JULY/AUG 2014

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ESCAPE WITH HERCULES STAR ITINA Shayk

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HEMINGWAY'S FAVORITE DRINK

SUMMER'S HOTTEST DJ

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Photograph by Russell James

Stylist, Anita Patrickson/ The Wall Group; hair, Jen Atkin at The Wall Group for Clear Scalp & Hair Therapy; makeup, Walter Obal at Atelier Management for Make Up For Ever using Face and Body Foundation; production, HG Producers. Cuffs, Isharya.



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MAXIM July/August 2014

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ARBANA

Darling Nicky

Nicky Whelan is a saucy Aussie who happens to star in El Rey Network's *Matador* this month. And that's got us saying, "¡Olé…mate!" by LAURA LEU

6

Do you usually use your American accent when acting? I play an undercover government agent in Matador, and I have a very strong American accent. I took classes. But sometimes I'll do what I think is a good American accent, and actual Americans just cringe. You've got to constantly work at it. I'd love to learn the New York one; it's the only one I have a lot of problems with.

Can I hear it? No!

You were in Hall Pass—in which married guys are allowed a cheating freebie. Do you have one in real life? I haven't been with someone for 20 years, so I don't know what happens when you're in a relationship for that long. But at this stage in my life? Hell, no!

What's been your best night ever? I got to meet Daniel Day-Lewis at a Hollywood party. He was very sweet. I remember having the conversation, but I don't know what I said; I was talking a hundred miles per hour. It was a really lovely moment, because I'm such a fan. Might I suggest that he become your next hall pass? [*Laughs*] He's happily married! I've got a feeling he doesn't know what a hall pass is.

What's the best thing you've eaten?

Cake pops. They're little cakes that are wrapped with icing on a stick. I bring home boxes of them.

Well, everything is better on a stick. Mmm-hmm.

Matador premieres July 15 at 9 p.m. on El Rey Network.



First-Class Getaway Guide

Step up your away game with these five luxury upgrades.



→ SUMMER'S SEXIEST POOLS

Your future mistress contemplates the good life at the Ayana Resort and Spa's amazing Aquatonic Seawater Therapy pool, overlooking the Indian Ocean in Bali. If you find yourself anywhere near this heavenly body (of water), by all means take a dip (rooms from \$250). Other spectacular hotel pools worth diving into include

the oceanview Grace Santorini in Greece (right), the art deco beauty at Metropolitan by Como in Miami Beach, and the rooftop infinity stunner at the Okura Prestige in Bangkok.



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Whether you're working out at the gym, drinking martini's with your beach house friends, walking the dog, or reading the Sunday paper in bed with your girlfriend, it pays to do it in comfort and style. Let's just say you can't go wrong with a *Maxim* T-shirt. In fact, go ahead and buy two—one for you and one for your better half.

ARENA TRAVEL

2



TARMAC TAILGATE

Late to your connecting gate? Select airlines are whisking preferred passengers across the tarmac to waiting planes. If you're **Diamond** level on Delta, there's a fleet of Porsche Cayenne hybrids idling in Los Angeles, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Atlanta, and New York's JFK.





KILLER CONCIERGE

Quintessentially is a global concierge service whose "lifestyle assistants" can nab you VIP tables at the hottest nightclubs, score reservations at perpetually booked eateries like Copenhagen's Noma (currently the top-ranked restaurant in the world), and get tickets for the big game—sometimes all in one night.



PRIVATE-JET SET BlackJet, with a \$2,500 annual membership fee, lets high-flying users buy unsold seats on

private planes on the cheap through the jet-sharing service's app. (A \$20,000 coast-to-coast flight can go for as little as \$3,500.) And with backers like Jay Z, Will Smith, and Ashton Kutcher behind the effort, you never know who you'll be sitting next to.



RENTAL FLOSS

With Enterprise and Hertz entering the luxury arena, the price of peeling out from the airport in a Maserati has never been lower, which is why you can rent a GT Coupe from Enterprise's Exotic Car Collection for just \$600 a day. Not into fine Italian roadsters? Then choose from a fleet of other ritzy rentals, including a Bentley GT convertible, a BMW 750Li, and a Mercedes G-Class SUV.

YOU'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST TIME



ARENA MUSIC

→ WHILE WATCHING Steve Aoki throw

cake at audiences, you might not guess that the 36-year-old Los Angeles native-son of Hiroaki "Rocky" Aoki, founder of the Benihana restaurant chain, and older brother to supermodel Devonhas long been one of EDM's shrewdest move-makers. He became a DJ in the mid-2000s after launching the indie label Dim Mak Records and a series of legendary L.A. parties. When dance music exploded in the late 2000s, so did Aoki, bringing boffo humor to his 2009 Coachella sets and breaking out the cake two years later. In August he

BEYOND BENIHANA

"I was vegetarian for 15 years. It was a rebellion against the whole concept of a steakhouse. I was essentially trying to get my father's attention. I realized in my 20s: I don't need to rebel this way. I want to get his respect. My father really ingrained in all his kids an ethic of figuring it out. He never invested in any of our businesses. He never gave any handouts. That's a big part of the reason I've been able to take the tools in front of me and make something out of it."

MODEL BEHAVIOR

"The peak of Devon's modeling career was in her late teens. Her friends were way out of my league. I wouldn't even know how to strike up a conversation. The first time I went to a club in New York, I was sitting next to this girl, and the whole time I was talking about why freeing [death penalty cause célèbre] Mumia Abu-Jamal was so important. She was like [gives side-eye] and just walked away."

PUNK ROOTS

"Playing in hardcore and punk bands set me up properly for DJing. I tour 300 days a year; it doesn't faze me, because I was touring in a bus with four sweaty dudes,

hauling gear,

sleeping in a van and we'd have to sleep sitting up. Sometimes you'd get \$12 a show. I loved it, every part."

A PROPER SHOW

"Playing Madison Square Garden and doing it right, I'm paid a smidgen of what I'm spending on the production. I think certain artists do that. Deadmau5 cares more about how it's presented than how much he's paid. Lady Gaga talks about it all the time. She spends more on production than anything else. I'm getting paid a quarter of what I'm spendingreally going all out

for a show."

EGYPT

PASTRY PARTY

"If I play 300 shows, I'm doing an average of 1,500 cakes [a year]. You might be like, 'I don't want that shit on me.' But you want to see someone get the cake. The people who want to be caked are the ones that are the most die-hard-the most energetic, passionate, singing along with all the lyrics. They're getting their extra cherry on top."



Now Hear This Beyond HIP: SPOON'S THEY WANT MY SOUL.

Austin-based indie rockers Spoon have been in the game 20 years now, cranking out tuneful and tightly wound songs that helped make the Texas capital an altrock mecca. Singerquitarist Britt Daniel calls their eighth album, They Want My Soul, "warmer" than previous releases, but a little harp and some other strings aside, the album rocks and rolls with primal force, and Daniel's raspy voice just seems to be getting better with age. Spoon may never top the album charts (their last one, 2010's Transference. reached number four), but never worrying about that is probably what has kept them vital all these years.

releases his second album, *Neon Future I*, and headlines New York City's Madison Square Garden for the first time.

Dance Music's New Kingpin

DJ Steve Aoki, known for his wild live performances, finally steps to EDM's center stage. by MICHAELANGELO MATOS



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PRIME MINISTE

TO LAL



When the temperatures rise, nothing gets the adrenaline soaring like a good crime novel. Here are 10 must-read tales of good guys and bad behavior to keep you busy on the beach. by LORENZO CARCATERRA

→ I WRITE ABOUT crime-everything from a murder committed by a member of my own family to homicides carried out in a world of my own making. I also read about crime, and have since I started carrying a library card. Now, what I consider a crime novel you might not. But the 10 selections here are, for my money, the best the genre has to offer.

1. The Godfather, by Mario Puzo This one is the Olympic gold medal winner of the crime world. It will never be matched. Ever.

2. In Cold Blood, by Truman Capote It broke every rule of nonfiction, creating a new template for true crime. Beautifully written, it never allows the reader to forget the crime behind the tale.

3. Strangers on a Train, by Patricia Highsmith The story has been copied countless times, but you just can't top this version. Highsmith writes with a cold

5. The Friends of Eddie Coyle, by George V. Higgins Practically a howto on writing and pacing a crime novel, with dialogue that couldn't get any more on the money (don't miss Robert Mitchum in the bigscreen adaptation). Higgins is one of the underrated greats.

6. The November Man, by Bill Granger The first in a series that disappeared way too early, this

novel is fast-paced, exciting, and filled with enough twists and turns to make you take hard notice. 7. City Primeval: High Noon in Detroit, by Elmore Leonard I could pick from as many as 35 Leonard books for this list, but this early work rocks and rolls with great dialogue, tons of action, heroes who could easily be villains, and bad guys you end up liking more than you probably should.

9. The Continental **Op**, by Dashiell Hammett This collection of stories brings the Op into the PI arena. It's Hammett at his best. And at his best, Hammettthe writer who gave us Sam Spade, among other hard-boiled private dicks-beats everyone else in town.

10. The Blooding, by Joseph Wambaugh Any of Wambaugh's novels could have made the list, but this nonfiction book gets the nod because it's true, and that makes its gruesome story even more amazing. Better yet, the tale has a stunner of an ending.



PREDINCT NOVEL

8. Cop Hater, by Ed McBain The first of the 87th Precinct series, this is still one of the best. McBain set the standard for police procedurals and inspired a number of TV shows-including Hill Street Blues and Law & Order.

Carcaterra, a frequent Maxim contributor, is a New York Times bestselling author of nine books, including Sleepers and this summer's The Wolf (Ballantine).

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ARENA SPORTS

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Real Madrid forward Cristiano Ronaldo is the hands-down, feet-up, greatest soccer player in the world. Witness the numerology behind his methodology.









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Born to Run. And Field. And Hit.

He's just 22 years old, but **Mike Trout** has spent his life defying baseball's expectations. Now he has experts wondering: Could he be the best there ever was? **by ED CONDRAN** PHILADELPHIA IS NOT THE MOST WELCOMING town for visiting ballplayers, who typically get pelted with everything from insults to batteries.
But something strange happens when the young outfielder takes the plate: a standing ovation. Even the oldest of season-ticket holders can't recall a visiting player receiving a cheer—let alone a standing O—but then most visiting players aren't Mike Trout.

Raised in southern New Jersey, about 40 miles

"HE HAS IT ALL," SAYS PUJOLS. "WHO ELSE HAS EVER PLAYED THE WAY HE PLAYS? IT'S LIKE HE'S FROM ANOTHER PLANET."

from Philly, the Angels wunderkind used to be a die-hard Phillies fan. In fact, just six years ago, he was here at the ballpark to celebrate the home team's first World Series title in decades. "OK, I wasn't actually *in* the ballpark," says Trout. "I was in the parking lot, tailgating with my friends. But it was awesome. I saw the fireworks."

On this night, the spectacle is Trout himself. An estimated 8,000 fans from his hometown– roughly a quarter of Millville's population–are here to watch the kid play. Not just any kid. At 22 years old, Trout is the best young player in history. ESPN calls him "Magic Mike." To *Sports Illustrated*, he's "Supernatural." Unsurprisingly, he's the leading vote-getter in the AL for this month's All-Star Game.

Still, you might not have guessed it back in 2008. Because Trout grew up playing in the Northeast, as opposed to the recruiting hotbeds of the South or the West Coast, he fell through the game's cracks, ultimately dropping to the 25th spot in the 2009 draft. Perhaps that helps explain the chip on his shoulder (see: Tom Brady and Aaron Rodgers) and why being the best, and winning, is all that matters to him. And he is the best, already. Baseball junkies haven't seen a combination of power and speed like Trout's since Mickey Mantle, noting that he's only the fourth player to log a .300/ .400/.500 slash line through his first two seasons, joining Hall of Famers Ted Williams, Mel Ott, and Jimmie Foxx.

AND YET, SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.

"You suck!" yells a middle-aged Phillies supporter seated behind the Angels dugout.

"He rules!" counters an eight-year-old fan. "What do you know about baseball?"

With his family and friends filling the stands, Trout rises above the commotion, leading his team to victory while kicking off a hot streak in which he'll hit .421, slug his first walk-off home run, and rise to second in the league in WAR.

And then there's that focus. "Mike can't say no," says Angels announcer and former ace Mark Langston, noting that while Trout always takes time to sign autographs, the tunnel vision hits come game time. "That's what's so amazing: He can please the media and the fans, but he blocks it all out once the game starts."

Fittingly for someone with Trout's size and speed, Langston compares him to Bo Jackson, the finest athlete of his generation. "I played with Bo," says Langston. "Trout may not *quite* have the world-class speed of Jackson [one of the fastest players in history], but he's close."

To the folks in the stands, this isn't exactly a newsbreak. The Angels have clocked Trout at

ball to short. If it bounced twice, he was safe."

But it's Trout's focus that observers return to time and again. Unlike fellow young phenoms Bryce Harper or Yasiel Puig, he doesn't get caught up in distractions. "It doesn't do me any good to dwell on what goes wrong," Trout says. "You have to leave that behind."

DOES ALL THIS MAKE HIM BORING? WELL, compared to Harper and Puig, yes, kind of. Growing up, Trout idolized Derek Jeter, and even modeled his swing on the Yankees shortstop's. Like Jeter (and fellow hitting savants Wade Boggs, Tony Gwynn, and Ichiro Suzuki), Trout waits on the ball a split second longer than most batters. He may not rack up home-run titles, but sizing up the pitch the way he does can easily translate into walks and batting titles. It's not an approach you'd expect from someone of Trout's size, but it is in part what elevated him into the game's elite. "It really wasn't until I was a senior in high school that things clicked," he concedes. "That's when it all started to happen."

Sure, that's the year he set the New Jersey state record for homers, but truth be told, he was a star long before that. "He's just being humble," says former coach Mike Thompson. "When he was 15, he played on the 17-year-old team. He was the best player on the field, and the sound of the baseball coming off his bat was different from anyone ever at that level."

"It's cool to see how I stack up against these incredible players," says Trout. "But, honestly, I don't get caught up in that stuff."

So how *does* he stack up? Well, at 6'2" and 230 pounds, he's about the size of a linebacker, but one with a LeBron-like leaping ability. An Instagram clip of him executing a five-foot-high box jump has gone viral. Among the game's fastest players, Trout led the majors in stolen bases in his rookie year, and in runs scored in each of his first two seasons. And while he may be humble, that didn't stop him from challenging Michael Vick to a foot race.

"The scary thing about Mike is that he's still going to get better, if you can believe that," says his manager, Mike Scioscia, who also grew up outside Philly. "I'll go out on a limb and say he's not going to drop off." And it's not just his skills. "Mike has much more ability and focus than I ever had," says Scioscia, comparing Trout to a young Ken Griffey, Jr. "I remember what it was like when I came back to Philadelphia for the first time. This is a little different." 3.52 seconds from the batter's box to first, which, for a right-handed batter, should not be physically possible. "I never saw anything like it," says Angels starter Garrett Richards, who first witnessed Trout's speed in Class A. "I remember seeing him just fly. He had so many infield hits. All he had to do was hit a ground



So, if Trout is already the game's best player, just how high is his ceiling?

