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of INSTAGRAM

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POWER SUITS

The
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FERRARI

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with
**ANGELA
LINDVALL**

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on a motorcycle with
a man..."*

EST. 1973

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On the Cover

Photograph by JAMES MACARI

Stylist, Michela Buratti at Art Department; hair, Aaron Light for Pomp Studio West Hollywood; makeup, Jo Baker at The Magnet Agency using Urban Decay Cosmetics; manicure, Emi Kudo at Opus Beauty using Zoya.

SOME OF US STAY HOME
AND SOME DON'T.



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IT
WELL®**

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music + arts experience

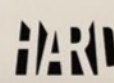
FOO FIGHTERS + OUTKAST + SKRILLEX + ARCTIC MONKEYS
ZEDD + PRETTY LIGHTS + THIRTY SECONDS TO MARS
SLAYER + MS. LAURYN HILL + AWOLNATION + RISE AGAINST
FLUX PAVILION + FEDDE LE GRAND + GOGOL BORDELLO + DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979
CITY AND COLOUR + CLAUDE VONSTROKE + MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA
GALANTIS + BOOKA SHADE DJ SET + PETE TONG + TWENTY ONE PILOTS
THOMAS GOLD + ACTION BRONSON + TROMBONE SHORTY & ORLEANS AVENUE
MELVINS + BLEACHERS + GRIZ + CONGOROCK + FISHBONE + MAKJ + FUEL
HEROBUST + LE YOUTH + BIG FREEDIA + GIVERS + REBIRTH BRASS BAND
RED BARAAT + BARCELONA + THOMAS NEWSON + THE WILD FEATHERS
WILD CUB + DREW HOLCOMB AND THE NEIGHBORS + ROYAL TEETH
BONERAMA + SOUL REBELS + BARELY ALIVE + TRENT CANTRELLE
MANIC FOCUS + WORLD/INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY + THE LONDON SOULS
PEELANDER-Z + LINDSAY LOWEND + ASTR + FLOW TRIBE + THE TONTONS
HONEY ISLAND SWAMP BAND + STURGILL SIMPSON + BENJAMIN BOOKER + DESERT NOISES
DIRTY BOURBON RIVER SHOW + BO NINGEN + TYSSON + QUINTRON AND MISS PUSSYCAT
YUNG NATION + SPEAK + HELLO NEGRO + CARMINE P. FILTHY & A BOY NAMED RUTH
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A MAN'S WORLD





INSIDE

THE ULTIMATE **SUPERCAR**
HOTTEST **MODELS** OF INSTAGRAM
THE NEW TEXAS **BARBECUE**
LIVING LARGE WITH **ELON MUSK**

rrari

THE REAL-LIFE TONY STARK

Dissecting the data on PayPal, SpaceX, and Tesla Motors mega-mogul Elon Musk.



AGE ELON MUSK WAS
WHEN HE SOLD HIS
FIRST COMPUTER GAME,
BLASTAR, FOR \$500.

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COUNTRIES MUSK IS
CURRENTLY A CITIZEN OF.



YEAR MUSK'S WIFE,
ACTRESS TALULAH RILEY,
FIRST APPEARED IN MAXIM.

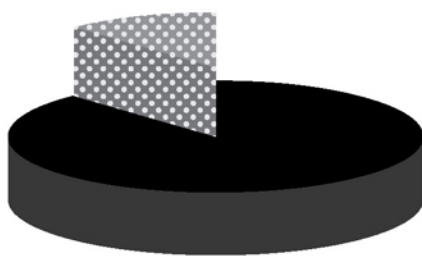


WHAT NASA PAID SPACEX,
IN 2008. MUSK'S COMPANY
IS ONE OF SEVERAL VYING
TO REPLACE THE RETIRING
SPACE SHUTTLE.

\$1.6 BILLION

\$9.2 BILLION
MUSK'S NET WORTH, WHICH MOSTLY COMES FROM
HIS PORTFOLIO OF HIGH-TECH INDUSTRIES LIKE
ELECTRIC CARS, SPACE TRAVEL, AND SOLAR POWER.

\$1.1 BILLION
WHAT MUSK MADE IN ONE DAY
LAST FEBRUARY WHEN SHARES OF TESLA
JUMPED NEARLY 14 PERCENT.



SHARE MUSK RECEIVED FROM THE \$307 MILLION PAYOUT
OF HIS FIRST WEB SOFTWARE COMPANY, ZIP2,
WHICH WAS ACQUIRED IN 1999. HE WAS 28 YEARS OLD.



TIME IT WOULD TAKE COMMUTERS TO MAKE THE 350-MILE
TRIP FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO LOS ANGELES IN MUSK'S
PROPOSED SUBSONIC TRAVEL POD SYSTEM, THE "HYPERLOOP."



STRATEGIC VISION'S MOST
RECENT RANKING OF TESLA'S
MODEL S ELECTRIC SEDAN
IN THE RESEARCH OUTFIT'S
TOTAL QUALITY INDEX LIST FOR
CARS IN ITS CATEGORY.



DEADLINE MUSK HAS
SET FOR HIS COMMERCIAL
SPACE TRAVEL COMPANY,
SPACEX, TO SEND HUMAN
PASSENGERS TO MARS
(A DECADE SOONER THAN
NASA ESTIMATES THEY'LL BE
ABLE TO DO THE SAME).

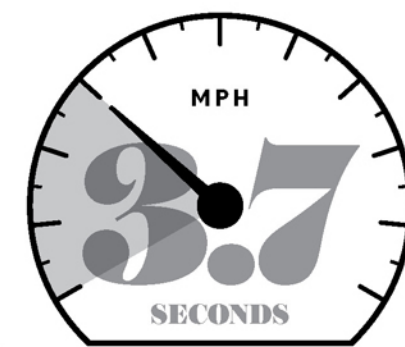


HOW FAR THE ZERO-EMISSIONS ELECTRIC TESLA ROADSTER
CAN DRIVE AFTER A SINGLE CHARGE FROM NEARLY ANY OUTLET.

245



TIME IT TAKES THE ROADSTER TO
ACCELERATE FROM 0 TO 60 MPH.



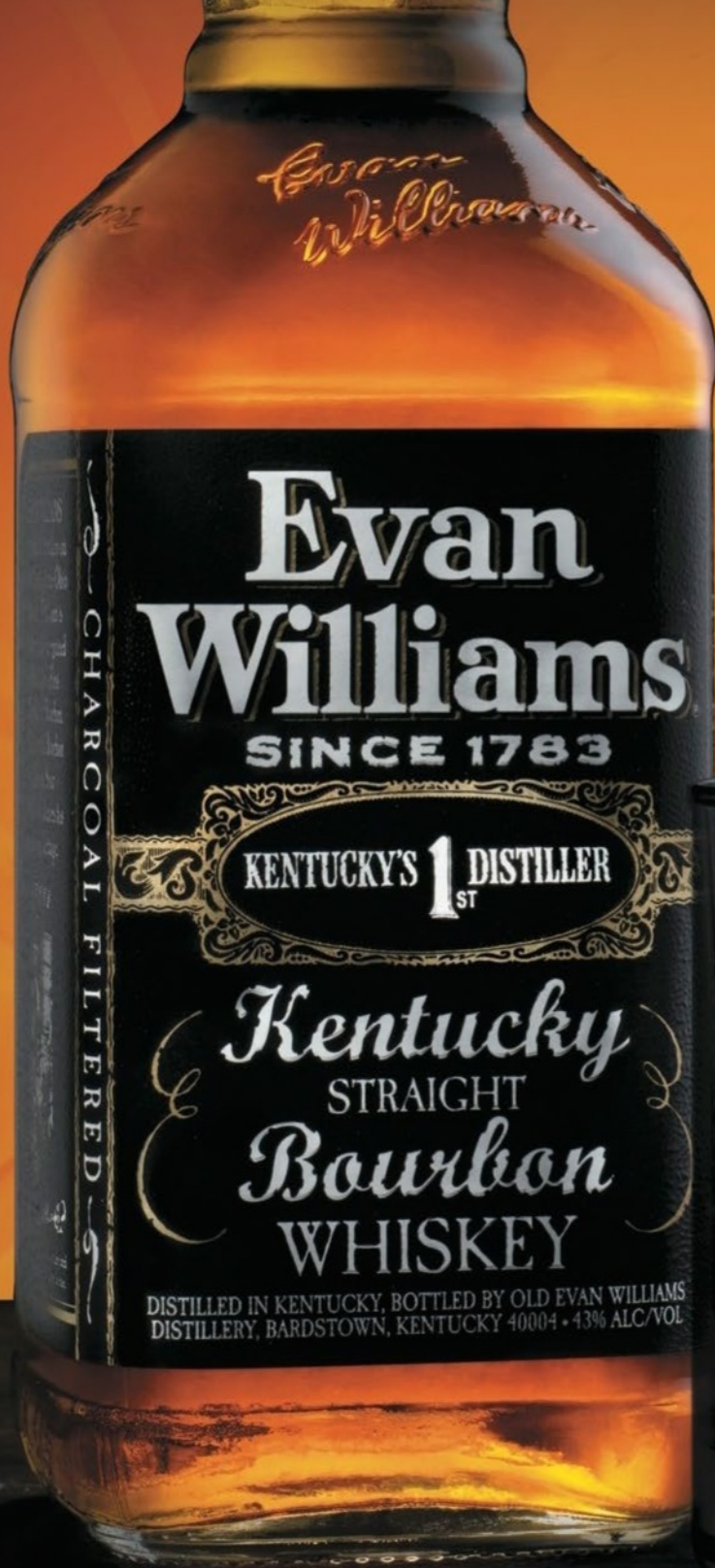
\$1 BILLION PLUS



MUSK'S 2013 SALARY AS CEO OF TESLA. (OTHER \$1-A-YEAR CEOs INCLUDE FACEBOOK'S MARK
ZUCKERBERG, GOOGLE'S LARRY PAGE, AND WHOLE FOODS' JOHN MACKEY.)




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The Pitmaster (brisket, pulled pork, and sausage piled with slaw and jalapeños) at Pecan Lodge in Dallas.

THE NEW TEXAS 'CUE

Bow down to the bolder, fattier, crustier take on Lone Star barbecue.

by **ROBB WALSH**

Each slice of brisket at Killen's Texas Barbecue, just outside Houston, oozes buttery rendered fat and sports a black racing stripe of crunchy bark along the top edge—it's a fattier, spicier version of traditional Texas barbecue.

KILLEN'S is a prime example of the new breed of barbecue joints cropping up across the Lone Star State, where fat-loving pit masters are cooking a remarkably luscious style of 'cue.

FRANKLIN BARBECUE's Aaron Franklin is the most recognizable ambassador of the trend, thanks to his many TV appearances. (That's him in the Chase Sapphire commercial with sushi master Nobu Matsuhisa.) His Austin meat mecca was named best barbecue spot in the country by *Bon Appétit*—and for good reason. Franklin starts with high-quality brisket and slow-smokes it to the unusually high internal temperature of 203 or 204 degrees,

at which point the fat melts into a succulent brisket butter, producing pure barbecue bliss.

Justin and Diane Fourton at PECAN LODGE, in Dallas, are charging more than \$30 for one Flintstone-size order of beef ribs, and customers are clamoring to strip them to the bone. Many of the new spots are housed in food trucks or trailers, such as LA BARBECUE, in Austin, famous for its El Sancho Loco sandwich, piled high with chopped beef, pulled pork, and house-made beef sausage called Texas hotguts. The CORKSCREW BBQ trailer in Houston sells 600 pounds of 'cue a day—including bark-encrusted, red-oak-smoked brisket, and wonderfully porky spareribs.

What all these places have in common, besides juicier, fattier meat, are long lines of 'cue hounds snaking outside the front door hours before opening time. Most start serving about 11 A.M. and close when they sell out—

**CLOCKWISE
FROM TOP**

Pecan Lodge's smoker;
Aaron Franklin slicing
brisket at Franklin
Barbecue in Austin;
the lunchtime crowd
at Franklin Barbecue;
bark-encrusted
brisket and pork ribs
at Killen's Texas
Barbecue in Pearland.



so every bit of meat is sliced as it's ordered, fresh out of the smoker.

Here's a primer on the new Texas 'cue: For decades, local pit masters cooked brisket with the fat cap attached and then cut off the fat and threw it away as they sliced. But nowadays barbecue masters are trimming the fat cap before cooking and rubbing it with spices to create that telltale "bark."

At Killen's, the dry rub is made with salt and three grinds of black pepper (fine, medium, and half-cracked) and applied to the outside of a USDA prime brisket. The resulting black crust gives each beefy bite a peppery flavor and crunchy texture.

Remember, there are two sections of a brisket: the flat and the point. The flat yields the beautiful slices of lean meat most often associated with barbecued brisket. The meat from the point, known as the fatty end, is messier-looking but juicier. Old-style Texas barbecue eateries cut up this stuff to make chopped-beef sandwiches, but not the new school. It's the fatty-end brisket that discerning barbecue aficionados desire most.

Who's willing to wait in line for hours for a plate of extra-lardy smoked meat? The same obsessive young carnivores who made porcine-powered chashu ramen, and all manner of unctuous pork-belly dishes, wildly popular nationwide. According to the increasingly prevalent "fat means flavor" philosophy, fatty barbecue tastes better, too.

This newfangled 'cue hasn't quite caught fire yet in small-town Texas, but it's already spreading to food-crazy urban centers, from Brooklyn to Seattle. Be sure to get in line early.

James Beard Award-winning writer Robb Walsh is the author of Legends of Texas Barbecue Cookbook (Chronicle Books). He is also the food critic for Houstonia magazine.



SMOKERS WELCOME

GET FIRED
UP WITH THE FIVE
BEST TEXAS
BBQ WOODS.

NORTHEAST TEXAS

1. Hickory

Most common
smoking wood;
strong, sweet flavor.

EAT AT: Gatlin's
BBQ in Houston.

CENTRAL TEXAS

2. Post Oak

Most popular wood
in Texas; mellow
flavor, clean smoke.

EAT AT: Franklin
Barbecue in Austin.

3. Pecan

Sweet but very sooty;
turns the meat black.

EAT AT: Killen's
in Pearland (burns
a blend of post
oak and pecan).

EAST TEXAS

4. Red Oak

Mellow flavor, slightly
sooty smoke.

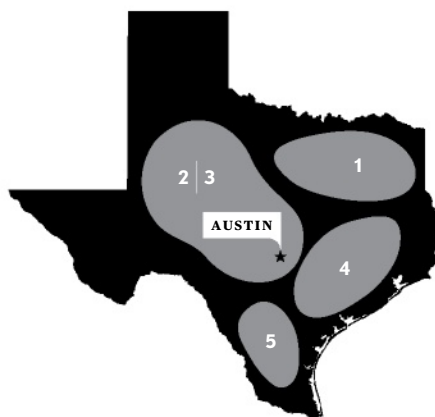
EAT AT: CorkScrew
BBQ in Spring.

SOUTH TEXAS

5. Mesquite

Tangy flavor, tarry
smoke, usually
burned down
to coals first.

EAT AT: Cooper's
in Llano.



Brown ales first appeared in 17th-century England but didn't gain popularity here till 1986, when the now defunct Pete's Wicked Ale went mainstream.

AUTUMN'S TRUE BREW

No beer complements the season better than a brown ale.

by **STEPHEN EDWARDS**



Put down that played-out pumpkin stout—October belongs to the brown ale.

Far superior to the usual boring seasonal offerings, the brown family of beer's low carbonation and sweet-and-bitter characteristics are ideal for fall's cooler temperatures and the heartier meals that accompany them. What's more, they're

sophisticated and masculine, with complex, whiskey-like notes that conjure up everything from nuts to caramel. So, whether you're grilling sausages for an Oktoberfest-worthy cookout or enjoying a white-cloth Wagyu beef dinner, there's a brown ale that'll elevate your experience.



DOWNTOWN BROWN *Lost Coast Brewery*

This lightly hopped ale has a mellow, chocolaty flavor influenced by roasted malts. No bitterness here; instead you'll find hints of coffee and earthy grains.
PAIR WITH: Densely marbled steaks, chops



ELLIE'S BROWN ALE *Avery Brewing Co.*

At 5.5 percent ABV, this ale (pictured at left) goes down like a pilsner but is aggressive enough to satisfy IPA devotees. It smells of dark chocolate, but take a sip and you'll be surprised by vanilla-tinged tones and a mildly bitter finish.

PAIR WITH: Spicy meats



OLD BROWN DOG *Smuttynose Brewing Co.*

Heavy in alcohol (6.7 percent ABV) but light on bitterness, this ale smells like toffee and tastes like caramel. It's creamy, with little aftertaste—an ideal choice for those who like simple beers.

PAIR WITH: BBQ ribs



INDIAN BROWN ALE *Dogfish Head Craft Brewery*

Its dark complexion and thick head suggest a medium-bodied sweetness. But this brew is exceptionally bitter and boasts slight hints of molasses.

PAIR WITH: Smoky meats, grilled vegetables

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THE SUPERMODELS OF INSTAGRAM

Who knew showing some skin on a social network could get you so many followers? *These 15 femmes fatales, that's who.*

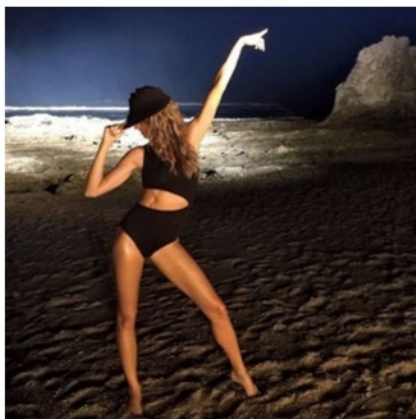
When Instagram debuted in 2010, the photo-sharing social network became many things to many people. For creators Kevin Systrom and Mike Krieger, the app ensured that they'd never have to work again. (Facebook bought the damn thing for a cool billion less than two years after its birth.)

For new parents, it was yet another online way to remind you that...they're new parents. And for an account named Trotterpup, it's, well, an excuse to show pics of a French bulldog wearing wigs. But the noun turned verb (as in "I just Instagrammed a baby who looks like Chris Farley") was *made* for these queens of the catwalk, who always seem to be pushing the site's decency codes to Rihanna-like levels of oversharing. Herein lie the sexy supermodel accounts we can't stop "liking."



@adrianalima

ADRIANA LIMA; 2.64M+ FOLLOWERS
In July, Adriana and Alessandra (below) Instagrammed World Cup pics from an East Village bar. Brazil lost, but the Internet won.



@giseleofficial

GISELE BÜNDCHEN; 2.69M+ FOLLOWERS
Gisele averages \$128,000 a day in income, so you'd think she could afford some pants in her posts.



@karliekloss

KARLIE KLOSS; 1.09M+ FOLLOWERS
Her 6'1" supermodel frame towers over frequent selfie costar Taylor Swift, who has wisely decreed that Karlie is "made out of 100 percent sunshine."



