MAXIM

GUARANTEED!
10 Insanely Hot Girls Who Totally Want You!
(WELL, YOUR VOTE, P.36)

Auto Erotica
FIVE CARS YOU'LL NEVER HAVE

Our Usual Erotica
FIVE GIRLS YOU'LL NEVER HAVE EITHER

Battlestar Babes
Tricia Helfer & Grace Park Set Phasers to Sexy
(YES, NERDS, WE KNOW THAT'S STAR TREK)

$30 Million Ticket to Palookaville
THE BIGGEST BLUNDERS IN SPORTS

NOVEMBER 2009 MAXIM.COM

MAXIM | BATTLESTAR GALACTICA GIRLS SUPERCARS HISTORY OF SEX TAPES BIGGEST SPORTS BUSTS

features

68 Grace Park & Tricia Helfer

Nerd alert! *Battlestar Galactica*'s sexy Cylons are back for one last Earth-shattering movie, this month's *The Plan*.
By Jesse Brukman

74 The 10 Biggest Busts, Choke Artists & Goats in Sports History
You guys suck!

80 Death Becomes Real
When reality star Ryan Jenkins stopped acting polite, murder followed.
By Mark Ebner

86 One Hot Numb3r
TV's sexiest mathematician, Navi Rawat.
By Kevin Jordan

92 Icon: LeBron James
The king wants to give you a million dollars.
By Jesse Brukman

94 A Visual History of the Sex Tape
A salute to one A/V club we wouldn't mind joining.
By Dan Bova

96 La Dolce Elisabetta
Italian TV's sexiest supermodel.
By Dan Bova

102 Rise of the Machines
The five sickest supercars in the world.
By Jesse Will

114 Wet & Wild
What happens belowdecks on cruise lines.
By Stinson Carter

On the Cover:
Photograph by Steve Shaw; styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Roque for Oribe at Tracy Mattingly; makeup, Hiromi for Exclusive Artists/Mac; set design, Chris Gaskill for Artworks Hollywood; On Tricia: Army tank, Cosabella briefs available at Bloomingdale's. On Grace: Rosa Chá briefs; tee available at Dave's New York. This page: Camisole available at Albright Inc; briefs by Rosa Cha

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

departments

NOVEMBER 2009 **CONTENTS**

16 Letters
Our mailbag is bursting with monkey business and Milla Jovovich love letters. Plus, a few Hometown Hotties submissions that just didn't make the grade.

19 Circus Maximus
Check out the fine ladies who *did* earn a spot in our Hometown Hotties Top 10, the three sweetest spots for gamblers, and the best reason to watch *2012*: Béatrice Rosen

39 Rated
Director Roland Emmerich blows up his latest disaster pic, Patton Oswalt gives us his last day on Earth, and *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2* gives us a serious case of PTSD.

51 Stuff
We take Activision's *DJ Hero* for a spin, some home fryers for a dip, and Dominic Monaghan to a psychiatrist about his creepy-crawly obsession.

59 Columns
Study up on the secrets of vacation sex, and get hungry for America's best delis. *L'Chaim!*

123 Style
There ain't nothing sexy about a neck beard, fellas. Luckily, you can shave, moisturize, and save face with sex siren Aubrey O'Day.

140 The Decider
Thanksgiving: A time for food, family, and bouts of uncontrollable rage. But who's going to be the first to lose it this year? Find out now!

Spend turkey day home alone with the Decider.

First Time: Béatrice Rosen leaves us gasping.

Torture Test: Deep-fried baby shoes? Yes!

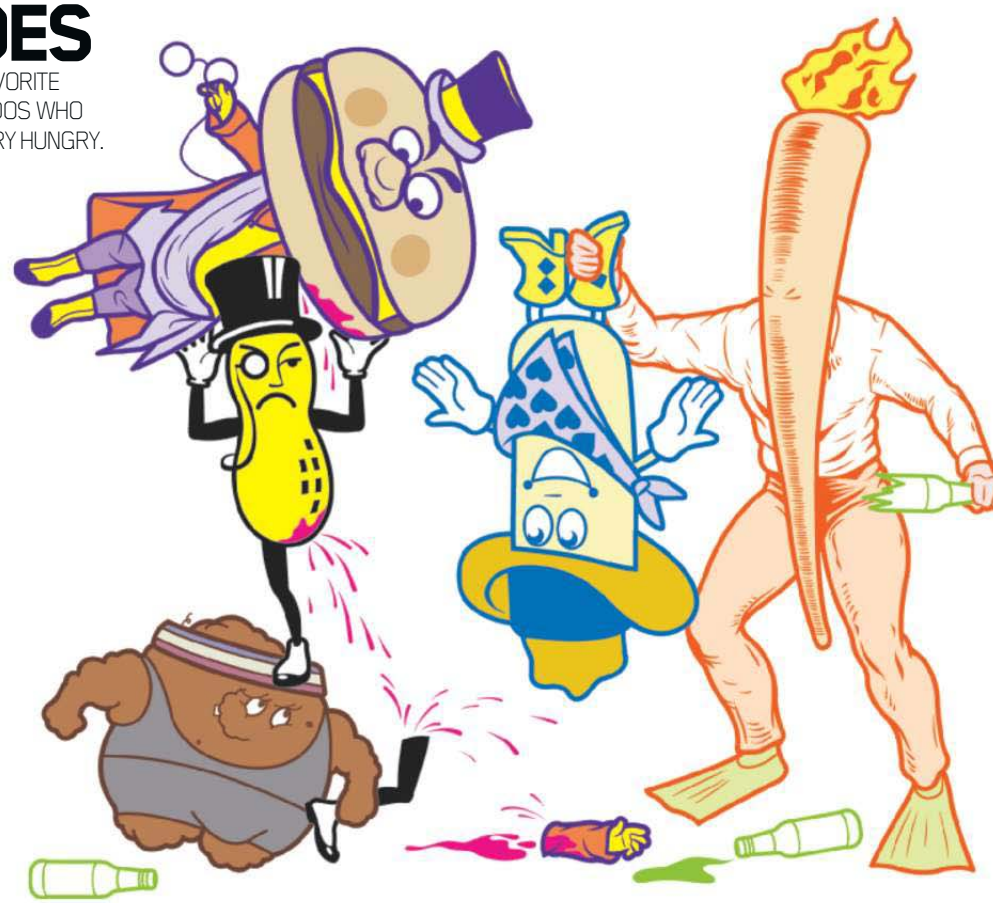
Most Wanted: Amber Heard isn't just one of the pack.

MAXIM.COM

GET YOUR CLICKS **HERE**

FOOD DUDES

THIS MONTH'S LISTACLE: OUR FAVORITE MASCOTS, TV STARS, AND WEIRDOS WHO CREEP US OUT AND MAKE US VERY HUNGRY.



1 Mayor McCheese
Phased out of the McDonaldland lineup in the early '80s after getting caught tapping his toes in a Burger King rest room.

2 Mr. Peanut
He's a class act who's successfully kept the top hat, cane, and monocle in fashion for more than 100 years. Also, can kill with allergy powers.

3 Meatwad
He may share the spotlight with a bag of fries and a shake, but the real star of *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* is this simple Manwich mass.

4 Twinkie the Kid
The only cowboy who could bring dessert to a gunfight and still come out the winner.

5 Flaming Carrot
Surrealist comic book star, womanizer, and loaded with beta carotene. And booze. Lots and lots of booze.

For more genius in list form, get yourself to maxim.com.

ELSEWHERE ON MAXIM.COM

Hottie Heaven
Peruse the lovely Top 10 finalists from this year's Hometown Hotties contest. A beauty from your burb may have made the cut!

Maxim Radio
Tune in to Sirius XM Stars Too 108 and 139 weekdays 12–3 EST as Covino & Rich grill guests about entertainment, sports, and…grilling.

Exclusive Videos
Interviews, intimate performances from your favorite bands, and crazy crap like our text-to-speech treatments of classic movie scenes!

WIN!

Go to winstuffto day.com for our nonstop giveaway bonanaza. Every weekday we'll select the choicest items from our gear closet for readers to win. Go get some free stuff, fool!

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You can always use a more energized you. So we combined the power of real fruit juice with the natural energy of Yerba Mate. For a you-enhancing boost.

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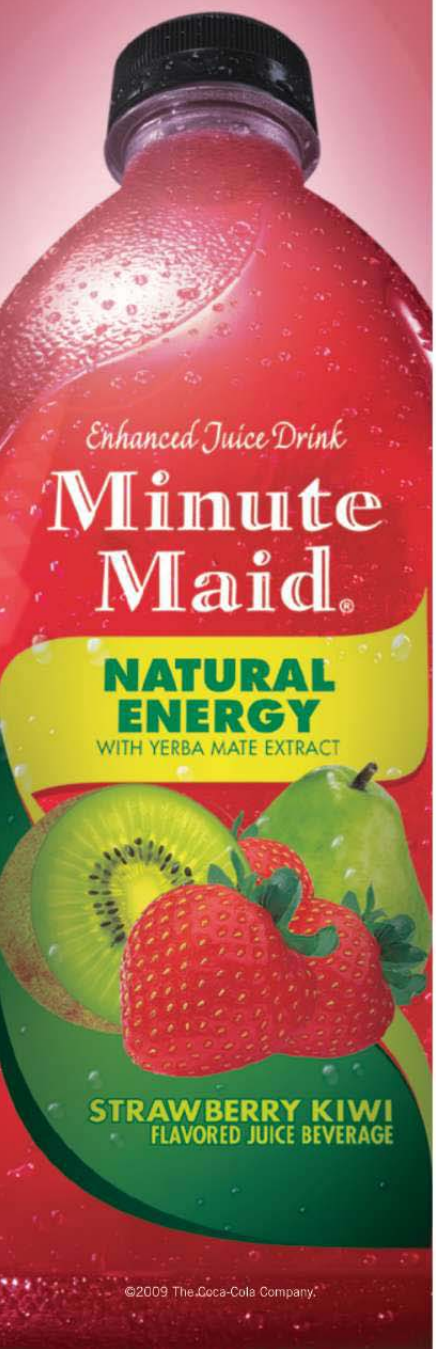

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jokes

A guy walks into a bar with the side of his face bruised and bleeding. The bartender asks, "What happened to you?" The guy replies, "I got into a fight with my girlfriend because I called her a cheap hooker." "What did she do?" asks the bartender. "She hit me with her bag of nickels."

Bigger in Texas

Three cowboys—one from Oklahoma, one from Arkansas, and the third from Texas—are sitting around a fire trying to out-brag one another. The Oklahoman gloats, "Just the other day I wrestled a bull with my hands."

The Arkansan replies, "Oh, yeah? I grabbed a snake and bit its head off."

The Texan stays quiet, slowly stirring the coals with his penis.

Q&A

Q: What's the best thing about having an emo lawn?
A: You never have to mow—it cuts itself.

Taste Test

A teacher is doing a study testing the senses of her kindergarten class. She asks the children to identify the flavors of candy they're given with colors. Red for cherry, yellow for lemon, orange for orange, and green for lime.

Finally, to mix things up a little bit, the teacher gives them all honey-flavored candy. None of the children can identify the taste. So the teacher says, "I will give you all a clue. This flavor is what your mother may sometimes call your father."

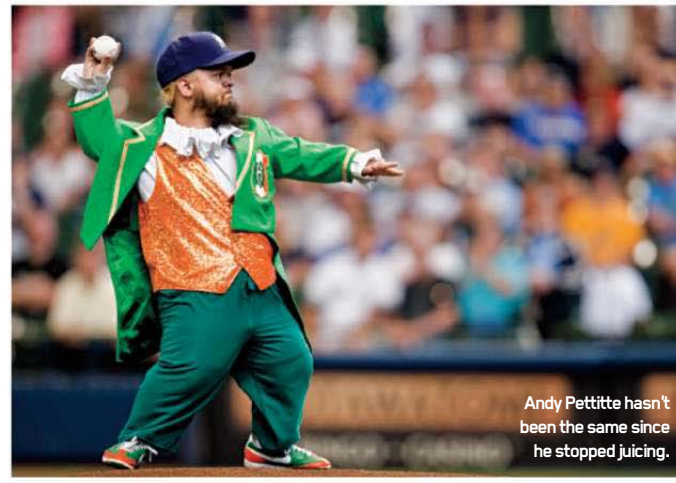
One little girl looks up in horror and screams, "Oh, my God, spit it out! They're assholes!"

Make Us Laugh, Funnyman

ONE KNOCKDOWN-FUNNY JOKE FROM A STAND-UP COMIC.

JOKESTER: NICK KROLL
HOMETOWN: Rye, NY
PREFERRED METHOD OF DEATH: "Curiosity."
WOMEN MOSTLY FEAR MY: "Average-size penis."
BEST WAY TO FIGHT OFF A CROCODILE: "Tell her you really like her."

Check out more of Nick's hilarious work at nickkroll.tumblr.com!



Andy Pettitte hasn't been the same since he stopped juicing.

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1. Give us your best caption attempt at Maxim.com/contests.
2. We'll send the lucky winner this glorious MSI Wind Top AE1900 all-in-one PC.
3. Check Maxim.com early and often to see if your funny bone is bigger than ours!

*No purchase necessary to enter or win. Void where prohibited. Open only to legal U.S. residents, 18 years or older. Contest begins October 20, 2009 and ends November 17, 2009. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received. For entry and official rules with complete entry, eligibility, prize, and other details, go to www.maxim.com. Sponsored by Alpha Media Group Inc.

THE HA-HA LIST
BY MICHAEL BRUMM

TELEGRAM SEX

Before phone, text, or cyber there was over-the-wire sex.

MOAN STOP
MOAN STOP
MOAN STOP
MOAN STOP

YOU MAKE ME SO HOT STOP OR IT COULD BE THE SCARLET FEVER STOP

OOH, DON'T STOP STOP NO, I SAID DON'T STOP STOP STOP IT! STOP THIS ISN'T WORKING STOP

I'M GOING TO COME OVER THERE AND SCREW YOU HARD STOP IN NINE WEEKS STOP PROVIDED THE RAILROAD IS COMPLETED STOP

letters

MAKE US FEEL LOVED—OR HATED!
Drop us a line at letters@maxim.com. We're waiting, jerks...

ALL HAIL MAIL

MAKING MEMORIES WITH MILLA AND AMENDS WITH THE HOMELESS!

Who wants to be a Milla-naire?

I met your September cover model, Milla Jovovich, back in the day, and I was shocked to discover that she was far hotter in person (which I didn't think would be possible). She was also very nice. She shot me down very gently when I asked her out. Anyway, that made me wonder: What percentage of cover girls look pretty much like you'd expect them to, and what percentage make you think, Oh, crap, that's disappointing?

Mike Carey via e-mail

Wait, you asked out Milla Jovovich? Do your granite testicles chafe, or are they sanded to a glossy finish so they swish gently across your knees?

Steamboat Wolverine

While I loved your oral history of Marvel Comics [September], it sucks that the issue was on stands when Disney acquired Marvel and you couldn't report on the Mouse taking over. I'd be curious to hear what Walt Disney would have had to say about his company's new, super direction.

Earl Dworkin Salem, MA

On his company's recent purchase, we're pretty sure the Walt-man's cryogenically preserved head is saying something like: "Oh, sweet Christ, please end my torturous existence! Also, Barack Obama is a Communist. And I'm pretty sure he's black."

Monkeying Around

I know you featured the "Apes of Wrath" a few months ago [May 2009], but I just saw it. Your writer's summation of tips for not pissing off a chimp was sound advice. At 56 I'm old enough to recall the summer carnivals that once featured freak shows and a "boxing chimp." If you could stay in the ring two minutes you won 20 bucks—good money back then. Anyway, the chimp would merely mimic your moves at first. But then the handler blew a whistle and the thing went ape-shit. I saw the toughest guys in town lose their asses to that monkey. Then some idiot took a pipe in. No problem—the chimp took it, then quite soundly whipped his ass. This is all absolutely true.

Jack Gordon Sewickley, PA

Nothing has ever made us want a time machine more than this letter. Well, that and the desire to beat the shit out of Ernie Sanders in second grade—you know why, Ernie...

The Crying Shame

Upon flipping through the pages of the September '09 *Maxim*, I became absolutely spellbound by one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen in all my years on this planet. Not only is the shot of Haley Webb on page 17 exquisite, but the composition of the photograph is perfect as well—provocative and classy all in the same pose. This transgender lesbian has now witnessed a goddess!

Piper Cheyrese Moritz via e-mail

We appreciate your accurate assessment of Ms. Webb's total hotitude. At least there's one thing you're not confused about, Piper!

A MAXIM APOLOGY

In the August *Maxim*, a writer encouraged readers to "hunt the homeless" and "kill one for fun. We're 87 percent sure it is legal." There have been more than 880 assaults against the homeless in the past decade, including 244 deaths. I hope the *Maxim* editors clarify that the magazine is not an advocate for violence against homeless people or hobos and apologize for the hateful comments.

Elizabeth M. Stamps
National Coalition for the Homeless, Intern

We, the editors of Maxim, occasionally overestimate our own hilarity (we are the children of circus clowns, after all!). For that we apologize. Let it be said: No one should be stalking boxcars and collecting bloody bindle trophies. However, we cannot offer you college credit for your letter. Sorry, Elizabeth!

HOMETOWN HOTTIE HORRORS

NOT ALL THE SUBMISSIONS WERE AS SPECTACULAR AS OUR CURRENT TOP 10 (P.36).

PEGGY NOONAN
"My grandchildren's friends often call me a GILF, and I once caught the eye of a certain member of the Coolidge administration, [cough] Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills."

KIMBERLY
"Dudes, it would be so the bomb if I won. Don't be buggin' and pick some dickweed over me!"

SARAH PALIN
"I've had a lot of free time on my hands to do things I couldn't do before the time when I was running for the thing and America is just super and gee I'd love to win your contest!"

TRAVISTA
"First Amelia Earhart, then Jackie Robinson, and, finally, me! I will break the hottie barrier once and for all!"

MATT JONES (MILLA)

American Apparel tank, $22, americanapparel.net; **Levi's** shorts, stylist's own. Previous page: **BCBG by Max Azria** sweater dress, bcbg.com.

First Love Triangle
After high school in Paris, I had been dating a guy for about a year. Then another guy—whom I'd been close friends with when I was younger—moved back to Paris. It never came to blows, but there were some serious shouting matches. It was all very French. I acted repulsed, but I secretly loved it. I chose the old friend. He was the better kisser.

First Topless Scene
It was for a short film in France. I got so stressed over it. I wanted to look good, so I was getting ridiculous, like avoiding salt for days so I wasn't bloated. Culturally, it wasn't a big deal. In France people are naked in commercials. Nudity is much more serious in America. When Janet Jackson showed her nipple, the French couldn't understand why it was a scandal.

First Broken Bone
Shannon Elizabeth broke my finger! But it was a complete accident and not her fault at all. We were filming *Cuts*, a sitcom on UPN. In this particular episode, we were roughhousing with another character, and my index finger got caught in the mix and twisted. I guess it would be a better story if it had happened during some sexy catfight.

First Coed Shower
I'm French—it's happened so many times I can't even remember the first time. Do you guys at *Maxim* remember the first time you took a shower with a girl? You do? You poor things. That's both sweet and a little bit sad.

Check out our preview of *2012* on page 39.

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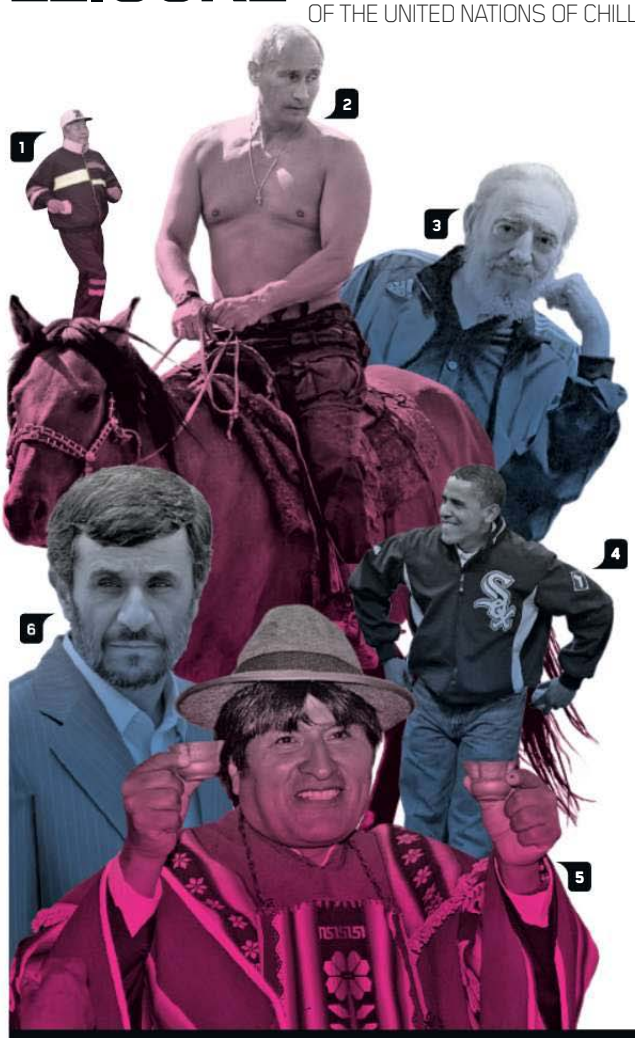
WORLD LEADERS OF LEISURE

IT CAN'T BE SUITS AND CAPES AND BEMEDALED UNIFORMS ALL THE TIME. CHECK OUT THESE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS OF CHILLING THE FUCK OUT.



1/ **Kim Jong Il**
NORTH KOREA
A word of wisdom to the easily excitable Kim: It ain't easy to hide a "missile program" in loose nylon pants.

2/ **Vladimir Putin**
RUSSIA
The Cold War thawed right there between those firm, beautiful man-boobs.

3/ **Fidel Castro**
CUBA
"'Sup, comrades? Don't hate the beard, hate the game."

4/ **Barack Obama**
UNITED STATES
"Dig my dad jeans, ladies? Come around the White House after hours and I'll let you sit on my 'death panel.'"

5/ **Evo Morales**
BOLIVIA
How many lines of Bolivia's powderiest export does it take for a man to leave the house thinking this look works for him and his gigantic head?

6/ **Mahmoud Ahmadinejad**
IRAN
The stare says, "Death to the citizens of the Great Satan!" but the open collar says, "Just not to the ones who live on *Baywatch*."

WIN, LOSE, OR BOOZE!

LOOKING FOR A NEW DESTINATION TO GAMBLE AWAY YOUR MONEY AND VIRGINITY?

HRH Tower at Hard Rock Hotel Las Vegas
Opening this December, the HRH Tower will feature superplush suites that you will never want to leave. But you might want to go downstairs to the spa, which features a coed pool area and is modeled after a Roman bathhouse. Toga! Toga! Toga!

Dusk at Caesars
Atlantic City
Opened by the late, great DJ AM, this joint sports a crazy-ass undulating disco ceiling that pulses over one million colors to the beat of the music. Enjoy watching regulars like Nick Lachey and Kristin Cavallari make sweaty messes of themselves.

Sammy's Beach Bar & Grill at Harrah's
St. Louis
Sammy Hagar wants you to dine at his island-themed eatery Right Now. After a long day playing games of chance, roll the dice on their signature Red Rocker cocktail. After a few, you may be playing craps in your pants.

BUY THIS BOOK

Ben Thompson's **Badass** is a handy-dandy CliffsNotes on the most awesome dudes and dudettes in history, from samurai warriors to Viking kings. *Harpers, November 8, $17*

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Check out the best America has to offer at **peopleofwalmart.org.** Marvel at the unemployed, unclothed, and unbathed as they shuffle around the mega-mart looking for their dignity.

