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PLAYBOY PHILIPPINES

IS NOW ON

Playboy Philippines

Entertainment for Men

Playboy Philippines is the local iteration of the global brand with an international pedigree of investigative journalism, intellectual discourse, literary creativity, and beautiful women. Its aim is to educate Filipino men—men who need to know the manner in which they assert themselves—in order to truly embody the PLAYBOY lifestyle.

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SPHERO VOICE
INTERACTIVE SPIDER-MAN
Become friends with your hero. Taking you into the Marvel Universe, this device responds to your voice with loads of entertainment. Spider-Man can play games where you battle super villains and emerge a hero. In addition, as you make decisions and take action, the story changes, too. This means that no two days are the same. Complete with an IR sensor and LCD eyes, Spider-Man really comes to life. He accesses your home’s Wi-Fi network to always have the latest content ready to go, including new missions.

PLAYSTATION CLASSIC MINIATURE CONSOLE
Pay homage to your favorite gaming console from the 90s with this special. Less than half the size of its original iteration, the console comes pre-loaded with 20 games including Tekken 3 and Final Fantasy VII. Identically mirroring the original console, the PlayStation Classic features the same button layout, logo, and packaging. The Power button turns on the gaming console while the Reset button suspends games. Similarly, the Open button changes virtual discs. The miniature gaming console also comes with HDMI output, allowing you to connect it to your TV. Furthermore, PlayStation Classic provides two wired replica controllers along with a virtual memory card.

POCKET VR
For those who want to experience VR without the high price tag, this product from Speck gives you the opportunity to do just that with your own smartphone. It comes with a phone case and VR lenses that connect to give you the VR experience from your pocket.

AIR HOGS REMOTE
CONTROL MILLENNIUM FALCON
Relive your favorite Star Wars moments and jump to hyperspeed. Priced at a cheap rate of $85, the device is a miniature drone protected by high-density foam and equipped with four rotors for sustained flights. It also sports a Hyperspace Mode that enables the drone to operate at faster speeds. In addition, the drone mimics the same sounds and light effects of the original Falcon.

8BIT RETRO
CUBE SPEAKER
Inspired by older gaming consoles like the Nintendo SNES and the Famicom, this can be controlled through the use of a directional pad situated atop the speaker. It also has the SNES joystick’s A/B buttons and decks on its symbolic red, white and black color palette. In addition, the device is equipped with a bass reflex system that delivers impressive bass quality whenever the music gets to lower frequencies. It offers wireless connectivity options and can operate up to 10 meters from the user.
CONTROL - AUGUST 27
Developed by Remedy Entertainment (of Alan Wake and Quantum Break fame), this action-adventure game will have players take on the role of Jesse Fade, a secret agent tasked to contain and study reality-defying phenomena. Much like Remedy’s previous games, the title is shaping up to be another game with a gripping story. Though unlike Alan Wake/Quantum Break, this is a ‘metroidvania,’ meaning there is a big focus on exploration.

BEYOND: TWO SOULS (PC) - JULY 22
While not exactly a new game, Quantic Dream’s narrative-driven game is finally getting a release on PC after years as a PlayStation exclusive. If you have yet to play a Quantic Dream title, prepare for a different type of gaming experience as this game plays more like an interactive story than a standard action game. And if that’s not enough to excite you, the game features veteran actors Ellen Page and Willem Dafoe as the game’s leads.

SEA OF SOLITUDE - JULY 5
Games are often made for fun, but some titles are created to express an artistic and emotional vision. The indie-titled game explores themes of loneliness and mental health. In the game, players will take on the role of Kay as she explores an abandoned and submerged city filled with monsters and other creatures; the world reflects her state of mind and the game’s theme of loneliness.
AQUAMAN
Touted as the best film in the DC extended universe film franchise, this first solo venture into the big screen swims with an entertaining adventurous stride with frenetic fights, awe-inspiring visuals and exemplary production value. After the events of Justice League, Arthur Curry joins Mera as they attempt to protect the surface world from the threat of his half-brother, all while uncovering Arthur’s true destiny as heir of Atlantis.

ANNIHILATION (2018)
After reuniting with her lost husband, cellular biologist Lena (played by Natalie Portman) suddenly finds herself caught in a covert mission to discover the nature of a mysterious alien entity called “Shimmer” which can alter reality. What follows is a dizzying, edge-of-your seat, thriller complemented by stunning visuals and serious philosophical undertones that explores themes of grief, depression, and self-destruction. In a nutshell, this Sci-Fi film runs like a Hayao Miyazaki fever dream.

TITANS
Unlike Cartoon Network’s Teen Titans cartoon, this gritty and mature take on DC’s primary teenage superhero team brings the titular heroes to violent and dark waters. Leaving his previous role as Batman’s sidekick behind, Dick Grayson assembles a team of young superheroes as they deal with a sinister plot that threatens mankind’s existence. The show’s success served as a springboard for two DC-based spinoffs, including a quirky take on Doom Patrol.

WATCHMEN
Set in an alternate reality that mirrors the contemporary setting of the 1980s, this follows the moral struggles of a group of vigilante heroes as an investigation on the murder of a government-sanctioned superhero pulls them out of retirement. The series is a commercial and critical success, thanks to its use of deconstructive storytelling, non-linear narratives and a coherent nine-panel structure.

ATTACK ON TITAN
The story centers around Eren Jaeger, his adoptive sister Mikasa Ackermann, and their childhood friend Armin Arlelt, whose lives are changed forever after the appearance of a Colossal Titan which brings about the destruction of their hometown and the death of their mother. Vowing revenge and to reclaim the world from the Titans, the trio join the Survey Corps, an elite group of soldiers who fight Titans outside the Walls.
The rock band has come a long way since their childhood days spent at Ramona’s place in Cainta where they would just jam to their favorite videokе songs and do Playstation games until dawn—and eventually, wake up with a hangover and a bottle of tequila.

P hilia, composed of Ramona “Arci” Munoz on vocals, Kristian Uy on lead guitar, Paulo Pampuan on guitar/samplers, JL Siscar on bass, and Ash Heywood on drums, was originally just a one-time thing. That was 11 years ago.

Ramona: I was 13 [years old] when I met Paulo. He was still part of the band called Saydie. He was a drummer for that band, and then I asked him to form a band for me, for my 18th birthday. I don’t want a generic cotillion that most debutantes do. I want a charity concert for the kids.

But apparently, they enjoyed playing with each other and the tunes they were creating. And so they decided to carry on with the band.

During their early days, original members Ramona, Paulo and Kristian would meet up and practice on a local music store at a mall in Taytay, Rizal.

Fast forward to 2013, they were able to book a gig as front act to alternative metal band Deftones during their concert here in the country. They needed a solid acquisition.

Ramona: ‘Yung bassist namin sinipa ng manager namin. Tapos sabe niya, ‘may bibigay ako sa inyo na best bassist in the world.’

Enter JL.

In time for the Pulp Summer Slam 2013, and as their drummer just left, Ramona met Ash by chance at a bar in Makati.

Good thing they were able to blend smoothly to produce the kind of music they wanted since the beginning.

However, for the band, it is more than the musical preference and taste of each member. It is all about their personalities effortlessly merging to maintain harmony within the group itself.

Ramona: A lot of bands they disband, hindi sila nagkakasundo. But with us, we’re all just having fun. Kumbaga bonus na lang kung if ever magblow up kami, if ever magmain stage. Ang goal is just to play, have fun, and spend time together.

And as the years passed by, the music they craft kept getting better. It ripened as the members themselves mature as artists.

Ramona: I admit I was really shitty back then. I don’t really sing. Even my growl is really shit. [With] them, they are really good and I’m proud of them.

Ash: But now, her growl is up there with like Arch Enemy. My friends back home they say that she really can sing, she really has a voice.

Admittedly though, the crowd’s reaction to their music never gets old. They would always get the same, exact reaction every time they play in front of a crowd.

Kristian: Of course, you see a celebrity shouting, growling with a heavy music on the back—it’s very shocking.

But the thing is, they don’t give a damn about it. They just do what they want to do.

In the end, it is all about sharing stories by means of music, and creating memories while performing.

They do want to go international. They do want to reach a certain market. But, ultimately, the goal is to delight in each other’s company because that is what Philia really means—brotherly love.
18.21 MAN MADE WASH
With its key components jojoba, quinoa, and macadamia, it surely offers intense moisture. Its main selling point of hydrating and moisturizing on another level pairs perfectly with the brand’s trademark scent. The fragrance of sweet tobacco, combined with spicy saffron, vanilla, and tonka bean, just makes it the epitome of men’s body wash choice.

LATHER AND WOOD FACE MOISTURIZER FOR MEN
Apart from its classic packaging, this is a top pick for men with dry skin as it is a fast-acting moisturizer that just makes you feel and look fresh. In addition to that, its non-greasy formula screams as good investment for your skin.

MERKUR CLASSIC DOUBLE EDGE SAFETY RAZOR
This expert tool is guaranteed for guys with a sensitive skin. However, more than its safety design, this razor pledges seamless shaving experience due to its faultless blade alignment.

TIGI BED HEAD B FOR MEN SEPARATION WORKABLE WAX
If ever you do not like that shiny look for your hair today, this wax is a hidden gem for you. As the usual humid temperature in the country deforms your style and makes it a lot greasier, this product from TIGI combats that by giving off a natural finish.
With Filipino artists primarily in mind, renowned toy, shoe and art collector Cheng devised a way to promote his then just flourishing artist friends.

But as years passed by, Secret Fresh Manila turned out to be so much more. The hub became the culmination of many Filipino artists and their works, modern and contemporary, all in one direction and vision. And these are actually the same artists who were there during day one. They remained, and now, helping out the art community through Secret Fresh.

On a daily basis, it caters to its regulars as a toy and lifestyle store but its 'secret' gallery—thus, the name—also accommodates art enthusiasts as it becomes a venue for different events and exhibits occasionally.

However, it is the vibe that sets this establishment apart from others. It does not intimidate you. It gives off the same welcoming feel for buyers and non-buyers or art fans and non-art fans.

As it already embarked its reputation on its growing market, the next step for Secret Fresh is boosting its retail side.

Collaborations and pop-ups are essential as the place is starting to become the brand of its own. Through partnering with clothing brands, artists, and companies, Secret Fresh Manila pictures to expand its reach.

The short-term scheme? A line that is within a reasonable price range and accessible consumption—Secret Fresh Apparel.

After all, that is the goal: to feed the public with some art. Secret Fresh Manila is located at Ronac Art Center in Ortigas Avenue, San Juan City.
FOR THE BOARD GAME GEEK
LARUAN ATBP. CAFÉ
Located in Maginhawa, this café owned by Kamikazee vocalist Jay Contreras and his business partners has been catering to board game loyalists. Their wide selection of games, selected by the owners themselves, will transform you into an instant geek. And while you unleash your competitive spirit against your family members or friends, you can also munch on their delectable food menu.

FOR THE MUSIC GEEK
SATCHMI
Old vinyls, check. Record players, check. This specialty store that first opened in SM Megamall is one of the very few to offer top quality vinyl selections in the country. But aside from stocking up on those, the store now expanded its services by serving equally superior coffee.

FOR THE COMIC GEEK
FILBAR’S
This local premier store for comics, collectibles, and pop culture goodness has been in the business for 40 years. Since 1979, the store offers the latest comics for its loyalists. With its number of locations all over the country, you can instantly pre-order and reserve whatever you crave for.
**INDIAN FTR 1200 S**
This bad boy has been making waves on the biker communities in the country because of its liquid-cooled 60 degree V-twin engine that can hit 120 horsepower at 8250 rpm. It boasts an adjustable suspension at both ends, which is much better compared to its more inferior version FTR 1200 that has a Plain Jane non-adjustable suspension.

**TOYOTA AVALON**
Going for a sportier build and eye catching front grille layout, this 2019 version features an arsenal of tech and connectivity with its 1200 watt-JBL audio system, and by being one of the first Toyota vehicles to have Apple CarPlay and Android Auto. With its smartwatch compatibility, you can also conveniently start your engine with just a single tap.

**MERCEDES AMG A35**
This classy sedan features a four-cylinder engine and a whopping 305 horsepower. Other than that, the main catch of this sweet ride is its magnificent interior design, digital instrument panel, and the fairly new Mercedes Benz User Experience (MBUX).

**MINI COOPER**
The 2019 updates on its three- and five-door variant is the new headlight cluster, and the tail light with the Union Jack integrated design. Its breathtaking interior design, overall, gives the mini an additional charm and a more sleek style.
Unlike his contemporaries, Buff Monster isn’t terrified of the limelight. He is everywhere on social media, and the past few years saw him globetrotting from America to Asia with his distinct style, fast-becoming commercial without losing what has made him admirable to his early admirers.

His latest destination: Manila.

You have recently graced Graphika Manila 2019. How was the experience?

Buff Monster: Graphika was super fun! It was by far the biggest audience I’ve spoken in front of (3600 people!). The organizers (Aram and Ella) put together a really great event and I enjoyed getting to know the other speakers. I met a ton of fans afterwards.

Q: Did you get to walk the streets of Manila—paint on its walls even?

BM: This is my second visit to Manila. The first time was 10 years ago when my friend Bigboy had me out for an event at Secret Fresh. This time I took an early morning walk along the waterfront promenade. I also checked out the Dessert Museum. I’d love to come back and paint a mural someday!

Q: Once, in 2002, Manila’s former traffic bureau chairman painted the entire metro pink and some tinges of bright blue, and it was highly criticized. What could have been your piece of advice to his critics if you were to meet him now or if your services were tapped by his office at the time?

BM: I think pink with little blue accents is a great color scheme for almost anything. From what I’ve seen, the shade is closer to what we’d call “coral.” It’s not pure pink, it’s got some yellow in it. And the blue seems a little too institutional. Maybe he chose the wrong shades, or maybe he was just ahead of his time!

Q: Your characters are very simple that they have become highly recognizable—and even drawable—to those who don’t call themselves “artists.” In a sense, your works are digestible and relatable. Has this quality become an intrinsic part of your success—and charm?

BM: I think that’s a very important characteristic. I’m fully aware that if you’re seeing my characters for the first time, you might be puzzled; but, at one point, all the most iconic cartoon characters must have seemed odd to new audiences as well. If the characters are interesting and engaging, I think you can look past their form and empathize with their humanity.

Q: On your website there is an outright mention of your penchant for “bright colors, bold lines, and funny characters” for the sheer reason of “making the world a better place.” Is this your brand of politics? Because, intrinsically, that is what politics is for, and that a big chunk of famous mural artists these days are “political” in a sense that their paintings are a complete response to what is currently happening in the world.

BM: I don’t consider my work to be political, but I do think it’s important to be a positive force in the world. I have spent so much time and money (and risked real jail time) over the years making street art. The street work is free for everyone to enjoy so there’s no way to make it even out on paper. So if you’re going to devote your life to something, you out to be doing it for the right reasons.

Q: Are the “Seven Deadly Sins” you did in Montreal and the “Seven Heavenly Virtues” in Jersey City your most “socially conscious” project yet?

BM: I think making work that is “preachy” is a fool’s errand. But, making subtle reminders to being a better person, and a better member of society, are fine. The work is deceptively cute; there’s usually something darker underneath it all.

Q: Would you be willing to drastically change your style for a specific brand?

BM: No. They’re no reason to. I only want to work on projects where my specific voice or style can make a difference. If you can hire anyone to do the project, then just hire anyone else.
Q: Andy Warhol is very noticeable in your works. How great of an influence was he?
BM: Really? I guess he’s had an influence on a lot of folks, but for me, I appreciate his way of thinking. He did it his own way, and it worked. Too bad he died before the advent of social media. That would have blown his mind.

