

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER

*Undercover at  
Hollywood's*  
**Secret  
Sex  
Party**



AMERICA'S 25  
SEXIEST CITIES  
IS FEMALE  
VIAGRA HERE?  
THE INTERVIEW:  
SANJAY GUPTA  
2015 COLLEGE  
FOOTBALL  
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*Ed  
Helms*  
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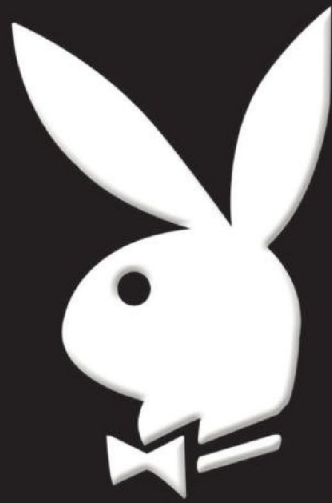
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# PLAYBILL

America is a country of competition. Our boardrooms, gridirons, armed forces and talking heads make it clear: In the U.S., the loudest, strongest and fastest win. In some cases, the contests make for a beautiful show. **Bruce Feldman's** *Pigskin Preview* is a testament to the perpetual entertainment machine that is college football, especially after the new championship playoff system made the quasi-holy sport into a bracket-fueled monster. With Feldman's 20 years of sports-reporting experience, his prediction for this fall's winner is one to bet on. **Joshua Foust**, a National Security Fellow at the Foreign Policy Research Institute, surveys the other side of American strong-headedness (and wrongheadedness), the one that leads us into nightmares. In *Why the Other Guys Keep Winning*, he analyzes our military efforts in the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan and Iraq and explains our failure to derive an actual "victory" from decades of military combat. More important, he suggests a solution. At the mercy of an overly friendly female officer,



Bruce Feldman



Joshua Foust

actor **Ed Helms** dons Britain's finest tailoring in *Savile Disobedience*, a fashion shoot that doubles as a teaser for his star turn in this summer's *National Lampoon's Vacation* reboot. Dr. **Sanjay Gupta** is a man who knows competition—it drives him on three hours of sleep as he alternates between breaking health news and performing brain surgery. In his *Playboy Interview*, the CNN correspondent explains how he's kept up this double life for 30 years and analyzes our country's most pressing health issues, from Alzheimer's to marijuana. Any man who's pulled off brain surgery with a drill on an Iraqi battlefield is onto something. In *Eyes Wide Open*,



Sanjay Gupta

PLAYBOY Executive Editor **Hugh Garvey** takes us behind the closed doors of Sanctum—where kink and L.A. high rollers intersect for a sex party straight out of a Kubrick dream. In a sweat-soaked, testosterone-fueled fiction piece titled *Playboy*, **Scott Wolven** depicts a small town where men lay themselves bare via shotguns and whiskey at a frazzled, drunken wake. In *Gear*, **Corinne Iozzio** rounds up apps to make your house a tech-enhanced home (you'll never lose the remote again), and **Jonah Bayer** chats with O'Shea Jackson Jr.—better known as the son of rapper Ice Cube—about preparing for a movie role he was born to play: his father, in the upcoming N.W.A. biopic *Straight Outta Compton*. Photographer **Peggy Sirota** brings us gallery-worthy shots of crooner Josh Groban, who tells Rob Tannenbaum in *20Q* that "Josh Groban ain't nothing to fuck with." Just like America. Red-blooded friends, welcome to another issue of the greatest magazine in the country (and probably the world). Enjoy.



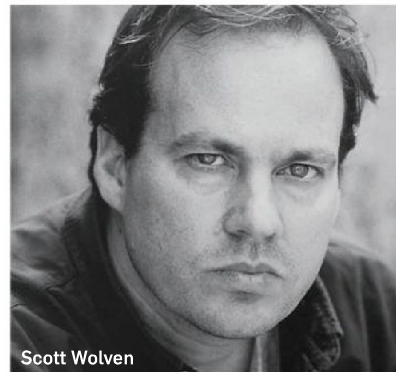
Hugh Garvey



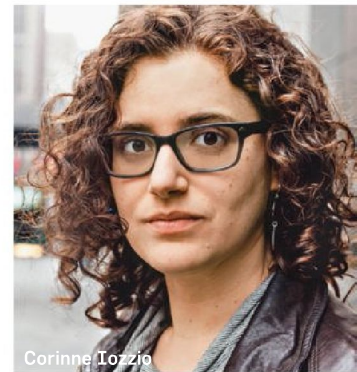
Jonah Bayer



Ed Helms with Officer Friendly



Scott Wolven



Corinne Iozzio



Peggy Sirota



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# PLAYBOY

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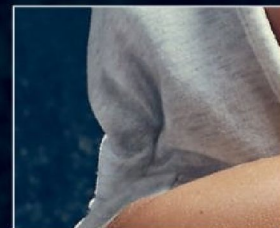
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HEATHER  
 DEPRIEST  
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Our Rabbit may not have the athletic prowess of Heather Depriest, but he knows exactly where to hang out to pick up a few pointers on her routine.

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**PLAYMATE:** [Monica Sims](#)

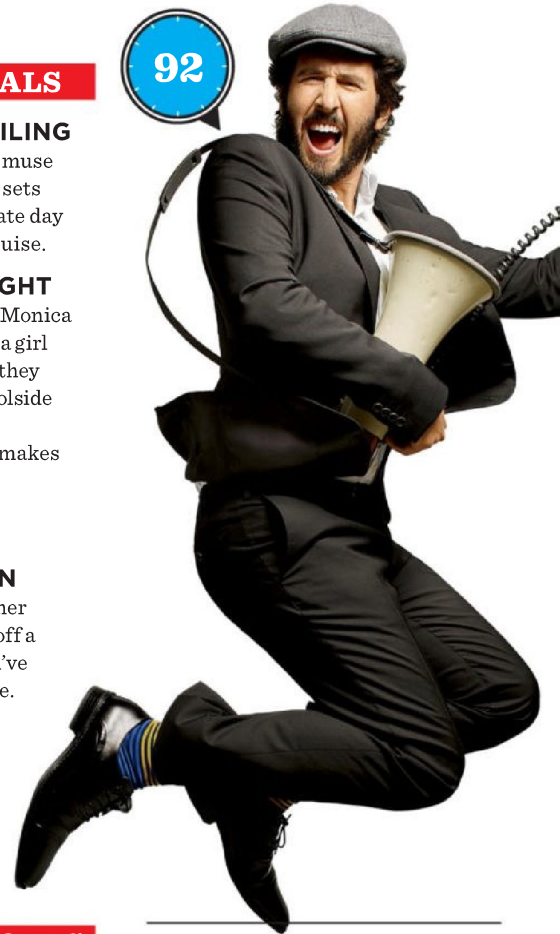
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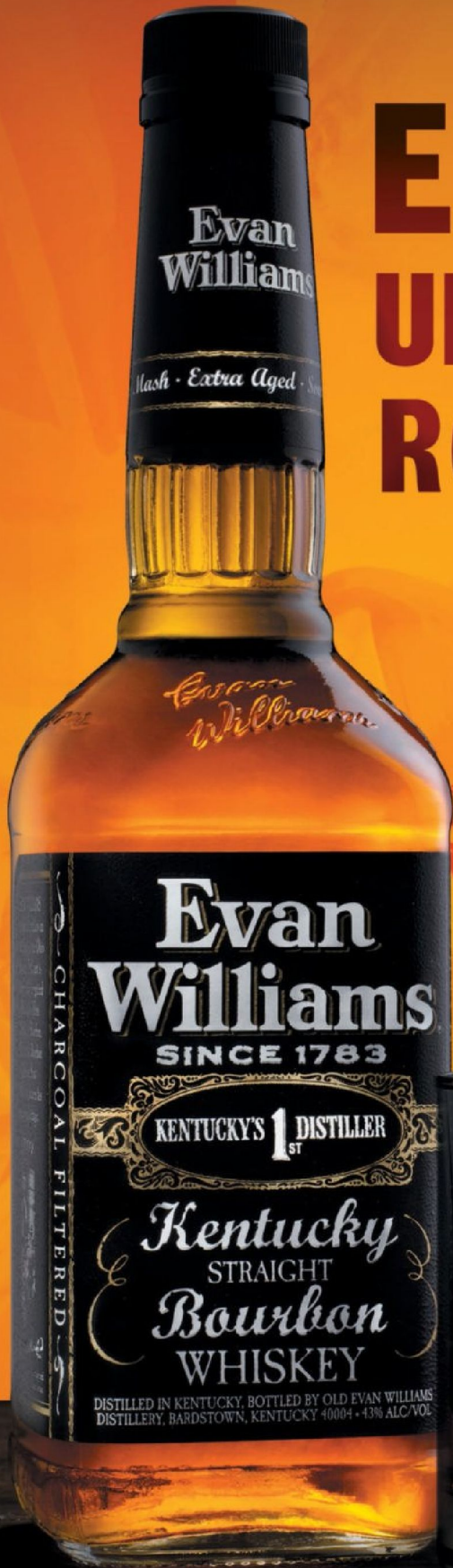
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# WORLD *of*

PLAYMATE SIGHTINGS

/ MANSION FROLICS

/ NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## WELCOME TO BAR FIFTY THREE

Named for the year Hef published the first issue of *PLAYBOY*, Bar Fifty Three officially opened its doors on the historic Sunset Strip in West Hollywood. With midcentury decor and the ambience of an old-school gentlemen's club, the loungey hot spot (operated by

the Lore Group) features walls decked out in Playboy art and a menu of cocktails crafted with a modern twist by mixologist Topher Taylor. Sporting such names as Mr. DeMille, Norma Desmond (an editors' favorite; recipe at right) and Giro's, each libation is

a glass of Hollywood nostalgia. Also on the menu: exclusive sips from our portfolio of spirits, including Playboy Cachaça and Devassa by Playboy beer. We know what you're wondering, and no, we can't guarantee you'll spot a Playmate—but is there any better place to try?

EDITORS' PICK

### NORMA DESMOND

*Bar Fifty Three's refreshing and spicy spin on the dark and stormy*

#### INGREDIENTS

- 2 kumquats, halved
- ¾ oz. fresh lime juice
- ½ oz. agave syrup
- 2-3 dashes black walnut bitters
- 1½ oz. Blackheart spiced rum
- ½ oz. Grand Poppy liqueur
- 3 oz. ginger beer

Muddle kumquats with lime juice, agave syrup and bitters in highball glass. Fill glass with ice and add rum and liqueur. Top off with ginger beer. Gently pour into shaker and then back into glass to combine without losing carbonation. Garnish with lime wedge and raspberries.




### PLAYMATE NEWS

#### TIME HOP

- Miss October 2011 **Amanda Cerny** evoked Sandra Dee in her viral video "Evolution of the Bikini"—and raked in 5 million YouTube views.



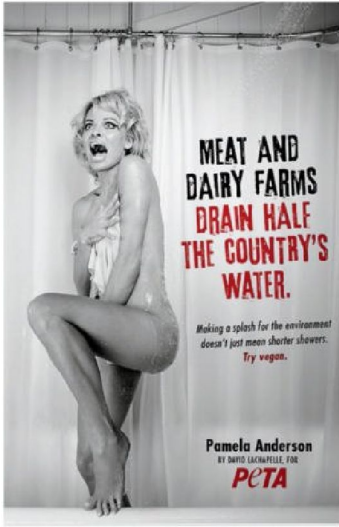
#### GAG REEL

- Comedians **Ari Blau** and Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** pranked Uber drivers as deranged lovers on the outs. Check out the hilarious vid on YouTube.





# PLAYBOY



## PAM'S PSA

- Always the intrepid activist, Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** bares all (well, almost all) to address concerns about climate change and national water shortages in a *Psycho*-inspired PETA ad by photographer and music-video director David LaChapelle.

"Rivers are siphoned off not just for animals but also for crops to feed animals on factory farms. Producing one pound of beef uses as much water as about six months of showers," said the longtime vegan. Officials predict 80 percent of states will face a water crisis in the next 10 years.

## PLAYBOY'S COMEDY NIGHT

➔ Nine comedians transformed our Beverly Hills headquarters into a raucous laugh factory for Playboy's first Comedy Night. Headliners included Arden Myrin (*Chelsea Lately*, *MADtv*, below right), Amir K. (MTV's *Jerks With Cameras*, bottom

left), Allen Strickland Williams (*Conan*) and Debra DiGiovanni (*Last Comic Standing*). The event kicked off what will soon become a recurring online series. Each comedian's 10-minute set can be viewed now at [playboy.com/playboycomedy](http://playboy.com/playboycomedy).



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1

### FASHION POLICE

- Watch funnyman Ed Helms break character as he observes the season's sartorial laws for September's style guide.

2

### MAKING WAVES

- Tia Blanco is winning gold in surf competitions around the world. See more of the star athlete in her *Becoming Attraction* photo gallery.

3

### O'SHEA JACKSON JR.

- The *Straight Outta Compton* star and *Talk* Q&A subject has more to say in a video interview.

## EASY LISTENING

- Miss February 2015 **Kayslee Collins** laid down some sexy, ethereal vocals on "Tradewinds," a new track by electronic artist Goldroom.



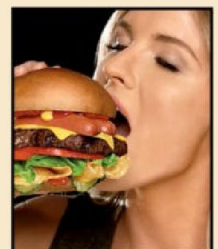
## DIRTY TALK

- Catch a glimpse of Miss May 2015 **Brittany Brousseau** in the sequel (yes, a sequel) to David Spade's cult comedy *Joe Dirt*, now streaming on Crackle.



## AMERICAN DREAM

- Miss October 2013 **Carly Lauren** made our taste buds tingle this summer in a mouth-watering Carl's Jr. commercial for the *Most American Thickburger*.





# dear PLAYBOY

## THE DIVINE DANI

Sizzling, just sizzling. That's the only way I can describe Dani Mathers (*Playmate of the Year 2015*, June). After seeing her pictorial last May (*Red Dawn*), I knew she had everything it takes to be PMOY. Hef and the readers made the perfect choice.

**Andrew Bejarano**  
Las Cruces, New Mexico

I was mesmerized when I saw Dani Mathers; naturally I voted for her. Is she the shortest Playmate?

**Manny Ligerio**  
West New York, New Jersey

*At five-foot-one Dani is a small wonder, but she's taller than our two shortest Playmates, who stand at four-foot-11. However, Dani is the shortest Playmate of the Year—proving you can fit a whole lot of sexy in a tiny package.*

With her tousled hair and light pink lipstick, Dani reminds me of the sexy blonde washing a car as Paul

Newman, George Kennedy and other chain-gangers watch in the famous scene from *Cool Hand Luke*. One of the day-laboring prisoners asks why Kennedy calls the woman Lucille; he responds, "Anything that's built like that has to be named Lucille." Sorry, boys—her name's Dani.

**Wes Pierce**  
Orlando, Florida

Congrats, Dani! For me the PMOY pictorial had only one disappointment: not a single shot of that beautiful pip-squeak (I can call her that; I'm six-foot-four) wearing that lights-up-the-world smile of hers.

**F.A. Peter**  
Hot Springs, Arkansas

Dani has got to be the most irrevocably beautiful woman in the world. She makes my heart burst.

**Matthew Botts**  
Abbeville, South Carolina



## BUY US SOME PEANUTS

In "Personality Crisis" (*Talk*, June) David Roth says baseball is "kind of boring—not because of its pace or aesthetics but because of its personality." That's exactly why I love baseball: no loudmouth, spotlight-hogging arrogant jerks doing a dance every time they do something great. Baseball is a game of respect. It's not about who can do the best moonwalk across home plate; if I wanted to see celebration, I'd go see Kool & the Gang. I hope baseball's core values never change.

**Steve Shaw**  
St. Louis, Missouri

## SHARING A FUNNY BONE

When I first read PLAYBOY, I just about died laughing at the cartoons. I've been inspired to crack jokes in the same style. I cannot thank the magazine enough for all the laughs and for years of great entertainment.

**Peter MacQuarrie**  
Ukiah, California

## FAMILY MATTERS

*The Making of the Mafia's Ultimate Home Movie* (May) is one of the finest stories I've read. Martin Scorsese made a screen classic based on the life of street thug Henry Hill. I've always been fascinated

with Mafia exploits, and just before Hill died I had a chance to speak with him in south Florida. I spent 45 minutes so enchanted by his stories that I wasn't



bothered by his continuous smoking and drinking. He talked about his involvement with the infamous Lufthansa heist at JFK airport, but more important to me, he spoke about *Goodfellas* and its authenticity, claiming 90 percent of it is accurate. What a character!

**Lance Berkowitz**  
Boynton Beach, Florida

## GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

Thank you for running the *20Q* with Charlie Gasparino (June). His intelligence is refreshing.

**Jill Fox**  
Jamesville, New York

## IDENTITY CRISIS

Reza Aslan says Muslims outside the Arab world are suffering a "decades-long crisis of identity" (*Playboy Interview*, June). What he doesn't address is why Islam fails to tackle its issues from the inside. I appreciate what Aslan says, but I wonder if he shouldn't be directly addressing and advising the world's young Muslims. One doubts he'd find a willing audience.

**Chris Jefferies**  
Charleston, South Carolina

Reza Aslan chastises others for making blanket, negative depictions of Islam yet has no qualms about claiming all atheists have "this fantasy that we'll rid ourselves of religion and we'll have peace." The hypocrisy aside, there's a rich irony in labeling atheists as the members of society who suffer from naive self-delusion.

**Braden Brook**  
San Francisco, California

Where are the religious leaders in Islam who condemn the faith's violent, murderous adherents? Their silence gives the impression that the imams are either afraid to condemn the jihadis—or perhaps they quietly approve.

**David Sibley**  
Chicago, Illinois



## TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

Neal Gabler's article on Japan's apparent lack of libido (*No Sex, Please, We're Japanese*, June) uncovers an interesting phenomenon that should be taken seriously. When we devolve to the point that we desire the feel of a smartphone over a woman's breast or the arms of a man, we will have turned



our backs on the thousands of years it has taken nature to bestow on us the miracle of human connection. Put down your devices, quiet the nonsense in your head, look your favorite person in the eyes and hold each other. That's all it takes to make you feel human again.

**John Schreadley**  
Dunedin, Florida

## A TOAST TO PAPA

"Daiquiri Rewind" (*Drink*, May) presents an image of a bare-chested Ernest "Papa" Hemingway as representative of "the Hemingway days" of the 1930s, but Clifford Coffin shot the photo for *Vogue* in 1950.

**Ken Crockett**  
Austin, Texas

*Hemingway was a man for the ages, but you're right about the photo's date. Thanks.*

## JOSHIN' AROUND

Josh Hartnett did the right thing by passing on those comic-book films; they make money but are mindless (*20Q*, May). Hartnett can be proud he's an actor, not an action-figure toy. He reminds me of James Garner: Every time he was about to become a big star, he pulled back and found opportunities to excel in other venues.

**Dan Sandler**  
Abington, Pennsylvania

Kudos and respect to Josh Hartnett. Unlike the majority of Hollywood's so-called elite, he doesn't kiss any ass. The only other non-ass-kissing actor I can think of is Dennis Hopper, and he was fantastic—as is Hartnett.

**Sidney Russell Caldwell**  
Decatur, Tennessee

## OUR READERS DON'T LIKE DICK

After reading the comments regarding April's *Playboy Interview* with Dick

Cheney (*Dear Playboy*, June), I was disappointed that the only letters you felt deserving of print were ones with a liberal bias. I'm sure there were many positive reactions from people grateful for the interview.

**Randall Bradley**  
Ormond Beach, Florida

*Not every letter we ran was anti-Cheney, but if they had been, it would have been a good representation of our readers' responses. Just five percent of the comments we received about Cheney's interview were supportive; an overwhelming majority of letters—89 percent—were critical. The remaining six percent were neutral.*

Cheney's the epitome of evil and should be in prison, not the pages of *PLAYBOY*.

**Louis Good**  
Page, Arizona

## STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Hilary Winston's amusing column, "About That Night" (*Women*, June), explores interesting personal vulnerabilities. Why do we hide things from a significant other in the beginning of a serious relationship but have no qualms revealing them to a virtual stranger we invite into bed? Probably because we expect them to stay just that—a stranger, never to be seen again. It's when you drunkenly lock eyes with a potential partner with whom you share mutual friends that things can get dangerous.

**Michelle Campbell**  
Ozark, Missouri

## BRING IT ON, BRITTANY

Miss May Brittany Brousseau is simply a thing of beauty (*The Lap of Luxury*, May). Stop looking for the next Playmate of the Year; Brittany is surely the one. I love the way her pictorial makes her long, luscious



The eyes (and thighs) have it: Miss May Brittany Brousseau.

legs stand out, but her face and beautiful blue eyes grabbed my attention first.

**Jesse Shutt**  
Halifax, Pennsylvania

Brittany is a classic beauty and a fantastic Playmate. Love the pictorial. More, please.

**Frank Lazerini**  
Barberton, Ohio

There is now a three-way tie for Playmate with the most beautiful eyes: Heather Kozar, Shannon Stewart and Brittany Brousseau.

**Rick Givler**  
Bellingham, Washington

## THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

*Screw U* (May) tries to make enjoying wine easy but is so simplified it's misleading. For example, the temperature chart for consuming wine starts in the right direction but leaves out too much—zinfandels, pinot noirs and cabernet sauvignons should probably not be enjoyed at the same temperature, even though all are red wines. One bit of advice is on the mark: Wine lovers should be themselves, comfortable with what they like.

**Monty Preiser**  
Napa, California

*Monty Preiser is publisher of The Preiser Key to Napa Valley, a guide to wineries.*

## MAHER 2016?

Bill Maher should be president (*Playboy Interview*, May). It'll never happen; he's way too honest and smart. I hope there will always be people like him who poke and prod and remind our leaders that we, the American people, are out here. Misinformed, gullible and maybe a little stupid, but we're here.

**Larry McCann**  
Cincinnati, Ohio

How stupid are Americans? They watch Bill Maher. I would rather have a colonoscopy.

**Larry Hayward**  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

## YOUR RESULTS MAY VARY

I am 73 years old and still have outstanding control and endurance; I get off daily (*The Magic Little Blue Pill*, May). I would not be able to manage this without help from Viagra, but I could not afford it—and would not be able to tolerate the side effects—without taking a vastly reduced dosage. I get two weeks out of a 100-milligram pill.

**Name withheld by request**  
Middletown, Connecticut

*We're thrilled for you but don't recommend messing around with meds.*



INTRODUCING

# PLAYBOY COLLECTOR'S EDITION ART TOYS



SELECT TOYS AVAILABLE NOW | [COARTISM.COM](https://www.coartism.com)



SEPTEMBER 2015

# AFTER HOURS

Photography by  
JOSH REED

## BECOMING ATTRACTION

### Tia Blanco

→ "THE OCEAN IS powerful," says professional surfer Tia Blanco. "You have to stay humble to the waves." Such mindfulness, along with her swift abilities on the world's toughest swells, has made the exotic beach babe a breakout star. Just this summer she won gold at the World Surfing Games in Nicaragua, and she's not slowing down, with competitions lined up from Tahiti to Cabo. "You approach each wave differently," she says. "As in life, you have to take whatever comes at you." Like the rough waters she treads, Tia is definitely a force to be reckoned with.

STYLING BY TAYLOR SHERIDAN; HAIR BY BOBBY ELIOT AT TNG-LA; MAKEUP BY KRISTEE LUU AT TNG-LA; BIKINI BY LULU FAMA; SURFBOARD BY J7



# WOMEN ON TOP

TV SEX IS MORE REALISTIC THAN EVER WITH WOMEN RUNNING THE SHOW

**O**n the most recent season of *Broad City*, Comedy Central's frisky sitcom starring Abbi Jacobson and Ilana Glazer, Abbi finally gets a chance to slip between the sheets with her longtime crush, Jeremy. Midway through their romp, she discovers that Jeremy enjoys pegging. After a quick bathroom break to call Ilana for advice, Abbi takes a deep breath, straps on a dildo and tells Jeremy to turn around. The scene is simultaneously outlandish and relatable. It's also one of many recent examples of sexual encounters on television that feel dramatically different in tone from the gruff and often gratuitous offerings of the past five years (see HBO: *Game of Thrones*, *True Detective*, *Boardwalk Empire*, *True Blood*).

These days a slew of programs are showing audiences that sex can be awkward, passionate and manipulative and can occur between partners of any age, preference and size. *Girls* brims with cringe-worthy sex scenes

in which lost erections, role-playing mishaps and accidental anal are de rigueur. *Transparent* and *Orange Is the New Black* not only break ground with transgender story lines but have the audacity to show women over 50 having sex with younger men. (A woman's sexual appetite doesn't end at 40, guys.) The same is true of *How to Get Away With Murder*, whose 50-year-old star, Viola Davis, plays a character who is strong and sexy and not afraid to use both those assets. All these shows are changing how we see sex on television. And what else do they have in common? Each one is run by a woman.

"What's happened is that these shows are tapping into a zeitgeist," says Michelle Ashford, creator of Showtime's *Masters of Sex*. "What we're talking about seems to be shifting the conversation in a certain direction."

That shift means making sex scenes integral to the plot. For Abbi on *Broad City* it means learning that her crush is kind of a dick after she ruins his dildo by dropping it in the dishwasher for a sanitary rinse. (Accidents happen,

dude.) For Ashford, on *Masters of Sex* it means taking the formulaic fantasy of "hot sex" and grinding it down to something more story-driven. "If you look at a lot of sex scenes in movies and on television, you'll notice the story is going along and then just stops," Ashford says. "And then, after they have sex, the story picks up again."

This may explain the market for "female friendly" porn, in which the sex is typically more plot-driven and realistic. But Ashford warns that reducing the distinctions between male and female preferences to stereotypes can be dangerous. "When you come down to it, there might be some genetic wiring that predisposes women to a more comprehensive connection to sex than men," she says. "But that theory can also be blown up in a second."

The best explanation, Ashford says, may be that women show runners are simply depicting the reality of how they've experienced sex in their own lives. "It will just feel different," she says. And as we all know, variety is the spice of life.—Nora O'Donnell



# IS FEMALE VIAGRA HERE?

THE FIRST SEXUAL-DYSFUNCTION DRUG FOR WOMEN FACES ONE FINAL HURDLE

In 1998, the arrival of Viagra helped millions of men stand proud again. But nearly 20 years later, a female equivalent hasn't hit shelves. That could change on August 18, when a federal committee will most likely grant final approval for flibanserin, the first FDA-approved sexual-dysfunction drug for women.

But just how much will change in the bedroom? The media have been quick to call flibanserin "the female Viagra," but treating female sexual arousal isn't as simple as popping a pill and putting her in the mood. "It's comparing apples to oranges," says psychologist Barry Komisaruk, senior author of *The Science of Orgasm* and a consultant in the early development of flibanserin. "There is no comparison." What Komisaruk means is that simply increasing blood flow to a woman's erectile tissue, the way Viagra works for men, does not increase female libido alone. Instead, flibanserin can help alter a woman's brain chemistry if she suffers specifically from hypoactive sexual desire disorder (HSDD), a medically diagnosed dysfunction marked by total and complete sexual disinterest.

Cindy Whitehead, chief executive of Sprout Pharmaceuticals, which represents the drug, admits the effects of flibanserin for women with HSDD are modest. "Modest means a restoration to normal, not a hypersexualization," she says. Unlike Viagra, flibanserin does not create an on-call sexual response, and it improves sexual desire by a mere 10 percent when taken regularly by women with HSDD.

Those are not great odds if you're banking on sexy time. "If your sex life is improved by 10 percent, is that meaningful?" asks Komisaruk. "That is an individual decision."

Critics of the pill say that medical researchers still don't fully understand the workings of female sexuality. "An absence of spontaneous desire is a male test," says Cynthia Pearson, executive director of the National Women's Health Network. "If all you have is a hammer, every problem looks like a nail."

So far the FDA has approved 26 drugs for male sexual dysfunction—and zero for women. Faced with accusations of sexism and the pressure to approve a drug for women, is the FDA making a mistake by putting flibanserin on the market?

"I'd like the FDA to be able to withstand industry pressure campaigns and to make their own decisions," says Pearson. "This drug is taking a really complex problem and making it something very narrow. It can't be fixed with a pink pill, and it's doing women a disservice."

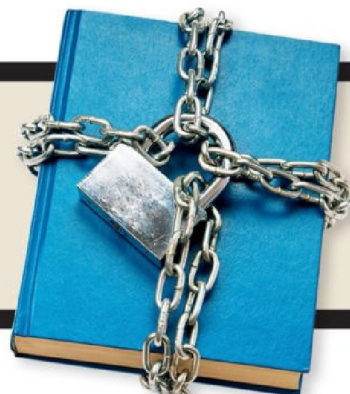
Still, Whitehead is hopeful that flibanserin will be a game changer like Viagra. After two rejections from the FDA, Sprout Pharmaceuticals pumped more than \$50 million into drug development and conducted one of the largest studies of female sexuality, with 11,000 women. "Sex is part of most of our lives," she says. "It is a basic human right, and women who can't access it should have that right." —Merissa Nathan Gerson

## 100 BOOKS YOU CAN'T READ

• Your favorite author has finished a new novel, but you can't read it for 100 years. That's the plan behind the Future Library

project in Oslo, Norway. One author a year will submit a manuscript for the next 100 years, but the library won't publish any of

them until 2114. One thousand trees have already been planted in preparation. The first submission? Margaret Atwood.





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# NOT JUST ANY BOARD

WHETHER THEY'RE USED FOR GAMING OR SPORT, RECREATIONAL BOARDS HAVE BEEN AROUND SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME. HERE ARE A FEW IDEAS FOR ENHANCING YOUR END OF SUMMER HOBBIES WITH SOME BEYOND-THE-BASIC BOARDS.



## Surf for the Earth

→ Surfboard designs meet the needs of nearly every surfer out there, but they don't always consider the environment. By building quality boards out of materials that surf well and do less damage to the planet, Driftwood Surfboards gives you an option that won't make you choose between the Earth and the surf. [driftwoodsurfboards.co.uk](http://driftwoodsurfboards.co.uk)

## Board on the Street



### Paddle Cry

→ Transform any game of paddle ball into a day at the beach. Handcrafted with a mix of solid hardwoods, ArteMare's Tulum Beach Racquet Set incorporates genuine Mexican abalone shell. Inspired by vintage California and Yucatán artisans, the racquets will bring you to the beach anywhere, anytime. [artemare.co](http://artemare.co)



### Nostalgic Amplitude

→ Missing the childhood ride that took you everywhere? Throw it back with a vintage-inspired wooden deck just like the board you used to have. CALi Cruisers' Pale Rider gives off a serious 90s vibe with a California touch, making you feel like you're shredding by the sea. [cali-cruisers.com](http://cali-cruisers.com)



### On Target

→ Add a rough and rustic vibe to your game room with a dartboard made from mismatched wood. If you lack the resources or DIY skills, Profiled Ink offers an assortment of dartboard prints that will hit the mark in any man cave. [profiledink.com](http://profiledink.com)



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# O'SHEA JACKSON JR.

ICE CUBE'S SON TALKS STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON AND PLAYING HIS FATHER

• Joining the family business at the age of 24 isn't out of the ordinary, unless your father is rapper and actor Ice Cube. For the past two years O'Shea Jackson Jr.—who has released his own mixtapes under the name OMG—has been taking acting lessons and studiously preparing to play his father in the upcoming N.W.A biopic *Straight Outta Compton*. So what's his famous dad really like? "He's cool," Jackson responds with a laugh. "There are many sides to him, but he wanted me to humanize Ice Cube in the film." —Jonah Bayer

## Q+A

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when you first heard *Straight Outta Compton*?

**JACKSON:** About five or six years old. But I didn't really see the magnitude of it or know what it meant for my father to be Ice Cube until I was 18. Then I was able to see how he touched other people's lives.

