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APRIL 2014

INTERVIEW:
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THE ULTIMATE
PLAYLIST FOR SEX
NSFW: THE 20
RAUNCHIEST SONGS
EVER WRITTEN
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HOW TO BE A DJ
IGGY POP 20Q



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Sex & Music Issue

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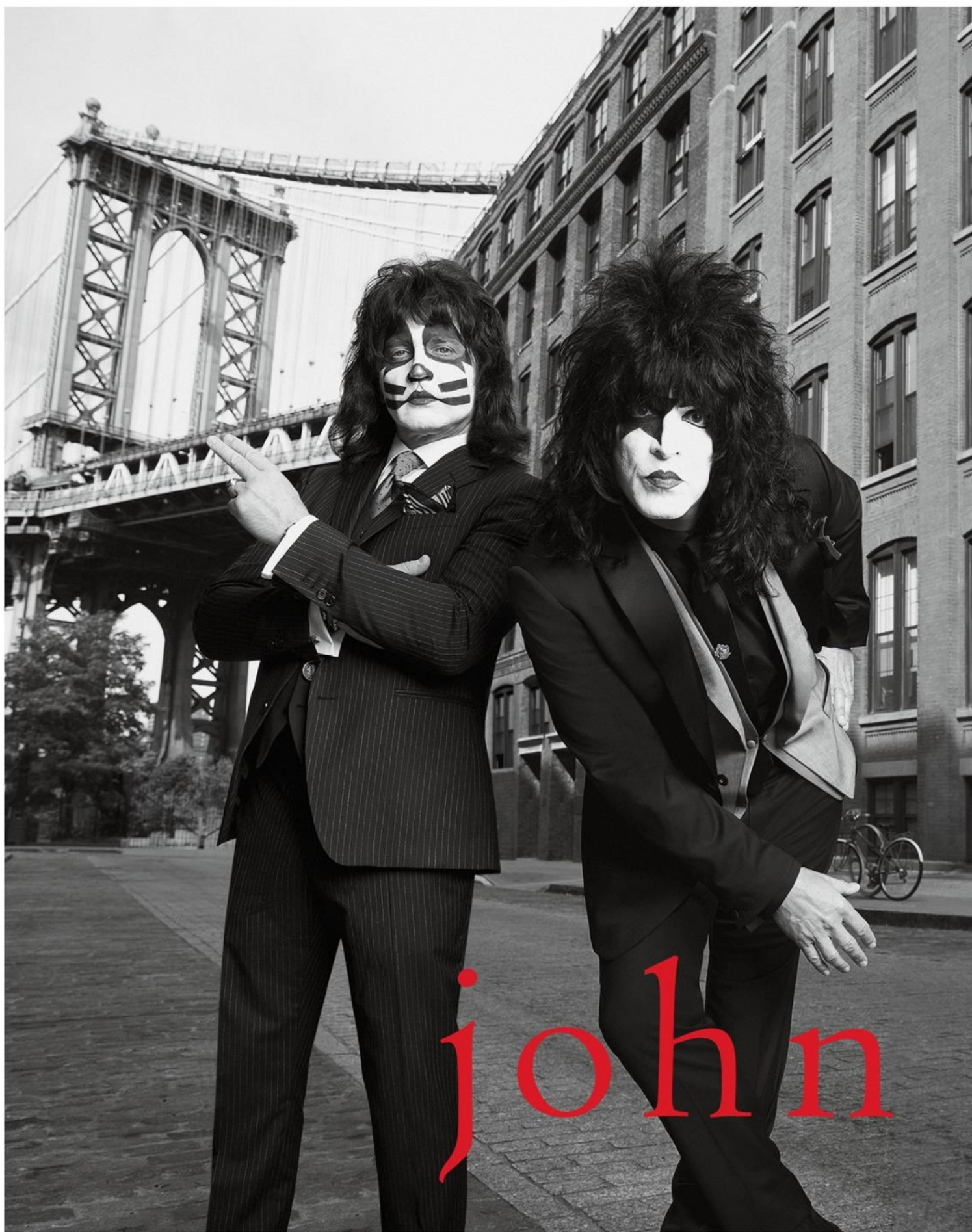


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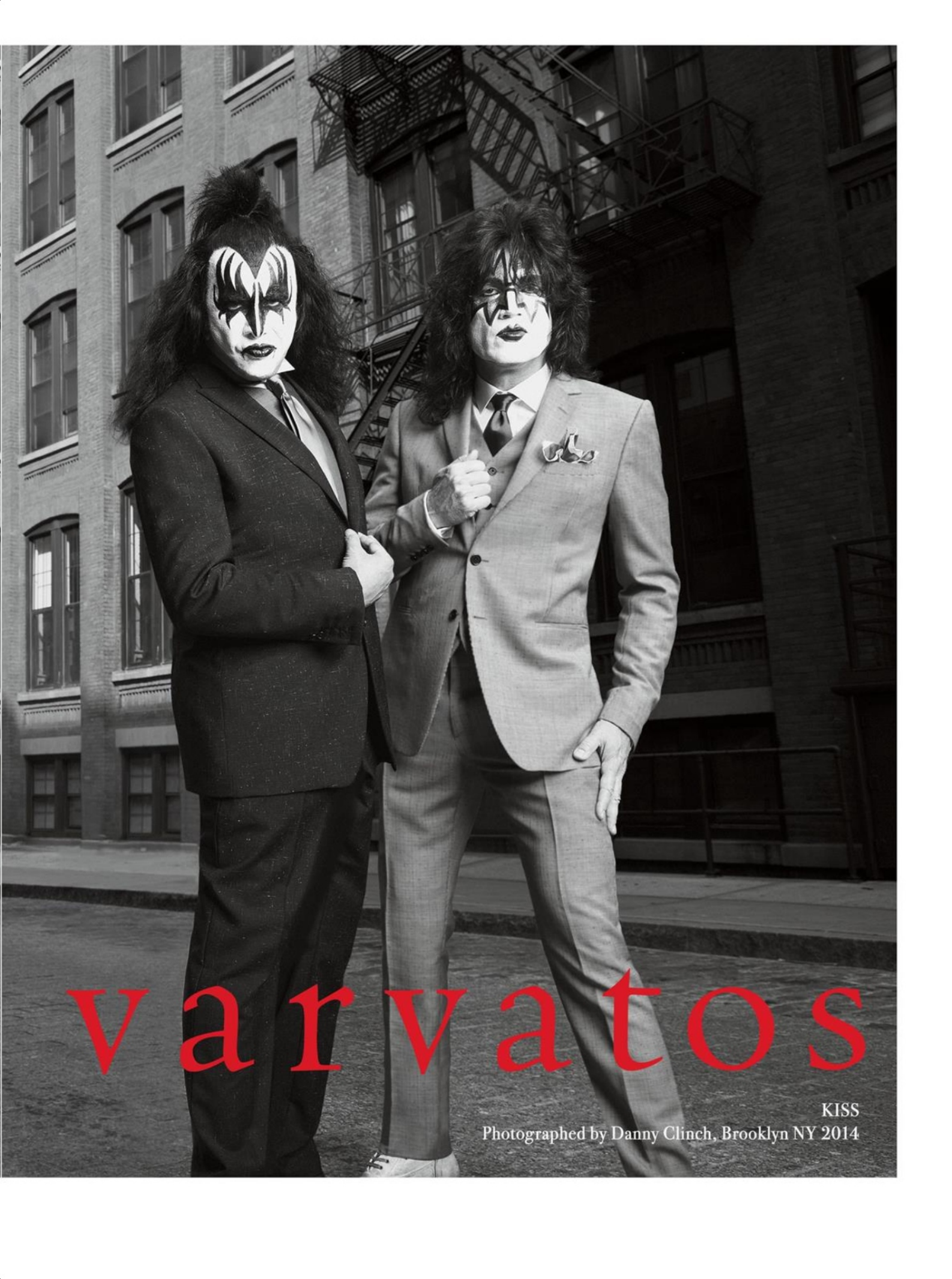


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PLAYBILL

Good music is like sex, reaching between the ears to scratch at places in the brain nothing else can. The best of both can be found here in our Sex & Music issue, with help from some of the biggest stars (and most titillating ladies) around. Our music critic, Contributing Editor **Rob Tannenbaum**, kicks things off with *Playboy's 2014 Music Guide*, tipping us off to the year's up-and-coming hit makers. Then he joins with Craig Marks to give us a rundown of music's best F-bombs, a hilarious paean to jilted exes, flabbergasted Brits and pop's most controversial moments. In *The Sound of Revolution*, photojournalist **Daniel C. Britt** travels to the front lines of the Syrian uprising, where peaceful rebels fight tyranny with an illegal radio station as war rages on. **Kurt Vile**, whose soulful tunes are among the best in American rock today, shows off his style (and hair) in our fashion feature, while **Stan Lee** brings 91 years of wisdom to our *Playboy Interview*. The man behind our greatest superheroes explains how he helped Marvel put out 50 million comic books a year at his peak and divulges the true story behind the controversies that haunt him. His motto: Excelsior—"an old word that means 'upward and onward to greater glory.'" Nobody embodies it better. Investigative reporter **Ethan Brown** files a story from Chicago's violence-plagued South Side, where young rap stars are the product of, and contributors to, a murder epidemic. In *To Live and Die in Chiraq*, Brown uncovers how Chief Keef and associates became hip-hop kings before turning 21 and takes a look at where the chaos is headed. In *Backstage Pass*, a pictorial that hits all the right notes, photographer **Tony Kelly** brings a crew of scintillating Playmates to the storied Roxy Theatre for an unforgettable all-access party. Music journalist and MSNBC commentator **Touré** revisits a sad chapter in New York history in *How the Central Park Five Still Haunt America*, unwrapping painful details behind the case that robbed five teenagers of their youth in a city consumed by racial angst. Exposing the conflict between justice and power, he details the five's enduring struggle for redemption. In a world where superstar DJs earn \$12.5 million a year, who wouldn't want to be a professional button-pusher? In *So You Think You Can DeeJay?* writer **Dan Hyman** explores what it takes to drop a beat; tips from Afrojack will set you on your own road to EDM glory. **Iggy Pop** has come to entertain you: The punk-rock madman lets loose in *20Q* on dropping acid before his early gigs, touring without his front teeth and how every other band is a sack of crap. Turn on, tune in, drop out and flip the page: Welcome to an issue that shreds.



Rob Tannenbaum



Daniel C. Britt



Stan Lee



Ethan Brown



Dan Hyman



Kurt Vile



Tony Kelly and Playmates



Touré



Iggy Pop



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SILVER

BY MACK WELDON

PLAYBOY

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Backstage
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS,
MANSION FROLICS
AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

PLAYBOY'S 60 FOR 60 TOUR HOLLYWOOD

Talk about stopping traffic. Sixty of our most popular Playmates filed onto the top of a double-decker bus and departed our Beverly Hills headquarters for a cruise around the City of Angels, much to the delight of pedestrians and rubbernecks, who were armed and ready with their smartphones. The tour ended at the ultimate L.A. attraction—the Playboy Mansion. Against a backdrop of all our beauties, *E!* News asked Hef what it was like to celebrate the magazine's 60th anniversary surrounded by 60 women, to which he replied, "That's the way to do it!" The Playmate bus tour is part of our yearlong anniversary celebration. Keep your eyes peeled for more victory laps.



SUPER FRIDAY FETE

The big game was in New Jersey, but the big party was at the Bud Light Hotel Lounge on the other side of the Hudson River. Guests including Taye Diggs, Jamie Chung, Bryan Greenberg, Anders Holm, Adam DeVine and Aaron Paul enjoyed casino games, a *Bates Motel*-themed room, performances by Nelly and Playboy Bunnies, as well as tunes from DJ Irie and guest DJ Solange Knowles. We rocked the boat.



ORAL REPORT CARD

Sex: A Very Oral Report (January/February) has to be one of the best pieces I've ever read. At 29, I'm able to personally identify with almost all the opinions expressed. I too am disappointed with the juvenile nature of guys my age. I'm disgusted by the political regression of our reproductive rights. Women live in an age of infinite choices, and it can be incredibly overwhelming. In an effort to sort through those choices, we compare ourselves and our experiences with those of others, but discussion of our sexuality remains relatively superficial because the details are still taboo. To accentuate my point about this lingering taboo, I'm not signing my real name in case someone I know reads this. Oh well, baby steps.

Olivia McDowell
Sacramento, California

I find Jane Pratt's gender-neutral perspective thought-provoking. Most of the mainstream media don't cater to a fluid spectrum of gender or acknowledge gender questioning within their audiences. If the media presented or framed their content in a way that was more inclusive of a range of gender identities and less committed, however subconsciously, to furthering traditional concepts of gender, might we slowly begin to form a more inclusive, understanding world?

Madeline Shea
Chicago, Illinois

PAGING DAVID MAMET

As a longtime fan of David Mamet's, I approached his essay *Entropy* (January/February) with high anticipation. However, after reading it, I have a question: What does it say?

Richard Straub
Morristown, New Jersey

SIXTY NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD

What a beautifully crafted and classic PLAYBOY pictorial (*Love on the Rocks*, January/February). Alejandra Guilmant's interaction with David Bellemere's lens drew me into the scene. Bravo to all parties involved. The 60th anniversary issue is a treat, but these pages are a surprise gem to be savored.

Scott O. Sheppard
Orlando, Florida

PAY TO PLAY

Does BuzzFeed's Ben Smith really think sites such as Longform.org and Longreads.com are the future of high-quality long-form journalism (*Tweet Victory*, January/February)? Both rely heavily on repurposed content from such ink-on-paper institutions as *New York*, *Wired* and PLAYBOY. What will they do when their print sources cease to exist? As far as I am concerned, the biggest strategic error the print media have made is conditioning a

DEAR PLAYBOY

Kiss Us, Kate

The Immaculate Kate Moss (January/February): Once again PLAYBOY restores my faith in the exquisite potential of the females of our species.

C.P. Hall II
Brookfield, Illinois

Magnificent! A true return to form. This is the PLAYBOY I know and love, overstuffed with great literature, lifestyle and luscious ladies.

Sam Shabrin
Scottsdale, Arizona

Kate Moss is a beauty for the ages.
David Chandler
Pendleton, Oregon



whole generation of readers to believe it's okay not to pay for content.

Hugh Cook
Hickory Hills, Illinois

THE TIME IS NOW

Alex Hall's essay (*Time to Adapt*, January/February) is a welcome dose of reality on the subject of climate change. His cogent, matter-of-fact points remind us that, despite the naysayers' best efforts, the science is undeniable and the problem will only get worse with time. It is indeed high time we got started.

Tim Benner
Silver Spring, Maryland

Climate change is here to stay. We have no choice but to get used to it. Whether or not man's burning of fossil fuels has aided and abetted in greenhouse gases is open to debate, but the fact that the earth has been heating up for more than 20,000 years is not. Oceans will rise, storms will increase in intensity and carbon dioxide will increase in concentration. These facts are not debatable. It has all happened before, and it will happen again.

Benjamin A. Greaves
Seaside, Oregon

SEX DRIVE

Regarding Joel Stein's January/February *Men* column, I don't see how self-driving cars would castrate any man. I am a cyclist, and I personally hate cars. They pollute the air and take up space. But I would ride in a car that drove itself and was totally electric. A self-driving car means I could leave the club drunk and have sex with a woman at 60 mph. That seems like the ultimate expression of testosterone.

Jared Fontaine
Wheeling, West Virginia

HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF

I am awestruck by your amazing Miss January shoot (*Into the Wild*). Roos van Montfort is beyond gorgeous, and the photography is captivating. It is a spectacular representation of true beauty and captures a wonderful seasonal atmosphere. It also marks the first time I have ever been envious of wolves.

Damien Shalley
Brisbane, Queensland

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

The Battle for Picasso's Mind by John Meroney (November) is a fascinating look into the CIA's covert operations to win a true culture war in Europe during the 1950s. This story was my first exposure to Tom Braden's role in steering the art community away from the repression of communism by promoting modern art in France and Germany. The result was an explosion of artistic fervor that overwhelmed the Soviet realism movement. It is truly a bright spot in the CIA's portfolio.

Daniel O'Donnell
Loveland, Colorado

ELUSIVE PARTY GUESTS

In *Hangin' With Hef* (January/February), I found the absence of Frank Sinatra and Elvis Presley very surprising. Didn't the Chairman or the King ever visit the Mansion?

Lanny Middings
Angola, New York

Sinatra was Hef's guest at the Playboy Mansion in Chicago, and Hef met Elvis in Las Vegas. Although the King may never have visited the Mansion, he once rented Hef's plane, the Big Bunny, to fly to a concert.





THE BRAND THAT PUT BIG GAME PARTIES ON THE MAP ONCE AGAIN PROVED TO BE THE HOTTEST TICKET IN TOWN.

With Playmates in tow, we cruised to the Big Apple on Friday, January 31st to continue Playboy's 60th Anniversary celebration. The Bud Light Hotel Lounge, perched between the Intrepid aircraft carrier and Bud Light Hotel cruise ship, served as Playboy's star-studded enclave and entertainment mecca during pro-football's biggest weekend of the year.

Spirited revelers checked-in for a decadent evening at the Bates Motel themed front desks before rubbing elbows with the likes of **Aaron Paul**, **Laura Prepon**, **Taye Diggs**, and the cast of *Workaholics*. **Solange Knowles** kicked off the festivities from the Buffalo Jeans DJ booth as partygoers got a taste of the good life inside the Playboy Club London build out—complete with a MINI USA themed casino, photo booth, and car displays.

Guests donned polarized sunglasses that unlocked a voyeuristic look into the Bates Motel while party crusaders braved HISTORY'S® Vikings™ ice bar before taking to the stage for a special performance by **Nelly** and Florida Georgia Line's **Tyler Hubbard**. Complimentary Bud Light and Jean Paul Gaultier "LE BEAU MALE" fragrance samples refreshed guests as **DJ Irie** closed out the night.

AE BEORIGINAL

HISTORY

MINI

BUFFALO
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BECOMING ATTRACTION

CATHY BARON

• "IF I HAVE TO cause trouble to be loved, I'm going to do it," says actress Cathy Baron about playing Teri, the "hooker with a heart of gold" on FX's *Justified*. What's it like to play the most desirable prostitute on TV? "I don't often wear a lot of clothes," she tells us. "Plus, I get creative with Pop Rocks and ice cubes in the bedroom." Consider our hearts melted.



5'6"

5'4"

5'2"

5'0"

4'8"

4'6"

4'4"

4'2"

4'0"

3'8"

3'6"

Q+A

LINA ESCO

THE ACTRESS AND ACTIVIST GETS SOME THOUGHTS
ABOUT TOPLESS EQUALITY OFF HER CHEST

• Although it is legal in most states for women to go topless in public, many are still arrested if they try it. What gives? Actress, director and activist Lina Escó set out to answer this question in her upcoming indie feature film, *Free the Nipple*. For Escó—and supporters such as Miley Cyrus and Lena Dunham—the right to go topless is about equality. “No more double standards,” Escó says.—Nora O'Donnell

PLAYBOY: You filmed *Free the Nipple* in New York. How did bystanders react to dozens of topless women?

ESCO: Before shooting, we decided to test reactions by going topless at Occupy Wall Street. Within minutes we were surrounded by hundreds of people, and you know what? After 15 minutes they started talking to us or tuning out. Everyone realized they're just boobs.

PLAYBOY: Acceptance of nudity is a societal problem. It's why censorship exists. But is there value in seeing more breasts on network TV?

ESCO: I don't know if America is ready to take that big of a risk, but it could be in the future. Acceptance starts with a conversation, and that's the goal of the film: to start a conversation.

PLAYBOY: What's the conversation?

ESCO: Let's talk about how much violence is on film and TV. The glorification of violence is unhealthy for our society. My film includes a quote from Hugh Hefner that gets right to the point: “We live in a country where obscenities are defined largely by things sexual instead of things related to war and killing and hatred. What kind of a world is that?”

PLAYBOY: Is there any hope?

ESCO: Yes. There are so many ideological shifts happening right now—from gay marriage to legalizing marijuana—because of a rising generation of men and women who believe in equality and independence. It's all happening so fast, it's amazing.



PASSION PLAY

STUDIES SHOW MUSIC IS ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO SET THE MOOD. SO WHY ARE MEN SO BAD AT IT? ONE WOMAN'S PLEA FOR BETTER PLAYLISTS

I was sprawled out on Nate's bed, waiting for the music to start. We had spent most of the night talking about music, and I was anxious to hear what he would select before slipping back into bed next to me. Suddenly Journey's "Separate Ways" boomed from the speakers. By the time Steve Perry belted out, "Someday love will find you," I was no longer in the mood. Then "Pour Some Sugar on Me" came on. Had Nate confused his wacky 1980s mix with his sex-time mix?

Unsurprisingly, we didn't last. Nate—and his flaccid taste in music—simply didn't spark any fire in my loins.

"Wonderwall" was the song playing when I lost my virginity, "Skinny Love" when I had outrageous make-up sex, the raunchy "Rocket Queen" when I had quickie car sex. Music set the mood for what was to come: warm and tender lovin' or knockdown, drag-out screwing. Would I have enjoyed the experience without the music? Yes. Did I enjoy it more with the music? Definitely.

Music can transform an ordinary sexual experience into a mind-blowing one. Set the right tone and I'll melt in your arms. Screw it up and I'll call it a night. In a study conducted by Spotify, more than 40 percent of people reported that music played a larger role in sexual arousal than their partner's touch. That means nearly half the time you think it's your magic tongue, it may just be Usher who's getting her hot.

"Music releases oxytocin, the same chemical released during orgasm," explains Daniel Levitin, professor of behavioral neuroscience at McGill University and author of *The World in Six Songs: How the Musical Brain Created Human Nature*. So what's the best way to combine music and sex? "Women prefer music that's sensual as opposed to raunchy. They want assurances that their man loves them. But if they're looking to hook up, it's different. Music that has the tempo of humping is more likely to get a woman excited." In other words, music plus sex equals pleasure squared.

That doesn't mean you have a license to build an iTunes playlist of every sex song ever recorded. However, it couldn't hurt to have a few sultry playlists for varying tastes ready at a moment's notice. "Women have a script about what they're looking for," says Levitin. "So the best thing a man can do to tilt the odds in his favor is alter the woman's mood." Listen up, guys. We sure are.—*Rachel Khona*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUNEO

LIGHTEN UP

OUR FAVORITE NEW LAMP DESIGNER DOES IT WITH THE LIGHTS ON

→ Get turned on to Keir O'Donnell, an L.A.-based actor and designer whose lamps capture miniatures in the heat of the moment. "For a lot of people sex is still inherently taboo. The idea that it should remain behind closed doors is something I wanted to challenge," he says. These and less risqué versions are available for \$200 to \$350 at FreshBuries.com.



TAYLOR SWIFT IS BREAKING UP WITH EVERYONE

A LOOK AT THE FUTURE OF AMERICA'S BIGGEST BROKEN HEART

• She's charming, beautiful and talented, but Taylor Swift's status as the princess of pop is largely the result of her virtuosic touch with the maybe-kind-sorta kiss-off anthem. Here are our bold predictions for the future relationships that will inspire the breakup queen's next big hits.—David Roth



2014

WRAPPED UP IN YOU

→ America's cotton growers hire Swift to succeed Hayden Panettiere as the famous face in their "Fabric of Our Lives" ads, but unfortunately the relationship isn't exclusive. Shortly after filming her first commercial for big cotton, Swift sees a photo of ex-boyfriend Harry Styles wearing a cotton T-shirt. Feeling betrayed, Swift writes "Wrapped Up in You," a kiss-off to the fabric; the song appears on the soundtrack to the film *Nicholas Sparks's The Turtleneck*.

Sample Lyrics

"I wonder, I wonder why I let you be all over me./I wonder, I wonder how naive a country girl could be./Every inch, every stitch, every betrayal such a surprise./The touch, the feel, the fabric of your lies."



2015

(DRESSING) ON THE SIDE

→ Chef Guy Fieri creates the menu for Swift's restaurant Sad Sue's Wings 'N' Things, but this song reveals things weren't so chummy during their Food Network special, *Classic Cars and Gravy Goatees: A Celebration of Tan-Colored American Food*.

Sample Lyrics

"Should've known about you, should've heard what they said./Can't trust sunglasses on the back of his head./You took me for a ride in your muscle car./But work a deep fryer with your eyes closed./You're going to get a scar."



2016

INCOMPLETE ME

→ Swift's summer romance with Toronto Argonauts punt returner Tim Tebow is famously chaste and inspires "Incomplete Me," from her album *Read/Option*.

Sample Lyrics

"They used to say I was the captain of your cheerleading team./You were the neckless embodiment of the American dream./But still it all felt incomplete when you tried to make it work./You had to act like a... fullback playing out of position."



2017

FIRED

→ Even though Swift loses season 18 of *Celebrity Apprentice* to former Toronto Argonaut and impeached Florida governor Tim Tebow, she never admits which shockingly crass pretend TV billionaire inspired her 2017 album *Chapter 11*.

Sample Lyrics

"A small town lost in the brass, cologne and steak./Those big-city boys won't let you slide on one mistake./Cotton-candy hair and shiny neckties./A small-town girl just isn't right for ham-faced big-city guys."



RESPECT YOUR ROOTS

ANY GUY CAN COOK A STEAK; CHEFS TRAIN THEIR SIGHTS ON THE CARROT. HERE'S HOW TO KICK IT UP

• Carrots are threatening to unseat kale as the It vegetable. Ken Oringer, of Clio in Boston and Toro in Boston and New York City, is one chef taking them to the next level. He serves carrots hay-roasted with goat butter for a dish that's as seductive as an oyster. "Odds are, people are going to like them unless you really screw it up," says Oringer. Here he shares simple ways not to, with delicious results.

HOW TO PREP

COOK

→ Toss washed and unpeeled whole carrots (peels retain flavor) with olive oil, salt and pepper. Roast carrots at 325 degrees for about 30 minutes until lightly browned and not crunchy.

SLICE

→ Heirloom carrots in a variety of colors make an insta-salad. Slice them lengthwise, then shave into ribbons with a vegetable peeler. Dress with a tart vinaigrette.

SPICE

→ You can add almost anything to carrots, but Oringer recommends intense cayenne pepper, cinnamon and toasted coriander seeds to play off the carrots' sweetness.

SOURCE CODE

• Skip the supermarket and head to the farmers market to snag the best heirloom carrots, with leafy tops equal freshness. And don't throw them away. Wash, chop and add them to your dish.

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DRINK

HARD CORE

THINK ALL HARD CIDERS ARE WEAK AND CLOYING? THINK AGAIN. THESE FIVE SOPHISTICATED BOTTLES BLOW THE TOP OFF THIS DIVISIVE DRINK



STAY DRY

Ciders have gotten a bad rap—especially in the United States, where many are overly sweetened—but artisanal dry ciders from the U.S. and abroad are as balanced as fine wine.

1. Virtue Cider

→ Former Goose Island brewmaster Gregory Hall crafted this effervescent French-style cider with heirloom apples from Michigan. Its smooth, lagerlike flavor can easily replace the mimosas at the brunch table. *Cidre Nouveau*, \$20

2. Farnum Hill

→ Made at a bucolic orchard in western New Hampshire, this light and crisp farmhouse cider goes down like seltzer. At 7.5 percent ABV, it's stronger than most beers, so watch how many 750-milliliter bottles you consume. *Dooryard Cider*, \$14

3. Hogan's

→ Although dry cider is making a welcome comeback in the U.S., our European friends have kept the tradition alive for centuries. This British cider is a little tart and peaty and pairs perfectly with a hearty ploughman's lunch. *Dry Cider*, \$7

4. Domaine Dupont

→ For generations cider apples in Europe have been intricately bred and blended, and the French, *naturellement*, are leaders in creating complexity. To wit, this cider balances sour and sweet, floral and grassy with ease. *Cidre Bouché*, \$12

5. Sarasola

→ Ready to get funky? This Basque *sidra* tastes like nothing you've had before. It's unfiltered (that's yeast floating in your glass), bubble-free and full of woody, musty and vinegary flavors. *Astigarragako Sagardoa*, \$10

Photography by
TRAVIS RATHBONE

PROP STYLING BY SARAH GUIDO FOR
HALLEY RESOURCES



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introducing the new
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**FOOT
PATROL**

→ This runner's watch can estimate your body's oxygen consumption, thus increasing performance and aiding recovery.

*Garmin Fore-runner 620,
\$400*

MANALOG

→ Sometimes the old ways are the best ways. Puma's classic sports watch doesn't need no stinking USB cable to tell you what time to get to the gym.

*Puma Iconic,
\$90*

**GOT THE
BEAT**

→ Pair with the strap-on monitor to track your heart rate and calories burned on the oversize display.

*Under Armour
Armour39,
\$200*

**THE
MOTIVATOR**

→ In addition to monitoring pace and heart rate, this watch can alert you to key hydration and nutrition points in your workout.

*Timex Ironman
Run Trainer 2.0,
\$275*

TAKE A HIKE

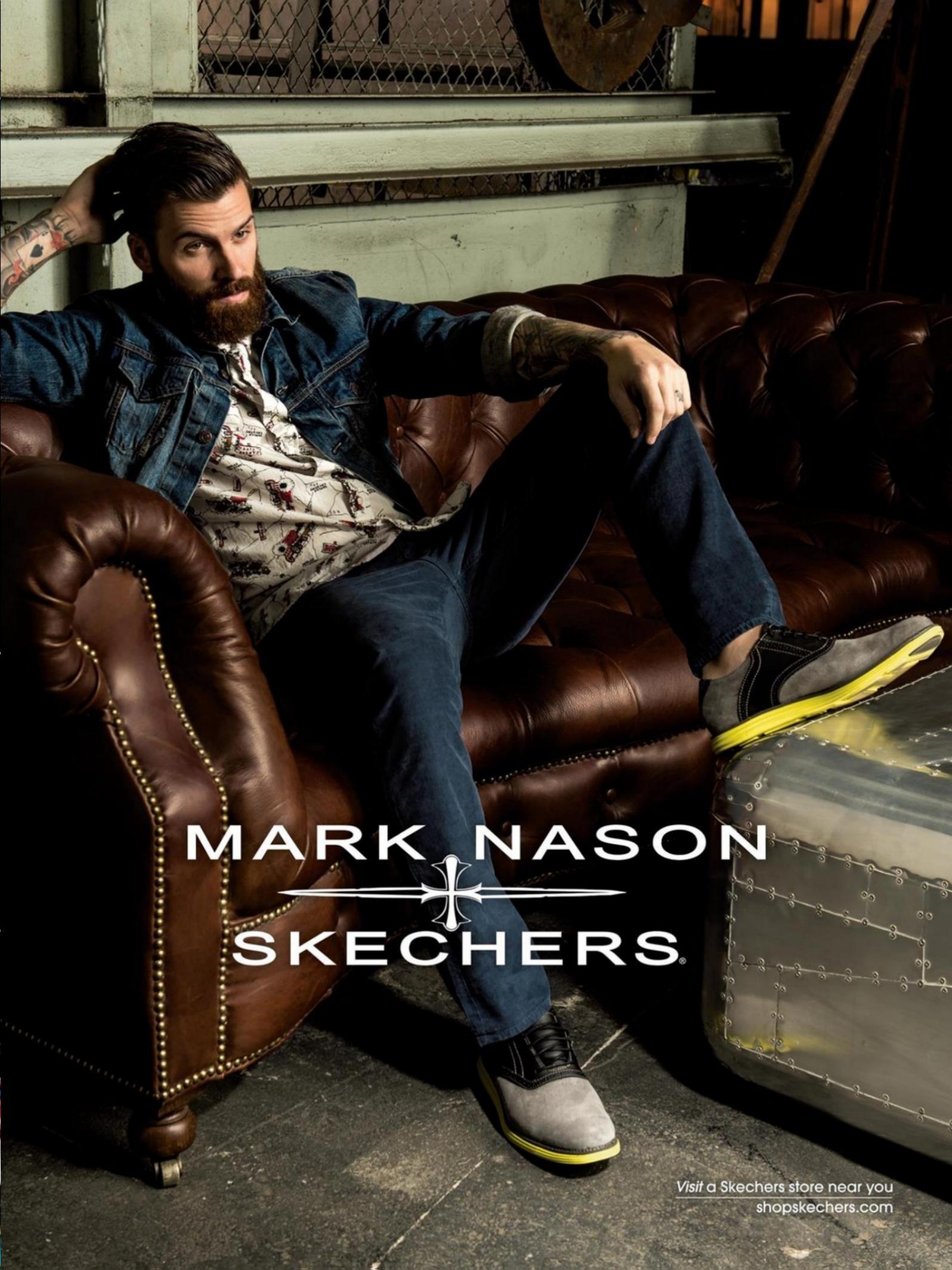
→ Equipped with flashlight, compass and thermometer, this armored waterproof watch is perfect for when you go off the grid.

*Nixon Baja,
\$150*

TIME PAYS

ACTIVITY-SPECIFIC
SPORTS WATCHES
ARE DIALED IN TO
GIVE YOU THE EDGE

• For all the wonders of smartphone apps geared to assist you in your sport of choice, in the field, these watches beat a fully loaded phone hands down. They're lightweight, ruggedly built, water resistant and outfitted with just the right suite of features targeted to your activity. With one of these devices strapped to your wrist, you'll be scoring instead of scrolling.



MARK NASON



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SUCKER PUNCH

COOL NEW SEERSUCKER BLAZERS NEVER LET 'EM SEE YOU SWEAT

• Long before we had Lycra and other fabrics designed to wick away sweat, there was seersucker, which had the added benefit of actually looking cool. The puckered cotton weave was found to speed evaporation, making it the preferred fabric of British officers in India and Southern gentlemen. New jacket styles are ready to be dressed down for a hot night on the town. Here's how to wear it.

1

GO CASUAL

→ Keep cool and casual with a dapper Haspel blue oxford (\$195).

2

REACH THE PEAK

→ The peak lapels on this Haspel jacket (\$695) draw the eye up and outward and make your shoulders look broader. Haspel knows what it's doing; it was the first company to produce seersucker suits in the U.S.

3

BE SQUARE

→ If you're going to dress it up, use a pocket square that's the same color as your shirt.

4

GET WAISTED

→ Haspel teamed with New York fashion firm Shipley & Halmos to modernize and slim down its line. The trimmer waist is flattering to most body types.

5

DOUBLE DOWN

→ Double-breasted jackets are making a comeback. A seersucker DB is doubly dashing.



BEYOND BLUE

→ Not all seersucker stripes are born blue. Go modern with gray, preppy with green or patriotic with red, white and blue.



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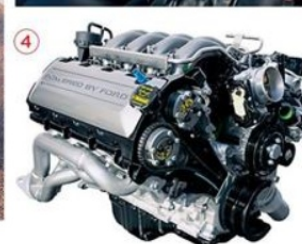
PLAYBOYMAGAZINESTORE.COM



ALL THE PRETTY HORSES

THE 50TH-ANNIVERSARY MUSTANG COMES OUT KICKING

• Picture the scene: the Ford Rotunda at the New York World's Fair in 1964. Lee Iacocca—a 39-year-old auto man then unheard of outside car circles—stands by his boss, Henry Ford II. They share the stage with Walt Disney, who is cutting the ribbon for the launch of a brand-new car called the Mustang. Within a week, Mustang-mania has swept the nation, leading to a record billion dollars in sales the first year. No car launch has ever had such an impact on our culture at large. Fifty years and more than 9 million Mustangs later, Ford debuts the next generation (hitting streets in the fall). Saddle up, we're going for a ride.



1 Hot Body

→ The new Mustang coupe and convertible retain the original's DNA, but the latest versions have a wider, lower stance. The coupe features the return of the fastback, with more sloped rear glass.

2 Bright Idea

→ We love the shark-gilled LED

headlight and tail-light designs, which add to the aggressive stature.

3 Inside Job

→ The aviation-inspired cockpit, with wraparound gauges and Ford's voice-controlled SYNC system, makes this ride an ideal rolling office, with all the feel of a German luxury car.

4 Motor City

→ Match a manual or paddle-shifted transmission to your pick of engines: a base 3.7-liter V6 (about 300 horsepower), a 2.3-liter turbo in-line four (305

horsepower), or the GT package (pictured above) with a five-liter V8 (420 horsepower). Pricing has not yet been set.

5 Command Performance

→ Flip a switch to sport mode to change steering

response, engine and transmission settings and the new upgraded suspension setup. Commuting? You have a blind-spot-warning system for changing lanes and adaptive cruise control. Bonus: The launch-control feature alters the rpm for perfect zero-to-60 sprints.

2015 Mustang GT

- Engine: five-liter V8
- Horsepower: 420
- Torque: 390 foot-pounds
- Top speed: 155 mph
- MPG: TBD
- Price tag: TBD

FUTURE CLASSICS

WHICH OF TODAY'S CARS WILL BE THE HOT VINTAGE RIDES OF TOMORROW?

The vintage-car market is smoldering. Cars thought to be junkyard dogs 50 years ago are going for bank at auction. But not just any cars—the *right* cars. To find out which of today's autos will be the hot vintage movers in their categories 50 years from now, we turned to McKeel Hagerty (right), who runs Hagerty, the world's largest insurer of vintage autos. Jump in as he tells us which rides to drive and which to put in storage.



2015 FERRARI LAFERRARI



→ "Ferrari has held bragging rights for the greatest supercar in various eras," says Hagerty. "This is the pinnacle of the Ferrari in the hypercar era." Base price for this 963-horsepower hybrid: \$1.4 million.

2014 BUGATTI VEYRON



→ "It's a technological tour de force, with over 1,000 horsepower," says Hagerty of this 253 mph French machine. "And the production run is incredibly low." Pictured: the Veyron GS Vitesse, about \$2.5 million.

2015 MCLAREN P1



→ "McLaren owns the emotional high ground in the supercar world," says Hagerty. "There's just something about this brand that people love." Base for this wildly cool British hybrid rocket: \$1.15 million.

2015 PORSCHE 918 SPYDER



→ "To have the first-ever sub-seven-minute verified lap time at the Nürburgring puts this right up there as the greatest performer right now," says Hagerty. Base for this hybrid Porsche: just under \$900,000.

2012 LEXUS LFA



→ "A gorgeous car, and the only Japanese car on this list," says Hagerty. Only 500 were built, and it's no longer in production. "It's an outlier, and it belongs in the club." Base in 2012: \$375,000.

2015 CORVETTE Z06



→ "I don't know anyone who has driven it yet," says Hagerty of the Z06, which was recently unveiled in Detroit. "But this is Corvette's first legitimate move into the supercar realm." Base price: TBD.

2010 TESLA ROADSTER



→ In the future, people will look to this era for the first great alternative-energy cars, says Hagerty. "I'm 100 percent convinced we'll be buying Tesla Roadsters at auction." Base in 2010: \$109,000.

2014 FORD MUSTANG COBRA JET



→ "In 50 years," says Hagerty, "the Mustang will turn 100. People will look back and ask, 'What are the great moments?'" They'll mention this 525-horsepower "off-the-shelf" drag racer. Price: \$98,000.

2014 PORSCHE 911 CARRERA



→ "I think this all-new Carrera is the ultimate 911," says Hagerty. "While it's fun to think about the faster versions, this car is so good, it will be collectible for a long time." Base: \$84,300.

2013 MINI JOHN COOPER WORKS GP



→ "There has always been a place for smaller cars with smaller engines that give you a great experience," says Hagerty. This ride is Mini's most exclusive high-performance offering. Base: \$40,000.

TECH MATE

→ Turns out your smartphone is a total gearhead. It can't change your oil, but with these apps, it can make you a better driver.



GASBUDDY

(free, all platforms)
Your phone scopes out any neighborhood and finds you the cheapest fuel.



DYNOLICIOUS

(\$12.99, iOS)
Clocks your engine's horsepower, your lateral Gs, miles per gallon and more.



TRAPSTER

(free, all platforms)
An online community that maps speed traps. Beat the heat at its own game!



REPAIRPAL

(free, all platforms)
Like Angie's List for car-repair shops, it helps keep you from getting ripped off.



BEST PARKING

(free, all platforms)
Where's the cheapest parking garage? Your phone can tell you.

COACHELLA CLASS

PALM SPRINGS ROCKS DURING THE WORLD-FAMOUS MUSIC FESTIVAL. HERE'S HOW TO PARTY RIGHT IN THE COACHELLA VALLEY



When the Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival takes over the polo grounds in Indio, California, the median age in Palm Springs and the surrounding Coachella Valley drops precipitously into the 20s. While the area has always had breathtaking geography and a quirky retro charm, it now has damn fine food, cool bars and sceney spots to hang. Even if you haven't secured tickets, the balmy week of the festival is the perfect time to catch big-name acts and local artists playing the hotels and music-industry pool parties worth crashing for the sights and sounds.

1. Hang Poolside

→ After getting a pair of psychedelic swim trunks at **Mr Turk** (and a bikini for your lady at sister store **Trina Turk**), it's time to hit the pool parties where local DJs and Coachella acts make surprise appearances all day and night. For easy access to the festivities, book a room at these hotels: The **Ace (A)**, the desert outpost of the hipster hotel chain, remains the gold standard. Boccie and croquet round out the outdoor activities at the **Saguaro (B)** hotel,

where the year-round pool parties are a local legend. An official deal with festival promoter Goldenvoice guarantees A-list surprise DJs and a rocking scene at the **Hard Rock**. Think speaker sculptures and guitar art everywhere.



C

2.

Dine in the Desert

→ Ditch your swimsuit and dress for dinner at **Workshop Kitchen + Bar (C)**; the sleek interiors and farm-to-table cuisine would fit right in in a demand-

ing metropolis. Binge on a budget at **Birba (D)**, where the brick-oven pizza is blistered just so. The margherita is textbook Neapolitan, and the egg-and-pancetta pizza is the perfect hangover cure.



3.

Go Wild

→ You'll need a break from the beats and booze, and the desert is where you can sweat it out. With a landscape straight out of a sci-fi epic, **Joshua Tree National Park** offers the trippiest activities in the valley that don't require mind-altering substances.

It's dotted with roads that allow easy access to rock formations suitable for scaling or just plain gawking. **Indian Canyons** is a natural wonder: a babbling brook, flowers and grass in the middle of the desert. The coolest you'll get without jumping into a pool is 8,500 feet above the valley floor, on the **Palm Springs Aerial Tramway**, one of the longest tramways in the U.S.



D



I DIDN'T SET OUT TO WIN AWARDS

I dedicated over a decade of my life to make Purity Vodka because I wanted to make a vodka that tastes unlike any other – not just win awards. Though I have to admit, going to Cannes and winning 11 Gold and Master medals in 11 different categories at the Spirits Business awards, definitely brought a smile to my face.

But don't take their word for it, try it for yourself and you be the judge.

