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# PLAYBOY

MAY 2012 RSA

MAY 2012 RSA

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BRAIN  
& SEX**

THE INTERVIEW  
**MAD MEN'S  
JON HAMM**

**20Q  
AMBER  
HEARD**

HAPPY MAN-SPACE  
THE RUM DIARY  
SMOKIN' JOE FRAZIER  
LAMBORGHINI AVENTADOR  
THE RETURN OF VINYL  
EXTREME CHOPPERS  
HARLEY & VESPA

TRIBUTE  
**HUNTER S  
THOMPSON**  
AUTHOR OF  
THE RUM DIARY

STYLING WITH  
**BRUNO  
MARS**  
CAPE TOWN JUST GOT HOTTER  
**LEE-ANN  
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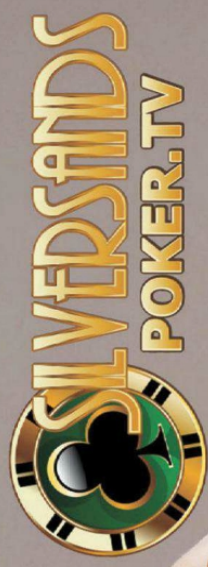
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## THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS

### PLAYBILL

"Just give the people what they want. Just give the people what they are asking for. If a customer wants it, get it on the shelves." How many different ways are there to rephrase the words of 7-11 founder, the late George Hadjidakis? His retail group lives by this no-nonsense attitude and you can now find PLAYBOY in their stores. We revere this type of unconventional approach in contrast to the hypocritical society our readers have to navigate with us.

No different Hunter S Thompson. Gonzo writer and frequent PLAYBOY contributor, he had his ashes blasted from a cannon. Thompson's novel "The Rum Diary," adapted as a film, hits local big screens this month, starring Johnny Depp and Amber Heard, in a typical Thompson storyline that reveals the buying-adrenaline-in-the-bungee-jump-queue for all its predictability. Cheap rush, no risk, compared to the Thompson antics in fiction and in real life. Amber answers our 20 Questions this month, while we bring you Thompson's view on life, the universe and everything to get you inside a mind that found a cool way to live in this world. Read about rum, one of the demons that drove them through Puerto Rico, in our Taste section. And just to the other side of the US coastline, Bruno Mars does a PLAYBOY fashion shoot set in Hawaii. Different era, different style, same confidence.

Our cover is graced by local model Lee-Ann Roberts, enjoying a day out on a Princess yacht along the coast of Cape Town. And we introduce our next girl-next-door, May Playmate Aamirah Jano, who joins our

**Amber Heard answers our 20 Questions this month, while we bring you Thompson's view on life, the universe and everything to get you inside a mind that found a cool way to live in this world.**

growing family of popular local Playmates. Make sure to join us on Facebook at PLAYBOY South Africa to keep up with all their activities.

For music lovers, read about the cutting edge in vinyl turntables from our renowned audiophile, Ken Kessler, in-house reviews of some great new releases and a short interview with home-grown DJ Dino Moran. And from the keyboard of Tim Houghton flows a look at extreme chopper lifestyles – dropping troops in warzones, doing evacuations, saving wildlife or fighting fires. Get yourself a chopper license now. Egmont Sippel also plays alpha male in the new Lamborghini Aventador LP700-4. Plenty of other good stuff too. Alpha males really do have all the fun.

The bunny rules. Look out for a PLAYBOY event near to you (or far from you, what the hell) and come meet our Playmates and Bunnies. It's OK to Play. No, really, Tant Sannie, it's OK.



PLÉ GUEVARA



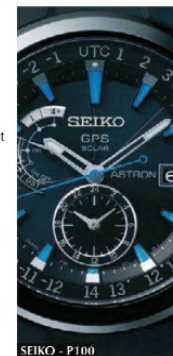
HARLEY vs VESPA - P28



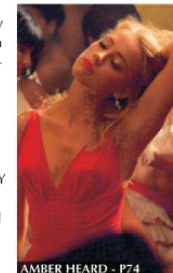
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\*AUTOBRANDS Survey 2011, Car Mag Feb 2012

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Actor John Hamm is Don Draper in the TV hit series *Mad Men*. He arrived in Hollywood with \$150 in his pocket, some family with whom he could crash, and a dream. In this **PLAYBOY** Interview, he explains how five seasons of *Mad Men* later, he will never look back. [Page 54]

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**Churchill, Twain, Liszt, Hemingway and many a man who has made his mark in this world shared the same vice – the enjoyment of a good cigar. [Page 94]**

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# [PLAYBOY Presents] WOMEN OF POLAND

Why would a Pope, the US Playmate of the Year and an Oscar-winning director all walk into a bar in Poland? Because they are Polish. Get it? If you love ensnaring Eastern Europeans, the women of PLAYBOY Poland are no laughing matter. It is only logical that the forefather of the musical romanticism era, composer Frédéric Chopin, was Polish. This classical Casanova may have spent his days in Paris, but his heart remained with the porcelain-skinned beauties of his homeland. Women with eyes bluer than the ice over Warsaw in the dead of winter provide no shortage of inspiration. Polish astronomer Nicolas Copernicus discovered that the earth revolved around the sun, but these women will have your head spinning around *their* radiant beauty. Or perhaps it's just the Belvedere talking. Or maybe a little bit of both. **▼**

by blake michael

SYLWIA ROMANIUK by Wojtek Bakiewicz



MONIKA PIETRASINSKA by Marzena Bukowska-Filuk



KATARZYNA SZAFRON by Mikael Robertson

MONIKA KALISZ by Tomek Tomkowiak



MONIKA NAPIERAJ by bartosz wardziak



MAGDALENA PSIUK by Tomek Drzewinski



ZANETA NIZNIKOWSKA by Lukasz Pecak



MAGDA KROLIKOWSKA by Wojtek Bakiewicz



IZA SALA by Szymon Brodzik



IZA MIKA by Wojtek Bakiewicz



AGNIESZKA SZCZEPANIAK by Tomek Tomkowiak



360°

## [EVENTS]



**ABOVE & LEFT: PLAYBOY** South Africa's first anniversary party @ Blakes Bar, Cape Town.



**SUNFLOWER FUND CHARITY GOLF DAY**  
**ABOVE:** April Playmates, Tatum & Tanisha Jenzen signing magazines and promoting Axe.

**BELOW:** 2012 Playmates, the Jenzen Twins (April), Yolandi Wiggert (Feb), Imogene Meyer (Jan), Bunny and Kate Lovemore (March).



## [GIVEAWAYS]



**iHome**  
[on page 261]

**Mass Effect 3 from EA**  
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[on page 341]



**Pink Pigeon Hamper** [on page 341]



**Philips AquaTouch Shaver**  
[on page 1171]



One lucky reader will win a stunning wet/dry AquaTouch electric shaver from Philips. Value R699. Tell us why you'd rather shave wet or rather shave dry, and email your name and cell number to [shave@playboy.co.za](mailto:shave@playboy.co.za). Competition closes 31 May 2012.



**The Orphan Master's Son**  
By Adam Johnson  
[on page 1041]



MOST TALKED-ABOUT MEN'S MAGAZINE

- Past 28 days viral reach: 778,463
- New LIKES past month: 5,859
- Total PLAYBOY SA LIKES: 27,794



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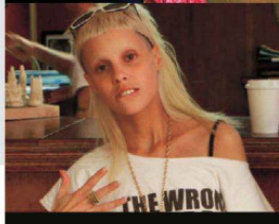


# ZOOPING & SNOOPING

## DIE ANTWOORD GAGA FANS IN TWITTER ROW

Zef rappers, Die Antwoord claim they turned down an opportunity to tour with Lady Gaga and her Twitter followers weren't happy. It's still unclear who they would want to tour with, but we hear Celine Dion is available.

<http://zoopy.com/q/8751>



## UK TOURIST JAILED AFTER SA POLICE MISTAKE BATH SALTS FOR TIK

Police jailed a London tourist in Pollsmoor prison, after they mistook his 9.5kgs of bath salts for Tik. If we had 9.5 kgs of bath salts, we would have just pretended it was Tik.



Video: ZAR UK Tourist Jailed after SA Police Mistake Bath Salts for Tik  
<http://zoopy.com/q/8847>



## CHARLIZE THERON ADOPTS A BABY BOY

The Benoni beauty adopted her first child, an African American boy, named Jackson. Congratulations Charlize, especially for getting to him before Angelina Jolie.



## ISIDINGO STAR IN ABORTION ROW

Meshack Mavuso, who plays Vusi Isidingo was caught cheating on his wife with another woman, impregnating her and trying to pay her off to get an abortion. Oh how the plot sickens!

<http://zoopy.com/q/8796>



## FUNDRAISER FUN



Miss January 2012, Playmate Imogene Meyer was out recently at a Charity Potjiekos fundraiser in aid of Sarah McCabe, and found herself in the company of another thoroughbred, a race-spec Ducati MotoGP Replica. One of only 1,500 in existence, and the toy of justifiably proud owner Paulo Lopez, it features carbon rims and fairings, multiple engine maps and a full custom paint job commemorating Casey Stoner's Championship win.



## MISS FEB BUSTED!

Playmate Yolandi Wiggett, whose February 2012 pictorial showed her bedecked in chocolate – sauce, bon bons and other delights – seems to be taking the theme to another level, having recently had a cast of her bust crafted from the sweet stuff for a charity auction to support a breast cancer research foundation supported by PLAYBOY. Apparently the mould took about 4 hours to make and almost took her breath away, but Yolandi came through with a smile; "I love trying new things!" she said.



## AMOR VITTONI COLLAPSES

Joost van der Westhuizen's wife, Amor Vittone, collapsed on a flight from Jo'burg to Cape Town due to a panic attack. The upside is, now she can sell another story to Huisgenoot.

## RACING FIT

It was off to the races recently, when Playmates Yolandi Malherbe (Miss July 2011) and Tshogo Seakgoe (Miss May 2011) were invited down to the Killamey racing complex by the Biken Honda team, for the most recent round of the Wesbank SuperSeries. The racing was close with plenty of barging and scuffling out on the track; this was also the case in the pits, where the Playmates signed copies of their issues, and posed for pictures with fans old and new.





## The Weighty Problem of Obesity

OUT TO LUNCH v2.0  
WITH DAVID BULLARD

I've just learnt from Sky TV that a new study in the UK reveals that two rashers of bacon for breakfast every morning increases your chances of getting cancer by 19 percent. In fairness, the morning bacon rasher featured prominently in the news report because it was thought it would resonate with viewers, but the study applied to all processed meats. They all increase your chance of getting cancer apparently.

You probably won't be surprised to learn that this hasn't changed my breakfast eating habits one iota. I don't eat a fry up every morning but there are days when four rashers of nice fatty back bacon, a couple of sausages, two eggs, tomatoes and mushrooms all washed down with some strong tea are exactly what the body cries out for. Not forgetting that great British culinary masterpiece... a fried slice of bread, crisp and just oozing carcinogens.

In my almost 60 years on the planet two things have remained constant. The first is the search for a solution to the Middle East problem. My own thoughts on the matter are that there is no solution and if there were, then an awful lot of people in the Middle East would wake up in the morning with absolutely nothing to do all day. The second is that most of the things they sell in food supermarkets can kill you. The general rule is: the better it tastes, the more chance you have of dying. The only problem is that what was thought to have been insanely dangerous 20 years ago is now acknowledged to be healthy in reasonable quantities. For example, when I was at school, government propaganda (via the Egg Marketing Board) encouraged

us to go to work on an egg. Then eggs became suspect and a potential cause of something or other, and it was suggested that a maximum of three a week should be consumed. Much the same has happened over the years with butter, margarine, cooking oil, pork, wheat products and virtually everything except lentils. Lentils have yet to produce a major health scare. Although no scientific proof currently exists, I am prepared to bet that food health scares increase your chance of getting cancer by 22 percent.

The correct reaction to all of this is to say "phooey" and defy death by eating as much

Once you start treating fatties as victims you may as well give up. They'll constantly be badgering for state-sponsored choccie bars to feed their habit and demanding extra wide seating on the Gautrain.

of the "dangerous" product as possible, because within a couple of years the health nannies will have decided that something else is a killer food and that, contrary to earlier studies, several rashers of bacon every morning can increase the life span of rats by 15 percent.

Far more important than the killer foods, though, is the problem of obesity, and this is something that the expanding waistline of South Africa really needs to look at seriously. The Brits now want to put extra taxes on junk food and anything that turns people into lard mountains. The problem of obesity in the UK is huge, but political correctness forbids people from commenting about the body shape of other people. Over there, tubbies are regarded as victims and so the government has to tread delicately so as not to offend anyone.

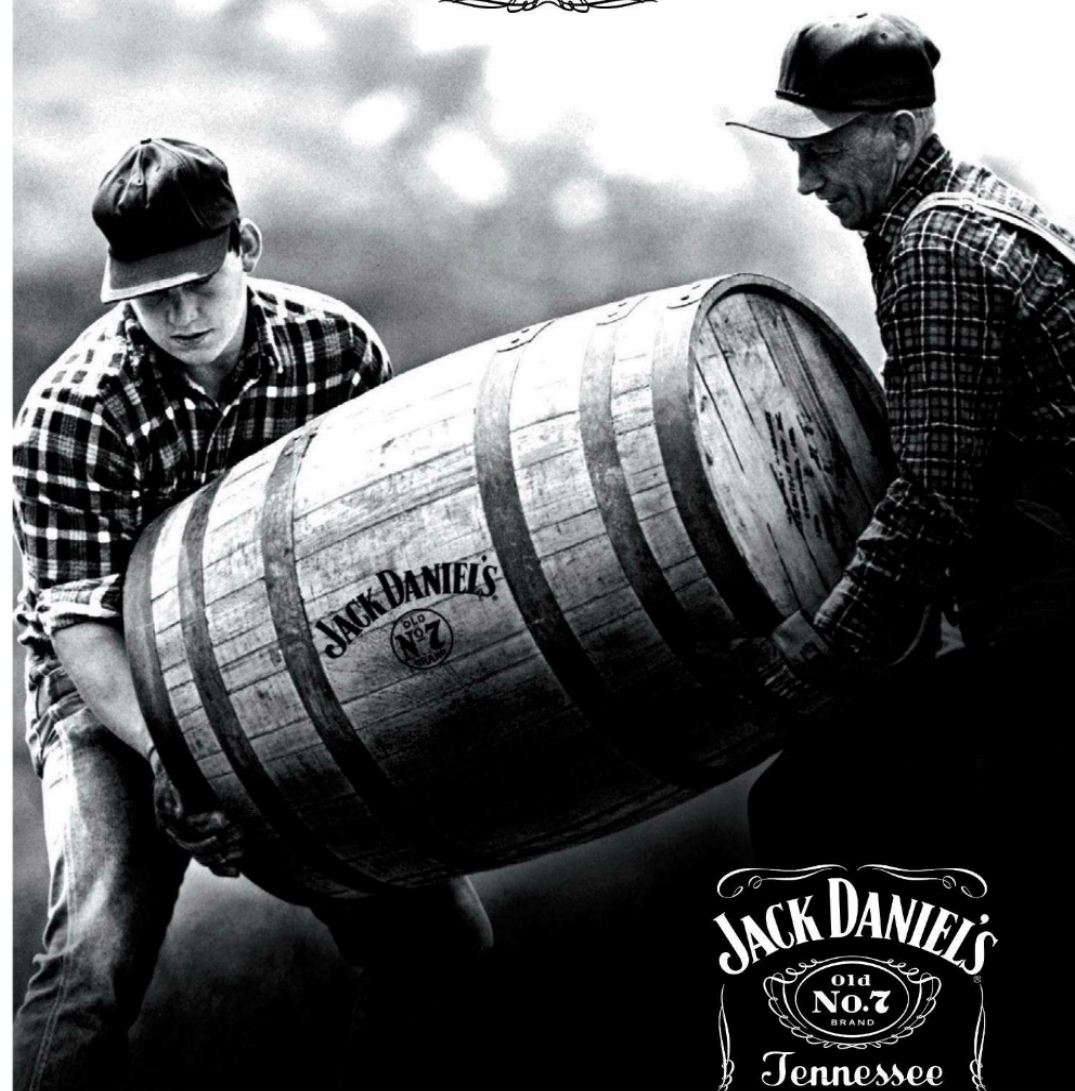
This it does by releasing information on the increased risk of heart disease, hints on how many units of alcohol it's safe to drink every night, and statistics on how many work days are lost every year because people are too fat to get through their front doors. None of this has worked, so the last resort is to up the tax on fatty foods and encourage chocolate bar manufacturers to drop the calories per bar, which will make little or no difference.

The right course of action would be to name and shame and, for this reason, I rather hope that South Africa won't slavishly follow the British model of

political correctness. Once you start treating fatties as victims you may as well give up. They'll constantly be badgering for state-sponsored choccie bars to feed their habit and demanding extra wide

seating on the Gautrain. They'll claim that they can't find dignified employment because they are too fat and that the taxpayer must therefore feed and house them for free. Far better to make things clear from the outset and declare "fatism" to be on a par with all the other "isms" like racism, mysoginism and sexism. Only when fatties can be openly mocked by 702 presenters will we begin to solve the problem. Only when obese people are frightened to leave their homes for fear of public opprobrium can we look forward to a nation of svelte bodies. And if Pravin Gordhan wants to introduce a tax, it should be on the difference between the actual and recommended body weight levied on a rising scale. He might like to start with a few political colleagues and BEE beneficiaries. **B**

THERE ARE FASTER WAYS OF MAKING WHISKEY,  
WE JUST DON'T CARE TO USE THEM



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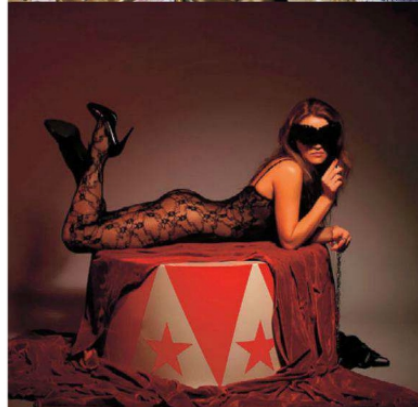
# Women Only

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF LEAH HAWKER

Capetonian born and bred photographer, Leah Hawker, specialises  
in one of our favourite subjects: Women.










She's already shot our very own Jade Fairbrother as Miss September and we liked her work so much that we selected Leah Hawker for the prestigious Playmate of the Year pictorial. When Leah isn't shooting commercial assignments she's most likely working on one of her privately commissioned nudes. Women in their 20s to 40s are undressing in front of her camera for steamy yet tasteful pictures, some of which we've featured here for your viewing pleasure...

Leah started photographing the (mostly naked) female form while completing her graduate thesis on erotic female stereotypes. Since then, she's gone on to develop an even broader portfolio in this genre. Leah combines a strong conceptual art base with her understanding of women and society's effects on female identities, blending her bold personal style to create magic in her images.

"Maybe being a female photographer is an advantage, but, having a strong vision and knowing how to make your model feel confident and sexy is what really matters," she says. "The bizarre and funny situations that come with this job are priceless, like shooting a tied-up and blindfolded model in the dungeon of the Castle (of Good Hope) while trying to avoid the Korean tourist groups or having your model pour copious amounts of honey all over herself. For most, it's not everyday you whip your kit off for saucy images." 

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PLAYBOY



Leah's talent with nudes has us holding our breath. Find more of her work or contact her for commissions at [www.leahhawker.co.za](http://www.leahhawker.co.za)

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MAY 2012



# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

There are certain things modern man cannot do without: pink soap, motorbikes, fridges disguised as guitar amps, electric skateboards. We're a practical bunch here at PLAYBOY.

## A not-that-kind-of-diesel Ducati

This Italian beauty is a makeover of Ducati's Monster 1100 EVO by Renzo Rosso and his team of designers at Diesel clothing. As if this high-performance 1100cc naked street-fighter was not monstrous enough, the matte black finish, yellow accents and military green paint-job make it the perfect two-wheeler for would-be assassins, the macabre, brawlers and... fashion designers.



Cats have over 100 vocal cord sounds. Dogs have about 10.

## not for mall security

The ZBoard (R3,000 – R6,000) takes everything we first liked about the Segway, and makes it better. Simple and stylish, it has no hand controls like all other motorised skateboards. You lean forward on the front pad to go, you lean back on the back pad to slow down and stop. How easy is that? With speeds reaching 25km/h, there's never been a more fun way to embed some tar beneath your skin.



The electric chair was invented by a dentist.

David Prowse was the guy in the Darth Vader suit in Star Wars; he spoke all of Vader's lines, and didn't know he would be dubbed over by James Earl Jones until he saw the screening of the film.



## WIN AIRPLAY. ALL DAY

For keeping your date happy, or your neighbours awake all night, the iHome iW1 AirPlay Wireless Stereo Speaker lets you stream music wirelessly from your iPhone, iPad or iPod Touch. If you're the suave, lazy kind, you can even stream music straight from iTunes. It's your choice, and the device is portable. The AirPlay uses Biongi Acoustics DPS sound processing to clean up compressed Mp3s, making it one of the best docks around.

To win yourself an iHome iW1 AirPlay Stereo Speaker email your name, age, address and cell number to [ihome@playboy.co.za](mailto:ihome@playboy.co.za). Entries close 31 May 2012.

## PLAYLIST HAPPY MAN-SPACE

In every episode of Seinfeld, there is a Superman somewhere.



## Sounds. Real.

The headphone and earphones business is a'booming in this head-down iPod and tablet culture. The antisocial social networking world demands privacy in public, and this includes the pleasant joy of portable audio. Thankfully, for those who like their music to sound like music, there are options. Marshall offers the Black FX Major (approximately R900), made with all iThings in mind, for those who like to rock 'n roll all day, and sleep at night. Then there are the Miles Davis In-Ear Speakers by Monster (R3,900). Tuned for the jazz connoisseur, these earphones reproduce the most accurate acoustic tones possible.

Montpelier, Vermont is the only US state capital without a McDonald's.

The Boston University Bridge is one of the few places in the world where a boat can sail under a train driving under a car driving under an airplane.

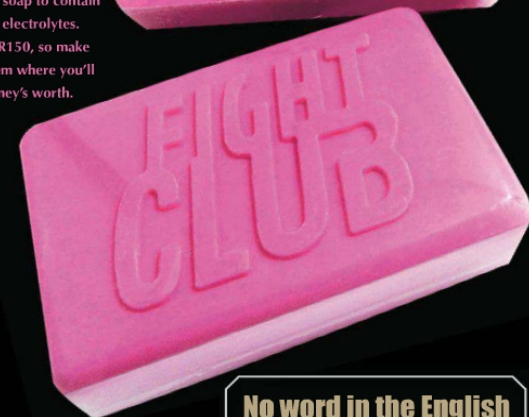
"But this one goes to eleven..."



The Marshall Amp Fridge (R2,500) could be the coolest invention since... well... the Marshall amp. Like the famous amplifiers which have adorned the stages over the decades, the Marshall Amp Fridge bears the famous Marshall logo, including Jim Marshall's signature. However, inside you won't find glowing tubes, but enough space for beer when the band gets together, a high-functioning freezer and a can-specific rack. It's a fridge even Nigel Tufnel would approve of.

## YOU DO NOT TALK ABOUT THE SOAP

Yes, this is REAL Fight Club soap, as featured in the film adaptation of Chuck Palahniuk's novel. It is moulded after the film's logo and before you ask, yes, it is made from real human fat... Ok, no, no it isn't, but it is the only soap to contain caffeine and electrolytes. It does cost R150, so make sure to hit 'em where you'll get your money's worth.



No word in the English language rhymes with orange, month, silver or purple.

You share your birthday with at least 9 million people.



by damon boyd

## DVD OF THE MONTH

[RANGO]

We kinda missed this one last year, but now it is imperative that you own it. *Rango* is an animated movie for adults – fuck the kids, this film is in no way geared to them, no matter what you've been told.

Let's take the first scene, for example. It has Johnny Depp voicing a chameleon, having an existential conversation inside a glass tank concerning the woes of being an actor in a scene. He's being transported on a highway, but the tank breaks free from the cargo and smashes onto the tarmac. Through speed, agility and awesome physical humour, the chameleon finds himself on a windscreen, face to face with Hunter S Thompson speeding his way to Las Vegas. You're getting the in-joke, right? Depp played Thompson in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, so the moment is extremely surreal and ingenious. And that's just the first five minutes of *Rango*.

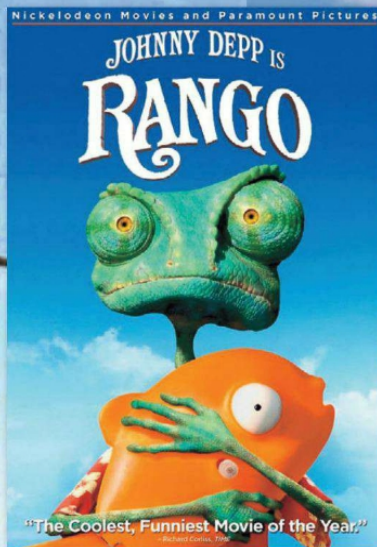
When he lands in the desert, the film turns into an all-sorts Western, with bits of *Chinatown*, *Unforgiven*, *The Three Amigos*, agh just about everything. But it's something all of its own, and Depp gives possibly his greatest performance. The plot has this chameleon go into a one-horse town suffering drought, and find a way to bring water to the community. We know it's being re-routed by the town's mayor (a wheelchair-bound

**It has Johnny Depp voicing a chameleon, having an existential conversation inside a glass tank concerning the woes of being an actor in a scene.**

tortoise), but the film's really about crazy comedic vignettes and character – and there are loads of memorable ones about. There's the armadillo, the rattlesnake, the hawk, the bats... but most importantly, at its centre is the chameleon, with his cowardly temperament and his big city drives, and here the film loses its "animation" and becomes pure modernist thought.

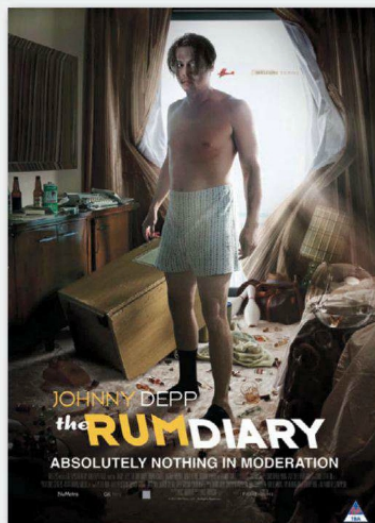
But, back to the animation, I've never seen anything like it. There were several moments in the movie where I wasn't too sure if what I was seeing was real or not. The textures, the camera angles, the sets – all of which you know don't really exist – for some reason seem so three-dimensional and tangible, it had an almost creepy feeling, a bizarre thing to witness. This is a technical feat, with impeccable writing and score, but that's all thanks to the director, Gore Verbinski (*The Ring*, *The Pirates of the Caribbean* series), who knows how to keep the action slap-bang in front of you. He takes what could have been a piece of jivey senseless fun and turns it into a movie that talks to the cynical child in you. It is no wonder, then, that it picked up the Oscar for Best Animated Feature at this year's Academy Awards. **A**

*Rango* is available at selected retail outlets on Blu-Ray & DVD.



## FILM PREVIEW

[THE RUM DIARY] by tom vracman



Set against the colourful backdrop of 1960s San Juan, Puerto Rico, *The Rum Diary*, directed by Bruce Robinson, is a window into the constituent experiences that shaped the world-view of great American writer Hunter S Thompson – celebrated journalist and certified loon.

Based on a novel by Thompson, discovered by Johnny Depp when he was living with Thompson and studying for his role in *Fear and Loathing in LA*, the film chronicles the early journalistic career of one Paul Kemp (Johnny Depp), a down-on-his-luck novelist looking for freelance work, which appears in the form of a run-down newspaper with a crackpot Editor. Initially assigned to horoscopes, Kemp finds himself drawn into a shady world of real estate development and PR through a chance meeting with Hal Sanderson (played by Aaron Eckhart) and his luscious lady companion Chenault (Amber Heard), with whom Kemp becomes completely obsessed. Armed with his typewriter, a nonchalant sidekick in Bob Sala (Michael Rispoli) and copious amounts of alcohol (usually rum), he sets out on a journey that starts by chasing the dollar, and ends chasing justice.

A fascinating insight into the situation that shaped the outspoken public voice that was to come (which found a long and sustained career in the pages of *PLAYBOY*), this film takes you through the underground cock fighting (yes, the birds), intoxicant swilling, high living days when the world was a playground and capitalism was just finding its groove. Depp's portrayal of Kemp belies his deep affection for, and long friendship with, Thompson, who he initially had to convince to put this manuscript up for publication. That it's gone full circle, with Depp playing his deceased friend only seems fitting. Definitely worth a watch. **A**

*The Rum Diary* releases 25 May 2012





by damon boyd

## GAME OF THE MONTH

## MASS EFFECT 3

[PC, PS3, Xbox 360]

Mass Effect 3 is the Star Wars of gaming without all the coyness. It's a space soap opera with skirmishes, battles and diplomacy; spying and sparring, oodles of flirting and sprinkles of straight, lesbian, gay and bi sex. All that's missing are the double-edged dildos, but it's everything you've ever asked for; in other words, it's probably one of this decade's key games.

The series (Mass Effect, ME2, ME3) has always been well-orchestrated, epic cliffhangers that play like choose-your-own-adventure novellas, where you pick your responses, your fate, and your destiny from over 1,000 variables. Thankfully, the story isn't confusing, or bogged down in ancient lore and whatnot. It's simple. You get to create a character named Commander Sheppard whose sole purpose is to save the galaxy from an organic-mechanical race of beings called the Reapers hell-bent on wiping out all species, specifically humankind, so as to restart evolution – the creation process. This story arc has remained pretty much the same across the three titles, so I won't sit here and explore plot details that'll confuse the shit out of first-time players of the game. Instead we'll get into the minutia, because the genius of such a simple premise lies in its details.

**It isn't the action that gets you all worked up, it's the conversations, the flirting, the quips, and the voices used in ME3 that are an incredible turn-on.**

Now, to fulfill your task you need to traverse the universe in your Normandy spacecraft (which has four levels – captain's cabin, engine room, etc), with your crew completing various main and side missions on different planets, space stations and flotillas. These increase experience, weapon strength and powers to take on the Reapers. During these exercises you build friendships, secure alliances and maintain loyalty among teammates, all the while flirting with and fucking them. These can lead to love triangles or just plain man-whore behavior, but because the game is still pitched to teens as well as us hairy adults, the trysts are downplayed to a little slap and tickle – no pink bits, glory holes or butt-plugs. Cough.

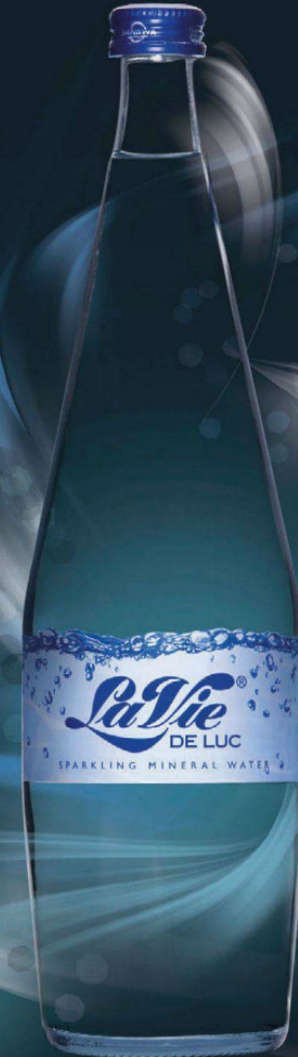
But, and this is where it gets interesting, I decided to make my Commander a female. Yes, I went lipstick lesbo and had – as the song goes – the time of my life. I chased tail, shot men in the nuts, took out Cerberus soldiers then snuck in a quick shower with one of the women. It can really get addictive... like porn, but isn't that the point? Anyway, it isn't the action that gets you all worked up, it's the conversations, the flirting, the quips, and the voices used in ME3 that are an incredible turn-on. These characters are probably the first I've ever dealt with that show an intriguing depth of feeling. Look, the game is pure masterpiece, its vision is euphoric and spacious; the developers, EA, haven't sacrificed any of the flow and spontaneity of this game's predecessors that made them legend. And I dunno, there's something beautiful about a game that allows us eroticism and violence; it's what makes the world tick. No? ☹

**WIN!** We are giving away 3 copies of EA's Mass Effect 3. Email your name, age, address and platform of choice to [masseffect@playboy.co.za](mailto:masseffect@playboy.co.za) and tell us who plays the role of Paul Kemp in *The Rum Diary*. Competition ends 31 May 2012.



