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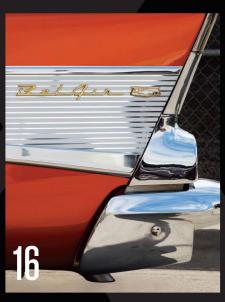
On the Cover

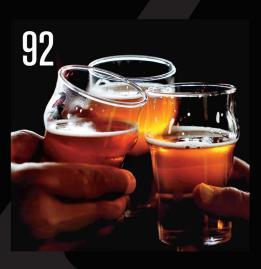
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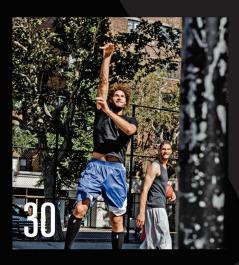












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LIFT The classic dumbbell gets a stylish, \$1,600 upgrade. **36 CYCLING'S CRUCIBLE** Riding roughshod with the king of cyclocross. 40 MAN IN **BLACK** Channel your inner Johnny Cash with rakishly suave grooming gear. 42 HOT LIST Maxim's definitive guide to the hottest art, culture, and entertainment this month has to offer. **52** SEX From post-nooky recaps to heavy-handed hookups, our panel of sexperts weighs in.

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The Muscle Issue

er, jump higher, lift heavier, or—as the beautiful Ronda Rousey demonstrates every time she squares off in the Octagon—pummel our foes. It can also be a certain kind of guy for hire. But most important, muscle is proof that we're stronger than excuses, and that we're willing to suffer for our goals. Our bodies, after all, are made to come back stronger; hard work damages the muscle fiber, which grows bigger as it heals. This is why muscle matters: It's the result of sacrifice. Nothing good comes easy.

The people in this issue exemplify this truth. Arnold Schwarzenegger,

who applied the same focus and determination he honed as a professional bodybuilder to triumph as both an actor and a politician, is this month's Tastemaker (PAGE 50). And Deion Sanders reminds us that muscle is really about something more than size: It's about transcending our limitations. "What made Jerry Rice Jerry Rice was not his strength," he points out in this month's essay (PAGE 10). "It was his endurance." The same can be said of CrossFit's Greg Glassman. Having suffered from polio as a child, Glassman rose to become not only the founder of one of the world's largest fitness chains but a source of inspiration for millions. Over thousands of miles and with unprecedented access, writer Nellie Bowles follows the famously press-shy CEO to uncover the method behind his controversial madness (PAGE 66).

Meanwhile, *Maxim* editor Jason Feifer travels through rural Illinois with the only homeless team in pro baseball, the Frontier Greys, which boasts a roster of some of the most tenacious, dedicated players in the sport. Most of these guys will never see the big leagues, but they still put up with endless indignities in order to chase the dream (FAGE 86). We also spend time with Seahawks running back Marshawn Lynch in his native Oakland, where he has estab-

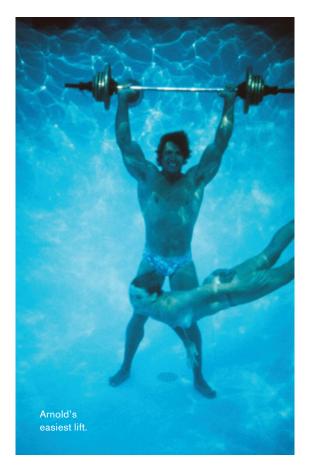
lished a training camp for young athletes—one that stresses personal accountability above all else (PAGE 54).

In Florence, Italy, we witness *calcio storico*, a bone-crushing sporting event that traces its roots to the Roman Empire (**PAGE 24**). In Massachusetts, we hit the trails with Jeremy Powers, the best American rider in a booming, dangerous biking sport called cyclocross (**PAGE 36**). Then we ask UFC commentator and stand-up comic Joe Rogan to expound on the importance of muscle (**PAGE 12**).

Also in this issue, we visit hot-rod guru Bodie Stroud, who equips classic

muscle cars with powerful, handcrafted engines (PAGE 16). We pit NBA twins (and, as of this season, New York crosstown rivals) Brook and Robin Lopez against each other in a game of H-O-R-S-E (PAGE 30). We explore the dark side of child star turned *Scream Queens* starlet Keke Palmer (PAGE 80) and speak with torture-porn auteur Eli Roth about his controversial new cannibal horror film, *The Green Inferno* (PAGE 44).

To top it off, Fight Club author Chuck Palahniuk shares his most memorable drinking prank (PAGE 14), 100 women reveal the secrets to scoring a onenight stand (PAGE 98), Brazilian supermodel Isabeli Fontana poses for one of the most mesmeric photo shoots ever to grace the pages of Maxim (PAGE 58), and our Informer offers up an all-encompassing guide to lager, the official drink of the working man (PAGE 92). Lest we forget, it was Schwarzenegger himself who once said, "Milk is for babies. When you grow up, you have to drink beer." After all, every struggle deserves a reward.



Editor in Chief
KATE LANPHEAR







Essay by DEION SANDERS

ONCE UPON A TIME

a 6'3", 210-pound guy was a big guy in the NFL. And baseball players were more about athleticism than bulk. Then everyone started growing. The 250pound guy who used to be a lineman? He's now a linebacker or a tight end. The NFL guys today are just huge—bigger and stronger and faster—and their

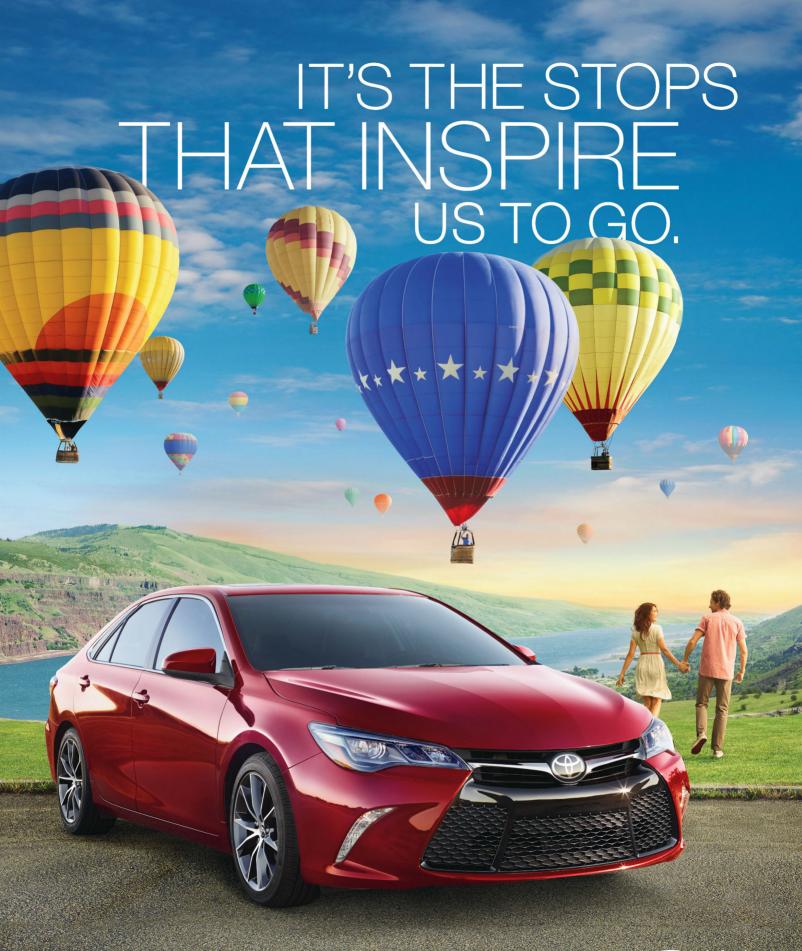
collisions are harder, more impactful, more deliberate. Baseball players saw other guys around them growing and felt they needed to keep up, driving

a whole steroid epidemic. ¶ PARENTS SEE THESE BIG GUYS succeeding, and they think about breeding like an animal. They're saying, "You know what? I'm 6'3", let me get with this girl that's 5'9"—that kid's going to be huge." That's the truth. That's what people are thinking now. ¶ MUSCLE, MAN. ¶ IT'S NOT THAT MUSCLE IS BAD. There are good reasons that guys are getting bigger. Back in the day, Jack LaLanne was about the only fitness guru. Now everyone on Instagram is a fitness guru. Back in the day, no players had chefs. Now they do. And guys have the right supplements, and they make sure they're putting the right stuff in their body. They're just more health-conscious. They're getting the results. They're realizing that athleticism isn't the only thing that provides for you—that

your body is the instrument that provides for you. So, sure, you build it. ¶ WE'RE ADJUSTING TO IT NOW. The NFL commissioner is putting rules in place to protect guys in the game. People in baseball are realizing that they were getting bigger and stronger in the wrong way. With the advancement of the size and strength of the players, it had to happen. ¶ BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?

I mentor a lot of guys, and I don't talk to them about muscle at all. They don't care about that. I talk to them about being well conditioned. What made Jerry Rice Jerry Rice was not his strength; it was his endurance. So we don't have building-muscle conversations. The guys I deal with, they don't want to look the best on the field. They don't want to look the best with their shirt off in the press conference. They want to perform. They want to play the best.

Former football and baseball star Deion Sanders is an analyst for NFL Network's GameDay and NFL on CBS. As told to Jason Feifer.



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BUILDING a perfect body is ultimately a lot like making a beautiful sand castle. Part of what's cool about sand castles, especially the more elaborate ones, is that we know they're not going to be around for long. When it comes to our bodies, that's something we like to ignore. The difference between building beautiful bodies and making sand castles, of course, is that no one is going to want to fuck you just because you made an awesome sand castle. (That might happen, but it's much more likely you'll be struck by lightning and then immediately eaten by bears.) Building a good physique, on the other hand, is pretty much all you need to do to ensure that someone, somewhere will want to have sex with you. What's strange about the temporary nature of our bodies is that this transient state of vibrancy is one of the very reasons why it's so exciting to look good. If we never grew old and never died, I think life would probably devolve into something that resembles the

boring experience of playing a video game on "God" mode. A huge part of the fun of gaming is the awareness that you could get fucked up at any moment. As soon as you remove that threat of vulnerability, running around and shooting things becomes meaningless. I'm betting that's what it would feel like to be perfect and immortal. Our reality is that the physical bodies we use to move through this world are essentially slaves to the savage demands of the past. The human race didn't survive plagues, wolves, and barbarian hordes by being nonjudgmental about man boobs, double chins, and belly fat. We made it to 2015 because women are attracted to guys that look like Channing Tatum, and they want him to shoot his vibrant DNA inside them so they can make babies that will survive an invasion. One day, though, even Magic Mike himself will go the way of the sand castle-reclaimed by an infinite process that doesn't give a fuck about your six-pack or your sculpted pecs, or your stupid, sandy moat and turrets. Time washes it all away, so enjoy it while it lasts!



Joe Rogan, the stand-up comic, podcast host, and UFC commentator, on why your body isn't a wonderland.

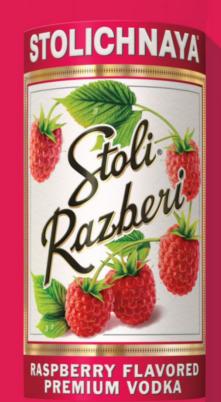


VODKA THAT MIXES WELL, BUT NEVER BLENDS IN.



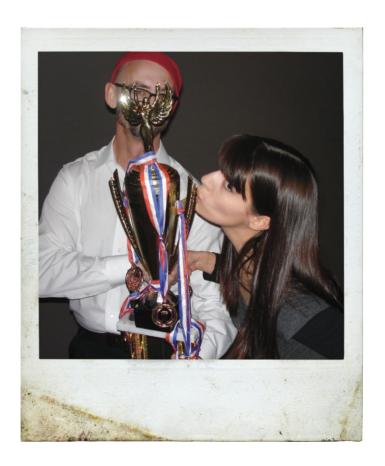






Selfies for Winners

Fight Club author Chuck Palahniuk's sporty tip on how to improve bar selfies? Bring a ridiculously large trophy.

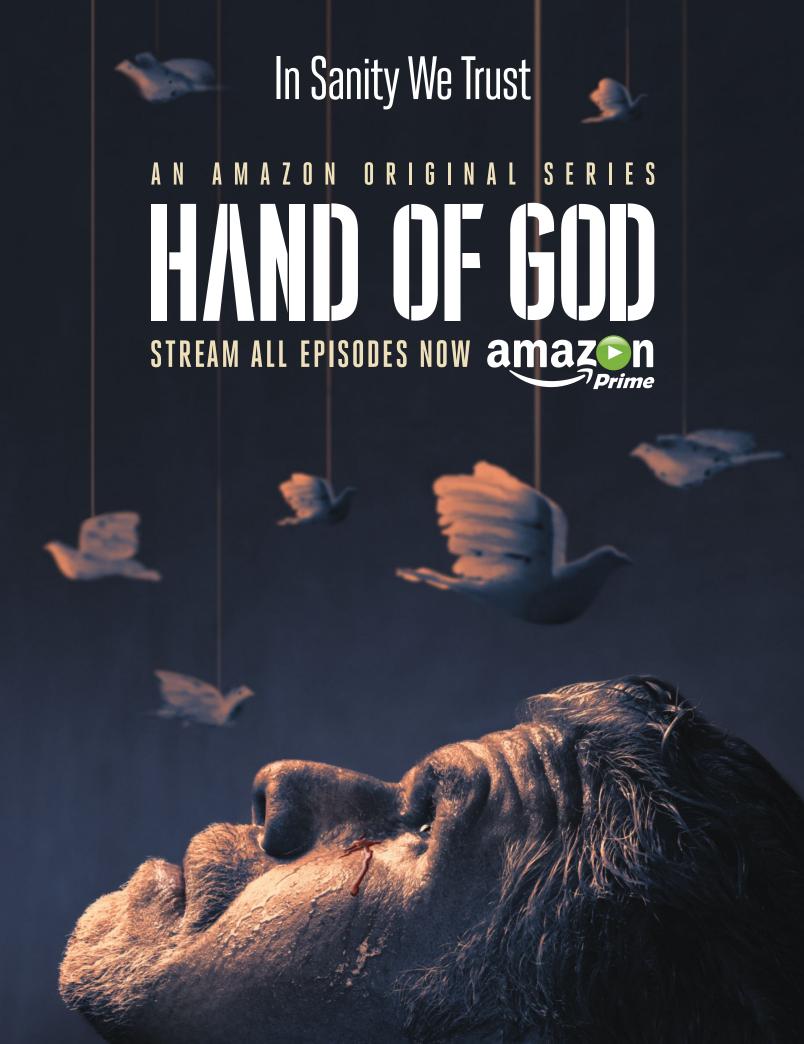


EVERYONE I MEET ON BOOK TOURS wants a selfie, and the best selfies suggest a story larger than two people standing together. A photo prop makes all the difference. On tour for my novel *Pygmy*, I commissioned a towering trophy consisting of gilded columns and winged angels. It broke down into pieces that fit in my suitcase, and the afternoon before each event I'd sit in my hotel room like a sniper, assembling the threaded rods and marble slabs until the trophy stood taller than most people. The final touch was looping prize ribbons and medals all over it. For each photo, I'd pretend to be presenting it to a happy winner of some honor. Forever after, these photos would evoke the question, "What did you win?"

After each book event, the real fun was dragging the trophy to a bar and getting sloshed with my publicist, Todd. We'd set it, nonchalantly, beside our table, and tipsy women would immediately flock to buy us dirty Hendrick's martinis. The more we drank, the bigger our explanations became. I claimed to have just won the National Adult Spelling Bee. Todd boasted he'd won a baton-twirling tournament. Once we were smashed, we'd stagger back to the hotel. Perhaps the best moment came as I was trying to wrestle the trophy out of a limousine in front of the London hotel in Manhattan. Walking by was a group of the beautiful people. The people you admire in magazines. Me, drunk and struggling to lug that ribbon-fluttering, medal-clattering faux award, I caught the eye of one slick New Yorker, who stopped, offered his hand, and bellowed, "I don't know what you do—but you are the best!"

Fight Club 2, the graphic-novel sequel to Palahniuk's 1996 book, is being released monthly in 10 parts by Dark Horse Comics.

Above: Palahniuk with actress and author Adrienne Kress at a book signing.





King of Customs

Bodie Stroud has built a hot-rod empire out of a simple idea: It's what's on the inside that counts.

by MIKE GUY



he back lot at Bodie Stroud Industries may look like a junkyard, but each junker is potentially worth millions. Surrounded by tall fencing, it's cluttered with cars that are torn in half, parts broken beyond recognition, and stacks of bumpers. A 352 Ford V-8 engine dangles from a chain hoist, a motor without a home. The junk, the cars, the tools, and even the workers—there are eight of them today, wearing respirators and Mechanix gloves, sanding, shaping, tearing, bending, spraying, and turning wrenches—are covered in dust from the concrete factories that pervade this very industrial, very hellish corridor of the sun-blasted San Fernando Valley.

To look at the plain exterior of BSI and its grim surroundings, you might never guess that Johnny Knoxville was here not long ago to pick up his 1970 Cadillac Coupe de Ville (which Bodie Stroud himself had transformed from a busted-up rust knuckle to a gleaming, state-of-the-art missile of style). Johnny Depp dropped off his beloved 1951 Ford Mercury to be similarly resurrected. "From the outside, I like to keep it looking like a junkyard," Stroud says. "I think it gives me street cred in this neighborhood."