Q: Heavy Metal, Walt Disney, Japanese art—any inspirations outside art and culture that have made you and your art into what you are/it is now?
BM: My parents worked hard. They had a small family business making premium collectible items. I worked for my dad every Saturday from the age of 12 until I graduated high school. They taught me the value of hard work and the importance of precision craftsmanship. I wouldn’t be here today without that.

Q: It is noticeable that you have toned down a bit the neon “feel” of your work in your Coca Cola mural. Do the brands you partner with set limitations in terms of being in keeping with their brand identity, especially brands with their own mascots and characters—with, Sanrio, for instance?
BM: You might have to make some small changes when working with a brand, but luckily most brands just want me to do my thing. With Hello Kitty, for example, I think the character is designed perfectly. I didn’t want to totally reinvent her; I just wanted to make her look and feel a little different.

In the three times I’ve worked with Sanrio, I don’t remember them asking me to make any changes.

Q: Do you enjoy the spotlight? Italian graffiti artist Blu concealed his identity, and even your contemporary Banksy. BM: I got bigger things on my mind than whether someone knows what I look like or not. That just seems exhausting.

Q: Graffiti, at least in the past, was considered a rebellious act. In some countries such an act is considered mere vandalism. Did you have to experience hiding your passion to your parents? Did you have any run-ins with the law, especially when you were starting out?
BM: Yes, both. I hid my graffiti from my folks for a long time, and I’ve also been arrested a few times (and had many other run-ins with the police). It’s just how it goes. I think it builds character.

Q: What is the purest thing about street painting?
BM: Just getting to do what you want to do, is great. With all the mural festivals around the world, it’s great that there are so many opportunities for artists to make the world a better place.

Q: Have you ever felt being taken less leave. That’s not the right way to do it.

Q: Any contemporaries whose works you’re envious of?
BM: Envious of other people’s work? No. Envious of other people’s careers? Sometimes. But I just try to focus on the projects in front of me.

Q: Where does this entrepreneurial spirit come from? Judging by your social media posts, it’s effortless. And not all artists are good entrepreneurs—or at least marketers—of their own work.
BM: I think there’s always room for improvement, but there are only so many hours in the day.

Q: Who is Buff Monster when he’s not painting walls and touring across the globe? Any no-arty thing you enjoy on a regular day?
BM: I spend most of my days and nights at the studio working. Otherwise I’ll try to catch an art opening or add something special to my Garbage Pail Kids collection. My real passion is taking photos when we go on a trip. After my talk in Manila, my girlfriend Dana and I went to Coron for five nights. I took my drone and my underwater camera and spent as much time as I could snorkeling and taking photos. It was epic. I obsess on getting the best photos humanly possible. I’ll post a few on social media, but the majority are just for me until I can find something to do with them.

Q: Everything ends, they say. What will happen to Buff Monster and his art when all the big brand partnerships are gone?
BM: Oh! I don’t expect that to happen anytime soon. But in the end, I just want to leave a legacy of nice work for people to enjoy. And along the way, I hope my passion is contagious.

Q: Once and for all, why do you paint murals?
BM: Art needs to be seen. If it’s in a vacuum, if there are no eyes to view it. It doesn’t exist. So as a creative person, it’s my obligation to shepherd it into the world, and the more eyes that can see it, the better. So, if I can paint on it wall, and literally lower the barriers to it being seen, then I’m doing what I’m supposed to be doing.

Q: Have you ever felt being taken less...
Dear Dr. Holmes:

I have a big dick. It’s nine inches long. I know, I’ve measured it. Friends have measured it, both males and females. This is not something to brag about. I am writing to you because it has become a problem for me.

Here’s why. Women are scared of it. The minute they see it, they get frightened. Nothing I say helps them. One woman even ran away from the room we were in.

Some women refuse to have sex after they see it. The times I can convince them to give it a try, but it is still unsatisfactory. I cannot push it in as much as I want.

Sometimes I think I may get lucky if the woman is very drunk, and might agree to anything. But the minute she sees my manhood, she sobers up and that makes me even more upset. Trouble is, if I lose my temper, or if I push in too deep, it’s game over. The girl cries so I lose my erection.

Any suggestions?

Brian

Q:

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Any suggestions?

Brian

A:

Dear Brian:

Thank you very much for your letter. I am so sorry that you hardly have any experience with people empathizing about your situation. This is because, aside from any personal disappointment and feelings of rejection within yourself, other people’s response can make you less able to sympathize with the women you plan to have sex with. Then, even if you try to disguise your irritation, most women—especially those already anxious—can pick up on your irritation and will, thus, be even more hesitant to have sex with you.

The above predicament cannot be fully addressed in a column like this but I guarantee that, if you work on your responses, your chances of success will go up.

Now, let us deal with possible solutions to your more direct problem of getting more satisfactory sex despite your big penis.

1. Dr. Kaplan, the late director of the Whitney Sex Therapy Unit of Cornell Medical Center, spoke of the solution they came up with for American servicemen who had been in the Vietnam War and brought home Vietnamese wives. Her answer to the size problem was for the man to wear a cock ring (of sorts), which signals just how deeply a man can push into his partner without hurting her. Knowing you are concerned about their feelings and not just your own will help your potential partners become more relaxed with you.

2. Another way to increase her confidence is to use sexual positions that ensure your partner has total control of the action, such as the cowgirl or reverse cowgirl. Even the ordinary female superior position will give your partner a feeling of control.

3. You can also lubricate your partner’s hands and have her create a “canal” right at the entrance of her vagina. You can insert your penis through her hands which provide extra inches that your penis can enjoy.

4. Please remember that your intercourse and certainly your penis is not the only instrument of joy—both the giving and getting of it. You have fingers, a tongue, your anus, earlobes, thighs, and so many other body parts (as does your partner) which can both give and receive sexual joy. If you stop telling yourself that these alternatives to sexual intercourse are merely second best, then, hopefully, you can forget yourself enough to be “in the moment” and enjoy yourself more.

Please give yourself a chance to enjoy things in a different way. If there is anything else I can do for you, please do not hesitate to ask.

Remember, the most important sex organ is not the one between your legs, but the one between your ears.

All the best,

Dr Holmes
Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time is the top-rated game on MetaCritic with a score of 99.

1995 was the year that Sony released the PlayStation, its first game console.

The best-selling console ever is the PS2 with 157.58 million units sold.

One of the earliest modern games, Pong, was released in 1972.

Dota 2 pro KuroKy from Team Liquid is the wealthiest esports athlete with $4.1 million in total earnings.

Dota 2 has the biggest prize pool among all esports titles with $41.26 million in prizes.

Tetris is the best-selling game of all time with over 500 million copies sold across all devices.

Nintendo became a dominant games company after the video game crash of 1983.

The Nintendo DS is the best-selling handheld console with 154.90 million units sold.

Nineteen ninety-five was the year that Sony released the PlayStation, its first game console.

$800 million—the total global revenue of Pokemon GO in 2018.

League of Legends esports had a combined 240 million viewed hours in 2018.

Arena of Valor is the top-grossing mobile game of 2018 with $1.93 billion in revenue.

$95.64 million—the number of copies that games in the Mario franchise have sold.

595.64 million—the number of copies that games in the Mario franchise have sold.

Ninja is the most followed Twitch game streamer with 14.3 million followers.

The best-selling console ever is the PS2 with 157.58 million units sold.

Fortnite is 2018’s top-earning game with a revenue of $2.4 billion.

Fortnite is 2018’s top-earning game with a revenue of $2.4 billion.

Sega’s last home console

The Dreamcast was Sega’s last home console.

The Nintendo DS is the best-selling handheld console with 154.90 million units sold.

Nintendo became a dominant games company after the video game crash of 1983.
On some occasions, you might have heard of the terms “sexpert” and “sex geek.” Many individuals of today may have perceived these terms as somewhat similar and essentially identical. If you ask us if they really are equal, you’ll be hearing a resounding “no.”

A sex geek knows how to demonstrate the innate value of sex, more than the expertise of it. This kind of sexual geekiness thrives as it involves discovery; the geek factor in the formula allows questions that were formed out of curiosity. A sexpert, on the other hand, is someone who is a specialist in sexual matters—to put it bluntly and straightforwardly. Read on for 26 more insights about this geeky yet interesting subject.

**ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE**

Being a sex geek is more than just a mere want. The idea alone may not sit well with all of your friends. This is why you have to be daring enough to take on this unusual yet fulfilling challenge.

**BUILD A NETWORK OF RELIABLE PEOPLE**

In the world of geekery, it pays to be in constant communication with health and sex educators, erotica writers, kink educators, and even those who are working for sex toy shops.

**CREATE MORE SAFE SPACES**

Often, talking about sex causes stigma to some. To eliminate this kind of worry, contribute to creating more spaces where people can talk about it safely.

**DISCUSS SEX MEANINGFULLY**

Sex geeks know how to talk with sense. If you’d like to be like them, make sure that your words and discussions rely heavily on the intellectual aspect of having sex.

**ENCOURAGE POSITIVITY**

Sex is still a taboo topic in most places. Through impactful discussions, you can encourage people into thinking that sex geekery is not at all negative.

**FOCUS ON THE GEEKERY, NOT ON MASTERY**

A sex geek should know what questions to ask and how to ask them. To be able to do that, one has to have community and communication abilities—both of which are not difficult to learn.

**GO AND MOTIVATE**

Go the distance to motivate individuals into learning more about sex—and how it’s more than just pleasure.

**HAVE MORE CONVERSATIONS**

Don’t stop talking and speaking about sex with those who are interested in it. It’s an effective way to practice sex geekery.

**INVEST ON BETTER TOOLS**

This point allows you to enrich your knowledge about sex geekery, giving you wider perspectives. A community with other sex geeks is definitely a helpful tool.

**JOIN SEX DISCUSSIONS**

What better way to master the subject than by learning from the experts?

**KEEP IT COOL**

For most, sex is always a hot topic. You cannot avoid those who will keep their ears shut whenever you discuss. To effectively address your message, maintain your cool whenever you’re sharing something.

**LISTEN TO SEX-CENTRIC PODCASTS**

Believe it or not, these things exist. These audio masterpieces are there to feed your passion and interest on the subject matter. Open your ears and enjoy.

**MAKE INSPIRING A HABIT**

Continuous encouragement is key to raising awareness on the science of sex. Make it a habit to inspire people through intuitive dialogues and conversations about sex.

**NEVER TURN DOWN OPPORTUNITIES**

Aspiring to be a true blue sex geek? Then, you should learn to treat all opportunities as chances to be better in this subject.
OPEN YOUR MIND AND HEART
You have to be passionate beyond the pleasurable corners of sex in order to be a rightful sex geek. Involve your mind and heart throughout the process.

PERMIT PEOPLE TO ASK
It is definitely fine to talk and ask questions about sex. Throwing questions results in learning.

QUIT IS A NO-NO
In some instances, quitting may lead to winning. If you’ve been wanting to be a sex geek, quitting is definitely not an option.

RESEARCH
Some insights can be easily learned through discussions with other sex geeks. However, there are also important things you can discover through thorough research.

SHED LIGHT ABOUT SEX
Whenever you talk about sex and the mastery of it, talk as if you’re educating. This way, you’ll be able to inspire and influence.

TALK AND TAKE
Talk to people about relationships, sexual norms, ideals, and dynamics. Let them talk back. Through this, you’ll be able to learn from one another and take lessons that can be useful in the future.

UNDERSTAND YOUR ROLE BETTER
Being a sex geek is approaching this sensitive subject as if it’s an academic matter. Take time to read and exert effort to learn.

VEER AWAY FROM DIRTY TALKS
This is important. Don’t initiate dirty talks and conversations that only spark lust. They’re essentially not for sex geeks.

WELCOME NEW IDEAS
The world is changing and so are the trends. Various topics on sex may change based on a number of factors. It’s time to embrace that the world is not stagnant.

X IS NOT AN OPTION
Always say no to negative thoughts, indifference, and cynicism.

YAWN AND ZZZZZ
You deserve a proper shut-eye for a refreshed perspective every day.
Modern Tech Warfare: Through Bits and Bytes, Not Bullets and Bombs

With the greater dependence of people on smartphones, there is also a rise in security breach on personal information.

By Nor Santos
Morning of May 22nd, United Kingdom-based chip designer ARM employees have been instructed to halt “all active contracts, support entitlements, and any pending engagements” with Huawei Technologies Co. Ltd, a tech juggernaut that in the three decades since its founding has become a pillar of Beijing’s bid to expand its global influence, due to the United States trade ban. The tech company was added to the United States (US) Commerce Department’s Entity List, a de facto ban on US companies selling to Huawei.

The United States has banned all US companies from doing business with the Chinese telecom giant without permission from the American government.

“ARM is complying with the latest restrictions set forth by the US government and is having ongoing conversations with the appropriate US government agencies to ensure we remain compliant,” says an ARM spokesperson in a statement to American technology news and media network The Verge.

It is a major debacle for Huawei’s device business, ceasing its access to current and future chip designs and straining on the heels of similar splits from Microsoft and Google. It is part of an ugly trade war between the US and China, and actually goes a lot deeper than what it seems.

Currently, America is aggressively campaigning against Chinese telecom champion Huawei, fearful that Beijing’s domination of 5G technology could be used for espionage and sabotage. The anti-Huawei campaign intensified third week of May, when President Donald Trump signed an executive order that effectively banned the use of Huawei hardware out.

The security of 5G technology is so far-reaching as it will be integral to the communications at the heart of a country’s critical infrastructure—everything from electric power to water supplies to sewage. If Huawei gains a foothold in global 5G networks, US fears this will give Beijing an unprecedented opportunity to attack critical infrastructure and compromise intelligence sharing with key allies. Such attacks would amount to a dramatic change in the nature of war, inflicting economic harm and disrupting civilian life far from the conflict without bullets, bombs or blockades.

Nonetheless, as long as there exists a channel from Huawei’s China headquarters to cell towers in the United States, there is a prevailing strong risk of Chinese surveillance agencies using it to sneak malware into the network, whether or not they did it with Huawei’s help or by hacking into it by themselves.

Even though there subsists any hard evidence of backdoors in Huawei’s cell towers, there is hardly any pressing needed. As a hardware provider, all Huawei should be able to deploy software the same way Apple deploys iOS updates. Repercussion of any doubt in the security of tech networks despite lack of conclusive evidence prove to be cataclysmic. “Insufficient security will impede the United States’ ability to share certain information within trusted networks,” US Secretary of State Mike Pompeo said. “This is exactly what China wants; they want to divide Western alliances through bits and bytes, not bullets and bombs.”

Homeland security and privacy

Erstwhile here in the Philippines, Republic Act (RA) 10173 or the Data Privacy Act was enacted back in 2012 exactly to provide protection for the country’s data. It declares the policy of the State to protect the fundamental human right of privacy, of communication while ensuring free flow of information to promote innovation and growth.

The State recognizes the vital role of information and communications technology in nation-building and its inherent obligation to ensure that personal information in information and communications systems in the government and in the private sector are secured and protected. To which, RA 10173 defines personal information as “any information whether recorded in a material form or not, from which the identity of an individual is apparent or can be reasonably and directly ascertained by the entity holding the information, or when put together with other information would directly and certainly identify an individual.”

Under the provisions of the act, an individual shall have the right to be informed whether personal information pertaining to him or her shall be, are being or have been processed; be furnished of the information indicated; reasonable access to, upon demand, of the contents of his or her personal information; and dispute the inaccuracy or error in the personal information among others.

Unauthorized access or intentional breach shall be penalized under RA 10173: “The penalty of imprisonment ranging from one (1) year to three (3) years and a fine of not less than five hundred thousand pesos (Php 500,000) but not more than two million pesos (Php 2,000,000) shall be imposed on persons who knowingly and unlawfully, or violating data confidentiality and security data systems, breaks in any way into any system where personal and sensitive personal information is stored.”

