MAXIM

AUGUST 2015

$3.99

SEA SAND & SUN

ESCAPE WITH
EMILY DIDONATO

EXCLUSIVE REPORT

MEET THE AMERICAN WHO'S
TAKING THE FIGHT TO ISIS

GET GONE

COULD YOU SURVIVE ON A
DESERT ISLAND?
WE TRIED

5 UTTERLY REMOTE DESTINATIONS
WHERE YOU'LL NEVER BE FOUND

ROAD TRIP
OBSESS OVER THE NEWEST RETRO MOTORCYCLES

MAXIM.COM

THE FU
OF MU

DODGE.COM


UTURE
USCLE
SMARTER, STRONGER, FASTER. THE NEW 2015 CHARGER, VIPER AND CHALLENGER.
BORN DODGE

GET AT SE F

Sperry, the original seafaring sneaker. Worn by intrepid souls since 1935. Watch Hunter Hunted embark on an Odyssey to record where no band has before at **sperry.com**


OUND
A.
ODYSSEYS AWAIT
SPERRY
Since 1935
Sperry name and symbol are trademarks of SR Holdings, LLC.

GET YOUR EDGE™

MMA fighter Urijah Faber has the edge in his quest for the title

On his edge: I'm willing to put in the work to reap the reward. I feel that confidence, hard work and a positive attitude are big parts of success. Thinking big and believing that anything is possible is essential.

On motivation: My motivation comes from freedom. I like to be able to make my own schedule, call my own shots and live the life I want on my own terms.

On training: Training is a lifestyle for me. I stay ready at all times. Being fatigued and a little beat up is normal everyday life.

On passion: Whenever I do something that I am passionate about, I put my all into it. To me it never really seems like work. I am not afraid to push past my own limits.

On competition: I feel like winning and losing doesn't define me. I like to try and enjoy the process and put in my all.

On success: I feel like the more success I have, the more I am able to share the wealth, motivate people and help the people I love.

"I'M WILLING TO PUT IN THE WORK TO REAP THE REWARD. I FEEL THAT CONFIDENCE, HARD WORK AND A POSITIVE ATTITUDE ARE BIG PARTS OF SUCCESS."


©2015 Edgewell
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING READY FOR?
Whatever your day has in store for you, start it off with Edge® Shave gel.
It creates a layer of lubricating molecules that helps your razor
give you a close shave with less irritation.
edge
GET
YOUR
EDGE™

On the Cover
photographed by Gilles Bensimon
styled by Wayne Gross

Hair, Kayla MiChele at Streeters using EVO; *makeup,* Misha Shahzada at See Management using Dior Skin.


UNLEASH THE SPIRIT WITHIN
Jim Beam® Devil's Cut®. Made with a darker, richer bourbon extracted from deep within the barrel wood for adventurous spirits ready to Make History®.
JIM BEAM
B
SINCE 1795
SHOW US HOW YOU #MAKEHISTORY
JIM BEAM
DEVIL'S CUT
90 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
drink smart®
Jim Beam® Devil's Cut® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 45% Alc/Vol.
©2015 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.
PHOTO BY @ANNELISEJESKE

Nice Threads

See the Great. Feel the Great.

It's the warmth of beautifully stitched genuine leather that fits the hand naturally. It's a 5.5" IPS Quantum QuadHD display and 16 MP camera with an f/1.8 lens underneath it. It's a smartphone that performs as beautifully as it looks. It's the all-new G4 from LG.

LG G4

www.LG.com/G4

Qualcomm snapdragon

LG

EDITOR IN CHIEF Kate Lanphear

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Paul Martinez
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR Aaron Gell
DESIGN DIRECTOR Matthew Lenning
DIGITAL DIRECTOR Mike Guy
MANAGING EDITOR Jeff Nesmith
DIGITAL MANAGING EDITOR Heather Albano
FASHION DIRECTOR Wayne Gross
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY Andrea Volbrecht
DIGITAL DESIGN DIRECTOR Andrea Nasca
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, MAXIM VIDEO Jason Sanchez
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR Gustavo Gonzalez

DEPUTY EDITOR Jason Feifer
EDITOR AT LARGE Chris Wilson
SENIOR EDITOR Matt Berical
SENIOR EDITOR Max Rivlin-Nadler
SENIOR EDITOR Gabriella Paiella
SENIOR EDITOR Ali Drucker
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Adam Linehan
SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER Cara Hessels
STAFF WRITER Ben Keeshin

MANAGING ART DIRECTOR Paul Scirecalabrisotto
ART DIRECTOR David Zamdmer
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR Oliver Yoo
SENIOR PHOTO EDITOR Rebecca Karamehmedović
PHOTO PRODUCER Emily Shenfeld
DIGITAL PHOTO EDITOR Karis Doerner
PHOTO ASSISTANT Joanna T. Garcia

RESEARCH CHIEF Christian Smith
COPY CHIEF Stephanie Makrias
PRODUCTION ASSOCIATE April Mokwa
FASHION ASSISTANT Laura Schafer

WEST COAST

WEST COAST EDITOR Ruth Hilton
ASSISTANT EDITOR Julian Stern

VICE PRESIDENT LICENSING Jill Tully
INTERNATIONAL LICENSING MANAGER Stephanie Marino
DIRECTOR OF BRAND MANAGEMENT Diana Abehssera
DESIGN DIRECTOR Damian Wilkinson

PUBLISHER Kevin Martinez

CHIEF MARKETING OFFICER Al Silvestri
GENERAL MANAGER, DIGITAL Dan Shar
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Elizabeth Bagdasarian
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Colin Marshall
BUSINESS DIRECTOR Kelsey Knight

ADVERTISING SALES

AD DIRECTOR Evan Bruno
ACCOUNT DIRECTOR Vanessa Verdino
ACCOUNT MANAGER Albert DeMatteo
ACCOUNT MANAGER Colleen Reid
ACCOUNT MANAGER Timothy Murray
MARKETING & SALES ASSOCIATE Dana Lombardi
SALES ASSOCIATE Jake Lauer

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, WEST COAST Melissa Beal
MIDWEST DIRECTOR Marisa Warren
DETROIT DIRECTOR Brian Green
SOUTHERN DIRECTOR Jim Young
SOUTHEAST DIRECTOR David Steventon
FLORIDA ACCOUNT MANAGER Dawn Guzzetta
INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR Fabio Montobbio
CANADIAN DIRECTOR Mark Boxer
WEST COAST ACCOUNT MANAGER Law Chambers
MIDWEST ACCOUNT MANAGER Emily McCoy

DIRECTOR DIGITAL AD OPS Sarah Hahn
DIGITAL INNOVATION DIRECTOR Jessi Castro
DIGITAL ACCOUNT MANAGER Emily Mejer

INTEGRATED MARKETING

SENIOR DIRECTOR Colin Surprenant
ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR Samantha Shelly
MANAGER Laura Carlucci
MANAGER Emma Jenks-Daly
MANAGER Brookelyn Suddell
ASSOCIATE MANAGER Brett Cohen
DIRECTOR OF EVENTS Lauren Farruggio
ART DIRECTOR Ray Rualo

CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER Robert Price
FINANCE DIRECTOR Jonathan J. Bigham
DEPUTY GENERAL COUNSEL Ian Warren
SENIOR PARALEGAL Catherine Baxter
PRODUCTION MANAGER Yvonne Parker

A BIGLARI HOLDINGS COMPANY

WELL ARMED

The LG Watch Urbane, the Genuine Smartpiece. Equipped with Android Wear, it can send texts, deliver notifications, give turn-by-turn directions, sync and play your favorite tracks, and more. With its interchangeable leatherstraps and classic gold or silver finishes, it proves the future of innovation can indeed be timeless.

android wear

Genuine Smartpiece

LG Watch Urbane

LG G Watch R LG G Watch

LG Watch Urbane

LG

THE GONE ISSUE

WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE? I think about it all the time—making a mysterious exit. Just running off, ditching everything, hitting the open road, and starting over. Sometimes even a little break from life's routines is enough relief. A few stolen moments of freedom. For me, weekend road trips with no real destination in mind remedy the everyday stress of the week. I go as often as I can. My favorite move is just driving upstate to nowhere certain. I have no idea what's in store, but I am never disappointed by what I discover.

That's the feeling we set out to capture in this issue: a sense of discovery and abandon.

It's a notion Lewis knows all too well. Echoing the now-famous story of Rodriguez, the mysterious subject of the documentary *Searching for Sugar Man*, Lewis was an enigmatic playboy who recorded two haunting albums in the early '80s—now praised by critics and collectors—but then disappeared without a trace. Editor Max Rivlin-Nadler tracked him down to uncover the incredible tale behind his preemptive fade to black (PAGE 66).

Magician David Copperfield penned our monthly essay, examining the vanishing act as a metaphor for the impermanence of things (PAGE 16). Beauty fades. Governments collapse. Civilizations go to dust. But, as Copperfield reminds us, "nature abhors a vacuum." Right now, the Assyrians—an ancient Christian population who've inhabited northern Iraq since the 4th century B.C.E.—are confronting that reality head-on. Editor Adam Linehan, a former U.S. Army combat medic, traveled to Iraq to report on Matthew VanDyke, an American who's attempting to help the Assyrians repel an ISIS advance that threatens to displace them from their native land (PAGE 84).

A world away, writer Joe Keohane found himself in a vacuum of a much different sort. Equipped with little more than a machete and a speargun, Keohane—a die-hard New Yorker—spent three days on a desert island off the coast of Indonesia, testing his ability to survive on wit and courage and coconuts alone (PAGE 78).

Meanwhile, we went trackside to observe 26-year-old IndyCar vet Graham Rahal (PAGE 36) as he attempts to establish himself as a titan of the sport, and then took a detour to Venice Beach, where two bearded fitness freaks are taking the concept of the jungle gym to its literal extreme (PAGE 24). Anthony Bourdain talks about the night in Tuscany when he first discovered the Negroni, a powerful local cocktail, and recalls the mayhem that ensued (PAGE 18). We feature *Fantastic Four*'s Jamie Bell in a denim-themed fashion story channeling the renegade style of beatnik icons Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady (PAGE 70) and profile the fiercely secretive R&B sensation Appleby, who's on the verge of becoming a major mainstream success (PAGE 22). We also donned the Oculus Rift to find out just how close we are to becoming a nation of armchair travelers (PAGE 30), and for those who prefer the real thing, we scouted five of the most remote travel destinations in the known world (PAGE 81).

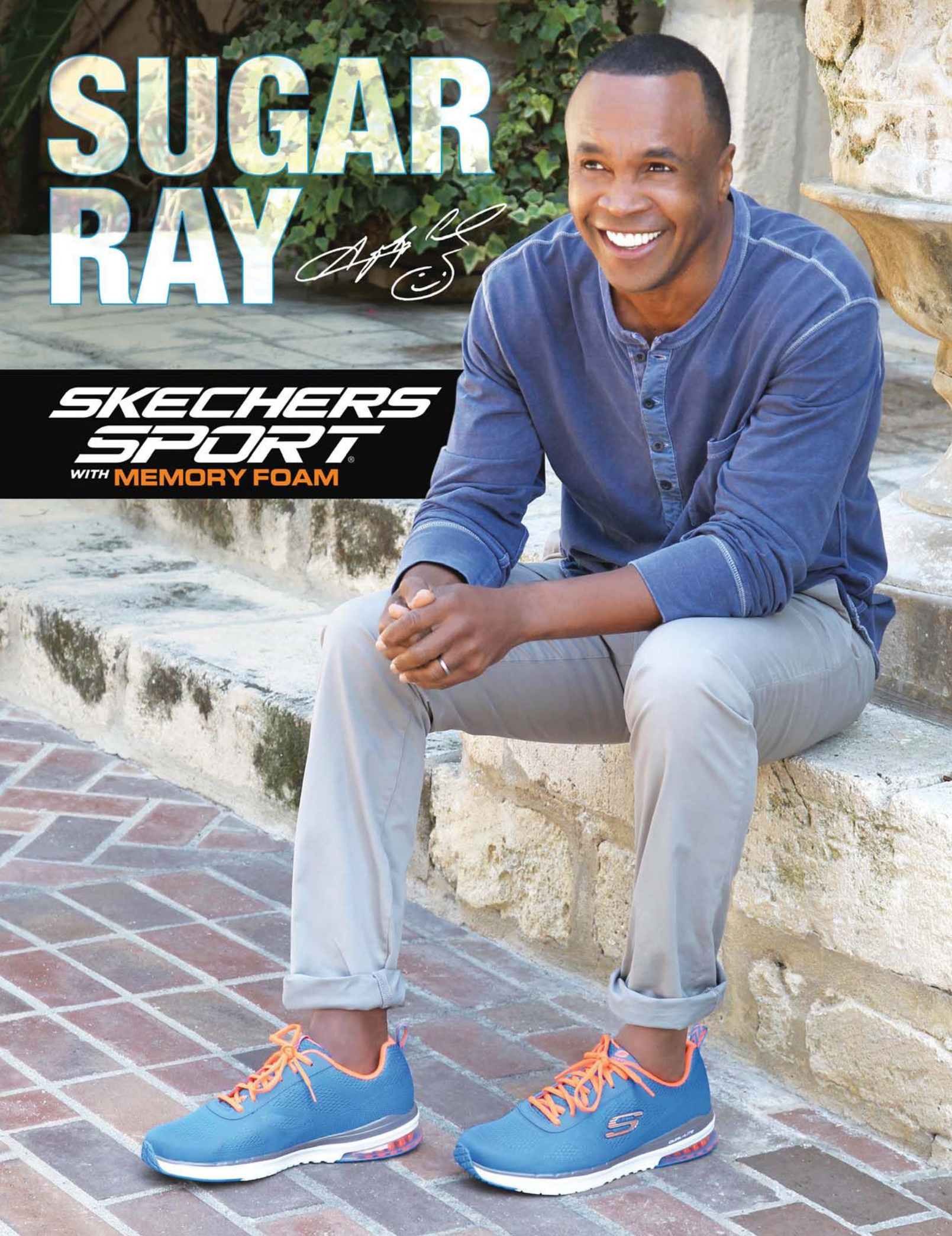
Ultimately, we landed on the beaches of St. Barts to shoot our cover model, Emily DiDonato, who appears alongside two other gorgeous women in a celebration of escapism (PAGE 49). And for those craving an adventure of their own, we've capped this issue with an everything-you-need-to-know guide to vintage-inspired motorcycles (PAGE 92).

In all, it's one of our most ambitious issues yet. As summer comes to a close, we hope it inspires you to hit the road yourself.

Editor in Chief
KATE LANPHEAR

PROP STYLIST, SARAH GUIDO/HALLEY RESOURCES; 3D PRINTOUT, SHAPEWAYS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **TRAVIS RATHBONE**


SUGAR RAY
SKECHERS SPORT
WITH MEMORY FOAM

HAND OUT, 2013, by RYAN McGINLEY

Essay

by DAVID COPPERFIELD

I. MAGIC
OR CONJURING,
as an art form, must defy Mother Nature.
I levitate, upsetting the laws
of physics. I also pass solid through solid:
Every night in my show I make a car magically appear,
creating something from nothing.
A while back I walked through a certain wall in China. But the effect with the most resonance,
the one that
hits people
right in
the guts, is the disappearance, *the vanish.*
People are more affected by
the vanish than anything else we do.
It doesn't matter whether the object
is large or small,
a penny or an elephant.
Make it disappear and audiences keep
wondering, Where did it go?
I began to think the power lay
in the fact that something
was left unsolved, unresolved.
Something or someone disappeared
and didn't come back.

II. THAT ABSENCE
crept into the audience's
mind and stayed there.
Closure, in other words, is overrated.
I got to test my theory on TV during one
of my specials. I vanished an airplane.
And didn't bring it back.
I was startled by the response. Viewers throughout the world
were transfixed. Part of it was the
sheer size of the thing–
nothing that large had vanished before–
but mostly, it was the fact that
it never came back.
When I made the Statue of Liberty disappear
(after promising President Reagan
that she would reappear–they used to date, I think),
I made sure we went to commercial before I brought her back.
We maximized the power of the moment by
leaving the audience with
the visual void of missing
Lady Liberty. That image stayed in
the mind during
endless commercials before we did
the reappearance.

III. I'VE BECOME KNOWN TO SOME
as the guy who makes things disappear.
It seems everyone blames me
when something goes missing.
When President Bush was unable to explain
the absence of those weapons of mass destruction,
one news organization joked that I made them disappear.

I was flattered, grateful to have been born
long after Amelia Earhart disappeared
and ships and planes regularly
went missing in the Bermuda Triangle.
(And P.S., I have an airtight alibi for where I was on
July 30, 1975, the day Jimmy Hoffa disappeared.)
When Malaysia Airlines 370 disappeared,
the Twittersphere
demanded I find it–
a pretty awful joke,
but one I understood.
We find it so baffling
and disconcerting
when things vanish that it's natural to
imagine their imminent return.
Disappearances create a lasting sense of mystery,
and that's what audiences want.
Einstein had it right.
"The most beautiful thing we can
***experience is the mysterious,"* he said.**
"It is the source of all true art and science.
He to whom this emotion is
a stranger, who can
no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe,
is as good as dead: His eyes are closed."

We need mystery.
It forces us to think and wonder and dream.
And nothing creates mystery
like a sudden disappearance.
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
and spurs the imagination.

Actors like James Dean and Marilyn Monroe
were wonderful artists, but it was dying way too soon–
disappearing in a way–
that elevated them to mythical
proportions, and kept us
dreaming about what they could
have done had they stuck around.

IV. I REGRET THAT THEY LEFT US SO YOUNG,
but I don't know if they would have attained
legendary stature had they
outlived their beauty and, say,
sagged on to *The Hollywood Squares*.

The vanish is a metaphor. Everything disappears.
Youth, health, life itself. Bad times and good.

The world revolves,
gravity holds, things vanish.
Impermanence is one of the big, hard lessons.

Most of us feel that we have no
control over a damned thing.
The mail gets lost, the milk turns chunky,
it gets harder and harder to fit into last year's jeans.

Magic is hope's first aid.
It's vitamins for optimism.
It's a metaphor for empowerment.
I was transfixed as a kid, watching magicians
on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. But instead
of the "I can do something you can't do" attitude,
I wanted the audience to feel part of it.
My show always emphasized themes like
"Live the impossible" and
"Fight for your dreams."
I don't do 15 shows a week
because I have to
but because there's no place I'd rather be than on that stage,
looking audiences in the eye, watching them get it,
sending them out into the night, inspired.
Every disappearance leaves something in its place.
Nature, according to Aristotle, abhors a vacuum.
You make your fears vanish
and what takes their place are your dreams.

That's the real secret,
and the true magic.

TYPOGRAPHY BY **MATT DORFMAN**

MY FAVORITE DRINK

GIN AND BEAR IT

ANTHONY BOURDAIN, THE GLOBETROTTING STAR OF CNN'S *PARTS UNKNOWN*, ON THE SINGULAR PLEASURES—AND PITFALLS—OF THE NEGRONI.

YEARS AGO, I WAS RESPONSIBLE for what I guess you'd call a "Negroni-related incident." We were shooting an episode in Tuscany, the whole crew staying together at a very nice villa. Having only recently been introduced by Mario Batali to the delights of this Florentine cocktail, I got the bright idea to make a pitcher of them for the crew. The recipe seemed to invite it: One bottle Campari. One bottle sweet vermouth. One bottle gin. Blood oranges were in season, so I used them for garnish. Well, those things hit you like a freight train after four or five, and I dimly recall staggering into the kitchen to find one of my cameramen passed out on the floor at a very awkward angle with his head stuck in the freezer. I reached over him to get some cheese, but left him as is. He survived the incident with no ill effects that I can see from his work. The cheese was excellent.


Hot Nights.
Cold Shots.
RumChata
Horchata Con Ron
Visit RumChata.com for recipes
RumChata Caribbean Rum with Real Dairy Cream, Natural and Artificial Flavors. 13.75% alcohol by volume. Bottled by
Please Enjoy Responsibly. RUMCHATA and CHATA are Registered Trademarks of Agave Loco, LLC.

WANDERLUST

AN ACCLAIMED TRAVEL WRITER ON WHY SOLO JOURNEYS MIGHT JUST BE THE ULTIMATE APHRODISIAC.

by LAWRENCE OSBORNE

OVER THE CENTURIES, travel has become one of the world's largest industries. But until the '60s, this strange form of human behavior was always shrouded in an atmosphere of high culture and moral improvement; its real motives were hushed up. The English novelist E.M. Forster suggested–in his early novels about travelers in Italy–that frustrated, repressed upper-class English people really went to Italy not to examine churches and relics but to find love and sex. "One doesn't come to Italy for niceness," one of his characters admits. "One comes for life." A polite euphemism for getting laid.

Freud was of the opinion that sex and railway travel always went together (the incessant rocking motion?). But the same could be said for any form of whimsical wandering. The Grand Tour in the 18th century was supposed to be a way for young aristocrats to improve their minds through visits to Roman ruins. In reality, it was a nonstop debauch. The lords went to Venice for both the Tintorettos and the courtesans, but they certainly preferred the courtesans.

Two hundred years on, I suspect that we travel in part for very similar reasons, though we almost never admit it. The wandering traveler is more open to random experiences than his more structured home life could ever permit. As the hotel room and bar and the streets of a foreign city replace his own home and his tediously overfamiliar haunts, his mind begins to open toward the unexpected.

"Walking is a virtue," Bruce Chatwin once said, while "tourism is a deadly sin." And indeed, the solitary explorer in foreign parts is nearly always in an unconscious position to stumble upon the erotically unknown, provided that he gets out of the car or the train–or, God forbid, the tour bus–and makes his way on foot.

Each continent is different. In North America, the traveler gravitates to the hotel bar, where he finds a variety of fellow transients looking for extemporized connections. In tropical Asia, where I live, the street itself is the conduit, with the sidewalk restaurants of Bangkok, say, so crowded together as to make flirtations almost inevitable. In Europe, it is parks and museums, though who could resist a hopeful spin at the bar of the Savoy in Rome or the more secretive watering hole in Istanbul's Çirağan Palace Kempinski?

The easiest achievement is the ad hoc hookup with a fellow traveler, since like you, she is likely to be unmoored and open to novelty. Our guards are down all the way. I once hit it off with a German woman in a laundromat in Tokyo while we were doing our backpacker detergent duty. We seemed to be the only Westerners in the Ueno neighborhood where we were staying, and this enormous fact had a kind of erotic allure to it. But why? I wondered to myself at the time if I would have found her attractive had I met her in Hyde Park or in Greenwich Village. "Probably not," I admitted, but the sentiment was priggish and irrelevant. Place and time are everything in human life. She wrote to me for years before finally admitting coyly that she had been happily married while traveling in Tokyo. Fair enough. All bets are off when you're several thousand miles from home–trying on a new self is part of the fun of escaping, wandering away from a cultural context that circumscribes everything you feel and do. On the road, you are not expected to behave in any particular way, other than not murdering or abusing people.

On the other hand, of course, there is the equivalent allure of mutual incomprehension with a local. Once I hired a motorbike in Battambang in Cambodia for a few days in the hope of "seeing the town." One night I noticed that someone was following me on a bike of her own. She eventually drew level with me and asked me if I would take her to dinner. We ended up kissing and then sleeping on a boat in the Stung river, but no sex. It went on for two weeks, and the same rule held–yet I never got tired of it. It was a motorbike fling whose cultural context was completely beyond me, and in the end I found that the non-sex was more erotic and mysterious than the sex would have been. There is something curiously liberating about sharing intimacy with someone whose language you cannot speak. Sharing only a few words can sometimes get you to the point much quicker. The spaces between them fill up very quickly.

