's very progressive, very liberal, and my parents' message to me was always to ask questions, to be curious and not just take people's word for things. Find multiple sources and consider what the hidden agenda might be. My dad worked as a journalist during the Watergate scandal, and I think that shaped him. Again, their outlook wasn't antigovernment; rather it was true patriotism, as far as really believing in what the United States of America is about and what it stands for.

**PLAYBOY:** They do not sound like typical Hollywood stage parents.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I'm glad you said that. My mom always asked me, "Do you want to do this?" And my answer was always, always yes. I loved acting. I've loved acting ever since I was a little kid. I was doing community theater early on, and because I grew up in the San Fernando Valley, a couple of the kids who were in my community-theater group were going to auditions for commercials and stuff. So my mom asked if I wanted to do that too, and I really did. I got some little parts, Cocoa Puffs ads and stuff. I loved

being on set. I loved seeing it all happen. I loved watching everyone work with the camera. I loved working with grown-ups. On one of my first jobs, when I was six years old, Tommy Lee Jones played my dad. I had no idea who he was, but who cares? I loved everything about it until I had to start doing publicity and press. That was the beginning of the downside. But that didn't start until I was 12.

**PLAYBOY:** That was the year after you appeared alongside Brad Pitt in *A River Runs Through It*, directed by Robert Redford. What's your standout memory of that shoot?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I didn't have any real interaction with Brad, but Redford made a big impact. Because he's an actor, I knew he understood what I was going through. I remember the cinematographer, who later won an Oscar for the movie, telling me how important it was to hit my mark. But Bob leans in and goes, "I never hit my mark." It was reassuring but also made the larger point of not focusing on a piece of tape on the ground but the feelings of what I was trying to convey. That stuck with me.

**PLAYBOY:** You went through puberty in the public eye, which means you basically lived every adolescent boy's wet dream of watching hot actresses getting undressed and flirting with you at cast parties. It was glorious, right?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** What can I say, man? That's really a false fantasy that I'm here to say doesn't exist. Maybe someone's putting that forward in order to sell Hollywood as a glamorous place or to sell movie tickets, but it's not real. At least not in my life. I mean, it's cool to be on a studio lot. When I was on *3rd Rock*, *Seinfeld* was shooting right next to us, and we'd see them around. We'd see all these people. But mostly it's work, sad to say. Work, school, your mom driving you around to auditions. If anything, it was the opposite of glamorous for me sometimes. I faced a certain amount of ridicule from kids my own age or a little older. It was a little bit of that thing of "Hey, so you think you're too good for us?" I never felt comfortable being famous and all the word implies.

**PLAYBOY:** You once dubbed it the "fascist cult of celebrity."

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Well, yeah, the principle of fascism is that certain people are more important than other people. That's where celebrities and fascists overlap, because it's the same idea. I mean, when you're a teenager you believe in something, and I didn't think it was right that certain people who were on TV got special treatment. It always felt weird to me. When people would put me in that box, I just felt disgusted about myself. I guess the reason I said I never liked the press was because I always felt they were putting me in that box. I never want to be pigeonholed.

**PLAYBOY:** After the huge success of *3rd Rock From the Sun*, you could have done sitcoms the rest of your life.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Exactly, and I would have been incredibly bored. Everybody wanted me to do a high-paying pilot. Everyone was saying, "You're the kid from that show. We can make you lots and lots of money if you do another one."

**PLAYBOY:** You went to college instead. Did you know when you enrolled at Columbia that you would probably drop out?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** My plan with college was I wanted not to have a plan for a while. I wanted the future to be wide open, the way my friends had it. But pretty quickly I was spending more time cutting video with my copy of Final Cut Pro and enjoying those possibilities, rather than doing the class work that was expected of me. I just got attracted to other things, like editing and making things. I would walk around New York all the time. For some people, school is the right environment to learn to do that. For me it wasn't.

**PLAYBOY:** You came back to Hollywood with some seriously dark roles. In *Manic*, you play a teenager who brutalizes another

*I've  
experienced  
what it's like  
to go down a  
rabbit hole with  
pornography.*

er kid with a baseball bat and ends up in a psychiatric ward. It was as if you were trying to shatter your image as a child star.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** That was pretty fucking intense. Frankly, the director, Jordan Melamed, and I didn't exactly get along. I didn't think it was going to work. I was like, "I'm the man. Fuck this fucking guy." [laughs] But to his credit he made a movie that I'm enormously proud of. *Manic* is one of the most important movies I've done. It's a very heavy drama, especially coming right after *3rd Rock*. It was the movie Gregg Araki saw that made him want to put me in *Mysterious Skin*, and that was the movie Rian Johnson saw that made him want to put me in *Brick*. Those movies got filmmakers to put me in the next round of movies, including *(500) Days of Summer*, which then Chris Nolan saw. So *Manic* was, in many ways, the movie that started me on that path.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you learn from Christopher Nolan?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Be prepared. He would

show up in these massive movies—*The Dark Knight Rises*, *Inception*—and just be completely ready to roll. He planned and worked to make sure he knew exactly what everybody needed to do that day. It's a privilege to make a living in Hollywood, and it's so great when someone respects the work, respects the other people on set. I really value that.

**PLAYBOY:** You defied gravity in your famous hallway fight scene in *Inception*. How did that work?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Yeah, I loved that because I got to do the whole thing myself. They built three sets. One was a normal hallway. One turned on its side so that it became a 10-story tower. They would shoot up it and I would hang with my feet on what looked like the wall. The third set rotated 360 degrees like a washing machine. That was the most fun. I used to do gymnastics when I was a little kid, and the stunt guy I was fighting against was an Olympic gymnast. We really worked to make that scene great.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you consider your best work?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** My measure of how much I like my work is how much I'm able to change and be someone other than myself. I think *Looper* is probably the greatest example of that because I had prosthetics on my face. It was three hours of makeup every morning to change my face—facial structural changes, contacts, eyebrows, the whole nine.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's move on. In November, you and your buds Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg, your co-star and producer from *50/50*, are reuniting in *The Night Before*, a comedy about a group of childhood best friends who get together over a bunch of drugs for a blowout Christmas Eve. Was it just a big cannabis-fueled party on set?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I will say it was probably the easiest job I've ever done. It was a remarkable welcome and contrast going from *The Walk* to shooting again with Seth and Evan. *The Walk* was in certain ways the hardest thing I've ever done. On a physical level, learning to walk on wire, learning French, being in every scene of the movie and also occupying the headspace of a character who's both superfocused and losing his mind—it was intense.

There's such a thing as trying too hard, and with *The Night Before* I thought what would be cooler than just showing up and being with my friends, making each other laugh and having a blast, which is exactly what that movie is. Having fun like that is so necessary. You feel better, you feel more like yourself, you get fresh new ideas.

**PLAYBOY:** Is weed a creativity booster for you?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** It is. When I smoke weed I'm more liable to make connections I wouldn't otherwise make. Sometimes those

(continued on page 102)



# Upper Class Just Got Lower Priced

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# THE PERFECT WEAPON



Microchipped guns. 3-D-printed firearms. Is technology the savior of the gun industry or its most dangerous enemy?



# E

arly one June afternoon, Cody Wilson, a bearded 27-year-old wearing khakis and a pink shirt, walks into the office of a dusty gun range on the outskirts of Liberty Hill, Texas and casually greets the clerk, a tall man with a ball cap, a salt-and-pepper goatee and a rawhide tan. Hanging overhead is a sign with an image of a pistol and the warning that, in case of robbery, the police will not be involved. Another reads GUARDED THREE NIGHTS A WEEK, YOU GUESS WHICH. There's also a plaque with a quote frequently and falsely attributed to Abraham Lincoln (clergyman William J.H. Boetcker

actually said it in 1916): "You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong." It's a statement Wilson would disagree with.

The clerk asks how business is going.

It's going well, Wilson explains: His latest product, the Ghost Gunner, is a \$1,500 machine that helps anyone with basic technical know-how to build an unlimited number of untraceable assault rifles, regardless of criminal record or mental-health status. He has shipped about 300 so far and has received orders for 700 more. "I'm suing Obama too," he says. The clerk has been following the



BY WILLIAM WHEELER

story in the news, but the store's lone customer, a squat man with a white handlebar mustache, is caught off guard.

"He's the one who started, pretty much, the 3-D printing for guns," the clerk explains. The customer recognizes him: Cody Wilson, radical libertarian, crypto-anarchist and one of *Wired* magazine's 15 most dangerous people in the world. Two years before, when Wilson released online the digital blueprints for the Liberator, the world's first 3-D-printed gun, the State Department threatened him with prosecution for arms exporting. In May, Wilson filed a lawsuit arguing that,

as digital code, the blueprints constitute speech protected by the First Amendment, beyond the censure of federal authorities. "I finally get to sue the feds because they overplayed their hand," he says, smiling.

The man with the mustache nods supportively, clearly impressed. "Well, hopefully something comes of that," he says.

The range is closed, but Wilson has driven all the way from Austin expecting to be an exception. When he asks if he can at least pay a range fee, the clerk tells him it's on the house.

Wilson walks out to the parking lot and



stops at his car, an ancient BMW with a crumpled hood. He kicks off his Bearpaw slippers and changes them for a pair of black steel-toed work boots, tucking the cuffs of his chinos inside. “Yep, those are some good old boys in there,” he says. They like him, but that’s not a unanimous opinion here. “Half of the red-staters, man, are full-on for this security state,” he says. “They love the professional culture of the military and police.” Wilson’s efforts to put a gun into the hands of anyone who wants one have made him a hero in some pro-gun circles, a pariah in others. But he’s more than comfortable on the fringe. The last time he was here, one of the rifle line coaches, a Vietnam vet, told him his time on the range was up. By Wilson’s watch he still had two minutes left. So he refused. “He threw his truck in reverse and tried to run me over to intimidate me,” Wilson tells me. “He didn’t like that I was completely comfortable telling him to fuck off.”

At one end of the range an old-timer sits at a firing bench, cradling what looks to be a .50-caliber rifle fitted with a scope.

**1.** A worker tests the electric circuit of an Armatix iP1 pistol at the company’s headquarters in Germany. **2.** Cody Wilson and the 3-D-printed Liberator. **3.** A prototype of the Armatix iP1 smart gun.



Intermittently, a fiery, thunderous *boom!* bellows from its muzzle. Wilson walks to the middle of the line and sets down his gear. Beneath his feet a sea of spent brass casings carpets the floor.

Downrange the land slopes gently up into a dusty plain speckled with green, the legacy of devastating floods that washed across Texas just a few weeks before. The middle ground consists of four berms at various distances. The farthest, a thousand yards away, contains a



line of red targets that are barely visible without optical aids.

Wilson takes out a plastic bag and starts to assemble a trigger mechanism, building it around a \$60 piece of aluminum called a lower receiver. A gun has many parts, but the only part on which the federal government stamps a serial number—“the gun,” in legal terms—is this frame, around which the other parts of an assault rifle are built. As with the rest of the parts, any amateur gunsmith can buy a nearly finished (and unregistered) receiver, then drill a few strategically placed holes to build an untraceable weapon. What Wilson’s latest product—a computer-numerical-controlled milling device called the Ghost Gunner—does is put this ability in the hands of even the most unskilled novice. Earlier in the day, he used a Ghost Gunner to finish this lower receiver, (continued on page 108)

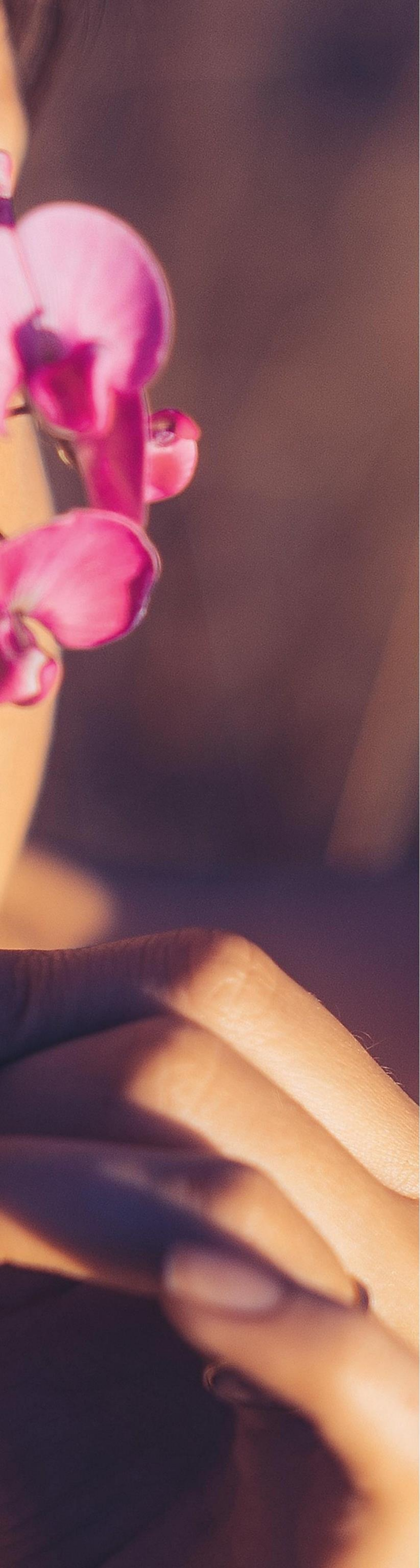
“Key to the appeal of firearms is the sense of freedom they give you. When you pull the trigger, the bullet comes out.”



*"For Pete's sake, woman! What's eating you now?!"*







*AS THE CRISP DAYS OF FALL  
CLOSE IN, ENJOY ONE LAST  
SUNSHINY HOUR WITH MODEL  
POLINA PUTILOVA, WHOSE  
CAREFREE DALLIANCE IS  
SURE TO KEEP YOU FEELING  
WARM ALL SEASON LONG*

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***BEFORE  
SUNSET***

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*Photography by  
KESLER TRAN*



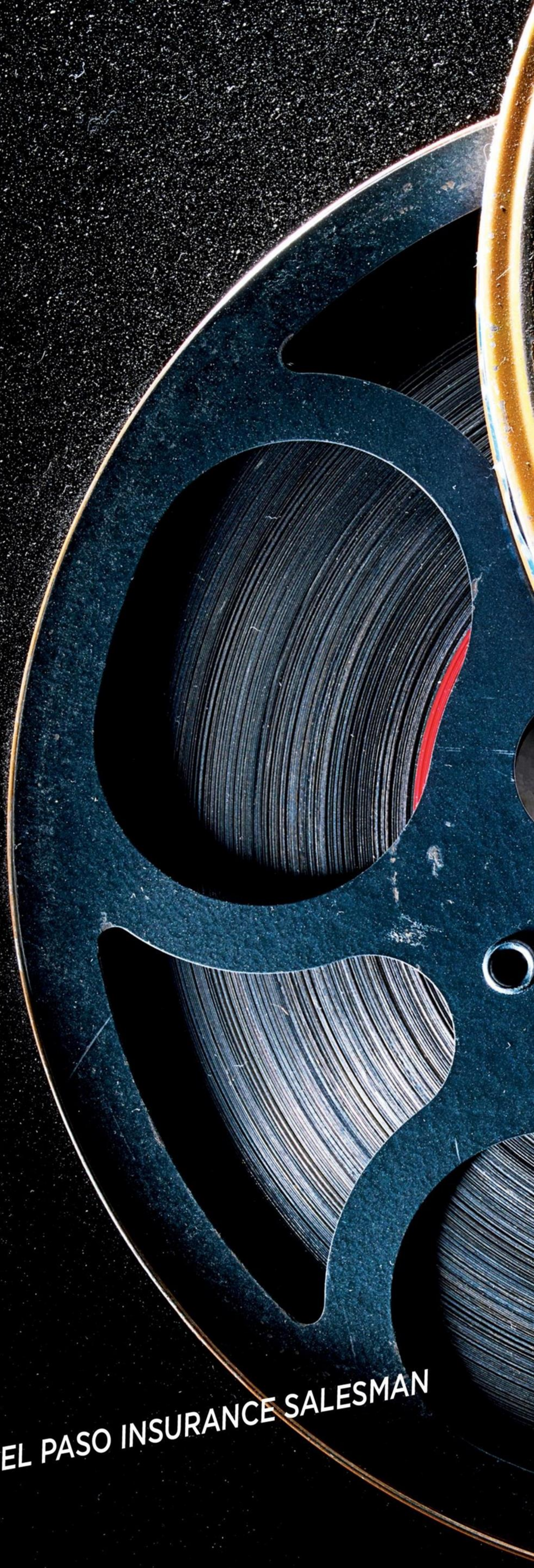






THE  
BATTLE  
OVER THE  
WORST  
MOVIE  
EVER MADE

A LOW-BUDGET HORROR FILM DIRECTED BY AN EL PASO INSURANCE SALESMAN





PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSEPH SHIN

TITANOS  
(HANDS ON)

IS A TOTAL DISASTER. SO WHY IS EVERYONE FIGHTING FOR A PIECE OF IT?  
BY JAKE ROSSEN

# J



Jackey Neyman Jones had never been so excited before. The seven-year-old had spent the summer shooting her first feature film; tonight was the premiere. As the lights dimmed in the cavernous 860-seat Capri Theater in El Paso, she settled in next to her parents, staring saucer-eyed at the screen.

After a curiously long driving montage, Jones finally appeared on camera, cradling an uncooperative dog that kept slipping out of her arms. When she opened her mouth to utter her first line,

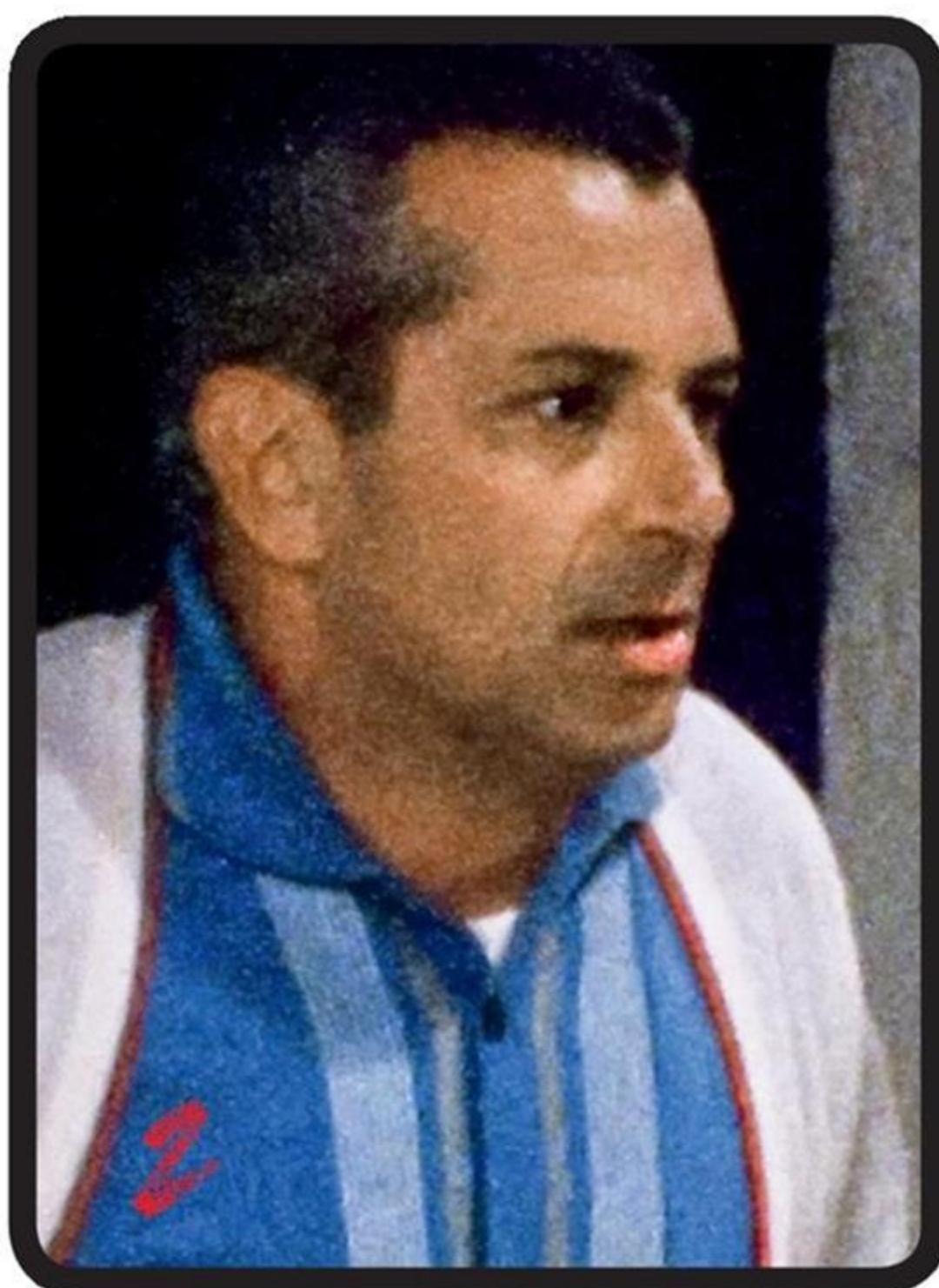
something odd happened: A middle-aged woman's voice came out, dubbed in and horribly out of sync with the footage.

The audience burst into laughter. Jones burst into tears.

The movie, *Manos: The Hands of Fate*, was written, directed and produced by insurance salesman Harold Warren in the summer of 1966, an era when virtually no one was making independent films. While the average studio production cost roughly \$3 million, Hal Warren raised \$19,000 and shot the entire movie with the absurdly named Filmo 70 camera, a handheld device that was spring-wound, could not record sound and could shoot only 33 seconds of film at a time. He promised a local theater troupe, of which he was a member, a share of the profits if the movie did well. The movie did not do well. The only cast or crew member to receive compensation was Jones. She got a 50-pound bag of dog food.

"And a bike," Jones says.

A flimsy horror story centered on a vacationing family who run afoul of a polygamist cult leader and his henchman,



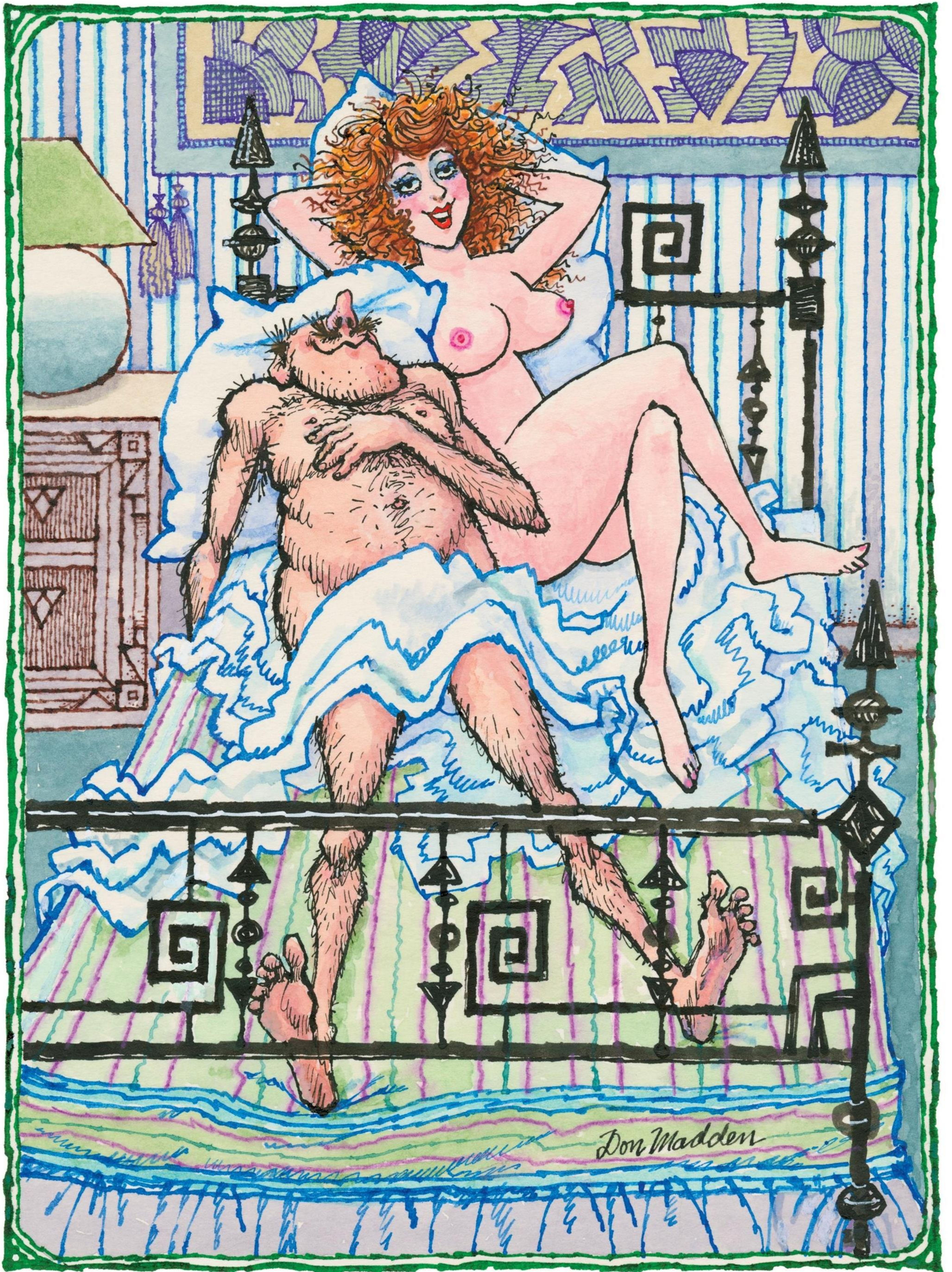
1. The Master, played by Tom Neyman, wearing his signature cape. 2. Harold Warren, the mastermind behind the movie, as Michael. 3. The Master's brides wrestle. 4. William Jennings portrayed the sheriff—and served as Warren's legal counsel. 5. John Reynolds as Torgo, the Master's twitchy assistant.

*Manos* played a handful of drive-in theaters before slipping into obscurity. Decades later, *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, a television show specializing in the mockery of misguided films, unearthed the movie like a fossilized turd. The 1993 episode devoted to *Manos* became an instant cult classic. Fans marveled at the seemingly endless footage of Warren driving around the desert, the inability of the Filmo 70 to

focus and frame shots at the same time and the utterly bizarre performance of John Reynolds as the character Torgo, portrayed as a twitchy, knobby-kneed groundskeeper while Reynolds himself was often baked out of his face on LSD.

"It seemed like it was maybe a crime against humanity, but you couldn't be sure," says *MST3K* writer Frank Conniff, who had pulled *Manos* (continued on page 118)





*"You're no Adonis, Al, but you sure know how to relieve the monotony."*

# THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN SPORTS

**YOU'RE A  
SUPERSTAR  
ATHLETE  
WITH A  
SERIOUS  
INJURY.  
THERE'S ONE  
SUPERSTAR  
SURGEON  
YOU CALL  
FIRST:  
DR. JAMES  
ANDREWS**

BY **NEAL GABLER**  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
**MARK MANN**

**D**r. James Andrews is worried. You can't see it because his face is placid, and you can't hear it because his voice, with a sweet Louisiana drawl, is always low and even. But he awoke in the middle of the night, fretting, which isn't unusual before his operating days on Tuesdays and Thursdays—what he calls his “Super Bowls.” He knows he has some “real hard cases,” as he puts it, “not snap cases,” and he kept running them through his mind again and again, thinking about what he would do. He worries because he knows how much is at stake in each of them: quite possibly an athletic

career, since all Andrews's patients are serious athletes, about one third of them high schoolers (most of them Division I prospects), one third collegians and one third professionals.

Earlier that Monday morning, as he does every Monday and Wednesday on his clinic days, Andrews had flitted from one exam room to another, meeting a dozen or so patients and sizing them up for possible surgery the next day. (He doesn't wait.) There was Kody Winner, a 14-year-old Little League pitcher from Warner Robins, Georgia. After winning a regional championship game against Alabama, Winner



began to feel pain in his elbow “like somebody stabbed you in the arm” and thought he might need Tommy John surgery, named after the former major league pitcher whose ulnar collateral ligament (UCL) in his elbow was replaced after snapping. (Andrews determined Winner didn’t need the surgery; he just needed to stop pitching until the growth plates in his arm closed.) There were a Detroit Lions rookie and a young running back from the University of Georgia, both of whom had torn the anterior cruciate ligament (ACL) in their knees; a major league pitcher who had already undergone a Tommy John and was having problems with the ulnar nerve that ran over the elbow; and a former major league flamethrower who was trying to work his way back after three surgeries.

And then there were the hard cases that would keep Andrews up that night: Brian Henninger, who had come out of nowhere to finish 10th in the 1995 Masters golf tournament and who, at the age of 51, was playing on the Senior PGA circuit when the radial collateral ligament in his elbow gruesomely tore; a 19-year-old minor league pitching star who had one Tommy John surgery and then ruptured the new ligament, pulling his muscle clear off the bone during warm-ups; and Curtis Beach, a recent Duke grad and Olympic decathlete hopeful who had torn his UCL and whose surgery was complicated by the fact that he had chipped his elbow back in sixth grade and that broken spot of bone is where Andrews would normally have attached the graft. All of them had come to the Andrews Institute in Gulf Breeze, Florida for the same reason. As one of them put it, “I feel if there is one person in the whole world who could fix me, this is the guy.”

Andrews would never say that of himself. He says he’s “just an ordinary orthopedic surgeon,” and when it comes to routine surgeries like an ACL or UCL repair, he often tells agents their athletes can get treatment just as good somewhere else. Moreover, he says that “if you operate on the right athlete, a high athlete, they’ll make you look pretty good as a physician.” And as a pioneer promoter of rigorous, doctor-supervised rehabilitation for athletes, he is quick to credit physical therapists for successful outcomes.

But you have only to look at the hallway walls in his new clinic to see he isn’t your ordinary orthopedic surgeon. Those walls are covered with signed jerseys and autographed photos of a veritable hall of fame of athletes who have been Andrews’s patients: Peyton and Eli Manning, Roger Clemens, Bobby Orr, Charles Barkley, Drew Brees,



1



2



3

Brett Favre, Bo Jackson, Jack Nicklaus, Emmitt Smith, Bruce Smith, Scottie Pippen, Albert Pujols, Robert Griffin III, even Michael Jordan, to name just a few of the thousands of professional athletes he has treated. If there is a center of the sports-medicine universe, Andrews is it.

Sitting just beyond Pensacola Bay, the Andrews Institute is 127,000 square feet with a salmon-colored brick facade in a modern Floridian style. It has 26 physicians on staff, but there is no doubt that Andrews is the draw. Ninety percent of his patients come from beyond a 200-mile radius, some from overseas; a Japanese baseball player would be arriving in a few days. Player agents call him (“I know most of their voices”), team trainers call him, parents call him, players call him. *Doctors* call him for advice. He is a medical rock star. Jay Vines, the administrator of the institute, has known Andrews for more than 25 years. He says that when the two of them entered the packed floor at the annual meeting of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons and the other doctors recognized Andrews, “it was like the parting of the Red Sea.”

But here’s the thing about Andrews:

## HOW DID SOMEONE FROM THE LOUISIANA BACKWOODS BECOME THE MAN EXPECTED TO SAVE CAREERS?

If you didn’t know he was the most famous sports surgeon in the world, you would never guess it by meeting him. You might have assumed that at 73 he would be formal, even stilted. You might look at the long silver hair swept back on his head or the neatly pressed beige glen-plaid jacket color-coordinated with a yellow tie and brown trousers or note the courtly bearing and think he was a remote eminence.