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# MUSIC

by tim houghton &amp; luka vracar

## REVIEW Charlene Soraia

MOONCHILD



cute little tunes. Not offensive and somewhat thoughtless, and on the whole, not instantly memorable either.

But it is also never forced. And then, it works, slowly at first, then remarkably well. Soraia lets each note ring out, allowing it to live its short breath and then fade, playing with the empty spaces in-between like a veteran. It's all slow motion. The simplicity in this method and the juxtaposition of her high, delicate voice over bluesy guitar runs and warm sounding drums make for an endearing debut. Three days later, and I'm starting to remember it. (LV)

## REVIEW Mark Lanegan Band

BLUES FUNERAL

So this is where grunge goes to die. I've always wondered what happens to relics of burnt out genres. Apparently the grunge gods stay bleak, only, they add electric drums. Lots of them. Synths too. And it's not like Mark Lanegan, the former vocalist of grunge godfathers, the Screaming Trees, ever needs to associate his deep, bluesy rock licks with synths. Not with his baritone, almost-Tom-Waits-like voice providing all the mellow drama an album could ever need.

Yet, *Blues Funeral* is littered with effects and programming. And here is the crux of the indecisiveness: much of the dynamics sound like afterthought. A lot of the great stuff of the album is just noise, but good, jamming, crunchy noise, like the rhythm sections on *The Gravedigger's Song*, *Riot In My House* and *Quiver Syndrome* and the wailing cacophony of *Leviathan*. These are the standouts; the rest is just as confused as a disco song on a grunge album. I wish there was a little more blues and a little less funeral. (LV)



## Rodrigo Y Gabriela and C.U.B.A. AREA 52

So, technically this is not a new Rodrigo Y Gabriela album. Rodrigo says so in the liner notes. He declares, rather vehemently, that *Area 52* is just an experiment and that it should not be mistaken as a new direction for the Mexican duo. A little too vehemently for my liking. Is he worried that people might not like the collaboration with a whole host of Cuban musicians? Is he worried that everyone who liked the duo's previous material (and that is everyone; everyone in the entire world!) might not like the new orchestral reworkings of their previous hits? *Area 52* even features John Tempesta, who is a great drummer. But he drummed for Rob Zombie... have you heard any Rob Zombie recently? Go ahead, Google it.

Ok well, that last part is pretty cool. Rod Y Gab are known for their love of heavy metal – their exquisite cover of Metallica's *Orion* proved it. But that was just them. The duo and their guitars. Raw and fast. That's what attracted the people *en masse*; that was the key. On *Area 52* their earlier work like *Tamacun* and *Hanuman* actually sound more watered down. Adding layer upon layer of horns, drums and even more strings from too many guest musicians effectively drowns out the original melodies we liked so much. Of course, Rodrigo Y Gabriela need space to evolve their trademark sound, but right now, on this album, I understand why there is a disclaimer. (LV)



## DJ Dino Moran

### 5 QUESTIONS

For those in the know, Dino Moran is one of the best-kept SA DJ secrets. Having played on 6 continents, and 36 countries, alongside the biggest names in the industry for the past 20 years, the guy is Electronic royalty. We asked 5 questions, then bowed our heads humbly and waited for the oracle to reply...

**Q: What was the first tune that got you thinking: "I want to be a DJ"?**

A: Funny, I don't remember ever deciding to become a DJ. The profession didn't even exist when I started. I guess I just evolved into this whilst following my obsession with music and technology.

**Q: What's the biggest gig you've ever done?**

A: As a DJ playing live in front of a crowd, the biggest gig I have played was 180,000 people at the Sydney Festival, which spans 16 blocks of the city centre. But in truth the biggest audience I have ever performed for was the 140-million viewers across Africa and Asia for the M-Net *Face of Africa*. I played all my own productions from a DJ box suspended above the Super Bowl.

**Q: Who is your biggest musical influence?**

A: Hmm... that's a difficult one. Underworld is my favourite electronic band and I have been inspired by their production, but Johnny Clegg has had a really big influence on my taste and ambitions. Danny Rampling has been a great friend and mentor.

**Q: What's your take on the technology available to DJs today?**

A: I have a love/hate relationship with the new DJ technologies. I love the creative possibilities that are now available through mixing on multiple decks, controllers and FX, but I really hate the auto mix features that allow anyone with a PC to sell themselves as a DJ.

**Q: What was your biggest PLAYBOY moment?**

A: It was in the 80s when PLAYBOY deodorant sponsored the Hobie Cat national championships and I had just discovered booze and women. I thought I was in heaven sailing all day and partying like a rockstar all night. (TH)

To listen to Dino Moran's mixes, shoot on over to <http://soundcloud.com/dino-moran> and go wild!



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# RUM

## IN FROM THE COLD

Rum has been rehabilitated and it seems everybody is prepared to forgive – maybe not forget – rum's colourful past of improvised production, use as currency for colonial revolutionaries and fuel for grogged-up mutinous sailors. Rum is now rocking the spirits sector.

But a long time ago it was a dark and stormy night. Napoleon, drunk *verdict* on rum, demanded Lord Nelson's blood from Vice Admiral Villeneuve in the naval battle of Trafalgar, and thus Nelson's Blood – one of many pseudonyms for rum – was created. Or not. But let's add another theory, as even etymologists are unsure of the origin of "rum". What we do know is that it's a delicious, versatile, often dark, and now also, spicy spirit.

It would have been unthinkable as little as five years ago, but with the explosion in rum growth around the world, it is worth considering whether whisky is in danger of losing its crown as the world's top-selling dark spirit. Drinks giants Diageo and Pernod Ricard both report rum as the fastest-growing spirits category in key markets across the globe, notably China and Russia. Drinking patterns around the world have changed dramatically in the wake of the financial crisis, with drinkers increasingly enjoying their drop at home.

The answer to the question of where people are drinking rum has always been blurred, but what is in little doubt is that the reinvigoration of the category is down to its success in the on-trade, particularly in cocktails, which have helped revamp the drink's dated maritime image and raise awareness of its versatility.

People are increasingly opening their eyes to the potential offered by darker styles. Rum is now seeing younger consumers and enjoying a more unisex appeal than ever before. François Renié, Communication Director at the Havana Club, says, "Rum is incredibly versatile; consumers can choose from white to dark aged rums, then drink it straight, over ice, or blended with a variety of flavours in long drinks and cocktails."

One major driver of fresh interest in the category is the newest style of rum to hit the market – spiced – which is more popular with younger consumers and women than traditional dark rum, yet leaves purists less than pleased.

However, rum's resurgence presents a clear threat to the whisky category, particularly if the trend for super- and ultra-premium releases captures the imagination of the Asian market in much the same way whisky companies have done. It remains to be seen whether or not this swashbuckling duel between the two spirits will reach pistols at dawn, but if I were a betting man...

by Jonathan snashall  
@wholebunchpress



A.K.A.  
Kill-Devil, Demon Water,  
Pirates Drink, Navy  
Neater, Barbados Water.

## GIVEAWAY

Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum. Release your inner pirate with a bottle of South Africa's first premium sipping rum – Pyrat XO Reserve. Send us your favourite pirate joke to [pyrat@playboy.co.za](mailto:pyrat@playboy.co.za) and the best one stands a chance to win a bottle. Include mailing address, age and cell number please. Entries close 31 May 2012.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

1. Might be from the British slang term for "the best," as in "having a rum time."
2. From the last syllable of the Latin word for sugar, *saccharum*.
3. From the Romani word *rum*, meaning "strong" or "potent."
4. Another claim is that the name is from the large drinking glasses used by Dutch seamen known as *rummers*, from the Dutch word *roemer*, a drinking glass.
5. The most probable origin is as a truncated version of *rumbullion* or *rumbustion*. Both words surfaced in English about the same time as rum and were slang terms for "tumult" or "uproar."

Regardless of the original source, the name was already in common use by 1654. The name used for rum in current parlance is often based on the rum's place of origin.

"Why is the Rum  
always gone?"  
– Captain Jack Sparrow

## STOCK YOUR PERSONAL RUM BAR



### WHITE RUM

Jamaican white; Spanish style (Cuban or Puerto Rican); Cachaca (Brazilian); Agricole (French); super premium and over proofed (55% plus alc.).

### GOLD RUM

Jamaican style; Guyanese style; French style; Spanish style; sweeter central or South American for after dinner. Demerara; Navy.

### SPICED RUM

Sailor Jerry, Lamb's Spiced and Morgan's Spiced.

### DARK RUM

The best are from West Indies or South America.

### ULTRA PREMIUM

Pyrat XO Reserve 15 year old Rum from Anguilla.



## RUM'S TIPSY ANGELS

With most rum being produced in tropical countries, rum matures at a much faster rate than is typical for Scotch or Cognac, which see around 2 percent lost to evaporation – the angels' share – during barrel maturation each year compared to around 10 percent for rum.

## GIVEAWAY

Pink Pigeon is a premium rum, hand-crafted on the Medine Sugar Estate within the tropical island of Mauritius – the jewel of the Indian Ocean. Although complex in flavour Pink Pigeon is easy to drink, distilled with the purest of spirit and the addition of the world's finest natural vanilla.

Pink Pigeon makes for a mean Pink Mojito, and you can try it yourself by entering to win a bottle and a special edition t-shirt. Email [pink@playboy.co.za](mailto:pink@playboy.co.za) with your name, age, address and cell number. Tell us where you'd like to see the next PLAYBOY Party near you. Entries close 31 May 2012.



## FAMOUS FIVE

1. **Papa Zouks**, St Johns, Antigua: House speciality is Ti'Punch, made with French rum, lime, sugar, no ice. Also known for their seafood.
2. **Het Spuitje**, Amsterdam: An English-looking pub but the passionate owner stocks over 200 rums.
3. **Castro's Bar**, Gros Islet, St Lucia: The venue makes part of a "jump-up" street party and boasts a collection of old and rare rums now off market.
4. **La Florida**, London: This is an aficionado's Mecca, but you need a Playmate to get the mixologist to open rare bottles.
5. **Rum Trader**, Berlin: Harks back to the 1930s with bartenders to match. It's tiny though, so expect a queue.





He was  
heavyweight  
champion of the  
world and Ali's  
greatest foil, but  
Joe Frazier was  
more than just a  
legendary boxer

by katherine dunn

On a summer day the year before he died, I sat with Smokin' Joe Frazier at a big table in his Philadelphia apartment. He picked at a plate of grapes and thought about growing up in the 1950s. "We all wanted to be men quick, 'so I can do whatever I want to do.' That's how we thought at the time. And then we got old and said, 'Doggone, I'm getting old.' You get too old and you think, 'How long have I got to live?'" He grinned and shook his head. "We're never satisfied. All we can think about is doing things that are crazy and trying to get away with them. I'm not sure if there's a heaven or a hell. We have to find out for ourselves when we take our last breath."

Joe Frazier took his last breath 7 November 2011 at the age of 67. He was heavyweight champion of the world and a presence on any list of all-time greats. He gave his title belt to ex-boxer Nelson Mandela and framed the thank-you note. He had 11 beloved children by several beautiful women, and enough grandchildren and great-grandchildren to fill the bleachers. He did a lot of good for some people and some good for a lot of people. He made friends and he kept them. He danced and sang every chance he got. Like any mortal, Frazier had regrets, grief, catastrophes and the occasional rage. But in general he was a happy man. He woke up every morning eager for what the day would bring.

On a sweltering night in Philadelphia's city centre, the natty gent with the panama hat and cane taps his way out of an apartment building. He nods to his doorman and tucks toward a gleaming Escalade. As he passes a bar, out of the door bursts a pack of lawyers, or maybe bankers or brokers, yelling, "It's Smokin' Joe." The leader, a silverback in immaculate pinstripes, says, "I was at ringside when you beat Jerry Quarry." The Armani-clad pack yips, "My dad worshipped you," and "I've got all your fights on DVD."

Frazier's spine, bent by a car wreck a decade earlier and multiple surgeries since, straightens reflexively. The panama takes a rakish tilt; the cane becomes a swagger stick. Notebooks and bar mats and napkins reach toward him. Frazier grins and jokes and signs everything. The

Escalade's driver informs Frazier's friends in the rear seats that they'll be a little late for an event that night at which Smokin' Joe is an honoured guest. Frazier never turned his back on a fan. "You've got to respect the fans," he would say. Fighters are defined by their opponents. No boxer is considered great unless he has battled great foes. The three historic fights between Frazier and Muhammad Ali in the 1970s formed the most significant sports rivalry of the 20th Century. Boxing was still a mainstream force. Major bouts were broadcast by the three national networks, and it was a golden age of heavyweight talent. But Frazier and Ali meant more than the sport. Their collisions grew out of an era boiling in racial clashes, civil rights, Vietnam war protests and the explosion of free sex, psychedelic drugs and rock and roll. Ali and his handlers, from the black separatist sect known as the Nation of Islam, surfed the turmoil and used it.

In 1967 Ali was stripped of his world title and banned from boxing because he refused to be drafted into the US Army. Ali's stand won him a passionate following in the antiwar movement. The master showman presented himself as the martyred anti-establishment hero, a proud defender of his race and the only legitimate heavyweight champion. Ali earned a living by speaking on campuses and elsewhere, including at a Ku Klux Klan rally, where he was welcomed because of the Nation of Islam's philosophy of racial separatism.

Frazier and his wife had five children by then, making him exempt from the draft. Though Frazier was a lifelong Baptist, he wasn't bothered by Ali's religion. The Frazier line was "He can pray to a hole in the ground for all I care." Ali moved to Philadelphia during his exile. Frazier befriended him, cooperated with his publicity stunts and worked to restore his right to compete in the ring. Frazier also fought for and won the world titles Ali had lost. But he knew he would never be seen as the real champion until he fought Ali.

Granted his right to box again, Ali signed for a shot at Frazier's title. He'd always joked about his opponents, but for Smokin' Joe he threw verbal acid. Ali painted Frazier as an Uncle Tom, the white man's champion, a betrayer of his people, an unworthy pretender to the heavyweight crown and stupid and ugly to boot. A lot of people believed Ali, which made life rough for the Frazier family. Joe Frazier felt betrayed. Many years later, Frazier's oldest son, Marvis, commented, "Everybody said it was just Ali doing publicity. But you weren't on the end of that publicity."

The death threats came by phone and letter. Insults spouted from radios and televisions. Accusations erupted from the crowd jamming Frazier's Philadelphia gym to watch him train. It was early 1971, still winter, and the 27-year-old Frazier was preparing to defend his title in what would eventually be labelled the greatest fight of the 20th Century. But Frazier was already under siege.

His tires were slashed. His manager's car was stolen. His dog was run over and killed. Each fighter would get a purse of \$2.5 million, but Philadelphia police had to guard the Frazier family home night and day. Cops surrounded Frazier through the icy miles of his pre-dawn roadwork. "I felt like a jailbird," he said. "I worried about my family. But it didn't



**In stylistic terms alone it was natural magic – Frazier, the small but ferocious slugger, versus Ali, the tall, dancing boxer.**

keep me from doing my job."

The fight was set for 8 March 1971. Every ticket to Madison Square Garden sold within hours. In closed-circuit theatres and on televisions around the globe more than 300 million people would watch it. Frank Sinatra arranged to photograph the fight for *Life* magazine so he could get a ringside seat. Actor Burt Lancaster did colour commentary for the broadcast. Political and social ramifications aside, it was a battle between two great undefeated heavyweight champions in their prime. In stylistic terms alone it was natural magic – Frazier, the small but ferocious slugger, versus Ali, the tall, dancing boxer.

Their opposing physiques and styles reflected diametric personalities. Frazier was an old-school Spartan, an admirer of Rocky Marciano and Joe Louis and a staunch proponent of fair play. He was a blue-collar warrior. Ali was something else – a golden boy, a comic braggart whose rhetoric was scripted by the Nation of Islam. He had the grace and skill of Sugar Ray Robinson but took his theatrical cues from pro wrestling's most flamboyant heel, Gorgeous George. People hated him or adored him. There was no in-between.

Joseph William Frazier was born 12 January 1944 in Beaufort, South Carolina, a pretty town deep in the Jim Crow South. There were separate schools, restrooms, water fountains, entrances and expectations for black people and white people.

Joe was the 12th child of fiery Dolly Frazier and her philandering one-armed bootlegger husband, Rubin. The handsome, cheerful Fraziers taught their children to play cards and checkers and to love parties, fish fries and sitting around the table swapping jokes and stories for hours at a time. They owned 10 acres, two mules, some chickens and pigs, and a serious work ethic.

They had no electricity until after Joe, the youngest, reached school age. Light came from kerosene lamps. Water came from a pump in the yard. The long walk to the outhouse on starless nights made the young Joe afraid of the dark. Sixty years later he still was, and he gave me a sideways glare that said anybody who wasn't scared of the dark was dangerously ill informed.

Dolly Frazier worked down to dusk as a field hand on a local plantation. After Rubin lost his left arm at the elbow in a shooting incident, he spent a lot of time at home, where he had his own enterprises.

From the time Joe was a toddler, Rubin took him over the fields to the mossy woods where the still was hidden. Rubin had learned to make moonshine from his father, and he passed the skill on to his son. In his later years Joe could still recite the ratios of corn, water and sugar in the mash that stewed in sunken 50-gallon barrels until Rubin shifted it, a gallon at a time, to a tight kettle on the fire.

Joe learned to drive sitting on his father's lap as they delivered moonshine to customers. At 12 he made the deliveries alone. Frazier told me Rubin "was my hero. My heartbeat. He taught me a lot of things, some good, some bad. But nothing vicious."

When electricity came to the Frazier house Rubin brought home a television, and the men of the clan gathered to watch boxing matches. Joe was a sturdy eight-year-old on the night one of his uncles looked at him and said he might be the next Joe Louis.

That same year a hog got loose and chased him until he fell, breaking his left elbow. It healed, but it was never entirely straight after that. What would become his most dangerous weapon, his left hook, grew out of a partially fused elbow that was thicker than his right and slightly flexed.

He quit school in sixth grade and went to work. At 14 he was man-size and drove his own rattletrap car. Like his father, Joe loved the ladies, and he liked older girls. He fell hard for two 16-year-olds, Rosetta and Florence. He lied to both girls about his age, among other things. By the time he reached 15 he'd made them both pregnant.

Then one day he had an argument in the street with a white man. The words turned into a fistfight and attracted an audience. Joe was the last man standing, which terrified his parents. They had to get him out of town.

Dolly and Rubin hustled the boy onto a Greyhound bus and sent him to his brother Tommy in New York City. It was 1959, and he was 15 years old. It was the end of Joe Frazier's childhood.

In Harlem, Joe had problems finding work. He was 17 when he headed for Philadelphia. His older sister Martha, there with her husband and children, was happy when he moved in because he was a good babysitter. "The kids loved him," she says. He got a rough job hosing blood and shovelling guts at a slaughterhouse.

Frazier was disappointed in himself. He'd plumped up to 220 pounds and he hated being fat. "I began to feel those stirrings again to be more than just an ordinary guy," he said later. "I hated being ordinary, hated having a job that was just a job. Two years out on my own and what did I have to show for it? A big butt and no life to speak of. It was time to get serious."

He found a local Police Athletic League boxing gym. In January 1962 Frazier turned 18 and plunged into his dream of boxing. Being a handy street scrapper didn't count when he first sparred with skilled opponents. He got hurt and humiliated, but he kept trying. He was, he said, "just a short-armed, overweight boxing wannabe." But he meant to become a champion.

At the gym, Joe met Yancey "Yank" Durham, a lively black man who was a boxer turned railroad welder. Yank trained and managed fighters. He

and Frazier took a liking to each other and agreed to work together.

A boxer's style is as unique as a singer's voice. It is dictated by his physique, his training and his character. Frazier was a born heavyweight, dense of bone and muscle, but he was small for the big-man's division. He's often listed as five-11 and a half or even six-one, but standing beside him I'd agree with the scholars who say he was around five-10. In fighting trim he weighed around 205 pounds, and he had short arms. Many of his opponents would top six feet, outweigh him by 20 pounds and have six inches of reach on him. Unless he did something to shift the equation, they could stay outside and pick him to shreds with their longer arms. Like the similarly built Rocky Marciano, Frazier had to make his offense his defence. He had to slip in close and throw a barrage of punches. His power was important, but it had to be intelligently schooled.

Yank said he wanted to see smoke coming off Frazier's gloves in the ring. When he threw a lot of hard punches, Yank yelled, "Now you're smokin'." So Frazier became Smokin' Joe and Smoke to his friends.

Frazier had been making quick visits to South Carolina. Between his 16th and 19th birthdays he had four children, two each with Florence and Rosetta. He sent what he could to both families, but money was tight.

Florence came north with their two children and moved in with Frazier. She went to work at a Sears store. In September 1963, the 19-year-old Joe and 21-year-old Florence were married at Philadelphia's City Hall.

The slaughterhouse often kept him until after the gym closed, but he had a key so he could go in and work out alone. Boxers train in three-minute intervals with a brief rest between, like the rounds of a fight. Frazier brought in a cheap record player and a stack of 45s. Each side ran about three minutes, so he'd work out with James Brown, Otis Redding, Sam Cooke, the Drifters and Aretha Franklin to keep him company and mark the time.

Frazier went to the 1964 Tokyo Olympics as the heavyweight for the US team. He was thrilled to be there, and he was determined. He knocked out two men to get to the semifinals. There he met a six-foot-four, 230-pound Russian and stopped him in the second round. In the process, Frazier broke his left thumb.

The gold medal bout was the following day. Afraid of being scratched, Frazier iced the hand and told no one about the injury. The next day he fought a taller, heavier German and won. He was the only American boxer to take home a gold medal from the 1964 Olympics.

Back in Philadelphia doctors found Frazier's thumb dislocated with multiple fractures. It required two surgeries months apart. The slaughterhouse fired him. Florence's job at Sears did not cover the family bills. Christmas that year was looking grim. Then a newspaper story about the hurt gold medalist triggered a charitable flood of cash and gifts for the children. Joe never forgot that kindness.

Frazier had also injured his left eye while preparing for the Olympics. He was hitting a speed bag when the steel swivel broke and a piece of shrapnel flew into his eye. The lens

was damaged, the vision clouded. No boxing commission in the country would have allowed Frazier to fight as a pro if word got out. He kept it secret.

All these years later he laughed like a naughty kid, explaining how he got through dozens of commission eye exams by memorising the eye chart and switching hands instead of eyes when the doctor said "And now cover the other one."

By spring his hand had healed, and Frazier was ready to turn pro. Potential backers thought he was too small to be a serious heavyweight. Frazier and Yank went ahead on their own.

On 16 August, 1965, Frazier won his professional debut by first-round knockout. Instead of pay, the Philadelphia promoter gave him a handful of tickets and said, "Whatever you sell you can keep." Frazier ended up with \$125. He blasted through three more wins that year.

Meanwhile, a Baptist minister introduced Frazier to an influential Philly businessman who created a syndicate of 40 investors, black and white, to support his career. Each investor bought shares in a new corporation dubbed Cloverley. They gave Frazier \$100 a week and a \$60-a-week job with a maintenance company.

The public image of Frazier as a serious, Bible-reading family man was true enough, but he was complicated. He was meticulous about obligations. Before each fight he went into strict training for six to eight weeks. No pie, alcohol or sex. By the time he set foot in the ring he was a cranky man. But in the free time between fights, he phoned his friend Butch Lewis to meet him.

"That guy is free-spirited," said Lewis. "We would go out to nightclubs and party all night. The biggest party in the room. Smoke is always a ladies' man. He couldn't go anywhere without ladies all over him. I'm like, 'Let's call it a night.' His wife would be thinking that's Butch Lewis keeping him out. But I'm trying to get his ass home. She don't know. He's blaming it on me, and I take that bullet."

The government coup that dethroned Ali in 1967 threw the boxing world into a frenzy. Within weeks the World Boxing Association launched a heavyweight elimination tournament, with seven contenders vying for the vacant title. Frazier could have been the eighth man in that tournament, but Yank Durham had a different idea.

Frazier stopped the 243-pound Buster Mathis on 4 March 1968 in Madison Square Garden to win the New York title, which had clout despite its state limitations.

**A boxer's style is as unique as a singer's voice. It is dictated by his physique, his training and his character.**

Two years later, on 16 February 1970, Frazier met the winner of the WBA title tournament, quick and tall Jimmy Ellis. The fight was also sanctioned for the vacant World Boxing Council title.

Ellis didn't stand a chance. The unified world title was Frazier's. George Foreman fought on the undercard that night. Years later Foreman said, "I was afraid of Frazier. I thought as long as Joe Frazier was around there would be no chance for me. I hoped he'd die."

But Ali was still out there, and for many people he was the only legitimate champion.

On the night Frazier flattened Buster Mathis, another important thing happened. At a party after the fight, the 24-year-old Frazier met Denise Menz, the spunky 19-year-old from New Jersey who would be his lover, friend, office manager, interior decorator, supply clerk, nurse, historian, jokester and companion off and on for the rest of his life.

The laughing, redheaded Menz welcomed me into the apartment she'd been sharing with Frazier since his last spinal surgery, in 2008. She said, "I have a PhD in Frazierology." In addition to running the popular Menz Restaurant near Cape May, New Jersey with her family, Denise is an interior designer. The big front room was full of comfort and grace all the way to the glass wall looking onto the terrace.

She had designed and furnished the luxurious 5,000-square-foot penthouse in the building that housed Joe Frazier's Gym, on Philadelphia's North Broad Street. That's where Frazier lived for decades.

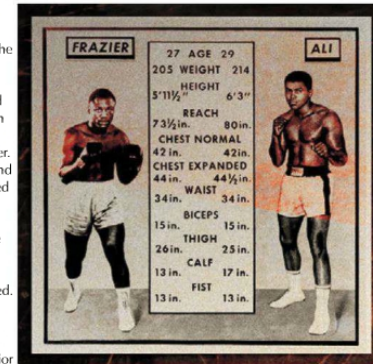
She and Frazier moved to this apartment when the last surgery on his spine meant he could no longer manage the three flights of stairs to the penthouse. He shut down the gym at the same time, ending its 40-year history as one of the best places on the planet to learn to box.

Joe Frazier made millions back when a million meant something. At the end he was not rich, but he was far from destitute. He had a pension from a trust fund socked away while he was boxing, and he augmented that income with personal appearances and merchandising.

Over the decades, when Denise got mad at Frazier, it was usually over women. The first time, she said, she was devastated. "I was so naive. I knew I was the other woman, but I didn't know there were others."

She told a painfully funny story of being in a hotel with Joe only to find out he had three other women in the same hotel. At one point his infidelity prompted her to storm off and join her sister and brother in starting their family business. Its success kept her busy, but Joe would always finagle a way to lure her back.

Joe's wife, Florence, knew about the two children he had with Rosetta, but he kept her from knowing about the other women and the other children born outside their marriage. His daughter Weatta remembers how the news broke. One day Florence answered the phone at home and it was a woman wanting to talk to Joe because their little boy was sick. Florence divorced Joe in 1985.



Denise called it quits a few times, but there she was. Though she still tended to her business, she found and furnished the apartment, then stayed by Frazier's side throughout his time in the hospital and during his recovery. Denise never had children, but she talks about Joe's as if they were her own.

"I couldn't find any to replace her," said Frazier.

Cloverley bought a warehouse on North Broad Street and carved "Joe Frazier's Gym" in stone on the front. The gym was the centre of Frazier's life for the next 40 years. Frazier and Yank arranged the workout area and showers. On the second floor, they built bedrooms and a kitchen for boxers. Sparring partners and other fighters flocked in. Frazier hired coach Val Colbert to teach anybody who wandered through the door. There were no gym fees. Frazier paid all expenses, from heat and lights to medical and pension plans for Colbert and other employees. Yank Durham recruited trainer Eddie Futch to work with Frazier full time.

In camp Frazier battered his sparring partners and then atoned by deliberately losing money to them at cards or dice. He could crack the ribs of even the great Larry Holmes, because, says Holmes, "I was young and he was Joe Frazier." His doctor was worried about Frazier's high blood pressure, but Joe hushed it up and kept on. Harold Weston, long-time matchmaker for Madison Square Garden, met Frazier in a training camp. Weston was amazed by Frazier's work ethic. "Talk about dedicated. I said, 'Oh my God. Well, if that's what it takes to be him, then that's what I've got to do.' Then I heard Joe Frazier say, 'I'm willing to die in this ring to win.'"

Frazier invested money and bought a handsome seven-bedroom home on a few acres in a posh Philly suburb. His kids were delivered to good schools every morning by limousine.

It's dark and late and Frazier is in the Escalade's shotgun seat while his manager, Les Wolff, drives. Behind them are Denise's niece Leslie, her friend Diane and Diane's husband, Jim. Joe and Les debate which bar to go to. Joe says, "I want to be with black people." Les shrugs and says, "Okay." None of the five white people in the car are



offended. We're on Hook Road, and Joe guides us to Dixon's, a little blue-collar juke joint with a gravel parking lot carved out of the dark. "When I want to get lost," Joe says, "this is where I come."

The music is loud and the lights are dim. The instant Frazier opens the door a shout goes up: "It's Smokin' Joe!" He leads us down the bar, grasping hands that reach for him. We slip into a big booth and the bartender asks Joe who his friends are. "This is my family," he says, waving an arm to include us all. The bartender smiles at us and says, "Really? You're his family?" All our moon-pale faces nod and say, "Yes, indeed."

Joe sends a handful of coins to the jukebox with instructions about which buttons to push. When his music comes up it's old and hot and hard. Joe leaves his cane in the booth and invites Leslie to dance. Soon the bartender joins in, then others.

And there's Joe Frazier, bent but grooving, surrounded by women, dancing the night away.

Frazier was set to fight Ali on 8 March 1971. Two days before, Philadelphia police escorted Frazier to New York City. In his gold Cadillac the usually friendly fighter was so silent and grim that the cops joked about taking an order for his last meal.

In Manhattan a contingent of New York cops met the Cadillac and guarded his hotel room. When fight time came the police smuggled

**The long walk to the outhouse on starless nights made the young Joe afraid of the dark. Sixty years later he still was, and he gave me a sideways glare that said anybody who wasn't scared of the dark was dangerously ill informed.**

Frazier into Madison Square Garden through an underground tunnel to avoid the mobs outside. Inside, the Garden was crammed with high rollers, glittering with excitement.

The bout can be seen in many formats, from DVDs to the Internet, and the images sear through time. It was ferocious and close. Frazier's left hook, which Ali privately called "that evil thing," put Ali on the deck in the 15th round. He survived to the final bell, but the spell was broken. Frazier deserved the decision and he got it.

As soon as he got back from having his swollen jaw x-rayed, Ali announced that Frazier hadn't really beaten him, later adding that it was a "white man's" decision. But everyone who saw it knew the truth.

Over the decades since, Frazier has been quoted forgiving Ali for the nastiness almost as often as he's said bitter things about him. In Frazier's many public appearances, he told me, "They always want me to talk about him, though I don't want to." Naturally I asked him too: Are you still mad at him? He said, "Sitting here relaxing? No, not at all. But if I got to thinking about it? Yes." Maybe the best part of forgiving is forgetting. But we never let Frazier do that. We kept bringing it up.

After the fight Frazier was sick, his blood pressure spiking. He didn't want the world to think Ali had hurt him, so Yank drove him back to Philadelphia, where he checked into a hospital secretly. He stayed for a month, being treated and

visiting with family during the day but sneaking out at night to party.

Now he was the indisputable champion of the world, and he had fun. He bought his contract from Cloverlay and bought the gym. He bought a plantation outside Beaufort for his mother. He was invited to address the South Carolina legislature, the first black person ever to do so.

Frazier defended his title twice, and then, in January 1973, he fought George Foreman in Jamaica. "George bounced me like a yo-yo," Frazier told me. He went down six times before the referee stopped the fight. It was gone. The world championship now belonged to Foreman. Frazier made no excuses. He told me Foreman was just too strong for him.

On 30 August 1973, Frazier's friend, teacher, partner and protector Yank Durham died of a stroke. Frazier fought on with Eddie Futch in his corner. In January 1974, Frazier and Ali met again in Madison Square Garden. Neither of them owned a title, and compared with their first fight it was a drab affair. Ali got the decision.