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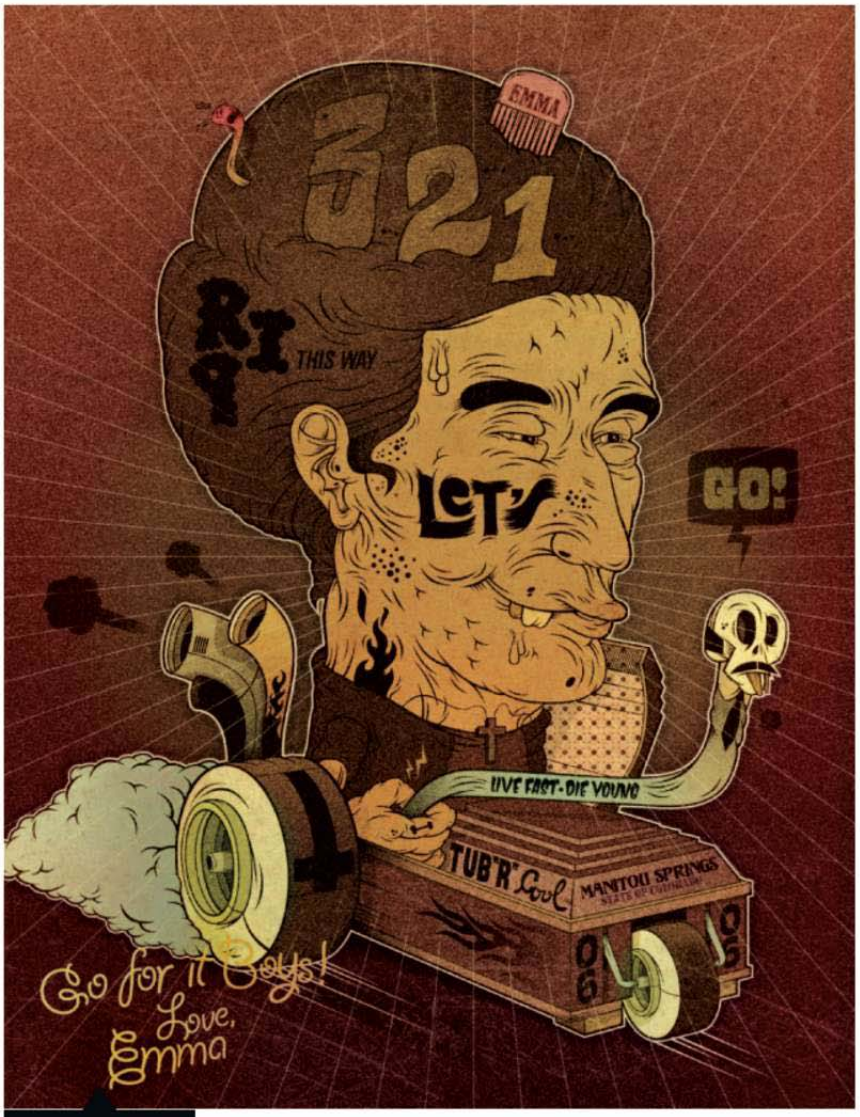
MOCKTOBERFEST

COULDN'T MAKE IT TO MUNICH FOR OKTOBERFEST? THEN HEAD TO ONE OF THESE SMALL-TOWN FESTIVALS FOR BEER, FOOD—AND AMATEUR PORN.



EMMA CRAWFORD COFFIN FESTIVAL
Where: Manitou Springs, CO
When: October 23–24
What: Celebrate Emma Crawford (died more than a century ago) with a parade of hearses and a coffin race.

BEANFEST AND OUTHOUSE RACES
Where: Mountain View, AR
When: October 29–31
What: A bean cookoff followed by a race of decorated outhouses pushed by people in costumes. It's a total gas! And that, good people, is grade-A pun work. You're welcome.

PORNOTOPIA
Where: Albuquerque, NM
When: November 6–8
What: A filmfest that "celebrates those who aren't afraid to keep it real when mainstream porn fails to satisfy." Translation: People recite spoken word while taking it anywhere but in the vagina.

5,000-EGG GIANT OMELETTE CELEBRATION
Where: Abbeville, LA
When: November 7–8
What: An egg-cracking competition, a red-hot performance by the Tabasco Girls Dance Team, and a 12-foot, 5,000-egg omelet, free! Salmonella, anyone?
—Laura Leu

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

THE SEXIEST BOOZE SLINGERS IN THE WORLD ARE HERE TO HELP YOU BETTER NAVIGATE YOUR NIGHTS OUT.

HOW DO I APPROACH A GAL WHO'S WITH A BIG GROUP OF GIRLS?
"Talk up her friends and get them to laugh. Ignore your gal, except for an occasional smile. It'll drive her crazy. She'll be like, 'Why isn't he talking to me?' So suddenly you've made yourself into this hot new trend that she can't have. After a while make your way back to the group and talk only to her. She'll swoon, and you're in."

YOUR BARTENDER
NAME Natasha Meade, 24
BAR The Bank, in the Bellagio, Las Vegas
FAVORITE FALL DRINK The Stone Fence (below)

THE STONE FENCE
1 part Ron Zacapa 23-year-old rum
2 parts hard cider (or apple cider)
Shake with ice. Serve in rocks glass.

HIT THE PLAY-HOUSE
Kicking off November 1, Paul Reubens, a.k.a. **Pee-wee Herman,** returns to the stage as the famous bow-tied kids' character for a limited engagement at the Music Box in Hollywood.

READ THIS BOOK
Expletive-spewing comedian/*Curb Your Enthusiasm* star Susie Essman details her sexcapades in **What Would Susie Say? Bullsh*t Wisdom About Love, Life and Comedy.** Fuck you, Lar! *$25*

CLICK THIS SITE
Crappytaxidermy.com features our furry friends looking their best—stuffed and mounted really, really badly on strangers' walls. Usually wearing outfits. Just like little creepy people!

ILLUSTRATION BY HELLO FREAKS

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

2009 MLB: GRAND SLAM OF STUPIDITY

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF A YEAR OF TRULY FOUL BALLS WITH THIS IDIOTICALLY SHORT BASEBALL QUIZ. BATTER UP!

1. Which item does Rangers reformed train wreck Josh Hamilton *not* have in his locker?

A. A left-hander's catcher's mitt. "Just in case."
B. Fish oil vitamins. "Because I don't eat a lot of fish."
C. Crack residue lodged in a zebra-striped G-string. "This interview is over!"

2. Which one of the following rule changes was implemented in the 2009 season?

A. Hosting teams are required to give Prince Fielder no fewer than three eggplant parm heroes before every inning.
B. Awkward interviews with players with little to no understanding of English must be at least five minutes in length. Repetition of questions in a louder, slower voice is encouraged.
C. Coin tosses will no longer be used to award home-field advantage for one-game tiebreakers held to determine division champions or wild-card teams.

3. Thanks to his brand of steroid, Manny Ramirez may be the first major league baseball player to:

A. Hit 85 homers in a season.
B. Be banned for life.
C. Breast-feed.

4. Yankees slugger Alex Rodriguez was benched for "fatigue" in June. How did A-Rod rest up after sitting out a game against the Florida Marlins?

A. Washed his hair with kabbalah water.
B. Wiped his ass with $100 bills.
C. Went out partying with Kate Hudson in Miami Beach until 2:30 A.M.

5. True or false:

The top ticket at Yankee Stadium at the beginning of this season was $2,500 for one game. In 1996 the same seat cost $2,025—for the entire season.—*Ed Condran*

ANSWERS: 1. C; 2. C; 3. C; 4. C; 5. T

HUNTING TAIL BEST PREGAME SNACKS FOR COLLEGE FATTIES.

Gator Tail
Gator's Dockside, University of Florida
These morsels of beer-battered reptile turn the tables on the Everglades' toothiest predators. Students dine on their school mascot? That's some cold-blooded shit. ($8)

Chicago Dog
Mustard's Last Stand, Northwestern University
Gobs of tomatoes, onions, peppers, relish, mustard, and celery salt piled atop a Vienna red hot and crowned with a giant pickle. Put both in your mouth at once. ($2.75)

Fat Darrell
R U Hungry grease trucks, Rutgers University
Our all-time fave: a 1,600-calorie beast crammed with chicken fingers, mozzarella sticks, fries, and more. Hell-burpin' yeah! ($5)—*Ben Detrick*

HOP A POGO STICK
For **Guinness World Record Day!** On November 12, bored—or drunk—college students and lonely people afraid to trim their nails are encouraged to attempt record-breaking feats!

GET HIGH HERE
Before licking that growth underneath your fridge, check out **erowid.org.** This handy site catalogs every known natural and unnatural psychoactive hallucinogen in the world. Whoa.

TURKEY DAY TITANS

THANKSGIVING IS THE SWEETEST DAY IN BACKYARD AND PRO SPORTS. SO WE'RE SALUTING THOSE NFL STANDOUTS WHO MADE THEIR NAMES IN THE SLEEPIEST GAME OF THE YEAR—THE TURKEY BOWL! YAY, TRYPTOPHAN!

1 FRITZ POLLARD
Akron Pros, 1920

Pro football's first Thanksgiving game featured the WWI veteran (and one of football's first African-Americans) leading his team to victory over the Canton Bulldogs before going on to an undefeated season and the first league title. Which we believe was called the Kaiser Kup.

2 DON MEREDITH
Dallas Cowboys, 1966

Don led the 'boys to a 26-14 comeback victory over the Browns in his breakthrough season. He achieved greater fame postretirement as one of the original commentators on *Monday Night Football* and for giving Howard Cosell wet willies during timeouts.

3 BARRY SANDERS
Detroit Lions, 1989

America was shocked to see the ankle-breaking 5'8" rookie rack up 145 yards in a win against the Browns. Sanders would run for over 100 yards three more times on Thanksgiving before quitting the Lions, a.k.a. the losingest losers that ever lost, in 1998.

4 JOHN MADDEN
Turkey Leg Award, 1989

After the Eagles crushed the Cowboys 27-0, John Madden saluted Philly defensive end Reggie White with a turkey leg. A tradition was born that blossomed into customized birds with extra legs for more awards—a perfect merger of pigskin and gluttony.

5 EMMITT SMITH
Dallas Cowboys, 1990

Smith's rookie performance would have been badass regardless (132 yards and two second-half touchdowns), but the fact that it came against the hated Redskins made it one for the ages. Smith would go on to spend old age rambling on postgame shows, "Scram the framper!"

6 RANDY MOSS
Minnesota Vikings, 1998

Randy notoriously slipped to the 21st draft pick. Then, against the Cowboys on Thanksgiving, he only had three catches. But each went for a TD. He remains one of the most explosive players in NFL history, racking up a record 23 TD receptions in 2007 and one savage mooning in 2005.

7 TONY ROMO
Dallas Cowboys, 2006

Romo wasn't pegged for stardom, going undrafted in 2003 and not starting a game until 2006. But after throwing for 306 yards and five touchdowns on turkey day in a 38-10 win over the Bucs proved he could play, he went on to his first Pro Bowl and the first in a series of blonde brain trusts, Jessica Simpson.

8 TASHARD CHOICE Dallas Cowboys, 2008

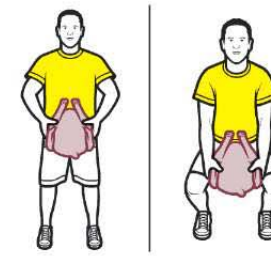
The rookie running back exploded onto the field with 57 yards of rushing in only two quarters in 2008's turkey bowl. "I was just a special-teamer," says Choice, "but when Marion Barber went down, I knew I had to come up big." A jokester in the locker room (he has his own Web site dedicated to pranking his teammates, tchoice23.com), Choice is now key in Dallas' three-man rushing attack.

CATCH EXCLUSIVE VIDEO OF TASHARD TAKING A *MAXIM* EDITOR TO GRIDIRON UNIVERSITY ONLY ON MAXIM.COM!

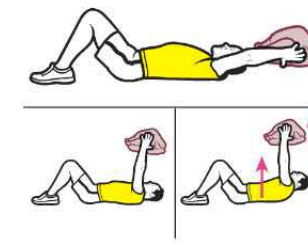
FITNESS

PREGAME FROZEN TURKEY WORKOUT

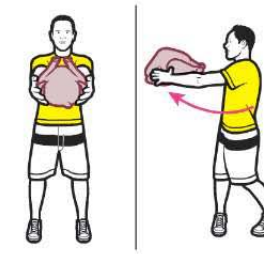
THAW YOUR BUTTERBALL AND MELT YOUR MIDSECTION WITH THIS WORKOUT FROM THE PROS AT CRUNCH GYMS.



GOBBLE SQUATS
Yep, this is happening. Stand with your feet shoulder width apart, gripping a 15-pound turkey. With back straight, shoot hips back and squat till thighs are parallel to the floor. Do three sets of 10 reps.



GRAVY CRUNCHES
Lie down in shame, knees up. Raise bird straight overhead and hold. Keeping arms straight, brace abs and do crunch. Drop back down, lower turkey. Repeat. Do three sets of 10 reps.

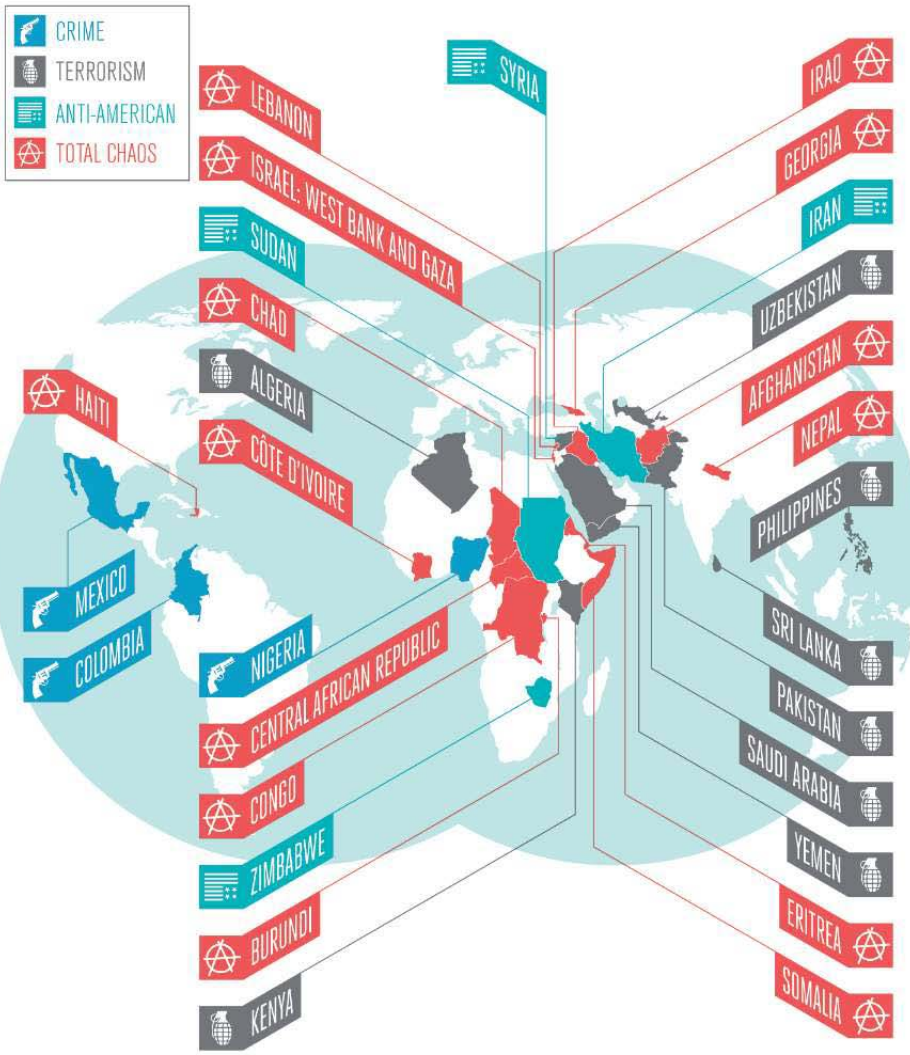


SALMONELLA SIDE BUSTERS
With feet shoulder width apart, hold Tom in front of you. Twist at the hips to one side and then the other. Do three sets of 10 reps. Now you're ready to scarf down 3,500 calories, scream at your family, and snore through the Lions game!

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMESON SIMPSON

Ask Maxim

We're learnin' you on living large, sloshed Eastern Europeans, dangerous destinations, and kitchen radiation!



What are the most dangerous countries for traveling Americans?

GERALD ATOLL, MILWAUKEE, WI

AS AN AMERICAN, IT IS YOUR RIGHT TO ROAM THE GLOBE AND LOUDLY TALK ABOUT HOW MUCH BETTER THE U.S. IS. ABOVE ARE DESTINATIONS THAT THE STATE DEPARTMENT SAYS YOU *CAN* VISIT, BUT SUGGESTS YOU BE PREPARED FOR A PERMANENT VACATION IF YOU DO.

CAN YOU LIVE INSIDE A WHALE?

Phil Dietrich, Tuscaloosa, AL

Don't break your lease, Phil! Physiologist John Rudell zeroes in on the big problem: a lack of oxygen in the whale's digestive tract. Also, its stomach is "a very acidic and enzymatic environment." Not that you'd get far: The 100-foot-long blue whale has an esophagus only four inches in diameter.That said, Jim Joplin (author of *Marine Survival Tactics for the Weekend Warrior*) notes hearing of Japanese divers who "whale-ride" by wearing oxygen tanks into the mouths of injured baleen whales. So it's possible that their insides are a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there.

WHAT'S THE HIGHEST BLOOD ALCOHOL CONTENT EVER RECORDED?

Desmond Grayle, Franklin, NJ

Legally, you can't get behind the wheel in most states with a blood alcohol content over .08 (more than four drinks in an hour on an empty stomach for the average dude). And at a .45 BAC, even John Daly has a decent shot at dying. So in 2004 when a man in Plovdiv blew a *.914,* Bulgarian police assumed their equipment wasn't working, since the 67-year-old wasn't dead (indeed, he was talking to them). Five tests later the result was determined accurate, proving that if you dream it, you can achieve it, Desmond!

CAN YOU REALLY BE HARMED BY STANDING IN FRONT OF A MICROWAVE OVEN?

Gary Hazari, Austin, TX

Maybe. But relax, Gary. Microwaves come with magical devices called "doors" and turn on only when they're closed. Once sealed, the radiation is contained and can't nuke your nuts. But! "If the seal is damaged enough, it's conceivable radiation could leak," admits John E. Moulder, director of radiation biology at the Medical College of Wisconsin. "In that case, if you're standing next to it you'll feel heat from the radiation as if you were standing next to a fire." A feeling you and your crotch should be long used to.

CLICK THIS SITE

The animals gorging as only animals can on **fuckingdelicious.tumblr.com** remind us just how great life could be if only we had been born polar bears. Damn you, parents who aren't bears!

HAVE A RASPY XMAS

Bob Dylan–who was bar mitzvahed as Robert Zimmerman–releases a benefit album, *Christmas in the Heart,* this month. Gather round to hear hits like "How to Fram the Huugh" and "Hhhhhmmmmg."

LAUGH LIKE A HYENA

Kicking off November 4, this year's **New York Comedy Festival** is headlined by *The Office* originator Ricky Gervais. Guaranteed dry British humor is worth the bus ticket. And $5 hot dogs.

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS FELTRON

Hometown Hotties '09

HEAD TO MAXIM.COM/HOTTIES TO VOTE FOR THE WINNER NOW!

BRITTANY
HOMETOWN: CHRISTIANSBURG, VA
OCCUPATION: HOOTERS GIRL
What's the first thing you would do as the reigning champion?
"Eat an entire box of Krispy Kreme donuts to celebrate!"

CATERINA
HOMETOWN: PHOENIX, AZ
OCCUPATION: RAPPER
Just how badly do you want this?
"I want it as much as I want [Chargers QB] Philip Rivers to have my babies. Enough said."

SUZANNE
HOMETOWN: NANAIMO, BRITISH COLUMBIA
OCCUPATION: GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHER
How big a responsibility is holding the title of Hometown Hottie?
"I'm not sure—how heavy is it? Is it expensive? If I drop it, will it break?"

NATALLIA
HOMETOWN: ROSEVILLE, CA
OCCUPATION: RECEPTIONIST
What would you tell those jerks who made fun of you in school?
"I don't remember anyone making fun of me, but there was one boy who did not want to be my boyfriend. So, Scott—suck it!"

STEVIE
HOMETOWN: TAMPA, FL
OCCUPATION: MODEL
If we had a talent portion of the contest, what would yours be?
"I can imitate the Munchkin voice really well. I would recite something in that voice to everyone."

HAIR, MICHAEL KANYON FOR ORGANIX/CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; MAKEUP, HIROMI FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/MAC

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

PREPARE TO STUFF OUR BALLOT BOX.

The path to becoming the ultimate girl next door isn't a fraud-filled sham like Miss America. Beating out the thousands of entries doesn't come down to a lady's love of world peace or her ability to play bass clarinet. No, to win there is only one requirement: lavalike, nuclear hotness. With that in mind, take a peek at the 10 sexiest specimens chosen out of a field of 100 by your votes. Then run to Maxim.com and help us pick the hottest in all the land.

Democracy is sexy!

LAIS

HOMETOWN: ALBUQUERQUE, NM
OCCUPATION: STUDENT

What's the first thing you would do as the reigning Hometown Hottie champion?
"End apartheid, slow down the nuclear arms race, and stop terrorism—all while wearing a bikini!"

BRANDI

HOMETOWN: CANTON, MI
OCCUPATION: MODEL

Should your hometown throw a parade in your honor?
"That'd be groovy. But it might turn into a lingerie parade. If that's against regulations, we'll make it a swimwear parade!"

KRISTIN

HOMETOWN: TURLOCK, CA
OCCUPATION: LEASING CONSULTANT

Why should people vote for you?
"I'm what a champion should be: a guy's girl who's not afraid to get dirty with the boys!"

ALYSSA

HOMETOWN: PHOENIX, AZ
OCCUPATION: ASSISTANT MANAGER

What message do you have for future contestants?
"Just be yourself and stay classy."

LESLIE

HOMETOWN: ORLANDO, FL
OCCUPATION: STUDENT

If we had a talent portion of the contest, what would yours be?
"I can play the piano! And also tie a cherry stem into a knot in my mouth. It's hard—go ahead, try it!"

[RATED]

YOUR ULTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT AUTHORITY

America's obesity problem finally catches up with it.

ROLAND EMMERICH'S GREATEST HITS

Independence Day, 1996: Even aliens don't want health care reform.

Godzilla, 1998: "ゼぬネムか ワネゆ!" ("I'm sorry. I thought this was the F train.")

The Day After Tomorrow, 2004: Check out Poseidon's surefire method of hailing a cab.

MASTER OF DISASTER

DESTROYER OF WORLDS ROLAND EMMERICH TAKES DOWN EARTH ONE LAST TIME IN *2012*.

You already know explosion-happy Roland Emmerich from such movies as *Independence Day* and *The Day After Tomorrow*. Now the German director, having perfected his Earth-shattering formula, is ready to blow the disaster genre apart with what he claims is his last world-ending flick, *2012*. "I did everything for this movie," says Emmerich. "I pulled out all the stops."

Drawing from the widespread—but totally erroneous—belief that the Mayan calendar predicts the end of the world in 2012, Emmerich crafts a modern-day flood story. "We based it on a very obscure theory from the 1950s called 'crust displacement,'" he explains. "Naturally, the flood can only happen at the end, so we explore the building of these massive arcs designed to save humanity and our culture." Like his other disaster movies, *2012* follows a disparate group of survivors trying to escape the end of the world, including John Cusack as a science fiction writer and Woody Harrelson as a kooky conspiracy theorist. How close is that character to the real Woody? "He's not at all like that! Well, he is a little bit. He smokes a lot of weed," laughs Emmerich.

A special effects orgy, *2012* easily trumps the director's previous doomsday film, 2004's *The Day After Tomorrow*. "We still used models back then, but for this film we didn't use any," he says. "People said the *2012* script was unfilmable ... and it is." Shockingly, for once Emmerich forgoes all that CGI power to depict the destruction of New York City: "This time other cities get it." Hear that, Rome? Invest in some arm-floaties while you can.—*Jesse Brukman*

***2012* hits theaters November 13.**

AMBER HEARD

The sexy *Stepfather* star is gonna scare your pants off.

We've had our eyes glued to Amber Heard ever since she played Seth Rogen's smoking-hot GF in *Pineapple Express*. Now she's giving moviegoers the one-two punch with roles in frightfests *Zombieland* and *The Stepfather*. Why is she quickly becoming our number one leading lady?

She's a Scream Queen
"I love making horror films. Look at my résumé and you'll probably notice that I don't ration how many I do, like many actors. Call it lust...I just can't seem to get enough."

She'll Get Nasty
"In *Zombieland*, instead of a scream queen, I'm the ugly monster. I wanted to look like the most disgusting creature you've ever seen."

She's an Overachiever
"Wait, I have six films coming out this year? Shit, I guess I may have to finally return some of my publicist's phone calls!"

The Stepfather opens October 16, and *Zombieland* is in theaters now.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITE

PATTON OSWALT

THE STAND-UP COMIC AND *BIG FAN* STAR, CURRENTLY ON TOUR, MUSES ON HIS LAST DAY.

Do you have any confessions to make on your deathbed?
I always kind of liked Billy Joel's music.

Are you going to heaven or hell?
Which one has scotch?