Skål,



Thomas Kuuttanen
Founder and Master Blender

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BEST BUDS

THE EARBUD IS BETTER THAN EVER, SO LISTEN UP

• Earbuds have spent years crammed in coat pockets while audio junkies heaped praise on headphones. But unless you're in the studio, working with Drake, you probably don't need the earbud's bigger, clunky cousin. These days, earbuds deliver audio quality that rivals that of most headphones while sealing off outside noise so you can listen at lower volumes and save your hearing. Bring on the buds!—William O'Neal



1. NO SWEAT

→ Stuff JLab Audio's Epic earbuds in your gym bag. The lightweight earphones deliver the right mix of quality audio and affordability. The Cush Fins keep them comfortable, and the tangle-free cord (with universal mike) can handle life among your gym clothes.

jlabaudio.com, \$50

2. PITCH PERFECT

→ Serious audiophiles will want to head straight to the Sennheiser IE 80. Sporting a brushed metal housing and replaceable cable, IE 80s sound and look spectacular. Plus, the adjustable bass output can be tweaked to deliver just the right amount of thump.

sennheiser.com, \$450

3. TRANSFORMERS

→ Need headphones that can handle everything from Rick Ross to Bob Dylan? Torque Audio's t103z uses interchangeable "valves" to alter the audio output. Pop the earbuds open and swap out the bass-heavy valves for something more mid-range-friendly when the mood hits.

torque-audio.com, \$180

4. SILENT TYPE

→ Bose noise-canceling technology has been rescuing road warriors from yammering passengers for years. The earphone version, QuietComfort 20, uses an attached control module to adjust the noise-canceling and tune out the guy seated next to you.

bose.com, \$300

5. ONES TO BEAT

→ While everyone from hip-hop heads to pro athletes sports Beats headphones, the company also makes a solid earphone. Beats Tour sound great and use removable wing tips to ensure they won't fall out whether you're working out or rocking out.

beatsbydre.com, \$150

FOLLOW

THE BUNNY

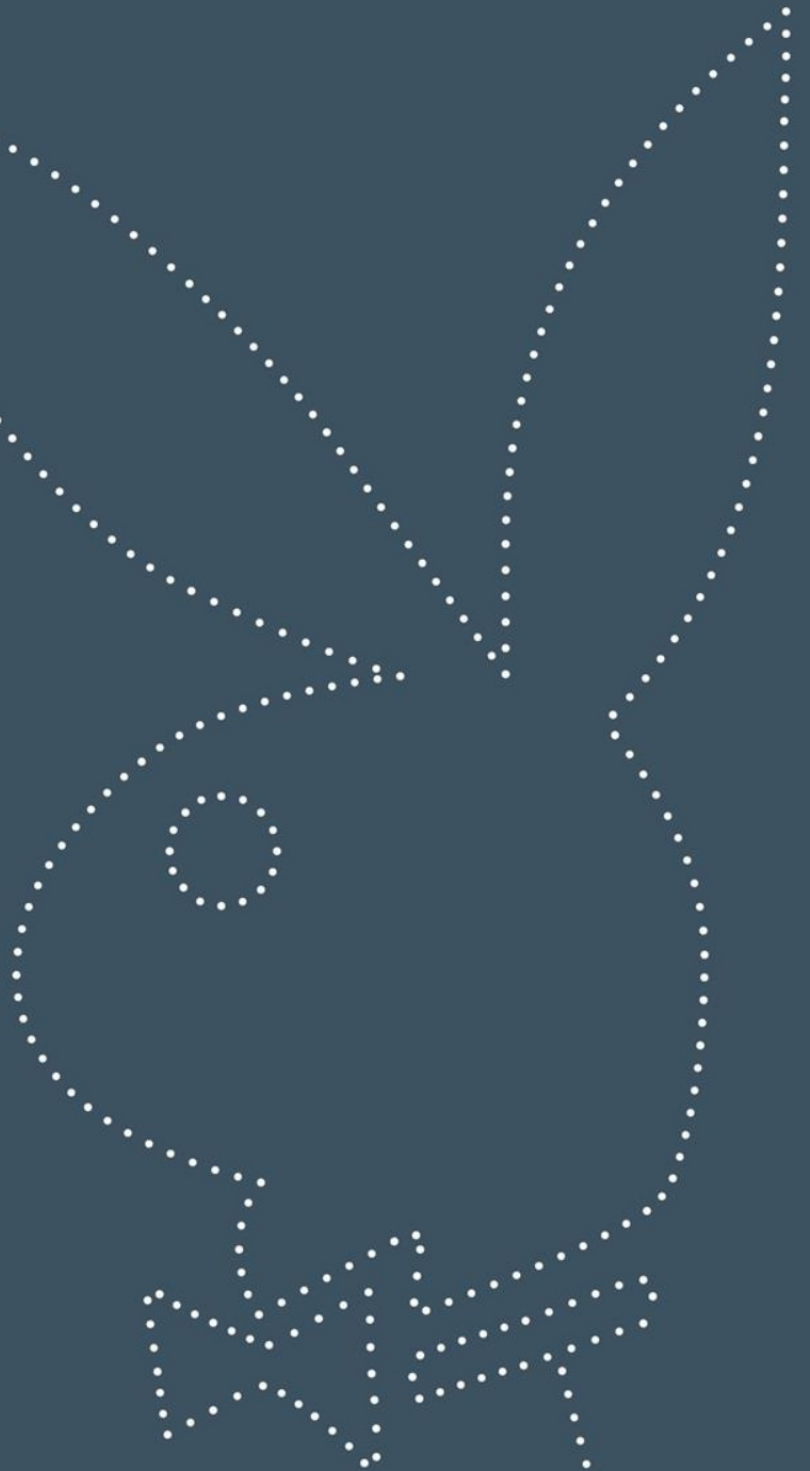
WHO'S BEEN

PUSHING

(AND REMOVING)

BUTTONS

SINCE 1953



facebook.com/playboy



twitter.com/playboy



playboy.tumblr.com



instagram.com/playboy



MOVIE OF THE MONTH

TRANSCENDENCE

By Stephen Rebello

Says Wally Pfister, "I set my focus on story and performance. There was no point in my becoming a director if this movie was just going to be about visuals." That may sound odd coming from the cinematographer for *Moneyball*, *Inception* and *The Dark*

Knight trilogy, but Pfister is serious about his directorial debut. In the sci-fi thriller *Transcendence*, Johnny Depp plays a dying scientist whose mind gets downloaded into a computer. "At the core of it, there is a love story about the effort to keep alive a relationship through technology," says Pfister.

"I was a director in training for the past 10 years, observing how Chris Nolan and other directors connected with actors. We had so much fun on the set that we were able to hunker down and make a serious film without the distraction of bad vibes. Believe me, though, this ain't a funny film."

FLIGHT OF THE FALCON

Captain America's Anthony Mackie earns his superhero stripes



Q: How is your chemistry with Chris Evans, who plays Cap in the sequel *Captain America: The Winter Soldier*?
A: It's easy when you work with someone who's just a regular, down-to-earth guy who loves what he does like Chris. We've been friends for three or four years. We joke that we're the same person in a different body.

Q: How is your character Falcon's relationship with Captain America like or unlike Robin's with Batman?
A: It's the complete opposite. There's no leader-sidekick thing going on. We're a team of colleagues and friends who conquer a common evil.

Q: What's the toughest thing about doing a superhero movie?

A: I'm a guy whose favorite sound is taking the top off a carton of fresh ice cream. Whiskey and ice cream are my two poisons. It's hard to give those up.

Q: Will we see more of the Falcon on-screen?

A: Marvel is so secretive. But if they tell me I'm in *The Avengers*, that's like being called to the big leagues, so you'd better believe I won't even know how to spell *whiskey* or *ice cream* for about six months.—S.R.



TEASE FRAME

Emilia Clarke

→ We too want to kneel before crazy Khaleesi Daenerys Targaryen (a.k.a. the Mother of Dragons) on *Game of Thrones* (pictured) as she plots to rule over seven kingdoms and our desires. See actress Emilia Clarke next with Jude Law in the crime comedy *Dom Hemingway*.

DVD OF THE MONTH

VEEP: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON

By Greg Fagan

• There is more to the premise of HBO's political satire *Veep* than just having *Seinfeld*'s Julia Louis-Dreyfus as the vice president of the United States. The *West Wing*-meets-*The Office* vibe established in *Veep*'s first season still wears well in season two. While Louis-Dreyfus remains the focus, the writers up the stakes with story lines involving a hostage crisis that turns politically ugly and builds toward a prospective impeachment. It may not have the cinematic swagger of *House of Cards*, but *Veep*'s hilariously profane dialogue and satire more frequently hit their target. (BD) **Best extra:** Deleted scenes and four commentary tracks. **WV** 1/2



MUST-WATCH TV

FARGO

By Josef Adalian

• FX's small-screen spin-off of the Coen brothers' popular 1996 film is not the stinker most cinephiles assumed it would be. In fact, it's actually a stunner. Writer Noah Hawley (*Bones*) takes an interesting and highly original approach, wisely choosing not to bring back any of the main characters from the original, borrowing only the Coens' dark comic tone as a backdrop to explore another set of twisted homicides in a self-contained 10-episode season. Billy Bob Thornton (right), who's been keeping a low profile lately, returns to TV in an Emmy-worthy turn, playing Lorne Malvo, a manipulative, malevolent misfit who crosses paths with sad-sack insurance salesman Lester Nygaard (*Sherlock's* Martin Freeman). Their encounter has tragic consequences and leads to much work for police deputy Molly Solverson (newcomer Allison Tolman). Should you set your DVR to record the whole series? You betcha. **★★★★**



TURN

→ FX has the Cold War spies of *The Americans*; now here comes rival AMC with what might be called *The Colonial*



Americans. It's the story of George Washington's relatively unheralded espionage network, reluctant revolutionaries whose efforts to undermine the Brits played a crucial role in the war. Intriguing stuff, but a lack of standout performers keeps *Turn* out of the same league as *Mad Men* and *Breaking Bad*. **★★★**

SILICON VALLEY

→ Think of this as *The Social Network* by way of *Entourage*. In the first live-action TV effort from *Beavis and Butt-Head* and *King of the Hill* creator Mike Judge, the focus is on a seemingly unremarkable programmer who invents an algorithm potentially worth billions. Hilarious with just a touch of heart,

HBO's latest comedy winner gives the self-serious, insufferable tech industry a much-needed satirical kick in the ass. **★★★★**



GAME OF THE MONTH

METAL GEAR SOLID V: GROUND ZEROES

By Jason Buhrmester

• It has been 27 years since the first appearance of Snake and we still don't know the whole truth about gaming's most enigmatic character. *Metal Gear Solid V: Ground Zeroes* (360, PS3, PS4, Xbox One) finds Snake circa 1975 as he sets out to infiltrate a covert U.S. base in Cuba. No series does stealth as well as *Metal Gear*, helped here by nonlinear play that lets you take out a guard from a distance or sneak up close and use a knife. Sure, it's only a prequel to the upcoming *Metal Gear: Phantom Pain*, but it's still a solid chapter in the book of Snake. **★★★★**



INFAMOUS: SECOND SON



→ When Seattle 20-something Delsin Rowe discovers he has superpowers, he uses them to take on the Department of Unified Protection, a government agency tasked with detaining superhumans. True to the series, *Infamous: Second Son* (PS4) offers a sprawling city to fly over and plenty of real estate to destroy with Cinder Blast and other powers, including Neon, a new ability that lets Rowe absorb light to fire lasers. It's *X-Men* as filtered through Occupy Wall Street. **★★★★**

ELDER SCROLLS ONLINE



→ Fair or not, PC gaming has always been considered a nerdy cousin by those who prefer to play on Xbox and PlayStation. *Elder Scrolls Online* (Mac, PC, PS4, Xbox One) unites everyone in the first multiplatform online game based on the best-selling *Elder Scrolls* series. Build a knight, a sorcerer or one of the other classes and explore the world of Tamriel, battling creatures and clans as you take on quests alone or with friends, regardless of your gaming preferences. **★★★**

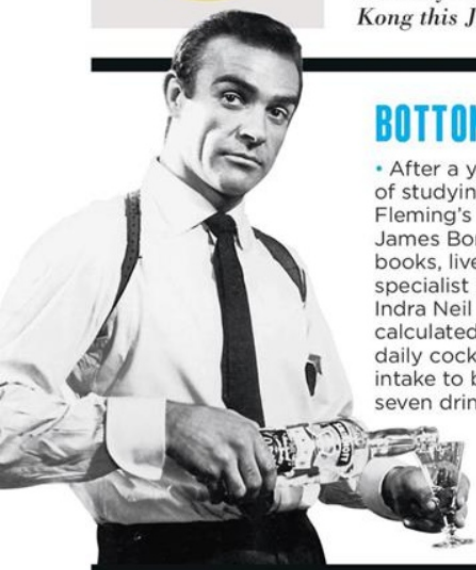
GOING SOFT

• Number of pornographic-film permits requested in Los Angeles County in 2012:

480

• Number requested through September 2013, after a law went into effect in December 2012 requiring condom use on porn sets:

24



UP IN SMOKE

• Using data including number of residents with medical-marijuana cards, number of marijuana dispensaries and number of marijuana-related events, real estate website Movoto determined the most stoned cities in America.

ACCORDING TO SPOTIFY



NEW YORK

listens to Jay Z 88% more than the rest of the world.



STOCKHOLM

listens to Abba 110% more.



SINGAPORE

listens to Maroon 5 281% more.



LONDON

listens to Fleetwood Mac 162% more.

WE'LL DRINK TO THAT

• \$628,000: new world-record price for a single bottle of whiskey, a six-liter crystal decanter of Macallan M sold by Sotheby's in Hong Kong this January.

BOTTOMS UP

• After a year of studying Ian Fleming's 14 James Bond books, liver specialist Dr. Indra Neil Guha calculated 007's daily cocktail intake to be six to seven drinks.

MONEY TALKS



For the first time in history, more than half of all members of the U.S. Congress are millionaires.

BIG BANG

• According to a study conducted by LifeStyles Condoms, 75% of women require direct stimulation to achieve orgasm; only 25% consistently climax from sex alone.

THE KICK IS UP

• In 2013 NFL kickers converted 1,256 out of 1,261 points after touchdown—a 99.6% accuracy rate. In 1932 kickers converted only 67% of the time.

ON THE SIDE

• Having an affair in France? No biggie. Percentage of survey respondents, by country, who said, "Married people having an affair is morally unacceptable":



FRANCE
47%



GERMANY
60%



ITALY
64%



SPAIN
64%



RUSSIA
69%



CHINA
74%



CANADA
76%



BRITAIN
76%



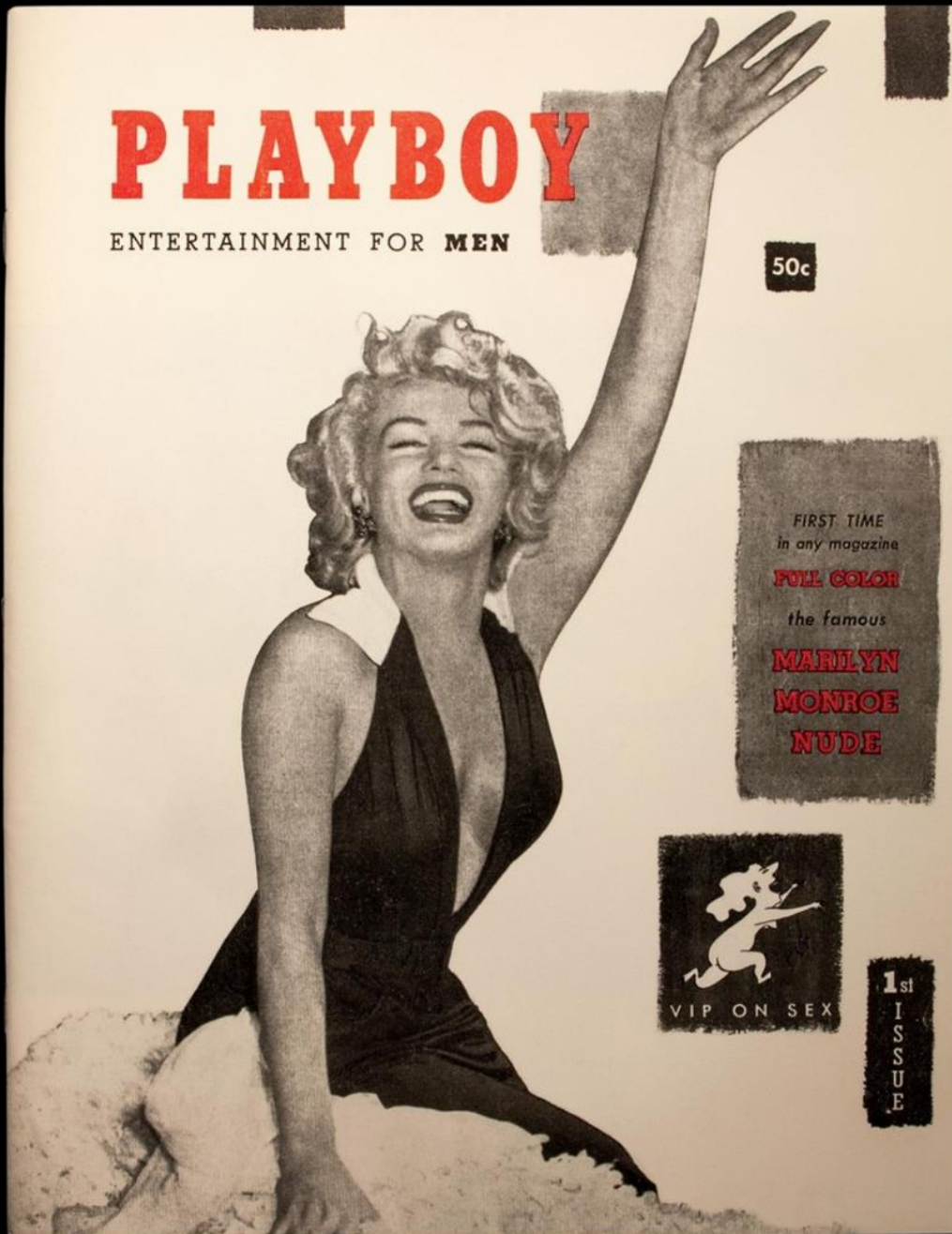
AUSTRALIA
79%



UNITED STATES
84%

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Hate your cube? It could be worse

When I decided to work from home, I figured my new life would be manly. No boss controlling my time. Self-motivation. Utter freedom. I would be a man of intrigue; no one would ever be sure where I was. There would be midafternoon workouts, midafternoon drinking, midafternoon sex, midafternoon leaving right after sex because I really have to go do some work now. I would work from mountaintops, South American beaches, sailboats, European capitals and—were it not, in my particular situation, technically an office—the Playboy Mansion.

Instead, I am in a small room in my house, wearing sweatpants, a T-shirt and the underwear I slept in, which is the underwear I wore yesterday, which if I don't shower soon will be the underwear I wear tomorrow. I have examined the contents of my refrigerator 10 times. I have watched a fair amount of porn. Although I have not smoked any marijuana, it's unclear how my day would be remotely different if I had.

Working from home is plenty masculine if you live in a log cabin and are a lumberjack. That's because you're not working from home, you're working from outdoors. But I'm actually working from home. From the place with the washing

machine, dishwasher and vacuum cleaner, all of which I sometimes use in between work calls. And sometimes during calls. Which doesn't sound professional to the person on the other end of the line. For the 15 years I worked in an office, my home was capable of taking care of itself for eight hours a day. Now I find it constantly needs repairs and cleaning. Meals need to be prepped, groceries bought, Amazon shopped at. It turns out that if you're allowed to do whatever you want with your time, you will do very lame things.

Offices are full of metal and partitions and machines that print or scan or vend. My house is full of pillows and beds and glass animals that I collected as a child and my parents mailed to me a few years ago. The point is: There is no way I would have put those glass animals on a shelf in my office, because other people might have seen them.

But the problem isn't just that my surroundings have domesticated me. It's that other people want to domesticate me. I thought that being home all day meant my friends would invite me to baseball day games or to play tennis or to drive to Vegas. If they needed my help, I figured they'd think of me as Bruce Wayne, available for crime-fighting adventures. Instead they think of me as

Alfred. People need to be picked up from airports, and because I work from home, I am in the privileged position of being able to rearrange my schedule to do it. I can wait around for the cable guy and electrician. I can pick up and drop off things before the stores close. I am pretty sure that soon a friend is going to ask me to go to his kid's parent-teacher conference for him.

I feel myself becoming a put-upon 1950s housewife, eager to hear my friends' lame office stories. No, I don't miss sitting in meetings where the boss talks about himself while I pretend to be amused. I don't miss co-workers stopping by my office to tell me their boyfriend problems. I don't miss people asking me to donate to their kids' school fund-raisers. But I do miss having women in the office to flirt with. I have no office wife. No crush on the woman on the fourth floor with the tattoo on the back of her neck. I am forced to seek out that ego boost by flirting with baristas at cafés, which is the most pathetic kind of flirting, other than stripper flirting.

In fact, just being in a coffee shop is emasculating. The floors are puddled with testosterone dripped by men "working" on "projects" they "haven't been paid for." I don't have an office, so I often ask people to meet me at a coffee shop, which is the equivalent of saying, "Let's meet up at the unemployment office." There is no way to end a meeting at a coffee shop, since saying "I really have to go to work now" and then continuing to sit there is utterly unconvincing.

It turns out you need annoying co-workers and unreasonable bosses to complain about, because otherwise you turn soft. Everyone is nice to me all day, because the only people I see are people I'm buying stuff from. Complaining may not sound manly, but it turns out that complaining is just a socially acceptable way of saying how much better you are than everyone else. Plus, without that guy who comes by with those confusing rows and boxes and demands \$5, I know nothing about sports. For all I know, the rows are crushing the boxes, or the boxes have been suspended for bullying their own box teammates in the box locker room.

So I work in my backyard, typing and listening to music that's way too loud. I feel soft. No one ever circumnavigated anything from home; no one ever railroad-baroned from home; no one ever defeated the Spanish Armada from home. No one ever homesteaded from home. But then I think about the many great work-from-home heroes—not just William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway but Thomas Edison and Steve Jobs and every single one of the U.S. presidents. Although somehow Obama always looks like he's showered.

THE NANCY DREW SYNDROME

WHY WOMEN LOVE TRUE-CRIME SHOWS AND WHY THEY THINK KEITH MORRISON IS SUCH A STUD

A few Christmases ago, my mom bought me a hammer. Not just any hammer but the kind you use if you're submerged underwater in a car and the pressure becomes so great that breaking the window is nearly impossible. My mom saw it and thought, Now *this* is what Hilary wants for Christmas. It makes sense. I've seen enough *Dateline NBC* episodes to know that if you meet the wrong guy on the internet, he could knock you out, send your car into a lake and cash in on that quickie insurance policy. But if you wake up—just in the nick of time—and find that hammer among all the crap in your backseat, you could survive. Thank you, Mom!

My guess is no matter how many guys you meet on the internet, the chances of your being submerged in water in your vehicle are pretty slim. But there's clearly a market for this, which I think has to do with the phenomenon of female fear. We are obsessed with being afraid. I know I am. If I'm trying to get something done on a Saturday and I flip past *Dateline*, *48 Hours*, *Snapped*, *I Killed My BFF*, *Cold Case Files* or *I (Almost) Got Away With It*, then I can kiss any plans good-bye. And if it's a marathon? I'll be on the couch with my two cats, eating frozen Thin Mints all weekend. I was once late to a wedding because I was on the edge of my hotel bed, waiting to find out if a woman was in on her own kidnapping. She was! What a twist! *Dateline* host Keith Morrison's voice is like the bass music in a porno to me. I will listen to him talk about any crime. Anytime.

Dateline is my favorite true-crime show. And I see my life and my friends' lives in terms of *Dateline* episodes. I had a friend

who went out with a guy she later discovered was a rare-book thief. She did some postdate googling, and there it was. He had taken a plea deal to avoid jail time and was helping the FBI locate other rare-book thieves. Where does he locate them? Match.com?

It's hard not to think you're constantly being "Datelined." I was once robbed by a guy I met via online dating. We met at a public place, per my request, for a drink. He spent a few rounds telling me he'd seen UFOs and believed aliens were living among us. He was a devout Buddhist and said Buddhists have been hanging out with aliens for centuries. Apparently they're pretty cool. He said our government was keeping it secret. He was crazy but cute, so I nodded and

BY HILARY WINSTON

kept saying, "Yeah, totally. Makes sense. The government, right?" Then he asked if I wanted to get something to eat. And I did. But it meant getting into his car. Now, everyone who has ever seen even one episode of *Dateline* knows you don't get into a random guy's car, especially not a guy who has been ranting about UFOs, but I'd been drinking. We got into his car and I checked to make sure the passenger door opened from the inside so I could jump out if I needed to. I also kept my cell phone in my hand. But I didn't need to jump out of the moving car or phone a friend. We had a burrito and he drove me home. My gut was right; he was a harmless alien-loving

hippie. But when he dropped me off, I loaned him a copy of one of my favorite movies, *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*. And then never heard from him again. Stolen. My DVD was stolen! Maybe he was abducted by aliens, or maybe he wasn't that into me. Probably the former. It wouldn't have made the most dynamic *Dateline*, but Keith Morrison could have done something with it. The episode could have been titled "He's Just Not That Into UFOs."

Dateline episode titles say it all: "Secrets in Pleasant Grove," "Secrets in Seattle," "Flying High at Cocktail Cove." Datelining can happen anywhere, anytime: "In the Dead of Night," "In the Middle of the Night" and—don't think you're safe when the sun comes up—"In Broad Daylight." You want to have fun at the mall this weekend? Think again: "Terror at the Mall." Don't think it could happen to you? "It Could Happen to You." There is "No Safe Place." "The Mystery in the Master Bedroom." "Death and the Dentist." "Murder at Sam Donaldson's Ranch"? There is even Datelining at Sam Donaldson's ranch!

Guys hate my addiction to true-crime shows, but to me they're like adult Nancy Drew mysteries. You enjoy being as smart as Nancy and solving the crime. But more important, Nancy is always okay in the end. And therein lies the reason women love true-crime shows. I believe if I hear a story, it can't happen to me. Would any of us ever go anywhere with a van der Sloot-esque guy again? Nope. We have seen evil interrupted by a few commercial breaks, but we have seen it and gained power over it. So as long as there is a predator to catch, I'll be watching.

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Is there such a thing as an anti-fetish? By that I mean something most people find attractive and sexy, or at the very least innocuous, that has the opposite effect on other folks? For me it's high heels. I can't stand them. Any other type of footwear—sandals, boots, flats—or no footwear at all is fine with me. But when I see a woman in heels, whether it's on the street, on TV or in your magazine, I immediately lose interest. A good percentage of the porn out there does nothing for me because of the prevalence of heels in many of the scenes. Strippers? Forget about it. The biggest problem is that I don't understand what's behind my dislike. Have you ever heard of something like this?—C.D., Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Of course. It's called a turn-off. The possible reasons for your aversion are numerous: Maybe you subconsciously see spiky heels as a potential castrating weapon—a sort of footwear version of the vagina dentata. Maybe the added height they give a woman is threatening to your manhood. Maybe you suffered some early-childhood trauma at the hands of a woman in high heels. Maybe you have good taste in shoes and can tell that the high heels in most porn are cheap and tacky. But the important thing is you know what you like. Just don't be a jerk and share your distaste with a woman in heels—try to see her for who she is, not what she wears. If it weren't for male shoe fetishists and porn producers, it's unlikely any woman would wear high heels in bed.

I'm considering a Prince Albert penis piercing. What kind of sexual advantages and disadvantages will this present for me and my girlfriend?—D.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

The biggest bummer about a Prince Albert (a barbell-like piercing that goes through the urethra at the tip of the penis) is the fact that you can't have sex or masturbate for upward of six weeks as you wait for the piercing to heal. Additionally you're at an increased risk for exposure to sexually transmitted infections through micro tears from the piercing. The upside to the Prince Albert is increased pressure and stimulation for you—and for her. But the latter can be hit or miss depending on her sensitivity and how your anatomies fit together. If it proves uncomfortable, once you've completely healed you can always take out the piercing before sex.

After we recently became engaged, my fiancée left town for her job. On her

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



My girlfriend hates most of the porn she finds on the internet. Can you recommend some high-quality porn films that have a plot? We don't want to fall asleep watching a boring French movie with characters who do nothing but talk about their problems.—G.H., Vienna, Austria

Swedish director Erika Lust is widely regarded as the best producer of female-friendly pornographic films. Her website Lustcinema.com is a sort of Netflix of erotica. For a monthly fee you can access hundreds of narrative-driven adult movies, many of them from Europe, that feature attractive men and women but with intelligence and production values rare in the adult-film industry. If a quickie is all you're after, Lust's new site, xconfessions.com, features short films based on fan-submitted fantasies, one of which explores the erotic potential of watching your partner assemble Ikea furniture.

return she called me at work to tell me she had a surprise. She explained that she was walking by a tattoo shop and decided to get one. She now has THE BOSS tattooed around her wrist in large bold letters. For those who aren't familiar with the phrase's alternative meaning, it's worth looking up. I later found out that the session had been scheduled for weeks and the story she told me was a lie. When I asked her why she got the tattoo, she said she felt the need to symbolize taking control of her life and it

wasn't something that needed to be discussed. She knows I'm not big on tattoos, but I'm more concerned about her approach. I'm running low on respect and trust. Thoughts?—C.B., Toronto, Ontario

We're not sure which alternative meaning you're referring to. Our research leads us to Springsteen groupies, the acronym for "sorry son of a bitch" spelled backward and the British hip-hop artist Tulisa, who has THE FEMALE BOSS tattooed on her forearm. "The Boss" on its own isn't negative or insulting, and we can't argue with your fiancée's reasons for seeing this as a term of self-empowerment. Her not wanting to discuss it is where you might have a problem. Don't focus on the ink but on keeping the lines of communication open.

I'm attempting to grow my first beard at the age of 26. I have been growing it since September and do not plan to shave for a while. How long would it take for me to grow a beard like one of the Duck Dynasty guys? Can you suggest any strategies to increase facial-hair growth and production?—C.C., Port Jervis, New York

The bushy beard you're referring to predates by centuries what many people have recently begun to think of as the Duck Dynasty beard. Variations on this impressive growth include what's known as sunnah in Muslim countries, a hipster beard in Williamsburg, Brooklyn and a skegg in Norway, land of the Vikings. Whatever you want to call it, there's not a lot you can do to speed the process, beyond keeping your testosterone levels up naturally, since male hormones can facilitate hair growth. To keep your levels elevated, eat healthily, work out intensely and avoid stress. But growing a beard four to six inches beyond your chin can take several years, so patience is really the best strategy.

I'm 22 years old and about to graduate from college. Since as early as I can remember, I have lost interest in girls after dating and hooking up with them a few times. It's weird because I'm always crazy about the person, and then, like flicking a light switch, I have to end it. Am I just attracted to the wrong personalities, or what?—E.K., Chapel Hill, North Carolina

If you were in your 40s we'd be concerned, but it only stands to reason that at 22 you would be playing the field. (In the U.S. the average age at which men marry is 29.) Down the road you might want to pay attention to that "flicking a light switch" moment:

Are you addicted to the dopamine high of a new sexual partner, a buzz that always wears off at some point? On the first few dates, do you learn something about the women that you honestly don't like? Time does reveal complexities in people that cause us to have to accept that they're not there merely to make us happy. But that level of maturity comes only with age, so there's no point in beating yourself up about not committing to every girl you hook up with. Better that you end it early rather than drag it out, as long as you do it as honorably and honestly as possible.

One of my biggest nonsexual fantasies is to travel to London's Savile Row and purchase a bespoke suit and pair of shoes. I know there are great tailors all over the world, many of them probably closer to where I live, but this is my fantasy. However, I'm not sure how to answer the question about which side I dress on. I'm not even sure I know what the question means. I have an idea, but since I wear boxer briefs and am an average guy, I doubt it has any relevance. What do I say when I'm asked, and how can I sound cool and sophisticated when I respond?—B.S., Louisville, Kentucky

Indeed there are few nonsexual indulgences as satisfying as having clothes custom made for you. There's a sensuality in the perfect fit, an intimate relationship with your garments that can border on fetishistic and that no factory-made suit can create. "Dressing left or right" is tailor-speak for which side your penis hangs to. In more trim styles of pants, a tailor can add a little extra fabric to comfortably accommodate the penis with minimal visible bulge in the crotch of the pants. No less a source than the online magazine *Savile Row Style* polled British tailors and reported that most men's penises tend to dangle to the left. Don't beat around the bush with a British tailor. During the pants fitting simply say, "I dress left. Do you think it's worth adding a little extra fabric?" And don't take it personally if they say no. It's not an issue with loose-fitting pants. As for helping you figure out which side you dress, we politely decline.

What's the cutoff age for family and friends who ask for an airport pickup? I'm 40, and at this age it seems to be an odd request to receive in a nonemergency situation.—N.S., Fishers, Indiana

Just because you're an adult on the cusp of middle age doesn't mean everyone will stop giving you the opportunity to be helpful and gracious. We're more interested in the age of the people requesting rides. By the time someone graduates from college or is capable of holding down a full-time job they've proven themselves to be capable of getting from point A to point B on their own. Having a jobless, childless and able-bodied person ask you to rearrange your schedule to pick them up at the airport can be annoying, particularly when it's rush hour on a Friday. Don't be shy about saying why you can't do it: You're working, have dinner plans or are under the

weather. It's about your schedule, not your principles. That said, an extra hour in the car with a long-lost friend or the rewarding feeling of doing a good deed can be well worth the time and effort.

Would it be possible for you to create a cocktail especially for me? I'm a fan of blended Canadian whiskey and peppermint schnapps.—J.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

That's just about the easiest question we've ever gotten. Creating a cocktail couldn't be simpler, since most drinks use the same few formulas. There's the sour, which is two ounces of spirit, one ounce of something sweet and one ounce of something sour. So let's create a peppermint whiskey sour for you with two ounces of whiskey, one ounce of schnapps and one ounce of lemon juice. Shake that over ice, strain and serve. Or just drink it on the rocks. Then there's the non-sour cocktail, which is two ounces of spirit, one ounce of fortified wine and half an ounce or so of liqueur. So for you that would be two ounces of whiskey, one ounce of sweet vermouth and half an ounce of schnapps. Again, shake and strain, or drink it on the rocks. If those are too sweet and strong for you, there's nothing wrong with the third, and easiest, formula: the highball. Ice, one and a half ounces of spirit and a sparkling soda of some sort. Club soda, whiskey and a dash of schnapps would be the driest version you could make.

My wife and I have not had sex in months—no intimacy, no nothing, not even a kiss. We are both unhappy, obviously. I believe she is cheating on me but have no evidence. I want to stay together because of our kids, who have become the highest priority in our lives. We never take time for ourselves. Our relationship started to decline when we had sex while she was pregnant. She said it made her feel fat, and ever since then it's been downhill. I know when our youngest child reaches 16 or 18 our marriage will be over. Do I stay with her or get it over with? My kids are the most important thing to me and I need to see them every day, but the truth is even they know our relationship is over and use it against us. Should I find someone to have an affair with and tough it out? I know there are quite a few couples stuck in the same position.—S.A., Ann Arbor, Michigan

You're right. Many couples with kids find themselves in near-sexless marriages. And many couples get through it—but only with a lot of hard work, honesty and conscious effort to rekindle the sexual part of their relationship. Months without sex is nothing compared with the years couples who are worse off than you have endured and, it bears repeating, have made it through. Even if your wife is having an affair, that's something you can overcome. Parallel unhappiness alone isn't reason enough to end a marriage. You're not describing anything that doesn't sound fixable. You admit that you never take time for yourselves, and that really is the first step. This is one of those instances when marriage counseling can help.

You might also want to consider individual therapy if you can afford it. Having an affair will put off, if not entirely sabotage, the possibility of salvaging your marriage. The fact that you're both in it for the kids should give you hope. Take that teamwork and extend it to taking care of yourselves.

During an evening at a local swingers club my girlfriend and I met up with a couple we have known for some time. They told us they'd had a threesome with a transvestite. Answering our questions, the man said it was a great experience. His wife said that he'd done "everything" and that we should try it. We did, and indeed we had a great time and have done it many times since. I have not done "everything" with the transvestite—only fondling, kissing and some oral sex. My question is: Am I homosexual? I enjoyed the experiences immensely and want to repeat them. My girlfriend also had a good time and, like me, wants to continue.—J.G., Bogotá, Colombia

Sexual preference is on a continuum, and while most people identify as straight or gay, there's a world of gray out there. Maybe you're bisexual; maybe you have a transvestite fetish but aren't attracted to men. It sounds as though you and your girlfriend are both having fun and for the moment your relationship is going well. The fact that you're comfortably exploring alternative lifestyles together means that whatever you end up doing, you're better prepared than most couples are to handle a definition of sexual preference that isn't stark black or white.

I want to add a man cave to my house so I can host poker parties, watch sports uninterrupted and blast my music without waking up my wife or neighbors. I don't have a basement or a garage I can convert, so I'm thinking of having our guest bedroom soundproofed. But my wife thinks that's crazy. She thinks it will look ugly and decrease the value of our house. What do you think?—H.C., Scottsdale, Arizona

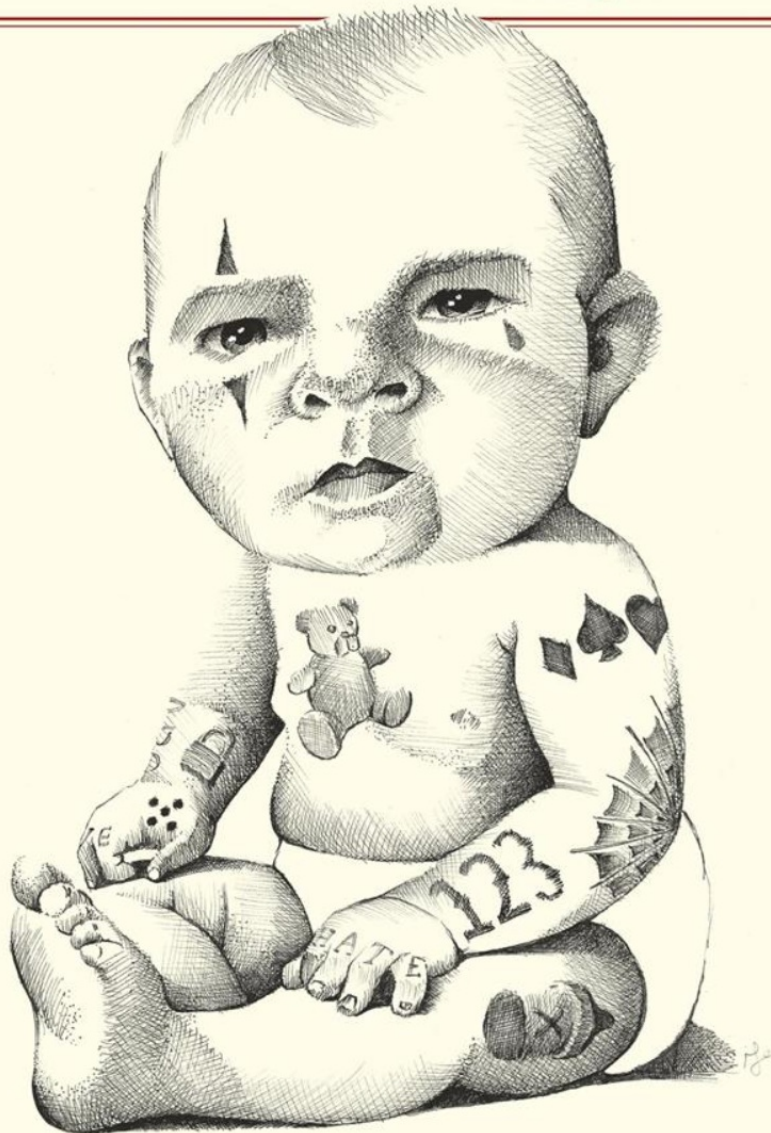
We think your wife is right. What wouldn't be crazy or ugly is a prefab, free-standing modern man cave. The sleek models from Studio Shed—complete with insulation, double-paned windows and minimalist yet manly good looks—are just about the quickest shortcut to an instant man cave, provided you have enough space in your backyard. The turnaround is less than two months, and for about \$150 a square foot—depending on options—you'll soon be rocking out in privacy and style.

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





Prison babies Psilocybin New-school DNA



BORN TO LOSE

Having a baby in prison need not be the brutal experience it so often is

BY RACHEL R. WHITE

Every year approximately 2,000 incarcerated women give birth in the U.S. This means the women go into labor basically alone, with a prison guard watching the entire time and a nurse going in and out of the room. No family, no phone calls. Sometimes the prisoners are shackled: A heavy chain and lock are placed around the belly, with cuffs at the legs and arms, a practice the American

Medical Association has deemed unsafe. It's a grim reality. But into this scene enters the prison doula.

A doula provides nonmedical assistance to a woman in labor. Prison doulas offer massage, a cool washcloth on the forehead and general coaching and support. All over the country, grassroots organizations of prison doulas have popped up. Most of them don't have a strong presence because of lack of funding, but

READER RESPONSE

IPHONES MAKE US WEAK

In "The New 9/11" (November) Chip Rowe points out that America is vulnerable to cyber attack. Many vital systems—electricity, clean water, telecommunications—depend on networking. Should these be compromised, we'd be in trouble. But thinking about how we'd survive without such resources revealed for me something much more elementary: Many people don't know how to live without modern conveniences. Think about electricity in conjunction with food preparation and storage. Now remove electricity from the picture. How would I



cook? Would I need to start a fire? How? How do I preserve my food? Maybe if we learned how to survive without the technology we depend on we could better protect ourselves and our country. Otherwise, our unpreparedness is a weakness just waiting to be exploited.

Brendan DeBusk
Madison, Wisconsin



READER RESPONSE

HOT IN HERE

Letter writers Joseph Kutch, Tom Hawksworth and Burr Passenheim (*Reader Response*, January/February) would have us believe the crap they spew is real science. But one would have to buy into the science put out by fossil-fuel-industry-funded think tanks such as the Cato Institute and the Heartland Institute to believe global warming has stopped over the past 15 years and that the sun—not man-made CO₂ emissions—is responsible for warming over the past 40 years.



Their propaganda is funneled through talk radio and cable TV hosts such as Rush Limbaugh and Sean Hannity. Global warming has not stopped in the past 15 years; in fact, the decade 2000 through 2009 was the hottest on record. If the sun were responsible for the current warming, all layers of the atmosphere would be heating up; instead, the lower atmosphere is warming while the upper atmosphere is cooling. Those who deny the reality of man-made global warming are the polar opposite of alarmists—Pollyannas who stay willfully oblivious to facts so they can continue business as usual, sacrificing future generations on the altar of the almighty dollar.

Jerome N. Cragle
Mifflinville, Pennsylvania

DEATH: A LIVELY TOPIC

Reading Donald Hall's meditation on death ("Buying the Farm," January/February), I'm reminded



BIRTH BEHIND BARS: SOME 2,000 BABIES ARE BORN IN JAIL EACH YEAR IN THE U.S.

many organizations try to pay the doula, who have a tough job. Prison doulas come face to face with corruption: There are reported cases of guards verbally or otherwise abusing women in labor, and some doulas report shackling even when the practice isn't legally required. One can only imagine the situation when there is no doula present.