Then came October 1975 and the Thrilla in Manila, in which the two men nearly killed each other. With both Frazier's eyes blinded at the end of the 14th round, Futch wisely stopped the fight, though Frazier wanted to continue and Ali himself was on the verge of collapse. A win for Ali.

Later Frazier tried Foreman once more, with the same result. And that was it. His career as a fighter

was over at the age of 32.

But it was not the end of Frazier. The gym was busy and attracting talent. Professionals wanted Frazier to manage and train them. Excellent trainers such as Futch and George Benton worked there with their fighters. The gym's amateur team was thriving.

In the 1990s Frazier's brother Tommy was running a limousine service and promoting fight cards, and Joe's daughter Jacqui Frazier-Lyde opened her law office on the second floor of the gym. A wall-size photo of Ali landing on his butt in the 1971 bout rose above the sparring ring. Michael Spinks, Bernard Hopkins and Meldrick Taylor worked out there. Frazier set the tone, demanding hard work and respect for the sport, the gym and everyone in it. Anybody who didn't want to do it Smoke's way could find the door. As many as eight fighters at a time were living on the second floor.

Frazier was divorced and living in the penthouse. Days began with Frazier knocking on the fighters' doors at five a.m., saying, "Time to go running." In his 40s and 50s Frazier ran a mile or two with the fighters, then followed them the rest of the way in his Cadillac. He got them a healthy breakfast, then back to the gym for a rest before the hours of gym work began. Smoke kept them out of trouble at night with fight videos, television, cards, Ping-Pong and music.

"Smoke kept his private life private," says one

boxer who trained there. But at 11 p.m., after the fighters were all in bed, they'd hear the Cadillac pulling out and know he was on the town. Still, he'd be there at five a.m. to go running again.

Joe Frazier supported all his children as they grew up and wanted them to have good educations and careers. "If I'm man enough to make them, I'm man enough to pay for them," he said. All his children are successful, except Hector.

Hector got into trouble in his teens. Frazier took him into the gym and Hector fought under the name Joe Frazier Jr. He had talent, but he was drawn into drugs and crime and is currently serving a long sentence in prison.

In his apartment the aging Frazier talked about his brothers and sisters, how they all had good jobs and good kids. Then he stopped for a moment. "I guess I'm the only one with a kid in the clink." It hurt him.

Frazier regretted not having an education. The management of his finances by his business partners irked him. Maybe that added to his reluctance to look like a softy or a sap. Butch Lewis, for instance, insisted that during Ali's exile Frazier occasionally gave Ali money. Frazier denied it flatly.

Once while remembering the switch his mother used on him, Frazier told me he was a strict disciplinarian with his kids. Spanked them good. I asked his daughter Weatta about that, and she laughed. Never happened. Well, she recalled, there was once, when they were all little and Marvis punched Jacqui. Her dad marched Marvis to the basement, saying they were going "to put on the gloves." He was a loving dad, according to his kids. But his daughter Renae said he could give you "that look, like he could send you back to Jesus." Then you'd know you'd crossed the line.

Frazier took out his neat black pistol to show me, then slipped it back into his hidden holster. He said he'd been licensed to carry in Pennsylvania for more than 40 years. Has he ever had to use it? No. Has he ever pulled it? No. Never any call for it. I asked him if he'd had any private fights. He said, "Not since I became a man."

Joe Frazier was never afraid of any man in a boxing ring. But he was afraid of heights, worms, the dark, ghosts and bad drivers.

Frazier and I were alone at his table. Denise was running an errand. They had been house



**"If I'm man enough to make them, I'm man enough to pay for them," Frazier said. All his children are successful, except Hector.**

hunting, and he was talking about the kind of place he wanted. "Room enough for the office and the kids and the grands. And more doors. I don't like living in a place with only one way out." He nodded at the windows, which were covered with drapes so he wouldn't have to look out at the balcony or the 20-floor drop to the street below. "Here there's only one way out unless you want to take the long, wrong way." Then he talked about his bedroom.

"Sometimes it gets cold in there. I'd bet against Daddy and Mama, Granddad and my brothers, all in the graveyard, that somebody died in that room. I can see her between sleeping and waking. A lady comes in there, and she never turns around. I don't see no face. And I say, 'Why you coming in here?' But she don't say nothing, and she walks out. I need to move out of this place, because I'm afraid of her. I never was afraid when that bell rang. Never. I'll drive anywhere I want to go. But I don't like staying inside that room. Somebody lost their life in there, and they're not happy. Something went bad in there." I asked if he'd seen spirits before. "No," he said, "but I can dream death and bad things. Remember when the plane crashed with all the Olympic kids? Marvis was supposed to go. The coach wanted him to go. I told him he was not going to get on that plane. I had a bad dream that the plane crashed. And it happened. I told him, 'You can't go. Something bad's happening.' And he didn't go and it saved his life."

Frazier was referring to the 14 March 1980 plane crash in Poland. Seventy-seven people died. Twenty-two members of the US amateur boxing team were killed on their way to an international tournament.

Marvis Frazier confirms his father's story. He and two other members of the gym's amateur team were scheduled to compete in Poland. The 20-year-old Marvis obeyed his father and stayed

home. His teammates Tyrone Clayton and Lonnie Young were killed in the crash.

In late summer 2010 Denise was unwell, and Frazier insisted she see a doctor. When she needed surgery he stayed with her, sleeping in her hospital room on a folding cot. When he was hospitalised with liver cancer in fall 2011, she slept on a cot in his room until she took him home.

Earlier, they had moved out of the haunted apartment into two adjoining apartments. One was set up as an office with a little gym where Joe could hit the bags. He'd escaped the ghost, and he had two exits.

It was there, with Denise beside him, that Joe Frazier died.

His white coffin lay in state at Philadelphia's Wells Fargo Centre for two days as thousands of people stood in line to pay respect. Thousands more crammed his funeral service at the Enon Tabernacle Baptist Church. The great boxers came, and politicians and the press. Word of his death fired around the world. In his time Joe Frazier was one of the most recognisable faces on the planet, and his death was global news because of the three amazing hours he'd spent in the ring decades before with Muhammad Ali. But there was always more to Joe Frazier. **Y**



# Lee-Ann ROBERTS

You may know model and aspiring actress Lee-Ann Roberts as the face of Lee Jeans, but we are confident you have never come across her looking like this! Originally a Durbanite, she calls Cape Town home now, and loves soaking up the combination of sights, sounds and social life that the Mother City uniquely offers.

photography **anton robert** art director & digital imaging **jay sylvano** stylist **natalie rutka**  
makeup **sian moss** swimwear **sea folly** fashion **stuttafords**











Lee-Ann made her big screen debut in an Indonesian film called *Bahwa Cinta Itu ada* ("Love Still Exists"), but has not given up her plans to study law just yet, illustrating a sharp mind on those petite shoulders. Lee-Ann enjoys spending a day on the beach (her go-to relaxation trick), or sushi and champagne with close friends. She tends to look for intelligence and a great smile in a guy, and she loves it when you can get her laughing! She also dreams of visiting Venice for the romance... and the wine.





# THE INTERVIEW

# JON HAMM

**A candid conversation with the *Mad Men* star about his knack for comedy, his tragedy-filled childhood and why Don Draper enjoys a good cocktail (or more).**

by eric sptznagel

To appreciate the full range of Jon Hamm's acting ability, you need to watch his sex scenes. As Don Draper, the brooding and tortured advertising executive on *Mad Men* he's had no shortage of sexual dalliances that are, well, brooding and tortured. When Draper gets especially depraved, as he did last season, ordering a prostitute to slap him repeatedly across the face – "Harder," he insists, "again" – it is not so much erotic fun as the sad self-flagellation of a recently divorced man whose life is slipping away. Compare that with *Bridesmaids*, last summer's comedy hit in which Hamm and Kristen Wiig have one of the most ridiculous sex scenes. Hamm's character initiates all sorts of bizarre and unnecessarily complicated positions, less lovemaking than merciless pounding. Not every actor can do two kinky bedroom scenes and make an audience laugh at one and cringe at the other. But not every actor is Jon Hamm.

**PLAYBOY: For a while it looked as if you might lose your job. Contract negotiations between *Mad Men* creator Matthew Weiner and AMC delayed the fifth season for about a year, and there was some speculation that the show wouldn't return. Was the wait frustrating?**

HAMM: The truth is it wasn't Matt's negotiations that took long. The protracted negotiations were between the studio and the network. In the world of network television, there is a very large pie, and the studio and the network get the

biggest pieces of that pie. The rest of it is crumbs. They're nice crumbs, don't get me wrong. When corporations fight, it generally takes a long time. There are a lot of lawyers. The minute you start taking that shit personally, you've lost.

**PLAYBOY: But as an actor who just wanted to get back to work, did you worry it was ruining the show's momentum? A year is a long time to make an audience wait.**

HAMM: I wasn't worried. I think we've done a nice job over the past four years of establishing and growing an audience, and hopefully absence makes the heart grow fonder. If nothing else, we got to hang out with our families a little longer.

**PLAYBOY: On *30 Rock* Alec Baldwin once said that beautiful people live in a bubble of free drinks, kindness and outdoor sex. He was referring to your character, a dumb but attractive doctor named Drew Baird, but do those same rules apply to you?**

HAMM: To Drew Baird, absolutely. To me, not so much.

**PLAYBOY: When was the last time you had outdoor sex?**

HAMM: It's been a while. In the era of TMZ, I don't think outdoor sex is a particularly good idea. It's one of those things that sound way better than they actually are. There's something not sexy about all the twigs and bugs and sand. You end up with stuff in places you don't want it. It always looks better in the well-lit Skinemax version.

**PLAYBOY: What about free drinks? Have you paid for a drink since *Mad Men* became a hit?**

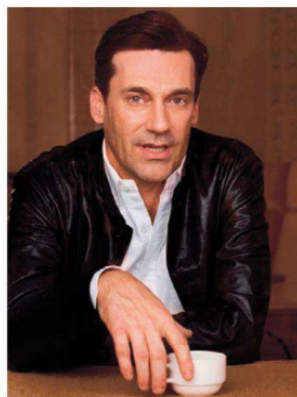
HAMM: I am a big tab getter. I've been the beneficiary of other people's good fortune for a long time in my life, so I feel it's karmic payback. But I've definitely had people offer to buy me drinks. It kind of comes with the territory when you play a hard-drinking character on TV. It's never a bad thing, at least for guys. If you're a woman, it would probably be a bit creepy and weird if strangers kept trying to buy you drinks. But for guys it's usually just some bro who wants to say he did it.

**PLAYBOY: Don Draper enjoys the brown liquors. Do you indulge?**

HAMM: Oh sure. Never at work, but it is a time-honored tradition to celebrate your work upon completion. I live in a neighborhood that has a nice bar with off-the-beaten-track labels, so you can be adventurous and try something new every night. In the past four years or so, due in no small part to the success of our show, I think the world of specialty cocktails has grown up. It's a lot easier to find a fancy bar where the bartender takes 10 minutes to make one drink. There are a ton of places in LA that do that now.

**PLAYBOY: What's the manliest thing you've ever done? Have you ever overhauled a car engine or popped a dislocated shoulder back after an injury?**

HAMM: No, but I did get hurt once shooting *Mad Men*.





"I was at their production office in Manhattan with Matt, and he told me, 'I want you to walk around this office like you have the part.' I thought, I'd much rather walk around like I have the part because I have the part, but okay."

**PLAYBOY:** What? How is that possible?

HAMM: I know, it's kind of ridiculous. It's not exactly the most stunt-heavy show. We were shooting the Korea flashback. There was an explosion, and I sort of dove through the frame. The first time we did it, I broke my right hand at the base of my pinkie. I heard it click and went, "Well, that's broken." And then the second time...

**PLAYBOY:** You hurt yourself twice?

HAMM: The first time was in rehearsals. We did it again for real, and instead of landing on my broken hand, which hurt tremendously, I landed on my left shoulder and kind of separated it. I've had a lot of injuries on this show, which is strange given the nature of it.

**PLAYBOY:** After four seasons of playing Don Draper, does hedonism seem fun to you anymore?

HAMM: I think we've tried to portray that lifestyle accurately. A three-martini lunch is fun in theory. And it's fun to look cool while you're staring out of windows, drinking scotch and smoking. But the reality is, if you have a three-martini lunch, you don't get much done in the afternoon. And if you stare out the window and smoke too much, you get fucking lung cancer.

**PLAYBOY:** Does Don still derive genuine joy from all the booze and recreational sex? Or did he ever?

HAMM: I remember something a friend's dad said once. When the ritual becomes habitual, then you've lost the mystery and the fun of it. I do think the chemicals that Don ingests are a means to an end. It's a way for him to maintain his energy and enthusiasm for living. But as with any addiction, there's a law of diminishing returns. You never get the buzz you got the first time.

**PLAYBOY:** For all the bad things about Don, he has some admirable qualities, such as his reticence. Is there power in being quiet and not revealing everything about yourself?

HAMM: I definitely think there is, and it's something I try to imitate—which is weird to say as I'm being interviewed for a national magazine. I understand the irony there, or at least the hypocrisy.

**PLAYBOY:** In your defense, doing interviews is part of your job.

HAMM: Yes, there's that. But it's hard to escape the fact that we live in a world where everybody is clamoring for attention and people think their life doesn't matter if they're not on TV or the paparazzi aren't following them. They don't feel validated unless there's a lens on them or they're tweeting so more people can hear what they have to say, which

all contributes to a vast echo chamber that serves basically to turn everything into noise. Eventually your life is lived in sound bites and reality shows and 140 characters, becoming smaller and smaller without any nuance or deeper reflective quality. I try to get away from that and listen more than I talk, except of course in this situation.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have the emotional stoicism of Don Draper, or are you a heart-on-your-sleeve kind of guy? Will you cry at a sad movie?

HAMM: It depends on the movie. This is by turns hilarious and embarrassing, but I'll tell it anyway. I cried at *Marley & Me*. Not just teared up a little but full-on cried. That was a fucking nightmare. Dead-dog stories always get me. And dead-movie stories—*Terms of Endearment*, stuff like that. If a parent dies in a movie, I'm a fucking wreck.

**PLAYBOY:** Because it relates to your own life?

HAMM: Oh sure, absolutely. I mean, come on, I'm not made of stone.

**PLAYBOY:** Your mother died when you were 10 years old. You were so young; did you even realize what was happening?

HAMM: There was not much awareness. When you're 10 you're kind of cognizant of how the world works, but it's through the filter of a child. There's definitely no sense of the permanence of death or the meaning of not being able to see someone or talk to someone again, especially someone as important as your mother.

**PLAYBOY:** She died of cancer?

HAMM: Advanced abdominal cancer. It started in her colon and then rapidly spread, as cancer does. This was in the late 1970s, early 1980s, when there was no early detection, no MRIs. They basically opened you up and went, "Oh shit." They didn't even realize she had cancer until it was very advanced. As such, it was a quick but probably very painful death. And it was hard to watch, because she basically shriveled up. She passed away when she was 35, so she was not a frail old lady. This was a woman essentially in her prime.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember anything about her last days, or is it just a blur?

HAMM: Mostly it's a collection of images of other people in my family losing their shit.

My dad, my grandfather, my grandmother, my aunts, all of them just breaking down around me. And I was thinking, What's happening? What's going on? Just recently the father of a close friend of ours passed away suddenly, in an accidental, shocking way. My friend had two boys, and I asked how they were doing. And I was told,

"They don't know. I don't think they have a real concept of it." When I talked to the older one, who's eight, it was obvious he knew that I was sad and wanted to help. He wanted to make me happy. And that's what I was like when my mom died. I was the kid who said, "Come on, Dad, let's take a drive. Let's go do something." I didn't have the capacity to understand that I was sad, but I could recognize it in others. "Come on, Grandpa, let's go fishing." That kind of thing. That's what it was all about or at least what I remember about it. It was a long time ago.

**PLAYBOY:** Your father passed away 10 years later, when you were in college. Was that easier or harder?

HAMM: It was worse in many ways. By the time you're 20, you have a sense of mortality. You still think you're bulletproof, but you do have this realization that things end, and sometimes they don't end well. So that was particularly hard. It was also worse because that was my last parent. When you're a kid you think, well, somebody will take care of me. I'll land on my feet somewhere. As long as there's Atari, something is bound to happen. But when you're 20 things are significantly different

and significantly harder. I'm certainly not ranking which parent I loved more, but it was different.

**PLAYBOY:** If your parents had lived, would your life have gone in a different direction?

HAMM: One hundred percent. Absolutely.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you have been an actor?

HAMM: I don't know. I think anybody who chooses any kind of career in the arts—and I'm using that term loosely for what I do—comes from a place of being a little bit unmoored. If I had grown up in a two-parent household and had parents telling me what to do, I'm sure their first piece of advice would not have been "You should be an actor. You should move to LA with no money. That sounds like the best plan."

**PLAYBOY:** If you had a chance to have a conversation with your father or your mother today, what would you ask them?

HAMM: [Pauses] That's an interesting question. I think about it all the time. [Pauses] I guess I'd just ask about their lives. The hard part of having an adult life when your parents aren't around is not having that adult wisdom that I think is incredibly useful as a human being. There are times, even when things are going well, when you can't help but think that you're some kind of giant fuckup. But if you had a parent who could say, "Seriously? You think you're fucked-up? That's nothing!" And then they'd tell you about all the mistakes and bad life decisions they made at your age. I think that would make a huge difference for me. I'd be like, All right, I feel better. They screwed things up so much more than I did, and they turned out okay.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you audition six times for *Mad Men*?

HAMM: It was at least six, so I had every level of opportunity to be humiliated. Matt tells this story now that he knew I was perfect for Don Draper after the first audition. My response to that is, Well, I wish he had fucking told me. It would've made me feel a lot better.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't he tell you?

HAMM: Because it wasn't entirely his decision. There are studios and networks to be appeased. That's the way the sausage is made. All it takes is one person who just goes [makes a fart noise and thumbs-down]. If they're powerful enough, it ends. You could have five of the greatest auditions you've ever had, and in the sixth you're a little off your game, or the guy had a bad piece of fish at lunch and doesn't like anything, and it's over.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said you were at the bottom of their list of actors. How did you know?

HAMM: I'd been around long enough; I knew how these things worked. You go to the sign-in sheet and see 15 people have been there before you, and they're recognizable names. At the time I remember thinking, It would be nice if they cast me, but they'll probably just cast the movie star who kind of looks like me. It was surreal. Every day I was sitting in the room, waiting to audition, and there were nine guys who looked exactly like me but with longer résumés.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you find out you had the job?

HAMM: It's actually a funny story. I was at their production office in Manhattan with Matt, and he told me, "I want you to walk around with this office like you have the part." I thought, I'd much

rather walk around like I have the part because I have the part, but okay. He was introducing me to all the department heads, saying things like, "This is Don." I said, "Don't say that. You'll jinx it!" We ended up going across the street to the Hotel Gansevoort. They have a roof deck, and it was a pretty Spring day. Matt and I had a few drinks with the network brass. Then we were riding down in the elevator, and the woman in charge of making the decisions said, "You probably know this by now, but you've got the job." In the elevator with us was Franz Beckenbauer, who was a pretty famous European soccer player in the 1970s. He's a coach or manager or something now. Literally the moment they told me I got it, the elevator opened and the lobby was filled with photographers. The lights were flashing and people were rushing toward us, shouting, "Oh my God, oh my God!"

**PLAYBOY:** Did you think all the attention was for you?

HAMM: For a split second. I was still on the adrenaline rush of getting the part. But nope, it was just some excited Germans who wanted to meet their soccer hero.

**PLAYBOY:** In high school you were both a jock and a theatre kid, right?

HAMM: That's right. I played football and baseball, and I also did as many plays as I could.

**PLAYBOY:** Those two worlds don't often intermingle, especially in high school. Did your jock friends give you grief about doing plays, or vice versa?

HAMM: I went to a progressive school in St. Louis, the John Burroughs School, which was founded on John Dewey's principle that education is experience. You're supposed to experience as much as you can. My teachers said, "Listen, we're not all good at everything, but you never know. Maybe you'll like painting, so try it. Maybe industrial design is going to be your jam." There was a theatre teacher, Wayne Salomon, who was a big believer in getting the football players to do plays. He'd tell us, "It'll look good on your college résumé." There was no stigma attached to it. Nobody would say, "You're doing theatre? Oh, you're gay." And that's huge for teenagers, because at that age everything is microanalysed.

**PLAYBOY:** You moved to Los Angeles in the mid-1990s with just \$150 in your pocket. Did you seriously think that would be enough?

HAMM: Well, it was all I had in the world. And I had some credit cards that were on the way to being declined. My mom's younger sister lived in LA, and I called her and said, "Hey, if I can make my way out there, can I stay with you for a little bit?" She said, "Absolutely," so I knew all I had to do was get out here. This was in an era of significantly cheaper gasoline. I drove a 1986 Toyota Corolla that had pretty

good mileage. I had stops planned along the route where I had friends I could stay with and get a bed, a shower and free food.

**PLAYBOY:** That must have been quite a trip for you to remember every leg of it more than 15 years later.

HAMM: I just love road trips. I love driving and maps. This was in an era way before CDs and satellite radio, back when you could tune in to AM radio and find some weird station to listen to for a few hours. I loved it all. And the plan worked great, with the exception of my friend in Carlin, Nevada. Turned out he'd moved and forgot to mention it to me. I didn't have a cell phone, obviously, so I didn't find out until I tried to call him from a gas station and his phone had been disconnected. So I slept on the side of the road. But I made it to Los Angeles and somehow my \$150 lasted. I pulled into town on Thanksgiving Day.

**PLAYBOY:** Just in time for dinner?

HAMM: Well, my aunt and uncle had plans elsewhere, so I actually showed up at an empty house.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds vaguely depressing.

HAMM: It wasn't. I was happy just to be there. The first thing I did was call all my friends back home. I was like, "It's 85 degrees here! I'm sitting outside on a porch!" Then I went to an orphan's Thanksgiving hosted by a friend my aunt and I both knew from St. Louis. Coincidentally, one of the people at the dinner was Kevin Williamson, who had just sold a script called *Scary Movie*, which would later become *Scream*. So that was my intro to LA.

**PLAYBOY:** And then came the hard part.

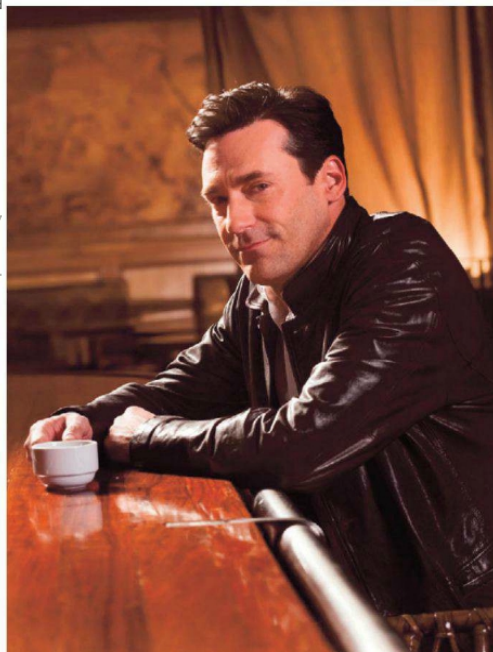
HAMM: Exactly, yeah. Then it was time to find a job, an agent, a place to live and all that shit, none of which came easily. I called people I knew. I called Paul Rudd, who I knew from college, and said, "I'm going to ask this only once, because I don't want to be that guy. I need a favor. Can you give me one person to call who will take my call?" He gave me a number, and that meeting turned into another meeting, which turned into another meeting. The dominoes started falling and I eventually got an agent, and then I didn't work for three years and my agent fired me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any perspective in hindsight? Why couldn't you break through?

HAMM: It was just bad timing. This was in the late 1990s, when teen dramas like *Dawson's Creek* were popular. I was out of sync with what the market was looking for. They wanted bright, bubbly and young. I was none of those things. I mean, I was young. I was only in my mid-20s, but I didn't look young.

**PLAYBOY:** You were too young to play the teenagers but too old-looking to play the teenagers.

HAMM: Right. I was in between the two



In the world of network television, there is a very large pie, and the studio and the network get the biggest pieces of that pie. The rest of it is crumbs. They're nice crumbs, don't get me wrong.



camps. I remember I went to an audition and Peter Gallagher was there trying out for the same role. I was like, "Are you kidding me? I'm 27! No offense meant to Gallagher, but come on, man. Why am I here?" It was depressing. So I was dropped by my agent, got cast in a play and got another agent. That agent got me my first real job, that job turned into a longer job, and on and on. It was a slow process and there was a lot of wheel spinning.

**PLAYBOY: Did you have a plan B, in case acting didn't work out?**

HAMM: Not really. I came to LA when I was 25 and I made the decision that if I didn't get a job that sustained me by the time I was 30 I would go back home. That's five years, which at that point was 17 percent of my life. In my opinion that was more than enough time to give it a legitimate shot.

**PLAYBOY: Did you make your deadline?**

HAMM: I did it in three. By the time I was 30, I was getting regular jobs. On my 30th birthday I was working on a movie called *We Were Soldiers*, with Mel Gibson. I was at a hotel room in Columbus, Georgia.

**PLAYBOY: Were you comfortable enough with your acting career to quit waiting tables?**

HAMM: I'd quit about a year earlier. It was weirdly hard to give up.

**PLAYBOY: Why? Did you still need the money?**

HAMM: No, but it was a part of my identity. To this day it's the thing I've done the most in my life. It's the job I've had the longest. I have no shame about that. It's something I'm always ready to go back to. I'm comfortable behind a bar, and I'm comfortable wearing an apron. It doesn't bum me out. I'm totally fine with it. There will always be restaurants and bars. There's no possible way to wreck that with e-commerce. It will never be replaced by the Internet. Restaurants and bars are some of the last truly safe businesses left. Video stores, clothing stores, record shops, newspapers and TV shows – everything disappears and ends up on the computer. But not restaurants. There are definitely worse day jobs to have.

**PLAYBOY: Your social life at the time consisted of going to comedy clubs and befriending comedians. How did you end up in that world?**

HAMM: There's a club in LA called Largo, and Mondays at Largo were the hottest nights in town for comedy, or at least for the particular brand of comedy that I liked. It was an underground, hipster comedy scene, with Sarah Silverman, Paul F Tompkins and Patton Oswalt. And it was \$5 to get in. It was cheaper than the nightclubs, which I hated anyway. The drinks at LA nightclubs were too expensive and the music was too loud. At Largo there was no drink minimum, and you got two and a half hours of great entertainment. I slowly ingratiated myself into that world by hanging around all the time.

**PLAYBOY: You became good friends with many of the performers, like Zach Galifianakis.**

HAMM: Yeah, I know all those guys. It's weird that everybody in that social circle came up around the same trajectory. Zach is monumentally famous now, and he's still the same guy I've always known. I look at him and say, "This thing

happened to you." And he just smiles back at me and says, "The same fucking thing happened to you." I don't see it because I'm looking outward rather than in. But it is true, and it's funny.

**PLAYBOY: What's it like socialising with comics? Are they shy and reserved, or is it a nonstop barrage of jokes?**

HAMM: All of the above. And if it's the latter, I generally don't participate. I learned a long time ago never to get into joke-telling competitions with professional joke tellers. We talked about this earlier, but there's a lot to be said for just being quiet and listening. I love being around comedy people and listening and laughing. It's therapeutic.

**PLAYBOY: But you can hold your own with comics. You were hilarious on *30 Rock*.**

HAMM: I definitely felt over my head on that show. My approach to comedy has basically been to stand next to really funny people and try to keep a straight face.

**PLAYBOY: You're being humble. What about that sex scene with Kristen Wigg in *Bridesmaids*? You definitely weren't just keeping a straight face there.**

**I've been fortunate in that I have not worked with many douche bags. And this industry is populated by a lot of narcissistic, mean-spirited, horrible people who get rewarded for being narcissistic, mean-spirited and horrible.**

HAMM: No, I guess not. [laughs]

**PLAYBOY: When you're doing an outrageous sex scene, do you feel embarrassed, or are you too caught up in the moment?**

HAMM: It's like running in the rain. There's a certain point when you go, "Fuck it, I'm already wet. I'm not going to get any less wet, so I might as well just enjoy how this feels." I mean, sure, there's an awkwardness about being in a weird flesh-coloured thong, bouncing on top of an actress. And I am not a small human being. I weigh at least 200 pounds and I'm six-foot-two. And Wigg is a twig; she's a skinny little thing. I told her, "Just punch me in the side if I'm hurting you." It's weird and uncomfortable at first, but then all the awkwardness melts away and you think. All right, we're doing this, so let's have fun with it. You know what I mean? You're in that moment and it's happening and it's not going to get any better, so you might as well enjoy it.

**PLAYBOY: After *Mad Men* ends, will you focus more on comedy or drama? Or does it matter?**

HAMM: It doesn't matter. I don't have a preference either way. All I care about is working with people I enjoy being around. I've been fortunate in that I have not worked with many douche bags. And this industry is populated by a lot of narcissistic, mean-spirited, horrible people who get rewarded for being narcissistic, mean-spirited and horrible. Thus far I've been able to keep my exposure to that crowd to a minimum.

**PLAYBOY: It probably helps when you collaborate with people like your girlfriend.**

HAMM: Yeah, I already know she's none of those things. She's the least narcissistic, mean-spirited person I know.

**PLAYBOY: You and Westfeldt have a new movie, *Friends With Kids*.**

HAMM: That's right.

**PLAYBOY: When you don't have children and you make a movie about the fear of having children, it practically begs to be read into.**

HAMM: [Laughs] Oh sure, I understand that. And there is some autobiography to it. We've seen enough of our friends, who shall obviously remain nameless, become parents, and sometimes it's hard not to think they shouldn't have had kids.

**PLAYBOY: Because it's a bigger responsibility than they're ready for?**

HAMM: That's what it seems like. Maybe they should've waited. But if you wait until you're ready to have kids, then it's possible you'll never have kids. The unspoken corollary to that is, maybe some people shouldn't have kids. Which you're not allowed to say because people get offended.

**PLAYBOY: Is it safe to assume you don't want children?**

HAMM: I don't have a driving force to have a baby. That said, I'm in a committed relationship, and if it ever came up, I'm not ruling it out. There's a reason it hasn't been prioritized, because I don't think either of us has that pull. I don't know; it could happen tomorrow. I have no clue.

**PLAYBOY: What about marriage? Have either you or Westfeldt actually said, "Let's not get married"? Or is it a mutual understanding?**

HAMM: It was never a discussion. I think marriage often is an arrangement between families more than an arrangement between the two people involved. I don't have a particularly defined example of marriage in my life. My parents got divorced when I was two and never remarried. So it doesn't mean anything to me. I don't mean to say that it shouldn't mean things to other people. I'm not judging it one way or another. It's just my experience. I don't have that paragon of married life to look at and think, "Oh yeah, that's it! That's what I want!"

**PLAYBOY: Don Draper once said, "What you call love was invented by guys like me to sell nylons." Do you think there's maybe some truth to that?**

HAMM: I hope not. I don't think so. Don has had a lot of great ideas, but that's not one of them. [laughs] The minute you start modeling your love life – any part of your life, actually – after Don Draper, I think you're in trouble.