You would be wrong. Andrews is folksy. He has that Southern accent of light molasses, and he ends sentences with “man,” as in “We’re going to do this, man,” or “Mama,” as in “Here’s the problem,



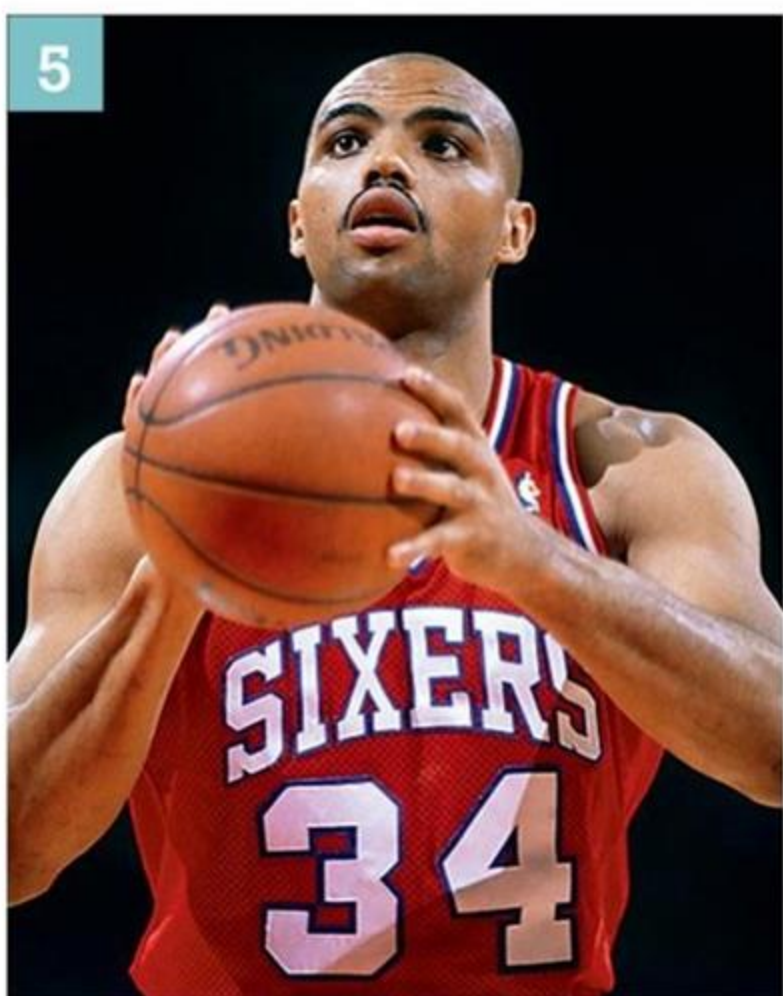
just because he's an excellent surgeon. Yes, Andrews's surgical skill is legendary. Doctors come from all over the world to see him operate. But there are plenty of good surgeons, even famous ones. Andrews's gift is his bedside manner. He acts like a country doctor. He has a lot of patients, but he doesn't rush anyone. He spends 45 minutes to an hour in the examination room. And Andrews not only spends time, he explains. He holds up the X-rays and talks through the problem and every possible option. As Kody Winner's father says, "He spoke in human language versus doctor language."

Perhaps even more important, Andrews not only talks, he listens. He emphasizes the importance of "reading" his patients. "Different athletes have different personalities," he says. "You have to think the way they think." He takes this idea so seriously that back in the 1980s, when he was in Columbus and heard the Columbus Astros were going to relocate their local Double-A farm team, for which he was team physician, he went down to the bank, secured a \$40,000 loan and bought the team himself. He wound up painting the locker rooms, and some nights he and his wife even ran the concessions. But the reason he bought the team was because being around the players was the best way to learn what they were thinking, which he thought made him a better surgeon.

Learning about the players is also the reason he's the team physician for the Washington Redskins, on whose sideline you can find him every week during the NFL season. (He takes no salary because he says it would be a conflict of interest to be paid by the team while serving the players.) "If you're not there on the sidelines with a pro football game," he says, "you don't understand the lingo, you don't understand the psychology, you don't understand the pressures or anything."

But the understanding goes beyond knowing how an athlete thinks or feels. Athlete after athlete on whom he has worked will tell you that what really makes Andrews so special is how invested he is in them emotionally, to the point that every time he watches Adrian Peterson get tackled after his ACL recovery, Andrews silently begs him to get up. He cares enough that he will drop everything if an athlete needs him, cares enough that he has always treated local high school athletes for free if they don't have insurance, even though an Andrews surgery costs in the vicinity of \$40,000.

And here is the second thing you ought to know about Andrews's doctoring: The phone is as important an instrument to him as the scalpel. Everybody seems to have Andrews's cell phone number. He gets a hundred calls a day—not just from those agents and players and trainers and fellow physicians but from former patients, such as *(continued on page 114)*



5

6

1. An operating room at the Andrews Institute in Gulf Breeze, Florida, a \$50 million facility that is the nerve center for cutting-edge orthopedic surgery. 2. The team doctor for Auburn, Andrews always wears the school's 2013 SEC championship ring. 3. A lineup of success stories. 4. At 73, Andrews shows no signs of slowing down. 5. Charles Barkley is another happy patient. 6. Shoulder surgery on Roger Clemens early in Andrews's career made the doctor famous among athletes and changed his life.

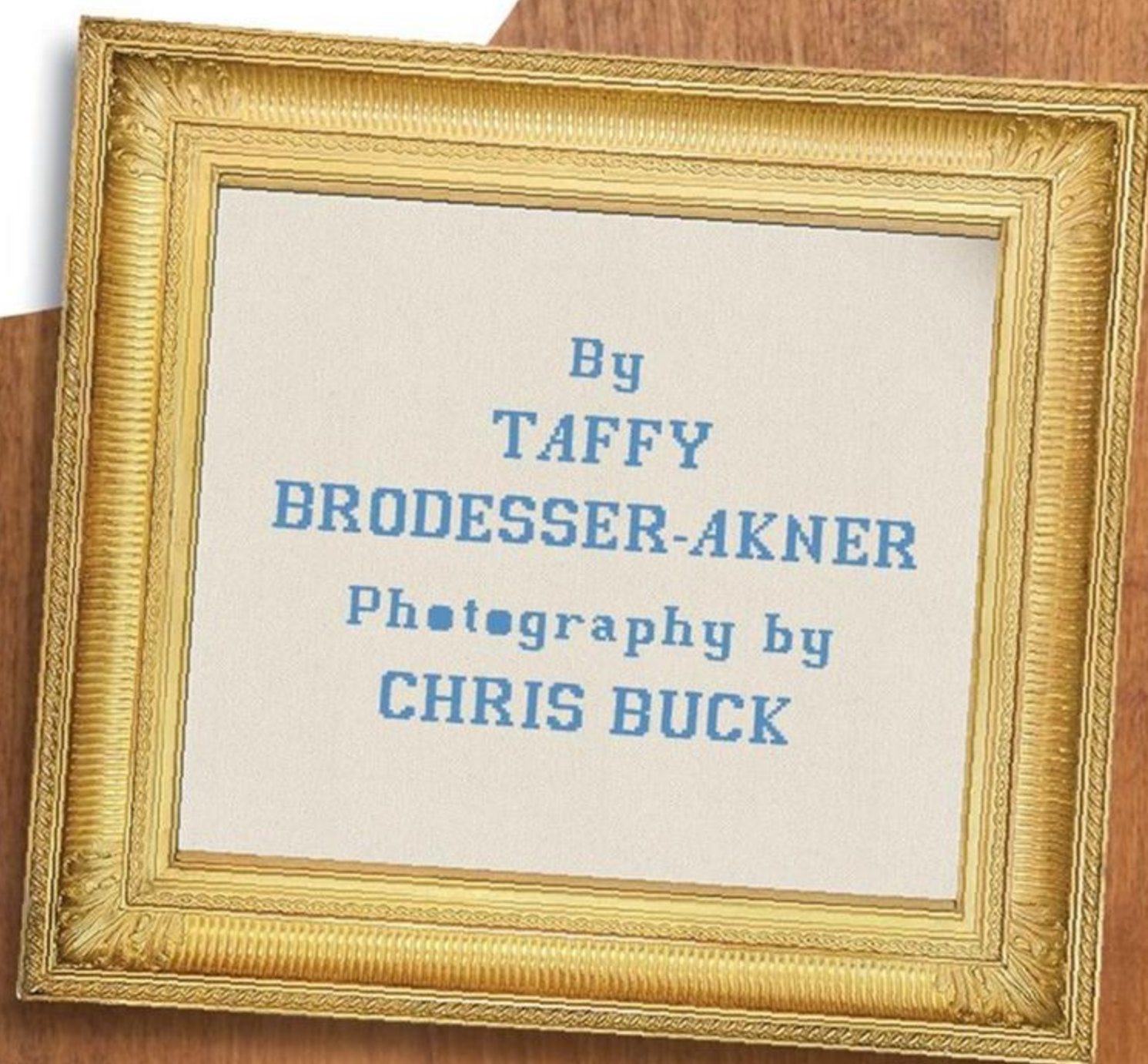
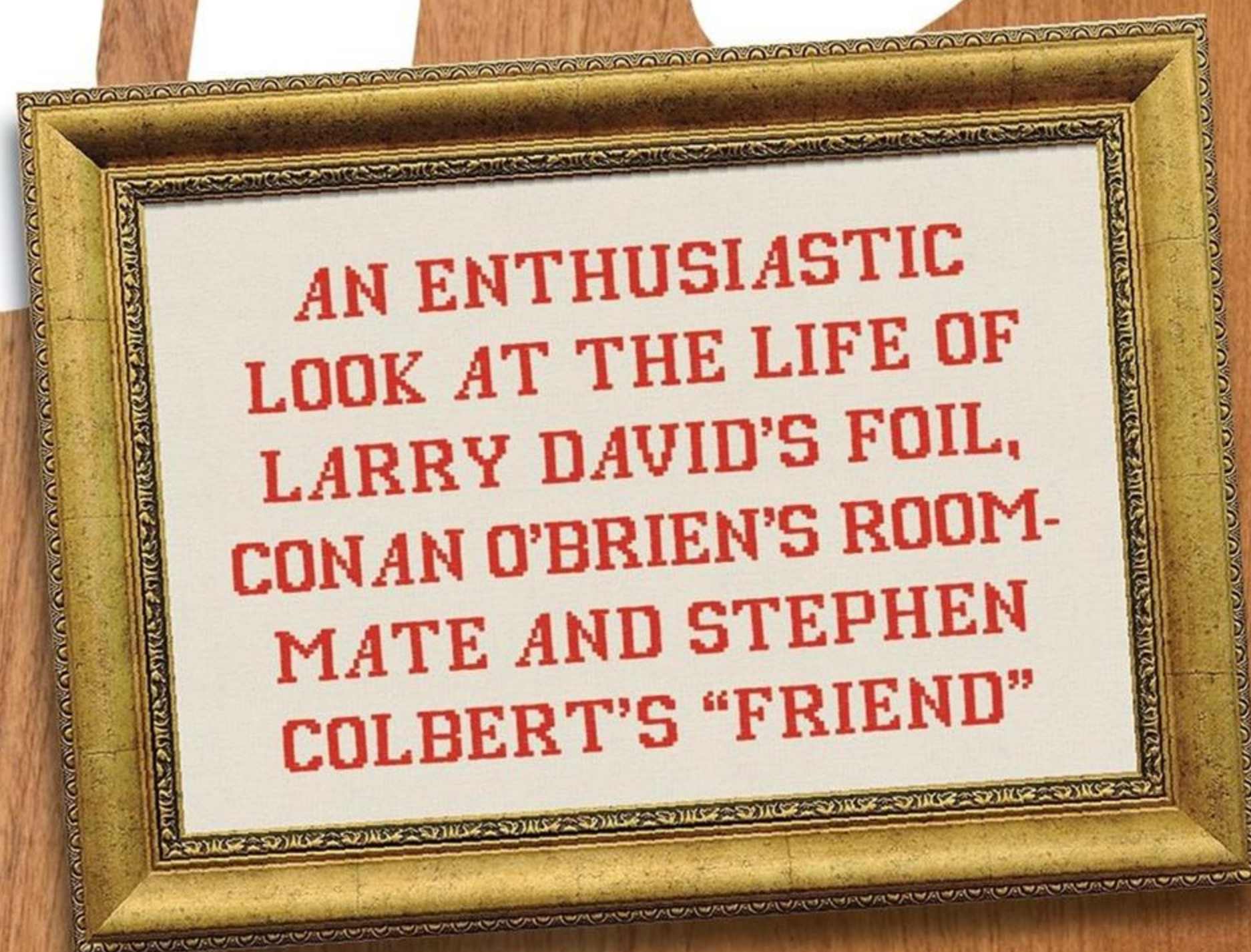
Mama," when talking to a patient's mother. He winks and pokes and joshes. "Yankees are sort of like hemorrhoids," he tells a Northern visitor. "If they go back up, they're okay. But if they go down and stay, they're a pain in the ass." He eats a plate of KFC during his lunch break. He pulls a battered black leather suitcase on wheels behind him, bulging with his files. He teases a Tennessee associate who tells him his university signed a quarterback also sought by Alabama by needling, "Who told you that Alabama wanted him? His mama?" He seems relaxed and affable. He makes you feel as if you have known him your entire life.

But you wonder: How did someone from the Louisiana backwoods—someone who began his practice as a physician in the flyspeck of Columbus, Georgia—become arguably the most important man in sports, the man expected to save careers and even entire franchises? Then again, once you know his story, you wonder if he would have become that important if he *hadn't* grown up in the small-town South.

The first thing you ought to know about James Andrews the practitioner is that athletes don't beat a path to Pensacola



# JEFF Garlin



## Q1

**PLAYBOY:** You're just starting the third season of *The Goldbergs*, which was a hit in a year when most freshman sitcoms were slaughtered. Why do you think this one survived?

**GARLIN:** I refuse to analyze that. [laughs] I don't want to figure that out. And by the way, I don't think I even know. I know the writing's good—I think it's a really good show—but I have no idea. I think it has to be that people feel good watching it. I can't figure out that. I don't try to figure out why I'm funny; I don't want to figure out anything. I don't want to figure out why we

# m



exist. I don't want to figure out why chocolate tastes good. It just does.

## Q2

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything you do want to figure out? Are there any mysteries of life you want to solve, or are you just content with all the information that's available?

**GARLIN:** At this point in my life I'm content with all the information that's available.

## Q3

**PLAYBOY:** There's nothing you wonder about?

**GARLIN:** I'd like to know a little bit more about the Kennedy assassination. That's about it.

## Q4

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any theories about it?

**GARLIN:** I have no theories. See, there you go. Even though I'd like to know, I'm not active in figuring it out.

## Q5

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think we're so fixated on the 1980s, the era in which *The Goldbergs* takes place?

**GARLIN:** Well, I think the 1970s and 1980s are very similar. We were goofy then.

I think America stopped being fun and goofy sometime around the 1990s.

## Q6

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you think that in the 2040s people will look back on today and think about us the way we think of the 1970s?

**GARLIN:** No. I don't see how they possibly could. We're just rehashing everything, so they'll look back at the 1970s and 1980s as the last original eras.

## Q7

**PLAYBOY:** You talk in your stand-up about how your wife might not actually be your soul mate because you don't think your soul mate would be as disappointed in you as she is. A lot of comedians say they fictionalize a version of their wives for their stand-up. Is your stand-up wife like your real wife?

**GARLIN:** Oh yeah, that's my wife. She's not my soul mate,

but I love her. I don't know if soul mates really exist. What is a soul mate? I don't even know what that means. My wife is my mate and she's soulful, so we'll leave it at that.

### Q8

**PLAYBOY:** You made some pretty impressive friends on your way up. When you were at Second City in Chicago you worked the ticket booth with a young upstart named Stephen Colbert, and you roomed with an unknown Conan O'Brien.

**GARLIN:** I have no anecdotes about Stephen at all. He was just a guy I liked. I discovered his brilliance only later on. I am not very close with Stephen Colbert. I've known him for a long time, and I adore him—I guess that's the best way to put it. We're strong acquaintances. I don't know how to even explain it.

### Q9

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe just friends?

**GARLIN:** I mean, I don't hang out with him. There should be a word in between *friend* and *acquaintance*.

### Q10

**PLAYBOY:** But you were close with Conan.

**GARLIN:** Conan was also an extraordinarily funny person to spend time with. But the idea that he would one day host a talk show, I never saw that. And what's ironic about

that is we used to have a fake talk show in our living room where he did a great George Takei—you know, Sulu on *Star Trek*. We did a show called *Great Wild Blue Yonder With Your Host George Takei*. He was George Takei and George Takei had two guests: me and Adam West, because I do a real good Adam West impression. And he would ask us questions. We'd do it almost every day. But I never thought he'd really be a talk-show host.

### Q11

**PLAYBOY:** You were one of just a couple of comedians who refused to go on Jay Leno's show after he took his spot back from Conan.

**GARLIN:** Looking back, it was kind of stupid of me, but Conan's my friend and I didn't like what they did to him. I just said, "I don't want to be part of this anymore."

### Q12

**PLAYBOY:** Were you worried about how it might hurt you?

**GARLIN:** Nope, nope, nope. It's not hard to take a stand like that. It's easier than people think. And I think the only two people who did it were me and Tom Hanks. But I gotta tell you, even if I had never done *The Tonight Show*, it wasn't going to affect my career.

### Q13

**PLAYBOY:** Were you sad to see David Letterman go?

**GARLIN:** Here's how sad I was: I couldn't watch any of the last two months of his

show. I couldn't watch, and I didn't. I didn't even watch the last show. I couldn't—he was one of the main reasons I became a comedian. I became a comedian when his 12:30 show had just started. I'm crazy proud of the fact that I did both stand-up and panel on his show. For me there's a great satisfaction in that, but it's still too painful to think about.

### Q14

**PLAYBOY:** You've said you suffer from anxiety and depression. You seem pretty laid-back. Do you get nervous before you go onstage?

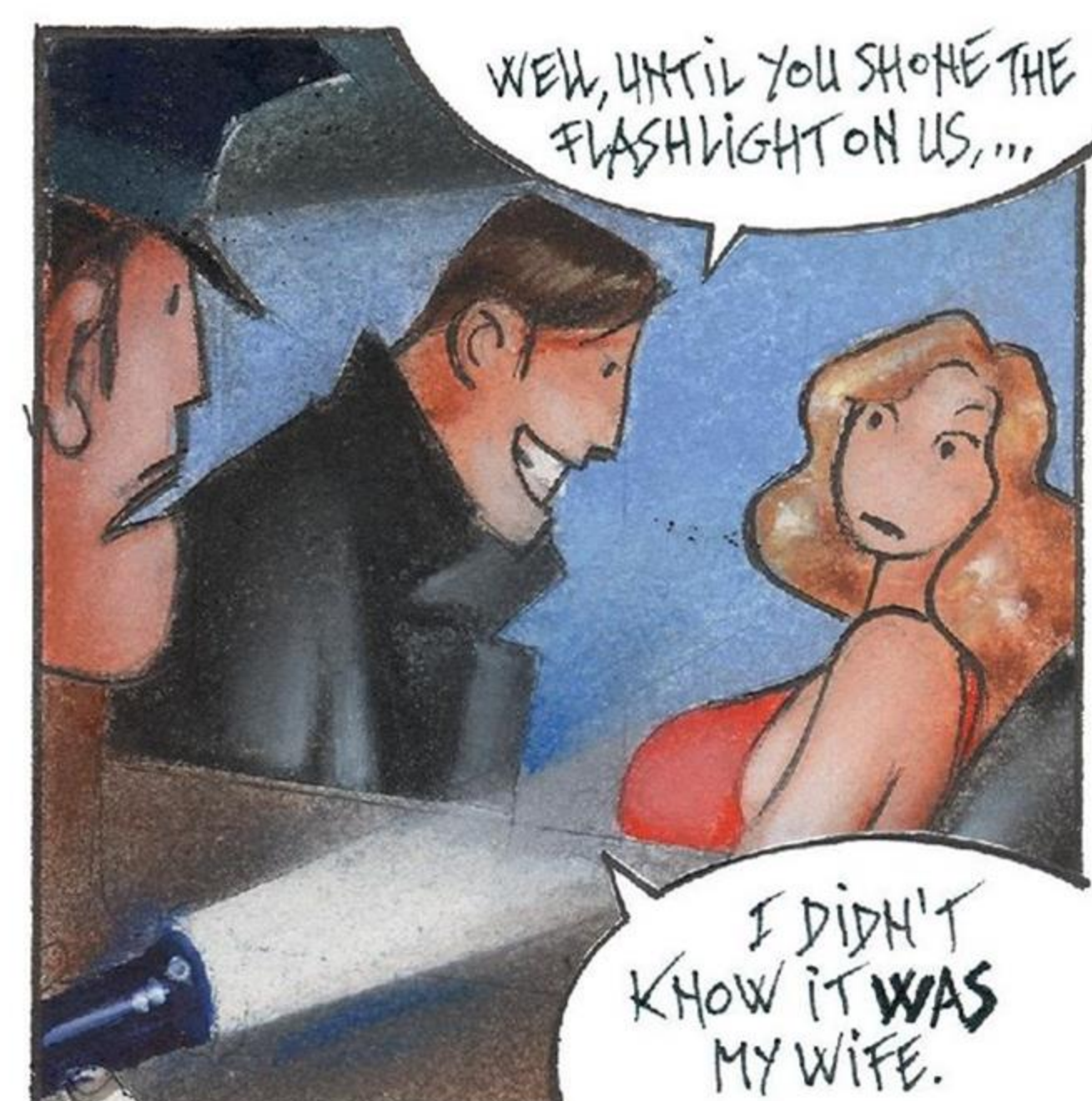
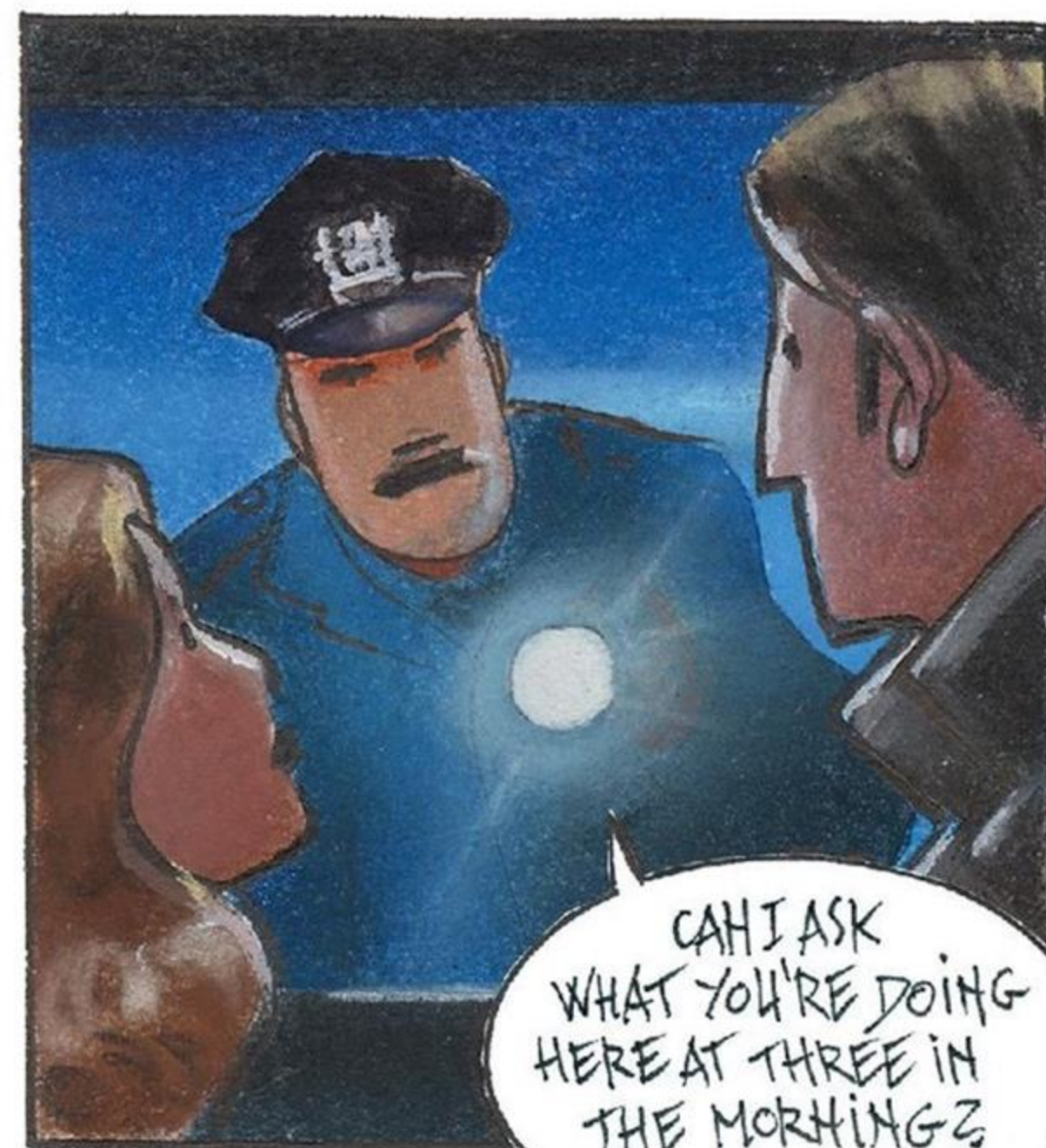
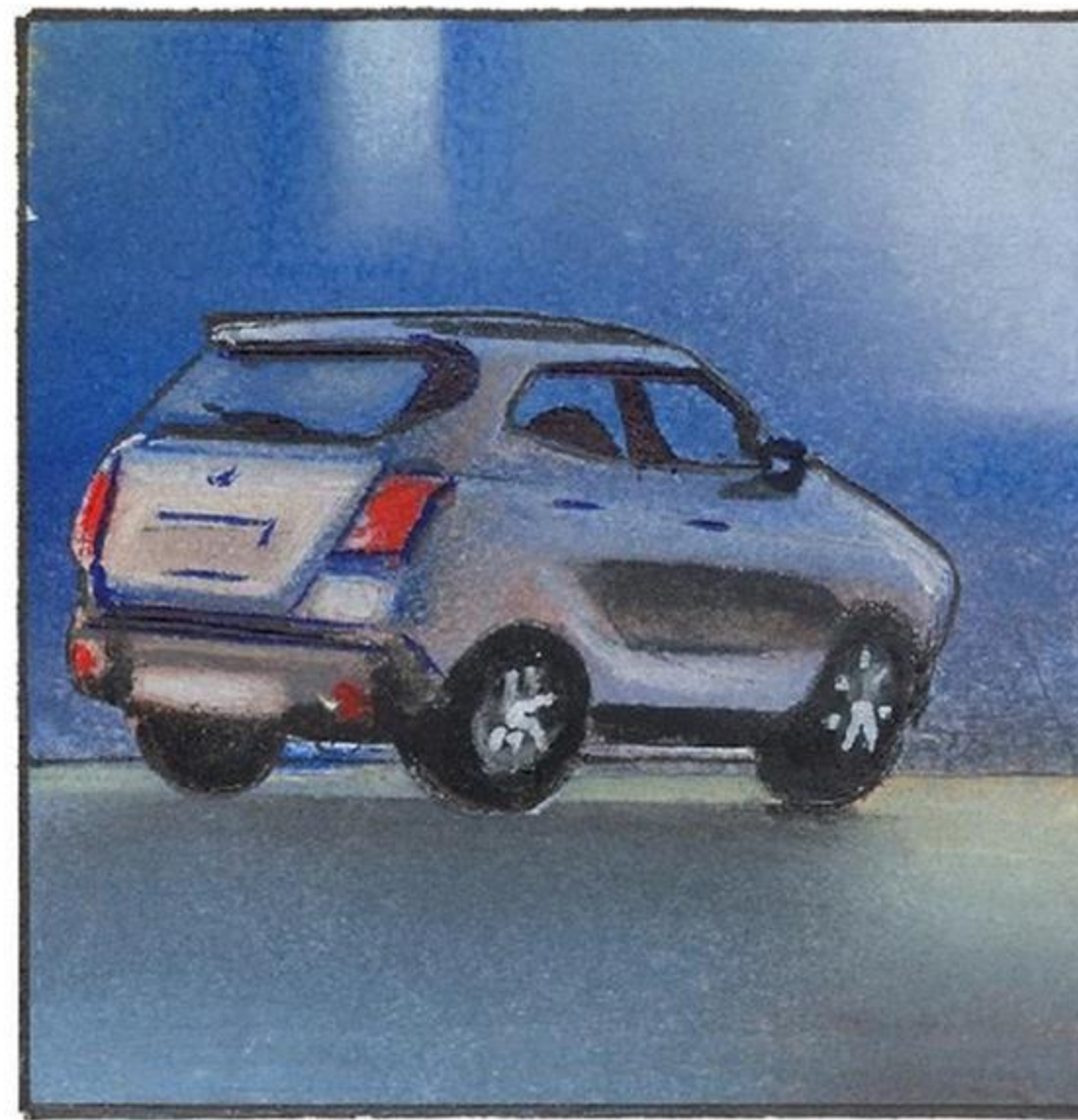
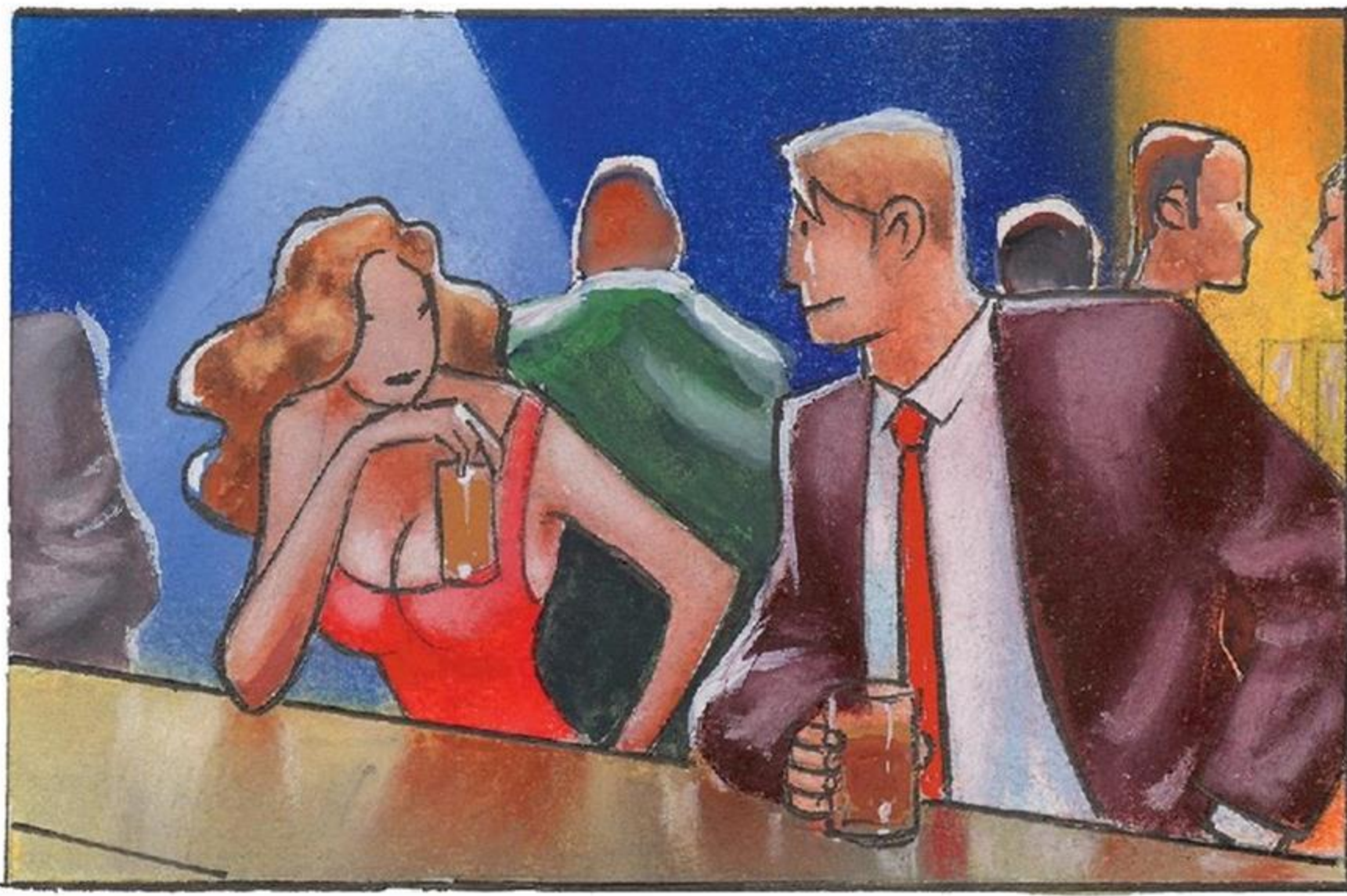
(continued on page 112)

“  
**I HAVE MORE ANXIETY ABOUT GOING TO BED AT NIGHT THAN I DO ABOUT GOING ONSTAGE.**  
”





# Love in the Dark



JUAN IVAREZ · JORCEG

**M**iss October Ana Cheri is a woman who wants to change you for the better. It's in her bones to help strangers become better versions of themselves, but unlike many self-described gurus, this radiantly sweet brunette has the know-how, the vibrancy and the fortitude to succeed in such a lofty endeavor.

