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COLLECTOR'S
COVER
#1 OF 2

MAXIM

FEBRUARY 2009

THE REAL SWIMSUIT ISSUE

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THE VICTORIA'S SECRET
DREAM TEAM** P.14

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The Real Swimsuit Issue

Maxim's annual bikini blowout heats up Turks & Caicos with a sizzling shoot of the world's top swimsuit models. Caution: Contents extremely hot!

On the Cover

Jamie Gunns: photograph, Jim Malucci; styling, Karen Shapiro; hair and makeup, Koji Higashino for Next Artist Management; Ashley Paige bikini. Sarah Mutch: photograph, Steve Shaw; styling, Vanessa Geldbach for Photogenics.com; hair, John Ruggier for celestine agency.com; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Exclusive Artists/Jouer; Earth Angel cutout swimsuit.

**MAXIM
ONLINE**

For exclusive outtakes from our swimsuit issue, go to www.maxim.com.

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30 Rock funnyman Tracy Morgan has veered from the path of self-destructive comic geniuses like John Belushi and Chris Farley. But that doesn't mean he's completely sane. By NOELLE HANCOCK

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The FBI's greatest investigator of stolen art has one last mission: busting a French crime syndicate with \$4.1 million worth of purloined paintings. An exclusive look inside a hidden world of guns, drugs, disguises, and missing masterpieces. By SIMON WORRELL



INCOMING: All hail Victoria's Secret models!



STUFF: V-Day for her = Good times for you



COUNTDOWN: Ford's powerhouse pickup



COLUMNS: The UFC's badass beginnings



HUGO shirt **H&M** pants
Bailey hat **Brooks Brothers**
scarf **Emporio Armani** belt
Ferragamo shoes

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21 Rated

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31 Stuff

Like watching football? Hey, us too! Which is why we've assembled the ultimate Super Bowl viewing setup. Plus, we ride with Carmelo Anthony and ogle the world's most awesome 4x4!

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In search of the Holy Grail of fast food, we track down the elusive, ephemeral, and enchanting McDonald's McRib. Still hungry? Devour our exclusive report on the blood-soaked history of the UFC.

Style We roll the dice and take a Vegas road trip with Adrien Brody, who ups his style ante courtesy of a bushy beard and an elegant ascot. Now, if only he'd wear a monocle...

96 The Decider

Nothing is more maddening than deciphering where you stand with your sweetheart. Find out how she *really* feels with our Valentine's Day special: "She loves you or loves you not?"

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the game.

We've been polling our picky users on the hottest cheerleaders in the NFL. Now we're selecting the top finalists to duke it out in a pompom bracket battle royal. Cast your votes now!



SPIRALING DOWN

As much as Maxim.com would like to focus on the girl action happening on the sidelines, we've got playoffs to break down, as well as this season's biggest surprises and accidental gunshots!



JUMP BALLS

Go online for the kind of NBA coverage only Maxim.com can provide: blown plays, bad behavior, and brutal injuries. We hear they have cheerleaders, too...



CASTAWAY COVERAGE

Lost. Heard of it? It's going to be *big*. You can listen to J.J. Abrams bloviate on philosophy or go to Maxim.com and see the ladies of *Lost* in action. Choose wisely.



TODAY'S GIRL



Every day Maxim.com is showcasing hot pics of Hollywood beauties like Maggie Grace and Famke Janssen. They're hot. They're famous. They're ladies. Why are you still reading?



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Genie Therapy

A guy walking along the beach finds a lantern and rubs it. A genie pops out and says, "Thank you for releasing me. As a reward I will grant you any wish you desire."

"Great," says the guy. "I want a girl who can cook. A girl who's great-looking. And a girl who's crazy in bed."

"Anything else?" asks the genie.

"Yeah. I don't want them to ever find out about each other."

Politically Correct

After spending the night at a hotel with a prostitute, a politician puts \$500 on the dresser.

"Thanks," says the hooker. "But I only charge 50 bucks."

"Fifty bucks for the whole night?" the politician asks. "There's no way you can make a living off that."

"Oh, don't worry," replies the prostitute. "I do a little blackmail on the side."

Missing Link

The morning after their wedding, the husband rolls over and asks his bride, "Honey, I'm not complaining, but every time we have sex you rub my penis for almost an hour afterward. How come?"

She rolls over and says, "I don't know. I guess I still miss mine."

Truncated Response

An elephant says to a camel, "Wow, it sure is funny that you have tits on your back."

The camel laughs and says, "It's even funnier that someone with a dick on his face would say that!"

Hearts Afire

After a few too many drinks at a bar, a woman yells, "Hey, beef-ender, I need another martooni. I've got heartburn."

The bartender replies, "First of all, I'm a bartender, and it's called a martini. Second of all, your tits are in the ashtray."

Valley of Tears

A tow-truck driver in Death Valley sees something on the side of the road. He pulls over and finds a man hog-tied with tape on his mouth.

When the driver rips off the tape, the man sputters, "I picked up a hitchhiker, and he beat me up, stole my Porsche, and kidnapped my wife!"

The truck driver calmly starts to unbuckle his belt and whispers, "Well, buddy, I guess this just ain't your lucky day."

Iron and Wine

Two drunks are walking down the railroad tracks when the first says to the other, "Wow, this is the longest set of stairs I've ever seen in my life."

The other drunk replies, "It ain't the stairs that's killing me—it's this low fuckin' handrail!"

Q: What's the difference between a pigeon and an investment banker?

A: The pigeon can still make a deposit on a Ferrari.

True Confession

"I was cleaning Father Tom's room a few days ago," gossips one nun to another, "and I found a bunch of condoms."

"Oh, my!" gasps the second nun. "What did you do?"

"I poked holes in them," the first replies.

"Fuck!" says the second nun.



Beat This Caption!

TO ENTER

1. Blast us with a bedwetting one-liner at Maxim.com/contests. For the complete rules, see Maxim.com.
2. One caption, like the Highlander, will rule them all. The owner of said caption will have to enjoy wallowing in some sick beats with this iPod dock.
3. Set your browser to "not porn" and head to Maxim.com to see if you've provided the requisite giggles to win this month's porcine prize.

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Volkswagen's labor negotiations degenerated quickly this year.



ILLUSTRATION, ANDY FRIEDMAN

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Letters

Make us feel loved—or hated! Drop us a line at letters@maxim.com.



Still mad at us for giving Roger Moore her number.

Stamp of Approval

From cover cutie Olga to badass Mickey, you had a man-crush on December's *Maxim*. Hey, we love you guys, too!

A Convenient Truth

Maxim, you have found the cause of global warming, and her name is Olga Kurylenko ["A View to a Thrill," December]. You could take the word "Bond" out of "Hottest Bond Girl Ever" and still have a 100 percent accurate statement. If you happen to photograph Olga again, ask her if she wants to marry me. With *Maxim* as my wingman, I might have a shot!

Anthony I. Dover, DE

Maxim played wingman once. We ended up doing body shots of Rumpel Minze off the morbidly obese sister of a girl our buddy was trying to get with.

Incidentally, her belly tasted like powdered sugar. OK, next letter, please!

The Appalachian Fail

In the same issue in which you chastise the Spanish men's basketball team for cultural insensitivity to the Chinese ["The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly," December], you call West Virginia the "most toothless state in the nation" [Big Number]. Have a little more respect, fellas!

Tim St. Clair Weston, WV

"Cultural insensitivity" requires one very crucial ingredient: culture! Your scenic mountain state, with its love of banjo solos and squirrel jerky, hardly qualifies. Just kidding, friend! We love marrying our nieces just as much as the next guy with cystic fibrosis.

Rumble Fan

I was thrilled to see a piece on Mickey Rourke ["The Resurrection of Mickey Rourke," December]. It was a great read, although a bit melancholy. But that's what Mickey does so well in all his best films. As a big fan of his work, I wanted to say thanks for capturing him so well.

Kevin via e-mail

You know what else Mickey does well? Scares the living snark out of us. You try to goof on a hulking ex-boxer who keeps a loaded handgun and three angry Chihuahuas in his apartment. Need we mention the dildo mounted on the wall?

Circle Jerk

Your December Gift Guide was simply awesome, but please don't let whoever set up the Milwaukee circular saw for your photo shoot actually plug in any power tools—the rocket scientist put the blade in backward.

Ed Milne East Syracuse, NY

You're a month too late, Ed. Our fearless Gift Guide editor, Jesse Will, lost an index finger, and our hard-living assistant editor, Jesse Brukman (no relation), came down with a mean case of syphilis. That wasn't really the saw's fault, but, hey—compiling gift guides can get a little weird!

Monster Mash Note

We just wanted you to know that your article on Monster T-Shirts in the December issue [Trendstopping] shows what pussies you are. You think shirts with skulls and dragons on them turn away women? Leave your purses at home and toughen up!

Noe and DJ Forrest City, FCL, AR

You have apparently confused "women" with "goblins." But thanks for taking time from painting your D&D figurines to write. Now take a deep whiff of that "Orc's Blood" enamel and think happy thoughts!

#4 IN A SERIES

LETTERS FROM OUR MOMS

Reading "The Year in Bacon Porn" in the December issue, I am amazed that swine can be enjoyed in so many ways—even though many of them sound inedible or just plain gross! It reminded me of a fantastic dinner I had with my handsome (and single) son, David, at Mario Batali's Otto Pizzeria. We ordered the lardo, which is pure pork fat, and really enjoyed it. But it occurred to me that it's time I find David a girlfriend so I don't have to keep buying him meals at fancy restaurants. If there are any nice female *Maxim* readers out there who want to date my pork-loving son, please write to *Maxim*!

Mom

We encourage all sexy single ladies to e-mail our lonely features editor, David Swanson, just as his dear mother, Barbara, requested. Please also include a photo, name of next of kin, and your preferred "safe word." Good luck!



VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRES

In celebration of that hated Hallmark holiday, we proudly showcase our readers' most inappropriate breakups.



● "I took my girl to Denny's and got eggs with a frowny face and sausages shaped in an X. Then I dried her tears with my toast." **F.P.**



● "At Disney World I told a guy in a Goofy suit to watch my fiancée, then I ran into Space Mountain and hid for two days. Never saw her again." **S.M.**



● "I told my girlfriend I was a prince from an African kingdom, and she had failed her test of humility. She still hasn't seen *Coming to America*." **S.B.**



● "I covered myself in feathers and showed up at her workplace. She was more bummed about getting fired from PETA than our breakup." **B.W.**



● "We went to Taco Bell, and I paid a mariachi band to play 'The End' by the Doors while I crawled out the bathroom window." **D.H.**

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INCOMING

{ IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE }

Our Little Secret

We're obsessed with the Victoria's Secret vixens. And it's about time we told them so.

Hello, ladies! *Maxim* wouldn't dream of doing a swimsuit issue without you, even though you have blatantly violated the ban on wearing white after Labor Day. But as everyone knows, perfectly formed supermodels in tiny bikinis are not bound by the rules that govern mere mortals. As far as we're concerned, you Victoria's Secret girls could have murdered someone during this photo shoot, and we'd have happily helped you bury the body. Then we would build a sand castle over the grave to throw off the cops and testify under oath that you were having bronzer applied when it happened. Hey, it's the least we could do. So, Marisa, Miranda, Alessandra, Adriana, Karolina: You keep up the incredible hotness, we'll keep thinking about you way too much!

*Love Ya.
Maxim*



WHITE HOT: (clockwise from above) Marisa Miller and Alessandra Ambrosio in Miami Beach; Doutzen Kroes, Karolina Kurkova, Miranda Kerr, and Alessandra; a solo Alessandra blows a kiss; Adriana Lima; Karolina strikes a pose; Candice Swanepoel; Alessandra, Marisa, and Karolina are a tempting triple threat.





INCOMING



2010 Ford F-150 SVT Raptor

Oh, Raptor! You hot, three-ton Baja ballerina, we haven't been able to look away from online footage of you vaulting over sand dunes like a leaping stag. Our hearts swell at the mere thought of commandeering your 390 lb.-ft. of torque. We well up at the notion of grabbing massive air while landing safely courtesy of the 13.4 inches of travel in your supersoft internal racing shocks. Will you be our muddy Valentine?

4

MailOrderHusbands.net

This disarmingly straight-faced site purports to list lonely bachelors, but it's actually a dead-on satire of those dating sites your mom keeps signing you up for. The photos of schlubby would-be hubbies are amusing, but their creepy come-ons are even better: "Ever drink paint thinner? Don't! Trust me, it's a bad idea. I'm a fun-lovin' guy who knows a few magic tricks."



THE COUNTDOWN

Five amazing, cool, and strangely alluring things we're obsessed with in February.



South Beach Wine & Food Festival

If you can afford the amazing gourmet dinners and wine tastings at this Miami bacchanal, book tickets today for you and your girl. February 19-22. sobefest.com

3

MP3 Skull Belt Buckle

We're not the type to rock blinged-out skull buckles, but if we were, we'd want one with a 4 GB media player and multicolor LED display. Thank you, geek gods! \$48 chinavasion.com

2



Isla Fisher

We'll skip her new chick flick, *Confessions of a Shopaholic*, but Borat's blazing-hot fiancée makes us want to hand over all our credit cards.





Put the "I" in Inauguration

Greg Gutfeld, host of Fox News Channel's *Red Eye*, gets you a front-row seat to The One's anointment. Hallelujah!

Don't know about you, but I'm tickled pink, purple, and magenta over the upcoming inauguration. I've even gone out and purchased special "inauguration" sweat shorts with velvet fringe and a matching suede cummerbund. They didn't have my size, so I went small. I now have bulges in all the right places (it's a vestigial tail, in case you're wondering).

So it's only days till Barack Obama becomes our 44th president, and people are frantically looking for places to stay, as well as tickets to see this truly historic event. Some predict that the number of people gathering could be up to four million—and that's not including celebrities like Beyoncé, Jimmy Smits, and Usher. Susan Sarandon is coming, and rumor has it she's bringing her mentally challenged grandson, Tim Robbins. He's so cute when he tries to vote!



Bottom line: Because most of the people attending the inauguration are far more important than you or me, it's pretty unlikely that we'll get the best seats in the house—or any seats at all. True, there will be tons of parties, but they are the exclusive kind you and I aren't invited to unless we're Hollywood elites or have great drugs or pictures of David Geffen blowing a llama.

I only have the latter, but there are plenty of other methods by which to crash this thing and—more important—get laid, without being rich, famous, or strapped with bricks full of OxyContin:

Go as someone else.

Pretending to be someone you're not is change you can really believe in—at least for a weekend. Screw the major celebrities and consider the inconsequential, off-the-radar ones. I'm talking about people like Tim Daly. Although the name is somewhat familiar, the face is not. I mean, Tim Daly—the guy from *Wings*? If I didn't add "the guy from *Wings*," you'd have no idea who the hell he is. So be him. Or if you really want to be daring, dress like a homeless beggar—and go as Maggie Gyllenhaal. You may take home a lesbian from Georgetown!

Say you work for Obama.

Get some business cards and give yourself a snazzy title like "head organizer" for something like the "inauguration advance team." To nubile college coeds, saying you're in D.C. as part of the "advance team" is enough to get you to first base—possibly even second. If you add that you're in charge of getting weed for Biden, I will personally guarantee you fifth base. (Note: Fifth base is exactly what you think it is.)

The fact is, there has never been a better wingman on the planet than Obama. With his amazing ability to unify everyone under a feel-good notion that you're totally awesome and everything's going to be peachy keen, he's like a human version of an Ecstasy pill. If you're for Obama, suddenly banging someone else who's for Obama is totally OK! When Obama talks about change, he's really saying, "Let's change...into this thong I made out of discarded candy wrappers."

If none of this works, I offer two alternatives for January 20:

Buy a ski mask and fly to California.

Google the list of celebrity attendees, cross-reference it with a copy of *Star Maps*—then go break into a few vacant homes. You may never actually meet Josh Lucas, but you can at least pawn a few of his Rolexes and a strap-on or two.

Purchase the "Greg's Special Inauguration" package.

For just \$39.95 a night, you can stay at my place in N.Y.C., where we'll watch the event together in bed. True, you'll miss out on the Lincoln Memorial's lovely reflecting pools. That's OK: I have a Slip 'N Slide in my basement. And it doesn't run on water.

#15 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

It's swine-flavored floss, boss!

The main reason we haven't gone to the dentist in 11 years is the absence of tasty tooth-care products. That fluoride-smeared foam pad you bite into is only available in mint or bubblegum flavor, not anything good like sour cream and onion or sausage and lard. Enter Bacon Floss, one of the myriad pork-themed products sold by novelty company Archie McPhee. This waxed wonder not only dislodges the bacon fat between your teeth but also tastes like our favorite food. Just the thing to slide through your choppers before you gargle a hot cup of bacon-grease mouthwash! \$5, mcphee.com



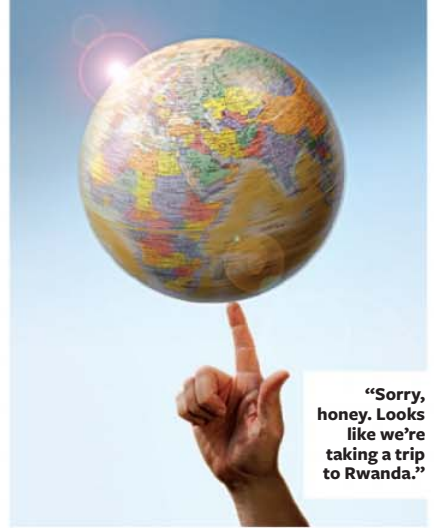
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Brain-boosting knowledge about cocaine's crazy march up your nose, why the Earth is slowing down, and the odds that the Dow will bottom out!



? IS THE EARTH'S ROTATION REALLY SLOWING DOWN?

Karl Wanbacher, San Antonio, TX

"Absolutely," confirms John Lowe, head of the Atomic Standards Group at the National Institute of Standards and Technology. "In 140 million years we'll have an extra hour per day." We asked if this might be catastrophic, and Lowe eased our fears: "The Earth has been slowing down forever. Before the dinosaurs we used to have 22-hour days." NASA's Dr. Sten Odenwald explains the reasons for the slowdown thusly: "The solid mass around our molten core spins differently than the core itself." To which we replied, "Dorkasaurussayswhat?" So he elaborated: "It's like applying disk breaks to a tire." Another factor is the billions of tons of snow that accumulate at the North and South Poles. We lose about 25 millionths of a second per year, but with decreases in snowfall, we've been slowing slightly less. See? Global warming is good for more than just extending bikini season.