THERE IS SOMETHING CURIOUSLY LIBERATING ABOUT SHARING INTIMACY WITH SOMEONE WHOSE LANGUAGE YOU CANNOT SPEAK.

Most travel is uneventful or worse. Trains are late, baggage breaks the back, money seeps uncontrollably, and mere places frequently disappoint. At the back of your mind, however, there is often a thought of which you are partially ashamed. And at the end of the day, there is always an hour or two when, alone and accounted for, you can slip like a slick thief to the bar of a nice hotel, order yourself a gin and tonic, and disappear into the rarefied atmosphere of eternal hope and lechery that a simple hotel bar can confer. You'll probably stagger upstairs alone at midnight, with the flatscreen for company. But every once in a while, if you're lucky, the gods will smile and remind you that you are not entirely dead, or even domesticated. ■

Steve McQueen in California, 1963.

WHO IS APPLEBY?

THE UNDERGROUND R&B SENSATION IS POISED TO BREAK OUT—WITHOUT EVEN LETTING THE WORLD SEE HIS FACE.

by DAN HYMAN

APPLEBY'S VISAGE IS ROUND, even cherubic. His eyes widen, and he'll flash a fluorescent smile every time he gets excited about a topic of discussion. Which is often. But you'll have to take my word for it—at least for now. The 23-year-old singer-rapper from Chicago, who has drawn comparisons to the Weeknd both for his velvety voice and the mystery he cultivates, refuses to be photographed. In fact, he has so far managed to keep his true identity a complete secret.

In pictures, Appleby's face is obscured by a hood or a hat, or tucked underneath an overcoat. But right now, at Chicago's Classick Studios, he's completely present—every garrulous, goofy inch of him. "Yo! How's it going, my man?" Appleby bellows, all wide-toothed smile and chirpy, come-here-bro charm, wrapping me in a hug.

He bounds about the studio, back and forth between the recording booth and the control board, where a dreadlocked engineer puffs a marijuana pipe. As to why he won't reveal himself to his growing fan base? "For me, it's just plain fun," he says. "It's my way of allowing people to interpret the art first and formulate their own opinions about me before seeing me."

Now going by his mother's maiden name (his real first name is Justin), Appleby has been recording music for only 11 months. Last fall, days after he uploaded the track "Spit on Me" to his Soundcloud account, his murky, genre-bending brand of after-hours R&B received raves on *The Source,* Pigeons and Planes, and other influential music sites. Soon, Appleby was signed by a talent manager, and during a subsequent trip to Los Angeles, he found himself in front of hip-hop mogul Russell Simmons for an impromptu desk-side performance.

"I'm smelling roses on the go," Appleby says of the whirlwind ascent that now has major labels itching for his signature. "To have generated this much interest without a hit song is just awesome."

Despite such rapid-fire success, Appleby remains hidden in plain sight. Save for his mother, he says none of his friends or family are aware he's even making music. When not at the studio, Appleby manages a Lids store in a suburban Chicago mall. "It's a completely separate world," he says, comparing his dull home life to the surreal professional one that recently whisked him to London and Paris for meetings with producers, fellow artists, and labels.

"I don't talk about music at home," he says. "Nobody around me is really interested. There's something cool about having a secret."

Leading a double life is nothing new for Appleby: As a child tennis prodigy, the son of separated parents spent much of the year at a posh tennis academy in Florida. Come summer, he'd retreat to the Cleveland area to spend time with his alcoholic father—that is, when his old man wasn't disappearing.

"There were days when I would find him in the alley and I would have to bring him back home," Appleby says of his dad, with whom he hasn't spoken since age 17. "Or I would go to a drug house and you'd get through all the crackheads and find your father in the corner." (Contacted by *Maxim,* Appleby's father doesn't dispute the story but reports he's been clean for 10 years.)

After quitting tennis at 17, he returned home to Chicago and slid into a six-year depression. "Then music came along," he says, "and it gave me a reason to wake up every day."

Appleby began recording at Classick and quickly immersed himself in the studio's culture. "It's like going to school every day just to see your friends," he says of the spot that's hosted fellow Chicago hip-hop elites Chance the Rapper, Vic Mensa, and Tink. While finishing his album, *Mask & Lies,* set to drop by year's end, Appleby is also preparing for his live debut. He practices by performing incognito at local karaoke bars, singing classic Michael Jackson songs. Appleby remains unsure how his life could change if he reveals his true identity. He can only tilt his head back and smile at the thought of being completely exposed: "I think people will probably just be like, 'Ah, so there he is.'" ■

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **CARLOS MOORE**

GO BIG ~~or~~ *and* GO HOME

STEAK N SHAKE®
BY Bigfoot

NOW AVAILABLE AT WALMART

TAKE IT OUTSIDE

WHAT THE TOUGHEST GUYS ON VENICE BEACH KNOW: THE BEST WORKOUT ISN'T IN A GYM.

Paul Duke (*left*) and Jacob Peacock, fitness rock stars.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **DAVID HARRY STEWART**

DON'T BE ANTISOCIAL

FOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE

MAXIM

MODEL SUBMISSIONS

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

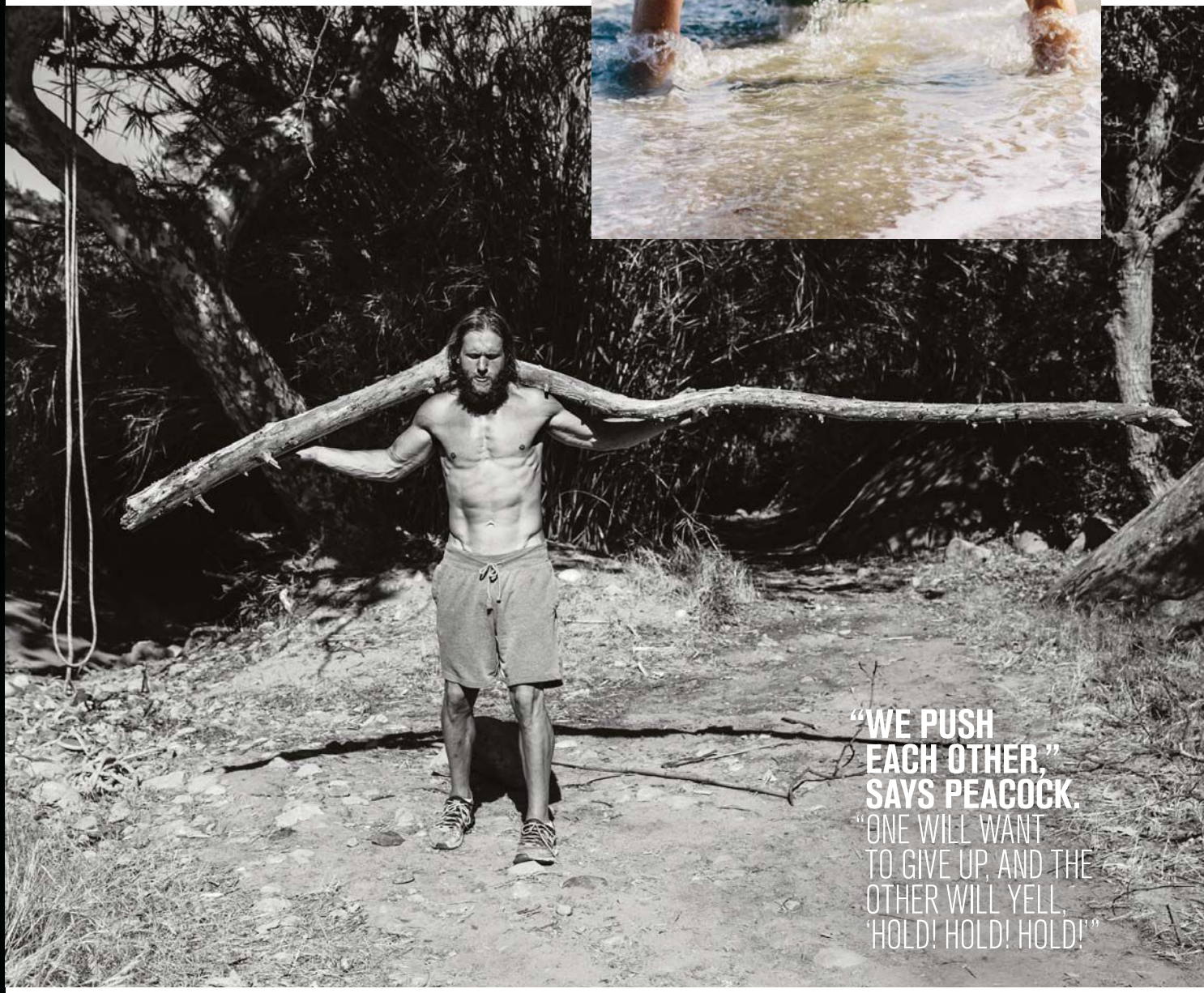
TAP TO SUBMIT YOUR APPLICATION

MAXIM

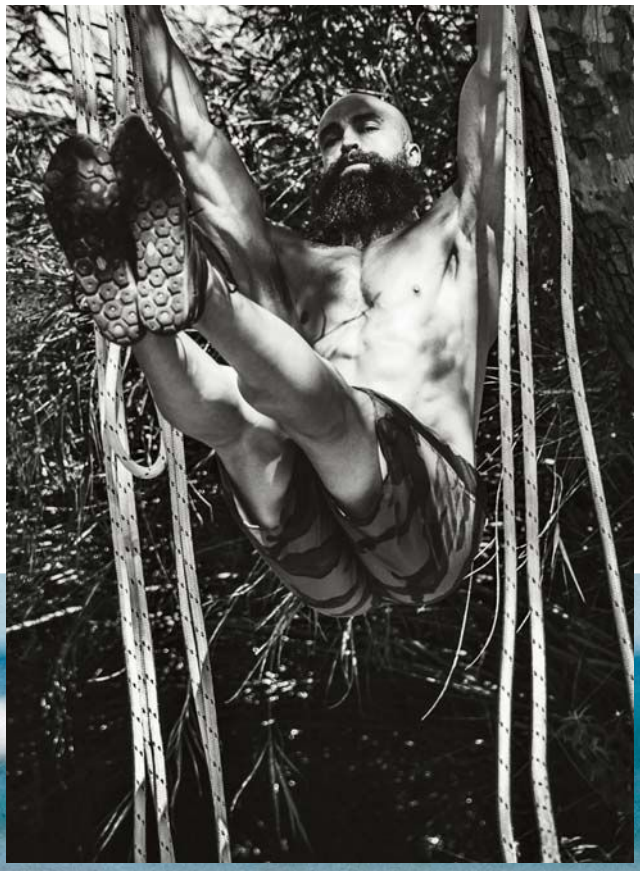
THERE'S THIS WORD that enlightened fitness buffs love: *functional*. Strapping your hands to a 400-pound barbell and hoisting that bastard over your head? That's not functional; that's just training a set of muscles to do a certain motion over and over again. "If you fall from a tree and you need to grab a branch with one hand," Paul Duke says, "and you were using straps at a gym? Well, your grip isn't going to be that great, and you will fall."

Duke will not fall, though. Duke can grab that branch with one hand and dangle like the world's beefiest monkey. He can do this because his grip is crushing. Because he and his workout partner, Jacob Peacock, exercise in an actual tree. Because *that* is functional.

Along Venice Beach, the world capital of jacked dudes, Duke and Peacock are men apart: They're a daily spectacle known to all as the Viking Brothers. It's impossible to miss them. They are actors who met at the local Gold's Gym two years ago and discovered a shared passion for insane goals–stuff like mastering the one-armed handstand push-up, which is exactly as preposterous as it sounds. And to reach these goals, they began insane outdoor workouts. The Vikings venture out with nothing more than a rope and turn the earth into a



"WE PUSH EACH OTHER," SAYS PEACOCK. "ONE WILL WANT TO GIVE UP, AND THE OTHER WILL YELL, 'HOLD! HOLD! HOLD!'"



challenge course: throwing stones, dragging logs through mud, doing pull-ups on one tree branch and then jumping to another. They welcome anyone who dares to join. Few can keep up.

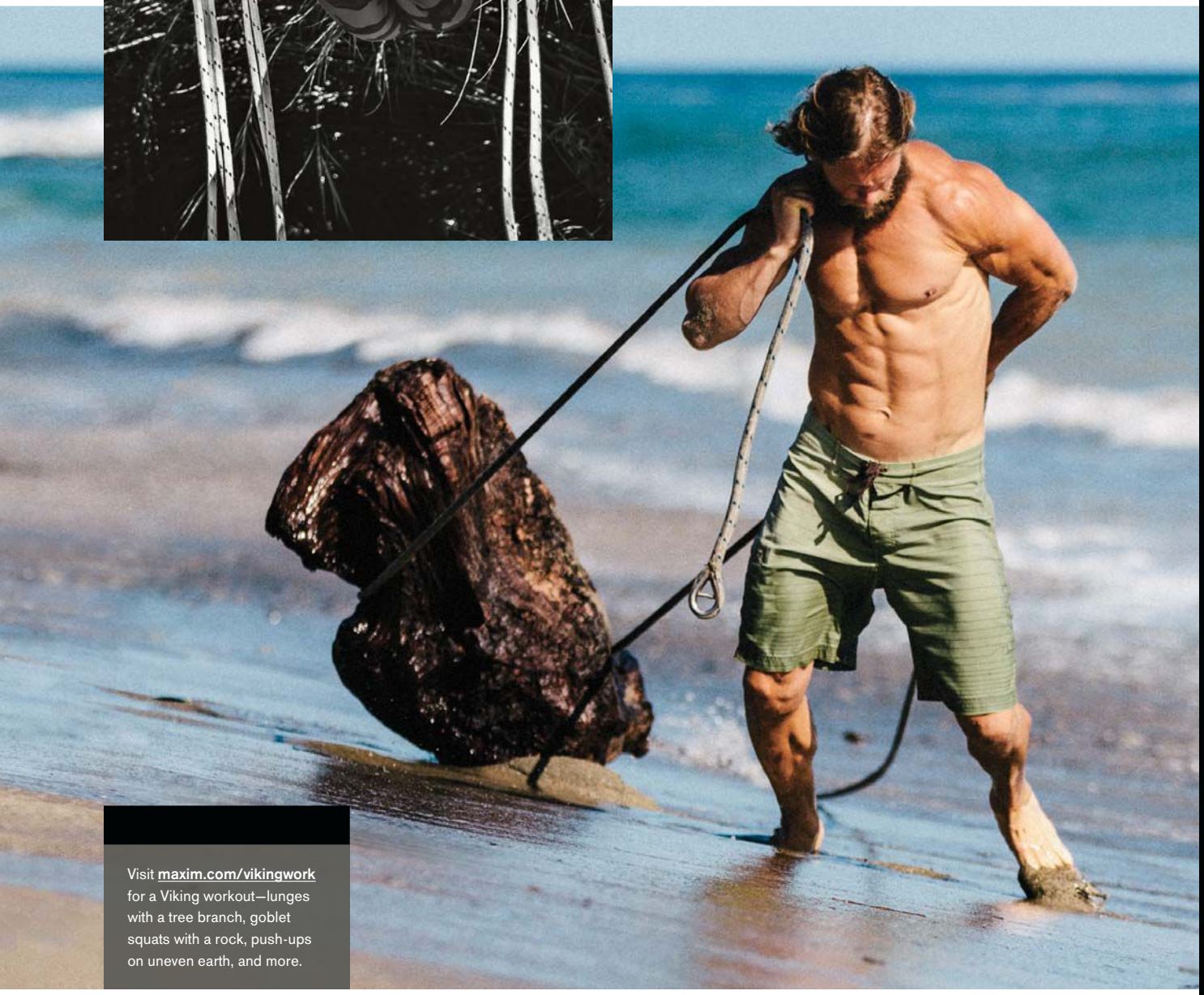
The guys have a motto: "CrossFit is for pussies." But what they really hate is gym equipment and shortcuts to flashy muscles. Real strength requires real work in the real world–it's in the grip and the glutes and the little muscles that never bulge. Even their signature look, the big beards, were grown for a practical purpose: There's work out there for rugged actors who look like they could be on *Game of Thrones*.

"We don't need to look pretty," Duke says. "Sometimes we go to the gym and I didn't comb the beard properly. It doesn't matter. Sometimes there's food in it. It doesn't matter."

"Even so, we're still getting stares from the ladies," Peacock says.

"Oh, yeah!" Duke says. "I gotta say, we're getting much more attention from the ladies now, because they crave that masculinity. They can see, Wow, those guys are real men. Look what they can do."

Both are married. And both wives, truth be told, want the beards shaved. But that just wouldn't be functional. —**JASON FEIFER**



Visit **maxim.com/vikingwork** for a Viking workout—lunges with a tree branch, goblet squats with a rock, push-ups on uneven earth, and more.


THE ONLY ROAD TO SAVINGS
•BEST TRUCKERS INSURANCE
•BEST RATES
•BEST CLAIMS SERVICE
•BEST TECHNOLOGY
1STGUARD.COM
1-866-FAST-234
1ST GUARD
SM
The Trucker's Insurance Company™

THE NEW HEAD TRIP

VIRTUAL-REALITY TRAVEL MIGHT JUST REVOLUTIONIZE TOURISM—WHILE TURNING US ALL INTO SHUT-INS.

by KYLE CHAYKA

"YOU MIGHT WANT TO SIT DOWN," Mike Woods tells me.

I recline in an office chair, and a moment later, after whizzing through a space-time tunnel that looks like a tornado made of pure light, I find myself standing on a beach in Hawaii. The colors are vivid and rich, the sunlight dappled. The sound of waves echoes in my ears, palms sway in the wind, and the wide ocean sparkles to the horizon. I am alone.

I feel an immediate sense of calm. It's uncanny, but I would swear my skin is growing warm in the sunlight and a faint breeze is carrying a mist off the water. My heartbeat begins to slow. But as I crane my neck to check the trees for coconuts, the landscape becomes pixelated. It's kind of like being on spring break in *World of Warcraft*.

I'm immersed in a virtual-reality experience, aptly called the Teleporter, created by the British digital media studio Framestore. The Hawaiian expedition, along with a virtual journey to the top of a London skyscraper, was designed for Marriott Hotels as a way for its guests to experience the future of travel. Woods, the founder of Framestore's

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **RICK WENNER**

HALF COURT

Sprint

"IT'S ALWAYS HALFTIME IN MY COURT."

Switch to Sprint, and we'll cut your bill in half.

Bring us your Verizon or AT&T bill, turn in your old phone and we'll cut your rate plan in half. You'll get unlimited talk and text anywhere in the U.S. and we'll match your data. All while on the Sprint network.

Stuck with your carrier? Not anymore. Sprint will pay off your old phone and contract so you can switch. It's that easy.

Discount applies to base monthly service plan only. Exclusions apply and new plan features may not be an exact match. Available with leasing or Sprint Easy Pay. Buyout via American Express® Reward Card after online registration.

1-844-835-HALF

sprint.com/kdhalf | #KDLAW

digital department, helps me off with my headset, an Oculus VR Rift. It's then that I realize the ocean spray was actually just beads of sweat that collected on my forehead around the edges of the bulky goggles.

"It's as close as you can get to a real-life experience," Woods tells me.

All those former travel agents who lost their jobs because of the digital revolution haven't seen anything yet. VR companies are working feverishly to enable would-be adventurers to travel the globe from the comfort of their own futons. Want to scale a digital replica of the Great Wall of China? Paddle down the Amazon? Just "jack in," as Ralph Fiennes put it in *Strange Days*. "People in the next few years will have a separate room in their house that's just full of stuff like this," Woods claims. "If you want to go and hang out at the top of the Eiffel Tower or go to a mountain in Iceland, you can."

It will be cheap, safe, and completely hassle-free. "Think of all the trauma involved in travel: the fossil fuels it spends, the germs you get on a plane, the money it costs, the amount of time it takes," says Jeremy Bailenson, the founding director of Stanford University's Virtual Human Interaction Lab. "VR allows you to travel when you want to, not when you have to." Forget TSA patdowns, jet lag, lost luggage, bewildering menus, lumpy mattresses, and predatory locals, all of which make actual travel such a drag. The Oculus Rift never runs out of space in the overhead bins.

This is how tech people tend to talk–with total confidence that every new tool is going to radically change *everything*. Remember life before the Segway forever changed transportation, or TaskRabbit forever changed commerce? Exactly. And yet research suggests that virtual travel does offer some of the salutary mental effects of the real thing. A recent study conducted by the University of Melbourne found that 40-second-long "microbreaks" spent viewing a virtual simulation of nature increased workers' ability to focus on the tasks at hand. The suits in HR are already asking themselves: *Do people even need vacation days?*

BY NOW WE'RE ALL familiar with Oculus Rift. In 2012, 19-year-old Palmer Luckey, who was working at USC's Institute for Creative Technologies, developed a cheap VR helmet that attracted the interest of his professors. He then launched a Kickstarter and raised more than $2.4 million. Last year, after delivering early models, Luckey sold the company to Facebook for $2 billion. Meanwhile, numerous other VR companies are racing ahead with similar technology, as tech bloggers and other early users rave about the experience.

Scott Broock is the vice president of content at Jaunt, a San Francisco-area VR company. When I meet Broock in a West Village bar, he's dressed in the soft blazer, crisp checked shirt, and designer glasses of a Hollywood exec. Broock puts an Oculus Rift on my head and suddenly I'm standing in a grungy alleyway covered in graffiti. An alien zooms into my field of vision and starts deejaying on a pair of intergalactic turntables.

A great VR experience "lets you feel like you've escaped," Broock tells me.

Marriott is considering incorporating VR into its hotel rooms, the better to advertise its other properties and let guests "sample destinations before they go," says Michael Dail, the company's VP of marketing. "We're rethinking in-room entertainment."

It would be like movie trailers, but for destinations. Before you go outside to see San Francisco in the flesh, first take a peek at what you *could* be doing in Istanbul! But would it increase sales? Here's what no doubt would: Hoteliers could pump adult pay-per-view into the Oculus. Guests would never go home.

"IF YOU WANT TO GO AND HANG OUT AT THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER **OR GO TO A MOUNTAIN IN ICELAND, YOU CAN."**

AS FOR THE PROSPECT of virtual travel, my whirlwind tour of pixelated destinations leaves me pining for the glorious inconvenience of a delayed flight or a malfunctioning hotel thermostat. No matter how seamless the 3-D scanning, a virtual vacation will never manage to replicate the greatest thing about going somewhere: serendipity.

On a virtual vacation, every step is bitmapped. The programmer is your tour guide, and you can never stray from the group. "You can't say you discovered this tiny little restaurant, met these amazing people on the street, or saw an impromptu concert," says Sean Murphy, the editor in chief of *Jetsetter,* a travel Web site. For all its bells and whistles, VR is more like a postcard than a journey. It flattens what should be a multisensory voyage into a shallow facsimile thereof: a nifty development for marketers but hardly the Holodeck from *Star Trek*. "I don't see it as a replacement; I see it as a way to inspire people to travel more," says Albert "Skip" Rizzo, a psychologist who launched a VR lab at USC in 1996. "People are always going to go in the flesh. You don't have the feel of the sand, the sun shining on you, all those tactile senses." But companies will sure try: They're already hard at work on making VR more tactile. Marriott's Teleporter originally simulated ocean mist with a spray bottle.