An accomplished print model for almost a decade, the incredibly toned Ana has won multiple National Physique Committee titles (in the bikini division, of course). She owns a private-membership gym and is earning certification to be a personal trainer, and as a motivational speaker she has doled out advice on positive thinking and self-worth to crowds of hundreds, from Miami to Las Vegas.

If that's not enough, this rising media star makes it a point to dispense good vibes and lifestyle tips to her 3 million Instagram and Twitter followers every day. For the record, that's more followers than *Game of Thrones*'s Emilia Clarke or *Dancing With the Stars*'s Julianne Hough has, but celebrity status hasn't gone to Ana's head. She still converses with her fans, a personal touch long ago abandoned by many in the digital age.

"It's hugely satisfying when I see people accomplish their journeys, fitness or otherwise," she says. "When I know others are happy, it's a kind of gratification unlike any other. That's why I do what I do. I want a career where I can make people's lives better."

Next, Ana has her eyes on making it to the big screen as a fierce Scarlett-O'Hara-meets-Goldie-Hawn-type leading lady. As to why Ana chose to pose for *PLAYBOY*, she says, "I grew up thinking the women in *PLAYBOY* were so beautiful. I wanted to be them, and I'm a go-getter. This is me reminding the world that all women's bodies are beautiful. Appreciate them, love them and respect them."





Ma **Cherri**

Photography by  
**MICHAEL BERNARD**

*Miss October is already a star in her own right—and this fitness fiend wants to make you shine just as brightly*







MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*ana Chen*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ana Cheri

BUST: 34D WAIST: 25" HIPS: 38"

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: 125 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 05/16/86 BIRTHPLACE: Anaheim, California

AMBITIONS: To have my gym become so successful it runs itself, leaving me with more time to travel.

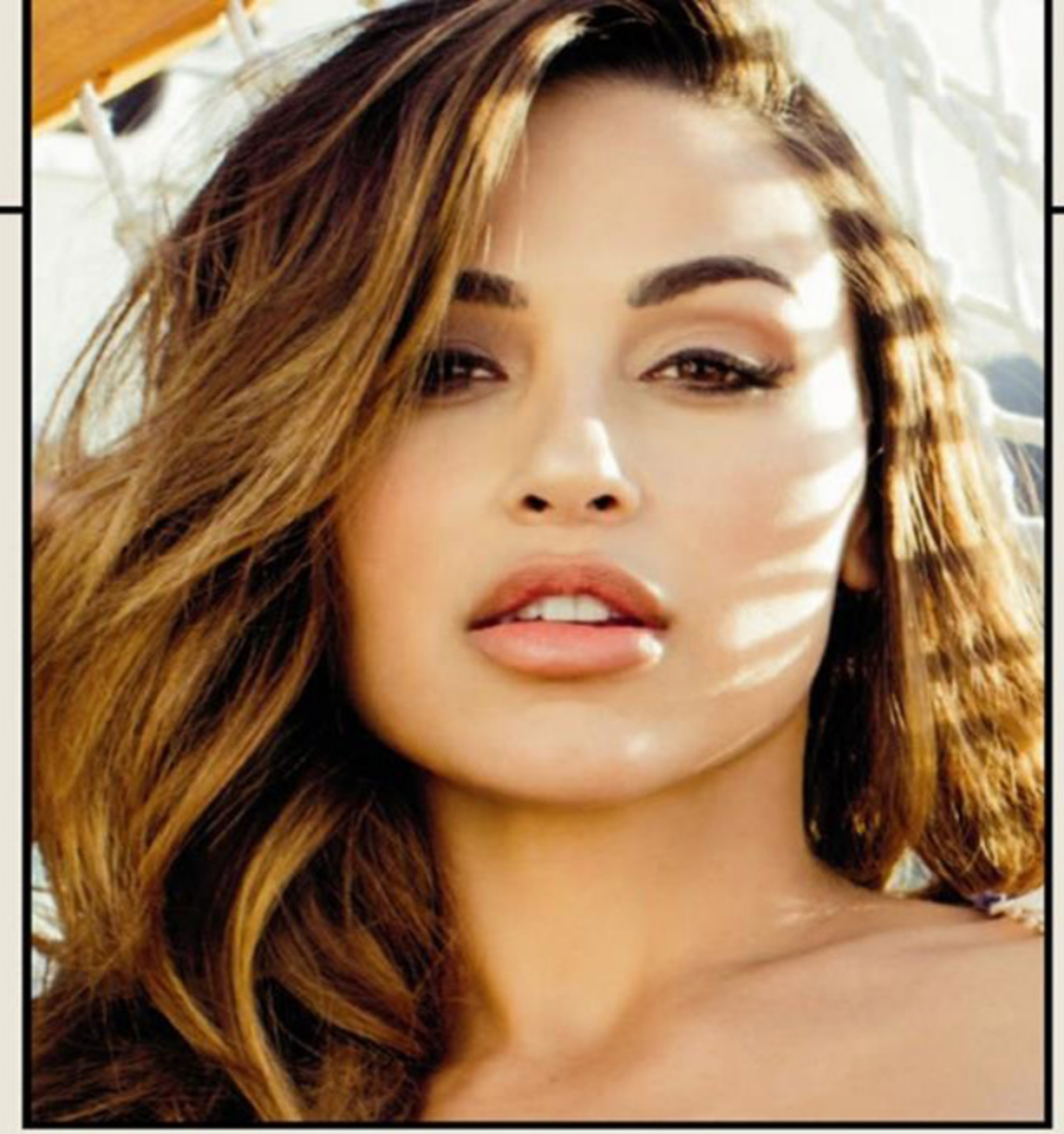
TURN-ONS: Put in a little extra effort for me.  
A spritz of cologne never goes unnoticed.

TURNOFFS: Bad manners in general: I will leave the table if you chew with your mouth open.  
Also, bragging about your sex life is tacky.

ADVICE FROM A GYM BUNNY: You have to start somewhere.  
If the gym seems intimidating, try an outdoor sport. Every little bit counts.

NERD ALERT: I love Halloween and everything sci-fi. Sailor Jupiter, Wonder Woman, Maria Hill - I've dressed as them all.

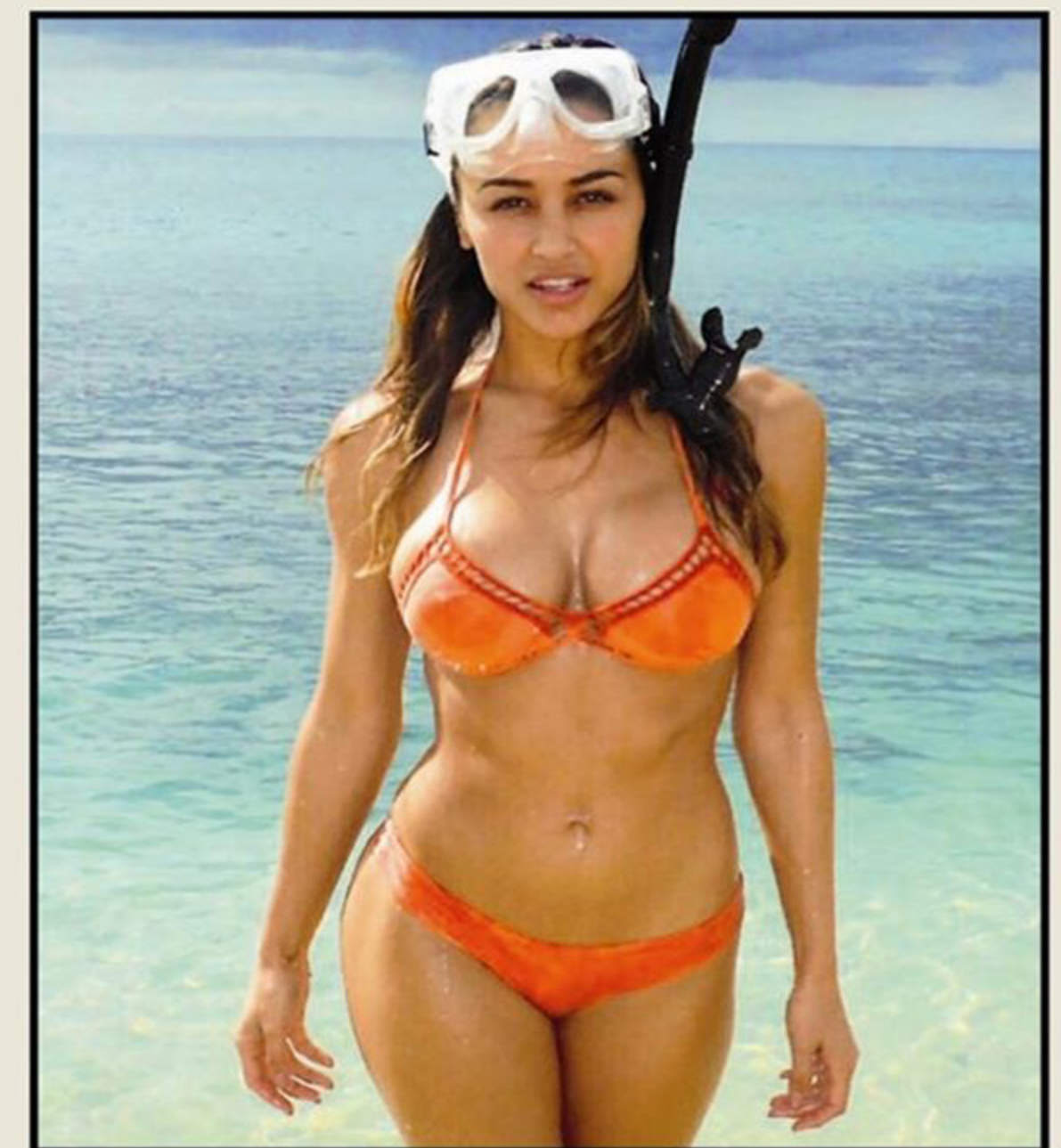
WHAT'S NEXT: I'm reviewing scripts now and searching for the right role for my big-screen debut.



A slice of heaven!



Balance is key to happiness.



Life is better in a bikini. ☺



HAIR BY JORGE SERRANO AT THE ONLY AGENCY; MAKEUP BY ERIN LEE SMITH AT ATELIER  
MANAGEMENT; WARDROBE BY LESLIE LESSIN AT BRYDGES MACKINNEY



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**D**uring the Republican presidential debate, Donald Trump was asked for his views on same-sex marriage. "I believe that marriage is a sacred bond," he said, "between a man and a woman he will replace in six years."

**H**ow do you say "Fuck you" in political speak?  
"Trust me."

**T**he younger generation is so tied to technology that the only time they experience the outdoors is when they're camped outside the Apple Store, waiting for the new iPhone.

**W**hat's the easiest way to brainwash politicians?  
Give them enemas.



**A**fter a woman gave birth to her baby, her doctor stood solemnly at her bedside. "I have something I must tell you," he said.

"What's wrong?" the alarmed mother asked.

"Your newborn is a hermaphrodite," replied the doctor.

"What's that?" asked the mother.

"It means your baby has both male and female parts," the doctor said.

"Oh my God, that's wonderful!" the woman exclaimed. "You mean it has a penis and a brain?"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *blow job* as a "great head start to intercourse."

**A** woman accidentally crashed her car into a van because she was using a vibrator while driving. She is said to be in "stable and extremely relaxed" condition. The driver of the van said he never saw her coming.

**D**on't you hate those spam e-mails that try to sell you penis enhancers?" a guy remarked to his co-worker.

"Definitely," the co-worker said. "I've asked my wife to stop forwarding them to me."

**A** man was having trouble performing in bed. "Oh, don't worry. It happens to a lot of guys," his girlfriend assured him.

He spat back, "First of all, who are these other guys? And secondly, if it's happening to more than one of us, don't you think it could be your fault?"

**S**urprise sex is ideal to wake up to, unless you're in prison.

**A** mother superior told two new nuns that they had to paint their room without getting their habits dirty. One nun said to the other, "Hey, let's take off all our clothes, fold them up and lock the door." The other agreed, so they disrobed and began to paint the room.

Soon they heard a knock at the door. "Who is it?" one of the nuns asked.

"Blind man!" the voice said.

The two looked at each other. "He's blind," one of them pointed out. "He can't see. What could it hurt?" They opened the door and let him into the room.

The man entered and said, "Hey, nice tits! Where do you want me to hang these blinds?"

**A** lawyer's son wanted to follow in his father's footsteps. He went to law school, graduated with honors and joined his father's firm. At the end of his first day there, he ran excitedly into his father's office. "Guess what," he exclaimed. "On my first day I've settled that accident case you've been working on for the past four years."

"You idiot!" said the father. "What do you think paid your way through law school?"



*Shelby Neiman*

**A**fter undergoing a surgical procedure, a patient said to the recovery room nurse, "During the operation I heard the surgeon use a four-letter word that upset me."

"Can you tell me which word so I can include it in my report?" asked the nurse.

The patient replied, "Oops!"

**A** husband and wife were sitting in their living room when the husband suddenly said, "Honey, just so you know, I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent on some machine and fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens, just pull the plug."

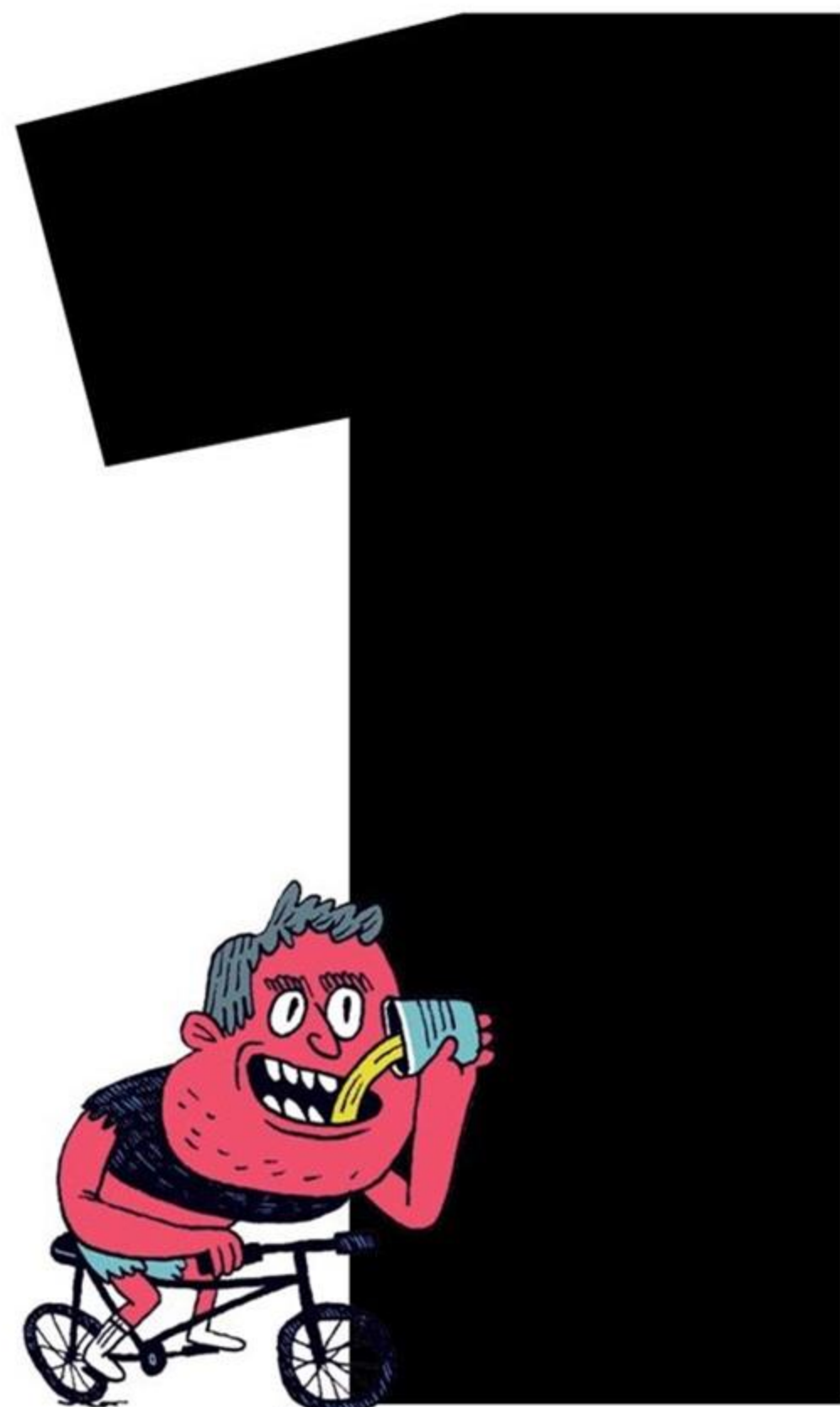
She got up, unplugged the television and threw out all his beer.

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



*"When I'm depressed, I shop. When I'm happy, I shop. When I'm angry, I shop.  
But when I'm horny, I still screw."*





## OHIO UNIVERSITY

➔ Sorry, Miami University, but OU's year-round antics are hard to trump. Athens is home to one of the country's largest Halloween block parties—a drunken fete so epic it attracts such sponsors as the infamous caffeinated alcohol Four Loko. Court Street, which connects the campus to Athens's dining district, is a barhopper's dream: The tiny half-mile stretch boasts 18 bars. And thanks to statewide decriminalization of marijuana possession, students frequently toke up at the appropriately named Bong Hill. The debauchery escalates further at #Fest, OU's take on Electric Daisy Carnival, where students double-fist Solo cups while bouncing to the sounds of Diplo, Wiz Khalifa and Kendrick Lamar.



#

2

## UNIVERSITY of IOWA

► When the 2014 Princeton Review knocked the University of Iowa from the number one party slot, students

set their sights on reclaiming the throne. The biggest enablers have always been Iowa City's bars, which grant entry to anyone 19 and over—but only until 10 P.M. Then, last year the Union Bar, home of the stickiest floor in the

Midwest, found a legal loophole: If an establishment declares itself an "entertainment venue," all ages are welcome until closing time. The resulting evidence of the Union's Halloween bash is enough to make a PLAYBOY editor blush.



## TULANE UNIVERSITY

If anybody knows how to party, it's the city of New Orleans. When most colleges are cracking down, Tulane continues to rise above the rest. Why? Because it has a 140-year-old off-campus party that's still thriving, and we don't see any signs that it's slowing down. We're talking about Mardi Gras, but even in the off-season, you'll find spirited students strolling the French Quarter, where a notorious open-container policy allows shenanigans to happen year-round. And to that we say, *laissez les bons temps rouler*.

## FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY

➔ The Seminoles have one of the nation's top football teams, the hottest sorority girls and the craziest spring breaks. Maybe it's all

been said before about the beaches and bikinis, but FSU students throw it down hard in Tallahassee. Booze is plentiful and cheap, with specials every night. At the beloved Bullwinkle's Saloon, a Thirsty Moose Card purchased each semester offers bottomless drinks four nights a week—you know, for the frugal college student.



**BUZZ-WORTHY  
OR BUZZKILL?  
OUR COLLEGE  
LIKES AND  
DISLIKES**



**Ask Me About My Beard**

► Dudes at the University of Michigan grew out their stubble as part of a campus-wide No Shave November campaign to get students talking about sexual consent.

**Kinky Trojans**

► USC launched a student-run BDSM club that aims to create a safe space for discussing kinks and fetishes.

**What What (in the Butt)**

► As part of its annual Sex Week, Harvard offered instruction on the dos and don'ts of entering through the back door.



**I'm Shmacked**

► The online series, which exploits over-the-top college carousing for YouTube views and ad dollars, perpetuates unsafe partying standards and instigates police crackdowns on campuses across the nation.

**Tasteless Beer**

► A Pennsylvania brewery released a lager honoring the NCAA's winningest coach, Joe Paterno, with his face featured on the can. Although proceeds go to charity, paying tribute to a man who helped cover up a sex-abuse scandal is unpalatable.

**Time for Deportation**

► The Fiji fraternity at the University of Texas threw a Border Patrol party, which somehow did not violate university rules.



**5**

**UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS**

➔ Like Iowa, Illinois offers a similar platter of partying (gargantuan Greek life; legal bar entry at 19) with some extra cultural perks. The Pygmalion Festival has a music lineup (Run the Jewels, Zola Jesus, Tune-Yards) that rivals SXSW, and bars such as the Highdive and the Canopy Club host the best acts that swing through Chicago. But come March, all hell breaks loose for Unofficial Saint Patrick's Day, when thousands of students skip class to start drinking at dawn—and the streets are dyed green with vomit.



**6**

**UNIVERSITY of TEXAS**

We all know about Austin's Dirty Sixth, the thoroughfare that gets overtaken by soused SXSW attendees every year. While Sixth Street is still the standby for the young and rowdy, Rainey Street is the go-to for upperclassmen. You'll find UT's finest along a row of historic homes now converted into the city's coolest bars and cocktail lounges. Still not convinced that Texas does it best? Longhorns can legally go topless in public. Austin: the right to bear arms and the right to bare it all.



**#**

**7**

**SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY**

► Last year, after the Princeton Review named Syracuse its preeminent party school, university

officials cracked down and banned carousing at Castle Court, a popular parking-lot party spot. But that only inspired Orange-bloods to rebel with a cause. Music events such as Mayfest and Juice Jam

ballooned, school spirit kept Carrier Dome packed, coeds chugged free beer at Faegan's Pub and Phi Psi's "Heaven and Hell" party remained the most exclusive ticket in town on Halloween.

# # 8

## UNIVERSITY of WISCONSIN

► When it comes to Madison, we'll say it again: Beer, cheese and frigid climes equal a good time. On Football Saturdays, Breese Terrace transforms into house-party central, and the beer gardens on Regent Street are packed with Badgers fans. Although the Mifflin Street Block Party lost city sponsorship in 2013, students are keeping the 46-year-old tradition alive. And new traditions are forming: The two-year-old Revelry Music and Arts Festival helps keep the party options plentiful.



# 9

## UNIVERSITY of MISSISSIPPI

➔ Tradition is a beautiful thing at Ole Miss, where tailgating is a buffet of smoking-hot belles and plenty of booze. But this isn't your average pre-gaming party. Oxford is where Southern hospitality reigns, with bountiful spreads fit for

a king. After the game, there are always huge house parties on Frat Row, and when the weather heats up, the pool parties kick into high gear. Just last year a drone captured Sigma Nu's annual Woodstock blowout, helping to coin the phrase *frat cam*.

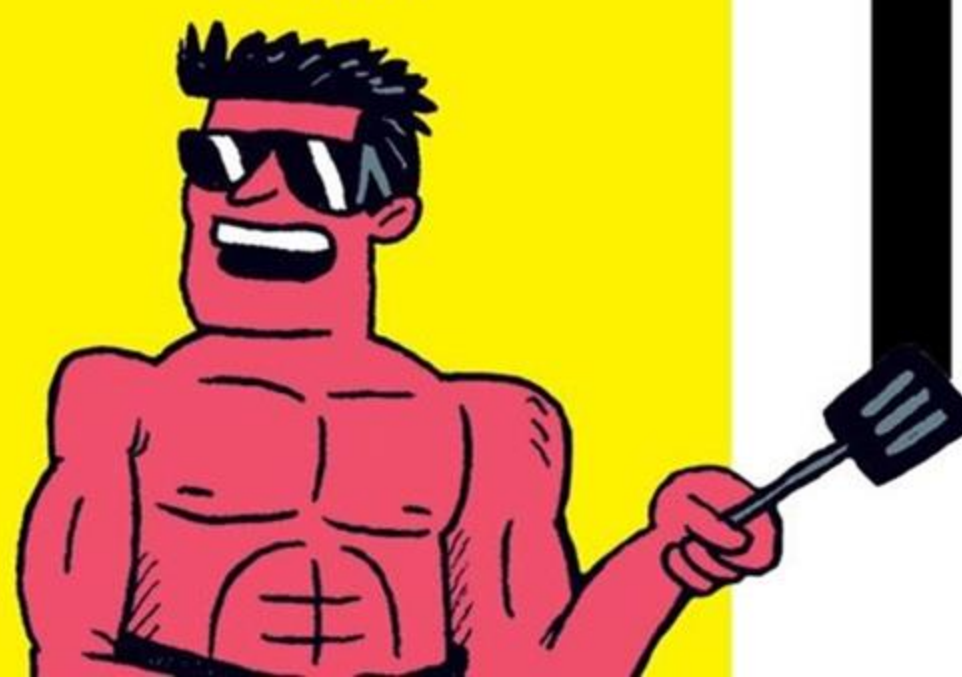
# 10

## UNIVERSITY of MICHIGAN

Oh, "the Michigan difference."

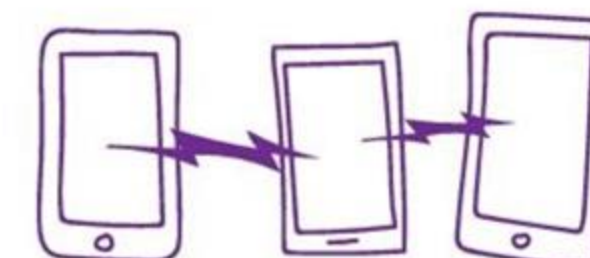
The haughty catchphrase works because it's true: Wolverines study hard and party harder. At "the Pit," a shared backyard between frat houses and an epicenter for Saturday-morning tailgating, students get advanced degrees in Wolverine superiority, still going strong almost 20 years after its last football championship. House parties abound in Ann Arbor; if one gets shut down, students roll the kegs to the party down the street.

Win or lose, Michiganders still booze.



## SOCIAL STRATEGY

Apps are rapidly transforming the social scene on college campuses. Want to become a party god? Post a sensational video. Looking for love—for tonight? Swipe right. Here are three apps that are blowing up on quads across the country.



### Snapchat

► This four-year-old video-messaging app exploded on campuses last year with reckless abandon, starring bongos, boobs and mysterious white powders. Many accounts were shut down.



### Friendsy

► Remember when Facebook was exclusive and sort of cool, before your great-aunt Agnes could join? This hookup app, which launched in March on 1,600 campuses, is available only to college students.



### Yik Yak

► Schoolyard bullying gets an advanced degree: This location-based app allows users to anonymously post messages—and up- or down-vote them—prompting some colleges to try to ban its use.

# MY FEET ARE FIRE

A CASE OF MISTAKEN  
IDENTITY MAKES  
MISCHIEF FOR DUNCAN  
ON HIS BIG NIGHT OUT

Fiction by **DONNIE WATSON**  
Georgia Regents University

Illustration by **AMANDA MOECKEL**  
School of Visual Arts

**D**uncan shifted uncomfortably on his bar stool, nodding his head awkwardly to the music, unable to find the beat. The club was too loud and brimming with hipsters, frat packs, woo girls, punks and hip-hoppers, anyone looking to take the edge off. Most of the patrons sitting at the bar were viewing the game on the overhead TV, but Duncan faced the dance floor, watching all the ways that women moved like oceans. What the guys were doing—hopping up and down, flinging their crotches—he didn't really get.

He imagined himself out there. The crowd on the dance floor would slowly part and his body would sway and someone would swear that music was invented just for him. Maybe after he danced with a girl he'd ask her to an all-night diner, tell her about his life, how silly he had felt going to a bar just to meet someone but he was glad that he did because he'd met her.

