PRETTY LITTLE LITTLE THING BETWEEN the SHEETS WITH SHAY MITCHELL

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MAN OF TODAY GERARD BUTLER FOR BOSS BOTTLED

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On the Cover

photograph by JAMES MACARI

Stylist, Michela Buratti at Art Department; styling assistant, Bo Kelly Suh; hair, Riad Azar at Atelier Management using Oribe Hair Care; makeup, Carlene K using Make Up For Ever at Crosby Carter Management; manicure, Mar y Soul for Chanel Le Vernis at Ray Brown Pro. Shirt, Calvin Klein; diamondand-pearl ring, Diaboli Kill; cone ring, Jennifer Fisher. YOU KNOW WHEN You've found A classic.

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WISE GUYS

pg. 84

You don't have to be a gangster to

swagger like one.



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A MAN'S WORLD

RISING STAR

The **2016 Mercedes-AMG GT S** puts a bull's-eye on the back of the Porsche 911. But does the speedster hit its mark? by LAWRENCE ULRICH



WILDEST WEEKEND **GETAWAYS ADAM SCOTT** BRINGS THE FUNNY DISSECTING THE **DAYTONA 500** THE POWER OF THE **PICKLEBACK**





TIGHT, BUT TIGHT Though cramped, the GT S's leatherwrapped interior is all kinds of luxurious.

It begins at a San Francisco stoplight, when a sun-kissed brunette rolls up next to the 2016 Mercedes-AMG GT S I'm driving. "Oh, my God. That car is so beautiful. What is that?"

Not five minutes into our drive, the car passes its first test: Women dig it.

Mercedes' absurdly photogenic, long-nosed newcomer gets A's in other critical sports-car exams, too-from acceleration to clock-ticking laps at Mazda Raceway Laguna Seca. But the shift-and-brake world is only concerned with one question: Is this German freshman really in the same league as the classic Porsche 911?

In truth, it's a trick question. As only the second car fully designed by AMG, Mercedes' performance division, this upstart can't simply wax away five decades of Porsche glory. Still, that hasn't stopped Mercedes from painting

a bull's-eye on the 911. The first salvo was the GT S's departing predecessor, the 583-horsepower, roughly \$220,000 SLS AMG, a legitimate, surprisingly hard-core supercar. Consider the GT S a mildly scaleddown, more earthbound and affordable version. It shares the basic aluminum space frame but loses the bravura gull-wing doors and surfboard-length hood.

Still, the GT S is one sleek sports car, with a three-pointed star on its suggestive snout, sprawling hips, and a roof that evokes classic SLs of the '50s and '60s. Viewed from the rear, it recalls an '80s Porsche 928-risky business, but it works.

The GT S we're hustling down Highway 1 to Monterey starts at about \$132,000. It goes on sale in April. Next spring, a roughly \$112,000, 462-horsepower GT will grace the pavement.

KNOWING **OUR** 41165

MERCEDES' PERFORMANCE DIVISION IS QUICKLY BECOMING THE FACE OF FAST. BUT SPEED IS NOTHING NEW TO THE BRAND.

The letters stand for Aufrecht, Melcher, and Grossaspach, the A and M for the names of its founding engineers and the G for Melcher's German hometown. More simply, AMG translates to speed: Born in 1967 in an old mill in Burgstall, AMG developed racing engines for Mercedes. Roomier digs in Affalterbach saw AMG deliver race winners and street assassins, including "the Hammer," a

300E AMG 5.6 that reached nearly 190 mph-unheard of for a sedan in 1986. Now fully absorbed as Mercedes' performance division, AMG is going gangbusters, selling more than 40,000 badged models in 2014. It's currently developing

A STRIKING AMG

Behold the Hammer, AMG's 190-mph sedan. Strange times, those '80s.

some models entirely in-house, including the AMG GT. Yet even with 24 models on tap by 2016, the "One man, one sacrosanct: AMG assembled by a single technician whose signature is engraved into each plate.



Both share a front-mounted, 4.0-liter bi-turbo V-8, with the GT S boosted to 510 horsepower. That power courses through a snappy dual-clutch, seven-speed transmission. Every element of the car's personality-steering, throttle, suspension, transmission, the throaty exhaust-can be adjusted for any type of pavement assault.

Shoving that V-8 entirely behind the front axle does wonders for balance, but it forces a bulging, space-stealing center console inside. The dashboard is lavish: stitched leather, frosted with bull's-eye vents and a tablet-like screen. But the shifter sits awkwardly near your right elbow, surrounded by a hectic array of dials. Footwells are tight, there's no backseat, and a gun-slit windshield narrows the view. The effect is like being zipped into a zentai suit and booted onto the runway.

Yet if the cockpit recalls a designer barrel, then the performance is a daredevil ride over Niagara-or the Corkscrew, the half-blind plunge at Laguna Seca. Steering is spot-on and lively, handling limits are high, and optional carbon ceramic brakes halt from epic speeds with no fade.

On public roads, the Mercedes casts the same performance spell, the culmination of AMG's wizardly engineering and growing confidence in its powers. Coursing down Skyline Boulevard on the spine of the Santa Cruz mountains, the car slingshots from corner to corner with howling arrogance.

So here's your answer: Twenty years ago, no one could have imagined that conservative Mercedes would ever deliver such a race-bred two-seater. But the AMG GT S, even with a few minor missteps, proves this: The company might not directly outdo Porsche, but it knows how to build a bulldog capable of sinking its teeth into the hindquarters of the 911 and never letting go.

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ARENA by the numbers J P \mathbf{P} The Daytona 500 is the Super Bowl of stock car racing. So let's check under the hood! MAXIM HOT 100 GRAND MARSHALS: KATE UPTON IN 2012 AVERAGE NUMBER OF TIRES BURNED OVER THE BIG RACE. GALLONS OF GAS BURNED GALLONS OF SWEAT, ON AVERAGE, A DRIVER LOSES DURING THE RACE. Th e PERCAR RICHARD AND ROSIE HUNTINGTON-WHITELY IN 2011. PETTY ERA DAYTONA 500'S WON 7 RACESLED

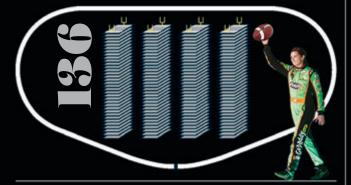
NFL PLAYERS WHO SERVED AS HONORARY RACE STARTERS: TROY AIKMAN, TERRY BRADSHAW, JIM KELLY, DAN MARINO, RAY LEWIS, BRETT FAVRE, AND KEN STABLER.



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SLOWEST WINNING SPEED: JUNIOR JOHNSON, 1960

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CARS CRASHED AT A PRELIMINARY RACE IN 1960, THE BIGGEST PILEUP IN DAYTONA HISTORY. THE WRECK SENT 24 CARS TO THE GARAGE AND EIGHT DRIVERS TO THE HOSPITAL.



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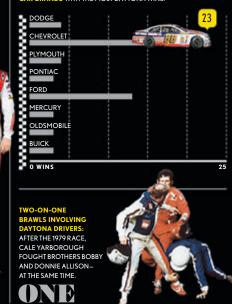
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LAPS HE LED IN 1964 RACE

YEARS BETWEEN WINNING RACES (1964–1981)

MILES FINISHED

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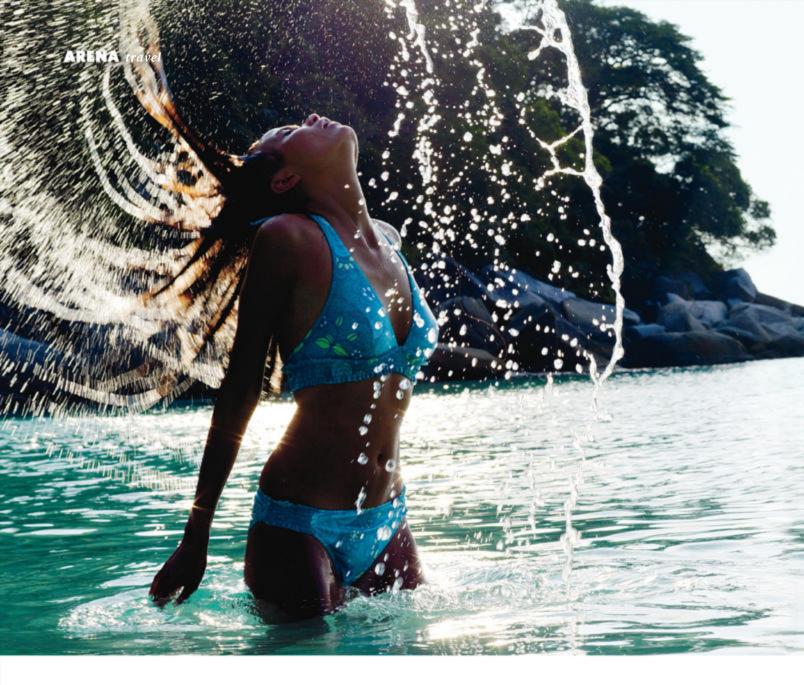
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GONZO GETAWAYS

Ready to skip town for an intensely pleasurable long weekend? Consider these five epic excursions to recharge, refresh, and banish your winter blues. **by STEVE GARBARINO**

BEACHCOMB LIKE BRANDO

Tetiaroa, French Polynesia This remote atoll in the South Pacific served as Marlon Brando's private escape hatch/love nest for four decades: now it's the ultimate tropical paradise in which to channel your inner Colonel Kurtz. Brando (who died in 2004) made plenty of native conquests here (including his third wife), and THE BRANDO resort, which opened last year, captures his legendarily hedonistic ethos. On TETIAROA, a series of pristine islets engulfing a gorgeous turquoise lagoon, you and your posse can overtake its secluded three-bedroom villa (about \$11,700 a night). Eat just-hooked fish at Michelinstarred chef Guy Martin's LES MUTINÉS. Liquor up at BOB'S BAR on the beach, or at your own private poolside. And if you crave eye-popping island idylls, take an exoticbird-watching trip, snorkel pink coral, or

night-view migrating sea turtles laying eggs on the beach. (Coconut-bra-clad Polynesian maidens not included.)

GO SHARK FISHING IN THE FLORIDA KEYS Islamorada, Florida

This highly touted "sportfishing capital" is renowned for its offshore tournamentcontending makos, black tips, hammerheads, bulls, and hard-fighting threshers. Whether you fly into Miami or Key West (preferred), the road trip across Overseas Highway is well worth your efforts for its salty-cracker surroundings–at the crossroads where mullet 'dos meet smoked-mullet dip. There are enough backcountry fish camps, outlaw biker bars, and barnacled honky-tonks here to keep you partying all weekend long. Make your destination one of the veteran shark-angling ports, such as the <u>SEA HORSE</u> or <u>BUD N'</u> <u>MARY'S;</u> both opt for a circle-hook catch-and-



GET OUTTA TOWN!

(Clockwise from left) The hopping pool scene at the Ace Hotel in Palm Springs; the Safari Surf School in Costa Rica; a Dirty Old Bob cocktail at Bob's Bar, inside the Brando resort; a yoga beauty you might find getting bendy on the beach at Tulum's Bikini Bootcamp.

release, while the latter provides some deceptively comfy houseboat rental accommodations docked to their shove-off points. And if you'd like to take over a luxury hut of your own, upscale the itinerary at the <u>MOORINGS VILLAGE</u>, a picturesque Atlantic cove where several *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit* covers have been shot. There are plenty of sharks here just waiting for your fleshy meat hooks to be landed, measured, and Instagrammed to those poor saps on land.

TEE OFF, RAT PACK-STYLE

Palm Springs and Palm Desert, California Rather than reenacting the Hangover movies along with everyone else in Las Vegas, ringa-ding-ding away the weekend amid the more intimate desert decadence of Palm Springs, the literal crossroads of Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope (Drives). It's proudly old-school and home to more than 100 primo golf courses (plenty of them public). During winter the balmy weather's never better for bogeying where Dino, Bing, and Sonny Bono all swung through to *live* a little. Post-teeoff, hit enduring 19th holes like <u>TOUCAN'S</u> <u>TIKI LOUNGE</u> and the classic <u>MELVYN'S</u>, and drop the clubs at such time-bubble lodgings as the <u>MOVIE COLONY HOTEL</u> and the <u>PARKER PALM SPRINGS</u>. Or if you'd prefer to chat up Coachella-frequenting cuties, swagger into the <u>ACE HOTEL</u>'s retrofitted <u>AMIGO ROOM</u>, the perfect place to kick up your own desert storm.

GET FLEXIBLE WITH YOGA BABES

Tulum, Ouintana Roo, Mexico Study your Kundalini for Dummies on the plane to Cancún, and then get ready for the two-hour road trip to Tulum, a secluded, yoga-happy sanctuary on the "Riviera Maya." Your goal: to get touchy-feely with the beautiful creatures who winter-migrate to its incredible beaches to stay perfectly tanned and toned. (Get ready to assume the position...that you actually care about yoga.) Frisky downward dog that you are, you'll outlast all who are piled in the sweat lodge and win the naked mud bake on the beach. Not everything here is about healthy living: These yoga girls drink, you know (they earned it). Check in to one of the more primitive digs, like the el cheapo

COCO TULUM (starting at \$160 a night), and luxury-hotel barhop with your flexible new friends. Or upgrade to CASA DE LAS OLAS or the beachfront eco-resort AMANSALA. Check scheduling for the latter's fabled BIKINI BOOTCAMP, and man up by showing you're not afraid to be in touch with your feminine side.

SURF 'N' TURF IN COSTA RICA

Nosara, Costa Rica

Endless summer, indeed. In this go-native surfing stronghold-favored by enthusiasts of all wave-riding levels-winter's dry season (November through April) offers warm waters, high swells, and long point breaks. If you're a novice, get your feet wet at the SAFARI SURF SCHOOL in nearby Playa Guiones, where the breaks are waaay out there and less-intimidating waves roll right up to the beach. Besides the surf, there's white-water rafting, zip-lining down volcanoes, rain-forest hiking, and cliff diving. In Nosara, hit local grist station CASA TUCAN (for mouthwatering plates of traditional casado) or fuel up at the bar at the KAYA SOL SURF HOTEL. Once you've surfed-or swilled-yourself to exhaustion, recharge at the eco-savvy HARMONY HOTEL, which boasts a "Healing Centre" spa, spacious 1970sstyle bungalows, and ample hammocks in which to happily laze around the gorgeous freshwater pool.

ARENA food







Instead of

jalapeño poppers... SCOTCH OLIVES A play on the Scotch egg, these addictive little sodium bombs from chef Daniel Humm are practically begging to be downed with a few cold beers. Sicilian olives are stuffed with feta, wrapped in lamb sausage, pankobreaded, then deepfried to golden greatness. Get ready to pop them like pain pills after an ACL tear.

2 PUBLIC HOUSE Las Vegas

Instead of Buffalo wings... BUFFALO PIG TAILS

Chef Anthony Meidenbauer's twisted tribute to the classic wing uses pig tails-braised, fried, and glazed with a spicy Calabrian chili sauceas a stand-in for the bird. Buttermilk dressing and crisp radishes far outshine the usual blue cheese and celery chasers.

3 CHAMBERS EAT + DRINK San Francisco

Instead of potato skins... TATER TOTS

The middle-school lunch staple gets a very adult porcine makeover. Chef Trevor Ogden serves his imposing pyramid of crispy spuds with spicy pork rémoulade and magical "bacon dust," which swine-ophiles will want to sprinkle on every subsequent meal.

4 TAVERN LAW Seattle

Instead of pork rinds... HAM & CHEESE CRACKLINS

A \$1.99 bag of chicharrónes can't hold a pork-fat candle to chef Brian McCracken's featherlight cracklins. Crunchy and salty, they're the ideal vehicle for a side of gooey, truffle-infused cheese sauce.

5 WIT & WISDOM Baltimore

Instead of shepherd's pie... MICHAEL'S MAINE

LOBSTER POTPIE Chef Michael Mina turns a stick-to-vour-ribs pub classic on its headliterally. (It's served inverted, with its filling on top.) Chicken is replaced with generous chunks of lobster meat, while a decadent pastry crust hides underneath. A bath of brandied cream sauce studded with truffles and wild mushrooms provides the ridiculously rich finish.

6 SWIFT'S ATTIC

Instead of fried calamari... SOUID FRIES

Tired of dunking your calamari in marinara sauce? Chef Mat Clouser churns out remarkably tender squid in steak-fry form, with roasted-garlic aioli, herb salad, and a charred lemon. Pair it with a pint from Swift's solid craft beer list, and continue raising your bar-food game with their chicken-fried quail and pig-tail tacos.

SNACK ATTACK

Skip that sketchy bowl of peanuts, and seek out these upgraded barstool bites instead. **by DEBBIE LEE**

These days the best seat in the house is often at the bar. We're talking about insanely elevated tavern standards reimagined by serious chefs with topnotch ingredients, modern techniques, and damn-near pornographic visual presentation. So put down that rubbery mozzarella stick or pathetic chicken finger, and pair your next round of brews with one of these must-eat morsels...

SOUR AND GLORY

From its humble Brooklyn beginnings, the pickleback-that is, rough whiskey chased with salty pickle juice-has become a bona fide global phenomenon.

Thanks to its palatability and simplicity– a jar of pickles, a jigger of whiskey, and you're in business–the pickleback has graduated from novelty to ubiquity, a secret handshake for off-duty bartenders and clued-in drinkers alike. Since its 2006 birth at Brooklyn dive Bushwick Country Club (Old Crow + McClure's pickle brine = awesome), it's become a boozy-savory sensation. Today, you'll find picklebacks everywhere from Chicago's elevated Au Cheval to London's down-home Pitt Cue Co. "It's for every occasion," explains BCC's John Roberts. "There's just no bad time to have one."