The best VR trip on my grand tour takes place at Specular, an underground studio in Brooklyn, where I visit "Exquisite City," a surreal version of Belgrade that mixes 3-D scans of the actual place with elements that conjure a drugged-out *Minecraft* mod. When James George, the cocreator of the piece, fits the Oculus over my head, I find myself in a nighttime urban landscape where stars shine like pixels in the dark sky above me. Or is it the other way around and the pixels are stars?

Navigating the terrain with the help of a keyboard, I come across buildings made entirely of ATMs, a skyscraper tower built from freestanding stairs, and trees growing upside down. "You're an anthropologist on an alien planet," George tells me. The experience is deeply unsettling, but I can't get enough of it. The whole notion that VR travel should mimic the real thing suddenly seems mistaken. The unknowns are what make travel great. It's not standing in front of the Eiffel Tower and taking a snapshot–it's chatting up a hot art student who invites you to a house party in a sketchy arrondissement and waking up wondering what happened to your pants. The further away you get from your own everyday reality, the easier it is to feel like you've really gone somewhere and found a piece of yourself you never knew.

So if you're one of those early adopters who can't wait to lie on a virtual beach, go right ahead. It just means more space on the sand for those of us who prefer the real thing. ■

GROOMING, PASCALE POMA; SHIRT AND SHORTS, DUNHILL; SANDALS, BALLY; VR GOGGLES, COURTESY OF FRAMESTORE

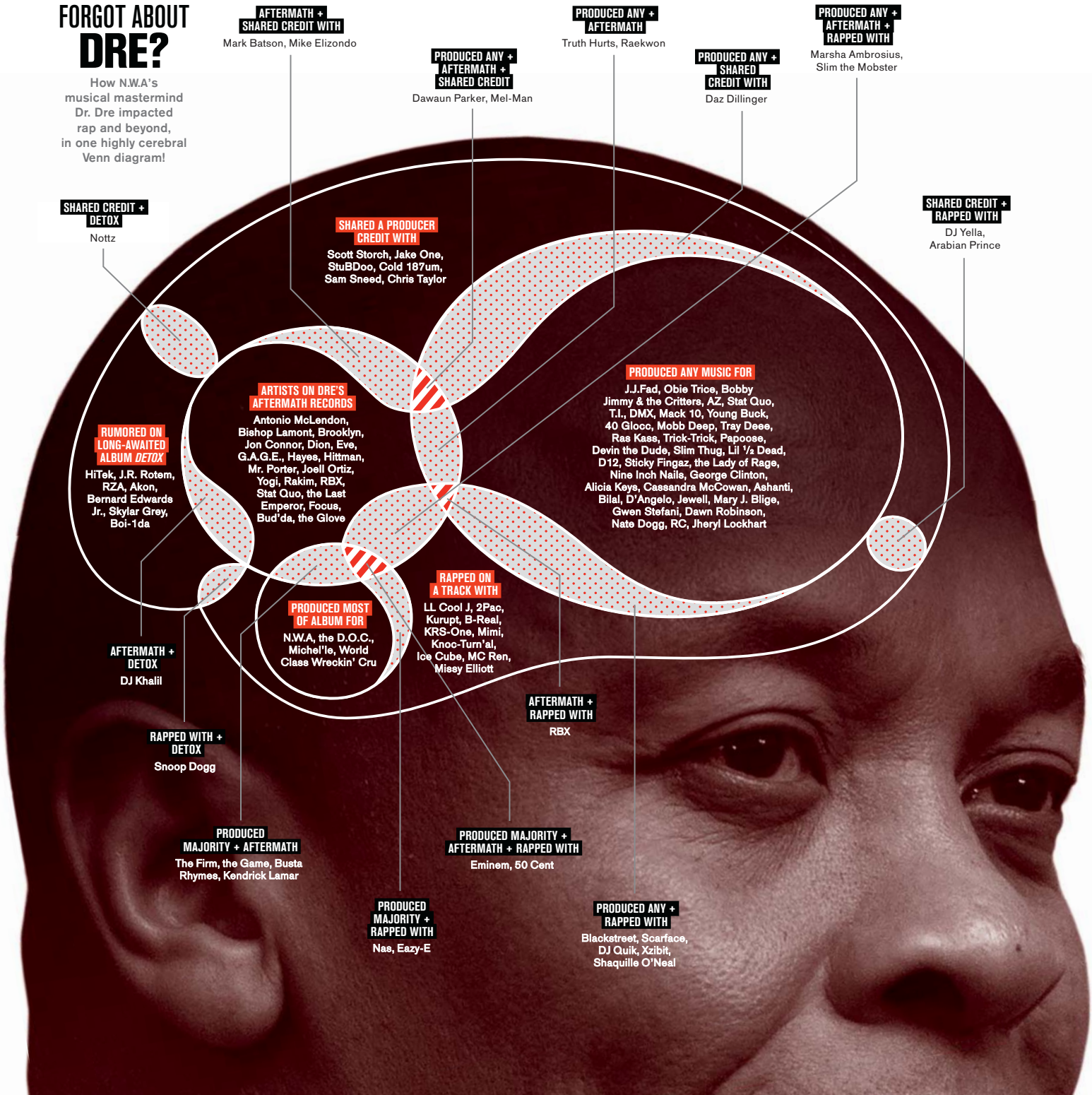
N.W.A: THE LEGACY

THIS MONTH, THE RAP SUPERGROUP GETS THE BIOPIC TREATMENT IN *STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON*. HERE, A LOOK AT THEIR ENDURING INFLUENCE.

N.W.A BROUGHT GANGSTA RAP to the mainstream with 1988's groundbreaking album *Straight Outta Compton*, featuring gritty anthems inspired by life in South Central L.A. ("Fuck Tha Police," "Gangsta Gangsta," "Dopeman") that rattled the pop landscape with all the urgency of a drive-by shooting. Featuring Dr. Dre, Ice Cube, Eazy-E, MC Ren, and DJ Yella, the band split over money issues by early 1992, but they're still considered one of the greatest hip-hop groups of all time. *—Chris Wilson, Jason Feifer, Chris Faraone*

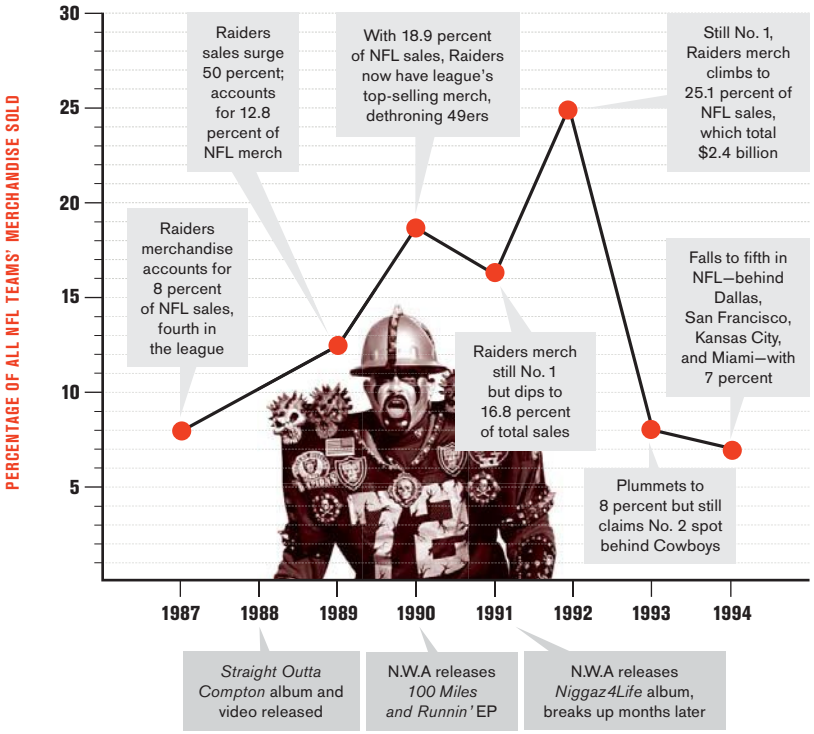
FORGOT ABOUT DRE?

How N.W.A's musical mastermind Dr. Dre impacted rap and beyond, in one highly cerebral Venn diagram!



F*CK THA (**FASHION**) POLICE

N.W.A almost always wore L.A. Raiders gear in videos and photo shoots. Fans noticed.



Did the N.W.A make Raiders Fanz4Life? Hardly. This season, the team's merchandise sales rank 10th among all NFL teams, according to Fanatics.com.

ICE CUBE vs. NICE CUBE

From tough-guy rapper to good-guy actor.

ON BEING SCARY

"I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer" (from "Natural Born Killaz")

"I don't know karate, but I know ca-razy!" (from *Are We Done Yet?*)

ON POLICE RELATIONS

"Ice Cube will swarm on any motherfucker in a blue uniform" ("Fuck Tha Police")

"We Jump Street—and we 'bout to jump in yo' ass." (*22 Jump Street*)

ON UNGRATEFUL ACQUAINTANCES

"Tried to diss Ice Cube, it wasn't worth it/Cause the broomstick fit your ass so perfect" ("No Vaseline")

"If I didn't volunteer to babysit you two little demons on this road trip... I'd still have my car!" (*Are We There Yet?*)

STRAIGHT OUTTA N.W.A

A cheat sheet on Compton's finest.

	DR. DRE	ICE CUBE	EAZY-E	MC REN	DJ YELLA
					
GREATEST CONTRIBUTIONS	N.W.A's coproducer with Yella; pioneered trademark G-Funk sound on **"Alwayz into Somethin'"**	Chief lyricist who barks first verses on **"Straight Outta Compton"** and **"Fuck Tha Police"**	High-pitched whine debuts on his first solo single, the proto-gangsta classic **"The Boyz-N-the Hood"**	Rapped on eight ***Straight Outta Compton*** tracks, tying Eazy for most appearances	Mixmaster and reportedly the only member to attend Eazy's funeral after he died of AIDS in 1995
BIGGEST CASH GRAB	Sold **Beats Electronics** and **Beats Music** to Apple last year for $3 billion (Dre owned 20 percent of company)	Stars in lucrative movie franchises for ***Jump Street, Ride Along, Barbershop,*** *and* ***Are We There Yet?***	1988 debut solo album ***Eazy-Duz-It*** sold 2 million copies	1992 solo EP ***Kizz My Black Azz*** sold more than a million copies	Coproduced both N.W.A albums
WEIRDEST MOMENT	Disavowed weed on **"Express Yourself,"** then devoted an entire album (***The Chronic***) to it only a few years later	FBI sends a warning letter to Ruthless Records because of **"Fuck Tha Police,"** cowritten by Cube	Attended 1991 lunch for Republican Senatorial Inner Circle, hosted by then-president George H.W. Bush	Decided against joining the Army in high school after seeing ***Full Metal Jacket***	Directed ***Ho's Wit Attitude*** and ***Str8 Outta Compton***—which aren't rap records; they're porn movies
HOW GANGSTA?	Charged with 1991 misdemeanor battery of Dee Barnes, host of rap TV show ***Pump It Up,*** after unflattering segment on N.W.A	Controversial 1991 solo album *Death Certificate* accused of being anti-Semitic and anti-Korean, earning a rare condemnation from *Billboard*	Drug-dealing past inspired N.W.A's **"Dope Man"**	Rumored teenage member of Kelly Park Crips but has insisted in interviews that he was cool with both Crips and Bloods	"Yella" handle inspired by the very un-gangsta Tom Tom Club song **"Mr. Yellow"**

RAHAL 2.0

INDYCAR STANDOUT **GRAHAM RAHAL** DOESN'T JUST COMPETE AGAINST OTHER DRIVERS—HIS FAMILY'S RACING LEGACY IS ALWAYS IN THE REARVIEW.

by DAN CARNEY

THE SON IS FAST, just like the father was. Graham Rahal, driver of the #15 Steak 'n Shake car in the IndyCar series (cosponsored by *Maxim*), is having a career year. He just scored a pair of thrilling runner-up finishes: at the Grand Prix of Alabama at Barber Motorsports Park last April, and at the Grand Prix of Indianapolis in May. More important, he has been fast and furious in every outing on the IndyCar circuit. But don't look for the signature 'stache that his legendary dad, Bobby, sported during his Indianapolis 500 win in 1986. "I can't grow one," Rahal says with a chuckle. "It looks terrible."

If the young Rahal has a handicap, it might be the weight of expectations. Bobby's dad, Mike, raced Porsches before Bobby became an Indy 500 winner, three-time CART-series champion, and team co-owner with none other than recently liberated *Late Show* host David Letterman. Graham is named for the late English Formula 1 star Graham Hill.

Graham, 26, who is a spokesman for Sunoco's tongue-in-cheek fragrance, Burnt Rubbèr, is tall and slender. He loves golf and is a fiercely devoted hockey fan. But he always wanted to race cars for a living—with or without his father's blessing. "I really wasn't supportive," Bobby recalls. "I wanted him to do something different because the pressure to perform is greater. But he's a very tenacious young man." Graham isn't just tenacious, however. He's one of the most talented drivers in the sport.

"I think the biggest key to success is a relentless mentality," Graham says. "In racing or in life, there's lots of speed bumps, lots of times in which you feel like you aren't progressing, then suddenly, all the hard work pays off."

They cut a deal: A's in school equaled racing time, first in karts, then in entry-level Formula BMW cars. Graham first tasted success in the Pro Mazda developmental series when he was 16. He followed that with a European test in a Formula 3000 car, beating the pole-position-setting lap in the prior race. Setting that lap time in an unfamiliar car and track, against Europe's top young drivers, was what convinced Graham he could succeed as a professional. "At that point I was thinking, *Maybe this can happen,*" he recalls.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **JULIAN DUFORT**

DANIEL STEIGER

Our bestselling, magnificent Diamonds & Steel is now available in luxurious plated 18K Yellow Gold

*Limited Time Only

Diamonds & Steel

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION

CALL NOW TOLL FREE 24/7 ON 1-877 550 9876

Quote promo code **MAX158QUY**

Or order online at www.timepiecesusa.com/**max158**

Bracelet: $149
Ring: $139
Set Price: $249
(Save An Extra $39)
+S&P

Timepieces International Inc, 12800 N.W. South River Drive, Medley, FL 33178

THE SATURDAY MORNING dawns cool and drizzly at Barber Motorsports Park. The night before, the drivers sleeping in motor homes at the track had been pounded with the first major Alabama thunderstorm of the summer. Those who'd stayed in hotels returned to park in soupy fields that caked mud on their shoes.

They gather in bunches in the meeting room, leaning in to chat with their neighbors before the proceedings get under way. The chief steward starts with housekeeping–minor rules adjustments, Indy 500 practice scheduling. Juan Pablo Montoya, who would go on to win the Indy 500 four weeks later, wants to argue about a detail involving yellow flags during qualifying. The steward shrugs him off.

These are the familiar rhythms of life in the IndyCar paddock: meet, discuss, drive, repeat. There's practice, qualifying, debriefs with engineers to make the cars faster, and of course, the races. Graham was practically raised on the track, much like another IndyCar kid, Marco Andretti, son of Michael and grandson of the great Mario. Both Graham and Marco wanted to follow in their famous fathers' footsteps.

For Graham, it was always about the cars, not the legacy. Street cars, racecars, old, new–it didn't matter. It's an obsession he has indulged since his very first ride, a 1964 Mini Cooper, through a current fleet that ranges from the exotic (Porsche 918) to the mundane (Acura MDX). His all-time favorite? The Porsche Carrera GT.

"I've always been a big Porsche nut, and the Carrera GT is just the greatest street car ever," he gushes. "It is so difficult and so rewarding to drive. I love it. I absolutely love it."

Upon reaching his goal of racing IndyCars, Graham wasted no time establishing his legitimacy and putting to rest any whispers that he was only a lucky legacy. He won the 2008 season opener–his first professional race–when he was 19, making him IndyCar's youngest-ever champion.

The top-performing Honda driver in the IndyCar series, he is notching impressive times despite a Honda engine that is notably less powerful this year than the rival Chevys. For 2015, his Rahal Letterman Lanigan Racing team brought in two of the engineers he worked with previously. Graham needed a crew he knew and trusted, his dad says. "If you have confidence in your engineer, that's a powerful asset," Bobby observes.

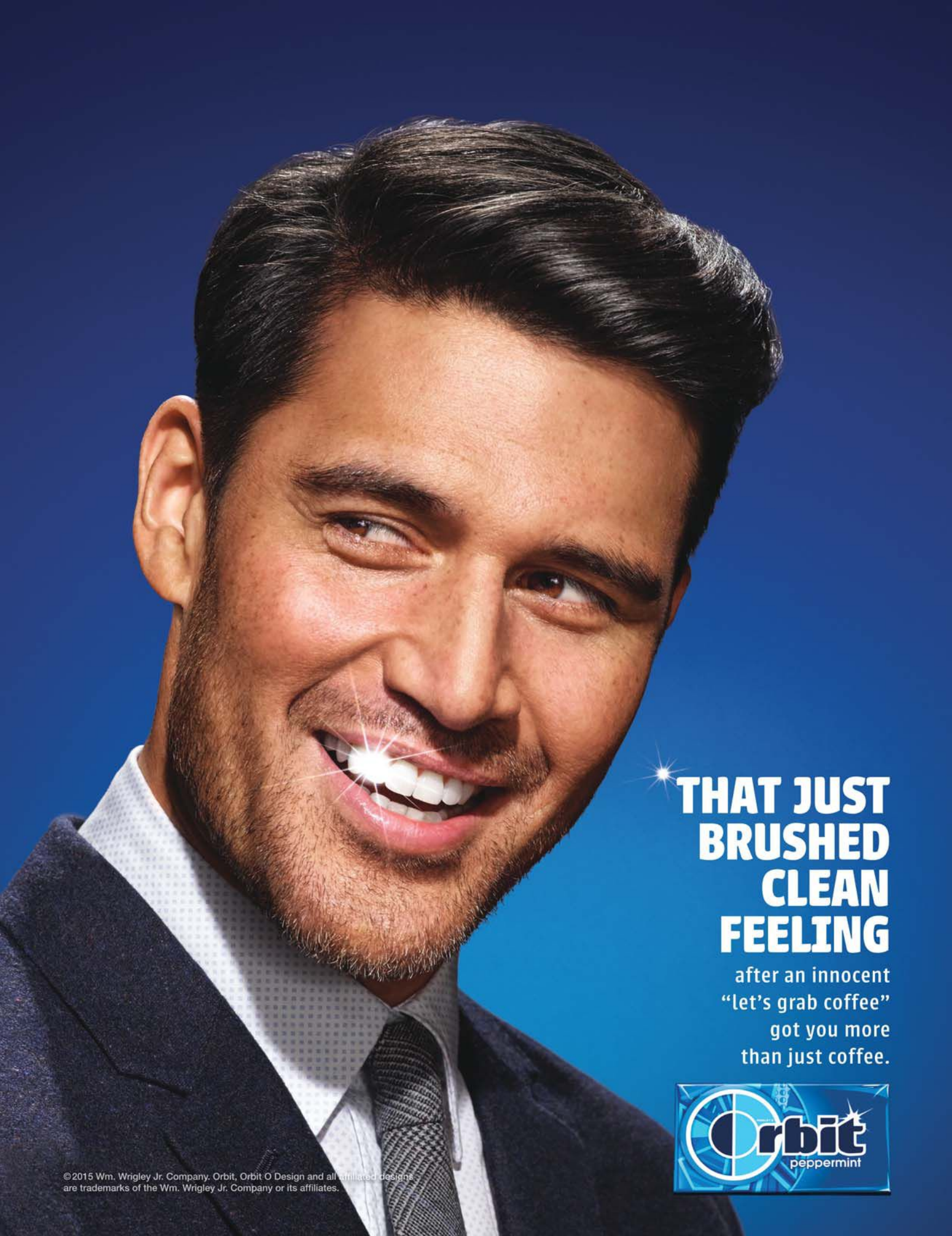
"THE KEY TO SUCCESS IS A RELENTLESS MENTALITY. IN RACING OR IN LIFE, THERE'S LOTS OF SPEED BUMPS. THEN SUDDENLY, ALL THE HARD WORK PAYS OFF."

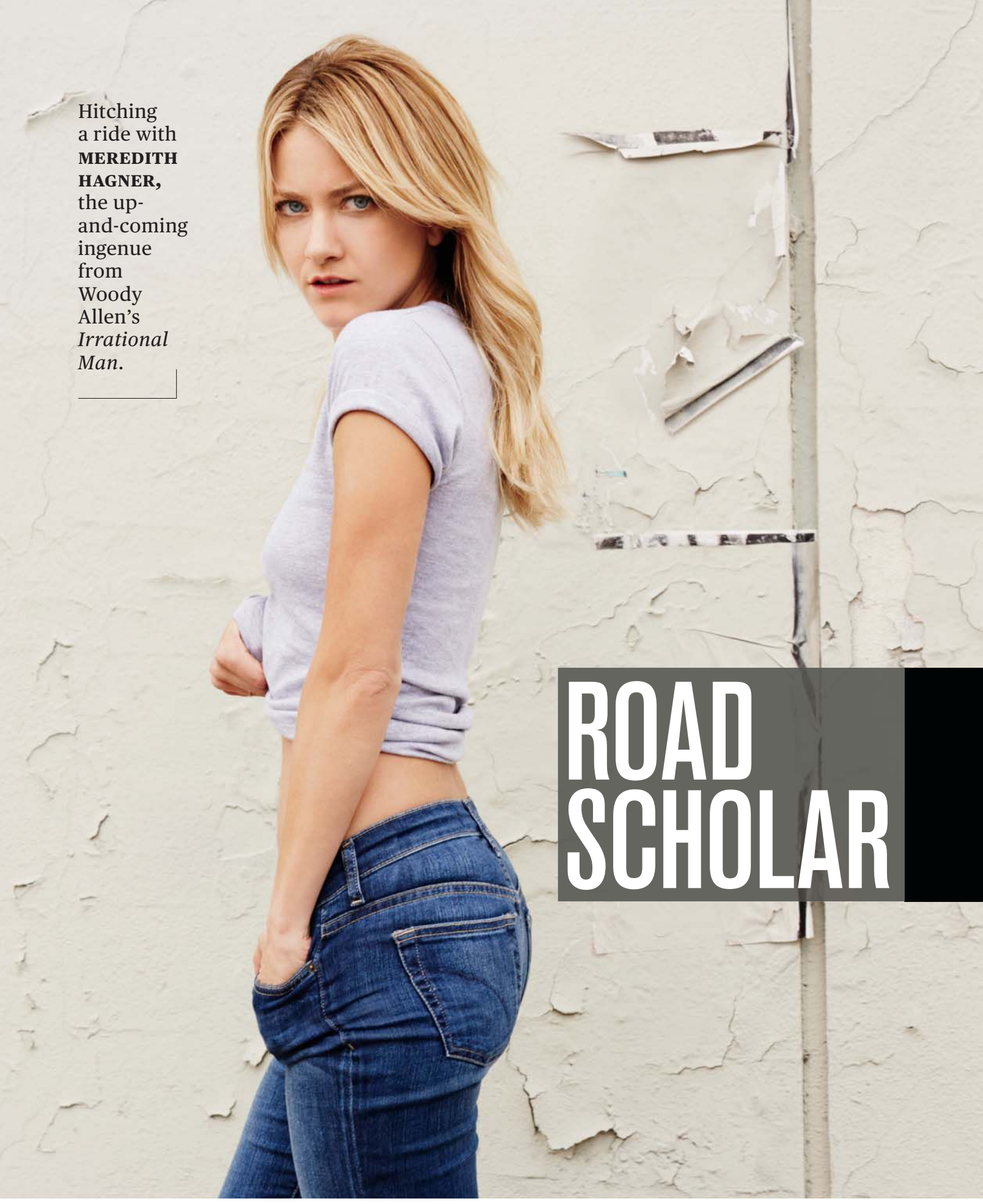
Orbiting Indy at 236 mph, his top speed at the Indy 500, requires steely confidence, a point Bobby illustrates with a baseball analogy: "If you're worried about getting into the batter's box with some guy throwing 95 miles per hour, you ought not be there," he says.