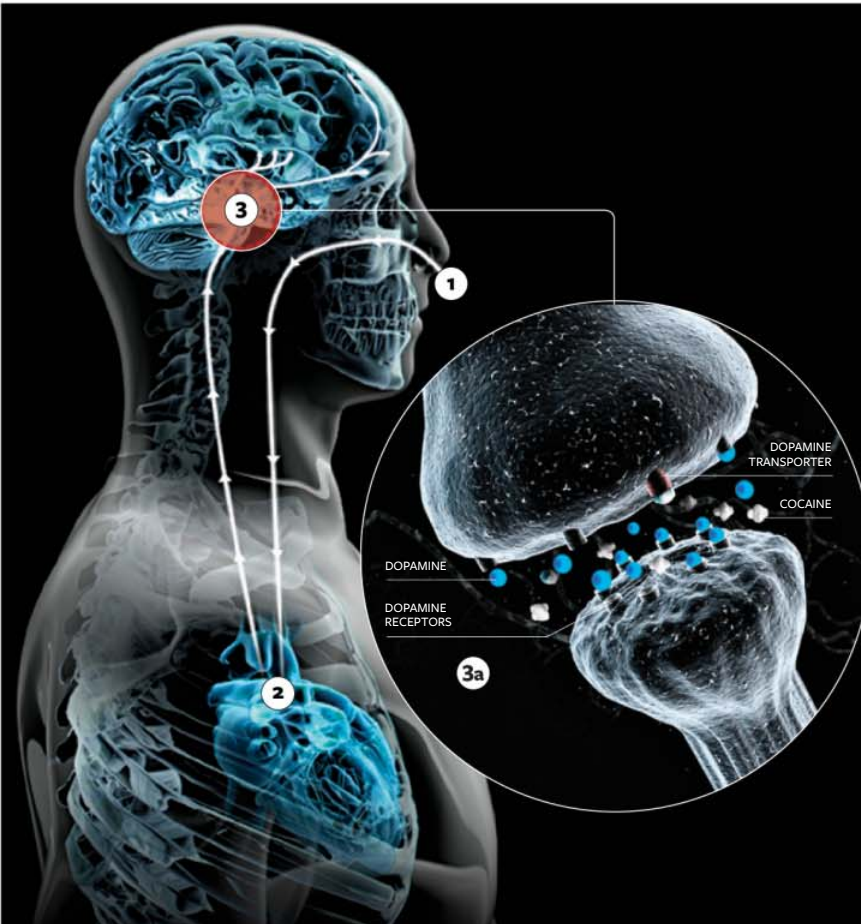


Just learned his hair gel supplier went under...

? IS IT POSSIBLE FOR THE DOW JONES INDUSTRIAL AVERAGE TO HIT ZERO?

David Reed, White Plains, NY

"Technically, yes," says Sybille Reitz of Dow Jones & Company, "but that means every big American business sector is bankrupt simultaneously, which is unlikely." She goes on to explain the numbers of the Dow are "the total value of the 500 companies divided by a number meant to illustrate their past performance." The index keeps a watchful eye on its businesses, and if any of them look like they're going to drop faster than our pants after a Taco Bell binge, it will step in. Take the failure of insurance giant AIG. "We removed it from our list in September 2008 after it was nationalized, and we replaced it with Kraft because of the uncertain situation in the financial world," Reitz explains. Brilliant move, Sybille. The classic Kraft single is tasty enough to survive any depression!



? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I SNORT COCAINE?

George Vasquez, Tallahassee, FL

1. Once you sniff the devil's dandruff, it's absorbed through the lining of the nasal cavity into the bloodstream. The euphoric high is nearly instantaneous, but any coke fiend will tell you that chronic hoovering causes runny, bloody, and sore schnozzes. Tissue, please!
2. A few minutes later the cocaine hits your heart, making your ticker beat faster and stronger. You'll experience an energy boost akin to drinking a Red Bull on, well, crack, as well as constricted arteries and blood vessels that can cause a heart attack or stroke.
3. Within 10 or 15 minutes the blow brings the party to your brain, targeting the ventral tegmental (VTA), a vital area in the chemical

reward system. Generally, pleasurable experiences release the feel-good hormone dopamine. Coke dramatically boosts dopamine production, causing an intense high lasting anywhere from 15 to 30 minutes. Also! Inhaling several hundred milligrams or more of disco dust can cause extreme paranoia and nutty Martin Lawrence-like behavior.

3a. Normally this flood of dopamine would be absorbed by your brain's receptors, killing the buzz. Coke blocks those receptors, causing you to want to listen to "Sister Christian" and light firecrackers in your living room. Unfortunately, a steady stream of dopamine can rewire your brain's pleasure system and lead to addiction. So read a book instead!

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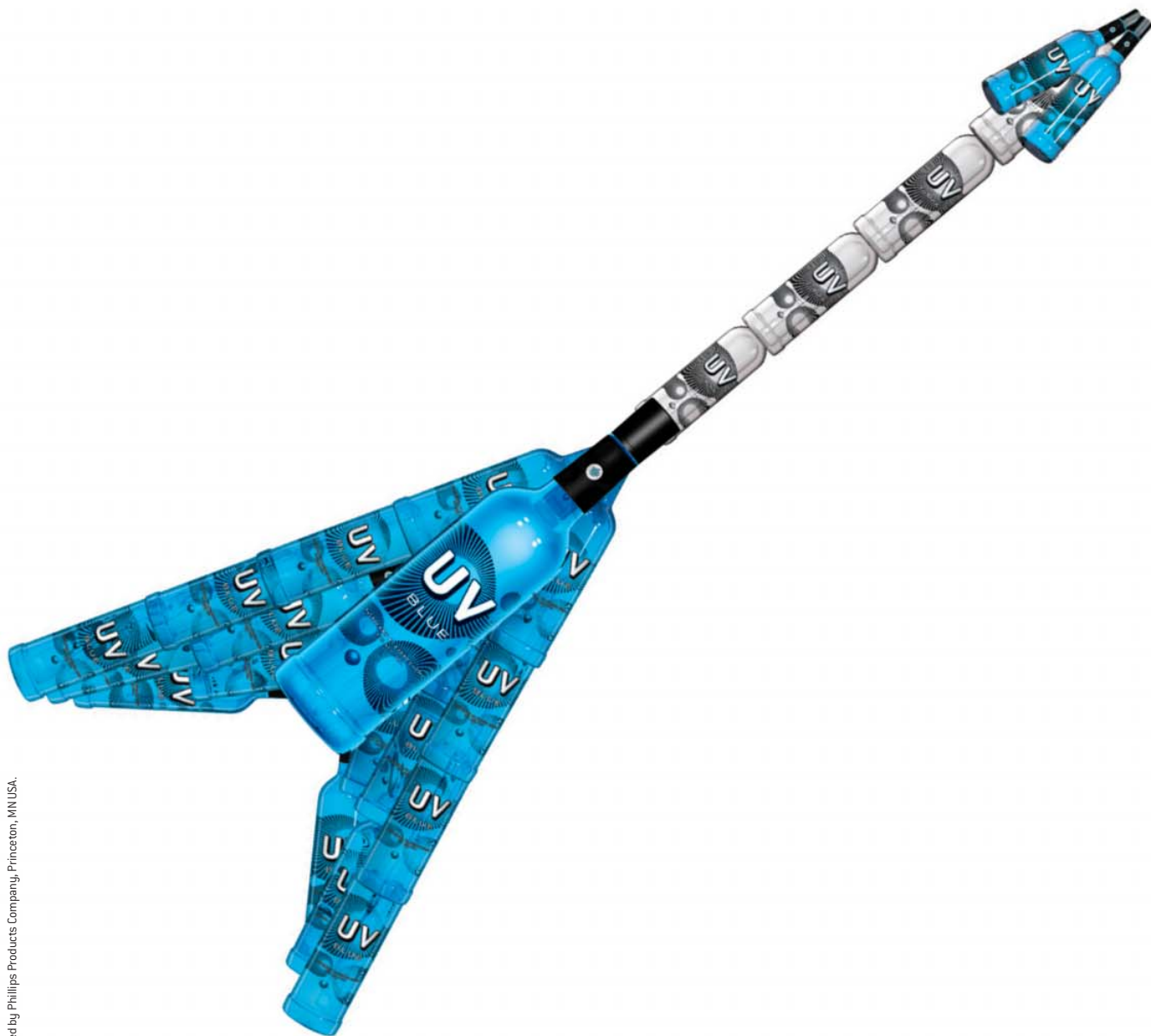
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RATED

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Welcome to the Dollhouse

Buffy mastermind Joss Whedon brings a butt-kicking beauty back to your TV.

Oh, we're in a fishbowl," admits Joss Whedon about his latest series, *Dollhouse*. "Some stuff on the Internet has been, 'The show is doomed!' And some has been, 'This will be the greatest show in history!'" From the moment it was announced in late 2007 that the brains behind cult favorites *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *Angel*, and *Firefly* was working on a new sci-fi vehicle for gorgeous *Buffy* and *Angel* alumna Eliza Dushku, fanboys and critics alike began formulating opinions. No one knew what to expect.

What we do know is that the show stars Dushku as Echo, an "Active" who lives in a top-secret facility called the Dollhouse. Each week clients hire out Echo and the other Actives to perform an array of missions. At the end of each, their memories are wiped clean, only to be reprogrammed the next week. "Things become complicated for Eliza's character very quickly," Whedon reveals, "because she becomes self-aware." Just because Echo's life is complicated, however, don't assume the show itself will be. "It's not a labyrinth from day one," reassures Whedon.

As *Dollhouse* finally hits airwaves this month, the hype, both good and bad, has reached a fever pitch. Months before its premiere, there was a fan site called "Dollverse," and episode play-by-plays leaked online. A "Save *Dollhouse*" campaign was even launched when the show was reportedly pulled from Fox's Monday night schedule and dumped on Friday nights (a.k.a. the TV ghetto). Whedon, who's been through it all before, isn't sweating it. "If you let the pressure get to you, it can be paralyzing," he says, "so I just groove to my own rhythm." —Alison Prato



Dollhouse premieres Friday, February 13,
at 9 P.M. on Fox.



"Oh, God, Winehouse is at the door. Turn off the lights!"

Tiger Lily

On U.K. cutie Lily Allen's latest album, she's high on life and full of snark.

Our favorite British pop scamp, whose 2006 hit "Smile" took the ex-baiting revenge song to impossibly cheery new heights, is apparently all grown up. On her second album, *It's Not Me, It's You*, she denounces drugs ("Everyone's at It") and consumerism ("The Fear") and even addresses God ("Him"). But if she's a bit more serious in song, Lily Allen remains as tart as ever when discussing drinking, the gossip columns, and a certain man who flopped in the bedroom.

YOU'VE BEEN LEADING A HEALTHIER LIFESTYLE LATELY. WHAT DO YOU MISS ABOUT PARTYING?

I don't actually miss anything about it. I suppose when I used to go out and get drunk, it was out of boredom, really. I've taken the decision not to drink anymore because I don't like giving people ammunition to use against me. So I stopped, and I haven't found it in the least difficult, because I'm not an alcoholic.

OBVIOUSLY YOU GET WRITTEN ABOUT A LOT IN GOSSIP COLUMNS. DO YOU LIKE TO READ ABOUT OTHER CELEBRITIES?

I don't like to read about them—I like to look at the pictures. I know from being featured in them that most of the stuff there is pure speculation. So I don't believe what I read.

IS IT TRUE YOU PLAN ON MOVING INTO ACTING ONCE THIS ALBUM IS RELEASED?

Uh, no. Absolutely not true.

YOUR FATHER IS A COMEDIAN AND ACTOR. DID YOU LEARN FROM HIM AS A PERFORMER?

No, we don't have family meetings about performing. I wanted to do things on my own.

"NOT FAIR" IS ABOUT A MAN WHO CAN'T GIVE A WOMAN AN ORGASM. IS THERE SOME GUY OUT THERE WHO'S ABOUT TO FEEL EMBARRASSED?

The person in question has already heard the song, and he didn't think it was about him. He's got too much of an ego.—Nick Catucci

Game On

February's finest in virtual fun.



Kill Zone 2

Sony • PS3
Impressive lighting effects, motion blur, and graphics make this first-person shooter the hottest girl at the ball, if not quite the best dancer.

RATING: ●●●●○



50 Cent: Blood on the Sand

THQ • Xbox 360, PS3
A Wanksta-proof gem, *Sand* combines arcade-style collecting, 18 new music tracks, co-op play, and a story that's *Indiana Jones* meets *Scarface*.

RATING: ●●●●○



Streetfighter IV

Capcom • Xbox 360, PS3
IV takes the series to 3-D, but pretty as it is (and it is pretty), *Fighter* loses a fistful of its old-school soul with the added dimension.—Jesse Brukman

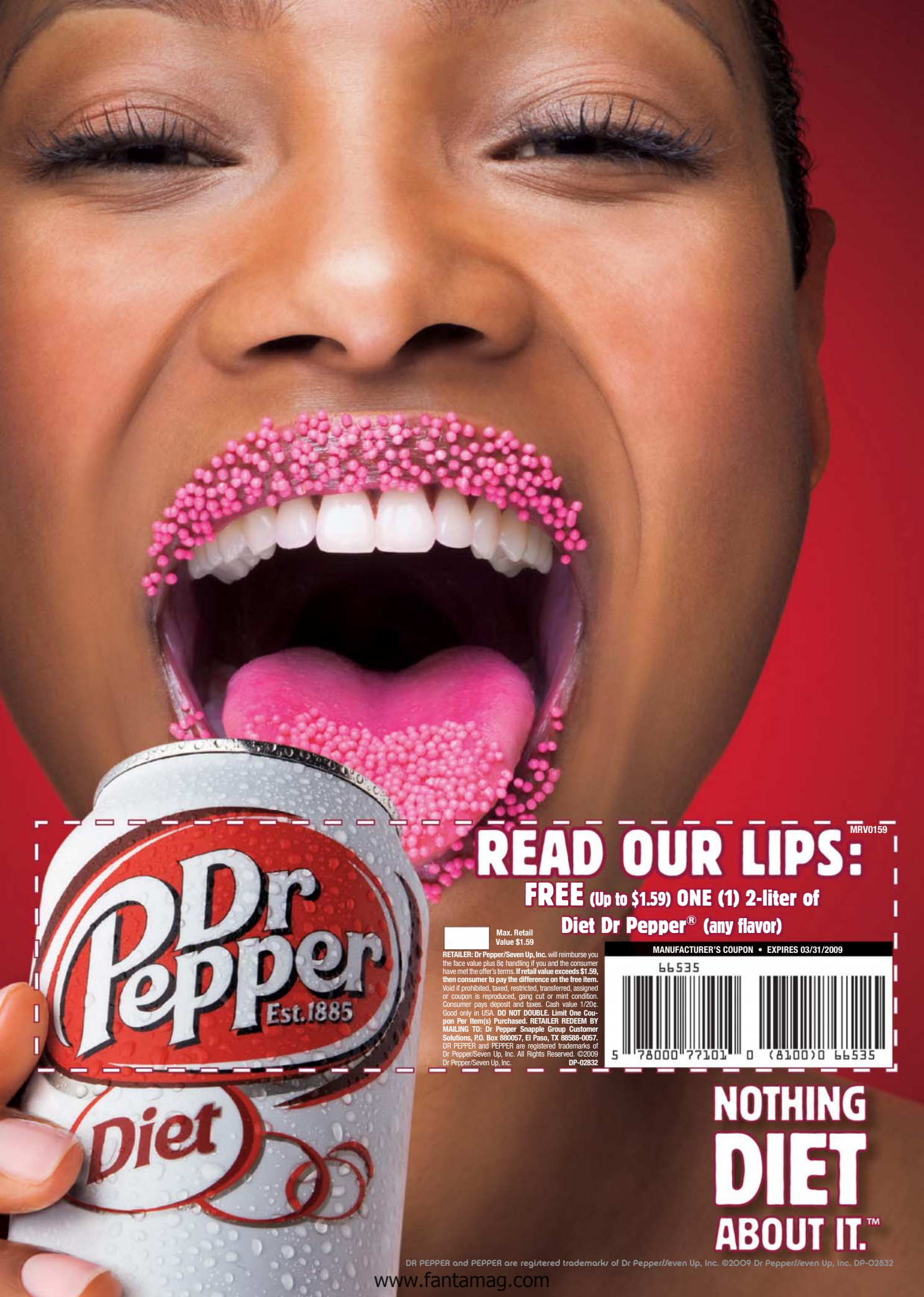
RATING: ●●●○●



Music Math Franz Ferdinand • Tonight: Franz Ferdinand • Domino/Epic



On their terrific third album, the louche Scottish quartet scoop some heavier, synth-driven funk (the tub-thumping "Can't Stop Feeling") and roots reggae (the positively noodley "Send Him Away") into their hyper-composed dance rock. But as "Live Alone" and "No You Girls" attest, they still write songs principally to make ladies want to do them.—N.C.



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Great Scott

Power up with *Scott Pilgrim*, the latest graphic novel heading to theaters.

The buzziest comic book series of the decade, *Scott Pilgrim* combines the slacker comedy of a Judd Apatow flick with rock 'em, sock 'em combat straight outta *Super Smash Bros.* Since the first volume debuted in 2004, the hipster hybrid has racked up accolades, including an Eisner Award nomination (the comic book Oscars).

The title character is a 23-year-old indie rocker wannabe. "All he wants to do is play video games and rock out with his band," says writer-artist Bryan Lee O'Malley. But when Scott becomes smitten with sexy Ramona Flowers, he discov-

ers he must defeat her seven ex-boyfriends in video-game-style battles in order to date her. Imagine if instead of merely cock-blocking you, your girl's exes lobbed ninja stars at your head, and you've got the idea.

In the latest volume, *Scott Pilgrim vs. the Universe*, things get even darker for our hero. "This is the *Empire Strikes Back* of the series," O'Malley hints. Not surprisingly, Hollywood wants in on the action: A movie version is coming, directed by Edgar Wright (*Hot Fuzz*), with Michael Cera as Scott and knockout Mary Elizabeth Winstead as Ramona. If the books are any indication, expect a kick-ass soundtrack and lots of ass-kicking combat. —Sean T. Collins



RATED BOOKS/FILM



Becoming B.I.G.

Jamal Woolard (left) plays Biggie Smalls in *Notorious*, and took his transformation way seriously.

Big Poppa

"I had to go to Biggie boot camp," says Woolard, who's also known as supersize Brooklyn-based rapper Gravy. The already hefty rhyme-slinger ballooned to 340 pounds ("I just wanted to get my second chin back"), spent time with Voletta Wallace (the real Big's mother), and worked with a speech coach to nail down that trademark lisp ("We both have it; his tongue just lays down flatter than mine") to get into the role.

Hypnotized









"I even listened to Willie Nelson CDs," laughs Woolard, "because that's what Ms. Wallace was playing while Big grew up." Willie wasn't the only musical inspiration Woolard sought. "Puff told me to be myself. Don't follow Biggie too hard. He'd watch a performance once in a while, but would leave 'cause he was getting flashbacks."

Ready to Die

In 2006, Woolard was shot outside of New York City radio station Hot 97. But instead of going to the hospital, he still went up and performed. "The haters win if I just go to the hospital," says Woolard. That attitude makes Gravy more like Biggie than even he realizes. "It's a beautiful thing being compared to the best. I'm chasing the same dream he was." —Jesse Brukman

Film Checkup

Sifting through the cinematic heap.