**PLAYBOY:** You spent years preparing for this role.

**JACKSON:** I had no acting experience, so when my dad brought it to me I was nervous, but over the following days I asked myself if I could see anybody else playing him—and to tell you the truth, I would have been nauseated in the movie theater. It took two years of working with coaches, plus about three auditions and a screen test, before they gave me the green light.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the most difficult part about playing your father?

**JACKSON:** The real challenge was not wanting to go on set or on stage trying to do an impersonation of Ice Cube. The goal was to make him a character and add some of my own flavor to it. He really wanted me to be myself, because he's in me, so why go any harder than that?

**PLAYBOY:** Many of the issues you deal with in the movie are still relevant. Do you think the type of struggles N.W.A experienced still exist today?

**JACKSON:** *Straight Outta Compton* couldn't have had more perfect timing with its release. There's nothing new under the sun—people have been dealing with the same oppression and injustice for a while. I'm glad the movie is coming out at such a sensitive time because it will further open people's eyes, just like the album did.



# BREWING UP A WAR

A LAWSUIT SPARKS A DEBATE OVER THE DEFINITION OF CRAFT BEER. SO WHAT IS IT EXACTLY?

A few years ago Evan Parent would frequent his local supermarket or convenience store in San Diego to buy a six-pack of Blue Moon. The *witbier's* placement among other craft beers led Parent to believe he was enjoying an artisanal microbrew with a refreshing hint of orange peel. Then, in July 2012, his friends informed him of a fact anyone can confirm with a quick Google search: Blue Moon is not a craft beer; it's a mass-produced Belgian-style ale made by MillerCoors. It is also true that the name MillerCoors does not appear anywhere on the Blue Moon label. So Parent, angered that he'd been fooled into thinking Blue Moon was a craft beer, decided this past April to do what any red-blooded American might: sue the brewing behemoth for duping him.

Parent's lawsuit, which at press time was in preliminary filings, has raised eyebrows in the alcohol industry.

"I'm a little surprised that he was duped," says Danielle Teagarden, a lawyer who specializes in the brewing industry. Although Blue Moon's advertisements tout the *witbier* as being "artfully crafted," the term has no legal meaning. Most consumers would recognize it as marketing, Teagarden says.

Yet to many beer enthusiasts, the distinction of being a craft beer matters. Defining a craft beer is the hard part. Ask 10 experts what *craft* means and you'll get 10 different answers. There are also no federal regulations when it comes to defining craft beer.

The Brewers Association, a trade group that represents independent brewers, boils it down to three criteria: A craft brewery is one that sells fewer than 6 million barrels of beer a year, uses "traditional or innovative" brewing methods and is no more than 25 percent owned by a non-craft brewer.

The question of ownership has been testing the limits of what counts as "craft" ever

since brewing giant Anheuser-Busch bought out popular craft breweries including Goose Island, Blue Point, 10 Barrel and Elysian. Dick Cantwell, co-founder of Elysian Brewing Company, cast the sole dissenting vote when his partners decided to sell the company to Anheuser-Busch. Cantwell, a former member of the Brewers Association, helped create its definition of *craft brewer* but admits the term is somewhat arbitrary. A few years ago the association raised the craft production cap from 2 million to 6 million barrels, in part to accommodate Boston Beer Company, whose popular Sam Adams brand has given Budweiser and MillerCoors a run for their money. Cantwell says that adding craft brews to its portfolio could help Anheuser-Busch sell more of its mass-market brands by giving the company access to craft-heavy markets such as Portland and Seattle. The concern for people like Cantwell is that these buyouts will

make it even harder for craft breweries to compete.

The turf war over craft beer is a foreign concept in Europe, where small breweries dominate the market and consumers are more likely to differentiate among beer styles than the size of the brewer. Belgian Simon Spillane, who represents breweries of all sizes for the trade group Brewers of Europe, believes removing the "craft" imprimatur when a brewery reaches a certain size—or decides to sell out—is unfair. "I think we shouldn't stifle innovation from large companies or smaller ones," he says. "It's a strange way of dividing up the world." As for Evan Parent's case against MillerCoors, it's unlikely to go to trial. If a judge doesn't dismiss it outright, Parent might expect a modest settlement—perhaps even enough to buy a few six-packs of Miller High Life. After all, it is the champagne of beers.—Gail Sullivan

→ In the third book of his award-winning graphic-novel series *Hip Hop Family Tree*, artist Ed Piskor focuses on perhaps the two most important years in the genre's genesis: 1983 and 1984. It's rich territory—the golden years when Rick Rubin and Russell Simmons hustled to create Def Jam Records and artists such as Run-DMC (below), Beastie Boys, Ice T, LL Cool J and more were just grabbing the mike. Smartly, Piskor wraps hip-hop's emergence in crucial cultural tangents including break-dancing and graffiti. Most comics don't come with a bibliography and references, but then, most don't aim for this level of historical accuracy. The volume concludes with a cocky warning: "This good shit ain't done yet." We eagerly await the next.  
—Cat Auer





## CHAR WARS

A ROOKIE MISTAKE BECOMES THE NEXT BIG THING IN FOOD

**E**ven novice cooks know one cardinal rule of the kitchen: Don't burn your food. But chefs around the world are singeing and scalding everything from steak to scallions in the name of earthy, smoky flavor. Some achieve this with high heat and a hard sear; others eschew the grill grate and cook directly on coals. Chef René Redzepi of the acclaimed restaurant Noma in Copenhagen burns vegetables to a cinder and literally serves the ash as a garnish. Onion dust may not fly in your kitchen, but ebony-dappled vegetables should. The intense caramelization is not only beautiful, it's delicious. And that's really the only rule that should concern you.—*Julia Bainbridge*

Photography by  
**MITCHELL FEINBERG**

## Burnt OFFERINGS

### LEMONS

- Halve some lemons, place them cut-side down in a pan and cook over high heat until caramelized, about four minutes. Squeeze juice onto fish or vegetables for a smoky citrus flavor.

### LETTUCE

- Halve or quarter romaine hearts or heads of radicchio. Rub with olive oil and grill or sear on high heat for about 30 seconds per side. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Serve alongside steak or fish, or with additional vegetables as a main-course salad.

### GREEN BEANS

- Trim beans and toss with olive oil, salt and pepper. Cook in a large pan on high heat until blistered, about 10 minutes.

### SHISHITO PEPPERS

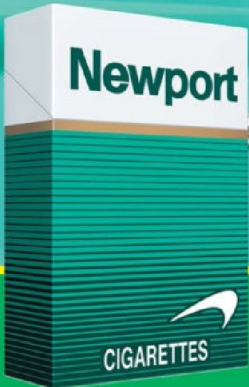
- You've likely already encountered smoky sweet red bell peppers blackened on a stove top. Try the comparatively novel trick of pan-blistering Japanese shishito peppers: Heat a cast-iron skillet to smoking hot, then add a dozen or so shishitos. Cook until black on all sides and serve with kosher salt.

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DRINK

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• As with all recipes that involve just a few components, deliciousness is in the details, so use the best ingredients possible. Among the supermarket ice cream brands, Häagen-Dazs has the fewest ingredients and the highest ratio of egg yolks, making it taste richer and purer. If you don't have a fancy espresso machine, get a \$25 Bialetti Moka Express and make your coffee with beans you've ground in a burr grinder. And don't cheat with anything but a real-deal bourbon such as Woodford Reserve. Of course you can do it all to taste, but this recipe is a fine baseline: In a coffee mug or short heatproof glass, add a small scoop or two of ice cream, pour in 1.5 ounces of bourbon, then pour in a shot of freshly brewed espresso. Serve immediately.

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Photography by MITCHELL FEINBERG

FOOD STYLING BY SARA JANE CRAWFORD



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3



2



1



### 1. Molto Mod

→ CT Scuderia's Moto Nero series updates the *sprezzatura* of Italian café racers. The modernist Swiss-made quartz chronograph has a blackened stainless case, a perforated silicone band and a bold red-enamel face.

• \$1,195, [ctscuderia.com](http://ctscuderia.com)

### 2. Racer Black

→ The MotoGP 2015 limited edition of Tissot's T-Race chronograph features a Swiss-made quartz movement, a tough carbon dial, a silicone strap with folding clasp and push buttons, and styling that limns motorbike disc-brake design.

• \$925, [tissot.ch](http://tissot.ch)

### 3. Rev It

→ The automatic-movement Artix GT chronograph from Oris has a unique retrograde seconds display that looks like the rev meter on a race car, a black face and a bezel with a black-ceramic minute scale and quick-grip rubber coating.

• \$3,450, [tourneau.com](http://tourneau.com)

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The sun rises and sets at peak travel periods, during the early morning and afternoon rush hours and many drivers find themselves temporarily blinded while driving directly into the glare of the sun. Deadly accidents are regularly caused by such blinding glare with danger arising from reflected light off another vehicle, the pavement, or even from waxed and oily windshields that can make matters worse. Early morning dew can exacerbate this situation. Yet, motorists struggle on despite being blinded by the sun's glare that can cause countless accidents every year.

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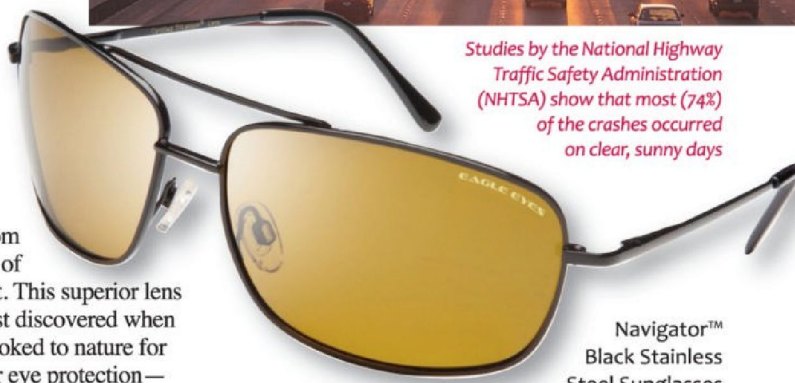
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3



4

# BARCELONA RANGER

IN THIS GRITTY AND GORGEOUS CITY, THE GAME PLAN IS WALK, EAT, DRINK, REPEAT

**W**ith the dollar stronger than ever, it's time to hit those European cities that linger just below the top five on the greatest hits list. And Barcelona is no exception: Its sordid barrios, grim but grand architecture and cheap but rich *pintxos* all go down smoothly with a glass of cava—or, hell, a whole bottle. This round of indulgence can be on you.

• The well-situated **Casa Camper Barcelona (1)**, created by the Spanish footwear designer, is pared down and accessible, with rooms that are more like suites (great for a group of dudes). If you've booked the weekend with a date, the Alma will make you come off as a modern sophisticate. Then of course there's Hotel Omm, perennially cool



1

from rooftop pool to subterranean nightclub.

First things first: Pay homage to the old-school tapas joints by eating

and drinking voraciously and entertaining the guys behind the counters at Cal Pep or **Quimet y Quimet (2)**. You will be rewarded

with big pours, heaps of fried stuff and a boys' club camaraderie. Both are open for lunch, but you may have to get in line around breakfast time.

The city is super accessible by foot, and the best way to embrace the buzz is to walk around (taking in the trippy Gaudi buildings along the way). Wander medieval streets for indie hideaways in the cool El Born neighborhood. Pick up records, dead-stock cameras, limited-edition kicks and vintage shades at La Clinique. And if the weather's balmy, hit the easy-to-reach sandy beach of **Barceloneta (3)**.

In a city of strict dining rituals, El Nacional feels like the new, bad influence in town. Reminiscent of a Spanish Eatery, the mega-designed space (soaring

ceilings, mosaic tiles, open-air marketplace vibe) offers multiple dining and drinking experiences under one roof—from early morning to late at night, including Sundays and siesta hours—when many other places in Barcelona aren't open.

No doubt you'll want to re-create this laissez-faire tapas attitude back home. To impress your guests when you throw down, stock up on top-of-the-line cured meats and wine at Vila Viniteca. Hide them well in your suitcase and don't say nada until the contraband is safely in your fridge at home.

Cerveceria Catalana is an awesome jam-packed beer bar with serious grilled specialties and a great vibe late on weeknights. Juggle your sangria pitcher while keeping



2

fusion in the 1990s sense; the decadence this time around (in the music, the chefs and the general attitude) is more punk rock. You'll need a reservation.

Keep up the alcoholic lubrication at Fàbrica Moritz Barcelona, a Jean Nouvel-designed three-story microbrewery (once home of the Catalan brewer Moritz)

where you can try unpasteurized beer right from the barrel and buy hipster-friendly posters with irreverent (drunk?) words of wisdom.

There's a Catalan saying that a closed mouth catches no flies. But this is exactly the kind of city where you want your mouth to get

you into trouble. You've been drinking for a while, so you may not trust your own tastes, but it's true: The sandwiches at Sagàs—pork-heavy, with fresh ingredients from the Michelin-starred chef's family farm—are probably the best in the world. Especially at one in the morning. Sweet dreams. —Jeralyn Gerba





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STATS

MAZDA MX-5 MIATA

Engine: Two-liter four-cylinder

Horsepower: 155 at 6,000 rpm

Torque: 148 lb.-ft. at 4,600 rpm

Zero to 60: 5.9 sec.

MPG: 27 city, 34 highway

Price: \$28,600 base

# DRIVEN: MAZDA MX-5 MIATA

WE PUT THE PEDAL AND THE TOP DOWN IN MAZDA'S SPICY NEW TWO-SEATER

• A day may come when we let go of the wheel and allow artificial intelligence to handle our driving, but this is not that day. Not if Mazda has anything to do with it. When the 2016 MX-5 Miata was unveiled last fall, the Japanese two-seater was the object of more praise than a royal baby. We couldn't wait to get our hands on one.

Our Club Edition arrived sporting an additional performance package, most notably 17-inch forged BBS-brand wheels—the same kind that annoying Volkswagen kid down the block saved up for all winter. An extremely low driving position tested our flexibility, but the cabin is extraordinarily comfortable. Up top, the manually retractable stowaway fabric roof is

quick and easy to operate. If the skies open, it's a two- or three-second button-up job, max.

Or you could just try to outrun the rain. Fitted with Mazda's Skyactiv-G two-liter engine, the car is punchy when prodded and comes equipped with a track-worthy tuning package, including Bilstein dampers and a limited-slip differential for those who opt for the manual transmission. Revved high, the engine rarely sounds overworked, and though it doesn't pack half the power of most players in its category, it has no shortage of quickness. Top down, 60 feels like a spirited 90.

As for everyday sensibleness—come on, it's a roadster. But considering its dazzling looks, gratuitous fun and sub-\$30K price, do we really have to argue about practicality? Not this day.—William K. Gock



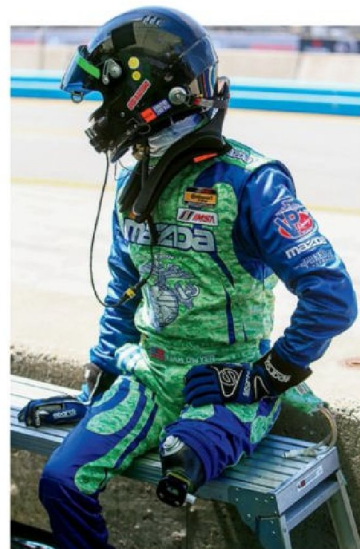
## MAJOR SPEED

### A MARINE TACKLES THE RACETRACK

→ Last year, while still on active duty, Staff Sergeant Liam Dwyer shook up the International Motor Sports Association scene, competing in—and winning—races despite having lost his left leg on an Afghanistan battlefield. Now retired from the military, Dwyer is back for a second season with Mazda/Freedom Autosport. **PB:** This is your first full season. How did you prepare this time? **LD:** I was still heavily involved in rehab and planning another surgery last year. I was learning to walk after a knee operation in January. I have the walking part down as best I can, so

now I'm able to focus on learning the tracks. **PB:** What has been your proudest moment? **LD:** It has to be Mazda Raceway. I qualified the car in the top 10, and Sergeant

Aaron Denning, the marine who saved my life, was there. My co-driver, Andrew Carbonell, drove the car to the win. To win with Sergeant Denning there was a huge deal.





# PHONE. HOME

MASTER YOUR DOMAIN WITH THE BEST APPS FOR HELPING AROUND THE HOUSE

► Your smartphone isn't pulling its weight. You pay its bills and charge its battery, maybe even squeegee the screen every now and again. But what has it done for you lately? With the right apps you can turn your phone from dead weight to the personal assistant of your dreams, especially at home. Carefully placed monitors and savvy apps will keep an eye on everything from your grill and your keys to your addiction to extra-dry martinis and *Futurama* reruns.—Corinne Iozzio



## 1. GRILL IT

→ Nothing puts a damper on a BBQ like running out of gas. The **Quirky Refuel** propane gauge (\$50, Android and iOS) uses a superthin scale to keep tabs on levels, alerting you when the tank inches toward empty. Just tap the sensor to see the reading on the tank itself, and be sure to keep the grill within range of your home wi-fi network so the gauge will sync with the app. That way, when you're out stocking up on wieners and buns, you can also double-check if you need a refill. [quirky.com](http://quirky.com)



## 2. MIX IT

→ Don't know a dash from a splash? Help is here. Armed with more than 400 recipes, the **Perfect Drink** app package (\$50, includes shaker and USB-powered scale, Android and iOS) turns anyone into a top-shelf mixologist. Place your vessel of choice—anything from a rocks glass to a punch bowl—on the scale, select a recipe and a quantity in the app, and follow the step-by-step prompts. A *ding* tells you when to stop pouring each ingredient—and, more important, when you can start drinking. [perfectdrinkapp.com](http://perfectdrinkapp.com)



## 3. FIND IT

→ Getting out the door in the morning sucks, especially pre-coffee. **Tile** object trackers (\$25 each or four for \$70, Android and iOS) make scrounging for keys, wallets, gym bags and other important accoutrements simple. Attach the 1.5-inch squares to anything, and the app will guide you to your object within a 100-foot Bluetooth umbrella. Can't find your wallet? Open the app and tell that *Tile* to start beeping. Camera MIA? Mark it lost, and enlist the help of other *Tile* users in the search. [thetileapp.com](http://thetileapp.com)



## 4. MEASURE IT

→ Anything from a decor overhaul to a new flatscreen means you'll have to measure. Instead of battling with a measuring tape, **RoomScan** (free, iOS) uses your iPhone's onboard sensors to map rooms based on movement alone. Hold the device flush against each wall for a few seconds, and the app will stitch its readings together to create a floor plan you can use to estimate the amount of paint, tile or other material you'll need for your projects. Upgrading to the pro version (\$5) lets you add doors and windows too. [locometric.com](http://locometric.com)



## 5. CONTROL IT

→ All-in-one remotes from RadioShack are so last century. The **Peel** app (free, Android and iOS) turns smartphones with built-in infrared—such as the Samsung Galaxy S6 and the HTC One—into universal remotes. Using the in-app channel guides, you can browse, set your DVR and create reminders. And because *Peel* knows what you watch, it also suggests shows you might like. iPhone users will need to buy an external infrared device called the **Pronto** (\$50). [peel.com](http://peel.com)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUSTIN PAGE

## UP TO SPEED



→ The road to fitness can always use a better soundtrack. Spotify's new Running function is populated with playlists designed to accompany your roadwork. Even better, the app will automatically adjust the tunes to match your

tempo. Choose a premade mix such as the cinema-inspired *Epic* or the blistering EDM mix *Burn*, created by Tiësto, and the app will use your phone's accelerometer to match the music's beats-per-minute to your pace.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

# BLACK MASS

By Stephen Rebello

• Blood flows, betrayals are deadly and corruption runs deep in the decade-spanning true-crime saga *Black Mass*. Johnny Depp, Joel Edgerton and Benedict Cumberbatch play, respectively, vicious South Boston mobster turned informant James “Whitey” Bulger, the corrupt FBI agent to whom Bulger confesses and who turns a blind eye to his dirty deeds, and Bulger’s Kennedy-esque state senator brother. The movie is based on the nonfiction best-seller *Black Mass: The True Story of the Unholy Alliance Between the FBI and the Irish Mob*. “It’s an uncompromising, almost Greek-tragedy story about an era in South Boston when criminals and certain lawmen were virtually indistinguishable,” says director Scott Cooper. “It’s Johnny’s best dramatic work to date, and it was exciting to see an actor who’d always played extremely likable characters playing a complex, dangerous, intelligent, extremely deadly sociopath. He and I studied surveillance tapes, listened to countless hours of wiretaps, read everything there was to read, and it’s stunning how brazen Whitey was in killing and having people killed. Whitey’s real-life longtime attorney stopped by the set but had to get up and walk out. When I asked him why later, he said, ‘Johnny’s voice, his accent, the way he moves—it’s like watching Whitey. It’s chilling.’”



  
**MAZE RUNNER:  
THE SCORCH TRIALS**

Giancarlo Esposito leads the *Scavengers in the dystopian thriller*



**Q:** How was it acting opposite the young-adult cast in the *Maze Runner* sequel?  
**A:** The joy of this movie was being able to connect with these young actors. These kids kept me in the present and defied me not to relate to them by forcing me to do things I hadn’t done before.

**Q:** How do you feel when people lump the *Maze Runner* movies in with the *Hunger Games* movies?  
**A:** *Maze Runner* is strictly entertainment. But, look, we live in a country that’s being raped by large corporations in bed with our elected officials, and this movie gives you that same feeling—that we’ve come to the end of something and disasters are in the making.

**Q:** Is there a chance Gus Fring, your *Breaking Bad* meth-mogul character, may at least turn up on the prequel *Better Call Saul*?

**A:** Would I go back for an episode or two? Yes, but my desire is that we would spin that off into a nine- to 13-episode limited series on the rise of Gus. I would do that show in a heartbeat.—S.R.



**TEASE FRAME**  
Kristen Stewart

→ *Twilight* star Kristen Stewart gets even more nocturnal in the film adaptation of Jack Kerouac’s *On the Road* (pictured). See the 25-year-old next opposite Jesse Eisenberg in the stoner action-comedy *American Ultra*, written by Max Landis.

IN YOUR LIVING ROOM

## GOTHAM: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

By Bryan Reesman

• Amid the often silly superhero cinematic universes, *Gotham* surprises as a gritty, noir-ish *Batman* prequel with no costumed crusader but urban corruption galore. Detective Jim Gordon (Ben McKenzie) and 10-year-old billionaire orphan Bruce Wayne are front and center as we witness the evolution of future supervillains such as the Riddler and Catwoman. The true show stealers are the awkward, conniving Penguin (Robin Lord Taylor) and the



psycho mob queen Fish Mooney (Jada Pinkett Smith). **Best extra:** *Gotham: Designing the Fiction* delves into the creation of Gotham City. 🐱🐱🐱

# MUST-SEE FALL TV

By Josef Adalian

## THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT (1)

• Stephen Colbert returns to TV this month, and on a much bigger stage: The longtime Comedy Central fixture—the real guy, not the faux conservative he played (superbly)—is taking over as David Letterman's replacement at CBS. The late-night wars are about to get real.



## ANGIE TRIBECA (2)

→ Steve Carell is producing this pitch-perfect parody of police procedurals, with *Parks and Recreation*'s Rashida Jones, as the titular supercop, brilliantly channeling the spirit of Leslie Nielsen in *The Naked Gun* movies. After years of flops, TBS has finally produced a comedy that lives up to its "Very Funny" tagline.

## THE PLAYER (3)

• In this high-concept thriller from the producers of *The Blacklist*, Wesley Snipes runs a

shadowy organization that predicts crimes before they happen—and then takes bets from bored billionaires who wager whether the show's title hero (Philip Winchester) can stop the bad guys before they go too far. Ridiculous? Absolutely. It's also ridiculously entertaining.

## RED OAKS (4)

→ Amazon travels back to 1985 for this coming-of-age comedy about a college kid (Craig Roberts) who lands a summer job at a Jersey country club filled with the usual collection of quirky characters.



John Hughes-style heart is balanced with just the right amount of *Porky's*-like raunch. Added bonus: great roles for Paul Reiser and Jennifer Grey.

## THE GRINDER (5)

• Fox's big comedy bet of the fall stars Rob Lowe as a TV lawyer whose long-running show has just ended. To avoid a midlife crisis, he returns home and begins working as an actual lawyer at the small-town Idaho firm run by his brother (Fred Savage) and dad (William Devane). The early verdict: funny and smart.

## THE BASTARD EXECUTIONER

→ *Sons of Anarchy* creator Kurt Sutter has chosen 14th



# DON'T-BOTHER TV



## PEOPLE ARE TALKING

→ Former *Saved by the Bell* hunk Mark-Paul Gosselaar is the only recognizable face in this laugh-free domestic comedy about two couples who are both friends and neighbors. There's no reason for this show to exist, other than to keep Gosselaar off unemployment—and to fill time on NBC's Friday schedule.



## DR. KEN

→ *Community* and *The Hangover* star Ken Jeong finally gets his own sitcom. Too bad it's this painfully predictable half hour that wastes the usually likable actor as a physician who gets off on insulting both his patients and his family. It's a sad waste of Jeong's considerable talents.



MUSIC

# ANOTHER ONE

By Rob Tannenbaum

• Mac DeMarco makes music that evokes the 1970s, especially the loopy, languid pop of Todd Rundgren and the unpainted informality of Paul McCartney's early solo years. DeMarco, who's in his mid-20s, has found hip ways to spice up his traditionalism, including a Wiz

Khalifa remix, an *Eric Andre Show* appearance and that time he got naked onstage and put drumsticks up his butt. The Brooklyn-by-way-of-Edmonton singer has a new album, *Another One*, highlighted by the title song, a perfect, lovelorn ballad that seems to shimmer like glass. His *Jackass*-worthy exploits can't disguise the fact that DeMarco is a romantic who sings about trust, feelings, hearts and sparkling eyes. He's a talented romantic too—he played all the instruments on *Another One*. We hope he washed the drumsticks. ♣♣♣♣

GAME

# MAD MAX

By Harold Goldberg

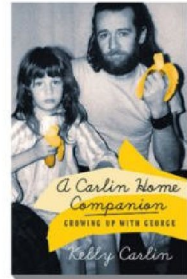
• “Out here, everything hurts,” Furiosa says in the summer blockbuster *Mad Max*. The same holds true in this game version (PC, PS4, Xbox One). You'll bash, blow up and jury-rig crazy vehicles. You'll eat insects from corpses to survive in the desert. And you'll finally hear the backstories of those insane, face-painted bandits. There's a grim beauty to the devastation as you view it from high in a hot-air balloon. Is that a dust devil in the distance or an evil convoy? Better check it out. You have your choice of weapons, but we love the thundersticks, spears with a load of TNT attached. Yep, it hurts. ♣♣♣♣



BOOKS

# A CARLIN HOME COMPANION

By Cat Auer

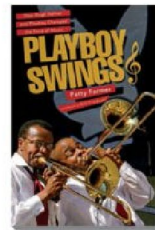


• Kelly Carlin—only child of comedian George Carlin and wife Brenda—spent her youth managing Mom's wine-marinated mood swings

and Dad's coke-revved, chemically induced freak-outs while pretending to outsiders that everything was fine. As she recalls in her highly readable memoir, they got clean when she was a teen, but the damage had been done: “I didn't know how to do normal. I was addicted to chaos.” Told with candor, humor and good L.A. gossip (her romp with Leif Garrett in Ryan O'Neal and Farrah Fawcett's bed is memorable), the tale of Carlin's journey to overcome the anxiety and self-doubt produced by those early years is one of trauma well told and triumph well earned. ♣♣♣

# PATTY FARMER

From the clubs to Jazz Fest, how *Playboy* and music became one



**PB:** Your new book, *Playboy Swings*, focuses on how *Playboy* influenced the music industry, especially jazz. What will surprise us?

**PF:** This isn't a love story—I present everything factually—but the topic is important historically. I talked to more than 100 people, from Ellis Marsalis and Tony Bennett to Sonny Rollins and Joan Rivers, and many of them credit Hef for his color-blindness and activism against segregation. Hef integrated the stages and gave these entertainers a chance. In fact, *Playboy* was the largest employer in entertainment for 20 years. The first thing people think about when they hear “*Playboy*” will never be music, but music should definitely be the second.

# WHISKEY

IT'S CHEAPER THAN THERAPY



True to the traditional liquid remedy of the early 1900's, Rock & Rye blends rock sugar, natural ginger and American Rye. Though there is no proof it can cure the sniffles, it sure tastes great.

[reillyswhiskey.com](http://reillyswhiskey.com)  
Please Enjoy Responsibly



@reillyswhiskey

**RAW DATA**

# Unhealthy STATE

• States with the highest STD rates, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention:

- 1. LOUISIANA
- 2. MISSISSIPPI
- 3. GEORGIA
- 4. ALABAMA
- 5. SOUTH CAROLINA



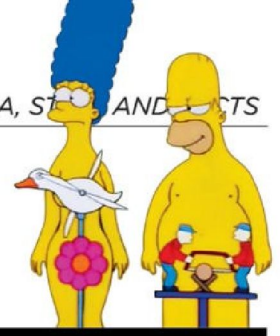
# SET YOUR GOALS

## 21

• Number of orgasms needed per month for a man to lower his risk of prostate cancer by one fifth, according to new research.



SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, ST AND



# 36

• Percentage of Americans who admit they've had sex in public.

# MATCHMAKERS

**okcupid**

**tinder**

**40,000**

Number of dates created per day thanks to OkCupid.com.

**12 MILLION**

Matches created every day from 2 billion Tinder swipes.

## RELATED

Percentage of Tinder users who are married: **30**  
Percentage in ongoing relationships: **12**



**\$2.25 MILLION**

• Prize money offered by NASA for plans to create a 3-D printed habitat on Mars.

*Mo' Wives*

# MO' PROBLEMS

• Polygamist men are **4.6 times** more likely to suffer from coronary artery disease.



# \$179

**MILLION**

• Price paid at auction for Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger*, a new record.



# STARTING LINEUP

• The world's top three most marketable athletes, according to SportsPro:

- 1. Canadian tennis phenom Eugenie Bouchard
- 2. Brazilian soccer star Neymar
- 3. U.S. golfer Jordan Spieth



RELATIONSHIP STATUS:



**Divorced**

• **One third** of all divorce proceedings in America contain references to Facebook, up from **20%** in 2010.

# WORD of the MONTH

**COREGASM**

• Term used to describe an orgasm achieved through core exercises, as experienced by **10%** of American men and women.