"This is one of the biggest public-health issues of our time, and no one wants to look at it," says Rae Baker, coordinator of Isis Rising, a prison-doula program in Minnesota. Isis Rising offers birthing and child-rearing classes for prisoners, as well as a doula practice. When the program started, prisoners had a 63 percent rate of cesarean births, which is

now down to three percent. (The national average is about 30 percent.) Baker calculates that keeping prisoners from having C-sections saves the state \$50,000 per childbirth. Half the prisoners have natural births, without drugs, thanks to the classes and doulas' assistance. "Some of the women who have had children before

told us this was their best birth experience," says Baker. "I think it translates to being a more connected mother." For Baker, it's about helping the children as well as the mothers. "These babies never committed a crime, and they deserve a fair shot at a fair life," she says. "I want these women to have

healthy babies." Isis Rising is working on forming a national coalition for prison doulas. Baker is hopeful that together the organizations can find more funding from grants and private donors.

"This is one of the biggest public-health issues of our time."

STILL SAYING NO

Psychedelic drugs can help patients, but the feds remain stuck in the past

BY TYLER TRYKOWSKI

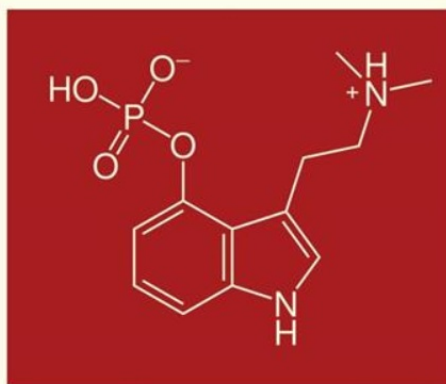
In 2012 the nation's largest underwriter of medical research—the National Institutes of Health—doled out \$30 billion on research. But none of that money went to study the use of psychedelic drugs to treat human suffering. Consider the lot of smokers who hope to quit. The



most effective smoking-cessation medication is Chantix. As in most addiction programs, the drug is combined with counseling. Nearly a quarter of Chantix users go a year without smoking—if they attend at least 12 counseling sessions. If patients use the medication alone, fewer than 10 percent will quit.

But Matthew Johnson, an associate professor at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, suggests psilocybin can be much more successful than any known nicotine-addiction treatment. If psilocybin is administered in conjunction with cognitive-behavioral therapy, 80 percent of smokers refrain from using tobacco for six months. According to Johnson's study, 83.3 percent of patients said psilocybin changed their orientation "toward the future so that long-term benefits outweighed immediate desires." A 2012 analysis of six clinical trials found that LSD sessions doubled the odds that alcoholics would be alcohol-free at their first follow-up and for up to six months afterward. A pilot study also showed that MDMA, when integrated with psychotherapy, cured 83 percent of patients with post-traumatic stress disorder, versus 25 percent of those who had been given just therapy.

Such studies are part of a psychedelic-research renaissance that has been going on for the past quarter-century. But support from the federal government and major nonprofits remains absent—even when data suggest psychedelics can be useful. "They have the drug war and misinformation in the back of their minds," says Virginia Wright, director of development at the Santa Cruz, California-based Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies. "It's difficult to say yes when



PSILOCYBIN: SCIENCE BE DAMNED.

funding psychedelics diminishes their standing in the community." The association's studies are approved by the FDA, but preconceptions are inescapable.

"The public doesn't know how drug development works," Wright says. "It's dangerous. All prescription drugs are. But if you compare prescription-drug development with psychedelics, what we're doing is not so harmful." MAPS is currently conducting five trials for MDMA-PTSD treatment, after which it will pursue a \$16 million Phase 3

trial, the first of its kind. Researchers need that data for further trials. When asked why their work still faces such resistance, Wright says, "I think it's cultural, because if you look at the science, it doesn't make logical sense."

"All prescription drugs are dangerous. But what we're doing is not so harmful."

PREDATORY MARKETING

Mike Seay of Lindenhurst, Illinois lost his daughter in a car accident in February 2013.

He was shocked to come home one day this January to find junk mail from OfficeMax addressed to "Mike Seay, Daughter Killed in Car Crash, or Current Business."

Everyone knows the National Security Agency watches us while we play *Angry Birds*. But few of us know how closely we're being monitored by marketers, who sell a disturbing array of our personal information. Want to buy a list of rape victims or HIV patients? How about Hispanic payday-loan applicants? No problem. Data brokers have built an industry that in 2012 generated

\$156 billion selling information about consumers, and their actions are surprisingly unregulated. A recent Senate Commerce Committee report points out that brokers prevent consumers from knowing when their private information is being collected and to whom it is being sold. "It doesn't matter that the data is about the consumer," Pam Dixon, founder of the World Privacy Forum, said before the commerce committee in December. "The data broker has all the rights, and the consumer has none."

OfficeMax issued Seay an apology, blaming a "mailing list rented through a third-party provider."

READER RESPONSE

of a conversation I had with a Sudanese army general while on a diplomatic tour in Khartoum several years back. He vouched that army recruits from far-flung regions in Sudan proved difficult to train thanks to their wholesale disinterest in taking cover under fire. Each soldier instead entrusted his fate to his amulets: thumb-size leather pouches encapsulating a handwritten



verse from the Koran, shined with cheap black shoe polish and strung on a shoelace around the biceps. Later, on a trip to rebel territory in Darfur, I bartered a pair of Ray-Bans for a set of amulets from a one-armed Darfuri rebel, who I later learned went missing on the border with Chad. Returning stateside, I wore it out nights in Miami but can't recall if it brought me any special luck. I imagine the amulets reposing in an attic after I die.

Christian Deitch
Los Angeles, California

Happy to know Donald Hall refuses to go gently into that good night, at least in terms of his cranky complacency regarding his own death. As Dylan Thomas wrote, "Old age should burn and rave at close of day/Rage, rage against the dying of the light." Thank you for publishing what might be some of the last ruminations of another great poet.

F. Martin
San Antonio, Texas



READER RESPONSE

True story: My mother, even though she was still an active senior, decided to save the family the agony of making her "final arrangements." She called a friend and excitedly spoke about how she had made detailed plans for her funeral. She chattered about it as if she were planning a big event. Her friend felt compelled to say, "Congratulations. Have you set a date?"

As a 10-year cancer survivor and person with Parkinson's, I've had no choice but to accept my own mortality. My decision is to live each day to the fullest. When I go, I want my legacy to be the number of people I've helped in my life.

Richard London
Matthews, North Carolina

When nearing the end and looking back at the life we've led, how we feel about the person we've become, what we accomplished and how we treated others can make the difference between peaceful acceptance and fear of death.

Nancy D. Butler
Waterford, Connecticut

SAY IT WITH A :)

Personally, I think human communication on the whole is going downhill thanks to texting, e-mail, instant messaging and social media ("The Smiley Face That Ate America," November). It's so much easier to be nasty

back down. ... himself in his home with ... forcing the police to spend ... to evict him. In New York ... of people interrupted the

Laura ... Finished. Black ... a Place to Call Home.

HE MILEY
ACE
HAT ATE
AMERICA

o texts and e-mails bring
as closer? It doesn't seem
hat way

Y TAPPY BROESSER-ANKER

C onsider the emotion. It is
fun. It is cordial. It is, or was
at first, creative—a few key-
words, designed to form our
words, used instead to broad-
en our facial expression. It means happy
means sad. The emotion should be at

most a conversational enhancement, at
least an innocuous accompaniment. But
it is neither. These silly scribbles are
actually a growth tool for our natural
tendency toward passive aggression. Like a
hissing, a snarling, the emotion



lations. But why view the issue so
narrowly? Why not tax churches as
we do corporations? The Council
for Secular Humanism argues that
the largest part of most churches'
missions is not charity work but
entertaining visitors once a week.
Addressing spiritual concerns is
labor, not charity. The council esti-
mates that if churches were treated
as for-profit entertainment compa-
nies like amusement parks or
movie theaters, state and fed-
eral coffers would be enriched by
\$71 billion annually.

Keith Bootick
Gainesville, Georgia

Notably, American United houses
of only one church that lost its in-
tercept status for electronic
What does it take? The church, in

and negative when you don't have to say it to a person's face. Human nature is to complain rather than compliment. However, texting has helped us in at least one way: We can now

COPS WHO LIKE GETTING THE FINGER

New DNA science changes the game for law enforcement

BY CHIP ROWE

Twenty-five years ago forensic investigators needed a blood or semen stain the size of a dime to extract the DNA of a suspect. In the 1990s they needed a speck. Today they need what can't be seen—as few as 70 of the 400,000 skin cells we shed each day. "Touch" or "trace" DNA has typically been used to inves-

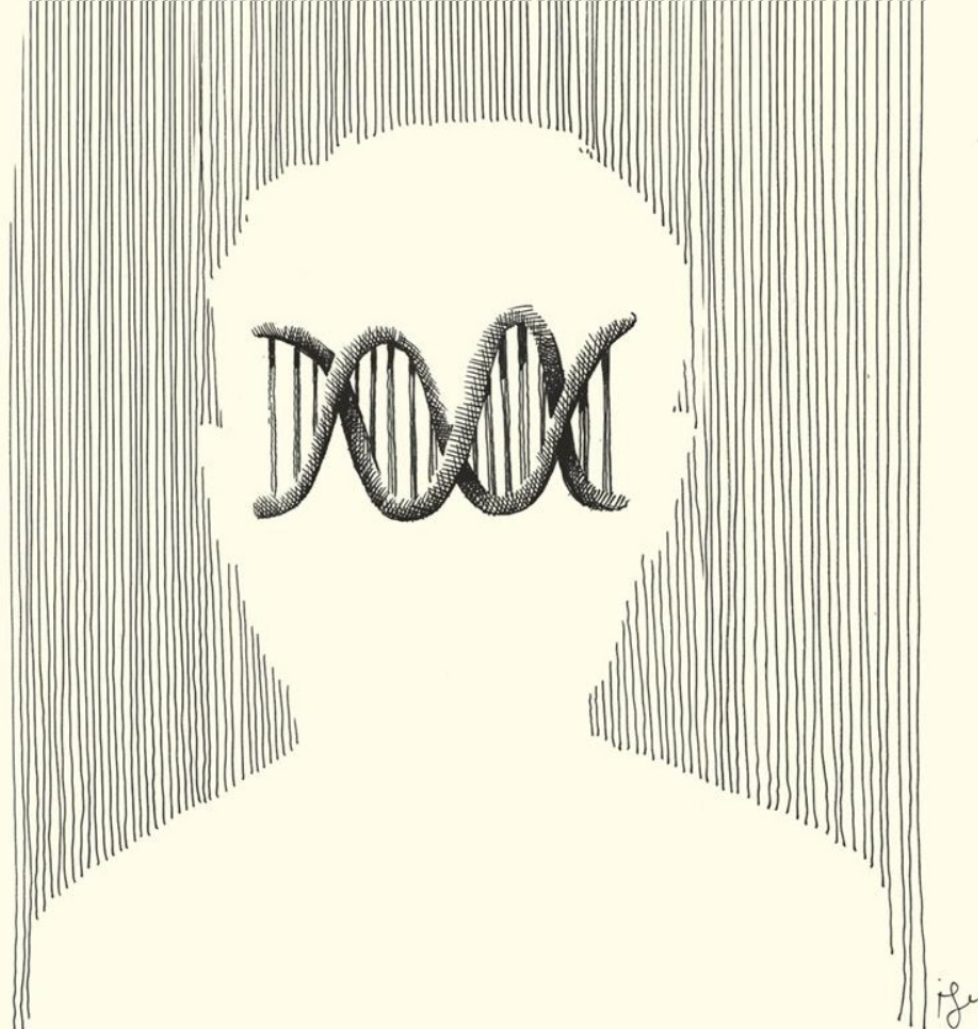
tigate violent crimes. In 2008 a lab in Virginia extracted the DNA of a still-unidentified male from the long Johns JonBenet Ramsey wore on the night of her death. Last year police in Wasatch County, Utah arrested a suspect for a 1995 murder after obtaining DNA from a cigarette he had discarded while officers were tailing him. The sample matched trace DNA recovered from granite rocks the killer used to bludgeon his 17-year-old victim.

Buoyed by that type of success, investigators are now preserving DNA from crime scenes where perps haven't bled or ejaculated. In St. Petersburg, Florida police say trace DNA has led to arrests in 38 percent of burglaries over the past three years. In Houston

about 75 percent of the more than 3,000 matches since 2008 have involved property crimes. In New York City about a third of DNA cases are related to property crimes.

Because discarded skin cells are dead, scientists believe that sweat, which picks up free-floating strands as it moves through pores, is the key to trace-DNA readings. A scientist needs about a nanogram of DNA to

A scientist needs about a nanogram of DNA to work up a profile.



work up a profile. Holding a glass for 60 seconds yields about half that, while touching fabric or wood for a minute is more than sufficient, as is rubbing cotton against a palm or finger for 15 seconds. The more pressure and friction applied, the more likely DNA will be left. The rougher the surface, the more cells will stay. Besides rocks, investigators have obtained trace samples from pistol grips, pocket linings, asphalt, shoestrings and a victim's tongue.

Skin cells are easily transferred, so one can't assume that finding a person's DNA on an object means he or she touched it. One investigator swabbed

his own hand after shaking hands at a party, and a lab was able to extract the DNA of two of the people he'd met.

**Investigators
obtained DNA
from asphalt,
shoestrings
and a victim's
tongue.**

There is a risk that juries will fail to heed that disclaimer and innocent people will be convicted based on cells that migrated to a stolen item or a murder weapon. The fact that a person can be tagged so easily perhaps makes the report that Madonna takes a cleanup crew on tour with her sound less bizarre. "We can only enter [her dressing room] after her sterilization team has left," a promoter in Portugal told the *Daily Mirror*. "There will not be any of Madonna's DNA, any hair or anything." ■



READER RESPONSE

be in closer communication with our children in a way that wasn't an option 40 years ago. When I was in college, I spoke to my parents only once a week because of the cost of a phone call. I think it made me more independent and productive.

Joann Perahia
Port Washington, New York

Only seven percent of the information in a message is carried in the words; 38 percent is in the inflection, prosody, emotion and other vocal aspects. The remaining 55 percent is in body language. When we convey messages via text, we're reduced to only that seven percent. When inflection is missing, you might not just fail to communicate but instead communicate the opposite of what you intended. We use emoticons not necessarily to guarantee that the message gets interpreted correctly but rather to disqualify the worst interpretations. It's text, and not being there in the flesh causes things to get lost in translation. Emoticons were invented to fill that void. A smiley face may not make a joke funny, but at least the recipient knows the message is meant to be light-hearted.

Benjamin Feibleman
New York, New York

BUILT TO SPILL?

Dean Kuipers's article on the growing conservative sentiment against tar-sands oil ("Don't Drill on Me," December) is excellent. Thanks so much to PLAYBOY for covering such an important topic. Recent oil spills—from the BP disaster in the Gulf of Mexico to the ExxonMobil spill in Arkansas—have caused dire health problems for humans and the ecosystem. It's important for people outside the green community to know about these facts.

Chris Wynnyk Wilson
Austin, Texas

E-mail letters@playboy.com.
Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive,
Beverly Hills, California 90210.

TURNOFFS

How to achieve total online privacy

British software developer Robb Lewis earlier this year launched justdelete.me after seeing tweets about the difficulty of closing a Skype account. He ranks dozens of sites on how hard they are to leave without a trace. Among your friends for life: Blogger, Gawker, GoDaddy, Netflix, Pinterest and Starbucks. The tough but possible include Amazon, Craigslist, iTunes, Pandora and Ticketmaster. To return to your pre-1994 existence, here's how to unplug from four popular services.

Facebook

Click on the account menu at top right. Select "Account Settings." Click "Security." Click "Deactivate your account." Facebook will save your timeline (i.e., friends, photos, posts) indefinitely "in case you want to come back." To vaporize that info, visit facebook.com/help/delete_account. Messages you have sent will always be visible.

Google

Under "Account Management," click on "Delete account and data." You will be shown a list of products (e.g., Gmail, Blogger, YouTube). Click the box next to each to acknowledge you are selecting the

nuclear option. Enter your password and check the button for "Yes, I want to delete my account" and the one confirming you don't owe Google money. Click the "Delete Google account" button. Google will preserve your footprint for a "limited window of time" before destruction.

Twitter

Sign in at twitter.com. Go to "Settings" under the gear icon. Click on "Deactivate my account." Click the "Deactivate @[user name]" button. Enter your password. Twitter stores your tweets for 30 days before wiping them.

Blogger

You can't delete your account without also deleting your Google account, but you can create the same effect by removing your blogs and editing your profile to delete personal data (though residual copies may remain on backup systems). For required fields, you should enter false information, essentially a version of witness protection. To permanently disengage, uncheck the "Share my profile" button under "Edit Profile." That will shut you out, though your bits will remain in digital orbit, presumably forever. ■

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STAN LEE

A candid conversation with the original genius behind Marvel Comics and most of the superheroes you've ever loved or watched on the big screen

At 91 Stan Lee is what you might call a superhero emeritus. His epic adventures are mostly behind him and his powers are on the wane. (He can't hear or see so well, and a pacemaker regulates his heart.) But the comic-book writer who dreamed up Spider-Man, the X-Men, the Hulk, Iron Man and the Fantastic Four still works five days a week, travels wherever convention geeks gather and tops each autograph with his trademark "Excelsior!"

The son of poor Jewish immigrants from Romania, Stanley Martin Lieber (he later shortened it legally) never became the novelist he aspired to be while growing up on New York's Upper West Side. But fantasizing about radioactive arachnids, magnetic force fields and vixens such as Black Widow gave him a great living and a legacy that will outlive us all.

In 1939 Lee's uncle helped get him an assistant's job at Timely Comics, a company the boss, Martin Goodman (a relative of Lee's), later renamed Marvel. Showing early promise providing text for Captain America, Lee was installed as a Marvel editor at the age of 18, an "interim" gig he ended up keeping until 1972. For much of that time Lee plodded away in the Marvel writers' bullpen to the point of burnout. Only after his wife, Joan, a British former model, pushed him

to create characters "the way you've always wanted to" did Lee's career take off.

Between 1961 and 1965, in one of pop culture's most remarkable creative bursts, Lee, working with freelance artists including Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko, created the key characters in what became known as the Marvel Revolution. (Kirby's estate would later sue for pieces of that action.) Superheroes were no longer two-dimensional goody-goodies but quirky, angst-ridden and flawed. The Fantastic Four bickered. The Hulk and the X-Men struggled with their alter egos. Even Spider-Man, a character who came to Lee—or so the story goes—as he observed a fly walking up a wall, was a wreck inside.

Today Lee's creations are enjoying their widest audiences ever. After declaring bankruptcy in 1996, Marvel powered back with blockbuster movies, digital entertainment and, yes, more comic books. Disney acquired the company for \$4.2 billion in 2009, though, surprisingly, Lee didn't see a dime of that. By then he had formed his own company, POW! Entertainment. But he will always be Mr. Marvel.

Contributing Editor David Hochman, who last interviewed Sean Hannity, spent a couple of days with Lee at his Beverly Hills offices. "Stan has the sandpaper growl of a bygone era, but he's remarkably sharp, plugged

in and quick with a comeback. We should all be as cool as Stan Lee at his age."

LEE: So PLAYBOY wants to know all about my sex life?

PLAYBOY: If that's where you would like to begin.

LEE: It's interesting. Years and years ago the magazine was considering doing one of these interviews with me, but I guess it wasn't the time. One of your editors said, "We know Stan Lee. We love Stan Lee. Stan Lee is a friend of Hef's. But Spider-Man is more famous than Stan is." Does this mean I'm finally bigger than Spider-Man?

PLAYBOY: The case can certainly be made. The characters you created decades ago dominate pop culture. *Iron Man 3* was the highest-grossing film in 2013. Marvel's *The Avengers* was 2012's biggest. *X-Men: Days of Future Past* could easily rule 2014. Not to mention TV, publishing, merchandising and gaming. How do you account for the continued success of these vintage superheroes?

LEE: It's because I wrote them so magnificently, don't you think? Actually, I have a theory. May we become philosophical?

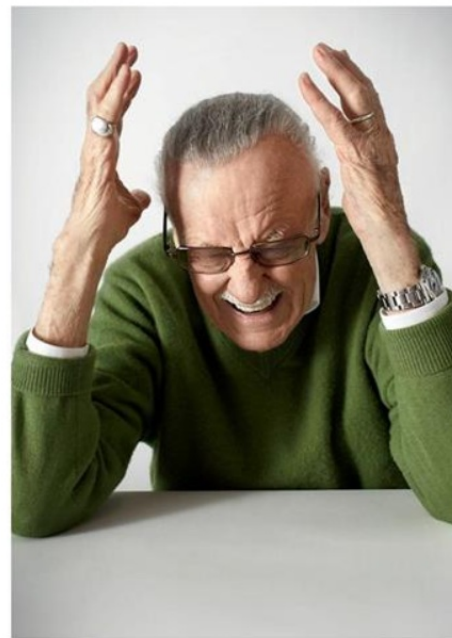
PLAYBOY: Please.



"Early in my career, before *The Fantastic Four*, I struggled. I felt I was never going to get anywhere. Even afterward, I was embarrassed to say I wrote comic books. Part of me always felt I hadn't quite made it yet."



"The added appeal of these characters is that they were extraordinary but ordinary at the same time. That made them relatable. Mr. Fantastic could be a real bore. Spider-Man was like a lot of teenage boys—confused, troubled."



"Growing up during the Depression, I saw my parents struggling to pay the rent. I was happy enough to get a nice paycheck and be treated well. I never dreamed I should have \$250 million or whatever that crazy number is."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORENZO AGIUS

LEE: It's an extension of the fairy tales we read as kids. Or the monster stories or stories about witches and sorcerers. You get a little older and you can't bother with fairy tales and monster stories anymore, but I don't think you ever outgrow your love for things that are fantastic, that are bigger than you are—the giants or the creatures from other planets or people with superpowers who can do things you can't.

The added appeal of so many of these characters is that they were extraordinary but ordinary at the same time. That made them relatable. The Fantastic Four had unusual powers, but they were also a kind of family with foibles. Mr. Fantastic, for instance, could be a real bore. And Spider-Man was like a lot of teenage boys—confused, troubled. He had problems trying to make his way in the world and coping with being a superhero. The Thing and the Hulk were disoriented monsters—monstrous freaks, as it were—which gave them a certain amount of pathos. The X-Men were magnificent misfits. Then you had Daredevil, who was blind but could do things better than most sighted people. I did not create Captain America, but I attempted to make him more than just a strongman who fought the bad guys. I tried to give him a personality and his own fears and hang-ups and frustrations. Or how about Doctor Strange? I love that guy, a surgeon whose hands get shattered in an accident. He has to struggle to find his way and eventually learns magic in the ancient mystical tradition. He becomes the most powerful magician the cosmos has ever known. They haven't made a Doctor Strange movie yet, but they will.

So you see, comic books to me are fairy tales for grown-ups. Iron Man, the Avengers, Spider-Man and all the rest are popular for the same reason "Jack and the Beanstalk" is still popular after a million years. They're good stories about characters that are like us but also larger than us. That's the end of my philosophy lesson. It should be carved in stone.

PLAYBOY: From a creative standpoint, what were you experiencing during that intense period from 1961 to 1965 when you wrote *The Fantastic Four*, *The Amazing Spider-Man*, *The Avengers*—which included the characters Thor, the Hulk, Iron Man and Loki—*Daredevil* and *The X-Men*, among others?

LEE: To be honest, I could have done it earlier; I could have done it later. It was only because my boss asked me to do it. For instance, after I had done *Fantastic Four*, Martin, my publisher, said, "Give me another bunch of heroes." He also wasn't thrilled that our competition, DC Comics, had the Justice League. So I did what I knew how to do. I created another group of characters.

First I had to come up with an origin. How does this group get their superpow-

ers? Well, the Fantastic Four had been clobbered by cosmic rays. The Hulk was hit with gamma rays. Incidentally, I had no idea what cosmic rays or gamma rays were, but they sounded good. And they were the only rays I knew. I had run out of rays, so what the hell was I going to do for this new group? I took the cowardly way out and said they were born that way; they're mutants. In fact I called them the Mutants. Martin hated the name, so we changed it to the X-Men. At a certain point we had every variety of superhero with every possible origin tale and power.

PLAYBOY: Yet somehow they all lived in New York City.

LEE: Oh, that was convenient for me since I lived there myself. To me, these characters existed only if I could picture them around town. Tony Stark, Iron Man, for example, was very wealthy and lived in a mansion on Central Park. The Fantastic Four lived in the Baxter Building, which was farther downtown. They could then guest star in one another's books. One day I wrote a story in which Spider-Man, who lived in Forest Hills, Queens, de-

*I have no standing at
Marvel where I decide
what projects get made, and
certainly none at Disney,
which now owns Marvel.
Mostly I'm just a pretty face.*

cides he's not making enough money being a superhero and thinks maybe he'll join the Fantastic Four. There might be a buck in it for him. So he goes to the Fantastic Four headquarters and swings into the window. He says, "I want to join you guys." They say, "We're not looking for anybody." So he doesn't join them.

I had fun with all these characters because I literally knew where they lived, as well as what their personalities were. All that was left for me to do was make up the villains, which was even more fun than making up the heroes. Until I ran out of animal names, I was okay. There was the Lizard, the Scorpion, Doctor Octopus, the Vulture, the Rhino.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like fun, but the pressure must have been intense. By 1968 Marvel was putting out 50 million comic books a year.

LEE: Pressure is not the word. I was always on the precipice. If anything went wrong, I'd fall. You see, I was not only the head writer but I was also the editor. It was my responsibility to make sure the books were sent to the printer on time. If we ever missed a printing date, we

had to pay for that printing time anyway, which would be thousands of dollars.

Some months we were doing 40, 50 books. And not only superheroes. You had all those other types too—My Romance, Her Romance, Their Romance. My publisher loved Westerns with the word *kid* in them, so I had *Two-Gun Kid*, *Texas Kid*, *Rawhide Kid*, every other kind of kid. In those days I was just grinding out stuff.

PLAYBOY: What's your role at Marvel today?

LEE: Mostly I'm just a pretty face they keep for the public. My entire career, I treated Marvel like one big ad campaign, with slogans like "Make mine Marvel," "Welcome to the Marvel age of comics" and so forth. After a while, I became Marvel's ambassador to the world. I've lectured in every city in the country probably two or three times. I've been to China, Europe, Japan, Australia and every place in between. Today, my main focus is my own company, POW! Entertainment, which stands for Purveyors of Wonder, and we have projects we're doing independent of Marvel. We have a television movie, another movie we're doing with partners in China, as well as one in India. We're doing a line of children's books and *Stan Lee's Superhumans* series on the web.

I have no standing at Marvel where I decide what projects get made or who gets hired, and certainly none at Disney, which now owns Marvel. I'm a guy they hire as a writer or producer and also to go to conventions and do things like that.

PLAYBOY: Just to be clear, you don't own any rights to the characters you created.

LEE: I never did. I was always a Marvel employee, a writer for hire and, later, part of management. My role at Marvel is strictly honorary. Marvel always owned the rights to these characters. If I owned them, I probably wouldn't be talking to you now.

PLAYBOY: Disney paid more than \$4 billion for Marvel a few years ago. Did you at least get a Tony Stark-like helicopter in the deal?

LEE: I'll tell you something that just happened. My daughter was looking at the internet the other day and read that Stan Lee has an estimated \$250 million. I mean, that's ridiculous! I don't have \$200 million. I don't have \$150 million. I don't have \$100 million or anywhere near that.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think you should?

LEE: No.

PLAYBOY: George Lucas created fewer characters but could buy a country now if he wanted.

LEE: Yeah, but George Lucas did it all by himself. He came up with the ideas. He produced the movies. He wrote and directed them and held the rights to the merchandising. It was all his. In my case I worked for the publisher. If the books didn't sell, the publisher went broke—and a lot of publishers did go broke.

Marvel took a gamble doing what it did. The artist and writer took a gamble hitching up with the publisher by hoping the books would sell.

You have to understand that growing up during the Depression, I saw my parents struggling to pay the rent. My father was always unemployed, and when he did have a job, he was a dress cutter. Not very much money there. I was happy enough to get a nice paycheck and be treated well. I always got the highest rate; whatever Martin paid another writer, I got at least that much. It was a very good job. I was able to buy a house on Long Island. I never dreamed I should have \$100 million or \$250 million or whatever that crazy number is. All I know is I created a lot of characters and enjoyed the work I did.

PLAYBOY: One of the greatest Marvel characters has been Stan Lee. You appeared in the comic strips, in a column called *Stan's Soapbox* and in Hitchcock-like cameos in the Marvel movies.

LEE: I even played one character modeled after Hef, in *Iron Man*. They were all fun to do. The one I got the biggest kick out of was probably in the Fantastic Four movie when I wasn't invited to the wedding of Sue and Reed, and they wouldn't let me in. I said, "But I'm Stan Lee," and the security guy pushes me aside.

PLAYBOY: Where does the comic-book Stan Lee end and the real you begin?

LEE: Honestly, what you see is the real me, particularly if what you see is a wonderful, adorable, interesting, exciting kind of guy. Then, boy, they've got me pegged. Please say he said that with a laugh.

PLAYBOY: Kidding aside, one issue dogs you and affects your legacy—the perception that you get too much credit for characters you created with artists such as Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko. You have gone out of your way to acknowledge their contributions and authorship, but the controversy lingers. Can anything be done to settle the situation and do right by these guys once and for all?

LEE: I don't know what you mean by doing right by them. I always tried to show them in the most favorable light, even in the credits. There was never a time when it just said "by Stan Lee." It was always "by Stan Lee and Steve Ditko" or "by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby." I made sure their names were always as big as mine.

As far as what they were paid, I had nothing to do with that. They were hired as freelance artists, and they worked as freelance artists. At some point they apparently felt they should be getting more money. Fine, it was up to them to talk to the publisher. It had nothing to do with me. I would have liked to have gotten more money too. I never made an issue of it. I got paid per page for what I wrote, the same rate as the other writers—maybe a dollar a page more.

If you ask me, should they have been paid more? Then you have to say,

shouldn't John Romita have been paid more? Shouldn't Gil Kane have been paid more? Shouldn't John Buscema have? They were all great Marvel artists. In other words, if somebody draws a strip and it becomes successful, do you go back? I don't know. That's the reason I've never been a businessman and never want to be a businessman. I don't know how to deal with those things.

PLAYBOY: You were part of Marvel management for many years.

LEE: That's true. And twice, not once, I offered a job to Jack Kirby. I said to him, "Jack, why don't you work for Marvel with me?" I was the art director at the time. I said, "You be the art director. I'll just be the editor and head writer, and you'll have that security." He wouldn't do it. He didn't want to. I would have loved him to work side by side with me. I used to marvel at the way Jack drew. He would draw something as if it had appeared in his mind and he was just tracing what he had thought of already. I never saw a man draw as quickly as Jack did. "Come work with me, Jack," I said. But he said no. He didn't want a staff

I didn't know what to think when Robert Downey Jr. was announced as Iron Man. I couldn't picture him. To me Downey wasn't a superhero; he was Chaplin.

job. With him, as with Ditko, I don't see where they were unfairly treated.

PLAYBOY: Kirby died in 1994. Do you remember the last time you saw him?

LEE: I'll tell you, the last thing Jack Kirby said to me was very strange. I met him at a comic-book convention right before the end. He wasn't that well. He walked over and said, "Stan, you have nothing to reproach yourself about." He knew people were saying things about me, and he wanted to let me know I hadn't done anything wrong in his eyes. I think he realized it. Then he walked away. I went to his funeral, by the way.

PLAYBOY: What was that like?

LEE: Well, it was terrible. I mean, he shouldn't have died so young. [Editor's note: Kirby died at 76.] I stayed in the back row because I didn't want anybody to see me. It was Jack's funeral. His wife, Roz, saw me. She knew I was there. Then I left, and that was it. Jack was a great guy and so is Steve. I'm sorry anybody feels there's any acrimony. I loved them both.

PLAYBOY: Steve Ditko is in his 80s now

but hasn't made a public appearance in decades. Have you talked to him?

LEE: I met him maybe 10 years ago. I was at the Marvel office. We talked for a while, very friendly. I said it would be great if we could do something together again. I would have liked that. I never knew why he quit in the first place. It might have had to do with the fact that I was trying to tell him how to do the stories. With the Green Goblin we didn't know who the character really was. I wanted him to turn out to be Harry Osborn's father. Ditko said, "No, I don't want it to be. It should be somebody we don't know." So I said, "Steve, the readers have been following the series for the longest time, waiting to find out who he is. If it's somebody they've never seen they'll be frustrated." Anyway, I couldn't convince him and he certainly couldn't convince me, so that might have been what drove him away. But he never told me and we don't see each other anymore.

PLAYBOY: On another note, a company known as Stan Lee Media recently sued Disney for \$5 billion, claiming it was owed the rights to your characters. This must be irritating.

LEE: It is incredibly irritating, because people think it's me. I did have a company called Stan Lee Media, but it went belly-up. The fellow running it is now in jail. It was an unfortunate situation. For some reason people have spent years and God knows how much money claiming I gave Marvel the rights to the characters. Again, I never had the rights to the characters. The whole thing is based on sand. Unfortunately, I can't get them to stop using my name.

PLAYBOY: Let's shift gears. Ben Affleck got mixed reviews a decade ago when he played Daredevil. What do you think about him being the new Batman?

LEE: I think he's terrific. *Daredevil* wasn't as successful as some of our other movies, but I think it wasn't written or perhaps directed as I had conceived it. The movie is darker, and they made so much of him and the church. That wasn't the Daredevil I knew. But Ben ought to do a great job as Batman. People say he's too old. Listen, from my perspective, he's still a very young man.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on Tobey Maguire's Spider-Man versus Andrew Garfield's?

LEE: When I first saw Tobey Maguire in the role, I thought, Here's the absolute perfect Peter Parker. When I saw Andy Garfield in the role, I thought, Andy's the most perfect. They're both great and they're both different. It's not like they cast the first guy off the street for these parts. People much smarter than I am about these things are casting these movies. They do a fantastic job.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when Garfield raised the idea in an interview last year that Spider-Man might be gay?

LEE: Listen, I can't control what actors say

or how they behave. I can only comment on how they act, and like I said, Andy's terrific in the role. I don't have a line in the sand about Spider-Man. I guess if he were fat and flabby and didn't look anything like a superhero, you might hear from me, but there's too much money invested in these films for them to goof around with casting or the basic conception of who these characters are.

PLAYBOY: Which actress has impressed you most in the Marvel movies?

LEE: Jessica Alba was the girl in *Fantastic Four*, right? She was terrific. I really liked her. Who was the girl in *X-Men* with the short hair, very pretty?

PLAYBOY: Halle Berry.

LEE: Lovely girl. I spoke to her for a while and really enjoyed her performances.

PLAYBOY: Of all the women in the comic-book world, who would you have wanted to go on a date with?

LEE: I never thought of that. See, I'm going to tell you something you may not be aware of: They were fictitious characters.

PLAYBOY: But some were sexier than others.

LEE: To me, the sexiest of all was Mary Jane in *Spider-Man*. I loved the idea. The way I'd written it, Spider-Man's aunt May was continually trying to get Peter Parker to meet the niece of her next-door neighbor. "She's such a nice girl. I think you'd like her." Well, to a teenage boy, hearing she's a nice girl is the biggest turnoff in the world. Peter, as I remember, kept avoiding meeting her. One day I made it the last panel of the story. He couldn't avoid it anymore. He said, "All right, I'll meet her." He opens the door and there's this hot-looking babe who says to him, "Face it, tiger, you just hit the jackpot." I don't know why they didn't put that in the movie. I just love that whole idea. "Face it, tiger, you just hit the jackpot." He sees this sizzling girl, and he'd been expecting some drab nobody.

PLAYBOY: The Marvel bullpen was such a boys' club. You guys must have had fun behind the scenes thinking about which characters were having sex with each other and who had the biggest codpieces.

LEE: Obviously we always talked about Mr. Fantastic and how great he would be for any woman, with the ability to stretch the way he could. But that was about all.

PLAYBOY: These were colorful characters conceived in colorful times. Were psychedelics or other drugs involved?

LEE: I'm not aware that any of the artists took drugs. It would shock me to learn that Kirby, for instance, was taking drugs. Or John Romita or Gil Kane. These guys were family men, hardworking guys, and they were simply that talented. Almost any of them could have been major movie directors. When an artist draws a panel, he has the widest choice. He can make it a close-up shot, a long shot, an overhead shot, a strange angle, a head-on shot. And they would make these creative decisions quickly and under major deadline pressure. Drugs? I don't think

they would have survived. They certainly never came into the office in a different mood, looking a little spaced out or whatever. And I definitely wasn't doing drugs. I was never into them, and I know nothing about them.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try marijuana?

LEE: No. I hardly ever smoked a cigarette. I bought these thin cheroots because you didn't have to inhale. I would puff on them, but I eventually gave them up because I was burning holes in my sweaters. People read into the fact that I called the character Mary Jane, but honestly, I had no idea it was a nickname for marijuana. I never understood why people take drugs. They're habit forming and they can kill you. I didn't need anything to pep me up or make me feel more creative, and I didn't need them to help me with women.

PLAYBOY: There's a curious rumor online that you and Mick Jagger would occasionally go to bars together to see who could pick up women faster and that often it wasn't Mick Jagger.

LEE: Oh, it's not true. But I will say, a woman will go with any recognizable

People read into the fact that I called the character Mary Jane, but I had no idea it was a nickname for marijuana. I never understood why people take drugs. They can kill you.

celebrity even if you're the ugliest celebrity in the world. That's just the law of fame. I did pretty well in my day. I had a Buick convertible four-door Phaeton that used to impress the girls. But you can't compete with rock stars. I've spent time with Aerosmith and Alice Cooper and Kiss. Gene Simmons actually put his blood into a vat of ink so we could say the Kiss comic books we created were printed with his blood. That's the kind of thing girls are looking for.

PLAYBOY: You've been married to your wife, Joan, for almost 70 years. What's the secret to a lasting marriage?

LEE: Marrying the right girl. We get along fine even though we both have strong personalities. My wife, whom I adore, is half Irish and has a very hot temper. I remember years ago we were arguing over something and she got angry. She said, "I'll show you!" and picked up the Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter I'd used to write *The Fantastic Four* and *Spider-Man* and all the rest, and banged it against the floor. It shattered into a million pieces. I like to tease her and say, "Joanie, if we had that typewriter now,

do you know what we could auction it off for?"

PLAYBOY: Do you have *Amazing Fantasy #15*, the comic book in which Spider-Man debuts, hidden in a vault somewhere?

LEE: No. I never collected them. In those days we didn't think of it. When we were doing these books we never knew the artwork or scripts would have any value. We were in a small office. The original pages were very big and thick, and a book then had, like, 48 or 64 pages. After the book was printed, the printer would send the original pages of artwork and all the color proofs back to us. We had no room for them. We gave everything away. Some kid would come up to deliver sandwiches from the drugstore and we'd say, "Hey, kid, on your way out, take these pages and throw them somewhere." If one of those guys had brains enough to save some stuff, he'd be a very lucky man right now.

PLAYBOY: Fewer kids read comic books today than they did in the heyday. Does that make you sad?

LEE: I didn't know they weren't. Really? See, I'm not much of a scholar about what's happening. I just do my own thing. But it's not only comic books. Everything's changing. Everything's being done on computer or iPhone or iPad. The whole language is changing. Words end up abbreviated because of texting.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any advice for comic-book-store owners?

LEE: If I were a comic-book-store owner, I'd be wondering how I could get into electronic comics, digital comics or anything else. It's not just comic-book-store owners I'm worried about. I'd be concerned if I owned any bookstore. But I don't know. I'm old-fashioned. I hope there will always be a little comic book for kids and teenagers and grown-ups to hold, because nothing replaces the experience of turning those pages, of smelling those pages. But yes, everything is changing. In 10 years we probably won't recognize this world. Thank goodness we have other media. It's what keeps these characters alive.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the new *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.* television series. Is it close to your original conception?

LEE: It's a funny thing about *S.H.I.E.L.D.* I started it because there was a popular TV show at the time, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, and I wanted to come up with a special group of my own. I called it the Supreme Headquarters, International Espionage, Law-Enforcement Division. I thought it was kind of cute. They've given the word new meaning now. To me, the greatest part about *S.H.I.E.L.D.* was Nick Fury, and I hope we get to see a lot of him on the show. He'd been in an earlier comic book of mine, *Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commandos*, and when I retired him, I got so many letters asking where he went, I brought him back as a colonel.

(continued on page 122)

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HOW THE CENTRAL PARK FIVE STILL HAUNT AMERICA

In 1989 a brutal attack against a female jogger wrongfully put five young men in jail. No one doubts their innocence. And yet justice eludes them



I. PROLOGUE

It is one of the seminal stories in New York City's history, a tale so rich, so elaborate, so surprising and so tragic that it demands to be told and retold. It is the subject of a lengthy 1991 essay by Joan Didion called "Sentimental Journeys" and the 2012 Ken Burns film *The Central Park Five*. It's a story that centers on sacred city real estate and a horrific crime: a shocking gang rape in a public place that cemented middle-class New Yorkers' notions about their vulnerability to those they saw

BY TOURÉ

as lawless, fearsome, monstrous ghetto youths. The word *wilding* remains a legacy of the case, lingering in the collective memory as a reminder of the violent potential of the underclass.

The case of the Central Park Five is also about a rush to judgment leading to wrongful convictions that destroyed the lives of five teenagers who served a total of 37 years in prison for crimes they did not commit. More than two decades later, the case grinds on. Will these men ever find true freedom? And



are the injustices they suffered worth the \$250 million in compensation they are suing the city for?

It began on the evening of April 19, 1989—25 years ago this month—when a group of 30 to 40 black and Latino kids assembled in Central Park. Some of them knew one another, but most did not. Some would later be convicted of robbery, assault and rioting in connection with violent incidents that happened in the park that spring night, incidents that led people to report that gangs of young men were attacking joggers and cyclists. Police later told reporters the kids had said they were “wilding,” but it’s likely the cops misinterpreted a reference to a hit song by Tone Loc called “Wild Thing.” That night a female jogger was beaten and raped and left for dead. When she was found she had lost 80 percent of her blood and was so covered in dirt and mud that at first police thought she was a homeless black woman. But she was white and 28 years old with an MBA from Yale and a job at a Wall Street investment bank. This woman, whose identity was shielded by the press for years, turned out to be one of those smart and ambitious New Yorkers who people say make this city great. Her name is Trisha Meili, and her tragic story set the city ablaze. Amazingly, she survived.

Police arrested a slew of suspects. After spending the night in custody, subjected to brutal, reportedly violent police interrogation, five teenage boys had implicated one another—though not themselves—in the rape: Yusef Salaam, Raymond Santana, Antron McCray, Kharey Wise (he would

later change the spelling of his first name to “Korey”) and Kevin Richardson. A narrative fell neatly into place, described later by Didion as one in which the city was “systematically ruined, violated, raped by its underclass.” At the time, the idea that these five black and Latino teenagers were innocent until proven guilty was hard for most citizens to take seriously. Even members of many of the boys’ extended families doubted them. Mayor Ed Koch told the media he was calling the boys “alleged”

**POLICE
LATER TOLD
REPORTERS
THE KIDS
HAD SAID
THEY
WERE
WILDING.**

rapists “because,” he said, “that’s the requirement.” Then he scoffed as if the word *alleged* tasted bitter in his mouth.