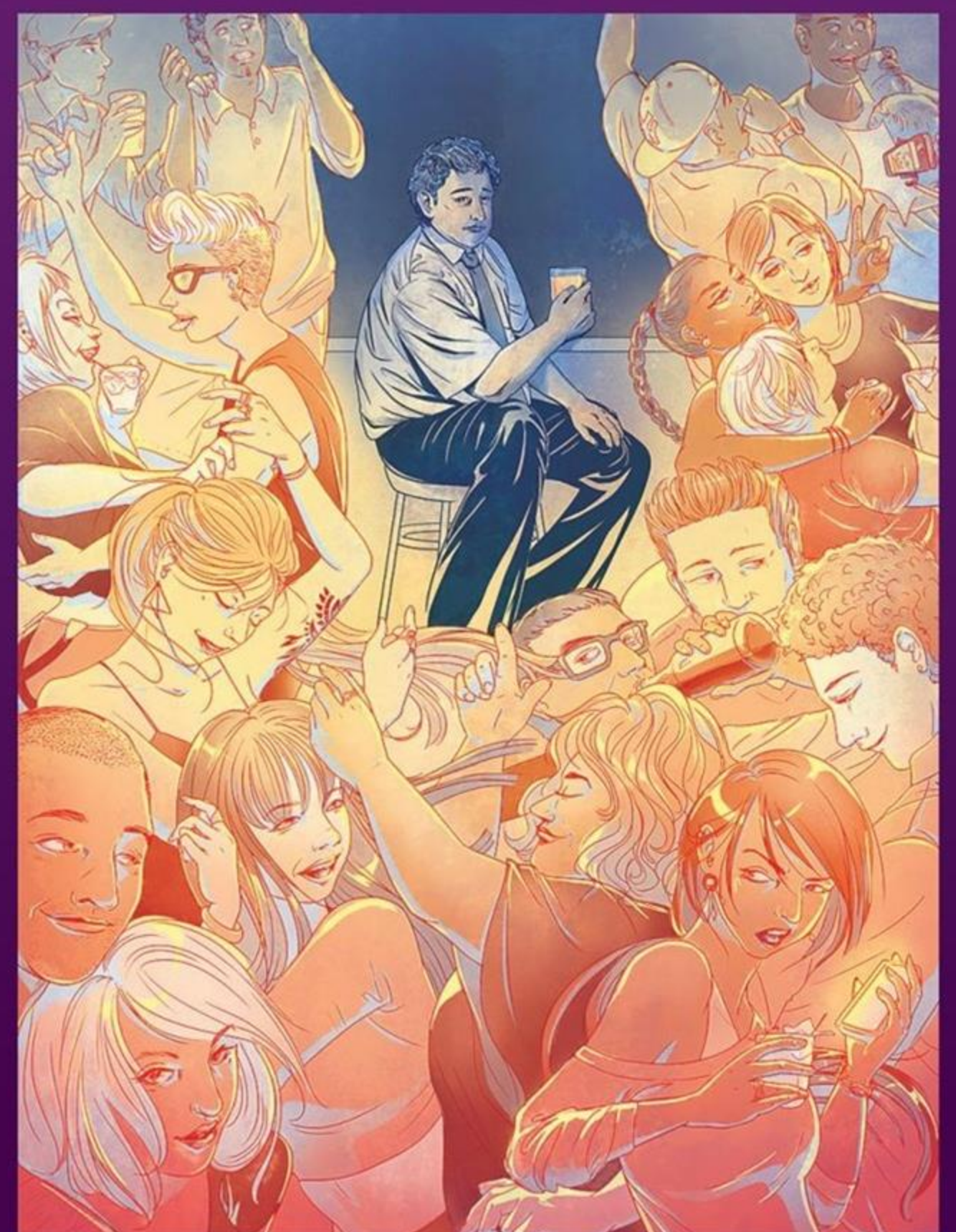
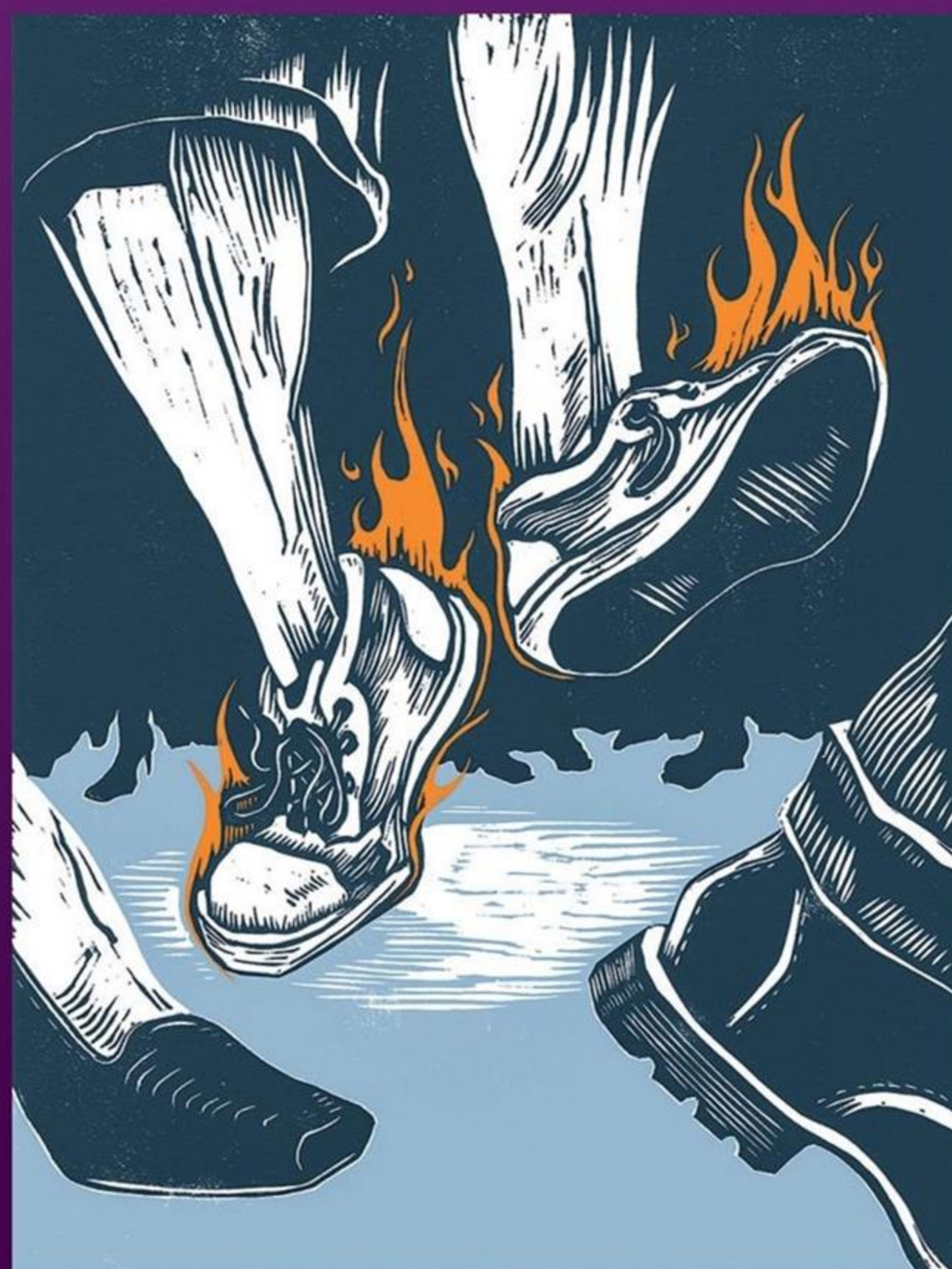
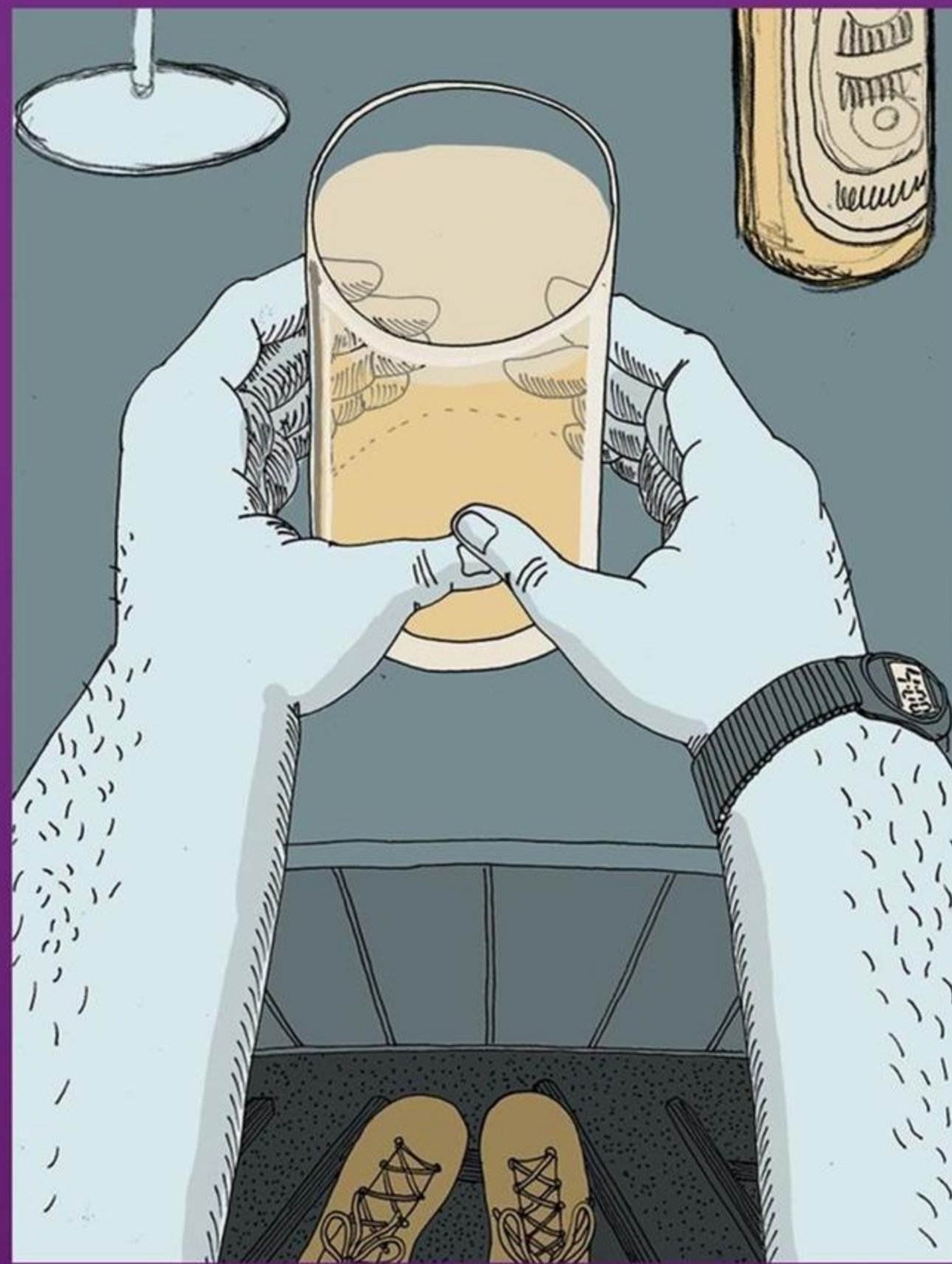
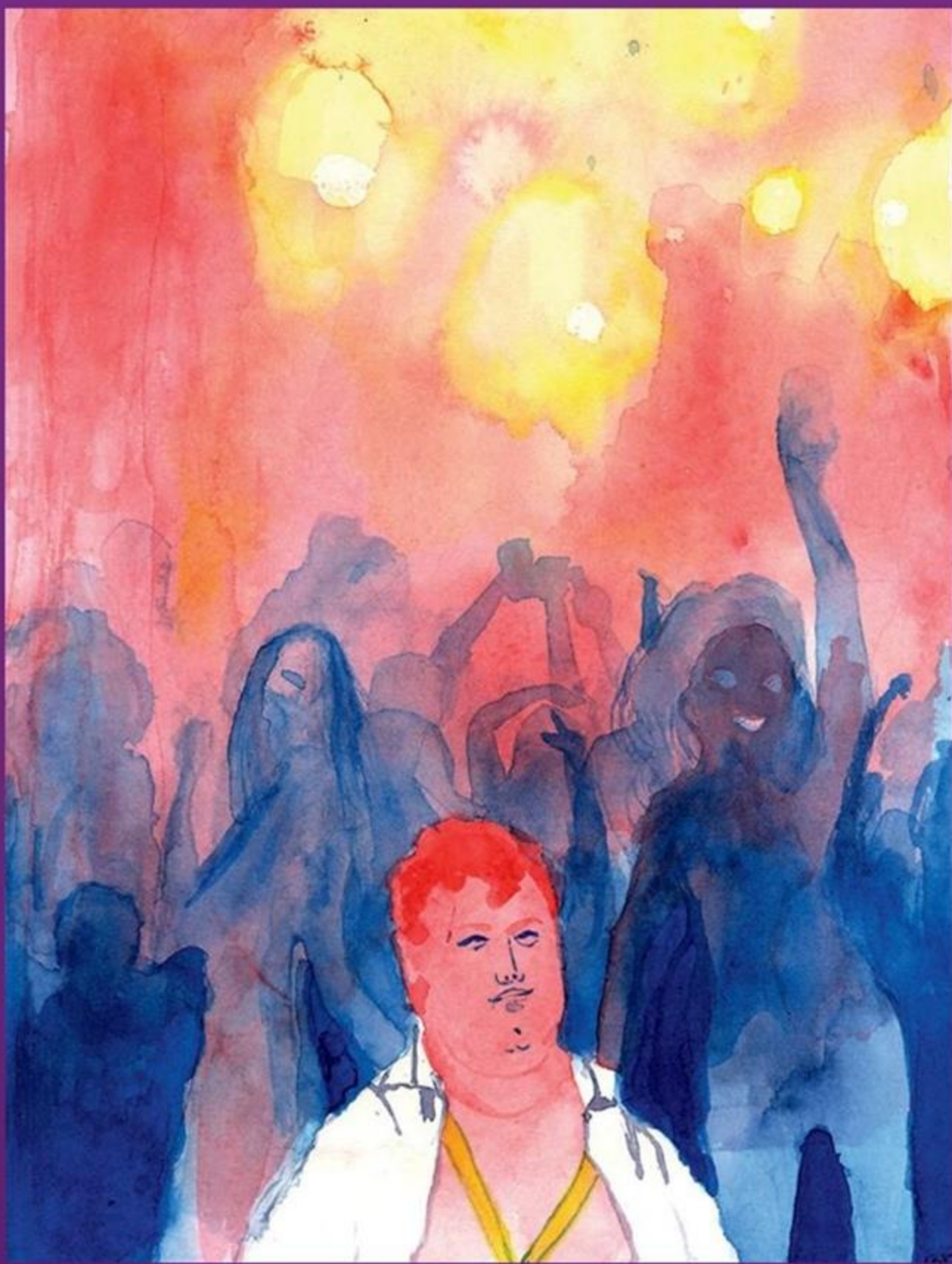
Duncan gulped his whiskey and hacked like he'd

eaten fire. He tried to work up the nerve to brave the dance floor, but every time he came close he felt with shame the tightness of his black slacks around his gut, fat spilling over the waistband. He pushed his index finger into the soft of his love handles.

Tonight, he reminded himself, he was supposed to be somebody. It was why he wasn't gaming at home. It was why he wasn't in cargo shorts and a Marvel Comics T-shirt. It was why he looked up "How to tie a tie" on YouTube. It was why he did sit-ups that morning. Duncan stood, straightened his tie like he'd seen suave guys do in movies and walked to the dance floor. It was slick from spilled drinks, and just as he reached the center, ready to let it all go, his feet slid out from under him and he fell to the wet ground. Looking up, he could see several people had stopped dancing and were staring at him, laughing. One man was pointing and jumping up and down like a child at a zoo. Duncan staggered to his feet and scurried to the men's







For the past 29 years, students have competed for the honor of winning PLAYBOY's College Fiction Contest. This year, Donnie Watson of Georgia Regents University wins for his story *My Feet Are Fire*. Students of Marshall Arisman at the School of Visual Arts in New York also compete to illustrate the fiction. Amanda Moeckel's winning entry is shown on the preceding page. Above, clockwise from top left, are illustrations by runners-up Chioma Ebinama, Chris Bonnell, Jeff Lowry, S.Y. Lee, Steve Cup and Karina Shor.

room, accidentally knocking into people, mumbling apologies along his path.

Racial slurs and blow-job promises tattooed the bathroom walls in black marker. It looked and smelled like someone had pissed in the sink. Duncan frowned at himself in the cracked mirror, his shirt damp and streaked with filth from the floor. He hunched beneath the hand dryer connected to the wall and poked at his belly fat. Suddenly the bathroom door flew open. Duncan flinched as a guy wearing black jeans and a tattered sleeveless shirt kicked the door wide and strode in. Colorful tattoos spiraled around his arms and his hair was dirty and wild. He was wailing A-ha's "Take On Me" while swaying left and right.

The door-kicker cocked his head and

pointed at Duncan in the mirror. Duncan froze.

"You!" the guy yelled, storming toward him.

"What?" Duncan asked, raising his hands defensively.

The stranger wrapped Duncan in a bear hug and shouted, "Preston! Preston fucking Myers! Holy shit!"

"That's not my—"

"It's me! Ritchie! Fuck, man. What's it been? Sixth grade?"

Duncan stepped back, quickly scanning Ritchie. He was certain they'd never met. Ritchie had a look on his face like he was ready to eat the world and ask for seconds. He seemed feral and yet somehow holy, like an apocalyptic horseman. Ritchie seemed free.

"Yeah, man. Sixth grade at least," Duncan said, scratching his head.

"Shit, that's gotta be 15 years or so. You moved, right? What are you doing back in town?"

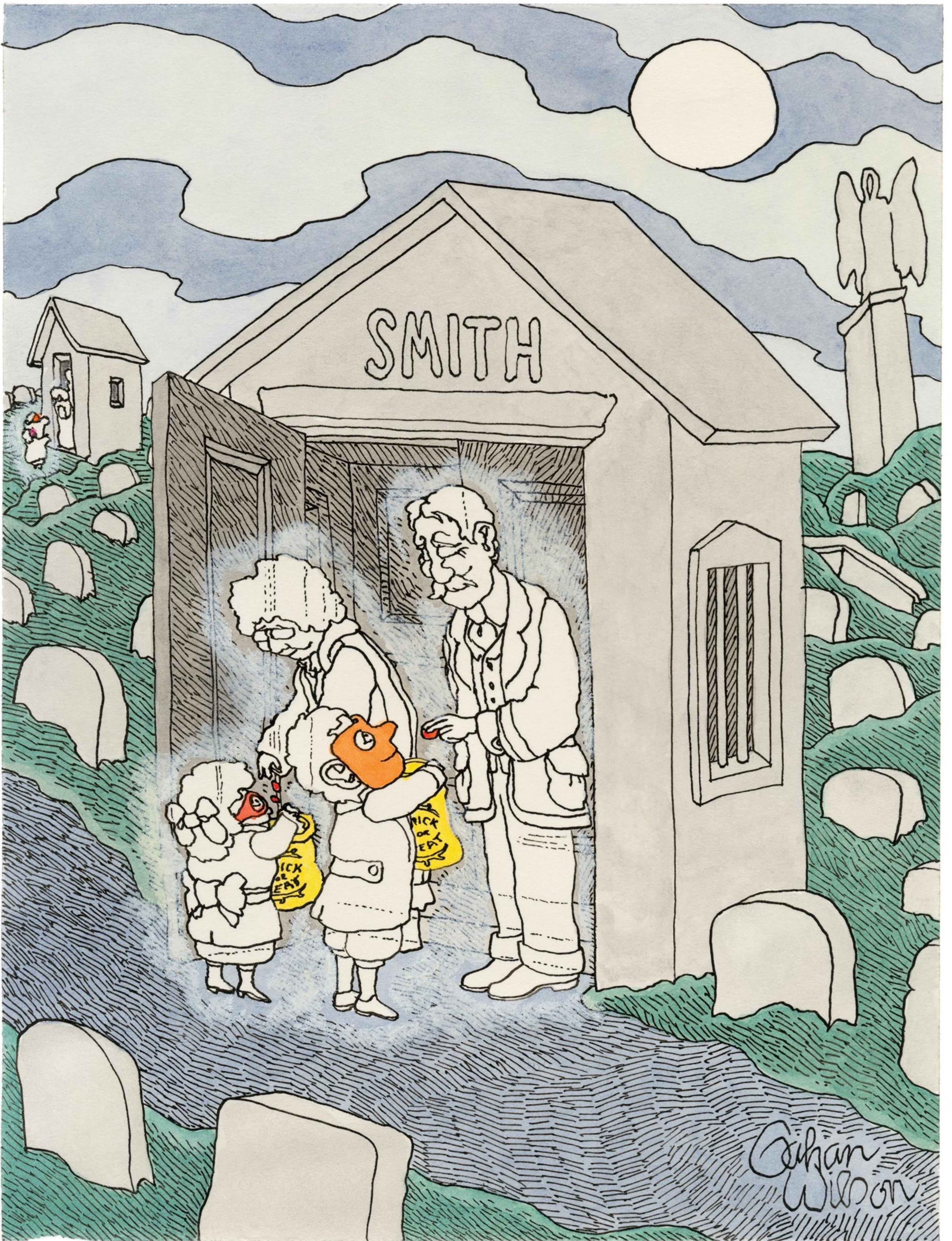
"Relatives."

"You alone tonight?"

"Yeah, all my boys already left." Duncan winced as he said it. It was the first time he'd ever said "my boys" and he debated its taste like a first cigarette.

"Their loss. You're rollin' with us tonight," Ritchie said as he stepped to the urinal.

He swung his hips back and forth, causing himself to shoot past the porcelain. His piss slid down the wall like raindrops on a car window. Unconcerned, Ritchie went back to singing (continued on page 106)



*GIRLS OF THE*

**BIG**

**THERE ARE ONLY 10 SCHOOLS IN THE BIG 12 CONFERENCE, BUT WITH A STRAIGHT-A CLASS OF COEDS THIS GOOD-LOOKING, WHO'S COUNTING? TAKE A BREAK FROM THE BOOKS AND MEET THE 2015 HONOR ROLL**



**12**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
*JARED RYDER***



TEXAS TECH

*Sabrina  
Lynn  
(opposite)*



WEST  
VIRGINIA  
UNIVERSITY

*Abrie  
(this page)*





OKLAHOMA  
STATE  
UNIVERSITY  
*Nicole Rose*



UNIVERSITY  
OF TEXAS  
*Jamie C.*  
*(above)*



BAYLOR  
UNIVERSITY  
*Jacquelin*  
*Taylor*  
*(left)*



IOWA STATE  
UNIVERSITY

*Elsa Day*





KANSAS  
STATE  
UNIVERSITY  
*Alyssa Michele*



UNIVERSITY  
OF OKLAHOMA

*Rachel  
Baranosa*

# KU

TCU

TEXAS  
CHRISTIAN

*Kayla Elizabeth  
(far left)*



UNIVERSITY OF  
KANSAS

*Sarah Elizabeth  
(left)*





GG

12



PROMOTION

 **PLAYBOY**  
 COLLEGE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP  
 PRESENTED BY *FanDuel*

# \$500,000

- The total prize pool the finalists will be competing for a share of, including **\$100,000** for first place.



# 6+

- Levels of entry fees that allow players to choose their level of competition.



- The minimum buy-in necessary to field your best team every Saturday in the Playboy College Football Championship.

# 70

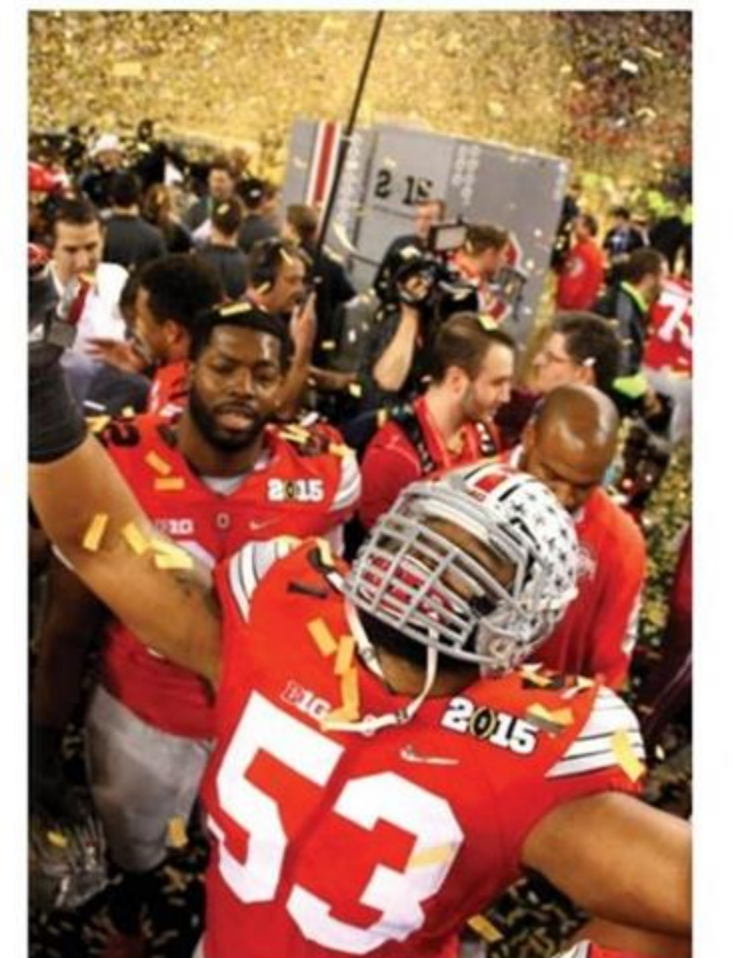
finalists will earn the opportunity to match football wits for the live championship November 21 at the iconic Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles.



- The jersey number of preseason Heisman Trophy favorite, TCU quarterback Trevone Boykin.

# 1

- The preseason ranking of defending national champion Ohio State.



# 2,587

- The number of rushing yards tallied by Wisconsin's Melvin Gordon to lead the nation in 2014.

# 100

- The percentage of finalists who will win cash at the Playboy Mansion live finale.



# 13.8

points per game given up by the Ole Miss defense to lead the nation in 2014.

# #LIVETHEFANTASY

[www.fanduel.com/playboy-college](http://www.fanduel.com/playboy-college)

Only U.S. and Canadian residents who comply with FanDuel's eligibility rules for paid entry games and are 18 years of age or older are eligible to participate. Residents of Arizona, Iowa, Louisiana, Montana and Washington are not eligible to compete.  
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## JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

*Continued from page 48*

connections are ludicrous. [laughs] But sometimes they're great. You're like, Oh shit, I might not have thought of that, and it actually makes sense in the morning.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a connoisseur? Do you know your Afghan Sour Kush from your Banana Candy?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I don't pay attention to the strains that much, but I know they say sativa is more up and indica is more down. I don't like the sleepy ones. I never get that, so I always buy sativa. Even though the tide is turning, I think marijuana is overly demonized in our culture. I do know people who let it get out of control and let it play a part in their lives that's not beneficial. There's definitely an addictive quality, but it's psychological. It's not physically addictive in the way cigarettes or alcohol are physically addictive.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you smoke when you're making movies?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** No. It's illegal to smoke on sets because of insurance companies and stuff. And during breaks when I was shooting *Snowden*, for instance, I did it rarely. But I smoked with Oliver Stone a few times, which was awesome.

**PLAYBOY:** Wow. What was that like?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** The experience you have when you're smoking weed is so determined by the context and who is around you, which is why I don't like smoking in large social settings. But with Oliver it was really nice because most of the time we were in this kind of high-stakes situation of working, and when we were smoking, we just smoked and watched a couple of movies a few times. We watched *Paths of Glory*, the Kubrick movie, and we watched *Grand Hotel*, with Barrymore and Garbo. Oliver's a hilarious, fascinating dude—incredibly smart and good to hang out with. But he's also very direct. He's not afraid to challenge you, both at work and in social settings. He'll say shit people don't say. If I laughed at something while we were watching a movie, he would be like, "Why are you laughing?" Then you have to think about it for a second and say, "Well, I think maybe I identify with Greta Garbo's sick ballerina character in some manner." He's always kind of nudging you.

**PLAYBOY:** How does smoking pot compare with your experience with other drugs, like, say, acid?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Well, acid's a lot more intense. I consider both psychedelic and kind of the same thing. Your mind will make connections that you wouldn't oth-

erwise make. I remember having a vivid bird's-eye view of where I was. Somehow, my vision went up above me, and not only could I see.... It wasn't so much about myself. It was seeing a totality of how everything is all part of one thing, connected.

**PLAYBOY:** Your brother, Dan, died in 2010. How has that event shaped your life?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** It's an evolution. It changes. I let the change happen and try not to cling to any one idea or feeling. In coping with grief, my motto has tended to be "Don't force anything, and don't resist anything."

My brother put so much gusto and flair and personality into whatever he did. His thing was to express himself without limits, and he encouraged others to do that. Burning Man was a watershed for him, and it changed everything. He was an introvert, but he said, "I'm not going to be introverted anymore. I'm going to get out there with people and be the best fire-spinner in the world. I'm going to make people happy." And that's exactly what he did. [starts to cry] People will walk up to me and say, "Your brother"—he and I looked very much alike—"I just want you to know your brother changed my life." Dan inspired me so much to inspire other people to take creative risks at HitRECORD.

**PLAYBOY:** You and Dan launched the production company in 2010 right before he died. Since then you've built a global community of makers and doers who collaborate on movies, books, shorts and a TV series on Pivot. Is this the future of media?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** We currently think about media as something we passively consume, but what we're moving toward is participatory media. That concept is very dear to me. The difference between just sitting and watching versus interacting and participating in something is really the mission of HitRECORD. The idea of getting home after work, sitting down and just watching your media and not participating in it is unnatural and unhealthy. It's like eating a bag of potato chips. My vision is not to just sit and watch but to throw in your two cents or to tell a new version of whatever story is being told.

**PLAYBOY:** So the future of entertainment is us?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** It's already happening. That's how a television works. You can't talk back to it exactly—not yet, anyway—but there is an input device. Our culture needs to catch up to the technology because we're still trapped in the mind-set of passive consumer media. We're getting to the end of the star era. For so long people said it's only the stars who create. Only the super-best singers are supposed to sing. Only the super-best storytellers are supposed to tell stories. If I'm not as good as they are, then I should just shut up and listen. I don't think that's true.

**PLAYBOY:** You could argue there's a downside to art when everyone's a DJ or musician or talk-show host or filmmaker. There's a ton of terrible content out there.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** But that's subjective. In

high school my buddies and I used to get together and make goofy videos. It would take us an hour or so. We'd shoot it and then watch it and laugh our asses off, it was so funny. If you showed that to someone who wasn't us, they'd probably call it garbage. But that doesn't mean it wasn't worth doing. The point is, you don't know what's going to emerge when you open the channels of communication and media—especially if you pay people. I'm really proud that we've paid out more than a million dollars to our contributors over the past five years. For some people it's the first time they've gotten paid for their art.

**PLAYBOY:** That model hasn't proven to be sustainable for the artist, though. Lots of digital-media companies pay contributors pennies on the dollar—or nothing—for work that used to be valuable, such as photography, design and journalism.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** That's a really important criticism. It's one of the big stances Jaron Lanier takes in *Who Owns the Future?* There's a sleight of hand going on with companies saying information wants to be free, so there's no money to give you. Yeah, you generated these ideas and it's intellectual property, it's your music, it's your videos—but we can't pay. Meanwhile they're making all this fucking money.

I'm not claiming I have the answer, but we are paying contributors, and I do think there are some radical solutions. Lanier talks about the idea of there being two-way web links. If that were the case, it would take starting the whole internet over, which is certainly ambitious, to say the least. But if links went two ways, then you could have a system where all this money that currently just basically goes to Google could be spread out among the different people who generated the content.

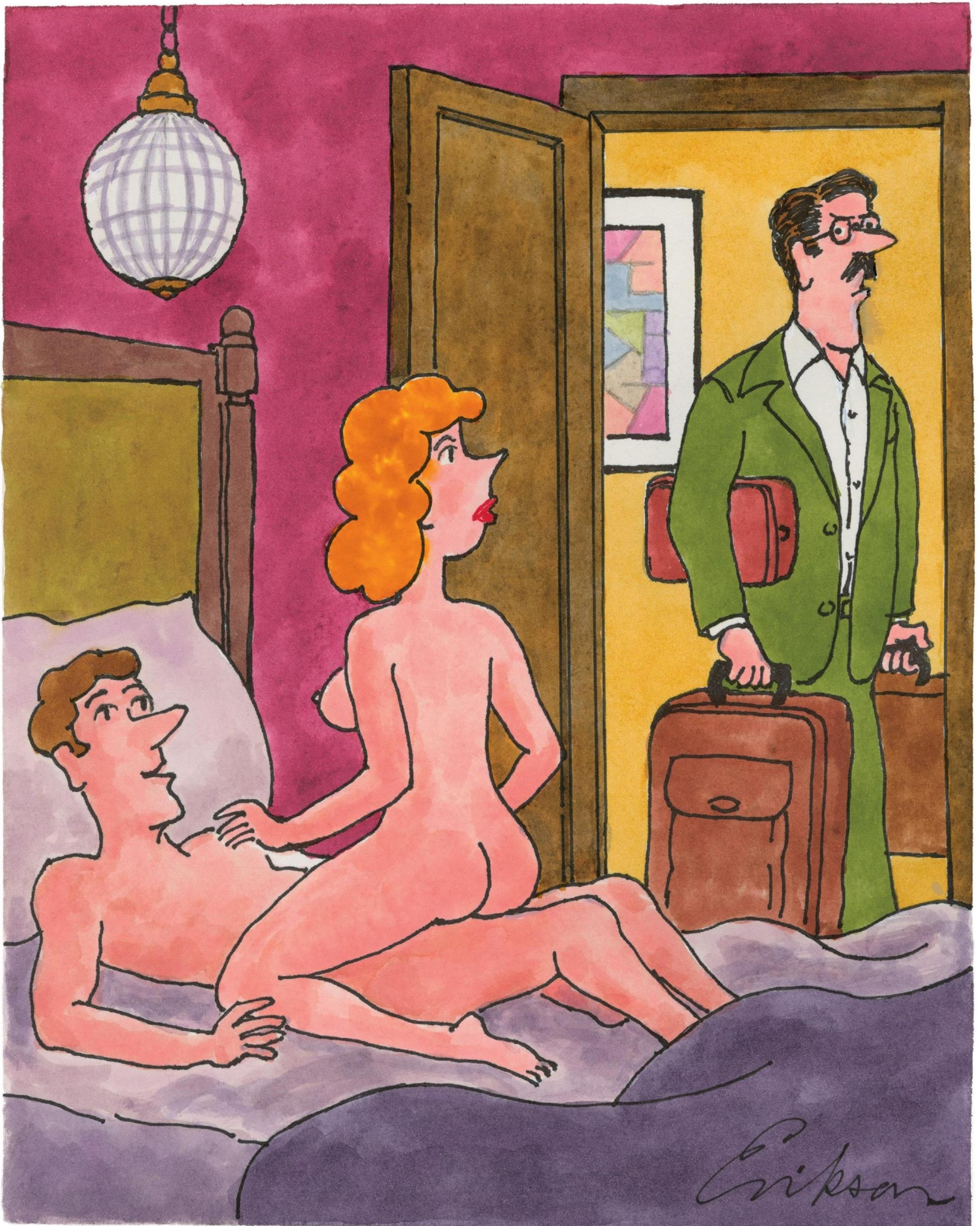
**PLAYBOY:** A Google search puts your net worth at \$35 million.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Ha! I certainly don't have that much money. But sure. Look, the last thing I want to do is deny that I live a privileged life. I do live a privileged life. And I don't think money is the root of all evil. But I think the love of money is. If you're making money because you have things you want to accomplish with that money, then money is a tool. If you're making money because you just want to make more money, then that's an endless black hole that leads down bad roads.