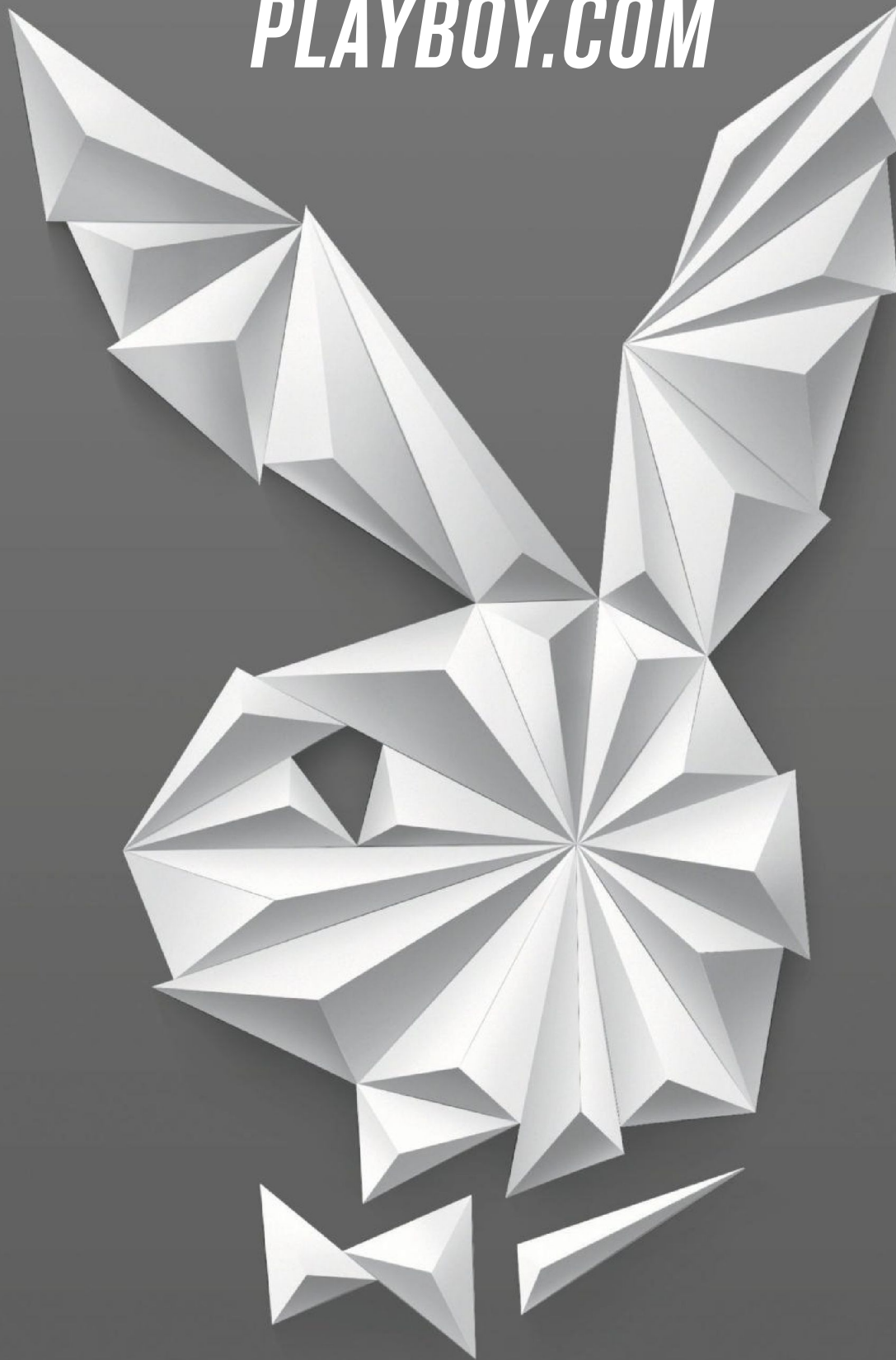
**\$13,000**

• Cost of rentals from a Los Angeles fetish boutique for the sexy gear worn by Taylor Swift and friends in her "Bad Blood" video.





CHECK OUT THE NEW  
***PLAYBOY.COM***



**YOU'RE WELCOME.**

# OH, MAN UP ALREADY

HERE'S THE PROBLEM WITH THE MEN'S MOVEMENT: IT'S NOT VERY MANLY

**T**he most basic rule of being a man is to shut up about your problems. No kid hangs a poster of an athlete above his bed because the guy has an okay outside shot but, man, can he milk a minor injury. No coach yells, "Walk it off—and then come back and tell me all about it!"

Which is why no men's movement will ever be successful. Men have lots of issues, and it's fine to acknowledge them: Men are incarcerated too easily; boys are put on ADHD medicine too often; there's probably a third one. But it's not acceptable to group these issues together.

Because having a penis is awesome. You know how many times I've had sex without having an orgasm? Of course you do, because it's zero. You know what I did after my shower to look good for my three meetings today? Neither do I. You know how sometimes a person I think is a friend will be nice to me in person but totally undermine me behind my back? I don't.

So you can't complain about being a dude. No one likes it when the people running everything act like they're being treated unfairly. Because we're the ones deciding how we're treated. No matter how often people fail to see the problems we encounter for being white or being rich or having a huge penis (seriously, there are several sex acts we're regularly denied; for instance, we never, euphemistically, get to sit in the back of the bus), we cannot point them out, especially with Rosa Parks metaphors. You know how much sympathy you get from women when you complain that circumcision is wrong because sex might feel even better without it? Not even a baby's foreskin amount.

In the 1990s the men's movement was just Tim Allen and Robert Bly going all Tom Sawyer and worrying that we'd become too "sivilized." In the 2000s *The Man Show* was simply annoyed by Oprah's over-empathy and wanted to



pull some pranks. I get all that. Modern culture, with its back-hair grooming, front-hair grooming and lower-hair grooming, is a violation of our natural state, but be careful how you romanticize a past that had no porn, porn or porn. Yes, we have become less masculine since we moved down from trees, but so have women. Picture what a woman who lives in trees looks like. The answer: a tree.

But now, thanks to the anonymity and distance offered by the internet, we have the manosphere, which is a much darker place. Men write about having a moment when they swallow "the red pill," like in *The Matrix*, and suddenly see what a supposedly woman-controlled world they live in. In the manosphere, men seek out feminist articles and make comments about them that are so scary, they prove that we need feminist articles.

The core of the new men's movement is really just dudes whining that they're not getting laid enough. Which, on the surface, is a totally valid complaint. The toughest part about being a man is desperately wanting to have sex all the time and having that pleasure denied by the people who can provide it. If I had made that sentence rhyme, I could have sold it to any number of rappers.

After all, it would seem mean if we controlled some basic thing that women wanted and continually refused to give it to them, such as 22 more cents to every dollar we earned. The problem is that our desire, while very real, is inherently objectifying. We don't think of women

as people with their own needs but as tools to solve our problem, which is technically called a boner. Sure, our desire is a biological itch we can't control, but that doesn't mean it's their responsibility to scratch it, which, while not the most pleasant method, would probably work. We have lots of biological reactions we suppress all the time. Otherwise, we'd live in a world full of fighting, stealing, whining and pooping on the street. And no one wants to live in a world where people are slugging each other outside bars while slipping on poop—though I'm sure some porn sites would prove me wrong.

BY  
JOEL  
STEIN

Besides, being angry with women for our sexual frustration is a failed strategy. It's far better to act like a dick who's having so much sex that he doesn't have to bother texting back, not even with an emoji of a naked guy holding up his index finger, asking for another minute to get back to you while he's having sex. I can also sell that emoji idea to any number of rappers.

Here are some things feminism has given us: short skirts, sexual liberation, contraception and bra burning, the purpose of which I'm too young to know, but I'm pretty sure it was about thanking men for their support by showing them female nipples.

The only movement men should be making is shutting up about their problems and listening to women's. After all, that's what the manosphere has to do if it really wants to return to the way things used to be. ■

# PUT A SOCK IN IT, BUD

HONESTY ISN'T ALWAYS THE BEST POLICY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF A RELATIONSHIP

I've gone on a lot of dates in my life. Day dates, night dates, day-to-night dates. Lunch dates, drinks dates, dinner dates, late-night dates, so-late-you're-really-hard-pressed-to-call-it-a-date dates. Blind dates, legally blind dates and blind-drunk dates. Plain dates, fancy dates, dates with bacon-wrapped dates and dates with just bacon when I couldn't bear to go on another date. Not that there weren't a few good ones in there, but in general I've amassed a decent amount of knowledge about *bad* dates. And it's only fair that I pass this information on so you don't make the same mistakes as my ill-fated suitors. In short, don't be any of the following guys.

Don't be the guy who overshares. Don't tell me before the appetizers arrive that you hate your parents "but of course appreciate" that they created you and so you "throw them a bone on Christmas." And don't be the cheap guy who invites me to order an entrée of equal or lesser value to yours because you have a coupon. Don't come off as scarily close to your family and bring your sister on the first date (or the second through fifth dates), and definitely don't tell me you share jeans with her. Don't get intense and say you want to put a baby in me. Don't say I have "baby-making" hips. Don't tell me what you want to name your future babies. (Robot and Dead are the names one guy told me he was saving for his first- and second-born.) Don't be the overeager guy who tells me he's "randy, baby" or quote any *Austin Powers* movie no matter how randy you are, baby. Don't be the weird guy who insists aliens are coming to Earth and could be at the very gastropub we're eating in (apparently aliens like small plates). Don't be the *criminally* weird guy and talk about how you "would have gotten away with it" in regard to any crime. Don't talk about a crime you shouldn't have gotten away with: "We just drove

across the border with a garbage bag full of weed!" Don't be religiously weird and talk for two hours straight about Buddhism and how it has really grounded you, then get into your Jag. Don't be *weird* weird and tell me your three loves are (1) God, (2) family and (3) your cats (and I'm a cat person). Don't at any point during our first meeting declare a thumb war. And don't be the guy who talks about not wanting to be *that* guy but is 100 percent *that* guy.

As a rule, just don't be that guy who's weird about family, women, money, religion, sex, politics, pets or thumb wars. Okay. I know I sound a little bitchy, right? Don't do this, don't do that. But maybe I should be more specific. Don't be that guy...at least not right away. I cringe when I think about some of the things men have told me on dates or even in texts leading up to dates (some things even an emoji can't make better). But the truth is, we all have bad/weird quirks. We're all that guy or that girl on some level. I'm that girl who will try any weird spiritual stuff at least once and went to a past-life-regression therapist. (I experienced rebirth in a crappy studio apartment in West Hollywood.) And I'm that girl who's obsessed with her pets and once owned a stroller for her cat. It's endearing to my guy now, but I think if I'd rolled out that rebirth story or my actual cat on our first date, I'd be in his dating graveyard right now, next to That Girl Who Adopts Every

Stray Animal She Sees and That Girl Who's Always on a Strange Diet.

I'm not advocating that you hide who you are; I'm just suggesting that you delay revealing it. I know that coupon might be burning a hole in your pocket, but if you must use it, use it on a *friend* of equal or lesser value. Because when a girl meets a guy, she's looking for reasons to say no. Too jerky. Too nice. Too emotional. Too unemotional. Too into games. Too into *Game of Thrones*. Too into thrones. (Hey, that could happen in Europe.) It's like taking one of those eye tests where you hit the button every time you see something appear. We're waiting with our little buzzers, ready to identify any warning signs. But once we're in, we're looking to say yes. The things that might initially

have been arm-hair-raising, like you waxing your arm hair, are now cute, funny things I've discovered about you. Maybe you do hate your parents, but let me hate your parents first, and then maybe we can hate them together. Wouldn't that be more fun? Let me learn over time that you pee in your sink to save

water and masturbate to *Gilligan's Island* reruns. I will buy you all the Mrs. Howell paraphernalia I can find on eBay, as long as I get to *discover* your weirdness. Rest assured we can all eventually be *that* girl or *that* guy in our relationship, but my advice is to keep your weirdness tucked in for at least a little while. And when the time is right, you can let it all hang out of those jeans you share with your sister. ■

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# PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm a 28-year-old male who recently ended a five-year relationship. Since the breakup I have been dating as much as I can and, thanks to the Tinder app, have been having more sex than I ever thought possible. Now I'm afraid I'm becoming a sex addict. Maybe I was a sex addict all along and my relationship was hiding that fact without my realizing it. Although my girlfriend and I used to have sex twice a week, I would masturbate to online porn pretty much every day without fail, which seems to be kind of a lot. And now I'm using real women the way I used to use porn—except that these days I have to deal with their wanting to spend the night or have breakfast or hang out. I haven't felt much more than the thrill of the hookup nor much attraction, and I tend to drop the women afterward. Do you think I'm handling this the right way?—L.D., Brooklyn, New York

*We think you're handling this in a pretty typical way for a horny dude in his 20s who just got out of a long-term relationship. Having as much consensual sex as possible with people who aren't your five-year partner is a post-breakup ritual worth indulging. If you can handle it honorably and with grace, then by all means enjoy yourself. There's no way of knowing how long this run will last or remain appealing, so it's better to have a memory bank full of good stories than regrets about not having acted. The ease with which you can hook up digitally, particularly in a big city such as yours, is a fine thing. In the past, men romanticized the dating prowess they possessed during their high school or college days; in the future, the urban American single people of today will no doubt look back on their 20s and early 30s as the golden era of Eros. You say you're worried you might have a latent sex addiction. From what you report, your behavior doesn't sound entirely out of the ordinary. But ask yourself if your family, friendships or work life is suffering as a result of your dating. If any of them are, then assess how much time you spend arranging and carrying out these hookups and see if you can scale back. However, it sounds as though you're having fun for now, so until it becomes unfun, it's not likely an addiction.*

I'm a 40-year-old woman in a loving and successful marriage with a wonderful man. We count ourselves lucky because we're both fit, attractive and reasonably happy with our jobs and home life. Our sex life is decent, but my husband



SKIP STERLING

**My girlfriend wants me to give her a rim job. I've heard it can be quite pleasurable for a man too, so I've convinced her this is one sexual favor she will have to give me in return. We're both a bit squeamish, though, since we're not exactly talking about the cleanest erogenous zone. Can you help put us at ease?—G.M., Nashville, Tennessee**

*Beyond kissing and spanking, the rim job is one of the few sex acts a straight couple can give to each other in an anatomically balanced fashion, so both of you should take note. Save the ass play for last, as even the cleanest anus can have traces of bacteria you don't want transferring to each other's mouths or genitals. Yes, you should both take showers and clean up with a lot of soap. And keep the tongue play shallow; a good rim job is about pleasant pressure, not penetration.*

complains that I never initiate intimacy, which is true. I don't have a burning desire for sex, but once I'm aroused I'm ready to go. The way I see it, the ball is really in my husband's court. The problem is that when he tries to seduce me, he inevitably becomes jokey, saying things like "It's time to ride the boner machine" and "Are you ready for salivary seduction?" It's totally obnoxious but actually gets me laughing. It sometimes backfires, though, because I'm ticklish and it takes me 10 minutes to relax and get ready for sex. Why do you think he

jokes around like that?—M.T., San Francisco, California

*Laughing about your sex life is certainly better than crying. After what we're guessing is more than a decade of marriage, you're in a classic situation. It sounds as though your husband is trying to cheer you up and turn your day from the mundane (paying bills, doing dishes, talking about the kids' college funds) to the playful in the hopes that it will yield to a sexual fantasy worthy of his middle-aged libido. The whole tickle, laugh, seduce ploy is actually pretty common too, albeit more as a juvenile move than the approach of a sophisticated adult. It also sounds as though your husband takes it too far. If you find his hijinks push you further away from the desired mood than a standard appreciative seduction would, ask him to ease off. Suggest he try something actually relaxing that could segue more seamlessly into the erotic—such as a massage, a back rub or even a bath. He shouldn't expect a lame slapstick routine to suddenly turn you into his horny fantasy.*

**A friend of mine recently found out he has cancer and has decided against receiving treatment. I'm having a hard time accepting this and feel strongly that he should fight the disease. On the other hand, I don't believe it is my place to tell anyone facing such a diagnosis how he or she should react. What am I supposed to do?—J.T., Dayton, Ohio**

*You're supposed to support your friend fully, no matter what he decides. That said, if you believe he's been misinformed or under-informed about his chances of survival, you could offer to be his advocate and help him research the science that supports his decision. But you need to be sensitive to his boundaries and prepared to back off when and if he tells you to. As hard as it is to sit by and watch someone get sick and suffer without fighting back, it's not up to you to decide what's best for him.*

I recently received a bottle of Vieux Carré Absinthe Supérieure as a gift. I've never had absinthe before, but I know it was banned in the States for many years. How do I drink it? Some websites recommend using a perforated spoon to "louche" the drink, but is there an alternative method? Also, many sites caution against drinking "low-quality" absinthe. How do I know what's good and what's bad?—G.G., San Antonio, Texas

*Drink it any way you like; just don't drink too much of it: It's among the most powerful*

spirits on the planet, with an alcohol-by-volume measure of up to 75 percent (that translates to 150 proof). And we hope you like licorice, which is the dominant flavor of absinthe. Although its reputation for having hallucinogenic properties has contributed to its mystique, absinthe is actually a higher-alcohol version of pastis. You owe it to yourself to at least try drinking it the traditional way, which involves, as you correctly label it, “louching” the drink. This entails pouring a little water into the absinthe through a specially designed slotted spoon. The point of this is to slightly dilute the absinthe, which makes it burn less on the palate and also allows the aromatics and volatile compounds to be released into the air, making for a more complex and nuanced drinking experience. Sometimes people pour the water through a sugar cube on the spoon to make the drink more palatable. By far the most popular way to imbibe absinthe today is in a sazerac, a bitter, powerful, aromatic cocktail legendary in New Orleans and worth checking out. Cocktail snobs may quibble with the following proportions, but the resulting drink will by no means suck; it’s a way of incorporating absinthe’s assertive flavor into a lower-proof cocktail that will appeal to anyone who likes a sweet and strong beverage: Crush a sugar cube in the bottom of a rocks glass, add one and a half ounces of rye, a tablespoon of absinthe and two dashes each of Peychaud’s and Angostura bitters. Fill the glass with ice, give it a good stir to combine, and garnish with lemon peel.

I just finished a summer-wedding marathon, and it has left me with a lot of questions: Must your pocket square always match your tie? What’s a respectable per-person monetary gift? (My date said it depends on how close you are to the bride or groom; a wedding planner told me my gift should cover the cost of my plate; another said \$50 a person is fine.) At an open bar, is it better to tip large early or funnel singles all night long? (I felt weird leaving a \$20 tip for the first drink, thinking it would cover the night, only to have a new bartender take over and make me look like a cheapskate.) In 2015, does the à la mode black dress shoe have a square toe or a fine rounded point?—T.S., Reno, Nevada

First, a pocket square doesn’t always need to match your tie in color or pattern, but it’s a safe way of adding some swagger to your suit. It should at least relate to something else in your outfit: the color of your socks or shirt or some detail or color in your tie. That said, a black, dark gray or blue suit would do well with a pop of contrasting color, but that’s more for the experts. On the gifts question: A nice round \$100 is a respectable amount for a cash wedding gift. We always err on the high side, though, so if you can afford more, then go up to double that. That way you’ll probably cover the cost of your dinner and drinks and help pay for the honeymoon. Any more than \$200 would be ostentatious. On the tipping front: It’s best not to blow your

wad at the get-go. Start with \$10 on the front end, then dole out singles and doubles for the rest of the evening. With shoes: Go somewhere smack-dab between a square and a rounded toe. Those shapes swing back and forth with trends, but time has shown that a modestly rounded toe, neither too square nor too pointy, is always in fashion.

I’m currently dating someone who has a famous sibling and is minutely famous in her own right. If you were to google my girlfriend, you would find plenty of pictures and videos of her on television and walking red carpets. I’ve been strategic about not mentioning her fame or her famous brother, possibly to the point of seeming above it all. I don’t want her to think I’m the kind of person—a star-fucker, if you will—who would date her only because of who she is. But this aloofness can continue only for so long, especially if I want things to get serious. Any advice on a subtle way of saying “Hey, I know about you, and I don’t care”?—M.B., Oak Park, Illinois

Not mentioning your girlfriend’s fame or her more famous brother is an over-correction in the extreme. Acting artificially uninterested makes it appear as though what they do for a living is a big deal and so important that they deserve special treatment from “civilians.” This is actually worse than being a star-fucker—you’ve almost made yourself into a star-server, and a mute one at that. Think of it this way: Assume that actors are a rightly and typically insecure bunch who have hitched their fortunes to the fleeting judgment of others in a culture obsessed with beauty and youth. As such, hanging out with you may be a relief for them, which actually gives you a bit more power in the relationship. But that doesn’t mean you can’t acknowledge the world they work in. When the earliest opportunity presents itself, we suggest you bring up something about her career aspirations or how she feels about the whole red-carpet thing. Does she like it? The more serious you get, the sooner you’ll be talking about work. And whether or not fame is part of that work is just a by-product of how the two of you should be relating as human beings.

I’ve been doing yoga for a few months and was hoping my newly gained flexibility would aid with something I think many men would like to achieve: auto-fellatio. I recently tried to suck my own dick and got within four inches of my goal. Any tip on how to bridge the gap between mouth and genitals?—B.C., Santa Fe, New Mexico

“Tip” is right, because if you actually succeed that’s all you’re going to reach. Maybe you’ll be able to lick it with your tongue, but what’s the point? The fantasy we’ve heard about is being able to get a full-blown hummer on demand. Sure, you could spend 70 percent of your fitness routine on getting the flexibility of a contortionist, but the physics, biomechanics and everything else will need to align in a statistically rare way to yield the

holy grail. There are better things to spend your time focusing on—like getting someone else to give you a blow job.

Over the years of working together, a female colleague and I have become close; in fact, she’s one of my better friends. She’s a great person, and I’ve also become friends with her husband—so much so that my wife and I often have dinner with them, and the four of us occasionally go to the beach together. I was recently at a convention in Las Vegas with her and several other co-workers. I saw my female colleague making out with a guy at the bar after a work dinner and then go up to what I assume was their room. Should I say something to her or her husband? It’s burning me up, and I don’t know what to do about it.—G.P., Cleveland, Ohio

It’s not your job. You have no idea what’s going on in your colleague’s relationship with her husband. You also have no idea if this was indeed a random guy or whether they have an open relationship. If the “guy” was a professional associate and you had reason to think her relationship with him was influencing business deals, then you’d have a right to say something. But as it is, you’re colleagues first and friends second. And as a friend, you need to stay out of her private affairs. If she comes to you for advice, then that’s another thing.

How do I dial down the intensity of a relationship I’ve fully dived into without upsetting the girl? Here’s the pattern I’ve identified and from which I’d like to break free: I tend to become infatuated with a beautiful and distant woman; I then succeed at sweeping her off her feet and revealing the tender woman within. The problem is, once I’ve set the bar that high, I need to keep topping it. The whole process is exhausting, and it ends with me burning out and my girlfriend being disappointed.—W.M., Beaconsfield, U.K.

You do like a challenge. Beautiful and distant is a thrilling combination when it comes to the chase. Unfortunately, if you keep upping the ante and play the grandiosity-entertainment card too hard, you’ll never know who either of you is in the day-to-day. Don’t pressure yourself to keep up the pace; maybe you’ll find that she would rather downshift after such a splashy start. And if you’re honestly looking for a relationship that will last beyond the courtship phase, we suggest you change not only how you handle these relationships but whom you partner with in the first place. Distance, either emotional or geographic, tends not to be a great predictor of success in relationships.

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



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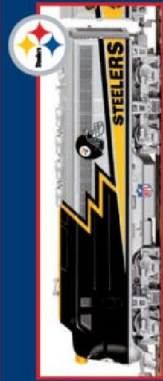


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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SANJAY GUPTA

*A candid conversation with TV's most respected doctor about staying healthy, avoiding bogus medical advice and the upside to marijuana*

*Yes, there is a doctor in the house. Whether it's mass injuries in an earthquake, a celebrity cancer scare or the war on obesity, Dr. Sanjay Gupta is the source millions rely on for health information. CNN's chief medical correspondent zips from war zones to virus hot zones and somehow finds time to practice brain surgery three days a week. When, say, a measles outbreak or a congressional health care hearing makes headlines at CNN headquarters in Atlanta, the multi-E Emmy-winning newsman barely has time to pee before Wolf Blitzer once again barks out, "Doctor, tell us the latest."*

*Born and raised outside Detroit, where his immigrant Indian parents worked as engineers for Ford Motor Company, Gupta has always been a go-to sort of guy. He spent weekends as a kid reading in the library, got accepted into a medical school program at the age of 16, began practicing neurosurgery in his early 20s and was writing speeches in the Clinton White House before the age of 30. When he landed a job on the medical staff at Emory University in Atlanta in 2001, he figured he'd hatch plan B as a TV talking head. He now juggles time in the OR with his CNN gig and as a special correspondent for CBS News, where he occasionally*

*appears on 60 Minutes. Since that pace is too breezy, Gupta writes novels, competes in triathlons (before his first race, at the age of 40, he taught himself to swim by watching YouTube videos) and spends quality time with his wife and three young daughters.*

*Contributing writer David Hochman, who last interviewed Bill Maher, met with Gupta during a week when Ebola was briefly back in the news. "I was astonished that Sanjay never lost his focus or his cool even as the pressures mounted to find quick answers about the virus," Hochman says. "People were panicking, but the doctor, operating on virtually no sleep, remained the picture of intelligent reassurance."*

**PLAYBOY:** Which is tougher, brain surgery or the news business?

**GUPTA:** It's funny. When I did my residency in neurosurgery, I couldn't imagine anything more demanding or physically exhausting. But now I have weeks at CNN when I'll go five days on three and a half hours of sleep a night if there's breaking health news. They're both extremely busy, intense jobs. Some weeks I practically live in the newsroom, and I still see patients and do surgery on

Mondays, many Fridays and often on Thursdays too. But I like the balance. My job at the hospital gives meaning to my job on TV and vice versa. They're similar challenges in many ways. They both have the element of surprise. You need to stay sharp and on your game, on top of the latest information, and both get your adrenaline going in a serious way.

**PLAYBOY:** Health news has become a media circus all its own in recent years. Scary viruses, various doping scandals, debates on vaccinations, autism, genetics research, assisted suicide. What happened to "Take two aspirin and call me in the morning"?

**GUPTA:** It's why I got into the news business, actually—to help people make sense of the immense amount of information out there. I don't think more is happening on the health front. I think people are just more tuned in to these issues. But it doesn't have to be overwhelming. You end up choosing what's important to you. If you're not dealing with, say, Alzheimer's in your family, you switch the channel if I'm talking about it. But if you *are* dealing with Alzheimer's, it could be the most important five minutes



*"News gets out and it's not easy for people who aren't scientists to parse the information in a meaningful way. That's my main responsibility as a journalist. I'm a consumer of this content too, so I want to know what's true."*



*"I like and respect Dr. Oz. He clearly over-extended his language, and I think he would tell you that. I understand the predicament. You have to engage the viewer. But I don't think he's irresponsible."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

*"There's a funny thing about doping in the NFL. I don't think we're missing it; I think we've just become complacent. There's no way these guys can be that gigantic. Clearly there is doping going on in the NFL."*

of information you get all day, all month or all year. The question is how to make it broadly relevant to people.

**PLAYBOY:** When a health crisis—let's take Ebola—becomes news, do you worry about crossing the line to fearmongering?

**GUPTA:** That's a fair question. I think it's a tough balance to strike. Remember avian flu? It killed 70 percent of the people who got it in Southeast Asia. As with Ebola, we worried that people would get on planes and bring that flu virus back to the United States. There was no reason to believe it wouldn't be as lethal here as it was in Asia. People were worried, so we reported on it. It didn't come to the States and spread. Did that mean it never would? It's a hard call. We'll always be judged by what ultimately happens. If avian flu ended up being bigger than anybody thought, people would say, "Why didn't you tell us more about this?"

I've been working in news for 13 years, and if I've learned anything it's that you can't dismiss people's fears. If all that people know about a disease like Ebola is what they've seen in *The Hot Zone* or *Outbreak*, you can understand the interest. It's new and it's scary. I'm conflicted about whether we give these scares too much attention. On the other hand, people don't watch CNN all day long. I think it's at most 15 minutes every few days for the average viewer. Part of the reason we cover stories over and over again is because it's unlikely that someone watching today at noon will be watching at eight o'clock and again at midnight. If nothing new is happening, we'll taper off the coverage.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of health news is based on weak science, if not completely bogus data, even when published by reliable sources such as *The New York Times*, *Time* magazine and CNN. How can we as consumers tell good from bad?

**GUPTA:** News gets out and it's not easy for people who aren't scientists to parse the information in a meaningful way. That's my main responsibility as a journalist. What I do comes from a purely selfish perspective. I'm a consumer of this content too, so I want to know what's true, what's sensationalistic and what's ultimately going to help me. At CNN we have the luxury of being an international news organization. Reporting facts is our primary driver. Whether it's some new study or the latest headline about MERS or cholesterol, I can turn to our researchers, fact-checkers, et cetera, to know we're dealing with sound information.

The biggest thing isn't being right or wrong, it's the quality of the data. When you look at sources, if someone has an agenda, that's a red flag. A study funded by a pharmaceutical company should raise suspicions. It's also up to the consumer to be diligent and smart. A headline or 50-word online article

doesn't give you a full picture. Good information requires a little more digging. Which populations benefit most? Are there genetic factors that matter? What's the metadata over the long term on this study? Like everything else, it's ultimately up to you to make smart decisions about your health and health care.

**PLAYBOY:** Margarine used to be healthy; now it's poison. Green tea extends life; green tea has no effect on life span. Sleep too little, you die younger; sleep too much, you die younger. As someone who's reporting on all this, why should you be trusted?

**GUPTA:** It's one of the more challenging parts of my job. We've tried not to get into the habit of reporting every study that comes out. A big part of the problem is that people want shortcuts to health. You eat açai berries and you're going to lose weight? Sounds great. But there are no cure-alls. We go through these trend cycles: Everybody's eating grapefruit or drinking coconut water or taking some

*We're one of the fattest countries on the planet. People just say, "I'll get liposuction."*

wonder supplement. But you can't jump on every trend and expect it to make you healthier. Every human is different, and much depends on family history, age, lifestyle. We all agree on certain things: not overeating, getting some exercise every day, staying away from fried foods, not smoking.

**PLAYBOY:** You walk into a hospital and see two office doors. One says Dr. Oz, the other Dr. Drew. Which do you open first?

**GUPTA:** It depends on what you're looking for. Dr. Drew is a psychiatrist and treats chemical dependence, so if I had a problem with addiction, I'd see him first. Dr. Oz is a great surgeon, very well regarded among cardiologists and also a friend.

**PLAYBOY:** He got in trouble for touting miracle diet cures. Did that surprise you?

**GUPTA:** I like him and respect him. He clearly overextended his language, and I think he would tell you that if he were standing here now. The fact of the matter is that he has a show to do every day. I understand the predicament. We all

ways have a ton of news to report, but you have to come up with a show every day that may not be based on the news. That's challenging. Also, to get people to watch you, you have to engage the viewer. He explained himself by calling it flowery language. That's a subjective thing. It might have gone over the line, but I don't think he's irresponsible. Ninety-nine percent of his messages are completely accurate and really important. The more people hear information about our bodies, our diet, our fitness, the healthier we become.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your biggest concern about the health of America right now?

**GUPTA:** I think it's sugar. The thing about sugar is that it's insidious. We get it in our sodas, our juices, our cereals and candy, of course, but it's also in our sauces, breads, yogurts. Even if something's not sweet there's often a ton of sugar added to make it moist. As human beings, we used to have to work for our sugar. You got it once a year after harvest when fruit fell from the trees. You could eat as many apples as you wanted. Even honey was protected by the bees. But now we eat as much as 130 pounds of it a year. And that's killing us.

**PLAYBOY:** Should we treat sugar the way we treat tobacco?

**GUPTA:** I think people just need to be more aware. Obesity and obesity-related diseases are the biggest health issues in the United States, and that means diabetes, heart disease, stroke, certain cancers, those types of things. It's a result of what the American diet has become. Chicken wings, sodas, ketchup, energy drinks—they all have a ton of sugar. But it's hard to change behavior, particularly when it comes to eating. Also, we're victims of our own success. We've become a society where we can take pills for high cholesterol. We can have operations for clogged arteries and operations to remove huge amounts of fat. Philosophically, you could say, "I'm just going to enjoy my life. I'll eat what I want to eat, and if I get in trouble, medicine can take care of me."

We used to be a country other countries looked to as an example of health. Americans were fit. People wanted to be fit like us. Now we're one of the fattest countries on the planet. Instead of making people motivated to get in shape, people just say, "Oh, I'll get liposuction or gastric bypass surgery and keep eating what I want." It has become the American way.

**PLAYBOY:** How does our health care stack up against health care in places like Norway, the U.K. and Australia? Are they beating us?

**GUPTA:** In some ways, definitely. We're dealing with a much larger population, of course, but we spend too much and get too little in return. We don't have as much to show for it in terms of the things that matter to people: life

expectancy, quality of life, overall outcomes. Even for very basic things like prenatal deaths the numbers aren't great. We need to do better.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your assessment of Obamacare so far?