The five were put on trial and swiftly convicted, even though, as a later report by the New York district attorney’s office noted, “there proved to be no physical or forensic evidence.” The case that resulted in their convictions “rested almost entirely on the statements made by the defendants,” though “the confessions had serious weaknesses.” Meili, the victim, was so badly beaten she could remember nothing about the attack or the attackers.

SPORTS ★ ★ ★ FINAL

1 DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER • Saturday, April 22, 1989

**Park marauders call it
'WILDING'**

... and it's street slang for going berserk

**7 teens held
in rape-beating
as victim
clings to life**

HE ESCAPED

One of the lucky ones who got away from the Central Park wolf pack — but just barely — was cabbie Ronen Rubin. At 202d St. in Central Park, the thugs threatened to kill him. Counting his blessings later, he said, “I have had people hit the doors... before. You know how it is, this is New York. But this looked like it was serious, even before I heard about the woman jogger.”

FOR BERNARD TRACY NEWS

STORIES BEGIN ON PAGE 2





1. The tabloids fueled fear in New York City. 2. Yusef Salaam (left) and Raymond Santana are led away by detectives after their arrest. 3. Korey Wise is arraigned in court. 4. Police videotaped the "confessions" of Wise (top left), Antron McCray (top right), Kevin Richardson (bottom left) and Santana, only to have the court later throw them out. 5. The public was outraged and frightened. Lisa Sliwa of the Guardian Angels led a demonstration outside the courthouse. 6. McCray, Salaam and Santana in court during the closely watched trial. All five were found guilty. All five were exonerated when new evidence implicated someone else.

All the confessions differed in material ways, according to the report: "Who initiated the attack, who knocked the victim down, who undressed her, who struck her, who held her, who raped her, what weapons were used in the course of the assault and where in the sequence of events the attack took place." Jurors noticed these inconsistencies, and one said publicly that 16-year-old Korey Wise appeared to have been "pressured" by police to make self-incriminating statements. Another juror saw coercion in the videotaped confession of Wise, a young boy frightened by detectives into confessing, "as if he had been told to say it."

Still, even jurors who suspected the confessions had been coerced voted to convict. Such was the atmosphere in New York in 1989, when crack was rampant and there were 1,905 murders (compared with 419 in 2012). The boys were sent to prison, where they would collectively serve more than three decades behind bars. By 2002 all had been released but one, Korey Wise. That year a fellow inmate approached Wise and apologized. Wise was confused. Thinking the apology was for a fight the two had had more than a decade earlier, he shrugged it off. But the man, Matias Reyes, who had been convicted of being a serial rapist, went to authorities and confessed to having raped the Central Park

jogger by himself. His DNA was found in her cervix. He told police details of the crime they had never released and answered questions that had long befuddled investigators. The statute of limitations had passed, but the district attorney's office investigated and recommended that all charges against the Central Park Five be vacated and Wise released.

It was a stunning reversal. Shortly thereafter, the Central Park Five and 15 members of their families filed a \$250 million civil lawsuit against the city and the NYPD.

IT WAS A STUNNING REVERSAL. BUT FIVE TEENAGERS WERE ROBBED OF THEIR YOUTH.

Five teenagers wrongly convicted of crimes they did not commit, robbed of their youth and punished by long stretches in prison: Surely someone made mistakes here, right? Not so fast. The Central Park Five have suffered through a two-decade ordeal for which, so far, no one has admitted responsibility or even fault. Do the people of New York City owe something to these young men who lost their freedom, their youth and in some cases their families and their faith? For a



1. From left, Wise, McCray, Richardson, Santana and Salaam attend a 2012 screening of a documentary about their wrongful incarceration. 2. Matias Reyes confessed to being the rapist. His DNA was found on the victim, and he gave police details never made public.

decade the city has said no. The authorities have not even proposed a settlement, and the suit has inched through the legal process, proceeding at all deliberate speed. But now a day of reckoning may be at hand. The new mayor of New York, Bill de Blasio, a liberal with an interracial family, campaigned on ending the policing practice known as “stop-and-frisk,” confronting racial inequality and paying close attention to the needs of the black community. His predecessor, Michael Bloomberg, the city’s mayor for the entirety of the Central Park Five’s lawsuit, was thought to be among those who kept the case from being resolved. Meanwhile the men of the Central Park Five are still waiting, still scarred by the presumption of guilt, still stuck in a prison, if only an invisible one. Wise, now 41 and the most

emotional and bitter of the five, put it to me bluntly: “I want to be free.”

II. DAMAGES

Wise showed up for an interview at his lawyer’s office wearing black jeans, black boots, a black long-sleeve cotton shirt and a black skullcap. He is pleas-

ant and polite, yet he still exudes the air of prison, as if the habits of incarceration are a stench he cannot wash off. Asked if he’s still institutionalized, he says, “Very.” He sees it in small things, like wearing sandals in the shower, as well as in larger things, such as his penchant for isolation. “I really don’t give a damn whether you be close or not,” he says. “You ain’t do my bid with me, I really don’t give a damn about you like that.”

Raymond Santana is 39 years old. After nearly six years in prison, he was released but found himself unable to find work. “Once they pull you up in the system and they see you have a rape charge, that’s not gonna happen,” he says. “And if they say, ‘All right, so you got a rape charge. What happened?’ I say, ‘Well, you know, I’m the Central Park jogger case.’ And they go, ‘See you later, buddy.’ I reached the point where I was like, ‘There’s nothing I can do; there’s nobody that’s gonna hire me, and I thought, I gotta just take this situation into my own hands.’” So he began selling drugs. He lasted a few months before he was caught with 218 bags of crack in his home. He did four years, a sentence extended by his felony conviction on the rape charge, which had made him unemployable in the first place. He was released more than a decade ago but is still more comfortable in tiny rooms. “My room is very small at my father’s house. There are times when I go there and close the door, and I’m at ease. Because it feels like a cell, you know?”

Yusef Salaam, 40, says he has not had a good night’s sleep in decades. During the

(continued on page 126)



"You're damn right I'm angry! I was leading by three strokes when it started to rain!"



The Secret Garden



**HAD THE POET ROBERT FROST LIVED
NEXT DOOR TO SOUTH AFRICAN MODEL SHANÉ, HE
WOULD NEVER HAVE PENNED THE LINE
“GOOD FENCES MAKE GOOD NEIGHBORS”**

Keepest up with the Joneses? No thank you. Their lives are boring and their parties as tasteless as the ambrosia salad Mrs. Jones trots out at every barbecue. Visit instead with the fetching young woman next door—Shané, she insists you call her. Others in the neighborhood have called at nine p.m. and

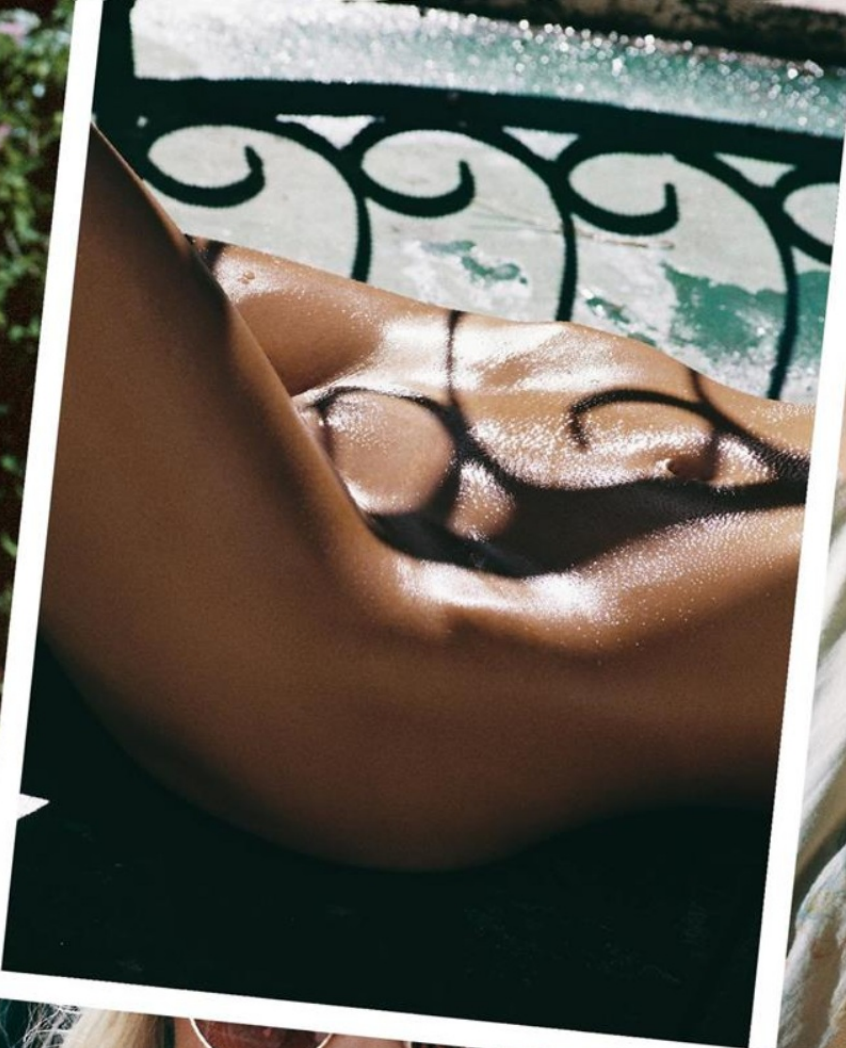
asked for the music to be turned down, but Shané dances to the suggestive tunes of our time in her bay window with the curtains drawn back. She welcomes guests and says the weather is too nice to be indoors but so hot that she needs to be sprayed down. Around the back is her lush garden, surrounded by greenery, where Shané creates her own private April shower.

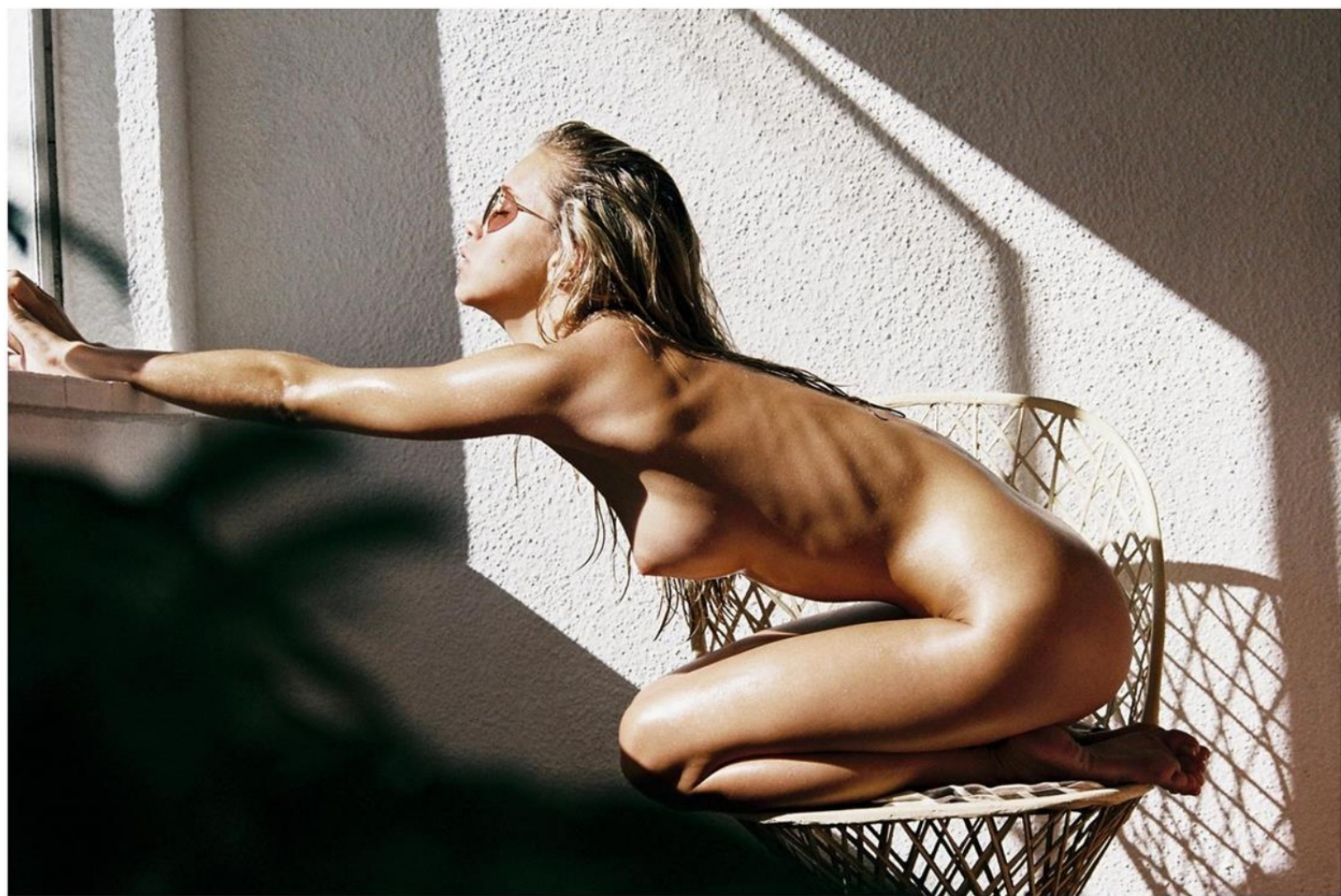
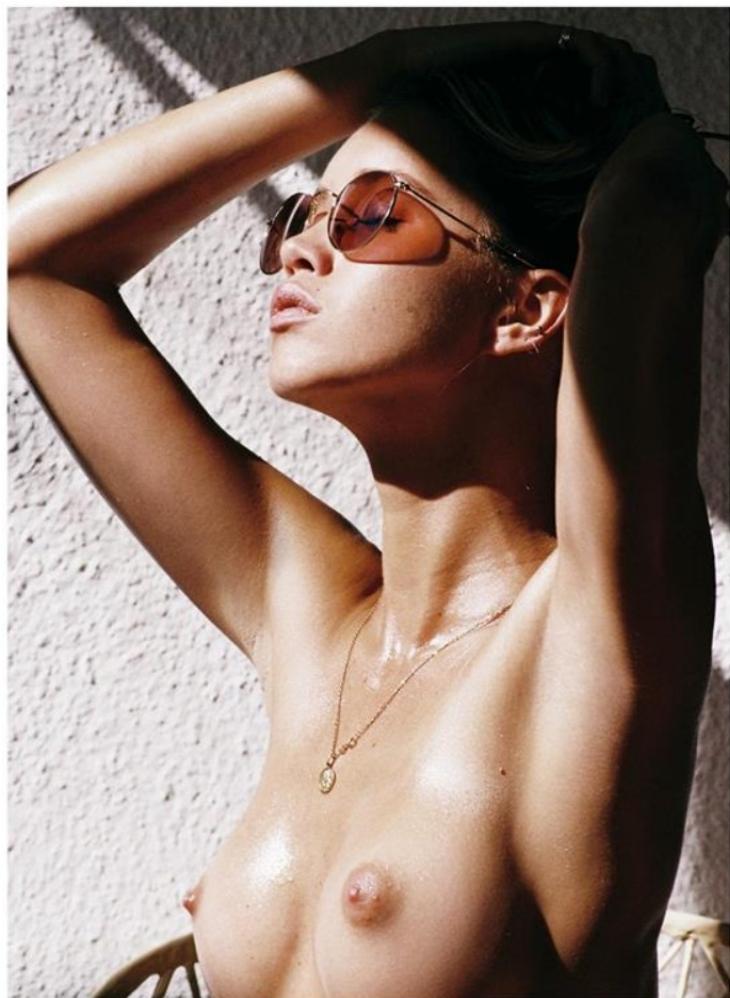
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HENRIK PURIENNE













PLAYBOY'S



2014

**THERE'S A BOLD
NEW WORLD OF
MUSIC OUT THERE.
HERE'S YOUR
CHEAT SHEET TO
GETTING THE
MOST OUT OF IT**

MUSIC GUIDE

By Rob Tannenbaum

CHANCE THE RAPPER

• Chancellor Bennett's father, Ken, was deputy assistant to President Barack Obama, but Chance (pictured at left) is unlikely to ever enter the political arena, given the number of times he mentions drugs on *Acid Rap*, his impressive mixtape. The young Chicago rapper "with a literary knack and a shitty little Mac" delivers clever rhymes with a relaxed chuckle, whether mentioning things he loves (LSD, *Rugrats*) or things he hates (Fox News, the Lakers).



PERFECT PUSSY

► From the horrible city of Syracuse, New York comes this knock-you-down noise band fronted by Meredith Graves, who has well discarded her background in musical theater. Graves's singing is buried beneath chaos—she has a "weird, high, squeaky voice," she's said, and unlike other punk singers, "I can't scream"—which gives *Say Yes to Love* a heightened sense of someone being shouted down, buried or unable to find the right words. But the title is a hint: Graves hollers for all the things she desires, and while similar bands are sad or scornful, Perfect Pussy's clamor is an act of celebration.

FIDLAR



• "Cheap Beer," "Wake Bake Skate," "Stoked and Broke"—FIDLAR makes it easy to get a sense of its bratty, carefree garage rock from its debut album's

song titles alone. The group utilizes the Ramones' key qualities—cartoonish excess, slam-bash speed and negative energy ("I don't ever

wanna get a job"; "I'm fuckin' bored")—but also adds a few West Coast touches: The band name is a skate-culture expression similar to YOLO.



THE WAR ON DRUGS

• Adam Granduci loves classic rock (Tom Petty, Bruce Springsteen), but he also loves experimental punk (the Fall, Suicide). In his band the War on Drugs, the singer-guitarist combines the two spheres, creating indiscernible anthems that move fleetly, then stretch out into echoing, silvery jams rife with texture and surprises. Only three songs on *Lost in the Dream* (the Philadelphia group's third full-length album) end before the five-minute mark. "I'm all alone here, living in darkness," Granduci sings with a happy whoop. The later at night you listen to the Drugs, the better they sound.



BOMBINO

► Imagine if Led Zeppelin hailed from West Africa and sang in Tamashek. Over hypnotic, hand-clapping grooves, musician Omara Moctar, nicknamed Bombino, plays distorted electric-guitar lines that can ripple and skip or stutter and attack. Produced by Dan Auerbach of the Black Keys, the album *Nomad* grows out of African and Arabian traditions, but it is likely to thrill many fans of Jimmy Page and Jimi Hendrix. Plus, you won't have to worry about liking the lyrics, because you won't understand them.

EAGULLS



• In their best songs—"Nerve Endings," "Amber Veins"—Eagulls' doomy, buzzing guitars seem to be playing not so much notes as the essence of youthful angst and

destructive energy. There are musical resemblances to Magazine, the Cure and other bands from the U.K. that started way before these five Leeds lads were even born.



SEVYN STREETER

• She was discovered on Myspace and had a few false starts, including the group RichGirl, which dropped the hot "He Ain't Wit Me Now (Tho)." Instead of fading out, Sevnyn Streeter came back, setting her wispy vocals to clattering R&B that can be serious ("B.A.N.S.," about domestic abuse) or frisky ("Sex on the Ceiling").



TY DOLLA \$IGN

• He has only two themes—one is bitches, and the other is hoes. His raps can be clever, if mean: "Both of my bitches drive Range Rovers; / None of my bitches can stay over." Cali's Ty Dolla also sings numbly, like R. Kelly with a concussion, and his slow R&B tracks are odd and bombed-out, even when he's bragging about an orgy. As stupid as it is complex.



HURRAY FOR THE RIFF RAFF

► Because the Lumineers are literally the worst band in the world right now and Mumford & Sons aren't far behind, we remain skeptical of folk groups wielding banjos and songs about mountains. But we have found a happy exception: Hurray for the Riff Raff, a New Orleans band that is led by Alynda Lee Segarra, a Puerto Rican

in her 20s who grew up in the Bronx, and features a transgender violinist. Now that's Americana! *Small Town Heroes* showcases Segarra's understated voice, which has a soft ache but also expresses resilience and strength. On "The Body Electric," she flips the traditional murder ballad around and vows revenge on the bastard who shot Delia down.



OMAR SOULEYMAN

► Sorry, Skrillex, but today's fiercest electronic music is being created by a middle-aged Syrian wedding singer. *Wenu Wenu*, Omar Souleyman's latest album—he has made at least 500 of them—updates *dabke*, working-class Arabic folk music, by transposing it to synthesizer, on which drone notes are wildly bent and twisted, then speeding it up to the tempo of techno. Pray that your own wedding is as ecstatic and unpredictable as Souleyman's remarkable music.

DIXIE'S CHICKS

Ashley Monroe, Miranda Lambert, Pistol Annies, Kacey Musgraves, Brandy Clark

► The men in country music seem to sing about nothing but trucks and boots. Lately, women are making all the best music in Nashville: Ashley Monroe, whose "Two Weeks Late" views an unwanted pregnancy with grim humor; Miranda Lambert, who has a nervous breakdown with the whole town watching in the rowdy "Mama's Broken Heart"; the sin-loving

Pistol Annies—a trio of Monroe, Lambert and Angaleena Presley; the pro-weed, pro-homosexuality, free-thinking Kacey Musgraves (pictured); and Brandy Clark, who sings about cheating, pill addiction and the causal relationship between booze and pregnancy in "Illegitimate Children." Guys, you have a lot of catching up to do.



MUSCLE SHOALS

A MUSIC DOCUMENTARY

• To solve the mystery of how so much great R&B came out of a tiny Alabama town, the beautiful documentary *Muscle Shoals* carts out devoted experts: Bono, Aretha Franklin (pictured), Keith Richards. But the story's turbine is producer Rick Hall, a stubborn SOB who grew up poor and motherless and turned rejection and tragedy into determination. On the origin of the Muscle Shoals sound, he's blunt: "I take the credit for starting it."

ACTRESS

► *Ghettoville*, Darren Cunningham's entrancing fourth full-length album as Actress, could be the soundtrack of a dystopian movie. Three hundred years from now, a survivor of the apocalypse finds a cassette tape of electronic music that's been buried in a graveyard, where crust and decay have turned it into barely audible

clues to the far-distant past. Cunningham says the music is inspired by the drug addicts and homeless people who populate his South London neighborhood, and though tracks are almost catchy ("Corner") or funky ("Rims"), his preferred mood is distinctly slow and inky—like a muffled voice, or footsteps heard in the distance.



LYDIA LOVELESS

► Girl meets boy, girl loses boy, girl does cocaine at a party and tearfully phones newly married boy to confess her despair. Lydia Loveless, 23, raised on an Ohio farm, places her whirlwind voice in stormy songs that add a tang of twang to bruising rock and roll. *Somewhere Else* includes "Head," which she calls the first "really sad song about oral sex."



THE CHAMPS

► *Chappelle's Show* co-creator Neal Brennan and sidekick Moshe Kasher quiz jocks, comics and actors on their podcast *The Champs*, but the best guests are rappers: Big Daddy Kane talking about throwing tampons into the crowd, or Too \$hort recalling dealers who sprayed insecticide on weed. Please, Lord, let *The Champs* book Kanye as a guest.



KELELA

► "I want you to feel distressed and think, What's going on?" singer Kelela Mizanekristos explained recently. Mission accomplished. On *Cut 4 Me*, the L.A.-based daughter of Ethiopian immigrants delves into the elastic, alien quality of synthesizers, coolly giving voice to the vagaries of desire—"Please bite me" or "You're begging me/I won't do it again"—over tracks made by a select group of underground bass music producers, including Kingdom and Bok Bok. Deliberately cold, clinical and cut up, these metallic commotions are as complex as anything Yes or King Crimson ever did.

JOHN GRANT

► "You could be laughing 60 percent more of the time," sings John Grant, a recovering addict with a dazzling ability to calmly mix malice and comedy in his elegant 1980s-influenced electropop. If you're not scared by a guy who uses the words *supercilious* and *callipygian* in the same song, start with his recent album, *Pale Green Ghosts*, and "GMF." It stands for "greatest motherfucker," which Grant claims to be.





— CUTE COUNCIL —

"I'm down on my luck, ladies. Can I bum a screw?"

The Sound of

REVOLUTION

**BETWEEN THE BOMBS AND THE GUNFIRE,
A MUSIC WAR IS BEING WAGED IN SYRIA.
UNDERGROUND RADIO STATION FRESH FM
LIVED ON THE FRONT LINES UNTIL THE
REAL WAR SHOWED UP AT ITS DOOR**



STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL C. BRITT







If he draws a blank for the 8:30 A.M. music block, Osama al-Salloum plays Fairuz. If he could play only one voice on Radio Fresh FM all day, it would be Fairuz. To Salloum, the singer's songs tie all Syrians together, especially now, as war tears their country apart. Fairuz—regal, softly lit, draped in a shimmering gown—is a 78-year-old musical power who transcends everything. Not secular or sectarian. Not rebel or regime. Not Sunni or Alawite. Her songs lull Salloum into a state of peace, something he wants for all Syrians, and he loves to picture that feeling flowing up from his tiny underground radio station, through the FM radio waves and mingling with strangers passing on the sidewalk.

"Fairuz strips us of anger," Salloum says. "She will bring you down, and you will be free."

A desire for freedom—particularly freedom of speech—and connection to the world beyond Syria motivated the Syrian uprising in the spring of 2011 and inspired Salloum to launch Fresh FM two years later. The radio station is Salloum's nonprofit, peacenik attempt to help topple embattled President Bashar al-Assad's regime. Peacenik because Salloum, a

29-year-old petroleum engineer, refuses to pick up a weapon. There is no way, he reasons, that the social changes he demonstrated for under gunfire in 2011 will come about through violence. (One night, someone handed Salloum a pistol. "I felt power in my hand," he says. "I could kill a man and no one would ask why. A man should not have this power.")

And because one night, when the revolution was budding, he heard Fairuz and had a vision of a free Syria, a vision that he holds on to nearly three years later, a vision that connects Salloum to the armed rebels in the northern provinces. His school chums and soccer buddies, some now missing limbs but still alive, singing to themselves through the long nights, shooting, shivering and shooting in turns. Music in their brains, just like his. It had been this way since the beginning, when everyone gathered with protest signs in the village square in Kafranbel, Salloum's hometown. They sang revolution songs

together. When regime soldiers opened fire, they sang louder.



But Salloum is not a fighter. "I am a coward," he says unblinkingly when asked to explain the difference between his attitude and the warrior-martyr mentality of his village brothers on the front line. The ones with faces masked by black kaffiyehs, with commanders who ask, "Are you ready to die?"

"Allah-hu Akbar," they respond—"God is great." They mean God is greater than they are, than bullets, than death, than this world that is only a trial before



4. A group of roughly 100 armed rebel fighters gather in a field on the outskirts of Syria's Hama province to compare weapons and discuss ways to ensure safe passage for aid workers. 5. Fresh FM workers hang out in the station's newsroom in December, days before armed militants raided the office, kidnapping staffers and stealing equipment. 6. Osama al-Salloum, Fresh FM co-founder, smokes in a safe house in Reyhanli, Turkey. 7. A masked rebel carries a homemade rocket through a field in Hama province.

paradise. Salloum shakes his head. "I would rather die myself than kill," he says. No, he is bound to them only by music. He lives in a mental space beyond Arab pride and checkpoints and firefights, where speech is already free, someplace far, far away.

For now, Salloum is living in exile. It is December, and he is sitting cross-legged on a purple mat in Reyhanli, a ramshackle border town in Turkey's southernmost limits. He fidgets in his bulky winter coat; in his left hand is a cigarette smoked well into the filter. Piles of shoes, stacked

**THE REGIME DOESN'T
TAKE CRITICISM; IT
TAKES PEOPLE AWAY,
SALLOUM THOUGHT.
HE LEANED IN TOWARD
THE MICROPHONE.**

suitcases, folding chairs and a mound of sweaty blankets surround him, all of it the accumulated evidence of aid workers, journalists and fighters who rested for a day or two on the scuffed marble floor before jumping the border back to Syria and civil war. Behind a swirl of cigarette smoke, consternation creases Salloum's face.

He doesn't feel like being photographed.

It took 30 months of air strikes and weeks of wrestling with the shame of leaving to push him to this safe house in Reyhanli. Salloum needed a place outside the kill zone, and this building in Turkey, just a few kilometers from the Syrian border, is close enough that he can drop by his bombed-out home and his beloved radio station in Kafranbel.

The camera ready, I ask him to relax his face. He refuses.

"I want it

(continued on page 134)



BOOGIE NIGHTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **SASHA EISENMAN**

WITH OLD-SCHOOL SKATES ON HER FEET, MISS APRIL LETS THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Ulvet roller skates laced up on a beautiful woman? We dig it. Back in the roller-disco heyday of the late 1970s, Hef transformed the Mansion's tennis court into a funky rink of rolling, bikinied babes. Roller-skating is trending again (thanks in part to Beyoncé's "Blow" video), so we outfitted our athletic Miss April Shanice Jordyn in socks, skates and little more, then whisked her off to a private rink for a neon-lit spin. "It was such fun. Growing up in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, I loved skating every weekend with my friends," says Shanice, who now calls Phoenix home and first appeared in our pages representing Arizona State University in last October's college issue. Some things you should know about Miss April: She was an MVP varsity point guard and a sprinting

champion in high school, she works as a dental assistant and a waitress, and she had never modeled before our scouts spotted her in Phoenix. Her favorite cocktail is a sex on the beach, she loves dancing, and she is, in her words, "down for anything!" "I love my jobs and my life," she says. "When I'm not working or at the gym, I do my best to be a good Sun Devil and go clubbing with the Arizona State crowd." It turns out that Shanice celebrates her 22nd birthday this month. "I wanted to be Miss April and only Miss April, because it's my birthday month," the beauty proclaims. Any birthday requests? "Please, Hef, turn the Mansion tennis court back into a roller-skating rink so we can have my birthday party on it," Shanice says, laughing. "I'll skate naked with pom-poms on the end of my skates!"





INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE
1. Place article in front of
2. Insert money coin in slot
3. Close door firmly
4. Take out article only
5. If you want to use a coin
6. Return article

AMERICAN
LOCKER SYSTEMS





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shanice Jordyn
 BUST: 34B WAIST: 26" HIPS: 36"
 HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 120 lbs.
 BIRTH DATE: 4/8/1992 BIRTHPLACE: Sioux Falls, SD
 AMBITIONS: TO take my Playmate modeling ambitions as far as possible. I'd kill to be a Nike model!
 TURN-ONS: Tall, lean, tattooed, basketball-playing guys who have mad swag.
 TURN-OFFS: I'm a dental assistant, and bad teeth are my number one turnoff, so brush and floss, boys! (And while you're at it, make sure your Jordans are just as clean.) 😊
 MY FAVORITE JAMS: Daft Punk's "Get Lucky" and anything by Beyoncé, especially "Blow", because the video mirrors my roller-skating-themed pictorial.
 MY HERO: My gorgeous, hardworking mother! ♡
 PERFECT DATE: Sports events, hikes, amusement parks—fun, active stuff wins you big kisses!



Bedroom selfie.



At the mall.



Rocking my Ed Hardy hat.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why do blondes look so hot when they drive?
They don't understand how to work the car's air conditioner.

A boy had his heart set on becoming an actor and finally landed a part in the school play. He ran home after classes, excited to tell his dad. "That's fantastic," his father replied. "Who do you play?"

"I play a guy who's been married for 20 years," the boy answered.

His father said, "Maybe next time you'll get a speaking part."

A Roman walked into a bar, held up two fingers and said, "I'd like five beers, please."



Sorry," the coed said to an awkward boy pursuing her, "but I'm into bad boys."

"That's great," he answered. "I'm terrible at everything!"

A man went to the movie theater's ticket window a second time and said, "One more."

"For *The Hobbit*?" the ticket vendor asked.

"No," the man replied. "That's my girlfriend."

A man was in a pub when an ugly girl came up to him, squeezed his ass and said, "Give me your number, sexy."

"Do you have a pen?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

The man shot back, "Well, then you had better get back to it before the farmer notices you're missing."

Excuse me, ma'am, I'm conducting a survey," said a voice over the phone.

"Yes," the woman said. "What is it about?"

"We're asking people what they think about sex on the television," responded the caller.

The woman replied, "It sounds awfully uncomfortable!"

The ambitious coach of a girls track team gave steroids to the squad. Although the athletes' performances soared, one of the girls approached the coach with a problem,

"Hair is starting to grow on my chest," she complained.

"What?" the coach said in a panic. "How far down does it go?"

She replied, "To my testicles."

An artist tried to concentrate on completing his painting, but the attraction he felt for his model finally overwhelmed him. He threw down his palette, took her in his arms and kissed her, but she pushed him away.

"Maybe your other models let you kiss them," she said, "but I'm not like that!"

"Actually, I've never been compelled to kiss a model before," he protested.

"Really?" she said, softening. "Well, how many models have there been?"

"Four so far," he replied. "A jug, two apples and a vase."

Two farmers were talking across their fence. The first complained, "I can't get my bull to inseminate any of my cows. Do you have any tricks you can share?"

"I had a similar problem," the second said. "So I went to a veterinarian, who gave me these pills for my bull. Ever since, he's been fucking the cows' brains out."

"Do you know what kind of pills these are?" the first asked.

"I don't remember the name offhand," the second said. "But they taste like peppermint."



Shirley Neiman

A man found a mysterious lamp and rubbed it. A genie popped out and said, "I will grant you one wish."

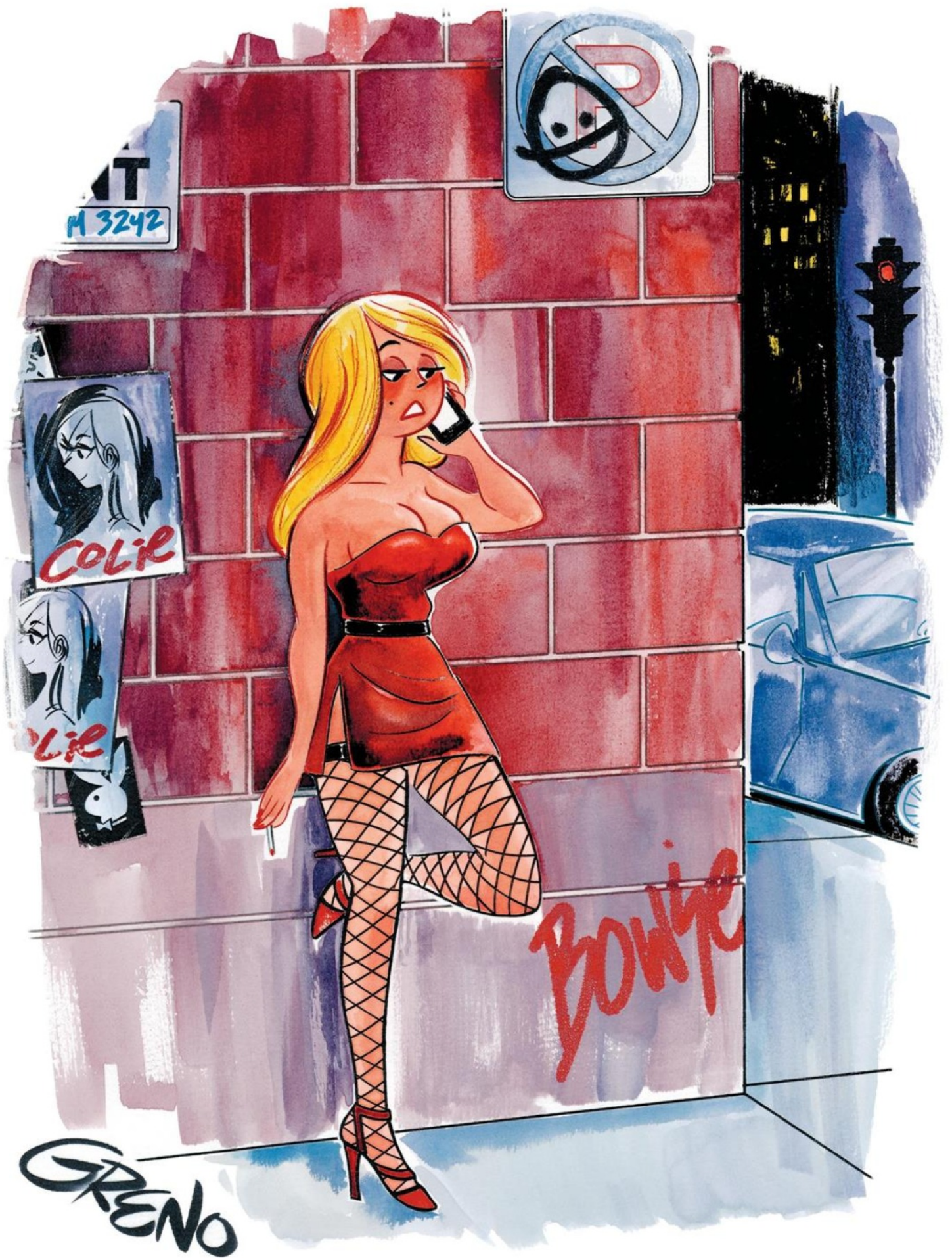
"Wow, one wish," the man mused. "I'm afraid of flying, so I wish for a bridge from Los Angeles to Hawaii."

"Do you know how much of my power it would take to build a bridge halfway across the Pacific Ocean?" the genie asked. "Do you have another wish?"

"Well, I suppose I would like to be able to understand women," replied the man after some consideration.

The genie answered, "About that bridge: two lanes or four?"

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"Sorry, sweetie, I'm not free tonight."

TOLLIVER WANTED TO RETURN TO KENTUCKY IN STYLE,
WITH A NEW TRUCK AND A YOUNG WIFE.
BUT THINGS DIDN'T GO ACCORDING TO PLAN

BACK DOWN

Fiction

BY

CHRIS OFFUTT

Home

There's some think she's my daughter or I'm her pimp, but neither is true. We got married last summer in Las Vegas at a drive-through chapel that I rented a convertible for, thinking it would make the event a glamorous memory, but mainly it turned out hot and dusty. Worse, she burned the back of her legs on the vinyl seat so bad she threatened to divorce me on the spot. If she left me, I think I'd miss her anger the most. It's a kind of attention and I've attached myself to the habit of having it around.

(continued on page 139)

ILLUSTRATION BY *Brian Stauffer*



20Q

BY ROB
TANNENBAUM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GAVIN BOND



Big Guy Pop

THE PROTOPUNK
MADMAN ISN'T SO
MAD ANYMORE.
HE'S MAKING
MONEY AND
AVOIDING AARP

Q1

PLAYBOY: These days the Stooges are revered for having created a template for punk rock. You reunited the band in 2003 and four years ago entered the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. When you came out of Michigan in the late 1960s, were people as enthusiastic as they are now?

POP: Oh *hell* no. There were times when the people in the front row were slobbering or just staring at us, mesmerized, and that was about as good as it got.

Then it would go downhill. There would be an angry front row, a puzzled front row, an indifferent front row.

One show in particular was painful but hilarious in retrospect. It was when I was solo in the early 1980s, in one of my crazed periods before my last big cleanup. I was a little bored with the backup band, so I took two hits of Orange Sunshine before I hit the stage. The band started to play the first song, and as I listened to it I thought, This

sounds like shit. So I said, "Stop! Stop! Try another one." We went through everything in our repertoire, but I wasn't satisfied with any of them, so I walked off the stage. My tour manager, Henry, grabbed me in the wings and said, "We have no money to get to the next town. Go back out there right now!" I busted a Jack Daniel's bottle all over my bathroom that night. I was pretty upset. But you know, a year later people were saying, "I was at that show. It was the most



“
**WE WERE SO MUCH BETTER THAN
 OTHER BANDS. I THOUGHT—AND
 STILL THINK—THEY'RE ALL SHIT.**
 ”

amazing thing I ever saw!” I had periods when I would decide to tour without any front teeth, thinking, “That’ll blow their minds! But I maintained a high level of craft and preparation behind the freak show. I didn’t perform bad concerts.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You’ve said the Stooges were “not once affected by total rejection and utter poverty.” It seems as if you knew it was a great band, no matter how many times people said you sucked.

POP: Yes, I did. That was what tore me up. Not only that I thought we were so much better than other bands who were having an easy time of it but that I thought—and still think, with apologies—that they’re all utter shit. [laughs] Almost all of the fucking rock

business is an utter sack of dirty old filth, and should civilization fall, it will be their fault, not mine.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Which bands are utter shit? Do you want to name names?

POP: No, I can’t do that. When I sit with you, I bring the politician with me so I don’t have to go through the utter poverty and rejection again. We’re here together, the politician and I. Part of me thinks, Just tell the truth, that they’re shit, and say exactly how you feel. And I have to push that voice down sometimes.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Given the faith you had in the Stooges, do you feel vindicated now when people recognize the group’s importance?

POP: This has been the most secure

and relaxed decade of my life. I see people really interested when we do shows. They’re happy—more now than even three years ago. Of course, if you play the Austin City Limits Music Festival at five in the afternoon and somebody’s mom brought them to see the Red Hot Chili Peppers, then they’ll be tweeting, “This old band is stupid! Get them off the stage!”

Q5

PLAYBOY: Who is the best live performer you’ve ever seen?

POP: James Brown is fantastic. Tina Turner was amazing at a certain point. I was lucky enough to see Nirvana twice, in tiny clubs—fewer than 200 people. The second time, Kurt Cobain said, “You’re a jinx. Every time you come to our show, we play like shit.” He called me one night, well past my bedtime, and left a message on my phone: “Let’s get together in the studio.” I called him back to be polite. I was not dying to record with him. I don’t ever want to do a Muddy Waters supersession, you know?

Q6

PLAYBOY: When you were growing up in Michigan as James Osterberg, your family lived in a trailer. Is that fact relevant to the kind of music you make?

POP: In certain ways. It was a little trailer camp out in the boonies, by U.S. Highway 23, a two-lane blacktop. It was beautiful, surrounded by a stone quarry where you could go swimming and some deep forest where there were animals, and also bean, corn and wheat fields. I always felt different because I lived in a trailer and the other kids lived in houses. I went to junior high in Ann Arbor, and my close friend there was Kenny Miller, whose dad, Arjay Miller, was running Ford Motor Company at the time. Kenny would take my workbook during class and write, “Osterberg blows dead dogs,” then give it back to me. A few of the meaner kids came out one day to visit and shook my trailer up a little. It caused a sort of anger that I keep. The strange thing was, people who didn’t know me would later say to guys in my band, “That guy’s a rich kid, right? Because he walks around like he owns the place.”

Q7

PLAYBOY: Just so there’s no lingering doubt, did you blow dead dogs?