Describe your most hellish comedy club experience.
It was at a ballroom in a near-abandoned hotel in Staunton, Virginia, where I was forced, through a weird set of circumstances, to perform for the same angry crowd twice.

Is there any person on Earth you wish you had punched in the face while you were alive?
Myself, before I said yes to performing in Staunton, Virginia.

You're known as a huge comic book fan. Do you wish you'd spent more or less time reading them?
I have a feeling I got my comic book reading time just perfect. I wouldn't change it.

Having done the voice of rat chef Remy in *Ratatouille,* what will be your last meal?
If I could choose my last meal, it would, currently, be at Andalu in San Francisco, with wines chosen by the chef, Calvin Schneiter. Or maybe the truffle menu at Providence in Los Angeles. Or a throw-down between Alinea in Chicago and El Bulli in Spain. But with my luck, it'll be a Big Mac.

Will you be reincarnated?
I will. I can't say what I will return as, but it will have chain-saw arms and be able to roller-skate.

You were a military kid. Do you want a 21-gun salute?
No. I just want one round fired from a .50-caliber at either Sarah Palin or Michael Vick...just close enough to scare them.

Whom do you least look forward to meeting in the afterlife?
Jesus (I hate trust-funders).

Who will be voicing you in the animated biopic?
Weirdly enough, Dame Judi Dench.

What are people saying over your coffin?
"Who's catering the wake?"

Got any last words?
There is no them.

Oswalt is on the "My Weakness Is Strong" tour, and *Big Fan* is playing nationwide.

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM MARRS

NERD-TASTIC HILARITY!

Flight of the Conchords + *Napoleon Dynamite* = Genius.

For all you awkward-moment junkies jonesing for another hit, Jemaine Clement is your pusher man. The *Flight of the Conchords* songbird stars in *Napoleon Dynamite* auteur Jared Hess' *Gentlemen Broncos* as a plagiarizing sci-fi icon named Ronald Chevalier. The film, which toggles between the real world and a *Dune*-like alternate universe born from the imagination of a young geek played by Michael Angarano, also stars Sam Rockwell as Chevalier's fictional alter ego. "I never met Sam, because his scenes take place in the alternate universe, but I expected him to speak like me," says Clement. Instead, he says, "He's the campiest character you'll see in 25 years. Take that, ghost of Liberace!

TUNE-IN ALERT!

In late-'60s Britain, *The Prisoner*—a TV show about Six, an ex-secret agent held captive in a mysterious village—was a cult hit. This month AMC is remaking it with James Caviezel. Here, his reasons to get hooked.

1. "You get to watch Sir Ian McKellen play mind games with me."

2. "Picture your ultimate desert-island fantasy. Now reverse it."

3. "People have been trying to figure out what happened to Six since 1968."

Get Some Garry

The best groundbreaking sitcom you've never seen, back—and boxed.

Before *Seinfeld* or reality TV, a stand-up named Garry (and some future *Simpsons* writers) had a sitcom about his "real" life. Now *It's Garry Shandling's Show*, which ran 1986–90, is on DVD. Shandling gives us the inside dope.

Do you have an issue with the fourth wall?
Ha! We just wanted to be fresh, and we loved playing against sitcom rules. Like once I asked the audience, "Should I marry the housekeeper so she can stay in the country?" My favorite was driving a golf cart on-camera from scene to scene.

Who watched your show back then?
Kids mostly. Stoners, too.

Didn't you pitch the show to NBC before going to cable?
Yeah. NBC said, "People won't relate to a comic's job. And we don't think you should talk to the camera. Maybe talk to your dog."—*Mike Dawson*

TOYOTA
moving forward

*Based on Strategic Vision's 2001-2009 New Vehicle Experience Study™; see www.strategicvision.com ©2009 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

The Checkup

Sorting through the cinematic heap.

	Man vs. wild	Based on the book	Rhymes with another title here!	Major star power	Major Roman numeral power	Animal instincts	OUR TAKE
The Box Cameron Diaz receives a box with a button that, when pressed, gives her a million bucks...and kills someone.	✓	✓	✓	✓			We're down for any psychological thriller from Richard Kelly, the dude behind *Donnie Darko*. It'll surely have you questioning your own skewed sense of morality.
Saw VI Tobin Bell reprises his role as Jigsaw, the infamous serial killer, in the latest installment of this freaky franchise.	✓				✓	✓	After five *Saw* films, we wouldn't have guessed it was possible to think up yet another Jigsaw plot twist...But we just can't resist seeing the psycho's final message.
Fantastic Mr. Fox George Clooney and Meryl Streep lend their Oscar-winning voices to animals in Wes Anderson's animated flick.	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	With its star-studded cast, hyperstylized direction, and allegorical undertones, this film is sure to be adored by animal lovers and acid-trippers alike.

CHECK THIS LINK

Napoleon Dynamite, better known as Jon Heder, is starring in the zombie horror-comedy **Woke Up Dead.** The online series, at wokeupdead.tv, follows the story of an undead USC student.

WATCH THIS FLICK

In **The Messenger,** an Iraq war soldier (Ben Foster) partners with vet Woody Harrelson when he is assigned to the Army's Casualty Notification Office. Expect mind-blowing performances.

SET YOUR TIVO

Mankind unites when aliens invade in ABC's reboot of the '80s cult series **V.** Things quickly take a terrifying turn when an FBI agent (*Lost*'s Elizabeth Mitchell) learns the visitors' scary secret.

Toyota has won the most Total Quality Awards.™*

toyota.com/precision

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OPERATION HOMETOWN HOTTIE

AXE Hair and Maxim's Hometown Hotties Finalists combine forces in Vegas

Your voices have been heard and four lucky guys with some serious hair issues were picked for the ultimate AXE Hair Crisis Makeover in Las Vegas.

Head to **Maxim.com/axehair** to watch the guys get hottie-approved hair!

AXE HAIR

RATED GAMES

RETURN TO DUTY

CALL OF DUTY: MODERN WARFARE 2 TAKES COMBAT TO A WHOLE NEW LEVEL OF AWESOMENESS.

Despite the "2" in the title, Activision's first-person-shooter juggernaut is actually in its third and fourth incarnations on PS3 and the Xbox 360. First the *Call of Duty* series bloodied up World War II. Then *Modern Warfare,* with its pants-crapping graphics and killer online multiplayer, brought us to the present and established itself as one of the greatest video games ever. The series' impact hasn't gone unnoticed at Infinity Ward, the developer behind the most critically acclaimed *Call of Duty* titles. "It's this huge pop culture thing now," says community manager Robert Bowling. "Will Arnett just talked on Jimmy Kimmel about how much he liked the game." Set in the not-too-distant future, the new game throws you in as a raw recruit on an international team of badass terrorist-killers, Task Force 141. Your mission: Eliminate Russian nationalist Vladimir Makarov. And *Warfare* goes worldwide, so you can ride snowmobiles over glaciers and hunt enemies through a Brazilian favela. Scarily real gun battles are courtesy of dangerous research. "We got into the Navy SEALs' locker room," reveals Joel Emslie, lead character artist. "Those guys have a *lot* of toys. And the series is about the weapons. They're the main characters."—*Jesse Brukman*

Game On

Peep our previews before sticking these in the system.

Brütal Legend
Roadie Eddie Riggs (voiced by Jack Black) takes on chrome spiders and S&M dudes in a hilarious quest to stick it to the man behind glam metal. Hey, guy who invented the Jonas Brothers: You're next. *–Gerasimos Manolatos*

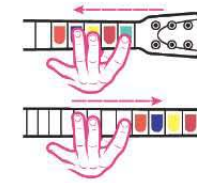
New Super Mario Bros. Wii
The first game that feels like an outright sequel to *Super Mario World,* which debuted almost 20 years ago. The classic 2-D, brick-breaking view returns with two new power-ups and four-player co-op. *–J.B.*

Uncharted 2: Among Thieves
Go on a quest for Marco Polo's lost fleet. Expect some serious shooting and action sequences (like fighting through a collapsing building) that make this the closest thing we've ever seen to actually playing a movie. *–J.B.*

HOW TO:

Finger-Blast Yourself

Use this digit workout to ensure a life alone!



1. Rock Harder.
Mash *Guitar Hero* with a thrashing tip from Thaddeus Hogarth, Berklee College of Music guitar prof: Place your index finger on the green button, middle finger on the yellow; walk fingers down and up the board. Repeat till fingers bleed.

2. Grip It.
Thought your thrice-nightly Pornhub sessions were helping your joystick handling? Nope. In addition to your alone time, start shimmying your fat ass up a rope; it works your forearms, hands, and fingers, giving you the ultimate gamer grip.

3. Pinch These Cover Girls.
Sit at your kitchen table with this *Maxim.* Pick it up from the corner and lift above your shoulder using your thumb and each of your fingers, one at a time. Train both hands. Your body is now a gaming machine!

ILLUSTRATIONS, JAMESON SIMPSON

HOLLY WEBER

Meet the SoCal stunner who's got Hollywood in her sights.

Holly Weber may have started out as a go-go dancer with braces, but it didn't take long before she was being flown around the world as a highly sought after model. Although she prefers lounging on the beaches of Orange County to the craziness of L.A., with a number of films under her belt, Holly's life is surely about to get nuts.

How did you transition from go-go dancing to modeling?
I started modeling when I got my braces taken off—I got them when I was 18! It was nice to have my teeth fixed, but most guys look at my body more anyway.

Do you have a favorite photo shoot or modeling moment?
I shoot a calendar every year, which I love doing because it's always set in an exotic location. People recognize me from them also. Generally, it's a lot of guys, but it's nice to get a compliment from a woman once in a while.

You've been working on a lot of films recently. Have you gotten to work with any big-name actors?
I had a scene with Gerard Butler in *The Ugly Truth*. He was a fun guy... and he was flirtatious.

Did King Leonidas hit on you?
Hmm, yeah, maybe just a little bit.—*Stephanie Radvan*

Cosabella
top and bottom

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS FORTUNA

FILL YOUR INNER EMPTINESS WITH MATERIAL GOODS

[STUFF]

SCRATCH AND SNIFF!

SPIN CLASS

PREPARE TO ROCK THE WHEELS OF STEEL WITH *DJ HERO*.

It's a simple formula: Start with a musical instrument controller, throw in songs even your dog knows, and you've got a million-selling video game. Activision's *DJ Hero* (Xbox 360/PS3/Wii) follows the recipe—but throws in the beats. *DJH*'s intimidating turntable controller is actually easy to wield, with a three-button setup similar to *Guitar Hero*'s. But this time the descending lines on-screen aren't note values but separate tracks: Slide the fader all the way left and dig on the Black Eyed Peas' "Boom Boom Pow"; move it all the way to the right and get Benny Benassi's "Satisfaction"; rest it in the middle and you'll hear a mix of the two. Scratch with the turntable and you've got a DJ game that isn't far from the real thing—minus the annoying requests and drinks spilled on your dust jackets. If you tire of cueing up the pop, rock, electronica, R&B, and third-wave freak-folk jams, let *DJH* play itself—its "Party Play" mode doubles as an emergency playlist. With 100-plus tracks, the rager won't get shut down soon. Next up: *Klezmer Hero*! *$120, djhero.com—Jesse Brukman*

ILLUSTRATIONS, PETER ARKLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY KANG KIM

T.G.I. FRY DAY

WHICH DEEP FRYER COOKS UP THE BEST BATTERED BABY SHOES?

Krups High Performance Deep Fryer

HOT The biggest, loudest, most expensive fryer we tested reaches the ideal frying temperature—350°F—in just eight minutes. Its huge glass top makes it easy to keep tabs on chicken wings, exploding cheese balls, and battered baby Jordans. **NOT** Though the exhaust fan is worthy of a Burger King, it runs constantly when you're frying. And the thing's so big you might need to evict some other appliances from your counter to make room. *$400, williams-sonoma.com*

RATING: ●●●●◐

HOW WE TESTED

In each unit we fried fries (duh), cheese balls, chicken wings, and baby Air Jordans, a flavorful and healthy alternative food source.

DeLonghi Dual Zone

HOT Its sleek design leaves lots of free counter space for baby shoes and bowls of batter. **NOT** Slow to heat up; the magnetic power cord falls out so often you'll want to turn it into tempura. *$90, amazon.com*

RATING: ●●◐○○

Presto ProFry

HOT Fits a supersize portion of fries, and its fan cools oil to a non-arm-frying temperature in just 20 minutes. Others took an hour. **NOT** That same fan blows state fair air into your kitchen. Be prepared to crack a window. *$120, amazon.com*

RATING: ●●●●○

Elite Platinum

HOT Two separate frying wells will keep your French fries and fish sticks from tasting exactly the same. **NOT** Getting the oil hot enough took us 14 minutes. And the included frying baskets are a bitch to clean. *$65, costco.com*

RATING: ●●●◐○

A GADGET WE LOVE

The Char-Broil Big Easy Oil-less Turkey Fryer

Like every other asshole in America, I deep-fried a turkey one Thanksgiving—and nearly lit my driveway on fire doing it. The crispy skin? Delicious. The cleanup? Never again. The propane-powered Big Easy eliminates the mess by using infrared heat instead of oil to torch your turkey. I injected my 16-pound fowl with marinade and rubbed it with spices—both no-nos with oil cookers—and subjected it to the Big Easy's 16,000 BTUs. I got a perfect bird and no third-degree burns. *$160, charbroil.com.*
—Stan Horaczek

FOOD STYLING, VICTORIA ESCALLE FOR HALLEY RESOURCES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KANG KIM

CREATURE COMFORTS

Lost and *FlashForward* star Dominic Monaghan bugs out. Literally.

Are these your bugs?
First of all, they're not bugs. A bug is an insect with mouth-sucking parts. *Insects* are what we're talking about here. That's probably my main beef with Americans' ideas about insects. It's like calling all bears pandas. It doesn't make any sense—the family is called insects and a bug is a type of beetle. When people are like, "Oh, so you like bugs!" I'm like, "Well, yeah, I do like bugs, but really I like insects." I'm a bit pedantic about that. Hey, man, not all Beatles are called John Lennon.

Got it. What's wrong with a nice dog or cat?
I never thought I could learn much from a dog or cat. They sleep when we sleep. They eat when we eat. I'm into observing animals being as wild as they can be in a captive environment.

You've filmed in some wild locations—*Lost* in Hawaii and *The Lord of the Rings* in New Zealand.
New Zealand has these prehistoric-feeling forests, and Hawaii's got scorpions and turtles. I became an animal wrangler on set. Here's an interesting thing about L.A.—it's overrun with black widow spiders. I could find you one on the street in 10 minutes.

What are you keeping right now?
I have a royal python named Mojave, a black widow spider called Samantha, and Indiana, a whip scorpion. I'm going to get a praying mantis, but I'm waiting for the right one.

What does that mean?
I want a specific one from a specific part of the world because I want the one that grows the biggest.

OK.
—Jesse Will

GROOMING, CHERI KEATING FOR THE WALL GROUP; PROP STYLING, BRADLEY GARLOCK FOR JUDY CASEY INC

PHOTOGRAPH BY GAVIN BOND

BY DAVID SAX

Eat Like a Mensch

(NOT A PUTZ) AT NORTH AMERICA'S 10 BEST JEWISH DELICATESSENS.

There are plain old delis, and then there are Jewish delicatessens. At delis you get pre-made shrink-wrapped tuna sandwiches. Jewish delicatessens, however, are temples of fatty meats like pastrami, corned beef, and brisket, places that taught America the meaning of "supersized" and perfected the art of the grumpy waiter. They're institutions, and, sadly, there aren't many left. So eat up while you can. *L'Chaim!*

KATZ'S DELICATESSEN New York, NY
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1888
Bigger, badder, and boasting more attitude than any other deli, this is the Yankee Stadium of salty animal flesh: a giant, 100-year-old fluorescent-lit barn where 350 diners are packed cheek by jowl, all in the name of pastrami. The spiced, smoked, steamed cut of navel (that's beef) is hand-sliced by a dozen rough-looking cutters along a long wooden counter, each clutching a knife and glaring menacingly. But one bite and you'll break out your O-face in appreciation, like Meg Ryan famously did here in *When Harry Met Sally*.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? Pastrami on rye with spicy brown mustard.

CANTER'S DELI Los Angeles, CA
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1924
Considering this place is open 24/7 and has a full bar with live music (Guns N' Roses got their start here), it's the perfect spot to get slowly trashed, fill yourself with Jewish comfort food, and watch the celebrity train wrecks wander in at 3 A.M. It's also a stoner's paradise, with crazy lights and plastic owls spinning atop air vents on the roof. Priceless.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? The Monte Cristo: piles of ham, turkey, and American and Swiss cheese, deep-fried and sprinkled with sugar.

SCHWARTZ'S MONTREAL HEBREW DELICATESSEN Montreal, Quebec
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1928
It's called Smoked Meat. It's the bastard child of pastrami and corned beef, and once you get over the fact that Céline Dion loves the stuff, it's a taste of pure

FOOD STYLING, CHRISTINE WOLHEIM

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUE TALLON

heaven...if angels served up super-fatty, smoky, spicy brisket. Its sanctuary is a white-tiled, grease- stained wonderland where the menu offers fewer than 10 items and substitutions are out of the question. But eat fast. The waiters tend to kick you out after half an hour.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? Sandwich combo with grilled liver, grilled rib steak, grilled salami, fries, a garlicky pickle, and coleslaw.

CARNEGIE DELICATESSEN New York, NY
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1937
Home to wisecracking waiters, walls plastered with celebrity photos, some of the fattest tourists on Earth, and sandwiches boasting over a pound of meat between two useless slices of bread. Consider sharing meals, or at least keep a heart surgeon nearby, because that family from Arkansas is only going to snap more photos when you keel over.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? The Woody Allen, a combo of pastrami and corned beef on rye.

MANNY'S CAFETERIA & DELICATESSEN
Chicago, IL
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1942
Chicago's cops, firemen, politicians, and other Chris Farley clones line up daily to heap servings of kishke (sausage casing stuffed with chicken fat-flavored flour and onions), mishmash (chicken soup with matzo balls, meat dumplings, and noodles), and chopped liver onto trays. Think of it as your high school cafeteria, only with tasty food, mustaches, and the occasional Obama sighting.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? Corned beef on rye with mustard. If you ask for anything else, you're either a terrorist or dumber than Blago.

LANGER'S DELICATESSEN Los Angeles, CA
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1947
Every sandwich needs its *Mona Lisa*, and the Langer family gives their pastrami the da Vinci treatment. Grab a seat in one of the plush booths or along the low counter. The pastrami is steamed, then hand-carved into juicy ribbons of meaty symmetry. The two slices of seeded rye bread it rests between are so soft, warm, and firm in the right places, you might get arrested for groping.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? The most delicious pastrami in America.

KATZ'S in New York, MANNY'S (serving Barack Obama) in Chicago, and SCHWARTZ'S in Montreal have been collectively clogging arteries for more than 250 years.

3G'S GOURMET DELI Delray Beach, FL
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1986
This place is so popular with Jewish retirees, there's a loudspeaker in the parking lot that calls names from a waiting list that's dozens long. Try a hot roast brisket sandwich on an onion roll (the meat's so tender you barely need to chew) and you'll likely rush down to Florida, buy some white pants, hike 'em up to your chest, and retire early.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? Matzo ball soup, the holy elixir of every Jewish mother.

KENNY & ZIGGY'S Houston, TX
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 1999
Ziggy Gruber, whose grandfather opened his first New York deli in 1927, transplanted to a high-end Houston strip mall and created a Manhattan sanctuary lined with deli jokes, Broadway posters, and enough hanging salamis to feed the Astros. Even though he's in his 40s, Ziggy speaks so much Yiddish you'd think he's Henny Youngman reincarnated.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? Stuffed cabbage. The meat's as tender as veal, and the tomato sauce perfectly balances sweet and sour.

CAPLANSKY'S DELICATESSEN
Toronto, Ontario
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 2008
Zane Caplansky smokes his spicy briskets in-house with so much flavor it tastes like you're eating a cow caught in a forest fire. He also makes his own mustard from scratch and even offers a version of Quebec's famous fries-cheese-gravy combo *poutine*, which he kicks up with scraps of his smoked meat... That's four fats in one! This corner spot draws a downtown crowd that ranges from carnivorous coeds to Rush frontman Geddy Lee.
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? Meat poutine.

KENNY & ZUKE'S DELICATESSEN
Portland, OR
BEEN AROUND SINCE: 2007
This is some next-level shit. Ken Gordon and Nick Zukin bake their bread (dense, crusty, gorgeous) and bagels (small, chewy, golden), smoke their pastrami (fattier, saltier, more peppery than the rest), cure their beef tongue (the sashimi of deli meat), make their pickles, and serve 50 sodas from across the U.S. Prepare to *fress* like a *macher* ("eat like a pimp," *goyim*).
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO TRY? Ken's Special, a giant stack of pastrami, chopped liver, coleslaw, and Russian dressing. •

David Sax's *Save the Deli* is in stores now.

KEEP IT KOSHER Seven steps to the perfect homemade pickle.

1. Buy fresh ingredients: pickling cucumbers, garlic, and dill.

2. Sterilize an old jar (pickle, spaghetti sauce, as long as it has a lid) by boiling it in water for at least five minutes.

3. Slice cucumbers into pickle-spear shape.

4. Boil equal parts white wine vinegar and water with a dash of kosher or sea (not iodized) salt.

5. Add cucumbers, a few cloves of chopped garlic, and chopped dill to jar (plus mustard seeds, black pepper, or a jalapeño pepper).

6. Pour brine into jar. Seal, cool, and refrigerate.

7. Wait at least 24 hours (longer is better) before noshing.

PHOTOGRAPHS, JONATHAN KANTOR; ILLUSTRATIONS, JAMESON SIMPSON

BY GILLIAN TELLING

Have Condom, Will Travel

SOMETIMES THE BEST WAY TO GET OFF IS TO GET AWAY.

Not long ago a friend of mine returned from a trip to Aruba with her boyfriend and regaled me with stories of the crazy sex they had—three or four times a day, anywhere they could get each other's clothes off. In the ocean 20 feet off the beach. On the balcony of their room in broad daylight. In the lobby rest room. They even got caught by a roaming tour group while hiking some ancient ruins. "They rode up on four-wheelers to find my bare ass hanging out of a crumbling little window while my boyfriend's head was between my legs," she says. "Honestly, we didn't even pause for them."

The funny thing is, she and her boyfriend are never like that at home. "We had sex often enough, I guess," she says, "but it was always run-of-the-mill stuff. Since we've been back, we haven't even contemplated doing anything risky. We're right back to our old routine."

All too often, that's the way it works: Sex at home is like eating at home. Your Tuesday night tuna melt might be delicious, but it doesn't wow you like the Tuna Supreme with Cheese served up at a restaurant. That's why, if you want to get the most out of your sex life, sometimes you have to pack it up, take it away, and bust it out in a totally new setting. Go south (or west, or east—*anywhere*), young man, and you'll strike sexual gold.

THE PERFECT GETAWAY

What is it about a vacation that makes a woman so horny? Let's start with the obvious: She's not working, running errands, or taking care of anyone but herself. "I always have more sex when we're away," says Julie*, 27, who's been married for three years. "Sometimes we do it twice a day. But at home morning sex never happens; we're too busy getting ready for work. On vacay I never have a to-do list, except 'Have three daiquiris before noon.'"

It's not rocket science, says sex therapist Ian Kerner, Ph.D.: "People are more relaxed on vacation and tend to engage in more activities that lower inhibitions, like drinking and dancing. Plus, vacations bring novelty into a relationship, which stimulates dopamine, and that plays a big role in sexual arousal."

Then there's the issue of location, location, location. Like Julie, I always have more sex when I'm vacationing—but especially if I'm in a tropical climate. Something about being nearly naked in a bikini, all hot, sweaty, and oiled up, makes me much more ready to go for it than having to remove eight layers of clothing and a pair of slush-covered boots. Go figure. "Feeling the heat off my boyfriend's body as we lie next to each other in the sun always turns me on," agrees Emily, 26. "It's so inviting to put our hands on each other's slick, bare skin." On one Caribbean trip, her boyfriend was touching her thigh while they were lying out and managed to discreetly slip his finger under her swimsuit. "I leaned over and he fingered me right there on the beach. The whole trip was like that—we'd have quickies in the rest rooms near the pool. Once we even did it *in* the pool." (Don't worry, there's plenty of chlorine in those things.)

Most women get so psyched to get busy on vacation, in fact, that they do tons of prep work ahead of time. Melody, 31, makes sure to get a Brazilian wax and buys a sexy new pair of panties for each night she and her boyfriend will be gone. "We live together, and it's easy to get lazy about things like grooming and lingerie. But when we go away, I know we're going to be boning every night, so I need to make sure I look hot for him." Even girls who don't have boyfriends plan ahead for vacation sex, slipping their sexiest undies, a few condoms, and little bottles of lube into their carry-ons just in case. "One-night stands and short flings are so much easier on vacation," says Sara, a

*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALISA CONNAN

Avé bikinis

single, 28-year-old financial analyst who travels to Hawaii by herself once a year, "because there's almost no expectation that you'll stay in touch."