**GUPTA:** Fundamentally, the Affordable Care Act is a good thing, but it has problems. The rollout was terrible. Kathleen Sebelius did one interview after the rollout, and that was with me. She didn't come off looking so good. There was this sense that having cleared all the hurdles of Congress and the Supreme Court, they could relax. Not very impressive. I also think the numbers of people being helped by this could have been higher had more states agreed to expand Medicare coverage under the act. But they said no thanks, and that left around 30 million people without benefits. Overall, it's great that more people are insured, but even that doesn't create a healthier America. Access to health care doesn't solve the problem. We all know people with terrific health insurance who are still wildly unhealthy. You almost need to take a beat and ask what the real goal is. Is this an equality issue? Is this a health issue? These are questions the government could have asked more forcefully.

**PLAYBOY:** You turned down President Obama's offer in 2009 to become surgeon general. Do you feel you've had more influence as a media person than you would have had in that position?

**GUPTA:** Aside from a few cases, such as C. Everett Koop, the surgeon general hasn't been highly influential. I was looking to take the job at first, but I knew the Senate confirmation hearing and the vetting would be laborious for me and my family. My father worked in the automotive industry for 30 years and has retirement investments that he would have had to divest himself of if there were any related to health care. The bigger issue was that I wouldn't be able to practice surgery anymore, and I love being a surgeon.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait—the surgeon general can't be a surgeon?

**GUPTA:** It's the great irony of the job. You can practice afterward, but you need to be surgeon general full-time while you're in the position. The problem is that if you leave surgery for four or eight years, you have to retrain. For neurosurgery it's a seven-year training program. To not be able to practice medicine for essentially a decade seemed a very big deal. I was only 39 at the time. The surgeon generals have mostly been a lot older and retired.

**PLAYBOY:** It seems you've always been an early achiever and an overachiever. Did you sell a million dollars' worth of lemonade on the corner as a kid?

**GUPTA:** It's funny. I did the Junior Achievement thing when I was young and was named outstanding business-

man of the year. I sold greeting cards that you could personalize. I got a ton of orders. This was pre-internet, pre-everything, but it was actually a real business. I was 12 or 13 years old, and at that time I thought it was going to be my career.

**PLAYBOY:** You went to college at the age of 16 and graduated from medical school at 23. When did you sow your wild oats?

**GUPTA:** You know, I missed out on many things in life—the sowing-the-wild-oats period being one of them. I think there's real value to it; it just wasn't in the cards for me. And it wasn't just about getting into medical school. After that, I went straight into a seven-year residency, then into a faculty position and ultimately into this dual life I have now. There's been no rest. I've had no rest for 30 years. I'm 45. For 29 years it's been nonstop. Partying and carousing were never my strong suit.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surprised by the reaction you got when you came out in

*I saw how useful marijuana is and also that it doesn't have a high potential for abuse.*

favor of medical marijuana? One late-night talk show host started calling you Ganjay Supta.

**GUPTA:** A little surprised, yes. I was concerned years ago about the potential for substance abuse with legalized marijuana. But I hadn't really dug into the research on the benefits of this plant. When I did, I saw how useful marijuana is for many patients and also that it doesn't have a high potential for abuse. Nobody overdoses on weed. I've spoken to hundreds of people—patients, scientists, researchers—who have used it to calm down epilepsy, to ease symptoms of multiple sclerosis, to help with pain. We need to start thinking about marijuana as medicine. It has been used as medicine for thousands of years. While I think developing brains are susceptible to certain harmful effects and would never advocate marijuana use for young people, I think time will show that cannabis can help adult patients with symptoms when nothing else can. It can be

useful when everything else has been tried and hasn't worked. Look around the world. Israel has done some incredible research in this area. We visited and talked with scientists like Dr. Raphael Mechoulam about marijuana's anti-cancer effects and the benefits for those suffering from PTSD. I think it should be a legalized medication in this country.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your personal history with weed?

**GUPTA:** I tried pot. I didn't really like it. It wasn't medicinal quality. Someone offered it to me, and it definitely had an effect. Mostly it made me anxious, and I didn't like that feeling. I'm an in-control sort of guy, so I honestly wouldn't do it again.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about sexual health. Can a person masturbate too much?

**GUPTA:** [Laughs] I've heard the expression "Everything in moderation except masturbation." I don't think you can overdo it. But it raises a point: We don't talk enough about sexual health in this country. It's probably one of the most important areas people can talk to their doctors about, and they don't. STDs are an issue, for instance, because people don't like to talk about them, or think about them.

**PLAYBOY:** Since 2005 the number of syphilis cases has doubled, with men accounting for 91 percent of those cases.

**GUPTA:** And many are older men. We did a story on retirement homes where older guys who are newly widowed or divorced are out there again and not thinking about protection. The discussions regarding safe sex were more for my generation than my parents', so it's probably time for some public awareness.

**PLAYBOY:** Okay, moving on up: Is it true we use only 10 percent of our brains?

**GUPTA:** We use almost all of our brain but not at the same time. I'm not sure where that 10 percent thing even comes from. It may be from a really bad Cheech and Chong movie. I like to think of the brain as major cities spread out in different locations, and the brain is made up mostly of highways that connect those cities. The highways don't always have stuff on them. There's a traffic jam on one highway and no traffic on another. I think that's where the myth that we're not using all our brain comes from. But we need all the parts, and you're able to call on them at any given time.

**PLAYBOY:** Researchers last year replicated Alzheimer's cells in a petri dish, which some say is a key to finding a cure to brain illnesses. How close are we to ending diseases such as Alzheimer's, Parkinson's and ALS?

**GUPTA:** Well, they're all neurodegenerative diseases, but they're different, so we're at different points. Parkinson's affects a very discrete, tiny area of the brain. We know there's not enough dopamine in that part of the brain. You could potentially, either through

stem cell injections or actual cell genesis, create new cells or inject cells that make dopamine and affect Parkinson's. Alzheimer's is different because plaques can be located in different parts of the brain. It's more global. Our best hope might be an Alzheimer's vaccine or something that creates a system in the body like immune cells that fight cancer. We're working on that. I think we could see something within our lifetime.

**PLAYBOY:** You're an avid football fan. What needs to be done in light of the NFL concussions scandal?

**GUPTA:** They're doing their best to rethink protocol. From a player perspective, the real problem starts long before the NFL. Sub-concussive injuries happen during practices and drills over and over again, even at the peewee level on into college and the pros. Shifting from a three-point stance, where the lineman leads with his head, to a two-point stance could make a big difference, even during drills and practice. But the most devastating damage comes from what's known as second-impact syndrome. Say someone has had a concussion, which is a true brain injury, and it's not taken seriously, and they go back into the game. If they get hit again, they could die. We've seen that happen. Too often coaches, trainers and medics just let it slide.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of letting it slide, is it safe to say the NFL gets a pass when it comes to steroid use, or are we just missing it the way we did with Lance Armstrong?

**GUPTA:** There's a funny thing about doping in the NFL. I don't think we're missing it; I think we've just become complacent. There's no way these guys can be that gigantic. Humans don't evolve that fast. If you look at pro football players from the 1970s and compare them with their counterparts today, you wouldn't recognize them. Football players from that time were sort of lean and trim, and today's players in those same positions are massive. Clearly there is doping going on in the NFL and perhaps the NBA and NHL too. But the whole sport of football is based on hitting people hard, so these guys make themselves huge.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think steroid use explains the rise in violence in the NFL outside the game?

**GUPTA:** I think so. You can actually put steroids at the nexus of a few different things. First of all, I think they make the players bigger and stronger. Long-term steroid use has an impact on the body in terms of weakening heart muscle and stuff. You hear about retired NFL players developing diseases associated with steroid use at an early age. We know that as a result of being big and strong, you hit people harder, and we're seeing more devastating injuries. Thirdly, yes, they make you aggressive. It was so jarring to watch Ray Rice punch his fiancée in that elevator video. I'm not saying it was steroids,

but it would make sense if doping was behind the general rise in aggression in the sport. You can't just turn that stuff off when you get off the field.

**PLAYBOY:** Some say another kind of juicing is going on, and that's the rampant use of Adderall and Ritalin on campuses to stay competitive and improve test performance. What's your take on that?

**GUPTA:** It's a reality. Many students believe medications like those give them a cognitive advantage or cognitive enhancement right before a test. The truth is they might. A drug like Adderall does make people very focused, particularly people who are more easily distracted, even without a diagnosis of ADD or ADHD. I don't think it's a good long-term strategy, and those drugs are wildly overprescribed. With something like Ritalin we're not seeing the results parents, doctors and teachers thought they would see. If you look at the data on Adderall, for example, it has not been great when it comes to pursuing novel

*I don't take supplements. It's very hard to put the good stuff from nature into pill form.*

tasks or thinking creatively or being able to figure out complex problems. But for regurgitating things you've already studied, for focusing on details, it seems to have some benefit, which is why I think students are taking it.

**PLAYBOY:** Google co-founder Larry Page is spending a ton of money to find genes that predict certain diseases before they reveal themselves. There's even talk of sequencing genes to see if someone is prone to crime and violence. What are the ethical implications?

**GUPTA:** Well, again, it's happening, and it will happen more as the price of these genome-sequencing tests goes down. But the moral quandary is trickier. Let's say you find out you're predisposed for something like Huntington's disease, which has no cure. What is the ethical responsibility at that point? To inform? Not inform? People usually want to know only if it's something they can treat. These are real questions. We think about these in the abstract, but I've

known people in this situation, and it's life-altering. It completely changes everything about your life to have information that forecasts your future.

As for predicting who's a criminal and who's not, we don't yet have objective signs. We can speculate, but we're not there yet. What we are seeing is data on where something like OCD lives in the brain. There are neuroscientists who believe they know. And if they know, we could, for example, treat OCD surgically.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't it be a more boring society if we took a scalpel to all our behavioral tics and foibles?

**GUPTA:** I think you're right. We could lose the heterogeneity and quirks that make the world interesting. Look, in many ways it could already be happening, because parents want to medicate so many things already and children start younger and younger. If a kid doesn't perform well in school for whatever reason, just give him a pill. I joke that the same qualities that drive you nuts as a parent might actually help a child find success later in life. The same level of diligence an annoying kid uses to get his way could be used later to pursue some wonderful scientific research that cures a disease.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's play a quick round of "good for you or bad for you." Energy drinks?

**GUPTA:** For an otherwise healthy person, not bad. We saw some reports of people dying after drinking them, but it turns out they probably had pre-existing heart problems. That doesn't excuse it. It was still devastating for the families. They didn't know that an energy drink would topple their children over the edge. But in moderation it's okay for most people.

**PLAYBOY:** Cleanses?

**GUPTA:** Save your money. Your healthy liver is exponentially a better cleanser than a cleanse.

**PLAYBOY:** Cell phone radiation?

**GUPTA:** I obviously use a cell phone. I have two of them. But I don't love putting one to my ear more than I need to. This is one of those things where sometimes there's a provocative discussion among the neuroscience community. Ionizing radiation is what everyone pays attention to. Microwaves, X-rays—we know those things are ionized cells and cause cancer. But the phone is releasing non-ionizing radiation. There's not as much evidence that non-ionizing radiation causes problems. But we never looked at it in the doses we're looking at now. People have these things planted to their ear all day. I think that could become a concern. Some of the international studies have found upticks in cancer among people who use cell phones the longest amounts of time. But correlation doesn't equal causation, and other factors may be in play. I personally use a wire earpiece when I'm on the phone. It keeps the radiation source away from my brain. And I don't keep it in my front (continued on page 114)

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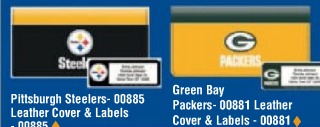


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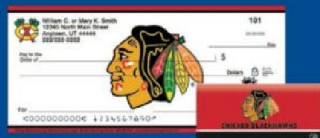
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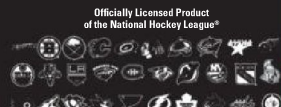
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# WHY THE OTHER GUYS KEEP WINNING

*The mightiest superpower on Earth hasn't won a war in decades. It doesn't have to be that way*

# M

More than 200,000 American soldiers are deployed in 150 countries around the world. A single aircraft carrier can deploy more fighter jets than most countries can. The U.S. economy and culture dominate even in the most hostile corners of the globe. So why can't America win its wars?

That may seem an odd question, yet it is difficult to look at the record and come to any other conclusion: For decades, the U.S. has not won the wars it has fought, at least not in any traditional sense. From Somalia in 1993 to Kosovo in 1999 to the roiling carnage of Iraq and Afghanistan, the Victorian idea of "victory" through defeat of an enemy has simply not made sense in the context of the people and groups who fight. But because the U.S. foreign policy community remains tied to such ancient and outdated ideas, the wars America fights will continue to end in a muddle.

Over time, the U.S. has become less and less capable of defining victory in its wars. In the first Gulf war, victory was straightforward: the military defeat of Saddam Hussein's army and the liberation of Kuwait from its brutal occupation. But the next conflict in which the U.S. fought, in Somalia, did not have a concrete goal. There are a lot of reasons for that, but they begin with the nature of the conflict itself. Somalia was not a conventional con-

## *Over time, the United States has become less and less capable of defining victory in its wars.*

flict, with two sides squared off against each other and the U.S. military on one of those sides. Somalia was something else—essentially a war against chaos, fought in the hope that U.S. troops, with UN backing, could bring the many warring factions to heel and impose a new government on the country. It failed.

While the wars in the Balkans involved more traditional forces, they resulted in a difficult and tenuous peace despite more



1. Afghanistan 2007: American soldiers deal with setbacks at the hands of Islamic militants. 2. A U.S. Army sergeant trains Afghan soldiers in 2012. 3. General David Petraeus was the architect of the flawed counterinsurgency strategy; his failures didn't diminish his power in Washington.



than a decade of occupation by European forces. NATO was able to defeat Serbian forces on the battlefield, but the peace remains fragile: Ethnic violence is still a difficult problem in Sarajevo, and Kosovo is still occupied by thousands of NATO troops enforcing calm. It might be peace of a sort, but it is certainly not victory.



ever be expected to address the reasons those wars began in the first place. America's military is incredibly powerful, but it is not the right tool for the job of winning.

So why can't America do better?

It would be easy to say the United States hasn't learned a thing, but the messy reality is that we have perhaps learned too much from our first 14 years of the war on terror. Government officials know they left two jobs undone, but they're also aware of how unsupportive the American public is of eternal, expensive warfare.

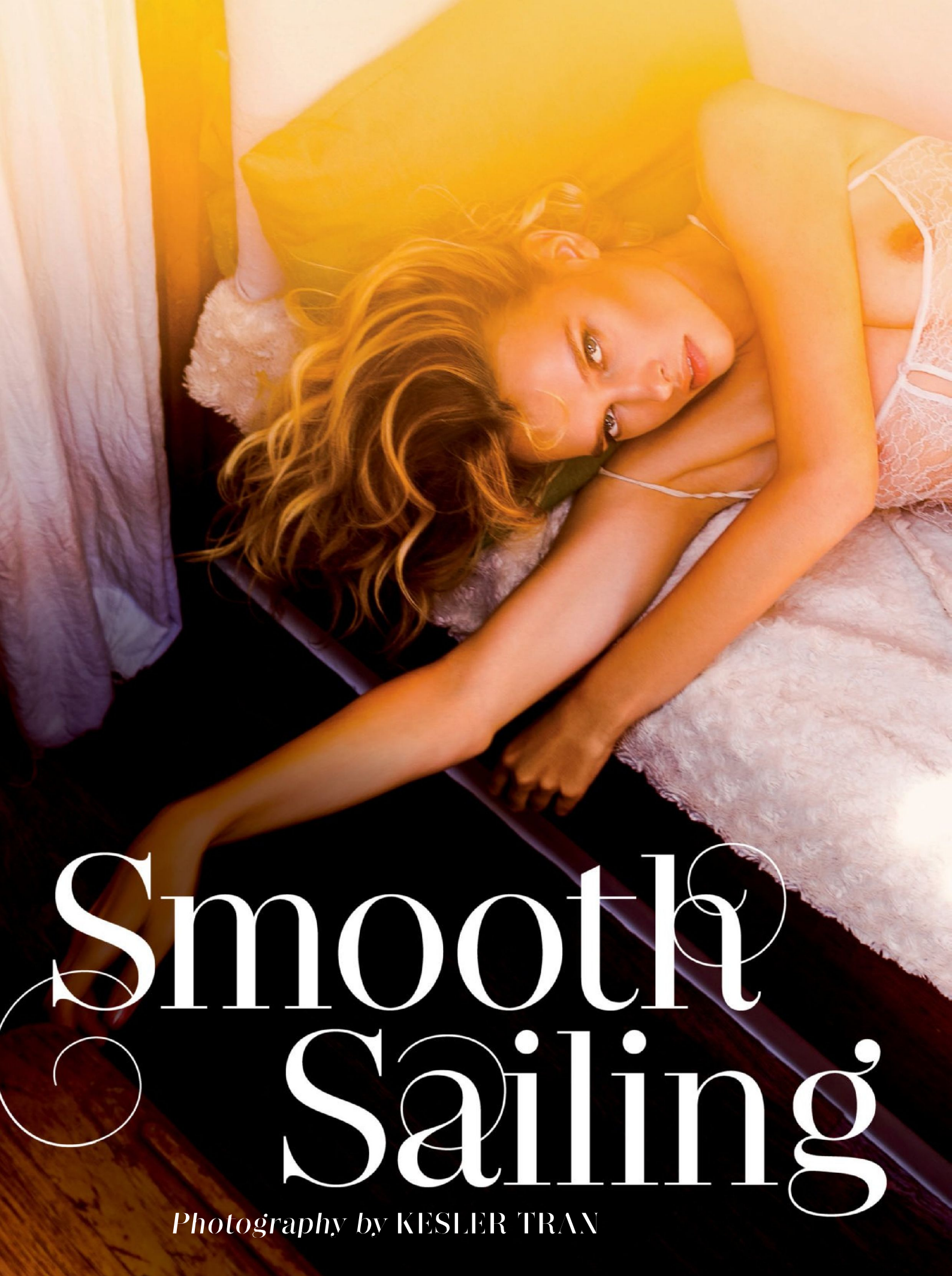
U.S. officials are also unwilling to admit they messed up. "Mistakes were made," as the saying goes, but those mistakes don't happen in a vacuum. The Iraq war was, from conception to withdrawal, a complete disaster, and its execution stands against everything senior military officers learn in war college about strategic planning. The official line that good things happened in Afghanistan—look at all the children in school!—ignores the fact that the country remains completely ungovernable and the Taliban controls more territory every week.

Yet American leaders have split into two camps (like everything else in America, there are two and only two sides of the issue): One sees a failure to kill enough and wants to go all-in with (continued on page 118)





*“Maître d’, how about sending in the pastry chef? I feel like some dessert.”*



# Smooth Sailing

*Photography by* KESLER TRAN



SUN-KISSED WATERS,  
WARM OCEAN WINDS  
AND ONE GORGEOUS  
VIEW. DRIFT OFF WITH  
RUSSIAN MODEL MASHA  
RUDENKO, WHO TAKES  
A BREAK FROM TURNING  
HEADS IN THE WORLD'S  
FASHION CAPITALS FOR  
AN AFTERNOON CRUISE  
IN THE PACIFIC

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# PLAYBOY

**A BIKER FUNERAL, A COPY OF *PLAYBOY* MAGAZINE,  
A LOT OF BOOZE AND A PLAN TO SET THINGS RIGHT**

**FICTION BY SCOTT WOLVEN**

I heard sobbing that spring Saturday afternoon and walked down the back stairs to see who was crying. My downstairs neighbor—Jane—was sitting on the wood picnic table, bawling her eyes out and smoking a cigarette.

“What’s wrong?” I said.

“Oh Jesus, John,” she said. I had startled her, by accident, coming through the back door. “He went to that funeral and now he’s at the wake and it’s horrible.” Jane’s ex-husband, Frank, lived next door in a separate building that had been converted into four apartments. Frank lived in the rear apartment on the ground floor, with a view of the old apple orchard. Jane and Frank had been divorced for about 10 years. They made an arrangement to live near each other to help raise their 16-year-old daughter, Jenny. The court had determined that Jenny should live with Jane. Frank was a biker and a concrete worker, probably in his early 60s.

Jane held up her cell phone. “One of the cousins just called me. She said it’s awful.”

“Where’s the wake?” I said.

“After the funeral they all went to the Blue Flame,” she said.

I nodded.

“Can you go get him?” she said. “Make him come home.” She took a drag on her cigarette.

“Is he drunk?” I said.

“Well, what the hell do you think,” she said through the tears and the smoke.

“Last time he was drunk,” I said, “it was hard to handle him.” There had been an incident in the yard, where Frank had touched some woman’s ass and that woman’s husband had hit Frank with a two-by-four twice, once in the ribs and once in the head. Frank had come out of his apartment with a short, single-shot, break-barrel .22 and pulled the trigger, starting the other man’s windshield and sending a ricochet whizzing through the apartment parking lot. When the cops showed up, nobody said anything, and eventually they went away. I knew Frank owned several hunting rifles, so it could have been worse.

“Do you think it’s easy to deal with you when you’re drunk?” she said. A couple of times I’d been really lit in the backyard, around the grill. This was my first apartment since my

divorce, and I had managed to get a decent job, running heavy equipment at the timber yard. Somewhere in my mind I held the idea that I would be seeing a lot of women in and out of this apartment, but it never happened, and I think it came out when I got drunk.

“Fair enough,” I said. “I’ll go talk to him. But no promises.”

The bar was only five miles down the road. The parking lot was full, probably 20 or

so cars. I picked out Frank's big blue van right away. I was glad to see only a couple motorcycles. I had trouble picturing guys navigating the bikes after a full day of drinking.

It was loud inside. People were wandering around, drinking and talking in groups of twos and threes. Some laughing, some crying. Frank was sitting at the bar when I went in, talking to a young couple. A girl with long straight brown hair and a guy with a home crewcut. It was strange to see Frank in a tan sports jacket and shiny black slacks, with a thin, black shiny tie.

"Yeah," Frank was saying. "I just wanted to get right in there with him." "I bet," the crewcut guy said.

"Do you know how light that coffin was?" Frank said to the girl. "And he was a damn big guy. Bust you right in two." Her eyes widened.

"But that cancer," Frank kept on. "Cancer ate him from the inside. Hollowed him out. He could have fought six men by himself, before he got sick."

"Sure," the crewcut guy said. "I bet he would have. I only knew him as an old man."

"He was never an old man," Frank corrected. "My father, God rest his soul, was an old man. Couldn't fucking feed himself. Richie was no old man."

"Sure," the crewcut guy said, sipping a beer. "Sure."

"You should come for a ride on my bike," Frank said to the girl.

She smiled. "What kind of bike is it?" she said. She tossed her hair over her right shoulder.

"Harley Shovelhead," Frank said. "Nineteen seventy-nine."

Before the crewcut guy could say anything, Frank saw me. "Johnny, my boy," he said. He clapped his hand on my shoulder. He loud-whispered in my ear. "Do you know," he said, "that his wife had the nerve to come over here and demand that table saw back from me. She wants me to deliver it to her house right after this." He took a slug of whiskey and beer.

"Maybe she wants to give it to his son," I said.

"Then how come his son couldn't come over here and ask for it?" Frank said. "He knows me—hell, his father and I took him fishing and hunting more times than I could tell you. He cost me a buck one year, wouldn't shut up out in the woods and then cried once we got up in the tree stand. Richie had to take him back home."

"I don't know about any of this," I said. "Can you keep it down? You're really doing a number on these people."

"Did she send you here?" he said. "Did Jane send you? To shut me up?"

"No," I lied. "I came here on my own."

"He and I were closer than brothers. Closer than brothers. Used to shoot dope, screw women—everything." He

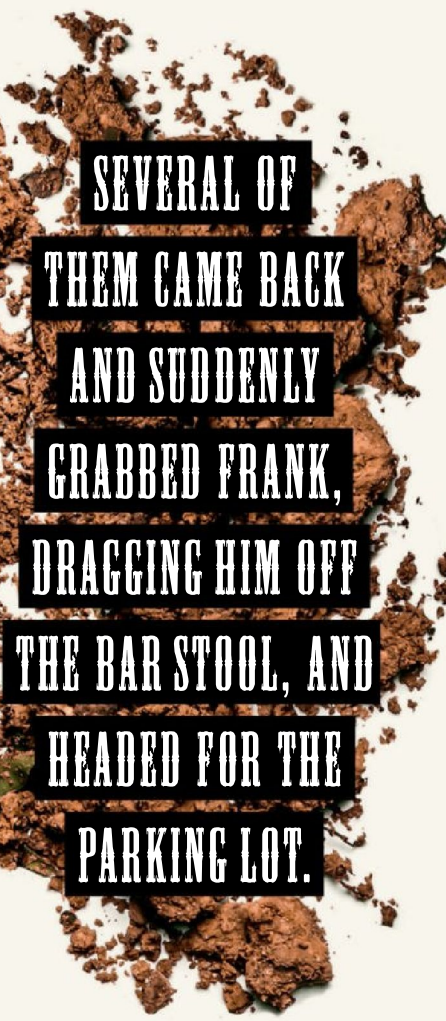
jerked his thumb at Richie's wife. "Lot more action than she ever showed him."

"A little respect would go a long way here," I said.

"Do you see her?" Frank said, still looking at Richie's wife. "She's not beautiful. Do you think she's beautiful?" People turned toward Frank as he raised his voice.

"No," I admitted. "I don't."

"Nobody here is beautiful or handsome," Frank said. "Fucking fooling yourself. But that doesn't mean you can't smile. Doesn't mean you can't screw." He downed his whiskey in one gulp and signaled for another. "John," he continued, "she used to wait up at



night to yell at him when we'd come in. Awful stuff, just awful."

"You want to know what I did?" he shout-whispered.

"What's that?" I said.

"I put a PLAYBOY under his jacket," he said.

"You did what?" I said.

"I got there early, and when the funeral director left the room, I opened the casket and moved Richie's arm and put a PLAYBOY under his jacket."

"Where did you get it from?"

"I stopped at the gas station on 209 and got some beer. There was a guy

getting a sandwich for his kid, so I had to wait and I started looking at the rack of magazines and thought of Richie. He and I had been in that gas station lots of times. So I grabbed him a PLAYBOY."

"Did you really put it in the casket?" I said.

"Yes," he said. He finished his whiskey. "I did."

Richie's wife was standing about five feet away, with her brother. She was dressed entirely in black, as was her brother. I had seen him around before, an ex-prison guard. Most of those guys can retire early. He was a big man, but it had gone to fat and you could see it was hard for him to get around.

"You defiled Richie's casket?" the wife said. "Did you really do that?"

Frank nodded and drank. "I did it," he said. "Wanted my brother to enjoy himself in eternity."

I thought she'd slap him. She turned away, and her brother followed her. The whole mood at the bar changed.

The conversation was so loud that people came over. Richie's wife's brother had three sons, and they, in turn, had four sons between them.

"Frank," her brother said, "you're out of line."

"Fuck you, Melvin," Frank said. "You're too used to dealing with those cons. I speak my mind." The bartender set a shot glass full of whiskey and a beer on the wood bar in front of Frank. "Here's to

Richie," he said, raising both the shot glass and the beer bottle and winking at the young woman with straight brown hair. People on the other side of the room, who weren't paying attention to the conversation, raised their glasses as well.

For a minute, the men seemed to back away from Frank. I relaxed a little too. But several of them came back, including Melvin, and suddenly grabbed Frank, dragging him off the bar stool, and headed for the parking lot.

"Don't get involved, John," one of them said. "We know he's your friend."

"Six on one isn't fair," I said.

Outside, they were punching Frank in the face, and when he finally got up, he punched a couple of them even harder. One young guy fell to the macadam and didn't move. They tried to tackle him, but Frank kicked his way free and made it to his van. Already, his eyes were almost puffed closed and there was blood on his face. In one motion, he opened the driver's side door to the van and came out with a flat, black semi-automatic pistol. He fired a shot in the air and everything stopped.

The men stood about 10 feet away from him, staring at him.

"You need to leave," Melvin said. "This has been a mess, but if you go, we'll forget about it."

"Are you going home with me?" I said.

"No," he said. (continued on page 110)



*"These are the folks who moved in across the hall. Think we should encourage them?"*



Eyes w w i c



*Once a month,  
a roving erotic  
masquerade  
party called  
Sanctum is held  
in secret locations  
in Beverly Hills.  
We take a behind-  
the-scenes look at  
Hollywood's  
latest obsession*

# de Open

BY HUGH GARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

"Did you witness the whole-house orgy?" my friend texts me the day after the sex party. "In every room in the house, people were screwing." Unfortunately I missed it, despite having stayed until 2:30 A.M. After eight hours, I thought I'd seen it all, including a man in a tuxedo lashed to a column while being choked out as a woman stroked his penis; a woman wearing a black-bob wig and a strap-on dildo having sex with a nearly identical-looking woman in a black-bob wig; a man in a leather bunny mask and velvet slippers spanking a topless woman bound by Japanese *shibari* rope; and a lot of marathon fucking. What I did not observe was a full-blown, believable orgasm. Call me old-fashioned.

But not *that* old-fashioned. In my life I've witnessed a couple of ménages à trois, various X-rated bachelor-party shenanigans and a basement bondage party, yet I hadn't exactly sought out public group sex. Then my friend Sean invited me to a black-tie sex party in Beverly Hills. (Some names in this article have been changed to protect the privacy of the sources.) Sean said participation wasn't mandatory. I said what the hell.

On the spectrum of "seen it all," Sean falls near the extreme, having worked on adult-film shoots. "Dude, it was like a real *Eyes Wide Shut*," he said to me the day after he attended a sex party thrown by a small Beverly Hills company known as Sanctum. In the two years since it started, Sanctum has established itself as the premier high-end erotic-event party in a city with boundless and brutal impatience with that which isn't novel. Seen-it-all Sean was impressed. "It was at a mansion up on Mulholland," he said. "The whole driveway was Maybachs and Bentleys and Lamborghinis. You have to wear a mask, and it's strictly black tie. I saw [insert name of formerly famous starlet] get fingerbanged while a dude held her throat. There were hot chicks everywhere. It was insane. If you wanted a glass of bourbon, you needed to take it from a table that was actually a woman on all fours."

Sanctum could be called, among many things, a traveling sex party, an erotic masquerade ball or a pop-up nightclub with benefits. The basic model goes like this: In a house in Beverly Hills or the Hollywood Hills, an all-night party will commence once a month. There will be a bar serving \$20 cocktails. There will be live music: classical piano and violin, a sound system playing trance. There will be red up-lighting. And there will be sex, most of it performed by attractive professional adult performers with nine percent body fat, continually erect penises and flawless breasts.

To Sanctum founder Damon Lawner, these performers are crucial to a successful evening. "Within the industry, they're tested and safe," says Lawner. "They trust each other. Sanctum couldn't happen without the support of the adult industry." As another friend who has attended Sanctum events tells me, "Watching porn stars fuck is one thing. Watching normal people fuck can be traumatic."

Unless, that is, you are a closet voyeur. Or a budding exhibitionist. Or a housewife with an underexplored *Fifty Shades of Grey* fantasy. These are the sorts of experiences Lawner wants attendees to explore. "Normal" (a.k.a. straight, vanilla or heteronormative) couples make up, by Lawner's estimates, a quarter of those in attendance on any given night; they are the demographic he is trying to reach.

"These aren't people who'd necessarily want to go to a swingers party or a bondage party," he says. Lawner is a passionate pitchman for Sanctum, which he speaks about more as a social sexual experiment than a naughty house party. "What Sanctum has done

above all is start a conversation. Say it's a couple who love each other dearly. It's been 15 to 20 years, and if they want something new, where else can they go? I want Sanctum to be a safe place where they can go and maybe, at the very least, talk about it."