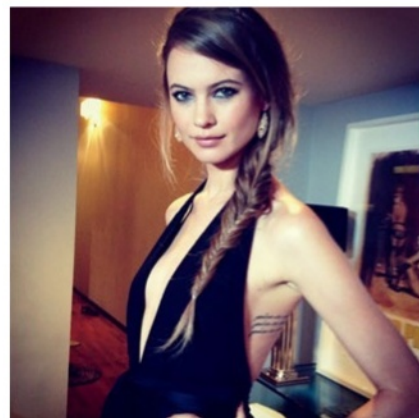
@emrata

EMILY RATAJKOWSKI; 1.2M+ FOLLOWERS
Emily was briefly banned from the site after posting a pic of her butt...taken when she was a toddler.



@alessandraambrosio

ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO; 2.14M+ FOLLOWERS
This Brazilian beauty loves posting positive affirmations—which proves, once again, that we *still* can't speak Portuguese.



@behatiprinsloo

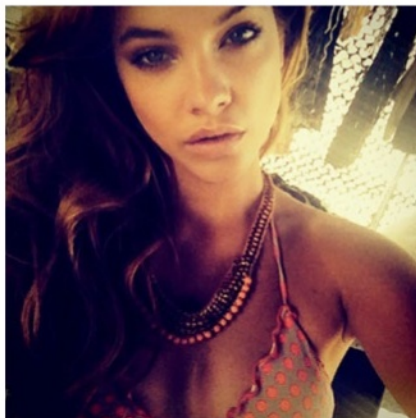
BEHATI PRINSLOO; 832K+ FOLLOWERS
In June, Mrs. Adam Levine posted pics from her bachelorette party. Spoiler: She posed seductively!



@barrefaeli

BAR REFAELI; 1.4M+ FOLLOWERS

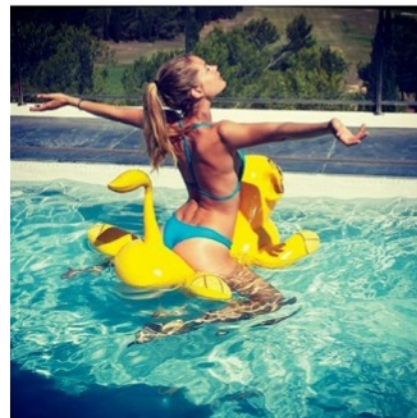
We lovingly refer to Bar's many posts of her jumping as "Bar hoppers."



@realbarbarapalvin

BARBARA PALVIN; 1.97M+ FOLLOWERS

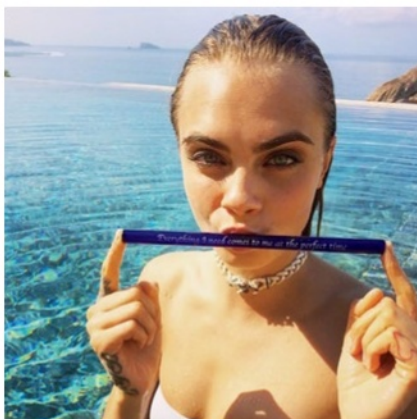
This Hungarian humanitarian gives her followers the gift of a peace sign on, like, every other post. She's made us rethink our stance on war!



@doutzen

DOUTZEN KROES; 1.65M+ FOLLOWERS

The Dutch treat's athletic pics are easy on the eyes, while saying her name is hard on the mouth.



@caradelevingne

CARA DELEVINGNE; 6.4M+ FOLLOWERS

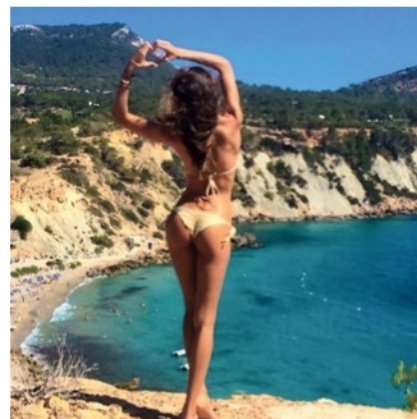
Cara is a tireless, and topless, supporter of that "Free the Nipple" Instagram campaign, and we salute her brave little B cups.



@lilyaldrige

LILY ALDRIDGE; 940K+ FOLLOWERS

According to this Victoria's Secret model's account? Likes: Button-down shirts. Dislikes: Buttoning them.



@iza_goulart

IZABEL GOULART; 1.2M+ FOLLOWERS

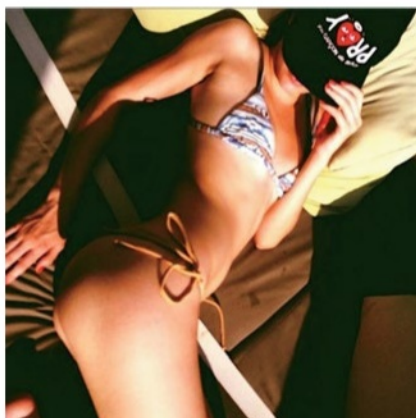
This Brazilian (we're sensing a trend here) model's gym video posts motivate us to... continue to look at her gym video posts.



@rosiehw

ROSIE HUNTINGTON-WHITELEY; 2M+ FOLLOWERS

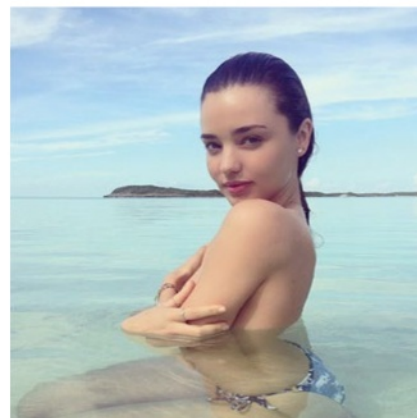
Rosie's lingerie posts show a lot of skin and very little of her boyfriend, Jason Statham. #Thankful



@kendalljenner

KENDALL JENNER; 12.4M+ FOLLOWERS

Bruce's little girl is all grown up and loves the camera almost as much as she hates wearing tops. (Hence her millions of new friends.)



@mirandakerr

MIRANDA KERR; 4.7M+ FOLLOWERS

Since Miranda decided she had no more room for Orlando Bloom, her account has really...bloomed.

ARENA *supercar*

THE WILDEST STALLION

The awe-inspiring performance of the \$1.4 million, 949-hp LaFerrari is matched only by its visual force.

by **LAWRENCE ULRICH**



YOU'LL
NEVER FORGET
YOUR FIRST TIME



— STEAK N SHAKE® —

BY *Biglari*

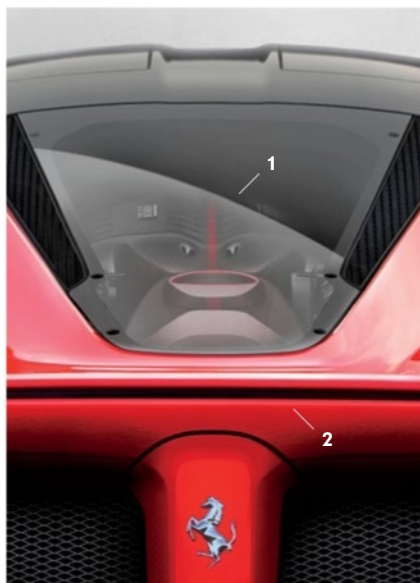
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It's a species of automobile that most people will never see in their lifetime, let alone drive. But that doesn't stop Ferrari from hatching Fabergé eggs like the LaFerrari: cars so exclusive that even celebrities find themselves on the wrong side of the velvet rope.

LaFerrari translates, simply enough, to “the Ferrari.” In other words, the company is not so subtly declaring that this is *the* Ferrari, the \$1.4 million manifestation of its philosophy, technology, and design heritage. That heritage includes a line of such true Ferrari supercars as the GTO, F40, F50, and the Enzo Ferrari. And securing a spot in that pantheon means the LaFerrari must smite those that came before.

To pull that off, Ferrari's engineers sought inspiration from the electric power that propels Formula 1 racecars around the track. The hybrid engine they created for this street-going Ferrari packs 949 horses—that is, about 200 more than those F1 racers.

These total system horses arrive with a one-two punch: a 789-hp, 6.3-liter V-12 mated to a 160-hp electric motor. A seven-speed, dual-clutch automated manual transmission sends abusive force to the rear wheels, right up to a shrieking 9,250 rpm redline. Regenerative brakes suck up energy and return it to a lithium-ion battery that actually



helps support the car's carbon-fiber structure. That feathery material, created in the same autoclaves as Ferrari's F1 cars and hand-assembled by engineers, helps hold curb weight to 3,285 pounds.

It also gets centerfold exposure inside the LaFerrari's cabin, accessed via a set of wing doors. Inside, drivers perch limbo-low with only custom-fitted padding between their bulging, um, wallets and the carbon tub—the better to feel the physical forces assaulting their bodies. Pilots manage most of the Ferrari's techno-array via a squared-off F1-style steering wheel, including the manettino switch that toggles settings for the throttle, transmission, and electronic rear differential, as well as the F1 stability and traction systems.

The result? A 2.9-second surge to 60 mph, a sub-10-second quarter mile at more than 150 mph, and a top speed of 217 mph.

But the car's animalistic performance stats are beautifully juxtaposed with its impeccable design. A fighter-jet greenhouse perches atop a voyeuristic assemblage of swoops, ducts, curves, and valleys. Side-view mirrors protrude like a set of Martian antennae. A dizzying array of active aerodynamics—including underbody flaps and a saucy rear wing—unfurl at speed, Batmobile-style, to smooth drag, boost braking force, or pin the LaFerrari to the ground.

Even by Ferrari's forbidden-fruit standards, cleverly designed to strangle supply and enhance its appeal to the customer, the LaFerrari is something special. On a refreshing note, merely dropping big money or a bigger name isn't enough to snag one. To ensure that the LaFerrari's power and glory aren't wasted on dilettantes, speculators, and other such



unworthy characters, a buyer must have a collection of at least five Ferraris, two of which were purchased new, to even be considered LaFerrari material.

While we're just saying hello to the production LaFerrari, it's already saying *arrivederci*: All 499 cars have been presold, with perhaps 120 lucky Americans on the list. Most of those vehicles will be tucked into supercar-stuffed garages, from which they will rocket for sightings in such natural habitats as Monaco and South Beach.

With even once-affordable Ferraris—including the Dino of 1967-75—fetching extraordinary sums, the LaFerrari seems predestined to carry the Ferrari mystique into the future. In 25 years they'll emerge, like bright-red cicadas, at auctions in Vegas or Pebble Beach, to set records and blow minds all over again.

SPECS ED

1. Power Moves

An F1-derived HY-KERS hybrid engine marries a 6.3 V-12 with a 120-kW electric motor; it not only produces 949 hp but also recaptures energy lost during braking to maintain efficiency—and power.

2. Active Aero

It has more moving parts than a Cirque du Soleil show: A huge rear wing deploys under hard

braking to create stability; three flaps under the front keep the car firmly planted during high-speed driving.

3. At Your Command

An array of controls on the LaFerrari's F1-inspired, flat-bottomed wheel let drivers start the engine, select one of five driving modes, and even flash the turn signals.

4. A Dash of Character

Drivers can select a traditional tachometer display or a more track-oriented one from a 12.3-inch digital instrument cluster.

5. Stay Seated

Unlike most other cars', the LaFerrari's seats are fixed in place; the pedal box and steering wheel shift forward and back to accommodate your position.

6. Easy Entry

The LaFerrari's dramatically positioned wing doors swivel upward on a single hinge for a statement-making display.

7. Duct and Cover

Massive ducts on the side of the LaFerrari ingest air, channeling it to cool the engine or increase downforce—whichever the system demands.

MODUS

THE STYLISH MAN



ALWAYS TRAVEL PREPARED

Like a well-planned trip, the successful doppel kit requires a certain amount of strategy. Here's all you need to stay fresh, no matter what kind of lucky close encounter confronts you.

by **SETH HOWARD**

HAIR, DAMIAN MONZILLO/ARTMIX; MAKEUP, INGEBORG/OPUS BEAUTY FOR BECCA COSMETICS. SHIRT, NAUTICA; TIE, THOMAS PINK

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IT'S A MOD, MOD WORLD

Cycling star Bradley Wiggins shouts out his aesthetic influences.

by **TIM STRUBY**

Sir Bradley Wiggins' cycling style has won him seven Olympic medals (four gold), a 2012 Tour de France (he's the first Brit to claim the title), and a knighthood. Yet the Team Sky rider is also well known as an arbiter of style off the bike. From his fierce competitive spirit to his distinctive fashion sense, the 34-year-old harks back to peacocking jocks like Joe Namath and Walt "Clyde" Frazier. "Aesthetics and style have always been important to me," he says. Since 2012, he's been working with Fred Perry to help design his own signature sportswear line. "My goal," Wiggins explains, "has been to develop an authentic, nontechnical range of off-cycle wear that is inspired by the best of the sport's unique heritage." But just what influenced Wiggins' style? We asked, and he told...





CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT

Wiggins winning the Tour de France in 2012; Townshend rocking out in 1970; the *Meat Is Murder* album cover; with tailor Mark Powell; the Jam, 1977; Eddy Merckx racing in 1971; a 1963 Lambretta.

THROWBACK BESPOKE

"I have a tailor in Soho [London] who's sort of a rebel, Mark Powell. He refused to go on Savile Row. He used to make suits for David Bowie and Paul Weller. I go for the late-'60s, early-'70s look in my suits, when postmodernism evolved to a dandyish style: big lapels, flared legs, the *Saturday Night Fever* look."

JUKEBOX HEROES

"When I was a kid, I was into the Smiths, the Stone Roses, and Oasis. The first album I ever bought was the Smiths' *Meat Is Murder*. Then I got into Paul Weller and the Jam. And, of course, the Who. I saw an

interview with Pete Townshend when he was 18 or 19, and he was basically saying the Beatles were shit musicians. That's rubbish, but amazingly confident for someone that age."

FASHIONABLY PROUD

"I'm heavily involved with the Fred Perry line—in detailing, the colors, the themes. I get lots of inspiration from the retro cycling look. Guys like Eddy Merckx, Freddy Maertens, and Roger de Vlaeminck. Who can forget the big sideburns and Brooklyn cap turned upward? It's a classic."

SCOOTER SAVVY

"I collect Vespas and Lambrettas. All from 1963—the classic mod year. The GS Vespa, and TV 175, TV 200, SX 200 Lambrettas.

Back then it wasn't about horsepower and big engines. It was how they glided, the noise they made, the design."

REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE

"I'm definitely seen as different. My sideburns, my clothes, my interests. Standing out is quite a rare thing in sports these days. Being on a team—same clothes, same bike—it's very easy to lose your identity. You're encouraged to conform, and you all look like numbers. I always rebelled against that. Tried to look different. If you have some individuality, people are fascinated by it."

BRADLEY WIGGINS COLLECTION for FRED PERRY



Champion tipped
Bradley shirt, \$125



Chest-stripe track
jacket, \$180



Bradley Wiggins
Chase leather, \$130



Checkerboard cycling
shirt, \$130



Bradley Harrington,
\$250

BRIEFCASE LOGIC

Ditch the backpack and pack in that messenger bag. When it comes to cases for the modern man on the move, leather, structured, and black is the only way to go. With room for your laptop, tablet, sensitive documents, and the last few issues of your favorite magazine, these four bags make bringing work home a bit more bearable.

by **SETH HOWARD**

**CLOCKWISE
FROM TOP LEFT**

Salvatore Ferragamo black leather briefcase (\$1,700; Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide); Reiss Holt leather briefcase (\$330; reiss.com); Hugo Boss Boss bag (\$425; hugoboss.com); Tom Ford Flat Buckle briefcase (\$2,980; Tom Ford stores nationwide).

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MAN WITH A PLAN

BOOKS

IN HIS NEW
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ANGELS,
PHOTOGRAPHER
RUSSELL JAMES
CAPTURES THE
WORLD'S MOST
ALLURING WOMEN.

by ERIN DIXON



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For 35,000 years, since cavemen first sculpted them from ivory, women's bodies have provided artistic inspiration. And for the past two decades, they have served the same purpose for Australian photographer Russell James. In his own words, James—a frequent *Maxim* contributor—has had “the great fortune to photograph the world’s great beauties.” His sensual portraits of the world’s sexiest women have filled global publications and, for the past 15 years, the pages of the Victoria’s Secret catalog.

Thirty-five of these goddesses—from Brooklyn Decker (above) and Gisele Bündchen to Alessandra Ambrosio (previous page) and Rihanna—appear in James’ forthcoming *Angels*, which depicts them in their full, au naturel glory. “It’s just the most honest photography you can do, simply put,” says James of his nudes. “And you can do it so many different ways.” Devoid of distractions, the images exhibit each subject’s personal allure. “The difference between a Behati Prinsloo and a Lily Donaldson and an Eva Herzigova is that each claims a certain type of beauty,” James asserts. “That’s why they’ve become iconic.”

But to capture a woman’s singular, no-frills splendor requires more than her naked form and a shutter snap. “You can’t approach it as, ‘Oh my God, I think you’re so sexy,’” James

explains. “That’s the last thing you want to do.” The photographer—who devotes much of his time to his Nomad Two Worlds Foundation, which helps support and promote indigenous Australian artists—achieves this interchange by bringing the camera in close and discussing innocuous matters. Once the connection is cemented, he waits. “After someone relaxes, her natural sensuality starts to emerge. Never ask her; you have to wait for it.”

The intimate images featured in *Angels* reveal the stark, potent, but undeniably sexy results. They explore, James divulges, “purity and innocence with strong, sexy boundaries.” This dichotomy also explains the book’s ethereal title. “*Angels* has come to represent all forms for me—from the dark to the light,” James says, clarifying why he would love to have included Marilyn Monroe and Jackie O in the collection. “I love a little controversy.”

“IT’S THE MOST HONEST PHOTOGRAPHY YOU CAN DO,” SAYS JAMES OF HIS NUDES. “AND YOU CAN DO IT SO MANY DIFFERENT WAYS.”



THE NAKED TRUTH

THE 304-PAGE *ANGELS* WILL BE PUBLISHED BY TENEUES ON OCTOBER 15, RETAILING FOR \$199. FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT STUDIORUSSELLJAMES.COM.



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SIX CLASSIC PERFORMANCES BY DENZEL WASHINGTON, AND THE CLUES THEY OFFER TO HIS COMPLEX APPEAL

by BILGE EBIRI

There's finally an adaptation of an '80s TV show to get excited about: *The Equalizer*. When it comes to portraying conflicted tough guys like the film's good-hearted retired covert-ops agent, nobody beats its star, Denzel Washington. Even playing upright men, his face betrays a playful madness. And as a former basketball star, he has superb control over his physicality. With six Oscar nominations and two wins spanning four decades, he's this era's quintessential leading man. And one of its most bankable stars: Twelve of his last 15 movies have opened to more than \$20 million, a streak unmatched by Tom Cruise or Brad Pitt. These six films showcase his preternatural ability to find strength inside of weakness.

