



"As a kid, I went camping many summers with the Boys & Girls Club to learn about trees, water and wildlife...an experience I never forgot. Today, we support **Waterkeeper Alliance** to protect nature and keep our waterways clean for generations to come."

John Paul DeJoria, Co-founder and Chairman of the Board Photographed with his son (and Joe)



PAUL MITCHELL

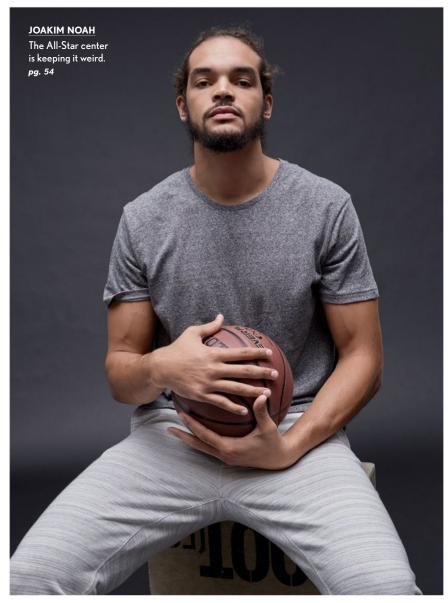
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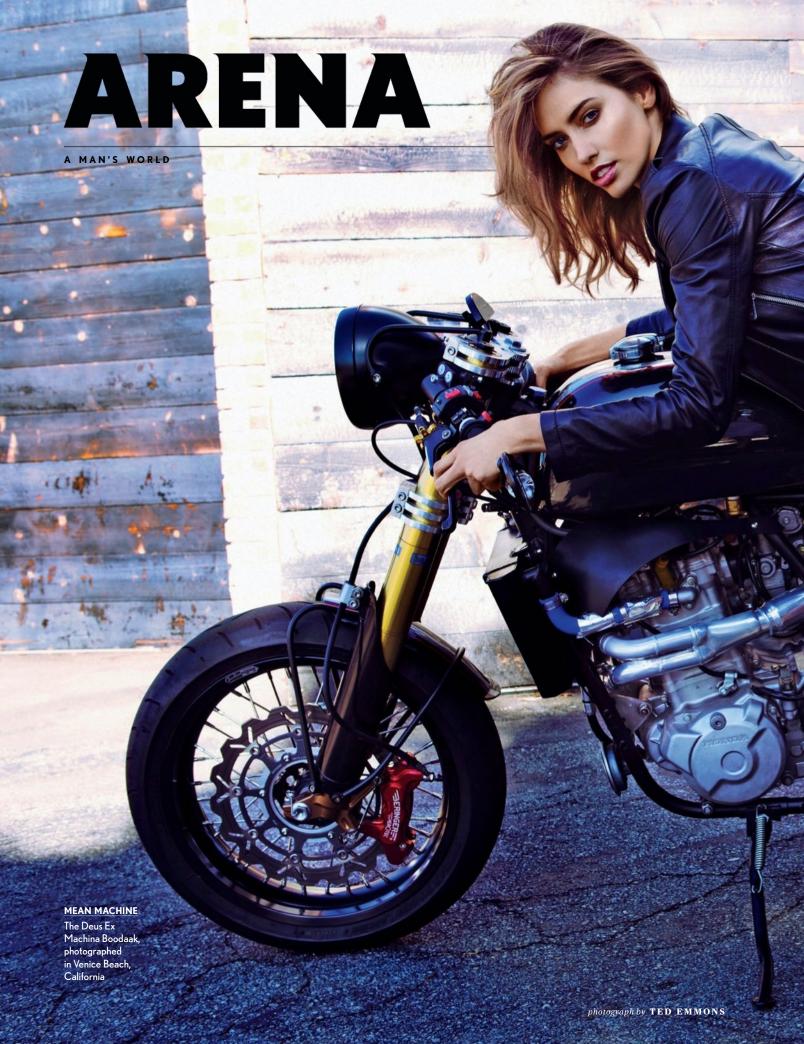
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DON'T BE ANTISOCIALFOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE







INSIDE

DEUS EX MACHINA'S NEW RIDE THE WIDE WORLD OF WHISKEY HOW TO SMOKE CIGARS IN STYLE A NIGHT OUT WITH KATIA WINTER



RISE OF THE MACHINA

Revel in the throwback style and screaming power of the hand-built Deus Ex Machina Boodaak. by JON ALAIN GUZIK Need proof that "retro-influenced" isn't code for "puny"? Try standing in earshot of the Deus Ex Machina Boodaak.

Its 650-cc single cylinder emits a sceneryshaking declaration that it's more than just another nostalgia-drenched café racer. (Boodaak is derived from the noise an engine makes as you roll on and off the throttle.) While its swept-back handlebars, exposed framework, bullet-style tank, and forwardleaning stance certainly nod to the strippeddown 1960s motorcycles that Euros raced from café to café, its racing-spec engine is built to move. Yanked from a Honda XR650R, it brings the bike to 120 mph with a single piston that pounds out a ton of torque. Handcrafted over 500 hours by Deus' Michael "Woolie" Woolaway, the one-of-a-kind Boodaak is a two-wheeled work of art. It represents a new class of custom café racers, and bike shops from Williamsburg to West Ventura are taking cues from Deus' classic café style and building big-muscled, ultraexclusive rides. The Boodaak and its brethren are meant to race-and are snarling, smokebelching proof that bespoke can still be bold.



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Every man who is serious about cigars should smoke these five superior stogies. Ultra-premium and standing the test of time, they rank among the best in the world. Score the Cubans while vacationing anywhere outside the U.S.and don't worry about "accidentally" leaving a few in your suitcase for the flight home. Hey, it happens!



1. COHIBA SIGLO VI

For many, Cohiba is synonymous with the Cuban cigar, and the Siglo VI arguably represents Cohiba at its most ambitious, luscious, and alluring. The Siglo line debuted in 1992, commemorating Columbus' discovery of Cuba in 1492. Subsequently, Siglos I through V each represented a century since the momentous event. This latest iteration, introduced in 2002, manages to be ultra-rich vet incredibly smooth. It's an unmatched wonder of tobacco blending

that towers over nearly every other smoke. (Call it the Puff Daddy, if you must.) TOBACCO: Cuban RING GAUGE: 52 LENGTH: 55% inches habanos.com

2. MONTECRISTO NO. 2

When a cigar is created in 1935 and remains one of Cuba's best-selling smokes nearly 80 years later, you know it's something special. Torpedoshaped, full-bodied and intensely flavorful, this cigar provides the ideal finish to an epic meal. Look for the label bearing a simple white-onbrown fleur-de-lis. товассо: Cuban RING GAUGE: 52 LENGTH: 61/8 inches habanos.com

3. DAVIDOFF ANIVERSARIO NO. 1

The first in an elite series of cigars, the Aniversario No. 1 is medium-bodied with rich flavors that remain consistent throughout the smoke. As soon as you slide it free of its handsome wooden tube, you'll be able to enjoy the easy draw and take in this grand double corona's woody aroma. TOBACCO: Dominican RING GAUGE: 48 LENGTH: 82/3 inches davidoff.com

4. PARTAGÁS SERIES E NO. 2

This stone-cold Cuban classic made a splash in 2011 with its notable heft, impressive girth, and formidable flavor.

The E is definitely not for guys who want to blend into the background. Light one up and enjoy instant baller status.

TOBACCO: Cuban
RING GAUGE: 54

LENGTH: 51/2 inches
habanosa.com

5. PADRÓN ANNIVERSARY SERIES 1964 DIPLOMATICO MADURO

Celebrated cigar company Padrón debuted this stogie to universal acclaim in 1994 to celebrate its 30th anniversary. Exuding a pleasing, complex mix of smooth flavor notes, it smokes as well today as it did when Pulp Fiction was in theaters. товассо: Nicaraguan **RING GAUGE: 50** LENGTH: 7 inches padron.com



zinoplatinum.com

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crave a so-called

V cut—a V-shaped

nip off the end that

can concentrate

the intensity of

the smoke. The

VX executes a

cut every time.

consistently clean

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Sometimes, instead



YOU'RE NOT LIGHTING A CIGARETTE, SO DON'T USE A STANDARD LIGHTER AND DON'T PRESS A MATCH DIRECTLY ONTO THE TOBACCO. INSTEAD, ADVISES MAURICIO CORDOBA, GENERAL MANAGER OF CLUB MACANUDO IN MANHATTAN, TOAST THE WRAPPER'S FRONT TIP WITH THE FLAME FROM A WOODEN MATCH OR TORCH LIGHTER, PUFF A FEW TIMES, AND IT MIGHT SPARK UP FROM THERE. IF NOT, GENTLY PUT THE FLAME TO THE CIGAR AT A 45-DEGREE ANGLE AND DRAW ON IT; THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK.





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exhilarating fashion and movement is always with me





1. BOURBON

Made from a grain mixture of at least 51 percent corn, the burgeoning golden child of American spirits is aged in charred, new oak barrels and bottled at no less than 80 proof. And by the way, bourbon doesn't *have* to be from Kentucky, though that state boasts a proud heritage of making some of the finest available.

TASTE: Mildly sweet with rich undertones and a hint of oakiness.

TWO TO TRY: Knob Creek, \$31;

Evan Williams Single Barrel, \$29

2. **RYE**

Rye is like bourbon's rough-hewn brother: It has a bit of sweetness but kicks the back of your throat with a distinctive spiciness, courtesy of the rye grain (it must be distilled from at least 51 percent, although most brands throw in a bit more to amp up its signature bite).

TASTE: Young batches are spicy and grainy; older ones can be redolent of pepper and mint.

TWO TO TRY: Templeton Rye, \$40; Wild Turkey 81 Rye, \$25

3. TENNESSEE

News flash: Jack Daniel's isn't bourbon... but it might as well be. The only difference between bourbon and Tennessee whiskey is the Lincoln County Process, or charcoal mellowing, a filtration step in which unaged whiskey is steeped in sugar maple charcoal chips before going into barrels for aging. TASTE: Mellower than bourbon, with hints of sweet corn.

TWO TO TRY: George Dickel Number 12, \$25; Gentleman Jack, \$30

4. SINGLE MALT

The youngest breed of American bourbon is made in the Scottish tradition (heating pregerminated malt barley, as opposed to distilling a grain mash), but many distillers are barreling it in fresh casks, so there's an extra oakiness to the final batch.

TASTE: Robust, malty, and full of flavor, with a dry finish.

TWO TO TRY: Westland American Single Malt, \$80; St. George Single Malt, \$80



1. SINGLE MALT

Made from 100 percent malted barley at a single distillery and aged in previously used oak barrels (which often contained sherry or port) for at least three years. Flavor varies by region: Single malts from the Highlands and Speyside are sweet and smooth; those made on Islay, where the malted barley is heated with peat, are far smokier.

TASTE: Wildly diverse. One could be light with grassy notes and hints of dried fruit; another may be full-bodied, with touches of chocolate, sherry, and smoke.

TWO TO TRY: Oban 14 Year Old, \$65 (Highland); Laphroaig Quarter Cask, \$55 (Islay)

2. BLENDED

The most popular type of scotch, it's a mixture of one or more types of single malt from various distilleries, blended for consistency. They could contain as many as 40 varieties, and their age reflects that of the youngest scotch featured.

TASTE: Depends on the blend, but most are characterized by an even-keeled sweetness, with less intensity than single malts.

TWO TO TRY: Johnnie Walker Double Black, \$42; Monkey Shoulder Blended Malt, \$30

TRISH WHISKEY 1 2 DEFENDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

1. SINGLE MALT

Irish single malts are made much the same way as scotch: from malted grains distilled and aged by a single distillery. But since they're almost always distilled at least twice, Irish single malts are a bit smoother. They're also usually aged in unused oak barrels, or those that previously held sherry.

TASTE: Clean and balanced, they're sweeter than bourbon but not as complex as scotch.

TWO TO TRY: Redbreast 15 Year Old, \$90; Powers John's Lane 12 Year Old, \$70

2. BLENDED

As in Scotland, Irish blends are made from several single malts mixed with other whiskeys for balance and consistency. Some are aged, others are not, but all possess a distinct flavor profile. Blended Irish whiskeys are more nuanced than many die-hard Jameson aficionados might assume.

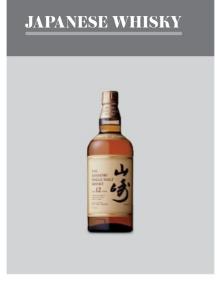
TASTE: Sweet and simple, with a rugged finish.

TWO TO TRY: Kilbeggan, \$24;

Two to try: Kilbeggan, \$24 Powers Gold Label, \$25

ABOUT THAT "E"

The spelling of the spirit varies from country to country. America and Ireland spell it whiskey, while Scotland, Japan, and Canada insist that it's whisky.



THE ASCENDANT SPIRIT

Like scotch? Chances are you'll like Japanese whisky, an increasingly popular spirit that is similarly distilled and comes in either single-malt or blended varieties.

TASTE: Smoky, smooth, and elegantly refined.
TWO TO TRY: Yamazaki 12 Year Single Malt,
\$60; Nikka Coffey Grain, \$70



ALWAYS IN THE MIX

Our Northern neighbors often distill at a very high 180 proof, which can create a more neutral spirit that lacks flavor. Sometimes derided as "brown vodka," even the better bottles are best used for mixing cocktails.

TASTE: Smooth and peppery, yet not as complex as American rye.
TWO TO TRY: Pendleton 1910, \$40;
J.P. Wiser's Rye, \$20



WINGS OF DESIRE

Bone up on America's most insanely addictive chicken wings.

by ALESSANDRA BULOW

With the kickoff of football season, we turn our focus to that quintessential gridiron guy food: the chicken wing.

Not all are created equal (we're talking to you, all-you-can-eat bar wings).

But thankfully, chefs are elevating the oncehumble snack to fiery new heights with lusty sauces, esoteric ingredients, and innovative cooking techniques. Behold the top 10 wings, from coast to coast. You're welcome, America.

PORTLAND, OR; NEW YORK CITY Ike's Vietnamese Fish Sauce Wings: Marinated in garlic, sugar, and fish sauce, chef Andy Ricker's mind-blowing masterpieces are deep-fried to golden perfection, then tossed in fish sauce, sugar, and chili paste before they're stippled with crispy garlic and served with cooling cucumbers, pickled vegetables, and

herbs. Pok Pok: the

greatest thing to happen

to wings since feathers?

1. POK POK

2. MISSION CHINESE FOOD SAN FRANCISCO

Chongging **Chicken Wings** Grab a cold beer before tackling chef Danny Bowien's incendiary tongue torchers. You're going to need it to chase the dry heat that builds with every bite of these ultracrispy wings loaded with cayenne, ground Szechuan peppercorns, cardamom, and fennel seed.

3. TALDE

NEW YORK CITY
Kung Pao
Chicken Wings
Former Top Chef
contestant Dale
Talde reinvents the
Chinese takeout
standby as a stickysweet, stoner-friendly
triumph slathered with
homemade kung
pao sauce and finished
with crispy peanuts,
fragrant cilantro, and
sliced scallions.

4. THE GREENHOUSE TAVERN

CLEVELAND Crispy Chicken Wings Confit Chef Jonathon Sawyer's super-juicy wings are cured for 36 hours, cooked on low heat in beef, chicken, and duck fat, and then air-dried for 24 hours-giving the skin an extra crunch when it's deep-fried. Then they're finished with charred jalapeño, house-made wheat beer vinegar, chopped raw garlic, and scallions.

5. HATTIE B'S HOT CHICKEN

NASHVILLE
Whole Hot
Chicken Wings
These cayenne-spiced
"hot chicken" standouts
are bathed in a
buttermilk-hot-sauce
batter before their
deep-fryer dip, then
brushed with chili
oil infused with secret
spices and served
with sliced white bread
and pickles.

6. ANCHOR BAR

BUFFALO
Original Buffalo
Chicken Wings
It's been 50 years since
Teressa Bellissimo
accidentally invented
the hallowed Buffalo
wing here. Deep-fried
until crispy-skinned,
they're simply tossed in
a mouthwatering mix of
melted butter and
Frank's RedHot sauce.

7. ROAST DETROIT

Smoked
Chicken Wings
After curing in a mixture
of paprika, coriander,
and cumin, chef Michael
Symon's wings are
cooked in pork fat,
deep-fried, and
drowned in a spicy Jim
Beam barbecue
sauce, then mated with
creamy, celery-saltflecked coleslaw.

8. HUSK

CHARLESTON, SC; NASHVILLE Wings of the Day
The menu is everchanging at chef Sean
Brock's hot spots, but
there's always room for
wings, ranging from
wood-fired and glazed
with mesquite barbecue
sauce and Virginia
spiced peanuts to hot
honey barbecue.

9. FEDERAL DONUTS

PHILADELPHIA
Whole Fried
Chicken Wings
Chef Michael
Solomonov doesn't
just make cake
doughnuts—he also
creates killer
Korean-style, twicefried whole uncut
wings in five flavors.
(Go for the
chili-garlic glaze.)

10. YUSHO

CHICAGO; LAS VEGAS Chicken Wings
At these Japanese-inspired yakitori dens, chef Matthias Merges grills wings over hissing flames, then adds honey, Thai chilli, bonito salt, and fresh lime juice. With wings this good, you don't need to embellish the no-frills name.





Americans ate
1.25 billion chicken
wings while
watching Super
Bowl XLVIII—
that's 100 million
pounds' worth.

If you live in Columbia, SC, you're 56 percent more likely to order chicken wings than residents of any other U.S. city. Fifty-one percent of Americans dip their wings in ranch dressing, while 32 percent prefer blue cheese. Molly Schuyler, a 120-pound Nebraska woman, gobbled 363 wings in 30 minutes to set the world record.

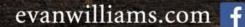


SMOOTHNESS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.





SERIOUSLY GOOD BOURBON.









Fox's Sleepy Hollow star on gators, globe-trotting, and getting the girl.

by SUSANNA GOOCH

"So it's just me, by myself, in Cape Fear River in the middle of the night," says Katia Winter, recalling filming in gatorinfested North Carolina waters for Fox's supernatural smash, Sleepy Hollow, in which she plays Ichabod Crane's witchy wife, Katrina. With her impossibly green eyes outshining the glittering backdrop of New York City's GoldBar, Winter takes a sip of her French 75. "The stunt guy said, 'Don't worry. We haven't seen any alligators today.' The water's black, and I'm looking at the surface for bubbles, waiting for a gator to pull me under. But that was good! I needed to be scared for the scene." A thrill-seeker by nature, Winter, 31, grew up in Stockholm with dreams of becoming a police officer-instead, at 16, she hit the road. "I wanted to see the world. I lived in Milan, Israel, Hamburg, Athens, and Barcelona. I ended up in London in drama school and dropped out after three months." Then came a series of buzzy British roles, most notably the coming-of-age indie Unmade Beds, best remembered for Katia's white-hot sex scene. She'll next share the big screen with Christian Bale, Natalie Portman, and Cate Blanchett in Terrence Malick's Knight of Cups. But just because she's poised for movie stardom doesn't mean she eschews regular dudes. "I'm an independent woman, but it's great to be taken care of," she says. "Being genuine is important, but it's always nice to get a compliment!"