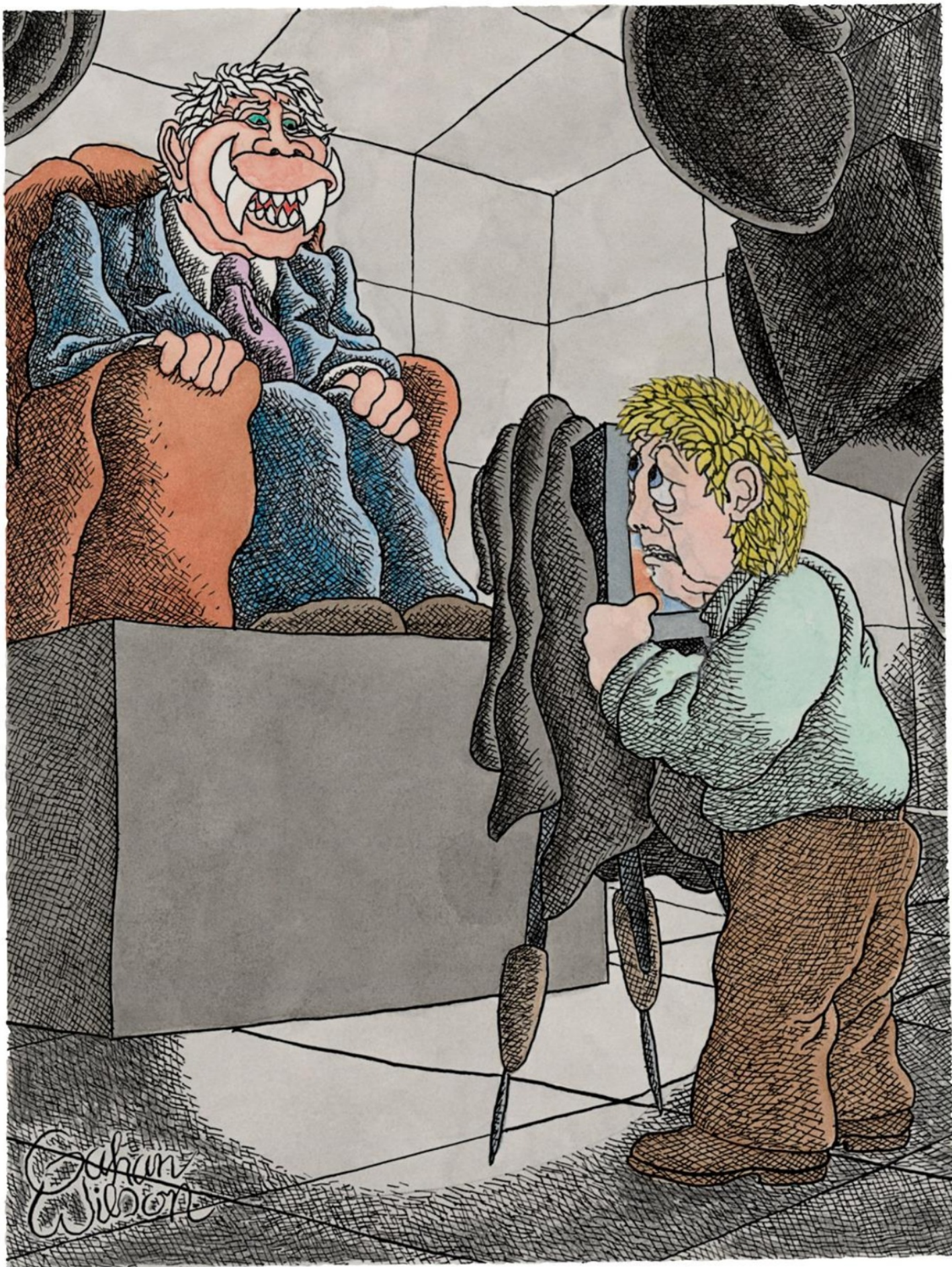
POP: [Laughs] No, I never did. I’ve never blown anybody.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Was there any privacy when you lived with your parents in a trailer?

POP: No. Much later I realized that the big advantage

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"On second thought, let's forget the great big smile!"



IN OUR SEARCH FOR THE
BEST NSFW LYRICS OF ALL
TIME, WE LISTENED TO A
LOT OF FUCKING MUSIC.
LISTEN UP, ASSHOLES.
THIS IS THE REAL SHIT



THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G.

(featuring R. Kelly)

"FUCK YOU TONIGHT"

• Quiet-storm seduction sheathed in a dirty condom. Only the late Christopher Wallace and, ahem, R. Kelly could make such a hellaciously filthy and crass declaration of intent ("You must be used to me spending/And all that sweet wining and dining/Well, I'm fuckin' you tonight") sound so bubble-bath romantic. Pro Tip to the Fellas: If you slip this onto one of your sexy-time playlists, you'd better hope your lady friend has a well-developed sense of irony.



By Craig Marks
and Rob Tannenbaum

TO HEAR THESE
SONGS, GO TO:

ply.by/BestSwearSongs

Alanis Morissette

"YOU OUGHTA KNOW"

Truthfully, the twisted accusation "Are you thinking of me when you fuck her?" isn't even the most memorable blue line from Morissette's monster 1995 breakthrough single. That honor goes to one of the greatest sexual humble-brags ever spat at an ex: "Would she go down on you in a theater?" Alanis, to her credit, never revealed the identity of the ungrateful moviegoer, but when Dave Coulier, best known as Uncle Joey on the goopy TV sitcom *Full House*, told an interviewer the song was probably about him, all of North America groaned a collective "Ewww."



CeeLo Green

"FUCK YOU"

The most irresistible F-bomb in Top 40 history. Although CeeLo's profane middle finger to a gold-digging ex and her Ferrari-driving beau had to be smuggled onto the charts as "Forget You," you just know the censors didn't have their shriveled hearts in it this time. Thanks to the combination of the track's finger-popping Motown bounce, Green's churchy tenor and the unbridled exuberance of the chorus's expletive—"I see you driving 'round town with the girl I love/And I'm like, 'Fuck you!'"—this is like getting cursed at by one of those big yellow smiley faces. So fuck you! (And fuck her too!)



"SLACK MOTHERFUCKER"



SUPERCHUNK

Every music genre needs its "Take This Job and Shove It," and thus this 1990 anthem from North Carolina indie-rock lifers Superchunk became the protest song for Kinko's dead-enders in college towns nationwide who dreamed of flipping off

their lazy bosses so they could devote time to their Pixies-influenced sock-puppet troupe. The competition is heated, but "I'm working/But I'm not working for you!/Slack motherfucker!" could be the best use of the sweariest of swear words in a song.

MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS
(featuring Wanz)
"THRIFT SHOP"

Parents: If you happen upon your angelic, adorable five-year-old singing, "This is fucking awesome," blame Macklemore. And if you're not a parent, well, fuck that guy anyhow.



"PRECIOUS"



PRETENDERS

In this early punk classic, singer Chrissie Hynde has the hots for some rock stud, and the feeling is entirely mutual. She likes the way he crosses the street; he bruises her hip in bed;

they have sex all over Cleveland, etc. Finally, as the song peaks, she decides it's time to bail: "Trapped in a world that they never made/But not me baby/I'm too precious/I had to fuck

off." Except she swallows "I had to," and so what you hear is Hynde spitting "fuck off" at her fuck buddy with the same ferocity Johnny Rotten reserved for the queen of England.

Liz Phair

"FUCK AND RUN"



Twenty-something Oberlin graduate Phair wakes up in yet another rando's bed, more bummed than angry with herself, more exasperated than enraged with the man-child next to her. "I can feel it in my bones/I'm gonna spend another year alone," goes the weary bridge, and then the pickax chorus: "It's fuck and run, fuck and run/Even when I was 17/Fuck and run, fuck and run/Even when I was 12." It's an acute depiction of the despair that sometimes accompanies freedom, and it's as hummable as a Subway commercial.

AZEALIA BANKS

(featuring Lazy Jay)

• Thanks to her multifaceted use of the C word on her staggering debut single, fans of this Harlem rapper, à la Justin Bieber's Beliebers, have taken to calling themselves Kunts. (Kool!) At the end of the first verse, Banks brags that she's so fine even your straight girlfriend will want to "lick my plum." "I guess that cunt getting eaten," she repeats four times, in case you missed it the first three. Later, she taunts her competitors (Nicki Minaj?): "Who are you, bitch, new lunch?/I'm-a ruin you, cunt." Pro Tip to the Fellas, Part 2: Forget what you just read, and never, ever speak this word in any context. (Exception: drunken Scotsmen. Then it's funny.)

"212"



Anti-Nowhere League

"SO WHAT"



• Cursing: It's fucking fun! Just ask the loutish English punk group Anti-Nowhere League, who must have pissed their bondage jeans recording this 1981 seven-inch B-side: "And I fucked a sheep/And I fucked a goat/I've had my cock right down its throat/So what." Ironically, "So What" became the band's meal ticket when metal superstars Metallica covered it on their *Garage Inc.* album. "Metallica bought me a Harley," said lead singer Nick "Animal" Culmer.



Prince

"LET'S PRETEND WE'RE MARRIED"



• It's hard as fuck to pick only one Prince song. We could have gone with "Sexy M.F.," "Erotic City," even "Irresistible Bitch." In "Let's Pretend We're Married," a frisky New Wave dance tune from the album 1999, a guy who's been dumped spots a single lady named Marsha and tries to seduce her with frankness and humor. "I'm not saying this just to be nasty/I sincerely wanna fuck the taste outta your mouth," Prince hisses. A song so filthy, Eddie Murphy turned it off when he drove his Porsche 928 past St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1983.



DEAD KENNEDYS: "Too Drunk to Fuck"



• When you name your San Francisco-based punk band Dead Kennedys, releasing a single called "Too Drunk to Fuck" is no biggie. In 1981 the song remarkably reached the Top 40 on the U.K. singles chart; in listings the title was excised to "Too Drunk To." (To what? Gob?) Best couplet: "You give me head/It makes it worse/Take out your fuckin' retainer/Put it in your purse."

"Y'ALL WANT A SINGLE"

Korn

• Let's face it: Cursing is inarticulate. Humans have been speaking for at least 10,000 years, and when angered the best response we can compose is "Fuck you"? The grim rap-rock band Korn hinted at this paradox in its hilarious 2003 song "Y'all Want a Single," a petulant reply to its record label's request for a hit song. Jonathan Davis, who worked as a mortician before he was a singer, shouts, "Fuuuck that, fuuuck that," over and over, tallying 89 fucks in the song, an average of one every 2.2 seconds.

TUPAC

"HIT 'EM UP"



• Rap's three greatest diss songs are Jay Z's "Takeover," Nas's "Ether" and Tupac's "Hit 'Em Up." Jay Z's attack on Nas is methodical, rooted in the accusation that he'd made only one great album, *Illmatic*. In reply, Nas bundles a series of taunts at Jay Z: He calls him ugly and a sellout and dubs him Gay-Z (this was before Jay was on it with Beyoncé). But these are Hallmark

friendship cards compared with the Tupac song, which is vicious and unrelenting, the Keyser Söze of diss songs. Pac insults Biggie Smalls ("I fucked your bitch, you fat motherfucker") and everyone in his orbit, including Puff Daddy and Lil' Kim. Pac's flames ignited the East Coast-West Coast rap wars, which culminated in his and Biggie's murders.

THE FUGS

"CIA MAN"

• From the same New York antiwar freaks who gave you the smash hits "Coca Cola Douche" and "Kill for Peace"—not to mention the lyric "I'm not ever gonna go to Vietnam/I prefer to stay right here and screw your mom"—comes this mocking folk-rock hootenanny that's nearly the plot of a Jason Bourne movie. "Who can kill a general in his bed?/Overthrow dictators if they're Red?/Fucking-a man! CIA man!" In the late 1960s the FBI described the Fugs' debut album in an internal memo as "vulgar and repulsive." Thanks for the compliment, J. Edgar Hoover!

TREY PARKER & MARC SHAIMAN

"UNCLE FUCKA"

• When critics complained that *South Park* was nothing but fart jokes, co-creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone introduced Terrance and Phillip, whose cartoon show within the cartoon show revels in gas-based toilet humor. Early in Parker and Stone's 1999 feature film *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*, the kids watch a Terrance and Phillip movie in which the duo quickly bursts into a faux-Broadway tune, "Uncle Fucka," which begins, "Shut your fucking face, uncle fucka/You're a cock-sucking, ass-licking uncle fucka." Every adult in the theater leaves, but the boys remain seated, admiring (and soon imitating) this awesome display of filth. One of the songs from the movie was nominated for an Academy Award. It was not "Uncle Fucka."



"BODIES"



Sex Pistols

• In December 1976 the Sex Pistols shocked a nation of prim, umbrella-carrying tea drinkers by swearing multiple times (a pair of *shits* and three *fucks*—a full house!) on a six P.M. TV news program. They were instantly on the front page of British newspapers, with headlines such as FURY AT FILTHY TV CHAT AND FOUR-LETTER PUNK ROCK GROUP IN TV STORM. For their debut album they recorded "Bodies," in which Johnny Rotten swears not for fun or outrage, like most singers, but at the horror of humanity. "Fuck this and fuck that/Fuck it all and fuck a fucking brat," he hollers, making each *fuck* a percussive splat. SEX PISTOLS IN NEW 'FOUR LETTER' STORM, *The Sun* soon reported.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

"Why'd Ya Do It"

• Faithfull was an English rose, the most gorgeous blonde in swinging London, with schoolgirl eyes, a sweet singing voice and Mick Jagger at her side. Then came heroin addiction, homelessness and a suicide attempt (via 150 sleeping pills). You can hear all that misery, plus about 5 million cigarettes, on her 1979 album, *Broken English*, which she has called an "exorcism." A highlight is "Why'd

Ya Do It," a raging response to infidelity sung in a witchy voice two octaves below Lauren Bacall's range. "Why'd ya let her suck your cock?" Faithfull demands. "Every time I see your dick, I see her cunt in my bed." When she first sang it onstage, to people who remembered her as an innocent, they were "absolutely staggered," she said. "I'd see people's jaws dropping." Yours might too.

THE DOORS

"THE END"



• Elmer Valentine, co-founder of Whisky a Go Go, the L.A. club where the Doors got their start, said of Jim Morrison, "He was kind of ahead of his time on certain things—like swearing." Indeed, Morrison was a proud troublemaker and button-pusher, as well as a drunk, which combined to make him the William Shakespeare of cussing singers—most notoriously in "The End," an oedipal melodrama that climaxes with Morrison telling his father, "I want to kill you," then saying to his mother, "I want to fuck you." The first time the Doors played "The End" at the Whisky, they were fired. In 1967, when Morrison's kindly mother, Clara, came to see the Doors at a show in Washington, D.C., he screamed his illicit urge, then looked at his mom, who stood on the side of the stage, stunned. We get it, Jim. You're a rebel.

Rage Against the Machine

"KILLING IN THE NAME"



• When "Killing in the Name" became an unlikely U.K. hit in late 2009, the BBC invited Rage Against the Machine—an American hard-rock band notorious for its contempt for authority—to play it live on a breakfast show, politely requesting that Rage omit the "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me" refrain. Defying the network, vocalist Zack de la Rocha fired off four *fucks*, causing millions of Brits to gag on their scones before the host shouted, "Get rid of it," and a BBC engineer faded out the performance. In effect, Rage had told the BBC, "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me." Who was surprised by that outcome?

JOHNNY CASH

• The song, written by longtime PLAYBOY contributor Shel Silverstein, tells the story of a guy who "grew up mean" because he was taunted for having a girl's name. He vows to kill the dad who named him Sue, and the song culminates in a bloody barroom brawl between the two. When Cash debuted "Sue" at San Quentin State Prison in 1969, the inmates roared. It then topped the country chart for five weeks—though only after Cash's record company bleeped out "son of a bitch" and "damn." In 1979 singer Carlene Carter described herself to a New York audience as "the gal who put the 'cunt' in country." She didn't know her stepdad, Johnny Cash, had flown to New York City to surprise her. "My dad didn't speak to me for about a year," she said. Kinda hypocritical, no?

"A BOY NAMED SUE"





CHICAGO'S HIP-HOP STARS WILL REDEFINE THE GAME IF THE STREETS DON'T GET THEM FIRST. THE VIOLENCE, THE MUSIC AND WHAT IT MEANS

TO LIVE & DIE IN CHIRAQ

► BY ETHAN BROWN

PHOTO BY CRAIG CUTLER

When Lil Reese tells you to get out of the car, you exit the vehicle as fast as you can.

The tension began to boil at breakfast when Brandon, a paunchy white kid and perennial sidekick to Chicago's hip-hop elite, promised Reese a free necklace from a jeweler friend in Los Angeles who bills himself as "Your Rapper's Favorite Jeweler." Now, in the backseat of a Chevy Malibu parked on Chicago's South Side, Brandon's generosity has been turned on its head by Reese, a brooding 21-year-old with bushy eyebrows and tattoos that crawl up his arms and onto his neck like lichen on an oak tree. Put simply: If you offer Reese a necklace, he's going to want it now.

"Let me see that piece for a minute," Reese says, tugging at the Medusa-head medallion around Brandon's neck. "No," Brandon says, pushing Reese away. "This is sentimental."

A long pause.



"What the fuck is sentimental?" Reese shoots back.

"Reesie," Brandon pleads, "he's gonna FedEx two chains to you. I promise, yo." His voice clears with sincerity. "On my mother."

Reese is unmoved. "Let me see it now," he demands.

"Reesie," Brandon stammers back.

"I'll give it back when I get those two pieces," Reese continues, his voice growing cold.

"Yo, Reesie," Brandon says. "I'm going to New York and I want to wear my piece."

"Ethan," Reese's baritone booms from the back of the car, "step outside."

That is how I end up standing on the sidewalk on a crisp Chicago morning, listening to a series of strained yelps and choking sounds emanating from the car. I scan the street for our driver, Idris Abdul Wahid, a.k.a. Peeda Pan. As manager of Glory Boyz Entertainment and Chief Keef, Chicago's most explosive rapper, Wahid is a kingpin of the city's young rap talent. He is also the crew's fixer, facilitator, negotiator and all-around handler. At this moment he has parked us here and gone off in search of marijuana for Reese, who appears in no hurry to catch an impending flight.

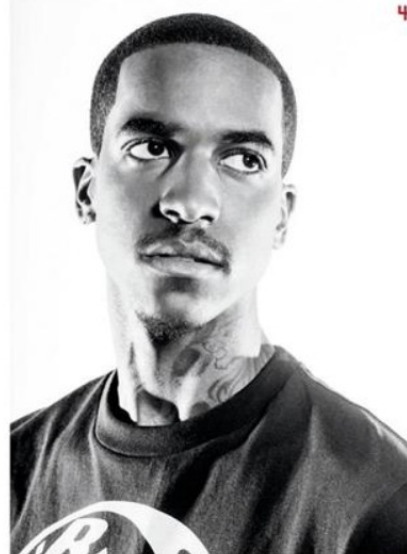
Behind me the car door is flung open and a red-faced Brandon clambers out with Reese clawing at his neck. He jerks free from Reese's grasp and makes a near-Olympian break down the block. "Don't pull that police shit," Reese hollers after, hands cupped around his mouth.

"What the fuck just happened?" Wahid asks with a grin, emerging from around a corner. But he's less interested in details than in finding the flipped-out white boy. Calls go straight to voice mail, but three blocks later, a taxi appears with Brandon in the backseat. He huffs out, removes his luggage from our trunk, clambers back into the taxi and speeds off. Reese holds a rapacious smile, an internet beat-down video-star smile, one that seems to say, "What the fuck did he expect me to do?"

But Brandon did offer Reese that jewelry, so Reese insists Wahid persuade him back into the car. Wahid gets Brandon on the line and convinces him to meet us at a nearby gas station. When we arrive, Brandon opens the door and eyes Reese with suspicion. He offers a truce: "We cool?" Reese assures Brandon they are in fact cool.

In the spectrum of Chicago hip-hop violence and drama, the event is nothing, a minor blip in the explosive and predatory behavior of the city's rising hip-hop stars, few of whom are older than 21. It doesn't rank anywhere near the events of last May, when Keef proclaimed on Twitter that Katy Perry could "suck skin off of my dick" and that he would "smack the shit out her" after she had disapproved of his new single, "Hate Bein' Sober," or when video emerged of Reese pummeling

"I'M
BACK TO
THIS OLD
[CHIEF
KEEF].
TURN
UP. GET
READY.
I'M GONNA
GET
CLUBS
SHOT UP."

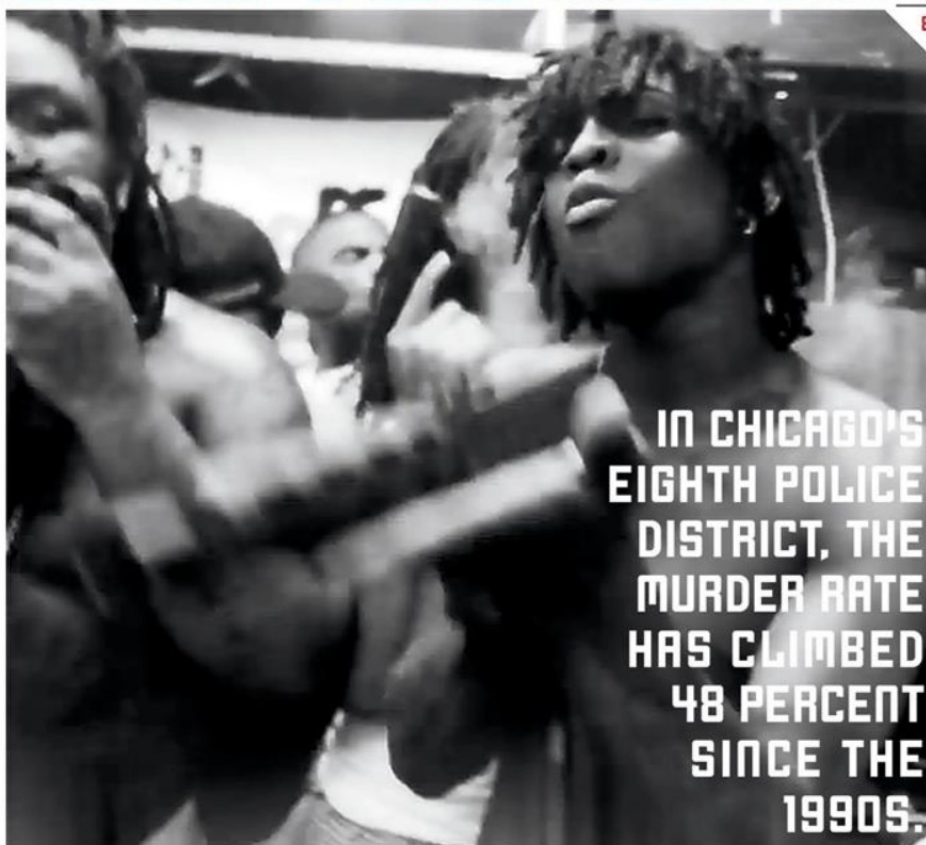




5 | 6



1. Chief Keef's three-album deal with Interscope is reportedly worth \$6 million. 2. Keef and crew in the straight-to-YouTube video for "Aimed at You." 3. Young Chop began producing beats in his bedroom when he was 11. 4. Lil Reese signed to Def Jam and released a remix with Drake and Rick Ross. 5. Lil Durk's *Signed to the Streets* made *Rolling Stone's* 2013 list of top 10 mixtapes. 6. Lil JoJo was gunned down shortly after posting threatening messages and images online. 7. Lil Durk in the video for "Oh My God." 8. Chief Keef in the video for "Russian Roulette."



a young woman until she falls to the floor and is kicked several times as someone in his crew shouts, "Stomp her!"

As Brandon resumes his place in the backseat, he sparks a blunt, signaling a brokered peace. Wahid steers the Malibu toward Midway airport, kush smoke curling in the air. For the moment, there is peace. Or at least as close as it gets in Chicago hip-hop.

Despite constant fights (both real and online), lawsuits and arrests for crimes ranging from unpaid child support to illegal weapons possession, as well as proud, unabashed affiliations with local gangs such as the Black Disciples and the Gangster Disciples, Chicago's crews have not just thrived but totally dominated the hypercompetitive world of hip-hop. It is a decades-old formula for an art form whose most powerful statements germinated in areas experiencing epidemics of violence, drugs and poverty. Queens. Compton. Atlanta. New Orleans. The only difference in Chicago is that this generation has a bigger voice: social media.

"I know a thousand Chief Keefs," superproducer Swizz Beatz declared in October, citing the commonality of Keef's up-from-the-hood story. But what the success of Keef—an 18-year-old millionaire whose road to hip-hop fame was paved largely by YouTube views and street mixtapes—demonstrates to the thousands of wannabe MCs is that they can do what he did. Chicago's moment is a generational departure from previous musical revolutions, as a veritable army of Keefs have a democratized means of production at their disposal. Specifically, their music is distributed and promoted via Twitter, Instagram and visceral straight-to-YouTube videos.

"I'm not sure any of this would have been possible without Keef," says Andrew Barber, editor-in-chief of Chicago's influential hip-hop blog Fake Shore Drive, referring to the current Chicago hip-hop renaissance.

The ascendance of Chicago's hottest young star began in 2011 with a series of YouTube videos featuring Keef, skinny with a mischievous grin and half-lidded eyes hidden behind a sprout of twisted dreads. Pounding tracks such as "I Don't Like" and "3Hunna" were produced by Young Chop, who at the age of 11 used a suite of pirated production software to birth the sound that would define his city: icy piano melodies, overblown bass drums and thwacking hi-hats, punctuated by screams and gunshots imbued with danger and ready-to-jump energy. His approach launched half a dozen young stars and invented the Chicago sound now nicknamed Drill. And the stocky, dread-headed teen did it from his mother's South Side house, where, he claims, it took 20 to 30 minutes to produce "3Hunna."

(continued on page 130)

Conduroy tuxedo,
\$1,750, by Paul Smith;
Solid Pistols T-shirt,
\$49, by Barking Irons;
silver wingtip shoes,
\$598, by John Varvatos;
sterling-silver
link bracelet, \$525,
by Helen Ficalora.



Music and fashion can be fickle things. But the prolific singer-songwriter keeps his music and his style classic and cool

KURT VILE ON Main Street

Rock and roll as a style statement is ever evolving (witness pompadours, flannels, skinny suits), but one iconic formula endures as the ultimate definition. Think long hair, denim, leather. Kurt Vile, co-founder of the seminal band the War on Drugs and the fierce solo talent behind

the recent album *Wakin on a Pretty Daze*, looks as though he could be in MC5, Zeppelin or any other band that transcends trends musically and sartorially. We kitted Vile out in rock-ready spring fashions and talked to the Philadelphia-born performer about how music and style can go effortlessly hand in hand.

Photography by Danny Clinch at Rodeo Bar, NYC • *Fashion by* Jennifer Ryan Jones

Text by Tyler Trykowski • *Styling by* Kathy Kalafut

Q and A

Q: Who are your musical influences?

A: I go through one obsession at a time. Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground, Bob Dylan, Neil Young—the greats. Today it's early-1970s Randy Newman, John Prine and some Steely Dan. Those guys are perfect songwriters with nuances nobody else has. Steely Dan will divide a room. Some people say it's too smooth for them, and I say, "Well, you're too smooth for me."

Q: Do your musical obsessions influence your style?

A: Neil Young may come through in the hair, but it's not conscious. My style and clothes have a way of finding me. For our current tour, I was shooting for Bob Dylan's look circa 1966, when he was at his career peak—no pressure!—and I found sunglasses on a freebie table. My friend Emily Kokal from the band Warpaint has an army jacket I borrowed in London because it fit so well, and I still haven't given it back. It's a big-family thing. I grew up with nine siblings and was used to hand-me-downs and borrowing, so my style is an accumulation. I'm always thinking about it because you want to be cool on stage, but I also want everything to be as real as possible.

2 MILE
SURF SHOP - BOLINAS, CA

Denim Sherpa jacket,
\$278, by True Religion;
plaid-and-floral
Western shirt,
\$96, by Rockmount.

Cotton tuxedo jacket
with distressed metallic
lapel, \$595, by BOSS Orange;
striped denim shirt, \$158,
by True Religion; short-
sleeve henley, \$168, by
John Varvatos; rigid denim
jeans, \$225, by Rogue;
paisley scarf, \$228, by
John Varvatos; dark brown
alligator belt, \$450,
with sterling-silver oval
cowgirl buckle, \$895, both
by Space Cowboy.

Q: You have an ability to make a jean jacket look like badass leather. Are you moving away from that now?

A: No way. I love the jean jacket; it's classic. I'll try it again after a while and it's like, Oh yeah. But after being into blue everything for a while, now I'm into bright colors, just for good vibes. It's like how J Mascis from Dinosaur Jr. loves purple; he discovered it and decided he wanted to be surrounded by it all the time. Same thing. I want bright colors as something I can control. It's a way of controlling your mood and surroundings, just from your periphery, everything you see.



Q: Musicians are notorious fashion peacocks. Who has the best style in music today?

A: Nick Cave, no question. I saw these photos of him from the 1990s in São Paulo, wearing a yellow satin shirt open in the front, pink pants, awesome sunglasses. He's a different kind of badass. He can still put all of Coachella to shame, easily.

Q: Even by rock standards your hair is pretty impressive. Tell us about how it became part of your look.

A: In high school I would say, "I don't wash it for a week, and that's how I get my look." It would get pretty bad. I had no idea about layers or the right product to use. Then in 2009 we were about to open for Dinosaur Jr. and a friend said, "Dude, your hair is too thick." She cut it right there. That's when it clicked. Maybe when I get older I'll cut it again, but if I cut it now I might look like an everyday dork. It's just kind of rock and roll.



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*Striped pants, \$498,
and vest, \$498, both by
John Varvatos; skull-print
scarf, \$245, by Alexander
McQueen, available at
mrporter.com; custom
full hand-tooled and
hand-painted boots with
gold eagles, \$1,900, by
Space Cowboy.*

<
*Leather jacket, \$695,
henley, \$42, and denim
jeans, \$225, all by Rogue;
denim crosshatch shirt,
\$86, by Rockmount; scarf,
\$198, by John Varvatos;
silver buffalo-coin
medallion, \$650, by
Helen Ficalora.*



SO YOU THINK YOU CAN DEEJAY?

*Everybody's a DJ these
days. Or so they say.
A guide to making it
(or at least faking it)
in the world's coolest
profession*

BY DAN HYMAN

T

"This is a million-dollar sound system. Trust me, it works." That's Emmett. He's not happy. The wiry middle-aged manager of John Barleycorn, a popular bro bar in Chicago's River North neighborhood, is growing increasingly annoyed with my apparent incompetence. I stand before him, staring down at two turntables and a mixer, trying to exude machismo while facing a firing squad of under-the-breath, mocking laughter. Emmett sees me for what I am: a suckling pig in the fetal position, sucking on the teat of regret. What grand plans I had: the ambitious writer who

believed he could deejay after a few weeks of private lessons. Now I'm a scared schmuck, one with the audacity, no less, to question the effectiveness of the audio system in Emmett's bar—a behemoth of inputs and outputs and AV cords and speakers providing big-testicled bass to the hundreds of patrons who regularly cram into this watering hole to worship at the throne of the almighty DJ.

The DJ booth overlooks an enormous beer-hall-size, dark-wood-furnished room. A small crowd is gathered beneath. They're expecting something. Anything. When I decided to throw my hat in the DJ ring, my family and friends could only wonder, Can he actually pull it off? Did Dan really dub himself "DJ Lips" for his notoriously large smackers? Tonight is the culmination. Good-bye, sweat-inducing dreams of turntable failure. No more late nights sneaking into my guest bedroom, strapping on headphones and desperately attempting to blend two songs on my laptop. DJ lessons, instructional DVDs, tips from trusted professionals: over. John Barleycorn has tasked me with deejaying for an entire hour. The speakers are primed and ready, Emmett tells me.

"Don't fuck this one up, Lips."

Deejaying looks easy. Push some buttons, pump your fists, let the song build, drop a massive beat and the half-naked club honeys eat it up. It's why everyone calls themselves a DJ these days—from the greased-up, backward-hat-

**PUSH SOME BUTTONS,
PUMP YOUR FISTS,
DROP A MASSIVE
BEAT AND THE HALF-
NAKED CLUB HONEYS
EAT IT UP.**

wearing, tank-top-rocking bros itching for opening slots in Vegas clubs to the basement-confined trolls uploading their masterworks to SoundCloud and praying for Facebook "likes." Blame it on the trickle-down effect: Those big-dog Top 40 DJs, the Guettas, Avicii, Tiësto, Afrojacks—guys who look like they should be ruling the Swiss luge game—are the new rock stars. Dudes rake in six figures a show. But they're just props up there, pushing buttons, right? And plus, every celebrity now claims to be a DJ. Like that one A-list female pop singer who deejayed a gigantic Las Vegas club last year. Anyone can do it, right?

"Um, there was actually another guy onstage deejaying while she fucked around and just showed her face," an executive at a prominent Las Vegas hot spot reveals to me, crushing my cocksure swagger.

Temporarily dejected, I call up Afrojack, the Dutch DJ who has produced some of the biggest pop stars in the world. He claims he could teach me to deejay in five minutes if he had the time. "Deejaying is basically just playing records for people," the superstar explains.

Easy enough.

Laptop It Up

That laptop of yours—yes, the selfsame thing you use to watch YouTube videos and pay parking tickets—is a brick of gold in the hands of a top DJ. The average annual salary of a club-world superstar is \$12.5 million.



Fabian is unexpectedly ordinary. The Venezuelan-born 27-year-old son of a former teenage Latin rock star is wearing a gray turtleneck sweater and tight-fitting black denim. His look is more clothes-folding J. Crew employee than DJ instructor. "What did you think I'd look like?" he asks me. "A douchebag?" I nod. "It's all right," he says. "A lot of DJs are douchebags."

I like Fabian.

We're in a nondescript building scrunched next to a culinary school on a rather unimpressive block of North Side Chicago. This is Scratch DJ Academy. I'm here to learn how to become a superstar. Eight turntable-and-mixer combos are situated on two rectangular tables in a sterile room oddly decorated with graffiti bunnies. We'll be using the technologically advanced Pioneer machines called CDJ-2000s. These high-tech devices have virtual vinyl platters; most major nightclubs use them nowadays. The rest are traditional turntables that play vinyl records. CDJs, I learn, make life easier: Rather than lug around crates of records, you can put all your tracks on a single thumb drive, plug it into the digital mixer and be slamming tunes in minutes.

The CDJ also analyzes each track's beats per minute (bpm) and allows you to set up cue points for where you want to start a song. If you insist on vinyl, there's an app for that (of course): Many DJs use advanced vinyl-mimicking software such as Serato or Traktor. We're truly living in the plug-in-and-play DJ era.

What's there to even learn, then? I know how to plug in a USB.

Oh, how quickly my cockiness subsides. I realize I have not the first clue about how to even turn on the CDJ, let alone cue up a song. An hour of pathetic attempts later I am unreservedly humbled.

Deejaying is a test of patience and timing, creativity and endless practice. Even executing the simplest of blends—combining one song with another—proves an arduous task. My main challenge, beatmatching, or seamlessly blending one track with another, is brutal. If two songs' beats don't line up, expect an audible train wreck. Becoming a master beatmatcher requires a keen ear for rhythm and tempo, as well as an ability to assess musical taste and style. At first I'm a lost cause.

But slowly, with the benefit of the complementary computer program Rekordbox, I'm able to practice at home. At all hours. My wife tells me it has to stop. She starts to instantly recognize all my blends. She's sick of them. I don't care. I'm obsessed.

By my fifth lesson I'm confident enough to finally attempt my own blend on the CDJs. Relying on their beat-recognition technology to assist me in my mission, I choose two songs with similar tempos—Robin Thicke's "Give It 2 U" and Deadmau5's "I Said"—but



AFROJACK'S ADVICE TO WANNABE DJs

The 26-year-old Dutch DJ, born Nick van de Wall, is one of the world's most prolific beatmasters, pulling in an estimated \$18 million last year. He has produced cuts for big-time stars from Pitbull to Chris Brown. Naturally, dude started out just as clueless as the rest of us. "I started producing music on a PlayStation game," he admits. We figured he'd know a thing or two about how to jump-start a DJ career. We gave him a ring, and he dished out killer advice.

Anatomy of a Hit

We're not saying every electronic-dance-music radio smash is exactly the same. Then again, most follow a similar formula.

THE CATCHY VOCAL HOOK

• A feel-good vocal greets you on arrival. Female vocalists excel at handling first-verse duties. Australian singer Sia is the master.

See: Calvin Harris's "Sweet Nothing" and David Guetta's "Titanium"

THE SWELL

• It's the beat slowly building to a fever pitch. Before the surefire mammoth chorus, there's said vocalist again, raising a fist to the heavens in anguish.

See: Swedish House Mafia's "Don't You Worry Child" and Zedd's "Clarity"



0.00 / 12.35



1

2

DO YOUR HOMEWORK

• As with any endeavor, you're best served if you know what's in store before you pursue deejaying. "Do some tutorials on YouTube and use Google to find out where to take classes," the DJ says. "And then just go there. Just try it. Success is not as far away as you think."

BECOME A BRANDING BEAST

• You could be the most technically proficient DJ on earth, but everyone wants to party with a superstar. "The difficult part is creating an image for the people," Afrojack explains. "The people want to go see you. They want to listen to your music live."

LEARN TO READ MINDS

• Half the battle for a DJ at any level is knowing whether the audience is feeling the music he or she is playing. "Music is a form of communication," Afrojack says. You have to read the crowd: "Do they

scream? Do they shout? Do they start jumping? Or do they just stand around like, 'What the fuck is this guy playing?'"

EASE YOUR WAY IN

• Take your time when you're first learning the craft—especially when it comes to the production game. "You have to try out every button," Afrojack says, comparing making music to flying a plane. "You don't go in a plane and try to fly right away. You download the flight simulator first and just learn."

IT'S NOT ABOUT THE BENJAMINS

• Sure, dudes like Afrojack make millions a year. But don't expect club owners to instantly start ponying up for you to deejay. "They didn't pay me money for a long time," Afrojack says. "They didn't even allow me to touch the decks. I was happy just to sit in the DJ booth. It's hard work. If you don't give a fuck and are just there for the fame, you're going to disappear really quickly."

my head is too busy throbbing with self-instruction. Faders. Cue points. Tempo shifters. "Nudging" the track to keep up with the one currently playing on the speakers. Nausea sets in. I grow a pair and begin the process: I crank up the Thicke track, raising the input-one fader. I then look to the CDJ, which tells me the track is 127 bpm; next I adjust the Deadmau5 track's bpm to match it. Slowly I decrease the CDJ's tempo shifter so it matches Thicke's. I must keep Deadmau5 in line with Thicke, so I fast-forward, or "nudge," it to get it synced. Once Deadmau5 is tempo- and time-adjusted, I press PLAY on the CDJ and slowly fade in Deadmau5 by raising the input-two fader, and the two tracks become one. I gently lower input one. Thicke is out. Emotionally, so am I.

"Not bad," Fabian tells me after the lesson. "You definitely pick it up a lot faster than most students." Confidence. Then reality: Beatmatching is a multitasker's nightmare. It's like trying to solve a calculus problem while receiving an under-the-table handie from the prom queen: nearly impossible but unbelievably gratifying.

Fabian's praise, for me and his other students, is dangerous, though: In the year and change since Scratch DJ

Academy opened in Chicago, enrollment has increased every term. Sure, Fabian says most of his students aren't naive enough to think they'll soon be headlining festivals. But as more people suddenly fashion themselves as DJs, a crop of unprepared, cheaper "talent" emerges. This semester there's

Ruben, early 20s, quietly confident with a bull nose ring and a pair of headphones wrapped around his neck; Jeff, upper 50s, wearing a soccer-dad windbreaker, dragged here by his teenage daughter but now planning to finish the entire yearlong DJ-certification course; and Ali, an early-30s rapper from Turkey, sporting mid-1990s-era Michael Jackson circular turquoise sunglasses, here from Istanbul expressly for DJ classes. The vast majority of DJs, like Fabian, gig locally and rely on cash from performances to pay the bills. Now this new crop of DJs is suddenly undercutting them for bookings.

"It's affecting everybody in the DJ industry," Fabian says.

IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SOLVE A CALCULUS PROBLEM WHILE RECEIVING AN UNDER-THE-TABLE HANDIE FROM THE PROM QUEEN.

Feel it, Dan!" My brother-in-law Eddie, 34, is yelling at me. I'm standing in my sister and his suburban bedroom, hunched over an old-school DJ setup: two turntables and a mixer. My

THE DROP

• Can't take the anguish? No worries: Here comes that massive, sweat-inducing electronic breakdown. Cathartic release—if only for a moment.

See: Afrojack's "Take Over Control" and David Guetta's "Without You"

THAT VOICE AGAIN

• Breakdown got your head in a tailspin? Come back to earth with the tortured vocalist; he or she is back but still in therapy, forever soul-searching.

See: Calvin Harris's "I Need Your Love" and Avicii's "Wake Me Up"

THE EMPOWERING OUTRO

• No need to feel bummed. The singer will figure his or her shit out. In the meantime, here's another gargantuan electronic breakdown to send you home flying.

See: Tiësto's "Red Lights" and Avicii's "Hey Brother"

THIS SHIT IS SO
COMPLEX I'D BEG
FART TO EMERGE
FROM MY SPEAKERS.

newborn nephew, Dylan, cries as we blast house music steps from his crib. "Soft fingers! I want your hand cupping the edge of it!" Eddie, who deejayed more than a decade ago when he was in college, is teaching me how to deejay using vinyl—not that digital crap—with the subtlety of a snuff-film director. The touch, the feel, the exhilaration of physically interacting with a record—deejaying without technological assistance—gets him off.

I amuse him, trying to understand his rampant passion for meticulous old-school artistry. Still, I can't help but wonder: Even if a DJ is a trained technical wizard, a blending machine, if he doesn't produce his own music, will he ever reach the top of the food chain?

"It really has become a producer's game," Bad Boy Bill says. Bill was ranked one of the top DJs in the 1990s but has never produced a far-reaching, crossover single. He still deejays for a living but is now forced to take any gig he can get, such as a recent suburban club show in a nearly vacant strip mall. He doesn't harbor resentment, how-

ever. "The thing that's sad to me," he says of millionaire production gurus half his age, "is when I see somebody up there using a preprogrammed set. They're not creating anything. They're more of a puppet."

So it takes mad production game to be legit. Fair enough. The next day, I'm firing up my laptop and installing the top-notch audio-production software Ableton Live. For the next 12 hours I stare helplessly at what looks like a nuclear reactor. Constructing a song? Ha! This shit is so damn complex I'd beg for a synthesizer fart to emerge from my speakers.

I'm beyond frustrated. I consult Afrojack.

"Production is insanely hard," I tell him.

"I could teach you to produce in five to 10 minutes," he says. If he had the time.

Perhaps it's the ever-present alcoholic beverages I've been guzzling or the fact that the DJ performing after me gives me an approving fist-pound. But when my one-hour set concludes at John Barleycorn, I feel like a legitimate DJ. Sure, my beatmatching

wasn't perfect and I made one glaring error—Trinidad James popped up by mistake during a Swedish House Mafia groove—instantly followed by my wife mock slitting her throat. I don't care. The attention. The approving head nods from the crowd. It's infectious.

"Like, oh my God! That was so amazing!" my overserved friend Blair tells me as I walk downstairs. I need a real opinion. I hunt down my best friend, Jason. He'd never lie to me.