GOING THE DISTANCE

One of the key benefits of vacation is not just that it offers abundant time for *more* sex, but also opportunities for better, dirtier sex. Being in a foreign country for a few days where you don't know anyone is almost like an automatic "Get Out of Propriety Free" card. Wanna do something totally impolite? Go right ahead—you'll never see these people again!

"I'm always more uninhibited on vacation," says Darcy, 29. "The only times my boyfriend and I have had anal have been on trips. I think it's about not caring what happens to the room. On vacation someone else takes care of everything, so I don't care if we trash the sheets or break something."

While some trips provide an obvious setting for raucous, no-holds-barred screwing—private island bungalows, secluded mountain cabins, luxurious over-water villas—many women told me they didn't necessarily need to be completely alone with their guys to be able to let loose on vacation. Karina, 26, loves that in a hotel she can moan as loud as she wants and shout out her boyfriend's name without worrying about the neighbors. "I don't care about the people in the room next door," she says. "I live in an apartment in Brooklyn, and when we fuck at home my groans are reduced to little whimpers, because I don't want to blush every time I see my neighbors in the elevator." She says one time in Ireland she even had someone bang on the wall to get her to tone it down. "I couldn't have cared less. It actually made the sex hotter."

Most women reported that dirty talk gets raunchier on vacation, too. "I was recently in Cabo with my boyfriend, and every night while we were screwing we would talk about going down to the lobby and picking up another couple," says Jenn, 25. "We'd go into all the dirty details about how we'd switch partners and have a wild orgy. It was such a turn-on."

And like my friend in Aruba, a lot of couples are more inspired to get kinky outside the bedroom when they're away. "Big hotels and resorts have so many nooks and crannies that are great for fucking," says Tina, 27. "My boyfriend and I snuck out the emergency exit of a penthouse bar in Tokyo and did it doggy style on the roof. It was easy and totally thrilling." But there can be downsides to outdoor sex, depending on where you are. Jill, 25, and her boyfriend slipped away while on a Brazilian rainforest hike, with disastrous results: "He grabbed me from behind and threw me down on a mossy bank surrounded by trees. We tore each other's pants off and started going at it, but after a minute we were both slapping our legs. Then he started scratching his ass. Then I felt an itch 'down there.' We were *covered* with mosquito bites. We couldn't have sex for three days."

INTO THE WILD

One time, at a resort in Jamaica, I was on my way back to my room when I saw my sister up against a wall, giggling. She motioned for me to look in the window of a ground-floor room she was standing near. I nearly died laughing: Inside was a woman wearing nipple clamps and wielding a tickler, straddling a fat guy who wore a woman's silk bra. Soon a small, drunken crowd gathered to peek inside, till the couple got wise and shut the curtains. Maybe they regularly did that at home, but it's likelier they were jacking the kink factor way up simply because they were away—and they're not alone.

"My boyfriend and I have swung twice, both times on vacation," says Piper, 28. "In New Orleans we met a couple at a bar. I made out with the guy while my boyfriend made out with the girl. Later we went to our hotel and had full-blown sex with each other's partner on the same bed. It was crazy and hot, but not something we'd ever do in the town we live in." Another friend of mine met a couple at a bar in New York City, and they all decided to fulfill a mutual fantasy. "They asked if I wanted to go back to their hotel room, which was nearby, and keep drinking. Once we were there the girl started kissing me, and soon we were making out and stripping down while her husband watched and encouraged us to get it on. He eventually joined in, too. Let's just say a strap-on was involved somewhere in the mix."

The natural evolution of all this horniness? Places like Hedonism, a collection of Jamaican resorts designed specifically for partner-swapping orgiastic sex. Just remember, wherever you go, pack plenty of condoms, spermicidal gels, and morning-after pills. What happens on vacation—especially when you're hooking up with strangers you picked up at Señor Frog's—doesn't *always* stay on vacation. ●

Know Your Vacation Sex

What kind of banging are you in for? Depends where you're going.

THAILAND SEX

Your coke-fueled orgy with three horny ladies turns into a gang initiation for three boy-ninjas, who beat you with bamboo and steal everything but your socks.

DIRTY MOTEL SEX

You bone every which way while a busted neon light flickers outside. Then a crazy drifter murders you.

STAYING-WITH-YOUR-PARENTS SEX

Furious Chihuahua-like humping while listening for footsteps; ejaculating into an old sock while screaming, "I'LL BE THERE IN A SEC, MA!"

VEGAS SEX

The kind you can't remember until you realize you can't find that $800 you won at craps last night.

CRUISE SHIP SEX

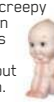
Facing each other cross-legged, you rock back and forth slowly, erotically... till one of you pukes.

EURO SEX

You search everywhere for a store that sells condoms, but everything closes at 3 P.M. The next morning you have to beg for the morning-after pill using hand gestures.

B&B SEX

You try 33 different positions in an effort to avoid eye contact with the creepy porcelain figurines placed throughout the room.



STAYCATION SEX

Missionary as usual, but you roll over and go back to sleep after finishing prematurely, instead of pretending it happened because you're late for work.

STYLING, YOUNG-AH KIM; HAIR, MICHELE SALVADORI AT L'ATELIER N.Y.C., ASSISTED BY JAMIE CLAYTON; MAKEUP, SHENELLE USING MAC COSMETICS

KISS KISS BANG BANG

***BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*'S GRACE PARK AND TRICIA HELFER AREN'T DONE DESTROYING THE HUMAN RACE. NOW DROOL OVER OUR EXPLOSIVE SHOOT AND DIE A HAPPY MAN.**

BY JESSE BRUKMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW

Rosa Chá bottoms. Opening spread, on Tricia: Army tank, **Cosabella** briefs available at Bloomingdale's. On Grace: **Rosa Chá** briefs; tee available at Dave's New York.

IN A WORLD WHERE *ACCORDING TO JIM* RUNS FOR EIGHT YEARS, IT HARDLY SEEMS FAIR THAT *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA* LASTED ONLY FOUR SEASONS.

The hugely successful remake of the '70s camp classic about refugees of a far-flung civilization under genocidal assault by a race of human-appearing robots called Cylons should rightly have sucked *at least* a decade of our couch time. After all, deadly lady-bots like the ones played by *Battlestar* hotties Tricia Helfer and Grace Park are to our happiness as d-bags are to HBO's *Entourage*—that is, essential. As far as other nerd-bait fantasies such as Kristanna Loken's Terminatrix, Daryl Hannah's Pris from *Blade Runner*, or even *Weird Science*'s Kelly LeBrock? They can't hold an electric candle to this unearthly pair. So when SyFy ('sup with the new spelling, fellas?) announced the two-hour movie, *Battlestar Galactica: The Plan*, a prequel-ish take from the Cylon's point of view, we practically fraked ourselves—Tricia and Grace are gracing our flat-screens for two more precious hours. Is providing you with the sexiest photos ever the best way to send off a series that transformed geek to chic? Yes, and so say we all.

Since the new *Battlestar* movie is coming to DVD before TV, can we expect some R-rated action?
Tricia Helfer: There will certainly be a lot more explicit action on the DVD. And I refuse to have a body double, so you will see a little bit of skin from me as the Six character. There's also a new character you'll see in some very intense sex scenes.
Grace Park: Yeah, there's going to be a T & A version. Though maybe I should say T, C & A, because it's not just girls this time...

Sounds like you just promised a wang appearance!
GP: I better keep some things under wraps, but, yes, there may be a wang appearance.

Now we're scared. So there's a race of supersexy naked robots bent on destroying humanity. Why couldn't they destroy us with supersexiness instead of superviolence?
GP: Well, we could screw them to death, but that would be another show altogether.
TH: There were some pretty sexy humans on the show as well. But I think both Grace and I liked not just relying on being sexy. I think we enjoyed that we didn't have to be fembots.

Since the Cylons are essentially immortal for most of the show, were you psyched to have characters that could never be written off?
TH: If that were 100 percent true, it would be great. In fact, they got rid of Lucy Lawless' character for a long time. In TV anything can happen, so your job is never secure, even if your story line is.
GP: On a show like ours, it's likely you're gonna be dead sooner or later.

If you hear one more person say "frak," are you going to kill yourself?
TH: My character actually never said it during the show. I'm used to hearing it so much that it's become normal to me now. I think in *The Plan* I get to say it once, and it was the first time I was ever allowed! But I know people in the beginning of the show were going, "This is stupid!" Because your brain wants to say "motherfucker," you know? So people definitely messed up.
GP: Yeah, it's happened a few times. If you get pissed off enough in a scene, what's going to roll off your tongue faster, frak or fuck? I've certainly fucked up a few frak takes!

Is it true that *Battlestar* got the United Nations to change its charter?
TH: The executive producer, Ronald D. Moore, along with stars Mary McDonnell and Edward James Olmos, were invited to a U.N. panel. They said being there was amazing.
GP: Yeah, the U.N. officials started talking about the "yellow race" and the "black race" and the "white race," and James commented that there's only one race, the human race. I know it sounds cute, but they actually changed the charter and removed all those references. And when you think about it, did the U.N. really call people the "yellow race" and the "black race"? For real?

Have there been any other times that you've used your powers for good?
TH: The original famous red dress I wore throughout the series was auctioned off at $13,000 for charity. Six months later a duplicate dress they made for me went for $23,000!
GP: My flight suit actually sold for $13,000, too. I think even a pair of my dog tags went for $3,000. It's like, Oh, my God, these are just tiny pieces of metal on a chain, people!

So what's next?
TH: I just hosted a kitten adoption, and a few people actually called me Six. Two were just adopted the other day. I don't know if that's really for your readers, but that would be really cool if it were!
GP: Maybe an album about supersexy robots? That's next! But Tricia won't sing, so she'll have to do beat box. And I want to see her freestyle!

SCI-FINE
A TIMELINE OF GEEKDOM'S BADDEST BABES.

Uncredited The Machine Woman in *Metropolis* (1927)

Patricia Neal Helen Benson in *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1951)

Anne Francis Altaira in *Forbidden Planet* (1956)

Linda Harrison Nova in *Planet of the Apes* (1968)

Jenny Agutter Jessica 6 in *Logan's Run* (1976)

Carrie Fisher Princess Leia Organa in *Star Wars Episodes IV–VI* (1977–1983)

Persis Khambatta Lt. Ilia in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* (1979)

Ornella Muti Princess Aura in *Flash Gordon* (1980)

Ally Sheedy Stephanie in *Short Circuit* (1986)

Kim Basinger Celeste Martin in *My Stepmother Is an Alien* (1988)

Gillian Anderson Agent Scully in *The X Files* (1993)

Naomi Watts Jet Girl in *Tank Girl* (1995)

Madeleine Stowe Kathryn Railly in *Twelve Monkeys* (1995)

Natasha Henstridge Sil in *Species* (1995)

Milla Jovovich Leeloo in *The Fifth Element* (1997)

Denise Richards Carmen Ibanez in *Starship Troopers* (1997)

Jennifer Connelly Anna in *Dark City* (1998)

Katey Sagal Turanga Leela in *Futurama* (1999–2003, 2010–)

Carrie-Anne Moss Trinity in *The Matrix* (1999)

Natalie Portman Padmé Amidala in *Star Wars Episodes I–III* (1999–2005)

Claudia Black Sharon in *Pitch Black* (2000)

Angelina Jolie Franky in *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* (2004)

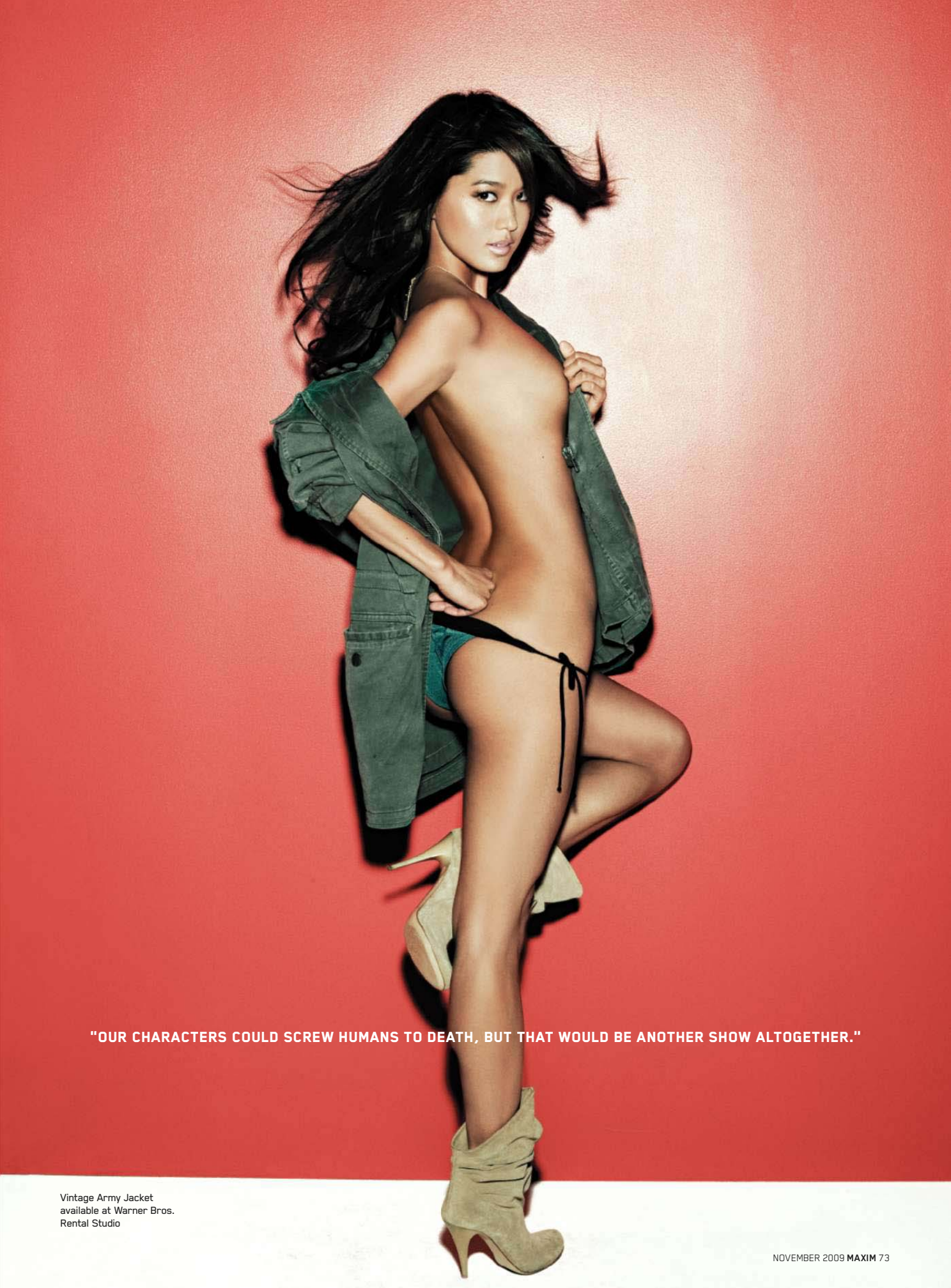
Scarlett Johansson Jordan Two Delta in *The Island* (2005)

Megan Fox Mikaela Banes in *Transformers* (2007)

Reese Witherspoon Susan Murphy in *Monsters vs. Aliens* (2009)

"I REFUSE TO HAVE A BODY DOUBLE, SO YOU WILL SEE A LITTLE BIT OF SKIN FROM ME."

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, ROQUE FOR ORIBE HAIRCARE AT TRACY MATTINGLY; MAKEUP, HIROMI FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS/MAC; SET DESIGN, CHRIS GASKILL FOR ARTWORKS HOLLLYWOOD



"OUR CHARACTERS COULD SCREW HUMANS TO DEATH, BUT THAT WOULD BE ANOTHER SHOW ALTOGETHER."

Vintage Army Jacket
available at Warner Bros.
Rental Studio

The 10 Biggest Busts, Choke Artists & Goats in Sports History

From the thrill of victory to the agony of defeat...to the crippling humiliation of turning certain victory into the aforementioned crushing defeat... sports offers us life's ups and downs in miniature. Here we celebrate those horrible, wonderful, memorable disasters.

Illustration by GlueKit

KEY

- UTTER FAILURE F
- NO CHANCE FOR REDEMPTION
- L.A. HAD A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM
- MILLIONS LOST
- TOTAL STUPIDITY
- DRUGS

10 F

BECKS IN AMERICA

Three seasons into what was supposed to be the magic bullet that finally made soccer relevant (i.e., profitable, interesting, televised) in the U.S., David Beckham's much-publicized move to MLS and his grotesquely huge contract (estimated at $250 million) are nothing short of a catastrophe. At last count attendance at L.A. Galaxy games is down nearly 25 percent and the team wins more frequently when Becks is off the field. On June 20 a screaming match broke out between Beckham and his own team's fans. In the stands. During a game. On the bright side: The dude still looks good in his skivvies.

9

2004 YANKEES

F

Up three games to nil on the hated Boston Red Sox in the ALCS, the '04 Yankees pulled the ultimate choke job—losing four straight and the pennant. No team in history had ever managed such a feat of crapitude. To be fair, Manny Ramirez and David Ortiz may have been injecting each other with *T.rex* testicle juice at that point, but that's no excuse. To make matters worse, all of us non-Massholes were subsequently subjected to several years of Beantown gloating. And if Curt Schilling is somehow able to parlay his damn bloody sock into a Senate seat (God forbid), Steinbrenner's boys get the bulk of the blame.

On the bright side: Jimmy Fallon ended up with a killer ending to the totally adorable *Fever Pitch*!

8

DAN AND DAVE

F

During the 1992 Super Bowl, Reebok's "Dan and Dave" ad campaign began saturating American airwaves, pitting Dan O'Brien against his decathlete rival Dave Johnson in a bid to hype the Summer Olympics in Barcelona and bring up Reebok's market share. It worked like a charm—until the U.S. team trials, when the heavily favored O'Brien skipped the lower heights of the pole vault contest, botched three straight attempts at a higher level, and failed to make the team. And though O'Brien went on to win the gold in '96, his display of cockiness in 1992 will be replayed by eighth-grade basketball coaches forevermore.

On the bright side: This spring O'Brien set the Guinness World Record for fastest hopscotch game. Seriously.

7

ANNA KOURNIKOVA

The smokin'-hot 28-year-old serve 'n' volley specialist peaked as the eighth-ranked tennis player in the world in 2000 but never made a final in a Grand Slam event and hasn't played professionally since 2003. Toward the end of her career, she was more likely to be seen in the gossip pages with her mole-y significant other Enrique Iglesias than in the winner's circle. Still, for a time she was the highest-paid female athlete in the world (sex sells?!) and somehow remains the most Googled female athlete on Earth. What, no love for Russian shot putter Irina Korzhanenko?

On the bright side: Cutting short her career gave Anna plenty of time to pose for superhot *Maxim* cover shoots.

6

XFL

F

If every aspect of Vince McMahon's ill-conceived NFL-WWF hybrid went head-to-head in a stupid-off, we're not sure which would reign as the stupidest. The beginning scramble, resulting in a serious injury in the league's first game? The energy-drink team names (Memphis Maniax, Los Angeles Xtreme)? Nonsensical phrases on player jerseys (OK, we kind of dug HE HATE ME)? The fact that the championship was originally called the "Big Game at the End"? By the end of its three-month inaugural season in the spring of 2001, the fledgling league had lost tens of millions of dollars and earned the lowest prime-time ratings in TV history.

On the bright side: Los Angeles got a pro football team to root for. Briefly.

KEEP YOUR DAY JOB

WHEN IT COMES TO MOONLIGHTING, THESE GUYS ARE ALL-STARS AT SUCKING.

Magic Johnson, Talk Show Host
It lasted all of two months, but to its credit Magic's hourlong shit show beat Chevy Chase's by two weeks.

Michael Jordan, Baseball Player
Looking back on this ill-fated experiment, maybe Mars Blackmon was right. Maybe it *was* the shoes.

Lenny Dykstra, Entrepreneur
In September 2008, "Nails" was hailed as a visionary mogul. A year later he was living in his car.

Tom Brady, Actor
As a guest star on *Entourage* this summer, the Pats' quarterback made Turtle look like De Niro.

TROPHY ILLUSTRATIONS, JAMESON SIMPSON

PLAXICO BURRESS

Let's say you're an athlete so talented you only had to complete two years of college before people started throwing money at you. Let's say you never showed up to practice and you still ended up an All-Pro. Let's say you just won the Super Bowl. How could you possibly fuck all that up? You could bring an unlicensed, loaded handgun into a nightclub in a city that has some of the toughest gun laws in the country, you could stash it in your jeans, leave the safety off, and shoot yourself in the thigh. That's how. After pleading guilty to a weapons charge, Burress was sentenced to two years in prison, possibly ending his career.

On the bright side: Plax taught his leg a lesson it will never forget.

5

THE BCS

F

How does it make sense that in America's most exciting sport, our championship contenders get picked by a Dell PC with a sticky keyboard in some IT dude's basement? Since its inception in 1998, the BCS's "formula" has theoretically paired up the two top college football teams in the nation, but even with frequent tweaks the system sucks. Take for example, oh, last year, when Texas beat Oklahoma and both teams finished the season with just one loss. Who did the computer send to the title game? Oklahoma, who lost. Would the Longhorns have been a better matchup versus Florida? Absolutely. But we're stuck with this epic fail. Reboot.

On the bright side: Finally, something Republicans and Democrats can agree on.

4

1986 RED SOX

F

One more strike and the curse would have been laid to rest. The champagne was on ice, Bob Costas was ready for the postvictory interviews, and Red Sox nation was poised for the biggest celebration in Boston history. Then it all fell apart as Mookie Wilson's slow ground ball dribbled through Bill Buckner's legs. It'd be hard to conceive of a more horrific collapse, a more heartbreaking end for a franchise that had already seen its share. Twenty-three years later, Buckner reigns supreme as the ultimate goat in sports history, Boston's Public Enemy No. 1, now and forever.

On the bright side: Lenny Dykstra won a World Series ring, which is currently up for auction online. At press time it could be yours for 16 grand.

3

RYAN LEAF

F

It seems ludicrous now, but 12 years ago Ryan Leaf was the future of football. "How good is he?" asked *Sports Illustrated*. "Almost as good as he thinks he is, which is to say spectacular." It didn't help the stud QB's cause to be drafted the same year as Peyton Manning, but a $31 million contract and a rookie season marred by horrific play on the field (two TDs, 15 interceptions, 22 sacks) and worse behavior off it (locker room fights, tirades at the press and fans) sealed his fate. By 2002 Leaf was out of the league. This summer he was arrested on drug and burglary charges. Meanwhile, Manning is reputedly still kicking around somewhere.

On the bright side: At least he's not number one!

2

1

SIMONA HALEP

It may be that the literally biggest bust in sports is now nothing but a memory, as the 18-year-old Romanian tennis champion has done away with her 34DD assets. "The breasts make me uncomfortable when I play," she complained. Uh... much to the chagrin of the Facebook group created to keep her from going under the knife, aptly titled: STOP Simona Halep REDUCING HER BREASTS, Simona won her first ITF championship in Maribor, Slovenia shortly after the reduction. (Nice try, guys. It was a noble effort.)

On the bright side: Honestly, try as we might, we just can't find any upside to this one.

FICTIONAL FAILURES

JUST BECAUSE IT'S FAKE DOESN'T MEAN IT DOESN'T HURT.

Kenny Powers in *Eastbound & Down*
A washed-up all-star pitcher returns home to teach phys. ed. and do blow.