"That's a great question," says Cincinnati Reds All-Star Brandon Phillips. "He may not *have* a ceiling. He's a rarity. I remember playing against him last season, and no one found his weakness. It's downright scary."

In the meantime, the kid from small-town Jersey remains grounded. In the off-season he still sleeps in his childhood bedroom. He still hangs out with the boys from Millville, despite the \$144.5 million contract extension he signed in March. After the game in Philly, he hits the parking lot, just like he did in the old days before heading home to his parents' place in Millville.

"You can't get too high or low," he says of the fans' expectations. "All I can do is make adjustments and try to get better."

And with teammates like ex-MVPs Albert Pujols and Josh Hamilton, Trout and the Angels have a lot to look forward to. "He has it all," says future Hall of Famer Pujols. "He's as good as you'll ever see. Who else has ever played the way he plays? It's like he's from another planet."





Prime time: July, when the lobsters are fresh and the nor'easters scarce.

Beer bastion: Maine ranks fifth for craft breweries per capita, with 37.

Bring it: Waterproof jacket, shades, car keys.



Beers, Guns & Lobster Rolls

A man's guide to Portlandia east. by JARED PAUL STERN → DISCERNING ROAD-TRIPPERS WOULD DO well to set course for that other Portland-you know, the one in Maine. Besides boasting America's best lobster rolls, the Pine Tree State is the birthplace of rugged preppy chic (and the first L.L. Bean store) and has enough open roads, ocean air, and outdoorsy activities for a thoroughly enjoyable weekend getaway. Read on for your 48-hour plan.

photographs by CHRISTOPHER TESTANI

YOU'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST TIME



ARENA ROAD TRIP

Day 1

PORTLAND

DO: Make the **Old Port district**—the waterfront cluster of the city's buzziest shops and restaurants—your home base. Visit **Portland Dry Goods** and **Portland Trading Co.** for waxed Barbour jackets, pocket knives, hunting boots, and other New England essentials; and drop by **David Wood** if you need a square-end knit tie or lobster-patterned belt to wear to dinner. Got a hankering for some whiskey aftershave? Don't worry: It's handmade around the corner at **Portland General Store**.

SEE: Drive to the **Portland Head Light** in Cape Elizabeth, the iconic lighthouse on the edge of town that was made famous by painter Edward Hopper. Nearby, **The Lobster Shack at Two Lights** serves up superb lobster rolls on a rocky outcrop overlooking the ocean–*and* it's BYOB. Charter one of the **Portland Schooner Company**'s historic sailing yachts for a two-hour cruise around the peninsula, and bring a bag of tasty provisions from **Browne Trading** (where superchef Daniel Boulud buys his caviar).

EAT: Head to Eventide Oyster Co., tapped





by *Bon Appetit* last year as one of the best new restaurants in the U.S., for the freshest local bivalves and an epic clam bake: steamers, mussels, lobster, potatoes, salt pork, and a hard-boiled egg on a bed of rock seaweed, served with drawn lemon butter. And don't miss **Fore Street**, housed in an old brick artillery storage building, where you can watch your wood-oven-roasted mussels and turnspit pork loin being cooked to perfection by Sam Hayward, a past recipient of the James Beard Foundation's Best Chef in the Northeast award.

DRINK: Belly up to the bar at Portland Hunt & Alpine Club, where craft cocktails are expertly served in a Scandinavian ski lodge setting, with snacks to match. In'Finiti is another fine swillery that distills its own spirits and brews its beer in a cavernous yet cozy space with a waterfront deck. And if you crave a dizzying variety of brews, there are 75 on tap at the Great Lost Bear.

STAY: In town, book a suite at the **Portland Harbor Hotel** or the **Portland Regency Hotel**, and, if you don't mind a 20-minute drive, check into the historic **Black Point Inn** in Prouts Neck, which features a roaring fireplace, a cliff walk, and a private beach.

Indulge Like a Local

For a perfect day of decadence, the host of Portland Web series Off the Wagon with Joe Ricchio suggests starting with a steaming bowl of beef pho at Saigon. "Later, I would hit Miyake for the 10-piece omakase nigiri—along with a bottle of Taru sake. That evening I'd find a perch at Central Provisions for plates of foie gras and marrow bones, washed down with a sea of French rosé. Then it's off to the Hunt & Alpine Club for a Keiller's Fortune, a soulsoothing cocktail driven by bourbon and egg white. Get the deviled eggs with warm brown bread and salty mushroom butter. Close out the night at the **Snug** drinking Jameson in reckless portions."



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ARENA ROAD TRIP













Day 2

L.L. BEAN & KENNEBUNKPORT

DO: Start with freshly baked pear tarts and locally sourced coffee at **Standard Baking**, **Co.** on the waterfront, where fishermen head out to reel in the daily catch. Then take a short drive up to the Freeport HQ of Maine's legendary outdoor outfitter, **L.L. Bean**. Never mind those duck boots you can order online, and instead browse their impressive collection of Beretta and Browning shotguns. In-store experts can advise how to ship one home, but first drive over to Bean's **Outdoor Discovery School at Fogg Farm**, which also rents guns, and blast the hell out of some clay pigeons.

SEE: Cruise down to **Cape Porpoise**, a scenic Maine lobstering village, and stop at a wharf bar called **The Ramp** that's renowned for its addictive Dark 'n' Stormy. Before you get too tipsy, head out along Ocean Avenue, which hugs the coast and takes you past the Bush family's sprawling summer compound on the way into Kennebunkport; it's one of the best scenic drives on the Eastern seaboard.

EAT/DRINK: Don't miss the lobster roll at The Clam Shack, a Kennebunkport landmark since 1968 that may serve Maine's best version of fresh lobster meat, melted butter, and mayonnaise on a round white bun. Across the marina is **David's KPT at the Boathouse**, which has an exemplary raw bar and a massive deck for boat-watching. Save room for dinner at **Earth at Hidden Pond**, located at a luxurious lodge in the nearby woods, with a poolside bar, fire pits, and wow-factor cuisine (try the suckling pig with lemon marmalade or the lobster with green garlic butter) from rising chef Justin Walker.

STAY: Hidden Pond is a rugged-yet-elegant resort on 40 acres; guests stay in cottages with names like Lazy Days and Silent Pine, each decorated in a distinctive Maine style. Be sure to hit **Tides Beach Club at Goose Rocks** for cocktails at the marble-topped bar, or better yet, on the oceanside front porch.



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1 stand

Ernest Hemingway set a record by drinking 16 daiquiris in one afternoon at Havana's El Floridita.

Drink Like Hemingway

This classic summer cocktail is one for the books.

WHEN IT COMES TO EASY-DRINKING libations, "Papa" knew best. In the '30s and '40s, boozy literary legend Ernest Hemingway could knock back a dozen of his namesake daiquiris during a typical afternoon at his favorite Havana bar, El Floridita—and the drink remains a perfect warm-weather choice. Hemingway once said his signature tipple, a.k.a. the Papa Doble, "had no taste of alcohol and felt, as you drank it, the way downhill glacier skiing feels running through powder snow." In other words, it's a quaffable delight that's ideal for imbibing right now.



Mix It Up

Ingredients

11/2 oz. Bacardi Heritage rum 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice 1/2 oz. maraschino liqueur 1 oz. fresh grapefruit juice

Fill a cocktail shaker with ice.

Shake ingredients together and strain into a highball glass.

Recipe courtesy of Julio Cabrera, head bartender at Regent Cocktail Club in Miami.

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Serve Up Victory NICK BOLLETTIERI, the legendary tennis coach whose IMG Academy has trained everyone from Andre Agassi to Maria Sharapova, dishes up three superior shots.

THE DROP SHOT

"When you see your opponent playing six to eight feet behind the baseline, you know this: He doesn't want to come in to the net. So hit a drop shot. The key? Disguise. Use the same emotion, the same expression, the same swing you have for a baseline shot, and at the very last second just cut a drop shot over the net."

60

THE SWINGING VOLLEY

"Back in the '80s people said I couldn't teach a volley. So I said to Andre, 'Fuck it, swing at the goddamn ball.' Make sure the ball is a little above shoulder height. Swing at the same level of the ball with your hand slightly behind the racquet. Use a big follow-through, around to your left shoulder, and finish at the same height you started."

THE SECOND SERVE

"Most people have a good first serve. But any decent player will attack a shitty second serve. So change it. Aggression is the key. You're going to have some double faults, but it's worth it. Use some force and employ a more continental grip. That strong serve will win you a lot of points."

> What a racquet! Maria Sharapova slams a second serve.



Power Trio



HARD CORE "We start with some general yoga poses to open up the hips, which allows the glutes and hamstrings to function fully. Keeping the core stable and flexible prevents injury and keeps a player on the field."



BE A BALLER "Now that we have good core stability, we'll start working with a medicine ball. We'll do overhead throws, chest throws, and side and rotational moves that incorporate baseballspecific motions like swinging a bat."

Crush It Like an MVP

Pittsburgh Pirates superstar Andrew McCutchen's core strength drills will whip you into Major League shape. by KEN GEE → PITTSBURGH PIRATES
center fielder Andrew
McCutchen is a rare
five-tool superstar,
Gold Glove winner,
and reigning National
League MVP who
led the Pirates to the

playoffs last season for the first time in 21 years. *Maxim* enlisted his physical conditioning coach, Phil Wallin from IMG Academy, to break down the grueling workouts that make Cutch so ridiculously dominant. These simple drills will not only transform your after-work softball readiness; they'll make hoisting those postgame pitchers of beer a cinch.



SQUAT MUSTS "Home-run power emanates from the lower body. Andrew does squats, but we'll have the weight be 50 percent of his one-rep max. He'll go down in a controlled motion and then explode up. We do seven sets of three or four reps."



Outfit Yourself in a Lower East Side Staple

Nearly every trendy men's store modeled after a richly scented cabin where bespoke sports coats hang below taxidermied deer heads owes its success to the original Freemans Sporting Club. Located on New York's Lower East Side, the cozy shop is a style collective of sorts, selling artisanal shaving creams and pomades alongside its own rugged, retro brand of clothing. Now F.S.C. is coming to the masses as part of Bloomingdale's Made in the U.S.A. collection. You'll be able to find this look (right) and more later this month.

Mitchell & Ness, celebrating its 110th anniversary this year, is the perfect place to find that Pete Maravich jersey you've always wanted.

In 1904, former

Scottish golfer

Charles Ness

goods store in

that specialized

in racquets and

clubs. By 1933,

outfitting the

they'd moved on to

apparel and began

Philadelphia

tennis champion

Frank Mitchell and

opened a sporting

Turn Back the Clock

Eagles, the Phillies, and the then **City of Brotherly** Love-based Athletics. But it wasn't until 1983, when then owner Peter Capolino discovered thousands of yards of discarded wool in the company's warehouse and decided to use it to re-create vintage uniforms, that Mitchell & Ness hit

the mainstream.

and Turn Up Your Wardrobe

The company's wares, especially its jerseys and warm-up jackets, have been a staple of the hip-hop dress code for more than two decades, with everyone from Diddy to Jay Z doubling as walking billboards for the

brand (Fabolous even shouted out to Capolino in 2003's "Throw Back"). But it offers something for everyone, from the classic (early-20th-century baseball jerseys) to the I-can't-believethis-exists (Ron Santo's White Sox practice jersey), and stays current with new additions. Not bad for a brand older than most sports franchises.

Tweed check sports coat, \$995; chambray shirt, \$220; khaki Winchester pants, \$220. Available at select Bloomingdale's; 800-232-1854.



Slip into Some Color

A summer staple since the '70s, when someone with a sweet mustache wore them to a key party (just a guess), suede driving mocs are buttery-soft, breathable, and a cinch to slip on. Now, thanks to brighter colors, they wear well with almost everything, so long as you're sockless.







FROM TOP: Brown driving loafer by Johnston & Murphy, \$135; blue driving loafer by Del Toro, \$325; orange driving moccasin by Rockport, \$115.





Save Yourself from Burning Hell

If you aren't protecting yourself from the sun's UV rays, you might as well be asking for cancer. Dr. Joshua Zeichner, assistant professor of dermatology at Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York City, suggests daily use of skin products that provide broadspectrum coverage for both UVA and UVB rays and a sun protection factor (SPF) of at least 30. "And don't cheap out and use last year's sunscreen," he says. "If it doesn't look, smell, and feel the way you think it should, then buy a new one."

1. Your Face We like La Roche-Posay's Anthelios 30 Cooling Water Lotion Sunscreen with Cell-OX Shield XL. \$36; larocheposay.us

2. The Backs of Your Hands Go for Malin+Goetz SPF 30 Face Moisturizer. \$36; malinandgoetz.com

3. Your Arms Try MDSolar-Sciences SPF 40 Broad Spectrum Sol-Sci-X Spray. \$19; mdsolarsciences.com

4. The Back of Your Neck Enlist a stick: Neutrogena's Ultra Sheer Face & Body Stick Sunscreen Broad Spectrum SPF 70. \$10; ulta.com

<section-header>

EVERY DAY IS A TRIUMPH.

Every moment is an opportunity to transcend the mundane with a SOG Twitch in your pocket. Its rosewood handle and stainless-steel blade are everything you need to make an ordinary day extraordinary – and look damn good doing it.

SOGKNIVES.COM

HOW TO

Mind the App

Our man goes through the looking glass of dating apps...and finds out it ain't no wonderland. by ANDREW GREENE

> "My ex recorded me during sex once and used the audio in a dubstep remix."

"T've been faking a British accent ever since I got to college three years ago."

"I write letters to my future children." "This app is impossibly dumb. If this is the future, I'll take my chances with cholera and paper books."



→ WHEN I WAS 13, I ROAMED AOL CHAT ROOMS.



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Whether you're working out at the gym, drinking martini's with your beach house friends, walking the dog, or reading the Sunday paper in bed with your girlfriend, it pays to do it in comfort and style. Let's just say you can't go wrong with a *Maxim* T-shirt. In fact, go ahead and buy two—one for you and one for your better half.

SILLE





0

The Supercar That That Truly Stands Out

The 750-horsepower Lamborghini Veneno gives new meaning to the word *exclusive*. by BASEM WASEF

BUILT FOR THE company's 50th anniversary and titled after a famed bull that gored a matador to death in the early 20th century, the \$4.1 million Lamborghini Veneno is an exercise in justbecause, a carbonfiber sexpot stripped of every extraneous gram intended to make even those half-million-dollar supercars outside the casino in Monaco seem like Honda Civics in comparison. Consider this: The

6.5-liter V-12 hits 62 mph in 2.8 seconds. But it's all about that body. The Veneno's chassis is so wild, it bears no resemblance to its already outrageous inspiration, the Lamborghini Aventador. If hypercars from McLaren and

Ferrari are superheroes, then the Veneno is their nemesis. Every inch has been sharpened, stretched, and vented to an exaggerated perfection. Sure, all three of the Venenos produced for the public have been snatched up. But that's just fine: Seeing this car on the road should

be a rare thing.
1. AN UNDERBODY THAT INHALES

Tucked underneath the Veneno's postapocalyptic bodywork is a smooth underbelly designed to suck air—and the car toward Earth, creating maximum downforce and stability.