**PLAYBOY: Draper took his identity from a dead soldier in Korea. If you could do the same thing and become somebody else, take their name and identity and start over, who would it be?**

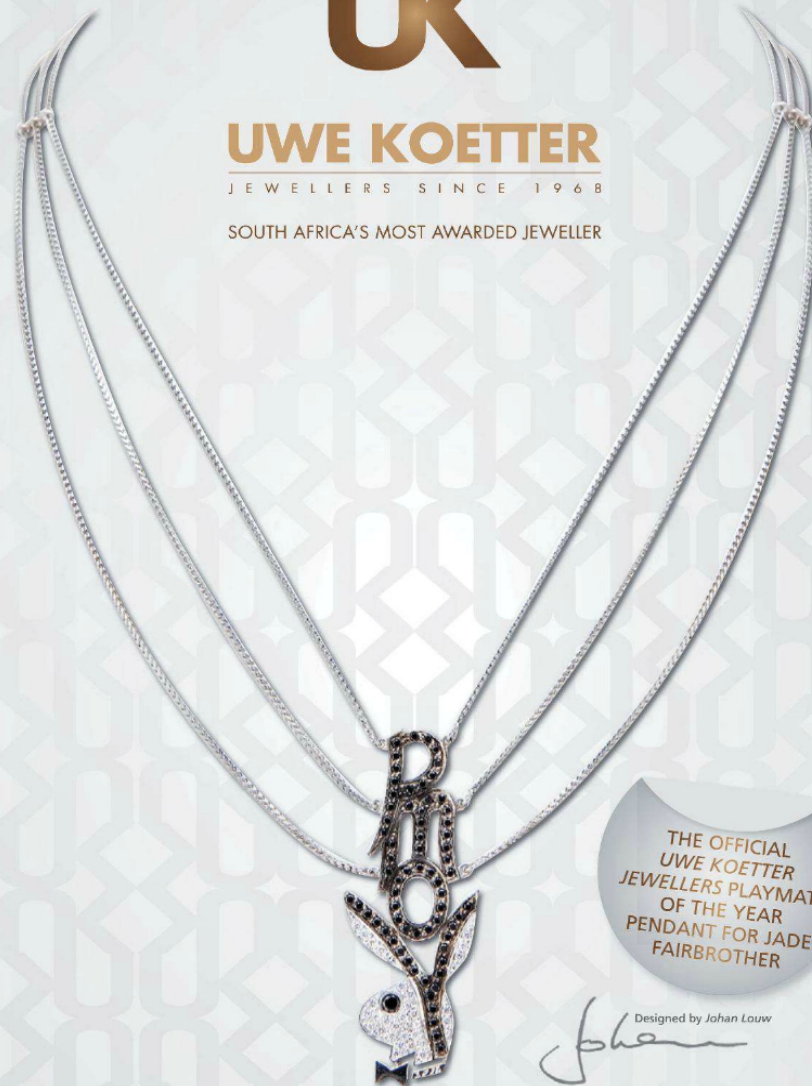
HAMM: [Pauses] I guess my answer would have to be nobody. It's an attractive idea, but as I think our show points out, it's a double-edged sword. I mean, I wish I was a professional baseball player, but I don't want to change places with one. I wouldn't mind being the Secretary-General of the United Nations, but I wouldn't want to change places with him. For a day maybe, but I've lived in this skin for 40 years now, and I'm getting kind of used to it. **[X]**

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# Postcards From The Proud Highway

Hunter S Thompson

What follows is the final collaboration between Hunter Stockton Thompson and **PLAYBOY**, based on a series of interviews he gave to Assistant Editor Tim Mohr. The two spent the better part of a week analysing a variety of subjects, from firearms to physical fitness, all of which interested Thompson deeply. "To live outside the law you must be honest," Bob Dylan wrote, but you must also possess great sensitivity to your environment and a wide range of esoteric skills, and wisdom. In his 67 years on earth Thompson made himself an expert in matters great and small and loved nothing more than to expound on what he had learned. This assignment was interrupted by his death on 20 February 2005, but we could think of no better tribute to a great American writer than to present this small storehouse of vital knowledge in his own words. This is for old fans as well as those who may have come to the party only recently. — **US PLAYBOY**, May 2005

## On Freedom

Freedom is a challenge. You decide who you are by what you do. It's like a question, like a fork in the road. An ongoing question you have to keep answering correctly. There's a touch of the high wire to it. I've never been able to walk high wires, but I got the feeling.

## On Driving

The only way to drive is at top speed, with a car full of whiskey. It takes commitment, especially out here with so many deer and elk around. Car lights paralyze deer. You've got to lean on the horn, brace on the wheel and stomp on the accelerator. When you hit the brakes the front of the car dips down — that will put the beast into your windshield. Now, the significant impact will still occur if you step on the gas, but you're not helpless. It'll still destroy your grille and lights, but — unless it's a bull elk — it will kick the animal out of the way. Hitting the beast head-on will move it instead of popping it up onto the windshield.

It's the swerving that gets people killed.

## On Courage

I set the speed record on Saddle Road — in Kona, on the Big Island of Hawaii — in a heavy rainstorm. There are always going to be things like monsoons when you're trying to set a speed record. What do you do? Think better of it? Come back another day? Your life will change

on decisions like that. I take a street-fighter mentality. An Ohio riverboat gambler attitude: It's out of the question to go back or turn around.

## On Violence

Never hesitate to use force. It settles issues, influences people. Most people are not accustomed to solving situations by immediate and seemingly random applications of force. And the very fact that you are willing to do it — or might be — is a very powerful reasoning tool. Most people are not prepared to do that. You can establish the right reputation in this regard — you might, right in the middle of a conversation, just swat some motherfucker across the room. Make his blood shoot out in big spurts. I'm giving away trade secrets here.

I've been beaten worse in New York City than I ever was by the Hells Angels. I used to go out looking for punch-ups in New York. It was worth it just to see an oncoming mob of angry preppies. These weren't fights. There was nothing personal about it. I didn't hate the people. I was just a brawler. It was good American fun. It was all frivolous. There wasn't any right or wrong. Just fucking Saturday-night whoopee.

## On Fate

I'm doomed all my life to violent actions.

I'm closely associated with the gods of the underworld — not crime so much but the underworld.

## On Firearms

My parents weren't gun people. Growing up I didn't know much of anything about guns except that my parents didn't want me to have a .22. A BB gun was okay. But I found a .22 anyway. I would shoot at lights out of the back of my house, out my bedroom window. There was an alley between the houses. There were light bulbs on the brick garages in the alley. They had metal grilles protecting them, like jail bars, so it was kind of a trick to hit the bulbs.

It was extremely dangerous. Some kid who shouldn't have had a gun, experimenting, shooting out of his bedroom, shooting down into the alley. I had no intention of doing anything other than putting out light bulbs. But I think about it now and think about what could have happened. The odds are going to catch up to you sometime if you keep shooting into the same passageway.

## On Hunting

I used to get most of my meat from game. A wild boar running out in the open is kind of rare. But it makes for a hell of a hunting day. All this fear of cooking pork rare? Shit on that. With wild boar, you just cut it into steak-like slabs, more like

pork chops, and cook it on a grill. It's delicious. One of the best things I've ever had. Dressing the animal is a huge part of it. First kill it by surprise so the adrenaline doesn't get released from the glands. A frightened animal tastes a lot worse than a peaceful one. You want to take it when it's grazing, not when it's running or panicked.

With a good rifle it's the shock more than the tissue damage that kills them. The shock sends out death rays all through the body. The animal can't operate. It's too much trauma on the nervous system.

## On Gambling

I don't play cards much. Only once in a while for fun, to play around. I like to gamble with my own knowledge helps me — where if I'm smart about my betting I can affect my chances of winning. Unlike slot machines or dice games.

With sports betting it's always better to strike at the partisan, the home crowd, the emotional bettors. Go into a hostile town at night, visiting, and bet against the desperate emotional bettors — they'll give you points, and that's the way to win at gambling. And the way to lose is to be one of those emotional bettors.

As a kid I played football, basketball, baseball. I was very much into it. I didn't start gambling until after I quit playing. But about halfway through high school I decided to fuck football and become a criminal. I made my choice between the sports life and the criminal life. Once you quit playing, you need that competitive factor. I don't give a fuck about a game unless I have a bet on it. You have to see it as an opportunity. Nongamblers see it as a chance to lose — and often feel they can't afford to lose. A gambler sees it as an opportunity that can't be passed up. Hell, go into debt.

Ed Bradley came out here one day and beat me for about \$4,000 on a basketball game. I think it started as a hundred-dollar bet. But we kept doubling up. I paid him, of course. After all, I would have looked askance — and mentioned it in public — if he hadn't paid me. That's what makes it fun: the reality of it, having to pay up. It's good for it to hurt. Being labelled a cheater or a wench is much more painful to a gambler than getting beat up in the parking lot.

## On Karma

It's extremely bad karma to brag about things you've gotten away with. I'm a great believer in karma in a profound sense: You will get what's coming to you.

## On Reading

*All the King's Men*, by Robert Penn Warren, is one of my all-time favourite books. If you don't know the book you should grab it and read it as soon as possible because it will teach you a lot of things. *The Ginger Man*, by JP Donleavy, was one of my seminal influences. It was kind of a password in certain circles. *The Ginger Man* got the piss beat out of him more than a few times, as I recall. The reading experience is important:

*All the King's Men*, George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. *Gatsby* is 55,000 words long — amazing economy in a book like that. With *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* I was determined to make it shorter than that. I may have failed. I think I beat it. But it's like the speed record on Saddle Road: I'm not sure I still hold it. In fact, I'm sure I don't if I could do it just by getting my hands on a Ferrari.

I get tremendous pleasure from reading aloud and having other people read to me. I like to hear how other people hear things. I like women's voices, foreign accents. There's a music to it.

When you're reading aloud, just remember that you want to understand it yourself. You have to hear it. That's the key to other people comprehending. You've got to hear the music. You need to hit each word. Not the way journalists read but with a dramatic rendering. It takes awhile. It's easier to comprehend when you creep along, like driving in second gear. The listener should be impatient for what's coming next.

## On Rejection

For the better part of two years, while I was working as a copy boy at *Time* magazine — after my time in the Air Force — I took courses at Columbia and the New School. I had the fiction editor of *Esquire*, Rust Hills, as a creative-writing

*You can establish the right reputation in this regard — you might right in the middle of a conversation, just swat some motherfucker across the room. Make his blood shoot out in big spurts. I'm giving away trade secrets here.*

professor at Columbia. I still have a note from him saying, "Never submit anything to *Esquire* ever again. You're a hateful, stupid bastard. *Esquire* hates you." It was kind of a shock at that age.

## On Free Will

In Orwell's 1984, rigidity is imposed by the will of the state. Whereas with soma, in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, it's the will of the people. I've always operated on that second theory. Nobody is stealing our freedoms. We're dealing them off. That's the dark side of the American dream. I've always seen myself as a carrier of the torch against that urge. I always took it for granted. Just like I always took it for granted that if I wanted to run for president I could. I could do it. It's a nice way to think for most of your life, to be able to sustain that. Attitude counts for a lot.

## On Demolition

When you push a car off a cliff and blow it up, be sure to roll the windows down to avoid shrapnel. Also, strip the license plate so you're not billed for the cleanup.

## On the Draft

My original job in the Air Force was repairing avionics and electronics. We were like the candy man: If your machine was out, you had

to wait for us. And 90 percent of the problems were vacuum tubes. This was before solid-state engineering. So you'd replace a tube or two and they thought you were fucking Einstein. Machines would come back to life, planes would fly. Just pull a tube and stick another one in there. It was a cinch.

The military was kind of your friend in those days. You could jump a ride on military air-transport planes. If the plane was empty you could take people with you — even a woman. You could travel with the base football team, sitting on those paratrooper seats along the sides of the aircraft, against the tin walls.

At my station, Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, we had Bart Starr as the starting quarterback of the base football team. Everybody served. We had a bunch of all-Americans on the team. People went from the Eglin Eagles to the Green Bay Packers.

The draft civilized the military. It wasn't a permanent status; it was service. It has a civilizing effect — you have a whole different attitude when you're in there for two years. And so does the top brass. The abolition of the draft was a momentous event. When you abolish the draft you've got mercenaries.

## On Public Speaking

When I was in the Air Force I would take classes on the base. One of the classes I took was for something that terrified me more than anything in life: public speaking. It was terrifying. I don't know how I ever became a sought-after speaker.

When the Hells Angels book came out I was forced to go out and do publicity for it. It was still hard for me. They told me that if I could write a convincing article I could write a speech. I'd seen senior officers try to master public speaking in order to get promoted to field-grade positions — it was like survival for them. Succeed or die. Public speaking was a required skill. But when I got the sports editorship at the base newspaper — because the guy who was doing it was drunk, busted for the third time for pissing in public — I never had to master it.

One problem I have with public speaking is the sound system — I rarely get there in time to do a sound check. So the sound ends up distorted or you lose the bass.

## On Nutrition

Grapefruit is vital to my lifestyle. I eat grapefruits, oranges, lemons, kiwis. I also need something green with every meal — some vegetables on the plate. Even if it's just some sliced tomatoes and green onions in a pinch. It's both aesthetic and healthy. If I take a look at a plate and see brown, grey, white, I can't eat it. I want to see some red and green.

Drink six to eight glasses of water a day. When you don't drink enough water you lose your taste for it. When you're chronically dehydrated the body misses it, but it has a self-fooling mechanism where you don't think about it. Then you have to re-educate your taste buds for it. At first you can't drink much pure water. I've worked up to five or six glasses a day. At first I could barely do one.

I've really enjoyed my body. I've used it. One of



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the things I've been most impressed with in my life is the resiliency of the human body: They did both my spinal surgery and my leg surgery without putting any metal in me. No metal, Bubba.

### On Medicine

A lot of doctors are reluctant to take responsibility for me. Nobody wants to be the doctor who killed Hunter Thompson. I don't trust the medical establishment, but I do trust individual doctors. I'm straight with doctors. They have to learn that they can talk to me straight, too. There's no point in trying to conceal anything. I appreciate the ones who take risks on me, and I have to look out for the chickenshits.

Most physicians are quacks. In Hawaii, when I broke my leg, they wouldn't give me any painkillers because I'd been drinking. Alcohol is supposed to be dangerous with painkillers. But depending on the person, that can be unnecessarily dogmatic. Body

*Most drugs have been very good to me. I use drugs and if I abuse them, well, show me where. What do you mean abuse them, you jackass? What's abuse? Like most anything else, it's about paying attention. It's simple.*

weight makes a big difference. If I sit around here doing hit for hit of almost anything except acid with a 100-pound woman, she'll get twice as ripped as me.

Anyway, the doctors wouldn't give me painkillers. They wanted me off the island. Nobody wanted responsibility. The doctors, the university where I spoke, the organisers of the marathon I was covering, the hotel where I stayed – they all wanted me out. It was hell. When they tried to load me onto a full commercial flight, they jammed my broken leg into the fuselage of the plane. I was the last to board. Imagine the wonderment of the other 200 passengers upon hearing this incredible uproar at the front of the aircraft – my ever-increasingly violent screams. All those passengers delayed 45 minutes, unable to see what was going on and unable to get up from their seats. Finally the airline had to give up. I've learned that when you get that mean, most people try to get away from it. And if they are assigned to handle you physically, they really want to get away from it.

### On Drugs

Most drugs have been very good to me. I use drugs, and if I abuse them, well, show me where. What do you mean abuse them, you jackass? What's abuse? Like most anything else, it's about paying attention. It's simple. It's not some exotic school of thought I picked up somewhere; it's paying attention. Concentrating. It's something you have to do your whole life.

I watch it and make sure people can handle things. You have to be super aware of who is fucked-up, who is angry. Not at you necessarily, but who is dangerous. Who is not the same friendly guy you were talking to yesterday. See how different things affect different people. Then avoid them if you have to, or keep an eye on them. You can help people at some stage of their anger, but there's a point beyond which you can't do anything.

Steroid-based nasal spray can turn you into a monster.

I don't advocate drugs and whiskey and violence and rock and roll, but they've always been good to me. I've never advised people who can't handle drugs to take them, just as people who can't drive well should not drive 80 miles an hour on any road. That's a point.

### On Alcohol

I have no patience for malevolent drunks. No patience. Drugs, drink, it's no excuse. Booze is probably the most dangerous substance – it's so available, and it's easy to get really wrecked. I felt a sense of amusement when I first read a book called *Nation of Drunkards*. It's a beautiful book, in the rare-book category. It's a history of alcohol and the forming of America. The nation really was conceived in a river of booze.

There's a basic difference in consumers of whiskey or any other substance, and that is the difference between being a binger and a chipper. I have understood for many years that I'm a chipper. The binger sets time aside to get wasted, to go on a binge. The chipper, like me, just does it all the time. It takes awhile to get settled in your patterns like I am – if you live that long.

### On Being Outnumbered

Taking on groups of people was the ultimate fun. And then running off with their women. The Genghis Khan approach. It was romantic. I got the shit kicked out of me a lot. But it was fun. That's an unhealthy attitude – which is why I don't recommend it to other people.

Getting into rumbles without having any idea what you're doing is dangerous. I did it, but I learned. There are some basic rules. For one thing, any crowd or gang can murder you – no matter what kind of crowd. A crowd of schoolgirls can kill you.

Fighting gangs of people is very risky. If you ever get caught trying to defend yourself, attack one person in the crowd. Just try to kill that person. Concentrate, like a shark. Don't attack randomly. I've found that's about the only way to fight a mob. Kill one of them, or try, or seem eager or willing to. People will want to kill you for doing that, but it usually turns the momentum of a senseless brawl where you're just a soccer ball. When the soccer ball can attack you and bite your cheek off, the game changes.

I was ahead of the game when I realized that if I tried to kill one person the rest would back off.

You want to take on a large one. Take on a symbolic leader, the spokesman, the bully. A swift and violent kick to the nuts after a glass of water to the face is always good – and I mean a crotch twister, boy. There's a big difference between a sort of snap-kick to the nuts and one with a follow-through, where you go all the way through the crotch with force. Use the leg – hit with a higher

part than the foot so there's a narrow point of impact.

Though it's probably better to stay out of rumbles, I miss it in a way. I hate bullies and like to take them on. There's that red line. It becomes like a two-minute drill in a playoff game. There's no reason, just survival. It's game time. I've frightened myself and other people with the extremes to which I can carry it.

Just because you give up fighting with your knuckles doesn't mean you give up fighting. That's the deadly serious underbelly of gonzo – the fist inside the glove. I'm still every bit as willing to take on a fight. You just have to figure out where and when. You need to know by gut instinct when the numbers are against you. You need to choose your battles – and your battleground – carefully. You don't want to volunteer to be destroyed. Pick your spots.

And there's no reason to see it all as a battle anyway.

### On Potential

That old thing about "this kid has a lot of talent" will take you a long way. But eventually it has to pay off. Potential will run out – and it can run out suddenly.

### On Ex-Presidents

When addressing a former president, Mr President is the proper form. But I also call one Jimmy. Of course, some of them are best addressed as Swine.

### On Humor

Humor is important – I can't think of anything much more important. Not necessarily to make people laugh but to make them smile. I find that if I can laugh with someone or get them to laugh with me, that's an immediate bond. It's not something I write down or memorise before I go out. It

becomes a habit, a survival technique.

Making your enemies laugh once is no big trick. But making them laugh twice, three times, against their better judgment, makes them notice.

It's like when you shoot a gun in public. The first shot doesn't get people's attention. Hell, I don't notice a shot unless it's right outside my window. But the second shot gets everybody's attention.

### On Skinny-Dipping

Total darkness and no clothes is the only way to swim. Swimming in clothes seems almost obscene to me.

### On Survival

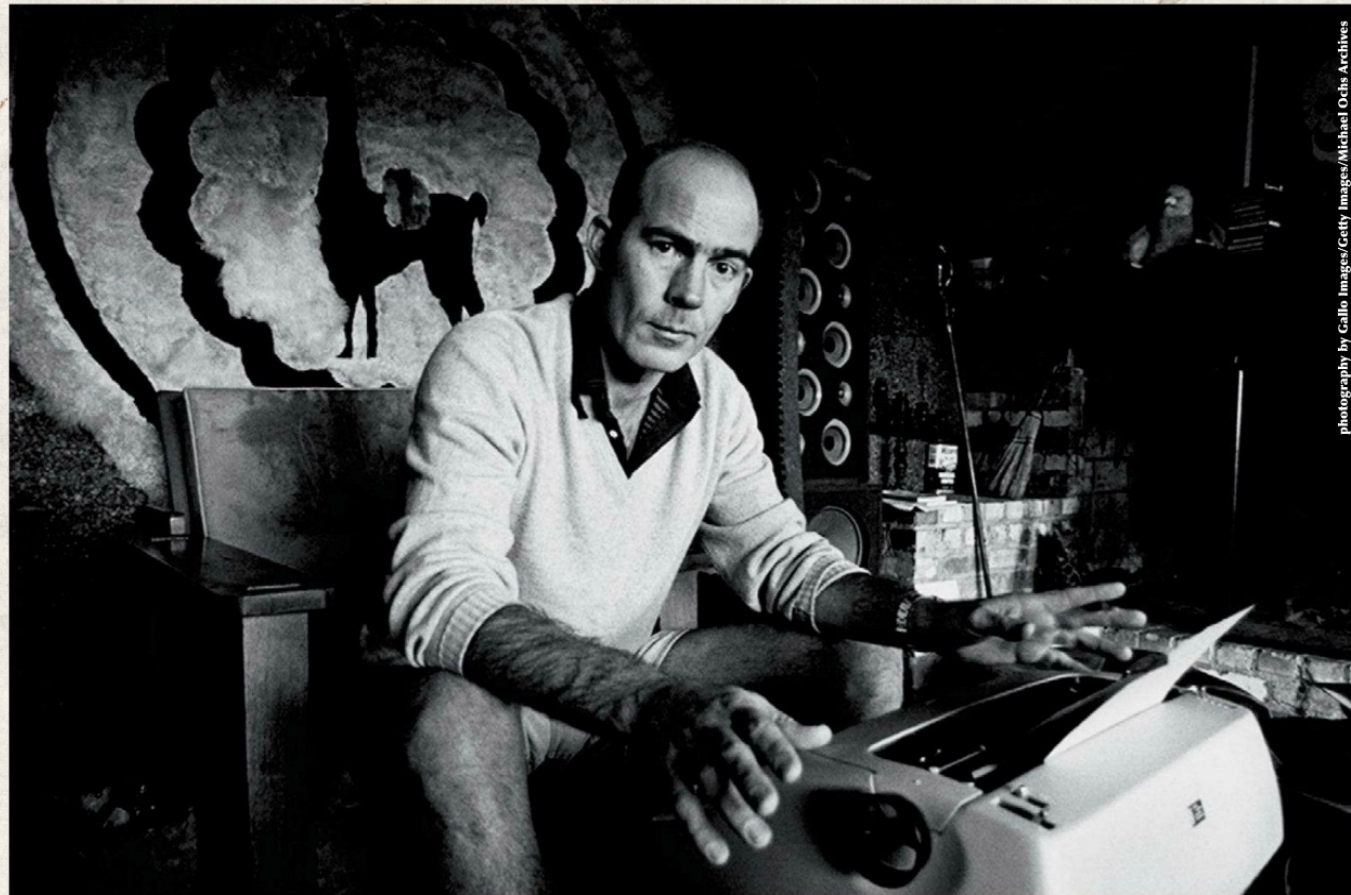
Choosing the right friends is a life-or-death matter. But you really see it only in retrospect. I've always considered that possibly my highest talent – recognising and keeping good friends. And you better pay

attention to it, because any failure in that regard can be fatal. You need friends who come through. You should always be looking around for good friends because they really dress up your life later on.

In the end, it's not so much how to succeed in life as it is how to survive the life you have chosen.

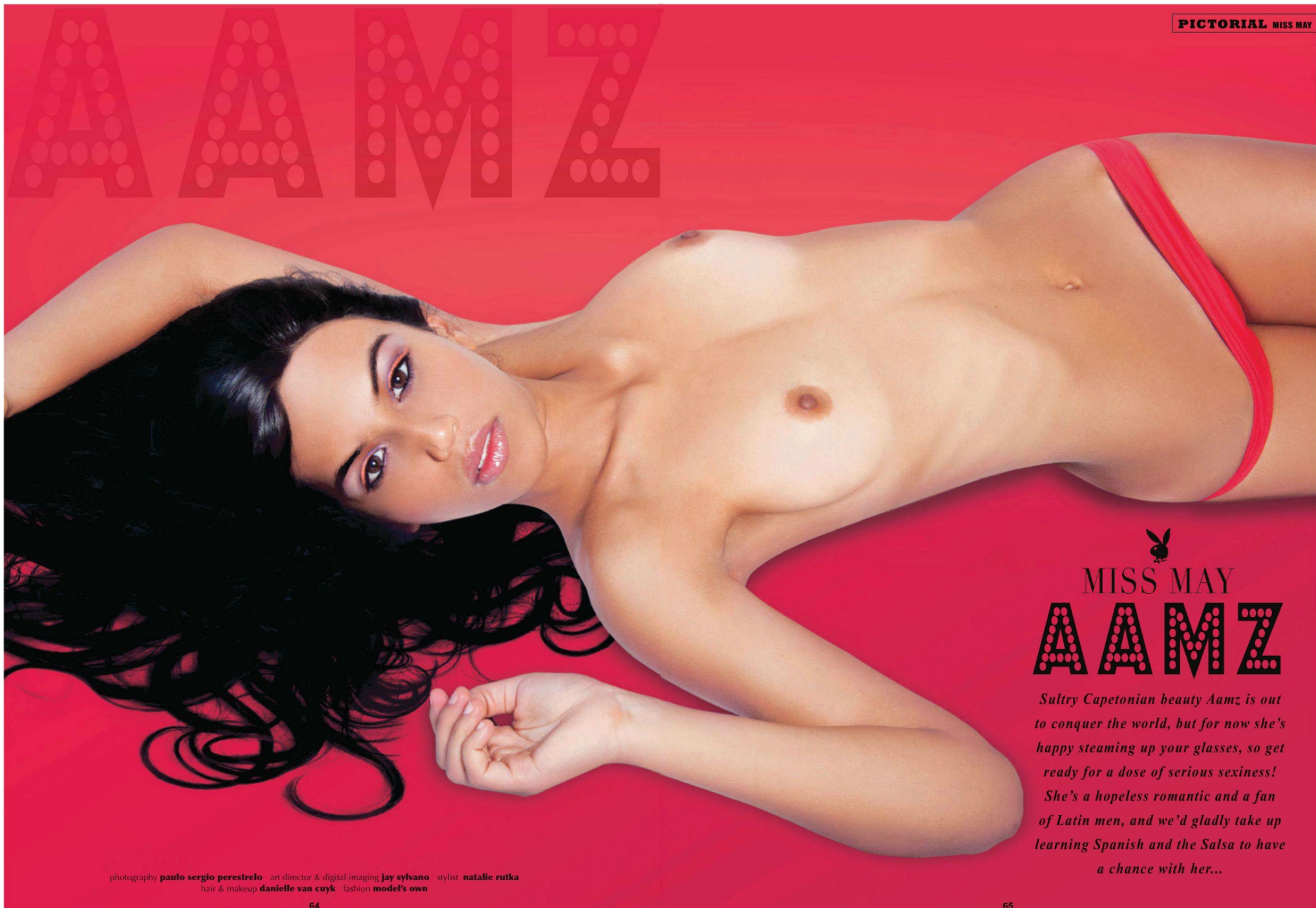
### On Perspective

I'm too old to adopt conceits or airs. I have nothing left to prove. It's kind of fun to look at it – instead of a personal challenge to the enemy out there, just enjoy the evidence. I can finally look at it objectively. Not "Who is this freak over here?" but "Who am I?" I've gotten to that point where it's take it or leave it. Whatever way I've developed seems okay to me on the evidence. So what if the score is against me? I've been on the battlefield for a long time. I suppose I always will be – just my nature. **Y**



photography by Gallo Images/Getty Images/Michael Ochs Archives



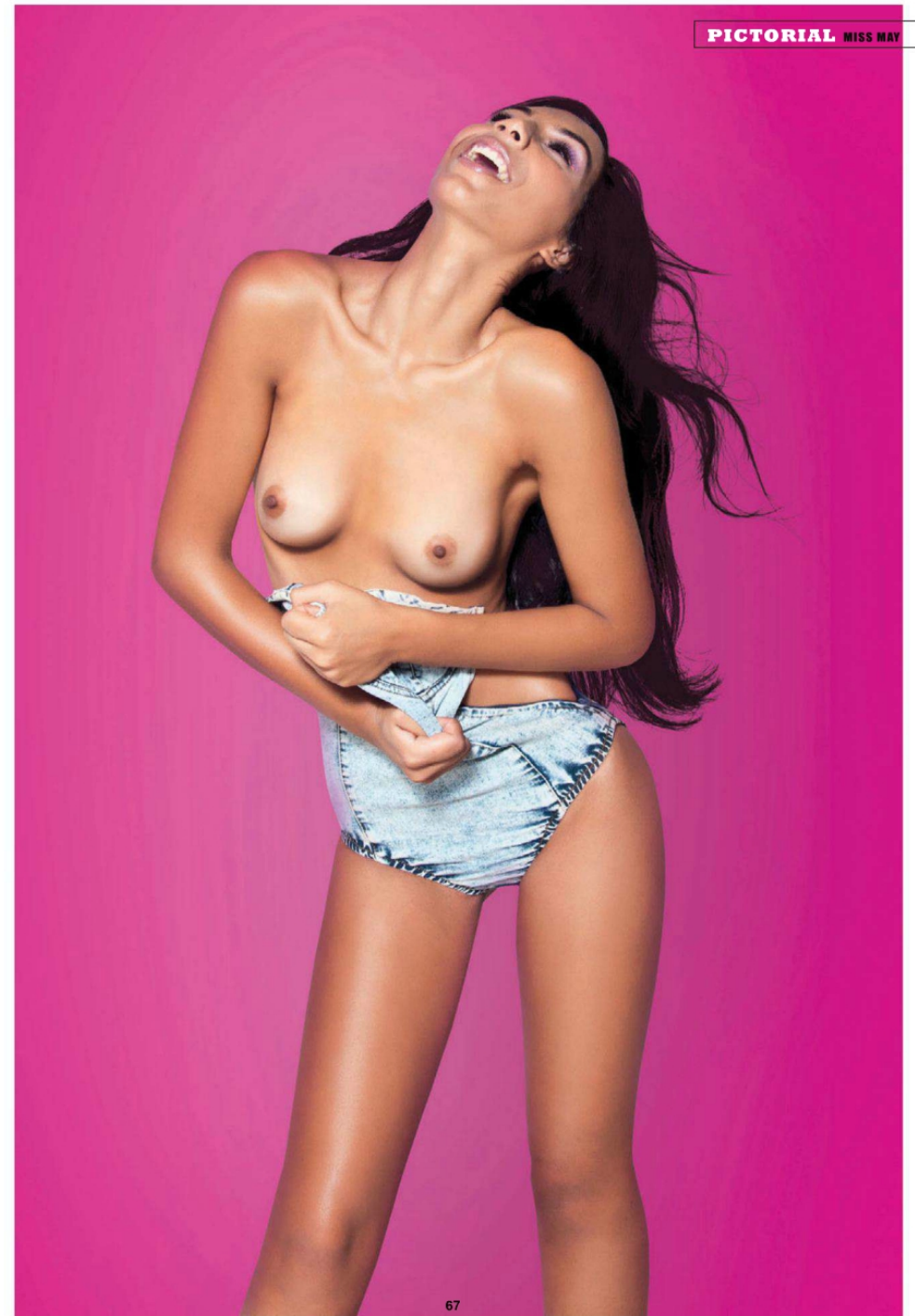


MISS MAY  
AAMZ

*Sultry Capetonian beauty Aamz is out to conquer the world, but for now she's happy steaming up your glasses, so get ready for a dose of serious sexiness! She's a hopeless romantic and a fan of Latin men, and we'd gladly take up learning Spanish and the Salsa to have a chance with her...*

photography **paulo sergio perestrelo** art director & digital imaging **jay sylvano** stylist **natalie rutka**  
hair & makeup **danielle van cuyk** fashion **model's own**









## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Aamz

BUST: 32B Waist: 60cm HIPS: 90cm HEIGHT: 173cm

WEIGHT: 55kg BIRTH DATE: 2 September 1989

BIRTHPLACE: Cape Town, South Africa

AMBITIONS: To be a hard working, well known and admired model.

To be a great paediatrician one day, maybe a good lawyer and to be very successful in achieving all my goals.

TURN-ONS: Definitely a true gentleman!! With Spanish eyes, a nice ass, arms big enough to pick me up and dark, soft hair that is just long enough to be pulled! ☺

TURN-OFFS: A big ego, thinking that you know me when you don't, lying, cheating, disrespect, being fake or trying to impress too much. Also guys who have an obsession with porn!

MY DREAM DATE: Anywhere with Enrique Iglesias (LOL)! An ideal date would have to be extremely romantic, like starting with a cruise to a private beautiful island, then heading to a stunning safari lodge and ending off with a night in Rome! ☺

MY GO-TO-FEEL-GOOD RECIPE: Just relaxing, maybe at the beach, watching movies, being with my family, reading a magazine and eating. ☺

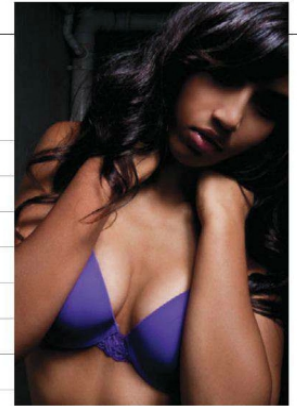
FAVOURITE MOVIES & TV: 90210, Gossip Girl, Pretty Little Liars, etc. Horror movies and romantic movies.