REACH FOR ROTGUT

Picklebacks are perfect with most any whiskey, but since the assertive brine will obliterate nuances, skip pricey spirits and bend your knees for the bottom shelf. Old Crow, Benchmark, Old Grand-Dad, and Evan Williams Black Label are all excellent options. (Note: Some bartenders are getting uppity by using Bulleit, Jack Daniel's, and, most commonly, Jameson.)

THE FIFTH TASTE

On your taste buds, the tango of booze and brine creates a pleasing flavor of umami–our supersavory fifth taste. It's also found in Parmesan cheese, cured meats, and soy sauce.

TOAST TO YOUR HEALTH

Next time a buzzkill questions why you downed six picklebacks, tell him it's doctor's orders: A recent study found that pickle juice can alleviate leg cramps. Fun fact: During a football game in 2013, Boise State running back Jay Ajayi was filmed slurping brine from a pickle-filled jar. To avoid Internet infamy, he should've sipped Pickle Juice Sport-which, sadly, is a real thing.

GET JUICED

When shopping for brine, "you don't want liquid that looks like it's radioactive," says BCC's Roberts, who recommends a "good-quality brine that's garlicky and, preferably, spicy." His pick: McClure's spicy pickles, the hallowed juice used in the original pickleback.

POLE POSITION

Hung over? Perhaps the problem is too much whiskey, not enough brine. In Poland, pickle juice is a classic morningafter cure. It may not just be folklore: Vinegar's acetic acid helps ravaged bodies retain fluid and, like a sponge, absorb the brine's beneficial electrolytes and salt.

PICKLE POWER

Have some leftover brine from your last pickleback bender? The salty ambrosia's acidity makes it ideal for cleaning copper pans, tenderizing steaks, and even killing weeds. Seriously!

ARENA culture

Adam Scott is seriously hilarious. Few actors nail the droll deadpan better than he does as sci-fi-loving auditor Ben Wyatt on Parks and Recreation—soon to take its final bow or in such films as Our <u>ldiot B</u>rother. But Scott never actually set out to be a comic actor. In fact, prior to his breakthrough role alongside Will Ferrell and John C. Reilly in *Step Brothers*, he was a classically trained dramatic actor whose only improv experience came "as an Upright Citizens Brigade audience member." Scott struggled– and sweat–his way through his role as ultra-douchey Derek Huff. "I liken it to learning the high jump at the Olympics in a stadium full of cameras," he says. "I was terrified." That is, until he kissed his dignity goodbye and learned to embrace the sheer absurdity of it all:

THE BREAKTHROUGH

As he wraps up the final season of *Parks and Recreation*, the actor recalls when he stopped being so serious and found his inner comic.

hilarious: this family professionally singing that song together in the car. But I'm the only person not singing in that scene: I'm lip-synching to a guy who is singing live. Like, he's standing in front of the car, and he and I are locking eyes through the windshield. In the movie it looks like I'm driving while singing and screaming at my family, but I'm actually looking at this guy. It was bizarre. But that day, I just didn't feel as freaked. Maybe it was because I didn't have to keep up with Will and John, but I just decided to go with it. And I remember watching playback after we had done some takes and thinking it was funny. It was as simple as that." -As told to Dan Hyman

"My last day on set

was the scene in the

car where my family

'Sweet Child O' Mine'

and I are singing

a cappella. When

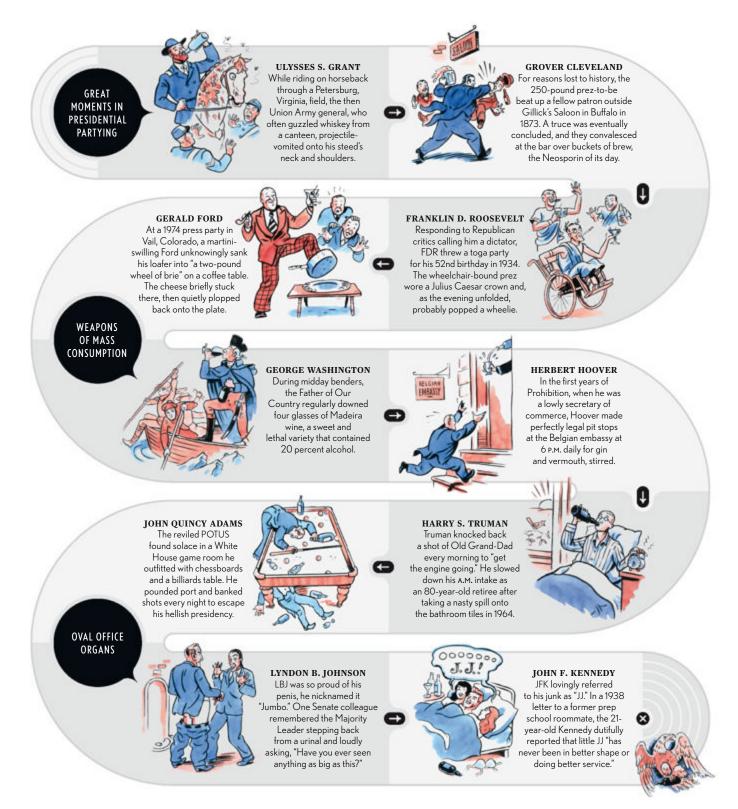
I thought that was

I first read the script,

ARENA party politics

FOUR MORE BEERS!

With the 2016 race already under way and the candidates on their best behavior, Brian Abrams' new book, *Party Like a President: True Tales of Inebriation, Lechery, and Mischief from the Oval Office,* offers a sobering reminder that even leaders of the free world need to get wild.





CLOAK AND DATA

Encrypt e-mails, avoid social media stalkers, and keep texts confidential: These new apps make it easy to maintain your digital privacy. **by CORINNE IOZZIO** Say there's this woman. You went out twice. (Or was it three times?) Maybe you're just not feeling it, or perhaps she has an unsettling fondness for obscure emojis. Whatever the case, things didn't work out. But she's already neck-deep in your digital business-thumbs-upping your Facebook statuses, sending you Snapchats of her parents' engagement photos. This used to be unavoidable. But breathe easy, fellas: There's a new crop of privacy apps built for the sole purpose of keeping snooping exes, serial oversharers, and even the prying eyes of the NSA at bay. Here are four downloadable ways to watch your back.



PROTECT YOUR MESSAGES

The last thing you want is for your outgoing correspondence-be it topless ex-girlfriend selfies or important business details-to be stolen. Send texts through Cyber Dust (Free, iOS and Android). The app autodeletes messages, Mission: Impossiblestyle, roughly 20 to 45 seconds after they're read, depending on your operating system. Even better, it lets you retract messages and, if you're an Android user, block recipients from taking screenshots to use as blackmail.

BURNER

GIVE OUT FAKE DIGITS

Stop giving random women (and Nigerian princes) your real number. Instead, use Burner (Free, iOS and Android) to generate disposable-but still working-digits. They'll ring on your own phone, but you can ditch them whenever you like. The first number is free and comes with seven days or five voice calls of talk time and 15 text messages; additional texts, time, and new numbers start at \$2-a small price for remaining anonymous.



CUT THE DIGITAL TIES

How do you avoid that special someone you don't want to talk to, let alone see, ever again? Our favorite option is Cloak (Free, iOS). The app syncs with your Facebook, Twitter, Foursquare, and Instagram contacts and plots each person's current location on a map. Flag those you'd prefer to avoid and the app pings you when they're nearby so vou can plan vour escape accordingly.



ENCRYPT YOURSELF

As government officials and madams know, phone calls are eerily susceptible to interception, too. Cellular providers are required to let Big Brother tap in at a moment's notice, and a simple hack on a secondhand phone can do the same. Signal (Free, iOS and Android) lets you make calls over an encrypted connection that snoops can't penetrate. So even if she's crazy enough to put a P.I. on your digital tail, your secrets will remain safe.

Let's elevate the moment.



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MODUS

THE STYLISH MAN

GETTING SNEAKY

The office dress code has loosened up, but that doesn't mean you should stroll into work with scuffed Chucks on your feet. High-end high-tops fall into that sweet spot of being suit-worthy and perfect with a pair of jeans.

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havy and black. \$755; Kith NYC, kithnyc.com **MODUS** sneakers



Russell high-top in black leather. \$990; select Tom Ford boutiques 2 SANTONI Clean Icon sneaker in black leather. \$450; santonishoes.com

3 SALVATORE

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④ JIMMY CHOO

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RENAULT NO. 17 MOISTURIZER

The goal: extreme moisturization with minimal pore clogging. This new product will add luster to your mug with face-friendly oils like peppermint and soybean, formulated into a time-release moisturizer. If it works for Cleveland Browns linebacker Karlos Dansby, who helped create the stuff, it'll do wonders for us rec leaguers.

KIEHL'S SUPERBLY RESTORATIVE **BODY LOTION** WITH ARGAN OIL

BODY

Lightweight and tone enhancing, argan oil is like Gore-Tex for your skin's moisture barrier. Use after toweling dry. Just remember: It rubs the lotion on its skin or it gets the hose again!

DOVE MEN+CARE CLEAN COMFORT

Sorry, but that tightness in your skin after washing isn't you inexplicably shedding baby fat. It's actually dehydration. Stay limber-and, of course, clean-with this ultrahydrating body wash with Micro Moisture.



Our most abused appendages deserve some lovin', too. Treat your dogs to this coconut-oil-based moisturizer to keep them soft, smooth, and, thanks to peppermint extract, funk-free.



BUMBLE AND BUMBLE SUPER RICH CONDITIONER

Snowflakes are a natural part of winter, but they shouldn't originate on your scalp. Help prevent dandruff with this avocado-oil-infused conditioner, a game changer for guys with curly, coarse, and chronically dry hair.



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Approved by golfers, chefs, carpenters, and other dudes who rely on their hands, this rice-bran-oilinfused hand cream is a potent remedy for dry and damaged mitts. And, better yet, it doesn't leave any greasy residue (a.k.a. "evidence").

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DEFENSE

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HOLD THE LINE

"In the cold, people stop doing stuff they do during the warmer seasons. You need to keep your routine."





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100

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Clothes may make the man, but the right accessories make the point.



Day-Date II in gold (\$37,850), Rolex; Tourneau TimeMachine, NYC.

2 Blue fossilized woolly-mammoth-tooth money clip (\$12,620), Monique Péan; moniquepean.com. 3 Altiplano cuff links in 18kt rose gold (\$4,700), Piaget; *piaget.com.*

4 Ligne 2 Meteorite lighter (\$1,780), S.T. Dupont; Nat Sherman Townhouse, NYC. **5** Cole aviators in rose gold (\$380), Tom Ford; Tom Ford boutiques, 888-866-3673.

6 Frontier ring with tigereye (\$795), David Yurman; davidyurman.com. Serving tray (price upon request), Bottega Veneta; Bottega Veneta boutiques.

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A DECEMPTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE

AGENDA

MAN WITH A PLAN

REAL HOUSEWIVES **STAR JOANNA KRUPA** MAY HAVE LEFT MIAMI, BUT SHE'S STILL BRINGING THE HEAT.

by ADAM LINEHAN

τv

THIS PAGE Coat, Max Mara Lingerie, Kiki

Lingerie, Kiki de Montparnasse. Necklace, Zoë Chicco.

NEXT PAGE

Lingerie, Carine Gilson. Stockings, Wolford. Shoes, Christian Louboutin. Necklace, Zoë Chicco. Ring, Blanca Monrós Gómez. Bracelet, Jennifer Fisher. You've made your mark as a model and actress, but you might be best known as the biggest star of *The Real Housewives of Miami* for the past two years. So why did you decide not to do another season? It was getting to where I didn't have any friends on the show, and I felt like some of the girls thought, "Oh, my God, this is my five minutes of fame–I need to bring the drama. I need to be a vicious human being so the spotlight will be on *me.*" I joined the show being this happy person with a career, which made me a bit of a target.

You had a nasty, well-publicized feud last year with *Housewives of Beverly Hills* star Brandi Glanville. Did she actually accuse you of having, um, bad personal hygiene? It got out of hand, and there was just way too much below-the-belt stuff, literally. With Brandi, I got sucker punched. I'd never met her before I was on the show, but we'd send each other compliments on Twitter, so I thought we were cool. And when we finally did meet, she was totally a cold bitch toward me. Then all of that drama started, and I don't think she was expecting me to fight back [*laughs*].

Did you like watching the show?

It was tough! When you film, you're living that bad moment, but you get over it, make peace, and move on. But then, when the show airs, we'd have to comment about it on our blog, what we were thinking in that particular crappy moment. So some of the girls would get offended and be like, "Oh, my God, I thought you were over it!" It was an endless circle–I'd be living those situations three times because of that.

Your husband [Miami club owner Romain Zago] isn't exactly the pencil-thin type. Are you attracted to brawny guys?

I think guys need to take care of themselves. But when they're really bulky and think about nothing but working out? Total turnoff! My husband used to be really skinny when he was a model and had to fit high-fashion measurements. Now he works out, but he's not obsessed. I respect that.

Before marriage, did you date any big celebs? Or, better yet, turn one down? Actually, I did [*laughs*]. I definitely turned down a pretty huge one. I don't want to say

who, because he's married and it's just going to turn into an enormous drama. But, yeah, his manager called my manager and asked if



I'd go to dinner with him. I was like, "Ooh, totally not my type." Then, a couple of years later, he called again and I said, "No, no, no." I shut him down completely.

Romain once claimed that you wanted a "sexual clause" in your marriage prenup. Was that a joke?

Well, it *was* a joke, but it was very close to reality. We've always had an issue with that subject, because I've been the more sexual one in the relationship. So I kind of joked to him, like, "If we're going to get married, then I'm putting that clause in so I can get it on a regular basis."

Any advice for other couples wrestling with the same problem?

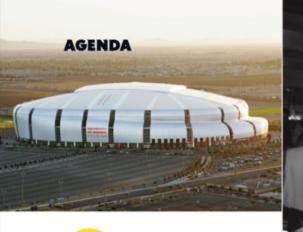
If a girl wants more sex from her man, and she sees that the guy is having a lot of stress, then plan a romantic getaway so he can really unwind and relax for a weekend. Spur-of-themoment things are best. And dressing up or role-playing definitely can make things way more interesting and exciting.

Speaking of role-play, what is your dream movie role?

Being a Bond girl! That's my goal. I've actually been dreaming about that ever since I got into this business.

You've been criticized for flaunting too much flesh in public. What do you have to say to your critics?

If my man wants me to walk around being supersexy all the time, why not? As long as it's not trashy, or hurting somebody, or disrespecting anyone, then why not? I, for one, appreciate beautiful women. When I see them walking down the street, I want to give them a high five. ■





CAN'T GET INTO MAXIM'S FAMOUS ANNUAL BLOWOUT ON SUPER BOWL WEEKEND IN PHOENIX? TRY THESE FIVE HOT SPOTS INSTEAD.

by JAMES KING

SEXIEST POOL PARTY MAYA DAY + NIGHTCLUB

Scottsdale

This vast outdoor pleasure palace hosts some of the wildest, fleshiest, Vegasstyle pool parties in the Southwest. Headliners like Diplo, Paul Oakenfold, and Waka Flocka Flame lure youthful throngs of overstuffed bikinis and hardpartying locals lucky enough to make it past the velvet rope.

SWANKIEST ROOFTOP SPOT LUSTRE ROOFTOP GARDEN Phoenix

For sweeping views of the Phoenix skyline and South Mountain, fuel up at the city's coolest rooftop bar. Indulge in top-shelf cocktails, local craft brews, and grass-fed burgers while lounging around a pool adorned with a Ping-Pong table, bottle-service cabanas, and plenty of pretty young things.

MOST MASSIVE MARGARITAS EL HEFE SUPERMACHO TAQUERIA Scottsdale

Signature bar bites like duck carnitas and a bacon-wrapped Kobe beef hot dog helped El Hefe win Best Food at the 2014 Arizona Culinary Festival. Perhaps even more impressive? They make *nine* margaritas, including an infamous 64-ounce Macho Garita that's unleashed only on parties of two or more.

WILDEST WESTERN SALOON BUFFALO CHIP SALOON & STEAKHOUSE Cave Creek

This rowdy sports bar hosts a twice-weekly rodeo in an outdoor roping pen, where actual cowboys ride 1,800-pound bucking bulls. Inside, the Chip is, strangely, a die-hard Green Bay Packers haven that serves Cheeseheadapproved cheese curds and bratwurst bites.

HOTTEST "BEACH" BAR SANDBAR MEXICAN GRILL

Phoenix

The closest ocean is about 215 miles away–and it's in Mexico. But this open-air oasis brings the beach to the desert, with sandcovered patios, cabana rentals, cheap drink specials, and more than 40 flatscreens, so you can keep an eye on the game while destroying a plate of fully loaded nachos.

site of the Super Bowl.

DESERT HEAT Beautiful bunnies at

Maya Day + 1 (left) Universi

Phoenix Sta

PRO

ahtclu

ARIZONA CARDINALS WIDE RECEIVER LARRY **FITZGERALD** ON WHERE THE GIRLS ARE: "THE W HOTEL IN SCOTTSDALE HAS A GREAT-LOOKING CROWD. THE MUSIC ISN'T TOO LOUD, SO YOU CAN CARRY ON A GOOD CONVERSATION."