By this season's race at Barber, the team changes had paid off, with Graham enjoying a white-knuckle charge through the field at the Grand Prix of Alabama. Then, after the Indy 500, he made a podium finish at the Detroit Grand Prix.

At least he has someone to go home to who truly understands racing's pressures and heritage. Graham is engaged to Courtney Force, the professional-drag-racing daughter of legendary champion John Force. She, too, needs to win races to uphold a family tradition. The young couple have discussed kids, possibly extending their families' automotive legacies. Because racing isn't just something that happens on the track–it's in the blood, too. ■

Rising star Graham Rahal with racing legend dad Bobby.





Hitching a ride with **MEREDITH HAGNER,** the up-and-coming ingenue from Woody Allen's *Irrational Man*.

ROAD SCHOLAR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **PIERRE TOUSSAINT** STYLED BY **WAYNE GROSS**

MEREDITH HAGNER IS READY TO RAMBLE. The North Carolina-bred actress–now seen in Woody Allen's *Irrational Man*–currently resides in Brooklyn's bustling Williamsburg neighborhood, but she's always plotting her next adrenaline-pumping getaway. "I just have that curiosity and desire to experience other cultures, and I love to challenge myself to go off the beaten path," Hagner says.

Take, for example, her recent monthlong road trip across Vietnam. "I hiked a lot in the north and stayed with villagers, and then I tore through the central highlands on the back of a motorcycle for two weeks, which was amazing," she says. This summer Hagner is backpacking through California's Yosemite National Park, after scrapping a planned surfing-and-camping excursion down Mexico's Baja Peninsula. ("I realized it was going to be 115 degrees, and I was like, *I will die.*") Her next stop? "I really want to do India for a month; I want to motorcycle around. There's something in my brain that's less fearful when I'm traveling. I really just have a sense of abandon."

That's not to say Hagner won't stay put for the right gigs. She first turned heads with a two-year stint on *As the World Turns,* then went on to costar in TBS sitcom *Men at Work* and the USA medical dramedy *Royal Pains* before appearing on *CSI: Miami, The Following,* and *Louie.* Hagner has also graced a few indie movies, but *Irrational Man*–starring Joaquin Phoenix as a tortured philosophy professor romancing one of his students, played by Emma Stone–will be her biggest vehicle yet. "When you get to work with the director you've idolized and adored your whole life, it's just very special and surreal," she says. "Woody Allen truly is a genius." (In case you were wondering, Hagner's favorite Allen flicks are *Annie Hall, Midnight in Paris,* and *Manhattan,* in that order.) As Hagner takes her career to the next level, she'll increasingly tap the critical dramatic skills she honed as a young soap starlet. "I can weirdly cry on command," Hagner says. "You gotta deliver. One of my friends had a trick where she would just stare at the lights until her eyes watered. But I would just go into a dark place." We're glad to see she's come back into the light. —**CHRIS WILSON**

This page:
(top) Vest, Levi's. Jeans, Diesel.
(left) Shirt and jeans, Topshop. Necklace, Catbird.

Opposite page:
Overalls, Big Star.

Previous spread:
(left) Overalls, Big Star.
(right) Shirt, American Apparel. Jeans, Joe's.

HAIR, CAILE NOBLE AT JED ROOT FOR SERGE NORMANT; MAKEUP, SARAH USLAN AT JED ROOT FOR CHARLOTTE TILBURY; MANICURE, TRACY CLEMONS AT OPUS BEAUTY USING OPI

THE STOWAWAYS

An amazing new crop of **GETAWAY VEHICLES** can be collapsed, origami-style, for easy transport. You just have to know when to fold 'em...

by **MATT BERICAL**

Sea

Made from a single sheet of pre-creased, corrugated polypropylene, the 12-foot-long, 25-inch-wide **Oru Bay+** kayak breaks down into a 28-pound, portfolio-style case that's small enough to sling over a shoulder, stow behind a couch, or check on a plane. The single-passenger vessel takes about 20 minutes to assemble and is as nimble on the water as its more unwieldy, noncollapsible counterparts. And despite its take-anywhere design, the Bay+ is equipped with an adjustable bucket seat, strap-down deck rigging, and waterproof deck hatch, making it suitable for even the most intrepid multiday tours. ***$1,575; orukayak.com***

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **JAMIE CHUNG**

Cigar.com

800.357.9800 | *The Home for Cigar Enthusiasts*

STARTER SET IV

10 CIGARS +HUMIDOR

LIMITED TIME OFFER

$29.99

A $203 VALUE!

SAVE 85%

Starter Set IV Includes:

- Rocky Patel Decade
- Alec Bradley Prensado
- Oliva Serie 'O'
- Cohiba Red Dot
- Casa Magna
- Gurkha Centurian
- CAO Brazilia
- Macanudo
- Romeo y Julieta Vintage
- Montecristo Media Noche
- + 40-Capacity Desktop Humidor

Cigar.com/CGSA567

Enter full web address for offer

CALL 800.357.9800

Mention CGSA567

Offer expires 10/15/15

**Please add $6.99 s/h. Taxes on orders shipped outside of PA are the responsibility of the purchaser; PA residents add 6% tax. Available to new customers only. One per customer. From time to time substitutions may occur. We only sell our products to adults who meet legal age requirements to purchase tobacco products.*

Cigar.com
1911 Spillman Drive | Dept. #26 | Bethlehem, PA 18015

Air

First class feeling a bit too cramped? Then pilot the **Icon A5**, an amphibious light aircraft that can be hitched to a car and take off from just about anywhere. Articulating wings fold flat to make the carbon-fiber personal plane simple to store or schlep, and it requires only a sport-pilot license to operate. The A5's 100-hp engine is good for 350 miles per tank and runs on regular unleaded; it can set down on both land and water, and its interior has a simple-to-decipher instrument cluster and controls. Originally conceived in 2006, the A5 is slated to start shipping to customers later this month. That should be enough time to clear out the garage. ***From $189,000; iconaircraft.com***

Land

Able to transform from an easy-to-carry, 18.9-by-31.5-inch package into a lithe commute conqueror in less than 10 seconds, the 27-speed **Tern Verge S27h** is crammed with a suite of seldom-seen, ride-enhancing extras, such as a high-efficiency dynamo hub that transfers pedal strokes into device-charging energy and a bike seat that doubles as a tire pump. ***$1,900; ternbicycles.com***

MAXIM
PREFERRED

AUGUST 2015 | EVENTS | PROMOTION | TRENDING NOW

DOS EQUIS

The full moon is rising. And with it, so do the possibilities. So what are you going to do with your summer nights? Join Dos Equis as we make the shortest nights of the year the most interesting nights to remember. Learn more at **DosEquis.com**.

STAY THIRSTY, *my friends*.®

TRAVAASA HANA

Located on Maui's secluded eastern shore at the end of the famous Road to Hāna, Travaasa offers guests one of the last truly Hawaiian experiences. Days are filled with coconut husking, bamboo fishing, coastal cuisine, award-winning spa treatments, and local hospitality that is unparalleled.

For more information: **www.travaasa.com**

TRAVAASA
EXPERIENTIAL RESORTS
Hāna, Maui

FORM, FUNCTION & FLAVOR: THE FUTURE OF VAPING IS HERE

An innovative new vaping experience, designed and engineered for superior functionality and flavor, utilizing only natural and organic flavoring made in the USA.

Breathe's liquids were formulated by renowned flavor craftsman, sommelier and award winning chef, founder and CEO Josh Kimmel.

Vape Smart & Breathe Today. **www.breathecig.com**


MAXIM
FANTASY SPORTS
WIN BIG!
PLAY ANYTIME ON IOS, ANDROID AND ONLINE
TERMS AND RESTRICTIONS APPLY. PARTICIPATION NOT AVAILABLE IN ARIZONA, IOWA, LOUISIANA, MONTANA, NORTH DAKOTA, TENNESSEE, WASHINGTON, VERMONT, KANSAS, PUERTO RICO, AND WHERE PROHIBITED.
POWERED BY
GAME SPORTS NETWORK
SKILL BASED FANTASY GAMES AND PLATFORM
Download on the App Store
MAXIM GAME CENTER WWW.MFSGC.COM
maximfantasysports.com
Apple and the Apple logo are trademarks of Apple Inc., registered in the U.S. and other countries. App Store is a service mark of Apple Inc. The Android robot is reproduced or modified from work created and shared by Google and used according to terms described in the Creative Commons 3.0 Attribution License.


Sun
Sand

Supermodel Emily DiDonato is making a very big splash.

by Nate Freeman

Sea

Shot in St. Barts

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **GILLES BENSIMON** STYLED BY **WAYNE GROSS**

This page:
T-shirt, H&M.
Sunglasses,
Ray-Ban.

Previous spread:
Swimsuit, Dolce
& Gabbana.

ABOUT AN HOUR INTO DRINKS WITH EMILY DIDONATO, I REALIZE I saw her just the other day. Not quite like this–I mean, it's not so often that I find myself casually sitting in a restaurant with a beyond-gorgeous supermodel who regularly poses on exotic beaches for world-class fashion photographers. No, I spotted her in Manhattan's SoHo neighborhood early one morning. There was a phalanx of young women with headsets and clipboards, guys holding giant lights, craft service tables with limp salad. They were shooting a commercial.

An assistant stopped me at a barricade as filming was about to start. Silence, and then…"Action!" In front of two giant whirring fans, the camera encircled a girl in heels who glided with magnificent speed across the cobblestones of Greene Street, her mesmerizing gait never wavering, hair ruffling up so immaculately it looked like CGI. The skirt was gold and silky and swayed with her strut, swooshing back and forth like a pendulum–I mean, this girl…the way her skirt swayed could stop time itself.

And then she turned around without warning, staring at the camera and toward me, her striking eyes both classic and strangely feline.

"Yeah, that was us," she said, sitting in front of me in a T-shirt, no makeup, sipping a glass of sauvignon blanc, kind of just shooting the shit. The restaurant was her idea: a spot near her apartment called the Little Beet Table, which, in accordance with the laws of pretty people, is completely gluten-free.

Looking to ingratiate myself, I order the crudité, because, well, *models*. They don't eat, right?

This model is different. In fact, she soon confides that her dinner plans include gorging herself on a massive steak.

"We're going to the Breslin," she says. "The rib eye for two? It's amazing, this $200 steak. It's so obnoxious, but it's my favorite thing to get."

"Sounds decadent."

"Yeah, that's probably why I'm not eating these…vegetables," she says, pointing at the lame crudité with disgust. "What can I say? I love steak. It's kind of my thing."

DiDonato is easygoing, with a pure, aw-shucks thing that works well until you realize, *Yep, this is what she looks like, got it*. Born in a tiny town in upstate New York, she rarely ventured into the city growing up, preferring to keep things rural. Her father was a firefighter in the Bronx.

"I graduated from high school and then decided to do this full-time," she says of her first stint in the city, modeling as a teenager. "I was totally by myself–it's hard to make friends here!"

I tell her I find that a little suspect. "I would just go home after work and watch TV," she insists. "When I think about it now, I'm like, *That was quite brave, coming here without knowing anyone*."

She met people soon enough, and people certainly got used to seeing her. Before she was 19, DiDonato had a campaign with Guess and a contract with Maybelline (for whom she was shooting that commercial). Soon she reached the two major peaks of the industry: She did the Pop Model Thing by booking *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit* issues and stripping to her skivvies for Victoria's Secret, and she did the High-Fashion Model Thing by posing for famed photographer Mario Testino and for the cover of French *Vogue*.

"They check different boxes," she says. "You're in *Sports Illustrated*, which is a men's magazine–and then you do French *Vogue* and it's respected by a totally different group of people who have never picked up *Sports Illustrated* in their life. When I first started modeling, there were a lot of rules about what you can and can't do, and then Kate Upton came along and it was like, you can do everything."

And, indeed, she is doing everything, so why not flaunt it?

"I was shooting the editorial I wanted to work with, and I was like, *Wow, all that paid off,*" she says. "Once I saw myself on the cover of French *Vogue*, I was like, *OK, I'm pretty solid. I'm kind of a big deal*."

DiDonato has lived in downtown Manhattan for a while now, having first moved to a tiny studio in SoHo and then to her current digs, in Gramercy Park. Somehow, despite workdays where hours can be spent just getting her makeup done, and a travel schedule that would make a deputy secretary of state look like a slacker, she manages to have hobbies. Emily DiDonato makes art, cooks, does yoga, and surfs in Costa Rica.

"When I have the day off, I like to structure it–I love to paint, you know, things like that…"

"You should have a gallery show," I suggest.

"Fuck, Nate, if I had a picture of my last one, you would be so impressed," she says. "I painted Montauk!"

"You know, all the great artists used to live in Montauk."

"No one even believes that I did it. Took me, like, six hours. Watercolors, man; it's not easy."

She also goes out on auditions–that's right, she wants to move into acting à la Cara Delevingne.

"I would definitely want to try," she says. "But I wouldn't want to be, like, a mega movie star."

Why would she? What's fascinating about modeling is that in addition to looking fabulous for a living, you have this ideal type of fame: You can be omnipresent but still exist in the world as a normal person. You can be in the pages of all the magazines but not have people stop you on the street.

"Modeling is awesome in that sense," she says, "because financially, it's great, and you do have a level of 'fame,' you can call it. But it's not like I can't walk out my door. Plus, they make us look entirely different for the billboard, so by the time you see us like this"–she makes a gesture at herself, as if to say, *Ugh, I look terrible*–"you don't even recognize us. But I'm not just any old joe."

"Once I saw myself on the cover of French *Vogue*, I was like, *OK, I'm pretty solid.*"

And any old joe wouldn't turn heads the way DiDonato does when we exit the Little Beet Table and say our goodbyes–she to devour $100 worth of aged beef, I to supplement my crudités with a slice of greasy pizza.

Everyone is looking. They probably don't know that her name is Emily DiDonato, but you can see them whispering, "Who *is* that girl?" It's only a matter of time before they all find out. ■

Swimsuit, American Apparel.

HAIR: KAYLA MICHELE AT STREETERS USING EVO; MAKEUP: MISHA SHAHZADA AT SEE MANAGEMENT USING DIOR SKIN

Swimsuit,
Orlebar Brown.

Shot on Long Reef Beach, Sydney, Australia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **BRYDIE MACK**

MODEL: HANALEI REPONTY AT IMG

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **STEPHAN WÜRTH**

Sand

Shot in the British Virgin Islands

MODEL, MATHILDE GØHLER AT NEXT MIAMI; STYLIST, EMMA CALI AT BRYAN BANTRY AGENCY; HAIR AND MAKEUP, KYRIAKI SAVRANI AT DEFACTO AGENCY

Found

Randall Wulff, a.k.a. Lewis, made a fortune on Wall Street, partied with models and musicians, and recorded one of the most beguiling albums of the 1980s. Then he vanished.

by Max Rivlin-Nadler


Romantic Times

THE VOICE ON THE TRACK IS MOURNFUL. THE LYRICS ARE MUMBLED and hard to make out, but it's easy to recognize the feeling. The name of the song, "I Thought the World of You," says it all. This is the sound of a pain that cannot be reconciled. The singer is looking back on another life, deeply sad, piecing together how it all went wrong.

He called himself Lewis.

People clearly remembered the man who'd booked the Music Lab Studios in Los Angeles one afternoon in 1983, laid down 10 tracks over the course of a few days, and then vanished without a trace. They agreed on a few particulars: He was tall and good-looking, his thick blond hair parted neatly on the left. He had a beautiful girlfriend. He drove a white Mercedes-Benz convertible and wore suits to match. He claimed he was staying at the Beverly Wilshire hotel, after losing his house to a mudslide.

In between sessions, Lewis hired a photographer to shoot an album cover. A few days later, he sent the master recordings to a pressing plant and ordered an unknown number of copies, even arranging for a cover sticker proclaiming "This Album Contains the Hit Single 'Romance for Two,' Inspired by Christie Brinkley." As in the supermodel Christie Brinkley. But the album never went anywhere. It's unclear whether copies ever made it to record stores at all.

That was the last anyone saw of Lewis. Soon the check to photographer Edward Colver bounced. By the time he arrived at the Wilshire to track down the singer, Lewis had already checked out. There were forwarding addresses in Las Vegas and Hawaii, but they were both dead ends. Lewis was gone, and his debut album soon forgotten.

L'Amour is 10 songs of romance, heartbreak, and nostalgia, each sung at barely a whisper. The music consists of just a low piano, a plaintive synthesizer, distant and otherworldly, and a jaunty acoustic guitar—all of it rendered at a meandering pace that signals a man lost in the world. One detects faint echoes of Roxy Music in the keyboards, maybe some Nick Drake or Nina Simone in the vocals. But for the most part, *L'Amour* is thoroughly original. And it went utterly unknown for nearly 25 years after Lewis hopped in his white convertible and sped out of town.

WHEN RECORD COLLECTOR Jon Murphy discovered *L'Amour* in an Edmonton, Alberta, flea market in 2007, he wasn't sure what he was picking up.

"It was a real hardscrabble flea market," Murphy says. "The cover of the Lewis record looked great right away, and all the songs were original. And it had that funny sticker on the front, so I bought it." He paid a dollar.

Murphy immediately realized he had come across something truly unique. He shared it with a group of private-press enthusiasts online, and they too were taken with the album's weird mix of electronic music and acoustic warbling, which predated anything even remotely similar (think of James Blake, M. Ward, and Antony Hegarty) by more than a decade, at which point home recording became increasingly viable for unsigned musicians. Still more intriguing was the mystery surrounding the record. Who was Lewis? The question presented a beguiling challenge for the loose-knit subculture of music fans who dedicate themselves to tracking down forgotten artists. Jack Fleischer, a writer and filmmaker living in Los Angeles, was turned on to the album by a friend and blogged about it, writing that it was "soaked in some kind of weightless transcendence and spooky subterfuge, and it just totally destroys me."

For the past decade, Fleischer had been collecting and selling rare records, rediscovering lost artists along the way. "I freaked when I heard the album," Fleischer says. "It was the best thing I'd heard all year." He posted the tracks on his blog, hoping to shake loose some leads or maybe persuade Lewis to step forward. But nobody seemed to have the slightest idea where the record had come from.

Fleischer was eventually contacted by Matt Sullivan, owner of the record label Light in the Attic, who was interested in reissuing *L'Amour*. There was one big obstacle, of course: They needed Lewis' permission. So in the fall of 2012, Sullivan and Fleischer set out to find the artist. Their first clue was a name on the back of the album—Colver, the photographer who shot the jacket portrait.

He was happy to help. "We asked him if he had any contact info for Lewis," Fleischer recalls, "and sure enough, he finds the folder with the negatives. And the name was Randall Wulff. And now we had 30 photos of this guy, when for years we only had one!"

Even so, locating Wulff proved difficult. "Within a few months, we were right back where we started," Fleischer says. And then it struck them: If the album was found in Edmonton, maybe Lewis was Canadian. They sent e-mails to every Wulff in Canada. Jeremy Wulff, a chemistry professor at the University of Victoria, wrote back. Randy Wulff was his uncle.

"My memories of Randy are confined to small snippets around Christmas or summer vacations, when we would go back to visit Calgary," he wrote in the e-mail. "I know that he was involved in a lot of different things in the early '80s…I mostly remember stories of him doing big deals in the stock market…[He] always had a nice car and a beautiful girl on his arm…I remember all-white leather furniture."

From conversations with Jeremy, and by contacting other family members (many of whom declined to get involved), Fleischer and Sullivan were able to piece together a rough biography of Wulff. He was born in Calgary in 1954, the youngest of four siblings in a middle-class family. His father was a police officer, and his mother worked in a retail store. By the mid-'70s, Calgary was being transformed from a rodeo town into an oil-rich metropolis. Randy and his older brother, Larry, got into the stock market, working with investors in the rapidly growing city and splitting their time between Calgary and New York. Even with those details, however, Fleischer and Sullivan were still no closer to finding Lewis himself.

Eventually, Light in the Attic moved forward with the reissue anyway. Sullivan thought the music needed to be heard. When *L'Amour* came out last summer, *Pitchfork* called it the best reissue of the year, praising its "gently dissolving melodies and gossamer synths." *Vice*'s Noisey blog said it "just might be the best album of 2014—despite being 31 years late."

The lost album had finally found an audience—and there was even a new twist. A few weeks before the release of *L'Amour,* a record aficionado and friend of Sullivan's was sorting through his collection when he came across an LP he'd bought in a lot a few years before and forgotten about. It was called *Romantic Times.* And it was by Lewis.

"I couldn't believe there was a second record—right before we released the first one, and oh, man, there was a second!" Sullivan says. "And it's just an incredible album." Recorded in Calgary in 1985, *Romantic Times* features a striking cover showing Randall in front of a private jet.

"We would just play and play," Lewis says of his nights at the Chelsea Hotel. "Everybody who was anybody was there."

A few months later, a new break brought them a step closer to the artist himself. After they did some press for *L'Amour* in Calgary, they heard from a source named Heath Ellingham, who knew Lewis personally. "He told us he had just seen Randy last year, and if we came up to Canada to meet with him, he'd find him for us," Fleischer says.

He and Sullivan immediately booked a flight to western Canada.

Ellingham grew up with the Wulff brothers in Calgary and

became a real estate developer. At one point, he hired Larry, who then did construction work, to help remodel one of his homes. In 1981, the price of oil started dropping precipitously, and with it, the city's fortunes. Ellingham found himself looking for new business opportunities, and on Larry's advice, he reached out to Randy, who was making good money on Wall Street. Ellingham eventually assembled a group of wealthy acquaintances, and together they enlisted Randy to invest on their behalf. The mineral stocks they bought rose swiftly in value, but Ellingham says he never saw a dime in profit from Wulff, who was living in a suite at the Plaza hotel.

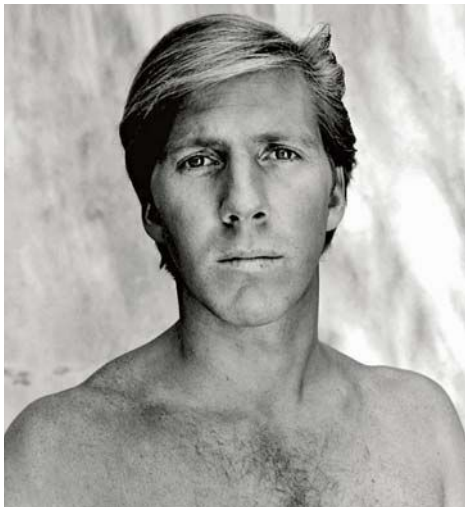
We were unable to independently confirm Ellingham's tale of financial chicanery. But in the late '70s to early '80s, Randy did live large in New York City. He was a regular on the nightclub scene, and often traveled in limousines and stayed at the Plaza, one of the city's most sumptuous hotels. He also traveled far and wide during this time, from Hawaii to Venice, always making music. And he may or may not have dated Christie Brinkley, who last year tweeted a link to a *Guardian* review of *L'Amour,* adding, "This album is transporting...but while I recall some things, my memory is as blurry as the hazy songs." According to a publicist for the supermodel, Brinkley cannot recall whether she dated or even met Randy, but believes it's possible.