Mayday, mayday: There has been a breach

The United States has real and serious concerns abound Huawei providing cellular network gear. The first wave of concerns about Huawei had more to do with cell towers than cellphones.

Alongside Ericsson and Qualcomm, Huawei is one of the main suppliers for network infrastructure. Different carriers raced to build out fifth generation (5G) networks all the while lawmakers are rushing to keep Huawei hardware out.

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The art, toys and sneakers collector and streetwear connoisseur believes in something bigger than himself.

WORDS BY APEC STA. ANA
PHOTOS BY WILLIAM BILL TINSAY
As we settled on his designated smoking area at Secret Fresh, Bigboy immediately pulled out a stick of cigarette and offered it to me. I lit it up and placed the lighter atop the Supreme trash can on my left—yes, even that is from his favorite brand.

He has always been a fan of streetwear. Thirteen years ago, when no one really appreciates the culture yet, Bigboy Cheng was the first one to enlighten the country on what was then considered a fad.

“Nagtayo ako ng 20 square meter shop sa may Sgt. Esguerra yung mga tao sa mga ganung culture.”

After a few years, he closed the shop and focused on working for their family business, foam factory giant Uratex.

It was not a strange territory for him. His fondest memories as a kid were literally in that factory.

The tone of his voice suddenly changed when he started talking about how fun his childhood was, and his eyes slowly began to illuminate.


“Medyo spoiled ako sa kanila.”

This early experience birthed his love for toys, and apparently, shoes.

His sister Peachy was a part of the RP team. And as any basketball player, she shares the same fixation with kicks. She would usually cop the latest ones from the likes of Converse and Diadora. From then, the eight-year-old Bigboy developed an infatuation with shoes, “Kapag bumbibili kapatid ko, gusto ko rin meron ako.”

LOOKING AT THE BIGGER PICTURE

As collecting grew on him, he believed that it is for a greater reason, “Naisip ko parang may calling ako.”

Fate seems to be on his side because, coincidentally, his mother built Ronac Art Center, specifically to be the establishment for Uratex. She gave Bigboy a small space to showcase his toy collection.

He saw this as an opportunity to try putting up a business again. This time, he catered to all sorts of toy collectors, and artists, who were looking to sell their pieces.

“So, yung mga artists na may mga dalang painting nila, nabebenta ko,” he said.

That was the beginning of his lifestyle shop slash accidental art gallery, Secret Fresh.

ADVENT OF CULTURE

It is no surprise, however, that with the booming art and street culture today, the country is more forgiving to community hubs like Secret Fresh. Currently, there is this healthy, harmonious community, to which Bigboy is very ecstatic about.


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“As our conversation shifted into a dreamy one, he articulated his personal visions, which do not only benefit himself.”

He continues to improve and discover what he can still do for the people around him. He adds up being a DJ, a painter, and now, a vlogger to his resume as he wanted to show people the beauty of his crafts and works for them to learn from, and hopefully, get something out of it.

He aspires to better the lives of the people who work for him, “Ilang ilang lalaki lang ito, di ka kuriop,” he shared. “Kunwari bibili kayo ng sapatos tapos babaritin niyo yung seller na magaling, ‘di ka na naniya bebentahan ng mga susunod na magaganda.”

When asked about hacks and tricks in terms of his passion, Bigboy expressed that there is actually no secret formula to it.


He was quick to counter that argument with an upside though. According to him, the value of the goods he buys escalates massively. He added, “Marami ako ng mga taahon ko, ‘di lang ang mga tao, ‘di lang ang mga taahon ko.”

His only criterion in purchasing stuff? Whatever attracts his eyes, regardless of the price tag. No wonder his shoe collection went over 4,000 pairs for some time. Although his current count as of press time is 1,500—pairs he generously shares with his two sons, who luckily both have the same shoe size as his.

EYES ON THE PRIZE

He thinks one can also acquire a taste in terms of picking out stuff that will be a great deal in the future, “Nakikita ko na rin, na ito'y may price tag. Kailangan at least rewarding part, ubos pera ko ta-laga. Wala akong naipon,” Bigboy said.

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ONE IN FIVE SINGLE AMERICANS HAS DABBLED IN NONMONOGAMY. MANY MORE HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT IT. WHY IS THE OPEN RELATIONSHIP SUDDENLY SO HOT? ARIANNE COHEN DISSECTS THE SEXUAL CRAZE EVERYONE IS WHISPERING ABOUT
Last year, Dani and Robert, both age 33, split after 14 years together. To many, they appeared to be typical high school sweethearts who had grown apart. This was not the case. For some time Dani had felt attracted to women. She began to crave new sexual experiences. So five years ago, Dani and Robert opened up their marriage.

First came brief stints on dating apps, which were quickly abandoned for the decidedly less turbid milieu of their friends group. Dani dated an acquaintance; they swung with another couple; that foursome eventually became a triad. And then a mutual friend rented the spare bedroom in their house. When he overstayed and began a fling with Dani, Robert wasn’t happy with the situation.

“I thought it was jealousy, that he didn’t trust men,” Dani tells me. “I was more and more liking the philosophy of polyamory and feeling polyamorous, and it was not working for me to have this blanket limitation.”

Dani eventually moved out.

I first heard about their split through office gossip. Dani’s desk sits near mine at the Portland, Oregon co-working space we both frequent. We chatted benignly about her breakup one day over lunch; the way she told it, I assumed hers to be your standard monogamous marriage heading for divorce. There was no indication she and her husband had been polyamorous: engaging consensually in multiple romantic relationships. I learned that detail months later via—you guessed it—office gossip.

The thing you should know about me is that I’ve edited hundreds of New York magazine’s “Sex Diaries,” a series of weekly logs detailing people’s sex lives in which extramarital partners routinely pop up. I’ve written widely on relationships, cavorted within Manhattan’s sex-positive, poly and porn scenes, and have been in both monogamous and nonmonogamous relationships. So I may qualify as one of the world’s superior lunchtime gab partners on the topic.

But Dani didn’t openly advertise her nonmonogamy to her co-workers, her neighbors or me. And neither do I. If you haven’t bedded or googled me, you wouldn’t know my relationship history. This, in a nutshell, summarizes the state of open relationships in 2019. Utterly prevalent. Vehemently unadvertised.

• • •

According to a 2016 survey published in the Journal of Sex & Marital Therapy, one in five single American adults has been in a non-monogamous relationship. Approximately five percent of people in relationships are consensually nonmonogamous at any time, excluding the additional percentage that is cheating. This means at least one person you know—a co-worker, friend or relative—has fucked multiple humans while in a relationship and with their partner’s permission. In many queer circles, consensual nonmonogamy has become so standard it may be discussed before dating or even meeting, in the form of disclaimers on online dating profiles.

Despite the one-in-five statistic, media and mainstream culture have watered down consensual nonmonogamy, commonly portraying it as an accidental threesome and minimizing how nuanced these arrangements actually are. One popular instance operates under the X Mile Rule: “Sweetie, it’s okay if you hook up on the road, but don’t bring it home.” Even more prominent (based on my experience) is the Monogamy Except...Rule: “Honey, you can occasionally go to that bathhouse (or dominatrix or BDSM club), but otherwise we are monogamous.” The most specific form of nonmonogamy may be practiced by asexuals—comprising as much as one percent of the population—who partake so their sexual partners’ desires can be fulfilled.

You can be “monogamish” (mostly monogamous with occasional
excursions), “hierarchical” (maintaining primary and secondary partners) or “polyfidelious” (faithful to more than one partner). Some lifestyles coalesce around shared responsibilities of the household, kids or caretaking; others around sex. But despite or because of nonmonogamy’s current hotness—in the pages of this magazine, Ezra Miller announced he’s polyamorous, and Scarlett Johansson proclaimed, “I don’t think it’s natural to be a monogamous person”—the lifestyle has been reduced to something kinky, easily attainable or unstructured.

Lital Pascar, a doctoral candidate at Northwestern University, researches media representations of nonmonogamy. “The media is hypnotized by polyamory,” she tells me. “It’s interesting how everyone is trying to sell you the same story: attractive white heterosexual couples, or even families, practicing polyamory as some naughty thing done on the side. In reality, it’s ethical, and partners are respectful of one another.”

Pascar points to an episode of Netflix’s Easy in which Orlando Bloom and Malin Akerman, playing a couple trying to spice things up, pursue a threesome. “It’s just a tool to make this couple more couple-y than ever,” she says. In other words, Easy makes nonmonogamy look palatable because it’s presented as being just like monogamy but with better sex.

Polyamory has similarly popped up as a plot device on House of Cards, Transparent, I Love Dick and The Magicians. Insecure and She’s Gotta Have It explore polyamory from black perspectives. TLC’s reality show Say Yes to the Dress recently featured a triad, and some argue that The Bachelor’s success is based on a subconscious embrace of open relationships. There are at least a dozen podcasts devoted to the topic. In 2015, poly-dating app Feeld, originally called 3nder, launched in the United States; a year later, OkCupid added an “Open to Non-Monogamy” option. (Tinder and Bumble, the leading heterosexual dating apps,
Internet groups led to “coherent identities and more shared understandings of how to do open nonmonogamy.”

have yet to jump onboard.) In 2017, *The New York Times Magazine* asked, “Is an Open Marriage a Happier Marriage?” and in December 2018, *Quartz* ran an article longer than this one headlined *POLYAMOROUS SEX IS THE MOST QUIETLY REVOLUTIONARY POLITICAL WEAPON IN THE UNITED STATES.*

It’s not—but a possible explanation for the extravagant headline may be that polyamory requires rigorous conversations about consent. As we know, consent is reshaping our legal, media and social landscapes. Previously, states legislated certain sex acts, relationships and marriages; before that, religious codes or childbearing needs sanctioned them. Today our laws protect sex as something practiced between consenting adults. #MeToo has expanded the notion of consent into enthusiastic consent—the idea that a partner should not only agree but be thrilled about it.

This is all to say that today’s culture is enamored with conversations about consent and relationships, and polyamory involves both. Thus polyamory has become increasingly visible—but not necessarily in a comprehensive way. What we’re seeing is just part of the story.

To understand why as a culture we’re so curious about open relationships, you need to know how we got here. The history of nonmonogamy is exceedingly checkered. Though the word *polyamory* originated only 27 years ago according to *Merriam-Webster,* we can safely date the practice to at least the 1800s.

The 2010 book *Sex at Dawn,* popular among nonmonogamists, includes examples of ancient and tribal nonmonogamy, but that history doesn’t sit well with many anthropologists who argue that some of those scenarios were less than consensual, particularly for women, and dovetailed with practices such as pedophilia. In the Victorian era, nonmonogamy popped up among groups resisting religion or the state. Mormonism was founded in 1830, and free-love groups, including upstate New York’s Oneida Community, which practiced communalism, prospered in the mid-1800s. Outside of Mormonism, though, none reached the popular consciousness as anything but a societal oddity.

Around the same time, Western culture began to associate nonmonogamy with racial stereotypes: the Oriental concubine, the Muslim sheik with many wives, the African American male and his unstoppable libido. White women and the middle class were portrayed as boring and uptight. The next century presents a cycle of nonmonogamy squeaking out and being snuffed out sexual expression. As newspapers depicted starving families and death through World War II, sexual freedom seemed frivolous. Post-war America, of course, marked another era of sexual repression.

By the 1960s and 1970s, swinging became prevalent enough to serve as a plotline in the 1969 Natalie Wood vehicle *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice,* which finished as one of the year’s highest-grossing films. Although swinging is now remembered as sex parties for multiple couples, it once involved highly organized communities that emerged only when women became aware of their right to pleasure—and their right to leave. “Swinging was a way to save the couple,” says Pascar. “It came with rules so the husband and wife wouldn’t develop relationships with anyone else. It allowed the woman just enough freedom so the couple wouldn’t fall apart.” Swinging vanished in the face of 1980s conservatism. The Reagan administration hawked family values, with the president letting the woman just enough freedom so the couple wouldn’t fall apart.

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In 1981, U.S. hospitals began reporting cases of terminally ill gay men. Overnight, public interest in nonmonogamy flatlined. Communities tunneled underground as the public began to blame the sexually adventurous for the AIDS crisis. (As we now know, closed-circle nonmonogamy poses no greater risk than monogamy of sexually transmitted infections. Terri Conley, an associate professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, says research indicates that most STIs come from close partners, not casual ones, because the latter practice safer sex.) As panic spread, many nonmonogamists either went monogamous or mute, making it difficult for newcomers to find like-minded people.

For this reason, little has been reported on the nonmonogamous culture of the 1980s. As 52-year-old Carlos Peñaranda remembers of the response to the AIDS epidemic within the gay community, “Nonmonogamy was generally not announced because of that whole stigma of slut-shaming and ‘Oh, you’re sleeping around, so you’re just asking to get STDs and AIDS.’”

Many sex researchers lost funding as attention turned to HIV and AIDS and the intimate relations of gay men. Bisexual men also came under scrutiny out of concern they could spread HIV to unknowing wives. Gay male relationships shifted pro-foundly, now needing to meld caretaking with romance and familial bonding.

Meanwhile, straight nonmonogamy remained nearly absent from mainstream arenas, social or academic. “Sexuality studies in general experienced a significant chilling with the George H.W. Bush administration,” says sociologist Eli Sheff, an educational consultant and respected pioneer in polyamory research. “They very much wanted to fund Christian things, so even AIDS
Dani had entered polyamory expecting it to be about fucking. She’s now among the top researchers in the field.

After leaving Robert, Dani moved into her own apartment and studied *More Than Two: A Practical Guide to Ethical Polyamory*, a popular read among newcomers. She wishes she had consulted it earlier. While most polyamory beginners hurt people accidentally, she found herself bewildered by a larger shift in her identity. “It was confusing for me, because while I wanted to open up romantic relationships, I realized I also wanted to just be more physical, like with friends. Sitting closely or having our arms around each other or even holding hands—I wanted to be more warm,” she says.

Dani had entered polyamory expecting it to be about fucking but found a new way of thinking altogether: primarily, that relationships can be fluid. This made her reassess the boundaries around her other relationships. She became poly solo, a term for dating multiple lovers while maintaining one’s own finances and home. Her new girlfriend “took to polyamory like water,” she says.

Some forms of nonmonogamy have better odds of success than others. Conley’s studies show that swinging and polyamorous relationships do “just as well or better” than monogamous relationships in categories including trust, overall satisfaction, commitment, satisfaction with last encounter and rate of orgasm. But when Conley asked a group of her graduate students whether everyone should practice consensual nonmonogamy, the answer was a unanimous no. “They had read the research,” she says. To sum up, dating and sex take time and emotional energy—a lot of emotional energy—and intensive processing. “It’s perfectly reasonable that most people would be monogamous in our current societal structure. It’s a lot simpler to navigate life,” she says. Allow me to add another downside: Polyamory’s emphasis on meeting one’s own needs can translate into narcissism.

Dani discovered the complexities of nonmonogamy experimentally. After seven months apart, she and Robert reconciled. They now keep separate homes and identify as polyamorous.

For most straight younger people today, the popular form of nonmonogamy is nonhierarchical polyamory, according to *More Than Two*. (At 496 pages, the book is far from comprehensive: “We didn’t include things like what to do if a partner breaks an agreement,” co-author Franklin Veaux says.) Different from the stability of “anchor partners,” the cornerstone of nonhierarchical polyamory is egalitarianism. A partner of 20 years, for example,
Gay men tend to distinguish sexual partners from romantic ones. Peñaranda and his husband, Daniel Leyva, decided to open their relationship after six years of monogamy. Leyva is 17 years Peñaranda’s junior; this marriage is his first gay relationship. Peñaranda, who had always practiced monogamy, was not initially thrilled about the prospect of opening up. “I had gotten hurt a number of times with guys stepping out on me when we were supposed to have a monogamous relationship, and I didn’t want that to be the case here,” he says. “But Daniel is young. He wanted to experience things.”