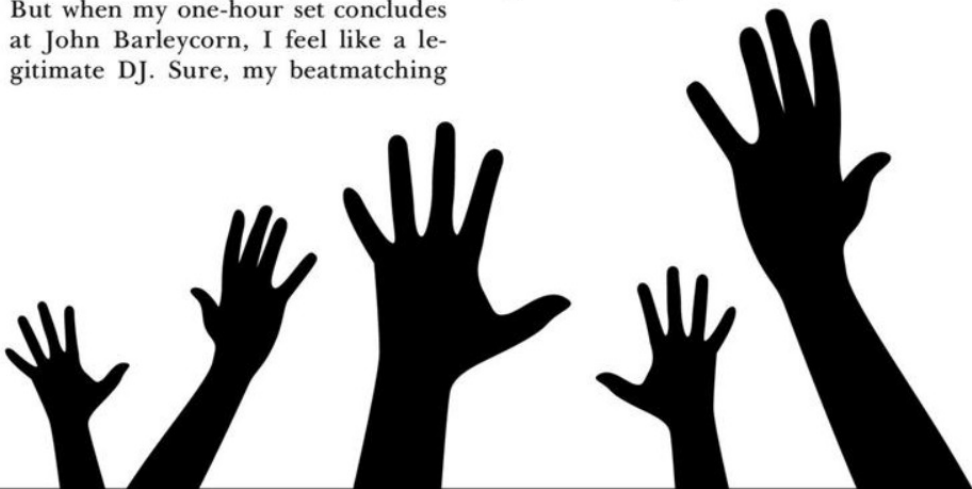
"How shitty was I, dude?" I ask him.

"You weren't," he replies. "It sounded like any other DJ when we go out to a bar."

My brain goes into overdrive. I start thinking crazy thoughts: Maybe I'm, like, you know, a real DJ. Then I stop myself, remembering something Fabian told me.

"There are so many wannabe DJs out there," he said bluntly. "It's a real problem."

I know the truth: I'm a wannabe. You think I care? For the next two hours, three vodka tonics and several dozen congratulatory high-fives, I'm DJ "Fuckin'" Lips. ■



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So you want to deejay? News flash, buddy: Those songs aren't going to play themselves. Whether you're a wide-eyed beginner, midlevel mixmaster or cash-pocketing pro, equipping yourself with top-notch equipment is crucial. Lucky for you, these days the best gear is only a mouse click away.



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Photography by Tony Kelly













STAN LEE

(continued from page 52)

He was the toughest son of a bitch I ever created, and Kirby did a wonderful job with him.

PLAYBOY: Many people don't know that your younger brother, Larry Lieber, helped create Iron Man and other characters. How come he never got more acclaim?

LEE: Larry was always a good writer and a good artist. He could do almost anything I asked him to do. He scripted not only the first *Iron Man* but also the first *Thor*, and he still does the daily *Spider-Man* newspaper strips. The only problem is that Larry could be a perfectionist. It wasn't that he was faster or slower than other artists, but he had a hard time letting go of his drawings unless he was 100 percent satisfied with them. He always worked on things even after I said they were great. I think it just made the whole process a little harder for him.

PLAYBOY: Which Marvel character has surprised you the most in terms of its success?

LEE: Probably Iron Man. But much of that success is because of the movie. I didn't know what to think when Robert Downey Jr. was announced as Iron Man. I couldn't picture him. When I created the character, I kind of thought of Howard Hughes because he was an adventurer, an inventor, a millionaire in those days, and he was strange. To me Downey wasn't a superhero; he was Chaplin. But the instant I saw him I said, "He's Iron Man." I think it's the greatest bit of casting ever.

Of all the characters I've done, Iron Man is the most popular with women. I get it. He's a billionaire and he's handsome and glamorous, plus he needs somebody to look after him. He's got a weak heart. "Oh, if only I knew a man like that." We got more fan mail from women for that book than any other. And now the movie has made him our most popular character after Spider-Man.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to the start of your career for a minute. Do you remember the first comic book you ever wrote?

LEE: It was a prose story in one of the Captain America books, a two-page story set in type. Nobody read those stories. That's why they let me do one. But you couldn't call a comic book a magazine and get the magazine postal rates unless you had two pages of type. One day I was hanging around filling inkwells and erasing pages for the guys, and someone said, "Hey, Stan, we need a two-page story." So I wrote one. And that was that.

PLAYBOY: You went off to the Army in World War II and wrote military pamphlets with an elite group that included Frank Capra, William Saroyan and Theodor Geisel. What's your standout memory?

LEE: That Dr. Seuss was slow. In the comic-book world, you live and die on your speed, but Geisel was slow. Most of them were slow. I was writing faster than

all of them. One day the major who was in charge of our unit said, "Sergeant, will you work a little slower? You're making the other guys look bad." I wrote all these training films about things I had no knowledge of. I remember I did one film, *The Nomenclature and Operation of the 16 mm IMO Camera Under Battle Conditions*. What got the most attention, though, was something I wrote about venereal disease.

PLAYBOY: You wrote a sex manual?

LEE: No, they needed me to help the enlisted men avoid disease. They were always getting VD. So they had what they called prophylactic stations, little one-room buildings with green lights inside. After you'd had carnal knowledge of a female, you would go to the pro station and get disinfected in the most horrible way. My mission was to tell the troops to go to the pro station after they'd had sex. So I drew a little cartoon of a soldier. There's the green light. Over his head there's a dialogue balloon that says, "VD? Not me!" They printed a couple million of them. I figure we probably won the war based on that.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you continued to work for Marvel that whole time?

LEE: That's right. Whenever I was free I'd write something new. I bought a car with the money they sent me while I was in the Army. I used to pal around with a lot of the officers. Some of them were my best friends, majors and captains, even though I was an enlisted man. I wasn't supposed to pal around with them, so I'd wear an olive drab sweater so the rank didn't show. We went out and drank and had fun. But I was never a less than responsible driver.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of that, do you remember the moment you thought up the phrase "With great power comes great responsibility"?

LEE: The honest-to-God truth is I thought I made it up for Uncle Ben to say. But then somebody wrote to tell me Voltaire had said it in French a couple of centuries before. I never read Voltaire. I don't speak French. I just liked the way it sounded.

PLAYBOY: When did you first realize you'd created a worldwide sensation with your characters?

LEE: There were a lot of moments. We'd get letters from all over and then visitors, including some famous ones. I remember being visited by Federico Fellini. He came in and said he wanted to meet me. I'll never forget. I had a tiny office at the end of a long hall. I get a call he's coming and see Fellini walking toward me, accompanied by four of his assistants, all dressed the same in black raincoats, all in descending order of height. Fellini was the tallest, and behind him were the four others. It was the funniest sight. I wanted to talk about him and the movies he'd made, *8½* and all the others. He wanted to talk about Spider-Man. Years later he was nice enough to show

my daughter around Italy and take care of her. It would have been interesting to collaborate with him. He would have been good with X-Men. Fellini and Magneto would have been an interesting combination.

PLAYBOY: In the next X-Men movie, the 1970s X-Men meet the modern-day team. Do you ever worry someone's going to screw up your original characters?

LEE: I don't even think about it. I know they'll usually come up with something interesting, and if they don't, something else will come up. The nice thing about stories is you can always find another angle that'll be good. To be honest, I let go a long time ago. I let go of these characters around 1972 when I became publisher. I was never a real publisher because publishers are businessmen and I'm not. But as publisher, I stopped writing the books, for the most part. All these characters eventually find their way.

PLAYBOY: The Hulk has always been especially difficult. Even the popular 1970s TV show with Lou Ferrigno is more camp than classic.

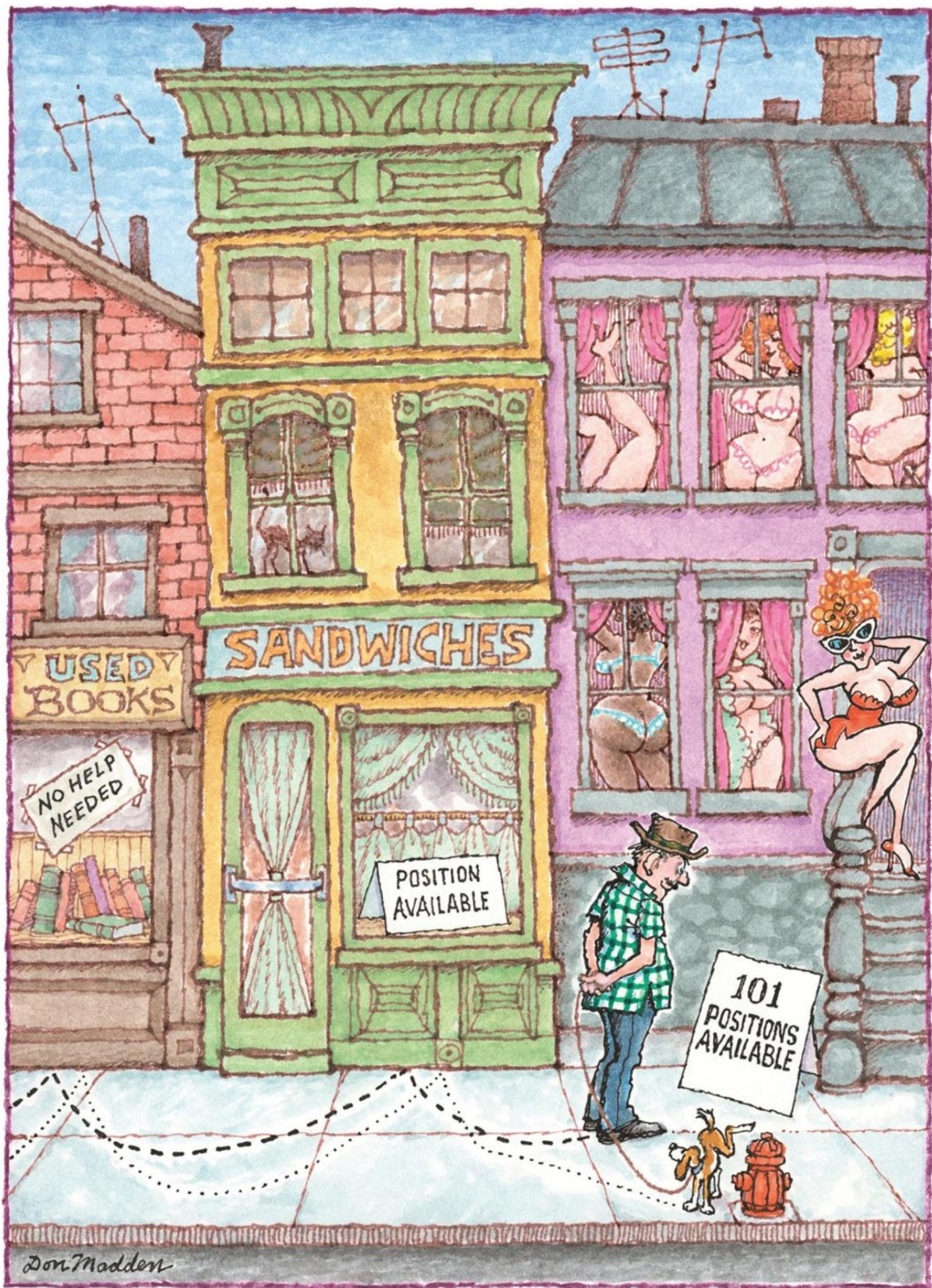
LEE: They've tried a green Hulk and a red Hulk and a blue Hulk. Everybody tries something, but I think everybody does it wrong. In the last movie he looked pretty good, and the actor was pretty good. But they made him too big and started changing his color. It's such a simple thing. It's like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the way I conceived him. He's a scientist who turns into a monster. He hates the monster, and he wants to cure himself of turning into it. The monster hates the scientist and doesn't want to become that weak nothing kind of guy. He likes being the Hulk. To me, as a writer, I could play with that and come up with a million plots. For some reason, Hollywood keeps making the Hulk this big, crazy brute. One day somebody should go back to the basics.

PLAYBOY: Are you excited to see *Avengers: Age of Ultron*?

LEE: Excited? Sure. But I have to be honest. I don't have any idea who the hell Ultron is. He was a character developed after I stopped being involved in the Avengers story. I was asking some guys in the office who Ultron is, but then my phone rang and I got busy and never found out. Marvel introduced so many characters and strange situations, it's hard to keep track of them all.

PLAYBOY: True, but why haven't we created new superheroes? We still mostly rely on yours and a handful of others, such as Superman and Batman, to save the day.

LEE: Well, publishers don't need new ones now. They needed them when I was doing them. My publisher would say, "Hey, Stan, that last one sold very well. Dream up another one—or four—for me." Now they don't have to say that. All they have to say is "When are we going to find the time to make a movie out of *Ant-Man* or publish another edition of *Silver Surfer*?"



We have plenty of material in reserve that audiences love. And you know Hollywood appreciates a sure thing. There aren't enough opening weekends or TV channels or bookstore shelves for all the titles Marvel alone plans to put out. It's not just *Captain America*, *Fantastic Four*, *Daredevil* and the rest. We have dozens to draw on, and fans are always asking, "Stan, when are they going to come out with a Black Panther movie?" Incidentally, I would love to see a Black Panther movie myself. I know they're working on one. But then fans will say, "What about Ant-Man? Or the Inhumans? Or the Annihilator?"

PLAYBOY: After decades of events such as Comic-Con and now your own Comikaze comic-book expo, you must get tired of geeky fan questions.

LEE: I enjoy the questions and always try to give a funny answer. For example, they'll say, "Who could win, the Hulk or Galactus?" I'd say, "It depends on who's writing the story." "What makes you work so hard and do all these stories?" I tell them greed. Even if I've heard the question 800 times before, I always try to give them an answer they don't expect. Like "What superpower would you want?" I say, "Luck, because if you have that you have everything." Actually, that one I believe.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *Ant-Man* a minute ago. What's the status of the movie version?

LEE: It's coming along. [Editor's note: The film, directed by Edgar Wright and featuring Hank Pym, played by Michael Douglas, and Scott Lang, played by Paul Rudd, is

scheduled for July 2015.] What's terrific about Ant-Man is that he's small and can do a lot of things a normal-size person can't, but he's also incredibly vulnerable. The most important thing with any hero is he has to be vulnerable. If it's somebody who could never be hurt, that's no fun. One of the problems I always had with Superman was, how can I worry about him? You can't kill him, you can't hurt him. But with a guy as small as Ant-Man, there are so many things he can do, but every minute of his life he's in danger. There's this tension of thinking he'd better get big again fast. To give you another example, in the movies Batman has gotten more vulnerable in recent years, and it's made him more interesting.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Batman, what was a night on the town like with your friend and Batman creator Bob Kane?

LEE: He was always late, first of all. We'd make a dinner reservation for 7:30, and Bob and his wife would get there at eight o'clock or 8:30. If we were half an hour late, they'd come half an hour later. It became a game. They were always later than we were. Then we'd sit down, and within a few seconds he'd say to the waiter, "You know who I am? I'm Bob Kane. I draw *Batman*. Look, I'll show you." And he'd draw a little Batman. He was happy being who he was. You can't fault it. He was never on time for dinner, but he loved *Batman* and loved being recognized for it, and we'd have a great time talking up these characters. I've had a lot of good times.

PLAYBOY: Has it been an easy life for you?

LEE: Life is never completely without its challenges. I have a new heart valve that was put in a couple of years ago. I have a touch of asthma. I get tired sometimes. But I haven't had a lot of angst. I mean, certainly early in my career, before *The Fantastic Four*, I struggled. I felt I was never going to get anywhere. Even afterward, I was embarrassed to say I wrote comic books for a living. I had a lot of shame about that. Even when I made a good living, my dad didn't think of me as a success. He was pretty wrapped up in himself most of the time. Some of that rubbed off on me. I was always looking at people who were doing better than I was and wishing I could do what they were doing—Steven Spielberg or a writer like Harlan Ellison, or even Hugh Hefner. Part of me always felt I hadn't quite made it yet.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever go to therapy?

LEE: Never had time, no. But if someone asked me for an evaluation of myself, I'd say I'm a particularly normal, levelheaded guy. I'm just a guy who likes what he does.

PLAYBOY: You started your career writing obituaries. Have you ever thought about what you'd like yours to say?

LEE: I know mine is already written. It's sitting there in the *New York Times* computers somewhere. It's all ready to go. You can't stop it. I've had a happy life. I don't want anyone to think I treated Kirby or Ditko unfairly. I think we had a wonderful relationship. Their talent was incredible. But the things they wanted weren't in my power to give them.

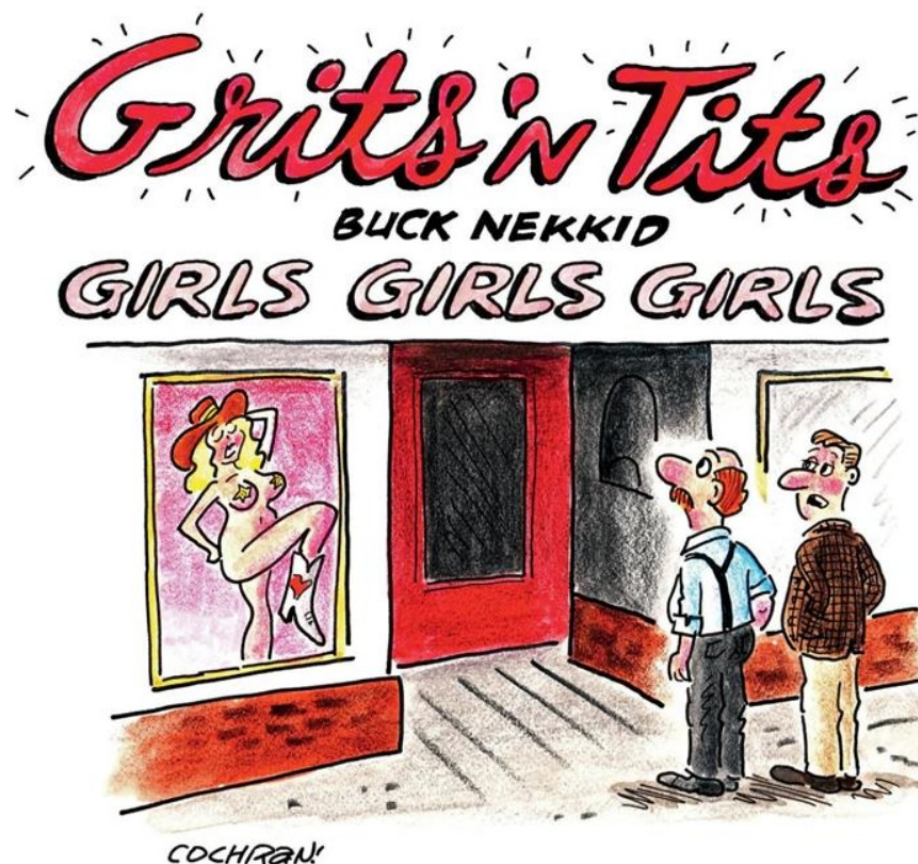
I'm always looking ahead, even at this age. You know, my motto is "Excelsior." That's an old word that means "upward and onward to greater glory." It's on the seal of the state of New York. Keep moving forward, and if it's time to go, it's time. Nothing lasts forever. Hell, I'm 91 years old. If I have to go while I'm talking to you, I've had a long enough life. I'd hate to leave my wife and my daughter, but heaven knows it's beyond me. And I don't even really believe in heaven.

PLAYBOY: In the 700th issue of *The Amazing Spider-Man*, Peter Parker dies in a battle with Doctor Octopus.

LEE: Yeah, but he won't die. They'll bring him back, or it'll turn out he didn't really die. It's like Sherlock Holmes. I loved Sherlock Holmes when I was younger, and there were so many versions. He always made it out of every situation. You never run out of ideas.

PLAYBOY: Maybe there will be a zombie version of Spidey.

LEE: Zombies are puzzling to me. They're all the rage now, but I never understood them. Think about it: If I were dead and could come back to life, I wouldn't go around trying to kill people. I'd be saying, "Wow! I'm the luckiest guy in the world. Isn't this terrific? Hello, you wonderful person. Let's go out and have fun." If I go out in a flash but then somehow make it back, I'm not going to be angry. There's going to be a great big celebration.



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CENTRAL PARK FIVE

(continued from page 58)

day he remains anxious and jumpy, as if chaos could erupt at any moment, as when he was in prison. "Just this weekend we were sitting on the stage of the Riverside Church," he says, "and the curtain was drawn behind us. All of a sudden I felt somebody right there, and it was someone pulling the curtain closed. But that instinct came, and I was like, Oh, what's about to go down? You automatically know where the exits are. You kind of have it all mapped out—if something happens I already know what to do. That's what I call an unhealthy reality." That constant sense of dread makes it challenging for him to maintain his composure at work. "In prison, if somebody looked at you wrong, you might be like, Where's my ice pick? In corporate America, if somebody looks at you wrong, business is going to continue."

For Santana too it's a daily battle to control his emotions. "I could be a calm person and somebody could tick me off and that aggression can come out," he says.

Except for Santana, all the Central Park Five have avoided re-offending, and they have all struggled to find meaningful work. Keeping money in the bank has been nearly impossible. The only one who seems to have a good job is Salaam, who arrived for his interview looking business-suave in a large overcoat draped over a nice, dark suit and tie. It's the fruit of many years of effort. "When I came home from prison I couldn't get a job. Every door to success was closed in our faces," he says. He eventually went to work for the organization his mother started when he was in prison, People United for Children. His knack for computers led him to teach himself web design, which led to work in the technology end of health care, which led to hospital administration. He makes about \$100,000 a year but says he lives paycheck to paycheck because he has five biological daughters and three stepchildren.

Kevin Richardson, 39, works in a geri-

atrics center making about \$33,000 a year. Santana is a clerk at a pension-and-benefits center. He makes a little less than Richardson and has about \$500 in the bank. Wise does not have a paying job; he survives on disability payments.

For years after being released, most of them had to attend classes for sex offenders four times a month, paying \$20 a class. "It was mandatory that we go to these classes," Richardson says. "And when they come around to ask us, 'Okay, Kevin, what did you do?' I'd say, 'I didn't do anything.' They don't like that exactly." They were perceived to be in denial. "We'd say, 'We don't belong here. We did not commit the crime.'" They got kicked out of many groups.

They all say they lost their youth. "We feel—I feel—it's like I'm playing catch-up," Richardson says. "I feel like we never got to reach our full potential as kids. And this sentence put a scar [on us] that you can't erase."

Some of them lost family. "I came from a big family," Santana says, "and this case made all my family members think I was guilty, and they shunned me. They turned away from me. At the end of the day, all I had was my father, my sister and my brother-in-law at the time. That was it." (It wasn't until a recent screening of the Burns film that he was able to reconcile with his extended family.) Their years in prison damaged their parents. Santana says that while he was incarcerated his father began drinking to excess and his mother died of cancer. She passed away before he was exonerated. Wise's father also became a heavy drinker while he was away, and Wise believes he drank himself to death. He and his mother don't speak much anymore, he says, because she can no longer bear to hear about the case. "It's eaten her whole life up," he says.

Antron McCray, 40, moved far away from New York, changed his name and tried to distance himself from it all in what some of the others have called a self-constructed witness-protection program. He is very private, sharing none of his past

with those around him, reportedly working the night shift as a forklift operator in a warehouse. "He lost faith in God," says Santana, who speaks to him often. "He really was very bitter." McCray is the only one who does not appear on camera in the Burns film, and he has participated in few of the post-release events.

Richardson too has seen his faith waver. He says he was raised a Christian, attending church every Sunday, but this journey shook him to his core. "I was questioning, Why did this happen to me? Here I was, average kid. I didn't get in trouble. I went to school. I went to a music school, for crying out loud. I was into art. I was just your average 14-year-old kid. And I still wonder why this happened to me, why this happened to us, why this happened to our families. And for a while, I lost my faith. Even though my mother always told me the truth would come out. She always told me that. But here I am. I did a prison sentence already. And I know...."

He says the truth has still not come out.

"What happened to the lady jogger was a bad, hideous thing. I mean, she lost 80 percent of her blood. But it wasn't us, you know? So all that was going through my head. I know that's a bold thing, to question God, but I did. And as I say it today, I mean, God knew what he was doing as far as using me as well as the others as a tool. But I still don't understand, to be honest with you."

Of the five men, Wise seems the most deeply scarred, his pain barely contained beneath the surface. "If you're not bitter, I don't want to be around you, because I'm bitter," he says. "I'm very bitter. I'll always be bitter. Because I'm not exactly living the life that I'd really want to live. I want to live comfortably, not be harassed by those officers. I'm too old for that. I want to live comfortably, just function normally." Instead, he says, he spends as much time on the case as he would on a nine-to-five job. "I just try to flip it and make myself into his lawyer," he says of the kid he was. "I'm talking for him because nobody did in his time. I'm talking for him. He's been through hell. That kid dies every year. For 13 years he died. So I'm being his lawyer. I'm telling people what he's been through. I'm going to always be little Korey's advocate." He's tired, it seems, in his soul. He says it's not about the money anymore. It's about getting free of this never-ending war that's pulling down everyone around him. "Real talk," he says. "A lot of sorrow is happening to the family. A lot of people is passing away. Cancer's spreading around like it's a new dance. I'm just playing the survival game."

III. JUSTICE DELAYED

The \$250 million civil suit against the city and the police department was filed in 2003. Eleven years later, it hasn't reached the trial phase, and even the deposition phase is, as of this writing, incomplete. "They said it was gonna be a long battle," Santana says of the attorneys. "It's gonna take a lot of years." Part of the



"A word of advice: When you make your move, don't open with 'I'm the fastest man on Earth!'"

reason the process has taken so long is understandable—this is a major case with 20 plaintiffs to depose, dozens of witnesses to interview, multiple investigations to comb through, pages of discovery and litigation over what information each side is entitled to. But the Central Park Five's lawyers say New York City's attorneys have deliberately slowed the pace of the case, pouring molasses into the gears to make all this harder and more arduous for the plaintiffs. Roger Wareham, an attorney on the case, says, "The clear, directed strategy is to make this last as long as possible. That certainly seems to be the theory. And then maybe you get defections. People start to fall by the wayside, or by the time you depose certain people they've forgotten things because it's 24 years ago. People just forget, or people get sick. People die."

Jane Fisher-Byrjalsen, another of the Central Park Five's attorneys, agrees. "Part of what they're doing is subpoenaing every single public document on our clients—every Medicaid, every doctor they've been to, every employment, every school. I mean thousands of documents. They get those documents and review them—you know, if you've ever been in the hospital, maybe this doctor sees you for one minute, so then they subpoena more records. What are they going to find in there? Nothing that has to do with the case. They're hoping to dirty them up like they're bad people. It's such an ugly thing to do. Korey's mom had a complete breakdown during her deposition. It was awful. It's one of the worst experiences I've had in my life. They tried to make her look like a bad mom—clearly with the strategy that if there's either a settlement or a trial where damages are ordered, they're going to try to mitigate the damages by saying, 'Well, if they didn't go to jail for this, they would've gone to jail for something else.'"

Lisa Bloom, a civil rights attorney who is not connected to the case, says, "Even in a system riddled with unfair delays, 10 years is absurd and outrageous. It is the judge's job to move the case along. Every defendant tries to delay. The system is failing these wrongly convicted men every day this drags on. That's the bottom line."

The Central Park Five's lawyers say their case rests in large part on the confessions central to the original trials—confessions elicited through intimidation, deprivation and force. The Central Park Five told me they made false statements because they were exhausted and sleep deprived after hours of interrogation, because they were told they could go home once they gave up the others and—in some cases—because of violence. Salaam says he heard the police beating up Wise. Wise says he was threatened and assaulted by Detective Robert Nugent. "He had a one-handed grip on my face," Wise says, recalling what the detective said next: "'I want a story from you. You're not gonna leave outta here till I get a story from you.' He slapped me twice with his right hand across my face."

The lawyers also contend the city is fighting so hard because some people

close to this high-profile case grew rich and powerful from their work on it and cannot afford to have their reputations soiled. David Kreizer, one of the Central Park Five's attorneys, maintains that for some people this "was their springboard into either their major career as a public servant or their major career in the private sector. That's certainly, I think, a big factor. I think those people are still politically connected to people who are still in power." Several sources I spoke with say two people best fit this description: Ray Kelly, who was appointed first deputy commissioner in 1990, months before the trials began, and became commissioner the year the verdicts were vacated; and former assistant district attorney Linda Fairstein, who was part of the district attorney's office when they were arrested, was a leader of the sex crimes unit and assigned the lead attorney, Elizabeth Lederer.

"At least from what we can see," Wareham says, "Linda Fairstein has a large stake in maintaining the fiction that this was done properly, because a large part of her subsequent career as a novelist and an expert was based on this prosecution—not solely, but a large part of it. So to have that exposed as a lie, to have that exposed as real misconduct or criminal conduct on the part of the police department and the district attorney's office may have a lot to do with their unwillingness to settle, to make an offer. There's no way they can convince me they did not know that these children didn't commit that crime. My view is that they knew the children didn't commit the crime, and they were going to get a conviction regardless."

Others close to the case say it's silly to think the city would spend so much on this because of Fairstein's book sales; they claim the real reason is that people believe the Central Park Five are guilty and acted in concert with the serial rapist who confessed to the crime. An in-depth report from the DA's office argues that an extensive investigation turned up no evidence of the rapist having ever known any of the five, but some from the prosecution side see a riot in the dark involving a group of young men who did not all know one another. They point to blood on some of the boys' clothing, though none of this blood matched the jogger's. Meili lost an extraordinary amount of blood, but they say little got on the boys because she bled from the back of her head. People from the city's side also point to semen on the boys' underwear, yet none of their DNA was found on the jogger. Ultimately, though, these evidentiary questions are about attempting to prove their guilt, and people from the city maintain that whether the boys are guilty is not the central question.

"It's not about guilt or innocence," says Howard Wolfson, former counselor to Mayor Michael Bloomberg, "but was purposeful judicial misconduct committed?" Michael Cardozo, who was corporation counsel—the city's top lawyer—under Bloomberg, answered my questions with a written statement: "While we recognize this case has generated strong reactions,



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our role as attorneys representing the city is to consider the specific, core question raised by these claims: whether there was any deliberate wrongdoing by police and prosecutors. The answer to the question, as shown by all the evidence, including evidence that is confidential and not available to people outside the case, is no. We have an obligation to protect all taxpayers. We are therefore moving forward with the litigation."

Sources familiar with the city's case dismiss the notion that the lawsuit has taken a long time or that there is a strategy to slow the wheels of justice. They say this is a case with more than 100 witnesses, three major investigations and hundreds of pages of discovery, so it's understandable that it has taken this long. There was also a motion to dismiss filed in 2003 that was not decided until 2007. But sources I spoke to maintain that the city has spent more defending the suit than the price of a realistic settlement.

People close to the case also say that even if one accepts, for the sake of argument, that a confession is false, it does not necessarily mean it was coerced or obtained illegally. They say police interrogators took great care to interview the boys in a sensitive manner because they were young. They also feel there are enough consistencies within the statements of the five, and among the total of 39 who were questioned, to justify the conclusion that the boys were involved and that there was probable cause, given the information the police and prosecutors had at the time. As proof of the boys' violent intentions,

they point to the several other assaults in Central Park that night.

The lawsuit could turn on the plaintiffs' ability to prove a lack of probable cause and to prove actual malice in prosecution. Should the facts have led a reasonable person to believe the accused had committed the rape? Were the confessions the product of illegal coercion? It's a civil lawsuit, so the jury must weigh whether there is a preponderance of evidence; that is, whether the charges are more likely than not—rather than beyond a reasonable doubt, the higher standard of a criminal trial. If a jury believes the police used threats, lies, false promises and violence to induce the false confessions, then the police and prosecutors could be liable. If the jurors find the police and prosecutors did not induce false confessions through improper coercion, then they could conclude there was probable cause to charge and prosecute and no constitutional deprivation occurred. It's impossible to predict which way a trial will go, because different eyes have drawn different conclusions from this evidence: A 1990 review by Judge Thomas Galligan rejected the idea of coerced confessions and found all constitutional accommodations had been provided; however, Galligan presided over the original trial, so his report was a review of his own work. In 1993 Salaam appealed his conviction from prison; it was upheld, but Judge Vito Titone dissented, noting significant problems with the interrogation process. Judge Titone's harsh dissent blasts the work of Fairstein and her officers when

they interrogated Salaam, deliberately keeping him apart from three adult family members, including his mother.

"What emerges from these facts is a picture of law enforcement officers who were so anxious to extract a full and complete confession that they did everything within their power to keep this youthful suspect isolated and away from any adults who might interfere," Titone wrote. "Furthermore, there can have been no other reason for the decisions of Detective [John] Taglioni and Assistant District Attorney Fairstein to prevent defendant's aunt, 'Big Brother' and mother from speaking to him other than to capitalize on his youth and isolation and to assure that he did not receive aid and advice from the supportive adults."

In an interview with *Newsday*, Titone said, "I was concerned about a criminal justice system that would tolerate the conduct of the prosecutor, Linda Fairstein, who deliberately engineered the 15-year-old's confession." He added, "Fairstein wanted to make a name."

It was not the first time the NYPD of that era had been charged with cutting corners when they thought someone was guilty. The 1994 report of the Commission to Investigate Allegations of Police Corruption, commonly known as the Mollen Commission, concluded that falsification was common. The report spoke of "a deep-rooted perception among many officers of all ranks within the department that nothing is really wrong with compromising facts to fight crime in the real world." As one dedicated officer put it, police officers often view falsification as "doing God's work"—whatever it takes to get a suspected criminal off the streets. This attitude is so entrenched, especially in high-crime precincts, that when investigators confronted one recently arrested officer with evidence of perjury, he asked in disbelief, "What's wrong with that? They're guilty." But what if they're not?

IV: A SEMBLANCE OF JUSTICE

Some believe this case asks hard questions about what sort of city New York is—and what sort of society we are. At times it seems we are a nation that can overlook the destruction of black bodies and black lives while ensuring all possible protections for white citizens. It seems a stretch to think that, even though the wrong people were convicted despite a paucity of physical evidence, everyone in law enforcement was working with the best of intentions. But maybe they were. In New York the entwined issues of race and inequality never really go away. In recent years, they have resurfaced around the police practice of stop-and-frisk, which in large part decided the Democratic mayoral primary in favor of Bill de Blasio. De Blasio, New York's mayor since January, will have a great deal of influence over the future of the Central Park Five.

Many people close to the case say Mayor Bloomberg was among those who believed the Central Park Five should not



"I was going to send you back, but I was just watching a few episodes of that Honey Boo Boo thing, and now I think I'll probably just kill everyone and let that be the end of it."

be remunerated and his recalcitrance is why the suit has dragged on for years. The de Blasio administration may approach this matter differently. In a phone interview in February 2013, early in his mayoral campaign, de Blasio told me he sees the Central Park Five as emblematic of some of the racial inequalities he talked about in his campaign. "Such willful miscarriage of justice by folks who worked for the city," he said. "It's unacceptable what's happened to these now not so young guys, and they deserve some semblance of justice." Asked what he would do about it if he were elected, de Blasio, a former public advocate in the Bloomberg administration, said, "I've spent four years of my life in the mayor's office, and I cannot believe this couldn't be solved by a mayor. This is the kind of thing that in the first week in office, if I were mayor, I would order a settlement. I think if the mayor says that it has to be resolved, it's solved. The Law Department doesn't tell the mayor what to do; the mayor tells the Law Department what to do. I certainly would order a settlement immediately." In October, after winning the all-important Democratic primary, he said, through his communications director, that he stood behind those words.

To Salaam, Richardson, Santana, Wise and McCray, the men trapped in this Kafkaesque journey, the new mayor's promise must seem like the glimmer of an endpoint. But even if the lawsuit somehow finds its way to a settlement, the men can never really move on. They speak of themselves as living members of history—Salaam calls the group "the modern Scottsboro Boys."

None of them envisions a future that takes them far away from this terrible episode in their lives. Salaam says if the city were ever to pay him, the money would go to help others who are wrongly convicted. "A lot of people think we want to be sitting on some beach somewhere sipping mai tais," he says. "The reality of the matter is this will allow us to continue to fight against these types of atrocities. We don't want to see 10 years from now another Central Park Five. We don't want a Trayvon Martin in New York City. If you have money, you can choose to join the cause. You can help pay for people's legal defenses. It would make it a lot easier for me to be an activist."

Santana echoes this sentiment. "We feel like the Central Park Five have to transcend [our fate] and go into a different direction to help people with programs to take care of our kids in Harlem, something that could get them off the streets. In 1989 nobody wanted to invest in us. We have to give back and invest in them. Somebody has to look out for them."

Central Park was the starting point of their journey, but understandably the men say they don't go there anymore. "And it's a shame," says Richardson, "because it's a park that's open to the public. But I am not comfortable whatsoever. My mother to this day lives across the street, but I don't want to walk next to the park. I'll just go in a different direction." Wise longs to leave the city, the only place

an unarmed white person. This is like the notion of the *criminalblackman* (from "criminal black man"), a word coined by Kathryn Russell-Brown, a law professor and director of the Center for the Study of Race and Race Relations at the University of Florida's Fredric G. Levin College of Law. The word highlights how blackness and criminality have become synonymous in the public consciousness—and how black men are too often assumed to be guilty until proven innocent. These sorts of deadly assumptions allowed stop-and-frisk, a policing policy that encouraged police to place their hands on as many young black and Latino men as possible. For years in New York hundreds of thousands were stopped each year. More than 90 percent were found to be not guilty of any crime, yet they had to submit to a humiliating form of profiling before they were let go.

In 2013 a federal judge found the policy to be unconstitutional, but in countless incidents black men are approached with the presumption of guilt. This is perhaps why Trayvon Martin died. George Zimmerman spotted him in the distance and told a 911 dispatcher that Martin was up to no good, on drugs and had his hand on his waistband, implying he had a gun. It turns out he did not have a gun, was not a criminal and had just a trace amount of marijuana in his system. But Zimmerman's assumptions set in motion a deadly chain of events. The Central Park Five were caught in a web spun from the assumption

of guilt. And no matter what happens—even if the Central Park Five are paid millions—their lives were tragically altered because they were assumed to be guilty. Indeed, no matter what happens to them, there is no reason it couldn't happen again today, no reason another group of black and Latino boys couldn't be rounded up for a crime they didn't commit, presumed guilty despite a dearth of evidence, convicted amid a heightened sense of civic tension and then marched into prison. It could happen anywhere in the country, and without a stroke of luck that brings the truth to light, these boys could languish in prison for a long, long time. And who would believe them?

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he's ever lived, longs to get away from the pain of being here. He dreams of moving an hour into New Jersey, which he speaks of as if it's far away. He says he's been stopped and frisked more than 10 times, and he senses a vendetta against him by cops who want to harass him or catch him doing something. Even when he's surrounded by his legal team in the middle of working through the case, he doesn't feel safe because the lawyers on both sides and the psychiatrists keep asking him to relive it, to talk about how he feels. He can't escape it; it remains present in his life. And the deep dives into his past keep him bitter.

"Shooter bias" is the principle, established in studies, that people are more likely to say they see a gun in the hand of an unarmed black person than in the hand of



CHIRAQ

(continued from page 101)

"'3Hunna' got big radio," Chop remembers, "20,000 plays the first day, then a million views on YouTube." By the following spring, Kanye West had remixed Keef's "Don't Like" with heavy hitters Pusha T and Big Sean just as Keef inked a three-album deal with Interscope worth \$6 million. His full-length debut, *Finally Rich*, appeared in December 2012, reaching number 14 on *Spin*'s 2013 year-end list of best rap albums. *Rolling Stone* said Keef "seems unshakably confident but profoundly directionless. The effect is mesmerizing, and a little scary." Chop signed a deal with Warner Music Group, where he's currently working on Sean "Diddy" Combs's new album, as well as on a flurry of mixtapes and singles for a growing crew of Chicago stars.

What they lacked in marketing budget Keef and company made up for by brilliantly exploiting their youth and internet savvy. Tweets, YouTube videos and Instagram posts were eagerly scooped up and reposted by the likes of Media Take Out, WorldStarHipHop and Complex Media. "These sites see millions and millions of page views every month," says media strategist Ryan Holiday, "and have their own celebrities and gossip. Guys like Keef are doing things just to get attention in this sphere." When Keef endured a series of lawsuits and arrests in 2013, he even earned his own news ticker on TMZ, titled "Saga: What's the Trouble, Chief?" For a moment it appeared the scene might collapse under the weight of perpetual chaos.

"Let's see who gives a fuck about Chief Keef in three years," warned Shot97 radio personality Star in an interview. But 2013 demonstrated just how deep Chicago's hip-hop bench runs. That January saw Justin Bieber, of all people, sporting a black baseball cap bearing the insignia of Treated Crew, a band of rappers, producers and designers fronted by Kanye West's longtime DJ Million Dollar Mano. The embrace arrived despite the fact that Chicago provides, as Mano told me, the "biggest fuckin' uphill battle that every eccentric black man has. We have to jump and chase the chances, because there are none here."

Keef's success opened doors. Lil Reese signed to Def Jam. Lil Durk signed to French Montana's Coke Boys label. Smoked-out Chicago MC Chance the Rapper released *Acid Rap*, a brilliant mixtape that drew from gospel, Chi-town soul and the nasal twerpiness of fellow Midwesterner and eventual tour mate Eminem. Chance's mixtape went on to make best-of lists in *Spin* and *Rolling Stone* and on NPR, spawned a collaboration with Bieber and reached *Billboard*'s top R&B and hip-hop albums charts.

When Kanye drafted Keef for the queasy single "Hold My Liquor" on his *Yeezus* album and performed Keef's "I Don't Like" at a hometown show with 20,000 fans screaming along to every word, it stood as proof positive of the scene's status as trickle-up tastemakers.

As Barber tells me, "Keef, Durk and Glory Boyz made the world come to them."

It's the sort of cold December day when the temperature struggles to break into the

teens and the sky freezes into an impenetrable gray. Merk Murphy, Wahid's longtime business partner and operations manager of Chicago recording studio Complex 2010, has barely settled into a black leather office chair when a frantic, staccato burst of buzzes rings from the intercom. Murphy, an affable 33-year-old dressed in a Day-Glo orange North Face sweatshirt, camouflage pants and a black knit cap, scratches his beard, cocks one eyebrow knowingly and ambles toward the intercom. Because Complex 2010, a basement studio situated at 2010 South Wabash Avenue in Chicago's South Loop neighborhood, is the nexus of the city's triumphantly ascendant hip-hop scene, Murphy has grown accustomed to a constant stream of wannabe stars. "Complex," Murphy says.

"Is Carmen there?" crackles the voice of a male no older than 18.

"No," Murphy replies. Silence. "Nope," he repeats.

"Is this Complex?" the man asks.

"Yes, sir," Murphy tells him.

"We're recording for the Chicago Cyphers," the man continues, referring to group freestyling sessions.

"Who did you confirm that with?" asks Murphy, growing interested.

Caught without business at Complex, the man pretends he didn't hear Murphy's question: "Uh, say that again?"

Murphy sighs, knowing this won't be resolved over an intercom, and says he'll come up.