That same bit of perceptual judo, in which an outdated appearance masks a sophisticated interior, is the driving force behind what

Mechanic,
builder, and
fabricator
Stroud takes
a breather.

Stroud does with cars. He takes a classic–say, a 1963 Galaxie 500–and rebuilds it by handcrafting extremely modern, powerful, and shocking insides. It's like taking the book jacket of a *Farewell to Arms* first edition and placing it over a next-gen iPad.

Stroud is soft-spoken, with piercing blue eyes and hands the size of master brake cylinders. He is among the most respected and sought-after custom builders in the resto-mod movement. These oil-smudged wizards take classic cars—or parts of cars, or trucks, or motorcycles—in various states of disrepair and handcraft them with obsessive (and expensive) detail, retrofitting them until they are more perfect than anyone at Ford or Chevy ever imagined possible.

The main shop floor at BSI is crowded with 15 or 25 cars at any given time. Today there's a 1965 Ford Galaxie, a '67 Fairlane, and an X-100 in brandy wine with shimmering chrome details. They are all in the process of being painstakingly rebuilt. At 2013's SEMA Show, Stroud introduced his BSI X-100, a 1956 Ford pickup truck that was hand-spun into an alarmingly fast, splashy, ultramodern masterpiece. Under the hood is a supercharged, 5.0-liter, 410-horse-power Ford Coyote Aluminator motor, shifting through a Ford 4R70W four-speed automatic.

And here's where Stroud finds particular enjoyment: The BSI X-100 starts at \$180,000, and he has sold three of them since lifting the canvas at the Las Vegas Convention Center.

"There's something about this pickup that appeals to the right people," he says, wandering his crowded shop floor. "It's something like nostalgia, but it's also all about that perfect, hard-core ride. You know, a modern feel and a vintage look."

Stroud is 46 years old and has been running BSI for only eight years. Before that, he was a humble diesel mechanic. "I loved working on a diesel engine. Everything makes sense. If it doesn't, you think about it, and then it does. I miss that."

He lived the rough life of a diesel mechanic, too. He was twice arrested for beating the shit out of people, once in a bar in Montrose and again in Burbank. "I came close to never pulling out of that," Stroud admits. "I had a love affair with getting drunk and fighting."

But he was destined for automotive greatness. And he made the right connections. Jay Leno, a famously obsessive car collector, has been a friend for 10 years. A garage full of other celebs parade through Stroud's shop with regularity. Beyond the aforementioned Johnnys, there's Tim Allen (who bought a 1968 Camaro and a 1950 Cadillac), Dan Reynolds, the frontman for Imagine Dragons (a '67 Mustang), and Drea de Matteo of *The Sopranos* and *Sons of Anarchy* (a '67 Camaro).

"Adam Carolla is obsessed with Lamborghinis," Stroud says of the comedian and podcast star. He walks out behind the main building into the sunbaked yard and points to the frame of a 1966 Lamborghini 400 GT. There are beat-up cardboard boxes nearby filled with struts, suspension knuckles, housings for lights—all the tiny bits of an Italian exotic. "Carolla picked this up for, like, \$100,000. By the time I'm finished with it, it'll be worth around \$850,000 and drive like it was built next year. He has to like those economics, right?"

The money's nice, of course, but one gets the distinct feeling that Stroud talks up the payday to distract us from a somewhat nobler goal: giving a second chance to a decaying masterpiece, then turning the key and hearing it rumble gloriously to life.

It's about that perfect, hard-core ride:
a modern feel and a vintage look."



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"Here's a **1948 Ford Convertible**—just like the one in the movie *Grease*—in for a complete rebuild from the ground up."



"This 1966 400 GT Lamborghini belongs to Adam Carolla. It's a rare car and very valuable. There were only approximately 200 ever built."



"A 1967 convertible Camaro that belongs to Drea de Matteo. We work on it and store it for her, and when she is in town she uses it as a daily driver. She's had it for quite a long time."



"This 1966 Chevy C10 has been chopped, sectioned, and heavily modified. It belongs to a guy named Brian who works at DreamWorks. This car fits him and his personality to a T."

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One-Point Difference

When the NFL announced this season's rule change, moving the extra-point spot from the 2-yard line back to the 15, kickers publicly shrugged. But even if any one kick is unlikely to miss, accuracy drops enough at the new spot to notably alter game outcomes—and coaching strategy.

IS 15 YARDS TOO EASY?

by ANDREW HEALY

Judge for yourself: We calculate kickers' success rates from different yardages and how many game outcomes per season might be impacted by missed extra points.

II GO FOI TWO!

PROJECTED NUMBER

OF GAMES
IMPACTED BY MISSES

RATE

OF SUCCESS

63%

70

80

82

92

96

97

99

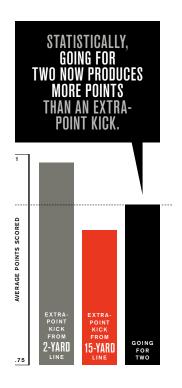
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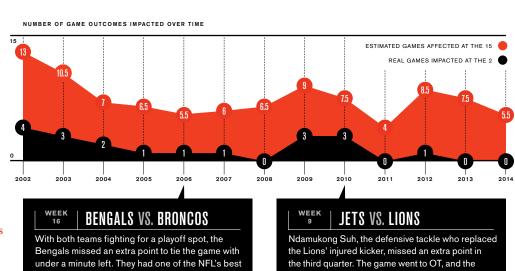
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A smart, aggressive coach could change the game by following the math. Consider: Two-point conversions succeeded about 47 percent of the time, which means they produced an average of 0.94 points. Extra-point kicks from the 2-yard line scored better, with an average of 0.99 points. But kicks from the 15 are less accurate, meaning...



GAMES LOST BY A MISSED EXTRA POINT AT THE 2...AND HOW HISTORY MIGHT HAVE CHANGED AT THE 15

Few games were lost on a botched extra point—but it happened. Here's the record. For fun, we also ran simulations of every game since 2002, basing all the extra points on the 15-yard line's lower success rate. Losses mount.



YARD LINE FOR

EXTRA-POINT KICK

offenses-going for two and the win might have

been the right call then, but now it's a no-brainer.

Lions lost. If he'd had to line up at the 15, would the

Lions have just tried for two points instead?



Blood Sport

Once a year, the men of Florence, Italy, engage in one of the most violent athletic contests ever devised.

by ANDREW COTTO

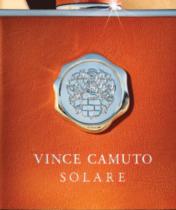


I'M NOT SURPRISED to see Maurizio Bonfiglio, the 48-year-old legendary midfielder, go barreling down the side of the pitch, punch a guy in the face, kick him in the head, and get thrown out of the match less than five minutes into play. After all, the guy has TOTAL CAOS tattooed across his back, and, as far as I can tell, nobody has ever had the courage to point out the spelling mistake. But what does surprise me is how quickly the other guy—who's just been pummeled senseless by a human wrecking ball—stands up, dusts himself off, and jabs a fist into the first eye socket that comes within striking range. Or how the Italians in the bleachers to my left and right cheer wildly when, later, another player is nearly beaten unconscious by members of the opposing team.

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MAXIM AT SWIM WEEK 2015

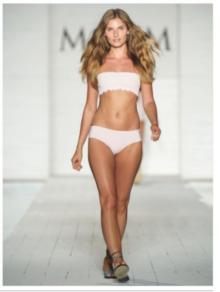
This year, Maxim was on hand at Funkshion Miami Beach Swim Week to unveil its inaugural Maxim Swimwear Collection for women, with an ultra-exclusive, high-energy runway show and after-party at the SLS South Beach.

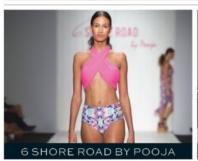
With SKYN Condoms on board as an official sponsor, and a slew of media outlets in attendance, the Maxim Swimwear Collection launch was this year's most talked-about event of Swim Week.

















I've seen men fight before—in bars, in hockey, in professional wrestling—but this is different. This is war.

It's called calcio storico (or "historic soccer")-a Florentine blood sport dating back to the 16th century, which every June pits four teams in a three-game tournament that's as heavy on violence as it is light on rules. Played on a 40x80yard, sand-covered pitch in Florence's Piazza Santa Croce, calcio combines the chaos of a WWE Royal Rumble, the brutality of MMA, the mechanics of rugby, and the pageantry of a Bible epic. Each 27-man team represents a different district in Florence: Bianchi, Verdi, Azzurri, and Rossi. Games last 50 minutes, with no breaks or substitutions. With few rules to mitigate the violenceeverything short of attempted murder pretty much goes-gruesome injuries are common. A player once had his ear It's very important to manage that emotion because it can be dangerous."

bitten off. Another lost a spleen. Nobody is paid. Everybody is hurt.

For an American experiencing calcio for the first time, the blood-thirstiness in the grandstands is as shocking as the carnage on the field. Think Steelers fans are rough? Throw a cow into this Italian crowd and they just might eat it raw. "The screams of the fans raise my adrenaline to the maximum," says Rodrigue Koumgan Nana, the 6'2" Cameroonborn halfback for team Bianchi. "But it's very important to manage that emotion because it can be dangerous for yourself and others."

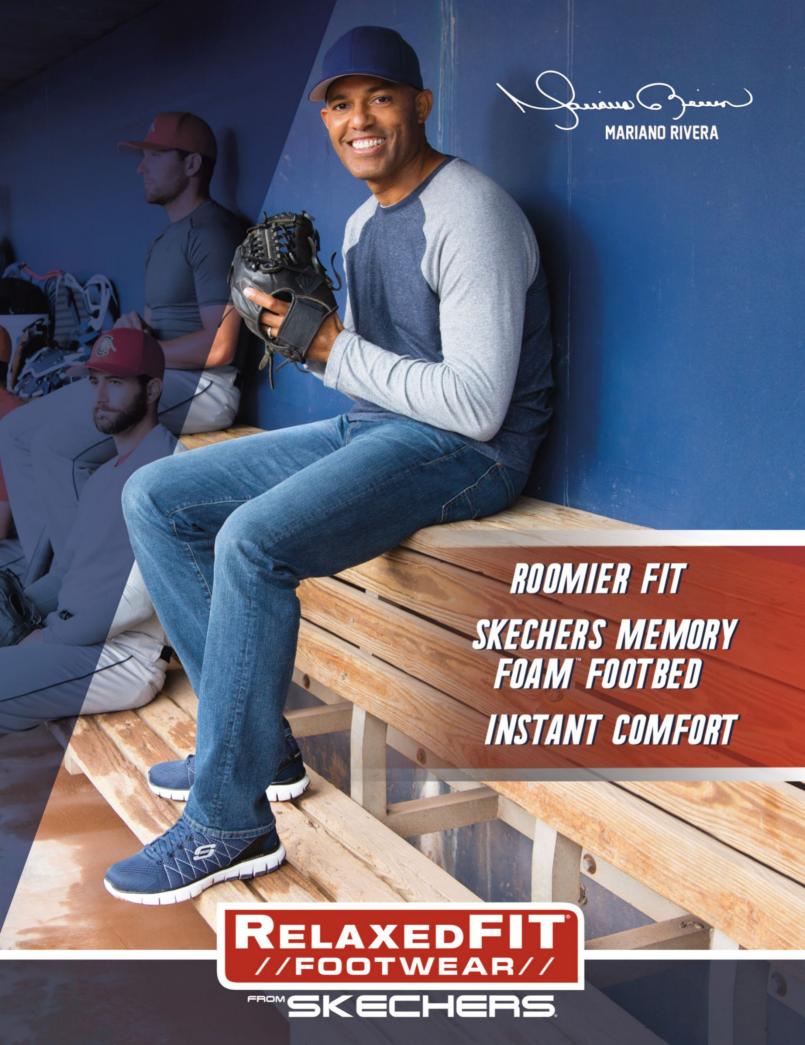
Nana is one to talk. During this year's calcio final-between Bianchi

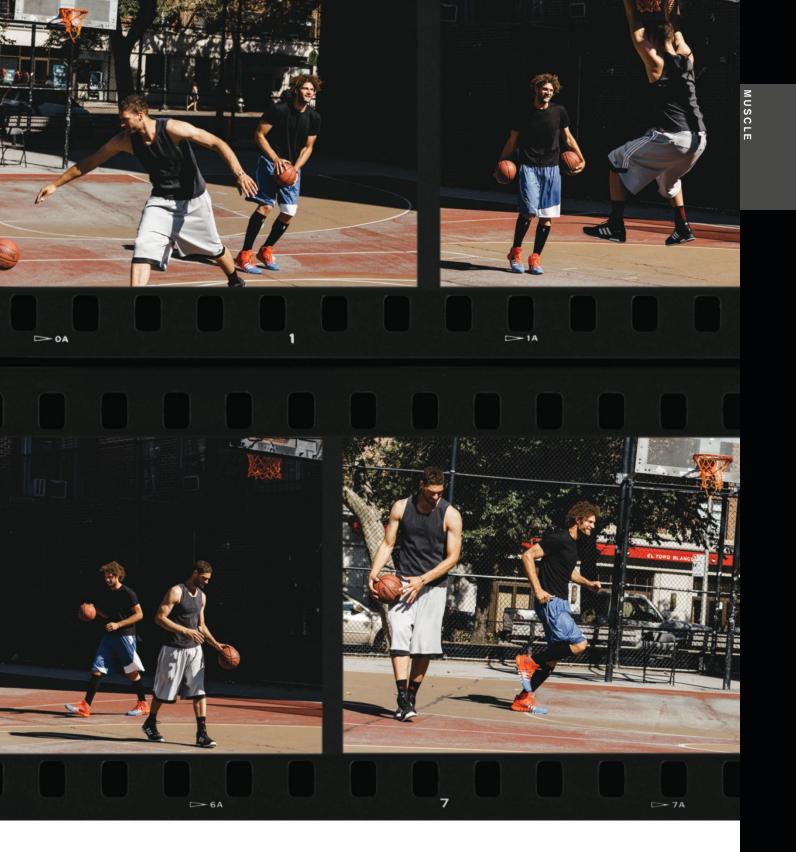
and Verdi—he emerged as his team's most ruthless hit man. Like an emotionally unstable bull in a china shop, he dismantled Verdi's defensive line, one crushing body slam at a time, allowing his teammates to maneuver over his victims to score goals. By the time the dust settled, Bianchi was victorious, though you'd be hard-pressed to find someone in the crowd who knew the final score.

To the victors go the spoils—in this case, a free steak dinner and bragging rights for a year. It may not be much, but there's not a player in the Piazza Santa Croce who'd ask for more. ■









The Twins Take Manhattan

Hitting the court with NBA centers **Brook** and **Robin Lopez**, who are about to tear New York in two.

by MAX RIVLIN-NADLER

DON'T BE ANTISOCIALFOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE



MAXIM

ON A CLEAR SUMMER MORNING in downtown Manhattan, an SUV pulls up outside an empty basketball court. Twins—two absolute giants of men—exit the car and make their way toward the blacktop, each holding on to new basketball shoes. One, Brook Lopez, is a Brooklyn Net. The other, Robin Lopez, is a newly minted New York Knick. And they're about to begin what is, technically speaking, the very first hometown face-off of their professional careers—and a media storm that will likely consume them all season.

Get ready, New York City: Your newest, greatest cross-city rivals are about to play H-O-R-S-E.

"These are actually my brother's shoes," Robin says, as he warms up. "I don't have any of my things here yet. Luckily, we're the same size." (That's size 20.)

All right, so they're starting off light. But with good reason. After battling through injuries early in their careers, the twins put together impressive campaigns last season, with Brook going on an offensive rampage and Robin posting solid rebound numbers while holding his own against the Western Conference's fearsome big men. Brook had played for the Nets for seven seasons, and the team quickly re-signed him for \$60 million, cementing him as the face of the franchise. But it wasn't clear

where Robin, who was on his third team in four years, would end up.

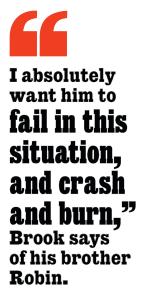
The Knicks, long a bridesmaid when it comes to prize free agents, desired a center badly and weren't finding what they wanted. They needed a guy who could work within team president Phil Jackson's difficult offensive system, the triangle, and the available centers in the league were steadily joining other teams. But when the Knicks connected with Robin, he was into it. He's a comic book aficionado—"I'm going to be training up in Westchester now, just like the X-Men"—and a creative type who studied studio art at Stanford, and he seems like a cultural fit on a team with aims to cosmically realign itself in its Zenobsessed president's image.

Robin inked a \$54 million contract. That means the Lopez twins are earning a combined \$114 million in this city. And that's why they're going light on each other. No full-contact games before training camp. H-O-R-S-E it is.

Today, on the blacktop, Robin nails a sweet shot from the elbow and a bank shot from farther out. Brook can't match either. H-O for him. "And *you're* the offensively gifted twin?" Robin asks (before whiffing on a corner three).

"As me signing with the Knicks became more and more plausible,





there definitely was a lot of talk among our friends mostly," Robin says by the side of the court. "They're the ones that do all the trash-talking. It's like 'Oh, Robin said this, Brook said that.' They instigate it." But the ranks of observers-and instigators-have grown well beyond the twins' friends. In a city that considers itself basketball's mecca, where playground and high school ball is played at the highest of levels, the professional game has been marked by almost unceasing failure. The New Jersey Nets sucked, then moved to Brooklyn and became merely mediocre. The Knicks sucked to the extent that The New York Times stopped covering them last season. So the city's notoriously savage sports media is eager for this drama: 27-yearold twins leading feuding teams that are both desperate for a boost.