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As the home of the hottest girls in the world, Maxim is always looking for fresh faces. If you think you have what it takes to be featured in the magazine, on Maxim.com or a model at our Maxim events, send us your photos for a chance to be considered.

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A SHAVE SHE'LL CRAVE

HOW TO BE TROUBLE-FREE WHEN IT COMES TO LIVING STUBBLE-FREE.

1. BRING THE HEAT

Always try to shave after a hot shower, as the moisture will soften your skin and open your pores. No time for a shower? Martial Vivot, owner of Manhattan's Salon Pour Hommes, has a quick-fix solution. He suggests wetting a hand towel, wringing it out, and placing it in the microwave

for 20 seconds. When it's good and warm, press it to your face. A few drops of lavender oil added to the cloth will relax the skin even more.

2. SCRUB

If you are prone to breakouts, consider using a face wash with microbeads, which will better infiltrate your pores. Squeeze a little of the soap onto your hands, then rub your face in a gentle, circular motion so as not to irritate the ole epidermis. "And be sure to clean your neck," says Vivot. "That's where most ingrown hairs are likely to occur."

3. MOISTURIZE

The ideal shave uses as few strokes as possible. To make the most of each swipe, you want your skin to be nice and slick. Choose a moisturizer based on the type of razor you own. If you wield one with two blades or less, opt for a cream with a thicker consistency. Three blades or more? Go lighter. "Anything denser can create deposits between the blades," says Vivot. "You'll make the razor difficult to rinse and the shave less effective."

4. LATHER UP

Spread the shaving cream on top of the moisturizer. Apply it with two fingers in a circular motion. This will not only coax your stubble into standing tall but also soften it up in preparation for a quick, painless death. "A good lather means creating a layer that doesn't have time to dry," says Vivot. Use a generous helping of product, assuming that half of it will remain on your face while the rest gets absorbed by the skin.

5. SHAVE

Start by shaving with the grain and then progress right to left, left to right, and finally against the grain. Stretch vour skin with your fingers to keep it as flat as possible and leave your 'stache for last: You want to let the shaving cream sink in to the areas where the whiskers grow the thickest," says Vivot.

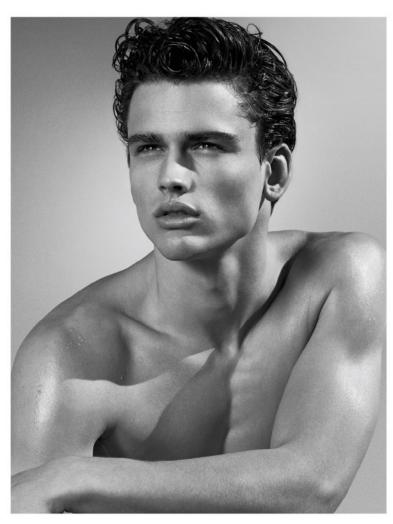




WHEN IT COMES TO POST-SHAVE CONDITIONING, TWO THINGS MATTER: SKIN TYPE AND TEMPERATURE. GREASY SKIN? STYLIST MARTIAL VIVOT SAYS: "WHEN YOUR SKIN IS OILY, STICK TO ALCOHOL-BASED PRODUCTS. THEY HELP DRY IT OF NATURAL OILS." IF YOUR SKIN IS ALREADY DRY-OR THE WEATHER IS SUCKING OUT ITS MOISTURE-USE A THICKER SHAVE BALM, WHICH WILL REHYDRATE YOUR SKIN. ALWAYS LOOK FOR ONE WITH AN SPF TO STAVE OFF WRINKLES.

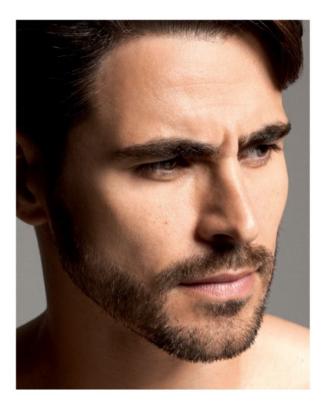


GIORGIO ARMANI





ACQUA DI GIÒ SCENT OF FREEDOM



UN-WEIRD YOUR BEARD

UNLESS YOU'RE
GOING FULL
GALIFIANAKIS,
EVERY TYPE OF
FACIAL FOLLICLE—
BE IT A FIVE
O'CLOCK SHADOW
OR A WELLKEMPT CARPET—
REQUIRES SPECIAL
ATTENTION.

1. KNOW THYSELF

Before you pick up the clippers, take a look at your face and note the manner in which your beard is growing. Study the pattern and sculpt accordingly. And pay attention, too, to that little voice inside your head: If you don't think a beard will look good on you, chances are it won't.

2. KEEP IT SANE

Don't go for the Teen Wolf look, When all is said and done. your whiskers should stretch no longer than a #5 clipper guard will allow: five eighths of an inch. That's a manageable growth, hardy enough to be trimmed into a distinctive style. Bonus tip: Use a bit of beard oil three days a week to maintain softness.

3. PATROL THE BORDERS

You want to look sophisticated, not slovenly. And that requires vigilance. Carefully protect the edges of your beard with a razor, lopping off any hairs that dare to reach outside the perimeter.

4. LIP SERVICE

No matter what style of beard you choose, make certain that your mouth always remains visible. (It's one of your best features.) Using scissors or tweezers, snatch up any encroaching hairs. And while you're at it, prune the strays in your nose, too. (She'll thank you for it.)

5. USE YOUR TONGUE

Certain spots on your face, like, say, the patch that sports your mustache, are difficult to reach with a pair of clippers, which means they are often groomed unevenly. Here's the solution to that problem: Apply some exfoliant to raise the hairs, then press your tongue against your upper lip to push out the skin and make it easier to access.

6. GET HOT

Whether vou're snipping stray hairs, performing a quick trim, or embarking on a major overhaul, it's always best to do so after a warm shower. A moisturerich shampoo also works well with the intense heat to soften your hair, open pores, andmost importantkeep your face clean.

FIND THE BEARD THAT FITS YOUR FACE



ROUND

You'll want a beard that softens the curves. Keep your chin scruff short and stick with some thicker borders from the sideburns down to give the appearance of a strong jawline.



SQUARE

If you're blessed with this type of chin, keep the length of your beard short, as too much growth will overshadow the natural lines of your face and make you look soft.



LONG

Opt for a beard that's fuller on the sides than it is around the mouth. This will accentuate the various planes of your face, bringing it all into proportion.







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TIMBERLAND MARKMAKERS #INMYELEMENT



This month MAXIM features
Timberland MARKMAKERS—people
who've made their mark on the world
of fashion, art, music and culture.

Style influencer Sean Sullivan of @ImpossibleCool continues to set the bar for current men's style in his work as a fashion photographer, director and filmmaker. Inspired by iconic black and white images of the past, Sean favors modern interpretations of classic looks.

"Style is classic and simple. It's timeless. And that's what I try to get with my photography. When I'm out shooting, that's when I'm most in my element."

SEAN SULLIVAN

See the video at Timberland.com/MARKMAKERS

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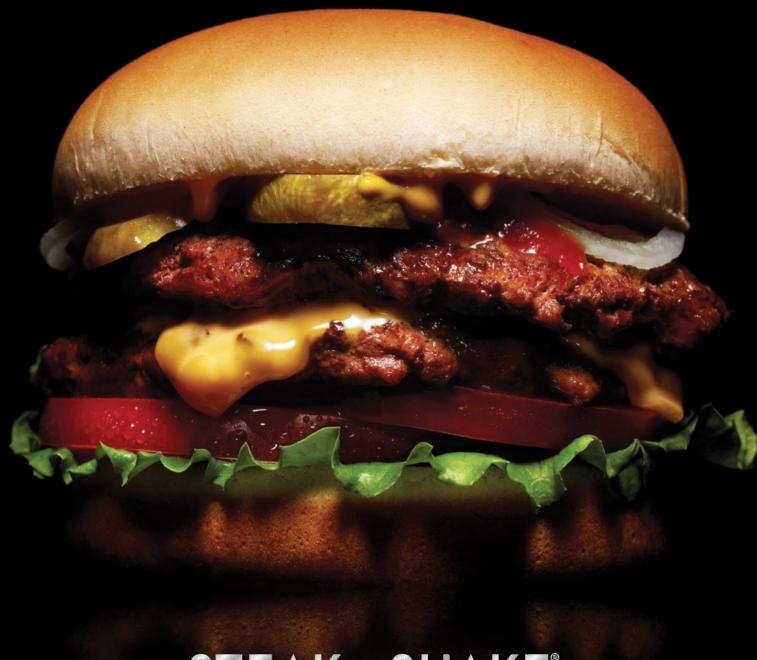




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AGENDA

MAN WITH A PLAN





SIN IS IN (From left) A dancer works the pole at Crazy Horse III; the \$114 punch bowl at the Downtown Cocktail Room.



Hippest Haunts

NOT INTO VELVET ROPES AND EDM BEATS? HEAD DOWNTOWN TO THESE OFF-THE-STRIP HOT SPOTS.

Soak up a sexy speakeasy vibe at the DOWNTOWN COCKTAIL ROOM. If you're rolling with a sizable entourage, the \$114 bowl of punch is a solid (liquid) investment. thedowntownly.com

Buy that special someone a retro girly drink (or three) at FRANKIE'S TIKI ROOM. Try the Mai Tai or the more adventurous Mu'u Mu'u Mary (garnished with Spam and a hard-boiled quail egg). Then revel in the dim, smoky vibe of this Polynesian-themed dive. frankiestikiroom.com

Hit VELVETEEN RABBIT for handcrafted cocktails like the Smokin' Granny, made with mezcal and flavored with jalapeño, cilantro, and curry bitters. Expect weekly parties and live music that caters to the cool set. facebook.com/velveteenrabbitlv

For an exclusive evening of boozing, find the secret phone number to LAUNDRY ROOM. This private lounge hidden within sister establishment commonwealth is perfect for impressing discerning dates.

Skin City

THE SULTRIEST STRIP CLUBS IN THE WEST.

SPEARMINT RHINO

The reigning king of Las Vegas topless temples is a perfectly appropriate place to bring an adventurous lady friend for late-night cocktails and lap dances. The only-in-Vegas happy "hour" lasts from 6 A.M. until 7 P.M., with drinks running just \$4. spearmintrhinolv.com

CRAZY HORSE III

Operating as a de facto after-hours bar, this is where superstar DJs Skrillex, Diplo, and Tiësto unwind after their sets at the megaclubs on the Strip. Free limo service to the club is available. But as it's firstcome, first-served, booking at least 24 hours in advance is best. crazyhorse3.com

SAPPHIRE

At 70,000 square feet, Sapphire stands out as the world's biggest strip club-there can be as many as 400 dancers peeling down over the course of a single night. For an even more surreal scene, check out Ping Pong Palooza, the club's annual topless table-tennis tournament, happening this month. sapphirelasvegas.com

THE POKER PRO

"IF YOU WANT TO LIE LOW, GO TO THE SECOND **OR THIRD** FLOOR OF THE **CHANDELIER**

BAR AT THE COSMOPOLITAN -YOU WON'T FIND A BETTER **GIN MARTINI** IN THE CITY."

Antonio "the Magician" Esfandiari, Ultimate Poker Brand Ambassador



WHEN \mathbb{I} VEGAS

Prime bottle-

service tables can be booked up to a month in advance, so reserve a banquette on your preferred club's site as soon as you book your room...

Leave a hot club

at 3 A.M. and the taxi line will be buzzkillingly long. Pay \$70 to \$100 for a limo. or slip the cab valet \$20, and he'll whisk you to the front...

If you need to bribe your way into a club, figure on tipping the doorman \$20 for each person in your group. (You'll still need to pay the entry fee on top of that.)

Hit "Industry Night" whenever it's advertised-the crowd will be loaded with locals who party hard and score free drinks from cocktailwaitress pals...

The fewer guys in

your group, the less time you'll wait in line (duh). Dress well, in a button-down or fitted blazer, cool jeans, and, yes, good shoes... (CONT. ON NEXT PG)

THE LAST WALLET OR MONEY CLIP YOU WILL EVER BUY



The Carbon Fiber RFID-Blocking* Le Mans ZCLIP® Lighter than Paper - Stronger than Steel - Guaranteed to Last



Essential Eats

FROM SWANKY STEAKHOUSES TO GUT-BUSTING BUFFETS, HERE'S WHERE TO FUEL UP FOR A WILD WEEKEND IN VEGAS.

DINNERS FOR WINNERS

For a proper sit-down with the boys, book a table at chef Tom Colicchio's HERITAGE STEAK (The Mirage). The ash-roasted bone marrow and Tabasco-seasoned Kobe skirt steak will sate your inner caveman with class. Or fill up at the BACCHANAL BUFFET (Caesars). Its massive spread includes 500 items daily and practically requires a GPS to navigate. Just off the Strip, THE BARRYMORE (Convention Center Drive) celebrates oldschool Vegas with stiff martinis, classic dishes (think steak béarnaise and sweetbreads), and a midcentury motif worthy of Frank Sinatra.

LATE-NIGHT BITES

Every weekend at PHO KIM LONG (Spring Mountain Road, 24 hours), gaggles of party girls in body-con dresses teeter on stilettos as they tuck into post-club Vietnamese grub. If you're in the strip-club district, head to ROLLIN SMOKE BARBEQUE (South Highland Drive, till 1:30 A.M.) for the city's best Southern grub. The \$24.99 all-you-can-eat special is the only way to go. Scenesters who prefer downtown Vegas will want an outdoor table at LE THAI (Fremont Street, Fri.-Sat. till 2 A.M.) to soak up the scene over pork jerky and Chang beer. Back on the Strip, a local outpost of New York's BROOKLYN BOWL (The LINQ, Fri.-Sat. till 3 A.M.) serves superb Mexican pork rinds and French-bread pizzas.

THE MORNING AFTER

Cure a crippling hangover at LA CAVE (Wynn), where the New York deli-style egg sandwich and poutine-ified tater tots smothered in brown gravy are tasty restoratives. Craving eye-opening Mexican? Grab a poolside seat at BORDER GRILL (Mandalay Bay) for killer smoked brisket chilaquiles and a Border Bacon Mary made with red pepper-infused vodka.





FEAST YOUR EYES

(From top) The Mahogany Smoked Rib Platter Special at Rollin Smoke Barbeque; Holly Madison hits the lanes at Brooklyn Bowl.



"VISIT **ROSE RABBIT LIE AND ORDER THE CLOUDS** BELOW HOKKAIDO (SOJU, NORI, YUZU, SAKE). IT'S SERVED **ONLY IN** A ROOM THEY **CALL THE** STUDY, WHICH IS A SMALL **BAR HIDDEN BEHIND** A WALL."

David Middleton Executive Chef. db Brasserie (Venetian)



WHEN \mathbb{I} **VEGAS** Not in the mood

for a daytime disco nap? Marquee, Encore Beach Club. and the bikini-topoptional Bare are three decadent "day club" pool parties...

If you want to

draw female attention to your nightclub table, order a big bottle of Champagne (the ladies love it!). Perrier-Jouët rosé is a good deal...

iPhone app

PartyPetition lets you bid on what you're willing to spend atand hope to get from-specific clubs. It also lists where top DJs are spinning...

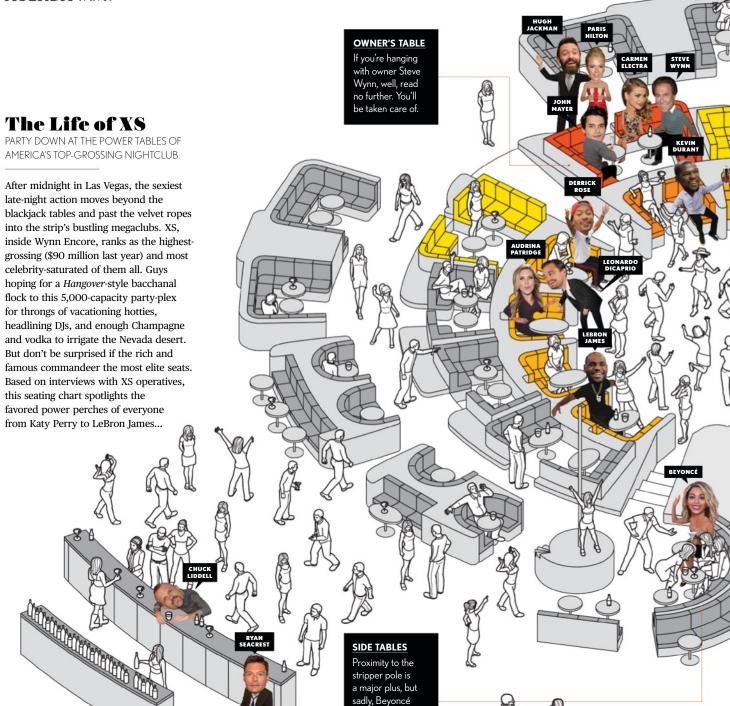
Stay at the hotel

where your favorite club is located. Even if you don't have a table booked, the concierge should be able to arrange for line passes...

The two Panorama

Towers condo buildings on Dean Martin Drive are home to countless Sin City strippers (just in case you were wondering).





didn't swing on it when she took over this table with a gaggle of gal pals.

GET LUCKY!