Note that Peñaranda’s decision was based not on promiscuity but on preserving his relationship. That was also the case for Dani and Robert. Nevertheless, jealousy often arises.

“We laid down some ground rules,” Peñaranda says. “We always have to be honest with each other and put each other first. No romantic dates. We’re each other’s number ones. There have been a few times we’ve said, ‘I’m not exactly feeling like number one right now, and we backtrack and fix it.’”

Peñaranda and Leyva got prescriptions for Truvada, a pre-exposure prophylaxis (or PrEP) that reduces the risk of HIV transmission. The rise of PrEP (which can be prescribed across the gender spectrum) has allowed gay men to have more casual sex, though gay and bisexual men on PrEP are 72 percent more likely to get STIs than gay and bi men not on the medication, according to a 2018 study published in the journal AIDS. When it comes to STIs, volume matters: Having unprotected sex with more than five partners a year increases STI risk significantly.

Like Dani and Robert, Peñaranda and Leyva began their open relationship by using dating apps, which procured them a group of friends with benefits. “We go to pool parties and stuff that are not called sex parties, but sex happens there. They always have a play area,” Peñaranda says. As often happens in open relationships involving well-known play partners—people with whom one has sexual relations often—the rules slowly began to lift. The limitations Peñaranda gave Leyva regarding certain sex acts disappeared. “Now he can go have whatever fun he wants,” Peñaranda says nonchalantly.

Yet gay nonmonogamy, like straight nonmonogamy, continues to be an open secret, even with more of the population participating. (A 2016 U.K. survey by gay men’s health charity GMFA reported more than 40 percent of its 1,006 gay respondents had been in an open relationship.) “Even now I don’t go, ‘Hi, I’m in an open relationship,’” says Peñaranda. “I’m very protective of Daniel and our lives, so I pick and choose who I let know.”

As director of prevention research at the Ontario HIV Treatment Network, Barry Adam has interviewed sizable numbers of couples who, it turns out, have other partners—a third person or individual additional partners. “At times, even within those communities, there isn’t much talk about it.” He suggests the cultural adoption of gay marriage may have stymied frank conversations, because society presumed gay marriages were monogamous, as that’s the presumption built into heterosexual marriages. “This creates a public silence about what’s really going on,” Adam says. “The public version is different than the practice.”

Despite increasing interest, polyamory is far from accepted. Polyamorists can be fired by companies with morality clauses. “There are very few legal protections for openly nonmonogamous people, or ways of having their relationships recognized,” says Barker. Even Sheff, who writes a column for Psychology Today called “The Polyamorists Next Door” and who does not identify as polyamorous, has faced professional blowback regarding her polyamory research. “I’ve had quite a few people question my science in a very aggressive way. It’s as though they feel personally attacked. Maybe their dad cheated on their mom, or they’re cheating right now and have personal issues around it.”

Amy Moors, an assistant professor of psychology at Chapman University, studied Google searches from 2006 to 2015. She found that searches for polyamory have increased significantly since 2011. Barring an international crisis, we can expect non-monogamy to continue to evolve—and be fetishized—though it’s far from being widely embraced. Generation Z likely won’t adopt it as a dominant lifestyle choice (the way putting off marriage is now popular among millennials, for example), but the next wave in the dating pool—and Generation Alpha—may be willing to consider more relationship varieties en masse. As research indicates, monogamy doesn’t work for everyone, nor does it work all the time. At minimum, a seat at the table for consensual nonmonogamy raises the possibility of gabbing about it with co-workers at lunch. Maybe then we’ll all finally start talking about it together.
New Old Expression: “Useless as a hound in a skiff.”
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SUPREME FANTASY

ELIF CELIK IS LIVING HER DREAM RIGHT NOW.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
OWEN REYES
The Turkish bomb-shell wanted something new in her life apart from her former profession, dancing. She was working as a performer for some renowned singers, clubs, and concerts until she aspired to take a different route.

“I decided to explore other countries, and did modeling jobs,” she shared. The 30-year-old’s first ever stint was with Playboy Slovakia back in 2015. From then on, her life completely changed. Soon enough, she was able to catch the attention of the other international franchises of the brand as she graced the pages of Playboy South Africa, Croatia, and Greece.

Apart from those, she became the cover of Playboy Slovakia and Mexico both on the same year 2017, and was also given the honor of becoming Playmate of the Year twice.

However, it is not pure luck. Elif managed to achieve her goals and go beyond through a heaping amount of hard work and perseverance.

“If I want something, I really go for it.” The stunner from Istanbul confessed that this trait of hers might be too much for some people to handle. Most get intimidated by her presence in general. With the addition of her ridiculously bodacious figure, men in particular, rarely initiates a conversation.

“Guys are scared to talk to me,” she laughingly said.

Although for her, besides her physical assets, it is her soul that she wanted to underscore as a leverage of sexiness, “Something must come from the inside.” Having said so, she allots a great sum of her time on meditation, thrice a day to be specific. It has become an important part of her daily routine alongside spending time with her family and friends.

Growing up on a huge household, the value of family has certainly been instilled on her, making her desire of starting her own optimistically in the near future. Five years from now, the sultry babe sees herself retiring her modeling career in exchange of a quiet and simple family life.

“I hope I find someone good, get married, and have children,” she said. That would, then, be the perfect fairytale ending to her dreamy journey.
She became the cover of Playboy Slovakia and Mexico both on the same year 2017, and was also given the honor of becoming Playmate of the Year twice.
Bombshell Summer Fashions

- Summer Power Suit
- Stars-and-Stripes Suit
- Fun and Fabulous Dress
- Pool Date
- Bathing Bunny Swimsuit
- Summer Luau Skirt
SEX with me is like a trip to Epcot Center: It sucks.—I.K.

I'M not saying men are desperate, but I once said “I love the band Elton John” on a date, and the man still slept with me. —Marcia Belsky

I don’t think of a man as an ally until he hands me his unlocked cell phone and walks out of the room.—Bri Pruett

THE year is 2055. An elderly husband and wife are reading in bed. The wife turns to the husband and says, “Kyle, I want you to fuck me like you fucked me on our wedding night.” The husband puts his book down. “Honey, I’d love to,” he says, “but I simply don’t have $80,000 worth of student debt for you to absorb anymore.”—I.K.

THREESOMES sound like a great idea, but so does a boxing league of kangaroos. —Amy Silverberg

POLYAMORY is a lot like a graduate program: full of vegan parents scheduling things.—B.P.

A taco salad is the perfect food for making people think you’re eating healthy: Salad is right there in the name, but it’s actually just the biggest possible taco.—I.K.

I once dated a girl whose dog Rufus would watch us having sex. Then I found and destroyed his webcam, and that was that.—I.K.

HAVING sex in your 30s is like being a urologist: Mostly you’re just telling men their dicks are fine.—B.P.

A girl once told me she wanted to fuck like we were in a porno, so I arranged for my dad to marry her.—I.K.

OUR Unabashed Dictionary now includes the following variations on the term sexting.... Flexting: Sexy texting at the gym. Brexting: Sexy texting while legally separating from the European Union. Tex-mexting: Sexy texting with Bobby Flay.

BDSMS: Sexy texting while wearing a latex hood, and also your 4G went out.—I.K.
WHETHER IT IS FROM THE CLASSIC CARTOON THE JETSONS OR THE FAMOUS TIME-TRAVELING DELOREAN TIME MACHINE IN BACK TO THE FUTURE, THE VIABILITY OF FUTURISTIC CARS HAS ALWAYS BEEN TEASED BY POPULAR CULTURE.

BY KIMANI FRANCO

Filipinos have often kidded flying over the country’s roads as the only recourse to survive traffic, especially in Metro Manila. Albeit the option to zip through rush hour congestion via flight is not quite there yet, significant development in the future of modern transportation took place when Tesla, Inc. CEO Elon Musk announced their company’s new Full Self-Driving (FSD) technology during its Autonomy Investor Day held in Palo Alto, California last April 22. The Musk-led automotive company has been the most vocal in predictions saying autonomous cars will cruise the streets by the end of the year.

In addition, Tesla also plans to launch unmanned “robotaxis” by the end of 2020.

Driverless Cars in The Philippines
A study conducted by the Japan International Cooperation Agency (JICA) in 2017 estimated the Philippines to lose P9.1 billion daily by 2035 due to traffic.

So, what does a fully capable self-driving car mean if brought to the Philippines?
With thousands of commuters squeezing themselves in public transports every day, it is probably not an overstatement to say Filipinos have exhausted all the possibilities to lessen travel time between going to work and heading home.

The introduction of self-driving cars and robotaxis in the country could mean positive increase overall productivity of workers. The security of knowing your transport to work is guaranteed can lead to an employee to have a better outlook throughout the day, thus, improved output.

The concept of “robotaxis” is probably the most fitting in Philippine transportation. With an unmanned vehicle to pick up passengers, the ongoing problem of taxis choosing their customers will definitely lessen. Robots can’t be angry so, book away.
ONE CAN ARGUE THE SHEER AMOUNT OF CARS THAT SET OUT EVERY DAY IS SIMPLY THE CAUSE OF TODAY’S TRAVELING WOES.

In terms of easing traffic, the presence of autonomous cars could heavily impact the driving culture in the country. The programmed observance to traffic laws means fewer accidents on the road. One can argue the sheer amount of cars that set out every day is simply the cause of today’s traveling woes. However, self-driving vehicles will likely weed out a close second which is bad driving habits among some motorists. It is no secret cars are not the sole problem but the people who drive them.

The Current State of Self-Driving Cars

According to SAE International, known for its ratings of vehicle horsepower, self-driving is defined by five (5) levels of automation: Level 1 automation provides small steering assistance, levels 2 and 3 are defined by partial and conditional automation, respectively, while level 4 is high automation or simply a car than can drive itself as you sleep, and lastly, level 5 which means full automation in all weather and traffic conditions.

In the current development of AI technology that will enable self-driving cars, most leading car companies are assessing the readiness of self-driving features in line with levels 3 and 4 of automation.

In a statement of former Ford Motor Company CEO Mark Fields through business news channel CNBC, he said that the company plans to launch a “Level 4 vehicle in 2021, no gas pedal, no steering wheel, and the passenger will never need to take control of the vehicle in a predefined area.”

The Toyota Research Institute, the research arm in Japan and in the United States partnered with leading chipmaker Nvidia in March this year. Their agreement will see the former utilize Nvidia’s technology to develop and eventually produce its own autonomous vehicle in the future.

Tesla’s Model S variant originally launched in 2012. Since then, its features continue to develop. The most compelling, of course, the autopilot feature, which enables the car to steer, accelerate and brake automatically. The catch is it can only do so within its lane. The electric vehicle’s driver assistance ability works through its eight cameras and 12 ultrasonic sensors detect lane lines and surrounding objects—providing 360 degrees of visibility, at all times.

As of press time, no current cars have achieved a level 5 automation. Simply, no vehicles can completely drive itself at the moment, yet. Even the heavily promoted futuristic Tesla cars are operating at level 2.

Impact To Philippine Society

Excluding the $100,000 price tag of Tesla cars, the biggest challenge for Philippines is the absence of charging stations since most driverless cars are going to be electric. Similarly, this technological feat while it can yield improved productivity, it could mean automation for certain job sectors which may lead to worker displacements.

The New York Post presented an interesting take on the matter: there is a flip side to gaining the freedom to be more productive—the loss of the freedom to be unproductive.
DAUNTLESS
SENSATION

WORDS BY APEC STA. ANA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY OWEN REYES

MAKEUP BY MAY ALMAZAN
STYLING BY OLIE PABUSTAN
SHOT ON LOCATION AT LUXO SUITES
BOLD AND FEARLESS, PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH OF JULY
CHESKA AYAD IS NOT AFRAID TO FAIL.
As many fear of falling short, our Miss July Angelique Cheska Ayad thinks failing plays an integral part on her success. “It makes you stronger each time,” she said.

Perhaps this is one of her distinguished characteristics apart from her given sultry physical features.

For her, however, sexiness is not just about the tangible. It must be an exquisite combination of the mind and character as well. “Sexiness is being yourself, and not trying to become someone else,” Cheska added.

She also prides herself on being a Filipina, and believes it is incomparable. “Our complexion and other distinct physical characteristics are what make us unique.”

Lifestyle is also essential for this stunner. Creating a good routine makes her productive enough to achieve her little goals for the day. She also tries to find an adequate balance of her work and her personal life. She sees to it to always inject a little fun, like playing online games or shopping, within her hectic schedule.

Currently though, at the topmost of her priority list is her career. Her biggest dream is to become a well-known and influential artist, and to eventually grace the cover of Playboy with the title Playmate of the Year.

While Cheska is well-aware that this is a huge gamble, she will take all the risks she can just to achieve the sweet and lasting taste of triumph.
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Her biggest dream is to become a well-known and influential artist, and to eventually grace the cover of Playboy with the title Playmate of the Year.
their lips are poised to meet in a classic gesture of pure desire. Her lips are soft and vulnerable, easily bruised, his more determined, principled, their mouths slightly open as though to ask a question. Do they know each other? It doesn’t matter. Only the imminent meeting of their yearning mouths matters. There is something gravely intimate about the moment, something almost sacred in its graceful choreography.

He is handsome in a rugged honest way; she is radiantly beautiful. A disembodied narrative voice is quietly cataloging: her heaving bosom, her flushed throat, her fluttering eyelids, her supple hips. Which could be where the man’s unseen hands are, just below the frame, these his general impressions. Are their lips moving? Perhaps they are whispering something to each other. Or maybe they simply like the feel of moving lips, brushing softly against their own.

The voice speaks now of the frame’s grip on a composed reality, its power to clasp and hold an image abstracted from the ceaseless flow of time, as the two gaze longingly into each other’s eyes. A tear glitters in one of hers. His, shadowed by the brim of his fedora, betray an infinite sadness, and we too feel sad; how can we not? In their eyes—lenses facing in and out at the same time—we see what they see and feel what they feel. We are inside their kiss, tasting the proximity of their lips, suffering their anguish, their ardor, their aroused anatomies (there are chemicals involved, hormones). We know nothing about them beyond this embrace, but we sense that, whoever they are, they are about to part.

Yes, something is ending. This is a farewell kiss. The steady rightward drift of the poignant image toward the looming edge (she seems about to swoon!) confirms this. As does the gentle voice, speaking now of the panoramic frame’s generous plenitude, its sensuous embodiment of the rational—or maybe the irrational?—as it succumbs to the roar of city traffic. Their lips have not yet met, but too late, they are crossing the threshold of the frame and disappearing into the obscure uncertainties beyond, swept away by the noisy rush of a congested city throughway. As hundreds of cars and trucks race by in both directions, brakes shrieking, horns and sirens blaring, a phantasmal image of the parting lovers appears on them, as though to say such a vision is not easily dismissed. We catch intermittent glimpses on the traffic’s flickering blur of their eyes, their mouths, their hats—though without the comforting integrity of the frame: It is impossible to know what is the container, what the contained. But then the traffic too slides away into the emptiness at the advancing edge, carrying the ghostly lovers with it, the automotive roar sinking to a background hum, and then that dies too.

The throughway unravels to an empty country road, spooling through a bleak desert landscape like the thread of time. It is utterly silent out here, but for a soft breath of wind and the distant caws of predatory birds. After miles and miles of flat emptiness, a lone structure appears on the side of the road, a building long since abandoned, its roof fallen in, its doors boarded up, its broken marquee aflutter. There is an old poster, yellowed with time, affixed to the wall under the marquee. It advertises a movie called The Kiss, and the two parting lovers are pictured on it in the same iconic scene of pathos and desire seen before.