	Dangerous and/or wacky conspiracies	Bumbling "police"	Questionable accents	Will make you paranoid	Like Die Hard with a thyroid condition	Another reason Valentine's Day sucks	Our Take
 The Pink Panther 2 Steve Martin reprises his role of pissing on Peter Sellers' grave as fumbling Inspector Clouseau.	✓	✓	✓				This family-friendly fraud offended every one of our limited sensibilities the first time. But with a \$140 million gross, a sequel was inevitable.
 The International An all-powerful banker implements schemes of world domination. Clive Owen to the rescue!	✓		✓	✓			Owen, passed over as James Bond, gets his shot at jet-setting intrigue and gritty action. And damn if he doesn't look convincing doing it.
 Paul Blart: Mall Cop Kevin James plays a police-academy washout tasked with stopping—wait for it—mall-robbing criminals.	✓	✓			✓		The surprisingly limber King of Queens delivers some laugh-worthy pratfalls in an otherwise flat flick. James junkies will get their fix.
 He's Just Not That Into You ScarJo, Jennifer Aniston, and Drew Barrymore are looking for love in Baltimore!				✓		✓	Most guys are totally into these women. But this goopy adaptation of the chick-lit bestseller is enough to make the title come painfully true.

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Morrissey

The famously forlorn British crooner and ex-Smiths frontman muses on his last day on Earth.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO? DOUBLE-DECKER BUS? TEN-TON TRUCK?

Concussed by a coconut.

WHICH OF YOUR SONGS PLAYS IN HEAVEN?

"Satan Rejected My Soul."

AND WHICH ONE PLAYS IN HELL?

"I Have Forgiven Jesus."

WHAT BOOK DO YOU REGRET NOT FINISHING?

The Toilets Are Closed in Your Honour, an account of the life of Cressida Dick, deputy assistant commissioner of London's Metropolitan Police.

WHILE ALIVE, WHAT DID YOU SPEND MOST OF YOUR MONEY ON?

Legal fees.

WHO IN YOUR LIFE WOULD YOU HAVE MOST LIKED TO "KICK IN THE EYE"?

That meat-fed horror Jamie "Orrible" Oliver. If he's a master chef, then I'm Miss Brazil 1970.

WHAT WILL BE YOUR GREATEST LEGACY?

Thundering suavity.

ANY REGRETS ABOUT BEING OUTSPOKEN?

Whatever I said, I meant.

WHEN WERE YOU HAPPIEST?

At age 12 I could juggle a plate on a stick.

NAME ONE THING YOU'RE GLAD YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO DO AGAIN ON EARTH.

It will be worth being dead just to get away from Victoria Beckham.

WHAT'S THE WILDEST THING YOU EVER DID WHILE YOU WERE ALIVE?

I took some swimming lessons at the local baths.

WHAT'S YOUR LAST MEAL?

The disease of smallness—tea and toast.

DO YOU HAVE A DEATHBED CONFESSION?

I've never seen myself naked. It seemed impolite to look.

TO WHOM WOULD YOU WHISPER YOUR LAST GOODBYE?

To my very best friend...myself.

Morrissey's latest album, *Years of Refusal*, comes out on February 17.

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Find the Rocky Hands. Then walk, swim or surf to the small, blue refuge from the swell. If open, be prepared to order between sets. Have faith in whatever Tarzian serves. **SOME THINGS TASTE BETTER WHEN THEY'RE NOT TRANSLATED.**

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Meet the Icon, a mash-up of old-school off-roadin' and tough new tech.

▶ Toyota meets Tonka in the FJ43, the drool-worthy mountain-climbing machine from Icon, a three-year-old California brand that has become the ultimate reanimator of Toyota's seminal Land Cruisers. Jonathan Ward's crew starts with an original's old steel bones and ends with a masterpiece of

all-conquering capability with vintage charm. Their latest New School model is a turnkey terror with a 550-hp Corvette V-8. Not only can it grab big air from here to Cabo, it's a surprisingly livable street ride, too. But it ain't cheap: This handbuilt beauty will set you back \$100 grand. Get yours at icon4x4.com. —Lawrence Ulrich

1 The Build

The bones of the Icon are an original vintage Toyota FJ Cruiser chassis, found in SoCal auto graveyards. Once unearthed, Icon strips 'em bare and begins to build the perfect monster. The resto takes five men 350 hours of labor (not including union-sanctioned cigarette breaks).

2 The Designer

Ward's early custom creations served as design inspiration for Toyota's own FJ Cruiser, reborn in 2006. Disheartened by the mainstream result, Ward fantasized about how to keep the Cruiser's classic style but beam the technology five decades ahead. You see the result here.

3 The Power Plant

This beast rocks a brand-new six-liter Corvette LS2, spared from a tortured life of cruising the Jersey coast to a Maroon 5 soundtrack. Ward bumps it up to 550 hp and 580 lb.-ft. of torque, nestles it into an aluminum body, and wraps it in a tough powder coat. Comfy!



4 Shock Treatment

Forget the old-fashioned leaf springs. Robust Eibach coils and nitrogen shocks deliver 12 springy inches of wheel travel, which makes the Icon jump like Michael Vick when he hears a barking dog, while allowing the truck to attain impressively knotty angles.

5 The Interior

This FJ will last longer than David Duchovny on a Levitra bender, so its makers avoid obsolescence with high-tech add-ons like a removable nav system. Bespoke gear even includes anodized aluminum visors, spotted on Bob Seger's Learjet when he flew in to pick up his own Icon.





The Super Setup

We test the best home theater \$1,500 will buy. Build a Super Bowl bunker now!

1 Best HDTV Under \$1,000 Samsung LN40A550 \$999

We took in an NFL tripleheader on four of the top sub-\$1,000 HDTVs, and Sammy's 40-inch 1080p LCD set clearly emerged as our champ. The glare-free panel's colors are bright and accurate: Fake turf looks fakely green, and Detroit Lions fans' faces carry a gray pallor. And its blacks were nearly as dark as the plasmas we tested. Though this set doesn't have the blur-killing 120 Hz processing of higher-end LCDs, we didn't notice the trails or digital artifacts that plague similar LCDs during fast action. Plus: Its input and color-control menus are easily tweakable even when the TV's operator is seven-deep into a case of Icehouse.

Runner-up: LG 42PG20—a 720p plasma set with saturated, supersharp visuals and a bargain price. \$800

2 Best Soundbar Under \$500 Sony HT-CT100 \$299

While HDTVs have made Reggie Wayne-style leaps in display quality, their built-in speakers still deserve to ride the bench. Upgrading with a soundbar—a speaker bar placed underneath the set—is an easy way to get big sound without turning your den into a rat's nest of speaker cables. This Sony unit adds a subwoofer to the mix, and can't be beat for its price. You plug your PlayStation, DVD player, and cable/satellite HDMI cables into the sub and run just a single HDMI cable to the TV, so you can banish your old receiver to storage space. It'll sound like NBC's studio team is bickering right there on your love seat.

Runner-up: Denon DHT-F55, a stand-alone bar that pumps convincing surround sound into smaller rooms. \$370

3 Best Universal Remote Logitech Harmony One \$190

This hand-friendly "clicker" boasts a color touchscreen, the ability to control up to 15 devices, and a sleek interface that makes all other universal remotes we've tried seem about as fun as calculating derivatives on a TI-83. Setup happens through your PC or Mac, so there's no Game Genie-like code book to sort through before settling in to watch the game. If you're feeling lucky, you can try the infrared learning function, which can make some devices work just by pointing it at them. Still too hard? Press the HELP button, which troubleshoots your problem and sends an extended middle finger to the Geek Squad.

Runner-up: Radio Shack's pleather three-in-one football-shaped remote. *Discontinued in 2002; try eBay*

TURF YOUR LIVING ROOM

Walk onto the 50 at the Buffalo Bills' stadium and you'll be digging your cleats into AstroTurf's GameDay Grass. While it would be cool to have the stuff lining the floor of your home, the rubber pellets that keep it from getting matted down by the asses of 300-pound linemen would make a mess rivaling the bathroom of John Madden's bus the day after Thanksgiving. Enter AstroTurf's new Home Edition—the same nylon grass without the rubberfill. It's available in sizes starting at 10 feet by 15 feet (\$2,000), and you can install it just like carpet. Then you can call Bon Jovi and challenge his Arena Football team to a game in your den. astroturfusa.com/manroom
—Stan Horacek and Jesse Will



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BACK SO I CAN STRETCH
OUT. I CAN'T SIT IN
LITTLE CARS!
”



Melo Rider

NBA superstar Carmelo Anthony puts some dunk in the trunk.

Junkyard King

"I love American cars like this '64 Lincoln Continental. I have six old ones. I keep my eyes open. I was driving home one day here in Denver, and I saw this great 1976 Cadillac Seville for sale, single owner. I made the call right there. I don't think the seller knew it was me buying it."

Fixer-Upper

"Cars like this need plenty of work, and I love to restore or rebuild them. Redo the interiors,

give them a fresh coat of paint, and do a lot of engine work. It's actually not all that expensive. I have my own shop that does a lot of the work, Capone Carmelo Kustomz. Rims, radios, whatever you want!"

Room to Move

"Another reason I like vintage cars: If it in 'em—there's a lot of space. On some of mine I get the seat pushed back so I can stretch out. I can't sit in them little cars!"

Cold Comfort

"Not all of my cars are old models. You can't really drive those much in the winter anyway, especially here in Denver—they're show cars, mostly. So I get around in a Range Rover most of the time. Plus, I just bought a new Dodge Challenger. And I have my eyes on that four-door Lamborghini concept, the Estoque! I also love the Lamborghini Marzal. I'm thinking about picking that one up. Just for the summer, of course." —Jesse Brukman

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The Valentine's Day Upgrade

She wants to boast to her friends; you want to get lucky. Here's how both your V-Day dreams can come true.

You've probably heard that women dress for other women, and the same theory of catty one-upmanship holds true on Valentine's Day. Yes, even the most cynical lass wants to evoke jealousy in her gal pals on February 14. "Women are naturally prone to compete over their mates," says Helen Fisher, Ph.D., author of *Why Him? Why Her?* "Plus, competition drives up her testosterone levels, increasing her libido." Translation: Stick her with a stale present and she will second-guess your lazy ass. But drop an envy-inciting gift on her and she'll be way more amenable to trying the "love harness" you bought on Craigslist. To ensure your V-Day pays dividends, we've created the ultimate cheat sheet for upgrading those mid-rung doghouse ideas into top-shelf sex investments.

1 Box of Chocolates

Upgrade: Throw her a chocolate tasting party. For a few hundred bucks, an expert will bring an array of chocolates to her home with wine and explain the nuances of the confections and the pairings. Many boutique chocolatiers, elite wine stores, and gourmet grocers offer the service.

Bragging rights: "He's going to love how I work off all the calories."

Last-minute save: Make her 2-Minute Truffles: Break a bar of dark chocolate in a bowl and pour in 7/8 of a cup of almost-boiled heavy cream. Stir until melted, then stick in fridge. Once cool, scoop chocolate with a spoon and roll in cocoa powder.



2 Hallmark Card

Upgrade: To create a superior memento, upload your best couple photos onto shutterfly.com and design a personalized hardcover photo book. (\$15)

Bragging rights: "Do you know how many trees he killed to express his love?"

Last-minute save: Create a virtual photo album. This isn't nearly as impressive as a book, but still trumps a crappy card from 7-Eleven. Go on flickr.com, upload your favorite couple photos, and organize them into album form in seconds, for free. (Tip: Remove porn images from your desktop before showing her.)



3 Lingerie



Upgrade: Sure, one glance at her Victoria's Secret set gives you a tingle (see page 14 for sensory overload). But to incite genuine panty-monium, give her an unmentionable from high-end lingerie boutique Kiki de Montparnasse. They sell everything from bras to cat suits to battery-powered "instruments of pleasure," but even a great pair of panties (like the Muse Tuxedo, \$175, at left) will put her in the mood to tear 'em off. kikidm.com

Bragging rights:

"Oh, you've never heard of it? Cameron Diaz wears Kiki."

The "Cross Your Arms" bra has yet to catch on.

4 Dinner Reservations

Upgrade: Make this 15-minute, four-star Spaghetti Pomodoro from Scott Conant, top chef at Scarpetta in N.Y.C.

Bragging rights: "He was so cute and only lost one finger!"

Last-minute save: Really? Just make the damn spaghetti.



Ingredients

1/2 pound spaghetti
2 Tbs. olive oil
1 medium shallot, sliced thin
1 clove garlic, sliced thin
2 pints cherry tomatoes, halved
Pinch of crushed red pepper
1/2 cup fresh basil, sliced
1/2 Tbs. butter
3 Tbs. Parmigiano-Reggiano

Method

1. Boil spaghetti in salted water.
2. Heat oil in sauté pan over medium-high heat. Gently heat shallots and garlic, browning slightly. Add tomatoes, crushed pepper, a little salt, and lots of love.
3. Cook until tomatoes soften. Add six ounces of boiling water to tomatoes. Toss with a wooden spoon, adding basil, butter, and Parmigiano. Get it nice and creamy. Insert in mouth.

The longer you wait



...the better it gets.




Think Wisely.
Drink Wisely.*

Evan Williams Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Distilled in Kentucky.
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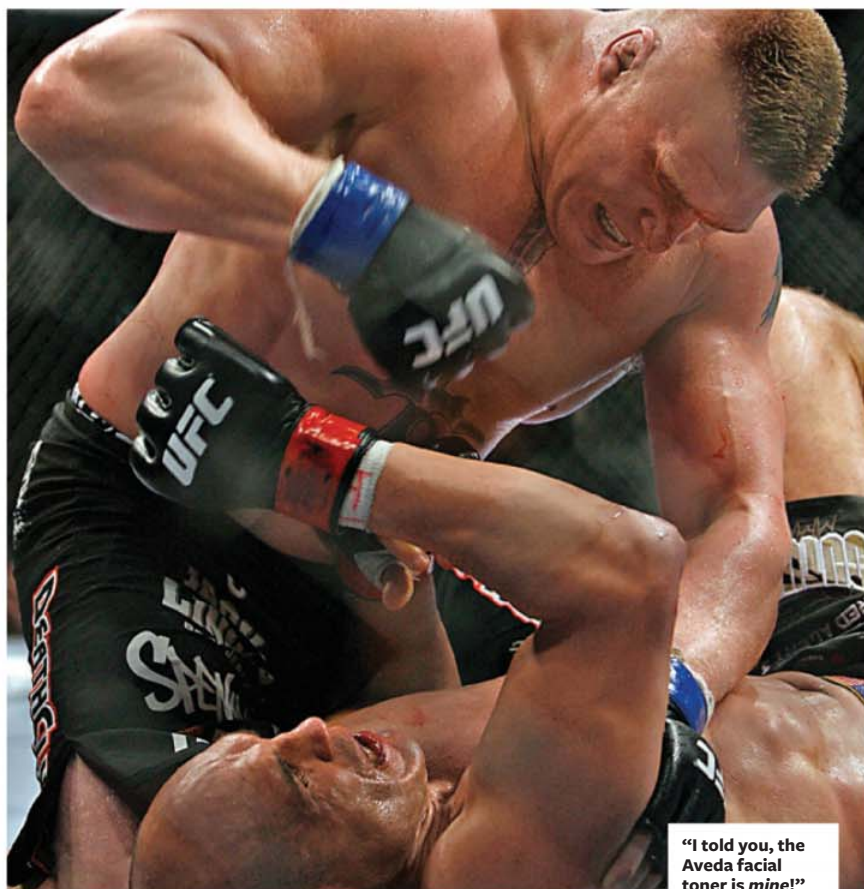
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Fight Club

Take a behind-the-scenes look at the rapid rise of the UFC from a fledgling freak show to a blood-soaked, billion-dollar business.

Decades before the term “mixed martial arts” was coined, a young jujitsu master in Brazil began tweaking the Japanese art to create his own fighting style. Soon, 5’9”, 150-pound Carlos Gracie was challenging comers of any size and skill to throw down via an ad in a national newspaper: “If you want to get your face beaten and smashed, your butt kicked, and your arms broken, contact Carlos Gracie.” The contests were *vale tudo*, Portuguese for “anything goes.” Many thought he was crazy, but Gracie’s moves—a system of highly technical chokes and submission holds performed after taking an opponent to the ground—subdued all his challengers, whether boxers, kickboxers, or karate black belts.

In the 1970s Carlos’ nephew Rorion brought the family business to America, patenting the term “Gracie jujitsu.” In 1989 California advertising executive Art Davie stopped by Gracie’s martial arts studio and hit on an idea: a sporting contest that would pit all the various combat arts specialists against one another—no rules, no weight classes, no holds barred. Seeing a perfect marketing opportunity, Rorion agreed to help. The men formed a production company with one of Gracie’s clients, Hollywood director John Milius (Conan the Barbarian), and struck a deal with New York–based pay-per-view pioneer Bob Meyrowitz of Semaphore Entertainment Group. The first Ultimate Fighting Championship was born.

The inaugural UFC event was held in Denver, where the state athletic commission was notoriously toothless. On November 12, 1993, a motley crew of combatants converged on shopworn McNichols Arena. The field included

a pro boxer, Art Jimmerson, scheduled to fight the great Thomas Hearns the following month; a massive sumo wrestler, Teila Tuli; and a local kickboxer, Patrick Smith, whose record was advertised as 250-0. The promotional material did not exactly obscure the violence. Victory could be attained only by “knockout, surrender, doctor’s intervention, or death.”

No one was quite sure what to expect. No holds barred? No weight classes? No judges? Death? No rule against hair-pulling or soccer-style kicks to the head of a downed opponent? *Death?* Still, the novelty of it all helped draw a reasonable crowd, mostly heavy-duty white trash, the curious, and the bloodthirsty. No one, of course, realized that they were attending a seminal sports event—that 15 years later there would be nearly 100 UFC cards (and counting), packing tens of thousands of fans into prime arenas and drawing hundreds of thousands of pay-per-view buys. This was more of a one-night-only vaudeville show.

At odds with the sensationalistic promotion—death?—a number of the fights were uninspired matches. As a chorus of boos echoed off the many empty seats, it became clear that the prospect of a ponderous sumo wrestler taking on a journeyman boxer was more appealing in theory than in practice. And even the spasms of excitement tended to come with unintended consequences. In the first fight Gerard Gordeau, a karate and savate champion from the Netherlands, deployed a roundhouse kick to the face of Tuli. The kick connected with Tuli’s jaw and dislodged several teeth. One of them sailed into the audience as a souvenir, the UFC’s equivalent of a foul ball hit into the stands at a baseball game. Only later did the organizers realize that some of Tuli’s other chiclets had lodged in Gordeau’s foot. Even though doctors were unable to dislodge the teeth, Gordeau continued fighting, and when he returned to Europe he endured months of treatment to prevent blood poisoning.

In the next fight a California kickboxing expert, Zane Frazier, took advantage of the lack of a prohibition on hair-pulling and ripped out clumps from the mane of his opponent, Kevin Rosier, a beer-bellied galoot from upstate New York. For good measure Frazier also broke Rosier’s jaw. Rosier recovered, however. After a few minutes, with both fighters sucking air, Rosier won with a series of repeated stomps to the back of Frazier’s head.