BLEEK GILLIAM
Mo' Better Blues (1990)

Denzel's first outing with director Spike Lee—resulting in four films so far—was as a philandering trumpet player torn between the sensuousness of jazz and the sensuousness of women. **He's alternately dashing and disengaged.** When his promiscuity in life (and art) gets him in deep trouble, we nod at the comeuppance, even as it kills us to see him physically ruined, his talent wasted.

MALCOLM X
Malcolm X (1992)

This performance is about more than fiery speechifying: It's nearly a ballet. In Malcolm's early scenes, the zoot-suited, small-time hood sashays across the screen. After he discovers the Nation of Islam, his movements become constrained—suggesting control but also repression. Finally, when Malcolm branches out on his own, he becomes more naturalistic and relaxed, moving like a free man.

LT. COMMANDER RON HUNTER
Crimson Tide (1995)

Matching wits with nuclear sub captain Gene Hackman in Tony Scott's naval thriller, Washington plays an officer torn by the discipline of his job. **He juggles the restraint of a man who knows the chain of command with the stridency of a human who can't believe he might start World War III.** He also proved that he could carry a more traditional action blockbuster.

DET. ALONZO HARRIS
Training Day (2001)

"King Kong ain't got shit on me!" In the role that won Washington his second Academy Award (*Glory* got him the first), he plays a corrupt LAPD narcotics detective who takes rookie Ethan Hawke on a deadly journey through the city's dark underbelly. **Denzel elevates what might have been a disposable cop thriller to the level of Shakespearean tragedy.**

DET. KEITH FRAZIER
Inside Man (2006)

In Washington's most recent film with Spike Lee, his detective faces off against a group of mysterious bank robbers. **But the movie is really an ode to New York City's diversity.** Dealing with angry cops, concerned citizens, and pushy bankers, a charming Denzel must sometimes play dumb as the clock ticks down—a surprisingly deceptive balancing act for a deceptively complex film.

WHIP WHITAKER
Flight (2012)

Robert Zemeckis' drama turns the antihero cliché upside down, like the jetliner Whitaker flips over to save it from crashing. **Hung over and drugged out, he safely pilots the plummeting plane.** With drug tests and inquiries, the actor goes from bewildered cockiness to broken dependency to, finally, a clear-eyed grace. Is he a monster or a hero? Denzel hurdles that divide like no other.



GREAT READS IN FIVE KEY GENRES, FROM BUSINESS TO BELLY LAUGHS TO *BREAKING BAD* COSTARS...

by LEAH CARROLL

SMARTCUTS: HOW HACKERS, INNOVATORS, AND ICONS ACCELERATE SUCCESS

by Shane Snow
(Harper Business)

Throughout history there have been the overachievers: those select few who create billion-dollar companies before graduating college or rocket to stardom overnight. What do they know that the rest of us don't?

Journalist-entrepreneur Shane Snow argues that, in an era of exponential social and tech changes, it's time to do away with old notions of paying dues and climbing the corporate ladder. He writes that modern innovators work like hackers, finding shorter, less conventional approaches to catapult themselves ahead of the competition.

In a series of fast-paced vignettes, Snow shows canny individuals in numerous fields using what psychologists call lateral thinking to challenge the norm and leverage existing skills. How did President Obama climb to the top with such astonishing speed? How do some start-ups get to a billion dollars seemingly overnight? From the Cuban Revolution to the advent of space tourism, there is a common set of

principles among those who achieve rapid success. Readers seeking a step-by-step how-to may be disappointed. But the book is a relatable, surprisingly easy-to-follow dive into how today's business leaders think. Snow is not telling you how to succeed faster; he's daring you to do it.

HOLD THE DARK by William Giraldi (Liveright)

If Cormac McCarthy had a nightmare about the Alaskan wilderness, his dream diary might read like this. As winter descends upon the remote village of Keelut, wolves come for the children. Wolf expert Russell Core, who arrives to investigate the killings, instead confronts the violence of man when a grieving father undertakes a bloody quest for revenge. A suspenseful meditation on vengeance, this slim novel will hold you in its icy grip.

THE FILTHY TRUTH by Andrew Dice Clay with David Ritz (Touchstone Books)

Were you worried the Diceman had gone soft when he turned up, years after his prime, in a Woody Allen movie? Well, Dice wants you to know he's as low-down and dirty as ever. In this breezy autobiography, the comedian discusses his childhood, career milestones, and what it's like to ditch Michael Madsen for a night of sex with an obese stranger. Whether recounting his sold-out gig at Madison Square Garden or his lifetime ban from MTV, Dice turns every story into an entertainingly self-serving rant.

AGENT STORM: MY LIFE INSIDE AL QAEDA AND THE CIA by Morten Storm with Paul Cruickshank and Tim Lister (Atlantic Monthly Press)

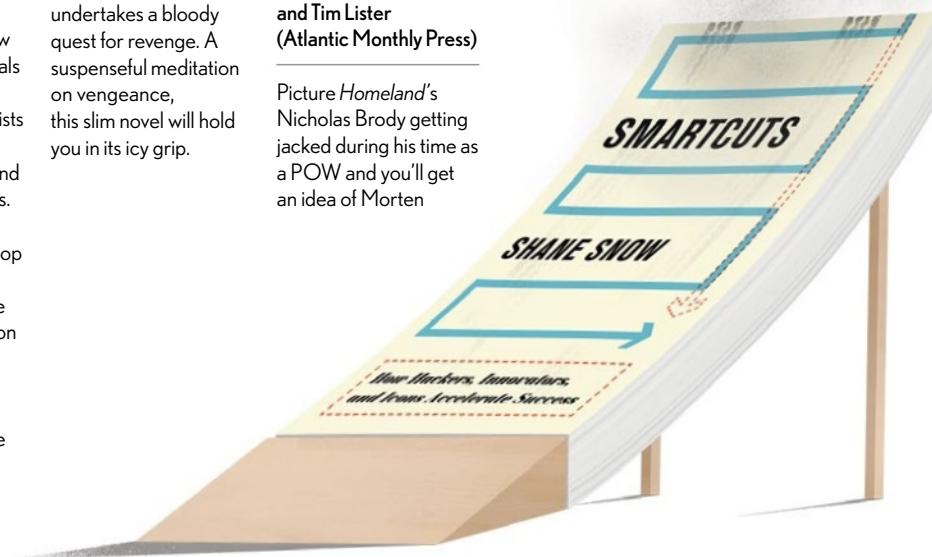
Picture *Homeland*'s Nicholas Brody getting jacked during his time as a POW and you'll get an idea of Morten

Storm, the 6'1", red-haired Dane who went from unlikely jihadi to double agent. Storm converted to radical Islam after a tumultuous childhood but suffered a crisis of faith and became a valuable Western spy. Here he exposes the daily operation of terrorist training camps alongside the inner workings of the West's most powerful intelligence agencies. Storm's tale of dodging drones and navigating alliances may read like a great espionage thriller (complete with a blonde honey trap), but his deeply personal struggle with extremism and atonement is the real story.

A LOAD OF HOOEY by Bob Odenkirk (McSweeney's)

Odenkirk—known to many as Saul Goodman from *Breaking Bad* (and soon, *Better Call Saul*)—shows his cerebral side in his first collection of humor writing. Some of these essays, poems, and intentionally terrible plays were previously

published in *The New Yorker*, but they don't shy away from puns on "happy ending." With musings on everything from religion to Internet trolls, the book is a charmingly scattered compendium unafraid to ask, "What if Martin Luther King Jr. gave a really terrible speech?"



Shane Snow believes that if you take risks, you'll find quicker paths to becoming a mogul. But first you have to buy his book.

TRAVEL

IN THE MIDDLE
EASTERN
MEGALOPOLIS
OF **DUBAI**,
BIGGER IS
DEFINITELY
BETTER.

by PETER COLLINS

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POWER

The Burj Al Arab
Hotel in Dubai

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The Middle East may not be the most obvious getaway choice these days, but Dubai isn't really the Middle East. It's a fascinating world all its own: a cosmopolitan paradise of sun, sand, beautiful people, stunning architecture, and high-end luxury that boasts the planet's tallest building (BURJ KHALIFA), biggest shopping center (THE DUBAI MALL), and five of the world's tallest hotels.

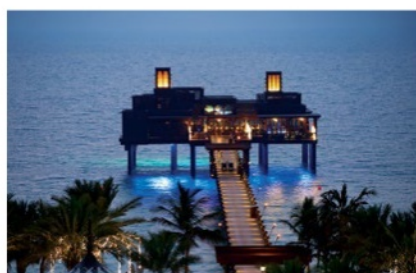
There's also the MALL OF THE EMIRATES, which features a massive indoor ski slope, complete with snow (and penguins!), in what's basically a broiling desert with concrete poured over it. Why? Dubai's answer: Why not? Here's the lowdown on the best that this gleefully over-the-top Arabian oasis has to offer.

EAT

When it comes to food, Dubai follows its blueprint for pretty much everything else and imports the very best—acclaimed chefs Nobu Matsuhisa (**NOBU**), Pierre Gagnaire (**REFLETS**), and Richard Sandoval (**TORO TORO** and **MAYA**) all have restaurants here. And like Dubai's inhabitants, the cuisine comes from all around the globe. In the old districts of the city, you can sample dishes from India, Thailand, the Philippines, Lebanon, the Caribbean, China, and Japan within a few blocks. For a late breakfast of poached eggs with spinach and truffles—and a hit of bracing Milanese espresso—head to **EMPORIO ARMANI CAFFÈ** in the Dubai Mall. Just behind the mall, you get an unmatched, close-up view of the Burj Khalifa. For a good, cheap lunch in Bur Dubai, try local institution **AUTOMATIC CAFE**'s grilled lamb with tomatoes, onions, and rice doused in pine nuts and a rich tomato sauce. If you'd rather go upmarket, award-winning Japanese eatery **ZUMA** offers standout sushi in a hip, relaxed setting. Come dinnertime, nearly all Dubai's five-star hotels have at least one great restaurant. Acclaimed Argentine steakhouse **ASADO**, in the shadow of the Dubai Fountain, is renowned for its tender *cabrito* (baby goat cooked over hot coals). **PIERCHIC**, located out in the ocean at the end of its own pier, offers top-rated seafood (try the yellowfin tuna) in a stunning location that's perfect for date night.



ARABIAN NIGHTS
(Clockwise from top)
The scene at Cavalli Club; the Burj Al Arab, viewed from Jumeirah Beach; a chef plates a dish at Reflets; Pierchic on the pier.



STAY

The iconic “seven-star” **BURJ AL ARAB JUMEIRAH** provides exceptional service and serious bragging rights as not only the finest hotel in town but perhaps the most luxurious on the planet. The roof of the 202-room landmark—nearly 700 feet above the Arabian Gulf—has hosted both a tennis match between Andre Agassi and Roger Federer and a Tiger Woods tee shot. For some, the Burj's Midas-touch decor—there are flashes of gold leaf wherever you turn in the 590-foot-tall atrium, decorated with dancing fountains and a massive seawater aquarium—can be too much of a good thing. But if you're seeking amenities like a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce or private helicopter, next-level laundry service, and the privilege of bypassing Customs at the airport, you've come to the right place. For a slightly more understated vibe,



try the nearby **MADINAT JUMEIRAH**—where serene canals flow past waterfront villas, each attended by a dedicated butler. There are boutique options, too, like the old-school Arabian accommodations—situated around three courtyards, with traditional wind towers cooling the building—at the 13-room **XVA ART HOTEL**, in the heart of the old city.

PLAY

The main alternative to strolling Dubai's luxury malls is soaking up the sun—and the sights—on pristine beaches. You can also go on a desert safari, complete with a few hours of “dune bashing” (attacking large, almost vertical mounds of sand in a 4x4, at adrenaline-pumping speeds), before an authentic Arabian meal complete with belly dancers and a glorious sunset. Unlike the rest of the Middle East, most Dubai hotels have



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bars and nightclubs where you can indulge in booze, babes, and bumping beats till sunrise without fear of being branded an infidel. Dubai is all about decadence, and most clubs are bustling on weekends, filled with gorgeous women who embody the city's obsession with looking good and flaunting it. The beachside **BARASTI BAR** is a popular choice for sundowners, while clubs such as **PEOPLE BY CRYSTAL** and **360°** (both of which offer jaw-dropping views, in terms of both landscape and eye candy), **MAHIKI**, and **ARMANI/PRIVÉ**, plus celeb-watching hot spots **VIP ROOM** and **CAVALLI CLUB**, prove Dubai's got bling to burn and the pull to attract superstar DJs. Head to rooftop bar **LEVEL 43** to revel in the awe-inspiring skyscraper orgy that lines the city's main thoroughfare. Like Dubai itself, it's a spectacle that says "too much is never enough." ■

If You Bought Sylvania Automotive Lighting You Could Get Money from a \$30 Million Settlement

A proposed Settlement has been reached with Osram Sylvania Inc. ("Sylvania"). The Settlement resolves claims that Sylvania misrepresented that certain replacement automotive lighting is brighter, provides a wider beam, and allows drivers to see farther down the road than standard halogen lighting. It also claims that Sylvania omitted material information regarding the reduced life of the replacement lighting. Sylvania denies that it did anything wrong.

Who is included in the Settlement?

The Settlement includes any person or entity who:

- Bought one or more of the following, other than for resale or distribution to another person or entity: SilverStar ULTRA®, SilverStar®, XtraVision®, or Cool Blue® replacement headlight capsules; SilverStar®, XtraVision®, or Cool Blue® sealed beam headlights; and SilverStar® fog or auxiliary lights.
- In the United States (or any territory or possession) from September 22, 2005 to July 11, 2014.

What does the Settlement provide?

A \$30 million Settlement Fund will be established to make payments to eligible Class Members. Eligible individuals are expected to get a minimum \$10 payment and perhaps more. All claims are limited to a single purchase only. The Settlement Fund will also be used to pay Court-approved attorneys' fees and expenses, costs of notice and Settlement administration, and incentive awards to the Class Representatives.

How can I get a payment?

If you did not receive a postcard notice in the mail, you may file a claim online or by mail by **November 14, 2014**. The Claim Form only takes 3-5 minutes for most individuals to complete.

What are my rights?

Even if you do nothing you will be bound by the Court's decisions. If you want to keep your right to sue Sylvania yourself, you must exclude yourself from the Settlement Class by **November 14, 2014**. If you stay in the Settlement Class, you may object to the Settlement by **February 9, 2015**.

The Court will hold a hearing on **March 20, 2015** to consider whether to approve the Settlement and award attorneys' fees, costs, and expenses up to one-third of the Settlement Fund, and total incentive awards up to \$25,000 to the Class Representatives. You or your lawyer may appear and speak at the hearing at your own expense.

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UNREAL RIDES: FIVE OF THE GREATEST MOTORCYCLES FROM MOVIES AND TV—AND THE CHANCES YOU HAVE OF TAKING A SPIN ON ONE YOURSELF.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP

Harley-Davidson Dyna Super Glide Sport, Triumph TR-6 Trophy, Harley-Davidson Fat Boy, the Batpod, Captain America.



After *Sons of Anarchy*, now in its final season, goes off the air, TV's stock of supercool motorcycles (customized Harley-Davidsons, specifically) will shrink dramatically. In honor of the hit show, we selected our five favorite fictional rides—and tip you off to whether you can buy 'em (or something like them—hello, Batpod) in real life.

CAPTAIN AMERICA *Easy Rider*

Dripping with chrome and decked out with a Stars and Stripes finish painted by Kustom Kulture legend Kenny "Von Dutch" Howard, the chopper ridden by Peter Fonda embodied the counterculture spirit of the 1960s. Though the fate of the original remains unknown, countless replicas still roam the Earth.

THE BATPOD *The Dark Knight and The Dark Knight Rises*

The Batpod offers a dystopian take on the two-wheeler. The brainchild of Lucius Fox, this outrageous ride sits on giant 508-millimeter tires and comes equipped with an arsenal of weapons. The bike's motor sounds were inspired by Tesla Roadsters, though several enthusiastic entrepreneurs have built gas-powered replicas.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SUPER GLIDE *Sons of Anarchy*

Key to Jax Teller's outlaw persona is his blacked-out 2003 Harley-Davidson Dyna Super Glide Sport. The bike—with its T-bars and signature SOA front fairing—was customized for the show, but there's no shortage of similarly modified Super Glides. You can pick up a new custom ride for about \$14,000.

MCQUEEN'S TRIUMPH TROPHY *The Great Escape*

Bud Ekins, stunt driver for Steve McQueen, set the gold standard for motorcycle jumps when he vaulted a barbed-wire fence on a beefy Triumph TR-6 Trophy 650CC modified to resemble a WWII-era BMW. The actual bike disappeared after filming; however, in 2011, Triumph issued a limited edition replica that sells for about \$17,000.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON FAT BOY *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*

Schwarzenegger toted a sawed-off Winchester shotgun in this *Terminator* sequel, but the most visually imposing weapon in his arsenal might have been his 1990 Fat Boy. Two of these big-bore cruisers were used in the flick; one now resides in the permanent collection of the Harley-Davidson Museum. A new Fat Boy can be had for around \$18,000.

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by **STAN HORACZEK**

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August Smart Lock

WHAT IS IT? An easy-to-install interior lock cover that takes command of your dead bolt. It responds to digital “keys” on your phone and automatically unlocks when it senses your arrival and locks when you depart. Misplace your phone? You can still access the lock with a key like a plebeian.

KILLER FEATURE: No need to worry about giving guests a spare—with a few taps of the August app, you can reward (or refuse) access to anyone, from your girlfriend to the cable guy. \$199; august.com



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Dropcam Pro

WHAT IS IT?

A security camera with a 130-degree field of view that sends real-time footage to your phone. You can watch a live feed, listen in on any action, and, thanks to the cam's speaker, spook intruders or friends from afar.

KILLER FEATURE: It sends you alerts when it senses movement. That way you can tune in when your dogs get friendly with the couch. \$199; dropcam.com



FEED YOUR PET FROM AFAR
Petnet

WHAT IS IT?

An automatic pet feeder. Fill it with hard food and, through its beautifully designed app, you can schedule feedings and track your pet's intake from anywhere. It's smart enough to dole out just the right amount of kibble for Fido.

KILLER FEATURE:

Before each feeding, Petnet can play a recording of your voice, tricking your pooch into loving you every time the device dishes out some grub. \$200; petnet.io



CONTROL THE CLIMATE
Lyric Thermostat

WHAT IS IT? An intelligent thermostat that not only lets you raise or lower temperature via your phone from anywhere but also automatically adjusts settings based on your heating and cooling habits.

KILLER FEATURE: The Lyric monitors the actual feel of the temperature, accounting for such factors as humidity. \$279; lyric.honeywell.com



STAY ON TOP OF EMERGENCIES

Nest Protect

WHAT IS IT? A slickly designed smoke detector, it's intelligent enough to sense both carbon monoxide and smoke, lets you shush false alarms with a simple wave, and sends alerts to your phone when you're away.