One can hear, like wind chimes, the faint echoey tinkle of carousel music. As we approach the tattered poster, the image on it wavers, and we now face the slightly crossed eyes of the woman, gazing wistfully into the face of the man, just beyond her nose, his back to us. She is still dressed in glowing white, and he is hatted, but the rest of his clothing is gone, his pale buttocks being used now as a screen for the projection of the original image: their rapt gaze, their yearning mouths, she on the verge of swooning. It is like a frame within a frame, reminding us of the rugged persistence of imbedded memory. The picture is grainy and water-spotted, adding to its romantic old-movie atmosphere, though that may be due in part to the texture of the screen. The darkness between his thighs seems to us. She is still dressed in glowing white, and he is hatted, but the rest of his clothing is gone, his pale buttocks being used now as a screen for the projection of the original image: their rapt gaze, their yearning mouths, she on the verge of swooning. It is like a frame within a frame, reminding us of the rugged persistence of imbedded memory. The picture is grainy and water-spotted, adding to its romantic old-movie atmosphere, though that may be due in part to the texture of the screen. The darkness between his thighs seems to hear her, and their embrace is cloven and distorted, but their longing gaze across the dark divide still compels attention, and cues our own emotions. Their melancholy is again our melancholy, their ardor our ardor, the screen’s imperfections only augmenting the tender gravity of the moment.

But then it is over. The projected embrace recedes, as does its screen and the man who provided it, the wistful woman too—they all shrink away, as if to say we have seen all there is to be seen. There is only the desolate country road, the ruined cinema, and soon they are gone too—in the dreadful silence, a distant snap of elastic against flesh can be heard, a rip, a gasp—leaving only the ever vaster emptiness of the desert, stretching in all directions as far as the eye can see, like an image of the end of time.

**FICTION BY ROBERT COOVER**

**ILLUSTRATION BY SPIROS HALARIS**
INSIDE THE MIND OF AN ARTIST

RAMONA IS HER OWN YING TO HER YANG.

BY APEC STA. ANA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JJ MAGHIRANG
Some days, she is this fearless daredevil banging her nose on a mic stand while performing rock music with her band Philia. Some days, she is this celebrity YouTuber doing a video about a bronze-y makeup look or her Sailor Moon collection.

You will never know who or what Ramona “Arci” Muñoz will be today—and that’s her magic. Remarkably, the 30-year old stunner has tried to perfect all her artistic outlets: music, television, movie and theater, literature, culinary, beauty and fashion, and online content creation. She made sure to maximize her thoughts on the available channels so as put her creativity to good use.

“You will never know who or what Ramona “Arci” Muñoz will be today—and that’s her magic.”

“Everybody starts with an idea. Ang dami nang isip ko,” Mona said.

Apart from her YouTube channel, her most recent artistic execution was her very first cookbook “Cheat Days,” which was a dream of hers—literally.

“Napanaginipan ko nung time na heartbroken ako na may libro raw ako,” she shared. “Pag-gising ko, baka mawala yung thought ko, so tinawagan ko yung handler ko sa Star Magic.”

The book was fully inspired by the throbbing experience with her past flames. Hence, she creatively transformed the pain into something beneficial for other people as well.

“My cookbook is all the lessons I learned from my previous relationships. [Like] I’ve been cheated all the time. It’s like a letter to myself, not to [let myself] fall into that pit again. It’s a lesson for me,” Mona revealed.

Due to her late father’s fondness for cooking that she and her whole family grasped, her vision became reality after six months of testing and developing the recipes.

According to the Philia vocalist, writing the book was not that far from writing music, “Actually almost the same. Purehas [based] sa experiences ko.”

She always wanted to communicate the feeling to her audience and let them ponder on the greater reason behind the experience. Then, hopefully, she can inspire them to turn the hurt into something positive, like literature, music, or any form of art.

Mona’s journey as an artist, however, can be traced back in college at University of the Philippines. She was transformed when she lodged herself into theater arts.

“You will never know who or what Ramona “Arci” Muñoz will be today—and that’s her magic.”

“Everybody starts with an idea.”

“Nung nagteatro ako, dun na open sa akin lahat. Nakita ko lahat ng klase ng tao,” she explained.

Although her first expression of art remains to be music.

She believes there is no specification in music. Its universally relatable characteristic made it more flexible and limitless.

“Kaya nga lahat ng tao nakakarelate sa iba’t ibang kinds ng music kasi lahat tayo may iba’t ibang experiences,” she said. “Walang limit sa music, sa expression.”

The modelesque beaut recognizes the differences in terms of musical preferences, especially within the local market.

Philia’s genre in particular is not this country’s cup of tea.


Mona was quick to clarify that the band does not want to be labelled as metal only, “Just to be safe, we’re a rock band kasi we play what we wanna play. Hindi kami yung nage-settle na sa metal lang kami.”

She added, “If we wanna make something light, we do it; something melodic, we do it. If you notice, lahat ng songs namin may melody.”

“Thus, this is why she thinks her female flare is suitable for the kind of music they produce. It makes the perfect balance of hardcore sound with a hint of gentleness for melody’s sake, which, ironically, also applies to her personality: a good mix toughness and subtlety.

Yet she confessed it was no easy ride for her to reach that signature sound.

She had to practice her vocals until it was seamless. It was a never-ending learning and re-learning through vocal coach Melissa Cross’s CD given to her by a fan. Eventually, she was able to get the technique and smooth out her growl.

Happy and contented at where she is today, she is giving herself a few more years before her final act. She wants her band to at least experience an international crowd.

But at the end of the day, Mona is just giving every bit and seizing it all while she is still at the top of her game. Right now, there’s nothing more she can ask for.

And when all the madness subsides, all she wants is a peaceful and simple life.

This is probably her way of channeling tameness in her extremity.
“KAYA NGA LAHAT NG TAO NAKAKARELATE SA IBA’T IBANG KINDS NG MUSIC KASI LAHAT TAYO MAY IBA’T IBANG EXPERIENCES,”
TELL ME MORE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
KELIA ANNE
TNC
TNC is arguably the most popular Pinoy Dota 2 team, and for good reason. The team is easily the most decorated Philippine-based organization, with championships in international Dota tournaments such as WESG.

TNC is also a fixture in Major Dota tournaments, with the team qualifying for most of the big Valve-sponsored events, including The International (TI).

While the team has a ton of achievements, one TNC milestone, still, stands above the rest, and that is TI 2016.

Prior to that, no Pinoy team was able to qualify for the said biggest Dota tourney every year, aside from Mineski during the very first TI back in 2011. But in 2016, TNC not only qualified for the main event, but also defeated tournament favorites OG in an exciting three-game series that is considered as one of the biggest upsets in Dota 2 history.

While the team went on to drop their next series against tournament runner-up Digital Chaos, the fairy-tale run cemented TNC's status as one of the top teams of Southeast Asia (SEA)—and the world.

Following that TI stint, TNC proved that their performance was no fluke. The team became a proud bearer of the Philippine flag in various tournaments across the world, including the next two Internationals. While the team saw major roster changes over the years, with only Carlo "Kuku" Palad remaining from the International 2016 roster, the team still plays the same entertaining and aggressive “Pinoy Dota” style that Filipino Dota fans have known and loved. Plus, they have also gained enough DPC points to qualify for this year’s TI.

MINESKI
Mineski is a household name in the Philippines for two reasons: (1) the ubiquitous internet/gaming cafe franchise, and (2) the Dota team. Mineski is one of the longest-standing Dota organizations in the game’s history, with the team’s start dating back to the early days of Dota 1.

During the first Dota 2 International back in 2011, Mineski made a splash in the Playoffs after a rough group stage. During the main stage, Mineski defeated OK.Nirvana.CN, a Chinese team with experienced pros such as Wang “Banana” Jiao and “Yao” Zhengzheng. After the tournament though, Mineski wasn’t able to reach the same heights as their TI 2011 run; that was until the second half of 2017.

In the period after The International 2017, the team had a major roster shuffle as they acquired veteran SEA players Chai “Mushi” Yee Fung and Daryl Koh “iceiceice” Pei Xiang. Alongside Pinoy player Michael “ninjaboogie” Ross Jr., the team had a massive tournament run, winning Major tournament run, winning Major tourney such as PGL Open Bucharest and the Dota 2 Asia Championship 2018.

Following their impressive 2018 run, the team had another shuffle, adding Damien “kpii” Chok of Newbee, as well as Pinoy fan-favorite Ryan “Bimbo” Jay Qui. With the team’s current roster which includes two Pinoy veterans, the team has placed itself as one of the teams to beat in SEA.

FNATIC
Fnatic isn’t exactly a Filipino team, after all, the organization is headquartered in London. But it is still a team that is close to the hearts of Pinoy Dota 2 fans, and that is because of the squad’s star player Djardel “DJ” Mampusti.

In 2015, Fnatic’s Dota squad changed from a European roster to a Southeast Asian one; this team had four Malaysian pros and one Pinoy player in DJ. Following this shuffle, Fnatic quickly became the dominant team in Southeast Asia, thanks in large part to DJ’s skill as the team’s support player.

Fnatic’s success wasn’t just limited to the region though. The team placed 5th-6th in the Shanghai and Manila Majors, culminating in a massive International 2016 run. During that, the team finished 4th overall, winning a whopping USD $1,453,932 in prizes. Fnatic and DJ’s 4th place at TI 2016 still stands as the highest placement ever achieved by a Pinoy Dota 2 player in the Internationals.

Much like other teams though, Fnatic went through roster changes after; and while the next couple of iterations of Fnatic featured a wide range of players, DJ was the constant. This current season, DJ is joined by another Pinoy pro in Azel “Abed” Yusop, and poised to make another deep run in The Internationals 2019. After all, they are the first SEA team to qualify for the tournament.
Isabella Geagoni

Photography by William Bill Tinsay

Words by Apec Sta. Ana & Shaira San Miguel

Makeup by May Almazan

Styling by Olie Pabustan

Isabella Geagoni is not your typical Maria Clara.
With class and elegance, she is empowered in her own unique ways.

This Asian Beauty introduces a refreshing kind that speaks empowerment and versatility.

Looking fairly young at the age of 29, Bella is articulate and can put up a good conversation. Beyond that, she is a businesswoman. She single-handedly manages and manufactures her own swimwear line, Bella Swim.

For her, there are a lot of definitions of how a woman becomes sexy. Bella thinks being authentic is one.

“Women don’t have to be necessarily confident, because there is also sexiness in being vulnerable. It is a balance of both. Just be real, be you,” she said.

Coming from Filipino and Italian descents, she has a good perspective of both cultures. Although for this stunner, the beauty of Filipinas exemplifies. Physically, she explains it as being youthful, and remains that for many years.

Adding to that is the fact that Filipino people, in general, have a good cultural background on different countries. She believes that automatically translates to Filipinas being extra attractive for they can easily adapt and blend in. They are extremely versatile, and can talk and understand literally anyone from around the globe.

However, according to Bella, Filipino beauty has evolved massively throughout the years. For one, it changed in the sense of clothing—and beauty is judged primarily on how beautiful the face is. But nowadays, with such fast-changing society and innovation, Filipinas are becoming outspoken about their worth, being more comfortable in their skin, and using their bodies more.

“Women are becoming more empowered whether it regards to nudity or modesty. I think, the awareness has made us more open,” Bella added.

Given her capacity and status to empower other women, especially the Filipinas, Isabella wants to promote her advocacy of embracing yourself.

“It is about owning yourself—who you are and what you are made of—and being proud of it. You don’t have to be like someone else. Just be the best version of you.”
DAVID HARBOUR

INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL TEDDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TAYLOR MILLER
THE STRANGER THINGS BREAKOUT GOES DEEP ON MENTAL ILLNESS, ADDICTION, DEATH THREATS AND OTHER STOPS ON THE ROAD TO HELLBOY— HIS FIRST (AND CERTAINLY NOT LAST) STINT AS A MAINSTREAM LEADING MAN

Q1: You have been on five episodes of Law & Order. Did you ever get to a point where you thought, Really? Another one?
HARBOUR: Wait, let me count: I’ve been on two normal Law & Orders, two Criminal Intents and one SVU. I call it the Dick Wolf Subsidy for the Theater Arts in New York City, because it’s the job everyone gets when they’re doing an off-Broadway play and making $270 a week. There’s no way you can pay rent on a Manhattan apartment with that kind of paycheck, yet it’s a prestigious, wonderful job, so you need to do a Law & Order every year to supplement your income. And the funny thing is, big stars who I love recognize me from Law & Order more than anything else. I remember Sarah Silverman grabbing me and being like, “Law & Order!” And even when I showed up to work on Stranger Things, Winona Ryder’s big thing was my silver-thief character from a Criminal Intent episode. So yeah, there was a certain David Harbour cult following in the Hollywood community around my work on Law & Order.

Q2: When did you first know you wanted to be an actor?
HARBOUR: When I was five years old I played the Tin Man in The Wizard of Oz, and I loved it. I was a big hambone. Then when I got into high school I really wanted to act, but I had no examples of people who did that. I grew up in Westchester, New York, which was a lot of businesspeople, lawyers, doctors—a very upper-middle-class community. There were no examples of a working actor, so I didn’t think it was possible. I went to college and tried to study some other things, but then when I got to New York I realized, right out of college, that I just had to do it. And so I waited tables.

Q3: You’ve been very open about the fact that you have bipolar disorder and are neuroatypical. What does society not understand about being bipolar?
HARBOUR: I mean, there’s so much. I would like to bring some light in terms of people not viewing madness as something alien to them. There’s an interesting thing in our culture where we have to brand certain things as other than us because we’re so terrified of them. It’s dangerous when we’re segregating society so clearly into sane people and insane people, and I know that I’ve ridden that line. I have a lot of experiences on one side where I’m in an asylum and being treated like a crazy piece of trash, and then I’ve been in this other world where I’m treated like a big-deal celebrity that people have to run around getting coffee for.

Q4: Your parents had you institutionalized when you were 25. How did that change you?
HARBOUR: It was a voluntary institutionalization. It was recommended because I was having your garden-variety manic episode that a lot of bipolar people have, which is nonviolent but strange and confusing and disordered. I think the best version of a bipolar person I’ve ever seen done on screen was Claire Danes in the first season of Homeland. She’s just talking and not making much sense, but it’s right on the edge of sense. It was sort of like that. You hit a wall and realize there’s a wall there, and you also realize you have an internal resiliency that’s beyond anything you’ve ever known. The idea that I lost my mind and then came back and continued to act and to live in New York City revealed in me that I have mental fortitude, and it also gave me gratitude for every day that I’m not locked up. Of course I still have stresses, but truly I can breathe easy every day and go, “There is a hell, and I’ve been there, and every day that I’m walking around in New York City, even if people don’t like the movie I’m in, or whatever it is, I’m free.”

Q5: You attended Dartmouth College, an institution Newsweek once called one of America’s drunkest colleges. Did the school live up to its party reputation?
HARBOUR: Yes. Yes. Yes. I drank all the time in college. I had a real problem with Dartmouth, I wanted to be an actor, but I sort of felt I had to have a fallback plan or something. I did that a lot for my parents. I went to Dartmouth, and I was kind of angry and resentful and I drank a lot. You could definitely drink a lot at Dartmouth. It was cold all the time, so we would spend a lot of time in the basement, just drinking crappy beer. But I take responsibility for my problem. When I got out of Dartmouth I was in my early 20s, and I got sober. I haven’t looked back.
Q6: You don’t seem like a former Dartmouth fraternity member. How did that happen?
HARBOUR: That’s the conundrum I was dealing with. I grew up in a community that wanted me to be one thing, and I had a soul that didn’t want to be that thing. I felt human beings were different from me, and one way I could help to understand them was through this thing called acting. It was something I felt compelled to do. Had I had my complete druthers, I would have dropped out of high school at 16, moved to New York and auditioned and stuff, but I was in a world of prep schools and money and a certain way of being, and I didn’t have enough fortitude to stand up to that. I think ultimately that’s where the drinking and anger come from. Then you get out and realize over time that you might as well be yourself. I think that’s what has been developing in me— even up to today.