The primal, kill-or-be-killed violence was straight out of *Wild Kingdom*. And from the beginning the crowd of 3,500 or so made its lowest-common-denominator sensibilities very clear. In one of the early matches Ken Shamrock, a chiseled Californian who was then toggling between professional wrestling and ➤

Excerpted from *BLOOD IN THE CAGE* by L. Jon Wertheim, copyright © 2009. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Pancrase, or hybrid wrestling, took on the local kickboxer. Less than two minutes into the fight, Shamrock shot low and executed a heel hook that hyperextended his opponent's ankle and knee. It was a brilliant, slick move, but it yielded no blood. The crowd went ballistic. "They were throwing things at me," Shamrock recalled to a reporter. "Can you believe it? I broke the guy's ankle and they wanted more."

Just as Rorion Gracie had predicted, the event ended up doubling as a sort of infomercial for Gracie jujitsu. Rorion had selected one of his younger brothers, Royce, to represent the family, and he won the \$50,000 purse. At 6'1", 170 pounds, Royce, then 26 years old, was the smallest man in the UFC field. But in a theme that would repeat itself in UFCs 2, 4, and 5, his grappling and jujitsu skills were insurmountable. Royce crowed afterward, "It will open everybody's eyes that you don't have to be a monster to be the champ. You don't have to be the biggest guy or the one who hits the hardest."

The first Ultimate Fighting Championship was more spectacle than sport, an orgy of violence and generally reckless fighting. But this was equally hard to dispute: UFC was a smashing financial success. With a minimum spent on promotion, 80,000 households paid \$14.95 a piece to watch this strange curiosity. Given that the first-place prize was only \$50,000, the total purse barely \$100,000, the production budget roughly \$500,000...You do the math.

A Star Is Born

Within days of the first event, applications poured in from boxers, wrestlers, and martial arts fanatics. As the Ultimate Fighting Championships gained a cult following on pay-per-view through the mid-'90s, however, the sport earned a reputation for gratuitous violence. In 1996 Senator John McCain called it "human cockfighting" and urged governors of all 50 states to ban UFC competitions.

Despite the controversy (or perhaps because of it), the fledgling sport was taking off, particularly in hard-scrabble parts of the Midwest. It is in one such place—a cluster of sooty industrial towns straddling the Mississippi River in Illinois and Iowa, referred to

locally as the Quad Cities—that one of the sport's pioneers, legendary Iowa wrestler and American Muay Thai champ Pat Miletich, was fast becoming the piper of MMA.

Beyond the Quad Cities, Pat Miletich's name was spreading through the mixed-martial-arts community in the mid-'90s. It was the dawn of the Internet, and any fan with a browser caught wind of the guy in Iowa endowed with wrestling skills, karate and jujitsu black belts, unmatched toughness, and an insane appetite for training.

Soon aspiring fighters were trickling into Miletich's studio with hopes of training alongside him. The fighters were built in his image: They came from Maine to Alaska, but most had a background in wrestling and what those prone to cliché might call a blue-collar work ethic. You show integrity in your workout. You look suspiciously at risk-taking. You prepare meticulously.

Like all tribes, the Miletich fighters came to share a way of talking, a fashion sense, a diet, and values. They all ate the same version of Miletich's "fighter's diet," a Jack Sprat special consisting of mostly oatmeal, eggs, and skinless, boneless chicken. There was a clear hierarchy, with Miletich at the top. Fighters were expected to take their lead from Miletich and train like maniacs. On one of his first days at the Miletich camp, Joe Jordan, an aspiring fighter from Kentucky, cut his eye while sparring. He figured he would need to leave and get it stitched up. "Where you think you're going?" [future UFC lightweight champion] Jens Pulver asked. Other fighters helped seal Jordan's cut with Krazy Glue. Then he resumed sparring.

By late 1997 the political battles surrounding the UFC had become a crush, and pay-per-view profits were in free fall. With the league bleeding money and desperate for sanctioning, it was forced to make rule changes that would dial down the violence. First among



them was adding weight classes. This was fine with John Peretti, the UFC's matchmaker. Now that his bosses were agreeing to hold a light-weight tournament, Peretti recalled "that tough son of a bitch from Iowa." Would Miletich be willing to fight in the UFC 16 show, "Battle in the Bayou," on March 13, 1998?

For his first 30 years Miletich had gotten the business end of life. His dad had beaten up his mom before splitting. He had carried the coffins of two brothers, and a third was "on vacation" in an Iowa prison. His mom was ailing. His sport was embattled, in danger of being legislated out of existence. His finances were too meager even to be considered a joke. But on a bitterly cold day in the winter of 1998, Miletich at last got a blast of good news. He was finally getting his chance to fight in the UFC.

Miletich spent the next two months training as though his salvation rested on the outcome of the fight. Whenever he started gasping during a sparring session or felt as if cinderblocks were tied to his legs, he could always locate inspiration. In his eyes the fight was a fulcrum for everything in his life. The future of the promising academy he'd started. The family name that had taken its beating in recent years. The chance to provide his mother with some long-overdue happiness.

History of Violence

Behold the sweaty, shirtless, painful evolution of hand-to-hand combat.



Dawn of Time

Cain settles mankind's first sibling rivalry with brother Abel the old-fashioned way: with murder!



648 B.C.

Pankration, a mix of boxing and wrestling, is introduced to the Olympics. Broken arms introduced as well.



1300s

Early karate practitioners journey from China to Okinawa, Japan to spread the noble art of ass-kicking—er, martial arts.



1300s

Rough-and-tumble Turkish oil wrestling takes hand-to-hand combat from vaguely homoerotic to totally fa-a-a-bulous!



1984

Daniel-san defeats feather-haired Johnny with a Mr. Miyagi crane kick to the face; celebrates by chastely embracing Elisabeth Shue.



From left: Fighters can't escape the UFC's octagon; one of the UFC's first breakout stars, Pat Miletich; early MMA battles pitted boxers against black belts to determine the best of the best.

Miletich's opponent in his first fight was Townsend Saunders, a 170-pound block of granite who represented the ongoing improvement in the caliber of athlete drawn to mixed martial arts. Calling Saunders a world-class wrestler would've been selling him short. He had taken the silver medal at the 1996 Olympics and was the reigning gold medalist at the Pan Am Games. Miletich was awed by the guy's pedigree, but he knew that Saunders couldn't have mastered the broad palette of skills that were by now a prerequisite for success.

The Miletich-Saunders fight was tactical, technical, and tempered. There were no high-speed collisions, no blows for a highlight video, and consequently, no blood. After the regulation 12 minutes and a three-minute overtime, it was announced that Miletich was the winner. He had less than an hour to recover before the title fight, in which he would be pitted against Chris Brennan, a scrappy fighter best known as a sparring partner of Royce Gracie in Southern California.

Brennan's credo was "I'd rather lose an exciting fight than win a boring fight." But on this night he lost a boring fight. Miletich took the fight to the ground, using his skills and stamina to wear his opponent out. Around the nine-minute mark, he pinned Brennan against the

base of the Octagon and dug his elbow into his opponent's throat. Brennan abruptly tapped out. Miletich was now the first lightweight tournament champion in UFC history.

No Business Like Show Business

Though MMA's popularity was growing, so was public outrage over the sport's perceived barbarism. In response the UFC continued to impose rules intended to civilize the competition. By the late '90s, league officials had made gloves mandatory and outlawed strikes to the back of the head and neck. The UFC was granted its first-ever sanctioned event, in New Jersey, in 2000; but years of political pressure and battles with athletic commissions had taken a severe financial toll.

The UFC was on the verge of bankruptcy in 2001 when it was purchased by casino owners Frank and Lorenzo Fertitta, who soon rescued it with an ingenious plan: marry ultimate fighting with reality TV. After Spike TV exec Brian Diamond watched Tim Sylvia allow his arm to be broken rather than tap out of the heavyweight championship match at UFC 48—a moment that reportedly caused some in the crowd to vomit—he was confident the UFC was a perfect match for his audience. The execs struck a deal and created a show modeled on *Survivor*: Two eight-man teams would compete in an elimination tournament; the grand prize was a contract to fight in the UFC.

The first 13-week season of *The Ultimate Fighter* would premiere in January 2005. Sixteen fighters were selected to converge on a house in the Las Vegas suburbs and plied with alcohol. Either by accident or design, the first episode didn't feature a single combat scene: The fighters were that colorful outside the cage.

For those who watched the show—and an increasing number did in the succeeding weeks—it was difficult not to be riveted. There were plenty of "reality" moments, these untrained actors shooting off their mouths or getting drunk on-camera or engaging in Machiavellian conniving. But the beauty also lay in the complexity of the characters and the contrast between their physical and emotional profiles. Here were these tough guys with bulging muscles and badass tattoos, and they were just as vulnerable and insecure and hung up on petty annoyances as the ditzes on *The Bachelor*.

With a season's worth of accumulated momentum, the *TUF* finale was held on April 9, 2005, in a Las Vegas amphitheater, marking the first time MMA was broadcast live on cable television. Inside the arena, there were no stars on the card. There were no belts on the line. The press seating consisted of one credentialed media member. Yet the most important fight in UFC history was almost under way.

For the first five minutes of their match, light-heavyweight finalists Stephan Bonnar and Forest Griffin pulverized each other. It was an exceptionally brutal first round, the Hagler-Hearns of MMA, as [commentator] Joe Rogan called it. The second round was every bit as spellbinding. Griffin landed haymakers from angles that violated the laws of physics. Bonnar threw a jab that split open Griffin's nose. Though Griffin was irrigated in blood, he stung Bonnar with punches and leg kicks. Other *TUF* cast members were seen on-camera mouthing "holy shit." By the third round Griffin's face had been turned into steak tartare.

Remarkably, for such an intense fight, all three judges ruled the same way: 29-28 for Griffin. Bonnar collapsed on the canvas, but his disappointment was short-lived. Nothing if not a born promoter, [UFC frontman Dana] White smiled and announced that Bonnar was worthy of the six-figure UFC contract as well.

The live finale drew a 1.9 rating—representing 2.6 million households—an exceptional cable number by any measure, especially on a Saturday night. And it was an almost unthinkable rating for a show about a sport that had been banned from pay-per-view not long before. Parlaying the buzz, *TUF* continued to post strong ratings in the ensuing seasons. And as is always the case, sponsors slavishly followed the viewers. Before long the breaks were filled with spots for Burger King, Slim Jim, and Coors Light. In just one season of television, *TUF* had done what 10 years of lobbying could not do: It had legitimized mixed martial arts.



1993

The inaugural Ultimate Fighting Championship is held in Denver. The combatants are very, um, affectionate.



1997

In a desperate bid to make a dying sport interesting, Tyson chomps Holyfield's ear. Afterward says it tasted like chicken.



2003

Videos of street fighter Kimbo Slice appear on YouTube, earning him a pro MAA deal and making grown men shudder.



2008

Freak of nature Brock Lesnar (6'3", 265 lbs.) unseats Randy Couture as UFC heavyweight champ, ushering in a new era.



The Cult of McRib

In search of the legendary bone-free porky treat that inspired a national obsession.

Chicago is shivering beneath the first snowflakes of winter as my rental car skirts the area that was once the meat packing capital of the country. The sky is gray, the trees are bare, the air is raw. But as I make one final turn I find myself basking in the celestial glow of the Golden Arches, beneath which are the three magic words I've flown some 800 miles to see: **MCRIBS ARE BACK!**

McDonald's McRib is a sandwich of legend. The heavenly blend of pork patty, barbecue sauce, and bun is, to devotees, so addictive that songs have been written about it, Internet shrines erected to it, and TV shows dedicated to it. Yet McDonald's has made the McRib a limited edition, available only in certain areas of the country for part of the year. It is rarely seen, yet frequently sought and cultishly worshiped. It is the Holy Grail on a bun.

Because I live in New York, where the sandwich is nearly impossible to come by, it has been 15 years since I've eaten a McRib. So what to do when McDonald's offers not only to divulge where it can be found but also to provide access to the men behind the McRib?

It's time for a McRoadtrip.

I begin my pork-a-thon in Oak Brook, Illinois, where the McDonald's corporate headquarters is based and where the local franchise sits a mere 100 yards from Ronald's corner office. My McRib arrives dressed with pickle slices, an even sprinkling of onion arcs, and a healthy dose of barbecue sauce. Literally shaking with anticipation, I take a bite. It's delicious. The precise appropriation of barbecue sauce perfectly complements the light saltiness of the rib-shaped meat patty, bringing out its porky grace notes. The pickles burst forth with a sourness that contrasts with the sauce's sweetness. And the onions rush in to leave the palate with a robust kick. "The more taste sensations you can have in a product, the more interesting it is to your tongue," says Dan Coudreau, head chef for McDonald's in the United States. "All those savory, salty, sweet, and sour flavors work together. It's a classic taste combination with barbecue."

Initially test-marketed in 1981, the McRib was the brainchild of McDonald's first executive chef, Rene Arend, who'd been plucked from the kitchen of a local luxury hotel and tasked with increasing the franchise's menu options.

Arend's most industry-altering achievement would prove to be the creation of the Chicken McNugget in 1979. And it was the success of the nugget that necessitated the immediate invention of the McRib. "The McNuggets were so well received that every franchise wanted them," says Arend, now an 80-year-old retiree living in Chicago. "There wasn't a system to supply enough chicken. We had to come up with something to give the other franchises as a new product. So the McRib came about because of the shortage of chickens."

The McRib's direct inspiration was Southern BBQ. "I had just come back from Charleston, South Carolina, where I ate sandwiches made from pulled pork," Arend remembers. "I said to myself, Something with that flavor should really go over."

But instead of pulling his pork, Arend decided to give the meat its legendarily absurd shape: Even though it contains no bones, the patty is molded to resemble a miniature rack of ribs. "Some thought, Why not just make it round?" recalls Arend. "It would've been easier. But I wanted it to look like a slab of ribs."

About sixty miles southwest of Chicago, at a Mickey D's in Kankakee, Illinois, the booths

are packed with sauce-stained customers. “I don’t normally go to McDonald’s, but when I saw McRib’s were back on the menu, I was like, ‘I gotta get me one,’” says Oliver Corpuz, a 36-year-old attorney. “I’m not even sure if it’s all really pork in there. It’s some sort of extruded meat product.”

Contrary to what its name implies, there is very little actual rib meat in a McRib. “Primarily, it’s shoulder meat,” explains Rob Cannell, director of McDonald’s U.S. supply chain. “The McRib is made in large processing plants—lots of stainless steel, a number of production lines, and these long cryogenic freezers. The pork meat is chopped up, then seasoned, then formed into that shape that looks like a rib back. Then we flash-freeze it. The whole process from fresh pork to frozen McRib takes about 45 minutes.”

Since the McRib is a promotional sandwich, as opposed to a full-time menu item, each individual restaurant gets to decide whether or not to stock it. Hence the scarcity that has made it the Halley’s Comet of fast-food entrees. McDonald’s has alerted me which Illinois locations are currently carrying the McRib, so I make a number of stops as night falls. But for the average fan there is the McRib Locator Map at mcRib.kleincast.com, a tracking Web site created by Minneapolis-area meteorologist and hardcore pork enthusiast Alan Klein.

“My inspiration came a year ago when some friends of mine were having a hard time finding McRib,” explains Klein. On his map visitors can report locations where they’ve found a McRib, allowing rib-heads everywhere to benefit from the shared tracking info. As I stop for the night in Urbana-Champaign, I plug all my finds into the site’s map—the better to help others on pork pilgrimages.

The McRib’s place in the pop culture firmament was solidly established with the 12th episode of the 14th season of *The Simpsons*. In it Homer becomes addicted to Krusty Burger’s new “Ribwich,” which is made from a mysterious animal Krusty refuses to identify. Obviously, Homer has no choice but to abandon his family to tour the country with other rib addicts. The gorging stops only after Krusty announces that they’ve eaten the mysterious animal into extinction. “Homer would follow it around like people followed the Grateful Dead around,” says *Simpsons* executive producer Al Jean. “We asked Bob Seger to sing the commercial for the Ribwich, but he declined.” The McRib has repeatedly popped up in *Letteman’s* Top 10 Lists (Top 10 Surprises in Clinton’s State of the Union Address; 2. If reelected, would bring back the McRib Sandwich) and was in an episode of Adult Swim’s *The Boondocks* in which the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. returns to



PIGGYBACKING: From the author (above) to Homer Simpson to the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. (in *The Boondocks*), McRib fans are obsessive.

the modern day and discovers the wonders of processed pork patties. “Oh, snap! No they didn’t!” exclaims King. “A boneless rib sandwich. What will they think of next?”

“The McRib has all the trappings of a true cultural phenomenon,” says Chris Sivori, a former video game tester in Austin, Texas who chronicled his coworkers’ annual McRib eating challenge on his Web site, lettemeversent.com. “It’s so mysterious. A bone-shaped thing that has no bones in it? That’s out of control.”

After the McRib rolled out nationwide in 1982, McDonald’s learned the sandwich worked best as a limited-time offering. Its restricted availability has become a marketing tool. A few years back McDonald’s even launched a highly publicized Farewell Tour, announcing that the McRib was about to disappear forever, only to bring it back the following year for another Farewell Tour. “The McRib was like the Who,” chef Coudreaux admits. McDonald’s still sold

30 million of them in 2007, totaling more than seven million pounds of pig meat.

Driving through St. Louis, a billboard over the horizon announces MCRIB: MAKES MOIST TOWELETTES FEEL WANTED, and indeed the city’s franchises have a predilection for heavy saucing. As I down one last sandwich before heading home, I leave a glob of sauce in the box and a mound of soiled napkins on the tray. The experience leaves me feeling oddly content.

On my way to the St. Louis airport to fly back to New York, I buy four final McRib’s and shove them into my carry-on bag. Somewhere over Ohio, I reach for my bag to sneak out a mid-flight snack. As I open the McRib container, its aroma of pork and lukewarm sauce pervades the cabin. The middle-aged woman stuck sitting next to me looks visibly horrified. But her husband one seat over? I’m going to categorize him as envious. Yes, you can smell it in the air: The McRib is back.

SANDWICH CEMETERY

For every McRib, a ton of items end up in that big drive-through in the sky.

MCD.L.T.

McDonald’s (1985)
A container that separated the warm patty from the cool veggies. *Genius!* The jaunty ad starring Jason Alexander was just a bonus.



CHICKEN LITTLES

KFC (1987)
The sky began to fall when KFC introduced these mini-sandwiches. Seems fans don’t want to be reminded of White Castle’s Slyders.



BELL BEEFER

Taco Bell (c. 1970)
There are two lessons to be learned from this monstrosity: 1. Taco Bell should stick to tacos. 2. Pick a name that’s at least vaguely appetizing.



FIRE-GRILLED

SALADS
Burger King (2004)
This edible oxymoron included a “specially designed pouch” with hot chicken to be poured over the chilled greens.



A photograph of a woman's legs and hands on a sandy beach. The legs are spread out, and one hand is resting on a thigh. The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a rock or a shadowed part of the beach. Overlaid on the top left is a stylized graphic with horizontal stripes in shades of orange, yellow, and pink, with white clouds. The text 'THE REAL SWIMSUIT ISSUE' is written in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters across the graphic.