Minutes later he slumps back into his chair with a weary smile. "Crazy shit," he says, shaking his head. "So many people use this address, man. Little cats trying to get their buzz up. I said, 'I don't know what the fuck you talking about. I don't know Carmen. I don't know none of that shit.' I wish I had something for him. It's cold and his crew was ready to spit. He gave me a couple of bars on the spot. Someone named Carmen told him to record his verses. And they were...." he trails. "I don't want to judge. He's hungry."

Considering the short but storied history of Complex, it's no surprise aspiring MCs would attempt to bluff their way into the studio. The building and its surroundings are steeped in decades of Chicago musical history. Seminal Chicago hip-hop outfit Crucial Conflict recorded here in the 1990s, and legendary blues label Chess Records operated nearby, at 2120 South Michigan Avenue. The Rolling Stones' 1964 paean to the place, simply titled "2120 South Michigan Avenue," got a nod from Chance the Rapper, who recently rhymed, "We invented rock before the Stones got through."

None of this is lost on Murphy. "That was the idea behind the location," he says. "That and trying to create a new way for the younger cats. Muddy Waters and Record Row were decades ago. There was no place for the kids." Today's gate-crashers care less about the past than the present. A flatscreen in the lobby cycles through heavyweights who have recorded here: Keef, Twista, Trinidad James, Durk and Reese.

The rise of Complex, which was founded by Murphy along with partner and producer Cayex Illah in 2010, mirrors the ascent of Chicago hip-hop, which has come

with the speed and ferocity of a lightning strike. It was only two years ago, after all, that Murphy and Wahid discovered Keef. "I was looking at different Chicago artists on YouTube," Wahid says. "I saw Keef's video for 'Bang.' The second I saw it I told Merk we had to find out who this is."

"Bang" is easy to be blown away by. The minimalist masterpiece combines wobbling synths and gunshot snares as a dreadlocked Keef, just 16 at the time, dominates the camera, cocking his hand like a pistol and rapping, "I don't give a fuck why we going to hell / I'm gonna let this hammer blow like bang."

"Traffic was 100,000 at the time," Wahid continues. "Today that's nothing, but then.... I told Merk to get a number. Nothing happened. Then Dro [Rovan "Dro" Manuel, co-manager of Glory Boyz Entertainment] called me. He said, 'I'm managing an artist now. Guess who.' I said, 'Chief Keef.' He was like, 'How the fuck did you know that?' I said, 'It had to be.'"

Keef had long called his crew from the South Side near 64th and Halsted streets the Glory Boyz. Under Dro and Wahid, it became Glory Boyz Entertainment, and Keef's views on YouTube skyrocketed from 100,000 to nearly 1 million in the subsequent months. Today "Bang" has more than 7.5 million views. "We saw Keef at his grandma's house one day," recalls Murphy. "Eight or nine months later he's a millionaire."

The beefs, gang-driven murders and headlines about Chicago's homicide epidemic create an ominous atmosphere around Keef, Reese and Durk, like the hunted-down Biggie and Tupac before their deaths. It's a schizoid existence, lived between Instagram and Twitter, mixtape releases and the real Chicago streets. Glory Boyz member SD insists on parking between cars when he stops for chicken wings near the South Loop one night, so he can eat unseen. When I run into Lil Durk on a frigid December night, he darts behind the counter at Exclusive773, where owner Steve Wazwaz moves everything from Pelle Pelle jackets to rolling papers to the new Nike Air Jordan Gammas—a one-stop shop for the hip-hop scene.

After Durk relaxes and comes out to peruse the shop, Wazwaz holds court behind an elevated counter; it's more like a stage than a corner store. He's a hip-hop merchandising maestro, boasting of moving \$15,000 in clothing and \$4,000 in electronics each week. Dozens of music videos have been shot here. Even the security guard, a formerly homeless man named Charles "Lincoln" Stevens, has his own hashtag, #LincolnBeLike, on the store's Vine, which has 137,000 followers.

But Wazwaz can't help lamenting the estrangement of Chicago hip-hop from its hometown. "The majority of these rappers are in different gangs, BDs, GDs," Wazwaz says, using acronyms for Black Disciples and Gangster Disciples. "That limits them. The clubs don't want these shows. Six cop cars and a fire truck showed up to my Lil Herb show. I was fined \$20,000 after a shooting on my block when Yo Gotti made an appearance." However, Wazwaz couldn't care less about police heat. What arouses

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his anger is the perceived wholesale abandonment of the South Side as a lawless war zone. "They won't even come to the store," Wazwaz says. "We make our police reports over the phone."

A beefy customer haggles with Wazwaz over a pair of Gammas as we talk, and he lets them go for \$100 less than the retail price. It's one of many reasons Wazwaz is a beloved figure on the South Side. By the time I turn around, Durk is long gone, having retreated to Complex 2010.

That night he sits beside Murphy's desk, fidgeting with his phone, in white jeans, white Nikes and a Pelle Pelle jacket. "It wasn't that bad at first," Durk says of his South Side neighborhood, known as O'Block. "Then the murder rate got real, real bad. Gangs got kids involved now. Now you can't even come to them to solve beefs. Everybody wants to be known. When we came up there were rap beefs and murders, and they now try and blame it on rap. But that's just politics to me."

"You gotta separate yourself," Durk continues. "I've separated myself from all that Keef stuff, so if something does happen, they can say, 'Durk ain't got nothin' to do with that.' Police involved now; they try to solve murders, saying it's rap beefs fueling the murders. We got to watch what we say." He pauses and smiles. "Keef says his next mixtape, *Bang 3*, is gonna raise the murder rate. What the fuck is that? Police could snatch him up. That's why I don't be on Twitter talking. Hell naw. Police watching."

Durk's swipe comes as a surprise after a Twitter altercation this summer, when Keef accused him of disloyalty to their Only the Family crew. "Wat happen to OTF?" Keef tweeted. "U aint rockin wit it?" By the end of the summer, Durk told radio personality Sway he'd squashed it. But here the rivalry seems far from dead. Such is hip-hop in the online era, running at the speed of a stock ticker.

In fact, after Durk lamented Keef's online blundering, one of his own associates, a young rapper named Clint "Rondo" Massey, posted pictures of himself on Instagram that led the Chicago Police Department to issue a bulletin warning that Rondo may be "in possession of a rocket launcher."

Even from a thousand miles away, they find themselves tangled with the law. Reese became the center of a Florida stand-your-ground case this February when an African American teenager was fatally shot by a 47-year-old white man, who defended his actions by saying the teen had been blasting thug music—Lil Reese's "Beef."

Run-ins with the law are a constant among the Chicago hip-hop scene's upper ranks, whether it's Durk doing time in an Illinois jail on a gun charge or police clocking Keef at 110 miles an hour in his BMW one early morning in May 2013.

The most dramatic may be a 2012 incident involving Reese, Durk and a rapper named Joseph "Lil JoJo" Coleman. It began with a confrontation at a suburban nightclub between Reese and Durk, who are alleged Black Disciples members, and JoJo, a member of the rival Gangster Disciples. Soon after, JoJo released a taunting video called "Tied Up," featuring a Keef look-alike bound in duct tape. A follow-up video arrived called "3Hunna K," a death threat directed at Keef's 300 crew. In the video, then 18-year-old JoJo and his affiliates point automatic weapons at the camera. "I can't wait to catch 'em," JoJo warns. "This is not a diss song. Just a message."

On September 4 of that year, JoJo posted a YouTube video with the caption "Caught Lil Reese in traffic again." In the video JoJo taunts Reese from a passing car, shouting, "Why you a bitch, boy?" Offscreen a man shouts, "I'ma kill you!" JoJo tweeted, "Im On #069 Im Out Here" soon after.

That night JoJo was gunned down

while riding a bicycle near 69th Street and Princeton Avenue. His murder remains unsolved. Keef raised public suspicion of 300's involvement with a tweet: "Its Sad Cuz Dat Nigga Jojo Wanted to Be Jus Like Us #LMAO." He claims his account was hacked and he never posted the message.

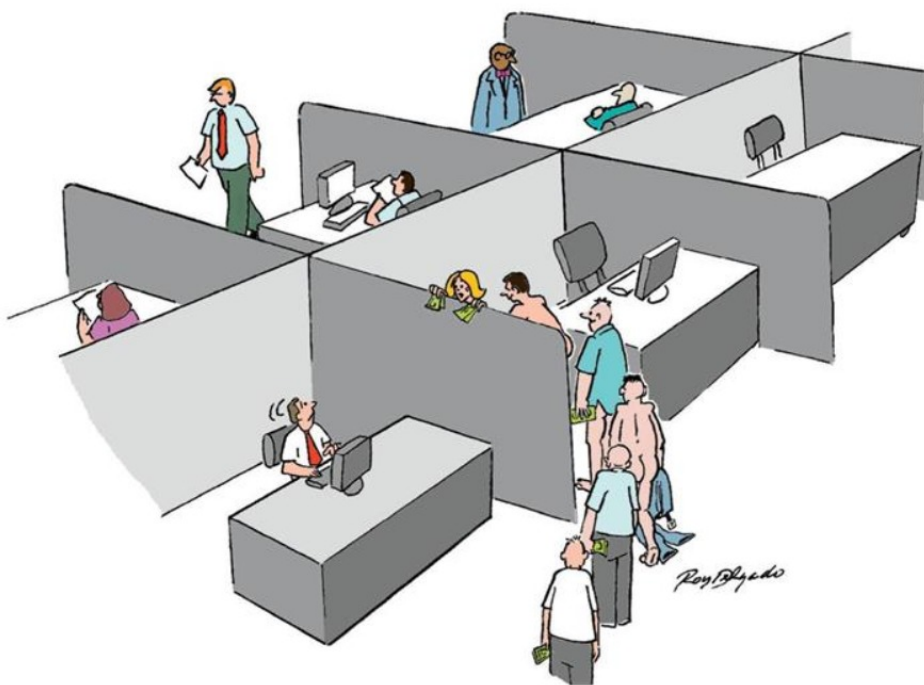
The video of Reese beating a young woman surfaced the following month. The series of events contributed to, as music critic Tom Breihan put it, "Chicago teenage-nihilist-rap fatigue" among fans like him.

Indeed, Chicago hip-hop's biggest boosters appeared to be rethinking their support for the scene. Pitchfork Media pulled a video featuring Keef rhyming at a shooting range, which earned him a probation violation. "Pitchfork's roots are in Chicago," the editor-in-chief wrote. "The gun violence that has plagued our hometown is something we all take very seriously. Many people have pointed out that this episode could be seen as trivializing gun violence, and we feel they have a good point." It was a decided tempering of the breathless excitement from Pitchfork and other critics that had helped propel Chicago MCs to fame in the first place.

Even with a body count, the conflicts between Chicago rappers would likely be seen as little more than a continuation of hip-hop's long tradition of violence. But the rise of Chicago hip-hop coincided with some of the most high-profile homicides in the history of the city, earning it the blood-soaked nickname Chiraq. In January 2013, 15-year-old Hadiya Pendleton was gunned down on the South Side by gang members who mistook her for a rival. Chicagoan Barack Obama mourned her death, saying, "What happened to Hadiya is not unique to Chicago. Too many of our children are being taken away from us." Michelle Obama proclaimed, "Hadiya Pendleton was me, and I was her." The gruesome murder arrived after a mind-numbing spate of violence: Five months earlier, eight Chicago residents were shot during a nine-hour stretch in a 16-square-block neighborhood nicknamed Terror Town. In this same period a total of 19 Chicagoans were shot citywide.

Despite the nicknames, Chicago's murder rate has declined from its 1990s peak, when an average of 900 were slain each year. There were 415 murders in 2013. "People don't talk about the fact that homicides are down," says Daniel Hertz, a master's student at the Harris School of Public Policy at the University of Chicago who runs the blog City Notes. "Most say, 'I'm not sure I believe you.'"

Hertz emphasizes, however, that the past two decades have wreaked havoc on certain South Side neighborhoods. "The great crime decline is a fickle thing," he says. "The North Side saw huge decreases, but most of the rest actually got worse, including some neighborhoods that were already among the most dangerous in the city. This is a complicated state of affairs and explains why, in the face of a 50 percent decrease in homicides citywide over the past two decades, many believe the opposite is true, because in their neighborhood it is." In Chicago's eighth police district, on the South Side, Hertz points out, the murder rate has climbed 48 percent since the 1990s.



"I'm lonely. Pass it on."

Criminologists have yet to get their heads around this, but there are a few theories. Ask MC Katie Got Bandz about the neighborhood she calls home, and her answer will echo that of her peers: "It's gone, but I'm still from there."

Katie grew up in Bronzeville's Ida B. Wells public housing development, which was demolished from 2002 to 2011. Merk Murphy called the Cabrini-Green housing projects home until they came down in 2011 after a decade of demolitions. Lil Durk hails from 65th and South Normal, near the Parkway Gardens project, acquired in 2011 by Wells Fargo and real estate giant Related Companies. "Our projects are gone," Durk says. "Everybody split up into the neighborhoods."

Chicago's gangs have splintered in response. While the city is home to long-established outfits such as the Vice Lords, the Gangster Disciples and the Black Disciples, these organizations have seen their upper ranks decimated by state, local and federal law enforcement, resulting in splinter or faction crews. According to police, Durk belongs to a Black Disciples faction named Lamron, or *Normal* spelled backward, a tribute to his roots on South Normal Avenue.

"The old regime is gone," Murphy says, "and a lot of these leaders are locked up for decades. It's like what happens when a kid grows up without a father." Lil Reese elaborates: "All my people in the feds right now. Ain't no leaders out here. It's kids moving up, trying to be leaders, and they ain't doing it right."

This leaderless gang scene has created countless subsets of the established crews, thus swelling gang membership. There are an estimated 100,000 gang members in Chicago spread among about 600 gang factions. The increased number of gangs has spiked violence in the neighborhoods where they operate. In 2012 Chicago police estimated that up to 80 percent of murders and shootings were gang-related.

The war-zone atmosphere spawned the nickname Chiraq. Waldo E. Johnson Jr., a professor at the Center for Race, Politics and Culture at the University of Chicago, told the *Chicago Tribune* that the name reflects the anxiousness among the city's African American and Latino males. "They have to be hypervigilant at all times. They don't know when they can let their guard down," he said. "Even soldiers get time to step out of that."

After months of negotiation, I finally reach Chicago's most notorious soldier. "I'm in California on the beach, just chillin'," Chief Keef says, sounding more on vacation than in court-ordered drug rehab. "Oh yeah, my rehab is on the beach. I ain't know the name of the place; it just cost a whole bunch of money to get in."

Keef's world spins on a constant axis of chaos, but the fall and winter of 2013 will be remembered as the period when it all imploded. In November an Illinois judge ordered Keef to rehab after he tested positive for drugs, thus violating the probation mandated after his speeding charge. Soon after, Keef packed his bags and flew to Promises rehab center in Malibu, perhaps seeking

refuge from Chicago hip-hop insanity. A month later, Keef fled to another undisclosed rehab center in California because of the "overwhelming media attention" he received at Promises.

Perhaps the attention came from Keef himself: In mid-November, as Mayor Rahm Emanuel and the Chicago Police Department eyed year-end murder statistics, Keef outraged critics by posting "#ImFinnaRaiseTheMurderRateUp" on Instagram. In early December Keef clashed on Twitter with Offset, a member of the Atlanta hip-hop trio Migos, who threatened him: "Will be in Chiraq Next Week Pull Up @ ChiefKeef." And on January 3 Keef tweeted, "Dis bitch wanna smoke All my weed!"—something the judge will certainly remember when Keef returns for his next hearing.

It seems social media, Keef's greatest weapon as a 16-year-old nobody, has turned against him as a millionaire hip-hop star.

"I was playin' when I said I was gonna raise the murder rate," Keef explains. "I was saying that I'm gonna have everything turned up again. I'm gonna be back to the old me instead of the leanin' motherfucker that would record himself singing on Auto-Tune and shit." Keef's a perceptive critic of his own work; some of his tracks, including 2013's "Go to Jail," are Auto-Tuned into oblivion, and it's easy to see how sipping lean—a mix of Sprite and codeine popularized in Houston—could have contributed to that woozy sound.

The beach has refocused Keef. "Sosa's New Year's resolution was to do everything he didn't do," Keef says, referring to himself by another of his nicknames. "Everything he passed up. Stop passing shit up. Do everything and be me." In 2012 and 2013 he was a notorious no-show at awards ceremonies and his own concerts, landing him in legal trouble. In

March 2013, promoters sued Keef, Wahid and Glory Boyz Entertainment in federal court over a skirted London concert. This new Keef, he promises, will be modeled after Lil Wayne, who branched out into fashion in 2012 with his skate-driven Trukfit clothing line. Keef's clothing will be inspired by surfing. "I'm taking lessons and shit," Keef declares. Days later, he posts a photo on Instagram with professional surfer Makua Rothman.

But the lure of social media means more beefs, particularly with Migos. "They went to Chicago, but they couldn't see me," Keef says with a laugh. "Where Chief Keef at? In rehab. Ain't even there. That was some fake shit. Niggas went to Chicago and knew I wasn't there, because if I was there, I would be on their ass. We'd be taking that thick-ass jewelry off their necks. We gonna take them just to take them. We gonna give them to some of the shorties on the block so they can take pictures with 'em. And that's it. That's gonna be the end of that story with Migos."

It's clear it will take more than sunny beaches and surf lessons to shake the old Keef. Rolling now, he promises more beefs in 2014 and says his foes should regard his Twitter feed as an early-warning service about coming assaults from him or his Glory Boyz crew. "I'm back to this old Sosa. Turn up. Get ready. I'm gonna get clubs shot up."

Keef pauses for a breath. "I'm just crazy, man," he says. "I don't give a fuck about what I say, you know? Serious. Actions speak louder than words. Can I really raise the murder rate off a CD? That's a whole bunch of bullshit." He stops and laughs. "Can a murder rate really be raised off a CD? I mean, shit—I don't know. It probably can, man. It probably can."



"Now they've gone too far!"

REVOLUTION

(continued from page 75)

to be true," Salloum says. *Click.* He sinks within himself, deliberating over the possibility of truth in all this confusion. He's gone. It takes an hour, a pack of Gauloises Blondes, a hot meal and tea before he speaks again.

But I know the song on repeat in Salloum's mind: "My Little House in Canada," sung by Fairuz. His favorite.

The war in Syria was changing. Salloum could hear it all around him. War hymns saturated the music. No one sang the revolution songs anymore. No one sang Fairuz. He knew that. What Salloum couldn't know was that back in Syria, soldiers were about to kick down the door of the radio station, and his days of broadcasting Fairuz—and peace—into the Syrian airwaves were numbered.

SONGS OF FREEDOM

It is two months earlier, and a bomb tumbles lazily across the October sky toward me. I am standing in hilly Kafranbel, Syria, roughly three hours from the Turkish border, when soldiers push the barrel bomb—an oil drum packed with TNT and scrap metal—from the belly of a government helicopter. Children scream as the bomb's impact shakes buildings; an ominous claw of smoke rises up over the village.

But it is a blessed day: The bomb misses the elementary school packed with refugees I've come to photograph. Salloum arrives shortly after the explosion to mingle with activists and protest artists and to swab a tin of hot lamb fat with hard bread. Rattled, he chews nervously.

"This is what we live with. I must get out," he says, more to himself than anyone else.

Government soldiers have killed his uncle, and Salloum's family home has been bombed twice. He refuses to return to it, even after the gaping holes have been repaired. Last he heard, another displaced Syrian family was occupying it.

What is important is Fresh FM, and he is eager to introduce himself—and the station—to me. "I am Osama," he says. "I work at the radio station. You are a journalist? Would you like to see it? I will take you there."

The next day a group of boys stand among the rubble in the streets with their necks craned upward. Salloum sees them and listens. "It is a plane. It might kill us," he says. A sweeping shopkeeper freezes with his broom. Kids yell to each other, "*Tyara jayah*" ("An airplane is coming"). Girls playing nearby start to cry.

The structure that houses Fresh FM stands out on a debris-cluttered block thanks to a brick facade dotted with squares of red, pink, yellow and blue. It feels more San Francisco than Syria. The building houses the Kafranbel media center and Karama Bus, a nonprofit that provides social activities for village children; Fresh FM is crammed into the rear of the basement. Salloum guides us past a coughing generator and a tangle of motorcycles to a metal door leading down a narrow, shoulder-width plywood hallway that branches off into claustrophobic, wire-veined rooms where

staffers smoke, work and boil tea. The vibe is military efficiency meets activist squat. (Yes, that smell is definitely black mold.) A golden bust of President Bashar al-Assad, complete with black eyes, lipstick, a missing tooth and a Frankenstein forehead scar, looks down from the newsroom wall.

"Have you met our president?" a staffer asks, smacking the statue gently on the cheek. "Say hi, Bashar."

This is home, even if relentless bombing has turned the buildings on either side into broken concrete accordions. Under Salloum's supervision the Kafranbel office has evolved from a drafty concrete-and-plywood dungeon into something of a geeky casbah. There is a small fireplace, a kitchen with a candy counter, free cigarettes and tea. Rich red, embroidered curtains insulate the rooms. Staffers seated on tasseled cushions handle Twitter, Facebook and broadcast algorithms from their laptops. Weekly trivia-contest winners come in to claim prizes and be interviewed on the air.

Out on the street, café workers in the village square try their English on foreigners while listening to *Follow Me*, an on-air language lesson. Down the hill, a boy tunes the radio at his family's tire shop.

"Are they allowed to say that?" the boy asks during a Fresh FM news report from the front line in Maarat al-Numan, a nearby city. His father hushes him and shrugs. "Listen. How many dead?"

Rebels learned the word *hero* from the Enrique Iglesias song of the same name. Fresh FM staffers regard Iglesias as the most influential Western artist to date and play him relentlessly. Salloum prefers Whitney Houston—"I Will Always Love You" is his favorite song in English—but lets it slide. "Tee Rush Rush" by Nasser Deeb also dominates the station's music blocks.

From this bunker Salloum works on various large-scale nonprofit projects, all of which fit into his philosophy of nonviolent resistance: constructing a media conference center in Kafranbel that will house foreign reporters in exchange for public conversations with villagers; managing a logistics office and a rehabilitation program for wounded Syrians in Reyhanli. But he truly loves only the radio station. Fresh FM is his jewel.

Salloum has been sleeping at the station to insulate himself from the sound of government planes and bombs. Years of shelling have worn at his nerves. The sound of an airplane sometimes plunges him into a panic attack. Once, when air strikes shook the walls of his basement shelter in the station's back room, Salloum went into convulsions. His radio colleagues rushed him to a hospital for a tranquilizer.

"This is how we live," Salloum says. "The situation tests how much we believe in what we are doing."

No one doubts Salloum's belief. From his laptop on a mat on the concrete floor, he operates a mobile communications desk. Resources from dozens of European and American humanitarian organizations—money, medicine and ideas—are rerouted based on Salloum's assessment of the situation on the ground. It is his job because he can give those assessments in English and

Arabic. He is trusted for his intelligence, humility and ability to break a project into manageable tasks. Salloum is like many of the young nonprofit workers from such places as Colorado and northern California. Fashionably unkempt, unusually blunt (he once introduced himself to an American nonprofit worker by asking, "Why are you so fat?"), an introverted virgin married to the undulating international conversation of tweets and blog posts that he sees swelling like an ocean wave. That's the idea, anyway, and Salloum, the man behind the most listened-for voice on the radio waves in Idlib province, is an idea man.

It was Salloum and fellow Kafranbel activist Raed Fares who spent three months in Gaziantep, Turkey in the spring of 2013 learning radio-broadcast techniques in workshops funded by a nonprofit organization. Afterward, the pair used \$5,000 and an outdated laptop to produce a signal just strong enough to reach the FM dial on radios in local cars, shops and back rooms, where listeners anxiously awaited the day's war tally. (Today, Fresh FM's director of programming estimates the audience has grown to around 90,000 listeners spread among the station in Kafranbel and satellites in Saraqeb—another village in Idlib—and Gaziantep.)

To keep Fresh FM on-air from eight A.M. to one A.M., Salloum and Fares recruited Ahmed al-Bayoosh, a soft-spoken Kafranbel social-media guru. Bayoosh fills his days combing the web as their in-house statistician, analyzing battle results and counting war dead and missing people. Stone-faced, six-foot-three Abdullah "the Truck" al-Hamaadi came aboard as the de facto bouncer. They hired Hamood Juneid as a news reporter for his fearlessness—and for his black motorcycle, which carries him to stories both on- and off-road. Juneid knows everyone and greets all soldiers on the front lines, regardless of their rank or affiliation, the same way: "*Kifak ya ars?*" ("What's up, pimp?")

As Fresh FM grew, the staffers ate together, fed the chickens in the backyard together and smoked endless packs of cigarettes together. Fares grew into his role at the organization and even built a following in the United States after the Boston Marathon bombing. In a photo he posted online, Kafranbel residents hold a banner: BOSTON BOMBINGS REPRESENT A SORROWFUL SCENE OF WHAT HAPPENS EVERY DAY IN SYRIA. DO ACCEPT OUR CONDOLENCES. The culture-bridging message went viral, and Fares was quoted everywhere from *The New York Times* to BuzzFeed to NPR.

If Fares was the backbone of Fresh FM, Salloum was the beating heart. Last summer, for the station's first broadcast, it was Salloum behind the microphone. For the first time in more than 40 years there would be a voice on the Syrian airwaves that sounded Idlibian. And that voice could say anything. His trembled.

"This was the first time anyone in Kafranbel heard a voice on the radio in their accent," recalls Salloum, "the first time there was a voice from outside Damascus."

Salloum knew what happened to people who spoke out of turn. They were kidnapped by the regime and tortured, or shot in the night, as his uncle had been.

The regime doesn't take criticism; it takes people away, Salloom thought. He leaned in toward the microphone.

"Hello, I am Osama. I hope someone is listening."

Then he played Fairuz.

SONGS OF WAR

The fall olive harvest yielded less than in the two previous years of fighting, explain the tattered growers by the highway in Idlib. Those who worked the harvest last year are dead or haunted by the dead and dressed as though for mourning. Long, open stretches of soil set aside for vegetables are left half tilled in Hama. On the outskirts of the village of Kafra, a line of rebels pray in one such field before they attack an outpost manned by soldiers of the Assad regime. There is no cover from return fire because the trees have been razed for firewood. Commanders announce that the wounded will be left where they lie. Fighters ask God to guide bullets into their heads or not at all.

"It's like going to work. We shoot at them. They shoot back. We have lunch. Sometimes they send a tank. We have tea," says Abdul, 34, a sniper perched in a crumbling villa in Maarat al-Numan. Abdul used to be a carpenter.

He and five other men run from apartment to apartment in what were once luxury complexes, through man-size holes smashed in the walls, taking shots at regime soldiers and running for cover. The best cover is to shoot through two rooms at a target. The rebels move with the sun, searching for unbroken shafts of light that cut through the collapsed concrete.

Hameed, a heavy machine gunner, has a saying: "*Walla len kayiff*" ("Tomorrow will be better"). When the heavy winter sky mutes the sun or when the fire dies before everyone is warm: *Walla len kayiff*.

The television in a sandwich shop plays *Orient News*, clips of gunfire and government-enforced starvation in Damascus, Hama and refugee camps. The sound of the TV overlaps rifle bursts from outside, somewhere in the night. Rebel fighters chewing on dry shawarma sandwiches don't even blink. It has been a blessed day. The daily air strike that put a hole in the city center wounded only three. Two of the men were rushed to the hospital—one with a lacerated neck, the other with shrapnel wounds; he lost most of his large intestine in surgery. The third cursed God aloud moments after the bomb hit and was beaten unconscious by witnesses for apostasy.

"They shouldn't have done that," says Ahmad Saoud, a commander of one of the

largest brigades of the Free Syrian Army in the city. "It's getting cold. The people need their God close."

According to UN reports, since the conflict began, more than 100,000 Syrians have been killed, many of them members of the Free Syrian Army, a disconnected collection of brigades fighting for a freer, more democratic Syria. Until recently, the generally ragtag group was plagued by petty bickering over weapons and funding, often resorting to extortion. They were outgunned from the start by Assad's government, which has used chemical weapons, planes, helicopters, tanks and even starvation to terrorize civilians.

Then, in January 2012, the Al Qaeda-funded group Jabhat al-Nusra entered Syria with hundreds of foreign jihadist fighters hardened by guerrilla battle in Chechnya, Kosovo, Iraq and Afghanistan. The group's militant Islamic ethics set it apart from moderate Syrians, but its savage efficacy earned respect. In the past two years, al-Nusra has been credited with several rebel victories, including the seizure of a massive government weapons-storage facility reported to be the second largest in the country. While the group's abilities were not questioned, its motives were.

"Al-Nusra fighters are here for jihad. They're not revolutionaries. They're not

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



fighting for Syrian rights, but they can definitely fight," says Layth al-Midani, a Syrian American nonprofit worker who routinely deals with rebel groups to facilitate aid distribution.

The arrival of Jabhat al-Nusra caused a shift in the war. The revolutionary ideas behind the uprising took a backseat to the centuries-old conflict between Syria's Sunnis and the Alawite sect to which Assad belongs. By last fall, the democratic revolution had morphed into a Sunni fight to eliminate Alawites and Assad's Shia backers in Iran, the *kafir*—the infidels. The struggle was no longer a fight for free speech, but what were outgunned, war-weary Syrians to do?

What they did was sign on. The melancholy al-Nusra war song replaced the old revolution songs as one of the most popular tunes in northern Syria. People sang it while they worked: "Greetings to Jabhat al-Nusra-ah-ah/Over apostates we will tri-uh-uh-uh-umph."

Midani hums the song while sorting bags full of donated clothing for refugees in Hama. The dry air carries the sound toward two boys wobbling down the road with a tub of dirty water in the refugee camp near the village of Atmah. A kilometer from an illegal path across the Turkey-Syria border, a man selling sodas, belts and socks sings it loudly, hitting every note.

SONG OF THE CARROTS

When a new homegrown war single pops up on YouTube, Ahmed, a long-haired 25-year-old misanthrope, hears it at his small marble ranch house in Reyhanli, a lifetime away from the violence that surrounds his Syrian home in Aleppo, where his brother led a brigade of rebel fighters. Ahmed and the rest of the family have moved to Turkey for safety. Besides, Ahmed thinks the war is stupid. Wearing one of his three Pink Floyd T-shirts, he shuffles cards and repeats his mantra, "War sucks, man. No chicks," between drags on a cigarette.

The nonprofit workers he plays cards and smokes hash with claim Ahmed spent a few weeks fighting after the war began but soon quit. He played guitar a little and wrote songs until he quit that too.

Ahmed has visited Aleppo a few times

since—not to fight but out of sheer boredom. The first time he went back, regime soldiers who controlled the city captured and beat him, telling him that if they saw his face again he would disappear forever. They handcuffed him and threw him against the wall, demanding he hold still for a mug shot.

"Can I have six little ones and one big one for my living room?" Ahmed asked. The soldiers beat him again.

Ahmed knows where to find whores and hash but still complains that refugee life lacks luster. There's nothing to do in Reyhanli. (With the influx of refugees and foreign fighters traveling to and from Syria, Reyhanli has tripled in size since 2011.) He hates Turkish food. Honking motorcycles clog the streets whenever there's a wedding, and some weeks there are two or three a day. Partiers lean out of passenger windows to fire AK-47 rounds into the air.

"They're taking our money and getting married," Ahmed says. "Fucking losers."

He spends most days getting high and playing cards while execution videos play in the next room. He waits for bad news about friends to trickle in from beyond the border. Mostly he listens to music.

One song in particular has been in his head since last May. He sings it as he shuffles a deck. The song is from a YouTube video of Free Syrian Army brigade commander Hassan al-Jazar, whose last name means "the carrot." Jazar led one of the most secular FSA brigades in the city—Shuhada Badr, or Martyrs of the Full Moon. Known as the stoner brigade, Shuhada Badr became hometown-famous for a shaky YouTube video showing a dozen or so fighters puffing and passing a joint while singing in Arabic, "We are the Carrots, we are the Carrots/Hassan al-Jazar raised us."

Jazar was a notably corrupt leader who robbed, accepted bribes and was rumored to be behind several daylight kidnappings. But the Carrots were the real face of the Syrian conflict. Some of the small assembly of 400 Carrots were at the top of their medical-school class; there were also college dropouts, clerks, actors, rock musicians. They were young men who trolled for foreign women online and liked smoking hash, according to Omar, 23, an Aleppo fighter who had friends in Jazar's brigade. "They

were the true Syrians," he says, chain-smoking on a carpet in Reyhanli.

That was before fighters from ISIS (Islamic State of Iraq and al-Sham) arrived. An outgrowth of Jabhat al-Nusra, ISIS brought military precision and militant Islamic beliefs to the battle. At first welcomed by revolutionaries as skilled reinforcements, ISIS spread "like a virus," says Juma al-Qassim, a media representative for the Free Syrian Army.

ISIS quickly cordoned off a large swath of northern Syria, turning it into a caliphate complete with sharia courts that regularly handed down death sentences. ISIS forces set up a system of tightly controlled highway checkpoints stemming from Aleppo to nearly all the major liberated cities and their outlying villages. These checkpoints turned entire communities into jihadist islands presided over by ISIS emirs—judges who were either indoctrinated native Syrians or appointed by cronies.

The presence of ISIS quickly wore on native Syrians. ISIS gunmen routinely attacked shopkeepers, forcing them to hand over cartons of cigarettes to be burned in the street because the ISIS brand of Islam deems smoking *haram*—forbidden—and a distraction from religious practices. For the residents of Idlib, where nonsmokers are practically as rare as unicorns, it was a cultural slap in the face.

All this weighs on Ahmed. "I have to do something. I'm sick of running, man. Maybe I'll fight for a while, then I don't know," he says.

Last November ISIS executed Jazar, the Carrots' commander, after nearly a month in captivity in Aleppo. His and the corpses of several of his closest men were tossed into a landfill on the outskirts of town. Ahmed has watched Jazar's execution from two angles on YouTube. Jazar kneels, second from the right in a line of prisoners, surrounded by black-masked onlookers. The executioner reads a list of offenses before shooting him in the back of the head.

"He kept calling Jazar 'brother,' over and over," Ahmed says.

Some of the Carrots who didn't die with Jazar were hunted down. Most are in hiding or have taken up with other brigades. The Carrots' anthem disappeared, replaced by songs no longer the product of silly, hopeful



young men sounding out freedom over a toke. That part of the war is over.

Now Ahmed watches a YouTube version of the ISIS anthem “Where Are Our Days?”—a solemn dirge that ominously marches along: “Alawites be patient/ We are coming to slaughter you.” In the video, a young boy sits on a soldier’s shoulders and sings while gesturing with a knife as though cutting the throat of an infidel.

“No one sings revolution songs anymore,” Omar says. “Now we sing for jihad.”

SONGS OF JIHAD

When I meet him, Yousef and six other FSA soldiers are cramming into a tiny sedan, en route to Gaziantep’s strobe-lit casinos to buy prostitutes. But you’d never know it. The men look like pious sectarians, wearing beards over traditional Islamic garb. They are native Syrians, yet they worry that questioning at an ISIS checkpoint could lead to detainment, a sharia trial and execution. Before driving away, the men explain the best way to pass unhindered: traditional clothing, an AK-47 on the shoulder and the *shahada*—“There is no god but God and Muhammad is his messenger”—on the lips.

“Every day there are Syrians executed in Aleppo. Foreigners executing us,” says Yousef, shaking his head.

Checkpoint-speckled arteries separate the “state of Aleppo,” as the ISIS-controlled territory is referred to, from the rest of Syria. The black flag of the Islamic prophet Muhammad, which ISIS adopted as its symbol, flies against the gray sky. “They control who comes in, who goes out, everything. It’s their land,” says Mohammed, a refugee, over coffee at the Hotel Alice café in Reyhanli.

The Koran prophesies that the union of Syria with Jordan, Palestine and Lebanon preempts a bloody war between Muslims and nonbelievers. “They believe it is written; that’s why they come,” says Mohammed.

After ISIS occupied his village, Mohammed stopped shaving and in public began to use a *miswak*—a small twig for cleaning teeth—which, according to Islamic stories, the prophet Muhammad (peace be upon his soul) recommends.

Mohammed also keeps two jihadist songs on his cell phone: “They Made a Promise,” which features the chorus “The Assad fighters made a promise/Then we came and killed them all”; and “Time to Be Mujahideen,” with the chorus “We wished for years for the time we could be mujahideen/Hooray for militant Islamic actions in Palestine, the Philippines, Chechnya and America.” He plays them in the car to help ease his way through ISIS checkpoints.

“You have to look like them, act like them,” he says.

Mohammed and Yousef have never met, but they have much in common. Both men were raised in small Syrian villages in the north. Both still have family in those villages who now struggle to find food. During the protests that sparked the revolution, both remember singing “Jaana, Jaana, Jaana,” a slow, hypnotic revolution song. *Jaana* means “paradise,” and the chorus soars, “Paradise, paradise,

paradise, our country is paradise.” Both men have forgotten the rest of the lyrics.

THE LAST SONG

Some nights, when the war came close, members of the Fresh FM family slept at the radio station, pressed along the concrete wall next to Salloum.

The war was getting close to my guide and me as well. On December 4, Yasser Faisal al-Jumaili, an Iraqi freelance journalist from Fallujah, was shot dead at an ISIS checkpoint in Idlib less than 60 kilometers from the Turkish border. FSA fighters who broke the news to us speculated that it was related to his Western dress. They also indicated that we could be next.

My editor advised me to get out and wired money for a plane ticket. I just had to make it safely out of Syria and into Turkey. So days later, we passed through an ISIS checkpoint, stowed in the back of a gutted ambulance. The air dipped below freezing as we waited for hours at the border crossing into Turkey. Next to us, two Syrian women cradled sick infants. Tiny bare blue feet stuck out of each woman’s colorful bundle. They sang soft lullabies, though their cracked lips were strained by the cold. Our ride out of Syria showed up that night. Theirs did not.

On December 28 the war caught up with Fresh FM while Salloum was in Turkey. Shortly before midnight, 25 armed militants in ski masks stormed the building and forced their way into the radio station. They held six people at gunpoint, including Juneid, Hamaadi and Bayoosh, and demanded that radio staffers hand over any foreign journalists staying in the compound. By this time, there were none. Angered, the militants shouted sectarian insults at their six bound hostages: unholy, infidel, enemy of God, *kafir*.

“When they called them *kafir*, we knew they were ISIS,” Salloum says.

The intruders ransacked Fresh FM, taking

everything from computers, generators and broadcast equipment to coffee, tea and candy. They emptied staffers’ pockets, scrounging for lighters. Then they loaded the hostages into trucks and drove them out of Kafranbel to what many assumed would be their death.

I hope someone is listening.

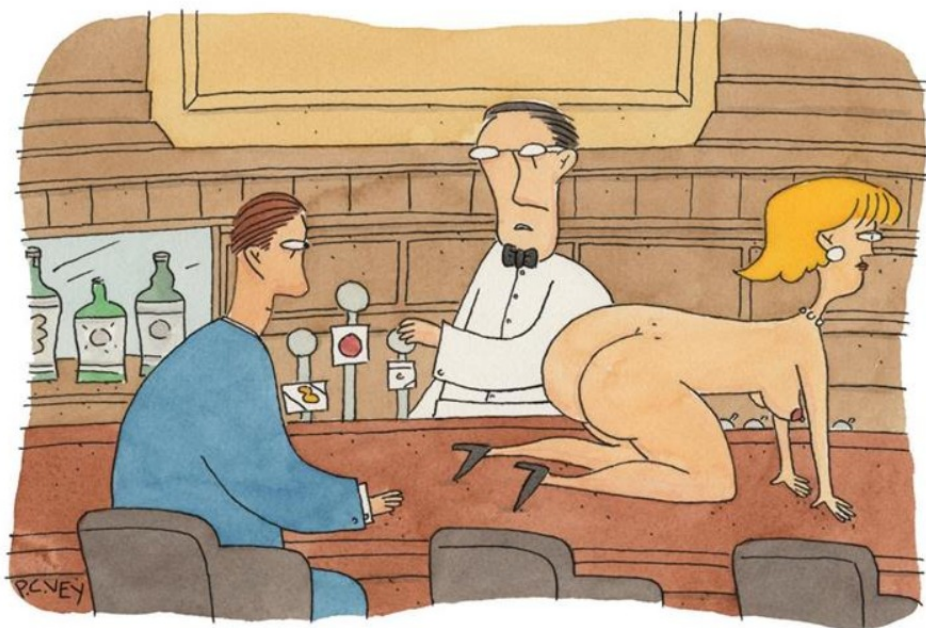
The Syrian people answered Salloum. After news of the raid spread, demonstrations exploded on Kafranbel’s streets. Protest signs blasted ISIS, as well as the Assad government. Local Syrians were now united behind two goals: to oust Bashar al-Assad and to oust the sectarian agenda of Al Qaeda.

On January 3 native rebel groups across Syria unleashed an organized offensive against ISIS, eventually seizing its headquarters in Aleppo. Many cited the raid on Fresh FM as a reason for the attack.

These days, the roads in Idlib are relatively free of checkpoints. It’s a calm drive for Salloum from Reyhanli, past the Byzantine ruins, up above the valley walls to Kafranbel, even though he knows the war isn’t over. Planes still roar overhead, and peril still lurks around every corner—especially for those who have introduced themselves on the radio. In late January unknown assailants gunned down Fresh FM co-founder Fares near his home. Of the approximately 60 AK-47 rounds fired at him, one landed in Fares’s abdomen, another in his shoulder. Neighbors heard the gunfire and carried Fares to the hospital.

In February Salloum tells me over Skype that though Fares has not fully recovered, he will make it. So will the radio station. Fairuz, Enrique Iglesias and Nasser Deeb are back on the air, filling the space between news reports. Salloum is back in Kafranbel, meeting with his radio family, tweaking broadcast copy and chain-smoking.

He runs one hand through his graying hair and sighs. “You have to be patient to work in a place that will explode.”



“We ran out of salted nuts.”

IGGY POP

(continued from page 92)

of living in a trailer was that I learned to be civilized. Three people, day and night, in a 500-square-foot trailer—and that was the biggest one we ever had. Before that it was 400 square feet. My parents were very restrained people. There was no alcohol in the house. In fifth or sixth grade I got into music. If that hadn't happened, I'd probably be a fundamentalist preacher right now, a Jimmy Swaggart. "Send your dollars to me!"

Q9

PLAYBOY: After people meet you, they often say, "Oh, he was nothing like I expected." Do they expect a drooling, screaming zombie?

POP: Some people do. When you're younger, you're coming at everybody because you've got to show them who you are, and prove it. Later, if you get anywhere, it flips; they're all coming at you. You get crazy people coming at you. There's always some weirdness. The classic one is, I don't get

a limo driver; he's a conga player. I don't get a plumber; he's a playwright. Long ago, during my different bachelor periods, some sexual partners didn't understand. They'd say, "Come on, you're Iggy Pop. Whip me! Beat me! Hurt me, hurt me."

Q10

PLAYBOY: So what is your taste in sex?

POP: It runs dark. [laughs] I like darker tones. Skin tones and all the stuff that goes with the skin tone. But I'm not going to do a rundown. Sorry. I am more private now than I formerly was.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Here's another thing that goes against type: You have an art collection, right?