KILLER FEATURE: No ear-splitting screech here—the Nest relays emergency information in a calm voice. \$99; nest.com



SET THE MOOD FOR ANY OCCASION

Philips Hue

WHAT IS IT? A lightbulb with a nearly unlimited array of colors. Paired with a wi-fi hub, the bulb, which screws into any socket, lets you adjust intensity and, well, hue from your mobile device. You can personalize settings to fit every occasion, be it a romantic evening or a rowdy night of poker with the guys.

KILLER FEATURE: Find a photo you like and the bulb can mimic its exact color and brightness. From \$50; meethue.com



ADJUST THE TINT OF YOUR WINDOWS

Sonte Digital Shade

WHAT IS IT?

A wi-fi-enabled film you affix to any window. Through an app, you change it from transparent to opaque and back again. Who needs curtains?

KILLER FEATURE:

When the film is in opaque mode, you can use the window as a makeshift projection screen. \$33 per square foot, \$95 for wi-fi hub; sonte.com



RULE YOUR ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

Logitech Harmony Ultimate

WHAT IS IT? A glossy box that communicates with your phone, transforming it into a responsive, well-organized universal remote capable of commanding everything from your stereo to Xbox One.

KILLER FEATURE: Forget turning on the TV, game console, and speakers separately—the Ultimate lets you customize options like “watch a movie” that send commands to all components at once. \$350; logitech.com

CARBONATION KEEPERS

Anyone can bring wine to a party. Stand out by carrying a craft beer in one of these fizz- and flavor-retaining growlers, tested and approved by our team.

by JEFF FOSS



PORTLAND GROWLER CO. THE GRIGRI

Hand-cast
with extrathick

walls, this ceramic growler (right) kept our beer chilled for close to 24 hours with no loss of carbonation. Testers loved how quickly they could batten down the flip-top lid (essential for freshness) and how the handle made the growler easy to maneuver. It's the heaviest here, but, man, is it well made. \$65; portlandgrowlercompany.com



SHINE VESSELS WANDER AND RUMBLE

Traditional in shape, this stainless steel flagon has a threaded cap for fizz retention. Its single-walled build reduces weight but also insulation: It couldn't keep our beer cold for longer than 12 hours. Still, it's sized right—testers loved being able to pour a pint with one hand. \$50; shinevessels.com



HYDRO FLASK

It looks like an overweight water bottle, but what the Hydro Flask lacks in sexiness, it makes up for in sheer utility. The broad, well-insulated bottle has an extrawide mouth for easy gulping. It kept our brew frigid for more than a day. \$50; hydroflask.com



ZYTHOS PROJECT THE BRAULER

This burly beer keeper is designed to minimize foam during the filling process. Whatever the case, it kept our suds cool and carbonated for a day, and its CO₂ injector (sold separately) extended the brew's life span. Its neoprene sleeve offers added insulation. \$60; thezythosproject.com

PRO
TIP

"FOR OPTIMAL FLAVOR, DRINK YOUR GROWLER IN ONE SITTING. GROWLER BEER BEGINS TO DETERIORATE AS SOON AS THE SEAL IS CRACKED. ONCE YOU'VE EXPOSED THE LIQUID TO OXYGEN, THE FLAVOR STARTS TO GO DOWNHILL." —KEVIN GREER, CO-OWNER OF DENVER'S BAERE BREWING CO.

BRING THE HEAT

Tailgating, backyard bratwurst-roasting, temperatures that make it bearable to stand beside flames: Sorry, summer, but fall is our favorite grilling season. Whether you're searing steaks outside the stadium or blackening burgers on the patio, you'll need a grill that's ready to move.

by DEBBIE LEE



1. THE TRULY PORTABLE GRILL

Although its 11-inch-wide surface fits only a few burgers, the nine-pound **Eva Solo To Go Grill's** big sell is mobility: Bound shut by an included nylon belt, the nesting-style grill is as easy to carry as a backpack. But don't let its chic Euro-design fool you. The stocky, almost 16-inch-tall vessel has steel walls that keep coals white-hot for consistent cooking. \$200 (est.); evasolo.com



2. THE KITCHEN ON WHEELS

Burly tires, two burners, and space for 18 fist-size burgers: The 12,000-Btu **Napoleon TQ285X** is a mobile meat-searing station ideal for firing up pregame fare. It rolls smoothly, ignites quickly, and has ample prep space. Game time? The grill collapses faster than the Cowboys D, shrinking into an easily stowable 12.5 inches. \$329; napoleongrills.com

3. THE EASY-START CHARCOAL GRILL

Three minutes. That's all it takes for the charcoal in the 12-pound **LotusGrill** to reach brat-blistering temperatures. Sounds like barbecue blasphemy, but it's true: A battery-powered fan in the grill's belly stirs up air to kick-start the coals. Control the flow with the dial so you don't overcook any grub sitting on the grill's 13.75-inch surface. \$250; surlatable.com

4. THE BRIEFCASE-STYLE GAS GRILL

Plug a propane canister into the 20-pound **O-Grill** and with the press of a button its lone burner spreads 10,500 Btus of burger-firing power. Able to fit 10 patties or four steaks, its cast-iron grates conduct heat well enough to handle thicker cuts. It stands on retractable legs and closes, clamshell-style, when you're ready to go. \$200; williams-sonoma.com

BURNIN' BUDDIES

ENLIST THESE TWO ITEMS TO TAKE YOUR TAILGATING GAME TO NEW HEIGHTS.



YETI HOPPER 30 COOLER

Your hard-sided cooler is about to get very lonely. This portable over-the-shoulder bag has a 6.5-gallon storage capacity—enough to swallow 18 cans of beer or five large T-bones. Plus, its waterproof exterior and inch of insulation keep things cold for days. \$300; yeticoolers.com



BISON AIRLIGHTER

Flame on! This cordless lighter uses butane and electricity (via a USB adapter) to spit out a four-inch, 2,600-degree fan-propelled flame that fires charcoal in half the time, turning it white-hot in a matter of minutes. \$100; thebisoncompany.com

SOUND DECISION

We compared scores of the latest wi-fi speakers to find the best at three different price ranges. Each throws out enough crisp, streaming audio to seduce your ears—and shake the walls.

by **SETH PORGES**

\$

1. SONOS PLAY:1

Behold the best bargain in sound. This stout speaker not only streams songs from just about any service but is also one of the most versatile we've used, thanks to a moisture-guarded, brushed-metal body that's discreet and durable enough to sit anywhere from the bathroom to the basement. While not as powerful as the others here, the Play:1 sounds clean and shows no hint of distortion (a big problem in this price range). Pair it with a twin to double the rumble—or piece together a whole-home system using the rest of Sonos' components. \$200; sonos.com

\$\$

2. WREN V5AP

The first time you hear the Wren, you'll wonder why it doesn't cost twice as much. The Airplay system (also available in Bluetooth and Android) churns out a nearly flawless audio, courtesy of its sound-dampening technology and five well-tuned speakers. Everything from Black Sabbath to Beethoven sounds as intended. No, it isn't as well equipped as the Crescendo, but there's no better midpriced option. \$300; wrensound.com

\$\$\$

3. MARTINLOGAN CRESCENDO

A glossy, piano-black crescent perched on slender aluminum legs, the sculptural, 26-inch-wide Crescendo is engineered to entice. And its sound is equally seductive: The first Airplay system from sonic specialists MartinLogan (it also connects via Bluetooth), the Crescendo is packed with three speakers and such tech as a 24-bit digital signal processor that pushes out rich, room-filling sound. Even when the bass thumps (and trust us, it will), the highs and mids are never bullied around. Fusing high design and high fidelity, it's everything we want in a wi-fi speaker. \$900; martinlogan.com

PRO
TIP

WHILE BLUETOOTH MAY BE THE BEST OPTION FOR LISTENING TO YOUR MUSIC ON THE GO, A WI-FI-CONNECTED SPEAKER IS THE BEST FOR A STAND-ALONE IN-HOME SYSTEM. WHY? WI-FI STANDARDS SUCH AS APPLE'S AIRPLAY CREATE CRISPER, CLEANER SOUND. THEY'RE ALSO ABLE TO STREAM FROM MULTIPLE SOURCES AND, SO LONG AS YOUR INTERNET CONNECTION IS STABLE, EASILY SYNC WITH YOUR PHONE, TABLET, OR COMPUTER.





SONOS

1

2

MARTIN LOGAN

3

THE FLYING ATV

Meet the Parajet SkyRunner: an all-terrain vehicle that conquers anything in its path—then takes to the sky.

by DANIEL DUMAS



On May 22, 2005, Stewart Hamel was falling. As the businessman and skydiving enthusiast jumped out of a plane for the 140th time, a midair malfunction sent him hurtling toward the ground. Hamel survived the fall, though the busted shoulder and badly torn hamstring he suffered persuaded him to hang up his chute for good. But like any adrenaline junkie, he needed a new fix; British inventor and aviation engineer Gilo Cardozo was just the man to provide it.

The result of their partnership is the Parajet SkyRunner—a combination ATV and aircraft available in early 2015. On the ground, it's lightweight (926 pounds), powerful (125 horsepower), plenty fast (it tops out at 115 mph), and capable of traversing even the gnarliest terrain. But the SkyRunner is all about the air: Gun it to at least 34 mph on a flat strip of land and,

thanks to what is essentially a modified parachute mated to a rear-mounted turbo propeller, it lifts off—no hangar, ground crew, or airport required. Once airborne, the vehicle can cruise up to 15,000 feet and pull off tighter maneuvers than most fixed-wing crafts; it boasts a range of 200 miles and hits speeds upwards of 52 mph. Oh, and don't worry about spending hundreds of hours in pursuit of a pilot's license: Since the SkyRunner is classified as a light sport aircraft, you can get certified to go wheels-up after a week of training and 12 hours of total flight time.

The sticker price runs around \$120,000—a few bucks less than what you'd pay for the new Porsche 911 Turbo. Sure, that German land rocket can accelerate from zero to 60 a *little* faster than the SkyRunner, but when was the last time you could float over a traffic jam on the way home from a beer run?

AIR APPARENT

GET TO KNOW THE FLIGHT-CAPABLE SKYRUNNER'S IMPRESSIVE SPECS.

BUILT TO MOVE

The 1.0-liter engine cranks 125 horses and fronts a fuel economy of 56 mpg. That's more efficient than a Prius.

THE FLIGHT STUFF

Thanks to the SkyRunner's in-air range of 200 miles, you could fly from New York City to Washington, D.C., without stopping.

SAFETY? CHECK

If the shit ever hits the fan blades (or, say, the engine fails), an emergency chute deploys and gently floats you back to Earth.

TOPPING OUT

The FAA bans light aircraft from flying above 10,000 feet, but the SkyRunner can reach 15,000, should you feel like flipping them the bird.

In 2009, a Parajet engineer flew 3,600 miles in one month, from London to Timbuktu.





DOMINATE THE DARKNESS

Don't let daylight saving time ruin your after-work run. Recruit some of this well-styled reflective gear and stay safe without sacrificing performance.

by **MICHAEL FRANK**

1. SAUCONY COHESION SHORT

The eight dots embedded in the sides of these shorts provide ample illumination so you don't end up a hood ornament, yet are subtle enough to prevent you from looking like a Comic-Con reject. Soft polyester fabric and an above-the-knee cut keep you comfy on the most ambitious runs. \$45; saucony.com

2. ASICS LITE-SHOW FAVORITE LONG SLEEVE

Smart: This long-sleeve shirt boasts thin but noticeable reflective seams on the shoulders, rib cage, and hips. Smarter: Anti-stink tech in the fabric means you won't smell like John Popper's harmonica after you finish a five-miler. \$50; asicsamerica.com

3. GORE RUNNING WEAR MYTHOS 2.0 GT AS JACKET

The Mythos is built to move. Made of the lightest waterproof, breathable Gore-Tex fabric available, it's tailored to cut wind resistance. Wraparound reflective piping makes you visible from all angles, and a no-rub collar ensures your neck won't be raw at run's end. \$260; goreapparel.com

4. NITE IZE LED MARKER BAND

Strap this elastic cuff to your upper arm and its string of LEDs will announce your on-road presence. And don't worry about the band becoming a blinding orange beacon: It has two intensity levels (glow, flash) and standard reflectivity to let you dial in the brightness. \$12; niteize.com

5. NIKE ZOOM STRUCTURE 18

A flexible outsole and what Nike calls Flywire—a series of woven cables that wrap from the laces around both sides of each shoe—help keep things snug and your stride sure. But these 11-ounce, 10-mm-drop shoes also have large reflective swoosh logos that catch light to bring your feet into focus. \$120; nike.com

PRO TIP

SURE, THE SUN MAY HAVE SET, BUT ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS SLICING THROUGH THE DARKNESS CAN REALLY DISRUPT YOUR VISION. WEAR A HAT DURING EVENING RUNS TO SHIELD YOUR EYES. AND ANGLE YOUR HEAD DOWN WHEN HEADLIGHTS APPEAR.



ALL-AMERICAN ANGEL

A photograph showing the lower half of a person lying on their side on a green lawn. They are wearing bright pink shorts and shiny, metallic gold high-heeled pumps. Their legs are extended straight out. In the background, there is a dense, well-manicured green hedge topped with numerous small white flowers and a few pink ones.

WHETHER SHE'S
TALKING MOTORCYCLES,
MEN'S FASHION, OR SEX,
SUPERMODEL ANGELA
LINDVALL HOLDS
NOTHING BACK. WE
WOULDN'T HAVE
IT ANY OTHER WAY.

by **LOGAN HILL**

THIS PAGE

Swimsuit, Emilio Pucci. Gold hardware, Albright Fashion Library. Cuff, Maison Rabih Kayrouz from Albright Fashion Library. Earrings, Jennifer Fisher.

PREVIOUS PAGE

Swimsuit, Babajaan. Earrings and ring, Laruicci from Albright Fashion Library. Ring, LØMO. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik.



"EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A GOOD SUIT, CUFF LINKS, AND A NICE WATCH, WALLET, AND BELT: JAMES BOND-ISH."

T**"THERE ARE ALL THESE PRECONCEIVED** notions about models," says Angela Lindvall, "and I feel like I'm so far from that."

In person, bikini-clad and red-lipsticked on the patio of a Pasadena mansion, Lindvall doesn't exactly dispel any of those notions: She looks like what would happen if you asked all of America's red-blooded 17-year-old boys to stop rubbing themselves long enough to simultaneously rub a giant magic lamp and make a wish. At first glance, or even on her 100-and-something-th magazine cover (she can't recall how many), she's the very dictionary definition of a dream-girl supermodel.

Since being discovered in a Kansas City fashion show at age 14, she's strutted her long, lean body, flipped that windswept blonde hair, and jutted her where'd-those-come-from? hips on rocky mountaintops and red carpets. She's sashayed down catwalks as a Victoria's Secret angel in garters, thigh-highs, and those so-ridiculous-they're-hot fantasy wings. She's rolled in the sand and clung to particularly scenic seaside rocks in bikinis (or the bottom halves of bikinis) for *SI Swimsuit* issues. And she's leveled come-hither glances, mischievous smiles, and striking stares, over and over. Her face isn't just her face; it's been "the face" of all of your favorite rappers' most name-checked brands, from Valentino to Dior to Chloé.

"I'm from Missouri, and I can totally go kick it by a campfire with cowboys," Lindvall says, after changing into short-shorts and a tied-off denim shirt, "and then I can go to the shows in Paris with Karl Lagerfeld and eat caviar. I like the contrast."

The daughter of a pharmacist and a massage therapist, Lindvall has made a career of being the dream girl—but she's done it her own way, and crafted her own real-life

fantasy by being aggressive in going after what she wants: She dropped out of modeling at 23 to raise her first son. "I was right at the height of my career, and everyone was like, 'Are you sure? Your career is going to be over.' And I was like, 'My body is telling me this is what I want to do.' I was prepared to be done, and then I had this comeback."

Three years later, she had a second son, took another break from the business, and reemerged bigger than ever. Now the divorced mother makes her home on a secluded, seven-acre Topanga Canyon ranch.

"I run around barefoot, I grow vegetables, I have a little fruit orchard, and we have chickens," she says. "I feel like the real me is so much more the girl that is digging in the soil and taking care of the kids and growing vegetables. My boyfriend will be like, 'Oh my God, I totally forgot I'm dating a supermodel.' And he's like, 'What I love about you is that you're a dork and you love to get dirty.'"

That last line might actually have the double meaning you're no doubt reading into it. Lindvall believes deeply in techniques and relationships that channel "masculine and feminine energies," including tantric sex. She believes that men and women shouldn't strive to be the same, but instead should aim for complementary roles. Personally, she likes a strong, rugged man, like her partner of two years, even if she did have to make the first pass, by asking for a ride on the back of his motorcycle.

"I love a motorcycle," she says. "I love being on a bike with a man. And I like a man who carries a knife and can fix things."

Lindvall says she's not attracted to the picture-perfect guys she works with. "There's nothing worse than a guy who's taking longer to get ready than me," she says, though she does offer *Maxim* readers the same advice she

gave her man. "I told my dude, 'I love your Converse, but you've got to get some man shoes,'" she says, stressing that men need leather. "I love a good pair of boots. And every man should have a good dress suit, especially if you're hanging out with me, and a pair of cuff links, a nice watch, a good wallet, a nice belt: James Bond-ish. But I'd rather have a bit of a scraggly beard than the other extreme."

Lindvall says her holistic yoga training has, yes, extended to sex.

"I'm an avid studier. Someone taught me how to give a great hand job the other day—and a great blow job," she says, laughing. "My boyfriend was stoked! These techniques are so good to know. Just connecting this life-force energy, you can have an orgasm in every single cell of your body...instead of just down there."

Lindvall urges readers to slow down. "A man is totally fine if you go straight for the dick," she says, taking a pull on her vape cigarette. "But don't go straight for the parts, guys! Make her really want you to touch the tits, and then touch the tits. Then make her really, really want you to go down there—and get it worked up so that when you get there, it's all juicy and ready to go."

She says men shouldn't sweat the technique because "what turned us on yesterday might not turn us on tomorrow." Instead, she says, guys should treat a woman's body like an instrument. "Should I touch her here first or here? Just start playing this violin! Men like tools! Start playing around."

If he does it right, Lindvall says, a man can bring out a woman's animalistic side. "I call it awakening the dragon, because women are insane," she says, conjuring an image of *Game of Thrones'* Khaleesi. "It's almost scary when a woman is, like, fully there; it's like, Whoa, the dragon has awoken!" ■





THIS PAGE

Swimsuit, Agent Provocateur. Earrings and rings, Le Mos. Bracelets, Fallon.

OPPOSITE PAGE

Swimsuit, Melissa Odabash. Handpiece, Le Mos from Albright Fashion Library. Earrings, Laruicci. Shoes, Gianvito Rossi.

**"SOMEONE TAUGHT ME TO GIVE A GREAT
BLOW JOB THE OTHER DAY," SAYS LINDVALL.
"MY BOYFRIEND WAS STOKED!"**





Swimsuit, Agent
Provocateur. Cuff,
Jennifer Fisher.
Earrings, Paula
Mendoza from
Albright Fashion
Library. Shoes,
Manolo Blahnik.