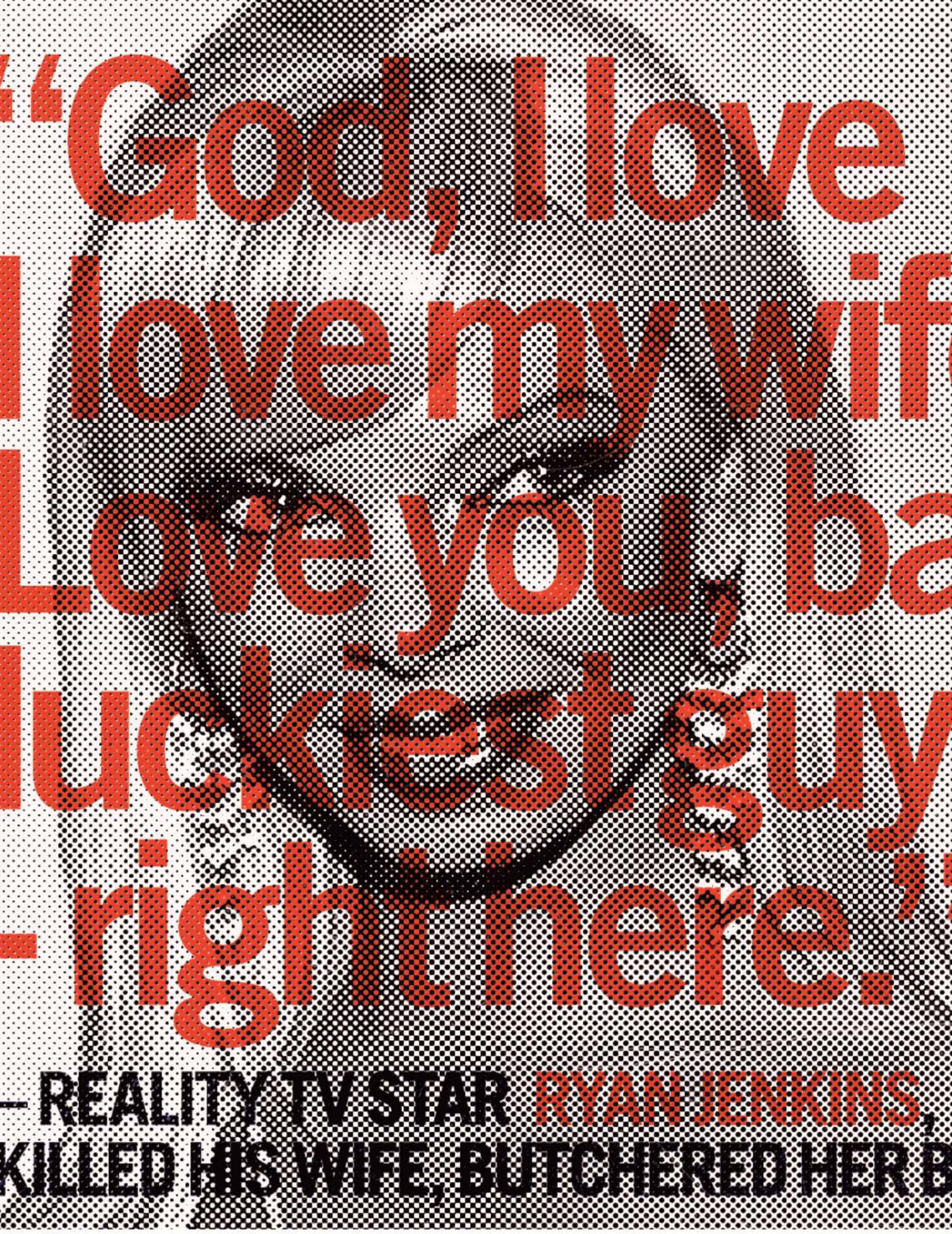
Stefen Djordjevic in *All the Right Moves*
The lesson learned? Do not TP Craig T. Nelson's house.

Terry Malloy in *On the Waterfront*
He coulda been a contenda. He coulda also used elocution classes.

Roy "Tin Cup" McAvoy in *Tin Cup*
Kevin Costner + golf = nonstop excitement!

Roy Munson in *Kingpin*
One-handed bowler pays rent with sex. "You really jarred something loose, tiger."

Ivan Drago in *Rocky IV*
He not only lost the fight, he lost the whole damn Cold War.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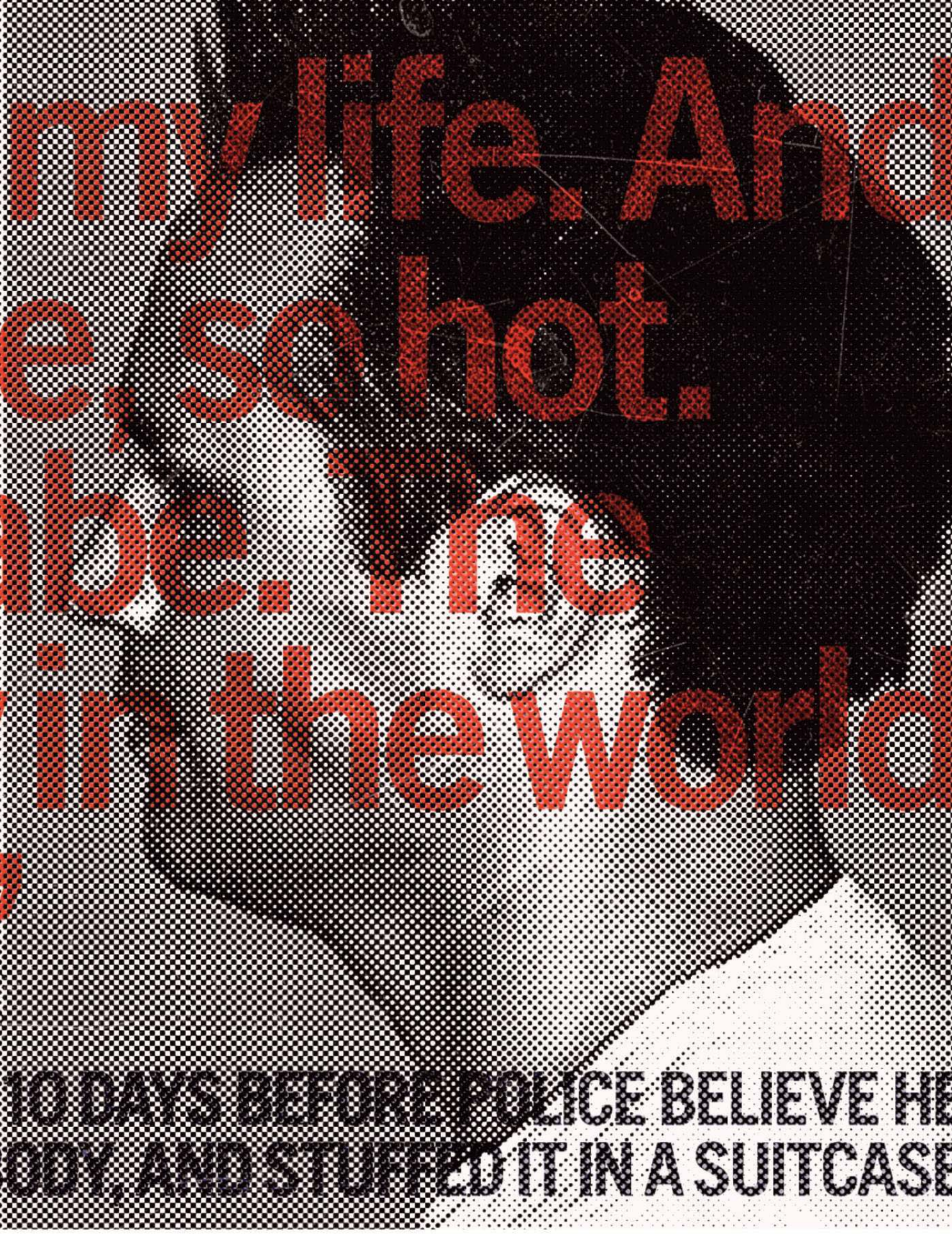
—REALITY TV STAR RYAN JENKINS,
KILLED HIS WIFE, BUTCHERED HER B



BY MARK EBNER

In the home video, shot on a sunny August day at the Palms Casino pool, Ryan Jenkins and his wife seem to personify a certain sort of Las Vegas lifestyle.

Twenty-eight-year-old model Jasmine Fiore dances provocatively in a barely there pink bikini, whipping her dark hair back and forth, gyrating her hips. When the camera finally turns to Jenkins, the 32-year-old flashes the peacocking grin of a guy who's got the world by the balls and knows it. Sex, money, leisure—this could be a commercial for any upscale fantasy, and yet it's not; it's reality.

But reality—especially the kind they capture and parcel back to you on video—is almost never what it seems. Closer viewing of the video reveals that Jenkins' confidence feels forced, like he's trying to sell himself along with his intended audience. His wraparound shades and gleaming veneers give him almost a feral quality, like that of a predatory insect. And at 5'7", his buxom bride is a bit short for a model. Both would be dead within weeks.

A Canadian real estate developer and putative millionaire, Jenkins' taste of fame—as a contestant on the VH1 reality series *Megan Wants a Millionaire* and *I Love Money 3*—was eclipsed when his bride of five months, a model and Vegas habitué, was found stuffed in a suitcase in an Orange County Dumpster on August 15. Her fingertips and teeth had been removed, presumably to obscure her identity. The police had to identify her by the serial numbers on her breast implants.

Before it was all over, North America would be presented with the spectacle of an international manhunt, with 40 investigators and bail set at $10 million, a daring maritime escape across the Canadian border, VH1 suspending and then canceling the first series after only three episodes (and burying the second completely), family members hurling insults, friends and old flames crowding the spotlight, and reams of idle speculation. This high drama was cut short only when Jenkins' body was discovered on Sunday, August 23 at the Thunderbird Motel in Hope, British Columbia, east of Vancouver and not far from the U.S. border, hanging in a closet by his belt, an apparent suicide. Three days later Fiore's missing white Mercedes-Benz CLS550 four-door sedan turned up in a parking lot on Santa Monica Blvd., less than a mile from the West Hollywood apartment the couple shared. The backseat was caked in blood.

Depending on which side you speak to, accounts of the five months leading up to this eventful week vary wildly. The way his friends tell it, Jenkins was Fredo in *Godfather II*, a weak-willed man with a trampy wife adept at embarrassing him in public; listen to Fiore's friends and he was a manic hustler out of *American Psycho*. No matter who's telling the story, it was a collision course that everyone involved wishes they could have helped the two avoid.

Jasmine Lepore was an only child raised by hippie parents in Bonny Doon, a satellite community of Santa Cruz, California with hobby vineyards and its own nude beach. Her father left when she was 11. Growing up Jasmine rode and kept horses, loved fast cars, and was an avid water-skier and wakeboarder. She also was raised close enough to money to develop a fondness for it. By the time she was 21, she set out to seek adventure beyond her surroundings.

"I encouraged her to go for her dreams," says Jasmine's mother, Lisa Lepore. "She was a competitive snowboarder, she was offered scholarships, she loved to travel and race cars. She loved to compete. She was into a lot of things, and she did them well."

In 2003 Jasmine moved to San Diego as a staging area for a planned assault on Los Angeles. She wanted to be a model, but it didn't quite work out as planned. In San Diego she apparently posed for pornographic photos under the name April Vaughn. With chestnut hair and much smaller breasts, the girl in the photos looks much different than the buxom blonde who was splashed over the airwaves following her death. It wasn't long before loneliness set in and she called her ex-boyfriend, Michael Cardosi, whom she married in a quickie ceremony in Mexico. Soon she was back home with newly enhanced breasts, separated from Cardosi and more set on a modeling career than ever.

"When that girl smiled, the whole world would stop," says Grady Huber, a Santa Cruz realtor who met her in 2002. Jasmine enlisted Huber to be her manager, and he started building her a portfolio, even landing her a low-budget film in Europe—a sex-comedy parody of reality TV called *What Women Need* that remains unreleased. ("Belgians are not funny," says Huber cryptically when asked about its prospects.) He also helped her choose the stage name Fiore—Italian for "flower." By 2006 she was bouncing between Las Vegas and Los Angeles regularly enough to consider both home. She had worked for *Playboy* as a hostess, attended Hef's 80th birthday bash at his request, and spent a weekend in Monaco as a guest of Prince Albert. She'd also done sports announcing, some spokesmodel spots, and appeared in a late-night 900-number sex chat line ad that aired during *The Howard Stern Show*.

In Las Vegas she worked at places like the Palms, Treasure Island, and even the Spearmint Rhino strip club—as a cocktail waitress, never on the pole. In the meantime she played the scene, dating the kinds of Sin City players who could provide the lifestyle she was after.

"She was with us for a little over two years," says Ken Henderson, CEO of BestAgency. "She was a perfect model for Vegas. We're not New York or Paris, but clients loved her. She had that look, that outgoing personality. Her philosophy was, 'I'm taking advantage of my looks and taking advantage of the opportunities.' I didn't take her for someone who was looking to land a whale and live the good life." Henderson reports that the last time her saw her, "a month or two ago," she was having dinner with her most recent ex-fiancé, Robert Hasman, with whom she reportedly went to Mexico over the summer when she and Jenkins were estranged.

"Obviously, she thought, I'm gonna find security and money," says Travis Heinrich, another of Fiore's ex-fiancés, who stayed friendly with her (she was engaged three times before her marriage to Jenkins). "That's what girls do. But that wasn't her only goal."

"Sometimes I looked at her life, and I thought, God, I wish I could do what she did. Men would just put money into her account," says Marta Montoya, a friend of Fiore's and a fellow Best model. "I mean, Jasmine slept with men, but she wasn't a hooker by any means. She could just do it. And she liked the bad boys—that's for sure."

According to Montoya, Fiore liked to drink and party and also

ALL PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS, ERIC HEINZ

1

2

4

3

6

5

Before her whirlwind marriage to Ryan Jenkins [1], Jasmine Fiore grew up outside Santa Cruz [2, in high school] and then worked as a swimsuit model in Las Vegas [3, in bikini with friend Marta Montoya]. The relationship was volatile: Jenkins had previously been arrested for assault [4, in a 2005 mugshot], but on the surface they appeared a happy Vegas couple [5], until Fiore's dismembered body was found stuffed in a suitcase [6].

had a taste for women. "Jasmine did like girls," Montoya says. Lisa Lepore remembers her daughter recounting certain provocations. "It was more about being playful... dancing, rubbing their bellies together, and kissing," she says. "She laughed about the guys finding it such a turn-on."

It was at the Hawaiian Tropic Zone last March that Jasmine met Ryan Jenkins, and after a whirlwind affair, she married him two days later. They were born on the same day—February 8—which Jasmine apparently felt was an intervention of destiny.

"I guarantee she thought it was meant to be," says Grady Huber. "She had a strong belief in destiny and fate."

If Fiore grew up a stone's throw from privilege, Jenkins was born smack dab in the middle of it. The son of prominent Calgary architect and developer Dan Jenkins, he was a prince of the city, a good student and a star athlete. He was on the swim team in high school, and his father coached him in soccer and basketball. (His parents divorced when he was seven.) According to his father, Ryan turned down scholarships to attend college locally. Soon he followed his father into commercial real estate.

"He came to me one day and said, 'Dad, I wanna do a development,'" recalls Dan Jenkins. "He had already found a site, so I went to look at it with him, and I asked, 'What do you want to do?' And he said, 'This.' 'Sounds great!' I said. 'It's a good site, Ryan. Go for it.'"

Soon enough Jenkins was making a name for himself in the Calgary real estate game, as well as on the club scene, hitting the town in limos, picking up girls, throwing money around.

"He was very persistent—he never gave up on things," says Chris Tutty, a local realtor and a buddy of Jenkins. "He was very likable, but I could also see underneath his exterior somebody who was very nervous. He was always clinging to me like an older brother. And he got to be a bit of a spoiled brat when he got really drunk."

"Ryan was never mean to me," says Anna McCarty, who dated Jenkins when both were in their early 20s. "But he was really arrogant. Guys didn't like him, because he was good-looking and he'd walk into a room and start talking to their girlfriends."

"He liked a lot of sex," she says. "He liked it different ways, different positions, different places. And, um, he liked to take lots of pictures. Not only of whomever he was with, but of himself too."

"He didn't handle substances very well, of any sort," adds Tutty. "Sex...whatever. Not at all."

On a trip to Vegas with some friends early in the year, Jenkins was approached by a casting agent about trying his hand as a contestant on a reality show. Calgary's real estate bubble had burst, the good times had stopped rolling. With a number of stalled projects, it seemed like a good time to try something new. So Jenkins spent the next few months filming in Vegas as a contestant on VH1's *Rock of Love* spin-off, *Megan Wants a Millionaire*. He didn't win the contest, but he did end up with a bride.

Dan Jenkins never met his daughter-in-law—the couple's one visit home, while he was on a business trip, was cut short by the death of Fiore's grandmother. "Ryan called us and said he was married, and his mother was very upset about that sort of whirlwind situation," he says. "I said let it go—he's 32 years old. It's done." Eventually, he came to believe his son was "wrapped up in a dysfunctional relationship that I advised him to get out of—he'd be happy and miserable all in a 24-hour period, like any 32-year-old who's madly in love."

Fiore's mother, Lisa Lepore, a resident of Maui, got to know Ryan at the funeral of her mother in South Carolina a few days after the wedding, where he immediately rubbed her the wrong way.

"This guy shows up on the scene, barging in on Jasmine's money and her inheritance from her grandmother," Lepore recalls. "He used being from another country as an excuse for why he couldn't pay for shit, why his credit cards didn't work. I told him, 'You are with the wrong girl. This should stop here. Jasmine will spend that kind of money in a week.'"

Despite their closeness, Fiore's friend Marta Montoya didn't hear about the wedding until days later. When she finally met Jenkins, "I didn't approve of him," she says. "I just got an eerie

feeling. He always had that cheesy smile. He was charming, but all he did was try to impress everybody." Montoya assumed he was paying Fiore's rent at the Panorama Towers in Vegas, behind the Bellagio. And she claims he had promised Fiore half his future winnings from *I Love Money* (an awfully confident gesture, though he later indicated to several people that he had won), but only if she stayed with him.

"The real story was that Ryan needed his green card to film in the States," claims Montoya. "He gave Jasmine $10,000 up front. She kept saying to me, 'Marta, do you like my fake ring, with my fake marriage?' She was supposed to divorce him and be done with him after that show." It seemed to everyone that the volatile newlyweds were really just playing each other.

Montoya had been with the couple at Club XS at the Wynn when Jenkins was pulling down Fiore's top and she was flashing the crowd with no underwear on. "That's the way she liked to act sometimes," says Montoya. "It was totally uncalled for." A few weeks later, at the Red Rock resort, the situation came to a head. "I couldn't believe how raunchy Jasmine was being. She was flashing her boobs, being provocative. And here's Ryan talking to some guy about real estate, not paying any attention to her—at all. It was really weird."

A male friend joined Fiore in a cabana, and soon they were making out. "Ryan turns around and sees that, and I think he took it like, 'I bought her, she's mine.' She was at the edge of the pool, and he just pushed her in. I saw that and was like, 'What a fucking douche.'" (Ryan was involved in an assault in Calgary in July 2005, for which he received 15 months' probation.) "After that night Jasmine distanced herself from me a little bit. She was embarrassed. When I saw her last, it was at Seth MacFarlane's birthday, and she said she was having her marriage annulled so Ryan couldn't come back into the States. She told me, 'He's doing a show in Mexico, and then the fucker is gonna go back to Canada.' She was pissed. I said 'Why? What happened?' She said, 'I caught him fucking someone in our living room.'"

Fiore had had enough, and when Jenkins left for Mexico to begin filming *I Love Money*, she made some changes.

"She changed the locks and texted all the girls on his phone, telling them they could have him," says Lepore. Fiore had completed the tests for her real estate license in March and—with her estranged husband off filming—decided to put Vegas behind her and to move to L.A., where she planned to open a gym. Chris Tutty reports seeing Jenkins at a bar in Calgary in June, after the Mexico shoot, collecting phone numbers and explaining that he had an open marriage. "He said things weren't going very well," says Tutty. Jenkins' visa was reportedly set to expire August 29.

And then, suddenly, Jenkins and Fiore were apparently reconciled.

"In the week before Jasmine went missing, I was with them," says Lepore. "We went out to dinner in Santa Monica, and Ryan was talking about his life in L.A., and he said to me, 'When I make it big, Jasmine is going to be famous.' And Jasmine and I just looked at each other. We could not convince him how ridiculous it was. I believe she had had enough."

"She had more street smarts than anybody I've ever met, and she usually could see through people a mile away," says Huber. "I think this guy somehow weaseled his way back into her life, and she bit off more than she could chew."

"It takes two to tango," says Montoya. "She knew how to push his buttons. They were not healthy for each other at all. It was like a fairy tale that went completely wrong."

Long before Fiore's death, it was apparent that she and Jenkins—with their volatile personalities and high-octane lifestyles—were headed for a bad end. "I know Ryan loved coke," says Montoya. "As for Jasmine, she obviously loved to drink, but she was 28. If you don't have kids or responsibilities, who wouldn't want to party? I wouldn't say she was an addict. I'd just say she was young."

While she and Jenkins were ostensibly still together, Fiore maintained close contact with her exes. During their estrangement, she took a vacation to Mexico with former fiancé Robert Hasman. And on August 12 she traveled to San Diego to welcome her ex-husband, Mike Cardosi, as he was released from prison after having served three

Crime Time TV

THESE REALITY STARS WENT FROM C-LIST CELEBRITIES TO GRADE-A CRIMINALS. AND THE CLUES WERE THERE ALL ALONG.

RICHARD HATCH
Survivor: Borneo

CRIME
Tax evasion. The winner and perpetually nude Hatch failed to report his $1 million prize (and other earnings). Can't outwit, outplay, outlast the IRS.

TIP-OFF
Hatch was a master manipulator. Also, a cheater. According to host Jeff Probst, Hatch smuggled matches in his butt during *Survivor*.

PAULA GOODSPEED
American Idol, Season 5

CRIME
Though never charged with stalking, Goodspeed bombarded Paula Abdul with letters, calls, and visits. She offed herself in a car near Abdul's home.

TIP-OFF
At her audition Goodspeed said she was a "huge fan" of Paula's, showing off life-size drawings of Abdul she had been creating since childhood.

KENLEY COLLINS
Project Runway, Season 5

CRIME
Disorderly conduct. The third-place designer threw apples, water, a laptop, and a cat at her boyfriend. She was charged with two counts of assault.

TIP-OFF
Collins was a mean coot. When Tim Gunn offered advice, she snapped, "My decisions are final, and I'm done with it."

VINCENT MARGERA
Viva La Bam and Jackass

CRIME
Sexual assault. Bam's uncle, known as Don Vito, was convicted for inappropriately touching two underage girls at an autograph signing.

TIP-OFF
Just look at him! Don Vito is obese, has crazy eyes, and speaks in unintelligible English that, even when subtitled, doesn't make sense.

years for cocaine. Photos later surfaced of them kissing on the beach.

The following afternoon, Thursday, August 13, Ryan Jenkins participated in a charity poker tournament at the San Diego Hilton. There he was widely reported to have discovered Fiore texting Hasman on a secret, private cell phone, allegedly making plans to visit him soon in Las Vegas. Jenkins and Fiore were seen leaving the Hilton parking lot at 2:30 A.M.

According to lead detective Gregory Pelton of the Buena Park Police Department, Jenkins returned alone to the posh L'Auberge del Mar hotel in Del Mar, where the couple was staying, at 4:30 A.M.—a 20-minute drive up the coastline. He checked out alone at 9:20 A.M. After carefully reviewing the car's internal GPS readings and cell tower transmissions, police believe Fiore's white Mercedes pulled off of Highway 91 at a secluded underpass off of Green River Parkway near Corona, where the dismemberment took place in the backseat of the car. The death certificate lists the cause as strangulation complicated by blunt-force trauma, likely the end result of a violent argument gone horribly wrong. Jenkins can be seen on surveillance video returning to the couple's apartment at 5 P.M. on Friday, and the body was discovered the next morning at 7 A.M. in a Dumpster in Buena Park, roughly 30 miles from Corona. It was not identified until days later. That night at 8:55 Jenkins filed a missing-persons report at the West Hollywood Sheriff's Station and then spoke to his mother for the last time, telling her, "Mom, she's taken off again."

On Sunday Jenkins drove to Lake Mead, outside Las Vegas, and retrieved his boat, then began a 1,000-mile drive to the northwestern corner of Washington State, as a massive manhunt followed. The boat and trailer were later retrieved in Blaine, Washington near the Canadian border, which authorities believe Jenkins walked across unchallenged after evading a pursuing helicopter. He then drove north and checked into the Thunderbird Motel in Hope, British Columbia. A younger woman, whom investigators later identified as Jenkins' half-sister Alena, 19, had helped him check in. Jenkins hanged himself in his hotel room on or before August 23.

Fiore's Mercedes was discovered on Wednesday, August 26, in an area without surveillance cameras, the license plates removed. According to Pelton, after he examined the car, the volume of blood initially dissuaded him from classifying this as a domestic violence case. It was one of the most gruesome crime scenes he has ever observed. The backseat was soaked in blood, and there was blood spattered against the rear window, which had been wiped down so as not to arouse suspicion. He confirms there was ample forensic evidence to prove Jenkins was in the car with her.