I've been fortunate, but there's this whole other side to success that can be weird, frankly. You get into that extreme territory with everybody telling you how great you are, that everything you do is amazing, and you get into this nebulous territory where you can lose touch with reality. You can't believe anybody, so you don't really have any friends because all your relationships are predicated on a view of you as this supernova.

**PLAYBOY:** That's been the downfall of countless celebrities, particularly child stars. Yet you somehow came through without many TMZ-worthy dramas.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I've always done my



*"Looks like he means business this time."*

best to surround myself with people who are honest with me. It's why I chose certain friends in high school and why those people are still close friends to me now. We hang out, we play basketball. I go to my parents' house every weekend. These things keep you sane.

**PLAYBOY:** You also got married last year. How has that changed things?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** [*Fidgets*] Yeah, again, I'm reluctant to talk about being married because I'm married to a woman who doesn't like strangers being privy to her life and relationships.

**PLAYBOY:** She seems smart. She builds robots for NASA. But was marrying a celebrity the wisest choice?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** [*Laughs*] We all bring different challenges to the table when we enter relationships. Certainly this is the challenge. You know, we kept our wedding a secret. It wasn't that difficult because we didn't tell many people about it. As much as some people may disagree, I don't believe a person's private life—even a person in entertainment—is a public performance. I also want very much to respect my wife's wishes—and frankly mine too—that we keep our private life private.

**PLAYBOY:** Fair enough. Let's move on. Do you want to do another big superhero movie?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Sure, if it's good. Certainly the Nolan movies were good. Robert Downey's *Iron Man* is pretty fucking brilliant. I really enjoyed *Age of Ultron*.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you looking forward to Ben Affleck as Batman?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** [*Raises eyebrows and smiles*] Um, yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** That doesn't sound convincing.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I think Ben Affleck's a great actor. I also think it's going to be very hard to follow Christian Bale.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the status of the *Sandman* movie you're producing based on the Neil Gaiman comic books?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I think about it pretty close to daily. What's so cool is that *Sandman* is a superhero movie whose setting is the creative mind and whose "superhero"—and I would put that in quotes because he's not exactly a superhero—is the embodiment of human ingenuity, creativity and dreams. It's totally different from just a very powerful man who wants to fight crime. There's nothing wrong with those movies, but something like this is stimulating for me on a whole other level and for the readers of *Sandman*. There's not a single scene in a *Sandman* comic where he punches somebody. So come up with a spectacular action movie where no one punches anybody. It's a challenge to write, but we're getting there, and when we get there I think it's going to be unique.

**PLAYBOY:** Which actors' careers would you most like to emulate?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Jim Henson, Elon Musk. Wait, can you repeat the question?

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any actors you see as models for your career?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Oh, I don't want to just be an actor. I love acting, and I always want to do it, but if that were the only thing I got to do I don't think I'd be satisfied. I love the editing, producing and writing I do at

HitRECORD. I love making music. In the second season of HitRECORD's TV series, I did two songs. One's a kind of Morrissey-inspired 1980s dance song, and one is a comedic R&B song.

**PLAYBOY:** What other music are you enjoying these days?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** D'Angelo's new album is probably my favorite in recent times. Newer acts: Flying Lotus, James Vincent McMorrow. But I largely listen to Nirvana, Brian Eno. I spend a fair amount of time on Spotify, though I feel bad about it because I know artists are getting the short end of the stick. Then again, it's a great way to discover music. The internet can provide us with wondrous little pieces of brain candy all day long if we want it to.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your online rabbit holes?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Well, I've certainly experienced what it's like to go down a rabbit hole with pornography. I think most young men my age have experienced what that's like. I wrote a movie about that. *Don Jon* is probably the most transformative of any movie I've done. That character is the most different from me, and I'm proud of

## Sex is good only if you have that two- way feedback cycle.

that from an acting-performance standpoint. I'm also proud of what it says about sex, about guys, about compulsions.

**PLAYBOY:** Your character would rather watch porn than have sex with Scarlett Johansson. Isn't that asking a lot from your audience in terms of suspending disbelief?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** [*Laughs*] Actually, the reason I wanted the character of Jon to be with the hottest girl in the world is to illustrate the concept that it's not about how hot she is. I'm not saying beauty is only skin deep. That's a different argument. The argument is when your sexuality is defined by pornography or, on the other side, when your idea of romance is defined by movies or any number of other things—when your mentality gets defined by media, one-way media, consumer media—you are nothing but a passive receiver. Regardless of how hot the girl is, just by virtue of the fact that Jon has to interact with her means she's not as hot for him as the one-way street of pornography.

**PLAYBOY:** Doing publicity for that movie, you were frank about being someone who masturbates.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** Oh, big news, folks!

**PLAYBOY:** But it's rare for celebrities to actually talk about it.

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I think it's worth talking about, so I'm happy to lubricate the conversation, so to speak. What's interesting is that people were sometimes resistant to talking about it as it pertained to me. Most interviewers didn't even ask me about it, even though masturbation and porn are the themes of the movie. It goes back to the thing I was talking about earlier. Throughout my life of being an actor I've seen the way mainstream media impact people, and there's this myth that gets sold of the celebrity world on the other side of the screen. I guess it doesn't fit with their preconceived notions that someone like me would jerk off. [*Laughs*]

**PLAYBOY:** Okay, we will ask about it. What has been your experience with masturbating to porn? Any downsides?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I've thought about that quite a bit. What it mostly comes down to—besides the specifics of what you're into or do you like more of this body part or that fetish—is whether you're having too much of a passive experience versus an interactive one. When I say interactive I don't mean, like, a porn video game. I mean interacting with another human being—and not by webcam. Whether you're watching the Victoria's Secret show on CBS or hardcore porn of two girls with three guys or whatever else it is that gets you off, you have to recognize it's a different mode from being with another human being. If you get used to getting a boner and jerking off without having another person there, you run the risk of not knowing how to truly interact once you're actually in bed with someone. Sex is good only if you have that two-way feedback cycle.

**PLAYBOY:** What's ahead for you? Anyone you're dying to collaborate with?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** There are the obvious ones like the Coen brothers, Quentin Tarantino and Paul Thomas Anderson. Any of those would be a dream. I'd love to work with Louis C.K. His show is probably my favorite in contemporary culture, maybe because I have a dark sense of humor. But he's also heartfelt and insightful. There's a really talented filmmaker named Ryan Coogler, who made *Fruitvale Station*. I'd love to work with him. Through Ryan I got turned on to the work of another guy, Terence Nance. He does these brilliant short pieces. So many people to work with, so little time.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been in show business since the age of six. What motivates you to keep working?

**GORDON-LEVITT:** I really enjoy it. That's at the top of the list. But I try to find the balance between being motivated for myself and for the whole team, the 7 billion of us on the planet. People think there's nothing really important about movies or music or what you could call culture. There's nothing sacred about it. It's considered snooty to think this stuff matters nowadays, but I believe it does. I'm not saying it matters more than other things, but it matters to me, and it's part of being human. That's enough for me.







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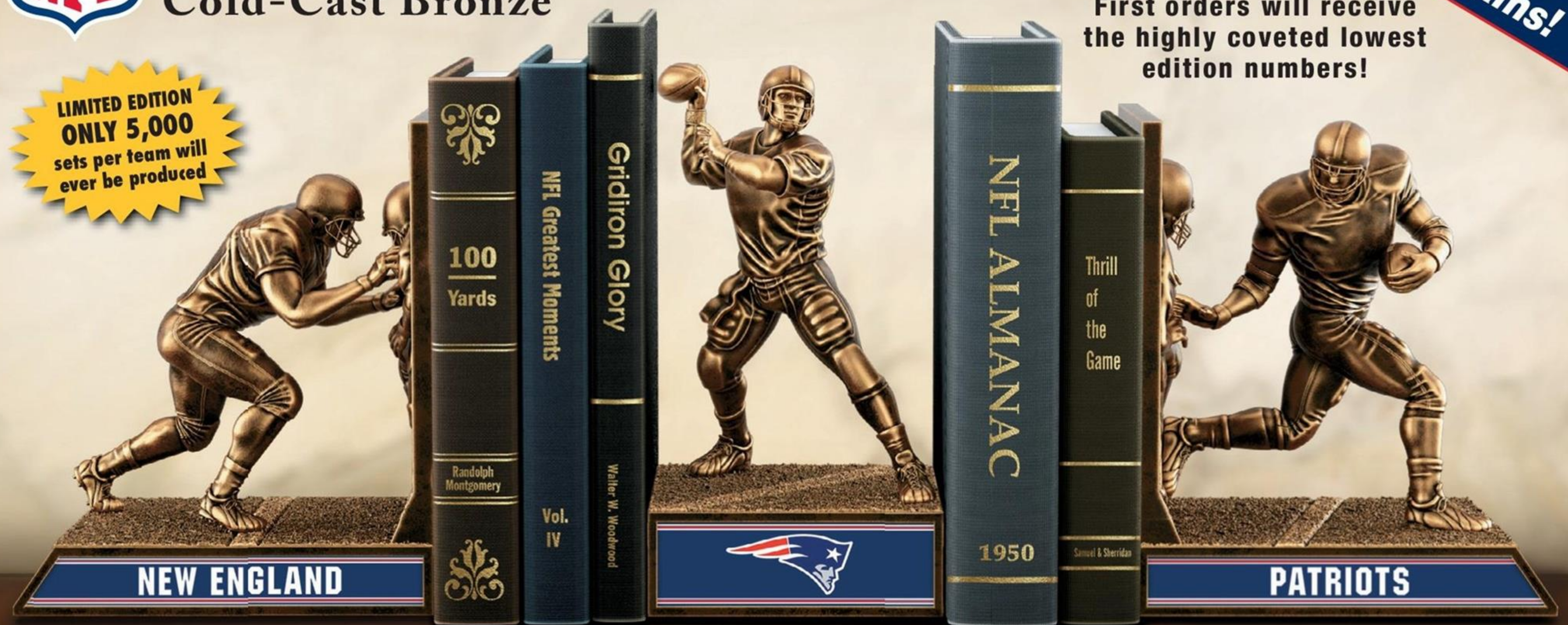
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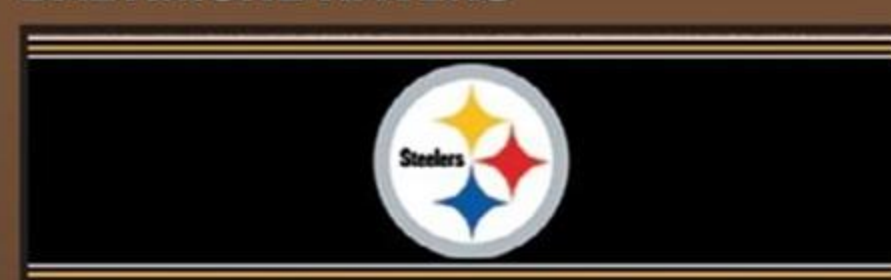
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## MY FEET ARE FIRE

Continued from page 90

the chorus of “Take On Me,” leaning way back as he screeched its last high note. Duncan sang along under his breath.

Out in the club, Ritchie seemed to know everyone; each time Duncan turned there was a new hand to shake.

“I’m Preston,” he’d say. “In town to see relatives.”

With every hand he shook, a question followed. How’s it feel seeing Ritchie again after all these years? What’re you drinking tonight? You gotten laid since you been back in town? When Ritchie’s friends leaned in to better hear his answers he kept it short and simple, smiling and nodding. He had a hard time keeping up with all the names, but it was easy to remember Alessandra. She was small and lithe and she grinned at him with strawberry lips as he introduced himself.

Duncan extended his hand, but she closed in for a hug instead. He instinctively sucked in his gut and curled his arm around her narrow frame.

“One arm?” she teased. “That’s weak.”

Before he could come up with a witty response she bounded toward the dance floor like a stone skipping over the water’s surface, hopping with each step as if her shoes had spring-loaded soles. Duncan figured that’s how happy people moved.

Ritchie put his arm around Duncan and shouted above the thumping music, “Preston, my man. Tell the triplets here about that sweet chica you snagged from me at the sock hop!”

Ritchie gestured toward three large men in button-up flannels, each with combed-back hair and a brown beard. They looked like members of a woodsmen fraternity.

“Yo! Earth to Preston!” Ritchie belted as he patted Duncan’s back. “The chica.”

Duncan tore his attention from Alessandra and searched for something to say that would coat him in undeniable coolness.

“Man, there were so many of ’em, I’m having a hard time remembering who you’re talking about,” he blurted.

“My man! You absolute fucking dog. Did I not tell you guys that my boy Preston was a fucking legend?” Ritchie hooted.

The triplets threw their heads back and roared with laughter, one clapping his mammoth hands and stomping in appreciation. Ritchie and his friends laughed with their whole bodies, like a good joke might break a bone. Duncan watched them admiringly. Not only do they laugh deeply, he thought, but they piss on walls. They ask questions and actually listen to the answers. They travel in packs like great wolves. And when the right song comes on, they dance.

A popular song blasted from the speakers and within seconds the dance floor was flooded, a storm of gleeful howls swirling around Duncan. It was the World Series when the winning run rounds third. It was a roller coaster just before the big spill. It was your favorite band coming out to play one more song. It was that thing that’s worth waiting for, because when it finally shows up, all you can do is scream.

Ritchie and the triplets moved toward the dance floor, and Duncan followed. But as the beat revved, Duncan stood still, paralyzed. Around him dancers were flailing, wet with sweat and beer. He scanned nearby faces. Afraid someone might recognize him from his fall, Duncan felt his breathing hasten. He decided to bolt for the bar, but then he heard her.

“You’re not gonna dance?”

Duncan turned and saw Alessandra bopping in front of him.

“Oh, this just isn’t my jam,” he said, hoping he sounded cool.

“Do you have ears?” she laughed. “It’s everyone’s jam.”

“You know, I just feel like I’ve jammed to it too many times.”

“We’re saying *jam* a lot.”

“Yeah, too much jam.”

“You’re cute,” she said as she twisted in circles.

Duncan watched her body move like it was what made the world spin.

The song ended, and with relief Duncan began to make his way through the waves of people to the safety of a bar stool. But as the next song gathered speed and the crowd boomed its approval again, someone grabbed Duncan’s arm from behind.

“Oh no you don’t, Mr. Sock Hop ’99! I remember you getting fucking nutty to this shit!”

Duncan glanced at the empty seat at the bar, remembering sitting there, choking on his liquor, suppressing a hard-on, watching the dance floor and aching for all the things he could be. With a nod he pushed past Ritchie, who barked joyfully and drummed his hands on Duncan’s back. Duncan shut his eyes for a moment, listening to the music, feeling it. Rolling his head to the buildup, grooving his shoulders to the beat as the rhythm bloomed. He gripped his shirtfront and hoped that the people who saw him fall earlier were watching. He hoped that the girl who laughed at him when he gave her a Wonder Woman Valentine’s Day card in fourth grade was watching, and the very first person who called him fat, and the ones who called him John Candy’s bastard child, who compared him to a Mack truck, who blamed him for putting Chow Down Asian Buffet out of business. He hoped they were all watching.

The beat dropped and Duncan ripped open his shirt, buttons exploding off the fabric like plastic shrapnel. He swung his arms and swiveled on his feet, his belly bouncing under his white T-shirt. His loosened tie flapped like a happy dog’s tail. He always thought he’d have to rely on secondhand moves copied from films like *Footloose* and *Grease*, but it wasn’t the case. He felt the music, his body greeting the rhythms and tones like a lover, laying it down gently, then rough. Duncan let loose, his feet burning as he spun. For a few blissful minutes, everything was a multicolor blur. He didn’t notice that a circle had formed around him until the song was over.

Duncan searched for Ritchie or Alessandra or the triplets but saw no one he’d met that night. A panic washed over him. Had he embarrassed them? Had he embarrassed himself? He stiffened; people were still dancing, but for Duncan the club had become quiet, the music sounding far away. He checked the bar, the men’s room, did a couple of laps around the dance floor, but no luck. Ritchie and Ritchie’s friends—everyone he’d felt a connection with—had disappeared. It was a social rapture.

“Preston! Outside, man,” one of the triplets hollered, urgency edging into his voice as he waved at Duncan from the door.



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The club's humidity was offset by the coolness of the evening air. Duncan saw a swarm of people gathered in the parking lot, and in the center was Ritchie, gritting his teeth at an angry midnight warrior with a popped collar and a flat-bill hat.

Duncan stumbled toward Ritchie, pushing weakly past the crowd. He felt his chest cave and his tongue turn to beach sand. Cold sweat glistened on the back of his neck. He glanced over people's heads at the street beyond and imagined himself running away. No one would ever see him again. No one even knew his name. But instead Duncan stood at Ritchie's side.

"Who's the fucking marshmallow?" Flat Bill said.

"Don't talk about my man like that," Ritchie said. "He didn't spill your drink. I did."

"Jesus. Look at him. He's out of breath just from walking over here," Flat Bill sneered.

Duncan heard scattered laughter and felt like his skin was tightening around his bones. He stood up straighter. The laughter grew, filling his head, circling his brain. This was the only song he knew. It was a grand symphony churning his blood, making the spit that he swallowed taste like gasoline. Duncan clenched his fist and swung it as hard as he could. It connected across Flat Bill's jaw, and he went down hard.

"Holy shit!" Ritchie roared, joining the cacophony of onlookers.

Holy shit, Duncan thought.

Ritchie laughed and whooped like a boy who'd found his favorite present under the tree on Christmas morning. Duncan saw Flat Bill working unsteadily to his feet and grabbed his arm to help him up. Flat Bill looked at him, eyes widening in confusion, then moped to his car. Duncan watched, wishing he'd apologized, but was frozen as he realized he'd stood up for himself. A hulking security guard strode over and informed Ritchie and Duncan that they weren't allowed back in. The gawkers dispersed, chattering about what had just happened.

"Who's the big guy?" Duncan heard someone ask. "The bulldozer that came from out of nowhere."

Ritchie told his friends to head back into the club and not worry about him and Duncan. He waved off their protests and said, "Just because my night's over

doesn't mean yours is."

"What now?" Duncan asked.

"I'd better get going," Ritchie said, digging his hands into his pockets and looking at the passing cars.

"Yeah," Duncan said reluctantly. "Me too."

"Already? You're not going to go talk to Alessandra first? I saw you guys in there."

"I would, but—"

"But what?" Ritchie interjected.

"She wouldn't like me, man. I'm fat and—"

"So fucking what you're fat. Let me ask you something. Do you give tight hugs? Do you know any jokes?"

"Yes."

"Then you're lovable, you fuck."

Duncan slowly nodded.

when someone calls you fat on Tuesday, you do jumping jacks in front of him, or scream 'Bohemian Rhapsody,' or knock his goddamn teeth out, because it doesn't matter. You're alive and you're not confined to what anyone says you are."

Ritchie took a long drag. "Only on the weekend do we seem to remember this," he said, walking toward the street.

Duncan laughed and shouted, "I'll run into you next time I'm in town!"

"You bet," Ritchie called back, waving. Then he disappeared beyond the haze of the streetlights.

Duncan tried buttoning his shirt, forgetting that he'd ripped all the buttons off. A grin broke out on his face as he looked at the reddened knuckles of his right hand. He clenched his fist and felt pain wash over his skin. He knew what he had to do.

Duncan sprinted back into the club, past the disbelieving bouncer. He heard him exclaim "What'd I say, motherfucker," but he didn't look back. He ran to the dance floor. There she was—Alessandra, grooving, glowing in a wash of faces that didn't matter. He didn't wait to catch his breath.

"Listen, I have to make this really fast because there's a fucking ogre coming for me," Duncan gulped. "You seem happy. I don't know if you really are, but I want to hear about your life. Come out with me. To a diner. Now. Please. And if you're not hungry, watch me eat. I can do origami with the napkins and that one balancing trick with the fork. It doesn't matter if you know what I'm talking about. Come with me

and you will. And goddamn it, I'll hug you when we're done. I'll hug you the right way. Just, please. Meet me outside."

Before she could answer, Duncan took off, a few steps ahead of the bouncer. He pushed his way past men and women, spilling drinks and stepping on shoes. He didn't say sorry—didn't even think to. He knew the bouncer was behind him and Alessandra was somewhere behind the bouncer, contemplating what had just happened. Maybe she'd meet him outside. Maybe she wouldn't. As he ran toward the door his inhaled breaths were deep and he thought that this was the type of breathing that kept you alive.

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"You know," Duncan said, breathing deeply, "I'm not Preston. Have no idea who the guy is."

"Man," Ritchie said, looking Duncan over, "I figured that out within the first two minutes."

They stood in silence. Duncan thought maybe he should've felt foolish, but he didn't. He was caught up in a strange, overpowering sense of comfort.

"I'm really glad I came out tonight," Duncan finally said.

"Yeah, a lot can happen on a weekend night," said Ritchie, lighting a cigarette. "You can just be yourself, you know? And you carry that with you throughout the week. Be that wild thing breathing fire on the dance floor on Monday morning. And





## THE PERFECT WEAPON

*Continued from page 52*

simply clicking through a set of instructions that told him when to shift the receiver's position, tighten or loosen a bolt and change the drill bit. It took about two hours in all.

The result's only flaw is one imprecisely drilled hole that now leaves the safety catch spinning loosely in its orbit. But then Wilson finds a bigger problem. Rather than build out a whole new gun, he brought along his Colt AR-15, hoping to substitute the newly machined lower receiver for the stock part in his expensive store-bought rifle. Now he realizes the manufacturer has precluded that with a screw ring. The ring is a good thing, says Wilson—it is intended to keep the stock from loosening after repeated use—but still, someone else has made the decision for him. He bristles at that fact. “With Colt,” he says, “I guess you pay for not getting to do what you want with your rifle.”

The offices for Wilson's nonprofit, Defense Distributed, are situated in an Austin business park. The interior resembles a Mac repair facility more than a gun shop, with a full-time staff of eight and two part-timers, most of them vegetarians in their mid- to late 20s: Wilson describes them as “suffering,

overeducated millennials” who subscribe to his twist on Google's motto: Think evil. One leads the Alliance of Austin Agorists—a “counter-economic libertarian strategy” that seeks to completely evade the formal economy. (Wilson tried to hire a few of this employee's Agorist buddies, but “they're not made for working.”) Wilson also stole an engineer away from National Instruments. Everyone makes at least \$15 an hour, the software engineers a lot more.

For all his varied philosophical influences, Wilson's roots are pure red state. He grew up in Arkansas, where his father, a Baptist minister, had a law practice—asset protection, estate planning, elder law, end-of-life planning. “Idyllic stuff, no complaints at all,” he says. His father owned a shotgun and a handgun, but Wilson never considered himself a gun guy; in Arkansas, he says, there's an age when young men start wearing too much camouflage and embracing their fathers' masculine ideals. That never appealed to him.

But there were traces of what would become his trademark brand of provocative entrepreneurialism—selling candy in competition with approved school fundraisers and pocketing the money, or selling the answers to tests from digital material he discovered his teacher was using. In 2011 he started law school at the University of Texas because it “seemed like the only credible path to any type of money, any type of power.” During his first semester, in the wake of the Citizens United ruling, he formed his own super PAC to help bring down U.S. Senator Mark Pryor. He describes it as an attempt to “gain cachet with the Arkansas machine” and to put political theory into practice. In the end he decided to take his career in a different direction because his politics have “always been antistate.” He spent that summer hanging out with his college buddy Ben Denio and became obsessed with the digital fabrication of guns.

Denio was a radical environmentalist and

anarchist. He left the impression of someone “just looking for reasons to blow something up.” He was also obsessed with military history and the sort of “gun nerdisms” that bored Wilson, who was more fascinated by the idea of the gun as “the implement of political realism.” He became obsessed with a singular question: What would be the equivalent of WikiLeaks for guns? The outgrowth of that notion was the Liberator.

The blueprints for the Liberator were computer-aided-design files, essentially computer code. In May 2013, four days after Wilson posted them, he received a letter from the State Department warning that he may have violated ITAR, or International Traffic in Arms Regulations, which govern the ability of anyone in the U.S. to export defense articles. Violations could result in jail time and million-dollar fines. While the State Department considered whether it would require Wilson to get a license to disseminate the code, it demanded he pull the CAD files from his online server. He complied. (By that time, however, the files had already been downloaded more than 100,000 times; they remain widely available on the internet today.)

In May 2015, Wilson and the Second Amendment Foundation filed his lawsuit, which names John Kerry and other State Department officials and seeks not only damages but an injunction against the State Department's ability to censor Defense Distributed's files. If granted, it would mean he could immediately publish a trove of new firearm blueprints developed over the past two years.

Wilson summarizes an e-mail from his legal team: In the face of his lawsuit, the State Department is effectively “doubling down,” continuing to require its prior authorization for posting any technical data related to the production or maintenance of a “defense article.” Defined in “perfectly Kafkaesque” terms, as Wilson explains it, “a defense article is any article that is implicated in defense, basically. It has this very circular definition. It gives them infinite discretion.” The regulations also define technical data broadly: “A diagram, a model, a formula, a table, design specification, CAD files—so that's for yours truly,” he says.

The lawsuit raises complex arguments involving the First, Second and Fifth Amendments. The suit's central premise revives a legal argument made in the 1990s after the Department of Justice began to investigate cryptographers who were sharing powerful encryption tools online, which the government considered military munitions. In this argument, code—whether it conveys knowledge about how to protect communications or how to build a firearm—constitutes speech protected by the First Amendment, and ITAR imposes an unconstitutional “prior restraint” on that speech. Legal scholars have called Wilson's suit a novel and unsettled argument for the digital age, as technologies such as 3-D printing continue to blur the difference between a thing and instructions on how to make it, and the internet serves as a means of instant worldwide distribution.

Which is precisely Wilson's aim: to push back at what he considers the government's totalitarian impulse to exert control over all



*“I guess they don't call you Tiny Tim for nothing.”*

new technologies. Aided by technology, he hopes the spread of digital contraband—whether CAD files shared on sites too numerous to prosecute or drug sales, facilitated by Dark Wallet and its copycats, too inscrutable to monitor—will render the rules practically impossible to enforce and the law essentially irrelevant.

Wilson's political philosophy of free-market anarchy can be hard to triangulate. He enjoys using leftist critical theory in service of what he (jokingly) calls his brand of "proto-fascistic-anarcho-republicanism or something."

When Wilson came up with the idea for the Ghost Gunner, his father told him he might sell five or 10. But Wilson thought he could squeeze at least \$2 million out of the idea. (With roughly 1,000 orders at \$1,500 each, he's close to proving himself right.) A self-described "hype man," Wilson is a savvy promoter. *Wired* just went live with a glowing review of the Ghost Gunner, and he has already received a couple of new orders. On his laptop he clicks through e-mail lists he'll use to publicize the story. On this Listserv, he says, he has about 4,000 people—his total database, split across seven constituencies, is about 20,000, halfway to "a list you can live on," as he's learned from targeted-ad consultants—and he's hoping to convert one to two percent of them into sales. He also keeps an extensive press list, categorized by the likelihood of favorable coverage.

He describes the Ghost Gunner as both a gift to his red-state base and an example of shrewd but cynical capitalism, preying on the insecurities of clients who will likely never use his product but feel empowered by the very prospect of doing so. He describes his ultimate goal in metaphysical terms. "It's black magic to these people when they see this thing running. They don't understand it. They think there's some spirit in it that was banished and that they thought they had gotten rid of," he says. "It's about becoming a partisan for this other, deeper, mysterious aspect of the world."

For every worldview that endorses a new technology there is a diametrically opposed worldview that endorses its opposite. If Wilson's work puts the power to decide life and death into countless unknown hands, the smart gun puts it into fewer.

The quest for a smarter gun can be traced to 1886, after D.B. Wesson, a founding partner of Smith & Wesson, learned that a child had been injured playing with one of his company's products. Wesson asked his son to design a childproof handgun: a revolver with a metal lever on the back that had to be depressed as the trigger was pulled in order to fire. Until 1940, when the technology was abandoned, the company sold more than half a million such guns.

Today, with roughly 30,000 Americans killed by gunfire every year, many argue that smart-gun technology, which restricts a gun's use to its proper owner, could prevent accidental shootings and gun theft, as well as protect police officers from criminals using their own guns against them. But personalization technology has long faced

resistance. In 1976 the pro-gun lobby pressured Congress to prevent the Consumer Product Safety Commission from overseeing guns the way it does other consumer products (such as childproof medicine bottles).

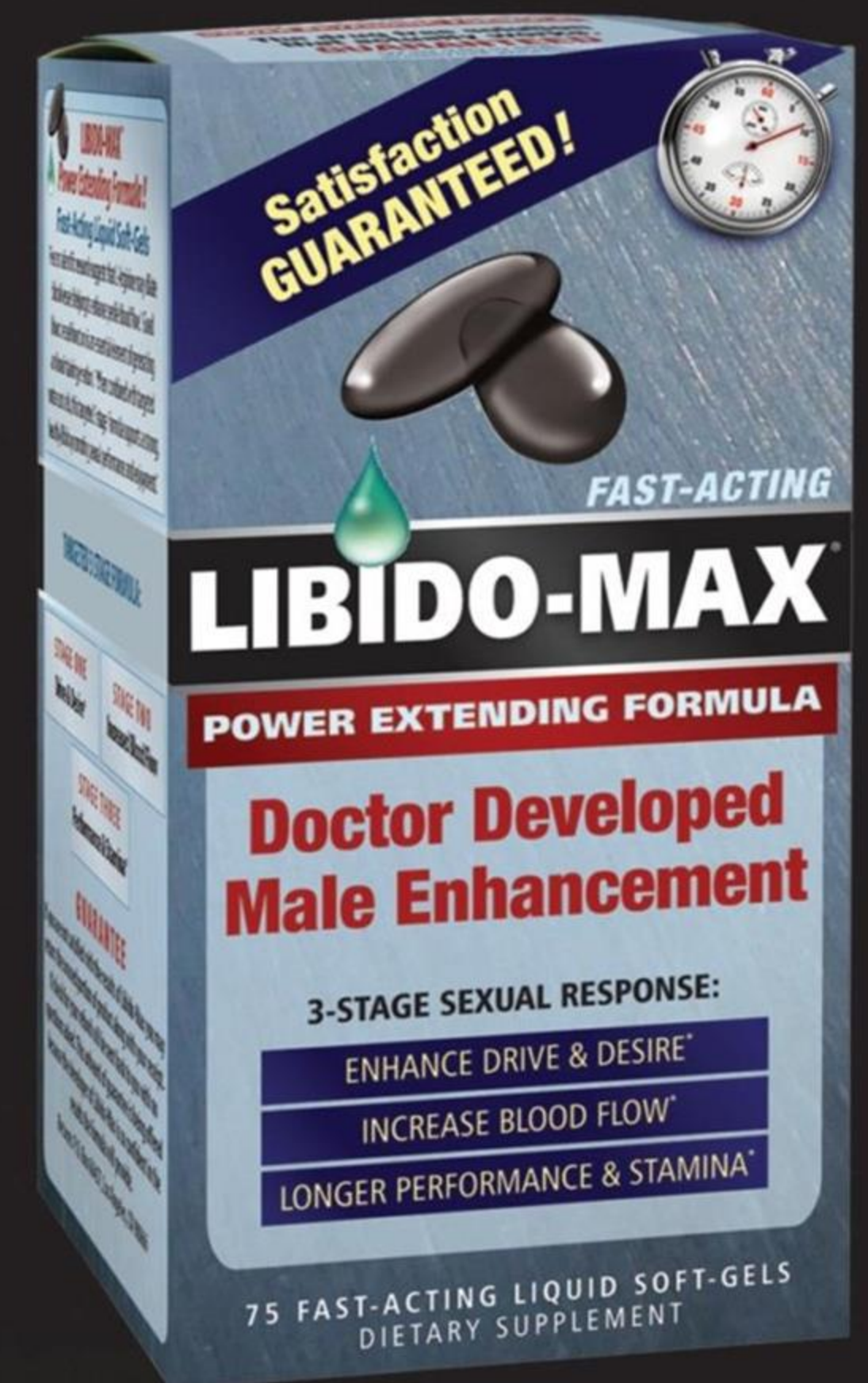
In 2000 Bill Clinton announced grants of \$300,000 to Smith & Wesson and F.N. Manufacturing Inc. to spur the technology. A subsequent boycott of Smith & Wesson "sent fear into the hearts of gun manufacturers that, should they break ranks and start to make safer guns, they could be severely punished," says Stephen Teret, the founding director of the Center for Gun Policy and Research at Johns Hopkins University. Consequently, most smart-gun technology has come from Western Europe.