To me, human beings are sexy. If you want to exploit the fact that my body isn’t perfect but you find me sexy—then I’m cool with it.

Q7: Let’s talk Stranger Things. What did it feel like to go from being a working actor to being part of a mass cultural phenomenon?
HARBOUR: It was super fun, but it was very unexpected. We were just hunkered down making the show, and I was completely neurotic about whether or not I was good in it and whether or not the show was good. I have no gauge anymore about whether people will like something. Then, the weekend it came out was unlike anything I’ve ever experienced. I’ve done a lot of work over the years, and usually what happens is two people from my past will text and be like, “Hey, man, you’re great in Rake.” That weekend, hundreds of people I hadn’t spoken to—my phone lit up from all these contacts going, “Stranger Things, Stranger Things, Stranger Things.” And then these BuzzFeed articles came out about “Which Stranger Things character are you?” I was like, “Holy shit, I’ve never been a part of this.” I’m so happy it happened with Stranger Things, because I love it so deeply.

Q8: How about those articles on your dating history and your new status as a sex symbol?
HARBOUR: It’s a double-edged sword. It’s extremely gratifying even to be acknowledged as sexy when you’re in your 30s, to be acknowledged as good, for people to like what you do. It just makes you feel great. I got into this business to move people, and clearly you’re moving people in positive ways, and that’s a beautiful thing. For about the first three months I was on cloud nine, and then it started to become a little weird. I actually don’t like to go out as much now. The fact that people assume they know you is very strange. It feels like I’m on The Truman Show. Everybody has an impression of me before I even meet them, even at the laundromat or the deli, and that’s something I haven’t dealt with most of my life. And in some ways I miss my anonymity: some car will cut you off in the street and you’ll go, “Motherfucker,” and then they’ll be like, “Oh, hey, man! You’re great.” And then you’re like, Shit, I can’t even yell at this guy!

Q9: Do you think that as a kid you would have hung out with Mike Wheeler and the boys?
HARBOUR: Yeah, because I think they’re exactly like my crew. I was never really part of the popular kids in middle school, but I was not the nerdiest of the nerds either. There was a kind of a middle group that I feel Mike and his group occupy. People ask me sometimes which character on the show I identify with the most, and it’s Noah. People thought I was a bit of a weird kid and overly sensitive, and so one of the reasons it was so fun to play Hopper was that I got to save that kid. In a way, it was like I was saving myself.

Q10: Merriam-Webster posted a GIF of you on Twitter as a visual definition of “dad bod.” You’ve been a good sport about it, but does it ever sting a bit?
HARBOUR: I’m on The Truman Show. Everybody has an impression of me before I even meet them, even at the laundromat or the deli, and that’s something I haven’t dealt with most of my life. And in some ways I miss my anonymity: some car will cut you off in the street and you’ll go, “Motherfucker,” and then they’ll be like, “Oh, hey, man! You’re great.” And then you’re like, Shit, I can’t even yell at this guy!

Q11: What was it like to go from being the “dad bod” champion to working with Ryan Reynolds's personal trainer to get in shape for Hellboy?
HARBOUR: I couldn’t do a lot of training because the thing is all prosthetics. A lot of what I was doing was power and strength training, and it does change your mindset. When I’m working on a character, my subconscious starts to take over and I start to just do things and make choices like that character. When I play Hopper, it’s a certain way, and then when I played Hellboy it got into this kind of bestial thing. The weight training and all that stuff kind of fueled this hulking horror—this kind of bold mentality that I really liked.

Q12: You go above and beyond with your fans when it comes to Twitter: You attended one fan’s senior year photo shoot and officiated at another’s wedding. Will you do anything for your fans?
HARBOUR: [Laughs] I won’t do anything, but I got to this place with social media in general where it had become sort of an echo chamber. No good was coming of it, but I had a lot of feelings, so I was like, What can I do that would actually make people feel good and that would put me out there a little bit?
I came up with these Twitter challenges. To me, because I’ve been through the gamut with social media, I now feel it’s a bit of a game of double dare where you want me to stand on the table and quack like a chicken or whatever. Anything I can do to provide a little more joy in this weird world we’re living in right now that is simple and pure and just unadulterated fun, I’m down for.

**Q13:** Speaking of Twitter challenges, you got enough retweets for Greenpeace to send you to Antarctica. Do you have hope for humanity’s ability to solve climate change?

**HARBOUR:** The simple answer is no. I think we’re in a really bad place, and I don’t know, with self-centeredness the way it is, that there’s any way out. So yeah, I get depressed. But I think it’s important, even through your depression, to continue to look at things that scare you. It truly is the most terrifying concern of our lifetimes, and it’s the concern that drives all other concerns. If you have a problem with migrant caravans or illegal immigration, that’s climate change: Food shortages and surpluses are happening in different areas and places are getting destroyed, and so people have to move. Most of the political concerns around this world stem from climate change. If we could make the earth a more uniformly palatable place to live, there would be fewer wars over territory, resources and things like that. But even in the midst of inevitable defeat, you still have to seize the struggle, right? It’s kind of the idea of Albert Camus’s The Plague: We’ve still got to wake up every morning and go to work even if we know we’re not going to stop the plague.

**Q14:** Do you want to have kids one day?

**HARBOUR:** I’m on the fence. To be honest, I don’t want to have a kid if in 15 years the planet is dead and they’re 15 years old. Also, we do have a certain thing in our culture where we deify family. It’s like when anyone has a baby everyone’s like, “Oh my God!” They’re so happy for them. I want to imbue people who choose not to have babies with the same joy, because the greenest thing you can do for the entire planet is not to breed. I’ve done it for 43 years—but you can all call me a hypocrite and not a good environmentalist when I do have a son or daughter five years from now.

**Q15:** A lot of your work evokes the soulful, wounded leading men of the 1970s. Who are your acting heroes?

**HARBOUR:** Certainly Jack Nicholson, Gene Hackman, Harrison Ford, Roy Scheider, Richard Dreyfuss. All these guys from those 1970s films, which is where I learned what it was to be a man. When Stranger Things came along and I thought
I could do that for another generation, it was so gratifying. I don’t feel we show as much on-screen—or if we do, we give some nod to a character’s damage but don’t actually go into it. Their damage is too unpalatable for commercial entertainment and too indulgent for independent entertainment. It’s hard to find that balance of a damaged hero you can get behind.

Q16: In 2017, Stranger Things won a Screen Actors Guild Award and you gave a fiery speech calling out bullies and making the case for empathy. Where did that come from?

HARBOUR: It’s funny, because that speech has been interpreted by a thousand different people a thousand different ways. I get death threats from the people who thought it was about Trump supporters. For me, it genuinely was a cultural statement. I thought to myself, What would Hopper do? I’ve been a Hollywood outcast for so many years, but I wanted to give a bit of a cultural critique of the narcissism that we contribute to a culture that makes people feel alone, as opposed to the ultimate, fundamental reason for art, which is to make people feel included. One of the things I’m so proud of about Stranger Things is that, like the “dad bod” thing, people can feel included. They can feel they don’t need a perfect body; they don’t need to be so witty and smart and strong. They don’t sit back in awe of the characters; instead they actually identify with them and then see that those characters can do heroic things. In a way, we were the nerdy kids at the table, so I thought I’d get up there and say, “Let’s do this together. Let’s contribute to a culture that creates empathy and destroys narcissism”—as opposed to getting dressed up and sort of being Kardashian about the whole thing.

Q17: Which were more intense, the online comments or the IRL ones?

HARBOUR: I think I was on the front page of Reddit or whatever, but there were also neo-Nazi death threats: “We know where you live” and “We got all the guns” and “We’re coming for you, you piece of shit.” A lot of people came up to me and say they love that speech. I’ve never had someone come up to me and say, “That speech you gave was a piece of shit, you dick.”

Q18: You talked in that speech about rejecting bullies. Were you bullied at all in school?

HARBOUR: Oh yeah, I think probably most of us were. But I don’t think bullying ends when you leave school. People are bullies in all kinds of ways. I have bullying qualities that I hate about myself. So that speech is as much for me as it is for other people. It’s a reminder of things that I want in this world, ideals that I don’t necessarily live up to myself.

Q19: If you had achieved your current level of success in your 20s, how do you think you would have handled it?

HARBOUR: It would have been awful. I would have been a jerk. I would have been mean to waiters. My narcissism would have been through the roof. I would have felt entitled and deserving. But the great thing about success happening after the age of 36 is you don’t really care. If there is any kind of divinity that has guided my life, it’s the things that have been prevented from happening. I wanted that kind of success in my 20s, and I was prevented from having it, and then I wanted it in my 30s, and it was prevented. Finally, after I turned 35, I remember completely giving up on that dream and thinking I was too old, and then it came to me. Like, okay, I got it—when I don’t care, it comes to me.

Q20: You’ve said that you’ve felt broken and alone most of your life. Has success helped?

HARBOUR: Yeah. I feel more assured and more confident. Success doesn’t make a dent in the fundamental issues I struggle with, like human relationships, but when I’m embroiled in that brokenness or that alone feeling, I can sort of rely on “Well, at least my apartment’s nice.” At least I have those things to fall back on. But the core issues are a lifelong trek through therapy and self-understanding, and those issues still exist and are just a product of being alive. As human beings we’re these crazy and interesting creatures that have too much consciousness for our own good, these weird fleshy things that walk around and are confused. I’m not apart from that at all.
JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT THE SUMMER HEAT WAS ENOUGH, A NEW SIZZLING SENSATION IS COMING IN PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH OF AUGUST AJ SANCHEZ.
The 20-year-old beauty queen hailing from Muntinlupa has been hoping to become a world-class model since she was a young girl, and now that she is on that path, she makes it a point to hold onto her sweet and jolly persona. She has topped several beauty contests, and soon, plans to dominate the modeling industry, as well.

Being a queen, our Miss August is vocal about her advocacy of becoming a motivation to persuade the next generation of models to do their best on their journey and to stick to their authenticity as she is openly proud of the fact that she never went through any procedure to enhance her body.

“Despite of not having any body enhancement procedure, I am still confident of my beauty,” Aj shared.

More than her career right now, being a successful businesswoman is also on her to-do list. She plans to use her cooking skills as a source of income by transforming it into a business to help her family. Being the breadwinner, she is shedding every effort in her body to support them and believes that by putting up a business, she will be able to provide comfort for them in the near future.

“And with my educational background in Marketing Management, I am confident that I will be successful,” she uttered.

What will surprise you, however, is this stunner being an adrenaline junkie. She competes in motorbike racing, and a certified car enthusiast.

“I would say I’m pretty good when it comes to motorbike racing, and I also love volleyball,” she said. In addition to that, she also enjoys water activities and would appreciate to have someone join her do water rides and adventures.

When asked what qualities he looks for in a guy, Playmate Aj did not hesitate to say that she values someone with the same personality as hers, “I always wanted guys who are also sweet and jolly like me, but most of all, someone who can make me laugh.”

She also prefers a man’s personality over appearance at any day.

“Looks can fade but a man’s sweet heart is forever,” she noted.

Her ideal date, on the other hand, is an adrenaline-pumping, extreme adventure. And if you feel like you can’t keep up with her, she will be there to lend her hand and give her heart to the lucky one who catches her interest.

Aj Sanchez’s sexiness is evident in her curvy body and overall wit. But for her, it is all about confidence—in what she is and what she does.
BEING A QUEEN, OUR MISS AUGUST IS VOCAL ABOUT HER ADVOCACY OF BECOMING A MOTIVATION TO PERSUADE THE NEXT GENERATION OF MODELS TO DO THEIR BEST ON THEIR JOURNEY AND TO STICK TO THEIR AUTHENTICITY.
Cryptocurrency hasn’t been the sexiest tech craze—but that’s about to change. Meet the woman hoping to modernize (and protect) the transactional relationship.
Janice Griffith, an AVN Awards best actress nominee and co-founder of SpankChain, a start-up that aims to make sex work safer via blockchain technology, is no manic pixie porn girl. Along with her political activism (she promotes the decriminalization of sex work alongside Sex Workers Outreach Project), her vocal opposition to racism in the adult industry (she’s an outspoken critic of marketing that fetishizes nonwhite performers) and her entrepreneurship (in June she launched Fleshlight’s first-ever “medium-toned” toy), her passion remains having sex on camera and being paid for it.

And much of what the 23-year-old New York native does online and off is geared toward protecting her right to do so. That includes her current efforts to resolve the dangers now facing sex workers in the United States following passage of the Allow States and Victims to Fight Online Sex Trafficking Act and the Stop Enabling Sex Traffickers Act. A set of anti-trafficking bills signed into law by the president last April, FOSTA-SESTA gives officials the right to police websites that host advertisements for sex work, effectively equating illegal sex trafficking with consensual sex for pay.

Assistant Attorney General Stephen Boyd, on behalf of the U.S. Department of Justice, released a memo stating that a certain provision of FOSTA may be unconstitutional and that the act “is broader than necessary because it [extends] to situations where there is minimal federal interest, such as to instances in which an individual person uses a cell phone to manage local commercial sex transactions involving consenting adults.” Pro–free speech groups, including the American Civil Liberties Union, have come out in opposition to the legislation, saying it drastically weakens protections against internet censorship. And by censoring and criminalizing the presence of sex workers, Griffith argues, FOSTA-SESTA removes their ability to vet potential clients, creating more risk within an already marginalized population.

“Policing women’s bodies and what we can do for money is a huge problem we’re constantly facing,” says Griffith. “I know sex workers who have died or gone missing because they lost access to screening services. How far can FOSTA-SESTA overreach? What will it lay the precedent for?”

It’s important to note that Griffith doesn’t differentiate between adult performers and other sex workers. Some inside the adult industry perceive a pecking order in which they place themselves higher than those who exchange money for intimate sexual activity. Griffith laughs that off, saying, “We’re all whores to them.” That’s what prompted her to engage the adult industry with the tech community in a way that doesn’t simply monetize but protects. Primarily she wants to create safer options for reliable financial transactions.

“Right now, models want to accept money and people want to give us money, but there’s no way to make that happen,” she says. “My Cash App was shut down, and for what reason?” The answer, of course, is that sex workers are not a protected group within the United States, allowing payment processors to discriminate against them and the services they provide. At the federal level, selling your body falls within the same legal and financial category as selling marijuana. Most FDIC-insured banks can’t touch the money.

Enter SpankChain. “Cryptocurrency has the potential to give us more agency with what we do,” Griffith explains. Founded in 2017 by a team of six that includes Griffith, a UX designer, a software developer and a self-described “Russian hacker,” SpankChain aims to “create the infrastructure for pornographers and sex workers to accept cryptocurrency in a safe way” by using a blockchain network called Ethereum. (That means users trade not in Bitcoin but in a currency called ether.) The start-up has gained the attention of Forbes, and CoinDesk, an outlet that covers the cryptocurrency market, has applauded its efforts to keep transaction fees low for its users. “The smartest thing you can do is be financially independent of platforms like PayPal, Venmo, Square,” says Griffith. For her, the blockchain, while largely discounted by Wall Street as the nebulous Wild West of banking, may be the key to economic freedom for sex workers.

Formerly a girl of the Warped Tour persuasion, Griffith entered porn about five years ago. Early on, she had purple hair, multiple body and facial piercings and gauged ears. Her hair is now natural and her ears sewn up, yet she still labels herself “alternative” based on how the industry she works in handles her racial ambiguity. “I’m half white, half Indian,” she says matter-of-factly. “They can’t pigeonhole my ethnicity. Every scene I shoot is interracial.” She’ll have sex with performers of all races and ethnicities but refuses to participate in scenes promoted as interracial, a porn category that generally features sex between whites and blacks. She also refuses to participate in certain scenes depicting workplace relationships or unfair power dynamics. “The plot matters. It’s so high-concept now,” she says. “We’re not just having sex.”