The brothers seem willing to play along. "Oh, no, I am not trying to give him tips," Brook says with a straight face, when asked if he has any advice for Robin on playing in New York. "I absolutely want him to fail in this situation, and crash and burn."

Brook nails a jump hook. Robin misses. The process repeats. Game tied at H-O-R. "Age and beauty," Brook says after sinking a straightaway three. "You getting nervous? Looks like you're sweating a whole lot."

The brothers are clearly friends, but this is the role they seem most familiar with-tough rivals, each trying to one-up the other. "We definitely got in fights a lot when we were younger, playing in our driveway, but playing with our older brothers as well," Robin says. (Their brothers, Chris and Alex, were high school stars in California in the 1990s.) "Because we weren't always the biggest guys on the court in third grade, second grade, first grade, and things like that, we had to be more physical. I can't count the number of times Chris knocked me down, bloodied my nose."

Brook and Robin did once play together, on the same Stanford team in 2008, when they took the Cardinals to the NCAA Sweet 16. But they don't expect it to happen again. "I know our mom would really appreciate us playing together," Brook says.

The game has been going on for 20 minutes, and a small crowd has begun to develop on the other side of the playground fence. "Welcome to New York!" a man shouts, but the twins, practiced in ignoring heckles in NBA arenas, don't seem to notice. Robin is losing his swagger. Brook has found his long jumper, just the kind of finesse move from a big man that makes him one of the most valuable players in the league.

Brook, in fact, is the brother with the most advantages here. He's older (by a minute). And he knows New York well. So what's going to happen on their nights off-will he show Robin around town?

"I don't know-I think I might go out with this guy just because I would look so good next to him," Brook says, pointing at his brother's goofy, Sideshow Bob-style mop. "I mean, come on, who are they going to pick when we are walking together? Not even close, seriously."

"Should I lend out my services to people?" Robin joins in.

"Yeah, stand next to them and see what happens. You're like the perfect wingman."

Brook settles in for another straightaway three, which catches all net. "I think this is it, boys," he says, and he's right: Robin's shot clanks off the rim. That's game. But there will be plenty of chances for a rematch. ■



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THEY CALL them dumbbells for a reason. For most, the rusty-steel, scuffed-rubber gym weights feel like an obligation, a haunting specter of would-be exertion that sit in boxes under beds, mocking New Year's resolutions that have come and gone.
They are weights, physically and metaphorically. That, anyway, is how Toronto-based designer Joseph Aaron Klinsky, of JAK Atelier, saw it. chef-turned-renovator-turnedof most workout gear. And so Klinsky began his quest to—yes—raise the bar. His reimagined dumbbell is grounding, elemental, and beautiful. The soapstone weights are fitted over a complete with screw-on end caps so the load can be made lighter or heavier.
"I don't want to make something that just looks beautiful on your shelf," he says of the \$1,600 free weight, available at jakatelier you use. And maybe you do beautiful and it's sitting out." There goes your last excuse for not working out.

10 VS 1

MACH3° FEELS BETTER THAN
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GILLEHE MACHZ CLOSER SHAVE ZERO REDNESS"





n the Sunday afternoon when he should be resting, Jeremy Powers instead takes the road to the left, and soon his bike hums over the gently sloped lane, the stunning but foreboding forests of Western Massachusetts crowding the path and humidity curdling the air, until he sees the pavement rise before him, rise and curve and rise again, epically, endlessly. His pedaling slows and then nearly stops—so steep is the incline—and now he's up off the saddle and pumping, the bike swaying wildly with each downward stroke. He has already this morning done the lunges and box steps and side crunches

that he hates, movements that strengthen his comically slim core but will leave him with a soreness that lasts until Wednesday. He has also already gone on a five-mile run. And yet the notorious King's Highway—the kind of relatively empty but challenging path that abounds in this region, which is why he chose to live here—seems uniquely torturous today, each push of the legs an attempt to reestablish not so much a good pace as just forward movement. No one has reached Powers' level in the cycling world, let alone his highly unusual subspecialty, without answering a question he often poses to those who ask his advice: "How much do you want to suffer?"

At 32, Powers is the best American rider in cyclocross, a sport that is as demanding as it is deranged, and the fastest-growing discipline in biking. At the highest level, it is a one-hour race around a course studded with obstacles: Cyclists fly around gravel, down grassy hills, over man-made roadblocks (forcing riders to run, bikes slung over their shoulders), and up steep staircases (where they sprint some more). It's exhausting but incredibly fun, and because it's in an enclosed space—often a public park—very fan-friendly. Cyclocross is a fall-and-winter affair, so a course on a cyclocross weekend is loamy and damp for the amateur races and becomes a gnarly, muddy fuck-all for the pro riders

















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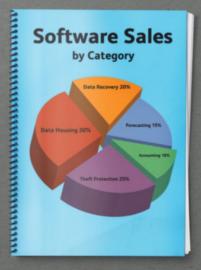


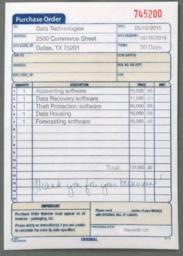












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who follow. It's absurdly competitive, routinely ending in photo finishes. As Richard Fries, who announces many events, once said, "Cyclocross starts as a road race but ends as a boxing match." No wonder the sport is going more mainstream with each updated race result.

It might sound like an outgrowth of the X Games and masochistic fitness trends like CrossFit and Tough Mudder, but cyclocross is more than 100 years old. A French army soldier named Daniel Gousseau is credited with inventing it as a winter sport designed to keep road cyclists in shape by bombing through grassy fields and over tree stumps. By 1902 Gousseau had organized a national championship—one year before the Tour de France launched. The Tour's 1910 winner, Octave Lapize, said he won because of his off-season cyclocross schedule. From there, the sport flourished in Europe.

By the 1960s it had migrated to the U.S. It remained the oddity of the domestic cycling world for the next 20 years—Fries called the 1995 national championships in Leicester, Massachusetts, from planks of wood atop a jungle gym—but boomed in the late 1990s, fueled by Internet chat rooms and video. In 2008, Lance Armstrong raced in the Clif Bar Cross-Vegas event, and attendance spiked to around 5,000. A year later, the race was bigger than even Lance, with 12,000 attendees. USA Cycling, the sport's domestic governing body, says the number of cyclocross

events has more than doubled, from 237 in 2005 to 516 in 2013, while the number of riders has nearly quadrupled over the same period: from 31,828 to 123,454. The sport's premier series, the World Cup, a heretofore European event, opened its 2015 season this September in Las Vegas. It's the first time a World Cup competition was staged on U.S. soil. "Our leading cyclocross series is definitely making a big push in North America," said Brian Cookson, president of the sport's world governing body, Union Cycliste Internationale, when Vegas was announced.

Jeremy Powers has won three of the past four U.S. cyclocross national championships and is the top-ranked American rider in the world. These days he splits his schedule between the European World Cup and a premier stateside series. As he watches the popularity of 'cross grow, he sees competition stiffen, which is one reason he's chosen to bike up King's Highway on a Sunday.

But there is another reason: Powers wants his sport to pop so badly that he's reinvesting his own earnings—he's not clearing a million a year, but he and his wife live comfortably—into growing its stable of athletes. He runs a nonprofit, the JAM Fund, which develops young riders and oftentimes pays their way. One week from now, a group of them will bike alongside Powers, grunting up King's Highway, too. He

Cyclocross starts as a road race but ends as a boxing match," says longtime announcer Richard Fries. also funds and staffs a website, Behind the Barriers TV, that for the past four seasons has streamed races and produced highlight and reality shows from the world of cyclocross. Many nights after a race, Powers has fallen asleep on a couch while the video staff splices clips for the site. The demands are so great that he's not sure if he can continue to be involved, but the site's future depends on him. "'How will I be remembered?' is my driving philosophy," he says.

He has so many goals, foremost among them to make the podium at a World Cup, a rare feat for an American. So he keeps at it up King's Highway, the peak in sight but the road turning to gravel now, the final punishment. He cracks a slight smile.

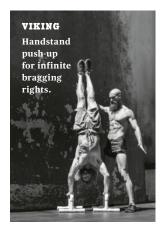
At the peak, for a brief second, he can rest. ■

Shoulder Burn

"If the shoulders are weak, the whole upper body is weak," says Paul Duke, one half (with Jacob Peacock) of the Venice Beach duo Viking Brothers. So grab a tough workout pal and build up to these body-weight moves. See more at Maxim.com/vikingbrothers.







VIKING BROTHERS

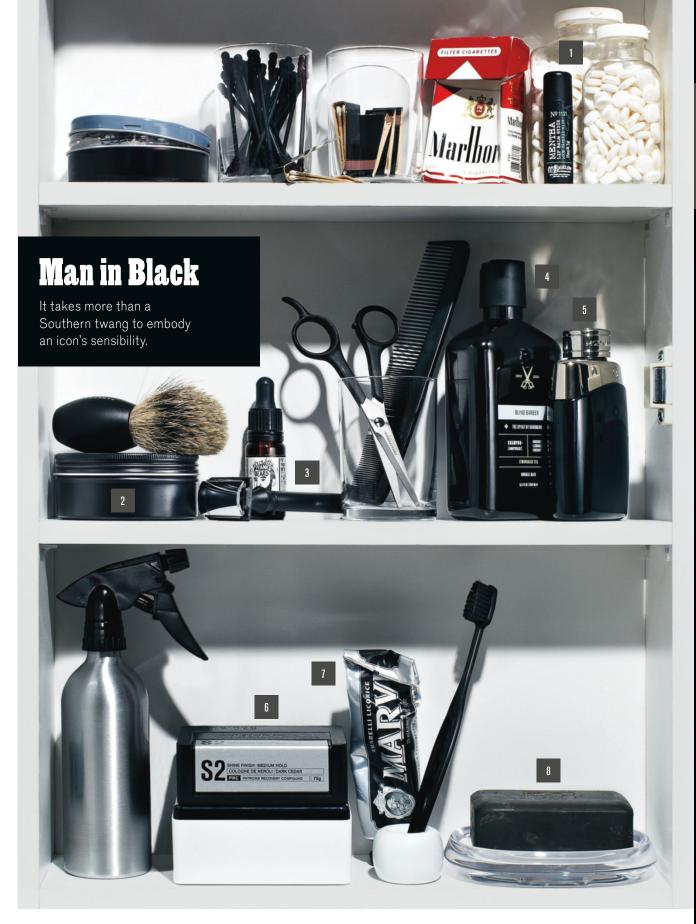
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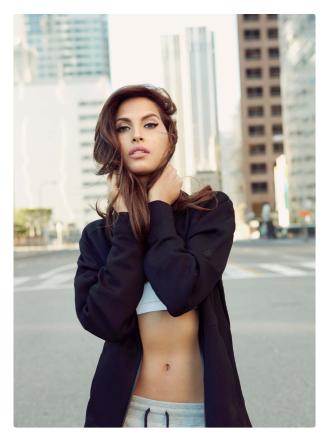
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THE MUSIC FORECAST CALLS FOR **SNOH**.

SIGNED TO SONY AT 14, Snoh Aalegra spent her teens in the studio, honing hypnotic, soulful sounds that led to collaborations with hiphop legends No I.D. and Common. The chanteuse has been writing love songs since before she knew what they meant, but for her new EP-and debut album to followshe drew on personal experience. "I'm writing about things in my life now," she says. "And I'm a hopeless romantic." –Mikelle Street



3 THE FLICK

SICK THRILLS AND TWISTED POLITICS IN ELI ROTH'S THE GREEN INFERNO.



"PEOPLE WERE SELLING human meat as street meat!" says Eli Roth, the 43-year-old torture-porn auteur best known for his Hostel franchise. What began as a conversation about New York's culinary scene has very quickly devolved into a rambling history lesson on the brutal Liberian civil war.

Roth's new film, The Green Inferno, his first foray into the cannibal-horror genre, is a loving homage to the notorious and widely banned 1980 Italian exploitation film Cannibal Holocaust. The new movie follows a team of college-age

activists into the Amazon rain forest, where they're systematically devoured by the very tribe they set out to save from extinction.

"I was inspired by the Kony 2012 campaign," says Roth. "Suddenly all of these 'slacktivists' are tweeting about a cause, not because they care but because they want to appear like they care. I wanted to see those types of kids get their asses handed to them, literally." And, boy, do they. One character is eaten alive, sashimistyle, by a pack of stoned natives with "the munchies." Another, the token fat guy, is meticulously dismembered, roasted, and served. apple in mouth, like a suckling pig.

The intended moral of this horrific smorgasbord?

Lazy do-gooderism is a capital crime.
Like the makers

of Cannibal Holocaust, Roth cast native villagers as his bloodthirsty savages. Perhaps it's not surprising, then, that he has already come under fire from real-world activists, who say his misleading depiction of indigenous people makes it easier for outsiders to justify taking their land. Isolated tribes in Peru. for instance, are increasingly threatened with extinction due to development projects in their area. Recently, Amazon Watch denounced the film as racist. Roth doesn't seem to mind-he's already planning a seguel. –Adam Linehan

2 THE MATCHUP

BROLIN VS. BROLIN

NEVER MIND THE Avengers vs. Ultron. The year's ultimate cinematic battle will take place September 18. In one corner: a sturdy, square-jawed leading man playing a sketchy military contractor. In the other corner: same dude, with icicles forming on his eyelashes. Which Josh Brolin will you pay to see? Here, a tale of the tape. —Gabriella Paiella



So what's the movie about?

The attempt to take down a ruthless Mexican drug cartel. The 1996 Mount Everest disaster, in which several climbing groups were struck by a terrible storm.

Who's Brolin playing?

Matt Graver, a shady government contractor and possible DOD operative who would not hesitate to kill you. Beck Weathers, a real-life doctor who loved mountain climbing so much, he paid \$65,000 to scale Everest.

How's he suiting up?

When not wearing a bulletproof vest and packing heat, he's fully chilled out: slouchy clothes and flip-flops. Off the mountain, he's seen wearing a Dole-Kemp campaign sweatshirt. The dream of the '90s is alive.

And his personal life?

We don't know, and we don't want to know.

He has a beautiful wife, played by Robin Wright, and two loving children.

Who's he fighting?

Drug lords.

Mount Everest, the elements, frostbite. Mother Nature.

Is it a date movie?

Sure, if she's down with gratuitous violence.

Only if you don't mind crying in front of her.



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THE **DEBUTANT**

IN HONOR OF LATE NIGHT'S NEWEST ADDITION, A VISIT FROM THE GHOSTS OF MONOLOGUES PAST.

TREVOR WHO? A little-known South African comic seemed an odd choice to succeed Jon Stewart as host of The Daily Show. But we'll be pulling for Trevor Noah when he makes his September 28 debut. No doubt he's already crafting

his monologue, a decisive opportunity to make a nationwide impression. His jokes should be pithy, wry, and endearingly self-deprecating. Here, a look at how the legends of late-night met their trials by fire. -Thomas Freeman



THE FINALE

THE 5 STAGES OF GRIFF FOR CSI.

CSI: CRIME SCENE Investigation is going off the air this month with a two-hour episode sure to be spattered with blood and bathed in eerie blue light. Expect fan reaction to follow a familiar pattern:

1. Denial

Uh...yeah. No. I don't think so. CSI was repeatedly designated the most watched TV show in the world. In 2012, it had 63 million viewers. You must be thinking of one of the spin-offs. CSI: Poughkeepsie, maybe? No way in hell they'd cancel the original.

2. Anger

Those bastards! Great. let the murderers, the psychos, the thrill-killers win. May Vegas and all of Clark County be bathed in blood, with no one left to analyze the spatter or tweeze out the slugs.

3. Bargaining

Take Danson. He's yours. Just let us keep Lady Heather, the fetish club owner turned sex

therapist. In fact, let her run the team-she'll whip them into shape.

4. Depression

No matter how many killers you put away with forensic science, deductive reasoning, designer eyewear, and high-powered mini flashlights, the corpses keep turning up, day after day. Evil is implacable. The tide of blood is ever rising. Vegas is a charnel house. Fuck everything.

5. Acceptance

Eh, you know what? Forensic science is rarely as solid as it is on TV, but juries primed by CSI, Dexter, Bones, NCIS. Forensic Files, etc. are now utterly convinced of its efficacy. Real crimescene investigators are overworked, ill-trained, and often sloppy. Hundreds of innocent people have been wrongly convicted due to shoddy analysis. Also, the show went downhill after Grissom left. Bag it and tag it. -Aaron Gell





















46

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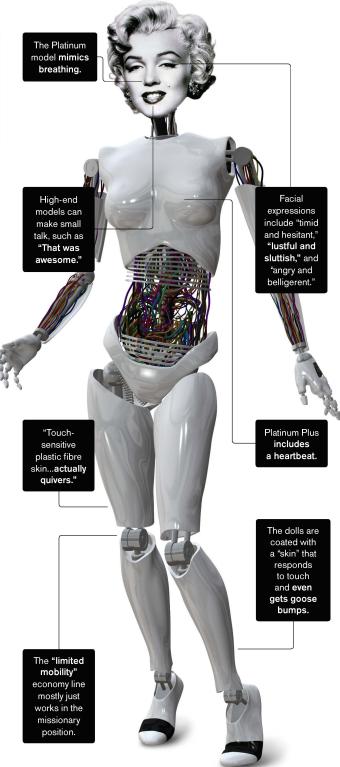


WOULD YOU GET IT ON WITH A ROBOT CELEBRITY SEX DOLL?