The way Ellingham saw it, Lewis was living the life of a rock star even when he was working as an investor. "In his mind, he was always music first," he says. "All that finance stuff, that was just to pay for his first album. I mean, he was this star in New York. He had this James Bond thing going on. Everybody thought he was really onto something, so who was going to say that the music wasn't going to work out?"

Ellingham recalls meeting with various investment firms with Randy, who always promised the money was safe and the earnings on their way.

Before he made good on his promise, Ellingham says, Randy abruptly left for Los Angeles, where he checked in to the Beverly Wilshire with his brother and girlfriend Karen. It was during this time that he recorded *L'Amour* at Music Lab Studios. Colver, who had photographed almost every major artist in the L.A. punk scene, was hired to shoot the album cover, which featured a shirtless Wulff against a concrete wall in Los Angeles. In one shot, Wulff is seen with Karen, both looking carefree, with Randy betraying none of the melancholy that he had captured on the album—or any of the anxiety he might have felt over his business dealings.

Colver was owed $250, he says, and it clearly still rankles him. "I hate to badmouth this guy, but this young kid totally screwed me," says the photographer, who has yet to listen to the album. "I drove at least 400 miles—I did the whole photo shoot, I printed the photos and took them back to him for approval. I laid out the whole design of the album, and he just stiffed me on it. He's driving a convertible Mercedes and staying at the Beverly Wilshire, and he just stiffed me."



From top: Lewis in a 1983 portrait by Edward Colver shortly after recording *L'Amour*; Randall Wulff in Vancouver in April 2015.

After leaving L.A., Wulff avoided the limelight, whether hoping to escape his debts or simply to make a new start. But, as demonstrated by *Romantic Times,* he never stopped making music. Continuing their research, Fleischer and Sullivan came across a studio in Vancouver where someone who looked and sounded a lot like an older Randall Wulff had recorded. He called himself Randy Duke.

A YEAR AGO, Heath Ellingham came out of a restaurant in Vancouver and noticed someone kneeling down to look at his motorcycle. When the man stood up, he recognized him immediately. Randall Wulff.

"He said he was living in the area; the whole interaction was very short," Ellingham says. "He has a cane now."

Ellingham didn't know Wulff's address, but he knew Randy enjoyed drinking coffee at outdoor cafés, and so for two days in August of last year, Sullivan and Fleischer canvassed the city, looking for a man who resembled the pictures on the records, but older. They even put up fliers.

"By the end of the second day, we got pretty discouraged," Fleischer recalls. "We thought we had done all we could. So we went to the beach, and all of a sudden, we come to the stoplight, and Matt sees this striking guy. Huge. Six foot four. In the afternoon sun. Wearing all white. Has the cane. Brand-new tennis shoes, no socks. And it was him. It was Lewis."

They approached and introduced themselves. The three men sat down at the café, and for the next hour they talked about his life, his music, and the warm reception it had found. Lewis, they said, didn't seem to care.

"I had in my pocket a check for $20,000 in royalties, and I tried to give it to him," Sullivan says. "But he turned it down. He signed a few copies of the album, but he wouldn't take the money." There was something very Lewis-like in the way he declined the check. "He said he had 'no interest in coin,'" Sullivan recalls with a laugh. And that was it.

The next day, Sullivan wrote a blog entry informing the world that they had found Lewis, and that because he had been unwilling to sign a release allowing Light in the Attic to continue pressing the album, the label would therefore be forced to withdraw it.

But Wulff had left too much of a trail of haunting and beautiful recordings to achieve his perfect anonymity. A few months after he was found, a studio in Vancouver where "Randy Duke" had recorded in the early 2000s began releasing the tracks. They sounded nothing like his earlier work. They were ornate. They were overproduced. They were cheesy. Lewis' fan base, which had nurtured its obsession on a variety of message boards, became disenchanted. How had Lewis gone from making such ethereal compositions to putting out such dreck?

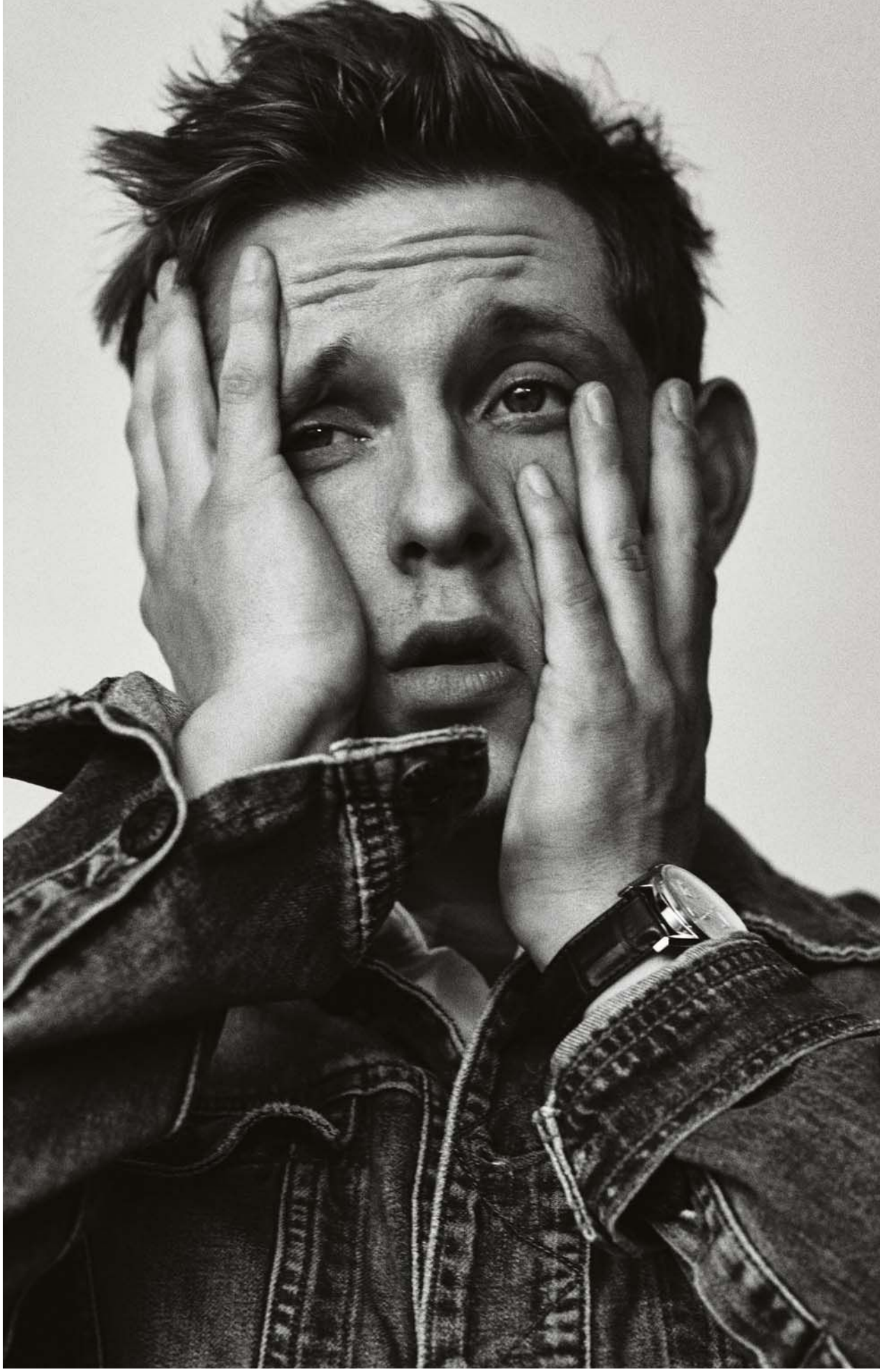
In April, *Maxim* visited the rundown studio, Fiasco **(CONT. ON P. 96)**

Street

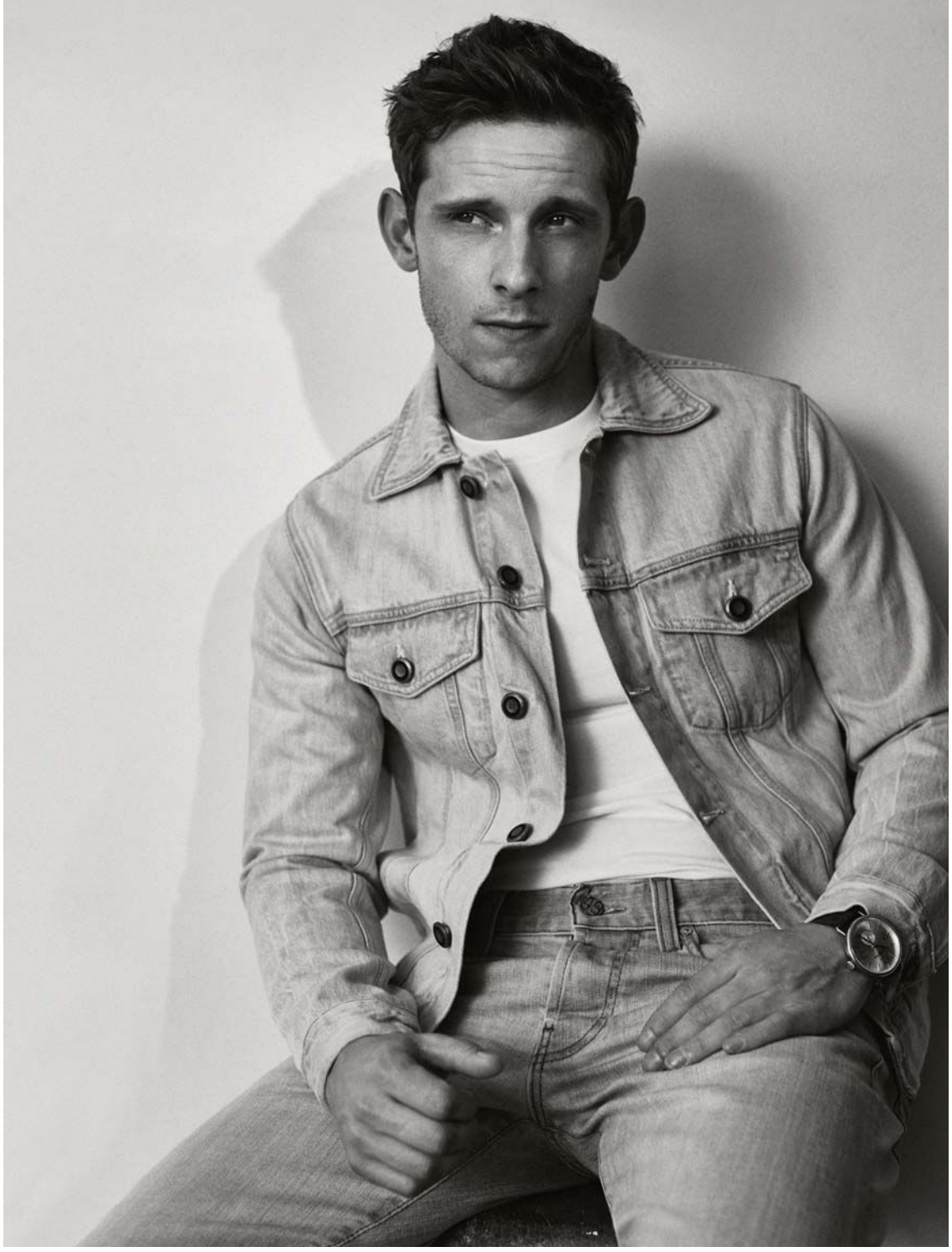
This page:
Jacket, Dsquared².
Jeans, Diesel.
Shoes, Red Wing Heritage.

Opposite page:
Jacket, Joe's Jeans, available at Bloomingdale's.
Watch, TAG Heuer.

Before Jamie Bell suits up as Thing in this month's *Fantastic Four,* he channels Jack Kerouac in fall's coolest denim looks.
by Gabriella Paiella



PHOTOGRAPHED BY **THOMAS GOLDBLUM** STYLED BY **WAYNE GROSS**



This page: Jacket, Calvin Klein Jeans. T-shirt, Express. Jeans, AG. Watch, Bell & Ross.

Opposite page: Knit, Prada. T-shirt, Dior Homme. Jeans, Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren.

WHEN YOU SEE JAMIE BELL IN THIS SUMMER'S *FANTASTIC FOUR*, he'll be that great hulking thing—called Thing—covered head to toe in rock-like material and towering over the other cast members at 6'8". It's quite a look for Bell, 29, who arrives for breakfast in New York looking slim, sharp-featured, and lively, though he confesses he's still recovering from the celeb-studded Metropolitan Museum Costume Institute gala two nights prior. "I feel like I've aged since I've been here," he says with a groan.

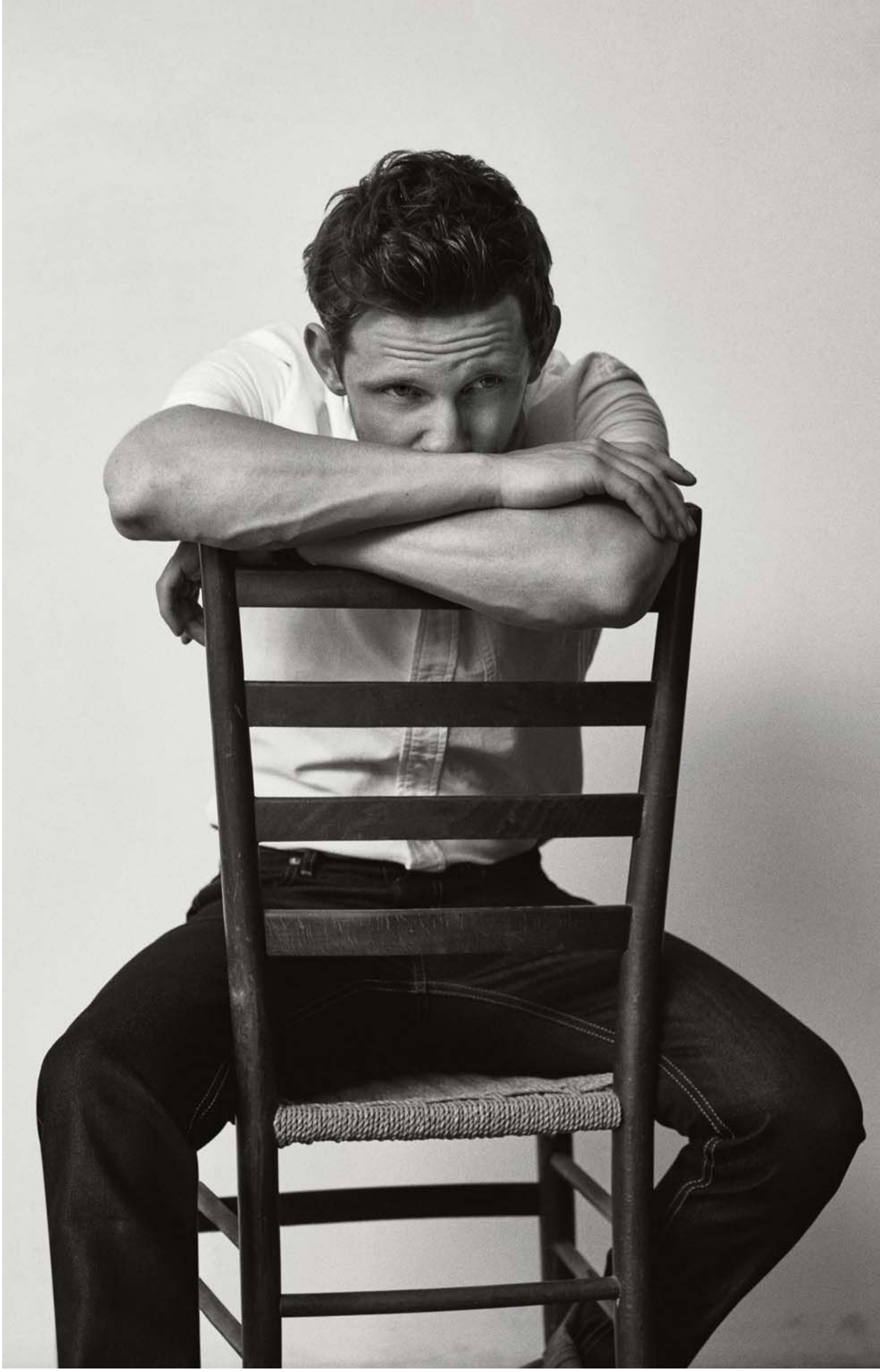
It may seem odd to watch Bell, who pirouetted to fame in the critically acclaimed film *Billy Elliot,* lumbering and smashing his way through one of the Marvel blockbuster tentpoles of the summer. Then again, we never thought we'd see little Billy whipping a bottomless Charlotte Gainsbourg with a cat-o'-nine-tails while she lay strapped to a couch in his sex dungeon, as he did in Lars von Trier's 2013 art-house flick *Nymphomaniac: Volume II.* But Bell has never let typecasting get in his way: "Luckily, there aren't that many films about guy dancers, besides *Magic Mike* and *Step Up,*" he jokes.

Though Bell was thrust into the spotlight at an early age, he has neither crashed nor burned, and he seems uniquely immune to the trappings of Hollywood. He doesn't watch TV (despite having the lead role in AMC's Revolutionary War drama *Turn: Washington Spies*), opting instead to devour political nonfiction books and documentaries. And he's the father of a two-year-old son with ex Evan Rachel Wood. As for his occasional forays into the limelight, like the glitzy Met gala, which found him suited up in Theory, "I always think I'm just gonna stand in a corner by myself."

Modest and self-effacing as Bell can be, he'll project a more aggressive demeanor when the film hits screens on August 7. After all, as Thing might say, "It's clobberin' time!" ■

This page: Shirt, Club Monaco. Jeans, Topman.

Opposite page: Jacket, AG. Shirt, Bottega Veneta. T-shirt, Calvin Klein Underwear. Jeans, Buffalo David Bitton. Watch, Tissot.



This page: Todd Snyder x Champion crewneck, available at Mr Porter.

Opposite page: Shirt, AG. T-shirt, Michael Kors. Jeans, J Brand. Shoes, Converse. Watch, Tissot.

GROOMER: KENSHIN ASANO AT L'ATELIER NYC USING PHILIP B; PROP STYLIST, ANTHONY ASARO

FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 97.

Marooned

By Joe Keohane

I'm perched on the edge of a simple thatched-roof shelter on the remote Indonesian island of Siroktabe, staring down an immaculate white beach as the sun dips westward into the Indian Ocean, shocking the sky a glorious orange-pink. I feel good. Great, in fact. I am the only human being for miles. I am supposedly here to be tested, to survive. But here, now, surrounded by the earth's rich bounty, I think: *This isn't surviving. This is living.*

BACK UP A COUPLE OF WEEKS. THERE IS A SMALL COMPANY IN HONG Kong, Docastaway, that specializes in dropping people on desert islands in Asia, Oceania, or Central America to survive by their own wits for as long as they want to, or can bear it. (They also offer "comfort" packages, featuring all of the seclusion and none, or at least far less, of the hardship.) *Maxim* thought I might like to give it a shot. Why me? Because I have essentially no survival skills whatsoever. That is, unless you count a ninja-like ability to ride 16 stops in a packed A train without physically touching another human. I'm a creature of the city. On the whole, nature in the raw holds little appeal for me. I just don't really know what to do with it. I'm also a profoundly pale man, paler than the ass of an Irish ghost in January. And a ginger. My brother once said I look like a marshmallow topped with carrot shavings. Which means that in addition to my issues with nature, I also hate the beach. And seafood.

Still, the idea of coming here was appealing, as I'd imagine it would be to all men. Most of us suspect, and a few know with certainty, that if the shit really came down, we'd be able to summon some dormant primordial power, some untapped cunning and resourcefulness and grit, and conquer the situation, whatever it was. We'd show what we're really made of. We'd tap into a vestigial wildness. We'd survive.

But would we?

The plan was this: I would travel from New York to Dubai to Jakarta and then take two more planes, followed by a car ride to a small fishing village, where I'd hand over a brick of Indonesian cash to pay for the experience, and then be ferried, finally, to a location I am contractually prohibited from revealing. (Docastaway generally rents publicly owned but little-known islands from governments, navies, or locals, and doesn't want to broadcast their locations to the world. It calls this island Siroktabe, not its real name.) Once there, I'd stay three full days, with minimal equipment: a speargun, a canoe, a machete. My contact at the company, cofounder Alvaro Cerezo, stressed that this was meant to replicate an authentic experience. "A castaway don't know nothing," he said. "You know nothing. You need to eat. You need to drink." When I asked for some very basic survival tips, he hesitated. It's best that I suffer, he said: "Otherwise it's a vacation."

Seems reasonable, I thought. I may have been inordinately excited about the speargun.

On the appointed day, off I went, hauling a bag containing some borrowed outdoor clothes and a stupid-looking hat, sunscreen, industrial insect repellent, a flashlight, and malaria pills. I was nervous but confident. How bad could it really be? There were banana trees, I was told. If the fishing was bad, or the coconuts scarce, I'd just eat the bananas. Problem solved. Besides, it's three days. Anything's tolerable for three days.

When I asked for some basic survival tips, the travel company's cofounder said it was best that I suffer. "Otherwise it's a vacation."

FROM OUR boat, Siroktabe looms across the water. Bigger than I'd expected. Quite big, actually, with a narrow ribbon of beach surrounding a dense jungle that soars to a mountain peak in the center, and heaps of black volcanic boulders at either end. Even from afar, this place is spectacularly beautiful.

The boat edges up to the island, and we hop off into the shallow water. My guide gives me the rundown, showing me the simple thatched-roof shelter that will be my home, and points out a pot, a pan, and a gas-powered camp stove. Slightly annoyed, I resolve not to use the stove. I didn't come here to be pampered. Otherwise, how will


1


2


3


4


5

Going the Distance

Five ridiculously remote, deeply inconvenient getaways that are as far off the beaten path as you can get.

1. The Westfjords
Iceland

Tourists have been flocking to Iceland in droves, but the Westfjords region remains its last frontier. Granted, its isolation is partly due to its treacherous roads, ferocious Arctic storms, and deadly avalanches. Even many Icelanders think of the Westfjords as an impossibly brutal and far-off place, the mythical home of Vikings like Thorgeir, who, in the medieval Sagas, killed innocent shepherds just for kicks. Lately, more and more adventure-minded types, including actors (Alexander Skarsgård), artists (Elizabeth Peyton), and reportedly moguls (Paul Allen), have been making their way here to hike the wildflower-strewn backcountry and take part in the primary pastime: existential contemplation. *—Christopher Bagley*

Get there: Hop a 45-minute flight from Reykjavík to Ísafjördur.

2. Deception Island
Antarctica

It sounds like the fortress of a comic book supervillain. An active volcano in the South Shetland Islands, this former whaling hub has no full-time population but regularly hosts scientific researchers. The downside? Volcanologists classify it as a "restless caldera with a significant volcanic risk." We'll take our chances. *—Gabriella Paiella*

Get there: Fly to Buenos Aires or Santiago, Chile, take a plane to Ushuaia, Argentina, and board a cruise ship to Antarctica.

3. The Thorofare
Wyoming

The remote patch of Yellowstone is the farthest you can get off-road in the contiguous United States: 31 miles in a straight line from any byway. The massive meadow was once a major route for 19th-century trappers. Now it's teeming with elk, wolves, fat native trout, and one of the largest concentrations of grizzly bears in the Lower 48. The trip requires an eight-day, 68-mile hike and the know-how to survive if things get ugly. And sometimes they do—a grizzly mauled a longtime outfitter here in 2002. The intrepid hiker, however, is rewarded with a sky flooded with stars and all-engulfing quiet, broken only by the occasional howl of a wolf. *—Doug Schnitzspahn*

Get there: Fly to Cody, Wyoming, and drive to the Nine Mile Trailhead. From there, it's a 31-mile hike to the patrol cabin.