THIS PAGE

Swimsuit, Anthony Vaccarello from Albright Fashion Library. Earrings and necklace, Le Mos. Ring, Lanvin from Albright Fashion Library. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik from Albright Fashion Library.

OPPOSITE PAGE

Swimsuit, Michael Kors from Albright Fashion Library. Cuff, Jennifer Fisher. Earrings, Le Mos. Rings, Diaboli Kill. Shoes, Gianvito Rossi from Albright Fashion Library.

STYLIST, MICHELA BURATTI AT ART DEPARTMENT; HAIR, AARON LIGHT FOR POMP STUDIO WEST HOLLYWOOD;
MAKEUP, JO BAKER AT THE MAGNET AGENCY USING URBAN DECAY COSMETICS; MANICURE, EMI KUDO AT OPUS BEAUTY USING ZOYA





THE BADDEST
ATHLETES
ON THE PLANET



IN THIS TRIBUTE TO THE SCRAPPERS, THE WARRIORS, AND THE FREAKS OF SPORTS, *MAXIM* SALUTES THE WORLD'S **TOUGHEST COMPETITORS.**

Y

YOU MAY NOT RECOGNIZE ALL THE NAMES on this list. Some belong to future Hall of Famers, but many will never appear on an All-Star ballot or a trophy. The athletes are united in this one respect—they inspire us with their tenacity and their grit, their unique talents, their willingness to say what they think and back up their words with action. Think Pete Rose, Charles Barkley, Dick Butkus. These guys are just like those—with one exception: They're still bringing it.

The Scrappers

JOAKIM NOAH

Center, Chicago Bulls

Nobody can accuse this privileged son of a tennis pro and a Miss Sweden of playing with a silver spoon in his mouth. He may be a citizen of three countries, but his game is pure lunch pail. That's how he became a two-time college hoops champ at Florida. That's why he put the Bulls on his back when the league, the fans, and even the front office had written them off. That's what you do when you're the reigning defensive player of the year.

DUSTIN BROWN

Power Forward, L.A. Kings

He's not your typical leading man. No Adonis-like looks. No witty repartee. He needs ice skates to inch above six feet tall. But he steered the Kings to two Stanley Cups in three years with his punishing play: dishing out hits, killing penalties, scoring goals—none bigger than the double-overtime number that stunned the Rangers in Game 2 of the finals. That's why the folks in Ithaca, New York, are accustomed to seeing their hometown hero walking the streets with Lord Stanley's prize.

ALEX ZANARDI

Racecar Driver

In 2003, less than two years after he lost both legs in a midrace collision, the Italian driver returned to the sport. Equipped with prosthetic limbs, he continued to race—and win—through 2009. Upon retiring, instead of pruning lilacs, he spent his days winning two gold medals as a hand cyclist in the 2012 London Paralympics. To celebrate, the 47-year-old returned yet again to the auto-racing circuit, this time driving a specially modified BMW Z4 GT3 in the 2014 Blancpain GT Sprint Series.

MIGUEL ANGEL JIMENEZ

Golfer

It's one thing to challenge the Masters' field for a green jacket and yet another to do it with Jimenez's flair: hair in a ponytail, eyes shielded by aviator sunglasses, cigar clenched firmly in teeth. His magnificent belly is a testament to his love for the good life. So too are his exotic cars, his beautiful wife, and his thirst for fine rioja. But don't mistake him for a soft touch. Fourteen of the Spaniard's 21 tournament wins have come in the decade since he turned 40. "I'm like the good wines," Jimenez says. "Getting better with age."

The Brash

RICHARD SHERMAN

Cornerback, Seattle Seahawks

Sure, he's famous for talking smack, but he didn't earn a \$56 million contract extension or the cover of *Madden NFL 15* with his sharp tongue. He did it by routinely defying expectations. Sherman is a high

school scholar from the mean streets of Compton, a bruising defender from the hallowed halls of Stanford, the kind of guy who ignites a nationwide debate on race with a heads-up play in the NFC championship game. He also owns a Super Bowl ring. Hard to argue with that.

FLOYD MAYWEATHER JR.

Boxer

If you're the best pound-for-pound boxer on the planet and the highest-paid athlete in the world, swagger comes naturally. "Money" Mayweather has the luxury cars, opulent mansions, and megaballer lifestyle to match his undefeated record. More to the point, he has the charisma the sport's been lacking since the days of Muhammad Ali. The one prize he has yet to claim? Rocky Marciano's 49-0 career record. Does he hope to beat it? "If the price is right for No. 50, it's possible," he says.

RONDA ROUSEY

Mixed Martial Artist

The full-time UFC fighter (see her ghastly "armbar" maneuver) and part-time action star (see her love of sequels in this summer's third *Expendables* installment and *Fast & Furious 7*) once said she could beat Mayweather; she just won a 2014 ESPY for best female athlete; and, more important, she scored the September 2013 cover of *Maxim*. A training tip from our interview: "As a girl, if you have sex before a fight, it raises your testosterone." Sure beats chugging raw eggs...

JOHNNY MANZIEL

Quarterback, Cleveland Browns

In 2012, at age 19, he became the first freshman to win the Heisman. In the years since, the legend of Johnny Football—the



WADE PHILLIPS on J.J. Watt:

"HE'S GOT THAT SPIRIT—THAT INNER DRIVE—THE GREAT ONES HAVE. HIS FIRST YEAR, SOMEONE ASKED ME ABOUT HIM, AND I SAID, 'HE'S GOING TO BE A BUST. HIS BUST IS GOING TO BE IN THE HALL OF FAME.' BECAUSE HE'S GOT THE WILL. REGGIE WHITE WAS LIKE THAT; BRUCE SMITH WAS LIKE THAT. THEY JUST HAD THE DESIRE TO BE BETTER THAN EVERYBODY ELSE."



After a heads-up hit on QB Russell Wilson, J.J. Watt earned himself a busted nose and this legendary portrait.



Kawhi Leonard won an NBA title and a Finals MVP Award by keeping LeBron James in check for five straight games.

MANZIEL IS A FREAKISH ATHLETE. LET'S BE HONEST, THOUGH: WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE'S BROADWAY JOE, NOT TIM TEBOW.

swaggering, hot-tempered gunslinger—has only grown, and not entirely thanks to his on-field heroics. But despite the bar brawls and drunken selfies with Bieber, one thing remains certain: Manziel is a freakish athlete. Shortly before the QB was drafted by the Browns and the Padres, a video of him effortlessly dunking a basketball surfaced on the Internet. Let's be honest, though: We love him because he's Broadway Joe, not Tim Tebow.

DAVID ORTIZ

Designated Hitter, Boston Red Sox

It takes a certain kind of man to do what Big Papi has done. Bullish, foulmouthed, showboating sluggers rarely get a slide from the American public—especially after their names turn up on a performance-enhancing-drug test list—but the bighearted Ortiz has the charm to match his infectious smile, not to mention a gift for delivering big hits and World Series titles to the once-beleaguered Red Sox Nation. So why not give him a pass? If you hit moon shots like that, you might stop to admire them, too. Better f—ing believe it!

ZLATAN IBRAHIMOVIC

Striker, Paris Saint-Germain

Perhaps you know him better as the confident star of the hip animated series Nike produced for ESPN's World Cup coverage. For those interested in learning why the Swedish-born scamp is one of the world's highest-paid footballers, YouTube the 2012 bicycle kick he orchestrated against England. And for those questioning his scary-guy credentials, google any one of the many on-camera incidents of him deliberately kicking the faces of opponents and teammates alike. Hey, if you're a sociopathic soccer player, why punch when you can punt?

Grizzled Vets

PEYTON MANNING

Quarterback, Denver Broncos

The guy's a prince. Born to football royalty, he was destined to become a high school player of the year, a three-time Heisman Trophy contender, and the No. 1 pick in the draft. Who'd blame him if he wanted to keep his jersey clean? But his work ethic is legendary. And you can't knock his courage. It's one thing to have your spine fused. It's another to risk paralysis by continuing to play. Peyton did both. And then led the Broncos to the Super Bowl—while earning a fifth MVP award.

BERNARD HOPKINS

Boxer

At nearly 50 years old, the reigning IBF light heavyweight champ is the oldest boxer to hold a major title belt, and one of the craftiest pugilists of all time. Hopkins, who turned pro in 1988, leaving a violent Philly upbringing and five years in the state pen behind, even adopted the nickname "the Alien" as a nod to his otherworldly staying power. Next month he'll be put to the test against Sergey "Krusher" Kovalev. Tune in to see if B-Hop can keep beating up on Father Time.

SERENA WILLIAMS

Tennis Player

She's battled illness, but there's no denying her might. With that wicked serve, the big forehead, the evil stares, she routinely leaves mere mortals (and line umpers) cowering in their tracks. With good reason, too. When she's healthy and rested, Serena is damn near impossible to beat, which explains why she's the only female athlete in history to win more than \$56 million in prize money.

TIM Lincecum

Pitcher, San Francisco Giants

The 5'11" string bean looks more like a kid who delivers the paper than a two-time Cy Young Award winner, but that's old news. The 30-year-old Lincecum no longer throws the 98 mph fastball that once bedeviled hitters. In fact, he almost looked mortal in 2013—especially after he cut his long brown hair (and grew a very questionable mustache). But then he delivered two no-hitters in 12 months and silenced the naysayers once again.

Freaks of Nature

BLAKE GRIFFIN

Power Forward, L.A. Clippers

He won the 2011 Slam Dunk Contest with a stunt for the ages, leaping the hood of a four-door sedan, catching a ball passed through the sunroof, and driving it home. A year later, he drew raves from LeBron by throwing a monster dunk down on Oklahoma City's Kendrick Perkins. But Griffin's mythic powers stretch well beyond the rim. He's big enough to split defenders in the paint, nimble enough to run the break, and sharp enough to see the clutch pass. Judging by his TV commercials, he's got a great sense of humor, too. But his greatest feat? Turning Los Angeles into a Clippers town.

J.J. WATT

Defensive End, Houston Texans

No question about it—many a QB wishes this 6'5" wonder had stuck to mopping floors and delivering pizzas like in his soul-searching days at community college. Instead he returned to the field a more committed man, blossoming into a pass-smothering, soul-crushing sack artist. Want to explore the stuff of Jay Cutler's nightmares? Check out the YouTube clips of Watt's five-foot box jumps.

RUSSELL WESTBROOK

Point Guard, Oklahoma City

A reporter once asked the 6'3", 190-pound All-Star if he ever felt scared on the court. Westbrook's reply? "Never." That's a bold declaration, but plenty of NBA players—Kobe Bryant among them—would agree. With his aggressive style, Westbrook is a threat



GRANT HILL on Kawhi Leonard:

"HE MATCHED UP WITH THE BEST PLAYER IN THE GAME AND TOTALLY OUTPLAYED HIM. IT DOESN'T GET MORE BADASS THAN THAT. HE WASN'T SCARED OF THE MOMENT OR THE CHALLENGE OF GOING AGAINST LEBRON. LEONARD CLEARLY HAS A DESIRE TO BE GREAT. I IMAGINE HE'S SOMEWHERE RIGHT NOW WORKING AND GRINDING AND LOOKING TO GET BETTER."

GRIFFIN IS NIMBLE ENOUGH TO RUN THE BREAK. BUT HIS GREATEST FEAT? TURNING L.A. INTO A CLIPPERS TOWN.

from all over the court. (Given his awesome athleticism, he'd no doubt excel on the gridiron and soccer pitch, too.) Off the court, the man is no less immune to fear—particularly when it comes to fashion. A leopard-print shirt and spiky shoes? That takes cojones.

The Fearless

YASIEL PUIG

Right Fielder, L.A. Dodgers

There's no easy path to the show, but Puig's odyssey puts others to shame. Born and raised in Cuba, he could not sign that seven-year, \$42 million contract with the Dodgers until he escaped his homeland. His first four attempts met with heartbreak. His fifth involved a drug cartel, human trafficking, and a staged kidnapping. Maybe that's why he plays with such all-out joy, whether he's in the batter's box, running the bases, or nailing a runner at the plate with his laser arm. Can you go from 23 to seven years old? Yes, indeed!

JOLENE VAN VUGT

Motocross Champ

The director Christopher Nolan knew what he was doing when he tapped Vugt to be a stunt double for Catwoman in *The Dark Knight Rises*. Behind the killer smile, the girl's got a daredevil's heart. The first woman to land a backflip on a full-size dirt bike, she's gunned a hog into the Grand Canyon too. At least she had the good sense to strap on a parachute.

KAWHI LEONARD

Small Forward, San Antonio Spurs

The youngest NBA Finals MVP since Magic Johnson, the spirited 23-year-old (then 22) led the Spurs in scoring for three games while holding LeBron James in check for the entire series. With his selfless play and warrior work ethic, he lifted Gregg Popovich's aging team to its fifth title in 15 years, along the way honoring his father—lost to a shooting at age 43—with a showstopping performance.

ELENA DELLE DONNE

Guard/Forward, Chicago Sky

For six years, the 6'5" beauty has been battling headaches and exhaustion from a crippling bout with Lyme disease. She hasn't let that

stop her. This is the same woman who left UConn in 2008 to tend to a sister with cerebral palsy. Then she willed herself into a volleyball star at the University of Delaware, before returning to the hardwood to raise the Blue Hens into the nation's elite. She capped off her 2013 rookie season with a third-place finish in MVP voting. Enough said.

The Warriors

EVAN GATTIS

Catcher, Atlanta Braves

The tough-as-nails Texan passed up a full ride to A&M due to drug issues. Long story short, he worked for nearly four years as a valet, a ski-lift operator, a janitor, and a golf-cart driver, only to reappear in 2010 at the University of Texas Permian Basin. A non-roster spring-training invitee in 2011, the then 25-year-old rookie went on to excel as a left fielder and a catcher while finishing the season with 22 home runs, each more mythical than the last. Bonus: Former Winter League teammates in Venezuela dubbed the 6'4", 230-pound monster *El Oso Blanco* ("the White Bear").

THE GOALIE

If you want to take the measure of a man, put his back to the wall and watch how he responds. If he has a huge heart—like, say, **Jonathan Quick** of the L.A. Kings or **Henrik Lundqvist** of the N.Y. Rangers—you're looking at a double-overtime showdown in Game 5 of the Stanley Cup Finals before anyone surrenders. If his name is **Tim Howard** and American pride is on the line, don't be surprised to see a World Cup-record 16 saves before someone pierces his armor. That's why people call him the Secretary of Defense.

DAVID GOGGINS

Endurance Athlete

The only man in the U.S. armed forces to complete training as a Navy SEAL, Air Force tactical air controller, and Army Ranger, Goggins loves nothing more than a challenge. After losing a few buddies to a helicopter crash in Afghanistan, he decided to raise money for the children of fallen soldiers by signing up for a 135-mile footrace through Death Valley. He finished fifth. Eight years later, he set a Guinness World Record with 4,030 pull-ups in 17 hours. The effort left him with third-degree burns on both hands.

CLAY MATTHEWS

Linebacker, Green Bay Packers

Believe it or not, Matthews wasn't always such a fearsome sight. Before he went to USC and transformed himself into Thor, he was a wisp of a player without a scholarship offer—even though his dad, his uncle, and his grandfather all played in the NFL. Rival QBs have been paying the price for that insult ever since, trembling in fear as Matthews comes speeding off the edge in search of retribution. No wonder it takes two or three men to stop him.

DUNCAN KEITH

Defenseman, Chicago Blackhawks

Twice named the NHL's top defenseman, Keith has never been one to shrink from danger. You don't win two Olympic gold medals and two Stanley Cup rings that way. But in a 2010 playoff game, the Blackhawks' stalwart demonstrated his true valor by taking a slap shot to the grill and returning to the ice seven minutes later, sacrificing seven teeth to the team's Stanley Cup championship run. "It's just missing teeth," he said afterward. "It's a long way from the heart."



RENNAE STUBBS on *Serena Williams*:

"SERENA JUST HAS THIS PHYSICAL PRESENCE. SHE HAS A LOOK ABOUT HER THAT SAYS, I REFUSE TO LOSE. SHE'LL TAKE AN EASY BALL AND RIP IT AT YOU. SHE'S THAT KIND OF PERSON. IF YOU POKE THE BEAR, YOU KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT BACK. PLAYERS ARE VERY INTIMIDATED BY THAT. AND WE WERE FRIENDS! IMAGINE WHAT IT FEELS LIKE WHEN YOU'RE NOT."

TOUGH TALK

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO DISTINGUISH YOURSELF AS A TRUE WARRIOR? WE ASKED THREE WELL-KNOWN EXPERTS TO SHARE THEIR SECRETS.



JON JONES

UFC Light Heavyweight Champ

► **How do you stay so confident?**

I listen to a lot of motivational speakers, especially Tony Robbins. I became obsessed with sports psychology early in my career. A lot of athletes work hard, but they don't really focus on the power of the brain.

What are some ways you prepare for a fight?

I train to the point where I believe in my heart that I deserve to win. I believe in myself so much that my opponent believes in me, too—because I show no thoughts of losing.

So you feel like you've won before the fight starts?

I've had opponents who can't stop complimenting me. Guys give these tell signs about their confidence level, saying things like, "I'm going to try my hardest." That lets me know, this guy

doesn't think he's going to win. I try to respect my opponent, but ultimately that person is trying to ruin my dreams, take my championship away. So when it comes to mind games, I'm trying to crush his spirit.

How have your brothers influenced you?

They were my competition growing up. We all played football, but they were the team captains. I was never even a starter. When my wrestling coach told me I could get a scholarship if I focused on wrestling, I took that to heart.

You have four little girls. How do you explain what Daddy does for a living?

I say, "Daddy has to fight the bad guy." They understand it's my job. They know I'm a champion, and they see themselves as champions, too.



MILAN LUCIC

Left Wing, Boston Bruins

► **Was there one moment in your rookie season when you realized you could handle the physical play in the NHL?**

In my fourth game, I had a Gordie Howe hat trick: In the first period, I had a fight against Raitis Ivanans. I had an assist in the second and a goal in the third and a bunch of hits. It definitely gave me confidence.

Who did you try to craft your game after?

I liked the way Todd Bertuzzi and Jarome Iginla played. They had the offensive abilities, but they were big, strong, and tough. They didn't get pushed around.

When Iginla joined the Bruins, did you tell him you were a fan?

Yeah. He just smiled and laughed. One thing he always said to me: "Never lose that edge."

You have two brothers, and your uncle, Dan Kesa, played in the NHL. Is that where that competitiveness comes from?

One hundred percent. We used to have WWE belts, used to wrestle all the time. Obviously, my uncle was the heavyweight champion of the world. I'd do anything to beat him. I wouldn't accept losing.

Dale Weise of the Canadiens says you threatened him in the handshake line after your playoff series last season. How do you feel about it now?

I stand by my word. I'm not apologizing for what was said. Looking back, I could have handled the situation differently, could have controlled my emotions a lot better, but at the end of the day, I was pissed off that we lost.