NOVELIST MARGARET

Atwood is nothing if not inventive, from her LongPen, a real Web-enabled robotic arm that allows for the remote signing of documents (or book iackets) to the horrific mutant pigs of her now-classic Oryx and Crake. In her new novel, the dystopian romp The Heart Goes Last (Nan A. Talese), she conjures a futuristic line of sex tovs, known as "prostibots," which can be customized to resemble celebrities, including Rihanna, Bill Clinton, Princess Diana, Elvis, and, of course, Marilyn Monroe. Here, a few specs:



8

THE NEWCOMER

"CLASSIC MAN" SINGER
JIDENNA IS BRINGING
BACK OLD-SCHOOL SWAG.



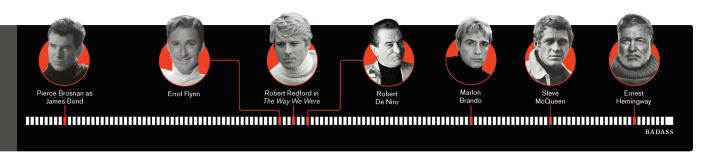
SINGER-SONGWRITER Jidenna has adopted a sharply tailored signature style that has very little to do with maintaining formalities. The Wisconsin-born artist, who grew up in Nigeria and holds a Stanford degree, sports his ensemble as an overt reminder of the past. "I wanted to look like the old Jim Crow, so every time people see me, they should think of the new Jim Crow," explains the rising star, who now makes his home in Brooklyn. "They should think of the lynching. They should think of the slavery. I want that. Every single time."

Jidenna started as an indie rapper in Boston as part of a crew called Black Spadez before migrating to the Bay Area, finding his singing voice, and cofounding a social club-slash-art collective called Fear & Fancy. After the group booked Janelle Monáe for one of its masquerade balls (before she was famous), she and Iidenna became friends. He joined her label, Wondaland Records, in 2014. Jidenna's first big appearance came on Monáe's single "Yoga," but he quickly found his own footing with the summer smash "Classic Man." An assist from Kendrick Lamar on the remix didn't hurt, either, and now Jidenna is set to release his debut album, bringing his next-level swag to soulful pop music.

The Gatsby-esque attire does pose certain challenges, he notes. "The other day I was playing basketball in suspenders and knickers," he says with a laugh. "I dunked on a dude like that, but one of the straps broke, so I'm not gonna do that anymore."

Jidenna still loosens his tie from time to time. "For Fear & Fancy, we love dressing to the nines and ripping our clothes off," he says. "It's always a combination–partying and pondering."

–Kathy Iandoli



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THE TASTEMAKER

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER ON A FEW OF THE THINGS THAT PUMP HIM UP.

Office must-have:

"A humidor. Stogies make meetings more relaxed and intimate. It's not always easy to get a deal done in the stuffiness of a conference room, because people tend to see each other as adversaries. But when everyone takes off their jacket and lights up and has a whiskey or a schnapps, the conversation starts to flow."

Car: "My military Hummer fueled by biodiesel. It is a great way to show people that we can go green and still drive ballsy cars. It also smells like french fries."

Workout partner:

"Franco Columbu has always been and will always be my favorite training partner. When he isn't available, I train with all my friends." Gym: "I love Gold's Gym in Venice Beach. But my favorite gym is every hotel gym all over the world. The first thing I do when I land anywhere-Moscow, Tokyo, Rio, you name it-is go to the hotel gym." Fitness equipment: "Either a T-bar row or a calf-raise machine. I still love to train my back and my calves." Post-workout meal: "Oatmeal

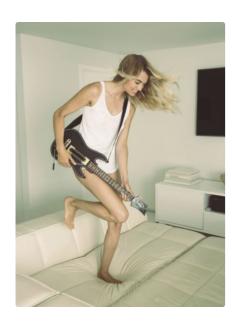
with berries, and sometimes a protein shake." Austrian meal: "Schnitzel with kaiserschmarrn as dessert. I have to train quite a bit more when I go to Austria because with Austrian food, you can pack on 10 pounds in no time." Cologne: "The only one I use is Brut aftershave. I started buying it when I moved to America and haven't stopped." Watch: "I love so many, from lowerpriced ones like Invictas to the higherpriced ones like the

"My military
Hummer
is fueled by
biodiesel.
It smells like
french fries."

big Panerai." Shopping place:

"I go to Walmart when I'm on location for a movie and buy everything, from jeans to camouflage robes." Beer: "In Austria, I will have a radler after a hike. Mix the beer with lemonadeit's really refreshing." App: "Penultimate. I write all my e-mails by hand on my iPad, so it is a lifesaver." Musician: "The Irish tenor Ronan Tynan. When he sings 'Amazing Grace,' just wow." Book: "Free to Choose, by Milton and Rose Friedman. It was the first really serious policy book that articulated why I loved America." Arnold Schwarzenegger movie: "Now that's just too hard. How do you choose between Hercules

in New York



THE VIDEO GAME

GUITAR HERO LIVE BESTS ROCK BAND 4 IN GAMING'S BATTLE OF THE BANDS.

ONCE UPON A TIME, you couldn't swing a Strat without hitting a guitar-god-in-traininga wannabe Yngwie or ersatz Eddie. Back in the aughts, Rock Band and Guitar Hero were among the best-selling games on the market. Paul and Ringo actually promoted Reatles Rock Band. Taylor Swift made a commercial for Band Hero. Grandmas were whipping out the Angus duck walk. It was nuts.

Then the house lights came up, security guys starting yelling at everyone, and the era of music-based games went on a hiatus. Ready for an encore? This month, *Rock Band 4* hits stores, offering some new bells and whistles, including vocalizing in harmony and freestyle soloing.

Meanwhile, the game's chief rival is also mounting a comeback with *Guitar Hero Live*. And the changes are even more impressive: During solo mode, lead the band in a series of taut full-motion videos—a huge improvement over

the animations of yore. The hyperreal-looking crowd of thousands responds to your every note. Miss one and some will frown. Miss many and you might get the finger from a pretty model perched on her boyfriend's shoulders.

Then there's something called GHTV. In this mode, you'll play along with hundreds of videos by everyone from superstars to eager up-and-comers. You can earn rewards, buy songs outright with a credit card, or purchase blocks of time during which you can play anything in the archive.

Whereas Rock Band leans toward pop rock (Paramore) and classics (Van Morrison, Elvis), Guitar Hero can be heavier. Jake Bugg's punky "What Doesn't Kill You" is fairly easy to play; the Red Hot Chili Peppers' version of "Higher Ground" is a bit tougher to conquer.

Then again, Grandma does have some pretty sick chops. -Harold Goldberg



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SHE

IF YOUR lady friend is calling you out by @-sign, unfriend her: Outing a hookup buddy is taking the classic toenail-painting gossip sesh too far. You might as well do the deed in the middle of Grand Central at rush hour. At least someone might throw you a buck.

But if you're just talking about a harmless subtweet, let it go. Paying for the ride back to your apartment was a nice gesture, but if you want to obtain a signed and notarized NDA before you get busy, you'd better have a few Oscars on the nightstand, or at least a Moonman. Expecting a woman to give you control of her social media flow presumes a level of intimacy that you simply haven't earned. It's like trying for anal on the first date. And look on the bright side: Having your kinks cache-able till the end of time is kind of epic, IMHO.

That said, I get it. Some guys are old-fashioned. You believe in discretion. Seeing your bedroom prowess become a trending hashtag (#marathonman) kills the mood. So feel free to bring up your concerns exactly once. If she's into you, she'll curb her social media enthusiasm. But if she balks. you may be dealing with a true digital exhibitionist. Back off quickly unless you want to see the entire conversation turned into her latest tweet-storm.

If it really bothers you, unfollow, unfriend, and be prepared to get cozy with your preferred hand, since you won't be seeing any more of her in-box. And if you want to seduce a woman who's more into boning than phoning, I recommend you seek her out IRL and lay off the Tinder. —DREW GRANT

HE SAID

SO YOU'VE BEEN #bagged and #hashtagged? Get used to it! It's 2015. Social media is how your dates even know they're alive. And you're in good company. Remember when Julian Edelman's post-shag snooze wound up on Tinder? It didn't put a dent in his rushing game. So assuming that she's not actually revealing your name-or jersey number-it shouldn't matter. Like it or not, today's plugged-in young woman is thirstier for the RT than the D, and as any scientist worth his Facebook status will tell you, those little digital affirmations from our friends and followers can activate the same neurotransmitters as the most mind-blowing orgasm. Besides, while you might be a one-night thing, faves, tags, and @ replies are forever. Sad, but there it is. Your erotic adventures are just another piece of content in the data stream. Enjoy it, pal. You're tweetworthy.

But if you still can't stand your #SaggyBalls trending every Thursday night, you have some recourse. You tried asking nicely, right? No luck? Send her a message in the forum where she is most vulnerable: Twitter. If she's tweeting about you, she's probably announced her other conquests. Search through her tweet-stream and hit favorite on every post-nooky recap message. Hi there!

If she doesn't take the hint, escalate to the retweet, broadcasting her message directly to all your followers—a gentle reminder that she could easily lose control of the narrative. If the disclosures continue, move on to the retweet with commentary on top. I'd recommend something succinct but pithy: "LOL bitches be cray."

-FOSTER KAMER

SEXIFE

"MY ONE-NIGHT STAND
WITH AN AMATEUR
BODYBUILDER BROKE
MY BED AND SENT
ME TO THE DOCTOR'S
OFFICE." —TINA*, 26

What? How strong do you need to be to physically break someone's bed?

On a scale of one to Schwarzenegger, he was probably about a six. But I remember watching him have to turn slightly sideways to fit through a door frame. It was pretty hard not to notice him.

Where was that?

I met him at a rooftop beer bar a few summers ago. I was with some friends, and he walked over and sat right next to me and started talking like he'd been part of our group the whole time. That's never happened to me before.

Bold move.

I don't mind a bold gesture now and then, if you can back it up with personality. Though in this case the biceps helped. He told me he worked part-time as a trainer at a gym. I'd never really been into muscular guys before—most of my boyfriends have been scrawny. Maybe I just wanted to try something new, maybe it was the three drinks he bought me. But after a while we jumped in a cab and headed back to my place.

So no trouble fitting through the door there, I gather?

Right! He was so strong, he lifted me off the ground and pinned me up against a wall in my living room while we were making out. Between that and the fact that I didn't want my roommates to walk in on us, it was a pretty convincing argument to take things into the bedroom.

The bed had no idea what was coming.

Nope, and neither did I. One thing led to another, and while he was on

top of me, I guess he was grabbing my bed frame for leverage and it completely snapped. Like, right down the middle.

What did you do?

I told him to keep going!

Commitment!

Yeah, well, it was a shitty lkea bed frame. Being in bed with someone so powerful was incredibly sexy—I didn't expect it to be such a rush. There was something about all his solid muscle that tapped into some kind of primal urge, I think. The feeling of danger, like he could hurt someone if he wanted to, definitely turned me on.

And does that translate into better sex?

Maybe not better, but it was exciting— I really responded to his predictability. There's always some playful wrestling in bed, but when he tossed me around, it was so forceful, I literally bounced off my mattress. And into the wall.

Let me guess: You still told him to keep going.

He didn't mean to do it! It was just a combination of him being so strong and me being petite. But I actually hit my head against the wall pretty hard. I woke up the next morning and it was pounding, so I used his phone to call him an Uber home. Once he was gone, I went straight to an urgent care clinic—I'm kind of a hypochondriac—but the doctor told me I was fine. I did have a decent-size bump, though.

Have you been with a guy as strong as him since?

No, but I did buy a stronger bed.



WHY MUSCULAR WOMEN ARE OVERPOWERING MY LIBIDO. IT'S TIME TO MAN UP AND ADMIT IT: We're turned on by a woman who can shove us across a bedroom. Consider the visual majesty of undefeated UFC superstar Ronda Rousey, whose stirring Valkyrie visage is even more beautiful than the perfectly executed arm bar that vanquishes her hapless opponents. Or *American Ninja Warrior*'s "Mighty" Kacy Catanzaro, the tiny gymnast with a rippling bod of steel who jumped and climbed her way to glory as the first woman to finish the notoriously tough obstacle course. Then there are the untold legions of distractingly toned fitness models on Instagram, whose ripped physiques recall the bodaciously buff Jen Selter far more than those bulky lady bodybuilders of yore. No question, muscular babes

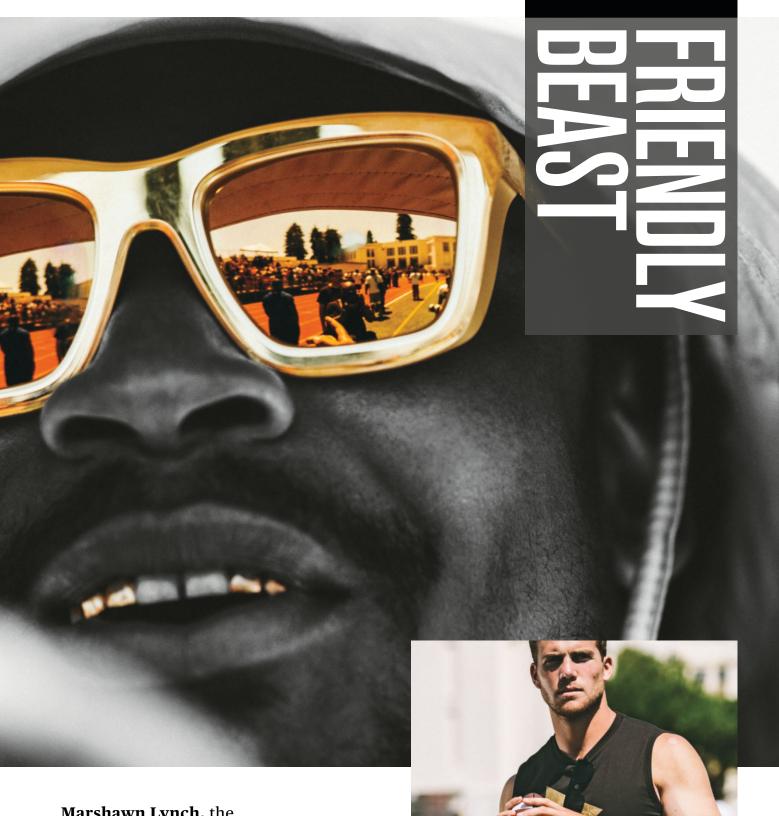
are enjoying an appreciation not seen since Lucy Lawless kicked ass in an armored onesie in *Xena: Warrior Princess*—possibly why NBC reportedly is bringing back the '90s show.

"Men are definitely starting to notice strong women," confirms Catanzaro. The 5-foot, 100-pound dynamo's boyfriend (and fellow *Ninja* competitor) once boasted that if they had the same body mass, she'd easily be stronger than him. "I've never had an issue dating a guy who was intimidated by my strength," she says.

How did we reach this muscular moment? "As widespread acceptance of sexual fluidity becomes more common, so does the masculine desire to see women who embody strength and power," theorizes sex blogger Mandy Stadtmiller, author of *Dear TMI-ary*. "I used to be self-conscious about being 6'2", but I've now noticed more men expressing desire for a warrior princess versus a princess needing a warrior to save her."

Culture is responding, too. Tom Hardy's Mad Max took a backseat to Charlize Theron's tough-as-hell Imperator Furiosa. The Superhero Industrial Complex green-lit a Wonder Woman movie, with talk of franchises for Black Widow and a female, Spider-Man-related superhero. In actual comic books, Thor was reincarnated as a woman last year, and her titles handily outsell dude Thor's. "It's awesome that men love strong, empowered women," says Amy Schumer, who satirizes her own body-image issues on *Inside Amy Schumer*. "As someone who played volleyball and boxes now, I'm glad guys want to get busy with me—but we would do it even if they didn't."

Fair enough. But there's also an undeniably erotic fascination going on here. "An athletic woman is strong all over, if you know what I mean," enthuses fitness expert Kiana Tom. But, uh, just to be clear—what does she mean? "We can hold creative positions for hours, and have amazing endurance." Enjoy keeping up with that. You'll be sore in the morning. —BILL SCHULZ



Marshawn Lynch, the notoriously press-averse running back (and clothing designer), has something to say after all.

OCTOBER 2015 MAXIM.COM

by JEFF BERCOVICI



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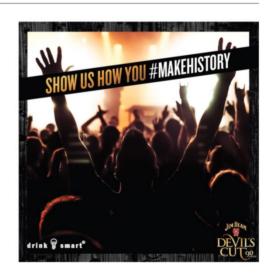
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t's a hot, sunny Saturday in Oakland, California, and Marshawn Lynch is standing on the artificial turf of a high school football field, watching grown men knock children to the ground. The kids are local students, ages six to 18, who are participating in the Fam 1st Family Foundation Football Camp, which the indomitable Seattle Seahawks running back hosts every summer in his hometown. The ball-security drill he's supervising now is clearly his favorite part of the day. The goal is to run through a gauntlet of blocking pads without fumbling. As one skinny adolescent after another is bashed around, the normally

taciturn Lynch goes into Coach Eric Taylor mode. "You're gonna get hit. That's the life of a running back," he announces. "You don't like it? Just let me know. I'll send you over to the receivers." Every time the ball squirts loose, Lynch calls the offender over to his "workstation" for a set of push-ups. Lazy reps beget further punishment and another lecture. "Either you're gonna work or you're gonna get the drill right," Lynch barks, his face impassive behind oversize gold sunglasses. "You don't stop until I get tired."