FAVOURITE MUSIC: Enrique Iglesias, Neyo, Pitbull and Christina Aguilera.

PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO MEET: Enrique Iglesias, Johnny Depp, Alessandra Ambrossio, Channing Tatum, Janice Dickinson, Nelson Mandela, Hitler, Christiaan Barnard and Shakespeare.

I'M NOT EMBARRASSED TO SAY: I still like to go into those big toyshops... oh and that I have 15 cats.

SEXY IS: Confidence and attitude. It's a feeling that shines from the inside out. To look sexy you need to feel sexy!





*Amay*



PLAYBOY South Africa's Playmate of The Month

MISS MAY



PLAYBOY South Africa's Playmate of The Month

MISS MAY







PICTORIAL MISS MAY





## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hat do you get when you offer a blonde a penny for her thoughts?  
Change

**A** guy stuck his head into a barbershop and asked, "How long before I can get a haircut?" The barber looked around the crowded shop and said, "About two hours." The guy left.

A few days later the same guy stuck his head into the door and asked, "How long before I can get a haircut?" The barber looked around the shop and said, "About three hours." The guy left.

A week later the same guy stuck his head into the shop and again asked the same question. The barber said "About an hour and a half." The guy left. The barber turned to a friend and said, "Do me a favour. Follow that guy and see where he goes. He keeps asking how long he has to wait for a haircut, but then he never comes back."

A little while later the friend returns to the shop, laughing hysterically. The barber asked, "So where does he go when he leaves?" The friend smiled and answered, "your house."



**F**or his birthday a little boy asked for a 10-speed bicycle. "Son, we'd give you one," the father said, "but the bond on this house is R2 million and your mother just lost her job. There's no way we can afford it in our current situation." The next day the father saw the little boy heading out the front door with a suitcase, so he said, "Son, where are you going?" "Well," the boy said, "I was walking past your room last night and heard you telling Mom you were pulling out. Then I heard Mom tell you to wait because she was coming too. And I'll be damned if I'm staying here by myself with a R2 million bond and no bike."

**A** 70-year-old stockbroker was pouring out his heart to his close friend. "I'm nuts about one young lady," he began, "Do you think I'll have a better chance if I tell her I'm 50?" "I think," his friend said, "you'd have a better chance if you told her you were 90."

**D**o you know What the difference is between sin and shame?  
It's a sin to put it in, but it's a shame to pull it out.

**A** belligerent drunk walks into a bar, and yells at the top of his voice, "I can lick any man in this place!" The bouncer replies "Is this your first time in a gay bar?"

**A** guy brought his date back to his apartment, ripped both their clothes off and then said, "Say hello to my little friend."  
The woman took a look, gathered up her clothes and said, "Call me when he grows up."  
"Could I try on that dress in the window?" a woman asked a shopkeeper.  
"Certainly," the shopkeeper replied, "but I'd prefer that you use the dressing room."

**A**n old miser read an advertisement that the new whorehouse in town charged R500 for the first visit, but only R250 thereafter. The first time he visited, he knocked on the door and the Madam replied, "Who's there?" The man answered promptly, "It's me again."

**A** man is incomplete until he's married – and then he's really finished.

**A** man married a woman who had an identical twin, but less than a year later he was in court, filing for divorce. The judge said, "Tell the court why it is that you want a divorce."

"Well, your Honour," the man said, "every once in a while my sister-in-law would come over for a visit, and because she and my wife look so similar, I'd end up making love to her by mistake."  
"Surely there must be some difference between the two women?" the judge asked.  
"You'd better believe there's a difference," the man replied, "That's why I want a divorce."



**"H**ow do you get a baby?" a little girl asked her mother.  
"Mom and Dad make love," the mother said. "Dad puts his penis into Mom's vagina, and that's how you get a baby."  
"Mom, I saw you put dad's penis in your mouth last night," the girl said. "What do you get from that?"  
The mother said, "Jewellery."

Send your jokes to [partyjokes@playboy.co.za](mailto:partyjokes@playboy.co.za).  
PLAYBOY will pay R100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



*"You're not allowed to sit down in his presence unless it's on his face."*



# The Chopper Diaries

by tim houghton



As short to medium distance travel goes you cannot do it much better than in a chopper. Even the little ones look cool; they travel literally "as the crow flies" and you can go as fast as you like, which is significantly quicker than the national speed limit of your pedestrian/taxi/horse cart-riddled road. And for a little more fun, you can hover, strafe and even barrel roll them, if you don't mind spilling the in-flight beverages a little, that is...

As a playboy travel goes, this is it. Drop in at the wine farm, pop your kid down to school on the soccer field, then off to the city for a grape-wrangling meeting (many layers to that image, most of them disturbing) and then lunch at Cape Point on the beach. Or wake in Pretoria, hop down to Jozi for a morning Board meeting before flitting off to a lunchtime round of golf at Sun City.

We aren't interested in all that rich businessman stuff right now, though; we're after the crazy buggers, the guys who make choppers do things that most people spectate upon with jaw resting firmly on shoes. We want the Airforce men, the movie stunt pilots, the fire chopper guys and the, well, unsafe at any speed, if you get my drift. The Top Guns of Choppers.

## Fire-Fighting Pilots

Okay, so if you're a chopper pilot, generally you aren't that keen on flying where you can't see, because flying by gauges in a chopper is not the easiest thing on the face of the planet to do... but here you are, flying into the smoke plume of an out-of-control veld fire, not only reducing your ability to see, but to breathe as well. Add to this the huge water hopper hanging from the chopper's underbelly, lurching from side to side like an overweight drunk wearing only one heel, and this is not the most calming place to be a pilot!

They are often volunteer professionals with thousands of hours under their rudders, meaning they have pretty much mastered what it is to get one of these things as close as possible to a target of choice. Even so, high winds and

variable loads make flying one of these missions a highly hazardous job, with the possibility of catching the water hopper on trees/powerlines/houses an ever-present risk, as is scooping up an errant swimmer while replenishing your water supply at the nearest reservoir. Okay, that might just be a Darwin Award story...

## Offshore Construction Pilots

These guys are busy building the latest island in the gulf of Arabia, and they are using giant, multi-ton blocks of concrete to provide the base upon which to lay their sandpile. You're the guy flying these concrete blocks into position, before lowering them into place like an airborne game of Tetris. You have millimetres of clearance, and there is a ground team working below you, with many limbs to

crush and maim with Chuck Norris' bowling ball. You're hovering in pretty much the same place for about 10-15 minutes at a time, which basically means a constant dance of all four of your limbs just to maintain stasis. There is no room for error, or things can go big wrong, fast. Like pressure much?

## Medivac

These guys are the closest you'll get to an attack pilot in civilian times, with their prime focus being: get there as quickly as possible, land in the most unfeasible of spots to load an injured person, and shuffle the patient off to the closest stash of bandages and morphine.

The practice was first started in the Korean War of the 50s, where it was found the soldiers treated within an hour of injury had a recovery

rate as high as 90 percent, whereas when they only received treatment after being transported out of the war zone their survival rate dropped to around 25 percent. Medivac allows both to happen: quick transport and immediate medical care. This means the pilots need to be fast, accurate and smooth, allowing life-saving to happen in the back while getting you to the nurse on time. These guys don't understand the concept of hanging around, unless it's fetching someone off the side of a mountain after they've done a little no-strings-attached bungee and broken their face in half...

## Film Stunt Pilots

Now these guys are basically all of the mad buggers who got shot at too much in the war, and tend to fly their choppers like they have just stolen Hades' smoking jacket. Flying between

buildings, ultra-low level flight and stuff like barrel rolls come naturally to these rebels of the air, who fly their craft in the same way racing drivers pilot their vehicles: fast and close!

Either they are used in front of the camera, blasting up baddies while dodging skyscrapers, or they are camera vehicles, used to provide a Point Of View (POV) that would otherwise be impossible to capture, like a panned zoom around a yacht, or a remote mountain location. Their range of talents run the full gamut, from super-precise control of the craft to wild, sweeping high-speed charges under bridges. These sky-boys boast the most complete balance of all of the skills to be found in the art of Heli control, like toreadors that actually ride the bull, instead of just waving their hanky in its face...





### Top 5 Chopper Films Of All Time

If you're into seeing whirlybirds being thrown around like gravity doesn't exist, these are generally accepted as five of the best-filmed movies either about choppers, or featuring great chopper scenes.

**Blue Thunder:** (1983) This is an early 80s film about a super-chopper that uses new military tech to control crowds, and one man's efforts to wrest the control of this super-weapon from the hands of evil. Some of the most insane non-CGI chopper sequences out there.


**Apocalypse Now:** (1979) Francis Ford Coppola's seminal war epic features one of the most impressive helicopter sequences ever filmed, with wave upon wave of Bell UH-1 (Huey) choppers falling into the skirmish from

all sides in a chaotic rain of whirling blades, as well as rescuing some PLAYBOY bunnies from the over-eager ground troops at one point!

**Black Hawk Down:** (2001) This massive Ridley Scott thriller chronicles the story of two US Forces Blackhawk Helicopters shot down during a mission in Somalia, and the subsequent rescue efforts of their flight crew. The chaos and carnage shown is widely regarded as some of the most realistic such footage ever fictionally captured on film.

**Rambo III:** (1988) In this instalment of the franchise, 'ol John J Rambo is enlisted under duress to rescue his mate, Col Sam Trautman (played by Richard Crenna), from them pesky Soviet forces, who were engaged in bombing the crap out of the Afghan rebels. Features a lot

of great chopper scenes, including a number of crashes.

**Airwolf** (1984 – 1987) Okay, so it's a series not a film, but it is the coolest series ever involving a helicopter, ever. Jan-Michael Vincent plays Stringfellow Hawke, a reclusive pilot charged with stealing back an Airforce superchopper from its builders, who ran off with it. He does so, but then, instead of returning it to his bosses, he hides it deep in the desert in an eroded mesa, and then makes a deal to fly it on missions in return for protection against those still looking for him. Some awesome footage, and one of the coolest opening tunes ever created for TV! I remember shaking hands once with Jan Michael Vincent as a kid, and refusing to wash my hand for about three days afterward... 

### How Does It Work?

A helicopter works upon the same principals as any other form of aircraft, that of speeding airflow over a shaped wing to produce lift. But while an aeroplane fixes the wing and creates the necessary airflow by speeding the entire airframe to a point of lift, a helicopter speeds up the wings (or rotor blades) while the airframe remains static.

Naturally, this means there must be some form of changing the way that the rotors attack the air, thereby allowing the pilot to control the amount of lift generated by this whirling wing. This is handled by the collective-pitch lever, generally found to the side of the pilot/co-pilot's seat.

Now that the airframe is off the ground, you aren't going to be doing much other than spinning around in ever-decreasing circles unless you have a tail rotor, which counteracts the natural torque of the main rotor and keeps the airframe pointing in one direction. This allows you to steer the helicopter, and is controlled by foot pedals acting as a rudder.

Okay, so you're off the ground, and the chopper is pointing in the direction you want to go. Now what? Well, the last piece of the puzzle is the cyclic-pitch lever, which is the joystick sprouting from the floor. This allows you to dip or raise the nose of the airframe by adjusting

the blades' angle of attack individually, as well as move it side to side. Dipping the nose on a static lift (not climbing or falling) will result in the airframe moving forward.

And off you go! You won't be able to just hop in and fly after reading this, but you will hopefully gain an appreciation of just how much work it takes just to keep these birds facing in the right direction; you could liken it to playing a set of drums with the co-ordination of your arms and legs, only your set of drums is not very likely to crash-land you in a fiery ball of deathly oblivion...




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## 20Q

by eric spitznagel

Co-star with Johnny Depp in the film, *The Rum Diary*, due to open in May in South Africa, Amber Heard embraces her inner bunny, drives fast, shoots straight, opens up about her personal life and talks about why it's great for a woman to have some curves.

Q1

**PLAYBOY:** You played Maureen, a PLAYBOY Bunny, in the American TV show, *The PLAYBOY Club*. Now that you've spent time in the Bunny suit, you can tell us: Is it really that uncomfortable?

**HEARD:** It feels about an inch away from death. If it got any tighter, we wouldn't be able to sit upright. I'm serious — it's that intense. But it looks great when you're wearing it. Actually, you know what I really love about the PLAYBOY Bunny outfit? It's all about a woman's silhouette. Whatever happened to that? Back in the 1960s it was fine to have curves. Do you know how happy I am that I get to keep some of my curves? For once I don't have to starve myself.

Q2

**PLAYBOY:** There's a real PLAYBOY Club at the Palms in Las Vegas. If this acting thing doesn't work out, would you consider working there as a waitress?

**HEARD:** Oh please. [laughs] No, not so much, though I have nothing but respect for the women who did. Back then it was not an option for women to go out and earn money and support themselves. Marriage was the best and most practical option. What I liked about *The PLAYBOY Club* is that it's about women who were being independent and earning as much as their fathers. It was their chance to live their own life, to do whatever they wanted on their own terms. The feminist movement is often clouded by Gloria Steinem's perspective, but to deny women their sexuality is just as chauvinistic. The women who worked at the PLAYBOY Clubs were using sexuality to their advantage.

Q3

**PLAYBOY:** You've been naked an awful lot in your movies. Do you have to psych yourself up for a nude scene, or is it no big deal?

**HEARD:** I approach all my movies with an open mind and a willingness to dive in and do what's asked of me. But a lot of the nudity in my early movies was out of necessity. When I came to Hollywood, I didn't know anybody. I didn't have any connections. I did what a lot of people have to do in the real world and just worked from the bottom up. And that meant taking a lot of roles as the woman at the party who loses her shirt. But now I'm doing things I find artistically and emotionally fulfilling. I'm not opposed to nude scenes if they're appropriate. I'm

not against them morally, but I personally no longer find movie nudity to be worth my while. That may change in the future. I'm keeping an open mind, as always, because that's what you have to do.

Q4

**PLAYBOY:** Even when you're not naked in movies, you're at least semi-naked. Your Daisy Duke shorts in *Drive Angry 3D*, for instance, left little to the imagination. Is it true those shorts came from your own closet?

**HEARD:** Yes, that is true. Those were my shorts. I don't know if I'm proud of that, but they were. I've had shorts like that for a very long time. I can't remember a time in my life when I didn't have them. I remember when my Daisy Dukes fit me in a different way. When I was younger and a little slimmer, they were baggy and not so revealing.

Q5

**PLAYBOY:** You're co-starring with Johnny Depp in the upcoming film *The Rum Diary*, which is about, among other things, the dread of growing old before your time. Can you empathize? You're only 25. Do you feel over-the-hill?

**HEARD:** Well, of course. Hollywood actresses age in dog years. I'm 25 to the rest of the world, but I'm about 48 in actress years. I'm just around the corner from my midlife crisis. I don't know if you've heard, but Hollywood can be a draining industry.

Q6

**PLAYBOY:** *The Rum Diary* is based on a novel by Hunter S. Thompson, who had a legendary appetite for drugs. To stay true to his spirit, did you partake in recreational drugs during filming?

**HEARD:** Not at all. Trying to film a movie on a diet is hard enough; I can't imagine how it would be on drugs. I stayed true to his spirit in other ways. I kept his book in the pocket of my cast chair the entire time we were filming. That made me feel connected to the bigger picture, of our goal to do justice to a wonderful piece of literature and a legend.

Q7

**PLAYBOY:** You did most of your own stunts in *Drive Angry*, and you've admitted you're kind of a reckless driver. Just how bad is your driving record?

**HEARD:** It's pitiful. It's not something I'm proud of, and I'm trying hard to learn how to drive better. I grew up driving old pickup trucks on the ranch with my dad, and I still find myself driving as if I'm out in an open

field, except I'm in LA, on La Cienega, in the middle of rush-hour traffic. When I was preparing for *Drive Angry* the stunt coordinator took me out to the parking lot to show me how to spin out and fishtail and do all the things you're not supposed to know how to do. After two seconds of being a passenger in my car, he realised it was an exercise in futility — because I had that shit down.

Q8

**PLAYBOY:** You were born and raised in Austin. How stereotypically Texan was your upbringing? Did your entire family wear cowboy hats and holsters and own at least one oil rig?

**HEARD:** I have successfully avoided being stereotyped into a specific category. I've worked hard at that, and I'm proud of not being easily lumped into anybody's preconceived notions or expectations. Look at me: I'm pretty confusing. That said, I do have an oil rig in my backyard.

Q9

**PLAYBOY:** You're kidding, obviously, but you do own a .357 Magnum, right?

**HEARD:** Well, I am my father's daughter. Growing up it was not up to me. I was his hunting and fishing buddy, so I've been shooting my whole life. My dad used to take me and my younger sister, Whitney, to the firing range, and he'd stand behind us as we'd shoot. We were tiny girls — only about 10 years old at the time — so when we'd pull the trigger the recoil would send us flying backward. But he'd stand behind us and make sure we were safe. I've been around responsible gun ownership my whole life.

Q10

**PLAYBOY:** As an adult gun owner, how often do you get a chance to shoot? Do you go to a firing range or just keep it hidden next to your bed and hope somebody breaks in?

**HEARD:** I do not hope somebody breaks in. However, if they did, I pity them. I pity the fool that breaks into my house. Once in a while I'll try to go to an indoor gun range here in LA. Otherwise I make it out to Texas at least a few times a year to go hunting with my dad. I go to spend time with him and for the ride, because he hunts on horseback, and it's the only time I get to ride horses in an open field. But I don't shoot anything. I could never kill an animal. My dad does all the hunting, and he eats everything he kills.

Amber  
HEARD



**My go-to modelling move was called "Be hungry." That was it. You just stand there and be hungry. And that's all I have to say about the modelling industry.**

## Q 11

**PLAYBOY:** Did you name your dog Pistol after a gun or because it sounds intimidating?

**HEARD:** I named her Pistol because Killer was taken by somebody I knew. I love it, because she's a teacup Yorkie and she's two pounds, and it's a ridiculous name for a ridiculous dog. Trust me, her name isn't intimidating anybody.

## Q 12

**PLAYBOY:** You're a certified lifeguard. Have you ever saved anybody's life, and if so, have you done so while running in slow motion, *Baywatch* style?

**HEARD:** When I run on the beach, it's always in slow motion. That's just how I roll. No, I'm kidding, but I was a lifeguard. It was my summer job growing up, and I never saved anyone. I never had to, thank goodness. The other lifeguards and I didn't do much of anything. We just sat around and got tan.

## Q 13

**PLAYBOY:** You went to a Catholic high school but dropped out when you were just 16. Did you leave because of the religion or the uniform?

**HEARD:** It was a great education but a stifling experience for me as an individual. For as long as I can remember I've been the kind of person who goes against the grain and questions authority, and that doesn't make for an ideal religious follower. I always felt like an outcast at school. I had good friends but none I truly related to. I lost my best friend in a car accident when I was 16, and as you can imagine, it was incredibly tough. But that wasn't the reason I left school. I'd already been on this path toward questioning religion and questioning my place within it. I had always been a reader and a sceptic, so when I was old enough to break away from organised religion, it just came naturally.

## Q 14

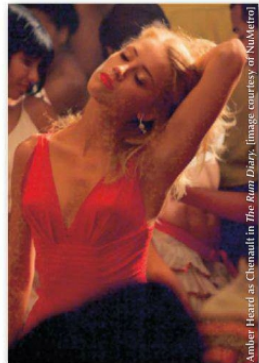
**PLAYBOY:** How did you justify that to your family? Or were they okay with your dropping out of both high school and Catholicism?

**HEARD:** The two things were separate. I didn't drop out of school; I placed out. I took correspondence courses and ended up graduating early. I did everything I could to get the hell out of there. By the time I was 17 I was on my way to Hollywood and didn't look back. My family is supportive now, but like any adult guardian of a 17-year-old daughter, they were not thrilled with my plan to run off to LA to make it as an actress. Even a somewhat functioning parent would think that was a bad idea. Luckily for me I didn't listen to them.

## Q 15

**PLAYBOY:** You're an avowed atheist, which can be a controversial stance. A lot of people think atheism is an attack on religion. Can you argue in defence of your beliefs?

**HEARD:** I can definitely make an argument for atheism. I was very educated in scripture and dogma and the church, particularly the Catholic Church. I could not possibly know that I disagreed with religion unless I knew what I was disagreeing with. I'm not saying this is the only way to be or that it's how everybody should live. Some of my best friends here in LA are devoutly religious people. I'm completely supportive and interested in people doing their own



thing. That's a motto I try to live by, and I hope that's how other people treat me. Live and let live.

## Q 16

**PLAYBOY:** You were briefly a model before becoming an actress. Do you have any favourite modelling moves, such as a sultry over-the-shoulder glare or a hand-on-the-hip thrust?

**HEARD:** My go-to modelling move was called "Be hungry." That was it. You just stand there and be hungry. And that's all I have to say about the modelling industry.

## Q 17

**PLAYBOY:** We find it odd that you keep mentioning your weight. Is there a fun-house mirror in your bedroom or something? Because honestly, it doesn't look as though you could afford to lose a single pound.

**HEARD:** That's sweet. Do you want to come and live with me and say that to me every day? Like most women, I constantly have to watch my weight, because if I didn't, my curves would get ahead of me.

I naturally have some curves, like most women – unfortunately just not like most women in Hollywood. I'm considered curvy only in Hollywood. It's a weird town. Just as we were discussing with age, it's the same with weight. Every pound for a woman in the real world is seven pounds for an actress. I don't want to play into the perception that all women should look like 14-year-old boys. I don't want to add to that pressure for young girls. But in Hollywood there is a constant pressure to look a certain way.

## Q 18

**PLAYBOY:** Your first lead role was in a horror movie called *All the Boys Love Mandy Lane*. What's the secret to a convincing horror movie scream?

**HEARD:** It's like anything else in acting: You just have to believe it. And depending on the movie, that's not too difficult to do. I remember showing up for my first day on *Mandy Lane* and being all excited because I thought it would be so glamorous and amazing. But then for my first scene they dumped a bucket of fake blood and mud on me. And I was thinking, Oh, so this is what it's about, huh? This is the Hollywood glitz and glamour I've been hearing about? I don't know if you've ever been covered in fake blood, but it's terrible. It's sticky and smelly, and when it dries, it pulls on all the little hairs on your arms. I don't recommend it. It's the modern-day equivalent of being tarred and feathered.

## Q 19

**PLAYBOY:** You came out of the closet a couple of years ago, sharing details of your relationship with photographer Tasya Van Ree. As a Hollywood sex symbol, did you notice that the announcement had any effect on your career?

**HEARD:** First of all, to say I came out implies that I was once in. Let me be straight about that – no pun intended [laughs] – I never came out from anywhere. I've always lived my life the way I've wanted and have been honest with myself and everyone around me. It didn't really affect anything in my career. I don't think the producers and directors I've worked with care one way or another. The only frustrating part has been all the media attention. For someone like me who prefers to keep her life as private as possible, it has been disconcerting to have to define so much about myself. I don't want to be labelled as one thing or another. In the past I've had successful relationships with men, and now I'm in this successful relationship with a woman. When it comes to love I am totally open. And I don't want to be put into a category, as in "I'm this" or "I'm that."

## Q 20

**PLAYBOY:** Gay marriage continues to be a contentious issue. If it ever becomes legal, would you be the first in line to get married to Tasya?

**HEARD:** It's an important issue, and I'm fighting for the right to get married. [pauses] For other people. **Y**

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# HARLEY & Vespa

by tim houghton

## AUTHENTIC LIFESTYLES

FEATURE BIKE MAD

Right now, most of you are looking at me with that expression you usually reserve for someone who just jumped from a 10-storey building and walked away; shocked incredulation. How could I even begin to start to compare Harley-Davidson, the epitome of hairy, lairy and scary (the bikes are quite wild too) with the espresso-sipping, pointy-shoe-wearing folk you tend to find on Vespas? You may well be saying it's a reach too far, bitten off more than you can chew, credibility irrevocably lost... and you may be right! But have a listen here first, and you might start to see what we're on about.

Who are the two biggest bike-only manufacturers in the business? Yup, Harley and Vespa, or strictly speaking Vespa's parent company, Piaggio. These are the two that have endured basically unchanged through two or three generations, have gained fanatical followings, and whose names are definitions of what biking is to certain groups of people. And both brands are so steeped in the righteous lore of the Silver Screen, celebrity indiscretion and post-war transportation that they're practically drowning in it.

What you might not have realised, however, is the similarity in cost. No, I haven't taken a fresh puff on the opium pipe: the most expensive Vespa currently available as a standard model, the 300 GTV i.e. model, is actually almost *R5k more expensive* than the cheapest Harley, the 883N Iron. That's not a misprint. So we decided that this situation warranted some investigation: just how can a scooter be the same kinda cash as a piece of pig-iron heavy enough to be worth the money just on metal alone?

**The 883 Evo motor sets up a combination of vibrations that would make any lady smile in a vaguely distracted, cross-eyed way.**

### Harley 883N Iron

Let me state, right from the outset, that I'm not a Harley guy. I think that they are fat bikes bought by even fatter people who use the vastness of the bike to disguise their own bulk, and spend their days roaring around in a cloud of self-importance. I said as much to the Harley guy, and he just laughed, "Go ride it, then we'll speak."

The bike itself is quite a good-looking thing, as Harleys go. Relatively small for a Harley, it sits low with a 735mm seat height, making the bike's 254 kg weight fairly easy to handle at low speeds, and therefore relatively accessible to a new rider. Hop on, helmet up, and fire up the fairly long-stroke (76.2mm x 96.8mm) 883 Evo motor, which farts its way into a fairly steady idle, setting up a combination of vibrations that would make any lady smile in a vaguely distracted, cross-eyed way... only problem being it has a solo seat, making it a little tricky to take her along for the experience!

Thunk the very deliberate shifter into first, an action that makes a sound halfway between breaching a round in a rifle and kicking a tin, and feed in the power gingerly to set the mass in motion. The 70Nm of torque the 883 produces immediately makes its presence felt, effortlessly whumping the little Harley up the road on a blare of V-twin dissonance and rumble, shifting its mass in a very convincing fashion. And the "little" 883 motor has more than enough oomph to get you quite far into Gareth Cliff (illegal) territory, combined as it is with a fairly long-ratio'ed 5-speed gearbox. The limiting factor is generally the strength of your neck and arms, as the wind makes its best effort at peeling you from your mount...

So it's got the go to match the pose factor, which is pretty high. Styled on one of the more popular classic speedster styles of yesteryear, it's a long, low slab of chrome and black, with low sweep bars and a peanut tank giving it a classic speedster profile, and cutting a stylish swathe as you surf along on your wave of torque. Make no mistake, it can be fast; it just doesn't necessarily want to be.

Settle into the way it wants to be ridden, and a whole new experience starts to avail itself to you. Suddenly you're slouching back on your seat, burbling along in top gear with the bike practically idling at 120 km/h, hand on the tank, soaking up the joy that is riding a bike and being a part of the scenery, as opposed to a disinterested spectator in your car. The wide front wheel gives the front a nicely keyed-in feel, with good stability and a positive turn-in feel through the bar, although you tend to ride through the bumps with the bike, as opposed to the suspension soaking up the impacts. The bike makes no bones about its envelope of performance, and does things



the way it feels like doing them. You either adjust, and start to see the special brand of enjoyment it uniquely offers, or you'll feel limited, and ultimately walk away.

So does it sound like I'm the newest Harley convert? Well, no, actually. The tank is a touch small, making the trip to the garage a common experience if you use the performance. The vibration is literally enough to turn all contact points into a buzzing mass of pins and needles after an hour and around town it has the slow-speed manners of a hung over mule, too big to realistically filter between lanes in traffic. It

also suffers from mild driveline shunt, making mooching along at walking pace a fraught affair of too little/too much, foot down/foot up, unless you clutch in and coast along, and changing direction is an exercise requiring notification in triplicate a week before the event. People also immediately think that you are a lawyer, and start pelting you with their take-out coffees and chewing gum.

So where do I stand then, on this entry point to Harley? Well, I'm ambivalent. The power is nice, and it delivers in the way that only a large-capacity naturally aspirated motor could, from below-basement in one large, juicy slug. It is also a very well made specimen. It does look like an R82k bike. It just doesn't look like my kind of R82k bike, and I guess that's my point. If your idea of a bike is the laid-back variety by this Milwaukee manufacturer, you can't get into the fold for less money. It's eminently competent, and I must admit that I did enjoy my time on it. Now I can understand why people buy these things in their droves; Harley does things in a way unmatched in the bike world, and that is still a good thing. You wouldn't trade in your grandfather just because he farts at the dinner table (bless you gramps); he's got character. Same story here.

#### GTS Vespa 300 i.e Super

Right, into the deep left field now. This is where that healthy dose of scepticism comes romping in through the door, kicking over your Jack and Coke and keying your paintwork. How in pluperfect Hell can I even be doing this!

Truth be told, they can't be compared as tools, excepting the fact that they are both motorcycles, with two wheels and a motor powering one of them. It's transportation, pure and simple. But yet, somehow, Vespas are something more than just that. After all, Vespa means "wasp" in Italian. Maybe it's the PLAYBOY days of the swinging 60s, with pictures of impossibly gorgeous women perched behind Italian cads, blasting through the Roman streets on their Vespas with a smoke in his mouth; they personified a decadent, devil-may-care era where it was All Good. I'll grant you, those rose-tinted specs are now firmly removed with today's economic situation, but the heritage of the brand cannot be denied.

I jump onto the latest offering from the Pontedera-based giants, the 300 i.e Super. These puppies are significantly more advanced than the *isithuthu's* (ask someone, if you don't understand) I'm used to from Vespa, sporting disk brakes front and rear, a water-cooled 278cc thumper (4-stroke) motor with

fuel injection and impressive 35 km/h fuel consumption figures at 70 km/h, a figure that Frans Steyn's the Harley into a deep touch. And this is one seriously flick-able little scooter!

The low centre of gravity and micron-perfect positioning of all of the interfaces, combined with the plucky little motor punching well above its weight in delivery of its maximum output of 22.7bhp @7,500rpm all collude to make the sprightly little Italian quite a laugh around the cut and thrust of the city centre. It seems genuinely eager to please, dosing out engaging acceleration while allowing you to weave about between the traffic like a particularly energetic Muhammad Ali. Okay, maybe Baby Jake...

It's not a Harley. But then it was never intended to be. This was a bike first designed for a post-war Europe (Italy, specifically) that allowed people to get about their business in a cost-effective and timely manner, while still adhering to the Italian God of Style. They really do look like the racing snails from *The Neverending Story*. Just don't buy into the

**I don't care what age you are, you've heard a Vespa being caned past you at some point, usually trailing a smoky cloud behind the student riding it.**

putrid metallic lime rhino-shot colour scheme they offer; looks too real then...

It's an immensely competent and well-built bike with aerospace design influence and a healthy dose of brio, and compared to other scooters the quality does shine through in a number of noticeable ways, like the milled aluminium passenger footpegs that fold flush with the bodywork when not in use, or the electronic push-button release for the front cubby stash. This is a tool of utility, for those who find time an adversary at the dawn of each new sunrise. They allow you a step-in, step-out super-taxi to any reasonable destination, with predictable handling that somehow remains engagingly responsive to those more skilled in the art of the motorcycle. It makes sense in a transport way, but I'm not convinced that it's quite swimming in the rarefied waters it finds itself. R85,950 is a lot of money, proper actual money, for a scooter, even one as well specced as this one is. It finds itself in a wasp's nest (pun intended) of activity across a number of bike types, from commuters to adventure bikes and, of course, the Harley.

These bikes should have no space in our chase-the-bottom-line world, but yet they both remain as relevant as ever. They remind us that things don't have to be refined beyond all recognition to make them better. I won't lie and say that I would buy either, because I wouldn't. But for the first time in my life, I can properly understand why people would buy them. You can offer me a ride on either, and I'd have it. **V**



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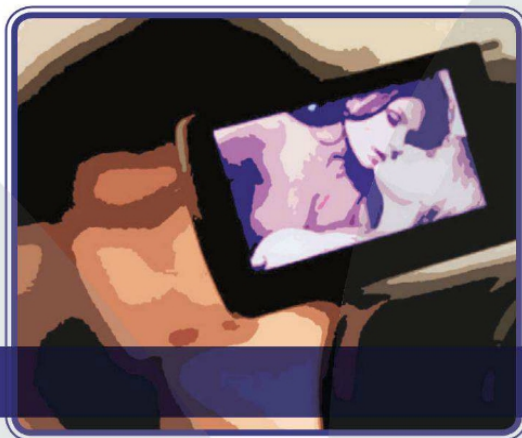
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**aprilia**



# PLAYBOY Advisor

Send your questions to [advisor@playboy.co.za](mailto:advisor@playboy.co.za).  
We'll get the best in the field to give you some great advice...