JOSE ALTUVE

Second Baseman, Houston Astros

► **What's that story about you refusing to leave a tryout, even after you got cut?**

Yeah, I went to an Astros camp in Venezuela when I was 17. They invited 40 or 50 guys and said by the end of the day, they'd cut it to 15 or 20. I didn't make the roster. I went home but decided to come back the next day.

What was the reaction when you showed up?

They said, "We don't have room for you!" Then they said, "Well, you're here, so we'll give you one more day." I had a pretty good day. Hit the ball well, made some nice plays, and they let me stay. At the end of camp, they offered me a contract worth about \$16,000. I gave it all to my family.

Is there pressure to be a shortstop when you grow up in Venezuela?

Yeah, in my country, if you throw right-handed, you grow

up wanting to follow in the tradition of Dave Concepcion and Omar Vizquel. I was a shortstop when I was young. But the Astros told me I didn't have a great arm, so I moved to second base. I'm fine with that.

You're always trying to get better. Is that a theme with you?

This sport is beautiful because every day is a new day. A bad year means you have to turn it around. A good year means you have to come back and do it again. You can't take anything for granted.

At 5'5", do you get tired of people asking about your height?

Not at all. I don't let it bother me. I knew I had to work harder than everybody else. I knew what I wanted to do, what I wanted to be. ■

▷ TWERKING GIRL



ANASTASIA ASHLEY
HAD BEEN CARVING
UP THE WAVES
ON THE PRO-SURFING
CIRCUIT FOR YEARS
BEFORE A CLIP OF
HER PRECOMPETITION
ROUTINE WENT
VIRAL. ONE THING'S
FOR SURE: WHETHER
ON HER BOARD OR
YOUR COMPUTER
SCREEN, GIRL KNOWS
HOW TO TWERK IT.

by **JULIAN STERN**



"ANYBODY WHO IS ANY KIND OF PUBLIC FIGURE HAS BEEN ASKED OUT OVER TWITTER. BUT ON FACEBOOK, I'VE MET NORMAL GUYS. THAT WAS MORE ME CREEPING ON THEM. GOING, 'OHH, THAT GUY'S CUTE.'"

P

"PEOPLE ASK WHEN I SLEEP, AND I'M LIKE, 'Yeah, I stopped sleeping a year or two ago.'" It's 11:15 A.M. and pro surfer/model/candid-twerk-viral-video-star Anastasia Ashley, 27, has just awoken from one of her apparently rare bouts of slumber. We're chatting over coffee in the Kanye-chic lobby of the SLS Beverly Hills—a Lucite stag's head towers over us, jumbo lamps with silver AK-47s for bases flank our all-mahogany-everything breakfast nook. She has stopped in L.A. on her way home to Orange County from Miami, where she spent five days at Miami Fashion Week, the lesser-known, bikini-er version of its legendary New York cousin. And here, on her first opportunity to sleep late in two weeks, a day after spending eight hours posing and frolicking in desert heat (see attached), she's pulled herself back out of bed for this interview. And she's a trouper about it. "On a day-to-day basis, I can get away with four hours of sleep. I just trained my body to go."

So you just got back from Miami Fashion Week?

Yup. It's a bikini week, basically.

Tell us everything.

[It was] probably the most Instagram models I've ever seen in person. To be honest, it was a good place for a guy that week because it's all the hottest bikini models in one little area, and no guys. There's so many events in South Beach during that week, you just walk down the street and you'll see five hot chicks.

While we look up flights to Miami, could you tell us anything you picked up about the future of bikinis?

I mean, I feel like bikinis are just getting smaller and smaller. It seems like America in general is just becoming really more accepting of that, whereas before—even five years ago—I'd get my bikinis from Brazil and people would be like, "Oh my God! That's insane!"

Does that affect the actual surfing at all? The bathing suit?

I like smaller bathing suits, so they usually are tighter, but when I surf real waves, I'm in a wetsuit because I like everything strapped in. I don't need to be having wardrobe malfunctions.

After 20 years of surfing, what still gets you excited?

I like surfing bigger waves, so I'm always waiting for a big swell. Big swells—like, 20- and 30-foot waves—only happen five or six days a [season]. I was nominated for [the Billabong XXL Big Wave Awards] in 2013 for a wave I caught on New Year's Eve. That was a pretty big accomplishment for me.

What's dating like for a pro surfer?

I meet people all the time, and they're like, "How do you not have a boyfriend? You have so many guys constantly hitting on you." But that's online. In real life, I don't get hit on at all. I meet a lot of guys, but they don't like the idea of dating someone who has so many people commenting weird stuff [on her Instagram]. I had a guy straight up tell me, "I can't handle that."

You do have a very strong social media presence, with more than 100,000 Twitter followers, and over half a million on Instagram. Does social media ever actually help you meet people?

Anybody who is any kind of public figure has been asked out over Twitter. It's where famous-y people meet other famous-y people. Because you see if someone verified hits you up. But on Facebook, I've met normal guys. That was more me creeping on them. Going, "Ohh, that guy's cute."

You've asked out random fans who liked your Facebook page?

Yeah, I'm not gonna lie. It's hard to meet people! At least he already likes me. *[laughs]*

I think you'll be getting a lot of Facebook likes and Twitter DMs from our readers. And speaking of the Internet...your twerk video went viral last year. Has it brought any notable changes in your life?

It put me in front of a lot of eyes. However, I've been working on my job for 20 years. A lot of people will probably sit there and be like, "Oh, because of one video, this and that happened." I mean, I had so many other things in motion that happened to be around that time. But, yeah, I think it's a funny thing. ■



**PREVIOUS SPREAD
AND THIS PAGE**
Swimsuit, Mishkan.

THIS PAGE

Swimsuit, Tavik.
Heels, Vince Camuto.
Rings, Vanessa
Mooney. Necklace,
Maya Brenner.

OPPOSITE PAGE

Bottoms,
Tori Praver.





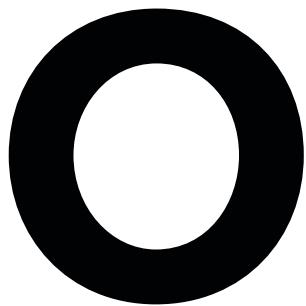
▷ DECADENCE AND DELIRIUM ON THE GUMBALL 3000





SUPERCARS! SEXY BABES! CELEBRITIES! SUSPENDED LICENSES! FROM MIAMI TO IBIZA, *MAXIM* RIDES SHOTGUN ON THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST, WILDEST, HARDEST-PARTYING CAR RALLY.

by STINSON CARTER



ONCE A YEAR, A FRENZIED MULTINATIONAL convoy of jaw-dropping exotic cars blasts across a good chunk of the planet at triple-digit speeds. Ignoring sleep, traffic laws, and mortality, this wild band of adrenaline junkies, gearheads, plutocrats, and celebrities unites for a weeklong hell-for-leather road trip known as the Gumball 3000, in a shared pursuit of close kinship and organized chaos. We joined their ranks for this year's 16th annual rally—from Miami to Ibiza—speeding and partying our way through two continents and five countries in just seven days.

It's 4 A.M. at the Carpe Diem Lounge Club in Barcelona. Gumballers at \$10,000 VIP tables guzzle \$1,500 magnums of Dom Pérignon from crystal goblets. Sexy Spanish cocktail waitresses hoist fresh bottles over their heads, as sparklers in the corks spew fire and the servers' tiny shorts flash toned and tanned derrieres. A Swedish driver ignites a 50 euro bill off the Champagne sparkler and uses it to light his cigarette. Local women beg club security to let them past the velvet rope into this noisy, sweaty, sleep-deprived fraternity of excess—to work their charms on world-famous musicians, Arab oligarchs, investment bankers, millionaire playboys, gearhead heirs, and countless other avenues to the good life in horny male form.

"Gomboll!" yell the local girls, trying to turn heads too busy knocking back rivers of Champagne to notice.

Yesterday, on the way to Paris, we sacrificed a '66 Shelby Cobra to the Gumball gods—its front end severed as if it had met a guillotine. Word in the club is that a dozen drivers lost their licenses on today's 645-mile drive. The rapper Xzibit grabs the DJ's mike and announces, "I lost my license today, and Deadmau5 lost his license, too. So we can't drive to Ibiza tomorrow." A loud chorus of

boos drowns out the music. Some of us will go missing tonight, squandering five-star ocean-view suites to wake up with empty wallets in strange alleyways or bedrooms in distant barrios. It's six days into the rally, and none of us has slept more than three hours a night in the past seven. Our bodies are ravaged, but adrenaline, booze, energy drinks, and whatever else is on hand keep us going. A Gumballer must always push on...by any means necessary.

"Gumball is a term Andy Warhol used," says Maximillion Cooper, CEO and creator of the Gumball 3000. "Pop culture is like a gumball: You chew it up and spit it out. I'm not a musician, and I'm not an artist; this is how I make a mark on pop culture."

The 42-year-old Cooper created the rally in 1999 at the confluence of a fading modeling career, a middling car-racing career, a robust London social life, and a nostalgia for '70s movies about men, preferably Steve McQueen, driving fast cars in exotic locales. The term *playboy* is often used to describe Cooper in media bio shorthand, but it sells short a father of four who, in addition to the modeling and car-racing past, has a law degree and a diploma from the prestigious Central Saint Martin's College of Art and Design, where he studied alongside Stella McCartney and Alexander McQueen.

"I was a model for five years," says Cooper. "Having a bit of money gave me a chance to have a go at car racing." While admittedly "not very good," Cooper got into the Formula 1 scene enough to observe that sponsors were spending exorbitant sums throwing lackluster parties for their teams. He saw an opportunity to bring his social acumen to the car world. How exactly he would do that would take time to unfold.

"The first year, we only had 50 people, and I wrote all the invitations out by hand," says Cooper.

What started out as a four-day tour among friends has since spawned a global lifestyle brand, a clothing line, and an energy drink. Warner Bros. even has a big-budget Gumball movie in the works. Despite the incredible growth of Gumball over the past 16 years, "the ingredients haven't changed," says Cooper. "Keeping Gumball notorious is important. Keeping our edge."

MIAMI, REGISTRATION DAY

A gaudy rainbow of supercars clogs the valet at the W South Beach hotel. They're plastered with sponsorship decals from air brake to hood vent—Christie's, Betsafe, Battery Energy Drink, AnastasiaDate, Miller Fortune, and enough others to lose count. Deadmau5's "Purrari," a bright blue Ferrari 458 wrapped in a pixilated cat design, draws the most gawkers. A close second is a pristine '64 Shelby Cobra Daytona Coupe owned by a Saudi prince. Inside the hotel, there's a line out the door of a conference room for access bracelets: black and pink for media, pink and purple for sponsors, and black and tan for VIPs. After the bracelets is a buffet of swag tables from this year's sponsors: T-shirts, sweatshirts, vaporizers, iPhone cases, baseball caps, backpacks, umbrellas. The Nicolas Feuillatte bar distributes flutes of Champagne, and a barber gives pre-rally cuts to those wearing the proper bracelets.

It's a United Nations of monied men and a few women: namely, Swedes, Brits, North and South Americans, Saudis, Emiratis, Dutchmen, Russians, and Finns. From the honeymooning couple from New Jersey to the pro skier from Sweden, they're all united by a love of fast cars, a prodigious disposable income, and a willingness to commit their nerves, wallets, and livers to seven days of insanity at nearly \$70,000 per car—not including the cost of transportation to and from the rally, the tab for shipping the cars to Miami and home from Ibiza, and the exorbitant bottle-service bills at the nightly parties. "When you start renting planes and shutting down cities, the fees don't cover it," says Cooper. "The sponsors make it happen."

Our seat is with one of this year's backers, Team AnastasiaDate: an online dating service that pairs Western men with Eastern European women. In lieu of a table in the swag room, AnastasiaDate has brought two Russian models to drive a 2010 Lamborghini Gallardo Spyder: 23-year-old Alisa and 26-year-old Margarita. Outside the hotel, the duo poses for photographers in matching skintight jumpsuits against the hood of the lavender-and-white Lambo. Alisa is a brunette with pillowy lips and bright blue eyes. She and her codriver chatter quietly



GOING GUMBALL

(Clockwise from top) Deadmau5 in his custom "Purrari"; AnastasiaDate's Russian model-drivers Margarita and Alisa with their 2010 Lamborghini Gallardo Spyder.

Sanchez, gets cheeky on the Gumball flight to Scotland; AnastasiaDate's Russian model-drivers Margarita and Alisa with their 2010 Lamborghini Gallardo Spyder.





DON'T HASSEL US

(Clockwise from bottom left) Team Betsafe depplanes in Edinburgh; a 1966 Shelby Cobra rallying through London; David Hasselhoff

with a Nissan GT-R customized to look like KITT, from *Knight Rider*; the view at Ibiza's luxurious Destino resort.



in impregnable Russian asides, punctuated by dramatic photo poses. “Thank you! I love Gumball” is about the only linguistic glimpse Alisa offers of her soul. But who needs language when you’re a hot babe in a polyester onesie? Margarita is the older and savvier of the two—a dishwater blonde with mischievous eyes who knows exactly what parts of her jumpsuit guys are staring at—even when they’re doing it behind sunglasses.

After registration, the AnastasiaDate PR team takes Alisa and Margarita to the parking lot of the Miami Beach Convention Center for driving lessons. These gals weren’t selected for their racing skills, and though the Lambo is an automatic, it also has 560 horsepower, a V-10 engine that can hit 201 mph, and a steering wheel on the right-hand side. Whenever anyone cringes during the herky-jerky ride, the girls yell, “Zees ees how vee drive een Moscow!”

THE CHECKERED FLAG DROPS

At breakfast the next morning in the W’s ballroom, Maximillion Cooper delivers a pep talk flanked by three local cops.

“Welcome back to my Gumball family,” he says. Although inside, he’s wearing his ever-present tortoiseshell shades, which we’ll all get used to if we’re not already.

“This trip has a real added value to me

because I’m getting married in *Eye-beeth-ah* three days after the rally finishes,” says Cooper, in the globe-trotting way someone might say “*Mee-lah-no*” instead of “Milan.”

“Where is my lovely fiancée, Eve?” he asks the room. The rapper and actress stands up from her table to whoops and cheers from the crowd.

“A lot of you new guys have seen some crazy YouTube driving clips and whatever, but that’s not what we’re about,” says Cooper. “The key thing for me is that you get to *Eye-beeth-ah* safely.”

This is a sensitive point, often underscored by the phrase “It’s not a race; it’s a rally.” But it’s usually said with a wink and a nudge. It isn’t a race in the formal sense, but “rally” doesn’t exactly imply going the speed limit—which most of these cars can hit in first gear.

Captain Richard Clements of the Miami Beach Police takes over the mike and says, “We appreciate how well you behaved yourselves during the 24 hours you were here. We’re gonna have our motor units out there along your way out of town, so if for some reason you forget, they’re going to remind you. And when you see the sign that says ‘Miami City Limits,’ you’re gonna see us waving goodbye in your rearview mirrors.”

After breakfast it’s a mad dash to the entry grid: 120 wildly expensive sports cars lined

up based on how much each team raised for the Gumball Foundation: a charitable arm that seems to function like a carbon offset credit for decadence.

It’s a hot, glaring day in South Beach. Sunburned tourists who are just stumbling onto the race join local fans that had their calendars marked for months, the ear-splitting rumbles of the engines luring everyone like moths to a flame.

“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming to the starting grid of the 2014 Gumball 3000—are you *readaaaay*?” yells rapper Xzibit, before dropping the flag.

Teams are introduced one by one before burning rubber and vanishing down the A1A through a gauntlet of outstretched smartphones. Crowd enthusiasm fluctuates wildly: “Give it up for Deadmau5!” draws a cacophony of screams, while “Make some noise for car 42 from Belgium” doesn’t elicit a decibel. The announcer constantly reminds the crowd, “Hashtag Gumball 3000 for all those photos!” (There isn’t a moment of this rally that doesn’t instantly show up on Instagram.)

Every car gives a salute of some kind. A Dodge Challenger painted like the General Lee from *The Dukes of Hazzard*, owned by an American carnival-ride maker named Dick Chance, plays a slightly off-key Dixieland



tune. A 6x6 Mercedes-Benz Brabus Super G turns on police lights and a siren. Matthew Pritchard of *Dirty Sanchez*, MTV UK's version of *Jackass*, rides atop a Brabus sedan, wearing a blue Speedo and gripping the open frame of the moonroof as the tires spin away a half inch of tread on 20 feet of Collins Avenue. The Russian girls from AnastasiaDate lower their jumpsuit zippers and blow kisses.

And we're off! Almost—one of the members of our PR entourage left the Lambo's gas cap at a station the night before. So our first checkpoint is a dealership to buy a new one. Four hundred and fifty dollars later, we're on our way to Atlanta.

Our first overnight is at the W Hotel there. The cars are stored at Centennial Park, the former Olympics site. At the rooftop pool bar of the hotel, I collect drivers' war stories

of Bible Belt law enforcement. Gumballers take the police seriously, and many spend five-figure sums on the latest radar detectors and laser jammers. One team even brought along its very own FBI special agent to handle police diplomacy. Nevertheless, many were pulled over four times apiece on day one, some paying as much as \$4,000 in tickets and fees to avoid arrest.

"It's not a race; it's a rally," the drivers would tell the cops.

"That ain't what Facebook and Instagram are saying," the cops replied. "Tell your friends we're lookin' for y'all."

Garreth Wood is half of the rally's only Scottish team. A pub tycoon by trade, Wood is the son of the second-richest man in Scotland and the husband of a former Miss Scotland. His black-velvet-covered Rolls-Royce Phantom was pulled over three times

in Georgia, and he and his codriver were taken into custody in the town of Lenox. Both men were wearing kilts.

"Please don't put me in jail in a skirt, man," says Wood.

"Bubba's gonna say you got a real pretty mouth," says the sheriff. "Pay the fine and let me get a picture in your car and you can go."

"I needed a baby wipe and a tetanus shot after he sat in my car," says Wood. The fine was around \$2,000, but it kept him out of jail in his "skirt."

On the way out of town, Wood and his codriver stop at a gas station to buy some glue. The velvet was peeling on the Phantom. The female clerk gives them a once-over, glances at the Rolls outside, and says, "I got glue at home if y'all wanna come over."

"What kinda glue are you talking about?" asks Wood.

"Whatever kind ya need," she says, with a twinkle in her eyes.

Gumball PR and the W staff give me a suite fit for a *Hangover* sequel: three bathrooms, a dining room, a bar, a living room, and two bedrooms. It is the nicest hotel room I've ever stayed in, and I get to sleep there for less than three hours. That, in a nutshell, is Gumball.

By day two, there's a consensus that the less time the Russians spend in the Lambo,

"PLEASE DON'T PUT ME IN JAIL IN A SKIRT, MAN," BEGS A KILT-WEARING SCOT AFTER BEING ARRESTED IN GEORGIA.