THE REAL SWIMSUIT ISSUE

Take six of the world's hottest models, fly them to the most picturesque beach in the Caribbean, dress them in sinfully sexy swimwear, and what do you get? With all due respect to the Hubble Space Telescope, the most breathtaking images ever captured by man. So take a trip to Turks & Caicos, where the sirens of the *real* swimsuit issue await.

BY PATRICK CARONE PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW

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DUNDOP
BIKINI BOTTOM



SARAH MUTCH

NORTHERN LIGHT

Hails from: White Rock, B.C., Canada


Last seen: Brandished on billboards worldwide as the face of Guess and guest-starring on *Smallville* and *Supernatural*.

Hometown pride: "White Rock is a painfully small town. It's right on the beach, and I grew up a few blocks away. The water is deep green, which is kind of disgusting, so I spent a lot of time building sand castles."

Line, please: "I think guys come up with lines instead of just being honest, because then it doesn't hurt as much when they get turned down. I hate when guys scream out, 'Hey, baby!' Girls do *not* want to hear 'baby.' I cringe when I hear it."

Canuck yuks: "I like modeling, but I'm actually more proud of acting—it's so much more complex. I think I would be good at comedy...but I don't know why there are so many comedians from Canada. Maybe it's because there's nothing else to do there but entertain yourself."

Recession plan: "I have really bad issues with clothes shopping. I like Chanel, Fendi, and Hermès...but Roberto Cavalli is my weakness. I'm in denial about the economy right now. Clients aren't paying as much, and you even notice the catering on set is different. It's not quite McDonald's, but it's changed."




"The beach
can be very
romantic.
It really
depends on
who you
are with."

CANYON
BEACHWEAR
SWIMSUIT

STYLING, VANESSA GELDBACH FOR PHOTOGENICS; HAIR, JOHN RUGGIERO FOR CELESTINE AGENCY.COM; MAKEUP,
HIROMI INOKO/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/JOUER.SPECIAL THANKS TO DEMITASSE.COM FOR PROVIDING JEWELRY.



EARTH ANGEL
CUTOUT SWIMSUIT,
EARTHANGELSWIM
WEAR.COM

A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a metallic, strapless, cutout swimsuit. She is posing on a large, textured rock formation, leaning against it with her right hand and resting her left leg on the rock. The background shows a sandy beach and a dark, rocky cliff under a bright sky.

"I hate when
guys scream
out, 'Hey, baby!'
I cringe when
I hear it."

MAGGIE BARRY
CUTOUT SWIMSUIT

www.fantamag.com



JAMIE GUNNS

COCKNEY CUTIE

Hails from: London, England

Last seen: Strutting her stuff for Lee Jeans and Roberto Cavalli.

Hometown pride: "We have a beach town near London called Margate. It's pretty much rocks, beer cans, shards of glass...amazing, really. Everyone should check it out. It's much prettier than Turks & Caicos. In fact, I think they should have done the *Maxim* shoot there!"

Beach snack: "Do you know what I love? A jug of sangria. I like picking the fruit out and sucking on it—so good. A chip-buttie sandwich is also tasty on the beach. First you take some French fries, put them between

two slices of white bread, cover them in mayonnaise and ketchup, and *voilà!* It keeps your abs in place."

Belly up: "I like bellies on guys. Not, like, massive ones, but a little hairy belly can be very sexy. English girls like guys who can eat. A man who diets is not a proper man. A guy should eat three solid meals a day. They're meant to be big and strong to protect their women."

Cabinet post: "I'm good at making cakes and cookies, so I think Obama could name me Secretary of Baked Goods. When I was at school, we'd bake for charity, and everyone would say I made the best cakes."

ASHLEY PAIGE BIKINI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MALUCCI







ASHLEY PAIGE
BIKINI



"I love a jug
of sangria
on the
beach. I
like picking
the fruit
out and
sucking on
it—so good."

ONDADEMAR BIKINI TOP
VIX BIKINI



MELISSA BAKER

BUCKEYE BEAUTY

Hails from: Ohio

Last seen: Cavorting with broheims for Abercrombie & Fitch.

Eerie feeling: "This is my first time in Turks & Caicos, and I love it. In Ohio the only body of water around is Lake Erie, which isn't so pretty. I come from a working-class family, so we weren't able to travel much. I especially love the clear blue water here. The first time I saw it, I got tears in my eyes."

Beach beats: "I've been listening to Jack Johnson. I find his music very calming and relaxing. But mainly, when I'm at home I listen to country.

I'm a Rascal Flatts girl at heart."

Speedo policy: "I'm not a fan, I'm sorry. If a guy who wanted to date me showed up wearing a Speedo, I'd make him change. That actually happened to me once. I said, 'What the hell is that?! What are you wearing?' I can't do those."

Recession plan: "If things get worse, I'd have to cut back on sneakers. Any time I see them in the window, I go in and buy them. I especially love Jordans and Air Force 1s. I get every crazy color and style. If you shop around, you can find ones that no one else has—that's what I like."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



EARTH ANGEL BIKINI

LANDI SWANEPOEL

AFRICAN QUEEN

Hails from: Cape Town, South Africa

Last seen: Lying about in ads for Chanel and Victoria's Secret.

Jaws attacks: "Cape Town is very much by the beach, but the thing is, the water is really freaking cold. I'm not the best swimmer anyway, plus I'm afraid of sharks."

Beach reads: "I enjoy celebrity tabloids like *Us Weekly* sometimes, but I'm not going to buy any of them. I'll only grab one if my friends already bought it, and when they hand it over I'll pretend I don't care."

High roller: "I love to go bowling... but I'm really bad at it. I never break 100. None of my friends like it when I play on their team. It's kind of sad, but nobody wants me. I don't care; I'm shooting to be on the cover of *Bowling Digest* one day."

Cabinet post: "If Obama named me to his cabinet, I think I should be Secretary of Beaches. I'd advise him to go to the islands in Thailand, which I loved very much, and Bali, which is beautiful and has great food. I'd also make sure he didn't wear a nut hut."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MALUCCI



EARTH ANGEL
BIKINI BOTTOM,
EARTHANGEL
SWIMWEAR.COM

"I can be a beach bum, but I also like to hit a club and dance."



Located a mere 575 miles south of Miami, Turks & Caicos is a cool, convenient party spot with direct flights from around the U.S. And, no, it's not just for families. These are its current hot spots.



1 The Resort Nikki Beach

Situated on the secluded tip of T&C's most popular island, Providenciales (Provo for short), this brand-new resort is the best place to get away from the yupsters and their rugrats, who infect places like Club Med. With sick oceanside views, a top-notch restaurant, and DJs rocking the outdoor bar all night, it's the place to lay your pretty head. nikkibeachhotels.com



2 The Meal Da Conch Shack

Remember those shells Grandpa told you to hold up to your ear to "hear the sea"? Well, those saltwater snails are called conch, and T&C natives love 'em. Seeing as the critters are smashed up right on the beach behind it, "Da Shack" is the ideal spot to chow down while sipping an indigenous Turks Head Lager. conchshack.tc



3 The Spa Regent Spa

Don't even think about hitting the beach until you spend some time at the sleekest spa on the island. Spread out over one acre with rooms surrounded by the blue sea, its treatments include hair removal (you know you need it), massages (of the non-happy-ending variety), and facials (get your mind out of the gutter!). regenthotels.com/hotels/tcturks



4 The Dive Big Blue Unlimited

T&C's prettiest attributes (aside from our swim models) are its gotta-see-it-to-believe-it turquoise water and its coral-covered barrier reef—the fourth-largest in the world. Based on the waterfront in Provo's east end, Big Blue's eco-friendly dives boast small groups, lots of underwater time, and many marine life encounters. bigblue.tc



5 The Club Cameo's Nightclub

You can get your freak on any night, but Friday is prime time at the sweatiest, sexiest, and raunchiest club on the island. Top Caribbean DJs play hip-hop-tinged sets, and the bevy of Dominican, Cuban, and native gals moving their bodies wearing barely a stitch will keep your booty shaking well into the a.m. *Downtown Airport Road, Provo (ask a cabbie)*

QUIANA GRANT

VIRGINIAN VIXEN

♥
Hails from: Newport News, Virginia

Last seen: Working runways for Karl Lagerfeld and wearing a painted-on bikini in an inferior magazine's swimsuit issue.

Beach patrol: "I love the beach, but I'm not a big fan of swimming or surfing, because one time the undercurrent almost made me drown. So I don't usually go in—I like to just lie out and see how dark I can get."

Line, please: "You should just be yourself if you see a girl on the beach you'd like to talk to. A lot of guys try

to think of clever lines, but we can see right through them. One time this guy told me, 'You've got some nice long legs. I bet you get paid for those legs!' I was like, 'What is that supposed to mean, exactly?'"

Obama mania: "I was on my way to London for a shoot, and when we landed the pilot announced that Obama had won. Everybody started cheering. It was great to see how the world was reacting."

Bye-bye, Bush: "My advice for George W. Bush as he leaves office? Just get the hell out. He's ready to go."

MARZIA GENESI BIKINI
VIX BIKINI TOP



THE
REAL
SWIMSUIT
ISSUE



STYLING: KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR
AND MAKEUP: KOJI HIGASHINO
FOR NEXT ARTIST MANAGEMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MALUCCI



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

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www.fantamag.com



VIOLET BUDD

BRITISH BOMBSHELL

▼
Hails from: Fleet, England
Last seen: New to the modeling world, but recently selected as a prestigious "Love Sexy Elite" model.
In hot water: "I grew up in Fleet, a little town near London no one knows about. I've never been anywhere like Turks & Caicos, so it's rad to go to a beach with white sand, not pebbles and dirt. Plus, the water is so clear and not ice-cold! I went in for the shoot and thought, *Thank God*, because my swimsuit was quite small."

Beach snack: "I used to gag every time I smelled fish. When I was younger I worked at a fish-and-chips place, so I couldn't eat seafood for a while. But I'm past that now."

Speedo policy: "Would I date a guy who wore one? It depends. If he came over and tried to chat me up and was being serious in a lime green Speedo, I would probably just laugh. I'd be that rude asshole."

Obama mania: "I'm not too interested in politics, but I know most people in England were relieved he won. He's actually quite fit for a president, isn't he? He's got a great bod."



"Thank God
the water
here is warm,
because my
swimsuit was
quite small."

VIOLET AND MELISSA: STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR AND MAKEUP, DONALD MIKULA FOR BRYANBANTRY.COM. FOR BUYING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 84.



ELIZABETH HURLEY
BIKINI

IT'S THE END OF THE
WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

MAXIM'S GUIDE TO
SURVIVING THE
APOCALYPSE



As Barack Obama is sworn in, the world waits to see if his hair-plugged pal Joe Biden's prophecy that the 44th president will be "tested" in his first six months in office comes true. Our prediction? Probably! Barry O faces a global financial meltdown, nuclear threats, and the post-modeling career of Tyra Banks. Armageddon may be upon us, but fear not: Anyone who's read the Bible or seen *Resident Evil* knows that every apocalypse has survivors—including scantily clad hot ones who look like Milla Jovovich. And we've got the tools you'll need to make it out alive when Judgment Day arrives. Bust out the duct tape! **BY ROBERT LANHAM**

ELEVATED THREAT LEVEL

WORLD WAR III

Sure, he's got a fantastic jump shot, but in a volatile world filled with Medvedevs and Ahmadinejads, does our rookie president have what it takes to protect us from global conflict? On one hand, our relations with Russia have become increasingly chilly ever since they invaded Georgia last year. Meanwhile, our pissing contest with Iran has yet to extinguish their nuclear ambitions, and reports claim they have enough nuke juice for a functioning bomb. Add deeply troubling conditions in Afghanistan, Syria, Iraq, Pakistan, Lebanon, and North Korea to the overheated gumbo and suddenly Kennedy's big "test"—the Cuban missile crisis—feels like a high school production of *Mamma Mia!* If WWII is on its way, is it just a matter of time before there are mushroom clouds in our own backyard? Because, you know, that would totally fuck up those hydrangeas we just planted back there.

Survival kit: Radiation suit, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: Australia. Anyone who's seen any postapocalyptic movies knows the world ultimately looks

like Australia, so it's better to get used to the terrain and 'roo burgers sooner than later. Learn how to convert a Subaru into a tank when you get the chance.

Pros: Shorter lines at Whole Foods.

Cons: Widespread casualties and mutant radioactive zombies.

When will this happen? We doubt you'll need to build a bomb shelter or practice ducking beneath an elementary school desk anytime soon. Recently nuked nations do not make for good importers of your oil.

LOW THREAT LEVEL

THE RAPTURE

According to a *Time*/CNN poll, 59 percent of Americans believe the biblical end times depicted in the book of Revelation will come to pass. If they're right, the Earth shall soon become an especially bad Jerry Bruckheimer movie filled with demons, plagues of locusts, and rivers of blood. On the bright side (at least for believers): Before the planet goes to hell in a handbasket, the Rapture will arrive. Christians will be whisked away to the



heavens to meet Jesus, thanking their lucky stars they weren't left behind with the world's Muslims, Hindus, Jews, and liberal college professors to face a bloody Armageddon. "The Rapture is imminent," says RaptureReady.com's general editor, Terry James. "Millions of Christians are going to disappear." And according to most evangelicals, our only hope is to convert before the Rapture occurs. Guess we'd better get to church and start looking for a nice Muslim couple to feed the cats.

Survival kit: JESUS IS THE REASON FOR THE SEASON sweater, the *Left Behind* series, a copy of that footprints-in-the-sand story, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: The Bible Belt. After the Rapture, South Carolina will be your own private Idaho.

Pros: Pat Robertson will finally get raptured off the airwaves.

Cons: Itchy church pants. ➤



"Damn it, that was my fancy cave!" said bin Laden.

SEVERE THREAT LEVEL

BIN LADEN, TAKE 2

No one knows how it will happen. A dirty bomb in the middle of Times Square. Suicide bombers at suburban malls. A nuclear weapon sneaked through security at one of our flimsily secured ports. Ever since September 11, 2001, we've heard it repeatedly: It's not a matter of if we'll face another terrorist attack, but when. Alleged Al Qaeda operatives have been warning that the next attack will be "worse than 9/11." And with the U.S. distracted by Iraq, Al Qaeda has been gaining strength in northern Pakistan, an unstable and nuclear-equipped nation best known these days for being, how do we say it, the clusteriest of clusterfucks.

Survival kit: Shortwave radio, SUPPORT THE TROOPS car magnet, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: Vancouver. It's hard to hate a place with all that delicious maple syrup.

Pros: Free Bruce Springsteen concerts.

Cons: Being subjected to Toby Keith's supertight jeans.

When will this happen? John Scott Redd, former head of the National Counterterrorism Center, says another strike by Al Qaeda is "inevitable." And, unfortunately, they're as patient as they are bearded: The fuckers waited eight years to strike again after the first World Trade Center bombing in 1993.

When will this happen? Biblical soothsayers like Tim LaHaye, coauthor of the *Left Behind* series, say Israel holds the key. Matthew 24:34 suggests that once Israel becomes a state, as it did in 1948, a “generation shall not pass” before Armageddon arrives. Since some biblical scholars qualify a biblical generation as being 40 years, many predicted the Rapture/Armageddon would happen by 1988. Now many say we should forget the 1948 date and focus on Israel’s Six Day War in 1967. Which should put the Rapture right about...

LOW THREAT LEVEL

ARMAGEDDON 2012

You’ll probably recall that New Year’s Eve 1999 was filled with lots of apocalyptic anxiety. That was nothing. The real doomsday jitters will arrive in 2012—and no, we’re not talking about Sarah Palin’s probable presidential run. On December 21, 2012, the 5,125-year cycle that makes up the Mayans’ calendar system officially comes to a close. Some, including the authors of *The Bible Code* and *The Nostradamus Code*, have predicted that an enormous comet or meteor



will destroy the Earth during this fateful year. Or worse, says Lawrence E. Joseph, author of *Apocalypse 2012: An Investigation Into Civilization’s End*, “The next peak in the sunspot cycle, due in 2012, is widely expected to set records for the number and intensity of solar storms pummeling the Earth with radiation and igniting natural calamities such as earthquakes, volcanoes, and Katrina-size hurricanes.” And we thought sitting through *Apocalypse* was bad.

Survival kit: Sunscreen (SPF 90), rebreather, non-Mesoamerican calendar, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: Start investing in a moon plot. If the Earth’s gone, even Survivorman, Ted Nugent, and MacGyver are going to have a tough time improvising.

Pros: Some, like Daniel Pinchbeck, author of 2012: *The Return of Quetzalcoatl*, believe an upcoming evolution in consciousness will make humans smarter. Possibly even smart enough to know how to pronounce “Quetzalcoatl.”

Cons: We’re gonna get screwed on all those 2013 T-shirts that we invested in.

When will this happen? The precise time the Mayan calendar comes to its conclusion is December 21, 2012, at 11:11 P.M. Universal Time. Bummer—that’s right in the middle of *The Daily Show*!



LOW THREAT LEVEL

THE BIG BUZZ KILL

Weird people who like to wear nets over their faces (i.e., beekeepers) have been reporting a mysterious “colony collapse disorder” in their hives, with bees disappearing across the country. Stinger enthusiasts in 22 states claim that 30 to 90 percent of their honeybees have either died off or vanished. Is it pesticides? Bee-on-bee violence? Hive foreclosures? No one knows exactly what is going on. And while you might think this sounds pretty harmless, Mike Adams of the Consumer Wellness Center will tell you you’re wrong. Adams reports that a colony collapse could lead to a “dire food supply emergency.” A third of the crops produced in the U.S.—oranges, apples, soybeans, and countless others—rely on honeybee pollination. Because of this, compounded with the reality of population growth, some worry that there could be widespread food shortages. So start stockpiling Vienna sausages and stealing extra honey packets from your local Così sandwich shop.

Survival kit: Vitamin C tablets, honey, a freezer full of blueberries, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: IHOP. Their cream-cheese-stuffed French toast will keep you full into the next millennium.

Pros: Fewer stings. Plus, if all the bees vanish, you will have an excuse for never bringing flowers home.

Cons: You’ll have to make your gin and juice with Tang.

When will this happen? With each passing season, beekeepers worry about a complete extinction of their hives. Even if this doesn’t wipe out humanity, we shudder to think of a Honey Nut Cheerio—less world.

Hot Apoca-lips! Happily, the future will be full of sexy survivors.

Tina Turner
Needs another hero, and by “hero” we mean wig wrangler.

Odette Yustman
The only part of *Cloverfield* that didn’t give us motion sickness.

Milla Jovovich
Resident Evil had us thinking naughty thoughts.

Jennifer Connelly
More like *The Day the Earth Was Visibly Aroused*.

Lori Petty
Tank Girl bombed everything, including her career.

Linda Hamilton
Sought after by the world’s most advanced blowup dolls.



SEVERE THREAT LEVEL

OUR FEVERISH BIOSPHERE

We should have listened to Al Gore: Tipper is horrible in bed. Oh, and just as he’s been blabbing on about for the past few years, the weather is getting weirder by the day. Headlines are filled with evidence of terrifying climate change: record-setting droughts, horrible floods, extinction of species, ruined ski vacations. Global warming is as “frightening as a science fiction movie,” said U.N. Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon after citing a recent international study that posited that the U.S. should expect dramatic heat waves and rising

GUARDED THREAT LEVEL

NANOBIOBOTS GONE WILD!