4

3

2. LIGHT, DONE RIGHT

The Veneno weighs a full 275 pounds less than the Aventador, thanks in part to a special "CarbonSkin" woven carbonfiber material that lines the cockpit.

3. POWER FOR THE PEOPLE

While the standard Aventador churns out 700 horsepower, the Veneno's V-12 screams with 750, thanks to huge air intakes and a tweaked exhaust system.

4. A SOUPED-UP SHARK FIN

The Veneno's finlike rear ridge meets a massive, adjustable wing, which helps offer stability when the car's carbon-ceramic brakes are engaged.



STUFF THE SOUND SYSTEM

King of the Beach

Finally, a Bluetooth speaker tough enough to keep up with you, from beach bashes to pool parties and everything in between.



→ THE DAYS OF ROCKING AN OVERSIZE BOOM box at the beach have faded faster than a swell at the North Shore, but that doesn't mean you have to crank your tunes with a tinny portable speaker—or one with circuitry that can't handle a little horseplay. Enter the aptly named Big Turtle Shell from Outdoor Tech, which brings the noise via two fivewatt speakers and a rechargeable lithium-ion battery good for up to 16 hours of play. Your phone provides the music with a wireless Bluetooth 4.0 linkup, and the Big Turtle Shell takes care of the rest, putting out a dynamic, bass-forward sound at a volume of up to 110 decibels—loud enough to create an instant party anywhere. Best feature: It's drop-, dust-, and water-resistant, so no matter how wild things get (that was just beer, right?), the jams will keep kicking. **\$230; outdoortech.com** Outdoor Tech's Big Turtle Shell has a rechargeable lithium-ion battery that can juice up your dead phone while playing music.



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Sneak Attack

Go farther (and faster) by lacing up a pair of high-tech, lightweight running shoes. **by DAVID ALM**

1. UNDER ARMOUR SPEEDFORM APOLLO

Best for: Track rats These 6.5-ounce shoes are constructed in a clothing factory, with ultrasonic seams and a foamand-rubber midsole. The result: a wickedfast shoe suitable for speed sessions, races up to 10K, or lightning-quick Dairy Queen runs. **\$100;** underarmour.com 2. ADIDAS ENERGY BOOST 2.0 Best for: Beginners

Their chunky soles absorb heavy impacts, making hard pavement feel like a rubber track. And at less than 10 ounces, these sneakers are light enough to never slow you down. **\$160; adidas.com**

3. PUMA FAAS 1000 Best for: Middlemen

Sporting a heel-to-toe drop of 12 mm, the 1000s set up like the high-heeled kicks of yesteryear but boast a lighter, newschool foam midsole that makes them extra cushy. They're ideal for moderate distances, such as half marathons. **\$130; puma.com**

4. NIKE FREE 4.0 FLYKNIT Best for:

Best for: Style hounds

The lightweight Flyknits fit snug like slippers, but they go like hell during a hard workout. The elastic upper pairs with a highly responsive sole for a natural, minimalist running experience. **\$120; nike.com**

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STUFF CAMERAS

Let's Get Wet

Top tech for underwater photography, plus tips from the master of the genre. **by MICHAEL FRANK**





THE POINT & SHOOT Canon PowerShot D30 No other camera this cheap goes this deep (82 feet) without a waterproof case. It can also withstand a drop from 6.5 feet. We love the 28 mm wide-angle-to-5xzoom range, the macro focusing, the mode that corrects for blue

light underwater, and the new Sunlight LCD mode that reduces glare. **\$330; shop.usa.canon.com**



THE VIDEOCAM GoPro Hero3+ Black Edition

You already have a GoPro? You don't have *this* GoPro, which: (1) Has a 33 percent sharper lens mated to low-light detection. (2) Lets you shoot up to 4k resolution–just like *Shark Week*'s Casagrande (see sidebar). (3) Fires 240 fps slow-mo that makes silly stunts look Bruce Lee-badass. **\$400; gopro.com**



THE INTERCHANGEABLE-LENS CAMERA Nikon 1 AW 1

Waterproof to 49 feet, this is like a budget version of the Nauticam-caseprotected DSLR (at right). "Real" camera chops include 1080p video at 60 fps, a screaming 1/16,000-second shutter, RAW mode, and continuous tracking while you move in for the toothy close-up. **\$800; nikonusa.com**





Go Deeper

As a cinematographer for Discovery Channel's Shark Week, Andy Brandy **Casagrande IV** is famous for capturing spectacular footage of 4,000-pound great white sharks. Being in the water with "the most awesome creature on the planet" isn't what scares him, though. What he really fears is that his subjects face extinction due to "finning," losing their lives to poachers to become ingredients in soup. Sharks, he says, breed slowly and are disappearing faster than they can reproduce. Ever positive, Casagrande believes we should all learn underwater photography "so you know what's down there, how special it is." No, he's not recommending risking your limbs, but he does proffer the following five tips for nailing tight shots of the life aquatic.

TWEAKTHE LIGHT

A red filter (about \$30) for your GoPro will offset the overpowering blue. Most underwater cams have a mode that corrects it, too.

GET CLOSE. REALLY CLOSE

This prevents nutrients in the water from distorting the image. "Tell your girlfriend in the bikini the shot won't work otherwise," says Casagrande.

RESPECT THE GEAR

Treat a GoPro like a DSLR and you'll be rewarded with great shots. Casagrande advises placing a desiccant inside any external housing to kill lens fog.

THE DSLR

Nauticam NA-70D Housing If you're aiming for pro-level photography, you need a no-compromises case. The NA-70D (for Canon's \$1,100 70D) costs three times more than the camera, but bonus features include dual grips; a magnified, tiltable viewfinder; and a sensor system that alerts you if the housing springs a leak. **\$3,330; nauticam.com**

THE SEA SCOOTER TUSA SAV-7 EVO

Need to fight a killer current to get a shot? Put this prop-powered vehicle between your legs (seriously) and you'll be able to cruise underwater with your hands free to operate your gear. (You'll still need to use your arms to steer.) Its battery provides 80 minutes of power, and a tow arm allows you to bring pals deep, too. *\$2,895; tusa.com*

LOOK TO THE LIGHT

New shooters often fail to notice the shadows from the sun at their back until it's too late.

GOTOTHE BAHAMAS

The sharks at Stuart Cove's in Nassau are so used to people, they're almost respectful, says Casagrande. "Even when there's chum, they won't bite your hand." We'll just have to take his word for it.

July/August 2014 MAXIM 41

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Irina Shayk photographed exclusively for MAXIM at Elizabeth Harbor Sandbar, Great Exuma, Bahamas.

She's one of the most successful supermodels on Earth—a globe-trotting goddess whose boyfriend just happens to be one of the world's most celebrated athletes. Now, with *Hercules* hitting the big screen, **Irina Shayk** stakes her claim as the ultimate girl of summer.

BY LOGAN HILL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL JAMES



"I DON'T CARE ABOUT PEOPLE'S OPINIONS, AND NEITHER DOES CRISTIANO. SOME PEOPLE LIKEYOU; SOME PEOPLE HATEYOU. YOU HAVE TOBE STRONG."

> Bikini bottom, PilyQ Barcelona; cuff, Isharya.

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AND DESCRIPTION OF



"TODAY I'M JUST EASY-BREEZY," SAYS IRINA Shayk, with impossibly full lips and a thick Russian accent to rival that of any Bond girl. "No makeup, no hair: I don't want to look like a model when I'm in New York City." Of course, that doesn't stop everyone in the Bowery Hotel's sunny backyard garden from rubbernecking as she plops down on a wicker couch, fresh from Pilates class, tendrils of dark hair trailing in the wind, her endless legs extended in skintight yoga pants. Most New York models are so freakishly thin, they appear to be stretched fun-house-mirror reflections of pretty people. Shayk, who just arrived from Brazil and flies off to China in two days, is an old-school, unapologetic bombshell-one with a chip on her shoulder. "People don't realize that models are not just size-zero clothes hangers," she says, gesturing to the curves of her hips and noting that the mean-girl roommates of her youth told her she'd never make it in the business. "I'm not a size zero. Thank God, because that's how I got my West Village apartment!"

'I was seven years old; I wanted to dress up,'" Shayk notes, affecting a baby voice. "My story is different because we had nothing to eat!"

Shayk's father, a coal miner, died when she was 14 and left her music teacher mother to provide for the family on \$25 a week, in Yemanzhelinsk, Russia. A few years later, a bus-stop ad led Shayk and her sister to beauty school, where Irina was discovered by a local scout; then she hustled her way from Miss Chelyabinsk 2004 to high-fashion Parisian model to Sports Illustrated swimsuit babe in just three years. She made the cover in 2011, the first Russian to do so. "For me, it's business, not a hobby, like, 'Oh, I got \$20,000 and I'm going to spend it on shoes,'" she says confidently, all eye contact, no hiding behind her hair, no cutesy flirtation. "What's the part I enjoy the most? The financial part. The independence." Sure, Shayk says, the international travel and glamorous parties can be fun, but all that dressing up is grueling. She skips red-carpet movie premieres because it's "so much work getting dressed up!" She avoids hanging out with models because "fashion is the last thing I want to talk about." She prefers events like the White House Correspondents' Dinner, where she can mingle with politicians, writers, and TV stars from her favorite show, Scandal-anyone but the people she's surrounded by every day.

Greek mythology! Irina is a Greek name, so I think: Maybe it's destiny?"

In real life, Shayk is half of an even more mythic couple. She dates the frequently shirtless, underwear-modeling soccer star Cristiano Ronaldo (see page 16), who is averaging a goal per game this year with Real Madrid, and is the reigning FIFA world player of the year. Ronaldo once said: "Because I am rich, handsome, and a great player, people are envious of me." Another woman might fade into the background, but Shayk is nobody's arm candy. "I never take the backseat," she says. "Maybe if you're lucky, you can have a front seat, too." Shayk says she and Ronaldo, the son of a Portuguese cook and gardener, are strivers who share the same drive to achieve. "He's very competitive; I'm definitely very competitive," she explains. "I'm not a person who cares about people's opinions, and neither is he. Some people like you; some people hate you. You have to be strong." This summer, the power couple will be the unofficial king and queen of Brazil's World Cup. (Think Tom Brady and Gisele Bündchen, only more global.) Ronaldo suits up for Portugal in what's being called the first round's "Group of Death" opposite three-time champ Germany, Ghana, and the U.S. The Russian model doesn't even pretend she'll be rooting for America. "There's no team I hate," she says, smiling serenely. "But I support my boyfriend."

Being able to afford that condo is more than a matter of pride. "A lot of girls say, "A lot of models go cuckoo: They cry, they have breakdowns and talk about what they had for lunch, how many pictures they took. And I just want to kill myself! I see it as my work: Once it's done, it's done."

This summer, Shayk makes her screen debut opposite Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson in Brett Ratner's *Hercules*, opening July 25. "Every time I get a script, it's, like, bartender...stripper...And I don't think I would make a *bad* bartender or stripper, you know?" She sashays a little in her seat. "But



Bikini top, Heidi Klein; bikini bottom, Tori Praver; sunglasses, Alexander McQueen; bracelet, J.Crew.





THIS PAGE: Bikini, Aquarella; lapis ring and bracelet, Isharya; gold-chain bracelets, Melinda Maria. OPPOSITE: Bikini, Lenny Neimeyer; cuff, Pluma Jewelry; rings, A.V. Maxx.







Bikini, PilyQ Barcelona.

"<u>I'M NOT A</u> SIZE ZERO. THANK GOD, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW I GOT MY WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT!"









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A LEAP OF Faith

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SAUT DES



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BASE jumpers Andrew Rossig, Jimmy Brady, and Marko Markovich (from left) couldn't resist the Freedom Tower's call.

COLUMN PT

When three daredevils snuck into the new World Trade Center tower and jumped off, they were looking for adventure, excitement, and the freedom of flight. Instead, they may lose their freedom altogether.

BY DAVID KUSHNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAMS + HIRAKAWA







NDREW WANTED TO JUMP OFF the World Trade Center long before the Twin Towers fell. "I saw those buildings," he says, "and it pushed me to be a BASE jumper." A scrappy only

child from Warwick, New York, he'd been a thrill seeker since he was a baby, his mother, Linda, recalls–flipping himself over his crib rail and bounding off his bike as it careened down the driveway.

"Amazingly, he's never been hurt," she says.

He had been skydiving since he was 18 but craved a greater thrill—and there seemed to be no greater rush than leaping from the WTC.

He wouldn't be the first to do it. In 1975, a World Trade Center construction worker, Owen Quinn, hit national fame when he parachuted off the Twin Towers–and was charged with trespassing, reckless endangerment, and disorderly conduct. Though the Towers fell on September 11, 2001, that didn't end Andrew's dream.

Three years later, he snuck out with a buddy

THERE ARE PLENTY OF WAYS TO JUMP OFF a building. But for Andrew Rossig, there was the risk of smashing against the object you're jumping from on the way down. No wonder the sport has its own online database of fatalities and is banned in most parks and cities.

only one way to do it from the top of One World Trade Center.

Backflip.

It was 3 A.M. on September 30, 2013. Andrew, a wiry 33-year-old carpenter with dark curly hair, puffed a Camel as he gazed 105 stories down from the roof. Lower Manhattan sparkled in a blanket of darkness far below.

"Thank the fucking dear Lord that we made it here this far," he told the two guys standing beside him. "He's going to watch out for us. He likes drunks and stupid people."

Everything felt so peaceful up there, the air quiet and cool. As he leaned over the edge, Andrew could see that the West Side Highway barely had any cars. The Hudson River, to the left, flowed in a long ribbon of black. The tip of the Empire State Building glowed uptown. Andrew had waited a lifetime for this moment, and now all he had to do was jump.

He and his buddies–32-year-old ironworker Jimmy Brady and 27-year-old skydiving instructor Marko Markovich–are BASE jumpers. Nicknamed for the four types of platform from which to hurl oneself–building, antenna, span, and Earth–the sport is known as the world's deadliest for a reason. Adventure doesn't get more extreme than this. Compared to skydiving, BASE jumping gives you way less time to properly deploy a parachute, and there's also "Certain people are designed in certain ways," says BASE-jumping legend Jeb Corliss, "and there's a small group of people who just want to fly."

Andrew, Jimmy, and Marko thrived in this outlaw underworld. They had logged more than 1,000 jumps among them. But on this autumn night, they had chosen the riskiest BASE of all, and not just because it was 1,776 feet high. They were about to plunge from the Freedom Tower–not yet completed but standing in the shadow of the two buildings destroyed, and 2,753 lives lost, on 9/11–a structure Jimmy himself had been working on for the past decade and had always imagined jumping off.