"IF YOU WANT THE BLACK CARD OF ROLODEXES, YOU DO THE GUMBALL 3000," SAYS A DRIVER KNOWN AS STUNTMAN.

the greater the chance all three will arrive in Ibiza in one piece. So Alisa and Margarita sit in the van and smoke grape-scented e-cigarettes and monitor their Instagram feed. I finally get some serious time in the Lambo—driven not by a Russian model but by a Mohawked 27-year-old man from Los Angeles who calls himself Caleb, a.k.a. Stuntman. It is Caleb's fourth rally, and like many Angelenos, he doesn't give an easy answer about what he does for a living. He's working with Team AnastasiaDate this week, but has several jobs, including selling exotic cars and brand marketing. When I ask what the appeal of Gumball 3000 is, he says, "If you want the Black Card of Rolodexes, you do the Gumball 3000."

After a grueling 16-hour drive from Atlanta to Manhattan, we make it to the downtown W around 1 A.M. Deadmau5's touring van

backed into the hood of a Ferrari, and a crowd has gathered. I run into the hotel to catch the elevator to the lobby, and then Margarita's suitcase tips over and smacks the alarm button. Seven of us are trapped inside: two hotel employees, two Russian models, and three journalists—like something out of a Wes Anderson film. We pry open the door to get a glimpse of the lobby, and Margarita begs onlookers through the four-inch gap, "Please give us alcohol." Eventually the FDNY is called in, and it takes six firefighters 30 minutes to get us out.

Waiting for the buses to take us to JFK the next day, I get a roundup of the American leg from the FBI agent.

"I don't use my power to get people out of trouble," he says. "But if the cops happen to see my badge..."

The cops did "happen to see" his badge

a couple of times—saving at least two Gumballers from arrest.

"This Austrian guy was bragging about his \$13,000 radar detector when we got pulled over for going 108 in a 70. He acted so surprised when the cop said how fast we were going, but he was going 160 right before. The cop said, 'Common sense says you can go 10 or 15 over. But 30 or 40 over, and racing?'"

"We weren't racing," said the FBI agent.

"Sure you weren't. In your stickered-up, NASCAR-looking car. Suurrrre you weren't racing."

He shares an anecdote about the 6x6 Brabus Super G with the blue police lights and a siren, owned by a Dutch Ferris wheel manufacturer: "They were passing people on the shoulder in South Carolina. For miles, the cops are getting calls about a tank,



BALLERS FOREVER

(Clockwise from right) Pritchard and Dainton celebrate their arrival in Paris; Gumball founder Maximillion Cooper in the driver's seat; a Dutch Spyker

and a Cadillac Escalade roll down London's Regent Street; the lone motorcyclist on the rally burns rubber in London.



something huge with blue lights, passing people on the shoulder. When the cops finally pulled them over, they said, 'We're going to a charity event! This is the Kids with Cancer Truck,' and the cops just let 'em go!"

GUMBALL AIRLINES

"Whatever happens on the plane stays on the plane," says Xzibit, as we board shuttles at JFK that take us directly across the tarmac to the jet's loading stairs.

The Dutch flight attendants on our chartered 737 look like models playing dress-up. The flight has the energy of a junior-high field trip gone horribly wrong. Passengers stand in the aisles during takeoff. Pritchard—the Welsh version of Steve-O—crawls down the entire length of the plane across the headrests wearing only his tiny blue Speedo.

"The last time we took a plane on Gumball, I grabbed a skateboard and skated down the aisle when we took off," says 40-year-old Karta Healy, a Gumball legend sitting beside me. Healy has done all 16 rallies—the only person to do that aside from Cooper himself. He walks with a limp from a knee replacement, and is missing a finger and two toes—all injuries sustained in a motorcycle accident on the rally in Morocco, in 2005. He and the guys in his row smoke weed from a vaporizer between smoking actual cigarettes, until the stern voice of the Dutch captain comes over the PA and tells them to stop smoking.

Healy's father founded Kettle Chips. He spent his childhood partly in India as a Sikh, and then back stateside as a Scientologist. Now he lives in London and works in automotive and industrial design. He looks like Vincent Gallo; has a quick, staccato voice; and laughs with quick ha-ha's between words.

Someone makes an announcement about an open bar in the back, and everyone bum-rushes the galley. The flight attendants use their carts as barricades against marauding Gumballers. They can't pop Heinekens or pour whiskeys fast enough for the clamoring mob, which is grabbing drinks by the half dozen.

"Thank you for flying Gumball Airlines, motherfucker," says rapper Bun B. "This is your captain Bun B speaking. They're trying to do food and drink service, but apparently some of the assholes in the back didn't get the memo. Could you kindly sit the fuck down?"

Big, bearded, brash, and loud—Bun B engages everyone from Cooper down to the chase-car guy hauling a camera in a no-bullshit banter that makes the rally seem refreshingly egalitarian when he's narrating it.

Cooper comes on the PA and announces a midflight Gumball charity auction for pole position at next year's rally. Bun B grabs the mike and says, "This is some real shit, people. Don't fuck around and bitch this. I'd like to start the bidding for Pritchard's blue panties at two quid. Anyone?"

Somewhere over the Atlantic, Deadmau5 buys the top spot at the 2015 rally for \$125,000. There are no bidders for Pritchard's Speedo.

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

At 7:30 A.M., we apologize to the flight attendants and step out into a beautiful morning at Glasgow-Prestwick airport. A lone bagpiper in full Scottish clan regalia supplies our soundtrack. After we clear customs and head outside, we hear them: Behind a 14-foot-high fence topped with razor wire are hundreds of screaming fans.

On a nearby expanse of asphalt, the two Kalitta Air 747s that transported the Gumball rides sit side by side. The cars are neatly parked in rows in the shadows of their wings. Drivers rush to a folding table in an empty hangar to get their keys. Soon engines start coughing to life with air-splitting crackles and throaty rumbles.

The AnastasiaDate support van is MIA, so I wedge myself into the back of a Fiat 500 Abarth with Karta Healy and codriver Johnny Morales. Morales has long hair tucked into a black beanie, one foot on the dashboard, and one hand dangling a cigarette out the window. Like Healy, he's a vet of the early Gumball years whose scruffy edge suggests a time when Gumball was more cool-kid car rally than multimillionaire's club.

"I've been here since the beginning," says Healy. "It was crazier, and less organized. And the VIP thing didn't exist back then."

Within minutes, he's doing E-brake 360s for fans lining the tops of the hills overlooking a runway that has been shut down for us to drag-race on.

Cars blast off down the runway in pairs. A fire truck is on hand in case something goes horribly wrong, but at these (CONT. ON P. 92)

LET'S RALLY!

FROM CANNONBALL TO GUMBALL, A BRIEF TIMELINE OF HIGH-SPEED HISTORY.

1971

CANNONBALL RUN

Launched by car writer Brock Yates and *Car and Driver* editor Steve Smith; they complete the first of five Cannonball Runs from Manhattan to Redondo Beach, California, in a 1971 Dodge Custom Sportsman van.

1981

THE CANNONBALL RUN: THE MOVIE

The classic rally flick stars Burt Reynolds, Farrah Fawcett, Roger Moore, Dom DeLuise, Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin, and Jackie Chan. Brock Yates pens the screenplay.

1999

GUMBALL 3000 BEGINS

Maxmillion Cooper sends out handwritten invitations to 50 friends for a four-day rally from London to Rimini, Italy. "Gumball" is an Andy Warhol reference, and "3000" one-ups the year-2000 mania going on at the time.

2005

JACKASS DOES GUMBALL

Johnny Knoxville, Chris Pontius, and Steve-O join Gumball to shoot a *Jackass* special—driving a 1989 Jaguar XJ6 on a 3,000-mile European circuit traversing Berlin, St. Petersburg, Helsinki, and Copenhagen.

2007

TRAGIC CRASH

Two British Gumball participants driving a Porsche 911 crash into a Volkswagen Golf in Macedonia, killing its two occupants. Cooper cancels the remainder of the rally.

2013

GUMBALL: THE MOVIE

Warner Bros. buys film rights to Gumball. Guy Ritchie is rumored as a possible director.

2014

GUMBALL: THE ENERGY DRINK

Cooper inks a deal with Battery Energy Drink to market it as Gumball 3000 Energy Drink in the U.K.—part of the branding bonanza that now brings in most of Gumball's revenue.

Windsor three-piece
peak-lapel suit and
burgundy Blade silk tie,
Tom Ford. Striped
button-down shirt and
cotton pocket square,
Brunello Cucinelli.
Heritage Advisor
timepiece on alligator
strap, Tudor.





THE POWER OF THREE

WHY THE VERSATILE,
SOPHISTICATED,
AND ALWAYS RAKISH
THREE-PIECE
SUIT NEVER GOES
OUT OF STYLE.

by KATHERINE BERNARD

T

THE THREE-PIECE suit—pants, jacket, waistcoat—is the hallmark of a self-possessed man, historically the kind who can control the volume of a room with the raising or lowering of an eyebrow. Take Steve McQueen in *The Thomas Crown Affair*: He was très suave in blue glen plaid and ash-gray ensembles, and took sartorial risks that nodded to his criminal thrills. Still, seeing a man in a five-button vest, one wonders: Just how long was Faye Dunaway unbuttoning once Crown had slayed her over that game of chess?

The extra piece is just that: extra. But a suit with three parts doesn't have to be an ordeal. The modern three-piece has all the powerful lines of those worn by debonair men like Sean Connery's Bond in *Goldfinger*, but the focus has turned to fit more than flare. A vest adds depth and sophistication to a look: It's automatically all-business, whether you take meetings in a boardroom, on a boat, or backstage at a concert. E. Tautz creative director Patrick Grant heralds the three piece's



◀ TIP NO. 1

The bottom of the waistcoat should always completely cover the waistband of your trousers. Too short and your shirt will billow and bunch out below the sides of your vest.

▶ TIP NO. 2

The width of your tie should be directly proportional to the width of your lapels: skinny tie, narrow lapels, and vice versa.

THIS PAGE

Three-piece suit and white dress shirt, Ports 1961. Paisley peonies silk print tie and rose print pocket square, Dunhill. Black lace-up oxfords, J.M. Weston.

OPPOSITE PAGE

Three-piece Baldwin suit (jacket not shown) and paisley medallion silk print tie, Dunhill. Plaid dress shirt and socks, Turnbull & Asser. Prescott shoes in Tourmaline, Jimmy Choo. DeVille Hour Vision timepiece, Omega.



THIS PAGE

On him: Hattrick three-piece suit and striped dress shirt, BOSS Hugo Boss. Knitted tie, Reiss. Cotton pocket square, Brunello Cucinelli. Silver tie clip, The Tie Bar. TC timepiece, Movado. Prescott shoes in Ink, Jimmy Choo. On her: Contour bra and midi briefs, Elle Macpherson Intimates.

OPPOSITE PAGE

Three-piece suit, striped dress shirt, and silk striped tie, Polo Ralph Lauren. Silk pocket square, Turnbull & Asser.



fluidity. “It’s just one continuous run of fabric from ankle to chest,” he says. “It has a great slimming effect, it has great elegance, it’s very understated—and it’s virtually impossible to get wrong.” Consider it your ticket to looking rakish without fussy accessorizing. Both Matthew McConaughey and Chris Hemsworth recently took on the three-piece with red carpet nonchalance: They skipped a tie. Another win for the waistcoat? If you take off your suit jacket, you’ll still look dressed.

And speaking of those buttons: They’ve had sex appeal since day one. The inventor of the waistcoat, Charles II, had seven mistresses. In fact, Prince William, the Duke of Cambridge (and a fan of the three-piece), is a descendant of Charles II. The waistcoat leaves a potent legacy. ■

► TIP NO. 3

Give some thought to mixing patterns: Pair a narrow-striped shirt with a more broadly striped rep tie. And don’t be afraid to accessorize with a pocket square.



► **TIP NO. 4**

The buttons of the vest follow the same rules as the jacket: The bottom one is always left undone. Legend has it the trend began with England's Edward VII in the late 19th century.



THIS PAGE

Double-breasted jacket, Eponymovs. Lace briefs, Cosabella. Infinito earrings, Bizzotto.

OPPOSITE PAGE

(Top) Norrie three-piece suit, Brock check shirt, Renwick striped tie, and Elephant March silk pocket square, Thomas Pink. PRC 200 timepiece, Tissot. Modern Chevron Hexagon signet ring, David Yurman. Conard double-monk-strap shoes, Johnston & Murphy. (Bottom) Three-piece suit and plaid dress shirt, Ermenegildo Zegna. Knitted tie, Reiss. Silk pocket square, Burberry. Constellation Co-Axial timepiece, Omega. For details see page 94.

WHEELS OF DESIRE

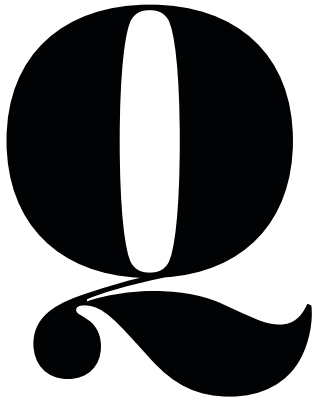
The 2015 Jaguar F-Type R Coupe in dark sapphire blue. jaguarusa.com



RAY LIOTTA

YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE NAMING THE GOODFELLAS STAR—WHO APPEARS IN THIS MONTH'S *KILL THE MESSENGER* AND *THE IDENTICAL*—A MAXIM ICON? IT'S OUTTA RESPECT.

by JOSEPH ANDREWS



You've got two films coming out this month, and as we speak, you're shooting a western miniseries in Mexico. Do you even know how many movies you've made?

Someone told me—I think one of my daughter's friends—that there's 70 or 80? I have no idea.

***Kill the Messenger* is based on the true story of a journalist who tried to expose the government's role in selling drugs in inner cities to raise funds to arm the Contras in Nicaragua. Did you know much about the scandal going in?**

Obviously, I'd heard about the Contra stuff, but no. It's mind-boggling when you think of what they did—it almost seems like fiction. With *GoodFellas*, people really lived like that.

Speaking of *GoodFellas*, did you get to see real-life gangster Henry Hill, whom you played in the movie, before he passed away a couple of years ago?

I did. I go to a Gold's Gym in Venice where I would see him every now and then. He'd usually be [outside] lying against a tree, looped out of his mind.

Did he like your portrayal of him?

He did. He said, "Thanks for not making me look like a scumbag." That was exactly what he said. I'm thinking to myself, *Oh my God, did you see the movie?* Ratting people out, drugs, cheating on his wife...Somehow he saw it and didn't think of it the way you and I would.

***GoodFellas* is on TV all the time.**

Do you ever watch it?

I've seen it only once or twice. I was at the Aruba International Film Festival a couple of years ago, and they were doing a screening of *GoodFellas*, so they asked me to introduce it. I was there with my daughter, who was 14, and I said, "Yeah, sure." I introduced it, and that was it. I started walking out, but my daughter wouldn't move. So we sat and we watched it. She loved it. She was flipped out by it. It's so overwhelming, especially when you see it on the big screen and to know that it's true.

***Field of Dreams* turned 25 this year. Do people come up to you all the time and say, "If you build it, he will come"?**

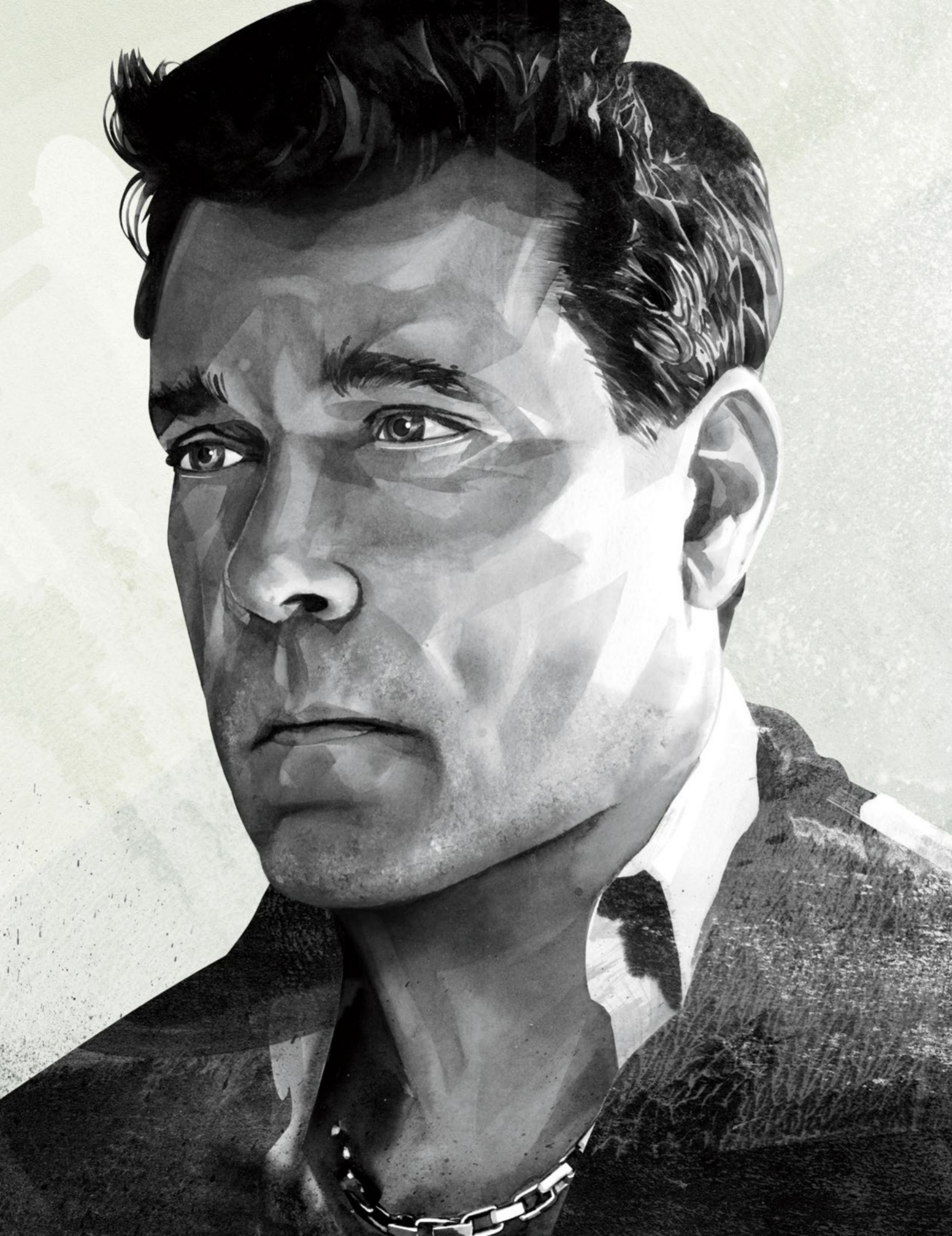
You know, that's a movie I've actually never seen. But yes, that, and I hear, "You're a funny guy!" I like hearing that stuff; it means they're watching the movies. I don't get bothered if people come up and recognize me. That's just part of what it is—because when things are cold and nobody is coming up, you think, *Is it over? Is my run done?* There was a period of time when I was in that place. You're hot for a while, then things cool down, and hopefully you find something to bring you back again.

What's the most important thing you've learned about women over the years?

They're always right. Things will just be easier that way.