30 MAXIM February 2015

HE ALWAYS GOES for TWO.

contemport

STAY THIRSTY, my friends[®]



10 CO



FOR PURE SPECTACLE, THE **SUPER BOWL** CAN'T BE BEAT. EVEN IF THE GAME SUCKS. THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE OF **MUST-SEE TV:** A WILD HELMET CATCH. AN AMAZING AD. **OR AN EPIC NIP SLIP IS JUST ON** THE HORIZON. SO, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. HOW DOES XXX **STACK UP TO III? TAKE A LOOK!**

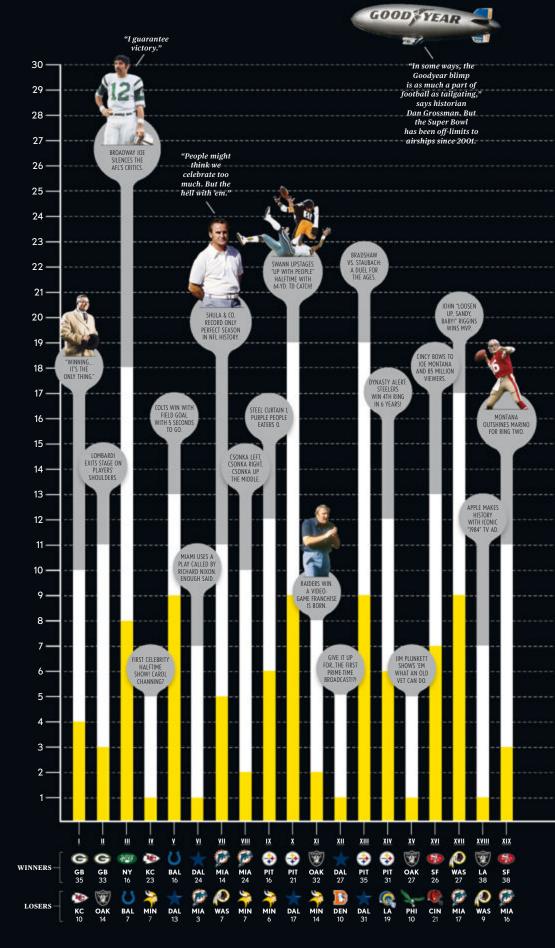
by CHRIS RAYMOND

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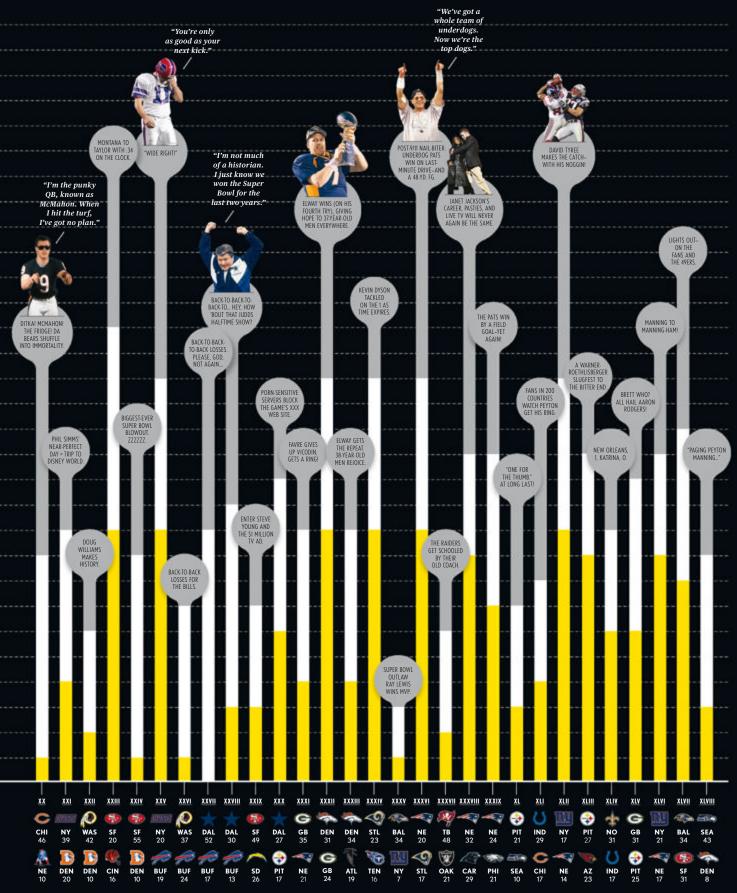
GAME QUALITY THE ON-FIELD ACTION. THINK MANNING TO TYREE FOR 32 YARDS VS. A 36-POINT LOSS TO DA BEARS.

STAR POWER BECAUSE SOME GAMES HAVE JOE NAMATH. OTHERS: TRENT DILFER.

X FACTOR BECAUSE THE CHILI PEPPERS BEAT *NSYNC ON ANY GIVEN SUNDAY. AND, WELL, CRAZY STUFF HAPPENS.



AGENDA



AGENDA

MOVIES

THE FIVE **BEST SECRET-**SOCIETY SPY MOVIES THAT ARE TOTALLY **LICENSED** TO THRILL.



by BILGE EBIRI

In director Matthew Vaughn's new spy thriller, Kingsman: The Secret Service, a brilliant but rebellious punk (Taron Egerton) is whisked out of the slammer by a veteran spy (Colin Firth) and inducted into a powerful, way-secret organization. Soon, he's up to his earbuds in save-the-world global espionage. Being a British superspy, he also learns how to dress well, shoot with sniper accuracy, and detonate explosives hidden in lighters. Sound familiar? Kingsman is just the latest in a long line of spy flicks about scary secret orgs and the innocents pulled into their webs—with no Q or Blofeld in sight. Here are the best of the non-007, licensed-to-kill bunch.

THE 39 STEPS 1935

SECRET ORG The 39 Steps, duh.

WHAT IS IT?

"An organization of spies, collecting information on behalf of the foreign office of..." Bang! In Alfred Hitchcock's classic, based on a novel by John Buchan, a regular dude (Robert Donat) finds himself ensnared in a battle between evil spies and counterspies over secret weapons plans.

SECRECY LEVEL

They transmit secrets using memory tricksters, who are killed as soon as they step out of line. Harsh!

BOND-AGE FACTOR

E 20 10 10 10 10 10 10 No slinky bad girls, lethal gadgets, or supervillains. Still, the book was a major influence on lan Fleming's Bond novels.



SECRET ORG Center

WHAT IS IT?

A clandestine group within French intelligence that handles political assassinations. They recruit young junkie Nikita (Anne Parillaud) out of prison, fake her death, teach her fighting and sharpshooting skillsand buy her some mind-meltingly tight minidresses. Result: über-hit woman!

SECRECY LEVEL _____

Once she completes

a an an an an an an an an an

and weapons are very

there's precious little

actual espionage here.

007-esque, but

The outfits, cleavage,

her training, Nikita interacts only with her stern overseer, Bob (Tchéky Karyo).

BOND-AGE FACTOR

100 100 100 100 100 100 100 Its members have charm. In fact, they enjoy razing cities in horrific ways so much, they're more



Treadstone

A nefarious, hushhush ancient army that doles out punishment on a civilizational scale, destroying entire societies when they become too corrupt. It teaches Bruce Wayne (Christian Bale) fighting, stealth, and survival methodswhich come in handy when he becomes the Dark Knight.

BATMAN

SECRET ORG

WHAT IS IT?

BEGINS 2005

League of Shadows

SECRECY LEVEL _____

It's been bringing down civilizations for centuries without anyone knowing its name? Now that's a supersecret society!

BOND-AGE FACTOR

not a shred of Bond's like Bond villains.



SECRET ORG

WHAT IS IT?

Funded by the CIA, it's a group of deeply hidden, brainwashhappy pols cranking out mindless superassassins. Renegade agent Bourne (Matt Damon) threatens to reveal the existence of the covert, highly illegal training programs. Ruh-roh!

SECRECY LEVEL

Treadstone and its successor, Blackbriar, are so explosive, the powers that be seem perfectly fine with killing everyone who knows about them.

BOND-AGE FACTOR

📕 🖬 🗰 194 195 195 196 196 196 Bourne is mostly a tough, real-world corrective to the fantasy of Bond. So, very few gadgets, and the cars are way more mundane.



WANTED 2008

SECRET ORG The Fraternity

WHAT IS IT?

A centuries-old cabal of killers with superhuman abilitiesfrom heightened reflexes to freaky bullet-trajectorybending skills. The plot: A milguetoast accountant (James McAvoy) is kidnapped by a sexy Frat babe (Angelina Jolie) before discovering that he, too, possesses these strange powers.

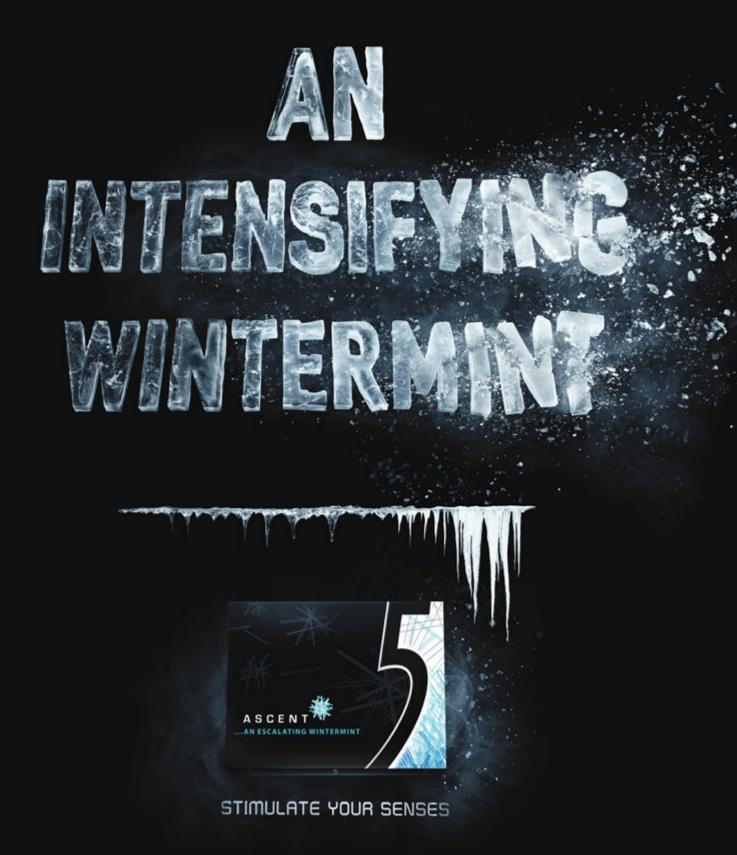
SECRECY LEVEL

Very impressive, given that the Fraternity often leaves comical levels of vehicular chaos in its wake.

BOND-AGE FACTOR

Probably too much hocus-pocus for Bond lovers, but 007 would have loved facing off with Jolie's vaguely BDSM-ish superkiller.





EMPORIUM

WHAT MEN WANT

SIGHT SEER

A rear-mounted camera sends a live, 180-degree feed, eliminating blind spots-and the need for a rearview mirror.



sku

TINT CONDITION

Push a button and the Skully's visor switches from an eye-defending dark to a clear view ideal for night riding.

STEERING CLEAR

Built-in GPS projects turn-by-turn directions onto the display, so you don't need a separate navigation device.



The Skully AR-1 motorcycle helmet lets you view directions, phone calls, and the road behind you without ever taking your eyes off the asphalt.

When you're riding a motorcycle, focus is everything. Even a quick glance at a mirror is enough to send you skidding. The Skully AR-1 is engineered to keep your pupils on the road. It's the first helmet with a built-in heads-up display: Projected onto the right-hand corner of the visor is live footage from a rear-mounted camera that shows the road behind as well as your blind spots. Also shown: speed, turn-by-turn directions, and info gathered from a paired phone (calls, music). And no, the barrage of data won't distract you: Displayed transparently, it all appears within your natural sight line. What's more, the lid responds to voice commands, and its visor changes tint with the press of a button. The future never looked so safe. **\$1,499; skullysystems.com**

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR



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AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE AT CALENDARS.COM/MAXIM



THRILL SEEKERS

Mount up! The latest action cameras are smaller, sharper, and more capable of capturing your extreme (or extremely silly) antics than ever before. by STAN HORACZEK





GoPro Hero4 Black Don't call it an action camera. The GoPro Hero4 Black edition is a cinema-quality shooter that just happens to mount to your helmet (or anywhere else). Measuring 1.6 by 2.3 inches, the latest iteration of the polycarbonateencased Hero films in both standard and 4K formats and features a blazing processor that buffs up frame rates. There's no screen, so you can't eye your playback, but the crisp, hiccup-free footage wowed testers, as did the ability to adjust exposure settings and film both time-lapse and slow-motion shots. It's a must for any serious adrenaline junkie. \$500; gopro.com







THE EYE IN THE SKY

360flv Every action cam uses a wide-angle lens; only this one captures the entire 360-degree scene. The easy-tomount four-ounce orb is equipped with an upward-facing lens that shoots continuous horizontal and 240-degree vertical footage, recording sharp frames of everything around-and aboveyou. Trippy stuff. \$500; 360fly.com

THE BEGINNER'S BEST FRIEND

Polaroid Cube Meet your new knock-around camera. Roughly an inch tall, the pocket-size Cube is as capable as many larger models (it shoots 1080p video and holds up to 90 minutes on a micro SD) but costs a third of the price. It's surprisingly durable and mounts easilya strong magnet on its base secures it to nearly any surface. \$99; polaroid.com

THE WIDE-EYED WONDER

Drift Ghost-S There's a lot to love about the Ghost-S: It's small, sharp, and captures scenes at up to 60 fps. But the specs we really enjoyed? The video tagging mode, in which the camera snags a constant loop and lets you save shots with the press of a button, and the lens, which rotates up to 300 degrees for a large field of view. \$400; driftinnovation.com

THE TOUGH GUY

Ricoh WG-M1 No case needed: Out of the box, this flask-shaped camera can survive six-foot drops and underwater depths of 32 feet. Included is an impressive 14-mp sensor as well as a suite of HD capture modes. Testers dug the 1.5-inch LCD screen, which lets you compose shots, navigate menus, and preview captured action. \$300; us.ricoh-imaging.com

THE TINY BUT MIGHTY SHOOTER

Sony Action Cam Mini Light done right: The Mini weighs less than two ounces, but it's stocked with serious photographic firepower (170-degree lens, slo-mo, HD footage). Testers loved its size and simplicity. A must: Opt for the Live View Remote, which straps to your wrist and lets you review shots in real time. \$350 (including remote); sony.com

PRO TIP WHEN IT COMES TO NABBING HIGH-QUALITY SHOTS OF HIGH-SPEED PURSUITS, YOUR BODY IS THE BEST MOUNT. NOT ONLY WILL THE RESULTING FOOTAGE BE SMOOTHER THAN IF YOU WERE TO MOUNT THE CAMERA TO, SAY, YOUR HANDLEBARS, BUT IT'LL ALSO HAVE A VIDEO GAME-STYLE POINT OF VIEW. SO STRAP IT TO YOUR HELMET OR CHEST WHENEVER POSSIBLE. AND TRY TO SHOOT AT 60 FPS. YOUR ACTION VIDEOS WILL BE CRISPER, AND YOU CAN SLOW THINGS DOWN WHEN YOU'RE EDITING LATER.

ROCK THE HOUSE

The latest wireless-speaker families let you stream music to every room with just a tap and swipe. **by MICHAEL GOWAN**

Want godlike control over all the speakers in your home? You're in luck: Creating an interconnected music system has never been easier. There's a boom in whole-home units, families of speakers that link over wi-fi, pair with your smart devices, and allow you to stream one song in all rooms or a different one from each. Each system features three or more variously sized units (sold separately); use them to piece together an arrangement that suits your sonic needs. Just be sure to align yourself with one that's right for you. And don't let all that power go to your head.

SONOS

All hail the (still) reigning champ of whole-home audio. Sonos' system has been around the longest and still offers the largest configuration (there are four speakers, from the portable Play:1 to the pulsing Playbar) and the most streaming options (more than 30 services, from Beats Music to Songza). Setup is breezy: The speakers don't even need a hub to link to vour wi-fi router. And the components kick out everything from pop to podcasts with terrific detail. IDEAL SYSTEM: Playbar in the living room; Play:5 and Sub in the office; and Play:1 in the kitchen. COST: \$2,000

DENON HEOS

Thump, yeah. If you like your tunes with a thick, pulsing low end, then install Denon's system, stat. Even the 4.2pound HEOS 3, the smallest of the three wedge-shaped speakers, sent the bass straight to our chest, precisely capturing the elaborate electronica of Aphex Twin and the throbbing groove of Flying Lotus. The bump only increases as you move up the line from the boombox-like HEOS 5 to the heftier 7, which brings the force of seven drivers. **IDEAL SYSTEM: HEOS 7** in the living room; HEOS 5 in the office; and HEOS 3 in the kitchen. **cost:** \$1,300

DEFINITIVE TECHNOLOGY WIRELESS MUSIC SYSTEM

Whether spitting out dialogue-heavy scenes or gun-blazing chaos, the 43-inch-long W Studio Wireless Sound Bar at the heart of Definitive's family outshines many dedicated surround sound systems. When the show's over, the speaker transforms into a killer music player. Definitive spreads the wealth with its two other models: The two-driver W9 delivers true stereo sound, while the bass-heavy W7 is powerful yet refined. IDEAL SYSTEM: W Studio in the living room; W9 in the office; and W7 in the kitchen. **COST:** \$2,400



FEEL THE BEAT

Pulse trackers, those near-ubiquitous workout savers, are getting smarter than ever—and expanding way past the wrist. by RYAN STUART



JABRA SPORT PULSE WIRELESS

These buds are impervious to sweat, come packed with powerful Dolby sound, and read your pulse: Tiny light sensors detect your heart rate via the blood flow in your ears. The buds are comfortable and accurate, and an accompanying app chronicles your stats, tailors programs to fit your needs, and plays nice with such fitness apps as Runkeeper. \$200; jabra.com



LIFEBEAM HELMET

It's always been tricky figuring out just how hard you're really working out on a bike. Using tech developed for fighter pilots and astronauts, the LifeBeam helmet features optical and motion sensors that. along with a suite of processors, track your vitals. As you pedal, it logs beats-perminute and calories burned, sending them both to ANT+ and Bluetooth devices. \$229; life-beam.com



MIO LINK

Already have a go-to fitness device? The Mio LINK is the ideal companion. A faceless, one-button wristband, it tracks your pulse, displaying heart rate zones via an array of flashing lights, and transmits the data to Bluetooth Smart (4.0) as well as ANT+ compatible cycling computers and watches. It's an accurate and incredibly simple way to replace an existing chest strap. \$99; mioglobal.com



TOMTOM RUNNER CARDIO

Running watches are often too smart for their own good: too many tiny buttons here, too many menu options there. The Runner Cardio offers serious metrics but is a master class in simplicity. The GPS watch, which tracks pulse, pace, distance, and calories burned, has a streamlined interface and brightly lit screen that's easy to read even when you're running at a full sprint. \$270; tomtom.com



ADIDAS MICOACH FIT SMART

Sure, the Fit Smart may look like just another fitness cuff, but there are plenty of smarts under the hood. Like rivals, it counts steps, stride rate, distance, and pace, but it also features a built-in sensor that reads heart rate. It optimizes that info to help fit it into your personal goals; all data is sent to Adidas' Train and Run app, which offers hundreds of training plans. \$199; adidas.com



OM FITNESS SHORT SLEEVED

Not into fitness bands? Slip on this shirt. Woven into its fabric is a suite of sensors that record a neurotic amount of data: respiration rate/ volume, movement (including steps and cadence), and beats-per-minute. It even keeps an eye on your musclecontraction intensity. And don't worry about perspiration: The shirt can be washed with the rest of your gear. \$199; omsignal.com



STRETCHING THE RULES

Cheating is for chumps. But it takes a certain genius to defeat a foe with hookers and Stickum. Just ask L. T., Lester Hayes, and Junior Johnson. by MARK WINEGARDNER AS THE SON OF BOOTLEGGERS IN DEPRESSIONera North Carolina, Junior Johnson learned all the tricks to building a humdrum-looking car with the muscle to outrun any police cruiser. He took that knack for subterfuge to the region's dirt tracks, where every grizzled gearhead lived by the same credo: *If you ain't cheatin', you ain't tryin'*. Johnson adopted a different view. "If they ain't got a rule for it," he says, "how can they say you're cheatin'?"