"It was a dream from day one," he says. Now the three friends had to survive not only the fall but also the punishment potentially to follow for having snuck into the biggest terrorist target in America. But at the moment Andrew, who spent his days building movie sets in Manhattan, wasn't worried about any of that. He was finally living his ultimate fantasy.

The time had come to begin the countdown: "Three, two, one." And then he flew backward into the night. to a 1,000-foot transmitter tower in New Jersey for his first BASE jump. As he climbed the tower in the dead of night, he went over the procedures in his mind: how to get air off a fixed object so that he'd clear any obstacles, when to deploy his chute, what kind of glide ratio he was facing. There was science to BASE jumping: using a laser range finder to determine the height of an object; dropping a rock from the top, and counting the seconds until it hit the ground. But the moment he hit the air, he felt something spiritual, too.

"For me," Andrew says, "it's just an acknowledgment to the universe that my time is not guaranteed here and I'm going to live it the way I want to live it. And faith is an action, and belief is an action." After hundreds of jumps around the country, he knew religion when he found it. "Jumping," he says, "that's my church."

It wasn't easy finding a place to worship in New York City, which passed a misdemeanor law against parachuting off buildings more than 50 feet tall in 2008 after attempts at the Empire State Building and the *New York Times* offices. But last year, a friend introduced Andrew to someone who shared the same dream: Jimmy Brady. "He works on the Freedom Tower," the friend said. "He's an ironworker, and he's a BASE jumper." BELOW: Andrew, Jimmy, and Marko (top, from left) prep for their daring leap from the Freedom Tower. The videotaped feat eventually landed them in court.

"IT WAS A DREAM FROM DAY ONE," SAYS JIMMY, WHO HAD LONG IMAGINED JUMPING OFF THE FREEDOM TOWER.

The son of a sanitation worker on Long Island, Jimmy was a tough kid with a neck as thick as his accent. A high school track star, he dropped out of college to become an ironworker and spend his days scaling heights. When he was assigned to work on the new Freedom Tower in 2002, Jimmy, who describes himself as a "patriotic dude," felt honored. Beam by beam, the tower rose, and the higher it went, the prouder he felt. On June 14, 2012, he was among the workers selected to meet President Obama, who came to sign a beam that Jimmy himself later installed on the building.

"We remember," the president wrote on the steel. "We rebuild. We come back stronger!"

And, as Jimmy thought at the time, we jump. Like Andrew, Jimmy had been BASE jumping for years. Though he'd never leaped from a building, the prospect of tackling the Freedom Tower felt like the ultimate. "I thought about it every day," Jimmy says. So when Andrew popped the question about the challenge, Jimmy didn't flinch. "Yeah," he later recalled, from the New York metro airports and crossreferencing them with weather Web sites. "As BASE jumpers and skydivers, we always watch the weather," he explains. "It's just like brushing your teeth." Winds were in the sweet spot between three and five miles per hour, and the conditions were calm and cool. All the team had to do was keep checking to make sure nothing changed.

Next they had to assess the potential landing sites. According to their calculations, they would travel roughly one block if they deployed their parachutes after about six seconds of free fall. Booting up the satellite view on Google Maps, they could see that their options were limited. There were buildings just to the north and, to the south, the 9/11 Memorial reflecting pools—and the



Homeland Security police trailer. Scratch that. The only suitable direction was west, right onto the West Side Highway–one of the city's busiest thoroughfares. They had to make sure to go when traffic was at its lightest. How twisted would it be to survive the 105-story fall only to get run over by a cab? They would jump in the wee hours of a Monday morning.

The last thing they had to figure out was how to get into the tower. Construction sites, they knew from experience, often change as work progresses, and so do the potential points of entry. "A lot of building jumping is kind of free form," Andrew says. "You make it up as you go." Of course, for this jump they had an inside man. But while Jimmy knew the building's layout, he had no sway with the security guards. The trio would still have to sneak into the structure on their own.

So they cased the joint. Fences and large barriers surrounded the building, along with the surveillance cameras craning down from every street corner. The New York Police Department was said to have more than 200 officers protecting the area, along with cops and security guards from the Port Authority. But there seemed to be open spaces between the fence partitions here and there, and the building had no doors. Though the elevator was completed, they would take the stairs. By the end of September, they had everything in place. When they searched the construction site, they found a tall barrier on the north side of the building with a gap between two parts of the fence-a gap just big enough for someone to squeeze through. Bingo. The weather forecast looked good, too. The time, at last, had come. Though Marko had been waffling, he made up his mind. "Let's just go do it," he told Andrew and Jimmy, "as a team."

"I was cool with it."

HEN JIMMY ASKED HIS OLD friend and fellow BASE jumper Marko if he, too, wanted to take on the Freedom Tower, Marko's palms broke into a sweat. For the skydiving

instructor, it wasn't the height that was scary; it was the risk of getting busted. "I didn't want to go to jail," he says. "I didn't think it was worth it." But in May 2013, after Jimmy helped erect the spire on top of the building, there was finally a roof from which to jump– and Marko couldn't resist joining the team.

Before packing their gear, the three men had to do their research. This wasn't just about the jump—it was about breaking into a national landmark, the tallest building in the Western Hemisphere.

First they had to make sure the weather would permit such a leap. Andrew had a reputation for being a stickler and calling off jumps if the wind was blowing more than five miles per hour. "I don't want to be left scraping up somebody's corpse because they made a stupid decision," he says. To get the most up-to-date reports on downtown Manhattan, he began making daily calls to the automated weather-observation systems



T AROUND 10:30 P.M. ON September 29, Jimmy, Marko, and Andrew flipped the hoods on their matching black RAB jackets over their black helmets and walked, faces down, the

last 10 blocks to the Freedom Tower. The three had met for pizza a couple of hours earlier and hydrated with water, and they were now making the final approach. Authorities believe a friend of Jimmy's, Kyle

Hartwell, was also present as a lookout to check

BASE-Jumping Meccas

THE WORLD'S PREEMINENT BASE JUMPER, JEB CORLISS, LISTS THE FIVE BEST PLACES TO FLY.



PERRINE BRIDGE

Twin Falls, Idaho

"This is one of the main training zones for novice BASE jumpers. It's a 486-foot bridge over water with a great landing area, and it's 100 percent legal, yearround, without permits. You can jump it all you want, as much as you want. Period."



NEW RIVER GORGE

Fayetteville, West Virginia

"This place is where they've done Bridge Day since 1980, which is when 150,000 to 300,000 spectators come and watch about 600 BASE jumpers leap off that bridge for a six-hour period once a year. It's the only national park that opens up for BASE jumpers annually and gives a permit."

for cops and pedestrians—and to film the jump from below. The group had no intention of publicly releasing the video. Given the outlaw nature of the sport, they didn't do that for any BASE jumps. But they wanted to record the moment for themselves, and so they had GoPro cameras affixed to their helmets, too.

As they neared the fence, they kept their heads down, concealing their faces from the surveillance cameras. A few cops were milling around in the distance. The Homeland Security trailer sat across the way, in the light of the reflecting pools. As Marko began waffling yet again, Andrew and Jimmy ribbed him, half-jokingly. "Shut up," Andrew said. "Stop being a pussy." Privately, though, they shared his trepidation. They weren't idiots. They knew they were risking more than arrest: They were breaching the security of the World Trade Center site. If the men guarding it saw them, who knows how they might respond? And they weren't about to turn back now.

"We made a decision to go ahead with something, and we felt good about it," Jimmy says. "And that was it. That's a powerful thing; that's how bad we wanted to do this."

They waited in the pedestrian walkway near the fence, as people passed in both directions. Andrew bent down to tie his shoe. Marko rifled through his backpack. Jimmy pretended he was taking a piss. And then, in a flash, they slipped through the gap. They quickly took cover behind a construction trailer, scoping the area for guards. The only ones in sight were huddled in the security booth on the corner. "It's fucked up," Marko whispered to the others. "We could have walked in here with bombs and taken the building down tonight." in the darkness. "We were just sitting there on the edge," Marko says, "taking it all in."

After a few blissful hours, though, he found something new to worry about. Around 2 A.M., as he was getting ready to jump, Marko pulled the rig out of his bag and examined the pilot chute, the one that pulls the main chute out during a jump. That's when he noticed the gash. The nylon must have ripped on the fence as he was bolting through the gap. He could still make the jump, but he would have to quickly deploy his main chute by hand-cutting into the free-fall time he had assigned himself. The sudden change of plans brought back all his anxiety. As he leaned over the edge, the fear hit him like a bolt of lightning. But the time had come. Andrew said God was watching over them. Marko quoted a favorite line from Talladega Nights: "Thank you, baby Jesus." They exchanged bro hugs. "Well," Marko went on, "hopefully we won't be in the fucking Fifth Precinct tonight with a fucking felony charge." He looked down at the distant highway below and exhaled deeply. "This is some fucking shit right here," he said, puffing again. "Oh, man. Fuck me."

"We didn't know if cops would shoot us in the back when we landed," Jimmy says.

For all security knew, the three men might have been packing explosives.

"Is there going to be an overreaction to this if we do get caught?" Andrew thought. "Are they going to just go, 'Oh, my God, they're terrorists'?"

If there was one thing that pushed the men through their fears, it was the jump. They wanted more than anything to complete it. On three, they sprinted the 20 feet to the stairwell at the base of the building and, just like that, they were in.

One by one, they dashed up the steps, SWAT team-style, each taking a turn running up a flight, peeking around the corner, then signaling to the others to follow. Twenty minutes later, they were on the roof, gazing upon the most outlawed vista in America. The city sparkled below-the arches of the Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges, the Empire State Building, the patch of black where Central Park began. They sat in silence, the red dots from the GoPro cameras flickering

"WE DIDN'T KNOW IF THE COPS WOULD **SHOOT US IN THE BACK** WHEN WE LANDED," SAYS JIMMY OF THE TRIO'S FEAR.

"Go ahead, man," Jimmy said, "you got this."

"This is so fucked," Marko replied, staring down at the pavement until, at last, he got the nerve to leap. "Fuck it," he said. "Three, two, one." And he jumped. Almost instantly, he tossed out his chute, which puffed open with air. He drifted down as the wind rustled around him, glancing back at the radiant tower he'd left behind. Floating over the highway, he fearfully scanned for cops.

Andrew and Jimmy felt relief the moment they saw Marko's chute open. "Beautiful," Andrew said. About 10 seconds later, it was Jimmy's turn.

"You ready?" he said.



KJERAG MOUNTAIN

Rogaland, Norway

"Since the mid-'90s, jumpers started making the trek to that region of the world. It's a 3,000-foot cliff at the end of a fjord. This is a training ground for people who are doing their first big cliff. It's a little bit more dangerous."



LAUTERBRUNNEN Switzerland

"You actually need some skill and training to go to this place. It has come to be a training ground for intermediate jumpers who like jumping off cliffs between 1,200 and 1,600 feet, with big, giant grassy landing areas. There's tens of thousands of jumps done there every year."



WORLD WINGSUIT LEAGUE Hunan Province, China

"This is for the advanced jumpers who've become really proficient and who've learned to fly wingsuits. It's in a mountainous region of China that is absolutely beautiful. The 26 greatest wingsuit pilots in the world compete to see who is the fastest. It's like Formula 1 in the sky."

"Yep. Have a good one, brother." "You too, man."

Jimmy sprinted for the edge and went airborne. As he dropped, the illuminated tower raced along at his feet as if he were surfing on a ribbon of lights. He deployed his chute. For a flash, he could see Andrew drifting alongside him. Andrew felt a completeness he'd never experienced before. More than a thrill, jumping the Freedom Tower felt like the most American quest of all. "That's the greatest thing about our country," he says. "You can pursue your dreams, even Marko got a knock on his door. It was a detective from the NYPD. The guy must have come to him, he guessed, because he'd recently been busted jumping off a building uptown. According to court documents, Marko denied being one of the Freedom Tower jumpers. "I was not in New York City when the jump occurred," he stated. "I don't know anything about the jump."

"I was just being a smart-ass to them for an hour," he later said. "I didn't really give them anything."

Jimmy? He was back at work within hours

Freedom Tower, climbed the scaffolding, and took the elevator to the 88th floor. He had no connection to Andrew, Marko, or Jimmy. He took the steps the rest of the way, slipping past a snoozing guard to the roof, and shimmied to the top of the antenna. He soaked up the view of the most killer sunrise in town–only to be caught on the way out.

As news of the daredevil boy hit the press, the public reacted with outrage over the vulnerability of the Freedom Tower. New York City Mayor Bill de Blasio called Casquejo's break-in feat "shocking and troubling." The boy faced misdemeanor trespassing charges. If the city was willing to make an example of him, just imagine what it might do to three grown men. According to Corliss, jumpers have a long, distinguished history in New York City. "The Statue of Liberty was BASE-jumped in, like, 1912, and people didn't arrest the guy-they applauded," he says. "Then he jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. Times sure have changed." When the cops found the GoPro footage on the BASE jumpers' computers, they weren't amused. On March 24, on the advice of their lawyers, Andrew, Marko, and Jimmy went back downtown-this time to turn themselves in. "These arrests should send a message to anyone thinking about misusing a landmark this way," New York's new police commissioner, William Bratton, said. "Being a thrill seeker does not give immunity from the law."

if they are illegal."

URN ON THE TV."

It was Monday morning, mere hours after the jump, and Andrew was telling his mom, who lived with him, to check out the news. "At 3:07

this morning, two individuals apparently parachuted to the front of the Goldman Sachs building," Police Commissioner Ray Kelly told the press. Security cameras had captured their descent but not their launch point.

"We're not 100 percent sure of the location, if they came out of an aircraft," Kelly went on, "but they were seen walking away with the parachutes. What they came out of, we don't know. They were wearing black suits and helmets, and they are believed to be men."

Andrew's mother already knew her son was one of them. He had not only spoken about jumping from the tower for years, but he'd also told her he'd succeeded when he'd returned home a few hours before. "We just sat around the kitchen giggling," she recalls. She had long since stopped trying to talk her son out of his pastime because she knew he wouldn't listen to her anyway. And because she had come to think it was pretty cool.

But while Andrew tried to keep calm,

of the jump, standing on the Freedom Tower's roof-trying to soak in what he'd done. "It was out of this world," he says. And that, it seemed, was that.

Life resumed its course: work, home, a little BASE jumping outside the city. But then Andrew was on his way to a carpentry job on February 17 when his mom called. "There are detectives at the front door," she told him, "and they have a warrant."

"Well," he replied, "I guess you'd better let them in." He came home to find eight NYPD officers and four state troopers inside. "Why don't you just tell us what's going on and make it easier on yourself?" one said.

"I'm going to call my attorney," he replied, "and that's my answer."

On that same day, the authorities served search warrants to Marko and Jimmy (who, like Marko, denied involvement) and left with their computers.