Is there anything else you'd like our readers to know?

I was doing press for *Killing Them Softly* a couple of years ago, and they asked me a question about Brad Pitt. I jokingly said, "Oh, Brad, he's a hack." And those motherfuckers took it really serious, and the next thing you know, it spread like wildfire. I want to let everybody know that I was just fooling around. I really like Brad! ■





(CONT. FROM P. 81)

speeds there's not much they could do but douse the corpses. As it stands, there has been only one fatal crash in Gumball history: In 2007, two Brits in a Porsche 911 collided with a Volkswagen Golf in Macedonia. Both passengers in the Volkswagen died, and Cooper canceled the remainder of the rally.

Karta makes three Abarths line up—Max's bachelor-party crew—and we all race, pedal-to-floor and rpm in the red. To our left is Cooper and his fiancée, Eve.

"Come on, little Abarth! Come on, little Abarth, go!" Karta yells at the dash, watching the speedometer climb past 112 mph.

The Abarth's iconic shape is to Italy what the Mini is to England and the Beetle to Germany. Thanks to the influence of Fiat heir Lapo Elkann, they don't seem like clown cars in person. Elkann is a consultant for Ferrari, and you can feel a distant kinship in the Abarth engine's roar.

The road out of the airport is walled on both sides with cheering Scots, three and four bodies deep along every inch of the road. Karta rolls down his window and kids come running, expecting stickers and T-shirts. He lights a cigarette and says, "Don't smoke, kids!" as he exhales.

Edinburgh welcomes us like soldiers returning home from war—thousands have swarmed into the city center. There's a breakfast pit stop in a museum restaurant for haggis and Scottish salmon and eggs. Back at the grid, I meet up with a slick Italian named Dario from Abarth HQ in Turin. Abarth is one of this year's major sponsors. He hands me the keys to a 595 Competizione. No paperwork to sign, no license check, just "Here's the key, the tank is full, no problem."

Getting out of town is like trying to drive down Bourbon Street during Mardi Gras, but a lot friendlier. A plump teenage girl asks if she can ride with me to London, and a young boy runs up and blurts, "Good luck!"

The Competizione is peppy as hell and a blast to drive. Putting 160 horses in a car that small is excessive in the best possible way. But lack of sleep on "Gumball Airlines" finally catches up to me during the monotony of Middle England. The majesty of Scotland kept me wide awake, then a pair of Tag Heuer driving glasses with "antifatigue" lenses put in a good effort, then a can of Red Bull bought

me some time. But now I'm nodding off at the wheel, and I remember something Karta told me on the plane: "The lack of sleep is a big part of the experience. Sleep deprivation reduces everyone and brings us together."

I hand over the wheel to a car blogger for 6SpeedOnline who ditched the AnastasiaDate van to ride with me. He decides to put the Abarth through its paces and see how fast it'll go, so I get no sleep in the passenger seat.

In London I spend two hours trying to find a road that isn't blocked off to reach the grid, where 500,000-plus fans have turned out for a welcome party. I eventually give up and stash the car in a garage.

The next morning, I ride shotgun in an Abarth 695 Biposto, "the world's smallest supercar," with Mr. Gumball, Max Cooper. He's still riding high from the previous night's turnout of half a million people for the Gumball street party. "I read somewhere this morning that only three things can shut down Central London: the prince, the queen, and Gumball 3000."

The day's first checkpoint is the Top Gear test track, for legalized redlining. Max isn't driving the next leg, so I don't have a ride to the Chunnel. Panic sets in as the cars thin out. I flag down a Renault Mégane RS 275 Trophy, driven by two Parisian tattoo artists, Jey Noname and Leo a.k.a. Walter Hego. They drew their team number and all their sponsorship logos by hand in white on the matte black car. I nod off in the back while they crank hip-hop and fist-bump, chasing the '64 Daytona all the way to the Chunnel.

It's there where I hop in an Audi Q7 Turbo Diesel chase car with three cameramen from Team Galag (owned by the Saudi prince). We're an hour into France doing 130 mph when a McLaren 650S Spider zooms past us like we're doing 55.

"That guy is such a tool-slash-baller!" yells our driver, Drake Mumford—an American automotive photographer who, at 18 years old, is the youngest person on the rally. We spend the next hour chasing the McLaren. Drake drives with one hand on the wheel and the other on his camera. A British cameraman has half his body out the sunroof with a videocam on his shoulder, while another one beside me calmly edits footage on his laptop. At the seated dinner in an ornate ballroom of the

Westin-Vendôme in Paris, I finally meet David Hasselhoff—a frequent face on the rally who is doing the London to Barcelona leg in a Nissan GT-R tricked out to look like KITT, the talking black Trans Am from his '80s TV show, *Knight Rider*. He's extremely chummy, and tells me he got stuck in the Chunnel with a tour bus filled with Dutch immigrants. "They all got out of the bus and surrounded my car," he says. "Very nice people...but I was stuck on a train, in a car, underwater, surrounded by a hundred Sudanese people from Holland. It was ridiculous."

At the postdinner Gumball charity auction run by Christie's auctioneer Lock Kresler, Deadmau5 buys the Hoff's donated *Baywatch* jacket and autographed orange floatie for \$45,000.

DAINTON AND PRITCHARD VS. JOURNALIST

The next morning on the banks of the Seine, I catch up with the AnastasiaDate crew at the grid. They've had my suitcase since Edinburgh, and I change clothes for the first time in four days in the back of their van. The Russians are off posing for YouTube cameramen while the rest of the pack is blasting toward Barcelona.

Dainton and Pritchard pull up in a diesel VW Transporter with mag wheels and a carbon-fiber hood. Lee Dainton (40) and Matthew Pritchard (43) are Welsh pro skateboarders who owe their fame to the hit MTV UK extreme prank and stunt show *Dirty Sanchez*. They're shooting footage for a documentary and happy to have an extra passenger to terrorize. Pritchard hunches over the steering wheel with a GUMBALL 3000 tattoo on the back of his thick neck. He's covered in tattoos, and wears a red British officer's jacket—open, with no shirt—to show them off. He looks like he hasn't had a decent night's sleep since the '90s, yet he's still handsome in a steely-eyed, Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers kind of way. Dainton's in shotgun, and I'm in the back with their photographer, realizing that the seat belts don't work. This isn't a good day to go without one.

This is their third rally, and I ask their photographer—an easygoing, heavily tattooed Welshman named Richard Walton—

"I'M AN ADRENALINE JUNKIE. MY FAMILY WON'T LET ME JUMP OUT OF AIRPLANES, SO GUMBALL IS THE NEXT BEST THING," SAYS RAPPER XZIBIT.

what he thinks the appeal is.

"These people have everything, but you can't buy fame. Gumball lets 'em buy a bit of fame," says Walton.

An hour outside Paris, Pritchard pushes the Transporter into low triple digits. There are no windows in the back of the van, so we don't realize we're being pulled over by a French motorcycle cop until he appears outside the passenger window in a full-blown Gallic fury. Pritchard gets out of the car.

"Français?" asks the cop.

"English," grunts Pritchard.

"You vere going over zee speed leemeet!"

No shit. Pritchard hands the gendarme his license and then sticks his head back in the van.

"Anybody got any euros?" We all shake our heads. "Here's my fuckin' card. Ye' have to drive into the town and get 90 euros while I wait with the French guy."

By the time we get back with the Euros, the cop is gone and Pritchard is hanging out with four guys driving two Ferrari 458s with Team Wolfpack. Wolfpack has all their cars done up like light cycles from *Tron*, and wear matching glowing leather jackets. They're lobbying for the Spirit of Gumball award, and, to that end, they paid Pritchard's speeding ticket.

Back on the road, the Wolfpack Ferrari comes up alongside us. Pritchard swerves to spook them. The photographer opens the sliding door—shit starts flying everywhere—leans outside the van, and starts filming as Dainton high-fives the passenger in the Ferrari at 130 mph.

Somewhere in Southern France the photographer and I fall asleep in the backseat, and wake up to the loud peal of screeching brakes.

"We're gonna *craaash!*" yells Pritchard.

We go airborne and slam into the front seats, but the crash never comes. Dainton and Pritchard just start howling and hold up an iPhone to show off a slow-mo video playback of us flying across the van with terror on our faces.

"Goin' in the movie, that!" says Dainton.

Falling asleep in public is a surefire way to be fucked with on the Gumball 3000, and given the rarity of horizontal shut-eye, there's almost no avoiding it. So you wake up on

Gumball Airlines with a dinner roll on your head, or turn on your phone after a nap on a ferry to find that a dozen pictures of you on Instagram—mouth agape and drooling—already have a hundred likes.

BARCE-FUCKING-LONA

Getting to the Barcelona W Hotel is like driving through an Arab Spring: screaming young men yanking door latches, pounding sheet metal, trying to mount the hood.

"Welcome to Barce-fucking-lona!" yells Pritchard. "Last time we came, Dainton woke up in an alley, got robbed in his sleep, and probably done up the bum as well. So we can only hope the same thing happens tonight."

That night, Dainton disappears again, and theirs is one of seven cars to miss the ferry to Ibiza.

The next morning, I rejoin Team AnastasiaDate for the final leg. On the way to the ferry, we pass the oldest car in the rally, a '63 Jaguar MK2, broken down on the shoulder. After nearly 3,000 miles, the engine blew up 60 miles short of the finish line. Spanish cops pull over every single Gumball vehicle at every tollbooth. Not just for speeding tickets but for document checks, Breathalyzers...any excuse will do. We get pulled over three times in an hour.

It's a frantic race against the clock to get everyone on the ferry. The captain blows the horn while Gumballers sprint up the gangway with luggage. Once on board, I finally get a captive audience with some A-list Gumballers I've been chasing since Miami to ask them why they keep coming back.

"I do it for the brotherhood," says Bun B, who is on his fifth rally.

"When it comes to things that are fun for me, it's few and far between," says Xzibit.

"I'm an adrenaline junkie, and my family won't let me jump out of airplanes, so I guess Gumball is the next best thing."

"I like cars, but I'm not a super-gearhead or anything," says Tony Hawk. "That's not really the draw for me. I like the adventure of it and seeing new places."

EYE-BEETH-AH

Off the ferry, I hop onto Team Battery Energy Drink's charter bus to the finish line, where Hawk does aials on a half-pipe while

Deadmau5 deejays as the sun sets on Ibiza.

I share a cab with the Russians up to Destino—a minimalist-chic resort on a hilltop overlooking the island. At check-in, I run into the drivers of a Ford GT (named Delores) whom I partied with in Barcelona. Delores cracked an oil pan on the Parisian cobblestones, and they've been chartering jets for every leg since. In the Gumball, the important part is that you finish, not how.

After a five-course poolside dinner come the Gumball Awards: Best Car, Best Team, and the most-coveted Spirit of Gumball award. Best Car goes to the 1963 Jaguar MK2; Best Team goes to Team Wolfpack; and the Spirit of Gumball goes to Deadmau5. "They're first-time Gumballers, but they've embraced the rally in the way I intended it since day one," says Cooper. "They hit every checkpoint, every party, and they got in a bit of trouble but not too much trouble."

Deadmau5 hoists his trophy—a full-size Gumball machine—with his codriver: *MythBusters* star Tory Belleci.

"I've done this circuit many times on tour, but not like this, that's for sure," says Deadmau5. "And I'm thankful that I've been accepted into the Gumball family. Cheers to Max and his crazy Gumball idea!"

THE AFTER-PARTY

Steve Aoki spins at the closing party at Pacha, the hottest nightclub in Ibiza. There are lasers, fog, flashing lights, massage girls, go-go dancers, lollipops, and stone-faced men guarding VIP tables. It's a sensory overload haunted by the ghosts of a million ecstasy trips. Max and Eve hold court in the VIP section, on a balcony above the slick of sweat and fog machine mist on the dance floor.

Margarita and Alisa come clacking in on five-inch stilettos—dresses clinging to their bodies tighter than scales on fish. Margarita helps herself to a non-Gumballer's bottle of vodka. "Eef I vant bottle serveese...I veel haf bottle serveese!" she says. I head outside for a beer and meet up with Karta Healy at the patio bar. When sunrise reminds me I've got a plane to catch, Karta shakes my hand with his four-fingered paw and says, "We'll be in touch...Remember, Gumball is forever." ■

CREDITS



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p. 38: *Sons of Anarchy*, courtesy of Prashant Gupta/FX; *Easy Rider*, Everett Collection; *The Great Escape*, © Pictorial Press Ltd/Alamy; *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, © TriStar/courtesy of Everett Collection; *The Dark Knight*, AF archive/Alamy

p. 48: SkyRunner ATV, courtesy of SkyRunner (2)
pp. 60–67: Russell Westbrook, Ahmed Klink; Ronda Rousey, © Bryce Duffy/Corbis Outline; Tim Howard, Jamie McDonald/Getty Images; Floyd Mayweather, Robert Beck/Sports Illustrated/Getty Images; Richard Sherman, Otto Greule Jr./Getty Images; Wade Phillips, Stephen Dunn/Getty Images; J.J. Watt, Bob Levey/Getty Images; Kawhi Leonard, MCT via Getty Images; Grant Hill, Robin Marchant/Getty Images; Rennae Stubbs, Bryn Lennon/Getty Images; Jon Jones, © Igor Vidyashev/ZUMA Press/Corbis; Milan Lucic, Getty Images; Jose Altuve, © Andrew Dieb/Icon SMI/Corbis
pp. 74–81: Miami start line, Richard P Walton; Purrari, Oskar Bakke; Deadmau5, Stinson Carter; Pritchard, Richard P Walton; models, Stinson Carter; Team Bet Safe and AC Cobra, Richard P Walton; Hasselhoff, WENN.com; Destino, Adam Stanzak; biker, Richard P Walton; Spyker & Escalade, Richard P Walton; Pritchard and Dainton, Richard P Walton; Cooper, Tom Pilston/The Times/Ni Syndication/Redux
pp. 82–83: Tom Ford Windsor three-piece peak-lapel suit (\$4,850) and burgundy blade silk tie (\$250) available at all locations; (888) 866-3673. Brunello Cucinelli striped button-down shirt (\$620) and cotton pocket square (\$165) available at Brunello

Cucinelli, Bleecker Street, NYC. Tudor Heritage Advisor timepiece on alligator strap (\$5,850) available at tudorwatch.com.
pp. 84–85: Ports 1961 three-piece suit (\$2,450) and white dress shirt (\$375) available at Ports 1961, NYC; ports1961.com. Dunhill paisley peonies silk print tie (\$145) and rose print pocket square (\$90) available at Alfred Dunhill, 545 Madison Avenue, NYC (212) 753-9292. JM Weston black lace-up oxfords (\$1,020) available at JM Weston boutiques. Dunhill three-piece Baldwin suit (\$2,890) and paisley medallion silk print tie (\$145) available at Alfred Dunhill, 545 Madison Avenue, NYC (212) 753-9292. Turnbull & Asser check royal shirt (\$335) and socks (\$40) available at turnbullandassers.com. Jimmy Choo Prescott shoes in Tourmaline (\$750) available at jimmychoo.com. Omega De Ville timepiece (\$10,600) available at Omega boutiques nationwide.
pp. 86–87: BOSS Hatrick three-piece suit (\$1,045) and striped dress shirt (\$125) available at hugoboss.com. Reiss knitted tie (\$120) available at reiss.com. Brunello Cucinelli cotton pocket square (\$165) available at Brunello Cucinelli, Bleecker Street, NYC. Silver tie clip (\$15) available at thetiebar.com. Movado TC timepiece (\$995) available at movado.com. Jimmy Choo Prescott shoes in Ink (\$750) available at jimmychoo.com. Elle Macpherson Intimates

contour bra (\$62) and midi briefs (\$30) available at jourmelle.com. Polo Ralph Lauren striped flannel three-piece suit (\$1,295), striped dress shirt (\$125), and silk rep striped tie (\$125) available at ralphlauren.com or select Ralph Lauren stores. Turnbull & Asser silk pocket square (\$98) available at turnbullandassers.com.
pp. 88–89: Thomas Pink Norrie three-piece suit (\$1,400), Brock check shirt (\$195), Renwick stripe tie (\$135), and Elephant March silk pocket square (\$70) available at thomaspink.com. Tissot PRC 200 timepiece (\$525) available at us.tissotshop.com. David Yurman Modern Chevron Hexagon signet ring (\$595) available at davidyurman.com. Johnston & Murphy Conard double monk-strap shoes (\$155) available at johnstonmurphy.com. Ermenegildo Zegna three-piece suit (\$4,195) and plaid dress shirt (\$345) available at Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques. Reiss knitted tie (\$120) available at reiss.com. Omega Constellation Co-Axial timepiece (\$21,400) available at Omega boutiques nationwide. Eponymovs double-breasted jacket (\$935) available at eponymovs.com. Cosabella lace briefs (\$37) available at shop.cosabella.com. Bizzotto Infinito earrings (\$6,910) available at bizzottogiorgi.com.
p. 90: Liotta, Bryan Adams/Trunk Archive

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ANTHONY ANDERSON

The star of ABC's *Black-ish* talks bingo addictions, bro mitzvahs, and the unique scent of DMX.

So how do you want to go?

Fighting, kicking, screaming, biting, the biggest and baddest muthafucka on the planet. And the world will say Anthony Anderson wasn't no punk, but he got the shit kicked out of him!

Any deathbed confessions?

The money is under the...

Are you going to heaven or hell?

Definitely going to heaven. I've already lived through hell growing up in Compton in the '80s.

What's your last meal?

A 36-ounce, bone-in Kobe beef rib eye cooked medium with tarragon French fingerling potatoes, creamed corn with bacon, my daughter's homemade cheesecake from scratch. And a Diet Coke.

Got any regrets?

My only regret is that I didn't get to live longer.

What are people saying over your casket?

What did he say the money was under?

Who would you spy on when you're six feet under?

My daughter, so I could haunt every man that does her wrong.

What have you spent the most money on in your life?

Building a 12,000-square-foot house that I never got to live in, and my mom's 35-year bingo addiction.

In your new show, *Black-ish*, you play a dad struggling to keep his family rooted in African-American culture as they grow up in an affluent white neighborhood. What rituals of yours do you want to see carried on after you're gone?

Barbecues, pool parties, and *bro* mitzvahs, to remind the neighbors I was once there.

Will you be comforted or disturbed if God speaks in the rich, velvety voice of Laurence Fishburne, who plays your father in *Black-ish*?

Depends on if I had the red pill or the blue pill.

You won \$250,000 for the Alzheimer's Association on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*. What will be your special reward if you go to heaven?

That they would remember what I did!

If hell is a bad movie, what role would you be forced to play?

Eddie Griffin!

You played a cop on *Law & Order* and *K-ville* and in *The Departed*. Have you ever been tempted to make a citizen's arrest?

Yes, when I was on a nude beach in Europe, but I didn't have a place for cuffs.

You've costarred in three movies with DMX [*Romeo Must Die*, *Exit Wounds*, and *Cradle 2 the Grave*]. What will you miss most about him?

His music...and the smell of opium.

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