Over the next four decades, the driver and team owner gave the guardians of NASCAR an awful lot to dislike about his cars—though rarely for breaking a rule. Nothing (at the time) said you couldn't get your vehicle up to the required pre-race weight by slipping a solid-lead helmet inside it. Or by filling the frame rails with BBs, then using a string mounted to a little trapdoor to jettison them onto the track during the parade lap. Johnson's most outrageous creation was dubbed the Yellow Banana: a '66 Ford Galaxie that he chopped and reassembled into a wildly aerodynamic missile with upswept rear quarter-panels, a left side three inches lower than the right, and a windshield sloped so far back, it took the whole crew to slide the driver inside.

"Say what you want about that car," Johnson says, "but it passed inspection." He laughs.

"It wouldn't by today's rules. Hell, even the rules they had the following *week*. But those rules are only there because of me."

Welcome to the vast, gray netherworld of gamesmanship-the storied realm of hustlers, cardsharps, and wily vets; of Red Auerbach and Jimmy Connors; of champs and chumps. Few things in life inspire more vitriol than outright cheating. Say it ain't so, Lance! Say it ain't so, McGwire, Sosa, Bonds, Clemens, A-Rod! We hate guys who break the rules (Richard Nixon) but find something oddly admirable, even endearing, about those with a genius for bending them (JFK). We're not talking about juvenile stunts like yelling "Ha!" at a baseball player about to catch a pop-up (A-Rod). We're talking about schemes that require ingenuity and artistry. Think of Ty Cobb's sharpened baseball spikes. Tear-away jerseys. Lawrence Taylor sending a pair of hookers to a rival's hotel room the night before a big game with instructions to wear the poor guy out. Spies with telescopes holed up in the scoreboard to intercept the opposing catcher's signs.

At its best, gamesmanship demands a connoisseur's appreciation for the rule book. Consider star cornerback Lester Hayes' liberal use of Stickum to snare errant passes. Not illegal! (At least not until the aptly named "Lester Hayes rule" came to be.) Sometimes all that's required is invoking an obscure regulation at the ideal time–a weird specialty of baseball manager Jack McKeon. Once, to change momentum in a losing game, he got an ump to stop play and force the Mets' Jason Isringhausen to conform to code by using a Sharpie to black out the white lettering on his glove. "[Manager] Bobby Valentine got hot over that," McKeon says, chuckling. "Call it mind

"IF THEY AIN'T GOT A RULE FOR IT," SAYS JUNIOR JOHNSON, "HOW CAN THEY SAY YOU'RE CHEATIN'?"



games if you want, but if I can take advantage of knowing a rule, I'm going to do it."

To many, gamesmanship is a survival skill, the key to outwitting an adversary, psyching out an opponent, maintaining the upper hand on your home turf. Who wants to leave it to fickle fans to provide that crucial edge? Not Hayden Fry, legendary coach of the Iowa Hawkeyes, who had the visitors' locker room painted pink in an odd attempt to sap the fight from his team's rivals. Nor the countless others who have tinkered with base paths, pitcher's mounds, sight lines, the height of the grass, the speed of the ice, the fire alarms at nearby hotels, and stadium air currents, which have a funny way of keeping a baseball aloft or grounding a field goal kick.

In recent years, foes of the San Antonio Spurs have discovered a rattlesnake in a locker, a swarm of flies in the dressing room, and a bat on the loose inside the arena. So is it any wonder that the A/C at the AT&T Center mysteriously crapped out in Game 1 of last June's NBA Finals? The fact remains that the home team's locker room was tricked out with powerful cooling fans.

If that sounds like crazy conspiracy talk, check out the handiwork of Bill Veeck. In 1951, as owner of baseball's St. Louis Browns, he signed 3'7" Eddie Gaedel to a contract, outfitted him in a jersey sporting the number ½, and sent him to the plate to pinch-hit–with a strike zone the size of a belt buckle. Gaedel walked on four pitches and was replaced by a pinch runner. The next day, the league voided his contract and declared that, henceforth, no such deal may go into effect until it's reviewed by the league office.

Veeck went right on searching for loopholes. As an owner of a minor league team in Milwaukee, he installed an outfield fence that could be raised or lowered to counter the competition's lineup. When he bought the

GAME ON

(Clockwise from top left) LeBron James withers in San Antonio's heat; Lester Hayes unveils his sticky fingers; Eddie Gaedel reveals the wonder of his miniature strike zone. (Opposite page) Lawrence Taylor once sent prostitutes to distract a rival before a game.

Cleveland Indians, he went even further, rigging the fences so they could be moved in or out by 15 feet. Veeck's secret weapon was "the Michelangelo of groundskeepers." Before each game, Emil Bossard sculpted the pitching mound to favor Cleveland's starter. He'd angle the pitch of the foul line to benefit the Indians. "But where Bossard's wizardry really shone through," Veeck wrote, "was in the way he tailored our diamond to the individual needs of our infielders. We did not have one infield at Cleveland; we had an infield segmented into four sections."

As for the Spurs, their faulty A/C–sorry about those leg cramps, LeBron!–comes up short on originality. In Game 5 of the 1984 NBA Finals, the heat at the old Boston Garden soared toward 100 degrees. Lakers Hall of Famer Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was forced to the bench to suck on an oxygen mask while the Celtics cruised to a 121-103 victory.

But, hey, maybe this is just coincidence. After all, what are the odds that 30 years later, another team with a long run of being crafty and successful would consider pulling the same stunt as the one ascribed in legend to Celtics president Arnold "Red" Auerbach. The cigar-chomping rogue and gamesman extraordinaire logged 16 championships as a coach and team executive. For the record, that's the most in NBA history.

- WILL.I.AM'S DIGITAL DREAMS

For the past few years, the Black Eyed Peas frontman, producer, and world-class weirdo has been working tirelessly to transform himself into an in-demand tech mogul. The funny thing? It's working. **BY ERIK SOFGE** SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT WILL.I.AM, but the man can keep his cool. It's 95 degrees in Washington, D.C., a thick, tangible heat that entombs you as you walk. Yet he's wearing a black suit, a black shirt, and the kind of heat-retardant stoicism all great performers share, as he stands in front of the White House and waits to be interviewed by Martha MacCallum of Fox News. She's asking will about the capital's Maker Faire—the latest in



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a series of gatherings, started in 2006, where amateur scientists, artists, and other ambitious do-it-yourselfers display visionary projects they've designed and made, often using 3-D printers. Maker Faire festivals crop up all over the world, but this is the first one to be held at the White House, and it's hosted by President Obama, who calls it "a revolution that can help us create new jobs and industries for decades to come." And will.i.am is there to make an announcement.

No, it doesn't have anything to do with the Black Eyed Peas, the hip-hop group he leads, which, having sold more than 31 million albums worldwide, is now on hiatus. Rather, it's all about will's next act. The seven-time Grammy winner has decided to hang up his sci-fi attire and taffy-legged dance moves and stage dive into the tech world. And he's not just another celebrity show pony being paraded around to polish a company's cool: He's investing his own money and time into developing forward-thinking devices for his own company, i.am+, and others, as well. "I'm all in," he says. "I'm betting on the future."

Skepticism might seem like the proper response to this claim. After all, the tech world has a decidedly spotty record when it comes to celebrity involvement. Remember when BlackBerry's global creative director, Alicia Keys, dragged that flagging icon back into relevance? Or when Myspace's new co-owner, Justin Timberlake, led the company's triumphant return to mainstream dominance? Exactly. Fame doesn't automatically translate into innovation or insight. But will is far more ambitious in his corporate dalliances: He's director of creative innovation at Intel, chief creative officer at the manufacturing firm 3D Systems, a collaborator on Coca-Cola's recycling initiative, and a partner with FIRST, the

nonprofit organization founded by Segway inventor and tech luminary Dean Kamen to stage robotics competitions for kids. But will.i.am isn't some tech-world dilettante. "He's really doing it right," says Kamen. "The public thinks he's just another entertainer saying how much he cares. But he walks the walk. I truly believe he'll change the world."

SO MAKE NO MISTAKE: THE WILL.I.AM braving D.C.'s summer heat is no publicityseeking drone, swanning from conference room to conference call. He's here pushing the Ekocycle Cube 3D printer, an idea he cooked up with Kamen and 3D Systems designers.

But Fox News has misspelled the thing– "Eco-" instead of "Eko-"–and Coca-Cola's marketing team is firing off urgent e-mails to please, *please* fix the typo. The name was will's idea, a play on the words *recycle* and

"WILL IS REALLY DOING IT RIGHT," SAYS TECH LUMINARY DEAN KAMEN, WITH WHOM WILL WORKS ON EKOCYCLE AND THE ROBOTICS ORGANIZATION FIRST. "I TRULY BELIEVE HE'LL CHANGE THE WORLD." *Coke*, with the latter reversed. The Ekocycle Cube 3D is a consumer 3-D printer, a desktop-size unit that can spit out six-inch versions of nearly any design fed into it. Compared with similar printers, it's cheap (\$1,199) and simple enough to attract mainstream users with no prior experience. And it uses recycled polyethylene terephthalate (rPET), which means each custom-made accessory it makes is composed partly of recycled bottles. "We have an opportunity to reconfigure the way the current world is structured," will says. Coming from him, it doesn't sound quite as pompous as it might from, say, Bono.

The interview is winding down. Fox News neglects to fix the typo, but will never breaks a sweat or strays from his main point: Consumer tech can transform America by creating new industries and more jobs. Noble as that sounds, it's what will believes. And it's what he's convincing some of the wealthiest companies in the world to believe, too.

The standard-issue tech-mogul creation myths, with wunderkinds vaulting from Ivy League schools to Silicon Valley prominence, don't apply to the former William Adams. He was born in the Boyle Heights neighborhood of East Los Angeles; his family was on welfare, and he took a bus across town to attend a magnet school in Pacific Palisades. He lived in the projects until, at 17, he was signed to rapper Eazy-E's record label. The Black Eyed Peas came later, as did producer credits with everyone from Michael Jackson to U2, and Miley Cyrus to Talib Kweli.

But when you think about it, the Peas were always future forward, fusing dance beats with pop hooks long before the EDM explosion. The group's first two albums, full of earnest, socially conscious raps, didn't sell well, so will revamped the sound and lineup, adding charismatic lead singer Fergie and creating Peas 2.0, a deliriously happy Top 40 group and global phenom.

When you talk to will for a few minutes, you realize he's a huge nerd. Always has been. Proof: He's terrified of artificial intelligence. Specifically, he's frightened that our ability to educate people is being outpaced by machine intelligence. "That should be everyone's focus right now," he says. "We are soon going to face the day when our devices are more intelligent than us."

He's getting all Judgment Day because, in addition to his 3-D printing ventures and consulting, he's created a device of his own: a smartwatch. It's called the i.amPuls, and unlike many of the other wrist-based devices now flooding the market—most notably, one from a little tech firm out of Cupertino this cuff can make and take calls itself, rather than simply pass along messages and information from a synced-up smartphone. In fact, it doesn't require the user to have a smartphone on hand at all.

"Everyone else is looking at the smartwatch as something that sends you *notifications*," he says. "They're not thinking as big as we are."

It's worth noting that will is talking to me from Australia on a prototype of the Puls. This is a few weeks after the White House event and some months before the watch's November launch, and the sound is sharp. Even sharper: All the processing happens within the Puls, which runs apps like Facebook and Twitter. It has a 1.7-inch touchscreen with a bright, easy-to-read font, responds to voice commands, and operates on its own 3G network. It even features a Siri-like digital assistant that answers questions and helps streamline searches. And it's built entirely by will's in-house tech team. The same is true for the watch's operating system, a new platform that's a houseenhanced version of open source Android, complete with its own interface and developers' kit. It pits him against the tech powerhouses. And that could be a big deal.

It's more evidence that will.i.am is not simply dabbling. He invested his own money into this venture, just as he poured cash into the i.am+ line of high-end iPhone accessories in 2012. Those weren't a success by any stretch of the imagination, but they provided street cred—he'd made the effort, built a team of engineers, and gambled some of his wealth.

Still, he bristles when asked why consumers should trust him. "A celebrity would partner with the company, take an advance, and provide a few ideas. And their ideas are all like"—his voice shifts to a whine—"Yeah, that's cool. Yeah, I would rock that to the club.' For me to be taken seriously, I had to earn it."

He earned his partnership with Coca-Cola, too, presenting the firm with his idea for a

WILL'S WONDERS

IN THE FRENZIED RACE TO CREATE AND MARKET THE WORLD'S NEXT GREAT GADGET, WILLI.AM HAS SEVERAL HORSES ON THE FAST TRACK.



EKOCYCLE 3D PRINTER

Will collaborated with Dean Kamen and Coca-Cola to create the Ekocycle Cube 3D printer. The desktop consumer model not only allows users to create high-resolution objects but also prints with partially recycled materials. Every cartridge the printer uses is the equivalent of three recycled soda bottles. *\$1,199; cubify.com*



I.AMPULS SMARTBAND

Unlike many similar smartwatches, the Puls operates on its own built-in 3G connection without the help of a smartphone. The open-source touchscreen smartwatch, in addition to letting you take calls and surf the Web, receives e-mails, news, and other notifications, and features its own Siri-like digital assistant. *From* \$399 plus service contract; iamplus.com



THE REST... Will is constantly working on the next big thing. At his Los Angeles shop, he has prototypes of-and hopes to soon releasea triangular backpack that doubles as a wearable boom box, as well as a battery-powered jacket that charges the Puls for four days when it touches the sleeve's cuff. They're expected to be released in the near future. product-based recycling initiative in 2012. When April Crow, Coca-Cola's director of sustainable packing, flew to L.A. for a follow-up, she wasn't expecting to spend hours discussing the challenges of manufacturing with recycled plastic. "He had done his research; he asked the smartest questions," says Crow. "I was blown away." Will had pursued Coke, rather than the other way around, and he was advocating an initiative with profits that would go to sustainabilitybased charities. "That was what struck me," says Crow. "He isn't just about promoting himself. He really wants to be a part of this."

If you believe will, it's not about the immediate payoff. Between his music career and his early investment in Beats Audioacquired by Apple in May of last year for \$3 billion-he won't run out of cash anytime soon. All these long plays are part of a circuitous, counterintuitive loop, landing back where he started: the inner city. He partnered with FIRST and wants to make 3-D printers mainstream because he believes science, tech, and math offer the surest routes to prosperity for kids from poor backgrounds. "It's not just music, and it's not just sports," he says, noting that agents and talent scouts regularly visit ghettos to search for the next star singers or jocks. "How come they take kids seriously and tech waits?"

That's a question Dean Kamen posed a few years back, and shortly after, he received a call from will. "I thought, *Here's another entertainer mad at me for saying kids need more realistic outlets,*" Kamen explains. But will agreed with that sentiment and quickly surprised Kamen (a man not easily won over by star power) with his enthusiasm, intelligence, and generosity. Will volunteered his services, performed at FIRST events, used his celebrity to increase the charity's presence, and pitched countless ideas.

Will also started a FIRST robotics team at his old school in Boyle Heights. And he wants kids to use the Puls so they'll see how transformative tech can be. "That's why I'm so excited about this," he says. "It's a gateway, and I can't wait until kids start learning to code on it."

But is it optimism or pure hype?