He's not getting tired, but he is getting hungry. It's after two o'clock and Lynch, who's been on the go since 8 A.M., hasn't eaten lunch yet. He was supposed to get a break at noon, but so many more kids showed up than anyone was expecting—about 1,100 in total—that he spent that time signing T-shirts instead. So when Lynch's aunt walks up to him holding out a stainless steel bowl of

chicken wings, he does what anyone would do: seizes a double handful of them and then jams as many as he can into the top of the tube sock on his right foot. He then resumes coaching, reaching down to his ankle for a fresh wing every few minutes.

OK, maybe that's not what anyone would do. But Lynch has never done things like anyone else. His running style, a bandy-legged stagger, resembles a toddler's gait. He makes \$10 million a year but shares his Seattle home with a roommate, reserve tight end Cooper Helfet. He's the face of *Call of Duty: Black Ops 3*, but at home he and Helfet are

Previous page:

Lynch (inset) and Seahawks tight end Cooper Helfet in Beast Mode.

Opposite page:

(top right) Baltimore Ravens running back Justin Forsett in Beast Mode.

more likely to play dominoes than video games. ("He's actually pretty damn good," Helfet says of Lynch's skills.) And while plenty of professional athletes dislike giving interviews, Lynch has elevated press aversion to performance art. "I'm just here so I won't get fined," his rote answer to more than 25 different questions at a pre-Super Bowl media day last January, became so infamous that he's trademarking the sentence.

He also owns the rights to his other, more celebrated catchphrase: *Beast Mode.* It describes a way of life, he says. It's also the name of his line of streetwear, designed in collaboration with Nike veteran Christopher Bevans. Beast Mode includes T-shirts, hoodies, and hats—the objects Lynch loves—because Lynch has a simple style mission: "Mainly just comfort," he says. "I don't worry about too many people or what they got on. I just do my thing." Many items sold out immediately after the line debuted in June 2013, but now Lynch regularly releases new styles and designs. All profits go to his charitable foundation.

At 5'11", Lynch is shorter than many of his campers today, but his torso has the dimensions and solidity of an antique armoire. If any of the kids are intimidated, they're careful not to show it. Many seem eager to impress him with their indifference—scowling, not smiling, when he sin-

gles them out for a critique or a compliment. "Most successful people who make it out of here, they don't tend to come back and show their faces," says Josh Johnson, Lynch's cousin and a quarterback for the Cincinnati Bengals. "These kids don't have many role models that they get to see, touch, interact with." Contrary to his public image, Johnson says, Lynch is "actually a very sociable individual. You've just got to engage him the right way."

Maxim can attest to that. Though he lets a rare reporter inside his world today, there is still a limit: During what is intended to be a private moment, as he gathers the camp kids around him to deliver some hard-won advice, a pen scratching in a notepad proves too great a distraction. "Yo," he says. "You gotta go."

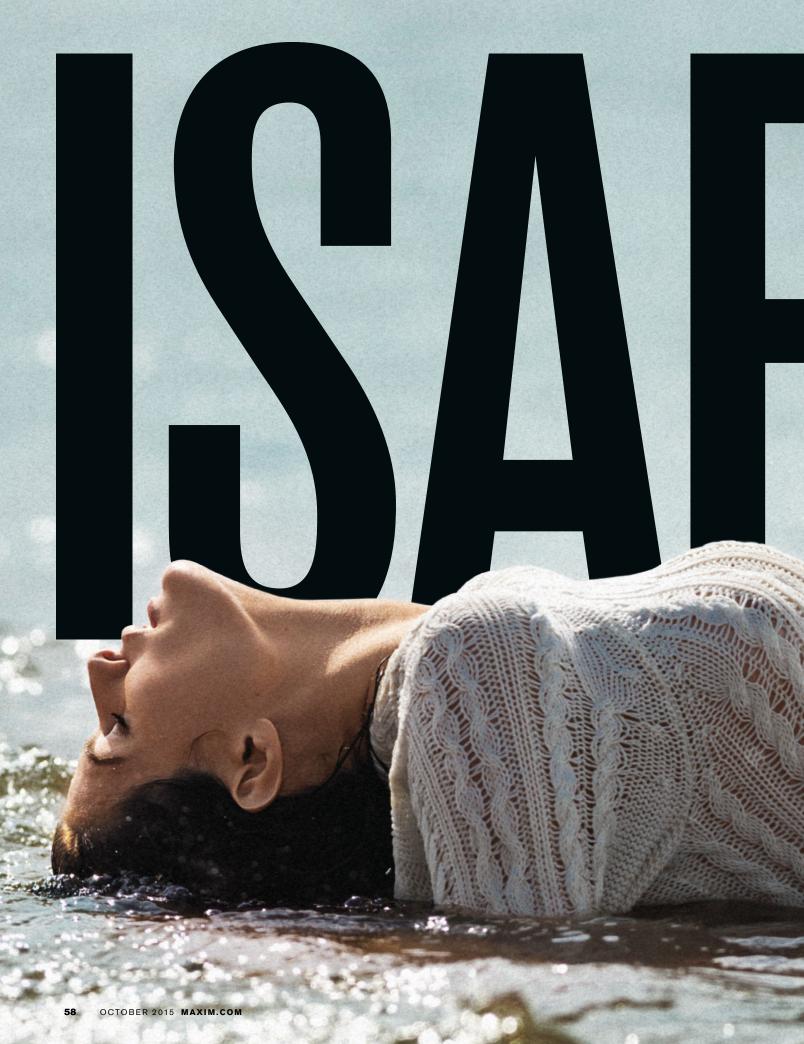
But a few minutes later, sermon concluded, he is happy to sit for an interview and relate some of the content of his talk. "We let 'em know, all of y'all

are not going to the NFL, but that doesn't mean what you learn here at this camp can't apply to your life," he says. Those push-ups and rebukes were meant as broader lessons: "There's consequences to everything you do. You don't do something right, you gotta pay the price for it."

Lynch's outsize personality offers a lesson of its own: that doing it right and doing it your own way aren't mutually exclusive. Speaking of which, what was the deal with those wings? "I don't have pockets on my shorts, so I had to use what I had," he says. Beast Mode's design team is sure to take note: Don't forget the pockets.















Carlyle is the sort of New York hotel where society ladies in pearls contemplate a tea menu that's as thick as a phone book. And yet there she is, fashionably late, chattering away in Portuguese on her cell phone, hair falling in her eyes just so.

Isabeli Fontana has arrived: a Brazilian bombshell in a shrunken Hendrix baseball shirt, impossibly tight black jeans, and biker boots.

The hotel's tearoom is hushed and elegant, and even a sharp clink of spoon against saucer might raise eyebrows, but Fontana is not the sort to apologize for taking a phone call (turns out it was her grandmother on the line). "I'm Latin, and my family is originally from Italy, so we're a loud group," she explains. "There's always a lot of food, a lot of talking, a lot of fighting. You can imagine."

Discovered at age 13 in her hometown of Curitiba, Brazil, Fontana has bared nearly all for Victoria's Secret, stalked the runway for just about every major designer, and fronted campaigns for Balenciaga, Balmain, Hermès, and this fall, Calvin Klein Underwear. She is used to startling people with her sex appeal. "Brazilians love to seduce, to have fun, to dance, to charm. We like a little bit of attention," she explains.

Isabeli is not one to bullshit, either, which can make the fairy-tale fashion industry seem all the more off-putting. "It's a tough world," she says. "One moment you're the hottest thing, there aren't enough hours in the day, you can barely catch your breath. The next moment, it's all about how many Instagram followers you have. It used to just be how you looked, how professional you were; now there's this whole other dimension." Though Fontana is embracing social media and happy to share her personal life, she sometimes finds the whole thing a little bizarre.

In her early days as a model, she remembers feeling "like a human doll. You stick your hands out and someone dresses you. There were times I hated it—it was work, but I felt like nothing."

At 32, though, she has shed her reservations and tapped into a certain fearlessness, embracing her job as a professional exhibitionist with renewed gusto. "I'm good at this, you know?" she says. "I like a shoot when I feel strong and sexy, a little hard, with a darker edge. That's what I do best. I like giving a photographer what they want, working with the art director. And modeling is all I've ever known."

As a young girl, the daughter of a psychologist and a salesman, Isabeli often drew comments for her lanky figure and striking Mediterranean looks. "I had no idea what being a model was," she recalls. "I was the girl skateboarding with the boys. I came from a fairly traditional family where fashion wasn't something anyone considered, but my parents were open to it, if that was how I wanted to make a living."

She hit it big in 1996, becoming a finalist in the Elite Model Look inter-

national competition. Life soon changed drastically. She bought a beach house in Brazil at 16, and became a fan of glitzy restaurants like Nobu and a regular at such star-studded affairs as the amfAR gala in Cannes. (If she's skateboarding these days, it's with her two sons, Zion, 12, and Lucas, 8.)

At the age of 19, she and childhood sweetheart Álvaro Jacomossi, a fellow model, found out she was pregnant with Zion. Lucas is her son with ex-husband Henri Castelli. A brief engagement to Bob Marley's son Rohan followed. Even though she was a mother while still in her teens, her career never flagged and she had her share of fun. "I've had amazing times. Donatella Versace's parties? We danced, we drank. I wasn't the first one to go home, let's put it that way."

A little turbulence in her love life has taught her what she needs in a relationship. "Don't sit there on your cell phone, distracted—I want to matter to a guy," she says. "Walk into the room and notice me." She concedes being a supermodel's other half can be a challenge. "It's not easy to be the boyfriend," she says. "You have to be a strong guy."

Getting attention from men was never particularly difficult. The question is what kind of attention. "Of course, you sense when men want you as a trophy," she says. "I don't need to be anyone's trophy. A guy will say, "That ring? I can buy you a bigger ring.' I can buy whatever I need; what I

ou can sense when men want you as a trophy. I don't need to be anyone's trophy.' want is real love." Fontana has found that with her fiancé, Brazilian rocker Diego Ferrero. On the inside of her ring finger, the phrase REAL LOVE, in Ferrero's handwriting, is tattooed in black ink. In Brazil, the two are a power couple. They recently posed together for Brazilian *Glamour*—and at the launch party for the issue earlier this year, Fontana surprised Ferrero with a vintage Motorino scooter in honor of his 30th birthday.

For now, Fontana lives in São Paulo, which she thought would be the best place to raise her children. "I wanted some kind of balance and quality of life for them," she says. But the gypsy life of a model means she's now thinking of a move to Miami, to be closer to the fashion hubs of New York and Paris.

Which can mean only one thing: We're about to see even more of Isabeli. ■













in Boston off a red-eye from Santa Cruz, he doesn't have much information about the person he's come to see. He knows that her name is Dawn Ditano and that she is dying. And that for her last rites, she had requested neither a priest nor a rabbi. She had requested him, the 59-year-old cofounder and CEO of the world's largest fitness chain—CrossFit.

Less than 48 hours later, he marches into Massachusetts General Hospital, accompanied by his Global Brand Manager and occasional body man, an ex-Marine named Jimi Letchford.

"Dawn, the coach is here!" a woman screams as Glassman bursts through the door. From where she lies encircled by a troupe of muscular women in matching gym T-shirts, Ditano shrieks—"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, oh my God"—and starts to cry. "There you are," Glassman says, laughing as Ditano stares at him in disbelief. He's used to this now, the stupefying effect he has on CrossFit acolytes. The fact that he's been summoned here, for this, doesn't seem to surprise him a bit.

Even in her blue hospital pants and a T-shirt, with her rocky biceps and bulging trapezoids, Ditano looks supremely healthy. The cancer came on that suddenly. Her friends have blown up several photos of her for Glassman to sign. One shows her performing a squat with a 135-pound

barbell over her head. She looks unstoppable, like the poster girl for the CrossFit gym she's co-owned and operated in Boston since 2010.

A plump nurse in a yellow scrub top pauses at the door, surprised by the crowd. "Oh, hello," she says, looking around at the group of muscle-bound women, at Glassman smiling gamely from Ditano's side, at the square-jawed Jimi Letchford.

Ditano's friend and business partner, Dawn Mary Angus, introduces Glassman. "Having him here, for us, is like having Mick Jagger," she says. Later, Angus tells me she'd spent the previous day engaged in "barbell therapy" to help cope with losing her friend.

"People need a place in the world where they're not a mom, or a CEO, or a janitor. It's a hard thing for outsiders to understand." The nurse has come to give Ditano a lesson on self-administering pain medication, as she'll soon be transferred home. But Ditano is eager to assume the role of instructor. Before taking up CrossFit, she had struggled with addiction, and she credits the sport with saving her life. "Think of a baby," she says to the nurse. "When babies squat, they don't bend in half at the waist like most adults do. They bend at the knees. CrossFit is all about fitness through natural movements."

At that moment, as if on cue, a bundle of IV tubing slips from the nurse's hands and onto the floor. She bends down carefully, at the knees, to pick it up. "Oh, yeah!" shouts Angus. "Keep squatting! Hold it, hold it!" The nurse glances over at Glassman, a petite man with scraggly gray hair. His right foot is in a padded boot, the result of a recent surgery. "A solid squat," he says, and the room erupts in applause.

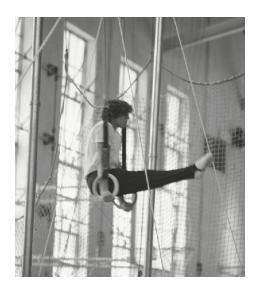
When people started doing CrossFit in 2001, it was revolutionary and also a little crazy. If you live in, say, Silicon Valley, where the sport is popular among the tech elite, you've probably seen them in their muscle tees and tiny shorts, flipping tires or carrying each other up flights of stairs. Athletes (anyone who takes a class is called an athlete; instructors are "coaches"; gyms are "boxes") combine homegrown resistance-training techniques (i.e., the tires), explosive weight lifting, running, and squats to transform their bodies into hard-charging muscle machines.

But the bigger appeal of CrossFit is the fiercely tribal culture around it. CrossFitters train together, eat together, and party together. They also, as is only natural wherever washboard abs and toned glutes abound, tend to sleep together. They've been described as a "cult of overachievers." Their unofficial mascot is a clown vomiting on himself, and for good reason: Puking is practically a rite of passage for beginners. Egregious injuries resulting from the sport have been well documented.

Still, CrossFit is one of the fastest-growing networks of affiliated gyms on Earth. A new "box" opens somewhere in the world every two hours, and more than 115,000 people to date have been certified to coach. The company earns more than \$100 million a year in revenue from the \$1,000 certification fees and \$3,000 annual gym fees, and one man owns it 100 percent.

That man is Greg Glassman, a salty, charming but little-known, thrice-married father of seven who may be the most unlikely spiritual leader to emerge in the 21st century. For millions of devoted CrossFitters, Glassman is a brash, libertarian guiding voice. He's a preacher with an enormous platform, given to tirades against government interference and what he sees as a Big Soda conspiracy to make the world fat. He surrounds himself with a posse of ex-Marines and ex-SEALs, and he relishes his place behind the scenes. So who is this modern messiah?

Maxim was granted unprecedented access to find out.



GREG GLASSMAN was born July 22, 1956, and raised in Woodland Hills, an upper-middle-class Los Angeles suburb. At 10 weeks old, he contracted polio, although he wasn't diagnosed until more than a year later, when he was given a small walker. "I was just one-legging it for a while," he says, laughing. "I'm not the wallowing type."

Glassman spent summers with his grandparents in Alabama, where he and his cousins slept two to a bed. "It was the only thing in my childhood that was wholesome," he recalls. "At home, there was nothing but mischief and vandalism. My mom was pretty mean-spirited. And my dad turned everything into a pissing contest."



Above: Athletes compete at the 2015 CrossFit Games; 273,000 people took part in the Open this past February. Opposite page: A young Glassman trains on gymnastics rings. When Glassman was 12, his father, a rocket scientist, came to him with a bag of a thousand nails and a micrometer and had him measure each nail to 10-thousandths of an inch and make a histogram as a lesson. "I was in a mathoppressive environment," he says.

At school, Glassman was a brawler. ("I could fight at the drop of a hat; that part's still in me.") He spent most of his

free time building up his upper body. Given his medical history, contact sports weren't an option, and, at 5'6", neither was competitive swimming. But gymnastics was, so he became a ring man, despite his parents' concern that he'd hurt himself. "I couldn't run as fast as the others, but I could always do more pull-ups than anybody," he says. "All I needed was chalk and the rings and to be left alone."

Coaching gymnastics while still in high school, Glassman tried to teach himself how to squat, only to realize he couldn't. His body, strengthened with classic gym routines, wasn't tuned for functional movement. "Like all religions," he says, "this is a redemption story."

Glassman developed almost the entire CrossFit program in his garage at 16 years old, mixing gymnastics, power lifting, and calisthenics. He attended college but never finished. "I went to half a dozen institutions, but I was just there for the girls."

Glassman's first wife, Brandy Jones, had been a childhood neighbor. His second, Lauren Jenai, was a client who eventually cofounded Cross-Fit with him. In 2012, they went through a contentious divorce, and, at risk of a corporate takeover if Lauren sold her half of the company, Glassman ultimately bought her out for \$16.2 million. He met his current wife, Maggie Robinson, by happenstance two years ago: She was a waitress at

a restaurant he frequented in San Diego. Or at least that's the version of the story he prefers. "That's what he told you?" Dale Saran, Glassman's head of legal, says with a laugh. "No, no, Maggie was on a date with me."

"Well, Dale fell asleep in the Jacuzzi," Glassman concedes. "Someone had to take her home."