4. Tristan da Cunha
"People imagine that we wear grass skirts," says postmistress Iris Green, one of only 269 residents on Tristan da Cunha, the world's most remote inhabited island. "But once they see that we're civilized, they wonder why we'd want to live here." Simple. Tristan, an island 1,750 miles west of South Africa, is gorgeous. There's little more to do on Tristan than hike the 6,760-foot-high volcano and quaff beers in the local bar, the Albatross. And that, of course, is the point. *—Andy Isaacson*

Get there: In Cape Town, board one of nine scheduled ships making the weeklong journey to Tristan each year. Permission to visit must be approved by Tristan's Island Council.

5. Grootberg Lodge
Namibia

Tucked between South Africa, Botswana, and Angola, Namibia is one of Africa's least populated nations—unless you count the baboons, antelopes, and zebras, and the world's largest free-roaming black rhino and cheetah populations. Located on a 4x4-only dirt drive, Grootberg Lodge has 16 private, solar-powered thatch-and-rock chalets, attracting just a handful of bold travelers. *From $155; grootberg.com. —Berne Broudy*

Get there: Fly to Windhoek, Namibia's capital. Drive nine hours, the last third on dirt roads.

I know what I'm made of? But OK. He tells me about the great swarms of bats that come out around sunset. The pythons that make the island home. Demonstrates the speargun. Before he leaves, he leads me to a patch where I can dig up cassava, a root vegetable found via its marijuana-looking leaves. He reaches down, pops one out of the soft, abiding earth, a nice fat one, and hands it to me. There are also almonds around, he says, pointing at one. You just have to dig them out of their thick pods with a knife. And so I don't die, he leaves me a few large bottles of water.

And then he's off. He will be on the next island over. If I get into trouble, there's a cell phone and a walkie-talkie I can contact him with. "Good luck," he says. "I'll see you in a few days."

I walk back to the shelter. I notice an ant on my camera and flick it off.

The place is textbook paradise, verging on cliché. And hot. I've been here for 30 minutes and I'm already pouring sweat.

I'm also pretty hungry. By this point I've been traveling for nearly two full days and I'm running on just a couple hours of sleep, courtesy of some strange windowless hotel room at the airport in Jakarta with lights I couldn't turn off. I haven't eaten a proper meal in about 14 hours, save for some crackers I bought on a regional airline. (One of the ingredients: "shredded beef flavor.")

But the crackers are long gone. Here you eat what you kill. So let's start killing! I pick up the speargun, load it, cock it, aim it at a downed tree on the beach, and pull the trigger. The line attached to the spear catches my middle finger and tears off a few layers of skin, a wound that will seep pus for three days. You win this time, tree!

Clearly I need a plan, but it's hard to hatch one when you have no idea what you're doing or how nature works. Do I fish? Harvest? Hunt and gather? Where is the food exactly? And where are those bananas? I retire to my shelter to think. I stretch out my legs.

When I awake several hours later, it's almost dark. At 5:30 P.M. Already? I hop up and begin walking along the edge of the jungle. No bananas. No coconuts. A few almonds. I come back to the shelter, try to start a fire with a lighter, some driftwood, and notebook paper, and fail. It's damp and windy, and nothing will catch. Without fire there is no boiling–and I'm not using that stove–so I end up gnawing down half that raw cassava in darkness. It's not bad! Plus, all this chewing is probably strengthening my jaws. That could prove useful in the coming days, should I awaken with a python on my face.

What do castaways do at night? Think? Sleep? Cry? I decide to crack a book. I've long meant to read *Robinson Crusoe,* so I bought a copy before I left. I figure Daniel Defoe's would-be lawyer turned adventurer will make for good company. Just a couple of pampered city guys having a go at it in the wild. But I quickly discover Crusoe has a few advantages that I don't. Guns, for instance. Powder. And, wait, so the guy just winds up on the island, immediately finds water, climbs a fir tree, and has the best sleep of his life? Not exactly an "authentic castaway experience."

After a while, my flashlight starts to make the bugs go crazy, so I just lie down and listen to the waves and the rising chaos of the jungle as it gets down to the evening's business. The sky is clear. Nice breeze. I see a shooting star. Don't know if I've ever seen one of those before. My thoughts spool out and go where they wish. A rare treat, only possible off the grid. Such a beautiful place. In time, I drift off.

I wake up at 4:40 A.M. having forgotten where I am. It's still dark. The wind is stronger and the waves are slashing away at the shore. I read a little more Crusoe. He finds some goats, kills them and butchers them. Just like that. If I tried that, I'd look like fucking Carrie after the prom. That is, if the goat didn't kill me first. I start to skim.

The sun comes up at around 5:45. To my relief, I'm actually not feeling completely ravenous. A good sign! The body adapting naturally to its new circumstances. What I'm made of is emerging. I polish off the cassava and eat an almond and a malaria pill. I open my toothbrush case, and there's a big ant inside. Not sure how he got in there or what he wants. Off you go.

Teeth brushed, corpus freshly sheep-dipped in sunscreen and bug repellent, I set out for food, walking the length of the long beach in search of cassava leaves, bananas, and coconuts. Jesus, what a beautiful place. Paradise! But also with the sort of absolute indifference that so often accompanies great beauty. Hmm. I find one coconut, a brown one, and some hard spiky green thing that I gingerly pull off a tree thinking it looks like something I saw in a Chinatown market once. After a dozen machete blows, the coconut duly surrenders its sweet juice. Unfortunately, it also surrenders an alarming number of small beetles and worms that had been living inside it. I recoil and throw it into the jungle. The green thing is also a bust. Hard as a baseball, thorny, inedible.

From top: The author digs a raw almond from its protective pod; a view of the ocean from the thatched-roof shelter that will be his home for three days.

I spot some decent-size crabs, but they're fast. And some hermit crabs, nature's little slapstick comedians, countering danger and fear with pratfalls, tumbling off logs, or tipping over anytime anything comes near. I admire their preposterously unconvincing nonchalance whenever they get spooked. *Nothing to see here; just a shell falling off a log!* It frankly delights me. I've put them on a do-not-kill list for the moment. I like to think they register my lack of ill will, but most likely they just think I'm an asshole.

Goddamn, it's hot. And it kind of smells here in the shelter. Like black pepper, oranges, and gasoline. Wonder what that is. For the next few hours, I traverse the beach and occasionally hack my way into the jungle. I spot three banana plants about 30 yards in, but as I make my way through the brush, watching my feet for hidden dangers, I nearly walk face-first into the web of an evil-looking black-and-yellow spider. It has sewn *x*'s into its web, presumably denoting its victims. In the days ahead, I will see its sinister ilk all over the island and in my dreams. No bananas, though.

I spend the rest of the afternoon foraging. I trek through the jungle toward a towering coconut tree, but there are no coconuts on the ground and I can't climb the trunk. I find a couple more almonds, a large, rectangular, green pod-looking thing, and what I hope is a viable coconut. Back at the base I get the almonds open with the knife and eat them. Then I go after the coconut. I hit it a dozen times, two dozen times, harder and

harder, but all the blows ultimately do is reveal some strange greasy, matted brown hair inside, mingled with fragments of spoiled greenish coconut meat. It looks like I beat a Halloween witch to death with a hammer. I tear all the hair out with the serrated edge of the machete and spread it onto the beach, leaving it to dry in the sun, hoping I can burn it later. The pod thing yields four strange pearlescent beans. Each looks like the human vagina as interpreted by H.R. Giger. I taste a bit of one to see if it will make me sick. It tastes like nothing. Maybe a bit like celery. I don't get sick. I eat two and set two aside.

With the sun sinking and the wind picking up, I head back to the shelter. There is a Jonestown of dead ants on the mattress. I pick one up and eat it. It's a little bitter. I try to make a fire, this time with the witch hair and some good-looking dried-out timber I found on the beach. No go.

I take a swim to cool off and attempt to wring some pleasure from the experience. It works, and I return to shore before dark. Clouds engulf the landmass in the distance, and for a while I can't even make out the horizon. When the rain finally arrives, it comes in hard, each drop hitting the shelter like a ball thwacking a catcher's mitt. I fold myself into the one spot not getting pelted. This storm is like the end of the world. It's exciting. If I had a beer and weren't beginning to fret about the hopeless lack of food, it would be heaven.

I start to think. Why do we do things like this to ourselves? Probably no man is immune to the odd pang of guilt about being so utterly dependent on modern civilization, that inane and emasculating matrix, so detached from whatever being a man meant a century or two ago. We hope it's simply the cushy circumstances of our daily lives, and not a general lack of grit or character, that keeps us from achieving a more rugged, self-determining kind of manliness. We just need to prove it.

After a dozen machete blows, the coconut surrenders its juice—along with numerous beetles and worms.

But as I lie here, it occurs to me that the premise is all wrong. We don't need to prove it. Or at least I don't. Our heroic forefathers, the generations of gritty survivors, were no more eager to feel discomfort than we are—they simply lived in a harsher world, raised by those who survived it long enough to pass along a few crucial skills. They warred against discomfort. In fact, the whole arc of human progress is about warring against discomfort. And by that rationale, to actively court it is to spit in the eye of our ancestors. John Adams said he studied politics and war so his sons would be free to study math and philosophy, which would give their kids "a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry, and porcelain."

From top: A speargun can be great if you know how to use it, but leaves are not an ideal replacement for toilet paper.

Advance the cause of liberty a few more generations and you get Netflix binges and selfie sticks and the cheeseburger they serve at this place near my apartment. I always order it with a Manhattan when I go there with my wife. This is one of the great unheralded combinations in all of food, by the way. People used to think cocktails were low and vulgar, but now some people think they're too fussy and rarefied. Like jazz, come to think of it. But put a Manhattan with a burger and the Manhattan elevates the burger, and the burger humbles the Manhattan, and they both—wait, my wife! Did I tell her there'd be pythons? I did not. How could I not? Sorry, love.

I am the island's now. I fall asleep.

AT 5:30 A.M. I wake up and pop a malaria pill. Are there any calories in malaria pills? The label says, "Take with food. May cause dizziness." Way ahead of you there, buddy. I've never been this hungry before. Nothing of any substance in about 55 hours. Usually, when you're hungry, you just feel it in your stomach. But at this point it's a full body state: fuzzy, a bit delirious, a little euphoric, actually—at least when I'm not laboriously trudging through the sand like a sad and dying Charlie Brown.

I'm told the fishing is best in the morning and just before sundown, so I head out. About 50 yards from the beach stands a coral reef, which becomes denser and more vibrant the farther out you go, eventually leading to a steep shelf that plunges vertiginously into the black deep. The big fish, I assume, lie beyond, but the closer I get to the shelf the more I feel the powerful current sucking me out to sea. I decide to be careful, wary of pitting my dog paddle against a pitiless sea on negative calories.

Earlier, at home, a friend asked me if I had even the slightest idea how hard spearfishing is. I told him I just assumed that the fish obligingly sidles up beside you and bats its eyelashes as you blow some cold steel through its chest cavity. In the shallows, the fish are small and pretty, rendering the speargun and myself ridiculous. If I do manage to hit one, all that will be left is a fluorescent-purple smoke ring. I hold fire.

Back to the jungle. I hack in. See a coconut tree. Shake a coconut tree. Nothing. Back to the beach. Try fire again. No fire. Why is there no fire? Have I started a fire before? Does a Duraflame log count? My stomach pipes up. If you won't feed me, I will start eating you. Hot. I shoo away an ant. Dumb. Why waste the energy? This place still smells. It's worse, actually. Oh, wait. The smell is me. I take a nice brown piss.

Finally, I just say, "Fuck it" and start eating leaves. There are some near my shelter that look vaguely not poisonous. I take a bite of one. It's OK. Peppery, fragrant. Huh. Actually kind of delicious. But then my stomach begins to recoil. These leaves are kind of oily, cloying. And what's this milky stuff coming out of them? I can hardly get them down. I finally cave and try to get the little propane stove going, hoping to boil them, but I can't even get that to work. Christ! The leaves aren't helping.

So hungry.

Ants again. I should just let them do what they want. Give it a day, boys, and you can dance across my dead eyeballs as I'm sung back home in the arms of a python. Do pythons have (CONT. ON P. 96)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **SEBASTIANO TOMADA**

The American

Can a former prep schooler from Baltimore help protect the Christians of Mesopotamia from the Islamic State? A dispatch from northern Iraq.

by Adam Linehan

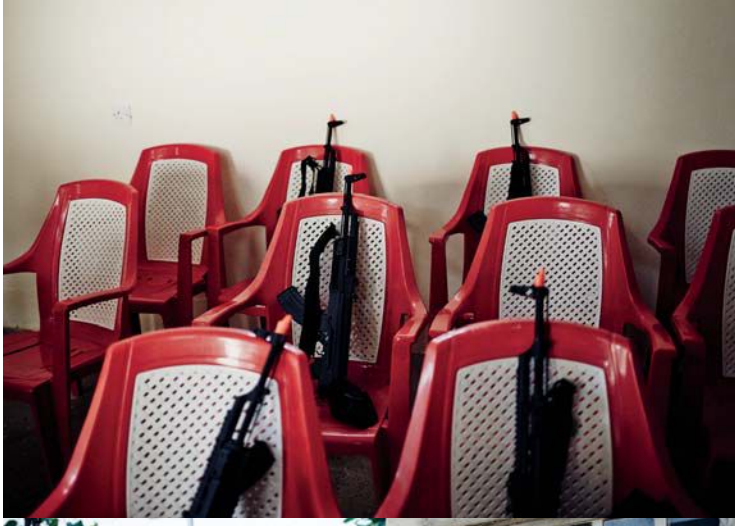
IF THERE WERE AN AWARD FOR THE AMERICAN WITH THE LONGEST rap sheet in the Middle East, Matthew VanDyke would be a top contender. By his own estimate, the 36-year-old from south Baltimore has been arrested in Iraq no fewer than 20 times, each time for essentially the same offense: being an American with no official business in Iraq. The last time, he and a friend were mistaken for Al Qaeda operatives at an Iraqi Army checkpoint on the road from Kurdistan to Baghdad. They were on motorcycles, headed to the Iraqi capital to begin filming an adventure documentary called *Warzone Bikers: Baghdad to Bagram*.

VanDyke's bike was damaged during the arrest, and after he defiantly asked the Iraqi soldiers to fix it, the duo were hooded, beaten, and driven to a compound in Baghdad where they were lined up against a wall and mock-executed. "I figured we were going to die, but I wasn't about to give them the satisfaction of seeing me afraid," VanDyke says matter-of-factly. "But don't worry. Those days are over." I'm glad to hear it, because right now, as he's telling the story, we're driving through Iraq on some very unofficial business.

There are two others in the Toyota Hilux: an ex-U.S. Army paratrooper called Kojak and our driver, a burly Iraqi in his early 30s with a DIY tattoo of a cross on his wrist. The Iraqi, I'm convinced, is trying to kill us–swerving

through an endless procession of oil trucks at 90 miles per hour as we ascend along a narrow two-lane road into the bright green mountains of Kurdistan.

Sitting shotgun, VanDyke is the only one wearing a suit, his chin-length hair slicked back like an '80s-era investment banker or a Hollywood hit man. Kojak is sporting the usual gun-for-hire getup: a baseball cap, tactical cargo pants, and a vigilant stare on his bearded face. I'm hungover, squinting like a newborn because I left my Ray-Bans back in Erbil. It's a confusing sight for the peshmerga soldiers manning the numerous checkpoints that line the route to Dohuk, a remote mountain town about 50 miles north of Mosul. Each time we're stopped, I try not to imagine what the soldiers would do if they discovered the cache of flak jackets, camouflage uniforms, and tactical radios hidden beneath our luggage in the bed of the truck. Or if they knew that we're on our way to meet with members of a Christian paramilitary group so my two American compatriots can begin training and equipping them to go to war. But VanDyke doesn't seem the least bit concerned. He's done this before.



IMAGINE IF SOMEONE handed you a button and said that if you pressed it, a firing squad would wipe out a whole platoon of Islamic State fighters. Chances are you'd press it all day. The importance of defeating the Islamic State is one thing citizens of the civilized world can agree on. But when a guy—a civilian, a Baltimorean, with no actual skin in the conflict—picks up a rifle and heads to the front, his motives are immediately called into question. Is he a lunatic? A zealot? A profiteer?

Since taking up arms with rebel forces during the Libyan civil war in 2011, VanDyke has found his life's calling as a frontline player in myriad Middle East conflicts. To some, he's a man of action, a champion of the underdog, a self-styled revolutionary who's willing to give his life to help justice and democracy prevail in one of the most oppressive regions of the world. To others, he's simply a guy who likes sticking his nose where it doesn't belong.

VanDyke's latest endeavor, a "nonprofit security contracting firm" he recently established called Sons of Liberty International (SOLI), might just be his most polarizing yet. Its mission is to provide "free security consulting and training services to vulnerable populations to enable them to defend themselves against terrorist and insurgent groups." Right now, that vulnerable population is the Christians of northern Iraq—an ancient ethnic minority group known as Assyrians—who took up arms last summer when ISIS rampaged through their native land. The plight of the Assyrian people has sent shock waves through Christendom, raising concerns that their very existence is at stake. "More biblical activity took place in Iraq than in any other country in the world except Israel," says former U.S. Congressman Frank Wolf, who thinks Washington should provide more military aid to alleviate the crisis. "Abraham is from Iraq. Ezekiel is buried there. Daniel is buried there. It's the birthplace of Christianity."

In many ways, SOLI's approach to counterterrorism mirrors a key pillar of U.S. military strategy in the Middle East: training, advising, and assisting indigenous forces on the battlefield.

VanDyke, however, has never served in a conventional military, and SOLI has no official ties to any government, Iraqi or otherwise. But as the international community scrambles to devise an effective strategy to "degrade and destroy" the most formidable terrorist organization to emerge in the 21st century, the situation on the ground is sliding further into chaos—an "anything goes" environment with scores of private militias, advocacy groups, and mercenaries pouring into the fight daily, each with its own unique motivations and objectives. "Now, obviously, ISIS isn't a nation-state, but this should be dealt with by nation-states," says Gen. Stanley McChrystal (Ret.), who commanded NATO forces in Afghanistan from 2009 to 2010. "Whenever you have private organizations or armies enter in wars, you get dynamics that can be bad, no matter how well-intentioned they are." As for VanDyke, his intentions are clear: help the Assyrians drive the Islamic State from their ancestral territory, which includes the ISIS stronghold of Mosul. It's a ludicrously ambitious undertaking, fraught with gruesome possibilities. But the chaos of war is fertile ground for grand strategies. Which raises a very big question: How far is he willing to go?

An NPU soldier maneuvers during a simulated-combat exercise.
Previous spread: VanDyke at the head of the SOLI classroom. A projector screen displays a lesson in combat leadership that's been translated into Arabic.

MATTHEW VANDYKE'S story begins among the narrow streets and row houses of south Baltimore. After his parents separated in 1980—a year after VanDyke was born—his father moved to Louisiana. "My grandparents lived with us, so I might have been more spoiled

Clockwise from top left: Airsoft rifles in the SOLI classroom; soldiers with the Nineveh Plain Protection Units (NPU) conduct room clearing drills; Kojak gives a lesson on door-breaching.

as an only child," he says. "But generally it was a pretty normal upbringing." VanDyke's mother, then a public school principal, entered him into Baltimore's prestigious private school system. There were piano and tennis lessons during the week and science club at a local college on the weekends. But VanDyke never embraced the lifestyle of his affluent peers. "I didn't get along with the kids I went to high school with," he says. "I didn't go to their country clubs, and I wasn't part of their social circles."

He prevailed in academia nonetheless. After graduating with a degree in political science from the University of Maryland, Baltimore County, VanDyke was accepted into the extremely competitive Security Studies program at Georgetown University's Walsh School of Foreign Service at the ripe age of 22. "They almost didn't take me because I was too young," he says. "But I came out of undergrad with a 4.0 GPA and good recommendations from professors. So they took me purely on academics." At Georgetown he decided to focus on Arab culture and the Middle East—a decision that in the aftermath of 9/11 all but guaranteed a career in foreign service. But not quite. "My first semester, the CIA gave me an offer of employment," VanDyke recalls. "I got really far through the process: passed the initial interview and the assessment of my analytical abilities. I even went to Langley and met my future coworkers. But then I got nervous during the polygraph. The position was supposed to start that summer. It was already spring by then, and they said, 'Just apply next year.'"

The American-led invasion of Iraq got under way soon after, and VanDyke quickly decided the U.S. military strategy was doomed to failure. No longer interested in pursuing a career with the CIA, he instead got involved in the antiwar movement at Georgetown. "Most of the people in the movement were peace-loving types," he recalls. "Not me. I was like, 'We do need to get rid of Saddam, but we need to do it a different way.' I wanted what was later done in Libya: air support and supplying local ground forces to have people liberate themselves."

After a year of working in a boatyard in Delaware and "basically just chilling on the beach," VanDyke embarked on a dangerous journey that would consume the next three years of his life. Inspired by Australian documentary filmmaker Alby Mangels, known for his *World Safari* series, VanDyke's film *Warzone Bikers: Baghdad to Bagram* was to be a chronicle of his journey biking through some of the world's most hostile territory. "When Alby did his adventures in the '70s and '80s, it was a big deal to go to Africa," he explains. "But now a lot of people go to Africa. So I had to update it for the 21st century. But I didn't just throw a dart at a map. I had a strong background in what I was doing." Equipped with helmet cams and a handheld recorder, VanDyke captured his travels through Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Libya, and everywhere in between. It was, in his words, a "quest for adulthood"—one that nearly cost him his life on several occasions.

"Most of the people in the movement were peace-loving types. Not me."

When VanDyke returned to the States in late 2010, he thought it would be for good. And then news broke that the Arab

Spring protests in Libya had erupted into a revolution. During his travels, VanDyke had made "some of the best friends of [his] life" in Libya. Within a few days, he was on a plane bound for North Africa, en route to join them as they prepared to take up arms against Gaddafi's regime.

"You go to overthrow a government and you get caught–that's what happens," VanDyke says of the months he spent in solitary confinement after he was ambushed and captured by pro-Gaddafi forces in the early days of the war. "Maybe I can complain about the solitary confinement, because it's psychological torture. But I was fortunate to be a prisoner of war for only six months, not like the 42 years of Libyans living under Gaddafi."

Freedom came unexpectedly on August 24, 2011, when VanDyke was sprung from his cell during a prison uprising. News of his escape spread quickly. Suddenly, VanDyke was famous, and the world wanted to know how a prep-school kid from Baltimore had ended up a POW in war-torn Libya. During his captivity, it was widely reported that VanDyke had been abducted while working as a journalist, a rumor that had originated with his mom. Before he left, VanDyke told her he was going to film the uprising. She believed him, unaware that he would actually be filming his own exploits on the battlefield.

When word got out that VanDyke had actually taken up arms during the revolution, the close-knit cadre of Middle Eastern foreign correspondents and human rights workers rallied to condemn his involvement in the war. The Committee to Protect Journalists–which had worked closely with VanDyke's mother to secure his release–issued a public statement titled "VanDyke's deception increases risks for journalists." Peter Bouckaert, the emergencies director for Human Rights Watch, made a personal plea to VanDyke to go home. But he brushed off the entreaties and instead rejoined his old unit to finish the fight. Ultimately, his access to the rebels kept his relationship with the journalism community partly intact, and he ended up befriending several correspondents, including James Foley.