Teret points to one study that concluded smart-gun tech could have prevented 37 percent of accidental shooting deaths. It could also presumably make a significant dent in crimes committed with some of the estimated 250,000 to 300,000 guns stolen from homes each year. How many lost lives does that translate to? "That's a sound question for which we should have an answer," he says. "We lack data. The reason we lack data is politics." The United States should collect data on gun fatalities just as it does on auto fatalities to craft better preventive policies, he says, but in the past few years, the NRA has used its influence in Congress to repeatedly curtail funding for research by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention that would have gathered that information.

For those who saw gun deaths as a public health crisis, there was hope they could force gun manufacturers to incorporate smart-gun tech through litigation, just as car companies had been pressured to offer air bags amid a congressional stalemate on the issue. "That's why the National Rifle Association came up with the idea of getting Congress to give them immunity from liability," says Teret. In 2005, president George W. Bush signed the Protection of Lawful Commerce in Arms Act, giving gun makers far-reaching immunity from liability litigation. The NRA's fingerprints were "all over this. There's no question this was their doing. They got Congress to agree that gun manufacturers could not be sued for damage done to people by guns, except under highly restricted circumstances," Teret says. "No other manufacturer has immunity from liability for damages caused by its product if the product was made in a way that was less safe than it could be."

Nineteen years ago, Teret helped draft a New Jersey law that would require all guns sold in the state to use smart-gun technology within three years of the first smart gun becoming available anywhere in the United States. The leading contender to do so has been the iP1, a .22-caliber pistol designed by the German arms manufacturer Armatix. The gun is paired with a wristwatch activated by a five-digit PIN and must be within 10 inches of the watch to fire. But after the company announced plans to begin selling the gun in California, its U.S. representative, Belinda Padilla, faced a wave of harassment: Her name and phone number and a photo of the location of her post office box were posted on an online gun-enthusiast forum,

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and she began to get menacing calls. Padilla reportedly had an agreement with the owner of a California gun club to sell the iP1. But after the club's owner, James Mitchell, told *The Washington Post* the gun would revolutionize the industry, a wave of social-media threats to boycott the club killed the deal.

"They tried to put the product on the market, and the market reacted," Lawrence G. Keane of the National Shooting Sports Foundation told *The New York Times*.

But Dr. Garen Wintemute, head of the Violence Prevention Research Program at the University of California, Davis school of medicine, takes issue with that characterization. "A small vocal group acted to intimidate a single store that was bringing a new product to the market," he says. "That's not the market speaking. That's tyranny."

In the wake of the Sandy Hook shooting, President Barack Obama declared an executive order to spur support for smart-gun research. Silicon Valley entrepreneur Ron Conway, an initial investor in everything from Google to Facebook, offered \$1 million in prize money for the development of what he described as "the iPhone of guns." The race to build that is global. Ireland-based TriggerSmart teamed with researchers at the Georgia Tech Research Institute in Ireland to develop a prototype gun that can be fired only when in the presence of an RFID-equipped ring or bracelet. The company hopes to create the ability to remotely disable guns in airports, schools and other areas. California company Yardarm has created a gun that can be remotely tracked and disengaged by the owner via an app or a website. The technology can even alert the owner if the weapon is moved by an unauthorized individual.

Critics argue smart technology could malfunction just when a gun is needed most. They point to the New Jersey statute as an example of how the technology could further the gun-control agenda, resulting in a ban on all nonsmart guns.

"I think part of the appeal of guns in general is that they're not smart," says gun-industry analyst Andrea James. "Key to some of the appeal of firearms themselves is the sense of freedom they give you. When you pull the trigger, if there's a bullet in the chamber, the bullet comes out. You start

putting in an RFID chip, then all of a sudden, whether or not a bullet comes out, it's controlled by something other than your finger. And if that can be controlled on a micro level, it can be controlled on a macro level."

The only objections to smart guns come from "Luddites who are afraid of any new technology," says Teret. "It would be wrong to say these guns will be 100 percent reliable." But they will be more reliable than the status quo. "If you introduce electronics into the products, the products are going to be more reliable. That has been the trend with all products for many decades. What's remarkable is that guns are still made the way they were made more than a century ago."

The Armatix iP1 eventually found a home at a gun store in Nebraska, which should have started the three-year time clock for all guns sold in New Jersey to incorporate the technology. But the state's attorney general issued a report denying that the iP1 meets the statutory definition of a smart gun. Teret calls the attorney general's reasoning "squirrely" and says it violates the legislation's intent. A bill similar to New Jersey's has stalled in the California State Assembly.

For Wilson's part, he sees legislation around smart guns, like legislation mandating emissions standards for smart cars, as "a political contrivance," gun control masquerading as gun safety. "You're forcing your own vision of the future," he says. "They're not willing to say they want to take it away from you, but they kind of look with turned-up lips and use market language. Just have an ideology if you're going to have one. Tell me what you want."

When I press him on whether he thinks technology will inevitably put a gun in the hands of anyone who wants one, he concedes that it is in part a strategic posture. "I'm trying to rep that position when I'm in front of the enemy. Do I really believe that? No, I don't think I'm convinced of this. But I'm trying to be the monster or the mascot for that idea." For Wilson, liberty is the highest principle and the ultimate end. "Why isn't liberty the default position?"

Wilson's bullish posture naturally invites the question of how far he thinks things

should be allowed to go. After the release of the Liberator, a libertarian writer friend of mine, Conor Friedersdorf, penned a piece for *The Orange County Register* in which he voiced hope that the democratization of technology would hinder tyrants and strengthen individual rights, but he also feared it would put weapons more powerful than guns "in the hands of evil people more cheaply and easily than ever before."

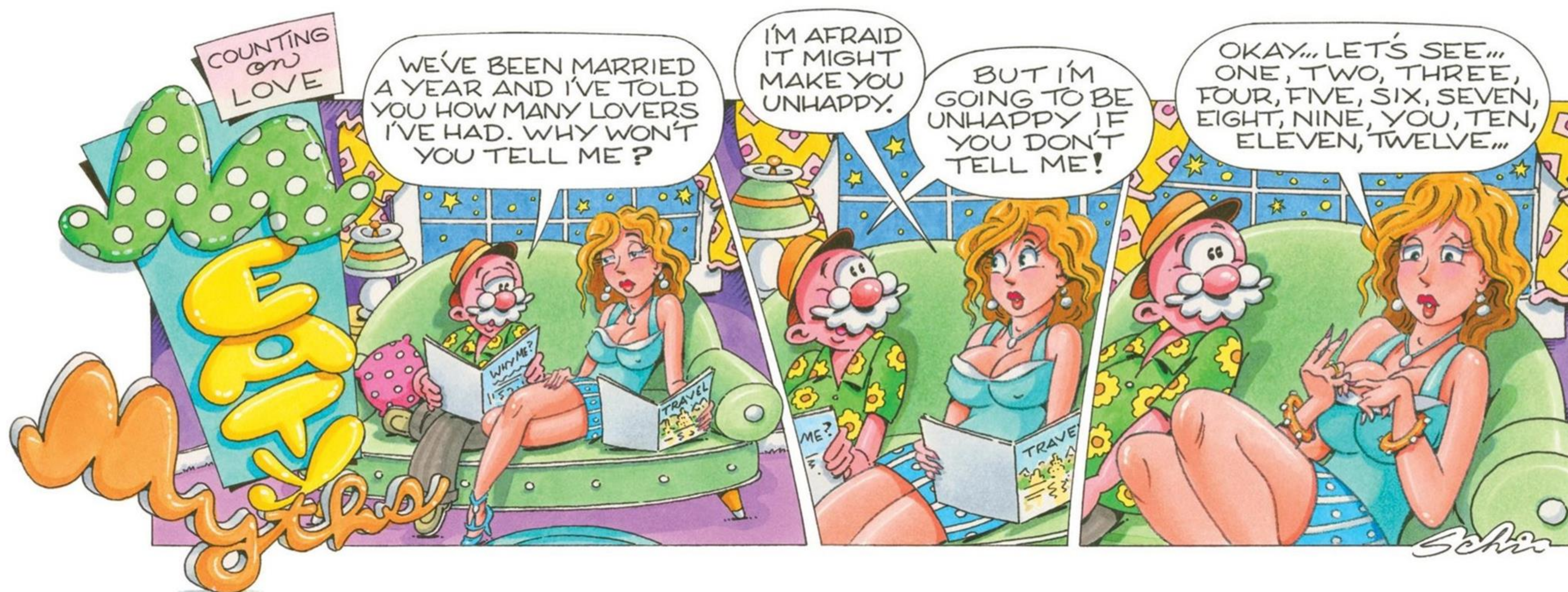
I put one of Friedersdorf's questions to Wilson: If a chemistry set allowed anyone to make a contagious virus with the capacity to kill millions, should it be outlawed and suppressed? Wilson looks at it in context. Since 9/11 the Department of Justice has "locked down all of the chemical industry," he says. "You can't just go buy supplies. You get reported on. Everybody's an agent of the court." He compares it to another question he is frequently asked: If you can 3-D print a gun, why shouldn't we 3-D print a nuclear weapon? "It's not the same thing as carving a hole in a piece of metal like we're doing with our little machine." But hold his feet to the fire, and on principle, his answer is that neither technology should be suppressed by the state. "The liberty interest should always prevail," he says.

It's National Gun Violence Awareness Day, he says, showing me a photo of Jason Bateman wearing orange. But he sneers at the idea that celebrity activism can stop the coming anarchy.

"Biohacking by computers should happen; people should be able to experiment. Terrible things are coming," he says. "People are going to play with whatever future is saved. Kids are going to be able to experiment with gene sequences, and it will be terrifying. I'm sorry, it's just where it's going."

He's comfortable with his own contradictions.

"All the power in this gun thing is: Look at what I'm able to evoke. I'm able to rattle the chain—back to people's deepest feelings about what America was supposed to be, about where history was supposed to go and what patriotism is and what it means to be a free man. I'm able to do that just with this one little object."



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**JEFF GARLIN**

*Continued from page 70*

GARLIN: It's never horrifying to be onstage, ever—even when I'm bombing. I'm totally comfortable onstage no matter what's going on. I have more anxiety about going to bed at night than I do about going onstage. I am loaded with anxiety, but I seem laid-back because I don't take others down with me. That means if I'm feeling full of anxiety or I'm not in a good mood or I'm tired,

that's not anybody else's problem; it's my problem. I'll keep it my problem. I won't make it your problem.

**Q15**

PLAYBOY: What's your anxiety about?

GARLIN: It's mostly free-flowing anxiety. It just comes from anywhere and everywhere. It could be anything, like something I said that afternoon. I don't think I ever say anything that I don't regret, ever. On the other hand I'm rarely horrified by what I say onstage. I'm only horrified by what I say offstage. Onstage is what it is. You know, offstage I'll have conversations with people and I'll drive home thinking, Why did you say that? What purpose did that serve? Who's better because of it? I can be very hard on myself in that way.

**Q16**

PLAYBOY: What was childhood like?

GARLIN: I had undiagnosed ADD. My friend's parents were social workers, and they suggested that I had it. Then I went to a neurologist as an adult. We went through

everything, and I was a big bowl of ADD. It was a relief. It's still a constant struggle for me to deal with it, between my anxiety, my ADD and my depression. But I'm laid-back and happy in spite of that. I really enjoy things, but it can be hard. Plenty of nights I don't fall asleep until four in the morning, and I go to bed at 10.

**Q17**

PLAYBOY: The show you were first known for, *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, is very different from *The Goldbergs* in that it's pretty dark. Did it ever get to you?

GARLIN: No, no, no. It's so funny. I only thought of our situations on *Curb Your Enthusiasm* as, All right, I'm here; I'm ready to go. What's for lunch?

**Q18**

PLAYBOY: Speaking of *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, will we ever see new episodes?

GARLIN: I think there might be. I'm doing *The Goldbergs*, but I'm allowed contractually to do more *Curb*.

**Q19**

PLAYBOY: You make a lot of jokes about your body. Is that just shtick, or do you think about your body a lot?

GARLIN: You're wrong saying I do a lot of physical-insecurity jokes. I'm a very confident man, but those aren't jokes. That's just me talking about my feelings. They happen to be funny because I'm funny. Here, I can give you a perspective that just hit me. I follow different friends on Instagram. A friend was vacationing in Mexico, a young guy in his 30s. He's one of the directors on *The Goldbergs*. I love this kid. His name is David Katzenberg. But he instagrammed a picture of himself in a shallow pool. I don't want to insult him, but it's not like he's studly. He's built like a regular guy. I looked at him, and he's just lying there so relaxed, and I thought, I have never felt that way. There's never been a moment in my life when physically I'd be lying by a pool or on the beach and I didn't think I was fat. I'm very comfortable with my body, but still I never feel good ever, ever.

**Q20**

PLAYBOY: Some of the entries on your IMDb page might startle people. For instance, you were on an episode of *Baywatch*.

GARLIN: I did *Baywatch*. It was the first job I had when I moved to L.A. with my wife. I was an evil disc jockey who takes over the beach. I didn't try to make it better, because you can't make *Baywatch* better—I said all the lines as written. When the producer asked if I'd be interested, I said, "I'd love to be on. It's pretty colors and bosoms. Who doesn't like that?" And I worked with David Hasselhoff. It's my best acting and my worst acting. It's my worst acting because I'm not a good enough actor to rise above bad material. But it's my best acting because I did scenes with David Hasselhoff yelling at me and I didn't laugh.



*"Believe me—I know an illegal immigrant when I see one."*

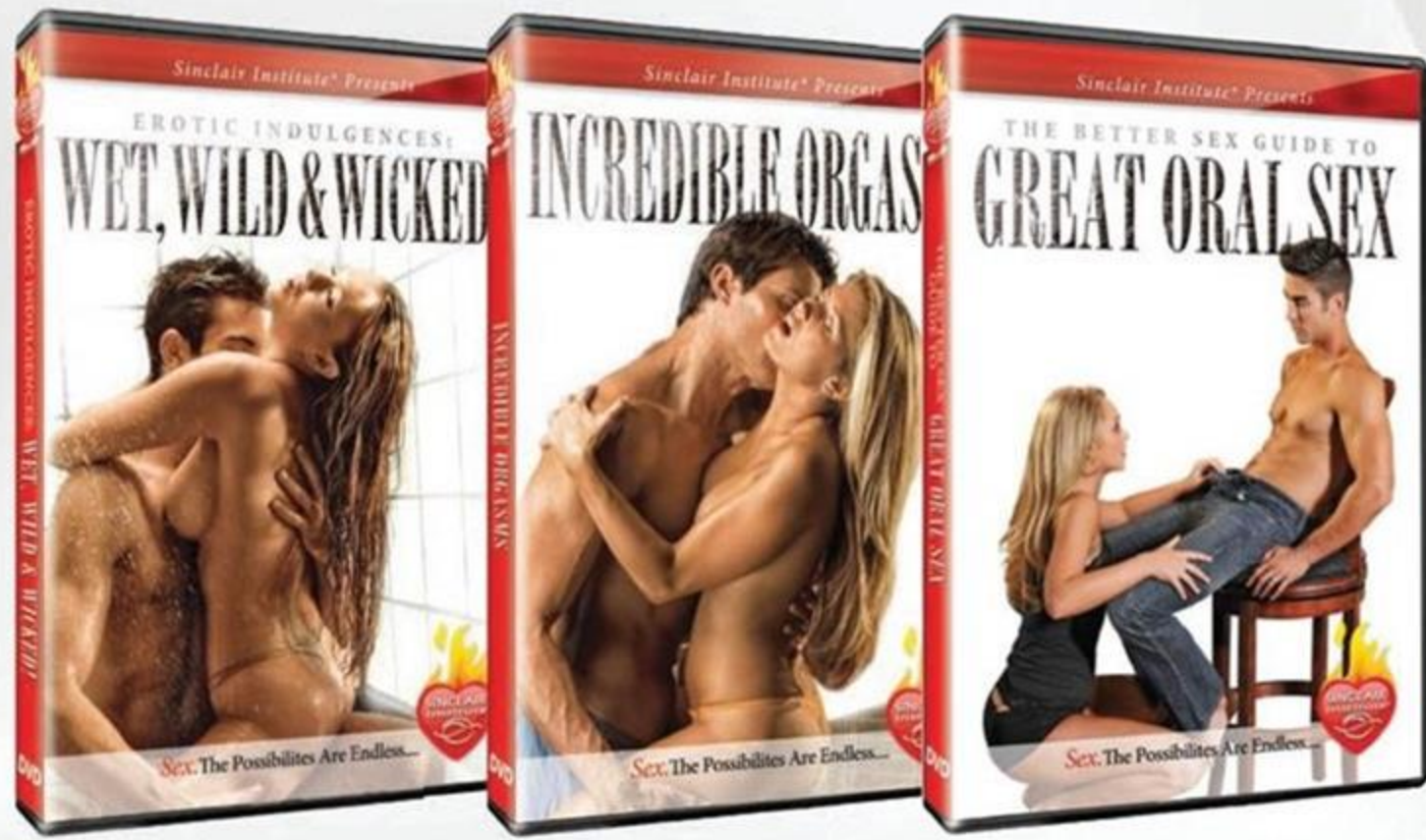




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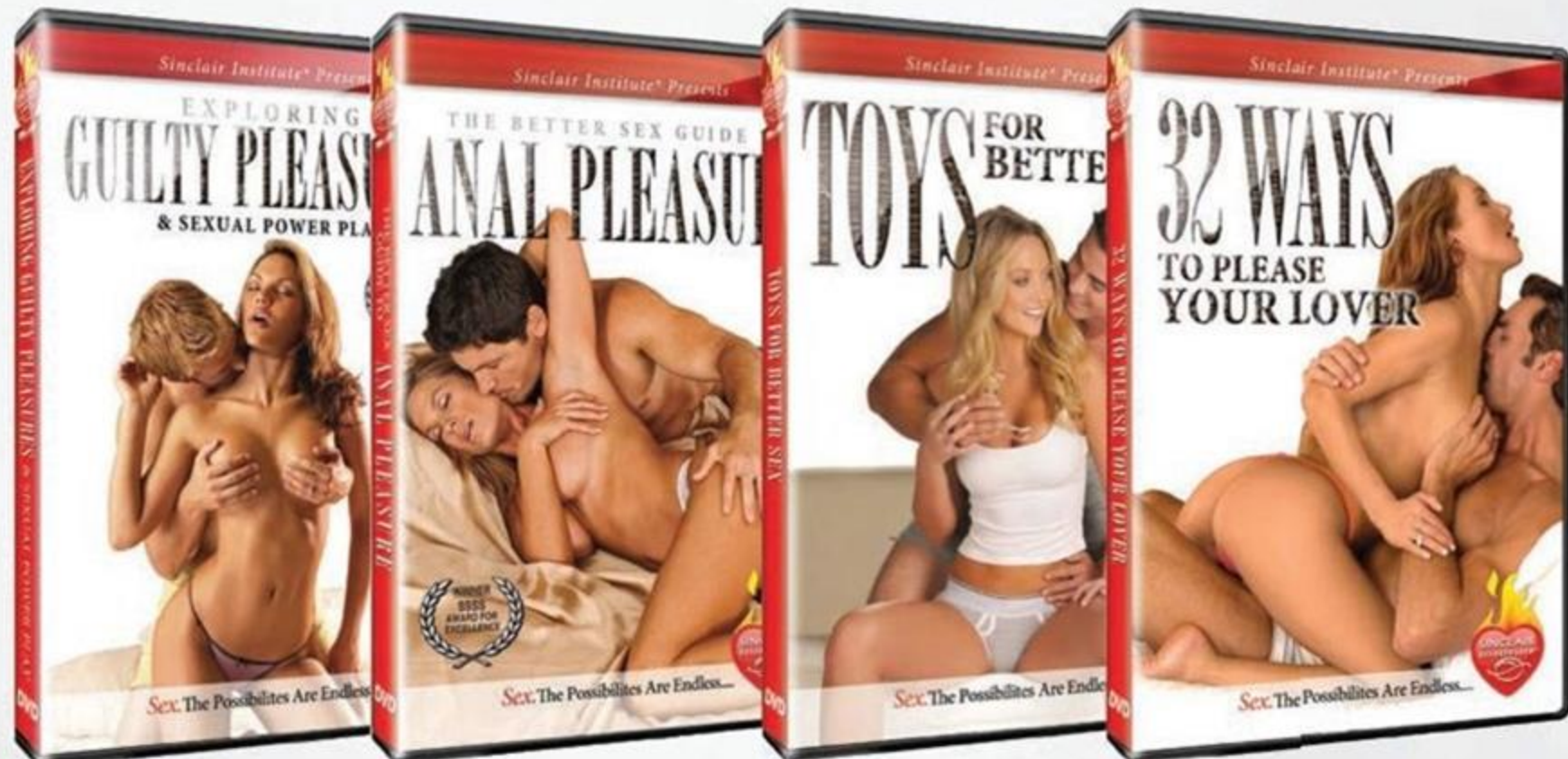
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## THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN SPORTS

*Continued from page 67*

a talented high school gymnast on whom he'd operated 20 years earlier who had written him a letter saying her elbow was bothering her again. And Andrews, clearly pained that the letter had been forwarded to him after several months and worried she might think he was ignoring her, called her persistently.

So that Monday morning, Andrews talked with decathlete Curtis Beach and told him he could have the surgery to his elbow and hope it would work out, or he could give up the decathlon and just concentrate on his best event, the 800 meters, or he could retire entirely and move on. He suggested that Beach and his mama go have a cup of coffee and think it over. He was honest. He said the surgery was no guarantee Beach would be able to throw the javelin again. The procedure was difficult, a

challenge. He would usually harvest a tendon from the forearm for the repair, but because of the arm damage, he would have to harvest one from the leg instead, and that could have an effect on Beach's sprinting. But then he added that he liked challenges, welcomed them, and told Beach what he tells nearly all his patients: He doesn't want him to give up his dreams. Not just yet.

James Andrews knows a thing or two about broken dreams. He was born in New Orleans, where his father was stationed in the early days of World War II. When his father shipped out to Europe, his mother moved baby James and his sister to his maternal grandparents' cotton and vegetable farm in Claiborne Parish in northern Louisiana. Andrews says from that point on he was destined to be a sports doctor. His granddaddy Nolen had wanted to be a doctor himself but had only a first-grade education, so he satisfied his ambitions by administering salves and lotions and potions and various concoctions to his farmhands and neighbors—sort of a local medicine man. Granddaddy Nolen would rock Andrews on the front porch and talk about the boy's future. That was the medicine part.

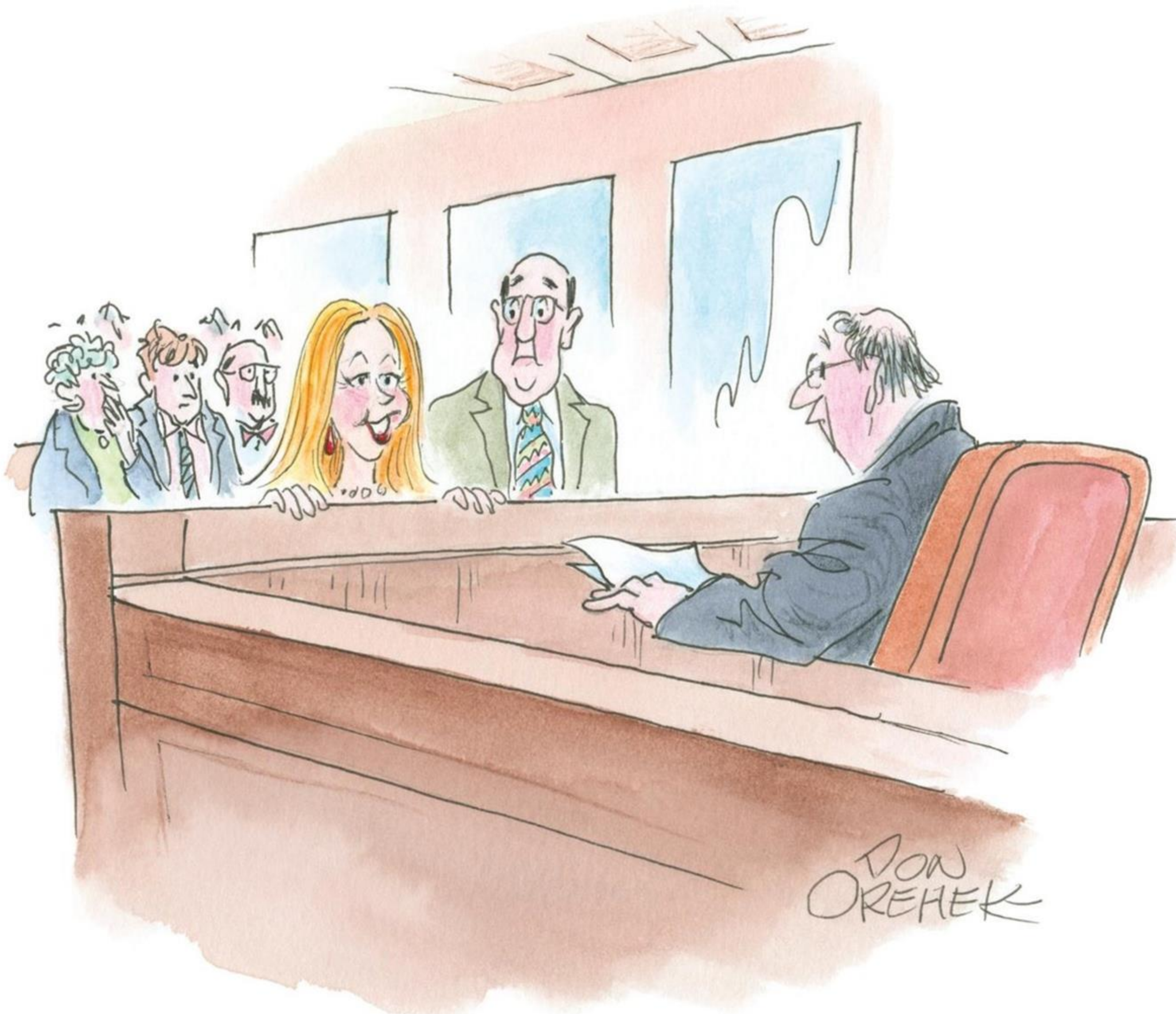
The sports part came when Andrews's father returned from the service and set up a dry-cleaning business in nearby Homer. There were only a few thousand inhabitants in Homer, but they all shared one obsession: sports. The social life of the town revolved around its high school teams, basically, as

Andrews puts it, because people didn't have much else to do. The Homer football team had only 18 players during Andrews's high school years, so they couldn't even scrimmage, and the school was so small that the players had to march in the band during halftime to fill it out. But they fought their way to the state championship game and lost to a much larger school.

Andrews's dad was in the thick of it. He'd been playing football at Northwestern State University of Louisiana when he was drafted, ending his athletic dreams. In Homer, he channeled those dreams into coaching and rooting. Young James was a superb athlete. He played football, baseball and basketball, but he was small, 150 pounds, and (thanks to his father's prodding) gravitated to pole-vaulting, for which he won the Louisiana state high school championship. That earned him a scholarship to Louisiana State University, where he won the SEC indoor and outdoor pole-vaulting championships and began dreaming of the Olympics.

But at the end of Andrews's sophomore year, his father suffered a heart attack. He was convalescing when doctors discovered lung cancer that had metastasized. He died quickly. Although Andrews still had two years of college remaining, he applied to the LSU medical school, already determined to become a sports doctor. He was admitted, he says, because the school gave special dispensations to athletes and even paid for their medical education. "I was damn lucky, man," he says. He hated giving up sports, and he brought his poles to medical school, hoping he might still compete. He never did.

That dream was gone, just as his father's had been, and the loss still hurts. So Andrews appreciates firsthand that his practice isn't about ligaments or muscles or bone. He knows it's all about those dreams. Or as one of his protégés, Dr. Jeffrey Dugas, says of the job, "We manage hope."



*"I would love to throw myself on the mercy of the court...if you know what I mean!"*

When Andrews, wearing blue scrubs with the pants bottoms tucked into white rubber rain boots, enters one of his four operating rooms—arrayed two to a side behind large plate-glass windows and divided by a wide viewing area—there is absolutely no question who is in command. He studies the X-ray, sits down on a stool next to the operating table and gets to work. He moves quickly, as if he has done this thousands of times before, which he has—about 45,000 times. The first operation is a routine Tommy John. He uses an arthroscope, which is a fiber-optic probe he can insert through a small incision into the elbow so he doesn't have to open up the entire joint. He can see the inside of the elbow on a large screen above the table, which means he isn't looking directly at where he is operating. Surgeons call it triangulation, and it is a skill, one orthopedic surgeon tells me, that you really can't learn. You either have it or you don't. Andrews is one of the best—a triangulation maestro. "He always said he could probably eat lunch and be talking and looking up there but never looking at the patient, and he could

be doing the case perfectly," says a surgeon who trained under Andrews.

Andrews finishes the Tommy John in under half an hour, threading the graft through a small drill hole in the bone like a deft tailor. Then the window fogs over mechanically so observers don't see the closing. He emerges into the viewing area, takes a brief respite by collapsing on a couch and sipping a coffee, then gathers himself, gets up and heads into the next operating room for an ACL. There will be another couple of Tommy Johns and another ACL among the nine surgeries he will perform that day, and after each, he plops on the couch for 10 minutes or so, sips that coffee, then gets up for the next operation. But these are the easy ones—the prelunch ones—the ones he can practically do in his sleep. These aren't the ones that keep him up. The hard ones are yet to come.

Back in the 1960s, when Andrews attended medical school, sports medicine wasn't yet a specialty. All you could do was train as an orthopedist, which is what Andrews did, and hope to work on sports injuries. But during his second year of residency at Tulane, he was watching a slide show about acute knee injuries and saw a photo of Dr. Jack Hughston of Columbus, Georgia, standing in front of the Auburn University sign at the campus entrance. Hughston was Auburn's team physician, and in that eureka moment Andrews said to himself, Man, there's my guy. So Andrews phoned Hughston cold and asked if he could shadow him on the weekends when Hughston covered Friday-night high school games, often operating on injured players Saturday mornings, and then covered Saturday-afternoon Auburn games. By the end of the year, Andrews had convinced both Hughston and his residency chief to let him spend his third year of residency in Columbus, studying under Hughston. "It was the greatest year of my life, as far as what I learned," Andrews says.

But Andrews didn't want to be just a sports surgeon. He made no bones about wanting to be the very best sports surgeon. When he finished his residency, he essentially went into training, just like a promising athlete. Dragging his wife and young children behind him, he took a fellowship with Dr. Frank McCue III, who was the team doctor for the University of Virginia and who specialized in hands and upper extremities. After that, Andrews immediately took another fellowship, this time in France under Dr. Albert Trillat, who had operated on Olympic skier Jean-Claude Killy and on many of Europe's top soccer players.

When he returned from France, Andrews went back to Columbus to practice with Hughston. They were a great team, but they weren't exactly peas in a pod. Hughston was a fastidious man, formal to Andrews's informality, and was brusque and unappreciative to his staff. Andrews says he learned from that too, developing his own easy manner and his graciousness to colleagues as a reaction.

Still, in his day Hughston was the closest

thing there was to the James Andrews of today. Just about his entire practice was sports, especially football players. And Andrews found himself right in the middle of it—tending to those high school players on Friday nights and Saturday mornings, then flying his Cessna 182 to three or four college football games at what he calls "pissant schools" in Georgia or Alabama that nobody else cared about, schools like Troy State and Livingston and North Alabama, where he would serve as the team physician and where injured players would pile into a van and be driven three or four hours to Columbus so Andrews could operate on them, then let them convalesce in his home with his wife cooking them meals, before driving them back to school. He followed that routine for 13 years—years during which he became like a son to Hughston.