In the very near future, your insides may be crawling with thousands of self-propelled robotic organisms—known as nanobobots—that diagnose disease, clean up your arteries, and even fight cancer. But there's a catch: Many scientists worry that the endgame will be an army of dangerous, self-replicating nanobobots that will reproduce at alarming rates and turn the planet into a big ball of so-called "gray goo." Michael Crichton's *Prey*, among other science fiction novels, addressed the gray goo scenario, and many experts agree that it's a legitimate threat. "[Gray goo] will have the ability to feed on us until we are extinct," says Alan H. Goldstein, a prize-winning researcher in nanobiotechnology. At least the homicidal robots in *The Terminator* were visible!

Survival kit: Teflon body suit, goo repellent, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: Branson, Missouri. Not even flesh-eating nanobobots want to go to Branson, Missouri.

Pros: The gray goo would engulf Dane Cook.

Cons: The gray goo would engulf you.

When will this happen? Scientists believe that nanobobots will be used to battle cancer and other diseases in the next five years, so pretty soon after that. Yikes!



sea levels that could jeopardize our coasts unless we take drastic measures. More good news for the residents of Earth: An estimated 75 million to 250 million people in Africa could be hit with brutal water shortages, and 25 percent of the planet's animal and plant life could die off by 2020. Nice knowing you, African viviparous toad! Of course, some still think climate change is a lot of hot air—Rush Limbaugh, we're looking in your OxyContin-popping direction—but it's getting harder to deny that the planet seems to have a lethal hangover from its extended bender with the human race.

Survival kit: Yacht with a wet bar, bathing suit, air conditioner, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: Tibet. You can brush up on your Buddhism while avoiding the rising seas in the Himalayas.

Pros: You'll be able to buy that perfect beach-front home—in South Dakota.

Cons: More men wearing flip-flops and short shorts in December.

When will this happen? Most experts believe climate change is already happening and will get worse in the immediate future unless we make serious changes now. Fine, we'll only use half a bottle of Aqua Net on our coif before we go out clubbing.

HIGH THREAT LEVEL

PENICILLIN-PROOF SUPERBUGS

There's an incredibly scary, medically induced health-care crisis happening in this country right now—and we're not talking about our crippling addiction to NyQuil. The meds that people have been counting on for decades to treat everything from pneumonia to tuberculosis to those burning sensations in the pee-pee department are becoming useless. Turns out the overuse of antibiotics has caused many previously treatable bacteria and germs to evolve into badass drug-resistant superbugs.



For a nightmarish example, there's the drug-resistant staph infection known as MRSA, which was responsible for more than 18,000 deaths in 2007 in the United States alone, according to the Centers for Disease Control. Germophobes who are afraid to touch anything at the doctor's office may be onto something: More than 100,000 Americans die each year from hospital-acquired infections. Sounding the "holy shit!" alarm, the FDA warns that "the world could be faced with previously treatable diseases that have once again become untreatable, as in the days before antibiotics were developed." Plague, anyone?

Survival kit: Condoms, antibacterial soap, cootie spray, duct tape.

Where to go for sanctuary: Inside a bubble.

Pros: It's a great excuse for skipping the gym, which is a breeding ground for bacteria and staph infections.

Cons: Without penicillin, you can add untreatable gonorrhea to your list of concerns after sleeping with that skanky cashier from Costco with the lazy eye.

When will this happen? Why waste time? Go pick up a potentially deadly staph infection at your nearest hospital, gym, or grade-school locker room today!



Nasty Boy

As the deranged star of the critically lauded *30 Rock*, Tracy Morgan delivers a performance that's even crazier than his real life (if that's possible). But can the most unpredictable guy on TV survive his new-found success? Welcome to the fun house.

NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS ON the set of NBC's *30 Rock*. Painstakingly constructed to look like the backstage of an actual television show, the studio has a meta, bizarro-world quality. The sitcom—a corporate media send-up on which Tracy Morgan plays Tracy Jordan, a high-maintenance comedian on a *Saturday Night Live*-like sketch series called *The Girlie Show With Tracy Jordan*—has steadily risen to become television's most buzzed-about (if scarcely watched) comedy. But on the set, located at New York's Silvercup Studios, you're always struggling to determine what's real and what's not. Try to use the vending machine and you'll find that it's a prop full of fake treats with names like Tasty Bites. Head through the door marked REST ROOM and you'll find yourself in a utility closet crammed with mops and brooms.

It is just as confusing trying to separate Tracy Morgan from Tracy Jordan. Both Tracys are known for their over-the-top public antics, affinity for exotic dance clubs, overindulgence in drinks and a propensity for shirt-shedding and other acts of rampant exhibitionism, leading many to believe Morgan is simply playing himself: a hilariously profane (and quite possibly insane) comic who climbed his way out of the ghetto to

star on a hit NBC comedy. In fact, Tina Fey created the role for her former SNL cast mate and has liberally mined his life for laughs. When Morgan was outfitted with an electronic alcohol-monitoring device, so was Jordan. When tales of Morgan getting kicked out of clubs on both coasts made him an easy target for the tabloids, it showed up on-screen. As Morgan's marriage fell apart, so too did his alter ego's.

Morgan embodies two of the hoariest clichés in comedy: the comic who blurs the line between fact and fiction (see Larry David and Garry Shandling) and the comic whose public persona is so electrifying that the real man burns up (see John Belushi and Chris Farley). In recent years Morgan's behavior has begged the question: Can he continue playing himself without killing himself?

"I have a tattoo on the side of my penis that says STOVE TOP," Morgan tells me proudly, referring to the instant stuffing mix. "I'm pretty well-endowed. A girl told me to get that because I stuffed her up like a turkey. She said, 'You should call that Stove Top!'"

It's about 10 minutes into our interview on a day off from shooting, and Morgan wants to talk tattoos. He starts ticking them off: a peace sign, a

BY NOELLE
HANCOCK
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY MARIUS
BUGGE

happy and sad face, a cross bearing the names of his ex-wife and three sons, the name of a friend he played football with in high school who was murdered. He lifts up his shirt, revealing his doughy torso as he displays the words ME, MYSELF & I on his back. And then there's STOVE TOP.

"He ain't got no boundaries on what he will do or say," explains rapper-actor Ice Cube, who costarred with Morgan in the church-heist caper *First Sunday*. "The best comedians go too far. A comedian with boundaries is basically just waiting to run out of jokes."

When Morgan's life seemed to be careening out of control in recent years, those closest to him couldn't help but worry, says Lorne Michaels, who gave Morgan his first big break on *SNL* and his second life on *30 Rock*. "I wish I could say I knew he was going to straighten out, but I didn't," says Michaels, and one can't help but think of Farley and Belushi. "I think once he came close to losing it, he realized how much it meant to him and he pulled it together."

Tina Fey (whom Morgan calls "my sister from another mother with a different color") has said, "The clearest distinction is that Tracy Jordan is mentally ill and Tracy Morgan is not." Morgan resists the notion that

"I have a lot of issues. Money, women, fast cars, more money, more women. Just issues."

he is playing a fun-house-mirror version of himself. Slouching on a couch, dressed in his street clothes—jeans, white sneakers, and a black T-shirt that says I HAVE ISSUES across the front—Morgan insists that the days of booze-soaked rampages are behind him. "Outside of show business, that's not me. I'm not 'on' and funny all the time," he says. "Batman can't wear that bat suit all the time. Superman had Clark Kent. Even Peter Parker took his Spidey suit off. I can't wear that Spider-Man suit at *The Daily Bugle*! Outside of show business, I'm Clark Kent."

"All I know is he was from funky north Philly. He worked in a Campbell's Soup factory, and he had a droopy lip due to an untended root canal."

—Tracy Jordan, on his father

IN FACT, MORGAN'S ACTUAL BACKGROUND IS FAR TOUGHER THAN that of his on-screen counterpart. Born in the Bronx, Morgan grew up in a housing project in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. His father, musician

James Morgan, became addicted to heroin while serving in Vietnam and abandoned his family when Tracy was six, leaving Tracy's mom to raise five children alone on welfare. James died of AIDS in 1987, when Tracy was in high school. Tracy sold crack for a time but gave it up. "I started seeing my friends dying and going to jail. I have friends who are doing years in the hundreds."

When asked if he got into girls early, Morgan takes the question literally. "I lost my virginity when I was seven years old," he says. "To my 14-year-old baby-sitter. She bribed me for some Oreos." Ten years later, at 17, he became a dad and married his high school girlfriend, Sabina, with whom he has three sons—Tracy Jr., 22, Malcolm, 21, and Gitrid, 17. At the mention of his kids, he shows off a blinged-out diamond necklace that his children bought him for Father's Day. It reads: #1 DAD.

"There's requirements to being black! There's requirements! You ever threw a Chihuahua off the roof in the projects? You ever got a female pregnant when you was, like, seven? Have you ever broke a Puerto Rican dude's arm for sweat-pants money?"

Morgan began honing his stand-up routine in the early '90s with appearances at the Apollo and on Def Comedy Jam before joining *SNL* in 1996. He had a slow start, but by the time Morgan left, seven years later, his odd characters had become crowd favorites, such as Bronx resident Dominican Lou; a womanizing homeless man named Woodrow; a singing spaceman called Astronaut Jones with a thing for aliens; and Brian Fellow, a gay "Safari Planet" host who antagonizes his zoologist guests and insults the animals. (Fellow's thoughts on the porcupine: "That rat needs a haircut! Looking all homeless and stuff.")

Having built up a cult following, Morgan left *SNL* in 2003 to star in the short-lived NBC sitcom *The Tracy Morgan Show*, playing a wise-cracking car mechanic with kids. The series lasted 16 episodes. "I don't think the network gave it much of a chance," says Lorne Michaels. "They wanted that show to be like *The Cosby Show*. The experiment didn't work."

"Taming Tracy is probably not the best way to go if you want to get the most out of him," says Jimmy Kimmel, who worked with Morgan on Comedy Central's *Crank Yankers*. "I mean, he's nuts. He's not as nuts as Tracy Jordan is, but sometimes he's close."

"I like this corn bread so much I want to take it behind a middle school and get it pregnant!"

MORGAN LOVES THE LADIES. (HALFWAY through our interview, he interrupts me to declare, "You are so sexy! Let me tell you something: I know women, I love them. And I see things in you...")

Unlike fellow *SNL* alum Chris Rock, Morgan avoids riffing on world affairs and prefers talking about sex, a subject he claims to know a lot about. "You gotta keep it spicy," he says. "I've worn a black mask with a zipper in the back during sex. I like to break out the equipment." Morgan's taste for the wild side—honed over countless *SNL* after-parties—took its toll shortly after he landed *30 Rock*: After 22 years of marriage, Sabina filed for divorce, citing his long-term alcohol abuse. Morgan's late-night carousing provided New York's tabloids with seemingly endless fodder.

No Laughing Matter

The history of comedy is riddled with tragically self-destructive jokers.



Fatty Arbuckle

Bad behavior: His movie career was cut short after a little scandal: alleged rape with a wine bottle and a dead showgirl.
End game: Heart attack at age 46.

Richard Pryor

Bad behavior: Lit himself on fire freebasing cocaine while ill-advisedly drinking rum in 1980.
End game: Heart attack due to multiple sclerosis in 2005.

Lenny Bruce

Bad behavior: His notorious drug use and profanity got him banned from almost every nightclub in America.
End game: Overdosed on heroin in 1966.

John Belushi

Bad behavior: The *SNL* star lived the debauched real-life existence of *Animal House*'s Bluto.
End game: A fatal cocaine-and-heroin speedball in 1980.

Chris Farley

Bad behavior: Appetites ran toward excessive amounts of food, booze, and drugs. David Spade movies didn't help.
End game: Massive overdose in 1997.

Mitch Hedberg

Bad behavior: The deadpan cult comic hid his demons of drug addiction from friends and family.
End game: A heroin overdose in 2005.



There was the time in 2001 when the “bleary-eyed” comic was banned from the bar Madame X. The 2004 night at Suede when “the highly intoxicated comic stripped off his shirt, crawled around on all fours, and vomited on the floor.” At a comedy club performance in 2006, Morgan “took off his shirt, flashed his pubic hair, and manipulated his nipples.” According to Morgan, the absolute bottom was in February 2007, when he was kicked out of Prince’s Grammy after-party...at 7 A.M.

At the time, Alec Baldwin told *Time* magazine, “Tracy will be at work in the morning, and I’ll go, ‘Hey, Tray, how you doing?’ and he’ll go, ‘It’s bad, Alec...They towed my car last night! Four in the morning! And I gotta go to work!’ And I go, ‘But if you gotta be at work, what are you doing out at four in the morning?’ The problem isn’t that they took his car; the problem is that he was out at four in the morning.”

After being arrested twice in less than a year on drunk-driving charges, he was affixed with a court-ordered Secure Continuous Remote Alcohol Monitor (SCRAM) device. The anklet, which tested Morgan’s skin for alcohol vapors every 30 minutes, stayed on for six months. The incident went down while Morgan was filming *First Sunday*; his turning point came when Ice Cube sat him down for a little tough love.

“I was just trying to give him some clarity,” Cube says. “I told him if he pissed me off, I’d pour beer down his ankle and get him locked up.”

“You know how pissed off I was when US Weekly said that I was on crack? That’s racist! I’m not on crack. I’m straight-up mentally ill!”

“I HAVE A LOT OF ISSUES,” SAYS MORGAN, REFERRING TO HIS T-SHIRT. “Money, women, fast cars, more money, more women, the *right* woman. Just issues.” Morgan can afford to have issues: Between his show, his stand-up, and outside projects, he now earns several million a year. “I spend all my money on sneakers and porn,” he says. (The only exception? “No lesbian porn. That shit is whack.”) He estimates he owns more than 4,000 pairs of kicks and 10,000-odd pieces of pornography. Actually, Morgan has a lot of everything: tattoos, energy, cars (a few Jaguars, a Lamborghini, a Ferrari, a Bentley), and enough weird pets to make Brian Feltz giddy. His menagerie includes a shark, 10 piranhas, eight moray eels, a handful of iguanas, and a boa constrictor. He personally feeds live fish to the shark and piranhas, and rats to the snake.

Rising from the couch, Morgan suggests we go shopping for CDs, so we jump into a car and head to the Virgin Megastore. On the drive over, he eyes the put-together women strutting the sidewalks of New York.

“I had a nightmare that some plague swept the Earth, and this shit became *Planet of the Apes*,” he says. “I killed about three motherfuckers and then offed myself. I ain’t doing this shit without y’all.”

Morgan claims he has stayed away from booze since late 2007 and is in bed by 10 most nights. “My sobriety is a beautiful thing to me,” he says. “When I partied, I partied like a rock star, but then I put those childish things aside.” He turned 40 in November, and he’s fine with that.

“I love the fact that I’m 40, goddammit! That’s a fuckin’ milestone! I know motherfuckers that died when they was 17.”

Things are going well for Morgan. He’s testing the waters of the dating scene and remains on good terms with his ex-wife. *30 Rock* continues to be the most lavishly praised (and coolest) show this side of *Mad Men*. Morgan has three movies coming down the pipe this year, including the David O. Russell satire *Nailed*, in which he plays a man with an anal prolapse. (If you don’t know what that is, look it up...or don’t.) He also has a side gig hosting Sci-Fi’s hidden camera prank show, *Scare Tactics*.

“If Tracy can keep his head on straight and keep the cap on the tequila,” says Kimmel, “I think he’s going to be a big, big star.”

At the Virgin Megastore in Times Square, Morgan goes unrecognized—so much so that a woman starts asking him questions about music. “Um, I don’t work here,” he says. A salesman realizes what’s going on and rushes over to see if he can be of assistance. Morgan says he’s looking for a CD with the song “The Show” by Slick Rick and Doug E. Fresh.

“Just stay right here, Mr. Morgan,” the clerk says, recalling Kenneth, the eager NBC page on *30 Rock*. “I’ll get those for you right away, sir.”

“No, you don’t have to get it,” he insists. “Just tell me where it is.”

At that moment the difference between Morgan and his alter ego becomes clear. Both men have a lot of toys, but Morgan is the anti-diva. He enjoys the hunt, whether it’s for CDs, women, or laughs. But beneath all the bluster is an absurdly ambitious guy who made it out of the hood and into our living rooms and is determined to stay there.

As we part ways, he gives me his cell number and says to call anytime, day or night. “Don’t hesitate,” he repeats. “You know what happens to people who hesitate?” He pauses a moment. “They get left behind.” ●



THE ART OF THE HEIST

In the summer of 2007, in a daring daylight robbery on the French Riviera, five armed and masked criminals made off with millions in stolen art. The exclusive story of how the world's greatest art detective took them down.

BY SIMON WORRALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIUS BUGGE



aut les mains!" shouts a man in blue coveralls and a white ski mask as he points a Colt .45 pistol at the head of the woman behind the welcome desk. "Put your hands above your head!"

It's lunchtime on a Sunday in August 2007 on France's Côte d'Azur. In the bistros of Nice's Old Town, tourists scarf down slices of onion pizza or sip the day's first cocktail. Along the beaches of the Bay of Angels, topless sunbathers roast under the cerulean sky. But at the Musée des Beaux-Arts, a peaches-and-cream-colored villa a few blocks from the Mediterranean, an art heist is under way.

"Everybody else, down on the floor!" the man shouts.

His name is Pierre Noël-Dumarais, a hardened 60-year-old French con with a rap sheet that goes back decades. He is on the run after escaping from jail halfway through a 10-year sentence; he lives underground, without papers, a man with no identity. The heist will buy back his life.

For months he has been casing the joint, charting visitor flows, studying the guards' shifts. Nice is a party town in August and most people are in bed nursing hangovers. The museum is nearly empty.

According to French police, Noël-Dumarais had left Marseilles shortly after 8 A.M. in a blue Peugeot van with the other members of his gang: Patrice Lhomme, a 45-year-old former amateur boxer and motocross rider; 30-year-old Gregory Moullec; Lionel Ritter, 35; and Patrick Cheleleian, 52, a Marseilles drug dealer of Armenian origin with a record dating back to the events that inspired the movie *The French Connection*.

At 12:25 P.M. Noël-Dumarais gives the signal. Two members of the gang sprint down the corridor to where a pair of paintings by Pieter Brueghel the Elder, *Allegory of Water* and *Allegory of Earth*, hang. They rip them off the walls and stuff them into plastic garbage bags. Two others run up the marble staircase to grab Alfred Sisley's *The Lane of Poplars at Moret* and finally Claude Monet's *Cliffs Near Dieppe*. The big kahuna.

Too big. At 39 inches wide, the Monet won't fit in the bag. The thieves rip the back off, leaving the frame lying on the floor, and race back down

the stairs. Noël-Dumarais withdraws his gun from the head of the terrified receptionist. The gang runs out of the museum, loads the paintings into their van, and drives off.

In five minutes they've made off with \$4.1 million worth of art.