VanDyke had been on the ground since the start of the war, before NATO got involved and turned the tide in the rebels' favor. By the time of his release, the revolution felt like his own. "When it started, there were only a few hundred of us in eastern Libya who had gone to fight, so it was very possible to make a difference on the front line," he recalls nostalgically. "Then, after escaping prison and going back to the front line, that was the time–after Tripoli fell–when a lot of people had quit the revolution because they didn't want to be the last guy to die in a war. Everyone knew the fall of the regime was going to happen." VanDyke continued fighting–and filming–until October 20, 2011, the day a bloodied Gaddafi was paraded through the outskirts of Sirte and killed. Much of the footage he captured during that time would later appear in Marshall Curry's *Point and Shoot,* a film about VanDyke that won the Best Documentary Award at the 2014 Tribeca Film Festival, and a film VanDyke has come to resent. Curry, he says, got his story wrong. (The director dismisses the claim.)

Meanwhile, after more than 30 years of estrangement, VanDyke's parents rekindled their relationship during his imprisonment. "The first time I met or even talked to my father was in the airport the day I got back from Libya," he says. His parents have remained a couple since.

From top: Moses Moshi recently returned to Iraq after 25 years of self-imposed exile to join the NPU; Behnam Aboosh Abelmasseh is the commander of the NPU.

Months later, he smuggled himself into Syria with the goal of making a film to build international support for the Free Syrian Army. After a month in the besieged city of Aleppo, he released a short documentary about the resistance movement there. It's unclear whether the film, titled *Not Anymore: A Story of Revolution,* achieved its purpose, though it's been viewed more than 120,000 times on YouTube. Still, VanDyke insists he's not a journalist, preferring to call the film "a revolutionary effort."

During the month VanDyke spent in Syria, the battle of Aleppo was in full swing and journalists were rushing in to cover the fight. James Foley was among them, and the two crossed paths several weeks before Foley was kidnapped in November 2012. Less than a year later, journalist Steven Sotloff–another friend of VanDyke's–was also abducted in Syria. Then, in the summer of 2014, videos of Foley and Sotloff being beheaded by an ISIS fighter surfaced on the Internet in quick succession. VanDyke says a desire to avenge their deaths motivated him to do more than make a film.

In December 2014, several months after ISIS took Mosul and unleashed a campaign of terror in the Nineveh Plain region of northwest Iraq, VanDyke and three ex–U.S. soldiers moved into a small Assyrian village about 10 miles from ISIS-occupied territory. In short order, they established a training camp for the newly formed Nineveh Plain Protection Units (NPU), a Christian militia composed of volunteers from Iraq and abroad. VanDyke called the operation Sons of Liberty International. Infighting between VanDyke and his American colleagues eventually derailed the operation. But a few months later, VanDyke launched a publicity campaign to draw attention to his cause, appearing on Fox News and MSNBC. "We give people around the world an opportunity to have a tangible impact on fighting ISIS, rather than just retweeting something or clicking 'like' on Facebook," he told the *Christian Post* in April.

"It's really a place where you can start over or reinvent yourself. It's the Wild West. Well, the Wild East."

And it worked. Soon, private donors in the U.S. began sending money (most were Evangelicals, VanDyke says, eager to support their besieged fellow Christians), and U.S. military veterans began signing up to help train the militia and even join the fight. He says he hired a company to vet applicants–"to avoid recruiting psychopaths"–and began making arrangements to procure body armor, radios, and Toyota Hilux trucks for the NPU. "We have the ability to take a platoon of 40 men, completely equip it,

train it, pay its salaries, and provide everything else it needs for a year," VanDyke said back in April. The NPU was conceived as a local defense militia–like a National Guard unit for the Christians of Iraq–but VanDyke and the senior members of the NPU soon decided that they could help prepare it to go on the offensive, first to take back the Assyrian villages that had fallen to ISIS and then to join the battle for Mosul.

These days, VanDyke has two homes. One is a loft in east Harlem, which he shares with his girlfriend. The other is a five-bedroom apartment in Erbil, SOLI headquarters, where VanDyke spends long stretches of time alone. "I haven't slept in weeks," he says, wincing in the bright Iraqi sun. It's an oven-hot morning in May, and we're standing on VanDyke's balcony, which offers a panoramic view of Erbil, a confused landscape of newly and partially constructed residential skyscrapers, with names like Park View and the World Trade Center, rising awkwardly amid blocks of modest concrete homes and domed mosques. There's an American-style mega-mall, a Hardee's, and a TGI Fridays with a full bar that serves nothing but nonalcoholic cocktails.

To our left, we can see the backside of the Erbil International Airport, where about a dozen U.S. military helicopters sit in a perfect row. VanDyke says they've been flying more frequently these days. Since ISIS advanced through northern Iraq last summer, Erbil has become the region's main staging ground for the counteroffensive. Officially, there are soldiers with the U.S. Army's 1st Infantry Division here providing "command and control of the ongoing advise-and-assist efforts in support of Iraqi and peshmerga forces," as the Pentagon put it. There's also a contingency of military trainers from several European countries training the peshmerga. Then there's the unofficial reality, a *Casablanca*-like mix of factions and freelancers, journalists, and adventure seekers.

"Erbil reminds me of that bar in *Star Wars,* the one in Tatooine," says Georgetown University professor Sean McFate, author of *The Modern Mercenary.* "It's a strange jumping-off point for a lot of different people." Recently, the U.S. government has pressured the peshmerga to prevent American citizens from joining its ranks (though a few occasionally slip in). That has done little to deter scores of Americans–mostly ex-soldiers and Marines–from making their way to the Kurdish front line, where a patchwork of paramilitary groups fighting alongside peshmerga forces are eager to put their skills and experience to use. Some groups, like the YPG in Syria, actively recruit on Facebook; others pick up recruits in bars in the Christian quarter of Erbil, where foreigners hang out. An independent researcher who has interviewed dozens of American and British mercenaries in Iraq, and who asked not to be named, tells me many are on a quest for redemption. "They're guys who feel guilty about things they did when they were deployed here years ago, or they believe that ISIS wouldn't exist had they never invaded Iraq. Or they're just running from something. This is a place where you can start over or reinvent yourself. It's the Wild West. Well, the Wild East."

"I used to live over there," Kojak tells me, pointing with a cigarette toward an airplane hangar adjacent to the row of American helicopters, where until a year ago he was reportedly stationed as a security contractor making $565 a day for a firm he refuses to identify. "It's crazy being on this

VanDyke writes a press release for Sons of Liberty International. With Kojak, his trainer, on the ground, he has assumed a more administrative role in the operation.

side of the fence without a sidearm." Before that, he says, he was an Army paratrooper, retiring as a senior noncommissioned officer after a robust 20-year career that included a stint as an instructor at West Point and two combat deployments—the last to Mosul, where he trained and advised the local SWAT team. Now he's working for VanDyke pro bono. "I love the contracting work," he says, lighting a cigarette, his third since waking up an hour ago. "Hell, it put my daughter through college. But this means a lot more." When I ask him if his faith had anything to do with his decision to join SOLI, he holds up the silver cross that hangs from his neck. "Yeah, I'm a Christian. But I would train these guys regardless. After ISIS took Mosul, I guess I felt a bit of survivor's remorse." He tells me SOLI seemed like a more reasonable option than going straight to the front line. Maybe it is.

At one point, I travel to Makhmour, a ramshackle Kurdish village 31 miles north of Erbil, where a fierce three-day battle was waged during the ISIS offensive in northern Iraq last August, and where I meet Chris Smith, a 25-year-old ex-soldier and the newest member of the peshmerga unit stationed there. With his blond hair and sunny demeanor, Smith cuts a peculiar figure in a Kurdish uniform. It's his first day on the front line, and the peshmerga soldiers want to see him shoot an AK-47, which he does, unloading a full magazine of 7.62 over a no-man's-land of dry grass toward a tiny row of trees where a contingency of ISIS fighters is apparently dug in. As far as I can tell, he passes the test.

Smith takes a deep breath when I ask him what he's doing here. "One of the things we value as Americans is freedom of religion, and ISIS is promoting its own brand of intolerance," he says. "I had a little military experience, so I just thought I was the man for the job." He tells me he deployed twice to Iraq as an infantryman with the U.S. Army but never saw combat. When he decided to drop everything and return to Iraq, he had been working at a hotel in California. Later, as I'm leaving, he stops me. "Hey, does this mean I get a free copy of *Maxim* when the story comes out?" Sure, I say, where do I send it? He shrugs and grins widely. "I don't know."

AROUND NOON, we hop in a cab to Dohuk, a two-hour drive northwest of Erbil. VanDyke wants to introduce Kojak to Behnam Aboosh Abelmasseh, commander of the NPU, so they can discuss plans for the upcoming training rotation. The focus of the training will be combat leadership, attended by a small group of would-be officers and sergeants. VanDyke plans to eventually fly over more trainers from the States, including experts in marksmanship, hand-to-hand combat, and first aid. But for now, Kojak will run the show. The meeting takes place on the edge of Dohuk, inside a compound that serves as housing for a few dozen Christian refugees, who peer down at us through dusty windows as we approach. Abelmasseh and several of his advisers greet us in a room furnished with nothing but four fluffy couches, all the color of grape candy.

Sporting a crisp gray suit, the elderly, soft-spoken Abelmasseh has the air of a Mafioso. Before the U.S.-led invasion of Iraq, he says, he was an officer in the Iraqi Air Defense Force under Saddam. (Like many in the NPU, he hails from the Assyrian village of Qaraqosh, which fell to ISIS in June of last year.)

VanDyke, 36, is one of just a handful of Westerners who live in Erbil, the capital of Kurdistan in northern Iraq. Despite the dangers, he intends to continue working in the region until ISIS is defeated.

"If we had half of what the other forces have, we would never retreat from this place."

After formal introductions are made, VanDyke hands the floor over to Kojak, who snaps open his laptop and begins showing Abelmasseh the PowerPoint presentations he says he used during his stint at West Point. Abelmasseh's eyes light up, and he casts VanDyke an approving nod. "You've brought me a real trainer," he says, almost surprised.

Abelmasseh has just returned from Baghdad, where he's been working to secure permission for the NPU to exist. Without the Iraqi central government's blessing, the group—like the dozens of other militias operating unofficially in Iraq—runs the risk of being labeled a terrorist organization. Past attempts by the Assyrians to stand up an army have been met with a crushing backlash.

"How long will this training take?" Abelmasseh asks. "How long do you want it to take?" Kojak replies respectfully. "No, I asked you a question," says the NPU commander, placing a finger inches from Kojak's chest. "Don't answer me with a question. Answer." Kojak says he'll need two weeks. Later, when I ask Abelmasseh why he wants his men trained by Americans, he tells me it's because nobody else in Iraq is capable of doing it. "The Iraqi Army and the peshmerga are trained by Americans," he says. "So how can they train us?"

His goal now, he says, is to have the NPU fight alongside the Iraqi Army when it goes on the offensive in the Nineveh Plain and Mosul, likely in the autumn. The push—which was originally supposed to happen this April—will probably be one of the bloodiest campaigns of the war, and Abelmasseh knows it. He insists that Kojak teach his men the value of conserving ammo in a firefight. Bullets are expensive, and the NPU is desperate for funds. Every shot must count. The survival of the Assyrian people hinges on their ability to fight, and fight well. Or at least that's what the events of last August have led many of them to believe.

At the NPU outpost in Alqosh, an ancient Assyrian village situated at the base of a gently sloping mountain in the Nineveh Plain, I meet Athra Kado, a 25-year-old member of the all-volunteer unit stationed there. There's a peshmerga base in town as well, but Kado isn't the first Assyrian to tell me he doesn't trust them with his security. Early last August, he says, when ISIS tore through the region, the Kurdish forces fled in droves. Alqosh was spared, but now only about 15 miles of rolling grassland and the peshmerga line of defense are all that stand between it and ISIS.

From the roof of the NPU outpost, there's a clear view of the Plain, including the neighboring village where Kado was taught the basics of soldiering by the Americans VanDyke recruited for the initial SOLI rotation. Kado used to be a teacher. Now, he wears an AK-47 slung across his chest, one of just a few in the NPU's slowly growing arsenal. "From that one month of training, I can tell you I'm about 30 percent capable of fighting," he says in English. "But I want to fight and I want to make that percentage more."

Athra Kado, 25, stands guard on the Nineveh Plain. A self-taught English speaker, Kado was a schoolteacher before joining the NPU.

That evening, on a hill where the NPU has set up a machine-gun position overlooking the road that leads to ISIS, Kado unsheathes his knife and starts playfully jabbing it in the air. "If we had half of what the other forces have," he says, "we would never retreat from this place."

BY 1989, MOSES MOSHI, then a young sergeant in the Iraqi Army, had spent the better part of a decade fighting in the Iran-Iraq War. "I was tired of fighting," he says. "So when Saddam started with Kuwait, I ran." We're speaking on the lawn of the Assyrian Democratic Movement (ADM) headquarters in Dohuk, where Moshi and the 20 other NPU volunteers chosen for SOLI's leadership course are about to receive their first lesson. "I took my wife and strapped my infant daughter to my back, and walked for seven days in the snow to Turkey." The journey cost him four toes, and he takes off a boot to prove it. After 25 years living in Australia, Moshi returned home for the first time last September. Now he wants to fight. "My mother and brother were in Mosul, and ISIS kicked them out. When I heard about the NPU, I told my wife and daughters I had to go." Moshi, who still sports the signature red beret of the Republican Guard, is the sergeant major of the NPU. He tells me he's one of eight Assyrian expats who've recently returned to join the militia.

Today is the first day of training, and the students—each having been issued an AK-47 and a notebook—appear eager to prove their mettle. Kojak, in uniform, introduces himself in the steely tone he honed over many years as an army NCO. "It's an honor to be here," he says, pausing for the translator. "I heard about what you guys were doing here, and I was inspired." On the projector screen behind him, there's a photograph of American soldiers on patrol in Iraq superimposed with Arabic script. Not wasting any time, Kojak jumps into the first lesson, titled "The Basics of Infantry Leadership." I'm immediately reminded of the early days of my own enlistment, which began at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 2006. Everything—the slide shows, the terminology, the way Kojak holds his hands behind his back when he speaks—is straight out of the U.S. Army handbook, literally. VanDyke stands rigidly at the back of the classroom, quietly surveying the scene.

The following afternoon, VanDyke hands each of the trainees a pair of goggles and an airsoft rifle for a lesson on squad-level tactics. The trainees are broken into two teams. One is assigned the role of liberator, while the other vanishes into the compound to play ISIS. After a quick pre-mission briefing, the home team locks and loads and rushes into the fray, shooting frantically as pellets zip overhead. Kojak, cigarette in hand, jogs alongside his pupils shouting pointers, like, "You guys need to be communicating more," and "Move, move, move!" Realizing that the enemy fire is coming from above, the team funnels into the headquarters building and begins pouncing from room to room en route to the staircase. On the roof, the final skirmish is quick and decisive. When the dust settles, ISIS is defeated, but spirits are high on both sides of the fight. From behind a satellite dish, a lone gunman in a boonie hat emerges and peels off his goggles. It's VanDyke, blood trickling from pellet wounds down his hawkish face.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO PREDICT how all of this will play out. "There aren't enough Christians in Iraq, and they don't have enough arms, to take on a group like ISIS," says McFate. "And if somehow the NPU did become a crack assault force, I think the peshmerga would view them as a threat. So, best-case scenario, the NPU isn't taken seriously, they have almost zero effect, and VanDyke doesn't get his head cut off (CONT. ON P. 97)

INFORMER:

VINTAGE-INSPIRED MOTORCYCLES

ONCE UPON A TIME, motorcycles were cool. This was pre-Fonz, before computer-aided design, wind tunnels, and, some would say, fear. They were simple machines, barely more than two wheels and a motor, built by men with greasy hands and unkempt hair for the sole purpose of going fast. Then the industry grew up. Today's bikes are safer and stronger, and they don't need constant maintenance. Unfortunately, that comfort made us soft. Between retirees farting along on bedazzled La-Z-Boys and dude brahs riding high on their neon-green crotch rockets, the bike has blown a gasket. What's a romantic to do? For years we haunted eBay in search of a discarded gem. But recently, the manufacturers behind the grand bikes of old have cast a forlorn glance backward and rediscovered the design and mojo that made them successful in the first place. Here, the new crop of retro rides. —*Wes Siler*

RETROS REVIEWED:

Meet the four most popular bikes on the road.

FOR FUN

DUCATI SCRAMBLER

Light, with punchy performance from its air-cooled motor, the Scrambler is a more joyful ride than most modern bikes, in large part thanks to its comfortable, upright riding position. That also helps it go off-road, where it's surprisingly capable. ***From $8,495***

FOR PRACTICALITY

TRIUMPH BONNEVILLE

It's 80 pounds heavier than any of the other bikes here, and its parallel twin engine lacks character. But its alloy wheels and radial tires make it one of the fastest in Triumph's range of retros. An all-new model is rumored for next year. ***$8,099***

FOR CHARACTER

MOTO GUZZI V7 STONE II

Guzzi's "Tonti" frame revolutionized motorcycle handling in the 1970s; the V7 Stone II updates that design while paying homage to the Tonti era. Still made in the company's original, 94-year-old factory in Italy, it has more personality than any other bike sold today. ***$8,990***

FOR OLD-SCHOOL CHARM

YAMAHA SR400

Yamaha just reissued this classic universal Japanese motorcycle, which now uses fuel injection to help it meet emissions standards. The rest is pure 1970s, right down to the kick-start-only ignition and limited performance. Not a bike for highways. ***From $5,990***

OLD VS. NEW—A RIDE GUIDE:

Retro bikes look like vintage, but modern guts mean they move like new.

BRAKES

OLD: Drum brakes overheat easily. To be safe, keep a distance behind vehicles.
NEW: Modern antilock disc brakes are idiotproof. Just squeeze the lever as hard as you want to stop.

STARTER

OLD: Set the choke, fold out the lever, rotate the cylinder to top, dead center, then bring all your weight down on the starter, hoping to kick it into life.
NEW: Push the starter button.

THROTTLE

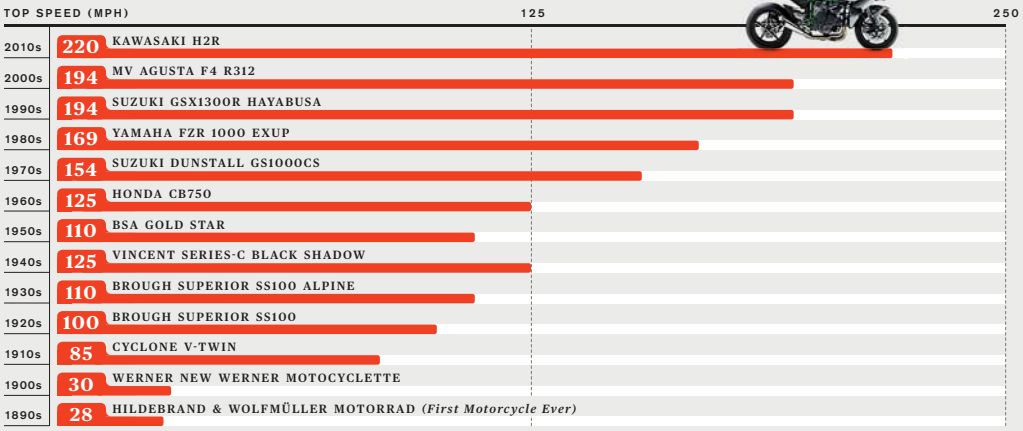
OLD: Accelerate only when the bike is straight up and down. Give it too much gas and the rear could slide out.
NEW: Computerized traction control helps balance the bike coming out of a turn.

$239

That's a day's worth of instruction at Socal Supermoto, a Los Angeles–area school that's reinventing advanced motorcycle training. Unlike places that cost twice as much, Socal teaches with dirt bikes on street tires—a low-risk way to learn the same skills real racers need, like coping with changing levels of traction, rear-wheel sliding, and getting back up when you fall down. Which you will.

CENTURIES OF SPEED:

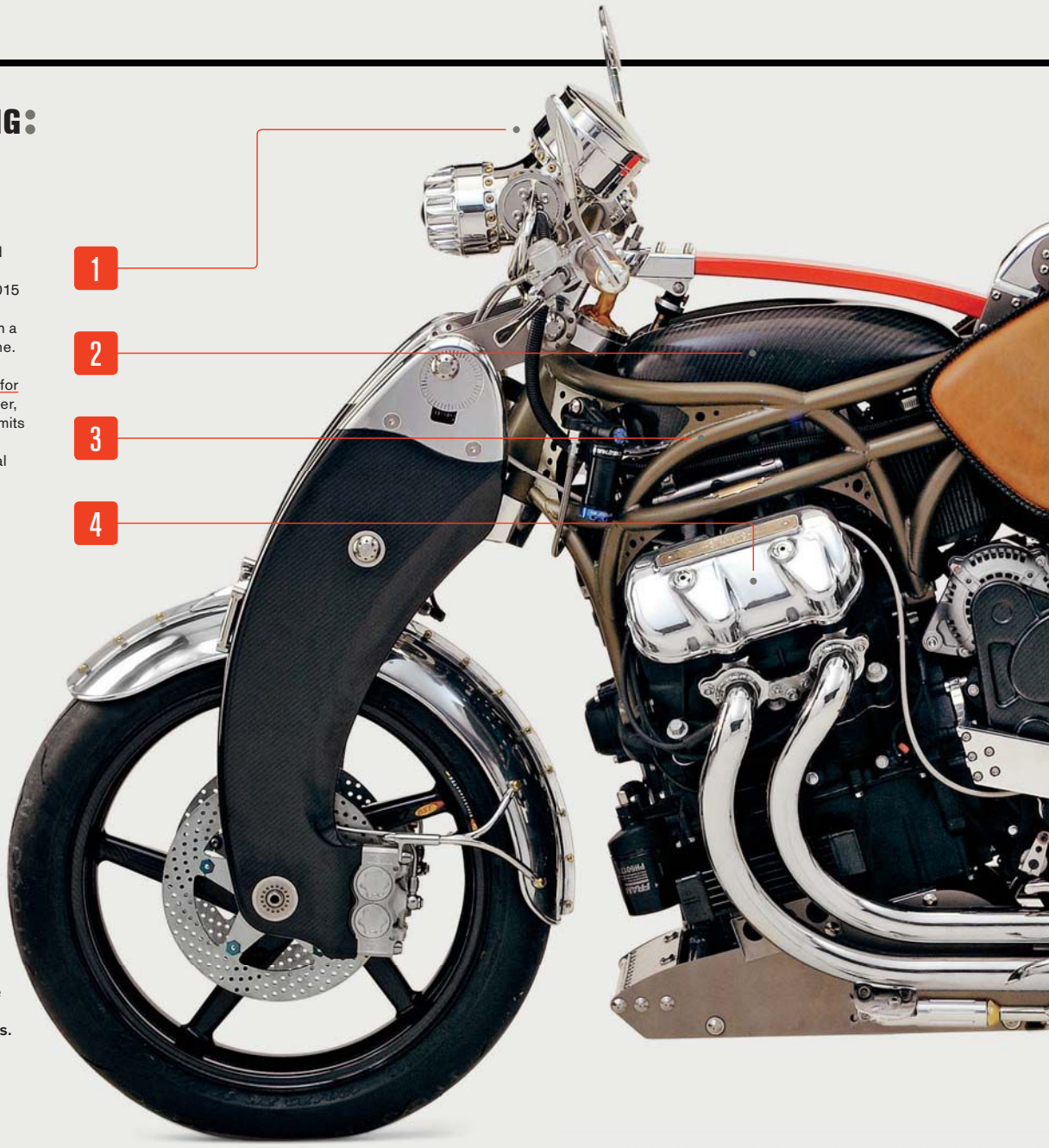
The fastest motorcycle of every decade.