But with the story not yet public, the three men and their lawyers couldn't help wondering: Why would the city want to call attention to the fact that the biggest terrorist target in America could be so easily breached? So easily, it turned out, that even a 16-year-old boy could do it. On March 16 at 4 A.M., Justin Casquejo slipped through another opening in the fence around the



HERE WE GOING?" THE CAB driver asks.

"Freedom Tower," Andrew replies.

One month after the arrests, Andrew, Marko, Jimmy, and

I are heading to the scene of the crime. The three haven't returned to the site together since the morning they (CONT. ON P. 94)



Bikini, Wildfox; button-down shirt, OneTeaspoon; ring, Steve Madden; necklace, Jacquie Aiche.

Bewitched

As Teen Wolf's resident object of lust, **Holland Roden** has a few tips for her male fans. Rule 1: No pairing Speedos with sneakers.

^{by} Julian Stern

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARPER SMITH



"IUSED TO DATE OLDER FOR A VERY LONG TIME, AND NOW I'M DATING A GUY WHO'S MUCH YOUNGER THAN ME, BUT I ALWAYS LIKED THE PROFESSOR THING."



HOLLAND RODEN SIGHS AN APOLOGY. "I HAD the most boring college life." Here we are on the garden patio of a quiet espresso shop, a stone's throw from her alma mater, UCLA, but the 27-year-old actress has zero stories to tell from her undergraduate years. "It was such a sad existence. I was doing nursing school in the evening, I worked at a restaurant three nights a week, I was commuting every single day, and that was my life." But Roden, who plays high school queen bee (and banshee) Lydia Martin on MTV's Teen Wolf, has certainly made up for it since. If you can take your eyes off her shockingred hair, hazel eyes, and otherworldly eyelashes, the true takeaway from a conversation with her is, well, the conversation. Wanna talk finance? The self-proclaimed Wall Street nerd just finished reading Michael Lewis' Flash Boys. She's a huge fan. How about music? She knows that Sweden and Iceland are having their moment right now, but France is where it's at. (Next time you're there, she suggests Le Sans Souci, this great little dive in the Ninth Arrondissement.) Interested in global affairs? Roden's account of her recent trip to Africa will have you so engrossed that 45 minutes pass before you realize you haven't even asked her about her Maxim shoot ...

So how did the shoot go? Well, I had malaria.

Wait, what?!

Yeah. I'd just gotten back from traveling to Ghana. I didn't find out till afterward that I had it. They test for only the most common strain, and there's, like, five different ones. But it's fine! You just take the pills, and it goes away.

Being that you're so well-traveled, what are your preferences in terms of

Is Teen Wolf fun enough to make up for your abysmal college experience?

We filmed our first season in Atlanta, and there was a lot of partying. And there were a lot of gay men who worked on our show, so I would go to this male strip club, Swinging Richards. The dancers wore only Speedos and sneakers, and let me give your readers a tip– Speedos and sneakers? No. Never. Those do not ever, in any sort of capacity, go together.

Then what type of guy do you look for?

Everybody loves the hot nerd. It's in vogue

the men of the world?

Oh, French. The whole fluidity-of-sexuality thing is sexy. Men being able to admit, "Oh, that's an attractive guy." Also, they're great dressers, and it's not considered metrosexual. It's considered just dressing. That's a really cool thing, I think, when you find guys that take pride in what they look like.

Do any unique acting challenges come up on a show about werewolves?

With the werewolf nails, the guys can't unzip their pants to pee. It's a big ordeal, so I always joke that—you know fluffers? There needs to be a person who comes in and helps them pee. I keep bringing it up. "Anyone need an assistant pee-er?"

After three years on *Teen Wolf*, you've had your fair share of makeout scenes. What's been your biggest revelation?

Make sure they don't have oral herpes. We have a couple of cast members who have cold sores, and when they have outbreaks, kissing scenes legally have to be rescheduled. I am *not* getting mouth herpes from *Teen Wolf.* You can take my dignity, but you'll not take my lack of mouth herpes. right now. I used to date older for a very long time, and now I'm dating a guy who's much younger than me, but I always liked the professor thing.

That must be why you're so into Michael Lewis!

I don't think he's that cute! I'm talking mid-30s. Not 50s!

So if you saw him at a bar...

No! He has kids. I'm a kid myself. I don't need to raise another one.

If not Michael Lewis, do you have a celebrity crush?

I'm a huge Dane DeHaan fan. He's like *Basketball Diaries* Leo. And then Joshua Jackson. He's on my hall pass list.

Does your boyfriend know that?

Oh, yeah. His is Penélope Cruz. But we're both outta luck. Joshua Jackson has Diane Kruger; Penélope Cruz has Javier Bardem. I think they're kinda set. ■



Bikini, Lilibon; cardigan, Gold Hawk; jewelry, Jacquie Aiche.

summer is in the Details

You've worked hard all year to free yourself from spreadsheets and sales meetings, to think of nothing but the sliver of the lemon sitting in the bottom of your cocktail glass or the smile of the woman lying on the beach chair beside you. Whether you're setting out on a two-week vacation to the tropics or simply sneaking out of the office early to spend a long weekend in the sand, a few well-appointed accessories can raise your time away to new levels.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTYN THOMPSON



ENLIST A WEEKEND BAG THAT MEANS BUSINESS

Crafted from stiff, fragrant leather and shaped into a classic silhouette,

the LOUIS VUITTON KEEPALL 45 BANDOULIÈRE works everywhere from Palm Springs to the Rue de la Paix. It's spacious and sturdy, with a microfiber interior that swallows a few sets of clothes. Plus, it'll only look better bearing the scars of summers well spent. ALSO SHOWN: Money Bag iPad cover, Libero Ferrero.



FIND SWIM TRUNKS THAT ARE UP FOR ANYTHING

Beach, lobster bake, the lobby of the Bellagio: The ideal swim trunks fit in wherever the day takes you. **THE CHARLES TRUNKS IN ARDEN PRINT BY ONIA'**s elastic waistband and comfortable, quickdrying material make them shoreready and slimming; their modern, justbelow-the-thigh cut and understated paisley design make them right for any postbeach occasion. ALSO SHOWN: Pontoon II No. 233 luggage, Ghurka; plaid tie, Kiton; unlined blazer, L.B.M.



STARE THROUGH STORIED SUNGLASSES

There's a reason the **MOSCOT MILTZEN** have been adorning scores of famous faces since the 1930s: Their rounded lenses and keyhole bridge cultivate a scholarmeets-swashbuckler vibe that wears well on just about anyone. Our advice? Add clipon lenses like the Clipzen (pictured) to lend a contemporary edge to the classic.




WEAR A TIMEPIECE THAT WORKS FROM BOARDROOM TO BEACH

Whether you're wearing a Windsor knot or a wetsuit, the MICHAEL KORS BLACK TIRE-TREAD GAGE CHRONOGRAPH is worthy of your wrist. The 45 mm watch is accurate and water-resistant down to 339 feet, yet its stainless-steel and black-silicone aesthetic create a pared-down, powerful look. For more information, see page 95.





Jason Segel

Were you more sick of saying "bromance" after shilling for I Love You, Man or "keeping the spark alive" while talking Sex Tape?

This is my second interview for [*Sex Tape*], so I still love saying "keeping the spark alive"!

The characters you and Cameron play duplicate every move in *The Joy of Sex* over a span of three hours—how is that physically possible?

There are a lot of pauses, and lots of hydration. It's not three hours of continuous

movie I just finished–*The End of the Tour*–and I was reminded of how shitty I felt. When you exercise every day, you wake up feeling really sprightly. When you are doing the opposite? Every day feels like that Thanksgivingafternoon haze.

Your assistant took a photo of you in New Orleans, passed out and covered in Taco Bell wrappers: Did she present it to you as a laugh or a wake-up call?

She gave it to me in a very somber "pull it

viewers to submit to the notion that they have no idea what's going to happen next. The second: I end the movie with a Dracula puppet musical.

You're an unabashed smoker in an industry full of people who hide it. Have you quit?

I do my best. I've gone through periods of not smoking, or using the gum. Occasionally I'll have to smoke in something–and the thing about cigarettes? They're very, very addictive! It's not like being addicted to chocolate or something. Every time I smoke, I realize it's got me again.

action. We try to show-no pun intended-the ins and outs of making a sex tape.

Did you notice how unattractive the 1972 models from the book were?

They are all artists' renderings—so they tried to make them look as appealing as possible. When you see how hairy they are, you realize that was the look at the time. That was a choice. *The Joy of Sex* is very impractical. Most of it is clearly not for pleasure, just showing off.

Is there ever a time when filming a sex scene is actually fun?

The standard trope is true—there is definitely nothing sexy about it. Our director, Jake Kasdan, was sensitive to the fact that we were both totally nude. Most of the sex tape, it was just me, Cameron, and Jake actually operating the camera.

You dropped a ton of weight for the role. What's your secret?

There is no mystery: Eat healthy and exercise and then trick your brain into thinking you like it. I gained a bunch of weight for the together, man" way.

What's worse: a sex tape or sexting?

Sex tape. You don't look as good as you think you do when you make all the faces.

The Dracula musical subplot in Forgetting Sarah Marshall is based on an actual script you worked on after Freaks and Geeks was canceled. Was it always supposed to be a drama, like in the movie?

I didn't put any labels on it. I was out of work, and then I hit this period where I was too tall to play a kid anymore and too young to play a doctor. I got really weird, and I honestly thought that I would resuscitate my career by doing a lavish Dracula puppet musical. I played a few songs for Judd Apatow, and he said, "Honestly? Don't ever play this for anyone, ever."

But it still ended up in the movie.

The hard thing about writing a romantic comedy is that you know how it's going to end: The guy on the poster gets the girl on the poster. I thought of two things when writing that script: One is that if I open that movie with the main dude doing full-frontal nudity in a dramatic scene, it will force

You suffered from night terrors as a child. Did you ever sleepwalk?

No, I just had recurring nightmares. One was about Dracula, and one was about witches eating my toes. I'm still terrified of witches eating my toes.

Out of all the songs you've written, is there a favorite?

Probably "Inside of You" for Russell Brand [in Sarah Marshall]. We were both trying to think: What is the worst song that you can hear your ex-girlfriend's new boyfriend sing in front of you? I was listening to Dave Matthews Band's "Crash Into Me," and it's just such a thinly veiled metaphor. "Crash into me." So then I thought, Why not push it just one step further and remove the veil?

Sex Tape is in theaters July 25.

The movie star/TV star/ writer/singersongwriter/ puppet wrangler talks celebrity, the joy of smoking, and the greater joy of filming *Sex Tape* with Cameron Diaz.

BY BILL SCHULZ

> "OUR DIRECTOR WAS SENSITIVE TO THE FACT THAT WE WERE BOTH TOTALLY NUDE."



Hondo Suppies Just about Anything

Lost at sea? No problem. Abducted by terrorists? Piece of cake. Attacked by a grizzly bear? Please. We talk to a panel ofexpert survivalists about how a group of remarkable individuals stared death in the face and lived to tell the tale.

ΒY ADAM LINEHAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEFFREY SMITH

The Survival Brain Trust

JOEL LAMBERT Former U.S. Navy SEAL and the star of Discovery Channel's Lone Target.

MACK

EASTY Former U.S. Army emergency medicine physician who served multiple tours in both Iraq and Afghanistan.

JOSEPH

TETI Former Force Recon Marine and U.S. Army Special Forces

Man Overboard

LONG ISLAND, 2013

The night that commercial fisherman John Aldridge went overboard 40 miles off the tip of Long Island, his two crewmates were asleep below deck. It was 3:30 A.M. as he watched his boat recede into the distance and realized that to survive, he would need to figure out how to stay afloat for a long, long time. Help, he knew, would not be coming soon. So he slipped off his thick rubber boots, flipped them upside down to fill them with air, and tucked them under his armpits. He then turned his attention to finding something to hold on to, eventually spotting a buoy. Hours later, he saw Coast Guard helicopters circling in the distance and, with what little remaining energy he had, used his knife to cut the rope that held the buoy in place, wrapped it around his wrist, and swam toward what he reckoned to be the search zone. He eventually reached another buoy, and waited. Twelve hours after he went overboard, a helicopter finally spotted Aldridge and hoisted him out of the water. "There's no better entity than the U.S. Coast Guard to come save your ass when you're on the water," he later told The New York Times. "But I felt I did my part." THE EXPERTS' TAKE: Former SEAL Joel Lambert sees a parallel between Aldridge's approach to survival and the mentality required to get through the infamously brutal Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL training course (BUD/S). "He thought through every decision, and he didn't allow the circumstances to overwhelm his emotions," he says. "There is no way to get through BUD/S if you think about everything you have to do and the entire length of training you have to go through. Aldridge set small goals: Stay afloat until sunrise, then find a buoy. Instead of thinking about his misery, he was focused on a goal." Aldridge's survival can also be attributed to his ingenuity, though he may have benefited from a little Marine Corps wisdom, says reigning Maximum Warrior champ Derek Hutchison. "I was taught to take off your trousers," he says, "and tie

together the part where your ankles would be, grab it by the waist, and wave it back and forth to fill it with air. You'll be able to float forever." Founder of Mountain Scout Survival School Shane Hobel recommends a similar technique but also advises you to be mindful of the clothes you select when on the water. "The pants I wear will be able to hold air. Wool and silk are your friends. Even when wet, they're still insulating."

Grizzly Bear Attack

BRITISH COLUMBIA, 2008

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Fifty-three-year-old Brent Case was working as a surveyor in the Canadian wilderness when he turned to discover a giant grizzly charging him. With only a second to react, Case went into the fetal position. The grizzly sank its teeth into his head and shook him violently. "The pain was so excruciating that I don't know why I didn't yell or scream," Case told reporters. "I just said, 'I have to play dead.' " The 900-pound beast moved from his head to his arms, tearing deep into the muscle and nearly severing a major artery. When the grizzly lost interest, Case crept to his truck and managed the 15-mile drive to the nearest gas station, where he told an attendant to call 911. He survived, but the bear did not: A game warden tracked it down and shot it dead. THE EXPERTS' TAKE: If you're unlucky enough to find yourself squaring off with an angry bear, "stand your ground and get as big as you possibly can," says Lambert. "With any large predator, don't turn and run, because then you turn into prey." Bears-even 900-pound grizzlies-are probably more afraid of you than you are of them. When getting big doesn't work, Lambert says, "the best thing to do is play dead and let it lose interest in you. We are not on the menu-berries and salmon are. Wait until the bear moves off, because he's probably not looking at you as dinner; he's looking at you as a threat."

Operator. He is on Discovery Channel's Dual Survival.

DEREK HUTCHISON

Former Marine and winner of *Maxim*'s Maximum Warrior 4 competition.

SHANE

HOBEL Founder of Mountain Scout Survival School in New York and a member of the elite Tracker Search & Forensic Investigation team.





"THERE WAS AN ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE RADIO BY THE TERRORISTS," RECOUNTED MURIELLE, "SAYING THEY WOULD PUT ALL THE EXPATS INSIDE THE BUILDING AND BLOW IT UP."