**M**y husband of 16 years is a reserved guy, so I always enjoy shocking his system in the bedroom. For example, I have had other women give him blow jobs, taken him to swinger clubs, etc. But I wasn't sure how I would handle another woman fucking him. One night at a party the situation got out of hand, and he ended up with a woman in another room. I stood outside the door, wondering if I had made a big mistake. I was okay until I heard her yelling and him slapping her ass. Now I'm a mess. I no longer let him go to strip clubs, I have a hard time watching porn with him, and I feel like crying whenever he does me from behind. I have gone to a therapist, only to be told it's my fault this happened. I probably deserve this because of a one-night stand I had eight years ago, which he knows about. I was only trying to be an adventurous wife. But now I'm like every other wife – jealous and insecure. I thought men see sex only as sex. My husband won't give me any answers. Can you?

– LC, Bryanston

This isn't your fault. It's simply the result of a lack of communication; you hadn't discussed the situation beforehand, and it led to your being shut out. There is no such thing as an adventurous wife, only an adventurous couple. If you had been in that room, slapping the woman's ass while your husband fucked her, we doubt you'd be writing us. Ask your husband if he would come with you to a therapist (not the idiot you've already seen) to listen and/or tell his side of the story. The one-night stand from years ago is not on his mind.

**I**s it okay to tell a friend I have a problem with the way he treats women? He has done deplorable things but laughs them off. Should I tell him he's being a douche bag? – SN, Langebaan

You could say something, but we doubt it would make any difference. He knows what he's doing. More important, how does his behaviour reflect on you, since any woman he has burned will likely assume you share his attitude? At the very least they will wonder about your choice of friends, which puts you in a hole before you even get started.

**E**ight years ago my girlfriend and her ex taped themselves having sex. When she told me she still had the tape, I asked her why she hadn't destroyed it. It's a huge turnoff for me to even think about it. What's your take? – AK, Seapoint

It wouldn't bother us, especially since the guy is ancient history. If you feel you can't go on, ask your girlfriend if she will help you make an even hotter sex tape, preferably while recording over the old one.


**I** have no problem kissing my boyfriend after he goes down on me, but he's repulsed if I try to kiss him after giving him head. He says it's gross and just wrong. What does the Advisor think? – KL, Knysna

We assume you're not surprising him with a mouthful of sugary love. Even so, a guy will be hard-pressed to have a woman finish her work with style if he projects cootie vibes

about his own recipe. (The same can be said for a woman reluctant to kiss the glazed doughnut that used to be her partner's face.) Although we doubt you'll be able to change your boyfriend's attitude overnight, the best approach may be humour. Next time, pull breath spray from under the covers and take a hit before asking, "How about a kiss?" Or make a big production of wiping your mouth and face with a wet wipe. Or dig a supersize bottle of mouthwash from under the bed and gargle. With any luck, he'll lighten up.

**W**hat percentage of men are "growers" versus "showers"? I'm a grower – my flaccid penis looks like a pinkie but expands to a decent-size erection. I'm not about to ask guys at my health club to make themselves hard, so I thought I'd go to the Advisor.

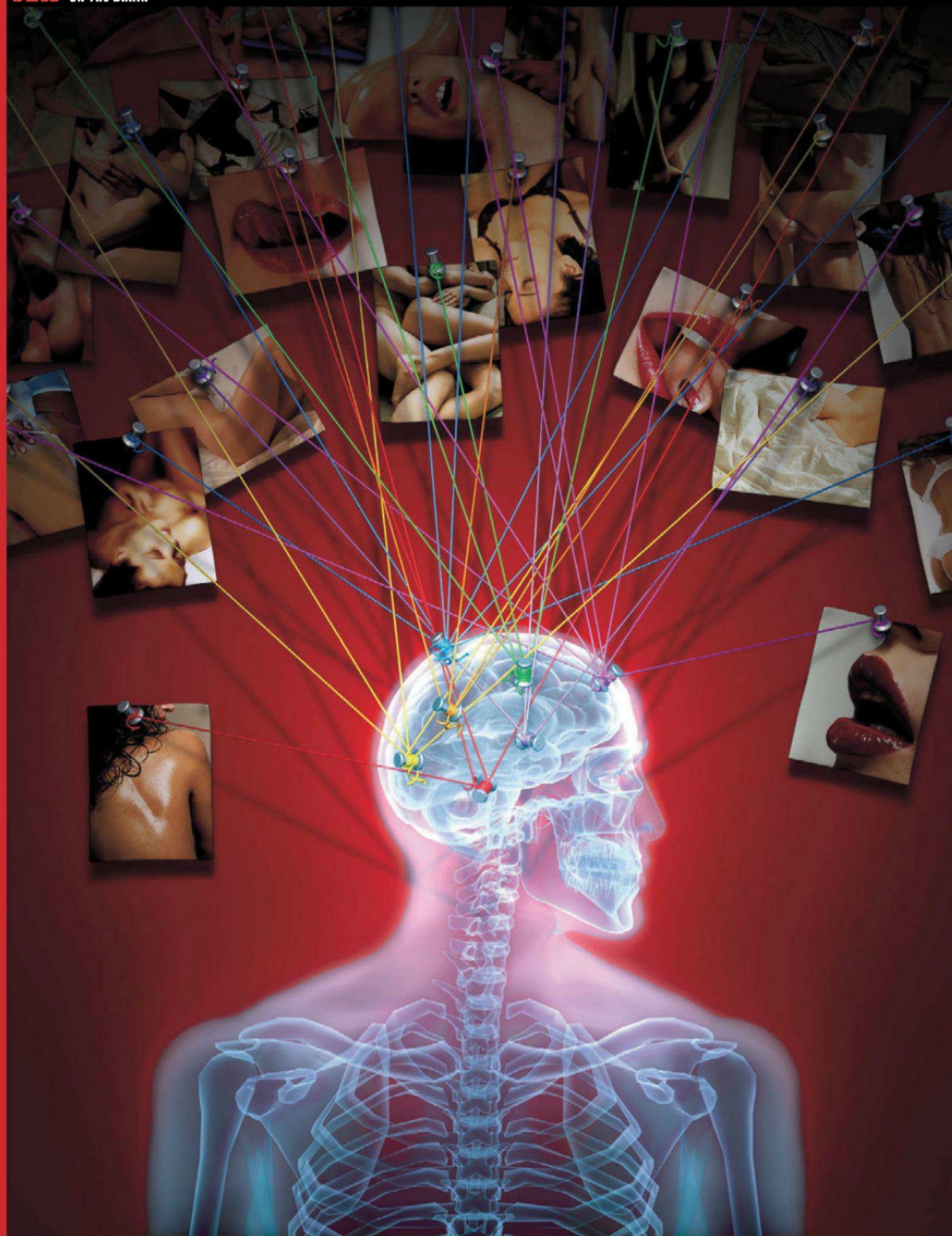
– AS, Bloemfontein

You've come to the right place. Scientists have never found any correlation between a man's flaccid and erect sizes at any age; some guys expand as little as a quarter inch, while others bloom like spring flowers. An analysis of data collected by Alfred Kinsey found that about 7 percent of men are extreme growers, who double in size, while 12 percent are extreme showers, who expand only a third of their total length or less. Regardless of where they begin, most men end up at five to seven inches erect. Archaeologist Timothy Taylor suggests females during the era after bipedalism and before loincloths may have interpreted flaccid size as a symbol of strength and fertility. But that was years ago. 



"I don't know, what would you like to do...?"





# SEX ON THE BRAIN

In the latest of a series of reports on the science of male sexuality, we take measure of your largest sex organ and its ability to turn you on, turn you off and turn you into a fool for love.

by chip rowe

Anyone who has seen a friend afflicted with this thing called love can attest to the extreme discomfort it unleashes, not because the friend becomes so unbearably fragile but because at any moment you could be next. Even if you know better – that it's a chemical reaction, that she's not perfect, that the relationship will probably end badly – love is powerful enough to quickly turn a man from solid to liquid. With rare exceptions, every human falls victim, from high school to nursing home and across races and social classes. Hitler made googly eyes; Einstein went soft in the knees. Love doesn't care if you're already seeing someone. It doesn't wait until the time is right. Scientists suggest that these sudden, intense attachments are nature's way of drugging us; otherwise we would never be so stupid as to reproduce and spend our most productive, energetic years chasing, feeding and socialising ungrateful half citizens. Even primitive man had better things to do. As anthropologist Donald Symons notes, the more powerful a feeling has evolved to be, the more difficult the goal it must be trying to achieve.

## Your Brain In Love

The highest compliment you can offer Helen Fisher is to say she seems easy to fall in love with. For the past 25 years, first at the American Museum of Natural History and now at the Centre for Human Evolutionary Studies at Rutgers University, she has examined the mysterious forces that draw couples together. Fisher has come to believe romantic love is a fundamental drive on a par with hunger and thirst, impossible to ignore. It even holds sway over our natural narcissism: a reliable sign that a person has fallen hard is when he says he is willing to die for his lover. "Romantic love is a drug as powerful as any narcotic, if not more so," Fisher says from her Manhattan office near the human zoo of Central Park. "It's thrilling when our love is returned and powerfully negative when it is cut off."

In Fisher's view, the human mating pattern involves three distinct neural processes that developed millions of years ago in our earliest hominid ancestors. In her book *Why We Love* she identifies them as (a) lust, or the craving for sexual gratification that initiates a pairing ("What a fox!"), (b) attraction, which saves time and energy by helping us focus on suitable partners ("She's the one") and

(c) attachment, aka companionate love, the emotional bond that keeps a couple together at least until their offspring can walk and feed themselves ("We are family"). When you fall for someone, several predictable events occur. First, your beloved takes her place at the centre of your existence at the expense of friends, family and work (or, as Romeo puts it, "Juliet is the sun"). Second, you aggrandise her as being close to perfect and think about her constantly (or, as Robert Graves puts it, "Love is a bright stain on the vision/Blotting out reason"). Finally, you crave a deep emotional union, a mingling of souls (or, as Modern English puts it, "I'll stop the world and melt with you").

With the help of a technology called functional magnetic resonance imaging, or fMRI, scientists have been able for the first time to peer inside love-pickled brains for clues about how the circuitry works. For a study published in 2005, Fisher, psychologist

**The caudate nucleus, which Fisher calls "the furnace of romantic love," helps us identify, choose and anticipate rewards. This means it goes haywire not only in lovers but in gamblers and cocaine addicts expecting a payday.**

Arthur Aron and neurologist Lucy Brown recruited 17 men and women ages 18 to 26 who had fallen in love during the previous 17 months. They placed each volunteer's head inside an fMRI scanner, which measures the brain's neural activity by charting blood flow, then displayed a photo of his or her beloved for 30 seconds and watched the fireworks. After analysing 144 scans of each subject's brain, the team was surprised to see that the region that controls emotions did not light up. Instead the activity was deeper, in the caudate nucleus, part of our subconscious, reptilian core. The nucleus, which Fisher calls "the furnace of romantic love," helps us identify, choose and anticipate rewards. This means it goes haywire not only in lovers but in gamblers and cocaine addicts expecting a payday. It showed the most activity in volunteers who scored highest on psychological tests measuring their passion (eg, "I tremble in anticipation at the sight of my lover") – finally, then, we have located the source of all mushy poetry.

The caudate nucleus operates on a circuit with another central part of the brain, the right ventral tegmental area. The VTA is loaded with nerve cells that produce and distribute

dopamine, aka Love Potion Number 1. This neural narcotic is responsible for feelings of energy, exhilaration, focus and motivation to pursue – all characteristics of a person in the grip. Novel experiences appear to drive up dopamine levels; researchers have found people are more receptive to romance after coming off a roller coaster or walking over a narrow, wobbly bridge – two great places, apparently, to meet women. Dopamine also appears to elevate levels of testosterone, which can boost the sex drive. An Italian neuroscientist, Dr Donatella Marazziti, has documented other changes, such as the fact that in new lovers, the calming neuro-transmitter serotonin drops to a level comparable to that in people who suffer from obsessive-compulsive disorder. More recently, Marazziti reported that 12 newly smitten men had lower levels of testosterone than a control group, while 12 newly smitten women had higher levels. Could it be, she asked, that

nature brings us together by temporarily making men more like women and women more like men?

Whatever its methods, nature intends only for you to breed; anything else you accomplish is gravy. To prevent you from coming

to your senses after you have fallen for someone, the brain shuts down areas that process negative emotions, social judgment and "mentalising," or assessing other people's intentions and emotions. Love is blind – and also deaf, mute and retarded. You are juiced to a point at which you cannot rationally assess your lover's faults, which forces your friends and family to do it for you. The same chemical changes take place in the mind of another person whose participation is essential to the perpetuation of the species: a new mother.

Some people so crave the dopamine rush of new love that they date anyone who will have them, jumping from one relationship to the next. Dr Michael Liebowitz, author of *The Chemistry of Love*, has identified these types as "attraction junkies." He and a colleague found that some patients began to choose partners more carefully and feel more at ease being single after receiving antidepressants that boost the level of the brain neurotransmitter phenylethylamine. At the other extreme are people who claim never to have felt lust and/or attraction. Although a true asexual has never been identified, scientists have found the rare male ram, rat or gerbil that shows no interest in mating, and



**Nature intends only for you to breed; anything else you accomplish is gravy. To prevent you from coming to your senses after you have fallen for someone, the brain shuts down areas that process negative emotions.**

1 percent of the respondents in a survey of 18,000 adults claimed never to have felt sexual desire.

#### Your Brain In Pain

As anyone who has been in a serious relationship knows, no matter how strong your initial feelings about your snuggle bunny, the day arrives when you sober up. When Marazziti took blood from 16 of her 24 volunteers a year or two after they had reported being madly in love, their hormone levels had all returned to normal. The thrill was gone. This is for the best, Fisher says: "Many of us would die of sexual exhaustion if romantic love flourished endlessly." Coming down from the high doesn't necessarily mean you are no longer interested, just that your brain is making adjustments for the long haul. It produces less dopamine and more serotonin, replacing frenzy with calm. Oxytocin kicks in as a stabiliser. If one or both partners can't sustain their oxytocin level, the relationship sputters, although regular sex may help. "If you have enough orgasms with your partner, you may become more attached to her," suggests Fisher, because climax appears to stimulate production of oxytocin and vasopressin, two hormones associated with bonding. In animal studies, oxytocin has been found to encourage females to nurture their young and vasopressin to push males to defend the nest.

But as anyone who didn't marry their high school girlfriend can tell you, things don't always work out. After examining the brain in love, Fisher and her colleagues repeated their fMRI experiment with volunteers who had recently been dumped. In fact, the day after her boyfriend ended their relationship, Fisher put herself into the machine. "I can't ask others to do it unless I'm willing," she says. As with her subjects, Fisher found a spike in her brain's dopamine activity – the same reaction we have when we first fall in love. When a reward is delayed, the brain churns out more dopamine. This explains why, in a phenomenon Fisher calls "frustration-attraction," adversity and barriers stoke the flames. We become obsessed with winning our lover back, agonise over what went wrong and, encouraged by Hollywood endings, make dramatic and ultimately humiliating appearances at their home or work to declare our love. During this initial protest phase many people become enraged,

which may be the brain's way of helping us break away. Fisher agrees with the assessment that the opposite of love is not hate but indifference. "Love and hate have too much in common," she says. "They involve similar focus and obsession."

When we finally give up, we are left in despair. With time, our dopamine levels return to normal, helped along by novel activities, basking in sunlight and exercise. But an unfortunate few are unable to shake their depression. Terminally lovesick, they resort to suicide, a stunning act of destruction unique to Homo sapiens.

#### Your Brain Comes

It's easy to imagine a group of neuroscientists examining the first fMRI machines a decade ago in the same way pornographers once viewed VCRs: *Think what we could do with this!* Almost immediately they began rolling supine college students headfirst into the middle of the donut-shaped scanners and showing them erotica. Before fMRI, much of what scientists knew about the sexual brain came from studying epileptics who had reported an "orgasmic aura" before seizures and patients who, for various reasons, had electrodes implanted in their brain. In 1964 a physician reported that a patient given control over his electrode pressed the button constantly, saying it made him feel as if he were building up to climax. (He may have been stimulating an area involved in what today is known as persistent sexual arousal syndrome.) Three of the doctor's other patients reported getting erections, and a fourth would bring up sex no matter what topic was being discussed. Lobotomies, lesions, tumours and haemorrhages have led mild-mannered patients to masturbate openly or feel up the nurses. A 75-year-old became "the man with a thousand hands," according to his wife. He declined to have a shunt in his brain repositioned to stem his hypersexuality.

The fMRI makes it easier to observe the brain in heat but presents its own challenges. At Stanford, hospital officials refused to allow liquids (eg, ejaculate) inside their expensive machine, so researchers could examine only arousal. Even if you can let volunteers reach climax, they must be able to do so without touching themselves, because masturbation activates the area of the brain that controls motor function and thus muddies the images. So far scientists have located only women who

are capable of this, although Alfred Kinsey estimated that three or four males in 5,000 possess the skill as well. Ideally, you would want to scan the brain and genitals at the same moment, to see how they interact, but the current technology can handle only so much excitement.

If you don't know anyone who can climax by fantasy alone, the obvious alternative is to lend a hand. This is the Dutch way. In 2005 Gert Holstege, a professor of anatomy and embryology at the University of Groningen, reported the results of a study in which he observed the brains of 11 men ages 19 to 45 as they received hand jobs from their girlfriends or wives while the men's heads were restrained with adhesive bands inside a positron emission tomography (PET) scanner. He repeated the experiment with 13 women. After studying the images, Holstege concluded that while the female brain appears to become lost in the moment during arousal and climax, the male brain remains engaged, anticipating the pleasure of being touched. It's hard to underestimate the importance of this aspect of male sexuality – studies suggest that a part of the brain known as the claustrum not only assists in creating fantasies but helps us jump into any erotic scenes we encounter. Even when we aren't being touched, we can easily imagine the sensation.

As a man becomes aroused, the amygdalae, two almond-shaped regions of the brain whose duties include keeping him constantly vigilant for hazards and threats, become much less active, just as they do when he is in the throes of new love. Holstege believes the "Do Not Disturb" sign goes up so that the male animal can concentrate on the task at hand – reproduction – without being distracted by every rustle in the brush. "Apparently a general lack of fear is necessary for ejaculation," he writes. Indeed, one study found that men watching porn showed a diminished startle response to a sudden burst of white noise. The time it took each man to punch the scientist remained constant.

#### Your Sexual Centre

Although many parts of the brain are involved in sexuality, the circuit board for our carnal desires appears to lie within the thumbnail-size hypothalamus buried deep in the skull. As if processing your insatiable libido weren't enough, it also controls hunger, cardiovascular performance, body temperature, stress and emotional responses. "Imagine the hypothalamus as a row of dip switches," says biologist Simon LeVay. "They seem too tiny to be important but regulate everything." The precise source of the male drive appears to be located front and centre, at a cowboy bar called the medial preoptic, where most of the brain neurons having androgen receptors are located. (The apparent centre of the

female sex drive, the ventromedial nucleus, is a few millimetres away.) When a male monkey first sees a female in heat and presses a button to move toward her, the neurons in his medial preoptic go berserk. During intercourse the activity declines (no need for it while you're getting laid), and after ejaculation it falls again (mission accomplished). When researchers damage the region, male monkeys lose most or all interest in females, though they will continue to masturbate. Something similar occurs in humans. In West Germany in the 1960s doctors destroyed the medial preoptics of a number of men whose sexual behaviour was thought to be pathological or sociopathic. As LeVay reports in his book *The Sexual Brain*, the men experienced a severe loss of desire and had few if any fantasies. Conversely, when a monkey's medial preoptic is stimulated with electricity, the otherwise suave simian gets so horny he offers the female only a few seconds of foreplay. The area may also be involved in sexual orientation. In 1995 scientists at Boston University who mucked with it were able to change male ferrets from straight to gay.

If the hypothalamus powers our carnal instincts, the amygdalae add a touch of humanity. Located on each side of the brain, these regions process emotional and visual stimuli. They are more than twice the size in humans as in apes, which may explain why we feel such intense emotions. A woman's amygdalae are more easily activated by what has been called emotional nuance, which is what gives your wife the ability even years later to recall vivid, pointless details of your first date. In men the amygdalae appear to be a way station for the male gaze. Although a 2006 study found the cortex of both genders registers erotic scenes 20 percent faster than nonsexual ones (suggesting that some neurons may be "tuned" for sex), what the male and female brains do with this data is vastly different. When a man sees an image of a couple having sex – or dancing or talking, for that matter – his amygdalae (particularly the left) and hypothalamus show far more activity than a woman's. We are not alone in our appreciation of

the female form; male rhesus monkeys, given the choice of juice or a photo of a female monkey ass, consistently choose the ass. According to Stephan Hamann, a neuroscientist at Emory University, the amygdalae appear to control appetite (desirous or wanting) but not consummatory (copulatory) sexual behaviours. That is, when the amygdalae are disabled in a male rat, he will still mount females placed directly beside him but show no desire to pursue. If he must go to the trouble of pushing a lever to have a randy female drop into his cage, forget it.

#### Fire At Will

While examining the PET scans from his hand-job studies, Holstege, at the

University of Groningen, was surprised to see that the hypothalamus, while constantly pushing you to procreate, doesn't make a peep when you are actually having sex – it drives you to the party but doesn't go inside. Thankfully, the hypothalamus does call ahead to make sure you have a good time. When you first get turned on, some of its neurons fire oxytocin down the spinal cord to alert other neurons in the pelvis. Oxytocin is a neuro-hormone, which means it can travel in the central nervous system as well as in the blood, allowing you to get hard that much quicker. (Some researchers speculate that the more oxytocin deployed, the more intense the orgasm will be.) Once activated, nerves at the base of the spine send signals that relax

**"Love and hate have too much in common," she says. "They involve similar focus and obsession."**





**We are not alone in our appreciation of the female form; male rhesus monkeys, given the choice of juice or a photo of a female monkey ass, consistently choose the ass.**

the involuntary muscles around the tiny arteries in your penis, allowing blood to rush in. The blood presses against the veins running along the outside of the penis, keeping you hard. Other nerves instruct the perineum – the powerful muscle between your testicles and anus – to contract, pulling your erection to full mast. When you are sufficiently aroused, the brain sends a signal to release the hounds. It is not clear how the brain knows the time has come for climax; suggestions that semen volume or pressure is the trigger have been largely discounted.

The nature of the brain-penis relationship can most easily be seen in men who have suffered spinal-cord injuries. Many paralysed men are able to get hard and come, but they feel no pleasure. The nerves at the base of the spine that control erection and ejaculation can still communicate with the penis but not the brain, so any erections that occur are simply reflexes. However, as researchers have only recently discovered, there may be a bypass to the spinal cord's sensory highway. By 1990 scientists had established that a pair of primitive nerves known as the vagus ("wandering"), which meanders from the base of the brain and around the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and intestines and regulates vital functions such as breathing and swallowing, reaches past the abdomen into the pelvis. Then, in 2004, Beverly Whipple and Barry Komisaruk of Rutgers announced they had

documented sexual impulses being sent along the route. They had placed women paralysed from the waist down into an fMRI and asked them to masturbate even though they couldn't feel their fingers on their clits. "One woman with a completely severed spinal cord had six orgasms," recalls Whipple, whose most recent book is *The Science of Orgasm*, written with Komisaruk and biologist Carlos Beyer-Flores. "Our scans found her brain was reacting to the stimulation in the same way as people who aren't paralysed. How do you explain this? Imagery lights up a different part of the brain, so she wasn't imagining it." After injecting the woman with a tracer, Whipple and Komisaruk followed the impulses along the vagus. Komisaruk hopes to begin a similar experiment with men next year. He suspects the vagus connects the brain to the prostate, meaning volunteers should be able to climax by stimulating the gland.

The ability of some women and perhaps some men to get sexual pleasure from the rhythmic stimulation of an area just above the level of their injury, e.g., the chest, shoulder or chin, reveals us to be total erotic beings. Although it's far easier to climax by stroking the genitals, caressing any part of the body apparently can "recruit" neurons in the brain to become more and more active, until, as with a sneeze or a yawn, there is a sudden release of tension – a gasp, perhaps, then calm. For the moment, everything is right with the world. **M**

## Thrill Pills

For years pharmaceutical companies have been looking for a synthetic aphrodisiac that does for the brain what Viagra does for the penis. The most promising candidate is bremelanotide, which was initially developed at the University of Arizona to promote sunless tanning. When cell biologist Mac Hadley, acting as a guinea pig for his own experiments, accidentally took a double dose, it produced what he later described in a medical journal as "a rather immediate response" – extreme nausea and an erection that lasted more than eight hours and could not be put down even with an ice pack. As he lay in bed, miserable, his wife told him he was crazy. He replied, "I think we may become rich." Hadley took smaller amounts of the drug, suffering five-hour and three-hour erections until about a tenth of his initial dose produced "a feeble wobble that could easily be coaxied to a full erection with a few erotic reflections." Now in late clinical trials as a treatment for erectile dysfunction, bremelanotide (formerly PT-141) is delivered via a nasal spray. While it's not clear precisely how the drug affects the brain, the fact that volunteers become aroused within minutes suggests it takes a direct route to receptors in the hypothalamus. And unlike Viagra, which increases blood flow to the genitals but has no effect on the brain (the chief reason the little blue pill hasn't been successful as an aphrodisiac for women), bremelanotide has the potential to leave both genders feeling zestier.



## EXCITE HER FOR LONGER...

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# L A M B O

## LAMBORGHINI AVENTADOR LP700-4

by egmont sippel

**F**lash Gordon. I'm sure you're familiar with the name.

Not? Let me fill you in.

Flash is a comic-strip hero, born in 1934. His adventures happen to play out in the sci-fi realm. Flash was inspired by Buck Rogers; both were early exploiters of the comic genre, helping to establish larger than life space age heroes. And they did so via the medium of art as illustration, or illustration as art.

So, here's an extenuation of that very legacy: the Lamborghini Aventador LP700-4.

And we say this for three good reasons: (1) the Aventador really belongs to the world of comics, not only because it is comically fast, but

also because it is larger than life; (2) the Aventador has been pencilled – or illustrated, if you want – as a form of supreme art; and (3) the Aventador is not from Planet Earth.

It is not even from Mars or Jupiter.

No. It is from deep space. You know, that part of the universe where Flash Gordon met Ming the Merciless, evil ruler of Mongo, who has bombarded Planet Earth with fiery meteors.

We're talking Star Wars, then. Or in the Flash Gordon vernacular, Skorpai Wars, which took Flash to other star systems, using starships faster than light for transportation.

Great balls of fire, Jerry Lee Lewis might have called them.



## LET'S DANCE



OFFICIAL TYRE SUPPLIER  
OF THE FIA F1 WORLD  
CHAMPIONSHIP



That's the Aventador for you, if you focus on only one of those great balls of fire. From a standing start, the car's mighty 6.5-litre V12 pumps 522 kW of power and 690 Nm of torque to all four wheels, to smash the 0-100 km/h run in 2.9 seconds!

Holy cow! That's faster than Flash Gordon's starships! Check your watch and try and bracket 2.9 seconds. It's over before the timing count has started.

It sounds like you've broken the sound barrier, to begin with, and it seems like you're submerged in a land of fast-forward blurs and streaks. The world literally flashes by at such a speed that you can't help but to think of yourself as...

Flash Gordon, who else?

And there you go. The Aventador is not a bull, as Sant'Agata claims. It's a bullet. It rips open the heavens like Superman

mode, then very quickly when in Sport mode, and then absolutely instantaneously when in Corsa (or track) mode.

The latter, in fact, is viciously fast – and brutal. Cogs smash into each other, the whole car shudders, the front axle threatens to lift clear off the ground and your brain is squashed against the back of your skull as the Aventador picks up speed like a laser beam heading to outer space: booom!

also extremely stable. There is never the sensation that slight ripples in the road might unsettle either the nose or tail.

Handling is equally excellent and steering ever so nicely weighted, with sharp, willing and precise turn-in; it's easy to follow the ideal line, even with drive through all four wheels, which normally induces quite a bit of understeer. Grip and traction, on top of that, is phenomenal.

Aventador's defining gene.

The other half is looks.

Now, many many years ago Ferruccio Lamborghini asked Marcello Gandini to design a car that would make Ferraris look like Trabants. Gandini went forth and designed something that made Ferraris look like wheelbarrows.

In appearance, see, the Countach was not exactly a car. It was a stealth bomber,

scoops and planes accumulate to form an image that glints like the hard edge of genius – which is what it took from Filippo Perini and his small team of artists to create this modern masterpiece.

For the Aventador was not sculpted. It was chiselled from slivers of future rock, to blast open the aesthetic senses in a way that can only be rivalled by the Lambo's own blast from 0-100 km/h, or the blast, eventually,

**It is a solid steely wall of ever-mounting thrust enveloping the cockpit like a great big fist.**



Which does not mean that you should stop there. You've gunned past 100 km/h now, and suddenly you're up to 200 km/h. Then 300 km/h looms and the car is still pulling strong. The relentless pursuit of speed slings you beyond 330 km/h and eventually the electronic readout settles at 350 km/h.

At this point you've obviously entered a new realm, a new dimension, a new space.

would rip open an envelope before making a bolt for whatever lies beyond.

This car is, in two words, demonically quick.

Along the way, it's also helped by the fastest gear change in the business, bar those in Formula One cars. And herein lies another revelation. The Aventador's got three shift programmes, swapping cogs in a fairly leisurely way when in Strada (or street)

Okay, the ride on less-than-very-good surfaces is stiff, very very stiff, like a triple tot of Scotch with no water or ice. You'll be awfully aware of exactly how the vertebrae in your lower back were designed to fit into each other.

The strange thing, though, is that the car is surprisingly comfortable on anything better than a fairly decent road, especially at speed. If nothing else, it is

The soundtrack is also something else. It might not be the extreme scream that you'd expect, but it is a solid steely wall of ever-mounting thrust enveloping the cockpit like a great big fist.

Hey, after which you have to slash speed, don't you, which is executed with extreme intent and purpose by four big sets of callipers and brake discs.

Speed, then, is one half of the

shaped like a jet fighter. It was edgy and angular like so many blades put together to form a fighting machine that would be good for the type of action Flash Gordon was geared for: travelling to far-flung celestial destinations.

The Aventador is the Countach updated, and how! This car is modern and precise in a way that will make cut glass look blunt. Lines and pleats and

into new dimensions, new spaces.

And guess what?

Enconced in a cockpit reeking of Battlestar Galactica, you'll be reminded over and over again that the appropriate word to describe your quicksilver trip to outer speed and deep space ain't "fast."

But "flash"...

Price of the Lamborghini Aventador LP700-4: R5.7 million. **■**



# How To Enjoy a Cigar

by david stevens  
photography by ruvan boshoff

Relax, lovers of the leaf. Despite a firestorm of Draconian laws that all but make the mention of the word “see-gar” a criminal offence, cigar sales nationwide are smoking. So to help you appreciate a fine cigar, here’s a guide to what makes a good stick tick – its components, the etiquette of lighting and cutting, hot brands to look for, how to store your stash, what wines and spirits go well with what cigars and more. Light up!



## Inside Secrets

A premium cigar comprises four elements: a filler, a binder, a wrapper and a cap. In the hands of a seasoned roller, long filler tobacco leaves are transformed into what hopefully will be a perfect smoke. The filler and binder are what you don’t see when firing up a cheroot. The wrapper and cap you do.

The wrapper comes in a variety of colours determined by a number of factors, including the type of leaf it is and the amount of sunlight it’s exposed to. Claro (a light tan colour), Colorado (medium to reddish brown) and Maduro (dark brown to almost black) are three of the most popular wrapper shades – Claro often being mildest and Maduro more full-flavoured.

## Ring a Ding

The diameter of a cigar is measured in ring gauges (RG) and, yes, size does matter. Think of it this way: A ring gauge is one sixty-fourth of an inch. A one-inch-in-diameter cigar, therefore, has a 64-ring gauge. Nobody but a porn star (female we hope) would choose a cigar this size, and very few are made. The RG combined with the length of a cigar helps determine the overall flavour.