For his part, Dan Jenkins has hired a private investigator to try to exonerate Ryan: "If I can prove his innocence, then, by God, I will."

"I understand the need for a father to know the truth," Pelton says. "I will meet with Dan Jenkins after the case is closed, and I will allow him to look at the case file. He's not going to like what he sees, but the DA agreed with me, and that's why he issued a warrant."

Unsurprisingly, those close to Jenkins maintain his innocence. He was too squeamish to cut off someone's fingers. If he had wanted Fiore dead, he had the money to hire a hitman. One theory: Fiore was actually a drug runner who got caught up with the wrong crowd.

"It just doesn't make sense," says Anna McCarty. "I think they pissed off the wrong people, and somebody killed her. Ryan was worried that she was missing and that someone might be coming after him, so he ran. I don't think he was running from the authorities. I think he was running for his life."

With the murder of his wife and his own death, Ryan Jenkins achieved one goal even more gloriously than his own outsize dreams: total, undeniable fame. Money and sex had come almost too easily. Fame was harder, but not much. It was his swagger—the same thing, no doubt, Jenkins felt brought him the money and sex—that had caught the attention of VH1's producers. And once in front of the cameras, Jenkins knew what to do. In the few episodes of *Megan Wants a Millionaire* that aired before the show was yanked, you can see him in his element: living the Vegas high life, all charm and apparent confidence. But once his wife was dead, Jenkins was more famous than VH1 could ever have made him—front page in his hometown paper ("No Stone Unturned in Jenkins Search"), his face splashed across network TV, cable news shows, and the Internet 24/7 for more than a week. In the days before he looped a belt around his neck and ended his life, he was bigger than he could ever have imagined.

How did he get there? That's a question many asked in the aftermath. How did a man capable of this, one with an assault record, no less, get cast on a dating show, and then another one after that? It's a question those of us with a taste for train-wreck TV—which is to say, almost everyone who watches reality television—have little right to ask, but it might be an important question just the same. These shows thrive on volatile personalities, but they also run background checks to make sure those personalities, while volatile, are not unstable or criminal. Still, plenty of criminals slip through. In 2001 *Big Brother 2*'s Justin Sebik was kicked off the show for threatening a cast mate with a knife. As it turned out, he had been arrested three times previously for assault.

"He liked a lot of sex," says Jenkins' ex. "And he liked to take pictures."

Both *Megan Wants a Millionaire* and the *I Love Money* franchise are produced by the independent production company 51 Minds, which used a Washington state firm, Collective Intelligence, to vet its contestants, which in turn outsourced Jenkins' background check to a Canadian subcontractor. They blame missing Jenkins' assault charges on a Canadian court clerk. A source close to both productions says, "They have a psychological questionnaire, and it's safe to say he passed that. They do look for people who are colorful and mercurial, but they try and weed out the volatile. A tremendous number of people on these shows have criminal records."

There's already talk that the murder of Jasmine Fiore may force VH1 to turn away from the silicone- and tattoo-filled dating shows they've churned out since Flavor Flav met Brigitte Nielsen in 2004, that the network will turn back to music programming for a minute or two. It's unlikely, though, that the grind house of reality TV will change at all, beyond increased background checks for a few months until the need for cheap programming reasserts itself.

As for those who grieve for the departed, when asked for a final comment with which to lay his son to his unquiet rest, Dan Jenkins says, "He was a gentle soul...That's all I want to say," before breaking down sobbing.

Meanwhile, Jasmine Fiore's mother can barely contain her rage. "I thought something had happened, and all her friends thought I was overreacting, because they thought Ryan was a pussy and she would have kicked the shit out of him." She wants a photo of Ryan Jenkins hanging in that hotel room because she would not put it beyond Jenkins to fake his own death. "That day he actually believed he was going to get away with it. I fucking can't stand it. I am glad the police had him on the run and scared. I hope he was scared. He killed my beautiful daughter." •

ONE HOT NUMB3R

AS A CRIME-SOLVING MATHEMATICIAN ON *NUMB3RS*, NAVI RAWAT MAKES US WISH WE'D PAID MORE ATTENTION IN GEOMETRY CLASS.

BY KEVIN JORDAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER WRAY-McCANN

After years of being the "who's that hot girl?" girl with a couple of lines on shows like *Roswell, 24, The O.C.,* and *Angel,* Navi Rawat has stepped to the fore on her hit crime show, *Numb3rs.* We caught up with her in between investigations.

First things first: How was life on *The O.C.*?
It was a sensation, so I was fortunate to get cast as Theresa. It wasn't easy being the only "lady of color" in the very pasty O.C. Everyone else was very wealthy. Theresa actually had to have a job.

For the uninitiated, what's the deal with *Numb3rs*?
It's about two brothers in the FBI: Don Eppes, who is "the normal agent," and Charlie Eppes, who is a genius who uses math to solve crimes. I play Amita, one of Charlie's former students who is also in a relationship with him.

Have you ever had a crush on a teacher?
In college I had a crush on one of my professors. I used to bat my eyelashes and coo at him. He didn't respond at all, which made me like him even more.

Where did little Navi grow up?
Well, I did most of my schooling in Miami.

Did kids carry cocaine in their lunch boxes?
No cocaine in my lunch box, but kids are doing scary stuff these days.

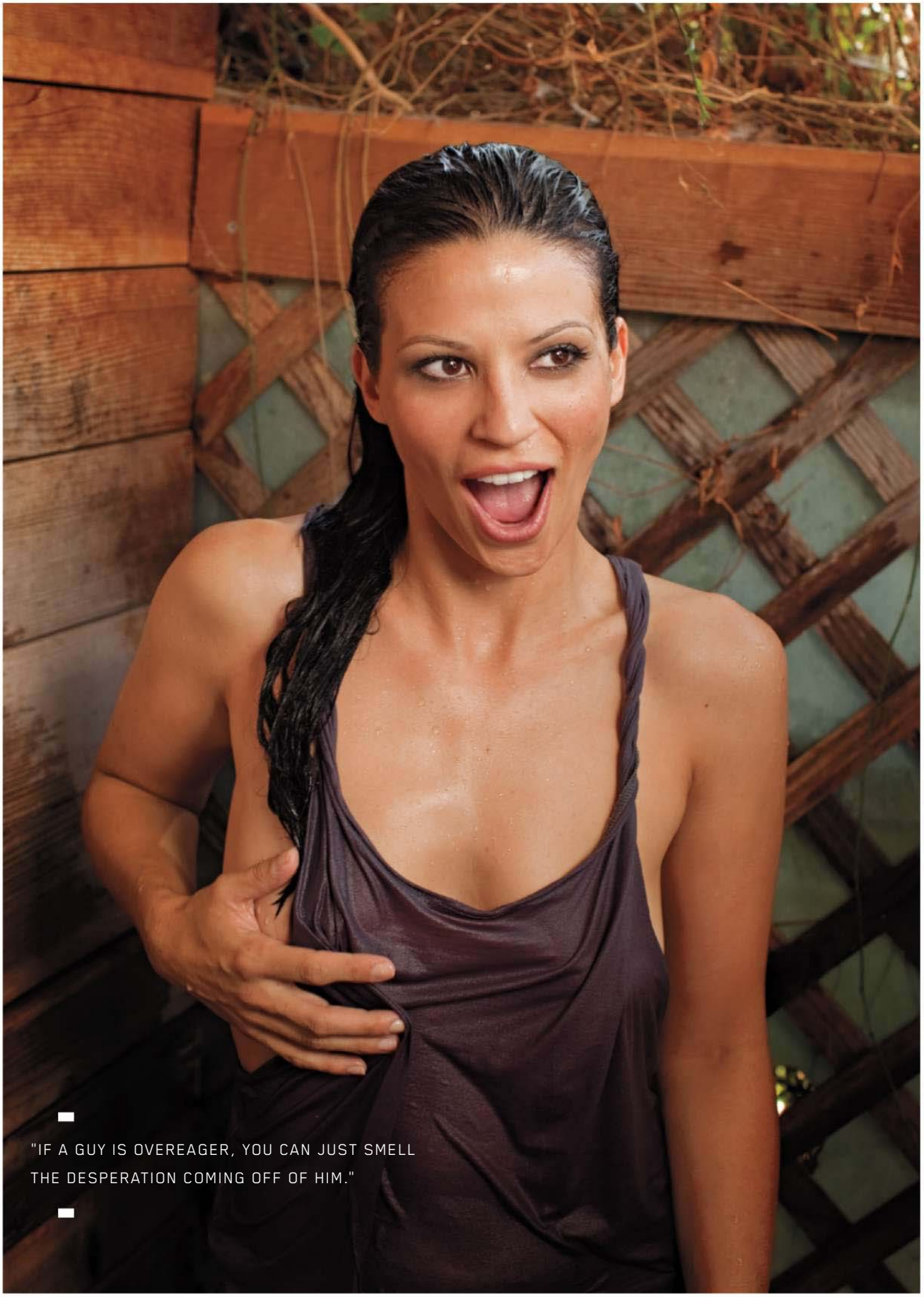
Can you educate us about approaches that absolutely would not work on a beauty such as yourself?
I think it's a mistake to go after someone just based on looks. But I always respond to people who don't act that interested in me. Perhaps that's juvenile. But if they're overeager, you can just smell the desperation.

So ignore you—got it!
But don't be too dismissive. Like, if you have a nice conversation at a party, then the guy starts ignoring you, and then he calls a few days later…You were an asshole *then*—why would I want to go out with you now?

The sad thing is, that probably works for 90 percent of guys.
True. A lot of things can work to get a girl in the sack. But you have to think of the quality of girl you get with these lame moves. ●

STYLING, LISA MICHELLE BOYD FOR THE WALL GROUP; HAIR, DAVID GARDNER FOR SOLO ARTISTS; MAKEUP, SPENCER BARNES FOR SOLO ARTISTS.

THE FIRST 1,000 VERIZON WIRELESS CUSTOMERS TO TEXT **NAVI** TO 89873 RECEIVE A FREE WALLPAPER OF THIS PICTURE. (OFFER APPLIES TO VERIZON WIRELESS CUSTOMERS ONLY. STANDARD TEXT MESSAGING RATES APPLY.)



"IF A GUY IS OVEREAGER, YOU CAN JUST SMELL THE DESPERATION COMING OFF OF HIM."

ICON

BY JESSE BRUKMAN PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER YANG

LeBron James

By 14 he was dunking. By 16 he was facing down reporters. Now the greatest basketball player in the world is 24 years old—and he's just getting started.

So you first dunked when you were in junior high?
It was during a warmup game when I was in middle school. Every year we had a teachers-versus-basketball-team game in front of all the students. I got one in during the warmups, and then I actually did it during the game.

Was it on a teacher?
No. I wish! I wish it was on the teacher who gave me a C-minus; I would've definitely dunked in his face.

If there was one guy on the planet you could dunk on, who would it be? That teacher?
If it doesn't have to be a basketball player, George W. Bush. I would dunk on his ass, break the rim, and shatter the glass.

This month's documentary *More Than a Game*—about all the hype surrounding you and your high school teammates—doesn't really show how you dealt with the groupie situation that comes with being a star at such a young age.
None of that stuff happened. That's all a facade. When people talk about girls coming up to their hotel rooms at 16 years old, that's a fantasy.

Do you kind of wish it happened?
At 15, 16 years old? Nah, I was focused on basketball...wink, wink.

As one of the biggest names on the planet, have you ever met anyone who made you feel starstruck?
The first time I met Michael Jordan. I was a sophomore in high school, and it was an unbelievable experience for me. It didn't even feel like he was on the face of the Earth. This guy was more like an angel, like an alien or something.

Why does basketball seem like the one sport that hasn't been rocked by steroid scandals?
It's something that's not done. I think it's hurting baseball, because it wasn't banned and now it is banned, so it's hard to flush out completely. It's just something in the NBA that hasn't been done, so no one's going to start. I wouldn't expect to see anybody taking steroids in the game of basketball. That would be kind of crazy.

"I WOULD DUNK ON GEORGE W. BUSH'S ASS. I'D BREAK THE RIM AND SHATTER THE GLASS."

After that video came out of the Nike camp showing you getting dunked on, did you start thinking maybe it would be better not to play defense at these things?
Ha, no. Getting dunked on is part of the game, and I know for a fact that LeBron James has dunked on way more people than he's had dunk on him.

Do you think the league has gotten soft over the past few years? All the players are pals now.
I'm good friends with Chris Paul, but I hate the Hornets. And I'm good friends with Dwyane Wade, but I'm not a fan of the Heat. These are just friends of mine.

Have you grown tired of the media speculation about your upcoming free agency?
Reporters contradict themselves. They say, "Don't you have to show a certain loyalty to your hometown team?" Well, I thought before you said the NBA was a business. I'm gonna do what's best for me and my family. I love Cleveland, and I have never said anything bad about Cleveland. If anybody can find one article in which LeBron James says something bad about Cleveland, then please bring it to me and they get a million dollars, cash.

Is LeBron James issuing a reward?
Yeah! I want the voice, too; I don't want just some paper. I need to know it was LeBron James' voice saying something bad about Cleveland.

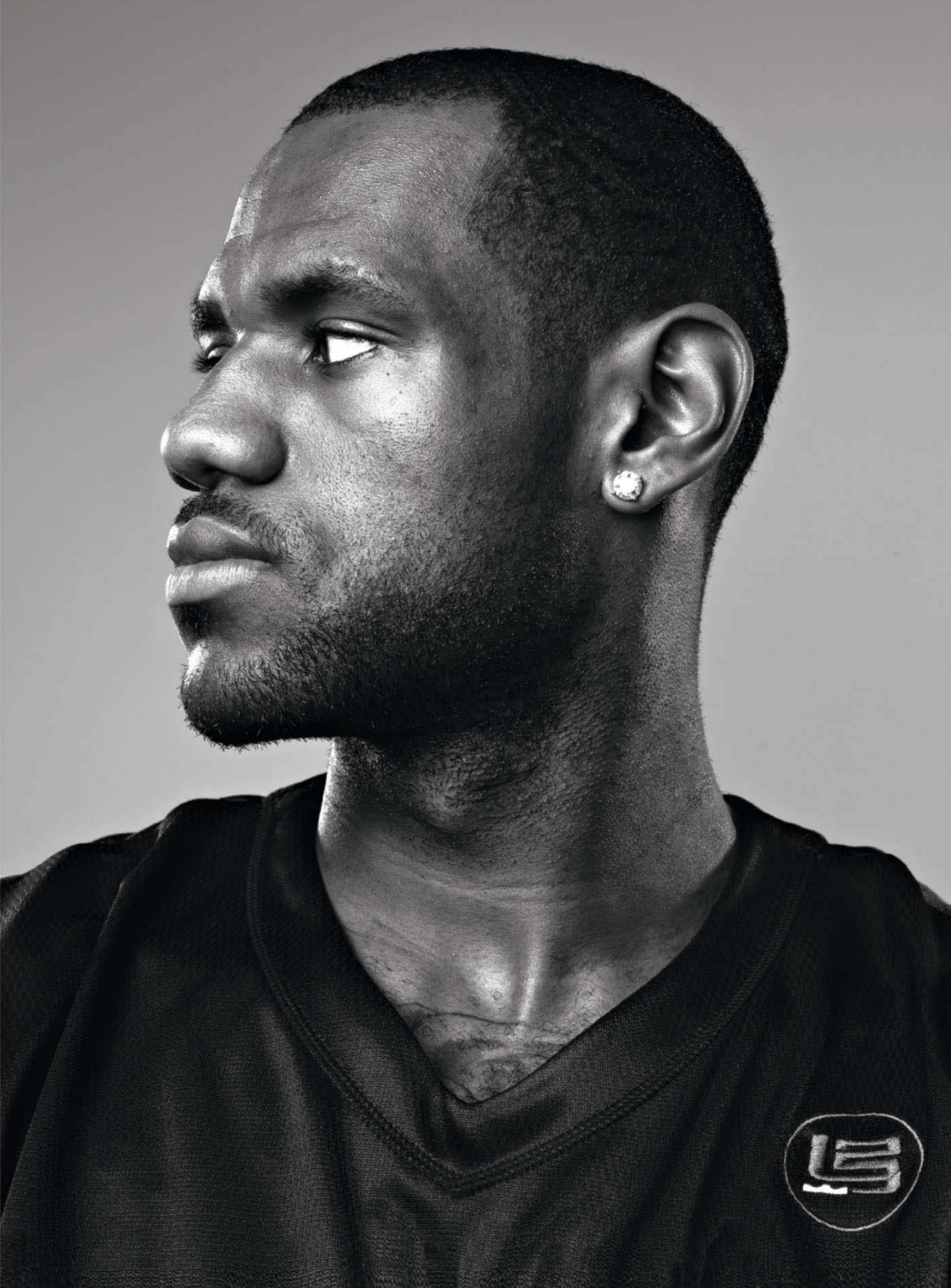
But you can tell us where you're going next season, right?
It's gonna be the biggest summer in NBA history.

That's it? C'mon!
It's gonna be the biggest free-agent summer in NBA history. Make sure you're all good when it happens: July 1, 2010.

We will be.
Hey, my mother wants to know when she can see this. She's going to be delighted to see her son in the magazine.

Really? Your mom is a big *Maxim* fan?
No. My mother is a big LeBron fan.

PETER YANG/AUGUST



1969

JIMI HENDRIX
UNCLEAR IF IT IS REAL OR NOT, BUT HAPPILY, THIS 40-YEAR-OLD SEX FILM OF THE GUITAR LEGEND AND TWO BRUNETTES DOES NOT END WITH HIM CHOKING ON HIS OWN VOMIT... OR ANY OTHER BODILY EXCRETIONS.

10991 B.C.

Cave Paintings
In 2006, archaeologists discovered a 13,000-year-old etching of two people in a coital position and a third looking on. "Thag like to watch!"

10991 B.C.

1988

Rob Lowe The birth of the celebrity sex tape! Two ménages à trois that leaked! The first was with an underage girl who lied about her age, the second with a model and a guy who shouts, "She wants it harder, Rob!" Dude, you're screwing up his rhythm!

1978

Bob Crane A pioneer in combining magnetic tape and ejaculate, the *Hogan's Heroes* star had a library documenting the hundreds of women his penis had been inside of in the '60s and '70s. Way to put the "ho" in Hogan, Bob!

A Brief History of the Sex Tape

GOD CREATED MAN AND GOD CREATED WOMAN AND HE WATCHED THEM DO IT AND IT WAS GOOD. SO GOOD THAT HE WANTED TO WATCH IT AGAIN BACK AT HIS PLACE. SO HE INVENTED THE SEX TAPE. AND IT WAS *REALLY* GOOD. HERE, A LOOK BACK AT HORNY AND HUMILIATING SEX YOU WERE NEVER SUPPOSED TO SEE.

BY DAN BOVA ILLUSTRATION BY ERIKA SIMMONS

1997

PAM & TOMMY LET'S NOT PRETEND WE DIDN'T ALL GATHER ROUND THE VHS MACHINE WHEN THE BEST-SELLING XXX MOVIE EVER HIT THE MARKET. THANKS FOR ALL THE PENIS-SIZE INSECURITIES, TOMMY!

2005

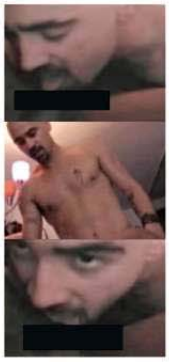
FRED DURST THIS P.O.V. VIDEO LETS YOU SEE FRED'S UN-LIMP BIZKIT STUCK INTO A LADY AS SHE PLAYS WITH HIS BALLS. WE WISH WE COULD GO ROLLIN', ROLLIN', ROLLIN' BACK IN TIME AND STOP OURSELVES FROM PRESSING PLAY ON THIS GEM.

2002

R. Kelly Just when you think it's over, a man the court believed is not R. Kelly wanders over with pants around his knees and pees in a girl's open mouth. I believe I can unzip my fly!

2004

Jenna Lewis We're just glad this was the *Survivor* sex tape that leaked and not one of the fat naked guy and Jeff Probst.



2006

Colin Farrell The lecherous leprechaun went to court to prevent you from witnessing his bonerific romps with a former Playmate. You owe him big time.

2006

Kid Rock and the guy from Creed When this duo whipped their hairy duos out on a tour bus, ladies were waiting with mouths wide open. It's pretty boring, but a shining moment arises as an orally pleased Scott Stapp looks at the camera and says, "It's good to be the king!"

2008

Verne Troyer Watching Mini Me's tongue in action reminds us of feeding our pet chameleon live crickets. (Which also gives us erections.)

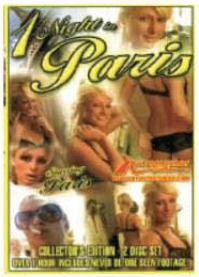
2009

2003

GENA LEE NOLAN TAPED RIGHT AFTER BREAST-ENLARGEMENT SURGERY, THE ONETIME *BAYWATCH* STAR POSES SEDUCTIVELY ON THE MOST DEPRESSING WALL-TO-WALL BEIGE CARPETING YOU'VE EVER SEEN. THEN LISTEN TO HER COMPLAIN TO HER THEN-HUSBAND THAT HER BOOBS ARE SORE AS HE LOVES HER FROM BEHIND. HOT!

2004

Paris Hilton A sex tape that actually qualifies as legitimate porn! Paris is giggly and pretty and naked for the majority of *1 Night in Paris*. And she's much less terrified of Rick Salomon's honker than we would be, that's for sure.



2006

Carolyn Murphy The *SI Swimsuit Edition* cover girl's ex-husband was charged with extortion for trying to sell a tape of their honeymoon, which included Carolyn doing the chicken dance in the nude.

2007

KIM KARDASHIAN KIM'S PRETTY FACE AND AMPLE PARTS STARTED A LOVE AFFAIR THAT BROUGHT THE ENTIRE KARDASHIAN CLAN INTO OUR LIVING ROOMS, WHERE THEY PROCEEDED TO BORE THE LIVING HELL OUT OF US.

2006

Dustin "Screech" Diamond You might get saved by the bell at Bayside High, but nothing is going to save you from dry-heaving as you watch Screech give a woman a dirty Sanchez. This way-too-long journey into hell features Dustin commanding two women to do alternately boring and disgusting things to each other and his wiener. "Time out!"

2009

Rebecca Gayheart, McSteamy, and friend They cavort naked in a Jacuzzi and play "What's your porn name?" It's like a pleasant visit to the doctor's office: There's some embarrassing nudity, but no penetration.

LA DOLCE ELISABETTA

ELISABETTA CANALIS, ITALY'S HOTTEST IT GIRL, IS CONQUERING THE WORLD. CIAO, BELLA!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANKIN

During the recent Venice Film Festival premiere of *The Men Who Stare at Goats,* men were staring mostly at George Clooney's date, Elisabetta Canalis. Known throughout her native Italy as "La Canalis" or "Eli" (which we're pretty sure translates to "so freakin' hot she makes you want to punch yourself in the prosciutto"), Elisabetta first made a name for herself as a showgirl on the whacked-out TV hit *Striscia la Notizia.* (Think of some crazed melding of a late night show, giant talking puppets, and bevies of women prancing about in lingerie, and you get the picture.) From there Elisabetta went on to pose in dozens of ad campaigns, host MTV Italy's *Total Request Live,* and star in her own best-selling calendar (thank you, Google image search!), making her the most wanted target of the Italian paparazzi. Up next for the olive-skinned sexpot? If there is a God, she'll take an interest in magazine publishing and apply for an internship here at *Maxim.* But judging by the reception she received on the red carpet and the gushing comments made by bloggers who flooded the Web with her glorious image, we can only hope and pray and make blood offerings that a Hollywood career is about to be made. Don't forget the little people (i.e., us), Elisabetta!

PHOTOGRAPHS: RANKIN/ICON INTERNATIONAL

"BEFORE IN LOVE I USED TO PLAY MUCH MORE. NOW I DON'T WANT TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME WITH WRONG RELATIONSHIPS."

Rise OF the

IN A LAPSE OF JUDGMENT, OUR LAWYERS CLEARED US TO DRIVE FIVE WORLD-BEATING SUPER-
MIAMI PHOTO STUDIO, WE BEAT THE HELL OUT OF THEM ON THE TRACK. OUR TEST DRIVER?

THE 599 GTB'S TRANSMISSION CAN SWITCH GEARS QUICKER THAN A HUMAN EYE CAN BLINK.

ELEVEN VENTS CHANNEL AWAY HOT AIR.

SUPER-STICKY CUSTOM 20-INCH PIRELLIS KEEP 'ER GLUED TO THE GROUND.