POP: When I was living in New York in the 1990s, the Broadway dancer Geoffrey Holder had a great Haitian art collection. He auctioned it off in Sotheby's basement, and I'd loved that art all my life. I was newly separated and felt like spending my money on something I liked. "I'm not going to have

any 'family discussions' about this!" I went to Sotheby's and got quite a few things Geoffrey had. Hector Hyppolite is the most financially valuable of all Haitian artists, and I have one of his pieces through Geoffrey. I got a couple of Edouard Duval-Carriés, some Andre Pierres and George Liautauds. I can sit with a painting or sculpture for hours the way someone else watches a favorite TV show. I don't need things to move.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You probably don't take Orange Sunshine before shows these days. Are you done with booze and drugs?

POP: I drink red wine now. I'm partial to Bordeaux and Barolos. But I'm stone-cold sober on the job. Always. For the first five years of this century, I used—Zantac? Xanax? No, that's different. It's on TV; you get it at Walgreens for ladies to help them do their housework faster. Legal speed. I'd take one of those when I was doing the Stooges. Before that I was drinking three Red Bulls before a show, and I'd be burping and sloshing around. I've been on the natch now, onstage, for about eight years. I have two or three big espressos in the afternoon in the hotel before work. That gets me awake enough to care. The person I am now couldn't write "I'm Sick of You" and record it with the same authority I had in 1977. If I did, people would be embarrassed for me.

Q13

PLAYBOY: What award would you like to win?

POP: I have an assistant, and when we haven't spoken for a few days, I call him and ask, "Hey, Spencer, did I get the Nobel Prize yet?" And he says, "Nope." That would be good. Think of all the peace that has been caused by me and the Stooges, running around the world and calming things down by acting out all this violent stuff.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You've written a lot of songs about death, and last year's Stooges album was called *Ready to Die*. What will the first sentence of your obituary say?

POP: Oh dear. They'll probably call me "inventor of the stage dive." I have a beach house in the Cayman Islands, where there are sharks. When I go swimming I think, Boy, a shark attack would solve a lot of problems. I seriously do not want to go into assisted living or a nursing home, so I'm hoping for a shark attack. That would be good.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You appeared recently in a Chrysler ad, which surprised some people. You also licensed "Lust for Life" to the Royal Caribbean cruise line. How do you feel about doing commercials?

POP: I've done quite a few, including for car insurance and perfume. Here's the way I feel about it: I was angry all through the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s, because I had to suffer through music that was pretending to be art but was corrupt. It was a commercial clothed as art by a businessman with a guitar, presented by some fat fuck in suspenders with a baseball cap at some goddamn horrible radio station that picks what crap



people hear. I never did any of that with my music. None of it. When I do a commercial, you're going to know it's a commercial. Most people who like what I do are aware of what I went through and are happy I can finally get a roof over my head and get paid—in some way, that I get justice.

Q16

PLAYBOY: When did your financial situation start to improve?

POP: I started getting organized in the mid-1980s, after David Bowie recorded our song "China Girl." It's still a very good earner. That was the beginning of my having any sort of success. I bought a place on Bleecker Street, and then I bought a house in Miami in 1998, and I've been there ever since. I lived in New York for 20 years. It's a tough town. I won.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Bowie put out a very good album last year, and there have been rumors that he has cancer. Can you tell us anything about that?

POP: I can't tell you anything about him whatsoever. We last spoke about 10 years ago. He called me to do a couple of things when he was curating the Meltdown arts festival in 2002, but I had a schedule conflict. We had a nice chat, and that was that.

Q18

PLAYBOY: People on Twitter were incredulous when you turned 66 last year. What surprises you most about getting older?

POP: It's not so great! [laughs] Listen, I don't recommend getting older as a happiness strategy. Most of my life I've been indifferent to what other people feel. Now I'm softening up a bit. That's surprising. Other than that, I miss my parents. I feel I didn't do well enough for them. If I'd had a different career it would've been better for them. That bothers me. Especially my mother. She passed away in the mid-1990s, when I was still one of those obscure American figures. I'd show up on some TV show and go, "Motherfucker! Motherfucker!" She'd say to my dad, "Oh, I wish Jimmy wouldn't say 'motherfucker.'" [laughs] I wish she could have seen some of my worldly success.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Do you collect Social Security?

POP: No. I was told to wait—apparently the amount you get goes up if you wait. I had a gut instinct not to depend on the government. I have three union pensions and my own pension. I'm not sure Social Security's going to be there for me. Eric Cantor might say, "No money for you, Iggy Pop!"

Q20

PLAYBOY: Do you take advantage of the discounted movie tickets?

POP: No, but my business manager has been trying for 16 years to get me to join AARP. Every year, he sends me a pamphlet with a little note: "Jim, you should really look into this. You get some great discounts." And it goes straight in the trash, every year. AARP? I don't want to hear about the fucking AARP!



BACK DOWN HOME

(continued from page 88)

She's a freckle-faced woman with a wispy-type mustache that you can't hardly see. Last night she had a dream I said something unkind to her and she's been mad all day, won't even talk to me. One thing she don't get mad about is how I treat her. I've been married four times, and I know what women want—they want to think their hair looks good, their behind isn't big and their shoes are cute.

A week ago I got the idea of going back to Kentucky for the first time in 30 years, coming home in style with a new truck and a new wife and enough money to buy a piece of land. We drove two days and stopped at a roadhouse just over the county line. They didn't used to have bars here. Every few years the bootleggers and the preachers got in cahoots to keep liquor out, but the wet vote finally won. This joint had a jukebox, a pool table and a sink in the men's room patched with driveway caulk. I wanted to find out if my family name was still as bad as when I took off. There's a gob of us Tollivers, good ones, bad ones and married-in ones. My branch was the worst.

My wife was still stubbed up over her bad dream and wouldn't talk to me. I joined a Melungeon-looking man sitting alone, his hand pressed to the jukebox. He just smiled and nodded with his mouth clamped like somebody bored at church. I thought maybe he didn't care for strangers, but the bartender said the man was deaf and liked to feel the vibrations. I played songs with a heavy bass beat and put my hand on the other end of the jukebox. We sat there looking at each other and I thought about the advantages of being deaf. For one thing I wouldn't have to listen to my wife not talking to me. Her silence was loud as a bowling alley.

I ordered another bourbon and attempted conversation with the bartender, a big man wearing a T-shirt with a pocket puffed out from a can of dip. He moved to the far end of the bar to watch reality on TV. Me, I like my reality out in the world, but I kept that to myself. I tried talking to my wife, but she'd drawn back into herself. She is younger than me and wears halter tops with tattoos poking out of the cloth part. She's got a wild streak that every fool before me tried to tamp down, but I don't believe in that sort of thing. She has a right to live how she pleases. Out in El Paso one time she took her clothes off and went swimming at a backyard pool party. I'm pretty sure some cowboys wanted to put the blocks to her but were too scared to try it. They knew I went about armed with a snub-nose .38, nothing fancy, a gun you could find at any swap meet.

An older couple came through the door. The man wore a feed-store cap high enough on his head to show the bald spot he was trying to hide. They went straight to a table. He circled the chair twice like a dog ready to settle in while she unloaded her purse—a pack of long skinny cigarettes, a compact and a little plastic packet of photos. I told the bartender to put their drinks on my tab and raised my glass to them. He lifted a finger off his glass like a

rural driver giving a wave. I figured I'd let them drink for a while before going over and seeing if they knew my family.

My wife got tired of sulking in the corner and sat beside me like we were old buddies. That storm raging through her head had moved on down the road. She looked at the couple and pursed her lips to point at them, a habit she picked up from living with Indians out West.

"You think they have sex?" she said.

"I don't know. Probably not."

"Then what's the point of them being together?"

"Maybe they're happy," I said.

"You mean the reason why we have a lot of sex is we're not happy?"

"No, I'm talking about them. Not us."

"Are you happy?" she said.

I took a drink of bourbon and branch, thinking how best to go on. Her questions generally come in the yes or no variety, and either answer might set her off. It's like talking to a cop, the only group of people I don't much care for.

"Reckon I'm like anybody," I said.

"Happy when I got something I want. Not happy if I don't. It comes and goes."

"What I mean is are you happy in general. And with me?"

"In general, no. With you, mostly. With our sex, always."

I grinned to myself, figuring I'd got out of that little trap pretty good. She finished her drink in one long swallow.

"Let's have sex," she said.

"The closest motel's 20 miles away."

"I was thinking of the truck."

She gathered herself as if marching off to join a parade and headed straight for the door. I dropped a 20 on the bar and followed her into the yellow dirt parking lot. Dusk was drifting into the tree line, but the August heat draped over me like a heavy coat. My truck was full-size with a toolbox bolted in the bed. I had a gun rack for a while, but the strap gave out and if I braked hard, the fake mahogany swung forward and hit me in the back of the head. One night I'd had enough and threw it in the ditch and went on.

An old pickup eased in the lot, pulling a dented horse trailer, sending up a cloud of dust that coated the world with another layer of dirt. Two boys got out of the truck, brothers by the looks of them, long-haired with boots and jeans and sleeveless shirts. The driver checked on his load. The trailer was too small and the horse stood sideways with its head hunkered down. I felt sorry for the animal but figured that rig was the best those boys could do. The driver headed for the bar. The other one came toward us in a shambling walk like someone who'd forgotten how to use his legs then got cured by a preacher.

"Hidy," he said. "I'm Bill. His retarded brother."

"Uh-huh," I said. "Nice to meet you."

He stared at my wife, something she's used to on account of that red hair and freckles spread over her face like little spots of clay. The driver joined us. He was about 16 and his clothes were too big on him. I wondered what it was like to

wear hand-me-downs from a big brother like his.

"Don't pay him any mind," the young one said. "He's Bill my retarded brother."

"Yeah," I said, "he was just telling me that."

"Is that a mustache?" Bill said to my wife. Quick as a lizard, the young one slapped Bill in the back of the head.

"Don't talk that way," he said.

"I'm sorry," Bill said. "Okay, I'm sorry." Then he turned to his brother. "Are you sorry you hit me?"

"Yes, I am. Come on now, let's go in."

The young one headed toward the bar with Bill following like a pup.

"Hey," I said. "You ain't going to let him drink, are you?"

"No," the young one said. "But he's old enough to buy for me."

I half wanted to go inside with them, but my wife had the truck door open. The low sun streaked her skin like flame. I got in the passenger side and set one foot on the floorboards and stretched my other leg across the bench seat. The sun slid down the sky, leaving stripes of red above the tree line. The sound of katydids kicked in, and a rain crow moaned from a field.

My wife had my pants open and was working me pretty good, then got the notion to try and tickle my prostate. She'd mentioned it a time or two and I said no way. I'd had a medical exam along those lines, and that was all I needed of that particular matter. But she wouldn't let the idea alone. Every couple of weeks she'd pick back up on it, reciting stuff she'd read on

the internet—how it would increase the pleasure of orgasm. I told her I didn't have no complaints about the regular kind.

I felt the pickup truck shift a little in the back. I kind of got distracted from my wife. The truck rocked again and I figured somebody had climbed into the bed. I stretched my neck to see out the rear window, while reaching for the glove box. I eased it open and took hold of the .38. The effort forced a little grunt out of me, and my wife must have took that as a sign of encouragement because she started whirling her finger where I didn't want no whirling to happen. I felt the truck move slightly to the passenger side. A big hand pressed against the window, then the shadow of a face. I aimed my pistol and was getting ready to sing out a warning, when my wife shoved her finger right up my backside and I shot wild through the window. The sound was terrible in the cab. My wife stopped what she was doing.

"What the eff?" she said. "What the fucking eff?"

I got out and leveled my gun. Bill sat in the truck bed, staring at his bloody palm. Window glass lay in his hair like a chandelier. I sobered up quick because shooting somebody, even a retarded man in Kentucky, would put me crossways with the law.

Across the narrow lot, the horse was hollering to beat the band, kicking against the gate. I saw Bill's brother run from the bar to the trailer and open the gate. The horse came bucking out, scared by gunfire, and galloped down the road. Bill clambered out of my truck holding his hand, saying,

"Okay, I'm sorry. Okay, I'm sorry. Okay, I'm sorry."

The bartender came outside with a shotgun. Beside him stood the couple carrying the drinks I'd bought and I sent them a kind of half wave, which they failed to return. The deaf Melungeon peered through the window and I wondered if he felt the vibration from all the gunfire. The horse sure had. It was out of sight and the two brothers were walking down the road after it. The younger one was wrapping Bill's shirt around his wound. I knew a man who shot himself in the hand while loading a flintlock rifle and managed to fire the ramrod through his palm and into the air. He came out of it fine and I figured Bill would too. He probably didn't use his hand much but running it down his pants while window peeping.

My wife scooted across the seat to the passenger side and I circled the truck and got behind the wheel.

"We got to book it, baby," I said.

"No," she said. "We need to help those boys."

"That's not a real good idea, I don't think."

"Their horse is loose on account of us. We owe them."

I pulled the ignition key from my pocket and didn't speak.

"Do I ask you for much?" she said. "Do I ask you for anything?"

She tipped her head and lifted her eyebrows, stretching freckles as the skin pulled. A tiny shard of glass clung to her mustache. I brushed it away.

"Not really," I said. "No."

"Nothing," she said. "No ring. No clothes. No shoes."

"I give you everything anyway."

"I know it," she said. "You're nice. But I'm asking now."

The bartender had gone back inside and I figured he was already on the phone to the law.

"Please," she said.

"On one condition," I said. "No more of that finger business."

I put the gun in the glove box and drove. The light was sliding away, dark already in the east, the air in the woods black as a cow's insides. I swerved to pass the brothers, but my wife made me pick them up. Bill was scared until she said he could sit up front and he grinned as if it was a special treat. He held his hurt hand on his lap, wrapped in the bloody shirt. When he started in saying "I'm sorry," my wife hushed him by saying that we were all sorry.

Half a mile farther we found the horse cropping grass, its coat gleaming with sweat, a long line of slobber running from its mouth. It was older than I'd thought, swaybacked and slow, and seemed more relieved than skittish when Bill got out. He began singing "Happy Birthday" in a rough whisper, out of key. His brother said it was the only song he knew. Holding the bridle in his good hand, Bill led the horse along the road back to the bar. My wife walked with him. I followed in the truck, riding the brake against the high idle and wasting gas. The little brother rode with me.



"Raises are based on merit. And who gives me the best hand job."

"How'd Bill get shot?" he said.
"I ain't for sure," I said. "Could've been somebody in the woods. Maybe he shot himself."

"He don't have a gun."
"That shows good sense," I said. "What's that horse's name anyhow?"

"I don't know," he said. "We just traded for him today. Aim to sell it in Mount Sterling. Now that money'll go straight to the doctor's bill."

A sad look came in his eyes and I saw a way out of things, maybe not a full way out but a little shortcut.

"I might could use a horse," I said.
"It's a good one," he said. "That trailer hitch'll fit this truck."

We hemmed and hawed and by the time we got to the bar, we'd settled on a price that was higher than a cat's back. I didn't want a horse, don't even like them much. They're for bigwigs over in Lexington, but I felt kindly bad for shooting the boy's brother and ended up owning a horse.

A late-model Crown Victoria sat in the tavern lot, solid white with black trim and black wheels and a spotlight on the driver's side. I parked beside the boys' truck. We switched the trailer to my rig and loaded the horse. A fat man, six feet tall, came out of the bar. He wore a Stetson and boots and official clothes with no necktie. We all stood in the lot watching each other. I didn't want to talk first. Cops take that as a bad sign.

"How'd Bill hurt his hand?" the cop finally said.

My wife spoke before anyone else.
"I shot him," she said.

"Say you did?" the cop said. He looked at Bill. "That right, son?"

"I'm sorry," Bill said. "Okay, I'm sorry."

He held out his hurt hand. The shirt wrapped it like a puff pastry with strawberry filling. A little breeze came out of the trees. The horse stomped twice, rattling the slat floorboards. I stared hard at my wife, trying to figure out what she was up to. There was no telling. She'd have made a good spy.

"He kinda grabbed at me," she said. "I did it without thinking."

"Say he grabbed at you?" the cop said.

"Yeah, at my bosom."

Nobody said anything. The cop was probably thinking the same thing I was, that she didn't have a lot of bosom to grab at. I got no complaints, though.

The cop looked at Bill's brother.

"Is that right, Harry?" he said. "Was Bill bothering her?"

"I don't know. I was in the bar. I went to the bathroom and when I came out, Bill was outside."

"Bill," the cop said. "Were you messing with that woman any?"

"I'm sorry," Bill said. "I'm sorry."

The cop gave me the once-over. He was familiar in a vague way and I figured I knew his cousins.

"You got anything to say?" he said to me.

"I was around the side taking a leak. Heard a gunshot and came running."

"Ain't that handy as a pocket on a shirt," the cop said. "Everybody busy draining their radiator when a shooting happens."

He looked at the younger boy.

"How bad is Bill hurt?" the cop said.
"Not too bad. A finger shot off is all."

The cop lifted his hat and wiped sweat off his forehead and spat in the dirt. It was something he'd done a thousand times, the sort of thing people do to give them time to think. He made a clicking sound in his mouth.

"All right," he said. "Harry, you run Bill to the hospital."

"Bill don't like the hospital," Harry said.
"Nobody does, son. But that stub gets itself infected and he'll lose a lot more than a finger. Go on, now."

They nodded and walked to their truck and left. I wondered which finger was gone. My wife stood by the trailer talking to the horse. We'd all had a strange day, even the horse.

"You look a Tolliver," the cop said.

"I am," I said.

"They's so many of you all, I can't hardly keep track."

"That's all right," I said. "We can."

"Which bunch are you out of?"

"Up on Clay Creek. I'm Big Joe's first boy. What's your name?"

"Richard Martin," he said.

"I went to school with some Martin boys."

"Son, you went to school with me."

"Dickie Lee?" I said.

He nodded. A grin wrinkled the middle of his face, a cockeyed set to his lips, high on one side and showing gum. I recognized him. He'd always had that smile, full of mischief the teachers said.

"You grewed some," I said.

"And you've gone gray-headed."

"Shit fire," I said.

"And save matches," he said.

We laughed at the ancient joke from grade school. Dickie Lee was a year ahead of me, fat even then but a lot shorter and always laughing. I remembered him getting beat on by a boy named Dwayne. I'd thrown rocks at Dwayne till he let up, then hid in the woods.

"Are you a deputy?" I said.

"No. A constable."

"I didn't know they had them around here."

"It's a new development," he said. "Sheriff had 12 deputies and it wasn't enough and the county wouldn't give him no more. There's four constables now."

"Why they need so many?"

"Drugs, son. Meth and oxy."

"Whatever happened to that boy, Dwayne something or other?"

"Johnson," he said. "Dwayne Johnson."

"That's it."

"He left out of here on an assault charge and stood gone 20 years. Lived in Florida with a different name. Came home for a funeral and I arrested him. He didn't know me from Adam's cat. But I don't forget things. You still yet good at throwing rocks?"

"I'm out of practice."

"Who's that girl to you?"

"My wife."

"Ugly old bastard like you?"

"It's a new marriage," I said.

"I figured that," he said. "You let her carry a gun?"

"It's mine. It's in the glove box."

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"Concealed is against the law."
 "So is pawing at ladies," I said.
 "Way I see it, we got a he-said-she-said situation."

The sun was almost gone and shadows lay in patches. I could hear my wife clean glass out of the truck cab, the horse stirring in the trailer. Either I shouldn't have come back or not left in the first place.

"I'm sorry about your mom," Dickie Lee said.

"Been 30 years. But seems like no time and forever both at once."

"I know what you mean. I was over in Vanceburg seeing my daddy in a home. He's got the Parkinson."

"That's a damn shame, Dickie Lee."

"He calls me that. Not many still yet do."

"Let's go inside and have a drink."

"I don't fool with cocktails," he said.
 "But I will take a Ale-8."

I fetched my wife and told her not to say anything, that it was all taken care of, and we went on in the bar. Everyone sat in the same place as before. The old couple waved this time. The deaf Melungeon was in his spot by the jukebox. Like everything in Kentucky, not much changed in here, no matter what happened. I remembered the old joke: What did Jesus say to the hillbillies before he died? Don't you all do nothing till I get back.

I ordered bourbon and listened to Dickie Lee and my wife chat about dogs, church and football. As a Texan she could hold her own. I ordered another drink, trying to regain that cheerful feeling I'd had a couple of hours ago. The music quit and the Melungeon stirred and my wife went to play some songs. Dickie Lee watched her go, and it seemed to me he was looking awful close when she bent over the jukebox. She's got herself a pert little hind-end.

"She really shoot that boy?" Dickie Lee said.

"That's what she says."

"What do you say?"

"I try not to disagree with my wife."

"That's a good idea in general," he said.
 "But specifics are different."

"What's that mean?"

"Could be one thing, could be another."

"Yeah," I said. "What's the other?"

"Maybe I'd like to saw off a piece of that girl. Call it square."

I wasn't sure if he was joking or not. People say whatever they think then get stuck with their words later. Anybody can go crazy, even constables.

"Guess you'll want me to throw the horse in too," I said.

"I'm serious, son," he said. "Somebody shot one of God's children who never hurt a soul."

"What about that he-said-she-said business?"

"Law's a funny thing," he said. "Best to have it on your side in general. But there's the specifics. Your window's shot out and there's blood in the back. Might be your prints on the gun. I'm giving you a chance to stay out of the jailhouse."

"My family won't like this," I said.

"Son," he said, "you been gone a long time. What Tollivers ain't shot each other down, I personally took in custody. You're

a mite short on family to back you up."

He slid off the stool and ambled to the jukebox, waving away the Melungeon man as if batting off a gnat. I didn't know what to do. I watched him talk to my wife, feeling trapped and powerless. Her lie had doubled back on us and he'd seen through it clear as day. I could grab her and run, but they'd catch me and lock me up in my home county. If I told the truth, I'd wind up in jail too.

I went outside, removed the .38 from the glove box and started wiping it with my shirttail, then quit. My prints ought to be on my own gun. If she stuck with her story, she needed to handle it too. I headed back across the lot to get her. I met them coming out the door. He was red-faced and smirky. I gestured with my head for me and her to talk privately.

"He said he'd fix it all," she said.

"Did he offer you anything?"

"Like what?"

"Money."

"No," she said. "I'm not some kind of whore."

"Okay," I said. "I'm sorry."

"That's what that damn chucklehead said."

"I thought you liked him."

"I don't like anybody right now," she said.

"I don't want you doing nothing with that cop."

"He knows you shot him. I'm no good at lying. What'll happen to me if you go to jail?"

I nodded, trying to think. He could arrest her for lying to a cop, interfering with police business, even some kind of conspiracy. But this way, I'd have something on Dickie Lee forever.

"None of that finger stuff with him," I said.

"Oh," she said. "You like that now?"

"I just want one thing left for you and me only."

She nodded, then kissed me quick and turned away. Her and Dickie Lee got in his car, and he drove behind the bar. The engine sound dropped to idle and the brake lights cut out. I tried not to imagine what was happening when I heard the suspension creak. I wanted to run away. I wanted to drink the tavern dry. I couldn't believe I'd put my wife in this situation. I'd never felt this bad. I sneaked around the edge of the building and peeked in the rear window. The light was dim. I saw a vast shadowy bulk in the driver's seat and a quick, steady movement in the passenger side, the slight flash of red hair moving up and down. I stared transfixed, hating myself.

I walked across the front lot to my truck. I thought about shooting my finger off. I thought about shooting Dickie Lee. Instead I opened the trailer gate and sang "Happy Birthday" to the horse as it moved backward onto the dirt. It lifted its head to stretch from the cramped trailer. I slapped the horse on its flank and told it to run, but it just side-stepped and stared at me. I stomped my boot. It wouldn't go and I couldn't bring myself to hit it again. Full dark had come and the stars were showing. I wondered if my wife and I would ever recover, or how.



PLAY, MATE

Attention, gamers: The next time you find yourself immersed in an MMORPG, fantasizing that the sultry voice on the other end of the headset belongs to a Playmate, you just may be right. Miss June 2012 Amelia Talon spends much of her time gaming and even has YouTube and Twitch.tv channels devoted to her prowess. She finds geeks sexy, “possibly more so than ‘regular’ or ‘popular’ guys,” she says, “because we would have things in common. I cannot be with someone who doesn’t understand the imperative to farm for a Black Tabby Cat for the Crazy Cat Lady title in *World of Warcraft*, which is ridiculously rare. Do you know how many murlocs have been massacred? Too many.”



PLAYMATE NEWS



NASCAR'S STOCKIST

• Miss February 2003 Charis Burrett (née Boyle) and her clothing company Panic Switch Army will be trackside at NASCAR events this year, selling apparel for the horsepower-loving fans. The oval superstars who have endorsed Panic Switch Army T-shirts include Kurt Busch, Brad Keselowski, Kevin Harvick and Tony Stewart.

PepsiCo's Field Reporter

PepsiCo tapped Miss May 2006 Alison Waite to be the on-camera talent for its Super Bowl festivities in New York City's Bryant Park. The brunette field reporter covered the party atmosphere and interviewed such celebrities as *Top Chef* *Masters* alum David Burke and past Super Bowl MVP Drew Brees.



Social Shutterfly

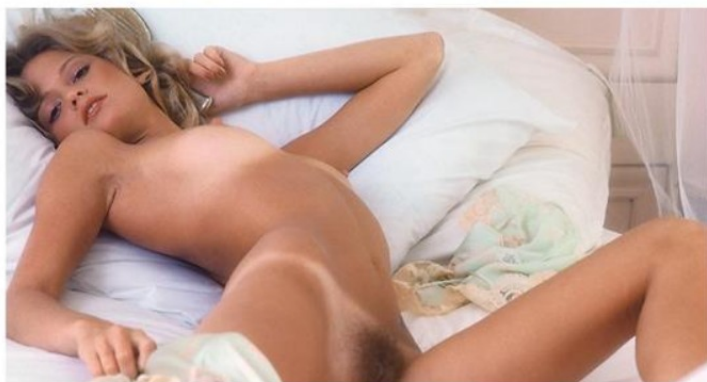
Frisky Friday is our favorite day of the week, but @MissCarlyLauren, our Miss October 2013, makes a solid case for Side Boob Sunday.

Girl Talk

■ Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** chopped off her hair, went brunette for a spell and then dyed it back to blonde for a Sean Penn and Friends Help Haiti Home event. She's beautiful in any style.

■ The **Playmate Dancers** shot a special on how they stay fit and shapely for the website Celebrity Sweat. "Bunny Boot Camp" is available at csweat.com, with proceeds going to fight breast cancer.

■ That stunner in Nick Hissom's "If I Die Young" music video is Miss July 2013 **Alyssa Arce**. While the young singer croons, Alyssa sets off smoke bombs and lights sparklers against a desert backdrop.



PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Thirty-five years ago we discovered Miss April 1979 **MISSY CLEVELAND**. She would go on to beguile in *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie* and Brian De Palma's *Blow Out*.

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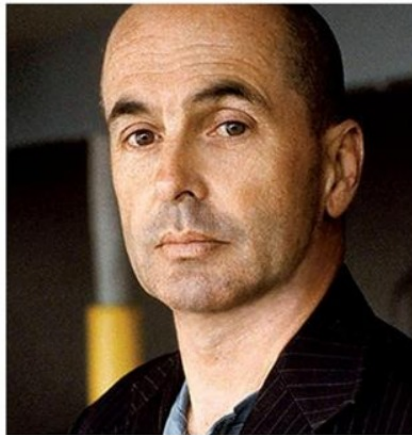
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A REAL HORSE RACE—IN THE U.S., HORSE RACING MEANS MINT JULEPS AND WOMEN IN FANCY HATS. IN URUGUAY, IT'S A 60-MILE, NONSTOP SPRINT ACROSS THE COUNTRY WITH 50 HORSES AND HUNDREDS OF VEHICLES. **SEAN MANNING** GOES ON THE RUN WITH EL RAID, THE MOST EXCITING—AND DANGEROUS—HORSE RACE IN THE WORLD.

REPORTER'S PRIVILEGE—**KATE MARA**, THE SEXY POLITICAL JOURNALIST FROM *HOUSE OF CARDS* AND STAR OF *TRANSCENDENCE*, DISHES THE DIRT TO **STEPHEN REBELLO** IN 20Q ON BEING TYPECAST AS A BITCH, GROWING UP AS THE DAUGHTER OF A FOOTBALL MAGNATE AND BARING ALL FOR THE CAMERA.

HACK MEN—TARGET STORES WEREN'T THE ONLY VICTIMS OF HACKING. LAST YEAR CYBERCRIME COST AMERICANS A REPORTED \$38 BILLION, AND MANY OF THOSE ATTACKS ORIGINATED IN RUSSIA. JOURNALIST **SARAH A. TOPOL** TRAVELS TO MOSCOW AND LEARNS THE DISTURBING TRUTH ABOUT HOW THE FORMER SOVIET UNION HAS BECOME A BREEDING GROUND FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO STEAL YOUR MOST VALUABLE INFORMATION. AND NO, PASSWORDS DON'T HELP.

SEX IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY—IN A COUNTRY KNOWN FOR ITS GREAT FIREWALL AND THE SILENCING OF POLITICAL DISSIDENTS, ONE WRITER CHALLENGED THE SYSTEM BY PUBLISHING A SERIES OF EROTIC STORIES THAT BECAME OVERWHELMINGLY POPULAR IN HONG KONG. BUT THE AUTHOR REMAINS ANONYMOUS. WHY? **VIVIENNE CHOW** ANALYZES THE IMPACT OF WRITING ABOUT SEX IN A COMMUNIST STATE.

PLUS—OUTFITTING THE ULTIMATE BACHELOR PAD, WHERE TO TRAVEL THIS SUMMER, A STUNNING **MISS MAY** AND MORE.

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Inscribed with the biker's creed, "Ride Hard, Live Free," on the clock face, billboard and pendulum

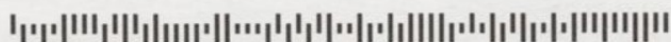
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NECESSARY
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IN THE
UNITED STATES



Road-ready bikers emerge from the garage on the hour... engines revving!

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DIRECTV

Why Every Guy Wants To Hook Up With DIRECTV



With 24-mo. agreement.**

FREE
Playboy TV

NOW IN HD! FOR 3 MONTHS
Your hot spot for the best in adult entertainment. Ask how.
With activation of SELECT™ Package or above.

FREE
genie
UPGRADE**

One HD DVR powers your entire home!

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above. Additional & Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required.

FREE
Premium Channels
FOR 3 MONTHS

With activation of CHOICE™ Package or above. (Get HBO and SHOWTIME with the SELECT™ Package or above.)

HBO **starz**
SHOWTIME **CINEMAX**

No Equipment to Buy! No Start-Up Costs!



Upgrade to DIRECTV!
Call 1-877-407-9607

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Offers valid through 7/23/14. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation. Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas. See details on back.

DIRECTV



\$29.99
MO.

FOR 12 MONTHS
SELECT™ Package

OUR BEST VALUE.

☒ **OVER 130** Channels
☒ **1,500** Titles On Demand

FREE FOR 3 MONTHS

HBO + SHOWTIME

FREE GENIE **UPGRADE**** One HD DVR powers your entire home!
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

FREE **Playboy TV**
For 3 Months
Ask how.

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT. \$10/mo. for 24 months on Advanced Receiver. Valid email address and Paperless Billing required.

99% Worry-Free Signal
Based on a Nationwide Study of representative customers.

FREE **Professional Installation**
of a DIRECTV® System

**IT'S FAST!
IT'S EASY!**

Custom installation extra. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee. Use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

Bundle with DIRECTV
Don't settle for less.

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT. New approved customers only (lease required). Pro



All programming and pricing subject to change at any time. TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL BE CHARGED. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMABLE REMOTE PER HOME. ULTIMATE \$77.99/mo. Advanced Receiver fee \$25/mo. In the following instant bill credits for 12 months: \$29.99/mo. on your Advanced Receiver fee (required for MAS Package or above, Auto Bill Pay and Paperless Billing). CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device. NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full-season retail price. 2014 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost. continue each season at special renewal rate unless otherwise noted. Subscription cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) and remain eligible for all offers. Account must be in "good standing." **24-MONTH AGREEMENT; EARLY CANCELLATION: \$29.99/mo. (or above) or any qualifying interim offer. Advanced Receiver fee (\$25/mo.) required for Genie HD Receiver and a Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device, the per Receiver, Genie Mini Client and/or Enabled TV/Device. TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT. rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to 3 Genie Minis (including the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package) primary television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s). INSTALLATION: Standard professional installation in your home. DIRECTV On Demand: Access to available DIRECTV On Demand content requires an HD DVR (H25 or later) or DVR (R22 or later) port are required. Visit directv.com/cinema for details. PLAYBOY TV PROGRAMMING OFFER: Upon request of DIRECTV. Billing is discreet. Charges are subject to change. Must be 18 years or older to purchase HD equipment required to view programming in HD. telephone services. Internet service subject to availability. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. PHOTO: International, Inc. NFL, the NFL Shield design and the DIRECTV and GENIE are trademarks of DIRECTV, LLC.

TV nts To ECTV

ACT NOW!

\$29⁹⁹ MO.
For 12 Months
SELECT™ Package

With 24-mo. agreement.**

**FREE
Playboy TV
FOR 3 MONTHS**
Your hot spot for
the best in adult
entertainment. Ask how.
With activation of SELECT™ Package or above.

**FREE
genie
UPGRADE****
One HD DVR powers
your entire home!
With activation of SELECT™ Package or
above. Additional & Advanced Receiver fees
apply. Additional equipment required.

**FREE
Premium
Channels
FOR 3 MONTHS**
With activation of CHOICE™ Package
or above. (Get HBO and SHOWTIME with
the SELECT™ Package or above.)

**HBO starz
SHOWTIME CINEMAX**

p Costs!

**CTV!
-9607**

DIRECTV



Double up with DIRECTV

Get **2 YEARS OF SAVINGS*** with a **FREE**
Genie™ Whole-Home HD DVR upgrade!^^

No Equipment
to Buy!
No Start-Up Costs!

\$29⁹⁹ MO.
FOR 12 MONTHS
SELECT™ Package
OUR BEST VALUE.

- ✓ **OVER 130** Channels
- ✓ **1,500** Titles On Demand
- FREE FOR 3 MONTHS**
HBO + SHOWTIME

FREE GENIE™ UPGRADE** One HD DVR powers
your entire home!
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

FREE **Playboy TV**
For 3 Months
Ask how.

\$34⁹⁹ MO.
FOR 12 MONTHS
ENTERTAINMENT Package
OUR BEST VALUE WITH SPORTS.

- ✓ **OVER 140** Channels
- ✓ **2,000** Titles On Demand
- FREE FOR 3 MONTHS**
HBO + SHOWTIME

FREE GENIE™ UPGRADE** One HD DVR powers
your entire home!
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

FREE **Playboy TV**
For 3 Months
Ask how.

\$39⁹⁹ MO.
FOR 12 MONTHS
CHOICE™ Package
TV THAT ALWAYS BEATS CABLE.

- ✓ **OVER 150** Channels
- ✓ **3,500** Titles On Demand
- FREE FOR 3 MONTHS**
HBO + SHOWTIME + CINEMAX

FREE GENIE™ UPGRADE** One HD DVR powers
your entire home!
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

INCLUDED Every Game.
Every Sunday.
ONLY ON DIRECTV!
Out-of-market games only.

FREE **Playboy TV**
For 3 Months
Ask how.

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** 2 years of Savings includes
\$10/mo. for 24 months on Advanced Receiver Service (reg. \$25/mo.) with Auto Bill Pay,
valid email address and Paperless Billing with selection of Genie HD DVR.*

Regional Sports fee may apply.

DIRECTV offers you all this:

99% Worry-Free Signal Reliability
Based on a Nationwide Study of representative cities.

Local channels¹
in over 99% of the U.S.

100% digital quality
picture and sound

FREE

**Professional
Installation**

of a DIRECTV® System in up to 4 rooms

IT'S FAST!
IT'S EASY!

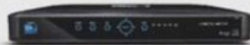
Custom installation extra. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable
use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

**FREE
UPGRADE****

genie.

**\$299
value**

The most advanced HD DVR ever!



Records 5 shows at once.

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above. Additional & Advanced
Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required.

Bundle with DIRECTV.

Don't settle for cable!



Eligibility based on service address. DIRECTV television
& qualifying Internet &/or telephone services required.
Additional Telco Equipment & Service Fees Apply.²

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Offers valid through 7/23/14. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved
customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be
available through all channels and in select areas.



Upgrade to DIRECTV!
Call **1-877-407-9607**

All programming and pricing subject to change at any time. *BILL CREDIT/PROGRAMMING OFFER: IF BY THE END OF PROMOTIONAL PRICE PERIOD(S) CUSTOMER DOES NOT CONTACT DIRECTV
TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL AUTOMATICALLY CONTINUE AT THE THEN-PREVAILING RATES. Three free months of HBO and SHOWTIME, a \$90 value. Three free months of 4 premium
movie packages, a \$144 value. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMING OFFER PER ACCOUNT. Featured packages/service names and current prices: SELECT \$49.99/mo., ENTERTAINMENT \$57.99/mo., CHOICE \$66.99/mo., and
ULTIMATE \$77.99/mo. Advanced Receiver fee \$25/mo. In certain markets, a Regional Sports fee of up to \$3.63/mo. will be assessed with CHOICE Package or above and MAS ULTRA Package or above. Prices include
the following instant bill credits for 12 months: \$20 for SELECT Package, \$23 for ENTERTAINMENT Package and \$27 for CHOICE Package. **\$10 CREDIT OFFER: To receive the \$10 bill credit for
24 months on your Advanced Receiver fee (required for Genie HD DVR or HD DVR lease), customer must, at point of sale, provide a valid email address and activate and maintain the ENTERTAINMENT or OPTIMO
MAS Package or above, Auto Bill Pay and Paperless Billing. **2014 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER: Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's service address) broadcast on FOX and
CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device location. Local broadcasts are subject to blackout rules. Other conditions apply. 2014 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$239.94. 2014
NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full-season retail price is \$329.94. Customers activating the CHOICE Package or above or the MAS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the
2014 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2014 season. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically
continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season. To renew NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2014 season.
Subscription cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to
remain eligible for all offers. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers.

**24-MONTH AGREEMENT: EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH. Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming
package (\$29.99/mo. or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver-DVR fee (\$10/mo.) required for DVR lease. Advanced Receiver-HD fee (\$10/mo.) required for HD Receiver lease.
Advanced Receiver fee (\$25/mo.) required for Genie HD DVR, HD DVR and TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. TiVo service fee (\$5/mo.) required for TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. If you have 2 Receivers and/or one
Receiver and a Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device, the fee is \$6/mo. For the 3rd and each additional Receiver and/or Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device on your account, you are charged an additional fee of \$6/mo.
per Receiver, Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device. NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF \$150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT IS LEASED (EXCLUDING GENIE) AND MUST BE RETURNED
TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com/legal OR CALL 1-800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS. **GENIE HD DVR UPGRADE OFFER: Includes instant
rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to 3 Genie Minis (excluding model C41W) with activation of the SELECT Package or above, OPTIMO MAS Package or above, or any qualifying international service bundle, which
shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package. A \$99 fee applies for Wireless Genie Mini (model C41W) upgrade. Whole-Home HD DVR functionality requires a Genie HD DVR connected to the
primary television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s) or an RVU-capable TV/Device in each additional room. Limit of three remote viewings per Genie HD DVR at a time. Visit directv.com/genie for complete details.
INSTALLATION: Standard professional installation in up to four rooms only. Custom installation extra.
DIRECTV On Demand: Access to available DIRECTV On Demand programming is based on package selection. Actual number of titles will vary. Additional fees apply for new releases. Some DIRECTV On Demand
content requires an HD DVR (HR20 or later) or DVR (HR22 or later). DIRECTV CINEMA Connection Kit and broadband Internet service with speeds of 750 kbps or higher and a network router with an available Ethernet
port are required. Visit directv.com/cinema for details.

PLAYBOY TV PROGRAMMING OFFER: Upon request customer will receive Free Playboy TV for three months. In the fourth month service continues automatically at \$15.99/month unless customer calls to cancel.
ADULT PROGRAMMING: Billing is discreet. Charges will not include channels or titles on your bill. Adult programming contains explicit sexual content, complete nudity and graphic adult situations. Viewer
discretion is advised. Must be 18 years or older to purchase. DIRECTV System has a feature that restricts access to channels.
HD equipment required to view programming in HD. 1. Eligibility for local channels based on service address. Not all networks available in all markets. 2. Bundled services requires qualifying TV, Internet and/or
telephone services. Internet service subject to availability. Service not available in all areas. Eligibility based on service address and phone line. Internet service provided by a preferred DIRECTV provider and billed
separately. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions subject to change at any time. Pricing residential. Taxes not included. Receipt of DIRECTV programming subject to DIRECTV Customer Agreement; copy provided
at directv.com/legal and in order confirmation. PHOTO CREDIT: Playboy images © 2009 PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY, Playboy TV, Rabbit Head Design, and PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises
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CHOICE and GENIE are trademarks of DIRECTV, LLC. All other trademarks and service marks are the property of their respective owners.

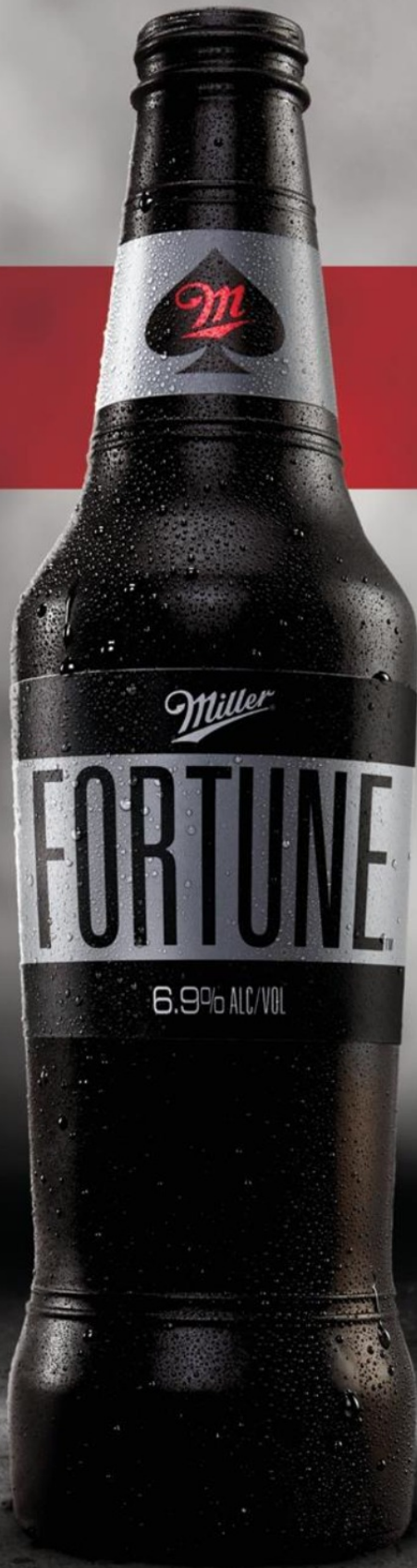
of customers only (lease required). \$19.95 Handling &
change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers

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