Lawner is lean and fit, with piercing eyes and trickster good looks. Whether he's sporting a midnight-blue dinner jacket or a chambray shirt and sneakers, he accessorizes with *japa mala* Hindu-style prayer beads. He signs e-mails and texts with the alien-head emoji and "blessings." He comes across as less nightclub promoter than well-heeled spiritual seeker.

The early inspiration for Sanctum came to Lawner while he was living in Bali with his wife and kids after years of dabbling in various projects in Los Angeles: art photography, real estate, a beverage start-up, writing. "Bali was a life of debauchery, a lot of parties," says Lawner. "But also a life of spirituality, meditation, surfing." He ended up promoting parties at hotels and eventually organized underground sex parties that catered to wealthy businessmen from Jakarta and Singapore. When he returned to L.A., he wanted to take those parties to the next level.

Lawner put together a team of performers, worked with a performance artist who'd consulted with Cirque du Soleil and got the word out. The early days of Sanctum were, by Lawner's admission, not what he'd envisioned. "Guys felt like just because they had money they could slap girls' asses when they were walking by. They wouldn't wear a tuxedo, but then that black card or that \$5,000 in cash came out, and I made those concessions."

He has since tightened up the rules and now interviews all potential guests by phone after they complete a lengthy online questionnaire and submit both head shots and full-body shots. For as little as \$300 a single man can get in to a party, but he won't have access to all the member activities or to private "play" areas. A member can, for \$25,000, actually become part of the show.

The language of Sanctum is intentionally esoteric, smacking of antiquity and secret societies. The password to one section of the website is *thyrsus*, the wand of Dionysus; the highest-level Sanctum membership is *Dominus*, a fancier take on the BDSM terminology for a dominant. A submissive, or bottom, is a devotee. Sanctum also regularly hosts sex workshops at

various Beverly Hills hotels. In this friendlier, kinder, less-hardcore treatment of sex subculture, Sanctum can be seen as a sort of Dale Carnegie Center for Sexual Self-Improvement.

As my guests, I bring Kate, a chef and former go-go dancer, and Karen, a costume designer. Kate is wearing a black-leather Lone Ranger-style mask studded like a spiked dog collar. "I knew there was a reason I'd been saving this," she says. Both had attended one of Sanctum's first events, which Kate tells me was "shoddy."

We arrive at a mansion in the flats of Beverly Hills for which *bling-y* is a more precise term: The double-height living room glows moodily with flattering red light. A man named Phuong walks in, smoking a pipe and wearing \$500 Stubbs & Wootton velvet slippers embroidered with an image of a screw and a capital *U*; he is probably one of the few men who may actually put the visual pun into practice. He's also wearing a metal lion-head medallion on a chain, marking him as a *Dominus* member, and he is completely at ease.



*The language of Sanctum is intentionally esoteric, smacking of antiquity and secret societies.*



Clockwise from top left: A strict door policy is enforced; erotic performers at the pre-party dinner; guests don masks for the masquerade; the dessert performance; a public display of seduction; bracelets for Sanctum members.





Phuong says he has dabbled in sex in public places and joined the mile-high club. But he's found his sweet spot at Sanctum, where he was introduced to the art of *shibari* and various other bondage techniques. He now performs in character as the Bunny Man, wearing a black-leather rabbit mask, and spends much of his time at parties merrily spanking, tying up and servicing a parade of women.

I talk with Sophia, an attractive entertainment lawyer who first came to Sanctum with a boyfriend she has since broken up with. "I'm not into swinging," she says, "but I'll come to these parties and sometimes play with a couple or go home with a couple." When I ask why she joined Sanctum and attends parties regularly, she says, "I like the freedom, that people aren't uptight and that I can be myself."

This is a refrain I'm surprised to hear from other members, who clearly get off on the sexual element but also say they come for the community and the relaxed atmosphere. They are on the whole friendly, good conversationalists, eager to talk about movies or food—albeit while three people lying on the bed next to them deftly triangulate ass play, French-kissing and fellatio. "I grew up on a farm in Egypt," says a music supervisor named Gad. "This is about as far away from it as I could get."

In the mansion dining room a group of eight or so couples dine on sashimi, *côte de boeuf* and truffled mashed potatoes while enjoying paired wines. An artfully naughty performance commences with the dessert course: As a violinist plays Bach's Concerto in A minor, masked and robed female sentinels escort in a pair of women wearing black bobs, high heels and nothing else. They lie on the table, where one spoons whipped cream onto the other's crotch, fingers her and then goes down on

Clockwise from top left: Dominus member Phuong, a.k.a. the Bunny Man, uses Japanese *shibari* rope to tie up a performer; sketches of various performances; a pass to a special area of the Sanctum event.

her. They move balletically and gracefully, and it is undeniably powerful and erotic. Their movements intensify, and the collective reaction of the diners is palpable. As if on cue, and as if it's almost too much for everyone to bear, the diners don their masquerade masks simultaneously. After the women strut out, Karen says, "Okay, I told myself there's no way this would turn me on. So much for that."

As the evening progresses I see naked women being shocked on their breasts with an electric wand and apparently liking it; a man being flogged by a dominatrix in an evening gown; a couple timidly fumbling around on a bed before buckling up and moving on; a man tenderly going down on his girlfriend in a room full of strangers.

The acidic, mineral funk of more than one crotch humidifies an upstairs bedroom. In the dim light a woman in a corset straddles a man, slows down and stops as two couples watch. On another bed a knot of rumbled tuxedos and clinking belts untangles. Kate and Karen call it a night, and I move on. I walk from room to room looking for something that clicks, something that feels right. Any cigarette smoker, beer drinker or coffee lover knows the first one tastes like shit, and so I keep trying. I come to the conclusion that I'm just not a voyeur. Still, a rush of adrenaline courses through me, and I feel like I'm on speed. I lose time as I explore, room by room. It's like scrolling Instagram, clicking the channel changer or jumping from click-bait link to click-bait link. It's sex custom-made for a binge culture. Wrung out, I decide to go home.

My Uber car pulls up on the far side of the hedge, the mansion obscured behind it. I ask the driver how his night is going, and he says it's been quiet. Somewhat in shock, I find myself saying the same. Little do I know that back in Sanctum the night is still young. As we drive through the streets of Beverly Hills I roll down the window, and the smell of sex is replaced by the scent of night-blooming jasmine. ■





*"But you can't quit now!"*



PLAYBOY'S 2015

**THE INAUGURAL CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFF SHOOK UP  
COLLEGE FOOTBALL LAST YEAR. THE RACE FOR THIS  
YEAR'S PLAYOFF IN ARIZONA STARTS HERE**

BY BRUCE FELDMAN

TYPOGRAPHY AND ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HARKNESS

# TOP 10



ROYCE FREEMAN  
RB

JOEY BOSA  
DL

SHAWN OAKMAN  
DE

DERRICK HENRY  
RB

TREVONE BOYKIN  
QB

1. OHIO STATE

2. TCU

3. OREGON

4. BAYLOR

5. ALABAMA

6. MICHIGAN STATE

7. USC

8. NOTRE DAME

9. AUBURN

10. UCLA



# F

or the past decade the SEC has been the epicenter of college football, but that's changed, thanks in part to Urban Meyer. The coach overcame team injuries that left him relying on a third-string quarterback to lead Ohio State to wins over Alabama and Oregon en route to his third title. The Buckeyes return essentially all their key guys from last year's squad and are primed to do something no Meyer team has done before—repeat. However, Michigan State—the only Big Ten to knock off the Buckeyes in the Meyer era—is loaded too. But the hottest topic in the sport was both teams' arch-rival, Michigan. Favorite son Jim Harbaugh returned to college football after rebuilding the 49ers and promptly riled up opposing coaches from coast to coast, making headlines for everything from satellite camps to his love of Judge Judy. Harbaugh takes over a program that finished in the top 25 just once in the past seven years, so it may be a while before the Wolverines are ready to overtake either rival. At the very least, things are more interesting in the Rust Belt these days.



## 1. OHIO STATE

It took Urban Meyer just three years to lead the Buckeyes to a national title. His biggest problem now is one every coach wishes he had: sorting out three capable quarterbacks who would probably start elsewhere. Whoever wins the job (**Cardale Jones**, the strong one; **Braxton Miller**, the fast one; or **J.T. Barrett**, the smart one) will enjoy the support of PLAYBOY All America RB **Ezekiel Elliott** and the best offensive line in the nation.

## 2. TCU

Gary Patterson's squad missed the playoff last season but avenged that snub with a 42-3 slaughter of Ole Miss in the Peach Bowl. **Trevone Boykin**, PLAYBOY's All America QB, returns, as do nine other starters from an offense that averaged 47 points. The D has a few holes, but that's Patterson's specialty.

## 3. OREGON

QB **Marcus Mariota**, 2014 Heisman winner and the greatest player in Oregon history, is gone, but the Ducks will be plugging in a capable replacement: Eastern Washington transfer **Vernon Adams**. The six-foot 200-pounder doesn't have Mariota's size and speed, but he's quick and accurate downfield. He was the 2013 FCS National Performer of the Year and accounted for an amazing 110 TDs the past three seasons. Plus, Adams inherits better running backs, including **Royce Freeman**, and receivers than Mariota ever had.

## 4. BAYLOR

The Bears are primed for another playoff spot, despite losing QB **Bryce Petty**. **Seth Russell** was solid filling in for Petty (eight touchdowns and just one interception), and the Bears D-line, led by DT **Andrew Billings** and PLAYBOY All America DE **Shawn Oakman**, may be the best in the country.

## 5. ALABAMA

After consecutive national titles, Nick Saban's team has lost consecutive bowl games and enters 2015 with a big question mark at QB. The likely options are senior **Jacob Coker** or redshirt freshman **David Cornwell**. Doing it without go-to receiver **Amari Cooper** won't make it any easier. The good news: Bruising RB **Derrick Henry** is back, and Saban's front seven is loaded, anchored by budding star DT **A'Shawn Robinson**.

## 6. MICHIGAN STATE

The Spartans may not be the current hot topic in the Big Ten (not with Urban Meyer's national title and Jim Harbaugh's return to college football), but they are a legit title contender. QB **Connor Cook** has first-round talent and big-game experience, and the Spartans have a seasoned O-line and a D-line as good as anyone's.

## 7. USC

**Cody Kessler** put up gaudy numbers (39-5 TD-INT and a 70 percent completion rate), but the number of sacks he takes (32 last season) has to be reduced. A replacement for RB **Buck Allen** must emerge, but the receiving corps is deeper than it's been in a decade, with **JuJu Smith** primed for stardom. There's plenty of speed on defense from **Su'a Cravens** and **Adoree' Jackson**, but they'll miss **Leonard Williams** up front and the attention he attracted from rivals.

## 8. NOTRE DAME

QB **Everett Golson**, who helped the Irish to a national-title game three seasons ago, bolted to FSU. That means **Malik Zaire**, who led the team to a bowl win over LSU, gets the nod. Luckily, all five O-line starters are back, led by PLAYBOY All America **Ronnie Stanley**, and 10 starters return on defense.

## 9. AUBURN

New QB **Jeremy Johnson** is big and even more accurate than **Nick Marshall**, the guy he replaces. Johnson has some weapons to work with in former junior-college stars **Duke Williams**, a wideout, and **Jovon Robinson**, a punishing 235-pound running back. Plus, the shaky defense will improve with the arrival of defensive coordinator **Will Muschamp** and standout pass rusher **Carl Lawson**, who missed last season because of injury.

## 10. UCLA

With 10 starters back on offense, all the Bruins are missing is QB **Brett Hundley**. The projected starter is **Josh Rosen**, the nation's top recruit. He wowed coaches with his arm and quick grasp of the system, but he's never played a college game. If Rosen is as good as advertised, look out, because UCLA also has some studs on defense.

# PLAYBOY'S ALL AMERICA TEAM

## QB

**TREVONE BOYKIN**  
*TCU*

- His coach boasts, "Nobody is better at making something out of nothing," and Boykin's stats show it.

## RB

**EZEKIEL ELLIOTT**  
*Ohio State*

- The 225-pounder will continue to pile up big numbers as OSU returns the best O-line in the country.

## RB

**NICK CHUBB**  
*Georgia*

- In 2014 Chubb had eight consecutive 100-yard games while also displaying a good pair of hands.

## WR

**TYLER BOYD**  
*Pitt*

- Only a junior, Boyd is the first player in ACC history to have 1,000-yard seasons in his first two years.

## WR

**DUKE WILLIAMS**  
*Auburn*

- Last season, the six-two, 224-pound junior quickly emerged as the top red-zone threat in the country.

## TE

**EVAN ENGRAM**  
*Ole Miss*

- A downfield threat, he burned Alabama, Auburn and Miss State for plays for 50 yards or longer.

## OL

**RONNIE STANLEY**  
*Notre Dame*

- Stanley faced six D-linemen who were picked in the NFL draft and allowed only one sack all season.

## OL

**CAM ROBINSON**  
*Alabama*

- He has first-pick-of-the-draft potential and showed it by not allowing a sack against a fierce OSU defense.

## OL

**SPENCER DRANGO**  
*Baylor*

- Set to become a four-year starter, he was named the team's lineman of the week six times in 2014.

## OL

**TAYLOR DECKER**  
*Ohio State*

- The 315-pounder is the best lineman on the country's best O-line and allowed only one sack in 2014.

## C

**JACK ALLEN**  
*Michigan State*

- Named first-team All-American by *USA Today*, Allen had 80 knockdown blocks and allowed no sacks in 2014.

## DL

**JOEY BOSA**  
*Ohio State*

- The son of Dolphins first-rounder John Bosa led college ball with 21 tackles for loss and 13.5 sacks.

## DL

**SHAWN OAKMAN**  
*Baylor*

- At six-nine and 280, Oakman became a dominant force in 2014, notching 11 sacks and 19.5 tackles for loss.

## DL

**A'SHAWN ROBINSON**  
*Alabama*

- The six-four 320-pounder with ridiculously long arms already looks like a 10-year NFL vet.

## DL

**MYLES GARRETT**  
*Texas A&M*

- The former number one overall recruit lived up to his hype, setting an SEC freshman sack record with 11.

## LB

**SCOOBY WRIGHT III**  
*Arizona*

- Motivated by his low recruiting ranking, "Two-Star" Scooby proved doubters wrong with 163 tackles.

## LB

**JAYLON SMITH**  
*Notre Dame*

- The six-two, 235-pound Smith had a team-high 112 tackles and nine tackles for loss in 2014.

## LB

**MYLES JACK**  
*UCLA*

- Jack has doubled as a running back, but the junior's best work is roaming sideline to sideline.

## CB

**VERNON HARGREAVES III**  
*Florida*

- He led the SEC in passes broken up (13) to go with 50 tackles and three interceptions.

## COACH

**URBAN MEYER**  
*Ohio State*

- In the past eight seasons, Meyer's teams have finished in the top three five times and won three national titles. Don't bet against his making it four.

## CB

**KENDALL FULLER**  
*Virginia Tech*

- The other three Fuller brothers played at Tech and in the NFL. This is the best athlete of the bunch.

## S

**JALEN RAMSEY**  
*FSU*

- Ramsey does everything for the Noles' D. He had 9.5 tackles for loss and a team-high 12 passes broken up.

## LB/S

**SU'A CRAVENS**  
*USC*

- In this hybrid role, he had 17 tackles for loss, the most for a non-D-lineman for the Trojans in 14 years.







*INTO  
THE*

*With both a dark  
and a bright side,  
California babe  
Miss September  
will keep you  
guessing as to  
who she really is*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

PLAYBOY.COM/MONICA-SIMS

**M**iss September 2015 Monica Sims is a Gemini, which in her words means one thing: "You never know what to expect from me." Consider the evidence: The half-Bolivian model from Orange County requires a daily dose of sunlight for her well-being, but her favorite color is black. She has been modeling since the age of 15, landing major national print campaigns, but she has also maintained an impressive athleticism; surfing, running on the beach, swimming and snowboarding are just a few of her favorite hobbies. And despite her love of locales synonymous with sunshine—Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Miami—the five-foot-eight free spirit has a formidable dark side. Halloween is her favorite holiday, *American Horror Story* her favorite TV show and grungy, tattooed "pirate-y" men her favorite type of the male species (think Johnny Depp as Jack Sparrow).

"I've always done what I wanted," she says. "When I was 16 I bought my first car, a Mercedes-Benz convertible, with the money I saved from working. My dad wasn't happy, because he wanted me to get a Jetta, as every girl should for her first car. But I'm strong in my decisions and extremely strong-willed. You have to do what makes you happy in life. Nothing else matters."

In addition to residing near the lulling coastal waters of southern California, Monica says, learning to live life for herself has contributed to her "chill, laid-back" vibe. "So many people try to put on an image and a show, but I never try to be someone I'm not," she says. "That's why I love my *PLAYBOY* pictorial. I'm just chilling by the pool on a typical beautiful, sunny Los Angeles day. It's effortless and chic, and that's me. And that's how I want to make people feel. I want people to feel at ease. Feel warm. Feel happy."

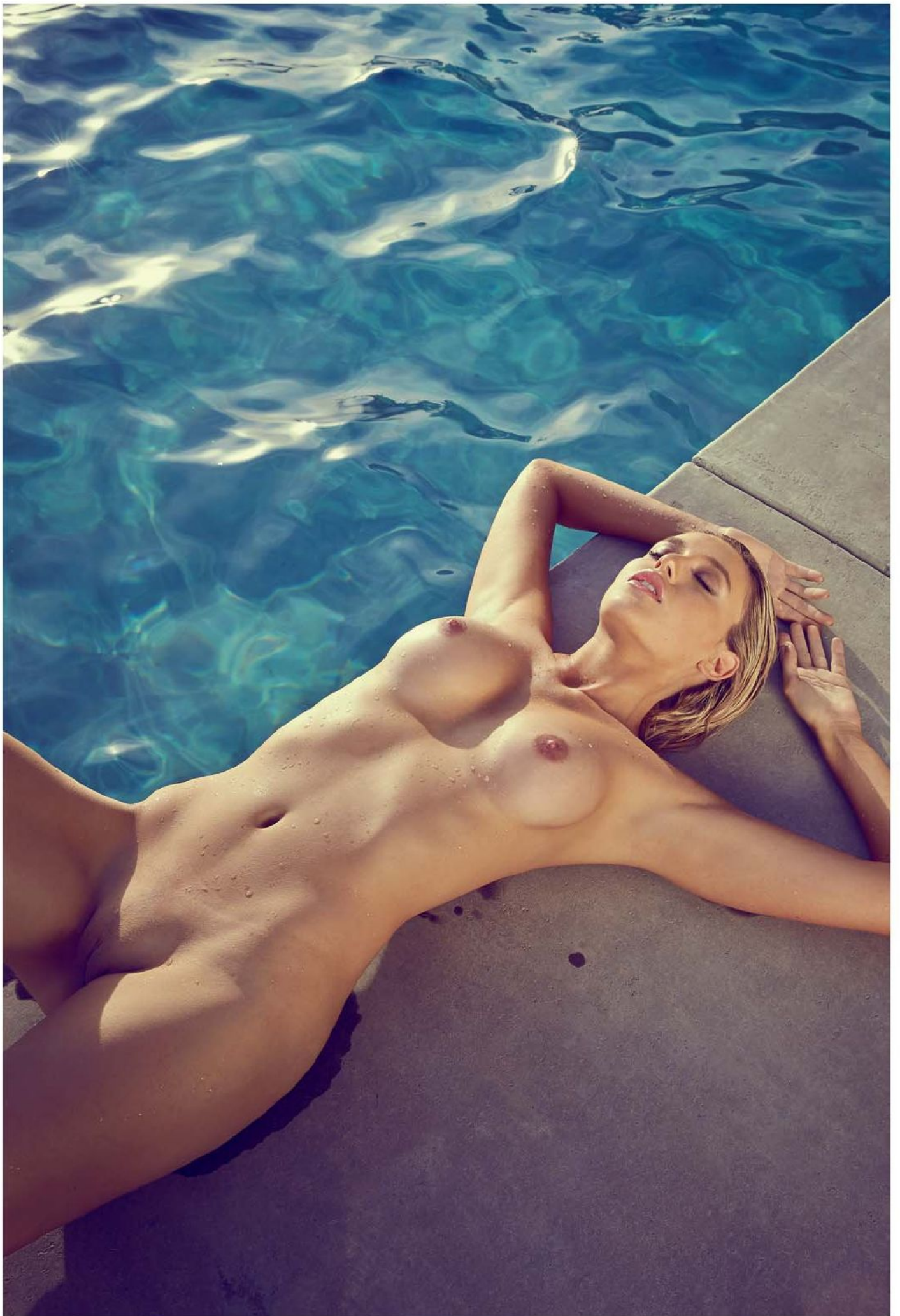
If there's one thing we can expect when we see you, Monica, it's to feel happy.











MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







monica simo

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: MONICA SIMS

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

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 6-15-92 BIRTHPLACE: ORANGE COUNTY, CA

AMBITIONS: TO SEE AS MANY COUNTRIES AS I POSSIBLY CAN AND LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE.

TURN-ONS: MEN SIX-FOOT-PLUS WHO CAN HANDLE A WILD ADVENTURE AND KEEP ME ON MY TOES.

TURNOFFS: CONTROLLING MEN WHO CAN'T DEAL WITH THE FACT THAT I LIVE MY OWN LIFE.

TRAVEL TIP: GO TO TULUM AND DO YOGA ON THE BEACH. IT'S VERY SPIRITUAL. THAT WAY, YOU WON'T FEEL GUILTY DRINKING TEQUILA ALL NIGHT.

FAVORITE HOLIDAY: HALLOWEEN! I LOVE DRESSING UP AND LETTING MY INNER DEMON COME OUT AND PLAY.

TAKE ME OUT TONIGHT: DON'T EXPECT ME TO BE ON TIME, BUT EXPECT ME TO LAST ALL NIGHT. AND IF YOU PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, I MIGHT EVEN SHARE MY COFFEE WITH YOU.



MY RIGHT-HAND MAN!



BEANIE BABY.



IT WAS FATE.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

If anyone tries to claim the 1990s aren't trending, remind them that *Jurassic* and *Terminator* movies just came out and a Bush and a Clinton are running for president.

Men may wear the pants in a relationship, but women control the zipper.

It's weird how it's socially acceptable to put someone else's genitals in your mouth but eating a potato chip that fell on the floor is gross.

Birth control pills should be for men: It makes more sense to unload a gun than to shoot at a bulletproof vest.



If a vegan does CrossFit, which does he or she talk about first?

Fox News asked 100 women about their favorite shampoo in the shower. The most popular response was "How did you get in here?"

"Will it rain hard tonight?" a man asked his wife. "They are predicting four to six inches," she replied. "Or as you would measure it, eight and a half inches."

A college professor reminded her students of the next day's final exam. "Now, class," she said, "I won't tolerate any excuses for not attending, unless you experience an injury, an illness or a death in your immediate family—but that's it, no other excuses whatsoever!"

A smart-ass boy in the back of the room raised his hand and asked, "Would sexual exhaustion qualify as a serious personal injury or illness?"

The entire class erupted in laughter.

When the classroom was restored to order, the teacher smiled and said, "I'm afraid not. If that happens, you'll just have to write the answers with your other hand."

A husband returned home one night to find his wife in bed with another man. "What are you doing?" he shouted.

To which his wife responded, "See, I told you he was dumb."

If Drake and Taylor Swift ever dated we would hear both sides of the breakup.

Blood is thicker than water. But maple syrup is thicker than blood, so technically pancakes are more important than family.

A man approached a beautiful, well-endowed woman in a supermarket.

"I've lost my girlfriend," he told her. "Could you please stand here and talk to me for a few minutes?"

"Sure, but I don't understand how that would help," she replied.

"Well," he said, "it seems like every time I talk to a woman with boobs like yours, my girlfriend appears out of nowhere."

A man was invited to a friend's home for dinner, where he noticed that his buddy preceded every request to his wife with endearing terms, calling her Honey, Darling, Sweetheart, Pumpkin and so on. The man was impressed with this, especially since the couple had been married for more than 50 years.

While the wife was in the kitchen, the man said to his friend, "I think it's wonderful that after all the years you still call your wife those pet names."

His buddy shrugged, lowered his voice and said, "To tell you the truth, I forgot her name about 10 years ago."



*Shelby Neiman*

Doctor, won't you please kiss me?" asked a patient.

"No," replied the doctor. "You're a very beautiful woman, but it's against my code of ethics."

"Please," she pleaded, "just one kiss."

"Sorry," said the doctor. "It's totally out of the question. I shouldn't even be fucking you."

A brunette, a redhead and a blonde were waiting to see their obstetrician. Making conversation, the brunette said, "I'm going to have a boy. I'm sure of it because I was on top."

The redhead said, "I'm having a girl. I'm sure because I was on the bottom."

At this, the blonde suddenly burst into tears. "I think I'm going to have puppies," she said, sobbing.

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).





*"I'm starting to seriously doubt you're suffering from delusions due to a paranoid persecution complex, Mr. Newman."*

# America's 25



What makes a city sexy? A combination of hot locals, cool nightlife, a great setting and an undercurrent of desire, according to our exclusive poll. Here's where the good people of America are sexting, swiping right, hanging out and hooking up

BY DAVID DUNBAR  
MAPS BY ALDO CRUSHER

## OUR PLAYBOOK

► We conducted two customized polls with SurveyMonkey: The first general-population study ranked

cities from one to 25; the second dug deeper into the attitudes and lifestyles of people living in the top five cities. Using data

from the second survey and outside sources (see below), we uncovered key preferences and predilections in our five sexiest cities.

## NIGHTLIFE INDEX

► We partnered with NerdWallet, a San Francisco-based personal finance start-up, to crunch numbers on bars, restaurants and other entertainment outlets per 1,000 residents to come up with a nightlife factor, which we then combined with a walkability index to produce these overall after-sundown scores.

|               |    |
|---------------|----|
| NEW YORK      | 90 |
| SAN FRANCISCO | 87 |
| MIAMI         | 78 |
| CHICAGO       | 77 |
| LOS ANGELES   | 67 |



### Miami, Sex Machine

We averaged the self-reported weekly amounts in our top five to come up with the number of times residents do it per year. Miami came out on top, with respondents having sex **160** times per year.



► What makes New York the sexiest city in America? In addition to topping our respondents' lists, it's backed up by other metrics as well. It has by far the best and most nightlife in our roundup, with thousands of bars, clubs and restaurants in walkable neighborhoods linked by a dense web of subways, Ubers and taxis, making the possibility of frequent and

convenient assignments likelier than anywhere else. The people are hot, the sex is prime quality and the frequency is high, averaging 138 times per year. It also has a touch of the forbidden: In our survey of the top five cities, New York respondents were the most interested in kink, with nearly two thirds of them open to experimentation and almost a quarter into BDSM.

# 2

## LOS ANGELES



Its reputation for beaches, blondes and sun is tough to beat. But Los Angeles's nightlife score is shockingly lower than New York's, even though L.A. nudges out its East Coast rival in the number of bars, restaurants and entertainment venues per 1,000 residents (3.03 versus 2.81). What

made the difference? A low walkability score in a metropolis designed for the automobile. The City of Angels may be the second city of sexiness, but it's at the bottom of our top five when it comes to venturing into *Fifty Shades of Grey* territory: Fewer than 20 percent of respondents are into spreaders and whips.

What half a million Angelenos are into is cheating. The adultery website Ashley Madison notes that the city's favorite hideaway for assignations is not the hip Ace Hotel downtown or the discreet L'Ermitage in Beverly Hills. It's the unassuming Holiday Inn on Colorado Avenue in Santa Monica.

## 4. Miami

It's no surprise the south Florida hot spot and its steamy sidekick South Beach enjoy the most sex by far among our top five cities—160 encounters a year. And the good news gets even better for this good-looking crowd of party fauna: According to a 10-city poll sponsored by Trojan, Miamians have the longest sex sessions (35 minutes). Our survey also shows Miami residents are most likely to have had sex with a colleague (see above right) and are the most digitally connected as well.

SMALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUSTIN PAGE



### Limp D

Not to kick Motown when it's down, but our survey voted Detroit the unsexiest city in America. It has all the attributes respondents rate as their biggest turnoffs: crime, grime, lousy weather and supersize locals (it's the fourth-fattest city in the country, according to a 2014 *Men's Fitness* survey).

# 3.

## Chicago

This muscular, cold-weather, sports-crazy city may seem a surprising pick, but there's more to Chicago than great architecture, major museums and da Bears. Its walkable neighborhoods—including upscale Lincoln Park, up-and-coming River North and bardense Wicker Park and Bucktown—amp up the sexy quotient, attracting young professionals who seek same in restaurants, dives, blues joints, shops and galleries. At one time Chicago was a major stop on the burlesque circuit, and you can still take in feathers-and-fans acts at nearly a dozen dopamine-release venues, including the Kiss Kiss Cabaret and Naked Girls Reading (what it sounds like).



### Office Romance

We expected workaholic New York to win this category because its residents seem to be chained to their desks. It turns out, though, that Miami leads the pack among our top five in mixing business with pleasure. Nearly half that city's respondents (46%) report having sexual congress with a co-worker, compared with folks in Chicago (40%), San Francisco (38%), New York (30%) and Los Angeles (28%).

## 5. San Francisco

A drop-dead gorgeous setting, abundant and varied nightlife and urban sophistication all factor into San Francisco's seriously sexy scores. Densely populated and pedestrian- and bike-friendly, it also has the fittest population in the country. As for the dating market, good news, ladies: The city is home to 116 single men for every 100 single women. That's not great for guys, but it's a lot better than Silicon Valley to the south, where the ratio is a lopsided 141 to 100. Our survey shows San Francisco trailing Miami and New York in frequency of sex but leading the top five in quality—that is, frequency of orgasms.

# 6

## Boston

# 7

## Seattle

## 8. LAS VEGAS

► Gambling, showgirls, countless hotel beds, strip joints, topless pools, swinger hangouts, adult stage shows, an anything-goes attitude—come to think of it, even the word *Strip* says “sexy.” No wonder Vegas is in the top 10.

## 9

*San Diego*

## 10. PORTLAND

► It's only fitting that OkCupid members in this slacker-friendly city list casual sex as a profile option more often than members in any other city in America. Also, per capita, Portland has more strip clubs and bars with happy hours than all other cities on our list.



### Weather Report

#### 33

Percentage of Americans who think sex gets hotter when the temperature rises, according to Trojan's Degrees of Pleasure survey.

#### 68

Ideal indoor temperature for sex.

#### 70

Ideal outdoor temperature for sex.

#### 27

Percentage of Miamians who have enjoyed sex during a hurricane.

## 11

### DALLAS



► Residents here have less sex (104 times a year) than residents of any other burg except Philadelphia in Trojan's 10-city roundup. But at 39 minutes, Big D denizens last longer than other American lovers, even if 47 percent of them fake orgasms—more than in any other U.S.

city. (Nationally, 19 percent of men and 60 percent of women fake it. We knew it!) If you're in the market for sex on the side, Ashley Madison claims Dallas has the youngest mistresses, with an average age of 28. (The site defines *mistress* as a single female Ashley Madison member who dates married men.)

## 12.

*Philadelphia*

► Sometimes less is more: In Trojan's survey of 10 top markets, Philly ranked lowest in sexual frequency (99 times per year) and highest in sexual satisfaction (82 percent).



### Blame Canada

It's the top international destination for both men and women cheaters, according to Ashley Madison. It's next door, no special visas are needed and most of the population speaks a recognizable form of English. Second favorite place for foreign affairs: the equally anglophone U.K.