Griffith’s passion for porn has gotten her into plenty of trouble. She has been either banned or deleted from Twitter and Instagram at various points in her career. In response to her love for pornography, trolls often taunt, “Imagine what her dad thinks.” (“My dad loves me unconditionally,” she counters.) Still, none of this has made Griffith want to step away from the adult industry. Rather, she hopes to continue establishing herself as a respectable voice within her chosen field, with no ulterior motives involving breaking free, crossing over or moving on. She won’t be pushed out. If the industry loses her, it will be because she wanted to leave. In the mean-time, Griffith isn’t hell-bent on impressing you. But if you pay attention, she may do so anyway.
“KICK-ASS
“VICES”

WRITTEN BY
Rob Williams

ART BY
Uğur Bildirim

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

I'M REALLY SORRY. PATIENCE.

WE HAD TO SHUT DOWN THE SCHOOL'S BREAKFAST AND AFTER-SCHOOL CLUB. A BUNCH OF THE EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES AND SPORTS TOO.

BUT... I NEED THE CHILDCARE. DON'T THE KIDS NEED THOSE CLASSES?

I KNOW... I UNDERSTAND... BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE. THEY'RE SHUTTING THE LIBRARY. THEIR TEACHERS (NOT TOLD) THEY'RE BRINGING LAPTOPS TO SCHOOL. TOO. MISS HARRISON WENT HOME IN TEARS.

IT'S JUST MONEY.
WE DON'T HAVE THE MONEY.

"I'M SORRY TOO." "AND I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!"

"This place belongs to hot niggas. A low-level hood, prince in civilian garb, been standing out him and his goons for weeks."

"More scars than I saw my entire time in Afghanistan."

"Nigger they're not to have a gate in the office, might be 20, 30 grand that the school can..."

WHUMP!

PLAYBOY PH
I mean, don’t kompromit who the fuck even is…? Actor man: Old-age actor, professional sick.

**FUCK**

Man that shit smells, turn on the a/c yo.

**FUCK**

Gonna be hot as hell by the time we get there in the morning.

**Ten plus hours.**

I held off looking in the back for the first hour.

*Then I really wanted it! Never looked.***
Ah... I gotta pay back Ah... I got...\n
So kids, don't do it on my damn boat. Whatever the f**k you...\n
Ah... Ah... I can breathe. I hate this f**king sack!\n
Thump!

Ah... Ah... Damn, I can still smell it. Where... Where are...?

Party music. It's a party. Is that yacht? It's... no way.

It's made out of gold!
"THE PARTY. THE BOAT. WHAT'S GOING ON?"

WELL... SURE AS F*CK AN'T DOING IT FOR THE MONEY. WHAT'S GOING ON?

I CAN'T FEEL MY BALLS, MAN...

"HE'S A HAM. EL CAPITAN! MONDO. GONE DEALER."

"IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY."

"MY BIRTHDAY. BITCHES."

"TOOPE'S CRAZY. HE REALLY LOVES HIS OLD TV SHOW CALLED AHMA! HIIIC!"

"CAPTAIN'S HANDS ON THE DON JOSHDUB ACTOR."

"APPARENTLY HIS CHARACTER LIVED ON A BOAT AND HAD A PIT ALLIGATOR THAT ACTUALLY LIVED ON THE BOAT WITH HIM."

"CAPTAIN HAS NO F**KING SENSE."

"COCAINE, MAN. I'LL FRECOCANE IN THE BOAT."

"WHERE'S HE KEEP THE KEY TO THAT CAVEL."

"DOING HIS FAVOR. THAT'S WHERE MOST PEOPLE KEEP THEIR SWIM KEYS... EH?"

"GOOD POINT."

"WHO THE F*CK ARE YOU?"

"EL CAPITAN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT. HE CHARGED A G**N."

"... THAT'S... FLASKABLE... BUT I DON'T KNOW ANY..."
THWUMP!

WHO IS THIS AN UNEXPECTED GUEST! WHEN WILL YOU COME AT ME ON MY BIRTHDAY?

I WILL PULL YOU TO MY GUARD DOG, LITTLE TIGER!

I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE THIS KIND OF STUFF!

I'VE BEEN LOCKED IN A CAR TRUNK FOR 10 DAMN HOURS.

I HOPE IT MAKES HER CHOOSE.

KILL YOU DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL MY DEATH GRIPS?

MANE VEGGIES?

...YES?

OH, NO, NO! NOT SO FAST, LITTLE THING! PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT LATER!

I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID.
WE ARE NOT HERE
here I am, 24 years old, playing 18, a young 18, emerging from the lake in just T-shirt and panties. I will be murdered soon. I am sitting next to my murderer. His name is Charlie Mooks, which is an ideal name for a murderer but a terrible name for an actor. Charlie hugged me when he saw me even though I haven’t seen Charlie in decades. But we are bonded by that knife across my throat. Charlie’s still huge, with more belly and less chin, patches of rosacea running across his face. He’s a grandfather now. “I’ve got five grown children,” he told me in the green room, shaking his head at this amazing fact. No one ever believes how many grown children they have. As Charlie talked, I recalled the Sephora I had passed when I was getting coffee. I knew the perfect moisturizer for him: an energizing vitamin C day cream. Maybe a protein booster serum as well. “I sell insurance, but don’t worry, I’m not going to hit you up,” Charlie said, after which he indicated good humor by laughing. He always was a terrible actor. But he’s a naturally frightening presence: bald and dented, as close to being deformed without actually being deformed. Flakes of dead skin cling to the sides of his nose. I want to reach up and scoop the crud free. Like cleaning leaves from a gutter. I would show him. He would be amazed.

Another middle-aged man-boy steps forward, and I brace for conversation, imagining a cue card printed across his chest. He seems to be wearing a subtle costume which registers as a vague misunderstanding of how clothes should work in the world, particularly with his body type. He resembles a pear atop a pumpkin. I smile to put him at ease, but he’s not nervous. He’s paid decent money for this Horrorfest encounter: $50 for the personalized photo, $20 per additional item signed. He leans in close, the transactional nature breaking normal bounds. His complexion is cratered around the cheekbones, and I picture the moon in a fedora. He has a leather sheath strapped to his thigh, and I assume a plastic machete is tucked inside, though the handle has the matte finish of real metal.

“Hello there,” I say as though there is his name. “Really cool to meet you,” he says, nodding, “really cool, oh yeah, wow.”

His voice surprises me. It is false yet effective, its smooth tone reminding me of late-night DJs listened through clock radios: me a teenager in bed, constructing saviors in my head, soft and sympathetic, unlike this face before me, which is waxing gibbous with unkempt sideburns. For some reason I expect he can play the harmonica.

“Nice to meet you too,” I say. I already have the Sharpie dangling over my chest, waiting. “I was 10 when I first saw Night’s Scream,” he says. “Oh,” I say.

They almost always tell me their age, particularly when their age was young, as though this indicates precociousness rather than lax parenting. A few had seen the movie in an actual theater, usually with an older brother, or snuck in with friends, or simply strolled...
in, since this was the mid-1970s and whatever was happening on the streets was probably worse. But most had caught me through the years on cable, or on VHS and then DVD, or now streamed on demand, so they watched me while sitting in living rooms or finished basements, puddled in beanbags, draped across chairs. They convened in pubescent groups. Sleeper over scares. Occasionally girls joined in because they had been dared and being frightened with boys was the gateway to being a woman. Or the girls saved me for their own intimate affairs, after years of being tempted by soft-core chills—not tonight, they would go all-in; tonight, they would see all that blood. Those girls have the best screams. The horror seems almost joyous for finally being public and permissible. But there are few girls in line here.

“I watched with my dad,” he says.

“Oh, yeah?” I say, Sharpie still dangling over my chest, still waiting.

“Because I used to be scared of moths,” he says, “a total fraidy-cat.”

“Well, moths can be scary,” I say, which I believe is true.

“But I’m not scared of them anymore,” he says.

I conjure piranha-like moths swarming his head, but all I say is “That’s great.”

“I became scared of other things, worse things,” he says.

“It’s a scary world,” I say.

The others are better at this than I am. Certainly more experienced. Charlie Mooks begins by asking their names so he can start the signing and the handing back and the moving along process, formal yet friendly. But Charlie has the longest line and the most committed fan base. As tribute, some wear cheap donkey masks. The more extreme do the prosthetic makeup underneath, with the eyes and the teeth and the drool—they seem to really love the drool. These people also visit my line and greet their first victim by construction a bra from black felt. And I make a point of writing their names over my poking nipples—constructing a bra from black felt. And with the flourish of the last line of dialogue. That always gets them grinning. Then I finish

“Don’t come inside me, okay?” Which is cribbed from my

“You were watching the wrong movie then,” I say.

“But my dad knew you were going to get it,” he says.

“Dads,” I say.

“I’ve come from Topeka,” he says.

“That’s a long trip,” I say.

“But I don’t live in Topeka,” he says.

“Oh,” I say.

“I just flew from there,” he says.

“Right,” I say.

“To be here,” he says.

“Oh, well, welcome,” I say as though I represent the chamber of commerce and I hope he will enjoy his stay in our fair city. I don’t live here myself. Not anymore. Not since my downtown days when things were fun and strange, when being irresponsible had this varnish of liberation. I was braver back then. I recall being fierce and for the most part lucky. I ran in circles that ran in circles with semi-famous people—Patti Smith, Willem Dafoe, David Byrne—until their centrifugal force threw me into more obscure corners. I also burned some bridges. This is standard-issue nostalgia, while in front of me looms someone who seems congested with an undiagnosed dairy allergy. I notice his breath. It smells of feet. Like his tongue is barefoot in his sneaker mouth. “So what’s your name?” I ask.

He thinks for a moment, then he says, “Bob.”

“Yes,” Bob says, “Bob.”

“Okay, Bob it is.” I orient the photo against my looming Sharpie. The organizers came up with these publicity stills, which are retrotitted for the cause since Night’s Scream had neither the budget nor the prestige to warrant an on-set photographer. And certainly nobody asked my permission, or my opinion, on the particular image used. I had signed away my rights for $500 and was frankly amused by the opportunity, having already debased myself multiple times for free. So there I am, drunk and frizzed on Quaaludes since this is late May in Maine and Terry Lester has pumped me with whatever might keep me pliable. But I’m messing up my entrance via freezing water, like the Lady of the Lake’s slutty sister, which Terry is treating as the most important shot in his dumb movie—me trying again and again in sheer panties and child-sized T-shirt, Terry screaming, me on the verge of hypothermia though the crew has diagnosed my distress as spoiled-bitch syndrome. Only Charlie Mooks cares. Between takes he warms me in his meaty, mole-flecked arms, his pulsing midsection giving me the dick version of CPR. “There, there,” he says, as he rubs my back. He’s stone and has been offering me mushrooms whenever we’re alone. But the truth is, I have never looked as good as I look in this photo. It’s undeniable. I can see the longing in my eyes and, buried deep, the electric rage that tightens the focus into the brutalized woman the world wants me to be. I’m staring at the assholes on the shore, all of them amateur sadists. I am alone, and I am dying, and I am beautiful. Plus my body is perfect. Like absurdly perfect. I’m also four weeks from learning I’m pregnant. Maybe this is why I’m glowing. Or maybe I’m investing myself with meaning. Searching for signs and symbols, Tania inside me holding on for dear life. Oh sweetie, I think, for her and for me, as I land the Sharpie on my forehead and write For and inscribe Bob across my breasts. I add below, Don’t come inside me, okay? Which is cribbed from my last line of dialogue. That always gets them grinning. Then I finish with the flourish of Zoe Palindromos. This handle was foisted on me during my days in the art-slash-club scene, when queer men threatened pretty girls with stardom. Their homosexuality stood in for integrity. Eventually they fed us to photographers.

“Here you go”—I pause so I can land his name—“Bob.”
In many ways I am still an actress.


“I really hate when you die,” Bob says.

“Yeah,” I say, “but here I am.”

Then Bob half-whispers, “I know your real name.”

“Do you?” I say.

He nods. “Zoe Akeldama, from Massapequa, Long Island.”

I remain cool and say, “Ding ding ding.”

“And then you were Zoe Lobeki, and then Zoe Marston, and now Zoe Newhart who lives in Dos Rios Triangle, Sacramento.”

Bob says this like he’s in on the joke even though there’s no identifiable joke. And while I know I exist on Wikipedia, on IMDb, on Fangoria and other websites dedicated to the horror genre, I have no idea how deep I might sink in the internet, how far this Bob character can reach into me. Political donations? Real estate transactions? Lawsuits filed? Has he hacked my Facebook page? My Instagram? Does he know that my irises are blooming?

“Well,” I say, “thanks for coming,” and I straighten up and regard the people waiting behind him, hoping they might provide relief. But they are more of the same. The zombie. The space alien. The amputee turning his loss into kicky special effect. The people in normal clothes appear even more sinister. I notice the rare young woman dressed in denim shorts and tank top—the kind of outfit I wore the night I was slaughtered. Who knows how this particular girl will be savaged? By spear? By pitchfork? By blunt force trauma via rock or log or whatever else is handy and vicious? If she is me, she can expect the kitchen knife across her throat while she’s on top of her jock boyfriend—really fucking him good, as Terry commanded, like the best fuck of his life. It was night and we were in the woods, on a mattress hidden by ferns, and I remember the crew on the other side, their shabby voyeurism like the atmospheric disturbance before lightning—charged and obscurely dangerous yet impossible to really fear. Brad was beneath me, sweet Brad, who died of AIDS in the early 1990s. He was so nervous. And I wanted to make our moment seem real, wanted those pricks watching us to feel our brief humanity, so I improvised and told Brad not to come inside me, in order to ground things, to express our authenticity, while Charlie Mooks approached from behind, his massive blur stepping into donkey-masked distinction. The rest is well-known: Charlie grabs my chin and slits my throat. The cover is white with a series of curved strata, red and orange and yellow, bulging from a rounded core, like the geological representation of an eyeball. After a moment I realize what this is—the Sachem from 1972—and I gasp loud enough for Charlie Mooks to glance over.

Bob is pleased. “I collect them,” he says, “yearbooks of famous people.”

I smile and tell Bob I’m hardly famous. I open the yearbook near the middle and am immediately greeted by era-specific hair. Us girls have long feathery manes, parted in the middle, framing faces beaming and wide. Our heads seem to tilt under the uniform weight. I had forgotten about this trend, or rather, had forgotten about the ubiquity of this trend. It’s staggering. I can practically smell the Prell. The boys have a bit more variation. There are a few short-haired Republican types—hello, Ryan Nellows—but even they are weedy around the edges, while the rest fall within the shoulder-length dude category. I’m struck by my instant familiarity with names and associated personalities. Kirsten Lee. Veronica Lemon. Anthony Looper. Every photo is like a paused frame of film. I can see Anthony’s dimples deepen, Kirsten twirling her hair. “This is amazing,” I say.

Bob reaches forward and turns a few pages. “There,” he says. I look for me but I am not there.

Then Bob points to a picture, bottom right.

I see a boy with a toothy smile and bushy black hair, like a mink hat with ear flaps.

“Jerry Seinfeld,” Bob says.

Of course. Jerry Seinfeld. Right near Barbara Schein and Amy Schmidt. Jerry whom I hardly knew, yet I catch his smile cork-screwing into a smirk. There is post 1972 writing nearby—to Bob, Thanks for the blast from the past, Jerry Seinfeld—which streaks across Barbara and Amy like bratty graffiti.

“I got him to sign this a few years ago,” Bob says.

“Uh-huh,” I say.

“He got a real kick out of it,” Bob says.

“I bet,” I say.