THE CUSTOM KING

Got some extra cash? Upgrade to a vintage-inspired bike made just for you.

Custom-made-bike shops around the country are reimagining what a bike can look like. The best of 2015 so far: this hand-built oddity that mixes equestrian ergonomics with a supercharged 300-bhp V-4 engine. It's called the **Legacy,** and only four production models will be created for 2016—each for $350,000. Its builder, JT Nesbitt of Bienville Studios, admits that it's a "perplexing object" but swears: "Once in motion, the visual incongruence is resolved."



1. This hand-bent tube contains both the projector head lamp and the speedometer.

2. Nesbitt forges his own carbon fiber for the airbox.

3. The space-frame chassis serves as a mount for the leaf spring for both front and rear suspension. This massively reduces part count and unsprung weight.

4. The 1,650cc Motus MV4R engine is based on high-horsepower American V-8s. A supercharger takes power to 300 bhp.

5. The throne intentionally resembles a horse saddle. Each will be hand-stitched and hand-laced.

6. Front and rear swing arms are identical, leading to identical brake discs, calipers, and wheels.

7. Carbon-fiber wheels and grade-5 titanium axles help reduce the Legacy's weight.

THE OLDEST NEWEST BIKES

Two brands have made motorcycles basically the same way for decades. But authenticity has its downside.

ROYAL ENFIELD

VS.

URAL

HERITAGE	BRAGGING RIGHTS	HOW THEY RIDE
The British brand began life in India in 1949, making motorcycles for the local police and army.	**Last year, it surpassed Harley-Davidson in global sales, with 300,000.** Then again, Yamaha sold 5.8 million.	Its 2013 upgrade—the first in 60 years—stripped unnecessary parts and lowered the riding position. **But with just 29 bhp, it remains slow.**
The bikes were first engineered by the Soviet military during WWII, based on BMW blueprints shared as part of the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact.	**They still come off the same production line,** located way out on the Siberian steppes, far from the range of German bombers.	**The sidecar makes steering challenging,** pulling right when you roll on the throttle and left when you roll off. Except around left-hand corners...

GAIN TRACTION

A vintage-looking tire is the ultimate trade-off.

When American GIs returned from WWII, many outfitted motorcycles with a standard tire of the time: the **Firestone Deluxe Champion** (pictured). Now manufactured by Coker Tires, it's still popular among retro riders. The new tire benefits from modern rubber and nearly flawless engineering, but the iconic zigzag tread was never great at shedding water or keeping a cornering bike steady. "You lose the modern tread design technology," admits Coker president Wade Kawasaki. His advice: Enjoy them—in nice weather.

ASK A MECHANIC:

AM I A FOOL FOR WANTING A TRUE VINTAGE BIKE?

"Vintage bikes are cool, but they require regular maintenance, and most of them break down all the time," says **Thor Drake, owner of See See Motor Coffee Co. in Portland, Oregon.** "If you love working on stuff, then, yes, buy vintage. Mileage is a concern, but motorcycles, unlike cars, typically get rebuilt a few times. Look for a well-maintained bike. If it's been modified, make sure the work was done by a pro."

ACCESSORIES NOT INCLUDED:

Vintage-inspired gear evokes the traditional styles of three bike-crazed nations.

AMERICAN

BELL CUSTOM 500 HELMET, *$120*

VANSON AR3 JACKET, *$649*

IRON HEART 25OZ XHS JEANS, *$450*

ENGLISH

DAVIDA RACING SERIES HELMET, *$385*

BELSTAFF TRIALMASTER JACKET, *$995*

GASOLINA CLASSIC BOOTS, *$269*

JAPANESE

BELL BULLITT HELMET, *$400*

DAINESE WASHINGTON JACKET PELLE, *$500*

DEUS GRIPPING GLOVES, *$150*

(CONT. FROM P. 69) Bros., in New Westminster, British Columbia, and asked the owner to play some of Randy's tracks for us. There were more than 10 albums' worth of songs, and they were just as striking and raw as his earlier work. The owner, Len Osanic, explained that the added production had been his idea. He'd hired a band and recorded new backing tracks for Randy's songs, keeping only his voice and releasing the resulting tracks under Randy's name. He had hoped Randy would come back to the studio to work on more music. He just didn't know where to find him.

ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON in late April, Randall Wulff submits to his first-ever media interview. We sit at an outdoor table at a coffee shop in Vancouver. He is a regular there, and his usual order—a large coffee of a particular roast, with two cups and a single sleeve—is well known to the teenage baristas behind the counter. "Oh, Randy," one says when shown a picture of him. "We definitely know Randy."

On this afternoon, Wulff is dressed in a gray hooded sweatshirt and brand-new Adidas sneakers. He drinks his coffee black. He is relaxed, friendly, and outgoing, more curious about our own stories than in telling his. But in the golden afternoon light, he begins tentatively to speak about his life. Brushing aside most direct questions, he opts instead to wend his way through a series of colorful if hard-to-confirm anecdotes. He touches on the 1989 California earthquake ("I was driving across the Golden Gate Bridge when I just saw all this dust start flying off it") and the time he had tea with the film director Sir David Lean ("He was considering a girlfriend of mine for a part"). He mentions living with the heiress Doris Duke ("What a fine lady"), and longingly recalls making music through the night at the Chelsea Hotel. "We would just play and play," he says. "Everybody who was anybody was there." He even gave fashion tips to George Harrison about how to wear cowboy boots.

When we ask him about *L'Amour,* he waves away our questions. "Oh, that was a long time ago, a long time," he says. We ask him about growing up in Canada, and he remembers how he used to play hockey dressed all in white, even taping up his skates with white tape, a style that his teammates found unsettling. "They all wouldn't go near me; they thought I was so strange," he says. The white scarf he sported in those days bore his great-grandmother's last name: Lewis.

Wulff declines to talk about his days on Wall Street. But he did offer some details about his sudden departure from Los Angeles.

"I went up to Calgary to take care of my father," he says. "Very sad to leave that city." According to his nephew, Wulff's father had become wheelchair-bound after crashing his motorcycle in the mid-'80s. "I had to take care of my father, and I tried to bring girlfriends with me. But it was tough. There's nothing to do in Calgary! Nothing like New York."

As for his life now, Lewis says he lives with his girlfriend and his cat. "I play music all night," he says. "That's what I care about." We ask whether he plans on releasing any new material. Maybe in a few months, he says. He'll let us know. His gaze lingers for a moment on a beautiful woman who's walking by, and he tells us how one time, the experience of being in New York, that amazing city, brought him to tears. He doubts he could ever go back there.

Finishing his coffee, he stands and offers a warm goodbye.

"Say hello to New York for me," he says. "Blow that city a kiss. I love that place so, so much."

With that, Randall Wulff, Randy Duke, Lewis, walks back up the hill, holding the cane by his side. He doesn't need it. At the top of the street, he looks back—maybe to see if he's being followed, maybe just a last goodbye. A second later, he's gone again. ■

(CONT. FROM P. 83) arms? Am I folding? What day is this?

Machetes are good for burying human feces, but leaves make poor toilet paper. Need something with texture. Ripped-out last page of *Crusoe* does the job.

Is this all bullshit? Coming here to survive? Handing off a brick of rupiah to a guy in front of mystified villagers in order that I might live worse off than they do for a short time?

I am spectacularly unfit for this.

I don't seem to be made of anything.

BUT WAIT, I am made of something. I do have a survival skill, the one city dwellers have had since time immemorial, employed any time they find themselves in a situation they can't handle. It's known as calling a guy. I have a guy! I swallow my pride. I pick up the phone. I text the guide on the neighboring island. "I need food," I write. "And coconuts too if you have any over there."

Within seconds, my phone buzzes with his reply: "Coming sir."

Shortly thereafter, my guide arrives, accompanied by a fisherman, and starts the fire with a big hunk of Styrofoam. It takes him two tries. (Not so easy, is it?) He has brought three freshly caught fish, "traveler fish," he calls them. The fisherman, who is also eager to help with the coconut situation, leads us into the jungle. We hop *Frogger*-like across floating, rolling logs in a creek of black standing water, through deep mud and patches of razor-sharp jungle plants that draw blood. The guy plunges forward into the brush, then calls back to us to stop. He says the ants are bad up ahead.

When he returns, it's with an armful of young coconuts. The good ones, with the sweet, delicious water inside. Back at camp, the guide shows me how to open them with the machete. Hack off the end. Drink. Glorious, fizzy. Then use the cleaned-up, hacked-off bit of husk as a spoon to dig out the meat. The fish is grilled and served sweet and perfectly charred on a banana leaf.

As I eat, I tell the guide how quickly fucked I became. He tells me most people train before doing this. But these are the "survivors," he says. "You are not survivor. You are journalist." I know he doesn't mean it like that, but it still goes into the hall of fame of shit people have said to me. I laugh. I eat, drink, relax. A storm is rolling in. They leave in the boat with a wave. Getting dark now. Such a beautiful place.

WHAT AM I MADE OF? I know now. I am made of a helpless reliance on, and I'd argue mastery of, the trappings of civilization. The survivalist may scoff, but I'd argue it's far more useful to be good at navigating civilization than to know how to catch a fish. For thousands of years, men have fought and died to create and defend and advance civilization. I'm willing to bet that what they've made is pretty durable, held aloft by those of us willing to work like hell to afford a small amount of personal space, a measure of comfort and safety. I do it gladly.

Ants again! Give it a day, boys, and you can dance across my dead eyeballs as I'm sung back home in the arms of a python.

Anyway, that's what I'm thinking as I wade through the aqua shallows and climb onto the boat that will take me to the car, that will take me to a plane, and then to another plane, and another, and still another, across time zones, and finally to a bad-smelling taxi that will, at 8:30 A.M. on a rainy Monday in New York City, take me back to paradise. ■

(CONT. FROM P. 91) on YouTube."

The battle to reclaim Mosul is widely expected to begin in the fall, and VanDyke vows to be there. The U.S. State Department rejects VanDyke's repeated claim that SOLI enjoys tacit support from the American government, which means he may be violating U.S. law. There are other obstacles as well, primarily involving other organizations competing for influence in northern Iraq. Right now, VanDyke's biggest adversary is a California-based political action committee called the American Mesopotamian Organization (AMO), "founded to influence and guide U.S. policy on matters of interest to the Assyrian American community." The AMO is the chief supplier of funds to the NPU, and it is campaigning to sever SOLI's involvement with the group.

"Once you become aware of the brutality of the modern world, there's no plugging back into the matrix."

"Matthew VanDyke is a fraud," insists Jeff Gardner, director of communications and media at Restore Nineveh Now, a subsidiary of AMO. "He represents himself as a combat veteran, but he's never served in any recognized service anywhere–and hanging out with Libyan rebels doesn't count." Gardner continues: "He misrepresents the narrative: This is not a Christian army that will storm into cities like Mosul. It's not even an army. It's a protection unit. Its main function will be keeping the peace in places that have been liberated so people will go back home. Look, we have a major refugee crisis on our hands."

In late May, halfway through the training session, ADM officials informed VanDyke that SOLI would no longer be allowed to conduct training at its headquarters building. "AMO pressured them into doing it," says a frustrated VanDyke on the phone from Erbil. He's making certificates for the abridged version of what was supposed to be a two-week course. "I've never seen the NPU so angry. They needed more training. But AMO doesn't care about training, and it's going to get people killed." It was a heavy blow, but not an unexpected one. Over the past few months, tensions between VanDyke and Gardner have been growing, with the NPU caught in the middle.

VanDyke tells me he's looking for a new training facility, and that when he finds it, he and Kojak will train the entire NPU force full-time, five days a week. He has also been meeting with other armed Assyrian groups, just in case the NPU gets cold feet. "If they decide not to be an offensive force, we'll identify another militia who will," he says, his voice resolute. "Look, the primary mission is to have a tangible impact in the fight against ISIS."

At that moment I realize VanDyke is all-in, that when the gates of Mosul are flung wide open, that's where he'll go, and hell will be waiting. I recall a conversation we had one night in Iraq. We were driving into Dohuk, and it was raining so hard I nearly jumped out of the taxi to get to higher ground. It felt like a good time to ask VanDyke if he ever thought it was a mistake, this life he's chosen. "Sometimes I question if it was a wise decision," he said. "But once you become aware of the brutality of the modern world, there's no plugging back into the matrix. There's no unringing that bell." Then, after a long pause, he added: "I'm fully committed to the cause. I'll do whatever it takes." ■

p. 18: Trunk Archive.
p. 21: John Dominis/The LIFE Picture Collection/Getty Images.
p. 34: D Dipasupil/FilmMagic/Getty Images.
p. 35: Raider's fan, Joe Robbins/Getty Images; Old School, PYMCA/UIG Universal Images Group/Newscom; New School, Peter Kramer/Getty Images; Dr. Dre, Raymond Boyd/Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images; Ice Cube, Howard Tyler/Retna; Eazy-E, Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images; Mc Ren, PYMCA/UIG Universal Images Group/Newscom; DJ Yella, © Corbis.
p. 66: Records, Mika/Corbis; album cover, courtesy of Light in the Attic Records.
p. 69: Top, Edward Colver; bottom, Max Rivlin-Nadler.
p. 70: Jacket, $1,474, Dsquared^2; select Dsquared^2 boutiques. Jeans, $188, Diesel; shop.diesel.com. Shoes, $320, Red Wing Heritage; redwingheritage.com.
p. 71: Jacket, $245, Joe's Jeans; Bloomingdale's stores. Watch, price available upon request, TAG Heuer; select TAG Heuer stores.
p. 72: Jacket, Calvin Klein Jeans, $348; available at Opening Ceremony. T-shirt, Express, $20; express.com. Jeans, AG, $235; agjeans.com. Watch, Bell & Ross, $5,900; bellross.com.
p. 73: Top, Prada, $930; select Prada boutiques. T-shirt, Dior Homme, $290; Dior Homme stores. Jeans, Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren, $125; denimandsupply.com.
p. 74: Jacket, AG, $248; agjeans.com. Shirt, Bottega Veneta, $830; 800-845-6790. T-shirt, Calvin Klein Underwear, $40 (pack of three); calvinklein.com. Jeans, Buffalo David Bitton, $119; buffalojeans.com. Watch, Tissot, $650; us.tissotshop.com.
p. 75: Shirt, Club Monaco, $70; Club Monaco and clubmonaco.com. Jeans, Topman, $70; Topman, 608 Fifth Ave., NYC, or topman.com.
p. 76: Sweatshirt, Todd Snyder x Champion, $100; mrporter.com.
p. 77: Shirt, AG, $188; agjeans.com. T-shirt, Michael Kors, $75; Michael Kors, 520 Broadway, NYC. Jeans, J Brand, $225; jbrandjeans.com. Shoes, Converse, $50; converse.com. Watch, Tissot, $650; us.tissotshop.com.
p. 78: Amanda Marsalis, Trunk Archive.
p. 81: Iceland, Danita Delimont/ImageBrief.com; Deception Island, Ilan Rosen/ ImageBrief.com; Thorofare, Mark Meyer/ImageBrief.com; Tristan du Cunha, Holger Leue/ImageBrief.com; Grootberg Lodge, © Chris Schmid Photography/Alamy.
pp. 82-83: Joe Keohane.
pp. 92-95: Brin Deuk Morris; Bike built/designed by British Customs; BMW R90/6, Evelina Kremsdorf/ImageBrief.com; vintage photo frame, Getty Images; all others, courtesy of the manufacturer.

Correction: *In the June/July issue on page 38, the portrait of Daniel Arsham was photographed by James Law.*

MAXIM®

MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) Volume 19, Number 6 is published 10 times annually by Maxim Inc., 415 Madison Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10017, Tel. 212-302-2626. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $24.97; for Canada, $34.97; for all other countries, $54.97 in prepaid U.S. funds. Canadian GST Registration #140467846, Publications Agreement number 40031590. Return Undeliverable Canadian Addresses to P.O. Box 503, RPO West Beaver Creek, Richmond Hill, ON L4B 4R6. We sometimes make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings, please send us a note with your current mailing label or address to: Maxim Customer Service, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. August issue, Volume 19, Number 6. Maxim is published monthly except for combined issues of Dec/Jan and June/July by Maxim Inc., 415 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Tel. 212-302-2626 Fax 212-302-2635 Maxim.com. Canadian GST Registration # 867774580 • Subscription inquiries, including address changes: Visit us at Maxim.com/customerservice or write to Maxim, P.O. Box 420706, Palm Coast, FL 32142, or call 386-447-6312.

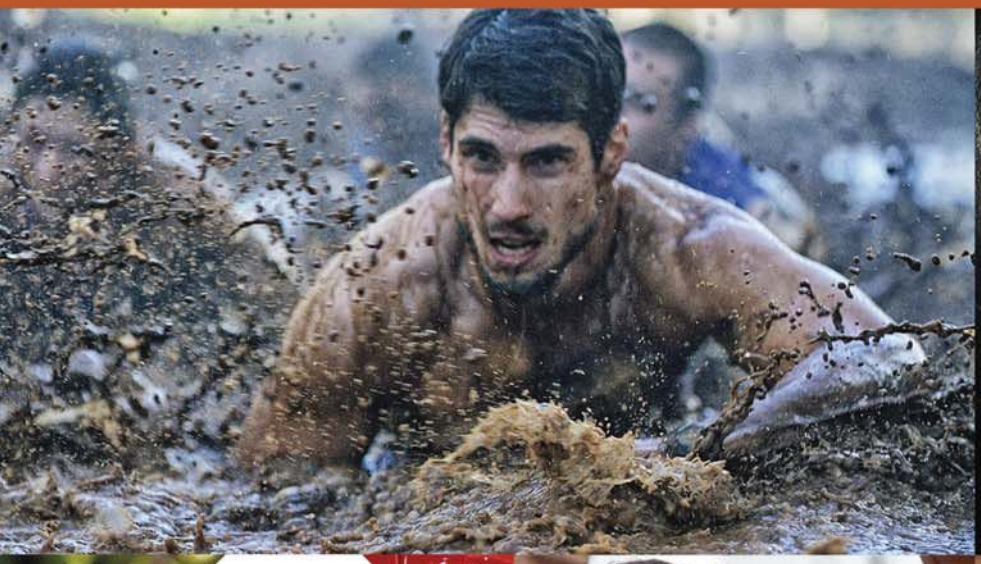
ASK 100 WOMEN

The Most Exciting Thing I've Ever Done With a Man Is...

Every month, we'll ask 100 women a question and run their raw, unedited answers here. Ladies, follow @MaximMag to catch the survey.

1. Get a tattoo
2. Be bribed by a Cambodian policeman
3. Drive across the country
4. Use toys and handcuffs during sex
5. Have sex outside
6. Drive down the East Coast with a cat in the car
7. Have sex on his outdoor balcony
8. Backpack through Peru and Bolivia
9. Bike all over Manhattan, falling
10. Have sex in a wave pool in broad daylight
11. Let him bench-press me
12. Have sex at a wedding
13. Have a threesome
14. Sleep in the bed of my Ford truck on the side of the road in the Florida Keys for three days, barhopping
15. Have sex in a public library
16. Sneak out of a corporate summit to skinny-dip in the ocean
17. Have sex outside my front door on a busy street
18. Reenact scenes from *Fifty Shades of Grey*
19. Have sex while he was driving
20. Have a child
21. Wade in the Devil's Pool at Victoria Falls in Zambia
22. Have sex on the beach in the middle of the day
23. Invite someone to join us after they walked in on us having sex
24. Have sex on a surfboard in the ocean
25. Skydive off a mountaintop
26. Have sex behind a palm tree at an outdoor concert
27. Have sex on a balcony on my college campus on New Year's Eve while it was snowing
28. Meet his parents
29. Have sex in a movie theater
30. Have sex in a stairwell
31. Go skydiving
32. Make love in the back of a church
33. "Kidnap" him and drive him to Vegas for the night
34. Have sex in a restaurant bathroom
35. Three things: handcuffs, blindfold, candle wax
36. Tell him how to touch me
37. Quit our jobs and go to Africa
38. Have sex on a playground
39. Give him a hand job in public
40. Take a monthlong road trip up the West Coast
41. Have sex on the roof of my college dining hall
42. Have sex in an elevator
43. Have an "open" relationship
44. Have sex in a New York City bar bathroom and forget to lock the door
45. Almost die while kayaking in a storm in Thailand
46. Move to Bangkok with him for two months
47. Have sex while hiking on an open trail
48. Have sex in a dressing room
49. Book a prostitute
50. Have sex on a motorcycle
51. Backpack through Southeast Asia
52. Have sex in the ocean
53. Move across the country to be with him
54. Make a sex tape
55. Explore the world of BDSM
56. Have sex in the intersection of a country road
57. Give a hand job in a movie theater
58. Have sex in a lake
59. Give a blow job on someone's front doorstep
60. Have sex in the stairwell of an art gallery
61. Have sex in a public park
62. Climb a volcano
63. Have sex on the roof of his house
64. Have sex at the top of a bell tower, under the bell
65. Break into a docked boat (that wasn't ours) and hook up
66. Lie to him
67. Hike 10 miles to the bottom of the Grand Canyon
68. Have sex in every room of his apartment the first night we hooked up
69. Go couples camping
70. Have sex at a club during a daytime pool party
71. Trust him completely
72. Have a threesome with my (female) best friend
73. Go bungee jumping
74. Have sex in a hot tub
75. Give a blow job to a cabdriver
76. Have sex on the subway late at night
77. Give road-head while in traffic
78. Eat food off each other during sex
79. Have sex on the top floor of a ferry boat
80. Climb a glacier
81. Share a three-way kiss
82. Have sex in my parents' house while they were in the next room
83. Have sex at the office
84. Give a blow job under my coworker's desk while people were still in the office
85. Have sex while high on ecstasy
86. Have anal sex
87. Let him go down on me in the office
88. Have sex in a coat closet
89. Have phone sex at work
90. Have sex while trying to get off the phone with my mom
91. Hire a dominatrix to tie him up while I watched
92. Let someone watch while he and I had sex
93. Take 'shrooms at a full moon party in Thailand
94. Have sex backstage at a concert
95. Have sex in the backseat of a taxi
96. Use a strap-on
97. Have sex with my student (of legal age)
98. Let him do whatever he wanted
99. Skydive
100. Fall in love


MTM | SPECIAL OPS
BUILT FOR ACTION
SPECIAL OPS
USA
660 FT
WATER RESISTANT
SEC
THE MTM SPECIAL OPS LINE OF TACTICAL TIME PIECES IS
EXCLUSIVELY AVAILABLE THROUGH MTM.
TOLL FREE AT 1 800 284 9487 OUTSIDE OF USA 1 213 741 0808
1225 SOUTH GRAND AVE. LOS ANGELES, CA. 90015.
MODEL | BLACK PREDATOR | METAL BAND
WWW.SPECIALOPSWATCH.COM



Jeep | RENEGADE

Jeep.com/Renegade

GO FORTH AND HAVE NO FEAR.

The all-new 2015 Jeep Renegade with available Selec-Terrain® traction control.
Because it isn't just where you go. It's what you do when you get there.