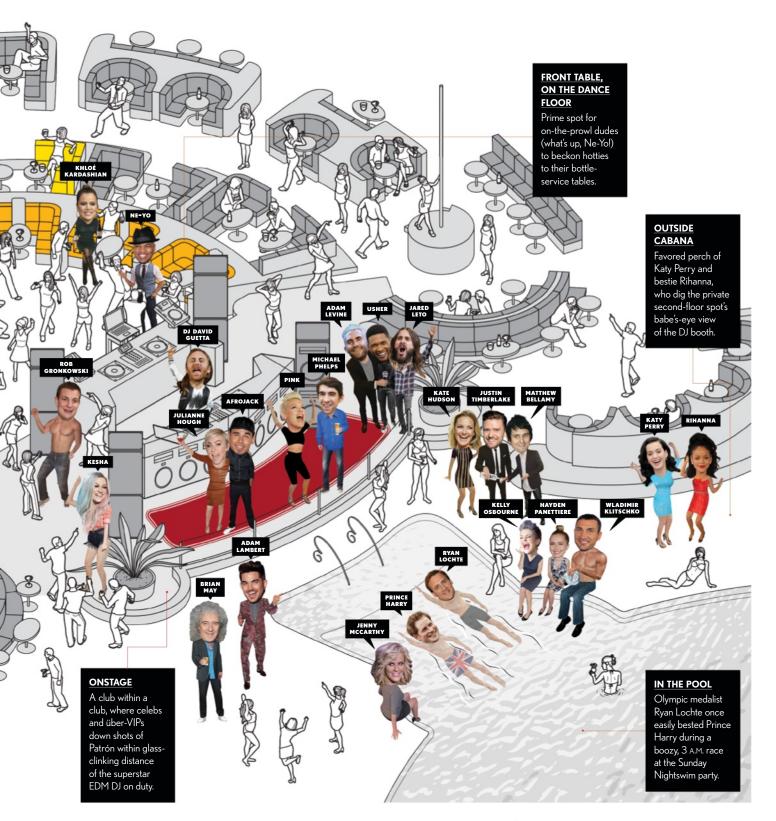
CLUB INSIDERS ON HOW TO WIN BIG IN SIN CITY.

BOOK A TABLE AS CLOSE TO THE DJ AS POSSIBLE

"That's where the action is," says Brandon Roque, a veteran club promoter and marketing director at Crazy Horse III. "You'll get there by knowing the right hosts or spending the right amount of money."

DINE AT A CLUB-CONNECTED RESTAURANT

For XS, it's Botero; for Surrender, it's Andrea's; for Light, it's Kumi; for Marquee and Tao, it's Tao restaurant. "Before you're done eating," says Jesse Waits, managing partner of XS, "ask to see the manager and request that he help with entry."



UNLEASH YOUR BOTTLE-SERVICE **HOST TO FIND GIRLS**

Once you've ordered that ice bucket full of booze, he'll happily recruit attractive ladies to help drink it. If they're boring, he'll politely shuffle them away and find a fresh set. "This is one situation in which guys call the shots," says VIP host Jay Farber. "There are lots of girls looking for tables and free drinks."

PARTY LIKE A VIP WITHOUT **SPENDING LIKE JAY Z**

Roque says that if a group of 10 guys spend \$5,000 total, "they'll pretty much get what they want and have a great time. Then, when their night at the club is over, they will comp a party bus and send them to a strip club."

THE HOT SEATS

THE TOP FIVE SPOTS THAT WILL PUT YOU ON PAR WITH THE RICH AND FAMOUS.

1.Onstage 2.The behind the DJ is the most elite area at XS.

3. The table 4. The inner 5. Either of in front of circle the owner's around the flanking the

the two tables dance floor. owner's table. (Get in with Wynn, OK?)



Megaclub Confidential

XS ISN'T THE ONLY VEGAS BEHEMOTH WORTH BOOKING A TABLE AT. HERE'S THE LOWDOWN ON FIVE OTHER HOT SPOTS.

DRAI'S

Besides affording an unbeatable view of the Strip, this 65,000-square-foot fun house has a stunning interior of shiny black booths, mirrored columns, and imitation-crocodile upholstery adorning top-tier VIP tables behind the DJ booth. Many clubs augment bottle service with sparklers; at Drai's, those who drop enough cash (somewhere in the mid five figures) get a full-on fireworks display over the Strip. Rooftop of the Cromwell; *draisly.com*

LIFE

While top DJs such as Dirty South and Pete Tong provide the beats, bottle-service deliveries drop down from the ceiling at this 20,000-square-foot dance den built on the site of former Rat Pack hangout the Sahara, on the north end of the Strip. Choose a booth on either side of the DJ or one of six booths behind him. A pair of VIP balconies are discreetly tucked away and feature ultra-private entrances. Inside SLS Las Vegas; lifenightclub.com

TAO

Stroll past seemingly naked bathing beauties covered in rose petals as you head upstairs and into the 60,000-square-foot club, where you'll see sexy aerialists and throngs of glow-stick-waving revelers. The best table is on the dance floor, right next to the catwalk, where scantily clad dancers provide ample eye candy. Inside the Venetian; *taolasvegas.com*

HAKKASAN

Reserve a table at the Vegas home of Tiësto, Calvin Harris, and other roof-raising EDM headliners who play at this 60,000-square-foot behemoth. Among Hakkasan's staffers are "mood directors" charged with providing one-of-a-kind experiences for deep-pocketed customers. Score a booth onstage, right alongside the DJ, for maximum baller status. Inside MGM Grand; hakkasanlv.com

LIGH

Keep your eyes on the ceiling of this 38,000-square-foot club, where Cirque du Soleil performers swoop from rope to rope executing death-defying acrobatics. Snag a table next to the DJ for maximum attention, and spend big for über-VIP interactions with the aerialists. Inside Mandalay Bay; thelightvegas.com



THE COCKTAIL
CONNOISSEUR

"SURRENDER

IS KIND OF A WELL-KEPT SECRET, AS IT GETS LOST BEHIND XS. HAVE TARA MIX YOU ONE OF HER SIGNATURE MARGARITAS— YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED."

Tony Abou-Ganim Author, The Modern Mixologist





Kenny Chesney's mantra is simple: "I work really hard and try to play harder." When he's not on tour, the 46-year-old country superstar spends much of the year at his island-paradise hideout on St. John, and his embrace of the relaxed-fit, it's-always-happyhour lifestyleincluding his own brand of rum, Blue Chair Bay-has caught on: He's sold more than 30 million albums, his tours have grossed more than \$735 million in ticket sales, and he has 24 number one singles. He'll be on tour in 2015 behind a new album, The Big Revival, but if you can't wait, here are a few shortcuts to living like Chesney.

MORE RUM MEANS MORE REPS.

"My drink of choice is rum, which is not something you should drink if you want to be lean. Nothing makes me happier than a few rum drinks. When I'm not on the road, I'm usually on a boat or the beach, with a girl. And a guitar."

ADRENALINE IS LIKE A LINE OF METH.

After a concert, "it takes me hours to relax." Why not wind down with a good book? "I haven't read a book in years. I love to read, but my mind goes in a lot of different places, because I'm constantly multitasking."

PRETEND THAT YOU'RE NOT FAMOUS.

For celebrities in the social-media age, "your life is a spectator sport." Aside from a few stumbles (most notably, a quickly scrapped 2005 marriage to Renée Zellweger), Chesney survives by treating his boldface persona like it's Batman. "You need some ego to be onstage and be great at it. But I don't bring that into my personal life. I like meeting that guy up there onstage, but it's almost like we're two different people."

TO MAKE COUNTRY MUSIC, IGNORE COUNTRY MUSIC.

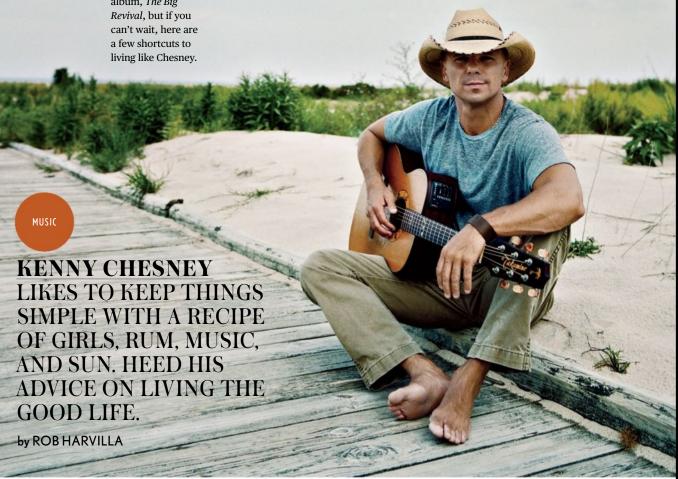
"I don't listen to country," he says. Regarding "bro country," the current knuckleheads-in-trucks fad that dominates the radio waves, he views it as a passing phase. "There are some great songs and some horrible songs. But the music I've made has nothing to do with it."

A CHEESEBURGER IS PARADISE.

"I love to eat and drink, and I love red wine and carbohydrates. And cheese! Once a tour is over, I throw my diet out the window. It's a lot of fun to chomp into a cheeseburger at 11 in the morning, when a beach bar opens, after you haven't eaten a cheeseburger all year."

NEVER RULE OUT THE POSSIBILITY OF PARTYING.

How many times, in 2015, will Chesney reach "seventh gear," his term for maximum alcohol enjoyment? "Not many times, if at all." But it's hard to change completely, so Chesney reconsiders his answer: "Well, maybe New Year's Eve."





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AGENDA



HBO'S BOARDWALK EMPIRE, NOW IN ITS FINAL SEASON, FEATURES SCORES OF ICONIC CHARACTERS LOOSELY DRAWN FROM REAL LIFE. BUT WHAT WENT DOWN WITH THE ACTUAL NUCKY, CHALKY, AND LUCKY? READ ON.

by ADAM LINEHAN

TALE OF THE TAPE

Terence Winter's Prohibition-era mob epic was never meant to be a historically accurate period piece, but *Boardwalk* still offers plenty for history buffs to chew on. As the final season nears its climax, we probe some of the show's infamous figures to reveal the reality behind them.

THE GANGSTER

THE SHOW

THE HISTORY

CHARLES
"LUCKY"
LUCIANO



Charles "Lucky"
Luciano (Vincent
Piazza) reluctantly
confesses to his
doctor that the STD
he contracted
intentionally to avoid
military service makes
it difficult to keep it up.



The legendary "boss of bosses," Luciano did indeed infect himself with gonorrhea to avoid the trenches of WWI. A gamble? You bet.
Today, the clap can be cured with antibiotics. But back in Luciano's day, treatment involved using a needle to inject a toxic drug directly into the urethra. Lucky never publicly admitted to erectile dysfunction but did claim to abstain from promiscuity to avoid spreading the STD.

AL CAPONE



Tough guy Al Capone (Stephen Graham) movingly struggles with the fact that his son is deaf.



By the time a 19-year-old Al Capone and his future wife conceived their first child, he had already contracted the syphilis that would be the catalyst for his death in 1947. As a result, his son, Albert "Sonny" Capone, was born with congenital syphilis, which caused a mastoid infection in his left ear at age 8. Unfortunately for Sonny, the pricey operation that saved his life also left him partly deaf.

ALBERT
"CHALKY"
WHITE



Albert "Chalky"
White (Michael K.
Williams), an
African-American,
rises to power
in a predominantly
white criminal
underworld.



White is very loosely based on Albert "Chalky" Wright, a skilled boxer from Willcox, Arizona, who spent the bulk of his career fighting on the East Coast. He won the world featherweight title in 1941 and was considered by Muhammad Ali to be one of the greatest fighters of all time. Wright also doubled as a chauffeur for actress-singer Mae West, with whom he may have had an affair.

ENOCH "NUCKY" THOMPSON



Enoch "Nucky" Thompson (Steve Buscemi) rules Atlantic City through a brutal army of assassins, gangsters, and crooked officials.



Like Thompson, Enoch "Nucky" Johnson made a fortune off gambling, prostitution, and bootlegging, and indulged an appetite for liquor and loose women during his 30-year reign in Atlantic City. But the famously gregarious Johnson leveraged his position as the most powerful Republican in New Jersey without the aid of bullets and hitmen.



HAIR, DAMIAN MONZILLO/ARTMIX; MAKEUP, INGEBORG/OPUS BEAUTY USING BECCA COSMETICS. LINGERIE, COSABELLA

EMPORIUM

WHAT MEN WANT





EMPORIUM home entertainment



A SET WITH SERIOUS CURVES

Samsung UHD HU9000

Go ahead and stare: The gentle, end-to-end curve of the 65-inch Samsung UHD HU9000 (previous page) is meant to draw eyes. Yet the 4K set's bold contours are designed for more than mere aesthetics—they wrap you in its ultra-resolution picture, ridding your pupils of peripheral distractions and providing an Imax-like level of immersion. In terms of picture quality, the HU9000 is rich and well balanced, thanks in part to built-in sensors that buff up contrast and color.

screen enhancement: One big problem with 4K TVs? There's not that much high-res content apart from a few movies and Netflix streams. The HU9000 has the best upscaling we've seen in a next-gen set, adding detail and pixels to regular HD content to make it look almost 4K-like. \$6,000; samsung.com



THE HYPER-REAL TELEVISION

Sony X900B

It's not about how many pixels you have; it's how you use them. And the X900B employs all eight million to generate the hands-down best picture of any ultra-res set around. Credit goes to its local dimming tech, which maximizes the contrast between the bright and dark elements in the picture. Everything from playoff football to Proactiv commercials appears fully rendered and complete. Katy Perry's pores never looked so stunning. SOUND DESIGN: Most TVs can barely play the Price Is Right soundtrack without distortion. The X900B brings the noise: Its six speakers, which tuck seamlessly into the slim design, kick out 65 watts of combined power. They're loud enough to replace a soundbar. \$4,000; store.sony.com



THE BUDGET SET TO BUY

Vizio E-Series

The Vizio E-Series is by far the best mix of performance and price available. No, the 60-inch set doesn't have 4K resolution, 3-D support, or a fancy remote. But it *does* have features typically found only in much more expensive TVs, including local LED dimming for better black levels and configuration settings rarely seen at this price. Think full color management, motion-blur reduction, and grayscale control. All of that makes it an incredible bargain.

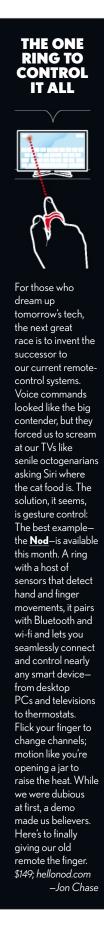
CONNECTION: No need to buy a separate media box: Thanks to its built-in wi-fi, the Vizio comes equipped with a selection of streaming apps, including Netflix, Amazon, and YouTube. \$900; vizio.com



THE MOST INTELLIGENT SMART TV

LG 55LB7200

 $Most \ smart \ TVs \ are \ really \ pretty \ dumb,$ offering a suite of connected apps but a clogged interface. This wi-fi-connected 55-incher is the rare exception. In addition to its beautiful picture and extrawide viewing angle, its webOS system is efficient and smooth, with an interface that pops up as a scrolling line of subtle, colorful tiles. It strings your most recent apps and features along the left of the timeline-like row of cards, predicts the apps you're most likely to want to use next, and suggests content based on your viewing habits. **ULTIMATE CONTROL:** The included magic remote works via voice commands and allows you simply to aim it, laser-pointer-style, at any tile or button on-screen to trigger it. \$1,600; lg.com



STREAM MACHINES

THEY WON'T MAKE YOU CUT YOUR CABLE, BUT THE LATEST STREAMING DEVICES ARE SMARTER AND MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN EVER, ABLE TO QUICKLY SORT THROUGH THE MASS OF AVAILABLE CONTENT. ARE THEY PERFECT? NO. BUT THEY MAKE IT EASIER TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT. AND THAT'S HALF THE BATTLE.



BEST FOR TRAVELERS

Slingbox M1

Always on the road? You can still catch The Walking Dead. While it's not a traditional streaming box, the M1 takes the signal from your cable box and sends it to the Internet, where it can stream to your phone, tablet, or laptop. You can access DVR recordings or live sports, and control it all via an on-screen copy of your precious remote control. \$150; sling.com



BEST FOR STEVE JOBS DEVOTEES

Apple TV

Apple's slim device is still the simplest to use out of the box, and in addition to accessing services like HBO Go and Netflix, it's the only one that allows you to stream the content sitting in your iTunes account to your flatscreen. If you're an iOS user, there's nothing better. \$99; apple.com



BEST FOR CABLE-TV HOLDOUTS

Xbox One

Consider the Xbox One an allseeing, all-hearing entertainment ecosystem. Along with access to nearly every streaming service, the console plugs right into your cable box, allowing you to jump seamlessly from a Parks and Recreation marathon to NFL RedZone via your voice or the toggle of a joystick. Oh yeah, it plays Halo, too. \$399; xbox.com



BEST FOR THE CHANNEL OBSESSED

Roku 3

The puck-size Roku is the best all-around streaming box for anyone who doesn't want to take a loyalty oath to Apple. In addition to its smart, easy-to-scroll-through interface, it includes the usual streaming suspects, from Netflix to HBO Go to Hulu Plus, as well as access to more than 1,000 other channels, such as The Man Network and Car TV. \$99; roku.com

THE KEY TO FREE CABLE

The dirty little secret about television channels? Their digital, over-the-air signals are just floating around above us, waiting to be snatched up. And you don't need a cable box to capture them. Instead, pick up an HD television antenna. Something simple, such as the AmazonBasics HDTV Antenna (\$36; amazon.com), will do the job. The antenna sucks in a batch of local channels that actually appear better than those overcompressed, noisy signals the cable companies try to pass off as HD, because you're not cramming 500 of them through an ancient coaxial cable. Go to dtv.gov/ maps to see a list of the channels you can pick up in your area. And don't worry: It just feels like stealing.



GRIDIRON ON THE GO

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT ON YOUR COUCH DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T BE FACE-DEEP IN THE ACTION. Fall Sundays are for football. But sometimes a day spent on the couch screaming at your team's linebackers because they can't seem to get it through their thick skulls to wrap up during a tackle just isn't in the cards. Luckily, we live in an age where you can watch the hometown favorite from anywhere, on any device.

Have **DirecTV**? Pony up for the NFL Sunday Ticket Max (\$55 a month). With it, you'll be able to live-stream all out-of-market games, the action-only Red Zone channel, and the new Fantasy Zone, directly to your phone, tablet, or computer, If not, check out the new **NFL Now** service to get bite-size highlights of your favorite teams and players. It also has a deep vault of past games, which comes in handy when you want to rub it in your buddy's face that it was, in fact, Franco Harris, not Julio Franco, who caught the Immaculate Reception. While a lot of content is offered for free, the premium **NFL Now Plus** (\$1.99 a month) offers a meatier sampling. And on those Mondays when you're chained to your desk

finishing up quarterly reports, turn to the WatchESPN app to view the Monday Night Football action. You have to have a cable subscription to access it, but the app broadcasts fast and stutter-free, so you'll be able to see every snap and scantily clad cheerleader in real time. Just try to keep the cheering to a minimum.