“Do you know him?” Bob asks.

“No really,” I say. “It was a big school.”

Bob then flips toward the beginning of the senior pictures and finds me nestled between Linda Abate and Roger Aledort. I am a cataract of pure blonde hair though I lack the easy smile of my classmates and instead edge toward mystery. But I was leg- end at Massapequa High. Jerome Seinfeld would’ve remembered me—they all would’ve remembered Zoe Akeldama. But I was too aloof to be popular, confusing beauty with maturity, and when I was done with the school, I was done with these people. But seeing this picture is like seeing a missing person posted on a milk carton or a post office bulletin board, flashed on the six o’clock news, like something awful has happened and this is evidence of more innocent days. And it isn’t just me. All the boys seem killed in Vietnam, all the girls murdered in the woods. The class of 1972 might as well be decomposing under groovy hair.

“There I am,” I say.

I think of Tania, how she might see herself in my skeptical eyes, my dubious grin.

“You were a happy accident,” Bob tells me. “I was going through the yearbook, just looking at the pictures, when I came across yours, and I was like, I think I know her, and then I was like, it’s the girl from Night’s Scream. I’ve seen the movie like a thousand times.”

“Uh-huh,” I say.

“And I thought, how cool to have both your autographs,” Bob says.

“Sure,” I say.

I’m holding the Sharpie over myself, wondering where to sign and what to write, when a thought comes to mind: Maybe I could keep the yearbook for the rest of the day; maybe over dinner I
could show Tania this teenage glimpse of myself; maybe we could squeeze in an early laugh and this would loosen things up between us. She might even regard me with more humanity and less suspicion. Look, I could say, I was young once. I was not born your mother. So I ask Bob if there’s any chance he might lend me the Sachem, just for the night, and afterward I could leave the yearbook with the front desk of my hotel. “My daughter would really get a kick out of this,” I tell him.

Bob’s face practically contorts in pain. “Um,” he says. “I promise I’ll leave it there.”

“Okay——” “I can give you my phone number, just in case,” I say. “Yeah?” “Sure,” I say, and I grab the already signed photo of myself and write on the back the name of my hotel and my phone number. I realize how this must look, and so I glance up and smile, but Bob seems to be checking the numbers against the numbers he already has scratched in his head. I notice Charlie Mooks’s continued sideways curiosity. I wonder if he still thinks of me, if he envisions this Bob character strung up by the legs, a chain saw ready to split him in half.

“Thanks so much,” I say. “I really appreciate it.” Bob takes the photo and re-inspects the information. “You promise?” he asks.


Bob turns and heads back into the crowd, his hand resting on the hilt of his machete, as though he might need to cut his way through these other versions of himself.

Throughout the afternoon my phone buzzes with texts from Bob reconfirming the address of the hotel, the time of pickup tomorrow, or maybe tonight, buzz, buzz, buzz, and I text back my assurances in as few words as possible. But I’m amused. By five o’clock the cast of Night’s Scream is done with our commitments, and we gather back in the green room to collect our belongings. The performance of the last five hours has left me gutted, as well as embarrassed for myself. All that smiling. The fake pleasant words. The put-on enthusiasm. I feel even more distant from myself than normal, like my head is floating on a string. But the others seem invigorated by the residual fame. I do my best to linger and participate in their small talk, but the purpose of our being together fast evaporates and I get clammy in their company. I need fresh air. I need escape. I have no bygone fondness for these people. I’m like a pair of scissors saying good-bye.

Charlie Mooks insists on a hug. I can smell his deodorant fighting against the odor of wet leaves, and I think of myself rotting inside his massive bag of flesh. He squeezes me tight. I can sense his hard-on underneath—or the memory of his hard-on. “We’re so glad you came,” he says as he presses into my dead self. “Me too,” I lie. “Hope to see you at one of these things again,” he says. “Yes,” I say, knowing I will never do this again.

Charlie releases me, and I grab my things and wave a final good-bye. The rest of the gang are going for a drink, maybe multiple drinks, ha-ha-ha. Once I’m gone I know they will anatomize me, will compare me to the person I was back in Maine. How I paraded about. How I suffered. How I was the victim long before any blade crossed my throat. I can already hear them taking me apart. Dragging me to the ground. But at least I know I hated them first. Amy in her ridiculous red hat. Laura in her tacky vintage dress. Karen with her résumé on parade, how her life has never been better, how blessed she is, in her cheap Talbots blouse, the underarms pitted through.

Back in my hotel room I freshen up and then head uptown for dinner with Tania. There have been no new texts from Bob since the initial volley. In the taxi I send him a single period, imagining his reaction. Mistake or meaning? A pip of dust on the screen? But
there is no reply, no indecisive ellipsis. Nothing. And I’m briefly worried for Bob. Is he doing all right in the big city? I arrive at the restaurant early. It’s near Tania’s apartment. I had hoped she was going to invite me over beforehand so I could get a glimpse of her life, but she had insisted on just meeting here—so here I am, drinking sparkling water when what I want is vodka. The restaurant seems to cater to the solo diner. Framed museum posters cover the walls. Sheets of white paper stand in for tablecloths. Having a reservation feels somewhat humiliating. This is hardly the special night I had imagined. Plus I’m a picky eater.

For distraction, I take the Sachem from my shoulder bag. The inside cover tells me the yearbook belonged to Paul Fatone. I have no recollection of Paul Fatone. His photograph sparks nothing but another assault of hairstyle molded against white suburban face. But Paul Fatone must have been popular. There are scrawls everywhere from fellow seniors, the innocuous words of teenagers using the lingo of the day. They inscribe their parting gibes as though on a piece of novelty tombstone, the earth beneath forever summer. I search for a few old flames. Nathan Lobo. Bill Ferguson. Toby Stankowski. None of them lasted for more than a month before they disappointed me, and while I gave myself easily—Ryan Feller took my virginity in ninth grade—I departed just as easily and enjoyed the notion of their pining, even enjoyed the gossip afterward. I liked being talked about even if every word stung. And I would give my own details to the girls, how the boys’ dicks were small and their performance sweaty and quick, how the only good part was when they let me harvest the pimples on their backs. And then I would go and screw another boy to further remove meaning. It was free love but with a nihilistic stain. On page 75 I come across my father’s name. It’s like watching an old home movie but with horrible graphic violence. He has a mustache, which I normally hate, except on the rare occasion when they transcend my bias and become mysterious.

I search to see Tania—my Tania, my baby girl, right there. The sight of her fills me to the tips of my fingers and toes. It’s like I have ballast again. I straighten and lift my chin toward the light of our reunion. She must see me—I can see her, but first she says hello to the maître d’, this madman.”

“I remember——”

“Mom,” she says, spreading her arms, “you’re here!” She was once a child actress.

“Hello, sweetheart,” I say.

“Back in the big city,” she says as she takes her seat.

“Well, first time I’ve been invited,” I say.

Tania does that Tania thing with her lips. “How was the event?” she asks.

“It was a convention,” I say.

“Right, horror movie stuff,” she says.

“Well, yes, all sorts of cinema really, and people were very excited we were there. It really was something. You should’ve come. A bigger crowd than I imagined. Lines and lines of people. My hand is wrecked from signing things,” I tell her, showing her my hand.

“Very cool,” Tania says. “And was it fun seeing everyone from the cast again?”


“Who’s he again?” Tania asks.

“The killer,” I say.

“Right right right,” Tania says.

“He’s even more disgusting today,” I say.

“Oh,” Tania says.

“And everyone just seems so old,” I say, “including myself.”

“Please,” Tania says, who seems almost older than me.

“And even worse,” I tell her, “we had to watch ourselves during the screening, up there on the big screen, when we were all so young and beautiful and worthy enough to be slaughtered by a madman.”

Tania grins.

“What?” I ask.

“That’s funny,” she says.

“Maybe you can’t understand,” I say.

“Tania sits back in her chair. “Yeah, maybe,” she says.

“It’s just strange,” I say, “seeing ourselves all fresh-faced and pert. It’s like watching an old home movie but with horrible graphic violence.”

“Uh-huh,” Tania says.

“Anyway, it was a long hellish day. Literally. Like I saw visions from hell.” I glance around the restaurant and cannot help the next line—it’s practically dictated by inevitable forces. “Speaking of hell, do you enjoy this neighborhood? Because when I lived in the city it was all about downtown. SoHo, East Village. The Upper West Side was considered, I don’t know, sleepy and dull,” I say.

Tania readjusts her napkin. “Don’t think that’s changed much,” she says.

“I remember——”

The waiter shows up. He places his hand on Tania’s shoulder and Tania beams.

“Hello, beautiful,” he says.

“Bonjour, George,” Tania says.

“I’m almost embarrassed for her.”

“Where have you been hiding, my lovely?” George asks. He must be in his late 50s and he’s attractive in the way waiters can sometimes be attractive: attentive and clean and conscious of posture and purpose. He has a mustache, which I normally hate, except on the rare occasion when they transcend my bias and become myste-
riously powerful. George has such a mustache.
“Traveling,” Tania tells him.
“To exotic lands?” George asks.
“Buffalo,” Tania says.
I smile at Tania; I smile at George; I smile at Tania and George.
“I hear it’s magical this time of year,” George says.
“I did see Niagara Falls,” Tania says.
“And?” George asks.
I keep smiling, at Tania, at George, at Tania and George.
“It was beyond,” Tania says. “The sound. The power. Like a glacier but all movement.”
“A glacier moves,” George says.
“But very slowly,” Tania says.
“Until all at once,” George says, making a calving gesture with his hands.
Finally Tania notices me, or remembers I’m in this scene as well.
“George,” she says, “this is my mother.”
George turns to me. “Hello, Tania’s mother,” he says.
“Zoe,” I say.
George’s mustache arches like an eyebrow. “Ah, Greek for life,” he says.
“Yes,” I say, though I never trust when service people know these kinds of things, or I find the idea of their deeper knowledge somehow unsettling. It’s like seeing someone handsome who works on a road crew—it does not jibe with my worldview. “So what are the specials, George?” I ask, sticking to the menu.
“The specials?” George asks.
“Yes,” I say.
“Everything is special,” George says with inclusive gusto.
“Okay, great, but what are the specials really?” I ask again.
“Just what’s on the menu,” George says. “The lamb is very good.”
Tania blushes. I’m guessing she’s a regular consumer of the lamb.
“I’ll have the lamb then,” I say, handing back the menu.
Tania looks surprised. “We’re doing this already?” she asks.
“Why not?” I say. “George is here, and he seems ready and capable and even eager, and it’s been a long day, and I’m hungry, and I hear the lamb is very good, and that’s just fine by me. Oh, and I’ll have another sparkling water as well and maybe some bread.”
“Okay,” George says. “And you, Tania?”
“Um, I guess I’ll have the chicken paillard,” she says. “And I’ll stick with regular water.”
“Excellent,” George says, and he executes a shallow bow before leaving.
“There’s a moment of post-ordering silence before I say, “He seems nice.”
“Uh-huh,” Tania says.
“You come here often?” I ask.
“Enough,” Tania says.
“Is he maybe your boyfriend?” I ask, which I know is a supremely foolish thing to ask, and yet the words are released before I can do anything, spoken from this voice within my voice, like a stage prompt from the wings.
Tania tilts her head. “What?” she asks.
“Is he your boyfriend?” I repeat because I’m stubborn with the newfound attention.
“Um, no,” Tania says, “he’s not my boyfriend.”
“It’s just, he’s cute,” I say.
“Stop,” Tania says.
“I thought you two had some repartee,” I say.
“Can we change the subject?” Tania asks.
“You obviously get along.”
“Stop,” Tania says.
“Okay,” I say as though uncertain of the ground rules. “So, Niagara Falls...”

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I NEED FRESH AIR. I NEED ESCAPE. I HAVE NO BYGONE FONDNESS FOR THESE PEOPLE. I’M LIKE A PAIR OF SCISSORS SAYING GOOD-BYE.
At some point George appears with the food. “Here’s the lamb. And the chicken,” he says. I look up and say, “I’m curious, George, are you married?” Tania tightens from across the table.

“No,” George says.

“Never?” I ask.

Tania leans forward. I am finally fully present in her eyes.

“I’m a widower,” George says.

“Oh, gosh, I’m so sorry. When did your wife die?” I ask.

“Um, Mom,” Tania says.

George smiles despite himself. “About three years ago,” he says. “And how did she die, if you don’t mind me asking?” I ask.

“Mom,” Tania says again.


“There’s no shame in this,” I say to her. “Just an honest and open conversation, right, George? I myself am a survivor. Basal cell carcinoma.” I point to the various divots on my face. “And a nasty squamous cell carcinoma on my back. Fair skin and a love of bikinis, not a good combination. Certainly not the same, of course, not by a long shot, but still gets you thinking. I also had a thyroid scare last year. I don’t know if I told you that, Tania.”

“Enough,” Tania says.

“It was in her brain,” George says. “Or started there.”

“How horrible for you,” I say.

“Yes, well, mostly horrible for her,” George says, his head back on the shore.

“I can’t imagine,” I say, though I can.

“Anyway,” George says, “bon appétit,” which rings hollow yet true.

“Yes, thank you, George,” I say. “Looks delicious. Thank you.” I regard the lamb in front of me. I hate lamb.

In five minutes, maybe six, Tania will get up and leave. I know this like I know she can sometimes cry so hard that she’ll vomit. Like I know she can hold her breath almost to the point of fainting. Like I know she can stay locked in the bathroom until the fire department has to be called. Her face is reddening now. Blotches appear on her neck and chest, like her skin is litmus paper and I am the test. She never could hide anything from me. She holds her knife and fork like handlebars and she’s speeding downhill, reckless and strong-willed, running away from home again. I notice the votive candle on the table flickering. George has forgotten the thing already.

I start in on the lamb, cutting and then inspecting the meat. I think about Bob. I think about Bob roaming the streets in his fe-
dora and faux machete, playing the character he always wanted to be, but the tall buildings are almost overwhelming, the crowds and the lights, the sudden sounds, all the fears greater than any moth streaking toward him in the moonlight. And yet Bob persists, Bob does the sights, Bob eats a pretzel and a hot dog. Bob goes into Ma-
dame Tussauds and poses next to Freddy Krueger and Frank Sina-
tra, Bob navigates these mysterious scenes and wonders where all these people live and how they live and what they do for a living. Bob assuming he’s the only stranger here, the only audience mem-
ber to this curious show. Then he gets three texts in quick succes-
sion. Like whispers through a crannied hole.

“Come to Room 2024.”

“Come right now.”

“I have what you want.”

Four middle-aged women enter the bar, probably 20 years young-
er than me. They seem to be celebrating something, their festivity instantly gratimg. They semaphore whooping with their arms. No doubt they will all order cosmopolitans and be further transformed.

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“Come to Room 2024.”

“Come right now.”

“I have what you want.”
It was indeed A Night of Pure Luster, as our Playmates gleamed as the main attraction on this year’s Playboy Night held at Xylo at The Palace in Uptown Bonifacio Global City (BGC), Taguig last May 31.

Attendees were treated to a steamy fashion show graced by Playmates Diane Perez, Unica Roces, Kathryn Cee, Jessa Masarita, April Season, Krizoli Rosete, Maria Lee, Robilyn Guinto, Daisy Pascual, Say David, Cheen Dy and Kate Gonzales, and 2018 Playmate of the Year Maine Eugenio.

Presented by Ikon and sponsored by Nueto, the event also staged pole and lap dances, plus few more scorching production numbers.

All was made possible by event partners Blackwater, Bella Swimwear, Moxie Shoes, Lisa Manila, Remy Martin, Ferrari and Blue Tang Resort Wear and media partner Focus Media.
The late Eddie Garcia, one of Philippine entertainment industry’s pillars, answered 20 of the most daring questions about his career and personal life for the January 2009 issue of Playboy Philippines.