Can you really picture housing projects full of kids tapping away at their watches, writing apps, waiting for the first download and the first positive review, and whatever comes next, expanding the tech industry with new waves of innovation? Well, will.i.am can. Which is why it might happen. ■



SCENES FROM A SEX PARTY

Upscale, invitation-only orgies are sweeping the nation's top cities. They're way hotter, more exclusive, and less freaky than the old sex clubs of yore. But what really makes these naked bacchanals tick? **by ADAM LINEHAN**

I'M IN A WAREHOUSE LOFT IN WILLIAMSBURG, Brooklyn, a few nights before Halloween, sitting uncomfortably between my friend Erica to my right and a naked couple struggling to have sex on the eight inches of available ottoman to my left. Erica and I are doing a rather heroic job of shifting our gaze to just about anywhere in the room but at our feet, where a pretty brunette in what's left of a Dorothy costume (ruby slippers) services a grinning, half-naked cowboy in a Stetson and not much else. Beyond them, a few dozen beds lined up like some kind of Hieronymus Bosch version of a Sleepy's showroom play host to sexual situations of varying size and gender combinations: girl-boy; girl-girl-boy; boy-girl-boy; girl-girl; girl-girl; and, on the large, sweat-drenched mattresses at the center of the room, girl-boy-girl-girl-girlgirl-girl-boy-boy-girl-boy (I think). A lowgrade funk moves through the place like a

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rising weather system.

"I'm gonna get some air," I say, standing suddenly. Erica stands, too, and when she does the ottoman seesaws, dumping the bare-assed conjoined couple onto the floor. "Oh, oh!" the woman cries, her big, Kardashian-like mane spilling over her face. A few people laugh. The man looks around, red-faced, his white buttocks illuminated in the loft's weird blue light. Then, after maybe 10 seconds of hesitation, the two reclaim the divan and carry on with the same reckless fervor as before.

For many, "sex clubs" conjures up images of leathery swinger types performing passages from the Kama Sutra in clouds of patchouli smoke. But plenty has changed since your Uncle Howie was doing the jellyfish at Plato's Retreat. The modern reality: A new crop of invitation-only sex parties, located in big cities across the U.S. and Europe, is expanding exponentially by replacing the old swingers model with something more upscale, more exclusive, more attractive, less emotionally scarring, and specifically targeted to the instantgratification ethos of a generation weaned on Tinder and text message hookups. But what really makes these naked shindigs tick? My goal: infiltrate, assess, and maybe even participate, all in the fine name of glossy magazine journalism.

Chemistry, a New York-based "producer of erotic parties," and the host of the pre-Halloween bash, is one of a handful of members-only partyers in the city marketing themselves as playgrounds for the young, beautiful, and "sexually enlightened." "I don't like the term swinger because it harks back to the '70s and the misogynistic practice of wife swapping," says "KennyBlunt," a mysterious dude in his early 40s who says he started Chemistry with his then girlfriend in 2006 after the two became disenchanted with the local swingers scene, finding it awkward, poorly organized, and disconcertingly male-centric. "A lot of our members are just getting out of collegemainly couples and single women. As organizers, our job, first and foremost, is to create an environment where women feel very comfortable."

The first step: Curate the hottest–and least creepy–crowd you could ever hope to find yourself in a room with naked. After e-mailing Chemistry a request for an application, my next-door-neighbor "dates" Erica and Katie and I are sent digital questionnaires, along with requests for "G-rated" photos. (Erica FOR MANY, "SEX CLUBS" CONJURES UP IMAGES OF LEATHERY SWINGER TYPES PERFORMING *KAMA SUTRA* IN CLOUDS OF PATCHOULI SMOKE. BUT PLENTY HAS CHANGED SINCE YOUR UNCLE WAS DOING THE JELLYFISH AT PLATO'S RETREAT.



and Katie thankfully push that a bit.) The questions range from straightforward ("What decade were you born in?") to probing ("What's your favorite nonsexual hobby?") to cosmic ("What's your philosophy on sex?").

After two days of waiting, I begin to worry about what a rejected application will do to my ego. But the following day, we receive a "for-your-eyes-only" e-mail revealing the time and location of the party. The price for three of us is \$170: \$150 for Erica and me as a couple (which we're not; single guys are a no-go) and \$20 for Katie to tag along. Later, KennyBlunt explains the vetting process to me. "We're looking for creative, thoughtful people.... But if we have an applicant whose answers sort of suck but is drop-dead gorgeous, it's like, OK, this will be good for the party."

It's 10:30 P.M. when we arrive at the nondescript door of a warehouse in a newly developed portion of Brooklyn's hipster mecca. With trick-or-treating days away, the party is christened Freaky Friday, and guests have been encouraged to dress accordingly. Out of sheer laziness, we show up in normal going-out attire. After a security guard checks our IDs, we step into a near-pitch-black room where we sign waivers and are ushered past a black curtain into the party. "Enjoy!" says a buxom, blond werewolf, handing us gift bags containing condoms and mints.

We find ourselves in a cavernous, concert-like space, with about 200 people crowded in front of a stage watching a slender woman in a glossy, skintight dress doing some kind of X-rated stand-up. The ratio of girls to guys is impressive—somewhere in the ballpark of 60:40—and everyone's pretty much straight out of the young Brooklyn nightlife playbook. We take a mini tour. Here's what we see: a well-stocked bar, a nicely appointed snack table, a pair of metal staircases leading to an open loft filled with rows and rows of beds. Here's what we don't see: Fucking. Groping. Not so much as a surreptitious hand job or flashed boob.

We locate KennyBlunt ("KB to my friends") during the next performance: a girl not much bigger than a Keebler elf twirling fire fans while a pair of giant torches shoot flames from her chest. "Man, if she burns this place down, we're *screwed*," he says. KB is a solidly built Midwesterner; with his top hat and skull-painted face, he resembles a stocky Alice Cooper. "The party needs time to build," he tells us. "It's like a pot heating up–everyone talks and drinks and gets to know each other. But you'll see, the moment the show ends, everyone'll remember why they came here."

Sure enough, during the final act–a by-the-numbers zombie bit starring a bloodspattered girl in a nightie wielding a severed arm–the crowd, as if on silent cue, begins trickling away in twos and threes, vanishing in a steady stream up the stairs.

Pumps are kicked off. Zippers are unzipped. Sexy Ebola Nurse costumes are discarded in yellow and white heaps. Thongs, boxers, and lacy bras are dropped midstream, leading to beds like bread-crumb trails. In a moment, the vibe has switched from Williamsburg-hipster-bar to director'scut-of-*Caligula*. The orgy is under way.

And a couple of hours later, it's still under way. I've been drinking all night, working up the nerve to join in on the fun. But how, exactly? Erica and Katie have bailed, complaining about the lack of attractive single men. I decide to stick around, and now I'm seated on that same ottoman, chatting up a couple who've graciously invited me to join them for the remainder of the party. "We were hooking up in the other room, and it was just way too crowded," says Laura, a dark-haired beauty dressed like a Depression-era gangster, complete with bowler cap, blue pinstripe minidress, and black thigh-high stockings. "I kept getting elbowed in the face." She's in her late 20s and owns an Internet company. Her boyfriend, David, also in his late 20s, is an executive at a big New York financial firm. Six months ago, Laura first heard about the sex parties and suggested they try them out. "I'm the luckiest guy in the world because she doesn't want to sleep with other guys-just girls," David tells me. "Most people we've met doing this are highly educated, successful, and personable. They're people with regular lives, just like us."

David and Laura are, hands down, the best-looking couple here. A few minutes into our conversation, two girls who've been eyeing Laura from across the room join us. One, a curvy blonde in her mid-20s, wears nothing but red lace underwear and a red velvet cloak draped over her shoulders, and, not surprisingly, introduces herself as Red

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SANCTUM CLUB

\$250 for couples; \$50 for single women. *Beverly Hills*

Got a hankering to watch a girl in a latex suit bathe herself in a tub of milk? This is the orgy for you! Applicants for these surreal yet formal black-tie events get an easy in if they can name-drop current club members. (This is Beverly Hills, after all.) To keep it paparazziproof, emphasis is placed on security and secrecy, and guests are urged to conceal their identities sanctumclub.org

Riding Hood. The other, a tall brunette whose name I don't catch, is dressed as a German barmaid, pigtails and all. They want to know if Laura wants a massage. She does. Within seconds, Laura is supine on a table, being ridden by Red Riding Hood, while Barmaid Helga kisses Laura's neck. Not sure what to do, I follow David's lead. He positions himself on one side of the table, and I stand on the other, and we begin running our hands along Red Riding Hood's upturned ass and thighs. My heart is racing. This is how it happens, I think. When David pulls off his shirt and throws it on the floor, I do the same. And when he starts massaging Laura's thighs, I do, too.

The next few minutes are a blur–a sweaty tangle of limbs and fingers and tongues and nipples. It winds up like this: Red Riding Hood grabs my head and begins pulling it down toward Laura's nether regions. While moving south, I shoot David a glance. "Is this cool?" I say. "Yeah," he says, grinning. "Of course." Laura is clearly into it, too. I take a breath and dive in, and now I'm 100 percent certain this is going to escalate into a full-blown five-way.

Then the lights start blinking on and off.

What the fuck? I look up–everyone, Laura especially, looks startled. I glance at my watch: 2 A.M. The party is supposed to go until 3. A general sense of confusion settles over the room, and everyone is grumbling and reaching for their clothes. I pull my shirt back on, feeling embarrassed it came off in the first place. A guy dressed as a Trojan soldier appears at the door. "Hey, sorry about that, guys!" he shouts. "A mistake! Party on–we're going until 3!" But it's too late. The buzz has been mercilessly killed. "Let's get out of here," Helga says with a sigh, and as a group we descend the stairs.

At the bar, I order a shot, feeling as if I've reached the pinnacle of sexual frustration. David puts a hand on my shoulder. "We're all thinking about going somewhere else," he says. "What do you think?" Yes! I turn back to the bartender, telling him to hurry with the tequila. I down it in a single gulp and turn, expecting to see my new friends waiting for me. They're not. Through the black curtain at the entrance, I see a flash of brilliant red. I rush to the door into the crisp Williamsburg night. I look left: nothing. I look right: Halfway down the block, I see the silhouette of Laura's bowler cap ducking into a cab. I want to yell, "Wait for me!" But I don't. As the cab recedes into the distance, I light a cigarette and begin the long walk home.

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"PEOPLE ASK WHATIT'S LIKE KISSING aWOMAN, AS IF THERE'SSOMETHING AWKWARDOR WEIRD ABOUT IT.I COMPLETELY EMBRACEIT. WHEN I STEP INTOEMILY'S SHOES, I'MTRULY IN the MOMENT,and I'M FULLYATTRACTED TO theWOMEN I'M FOOLINGAROUND WITH."



SHAY MITCHELL IS ABOUT TO DESTROY

me completely with a single tap on her iPhone. The woman who plays the delectable lesbian next door on the most tweeted-about series in television history just accepted my invitation to see who could get more action on our social media feeds over the course of our time together.

Just looking at her tells me I'm a goner. The star of Pretty Little Liars, a cult-smash cable crime thriller about a group of mean-girl high school vixens tormented by a web of cyber threats, dark hoodies, darker secrets, and outrageous murders, arrived at a Los Angeles art museum on this rare rainy day dressed like the planet's hottest secret agent–complete with a short-short trench coat, her pink cashmere thumb sleeves tantalizingly peeking out. There's stretchy black denim underneath, knee-high riding boots, an adorable pink umbrella. Right on the nose for a girl who is famous as the most desirable DIY sleuth to ever wind up on the ABC Family network. My pathetic selfie is out-favorited the very moment Mitchell's glorious pic hits Instagram.

"Whoa, this is kinda crazy," she says as more than 1,000 likes register under her photo in less than 60 seconds. Yes, *1,000*.

@Shaym can dominate you like that. At 27, she spreads her seductive magic in so many ways and via so many platforms– on TV; in print as a model; on her YouTube channel; with her lifestyle blog, charities, and endorsements; and via Facebook and Instagram–she seems like an entirely new kind of celebrity life form. Too alluring and ambitious to stick merely to one screen, Mitchell sucks you in to them all.

As we enter a gallery of Picassos, she snaps a shot of a reclining nude even after a uniformed guard announces that photos aren't allowed. "I really like taking *risks*," she whispers, gazing with a head tilt at the painting: a masterwork of cartoonishly large breasts floating over a disembodied vagina. Mitchell flips back her chestnut hair and grins.

"Poor woman," she says. "Picasso obviously did this way before Photoshop."

THE PATH TO BECOMING A GODDESS OF

all media began with a collage in her childhood bedroom back in Canada. Everything young Shannon Ashley Mitchell craved was thumbtacked up there: the Hollywood sign, glittery gowns, red carpets, a white Range Rover. "I always had this idea that if you fantasized about something enough, it would come true," she says. (Guess whose top-of-the-line white Range Rover is parked out front today?)

Mitchell grew up the elder of two siblings in Toronto and Vancouver with her mom, who's Filipino, and her dad, a financial planner who has roots in Ireland and Scotland. She started dancing at age five, and by her early teens, modeling agents were elbowing each other aside to sign her to a contract. Mitchell isn't coy about her determination to succeed. "Friends of mine would say, 'Shannon's gonna take over the world or die trying.' Because that's what I always talked about."

As a young model, Mitchell contorted in bikinis for a few years on beaches in Thailand and atop skyscrapers in Hong Kong but ultimately grew restless. "A beautiful photo is amazing, but just walking into a room and being judged on your physical appearance, without being able to be yourself, or even say anything–that was very frustrating to me."

A phalanx of field-tripping third graders glances our way as we stroll into a roomful of pop art. But it's their young female teachers

Bottoms, Elle Macpherson Intimates. Gown, Albright Fashion Library.

"IT'S SEXY BECAUSE" TWO BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ARE SOFTER, MORE SENSUOUS, SLOWER, I and ALSO SORT OF EDUCATIONAL. GUYS WATCH BECAUSE GUYS WATCH BECAUSE THEY LIKE TO LEARN FROM IT. IT'S LIKE, IHEY, WHAT'S SHE DOING TO THAT OTHER GIRL'S BODY THAT I MIGHT WANT TO TRY?"



Bottoms, Samantha Chang. Necklace, Jennifer Zeuner. Cardigan, Topshop. Diamond-and-pearl ring, Diaboli Kill. Cone ring, Jennifer Fisher.

> who get that starry, dumbstruck gleam of recognition in their eyes. To say that *Pretty* Little Liars is popular among a wide swath of millennial women (along with ever-increasing numbers of their male counterparts) is like saying the Pope is trying to make a few changes in Rome. Now in its fifth season, Liars is usually the most-watched cable program in its time slot. Most impressive, it consistently gets more Twitter love than any other scripted show evercertainly helped along by the relentless social media activity of its stars. The season-four summer finale, in 2013, generated a mindblowing 70,000 tweets per minute during the last scenes, setting an all-time record.

> Mitchell is a huge part of the draw, due largely to her character's story arc of a beloved star swimmer coming to grips with her sapphic nature. For the record, she is straight (and temporarily single) in real life. But her TV character, Emily Fields, is the über-darling of the (substantial) pretty-littlelesbian dating pool in fictional Rosewood, Pennsylvania. Em has a knack for showing up in a locker room just as a nubile friend tosses off a towel and leans in for a caress.

"People ask me what it's like kissing a woman, as if there's something awkward or weird about it," Mitchell says. "I completely embrace it. When I step into Emily's Converses, I'm truly in the moment, and I'm fully attracted to the women I'm fooling around with. I'm not Shay when I'm doing that scene; I'm Emily."

Mitchell is comfortable with the fact that her make-out scenes are the likely draw for a majority of the show's male viewership. She explains it like this: "It's sexy because two beautiful girls are softer, more sensuous, slower, and also sort of educational. Guys watch because they like to learn from it. It's like, 'Hey, what's she doing to that other girl's body that I might want to try?'"

MITCHELL USED TO BE A BOTTLE-SERVICE

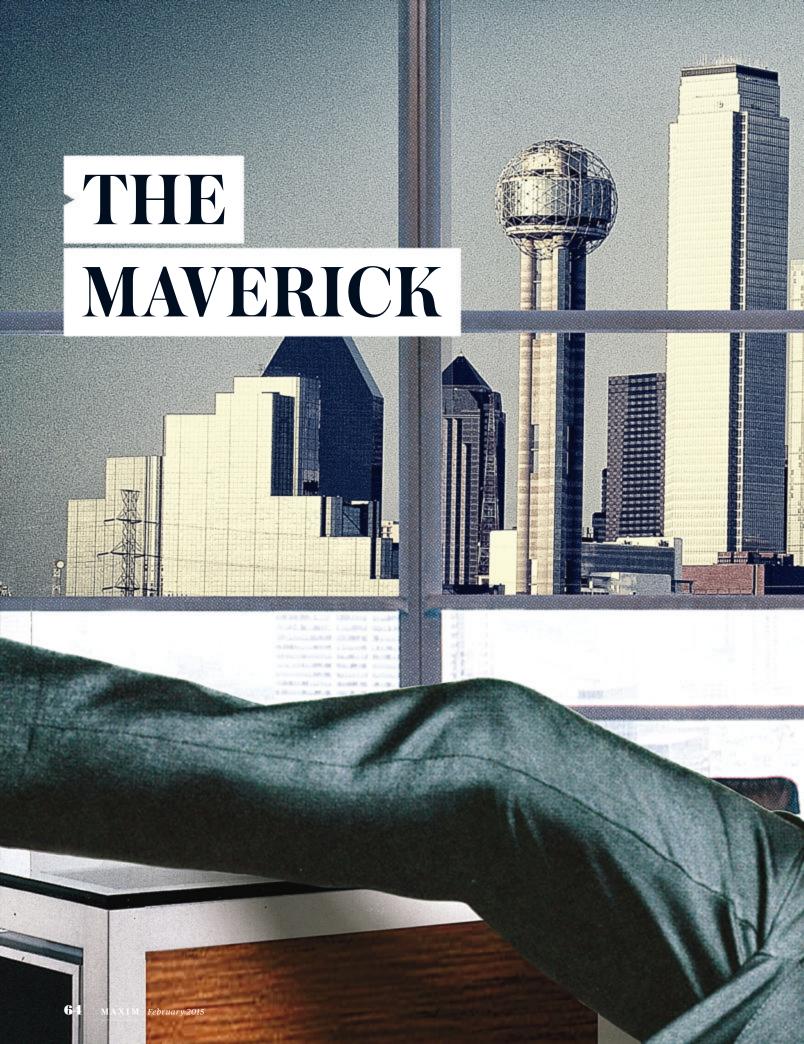
waitress in some of the most exclusive VIP rooms in Canada, amid the velvet ropes, the microminis, the \$1,000 tips, the blatantly philandering pro athletes ("and the regular dudes who acted like them"). It's where she learned everything she needs to know about the dirty secrets men keep to themselves. "It made me realize that I don't want a guy unless he's mine and mine alone," she says. "I want eye contact, phones face down on the table. If there's something in the room that's more interesting than me, why are we even pretending?"