## 13.

*Austin*

► A recent *Men's Health* survey named it the most sex-happy city in America, based on condom and sex-toy sales, birth rates and instances of STDs. Nothing says “sex happy” to us like that last metric.



### Digital Hot Spots: Top Cities For...

#### SEXTING

*Greenwich, Connecticut*

#### ONLINE SEX

*Indianapolis, Indiana*

#### SKYPE/WEBCAM STRIPPING

*Newport Beach, California*

SOURCE: ASHLEY MADISON.COM

## 14

*Minneapolis*

## 15. DENVER

► It's one of the nation's five fittest places, according to a *Men's Fitness* survey, and the leanest, says the CDC. But those hard bodies need to slow down a bit when they reach the bedroom. The average sex session lasts just 26 minutes—one of the briefest in the Trojan survey.

## 16

*Tampa*



▶ According to Adam & Eve, a major player in the \$15 billion U.S. sex-toy industry, Atlantans spend more per capita on pleasure products than the residents of any other city in

our survey—more than twice as much as runners-up San Francisco and Washington, D.C. Top three sellers in Hotlanta: the Silver Bullet 2.0 vibrator, Make Me Cum clit sensitizer and Adam & Eve lube.

## 18. Phoenix

▶ Warning! Valley of the Sun wives, lock up your men. Ashley Madison says 33 percent of its female members here are on the prowl for somebody else's husband—the highest rate in the U.S. Plus, Phoenix mistresses rack up five partners a year on average, double the rate anywhere else. The city also has the shortest sex sessions—a mere 25 minutes—in Trojan's survey. At least the pursuit of *coitus concisus* is affordable. According to NerdWallet, Phoenix offers one of the nation's cheapest nights out, just \$62.50 on average.



### Where I Did It: Our Respondents Confess

"In the gazebo in my in-laws' backyard." (*New York*)

"We got caught doing it in an empty classroom—so embarrassing." (*Los Angeles*)

"I enjoy semipublic areas; the danger of being caught, seen and/or watched is arousing!" (*Chicago*)

"I like very much to have sex on the beach." (*Miami*)

"Ha-ha, I have a good one. I once had a threesome in a Porta Potty! Don't worry, they had just dropped it off, so it was totally clean." (*San Francisco*)

19

Washington,  
D.C.

20

Charlotte

21

Orlando

## 22. HOUSTON

▶ The Trojan survey found Houstonians rack up 125 sex sessions a year, ranking near the top nationally. They also like to buy sex toys: According to Adam & Eve, Houston accounts for nearly 80 percent as much in sales as New York, even though the Texas city has only one third the Big Apple's population.



### Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down

We asked respondents in our top five cities about their attitudes toward sexual experimentation. Regardless of zip code, about a third said "I'm in!"

When we focused on *Fifty Shades of Grey* territory and asked how many had fooled around with BDSM, the numbers plummeted. The least kinky, surprisingly, is Los Angeles, where only 17 percent spend any time down in the dungeon.



### Beyond the Bedroom

The backseat, of course, is the favorite alternative to between the sheets in our top five cities, though we didn't expect Miami to enjoy car sex (75%) more than auto-centric Los Angeles (65%). Neither did we think parks would be the next best thing to beds in San Francisco (33%), L.A. (36%) and frosty Chicago (38%). It's no surprise nearly half of Miami respondents like sex on the beach, but who knew New York had enough pools to accommodate all that soggy squonking (36%)?

23

## PITTSBURGH



▶ The Steel City is second only to Washington, D.C. in cheaters per capita, according to Ashley Madison, with 5.6 percent of the metro area signed up for assignments—surpassing New York (4.8 percent) and supposedly straitlaced Boston (4.8 percent). Most of the action centers on Brighton Heights, a residential neighborhood on Pittsburgh's north side.

24

New Orleans

25

Santa Barbara



2Q

J O S H

By  
ROB TANNENBAUM

Photography by  
PEGGY SIROTA

## THE CROONER YOUR GIRL-FRIEND LOVES EXPLAINS WHY HE'S YOUR TRUE BEST FRIEND: BECAUSE HE'LL GET YOU LAID

### Q1

**PLAYBOY:** You've sold more than 25 million albums of swelling, romantic ballads that make women weep. Your new album, *Stages*, is mostly Broadway songs from *A Chorus Line*, *Les Misérables* and other shows. For people who don't know your music, how would you explain what you do?

**GROBAN:** My music has always been a little hard to define. It's rooted in more classically inspired pop music. In the 1960s, 1950s and 1940s there was a much more full, rich, fluid style of singing, everything from Johnny Mathis to Mario Lanza. I generally shy away from saying it's opera or

classical, out of respect for that music. It's a more traditional pop music that people aren't used to today. Emotionally, a lot of the stuff I do is romantic. I tell the guys who come to my shows, "This is two hours of a very long night." Wink wink, nudge nudge. I'm the amuse-bouche, if you will.

### Q2

**PLAYBOY:** So can we look forward to the Josh Groban "You Will Get a Blow Job at the End of the Night" tour?

**GROBAN:** [*Laughs*] Listen, no guarantees, but it is highly



probable you'll get a BJ—or at the very least an HJ—by the end of the night.

### Q3

**PLAYBOY:** Your success was a surprise even to most people at your record company, wasn't it?

**GROBAN:** The label didn't expect me to sell a lot of records, so I didn't either. They said, "If you don't have the support of radio, you're screwed. And if you don't have MTV, you're fucked." I took a leave of absence from Carnegie Mellon, thinking I'd make an album and then go back to school. I was blissfully naive about how awful the business can be, because I was 18—a young 18, not like, Tyler, the Creator 18. I was selling 800 copies a week. Then *20/20* aired a piece on me, and my album started selling 80,000 a week. I was shocked.

### Q4

**PLAYBOY:** So you don't need MTV if you have *20/20* and Oprah Winfrey?

**GROBAN:** Exactly. That was a huge deal when she said, "You guys have got to hear this person." I was very sick the first time I went on *Oprah*; I had laryngitis and strep throat simultaneously, and a really bad pair of leather pants I bought at Ralph Lauren. They looked great on the mannequin. I basically had the outfit of a Nick Kroll character—I was Nash Rickey. Oprah had a show titled "Talented Kids," so I thought I'd be following Johnny Wunderkind playing a Beethoven concerto, and then here's Josh Groban, the pimple-faced baritone. In show business they say don't ever share the stage with kids or animals. But she's had me on about 10 times. She can ask me any favor now. I've done a couple of Skype songs for Oprah. She'll be sitting in her living room and I'll get a Skype call, "Oh, it's Lisa's birthday." "Hey, Lisa, what language do you want me to sing in?" I'd even squeeze back into those leather pants for Oprah if she asked.

### Q5

**PLAYBOY:** What was the 14-year-old Josh Groban like?

**GROBAN:** The 14-year-old Josh Groban was not doing well in school, was kind of a sensitive kid, wore his heart on his sleeve and

found the idea of going to second base to be outrageous. At summer camp there was a 14-year-old in our cabin who'd gone all the way—or said he had. We gathered around like he was a wise sage. "So, wait, do you have to ask before you touch the boob? How do you get your hand there?" I was a scrawny kid with Harry Potter glasses—I looked like Woody Allen and Howard Stern had a kid. There were a lot of fast-moving kids in Los Angeles who had rich-kid parties, and I came from a Norman Rockwell upbringing. If I inhaled secondhand smoke, I could see my parents sitting on my shoulders, going, "We're very disappointed in you." I was bullied. I had ADD, and I switched schools a few times because I lacked confidence. I was hopeless. But that's how wit is invented.

### Q6

**PLAYBOY:** Are you to blame for *Il Divo*, and are you willing to apologize?

**GROBAN:** [Laughs] I'm probably indirectly to blame for *Il Divo*. It was a perfect storm: I had a huge record, boy bands were still a thing, and Simon Cowell just, I don't know, got drunk one night and decided to put *Il Divo* together. In any genre there will be marketing ploys and things manufactured to hit a formula, whether the audience is tweens or old ladies. I can't hate all that much, because when I started, people probably thought I was a manufactured version of Andrea Bocelli and the Three Tenors.

### Q7

**PLAYBOY:** You often do Q&A sessions during your concerts. What have been some of the highlights?

**GROBAN:** People get weird. I get so many marriage proposals. I should just build a compound, like Bill Paxton on *Big Love*—"Leave your families and come live with me, sister-wives." I also get people who want to propose to their significant others, and half of me is hoping it goes great, while the other half thinks it would be fun to have an embarrassing proposal that goes viral, like those YouTube clips where a guy is hiding inside a shark costume and then the lady runs off.

### Q8

**PLAYBOY:** Have any rappers approached you about collaborating?

(continued on page 112)







*"The catch of the day? That would definitely be Ingrid...her old man's been out to sea for two months now..."*

# avile



Photography by **GAVIN BOND**

96 STYLING BY MICHAEL NASH

# DISOBEDIENCE

THIS SUMMER, ED HELMS STARS AS RUSTY GRISWOLD IN *VACATION*, AN UPDATE OF THE CLASSIC ROAD MOVIE. FOR *PLAYBOY* HE WEARS SMARTLY TAILORED, BRITISH-INSPIRED SUITING AND PROVES THAT LOOKING DAPPER ISN'T A CRIME





**PREVIOUS PAGES**

*On him:* Hounds-tooth jacket, \$3,647, pants, \$287, maroon turtleneck, \$697, and pocket square, \$90, by **Phineas Cole**; sunglasses, \$465, by **L.A. Eyeworks**.

*On her:* Sunglasses by **Carrera**; ankle boots by **Michael Kors**; tank watch by **Peugeot**.

**THIS PAGE**  
Cologne by **Paco Rabanne**.

**OPPOSITE PAGE**

Paisley velvet suit jacket, \$1,967, and purple turtleneck, \$697, by **Phineas Cole**; pocket square, \$10, by the **Tie Bar**; wing tips, \$1,794, by **Tom Ford**.

**FOLLOWING PAGES**

*Left:* Paisley suit, \$1,245, and tie, \$115, by **Hugo Boss**; shirt, \$30, by **Combatant Gentlemen**; pocket square, \$160, by **Gucci**; lapel flowers, \$8, by the **Tie Bar**; watch, \$195, by **Szanto**.

*Right:* Windowpane suit, \$1,800, and purple shirt, \$980, by **Vivienne Westwood**; shoes, \$240, by **Cole Haan & Todd Snyder**; pocket square, \$175, by **Tom Ford**; socks, \$12, by **Calvin Klein**.

GROOMING BY NATALIA BRUSCHI FOR THE WALL GROUP.  
PROP STYLING BY CYDNEY GRIGGS CULLEN.  
LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH FROM BONGORAMA.







# PHYSICAL ATTRACTION

FEEL THE BURN WITH GUESS GIRL **HEATHER  
DEPRIEST** IN A PULSE-RACING, SWEAT-INDUCING,  
ENDORPHIN-PUMPING ODE TO PERFECT FORM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN



















## PLAYBOY

*Continued from page 64*

"I'm staying right here." He reached back into the van and pulled out a beer and twisted the cap off. Held the bottle up to his lips and took a long drink. "I belong here," he said. "With my brother Richie."

I looked at Melvin.

"He can stay in the parking lot," Melvin said. "But if he does anything more, I'm calling the cops."

"Okay," I said.

Frank looked at everyone. "Those people that want to celebrate Richie will find that the ceremony has moved to the van," he said. "I will share my beer with all you ugly people."

The men moved back inside, and I started to walk away, toward my truck.

"Hey, John," Frank said.

"Yes," I said.

"I just wanted my brother to have some beauty and get some action. At least those women in those pictures smile," he said.

"They do," I agreed.

"Because it's their job to smile," he said. He pulled another beer out of the van and twisted the top off. "Nobody's beautiful like those women are beautiful," he said, "because it's not their fucking job to be beautiful."

"Right," I said.

"Richie deserved that," he said.

"I'll see you at the house," I said.

"Jane's not beautiful," he said, "but that doesn't matter to me. She never knew that."

"Tell her," I said.

He nodded and kept drinking. I walked to my truck and pulled onto the highway.

Jane was still sitting on the picnic table, smoking a cigarette, when I drove in.

"Where is he?" she said.

"He's still there," I said. "He wouldn't come with me."

"Was he okay?" she said.

"Not really," I said. "Nothing I could do."

"How's he going to get home?" she said.

"I don't know," I said. "People will probably give him a ride." I walked back upstairs and turned the TV on. Sat watching the ball game, drinking a beer.

Deep in the night, I woke up to the sound of Frank's motorcycle. He was riding around the parking lot in a slow circle. On the back of the bike was the young woman he'd been talking to at the bar. She had no shirt on. I

could see, as he passed under the streetlight, his eyes were blackened. He pulled the bike out onto the main road and must have given the throttle a real shove, because the bike took off, loud as thunder, carrying him and the half-naked girl off into the night. I heard the bike breathe as he paused for the light at 209 and then made the left turn and headed up the hill, onto the miles of straight road that stretch to southern Ulster County and into Catskill Park. The roar of the bike was still clear, still screaming into the night, defiant. I listened to the roar for several minutes before going back to bed. From downstairs, there were faint noises and soft footsteps away from their front window. I didn't know if it was Jane or her daughter. Someone had watched Frank take off.

The next morning, someone was knocking on my door. I opened it. Frank was standing there, wearing a T-shirt, leather jacket and jeans. Both of his eyes were black underneath and there was a small cut covered with dried blood on the right side of his face. The knuckles of his right hand were skinned and raw.

"Hey," he said. "We've got to go do something."

"What?" I said.

"Get that backhoe off your site and take it over to the cemetery for me," he said.

"You can't be serious," I said.

He sipped his coffee. "Look, it's all legit. Her brother's going to be there and we talked to the cemetery groundskeeper; he understands. It'll be fine. Shouldn't be more than three swipes with the hoe. I'll jump down into the grave, open the casket, take it out, and we'll be done. Then just shove the dirt back in the hole." He took another sip. "You're pretty good with that thing, right?"

"Yeah," I said. "I'm good with it. I don't know, Frank. This sounds crazy."

"Well, we all agreed to it yesterday, after you left." He motioned to his black eyes and his hand. "There was a little scuffle in the parking lot, and we got it sorted out."

"I was there," I said.

"There was a little bit after that too," he said.

"Did you take her the table saw?" I said.

"Already dropped it off this morning and got a coffee for you on the way back. Come on, let's get it over with," he said.

"All right," I said. "Let me put my work boots on."

Frank drove us over to the timber yard. It took me three tries, but finally the backhoe started. I pulled it up onto the lowboy and shut it down. Then I took the ratchet chains and locked the wheels in place for the ride to the cemetery. I backed the cab up and hooked on to the lowboy. I followed Frank to the cemetery.

My main concern was leaving ruts in the ground. Fortunately, Richie's grave site was on the edge of the cemetery, where new plots were being laid out. There were only three headstones in this section. I removed the ratchet chains and drove the backhoe off the lowboy.

Her brother was standing next to the

grave. The earth on top was fresh brown soil. I pulled the hoe up to it and deployed the hydraulic pads. Frank stood close to it, drinking his coffee. The first bite of the hoe's teeth was a little hesitant. I came away with half a shovelful of soil. The second pass, I made sure to get a full load.

"Can you see anything?" I yelled to Frank over the machine.

Both Frank and her brother stepped to the edge of the grave. I saw Frank shake his head and give me the thumbs-up. Her brother looked briefly at me and shook his head. They couldn't see anything. I worked the controls and moved the hoe for another pass.

I heard the scrape and Frank screaming at the same time and immediately raised the bucket. Her brother was kneeling at the edge of the grave, shaking his head, holding his head in his hands. I shut the machine down, got out and walked to the hole.

Frank had already jumped down into the grave, on top of the casket. He was holding a large fieldstone, which he tossed onto the fresh grass. It was the size of a small toolbox.

"Who the fuck backfills a grave with rocks?" Frank screamed.

Her brother was crying.

"What happened?" I said.

"You hit that," Frank said, pointing at the stone, "and it pushed through the dirt and scratched the casket lid."

He carefully brushed some dirt away with his hand, revealing gray metal. There was a white scar, about 10 inches long, down the face of the metal. A tiny dent ran the length of the scar.

Her brother was up. "Get the hell off the casket," he said to Frank. Frank hoisted himself back up onto the turf. The brother's face was red with tears. "I want you to drive to the gas station right now and bring me back a PLAYBOY magazine right here." He turned to me. "Fill that fucking hole and don't fuck anything else up." He ran his hands over his eyes. "I'm going to tell her we got it and it's over. Is that clear?" He looked at both of us. "Never talk about this again, to anyone."

Frank took off in his van. I started the machine up and put the dirt back in the hole, without digging up too much turf. I raised the pads and drove the backhoe onto the lowboy. I secured it with the chains. There were ruts where I had driven the machine onto the grass and depressions where I had put the stabilizing pads down. The brother was walking around, trying to smooth the ground with his feet. He wasn't doing anything, wasn't affecting the torn earth.

I pulled the lowboy down the cemetery road and back onto the highway. Dropped it off at the timber yard exactly as I had found it. The rain had just started to fall, and as I walked along the highway, it increased and the clouds became thicker and darker. I didn't know what I would do if Frank pulled up behind me in his van. I hoped I could just walk home, soaked. I kept walking as the rain came down harder, soaking the ground and everything as cars and trucks passed. It was a longer walk home than I thought it would be.





# Cold Shower

MY TURN FOR THE SHOWER.

THAT FEELS GOOD.

I'LL GET IT, MIKE.

HEY, NEIGHBOR, I'M UM... ER.

\$100 IF YOU SHOW ME YOUR BOOBS!

\$100... MIKE WILL NEVER KNOW.

AND \$300 MORE IF YOU TAKE THE TOWEL OFF.

GEE, THAT'S A LOT OF CASH!

MAYBE NOT THE MOST DIGNIFIED WAY, BUT HEY, \$400!

WHO WAS IT, SWEETIE?

ERM, SOME GIRL SCOUTS SELLING COOKIES....

DARN. I WAS HOPING IT WAS THE NEIGHBOR - HE OWES ME \$400!



## JOSH GROBAN

Continued from page 94

**GROBAN:** At one point I was e-mailing back and forth with Lauryn Hill, but we lost touch. There was also a point—it was crazy; I couldn't believe it—when Tricky called me and said, "You've got a fucking brilliant voice, mate. We've got to do something together. We'll change the world with one song." If there's one genre that's expanding in weird, wonderful ways right now, it's hip-hop. Every rapper at the Grammys has a 30-piece string section behind them. All my classical friends are, like, painting their faces and playing with Kanye West now. I already sang Kanye's tweets on Jimmy Kimmel's show, so the least he can do is put me on a chorus.

### Q9

**PLAYBOY:** If you could work with any rap group, who would it be? Wu-Tang Clan?

**GROBAN:** Yes! Josh Groban ain't nothing to fuck with. That's the truth.

### Q10

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still have anxiety dreams about being onstage?

**GROBAN:** I still get really nervous. It kills me how much I fucking care. It doesn't matter how small the show, I care so much that it'll drive me insane. I downloaded this sleep-talking app—your iPhone has a built-in microphone that senses when you start to talk, so in the morning you can listen to all your ramblings. I become Shia LaBeouf in my dreams. "Oh my God, oh my God. No! No! No! No!" I'm freaking out in all my dreams. Oftentimes I wake up but don't know I'm awake, and I think I'm somewhere I'm not—like in an alleyway. "Wait, I'm not supposed to be here right now." I jump out of bed a lot.

### Q11

**PLAYBOY:** What do you make of these disturbing dreams?

**GROBAN:** Well, doctor, I probably shouldn't drink so close to bedtime. I shouldn't eat dried mango and have a sugar high before I sleep. I don't think it's any secret that I'm a super-stressed person. I'm very high-strung and anxious, and I have to keep my shit together, so it comes out in my dreams: I'm running in slow-motion, with my pants off, and then I jump on a dolphin and escape. I scared a girlfriend only once. She said, "Do you know what you were doing in your sleep last night? You were slicing your arm on my torso,

like it was a saw, and saying, 'We have to cut it in two.'" [laughs]

### Q12

**PLAYBOY:** Your girlfriend is Kat Dennings, the brunette from *2 Broke Girls*. What did you do on your first date?

**GROBAN:** We met at a birthday party for Diva Zappa. It was a fix-up, which rarely works out. We had one of those moments when the rest of the world falls away, like, "Oh, cool, my person." For our first real date we went out to dinner and were both nervous. We trolled some people on Omegle, a Chatroulette-style site but without video. You get thrust into a random chat, and we were messing with random people for an hour and sipping pear soda, just being total dorks. Sometimes the girl you dream of being with is just as much a nerd as you are.

### Q13

**PLAYBOY:** Whom do you envy?

**GROBAN:** Miley Cyrus, because she has a pet pig, her Instagram account is on-point, and she gives no fucks. I think she's happier than anybody else in the business right now. I have a hard time living in the now, relaxing and celebrating the moment. When I meet people who are living the dream and are okay with high-fiving themselves, I envy them. I'm always antsy about what's next or hypercritical about what has passed.

### Q14

**PLAYBOY:** Would you be willing to license your signature hit, "You Raise Me Up," for a Viagra commercial?

**GROBAN:** Absolutely! Listen, that song has reached so many women in my career, it's about time it helped some men. Anytime you have an unexpectedly explosive hit, you celebrate it, but you also feel shackled to it. There are times I'll get sick of it, for sure. I can be cynical about it backstage—"Do I really have to sing it again?"—but as soon as I'm onstage and feel the reaction from people who want to hear it, the entertainer in me takes over.

### Q15

**PLAYBOY:** What's the interview question you're most tired of being asked?

**GROBAN:** Probably "Where did you and Kat go on your first date?"

### Q16

**PLAYBOY:** Touché. Your music is extremely romantic, but it doesn't express all your personality, does it?

**GROBAN:** I sing serious music, and I hope it gets a serious reaction. But on the flip side of that, I love the silliest, dumbest humor. I was the class clown. When I started out in this business, there weren't a lot of opportunities to show those sides of me. There was no Twitter, there was no one like Jimmy Kimmel giving me those chances. I've loved not being as precious in the past five or six years and taking the piss a little bit. In the beginning my management was afraid I would tarnish my image. I don't think I'm a particularly inspiring guy when

I'm not onstage—it's just not in my DNA. Nor am I a huge romantic when I'm not singing. If I didn't have music, I'd probably just be a quasi-funny, cynical, dark, introverted, nonromantic guy.

### Q17

**PLAYBOY:** The music you sing takes great effort and thought and musical range. When you hear Top 40 songs on the radio, do you ever think, Who the fuck are these talentless assholes?

**GROBAN:** [Laughs] Yeah, a few times. "What is this shit?" But if I decided to write a song like that, could I? Maybe, maybe not. It's a different universe, with its own struggles. If you're a Top 40 artist, there's the stress of constantly trying to stay on top. And there are some great singers on the radio: Adele, Lady Gaga, Sam Smith, Hozier, Ed Sheeran.

### Q18

**PLAYBOY:** When you hang out with your pal Kid Rock, do you go to his house or does he come to yours?

**GROBAN:** I don't live in Malibu anymore, so we haven't hung out in a while. We probably couldn't be more different as human beings, but we've had some very interesting nights together. I vaguely remember putting on, over my clothes, the cheer-leading outfit of a stripper who'd been there the night before and then dancing on Kid Rock's pole. I was very drunk. Mike D was there, and I played the organ, and then we smoked cigars. He also had a brilliant English professor there. I was thinking, This is nuts.

### Q19

**PLAYBOY:** There's no way Kid Rock hasn't offered you drugs.

**GROBAN:** Never. Not once. You and I talked about people I envy—sometimes I envy great people who play the piano or guitar, because they don't have to worry about their voices crapping out. They can have a terrible hangover and go onstage and tear it up. Maybe when I was 20 I could have gotten away with that, but not at 34. You have to sacrifice a lot of things in order to have the high of making 15,000 people go ape-shit when you sing. I'm a control freak. I've dabbled in a couple of things, but coffee is my drug.

### Q20

**PLAYBOY:** You've "dabbled" in drugs? What does that mean?

**GROBAN:** I tried pot a long time ago and hated it. It made me paranoid. And it left me with a sore throat the next day, when I had to do a really serious song for a teacher. I'm not anti-pot, by the way. I think it causes fewer injuries than alcohol, but it wasn't for me. I'm sensitive to chemicals. If the Advil bottle says to take two, one is enough for me. Remember those high school public-service announcements where, like, a girl goes to the bathroom to sniff a Magic Marker and then dies? That would be me.



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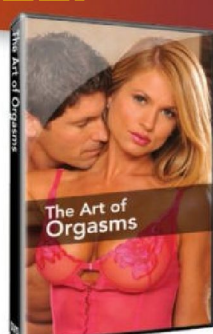
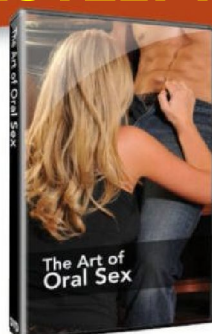
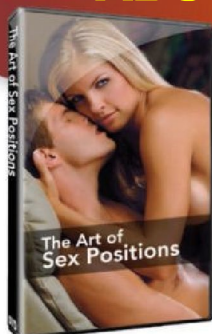
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## SANJAY GUPTA

*Continued from page 50*

pocket because that's where the bone marrow is, and I'd rather be safe.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your take on vaping?

**GUPTA:** The CDC has released a statement about it saying there are a lot of chemicals in the vapor that we simply haven't been able to define. That's scary. My feeling is, they're better than cigarettes and okay if you're using them for smoking cessation. But why are they marketed to people who don't smoke? There's clearly a mission to get young people and nonsmokers to use a product they weren't using, and that doesn't fit the core mission of e-cigarettes.

**PLAYBOY:** You appear to be in great shape. You run triathlons. You must take your vitamins.

**GUPTA:** I don't take supplements. Despite their best efforts, it's very hard to put the good stuff from nature into pill form. I do take 1,000 milligrams of fish oil twice a day. You see some conflicting studies, but the meta-research over the past 15 years or so is very compelling that it may reduce the risk of heart disease later on.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your workout regimen?

**GUPTA:** I run, bike or swim probably three or four days a week and for a good distance. I like to be efficient and I like to heart train. We know human beings tend to operate best at a lower heart rate than people typically do during an intense gym workout. A lower heart rate is ideal for fat burning and cardiac endurance. So I run longer distances at a slower speed in the beginning of my training sessions. Then I get faster and faster, but the heart rate stays the same. On off days, I'll use the pull-up bars in my office or my bands or do push-ups. It's important to do something every day.

**PLAYBOY:** Have we gone too far in our obsession with extreme CrossFit training?

**GUPTA:** I think CrossFit is a great workout. You can build a lot of muscle strength, and that's important. CrossFit focuses on strength, so if that's your goal, go for it. I'm much more interested in endurance. Early in our evolution, when we chased animals through the jungles to kill them, we didn't run faster than they did. We just ran longer than they did. The one who could chase the longest ate the best. That's how you got your meat. It fits into my interest in human optimization.

**PLAYBOY:** Human optimization?

**GUPTA:** Yes. If you optimized your health and your life, what would that look like? There are clearly people who function at a higher level in terms of their physical and mental well-being. There are societies that do that too. I find that idea fascinating.

How do you optimize people? How can you be as healthy as you possibly can?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you meditate?

**GUPTA:** I do, for 15 minutes a day. It's funny. I talked to Deepak Chopra. He actually came to my office once and taught me a bunch of techniques. It was quite useful. He's a fascinating guy. There are a lot of things he does in terms of bringing meditation to the masses that I find interesting and useful. I also spend a lot of time talking to Herbert Benson, who's a cardiologist out of Harvard and a true mind-body sort of scientist. What I do is a combination of their teachings. I have a hard time clearing my mind like Deepak says you must. I just can't do it. Instead, I find one thing to focus on. Usually it's a word, and through that word I channel everything I'm thinking. *Gentle* is a word that I use. It's very soothing.

**PLAYBOY:** You just told us your mantra.

**GUPTA:** Well, eventually you get rid of that word as well, and your mind is completely clear. But I also optimize my mind in other ways, by doing puzzles and challenging myself to do new things creatively.

**PLAYBOY:** You wrote a novel a couple of years ago that David Kelley adapted as a TV medical drama. When did you squeeze that in?

**GUPTA:** The novel took me 10 years to write. It was a totally different style of thinking to create characters and plotlines as opposed to having stuff handed to you the way it is in television news, or the type of physical work you do as a surgeon.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of your drive comes from being a first-generation American?

**GUPTA:** I think my parents' lives as immigrants were very different from mine. I learned to appreciate the values they brought as I got older. But they were trailblazers themselves. Both worked as engineers. My mom was the first woman hired as an engineer at the Ford Motor Company, which is a point I'm very proud of in our family. We lived in a small town in rural Michigan, and there weren't many people like us.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you ever a victim of racism?

**GUPTA:** Yeah. Everybody was white except me; everybody was the same religion. There was no real diversity where I grew up. Once, we moved into a different house in our neighborhood and had given out the wrong forwarding address, but all our mail still arrived. One day I thanked the mailman for finding us, and he was like, "They could just write 'Gupta' and 'Michigan' and it would get to you." We stood out. I would often get digs about our family, our culture, our food. One time in college at a Michigan-Iowa game, these guys from Iowa used some really bad language and threatened an Indian friend and myself with physical violence. I was upset, mostly because I didn't do anything about it. It's funny, though. I remember watching the presidential election returns in 2008, and when Obama won, I called my friend and said, "A black man just won Iowa. What do you think those guys are doing now?"

**PLAYBOY:** You worked as a White House fellow in the office of first lady Hillary

Clinton. Does that tell us everything we need to know about your politics?

**GUPTA:** I'm a pretty liberal guy. Being journalists, we work our whole careers predicated on freedom of speech. I value humanitarian causes that are liberal, so I probably lean more liberal, though not as liberal as all my colleagues within CNN.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of president would Hillary be?

**GUPTA:** She was a really good boss. I ended up writing a lot of speeches, so I spent a significant amount of time briefing her and collaborating. She's very knowledgeable. You don't want to walk into a room with Hillary Clinton without knowing every detail about what you're discussing. She'll call you on it. That was good for me and it fit my personality. I think we got along pretty well.

As far as being president, that's a good question. I'm a little biased because I know health care is an important issue to her. She certainly has a better pedigree than she had as first lady. She's been a senator, she's been secretary of state. She has good relationships with world leaders. But it raises the question of what makes a good president. Being very smart is important, and she is, but some of the best presidents weren't necessarily the smartest people in their class. You have to be very strategic, and I think she is. You have to have clear positions on issues like ISIS, which she's very engaged with. I think the least important factor is that she's a woman. She downplays that and even said to me that there are countries with women in power that also have a strong history of oppression against women—Benazir Bhutto in Pakistan, Indira Gandhi in India. The fact that Hillary's a woman shouldn't make a difference.

**PLAYBOY:** From a health standpoint, is she too old?

**GUPTA:** No. I was recently at the Clinton Global Initiative and spent a fair amount of time with her. She's sharp. She has good energy. I think if anything she's sharper now than she was back in the 1990s.

**PLAYBOY:** According to the Congressional Budget Office, annual Medicare costs will reach more than \$1 trillion by 2022. Is that sustainable?

**GUPTA:** I think there's enough support from both Democrats and Republicans to sustain Medicare for at least the foreseeable future. Almost since its inception it has been in financial trouble. It got even worse as the cost of prescription drugs became as big a line item as it has.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think drug companies exert too much influence over doctors?

**GUPTA:** That's a difficult question. Big Pharma clearly has an impact. These companies go into doctors' offices directly, and you hear about pretty astonishing kickbacks. We saw former Virginia governor Bob McDonnell convicted on corruption charges last year. A pharmaceutical company took his wife on shopping sprees and paid for his daughter's wedding in exchange for getting the governor to push some new drugs. You'd have to assume that many doctors, whether it's in

their prescribing habits or treating habits, are influenced like that. Some doctors live pretty lavish lifestyles.