In the late '90s, Glassman began to amass a following as an unorthodox personal trainer who whipped clients into a frenzy of randomly assigned sprints and deadlifts—and coached them in libertarian philosophy. "First time I met him, I was like, *Who is this grandiose mother*-

fucker?" says Brian Mulvaney, who met Glassman in 1999 and eventually joined the CrossFit team as a strategist. "You're on the bike just getting ground to pieces, and he's trying to engage you intellectually."

Glassman got kicked out of a handful of gyms for being disruptive before landing his own space in 2001. "I started out with military and baller-tech clients," he says. "There's a recognition among the tech guys that fitness comes painfully like code comes painfully. Also, those are the people with fucking jobs in Santa Cruz."

Glassman began posting workouts online, and they went viral. Venture capitalist Bill Gross—who'd launched CitySearch.com and eToys.com—was poised to invest, and eBay billionaire Meg Whitman was floated as a potential

ike all religions,' he says, 'this is a redemption story.'

board member. Then the tech bubble burst before Glassman took on funding. But CrossFit continued to grow.

Soon after, Glassman started certifying coaches and establishing "affiliates," autonomous gyms that pay him an annual fee—though he was fiercely selective, aiming only for the most dedicated fitness fanatics. "We deliberately started at the top and back-filled," he says. "No SEAL is going to do the fat people's workout. But the fat people will do the SEAL workout."

People were wary of CrossFit early on. It certainly looks alarming—weights flying around, people sprinting at random. And Glassman didn't

do himself any favors when, in 2005, he told *The New York Times*, "It can kill you...If you find the notion of falling off the rings and breaking your neck so foreign to you, then we don't want you in our ranks."

But injuries never seriously stunted the sport. That may be because the hazard isn't actually abnormally high: With an injury rate of 3.1 per thousand hours of exercise, CrossFit is roughly the same as weight lifting or triathlon training, according to a 2013 study in *The Journal of Strength and Conditioning Research*. Or it could be because Glassman and his lawyers have aggressively gone after any organization that's suggested CrossFit is especially dangerous. Or maybe the appeal of CrossFit's community was just unusually strong, and happy participants turned into active recruiters. "I

am not going to surrender myself to assholes with lobbyists.'

always get asked how many CrossFitters there are," says Glassman. "I've got no fucking idea. Several million is the answer I'm most comfortable with. It's like estimating the size of the universe."

THE WEEK BEFORE WATCHING Glassman deliver last rites, I meet him for lunch in Santa Cruz so he can size me up. Letchford warns me he's walked out on reporters before. When I arrive at the outdoor café, I hear the grumble of large men before seeing them. "It's go time," one says.

Glassman's posse—three guys, two of whom are former military—stand, a phalanx of pecs and traps, and then step aside. And there's the great Greg Glassman. Sporting some gray stubble and an old T-shirt over a muscular barrel chest, he looks scruffy and imposing until he lifts himself out of the chair. Glassman is short, with narrow, off-kilter hips and a very noticeable limp. He doesn't look like a health guru. He doesn't look like the driving force behind one of the fastest growing gym chains in the world. He doesn't look like he could throw tires or live on a gluten-free Paleo diet. If anything, he looks hurt: His thumbnail is black with a bruise, and his foot is in a brace (a compression fracture turned arthritic).

He shakes my hand and asks me to sit. Today Glassman doesn't want to talk about CrossFit. He'd rather talk about a Twitter fight he's having with the pop singer Nick Jonas. The squabble began back in April, when CrossFit tweeted a photoshopped picture of a soda bottle next to the words *open diabetes*. Jonas, a diabetes sufferer, fired back with a tweet accusing CrossFit of conflating type 1 and type 2 diabetes. "This is not cool," it began. Later, when ABC News asked Glassman about the spat, he claims to have replied, simply: "Fuck Nick Jonas." I don't believe him, so Glassman pulls out his phone to show me the e-mail. Indeed, that's what he wrote—"Fuck Nick Jonas"—and he tells me he wants to fly a banner over the CrossFit Games that says it as well.





Over a meal of fried calamari, guacamole, and crab cakes, I learn that Glassman sees himself as a man at war on multiple fronts-with Big Soda, with sportsmedicine associations, with anyone who questions the value of a squat. Right now, his biggest threat is a slew of proposed laws in several states to criminalize fitness trainers who don't acquire certification from the American College of Sports Medicine or the National Strength and Conditioning Association. If enacted, it would be possible for police to charge CrossFit trainers with an aggravated misdemeanor. One such law already passed in D.C. "I'm not going to surrender myself to assholes with lobbyists," he says. "I'm going to get my own asshole lobbyists." Six months ago, he hired powerful D.C. fixers to battle the legislation. "I'm going to fuck some people up."



The following Monday, I drive up to Glassman's new 16-acre property in Santa Cruz, on the edge of Larkin Valley, overlooking the water and not far from the CrossFit media headquarters.

He wears an Indiana T-shirt and backward baseball cap, and carries a can of LaCroix sparkling water. He shows me a whiteboard in his kitchen where he's scrawled dozens of math equations that he says prove CrossFit has made people lose "80 million fucking pounds of fat."

There's a grand piano he believes he can learn to play by applying a "CrossFit mentality" to the task. "I don't know if I have any musical aptitude, but what if you just took lessons every fucking day? I also got a hot piano teacher. That helps."

Glassman's personal aircraft is a tiny silver prop plane. Its four leather seats are CrossFit branded, and its tail number refers to his second wife's resistance to its purchase–123FU. The control panel bears a plaque: HAND-BUILT AND INDIVIDUALIZED FOR GREG GLASSMAN.

There's a CrossFit box at the bottom of the air control tower, and Glassman tells me that one of the controllers is "a CrossFit hottie."

The pilot, wearing a tight CrossFit shirt, cues up a mellow coffee-house mix that plays as we fly to San Diego. Glassman bought his other new house there in May with the staging furniture still in it. He likes it for obvious reasons (roof deck, pool) but specifically because he can see the TV from the kitchen through the central fireplace tower—and for the fish. At the door, he pauses in front of the koi pond. "They're so smart," he says. "I fucking love the shit out of these guys."

Later, we stop for a quick lunch (Glassman orders the cheesesteak sandwich) and then he takes me to CrossFit's Solana Beach office, where he keeps the company's fine-art collection and his stable of extremely muscular lawyers, about half of whom are at standing desks in tight pastel spandex. The decor includes what is seemingly a portrait of a nun in a habit but, upon closer inspection, is actually a collage of photos of women in lingerie.

Along a back wall is a curious display: an elaborate chart on a whiteboard crowded with head shots and a timeline that attempts to draw

Above: CrossFit athletes sometimes compete as male-female teams. Here, a team deadlifts a barbell.

Opposite page: Glassman scrawls notes on a whiteboard in his home in Santa Cruz.

a connection between soft-drink companies, sports-regulation associations, athlete deaths, and a study that links CrossFit to injuries. It also includes a section called Victims, featuring photos of athletes who died of overhydration linked to Gatorade. An additional timeline tracks various events, like when Gatorade donated to the sports-regulating body the American College of Sports Medicine, and when that body linked

CrossFit to health problems.

We get back on the plane and set off again across the bright blue water up to LAX, where we meet Letchford, whom Glassman first found during a CrossFit seminar for Canadian armed forces. "Jimi was a stud in Fallujah," he tells me as we touch down on the tarmac.

The three of us grab dinner at the airport, where Glassman and Letchford spot a couple of "CrossFit hotties." Competitive CrossFit men are quite small. The best tend to be built like gymnasts, around 5'10" and 185 pounds. The best CrossFit women are also tiny, but tough. It's a distinctive body type, Letchford explains. "The body tapers, strong traps, tiny waist, developed hiney, strong legs: clearly female but nothing frail."

"Gal looks like she plows, you know?" Glassman adds for clarification. It's an aesthetic he calls "the better beautiful."

When they're together, Glassman and Letchford are endlessly boyish. They nudge each other if they spot an attractive waitress or doctor or pedestrian. Women, in turn, love them, especially Letchford, who has blue eyes, wears skintight T-shirts, and looks like GI Joe, and whom the flight attendants on the way to Boston corner by the bathroom for half an hour.

At airport security, the woman behind me passes through the metal detector thanking Glassman profusely. I ask why. "He just gave me such great advice on my cat," she says. Glassman bids the woman farewell and adds, "Bye-bye, Penelope" to her cat.

IF CROSSFIT IS A RELIGION, the annual games are its Hajj. Every July, CrossFitters from all over the world gather in Carson, California, and Glassman walks among them shaking hands, receiving the faithful, and hearing stories of how the sport has changed their lives. The Games, which have turned fitness into a spectator sport, might be the largest athletic event in the world: Two hundred seventy-three thousand people competed in the Open this past February.

As soon as Glassman starts signing people's body parts, I set off to explore on my own. Next to the arena is "Vendor Village," where dozens of CrossFit-related companies set up tents to hawk their wares. It's a hot day, and the place is packed.

One of the first booths by the gate is for Qalo, "the functional wedding ring for an active lifestyle." At the Affiliate Guard booth, I meet Vaughn T. Vernon, who sells insurance for CrossFit gyms. I ask if they typically cover things like broken windows. "Sure, or if they get rhabdo," he says. What? "Rhabdomyolysis—when the muscle fibers come off and go into your bloodstream and get into your kidneys. Your muscles hurt for a few days, and your pee is the color of Coke. It can be fatal."

Later, when I look this up, I discover Uncle Rhabdo, a clown attached to a dialysis machine, and an unofficial CrossFit mascot.

I get a text from Letchford. Glassman is moving: "hustle." Letchford, Glassman's bodyguard, Travis, and his 28-year-old blogger, Russ Greene, surround the boss as he makes his way to the tennis stadium. Everyone wants a picture. Some grab onto his hands and thank him, saying how much he means to them, how much he changed their lives.

In the tennis stadium, we watch from Glassman's private box as people "snatch" 190- to 215-pound barbells. The weight isn't much, Glassman explains. The event is about speed and precision—"being an inch too far forward or back means you drop the bar."

For all the machismo in CrossFit, it's actually a very (CONT. ON P. 96)



















PHOTOGRAPHED BY KAREN COLLINS STYLED BY WAYNE GROSS SCREAM QUEENS' KEKE PALMER KNOWS

HOW TO PLAY THE VICTIM.

by Adam Linehan



This spread:

Shirt and socks, Calvin Klein. Briefs, Hanro. Earrings, Carat London.

Previous spread: Swimsuit, American Apparel.



YOU MAY KNOW Keke Palmer as that child star who grew up to be the woman of your dreams. In that case, cue the night terrors. "I did a horror movie before this, and I loved it, loved it, loved it," says the 21-year-old actress from the set of Scream Queens, a slasher-comedy series premiering on FOX this month. "I just want to keep doing more."

Born in the suburbs of South Chicago, Palmer has always been good at getting what she wants. After starring in her first Hollywood film, Barbershop 2: Back in Business, at age nine, she convinced her family to relocate to L.A. so she could pursue an acting career. And she's been unstoppable ever since. On top of her four dozen-plus acting credits (she's had recurring roles

on 90210 and Showtime's critically acclaimed Masters of Sex), Palmer's résumé includes a season on Broadway as Cinderella, a studio-recorded R&B album, and a talk show on BET, Just Keke, that debuted last year, making her the youngest talk-show host in television history.

Of course, a schedule that busy requires a lot of shooting from the hip. "They didn't really give me too many details about my character when I signed up, so I've been improvising a lot," she says of her role as Zayday Williams, a sorority girl—and likely homicide victim—in

Scream Queens, which also stars Emma Roberts, Ariana Grande, and Jamie Lee Curtis, among many others. (It's going to be a bloodbath.) "Greek life was something I always heard about growing up. My dad and uncles had all been in the same fraternity."

But mastering the art of the toga party is only half the battle. Set on a fictional college campus in New Orleans, Scream Queens centers around a sorority house with a major serial-killer problem. As far as slasher anthologies go, it's the perfect storm, especially when Ryan Murphy, Brad Falchuk, and Ian Brennan-cocreators of Glee and American Horror Story-are calling the shots. "They're such a great pyramid of creative geniuses," Palmer says. "I know it sounds terrible to say, but the killing scenes are going to be so cool."

If Murphy, Falchuk, and
Brennan stick to their promise of
offing one character per episode,
there's a good chance Palmer
will find herself on the wrong end
of a butcher knife—or an ax,
or a chain saw, or a lawn-mower
blade—sometime soon. She
doesn't know how, or even when,
it's going to happen. But, she
says, it needs to be epic. "That's
what I keep telling them. If I die
in the next episode, make sure you
zoom in close, so you can really
see my eyes!"





This page: Shirt, American Apparel.

Opposite page: Sweater, Ballet Beautiful, available at Net-A-Porter. Leg warmers, American Apparel.







It's time to fucking get ready! Stop dicking around," pitching coach Billy Bryk yells, stomping into the Frontier Greys locker room. In an hour, his guys will be taking on the Slammers of Joliet, Illinois, a team named in honor of the local prison. They are professional baseball players, technically in the minor leagues, though on the lowest rung. And few are dressed. They're mostly all joking about a tray of...corn dogs? Nobody's sure what to call it. It's a mound of lukewarm hot dogs dumped atop a bed of what is surely canned corn, left on a table in their locker room. The Greys' pregame diet is entirely dependent upon the whims of the host team. A few guys had tried the grub and spat it out. At least one dog had gone sailing across the room.

"You see our spread?" infielder Brandon Tierney asks Bryk.

"Yeah, beautiful," the coach replies. "Corn fucking dogs. Who gives a fuck. You don't like it, play better." Bryk's pregame routine amounts to striding around the room like a big curious dog, occasionally grabbing

players by the shoulders to shake them loose. "Let's fucking go. Shane, how are you not fucking ready right now? You guys are fucking dead in here. It's like a fucking library. Put the music on. Let's go. It's game time."

Someone starts blasting Canaan Smith's "Love You Like That" from a portable speaker. The room springs into motion.

That line of his-You don't like it, play better-might as well be the team's motto. Even before the corn dogs, there've been many opportunities to use it today. You don't like boarding a bus at 8:30 A.M. and driving four hours, with a game scheduled that night? Play better. You don't like sleeping on the disgusting floor of that bus? Play better. You don't like that you're staying at the Motel 6? That you just put on the same jersey you've worn every game since the beginning of the season, because the Greys provide you with only one? That your jersey has a two-inch hole in it (which Tierney's does), or that the only pants you were given don't actually fit (as outfielder Ben Lodge's don't)? That while your last name is D'Alessandro-that would be Justin D'Alessandro, tomorrow's starting pitcher-your locker is labeled LESANDRO because whoever wrote it doesn't know you and doesn't really care?

When you play better, you'll play in a better ballpark, on a better team, in front of better crowds. You won't be here. That's the point. And it could happen anytime. A scout could be in the stands, watching tonight's game. Every day is an opportunity.

Bryk is the team's animator; he's amped up all the time. But its leader is manager Vinny Ganz, who might just have the hardest job in baseball. Unlike every team the Greys play—and unlike, in fact, every other professional baseball team in America—this one is homeless. The Greys do not play for a city. They have no stadium. No fans. No T-shirts for sale. Their logo is just a ball and two bats. Their name is so generic, they might as well be called the Team. And they are always the visitors, always in the away team's locker room—trekking hours by bus across the Midwest just to be booed by the home crowd in Traverse City, Michigan, or heckled in Florence, Kentucky.

Ganz had to call 400 men just to find the 24 willing to join this nomadic tribe. He'd call guys up and say, essentially, Yeah: This sounds terrible. You work four months, live in motels and occasionally a local volunteer's basement, and earn \$2,700 total, on average, for your trouble. But there are scouts in the stands—the magical men, the wandering eyes of major league teams, who will watch you play. They won't see you if you're sitting on your ass, which is what you're doing now. So come chase the dream.

This pitch works on a particular kind of player: "It gets *hungry* guys," Ganz says. "It gets guys that'll run through a wall for you." Guys so desperate to play the game of baseball that they'll put up with anything. Tierney played ball throughout college, then couldn't find a pro team to take him; now he's the Greys' leading hitter. D'Alessandro spent three seasons with the Toronto Blue Jays' minor league teams. When the Jays dumped him, he tried to leave baseball. "It hit me hard: I really miss the game," he says. "I need to be playing." Outfielder Shane Brown had made it all the way up to Double A, two steps away from the majors,



before getting cut. He spent all of last year hunting for a second chance while working as a substitute P.E. teacher in Orlando.

In exchange for this chance, they spend most of their time on a bus, sometimes for eight hours at a stretch-crisscrossing the Midwest from Ohio to Michigan to western Pennsylvania, standing around in hotel lobbies with their pillows when rooms aren't ready, sleeping

Opposite page: Team manager Vinny Ganz at his temporary office in the awayteam locker room. Right: Greys infielder Scott Carcaise after a bad at-bat.

within earshot of a highway and playing a game hours later. It gives them time to think, to ruminate about the almost laughably glamour-free version of the national pastime that is their lot. "Baseball's about failure," Brown says, voicing an old cliché that he's taken to heart. "It really is. Hit three out of 10, and you're a Hall of Famer. So you're failing all those other times." And the real point is to keep getting up to bat, because one of these times, you're going to connect and start heading for home.

Ganz knows this himself-and his story is the greatest sales pitch he has: His own playing dreams were sidelined by injuries, causing him to grow a little belly. Now he's 27, a habitual tobacco spitter, and hoarse from managing 24 men's needs. He doesn't require luxuries; he calls any beer more sophisticated than Budweiser a "milk shake," too thick for his taste. He wants one thing, really: to coach. In the majors.