Hobel offers this additional advice: "If you're going through bear country, there are two methods. Either be super quiet, paying attention to the wind as if you were a hunter and being mindful not to make noise, or make yourself known and startle them ahead of time." Hutchison suggests bringing along a few key supplies. "I'll have a bear bell so they hear me coming," he says. "Bear spray is also good, and I'm always a fan of a large-caliber pistol–a .44 mag or a .357– as a last resort."

Hostage Crisis

ALGERIA, 2013

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January of last year, an Al Qaeda-affiliated group of heavily armed militants stormed a gas plant in Algeria and rounded up all the THE EXPERTS' TAKE: If you ever find yourself unarmed and under siege, get the hell out of Dodge, advises former Force Recon Marine Joseph Teti, of Discovery's Dual Survival. "How are you going to fight back against guys with AK-47s? It's just not going to happen," he says. "For one, you don't want to stay there if you have no way to protect yourself. You could hide, but once you back yourself into a corner, or hide in a closet, or hide in a room, you have nowhere to go. They open the door and you're going to be standing there caught with your pants down. And you can't hope that these guys are going to listen to reason if you're like, 'Please don't shoot me.' These guys were on a mission. So my advice would be to get out of the area as fast as you can. There's a saying where I come from: Get off the X. These people were on the X." But getting off the X is, of course, no walk in the park. "You can make a run for it and maybe you get past the bad guys," says Hutchison, "but then



The Survival Kit

FIRE

News flash: Food's better (and safer) when cooked, and life's better when you're not freezing, so pack multiple firestarters. "I'd carry a BlastMatch, as well as a magnesium block with flint," says Lambert.

WATER

foreign workers they could, executing some on the spot and strapping others with explosive collars. As news of the attack spread, workers scrambled to hide. But when the militants announced that they intended to blow up the plant, many decided to flee. One was a French nurse, identified only as Murielle. "There was a very solemn announcement over the radio by the terrorists saying they would put all the expats inside the plant and blow it up," she later recounted. "We were the nearest building to the plant. I wanted to leave; two other expats preferred to stay, saying it was too dangerous. Thank goodness, we persuaded them." Amid gunfire and explosions, the group agreed to wait until morning so the Algerian military wouldn't mistake them for militants in the dark. At sunrise, donning work uniforms to blend in, they cut through the barbed-wire fences surrounding the compound and slipped into the desert, where they were picked up by the Algerian military. Back at the compound, the militants continued their hunt for foreigners, dragging them from their hiding places and shooting those who tried to flee. When Algerian forces eventually launched an assault on the compound, a massive battle erupted. After the dust finally settled, at least 38 hostages had lost their lives.

there is an outer ring of local police force. They see someone running out of there like a crazy person and there is a chance of friendly fire."

Shipwrecked

NIGERIA, 2013

Harrison Okene was working as a cook on a tugboat when it capsized just off the coast of Nigeria. As the boat began to sink, Okene was swept into a restroom, where he remained as the vessel descended nearly 100 feet to the ocean floor. "I was dazed, and everywhere was dark as I was thrown from one end of the cubicle to the other," he later recalled. By some miracle, Okene found an air pocket. Without food, potable water, or light-and with the temperature dropping and Okene's oxygen supply dwindling-the 29-year-old was certain that he was doomed. But 60 hours after the boat capsized, a rescue diver discovered Okene and moved him into a decompression chamber, where he spent an additional 60 hours before being taken to the surface.

Contaminated water can land you in a world of pain, so don't skimp on a filter and bottle, says Hobel. "Make sure it's durable—that you can drop it and it's not going to break."

FOOD

"Pack fishhooks and a little bit of line," says Lambert, "and also some wire for snaring small animals." A pot is an added bonus for cooking up, say, possum stew.

SHELTER

"Pack 550 parachute cord to lash things together and build a shelter," says Hutchison. "And a little saw is good for cutting logs." A heavy-duty trash bag provides moisture protection.

THE EXPERTS' TAKE: "The chances of your getting out of there on your own are pretty slim," says Hutchison. "I don't know if I would've waited there for three days. I don't think that's the right answer. I would've taken a big breath, found my way out, and gone to the surface." Why? Because a person can remain in an enclosed place for just a limited amount of time before the CO₂ content becomes toxic. But heading for the surface comes with its own set of risks, namely the bends. "It would be pretty dangerous from 100 feet down to take a breath and shoot to the surface," says emergency medicine physician Mack Easty. "The way they avoided that was by bringing him to the surface in diving gear under the limitations of proper surfacing, and then putting him in a decompression chamber."

Lost in the Wild

THE EXPERTS' TAKE: "In terms of survival, sure, bugs are a source of protein," says Hobel. "But the common generalization is that bright insects are poisonous." As far as staying hydrated, Hobel offers this wisdom: "Never assume that any body of water is safe. I'd rather go for a fast-flowing stream than, say, a pond. If I wipe my hand along the stream and it has a wonderful clay content, I'm stoked. Grab a stick and start digging into the stream bank, way off to the side. Dig down until you hit the water table, and then let the water filter through the clay. Let the water settle. The top layer is going to be clean, because all the sediment will now be settled." Hobel says that in addition to highly durable gear, heavy-duty trash bags-the kind contractors use-are a must-have item. "I can slice one open and lay it on the ground as that first preventive cloth against the dew. Throw a bunch of leaves on top of it and lie down. You can drape another one on top of a shelter. And you can also make a solar still with that." If Dudzisz had a trash bag, Hobel believes he

THE EXPERTS' TAKE: Surviving scaryas-shit situations typically boils down to your ability to keep cool and act decisively. Lawrence knew what he had to do, but to do it he had to avoid freaking the fuck out. "There are three responses to fear," says Lambert. "There's fight, flight, and freeze. But with training, conditioning, and proper preparation, there's also a fourth option: focus. That response will quicken your heart rate, flood you with adrenaline, and focus your vision, and you will become better equipped to deal with the threat." Once on the ground, Lawrence played it smart by staying with the plane and waiting for help to arrive. "The thing here is situational awareness," says Hutchison. "The last thing you want to do is just take off into some random direction and end up getting lost. Undue haste makes waste."

Free Falling

AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK, 2014

In a story that echoes the plot of the legendary adventure book Into the Wild, by Jon Krakauer, just this past March, German backpacker Daniel Dudzisz was on a solo trek through the Australian outback when he found himself marooned on a grassy spit of land between two flooded river channels for 10 days. It didn't take long for the insulin-dependent diabetic to deplete his food supply, at which point he resorted to eating protein-rich flies to stay alive. An extensive air-and-land search operation, launched a week after his disappearance, failed to locate the 26-yearold. It wasn't until the flood waters subsided that he was able to return to civilization ... nearly three weeks from the day he set off. After refusing medical attention and a chance to sleep in a hotel, Dudzisz-who allegedly once fought a kangaroo with his bare handsdisappeared back into the bush. A friend who encountered the mysterious vagabond at one point along his journey told reporters: "You wouldn't see a dead animal with so many flies on it." Moral of the story: If flies are on the menu, it helps to be really, really dirty.

could have liberated himself from that patch of grass sooner. "Throw everything in here– backpack, shoes, clothing, everything–tie it off, slowly climb on top of it, and float your ass across the stream."

Crash Landing

FLORIDA EVERGLADES, 2013

Daniel Lawrence had been a student pilot for less than a year when he was forced to land a malfunctioning single-engine plane in the Florida Everglades. While flying solo from Key West to Sarasota, Lawrence felt an unusual vibration in the plane's engine. After performing a quick troubleshoot, he realized that the plane was losing power, and, spotting a semi-flat strip of marsh, he decided to attempt an emergency landing. When the U.S. Coast Guard arrived to rescue him, Lawrence was standing on the wing of the aircraft awaiting them. A Coast Guard command duty officer told reporters after the rescue: "If I were him, I would've gone and bought a lotto ticket. Not all of these incidents turn out so good."

WYOMING, 2011

Lauren McLean had nearly completed a difficult 1,800-foot ascent in Wyoming's Death Canyon when one of her rockclimbing partners accidentally released McLean's auto-locking belay device, causing her to fall 30 feet onto a slender rock ledge barely large enough to support her body. With two broken legs, a broken pelvis, and a fractured vertebra, the 25-year-old climber was completely incapacitated, trapped on the side of a cliff 900 feet above the canyon floor. After calling 911, one of her partners rappelled down to the ledge and remained by her side. As storm clouds gathered and daylight faded, the chances of rescue grew increasingly bleak: Safety regulations prohibit helicopters from flying in the canyon after dark, meaning there was a possibility that the rescue would have to be postponed until dawn. Fortunately, the experienced and swift-to-respond search and rescue team stationed in Grand Teton National Park was on the case. When the rescue helicopter descended, McLean had been on the ledge for several hours. With night falling, the park medic jumped into

"THERE ARE THREE RESPONSES TO FEAR," SAYS LAMBERT. "THERE'S FIGHT, THERE'S FLIGHT, AND THERE'S FREEZE. BUT WITH TRAINING, THERE'S AFOURTH OPTION: FOCUS."

action, stabilizing McLean's badly mangled foot before strapping her into a full-body harness and hoisting her off the rock just as the last rays of light receded. Despite the extensiveness of her injuries, and the doctor's initial assessment that her foot might need to be amputated, McLean managed to make a near full recovery and continues climbing to this day.

THE EXPERTS' TAKE: Rock climbing is an inherently risky sport, but that's a big part of its appeal. "This is just one of those accidents that happen," says Lambert. "They got rescue forces inbound, and she had somebody with her who kept up her morale. There's not a whole lot they could do. When you engage in sports like this, shit happens. They took risks, and they were prepared to deal with the consequences." Still, managing multiple bone fractures on the side of a cliff is no easy task, says Easty. "If you're in a situation where you sustained some sort of blunt trauma, especially if you suspect something like a broken back, survival is going to count on you staying immobile and allowing for a rescue with a proper immobilization device." Also, says Easty, "Try to evaluate: Can you move your feet? Can you move your arms? In this case, when she tried to move, she felt a terrible pain in her back. She could tell that something was wrong, and she relayed that to the guy belaying her."

"Nigel fashioned a small backgammon game, crafting playing pieces from Q-tips." They played as much as they could, remaining mentally active to preserve their sanity. They also attempted to humanize themselves to their captors, regularly engaging them in conversation and even telling them that they wished to convert to Islam. The strategy worked, to an extent, but the pair became convinced that they'd be killed after they were moved into separate cells and the Somalis with whom they had been abducted mysteriously disappeared. They conspired to escape by tunneling through the wall of the bathroom they shared and eventually succeeded in doing so, although they were immediately tracked down by their captors. "We made it out but not truly out," Lindhout wrote of the failed escape attempt. "Everything that followed would be aftermath, punishment." Lindhout and Brennan remained hostages for another 10 months until their families were finally able to raise the \$1 million to pay their ransom. They were freed on November 25, 2009, 460 days after they had been taken. THE EXPERTS' TAKE: From the moment you're abducted, survival hinges on your ability to read and manipulate your captors, says Teti. "Try to ascertain why you've been abducted. There are a variety of motivations, from sexual assault to ransom demands to political leverage," he says. "How you interact with your captors and whether you risk an escape attempt should depend partly on those motivations. If somebody is holding you for ransom or to negotiate the release of prisoners, you're most likely worth a lot more to them alive than dead." Regardless of what is motivating your captors, and no matter how vile they may be, staying on their good side should be a priority from the start. "Keep your dignity," says Teti. "It's generally harder for a person to kill you or harm you if you humanize yourself. Don't grovel, don't beg, don't become hysterical, and, if possible, don't even cry. And be a good listener. Care about what they're saying to you. Don't patronize them-they'll feel more comfortable around you and more benevolent toward you if you're a good listener. But you need to watch out for warning signs. If they suddenly stop feeding you or they start treating you more harshlythey start dehumanizing you-or if they suddenly seem desperate or frightened, or if other hostages are being taken away and not being brought back, you may want to think about escape."

Shark Attack

BIG ISLAND, HAWAII, 2013

When you're attacked by a shark, you typically have two choices: get eaten alive or fight the motherfucker. Sixteen-yearold Jimmy "Ulu Boi" Napeahi decided on the latter option when he was blindsided while surfing off the coast of Hawaii's Big Island. As the shark tore into his legs, Napeahi countered with a flurry of punches and one solid kick to the mouth, stunning it long enough for Napeahi to make a break for the shore. "It hit me so fast, I didn't know what was going on," he later said. Once he was on land, a buddy used a surfboard leash to tourniquet Napeahi's leg before paramedics arrived. Fortunately, he survived with limbs intact to ride another day. THE EXPERTS' TAKE: Playing dead during a shark attack is not advised. "A shark is an eating machine," says Hobel. "It's very good at what it does. Don't try to swim from it. Clearly, you're not going to win. Turn toward it and literally try to push off the nose. Even if it's coming in hard and fast and the jaws are going, you still have a stiff arm, and a fight on your hands. I'm going to hold my breath and do my best to stay above water, but constantly putting my face back into the water and looking for the shark." As far as treating the wounds inflicted by the shark, Napeahi's pal probably saved his life by improvising the tourniquet. "If the leg is spurting blood and you have to stop it with what you've got, you have to take into consideration the whole tourniquet principle," says Easty. "If you apply direct pressure to a wound and you can't contain the blood, then your direct pressure is not efficient enough. You can use an article of clothing or something you're carrying."

Kidnapped

SOMALIA, 2008-2009

On August 23, 2008, 27-year-old aspiring journalist Amanda Lindhout and her colleague, photographer Nigel Brennan, were abducted by Islamist extremists while exploring the outskirts of Mogadishu for potential stories. After six weeks of being whisked across war-torn Somalia, the pair were moved into a concrete building where they would remain for the duration of their captivity. "Nigel and I lived like a two-person family, doing what we could to fight off depression, to distract ourselves from the gnawing hunger," wrote Lindhout.



Lingerie, Elle Macpherson Intimates; cardigan, Gold Hawk; jewelry, Jacquie Aiche. The last time we saw **Julie Gonzalo** as Pamela on TNT's *Dallas* reboot, she walked in on her husband and his lover, initiated a threesome, and fell into a medicine-cabinet-full-of-pills-induced seizure. And that was just the midseason finale! *Maxim* caught up with Gonzalo to talk sex scenes, steak recipes, and getting sauced in the Lone Star State.

^{by} Julian stern

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARPER SMITH

First things first: a ménage à trois, huh? Oui! Cynthia Cidre, our showrunner, just said, How do you like filming in Dallas? It's fun! Dallas is a huge city. Great shopping, Did you enjoy learning how to shoot a gun for the show?

"In episode eight, you find them in this room, and you're gonna drop your coat and join in." She said it super nonchalantly. "As a matter of fact, you're gonna make out with Emma Bell, and then you're gonna make out with Josh Henderson, and then you're gonna make out with Emma, and then you're gonna almost die." I was like, "OK, sure. That makes sense."