* * * *

TWO MONTHS LATER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, SPECIAL Agent Robert Wittman, head of the FBI's Art Crime Team, sits in a rental car in the parking lot of a Kmart supermarket in the suburbs of Miami, waiting for a Frenchman named Bernard Jean Temus.

He goes through what he knows about Temus: age 55; from the suburbs of Paris; a resident of Cooper City, Florida since 2006; wife and family in Marseilles. Green-card application pending. When applying for a visa, he lied about his criminal history, which stretches back 40 years.

What Temus doesn't know is that the man he is about to meet is the world's most experienced art detective, who has been running undercover operations around the world, posing as a crooked art dealer who specializes in shifting stolen art for crime syndicates and drug barons. Anonymity is an undercover agent's greatest asset, and 52-year-old Wittman's blandly handsome appearance makes him easy to forget, an everyman. It just so happens that this particular everyman has recovered more than \$225 million worth of art over the past two decades.

Temus had contacted Wittman through French intermediaries in Miami, who said they knew someone who knew someone who had four extremely valuable paintings to sell. Wittman said he could maybe help and contacted Temus to arrange a meeting. From that point forward, though the Frenchman didn't know it, he was under surveillance, his e-mails and cell phone calls monitored.

A motorbike slides into the parking bay next to Wittman's. Temus dismounts and gets into Wittman's car. The agency's tech experts have wired it with enough bugging equipment to spy on most of Miami-Dade County. At their first meeting, the day before, at a downtown Marriott, Wittman did a double-take when Temus walked in. He looked just like Joe Pesci: 5'8"; thick, dark hair; tanned complexion; stocky, muscular physique; Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned halfway down; mullet haircut. ➤

After discussing their shared love of motorcycles, Wittman begins to soften up his quarry. "So, remind me, where's home again?" he asks.

"Marseilles, near the Côte d'Azur. A big city on the sea, like Miami," responds Ternus. "My parents have a restaurant there. One day, if you come over, I'll take you."

"That would be great," says Wittman.

Pleasantries aside, Ternus shifts in his seat. Wittman knows he needs to gain the Frenchman's trust, make him relax and open up. As Ternus speaks, Wittman watches his new target carefully, looking for weak spots, things he can exploit.

"So what have you got for me?" he asks. The deal is on.

* * * *

AT A TIME WHEN THE GLOBAL FINANCIAL SYSTEM TEETERS ON THE brink of calamity, art theft remains a growth industry. Few hard figures exist, but art and cultural property crime is estimated to run as high as \$6 billion a year, making it the fourth-largest international crime, after drug dealing, gun running, and money laundering. Like the legitimate fine art trade, the market in stolen work has its own laws and trade routes. London and New York, with close to 80 percent of the art market between them, are the magnetic poles of the illegal trade as well.

The great majority of thefts takes place in Europe, particularly in Italy, France, and the former Communist bloc. "It's much tougher to steal from a U.S. museum," says Wittman. "Our guards have guns, and it is harder to leave the country. The situation is different in Europe." Though the United States trails the Old World as a source for stolen art, since the days of the robber barons it's been one of the biggest resale markets. (In 2007 the London-based Art Loss Register listed 16,117 artworks in the States as missing or stolen, up from 14,981 the year before.) No collector is immune. In 2007 Steven Spielberg discovered that a Norman Rockwell painting he had acquired in 1989, *Russian Schoolroom*, had been stolen from a gallery in Clayton, Missouri 30 years earlier.

The boom years of the '90s produced a new generation of wealthy collectors with more money than sense. The criminal fraternity saw an opportunity, and as art values soared, the business of art crime became more organized—and far more violent. The global trade in stolen art became a truly global business, and found a place as a companion business with other forms of organized crime, particularly the drug trade.

"Art is one of the best ways to move criminal assets around the world," says Vernon Rapley, the head of Scotland's Yard's Art and Antiques Unit. "You can't fill your car with drugs or cash. You can't move cash through the banking system without notifying the authorities. But you can stick a \$50 million painting in the trunk of your car and transport it across three continents and no one will ask you anything about it." Which is where Bob Wittman comes in.



WITTMAN LIKES TO SAY THAT THE ART IN ART THEFT ISN'T IN THE stealing, it's in the selling. A rule of thumb is that a stolen painting is worth between seven and 10 percent of its value if it stays in the gray, or criminal, market. For it to fetch a higher price, it has to get into the legitimate art market, a torturous process not unlike food passing through the small intestine. The more famous the painting, the harder it is to "digest" (see "Decoding the Black Market"). And with the advent of electronic databases and instant global communication, it is becoming harder all the time.

The four works stolen from the Musée des Beaux-Arts were so well known among collectors that moving them would prove difficult. With seemingly incandescent summer light, Monet's *Cliffs Near Dieppe* is one of a series of sea- and landscapes of Normandy, visited by the French master in the 1890s, at the height of his power. The two canvases by Brueghel the Elder are masterworks of the Flemish school. And Sisley's *The Lane of Poplars at Moret* is a stellar example of French Impressionism.

"Criminals think it's the same as selling any other stolen property, like cars or microwaves," says Wittman. "But people with enough money to buy paintings like this do not want ones that they can never show off to their friends. Often these things end up sitting in a closet for five years as the bad guys try and figure out what to do with them."

It's no wonder, then, that Bernard Jean Ternus was so pleased to find

To Catch a Thief

Recent lowlights in the fast-growing world of art crime.



One of the most notorious heists in recent years was the abduction of Edvard Munch's *The Scream* from the Munch Museum in Oslo, Norway in August 2004 (at left). But that was hardly a unique circumstance (in fact, another version of *The Scream* was stolen in 1994).

- In 2001 in Ireland, thieves rammed their vehicle through the front door of Russborough House, the County Wicklow home of Sir Alfred Beit, and stole Thomas Gainsborough's *Madame Baccelli*, valued at \$2.4 million.
- A year later, in Paraguay, thieves constructed an 80-foot-long tunnel and stole paintings including works by Tintoretto and Murillo.
- Last year three armed men in ski masks

snatched masterpieces valued at more than \$150 million, including works by Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Degas, from the E. G. Bührle Collection in Zurich, Switzerland.

- The mother of all heists is the unsolved 1990 theft from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston of an estimated \$300 million worth of paintings. Numerous theories have been put forward as to who was behind the theft; the most popular one puts Boston mobster James "Whitey" Bulger in the frame, with links to the IRA. But despite an ongoing FBI investigation and a raft of private eyes eager to claim the \$5 million reward, the Gardner case remains an enigma.

MASTERPIECE THEATER: It took Noël-Dumarais' gang minutes to rob the Musée des Beaux-Arts in Nice (below) of \$4.1 million worth of art, including (clockwise from top left) Monet's *Cliffs Near Dieppe*, Alfred Sisley's *The Lane of Poplars at Moret*, and *Allegory of Water and Allegory of Earth*, by Brueghel the Elder. Opposite: Robert Wittman, who in two decades with the FBI recovered some \$200 million in stolen art.



"Don't you trust us?" Wittman asks. "You'd think we were the FBI!"

an underworld dealer who shared his penchant for Hawaiian shirts. Wittman's previous meeting with Ternus went a long way in establishing a bond of trust, but the FBI agent wants to be sure his prey is hooked. It's time for a honey trap.

The next meeting takes place on a speedboat moored at the Miami Beach Marina. Wittman doesn't attend, preferring to stay in the background and make Ternus think his time is too precious for partying. Instead, he sends his "assistant," another agent, and a couple of "local assets" in bikinis (actually a pair of young and attractive Feds). The crew brings along several cases of beer for good measure. Two more FBI agents videotape the action from a nearby building. It's a scene straight out of *Scarface* or *Miami Vice*, and the Frenchman is right at home. Ternus is one of those Frenchmen who hate their own country and are infatuated by America: its freedom and vastness, its lack of red tape and bureaucracy. In short, it's a better place to be a criminal. Particularly Florida, that sunny place for shady people, the perfect spot to sell stolen paintings.

"I'm going back to France in a couple of days, and I want to be able to tell my colleagues we have a buyer," announces Ternus, digging into a plate of shrimp cocktail as one of the female agents fawns over him. "And there's another thing... My colleagues want to buy some Charlie. Maybe 10 kilos. Can you help us?"

"That's a lot of cocaine," the agent says. This is a new development, however one the Feds are prepared to deal with if it helps them bust the gang. "But we can get you the best fucking Charlie in Miami. We'll help you ship it, too. We've got a guy in customs; he'll fix everything."

"God bless America!" exclaims the Frenchman, raising a beer.

"God bless America!" chorus the FBI agents.

* * * *

FOR BOB WITTMAN, THE JOURNEY TO BECOMING THE WORLD'S leading art crime detective began in Baltimore, where his parents ran an antiques business specializing in Oriental art. As a teenager he worked after school and weekends in the shop. After his father's death, he briefly ran the operation with his elder brother. It taught him about the business side of art and gave him a hands-on education in art history.

Wittman didn't plan a career in the art world. He studied political science in college. A chance advertisement seeking potential agents led him to the FBI. "I was 32 years old," he recalls. "I had an interview, and I was inside in six months."

He was, as the cliché goes, in the right place at the right time. A few days before Wittman, fresh out of the FBI Academy, was due to take up his post at the Philadelphia field office, an unemployed dancer snatched a bronze sculpture from the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia. When an agent was sought who could tell the difference between a Rodin and a Rolex, Wittman was chosen. "I felt very comfortable with the job," he says. "And, basically, I never looked back."

For 10 years Wittman was the bureau's lone undercover arts investigator, but the exponential growth in art crime meant he needed more resources. The opening up of the borders in Eastern Europe and the Balkans at the end of the '90s led to a great increase in theft in Western Europe, while the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have led to a huge outflow of stolen art. It was the looting of Baghdad's National Museum that led to the formation of the FBI's Art Crime Team, with Wittman as its leader. By 2005 there were eight agents spread around the country.

In a glittering career that has taken him to 20 countries, including Brazil, Spain, Peru, and Denmark, Wittman has recovered works by Rembrandt, Monet, and Goya; one of the 14 original copies of the Bill of Rights; and Geronimo's eagle-feathered war bonnet. Some months he spends as much time on assignment in shadowy bars and far-flung corners of the globe as he does with his family. "I would prefer that the criminals who stole the art bring it to me," he says. "But for some reason they don't do that. So I have to go and get it."

* * * *

WITTMAN AND TERNUS HAD AGREED THAT THE TIME WAS RIGHT for a face-to-face meeting with the leaders of the gang, to take place in Barcelona. The rendezvous occurs in mid-January at a dingy two-star hotel a few hundred yards off the Catalan capital's main drag, Las Ramblas. The room, a small, airless space with a stained carpet and a few sticks of cheap furniture, is roasting hot. Wittman and his two associates take seats opposite Ternus and Patrick Chelelekian.

It is the first time Wittman has seen the Armenian drug dealer in the flesh, and he looks even meaner than in his mug shots: a tall, scrawny man with ash gray hair, a lean face, a pencil-thin mustache, and small, dark eyes, like a ferret's.

The negotiations drag on nearly four hours. The sticking point is the two-part transaction Chelelekian has devised. Two paintings, the Brueghels, will be given to Wittman in Barcelona on an agreed date ➤

for 1.5 million euros (roughly \$2 million). Only once that transaction is completed will Wittman receive the other two paintings.

"Don't you trust us?" asks Wittman. "You'd think we were the FBI!"

It was a line that always worked.

"Of course we don't," says Chelelekian, laughing. "But what if the cops have got wind of the deal? The other two paintings will be collateral. If anyone gets arrested, we use them to negotiate."

In the early evening, by the time the meeting ends, Wittman feels emotionally drained. But the objective has been achieved. They have made a deal. Better still: The entire conversation has been recorded by a microphone the Spanish police have concealed in a ceiling fan.

* * * *

ART CRIME HAS SEX APPEAL. THE ASTRONOMICAL VALUE OF THE works—as well as their beauty and their history—makes them talismanic objects. People who own them are generally fabulously wealthy. But art crime is also rife with misconceptions and myths, many perpetuated by movies and popular fiction. One of the most pervasive myths is that of the dashing criminal-collector, as portrayed by Steve McQueen in *The Thomas Crown Affair* in 1968, Pierce Brosnan in the remake 31 years later, and in dozens of other films as well. According to this pop-culture legend, paintings are stolen "to order" by sophisticated criminals with a passion for high living and great art.

"That's absolute bollocks," says Julian Radcliffe, a former MI5 agent who runs the Art Loss Register out of London. With 170,000 items in its database, the ALR is the world's leading company specializing in recovering stolen art. "In all the cases we have looked at, we have found only three where the person was not intending to sell the item. People don't steal for their collections. Criminals steal for the money."

Dick Ellis, who established Scotland Yard's Arts and Antiques Unit in 1989 and helped mastermind the operation that recovered Edvard Munch's *The Scream* in 1994, puts it more bluntly. "These guys are just crooks who will deal in any sort of commodity, from high-performance cars to drugs to stolen jewelry. Art is just one part of their business."

The ragtag collection of lowlifes who ripped off the Musée des Beaux-Arts could have been poster children for this criminal underworld.

* * * *

THE FINAL MEETING WITH TERNUS TAKES PLACE IN APRIL 2008, AT A marina near Fort Lauderdale. Three months have passed since Barcelona. In that time the two sides haggled over the final details. Both sides agreed on the total price, three million euros, but Wittman remained opposed to the two-part deal proposed by the shift Armenian drug dealer. He knew that sting operations of this kind, particularly those spanning several international jurisdictions, are fraught enough without having to do them twice. Chelelekian was obdurate.

Negotiations hit a wall when the undercover agents announce they once again want to change the way the deal is to be executed. Instead of their traveling to France, as previously agreed, they want the deal to be closed by a French associate of Wittman's.

"Who the fuck is this guy?" asks Chelelekian, angrily. "Why have you never mentioned him before?"

He is right to be suspicious. Wittman's "French associate" is actually the head of the grandiloquently named Central Agency for the Fight Against the Trafficking of Cultural Property, or OCBC. For months Wittman's counterpart in France, Colonel Pierre Tabel has been monitoring Temus, Chelelekian, and their colleagues. Immediately after the robbery in Nice, Tabel set up a task force of six detectives. FBI agents have no jurisdiction on French soil, and if Wittman's team were to be directly involved in any arrests it could derail a future court case.

"If this is a trap," says Chelelekian, "and the cops are there, we will tear up the two other fucking paintings!"

Decoding the Black Market

A stolen work of art is worth about 10 percent of its true value if it stays in the criminal market. To fetch a higher price, it must make its way to the legit trade. A step-by-step guide:



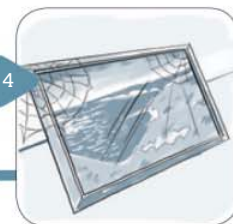
1. A painting is stolen from a museum or a private collection; 95 percent of stolen art is from household burglaries.



2. The thief contacts a fence to unload the painting, which then enters the \$6 billion black market in stolen art.



3. The painting is sold to a "specialist," usually for seven to 10 percent of its true value in the legitimate market.



4. The specialist puts the work in storage for years, often using it as collateral in other criminal endeavors.



5. After enough time passes, the painting is sold to a small-time art dealer for approximately half its true value.



6. The painting is legitimately put up in a small, provincial auction.



7. A higher-level pro dealer buys the painting at auction. At this point the work's value is almost back to its height.



8. The work is finally sold to a "good faith buyer," who has no idea he just spent millions on a piece of stolen property.

"Patrick is not much of an art lover, as you can see," says Ternus. Everyone laughs. And as champagne corks are popped, the five men raise their glasses in a toast.

* * * *

WITTMAN IS BACK IN PHILADELPHIA WHEN THE FRENCH Riviera deal goes down. It's June 4. Shortly before dawn, Chelelekian, Lhomme, and Noël-Dumarais leave Marseilles to drive 19 miles along the coast to the seaside village of Carry-le-Rouet. There, inside a garage on an industrial estate, is the blue Peugeot van with four masterworks of European art inside it. The three men climb into the cab and head back to Marseilles. It's a Wednesday, traffic is light, and they are in a good mood. In an hour or so they will be divvying up three million euros. But they aren't alone: For the past month Tabel's team has been monitoring the gang's every move. As the blue van winds its way along the coast, a series of unmarked police cars are following close behind.

Arriving in Marseilles, the gang heads for the Prado district, a residential neighborhood not far from the sea front. It is 7:30 A.M. People walk their dogs or sit at outdoor cafés reading the papers over coffee and croissants. As Noël-Dumarais waits by the van, Chelelekian and Lhomme walk a few hundred yards to a bar where they've arranged to meet a French undercover agent. The agent will hand over the money, then Lhomme and Chelelekian will take him to the van and hand over the paintings. The bar is almost empty when Chelelekian and Lhomme walk in. They choose a corner table and order coffee, the tension nearly unbearable as they await their quarry. Five minutes later another man arrives. He wants to talk about the deal, but Chelelekian is jumpy. He suggests they go for a walk.

From an unmarked patrol car half a mile away, Tabel keeps track of the operation over the radio. There are now more than 50 police officers, some disguised as street cleaners, postmen, or ordinary passersby, waiting in and around the street. Others watch the van. In Cooper City, Florida, FBI agents are staked out around Ternus' house.

The three men are about to enter another bar and complete the transaction when the cops strike. Agents with guns drawn spill out of doorways. Others launch themselves at the men with flying tackles. Motorcycles and police cars, sirens blaring, block off the adjacent streets and begin to usher onlookers away. Tabel's assumption that the men are armed turns out to be correct. Chelelekian has a Colt .45 pistol concealed under his denim jacket. Noël-Dumarais has a Czech-made hand grenade in his pocket. But the men are overpowered so quickly that they barely have time to cry out, let alone defend themselves. Bundled to the ground and handcuffed, they lie facedown on the pavement, gasping like dying fish. Down at the sea front, police swarm the Peugeot and take down Noël-Dumarais. Inside the van they find the two Brueghels, the Monet, and the Sisley, carefully packed in cardboard boxes.

Meanwhile, in Florida, Ternus is in his pajamas when the SWAT team

RECOVERED TREASURE: The French media photograph the recovered painting in July 2008. At \$6 billion a year, art theft is the world's fourth-largest international crime.



When the men enter the bar, the cops strike, spilling out of doorways with guns drawn.

breaks down the door of his house. His wife and children are asleep inside. Ternus offers no resistance as the agents overpower him. Six days later he pleads guilty to conspiring to transport four stolen paintings. He also pleads guilty to visa fraud for having lied about his criminal record in his visa application. Ternus' American Dream is over.

* * * *

IT'S SEPTEMBER 19, 2008, AND THERE ARE ABOUT 100 PEOPLE PACKED into a restaurant outside Philadelphia: art experts and curators, museum security chiefs and art shippers, plus a bevy of burly FBI agents with guns in shoulder holsters under shiny G-man suits. There are also several high-ranking female agents, severe-looking women in dark two-piece suits. Bob Wittman's wife, Donna, his three adult children, and his petite mother occupy the table of honor in front of the podium.