ABOUT OUR TEST DRIVER: DANICA'S STILL GOT OUR HEART, BUT HELIO CASTRONEVES REIGNS AS THE COOLEST DRIVER ON THE IRL CIRCUIT. WITH HIS WIN THIS YEAR AT THE "GREATEST SPECTACLE IN SPORTS," HE BECAME ONLY THE NINTH DRIVER TO WIN THE INDY 500 THREE TIMES. THE 34-YEAR-OLD BRAZILIAN'S SIGNATURE VICTORY CELEBRATION: CLIMBING UP THE SAFETY FENCE, A MOVE THAT CONSISTENTLY RILES UP FANS AND PISSES OFF TRACK OFFICIALS. YEAH, HE ALSO WON *DANCING WITH THE STARS*. HERE HE DANCES WITH SUPERCARS.

MACHINES

CARS—MORE THAN 3,000 HORSEPOWER AND $1.3 MILLION WORTH. AFTER OGLING THEM IN A NONE OTHER THAN THREE-TIME INDY 500 CHAMP HELIO CASTRONEVES. LET'S RIDE.

BY JESSE WILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMIE CHUNG

Ferrari 599 Fiorano GTB HGTE

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $350,580
ENGINE: 6.0-LITER V-12
HP: 612 @ 7,600 RPM
TORQUE: 448 LB.-FT. @ 5,600 RPM
0–60: 3.3 SECONDS
TOP SPEED: 206 MPH

THE STALLION As the ruler of the Maranello stable, the grand-touring, range-topping 599 GTB had already claimed a spot in the *Maxim* Dream Car Garage, but with the Handling Gran Turismo Evoluzione upgrade version now available, we're just gonna have to make room for another. The front-midengined beauty shouts speed and seduces even at a standstill; under its shrink-wrapped skin, the HGTE package makes the 599 quicker and harder handling. Its tires are stickier, its suspension is stiffer, and the ride height has been lowered. The exhaust note of the 6.0-liter V-12 engine has also been retuned (from "godlike" to, uh, "godlike and louder"), and the six-speed manual-automatic F-1-style transmission now shifts a bit faster (those pesky, lightning-quick 100-millisecond shift times? They've been shaved down to 80 milliseconds.) Hey! Every little bit counts when you're trying to make it to work on time. **HELIO SAYS:** WITH A CAR THIS INCREDIBLE, EVEN THE SUBTLE CHANGES THE FERRARI ENGINEERS HAVE MADE—THE QUICKER GEARBOX, THE LIGHTER WEIGHT—ALL MAKE A HUGE DIFFERENCE IN THE WAY IT PERFORMS ON THE TRACK. AND, MY GOD, THAT NOISE!

Hennessey Corvette ZR1

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: FROM $116,000
ENGINE: 6.2-LITER SUPERCHARGED LS9 V-8
HP: 705 @ 6,400 RPM
TORQUE: 717 LB.-FT. @ 3,800 RPM
0–60: 2.9 SECONDS
TOP SPEED: 220+ MPH

THE BEAST GM's ZR1—the year-old king of Corvettes—should be enough car to humble any speed freak: 638 horsepower, 700-plus gut-pummeling pound-feet of torque. But to some that just ain't enough—those folks make a pilgrimage to Texas supertuner John Hennessey's shop to get their ZR1 hopped up on goof-balls. Hennessey swaps in a freer-flowing exhaust, tweaks the supercharger, and reprograms the engine's computer for more speed. The end result is a tire-killing smoke machine that rips to 60 mph in just under three seconds. America, fuck yeah! **HELIO'S TAKE:** I HAVE A 'VETTE Z06, BUT THIS IS JUST A HUGE STEP AHEAD IN PERFORMANCE, CORNERING, AND SPEED. SURE, ITS INTERIOR IS LESS REFINED THAN, SAY, A FERRARI'S. BUT THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE OUTRAGEOUS. YOU JUST WANT IT FAST AND LOUD, LOUD, LOUD!

TURN THE PAGE AND OPEN FOR MORE AUTO EROTICA

Porsche 911 Turbo Cabriolet

A PARADIGM-SHIFTING "WHEEL" ALLOWS THE VEHICLE TO ATTAIN FORWARD MOVEMENT.

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $149,555
ENGINE: 3.6-LITER TWIN TURBOCHARGED FLAT-SIX
HP: 480 @ 6,000 RPM
TORQUE: 505 LB.-FT. @ 4,000 RPM
0–60: 3.5 SECONDS
TOP SPEED: 194 MPH

THE CLASSIC You could say the Porsche 911 Turbo isn't a ride for a knuckle-dragger. That it's a chick's car, an orthodontist's midlife crisis. Then you drive the thing—and immediately start looking into orthodontics schools. Over 35 years into its development, the 911 Turbo (say nine-11) edges ever closer to automotive perfection: It's an engineering marvel of making more out of less, powered by a direct-injection flat-six boosted by twin turbochargers that churn out lag-free power at every rpm on the dial. What does all that mean? A staggering one-second jump from 40 to 60 mph is possible. More grip than a glad-handing politician. And endless quirks, like an ignition switch mounted to the left, not the right, of the steering wheel (madness!), placed there so Porsche drivers at LeMans could get a quicker start while putting the car into first gear.
HELIO'S TAKE: WHAT CAN I SAY? THE 911 TURBO IS A CLASSIC. OTHER SUPERCARS MAY BE MORE POWERFUL, BUT NONE OF THEM HANDLE THIS WELL FOR THE MONEY. THESE BRAKES ARE THE BEST ON THE TRACK TODAY. AND WOW! IT DOES 190 WITH THE TOP DOWN—ENGINEERING-WISE, THAT'S AMAZING. MY ONLY PROBLEM WITH THE CABRIO? THE COPS CAN SEE YOUR FACE AS YOU SPEED BY.

THE 1974 911 TURBO WAS THE WORLD'S FIRST TURBOCHARGED PRODUCTION SPORTS CAR.

INTAKE MANIFOLDS PUSH COOL AIR INTO THE ENGINE, GENERATING TORQUE.

WHERE WE TESTED THEM

THE SITE OF OUR HIGH-SPEED HIJINKS? HOMESTEAD-MIAMI SPEEDWAY, HOST OF EVERY MAJOR AMERICAN MOTORSPORT CHAMPIONSHIP RACE OF 2009.

1. PIT LANE
WE STAGED OUR CARS IN PIT LANE, WHERE HELIO DID DONUTS IN THE FERRARI 599. (SEE IT ON MAXIM.COM)

2. THE ROAD COURSE
HOMESTEAD'S MODIFIED ROAD COURSE PACKS 11 TURNS INTO 2.3 MILES. HELIO KEPT THE TIRES ON THE TRACK—MOSTLY.

3. THE STRAIGHTAWAYS
THE TRACK'S 1,760-FOOT FRONT STRAIGHT ALLOWED SPEEDS OF 180-PLUS MPH.

4. THE BANKS
THE SUPERSPEEDWAY'S COMPUTER-DESIGNED BANKED TURNS VARY FROM 18 TO 20 DEGREES IN STEEPNESS; THEY KEEP SPEEDS UP AND RACES COMPETITIVE.

5. THE FINISH LINE
THE STANDS FIT 65,000 FANS. NASCAR'S SPRINT CUP CHAMPIONSHIP ENDS AT THIS FINISH LINE ON NOVEMBER 22. GET TICKETS AT HOMESTEADMIAMISPEEDWAY.COM OR WATCH IT ON ABC.

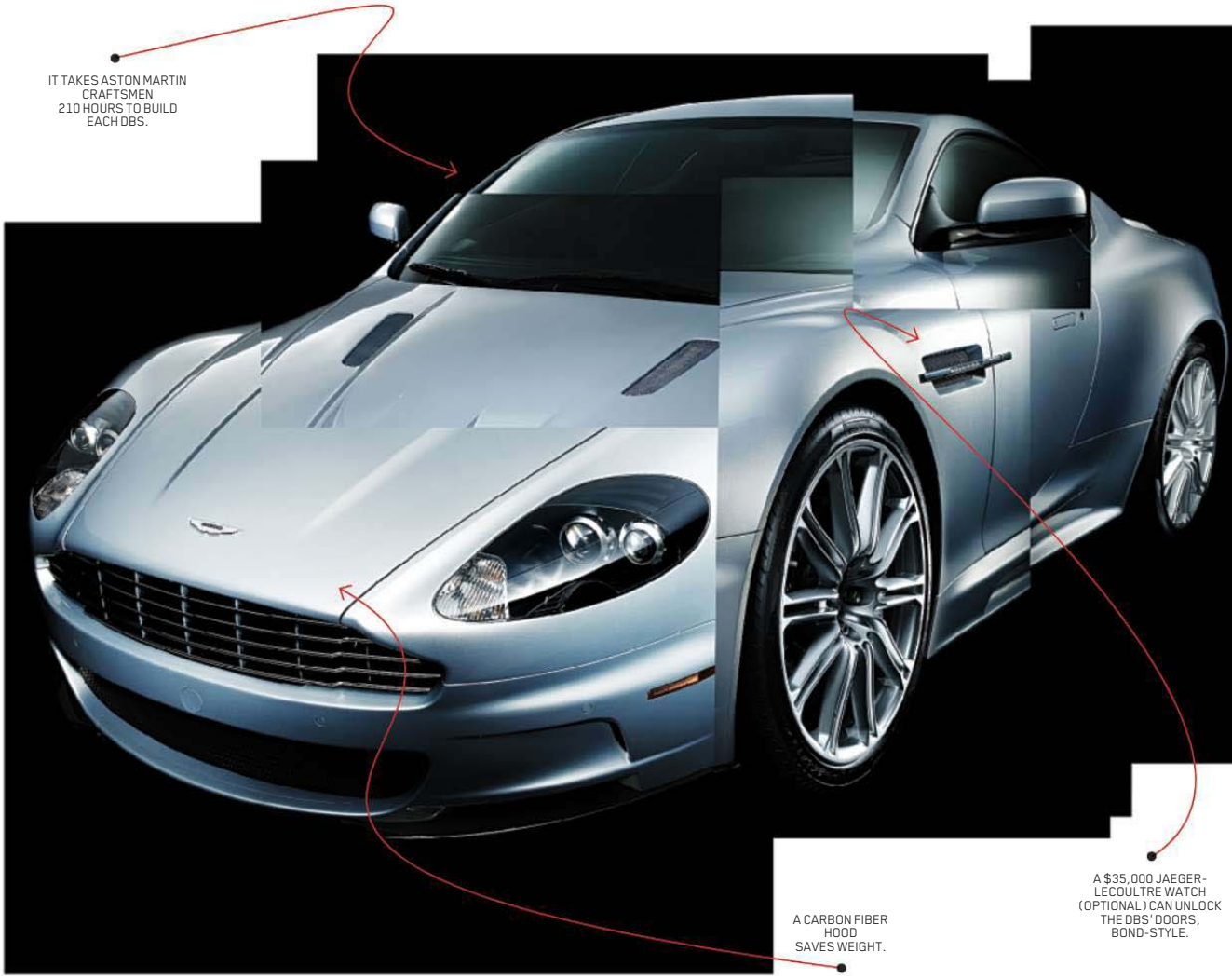
TRACK PHOTOGRAPHS, JOHN PARRA/GETTY IMAGES

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON LEE

Lamborghini Murciélago 670-4 Superveloce

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $450,000
ENGINE: 6.5-LITER V-12
HP: 670 @ 8,000 RPM
TORQUE: 487 LB.-FT. @ 6,500 RPM
0–60: 3.2 SECONDS
TOP SPEED: 212 MPH

THE RAGING BULL Lambo's latest range-topper boasts more sharp angles than a Girl Talk show has hooks; gaze at one long enough and you'll get just as sweaty. The Italian madmen of Sant'Agata Bolognese will build only 350 of these insane machines, and they've made this Murcielago lighter and faster by packing 30 more horsepower, shedding 220 pounds, and increasing the car's downforce with a wild new carbon-fiber spoiler. An engine bonnet features three rows of see-through hexagonal polymer plates that swing open at speed to cool the engine; all the better to hear the 48-valve, 8,000 rpm symphony firing away a couple of inches from your skull. **HELIO SAYS:** THOUGH I DIDN'T HAVE THE CHANCE TO DRIVE THE SUPERVELOCE, I HAVE DRIVEN A MURCIÉLAGO. IT'S A WILD EXPERIENCE—YOU HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT SPEED TO BE ABLE TO CONTROL THIS BULL. IT'S NOT ONLY FAST BUT ALSO CRISPY IN THE CORNERS. A 200-POUND WEIGHT LOSS AND INCREASE IN POWER MUST TAKE THIS CAR TO THE NEXT LEVEL.



Aston Martin DBS

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $269,000
ENGINE: 6.0-LITER V-12
HP: 510 @ 6,500 RPM
TORQUE: 420 LB.-FT. @ 5,750 RPM
0–60: 4.3 SECONDS
TOP SPEED: 191 MPH

THE SECRET AGENT James Bond's company car only survived seven minutes before being totaled in *Quantum of Solace* (perhaps the saddest moment in movie history since *Old Yeller* bit it), but there's a good chance the DBS will endure in car-dude dreams for decades to come. With good reason. Take one look and it's impossible not to be transfixed by the sleek aluminum and carbon-fiber cladding and the crisp, wingless form that just hints at the power lurking beneath the pricey paint job. And if you ever get tired of listening to the howl of the hand-built V-12 engine, you can crank the astounding 1,000-watt Bang & Olufsen sound system. Ridiculous. **HELIO SAYS:** YOU JUST GOTTA BE IN THIS CAR. DETAIL-WISE, ASTONS ARE UNMATCHED IN FIT, FINISH, AND UNDERSTATEMENT. COMPARED WITH THESE OTHER CARS, THE DBS FEELS A BIT HEAVY ON THE TRACK, BUT IN A STRAIGHT LINE YOU COULD BE LISTENING TO OPERA, GOING 150 MPH, AND NOT NOTICE A THING. IT'S AMAZING. IT'S A STEALTH CAR IN EVERY WAY.

DRIVING THEIR DIGITAL COUNTERPARTS

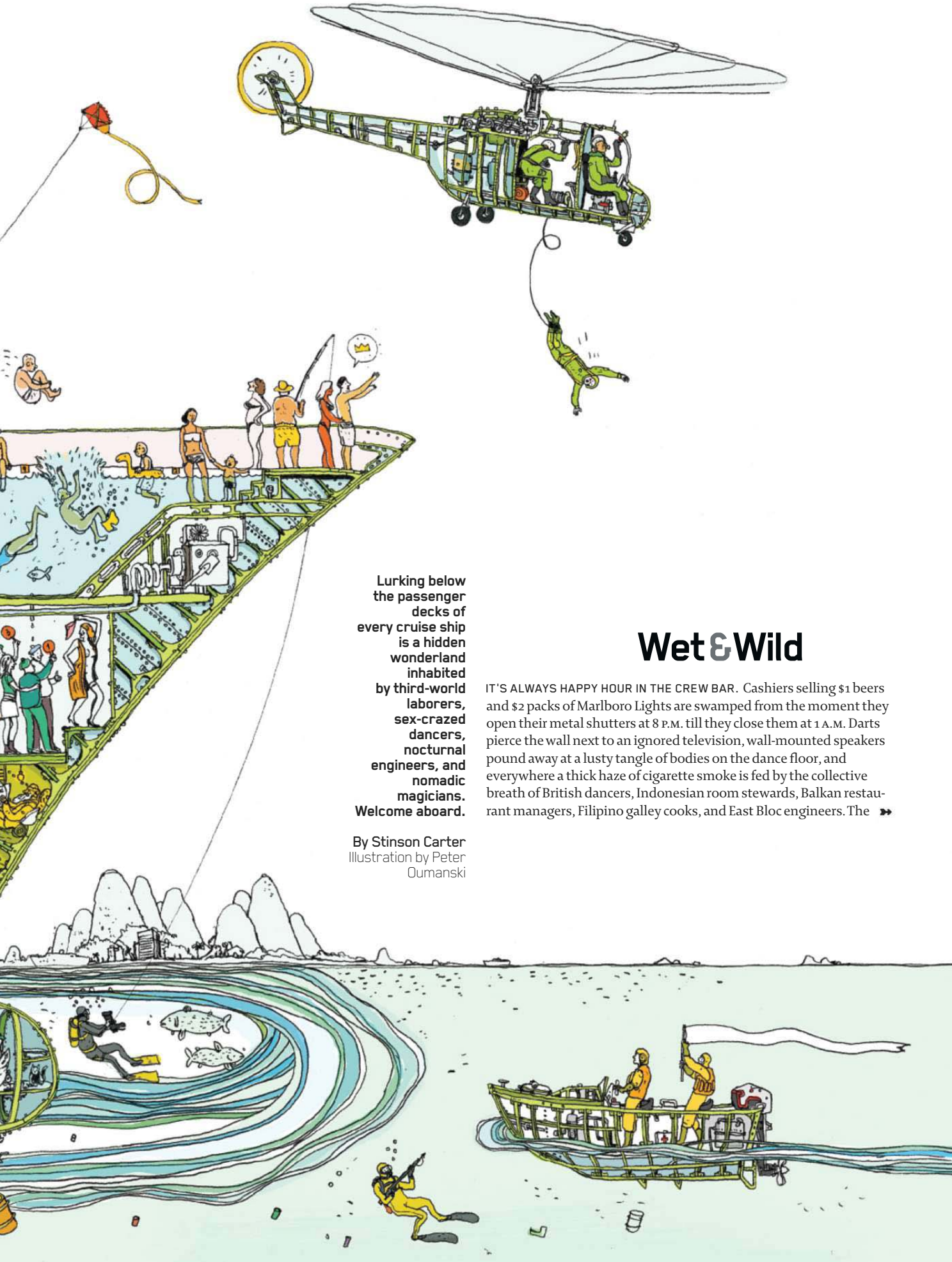
HOW HYPERREALISTIC ARE THESE CARS ON XBOX'S *FORZA MOTORSPORT 3*? HELIO PLAYED THE GAME TO SEE HOW THE VIRTUAL VERSIONS HANDLE.

1. ASTON MARTIN DBS
"IT'S GOT EVERYTHING BUT THAT CRAZY SOUND SYSTEM!" SAYS HELIO. JUST AS IT WAS ON THE TRACK, BONDMOBILE WAS BETTER ON STRAIGHTAWAYS THAN IN TURNS.

2. FERRARI 599
INTERIOR DETAILS LIKE TH E STEERING-WHEEL-MOUNTED LED REV DISPLAY ARE RENDERED IN THE GAME. "THIS MAKES ME WANNA DRIVE THE REAL THING AGAIN," SAYS HELIO.

3. PORSCHE 911 GT2
AS SOON AS HELIO SELECTED THE QUICKER VERSION OF THE 911 TURBO WE HAD ON THE TRACK, HE EASILY WON A TIME TRIAL. "YOU CAN DEFINITELY FEEL THIS IS THE LIGHTEST CAR," HE SAYS.

17
PERSONNEL ONLY
DECK A
FIRE
KEEP CLOSED
ICE
ICE
Cl_2
Cl_2 Cl_2
75 lb
TEAM CORE
SECURITY
L1A
STAY CLEAR



Lurking below the passenger decks of every cruise ship is a hidden wonderland inhabited by third-world laborers, sex-crazed dancers, nocturnal engineers, and nomadic magicians. Welcome aboard.

By Stinson Carter
Illustration by Peter Oumanski

Wet & Wild

IT'S ALWAYS HAPPY HOUR IN THE CREW BAR. Cashiers selling $1 beers and $2 packs of Marlboro Lights are swamped from the moment they open their metal shutters at 8 P.M. till they close them at 1 A.M. Darts pierce the wall next to an ignored television, wall-mounted speakers pound away at a lusty tangle of bodies on the dance floor, and everywhere a thick haze of cigarette smoke is fed by the collective breath of British dancers, Indonesian room stewards, Balkan restaurant managers, Filipino galley cooks, and East Bloc engineers. The »

starched uniforms worn upstairs are replaced here by sweatpants, shorts, T-shirts, and engine room monkey suits—anything that can be sacrificed to smoke and spilled booze.

The door creeps open with unusual caution and in walk two girls—clutching purses, teetering on heels, smacking their lips. They timidly work their way through the cluttered tables and chairs, leaving a trail of toppled empties and calling for some guy named Chad*. Pent-up engine room mechanics lick their chops, catty chorus girls sharpen their claws, and somewhere in the corner Chad—a ship musician new to the scene—senses he has made a very big mistake.

"*Never* invite animals to Crew Bar," whispers Evan the Illusionist.

"Animals?" asks Chad.

"Passengers," says Evan.

Chad jumps up and leads the girls out the door and up the stairwell they never should have seen. But he knows he's on the surveillance camera with them now, and tomorrow there will be punishment. This is his first contract on a cruise ship, but soon he too will start calling the passengers "animals," and he will never again fool himself into thinking any of them could ever blend into the world of the crew.

Welcome to the other side of the pleasure cruise, the place where the red carpet and teal wallpaper end and the smiles in uniform either drop to frowns or curl up into sinful grins. It begins behind every door marked CREW ONLY, and it's a world unknown to everyone but those running the ship. That is, until we gained entry—spending seven days on a boat with the people whose cruise never ends.

DAY 1: SHIP TIME 17:00, SUN DECK

It's embarkation day at the Port of Los Angeles, and the sun deck is packed with passengers sipping the first of many rum specials, oohing and aahing at the first of six Pacific sunsets. We're setting out for the Mexican Riviera aboard a 92,000-ton marriage of German engineering and Middle American luxury. The 1,120 staterooms are booked to capacity with well over 2,000 passengers. Longer than a football field, it makes the *Titanic* look like a tugboat.

Each year 12 million Americans file onto cruise ships in port cities such as Miami, L.A., New York, and Seattle, bound for places like the Caribbean, the Mexican Riviera, and Alaska. Some will miss their departure time and have to chase their luggage by boat or plane, at their own expense, until they can catch the ship at the next port of call. Some will be the victims of crimes in the murky jurisdiction of international waters, and some will be the perpetrators. A handful will die on board, and a handful will go missing overboard. A few thousand will get the stomach flu, but the vast majority will get exactly the dream vacation they were looking for; because on average, for about every 2,000 passengers aboard a ship, there are roughly 1,000 crew there to make sure of this.

They are the lifeblood of the nearly $25 billion-a-year North American cruise ship industry—from the dishwasher working 72 hours a week for $400 a month to the magician working two hours a week for $10,000 a month.

DAY 3: SHIP TIME 13:00, PARADISE BAY POOL, DECK 12

Lounging on an upper tier of the sunbathing decks by the pool, Evan the Illusionist is appraising this week's new batch of women. His tanned and toned physique covers the fact that, at 35, he's older than most of the other entertainers on board. In a pile on Evan's chest are the weekly newspaper clippings his father sends to his Port of Los Angeles P.O. box. He says reading these makes him feel like a kid off at summer camp instead of a man without a home.

"I did some TV work last year," says Evan. "I've got an agent in L.A. But then I got offered another ship contract, and I couldn't afford not to take it."

Evan is at the top of the crew ladder. He lives in an officers' cabin, has passenger privileges, and earns top dollar for his two hours of work a week. He spends most of his days by the pool sending drinks to young women across the plastic adult play set of faux palm trees and curly slides. A waiter well familiar with this routine carries over the offerings and points back at Evan. The ladies shoot big smiles, recognizing the shock of wavy black hair from last night's headline act at the Starz Theater—where Evan the Illusionist pulled a few dozen Ping-Pong balls out of his mouth, turned them into balloons, and then bisected a pretty young dancer with a piece of sheet metal.

Lying on the chaise next to Evan and sharing the magician's bucket of Coronas is Ray, a 30-year-old pothead surfer turned comedian. Ray criticizes Evan's game while he thumbs a stripe of sunscreen onto his nose. "Have some balls, man. Just go over there," chides Ray, brash and confident on the surface but at the end of the day just a cougar hawk with a good line of talk. Evan, on the other hand, is all chivalry and shyness offstage, but it's he and not Ray who's the center of several ship rumors of backstage threesomes and illicit affairs. As they debate their philosophies of seduction, a poolside cover band from Trinidad plays "Red Red Wine" for the 1,000th time since we set sail.

Both Ray and Evan have used their countless hours at sea to become professionals at the pickup. Whereas their land-based counterparts might spend a couple of nights a week at this pursuit, for these men it's a full-time job. They come on board thinking they'll write the next hot screenplay, read the classics, teach themselves to play guitar—all those things a guy with time on his hands will set out to do before he takes women and booze into consideration. So then they end up doing this seven days a week and God knows how many hours a day—forever working on the tan, the buzz, and the perfect approach.