In that time his reputation began to rise. But there was a problem. Andrews came to realize that the old man saw his protégé as a threat. He decided he had to leave the practice. Hospitals all across the South had been courting him. One of them, a hospital in Birmingham, flew him and his wife into town on a private jet and offered to build him a facility of his own. Andrews was flattered but wary about competing with a friend of his who practiced in Birmingham, sports surgeon Larry Lemak. Instead, the two agreed to team up, and Lemak's own hospital agreed to build them a new clinic, complete with a biomechanics lab and a building for a sports-research foundation Andrews wanted.

Andrews left Columbus. And Jack Hughston, who was "madder than hell" about Andrews leaving, never forgave him for it.

Now comes the hard part. Andrews sits on a stool and hunches over the table, focusing intently through his wire-rim glasses. No more arthroscope or screen. These are "open" surgeries, which require that he open up the arm to do the work—surgeries in which there is more drilling, more threading, more moving of muscle, more attachments, more *everything*. These are the surgeries that require Andrews to rely on his experience and intuition, because he is in uncharted territory. There is Brian Henninger's ruptured ligament, the one pulled clean off the bone, for which Andrews has to harvest a graft and then attach it. This one takes awhile because the damage is so severe, though Andrews works quickly, his hands fairly flying. ("He has the best hands in the business," says one of his former fellows.) And when he is done, he does what he always does after each successful surgery: He turns to the window and signals "thumbs-up" to the observers. Then the window fogs again, Andrews emerges again, collapses onto the couch again, rises again and heads into the next operating room again.

Lying there on the table is the young minor league pitcher whose ligament was torn a second time after a Tommy John and whose muscle was ripped away. Andrews isn't sure he can save this one. It's another long surgery—one that, with the drilling and screws, looks more like carpentry than a medical procedure. Andrews never looks



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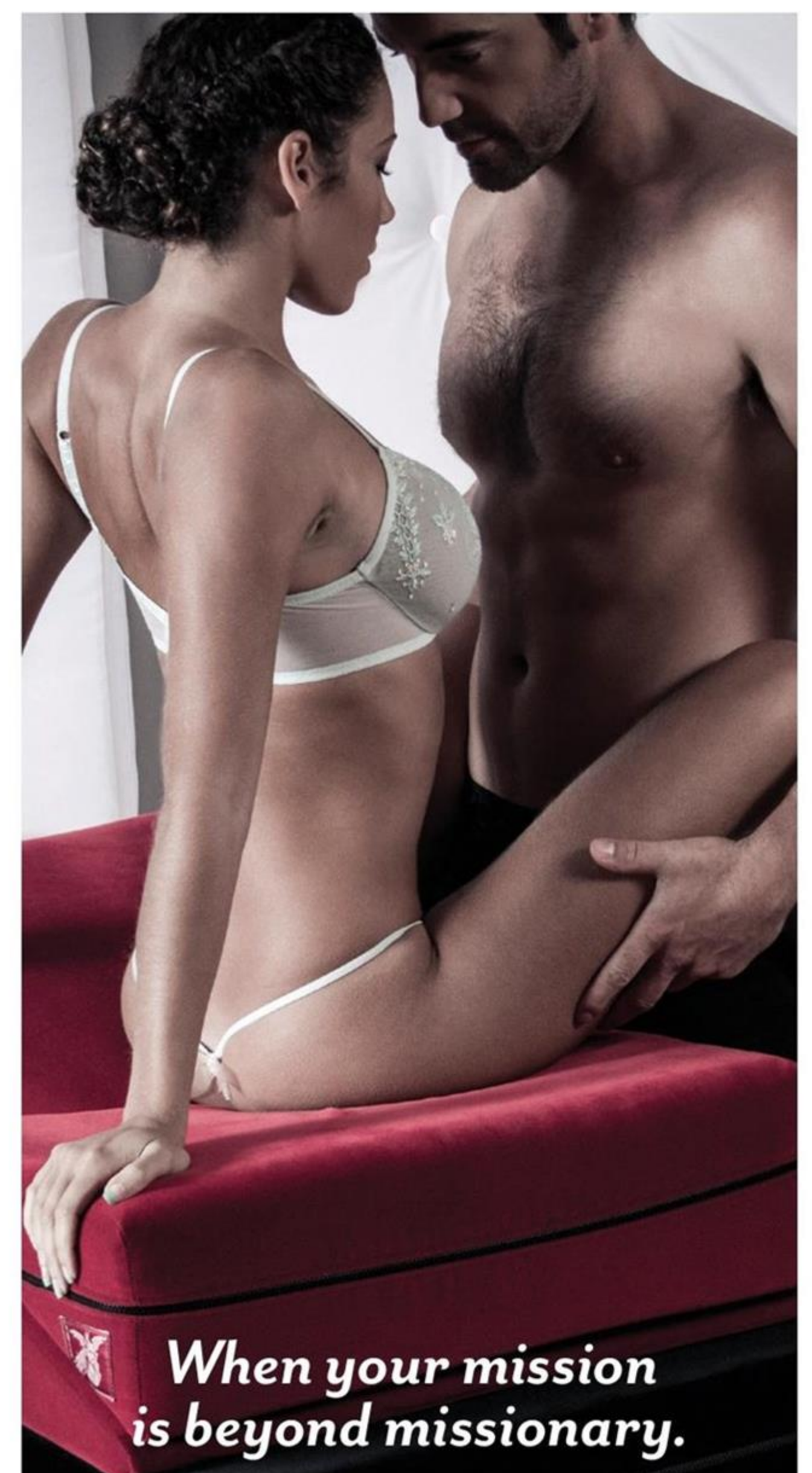
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up. He concentrates fully. The pitcher's physical therapist is watching through the window, and it is tense—another dream on the line. And then, after close to an hour—an hour in which Andrews doesn't seem to make a single wasted motion—he finally turns his head to the window and flashes the sign: thumbs-up.

One would like to say everything was thumbs-up for Andrews himself when in 1986, at the age of 44—not exactly a kid anymore—he left Columbus for Birmingham. But there was a hiccup. It turned out there wasn't enough money to build the new hospital Andrews had been promised, which antagonized an ambitious health entrepreneur named Richard Scruschy, who had agreed to provide Andrews with physical therapists. Scruschy got so frustrated with the hospital's foot-dragging that he finally decided to have his company, HealthSouth, buy the hospital and build Andrews his \$50 million addition. The wing went up in less than a year. Andrews designed the whole thing.

And that is when the practice really started to take off. Andrews says modestly that he was “in the right place at the right time”—but it wasn't all luck. It was that Southern charm of his and his emotional connection to the athletes. Former patients remembered Andrews fondly. A number of the baseball players Andrews had treated in the minor leagues were now major leaguers, and they not only came to Andrews, they recommended him to friends and teammates. A number of those college football players, including a few from the “pissant” schools, were now in the NFL, and they made recommendations too.

But what turned Birmingham into the Lourdes for injured athletes was what Andrews calls “signature patients”—big names who brought Andrews big recognition in the sports world and in the media. One of the first was golfer Jerry Pate, who hailed from Alabama and on whom Andrews would operate six or seven times to repair a recurrent shoulder problem. Pate spread the word. Another was Jack Nicklaus, on whose knee Andrews operated. Nicklaus sent everyone he knew with orthopedic issues to Andrews, and the two remain good friends.

The biggest, however, was a strapping young Boston pitcher who had suddenly and inexplicably lost velocity. The Red Sox team physician couldn't figure out why. It was the pitcher's agent, Randy Hendricks, who heard about Andrews and directed his client to Columbus, when Andrews was still working with Hughston, to have the doctor take a look. Andrews quickly determined that the pitcher had a torn labrum in his shoulder. He scoped him. Eight months later, Roger Clemens was striking out 20 batters in a game, and Andrews had decamped to Birmingham. As Andrews puts it, “Roger is the kind of guy who tells all of his buddies where to go, what to do.” Andrews says it changed his life.

After Clemens, the floodgates opened. Andrews was seeing up to 60 patients on his clinic days and performing more than 40 operations a week. He became known

as a miracle worker. When Bo Jackson, the two-sport pro athlete, wrecked his hip during a Raiders game and needed a hip replacement, Andrews, who knew him from Auburn, helped fix it. (Jackson's contract stipulated that he could circumvent the team physician and go directly to Andrews.) When young Clippers point guard Shaun Livingston suffered a multiple-ligament injury to his knee—“More like a football injury,” Andrews says—and Livingston's career seemed over, Andrews fixed him. Perhaps the biggest testament to Andrews is that he became the team physician simultaneously for Auburn *and* its chief rival, Alabama, roles that to this day necessitate that he fly to Auburn games every Saturday and then, after the final gun, fly to Alabama games. He wears a diamond-studded Auburn 2013 SEC championship ring on his right ring finger.

Those were the good times, and they lasted nearly 20 years. He had a sterling reputation, a wife he loved and six children—all of whose names begin with *A*, for the alliteration. And to top it off, Scruschy had decided to move him to a brand-new \$300 million state-of-the-art, all-digital facility. But the ride wasn't quite over. It turned out there were still a few more speed bumps ahead.

It is Thursday and Andrews is off to San Antonio for a graduation ceremony, but he always seems to be flying off somewhere in his Citation III, be it to a game or a conference. One season he toted up all the football games he and his wife had attended; it came to 55. He works every week of the year except Christmas, and he spends much of that week watching football games on TV and wincing when a player goes down, knowing he might be called to action.

Andrews isn't working tirelessly because he needs the money. His wealth has been estimated at \$14 million. He can't rest, because when you dig far enough, you find that folksy demeanor hides a deep competitive streak. Andrews once raced yachts with great success, and he even headed an America's Cup syndicate. Medicine, though, is where he has really channeled the competitiveness that he sacrificed when he gave up pole-vaulting—not competition against other doctors but competition against those dream-threatening injuries. He won't say it, of course, but a man who has been around athletes all his life is on a mission. He is out to be the Michael Jordan or the Peyton Manning or the Jack Nicklaus of sports medicine. He isn't content to do surgeries. He wants to change the entire face of sports medicine so that no one ever has to surrender his or her dreams again.

Part of that effort is the research Andrews has done and part is a fellows program he initiated with Hughston that now has 350 alumni, many of them team physicians. But the part that seems nearest to his heart is the effort to prevent youth injuries, which he says have increased tenfold since 2000. He calls this his passion. Andrews is adamant that the reason there are so many Tommy John surgeries today—more than 40 in the major

and minor leagues this year—is that kids like Kody Winner begin throwing too many pitches generally and too many breaking pitches specifically at too young an age, and it catches up with them. So he conducts research that focuses on children and provides guidelines on limits that he thinks should be placed on children's sports, and he has written a book about how to prevent youth sports injuries. He calls this his legacy. In effect, he would like to put himself out of business.

But when it comes to legacies right now, Andrews's most visible one is the imposing institute that bears his name. It is not something he sought. It just happened. He was waiting for his new hospital to be finished when Scrusby suddenly came under federal investigation in 2003 for inflating his company's profits. HealthSouth was over. Eventually another hospital moved into the breach, but everything was scaled back, and Scrusby's \$300 million facility sat unfinished—an empty shell. For Andrews, it was crushing.

And then in January 2006, after flying home from treating an injured Redskins player after a playoff game, treatment that didn't end until the wee hours of the morning, Andrews was taking a shower when he began gasping for breath. He was rushed to the hospital with a massive heart attack—an attack that almost surely would have been fatal had there not been, by sheer coincidence, a cardiac surgical team at the hospital that had just finished working on another patient.

The attack should have been a sign that Andrews may not be as easygoing as he appears, and it should have been a warning for him to slow down. He didn't, but the heart attack did get him to think about succession, which prompted him to tap two of his favorite fellows to be his heirs. "Better than I was," he says. And that put him at loggerheads with his partner, Larry Lemak, who had intended to turn the practice over to his son. The divide was unbridgeable. So in 2006 Andrews reluctantly underwent his second medical divorce.

By that time a physical therapist named Chad Gilliland, who had worked with Andrews in Birmingham, had resettled in Pensacola and was advising a hospital group named Baptist Health Care, which wanted to expand its orthopedic services. Baptist Health Care asked Gilliland to invite Andrews to Florida to recommend doctors it might hire. Gilliland and Andrews were in the physicians' lounge, talking about candidates when Andrews blurted, "What about me?"

And so began Andrews's newest phase. He sat down with a yellow pad and wrote a wish list of all the things he desired in a hospital: not only the operating rooms and clinic, but also a biomechanics lab, a rehab center and a separate performance-enhancement wing where athletes could go simply to improve themselves. Baptist Health Care committed \$50 million to build the new facility. It opened in January 2007.

Andrews said he intended to stay in Birmingham and visit Pensacola only once a week, but the one-day-a-week arrangement lasted just a few years. He now spends four days a week in Pensacola and one in Bir-

mingham: Friday. By his own admission, he hasn't lost any enthusiasm or willingness to learn. He says the next big advance in orthopedics will be biologics—stem cells, tissue engineering, DNA therapies—and there are another 3.5 acres on the Andrews Institute campus, on which he hopes to build a new lab. "Somebody asked me if I feel old," he says. "I said, 'No, the only time I feel old is when I look in the mirror. So I stopped looking in the damn mirror.'"

•

Andrews has been operating since seven in the morning, and now he comes to Curtis Beach, the decathlete with the cracked elbow and torn ligament. It's another open surgery and another grueling one. If the minor

league pitcher's surgery was like carpentry, this one is more like sculpting. Andrews chisels away at the elbow until a chunk of bone the size of a half-dollar falls off. He grabs it with a forceps and plunks it into a silver tray, then forages back into the elbow, pulling aside the ulnar nerve that runs like a thin rubber tube all the way down the arm. Now he has to find a place to attach the graft. He finds it, drills the hole and carefully threads the ligament. The room is absolutely silent. He lays the ulnar nerve over the muscle and begins to stitch up, lightning fast, almost quicker than the eye can follow.

Then he turns to the observation window, gives his signal, and the glass fogs over.



*"So what else did you guys do on your summer vacation?"*



## THE BATTLE OVER THE WORST MOVIE EVER MADE

Continued from page 62

from a stack of tapes at the show's offices. "It has an atmosphere, a vibe. Why did people latch on to it? I don't know. It's like the Supreme Court's definition of porn: You'll know it when you see it."

For a long time no one wanted to see it unless it was accompanied by *MST3K*'s taunts. Then, in 2011, a collector of film prints uncovered the original negative of *Manos* and embarked on an inexplicable project to restore the film with all the white-glove attention archivists give to Hollywood classics. His efforts would incur the wrath of a mysterious man with a fake New Zealand accent named Rupert, as well as Joe Warren, Hal Warren's embittered son, who intends to preserve the *Manos* legacy at all costs.

"J.R.R. Tolkien's kid catches shit," Joe Warren says, "but he just wants to protect his father's work. Same thing."

Hal Warren loved the theater. "He was a ham," says Shelley Connor, his daughter from his second marriage. Warren went on USO tours during World War II; an early adopter of the latest technology, he would film his kids getting up on Christmas morning, rousing them in the middle of the night for

a rehearsal before sending them back to bed.

He was also a hustler, pushing newspapers before getting into insurance sales. A product of the Great Depression, Warren dedicated himself to staying one step ahead. Once, Connor recalls, a physician turned down a deal Warren offered him. Warren donned scrubs and followed the man into the operating room.

"He lost the sale," Connor says.

Spare moments were spent in the theater. Warren, who bore a slight resemblance to Vince McMahon minus the gorilla neck, often played the heavy in productions that lacked polish: One playbill for a Shakespeare presentation was titled *Makbeth*.

When he settled in El Paso with his third wife, a number of things crystallized. He was in the desert, which would make a great setting for either a horror film or a Western; he could talk a bunch of repertory actors into working for nothing; and if he wrote the screenplay, he could portray the hero.

A rumor persists that Warren once met Academy Award-winning screenwriter Stirling Silliphant and obnoxiously argued that "anyone" could produce a film. Silliphant disagreed. Motivated by ambition, spite or both, Warren decided to mount a feature titled *The Lodge of Sims*, inspired by a long-held interest in the Freemasons and their ritualistic gatherings. Calling on his salesman persona, he raised money from local investors at a reputed \$700 a share and began to write a script on napkins about a husband, wife and daughter who take a wrong turn and run into a sacrificial cult run by the Master and his dim servant, Torgo. For added salaciousness, the polygamous Master would have several scantily clad brides (portrayed by women recruited from a local modeling agency) who would engage in a free-for-all wrestling match.

All this was somehow made palatable to members of the theater company, who agreed to work for a share of the profits. Many of them took on multiple responsibilities. William Jennings, who portrays the

sheriff, served as Warren's legal counsel and president of his Sun City Films banner. Tom Neyman, who portrays the Master, was an artist who painted a large and disturbing portrait of his character posing with a dog. Neyman's wife made many of the costumes, including the now memorable Master's robe, a billowing cloak with two enormous red hands that resembles an occult-themed Snuggie. Before filming, Neyman asked his daughter, Jackey, to play the family's daughter.

Warren, then 42, retitled the film *Manos: The Hands of Fate* and shot throughout the summer of 1966, hampered considerably by the Filmo 70 and his own inexperience. The novice director's production techniques were beyond guerrilla. For a human-sacrifice scene, Warren dumped piles of dirt around a group of old courthouse pillars on land owned by a lawyer running for county judge. (He left the dirt for the lawyer's family to clean up.) Since the cast and crew had day jobs, they toiled all night in the dark, illuminating some scenes with car headlights. If something went awry—and virtually everything did—Warren dismissed it by claiming they would "fix it in the lab."

There was no lab. Still, after six hours of editing at a local television station, Warren had finally made a movie. It was often out of focus, lingered on the backs of actors' heads and featured interminable shots of people staring at each other, but it was still a movie. He set the premiere for November 15, 1966 and invited El Paso's luminaries to fill the vinyl turquoise seats at the Capri Theater. He rented a limousine and instructed the driver to keep circling the block, picking up cast members and dropping them off as though he had a fleet on standby. He paid street urchins to run up to the actors—who were and remain virtually anonymous—and ask for their autographs.

The movie started, and the Filmo 70 immediately proved why it was best relegated to Korean War footage. Because it couldn't record sound, Warren was forced to overdub the entire film. All the voices were out of sync. The editing was a mess. Crew members sneaked away in shame. Warren, whose character, the husband and father Michael, comes off as an ungracious jerk to the hapless Torgo even before the Master's motives are revealed, sank deeper into his seat.

"Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the production," wrote one El Paso reviewer, "is that Hal Warren, who wrote, directed and produced and starred in the movie, wrote for himself the worst part."

Aside from a handful of drive-in engagements, *Manos* would disappear for the next 26 years. Warren distanced himself from the theater, never making another movie, and continued in sales until his death from lung cancer in 1985. He would not live to see the film's resurrection on *MST3K*, the name-drop on an episode of *How I Met Your Mother* or the sincere attachment fans have developed toward his fumbled experiment—particularly the character of Torgo, who lives to please the Master and winds up being strangely sympathetic even as he spends a good portion of the movie carrying luggage. (A troubled Reynolds committed suicide just a month before the film's premiere.)



"Oh hell! Your eyes came out all white!"

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Like any great bad film, *Manos* is blissfully unaware of its own two left feet. Many of the sets look like drug dens; *manos* means “hands” in Spanish, making the title *Hands: The Hands of Fate*. Torgo, who sports peculiar padding around the knees, may have been conceived as part animal, an idea abandoned at some point but far enough along for Reynolds to move with a staggered gait. In *Manos*, even walking across the frame appears to be a half-assed effort.

There is no end to how badly executed the film is, and there is no ignoring that every creative misstep was entirely Warren’s doing: He had total autonomy. If he did indeed brag that “anyone” could make a film to a respected writer like Silliphant, it makes his failure even more epic. Like a boastful Evel Knievel, he wipes out so spectacularly on the tarmac that it demands closer observation. The film’s fandom may as well be a support group, inviting a level of fervent discussion that good movies rarely garner.

“*Ben-Hur* is a cool movie,” says Tony Trombo, a fan who hosts the podcast *Talking Manos*. “But nobody ever talks about it.”

Ben Solovey, 30, is sitting in a farmers’ market in Los Angeles, sunglasses obscuring a pleasantly boyish face. He’s fond of punctuating sentences with a horizontal air punch.

A cameraman by trade, he grew up on

the side of a mountain in Chattanooga, Tennessee, which was all right except that he couldn’t get cable. One day, his mother was given a 16-millimeter film projector that had been sitting unused in the local elementary school and took it home. Solovey checked out reels from the town library and realized that movies were tangible, not just some ephemeral signal beamed to your television. They had a smell, a feel, and he became preoccupied with collecting them.

“I was not,” he says, “the most popular kid at the lunch table.”

Solovey attended Florida State before taking an internship at Panavision in Los Angeles, entering the industry just as digital shooting began to take over. He continued to collect prints and bought a 35-millimeter projector. In 2011 he found an eBay listing for a pile of canisters located in San Diego. They were full of the kind of schlock Solovey had been weaned on in the horror section of his local video store: *The Atomic Brain*, *The Brain That Wouldn’t Die* and, improbably, *Manos*, a film he had seen on *Mystery Science Theater 3000* and embraced for its sincere awfulness.

He e-mailed the seller and asked to buy just two titles. “You can have them all,” the man said.

Solovey drove to San Diego to pick up the lot. He expected *Manos* to be just another print, but as he hefted the canister, two things caught his eye. One was the title on the spine,

which read *Finggrs [sic] of Fate*, and the other was a label that read “work print” on the front.

Solovey had unwittingly stumbled upon celluloid straight out of the camera, upchucked by the Filmo 70 and left to wither by Emerson Film Enterprises, the distributor Warren had convinced to pick up the movie. The Northridge earthquake of 1994 had destroyed many titles from Emerson’s library, but *Manos* survived, sitting in a storage space until the founder’s grandson auctioned it off.

As he inspected the reels (“It looked like it had been run over by a truck,” he says) Solovey remembered a book he had once read on the search for the missing footage of an old Napoleon feature and how it had instilled in him the idea that films—all films, no matter their perceived merits—had a right to exist. The *Manos* DVDs being sold online were copies of copies that looked, Solovey says, “like they were shot through a screen door.” (Or as *MST3K* had put it, “Every frame of this movie looks like someone’s last known photograph.”) Here was the original, ready to be cleaned, restored and preserved for future generations to mock.

“I wanted to make the best version of the worst movie ever made,” he says.

After Solovey posted his find on SomethingAwful.com, a clearinghouse for internet snark, his campaign began to gather steam. Commenters told him he was “doing God’s work.” Movie critic Roger Ebert tweeted that *Manos* had been rescued from the waste bin. Comedian Mike Nelson, who once hosted *MST3K* and now roasts bad movies online at RiffTrax.com, called him up to chat about the discovery.

Emboldened, Solovey approached the Texas Film Commission about funding a restoration. “They weren’t receptive,” he says. Instead, Solovey turned to Kickstarter and showed off sample footage of actress Diane Mahree, who plays Warren’s wife, in a before-after comparison. The difference was striking: Previously covered in soot, the image of Mahree—who later became a model—looked stunning after Solovey’s restoration.

“That blew people away,” Solovey says. Fans pledged nearly \$50,000 to help clean, scan, restore and distribute a high-definition copy. Solovey hired two specialists to assist in the process, wiping the print down by hand and then using the same scanner preferred by archivists at the Criterion Collection. “It was like adopting an ugly puppy,” he says.

Because some of the original image had been cropped, their work uncovered more filth in the margins. Erasing the hazy screen-door effect revealed the film to be even more incompetent than previously believed, with the Master sporting blue jeans under his foreboding cloak and footage of one of the brides cracking up in the background during a scene. The clunky dubbing was left untouched. “It’s my job to present it,” Solovey says, “not fix it.”

Solovey started in late 2011, and by the summer of 2012 he was far enough along to field a call from Charles Horak, who ran the Plaza Classic Film Festival in El Paso. Citing the city’s “mythic attachment” to the movie, which may or may not have been a joke, Horak wanted to screen *Manos* for some of



“Those are stalactites, those are stalagmites, and those lining the cave’s entrance are gigantic fangs!”



the festival's 40,000 attendees. Also showing that year: *On the Waterfront*, *Casablanca* and *Dog Day Afternoon*.

There was only a brief discussion over the necessary permissions. To the understanding of Solovey and most everyone else involved, *Manos* had suffered the same fate as 1968's *Night of the Living Dead*: A copyright symbol had been left off the film, which in the 1960s meant it automatically entered the public domain. There was no telling how many millions *Dead* director George Romero lost to the gaffe.

But someone was doing the accounting for *Manos*—and what had been intended as a victory lap for Solovey turned into something far less pleasant.

Joe Warren's wife, Aimee, remembers the first time she walked into the Warren household. A four-by-five-foot painting of the Master hung over the couch, staring down visitors and upsetting children.

"I thought these people were freaking nuts," she recalls, watching her husband shuffle through a Sterilite container full of papers. "What are you looking for?"

"The novel," Joe says. In his late 40s, graying hair buzzed tight to his scalp, Joe lives in a St. Louis suburb. Preoccupied with baseball, he didn't see *Manos* until high school and had little idea his father ever held creative aspirations. When Hal screened it for him, Joe fell asleep. When he woke up, Hal asked him what he thought.

"It's okay," Joe said.

"You can tell me the truth," Hal said.

"Well, it's kind of terrible. It doesn't make any sense."

For the next three hours, Hal attempted to make sense of it. He knew, Joe says, it was a bad movie, but he never completely abandoned his ambitions. Hal wrote a novel, *Forever and Always*, which he turned into a script and submitted to HBO in 1983. Joe still has the polite rejection letter. (HBO would later own Comedy Central's precursor, the Comedy Channel, which aired *Mystery Science Theater 3000*.)

There are pictures of Hal emceeding events and appearing onstage. "Great widow's peak," Joe marvels, admiring his father's hairline. There's a Masonic Bible with Hal's name written inside and the original cloak worn by the Master in the film, replicas of which remain a staple of cosplayers at Comic-Con and other conventions.

"We've had to stitch up the bottom," Joe says, the heavy linen material having grown frayed from both Joe and Hal wearing it on Halloween.

The painting, the cloak and the Sterilite container are what remain of Hal Warren's entertainment career. *Manos* may not be a good film—at 69 minutes, it may not even qualify as a feature film at all—but Joe insists it is the property of the Warren family. "Something needs to be done to protect Dad's legacy," he says. "People are trying to make money off of it and don't even care."

When Solovey began his restoration work, he consulted a lawyer who believed the film was firmly in the public domain. But Warren was agitated. His father's movie had just

been given a public grant of \$50,000 and Solovey was starting to screen it; Jackey Neyman Jones, who played the little girl in the film, was selling *Manos* T-shirts. Someone was cashing in, and the Warrens appeared to be an afterthought.

On Jones's Facebook page, Warren wrote, "We need to talk about this: T-shirts, paintings, etc. I don't want to be the bad guru [sic] but all the characters are copyrighted and as such can't be used without permission either by you or by Solovey...please contact me otherwise I have to make my own choices to protect it and all its characters. Ben knows this and has crossed the line and I don't want you to be put in that position... this is serious and could potentially cost a lot of money if you pursue this without asking and covering your butt."

Jones was not swayed. "He has my dad's painting and robe. I wrote back, 'Here's my address. When can I expect them to be returned?'"

Jones's father had been promised profits, which would seem to stifle any argument over selling a few T-shirts. But Warren insists any deals made by his father died with his father. More important, he disagrees with Solovey that the film is in the public domain. In 2013, he discovered among his father's belongings a notice of copyright for the screenplay. A friend dug through the Library of Congress records and confirmed it was more than just a submission—the script had been logged, which Warren interprets to mean the movie itself is protected.

No one, however, knows for sure, as no precedent exists and no one seems willing to spend the money to have a court figure it out. "No copyright filed for theatrical release and no copyright notice on the film from that period is a fatal, defective thing," says Ian Friedman, Solovey's attorney. "But in the end, it's not whether you're right or wrong. It's whether you want to litigate it."

Warren took a different tack. A day before the celebratory screening in El Paso, someone phoned Horak and told him he did not have permission to screen the film. A license fee was required, along with another demand: Security personnel should be given a picture of Solovey and instructed not to let him in.

The festival board had no time to investigate whether the claim had any merit. The following afternoon, as Al Pacino was setting up a one-man show in the theater intended to screen *Manos*, Horak made hasty arrangements to show the film in a nearby hotel ballroom, making it an unofficial part of the festival. The late notice, Horak says, "felt like a shakedown."

"I'm not trying to stop people," Warren contends. "I'm not some George Orwellian guy. I just don't want people making money off my dad's work."

"Joe seems to think I'm in it for the money, and nothing will dissuade him from that perception," Solovey says, insisting there's not much to be made in the *Manos* trade to begin with. "Where was he when nothing was going on with the movie?"

Warren, meanwhile, bristles at Solovey-hosted screenings in Finland and Germany, likening them to a subsidized world tour. "Why not have Hal's kid there?" he says.



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"No one's inviting me, the director's son."

In August 2012, Warren did get an invitation to what was intended to be the largest *Manos* spectacle of its kind: The film would be roasted a second time by a portion of the *Mystery Science Theater 3000* cast, now doing business under the name RiffTrax. The screening in Nashville would be beamed live to theaters across the country. Like most things the film touches, it was a disaster, but not because of any of the usual suspects. Most parties lay the blame at the feet of Joe Warren's onetime associate, a curious man who can be found on YouTube in character as Torgo and who calls himself Rupert Talbot Munch Sr.

In 2010, Munch, sporting a vaguely New Zealand-sounding accent, approached Warren with the idea of shooting a sequel to *Manos*. It would pick up some 40 years after the original, featuring the return of Jackey Neyman Jones and her father, musical numbers, break-dancing and as many as 120 brides in an erotic grappling session. The script was reputed to be 250 pages. Munch—a bearded man who favors fedoras and who declined to comment for this article—had composed music for television but had no prior experience directing a feature.

According to Andy Cope, a documentary filmmaker whose grandfather appeared in the original *Manos* ("He didn't talk about it, like he had killed somebody," Cope says), Munch explained that he was home ill one day and caught *Mystery Science Theater 3000*. He became a devoted fan of both the series and its signature episode, sometimes dressing up as Torgo for comics conventions. No one is sure why Munch adopted an alter ego, though Cope believes he may have felt more comfortable directing as "someone else." Confusing the issue further, he would also be playing Torgo in the film.

"He was in character playing a character," Cope says. "It was very convoluted."

Jay Lee, who served as director of photography for the ill-fated sequel, recalls accidentally calling Munch by his real name, Phil Francis, during filming, prompting Munch-Francis to shut down production for the day. Lee, who had already toiled in the B-movie trenches directing *Zombie Strippers!* starring Jenna Jameson, says he attempted to remedy some of Munch's directorial deficiencies, to little avail. A fraction of the film was shot before Munch stopped, possibly due to lack of funds.

"We could've shot the whole thing for his budget," Lee says, "but he spent almost \$30,000 in one week in El Paso."

With the sequel on ice, Munch instead attempted to install himself as the curator of the *Manos* estate. Both Jones's and Solovey's attorneys claim Munch falsely presented himself as their representative. Solovey says Munch offered to finance the *Manos* restoration back in 2011, but he wanted too much control over the project, prompting Solovey to turn to Kickstarter. Warren, who believed Munch's heart was in the right place, claims Munch helped locate the original *Manos* copyright notice. After the Nashville debacle and Munch's overzealous efforts, though, Warren now refers to him as "the Entity."

The trouble started when, according to RiffTrax co-owner David Martin, Munch contacted the company to discuss the *Manos* copyright and licensing fee after it had begun to advertise the live Nashville show. It was too late to switch movies, so RiffTrax reluctantly agreed to Munch's terms—most notably, that he appear in character as Torgo and deliver pizzas to the cast. His cameo was later edited out of the DVD release.