-John Sciarrino

Don't miss out on a last-minute meeting or a late-night rendezvous because your phone is dead. We tested the latest portable power packs and found the five best options for bringing your gadgets back to life.

by STAN HORACZEK

1 IBATTZ MOJO BATTSTATION OPTIMUS 20400

One of the strongest, lightest reserves around, the Optimus weighs about a pound but packs a 20,400 mAh battery—good for resuscitating a dead phone up to eight times or nearly any tablet twice. \$130; ibattz.com

2. BRAVEN BRV-BANK

Drop it, dunk it, defile it—this battery is designed for abuse. And there's a serious brain beneath its military-spec skin: The unit charges two

devices at once, and it syncs with your phone, so you can manage the power supply. It also has a flashlight and bear siren, in case you have one hell of a night. \$130; braven.com

3. JUNOJUMPR

Road warriors rejoice: This charger's phone-resurrecting 6,000 mAh battery can also rejuvenate your ride. Connect the 12-volt jumper cables (included) and it will start a dead car in a matter of minutes. \$100; junopower.com

4. ANKER 2ND GEN ASTRO PRO2

The Astro is built for business. Smart enough to know you're reviving, say, a tablet, it customizes its output to provide the fastest, most efficient charge. That dead iPhone? It's good to go before you know it. \$160; ianker.com

5. ETON BOOST TURBINE 2000

This 2,000 mAh power pack has an extra backup: a built-in hand crank. Two minutes of winding fuels 30 seconds of talk or text time—and works out that sore shoulder. \$70; etoncorp.com



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THINK LIKE A BILLIONAIRE

Thanks to <u>Bill Gates</u>, a long-forgotten work by *The New Yorker's* John Brooks became a must-read classic.

by CHRIS RAYMOND

AS THE STORY GOES, Bill Gates borrowed a copy of the book from Warren Buffett back in 1991 and so enjoyed the decades-old tales of entrepreneurial derring-do (and don't) that he never bothered to return it. Last July, Gates decided to rescue the 45-year-old work from obscurity by penning a short tribute to it on his blog. He shared the post with *The Wall Street Journal*. And within days, John Brooks' *Business Adventures* was the hottest book in America. It remains, Gates wrote, "the best business book I've ever read."

Hot on the tail of the tech titan's endorsement, Open Road Media rushed a digital version of the book to market. Before the publisher could even print the paperback edition, it had climbed to the top of Amazon's best-seller list. Used copies of the original hardcover sprang up on the site priced at \$3,000. If Gates and Buffett, two of the best minds of our time, both loved it, the thinking



went, then surely *Business Adventures* must contain some nuggets of wisdom—maybe even the secret to the billionaires' success.

And in fact, a host of luminaries have praised Brooks' work over the years. The economist John Kenneth Galbraith. Investor Carl Icahn. James K. Glassman, a visiting fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. According to Jason Pontin, editor and publisher of the *MIT Technology Review*, the book could be found making the rounds in London in the '90s. "People like JDF Jones, the [late] foreign editor of *Financial Times*, would give you a copy to read and tell you, 'This is how it's done,'" he says.

In the age of Twitter, an era when wisdom comes in short, pithy bites, *Business Adventures* is an anomaly: a collection of 12 long-form stories published in *The New Yorker* between 1959 and 1969. As Gates warns, "Brooks didn't boil his work down into pat how-to lessons or simplistic explanations for success." To draw conclusions from his reporting, you must be prepared to read the whole thing. But even hard-core numbers guys will take to Brooks' gift for storytelling.

In the author's hands, insider-trading scandals and price-fixing schemes become riveting case studies: rich, layered dramas plucked from the days of *Mad Men*. A novelist at heart, Brooks has a sharp eye for the flawed inner logic of the Organization Man. "Business Adventures is as much about the strengths and weaknesses of leaders in challenging circumstances as it is about the particulars of one business or another," writes Gates. It's "really about human nature, which is why it has stood the test of time."

In what is perhaps his most famous *New Yorker* piece, Brooks skillfully discounts the conventional wisdom that Ford's famous failure, the Edsel, went belly-up because of some obvious lapse in judgment. The team of men who designed it were in fact supremely talented. What derailed their creation in the end was not a fatal design flaw but rather a series of miscues—routine delays, misplaced hunches, and a Sputnik-inspired dip in consumer confidence—that combined to stir up a deadly storm, the kind that's been known to upend companies like AOL and Circuit City. "The Edsel program, like any other project planned for future markets, was

BUSINESS
ADVENTURES IS
ABOUT "THE
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WEAKNESSES OF
LEADERS IN
CHALLENGING
CIRCUMSTANCES,"
WRITES GATES.
"IT'S REALLY ABOUT
HUMAN NATURE,
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IT HAS STOOD THE
TEST OF TIME."

based on the best information available at the time," one member of the effort tells Brooks. Another adds, in Silicon Valley-like fashion, "The people who came [up] with Edsel knew they were taking a chance, and I like people who'll take chances."

Gates clearly sides with that camp. In his blog post, he highly recommends Brooks' Xerox story, which explains in detail how the 32-year-old son of a Swedish barber, working in the kitchen above a Queens bar, came up with a way to create the modern copy machine, unleashing the most spectacular business success story of the 1960s, "Brooks' article tells an important part of the company's early story," writes Gates. "He shows how it was built on original, outsidethe-box thinking, which makes it all the more surprising that as Xerox matured, it would miss out on unconventional ideas developed by its own researchers"-ideas that Microsoft and Apple would later use to make their own groundbreaking products.

For Buffett, the book's must-read story is Brooks' take on GE's 1961 price-fixing scandal, which unfolds in delightful tongue-in-cheek prose as a discourse on the perils of corporate communication—or, in the author's words, "the difficulty of getting a thought out of one head and into another." In the article, Brooks reveals how a series of unmistakable

winks from their superiors led midlevel executives to defy the company's antitrust policy—not to mention direct orders from the firm's president. In the end, three of those executives earned prison terms, while eight others received suspended sentences.

It would be easy to sit back and pillory such misdeeds, but like his great hero, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Brooks painstakingly lays out the scene and gives his characters a chance to explain themselves, to explore the vagaries of SEC oversight and federal income tax laws. He expertly records and relates the financial follies that men like Buffett revel in exploiting. To Brooks, the stock market is "a sociological test tube, forever contributing to the human species' self-understanding."

And indeed, a brief survey of modern-day readers reveals the author's power in capturing those revelations. "I found myself over and over again having epiphanies. Like, *Oh, my God, I bet that's what happened in this other case,*" says Eric Gibbons, who bought the book shortly after the software startup he works for was purchased by Twitter. And to Gibbons' point, it's hard to read Brooks' prose without spotting the links between Ford and Apple, Xerox and Microsoft, the stock market crash of 1962 and the crash of 2008. The themes of disruption and risk assessment are no less relevant.

Brooks, who died in 1993 at age 72, clearly had a well-tuned antenna for the drama of his day, perhaps a by-product of his military service as a radar operator. He grew up in Depression-era New Jersey, went to college at Princeton, and served in the Air Force during World War II. In his career at *The New Yorker*, he authored 10 books on business and finance—not to mention three novels. At his best, he took complicated topics and motives and made them easy to understand.

And so, 21 years after he passed away. Brooks' work has been granted a second life. Like so many of his stories, this one has an unsung hero: literary agent Craig Tenney, who represents the Brooks estate for Harold Ober Associates. "I'm kind of like a secret agent," he says, noting that he specializes in rescuing long-forgotten titles. When Tenney read last April that a best-selling author had a copy of Brooks' Once in Golconda sitting at his bedside, he had a hunch Brooks was ready for a comeback. On the day he learned about Gates' plans to endorse Business Adventures, Tenney was already in talks with Open Road to put the author's works back into circulation. Thanks to Gates' act of generosity, that deal was easy to close. "The timing is amazing," Tenney says. "I've never seen a revival quite like this."



NEW 5 ASCENT GUM

AN INTENSIFYING WINTERMINI



STIMULATE YOUR SENSES

awaited Rose's return. Instead, Noah stepped up, becoming a 6'11" ball handler with a twisting, broken-down embarrassment of a jumper—Noah once joked it was so bad that it demoralized other teams when it went in. It was something the league hadn't seen since the glory days of Bill Walton and his Carrot Top 'fro and Grateful Dead fixation.

Along with being named the NBA's Defensive Player of the Year, Noah became the heart of a rebuilt offense, recording four triple doubles and nearly 80 touches a game, more than his way flashier, All-Star counterparts LeBron James, Tony Parker, and Russell Westbrook. He also became just the fifth player in NBA history to average at least 12 points, 11 rebounds, and five assists per game (the others: Walton, Wilt Chamberlain, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and Bill Russell). That's pretty heavy company for a guy described by teammate Taj Gibson with a single phrase, one that for better and worse has followed Noah around his whole life: "He's a weirdo." Derrick Rose says the same thing, albeit with a caveat. "We love to be around him," he adds, "and it's much more than basketball with me and him. He's a caring guy, and I love him to death."

Noah isn't weird, not really: not when you think about his background (Sweden, France, New York) and how he was raised (Mom, Cecilia Rodhe, a former Miss Sweden; Dad, Yannick Noah, a Grand Slam-winning French tennis player turned middle-aged Europop star). When you look at it that way, you realize he's just different. Talk to anyone who knows him, from his coaches to his teammates, and they all say the same thing: Noah has the drive that all big-time athletes possess. "He's a character," concedes Tom Thibodeau, the Bulls' shout-y, Do Things the Right Way coach. "But you know how important winning is to him."

setback he had to overcome, often poverty or a broken home, or sadly, both; those challenges strengthened him, helped him develop the laser-like focus needed to play a kid's game at the highest level. Noah doesn't have that kind of story. He grew up wealthy, in Paris and Manhattan, around celebrities and models. He attended a leafy private prep school more like Harvard or Princeton than the inner-city public schools that produced

most of his peers. So you'll have to forgive the

dudes around the league who just don't get

him: They come from different worlds. In his

BACK TO THAT UPBRINGING, EVERY NBA

player has an origin story, usually with some

NOAH ON TIM
TEBOW, FLORIDA'S ALLGOD QUARTERBACK:
"HE WAS A GOOD
DUDE. THE ONLY THING
I DIDN'T LIKE: WHEN I
WAS PARTYING, HE WAS
GETTING EXTRA CREDIT.
I DIDN'T LIKE THAT."

rookie season, Noah's teammates unanimously voted to suspend him for two games after disagreements over his attitude—they didn't like his habit of criticizing their work ethic to the media—and an altercation with an assistant coach. College teammate Al Horford, now a star power forward with the Atlanta Hawks, came to Noah's defense, calling him "very emotional" and "very competitive," while adding, "I think people will figure him out as time goes on."

Figuring Noah out has always been tough. Born in New York City, he moved to Paris at three. When he was 13, his parents divorced, and he returned to the U.S. with his sister and mother, who rented an apartment in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen neighborhood, in part, at least, to toughen him up. Noah, as usual, took that idea one step further. Picture the gangly six-footer at Harlem's famed Rucker Park, trying to get next in a place where being good isn't good enough: You'd best be ready to talk trash, too. "Guys made fun of my French accent," Noah says. "I couldn't understand the New York slang. I thought everyone was speaking a different language." The kid fought through it, and eventually people accepted him because he had game. "It really helped me get my confidence up," Noah has noted. "Those are pretty hostile environments. If you can play there, you can play anywhere."

And he did, heading to the University of Florida, a Deep South football school that had never seen anyone like him. He was the linchpin of a team that won two national championships, and Noah–fist-pumping, beating his chest, shouting into the stands—became a hero to Gator Nation...and public enemy number one to opposing fans. In one infamous incident at Kentucky, a cheerleader taunted him with her, uh,

pom-poms, after he fell to the floor in front of her. Players have always had it rough in rivals' gyms, but the vitriol Noah inspired was next-level. "I've never seen anything like that," Horford observes. "At first we thought it was funny. [But] when it gets to the point where it's that bad, it's overwhelming."

If it bothered Noah, he didn't let on. Part of what makes him so compelling is that he doesn't change: People just get used to him. "The French part of me enjoys life," he says. "I eat well and drink well. I love my wine. And I love my cheese. The Swedish part, from my mother: I like the simplicity. No drama. Swedish people are very strong, and tough." The American side? Noah sums it up with this characterization of his hometown. "A seven-foot weirdo with long hair can walk around anonymously in New York. You can't do that in Sweden or France. There you can feel everybody looking at you all the time."

Noah wasn't anonymous at Florida, but he did have fun. Maybe too much fun. He once remarked that the more games he won, the less often he went to class. He doesn't talk like that now, but he does concede that the "quality of life" in Florida was excellent. "There's a reason I went back for a second try at a championship rather than going to the NBA in 2006," he says. Along the way, he also became friends with Tim Tebow, Florida's All-God quarterback. "He didn't baptize me, no," Noah says with a laugh. "But I'd see him a lot. He was a good dude. The only thing I didn't like was that he was always into getting extra credit in class. When I was partying, he was getting extra credit. I didn't like that."



Among the mementos from his time in Gainesville is one of the Gators' championship nets. "I honestly don't remember how I ended up with it, but it's the real net," he says. "I don't know where the one they displayed came from. The worst part is, I just moved, and now I can't find it!"

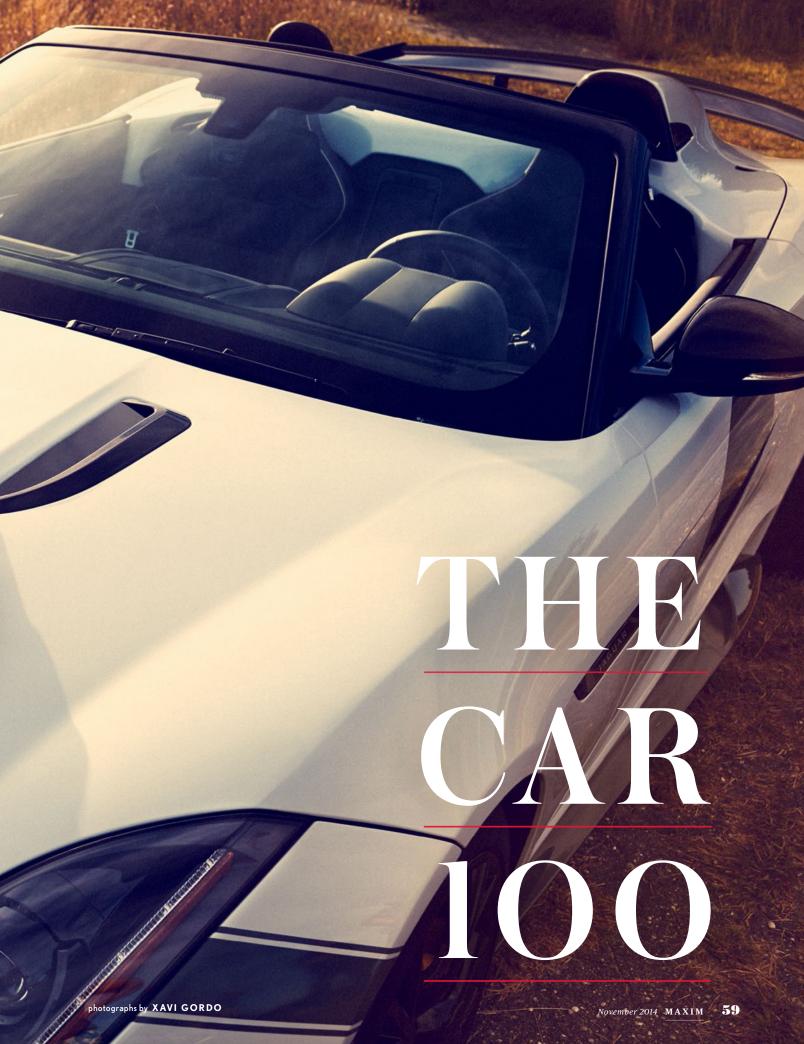
To his detriment, Noah kept partying after he entered the NBA. In his rookie year, he was arrested in Florida for possession of marijuana. But he insists he's now more devoted to lifting weights, slurping down protein-powder shakes, and supporting his Noah's Arc charity than hitting the nightclubs. Still, he's no choirboy. Before posing for a recent photo shoot, he needed a bit of liquid courage, he says. A couple of tequila shots did the trick. And while he doesn't discuss his drug use, the self-proclaimed "Rasta at heart" doesn't shy away from criticizing the NBA's policy of suspending players who test positive three times for marijuana, this in a country where the drug has been legalized for medical use in 21 states. "Every player sees the hypocrisy in that," he says. Not that Noah cares about how others see things. In 2010, a group of NBA stars were invited to the White House to play a presidential pickup game. Most brought their wives or girlfriends. Not Noah. "I brought my mom."

THE NBA SUCCESS WASN'T EXPECTED. NOAH was supposed to be a banger, to rebound and piss off his opponents. "You'd watch him in college," says coach Thibodeau, "and you're like, 'I like him-but I don't know what I like about him." (Of his oft-apoplectic coach, Noah says, "He looks like that whether he's happy or sad, but I'd have him do yoga with me. He could use that. Thibs gets pissed off a lot. But he also calms me down a lot. He knows when to let me vent.") Chicago Tribune columnist Rick Morrissey, in an article he wrote during Noah's rookie season, vowed that if Noah ever amounted to a "useful" player in the NBA, he'd slather his story in salsa and eat it. Two years later, Morrissey came to the Bulls' practice facility and did just that. "Tasted like a crow enchilada," he said.