"You do your job and then have 20 hours of free time a day," says Daniel Thibault, CEO of Proship Entertainment, a Montreal-based cruise ship talent agency. "Some people can use it really well as a stepping stone to another level in their careers. Other people just get lost there, start drinking till oblivion, and do the same routine over and over again, and all of a sudden it's all they can do."

Evan throws his ID charge card down for another round of drinks, and Ray leans over the railing to watch a fortysomething woman

*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED. PEOPLE PICTURED HERE ARE FOR ILLUSTRATIVE PURPOSE AND ARE NOT DESCRIBED IN THE STORY. PHOTOGRAPHS, MARTIN PEAR.

sunning on her stomach reach behind her back to undo her bikini top against the threat of tan lines.

"Naughty girl," whispers Ray.

"In the '80s, maybe," says Evan.

"That's a sexy woman, man. I don't care how old she is," says Ray.

"*That's* a naughty girl," says Evan, pointing to a young woman coming down the slide. "She looks over 18, right?"

Ray shrugs. Evan flags down the waiter to send over a drink.

DAY 5: SHIP TIME 20:00, STARZ THEATER, DECK 12

The 1,000-seat theater is packed to capacity for the adults-only '70s song-and-dance show. The Jamaican cruise director sashays around the stage in a Gucci suit, three buttons of his shirt undone, warming up the crowd with an endless rendition of the '60s bubblegum-rock hit "Hey! Baby." Oozing charisma from every pore, he embodies a cruise ship's rags-to-riches fairy tale of working your way up from the bottom—in his case, from room steward to cruise director. When he's not wooing widows or talking weather with family men, he's been known to strut his stuff in the crew bar in a pink crop-top. At the back of the theater, Captain Hans sits in his private loge like Caesar at the Colosseum, his gold epaulets and Papa Hemingway beard glowing in the house lights. On the ship he is the final rule of law; if there is a fight in a bar it's he who decides who gets locked in the brig. If there's a disturbance among the crew, Captain Hans decides who should be fired. Whenever anyone in the crew mentions Hans—men and women alike—they say his name the way a schoolgirl speaks the name of her crush.

Finally darkness falls on about 1,000 gray heads, and a few bars of Queen's "We Will Rock You" rumble through the room. As the beat reaches a crescendo, the stage lights come up to reveal 20 fit and attractive young singers and dancers holding sultry poses in fog-machine mist. Their mesh and leopard-print attire borders on indecent. Housewives squeal as male dancers taunt them with sweaty biceps and roving hands—fooling every one of them into thinking it's women who interest them and not the other male dancers in their troupe.

The girl-next-door lead singer has a penchant for threesomes, and left a job playing a main character at Euro Disney to work on the ship. Her handsome male counterpart ran away from Off-Broadway obscurity to be a star at sea; on port days he can be found sprawled out by the pools of portside resorts wearing nothing but nipple rings and a Burberry Speedo. The background dancer, 25, has been on ships since she was 19 and doesn't have much of a life back home anymore. Because, explains cruise ship entertainment director Thibault, "If you stay on ships too long, no one back on land remembers you."

SHIP TIME 23:00, CALYPSO BAR, DECK 12

The show's performers are now sipping appletinis at Manhattan's Martini Bar—an alcove off the Calypso Bar that looks like a three-walled sample room at Ikea. They're staying off the serious drinking for now, because tomorrow is Acapulco Night, the port where they're all allowed enough shore leave for things to get messy.

Before long it's curfew hour for the performers. They're dressed like passengers—if a bit more stylish—but they still have to wear their name tags in passenger areas, and at midnight they find their way to the CREW ONLY doors that lead them down to the bowels of the ship. The curfew is just a taste of the big brother presence of authority felt among the crew. The ubiquitous surveillance cameras serve as an around-the-clock warning to would-be rule breakers. Crew infractions aboard this ship range from the comical to the criminal. In a Deck 2 laundry room, a group of female dancers left six dryers filled with their clothes and returned 45 minutes later to find that their underwear had been stolen.

News travels fast on a ship, and the dancers quickly discovered that a group of men had auctioned them off within the crew. The men were all fired. In another incident, security was called to the lower decks when eight men were caught cooking a whole pig's head in their cabin on a hot plate—here again, all were fired. An entire shift of engineers was reprimanded after treating a particularly surly superior to a week without plumbing or air-conditioning in his stateroom. But then there are the darker stories: a singer who was roofied by a juggler, a dancer who was twice sexually assaulted by other crew members. Many of the crew are paid in cash, which leaves them particularly vulnerable to theft.

The issue with crimes at sea isn't that people are at greater risk on a ship than they are on land; the on-board crime rate is lower than most national averages, and the crew's rules are strict and punishments harsh and final. The problem is that once a crime is committed, a conflict of interest arises. "The cruise lines don't want their passengers or their crew members to be crime victims," says Charles Lipcon, author of *Unsafe on the High Seas* and perhaps the world's most successful prosecutor of cruise lines. "But if it happens, they become the adversary of the victims; they work against them because they're afraid they'll have a financial liability." Added to that threat is bad press if someone is convicted of a crime aboard one of their ships.

In recent years a series of high-profile disappearances, unprosecuted rapes, and other unsolved mysteries at sea has brought increased scrutiny to the cruise industry. The FBI opened 184 cases of crimes on cruise ships between October 2001 and February 2007, including 101 sexual assaults, 12 missing persons, and 13 deaths. According to another source, 131 people have gone missing or overboard since 1995. "The FBI numbers are low," says Lipcon. "The cruise lines only have to report crimes involving Americans to the FBI, and even those are underreported."

Most of the time the high-tech eye of authority and the threat of strict punishment keep the tension of life at sea in check. But the tension is always there, and it's easy to see when the booze starts flowing down in the Crew Bar. On this ship there is a .08 blood

alcohol limit for the crew at all times, and though it isn't all that uncommon for people to be fired for intoxication, the rule seems to go entirely ignored on Acapulco Night.

DAY 6: SHIP TIME 23:00, CREW BAR, ACAPULCO NIGHT

The Crew Bar peace has been shattered by the 12-hour furlough in Acapulco, where even the lowest echelons of the staff are allowed a few hours of shore leave to squander their meager incomes at beach clubs with bungee-jumping cranes, cage-dancing sorority girls, and bare-bellied Mexican barmaids hawking shots of cheap tequila. The scrum at the bar are waving their charge cards, while six-packs of Amstel Light and Smirnoff Ice are floated overhead like crowd surfers in a mosh pit. The floor is sticky, and the air is choked with smoke, the smell of sweat, and the aggression of drunken men who've gone too long without touching a woman. "You have these people working all the time, cooped up. They don't have a chance to have a relationship and they get drunk and this is what happens," says Lipcon.

A scene erupts by the door as a Caribbean woman slams her boyfriend against a wall. "'Dis happen ev'ry Acapulco Night!" she yells, in a frenzied patois. "Why you do this to me?" she screams before letting go of him and stomping back to the dance floor to join the sweaty mob that spawned the drama in the first place.

In the gay corner, Pacific Islanders who are "gay at sea" but have families back home stare down a ballroom dancer and a "would've been, could've been" Broadway singer. On a vinyl banquette, a Bavarian receptionist bawls into the arms of a man who wants to sleep with her. One by one slender chorus girls succumb to a day of hot sun and a night of hard drinking and are escorted away from the wolfish stares of the dishwashers and mechanics by uninterested male dance partners—back to their tiny cabins to throw up, pass out, or both.

The night has begun to topple over toward dawn and the threat of work in the morning. Soon the hallways outside will fill with crew members stumbling back to cramped bunks below the water line—six to a cabin without a bathroom—and dancers headed to the semi-privacy of their one-roommate abodes. Officers and headline acts will retire to private cabins, and a mixture of them all will wander around knocking on familiar doors for one last shot at some action.

Upstairs the all-night buffet is operating as usual, dishing out soft-serve ice cream, fish 'n' chips, and pizza to a graveyard shift of elderly travel-point collectors, middle-aged Parrotheads, and their hyperactive, sunburned children. The Calypso Bar's dance floor is hopping with stiff-backed men sweating through their Tommy Bahama shirts and divorcées with rum-blushed cheeks singing along to Bon Jovi's "Livin' on a Prayer." They're a happy lot. They've shared hot tubs with strangers, gotten drunk at breakfast, and eaten three lunches in one day. This is their ship for the week, and the staff has helped them believe that their week is the best that's ever been and that everyone working on the ship is thrilled to be here to enjoy it with them.

Soon they will all be asleep in their staterooms, dreaming of the morning maid service, the breakfast buffet, and a tour of some town whose name they can't pronounce from the safety of an air-conditioned van. None will sense the downstairs madness or that tonight's sick and stumbling dancers are tomorrow's headline entertainment.

The FBI opened 184 cases of crimes on cruise ships between 2001 and 2007, including 101 sexual assaults, 12 missing persons, and 13 deaths.

They don't need to know about the lives of the crew any more than they need to know that on last week's cruise this ship struck and killed a sleeping gray whale and had to divert to Mazatlan, Mexico so the propeller pods could be unclogged and the blades replaced. They don't need to know the rumors among staff that when one of them dies, the body is stored in a walk-in freezer. They don't need to know that the food they leave on their plates is fed to the fish—down to the chocolate, the salad greens, and the curly fries. They don't need to know that when they flush their toilets the remains of their Promenade Grille hamburgers and their surf 'n' turf dinners at Bogart's Steakhouse are trapped in a tank, where they are solidified and stored for months.

They don't need to know any of these things, and they never will, just as long as they don't stay here long enough to notice that all is not as it seems. •

Danger on the High Seas

ILLNESS

The most common illness aboard cruise ships, gastroenteritis is extremely easy to catch and causes 24–48 hours of vomiting, diarrhea, and nausea. Almost 80 percent of all cruise ship voyages have at least one passenger or crew member with a confirmed diagnosis.
NOVEMBER 2006: A total of 679 passengers and crew aboard the Carnival *Liberty* contracted the virus.

MAN OVERBOARD

JANUARY 1, 2009: A 26-year-old ship performer on Carnival's *Sensation* falls overboard while taking a picture.
APRIL 18: Fellow passengers see a 39-year-old fall overboard from the *Norwegian Sky* cruise. The man is never found.
AUGUST 3: A 45-year-old woman goes missing on an Alaska cruise. Her body is later found washed up on the shores of a nearby island.

MURDER

JULY 14, 2009: Ship security find a 55-year-old woman dead in her cabin after being beaten by her husband aboard the Carnival *Elation*.
AUGUST 2004: Merrian Carver vanishes while aboard the Celebrity cruise ship *Mercury*. The cruise line doesn't report her disappearance, gets rid of her possessions, and takes no action until her father hires a private investigator.

PIRACY

Six cruise ships have been struck by pirates off the coast of Somalia.
APRIL 25, 2009: The MSC *Melody*, an Italian ship with 1,500 people on board, is attacked 500 miles north of the Seychelles.
NOVEMBER 5, 2005: The Carnival *Seabourn Spirit* luxury cruise ship is fired upon by AK-47s and rocket-propelled grenades, but the crew is able to outrun the pirates.

THAT SINKING FEELING

APRIL 5, 2007: In Santorini, Greece, the cruise ship MS *Sea Diamond* sinks after hitting a volcanic reef. All but two of the 1,195 passengers are safely rescued.
FEBRUARY 2, 2006: Egyptian passenger ship *Al-Salam Boccaccio 98*, carrying an estimated 1,300 people, sinks in the Red Sea.
APRIL 15, 1912: The *Titanic* hits an iceberg. You may have heard of this one.

Smooth Moves

AUBREY O'DAY TAKES A BREAK FROM "PEEPSHOW"—HER SEXTRAVAGANZA BURLESQUE REVUE AT PLANET HOLLYWOOD IN VEGAS—TO BE YOUR WET, NAKED GUIDE TO ALL THINGS GROOMING. GET READY TO MOISTURIZE! **BY MIKE DAWSON** PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALISA CONNAN

AUBREY SAYS:
"I'm fully groomed down there—clean-shaven. But I have a new appreciation of the '70s girls—bushy and free."

Hanes tank

Shave

EASY ON THE CUT

Nicks, irritation, and ingrown hairs are ultimately caused by one basic thing: pressing too hard with your razor. First, *never* press hard, ya jerk. Second, try these creams and the tricks below for smoother slicing.

THE MAXIM-APPROVED SHAVING CREAMS

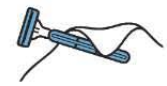
JACK BLACK BEARD LUBE
$16, getjackblack.com
Contains eucalyptus, so it soothes while you scrape.

GILLETTE PURE & SENSITIVE
$3, theessentials.com
Silky, rich. Outperforms most designer creams.

MOLTON BROWN ULTRASHAVE
$29, moltonbrown.com
Costs more, cuts best. So worth the overdraft fee.

1 **Shave after showering:** A few splashes at the sink won't cut it; whiskers need to be soaked in hot water for several minutes to soften.

2 **Brush on your shave cream:** Bristles exfoliate your skin and distribute hot lather better than your hands, making it easier on the blade.



3 **Dry your edge:** Razors dull from oxidation (rust), not cuttin' teeny hairs. Your reusable number should net you at least 15 shaves.

4 **Go with the grain:** Forget how Dad did it. If your neck hair grows down (it should), shave down, not up. Also, your dad never loved you.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMESON SIMPSON

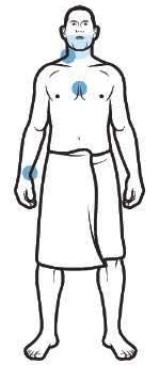
AUBREY SAYS:
"Wearing too much cologne is never sexy. It screams insecurity and/or means he's overcompensating for something."

American Apparel tank

Aftershave

SCORE SOME SKIN

Your razor slices off more than hair; it also lops off a thin layer of skin. Yum! Aftershaves are built to regenerate that skinned surface so your face can be scraped again the next day. "Left alone the skin will need more than a day to regenerate," says Eric Malka, cofounder and CEO of The Art of Shaving. "Aftershave heals and speeds up the process so you're ready for the razor the next morning. Skip it and shave the next day and you invite irritation."



AFTERSHAVE COLOGNE

Cologne

STEAL HER SECRET

Women smell so good *all* over because they do two things you don't when using fragrance. Use her tricks—not her eau de toilette: First, apply cologne before dressing. Putting it on your clothes stains them, alters the smell, and shortens the life span of the scent. Next, put a small dab or half-spray on these "pulse points": chest, side of neck, and wrists. From here your circulatory system will actually carry the scent, evenly distributing and mellowing the cologne.

THE MAXIM-APPROVED AFTERSHAVES

OLD SPICE AFTERSHAVE
$7, walgreens.com
This OG cools your face and magically attracts chicks.

THE ART OF SHAVING AFTERSHAVE BALM
$38, theartofshaving.com
The ultimate postshave protector. It packs a Glock.

THE MAXIM-APPROVED SCENTS

D&G LE BATELEUR
$65,macys.com
With hints of anise and leather, this airy scent will seduce her with a drive-by.

AXE INSTINCT
$5, drugstore.com
Rich, spicy, smoky—and a sweat-free price tag.

PERRY ELLIS PLATINUM
$60, perryellis.com
Crisp and clean. Apply it and at least you'll smell rich.

AUBREY SAYS:
"Guys need to wear moisturizer with SPF. But not self-tanners. Those are for us."

Tulle bra

THE MAXIM-APPROVED MOISTURIZERS

ANTHONY ACTION
$40, anthony.com
The manliest-smelling stuff on the top shelf.

KIEHL'S FACIAL FUEL
$30, kiehls.com
Contains caffeine, vitamins. Will fix your hangover face.

EVERY MAN JACK
$6, everymanjack.com
Light, nongreasy. The best low-cost lotion out there.

ZIRH PROTECT
$33, zirh.com
Goofy name, great product. Perfect for post-sun skin.

Moisturizer

PUT THE LOTION IN YOUR BASKET

Using too many products makes you a girl. There, we said it. Just because it says MEN'S on the tube doesn't mean you need to slather it on. If your medicine cabinet holds more beauty crap than your girlfriend's (and/or you have a Sephora charge card), it's time to pull back a bit, Betty. You don't need serums or "collagen-boosting" masks. However, you must slap on moisturizer after every shower and shave. It isn't girly . It's an investment. Making a habit of using the stuff for its intended purpose (not just your upcoming Aubrey "date") will help you pick up hot, giggly, barely legal girls during your eventual midlife crisis. Here's why:

1 Think of your face as a baseball glove that's been left outside by some sloppy dumb-ass after the company kegger softball game.

2 After it rains and bakes all day (showering, sun exposure), it dries, cracks, and fades. Fine for your Rawlings, not for your face.

3 Like mink oil on a mitt, lotion locks in moisture, halts wrinkles, and bolsters the face so it won't sag like your ball sack.

4 So apply moisturizer now and in 20 years you won't look like Jack Palance when you're out trolling for your trophy wife!

STYLING, YOUNG-AH KIM; HAIR, MICHELE SALVADORI AT L'ATELIER N.Y.C., ASSISTED BY JAMIE CLAYTON; MAKEUP, JJ USING MAC COSMETICS

credits

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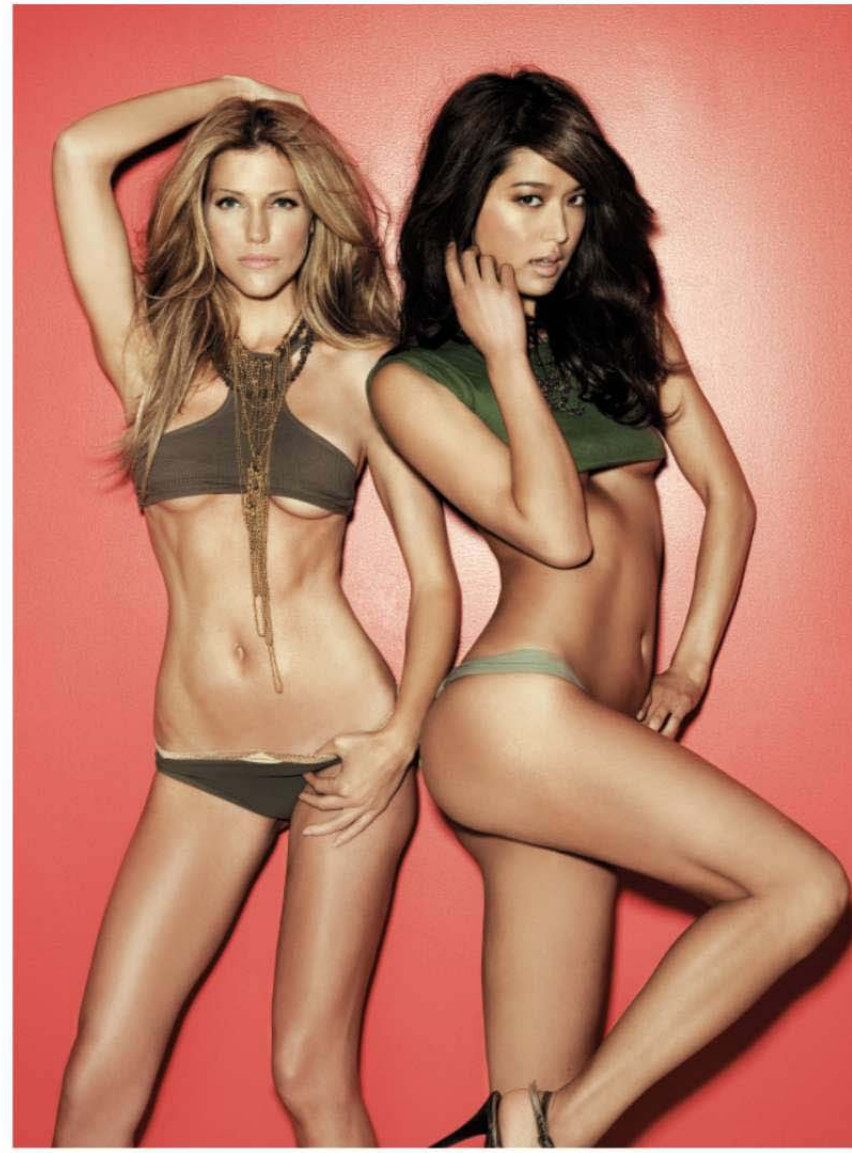

CLOTHING CREDITS

HOMETOWN HOTTIES pp.36–37: Brandi: Avé bikini; Calvin Klein shoes. Suzanne: Zoe bikini; Sam Edelman shoes. Cat: Mara Hoffman bikini; Giuseppe Zanotti shoes. Brittany: Zoe bikini; Michael Kors shoes. Alyssa: Zoe bikini; Steve Madden shoes. Stevie: Zoe bikini; Giuseppe Zanotti shoes. Nathalie: Zoe bikini; Giuseppe Zanotti shoes. Kristen: Mara Hoffman bikini; Steve Madden shoes. Leslie: Tigerlily bikini; Giuseppe Zanotti shoes. Lais: Zoe bikini; Dolce Vita shoes

CORRECTION

CAMPUS CUTIES SUPPLEMENT (SEPTEMBER 2009): p.1: Patricia Field shirt, Mara Carrizo Scalise necklace **p.3:** American Apparel tank, Felina bra, Patricia Field skirt **p.4:** Cosabella bikini bottom **p.5:** Cosabella bra **pp.6–7** Lost Art jacket **pp.8–9:** Dolce & Gabbana swimsuit **p.10:** Cosabella top **p. 11:** House of Vintage top **pp.12–13:** Ever shirt **p.14** Patricia Field V-neck **p.16:** James Perse T-shirt **p.17:** Kimberly Ovitz tank, True Religion cutoffs, Mara Carrizo Scalise necklace **pp.18–19:** Stylist's own T-shirt, Betsey Johnson panties **pp.20–21:** PixieMarket.com jumper, Felina bra **p.22:** Lightning Bolt swimsuit **p.23:** House of Vintage top **p.24:** House of Vintage top, J Brand shorts **p.28:** Free People dress **p.29:** PixieMarket.com tank, Ruby Kobo bracelets **pp.30–31:** Polo Ralph Lauren swimsuit **p.33:** Stylist's own shirt, Felina bra **Back cover:** House of Vintage top, Miss Sixty shorts

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The Decider

WHO IS GOING TO CRY AT THANKSGIVING THIS YEAR?

It's not a holiday unless someone wishes someone else were never born.

START HERE

Think hard: Is there any possible way to get out of this multigenerational clusterfuck?

- Nah, last year I hired a guy to shoot me in the ass at the last minute. Can't pull that one again.
- Yes! They're doing amazing things with death by auto-asphyxiation these days.

Suicide? We've met your family and can't say we blame you.

THE END

Has your dad ever uttered the following? "Christ, this is dry. Is the turkey starting menopause, too?"

YES → **True or false:** There are two new dinner guests this year: your teenage sister's whale tail and her tramp stamp.

TRUE / FALSE

NO

After eating you'll fall asleep watching...
A. Two or more football games—anything not to have to talk!
B. The episode of *Maury* where your sister gave 20 dudes a paternity test.
C. Grandma trying to wash the carving knife; you'll wake up in time to see the ambulance leave.

A / B / C

Are you planning on coming out of the closet at the table?

NO → **True or false:** It's appropriate to stand in your grandmother's living room, point at her stuff, and play "The Things I Want When You're Dead Showcase Showdown."

TRUE / FALSE

YES → Yep, and I'm not going alone. Hey, cousin, wanna share with the group?

Which drink goes best with turkey?
A. Sake bombs
B. A Prozac-Xanax cocktail
C. Eighteen of them, followed by screaming that you can't blame your dad for walking out all those years ago

A / B / C

Your new girlfriend is:
A. Asian
B. Black
C. Deceased
(At least that's what you told everyone to avoid bringing her to this annual disaster.)

A / B / C

True or false: The best way to teach a kid where babies come from is to show the video his mommy made when she needed the money.

FALSE / TRUE

What's the best way to start grace?
A. "Do you believe in magic talking turkeys? Well, you're about to eat one."
B. "This isn't a dinner—it's your intervention."

A / B

What is being served for dessert?
A. Pumpkin pie
B. A lecture on exactly who Jesus Christ will send to hell in the End Times

A / B

YOUR UNCLE FRANKIE WHO WAS IN NAM
He's the one on the floor cradling the turkey, pleading, "Don't you fucking die on me!"

YOUR GRANDMA
This would be the worst Thanksgiving in her living memory, if she had any.

YOUR NEPHEW
The only "stuffing" we want to do involves that kid's PlayStation Portable and his whiny little ass.

YOUR MOM
All she wants is one perfect holiday. If she tries hard enough, she'll find it at the bottom of that bottle of gin.

YOUR CLOSETED GAY COUSIN
The gig is up. He didn't do himself any favors calling Grandpa "one fierce bitch."