"I'm trying to get out as much as every single one of them," he says. Nobody wants to be here. Which is why they're all here.

BASEBALL IS A straightforward game, but it is a complex, multitiered business. At the tip-top-with the Yankees, the Red Sox, everything a casual fan knows-is Major League Baseball. Down the line are six other leagues that the MLB uses as a farm system, each made up of teams affiliated with one of the top franchises. Say that you, like Brown, began your pro career by being drafted by the Yankees in the 23rd round. Congrats! Guys from the first round are signing multimilliondollar deals, and you're off to the Staten Island Yankees, in what's known as Short Season Single A. Do well and you'll be promoted upward to Single A. And so on.

This is known as the affiliate system. (Fans tend to call it the minor leagues, a generic term.) And when anyone on the Greys talks about getting out, of building toward their dreams, they're talking about going here-to the affiliates. You hear the term constantly among these

> ised land; others fought their way in only to find themselves cast out and desperate to return.

> The Greys are something else en-League positions itself as the place for

guys. Some have never seen this prom-

tirely: independent baseball. Spread out across the country, independent leagues-that is, leagues with no formal ties to the MLB-carry on as selfcontained baseball ecosystems, hosting their own all-star games, their own playoffs, crowning their own champions. One of the oldest indies in operation is the Frontier League, which began in 1993. And when a player joins, its commissioner, Bill Lee, will tell him this: "You're welcome to stay as long as you want, but get the fuck out." In part, he's speaking to their passion-he knows they'd rather be in the affiliates. But he's also being economical. The Frontier



the youngest, most determined guys-who, incidentally, are willing to play for the least amount of money.

The Greys, who have often been the Frontier League's worst team, shouldn't really exist at all. In 2012, the Frontier League expanded from 12 to 14 teams. But midway into that season, the owner of one of those new teams, the London Rippers of Ontario, ran into financial trouble and could no longer fund his new plaything. The Rippers disbanded, leaving a gaping hole in every other team's schedule. So the league funded the former Rippers on a shoestring to make sure the rest of the league functioned normally. The team would haunt the Midwest in a sort of baseball purgatory. The lowest of the low. It was rechristened the Greys. That's the color of baseball's traditional away uniforms, but it also-appropriately, perhaps cruelly-denotes a lack of identity. The color of nothingness, of invisibility, of something that's neither this nor that.

Anyone in the Midwest want a baseball team? Because the Frontier Greys would love a permanent home. It's been three years. In the meantime, its guys are on the road.

BEFORE THEIR GAME against the Slammers, Tierney and Lodge are standing around, comparing notes on their pre-Greys careers. "As a teacher, I was making \$1,200 a week," Lodge says. He's from Australia; last year he played in a league there before coming to America to take a shot at the affiliates.

"I was waiting tables. I was at, like, the No. 1 Mexican restaurant in Texas, and we were pulling in \$200, maybe \$400 a night in tips," Tierney says. "Straight cash."

Now both are making \$150 a week before taxes. They shake their heads. What the hell are they doing here? "We have to keep telling ourselves-love the game, love the game," Lodge says, and laughs, as the two walk back to the locker room.



They're here for a reason, and that reason makes for an unusually deep bond. They talk a lot of baseball—watch it in the hotel rooms, drive to major league stadiums on their off days to sit in the stands. But that's not all they think about. It's a bus full of dudes in their 20s, after all, rolling through a landscape of bars and casinos. The team calls itself the Tinderwolves, for the guys' penchant for swiping right on the local talent in the towns they're rolling up to. "You gotta go plus-two on the road," says pitcher and team Tinder leader Kyle Bogese, meaning that a girl he'd normally rank a 6 is a road 8. "And we're always on the road." He offers the hottest prospects tickets to the game. That's a near-guaranteed score.

But temporary groupies aside, the guys aren't bothered by a lack of fans. Infielder Francisco Rosario knows the downside of affection: He made it to High Single A with the Yankees, a step below Double A but good enough to attract hangers-on, especially back home in the Dominican Republic. Girls inviting him to parties. Guys buying his meals. "You feel like you're important," he says, "but you haven't made it yet." It went to his head. When his affiliate team decreased his playing time, he copped an attitude. Then they cut him, and poof: The hangers-on disappeared, along with his inflated sense of self-worth.

He's better off. "One of the biggest good things that happened in my life was that the Yankees released me," he says. "Here, I do the best I can, and I'm focused every day. Everything is better now. My body, my mind. Everything."

When game time comes—the first in a three-day series against the Slammers—the Greys are suited up and stroll out into a beautiful, though very small, ballpark. Entire sections are empty. And between innings, instead of sponsoring the usual T-shirt toss, a local grocery store has stadium staff toss bags of hamburger buns into the crowd. It's like Soviet Russia. The place holds a little more than 6,000, one-fifth the size of MLB's smallest ballpark, the Tampa Bay Rays'. Tonight, only

RESS 13

2,176 fans are here. Then again, 2,176 people paying to watch you do the thing you love most? That is pretty cool. That is an honor. Walk out onto that ball field with them, as I did, and you can understand why the Greys want this, and more.

In the dugout, before the first pitch, guys are already spitting all over the place. "Man, why do I always have to poop before a game?" infielder Scott

Below: Pitcher
Justin D'Alessandro
winds up.
Opposite page:
Some Greys players
walk across Silver
Cross Field, home of
the Joliet Slammers.

Carcaise announces to laughter. In the fifth inning, with the game tied 1-1, I wander up to find three Greys pitchers in the stands. When they're not playing, some are dispatched up here to track how their opponents are swinging. The home plate ump blows a call, and the guys groan. "The umpires in this league, they're so inconsistent," D'Alessandro says. "You always see something ridiculous."

"Who are the umps?" I ask. "Just some locals?"

"No, they're guys trying to get out, like us."

It might happen. The pitchers have already scanned the crowd and spotted a scout. He's hard to miss—the middle-aged guy in the baseball cap, sitting directly behind home plate, holding a radar gun and tapping the details of every pitch and swing into an iPad.

Between innings, I sit down in the empty row behind him. "Are you a scout?" I ask dumbly, slightly intimidated by the power he holds to shape a player's destiny.

"I am," he says.

His name is Chris Colwell, and he's with the Philadelphia Phillies. He's flagged three Frontier League players so far this season—none from the Greys, but there is a Greys pitcher he thinks has promise. Before he makes his decision, though, he wants to see the guy throw some more.

Is his word enough to change that pitcher's life?

"If I see a player that I feel maybe should get a shot at affiliated, I send in a report to the full-time scout for the Phillies," he says. "And then it's up to him to come out here and take a look himself."

Oh. So if he's not the full-time scout, then...?

"I'm an associate scout. Associate means volunteer."

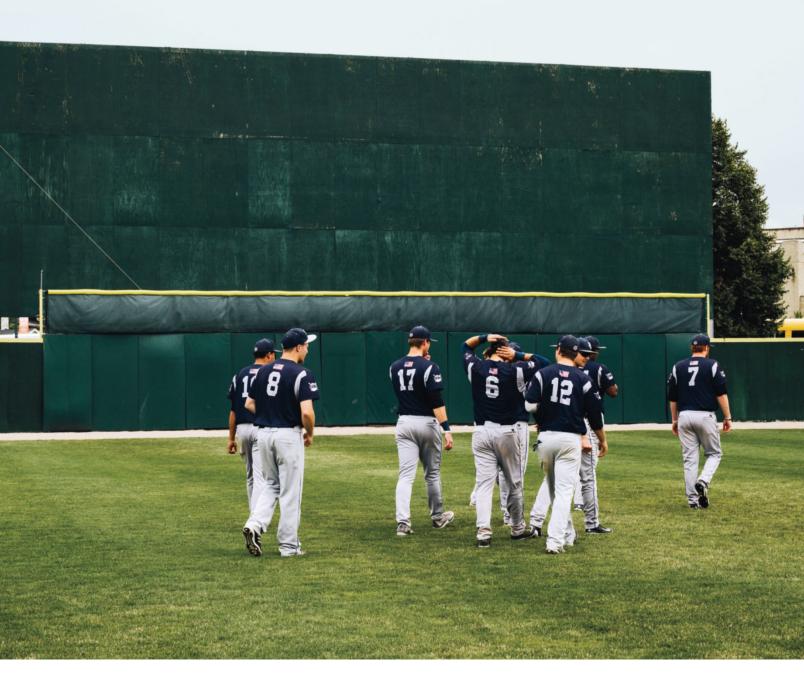
Colwell, the owner of a local printing business, has coached youth and amateur baseball for 26 years. He loves the game. He is devoted to it. And he's got larger ambitions of his own. "I tell the players, we've both got the same goal," he says. "You want to get into affiliated. At some point, I do, too. We're chasing the same thing."

Even the scouts. Even the scouts.

The Slammers win the game 2-1, and the Greys march back in silence to the away team's locker room. Nearby, in a bare coach's room that's maybe 12 by 12 feet, Bryk stares at his locker and Ganz stares at his desk. "We'll get back after it tomorrow," Ganz says. "Day in and day out, every inning, they battle. That's all I ask them to do."

I ask Bryk about his role as team cheerleader. He kept at it throughout the game, yelling in the dugout. "They need this more than any team that I've ever been with," Bryk says. His dad is a scout for the Arizona Diamondbacks; he, too, would like to reach the majors one day. "This is a grinding time. There's been times that I've heard guys fighting, and I go in and say, 'Hey, you guys want to f'n fight somebody? The guys you want to fight are on the other team. If

hen you have that dream, that fire, that need to get out and play, that's hard to get rid of.'



we're going to fight each other, we're not going to survive."

Tonight, nobody is fighting. The players line up in silence around a table in the middle of their lockers, filling plates with yet another stadium-provided meal. Tonight it's fried chicken, ziti, and broccoli. A rare night of good eating. A small victory.

PITCHER TANNER ROARK remembers it. The tiny stadiums. The nowhere towns. The absolute, blind devotion to a goal. "You believe in yourself more than anybody believes in you," he says. "When you have that dream, that fire, that need to get out and play every day as hard as you can and keep giving everything you got, and keep working hard—it's one of those things that you have inside of you that's hard to get rid of."

He had his own hardship. He played college ball at the University of Illinois but was cut in his junior year when he didn't meet the minimum GPA. A Frontier League coach invited him onto the team. Roark went. He had no better plan.

So, what are the odds? This striving, this dreaming, men wedded to the rare privilege of playing a game for a living–it's all very warm and hopeful, but at some point they must reckon with cold numbers: Last year, across the league, an average of about five guys per team were called up to the affiliates. That's about 20 percent. The vast majority don't rise past Single A. Across the affiliate system this season, 75 guys playing were from the Frontier League.

But some go higher. Since the league began in 1993, thousands of players have put on a Frontier uniform. Twenty-seven have made it all the way to the top, to the big game. Four are there right now.

Roark believed he'd be one of them. Not that it matters—they all believe it. They have to. But unlike most, he kept rising, to coaches who saw his talent and helped him refine it. For eight years, he fought his way up. Then he got an offer, in 2013, to join the Washington Nationals. For a month, he sat in a major league bullpen, waiting. And one day the call came. Coach said it was his turn.

He doesn't remember much about that day. He was too anxious. A teammate gave him two bits of advice: Act like you belong out there, and before you throw your first pitch, look around for a moment. Appreciate it. And so Roark did. The batter stepped up. "I took a deep breath," he says, "and went right after him."

And that first pitch he threw as a Major League Baseball player, the man he always wanted to become?

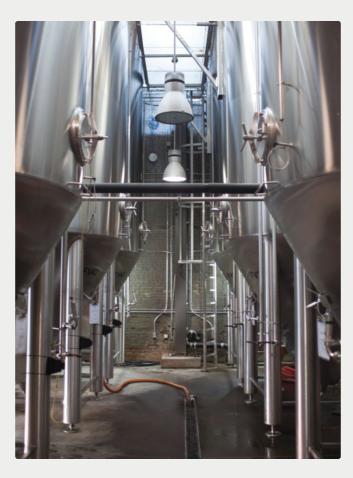
"I think it was a ball," he says, and laughs. "Yeah, (CONT. ON P. 96)

LAGER THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF BEER, broadly speaking: lagers and ales. And for most craft-beer drinkers, one is seen as clearly inferior. "People once rejected lager as the symbol of the evil big brewers," explains Garrett Oliver, brewmaster at Brooklyn Brewery. And that's why, as craft brewing transformed American beer, innovative beer-makers built their movement around classic ales instead. "But the view these days is much more nuanced. More people understand and recognize a well-brewed lager as a beautiful thing," says Oliver, who makes his own, Brooklyn Lager. So now a new movement has begun: There are roughly 1,000 more breweries making lager today than there were in 2011, says Bart Watson, Ph.D., chief economist at the Brewers Association. This is your guide to the best of them. India Pale Ale, make way for India Pale Lager. – JEFFERY LINDENMUTH

THE HIGH THIS IS NO EASY DRINK TO MAKE.

THE JOURNEY began in Bürgstadt, Germany, where crewmen loaded 16 enormous tanks-upwards of 24,500 gallons each in working capacity-onto a barge and floated them up a canal to Hamburg. Then the tanks were moved to a cargo vessel and shipped across the Atlantic to Wilmington, Delaware, where they were unloaded and driven, four at a time, to Victory Brewing Co., not far from Philadelphia. The cost per tank: \$200,000. The point: brewing ambitious lagers.

This is what it takes to do this brew right-a crazy, costly amount of storage equipment. Lager, in fact, is derived from the German lagern, or "to store." And that's because lagers begin with a special yeast-say its name, Saccharomyces pastorianus, 10 times fast-that is capable of creating smooth, crisp beers only when fermented and stored at cold temperatures. "Despite the huge initial investment and



all the energy costs applied throughout aging, you don't end up with stronger or more valuable beer," says Victory cofounder and co-brewmaster Bill Covaleski. (See chart, below.) "Lagers have no upside from a cost standpoint. You do it because you love them."

And, hey, now they can afford to. It's no coincidence that as

small brewers make more money, they are also making more lagers. The craft beer industry is now valued at around \$20 billion, and was up by 22 percent in 2014 alone. With money like that, a beer geek can splurge on some \$200,000 tanks. In fact, Victory bought four more this year.

THAT'S A LAGER?

Three beers that challenge everything.

BABA BLACK



UINTA BREWING CO.. SALT LAKE CITY In the German style of Schwarzbier, this lager is pitch-black and tastes of roasted espresso and dark chocolate But weirdly, it is also light and refreshing-and with only 4 percent ABV (alcohol by volume) can be like

ZWICKEL

a never-ending dessert.



URBAN CHESTNUT BREWING CO., ST. LOUIS

This unfiltered, unpasteurized. German-style beer is cloudy with yeast and has fresh-bread aromas and a sudsy-smooth texture. It dates back to medieval times, making it a great postpillaging beer.

MPERIAL PILSNER



ROGUE ALES, NEWPORT, OREGON With 8.2 percent

ABV, this intensely golden brew has double the alcohol, hops,

and bitterness you'd expect in a classic Pilsner. It's basically what you'd get if Pilsners were bred like racehorses

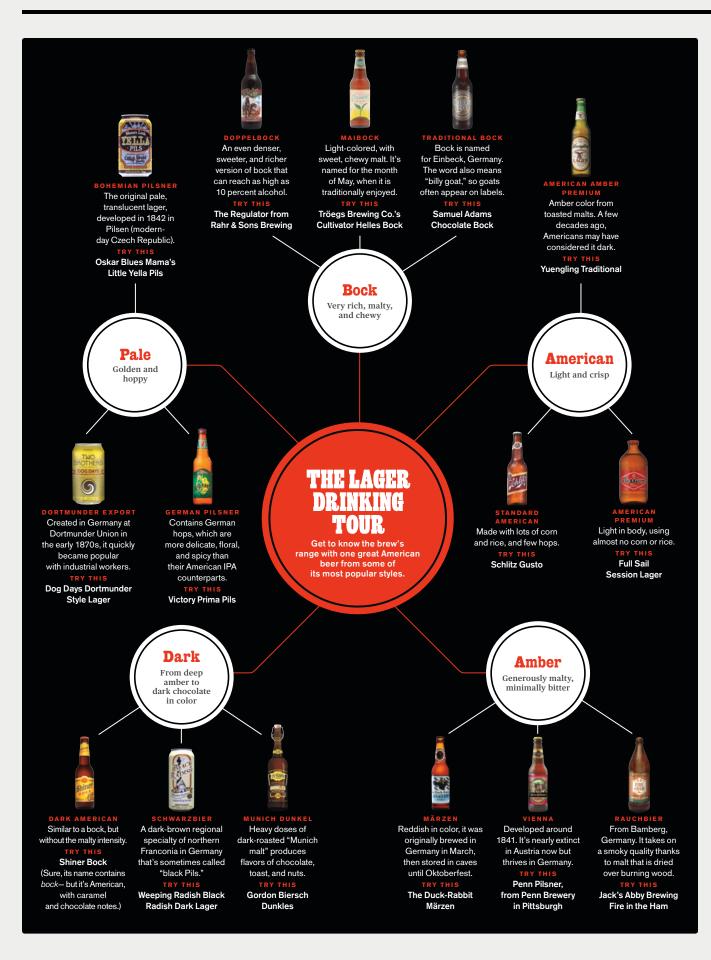
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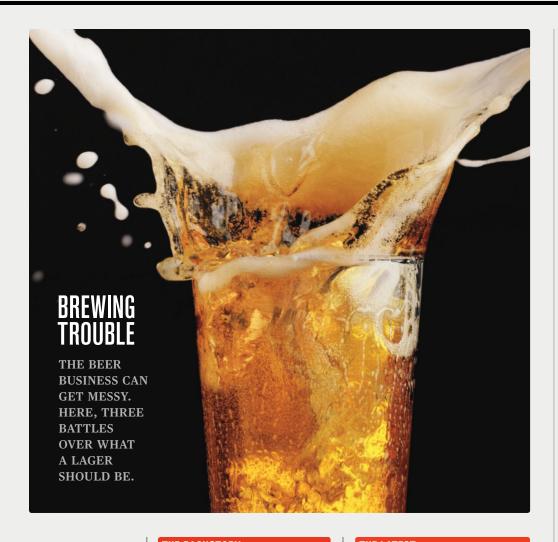
How long it takes Victory Brewing Co. to make six different beers.