It's part of her larger worldview: a heavy dose of upbeat, can-do individualism, just the thing for a girl who grew up listening to Tony Robbins' self-help CDs. "Two-thousand fifteen is going to be the biggest year yet. I can *feel* it," she says. *Pretty Little Liars* is confirmed for two more seasons, and the audience and buzz continue to grow. Mitchell's blog, Amore & Vita, is now a booming online fashion boutique. She has a slew of movie offers, and her new YouTube lifestyle channel drew 100.00 followers in its first 24 hours.

Speaking of numbers, Mitchell lets out a compassionate sigh when I ask if we can check the totals on our friendly Instagram battle. I'm not completely appalled to discover that my photo garnered 14 likes in the hour since it posted. (At least it wasn't zero.) As Mitchell checks her stats, her smoky eyes communicate something between "I'm sorry" and "Prepare yourself, bro." And then she hits me with the results: 71,500. When I check a few hours later, it's more than 150,000. By evening, it's 236,397.

Then again, what's not to like?





MARK CUBAN

STATE OF TAXABLE

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HAS *a* REPUTATION FOR BEING BRASH *and* IMPULSIVE, FOR THINKING BIG *and* DEFYING *the* POWERS THAT BE. BUT *the* REAL SECRET TO HIS SUCCESS? DOING HIS HOMEWORK.

by TOM FOSTER

Carles.

MAN OF

1,000 FACES Over the past 20 years, Mark Cuban's smiling, snarling, dare-youto-punch-me mug has become a fixture in American life from boardrooms to nightclubs to the courts of the NBA, the stage of Shark Tank, Dancing with the Stars, and even the animated worlds of American Dad and The Simpsons.

MARK CUBAN HAS JUST FINISHED

eviscerating a contestant on the reality show *Shark Tank*, for which he works as one of the judges, or "sharks," who listen to pitches from aspiring entrepreneurs. I can't divulge what the contestant was pitching (not before the episode airs), but suffice it to say, it's an idea with a good shot at winning him buy-in.

For a guy known for his outspokenness, he is often a quiet presence on the *Shark Tank* set, sitting serenely in a riveted red-leather armchair, jotting his thoughts in a notebook, occasionally making a pained expression, squinting, or pursing his lips. He doesn't have an especially good poker face–or maybe he's broadcasting his thoughts for effect, so he doesn't disappear from the cameras completely. Either way, Cuban tends to sit back and study the action while his co-sharks engage with a contestant–until, inevitably, the moment comes when he can't hold it in any longer.

Then, fireworks.

"My bullshit meter is going nuts!" he tells the contestant, who has repeatedly made vague references to academic studies that vouch for his product, or maybe for the general idea of his product. It's not clear if the contestant–a former Eagle Scout–is being disingenuous or is simply a poor communicator; either way, Cuban is having none of it. Bullshit is one thing he does not tolerate. He tries several times to force a straight answer, and when it doesn't come, he can barely hide his disgust.

When the pitch session finally ends, the sharks, their handlers, and crew members mass around the snack buffet to hash out what just happened. "It amazes me; people come out knowing Mark's going to be here and make claims like this guy," says fellow cast member Robert Herjavec. Someone else mentions that the show keeps a psychologist on hand for situations like these, when a contestant "gets shit on."

Every good episode has a high-drama showdown like this one, and Cuban relishes his ability to make the most of them. "I love those. You know me–I have *fun*," he tells me as he refills his coffee and heads off to get his makeup touched up, leaving everyone else buzzing in his wake. After a mostly tranquil day on set, he has shown, once again, why he is the show's undisputed star.

Shark Tank is the most popular show on Friday nights among coveted 18- to 49-yearold viewers. The audience has grown to roughly eight million people a week since the 2009 premiere. (By comparison, the last season finale of Game of Thrones had just over seven million viewers.) Part of Shark Tank's appeal is that it's arguably the most real show on reality television: The contestants are pursuing genuine business ventures, and the judges are investing their own money. Cuban, who joined the cast in the show's third season, likes to say Shark Tank succeeds because it's a validation of the American dream. It's a show about ingenuity. pluck, money, and playing to win. Families watch it together: Parents teach kids about valuations and equity, brand building, and retail strategy.

Cuban himself is a validation of the American dream–a self-made man whose net worth, according to *Forbes*, is around \$2.7 billion–but that's only part of his appeal. Once roundly considered a blowhard arriviste, the overgrown bro who invaded the old boys' club of NBA owners when he bought the Dallas Mavericks in 2000, he's become, over the years, something more like the league's voice of reason. The Mavs, once perennial punch-line fodder, are now firmly entrenched in the NBA elite. Cuban, who's been fined about \$1.7 million by the league over the years, mostly for running off at the mouth, now just as often shapes NBA policy. Among *Shark Tank* fans, he's loved for being at once brutally honest, competitive, and surprisingly generous–for calling bullshit on bullshitters, yes, but also for the thoughtful advice he sometimes offers entrepreneurs, even when he's not investing. The frat boy image, it turns out, is true only to the extent that anyone's life can be reduced to a cartoon. And there's a lot to learn from his particular brand of success–and notoriety.

IF ALL YOU KNEW ABOUT MARK CUBAN was that he owned a pro sports team and starred on a hit TV show, you'd probably think he was a fairly busy, high-achieving guy. The reality is that he has his hands in more than 100 companies, including some he owns with longtime business partner Todd Wagner, and others he has invested in and advised. He has a movie distribution company, Magnolia Pictures, and a chain of arty movie theaters. He has a TV network, AXS (formerly HDNet), and more than a few tech companies in his portfolio. And through Shark Tank, he has invested in everything from a stand-uppaddleboard maker to a sippy-cup maker and something called the Los Angeles Haunted Hayride. Oh, and he's got a scaldingly hot wife and three kids.

It's easy to look at all that and chalk it up to the advantages of being a billionaire: After all, opportunity flows to the wealthy, right? But 30-some years ago, none of it existed, and Cuban was just the working-class son of a Pittsburgh auto upholsterer, putting himself through college at Indiana University. During his senior year, he embarked on his first entrepreneurial adventure, using his



PLAYING FOR KEEPS

THE RECORD-SETTING CAREER OF MARK CUBAN.



MONEYMAKER

As Cuban once said, "Money is a scoreboard." On July 17, 1998, the first public shares of his online streaming service, Broadcast.com, reached record heights on the **stock market**. Offered at \$18 apiece, they closed at \$62 1/4. That's a 249 percent leap—at the time, the best one-day gain in history.



BIG SPENDER

Soon after selling Broadcast.com to Yahoo for \$5.7 billion, Cuban bought a \$40 million **Gulfstream V jet** on his computer–earning a Guinness World Record for the largest online purchase ever.

student-loan money to buy a local bar, Motley's Pub, that was going out of business. Cubes and his buddies turned out to be good party promoters, and the place was an instant hit, with lines out the door. He might still be there, tending bar and hitting on coeds, if not for his first brush with infamy: One night the bar threw a wet-T-shirt contest, and the local newspaper ran a story about it with a picture of the winner, who turned out to be a 16-year-old girl on probation for prostitution. Oops.

Motley's didn't survive the scandal, and soon after he graduated, Cuban headed west to boomtown Dallas in pursuit of the American trifecta: sunshine, money, and attractive women. He was "poor as fuck" and moved into a three-bedroom apartment he shared with five other guys; he slept on the floor. He landed a job at a software retailer in town and set out to learn the business. He didn't know a thing about computers but figured nobody else did yet, either–and that meant he'd get a head start.

The job didn't last-Cuban got fired when he defied his boss and went to meet with a potential client one morning rather than show up and sweep the shop floors-but before he left, he managed to establish two of the hallmarks of his success. One, he recognized a hot industry that would only get hotter (computers, duh), and two, he did more homework than everyone else, in the belief that if he armed himself with more information than the competition, he'd make more sales. (This simple philosophy, it's worth noting, comes from his favorite quote, courtesy of legendary hotheaded basketball coach Bobby Knight: Everyone has the will to win. It's those that prepare to win that do.) "I'd stay up all night reading the software manuals," Cuban remembers. If a customer

had a question, he had a ready answer.

By the time he got fired, the cramming-forfinals strategy had paid off enough that one of his corporate clients agreed to put up a few hundred dollars for him to start his own software sales firm. Cuban is the first to point out that he didn't have an inherent passion for computer systems. It was the sense of competition that drove him to launch MicroSolutions; he wanted to win in what he calls "the sport of business." Win he did. After seven years, he sold MicroSolutions for \$6 million, which, after he paid taxes and distributed money to his 80 employees, left him with about \$2 million for himself.

"I started living like a rock star," he says. "I was trying to sleep with as many girls as I could, drink as much as I could." One of his first rich-guy purchases was a lifetime pass on American Airlines, a \$125,000 investment that allowed him and a guest to travel anywhere, anytime, for the rest of his life. He'd fly to L.A. to take acting classes and meet women, then hop a plane to Vegas for the night or Barcelona for the weekend. He became a regular in Puerto Vallarta.

Two million was a lot of money–especially in the late '80s–but it's not the kind of money that lasts forever, so Cuban started trading stocks. Over the next six years he grew his fortune tenfold, until he was sitting on more than \$20 million. "I *killed it* as a trader," he says. "I was doing so well that a bunch of guys from Goldman Sachs came to me, took my trading records, and we created a hedge fund that we sold less than a year later." At which point Cuban was ready to get serious again.

Just as MicroSolutions had caught the PC wave early, Cuban's next start-up, Audionet (later Broadcast.com), was quick to the consumer Internet. It was 1995, and Cuban recognized that, although the Web was mostly a text-based tool, people would soon be using it for audio and video (again, duh). Four years later, at the height of the late-'90s dot-com bubble, Yahoo bought the company for \$5.7 billion, of which Cuban was able to keep about a third.

If he was living like a rock star in the early '90s, he entered the 2000s living like ... well, a 40-year-old billionaire. He gave his lifetime airline pass to his dad and bought himself a Gulfstream V, the longest-range private jet on the market, which he snared for \$40 million and paid for, naturally, over the Internet. He added a big empty mansion in Dallas' toniest neighborhood, bought the local hoops team, got himself fined for "conduct unbecoming of an NBA owner" (for sitting on the floor on the sideline during a game-which he continued to do until the league stopped fining him). He bought his way into the movie business, did a stint on Dancing with the Stars, got thrown through a table on WWE Raw. And somewhere in there, the act of being Mark Cuban became a very big business of its own.

TO GET A BETTER SENSE OF HOW CUBAN

thinks and works, consider the NBA's clear-path foul rules. It used to be that such a foul resulted in one free throw plus possession for the team that had been fouled. That didn't smell right to Cuban, so one day a few years ago, he decided to investigate the probability of scoring an uncontested layup versus that of making a free throw and scoring on the following possession. It turned out that it was in the defensive team's best interest to commit a clear-path foul rather than allow a breakaway-which didn't make any sense. Cubes presented his case to the league, which subsequently changed the rule so that the foul resulted in two free throws plus possession. That changed the equation



MAVERICK

In 2000, Cuban paid a then-record \$285 million to buy the Dallas Mavs from Ross Perot Jr. When *Forbes* valued the team at \$765 million in January 2014, Cuban said the figure was "way too low." He was right: Four months later, **Steve Ballmer** offered \$2 billion for the Clippers.



TRASH-TALKER

In 2002, Cuban received an NBA-record \$500,000 fine for criticizing the league's director of officials. "Ed Rush might have been a great ref," he said, "but I wouldn't hire him to manage a Dairy Queen." In April, Cuban lost the mark to Donald Sterling, who earned a \$2.5 million fine for his boneheaded racist slurs. Not to worry: Cubes still owns the record for most fines received (20).



HUMANITARIAN

In 2012, Cuban offered to pay \$1 million for a haircut. The catch? The haircut was for his outspoken nemesis **Donald Trump**, who had to shave his whole head. Cuban volunteered to donate the money to the charity of Trump's choice. "Only 1 mill. dollars?" Trump tweeted. "Offer me real money and I'd consider it."

enough that the defense suddenly had good reason not to commit a clear-path foul– clearly a fairer situation.

The lesson, says Cuban: Just because it ain't broke doesn't mean it's optimal. It's a very Cubesian way of thinking, a datadriven form of dissent. Like so many of his peers in the start-up culture, Cuban looks for weaknesses in the established order and attempts to disrupt them with a better way. And just as he became a successful software salesman by arming himself with knowledge, he creates disruptive change by first doing the research to make a case—then selling the shit out of it.

Today he is excited about another NBA rule he's been trying to alter. Not surprisingly, he hates *flopping*, the practice of players throwing themselves to the ground in order to incite foul calls from the refs. To Cuban, it's the equivalent of being a bullshit artist. Rather than just bitch about it, he put down \$100,000 to fund a study on flopping by a team of biomechanical engineers at SMU. The researchers wired a bunch of players with motion-capture technology, put them in contact situations, and analyzed the forces at work to learn the true effects of various collisions. "The answer so far is no," Cuban says of the early results. "If you run into a guy, it's not natural for him just to fall on his ass." He smiles, no doubt imagining how he's going to use this information to change the game.

Biometrics—the study of data related to our bodies—has become one of Cuban's secret weapons. Every Mavs player, for instance, has his blood drawn and analyzed four times a year. Cuban does it, too. "If you get sick, that's the worst time to take blood," he explains. "It's one of the dumbest things doctors do. They take your sick blood and compare it to the general population's. What we want to know is, if Dirk [Nowitski, the Mavs' longtime power forward] has had thyroid levels here for the past four years, and suddenly they're down here, what is going on? And you can't see that variation unless you establish a baseline."

The Mavs employ an in-house psychologist who travels to each game with the team for a similar reason. Historically, Cuban says, when players had personal issues, they had to take them up with the coach. "But you can never be totally honest with the coach, because the coach controls playing time! So we just have someone there for whenever they need to talk–and the number one rule is that I have no idea how many sessions the players have, or what they talk about."

I should mention that Cuban is peeing during part of this conversation, and I'm standing awkwardly a few feet away with the door open between us. We've just returned from lunch in a hangar-size building a few hundred yards from the Shark Tank soundstage, and we stopped in his little trailer just off set. The sharks wear the same clothes all season long, so that shoots from different days can be spliced together to create seamless episodes, and Cuban desperately needed to change into an identical crisp white shirt-the one he wore all morning had turned orange around the collar. It was a little odd as he stood bare-chested in front of me, and odd again as he fumbled over and over with his cuff links and I offered to help. But none of that seemed to register with him, so I shouldn't have been surprised when he stepped into the next room and started whizzing. I mention this because it illustrates Cuban's particular brand of (pardon the pun) cockiness. For all the homework he does and

the data he gathers, he can still give off the air of a dude snapping towels in a locker room.

Also, I can confirm the dude is a well-takencare-of 56-year-old-no doubt partly because of his constantly monitored biometrics. He takes thyroid medication these days because his blood work showed an inconsistency. He had a hip replaced a few years ago, and he's about to do the other one. He gets steroid shots in his back so he can keep playing hoops with his buddies. He stopped drinking beer in 2012-to avoid "wheat belly"-and now sticks to Tito's vodka and soda. He's also remarkably ageless, with an almost complete lack of wrinkles on his face.

LAST SPRING, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE

controversy surrounding then-Clippers owner Donald Sterling's racist comments, Cuban made headlines for his own insensitive remarks. At a conference for entrepreneurs, he professed to having "bigoted" thoughts, describing a hypothetical situation in which he crosses the street at night when he sees a black guv in a hoodie and again when he sees a white guv with tattoos and a shaved head. The tweet-storm that followed added copious fuel to an already raging national debate, and Cuban watched, for the millionth time, as a quote of his took on a life of its own and defined him in a way he thought was deeply unfair. Cuban later apologized for the hoodie reference, which evoked Trayvon Martin.

The episode came at a moment when Cuban had become increasingly worked up about privacy. Late in 2013 he won a five-year court battle with the SEC over insider-trading allegations. His e-mails and blogs and social media posts were all subpoenaed in the process and, he says, the prosecution used many of his quotes out (CONT. ON P. 94)

A THRILL FROM BRAZIL

► SUPERMODEL LISALLA MONTENEGRO WILSON LOVES FAST CARS, FASTBALLS, and OBSESSING CRAZILY OVER GAME OF THRONES. GOT a PROBLEM WITH THAT?

by IAN DALY

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"COPS DON'T CARE THAT CARE THAT I'M a MODEL. I HAVEN'T TRIED the SQUISHINGthe SQUISHING-THE S

> THIS PAGE Swimsuit, ViX. Necklaces, Helen Ficalora.

PREVIOUS SPREAD

Swimsuit, Lenny Niemeyer. Rings, Le Mos and Diaboli Kill.