How did it compare to filming a boring old two-person sex scene?

It's scary. A twosome is uncomfortable already because there are people around you, and cameras. It's like a very fancy porn. But because Pamela is in charge of this situation, I had to just fucking go. The first take was a little bit like, "Oh shit, oh shit, this is happening." But then afterward, it was like, "Fuck it; let's do it." You can find power and confidence in so many things, and I think confidence is the key. That's what's really sexy. great restaurants, great museums. But there's *way* too much drinking for my taste. If I was living there in my 20s, I'd probably be like, "My God, this place is heaven!" I can't handle drinking as much as I used to.

Well, when you do indulge, where do you go?

I really love this bar the Katy Trail Ice House, but I've seen some massive head cases there. I think I even saw someone projectile-puking there once. At five o'clock in the afternoon. On a Sunday.

That just shot to the top of our "things to do in Dallas" list.

Oh, man. They're probably gonna kill me if you write that. "So Julie saw someone projectile-vomiting at the Ice House." Great. Now I'll never be invited back. But I really do love that place. They have 50 beers on tap!

You were born in Argentina, which boasts some of the world's best beef.

What's your favorite way to cook steak?

I do a chimichurri sauce with garlic, parsley, olive oil, and red and black pepper. You just mince the garlic and the parsley and mix it all together. Brush a little of that on a steak and it kicks it up, like, 10 notches. Yes! We went to the gun range, and we shot a ton. I was like, "Man, I'm a fucking killer now." I don't like guns at all, I don't want them around me, but once you start shooting, you're like, "This is awesome!" [Dallas costar] Jordana Brewster and I actually went skeet shooting once.

Who's a better shot?

I'm not gonna lie: We're both kind of awesome. She hit one first, and I was like, "Well, I *have* to hit it now." And then as soon as I hit one, I was like, "*And* we're done."



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RADIO CALL N7695K 12

From 5,000 feet above the Pacific, the U.S. Customs and Border Protection squad stays on the lookout for smugglers. A1

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INSIDE THE LOCKHEED MARTIN P-3 ORION, a high-tech, flat-gray turboprop used to

teams made six busts in 10 days, totalling 17,700 pounds of cocaine. That's \$1.3 billion worth of coke that will never make it past America's borders–not a bad way to start the summer.

As the first line of defense against the estimated 600 tons of cocaine funneled toward the U.S. from South America each year, these P-3 surveillance crews are a crucial cog in an interdiction strategy known as defense in depth, which targets drug runners in the early stages of delivery, intercepting them before they reach Central America or Mexico. Altogether, CBP's scouts are credited with more than \$8 billion in drug seizures a year, making them the country's most successful counternarcotics team. On average, they capture \$1.3 million worth of coke for every hour they're in the air.

And yet they have the seemingly impossible task of finding tiny speedboats, not to mention semi-submersibles, in the 42 million square miles of hot zones that blanket the Caribbean and Eastern Pacific. As pilot BJ Hutchinson (his name-along with othershas been changed to protect him from cartel retaliation) admits, "It's like having one car to patrol the entire state of Texas." That's where that high-tech surveillance equipment comes in. The radar has just detected a craft heading north toward Nicaragua at 20 knots. Keith Asbury, a jovial 35-year-old pilot, quickly lowers the P-3 to 500 feet for a closer look. Timo Martinez, the stocky camera operator, picks up something on his infrared screen: a tiny black dot with a white stream shooting behind it. As he zooms in further, he can see the photonegative image of the boat riding low, a sign that it's weighed down with bales of coke and barrels of gas. "He's definitely not out here to fish," BJ says.

Back in the *Miami Vice* days of the 1980s, drug cartels employed small planes to ferry coke to the States. Mexicans would drop it near the border and then cart it into the U.S. on the backs of mules. "They would see us and not care," says veteran radar operator Rick Barrett. As the planes were intercepted, smugglers began to supplant them with fishing boats capable of carrying up to 20,000 pounds of contraband. Instead of filling the hulls with ice and fish, they packed them with powder. Still, the boats averaged only 10 to 12 knots, or less than 15 miles per hour.

When those vessels proved to be easy pickings for law enforcement, the smugglers turned to the long, narrow go-fast boats of racing and rum-running fame. Slicing through the water at 50 knots, the fiberglass hulls carry less coke than fishing boats can, but they're harder to track on radar and harder to catch up to once spotted.

By the late 1990s, however, successful interdiction efforts in the Caribbean resulted in what drug trafficking analyst Bruce Bagley, chair of International Studies at the University of Miami, calls "a massive proliferation of Pacific corridor transportation." Smugglers simply loaded their go-fast boats with barrels of gas and ventured way out to sea-at times 1,000 miles into the eastern Pacific-heading north toward Portland to drop their goods. Today they have taken what Lothar Eckardt, executive director of the U.S. National Air Security Operations, calls a "flood strategy," spreading boats throughout the waters on the East and West coasts. In the late 2000s, strange vessels began surfacing like something out of a Jules Verne novel. Cobbled together in the jungles of Colombia, the so-called narcosubs skimmed along the ocean surface powered by small diesel engines. Crafted from fiberglass, they had narrow crosssections that confounded radar and blue decks that blended into the seas. One CBP team spotted a semi-submersible disguised as a fishing vessel. After the smugglers had reached open water, they tore away the wood panels, revealing the slippery specter beneath. Though no faster than fishing boats, these subs carry massive loads-as much as five tons of coke.

track drug smugglers, two men eye the radar screens perched just outside the open cabin door. Another grips a joystick controlling a long-range infrared camera, which he zooms down on the dark, choppy waters below.

Roughly 90 miles off the coast of Costa Rica, 5,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean, the team is searching for a speedboat.

Two months earlier, this U.S. Customs and Border Protection team had spotted a sleek, 30-foot fiberglass vessel cutting through the waters north of the Galapagos Islands and, following the carefully choreographed rules of engagement, called in the cavalry, in this case a U.S. Coast Guard helicopter that was in the area. When the drug smugglers realized they'd been discovered, they leaped into action, unloading cocaine-bales and bales of itand sweeping the boat clean. They were swift, but not swift enough.

With the boat attempting to hightail it away from the scene, the helicopter team fired, disabling the craft, and arrested the crew. The next day, a CBP P-3 team out of Jacksonville, Florida made yet another sortie, this one in the western Caribbean, near the Panama-Colombia border. That one netted 6,000 pounds. All told, the CBP



N THE MAIN HALLWAY OF the crew's headquartersthe National Air Security Operations Center in Jacksonville-there's a drug lord "wall of shame," 156 photos of

bounty seized by the team: 8,157 pounds of cocaine from a go-fast boat in the Eastern Pacific, 4,700 more from a bust near Colombia, 13,037 from a vessel in the Caribbean.

There is, it seems, no shortage of

ON AVERAGE, THE CBP TEAMS CAPTURE **\$1.3 MILLION WORTH OF COKE** FOR EVERY HOUR THEY'RE IN THE AIR.

innovative delivery options-jet-skis, buoys, hollowed-out tree trunks and coke-filled torpedoes dragged behind boats, even unmanned drones. When you stop to think about it, the wall of shame becomes a dizzying taunt.

O! GO! GO!" SHOUTS KEITH, as he bounds into a van with the troops. The sun is beating down on the tarmac here at the airport in Costa Rica. The giant gray P-3 looms nearby, a local maintenance crew carefully

inspecting its propellers.

The CBP logs about 140 missions a year, all launched from deployment spots that offer quick access to the drug trade. In total, there are 98 P-3 crew members based in Jacksonville and Corpus Christi, Texas. Each is summoned for duty roughly one week a month.

As the guys board the plane and slip into their flight suits, they crack jokes and rib each other, clearly happy to be on the job. In the armed forces, they might be shuttling supplies or soldiers to specified targets. Here they get credit for making busts. "It's almost like a dream job," Keith says. "You're a law enforcement guy, you get to carry a gun... The guys in the navy are all jealous I got in."

To make the cut as a pilot or a flight engineer, candidates are required by the CBP to have 1,500 hours of flight time, which means most of them are military vets. Keith spent nine years as a pilot and flight instructor in the navy. BJ logged six. For both, there's a satisfying rush that comes with keeping cocaine off America's streets. "In Iraq, you don't necessarily get the full picture of what you're doing," Keith says. "But here you see the bad guys, you see the drugs come off the water."

Right before takeoff, the team assembles for a debriefing near the cockpit. They've received information about another go-fast that left Ecuador the day before with roughly 950 pounds of cocaine in its hold. This one's heading north toward a rendezvous with a fishing vessel off the coast of Nicaragua. The plan is to bust both boats mid-swap.

This requires perfect timing, of course. Tip off the go-fast crew and it will dump the contraband—no matter how valuable overboard. Wait too long and risk the darkness of night. Frightened smugglers have been known to cut their engines and play a waiting game, bobbing in the middle of the ocean until a P-3 gets low on gas and retreats to refuel. At times, the bandits

The crew of the P-3 Orion tracks





The Drone Wars

Ever since cocaine began pouring into the U.S. from Latin America in the '70s, drug cartels and U.S. law enforcement have engaged in an arms race. The next field of battle is in the air, with traffickers using drones to ferry drugs and U.S. authorities using drones to track them. Drones have advantages over P-3s, such as longer flight time, and cost many millions less to produce. Still, despite the advantages, drones lack the power of the human eye and mind. Four years ago, for instance, P-3 pilot Shy Jenkins spotted a go-fast from 1,500 feet that the radar had missed, and the boat was busted with 2,200 pounds of coke on board.

"IT'S LIKE HAVING ONE CARTO PATROL THE ENTIRE STATE OF TEXAS," SAYS BJ HUTCHINSON OF THE CHALLENGES OF MONITORING THE EASTERN PACIFIC.

even scuttle their boats, drugs and all, leaving the P-3 team with no choice but to rescue them. At the moment, however, everything's working according to plan. Timo zooms in on the go-fast, working his joystick like a fisherman angling for tuna, as the boat fills his screen. Known for his eagle eye, the camera operator can identify black blurs as bales of coke from five miles away. "I think I see two engines and three people," he says, leaning into the task. "But we can't find out until we go overt. We can't spook him."



COUPLE OF HOURS INTO the mission, a thick blanket of clouds has moved in below us, obscuring even the infrared detector. And Timo is pissed. "Shit," he says.

"I just lost him." As the camera sweeps over the ocean, it's like looking for a deer tick on a giant scalp of rolling waves.

Somehow, Timo finds the dot yet again



F THE NICARAGUANS DON'T come out," Timo says, "we might go overt, turn on all the lights and try to scare the crap out of them, make them throw the dope overboard." While

waiting on instructions from the JIATFS, the crew decides to creep closer so as not to lose sight of the boat. "I don't give a shit if he hears us," Rick says. "I don't want him to get too far away."

For the crew, the waiting game is excruciating. "During a nine-, 10-, sometimes 12-hour mission, being at that level of awareness, constantly flying sorties and determining whether something is suspect, is challenging," says BJ.

Outside the window, the setting sun casts a magnificent glow across the Pacific Ocean, splashing the black water with orange and red. Moments later, Dan Jameson, a puckish 45-year-old pilot, comes by, lowering the canvas blinds and dimming the interior lights to make the P-3 harder to spot from below. By 6:30 P.M., four hours into the mission, the feeling inside the plane has darkened, too. The go-fast has gone dead in the water, cutting its engines. Perhaps for refueling, perhaps because the smugglers know their pursuers are lingering thousands of feet above them. With the engines off, and no heat bounding from the boat, Timo's infrared is useless.

and we're back on target. But with sunset just an hour away, the mood is somber. The plane that's been feeding us info on the fishing vessel, last spotted 30 miles north, is running low on gas and has to head back to Corpus Christi.

For all the thrill of the hunt, the game requires endless patience. Busting drug runners isn't simply about finding them; it's about catching them at just the right moment. The Joint Interagency Task Force-South-JIATFS for short-coordinates the interdiction efforts from a base in Key West, continuously reviewing the footage from the other plane's camera feed. There's a constant back-and-forth between the mission commanders. In this case, JIATFS calls the shots in conjunction with officials from Nicaragua, who are responsible for making the actual arrest. The collaboration requires a delicate balance. While the crew here is itching to spring the trap, they can't make a move until they get the go-ahead from authorities thousands of miles away. Now, roughly 120 miles offshore, the go-fast is too far out to sea for the Nicaraguan police. If the smugglers get within 12 miles of the coast, however, the P-3 may have to recognize the no-fly zone imposed by international borders.

"They tell us we're sitting on a guy who has dope," he says, looking at the black screen. "And there's nothing we can do about it."

By 7:30 P.M., with the wind speckling the seas with whitecaps, we've lost radar contact, too. Timo pans his camera back and forth. Nothing. "Shit!" he says.

But tonight gets back on track after all. After two hours without any sign of the go-fast, Timo's infrared suddenly snaps back in on the boat, which is now cutting through the waves about 20 miles from the last confirmed location. The sounds of cheers and high-fives fill the plane. The mission is a success, and now it's time to call in the navy to take over. "You know what?" says Rick. "It doesn't matter that we lost him for two hours, because we found him. That two hours of anxiety was for nothing."



Members of the Coast Guard watch over 11.5 tons of cocaine in Alameda, California.

B

ACK AT THE PALM-LINED HOTEL pool, dressed in shorts and T-shirts, the guys unwind over beers, cigars, and home movies showcasing their drug busts. Over the past week,

many have compared their profession to fishing-the waiting, the patience, the catches-and, in a way, they do seem like sportsmen. They even have a running bet with the Corpus Christi crew. "We compete to see who can get the most dope," Timo says. So far this year, his team is 33,000 pounds ahead, he brags.

The men take turns showing off their trophies. Gail Henley, a detection enforcement officer, boots up footage of a narco-sub scuttled by the crew moments after it was tied to a police boat, pulling both vessels down. Rick plays a video of a plane that landed in Nicaragua. As the P-3 clandestinely watched from above, a procession of locals carried bales of coke to the boats on a nearby beach. The most dramatic clip shows a go-fast striking shore in Ecuador after the local army shot out its engine. As the guns blazed, villagers streamed in to retrieve the coke, firing back at the soldiers. "It was like a gang fight on the beach," Rick says.

Given the drug war's history, it's only a matter of time until the men are chasing some new phantom. In 2011, a 100-foot sub capable of carrying eight tons of coke and diving 30 feet underwater was discovered in a Colombian mangrove swamp. And an even more chilling specter waits on the horizon: unmanned aircraft. The U.S. is already using drones to combat smugglers. They cost millions less to produce, they stay aloft longer, and their small, thin profiles make them very stealthy. Bagley calls them the wave of the future. "Drug traffickers have incentives to innovate constantly," he says. "They're usually two or three steps ahead of government bureaucracy."