## Shaping Up

The lore and lure of what famous person smoked what shape and size of cigar has had a strong influence in the various names of cigar sizes. A Churchill (usually a 7” x 48 RG) is named after the large stogie often wedged in

Sir Winston’s face. A 4 1/2” x 50 RG Rothschild (also called a robusto) is what Baron Rothschild preferred. These are more cigar size savvy (manufacturers do vary the sizes slightly): Corona, 5 1/2” x 42 RG; Corona Gorda, 5 3/4” x 46 RG; Double Corona, 7 1/2” x 50 RG; Petite Corona, 4 1/2” x 40 RG; lonsdale, 6 3/4” x 42 RG; Panatela, 6” x 38 RG.

## A Cut Above

Once you’ve selected a fine smoke, rolling it between your fingers to determine that it’s not too dry or soggy and checking for rips, worm holes, mould or other imperfections, it’s time to trim the cigar’s cap. Duels have been fought over which tool does the job best. A double-blade cutter is probably the most popular

choice for average-size cigars. (Make your cut a tiny trim at just the place where the curve of the cigar cap starts to straighten out.) Piercers or punches, cigar scissors, V-cutters, desktop lever-action machines and even a miniature model of a French guillotine are also on the market.

## Fire When Ready

Lighting a cigar is the moment of truth, and the way it’s done differentiates a king from a klutz. First, choose either a butane lighter or a wooden match, and rotate the cigar over the flame being careful not to let the flame actually touch the cigar. Then, once the cigar is toasted, take a puff while rotating the fire below the cigar. If your smoking stars are in alignment, the fire will leap to the cigar creating a glowing halo. Enjoy!

## Stashing Your Stogies

You can store your surplus cigars in everything from a Tupperware canister to a R800,000 camel bone humidor. (Gurkha Cigars made five of them and all have been sold.) No matter what you pick, you’ll want a tight seal on your storage choice and a device that keeps your cigars at a humidity of about 71 percent. To determine the humidity, you’ll need a hygrometer (many humidors come with one) and tobaccoists carry a variety of inexpensive models. Too high humidity turns cigars into soggy sticks that won’t draw well or remain lit. Cigars that are too dry crumble like the last leaves of summer – and taste like them, too.

## Cigar Country

Cuba, of course, is the Holy Land to many cigar lovers, but here’s a checklist of other places in the world where fine cigars are rolled and/or fine tobaccos grown: Dominican Republic, Honduras, Nicaragua, Ecuador, Brazil, Mexico, Connecticut, Central African Republic (Cameroon), Indonesia and the Philippines.

## Light Up and Have a Drink

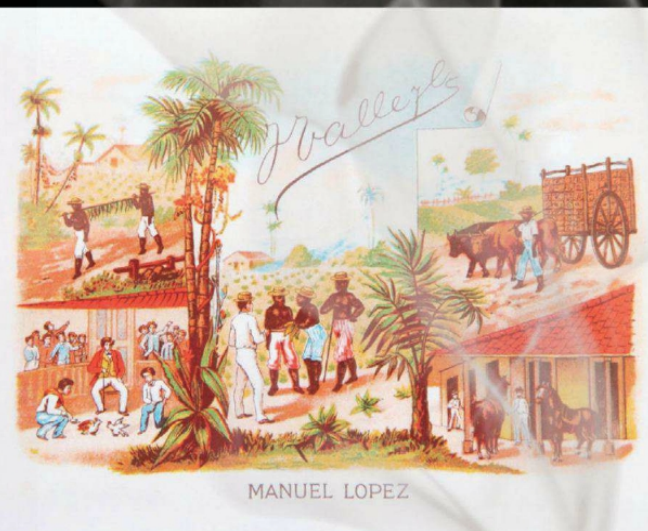
Port with cigars has been the classic after-dinner pairing ever since King Edward VII proclaimed, “Gentlemen, you may smoke.” The woodiness of a tawny port marries beautifully with a Connecticut-shade-wrapped Churchill as does a Scotch aged in sherry casks. Cognac, of course, is a classic alternative – especially one that’s a VSOP or an XO. Try it with a Maduro-wrapped robusto. Bourbon, dark rum and especially rye (the comeback kid in the spirits world) also belong adjacent to your humidor, ready for your choice of smokes – perhaps a flavourful Flor Dominicana, a mellow Arturo Fuente Hemingway, a rich Padron 1926 Anniversary or even a full-bodied Playboy cigar by Don Diego. 🍷

**“Eating and sleeping are the only activities that should be allowed to interrupt a man’s enjoyment of his cigar.”**

– Mark Twain

**“By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men’s souls.”**

– John Galsworthy



MANUEL LOPEZ

**“There are men here and there to whom the whole of life is like an after-dinner hour with a cigar; easy, pleasant, empty, perhaps enlivened by some fable of strife to be forgotten before the end is told – even if there happens to be any end to it.”**

– Joseph Conrad





THE LONG PLAYER by ken kessler

## PLAYS ON

Thanks to the success of both downloading and streaming – and a new generation's lack of reverence for physical formats – there are reports on a regular basis that Compact Discs' days are numbered. Fittingly, the very format that CD was meant to kill off is enjoying a new lease on life: the black vinyl record.



● SME



● PROJECT DEBUT CARBON-WHITE



It's not just those now-nearing-retirement "Baby Boomers" nor die-hard audiophiles who are keeping the LP alive – nostalgia is only one part of the formula.

● CONTINUUM CALIBURN TURNTABLE



It never actually went away, although CD relegated the LP to cult status by the start of the 1990s. But slowly, inexorably, the LP is enjoying annual growth as the CD declines.

Attribute the LP's desirability to whatever mix of qualities you care to combine: the retro/cool aspect, the superior sound quality, a size and shape that encourages wonderful sleeve art (and liner notes big enough to read). It's not just those now-nearing-retirement "Baby Boomers" nor die-hard audiophiles who are keeping the LP alive – nostalgia is only one part of the formula. Many new bands regard the LP as a sign of hipness, a rock'n'roll "merit badge" that tells the fans that the artist cares about the music.

From remastered classic LPs to vinyl editions of the latest works – yes, you can buy Adele's albums on vinyl – the 12-inch analogue disc is reclaiming space in the record shops. It's also inspiring online music vendors from [amazon.com](http://amazon.com) (no stranger to downloads) to Music Direct to Acoustic Sounds to stock selections that range from new pressings of Nat "King" Cole and Foreigner and Tony Bennett and the Kinks, to the Shins, the Kings of Leon, Michael Bublé, Shelby Lynne and many, many more.

What's needed to play these, though, are turntables, tonearms and cartridges, as well as "phono stages" in one's amplifier or receiver able to handle the lower output signal of a record playing system, compared to the "line level" output of most other devices. Because the hi-fi industry never lost its love for the allure of analogue, the current situation for new hardware matches the selection of new vinyl software.

It's fitting that the manufacturer of the most successful tonearm of all time – the UK-made SME 3009 – continues to play a key role with its superb line-up of record decks. They range from the space-saving SME Model 10 – not much larger a footprint than the LP itself – to the world-class Model 30/12, with its 12-inch tonearm for reduced tracking error. In-between are the Model 20/3 and the Model 30/2, with 10-inch arms, and the Model 20/12, fitted with the longer arm. Common to all SME turntables are stealthy, no-nonsense styling, total

● EAT FORTE MAK ASSAR



user adjustability for ultra-precise set-up, and build quality said by one watchmaker to rival that of the Swiss.

Enjoying the continued health of the LP is Heinz Lichtenegger, whose brand Pro-ject, is now the largest turntable manufacturer in the business. A long-time importer of fine audio products into Austria, Heinz recognised a need for affordable turntables 20 years ago, when the major brands were leaving the fold. His 23-strong model line-up now includes entry-level units for a few hundred dollars, up to limited editions costing many thousands. Pro-ject also develops and produces turntables for other hi-fi manufacturers.

Recently, Heinz' wife Jozefina, already known to audiophiles for her range of hand-selected and tested audio valves, launched a range of high-end turntables noted for using two motors and two belts to provide superior speed control and reduced resonance. Sold under the European Audio Team banner, the EAT decks include the Forte and the E-Flat, with its distinctive flat tonearm.

Avid, Clearaudio, Rega, Thorens, Music Hall, Denon, Walker, Merrill, VPI, EAR, Roksan, Michell, Transcriptors, Origin Live, SOTA, Wilson Benesch – there are hundreds of turntables from which to choose. But the current "king of the hill" is the Continuum Caliburn, notorious for a six-figure price tag and complexity that extends to a vacuum holding the LP securely on the platter. It resides in its own dedicated tower stand, as imperious a construct as the world's most acclaimed deck should be. If anything attests to the possibility that the black vinyl LP will be the "last physical music format," outliving the upstart CD, the Continuum is a monument-in-waiting. **1**

● PRO-JECT RPM 1.3



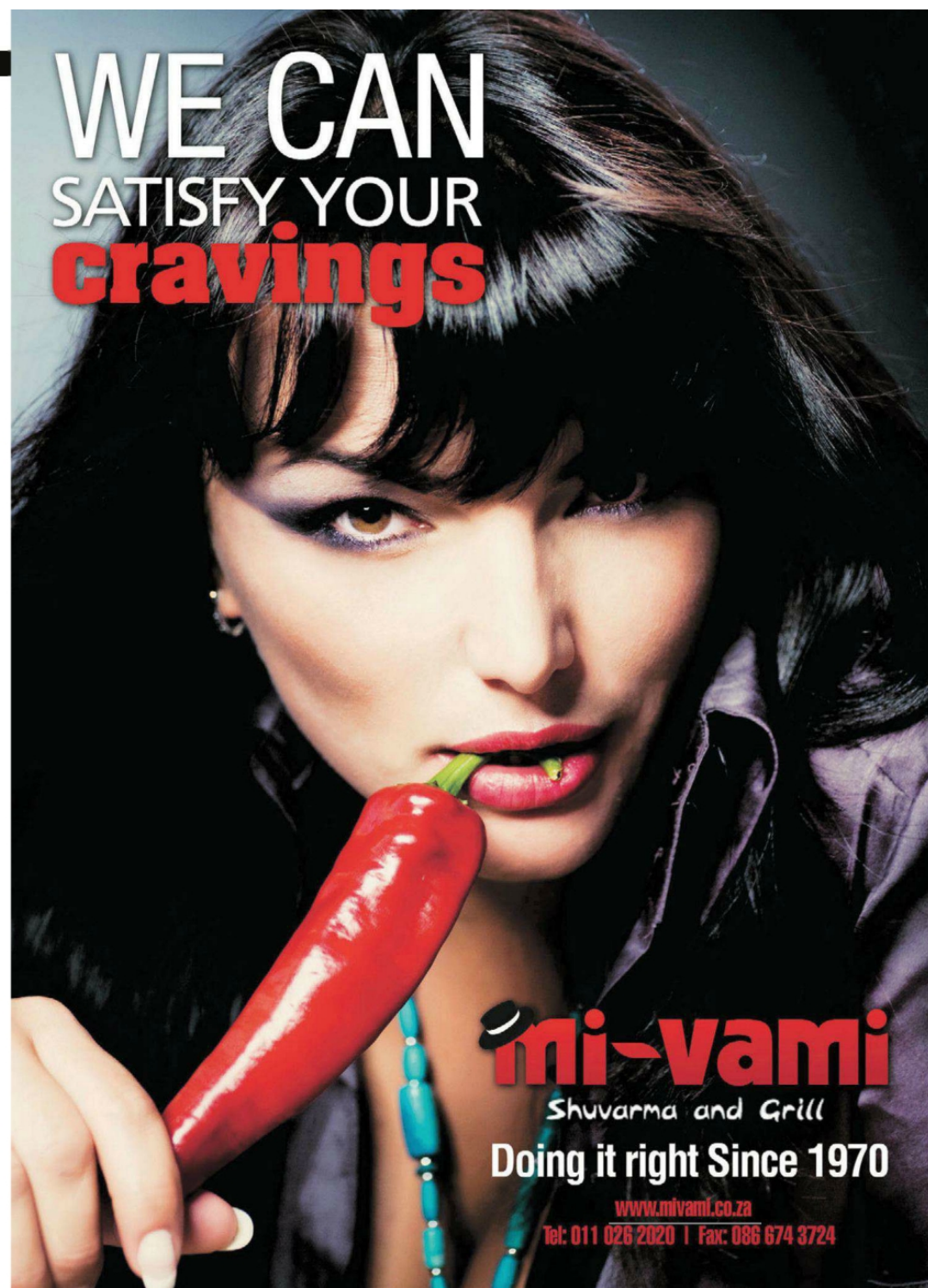
● EATE-FLAT



● EAT FORTE MAKASSAR



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# SEIKO

THE MOST INTELLIGENT WATCH  
EVER BUILT?

In an industry where  
one has come to  
expect everything of  
quality to be Swiss,  
Seiko has exceeded  
expectations for  
132 years. Started  
in Tokyo in 1881,  
Seiko remains at  
the forefront with  
technology, constantly  
delivering precision,  
innovation and style.

The biggest Seiko launch in 2012 and one of its biggest in many years is the Astron, last used in 1969 when Seiko launched the first Quartz watch. Three models will be available in South Africa later this year – the Prestige Collection, the Sports Collection, and the Limited Edition. Not to be overshadowed in any way by all the excitement with the new Astron, Seiko's Sportura range is continuing its relationship with the world's most famous football club, FC Barcelona, and is introducing updated styles, namely the new Aviator Chronograph (SNAE97) and the new Ladies' collection of Sportura (SNDX95).

## THE WORLD'S FIRST SOLAR GPS WATCH

The Astron is called the watch that understands time zones. By developing a patented, low-energy-consumption GPS receiver, Seiko has been able to create a watch that receives GPS signals and identifies time zone, time and date data using the global network of GPS satellites. The Astron recognises all 39 time zones on Earth. Like its celebrated 1969 predecessor, which was the world's first quartz watch, the new Seiko Astron ushers in a new age of timekeeping technology. Could this be the most intelligent watch ever built?

Once a day, the Astron receives the time signal automatically and, on demand, connects to four or more of the GPS satellites that orbit the earth, thus pinpointing its position and identifying the time zone and the exact time. The hands adjust automatically to the correct local time with Atomic Clock accuracy. The Seiko Astron is solar powered, so it never needs a battery change, and it also has a perpetual calendar, so the date will always be as accurate as the time. When you step off the plane, just press the button and within 6 seconds your time has been reset.

To combine Seiko's solar technology with GPS exactitude required years of painstaking and ground-breaking R&D, which has resulted in no less than 100 patent applications. Relying on its own advanced energy-efficiency technology, Seiko could invent the miniature GPS receiver that requires so little energy to receive GPS signals from four or more satellites. With Seiko's unrivalled skills in micro-engineering it became possible to package this technology into a watch that is just 47 mm in diameter and weighs about 135 grams despite its durable casing and band. And only Seiko's advanced IC circuitry expertise could make it possible to divide the world into one million "squares" and allocate a time zone to each.

The Seiko Astron will be available in limited numbers and three models will be distributed in South Africa, with price available upon request. The Prestige Collection (SAST003) comes with a high intensity Titanium case and band and the latter features a three-fold clasp with push button release. The Sports Collection (SAST009) is housed in a Stainless Steel case, and is issued with an extra-strength silicon band with three-fold clasp with push button release. The Limited Edition 2012 (SAST001) has the same high-intensity Titanium but with black hard coating on the case and band. Its band also features a three-fold clasp with push button release. All three models sport Sapphire glass with super-clear coating and up to 10-bar water resistance.

## SPORTURA & FC BARCELONA

Seiko's precision chronographs have been synonymous with sporting excellence for almost 50 years. The most celebrated relationship has been with FC Barcelona, the world of Xavi, Iniesta, Messi and Fabregas. Winners of everything worth winning in football, the motto of this Catalan club is engraved into the back of every Sportura – "More than a club." The passion, speed and style of Barcelona's play are captured in the design of the 2012 Sportura FCB chronograph. The secret of the appeal is in the detail. The long, curved lugs give the watch a perfect fit on the wrist, the chronograph buttons have a wide surface area to ensure precise operation and the chronograph minute hand has a curved and sharply pointed shape to make exact reading of the elapsed time easy in any light conditions. All these characteristics speak volumes of Seiko's long experience as a leader in chronograph


technology and demonstrate how only long experience at the highest levels of sport can teach a watchmaker to design a chronograph that is truly worthy of the best team in world football. Much like the manner in which Barcelona trains and breeds their own future stars in the La Masia academy, Seiko shares a philosophy of in-house development, and every single component that goes into the Sportura is manufactured by the company.

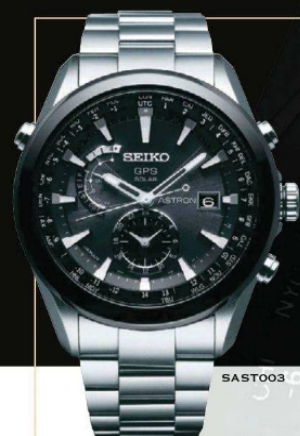
## SPORTURA AVIATOR

Not all the world is a round ball, so for the more intrepid sportsman, the Sportura Aviator (SNAE97) follows in another deep tradition. Seiko's first aviation watch took to the skies in 1970 and, ever since, Seiko has been one of the leading makers of authentic aviation watches. The new Sportura aviation chronograph combines a full-function, rotary slide rule with excellent legibility and Seiko's renowned durability.

## SPORTURA COLLECTION FOR WOMEN

The new Sportura (SNDX95) design lends itself with grace and ease to women's watches, as is clear from the refined look of the new chronographs for women. The two styles have ceramic bezels and each is presented in a unique combination; a bracelet of steel and ceramic or high-grade leather strap. The dial on the signature piece combines mother of pearl with 8 diamonds.

Seiko watches are available from American Swiss, Forma Viva, Galaxy, NWJ and Arthur Kaplan Jewellers. For more information contact Treger Brands: +27 11 089 6000. 



SAST003



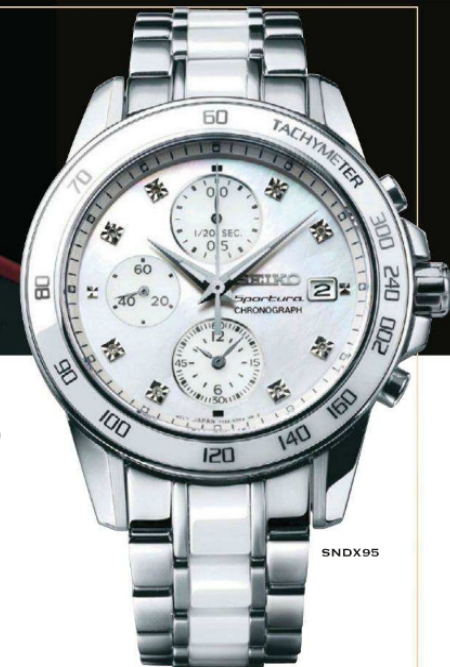
SAST009



SAST001



SNAE93



SNDX95



SNAE97



# LADIES NIGHT

*in germany...*

Who wouldn't want to be there if we gathered a bevy of the finest Playmates of 2011 that Germany could offer? Just about anything could happen! Luckily, PLAYBOY's photographer was on the VIP list so he could catch all of the action.

photography sacha höchstetter  
production antje list, kathrin stadler, alexandra eingrüber & nele radtke





Daniela Sudau  
Miss November

Nathalie Cassegrain  
Miss July

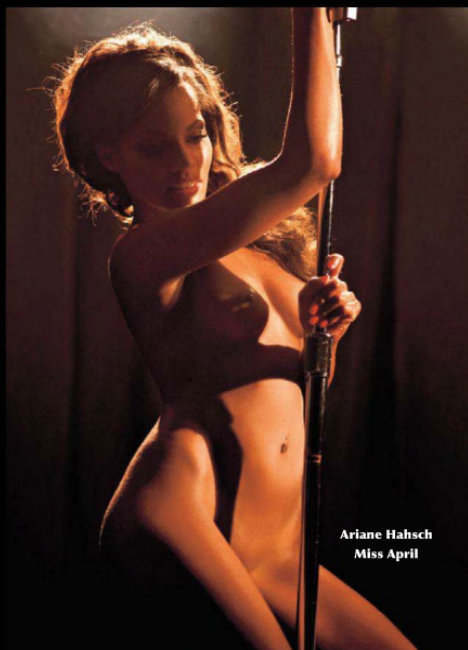


Franziska Gürtler  
Miss June





Carolin Stübe  
Miss December



Ariane Hahsch  
Miss April



Miriam Rathman  
Miss February



Daniela Sudan  
Miss November

Irene Hoek  
Miss January



Katharina Wyrwich  
Miss October

Dominique Regatschig  
Miss March



# The Orphan Master's Son

BY ADAM JOHNSON

To survive in the world's most mysterious totalitarian state a man must find comfort in doing what he's told.

Jun Do's mother was a singer. That was all Jun Do's father, the Orphan Master, would say about her. The Orphan Master kept a photograph of a woman in his small room at Long Tomorrows. She was quite lovely – eyes large and sideways looking, lips pursed with an unspoken word. Since all beautiful women in the provinces get shipped to Pyongyang, that's almost certainly what had happened to his mother. At night, the Orphan Master would drink, and from the barracks, the orphans would hear him weeping and lamenting, striking half-heard bargains with the photograph.

As the oldest boy at Long Tomorrows, Jun Do had responsibilities – apportioning the food, assigning bunks, renaming the new boys from the list of the 114 Grand Martyrs of the Revolution. Even so, the Orphan Master took care to show no favoritism to his son. When the rabbit warren was dirty, it was Jun Do who spent the night locked in it. When boys wet their bunks, it was Jun Do who chipped the frozen piss off the rungs.

Occasionally, a factory would adopt a group of kids, and in the spring, men with Chinese accents would come through to make their selections. Otherwise, anyone who could feed the boys and provide a bottle for the Orphan Master could have them for the day.

In the year Juche 85, the floods came. Three weeks of rain. Terraces collapsed, earth dams gave, villages cascaded into one another; yet the loudspeakers said nothing. The army was busy trying to save the Sungli 58 factory from the rising water, so the Long Tomorrows boys were given ropes and gaff poles to try to snare people from the Chongjin River before they were washed into the harbor. The water was a roil of timber, petroleum tanks and latrine barrels. A tractor tire turned in the water alongside a Soviet refrigerator. A young woman rose from the water, and the orphan called Bo Song gaffed her arm – right away he was jerked into the current. Bo Song had come to the orphanage a frail boy, and when they discovered he had no hearing, Jun Do gave him the name Un Bo Song, after the 37th Martyr of the Revolution, who'd famously put mud in his ears so he couldn't hear the bullets as he charged the Japanese.

Still, the boys shouted “Bo Song, Bo Song!” as they ran the riverbanks, tracing the patch of river where Bo Song should have been. They ran past the outfall pipes of the Reunification Steelworks and along the muddy berms of the Ryongsong's leach ponds. The boys stopped at the harbor, its dark waters ropy with corpses, thousands of them in the throes of the waves.

Though they didn't know it, this was the beginning of the famine – first went the power, then the train service. One day the fishing fleet went out and didn't come back. With winter came black finger, and the old people went to sleep. These were the first months. The loudspeakers called the famine an Arduous March, but the voice was piped in from Pyongyang. What was happening to them didn't need a name – it was every fingernail you chewed and swallowed, every lift of an eyelid, every trip to the latrine, where you tried to shit out wads of balled sawdust. When the Orphan Master burned the bunks, the boys slept around a pothellied stove and knew it was their last night. In the morning, he flagged a military truck and piled them in. There were only a dozen boys left. All orphans are eventually destined for the army, and this was how Jun Do, at 14, became a tunnel soldier, trained in the art of zero-light combat.

A tunnel was where Officer So found him, eight years later. The old man actually came underground to get a look at Jun Do, who'd spent the night in an underpass that went 10 kilometers beneath the DMZ, almost to the suburbs of Seoul. When exiting a tunnel, they would walk out backward to let their eyes adjust, and Jun Do almost bumped into the officer, an older man whose big rib cage showed he had come of age before the Chollima campaigns, in the good times.

“Are you Pak Jun Do?”

When Jun Do turned, a circle of light glowed behind the man's close-cropped white hair. The skin on his face was darker than that on his scalp or jaw, making it look like he had just shaved off a beard. “That's me,” Jun Do said.

“That's a Martyr's name,” Officer So said. “Is this an orphan detail?”

Jun Do nodded. “It is,” he said. “But I'm not one.”

Officer So tossed him a sack. In it were



ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL HALE



blue jeans, a yellow shirt with a polo pony and shoes called Nikes that Jun Do recognized from long ago, when the boys of Long Tomorrows were used to welcome ferryloads of Japanese Koreans who had been lured back from Japan with promises of Party jobs and apartments in Pyongyang. The orphans waved welcome banners and sang Party songs so that the perfect boys with their new sneakers would descend the gangway, despite the horrible state of Chongjin and the transport trucks that were waiting to take them all to the camps.

Jun Do held up the yellow shirt. "What am I supposed to do with this?" he asked.

"It's your new uniform," Officer So said. "You don't get seasick, do you?"

They took a train to the eastern port of Kinjye, where they commandeered a fishing boat, the crew so frightened they wore their Kim Il Sung pins all the way across the sea to the coast of Japan. Officer So had also recruited a man named Gil, a sour, starch-faced translator just older than Jun Do who had previously worked in the minefields. They were going to get someone and bring him back.

"So what's this job that's worse than disarming land mines?" Jun Do said. The white foam of the breakers was sweeping into the boat.

**They took a train to the eastern port of Kinjye, where they commandeered a fishing boat, the crew so frightened they wore their Kim Il Sung pins all the way across the sea to the coast of Japan.**

"Mapping them," Gil said.

"What, with a sweeper?"

"Metal detectors don't work," Gil said. "The Americans use plastic mines now. We made maps of where they probably were. When a tree root forces your step, that's where we assume a mine and mark it down. After a while, it gets pretty easy to figure out a popping gallery."

Jun Do knew who got the worst jobs – tunnel recon, submarines, mines, biochem. "So you're an orphan," he said.

Gil looked shocked. "Not at all. Are you?"

"No," Jun Do said. "Not me."

They could see the lights of a town, but the captain would go no farther. "This is Japan," he said. "I don't have charts for these waters."

"I'll tell you how close we get," Officer So said to the captain.

There was a little skiff attached to the side of the boat, and when they were nearer the shore, Officer So directed the fishermen to lower it. To the west, the sun was setting over North Korea, and it was cooling down now, the wind shifting directions. It was Jun Do's first time on the water, and he had liked the two-day voyage across, the motion of the ship and that it had no loudspeaker. But the skiff was tiny, Jun Do thought, barely big enough for one person, let alone three and a struggling kidnaper victim.

Gil kept trying to get Jun Do to repeat phrases in Japanese. Good evening – *Konbanwa*.

Excuse me, I am lost – *Chotto sumimasen, michi ni mayoinashita*. I have lost my cat – *Watashi no neko ga maigo ni narimashita*.

Officer So pointed the nose toward shore, pushing the outboard motor, a tired Soviet Vprena, way too hard. The boat would lean shoreward when lifted by a swell, then rock back toward the open water as the wave set it down again.

Gil took the binoculars, but instead of training them on the beach, he studied the tall buildings of the city's neon downtown.

"I tell you," Gil said. "There was no Arduous March in this place."

Officer So said to Gil, "Tell him what 'How are you?' is again."

"*Ogenki desuka?*" Gil said.

"*Ogenki desuka?*" Jun Do repeated. "*Ogenki desuka?*"

"Say it like 'How are you, my fellow citizen?'"

"*Ogenki desuka?*" Officer So said. "Not like 'How are you? I'm going to pluck you off this fucking beach.'"

Gil fixed on something. He wiped the lenses of the binoculars, but really it was too dark to see anything. He handed them to Jun Do. "What do you make out?" he asked.

A lighter blur against a darker blur: a male figure moving along the beach, near the water.

Back in Panmunjom, Jun Do's squad swept every tunnel under the DMZ once a month. They worked without lights, joggling for kilometers in complete dark, using their red lights only when they reached a tunnel's end and needed to inspect its seals and trip wires. They worked as if they might encounter the South Koreans at any point and trained daily in zero-light hand-to-hand. It was said that the ROK soldiers had infrared and American night-vision goggles.

Something fluttered at the edge of the lens: an animal racing down the beach toward the man, a big dog the size of a wolf. The man did something and the dog ran away.

Jun Do turned to Officer So. "There's a man. He's got a dog with him."

Officer So sat up; he put a hand on the outboard engine. "Is he alone?"

Jun Do nodded.

"Is the dog an Akita?"

Jun Do didn't know his breeds. Once a week, the orphans cleaned out a local dog farm. Dogs were filthy animals that would lunge for you at any opportunity – you could see where they'd attacked the posts of their pens, chewing through the wood with their fangs. That was all Jun Do needed to know about dogs.

Gil said, "The Japanese train their dogs for little talents. Say to the dog, 'Nice doggie, sit,' *Yoshi Yoshi. Osuwari. Kawaii desu ne.*"

"Enough," Officer So said. "It's time to get that language school a new Japanese teacher."

They were close enough now to see the man watching them from the shore. When Jun Do felt the boat start to go over, he leapt out to steady it, and though it was only waist deep, he went down hard in the waves. The tide rolled him along the sandy bottom before he came up coughing.

The man on the beach didn't say anything. It was night now, with just enough glow to the sky that a dog could still locate a yellow ball.

Jun Do took a deep breath, then wiped the water from his hair.

"*Konbanwa*," he said to the stranger. "*Odenki kesudai?*"

"*Ogenki desuka?*" Gil said.

"*Desuka?*" Jun Do repeated.

The dog came running back with his ball.

For a moment, the man didn't move. Then he took a step backward.

"Get him," Officer So shouted.

The man bolted, and Jun Do gave chase in wet jeans, his shoes caked with sand. The dog was big and white, bounding with excitement. The Japanese man ran straight down the beach, nearly invisible but for the dog moving from one side of him to the other. Jun Do ran for all he was worth. In the tunnels, he had developed a sense of people he couldn't see. He focused only on the heartbeat-like thumps of feet padding ahead in the sand.

From ahead came the body thud of someone falling in the dark, a familiar sound. Jun Do came to a rest where the man was righting himself. His face was ghostly with a dusting of sand. Their joined breath was white in the dark. The truth was that Jun Do had never done very well in tournaments. In the dark, maximum extension was what mattered – haymaker punches and great, whirling roundhouse kicks. In a tournament, though, judokas could see moves like that coming from a mile away. But a man on a beach at night, standing on the balls of his feet? Jun Do executed a spinning back-kick to the head, and the stranger went down.

The dog was filled with energy, pawing at the sand near the unconscious man. Jun Do wanted to throw the ball, but he didn't dare get near its teeth. Near the ball he saw a glint in the dark sand – the man's glasses, it turned out. He put them on, and the fuzzy glow above the dunes turned into crisp points of light in people's windows. Instead of huge housing blocks, the Japanese lived in smaller, individual-size barracks.

Jun Do pocketed the glasses, took up the man's ankles and began pulling him like a sled. When Jun Do looked over his shoulder, the dog was growling in the man's face and using its paws to scratch his cheeks and forehead. Jun Do lowered his head and pulled.

When finally he found the boat in the dark, he let the deadweight fall into its aluminum cross members. The man opened his eyes once and rolled them around.

"What the hell did you do to his face?"

Gil asked.

"Where were you?" Jun Do asked. "That guy was heavy."

"I'm just the translator," Gil said.

Gil and Jun Do spun the boat to face the waves. They got battered while Officer So pull-started the motor. Over the outboard, they could hear the dog barking on the beach.

They stayed at a Songun base, not far from the port of Kinjye. It was surrounded by the earthen bunkers of surface-air missiles, and when the sun set, they could see the white rails of launchers glowing in the moonlight. They'd locked the Japanese man in one of the hot boxes in the drill yard, and Gil was out there, practicing his Japanese through the slop hole in the door. Officer So shook his head, like now he'd seen it all.

Because they'd been to Japan, they had to bunk apart from the regular KPA soldiers, in the infirmary. It was a small room with six cots, a lone cabinet filled with blood-taking instruments and an old Chinese refrigerator with a red cross on its door. There was one patient, a small soldier of about 16, bones knit from the famine. He lay on a cot, teeth chattering. Their cigarette smoke was giving him coughing fits. They moved his cot as far away as possible in the small room, but still he wouldn't shut up.