"I WAS TRYING TO KISS HIM AND BE

friendly, but he wasn't into me at all," recalls Lisalla Montenegro Wilson of her Valentine's Day date from hell two years ago. So what kind of guy spurns the advances of a 5'9" Brazilian supermodel-one with a figure flawless enough for Victoria's Secret, a face worthy of Maybelline, and a smile straight out of our dreams? Turns out: the kind with feathers. "We were doing a shoot in Brazil with a huge parrot," she says, "and he bit me! I screamed: 'Get this thing out of my hand!'" Not to worry. Since then, the 26-year-old has stepped up her relationships, landing a dude with no (visible) feathers, a left arm like a lightning bolt, and a \$77.5 million contract with the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim: pitcher C.J. Wilson. I catch up with Lisalla in a quiet café downstairs at the Montage Beverly Hills hotel. She's straight from the gym, dressed in skintight black yoga pants and a blue baby tee.

After checking out your Instagram and Twitter, I have one question: Three-hour daily workouts? Seriously? I have an amazing trainer, and she's always pushing me to go further. We amuse ourselves by coming up with these really funny names for exercises–dirty names. Some of the other trainers will come over and be like, "Yeah, I was going to use this equipment," and we're like, "You do *this*? This is for girls only!" And he's like, "What?" We say, "Forget it, dude. It's an inside joke." So, yeah. We keep it dirty.

You're from Brazil, and C.J. is American. So how's his Portuguese?

It's pretty cool. He mixes the Portuguese words he knows with Spanish, which for us is easy. He was talking to my dad, explaining how hitting a baseball works and explaining the pitch, and I'm like, *I'm gonna marry this guy*. Someone taking the time to explain their profession to your family? In their language? I mean, that's effort. That won a lot of points.

Did you follow baseball in Brazil? I wish. Before we actually met, I didn't know what *pitcher* meant. I had a lot to learn. I remember the first time I watched a game on TV, I was like, *Wow, this is like something in Chinese*. There's so many rules, so many details! I thought it was the hardest thing. Now I'm obsessed. I read the articles, I talk about it, I get mad. I curse sometimes. It's like soccer: You get into it, and it becomes your passion. It's my life, and I love it. I couldn't see myself without baseball now.

You've modeled for Lexus, and C.J. is a gearhead. Is it rubbing off on you? We have a lot of car books in our house, we watch a lot of races, and it's one of the main things we record on TV. C.J. knows all the rules and racers. He even makes the noises! I'm not really into specific details. I'm more into the *feel* of the car.

Would you say you're a fast driver? When I'm driving with someone, I'm more cautious because it's another life with me. But then when I'm by myself, I'm like, *Let's do it! YOLO!* Kind of like, how you guys call it? Speed demon.

Do you play the supermodel card when you get pulled over?

They don't really care. I haven't tried the squishing-the-boobs thing yet! [*laughs*] Maybe that'll work for me next time. I got a speeding ticket one time in Texas. I was late for my flight—not that that's really an excuse—and then I got lost going a zillion times around the airport and couldn't figure out exactly where to exit. The Dallas airport is crazy big. And the cop was hidden. I was going, like, 90. The speed limit was, I don't know–55?

Your hometown is a place in the middle of Brazil called Goiânia. What's it like? Lots of nature. We have cowboys, farms, waterfalls, a lot of colorful clothes, great food. I lose my mind when I go back to Brazil. I cheat on my diet every day. It's really hard to eat healthy in Brazil. C.J. was like, "This is weird. I thought Brazilians were healthy." I was like, "No, babe–look at their butts." Look, but don't really look!

Do you and C.J. have any weird things in common?

We both are crazy about certain things—like when you go to sleep in a hotel room, if a little light comes through the window, both of us freak out. The light of a watch bothers me. I need to cover it up with a piece of clothing. He's the same way as me. We literally put our shoes up to the window to close it up tight. We use the pillows, some of our clothes. We use everything that we have. We push towels under the doors. Freak couple!

I also know from your Twitter that you're emotionally invested in *Game of Thrones*. Maybe too much. When they aired the "red wedding" scene a couple of seasons ago, I actually cried. I was so mad, I couldn't sleep for two nights. I tweeted that I hate the show. As soon as you get attached to someone, they kill them–and it's like, *What?! How dare you guys! Who wrote this shit? No!*

But clearly you're going to watch the next season.

Absolutely. I'm obsessed. C.J. is obsessed now, too, so we're going to watch Season 5 together. I love the dragons. I was like, "Can I get a dragon tattoo on my back?" I'm still thinking about it.

What was it like watching the World Cup from California?

When Brazil was scoring, I was jumping on my couch. My puppy was jumping on the couch. I would run crazily around the house. And then C.J. was upstairs in his office, and I would go up there and just yell, *"Yeahhhh!*" and I would kiss him and go back downstairs. I don't have that many Brazilian friends in L.A., so I was just partying by myself.

What kind of music do you listen to? I'm into love songs. I'm all about the '80s. I like U2, Journey. "Don't Stop Believin'" is my jam. You can't ever change that. Every time it comes on, I'm singing out loud—in the car, the shower—everywhere. I love karaoke. It's fun. But honestly, I'm not great at it. Everybody who hears me singing would agree that's definitely one thing I need to get better at. I could never make money singing.

How do people react when you sing? "Please don't do that again." It'd be nice to sing cool. But everybody in my life– even my father-in-law–tells me, "Please don't do that again." He's like, "Liz, I'm glad you're a model." ■

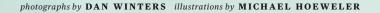


THIS PAGE Bottom, Clover Canyon. Jewelry, Le Mos.

OPPOSITE PAGE Swimsuit, Milly Cabana. Cuffs, Jennifer Fisher. Ring, Diaboli Kill. Three-band ring, Merewif Jewelry. Earrings, We Who Prey.

BE YOUR OWN BOOTLEGGER

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► THERE WAS *a* TIME NOT LONG AGO WHEN YOU HAD TO OWN *a* BREWERY TO BE *the* KING OF BEERS. TODAY, THANKS TO *a* NEW GENERATION OF SPIRITED MASTERS, *the* ART OF MAKING **WHISKEY, WINE,** *and*, YES, *a* **COLD DRAFT** IS FAR SIMPLER. WANT TO JOIN THEM? HERE'S HOW.

by JOSH M. BERNSTEIN

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THE BREWER Jim Koch CREATOR, SAMUEL ADAMS

started home brewing with my dad in the 1960s, before it was legal. Back then it was tough to get supplies, but my dad was a brewmaster–in fact, five generations of family members were brewmasters. Other people would throw a football in the backyard; my dad and I brewed beer. After home brewing was legalized, I started playing around with it again. I bought my grains

and hops from a guy who sold supplies out of his garage. You'd call him and say, "I'm coming over in an hour. Could you open the garage?" The quality was spotty, particularly of the hops. Generally, they were the brewers' rejects. It was challenging, but I had a passion that went back 150 years. On my kitchen stove, I brewed my great-great-great-grandfather's recipe for Louis Koch lager. Not every batch was a success. Brewing in the winter, I ended up steaming a lot of wallpaper off the walls. I can't say it caused my divorce, but it didn't win me any points with my then-wife either. It was tough in the beginning. I've had bottles blow up-it sounds like a muffled grenade going off. But the more I brewed, the more I realized I wanted to make a living doing what I love. When I started Sam Adams, everybody except the home brewers thought I was crazy. They supported me. I wanted to give back by starting the LongShot American Homebrew Contest [Samuel Adams brews and distributes the winning entries] to show beer drinkers that the line between a professional brewer and a talented home brewer is largely invisible. I still home brew. A few months ago, I made a beer with my daughter. She got her hands on some genetically modified yeast, designed to make bread with high vitamin A content. As I always say, making beer is about as hard as making bread.



LEGAL OR UNLAWFUL?

Jimmy Carter legalized home brewing in 1979, granting Americans the right to make up to 100 gallons of beer annually (twice that if married), but each state has its own restrictions.

WILL IT KILL YOU?

Even if your beer smells like Band-Aids, if it's fermented, it's safe to drink.

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED

"Be fanatical about cleaning and sanitation, and be aware that those are two different things," says *Radical Brewing* author Randy Mosher, who recommends buying brewingappropriate chemicals to fortify your inner neat freak. Furthermore, he says, "you want to use a good beer yeast and plenty of it, especially if you're brewing a stronger beer."



EQUIPMENT

5-gallon pot or larger 6.5-gallon fermenting bucket with lid 6.5-gallon bottling bucket (with spigot, tubing, and bottle filler) Airlock and stopper Thermometer Racking cane

Racking cane Bottles Bottle brush Bottle capper

and caps Sanitizer and cleaner INGREDIENTS Grains (or concentrated malt extract) Hops Yeast Sugar Water

Brooklyn Homebrew's \$99 introductory kit is excellent. (brooklynhomebrew.com)

Find ingredients at your local homebrew shop or at northernbrewer.com.



JAMIL ZAINASHEFF, COAUTHOR OF *BREWING CLASSIC STYLES* AND FOUNDER OF CALIFORNIA'S HERETIC BREWING COMPANY

KEEP IT SIMPLE

"Until you master brewing, leave the recipe formulation to other people," says Zainasheff, who started with a Mr. Beer kit he received one Christmas. Select a battle-tested recipe-stouts and IPAs are most forgiving-or a kit. Before you begin, clean and sanitize your equipment and kitchen.

MASH IT

Heat water to the appropriate temperature (usually about 160 degrees); add grains. This is called a mash. By steeping the oatmeallike mixture for about an hour, you're creating sugar-rich wort, a.k.a. veast fuel.

LET IT DRAIN

Strain excess liquid from the wort into another pot, then rinse grain with hot water to extract remaining sugars, a process called sparging. (If you're using an extract, add it to the wort now.) Boil the wort, adding hops in stages to impart bitterness, flavor, and aroma. (Fun fact: Hops are cousins to cannabis. And no, smoking them won't get you stoned.)

CHILL, MAN

Cool the wort in an ice bath to the proper fermentation temperature (45 to 60 degrees for lagers, 65 to 72 degrees for ales). Transfer it to the fermentation vessel. Add the yeast, seal the container, and shake. Relocate the vessel to your favorite cool spot–a basement or a closet.

WAIT OF THE WORLD

As your beer ferments over the next few weeks, drink plenty of brews. Clean and sanitize the bottles. Transfer your beer and a little sugarwater mixture to your bottling bucket. (The yeast will referment in the bottle, creating natural carbonation.) Siphon beer into the bottle and cap it. Wait a few weeks for carbonation to build then invite friends over. Ignore what they say. "They'll tell you that the beer tastes great or that it tastes terrible. Zainasheff says. And there's not much help in that.



THE WINEMAKER Carlo Mondavi ENTREPRENEUR GRANDSON OF ROBERT MONDAVI

rom a young age, I knew I wanted to make wine. I grew up in our Napa Valley vineyard with my brother and sisters, and during harvest the workers' singing would wake me up. I'd jump out there and pick grapes with them. My father, Tim, made the wines, while my grandfather, Robert, promoted them. At 16, I started working in the wine cellar, but my family didn't make it easy to

join the business. To understand the challenge of running a successful company, we had to first get an M.B.A. and start our own. When I was 22, I was in the cellar, shoveling pomace [the leftover skins, seeds, and pulp from crushed grapes], when I noticed its incredible aroma. What if I could make something with it? This led me to start up a skin-care company, Davi, in 2003. The next year, a perfect storm hit. We never intended to sell Robert Mondavi Winery, but there was, for lack of a better explanation, a hostile takeover. It turned out to be the best thing that could've happened. My family took everything from the sale and invested it in Continuum Estate, bringing us back to our craft of making fine wine. While we have focused on Continuum, my brother, Dante, and I have wanted to make our own wine ever since our grandfather took us to Europe. He showed us the vineyards that inspired him to start his winery, and I fell in love with Burgundy. This lit a fire in my belly to make the absolute best pinot noir. Last year, Dante and I started Raen. We released our first bottles this past summer. From when I wake up to when I go to bed, I think about wine. We think of it not as a business, but as an art form, and we're trying to accomplish art at the highest level.

NEED TO KNOW

LEGAL OR UNLAWFUL?

Americans can make up to 100 gallons of wine annually. If you're married, you can double that. Again, this varies by state.

WILL IT KILL YOU?

Nope. "Spoiled wine won't hurt you," says *True Brews* author Emma Christensen. "The alcohol kills anything truly harmful, but it's definitely not pleasant to drink."

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED

You can't make good wine with bad ingredients. "Work with ripe, in-season fruit or good-quality fruit juice," says Christensen. And remember, grapes aren't the be-all and end-all. "Wines made from any fruit are foolproof," she says. "Mix fruit, water, sugar, and yeast, let it sit for a while, strain, bottle, wait a little longer, and presto, you have wine."



EQUIPMENT Destemmer Press

Large plastic trash can Wine-stirring paddle Racking cane and hose Glass carboy or wood barrel Bottles Corks Grapes (or other fresh fruit) Campden tablets Yeast nutrients

Yeast

INGREDIENTS

Find equipment and ingredients at your local winemaking or home-brew shop, or order online at midwestsupplies.com.

HOW TO MAKE WINE

RYAN LEE SHARP, OWNER AND WINEMAKER AT PORTLAND, OREGON'S ENSO WINERY

HAVE A PLAN

Before starting, says the onetime garage winemaker, decide where you'll acquire grapes (hint: Call vineyards or winemaking shops) and where you'll store the juice. "If you're making wine at home, I wouldn't do anything less than a full barrel," Sharp says. That's about 300 bottles of wine, or roughly \$2,500 worth of grapes.

CRUSH IT

To loose the juice, rent a destemmer and a press from a wine shop. "There's no need to invest in something you'll use only once or twice a year," Sharp says. (Pro tip: Some vineyards will crush the grapes for you.) For a shortcut, buy concentrated grape juice. Welch's doesn't count.

CO₂ YOU LATER

Pour the juice into your sanitized trash can, and toss in Campden tablets to kill bacteria and unwanted fungi. Wait 24 hours, then add nutrients and yeast. If the microbes are happy and hungry, they'll make the juice foam like Cujo. This fermentation should last seven to 10 days. Stir the juice daily to rouse sluggish yeast. "Once the bubbles have stopped, you'll have fermented wine," Sharp says. Dump the contents into the press and apply pressure. Do not press too hard, or you'll get harsh seed tannins. Taste as you press. When the wine starts to get astringent, stop.

AGE IT

Transfer wine to a glass carboy or an oak barrel. If you're using a barrel, fill it with water for three days prior to usage; the wood will swell with water, not wine. "I didn't do that for my first batch, and the wine level dropped around four inches," Sharp laments. Let it ferment again. You may want to siphon off the pulpy yeast clumps every few months with a large, netted funnel. Your wine should smell fresh and fruity. Like a teenager, though, it'll have growing pains. It may taste great one month and dreadful the next, says Sharp. But "most things that go wrong in the barrel are fixable by time." In a few months, the wine should be ready for bottling.

THE BIG SQUEEZE

No need to spring for a wine press; local wine shops often rent them out. Better yet, hire a vineyard to crush your grapes.

WINE

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THE DISTILLER Charlie Nelson COFOUNDER, NELSON'S GREEN BRIER DISTILLERY

A

bout eight years ago, my dad, brother Andy, and I were driving to a butcher in Greenbrier, Tennessee. We stopped for gas, and I saw a historical marker for the defunct Green Brier Distillery, which Charles Nelson had owned. I thought, *That's my name!* Before the Civil War, I discovered, my great-great-great-grandfather had come to Nashville and later bought a whiskey distillery. It was

known as Old Number 5, because it was the country's fifth registered distillery. Jack Daniel's is number 514. When we got to the butcher, we asked him about Green Brier. "Look across the street," he said. A metal-barrel warehouse still stood, with a nearby spring. We drank the coolest, purest springwater you've ever tasted. Then we visited the historical society, which had two unopened bottles of Nelson's Green Brier Tennessee Whiskey. Every hair on my body stood up. My brother and I looked at each other and said, "This is what we're here to do." Our plan was to raise money, build a distillery, and start barrel-aging whiskey. We'd sell it when it was ready. That was a tough pitch for investors, especially coming from guys barely old enough to drink. Instead, my family and I put up everything we owned to guarantee a loan, then we worked with a contract distillery to create Belle Meade bourbon. The new idea was to build a brand and a distribution network, then attract capital. It worked. This year, we're bottling Belle Meade at our new distillery, and we'll start distilling Green Brier Tennessee Whiskey according to my great-great-grandfather's recipe. We didn't have anything when we started out–just an idea, a dream, and a vision. We want to be in this business for the rest of our lives.



LEGAL OR UNLAWFUL?

The government won't splinter your door for buying a still, but technically you can use it only to purify water or extract essential oils from plants. (Gas prices got you down? You could apply for an ethanol permit.)

WILL IT KILL YOU?

Possibly. Blindness? Ditto. Eyeball your unaged 'shine. It should be clear. Smell nail-polish remover? That means methanol. Might be time for plan B: some store-bought booze.

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED

Stills can be dangerous: You're essentially putting a flame beneath a container full of flammable stuff. "The number one rule," says Doug Nutter, cofounder of Straitsville Special Moonshine Distillery, "is make sure you have good equipment and maintain it."



EQUIPMENT

5-gallon (or larger) pot 6.5-gallon fermenting bucket with lid Airlock Hydrometer Thermometer Still, boiler, and

condenser

INGREDIENTS Fermentables (sugar, grains, or malt extract) Yeast (Wyeast "smack packs" are great) Water

For stills, check out Amphora Society (amphora-society.com) or Hillbilly Stills (hillbillystills.com). Other equipment and ingredients can be purchased at your local home-brew shop or at rebelbrewer.com.



DAREK BELL, AUTHOR OF *ALT WHISKEYS* AND OWNER OF NASHVILLE'S CORSAIR ARTISAN DISTILLERY

HIT THE SMACK

The night before brewing, smack the yeast pack and let it incubate, says Bell, a former home brewer who stumbled into distilling after an aborted career making biodiesel. Smart move.