Noah isn't thinking about the past, though, not even that last season. There's too much going on. Rose is back, and the Bulls have just signed former Lakers great Pau Gasol. And of course, everyone is talking about LeBron James and the Cavaliers. Everyone but Noah. "It's not about them," he says. "It's about us being as solid a team as we've ever been." And that means a leading role for a weirdo who may not be so weird after all. ■



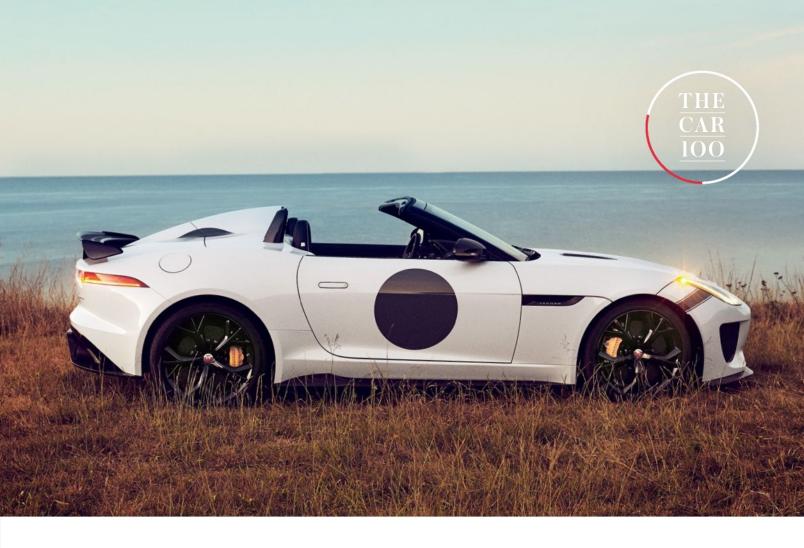












HOW MANY CARS DID WE DRIVE THIS YEAR? ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX. THAT'S 186 THROTTLES PUNCHED, STEERING WHEELS SPUN, ENGINES PUSHED TO THEIR REDLINE-TICKLING LIMIT. AND THERE WAS A LOT TO LOVE: ROAD-SLAYING SPORT COUPES. GENRE-REDEFINING SUPERCARS. SEDUCTIVE SEDANS. ETHEREAL INTERIORS. THE BEST DAMN CONVERTIBLE TOP EVER. CONSIDER THIS LIST OUR CELEBRATION OF THE YEAR IN AUTOMOTIVE EXCELLENCE, AN ODE TO ALL THINGS FAST. WHY ARE WE SO PUMPED? READ ON.

THE JAGUAR PROJECT 7

Jaguar's F-Type Project 7 won't hit roads until 2015, but it's too incredible not to include. It was originally a concept, a racier reimagining of the F-Type convertible. But the production version has come roaring to life—and is wilder than we dreamed.

Ian Callum, Jaguar's design guru, was inspired by the D-Type, the brand's 1950s Le Mans-winning racer. "It was a bit of fun with a nod to our heritage," he says.

"A bit" is an understatement. When the 250 limited edition Project 7s arrive, they'll pack Jag's most potent engine, a 5.0-liter V-8 with 575 hp and 502 lb-ft of torque. Sixty mph should arrive in 3.8 seconds en route to a top speed of 186.

"As long as the outcome is right, you can't go too far," Callum says of the car's bold performance and styling upgrades, which include carbon brakes, quilted leather seats, and a panel that forms a fin behind the driver.

When concepts go from paper to production, compromises are required. But Callum is pleased with the final product. Sure, the windshield is a bit high, and the Jag emblem isn't wearing the sunglasses Callum added. But that's OK—this cat's got attitude to spare.



No. 1

THE FERRARI EXISTS

So confident of its latest supercar, a \$1.4 million carbon-fiber fever dream, Ferrari audaciously declared it LaFerrari-literally The Ferrari. Quite a name, coming from a manufacturer that's birthed quite a number of autodom's holy grails. And of course, the prancing horse's latest product lives up to the moniker. At its hybrid heart beats a monstrous 789-hp, 6.3-liter V-12, firing alongside a 160-hp electric motor for a total output of 949 hp. The carbon-fiber body, hand-laid alongside F1 racecars in Fiorano, features a fixed seat. You're nestled in a padded area for a total connection to the car. And the soul? Why, that'd be the unhinged growl as 60 mph arrives in just 2.9 seconds, and 186 mph in 15. It's an automotive work of art, a beautiful, muscular, and downright menacing showcase that embodies everything we love about cars.

No. 3

THE RAPTUROUS SHRIEK OF THE ALFA ROMEO 4C LAUNCH EDITION

No. 4

DODGE'S SRT DIVISION SHOULD BE RENAMED THE DEPARTMENT OF BATSHIT CRAZY

Because it somehow, some way weaseled the 707-hp Challenger Hellcat into production. The supercharged, 6.2-liter Hemi-powered iteration of the Challenger just so happens to be the most powerful production muscle car ever built, and—Dodge claims—the fastest ever in the quarter mile (10.8 seconds).

No. !

THE <u>VEYRON</u>'S DEATH SURELY MEANS ANOTHER SUPERCAR'S LIFE

Volkswagen's Ferdinand Piëch wanted to build the fastest and most complex production vehicle ever, a car both beautiful and hideous, with a handcrafted 16-cylinder, eight-liter engine meant to inspire and intimidate. The result? The Bugatti Veyron, which cost \$2.3 million and set the open-top production speed record in 2013. Soon, the Veyron, the sui generis savage that put the *super* in supercar, will cease production. We'd be sad were we not sure Piëch's next vision will be even more demented.

Nos 6-14

BUTTONS WE COULDN'T STOP PRESSING

- ▶ JAGUAR F-TYPE'S ACTIVE SPORTS EXHAUST
- ► CORVETTE STINGRAY'S PUSH START
- ► LAMBORGHINI HURACÁN'S DRIVE MODE SELECTOR
- ► PORSCHE 918 SPYDER'S PUSH TO PASS
- ► FORD F-150'S TAILGATE RELEASE
- ► PORSCHE 911 TARGA'S ROOF RELEASE
- ► ASTON MARTIN V-12 VANTAGE'S SPORT MODE
- ► ROLLS-ROYCE WRAITH'S UMBRELLA EJECT
- ► MCLAREN PI'S RACE BUTTON

No. 1

THE SURPRISINGLY SEDUCTIVE APPEAL OF THE INFINITI Q50

It may look damningly sensible, but the Q50 is jammed to the gills with roadenhancing goodies. Its steer-by-wire system, designed to filter out road feel, is the world's first. Another first? The predictive collision-warning system, which alerts the driver not just when the vehicle ahead of it is stopping but when the one two vehicles ahead is, too. If evasive maneuvers are required, the car will sprint to 60 in 5.3 seconds. How's that for sensible?

No. 10

THERE'S A TIRE THAT BECOMES BETTER AS IT WEARS

Scotch, Sandra Bullock: Some things get better with age. Tires aren't usually one of them. But as the Michelin Premier A/S with EverGrip wear down, wider rain-diffusing grooves that increase the tire's traction and stopping power are revealed.

No. 1

THE DOWN-TO-EARTH APPEAL OF THE LAMBORGHINI HURACÁN

With its dramatic yet tasteful Italian shape and a dose of German logic, the Huracán is, by design, the easiest Lamborghini to drive and love on a committed basis. Free of comic-book cues, the car adds some much-needed modernity to Lamborghini's wedge-shaped silhouette. The smart stuff includes Audi-derived AWD, a dual-clutch automated gearbox (about time, Lambo), and Google Maps-based navigation. And the \$237,000 Huracán still launches forward with a 610-hp V-10, good for a 202-mph peak.

No. 18

THE SOPHISTICATION OF THE AUDI S8

Like a Special Forces operator dressed in a dinner jacket, Audi's S8 is spectacularly capable and eminently refined. Its forced-induction V-8 produces 520 hp and gets the big hauler to 60 in less than four seconds, all while remaining quiet enough to let you hear your date whispering in your ear.

No. 19

SUVS DON'T SUCK ANYMORE

That creaky old guard? Usurped by more agile and efficient car-based crossovers. Models like Porsche's Macan and BMW's X4 fuse the best elements of SUVs, hatchbacks, wagons, and even sport sedans.

No. 20

THE INSANITY OF GTA V

You haven't lived until you've launched the game's Infernus Supercar off a mountain while a hundred cops are on your ass.

No. 2

THE WRAITH IS A PENTHOUSE ON WHEELS

Sure, you could get a chauffeur—or you could fly yourself first class behind the wheel of the Rolls-Royce Wraith. Already cloaked in wood, wool, and milled metal, its cabin even has 1,400 fiber-optic nodes that create a ceiling-based starscape for passengers. The ostentation continues under the hood, where a 624-hp twin-turbocharged V-12 enables a 4.4-second push to 60 mph. Quite remarkable for a 5,203-pound behemoth. And it does so without spilling your guest's Moët & Chandon.





No. 2





No. 22

PORSCHE'S OTHER SUV

The Macan isn't an SUV—it's a sports car with five seats, the sharpest crossover we've ever driven. Fast and fun, it huffs up its air suspension to 9.5 inches of ground clearance and glides over basically any terrain. Its brilliant seven-speed, PDK-automated, manual gearbox is mated to either of two bi-turbo V-6's: a 340-hp 3.0-liter for the Macan S or a 400-hp 3.6-liter for the Macan Turbo. That faster Macan blasts to 60 mph in 4.6 seconds, barely trailing its beefier bro, the Cayenne Turbo. Think about *that* the next time someone says SUVs are for soccer moms.

No. 23

WE'RE LIVING IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF MUSCLE CARS

No. 24

A <u>MUSTANG</u> ON TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

Hard: reassembling a Mustang. Holy shit: reassembling one on the observation deck of the Empire State Building. But that's what a crew of fabricators did in April to help mark the 50th anniversary of Ford's iconic muscle car. The stunt required breaking the beast into four elevator-sized pieces.

No. 25

THE TRACK-TUNED AWESOMENESS OF THE CAMARO Z/28

The new Z/28 recalls Camaro's '67 racing special, but there's nothing throwback about its 911-besting running gear. Every swap, from the magnetic ride suspension to the massive Brembo brakes, shaves seconds off lap times. It's a 505-hp, time-trial-slaying monster.

No. 26

THE MEMORY ON THE AUDI A3

Can't remember the romantic pulloff that led to some windshield-fogging action? The A3's Picture Destinations can. Send a geotagged smartphone photo to the car's navigation system and it instantly becomes a known destination. The car is even smart enough to read and recognize unfamiliar locations we fed it via text. You'll never be lost again.

Nos. 27-32

THESE CONCEPT CARS PROVE THAT SPEED IS THE FUTURE

- ► MASERATI ALFIERI
- ► AUDI NANUK QUATTRO
- ► CADILLAC ELMIRAJ
- ► TOYOTA FT-1
- ► INFINITI Q50 EAU ROUGE
- ► KIA GT4 STINGER

No 3

AN ADVERTISEMENT CAPTURED EVERYTHING WE LOVE ABOUT SPEED

A Hennessey advertisement, to be exact. Part of the company's "Wild Rabbit" campaign, it showed Sir Malcolm Campbell, the British driver who set nine land-speed records, rocketing in his blue roadster. The campaign provided a beautifully wrought glimpse of one man's relentless pursuit of fast.

No. 34

THE PORTABLE BREATHALYZER

Go ahead, toss a couple back. But use the Breathometer to see if you should sleep it off or start the ignition. The breathalyzer plugs into your phone and, after you blow into it, accurately displays your blood alcohol content. \$50; breathometer.com

No. 3

THE ROOF OF THE PORSCHE TARGA

The Targa ain't no Miata, with a simple, classic top. The convertible puts on a 19-second show every time you press the roof-release button, popping the lovely wraparound rear glass and shoving it behind the back bumper before grabbing and stowing the fabric roof panel behind the seats and fastening the whole shebang tight. It's a sight.

No. 3

THE BALLSINESS OF BMW

The most amazing thing about the BMW i8 isn't the carbon-fiber sports car's acceleration

(60 mph in 3.8 seconds), groundbreaking drivetrain (a conventional 1.5-cylinder inline-three powers the back wheels; electric motors power the front), or fuel economy (76 mpg). It's the fact that BMW turned what most companies would have tossed out as a concept into a real car. And it just might define every ride from here forward.

No. 3

ALFA ROMEO'S GRAND RETURN

Courtesy of the 4C, the iconic Italian brand's first foray on American soil in more than two decades. And *Dio mio*, what a reentry. At only 2,465 pounds, it's stripped down and ready to slug it out, with a carbon-fiber chassis and a 1.75-liter, 237-hp turbo four that assaults eardrums and asphalt.

No. 38

THERE'S A SELF-CLEANING PAINT

Developed by Nissan, the coating repels mud, dirt, and other muck so your ride remains clean no matter what you drive through. Pour some out for the bikini car wash.

No. 39

ALL-WHEEL-DRIVE SEDANS? NOT BORING ANYMORE

Press the Mercedes-Benz E63 AMG's ignition and a throaty, bi-turbo V-8 shudders to life, a 550-hp declaration that it's far from a standard suburban-dad special. The rest of the ride is just as fierce.

No. 4

YOUR PHONE CAN RING WITH 707 HORSES

If you download Dodge's free app that harnesses the powerplant of its Hellcat and unleashes it every time you receive a call.

No. 4

THE POWER-TO-WEIGHT RATIO OF THE KOENIGSEGG AGERA ONE:1

The bottom line on this Swedish supercar: It combines an absurd amount of muscle (1,341 hp) with fantastically low weight (2,998 pounds). And yes, that's more horsepower and less heft than the mighty Bugatti Veyron.









THE JAGUAR F-TYPE COUPE IS **EVERYTHING A SPORTS CAR SHOULD BE**

Women rarely look twice at a Porsche 911, except-perhaps-to peg it as a rolling Viagra tablet. But Jaguar's F-Type Coupe weakens more knees than Ryan Gosling as a spin class instructor. A hydroformed roof beam boosts the car's rigidity by 80 percent and supports a trio of motivators: a V-6 with 340 or 380 hp, and a V-8 with 550 hp. So equipped, the 5.0-liter F-Type R slays 60 mph in four seconds and keeps crackling to 186. Wherever we drove it, the car unleashed its over-the-top paean to the glories of eight cylinders and its switchable exhaust elicited animalistic growls. It's a shining reminder that beauty, sound, and sensation rule the sports-car world.

RECORDS ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN

► 270.49 MPH

The speed of the Hennessey Venom GT, making it the world's fastest production car.

▶ 28 HOURS, 50 MINUTES, 30 SECONDS

Time it took Ed Bolian and his copilots to complete the 2,813.7-mile Cannonball Run.

▶ 612

The record-shattering number of laps Harald Müller drifted his Toyota GT86.

► 200.9 MPH

Top speed reached by Mike Newman, the fastest ever achieved by a blind driver.

\$38,115,000

Price paid for the 1962-63 Ferrari 250 GTO Berlinetta, the highest ever at auction.

► 24 MINUTES, 7 SECONDS

Lap time recorded by Adam Tang during a 26.5-mile spin around Manhattan.

▶ 19 MINUTES, 15 SECONDS

Time of the fastest-ever lap around the treacherous Isle of Man racetrack.

Speed averaged by the solar Sunswift eVe over 310 miles—the greatest of any electric vehicle.

THE TERRAIN-CONQUERING ABILITY OF THE RANGE ROVER SPORT

Sure, this British brute can traverse jungles like Tarzan. But it also swings through cities and curves like a ripped-ab action hero,

shedding up to 800 pounds via a lightweight aluminum chassis. Not impressed? The Supercharged edition boasts a 510-hp, 5.0-liter V-8 and hits 60 mph in five seconds flatquicker than a Porsche Boxster.

THE MUSTANG'S **DARWINIAN EVOLUTION**

Though its signature rumble remains, the 50th-anniversary Mustang is a stunning example of survival of the fittest. Sure, the visuals have been sharpened: Its grill recalls '68, and the fastback shape has been made to look, well, faster. But the real advancement? An independent rear suspension that allows the 435-hp, 5.0-liter V-8-powered brute to keep its speed through the loopiest roads. Meaning? It's finally graduated to sports-car territory.

TWO OF OUR FAVORITE WATCHES ARE INSPIRED BY DASHBOARDS

Specifically, the Autodromo Stradale (\$875; autodromo.com) and the CT Scuderia Dashboard (from \$1,495; ctscuderia.com). They're stripped down, auto-influenced timepieces right for the wrists of any speed freak or sartorialist.

SEDANS ARE SOME OF TODAY'S MOST EXCITING RIDES. SERIOUSLY

No. 56

BENTLEY KNOWS HOW TO BUMP

Yeah, the Bentley Mulsanne is a rolling museum. Fine leather and wooden accents abound; curtains drape the windows; folddown, iPad-equipped tables let passengers get to business. But its standout feature? A 2,200watt, 20-speaker Naim for Bentley Premium audio system. It's a seat-shaking boom-bringer that provides an aural experience to rival that of Rick Ross's listening room.

THE FORD F-150'S NEW BODY

Employing a high-strength steel frame and an innovative, military-grade aluminum, Ford engineers were able to cut 700 pounds from their pickup. What's more, they did so while increasing the truck's power and handling.

THE LAMBORGHINI **VENENO'S SHEER AGGRESSION**

Only a few of these cars exist, but countless retinas have been detached staring at them. The supercar is supervillain sharp, a neck-twisting, what-the-hell-is-that creation with an angular, carbon-fiber body boasting more air-sucking slits than a great white shark. Powering it is a 740-hp variation on the Aventador's 6.5-liter V-12, which gives it all the oomph it deserves. It's an exercise in automotive overkill that proves, as always, the bulls can charge.

YOU CAN BREW ESPRESSO IN YOUR CAR

Courtesy of the Handpresso, a portable java maker that connects to your car's 12V outlet. Just watch out for the shakes. \$193; handpresso.com

No. 60

THE SUPERCAR ORGY IN NEED FOR SPEED

Who cares that the dialogue was stale or that its plot had more holes than Wolverine's mittens? The movie was a bacchanal of beautiful vehicles. Is that a McLaren? A Bugatti? An Agera made by Koenigsegg? The symphony of on-screen engines was enough to make us forgive Aaron Paul's agent.

YOU CAN ARMOR YOUR CAR

Have enemies? Head to Texas Armoring Corporation. They'll covertly boost your ride with enough armor to make it immune to everything from 9-mm Glocks to AK-47s. They even add fire extinguishers and a selfsealing fuel tank. Try your worst, hit squads.

TEST-DRIVE DATA 31 Mishaps



No. 62

THE MCLAREN P1 IS BASICALLY A STREET-LEGAL F1 RACER

Plenty of production cars boast technology derived from Formula 1, but the 903-hp McLaren P1 actually has the go-fast stuff that can place a driver on the podium. Our favorite? A "push to pass" button that pulls power from the 324-cell lithium ion battery and momentarily augments the 3.8-liter, twinturbocharged V-8 for a shot of damn-that's-fast.

No. 63

THAT MOMENT YOU REALIZE HOW FAST 172 MPH ACTUALLY IS

No. 64

THE CORVETTE STINGRAY'S SHEER AGGRESSION

Earlier this year, a sinkhole opened at the National Corvette Museum in Kentucky and swallowed several vintage 'Vettes. Maybe God's a Ferrari fan, envious of the seventhgen Corvette's unbridled aggression. He'd have reason to be jealous. Start with its power: 460 horses and 465 lb.-ft of torque produced by a 6.2-liter V-8. Then there's the body, high-haunched and ready to lunge. Finally, designers paid attention to the oft-neglected interior, outfitting it with napa leather and carbon fiber. Sure, the Stingray hustles to 60 mph in 3.8 seconds, but stats aren't what make it worthy of mention alongside Italian exotics. It's a general feeling of cohesion, courtesy of a light and stiff frame and a suspension that reacts to road conditions in milliseconds. Call it a sexy, snarling affirmation of American ingenuity.