The crowd has come to say farewell to Special Agent Wittman, who, after 20 years of chasing stolen art, is retiring at the age of 53. He works the room, cracking jokes, slapping backs, oozing charm. "I think the secret of his success was his ability to step into another role completely," says Ron Simoncini, a former NYPD detective and now head of security at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. "And to do it so convincingly that the people he was dealing with thought he was just as unscrupulous as they were."

Now the world's most successful detective is swapping his badge and gun for pen and paper. In October he signed a six-figure book deal with Crown publishers. There are speaking engagements at home and abroad. But even in retirement Wittman won't allow his face to be photographed. There are too many criminals who'd love to know the true identity of the smooth-talking agent who sent them up the river. He may also still need to go undercover, though not for the FBI: He'll now be sleuthing for his own art security and recovery company, Robert Wittman Inc.com. He is much in demand with foreign governments.

For a man who has spent years pretending to be someone else, exhibiting emotions not his own, Wittman seems genuinely moved as he steps to the podium to receive a gift from his colleagues: a giclée of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. As he hugs his wife and children, he has tears in his eyes. "I hope it's not stolen," he jokes.

STYLE

{ SHARPEN YOUR EDGE }



THREE FOR THE ROAD

You've wrapped two new films and rolled with Beyoncé Knowles. What better time to take off to Vegas with your pals and throw care



On Simon Rex: **BOSS Black** suit **Calvin Klein Collection** shirt and tie **Giorgio Armani** pocket square **Seiko** watch. On Adrien Brody: **HUGO** shirt **D&G** pants **Bailey** hat **Dockers** suspenders **Calvin Klein Collection** tie **Gucci** watch. On Nicholas Boeck: **D&G** suit **Calvin Klein Collection** shirt **Giorgio Armani** tie and pocket square.

and the dice to the wind? Live from the Palazzo Casino, *The Brothers Bloom* star **Adrien Brody** and his boys ante up in style.



On Simon: All **Giorgio Armani**. On Adrien: **Valentino** jacket **Calvin Klein Collection** shirt **Giorgio Armani** pocket square **Gucci** watch. On Nic: **Calvin Klein** suit **Perry Ellis** shirt **Emporio Armani** tie.

THAT'S ONE SERIOUS BEARD, MAN.

A lot of us actors are bearded when we aren't working, because we usually have to be clean-cut or look a certain way for a part. I kind of stopped doing anything for a while, including shaving, and just enjoyed life.

WHAT WAS YOUR STYLE AS A KID?

I grew up in New York, so that influenced my sense of style. At 13 I wore windbreakers and had a tail hairstyle. Kids wanted to jump me on the corner and cut it off.

WHAT WAS EVERYONE ELSE WEARING?

It shifted between *Saturday Night Fever* and *Hells Angels*. Those were pretty much the only two looks.

YOU'RE PICTURED SOMETIMES WITH A HIP-HOP LOOK.

It's probably more accurate to say I revert to my adolescence now and again.

BUT NOW YOU'RE A STYLE ARBITER, AND YOU WERE THE FACE OF ZEGNA MENSWEAR.

I have access to clothes that were unattainable to me back then. I bought my first real suit—a nice suit, actually—for about 20 bucks at a thrift store. I wore it to my first movie premieres. I didn't have the resources to buy designer clothing. None of my friends see me as a style icon. They see me in baggy jeans, a T-shirt, and a hoodie.

WHAT'S YOUR WORST LOOK EVER?

I have a picture on my refrigerator that my mom took. It's me in a pool hall. I was wearing a pair of baggy, horizontal-striped Girbaud jeans and a big sweatshirt with parallel stripes all over it. It's seared into my memory every time I look at it. It's a constant reminder of what *not* to do.

YOU REALLY PLANTED ONE ON HALLE BERRY AT THE OSCARS.

I was in such an overwhelmed, emotional state that I'm surprised I had the presence of mind to convey what I had been feeling. I just ran with this outpouring of emotion. Even though I'm not the most uninhibited person, I've been able to let that guard down under pressure.

WHAT'S YOUR BIGGEST CELEBRITY INDULGENCE?

I bought myself a Corvette Z06, and I built my own engine. It was nice to buy a new car and be able to assemble it. I grew up racing muscle cars and building real jalopies. But I don't have any extreme luxuries.

DOES FAME HAVE ITS DOWNSIDE?

Nothing is perfect. But when you're a struggling actor, you'd like a little attention. You know? Sometimes I'm happy to deal with too much. ●

Cadillac Records is currently playing. *The Brothers Bloom* opens in theaters January 16.

When Adrien Brody walked away with the best actor Oscar for 2002's *The Pianist*, he represented a new kind of leading man. Unconventionally handsome, his angular frame, Pinocchio nose (broken three times), and

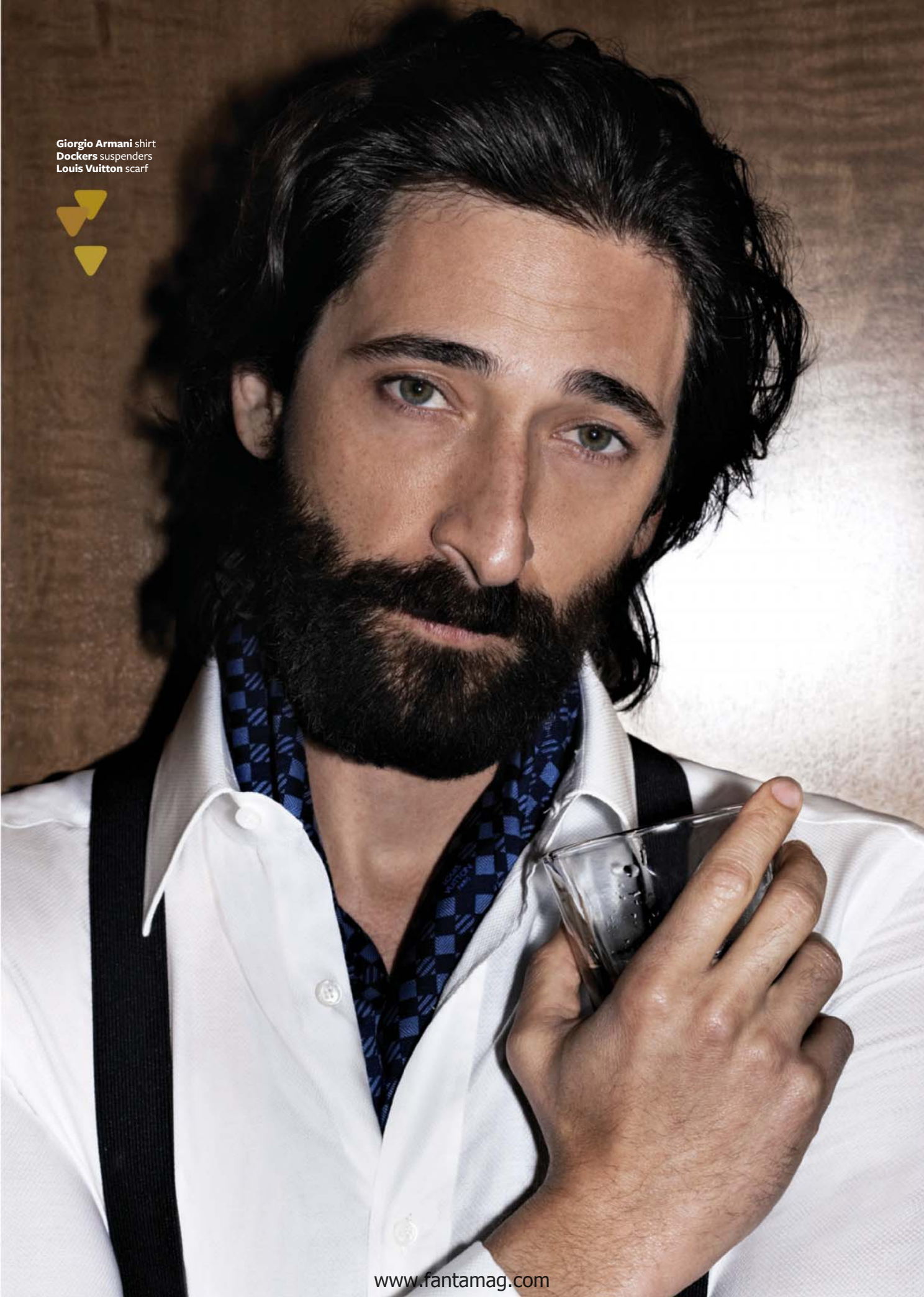
impromptu tongue-in with Halle Berry set him apart from a Tinseltown adrift with carefully scripted pretty boys.

Since then the 35-year-old Queens, New York native has kept moviegoers guessing, both with his distinctive roles and his idiosyncratic style. Whether noiring it in *Hollywoodland* (2006) or upstaging a computer-animated gorilla in *King Kong* (2005), the guy can wear clothes like nobody's business. He suits up like a runway stud in his two new releases, as an ascot-wearing con artist in *The Brothers Bloom* and a 1950s-era record honcho in the Chicago-set *Cadillac Records*, opposite Beyoncé Knowles (as Etta James).

Off the set Brody likes to leave the Norelco behind and hit the Vegas Strip, often with his close friends, like rap singer Simon Rex and real estate developer Nicholas Boeck, who both joined him for this ring-a-ding-ding fashion shoot.

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Helper, PRNewsFoto/Newscom; Lambo, Drive Images/Newscom; Lauper, Ron Gallela/WireImage/Getty Images; popcorn, D. Hurst/Alamy; sundae, Foodfolio/Alamy; kiss, Tony Latham/Getty Images; blowing kiss, Patti McConville/Getty Images; finger, Sven Hagolani/Getty Images; foot, WoodyStock/Alamy; kitten, Photodisc/Alamy; hourglass, Mark Sykes/Alamy; badge, Mikael Karlsson/Alamy; muffin, David Murray/Getty Images

Where to Buy



THREE FOR THE ROAD

p.4: HUGO shirt, \$125, Hugo Boss store, N.Y.C.; H&M pants, sold as suit, \$200, H&M stores nationwide; Bailey of Hollywood hat, \$48, hats.com; Brooks Brothers silk scarf, \$148, brooksbrothers.com; Emporio Armani belt, \$245, emporioarmani.com; Salvatore Ferragamo shoes, \$495, neimanmarcus.com **pp.80-81:** Simon: BOSS Black suit, \$895, Hugo Boss store, N.Y.C.; Calvin Klein Collection shirt, \$275, and tie, \$100, Calvin Klein Collection store, N.Y.C.; Giorgio Armani pocket square, \$90, Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; Seiko watch, \$375, seikousa.com. Adrien: HUGO shirt, \$145, Hugo Boss store, N.Y.C.; D&G pants, \$425, dolcegabbana.it; Bailey of Hollywood hat, \$48, hats.com; Dockers suspenders, \$20, kohls.com; Calvin Klein Collection tie, \$100, Calvin Klein Collection store, N.Y.C.; Gucci watch, \$2,495, select Gucci stores. Nick: D&G suit, \$1,995, dolcegabbana.it; Calvin Klein Collection shirt, \$275, Calvin Klein Collection store, N.Y.C.; Giorgio Armani tie, \$195, and pocket square, \$85, Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide **p.82:** Simon: Giorgio Armani tuxedo, \$3,825, shirt, \$775, and bow tie, \$165, Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Adrien: Valentino jacket, \$3,720, valentino.com; Calvin Klein Collection shirt, \$275, Calvin Klein Collection store, N.Y.C.; Giorgio Armani pocket square, \$85, Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; Gucci watch, \$2,495, Gucci stores. Nick: Calvin Klein suit, \$298, Macy's nationwide; Perry Ellis shirt, \$70, perryellis.com; Emporio Armani tie, \$115, emporioarmani.com **p.83:** Giorgio Armani shirt, \$495, Giorgio Armani Boutiques nationwide; Dockers suspenders, \$20, kohls.com; Louis Vuitton scarf, \$645, louisvuitton.com.

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PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID FACTOR. FROM LEFT: D&G SUIT; KENNETH COLE SHIRT AND BELT; EMPORIO ARMANI POCKET SQUARE; BOSS BLACK SUIT CLUB; MONACO SHIRT AND TIE; COUBRIE TIE CLIP; DKNY SUIT; H&M SHIRT; GIORGIO ARMANI TIE; BROOKS BROTHERS SCARF.

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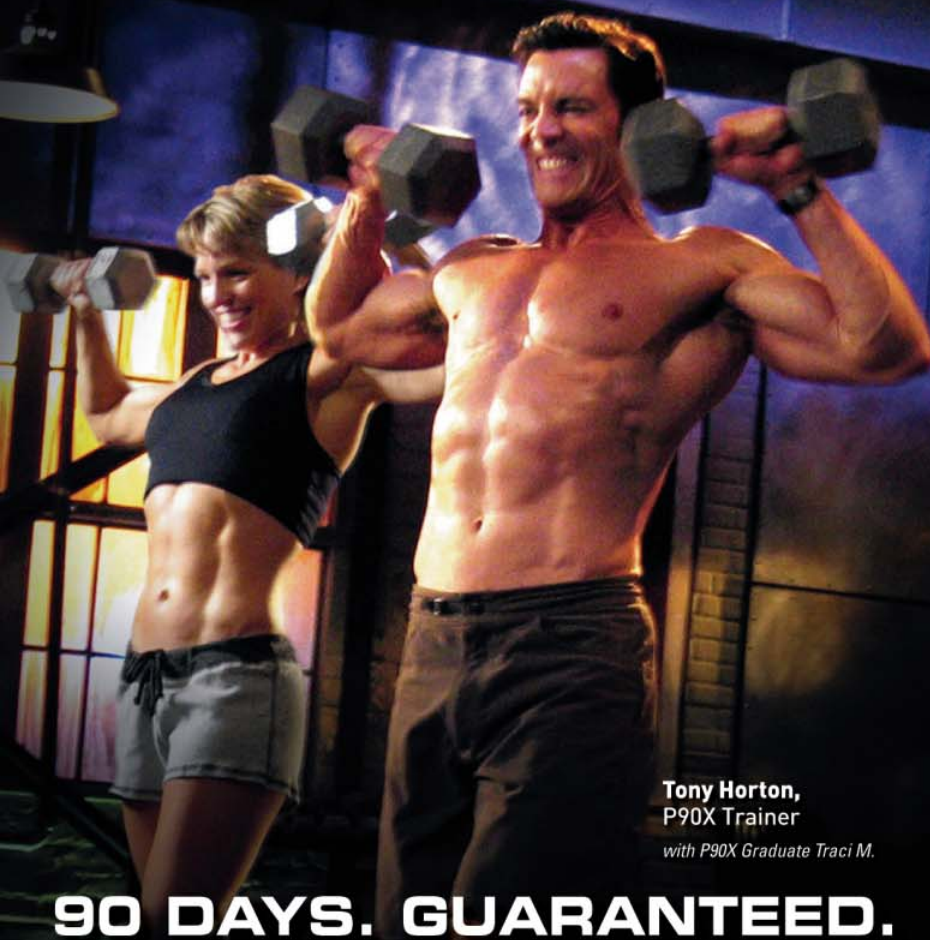
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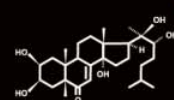
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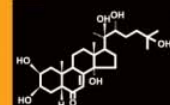
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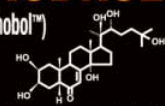


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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.



I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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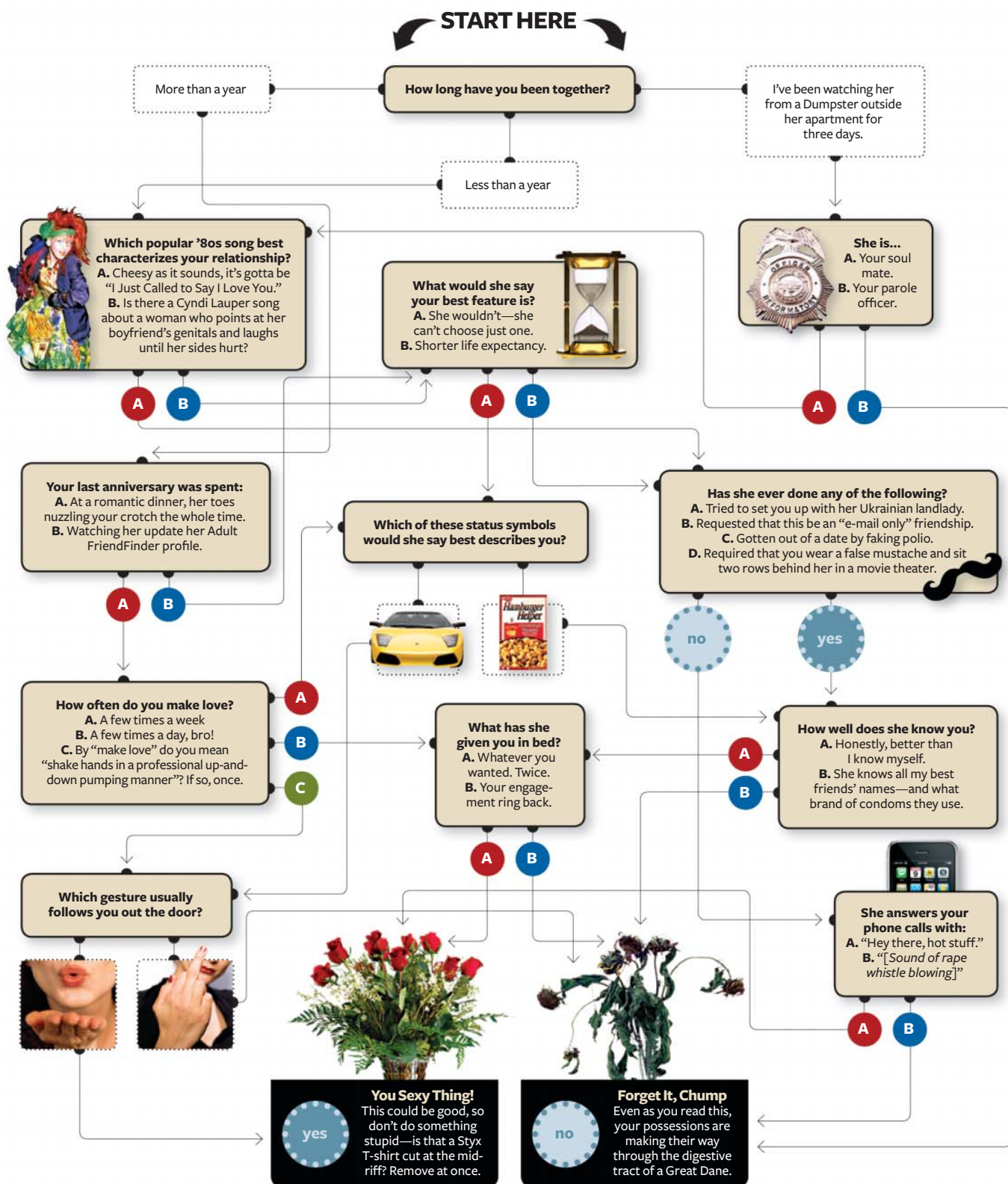
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*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. ExtenZe is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



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