**PLAYBOY:** At the same time, you hear about doctors doing more work for less pay as insurance companies attempt to lower premiums.

**GUPTA:** I think that's true. Doctors get paid in different ways than they used to, and that may not be a bad thing. I mean, focusing more on outcomes and value as opposed to just procedures or number of times you see a patient makes sense. It's part of the Affordable Care Act: rewarding outcomes, not just numbers of procedures. I think fundamentally that could get us to a good place in our country, but the transition is always a bit challenging.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's switch gears. Tell us one thing people don't know about Wolf Blitzer.

**GUPTA:** He's a really good dancer. He actually does this routine off camera, I think it's called the Dougie Doug.

**PLAYBOY:** It's called the Dougie.

**GUPTA:** That one, yeah. He'll do it right when we cut to a commercial after saying, "Stand by for breaking news." I always think that's a funny phrase. Stand by for breaking news. It's really urgent, but we're going to make you wait anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember the first time you did a TV report?

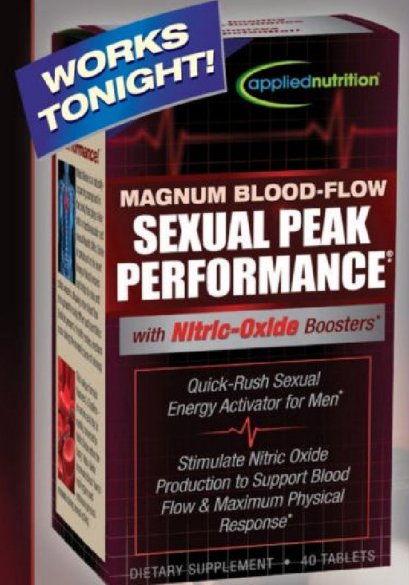
**GUPTA:** Absolutely. It was here at CNN. A study had come out looking at the impact of Agent Orange on increasing cancer rates among Vietnam veterans. It was a pretty big story because the Vietnam vets were probably all exposed to this chemical at some point. The government at the time had still not conceded that Agent Orange was the cause of illness among these veterans. Billions, if not trillions, of dollars have now been spent on benefits for these veterans who developed cancer. This was April 2001. Not long after that, 9/11 happened.

**PLAYBOY:** You went to Afghanistan and later to Iraq. What was the moment like when you improvised with a Black & Decker drill to perform brain surgery on a wounded soldier in the heat of the Iraq war?

**GUPTA:** Some moments get seared forever in your memory. There were sandstorms that day. I had been embedded for a few weeks with this group of naval doctors called the Devil Docs, a group supporting the First Marine Expeditionary Force. You get to know each other really well when you're hopscotching around the desert, responding to whatever calls come in. In a sandstorm things come to a stop because you have no air support. We were outside Camp Viper, south of Baghdad, when one of the lieutenants asked if I would stop being a journalist and take a look at a patient.

His name was Jesus Vidana. He had been on patrol somewhere nearby and had taken his helmet off for some reason. He got shot by a sniper in the back of the head and was declared dead in the field. But then someone found a pulse, and that's when they came and asked if I'd put on my surgeon's cap. He had a significant injury to his head and had too much pressure on the brain from the bullet. The blood was pressing on his brain stem. We needed to take a

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*"He got me all excited when he asked if I liked French. Then he took me to some dumb restaurant."*

bone out of his head or he'd die. We didn't have the right tools, but I remembered seeing a Black & Decker drill with all the bits. We had sterilizing solution, but I needed to create a sterile barrier because it was really dusty inside the tent and I literally had to have the guy's brain exposed. I filleted a plastic IV bag and essentially used that to create the outer layer of his brain. I drilled the hole, extracted the bone, relieved the pressure, and it worked. We wrapped him up and put him on a Black Hawk.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever hear from him?

**GUPTA:** I did. He did really well. But it was a wild time. I operated a few times like that out in the field. People know I'm a doctor from TV, so I get asked, and I'm happy to oblige.

**PLAYBOY:** People must ask you for free medical advice constantly.

**GUPTA:** All the time. Airports are notorious. People have time on their hands. They think they know me because I'm the guy from TV. They forget I don't know them. Soon enough they're pulling up their shirts to show me something or asking me to second-guess their doctor. The worst is when you're stuck on a long red-eye, you want to get some sleep, and the guy next to you is like, "Oh, I am so glad you're here," and pulls out all his charts and medical history. "Oh, and when you're done reading that, my aunt Louise behind me has a couple of questions."

**PLAYBOY:** Does your family find this annoying?

**GUPTA:** My wife is great. We were at a res-

taurant, just the two of us, which doesn't happen very often. Somebody came up and said, "Hey, I'm really sorry to bother you, but I have this pain in my back and it's going down to the lateral part of my foot. It's been there for some time." My wife goes, "It's an L5-S1 disc that's herniating and pushing on your right nerve route. You should probably get an MRI."

**PLAYBOY:** She's a doctor too?

**GUPTA:** No, she's a lawyer! But after 14 years with me, she hears me on calls in the middle of the night; she hears me on TV. I think she's learned a lot through osmosis.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it hard for you to turn the world off?

**GUPTA:** I could be better about that. You try to keep a clear separation. I want to turn off my phone when I'm at home. My family is good. They're understanding.

I've thought a lot about the whole idea of work-life balance in our culture. Much of it revolves around guilt. For people who are constantly forced to make choices between spending time with their family and their kids or getting ahead at their jobs, it can lead to resentment on both sides. What we've come to value in the workplace has been eating lunch at your desk, or at the studio in my case. Spending time with your family, doing things that truly bring you joy and give your life more meaning tend to get minimized. I think we can create a more productive workforce through measures that may surprise people, that may be counterintuitive.

**PLAYBOY:** Like working from home?

**GUPTA:** Working from home, leaving the office earlier. A lot of it has to do with breaking down the walls between work and life. Let your family in on your work life. Include them in the things you're doing so they can be invested as well. At the same time, share your family life with your work people, not keeping such a clear distinction.

**PLAYBOY:** You're remarkably sane. Do you have any vices or eccentricities?

**GUPTA:** Let's see. I never kill bugs. I don't drink hot beverages—you have to sip them, and the whole thing takes too long. I sometimes do chin-ups when I talk on the phone. And I play the accordion. I took 10 years of lessons.

**PLAYBOY:** No doubt there will be a chart-topping album and world tour in your future.

**GUPTA:** I don't know about that. Maybe if Mumford & Sons are reading this....

**PLAYBOY:** Who would appear on the cover of your Hottest News Anchors calendar?

**GUPTA:** Oh my God, that's like asking to guess the weight of a woman. Nothing good can come from this. Do I have to answer that? Is that the last question?

**PLAYBOY:** It depends what the answer is.

**GUPTA:** I'll have to pass. I'm a busy guy, but I like going home at the end of the day, and I don't want my wife locking me out. I can just imagine the headlines.



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## WHY THE OTHER GUYS KEEP WINNING

Continued from page 54

troops and a massive air campaign in half a dozen countries, while the other wants to pull back and remain uninvolved. So far President Obama has generally done the latter while trying to do just enough to appease the interventionists. This split also represents a fatal breakage of America's war politics.

The difficulty in every single war zone under discussion here is that the U.S. has a poor record of playing a constructive role, but that doesn't automatically mean American absence is the best policy. The militants planting bombs are not some distant, foreign problem. Every single conflict we talk about has the potential to cause state collapse and with it the collapse of regional trade and security. That's a big deal, but it goes further: Groups like the Islamic State are actively recruiting people to their cause. (ISIS alone has signed up more than 20,000 people from outside Iraq and Syria to fight on its behalf.) Every single head of state in the West is worried that their citizens who join the fight will eventually return home, radicalized and wired for violence. Already European officials regularly raid houses believed to host ISIS-radicalized terrorists. And as U.S. policy makers look at the churn these groups produce, they are left with two contradictory impulses: the public demand that they "do something" about this rise of militancy and the public revulsion at the idea of spending money or deploying troops to do it.

So the question facing America is not whether to get involved. We're already involved and facing the consequences of that involvement every day. The question is *how* America should be involved, and it is the question *not* being debated.

This is because the politics of America's wars have failed. The military can do combat just fine, but the politics of war that give the military scope and direction have fundamentally broken down. The problems plaguing America's modern wars, from Kosovo in 1999 to Yemen in 2015, stem from an inability to work at the political level both domestically and in the conflict zone. And as long as our politics remain broken, no one should hold out much hope for a satisfying response to the frenzied unraveling of country after country as Islamist militants reduce once-proud cultures to horrifying charnel houses.

No one person is responsible for the political failure of America's wars. It's too easy to point at the inane shenanigans of the George W. Bush administration and place the blame

there. It does not make sense to point at the fevered dream of the first few years after 9/11, when people said everything had changed but it really hadn't. The dysfunction goes deeper, to a fundamental disconnect within American politics that is reflected in disjointed and ineffective policy abroad. Bolstered by overheated happy talk to the press and entrenched in magical groupthink, there is no countervailing force at work in American politics.

If anything, the incentives in our political discourse go in the wrong direction. Advocating the use of force, no matter how ill-considered, is richly rewarded. (Think of the pundit William Kristol, who has faced no professional consequences for his relentless advocacy of war.) Conversely, opponents of war who criticize the use of force to achieve foreign policy goals are punished harshly: MSNBC foreign policy correspondent Ashleigh Banfield criticized the media fever promoting the 2003 run-up to the Iraq invasion; the network took her off the air. She now covers court cases on CNN.

At this basic level, the public discourse on war in America has simply stopped working. You could see this at play in the earliest stages of the war in Afghanistan, in 2001. The pundits, who faced intense pressure to support the war regardless of the facts, called it a masterpiece before the shooting had even stopped. Writing in *Foreign Affairs* just seven months after the conflict began, Michael O'Hanlon, a military expert at the Brookings Institution who still preaches the finesse of American military power, said the war "may wind up being more notable in the annals of American military history than anything since Douglas MacArthur's invasion at Inchon in Korea half a century ago." It had "deprived Al Qaeda of its sanctuary within Afghanistan and left its surviving leaders running for their lives"—Osama bin Laden, of course, would remain at large for nearly a decade.

O'Hanlon was expressing the zeitgeist inside the Beltway: Riding high on the NATO-led air war over Kosovo in 1999 and thoroughly impressed with the technological modernization of the U.S. military, foreign policy wonks believed the rapid collapse of the Taliban had little to do with the inherent weakness of the Taliban regime or the brittleness of Afghan society after two decades of horrifying, bloody conflict, but rather was due to American expertise and prowess.

The reality, however, is that during the early days of the war in Afghanistan the U.S. badly misunderstood the country's politics. The special operators who deployed in October 2001 established a liaison with the very monsters who'd made the Taliban look like saviors when they emerged from the civil war in 1994. Afghans knew who these brutal men were even if the American officials in charge did not.

From the U.S. perspective, the Taliban were the real enemy: They had hosted Al Qaeda, declined to hand over Osama bin Laden after 9/11 and had to be attacked in response. By failing to understand the political background of Afghanistan, the U.S. poisoned every diplomatic and military effort it made there. By playing to the Northern Alliance warlords so heavily, the U.S. guaranteed the Taliban would have a disenfran-

chised constituency to mobilize for their insurgency, which is still going on today.

That perspective never made it into mainstream American discourse about the war. Afghanistan experts abounded—many were left over from the previous American war there, during the Soviet invasion in the 1980s. Yet the voices of those who knew better, who understood Afghanistan, were swept aside, replaced by a panoply of "foreign policy experts" who were learning on the job while imposing a new government on the country.

Similarly, from the earliest days of the Iraq invasion there were signs that something had gone horribly wrong. The U.S. decided to disband the Iraqi National Army and cleanse the government of former Ba'athists (who had formed Saddam Hussein's political support). These oppressive institutions had held Iraqi society together for decades, but U.S. planners never effectively replaced them—creating a power vacuum that left Iraqi society violently fragmented. As a 2012 Joint Staff study concluded, "The U.S. government moved to establish a new sovereign Iraqi government and focused on long-term, state-of-the-art national infrastructure while ignoring early signs of an insurgency." The U.S. wanted to build roads and a parliament while insurgents were busy planting bombs. The insurgency quickly mutated into a sectarian war fueled by Al Qaeda that is also still going on today.

As former *Washington Post* Baghdad bureau chief Rajiv Chandrasekaran documents in his book *Imperial Life in the Emerald City*, the U.S. eschewed experts on Iraq when it staffed up its bureaucracy there; rather, it preferred to hire people with political connections, preferably to conservative Republicans, and assumed their lack of knowledge about Iraq could be filled in as needed.

The result was disaster. Yet as the situation in Iraq grew steadily worse, a new word began filtering through internal channels of military discourse: *counterinsurgency*, or COIN. Soon military thinkers, professors at war colleges and think tank pundits began to suggest that the only way to defeat the expanding resistance to the U.S. occupation of Iraq and Afghanistan was a broad counterinsurgency strategy whereby troops would "live among the people" and "win by out-governing the opposition."

Again, this was not an idea that came from the people who knew these countries best. Looking back, the strongest and loudest criticism of counterinsurgency came from those who anticipated the heavy cost such a policy would impose on the people who lived there. But that was immaterial: America's war politicians didn't want to hear considered opinion about how to navigate local politics; they wanted support for winning the war.

The problem is COIN has a lot of nasty baggage. COIN was how France colonized Africa. It was how France and Britain committed massive atrocities in Algeria and Malaysia. As recently as the 1950s, hundreds of thousands of Algerians and Malaysians died at the hands of European colonialists who literally killed their way to ignoble withdrawal. America tried counterinsurgency in Vietnam. It didn't work. By the time Europe's empires had collapsed, leaving millions living in ruin, COIN was interesting



only to historians, not to anyone thinking about wars in the 21st century.

So when military planners thought they needed COIN in Iraq and Afghanistan, they didn't know how to sell it. The general most closely associated with COIN, David Petraeus, had written his Princeton dissertation on the concept, and he developed the Army's new manual instructing soldiers how to do it.

Team Petraeus sold COIN through a childish lie. Counterinsurgency had been a brutal failure elsewhere, so they tried a new tack: rebrand the idea with modern anthropological theory and historical research and sell it as the "graduate school of warfare." American COIN would kill the bad guys while protecting the good guys. It would destroy terrorist networks and build up legitimate governments. But most of all, money, not bullets, would win the peace. Soldiers received on-the-job training. In addition to killing bad guys, they settled tribal disputes, paved roads, invested in local businesses and advised crooked local politicians how to govern their own people, all while not speaking a word of Pashto, Arabic or Dari. What could possibly go wrong?

Promises aside, American COIN was just as brutal as European COIN. Since 2007, Baghdad has been ethnically cleansed of its Sunni citizens. Disenfranchised and angry at a sectarian government the U.S. supported for years with money and weapons handouts, those Sunnis now form the support base for the ISIS militants everyone is worried about. Success created its own failure.

Meanwhile, in Afghanistan the rate of bombings is so intense, a Taliban fighter dies every 48 hours planting a bomb. Hundreds of thousands of civilians have been killed thanks to America's efforts.

The wars did not have to turn out this way. But bolstered by a cadre of yes-men, neither the military nor the White House felt any need to define victory in either war. Frederick Kagan, the pundit most associated with the "surge" policy that gave troops space to withdraw from Iraq publicly, said the policy was meant to give Iraq "the space for political progress." In 2008, despite that political progress not happening, Kagan declared the policy a success in *The New York Times*

and supported the troop withdrawal as part of a job well done.

By 2010, however, Kagan had declared withdrawal a failure, reversing his belief that Iraq's sovereignty and independence from American occupation were good things. Kagan was not reversing himself; rather, Iraq's politics had collapsed and a massive rebellion in Sunni areas against the Shia government had sprung up. (This was before the Syrian civil war and the emergence of ISIS.) Kagan thought the withdrawal allowed Iraq's politics to fall apart, not that Iraq's politics were the problem to begin with. He never grappled with the internal pressures and fissures of Iraq's political challenges; he simply assumed that military force would be enough and would

dit class and the military leadership. COIN did not come out of nowhere; the tactics, operations and strategy to fight insurgencies and rebellions have been the subject of eternal debate in the military for many years, since before the 9/11 attacks. Rather, because COIN was being sold so cleverly by a politically ascendant general—Petraeus was already the subject of numerous glowing media profiles in 2004—the Washington machinery of policy punditry mobilized to endorse what everyone thought was a winning strategy. It didn't matter that the strategy was not, in fact, a winner. COIN was how the war would be won, regardless of the dishonesty required to sell it to the public. And just as Iraq skeptics were pushed out of the public eye, so too were COIN skeptics prevented from participating in the policy. Those lavishly subsidized Pentagon war zone tours were available only to COIN boosters. (My own military embed requests in Afghanistan were denied in 2011 after I'd publicly criticized the strategy.)

Even before the war in Iraq, the military had shown itself unable to adapt quickly and nimbly enough to properly address the complex, dirty, low-technology modern battlefield. The Millennium Challenge war game, held from late July to early August 2002, modeled a conventional assault on a Middle Eastern country. The commander of the enemy forces, Marine Corps Lieutenant General Paul Van Riper, knew the U.S. could dominate any radio signals or computer messages his forces would send. He also knew the U.S. had panoptic-like

knowledge of every military asset he had to defend his beach. So he used minarets and motorcycles to relay instructions and civilian aircraft and dinghies to swarm the invading Navy, with a devastating surprise ending: In the simulation, he sank 16 U.S. Navy vessels, including an aircraft carrier.

The Pentagon did not want to grapple with such a weakness at the heart of its very expensive military force. The politics of the Pentagon demanded that it win, so it rebooted the war game and scripted Van Riper's moves to guarantee a victory.

Why was the military so resistant to facing a nimble, unconventional enemy? It wasn't for lack of thinking: In the mid-1990s, in response to the disastrous withdrawal from Somalia and frustrating, uncertain results

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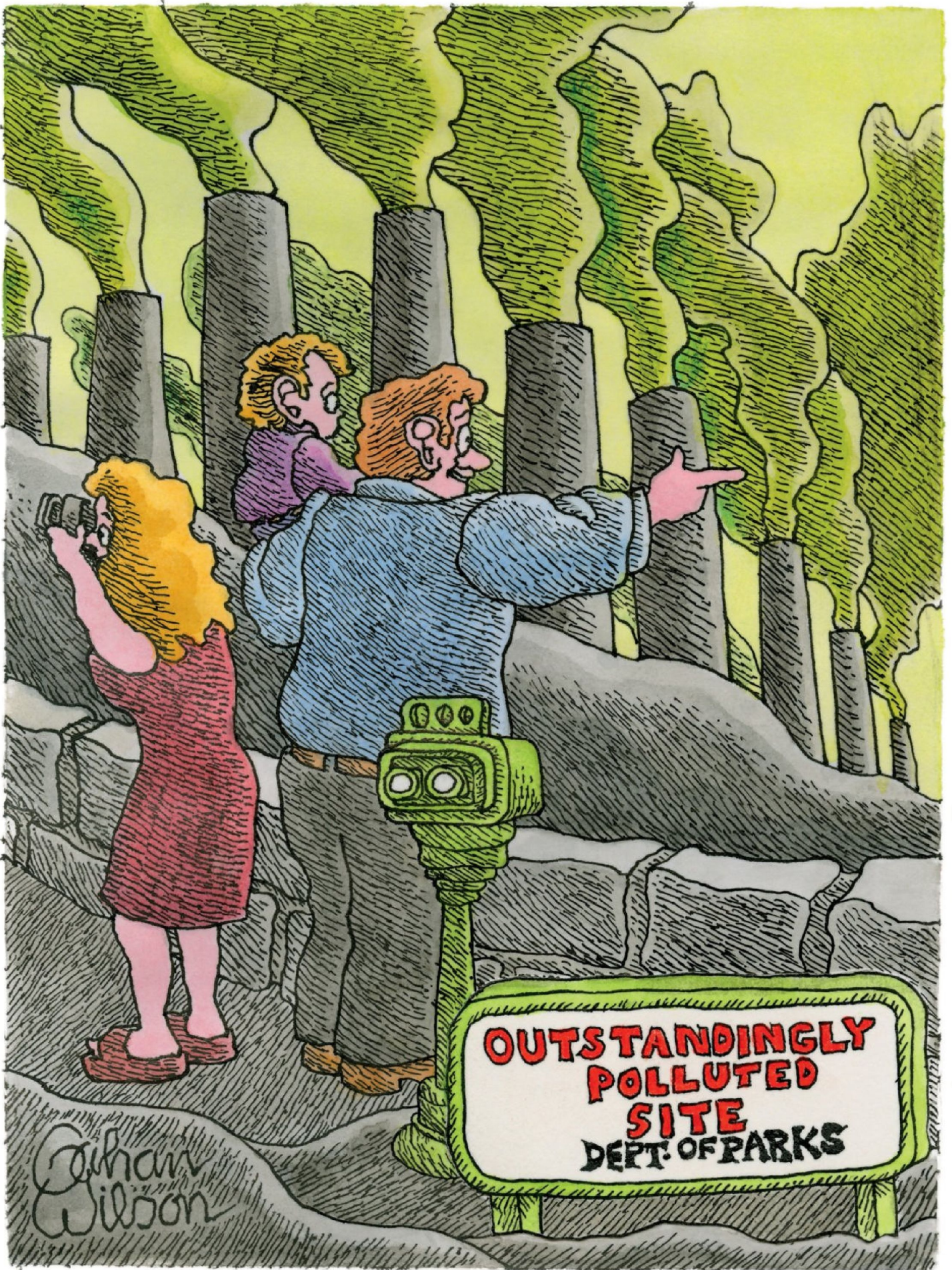
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allow the Iraqis to work it out on their own.

Kagan was hired to do the same thing in Afghanistan. But by 2010, the war there was in its twilight stage as well. The Obama White House, much as the Bush White House had done in Iraq, set frustratingly vague victory conditions coupled with an arbitrary withdrawal date: Afghanistan should suddenly have a functional government, which would then defeat the Taliban, but even if it didn't, U.S. troops were leaving in 2014. Somehow COIN would be the way this happened.

It is no surprise the plan failed in Afghanistan the same way it has failed in Iraq.

But this failure of imagination is not solely Kagan's fault. He is just the most prominent person to have benefited from the toxic relationship that has grown between the pun-



in the Balkans, President Bill Clinton issued Presidential Decision Directive 56, which detailed “key elements” of how the government could manage what it called “complex contingency operations.” Two years later, Marine Corps General Charles Krulak coined the Three Block War concept, whereby soldiers would engage in high-tempo combat, carry out peacekeeping operations and provide humanitarian aid to locals within the space of three city blocks.

Neither Krulak’s vision nor PDD 56 formed an effective framework for how the military could rapidly adapt to a nimble, mostly ad-hoc adversary. The Pentagon can defeat organized armies—it’s good at it, and sometimes it acts as though it misses the days when that was what it did. In modern warfare, though, civilian vehicles can be transformed into bombs, sometimes with civilians still inside them. Soldiers ranked as low as corporal can be forced to make decisions with the power to win or lose an entire war. Local politicians will lie serially to your face while selling your weapons and positions to your enemy. Collapsed civilizations will have to be rebuilt.

By the time of the 9/11 attacks, the Department of Defense didn’t want to think about future Somalias. It wanted a big enemy and became obsessed with China. Fighting China was so sexy few ever thought to plan a response to the growing sophistication of Al Qaeda attacks on U.S. outposts. Bombings, from the Khobar Towers in 1996 to U.S. embassies in Tanzania and Kenya in 1998 to the USS *Cole* in 2000, suggested the most immediate threat to the U.S. wasn’t China but Islamist militants. With no strategic thinking about how to counter them, the U.S. instead relied on lobbing a bunch of cruise missiles into Afghanistan and Sudan in response. (There was never a formal U.S. response to the *Cole* bombing.)

Despite the past decade of war, the Pentagon still struggles to adjust to the reality of asymmetric warfare. It was IEDs, not Chinese stealth jets or Russian state hackers, that created multibillion-dollar agencies that spend billions of dollars on armored trucks and explosives detectors. Technologically unsophisticated insurgents who built \$100 bombs killed thousands of troops and pushed the U.S. into an arms race it could never win. The Pentagon never addressed the reason bombs had become so effective against its troops; it just wanted to build a better truck.

The U.S. still hasn’t figured out how to win its many unconventional conflicts. And it is that uncertainty that causes so much heartburn in Washington. There is no immediately clear course of action when an offshoot of Al Qaeda forces the overnight collapse of a military you’ve spent \$25 billion creating. There is no guidebook for how to respond when that same group floods YouTube and Twitter with ghastly snuff videos, cackling as they behead living prisoners and fill mass graves. Yet that is what happened last summer in northern Iraq.

It seems to be happening elsewhere as well: Groups pledging allegiance to ISIS in Libya have not only seized major cities and decapitated dozens of people, they have been spotted by satellite trying to prepare MiG-25 fighter jets for combat.

Last September the White House called Yemen its model for how to go after the Islamic State in Iraq. Almost as if in response to President Obama’s endorsement, Yemen immediately fell in a coup d’état staged by a Shia minority that has now allied itself with Iran. Saudi Arabia, which has supported radical Islamist groups in Syria, spent the first half of 2015 bombing Yemen to try to dislodge the Shia forces. Few policy makers like to talk about the “model” of Yemen anymore.

But what of other shadow wars? Pakistan has literally blown up in America’s face. The U.S. badly misjudged how Pakistan society and elites would react to a years-long campaign of covert drone strikes in their country. In Libya, the U.S. tried to implement regime change with no follow-up, no occupation troops and little reconstruction aid. It has been an abysmal failure. Beyond the embassy attacks in Benghazi, Islamist militants who pledge their loyalty to Al Qaeda control swaths of the country. A hands-off approach in Syria has not helped either: The country is a nightmare of chaotic violence. Despite some U.S. air strikes in Iraq, the untouched areas of the Islamic State in Syria mean the group is not likely to be defeated anytime soon.

The U.S. has had more luck in fighting its war on terror in Southeast Asia. Both the Philippines and Indonesia have shown that the U.S. can play a positive role with an effective government that takes an active part in its own counterterrorism campaigns.

But most countries are not Indonesia or the Philippines. They are more like Somalia, with a mostly dysfunctional government, underdeveloped institutions, meddling neighbors and a lot of places the U.S. can’t reach very easily. Or they’re like Mali, where a French-led, American-supported campaign kept the southern half of the country free of militants but where the northern reaches are lost to Islamists.

These are the places that will stymie any future policy for countering terror. It seems America can’t really win, at least not the way we normally think of winning: Being balls deep as we are in Iraq doesn’t do it, but being hands-off as we are in Libya doesn’t either. The old model of assuming clear victory comes after battle simply doesn’t apply to the world anymore, and it should have no place in our discourse about war.

Maybe we need a new way of thinking about security challenges, one that isn’t tied to Victorian ideas of defeating an enemy on the battlefield. Maybe achieving victory looks like something else, such as shifting the danger from an acute to a minor threat. Maybe management is a better way of addressing challenges: A country might be a mess, but at least its militants aren’t attacking the homeland. Or maybe ignoring the situation entirely is the way to go.

If the past 14 years of warfare have taught the U.S. anything, it is that we have to pick our battles carefully. We cannot and should not be cavalier about the promises we make, the sacrifices we ask our soldiers to make or the outcomes we expect to happen. And we have to be honest about the threats that confront us and especially about our own capacity to address them.



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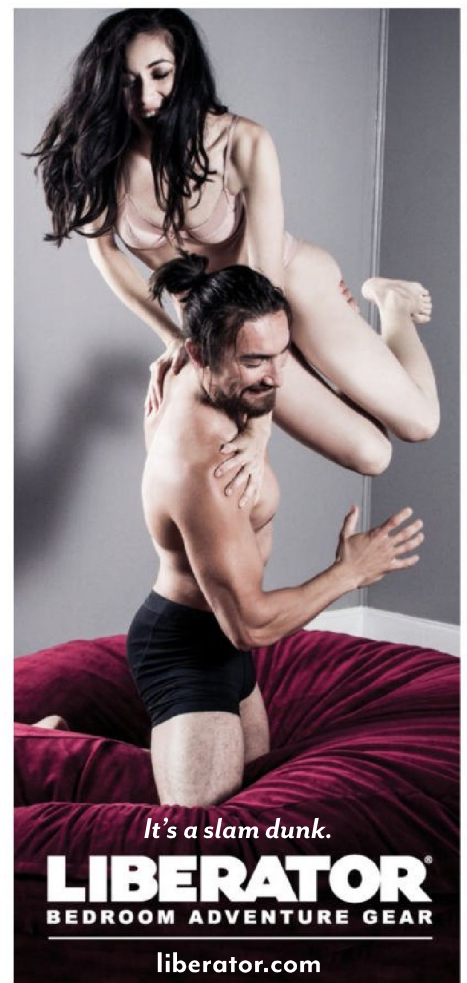
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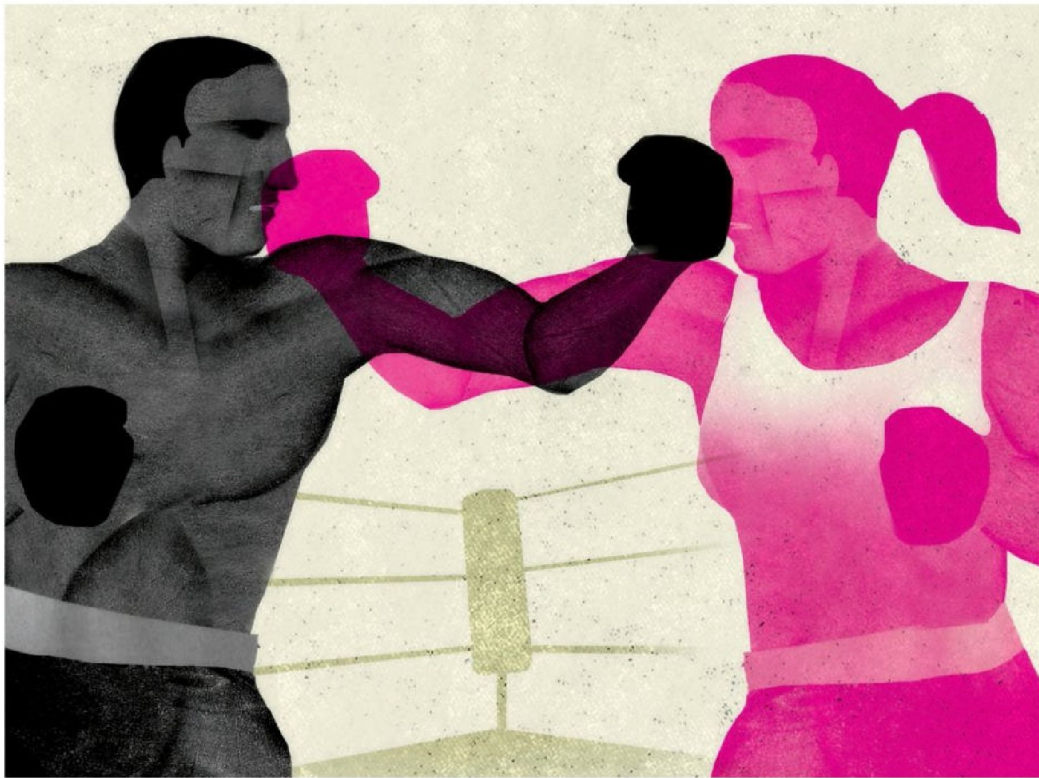
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BRIAN STAUFFER

## GENDER AGAINST THE ROPES

*Fallon Fox fights as a transgender woman. Her detractors don't understand*

**A**

A great sports story tells us about who we are, and who we are in 2015 is Fallon Fox. Fox, a professional women's mixed martial arts fighter since 2012, is five-foot-seven. In the ring, she's brutal, tactical and efficient if not flashy; in a 2013 match against Allanna Jones, Fox delivered a barrage of thigh kicks and straight punches, ultimately winning

with a knee-ride choke-out. Neither woman has half Muhammad Ali's grace, and that's meaningful. Women's MMA allows for bruisers who transgress our expectations of women in the ring and in life. But as MMA's only transgender fighter, Fox prompts an even bigger question: How do we define gender in the first place?