TURN UP THE HEAT

Boil 2.5 gallons of distilled water, remove from heat, and add fermentables. (Bell suggests a simple whiskey recipe: 3.3 pounds of liquid amber malt extract and 6.6 pounds of liquid rye malt extract.) Reboil the brew for 10 to 20 minutes. Congratulations! You're the proud parent of sugary wort. Now cool it in an ice bath.

FERMENT IT

After sanitizing your fermenting bucket, accessories, yeast packet, and scissors, add about two gallons of cold water, followed by the wort, minus any sludge that has collected at the bottom. (You'll want about five gallons total.) Aerate the wort by sealing the bucket and rocking it back and forth for a few minutes. When the temperature nose-dives to 78 degrees, stir in the yeast, add a teaspoon of sugar to the fermentation lock, reseal the bucket, and let the fungi gorge. In three to five days, you'll have wash, a.k.a. distiller's beer.

DISTILL IT

Dump the wash minus the sludge into the boiler, pour cold water into the condenser, and let the still rip. As the hooch nears a boil, vapors pass through the condenser and drip into a vessel. Stop when a swampy smell emerges—this will take hours. Discard remaining liguid.

THE NOSE KNOWS

Pour the distillate into the still for a second run. The top quarter, the "heads," will smell like nail-polish remover. That's nature saying, Do not drink. Discard it. Once the noxious aroma fades, you've hit the hearts. Save every drop. When the distillate smells like a Louisiana bayou, you've reached the tails. Discard that, too. The hearts can be barrel-aged, but who are we kidding? You deserve a drink. Test the alcohol level with a hydrometer. Add water to reach 80 to 100 proof.

WISE GUYS

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BECAUSE YOU
 ALWAYS WANTED TO
 BE a GANGSTER OR AT LEAST
 SWAGGER LIKE ONE.

When Goodfellas blazed its way into our lives in 1990, it was a revelationa gangster film flush with brilliant humor, killer dialogue, and yes, style. Twenty-five years later, we can't help but admire that sensibility, the pull of those well-tailored basics embodied in these sleek modernday bomber jackets, polos, and suit trousers, rocked by neighborhood pals who look every bit as sharp and stylish at the end of the night as when they sauntered into the bar. But make no mistake: This is not some retro trip; it's just how guys roll.

(From left) Satin bomber jacket, \$750, Maison Kitsune. Cotton polo, \$195, Lacoste. Embroidered silk bomber jacket, \$2,055, Marc Jacobs. Navy polo, \$145, J. Lindeberg.



ABOVE

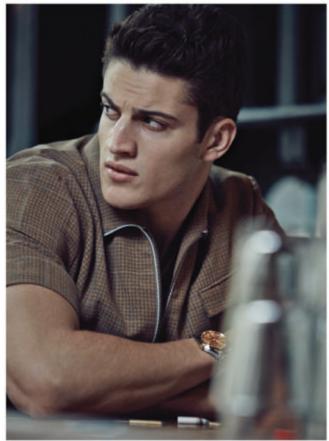
Blue notch-lapel jacket, \$1,950, and trousers, \$995, Roberto Cavalli. Charcoal knit tank, \$198, John Varvatos. Seamaster 300 Co-Axial Master timepiece in 18kt gold, \$34,200, Omega. OS 1073/S sunglasses, \$98, Oxydo. Cotton sateen bus-driver jacket, **\$995**, Todd Snyder. Tricot T-shirt, \$250, Tomorrowland. Silk and wool trousers, \$850, Bally.

RIGHT

Wool zip-front plaid shirt, **\$2,800**, Salvatore Ferragamo. Dark-green silk shirt, price upon request, Emporio Armani. Seamaster Aqua Terra timepiece, **\$12,000**, Omega.

OPPOSITE PAGE

(From left) Polo, \$375, Ermenegildo Zegna. Pleated trousers, \$410, Porsche Design. Suede loafers, \$95, Jack Erwin. Blue leather bomber jacket, \$795, BOSS Hugo Boss. Jacquard-front Geo polo, **\$69**, Original Penguin. Orsk trousers, \$335, Peuterey. Loafers, \$650, Fratelli Rossetti. Lifeguard polo, \$275, Lucio Castro. Pleated trousers, \$225, and leather belt, \$98, Michael Kors. White canvas slip-on sneakers, **\$199**, DKNY.









(From left) V-front polo, \$1,070, Louis Vuitton. Trousers, \$306, Oliver Spencer. Navy Sunset belt, **\$55**, Will Leather Goods. Suede jacket, **\$5,405**, Brunello Cucinelli. Knit tank, \$198, John Varvatos. Copper pleated cotton trousers, **\$2,090**, Salvatore Ferragamo. Circa timepiece, \$795, Movado. Goatsuede jacket, **\$2,398**, John Varvatos. Moss-green polo, \$375, Ermenegildo Zegna. Blue pleated cotton trousers, \$1,850, Salvatore Ferragamo. White waffle-knit polo, **\$45**, Perry Ellis. Pink linen blazer, \$1,095, Hickey Freeman. Trousers, \$750, Ermenegildo Zegna. Constellation timepiece, \$8,900, Omega. Gray leather belt, \$75, BOSS Hugo Boss.



SUPER GIRL

a come and



STAR OF the TRIPPY NEW SCI-FI SHOW THE MESSENGERS, ON WEB LIES, SPECIAL POWERS, and RISING FROM the DEAD.

by THEODORE ROSS "I'VE DATED EVERY NATIONALITY, RACE, RELIGION. *An* ACTOR, *a* CHEF, *a* FINANCIAL ADVISER. I DON'T DISCRIMINATE WHEN IT COMES TO THAT."

> THIS PAGE Swimsuit, Mikoh. Bracelet, Melinda Maria.

PREVIOUS SPREAD Swimsuit, Mikoh. Earrings, Sam Lehr.

Your new show, *The Messengers*, is out this spring on the CW. The story seems a little complicated, so why don't you give me the elevator pitch: It's what meets what? I play an astronomer who watches a mysterious object plummeting from the sky. When it hits, my heart stops briefly–I die!– and when I come back to life, I have this special power. It turns out there are five other people like me, also with gifts, and then we have to basically save the world from an impending apocalypse.

So, it's Lost meets The Matrix meets The Walking Dead?

I would say *The Leftovers* meets *The Matrix* meets—who knows? It's a Rapture story, loosely based on the Book of Revelation. There are the Four Horsemen: pestilence, death, famine–I always forget the last one.

You got me beat already. That's two more than I could do. War! It's war. Makes for really great bad guys.

Can you tell me your gift? Afraid I can't. As of a month ago, I didn't even know it myself. But I can tell you this: We're not superheroes. We couldn't just take over the world or anything. Our gifts always have either a physical or mental limitation. Each of us does very different things, so we need to find each other and work together in order to succeed or fail. That's the coolest part.

I've heard you didn't have a TV as a kid. Why not?

Growing up as a young girl on a farm in Minnesota, it's just not something you have. I don't even know if you could get cable there. You got, like, three channels–it was *The Price Is Right*, soap operas, and then the news. And later we moved to Texas, where being a kid was all about being outside and getting involved in sports, not watching TV. The other night I had a big dinner with friends and everyone talked about their favorite movie, and I just started to laugh because I haven't seen *The Godfather* or any of the epic, classic movies that everyone was talking about.

Were you a jock?

No. I was good enough in softball or golf to hit the ball really, really far, but never in the right direction. I was a nerd: president of the glee club, president of the yearbook staff. I even started a book club!

I came across another interesting story about you on the Internet– Are you gonna say that I was "secretly married" and have two kids? Yeah. Plus the best one: that you are the highest-paid actress in the world. Well, if that's the case, then I feel sorry for everybody else! I got a text the other day from an ex-boyfriend and he was like, "Did you get married?" I'm thinking, *I don't even have a boyfriend*; *I don't know what you're talking about*. He was like, "Oh, well, that's not what the Web says." And I thought, *Oh, you're gonna believe the Internet*. I'm single, no kids, and I guess now I'm broke [*laughs*].

Speaking of boyfriends: your first. What's he up to now?

My first real boyfriend was the bagger at a grocery store. He enlisted in the Army and has been there ever since, I think.

Do you have "a type"?

No. I feel like I've dated everything: every nationality, race, religion. Guys in a band, an actor, a chef, a financial adviser. I don't discriminate when it comes to that.

Fair enough. Is there anything else we should know?

Well, you didn't ask me about my hidden talent. I can pick my nose with my tongue! Actually, I can make my tongue reach all the way down to my chin and then go all the way to my nose. ■



(CONT. FROM P. 69)

of context and distorted them. He spent more on legal fees than he would have if he'd just settled the case, but for him going to battle was a matter of principle, just as it had been when he was fined \$100,000 by the NBA for sitting on the floor, crosslegged, during a Mavs game. "I am glad this happened to me," Cuban told reporters after the jury sided with him. "I'm glad I can afford to stand up to the SEC."

Ever the entrepreneur, Cuban decided that this experience of having his private messages used against him presented a business opportunity. He launched a new company called Cyber Dust, which makes a messaging app that works something like a combination of Twitter and Snapchat, but with the key difference that nothing gets stored on the company's servers—when the message disappears, it's gone forever. He's also invested in a company called Xpire, which allows users to select the time when their Facebook posts and Twitter messages will self-destruct.

Over the course of our conversations, Cuban steers the subject back to privacy again and again. "Man, you've got to shrink your digital footprint," he says. "The minute you hit send on a text, you don't own it anymore, but you're still *responsible* for it. Think about what that means. What you create on social media, who you follow, the information from your e-mails, how you write, the pictures you save on Dropbox... All that together creates a profile that's even more detailed than how you know yourself. People should be freaked out about that."

The SEC experience prompted this outrage, but lately it has bled more into his private life. "I started thinking about every text I've ever sent. I don't know who kept it or what they might do with it. It could have been the most innocuous thing, a joke to a friend. 'Oh, you motherfucker, you son of a bitch, I'm going to kick your ass.' What if that friend gets pissed at me for something, and kept that text? Boom, I'm done with. I think about my 10-year-old daughter. She doesn't text yet, but the day is coming when she sends the most benign text to some idiot kid, and he is going to fuck with her."

Cuban's expanding celebrity, thanks largely to *Shark Tank*, has also contributed to his

cautiousness. "Mark doesn't go out in Dallas much anymore; it's just too crazy," says Brian Dameris, a longtime buddy and employee.

At heart, though, Cuban is still a jock from Pittsburgh, a man of the people, so he avoids the easy temptation to insulate himself from the world. He sits in the stands with regular fans at Mavs games, buys microwave dinners at 7-Eleven, answers his own e-mails, doesn't employ a publicist. "We don't have servants, we don't have butlers—at home it's just us!" he says. "My biggest fear now is that my kids are going to be assholes. I don't want them to be entitled jerks, so we try to do everything as a family, try to keep as normal as possible."

Does he have a driver, I ask him, so he can sit in the back like most moguls and wrangle player contracts? "Fuck no, I don't have a driver," he says, offended that I'd even suggest it. "I have a Lexus, I drive myself."

MARK CUBAN IS A LOT OF THINGS, BUT

chief among them is that he's a businessman. He wants to make money, a lot of it. It's not altogether surprising, then, that despite his concern about digital privacy and high hopes for Cyber Dust, one of his other companies, Motionloft, tracks pedestrians as they pass stores, providing retailers with info they can use to target customers. It's the kind of thing that gives privacy advocates fits. Forget digital footprints. Now our *actual* footprints can be monitored for commercial reasons, too.

Cuban shrugs when I ask him if he's being a little hypocritical by investing in Motionloft. "Of course, yeah. I'm playing both sides against the middle," he says. "If people don't care and Cyber Dust doesn't do as well, Motionloft takes off." Similarly, he recently invested in a digital publishing start-up called Ratter, conceived by ex-Gawker editor A.J. Daulerio, that aims to be a network of aggressive, salacious local tabloids.

That Cuban invests in companies that traffic in things he says he hates is a perfect illustration of what makes him such an enigma. It's easy to view the contradictions as evidence that he's amoral and impulsive, even reckless. He sees it as evidence that he's cautious and calculated. "I tell people all the time I'm not a crazy risk taker," he says. Sometimes that requires hedging his bets. Sometimes it means passing on opportunities with limited upsides. At one point during the *Shark Tank* shoot, he declines to back a pair of entrepreneurs because the investment they're seeking doesn't jibe with the potential payoff, despite the decent likelihood that the company will triple or quadruple his money. As Cuban explained to me later, it would have been a "no-brainer" if he thought the deal would gain him a twentyfold return.

In general, though, Cuban's protection against making bad bets is, as always, to do more homework than anyone else. "You can't get anything over on him," says Dameris. "His gift is consuming information. He takes it all in, reads a thousand e-mails a day, runs the Mays and all these other businesses, and manages to process it all. If he asks you a question and you try to fake an answer, he knows. He'll be like, 'I read that yesterday in the Journal, and the reality is this and this and this." Whenever Cuban looks like he's improvising-say, when he signed the free agent forward Chandler Parsons in a nightclub this past summer-you can bet a good amount of preparation went into the moment.

As the long day of shooting winds down, Cuban agrees to act out a few stock lines that can be used to punctuate the footage of the day's pitches. It starts with some subdued, rehearsed-sounding quotes. He squints his eyes just so, miming intense deliberation. "I should have been out earlier. I'm out now," he says. "I don't see any way you're ever going to be profitable. I don't see a path to profitability. I'm out." He starts building in intensity, the lines getting more bite as he goes. "I have no interest in this area at all. I'm out. Time is my most valuable asset, and I'm giving none of it to you. I'm out." He lowers his eyes in mock scolding. "This is a bad idea. I'm out."

He starts hamming for the camera, a rapid succession of facial expressions that might get edited in at some point–a raised eyebrow, a deep sigh, a belly laugh, an eager lick of the lips. He's on a roll now, having fun, just Cuban being Cuban, seeming almost oblivious to the cameras and recording equipment.

"I'm out, you bitch-ass motherfucker. I will kick your ass!"

He stands up to go.

He has work to do. ■

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BOSS Hugo Boss, available at hugoboss.com; jacquardfront Geo polo, Original Penguin, available at originalpenguin.com; Orsk trousers, Peuterey, available at peuterey.it; loafers, Fratelli Rossetti, available at fratellirossetti.com⁻ lifequard polo, Lucio Castro, available at American Rag Cie, Los Angeles; pleated trousers and leather belt, Michael Kors, available at Michael Kors boutique, 520 Broadway, New York, NY; white canvas slip-on sneakers, DKNY, available at select DKNY locations pp. 88-89: V-front polo, Louis Vuitton, available at louisvuitton.com; trousers, Oliver Spencer, available at oliverspencer couk: navy Sunset belt, Will Leather Goods available at willleathergoods.com; suede jacket, Brunello Cucinelli, available at brunellocucinelli .com; knit tank, John Varvatos, available at johnvarvatos .com; copper pleated cotton trousers, Salvatore Ferragamo, available at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide; Circa timepiece, Movado, available at movado.com: goat-suede iacket John Varvatos available at johnvarvatos.com moss-areen polo. Ermenegildo Zegna, available at Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques: blue pleated cotton trousers, Salvatore Ferragamo, available at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide; white waffle-knit polo, Perry Ellis, available at perryellis.com; pink linen blazer, Hickey Freeman, available at Nordstrom: trousers. Ermenegildo Zegna, available at Ermenegildo Zegna houtiques Constellation timepiece, Omega, available at Omega boutiques nationwide; gray leather belt, BOSS Hugo Boss, available at hugoboss.com p. 96: Frank Ockenfels 3/ AMC

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BLACK SAILS

BLACK SAILS

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AVAILABLE



24 HOURS TO LIVE

BOB ODENKIRK: THE STAR OF THE NEW BREAKING BAD SPIN-OFF. BETTER CALL SAUL, LOOKS FORWARD TO THE AFTERLIFE. (KIND OF.)

How will you die?

Paraskiing, forgot my chute, put my skis on backward...so the rescuers just shake their heads and laugh.

Deathbed confession? I was a total fake and fraud. But you knew that already, didn't you? Thanks for keeping it under your <u>hat</u>.

Last meal? A shrimp burrito from Tacos Delta on West Sunset–cheap little taco stand, the best.

To whom on Earth do you owe an apology, and for what?

Which of the seve deadly sins gave you the most trouble? It's either sloth or pride. Sloth not because I didn't use a lot of elbow grease but because I could've done more. And pride because I have often been Mr. Pride. In fact, I've been voted Mr. Pride 75, 79, 84, 87-93, and again '95-'98!

What do you know now that you didn't know at 25? It's not leading anywhere, so just enjoy it.

What's a real-life situation in which you would have been better off calling Saul? Trying to get my security deposit back from a New York landlord. Wasn't going

Saul's motto was "Better safe than sorry." What's yours? "Let's do this."

Are you going to heaven or hell? far-as-the-eye-cansee sports bar, tons of screens, every game on Earth, pinball and slot machines, and Sammy Hagar playing round the clock. So...hell.

What's the craziest thing you ever did here on Earth? Spent a night on the lip of a volcano off Sicily that exploded every 40 minutes or so. That or the hike I took with an eight-year-old and a six-year-old along the trail beside the Grand Canyon. That was

Name one thing you're glad you'll never have to do again. Walk the trail beside the Grand Canyon with an eight-year-old

What would you like to be reincarnated as? Definitely a hawk-you get to fly real strong and slow way up in the sky, and you get to eat all the raw rat meat

Nhat sketch do you most regret failing to get on the air? Gay Proud Grampa.

What will it say on your tombstone? "See? | knew this would happen!"



HORACE DODGE

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JOHN DODGE

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Introducing the new members of the Dodge SRT family: the 707 HP Challenger and Charger SRT Hellcats.