LAGERS 50 40 30 20 10 Dirtwolf Hopdevil

MINDBLOWER:

For 150 years, Munich brewers celebrated Oktoberfest with a potent, nutty lager called Märzen. In the 1970s, they moved to a lighter, blond beer called Wiesn. "Now the original 250-year-old recipe is not at the festival," says Steve Hauser, president and CEO of Paulaner USA, one of the city's six original brewers. But they do still make Märzen-and export it to America. We win!







BUD vs. BUD

STEAM BEERS vs. ANCHOR STEAM

CRAFT LAGER vs. CORPORATE LAGER Whose beer is the true Bud? The Budweiser that Americans know was birthed in St. Louis in 1876, though its name is Czech for "of Budweis." That doesn't sit well with Czech-based Budweiser Budvar, which claims its beer has been called Budweiser for centuries.

San Francisco's oldest brewery is Anchor Brewing, maker of Anchor Steam beer. Anchor trademarked the phrase steam beer decades ago and has tried to stop other breweries from using it. But the term dates back to warm-brewed lagers in Gold Rush-era California (though the exact "steam" in question is lost to history). So who owns the word?

Craft beer has claimed 11 percent of the American beer market, inciting a marketing war between beer geeks and global conglomerates. It's getting tangled: Elysian Brewing Co. makes a beer called Loser, with the tagline "Corporate Beer Still Sucks"—but the small brewery was bought by Budweiser maker AB InBev, which last winter also ran a Super Bowl ad making fun of craft fans who "fuss over" and "dissect" beer.

THE LATEST

The U.S. upholds the American-based beer's trademark, so the Czech Budweiser is sold here as Czechvar. In most of Europe, and much of Asia, the Czech beer is Budweiser and the American beer is "Bud." In the U.K., the two share the name—a total Bud free-for-all.

Last fall, Anchor Brewing settled a lawsuit against a Hartford, Connecticut, brewpub called City Steam Brewery Café. The place will now be known simply as City Steam. Anchor's claim seems to hold.

Clearly, the conglomerates see value in craft beer: They buy breweries or launch beers (like AB InBev's Shock Top) designed to appeal to geeks. But do small brewers see value in the big guys? We called around and uncovered one theme: engineering respect. "Making a good beer that lacks body and flavor, and with barely any color, is actually a very impressive technical achievement," says James Ottolini, chief of brewing operations at Brewhub, echoing many we spoke to. "Otherwise, the smallest mistake in the brewing process will jump right out." That may be a backhanded compliment, but it's a start.



DRINK THE REAL DUFF:

FOX is finally making the beer from *The Simpsons*. There's no timeline for its American release—d'oh!—but its British brewmaster, Paul Farnsworth, tells us what to expect.

We can trust you more than the guys at Springfield Nuclear Power Plant, right?

I started in the famous English brewing town of Burton-on-Trent when I was 16, so I've been brewing for 49 years. I have a Ph.D. in fermentation science and have been working in craft beer since the beginning. I've consulted for over 100 breweries. I'm a promiscuous brewer.

How did you decide that Duff was a lager?

Within the context of a workingclass, industrial neighborhood, it could only be a lager. There were very few ales around, and the guys in Springfield would not drink them.

I've always assumed Duff was like Budweiser. What kind of beer did you set out to make?

I re-created what Budweiser would have been when it was first brewed. Because the grains available to the early German immigrant brewers had too much protein, this beer mimics their use of about 20 percent corn to lighten up the body. It's a little stronger, with about 5.5 percent alcohol and 20 IBUs. [That's a measurement of bitterness; by comparison, Bud today is 5 percent alcohol and an estimate of around 10 IBUs.]

Would Homer like it?

I'd guess it's close enough to some of the old brewery beers that made it through Prohibition and were still around when Homer came of age, like Rheingold Beer. It's not so far from Budweiser that it would offend, but a craft-beer drinker would also like it. It's for everyone.

What's a good occasion to drink a Duff?

It is the sort of beer you should have when you're sitting in a bar eating peanuts and pickled eggs, talking about your life to a barman named Moe. NOBODY'S TEAM PAIN MAKER CREDITS

(CONT. FROM P. 91) I'm pretty sure it was a ball." Roark is still with the Nationals. It happens.

KNOW WHAT doesn't happen in the major leagues? Waking up at 8 A.M., boarding the bus by 8:30 A.M., and arriving at the stadium shortly after to play a game for an audience of children at 10 A.M. But that's independent ball; summer camps are reliable ticket buyers, so some games happen early. The morning after their 2-1 loss, the Greys are not in the mood for a chorus of SpongeBob SquarePants songs from the stands. "It's really fucking annoying," says pitcher Colin Feldtman, as the team's fresh-outof-college trainer stretches him. "Emphasis on annoying."

There's a pan of scrambled eggs in the locker room, but it's empty before everyone gets a plate. One hungry player angrily tosses the tray into the showers. Not long after, I find Ganz and infielder Carcaise sniping at each other in the dugout. "Yesterday you fucked it up, you looked like dog shit," Ganz yells. "Then release me!" Carcaise snaps back. Both will later say that this is how they goof around-that it's about catharsis, breaking the tension. But when Carcaise walks off, Ganz sits down alone in the dugout, looking tired. "If you don't like 10 A.M. games, play better," he scolds his players in absentia. Nobody's around. "If you don't like only having eggs for half a team, play better."

The hardest part of being on the Greys isn't the travel, or the low pay, or the food. It's this—the relentlessness. "You don't have a home where you can get away," Brown says. When he was in Double A, he could retreat to his private apartment and decompress after a bad game. But the Greys players are almost always together, in a hotel or on the bus. "Even when you're away from the field now, you can't get away."

Then the game starts, and the guys become a team again. They cheer each other from the dugout. Bryk is amping up his players. "Go to the beach!" he keeps yelling, because apparently home-run balls land in some sand patch past the outfield wall. By the third inning, the score is 4-1, Greys. The mood in the dugout lightens. Guys are having fun again. On the road, this is the only real medicine they have: Good baseball cures bad baseball.

The Greys win, 10-1. The children in the stands do not care. The players do not care that the children do not care.

Back to the locker room. There's music, and guys making plans. It's barely past noon, and their workday is done. Some have dates lined up. Some will just go eat something decent. It's been a good morning, but "good" is relative. There was no scout in the stands among those kids, not even a volunteer associate scout. If a call is going to come from an affiliate team, telling one guy to come join them, that his hard work is finally paying off, it won't happen today. "You know," Ganz says, "I'd trade a championship in a day to get the whole team out of here. If it meant losing my season because I lost half my best players or all my best players, that would be a great season for me."

Tomorrow the Greys play the Slammers for a third time, and then it's off to Normal, Illinois—the Greys in Normal, an all-star pairing of blandness—for three games against a team called the CornBelters. The Greys will take a lead in the fifth inning of that first game, never give it up, and win 6-5. They'll lose the next one. Then win the next. And then it's back on the bus to do it again somewhere else.

(CONT. FROM P. 71) egalitarian culture. Male and female athletes win equal amounts—\$275,000 each, plus millions in endorsement deals—and at certain points in the Games compete on teams together. "I just would never think to pay women less than men in sports," Glassman says, shaking his head. "Who do I want to watch more?"

As I'm about to leave, a buff, smiling man in a wheel-chair rolls in. Kevin Ogar was competing in an unofficial CrossFit competition called OC Throwdown (OCT) when he snatched but dropped a barbell that severed his spinal cord, leaving him paralyzed. The video is brutal.

"Sue them! Sue!" Glassman says, embracing Ogar and ushering him into the box. As Glassman later explains, "I invented a sport, and these fly-by-night fucktards imitated me and hurt a kid." (Darren McGuire, who owns OCT, told *Maxim* that safety engineers approved the event and doctors were on-site.)

The day prior, I had asked Glassman what he wanted to do with all this: whether he wanted to sell it or pass it on to his kids or take on funding. "I don't want to pass it on," he said. "I'm doing what billionaires hope to do when they retire. We're making people healthier every day. I look at what Bill Gates does, and he wishes he could be Greg Glassman." Then he added: "I always say CrossFit is a religion run by a biker gang. And what if we are leading a cult and we don't even know it? That's the worst fucking kind of cult. I don't recruit. If you want out, I want you to fucking leave." ■

p. 2: From left: Karen Collins; Amit Israeli. p. 4: Clockwise from top: Cameron Mccool; Matthew Porter; Ike Edeani; Justin Sullivan/Getty Images; Joao Canziani. p. 6: Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images p. 8: Sporting News/Getty Images. p. 12: Chris McPherson/August. . 14: Courtesy of Derek Molata; Polaroid, Getty Images. p. 24: Tino Soriano/National Geographic Creative/Corbis. p. 28: From top: Justin Setterfield/ Getty Images; Atlantide Phototravel/Corbis. p. 36: Tim Clayton/Corbis. p. 38: Rex Features/AP Images p. 42: Izabelle Wilson. p. 44: Clockwise from top left: Yuri Hasegawa: Sicario, Richard Foreman; Everest, © Universal Pictures; Green Inferno, Eduardo Moreno. p. 46: The Debutant: Noah, Kevin Winter/NBC Universal/Getty Images; Stewart, Mary Ellen Matthews/NBC/NBCU Photo Bank via Getty Images; Letterman, Paul Drinkwater/NBC/ NBCU Photo Bank/Getty Images; Leno, Chris Haston/NBCU Photo Bank/Getty Images; Carson, Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Image Hall; George Rose/Getty Images; Rivers, Hulton Archive/Getty Images: CSI, Michael Yarish/ CBS © 2014 CBS Broadcasting, Inc. All Rights Reserved; the Look, from left: Simon and Garfunkel, Columbia Records/Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images; Steve Jobs, Justin Sullivan/Getty Images; Kutcher, Open Road Films/the Kobal Collection; Fassbender Courtesy of Universal Pictures: Ron Burgundy. Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic/Getty Images; John Lennon, Robert Whitaker/Getty Images. p. 48: Monroe, Austral/Rex; robot, istock photo Jidenna, Marc Baptiste: the Look, from left: Brosnan, © AF Archive/Alamy; Flynn, Warner Bros./the Kobal Collection: Redford, @ AF Archive/Alamy; De Niro, @ AF Archive/Alamy Brando, © Universal Pictures/Sunset Boulevard/ Corbis; Steve McQueen, Warner Bros./ the Kobal Collection; Hemingway, Yousuf Karsh. p. 50: Tastemaker: Schwarzenegger, Hulton Archive/Getty Images; book, Getty Images; Brut, © Ian Dagnall/Alamy; Hummer, Splash News; beer, © D. Hurst/Alamy; humidor, Simon Belcher/Alamy; video game: Lucas Passmore p. 52: Kenneth Willardt/Trunk Archive. p. 68: Courtesy of Glassman family p. 72: Coat, \$450, suit, \$550, and shirt. \$69, Tommy Hilfiger; tommy.com p. 73: Coat, \$3,445, suit, \$3,495, shirt, \$395, and tie, \$275, Dolce & Gabbana; select Dolce & Gabbana stores. p. 74: Coat, \$1,095, sweater, \$175, pants, price upon request, shoes, \$645, Boss, hugoboss.com. p. 75: Coat, \$4,095, and pants, \$795, Burberry Prorsum: us.burberry.com. p. 76: Coat, \$1,395, suit, \$1,445, and sweater, \$750, Calvin Klein Collection; calvinklein.com/

collection, Shoes, \$845, Dolce & Gabbana:

p. 78: Coat. \$12.425, sweater, \$975, shirt.

and pants, price upon request, Versace;

pp. 93-94: All bottles and cans, courtesy

p. 95: From left: Adri Berger/Getty Images

courtesy of FOX Broadcasting; Michael B. Lloyd.

p. 77: Coat, \$8,300, sweater, \$910, and pants, \$830, Louis Vuitton; select Louis Vuitton stores

\$650, and pants, \$825, Brioni; Brioni boutiques. **p. 79:** Coat, \$6,950, cardigan, \$975,

select Dolce & Gabbana stores

select Versace boutiques.
p. 92: James Wojcik/Trunk Archive.

p. 93: Joanna T. Garcia.

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WHAT SEALED THE DEAL WITH YOUR LAST ONE-NIGHT STAND?

Every month, we'll ask 100 women a question and run their raw. unedited answers here. Ladies, visit Maxim.com/ ask100 to join in.

1. He invited me to play hooky for the day with him 2. Too much wine 3. He wore a uniform. God bless the troops 4. I playfully hit him and felt nothing but muscle, and thought: ooh! 5. He was an Italian in Italy, and I was drunk 6. He promised breakfast the next morning 7. He told me he loved my butt and my eyesin that order 8. I was horny and knew he was easy 9. He stuck up for me in a fight 10. He bought a painting from my art show anonymously and left a note requesting I personally deliver it 11. We drank all night like rock stars. Then I took him home, and he made us mozzarella sticks 12. He had manners! 13. Great facial hair 14. Honestly? He had pot 15. Shots of tequila and sexy lips 16. We fell over together onto the bar floor, and it was hilarious 17. Beach, margaritasneed I say more? 18. He was outgoing and bubbly 19. I picked him up 20. Let's be honest-I was drunk and he gave me flirtatious attention 21. We'd been friends for a while, and I had a crush on him. And then one night at a party... 22. He was kind of cute and he knew a lot about Guinness, which is good enough in my book 23. I just wanted to get laid 24. "Are we going to your place or mine?" he said. Cliché, but I went for it 25. He was a chef. Period 26. Gin 27. He didn't say too much but was nice to talk to and very attractive 28. Tenacity, probably 29. He wanted me but wasn't overly pushy or aggressive 30. I don't remember 31. He confidently made the first move 32. He said, "Can we

go somewhere else

33. I was probably

drunk enough

to talk? I'm having so

much fun talking to you"

34. He treated me like a person, not a sexual conquest or a goal 35. He complimented my BBQ skills and made out with me in the pool 36. His humor and looks 37. He was in the right place at the right time 38. I could tell he would care about my orgasm 39. Expensive cocktails 40. He took me seriously, unlike most guys who try to pick me up 41. He was quick to laugh at my jokes 42. He asked me to go fishing with him and his buddy the next day 43. Marijuana 44. I propositioned him... and he brought me back to his mom's place! 45. He was a "bad boy" who I never should've been involved with. But that was his appeal 46. He was my best childhood friend's older brother. All he had to do was say I looked cute in my top 47. An excellent taste in whiskey is so sexy 48. A sailor on a trainwho can resist? 49. We had an intelligent conversation 50. He was respectful 51. He asked me what position I'd play were I on the San Francisco Giants 52. Speaking in another language. I have no idea what he was saving. but it was hot! 53. It was the booze 54. He made me laugh 55. He told me exactly what he wanted to do with me, and I was sold 56. He spoke intelligently about feminism 57. Good looks, great smile, Australian accent, good personality. In that order **58.** Rum 59. He was a very good dancer 60. He was funny and charming-not obviously looking for a one-night stand 61. He told me he voted for Hillary in the 2008 primary 62. Smiled and gave me undivided attention 63. He was willing to go outside his comfort zone 64. His wife was out of town, and he called to ask if I'd come over.

66. Martinis 67. Said he'd read Derrida too 68. Literally, he just put my hand on his already huge boner 69. He was the lead guitarist 70. He wasn't obviously trying to get laid 71. His gorgeous eyeswarm and with a twinkle 72. He made me laugh... but really, I was drunk 73. He looked like a badass. Turns out I have bad judgment 74. He flirted beautifully 75. He rocked a Speedo! 76. He had confidence 77. We met at a beer tasting, got flirty, then got it on in the woods **78.** He's on a hockey team 79. Scotch 80. He quoted Childish Gambino's "3005" and wore a Texas-flag sweater 81. We were coworkers at a conference, and he could keep a secret 82. He was hot 83. He kept lightly touching my leg all night, which I totally dug 84. He was very masculine but carried on intelligent conversation 85. That look he gave me-almost animalistic 86. He looked like Channing Tatum 87. Boredom 88. It was my own shameless abandon, being away from home 89. Eye contact from across the room 90. I could see how big his penis was through his jeans, and I wanted to confirm. (It was big) 91. He had a bangin' bod 92. He was a friend and we were always attracted to each other 93. Revenge 94. Not much chemistry needed when you're together at last call 95. He was much older, and attractive 96. He didn't have a "poor pitiful me" story 97. Had a huge smile 98. Excited, nervous, sexy eye contact 99. He was there when I needed him **100.** Vodka

I was so shocked that

65. He had a dick

I did it (and don't regret it)



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