No. 65

THE BEAUTY OF FERRARI'S 458 SPECIALE

Plain and simple: The \$291,744 Pony delivers more pure style and performance than anything in its price range. Also, it attracted more attention than any other car we drove. The 596-hp, 4.5-liter V-8 is the most powerful naturally aspirated engine in

history and crackles like a gunshot; combine that with the LaFerrari's carbon-ceramic brakes, some magnetic suspension, and F1 tech, and the car executes a price-defying 3.0-second catapult to 60.

No. 6

THE EXPLOSIVE ARTWORK OF FABIAN OFFNER

The Swedish artist dismantles cars down to the smallest screw, photographs each piece, and then stitches them together to create a car caught in mid-explosion.

No. 67

THE SURPRISE ROAR OF THE BMW i8

Combustion engines shriek and snarl. But electrics? They sigh. Not the i8. To make up for its lack of lung power, it pumps synthesized engine sounds through its speakers in order to emulate the roadtrembling rumble of a traditional sports car.

No. 68

THE W MOTORS HYPERSPORT'S UNAPOLOGETIC ABSURDITY

There's nothing subtle about the first supercar from the Middle East. Its titanium LED headlights come encrusted with 420 different diamonds; in the cabin, the display is an interactive holograph. Mounted in the middle of its chassis, you'll find a Porsche-created twin-turbo, 3.7-liter flat-six producing 780 hp, good for a 0-60 mph sprint of 2.8 seconds. Price? An equally unsubtle \$3.4 million. But it does come with a \$200,000 matching watch.

No. 69

THE AFFORDABLE EXCELLENCE OF THE VOLKSWAGEN GOLF GTI

The GTI can't claim the specs of the supercars on these pages, but then again, you won't need a racetrack to wring the fun out of it. The \$24,995 GTI's stiff and light chassis enables tossable turns, while a double-clutch gearbox faultlessly calls up its 2.0-liter turbo four's 210 horses and 258 lb.-ft of torque.

No. 70

ELECTRIC RACING IS HERE

The smell of burning gas may be gone, but the competition remains in the first-ever all-electric race series. The same battery used in the McLaren P1 supercar sends racers flat out at up to 150 mph, and we've barely begun to explore the limits of what these cars can do.

Nos. 71-82

HEARING THESE INCREDIBLE ENGINES

- ► THE CORVETTE ZO6'S OHV 6.2L V-8
- ► THE FERRARI 458 SPECIALE'S 4.5L V-8
- ► THE ASTON MARTIN VANTAGE'S AM29 V-12
- ► THE DODGE CHALLENGER'S HEMI V-8
- ► THE PORSCHE 918'S V-8/ELECTRIC
- ► THE LAFERRARI'S 6.3L V-12/ELECTRIC
- ► THE LAMBORGHINI VENENO'S V-12
- ► THE BMW i8'S 1.5L INLINE 3/ELECTRIC
- $\blacktriangleright\,$ THE DODGE VIPER'S 8.4L V-10
- ► THE MERCEDES-BENZ SLS BLACK'S 6.3L V-8
- ► THE MUSTANG SHELBY GT500'S 5.8L V-8
- $\blacktriangleright\,$ THE FERRARI F12 BERLINETTA'S 6.3L V-12

No. 83

THE MORGAN PLUS 8'S RETRO APPEAL

The throwback roadster might have classic Brit looks, but you won't need to use its passenger seat to carry a mechanic. The car's chassis is hand-tooled in lightweight aluminum; and the power? A 4.8-liter BMW V-8 that reaches 60 mph in 4.5 seconds.

No. 84

THE BREEDING OF BMW

We'd put BMW on birth control to cease its endlessly expanding SUV brood, except that the most recent family addition is adept and agile. Based on the 3-Series sedan, the X1 performs virtually as well but is way more practical: a hatchback on tiptoes as opposed to an SUV.

No. 85

THE JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE

Its highway handling is serene, and it has the chops to conquer rough roads. But the Cherokee also won our attention with its plush, well-honed interior replete with onboard wi-fi. Nothing like firing off an e-mail while bumping along the Rubicon Trail.











No. 86

THE SURPRISE OF THE MAZDA 6

Not that we were shocked by its performance. We just didn't expect to be quite as impressed as we were. The coupe's 184-hp 2.5-liter four cylinder is far more punchy than we anticipated, its handling as finely tuned as a Carnegie Hall Steinway.

No. 87

SALEEN'S SUPERCHARGED TESLA

We love Elon Musk's Tesla Model S but worried that the all-electric car might spell the end of upgrades. Aftermarket specialist Saleen calms our fears with a snarl. Its Foursixteen, built off the electric sedan's body, features the same 416 hp but delivers a modified drivetrain and tweaked acceleration. It's evidence that electric can be boosted. Big-time.

Nos. 88-93

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE MERCEDES S-CLASS

The smartest car of the year, the S-Class uses an array of cameras and sensors to discern obstacles, avoid accidents, and preemptively secure you right before a crash. Oh, yeah: It can also steer itself. Go ahead and give it a MacArthur Genius Grant.

► NIGHT VISION

On a road with limited visibility? An infrared camera scans up to 500 feet ahead. If it detects a woman walking a dog, it displays them brightly on the digital instrument cluster.

► MAN OR BEAST? IT KNOWS

The S-Class uses software to translate what its camera and infrared beams are seeing. Now its sensors know the difference between a Boston terrier and Bill from down the block.

► THE HEADLIGHTS ARE CONSTANTLY ADAPTING

A special system continuously adjusts the brightness of the car's LED headlamps. But when sensors detect an oncoming vehicle, the lights automatically dim so as not to blind the driver.

► IT PREDICTS—AND PREVENTS—ACCIDENTS

Is there an idiot on a Hayabusa about to blast through a stop sign? The S-Class scans crowded areas and, if it senses a speeding car, sounds a warning alarm. If you don't hit the brakes, the car will take over and apply them for you. If a collision can't be avoided, the car tightens seatbelts, closes windows, and adjusts your seat to a more upright position.

► IT KEEPS YOU WITHIN THE LINES

Drifting off at the wheel? The car scans the road and knows if you're staying within the lane markers. When it detects itself beginning to drift, it sounds a shrill alarm. If that doesn't jolt you awake, then the S-Class begins to brake and pulls you back into the lane.

► IT MAKES PARKING EASY

Its sensors scan potential spots until they find one large enough. Then the car takes control of steering and braking and parks itself for you.

No. 94

EVEN YOUR HOOPTY CAN HAVE AN HUD

Thanks to Navdy. The on-dash system works with your smartphone and projects texts, turn-by-turn directions, incoming calls, and other info onto your windshield in bright but unobtrusive lettering. \$299; navdy.com

No. 9

THE WRAITH'S ROAD-SENSING SMARTS

Yeah, we already talked up the Rolls-Royce's beauty. But it also has brains, using satellite-mapping data to select the right gear for the road ahead. The system anticipates curves, freeway ramps, and roundabouts and then chooses one of its eight forward speeds.

No. 9

THE PORSCHE 918 SPYDER IS PROOF THAT HYBRIDS GO FAST

The supercar's main motivation comes from a hell-raising flat-crank V-8; an additional boost comes from a pair of electric motors that help produce a total 887 hp. But it's not brute power that allowed the car to achieve the fastest lap at Nürburgring. Its four-wheel steering enables quicker turns and keeps the Spyder's back end stable at high speeds, while active aerodynamic wings and diffusers keep the land rocket from lifting off.

No. 97

THE WORLD'S BEST SEDAN COMES FROM AMERICA

Don't believe us? Then have a seat in the cushy, 20-way adjustable, leather front seat of the Cadillac CTS Sport. It's the ideal spot to take in the seamless power delivery of the 420-hp, twin-turbocharged V-6 engine and the smoothness of its bump-eradicating magnetic ride suspension. And it just happens to be the lightest available rearwheel sedan. But don't think its achievements are limited to its powertrain alone: Don't miss the Bose-designed noise-canceling cabin technology, customizable 12.3-inch display, and killer self-parking system.

No. 98

CORVETTE LETS YOU RECORD YOUR GLORY

Forget PlayStation. The 650-hp Z06 brings the game to the real track, courtesy of an in-car camera system that records video, audio, and additional drive-related data. You can watch footage on the car's eight-inch color screen, record to a memory card, and even overlay the video with track-analysis tools to improve your skills. Talk about a power up.

No. 99

THE PAINT JOB OF THE ASTON MARTIN V-12 VANTAGE S

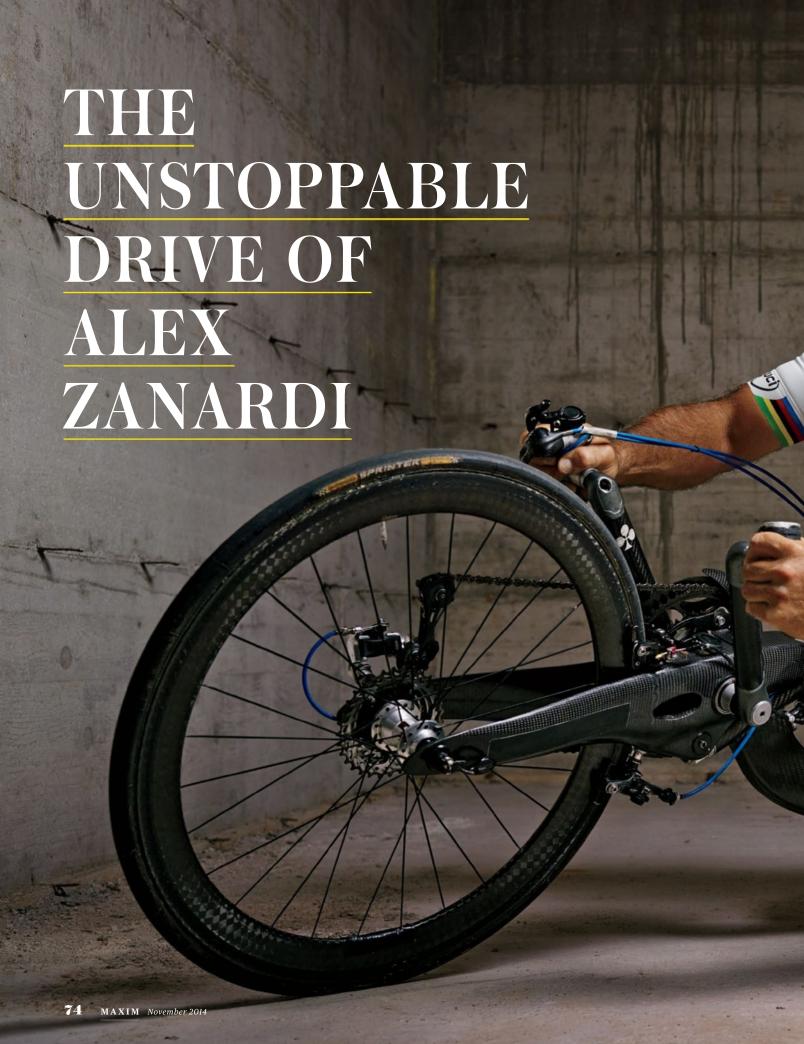
Some might call Aston's Flugplatz Blue coat robin's egg; others, cyan. But catch a V-12 Vantage S whizzing by and you'll see a lightning-infused color that looks fine as hell going fast.

No. 100

THERE ARE MORE ROADS TO CONQUER THAN EVER BEFORE

Roughly 4.09 million miles in the U.S. alone. Grab your keys. \blacksquare

Contributors: Matt Berical, Brett Berk, Daniel Dumas, Jordan Golston, Mike Guy, Lawrence Ulrich, Jesse Will.





THE MAN IN MOTION

(Clockwise from top left)
Triumphant at the
Long Beach Grand
Prix, 1998; with model
Jodhi Meares at the
Formula 1 Australian

Grand Prix, 1999; waterborne, New York, 1998; post-victory celebration, Honda Indy Australia, 1998; with two golds and one silver at the London Paralympics, 2012.

ALEX ZANARDI considers himself lucky. His ability to drive a car fast and efficiently around racetracks has provided him a life he never considered possible when he was running around a small Italian village, the son of the local plumber. He won two IndyCar championships, in back-to-back years, before returning to Europe to challenge himself in Formula 1, the world's most popular motorsport. Along the way, he met his wife, Daniela, in a race paddock, and she gave him his only child, Niccoló, now a healthy, happy 16-year-old. He has two beautiful homes, a life of enviable luxury, and the kind of fame that enables him, in Italy, to go by a single name: Zanardi.

But the thing he feels most fortunate about might surprise you. Alex Zanardi, dashing racecar driver, feels lucky to have lost his legs. "First, let me tell you that the perfect life is not the one where everything is always perfect. You only recognize how good something is if you've been through the bad," he says, from a chair on the roof-deck lounge atop his beachfront villa, on the Tuscan shore. The view is spectacular. There's ocean to the front—on a clear day you can see Corsica, Elba, and Sardinia—and off the back are the verdant hills of the Maremma coast, where Zanardi pedals his hand bike every morning.

"The perfect life is the combination of great moments and bad ones, and under that point of view, my life is fantastic, because I've certainly hit more than one bump," Zanardi continues, smiling because we both know which bump he's referring to, and that's a funny and absurd way of describing a 2001 crash, during a race in Germany, so violent that it tore both of his legs off below the knees. The way he sees it, the accident was fate, and fate is beyond our control. To

lament or regret something that happened is a waste. It's as pointless as fretting over your height, or being born French and not Italian.

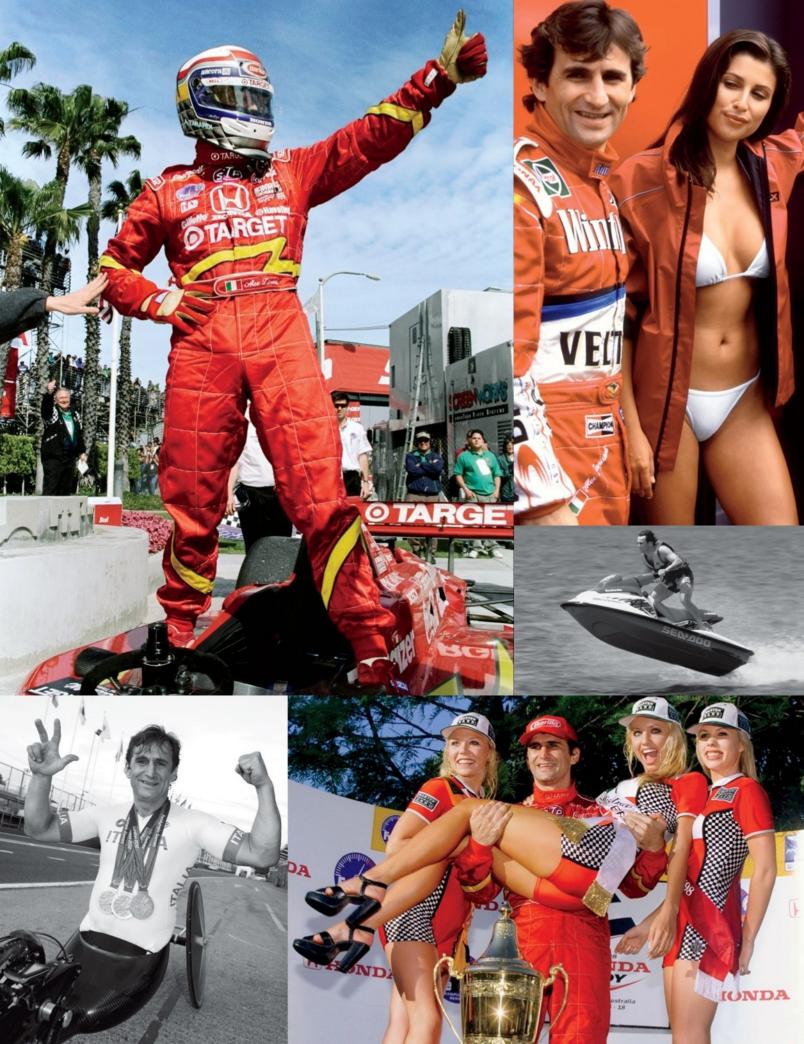
"Once you put everything in the right perspective, even bad times can be an opportunity to refresh your appetite, your desire," he says, absently tracing an imaginary circle on the table. "What would we all be without a project? Whether the project is something that you decide to look for or something that destiny imposed on you-like me after my accident—there's no difference. Because after so many years have passed, look at all the things I've done, all of which are more or less directly related to my condition. I'm comfortable in my life. I know that I'm a lucky boy. Losing my legs was one of the greatest opportunities of my life."

ALEX ZANARDI IS 47, which is old for a professional auto racer and even older for an elite cyclist-not that this concerns him in the slightest. Since recovering from the 2001 crash, he has transitioned from one pursuit to the next, and this year, for the first time, he's competing in both. He'd been so busy racing hand cycles in recent years-piling up awards and titles-that he forgot how much he missed motorsports. Then, two years ago, he tested a BMW touring car at Germany's legendary Nürburgring. A little over a year later, in January 2014, he announced his return to car racing after a four-year hiatus, on the Blancpain Sprint Series, and as of early August, he was comfortably acclimated to his new BMW Z4 GT3, outfitted with hand controls so that he can race it at high speeds without the use of his legs.

"I can't say I'm still in the middle of it, but there are still some things I can do in motorsports and paracycling," Zanardi says. "Despite my age, I can still do some stuff." He says this while standing in front of a small group of photos on an otherwise bare set of walls in the immaculately clean and brightly lit garage under his beach house. There's a shot of him with his longtime friend and former team boss Chip Ganassi, who brought Zanardi to America to race in the first place, and another of him celebrating his sixth consecutive pole, which broke the IndyCar record. There's an unfinished section of the basement nearby where Zanardi thinks he might put the Indy car Ganassi gave him last year—the one he drove his first season in America—making good on an old promise.

When he's upright, Zanardi braces himself on a pair of carbon-fiber canes that help him balance and walk atop his prosthetic legs. Contrary to popular rumor, he did not design these legs. "I don't know where that story came from," he says. But he did design some purpose-built prosthetics for swimming. Traditional fake legs are too heavy for water, and to swim with no legs seemed to him both difficult and grotesque: "Although my name is Zanardi, and in my country I can't avoid being recognized and cheered, I didn't want to go in the swimming pool and jump in the water like a bag of potatoes." His solution was to use a special foam designed for lining gas tanks in racecars. It is light but strong and doesn't absorb liquid.