Trans athletes, women specifically, face discrimination that reveals a cultural preoccupation with male superiority rather than "competitive advantage"—how critics phrase their claim that trans women retain the physical advantages they had before transitioning. UFC women's bantamweight

champion Ronda Rousey, widely considered the best women's fighter in the world, is among Fox's loudest detractors. "If you go through puberty as a man, it's not something you can reverse," she told TMZ last year. "There's no undo button on that."

But there is. In 2004, the International Olympic Committee became the first major athletic organization to adopt a policy governing the participation of transgender athletes. The committee concluded that trans women who transition after puberty lose any advantage

after two years on estrogen. USA Track and Field, the Association of Boxing Commissions, the U.K.'s Football Association and the Ladies Profes-

sional Golf Association have announced similar policies.

Discomfort with trans women in sports goes back decades. In 1976 trans tennis player Renée Richards's bid to compete in the U.S. Open was refused based on

the United States Tennis Association's female-at-birth policy. After a controversial New York Supreme Court ruling reversed the decision, Richards demonstrated her distinct lack of advantage by not making it past the first round of the 1977 U.S. Open singles competition—a fact conveniently forgotten by critics.

Critics claimed then that men would transition to compete in women's sports, the likely root of the "advantage" argument. "I don't think anybody becomes a woman for competitive advantage," asserts leading gender-reassignment surgeon Dr. Marci Bowers. "If Mike Tyson became a woman and went into women's boxing, Mike Tyson would look like a round, dumpy woman. That muscle would turn to fat."

The advantage argument is a straw man for a larger cultural anxiety, which is why basic biological facts don't pacify those who refuse to

***"If Mike Tyson went into women's boxing, he'd look like a round, dumpy woman."***

understand the reality of trans bodies in the first place.

"It's like global warming," Fox says. "Scientists know it's happening, but it's not something most people can measure for themselves. They think it's a conspiracy because it's over their heads. It becomes their own personal religion."

You can't watch the Olympics without noticing that physical variation, even within the sexes, is enormous. But in the world of sex-segregated sports, abnormal ability, even in highly conditioned athletes, raises eyebrows.

Take Caster Semenya, the South African who won the 800-meter women's world championship in 2009 and was forced to submit to gender-verification testing after her performance raised suspicion. The International Association of Athletics Federations cleared her to race—but only after

BY  
**THOMAS  
MCBEE**

an 11-month waiting period and negative media attention that seem to have derailed the career of the rising star.

How do we make athletics fair, given that the genetic lottery is part and parcel of athleticism? "It's tough to pick one thing and say it's a competitive advantage," Bowers says. Some born female exhibit the same advantages—greater bone density and height, narrower pelvic structure—

***"Every time a minority tries to enter a sport, they try to use biology to bar them."***

attributed to trans women.

If we want to talk biology, we should discuss Fox's competitive disadvantage. She barely produces testosterone, clocking an average of 12 to 19 nanograms per deciliter of blood. According to the Mayo Clinic, women over 19 produce eight to 60 nanograms on average; men over 19 produce 240 to 950 nanograms. Given testosterone's role in muscle production, Fox's low levels require her to compensate via rigorous training.

"If you have a predominance of estrogens, you should be considered female, and vice versa," Bowers says. "It gets messy if you try to pin it down too much." Seems simple enough. And yet....

What are Rousey and her ilk really talking about when they cite "competitive advantage"? Fox most often hears

► Why don't Fox's critics want her to fight? They don't know science.



accusations involving "bone density," another straw man. "Black women's bones are denser than your average white man's bones," Fox says. "Asians are the least dense of all ethnicities. What does that mean? That black women can't compete against Asian or Caucasian women because their bones are too dense?"

Black athletes have long been subject to the offensive "slave genes" myth, which racists use to suggest that descendants of slaves have a competitive advantage that is unfair to white athletes. "Every time a minority tries to enter a sport, they try to use biology to bar them," Fox says.

The truth is that many people are afraid. History has taught us that when people in power operate in fear, they try to eradicate and hide that which confuses or troubles them.

The world is changing once again. Arguments lobbed against athletes like Fox are a product of a world organized around genders we can identify with our eyes. That categorization turns out to be imprecise. Transgender athletes and the controversies they incite have demonstrated that gender is not verifiable with a pants check or a birth certificate. Some non-transgender women have a Y chromosome. Some men, trans and not, have low testosterone or atypically formed testes. Trans teens are treated with hormone blockers that repress puberty. And there are trans men like me who inject testosterone once a week so our bodies reflect our reality not as we were born but as we are.

The future is now: Laverne Cox is on the cover of *Time* and Caitlyn Jenner on *Vanity Fair*. *Transparent* and *Orange Is the New Black* rule our living rooms. Women such as Fox force a frightened country to reconcile its ideal of liberty with reality, as it has done many times before. Our sports are our stories, our greatest cultural and social narratives in all their messy humanity, from Muhammad Ali to Billie Jean King. They begin, as Fox knows, with visibility.

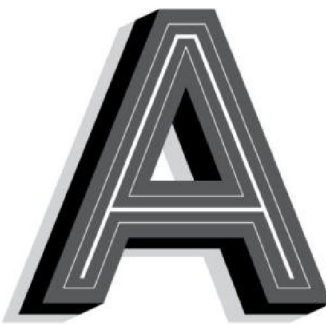
"Competing puts us on the map," she says. "It breaks the silence, and silence is what has kept us down for so long." ■



## WHY JERRY BROWN CAN'T BE PRESIDENT

*America is more progressive than ever. Will ageism be the next prejudice to fall?*

BRIAN STAUFFER



"Ageism is the last acceptable prejudice in America—that and Asian drivers." That's not my line, though I wish it were. It's Bill Maher's, in a rant about how Jerry Brown is the best governor in the U.S. but isn't considered a viable presidential candidate. Why? Because he's 77. "Only in America is age more important than the fact that Jerry Brown took a broken state and fixed it. And he did it in

his 70s," Maher said. "Call Ripley's—he must have taken governing Viagra."

As Maher points out, discriminating on the basis of age is stupid because age is relative. ("Diana Nyad was 64 when she swam from Cuba to Florida. Lindsay Lohan is 28 and can't make it across the room.") And like all prejudices, age discrimination is punitive. It affects everyone, from high school kids who get Botox ("teen toxing!") to the fastest-growing population group—people over 85—who face infantilization, segregation and abuse in their daily lives. But thanks to celebrities such as Maher and Madonna, 2016 may mark the year ageism finally lands on our cultural radar.

"I feel like it's a form of discrimination that still

hasn't been dealt with," the Queen of Pop told *Access Hollywood* earlier this year. "I think it should be as verboten as making racist or homophobic remarks." And she's right. "I can't wait to grow old," Lena Dunham tweeted, "and I can speak to how youth is fetishized/commodified until your age is your sexiest detail. I'm so over it." When 37-year-old Maggie Gyllenhaal recently revealed she was told she was "too old" to play a 55-year-old's lover, the news went viral, a sign of ageism's growing ability to raise hackles.

It's not that aging sets people off-limits, especially celebrities. (Another Maher quip: "Jerry Brown's so old his sex tapes are on Betamax.") It's not that sexism and racism are behind us, even a little. It's that humor is acceptable, while discrimination is not. The discomfort that makes these jokes funny is not evenly distributed. Sexist and racist remarks no longer get a pass in our society, but older people are seen as fair game. Who even blinks when old people are described as confused or repulsive?

Why should we care? Self-interest, for starters. Ageism is discrimination against a group to which we all aspire to belong. But bias is often unconscious, and rationality has little to do with it. Age doesn't make people ugly or wise or boring; bias does. When it comes to age, stereotypes are inherently false, because the longer we live the more different from one another we become. When stereotypes go unchallenged, they become part of our identity—internalized

ageism. A form of self-loathing, it damages our sense of our selves, filling us with needless dread.

It's needless because most of our assumptions about aging are off base. Late life is infinitely more pleasurable than we imagine. Older people shop for things besides prescription drugs! They have sex! The overwhelming majority of older people lead independent lives, and the older they are, the less they fear dying. Study after study shows people to be happiest at the beginning and end of their lives (see "Grading on a Curve," below).

People who know this behave differently from those convinced that growing old means becoming pitiable or invisible. They take better care of themselves, do better on memory tests, walk faster and are more likely to recover from severe disability. And they live longer—an average of seven and a half years longer. Think what overturning ageist stereotypes would do to extend not just our life span but our "health span."

We're all worried about some aspect of growing old, whether running out of money, getting sick or ending up alone. Those fears are legitimate and real. But it never dawns on most of us that old age—or middle age or even just aging past youth—can be better or worse depending on the culture in which it takes place. And ours is grotesquely youth-centric.

Change begins when we acknowledge and let go of the prejudices that have

been drummed into us since childhood by popular culture. *Wrinkles are ugly. Old people are incompetent. It's sad to be old.* Absorbing them is effortless; banishing them is harder. Unlearning is diffi-



***"Only in America is age more important than the fact that Jerry Brown took a broken state and fixed it. And he did it in his 70s. Call Ripley's—he must have taken governing Viagra."***

—Bill Maher

cult, especially when it comes to values, but we must watch for ways in which we're ageist instead of merely looking for evidence that we're not.

Wonder whether something you see or hear is ageist? See if a similar comment on the basis of race or sex would trigger an alarm. Take the reasoning that always crops up around health care rationing, for example: Why should

we spend money on older people instead of on kids? Now imagine saying that we can afford to care for only straight people or only white people. Why should allocating resources by age be any more acceptable? How about our definition of diversity? We know it means including people of different races, genders, abilities and sexual orientations—why isn't age a criterion?

Don't let comments that wouldn't fly on the basis of race or sex pass just because they're about age. When we speak up about such inequalities, change ripples outward. If marriage equality is here to stay, why not age equality? If gay pride has gone mainstream and millions of Americans now proudly identify as disabled, why not age pride? The only reason that phrase sounds outlandish is because this is the first time many have encountered it. It won't be the last.

Aging is difficult, but the passage of time confers very real benefits. Older people exhibit better judgment, become more emotionally adept and often grow more creative. No one reaches 80 without encountering adversity and loss, but life remains very much worth living. By blinding us to those benefits and heightening our fears, ageism makes growing older in America harder than it has to be. Most of what we know about aging is wrong—and staying in the dark serves commercial and political interests that don't serve ours.

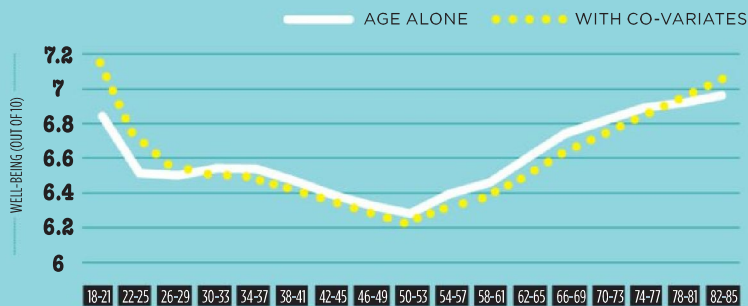
In the 20th century the civil rights and women's movements woke us up to entrenched systems of racism and sexism around us. More recently, the gay rights movement has made great strides against homophobia. It's high time to mobilize against age-based discrimination and stereotyping. Otherwise, ageism will pit us against one another. It will rob society of a vast amount of knowledge and experience. And it will poison our futures by framing longer, healthier lives as problems instead of the remarkable achievements they represent. ■

BY  
ASHTON  
APPLEWHITE

## GRADING ON A CURVE

### MIDLIFE WASTELAND

It really does get better: Analysis of 355,000 Gallup interviews by Arthur Stone, a Stony Brook University psychology professor, found Americans' well-being bottoms out around 50. Adjusting for children, sex, employment and relationship status—the dotted yellow line—changes little.



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Sell GREAT QUALITY Tools  
at the LOWEST Prices?

We have invested millions of dollars in our own state-of-the-art quality test labs and millions more in our factories, so our tools will go toe-to-toe with the top professional brands. And we can sell them for a fraction of the price because we cut out the middle man and pass the savings on to you. It's just that simple! Come visit one of our 600 Stores Nationwide.

**SCISSOR SUPER COUPON**

# 20% OFF

ANY SINGLE ITEM

LIMIT 1 - Save 20% on any one item purchased at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount, coupon, gift cards, Inside Track Club membership, extended service plans or on any of the following: compressors, generators, tool storage or carts, welders, floor jacks, towable ride-on, trencher, Saw Mill (Item #1712/85266/67138), Predator Gas Power Tools, open box items, in-store event or parking lot sale items. Not valid on prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase date with original receipt. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/18/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.



**SCISSOR SUPER COUPON**

# FREE

WITH ANY PURCHASE  
PITTSBURGH

## 1" X 25 FT. TAPE MEASURE

LOT 69080 shown  
69030/69031

**\$6.99**  
VALUE

LIMIT 1 - Cannot be used with other discount, coupon or prior purchase. Coupon good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Offer good while supplies last. Shipping & Handling charges may apply if not picked up in-store. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/18/15. Limit one FREE GIFT coupon per customer per day.



**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE \$50**

**\$79.99**  
~~\$99.99~~ REG. PRICE \$129.99

**PACIFIC HYDROSTAR 1650 PSI PRESSURE WASHER**  
LOT 69488  
• 1.3 GPM

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**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE 40%**

**\$8.99**  
~~\$14.99~~ REG. PRICE \$14.99

**MOVER'S DOLLY**  
HaulMaster  
LOT 60497/93888 shown  
61899/62399

• 1000 lb. Capacity

LIMIT 9 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/18/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE \$60**

**\$59.99**  
~~\$119.99~~ REG. PRICE \$119.99

**RAPID PUMP® 1.5 TON ALUMINUM RACING JACK**  
PITTSBURGH APPROXIMATE

• 3-1/2 Pumps Lifts  
• Most Vehicles  
• Weighs 27 lbs.

LOT 69252  
60569/62160  
62496/62516  
68053 shown

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**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE \$100**

**\$49.99**  
~~\$149.99~~ REG. PRICE \$149.99

**2500 LB. ELECTRIC WINCH WITH WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL**  
BADLAND  
NEW

LOT 61258 shown  
61840/61297/68146

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• 600 Stores Nationwide  
• HarborFreight.com 800-423-2567

**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE \$70**

**\$149.99**  
~~\$219.99~~ REG. PRICE \$219.99

**2.5 HP, 21 GALLON 125 PSI VERTICAL AIR COMPRESSOR**  
CENTRALPNEUMATIC  
LOT 67847 shown  
61454/61693/62803

LIMIT 4 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/18/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE 46%**

**\$31.99**  
~~\$59.99~~ REG. PRICE \$59.99

**60 LED SOLAR SECURITY LIGHT**  
Bunker Hill Security  
LOT 62534/69643 shown

Includes 6V, 900 mAh NiCd battery pack.

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**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE \$30**

**\$369.99**  
~~\$399.99~~ REG. PRICE \$699.99

**44" 13 DRAWER INDUSTRIAL QUALITY ROLLER CABINET**  
LOT 62744/69387/62270/62591/68784 shown

• Weighs 245 lbs. US • GENERAL TOOL

LIMIT 5 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/18/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE 50%**

**\$19.99**  
~~\$39.99~~ REG. PRICE \$39.99

**TWO TIER COLLAPSIBLE EASY-STORE STEP LADDER**  
LOT 67514

• 225 lb. Capacity

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• 100% Satisfaction Guaranteed  
• Over 25 Million Satisfied Customers

**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**NEW SAVE 58%**

**\$329**  
~~\$799~~ REG. PRICE \$799

**EMERGENCY 39 LED TRIANGLE WORKLIGHT**  
LOT 62158 shown  
62417/62574

Batteries included.

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**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**NEW SAVE \$165**

**\$134.99**  
~~\$299.99~~ REG. PRICE \$299.99

**12" SLIDING COMPOUND DOUBLE-BEVEL MITER SAW WITH LASER GUIDE**  
LOT 61776/61969/61970/69684 shown  
CHICAGO ELECTRIC POWER TOOLS

LIMIT 3 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/18/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**SAVE 62%**

**\$5.99**  
~~\$15.99~~ REG. PRICE \$15.99

**9 PIECE FULLY POLISHED COMBINATION WRENCH SETS**  
PITTSBURGH

SAE LOT 69043  
42304 shown

METRIC LOT 69044  
42305

YOUR CHOICE!

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**WOW SUPER COUPON**

**NEW SAVE \$80**

**\$99.99**  
~~\$179.99~~ REG. PRICE \$179.99

**900 PEAK/700 RUNNING WATTS 2 HP (63 CC) 2 CYCLE GAS RECREATIONAL GENERATOR**  
LOT 66619/60338  
62472/69381 shown

LIMIT 4 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 12/18/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

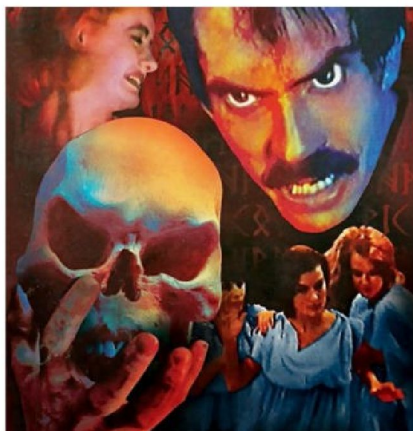
• No Hassle Return Policy  
• Lifetime Warranty On All Hand Tools



COME ON, GOING BACK TO SCHOOL ISN'T REALLY THAT BAD.



JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT WALKS A FINE LINE.



THE LEGACY OF 1966'S ABSURDLY AWFUL MANOS.

## NEXT MONTH



THE NOT-SO-MODERN FAMILY MAN JEFF GARLIN.

**MEET AMERICA'S SWEETHEARTS**—AFTER SCOURING CAMPUSES THROUGHOUT OUR COUNTRY'S HEARTLAND, WE PRESENT THIS YEAR'S STUNNING CLASS OF COEDS, PLUCKED FROM THE BIG 12 CONFERENCE. NO DOUBT THEIR FERVENT SCHOOL SPIRIT WILL HAVE YOU RAH-RAHING ALL SEMESTER LONG.

**NO AVERAGE JOE**—WITH THREE BIG-STUDIO FILMS HITTING THEATERS IN AS MANY MONTHS—INCLUDING OCTOBER'S 3-D IMAX SPECTACLE *THE WALK*—**JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT** IS PROVING TO BE ONE OF TODAY'S MOST RESILIENT AND VERSATILE ACTORS. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*, THE FORMER CHILD STAR TURNED HOLLYWOOD HEAVYWEIGHT TALKS TO **DAVID HOCHMAN** ABOUT THE DIMINISHING RETURNS OF CELEBRITY, SMOKING POT WITH HIS *SNOWDEN* DIRECTOR, OLIVER STONE, AND THE BEEF HE HAS WITH GOOGLE AND FACEBOOK.

**THE PERFECT WEAPON**—AS TECHNOLOGY CROSSES OVER INTO THE WEAPONS INDUSTRY, NEW "SMART" GUNS ARE FLOODING THE MARKET. IMAGINE, FOR EXAMPLE, A GUN THAT CAN IDENTIFY ITS OWNER AND ALLOW ONLY HIM TO PULL THE TRIGGER. BUT THE NEXUS OF HIGH TECH AND HARDWARE IS ALSO RAISING QUESTIONS—SCARY QUESTIONS. HOW LONG BEFORE CRIMINALS CAN MANUFACTURE THEIR OWN FIREARMS IN A GARAGE USING 3-D PRINTERS? **WILLIAM WHEELER** EXAMINES THE UNCHARTED LANDSCAPE OF A NEW ARMS RACE.

**JEFF GARLIN**—THE PATRIARCH OF *THE GOLDBERGS* DIGS DEEP IN 20Q, SPEAKING OFF THE CUFF TO **TAFFY BRODESSER-AKNER** ABOUT BATTLING DEPRESSION, THE POLITICAL CORRECTNESS OF RACE JOKES AND LIVING WITH ADD. HE ALSO TACKLES LIGHTER FARE, SUCH AS THE POSSIBILITY OF A *CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM* REUNION. GOOD NEWS: THE ODDS ARE IN OUR FAVOR.

**MR. FIX-IT—DR. JAMES ANDREWS** IS REGARDED AS THE MOST IMPORTANT SPORTS SURGEON IN THE WORLD. HIS PATIENT ROSTER HAS INCLUDED EVERYONE FROM ROGER CLEMENS AND JACK NICKLAUS TO PEYTON MANNING AND CC SABATHIA. HIS NEED TO FIX PEOPLE IS OBSESSIVE. HOW DID A MAN BORN IN SMALL-TOWN LOUISIANA TO THE OWNER OF A DRY-CLEANING BUSINESS BECOME A MEDICAL SUPERSTAR? **NEAL GABLER** PROFILES THE MAN HIRED TO HEAL OUR GREATEST ATHLETES.

**PLAYBOY'S TOP PARTY SCHOOLS**—WE FRATERNIZED WITH THE FRATS, PLAYED WAY TOO MANY GAMES OF BEER PONG AND POLLED STUDENTS ACROSS THE LAND TO RANK THE NATION'S TOP INSTITUTIONS OF LITTLE LEARNING IN OUR ANNUAL LIST.

**PLUS—JAKE ROSSEN** ON THE ENDURING FASCINATION WITH *MANOS: THE HANDS OF FATE* (A.K.A. THE WORST MOVIE EVER MADE), WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT *SLEEPY HOLLOW*'S **NICOLE BEHARIE**, THE DIVINE *MISS OCTOBER* AND MORE.





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# RISE (FROM YOUR GRAVE) AND SHINE!

J. Anthony Kosar's  
"Dead of Night" Lamp

- Award-winning Sculptor, Illustrator and FX Artist J. Anthony Kosar designed the zombie lamp base
- Lamp base sculpture is hand-sculpted and hand-painted in every ghastly detail
- The 10" wide cloth lamp shade with moon and tree branches adds eerie ambiance
- Perfectly sized at about 16 inches high for versatile display options
- Includes on/off switch, long-lasting CFL bulb and Certificate of Authenticity



NOT SOLD  
IN STORES!

Stands  
16" High

FREE CFL bulb  
included.  
Shown much  
smaller than its  
impressive actual  
size of 16 in. H.  
Operates with an  
on/off switch.

[www.delphicollectibles.com/zombie](http://www.delphicollectibles.com/zombie)

RESERVATION APPLIC



SEND NO MONEY NOW

9345 Milwaukee Avenue · Niles, IL 60714-1393

**YES.** Please reserve the *Dead of Night Lamp* for me as described in this announcement.  
Limit: one per customer.

Please Respond Promptly

Mrs. Mr. Ms. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# SHAMBLE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON!

In the dark of night they rise, in the moonlight they walk, the dead emerging from their graves... ever seeking what they crave... to meet YOU!

Featuring an all-new, original design by famed FX designer and artist J. Anthony Kosar, the "Dead of Night" Lamp is a hand-sculpted treasure of intricate detail and macabre personality. From the twisted bark on the skeletal tree to the expressive faces of the waking zombies, each element works together to create undeniable atmosphere. Meticulous hand-painting brings the sculpture to ghoulish life.

The all-fabric shade continues the design, displaying the branches of the twisted tree reaching into the night sky and a silvery full moon that glows with eerie brilliance when this UL- approved lamp is turned on.



Dynamic sculpture is designed by famed FX artist J. Anthony Kosar

## YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED!

The "Dead of Night" Lamp is a fantastic value at four convenient installments of \$33.75, for a total of \$135.00. There's no risk in ordering because it comes with an unconditional, money-back guarantee that lasts a full year. The edition is limited to just 295 casting days, so don't wait! Send no money now. Return the Reservation Form right away for the low limited edition numbers collectors crave!

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

[www.delphicollectibles.com/zombie](http://www.delphicollectibles.com/zombie)



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Hand-sculpted and hand-painted for detail

# "Michael: Triumphant Warrior"

Masterpiece Bronze Sculpture



A hand-numbered  
**LIMITED  
EDITION**

The glorious battle  
appears in Michael's  
outstretched wings!

Shown much smaller  
than actual size of  
about 10 inches high

All images copyright 2013 by  
Howard David Johnson.  
All Rights Reserved Worldwide

[www.bradfordexchange.com/michael](http://www.bradfordexchange.com/michael)

© 2013 BGE 01-16771-001-JIS

**RESERVATION APPLICATION SEND NO MONEY NOW**

THE  
**BRADFORD EXCHANGE**  
-COLLECTIBLES-

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**YES.** Please reserve the "Michael: Triumphant  
Warrior" Bronze Sculpture for me as described in  
this announcement.  
*Limit: one per order. Please Respond Promptly*

\*Plus \$10.99 shipping and service. Limited-edition presenta-  
tion restricted to 295 casting days. Please allow 4-8 weeks

Mrs. Mr. Ms.

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address

City

State

Zip

**01-16771-001-E30291**



# Mighty Angels Captured in Classic Art

Inspired by Renaissance bronze statuary, this fully-sculpted masterpiece depicts the valiant Archangel Michael after his defeat of the mighty dragon in the book of Revelation. His outstretched wings are adorned with the brilliant work of celebrated artist Howard David Johnson depicting the great battle.

- Hand-cast in cold-cast bronze and hand-painted with metallic highlights
- Dramatic artwork by the acclaimed Howard David Johnson in his sculpture debut!
- Handsome mahogany-finished base with golden title plaque

**Exceptional value;  
satisfaction guaranteed**

Strong demand is expected for this exclusive cold-cast bronze sculpture adorned with the vivid, classically-inspired artwork of Howard David Johnson. Act now to acquire yours at the \$69.99\* issue price, payable in three installments of \$23.33 each, the first due before shipment. Your purchase is fully backed by our unconditional, 365-day money-back guarantee. Don't risk disappointment. Send no money now. Just mail the Reservation Application today!

[www.bradfordexchange.com/michael](http://www.bradfordexchange.com/michael)



Howard David Johnson's Renaissance-inspired artwork adorns the Archangel's wings



Hand-cast in cold-cast bronze and hand-painted with metallic highlights



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# MY DEAR SON, MAY GOD ALWAYS PROTECT YOU AND GIVE YOU STRENGTH



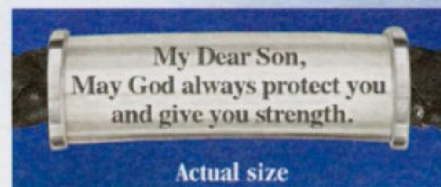
## “PROTECTION AND STRENGTH FOR MY SON” BRACELET

Diamond-shaped cross  
is set with a genuine  
black sapphire

Hand-crafted in  
braided genuine leather  
and solid stainless steel

Finely engraved on the  
reverse side with:  
*My Dear Son,  
May God always protect  
you and give you strength.*

Over, please...



A FINE JEWELRY EXCLUSIVE FROM THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE

### LIMITED-TIME OFFER

Reservations will be accepted on a  
**first-come, first-served basis**  
Respond as soon as possible to reserve  
your "Protection and Strength for  
My Son" Bracelet.



RESERVATION APPLICATION      SEND NO MONEY NOW



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**YES.** Please reserve the "Protection and Strength for My Son"  
Bracelet for me as described in this announcement, in the quantity  
checked below.

1 Bracelet     2 Bracelets     3 Bracelets     4 Bracelets

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. Mr. Ms. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

www.bradfordexchange.com/16991

\*Plus \$8.98 shipping and service.  
Please allow 4-6 weeks after initial  
payment for shipment of your jewelry.

# LET YOUR SON KNOW HOW MUCH HE IS LOVED WITH A DISTINCTIVE EXPRESSION OF FAITH

Your son is the source of countless moments of joy and pride. And with the love of family and the guiding presence of faith, you know he will continue to grow strong. Now, your son can carry a powerful reminder that God is always there to protect and provide strength, with a distinctive new jewelry exclusive.



Each hand-crafted bracelet arrives in a velvet jewelry pouch and box... ideal for gift giving



Open



Closed

Unique stainless steel **MAGNETIC** clasp makes it easy to open and close the bracelet

## Genuine Leather, Solid Stainless Steel and Genuine Black Sapphire

A meaningful expression of faith and your love, the "Protection and Strength for My Son" Bracelet is superbly crafted in an original jewelry design. It features a handsome braided genuine leather bracelet. At the center, a cylinder in durable solid stainless steel reveals a diamond-shaped cross set with a rare genuine black sapphire. The reverse side of the cylinder is finely engraved with the uplifting sentiment, "My Dear Son, May God always protect you and give you strength." Sized at 8½" to fit most wrists, it has a unique stainless steel magnetic clasp, making the bracelet easy to put on or take off.

The "Protection and Strength for My Son" Bracelet makes the perfect gift to celebrate an important occasion or just because. You won't find this custom jewelry exclusive in stores and it's only available for a limited time.

## Exquisite Craftsmanship... Exceptional Value

This custom-crafted bracelet is a remarkable value at \$79\*, payable in 4 convenient installments of just \$19.75, and is backed by our unconditional 120-day guarantee. It arrives in a velvet jewelry pouch and gift box along with a Certificate of Authenticity. To reserve yours, send no money now; just mail the Priority Reservation. This limited-time offer is only available from The Bradford Exchange. So don't delay... order today!



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## Our Unconditional Guarantee

Because we believe in the exceptional quality of our jewelry, we back it with an unconditional, 120-day, money-back guarantee.

### Simply Stated:

*If for any reason within 120 days of receipt of your jewelry, you wish to return it, we will refund the full purchase price—including tax, shipping, and service or replace it, no questions asked.*

FROM THE PRODUCERS OF THE  
TAKEN TRILOGY

# THE TRANSPORTER REFUELED

EUROPACORP PRESENTS

A CO-PRODUCTION EUROPACORP - TF1 FILMS PRODUCTION - FUNDAMENTAL FILMS - BELGA FILMS

WITH THE PARTICIPATION OF CANAL+, OCS, TF1 AND TMC "THE TRANSPORTER REFUELED"

ED SKREIN RAY STEVENSON LDAN CHABANDI GABRIELLA WRIGHT TATIANA PAJKOVIC WENXIA YU

RASHA BUKVIC LENN KUORJAVIZKI ANATOLE TAUBMAN NOEMIE LENOIR

CASTING BY LUCINDA SYSON C.O.G. NATHALIE CHERON A.R.D.A. COSTUME DESIGNER ALEXANDRE AZARIA

PRODUCTION DESIGNER CHRISTOPHE COLLETTE EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CHARLOTTE MAZZINGHI PRODUCED BY HUGUES TISSANDIER

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CLAUDE LACAZE PRODUCED BY STEPHANE MORENO CARPIO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JULIEN REY PRODUCED BY THOMAS LASCAR

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ALEXANDRE HERNANDEZ NICOLAS BOURGEOIS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DIDIER LOZAHIC PRODUCED BY FANNY BESSON

PRODUCED BY CAMILLE COURAUD PRODUCED BY J.C. CHENG AND GREGORY OLANNON EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MARK GAO

PRODUCED BY LUC BESSON BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY LUC BESSON & ROBERT MARK KAMEN

WRITTEN BY ADAM COOPER & BILL COLLAGE & LUC BESSON DIRECTED BY CAMILLE DELAMARRE



IN THEATERS AND IMAX  
SEPTEMBER 4

#THETRANSPORTER