There was no doctor. The infirmary was just a place where sick soldiers were housed until it was clear they wouldn't recover. If the young soldier hadn't improved by morning, the MPs would hook up a blood line and drain four units from him. Jun Do had seen it before, and as far as he could tell, it was the best way to go. It took only a couple minutes – first they got sleepy, then a little dreamy looking, and if there was a last little panic at the end, it didn't matter because they couldn't talk anymore, and finally, before lights out, they looked pleasantly confused, like a cricket with its antenna pulled off.

The camp generator shut down – slowly the lights dimmed, the fridge went quiet. Officer So and Jun Do took to their cots.

Late in the night, Gil stumbled in. He opened the fridge, which was forbidden, and placed something inside. Then he flopped onto his cot. Gil slept with his arms and legs sprawled off the edges, and Jun Do could tell that as a child, Gil must've had a bed of his own.

Jun Do and Officer So stood in the dark and went to the fridge. When Officer So pulled its handle, it exhaled a faint, cool breath. In the back, behind stacks of square blood bags, Officer So fished out a half-full bottle of soju. They closed the door quickly because the blood was bound for Pyongyang, and if it spoiled, there'd be hell to pay.

They took the bottle to the window. Far in the distance, dogs were barking in their warrens. Behind them, Gil began gassing in his sleep.

Officer So laughed. "I don't think old Gil's used to a diet of millet and pumpkin-rind soup."

"Who is he?" Jun Do asked.

"The spoiled kid of some minister. Or so they

tell me. Sent him here to toughen him up. You know – the hero's son's always the meekest." Officer So drank. "But forget about him. One mission, and we'll never see him again."

Jun Do drank, his stomach clutching at the fruit, the alcohol.

"What's the mission?" he asked.

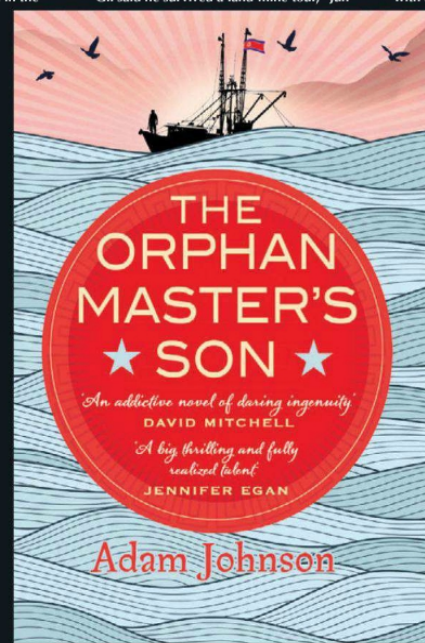
"First, another practice run," Officer So said. "Then we're going after a special someone. The Tokyo Opera spends its summers in Niigata. There's a soprano. Her name is Rumina."

The next drink of soju went down smooth.

"Opera?" Jun Do asked.

Officer So shrugged. "Some big shot in Pyongyang probably heard a bootleg and had to have her."

"Gil said he survived a land-mine tour," Jun



Do said. "For that, they sent him to language school. Is it true – does it work like that? Do you get rewarded?"

"Why, you got your heart set on something?" Officer So asked. "You even know what you'd want?" Jun Do shook his head. "Then don't worry about it."

Officer So walked to the corner and leaned over the latrine bucket. He braced himself against the wall and strained for a long time. Nothing happened.

"I pulled off a miracle or two in my day," he said. "I got rewarded."

He came back and drank the rest of the bottle, saving only a swish in the bottom. This he poured, a dribble at a time, over the dying

soldier's lips. Officer So clapped him good-bye on the chest, then he stuffed the empty bottle in the crook of the boy's sweat-soaked arm.

They commandeered a new fishing boat, made another crossing. Over the Tsushima Basin, they could hear the powerful clicks, like punches to the chest, of sperm whales hunting below, and nearing the island of Dogo, granite spires rose sudden from the sea, white up top from bird guano and orange below from great gatherings of starfish.

There was a famous resort on this island, and Officer So thought they could catch a tourist alone on the beach. But when they reached the lee of the island, there was an empty boat on the water, a black Avon inflatable, six-man, with a 50-horse Honda outboard. They took

the skiff over to investigate. The Avon was abandoned, not a soul upon the waters. They climbed aboard, and Officer So started the Honda engine. He shut it down. He pulled the gas can out of the skiff, and together they rolled it in the water – it filled quickly, going down ass-first with the weight of the Vprena.

"Now we're a proper team," Officer So said as they admired the modern boat.

A diver surfaced.

Lifting his mask, he showed a look of uncertain wonder to discover three men in his boat. But he handed up a sack of abalone and took Gil's hand to help himself aboard. The diver was larger than any of them, and fit.

Officer So spoke to Gil, "Tell him our boat was damaged, that it sank." Gil spoke to the diver, who gestured wildly and laughed.

"I know your boat sank," Gil translated. "It almost landed on my head."

Then the diver noticed the fishing vessel in the distance. He cocked his head at it.

Gil clapped the diver on the back and said something to him. The diver stared hard at Gil's eyes and then panicked. Abalone divers, it turned out, carried a special kind of knife on their ankles, and Jun Do was a long time in subduing him. Finally, Jun Do took the diver's back and began to squeeze, the water wringing from his wet suit as the scissors choke sunk in.

Officer So had caught a pretty good gas in the forearm. He closed his eyes at the pain in it. "More practice," is all he could say.

They put the diver in the hold and continued to the mainland. That night, offshore from the town of Fukura, they put the Avon in the water. Next to Fukura's long fishing pier there was a summer amusement park, with strung lanterns and old people singing karaoke on a public stage. Here Jun Do and Gil and Officer So hovered beyond the beach break, waiting for the monkeyish organ music of the midway to stop, for the neon piping on the roller coaster to go dark. A solitary figure stood at the end of



the pier. When they saw the red of a cigarette, they knew it was a man. Officer So started the engine.

They motored in on idle, the pier towering as they came astern of it. "Use your Japanese," Officer So told Gil. "Tell him you lost your puppy or something. Get close. Then – over the rail. It's a long fall, and the water's cold. When he comes up, he'll be fighting to get in the boat."

Gil stepped out when they reached the beach. "I've got it," he said. "This one's mine." "Oh, no," Officer So said. "You both go." He turned to Jun Do. "And wear your damn glasses."

The two of them crossed the tide line and came to a small park. Here were benches and a little plaza, a shuttered tea stand. There was no statue, no way to tell what the square glorified. The trees were full with plums, so ripe the skins broke and juice ran in their hands. It seemed impossible, a thing not to be trusted. A grubby man was sleeping on a bench, and they marveled at it, a person sleeping any place he wished.

Gil stared at all the town houses around them. They looked traditional, with dark beams and ceramic roofs, but you could tell they were brand-new.

"I want to open all these doors," he said. "Sit in their chairs, listen to their music."

Jun Do stared at him.

"You know," Gil said. "Just to see."

The tunnels always ended with a ladder leading up to a rabbit hole. His men would vie to slip out and wander South Korea for a while. They'd come back with stories of machines that handed out money and people who picked up dog shit and put it in bags. Jun Do never went up. He had wanted no part of it.

Jun Do threw away his half-eaten plum. "I've had better," he said.

On the pier, they walked planking stained from years of bait fishing. Ahead, at the end, they could see a face, lit blue by a mobile phone.

"Just get him over the rail," Jun Do said.

There were empty bottles on the pier, cigarette butts. Jun Do was walking calmly forward, and he could feel Gil trying to copy him. From below came the throaty bubble of an outboard idling. The figure ahead stopped speaking on the phone.

"Dare da?" a voice called to them. "Dare na no?"

"Don't answer," Jun Do whispered.

"It's a woman's voice," Gil said.

"Don't answer," Jun Do said.

They were upon her. She was small under the coat. When she opened her mouth to scream, Jun Do saw she had fine metalwork all along her teeth. They gripped her arms and muscled her up on the rail.

"Zenzen oyogenai desu," she said, and though Jun Do could speak no Japanese, he knew it was a raw, imploring confession, like "I'm a virgin."

They threw her over the rail. She fell away silent, not a word or even the snatching of a breath. From below came a

splash and the gunning of an outboard.

"Where is she?" Jun Do asked.

Gil was staring into the water. "She went down," he said.

Jun Do turned to Gil. "What did she say?"

Gil said, "She said, 'I can't swim.'"

"She can't swim?" Jun Do asked. He imagined her down there with her big coat like a sail in the current, her body rolling along the sandy floor. "She said she couldn't swim and you didn't stop me?"

Gil said, "Throwing her over, that was the plan."

That was the end of their practice. It was time to get the opera lady. Officer So was to cross the Sea of Japan on a fishing vessel while Jun Do and Gil took the overnight ferry from Chongjin to Niigata. At midnight, with the singer, they would meet Officer So on the beach. Simplicity, Officer So said, was the key to the plan.

It was late morning when they entered Bandajima Port – the customhouses displaying their international flags. With forged documents, in polo shirts, jeans and Nikes, they descended the gangway into downtown Niigata. It was a Sunday.

Making their way to the auditorium, Jun Do saw a passenger jet crossing the sky, a big plume behind it. He gawked, neck craned – amazing. So amazing he decided to feign normalcy at everything, like the colored lights controlling the traffic or the way buses kneeled, oxenlike, to let old people board. Of course the parking meters could talk, and the doors of businesses opened as they passed. Of course there was no water barrel in the bathroom, no ladle.

The matinee was a medley of works the opera troupe would stage over the coming season. All the singers took turns offering brief arias. Gil seemed to know the songs, humming along with them. Rumina – small, broad-shouldered, with dark eyes under sharp brows – mounted the stage in a dress the color of graphite.

She sang in Italian and German and Japanese. When finally she sang in Korean, it became clear why Pyongyang had chosen her. Her voice light now, she sang of two lovers on a lake. The girl had a white *hanbok*, the boy a soulful stare.

After the concert, they walked the city in a trance. For fun, they operated a vending machine and received a bag of orange food neither would taste.

They asked a man pushing a cart if they could borrow it, and he told them they could get their own at the supermarket. Inside the store, it was almost impossible to tell what most of the packages contained. The important stuff, like bushels of radishes and buckets of chestnuts, were nowhere to be seen. Gil purchased a roll of heavy tape and, from a section of toys for children, a little watercolor set in a tin. Then they paused before a store that sold equipment for undersea exploration. In the window was a large black nylon bag made to stow dive gear. The salesperson showed them how it would hold everything needed for an underwater adventure for two.

Darkness fell, storefronts lit suddenly with red-and-blue neon and the willows were eerily illuminated from below. Car headlights flashed

Making their way to the auditorium, Jun Do saw a passenger jet crossing the sky, a big plume behind it. He gawked, neck craned – amazing.

in his eyes. Jun Do felt exposed, singled out. Where was the curfew? Why didn't the Japanese respect the dark like normal people?

They stood outside a bar, time yet to kill. Inside, people were laughing.

Gil pulled out their yen. "No sense taking any back," he said. Inside, he ordered whiskeys. Two women were at the bar as well, and Gil bought their drinks. They smiled and returned to their conversation. "Did you see their teeth?" Gil asked. "So white and perfect, like children's teeth." When Jun Do didn't agree, Gil said, "Relax, yeah? Loosen up. I'll get the singer into the bag tonight. You're not the only guy capable of beating a woman, you know."

Rumina lived in an artists' village behind a series of cottages ringing a central hot spring. They could see a stream of steaming water, mineral white, running from the bathroom down bald, bleached rocks to the sea.

They hid the cart, and Jun Do boosted Gil over the fence. When Gil came around to open the metal gate for Jun Do, Gil paused a moment and the two regarded each other through the bars before Gil lifted the latch to let Jun Do in.

Tiny cones of light illuminated the flagstone path to Rumina's bungalow. Above them, the dark green and white of magnolia blocked the stars. In the air were pine and cedar, something of the ocean. Jun Do tore two strips of duct tape and hung them from Gil's sleeves.

Gil's eyes were thrilled and disbelieving. "So we're just going to storm in there?" he asked. "I'll get the door open," Jun Do said. "You get the tape on her mouth."

Jun Do pried a large flagstone from the path and carried it to the door. He placed it against the knob, and when he threw his hip into it, the door popped. Gil ran toward a woman sitting up in bed, iridescent by the light of the television. Jun Do watched from the doorway as Gil got the tape across her mouth, but then in the sheets and the softness of the bed, he lost the upper hand. She got his collar, which she used to off-balance him, and pulled out a clump of his hair. Finally, he found her neck. They went to the floor, where he worked his weight onto her, the impact making her feet curl. Jun Do stared at her toes: The nails had been painted bright red.

At first, Jun Do had been thinking, *Grab her here, pressure her there*, but as the two rolled, he could see that she had wet herself,

and the rawness of it, the brutality of what was happening was newly clear to him. Gil was bringing her into submission, tapping her wrists and ankles, and she was kneeling now as he laid out the bag and unzipped it. He pressed the fabric of his pants against his groin so she could see the outline of his erection. Jun Do took off his glasses.

Quickly, they stole through her possessions. Gil pocketed yen and a necklace of red-and-white stones. On a table were medicine bottles, cosmetics, a stack of family photos. Jun Do didn't know what to grab.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Gil asked.

"I don't know," Jun Do told him.

The cart, overburdened, made loud clacking sounds at every crease in the sidewalk. Bundles of cardboard lined the streets. Dishwashers hosed down kitchen mats in the gutters. A bright, empty bus whooshed past. Gil's shirt was torn. It looked like he was wearing makeup that had smeared. A clear yellow fluid had risen through the scab where his hair was missing.

Gil told him to turn left, and there, down a steep hill and across a parking lot, was the beach. The cart wanted free - Jun Do doubled his grip on the handle. He had to lean back; his feet skidded. "Gil, help me here."

"Gil!" he yelled as the cart broke away. He ran after it as it barreled downhill, wobbling with speed, and struck the curb. The black bag was pitched onto the sand.

Jun Do ran onto the beach, passing the bag and noting the odd way it had settled. Down at the waterline, he scanned the waves for Officer So. He checked his pockets – he had no map, no watch, no light. Hands on knees, he couldn't catch his breath. No Gil.

He went to the bag, rolled it over. He unzipped it some, heat pouring out. He pulled the tape from her face, which was abraded with nylon burns. She spoke to him in Japanese.

"I don't understand," he said.

In Korean, she said, "Thank God you rescued me."

He studied her face. Raw and puffy – how babylike it was.

"Some psychopath stuck me in here," she said. "Thank God you came along."

Jun Do looked again for any sign of Gil, but he knew there wouldn't be.

"Thanks for getting me out of here," she said.

"Really, thanks for setting me free." Jun Do tested the strip of tape with his fingers, but it had lost much of its stickiness. A lock of her hair was fixed to the tape. He let it go in the wind.

He zipped her back in and dragged the bag to the waterline. The ocean, frothy cold, washed over his shoes as he scanned the waves for Officer So. When a wave reached high upon the sand and licked the bag, she screamed. He had never heard such a shriek.

Past the shore break, they motored into swells sharpened by the wind. Everyone held the lifeline to steady themselves. Rumina sat in the nose, fresh tape around her hands. Officer So had draped his jacket around her – except for that, her body was bare and blue with cold.

Jun Do and Gil sat on opposite sides of the

His men would vie to slip out and wander South Korea for a while. They'd come back with stories of machines that handed out money and people who picked up dog shit and put it in bags. Jun Do never went up. He had wanted no part of it.

raft, but Gil wouldn't look at him. He had been found in the same whiskey bar, laughing with the bartender, and retrieved with a noose made from fishing line. When they reached open water, Officer So backed off the engine enough that he could be heard. "You're soldierly," he told Jun Do. "When it comes time to dispense, you dispense."

"I gave Gil my word," he told Officer So. "I said we'd forget how he tried to run."

Rumina's hair was turbulent in her face. "Put him in the bag," she said.

Officer So had a grand laugh at that. "The opera lady's right," he said. "You caught a defector, my boy. Start thinking of your reward."

"You don't know how Pyongyang works," Gil said. "Once the other ministers see her, they'll all want one."

"You don't know anything," Officer So said to Gil. "You're soft and weak. I fucking invented this game. I kidnapped Kim Jong Il's personal sushi chef. I plucked the Dear Leader's own doctor out of an Osaka hospital, in broad daylight, with these hands."

Jun Do felt Rumina glaring at him. He suddenly wondered if she didn't mean him – that he, Jun Do, should go in the bag. It was as if she knew everything he had done. That it was he who'd picked which orphans ate first, he who assigned the bunks nearest the stove. He who had chosen the boys who got blinded by the arc furnace and the boys who were at the chemical plant when it made the sky go yellow. He who'd sent Ha Shin, the boy who wouldn't speak, who couldn't say no, to clean the vats at the paint factory. It was Jun Do who put the gaff pole in Bo Song's hands.

A cold, white spray slapped them. It made Rumina inhale sharply, like every little thing were trying to take her life.

Jun Do was charged with transporting Gil to the military base at Rason. They took the afternoon train from Chongjin. At the station, families were sleeping under cargo platforms, waiting for darkness so they could make the journey to Sinuiju, which was just a swim across the Yalu River from China.

They had walked from the Port of Chongjin on foot, passing the Reunification Smelter, its great cranes rusted in place, the copper lines to its furnace long since pilfered for scrap. Apartment blocks stood empty, their windows butcher-papered. All the trees had been cut during the famine, and now, years later, the saplings were uniform in size, trunks ankle-thick, their clean stalks popping up in the oddest places, one tree bursting from an outhouse where a human skeleton had shit its indigestible seed.

Long Tomorrows, when they came to it, looked no bigger than the infirmary.

Jun Do shouldn't have pointed it out, because Gil insisted they go in.

Everything had been stripped for fuel – even the picture frames of the Dear and Great Leaders had been burned. The roster of the 114 Grand Martyrs of the Revolution, painted on the wall, was the only thing left.

Gil didn't believe that Jun Do had named all the orphans.

"You really know all the Martyrs?" he asked.

"What about number 11?"

"Ha Shin," Jun Do said. "When he was captured, he cut out his own tongue so the Japanese could get no information from him. There was a boy here who wouldn't speak – I gave him that name."

Gil ran his finger down the list.

"Here you are," he said. "Martyr number 76, Pak Jun Do. What's his story?"

Jun Do touched the black spot where the stove had once been. "Even though he killed many Japanese soldiers," he said, "the revolutionaries in Pak Jun Do's unit didn't trust him because he was descended from a long line of royals. To prove his loyalty, he hanged himself."

Gil stared at him. "You gave yourself this name? Why?"

"Because his blood was pure," Jun Do said. He took Gil by the arm. "Let's go."

First, though, Jun Do leaned his head into the Orphan Master's room. The space, it turned out, was no bigger than a pallet. And of the portrait of the tormenting woman, Jun Do could find only a nail hole. ■

Givedwyd

Random House Struik is giving three lucky readers a copy of Adam Johnson's book, *The Orphan Master's Son*. Email orphanmaster@playboy.co.za

and tell us who your favourite South African author is, plus your name, age, address and cell number by 31 May 2012.





# LIFE ON MARS

Meet 26-year-old musical phenom Bruno Mars, if you haven't already. Inspired by Motown, reggae and doo-wop, Mars was the best-selling artist worldwide by digital single sales last year. So, Bruno...

by rob tannenbaum  
photography tony kelly fashion jennifer ryan jones

Sweater and shorts: Marc Jacobs  
Sunglasses: Ray-Ban

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Q: You grew up in Hawaii, where, if *The Descendants* is to be believed, every guy dresses badly.

A: Don't hate on those Hawaiian shirts, man. I'm telling you, those are the most comfortable shirts in the world. When I'm 50 I'm gonna be wearing them every day.

Q: It seems as though your dad had a big influence on your style.

A: Yeah. My dad's from Brooklyn, and he was a slick dude. Always had his hair done right and some jewellery. Because he was in show business – my mom was a hula dancer and she met him at a show where he was playing percussion – he'd wear flashy suits and patent leather shoes. In elementary school, it was weird. He'd drop me off at eight o'clock in the morning wearing a denim jacket with studs on it. All the kids would be like, "What's up with your dad?" But that's what I'm gonna be doing when I drop my kids off – I'll be wearing a jumpsuit.

Q: You were raised knowing about old-school entertainers, it seems.

A: Absolutely. Growing up in the showbiz world, I looked up to those guys: Frank Sinatra and of course Elvis Presley. My dad was into the 1950s doo-wop era. If you look at those groups, or at James Brown, Jackie Wilson and the Temptations in the 1960s, you'll see you had to be sharp onstage.

Q: If you could work with any musician, living or dead, who would it be?

A: Jimi Hendrix. I think he's the greatest guitar player in the world, and I would want to see him do his thing in person. He's the reason I picked up a guitar in the first place.

Q: You were nominated for an NAACP award. What do you think the organisation sees in you?

A: Awesomeness! Don't you see that? Oh man, I'm hoping they recognise hard work, and being a part of modern music.

Q: But your music isn't strictly modern.

A: Right. My album is called *Doo-Wops & Hooligans*, but it's not a 1950s "Earth Angel" sound like you hear in *Grease*-type movies. I could sing you a thousand and one doo-wop songs. I love the simplicity in that music. It's not super poetic, it's just from the heart. Take my song "Just the Way You Are." If you told me, "Bruno, write a song for your girlfriend and make her feel like the most special woman in the world," that's the song I would write.

Q: So did you write "Just the Way You Are" for a girlfriend?

A: I actually wrote that for my dog. Her name is Lisa. [laughs] I give my dogs human names – it's weird.

Q: In "The Lazy Song" you talk about wearing a Snuggie. Have you ever worn one?

A: I did. The record label made some Bruno Mars Snuggies, and they gave me one. I threw it on and then immediately threw it off. [laughs] It feels weird because your ass is hanging out. It's like wearing a backless dress.

Q: How do you know that? Have you ever worn a backless dress?

Q: No, I've never worn a dress. A muumuu, maybe, but never a dress. ☒





Shirt: Dolce & Gabbana  
Vintage trousers: Palace Costume Los Angeles  
Hat: Mars' own

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Vintage short-sleeve shirt:  
Palace Costume Los Angeles  
Pants: Louis Vuitton  
Aviator sunglasses: Ray-Ban  
Loafers: Re-Mix

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# HAIR TODAY...

**B**ack in the day, someone (obviously someone with curly hair) decided enough was enough. They were tired with trying to control their rampant thicket of hair, and hats just weren't cutting it anymore. Back then, they probably just went into the kitchen, dipped into the pot of lard or the cooking oil, and let at it... and hey presto, the greased-back look was born!

Made popular with the aristocracy at the time, eventually smelling like a greased pancake didn't really cut it with the ladies anymore, so beeswax and apple pulp became a more common substitution in the interests of not chasing away women with your stench. This has evolved very slowly through the years (via a session with wigs, a period of time many judges seem to be particularly fond of) until the more expressive hairdos of the 60s and 70s started placing higher demands on hair hold-ability.

Suddenly hair gel was an accepted element of the modern guy's grooming routine; if you weren't a construction worker or a welder with a helmet on each day, you styled your hair. Even guys with longer hair started to use the stuff, to help tame the mess. And since all of the people who know about such things relating to grooming have rushed in and started throwing science around, we've ended up with just about every different version of hair holding-up-stuff they can come up with. Prepare yourself, then, for a journey into the sticky situation that is hair care.

## What's out there?

We all know the regular pig snout gel, that stuff that comes out of the oversized toothpaste tube and makes your hair stiff enough to deflect small calibre gunfire... but there are more options available, if you aren't into wearing armour when you go out.

Hair wax is a popular option, as it gives you control over where your hair ends up but doesn't freeze the result in stone. This usually comes in tubs, and lasts forever if you don't use it like a sex lube... Then there are some of the newer products out there which come in a non-aerosol spray version, which is a nice balance between the above, both in terms of holding hair and usability. Finally, there's the proper old school option of a pomade, which gives you the slicked back look that your Great Uncle John made so famous. What flavour are you?



## [Gels]

As with everything, not all hair gels are made equally. Most contain Cationic polymers, which is naturally one of the main functional components of hair gel. The positive charges in the polymers cause it to stick to your negatively charged hair (bet you didn't know that!), and then some of that aforementioned science stuff happens, the alcohol base evaporates off and there you go. Those that go the extra mile add hair restorative and moisturizing properties, which all sounds a bit, umm, limp-wristed until you realise this means your hair gleams like you've been at the Bob Martins. Now also available without the shine, courtesy of a number of new matt gels, like Schwarzkopf's [3D]MENSION Strong hold gel (R260).

RRP R41.95



## [Hair Spray]

If you use hair spray from an aerosol can, you're probably missing out on a promising career in 80's film. As such, the sprays we're talking about are not those, but the pump action variety like the OSIS range from Schwarzkopf (R241) or Alberto VO5's Control-it crème (R42). These kinda give the hold of a gel, but with the potential to style your hair without getting any gel on your mitts if you're useful with a brush. These things matter to some people, but I find they tend to go a bit all-over-the-place. Still, does what it says on the tin, it's not as heavy as a gel in your hair, and you use less than you'd expect. Not a bad option, then.

RRP R241.00

## [Waxes]

These puppies come in sooooo many different varieties that I'll just sort of clump them all together for expediency now. Generally the wax is made up of alcohol oils with added fibres/grittiness/Hoff essence added, then gets thrown in a tub and shipped off to your eagerly awaiting mullet. Rub a bit of one of these on your hands and go nuts. They tend to be lower on the shiny factor, and they stay soft, so if you get lucky that night you won't impale the poor lady's finger when she starts getting handsy... although she might end up a little greasy after.



RRP R220.00



## [Pomade]

For the Old School, from the era when they still spelt it correctly. This (not this one, but you know what I mean) is what Great Gramps used to pop into his hair before Sunday service at the church. Hell, even his Great Gramps did so, back in the 19th Century. It's that typical greased-back high-gloss hair product, high in oily factor and only really usable as a daily vibe if you are a mobster. Good for a suave black tie look, but you'll probably have one of the above on the shelf next to it as well. This is apparently where the apple pulp was once an added ingredient; mashed apple in your hair. Riight, that seems *entirely* normal. No trace of that rubbish in the newer varieties though.

RRP R230.00

# ... GONE TOMORROW



A big part about using hair styling products is having some hair to style in the first place. So if you've decided this is something that needs sorting out and are trying some hair replacement therapies, chances are, you'll probably be taking one of these...

**Finasteride:** This is a prescription-only tablet, which you chomp down once a day. What it does for you is stop testosterone from being converted into DHT, which translates to an almost complete halt to hair loss, and regeneration for as long as you continue to take the pill. This does mean that you'll be taking it continuously, but it is highly effective at combating and reversing the hair loss already experienced, so you make your choice...

**Minoxidil:** If you prefer the idea of polishing your pip with a cream, this puppy is for you. This is available over-the-counter in South Africa, making it somewhat easier to get, but has not proven to be as successful at regenerating new hair growth as the tablet option described above. It is also a bit of a mystery drug, with scientists unable to figure out how it works, only that it does. A stronger form is available overseas via prescription, but this is not available in SA.

Other than these two options, there is always the option of going under the knife. This path has varying degrees of efficacy, depending on the type of condition to be treated, and the surgical procedure used. Generally, for disfigurements like burns, surgery will be the best option, using skin grafts or just removing the area of affected scalp. This is, however, considered to be cosmetic surgery, and requires the (very expensive) services of a highly-trained plastic or cosmetic surgeon.

So there you go. If your pip is losing hair faster than a swimwear model's hoo-ha and it's eroding your self-confidence, there are a number of different options available to you to restore your dignity... just don't expect it to be a quick and/or cheap process. As an interesting aside, in the compilation of this article I have asked the opinion of a number of ladies on the subject, and many of them said that it isn't the issue many blokes seem to think it is. A couple of them even confessed to finding a smooth pate rather sexy! So if your genetics have dealt you a low card, why not just shave it all off and go with the Telly Savalas look? That dude was a player...



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## FORUM

# EMBRACING THE AWKWARDNESS

by sarah britten

**I**talians have a code. So do Greeks, Arabs, the French and the Cambodians.

There, when you meet people, or say goodbye to them, you do it in a particular way. In some cultures, men kiss each other on the cheek; in others, you slap one another on the back. The Maori rub noses. But there's a convention, an accepted way of doing things, and everyone is familiar with them.

But what do we do in South Africa? We have awkward hugs. That moment when it comes to saying goodbye is the one I dread whenever I'm at a social gathering.

It's especially bad when you're in a group with people you know well and people you've just met. So you'll hug your friend when you leave, and the new person stands there with a polite smile and... well, what do you do? Every individual has their own personal boundaries. Some are huggers, some are not. Some are mouth kissers - the horror - while some prefer the vague, catch-all wave, but it's difficult to tell upfront and it can lead to all sorts of horribly awkward encounters as you try to match their hugging style. Even sex is less fraught with angst than the hug issue.

It's especially traumatic if you grew up in a non-hugging family, as I did. Affection was expressed in stilted, waspish ways; we'll say "lots of love" to each other, but never "I love you." To this day my brothers cannot bring themselves to embrace me with enthusiasm. It's just too... weird. When I arrived at high school I discovered, to my horror, that hugging was the standard method of both greeting and parting ways. I was forced to hug people I barely knew. It was a sort of immersion therapy for the Haphephobe.

**The risky hug: this involves a frisson of forbidden sexual tension between hugger and huggée...**

In my efforts to catalogue the many ways in which it is possible to embarrass oneself in a social setting, I have developed a list of awkward hugs. It's probably not comprehensive - there may well be others - but these are the types I have compiled from my own experience and from consulting with others.

1. The half hug: one arm - usually the left - hugs, the other remains at the side. As mentioned above, this is the type of hug that generally presents itself when there is uncertainty as to whether or not to hug, but a sense of duty prevails and you end up hedging your bets. The half hug is the classic symptom of hug anxiety. People have told me that they live by the half hug.
2. The no pressure hug: this looks like a hug, but isn't. Arms are placed around the other party, generally somebody one knows well, but no pressure is applied. The no pressure hug annoys me no end. If you're going to hug and you're friends or blood relatives, be committed to the hug. No excuses.
3. A variation of the no pressure hug is the one-sided hug, the you-like-me-more-than-I-like-you hug. A male friend describes this as "the hug that you get from a woman you're besotted with who just wants to be friends... one hug, two readings." Being either the hugger or the huggée in this situation is very tense. Similar to the one-sided hug is the stick hug, where the other person tenses up because they don't want or like physical contact.



When a woman pats a man's back during the hug, he knows he is forever marooned in the Friend Zone.

4. The slightly icky enthusiast: this is a hug between a man and a woman in which the man hugs just a *leette* too firmly and a *leette* too long, primarily for the purpose of feeling the woman's boobs and/or backside.
5. Related to the enthusiast is the hold-and-kiss: when somebody grabs you and kisses you on the lips before you've had a chance to turn the other cheek.
6. The totally non-homoerotic back slap/pat hug: often witnessed after sports matches and on stages during awards ceremonies. The slap is the more extreme version of the pat and conveys greater feeling: rugby players seem to use it a lot. In contrast, there's something vaguely condescending about the back pat. When a woman pats a man's back during the hug, he knows he is forever marooned in the Friend Zone.
7. The Christian side-hug: aside from being a useful way to avoid front-on contact for persons of any religion, this is a huge global cultural phenomenon. Look it up on YouTube, and become the 1,600,320th person to watch the video.
8. The risky hug: this involves a frisson of forbidden sexual tension between hugger and huggée; as a result, the hug lasts for a much shorter length of time than both parties would like it to, but are mutually aware that anything longer would be... asking for trouble.
9. Finally, my personal favourite, the stand-back-and-hope-nobody-attempts-another-non-hug: keep a wide enough distance between you and the other person in order to avoid the question of a hug coming up altogether.

What sort of hugger am I you ask? A flexible one, I suppose. I try to match the hugging style of others rather than impose my own. If I am to set the tone - and assuming I like the other person enough to violate my personal space for them - then I believe in the good old-fashioned sort of hug. That means two arms and enough pressure to indicate commitment to the embrace. None of this one-armed, half-arsed pat on the back nonsense. If you're going to hug somebody, then hug them properly. The only way to tackle awkwardness, after all, is with confidence. Here endeth the lecture. **I**

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