Design is something he enjoys. The villa's garage is empty except for a tidy workbench and a pair of hand cycles he constructed with help from an Italian racecar builder near his other home, in Bologna. The one he races looks a little like the motorcycle from *Dark Knight*-era Batman: low-slung and aerodynamic, made from carbon fiber, and so light that he can lift it over his head easily with one arm—which he did while posing for



celebration photos after winning a Paralympic gold medal in London in 2012.

A few days before I arrived in Italy, Zanardi won his second World Cup race of the season in Spain, solidifying his position as the world's top hand cyclist. This morning he'd gone for a long training ride, because the World Championships loomed ahead at the end of August. "It's still warm," he jokes, as I run a hand over the smooth, curved side of the bike's cockpit. Zanardi will fly almost directly to the World Championships in South Carolina from a Blancpain Sprint Series event in Slovakia, with only a one-night stopover in Italy to pick up his bike and see his son.

Driving and cycling each offer Zanardi something different, but he can't say which he prefers. Auto racing is more viscerally thrilling, but it requires the close collaboration of many people, and a driver is only as good as his car and crew. On the bike, it's all about the rider, and the one with the most power and endurance, physically and mentally, should prevail. Zanardi believes that those who experience prolonged success aren't just phenomenal physical specimens; they're also mentally transcendent, in touch with their own potential in a metaphysical, philosophical way. "I call it the five-second lesson," he explains. "In my young age, I was probably better equipped physically, but not so much mentally. I learned that when you feel you've given it all, and you're prepared to say, 'That's it, I'm done,' if you close your eyes and give it five more seconds, well, it may happen that when you open your eyes, the others have given up." Zanardi laughs, loudly. He realizes that this sounds silly, but he's also certain that it's true. "When you understand this, you begin searching for those five seconds everywhere. There's always something more, some hidden energy inside your body that, if you are curious enough, you can find."

ZANARDI'S CRASH WILL always haunt fans of open-wheel racing. No one expected him to survive. It was just four days after September 11, 2001, and the CART race at EuroSpeedway Lausitz in Klettwitz, Germany, known as the German 500, had been renamed the American Memorial. All the teams raced with decals on their cars honoring the red, white, and blue. Zanardi was leading the race with 13 laps to go when he spun out while leaving the pits and was T-boned at 200 miles per hour by Canadian racer Alex Tagliani, who had no time to swerve out of the way. The resulting collision ripped off the entire front of Zanardi's car, and his legs went with it. In the horrific slow-motion footage of the crash, everything explodes into fragments that scatter across the track.

By the time medics reached him, Zanardi

was in shock. Blood poured in such volume from the stumps that remained of his legs that it formed pools under the car. His heart stopped seven times on the helicopter that flew him to Berlin, and he lived for more than 50 minutes with less than a single liter of blood in his body before doctors were able to begin a transfusion.

When Zanardi woke up, eight days later, he didn't remember a minute of the race. His injuries were so devastating that doctors weren't sure if he would have any remaining bodily functions. But other than the fact that he had no legs—and was in excruciating pain—Zanardi felt upbeat. "I didn't know what exactly had happened, but I had a vague idea," he recalls. "And I was happier than a pig in shit to be alive."

Zanardi has said, in past interviews, that he's not sure he would give up the experiences he's had because of the crash in exchange for his legs; at least, it would be a difficult decision. "When I was a little kid, my dad always told me, 'Listen, life is a great opportunity. It can bring you amazing things that you cannot even dream of. But if you want to make this happen, you have to work hard to turn your dreams into objectives that are potentially achievable. So take every day as an opportunity to add something to your life.'" When he was young, Zanardi says, he didn't really understand what his father meant, but this was the message he heard again and again during his recovery.

"When I announced to people that I'm going back to drive a racecar, everyone asked me, 'After what happened to you, aren't you scared to jump into a car again?' This is a very irrational question, because I'm not any more vulnerable than anyone else. Anything that



happened to me in the past can happen in the future whether I drive a racecar or not." He mentions Michael Schumacher, the Formula 1 legend who languished in a coma for half a year after what amounted to a freak fall while skiing. "He had also lived an entire life driving a dangerous machine, and then one day he's doing something that we all do, and he bangs his head. It's life."

Zanardi tells me about a friend, a fellow paracyclist who is paralyzed because of a broken neck. "The way he broke it is absolutely amazing," Zanardi says. The man, a devout Christian, had a giant picture of the Madonna hanging over his bed, and one night it fell and broke his neck. "Can you believe this?" Zanardi asks.

His friend didn't lose faith. The only way forward after terrible tragedy is not to dwell. Things can always be worse. Zanardi says he'll never forget a man he befriended in the rehab hospital he stayed in for two months after the accident. The man's daughter had been born with no legs. One afternoon, Zanardi saw him cradling her and weeping, and he felt compelled to say something to comfort him. No, the man said. I'm fine. His were tears of joy, because the girl had just been fitted for her first-ever prosthetic legs. "I'm crying because I'm the happiest man on Earth. Today I bought my daughter a pair of shoes." As he tells the story, Zanardi pantomimes stabbing himself in the chest.

"I looked in the mirror and said, 'You are fucking lucky. You never dare complain in the future,' because what more could I ask for? I was 34, with a beautiful family behind me. I had enough money to put macaroni in the pot without having to worry about it." Which isn't to say that these were easy rationalizations. "I also had great reasons to complain. The day before the crash I was in a hotel suite overlooking the ocean in paradise, and the next day I find myself in the hospital with no legs. It's a big, big fall."

Less than two years later, Zanardi was back in a racecar. He returned to Lausitz to complete the final 13 laps of the race that nearly killed him—"the forgotten laps," as they were known—in front of a packed grandstand just before the running of the German 500. Zanardi hit 190 miles per hour. "I didn't feel like I was out of the car for one

and a half years," he told reporters after.

"Especially if you consider that all I've been doing is adjusting prosthetic legs and spending time with my son, and the fastest thing I've driven is my road car. So it was a very pleasant surprise for me, too."

ZANARDI HAS A FUNNY story about how he became the world's best hand cyclist. He was at the World Touring Car Championship in 2007 when a representative from Barilla pasta, one of his sponsors, invited him to New York to talk at a dinner the company was hosting before that year's marathon. Zanardi replied that he would be honored to attend.

It so happened that Zanardi had been flipping through an Italian magazine a week before and had seen a picture of Clay Regazzoni, the disabled Swiss racer (now deceased), competing in a previous year's marathon on a hand cycle. Zanardi had never ridden a hand cycle, but when the Barilla man mentioned the marathon, Zanardi had an idea. "You know what," he said. "Since I'm coming to New York, I might as well do it."

At that moment, Zanardi didn't know what the thing he would ride on was called. The only time he'd ever seen a hand cycle was a year prior, when he'd bumped into a guy at a gas station who had one on a trailer. That man, Vittorio Podesta, is now a teammate of Zanardi's on the Italian national team and one of his closest friends, but at the time he was just a man with a peculiar bike. They exchanged numbers, and a year later, Zanardi called Podesta and told him what he'd just done-pledged to race the New York City Marathon, on a machine he'd never even sat on-and asked where he might find one. "He said, 'Wow, that's fantastic. We have one year to train, and I will help you!" Zanardi recalls. "And I was like, 'No, I am talking about this year,' and he was like, 'No, it's not possible!""

Zanardi finished fourth, although he insists this is actually less impressive than it sounds. He was about 15 minutes behind the winner, and there were really only three elite-level riders in the field, he says. But when you consider that he was a complete beginner, it's fairly astounding, and the Italian papers reacted accordingly, splashing him across the sports pages and suggesting that he

could emerge as a contender for the 2008 Paralympics in Beijing.

Zanardi wasn't ready for that. He had, he says, "simply other things to do"—in particular, auto racing. He was in his fourth season of the World Touring Car Championship. But what the bike did was bring exercise—good, hard aerobic exercise—back into his life, and that felt as important to him as any trophy. "When I lost my legs, I thought I also lost the opportunity to feel a drop of sweat coming down from my head," he explains. It also gave him independence. "This was fantastic, because I could jump on that thing in my garage, go for 50 or 150 kilometers, and come back on my own."

The urge to compete, however, is just wired into some people, and over time, Zanardi's hobby metastasized into an obsession. He began to enter races, starting small at first. The competitions were filled with elite athletes and fiercely contested, but Zanardi realized he had a couple of advantages. First, his disability was perfect for hand cycling because he was practically all torso; unlike paraplegics, he had no legs at all, and that meant less weight to pull. Second, he came from auto racing, where the machine is at least as important as its operator, and his knowledge of weight, balance, and aerodynamics was a huge asset in a sport that had seen few technological advances in cycle design.

By 2009, Zanardi was experienced on the bike and began to consider competing in world events. He committed full-time to cycling and set qualifying for the 2012 Paralympic Games in London as his primary goal. In 2011, he won the New York City Marathon and followed that up with a silver medal at the 2011 World Championships. Zanardi says he reached "the peak of my learning curve" just before London, when he won his first-ever World Cup race, in Italy. His rivals, he thinks, chalked that win up to a home-course advantage, and were still underestimating him right up until the point where he blew them away in London-a victory that was chosen by the International Paralympic Committee as the sports moment of the year.

For Zanardi, the win was a lifetime high, the equal, he says, of his first-ever IndyCar victory. He was genuinely ecstatic—for a few minutes. "I was very happy," he tells me, back on his deck overlooking the Mediterranean. "But at the end of the day, it was a sad moment, because it was over. It was the period leading up to that point, every time climbing my hills, doing my training, I was always thinking, *That's where I'm going.*"

A year later, in Canada, he won his first World Championship, (CONT. ON P. 96)

"THE PERFECT LIFE IS THE COMBINATION OF GREAT MOMENTS AND BAD ONES, AND UNDER

THAT POINT OF VIEW, MY LIFE IS FANTASTIC,"
SAYS ZANARDI, PHILOSOPHICALLY. "BECAUSE I'VE
CERTAINLY HIT MORE THAN ONE BUMP."





"WHAT I FOUND ALMOST MORE

INTIMIDATING THAN KISSING A GIRL WAS BEING THE AGGRESSOR."

AS SHE SITS POOLSIDE in the Hollywood Hills, wearing a black American Apparel bathing suit that barely covers the goods, a drop of sweat trickles down Brianne Howey's flawless skin. But even twirling around on Steve Madden heels, the industrious 25-year-old maintains an air of class that signals she's not just another bombshell.

Known mostly for stints on various TV series—*Twisted, Hart of Dixie,* and *Revenge*—the Southern California native has just landed her first major motion picture role, appearing in this fall's *Horrible Bosses 2,* the sequel to the 2011 comedy hit. And fortunately for her and for men everywhere, she's a workaholic. Which means we'll soon be seeing even more of her...though not all of her, unless it's for the right artistic reasons.

Did growing up near Hollywood make you want to act?

Every Tuesday night, we'd go to my dad's house and watch a Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen movie. Maybe that affected me subconsciously, but I didn't necessarily want to be an actor. I wanted to be a flight attendant, because we traveled and moved around so much when I was little. When I saw *View from the Top*, Christina Applegate and Gwyneth Paltrow made being a flight attendant seem like the coolest job ever.

You went to an all-girls Catholic high school. Were the other students as wicked as people say?

Any private school is going to have a little bit of that. My school had a lot of cliques, but everyone was wearing the same thing, no one had any makeup on, and no one did their hair. But what was cool is that there was no drama. You'd hear stories about other all-girls

schools in the area, where girls were hooking up in the bathroom, but I didn't see it. All the drama was on the weekends.

Were you a goody two-shoes?

Yeah, I was definitely a good girl. I cared a lot about my grades. Looking back, I probably should have chilled out a little, but I'm working on that.

You worked with three comedy bigwigs in *Horrible Bosses 2*: Jason Bateman, Jason Sudeikis, and Charlie Day. Were you nervous?

It was scary, but you kind of find your groove. Seeing them in action was really inspiring. They are the real deal.

Is it hard not to break character when you're working with such funny costars?

Yes. The first few days, I took it very seriously and I didn't laugh. But as time goes on, everyone loosens up and ends up silly and goofy.

In *Twisted*, there was an episode where you kissed Kylie Bunbury. Did you enjoy that scene?

It wasn't as awkward as I thought it was going to be. Luckily, we clicked right off the bat. We were both like, "OK, this is happening!"

Did the two of you practice?

No. We saved it for a real take. What I found almost more intimidating than kissing a girl was being the aggressor. As a girl, you are not normally the aggressor. At least, I'm normally not. I like to be pursued.

Was she the first girl you kissed?

Yes, and she will forever hold a special place in my heart. It happened again in the next episode, and by then it was a breeze.

You've described yourself as "type A, organized, and slightly controlling." Would you consider yourself OCD?

Probably borderline, yes. I mean, OCD definitely helps you always be on time, and your apartment is always clean.

You also studied drama at NYU. Does it bother you to be typecast as a dumb blonde?

I graduated college a semester early; I'm not so dumb. Recently, I've had a lot of roles where I play a good girl gone bad. I have a very sweet, all-American look, and then there's a big reveal, where I'm walking down the street, swigging tequila.

Would you ever get naked for a role?

Maybe with a body double. There are plenty of roles I wouldn't take, because I'm not comfortable doing that. I'd get naked if it were for the right reasons, but most of the time, it's not the right reasons, it's just for shock value.

It seems like you post lots of pictures of food online. Are you a card-carrying foodie?

I *love* food! I consider myself a foodie—I love to eat and love going to new restaurants. I am a better baker than cook, though. I love baking banana bread and lemon-poppy seed muffins and chocolate chip cookies. And I love chicken strips, and a good tuna melt. I think I've seen every reality food show. It's all I watch. I love *Top Chef, Chopped, Iron Chef.* But I don't love *Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives.* I mean, Guy Fieri—why don't they make him change his hair? ■



"I HAVE A SWEET, ALL-AMERICAN LOOK, AND THEN THERE'S A BIG REVEAL, WHERE I'M SWIGGING TEQUILA."



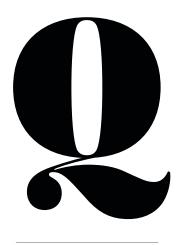




MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY

IN THE PAST YEAR, HE'S WON EVERY AWARD IMAGINABLE. HE HAS A GORGEOUS WIFE, THREE KIDS, AND THE HOTTEST CAREER IN HOLLYWOOD, INCLUDING A STARRING ROLE IN THIS MONTH'S INTERSTELLAR. SO HOW DOES HE EXPLAIN THE "McCONNAISSANCE"? HE JUST KEPT LIVIN'.

by DAVID SWANSON



The last year has been pretty good to you: the Golden Globe and an Oscar for *Dallas Buyers Club*, stealing scenes in *The Wolf of Wall Street*, Emmy nom for *True Detective*, 2014's biggest TV show, and...*Maxim* Icon. You know, it looks like a different magazine.

You know, it looks like a different magazine. It looks like the paper stock is thicker, and the whole thing seems more substantial. It looks more current, not all, "Hey, let's give you hot ass, boners, and beer," but it still has a good, sexy edge to it.

Thanks, but let's be honest, those other honors are *almost* as big a deal. So what

MAXIM November 2014

happened? Five years ago, it seemed like you were a shirtless Malibu hunk playing bongos. Now you're married with kids and winning every award short of the Nobel Peace Prize.

Well, there wasn't any "road to Galilee" moment, but the stars have to align, and a lot of things have been aligning for me wonderfully. Does my wife, Camila [Alves], coming into my life have something to do with it? Absolutely. Does becoming a father have something to do with it? Absolutely. Just being in my 40s—it's a different chapter. You customize in your 40s. So does that have something to do with it? Absolutely. Does luck have something to do with it? Absolutely.

Did your professional choices play their part, too?

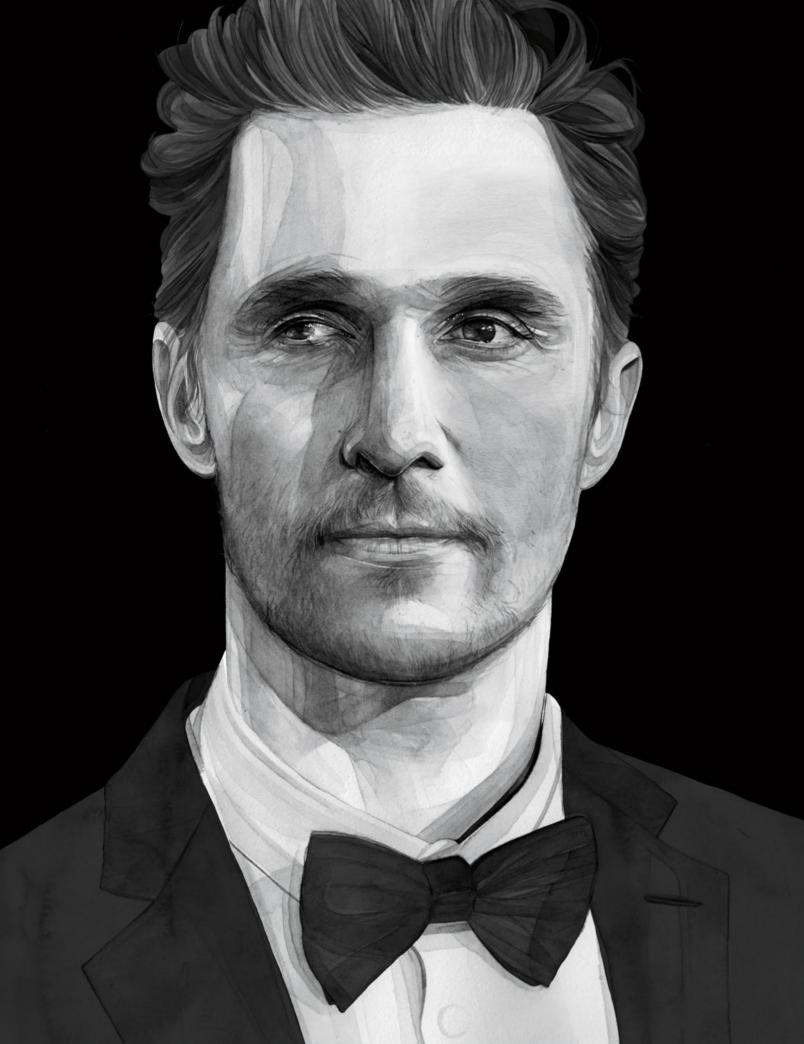
Sure. I remember saying to myself, 'I want to grow and have more life experiences through my work. I want to come out the other side of an experience that scares the shit out of me, and I don't know how different I'll be on the other side, but let's go.' That's where a lot of my choices have come from. I huddled up with my agent and my wife, and said, "I'm going to start saying no to the things I've been doing, and the work's going to dry up." I talked to my financial adviser, and he said, "Your money's good; you can pay the rent; you're

going to be able to live the same lifestyle." So I was like, "Let's do it!" I put the memo out to my agent, and that was that. It took about a year for the industry to stop sending me any more of the things I'd been doing, and then there was just nothing. Bone dry. Nothing.