Warren was given a seat, but the cast and crew largely ignored him, thinking he was colluding with the troublesome Munch.

"There was sadness," Warren says. "This was supposed to be about me being able to see *Manos* on the big screen for the first time. I wanted to meet the guys and say thank you. I wanted, as my dad's son, to go backstage. That was supposed to be my coming-out moment. It was frustrating."

After the screening, Munch disappeared. "Munch had the gift of gab," Jones says. "He talked a lot of people into doing a lot of things."

"He reminded me of Hal."

After considerable delay, Solovey's *Manos* restoration will be released on Blu-ray this month by Synapse Films. The original negative is now safely tucked away in cold storage at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Film Archive.

"That's not a joke," Solovey says. "Their holdings are very diverse."

Solovey—who next plans to tackle a repolishing of *The Atomic Brain*—says he was successful in copyrighting the restoration, which would appear to settle the matter once and for all. If *Manos* is in the public domain, then other fan labors, including a puppet show (*Manos: The Hands of Felt*), a Mario-style platform video game for smartphones and a planned microbudget prequel featuring a high-school-age Torgo, can be copyrighted on their own.

Warren, however, remains adamant that Solovey's copyright is not enforceable. "I still say the movie is protected, and as such, developmental work or restorations are thereby protected," he says. "I've tried to be nice, but he has his own ideas about protected works and infringing on them."

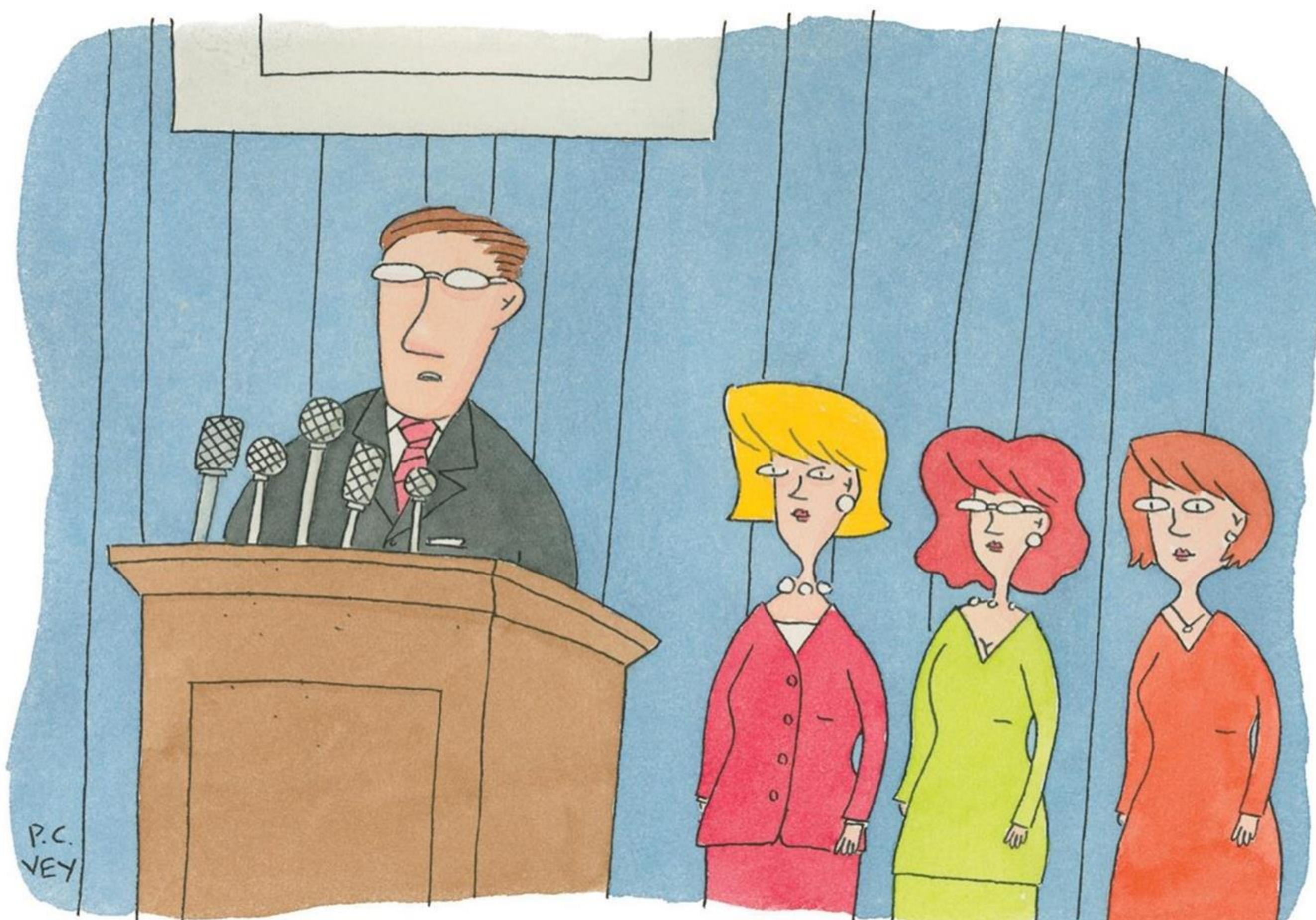
Warren's assertion that he's being reasonable is backed by RiffTrax's Martin, who quickly came to an agreement regarding the inclusion of *Manos* outtakes in a recent DVD release, crediting the "Harold P. Warren Irrevocable Trust."

"When we finally had a chance to talk, I found Joe to be a really nice guy," Martin says. He doesn't rule out Torgo-related business in the future. "*Manos* remains one of our 10 top-selling titles." He says his copyright attorney, who has extensive experience with public domain cases, believes Warren has an arguable claim to the original property.

Jackey Neyman Jones hasn't heard from Warren in some time. She continues to sell *Manos*-inspired casualwear, including a scarf. Semi-estranged, she and her father, Tom Neyman, got back in touch while helping to promote the restoration.

"It's a strange way to develop a relationship again, but I'm grateful for it," she says. "I adore my dad."

MST3K's Conniff, who admits his discovery essentially opened a gateway to movie hell, remains a bystander to the latter-day animosity but is happy to take some responsibility for the affection directed at *Manos*. "There are a lot of bad movies, but there was something special about this one," he says. "It somehow captured the public's imagination, even though there wasn't a lot of imagination in it in the first place."



"...And so I am stepping down to spend more time with a number of women I've been seen around town with."





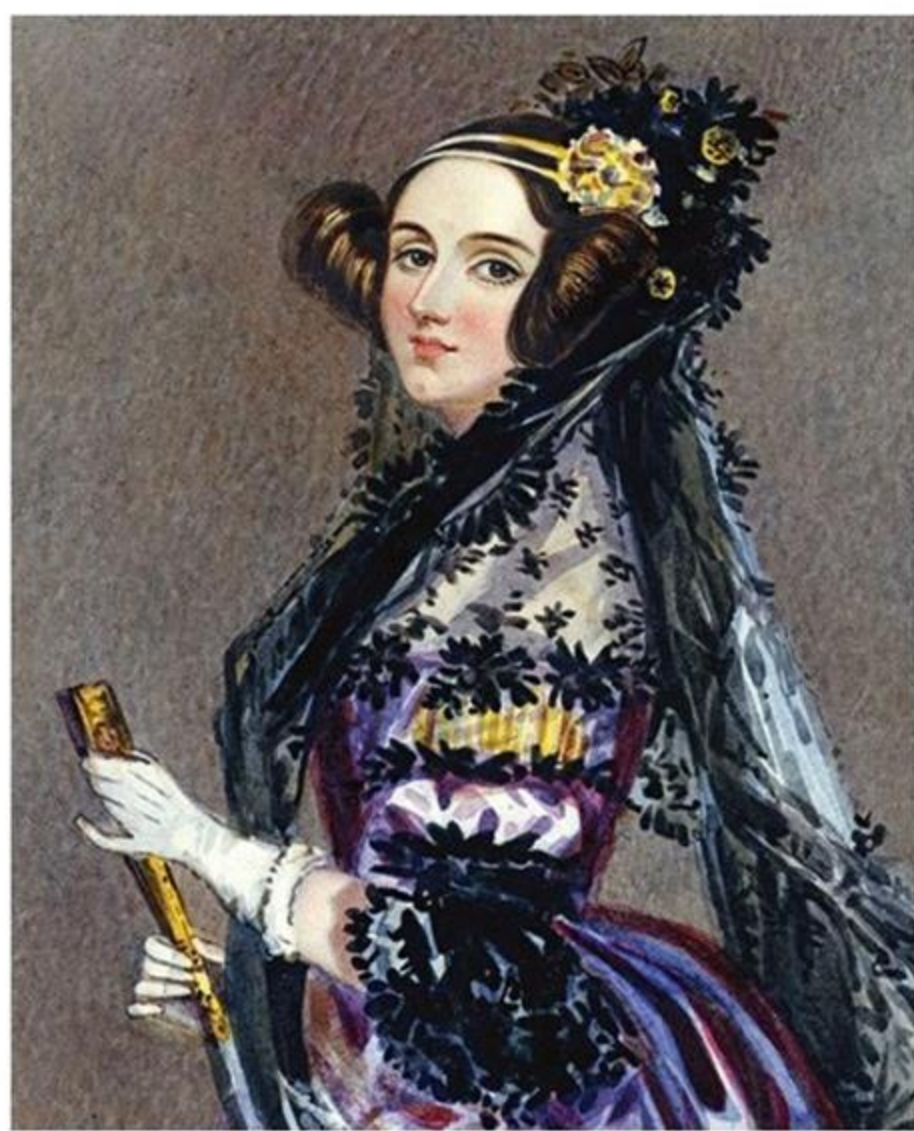
So why don't you feel like a hacker when you fire up a spreadsheet? For the same reason you don't feel like Bob Vila when you put together an Ikea armoire: You simply may not get what Bogost calls "moment-to-moment enjoyment" out of assembling and manipulating components, even though you may value the end result. So it is with soft-

**Software will change, but playful exploration, critical thinking and effective communication will not.**

ware. Most of us don't want the drill, we just want the hole.

Which is why code is, ultimately, not the point. "Ask programmers who admire other famous programmers if they've ever looked at each other's code," says Atwood, "and they'll say no. Why? Because the admiration has nothing to do with the code they wrote." Code is all about how. It doesn't say much about why. Hardware and software will change, but playful exploration, critical

► Lady Ada Lovelace, the world's first "coder," knew how to think big.



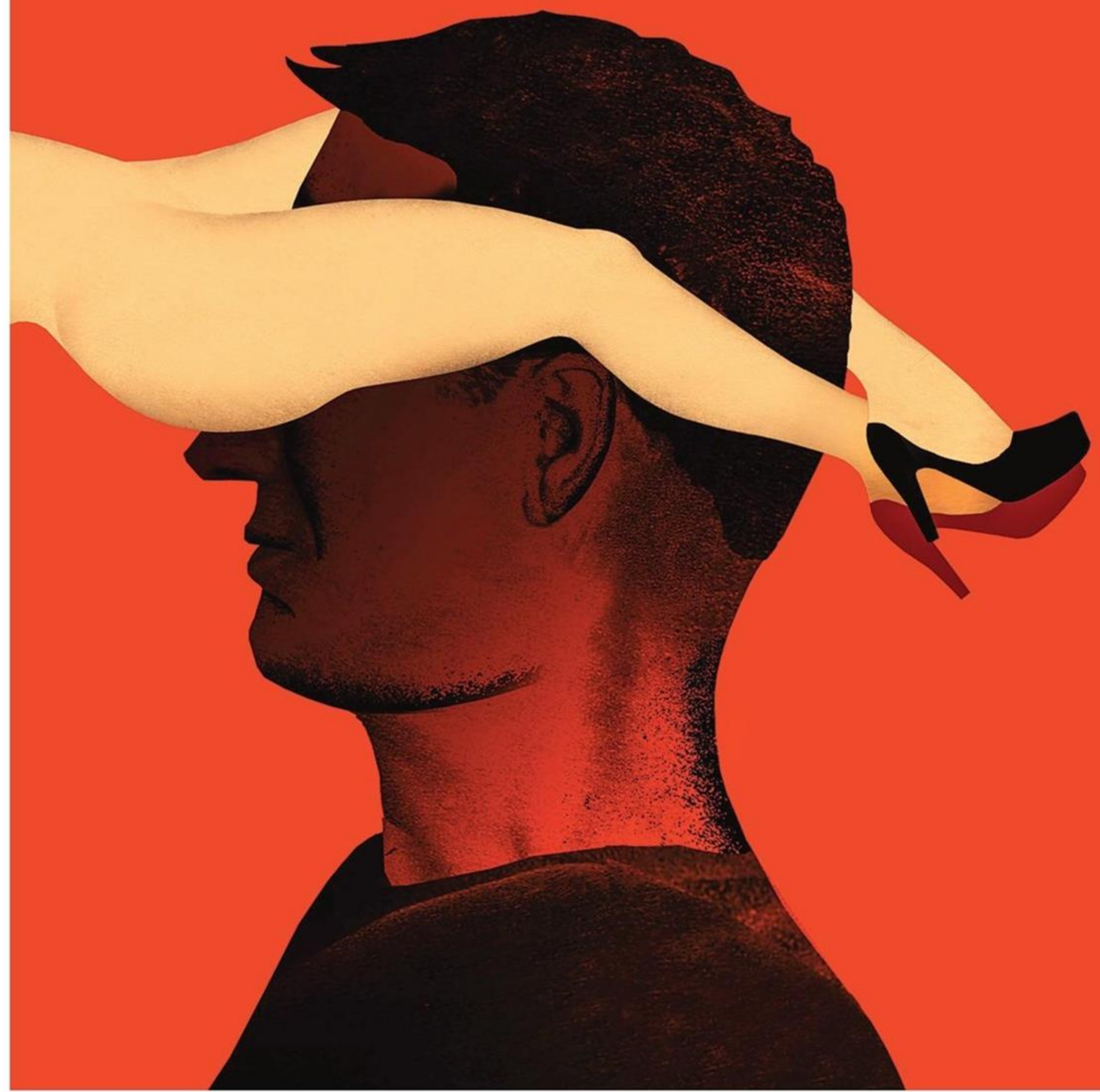
thinking and effective communication will not.

And "why" matters more than you think. It's often assumed that by training everyone to code, we'll empower a generation of not just "systems thinkers" capable of understanding the complexity of things like climate change, globalized economies and Snapchat, but also systems doers like Steve Jobs and Elon Musk. Jobs famously never coded, but Musk did. What links these titans is what novelist and scientist Arthur Koestler called "blue thoughts": an ability to pop out of the flat, incremental optimization paths that all systems afford and wonder what's possible by moving perpendicularly. What if cell phones were handheld computers? What if solar power and wall-mounted battery packs replaced fossil fuels?

Of course, as legendary computer scientist Alan Kay once remarked, "you have to have something blue to have blue thoughts with." For many, code is that "something." But what's truly valuable, beyond learning a trendy programming language or dropping in on a hackathon, are those blue thoughts themselves.

Fear is what stops those thoughts dead in their tracks. Kay knew this, and in his 1997 speech "The Computer Revolution Hasn't Happened Yet," he delivered advice to anyone as afraid as you may be. "To stay with the future as it moves," he said, "is to always play your systems more grand than they seem to be right now." Jobs and Wozniak did that. Elon Musk did that. Lady Ada Lovelace, who wrote the world's first computer program in the mid-19th century for a never-completed "analytical engine," did that.

So take another breath. You don't have to know how to code. You don't have to know what's next. You don't have to be scared. ■



**OCULUS RIFT AND THE FUTURE OF SEX**

*Virtual reality could revolutionize human sexuality. Will censors stand in its way?*

BRIAN STAUFFER



Little-known fact: When the telephone was introduced to Victorian society, conservatives lurched into crisis mode. Here was a device, they thought, that would allow home-bound women to speak with secret lovers and plot adulterous affairs. Their concerns weren't

unwarranted: "Couples forbidden to meet in person," says Nigel Linge, a professor of telecommunications at the U.K.'s University of Salford School of Computing, Science and Engineering, "could plan to elope—which is reported to have happened."

Since then, moral panic over technology has erupted anew with every advance. Motion pictures once threatened to entice young, unchaperoned women to set off for Hollywood; the VCR brought any media—even pornography, God forbid—into living rooms worldwide. Even the Polaroid once augured the fall of mankind, having liberated personal photography from lab developers' watchful eyes. To be

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**26,000 B.C.: The Dildo**

In 2005, in a cave near Ulm, Germany, Tübingen University researchers unearthed the world's oldest dildo, an eight-inch phallus made of "highly polished" sandstone.



**1600s A.D.: The Condom**

From depictions in cave art to proto-prophylactics in ancient Asia, condoms are nothing new—but they really took off in the 1600s when animal-skin sheaths were publicly sold.



**1839: The Daguerreotype**

Here's how an Ohio University researcher describes some early photographic porn: "A solemn man gingerly inserting his penis into the vagina of an equally solemn woman."

sure, technology and sex have always met on the cutting edge. Kinks and fantasies flourish online, and the internet has unbound sex from proximity, bringing about new universes of romance and intimacy for couples and strangers alike.

Next year, another leap forward occurs with the arrival of Oculus Rift, the first mass-produced virtual-reality headset to achieve what has been termed “presence,” or an experience so real it causes the same physical reactions one would have in real life. Users’ feet tingle when they approach the edge of a virtual building; if they turn to face a tiger, they feel a rush of blood to their extremities. The device could herald profound changes in fields from architecture to medicine, from gaming to education, and the possibilities for sex are endless.

It is also likely to refine the boundaries between censorship, technology and sexual liberties, as new technologies have in the past. When the internet reached near universal adoption in the 1990s, Congress passed the 1996 Communications Decency Act to protect minors, imposing criminal sanctions on anyone who made “obscene or indecent” materials available online. The Supreme Court struck down the CDA on First Amendment grounds, but Congress redoubled its efforts in 1998 with the Child Online Protection Act, which penalized companies for making available materials deemed “harmful,” including sexually explicit content. Again, the Supreme Court struck it down.

Internet pornography only flourished in the decades that followed: In 2000, 25 million U.S. residents viewed online porn on a weekly basis. By 2002,

the industry generated \$1 billion, and by 2013 pornographic websites had more visitors than Netflix, Amazon and Twitter combined. Most online censorship now comes from the tech juggernauts themselves. Facebook restricts the display of nudity, Instagram’s terms of service ban “nude, partially nude... pornographic or sexually suggestive photos,” and Apple employs censors to comb through every application submitted to its App Store for explicit content.

It remains unclear what restrictions Oculus may face. “The Rift is an open platform,” said founder Palmer Luckey earlier this year. “We don’t control what software can run on it. And that’s a big deal.” But Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg bought Oculus for \$2 billion in 2014, and his company will devise the terms that govern its official store. This

June, a Facebook representative told Business Insider that pornography would be forbidden from the Oculus Store, but developers will likely be

able to release uncensored content for the headset independently. In that case, Oculus could have an impact on human sexuality on par with the webcam, one of the most influential pieces of technology for sex since the internet itself. By allowing users to enter safe, inhibition- and judgment-free worlds, its impact on individual sex lives—especially women’s—has been enormous.

Kate, 24, has been an online exhibitionist under the user name AwesomeKate for the past three years. “I had a pretty good sense of myself sexually,” she says of her pre-cam life, but “on the internet, you can lay it all out there. I can just be



**“For those who are bored, high-sensation seeking or risk seeking, Oculus will help them have fun and remove risks.”**

—Justin R. Garcia, director of education and research, Kinsey Institute

an absolutely sex-drenched person. I watched my sexuality flourish.” The same happened for 25-year-old Marissa Frost, who started camming several years ago. “I’ve always been sexually open,” she says, “but in real life, I’m shy. To find things that you didn’t think you would be into and be really into them when you’re camming is something I can take into my personal life.”

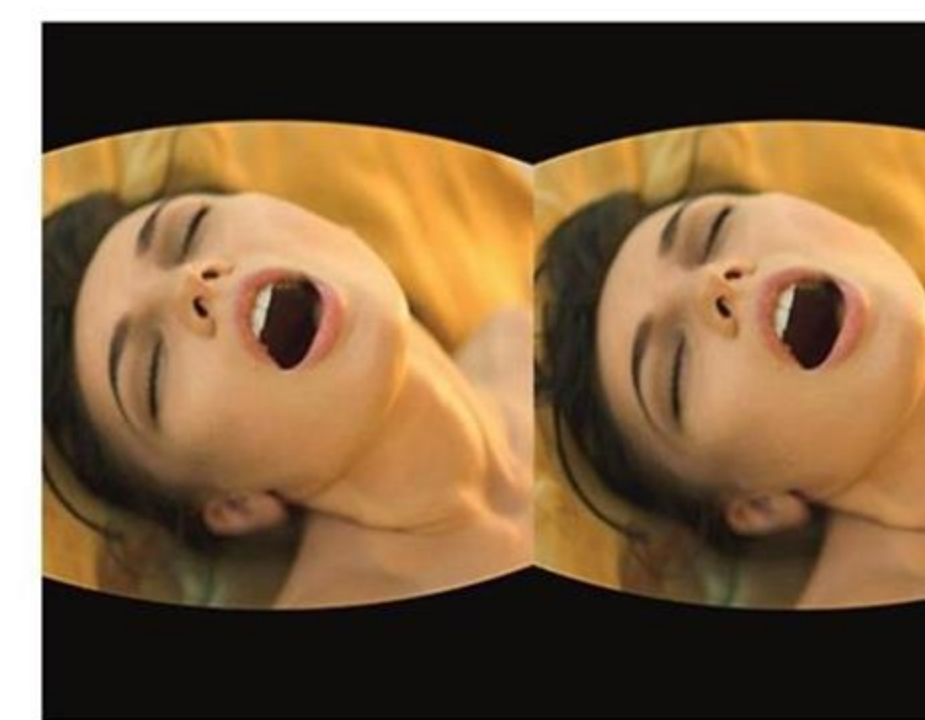
Those disinhibiting effects will be amplified by virtual reality, which will divorce sexual experimentation from fear and physical danger. This became apparent earlier this year at the XBIZ 360 conference in Los Angeles, where a company named Red Light Center unveiled a program that immerses users in a virtual Roman orgy. Attendees sat down, strapped on an Oculus headset and witnessed themselves on a white terrace under a crisp blue sky. When I did so, my senses became immediately attuned to this new world. With my virtual self flanked by couples having sex in all manner of positions, the effect was physical and immediate; I felt my stomach turn warm and my blood rush. It wasn’t until the Oculus was lifted from my head that I returned to the reality of a drab hotel

conference room, surrounded by other journalists and early adopters. As far as your brain and body are concerned, you’re gone.

“I’m almost thinking of Oculus as a training tool,” says Justin R. Garcia, director of education and research at the Kinsey Institute. He envisions myriad uses for the device. “Virtual-reality-type sexual experiences might help people with their sexual initiation, and to practice overcoming fear and anxiety. For those who are bored, high-sensation seeking or risk seeking, it will help them have fun and remove some of the inherent risks.”

Kate experienced that firsthand. “If I have 400 people watching me online, I visualize an auditorium full of people masturbating with me on a stage,” she says. “It feels absolutely incredible.”

Zuckerberg, for his part, now faces a choice: censor his new toy as he does his website, or allow virtual reality to upend sexuality as we know it. Every com-



► While less than sultry in 2-D, Oculus will soon blow your mind.

munication platform must grapple with the same issue, deciding whether and how to limit its users’ disseminations. While Facebook disallows all nudity except depictions of breast-feeding, Twitter eschews most censorship, for good and bad: The platform has become as key for ISIS recruitment as it is for lending a voice and platform to those whom traditional media outlets can’t reach. These companies must decide whether to tailor their tools to the demands of the moralists. What we do know is that the future of sex is around the corner. Here’s hoping we’ve finally buried our Victorian sensibilities. ■

BY  
JESSICA  
OGILVIE



#### 1869: The Vibrator

The invention of the steam-powered Manipulator spared doctors, who often induced orgasms to calm female patients, carpal tunnel syndrome.



#### 1990 to present: The Digital Age

With technologies such as Oculus Rift and the coming age of teledildonics (remote-operated sex toys), nothing stands between you and your dream orgasm.

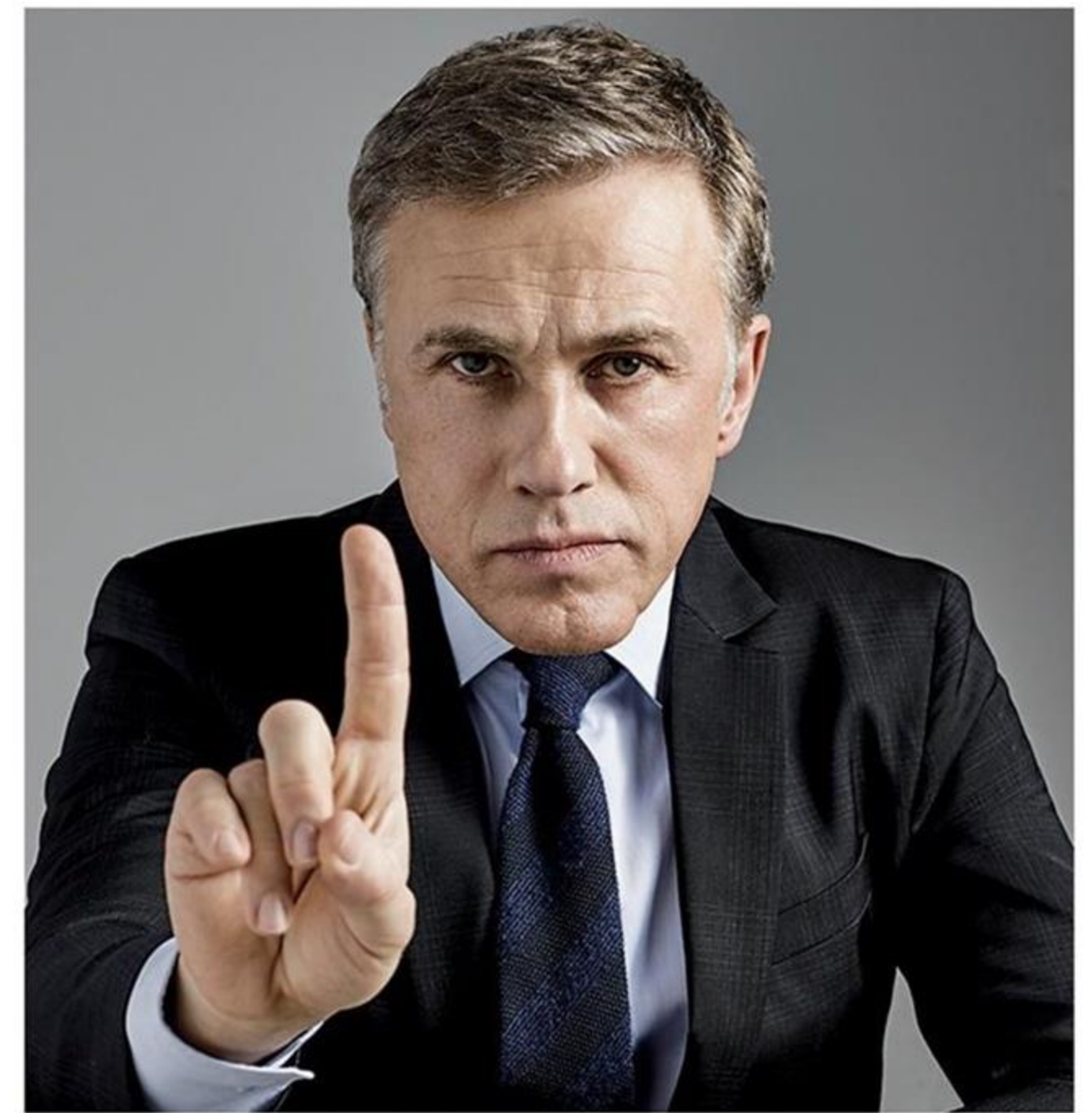


FROM BOY WIZARD TO HUNCHBACKED HENCHMAN.



DEREK WATERS IS SOBRIETY'S WORST NIGHTMARE.

## NEXT MONTH



CHRISTOPH WALTZ SCARES US SENSELESS, AND WE LOVE IT.



THE NEXT BIG PUNCH-OUT WON'T BE BETWEEN MEN BUT MOGULS.

**WALTZ THIS WAY**—THANKS TO QUENTIN TARANTINO, **CHRISTOPH WALTZ** HAS SEARED AN IMAGE ON CELLULOID AS A DELICIOUSLY SMUG AND MALICIOUS CHARACTER ACTOR WITH A FINE-TUNED TALENT FOR VILLAINY. HE'S NABBED TWO OSCARS FOR HIS MANIACAL SCENE CHEWING, AND THIS FALL HE'LL CHEW ON MORE AS JAMES BOND'S FOE IN *SPECTRE*. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*, **STEPHEN REBELLO** BREAKS BREAD WITH THE MAN WHOSE CREEPY GRIN MIGHT MAKE EVEN 007 SHAKE IN HIS BOOTS.

**RISE OF THE MACHINES**—FUTURISTS HAVE LONG PREDICTED A WORLD POPULATED BY FLYING CARS AND SPACE COLONIES, BUT TODAY, SIMPLE MATH EQUATIONS ARE OVERTAKING HUMAN INNOVATION. **CHRISTOPHER STEINER** EXAMINES HOW DEPENDENT WE'VE BECOME ON ALGORITHMS—AND JUST HOW LONG IT MIGHT BE UNTIL COMPUTER CODES EXTINGUISH FREE WILL.

**CHECK YOUR FACTS**—**DEREK WATERS** IS OUR KIND OF GUY. NOT ONLY DOES HE ENJOY A STIFF COCKTAIL (OR FOUR), BUT HE GETS PAID TO DRINK THEM, AS HOST OF COMEDY CENTRAL'S HILARIOUS, HARDLY HISTORICAL *DRUNK HISTORY*. WE INVITED WATERS TO TACKLE OUR FAVORITE SUBJECT: *PLAYBOY*. AS EXPECTED, HE GETS ALMOST NOTHING RIGHT.

**BOTTOMS UP**—WE ROUNDED UP THE BEST BAR-MINDED FOLKS WE KNOW, FROM PUBLICANS TO MIXOLOGISTS TO ESTEEMED

LIQUOR CRITICS, AND ASKED, WHERE'S YOUR FAVORITE PLACE TO DRINK? THE RESULT IS OUR ANNUAL COMPENDIUM OF AMERICA'S TOP BARS, FEATURING EVERYTHING FROM THE MAINSTAY DIVES TO THE FRESH TO THE FROUFROU.

**THE FUTURE OF FISTICUFFS**—BOXING MAGNATE **AL HAYMON** TURNED FLOYD MAYWEATHER JR. INTO MONEY, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. NOW HE THREATENS TO BLOW UP THE PAST WITH PREMIER BOXING CHAMPIONS, A NEW PROMOTION THAT INFUSES THE OLD SPORT WITH THE EXTREME, CROWD-PLEASING TACTICS OF THE UFC. **TIM STRUBY** EXPLORES WHETHER THE ODDS ARE IN HAYMON'S FAVOR.

**BOY MEETS WORLD**—IT'S BEEN FOUR YEARS SINCE *HARRY POTTER*'S CINEMATIC SWAN SONG, BUT **DANIEL RADCLIFFE** IS STILL TRYING TO SHAKE IT OFF. RIDICULOUSLY RICH WITH FINE TALENT AND LOTS TO PROVE, HE'S BARED HIS WAND ONSTAGE, DRUNK HIS WAY OUT OF AWKWARD MEET-AND-GREETS AND RECEIVED FELLATIO ON-SCREEN TO DISTANCE HIMSELF FROM HOGWARTS. BOY WIZARD FOREVER? NOT A CHANCE. IN *20Q*, **ROB TANNENBAUM** PICKS AT THE GROWING PAINS OF RADCLIFFE.

**PLUS**—AN AFTERNOON WITH R&B'S RISING QUEEN **TINASHE**, **MISS NOVEMBER** WARMS US UP WITH HER SMILE, A SOUTHERN NOIR TALE BY **STEVE WEDDLE** AND MORE.



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