Meanwhile, the battles wage on. In the end, the go-fast boat the guys were tailing was intercepted by that navy P-3 dispatched from El Salvador. The smugglers dumped their cargo–estimated to be a half-ton haul worth upwards of \$74 million–into the ocean. In March, the Coast Guard unloaded another \$122 million worth of captured contraband in San Diego. But, as Keith points out, there are always more boats to catch. "You go right back out there," he says, "and find another one."

JAWS OF Death



What's it like to go toe-to-toe with one of nature's most fearsome predators, those modern-day dinosaurs we call alligators? *Maxim* went deep into the swamps of Florida to find out.

BY NICK LEFTLEY



"WATCH THE HEAD!" WARNS PAUL BEDARD as he pulls down the tailgate on his pickup truck to reveal an enormous alligator, said head haphazardly wrapped in an old towel. "The mouth's taped up, but it's still like getting hit with a baseball bat. You're talking about an animal with pretty much a solidbone head–if your leg is planted on the ground and he hits you, he can snap your femur. Or your neck." Paul pauses as we both stare at the gator, then looks at me. "So, you ready to help carry this thing?"

It's early in the morning on a cold, drizzly day in Homestead, Florida as we stand in the parking lot of the Everglades Alligator Farm and regard the scaly monster. Going by appearances alone, an alligator is a mean son of a bitch: It's a dinosaur crossed with a tank, a killing machine with the eyes of a street-corner pimp. When you look it in the face, it stares back as if you're just some insignificant evolutionary upstart. And why shouldn't it? Its ancestors emerged at a time closer to the age of the T. rex than the present day, and in all those years it hasn't felt the need to change one bit. While we humans are busy congratulating ourselves for the past few thousand years of progress, gators are hissing their utter indifference from behind 37 million years of superior firepower. As a species, human beings have an innate (and utterly justified) fear of the beasts, butas always in nature-there are exceptions, and two of them happen to be standing right next to me. "I caught this gator with my girlfriend last night in a culvert pipe at a golf course," says exception number one, better known as Paul Bedard, an endurance athlete with a wicked sense of humor and a starring role on Animal Planet's Gator Boys, which returns August 3. As half of the tag team, Paul gets tasked with going into the water to capture "nuisance gators"-that is, those who've taken up residence in someone's pond or lake-and fishing them out. If you're picturing him going about this job outfitted with a suit of waterproof armor and a poison-tipped harpoon, think again: Paul uses nothing but fins, a wetsuit, a noose on a pole, and balls the size of Texas watermelons.

alligator I've ever seen come out of the wild." Jimmy is exception number two. A kid who grew up wrestling gators on the Seminole Indian Reservation in Hollywood, Floridaeven though he isn't Seminole-he's the more reserved of the pair, but it's his job to take over when Paul hauls the nuisance gator out of the water. Barefoot, wearing a wide-brimmed hat, with no tools to speak of, Jimmy will circle the hissing, snapping gator, looking for his moment. When he spots it, he'll leap onto the creature's back, lock his feet under its front legs, and slam its giant jaws together so it can be safely taped up and readied for transport. Like Paul, he's animal-crazy. Also like Paul, he's apparently just regular-crazy, too.

T

HERE IS SOMETHING typically all-American about alligator wrestling. Consider this: When the ancient Egyptians first encountered the Nile crocodile, they named

it Sobek and worshipped it as a god. When Americans discovered the gator, they chose to go to war with it. It's a tradition, a display of manhood that goes back hundreds of years among the Seminole. According to legend, Chief Cufcowellax, under the protection of the Great Spirit, spent months fighting the man-eating bull gator that had been terrorizing his tribe. Even Muhammad Ali boasted of having wrestled one. Jimmy's been doing it since he was 11, though, and he knows the practicalities inside out, the all-important differences between what works for a show and what works simply to restrain a bad-tempered animal. All that dancing around and making it whip its head and tail about? That's not showmanship; that's a necessary precaution. "Can you pull a gator out of the water and get right on top of it? Yes-but the reason we don't is because we want to tire that alligator out so we can safely transport it," he explains. It's just logic-or as close as you can get to logic when you're talking to two guys who've decided to tangle with armored bite-monsters for a living. Now that Paul has removed the gator from the culvert and brought it to the farm, it's time to transfer it to the breeding pond out back. The two pull the beast into what is essentially a golf cart with a flatbed, then Jimmy beckons to me to climb in the back and help sit on the gator. He assures me that it's perfectly safe, although whether he

means for me or the gator is unclear.

"Those paws are just for digging," says Paul as I eye the large claws that tip each leg. "The claws are the last thing you've got to worry about—you need to worry about the head, the teeth, and that big, fat tail." Jimmy nods. "Getting hit with the tail is like getting hit by a very big belt," he says, grinning, as we bump along through the farm. "The *end* is like getting hit by a belt," argues Paul from the relative comfort of the front seat. "The middle of it is like somebody kicking you..."

The tail becomes a pressing concern as we reach the pond and I learn that it's my job to help carry the creature through the double metal fence and into the pond that contains 250 more alligators. As Jimmy grabs the gator around its neck, I wrap my arms around the thick base of its truly enormous tail, right behind those claws that Paul assured me were nothing to worry about. Designed for digging they may be, but when you're staggering under the weight of a 300-pound animal that doesn't want to be carried, and one of those shovel-size paws is kicking at the air two inches from your crotch, I defy the bravest man not to be at least a little nervous.



HREE HUNDRED POUNDS MAY not sound like a lot for two men to carry (the largest gators grow to 14 feet in length and tip the scales at nearly 1,000 pounds), but alligators are exceptionally

strong, and the parts that aren't bone or armor are solid muscle. As soon as we start trying to

"Wild alligators don't normally get this heavy," murmurs Jimmy Riffle. "This thing's 300 pounds. That's the biggest eight-foot

walk with the reptile, it thrashes mercilessly, twisting its head and tail, nearly knocking us off our feet. I feel my back being wrenched and yelp in pain-if it weren't for the surefooted Jimmy keeping us upright, I would find myself flattened under the leathery mass of an angry dinosaur with a bone to pick. As it is, Jimmy heaves us both forward and we stumble our way to the edge of the pond. "OK, drop it!" he shouts. I'm pretty sure he doesn't mean it literally, but the second I loosen my grip, the gator twists out of my grasp and thuds down onto the sand. I break a world record for Farthest Distance Leaped Backward from a Standing Start, but Jimmy calmly hops onto its back and removes the towel. By now, several dozen pairs of cold, black eyes have broken the pond's surface just feet from the shore to see what the ruckus is about. I continue my backward trajectory, but Jimmy beckons

THE GATOR IS A MEAN SON OF A BITCH: A DINOSAUR CROSSED WITH A TANK, WITH THE EYES OF A STREET-CORNER PIMP.



How to Survive Being Bitten by a Gator

PRO TIP: DON'T PISS HIM OFF IN THE FIRST PLACE.

STEP 1

Scream and Punch "Just yell very loud," says Jimmy. "Fight with whatever you've got," adds Paul. "Grab him and keep dropping thunder on his nose big, hard punches and elbows."

STEP 2

The Eyes Have It "We usually say you can't get out by gouging the eyes," says Paul. "But there are guys who've gone two knuckles deep in an eyeball. The gator is blind but, hey, it's either he goes blind or you die."

STEP 3

Secure the Mouth "If you get bitten in the hand, hold its mouth shut, so he doesn't get a better grip," says Paul. "It sounds crazy, but you want to control him, so if he starts shaking, you can grab his jaws."

STEP 4

Check Your Head "When I get bitten in the head, it's often a tooth through each temple," says Paul. "That's right where the muscles and tendons go through your jaw muscles, so you can't eat solid food for a week."

me over and asks if I want to try wrestling: It sounds like an offer I can't refuse.

"Just hang on," advises Jimmy. "Once you're

show, and he got his biceps ripped off," says Paul. "It just reached up and tore it right off!" So how do you avoid a death roll? "If you pressure, but I didn't actually feel the pain until after we'd got a crowbar and pried him off."

If you're surprised that a person's hand wouldn't just be snapped off by a bite like that, you're not the only one. "It's not the bite that does the damage," explains Jimmy. "It's when he tears, shakes, or rolls." "The teeth aren't designed like sharks' teeth, which cut all the way across," agrees Paul. "A gator's mouth, it's more like a pair of pliers." Jimmy nods. "You have three options when a gator bites you: Best case is a quick pop, where he'll just crunch and you'll have teeth marks. Second, he'll shake you, but then let go-that's bad. Third, he bites, shakes, and then rolls. That's the worstcase scenario." So, with all that said, are gators really as mean as most people think? The boys think not. "I literally have gators I can pet," says Paul, laughing. "I'm not under the illusion that they're in love with me or that I'm their buddy, but they tolerate me." "Alligators are just like people," says Jimmy, in summation. "People have different personalities-if I pushed you, you might walk away. Or I could push you and you might punch me. Alligators are that way. There are alligators you can kiss on the side of the face. But then you try that with another alligator, he'll rip your face off." With that, the Gator Boys head out the door for another wild day in the swamps.

committed, you're committed-there is no way out of that. Paul has this thing he says, that in alligator wrestling, there is no tap out, and it's true." Paul nods in agreement. "Especially if there's no tape on the mouth," he grins. In deference to the professionals, I have to acknowledge that what I'm doing is not even close to what they do when capturing a wild gator-this animal is tired, cold, and flanked by two experts, one of whom is holding it by the tip of its taped-up mouth. Paul or Jimmy would probably take a nap in my situation. Still, for the uninitiated, it's an intimidating experience to climb onto the back of one of the world's most efficient predators, grasp its jaws with your suddenly very fragile-seeming fingers, and feel the sheer power of the beast underneath you. Even with the teeth out of commission, it's not like it's defenseless.

"One of the reasons you want to wear him out before jumping on him is so he doesn't go into a death roll," warns Paul. The death roll is exactly what it sounds like—a move usually performed underwater that's designed to drown prey (or simply tear off chunks of it) by grabbing the victim and spinning rapidly. It's not unheard-of for a gator to attempt the lethal maneuver on land. "I know a guy, Justin, who got caught in a roll while doing a hook the rear leg over your ankle, that stops him from rolling," Paul says. "During the death roll, his legs are tucked in, so if you keep his leg out, he'd have to break his own leg to roll, and he won't do it." It sounds like a solid plan, but then I have an even better one-getting the hell off this animal's back and leaving it to the pros.

I clamber, wobbly-kneed, to one side, and the Gator Boys team up to take the critter to the water. Paul grabs its snout and removes the tape; then Jimmy picks up the tail, and they drag the animal to the water's edge. Without so much as a "See you later," the alligator slithers its way into the safety of the pond and disappears from sight.



FTER A QUICK TOUR OF THE swamp, we're off to Jimmy Riffle's Old Florida Bar-B-Q for an epic lunch and a few war stories. "I've been bitten more than 30 times," shrugs Paul.

"I think. I stopped counting at 25." "Seven for me," says Jimmy. "Getting bit by an alligator, it's the equivalent of taking a car door, welding big spikes on it, and having your best friend kick it shut on your hand and then drive away. I had a gator bite me once and hold on for eight minutes. Because of all the adrenalin, I felt the

A LEAP OF FAITH

If convicted, Andrew, Marko, and Jimmy face up to seven years in prison.





(CONT. FROM P. 61) jumped, but in keeping with their decision to share their full story with me for the first time, they've agreed to take a trip down memory lane.

Charged with burglary, reckless endangerment, and jumping from a structure, they face up to seven years in prison (along with Hartwell, whose lawyers did not return calls for this story). Though it's not uncommon for BASE jumpers to get arrested, a sentence that severe would be unprecedented. When Corliss got busted trying to leap off the Empire State Building in 2006, he ended up with a few years' probation and 100 hours of community service.

Already, Andrew, Marko, and Jimmy have become the most notorious BASE jumpers in the world. The videos of their feat, which they decided to release on YouTube, have racked up more than three million views and summoned calls from Hollywood filmmakers. The clips are in fact helping to raise money for the trio's defense. In addition, they're fueling a heated debate over what the *New York Daily News* has lambasted as the "glaring security breach" of the site.

Among those who have voiced their concern is the leadership of the 9/11 Parents and Families of Firefighters and WTC Victims, which has come to the jumpers' support.

"If these men were able to easily slip through a hole in the fence and encounter no security," the group's vice chair, Sally Regenhard, wrote to the New York Supreme Court judge, "then there is a huge problem at the WTC site, and no lessons were learned from the nearly 3,000 people who perished on 9/11, including our heroic sons. They should not be made scapegoats and, in our opinion, should be treated leniently."

Whether the courts agree remains to be seen. Some in the BASE-jumping community

fear the three men will pay a steep price because of the intense interest the case has generated. The jumpers, for their part, have pleaded not guilty.

Despite promises by the city, it looks like the security at the Freedom Tower hasn't improved much, although it was recently announced that the same firm that guards New York's airports will now patrol the site. Still, when we arrive at the building, we find yet another gap between the fences.

"If we wanted to, we could get in there right now," Andrew says, as he takes a drag on a cigarette and shakes his head in disbelief.

If anything, he seems frustrated that he can't take another run at the leap.

"To me, BASE jumping is a celebration of life and a celebration of freedom," he says, gazing up at the tower. "I wish I could go again, during the day, and just watch it as I'm coming down." ■

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24 HOURS TO LIVE

Mark Wahlberg

The hardestworking man in Hollywood and star of *Transformers: Age of Extinction* talks *Ted*, *Entourage*, dropping trou, and how he'd spend his last day on Earth.

So how do you want to go? Peacefully, surrounded by my family.



Now give us the Michael Bay-directed, high-octane, explosion-packed version. Saving the world by driving a purple Lamborghini off a skyscraper into an alien spaceship.

Do you have any deathbed confessions? I watch reality TV.

Do you think that's enough to send you to hell, or will you be going to heaven? Hopefully, I will have lived long enough to atone for my sins as a teenager and make it to heaven.

If you could take one Transformer with you, which would you take and why? Optimus would be a great wingman.

You're an avid golfer. If you make it to heaven, who would you most like to tee it up with in the afterlife? My dad. Pretty sure Jesus has a low handicap, and I'm competitive.

How would the *Entourage* crew fare in a Decepticon attack?

Drama would make them laugh long enough for everyone to escape. "Victory!!!!"

What about your furry pal Ted? He'd insult them until they gave up.

What did you spend the most money on during your lifetime? The house I built for my family.

Name one thing you're glad you'll never have to do again on Earth. Drop my pants.

What's the wildest thing you ever did while you were alive? What happens on Ibiza stays on Ibiza.

Do you spend your last day in Boston, New York, or L.A., and why? And how are you spending it?

At Wahlburgers in Boston, hanging out with my family and friends.

If you could come back and spy on someone who's still alive, who would it be and why?

Being the youngest of nine, I'd love to pull some pranks on my siblings.

What is your proudest accomplishment? That I've turned my life around.

What is your biggest regret? That I needed to turn it around.

Was there anyone on Earth you wanted to punch in the face? No comment.

Got any last words? Put in the work and anything is possible. ■



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