Was there a turning point?

The turning point after two years of anonymity, I think, was *Killer Joe*. I didn't rebrand, I *unbranded*. I stepped off into the shadows, went back and started a family down in Texas. Mind you, I got nervous during that time. I got anxious. I had some sleepless nights, wondering when the levee was going to break, or if it was even going to break at all. And then I started getting calls from directors. It was like a two-year boomerang that finally came back. All of a sudden William Friedkin calls, Steven Soderbergh calls, Lee Daniels calls, Rick [Richard Linklater] calls.

Rick gave you your first big break as Wooderson in *Dazed and Confused*. I couldn't help wondering, if Wooderson grew up, would he become Dallas in *Magic Mike*, Mark Hanna in *The Wolf of Wall Street*, Ron in *Dallas Buyers Club*, or Rustin Cohle from *True Detective*? I don't think he would be any of those.



I actually think he's got redheaded triplet daughters, and he's a late-night DJ in a little town in Texas. You know why Wooderson was cool? He was who he was. He wasn't trying to be anyone else, and he wasn't selling himself to anybody. Live and let live. Do your thing, and I'll do mine. I don't see him changing that much, and I definitely don't see him having the ambition some of those other characters had.

Like Wooderson, you grew up in Texas. What was high school McConaughey like?

Man, I was catching more green lights in my life than I ever had before. I was 18, dating the best-looking girl, had a job, cash in my pocket, I'd made straight A's, Mom and Dad were happy. Life was rolling. Then I go to Australia for a year, and it was like a screeching halt. I was living in a town in the bush with a population of 206 people—but I'd been told I was going to be living in Sydney. I didn't have a car, had to wear a uniform, and they put me back in the 11th grade. I started going a little nuts. But I had given a handshake to the people back home and told them I wouldn't come back for a whole year, so I was going to stick to it.

Travel seems like a big priority to you.

I could easily say my biggest inspiration has been culture. I've chosen to travel not just to nice, comfy places. And I think part of the reason I like those trips is that they are places where I spiritually get some anonymity. Anonymity is good for the soul, and it's good for what I do as an artist and an actor.

What's the wildest place you've been?

I've done this trip to Mali a couple of times, where I took a flight into Bamako, the capital, and hitchhiked nine hours to where the Bani and Niger rivers meet. I found somebody who spoke broken English, drew a map in the dirt showing where I wanted to go, haggled with them about the cost, and just did it.

Why Mali?

The first trip was actually to find a musician, Ali Farka Touré, who passed away a number of years ago. I'd just been turned on to this Ali Farka-Ry Cooder album, and I had a recurring dream about going to Africa. Same dream: 11 seconds, 11 frames, and five years apart. So, the second time I had it, I knew I had to go. I said, "Let's go find Ali Farka and see where the trip goes." Twenty-three days later, it was the greatest walkabout I'd ever had. Then I went back and did the exact same trip five years later.

You mentioned anonymity. On your travels, do the locals ever mistake you for guys like Brad Pitt or Leo DiCaprio?

No, I've never gotten those two. This one tribe, because of my white skin and beard, thought I looked like Chuck Norris. That's about it. They don't even know what I do. I go under some alias and make up some story about what I do.

What's your alias?

Oh, I've got a bunch of good ones, it just depends on the time and the place. I learned that in college. We had a buddy who was great to fuck with, so anytime we'd go do something and get busted, the cops would ask, "What's your name?" and we would go, "My name is Danny Harris" [laughs]. Poor Danny Harris is still in Austin, Texas, defending himself to this day.

True Detective blew up this year. How'd you end up with it?

There were only two episodes written, and they came to me with the Marty role: the one Woody Harrelson played. I read it and said, "I love it, but I'm this guy Rustin Cohle. If you want me for it, let's talk about *that.*" The director, Cary Joji Fukunaga, and Nic Pizzolatto, the writer and executive producer, came to Austin and we had a night together, and the next day they gave me Officer Cohle.

Did you have any idea what a phenomenon the show would become?

We watched it like everybody else, every Sunday night. I'd either stay tuned and watch it again, back-to-back, on Sunday, or watch it again, like, Monday or Tuesday night. I watched them on average three times apiece. Even I didn't know what the hell was going to happen. I mean, I knew what the ending was, but I didn't know what episode-

to-episode would be. So I was just as surprised as everybody else, in a way. I loved it.

And now you're starring in Christopher Nolan's *Interstellar*, which is probably going to be one of the biggest blockbusters of the year.

Well, look, I haven't even seen the final cut yet, but from what I *have* seen, I can tell you this, straight and honestly: It's the most enormous and epic adventure I've ever seen on film. I don't think anyone does scope larger or better than Christopher Nolan. At the same time, the film is incredibly intimate and personal. And for a film this size to be that personal is really impressive.

How do you prepare for a heroic leading-man role, after these somewhat dark or damaged characters?

The challenge—I realized this very early on—is that my character, Cooper, is supposed to be the everyman, and I was like, "Who the hell is that today? Who is the everyman?" It's not like Don Draper in the '50s or '60s. So I worked hard with Chris to make this personal. Cooper's not perfect by any means. He performs some incredibly heroic acts, but at the same time it's not like he's always right—or comes up with the perfect answer or solution. But Chris has an incredible mind, man. Just the capacity with which he holds on to the concept and knows how to see it through in his films is amazing.

I know you studied some of the science behind the movie. Would you ever want to travel to Mars? They're trying to establish a colony there in the next decade.

I wouldn't do it as a guinea pig, now that I have a family. Still, it would be interesting as a trip, if you believed there was a good chance of being successful. But you'd probably have to go train and say goodbye to the family for a year. I don't know about that.

But you'd also go down as a legend, like Neil Armstrong or Christopher Columbus.

Yeah, that doesn't concern me very much. It would be a nice thing to check off your things-I-got-to-do list, but notoriety or fame doesn't do much for me.

"I REMEMBER SAYING TO MYSELF, 'I WANT

TO GROW AND HAVE MORE LIFE EXPERIENCES THROUGH MY WORK! SO I **HUDDLED UP** WITH MY AGENT AND MY WIFE. AND SAID, 'I'M **GOING TO START** SAYING NO TO THE THINGS I'VE BEEN DOING, AND THE WORK'S GOING TO DRY UP.' AND THEN THERE WAS JUST NOTHING."

You're known for throwing great parties and the "Just keep livin'" philosophy. So what are some of your tricks?

I'll tell you a good one. Have someone offer a really nice tequila shot at the door. It just raises everyone's temperature a full degree, and 50 percent more people will be dancing a few hours later. Here's another secret: If people get there at, say, 6 P.M., tell them dinner is at 8 P.M. But it's never really at 8 P.M.; it's 10 or 10:30, so people are starving. That way, no matter how much you cook, even if you're a great cook, it tastes even better because they're so damn hungry. Although sometimes my brother won't even eat because he doesn't want to disrupt his buzz. But we usually don't do anything too formal. We'll just get around the grill and I'll end up cooking steaks and shooting the shit.

What about music?

You've gotta have a different playlist for every party. You've got to think about what the day is, what the event is, and then plan how long it's going to go and when you want the party to peak and when you want it to really get rocking. The challenge is that you've always got clever little guests who, after a couple of those tequila shots, want to DJ, so you've got to hide your music player.

Being a good host is a skill.

Yeah, I got it from my dad. We'd have a yearly Super Bowl party at our lake house.

Wasn't he drafted by the Packers? Yup, in 1953.

So does that make you a Packers fan or a Cowboys fan?

I'm a Redskins fan!

What? How the hell does a guy from Texas, whose father was drafted by Green Bay, end up a Redskins fan?

Well, when you're four years old and you're watching westerns with your dad and you find yourself rooting for the Indians, it starts like that. And your favorite food is hamburgers, and they have a middle linebacker, number 55, named Chris Hanburger. Then you've got John Riggins running the ball, and Joe Gibbs and the Fun

Bunch, and the Hogs and such. Even in Dallas, I'd have a robe wrapped around me painted burgundy and gold, and a headdress on in Texas Stadium. I will say the two best-looking uniforms are the Redskins, number one, and the Packers, number two.

Redskins aside, you seem to have your priorities in order. Do you think that's one of the reasons for this comeback?

I do feel pretty good about keeping my priorities consistent over the years. I mean, I don't think anyone's got it all figured out: There's times when it rolls smooth and everything is real clear, and times when things get fuzzy. If you've got any ambition or take any risks, things are going to get fuzzy, and it's just a question of working through the fuzz to get to the other side and find the clarity again. Now mind you, recently a big thing for clarity in my life and direction is family.

It seems like things started turning around for you right around when you found Camila.

Listen, a good woman is a great thing for a man to have. And then you have children, and all of a sudden, as a father, you've got a small kingdom that you've got to oversee. I like to say that as a father, your peripheral vision gets much better. And you know, resilience is definitely a McConaughey trait. That was handed down from my parents. So that helps me get past the stuff that sucks a lot more quickly, and it helps me appreciate the stuff that's working out.

Do you just take things moment by moment, or is there something more? Is time really a flat circle, as Rust Cohle claims?

I don't think *each* moment is significant. Sometimes we create false drama and make every single moment feel *so* significant. There is significance in all of the moments put together, but *every* moment is not that significant. We say this in our family all the time: "No drama, man. Let's deal." Drama is going to come. It is. Someone's going to get mortally sick, people are going to die, so we try not to sweat the small stuff.

Interstellar is out beginning November 7.

photographs by ALEXANDER NEUMANN













(CONT. FROM P. 79)

which means that Zanardi is currently the reigning Paralympic gold medalist and overall world champion, as well as the world champion in the time trial. "I think it's a huge thing that he did—to be at the top level of one sport and go to the top level of another is rarely done," says his pal Chip Ganassi. "But to those of us who know him, it's not a surprise. He has a bigger heart than anyone I know."

Now Zanardi is back behind the wheel, too, racing cars professionally for perhaps the last time in his life, and he is doing it because he loves it, not because he harbors any dreams of returning to the sport's upper echelon. In the past, he has told reporters that while he can be nearly as fast as he once was, with the right car setup, his physical condition does present a handicap he can't overcome at the absolute top level of racing-for instance, in Formula 1. When I mention this, he agrees that he couldn't possibly race with the best anymore, but says that it has nothing to do with his disability. "I'm 47," he explains, and with age come responsibilities that you carry as burdens. "You have a boat, you have a nice car, and you have a son driving you crazy. You have a nice house you want to enjoy. You have a dog barking in your garden. You have a lot of things that are fantastic, and they fit beautifully in a 47-year-old man's life. But you're no longer a killer machine like in your 20s, when somebody calls and they say, 'Hey, Alex, we're testing tomorrow in England,' and you say, 'OK, let me put clean underwear in my bag and jump on a plane.' And your girlfriend says, 'Hey, you told me you were going to bring me to the disco tonight,' and you say, 'Fuck off; I have to go drive my car.' At my age, this is not possible."

Zanardi isn't envious of today's drivers. He thinks that the swollen budgets and the crushing pressures of being a driver at the top level—especially in Formula 1–force them to shut down their personalities. They simply don't have time to be charismatic.

At first, Zanardi suggests that drivers like Sebastian Vettel and Michael Schumacher may have been simply more talented than he is, but then he backs away. "No, that would be false if I said this. I never felt I'm the best driver in the world, but I've always felt good enough to be as good as the best driver in the world." On a given day, he felt he could beat anyone, and that's all he ever needed to know. "Maybe it's because I'm Italian. I need to be supported, I need to enjoy what I do, I need to fit in the right environment, I need to jell with the people I work with. And then I can be a fucking amazing machine."

Certainly, Zanardi showed incredible talent in his day, not to mention gigantic balls. His most famous move came in 1996, when he overtook leader Bryan Herta in the final lap in one of the most feared corners in all of racing—the notorious "Corkscrew" at Laguna Seca. The feat, nicknamed "the Pass," is legendary. It was so outlandish, so dangerous, so likely to kill or maim a driver that passing in that spot was subsequently banned; thus, Zanardi's heroics can never be repeated.

"This may sound arrogant, but I don't think I've seen some of the guys we've mentioned making a move like I did. I won races when other people would've parked the car and called it a day." He's especially fond of something Scottish racing legend Dario Franchitti once told reporters: "The guy would simply ignore that he was beaten." Ganassi, one of the most successful race team owners in history, is unequivocal about Zanardi's abilities: "He was one of the most talented drivers I've ever had the opportunity to work with, if not the most talented."

The knock on Zanardi as a racer is that he never dominated in Formula 1. But Formula 1 is about having the right car and team, and he simply never did. I ask him what he thinks of the European bias against NASCAR. He scoffs. "We have this story in Italy where the fox is a very smart animal, but she is not capable of jumping very high. So when the grape is too high for her to reach, she says, 'I don't like it.' She doesn't say, 'I can't reach it.' That's why she's not interested. So I love Formula 1, but I don't appreciate much when I hear this type of comment. And because often the comment is also 'Yeah, but the level of competition [in NASCAR] is very low. It wouldn't take much for a European team to go over there and kick butts,' and it's absolutely false. It's bloody complicated. When you have that type of attitude, you often burn your fingers. And they would."

WHEN ZANARDI GAVE UP racing for cycling in 2009, he thought that was probably the end for him as a professional driver. This struck him most profoundly at Monza, where he was testing his car prior to the final race of the year. At 5:55 P.M., five minutes before the circuit closed for the night, Zanardi's team called him in, but he told them he wanted to run one last lap. The tires are cooked, he was told. Come on in. No, he replied. He didn't need to drive particularly fast, but he did need one more turn, because in his mind it could have been his final lap ever on the track he grew up dreaming about. "I just drove around thinking maybe this is the last lap in my racing career," he recalls. "This might be the last lap of my life."

Still, he was comfortable with that possibility. "It was a sweet moment. Also, I was moving on to a very exciting project"—racing cycles. "Even after I retire from both motorsports and paracycling, I will search for an exciting project that will fit into that time of my life. It may well be picking up a fishing rod; who knows?"

That decision is hardly imminent, but others are approaching fast. Zanardi fully expects to represent Italy in Rio de Janeiro at the 2016 Paralympics. And even though he's winning bike races while also racing cars, he knows that's not a balancing act he can likely continue if he really wants to go to Brazil with a legitimate shot at gold.

"I know there is a compromise, and I cannot think of going to the games in Rio and approaching the season expecting both to be competitive in motorsports and to win the Paralympic Games. So if I reach Rio de Janeiro that year"—and the two golds and one silver he won at the 2014 World Championships are probably enough to qualify him—"I will certainly have to stop again, and park the car."

The question is: Will he finally be parking it for good?

"Who knows? I may decide to have somebody keep the engine warm for me for the following season, or I may decide not to start again, because of course, every year counts. There will come a day when I will no longer enjoy competing if I cannot be competitive." He smiles. "But so far, things have gone quite well." ■

CREDITS

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Correction: October cover, necklace, Alexandre Vauthier from Albright Fashion Library

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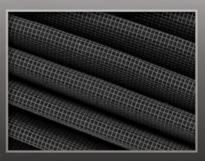
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24 HOURS TO LIVE



THE FARRELLY **BROTHERS**

The silly siblings behind Dumb and Dumber To discuss sequels, virgins, hair gel, and how they'd like to die.

So how do you want to go?

BOBBY: I'd prefer something quick and simple, like, say, a tire iron to the back of the head. PETER: Just not on the toilet. Not on the toilet.

Do you have any deathbed confessions?

BOBBY: I'm one of those morons who watched The Real Housewives of Beverly Hills.

Before you leave this world, please answer a question: How do you get the beans above the frank?

PETER: I believe that's a penis joke, and we write highbrow movies like Howards End and Philomena. Wait, you guys probably have access to IMDb, right? Oh, OK. A bottle of Ketel One vodka, six blue cheese olives, an hour of Bikram yoga, and a 2x4.

Are you going to heaven or to hell?

BOBBY: Not sure. But I won't require 72 virgins when I get there. I'm low maintenance. Two virgins and three sluts should work just fine. PETER: It would be presumptuous to say, because I don't know how tight the grading is. But it's the first time in human history we're being pummeled with porn at every turn, so I hope they're grading on a scale.

Which of your movies will be playing in the great beyond?

BOBBY: Hopefully Fargo. It's the one I've bragged about the most. PETER: Fargo.

What have you wasted too much money on?

BOBBY: Fast women and slow horses.

FOR MORE OF THE FUNNY WITH BOBBY (FAR LEFT) AND PETER FARRELLY, LOG ON TO MAXIM.COM.

PETER: Definitely not Maxim magazine. At an affordable price of \$10.99 U.S. and \$14.99 Canadian, it's a waste not to buy it. [Editor's note: It's actually \$3.99, wiseass.] I'm not sure why I did a plug for your magazine there. I'm a people pleaser.

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

BOBBY: Listen to Skip Bayless and Stephen A. Smith discuss sports.

What music will be playing at your funeral?

BOBBY: "Hollaback Girl," by Gwen Stefani. PETER: Something by Elvis Costello, because I think my wife is boning him and she could probably get him to play at the service cheap. I hope he goes with "Alison."

Will there be more laughing or more crying?

BOBBY: Either one is fine with me. I'm just afraid of apathy. PETER: You guys seem pretty obsessed with thinking about us dead. What the fuck's with that?

Are there fart jokes in the afterlife?

BOBBY: Hope not. We've used up every one we could think of down here.

I'm looking at your corpses. Is that hair gel?

PETER: Again with the death. No, that's actual jism. We plan to shoot a load on each other's ears just before dying. It's a "brothers thing."

With you both dead, what will happen to the Dumb and Dumber franchise?

PETER: Our gay cowriter, Bennett Yellin, will continue on without our input, and Harry and Lloyd will finally admit they're gay, too.

Lloyd and Harry are delivering your eulogies. What would they say?

BOBBY: Something dumb. PETER: Uh, hello? They're fictitious characters, numb nuts.

What's your proudest accomplishment?

BOBBY: Taking 20 years before we made a sequel to any of our movies.

MAXIM

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